



DU VIDHA

डीयू विधा

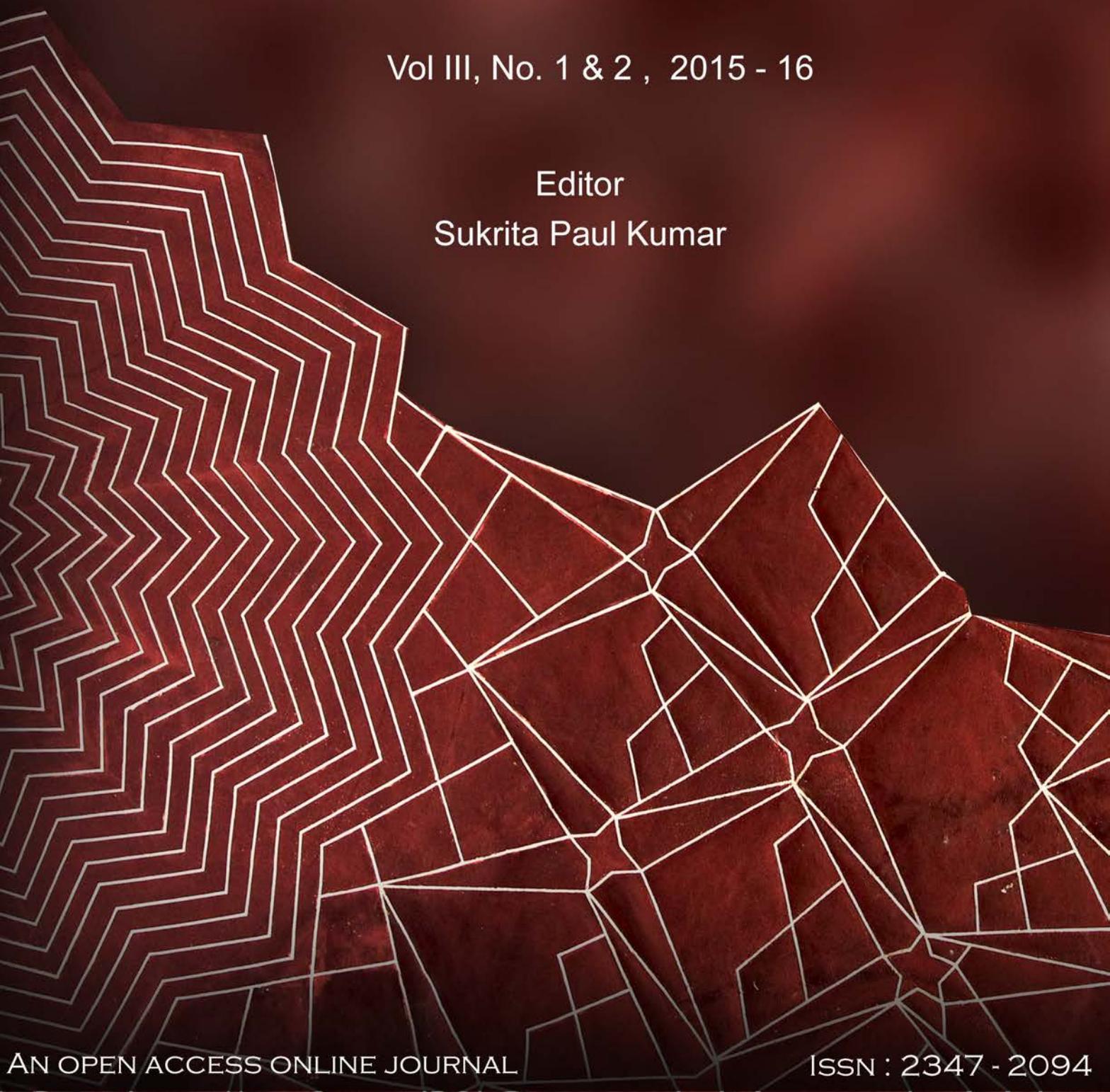
THE DELHI UNIVERSITY JOURNAL OF CREATIVE WRITING

दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय की सृजनात्मक लेखन पत्रिका

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Editor

Sukrita Paul Kumar



From the Desk of the Vice Chancellor

I am delighted to offer the readers Volume III of DU Vidha, a journal of creative writing, to which aspiring young writers from different colleges and departments of the University of Delhi have contributed. It is a matter of great joy to see this wonderful output in creativity, specially in times when there is so much stress as well as time-constraint on a student. Creative expression and art, we know, relieves one of stress. In addition creativity becomes an avenue for self-realization.

DU Vidha, the title of this journal of creative writing, is not to be confused with the Hindi word “duvidha” which in English means dilemma. For any creative articulation though, one does inevitably slip into dilemmas regarding the choices one has to make in terms of the content, form or vocabulary. To start with, “DU” of this DU Vidha, however, refers to our own Delhi University, and then Vidha means “form” or “genre”. DU Vidha offers a platform for the sharing of creative forms of expression of ideas and feelings for the students of the University of Delhi.

I welcome all readers and writers, young and old, to the current issue of DU Vidha for a happy feast of creativity.

Yogesh K. Tyagi
Vice Chancellor
University of Delhi

DU VIDHA

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Editorial Comments

DU Vidha : Pooling Creativity at DU ...

The response to our call for submissions for the current issue of DU Vidha has been overwhelming! A large number of poems and prose pieces, in both English and Hindi, as well as photographs and paintings were received from a wide range of students engaged in undergraduate studies in different colleges to those writing their Ph.D. dissertations in various departments, in varied disciplines in arts, sciences and commerce as well. Creativity knows no disciplinary borders. This was indeed heartening. This is also why creative writing tends to build bridges and understanding between diverse kinds of human beings in space and over time.

It is generally believed that those who are pursuing literature or humanities courses may be more inclined towards creative writing. Our experience at DU Vidha tells us that this is not necessarily true. In fact some of our best pieces here are by some science students! So many stereotypical notions collapse at the experiential level on the ground, don't they? For instance we thought there will be a lot more girls writing poetry than boys but that again turned out to be a false notion. Creative expression is sought by both, equally intensely. Gender biases either way need to be questioned...

In pursuance of the mandate of Aruna Asaf Ali Chair held by me at the University of Delhi, and the thematic appropriateness of the same, we decided to invite creative pieces related to the value of freedom earned by the country through a long and glorious struggle and the social responsibility there of. The creative pieces needed to foreground the ideals of equality and fraternity within the context of the rich cultural diversity of the nation. Needless to say, the response to such a call has been generally adhered to. What is evidenced in the creative pieces received is an aesthetic expression – sometimes subtle and abstract and at times direct – of an anxiety on the part of the young to resist a status quo as it were and move forward towards achieving the ideals of social justice and freedom. Literature and art are indeed a form of activism.

Following the advice of the honourable Vice Chancellor, we appointed a set of ten reviewers from different institutions to review the nearly three hundred submissions received from about forty five colleges and departments of Delhi University. It is they who then selected visuals, poems and prose pieces that are included in the current issue of DU Vidha. All for you, the reader, to savour!

As we sought to organize and slot contents of this volume into different thematic categories, we realized that many of the good creative pieces actually defied categorization. That is how it should be! The specified categories then are just meant to serve as mere pointers towards making "meaning". The reader is free to overthrow or discard the categories as redundant for a direct reception of the poem, prose piece or the visual.

We solicit readers' responses/reactions as well as suggestions for the planning of the subsequent issues of DU Vidha.

Sukrita Paul Kumar
Aruna Asaf Ali Chair
Cluster Innovation Centre
University of Delhi

Concept

“Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high...
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake”

In his poem Tagore offers a beautiful expression of the ideal of freedom from all colonial bondages for which the Indian nation fought a long and glorious battle for independence:

•

The struggle for freedom from the British spanned over 90 years (from 1857 to 1947) and was indeed a vibrant period that foregrounded ideals such as , equality and fraternity in its literature and aspired to take the country towards emancipation through its collective socio-political movements. Through our struggle for independence we hoped not only to achieve political freedom but also freedom on a cultural, social and intellectual level. Literature in all its forms, be it slogans or national songs, supplemented and reinforced these objectives. In a country like ours, that showcases great cultural diversity and linguistic plurality, the role of literature in creating bridges and furthering understanding cannot be overstated. Through its constant engagement with society, literature has always aimed at sensitizing people and broadening their outlook. This issue of DU-Vidha aims to showcase creative writing that emerges from meaningful ideals of freedom and social responsibility. The expression may range from realistic portrayal to fantasy.

संकल्पना

जहाँ मन भयमुक्त-निडर हो, सिर उठाकर लोग रहें...
...स्वाधीनता के ऐसे स्वर्ग में, हे परमपिता यह देश जगे।

उपरोक्त कविता में गुरुदेव रवींद्रनाथ ठाकुर की सभी बंधनों से मुक्त आज़ादी के आदर्शों की परिकल्पना अभिव्यक्त हुई है, जिसके लिए भारतीय राष्ट्र ने लम्बे समय तक ऐतिहासिक और गैरवशाली युद्ध लड़ा।

अंग्रेजों से स्वतंत्रता के लिए 90 वर्षों (1857 से 1947) तक लगातार संघर्ष चलता रहा। यह दरअसल एक जीवंत अवधि थी, जिसने समकालीन साहित्य में महान सामाजिक मूल्यों स्वतंत्रता, समानता और बंधुत्व को स्थापित किया और देश को अपनी सामूहिक सामाजिक-राजनीतिक आंदोलनों के माध्यम से मुक्ति की ओर प्रेरित भी। स्वाधीनता की यह जदोजहद सिर्फ राजनीतिक आज़ादी का आकांक्षी नहीं थी बल्कि हम सामाजिक, सांस्कृतिक और बौद्धिक आज़ादी के लिए भी आशान्वित थे। साहित्य की विविध विधाओं ने क्रांतिकारी उद्घोषों (नारों) और राष्ट्र-गीतों का स्वरूप ग्रहण कर इन उद्देश्यों के लिए संघर्ष को और अधिक मजबूती प्रदान की। हमारे देश में, जहाँ व्यापक सांस्कृतिक विविधता और भाषायी बहुलता है, साहित्य ने सेतु-निर्माण यानी फ़ासलों को परस्पर जोड़ने और साझी समझ विकसित करने की भूमिका को बखूबी निभाया है। समाज से लगातार जुड़ाव के माध्यम से, हमारा साहित्य सदैव जनमानस को संवेदनशील और उनके दृष्टिकोण को व्यापक बनाने हेतु प्रतिबद्ध रहा है।

डीयू-विधा के इस अंक का उद्देश्य उन रचनाओं की सामूहिक प्रस्तुति है जो आज़ादी और सामाजिक ज़िम्मेदारी के सार्थक आदर्शों से उपजी हैं। अभिव्यक्ति का दायरा यथार्थ के धरातल से अनंत कल्पनालोक तक विस्तृत हो सकता है।

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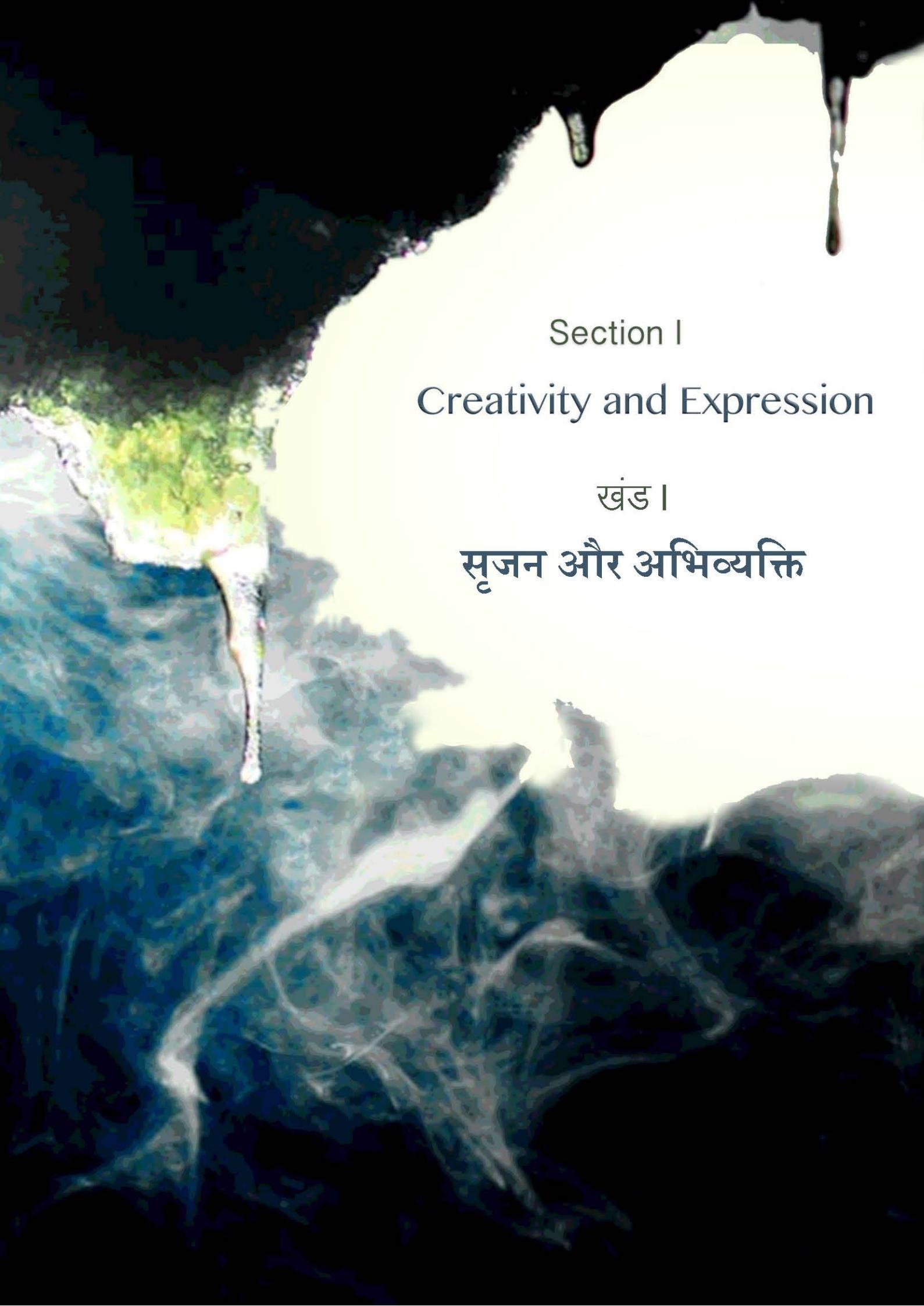
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Section I

Creativity and Expression

खंड ।

सृजन और अभिव्यक्ति

एकांत

भूमिका दत्ता

जब मैं थी एकांत में;
एक सन्नाटा गूंजता था;
यह क्या था ?
मुझे ये पता न था;
महसूस करती थी उसे मैं पल-पल;
पर बदल सा जाता था वो हर पल;
यह क्या सुर थे जो छेड़ देते थे
मेरे तारों को जो थे मन में मेरे;
पर क्या मैं उन्हें सुन पाई थी ?



भूमिका दत्ता दयाल सिंह कॉलेज में बीएससी जीव विज्ञान (द्वितीय वर्ष) की छात्रा हैं।

What is Poetry ?

Sanjhee Gianchandani

As I put pen to paper in order to write a poem
A tiny voice asks me if I am poet enough.
 What is it that one calls a poem?
 The Wordsworthian spontaneous eloquence
 Or the Yeatsian quarrel with oneself?
Keats calls it truth; Mill strives to define it still
 The metered verse or the decrying emotion
 Fail to reflect its essence
 Its superiority to its novelistic counterpart
 Lies in its very being
 The way it strikes a chord, rings a bell
 Words are few but have a lot to tell
 Feelings familiar yet anew
 The soul they seem to renew
 The cosmic drive that is shared by all
 Coupled by the solace in solitude
 Reading a good poem elevates the spirit
 And the process of writing it is as fulfilling
 Yet I wonder at my own poetic-ness
 With stories bubbling inside my head
To vomit them after embellishment defeats the purpose
 Long rumination, meditation and cogitation
 Aid the process of creating a poem about poems
 For the writer-race to be able to relate.



*Sanjhee Gianchandani is a student of M.A (English) final Year
IV Semester at Lady Shri Ram College For Women.*

Broken Tongue

Neelkanth Pan

My tongue was broken
Long before I knew I had one.

Speaking Odia, listening Ho,
Playing with Adivasi lads,
Sitting with Urdu boys and girls,
Laughing in Hindi,
And reading English.

The semi-permeable membrane,
Melting with cosmopolitanism,
Reflecting the self-consciousness,
Coming towards the origin;
An individual, a political entity.

Ain't I speaking a new tongue,
A new voice of amalgamation, completely unheard?



*Neelkanth Pan is a student of M.A. English at Atma Ram
Sanatan Dharma College*

रब की मंजिल

सोम्या पोद्धार

कैसे जी पाऊँगी अपनी ज़िंदगी बिना मक्सद जाने,
कैसे परखूँ उन रास्तों को जो हर बार मुझे बुलाएं
सही - गलत का फैसला तो वो रब ही करना जानें
कह गए वो बादशाह, हिम्मत तो दिखा

और कहते हैं लोग हिम्मत से पहले तू अपना पता तो बता,
बिना बताए रास्ते कैसे चली जाऊँ
ज़िंदगी रब की है तो वही कर्म दिखाएं
कहते हैं सब, हसीन है ज़िंदगी का सफर का सफर
यूँ मोड़ पर खड़ा रह इसे बर्बाद ना कर,
एक बार तकदीर बदल के तो देख
तू फैसला ले के तो देख,
वो आएगा रब ज़मीन पे जब
सुनेगा तेरी दलीलें अनेक,
इंतज़ार से तू ऐसे खता ना कर
मिल जाएगी मंजिल ज़रा सब तो कर।



सोम्या पोद्धार शहीद भगत सिंह कॉलेज में अंग्रेजी ऑनर्स (द्वितीय वर्ष) की छात्रा हैं।

ठप्पा

रितिका गुप्ता

ठप्पे-ठप्पे पर लिखा है पाने वाले का नाम । अब ठप्पा बताएगा कि आप कितने उपयोगी हैं । आज का युवा अपने अन्दर की प्रतिभा तलाशता हुआ नहीं, बल्कि गली कूचों में कोचिंग सेंटर तलाशता हुआ ज्यादा नज़र आता है; ताकि वह एंट्रेस क्लियर कर सके । किसी और संस्था से उसे एक और ठप्पा मिल जाए और वो जरा ज्यादा उपयोगी हो जाए । हम क्या कर सकते और क्या नहीं यह हम नहीं हम पर लगाए गये ठप्पे बताते हैं । जितने बड़े ठप्पे, उतना बड़ा इंसान ।

मशीन पर ठप्पा नया, बढ़िया, चमकदार और ऊँचे ब्रांड का होना चाहिए चाहे मशीन डब्बा ही क्यों न हो । कुछ यही हाल आज मानव का भी है । पहले तो लंबी-लंबी क्रतारें लगती हैं- इसे पाने के लिए फिर इसकी नुमाइश होती हैं और अगर सब बढ़िया रहा तो ठप्पा आपको कोई न कोई पद दिला ही देगा । अगर आप नाकामयाब हो जाते हैं तो अपने भरोसे को ठप्पे पर बनाये रखें और फिर से निकल पड़ें- सभी पर चिपके एक जैसे ठप्पों से कुछ अलग व नए चमकदार ठप्पे की तलाश में । शायद अब आपका काम बन जाए और एक महत्वपूर्ण बात कि आप ये भूल जाएं कि आप दिल, दिमाग या कोई रचनात्मकता भी रखते हैं या काम और जीवन के प्रति आपके अपने कोई मूल्य व समर्पण भी हैं । बस याद रखिए कि आप एक पुतला हैं जो तभी उपयोगी और बढ़िया है, जब उस पर बढ़िया ठप्पे हों वरना वो किसी काम का नहीं ।

आज का प्रत्यक्ष बेचारा कुछ नहीं, उसे भी अब प्रमाण की आवश्यकता होती है । तो फिर चलिए, चलते हैं ! ठप्पे पाने की होड़ में कहीं देर न हो जाए । हो सकता है कोई ठप्पा आपको भी कामयाब बना दे । और हाँ खैर मनाएं कि अब तक मौत का कोई ठप्पा नहीं बना वरना हम सबके पास स्वर्ग का सर्टिफिकेट भी ज़रूर होता ।



रितिका गुप्ता इन्ड्रप्रस्थ कॉलेज फॉर वीमेन में बीए ऑनर्स हिंदी, तृतीय वर्ष की छात्रा हैं ।

The Demagogue's Mouthpiece

Ninadini Sharma

Blessed are those whose songs are sung
Their joys may be few but their worries are none
 The blanket doesn't let their feet get cold
All altercations of the night by the morning are resolved
 The sun greets them with a warm embrace
 The kindred slumber ends in a glistening face
For the water in the bath is always perfectly drawn
 The bread from the toaster is gingerly brown
 Dodging raindrops in the rain
 Successfully in and then back out again
 They're crossing the seven seas, and
 You think it's all without a reason
 It might be because, their songs are sung
 F Blessed are those whose songs are sung.
 Their words may be strewn, the melody torn
 The harmony astray, the audience long gone
But they're singing for you, and they're not yet done
 For blessed are those whose songs are sung



*Ninadini Sharma is pursuing B.Sc. (Hons.) from Miranda House
and is currently in her final year.*

तू या मैं

विशेष चन्द्र 'नमन'

प्रण को कर के नमन
कि अब तो जीतेगा मन
तू बजा रणभेदी
और हुंकार दे ।

पथ में कांटे बहुत
रखना इच्छा मजबूत
तू ही जीतेगा युद्ध
ये तू जान ले ।

कर के बुद्धि प्रबल
ढूँढ पथ तू सफल
देख लक्ष्य है अटल
ये तू भांप ले ।

हो अधीर नारे वीर
मन को कर के स्थिर
खींच संयम के तीर
अब कमान से ।

छुआ उसी ने शिखर
जिसमें ओज हो प्रखर
तू भी खोल अपने पर
छू जहान को ।



विशेष एसजीटीबी खालसा कॉलेज में गणित के विद्यार्थी हैं।

A Deafening Silence

Muskan Dhandhi

(The word 'Silence' in its true sense signifies peace, which could be derogatory as well as obnoxious and disturbing also. Somewhere, 'Silence' puts an individual into an alien environment where one is left with the job of introspecting one's own self. 'Silence' can create a fictitious identity of the victim and can force him/her to break away from the chains of society. Here, I will be analyzing a form of 'Silence' which tears one's soul apart leaving the victim completely shattered.)

Silence which is loud enough to damage my ear,
Silence which is cruel enough to bring someone near,
Silence which baffles my soul,
Silence which is as dark as coal,
Silence which is enough to make me insane,
Silence which is incessant as rain.
a deafening silence.....
a deafening silence.....

Silence which forces me to ask 'who am i?'
Silence which allows me to cry and sigh.
Silence which buries my soul,
Silence which craves to play an important role,
Silence which possibly wants me to die,
Silence which stops me from touching the sky.
a deafening silence.....
a deafening silence.....

Silence which fails to fade away with the passing of time,
Silence which is sour as the juice-filled lime
Silence which kills the innocent child within,
Silence which explores my dark side hidden.
Silence which leaves a trail of my evil past,
Silence which puts me in an alien cast.
a deafening silence.....
a deafening silence.....



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IV Semester at Lady Shri Ram College For Women.*

I Want to Name Myself...

Lubhawani Yadav

I want to name myself...

A name that captures the essence of 'me'...

But then who knows the essence? Whoever has?

Yet I want to name myself... A gift of name from me, to me!

I want to be mononymous! Just a single name. No surname, no maiden name. No burden of caste, class. No burden of worldly nomenclatures.

I refuse to be named like the animal kingdom... with a species name and a type! I refuse to be labelled by ethnicity. I refuse to be categorized. I refuse to be caste in an easy mould. I refuse to be put in the piles of social identities. I refuse to be identified by birth. I refuse to be identified by association. I refuse to be identified by worldly categories. I refuse to be identified. I command to be recognized instead.

For I belong less to the social world, and more to the elements. Name me after the sun, name me after the wind. Name me after the moon, name me after the mist that surrounds the mountains. Name me after the waters, name me after the fires. For I was born out of these and not of your social menageries. I want to be reclaimed by the elements that make me and that you, oh so often, polish it with your pretensions. I want to belong again to the land of wind and nature and want to disassociate from the fields of norms, religions and the 'right' ways. I want to merge with the ether, the skies and the oceans... where I come from and belong... no longer do I wish to be contained in your shallow world.



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अथाह समुद्र की लहर

गौरेव कुमार

समुद्र की लहरों को गौर से देख रहा हूँ
इन तेज लहरों से उठती आवाजें अपनी कहानी कहती हैं
समुद्र से उमड़ते ही क्षण भर में सागर में समा जाती हैं
मैं ढूँढ रहा हूँ- इन लहरों की कहानी ।

मंद-मंद हवाओं की ठंडक
तैरती हुई, हिचकोले खाती
थपेड़े मारती किनारों पर चट्टानों से टकरा रही हैं
लौट कर समुद्र में मिल जा रही हैं ।

इन लहरों में पल-पल पहाड़ियां उभरती हैं
मानो इन लहरों में तैर रही हों हिम-शिलाएँ, जो
एक दूसरे से टकराती हैं और समुद्र में समा जाती हैं ।
मेरी आँखें ढूँढती हैं उन पहाड़ियों को जो सागर में-समा गयी,
ना जाने वे कहाँ गयी ?

बरसात की बूँदें जब लहरों से मिलती हैं तो खूबसूरत झिलमिलाहट होती है
मानो लाखों मोतियाँ एक साथ चमकती हैं
उनकी छनछनाहट पायल की आवाज जैसी है
कुछ ऐसी है समुद्र की कहानी, तूफानी लहरें कभी नाव को उछालती, कभी गिराती हैं
दूर कहीं क्षितिज पर पर्वतों की श्रंखलाएँ नज़र आ रही हैं
बादलों से धिरी वे भी बरसात में नहा रहीं हैं
अपनी दास्तान कुछ यूं सुना रही हैं ।

जिंदगी तो बरसात में भीगती,
लहरों में तैरना सिखाती है,

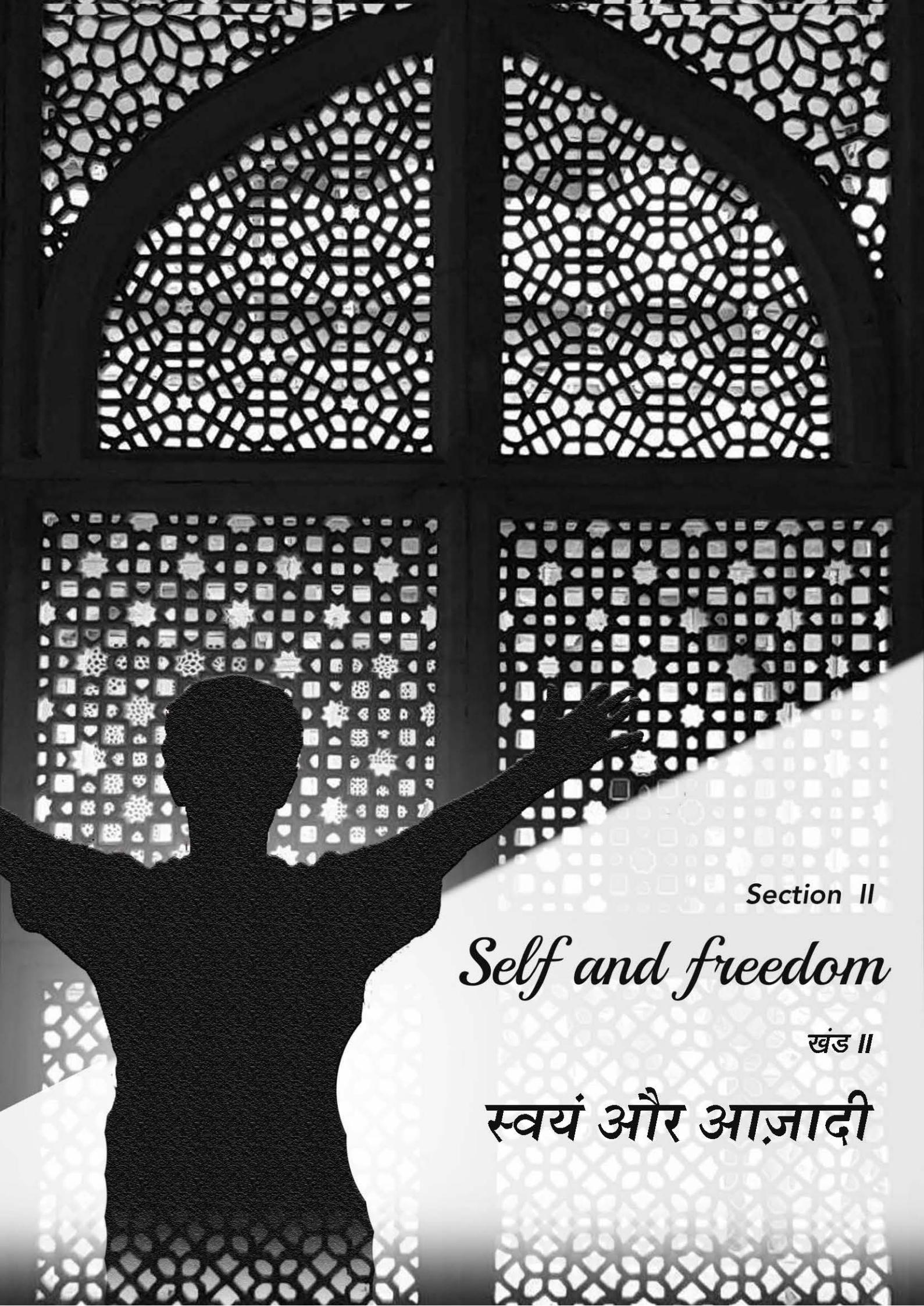
ज़िंदगी तो बरसात में भीगती,
लहरों में तैरना सिखाती है,
अम्बर के बरसने पर खुले आसमान में झूमते
तो कभी वृक्ष के नीचे छिप जाते
लहरों की उफान को देख रहा हूँ।

उनके किस्से याद आ रहे हैं मुझे-
हम उस अनंत सागर की बूँदें हैं
जो उनसे उमड़ी, उनमें ही समाती हैं।

मेरी आँखें देख रही हैं इन लहरों को
कुछ इस तरह ये अपनी कहानी सुनाती हैं
छम-छम बरसती बरसात में इन हवाओं की सनसनाहट
लहरों की कहानी है।



गौरव कुमार हंसराज कॉलेज में बीएससी वनस्पति विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष के छात्र हैं।



Section II

Self and freedom

खंड II

स्वयं और आजादी

व्याकरण

राघवेन्द्र त्रिपाठी

मैं उत्तम पुरुष हूँ

तुम मध्यम हो

यही व्याकरण है

यही नियम है

और वह ?

वह !

वह अंतिम पुरुष है

व्याकरण सिर्फ़ दो-तिहाई सच है ।



राघवेन्द्र त्रिपाठी संकुल नवप्रवर्तन केंद्र (सीआइसी) में बीटेक चतुर्थ वर्ष के छात्र हैं।

Crusade

Mishie Singhal

Each time I think I cannot fly,
I shift my gaze and find myself in sky.

Each time my fancies take a flight,
My feet race to make it faster to the rope tight.

The pleasure that bringeth the extra mile,
Makes each grueling step worth its while.

I dream my dreams and put them in the crystal ball,
Have learned that this is to make me see better, each time the tears fall.

Serendipity's child, I will not pass by in a trance,
Hold your breath hey life, partner me in the cosmic dance!!



*Mishie Singhal is a student of Psychology Hons. II year at
Indraprastha College for Women.*

An Encounter with Myself

Vernika Tanwani

Brimming on the edges of insecurities,
Overflowing with vulnerability.
With self doubt echoing in my heart,
I finally decided to part,
With the fabricated image of my own self,
And find my real self.
I took to shadows and mirrors,
Photographs and rivers,
But nothing seemed to appease me.
Where can my real self be?
In the traces of all those unspoken words,
In the tangles of the subdued laughter,
All those untold tales
Shouted out who I really was.
Silence screamed out aloud in my soul
Ripping out a diamond from the coal
And that was when I first met my real self!



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at Lakshmibai College.*

शोक है नदी अब भी आजाद नहीं

मोहिनी सिंह

शोक है

कि नदी चट्टानों पर सिर मारकर भी लाल नहीं हो पाती
कि नदी का पानी शीशे सा साफ़ हो पर उसका तल नहीं दिखता
कि नदी नमक चाट कर प्यास बुझा रही है सदियों से
कि नदी प्रेम कविताओं में जगह पा रही है सदियों से
कि नदी पुराने किनारे तोड़ देती है
कि नदी तब भी नए किनारों में कैद ही रहती है
कि नदी अपनी धारा को पकड़ने के लिए दौड़ती चली जाती है
कि नदी माँ है- नदी की कोख में जीवन है
कि नदी स्त्री है- नदी चीखती है
कि नदी बताना चाहती है- नदी इतनी ही नहीं है
कि नदी खुद को खोल दे तो बाढ़ कहलाती है
शोक है, नदी की सतह को नदी माना जाना
शोक है, नदी का शोक न मना पाना



मोहिनी सिंह गार्गी कॉलेज में बीएससी (ऑनर्स) वनस्पति विज्ञान की छात्रा हैं।

I'll Go On

— Lubhawani Yadav —

I do not want the sweet pastures
And lose my vast skies
I wish not to be lulled into a sleep so sweet
That I lose a sense of the sleepless restlessness that keeps me awake
I do not want to lose my sleepless sense of wonder
Neither can I afford to lose my sense of shock and surprise
Its too high a price to pay
Its too high a barter

I want not the lullabies that drown these haunting silences of insomnia
For these sleepless eyes are my windows
My windows to the world I inhabit
To the lands where I belong
I cannot at any cost give up these discomforting, uncomfortable questions
No matter how convincing the answers seem to be
I cannot at any cost lose this vulnerable me
And trade it for a confident, complacent version of me
For 'I' will be lost in the process
What will remain?
The soul will be robbed of its spark
How will the flame keep burning?
These winds of tempting solace
I cannot let them put out my flames of restless yearning
Yes the light is blinding
But I do not wish to pull down the blinds
At least not yet
The eyes don't hurt much yet
The cornea is still intact
The crevice in my soul is yet to fill
Of the light that reaches the darkest corner

I am collecting my sensations of life
As I walk down this uncertain road

I wish not to find a map
Or worse still, a shady refuge
For a wise man once said
'Miles to go before I sleep'
Let my path also be crooked, tilted
Let the meadows be deep

And if ever I happen to find
A sight or sound so lovely to behold

I may stop for a while, soak in the beauty
And absorb the essence in my soul
Yet move on I must
As I cannot stay
Forli'm the element of air
Of winds, wild and of hunger
The reins cannot be leashed
And like the sun's passing shadow
I must go on
For I cannot stay
For wilderness is my destiny
And moonlight my companion
I carry a lot to say on my lips
As I carry the loads of silences in my pockets
How can I then stop..
In the middle of this b'ful story?
How can I then not tread further
On this path of anonymity?
I am the cult of a flowing river
Of a songbird
Of a restless wind
I flow, I blow, I sing
From eternity to eternity....



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गुरुदेव से

आँचल बाबा

ठाकुर एक बात पूछँ
मुझे सच बताओगे ?
क्या फिर मेरी वेदना को
कविता बना गाओगे ?
कैसे जाना तुमने
मेरा वह रूप, जो-
स्वयं मैंने न जाना था
मैं माँ थी, बीवी थी और
थी कुलटा भी, फिर भी
मुझे इतना माना
कितनी बार सोचा
कह दूँ तुमसे
यथार्थ न लिखो
रुक जाओ
विश्राम चिह्न के साथ
मगर तुम कहते रहे
दबोचे गए होंठों की कहानी
नहीं रुके, कभी नहीं
यदि परिवर्तन है नियम
तो क्या बदला सौ वर्षों में
आज भी मेरे भाव वही हैं
संवेदनाएँ, विडंबनाएँ, कुंठाएँ
और वेदनाएँ सभी वही हैं ।



आँचल बाबा श्री वेंकटेश्वर कॉलेज में स्नातक (हिंदी विशेष) की छात्रा हैं ।

The Indian

— *Grusha Ghai* —

“You’re a lucky chap!” said my father,
Why he said so, my five-year-old brain couldn’t gather.
Further, he added, “I am glad that you were born after 1947;”
“The India you’re born in, unlike mine, is a tree of heaven.”
Dropping me to school used to be his moment of pride,
Travelling in the front seat of his bicycle, used to be my favorite ride.
When stuck with a mathematical problem, my father would apologize,
“I am an uneducated man, with petty fields of wheat and rice.”

“You’re a lucky chap!” said my granddad,
“People now won’t mind shaking your hand.”
Now this fact was unbearable,
How could people label my family as untouchable!
That my family witnessed discrimination felt very wrong,
But their survival stories made me mentally strong.

“You’re a lucky chap!” said my mother,
“You get to help my son in earning bread and butter.”
Unlike my wife, my mother always kept her head covered,
My elders let my wife follow her dreams, unfettered.
But my wife has got other worries,
Let me bring back my sister before those greedy animals kill her, she hurries.

“You’re a lucky chap!” said my best mate,
With my city life he wants to relate.
He is naturally envious,

The difference between his lifestyle and mine is outrageous!
Leaders, oh leaders! Listen to my plea,
Don't let people like me disrespect their hometowns and flee!

“You’re a lucky chap!” I say to my son,
“That I am!” he says with a tinge of pun.
Ohh these generation gaps!
Only they explain how times elapse!



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at Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College.*

Freedom

Gaurav Juyal

It's a twig to the drowning
A patient reservoir behind an obstinate dam
 Scar to a skin
 Cigarette in an autumn forest
 Mob with torches and gasoline
 Bullets and medals on chest
 What makes terror and peace
 Keeps steam from boiling
 Winner takes the ribbon
 The adrenaline
 Touch to the breasts
 Like lightning across the sky
 And skies
 Needles that hurt
 Wars lost
 Truth to an orphan
 A conclusion to the observer
 What pebble does to a pond
 Silent and growing
 Snuffed candle proud wax
 When it is pulled
 All things will push
 Collide and collapse
 Waves, flames, rise, fall
 Orbits disfigured
 And failing planets
 Poetry shall walk as it happens
 Words into the world come alive

Watch
When it is pulled
The sleeping will shake
A chaos born, against the order
Cities of people and plants
Battle atom bombs
The stagnant
All it needs
A stir to the sediment
A push to the wagon
A trigger
A trigger



*Gaurav Juyal is a student of B.A. (Hons.) English I Year at
Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (M).*

तोड़ कर पाबंदियाँ सारी

राघवेन्द्र त्रिपाठी

तोड़ कर पाबंदियाँ सारी,
क्यों न उन्मुक्त गगन के पक्षी हम बन जाएं ।
खेलें नदियों की लहरों से,
और हवा संग बतियाएं ।
छोड़ें मतलब की दुनिया को,
गढ़ डालें अपनी कुछ परिभाषाएं ।
चलो नाप ले धराकाश को,
अब न मानें कोई सीमाएं ।
होंठों पे अपनी पाबंदी क्यों हो ?
भावों की घेराबंदी क्यों हो ?
मेरे मानस के निज विचार,
परिस्थितियों का बंदी क्यों हो ?
क्यों अब गीत बनाने में संकोच करें ?
क्यों ऊँचे-नीचे स्वर में गाने में संकोच करें ?
छंदों के बोझिल नियमों को,
क्यों कोई कविता ढोए अब ?
क्यों कटे-पिटे जर्जर तट का,
नदिया कोई रोना रोये अब ?
जब बातों में अपनी सच्चाई है,
भावों में अपनी अच्छाई है,
तो अम्बर की सीमा भी क्यों हो ?
क्यों न गाएं खुले कंठ से,
मधुरिम, मद्धिम नवल राग
नए नियम हो इन तानों का,
नव सुर हो, हो नवल विहाग ।



राघवेन्द्र त्रिपाठी संकुल नवप्रवर्तन केंद्र (सीआइसी) में बीटेक चतुर्थ वर्ष के छात्र हैं।

Apology to the Soil of India

Vinati Vashishth

O Soil of India,
Daily we tread upon you
While going to college or the mall
Little do we know on whom our feet fall

Mixed in thou is the blood of Queen Lakshmibai
Who fought for the freedom of her beloved land
And that of Bhagat Singh
A loving son of this sand

Further down we go Mother we find
Cities and civilizations of most ancient kind
With whispers of artists and saints great
Who gave the 'Om shanti' mantra which nullified hate

Deeper we delve Mother there are animals dead
Who say we lived and what a life
People loved and worshipped us, sculpted us
They did not make us extinct by gun and knife

Further down O Mother we hear an exhalation vast
Which makes trees and oceans sway in symphony
God's own presence who chose this land
United every atom with peace and love's band

Yet instead of daily lifting you to our foreheads
O Mother! O Soil of India!
And mumbling an apology deep for standing on your bosom
You from whom we are made, Holkar or Scindia

We stand on you divine Mother
And shout in favour of your enemies and that of mankind
We are so intelligent, four letters we have read
We don't care anymore for you, in whom we were reared and fed

When we were toddlers we fell on you, Mother
And in what gentle arms you embraced us all
Yet today grown up we hurt you and make you smart
We think other countries are great and you are small!

You taught us humanity and love for mankind O Mother!
And also to distinguish right from wrong, the humane dharma
Yet we jibber jabber in heat of ideas using tongues neither mind nor hearts
In whose lap in freedom we play; to save our self respect who always leans
To hurt her in the name of freedom, is this what freedom means?



Vinati Vashishth is a Ph.D. student from the Department of English.

Half and Half

— — — Kamakshi Khosla — — —

“Hello Mister!”

My eyes, groggy with sleep, flew open the same instant I heard the words, only to realise that I wasn’t being talked to. I looked outside the small window of my coach with half an eye. It was a cold winter morning with little sun, typical of Delhi winters, I suppose. At the opposite platform, I could see passengers waiting eagerly for the arrival of the train; some were sitting on the benches, smoking or reading newspapers; while some were pacing up and down the platform. The vendors were having a busy start to their day already, and the coolies, dressed in their patent red uniforms could be seen working their fingers to the bone. All in all, the railway station seemed to be a hive of activity.

I could feel my eyelids become heavy, making it impossible for me to open them any longer. I waited just long enough to watch the guard wave the green flag as soon as the engine whistled, indicating that my nine-hour-long journey was about to commence. As I sunk deeper into unconsciousness, I had a feeling that I wasn’t alone anymore, but of course, I could be hallucinating for all I knew!

“You’ve been sleeping like a log” I heard a fruity, female voice speak to me as soon as I woke up and rubbed my eyes. I let panic colour my face and frantically began to gather my things. She looked at me as if I was mentally handicapped but then she understood... “Don’t worry! We still have about two hours of the journey left.”

“I’ve not had a wink of sleep in the past two days, you see.” I croaked, my voice sounding hoarse with sleep.

“Oh, I see, but...” she couldn’t finish for a catering boy entered our coach the very same moment. “What would you like to have, ‘café au lait’ or ‘masala chai’?” he asked us politely.

Well, considering this to be the Indian railways, we hadn’t expected either of the drinks, so we just continued to look at him, blankly. He laughed and said, “It’s our 100th anniversary and we’re giving away free beverages to our customers as a part of our celebration!”

Thus, our conversation with him ended with two steaming cafés au lait sitting comfortably on our common train table.

"So what brings you on this journey to Agra?" asked the lady, as she sipped her coffee, in an attempt to strike a conversation.

"My dad works at a construction site in Agra. He says it's a big project and that it's high time I act sensibly and work with him." I answered flatly.

"So you mean you weren't being sensible all this while?" she giggled.

"No, it's not like that..." I smiled and then continued, "ever since I was a kid, I'd wanted to be a painter. For me, painting is nothing less than magic! You know, that moment you begin to paint, when the canvas comes to life and you become both the governor and spectator to your own event, now that is something which really gives me a high!"

"Then what stops you from becoming the next Abanindranath Tagore?" she asked, feeling completely puzzled.

"It's rather complicated" I replied, sounding unsure.

"Try me."

"Okay then...ever heard of a 'faking dalit'? Well that's what people call me back there. I belong to a dalit family alright, but unlike them, I don't have an umber skin. Moreover, the fact that I would rather paint than join my dad only adds fuel to the fire. My dad's of the opinion that I should engage in jobs that demand physical labour, being out in the sun etc. That way, he feels, I could get that umber tone too and be 'manly'. Unlike painting which my father thinks to be a 'girly affair'. I've tried to convince him several times but he just doesn't seem to budge an inch and I'm tired of his taunts..."

"By the way, don't you think the coffee is insipid?" she asked, interrupting my monologue. Listening to her question made me feel a little offended, to be honest. Here I was sharing some very personal experiences of my life, and she was bothered about the coffee! I sipped it all the same and realized that she was right, the coffee indeed was tasteless.

After several seconds when I still didn't say anything, she prodded, "you know what's special about 'café au lait'?" she paused, and then continued, "It tastes great only when 'milk' and 'coffee' are put in the correct ratio, that is 1:1. You see, even a thing as simple as 'coffee' has something to offer! Everything in nature has its own essence, its own flavour that is obtained by a careful balance of 'ingredients' and because this balance is not the same for all things, we experience 'variability'. It's the same for us humans too! Our hair, eyes, skin tone etc. are the 'ingredients' that give us our unique essence, forming the core of our identity of which we must never

be ashamed. Nature doesn't discriminate, it only accepts and accommodates! We being humans have got quite a lot to learn from nature! Sorry for this analogy, but that's the best that my mind could conjure up this instant" she added sheepishly.

I still couldn't answer...I just couldn't find the right words to express how strongly her words had impacted me!

"Thank you, but how...?" I had to leave my sentence hanging midair for I couldn't control the wave of emotion that swept over me.

She smiled, as she comprehended what I was about to say, and then answered, "You know, I was brought up being told that my body was my prison...that I wasn't marriage material, and such reminders gave me inferiority complex."

I realized then that I'd never paid enough attention to how she looked! So I studied her more attentively this time...her hair was a rich shade of black, flowing in waves to adorn her glowing, bronzed skin...her eyes, framed by long lashes, were a deep chocolate brown, complimenting her straight nose and full lips. To me, sitting in a simple white dress, she seemed the picture of perfection!

"My only source of inspiration was my father, who was hell-bent on getting me educated so that I could find myself a decent job and prove to others that success in life didn't depend upon the colour of my skin!" she said, and for once I noticed the speed of the train, now slowing down at a considerable rate...I wished for the train to never stop, but when it did, she gathered her belongings, stood up and got to the door. Then just before leaving, she turned and said, "you know, always treat your knowledge, skills and talent like your weapons...for your success depends on how well you use them! Besides, it's only once you find what sparks a light in you, that you, in your own way, can illuminate the world!"

As soon as I heard those words, my self-pity got replaced by a blazing determination to prove my worth, and I knew that I was ready to set the world on fire!

With understanding as a major emotion playing on her face, she smiled her brilliant smile one last time and then left.



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Wounded Victory

Purnima Singh

Fall of a dynasty, intrusion of capitalism
Vasco da Gama's ill-fated discovery landed us in the hands of colonialism.

1857 Mutiny, the sepoys and their cries
Soldiers salughtered in the battlefield, it was humanity's demise.

Our economy was in shatters, with no one to care
The artisans dwelt in the maladies of despair.

The sight of our caged humiliation incited many
so came those who coveted brutal retaliation.

Valour it was that ran through the veins of the martyrs.
But callous politics segregated the land in quarters.

Patriotic, we became to make a nation free
Nationalism it was that sparked fire and made some flee.

Independence Day, we called it a victory
15th August 1947 is etched in our history.

The white left us, with the Tricolour well stood
It was a triumph that scarred us, severed brotherhood.



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Inside my Brain

— Magdhi Diksha —

Death stands in this room. It does not have a face or a body, but I can feel its presence in that corner. I believe it is watching me, weighing my good versus my bad. I laugh when this thought crosses my mind, what is it weighing? I have hardly done any good! I look in the corner, challenging it to come towards me, but it doesn't move, just keeps weighing.

"You..you..YOU!"

I can hear them, those other humans, calling for my attention. But I do not answer. They think I am a freak. Maybe I am, but at least I am not one of them. I haven't sold my soul, you know. Death has begun to write something now, curiously I move towards it when suddenly a flash of light appears in the room. It blinds me and I stagger a few steps back. When I look at the source of light, all the excitement in my veins for death disappears. Peacefulness takes over me, charmed I start to glide towards it when I catch death following my eyes.

Hazy, hazy, it's all misty!

"What is happening?" I cry

"Stop crying, you're making it rain." Somebody scolds me.

Death, which had no face a while back, suddenly seems to be giving a sly grin. It speaks, almost hisses, "is she dead yet?"

"No, there is something wrong. My drug seems not to be affecting her," replies the light.

They turn and look at me. "So you're one of those, aren't you? You think you can greet pain with a smile?"

I start to laugh, uncontrollably. I stretch my right hand and call them forward. When they are close enough, I take their hands and put them on my chest. They take it back in disgust.

"Where is your mind?" They begin circling me.

"Lost it."

"Lost it? Lost it where?"

"Somewhere, in the ocean when I drowned there."

"And your heart?"

I do not say anything this time.

"SPEAK!"

"I offered it to moon for dinner."

"You fool! Who are you trying to save?" They chastise.

"Who can I save?" I say after a moment.

"Perhaps, no one. Who will remember you when you're gone? Infinity is beyond your reach, you little bastard."

"Is universe within my reach?"

"The universe will die. Nothing is yours, not even these eyes." They scratch out my eyes.

As I fall in my own pool of blood, I hear them leave.

Soon the blood dries and I get used to the pain. Darkness is my new frenemy now. From stumbling, falling and crawling, I am running on my toes now. Observing is more important than seeing, I have realized.

One night, I hear the moon wailing, "My painting!"

I step out and ask, "What about it, my heart?"

"Oh, don't look at it! I have been betrayed. It does not speak!"

I cradle its face and urge it to speak.

It stomps towards the ocean and brings out its painting.

"LOOK! Look at it. What have they done! They slaughtered it."

"Who? Speak no more riddles for heaven's sake!"

"Pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath and sloth, they came in broad daylight. Oh, how they butchered it!" It throws the painting in my direction.

Miracle! I can see. Or, a curse? True, the painting does not speak. I lose my tongue at its sight. Somewhere far off, they laugh again monstrously.

The painting is of love. Enchanting beauty is in its each stroke. Nothing could be purer or more serene. My hands begin to move on its own, forming many words, some I did not even know of. Day and night, I write. In one of such moments, I hear the painting whimper slightly.

Does love need words? Or something more? I give it what it wants and send it on its journey with the waves.

Days, months, years pass. They come many times, each time breaking or stealing something of mine.

Today I have received a letter. The painting has been chosen by somebody. My friends play a tune and I dance with the stars. My reflection is beauty. My lips part and my eyes shine. My blood is now stronger than steel. That rebel, I laugh.

They are here again, this time with a scythe. They thunder my name but my eyes remain fixated on the mirror.

"Give us what is ours" They threaten.

"Nothing is yours," utters my veins uninterestingly.

They step forward, break my mirror and hold me by my collar. "It is time to go." With that they slay me with the scythe. I laugh this time.

"You little bitch, where is your soul?" They say, throwing me against the wall.

Blood gushes out of my head, screaming in joy. "GONE! Long gone in that painting," it mocks.

"You will not live forever. One day when your soul keeper dies, you will too." They say in a snark tone.

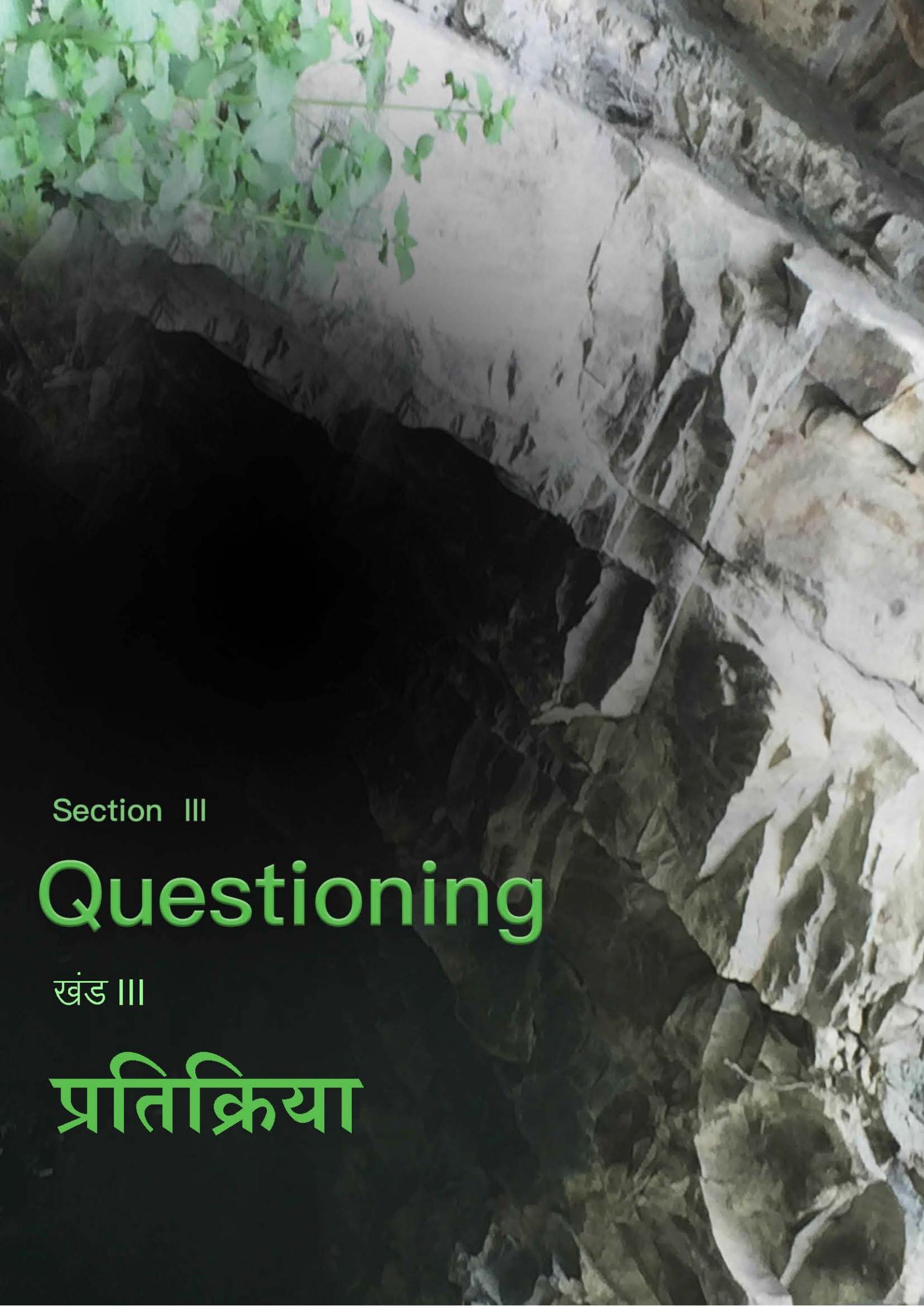
"Look into my eyes, it does not have infinity. It has the universe. Eternity is a curse on you, my friend. But universe, you see, is in my reach. My keeper holds it for so long my soul remains obscure with it. It will kiss you before you find it. Then will you understand why you cannot control death anymore. A second or a millennium is equal for us. Life and death is same for us. We are but one."

"Love..LOVE! You think it can save you?"

"Death brings darkness, life brings light. How will either of you understand love?" I say as the last of my breath leaves. When the moon comes, it takes my lifeless body and builds a grave for me in the sea. Paradise, my home I have returned. I get up and begin to decorate my house, waiting patiently for my painting keeper. I smile as I look at her from above; she is working on another piece. I twirl with the winds and kiss her on the cheek. What a beauty, how did I get so lucky? I breathe.



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Section III

Questioning

खंड III

प्रतिक्रिया

श्रीकृष्ण

मोहिनी सिंह

मॉरल साइंस की किताब में
झाठी कहानियाँ होती हैं
ये मुझे मॉरल साइंस पढ़ने के
पहले से पता था ।
विज्ञान के एक्सपरिमेंट का रिजल्ट मुझे
करने से पहले से पता था
पहले से जानती थी मैं कि इतिहास में
किसे महान लिखना है
और देशों राज्यों धर्मों का अस्तित्व
सब कुछ अंदर गढ़ा जा चुका था
और जानते थे ये सब मेरे साथ के तमाम बच्चे ।
पर हमें अनजान बने रहना था
अपनी जानकारी से ।
इसलिए हमें दी गई
नई ज़िल्द में पुरानी बातें
हम चकित होते रहे
सामान्य बातों पर
और रहे सामान्य
चकित होने वाली चीज़ों पर ।
सरल को जटिल कर सुलझाते रहे
और जटिल को सरलता से नकार गए ।
चंद चीज़ों को कई वर्षों तक दुहराते रहे
नामों, तारीखों, अंकों, घटनाओं की
फ़ेहरिस्त बढ़ाते रहे
कुछ नया सीखने को बच्चे
स्कूल जाते रहे ।



मोहिनी सिंह गार्गी महाविद्यालय में वनस्पति विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष कि छात्रा हैं ।

She of the 21st

————— Meenakshi Shukla ————

She had wiped her face by then. It looked as if the salt from the tears had left their trail behind on her still pale cheeks. She felt there, for a moment, as if she was living in the pre-Industrial era of England, about which she had familiarised herself through a dozen Victorian Novels and even more vividly so by their movie adaptations.

The ten minutes, she stood staring at her hopeful mirror, seemed more than dreary. The mirror that had been her closest ally, even more than her closest human friends, today reflected no glint of hope, not even as much as a sand grain of allowing her the feeling that things will eventually be okay.

In those minutes, while she tried to register what had happened, she was even more confused about why it had happened.

It wasn't the first time that her parents had declined permission regarding something but the arguments substantiating their decline had shaken her to the core. It cannot be said if her parents had any idea of the gravity of their decision. All she had wanted was to become an entrepreneur. A successful one at that!

And such a wish should not come as a surprise if one is living in the twenty first century, at least two hundred years ahead of the Victorian era, if one does want to calculate! She knew it had always been a little difficult to make case with her parents. But she also knew that there were people out there in the same society who had respected the idea of equality —of having an equal chance of crafting one's own future. She was struggling in coming to terms with the question that why had she devoted eighteen years of her life in getting 'educated' at all. Why had her parents not tried to get into her shoes for once and at the least make an attempt at weighing her dreams? She kept asking herself if she was even nearly right in assuming that her parents were there for her no matter what. But then she also knew subconsciously that it was the feeling of dejection that was making her demean her own parents in her mind.

But it had all come to this significant number '23'. The two digits had now begun to seem to her as her gravest enemies. This number had suddenly nullified all her talents, her potentials and her intellect that she had diligently given nearly all her life, since birth till then, to acquire. Not just to acquire but to ace it. The number had unexpectedly bestowed upon her the aspect of her eligibility for marriage. One thing she wanted to be free from, as long as her dearest passions had not taken the form of reality. She wasn't one of those idealists when it came to dreaming. Nor did she ever take interest when she was told the bedtime fairy tales. All that, she felt was too easy to believe in. And so she had not dreamt but envisioned. Not just something for the 'self' but for the 'others'. To do service for others through her ideas.

But then all that now seemed to actually have been transformed into a dream. She was beginning to reminisce those days when she had vigorously fought her cases, well literally college debate competitions, assuming herself to be the official representative of her sex. No wonder she had won every case. But it didn't matter now since she was losing the case that decided her life. She suddenly felt that urge of hypocrisy at the end of her parents, her relatives, all those people who seemed to have been the proponents of equality but were really the lawyers of society who had taken the ropes of others' destiny in their hands. No questions asked.

She had always believed in the equality of sexes in terms of equality of opportunities in one's life. She had been allowed to educate herself and there was no way she was going let it all go down the drain. Ten minutes and one second later, she stepped out. Though she had gone in with a rush of breaking down tears, weak in the legs; she had come back even stronger than before. She was ever determined to fight her battle. She remembered all those Wollstonecrafts and Wool's and regained her spirit, the energy she was wavering in till then since it was not for these two digits that she had studied about all those empowering and decisive revolutions and movements. She once again felt as if she had been destined to be the appointed leader by all those revolutionaries to take this battle into her hands. And it seemed a little paradoxical that in the century where technology has virtually taken over the humans and cultures have adopted new features but the one thing that people are still not ready to let enter into themselves is equality in the mind. Well, if people hadn't till now, she thought, there was no harm if she be the one to bring that one revolution?

And so...she wiped those cheeks clean, drank a glass of water setting down all those grains of uncertainties that had risen up alarmingly, shut the door of her room and began joining her broken words into expressions for the upcoming battle...



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परतंत्र लोकतंत्र

मोहिनी सिंह

मुझे मालूम है कि तुम 'बहुमत' में हो
लेकिन सिर्फ इसलिए क्योंकि तुम 'बहुमत' खड़ा कर सकते हो
तुम लोगों को झूठ यकीन न दिला पाए हो, न दिला पाओगे
ज्यादा से ज्यादा तुम सच को छिपा सकते हो
तुम्हारे पीछे खड़े होने वाले लोग
तुम्हारे विशालकाय ढाँचे के पीछे दबे लोग
जिनकी नज़रों की मजबूरी तुम्हारी काली पीठ है
वे लोग तुम्हारे साथी नहीं
तुम्हारे नारों पे उठने वाले हाथ
एक भरी पूरी इंसानियत के हाथ नहीं
वे हाथ हैं मजबूरी के
वे हाथ हैं अंधकार के
तुम्हारे पास है लाखों की फौज
जिनके पास हाथ हैं, हथियार हैं
जो उठेंगे तुम्हारी आवाज़ पर
लेकिन उनके पास आँखें नहीं
और इसलिए मुझे तुमसे डर नहीं लगता
क्योंकि मुझे पता है-
कि तुम्हारे पीछे खड़े लोग सब मेरे ही लोग हैं
मुझे गिराना है बस एक काली पीठ वाला विशाल शरीर
और फिर मेरे सामने खड़े सब लोग मेरे ही लोग हैं
मुझे पता है
कि तुम्हारे नारों पर उठने वाले हाथ इंसानों के हैं
मुझे खोलनी हैं बस सोने की हथकड़ियाँ
और फिर आज्ञाद होने वाला इंसान इंसानियत के हक्क में है

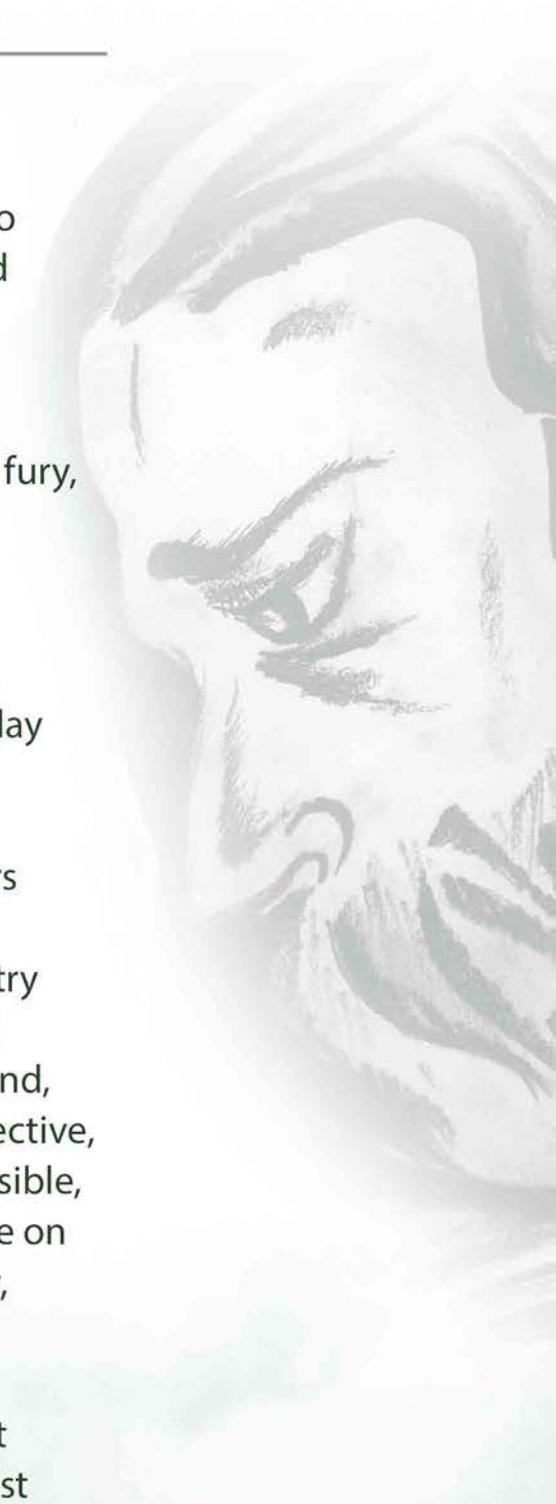
मुझे मालूम है
 कि एक अंधी फौज के हाथ और हथियार
 हुक्मरानों की तबाही की ही बजह बनेगे
 मुझे देनी है बस उन्हें इंसाफ की एक अदद रोशन नज़र
 और इसीलिए मुझे इस बहुमत से डर नहीं लगता
 क्योंकि मैं इनकार करती हूँ मशीनों के मतों की गिनती से
 क्योंकि मैं खारिज करती हूँ शुलामों का लोकतंत्र
 क्योंकि मुझमें इंसानियत के जागने की उम्मीद बाकी है
 क्योंकि मुझे तलाश है उस चाभी कि जो खोलेगी बंद दिमाग
 क्योंकि मेरा अकेले होना मेरा रास्ता नहीं रोकता
 क्योंकि तुम्हारे लोग भी दरअसल मेरे ही हैं !
 और मुझे पता है
 कि तुम्हें भी यह पता है।
 मुझे पता है कि
 मेरी उम्मीद से
 मेरी कोशिश से
 मेरी तलाश से
 तुम्हें डर लगता है।



मोहिनी सिंह गार्ड महाविद्यालय में वनस्पति विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष की छात्रा हैं।

Nationalism through the Eyes of Rabindranath Tagore

— Mahima Kapoor —



A great poet once asked us to
Not let ourselves be deluded
By the naked passion of
Self-love of nations,
That shall invariably make
The nation burst in a violence of fury,
And instead to let humility
Be what crowns us,
And to let our freedom
Be the freedom of the soul,
But when I recall his words today
I am dejected to find that
Were he alive today
The self-appointed protectors
Of this nation would have
Coloured his love for his country
In a vicious red that spelled
The word that they throw around,
While pretending that love is objective,
That their vigilanism is indispensible,
And that the witch hunt they are on
Is not shameful in every way,
And were he alive today
He would have found that
The whirlwind of hatred that
The last century had set amidst
Has taken its roots in this century,
Pushed by the turbulent winds
That tremble at the slightest

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प्रहरी

प्रसू जैन

आप प्रहरी हैं देश के जो निडर होकर खड़े रहते हैं
हिमालय की रक्षा में
जब सारा देश काँप रहा होता है ठण्ड से
तब भी आपके बंदूक लिए हाथ कांपते नहीं हैं सियाचीन की वादियों में,
सागर की तेज़ लहरें भी आपको हैरान नहीं करती
राजस्थान के मरुस्थल से पंजाब के पठानकोट तक
अरब सागर से लेकर गंगा के घाट तक
बॉर्डर वाले कंटीले तारों से लेकर सिहंस्थ के अखाड़े तक
इलाहबाद के संगम से लेकर चेरापूंजी के वनों तक
सबकी रक्षा का भार आप पर होता है
और जब कभी आप लौटते हैं अपने घर, छुट्टी लेकर
अपने उस छोटे से बच्चे को थोड़ा लाड़ दुलार करने
तभी आपके वापिस जाने का सन्देश आ जाता है
क्योंकि आप तो 'वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम' को आत्मसाथ कर चुके हैं अपने हृदय में
सारा देश ही आपके लिए परिवार है
सरे देश की रक्षा को आपने अपना धर्म मान लिया है
आपके पिता अपने आंसुओं को पलकों पे ही रोककर आपको वापिस जाने से रोकना चाहते हैं
लेकिन वो रोकते नहीं हैं
वह अपने आपको गर्वित महसूस करते हैं
आपकी माँ अपने आँसू रोक नहीं पाती
आप उसे गले से लगाकर जल्दी आने का वादा करते हैं
और कहते हैं की इस बार संक्रांति की लड्डू खाकर नहीं जा रहा अगली बार अवश्य खाऊंगा,
कोई और भी है जो भीतर कमरे की खिड़की से आपको देख रही है,
उसकी आँखों का काजल आँसुओं से गीला हो चुका है,
वो आपके सीने से लिपटकर रोना चाहती है,

लेकिन रो नहीं पाती,
आपका दोस्त आपको बस तक छोड़ने आ गया है,
आप आखिरी बार घर की तरफ देखते हैं,
अपने बच्चे के माथे पर बोसा देते हैं,
माँ का अब भी रो रोकर बुरा हाल है,
पिताजी आँसुओं को अब भी रोके हुए हैं,
आप उस खिड़की की तरफ देखते हैं,
और उन आँखों को भी दिलासा देते हैं वापिस लौट आने की,
और कुछ दिनों बाद दुश्मनों से लड़ते-लड़ते
आपके शहीद होने की खबर आती है,
लेकिन अब आपके घर में मातम नहीं मनाया जाता,
आपकी पत्नी ने बच्चे को सेना में भेजने की तैयारी शुरू कर दी है,
और वो खिड़की कभी बंद नहीं होती...



ਕਣੌ

ਵਿਸ਼ੇ਷ ਚੰਦ੍ਰ 'ਨਮਨ'

ਆਜ਼ਾਦੀ ਕੀ ਯੇ ਜਧੇਂ ਬਾਰ-ਬਾਰ ਆਏਗੀ,
ਦੇਸ਼ ਕੀ ਸ਼ਵਤੰਤਰਤਾ ਕੋ ਬਾਰ-ਬਾਰ ਗਾਏਗੀ;
ਦੋ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਕੇ ਲਿਏ ਸ਼ਹੀਦਾਂ ਕੀ ਜਧ ਗਾਏਂਗੇ,
ਦੋ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਕੇ ਬਾਦ ਤਨ੍ਹੇ ਫਿਰ ਸੇ ਭੂਲ ਜਾਏਂਗੇ ।

ਚੌਕ ਚੌਰਾਹੋਂ ਪਰ ਦੇਸ਼ਭਕਤਿ ਧੁਨ ਬਾਜੇਂਗੇ
ਅਗਲੇ ਦਿਨ ਤਸੀ ਜਗਹ, ਡਿਸਕੋ-ਡੀਜੇ ਚਲੇਂਗੇ,
ਗਾਁਚ ਸ਼ਹਰ ਸਾਰੇ ਤਿਰਾਂਗੋਂ ਸੇ ਪਟ ਜਾਏਂਗੇ,
ਅਗਲੇ ਪਲ ਕੇ ਝੰਡੇ ਸਫ਼ਕ ਪਰ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਏਂਗੇ ।

ਦੇਸ਼ ਕੀ ਦੁਰਦੱਸ਼ਾ ਪੇ ਕਿਧੋਂ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਬੋਲਤਾ ਹੈ,
ਕਿਆ ਕਿਸੀ ਕੇ ਰਾਂਗੋਂ ਮੌਕੇ ਕੋਈ ਖੂਨ ਨਹੀਂ ਖੌਲਤਾ ਹੈ ?
ਛੋਟੇ-ਛੋਟੇ ਮੁਦ੍ਦੋਂ ਪਰ ਬਡੇ ਬਧਾਨ ਆਏਂਗੇ,
ਦੇਸ਼ ਕੇ ਸਵਾਲ ਪਰ ਮੌਨੀ ਬਾਬਾ ਬਨ ਜਾਏਂਗੇ ।

ਆਜ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਰਾਸ਼ਟ੍ਰ ਕੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਕੋਈ ਕਿਧੋਂ ਕਰੇ,
ਜੋ ਮਰ ਰਹਾ ਹੈ ਭੂਖ ਸੇ ਕੋ ਵੈਸੇ ਭੂਖਾ ਹੀ ਮਰੇ,
ਆਜ ਜੋ ਲੂਟੇਰਾ ਹੈ ਵਹੀ ਬਨਾ ਮਹਾਨ ਹੈ;
ਤੁਮ ਢੂਢਤੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋ ! ਕਹਾਂ ਇੱਸਾਨ ਹੈ ?



ਵਿਸ਼ੇ਷ ਏਸਜ਼ੀਟੀਬੀ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਕਾਲੇਜ ਮੇਂ ਗਣਿਤ ਕੇ ਛਾਤ੍ਰ ਹੈਂ ।

हिमत

कार्तिकेय अशोक

जब कभी तुम उदास हो
अपनों के ना पास हो
एक पल भूल के सारे दर्द
ये पंक्तियाँ बने तुम्हारा हमदर्द
हार मानने से पहले
पूछना खुद आप से
क्यों शुरू किया था ये सब
और क्या चाहते हो आज से
बिना संघर्ष वीरों का
निर्माण नहीं होता
और बिन हथौड़े की चोट से
कोई पत्थर भगवान नहीं होता
तुम बनो साहसी रण चंडी
रानी लक्ष्मी की शमशीर अमर
ले कर आशीष बल ईश्वर का
लो बन गयी तुम ज्वाला तेज प्रखर
तुम्हें न रुकना न थकना है
शिखर की ओर ही बढ़ना है
स्थिर विराट गिरि पर चढ़ना
संकल्पों का है मान रखना
है जिगर दुनिया देखने का
तो ऊँचाई पर जाना होगा
विजयी तिरंगा फहरा के ही
घर वापस आना होगा ।



कार्तिकेय अशोक पी.जी.डी.ए.वी कॉलेज में बीकॉम विशेष (तृतीय) वर्ष के छात्र हैं।

She had no clue what it meant !

————— Meenakshi Shukla ————

She didn't really know how to respond to that question. It seemed to her that it was probably one of her late-night-lethargy-induced dreams. Since she hadn't ever really felt the sentiments attached to words like ' India', ' National Anthem', ' patriotism'. Or rather she never took it as grave a thought to contemplate upon as the others surrounding her did. And so when the boy, literally a stranger, had thrust that question in her face , she actually began to think...

"Are you not proud of your country? Our men fight and defend our country with such immense patriotism. I'm glad I took birth in this multicultural country! " The words had found resonance in the tunnel of the brain. More than two decades had passed since she came to breathe on this planet, and she had never thought if she was really proud of this country she was citizen of. The credit must largely be given to her lack of interest in 'social studies' since school took control over her thoughts. But she had a fair amount of respect for all the war heroines and heroes, and the common people who felt empowered enough by their leaders' motivation to participate in the battles of this country. But the word ' proud' just hit her...hit her mind...made her nerves uneasy...and for the first time she really began to reflect on this mysteriousness associated with 'freedom and pride'.

She decided to study her life in an attempt to figure out the answers. She remembered that in her journey to acquire education, throughout school, almost every day she stood up while the national anthem was sung. And it suddenly struck her that this had now turned into a habit as much as the involuntary blinking of the eyes. That every time the anthem was heard by her ears, it seemed as if the brain was sent a command to make her body stand up. And hence, there was a two minutes involuntary peace in life.

But there was this other aspect, rather aspects, that had deeply engraved themselves upon her since birth.

Even though India had got independence in '47, she still felt that it was cuffed in chains. The chains of colonisation of the minds. The chains of perverted and stagnant views about society, its formation and its functioning. But that's just an erudite way to put it because in her ever-struggling mind, she always felt an outsider, the 'other'...the partially existing. Battles might have been fought and won, but she felt the battle of the minds was ever going on. But she felt awake now. Now more than ever...

In fact, a battle should last for a limited span of time but the things she had been witnessing since her first breath suggested something else. For starters she had always been nagged about 'how she should be dressed', how she should walk and talk' to fit in the puzzling structure of society. So she felt less human by the day and more like some piece of scientific research as the societal scientists held their sleeves up their ever determining arms. And so she never had been able to get past these confining borders to reflect on the bloodshed owing to revolutions and eventual freedom. Since, she had never tasted a pinch of freedom that everyone talked about.

"What is this freedom? What is this aura of pride about? Why am I unable to fit myself to understand it? If all my friends understand it, even revel in it and celebrate it, why am I not able to do so? "She kept asking herself these questions. Hoping to get a glimpse of the answers she tucked herself in bed and took to the diligent task of ' roof staring'. Or as her best friend used to call it - 'decrypting Chinese'!

It had already struck midnight by the time but instead of the thud of the thong, she felt a revelation—lets call it one since it was something really defining and new for her— knocking at her door.) She realised that the walls she lived in, the friends and family that surrounded her, all made up a microcosmic country for her. This country, much like the real country, had its borders marked and spectrum of thoughts confined. And so in her country, she had been always been told and told and told to do something, to behave like one thing and to act like another, to see the world with closed eyes. And as for the task of thinking, she was always spared the tedious task! This country hardly acknowledged that she too was human with as much capability to cultivate her rationale, if allowed. -

And that didn't mean that one could not acquire education but what one could make of all her education to bring about a seed-length difference in the society. And it was this that defined her life for her. - But then the proponents of her country had always veiled it all under the garb of culture and practice wherein one has to give respect only to the 'elders' thereby suppressing the younger saplings entirely ;

and commanded not only to respect them but really abide by their views. And she had followed it as obediently as all those mythical disciples of the evenmore mythical gurus. - With no disrespect to the wise minds, she had the view that even the lesser minds, so to say, should at least be able to speak their views, thoughts and opinions, and duly respected for it. But it was a tough task to establish such an equality of minds in her country as well as the country.

And it never entered her mind to unveil it, until now...

She figured that though the 'constitution' of the now free country had acknowledged several dozen rights and several scores of differences existing in the society , it failed to dismantle the constituting fundamentals that had corrupted the human mind to such an extent, that it felt lousy now to manufacture thoughts afresh. For instance, the vantage points of a considerable few, of how to look at a girl and how to construct her in accord with their vision had by now become an epidemic. And she was and has been a patient of this contagious disease.

Although it took her nearly more than two decades of her life to come to terms with her systematic constitution of her life and nearly 12 hours of mental combat, she had got her answers straight in her head. "I never was allowed to raise questions!" Yes! That was it! That was it!

And once again she had the realisation that she really had been after-all a societal-robot all her life! But at the same moment, she realised something else too, i.e., it was in this moment of the former realisation that she no longer felt the same robot any more. Had she been one, she wouldn't have spent twelve hours just questioning. "So that's what questioning feels like! Aah! Why didn't I start it a little earlier!" she talked to herself amusedly.

She threaded together all those broken ideas and thoughts and memories and reflections that had, by then, scattered themselves around her room , invading all the corners , the floor...in fact there were a few hanging from the ceiling fan. "Oh I think that's my brain I'm looking at!" She exclaimed with even more excitement and little confusion. Since she hadn't thought she had the power to stir the stagnant by pointing a bold and aware finger at it. Since all excellence starts with little steps, she swung forward her tiny step as she took out her laptop, deciding to change the background to match her revelations. It complemented her views quite a lot now as the quote flashing in the background said:

"I have no clue what is 'freedom' and 'patriotism' since I haven't tasted it yet. One thing I am sure of is that I have started to get an idea ..."

She knew very well inside that she might have been different in her ideas and approaches to those ideas, but she also knew even better that it was time a revolution of the mind came about!



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मनवाधिकार

निखिल अग्रवाल

कौन वे मानव हैं ?
जो हकदार हैं
इन मानवाधिकारों के ।
इससे पहले कि मानव को अधिकार मिले
हर्ता पहले आ जाते हैं,
अपने साम-दाम-दण्ड-भेद
सब अपना कर
अपने नाम कर लेते हैं ।
अगर सही नहीं
तो जाकर देखो
कितने निर्दोष
सड़ रहे हैं जेलों में ।
अपने घर में झाँकें या पड़ोसियों के
विक्षिप्त से
वे मौत का इंतज़ार कर रहे हैं ।
वर्षों पहले हमने
मृत-लापता करार दे दिया था जिन्हें
उनके जीने की खबरें मिली
व्याकुल से घरवाले
ऊपर तक दौड़े,
इस आस में
दम तो अपने दर पर निकले,
पर कदम थक गए
कोई मानव न जागा
मानवाधिकारों की बात कौन कहे ?
वे वहीं अन्तिम साँसें लेंगे
और पता नहीं

कौन सी गति
 उनको मिल पाएगी ।
 क्योंकि वहां तक पहुँच
 किसी की नहीं ।
 जो बंद किए हैं
 वे मानव हैं ही नहीं ।
 गले मिलकर
 हमदर्दी दिखा जाते हैं
 मानवाधिकार की दुहाई देनेवाले
 मानवाधिकारों की समाधि
 बना जाते हैं ।
 और
 हम चुपचाप उस अन्याय-अधर्म पर
 बस आँसू बहाया करते हैं
 उनके कष्टों का अहसास
 करते करते
 चंद पंक्तियों के सहारे
 नारे लगाया करते हैं ।
 पर हमारी आवाज़
 किसी बंद कमरे की तरह
 दीवारों से टकरा कर
 वापस हम तक आ जाती है,
 और हमारे कानों में
 पड़ कर
 हमारी ही बेबसी का
 अहसास दिला जाती है,
 और सोचने को मजबूर कर जाती है
 आखिर मानवाधिकार किसके लिए है?



निखिल अग्रवाल विश्वविद्यालय के राजनीति विज्ञान विभाग में शोधार्थी हैं।

Why the caged bird sings

— *Ruchi Nagpal* —

With dawn it wakes,
And cries for peace.
Melody of life,
Flows by with ease.

With subtle sorrow,
And doleful heart.
It chants a mantra,
For a life apart.

Till doom it sings,
For the hope to be free.
We look for blooms,
Our eyes filled with glee.

Do we hold on still,
To the shackles of life.
When azure calls us,
Hearts lurch to fly.

A life in the wind,
And stars and sky.
The caged bird sings,
For its destiny to fly.



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आज कि खबर

निशांत दूबे

किसी को आकर्षण चाहिए
किसी को आज्ञादी
कोई भारत से परेशान
कोई खुद एक परेशानी
अपनी माँ का होश नहीं
लेकिन भारत माता को बचाना है
आग भले हो अन्दर की
जन-गण-मन तो बस बहाना
खबर छपेगी फोटो होगा
मेरा भी कुछ नाम होगा
भला किसी का हो, न हो
हर दिन नया बवाल होगा ।



निशांत दूबे शिवाजी कॉलेज से भूगोल में स्नातक कर रहे हैं।

Back to the Start

— Dimple Khurana —

I was sitting on a swing,
Thinking, 'I wish I had wings'
Suddenly I heard an unusual noise,
'I am back,' she said in a husky voice.
She came and sat next to me,
But Alas, I didn't wake up.
What an ill-fated sleep!
Oh, Despondent Me!
The night was Cold,
She touched me, and held me in her hold.
When I tried to talk,
She nodded but didn't reply.
Hand in hand, we walked under the sparkling stars,
To me, they appeared as explosions in the sky!
In the other hand, she carried a violin,
Sonorous I became in my dreams,
With its beautiful refrain.
I was mesmerized,
With a Jovial pleasure.
Alas, why are dreams lost?
'Unlucky me' I would say.
I wish, in that dream I could dive,
To Bring those moments alive.
'What a dream it was,' says my heart,
Yes, I want to go 'back to the start'.



Dimple Khurana is pursuing B.Sc. (Hons.) Chemistry from
Rajdhani college and is currently in her II nd year.

Baby

— Ahvana Paul —

Baby,
You with the pretty smile and,
The contrasting ugly glaring world outside –
Beware ;
For life is the only thing
We have left today!
Baby,
The lovely curls on your glancing eyes!
And the beautiful innocence,
That gleams across your face!
And then that world,
Outside the window –
Where love, it seems has no say!
The skies of forced grey
With Vermillion splatters;
Coming together like a
Well versed painting!
And that cruel rich laugh,
Supplementing that canvas;
With shards of green!

Baby,
Your dimples –
Make your smile so fine –
So , I pray ;
Don't loose it;
Amongst the sorrow and pain
Spread it if you will?

Baby,
Hate the war,
But not its sides,

Be happy ;
Stay the beauty
But don't give into the storm ;
Not the submissive;
Quieteden soul
Can you be the one who speaks out;
When justice is wrong?
Be a beauty ;
But not the statue,
Easy to melt like wax;
Be you,
Strong, Complex and,
A fighter ;
Be the unshakeable,
The unbreakable – but be kind!

Baby,
Be the one who stands for what they think,
Not the shadow;
Of frivolous men ;
Those who think that they rule the world!
Baby,
Be that beautiful fire,
Be wild ,
And whatever the hell you like!
Be political,
And Happy
And pretty
And strong
Be a Gryffindor !
Be the irresistible,
The independent!
The Marxist;
A reader?
Be whatever...



Ahvana Paul is a student of History at Gargi College.

Section IV

Imaginative Narratives

खंड IV

कल्पना लोक



Midas

(The Dream and the Downfall)

— Samir Zaidi —

Once upon a forgotten time, a garden of roses so sublime
Lived a certain king, the king of the rose
Blessed with a wish by a god, never he chose to use the sword
A deed did the heavens applaud, a certain wish he chose
Never was such a wish so summoned, the certain wish he chose
No creature who dareth oppose

Wished for a golden hand, things turned to gold from sand
Golden turned the things he laid his hand on, it froze
Envied him the gods and kings, but he possessed the golden rings
Infinitely counted golden things, his palace it. It glows
Countless statues of gold that glistens and glows
That is the wish that he chose

Saluted with his rays the sun, in respect of him were battles won
In awe of his gilded wealth the birds chirp and river flows
Flowing through his golden bleed, a wish so chosen out of greed
Never again could he feed, his Ambrosia, his food it froze
He dreamt of his downfall, in reckless greed, his future froze
From his dream, his descent arose

Drunk with gold, the king went mad, never had he been so sad
This wretched wish he summoned, the wish he chose
He couldn't reverse his curse, nor could he pen his verse
The touch that followed his hearse, his wealthy life to decompose
Running in circles this lunatic guided his life to decompose
Is this the wish that he chose?

Saw his daughter walking bold, his beloved daughter Marigold
Ran for help to her the king, his downfall to expose
Begging her if she knew, curses men, so very few
Touched her hand, know did who? As her body glistens and glows..
Turned as good as gold, her own new necklace, wretched wish he chose
Ah! This wretched wish he chose



Samir Zaidi is a student of B.sc. Statistics Hons II nd year at Sri Venkateswara College.

दृष्टिकोण

कार्तिकेय अशोक

एक जूता व्यापारी अपने उद्योग को दूसरे महादेशों तक विस्तृत करने की सोच में डूबा हुआ था। एशिया में उसके बनाये जूतों की बहुत बिक्री थी। परंतु अब उसका प्रयास उद्योग को अधिक से अधिक देशों में पहुँचाने की व्यवस्था में था, जिससे अपने जूता उद्योग को सफलतापूर्वक स्थापित करके नयी बुलंदियों तक ले जाया जा सके।

इस कारण उसने अपने एक क्राबिल प्रबंधक को अफ्रीका के दौरे पर भेजने का फैसला लिया। जिससे कि वहाँ के जूता-व्यापार की आँखों-देखी स्थिति मालूम की जा सके ताकि मौजूदा परिदृश्य और वातावरण के अनुरूप व्यापार के विस्तार का स्वरूप एवं नीति गठित की जा सके।

प्रबंधक ने अफ्रीका के अलग-अलग हिस्सों में पूरा एक महीना बिताया।

तीस दिन की गहन खोज एवं अनुसंधान के बाद वह स्वदेश लौटा। लौटते ही वह व्यापारी से मिलने उसके घर जा पहुंचा। व्यापारी उसे दरवाजे पर खड़ा देख मुस्कराया, मानो वह उसका सालों से इंतज़ार कर रहा हो। भीतर आने का इशारा कर उसने फोन पर दो चाय अंदर भेजने का आदेश दिया और प्रबंधक से बैठने का आग्रह किया।

हालचाल लेने के बाद और चाय की चुस्कियों के साथ प्रबंधक ने बड़े आहिस्ता से अपनी बात रखते हुए जैसे ही पहला लफज़ ‘ज्नाब’ कहा, व्यापारी के कान खड़े हो उठे और वह एक झटके में कमर सीधी कर कुर्सी पर बैठ गया।

प्रबंधक ने अपनी खोज से प्राप्त परिणामों को सामने रखते हुए विनीत भाव से कहा, ‘ज्नाब अफ्रीका एक ऐसा महादेश है जहाँ अधिकांश आबादी समुदाय और कबीला परंपरा का अनुसरण करती है। और लगभग 80 फीसदी आबादी जूतों का प्रयोग नहीं करती है। यह हमारे उद्योग के लिए एक बड़ी बाधा है जो एक घाटे का सौदा साबित हो सकता है।’

व्यापारी की आस जैसे शीशे की तरह टूट के बिखर गयी हो। वह कुर्सी से खड़ा हुआ और कमरे के बाहर बालकनी में चला गया।

उसके भीतर का जिज्ञासु यह मानने को तैयार नहीं था कि उसका जूता उद्योग अफ्रीका में सफल नहीं हो सकता।

कुछ महीने बीत जाने के बाद उसने पुनः एक नए प्रबंधक को अफ्रीका के दौरे पर भेजने का फैसला किया। उसने नए प्रबंधक को एक नसीहत देते हुए कि ‘पूरी जांच-पड़ताल करते हुए वहाँ की हर बारीकियों को ध्यान में रख कर शोध करना’, विदा किया।

विभिन्न समुदायों और कबीलों के बीच शोध करके, वहां के लोगों की आवश्यकता को पहचान कर और आंकड़े इकट्ठे कर वह एक महीना बाद वापस लौटा ।

वह सीधे व्यापारी के कमरे में जा पहुंचा । व्यापारी ने उसका स्वागत किया और चाय नाश्ता का इंतज़ाम किया। व्यापारी की उत्सुकता इतनी बढ़ चली थी कि चाय अभी आई भी नहीं थी, प्रबंधक का हाल पूछा तक न था और सीधे धंधे की बात पर आ गया । प्रबंधक मुस्कराकर बोला, ‘सर वहां तो 80 फ़ीसदी आबादी जूतों का प्रयोग ही नहीं करती ।’

बस इतना कहा ही था उस नए प्रबंधक ने कि व्यापारी आग बबूला हो गया और कहने लगा, ‘ये आंकड़ों का खेल मत खेलो, इनसे मैं बहुत पहले से अवगत हूँ ।’

चाय अब तक आ चुकी थी किन्तु व्यापारी की चाय पीने की इच्छा अब क्षुब्ध सी हो रही थी । प्रबंधक बड़ी सहजता से बोला, ‘सर यहीं तो मैं आपको बताने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ कि अब तक 80 फ़ीसदी आबादी जो जूतों का प्रयोग नहीं करती है हमें उसके लिए ही तो जूतों का उत्पादन करना है । यहीं हमारे लिए एक सुनहरा अवसर है कि हम अफ्रीका की 80 फ़ीसदी आबादी को अपना बनाया हुआ जूता पहना सकते हैं जो हमारे उद्योग को दुनिया के शीर्ष उद्योगों की पंक्ति में लाकर खड़ा करेगा । और तो और वहां अभी कोई हमारा कोई प्रतिद्वंद्वी भी नहीं पहुंचा है।’

यह सुन कर व्यापारी को अपने फैसले की अहमियत समझ आने लगी और उसकी बुद्धि से सकारात्मक तरंगों का जैसे प्रवाह होने लगा जो उसकी आँखों की अजब चमक से साफ़ झलक रहा था ।

प्रबंधक ने व्यापारी की प्रसन्नता को भाँप लिया और पूछ बैठा, ‘जनाब, अब नए उद्योग का कामकाज कब से शुरू करना है ?’

व्यापारी ने प्रबंधक को शाबाशी देते हुए कहा, ‘आज से’।



कार्तिकेय अशोक पी.जी.डी.ए.वी. कॉलेज में बीकॉम विशेष (तृतीय वर्ष) के छात्र हैं।

When She Met Her

— Muskan Dhandi —

A day before the previous day, she witnessed her emerging out of the big sceptical yet shallow mirror which is a house to several self- proclaiming agents who promise to correct her already distorted and fragmented image. She looks at that non familiar yet strikingly recognizable idea which appears to her like a painter's grey colored muse. Approaching her, the next moment she realizes that the non-familiar yet familiar grey colored idea is reducing the distance between the two. Discombobulated and filled with fear, she runs away without looking behind. She consciously and deliberately decides not to think about that incident again and never to visit that moment so that she can yield strength to her already feeble self.

Exactly 30 days after that incident, she saw that non familiar yet familiar grey colored idea approaching her again. What was slightly frightening was that this time the figure not only appeared more powerful with the intrinsic and exquisite details it was exhibiting but also it came closer to her by residing in the rear view mirror of the car she was driving. The figure appeared as if wearing a robe of different shades of grey and black. The figure this time like earlier too, started approaching her and as expected this ignited fear in her. She started driving her car at the speed of 140km per hour and observed that the figure had left the rear view mirror with no traces behind.

She was out on an evening stroll and as usual was observing nearby objects. Astounded with fear and surprise, she witnessed that figure again in a dismantled mirror which was lying in the park. This time though, she decided to confront it and would definitely not decamp or abscond. The figure following its usual operational procedure started approaching her whereas she stood there firmly. The figure gradually departed from its abode and came closer to her.

The figure said, "Your present distinguishable strength and confidence surprises me. You were always afraid of not only me but also other people who belong to your species. How were you able to adapt this change when you were struggling with your existence?"

The girl replied, "Why are you always hampering my way and posing as a roadblock? What do you want from me?"

"To be honest, I am here to help you realize your inner potential and power. Do you even remember your name? Do you know who you are and who you were earlier? I'm your subconscious and I'm here to help you, my friend. You are not alone in this battle anymore. I know after whatever you have faced in your life, after all those incidents; life has become a trauma for you. I know it all but you have to live if not for your own self but then for me. Your fragmented and distorted self-frightens me. I am afraid what will happen to you." the figure said.

"If you are my subconscious self then why do I always observe you only in mirrors? Why do you appear grey in colour?"

"I reside in your dismantled mirror of thoughts which are grey. I am here to awaken in you the desire to live. You are not alone, I am with you."

The girl started weeping. She knew that her trauma had reached its saturation point. She hugged the figure tightly. She experienced that something divine had taken place, something extraordinarily and she saw that the figure entered her body; probably the figure reached its home.



Muskan Dhandi is a student of B.A. English (Hons.) III rd year at Lakshmibai College.

All in Vain

— Asmat Dadwal —

Once upon a time in a realm heard for its wealth and culture
Came traders from seas across, they were flying vultures
Years went by and the realm lost its riches and shine
Sacrificed blood, martyred souls, all in vain
Or was it?

One upon a time in a realm known for its unity and diversity
Fighting enemies from the inside out
Years went by as the realm struggled to save its tricolour
Saffron streams, white shroud, green ivy
Was it all in vain?

Once upon a time in a realm known for its beauty and mystery
It took one small change, one person
Many days and midnights it took
Burning candles, screaming voices, spilling ink
Was it all really in vain?



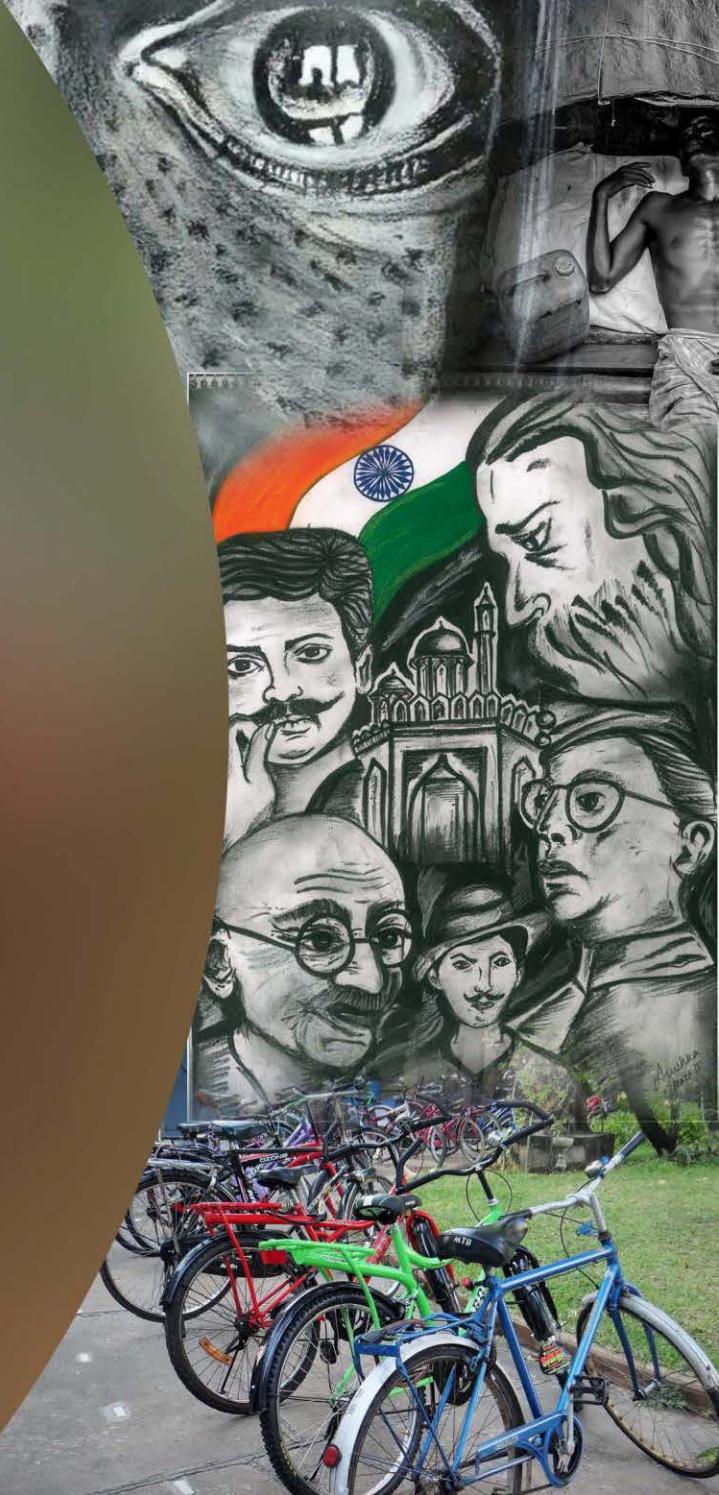
Asmat Dadwal is a student of Psychology at Indraprastha College.

Section V

Visuals

खंड V

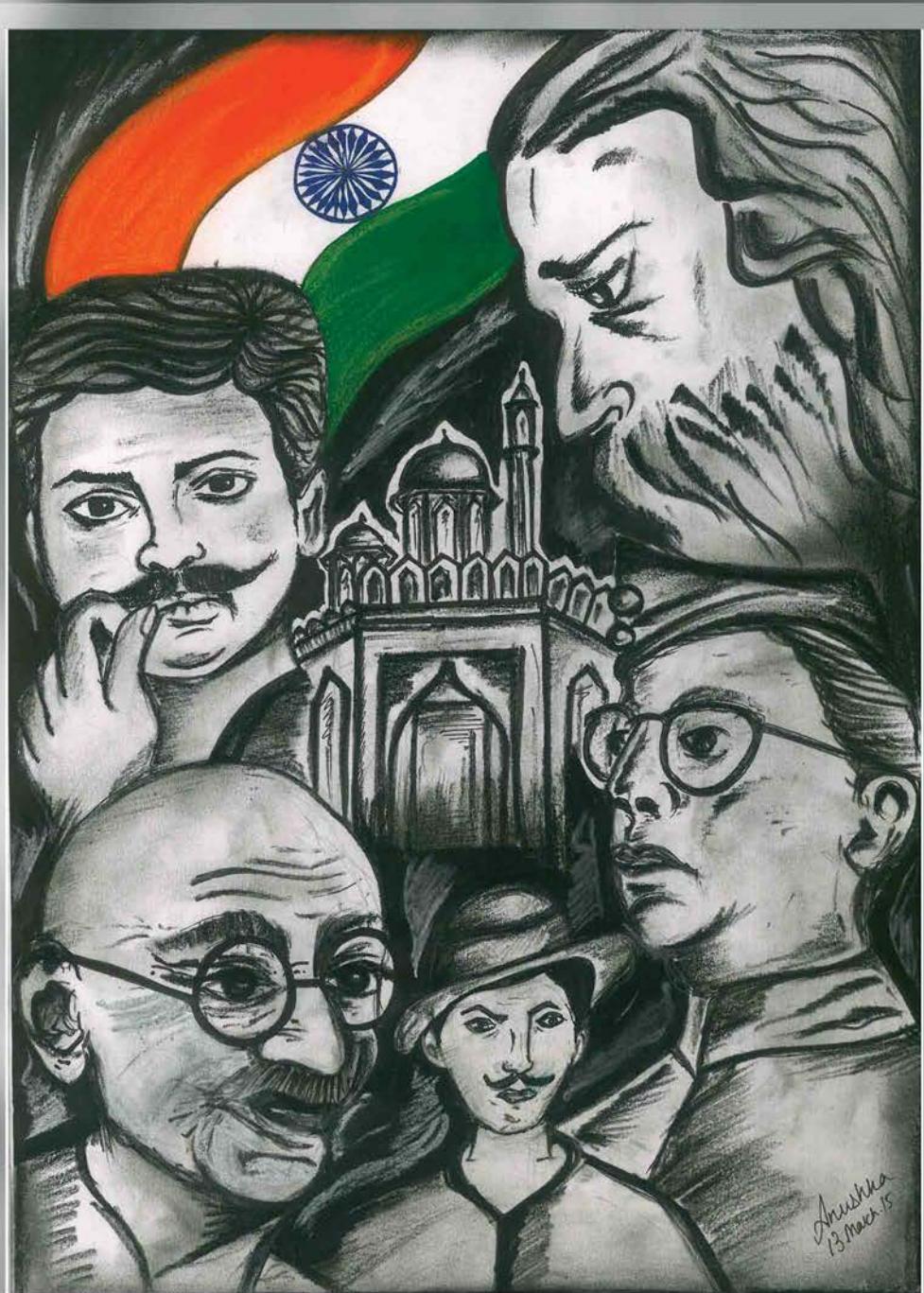
चित्रांकन



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Anushka Kapoor

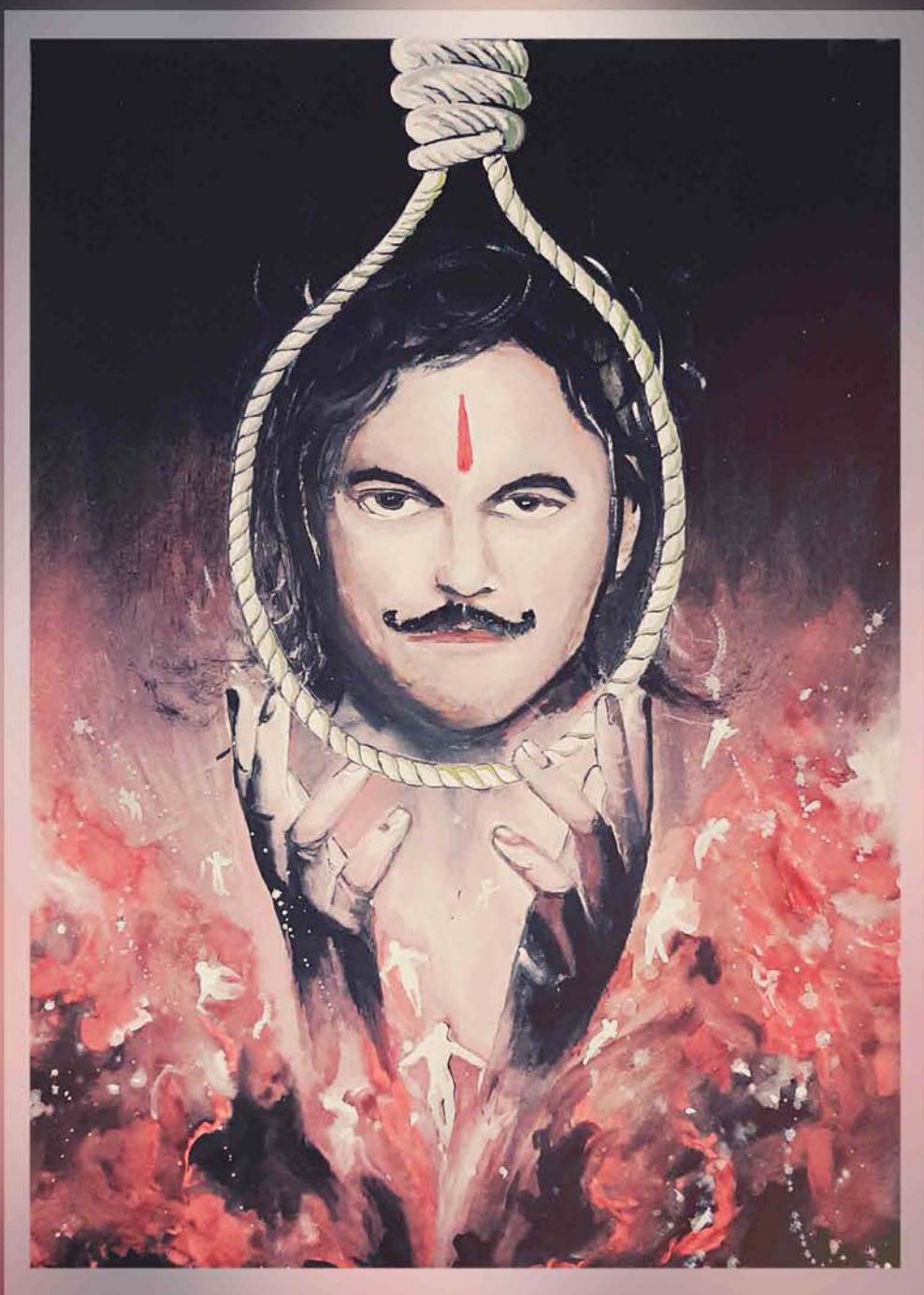
Shaheed Bhagat Singh College



Untitled

— Courango Sarkar —

Delhi College of Arts and Commerce



Untitled

Aastha Sachdeva

Satyawati College



Untitled

Misha

Shaheed Bhagat Singh College (Morning)



Rafique

— *Tamanna* —



City Up Close

— *Baksheesh* —



Maize

— Kumar Gandharv Mishra —



Wheeled Charisma

Shambhavi Pant



Sassurea obvallata

Gaurav Kumar



Untitled

Lubhawani Yadav



Waking Up to Gods Beauty

— *Srishti Bhatia* —



Ajanta Caves

— *Shubham* —



Untitled

— *Umanima* —

Zakir Husain College



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— Priyankesh Dixit —

Cluster Innovation Centre



Untitled

— Akash Kumar —



Representing the Hard Conditions of the Primary Sector's Labour

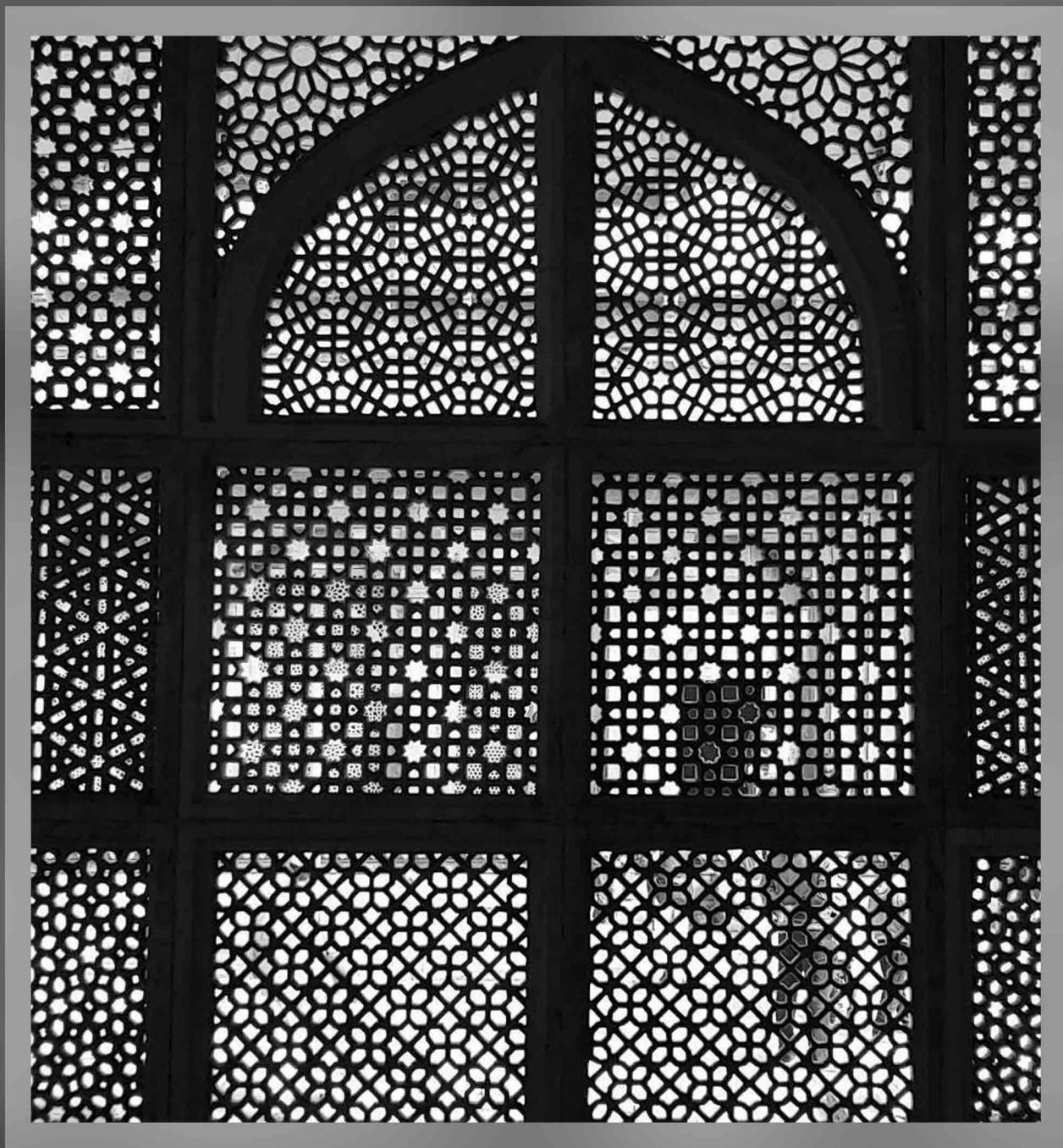
— Shubham —



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— Sanskriti Mandora —

Kirorimal College



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— *Abir Lal Biswas* —

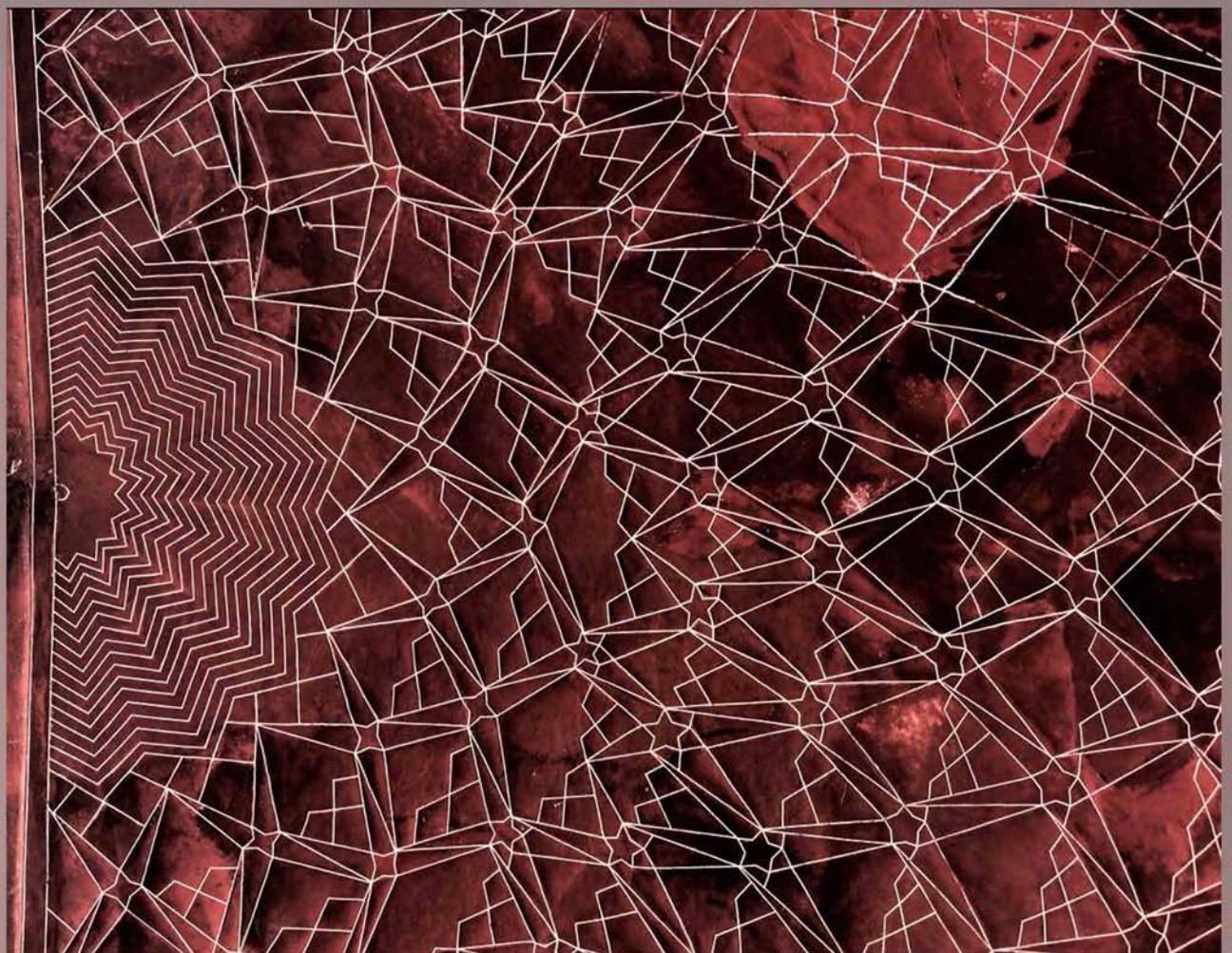
Deshbandhu College



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— *Abir Lal Biswas* —

Deshbandhu College



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Submissions for DU Vidha Vol.III at a Glance

TOTAL NUMBER OF ENTRIES RECEIVED	275		
NUMBER OF INSTITUTIONS	45		
STUDENT PARTICIPATION	BOYS GIRLS	37 70	TOTAL 107
NUMBER OF ENTRIES IN HINDI	PROSE POEMS	10 37	TOTAL 47
NUMBER OF ENTRIES IN ENGLISH	PROSE POEMS	45 69	TOTAL 114
NUMBER OF ENTRIES FOR VISUALS	PHOTOS PAINTINGS	101 15	TOTAL 116
NUMBER OF ENTRIES SELECTED FOR PUBLICATION	ENGLISH HINDI VISUALS	23 18 24	TOTAL 65



*Look out for “Call for Submissions” for
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