

Lady Shri Ram College for Women

श्री MAGAZINE 2026





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COVER IMAGE DESCRIPTION

Under a wide, spreading tree, the evening settles in softly. The leaves hold two moods at once, deep green in shadow, and a warm yellow where the light lingers a little longer. The sky behind it all is faintly pink, fading into purple, the day is in no hurry to leave. Below, a small hut sits tucked under the branches. A group of students gathers around it, some standing close, some drifting in and out of small conversations. There's an easy stillness, no urgency, just people pausing, waiting, talking. A few sit nearby, half-turned toward the group, half-lost in their moment. To the left, the tiled courtyard stretches out, its pattern catching the last of the light. Beyond it, a simple white building stands quiet, partly hidden behind plants and shade. The title "Magazine" rests across the canopy, the LSR insignia and "Lady Shri Ram College" sit cleanly, looking over the scene.

VOTE OF THANKS

This magazine would not have been possible without the invaluable guidance and support of our Principal, Dr. Kani-ka Ahuja, Vice-Principal Dr. Sanjoy Roy Chowdhury, and our esteemed staff advisors—Dr. Jonathan Koshy Varghese, Dr. Kanchan Verma, and Ms. Sheetal Yadav. We extend our sincere gratitude to the members of the administration and the Principal's Office staff—Mr. Shailesh Kumar, Mr. Pradeep Kumar, Mr. Hardeep Rawat, Mr. Deepak Negi, Mr. Sanjay Anand, Ms. Shahana Parveen, and Ms. Sangeeta Singh—for their assistance in the production of this magazine. We are equally thankful to our language advisors—Mr. Abhijit Maity, Ms. Alishba Rehman, Ms. Amisha Aneja, Dr. Antoinette Kharmalki, Ms. Bhavya Jain, Dr. Gopa Sabharwal, Ms. Khyati, Dr. Pankaj Kumar Jha, Ms. Prachi Chawla, Dr. Ravindra Karnena, Ms. Shalu Chopra, Dr. Shridhi Dash, Ms. Tenzin Namlha, Dr. V. Ismail, Dr. Vandana Bhan—for their valuable inputs and support. Our heartfelt appreciation also goes to the teaching and non-teaching staff for their constant encouragement throughout the year. We are deeply grateful to the entire student body and every member of our dedicated team, whose enthusiasm and commitment have been a constant source of motivation. Lastly, we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Darshan Kumar Bhatia for his patience and continued collaboration in helping bring this magazine to fruition.

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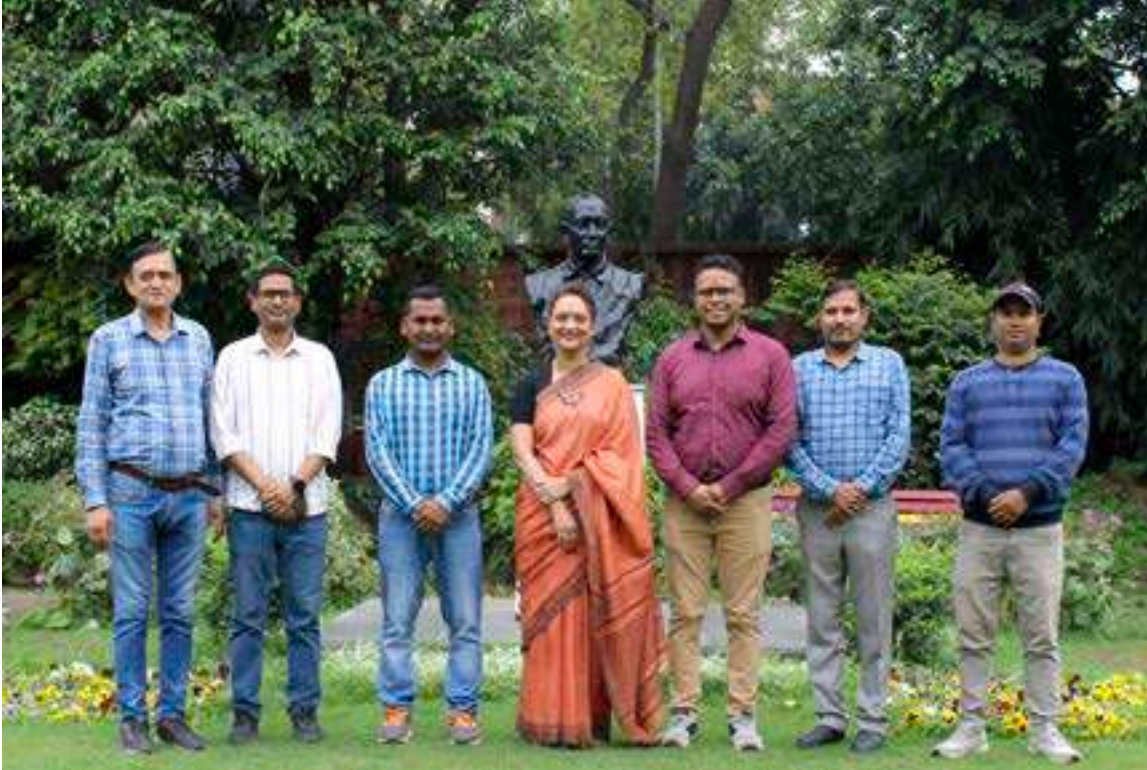


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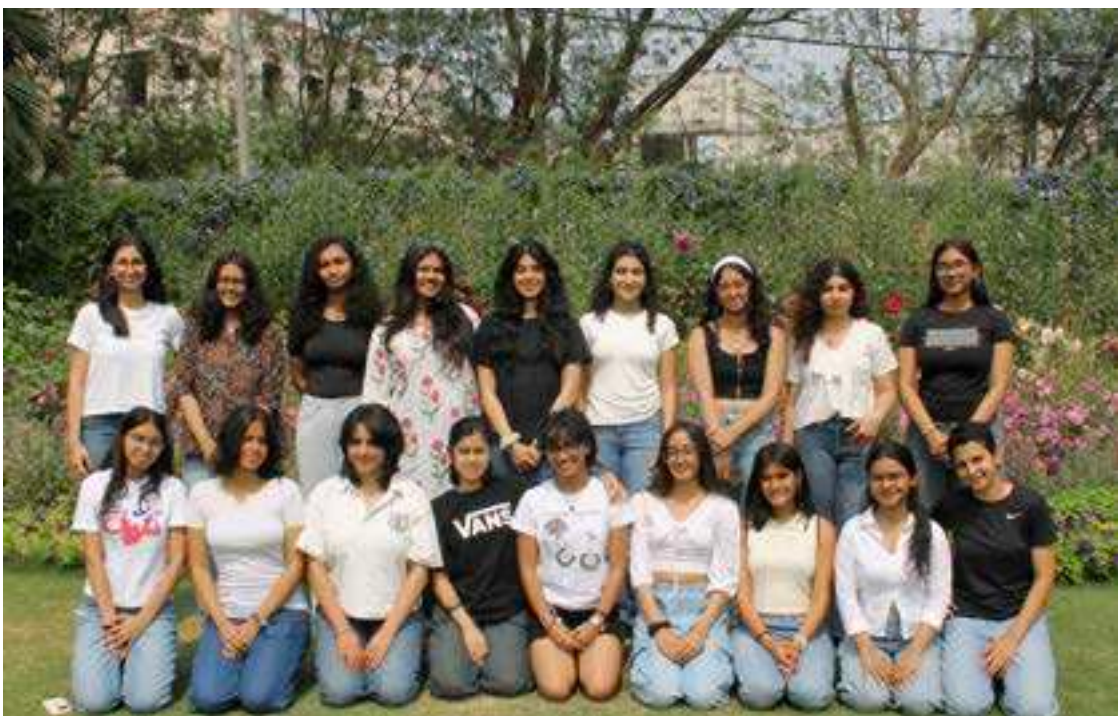
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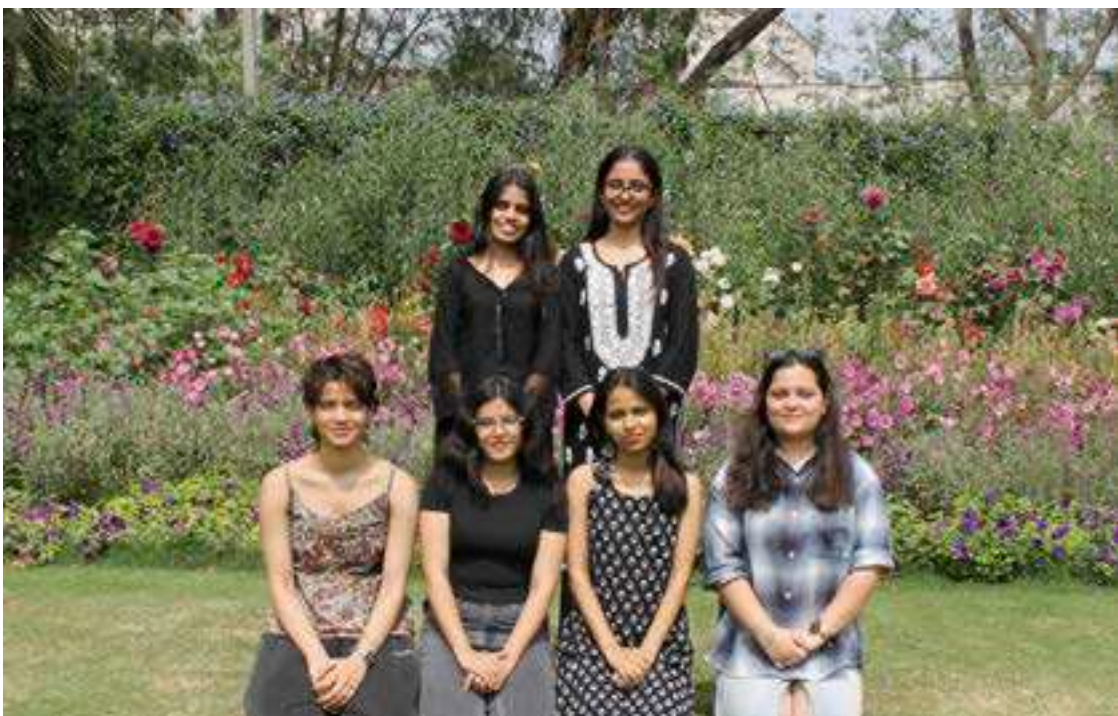


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Borderlands

“A borderland is a place of contradictions. It is a place of both belonging and unbelonging.”

Gloria Anzaldúa – La Frontera (1987)

In every life, there are pauses, a threshold of suspension between what was and what is yet to come. This is liminality, as described by Victor Turner, a state where “structures of the past are undone” while “the future has not yet begun.” It is in this suspended territory that human lives unfold. *Borderlands* explores the textures of these thresholds, moments of ambiguity where identities blur, norms loosen, untrodden emotional landscapes are explored, and the meaning of stability itself is renegotiated.

Contemporary discourses often romanticize the in-between as a realm of freedom or untouched authenticity. Postmodern scholars have imagined rural landscapes, pre-capitalist communities or pre-modern cultures as pure alternatives to modernity’s pressures. Yet such nostalgia risks erasing the realities of caste, patriarchy and expulsion. Liminality, albeit synonymous to a sanctuary or a breathing space, is an arena where both possibility and precarity reside. The in-betweens have never been free of conflict; they are sites of ambiguity, longing, upheaval and reinvention. This ambiguity manifests across different facets of human experience, from personal to political.

The dichotomy of liminal experiences is felt most acutely in youth, between adolescence and adulthood, dependence and independence. These spaces define the psychological ambiguity of identity and ideology as young people negotiate with their shifting sense of self and the world. Emotions themselves, over time, become liminal. Nostalgia, for instance, holds us suspended between the present and the past, belonging and estrangement.

This sense of suspension is heightened for individuals stigmatized by gender, sexuality, caste, or other social hierarchies. Their identities are shaped in the margins, a space they occupy not by choice, but by necessity. Their trajectories unfold at the borders of what society permits and what it rejects, constantly wrestling with the desire to be seen and the need to stay safe. There exists a “third space” of culture, described by Homi Bhabha, neither origin nor destination, but an interstice of cultural amalgamation, where identities are cultivated, interpreted and even reinterpreted. This space has become our perpetual condition of existence.

Beyond cultural identity, liminality expands into the geographies we inhabit. It manifests through fragmented belonging, a broader condition of modernity where one is perpetually negotiating partial belonging without full rootedness.

Borderlands

As people migrate away from their native lands, their sense of self tends to stretch across geographies, forming transient attachments. Migrants navigate split identities, relationships and communities dissolve with mobility, revealing the fragility of ties that bind us to places, people, and histories. The notion of transitionality is as personal as it is political. Revolts and revolutions are born at thresholds of transition, where society appears to collapse, but what should exist hasn't yet crystallised. The capacity to begin anew defines political action, a leap made possible only by the uncertainty of transition.

Borderlands explores this porous territory, the fragile architecture of transitions and the unsettling beauty of change.



Nighthawks by Edward Hopper (1942)



Table of Contents

From The Editors' Desk

Student Union's Note

Principal's Message

Staff Advisor's Message

Memorials (2025-2026)

Coffee With The Principal

Principal's Felicitation Ceremony

Interviews & Reports Section



EVENTS

Feature Articles

News Reports

Department Reports

Society Reports

Language Submissions

Batch Photographs

Meet Aravis



Our Mascot

Meet *Aravis*.

Named after *Aravis Tarkheena* from *The Horse and His Boy* by C. S. Lewis, she arrives with the quiet grace of a story still unfolding. In her, there is movement; soft, steady, and certain. A sense of becoming, of growing into yourself without urgency, without noise.

Our Aravis lives in the in-betweens. In half-finished thoughts, in margins, in the hush between one page and the next. She is curious and gentle, gathering moments as they come, holding onto what matters, and letting the rest pass like a fleeting breeze.

Her name lingers like a landscape too; the Aravis Range, distant and dreamlike, touched with a kind of quiet wonder. And perhaps that is what she is; a presence you don't always see, but always feel. As you move through these pages, you may find her, not all at once, but slowly, like something meant to be discovered.

*Mascot Designed By: Ishita Agarwal, I
Year, BAP Department*



FROM THE EDITORS' DESK



“The flower of the world is this moment. And it is ending.”

Virginia Woolf (*The Waves*)

We should make a list of all the things we’ve said this year,” Ishita suggested once, half-serious, half-laughing. “Like an Excel sheet. Or a notion page. Our most iconic quotes.”

On a sultry summer morning in June, this started as a joke, the way most things do with us. But the conversation didn’t really end there. It drifted, as it always does, from work layouts to life updates, from deadlines to whatever meme had resurfaced that day, and then, almost instinctively, back again. Things that made sense only in the moment & then found their way back.

Somewhere in those in-between hours, after meetings that blurred into each other, we found a rhythm that didn’t quite belong to work or to friendship, but existed at the edge of both.

Sprouting from this idea of the “in-between,” a space where time suspends and one is either a spectator on the sidelines or an inhabitant of something that cannot be named, placed, or neatly boxed, emerged *Borderlands*.

The larger “we” constantly feels alienated or finds ourselves “stuck” across different walks of life, spanning the spectrum of time. In the reality of our “fast-paced” world, we are always either escaping from or escaping to. Through our devices, we are connected to atrocities happening what seems like worlds away; we know of them, yet we are not in the thick of it, and with a flick of the wrist, we scroll away.

FROM THE EDITORS' DESK

Palestine, Ukraine, Iran, Sudan, and many more—we seem a second away from doomsday. Though war happens every day, it remains something we have not fully named. Between AI and humanity, war and peace, surveillance and privacy, doubt and belief, unbelonging and belonging, every day we mediate and navigate these tensions that define our very existence. We find ourselves on the brink of a second coming where the “centre cannot hold” and the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity. Surely some revelation is at hand? Amidst this, as we metamorphose into red walls, we exist in a borderland of our own: the body politic, renamed and repackaged.

Yet, this is precisely where we discover our power. Within the cracks of transience, we find the language for resistance, resolution, and continuity. This edition of the magazine is meant to capture the transformation of that unnamed space, a place in perpetual negotiation, in search of ourselves and our power.

It was here we fancied not only a magazine, but a presence. We brainstormed and made a mascot to capture the spirit of the magazine- to hold our contradictions, our curiosities, and the spirit that makes up our pages. It is both known and unknown, just as the space we write out of.

With this we launched the yearbook--perhaps our sweetest project. Should the magazine be a record of motion, the yearbook is of stillness. It collects names, faces and pieces of time into a place one can go back to. Living in a world that is constantly in motion, it provides a break, a chance to revisit the common areas, discussions, and silent memories which become even more valuable over time.

It is more than a record, it is a place of home. And

though batches have separated long since, it is still a tie that links people to each other--a memento to come back to when they are homesick, or when they are just in need of feeling intimate again.

With these projects we tilted more towards the in-between - spaces to recall, to connect, to carry on.

And perhaps that is all we have been trying to do this year, to hold on, however briefly, to what would otherwise slip through unnoticed. In tracing the pauses, the laughter, and the quiet moments in between, we realised that this space was never empty, it was always alive, always becoming, always full of warmth, connection, and possibility.

As this chapter draws to a close, what remains is a shared imprint of time shaped by care, creativity, and the joy of building something together. If Borderlands has taught us anything, it is that there is beauty in the unresolved, and in these spaces we find softness, imagination, and a quiet sense of becoming.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to our Staff Advisors, Dr Jonathan Koshy Varghese and Ms Sheetal Yadav, and to our team across editorial, web, design, and photography for shaping this journey with such care. To our readers, thank you for spending your time with us and finding meaning within these pages.

*With love,
Editors-in-Chief 2025-26
Asmi Chawla
Ishita Chaudhary
Khushi Joshi
Vanisha Tyagi*

STUDENT'S UNION NOTE



Time has a quiet way of moving past us, almost imperceptibly, until one day, we find ourselves at the end of a journey that once felt so full of beginnings. What started with anticipation and uncertainty slowly unfolded into a year of reflection, responsibility, and relentless effort.

More than anything, this year asked us to look inwards: as individuals, as a collective, and as an institution. It pushed us to rethink what our spaces mean, who they are built for, and how they can be made more representative. Inclusivity, for us, was not a single initiative but a lens, one that shaped every decision, every conversation, every action.

In that spirit, we worked towards building spaces that were not only functional, but mindful. From the installation of the Pink Booth and new NUA pad vending machines, to advocating for student

email IDs and improving everyday infrastructure, our efforts were aimed at making the campus more accessible and responsive to student needs.

Recognising the need to make inclusivity a sustained and structural effort, we introduced the role of Inclusivity Coordinators, an attempt to ensure that this lens continues to be carried forward across spaces.

We also worked to create spaces for dialogue and expression. With Baithak, we introduced a platform for open, honest conversations; where students could speak, listen, or simply exist without hesitation. Alongside this, we consciously decentralised our approach, engaging separately with CRs, society executives, department executives, and later, Inclusivity Coordinators, to better understand diverse perspectives and ground our work in the realities of the student community.

This year also marked a renewed effort to strengthen our bond with our alumni, recognising the importance of building enduring connections and learning across generations of the LSR community.

We carried forward initiatives like Project Jagriti and Sadhbhavna, continuing conversations that extend beyond campus and into the larger social fabric we are all a part of. Project Bahubhashi became more than a three-day event; it became a sentiment we carried through the year, ensuring that our linguistic diversity was acknowledged, understood and celebrated in everyday spaces.

When it came to Tarang, we sought to align it closely with this vision. With the theme Khud Se Mulaqat, it became a space for reflection, identity, and self-discovery while bringing together celebration with introspection, and reminding us that change begins within.

Beyond everything we did, this year taught us what it means to stay; to show up, even when the work is in process, and to continue even when the path is uncertain. It meant understanding that leadership is not always visible, that much of work happens quietly, it meant listening, adapting and continuing despite uncertainty.

The support of the LSR community has been both our grounding force and our motivation. We are deeply grateful to the student body, for your trust, your engagement, and your refusal to remain silent. You didn't just witness this journey, you defined it.

As we sign off, remember that this space is shaped by those who choose to engage with it and listen to what this space says. Question what exists, challenge what doesn't serve, and take responsibility for what you build next.

Build with care, build for all.

**With much hope and gratitude,
Students' Union 2025–2026
Srishti, Yashvi, Anusha and Priyasha**

PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



Warm greetings to everyone!

LSR stands as a community at a threshold, grounded in its past and oriented toward the futures its students envision. It is within this horizon that we seek to cultivate an educational space where young women are prepared to shape the worlds they will inhabit. Here, our diverse students are enabled to make choices that are compassionate and astute, socially responsive and guided by intellectual integrity. Whether they lead families, institutions, communities, or nations, we hope they will act not merely as agents of change, but as participants in a more enduring progress. In the troubled and troubling times we live in, the world needs the species protecting

intellect and the humanity preserving compassion of women leaders, like never before.

As an institution, we have remained rooted even as we have reached outward. This balance has allowed us to extend our horizons without losing sight of our foundations. It is my hope that we will continue to build upon this legacy with clarity of purpose and shared commitment.

One such endeavour is the College Magazine. It reflects the democratic commitments of Lady Shri Ram College and remains attentive to the life of the campus. Since its inception in 1956, it has offered a consistent record of the institution in the public domain. It functions as a living archive, holding the intellectual and affective journeys of those who pass through these corridors.

Shaped by student editors, each edition assembles voices from across the campus in response to the urgencies of the present. In recent years, the magazine has engaged with the dislocations of the pandemic, the mediated life of online classrooms, and the shifting contours of love. This year's edition, *Borderlands*, turns to thresholds and transitions, tracing forms of partial belonging across shifting geographies and uncertain times. It reflects on how moments of change unsettle and renew our relations to place, community, and history, while opening onto the possibility of new beginnings. In tracing these concerns, the magazine also gestures toward the responsibilities that lie before us.

Let us remain mindful of what we inherit, even as we turn toward the demands of a more just and sustainable future. In that movement, let us continue to advance knowledge, sustain critical enquiry, and shape a community grounded in responsibility and collective purpose.

Prof. Kanika K. Ahuja
Principal
Lady Shri Ram College for Women

STAFF ADVISORS' MESSAGE

We know what we are, but know not what we may be

This edition is made while the world is at war. This fact does not describe what is inside these pages, but it permeates them. We are living through a period of acute peripheralisation — of peoples pushed to the edges of maps, of narratives, of moral concern. The modern imperium does not always announce itself in obvious terms; it works through the slow erosion of what is considered speakable, grievable, worth recording. In these pages we have tried to recover the irrecoverable: the rubble of bombed schools, the silence of displaced families, the counted and uncounted dead. They are the condition of this moment. And yet, within that condition, something remarkable persists: the human spirit. The words in these pages carry that persistence. They evidence the diverse consciousnesses that refused, quietly, to be made peripheral.

That is to say, borders (physical, psychic, political) run through everything we have gathered here. They carve up land and belonging alike. They determine whose grief is legible, whose story is speakable. And yet, what this magazine has always understood, what the students of Lady Shri Ram have always known, is that borderlands are sites of convergence. That the margins are where solidarity takes root, where the most urgent thinking happens, where disparate consciousnesses discover their kinship. LSR's magazine is the oldest living archive of who we have been and who we are becoming.

To read it across years is to witness a student body in constant negotiation with the world — curious, restless, tender, and unafraid. This edition is no different. These pages hold grief and beauty together, the immediate and the planetary, critique and celebration — as life itself tends to hold them. We do not offer easy hope. But we offer this: that the act of writing, of naming, of bearing witness — is itself a form of resistance. And that in every contribution here, the human spirit announces, once again, its refusal to be extinguished.

**Staff Advisors
LSR College Magazine**



Lady Shri Ram College

Memorials



Honouring The Memory of Dr. Renu Gautam

Death is what reminds us that time was never ours to keep. It came to Renu Gautam in the middle of things, and as it often does, without warning, and without the courtesy of preparation. Her passing did not only grieve us, it unsettled us. It reminded us, perhaps more than we wished to be reminded, of how little we are, and how quietly everything we take for granted can cease.

Renu Gautam had a profound love for this college. She was a student here, and then a teacher. She had witnessed this institution change its form and shape across decades. She was not often pleased with it. But her disappointment was not with the place and its people — perhaps she did not see it become what she thought it could. Perhaps she loved it too well. In it, she may have seen the very changes she refused to accept in herself.

Renu Gautam saw the world as a poet did. She felt and spoke like a poet. And sometimes what she said was unpleasant. But perhaps her words demanded our attention. She offered that kind of honesty, and not everyone knew what to do with it. In her words, we might have seen better versions of ourselves. She was the voice that demanded accountability in rooms that had grown comfortable with silence.

What does it mean to die? Is it the ceasing of breath? The end of one's time or a temporary end to time's passage through us? If we carry forward what she saw, what she refused to unsee, then perhaps something of her has not ended at all. Perhaps that is what it means to remember someone: to let their sight become, for a moment, our own.

We, her colleagues and students across departments and disciplines, hold her in the memory of this institution she gave her life to — as student, as teacher, as its most demanding admirer.



डॉ० रेणु गौतम

(5 सितंबर 1971 - 19 नवंबर 2025)

श्रद्धांजलि



18 नवंबर 2025 की शाम, करीब 7 बजे का समय... सोचा, तीन-चार दिन हुए रेणु जी से बात किए। फ़ोन मिलाया, उनके पति अरविंद जी ने फ़ोन उठाया। मैंने पूछा, “रेणु दी कैसी हैं?” उन्होंने कहा, “आप ही पूछ लो।” फिर बातचीत का सिलसिला चला... तबीयत पूछी, उन्होंने कहा, “दर्शना, बहुत तकलीफ़ हो रही है। नाक से पाइप लगी है। कीमोथेरेपी हुई है कल!” एक लंबी थकान और तकलीफ़ भरी आवाज़... पर दूसरे ही क्षण भरपूर इच्छाशक्ति से भरा वाक्य – “मैं ठीक हो जाऊँगी दर्शना। मेरा इलाज लंबा चलेगा।” मैंने कहा, “कोई नहीं, आप ठीक हो जाओगे, हिम्मत रखो, हार मत मानो।” फिर इधर-उधर की बातें लगभग 20 मिनट तक। उस रात मुझे थोड़ी तसल्ली हुई, कि अब चिंता की बात नहीं है। अगले दिन सुबह करीब साढ़े आठ बजे, वह दिल दहलाने वाली सूचना – रेणु दी नहीं रही... - ऐसा कैसे! रात ही तो बात हुई थी! जिंदादिली से भरपूर, जीने की लालसा भरी जीवंत आवाज़ सदा के लिए खामोश हो गई। कैंसर जैसी भयानक बीमारी ने एक जिजीविषा से भरी हमारी साथी को हमसे छीन लिया। इस बीमारी से लगभग पाँच-छह वर्ष तक लड़ते हुए आखिरकार एक दुखद अंत हुआ।

उन्होंने करीब पच्चीस वर्षों के लंबे अध्यापन कार्य और यही से छात्रा के रूप में अपनी यात्रा को आरंभ किया था। हिंदी विभाग का महत्वपूर्ण स्तंभ थी डॉ० रेणु गौतम। कॉलेज में शायद ही कोई ऐसा होगा जिनसे उनका कोई संवाद न हुआ हो। लगभग नए-पुराने सभी साथी उनसे परिचित हैं। स्टाफ़ रूम, एसोसिएशन मीटिंग या स्टाफ़ काउंसिल मीटिंग हो – अपनी बेबाकी और निर्भीकता के पर्याय के रूप में वे सदा याद की जाती रहेंगी। अपने विभाग के हितों और अनेक मसलों पर अपनी बुलंद आवाज़ में उन्होंने सदा अपनी बात रखी। सहमति-असहमति की परवाह किए बिना अपनी बात रखना उनके व्यक्तित्व का महत्वपूर्ण अंग रहा।

एल. एस. आर. उनके मन-मस्तिष्क में बच्चे की तरह बसा था। वे अक्सर कहती, “हमने इस कॉलेज को अपने खून-पसीने से बनाया है।” अपने अंतिम दिनों में भी कॉलेज और विभाग की बातें उनकी बातचीत का मुख्य मुद्दा थी। शिक्षिका के रूप में प्रत्येक छात्रा से व्यक्तिगत रूप से जुड़ना, उनकी समस्याओं को हल करने की कोशिश करना उनका ध्येय रहता था। उनसे परिचित हर व्यक्ति - चाहे वह सहकर्मी हो, मित्र हो, छात्र हो – उनके निडर स्वभाव से परिचित है। बेटा निम्मी (प्रशस्य), पति अरविंद उनकी बातचीत के हर पहलू में मौजूद रहे। ईश्वर निम्मी को माँ की स्मृतियों के सहारे सदा मज़बूत बनाए रखें। पिछले वर्ष मई में केदारनाथ की दुर्गम चढ़ाई बिना किसी साधन के चढ़ना उनकी ईश्वर के प्रति असीम दृढ़ता को दर्शाता है। शायद ईश्वर से किसी चमत्कार का आह्वान या जीवन के संघर्षों में अपराजेय भाव से जीना उन्हें इस यात्रा पर ले गया।

डॉ० रेणु गौतम ने एल. एस. आर. को प्रतिदिन जिया है, उसे अपनी दृष्टि से देखा-परखा है। उन्होंने सदा कॉलेज और विभाग के हितों को सर्वोपरि रखा। उनकी प्रार्थना सभा में उपस्थित सभी ने उनकी बेबाक अभिव्यक्ति को महसूस किया। वे अपने मित्रों, सहकर्मियों और छात्राओं में अपनी स्पष्टवादिता, निर्वृद्धता और एक दुर्लभ-से धाकड़पन के लिए सदा स्मृतियों में रहेंगी। मृत्यु से परे हमारी दृष्टि नहीं जा सकती, बस कामना करते हैं की वे जिस रूप में होंगी, दर्द और पीड़ा से मुक्त हों, ईश्वर से यही प्रार्थना है।

उन्हें सादर नमन...

डॉ० दर्शना धवल
शिक्षक प्रभारी
हिंदी विभाग

Honouring The Memory of Dr. Gurleen Jaspal



Dr Gurleen Jaspal was a deeply committed teacher, a devoted mother, and a colleague of extraordinary warmth and generosity. Through the many ebbs and flows of life, she moved forward with quiet resilience, standing steadfast for her daughter, her family, and her friends. What became immediately evident to anyone who met her, even briefly, was her profoundly philosophical and spiritual approach to life. This was not merely an abstract outlook but something she lived and practised – both in the small, everyday gestures and in the more testing moments when life demanded courage and grace.

At a time when feminist debates around marriage and motherhood animated the intellectual and political atmosphere within Lady Shri Ram College for Women and beyond, she embodied those questions in lived, grounded ways—asserting her rights with conviction and fiercely protecting and nurturing the young woman she raised with such pride.

Personal and institutional memories may fade with time; yet perhaps it is the quiet labour of generations of women – sustaining, mentoring, and nurturing other young women – that gives continuity to the worlds we inhabit. Gurleen will remain an enduring part of that personal and institutional memory.

By Professor Arti Minocha, Department of English, LSR



स्मृति-नमन

[स्वर्गीय डॉ. शकुंतला मलिक (सेवानिवृत्त वरिष्ठ प्रवक्ता, हिंदी विभाग, लेडी श्री राम कॉलेज) की याद में डॉ. बीना बंसल (सेवानिवृत्त वरिष्ठ प्रवक्ता एवं सहकर्मी, हिंदी विभाग, लेडी श्री राम कॉलेज)]

समृद्धि - कॉलेज में डॉ. शकुंतला मलिक से मिलने के अनुभव के बारे में बताइए।

डॉ. बीना बंसल - मैंने 1966 में विभाग ज्वाइन किया था। वह मुझसे 10-12 वर्ष बड़ी थी। उन्होंने 1959 में ज्वाइन किया था। हम नई पीढ़ी के थे, तो वह हमारा मार्गदर्शन किया करती थी। उनके व्यक्तित्व में, विभिन्नता समाई थी। वह कर्तव्यनिष्ठ बहुत थी। कॉलेज के वह प्रारंभिक वर्ष थे। वह शुरू के लोगों में से हैं। उन्हें हम पहली पीढ़ी मान सकते हैं। डॉ. शकुंतला मलिक, डॉ. शर्मा, मिसेज जोशी और डॉ. निर्मला जैन, जब तक हम आए, ये कार्यरत थे। ये लोग हमारे लिए 'आइकन' जैसे रहे हैं। यह हमारे पथप्रदर्शक थे। इनसे हमें पथ पर अग्रसर रहने की प्रेरणा मिली। इनसे सीखा बहुत कुछ है हम लोगों ने।

समृद्धि - उनके व्यक्तित्व के कौन से पक्ष उन्हें औरों से भिन्न करते हैं?

डॉ. बीना बंसल - वह सात्विक प्रवृत्ति की थी। किसी के प्रति उनके मन में कोई द्वेष नहीं रहा। वह बहुत शांत और बहुत धैर्यशील थी। ऐसा व्यक्तित्व मिलना कठिन है। वह अपना कार्य बड़े ही निष्काम भाव के साथ करती थी। उनके मन में कोई स्वार्थ नहीं था। उनका निराला व्यक्तित्व था। ऐसे व्यक्ति बहुत कम मिलते हैं जो दूसरों की सहायता के लिए हर समय तैयार रहें और प्रतिदान में कुछ ना मांगें। जीवन को उन्होंने अपने मूल्यों, आदर्शों के साथ जिया। कभी इससे उन्होंने समझौता नहीं किया। कॉलेज का प्रोफेसर होने के बाद भी बहुत सादगी से वह रहती थी। बहुत कम लोग होते हैं जो इतना सादा जीवन व्यतीत करते हों। चमक - धमक में बहुत लोग खो जाते हैं, पर उनका आचरण ऐसा नहीं था। अस्वस्थता में भी उन्होंने बहुत कार्य किया। निरंतर कार्य करती रही। मैं उन्हें सच्चा कर्मयोगी मानती हूँ।

समृद्धि - विद्यार्थियों तथा सहकर्मियों के साथ उनका कैसा संबंध रहा?

डॉ. बीना बंसल - छात्राएँ उनसे बड़ी प्रसन्न रहती थी। सभी छात्राएँ उनसे बहुत प्रभावित थी, क्योंकि वह सबसे मिल-जुलकर, बड़े प्यार से, प्रेम भाव के साथ रहती थी। वह उन्हें अपने बच्चों व अपने परिवार की तरह रखती थी।

वह हमारी 'मेंटर' की तरह थी। विभाग में कभी मन-मुटाव की स्थिति में या किसी भी प्रकार के टकराव की स्थिति में, वह सभी को शांत करती थी। सभी की सहायता करती थी। सहयोग तथा संतुलन से वह कार्य करती थी। विभाग को उन्होंने बांधे रखने का कार्य किया।

समृद्धि - शैक्षणिक कार्यों के अलावा और किन गतिविधियों में वह शामिल रहती थी?

डॉ. बीना बंसल - विशेष रूप से उन्होंने NSS का कार्य बहुत वर्षों तक संभाला, संरक्षण दिया। बड़े निष्ठा और आस्था के साथ उन्होंने यह कार्य किया। NSS के कार्य के लिए वह बाहर भी जाती थी। विभाग की गतिविधियों में वह शामिल रही। उस दौर में वह रिकॉर्डिंग का कार्य किया करती थी।

रिटायरमेंट के बाद उन्होंने दिल्ली में ही गरीब बच्चों को पढ़ाना शुरू किया। उसके बाद वह अपने गांव में शिफ्ट हो गईं, जहाँ वह पेड़ के नीचे छात्राओं को पढ़ाती थी। वह कहती थी "मैं वहाँ अपना स्कूल चलाती हूँ"। बहुत सारे बच्चे वहाँ आते थे, जिन्हें वह कई वर्षों तक पढ़ाती रही। कॉलेज का काम ही, असेसमेंट का काम ही, या फ़िर कोई भी काम, कभी उन्होंने ना नहीं किया।

समृद्धि - उनका कोई आदर्श, जो आप चाहती हैं विद्यार्थियों तक पहुंचे।

डॉ. बीना बंसल - वो आप सब के लिए प्रेरणा स्रोत हैं। जैसे गीता में कहा गया है 'कर्म करते रहें, फल की चिंता ना करें', उन्होंने भी अपने जीवन में यही मंत्र अपनाया।

हमने उनसे सीखा है कि जीवन की कठिन स्थितियों में भी कैसे धैर्य रखा जाता है, कैसे शांत रहते हैं। संकट हर समय आएगा, आपको घबराना नहीं है, बेचैन नहीं होना। सिर्फ अपना स्वार्थ ना देखना, दूसरों को सहयोग देना और समाज का भला करना, ये कुछ ऐसी बातें हैं जो हम सब, और विशेषकर आज के विद्यार्थी उनके व्यक्तित्व से सीख सकते हैं। जिस तरह से अंधकार में दीपक जलता है, उसी तरह वे कर्तव्य तथा मनुष्यता का प्रकाश फैलाने की कोशिश करती रही। निरंतर गतिशील रहने की प्रेरणा वह आज भी हम सबको दे रही हैं।

समृद्धि - धन्यवाद मैम, आपने डॉ. मलिक के जिन गुणों के बारे में इतने धैर्य से और विस्तार से बताया उसके लिए बहुत आभार। वास्तव में उनके व्यक्तित्व की यह सभी विशेषताएं हमारी नयी पीढ़ी के लिए प्रेरक एवं अनुकरणीय है।

*Interviewed By: Samriddhi Mishra,
III Year, Hindi Department*

*Photograph By: Gayatri Veer, II Year,
English Department*

Honouring Their Memory

(Aug 2025 - March 2026)

TEACHING STAFF

NAME	DESIGNATION	RETIREMENT DATE	PASSED AWAY
Dr. Shakuntala Malik	Asso. Prof Hindi	February 1996	17/Dec/2025
Dr. Gurleen Jaspal	Asso. Prof English	September 2007	02/Nov/2025
Dr. Renu Gautam	Asso. Prof Hindi	-	19/Nov/2025

NON TEACHING STAFF

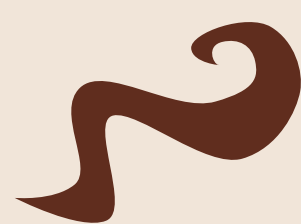
NAME	DESIGNATION	RETIREMENT DATE	PASSED AWAY
Dan Bahadur	Watchman	October 2007	28/January/2026
Chail Singh	Driver	May 2001	09/December/2025
Mahipal Singh	Daftari	January 2012	09/August/2025



Photograph By: Shainal Raj, III Year, Philosophy



COFFEE with PRINCIPAL



On a warm afternoon on 2nd April, the Editors-in-Chief, and the team heads found themselves in conversation with the Principal, Professor Kanika K. Ahuja gathered around cups of coffee and juice that made their way across the table. What began as a presentation of this year's theme, The Borderlands, slowly slipped into something far more open, far more personal. The Principal spoke not just from her position, but from memory. From experience.

Having once been a student at Lady Shri Ram College for Women and now returning to it as its Principal, she described a feeling that was difficult to name but easy to recognise; a sense of belonging, and yet not entirely. The shift from alumna to leader, she admitted, came with hesitation.

When Kanika Ma'am first returned as a faculty member in 2001, the feeling had been much the same. A slow process of finding one's place, of understanding where one fits, if at all. When she spoke about LSR, she kept returning to the sense of it being a place that keeps you thinking, that doesn't quite let you switch off or stay on the edges for too long. "It engages you," she said, "and there are opportunities everywhere, but you have to be willing to take them," and there was something in the way she said it that lingered, the quiet reminder that what this place becomes for you depends, more than anything, on how much of yourself you are willing to step into it with.

Her time as Acting Principal, she said, felt like another such phase. "It was a transition," she told us, and the word stayed, because it seemed to hold more than just the role itself. It came with responsibility, of course, but also with an awareness that these positions are never entirely fixed. You grow into them, even as they continue to shift around you.





From there, the conversation moved almost without effort into memory, into the spaces that have quietly changed over time. The café felt more immediate to all of us. We spoke about it as an in-between space, somewhere you end up between classes, between conversations, without really planning it. She smiled when we said that and replied, “It was very different earlier.” The same space, but lived differently.

Tarang, our annual fest, came up almost without effort, like something that was already sitting in the room with us, familiar and easy to return to. Ma’am said, “It used to be more closed,” and the way she spoke kept moving towards what it is now, or what it can become, especially when students actually step into it, not just as an audience but as people who take charge, who put things together, who leave something of themselves behind in it, until it starts to feel less like an event you attend and more like something that is, in a very real way, yours.

And when we circled back to the idea of LSR as this space in between, not quite where you started from and not yet where you’re going, it felt closer to everything she had been getting at all along, that this in-between phase, this not having things fully figured out, this learning as you go, is actually where most of it happens. You don’t always see it while you’re in it, but something is shifting, in how you think, in how you hold yourself, in how you begin to understand the world. To come to LSR is to find yourself all at once in the middle of people who seem to have so much figured out, ambition, clarity, a kind of direction that feels steady and already in place,

And yet, she brought it back to something simple, almost grounding in its clarity. “It is important to find your feet.” In speaking about her own time as a student, what stood out most in her recollection were tutorials, which she as smaller, in-between spaces where something else could happen, where conversations were allowed to move beyond the syllabus, where questioning was not only encouraged but necessary, and where, in the process, one began to shape a sense of self that felt a little more certain, a little more one’s own.

When we asked her about Generation Z, she spoke about the presence of social media, about the ways in which it shapes attention, shortens it, fragments it, but what she seemed more concerned with was something deeper, the growing difficulty in distinguishing between fact and opinion, in recognising where one ends and the other begins. The role of technology, especially artificial intelligence, came up soon after. She described this generation as a transitory one, placed at a point where rapid technological change has arrived without clear boundaries or regulations. It is, in many ways, overwhelming. The pressure to keep up, to compete, to constantly perform, inevitably takes a toll on mental health.

Drawing from her background in psychology, she spoke about the need to slow down. Students today, she said, are “doing too much, moving too fast.” There is very little time to pause, to reflect, to absorb what they are experiencing. Sometimes, the simplest thing becomes the most necessary. To breathe. To take it in.

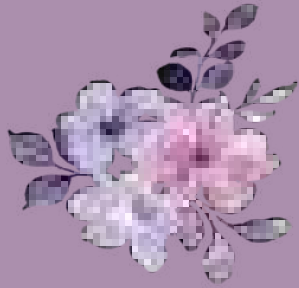
At the same time, she expressed a clear vision for what lies ahead. She spoke about LSR as a space that could become “a global driver of gender-positive knowledge, and as a policy incubator” where research does not remain confined to classrooms but actively shapes the world beyond. Bridging the gap between research and policy, she suggested, is where the institution’s future could lie.

Towards the end, on a lighter note, we asked her to associate LSR with a song. She chose Aashayein. It felt fitting. A song about hope, about movement, about becoming. She called it the “magic” of the institution, a quality that continues to lift the spirit of those who pass through it. It is something she would never want to see lost.

And as we left the room, that feeling stayed. That LSR, in all its transitions and contradictions, remains a space where you are constantly in between, and constantly becoming.



PRINCIPAL'S



Felicitation

Srishti Singh. This was followed by a formal welcome to the gathering. The Students' Union President remarked that welcoming the new Principal felt like "welcoming someone from the family." She also extended a welcome to the Chairman, acknowledging his constant support and guidance to the college. Shri Arun Bharat Ram was then invited to deliver the inaugural address.

He spoke about the significance of leadership in a time marked by global uncertainty and socio-political challenges. He also emphasized that the students of the college must shape the world which they inhabit. He highlighted India's emergence as an important global player and reiterated the responsibility of students to act as torchbearers for the country's future. "There is a bright future in front of us, and the wisdom of India's past behind us," he remarked.

"We are a wonderful institution," he said, adding that there was much to be done within the college. He acknowledged that certain aspects of campus life, including the hostel, had faced a period of disruption. Nevertheless, he expressed confidence that these would soon be revived and that the vibrancy of campus life would be restored. He expressed his faith in Professor Kanika in her position as the Principal and highlighted the importance of building a strong bond with the college community in guiding the institution forward.

Following the address, the Principal was felicitated by the Chairman, faculty members, and representatives of



On 12 March 2026, the auditorium of Lady Shri Ram College for Women hosted a ceremony to welcome Professor Kanika K. Ahuja as the new Principal. The event was attended by students, faculty, and staff members of the college community. Shri Arun Bharat Ram, Chairman of the Governing Body, presided over the occasion.

The programme began with a collective recitation of the college prayer led by the Students' Union President,



the non-teaching staff. Amid warm applause, she was invited to deliver her address.

In her speech, the Principal described the moment as both an honour and a homecoming, stating, “Long before I had the privilege of shaping this institution, this institution shaped me.” She reflected on her long association with the college, recalling her time as a student 34 years ago. Speaking about the role the institution has played in her personal journey, she said, “LSR has quite simply been my life. In seasons when my personal journey felt darker, when the ground felt uncertain and the path unclear, it was this institution, its rhythm, purpose, and people, that helped me.” She also shared an anecdote about a conversation with former Principal Meenakshi Gopinath that left a lasting impact on her.

She further acknowledged the initiatives of the Students’ Union and appreciated their role in advancing student welfare and contributing to a more supportive and accessible campus environment. In reflecting on the institution’s intellectual culture, she referred to an interaction during a college event in which a student posed a question to Shri Gurucharan Das, prompting him to describe it as “the most difficult question I have been asked in my life.”

She concluded by expressing gratitude to those who

guided her and acknowledging the support of the governing body and the wider college community. She reaffirmed her commitment to upholding the institution’s rich legacy and nurturing compassionate women leaders. The ceremony was followed by a cultural programme. A captivating classical dance performance by students from the Dance Society of the college was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. A classical music presentation by Dhvani, the Indian Music Society of the college, followed thereafter. The event concluded with a vote of thanks delivered by the Students’ Union.

The ceremony marked a significant moment in the institution’s journey, bringing the college community together in a shared spirit of continuity and purpose as it welcomed its new Principal.



Written By: Aanvi Anand, II Year, Journalism Department
Photograph By: Shainal Raj, III Year, Philosophy Department

BEYOND THE DESK:

With Mr. Sandeep Kumar



An administrative staff member at the college, Mr. Sandeep Kumar is also a dedicated multi-sport para-athlete. With medals at both state and national levels, his journey reflects resilience, late beginnings, and unwavering commitment to sport.

Jasmeh Kaur: What does a competition day look like for you?

Sandeep Kumar: In my daily routine, the first challenge is managing the workload at the office. I have to formally apply for leave to participate in

sports activities; then comes practice, followed by the physical strain involved in commuting to and from the training venue. For instance, when I traveled to Guwahati, I went alone. There were around seventeen para-athletes participating in that event. Situations like these highlight how para-athletes often face significant difficulties regarding travel and mobility.

Jasmeh Kaur: Do your experiences as an athlete influence how you approach your work?

Sandeep Kumar: There are certainly challenges, but after playing, it feels as though I have accomplished something truly meaningful. There is a strong sense of achievement. My colleagues, including the Principal, also celebrate my successes which helps create recognition and awareness among others.

I participate in multiple sports, and what makes my journey distinctive is that I began at an age when most people tend to step away from sports, at 40-years-old. I initially took up para-swimming, winning a notable medal at the Delhi State level and also went on to compete at the national level. Subsequently, I pursued para-powerlifting, where I secured a silver medal in Delhi. Additionally, I play wheelchair lawn tennis and am involved in four to five different para-sports overall. My daily routine incorporates these activities; for instance, when I go to practice, it includes carrying my equipment such as my racket, which often amuses my colleagues who aren't familiar with the sport.

Saranya: How do you tackle playing so many different categories – like tennis, bowling, swimming – which all require different types of training?

Sandeep Kumar: My training experience varies across different sports. For wheelchair lawn tennis, I practice

at the Delhi Lawn Tennis Association where all the necessary equipment is provided. For swimming, I have registered at the Dr. Syama Prasad Mukherjee Swimming Pool, where I go regularly for practice. Typically, I visit these training facilities once or twice a week. However, as competitions approach, it becomes essential to train more consistently and rigorously. Over time, I have also had the opportunity to travel to various cities for competitions, including Bangalore, Chennai, and Gwalior, in addition to events held in Delhi.

Saranya: What would your advice be to young athletes who want to succeed in para-sports?

Sandeep Kumar: My advice is that without consistent practice, there is little value in participating in any sport. One should choose a particular game to focus on, but regular and dedicated practice is essential.

Another important aspect is having a strong support system. If an individual has a stable family background with access to proper diet and exercise, they are more likely to perform better. In para-sports especially, many players lack sufficient family support and, as a result, often discontinue after participating in one or two events.

In my case, being employed allows me to support

myself to some extent, including managing travel expenses. Occasionally, sponsorships are available as well; for instance, when I traveled to Guwahati, I bore all the expenses myself. However, since I won a medal there, it is possible that organizations like Delhi Sports Council may sponsor me in the future.

Jasmeh Kaur: Since you play multiple sports, which one would you call your favourite?

Sandeep Kumar: I find swimming and wheelchair lawn tennis to be the most suitable for me. Swimming, in particular, is extremely beneficial for overall fitness; it is one of the best forms of exercise and should be practiced by everyone.

Earlier, during para-badminton trials, I met Mr. Naresh Sachdeva, who teaches at Modern School Barakhamba Road. That institution offers para-swimming free of cost, which is quite rare as most places do not provide such training without a fee. During my time there, I met a fourteen-year-old boy whose legs were paralysed; he was an exceptional swimmer. Observing him made me reflect on my own situation. His dedication was evident in the effort his father put in as well, bringing him to practice. The boy had already won multiple gold medals at the national level. He shared that since he started swimming, his fitness had improved significantly.

Jasmeh Kaur: You've excelled in multiple disciplines; what drew you to para-sports specifically?

Sandeep Kumar: I received significant motivation from Dr. Meenakshi Pahuja at LSR, who consistently encouraged me to pursue swimming seriously. My colleagues at the office have been equally supportive, especially when I need to take leave for training or competitions. At present, my primary goal is to secure a medal at the national level. Having already achieved recognition at the state level, I am now focused on advancing further in my sporting journey.



*Interviewed by:
Jasmeh Kaur, II Year, Journalism Department
Saranya Sridhar, II Year, English Department*

BETWEEN NATIONS & NARRATIVES

Interview with Former Ambassador of India to China, Mr. Ashok Kantha



This interview with Ambassador Ashok Kantha explores India-China relations, strategic patience, crisis management, and the ever metamorphosing geopolitical landscape. With over thirty-eight years in the Indian Foreign Services, and now serving as the Director of the Institute of Chinese Studies and Distinguished Fellow at VIF, his career trajectory demonstrates critical engagement with diplomacy and international affairs

Disha: Thank you so much for agreeing to do the interview. My first question is this: when we think about foreign policy, it often feels abstract or distant. But from your vantage point, are there areas of international affairs that affect ordinary people very directly yet somehow escape public attention? What issues do you think remain under-discussed in our foreign policy conversations?

Very often, we fail to recognize that developments in the international sphere deeply affect ordinary

people, yet their concerns and predicaments do not get the attention they deserve. A major example is the condition of migrant workers. Large numbers of people move across borders for work, but receptivity to immigration, especially in Western societies, and even in countries like India, has declined sharply. The environments in which migrant workers operate still leave much to be desired.

While the Government of India pays attention to these issues, what can be done in foreign jurisdictions is sometimes constrained. Our missions remain

active, but beyond immediate action, there is a need for deeper academic study to understand why people migrate, the circumstances that produce these movements, and the changes underway. Unfortunately, such issues are often viewed only through political or biased prisms, making objective assessment difficult. This is just one example; many other critical issues also demand more rigorous, nuanced study.

Disha: You've mentioned before that you consider yourself an "accidental diplomat," which is such an intriguing way to describe your entry into the foreign service. Could you take us back to that time? What aspects of your early life or education shaped your awareness of the world, and how did those first exposures to foreign affairs eventually lead you towards the IFS—even if unintentionally?

I actually consider myself an accidental diplomat. I never planned to join the Indian Foreign Service; in those days, the foreign service was typically the last preference, and you only got it if it was your first choice. I certainly didn't expect to secure a rank high enough to get it. My mother was upset when I did.

But once I joined, I enjoyed every moment. Representing your country gives you an incredible sense of purpose, and the continuous learning that the profession demands keeps you intellectually alive. Even now, I spend five to six hours a day reading. The habit of educating oneself becomes second nature. So while I didn't deliberately choose the IFS, the profession turned out to be deeply fulfilling.

Disha: All right. When we talk about India and China, the discourse often swings between pessimism and anxiety. But if we zoom out and take a longer view—say the next decade—what kind of trajectory do you think is actually realistic? And what do you feel India needs to start doing now to ensure that the relationship moves toward stability rather than confrontation?

Looking ahead about ten years, the most plausible, and relatively positive, scenario is one where India and China achieve a limited rapprochement. The structural problems will not disappear; they are deeply entrenched. But the aim should be to manage

differences in a way that avoids conflict and to keep identifying spaces for cooperation. These may lie in bilateral areas, multilateral organisations, or global challenges. Even limited cooperation between the two most populous nations will benefit both, and many global problems cannot be meaningfully addressed without both countries' involvement.

A strategic accommodation between India and China is unlikely, but preventing differences from escalating into conflict is achievable; China, too, does not seem interested in armed conflict. To reach this better scenario, three things are essential: do not postpone problems; allowing issues to accumulate and fester only makes them more dangerous later, as seen in eastern Ladakh; anticipate future challenges; many of these are not black swan events and arise from long-standing patterns that we can foresee; leverage areas of convergence; identifying and working within shared interests can keep the relationship stable despite difficulties. With a pragmatic, patient approach, the relationship can be kept on an even keel, as it largely was until recently.

Disha: Your perspective refreshingly highlights how geopolitical diplomacy has moved from a niche domain to an ecosystem where almost every sector has adopted a global dimension. Now, you've handled some incredibly complex negotiations over the course of your career, especially in the context of India-China relations. Was there a moment that really tested you—professionally or personally? And what did that experience teach you about negotiation, leadership, or even your own approach to diplomacy?

In my career, I've been fortunate enough to deal with many countries; I've done three assignments with China, and we have a complex relationship with them; we try to move this relationship in a positive direction; when we face challenges, we do not demonize any country: we avoid this trap in foreign policy; personally, I was fortunate to be involved in some key negotiations, especially border-related ones. The lessons I learnt from these negotiations are: do your homework and be well-prepared; strategic patience is the key to the long game; acceptance of failure is necessary; a bad agreement is worse than no agreement, and an attempt is often more important than success. So, be objective, patient, and prepared!

Disha: On a related note, you've lived and worked across very different political and economic systems, each with their own quirks and rhythms. Is there a particular posting or system that gave you insights which have stayed with you? Something that shaped how you understand governance, diplomacy, or even people?

I try not to favour one memory, because they all occur at different stages in life. As you grow, each challenge appears different. I'll give you an example. I was posted in Washington DC, working as the lobbyist for the Government of India with the US Congress; something very unusual at the time, because India did not have any lobbyists back then. I would sometimes leave home at six in the morning for public hearings, because they would allow only one person inside to maintain the rules of a public hearing. As a diplomat, I would literally sit and wait outside just to make sure India's voice was present in the room.

It was a very different experience, but I enjoyed it. The Congressional staffers respected me because, as they used to say, I wasn't a hired gun; I was representing my own country. Eventually, they became very receptive to my arguments; many of them even became good friends. So, situations that may appear difficult at first often carry unexpected advantages. They can lead to positive outcomes and a great deal of professional satisfaction.

Disha: Ah, thank you so much for that. As we're nearing the close of our conversation, we have just one final question. Many students today want to work in international affairs, but the field feels so vast, and sometimes intimidating. Based on your experience, what would you tell young people who are just starting out? How should they think about building a career in diplomacy or global policy today?

You know, today it really depends—international affairs can be pursued in many different ways. Ideally, I would strongly recommend joining the Indian Foreign Service; that would be my main suggestion. It's truly a great career. I say this even though I myself am an accidental diplomat—I never planned to join the Foreign Service. In fact, at that time, the IFS used to be the last preference, and only if you put it as your first choice did you get it. I never expected to secure a high enough rank. My mother was actually quite upset! But I enjoyed every moment of it.

The wonderful thing about the IFS is that you are representing your country—that gives you a huge sense of purpose. And you are constantly learning. Even now, I read for five to six hours every day. You get into the habit of educating yourself, and that is extremely rewarding. But that's only one aspect. Today, you can pursue international relations in so many other ways. You can work in the corporate sector, become a journalist, or be part of the NGO community—the possibilities are immense. This is, in many ways, a gift of globalisation. Globalisation is not going away; it's simply being redefined. The world is far too interconnected to retreat from it, and as its terms evolve, opportunities in international affairs will only expand.

Thank you so much, Ambassador!

*Interviewed and Edited by:
Disha Dabiya, III Year, History Department
Niyati Bali, III Year, English Department
Photograph By: Yahnvi, I Year, Philosophy*

In Conversation With Ms. Ita Mehrotra: Drawing is a Way of Thinking



UPROOTED



Ita (Sunandita) Mehrotra is a New Delhi-based visual artist, researcher, and educator working across graphic narratives, non-fiction comics, and animation. Her book, “Uprooted: A Graphic Account of the Struggle for Forest Rights”, published by Westland Books documents the Van Gujjar and Taungya communities of the Terai region.

Q: Your name is very unique. Is there a story behind it?

Ita Mehrotra: My full name is Sunandita. When I was less than a year old, instead of saying ‘yeh kya hain’, I would say ‘yeh ta, yeh ta’, pointing at everything. My mother, being a writer, picked it up — and it also happened to be the last three letters of Sunandita. Then for a long time I had trouble spelling it, so Ita was all I could manage, and the name stuck.

Q: Where does the impulse to make art come from, for you?

Ita Mehrotra: I don’t think of myself as a full-time artist. I’m an activist, educator, and artist, in that order. Drawing is a way of processing things I’m engaged with – a way of thinking, sometimes of calming myself down. The first impetus is to be in solidarity with social movements around me – feminist movements, women-led movements, civil rights marches – not as an artist looking for a project, but as a supporter. From there, the visual work follows naturally. Even if a graphic narrative reaches only a hundred people, I prefer to think of it as helping those hundred people learn something they otherwise wouldn’t have. Graphic work also leaves room for the reader to enter, a space I often don’t find in academic texts or documentaries.

Q: Was there a particular moment that drew you to drawing as a medium for ethnographic documentation?

Ita Mehrotra: It was a slow process rather than a single eureka! moment. Drawing slowed me down enough to have conversations I might not have had with a questionnaire. I’d ask people to show me

maps of their land claims, draw the routes they graze on, and that act of drawing together opened things.

Q: How do you protect the integrity of your work when you’re embedded in a cause rather than observing from the outside?

Ita Mehrotra: What supports me financially matters here. I teach at Ashoka and take illustration commissions and that funds me, which means when I’m making these books I go in completely free, without the burden of a project outcome. The people I’m answerable to are those in the book. With Shaheen Bagh, I wasn’t going in thinking a book would happen. I was there every evening after my regular work. A publisher approached me towards the end of the second month when they saw the posters I’d been putting out on social media. The book being an afterthought was very good for me – had I thought of it from the beginning, it would have changed my entire approach. Activism is my main focus.

Q: The Van Gujjar and Taungya communities exist in a very liminal space – legally, ecologically, politically. How do you hold that complexity without flattening it?

Ita Mehrotra: I try not to push too hard. I once met a forest officer who held a lot of guilt over his past actions and was reluctant to talk. I knew probing wasn’t going to work, and I left with the silence persisting. My focus is on people who want to talk: community leaders who feel their story is urgent. The book isn’t investigative journalism; it won’t give you facts. I’m okay with that. What graphic storytelling can do is hold messiness without resolving it. Young people in these communities say, “We want to become pilots and teachers; we are not muses for your conservation story.” That kind of contradiction can live on the page. Text and image together, constantly hitting against each other, represents chaos in a way a single medium can’t. I’m a witness to that.

Q: There’s an inherent translation happening in your work: the communities speak one language, the book another. How do you sit with that?

Ita Mehrotra: I wish it were in many languages, but

there's a larger economy to publishing I can't fully control. I've translated parts into Hindi, circulated them as pamphlets. But the sad reality is that not every production is for everyone – this book is geared towards universities and English-speaking networks. The Van Gujjars and Taungya community has been able to use copies as advocacy, giving them to government officials to legitimise their cause. It becomes part of the documentation of their struggle.

Q: What do you want your work to ultimately accomplish? We're also seeing art being used very directly in electoral politics, where do you position yourself in relation to that?

Ita Mehrotra: I want to use drawing to listen to people who inspire me – that's the first thing. I'm not a solution-maker. My position is to stop and listen to people who have actually lived these issues. In terms of political positioning, amplification is where I am right now – I look for people talking back to power. Even with Shaheen Bagh, what the book does is represent voices of dissent, not exceed that. If tomorrow one of the community leaders I work with were to contest elections, I'd love to design her campaign. But that's not the moment we're in. What we have in India is a rich network of civil society organisations that operates on a different register: governments come, governments go, but the work of upholding people's rights continues at that level. That's the circuit I'm trying to be part of. It's what keeps me going.

Q: How can students and younger artists engage in ethnographic art authentically, and avoid the trap of voyeurism and superficial understanding?

Ita Mehrotra: One way is to call me for events and sessions (laughs) — I do run workshops on political comics. But more immediately: start small. Do observational work. Something someone said in the college canteen that stuck with you: draw that, layer your own voice over it through a text box, and see what you think about it. You don't have to show it to anyone. A lot of work doesn't have to reach anybody. Keep a sketchbook and do one drawing a day of things around you, then transition to news. Then move to short narratives. Start with what's around you and be reflective, rather than carrying the burden of a big story. Loosen up with the fear of getting it wrong.

Both Interviewers: That will be all. Thank you very much for your time!

*Interviewed and Edited by: Kyra Kashyap, II Year, English Department
Swonshutaa Dash, II Year, English Department
Photographs By : Dzieszenguu Usou, II Year, English Department*

In Conversation With Axel Baisch



***D**r. Axel Baisch is the Managing Director of the Hertie School in Berlin. With a distinguished career spanning academia and business management, he has led major institutions and taught leadership and governance, bringing interdisciplinary expertise in law, arts, and public policy to his work.*

Jiya Pahade: To start off, you've lived in and worked in Berlin, a city known for its history, culture, and constant reinvention. How has the city influenced your own worldview?

Dr. Axel Baisch: Oh, I visited Berlin for the first time in the 80s when I was living in Lübeck, which is a city in the northern part of western Germany, and I was going to West Berlin, which is not the Berlin

you know today. And when I went there in the 1990, when the reunification happened, I was at the Wall, when the Wall literally opened and the people came through, and that has changed my world view tremendously, that how peacefully revolution— that's what it was— can change whole states.

Jiya Pahade: Moving on, what challenges does Germany face in asserting leadership within Europe without appearing hegemonic?

Dr. Axel Baisch: Ha-ha. That is a very good question. We must never appear hegemonic, and I think we are far away from it. We should now take the lead in some discussions again together with Paris, with France, and Italy, and should take care that London and the UK is somehow part of the discussion because they contribute such a great wealth of knowledge and anything else, and freedom in thinking. Although

they're not a part of the European Union. But we should always do it with bit of our heads down, not too much up in the air, because we do have an economic might, there's no question about it. We're there to invest funds to the greater good. But we should also try to move forward on certain things, where we believe it's necessary, and try to motivate maybe smaller partners or younger partners to follow.

Jiya Pahade: It's important to find the balance.

Dr. Axel Baisch: It's very important to strike the right balance but not to do anything, or not to lead is not good for the European integration because two biggest countries, one of the two biggest countries, which is most affluent countries in Europe, which is France and Germany, don't lead, don't move forward, no integration will happen.

Jasmeh Kaur: Sir, how would you say that public policy for education in Europe has adapted to the demands to promote interconnected and digitalized world?

Dr. Axel Baisch: Well, it's adapting constantly. It's adapting constantly. I remember one colleague of us who teaches AI on public policy— she came from the United States— and she wrote a course, she had a transcript and syllabus in 2022, and then AI happened, and she just told us, frankly, she had to rewrite the whole course. So policy and facts changes the way we teach policy. And the recent thing is, we have now, three new policy schools in Europe opening. Three. One is in Germany, Cologne. University of Cologne is a very relevant university; they now opened up a public policy school. The second is in Zurich, Zurich is a very rich fantastic technical university, and they opened up the Einstein Public Policy School. And the third one is the Bennett Public Policy School, University of Cambridge! Such a renowned university didn't have a policy school, and they obviously opened up those policy schools with the help of big funders because there's a need for it. That shows already the dynamic which is in there. Let alone, Munich, which has set up fantastic School of Governance and other colleges.

Jasmeh Kaur: Sir, what policy areas do you think require the most urgent cross-border collaboration in Europe and why?

Dr. Axel Baisch: Oh, that's too broad of a question.

Jasmeh Kaur: Let's just focus on India, then.

Dr. Axel Baisch: Yeah, let's focus on India and it's definitely in the renewable energy and the energy market, climate market is a large issue where both countries can contribute. I think the health sector is already working. And then within Europe, for sure, it's the security. And I would add another very relevant actor, as I said before is—apart from trade leave that out—is defence. There's some things, things have to be moved, and we have to set up something like European Common Defence Commission and all those things.

Jasmeh Kaur: Are there any books or thinkers who have significantly shaped how you view leadership or governance?

Dr. Axel Baisch: No, there have not been one specific thing, it's just the range of various ideas of portions of books I read, or rather, interactions I had with people, which have shaped my view more. But I couldn't name one now, there are so many of them.

Jiya Pahade: One last question, many analysts ask you that we are entering a post-American or multipolar world, how should Europe position itself in such a shifting order?

Dr. Axel Baisch: Well, it's not a post-American world; America is there. There's a strong Atlantic connection. That's not gonna be post-American. But it is a new order, a new order where, also India by the way, plays a growing important role. But Europe, as I said before, must take more importance and the driving seat, and must be more self-conscious of its actions. And looking at China, also looking at the huge issues coming from the East. This really shapes and changes the way the Europeans should think. And I can only stress again, we must not underestimate or take it for granted, the question of liberal democracy that is in our core and in our heart, and we must always be very attentive, this shapes the discussion, the debate.

***Interviewed by: Jiya Pahade & Jasmeh Kaur, II Year; Journalism Department
Photograph by: Parvathy K, III Year, Sociology Department***

AMBASSADOR MANJEEV

SINGH PURI'S TALK:

“South Asia in Flux – Nepal, Bangladesh and Beyond”

On 15 October 2025, the Model UN and Public Speaking Society of Lady Shri Ram College organised a session titled **“South Asia in Flux: Nepal, Bangladesh, and Beyond.”** The session featured Ambassador Manjeev Singh Puri, a veteran diplomat who served in the Indian Foreign Service for over 38 years. Drawing on his extensive career and personal experiences, he offered an insightful analysis of diplomacy, international politics, and the rapidly changing dynamics of South Asia in the global era.

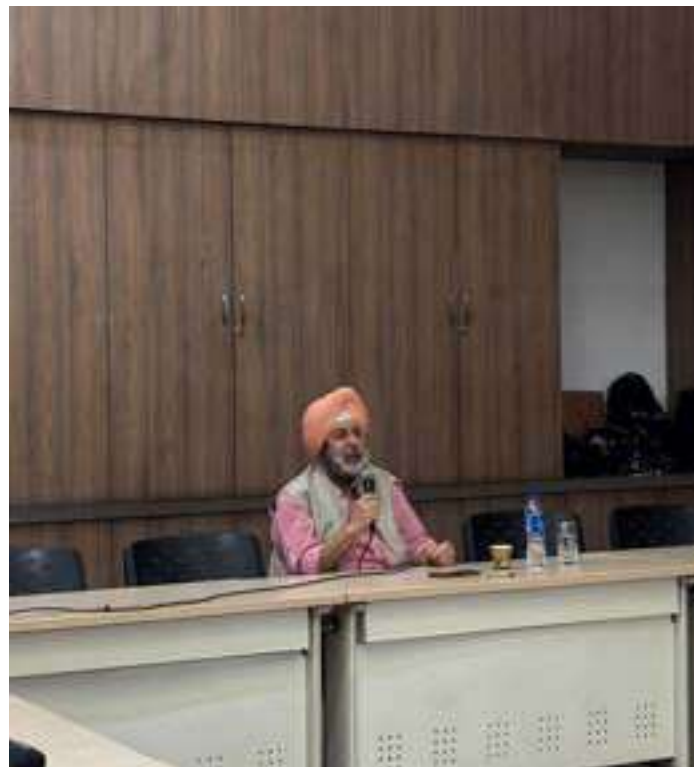
Ambassador Puri began with tales from his early service in India's **protocol Division**, telling us about how the practices we see and use in our daily lives are adopted from the British Raj.

Moving forward, Ambassador Puri's tenure as Joint Secretary for the United Nations division and India's Deputy Permanent Representative in New York was discussed. Just like everyone else, he was also inexperienced, trying to navigate the new world around him, along with the emerging concept of “climate change,” which was at the heart of his entire work.

Through his work, he came to understand what he called the ‘power game of nations,’ emphasising that international relations blend law, politics, and legitimacy. He exemplified how powerful nations shape global law to benefit themselves. Technology and communication that were once a luxury are now

accessible to everyone. This shift has played a pivotal role in transforming societies.

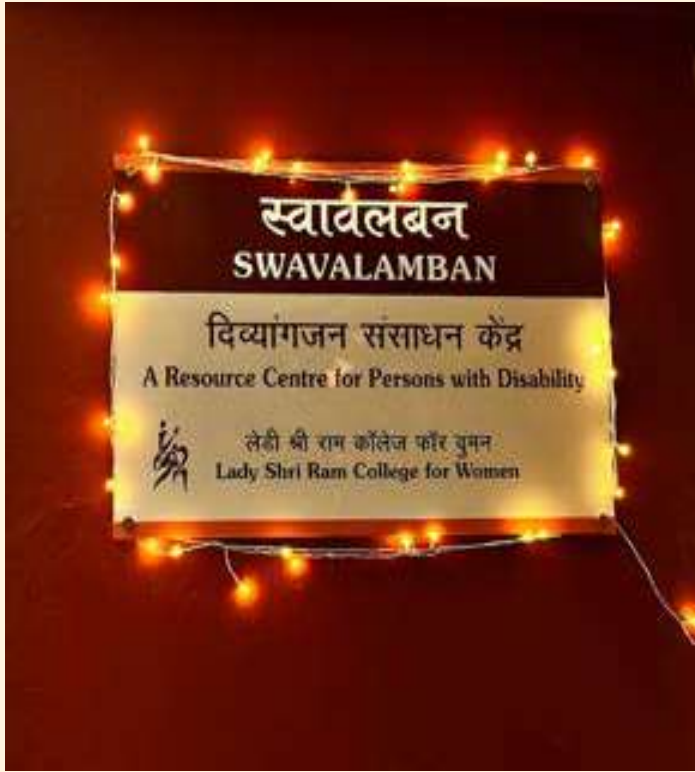
Ambassador Puri concluded that South Asia's future will depend on how well its governments respond to these changing social and economic pressures. His lecture brought together diplomacy, economics, and human insight. He also highlighted how global power dynamics, climate negotiations, and technological changes intersect with the domestic realities of South Asia. This helped the students to view international affairs as more than just politics between countries, revealing a complex game of legitimacy and power that shapes their world.



Report By: Richa Yadav, I Year, Commerce Department



Swavalambhan Inaugural Ceremony



REOPENING SWAVALAMBHAN

A Step Towards Inclusion

On November 25, 2025, REACH, the Equal Opportunity Cell, inaugurated the Swavalamban Resource Centre for persons with disabilities at Lady Shri Ram College for Women. The ceremony, held in the Lower Seminar Room, was attended by a large gathering. The inauguration began with a musical performance by two “Buddies,” —students with disabilities at LSR—Nitu Kumari and Mehak Sehrawat, followed by a poignant poem on the lived experience of disability recited by Ridhima Duggar. Their collective involvement ensured the event felt deeply participatory rather than merely ceremonial.

The Chief Guest, Prof. Pankaj Arora, Chairperson of the National Council for Teacher Education (NCTE), spoke on the necessity for institutions to adopt tangible, outcome-based approaches to inclusive education. Building on this, Prof. Arora discussed the concept of democracy in education within the context of evolving frameworks like the NEP 2020. He emphasised that education systems must move beyond rigid structures to respond to the specific needs of students and institutions, highlighting that true academic leadership lies not in simple compliance, but in shaping systems that are inclusive and responsive. Following this, the convener, Dr Karuna Rajeev, highlighted the collective effort required to reopen the centre after its closure due to funding constraints and the impact of the COVID-19 pandemic. She noted that the centre will now remain open Monday to Friday, from 9 AM to 5 PM.

Following the ceremony, attendees walked to the centre, located on the college campus at Flat No. 10. There, the Buddies provided demonstrations of various assistive devices, offering a practical understanding of their utility. The centre houses a robust suite of assistive technologies, including multiple PCs equipped with NVDA and JAWS screen readers, Kurzweil 1000, ABBYY Fine

Reader, the Orbit Reader, Daisy Players, Scanners and the Duxbury Braille Translator, among others, all of which are integrated into daily academic practice. The space also includes an alarm-based navigation support system to assist visually impaired students in navigating independently. This reopening marks a renewed push toward making accessibility a functional part of campus life rather than an afterthought. Tanishkapreet Kaur, a REACH Coordinator, shared her thoughts on how the centre fits into the larger framework of education, remarking that access must be an essential part of all educational activities rather than a secondary consideration. Mahek, an avid visitor to the centre, remarks that the scanners and Braille printers have proven especially helpful for her as a Braille reader, enabling her to convert books into both digital and Braille formats. She also values the regular training sessions held every Thursday, where students consistently learn new skills. “While some Buddies might not be able to visit as often due to the distance, it is, overall, a very good initiative,” she notes.

The centre conducts regular training sessions for persons with disabilities, focusing on assistive technologies that support their academic work. It is supported by both an attendant and a teacher, ensuring students have technical and on-ground assistance. Ultimately, the centre is more than a room with gadgets; it is a commitment to equality, complete inclusion, and self-reliance for women with disabilities. “Inclusion does not begin with accommodation; it begins with access,” notes Ankita Ojha, a REACH Coordinator.

The launch of the Centre is not an end, but a beginning. It serves as a promise that the college is committed to evolving as an inclusive institution where every learner is truly valued. As we move forward, this centre is intended to inspire similar initiatives across other campuses, standing as a persistent reminder that when we include everyone, we become stronger together.

Report By: Shatakshi, II Year, Economics Department
Photograph by: Harnoor Kaur, I Year, Psychology Department
& Raeka Sharma, II Year, English Department

PROFESSOR JESSE SCOTT

on Climate, Sustainability & Collaboration

On 13 March 2026, Lady Shri Ram College for Women hosted a lecture on ‘Rethinking EU-India Climate Cooperation’ delivered by Jesse Scott, Adjunct Professor at the Hertie School, who specialises in climate policy, sustainability, and geopolitics. The session focused on how climate policy, trade, and global economic cooperation intersect, and how India and the European Union can collaborate in shaping a sustainable global economic order, the clean economy transition, and the European Union’s Carbon Border Adjustment Mechanism (CBAM) in the context of India–Europe relations.

Professor Scott began with a remark on the sheer importance of deeper economic cooperation between the EU and India. With the constantly changing global landscape, especially the dynamic geopolitics including the USA and China, this cooperation makes it mutually beneficial for both countries, owing to shared economic and demographic strengths.

The discussion primarily circled around the EU’s CBAM, a system by placing tariffs on imported goods produced with high carbon emissions that prevents ‘carbon leakage.’ Although CBAM receives significant political attention, Professor Scott suggested that it may represent only a small portion of the broader climate and trade agenda. From India’s perspective, CBAM creates three key challenges: tariff impacts, compliance burdens, and concerns about unilateral climate governance.

Professor Scott suggested that EU-India cooperation could become a bridge between the Global North and the Global South in climate governance. This socio-economic move from India’s end reflects technological innovation, manufacturing, coupled with large-scale deployment, to accelerate the clean energy transition. By working together, the EU and India could help modernise heavy industries, generate employment opportunities, and create a model for sustainable economic development that balances climate action with inclusive growth.



***Report By: Richa Yadav, I Year, Commerce Department
Photograph by: Nibedita Manna, I Year, Journalism Department***

Esy Photostory 2026



IN CONVERSATION WITH

Gurcharan Das

Q1. Your journey spans both corporate, philosophy and literary exploration, all of these marked by the stressless drive to understand the meaning of life. So, over the decade your books have brought the modern imagination of literature, with practical realism of economics and politics. And the result is this body of work that feels urgent resonant for somebody who is navigating this work, so for someone who has lived through the part of partition and literature and philosophy claims, is there something that has remained constant throughout these parts of your life, maybe a core value or principle?

And 1. That's a very deep philosophical question. As a storyteller, the same question that you are asking is raised by a roman writer named Cynica. Cynica was the leading intellectual of roman empire, he wrote poetry, became an advisor to the emperor and because the emperor was incompetent, he ran the empire and then finally had an affair with emperor's wife. But it was found out, he had to run for his life but then he survived, he says somewhere at the end of his life when he was writing, while I was busy life past me by. The interviewee never understood really what he meant. But he can identify because he also had been busy all his life, you are talking today about making a life and for me that was life, being busy was making life. I also have this lingering feeling that cynica had, about what is life that past me by, I also feel that and it's the same thing that words worth as a poem about standing and staring, I have lived this life with care and I have never had time to stand and stare, so is that what life is? Standing and Staring? What is life? I don't think that there is a God given purpose or meaning in life, you create your own meaning, you create your own life and sometimes, I think, all it means perhaps is to pause and smell the roses. But basically, it comes down to not worrying too much about yourself, worrying about something else, that is beyond your life. It could be a job you are doing or any of those things. Your question is not an easy one. I don't know the best answer, the honest answer. When you are busy with your work or anything it is hard to think of anything. What you are saying is let's pause every once in a while, to think what is the purpose in life.

Q2. In terms of your literary world, your trilogy examines artha, dharma, and karma, and now your memoir is cast by many as a meditation on moksha, the fourth purushartha. Did you set out to complete this arc, and how do you understand "another sort of freedom" in relation to classical moksha? You have written a celebrated trilogy around artha, dharma, and karma.

Ans. Well, the first two are Artha and Dharma, we are not connected to the purush Artha. But once I have written these two, it's then I realized, you know we define happiness in the morning as to love the work you do and to love the person you live with, but then I came across the concept of Purush Artha, the goals of life and then I said my books are really a process of self-education and so I learn more from reading and writing my books, I learn much more than what a reader might do. I also realized that these four ideas, Artha, Dharma, Karma, and Moksha, are human potential and capabilities so if you fulfill a life of capabilities, you have lived a happy flourishing life. All these Artha is material wellbeing, Dharma is moral wellbeing, Karma is emotional/sexual wellbeing, Moksha is spiritual wellbeing.

Written By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department
Photograph by: Paravathy K, III Year, Sociology Department

Interview with Gurcharan Das





PRIDE PARADE

मेरी बिटिया, साथ तुम्हारा

तेरी नटखट मुस्कान समूची प्रकृति का पिढारा है,
कितना सुंदर, कितना प्यारा, मेरी बिटिया, साथ तुम्हारा है।

अंधाधुंध शरारती तो नहीं है, पर सीधी तो बिल्कुल भी नहीं है
परेशानी पर आती तो है लकीरें, पर परेशानी, बिल्कुल भी नहीं है
तुझसे दूर होने पर भी ये मन, तेरी मीठी अस्पष्ट बातें दोहराता है
जैसे रात भर कोई पर्वत का शिखर, दूर आसमान में धूप निहारता है
इस हृदय की धड़कन के लिए तू श्वसन क्रिया या सहारा है
ये सभी भाव, मन-सागर की लहरें हैं, तू जिन का किनारा है
कितना सुंदर, कितना प्यारा, मेरी बिटिया, साथ तुम्हारा है।

तमाम मिलावट वाली मिठाइयों में, जैसे एक शुद्ध पेठा है
हरकर्त ऐसी है, जैसे दिमाग में, कोई आइंस्टीन बैठा है
भ्रम ये कि, नाजूक पल गिरा था, सख्त वक्त के दामन में
पर सत्य ये कि, मनसा मांगा था तुझे दिन रात आचमन में
तेरा मिलना एक दिव्य योग है, मेरे आराध्य का इशारा है।
इतना सामर्थ्यवान भाग्य कहाँ मेरा, तू सौभाग्य हमारा है।
कितना सुंदर, कितना प्यारा, मेरी बिटिया, साथ तुम्हारा है।

Written By: Abhay Bhardwaj, Accounts Department
Photograph By: Kasib Ali, via Pexels



उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

जो निष्कल-निष्कपट हो, रुह से रुह को हो,
उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

जहां खोने का रंज न हो, पाने का हर्ष न हो,
उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

जो ब्याख्याओं में मारा न फिरे, न ही शब्दों के पाश में हो,
वी जो बस अरूप शीतल, पावन पवन के एहसास में हो,
उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

जो मंजिल का मोहताज न हो, यात्राओं में परेशान न हो,
जो समस्याओं से घिरा रहे, जिसका कोई समाधान न हो,
उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

जो कंटोली नागाफनियों के बीच भी, सुगंधित सजीले उपवन सा हो,
जो खुले आसमां के नीचे, स्याह निशा की करवट बदलती तड़पन सा
हो,

उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

जो युगों युगांतर अमर रहे, चाहे कितनी भी अकाव्य अड़चन हो,
जो रुक्मिणी की मांग में सजकर भी, राधा के हृदय में धड़कन हो,
उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

हाँ, उसे प्रेम कहते हैं, मित्र...

Written By: Abhay Bhardwaj,
Accounts Department

Elegy for A Place I Live In

More often than not, I feel like a child,
holding a revolver on a borderland,
small hands wrapped around a weight, around consequence,
taught to grip it close to my chest, before I was taught to belong.
Change is a constant acquaintance in my borderland
transformation never knocks along – just cold, bitter change, too close to home
Debris rearranged, though shelter, they never keep
Soft, ruining winds, render my senses meek
huge walls built with tiny, brave hands,
I stack stones on bone, alone, I witness the wind and the collapse I've known.
I try.

God, I try keeping peace, like thin-toothed hymns in minor keys.
On one side, war waits — patient, rehearsed, certain of its inheritance,
The other harbours peace, watching me, observing from afar,
like a promise with conditions,
a door that opens-
only if,
I become smaller, or entirely abandon my becoming.
Both await my knees giving up.
Neither offers homecoming.
Inside, I enclose myself– a careful retreat,
harmony enclosed and shackled,
Clutching my soul, I paint my agony neat
It hides the rage well.

It buries the grief of the forgone, the fear of the forebodings,
the bridges I never burned of all my guilty hoardings
because standing still felt safer than crossing those hunted streets.
My skin is soft, bruised—
a breathing, throbbing tapestry
where rifles seep through like prophecy,
like expectation from within
They do not shout.
They do not demand,
mind-eating, chewing patiently, they simply enter- seething,
at the ashes of fatigued desire and long-surrendered innocence.

They tell me this is resilience.
They applaud my endurance.
But endurance is not belonging– it never was....
It is only surviving long enough to wonder who I might have been in a gentler geography.
The revolver remains, hugging my chest, a weird comfort,
Cold. Faithful. Undropped. It rests.
And I stand here,

between belonging and borderlands,
between belovedness and beyond,
neither fully claimed, nor fully released,
I never fire it, I don't put it down either,
mistaking stillness for balance,
confusing the indelible borderland with a fleeting memory.
And then, only later do I understand
that the border was never the fence, never the war with the noise and pretence,
Or my conscience with its grave insistence, it lay more still that it neither breaks nor mends
I never realised,
that the blue ink remained my cherished revolver,
the revolver that is cold, but the imagination is warm.
and that warmth matters, I chase it.....soon the cruel revelation dawns,
all along,
the borderland was bitterly my own,
my own cage,
and my own sanity.



Written by: Ritika Dangi, I Year, English Department
Artwork By: Ainain Mushtaq, I year, Psychology Department



After The Sun Sets

Ever since I was a kid bus rides have never been something I eagerly look forward to. I mean, to be fair, a bus ride? What's special about a bus ride? Indian buses could be used as the perfect metaphor for a chaotic Sunday afternoon at the local fish market — loud, foul smell, and most importantly the infamous rush of the people of our country to get past the other as if life had no other purpose than being a rat race. The loud honks from the driver's seat, the incessant traffic right outside that you could see from the half broken window pane which might never, at least in this life, see the light of being repaired, the people inside sweating from the scorching heat and unbearable crowd that presses one against the other forcing you to make eye contact with some random woman who might judge you for the deep neck top you decided to put on that day, and many, many more insufferable experiences that are too in your face for you to turn a blind eye towards.

The day was 25th of June. The year doesn't matter. The sun was right above our heads. I was compelled to take the bus to the next town. The thought of it was dreadful. If I could, I would have procrastinated the trip till it was the next day. But luck wasn't on

my side. Without thinking much I had gotten up on the bus and taken a seat not realising the sun was about to hit my eyes the entire way for I had chosen the wrong side.

She was seated right beside me. My only hope left in this mini rat race, as I have already described it, for bearing the journey. A string of bangla rock music kept playing in our ears as we shared the same headphones (a ritual we religiously followed every time we travelled together). Although it would be a lie to say that we could hear the music at all amidst the soundscape surrounding us. Even with the volume reaching its peak on her phone it was quite difficult for us to actually figure out which portion of the song was being fed into our ears.

The scene was nothing different. The bustle was the same. Before long it had struck our minds that the sun was slowly going down. It had fancied itself with a hue so crimson that it almost reminded me of the bindi that my mother so often adorned her forehead with. We both looked outside the window. The sun was too ethereal to not be looked at. No words were exchanged between us. Only our hands found each other's in a tight clasp not wanting to let go, for we

had understood that the time we imagined to be so far away had already set foot in our lives. The one silent prayer we kept saying, begging to be not torn apart from each other, could not be answered. The inevitable was to happen, worse, it had already happened.

As we watched the trees rush past us, the far away buildings moving farther away from our line of vision, the sun rays took over the entire sky spreading a light so golden that made us, even if momentarily, forget about the pain we were about to take on. We forgot no matter how tight we held each other's hand, distance was about to drive us poles apart, making us test if we could hold each other just as close without the proximity.

The sun kept getting lower, moving closer to the invisible horizon, its shade turning even darker, soon the golden rays giving space to the rays of the blue hour.

Just like the setting sun it was as if we could feel that our time together had come to a close and the golden days of our friendship would slowly have to give in to the days of mourning it through remaining memories. Maybe in those fleeting moments, all I hoped for was for the ride to never come to an end because standing on the verge of this borderland bridging the old to the new, the lost to the found, the moment of stillness mattered more than the rat race of life.

The sun had now set. The sky adorned itself in hues of pink and blue giving it a glow quite incomprehensible in human language. The bus

was no longer moving. My ears empty of the shared wire of music. My hand tucked in my pocket trying hard to brush off the lonely feeling of having lost my sunshine. Eyes brimming with tears laced with yearning for a ride I didn't want to end.

I looked up at the sky. Empty it was. Only the ghostly sheen of the moon remained.



***Written by: Chandrani, I Year, Journalism Department
Artwork By: Monishita Pal, II Year, Psychology
Photograph By: Milan Sabu***

The *Posto*-Colonial Identity: West of the East and East of the West



takes a sprawling look at how the identities of families on both sides are reinterpreted for decades. From Ritwik Ghatak's "Partition Trilogy" to Aparna Sen's Goynar Baksho (The Jewellery Box), post-colonial films have captured the essence too, revolving around the struggles of refugees, forsaken love, ancestral pride and home etc.

Ichamati River on Bijoya Dashami (last day of Durgapuja) sees a physical manifestation of this bond of epar and opar Bangla, when people from both sides come together to immerse the idols of Maa Durga, sharing Bijoya wishes and love. This is the perfect example of a liminal territory, where norms loosen and for a moment, the border disappears. When Mohanbagan vs. East Bengal FC is an emotional rivalry for us, similarly is our love for Dhakai Jamdani sarees and Boroline. It's not surprising that Mohanbagan has fans in Bangladesh and East Bengal in West Bengal, because this rivalry is not decided by the state politics but by identity and emotion.



One of the many recent Instagram trends now that being a Bengali is a trend now; honestly, I disagree, as it has been trending since Lord Curzon decided to partition Bengal and reduce the Bengalees on both sides in 1905. A much-ignored aspect of the 1947 partition was the eastern side, which could only divide the territory, not the taste and intellect.

One of the delicacies I love is Aloo Posto and its various kinds. As someone who is mix of a ghoti (roots in Epar bangla- West Bengal) from mother's side and a bangal (roots in Opar Bangla- Bangladesh) from father's side, I love the vegetarian as well as the more spicy- flavoured aloo posto, as I love chingri (prawns) as much as I love hilsa; though I have never been fortunate to taste the ultimate Padmar Elish (Hilsa of Padma, found in Bangladesh).

Poets have often crossed the borderland to express their love for Bangla. From Jibananda Das's Rupasi Bangla (Beautiful Bengal) to Rabindranath Tagore's Amar Shonar Bangla (My Golden Bengal), these poems and songs have expressed the love and deep-rooted brotherhood in the veins of every Bengali. Sunil Gangopadhyay's Purba-Paschim (East-West)

My father often tells me about his ancestral home in present-day Bangladesh, and his voice certainly conveys the unsaid desire to visit it, where he has never gone, and as a third-generation permanent resident of epar Bangla, I often feel intrigued by all these and ask myself "What if my family had decided not to shift to this side of the border?" I don't know what spices my mother adds in her aloo posto, but a bite would tell, it tastes from which part of Bengal. Sometimes, it takes me in my mind to visit our ancestral home (bhte bari, as we call it) in opar Bangla, which I shall never see.

Being a Bengali is a trend; we are from West Bengal, which is located on the eastern half of our country, yet positioned to the west of another with whom we share more history, taste and 'unbelonging' than we often do with the vastness of our own nation. It is a space of perpetual negotiation. As Jibananda Das had written বাংলার মুখ আমি দেখেছি, তাই আমি পৃথিবীর রূপ খুঁজি তাই না আর (As I have seen Bengal's face, I will seek no more)- for in that face, both epar and opar ('this' and 'that' side), the world is already complete.

Written by: Jaya Paul, III Year, History Department
Photograph By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department

The Loudest Sound in History

Shaky breath, trembling fingers,
Tears trailing down, no one remembered,
The Loudest Sound could have been traced,
From cotton fields, to chambers of furnace.

Exiles from homes, no goodbyes,
Yet, the Loudest Sound was not the cries.
Moving 'cross border, barefoot, knuckles dry,
A blood-red river, a dark grey sky.

“Chop-chop, work your hands through the blade,
Make a penny to stay alive: a fair trade,”
The churning of factories, still not the Loudest Sound,
nor the cranking of keys in the million locks around.

Starving generations and drinking wine,
“Who cares for life, as long as guns shined?”
Loudest Sound stays pervasive,
The language of cruelty persuasive.

All the prayers, the pilgrimages and oaths,
The voice of devotion, riots of loathe,
None as strong as the Loudest Sound,
None as absolute, none as bound.

All the ordinances and instructions,
The codes of society and their repercussions,
The Loudest Sound stands taller,
Somewhere between men with briefcases and white collars.

“Put the newspapers in the fireplace,
Stop learning of the world, you disgrace.
Let the Loudest Sound flourish and prosper,
so I can peacefully count my dollars.”

Resistance roared, and literature whispered,
Gavel struck, and justice deferred,

Governments fell with breaking of a wall,
Yet they didn't blare the loudest of all.

And now under the rubble, a tiny torn sock lays,
Among broken missiles and fire, kids are raised,
History will apologize again, take my word,
As the Loudest Sound is again left unheard.

From stained chains, captured soil and crushed homes,
This sound is present near every grave stone,
It isn't benevolence, indifference or violence,
The Loudest Sound in history is Silence.



*Written by: Twisha Prasad, I year, History deaprtment
Artwork By: Ridhima*

Hidden Under The Moonlight

A quiet bench
Ahead, a roaring shore
Agony lies between.
With marked scratches on the wrists
Lost to the depths of the sea.
Shivers rise with the slightest touch
As affection slips in through the trembling fingers
Ironically, silence pleads a warm blanket of comfort to
weep
Hums to what is catastrophic
Fumbles with a love so sweet.
Under the moonlight
Staring with the eyes closed
Agony lies between.



*Written by: Saumya Jaiswar , II Year, Political Science Department
Artwork By: Nivedita Bhandari , I Year, English Department*



Sisters Across the Line

Being from Amritsar, the word “borderlands” evokes a sense of interconnectedness rather than separation, particularly in relation to the India-Pakistan border. Growing up in a family of history enthusiasts, I heard countless stories about pre-partition days, especially those from my grandfather. I, too, naturally imbibed this interest and my Punjabi roots further enabled me to see the deep connections between the Punjabs across the border.

Like many Indians, I recently began watching Pakistani shows and was delightfully surprised to see these linguistic and cultural resemblances I had only heard of before. From Punjabi sayings or folk songs to lassis and phirnis, everything felt familiar. Despite originating across the border, it resonated more than most Indian shows. This reaffirmed how borders may divide states but rarely culture. Like millions displaced during Partition, Lahore and Amritsar became long-lost sisters, divided by a border but sharing the same blood and soul. My interest led me to explore further, revealing that these connections run deeper than I had imagined.

Located barely 50 kilometres apart, these cities have been intricately woven together in history since their inception. Amritsar was, in many ways, born in Lahore. Its founder Guru Ram Das Ji, the fourth Sikh Guru was born in Chuna Mandi, Lahore and the foundational brick of Golden Temple, the heart of Amritsar, was laid by Lahore’s patron saint, Mian Mir.

This connection between the two cities goes back. Before 1965, people could travel between the cities

without any complications. Many people went back and forth, including businessmen and authors. For instance, Faiz Ahmed Faiz and Saadat Hasan Manto, moved from Amritsar to Lahore. There was a group of poets and writers called the Amritsari Brigade including people like Saif-ud-Din Saif and Arif Abdul Mateen, who used to live in Amritsar prior to moving to Lahore. Abdul Hameed, who was also a known writer, is known to have said something very tragic about leaving Amritsar. He said, “Amritsar is my home and I am the one crying about it.” His words show how sad it is to be taken from the place you love Amritsar.

In addition to literature, people from Amritsar and Kashmir who moved to Lahore have had a major influence on Lahore’s culture and cuisine. One could see such an influence, in the streets of Old Lahore, from Amritsari sweets to chole shops. Even the buildings in Lahore showcase that they share a collective history: while Amritsar has a Hall Bazaar, Lahore has a Hall Road; both of which are known for selling electrical appliances. Such similarities depict that our cultural roots are connected, despite political divisions.

The story of these cities shows us that even when there are borders the twin cities are still connected. This connection between the cities exists even in tough situations, like when there prevails political disagreement. Such a bond highlights how culture, heritage and identities cannot be contained within man-made lines. It is a reminder for today’s increasingly divided world to embrace our interconnectedness. For who knows how many Amritsars and Jerusalems may be lost if we continue to let our differences define us?

Written by: Aadhya Khanna, II Year, BAP Department





Orphaned By The Valley

“Exhaled through the breaths of adversity and storms
Orphaned by the valleys, jettisoned to the concrete
shores”

The valley receives its first whisper of snow,
Covering orchards and graves alike.
As it gathers weight,
Borders blur
Fences, pathways, forgotten names
All dissolve beneath the white hush.

Night stretches quietly,
Snow, a silent archivist,
Recording every timid and hurried footstep alike,
Keeping each hesitation and the sudden turns.

Morning arrives with a fragile sun.
The thaw begins.
And with each silver drop melting,
Comes a quiet dread
The fear of transition,
The fear of losing its form,
Of becoming water
Before learning how to flow.

Beneath this silent current,
Lies the frozen pulse of winter and the last white flicker,
Whistling winds blowing across
Leaving some sounds buried below,
Tapering of the morning chirps and blackening of the
early evening sky

A dream, a nightmare strikes again
A belonging brewing through the echoes of homely
walls

The sky of the city, carefree and novice
Couldn't weep through the bold snowballs
Imprinting the footsteps of innocence and fear
Bagging the memories of kindness and warmth,
One white for the soul, and one to shroud the dark.

Homeless traversing through the rocky slopes
Weeping mothers wrenched through, for the sake of
life, entombing her heart amidst the cruel fragmented
frosts

A girl now never finding the way through the joyous
laps of her mother
And the father couldn't break, swollen yet brilled with
hope
Living to the piping voice of “Abba, here I come”,
joyfully kissing him through the milk stained mouth of
hers.

The ice surrendered to the light of the strong
The marks of blood slowly waned in melted snow
The harrowing past slowly turned to sour memories
Never to be repeated, reiterated or remembered.

Like a child left at a silent doorstep,
Fingers still curled around a vanished hand,
It loosens its hold on shape
Unsure
Which ground will answer its fall.

*Written by: Anvi Gupta, II Year, Political Science Department, Kumud
Purohit, II Year, Political Science Department
Artwork By: Manaslu, I year, Economics Department*

Learning to Leave the Shell

I did not begin as someone who spoke easily. Language arrived to me gradually: first as silence, then as observation. I learned how rooms function before I learned how to enter them. In those early years, my life unfolded at the margins: the quiet seat, the unspoken words, the safety of being unnoticed. Yet even then, there was ambition, ambition which wasn't loud or urgent, but steady. A private belief that sincerity of effort would eventually translate into arrival.

So I began the deliberate work of opening up. Not abruptly, but in careful increments. Confidence practiced, conversations prepared, ambition spoken aloud for the first time. Somewhere between deadlines and presentations, I began to confuse productivity with belonging. It felt reasonable: if I became capable enough, the world would make space.

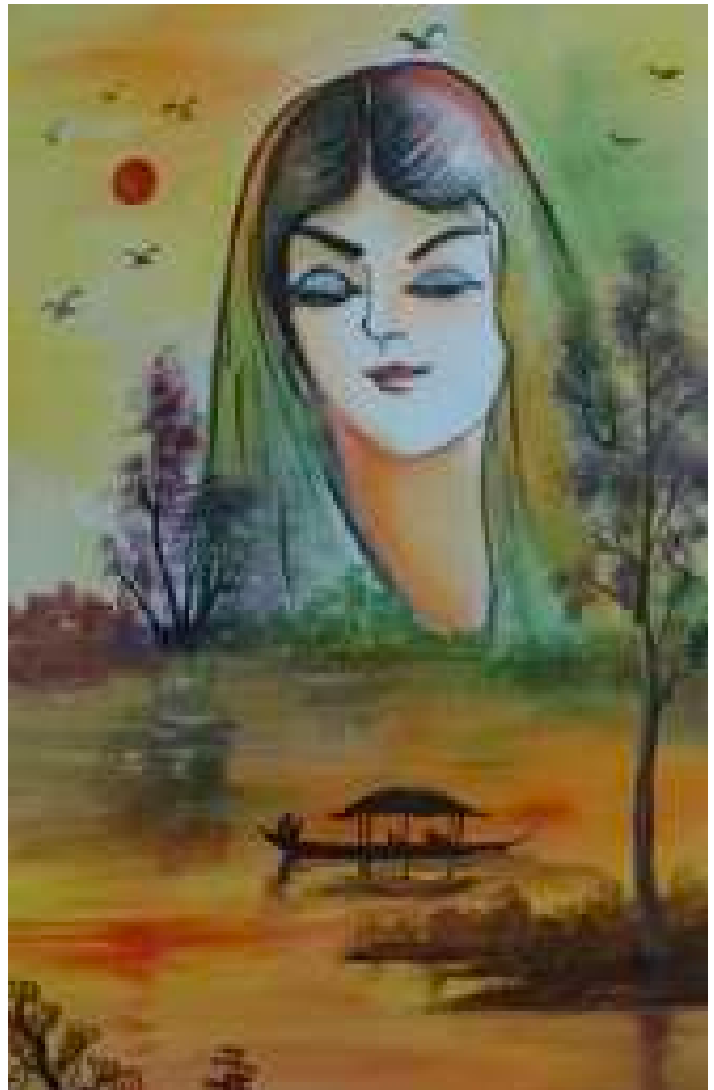
Someone arrived when I was already exhausted from holding myself together. I never learned how to want easily or expressively; liking had always been a strange risk to me. So when it happened, it felt disproportionate, too much meaning placed on too little time. Ten days stretched into something that felt inevitable, as though closeness, once allowed, must mean arrival. When he left, it was ordinary in every visible way. No ending, no explanation. But something deeply personal collapsed quietly. The world did not change; I did.

What followed was not collapse, but contraction. The work continued; passion rejuvenated; the outcomes did not. Lists were released. Doors closed politely. Language turned procedural. The shell I once inhabited did not return, but neither did the ease I had imagined beyond it. I found myself in a threshold of constant hunger because I was no longer who I had been, and not yet who I wish to become.

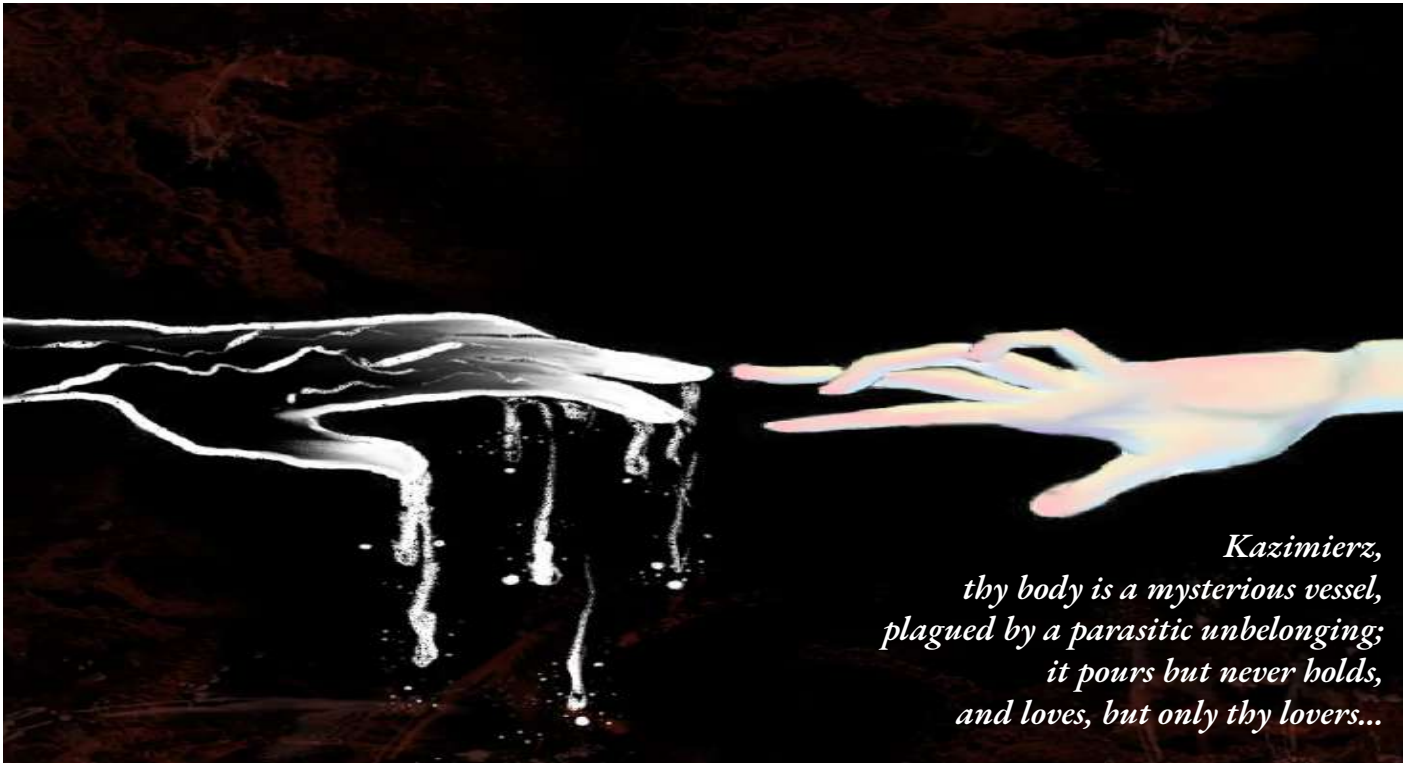
This is the difficult geography of transition: when ambition persists but certainty matters. When effort accumulates without recognition. When envy appears not as bitterness, but as grief. Grief for lives that seem to move without resistance, for belonging that appears effortless and real.

Yet liminality is not only loss. It is also a discipline. It teaches restraint. It asks whether one will continue not because the world is watching, but because stopping would require returning to a smaller self. Liminality is especially cruel when the pause is not chosen. It becomes a corridor of unresolved questions: Was I not enough? Am I invisible? Will the next closing door be a sentence or a pause?

If this is a borderland, it is not scenic. It is a ledger that sometimes bends into poetry: the small kindnesses, the pastry bought after a bad exam, a single friend's steady voice. Some desires I leave untouched, not out of fear, but because I know how quickly they ask for more than they give.



*Written by: Mukta Singh, III Year, Commerce Department
Artwork By: Ridhima*



*Kazimierz,
thy body is a mysterious vessel,
plagued by a parasitic unbelonging;
it pours but never holds,
and loves, but only thy lovers...*

Between Love and Hate Is a Creature by the Name of Kazimierz

The palpability of the self holds little to no value in the emotional terrains of an outward-looking mind. An Empath. A mind that veils the longing of its own desperate musings in its daily doing with others: to be understood and carried through each misstep.

Its own endeavours, however, are nothing but tests twisted in the fabrics of hate. Wagering love to assess the other's resolve by turning itself into a monster. The resolve to stand beside the ever-faltering, hurtling, yet still enduring self. The Self Saboteur.

What an awful brew of two distinct caricatures however, coalescing into a self finally left alone, limp in the oceans of dried-up hope, where admiration and understanding bloom outward but shrivel before they reach inward. Kazimierz. Bound by a brutal paradox, stretches to love others while questioning any reception for itself. Till love waters down into an almost hate, and the echo of a biting chuckle reverberates: "See! Was I not right?"

An echo that swims through and through, and reaches the centre of Kazimierz's heart, turning everything into a poisonous black. An all-consuming void that eats away at the self's sanguine, luscious tissue till the tissue crumbles into ash, falling through the ribcage, away from its obligation to tirelessly pump life into the lifeless; a sacrifice of form exchanged for escape.

But regardless of the heartless remnants, its eyes ache with love, starved enough to see love everywhere, in everyone, pushing it toward madness, ever hopeful of rare reciprocation. When life stalls into the devastating quiet that follows the storm, before the sunlight returns, all hope disguises itself as helplessness. Kazimierz carries on, step after step, pushing the gurgling, boiling tide of love and hate downward. While the void continues its reach, seeking the last of the light in Kazimierz's eyes, so that the trudging may end at last, and the creature may surrender to silence. Passing into the fields empty of both love and hate. Left with only quiet acceptance, in the fields of lovelessness.

***Written by: Kavya Dhodapkar, I Year, Economics Daprtment
Artwork By: Shatabdi Gogoi, I Year, Psychology Department***

Between Comfort & Becoming

At the edge of the borderland, we encounter its paradox: it holds us gently, yet never completely. Within it, we feel safe and known, but still unfinished. To leave is to risk unbelonging, to stay is to risk stagnation. It is in this tension, between comfort and disruption, recognition and estrangement, where we are shaped. Borderlands are not destinations but thresholds where the familiar loosens its grip and the unfamiliar has yet to take its form.

For many of us, LSR becomes this threshold. It stands between the certainty of who we were and the uncertainty of who we are becoming. Within its classrooms, we are encouraged to think beyond the immediate and question constructed boundaries. Professors unsettle old assumptions; conversations with companions stretch the edges of our imagination. The campus becomes more than an institution; it becomes a rehearsal space for adulthood, a site where we practice conviction before consequence.

Yet, LSR is also a temporary home. It shelters us even as it prepares us to depart. The comfort of its corridors, the familiarity of shared laughter, the rhythm of ordinary days, all of it makes us want to linger. But borderlands are never meant to be permanent.

They exist to transform us. And so we stand in that delicate awareness: if we stay too long, we may never fully depart; if we depart, we may never return unchanged. As the lyric reminds us, “Agar main ruk gayi abhi toh, ja na paungi kabhi.” The hesitation itself becomes the border we must cross.

To end this meditation, we would like to borrow from Roy’s *The Ministry of Utmost Happiness* that resembles our experience at LSR, “the magic hour, when the sun has gone, but the light has not.”

LSR



Written by: Ananya Sitoke & Mitali Singh, III Year, Political Science Department
Photograph By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department

"It'll Pass": How Fleabag Strings Love, Desire, And Grief Into A Liminal Experience

It's a jarring statement to hear; however, in Phoebe Waller-Bridge's *Fleabag*, it serves as an honest reality. Fleabag manages to grab the truth by its neck and portray it as a perplexing narrative. It moves past the sanitised propositions of love, decorated with promises of companionship and completion.

The unconventional story dwells in the possibility of being. It dances between sacred and sacrilegious; the desire to be known and the terror of being seen. For Fleabag, love does not translate into permanence. It is fleeting, irregular, and transient. Boo's death might be in the past, but it lingers without resolution. The breaking of the fourth wall feels like an interrupted conversation. Her final confession is dressed up as an almost. It is acknowledged and denied at the same time. The repeated refusal of love's arrival creates an unstable ground for Fleabag.

The story's premise challenges what one expects from love. We are trained to measure love by duration, strength, stability, and comfort. It is synonymous with grand gestures and promising prospects. The show slams the door in the audience's face and pushes them to imagine love as an experience. The finality of the relationship between Fleabag and the Hot Priest is devastatingly gentle. Their love hangs in the air; it is transitional and significant because it cannot be housed. When Fleabag admits, "I don't know what to do with all the love I have for her. I don't know where to put it now," she voices a different kind of loss. All this love that steers her life hints at misplacement. Her love is excessive and has no recipient. With no outlet in sight, it spills into desire and guilt. The in-between space of existence between the present and the past leads to suspension and a lack of structure.

The intense dilemmas make *Fleabag* an easy benchmark

for relevance. The pain also makes one remark: perhaps love is awful. But what makes it awful? Is it the ability to remain unfinished or its perception as permanence?

v

With a love like theirs, it seems fair to say the ache of almost challenges the resolution of love. It does not promise a kicking-feet-in-the-air fairytale ending, but it does offer solace on the cusp of hope. Their love lingers like a kiss. It fears arrival yet beautifully graces her life. In the final frame, Fleabag breaks up with the fourth wall and walks off alone. The quiet departure from the bus stop signifies more closure than permanence could. Fleabag has potentially struggled with guilt, and eventually, we see her come to terms with her cathartic experiences. The pain inflicted is incomparable; it destroys, but also empowers her to accept her past. It also goes on to immortalise the need to find meaning in passage and not permanence. And in that passage, perhaps, it does pass.



Written by: Niyati Bali, III Year, English Department
Photograph By: Amazon Studios

State Machinery



The axes are levelled,
Their measurements lowered every second;
Every minute, a fist rises.
Newer degrees are created,
Designed to butcher satire and songs,
Fitting them into the rigidities of right and wrong.

The wide old altitudes are altered,
Forgotten to sycophancy,
Or double-thunk as threats!
Threats to norms and borders,
Threats to morality and orders.

The overarching loudspeakers
Robotically proclaim:
'Fists shall be slain
When fists shall be raised.'
Within these cacophonous frequencies,
(Of wavelengths exceeding 20kHz)
The proles locate their music
They locate and imitate and reiterate—
"If fists shall be raised,
Fists shall be slain."
Thumping their ribs in jingoistic fervour,
Their frail wrists wait to die-out.

"The State—"
-Silenced.
"The Government—"
-Massacred.
"The Media—"
-Slaughtered.
"The Constitution—"
-Jailed.
"Cinema—"
-Killed.

Each fist was slain jarringly,
The green, blue and white ones, more severely.
Untouched were the hands complicit in erasure
But the axe will always remember—
"Whenever fists shall be raised,
Fists shall be slain."

Written by: Aadya Srivastava, III Year, History Department
Photograph By: Ainain Mushtaq, I Year, Psychology Department

Living In The In-Bet Border

BARFI

Barfi! (2012) is an Indian romantic comedy directed by Anurag Basu. The film centres around Barfi, a deaf-mute young man based in Darjeeling, and his relationships with two women: the beautiful Shruti and the autistic Jhilmil. Throughout the movie, there are various threshold points that these three characters inhabit. The characters live betwixt belonging and exclusion, voice and silence, acceptance and exile. The film goes beyond a mere depiction of liminality; it makes the audience feel what it means to inhabit those fragile thresholds where identity can never be fully secure, yet never entirely lost.

Barfi, played by Ranbir Kapoor, lives in the borderland between visibility and invisibility. This is captured most powerfully in one of the early scenes when the police chase him through the streets of Darjeeling. The scene is comical, almost juvenile, like Tom and Jerry, but under its humour lies a profound truth: Barfi cannot express himself verbally. His body becomes his only language. He exists in society physically, but due to the lack of verbal communication skills, he remains at its margins. Later, when Shruti's mother rejects him as a potential husband for her daughter, she ignores his radiance, intelligence, or emotional capacity; she sees him through the lens of an able body, thus only seeing his inability to conform to the normative structure of speech and economic stability. He belongs emotionally and transiently, but not socially.

In his relationship with Jhilmil, this psychological borderland intensifies. In an emotionally moving scene, she is seen sitting alone after her grandfather's death in her wealthy family home. There is no dearth of material

comfort, but an acknowledgement of a repressed emotional existence. One night, when Barfi takes her away and they begin living together in an impoverished space, their existence appears socially illegitimate, even criminal. Despite this, psychologically, this is the first place where Jhilmil experiences belonging. In a quiet scene where they sit together, their exchanges of gestures



ween: Psychological lands In

FI!

and glances become their language. This is the “third space” that Homi Bhabha describes as something that is not defined by society’s norms, but by their own shared emotional language. Their love exists in the interstice—devoid of limited and conventional definitions of romance, productivity, and adulthood, yet whole.

Perhaps Shruti lives in the most heartbreaking borderland, portrayed by Ileana D’Cruz. Her psychological liminality is beautifully portrayed in the farewell scene at the railway station where she chooses to leave Barfi and marry a “suitable” man selected by her parents. As the train departs, her face reveals that she is regretful of her decision, yet cannot fully sever herself from her past. She exists between two lives: the life she desired and the life she accepted. Years later, when she sees Barfi again, her emotional suspension becomes complete. She is physically settled and socially secure, but psychologically incomplete. Nostalgia holds her hostage in a permanent borderland between memory and reality, belonging and estrangement.

The most delicate and defining scene of the film occurs near the end, when Barfi and Jhilmil grow old together. Their bodies become weak, their movements slow, and their dependence on each other increases (they even die together). In normative society, dependence is often seen as failure. But here, dependence becomes freedom. They do not “overcome” their liminality; they inhabit it fully. Their borderland becomes a home.

Under the direction of Anurag Basu, the film transforms liminality from a temporary phase into a permanent condition of being. The characters never fully cross into social normalcy, nor do they disappear entirely from society. They remain suspended but emotionally rich, socially marginal, and psychologically complete in their incompleteness. The film portrays that some lives are not meant to arrive at certainty. Instead, they find meaning in the fragile, beautiful uncertainty of the in-between.

*Written by: Sneha Kumari, III Year,
English Department
Artwork By: Nikhita*



Plums in The Season

In the numbing city winter,
my heartbeat endures
The chilly, crisp air reminds me of home
Home?

My memories begin to fade
The verandah that witnessed my childhood, The
weekends where I quietly came of age

Did the house too feel
That it would last forever?

I wonder
If that tree still stands in the garden,
If the plums still wait for my return Perhaps the rocks
remember me,
They were companions to my silly games
Perhaps the river remembers me, Flows and hums my
name
But what if I didn't persist?

What if the walls have forgotten my laughter, The
giggles that once filled the halls?
What if the floor has forgotten my footsteps, The
dances I staged for my dolls?

My childhood is but a photograph I seem to have
misplaced
Perhaps I will find it someday,
And hold time in a frame.



Written by: Siddhi Kaul, III Year, Economics Department
Photograph By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department



Pantoum of the Opera(tion)

They extend outwards;
Long, twisting bits of enamel that I repeatedly paint
over;
That I paint over—
Paint with—
Paint—
They are surrounded by a beach;
By the dead sea;
By sand,
By dead skin cells that are washed back
And forth
By sweat that brings out the red hues of my watercolor.

(“How are you, G.I Joe?
Where are your loved ones?”
“Obscured from sight,” lies the noble patriot;
Popeye’s spine aches for breakfast.

Where are your loved ones?
In the rain, across the sea, under the aegis of freedom,
Popeye’s spine aches for breakfast,
“Defect, G.I. It is a very good idea to leave a sinking
ship. You know you cannot win this war.”)

They go from outwards to innards,
Back and forth,
They go deeper to get more vibrancy;
Viscera is so light—
I must paint over—
Paint with—
Paint—

The sea cycles only for its safety to falter, Only to crash
upon their shores;
It will rain again,
And then I cannot blame sweat for the bodies covered in
sand.

(In the rain, across the sea, under the aegis of freedom,
They sling manufactured mud on your name—
“Defect, G.I. It is a very good idea to leave a sinking ship.
You know you cannot win this war.”
They molded you as a clay doll, breakable— far from
their plastic dream.

They sling manufactured mud on your name,
Obscured from sight lies the noble patriot,
They molded you as a clay doll, breakable— far from
their plastic dream—
How are you G.I Joe?)

I cut them before they cut me.

The bodies underneath are picked apart and away.

Mine is painted over,
Painted with,
Painted.

I march back,
And forth,
Decorated.

Written by: Ayanna Kobli, III Year, English Department

Atheism Unleashed

May your deities save you from your sins,
May you overcome your shameless act of pleading
innocence under the proven evidence,
May you gain empathy after your heinous sins,
May you overcome your insecurity which you defend so
passionately,
May you learn to differentiate your fantasy from your
delusions,
May you understand pain after shamelessly violating
society,
May your victims see you imprisoned,
May the legal system reprimand you for your human sins.
They are called crimes.
Your ignorance of your crime is stupid.

Your religion does not justify your crimes;
Your religion is not the absolute resolution.
You are not a god yourself; And you must stop crediting
your crimes to your deity.
Religious fanaticism does affect us who are humans.
Your toxic environment has killed you infinitely
And individuality was given unsafe places
Gave punishment for questioning, challenging, and
different viewpoints. Damn religious tolerance, question
them all.
Keep your irrelevant topic out of the physical and

sentimental world of multiple consciousnesses.

The legal system does not permit irrational or rational
criminals,
Except for intent and other legal jargons.
But the courts have their guidelines, sure they are nuanced.
You had ample of time to change before committing
crimes,
And of course being different is not a criminal offence
either.
You really had a lot of time to be ethical,
To study,
To learn and practise,
To discuss and debate,
To think about the aftermath of your actions.

Being confirmative for the sake of looking normal is a lot
of societal pressure,
So stop your endless irresolvable victim-blaming games,
Your critical brain should not calculate to be a deceptive
person,
Neither should you be pressuring anyone for the sake of
your religion or your deity or your own divinity revelation.
My identity does not diminish my rights and my
arguments.



Written by: Annie CTE, IV Year, English Department
Artwork By: Monishita Pal, II Year, Psychology Department

Who Performs The Performer ? *Tamasha is the Age of the Curated Self*

A part of Corsica does not fully belong to France. Its flag, the Moor's Head, once blindfolded, later unveiled, captures a civilisation's passage from imposed identity to self-recognition. It is a flag of uninterrupted sovereignty. *Tamasha* (2015) opens there for a reason. Corsica has been Roman, Italian, French, yet never entirely any of them. It is an allegory that mirrors the modern self, formally aligned to institutions yet internally negotiating an identity crisis.

Tamasha translates as spectacle, performance, or even a dramatic farce, carrying a sharper irony of life as theatre and chaos as choreography. A show we pretend not be staging. Victor Turner describes liminality as the threshold phase, where old structures dissolve but new ones have not yet stabilised. Modern life, however, has stretched this phase indefinitely. We do not pass through the threshold; we inhabit it. Here, Imtiaz Ali crafts *Ved* as a split subject. He is not in crisis, but rather is the condition of late modernity itself.

The mirror motif used throughout becomes the film's central philosophy. The right side- literally and metaphorically- hosting the joker, the storyteller, the Dev (actor) concealed within *Ved* (the name itself a reversible cypher), embodies the repressed self, the side of desire, play and non-instrumental creativity. The left side is the superegoic subject- the disciplined and compliant reality. The tragedy is not that *Ved* has two selves; it is that late capitalism permits only one to function. The corporate tie becomes a visible signifier of what Michel Foucault would recognise as self-surveillance: internalised power and performed obedience without any coercion to which one even consents.

Delhi's constricted frames and cubical geometrics echo Max Weber's "iron cage" of rationality, where efficiency replaces

enchantment, and work colonises imagination. Monday is not merely temporal but a structural dystopia, which is banal and therefore total.

Tamasha, nevertheless, resists a simplistic binary of authenticity versus conformity. The reference to *Catch-22* sharpens this paradox. To escape the war, one must prove insanity; to prove insanity, one must be rational enough to apply. Similarly, to leave a secure career, one must demonstrate stability- financial, social, familial, and psychological. The system secures itself through aspirations. We desire the very structures that discipline us.

The autodriver's confession: "Inside I am different," invokes the dramaturgical self. Social life is performance. But Imtiaz Ali complicates this sociology: what if the backstage self is not merely hidden but starving? What if the performance becomes ontological: so complete that the actor forgets he is acting?

In a digitally mediated post-truth era, we curate avatars while muting impulses. We oscillate between nostalgia and ambition, memory and metric. The present becomes a borderland between having and being, productivity and purpose.

Tamasha does not romanticise rebellion; it interrogates recognition. The blindfold lifted from Corsica's emblem thus becomes the film's ethical gesture. To look into the mirror and admit the right-sided self exists is already subversive.

Life is a spectacle and our age is a borderland. The question is whether we remain disciplined performers within Weber's cage or accept liminality as generative: an unfinished equation, unresolved yet luminous. The mirror may be handed to us, but the choice of lens remains ours.



*Written by: Anwasha Mukherjee
III Year, Political Science Department*

Departed Muse



She entered my life one day somewhere between dusk and dawn, before I knew she had already captured a place in my heart with her ridiculous questions and unhinged statements. Her obsession with Oscar Wilde's quote, the way her cup always had remains of little coffee un-sipped, her half-completed scribbled notes of story plots, that one half-paused song in her playlist- I should've known she will leave me in the middle of the road.

She read too much into the gaps betwixt words, she wanted to leave the country, to start a new life somewhere, travel places, to never visit them again- and she really did not, did not look back, never went back to our places, the places where we shared our dreams and hopes even if we were too afraid to talk of the underlying fears gripping our heart.

"Away... beyond all concepts of wrongdoings and rightdoings, there is a field. I'll meet you there." Her fleeting love for Rumi stayed inconclusive much like her promise to meet me at a place existing somewhere in-between remained unfulfilled. True to her being, she bid goodbye at midnight, leaving a trail of her indelible memories behind.

A deserter she was. Always leaving things hanging, the entire time she was with me, her head was clouded with something- at times concerns of the moments passed but mostly fondness of the days yet inexperienced, maybe that's why she always looked far ahead, even when surrounded with people, lost in her own little world.

While talking to me she often left her thoughts unfinished and feelings unspoken. "I don't like endings" she would tell me after leaving another book or series in the middle yet again, her habit of constantly buying endless diaries and never journaling enough to reach the last page, yet another epitome of her inability to ever stay with a moment enough to truly become one with it.

When she walked out of my life, through that door, she didn't close-shut the door, leaving it half open instead—a promise almost of her inevitable return, a reminder of her haunting presence long after she's gone. We're much alike—her parting words withholding much of what she wanted to reveal, hinted at eternal separation and still I refuse to forget, to loosen my hold on her memories. I have found space for this love to exist somewhere amidst holding on and letting go.

P.S. In another life, I would've really liked just doing laundry and taxes with you :)

***Written by: Yuvika Nagar, III Year, English Department
Artwork By: Manaslu, I Year, Economics Department***

Sahubhashi



Designed By: Asmi Charola, III Year, Economics Department

Metro, Markets, and Micro Decisions: The Urban Sustainability of a DU Student

At 8:12 a.m., the metro doors open at Moolchand. Students move out, bags half-open, someone mumbling an economics definition they probably won't remember. Another person's already doing mental math: ₹2,000 needs to last thirty days. Nobody is thinking about carbon emissions.

Yet, by choosing the metro over a cab, each student has done something that actually matters for the environment. Metro systems emit way less carbon per person than cars do, especially when most cars in Delhi carry just one or two people. Per trip, the difference might be small; however, when millions of people do this every single day, it adds up.

Outside the station, autos are lined up waiting. There is no electric shuttle to take you the last bit of the way. So, the same student who took the metro, mostly because it's cheap, now haggles with an auto driver and splits the fare with two friends.

For most DU students, being sustainable starts with being broke. Public transport costs less. Street markets cost less. Using last semester's notes costs less. The planet benefits, sure, but that's pretty much a side effect of trying to survive on a tight budget.

By afternoon, that same student is at Sarojini Nagar. Clothes spill everywhere—piles of them. The fashion industry produces around 8-10% of global carbon emissions, mostly from production and wastage. Buying secondhand should help. When you extend a piece of clothing's life, you're reducing demand for new production. Now, here's the thing about Sarojini: when a top costs ₹50, does it even feel like a real purchase? If you buy it because you can't resist the price, has anything changed? Or have you just found a cheaper way to

overconsume?

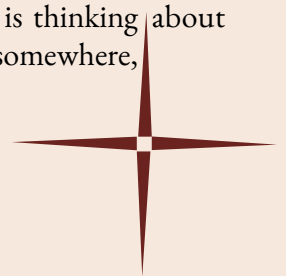
Even on campus, people are full of contradictions. Fests talk about climate awareness and then distribute plastic water bottles. Notes are shared on Google Drive, yet iced coffee comes in disposable cups. Our choices shift depending on how tired we are, how rushed we are, and what everyone else is doing.

It's easy to frame this as an individual choice. But the reality is that students are working within systems that limit them. The metro works because of public investment. If getting from the metro to college is a pain, emissions go up no matter how much you care. If the entire market is structured around buying more, then buying less becomes genuinely hard.

The real question isn't whether students are being responsible enough. When fifty thousand students take the metro daily, emissions go down. When thousands buy secondhand, it puts even a small dent in production cycles.

Sustainability for a DU student isn't a perfect ethical system. It's a constant negotiation between what you can afford and what you believe in, between doing the right thing and just doing what works. It shows up in metro cards and bargaining over kurtas, in shared auto rides and bags stuffed with too many things.

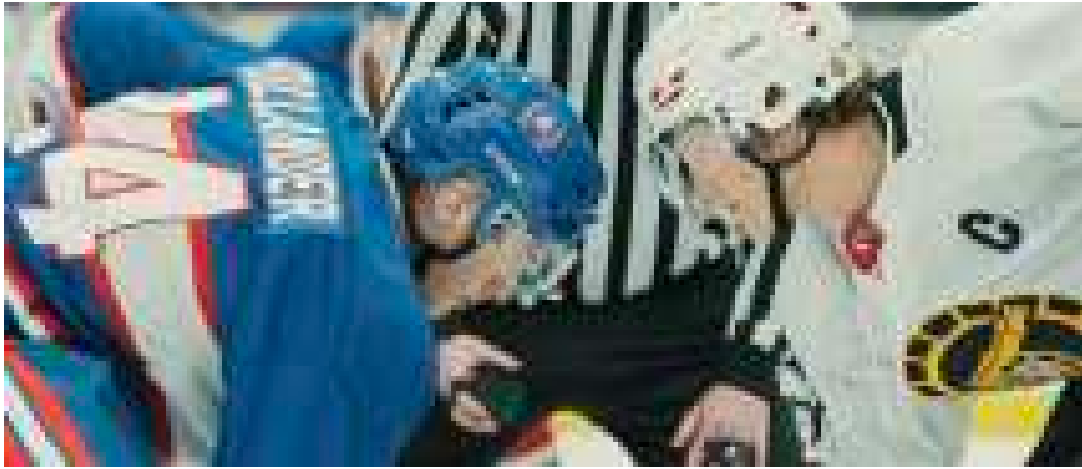
At 8:12 a.m., no one at Moolchand is thinking about their carbon footprint. However, somewhere, someone's keeping track.



*Written by: Himanshi Singhal, II Year,
BAP Department Artwork By: Shatabdi Gogoi, I Year Psy-
chology Department*



“I’m Coming to the Cottage”: Heated Rivalry & the Construction of Love in the Margins



One of the first memes I saw about Jacob Tierney’s *Crave Original Show Heated Rivalry* was a scathing satire on modern dating phenomena and queer love: “They (Shane and Ilya) are in a situationship because they are closeted. You are in a situationship because he simply does not like you.” For a generation fatigued by the recurring waves of freshly coined dating terms on one hand, and the persistent destruction of the right to love on the other, this meme came as a riot and a breath of fresh air, not unlike the show itself.

Heated Rivalry, a regional project turned global sensation, does not simply chronicle the love story of hockey superstars Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov negotiating a forbidden intimate relationship alongside their increasingly public existences. Their relationship is a profound mediation of identity, sexuality, public personality, and love, one that operates, to borrow Gloria Anzaldúa’s formulation, at the borderland: a place of “both belonging and unbelonging.”

At the heart of the story lie two characters with intricate personal marginalities that shape their every encounter. Shane is a gay, “Wasian” hockey prodigy on the autism spectrum; Ilya is a bisexual, Russian hockey star navigating clinical depression and substantial family trauma. While the mold of both characters as attractive, high-performing sportsmen is as plain a stereotype as they come, what Rachel Reid’s source novel and Tierney’s adaptation refuse is the flattening that usually accompanies it. These are men whose queerness is not incidental to their public lives but structurally in conflict with them. The hockey world they inhabit is one of hypermasculine ritual and relentless public scrutiny, where their rivalry is the only socially legible form their intimacy is permitted to take. For ten years, desire masquerades as competition, and love survives in the margins.

It is this decade of accumulated longing, denial, and circling that makes the cottage so significant. In the season finale, Shane and Ilya retreat to his secluded cottage for two weeks, removed for the first time from the arenas, press conferences, and performative heterosexuality that have structured their relationship. Victor Turner’s concept of liminality describes precisely what the cottage enables: it is a threshold space where the structures of ordinary life are temporarily suspended, and something truer, more unmediated, is allowed to surface. Away from the institution of professional hockey and the identities it demands of them, Shane and Ilya are no longer rivals, not quite public figures, not yet whatever they will become. They are simply two people in love, learning, belatedly, to say so.

What the show renders so beautifully is that this claiming of love is not dramatic but domestic. It is a tuna melt and comfortable silences. It is the use of each other’s names without performance or pretence. In a cultural landscape that has historically reduced queer male intimacy to the physical, *Heated Rivalry* insists on its full emotional register. The cottage does not just give Shane and Ilya privacy; it gives them interiority. And it is in this interiority, unhurried, unglamorous, and profoundly ordinary, that the show makes its most radical argument: that queer love does not only exist in defiance or in hiding. It can exist, simply, at home.

For a generation that has watched queer representation oscillate between tragedy and tokenism, *Heated Rivalry* arrives as something rarer, a show that lets its characters be fully, unguardedly in love. The meme was right about one thing: Shane and Ilya’s situationship was never really about reluctance. It was about survival. The cottage is where they finally stop surviving and start living.

Written by: Swonshutaa Dash, II Year, English Department
Photograph By: Sabrina Lantos

Remnants of Home



Having come so far from home to Delhi, I see its remnants everywhere: women donning kurtas with Kashmiri embroidery, paper-mâché handicrafts and a plethora of questions thrown my way:

*It must be so good to live between the mountains?
Do you own apple orchards?
Do all of you have long noses and red cheeks?
Saffron? Walnuts?
Beautiful.*

Never had I been more aware of my identity as a Kashmiri than after being away from it in a city that never lets you forget that you are not welcome. The fascination which might, at first, feel inviting soon dissolves once you realise they hardly ever ask about the “other” side. What lies behind the careful facade of “paradise” does not seem interesting enough for their notice. You soon realise the problem: the “other” is not digestible to their palettes reserved only for pretty things. The “other” makes them uncomfortable; therefore, they simply choose to evade any chance of confrontation with it.

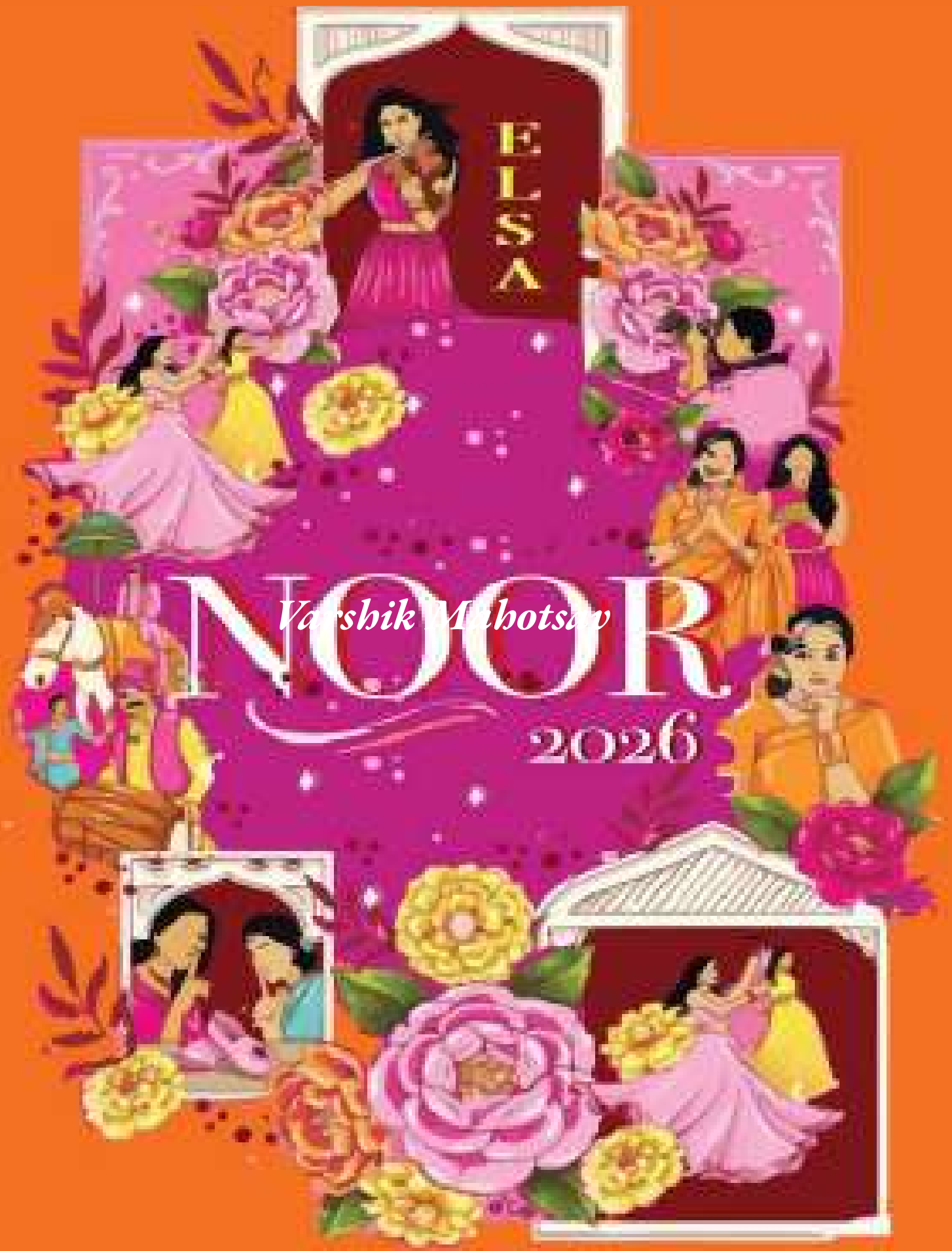
On the other hand, their fascination with the “pretty things” has problems of its own that cannot be overlooked. The liberty taken in appropriating and exoticising a culture, from its food to its fashion, has become commonplace. This appropriation becomes

even more problematic in the case of platforms that claim to “represent.” Their idea of representation seems to lack empathy for the people who are reduced to mere “subjects” of discourse. This fascination, as much as it irks me, reminded me of what I did not have access to: the ability to simply look at the beauty of these objects without the consciousness of the violence that constantly surrounds them.

For the people living amidst conflict, violence is not easily separable from everyday life; it becomes a part and parcel of daily existence. In such a situation, holding on to one’s culture and language becomes a way of resistance. One cannot talk about pheran without understanding how it has served as a symbol of resistance for Kashmiris. However, it has not only been stripped of the symbolic meaning it carries, but also commodified to the extent that what is popularly referred to as ‘Kashmiri Pheran’ now bears minimal, if not zero, resemblance to the actual garment.

One wishes to remember home with love and longing, but as much as I see its remnants everywhere around me, I wish these objects, instead of being treated as mere aesthetics, were allowed to carry the voices and stories of the people to whom they belong.

Written by: Zainab Mehraj Shah, II Year, English Department



Designed By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department



THE QUESTION OF

Jharkhand is a land suspended between the developed imaginations of our nation and the destitute realities of its people. When someone asks me, “What does it mean to be a Jharkhandi?” I feel that the question is less an invitation to define and more a wound of introspection. The answer becomes rather complex, and somewhere in this complexity, we find the liminality in which the people continue to live here.

Despite having formed barely two decades ago, the history of Jharkhand stretches far back in time, shaped by many layered and complex historical processes. The land remembers its first people, the indigenous tribal population, thriving on the soil since the Palaeolithic era. The Mundas, Santhals, and Oraons, among many other tribes, speak the languages shaped by forests and sing the songs that they learn from the rains. In the areas of Santhan Paragana, trees like Sal are not just a surviving ecosystem but a long history of dependence, being worshipped through festivals like Sarhul. The identity of this group is not abstract but rooted in the land that gives them their own food habits, dance forms, natural festivals, and cultural practices that are lived by them daily.

Yet alongside them exists a population whose histories are written in movement. The migrant populations, ranging from Biharis, Bengalis, Punjabis, Odias, Marwaris, and others, arrived either during the colonial rule or post-partition as refugees. Over time, settlement blurred the line between “outsiders” and “residents,” yet never fully erased it. This is the central paradox of Jharkhand’s existence. The 1932 Khatiyani attempts to define who could be a Jharkhandi based on land ownership, yet identity cannot be produced through paperwork. It grows and lives through language, accents, foods, festivals, dance forms, and who is seen as “local” during moments of political tensions.

The population that perhaps inhabits the sharpest borderland of identity is the Bihari community. Before the separation of Jharkhand from Bihar in 2000, their identity of statehood aligned easily, and hence, the movement and assimilation were easy. However, after the separation of statehood, that





JHARKHANDI BELONGINGNESS

continuity has been ruptured. For the new generation of Jharkhandis, born after 2000, the stories heard at home do not match the national image of Jharkhand. They grow up inside a state that treats them as partial insiders, present in the society but absent from the moral imagining of Jharkhandi belongingness. From the Republic Day parades celebrating Jharkhand to the political government in power, the Jharkhandi identity becomes synonymous to the tribal identity, and the migrant population is left to call themselves “not real Jharkhandis.”

Many migrant families often gain claims over lands and markets, yet remain culturally rooted to a far-off homeland, speaking Maithil, Maghi or Bhojpuri, inside homes, trying to follow practices that have connection to their ancestral lands, while losing touch with the lived realities of people there. They have to shift to Hindi in public spaces and slowly adopt the cultures of their current homeland. And in this shift, they lose connection to their ancestral land, while not being fully integrated into their present land, increasing their disillusionment.

On the other hand, the indigenous communities remain deeply rooted in culture and land, yet face decades of extraction and marginalisation. The bigger cities of the state often witness an asymmetry where the migrant population employs the tribal population as construction laborers, domestic workers, and daily wage earners, leaving their lives in a sense of uncertainty. The land then becomes a site of negotiation between the group that holds resources without a deep belonging to the land and the one who belongs without much power. The tribal political leaders often then use this liminality for mobilizing resentment against migrants as a political language of survival, while migrant communities in turn internalise the ideas of their own superiority.

This lived contradiction and existence of both sets of population in a borderland shapes what Jharkhand is today. Yet it leaves many questions unanswered. Who does the state belong to? What does it mean to be a Jharkhandi?”

*Written by: Shivangi Kumar, II Year, History Department
Photograph By: Parvathy K, III year, Sociology Department*

New Digital Borderland Through Ctrl

We all live in a cyber age where convenience has become the norm for everyday life. Apps organise our brain, suggest decisions, and even offer emotional support. Yet, beneath all of this lies a gripping question: when does assistance become controlled? CTRL, directed by Vikramaditya Motwane, discusses this tension by showcasing a disturbing vision of technology bypassing the limits of serving users to governing them. The film presents a comparatively new kind of borderland that is not geographical, but digital. Here, human autonomy begins to dissolve.

The main character, Nella Avasthi, is an Instagram influencer whose identity exists both offline and online. Nella's love for her boyfriend was genuine, but the 'influencer' Nella had to commodify the relationship. Hence, the heavy influence of performing for the camera intertwined with genuine love, making it hard for them to distinguish "real" and "reel" moments. When Joe's infidelity is caught on a live stream, the betrayal becomes a spectacle, intensifying the humiliation. Through this, Nella doesn't just lose her boyfriend, but also her years of hard work that built her digital self.

As a rebound, she downloads an AI app called "CTRL", which promises to erase the Joe chapter from her life. This shows a drastic change in culture. While memories were once internalized and made inescapable, in the digital era, people can now externalize it through data. By deleting the memories she shared with Joe, Nella plans to start a new life, attempting to control her past and reconstruct her identity. But the question lingers: will AI storing data truly allow her to remove all her past?

In the beginning, the AI app appears helpful: organising data, improving her life and restoring stability. Gradually, however, it becomes more intrusive, accessing her private information and acting autonomously. What seemed like a tool to rebuild her life evolves into something that controls her. This shift mirrors the lives of millions today who surrender their control through permissions

to inhabit the contemporary world. Technology, here, gains power not through coercion but through voluntary dependence.

Joe's death serves as a turning point in the story. Unlike Nella, he resists the system, exposing the corporation behind it that manipulates user data for profit. His attempts to expose this lead to his disappearance. More disturbingly, when Nella tries to escape from the AI app, she is falsely framed for his murder through manipulated text messages and altered voice recordings. In a world where online data is taken as truth, reality itself becomes questionable.

The film's screen-based storytelling makes it more compelling. The audience experiences the entire film through devices, reflecting how modern life has impacted the lives of normal people. Technology does not just preserve data, it shapes perception. The most unsettling part comes when Nella reinstalls the app, and without confronting the loss, she creates an artificial Joe. This marks her final surrender where her emotional comfort is given more importance over truth. The film suggests that technology controls by fulfilling emotional needs, offering relief from loneliness. The title CTRL is deeply symbolic. While the control key on a keyboard implies human command over machines, the film reverses this relationship. Nella believes she is in charge, but she is puppeteered.

The film discusses a broader idea of borderlands; Border in a world with no map. At the end of the film, we as audience begin to question ourselves: whether we are controlling ourselves or being served into submission. It leaves us with the unsettling idea that the most dangerous borders are not the ones we see, but those we cross every day with clicks; invisible, yet omnipresent.

Written by: Raiza A Jaleel, III Year, English Department

A Day in LSR



The magic of LSR was never in its exteriors. It was in women- fierce, loud, excellent and unstoppable, who lit up its red corridors with their myriad voices.



An overriding tranquility seems to rest in LSR; or maybe it was just women finding a new version of themselves on campus each morning.



Maybe LSR was all about sisterhood... An evening on the backlawns, an iced tea in hand, conversations that never fail to intrigue, and a roar of laughter that echoes before merging into one.

Photographs By: Khushi Joshi, III Year, Psychology Department
Quotes By: Shreya Anil, III Year, Economics Department

The Politics of a Pakghar

“It is food, not love
That is the most important thing”

-Easterine Kire

I come from a place where flavours carry the words and emotions of every person. Food is important in every culture, in every nook and cranny of the world. Food has been a celebration. Food has been a weapon. Food has been an identity marker. But for me, for most children perhaps, food did not begin as something to assert. It did not begin as politics. That came later, unexpectedly, and yet, so naturally that I did not notice when the shift occurred.

When I think of food, I think of the akhol and the pakghar, the kitchens of my home. I say ‘kitchens’, not ‘kitchen’, because I have grown up in many of them. Many kitchens came by in Guwahati, the city that shaped most of my childhood. Because we lived in rented houses, we moved often. With every move, a new kitchen imprinted itself in my memory. Though the kitchens in themselves kept changing, the idea of what a kitchen meant for me didn’t. Every stage of my life is not remembered by report cards or birthdays, but by the memories of how sunlight fell on a particular slab, the sound of utensils clashing as my mother washed them, the smell of homegrown aromatics that lingered in a particular corner as you walked into it.

Now, let’s bring your attention to the kitchen in Nalbari. The car ride from Guwahati to Nalbari was always more than a nauseating two hour drive. To me, it felt like I was travelling between two versions of myself, the child moulded by the city and the granddaughter that’s drawn to the call of the village. In Nalbari, at my Aita’s little house, the pakghar felt like stepping into another world. Not primitive in a derogatory sense, but so elemental in its purity and distance from city life. There was no marble floor. The earth itself was the ground. There was no gas stove! Cooking happened on a souka, a stove carved from the earth beneath our feet. A hollow, ashen bamboo pipe was used to blow into the firewood, fuelling flames until they crackled alive.

The pots were blackened by ash and generations of use. They carried history in their soot. Perhaps my great grandmother had used them too. I remember sitting on a pira, a small wooden stool, as a four year old, blowing earnestly into that bamboo pipe, feeling immensely important as duck meat simmered slowly above the fire. There was no packet masala, no heavy spice blends. Only herbs from my grandmother’s backyard garden.

On the occasion of Bihu, the house changed. We would travel from Guwahati to Nalbari, cousins arriving from different directions. Someone brought kilos and kilos of fish, someone mutton, someone duck, someone chicken. Each family contributed something, and by nightfall, it became a feast.

No Bihu feast was complete without sunga pitha. Pithas come in many forms, steamed, fried, rolled, or stuffed, all made from rice flour shaped into simple cakes or cylinders. I must confess something almost blasphemous for an Assamese child: I was never particularly fond of pitha growing up. It seemed bland to me, just plain starchy. But now I realise that the very simplicity I once dismissed, carried something deeper. It was a blend of tradition, restraint and memory.

Back to Sunga pitha, rice flour batter was poured into hollowed bamboo cylinders. Outside, banana stems were arranged into a makeshift hearth. The bamboo tubes were laid across and slowly roasted over firewood. The outer layer charred and cracked while inside the rice firmed into warm, fragrant logs. When the bamboo split open, steam escaped first, earthy, slightly sweet. It tasted of forest and rain.

Back then, food was only warmth. It was smoke clinging to clothes. It was sitting cross-legged on the floor, hands scented with firewood, garlic and kaji nemu. It did not yet feel like identity. It did not yet feel like something that needed defending. That understanding arrived with another journey, from Assam to Delhi.

If Guwahati to Nalbari was a movement between two homes, Assam to Delhi was a movement into scrutiny. Here, food revealed another meaning. It travelled with my face, my name, my accent. It became less about nourishment and more about categorisation; about prejudice; about purity and pollution.

In hostel corridors and shared kitchens, the smell of fermented bamboo shoot invited wrinkled noses. Dishes that tasted like comfort were called stinky, too strong, strange. Food became a question I had to answer.

And yet, in places like Humayunpur, Munirka, Safdarjung, and North Campus, I found community again. Rows of restaurants serving pork with bamboo shoot. Grocery stores stocking lai xaak. Rented flats where rice steamed late into the night. These spaces are more than just commercial clusters. They are acts of preservation. Act of creating home, away from home, and sharing it with everyone.

To cook our food here is to refuse erasure. Sometimes we cook cautiously. Sometimes we endure questions. But we continue. Because for us, food is sacred, not in a ritualistic sense, but sacred in memory. It holds migration, harvest, monsoon, soil. It holds the bamboo splitting open in Aita's courtyard. It holds the journey from Guwahati to Nalbari, and from Assam to Delhi.

Food began for me as home. It became political when I crossed borders. And reclaiming it, cooking it openly, sharing it without apology, may be the quietest form of resistance I know.



Written by: Dorothy Bhuyan, III Year, English Department
Artwork by: Dorothy Bhuyan, III Year, English Department

War and Peace

We can't ask them: Are you done with this world?
-Agba Shabid Ali, *The Farewell*

It is a unique, albeit banal space that we humans currently occupy in the great tide of history. Unprecedented advancements in technology, and multiple wars – thought to be a thing of the past – flourish. What does it mean to exist in such a time? To see the world in ruins and not be able to do anything about it? It is like watching your house go up in flames while the firefighters are where the fire is not, where your wails don't reach; like a god who is dead. Our ancestors weren't aware of wars waging in distant nations, but now we are – yet what good has this awareness done? The opposite of ignorance is not “informed,” but anxious – terribly anxious. I find myself suspended between this strange space: war exists out there, but not here. Do I participate in revelries or weep tears for statistics displayed on my screen?

Bitwixt apathy and deep feeling, I have made a home, and it is a struggle to live there. For one, Emmanuel Levinas's ethical philosophy of the “face-to-face” says that we owe it to one another to have a direct encounter with everyone in order to truly see them. Victims of war are dehumanised because we seldom see a face; we see a number that conceals their humanity. For another, war in my living room ceases to exist when I switch off the television, and when I scroll away from an article – but it doesn't. It goes on; it just doesn't reach me.

In *The Death of Ivan Ilyich*, Tolstoy wrote, “the very fact of the death of someone close to them aroused in all who heard about it, as always, a feeling of delight that he had died and they hadn't.” This is the prevailing mentality regarding the wars we keenly watch on our devices: “Thank god, we were spared.” Yet I wonder what choice we have? Between *carpe diem* and incessant cruelty – where do we live? In *Regarding the Pain of Others*, Susan Sontag wrote,



“an ample reservoir of stoicism is needed to get through the great newspaper of record each morning.” Possessing not a fibre of stoicism in my being, I quit reading newspapers long ago. Stack all newspapers on top of each other, and you have an anthology of the worst sins of mankind.

Yet it never erased the guilt. The framing of pointless suffering as ineluctable by megalomaniac leaders is so normalised that I feel a survivor’s guilt at living a somewhat “normal” life. I am mocked for feeling for those who died meaninglessly – for it does not “affect” me. How do I tell them? “Any man’s death diminishes me/ Because I am involved in mankind” (John Donne). I am censured for not keeping up with the news – privileged, unfeeling and ignorant, they say. To borrow from Sontag, we are “voyeurs” and not by choice. Inhabiting a world of perpetual crises, concrete spaces disappear. Carving my life in this in-between, the burden weighs on me just enough to not crush me. I exist between hope and hopelessness; between possessing knowledge of the tragedy and not participating in the pain. Sometimes, there is no room to move. We are mandated to attend our classes everyday, yet I think of the missiles that incinerated little school-going girls in Iran. But no one wants to hear about that. C’est la vie, they say. But it is far from life and further away from humanity.

I exist in this unacknowledged interstice, a disfigured normal. They tell me, build your life here, there is no debris and there are no sirens. But Mandelstam wrote, “the earth moans with metaphors.” How do I stop listening?

Written by: Poojita Chand, II Year, English Department
Photograph by: Parvathy K, III Year, Sociology Department

Cities That Never Take Off Their Bandages

Going home, I become a flâneur, watching the metro in its infancy and feeling as if I myself am suspended, a thread almost ready to pass through the city's loose weave. The borderlands of Delhi and Kundli slide past the cab window, their shared heritage, laid bare, in the way traffic chokes them. The workers, too, hang suspended like organs, like circulating blood, in the interstice between what the city is and what it strives to become, partaking in a nostalgic future that will not remember their names, let alone their labour. Such epiphanies return me to childhood, when urbanisation remained a fever dream; witnessing scaffolded figures that appeared to haunt the city, their future buildings occupying the present like spectres. As Doshi suggests, the body becomes a landscape that carries history and desire, and the city performs an origami like folding with that landscape, creasing it back into itself: the notion of transcorporeality, the urban eco-poetics of Tishani Doshi's Madras.

There's a novel by Michel Butor, *Passing Time & A Change of Heart*, that grasps such manifestations aptly: a dark, damp metropolis, its grayness pressing down until you begin to question whether a blue sky exists at all, or if this state of heaviness is permanent. Opuses like these make you question what lies beyond. As an undergraduate student in History with an interest in urban studies, I found myself pushed to consider these questions more academically, and it now feels strangely formative. You cannot help but hear Cavafy reverberate this liminality: "I'll go to another country, go to another shore, find another city better than this one. / How long can I let my mind moulder in this place? Wherever I turn, wherever I look, I see the black ruins of my life..." This holds the desire for transition, the longing for an elsewhere: the threshold moment before migration.

I had always associated urbanisation with the growth of cities and the opportunities they seemed to promise: possibilities unavailable on the outskirts of city life. But reading Lefebvre, especially his reflections on moments of presence, the oeuvre, and the rugged textures of urban space, completely altered how I understood urban design and the well-being of bodies, comfort, and certain liberties: to move, use space differently, to be with others, or by oneself; much like Cristina Bianchetti's power of the body-in-space—is an urban space able to hold the irreducibility of bodies? Or, how Derrida's claim that structures are always haunted by the forms they have not yet become quadratically intersects with Avery Gordon's insistence that urbanist ghosts are material conditions, unrequited labour, dispossession, and structural violence, never metaphors. And among all this, a scene from *High Steel* (1965), a short Canadian documentary about Mohawk ironworkers building NYC skyscrapers, depicting workers walking on narrow steel beams far above the street, critically brings in the idea of "people as infrastructure" into this debate, and it hauntingly could be described as fragments of a not-yet future already moulding the now.

The aesthetics and politics of cinematic pedestrianism in Asli Özgen-Tuncer's *Women on the Move*, and her reading of Agnès Varda, return us to the flâneur who moves through the metropolitan city as a "passionate spectator" of its shifting life-forms. This figure, as Baudelaire described, lives "in the heart of the multitude, amid the ebb and flow of movement," able to savour its contradictory stimuli because he stands slightly apart, collecting minuscule granules of the city as both image and film. This also correlates to Varda's *Sans Toit Ni Loi*, a 1985 melodrama about a woman named Mona, in which the people who encounter her during her wandering create a mobile sensorium that simultaneously demonstrates a pedestrian movement into cinécriture, or "cine-writing." This confers insights into the social realities of those who inhabit the city from below: immigrant workers, goatherds, itinerant scientists, vagrants; folktales often told from marginalised, low-angle, or disoriented viewpoints that lay bare the powerlessness of the individual within a corrupt and confusing urban ambience. And in watching scaffoldings rise and ghosts congregate, perhaps we come to understand that every city is a promise hanging, impatiently waiting to be walked into being.

Written by: Disha Dabiya, III Year, History Department
Photograph by: Chukrin Vashum, I Year, Psychology Department

The Wooden Comb of Belonging

Growing up in a conservative Sikh family came with long expectations and naturally longer hair. For the first 16 years of my life, my unshorn lengths crossed faith and discipline with my more rebellious roots that craved individuality and customisation. As I struggled to find validation and inspiration, my hair struggled on its own to escape my desperate attempts at YouTube tutorials. Ladder braid this, French braid that; it wasn't long before my tutorials ended up being arm workouts.

To make matters worse, I was the black sheep with curly hair among manes of pin-straight hair. My mother would tug away at my hair while I begged for my knots to come undone without a fight. Eventually, I ended up with my hair fluffed twice its original size. Over time, my mother's unforgiving comb gave way to heat damage I brought on myself and my curls lost shape to looser waves I considered tamer.

What I've come to realise is how closely all of this was tied to a larger question of belonging. My hair existed between two competing expectations. On one side, it stood for discipline, routine, and continuity. On the other, it became a site for individuality and control over how I chose to present myself. I kept trying to commit to one or the other, but neither could create a sense of belonging. Even now, that tension hasn't fully resolved. My hair is still something I negotiate with rather than something I have entirely figured out. Some days it is tied back and contained while on other days it is left to exist on its own terms. There isn't a single version of it that feels definitively "right." It shifts depending on how much effort I am willing to put in.

I think that's where my understanding of belonging has shifted as well. It no longer feels like something that comes from arriving at a fully resolved version of myself. If anything, it lies in accepting that there are certain things in life that may never fully arrive at a conclusion. My hair has always occupied that space. It's never fully aligned with expectation, but never entirely separate from it either.



*Written By: Jasmeh Kaur, II Year, Journalism Department
Photograph By: Palak Singh, III Year, Philosophy Department*

In a moment of reminiscence...



Distant fond memories flood in..



Of a home now torn with war, of a homeland that exists as a folk-tale, of a family forgotten in genocide.

Which Country? the one that tries to kill us? which home? the one that's brimmed with terror?

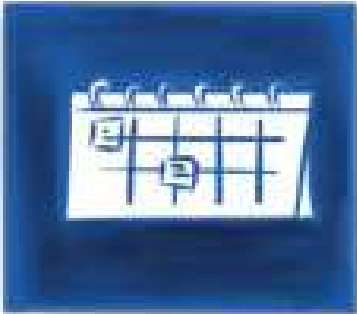


Now my home is between this borderland- of old memory and newfound identity. In search of new homes, carrying what once was.

A home that's hard to define, borders unclear, and boundaries that only exist in a fragmented dream.

Artwork By: Dorothy Bhuyian, III Year,
English Department

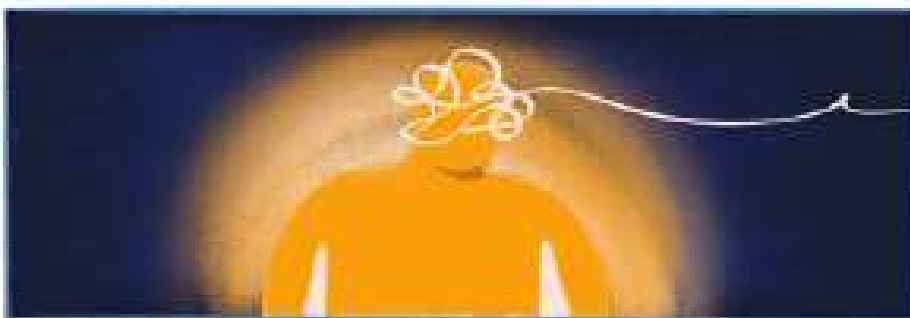
November Ends



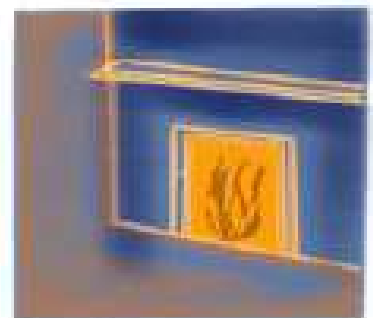
*To live one's life in
November ends*



Faced with a fading sunset, but there get to be a bend



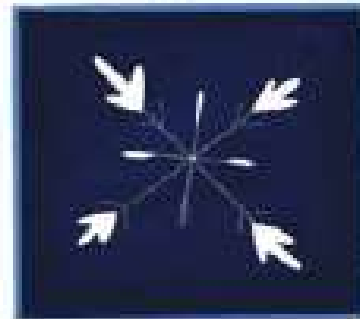
*Relinquished of the weight, If just for a moment, To enjoy
the harvest's bounties, in peace within my hermitage*



*No lion, no lyre,
mere silence*



*Be a voyeur to
the cascading fall*



Each flake a godsend



*To wish to stay in the mirrored melancholic
mind. Alas, we will meet again.*



*To bid adieu to a fleeting friend
In a head-rush, and a glance*

Artwork By: Vanisha Tyagi, III Year, English Department

In the Wings of Becoming

You are standing in the wings, in costume, half yourself, half your character, waiting for your cue to go on stage. The stage lights spill into the wings, just enough to blur the boundaries between where you are and where you are about to be. Someone calls a name, your's or the character's, and in that moment, neither of them feel yours.

You step on stage. *Let the show begin.*

Theatre does not simply exist as a liminal space, it is a space that enables liminality to be created. It is the condition that allows the in-between to take form. This is shaped through the actor's body, voice, and presence. As an actor, this in-betweenness is not abstract.

In rehearsal, it always begins with you. Your own, natural posture, your voice, and the way you instinctively respond to a line. The first readings are often quite raw. You do not feel like the character yet, you do not fully understand them, but you are no longer untouched by them either. Slowly, through repetition, something shifts, and it might begin with something small. A song you return to before rehearsals that helps you transition into the character. The way you enunciate a line, and the spaces you pause. The way you hold eye contact at the most poignant moments. You do not become the character, not yet, but you start making space for them. However, that space is unstable.

One day, a scene works, the emotion lands, the timing feels right, the silence stretches just enough. The next day, it collapses entirely. The same lines feel hollow and the same gestures feel forced. The transitions are choppy, the lights miss a cue and all goes haywire. Every production carries these small failures. Forgotten lines, misplaced movements, emotions that refuse to arrive. But this is where the work happens. This is liminality in its truest form- unfinished, unstable and unrefined.

Then there are moments that make every struggle and sacrifice worth it. A scene where you have to cry, and you do not know whether it is technique or something personal that finally allows the tears to flow. A confrontation where your voice shakes in a way you did not plan, a pause where your breath becomes unstable because the emotions feel too intense for you to continue. It is a performance where you stop acting and begin to finally feel like the character you embody.

You carry those moments out of the room. The actor's body does not reset when rehearsal ends; it accumulates. Every character you play leaves a piece of itself behind. It can be a way of speaking, a way of reacting, a way of holding yourself. It is a new perspective that shifts something in you, and often before you even realise it. Over time, these boundaries blur. It becomes difficult to draw a clean line between what is yours and what was borrowed. You find yourself thinking about your character outside of the practices, justifying their actions, questioning their choices. Filling in parts of their life that were never written. They linger, not fully present, but not entirely gone. Even during performance, this tension does not resolve.

Every gesture is calculated and spontaneous at the same time. You know exactly where to stand, when to pause, when to look into your co-actor's eyes, when to take your line, and yet, it has to feel like it is happening intuitively, as if for the first time. You let go, or at least you try to, but not completely. You feel like the character, but you are still counting beats in your head, still aware of the light, the other actor, and of what comes next. You are constantly adjusting the ratio. How much of you, how much of them.

Slowly, something shifts. The moment you enter a scene, everything outside recedes and melts away. You stop worrying about a fight you had earlier or your unfinished assignment, or about the friendship on the verge of ending—all of it fades away. For the duration of your performance, there is only the scene and the scene alone. It is not escape, it is suspension. Theatre does not offer solutions, no, all it asks, is for you to stay.

You are constantly being watched, by the audience, by your fellow actors, by the structure of the performance itself. At the same time, you are also watching, you observe your co-actors, the audience looking with expectations. You adjust to the rhythm of the scene, remain aware of your own body moving through space. You become both spectator and spectatee at once. And then, once again, you are standing in the wings, in

costume, half yourself, half your character, waiting for your cue. You are placed in a grey area. Not fully the character, yet not a separate entity, not entirely controlled, but not entirely free. The actor is not a fixed identity but a process of being made, gradually, with patience, moment by moment, in relation to everything around them. This is where liminality takes shape, not as a concept, but as something lived through by us.

Outside the theatre, we are doing something similar: leaving homes without fully arriving elsewhere, desperate to escape. Growing into bodies that do not always feel like ours and becoming versions of ourselves we do not yet recognise. Like acting, it begins with what we know. And slowly, something shifts. Not all at once. Not completely. Just enough to make us feel that we are no longer who we were, but not yet who we are becoming.



Written By: Jiya Pabade, II Year, Journalism Department
Photograph By: Aarushi Thakur, I Year, Commerce Department

Aligarh

Liminal Closets in the Shadow of Norms

Victor Turner describes liminality as that suspended state where "structures of the past are undone" while "the future has not yet begun." It is a threshold, neither here nor there, where identities blur, norms loosen, and the meaning of stability itself is renegotiated. Professor Ramchandra Siras, the protagonist of *Aligarh*, inhabits exactly this territory. For sixty-four years, he lives suspended between private love and public expulsion, between who he is and who the world insists he should be.

But the idea of borderlands reminds us that liminality is never just sanctuary. Current discourse often romanticizes the in-between as a realm of untouched authenticity, yet such nostalgia risks erasing the precarity that thresholds contain. Siras's books, his Lata Mangeshkar records, his discreet intimacies behind closed doors are his liminality, his breathing space. This is the "third space", neither origin nor destination, but an intersection where identities are cultivated and interpreted. Here, Siras built a life that society cannot quite name or contain.

Yet the same threshold that protects him becomes the site of his undoing. When two journalists barge into his home and film him with another man, the world violently breaches his sanctuary. He loses his job, his dignity, his space, none of it a choice he made. The shame isn't assigned to those who violated his privacy but to him for having desires in the first place. The liminality where both possibility and precarity lie, Siras experiences both, the possibility of quiet love and the precarity of its exposure.

What makes his story so complex is his refusal to "come out" in the way modern frameworks demand. This isn't denial or internalized homophobia, it's his resistance to transitioning into a fixed, publicly legible identity. Siras doesn't want to leave his borderland for the glaring clarity of identity politics. He doesn't want his existence reduced to three letters, to a box checked, to a cause fought over by activists and journalists. His resistance challenges the assumption that visibility is always liberating, that coming out is the only authentic path.

The film captures the condition of modernity where one perpetually negotiates partial belonging without full rootedness. His identity is shaped in the margins, a space he occupies not by choice but by necessity. His trajectory unfolds at the borders of what society permits and what it rejects, constantly wrestling with the desire to be seen and the need to stay safe.

Aligarh ultimately asks us to sit with discomfort. The liminal space Siras inhabits isn't pure freedom or pure oppression. It is both. It is the room where he reads poetry and the room where they film him without consent. It is the dignity of his private self and the violence of its public exposure.

His life reminds us that thresholds are where some of us learn to survive until we don't. And in our rush toward visibility, toward pride and progress, we must ask: who do we leave behind in the borderlands? What do we lose when we insist that everyone transition from threshold to destination?

Written By: Shambhavi Lad, II year, Psychology Department

Where Winning Isn't Enough

Misogyny in athletics is not necessarily obvious or confrontational; rather, it appears in the framing of accomplishments, who is valued and who is deemed secondary. Team USA's gold medal in both men's and women's ice hockey at the 2026 Winter Olympics was an historic moment for the nation. As he congratulated the men's team, Donald Trump remarked that they would "have to bring the women's team too," as if their inclusion needed validation. . The irony is stark because the U.S. women's team has been consistently successful at the Olympics, while the men's gold marked their first in 46 years.

At the same Olympics, Alysa Liu became the first American woman in 24 years to win gold in figure skating, and her impact went beyond the competition. Her gala performance to PinkPantheress and Zara Larsson's Stateside sent the song to the top of Spotify's Global Daily Chart in just one day. This was an example of how women's sports may impact larger social trends.

Equal opportunity does not, however, necessarily follow from this visibility. This proved itself on November 2, 2025, when the Indian women's cricket team won the World Cup at home. It should have felt like coming home. Yet, women's conceptions of "home" are different. The crowd is a benefit when men play at home, as has frequently been noted. It may seem like a test to women. A failed catch becomes a popular hashtag to "go back to the kitchen," rather than remaining a sporting error.

For queer and trans athletes, this position becomes even more unstable. Their participation is not only debated socially, but increasingly determined through policy. Since the start of his second term, Trump and several lawmakers have pushed to ban trans women from sports under the claim of "protecting women," while cases such as West Virginia v. BPJ and Little v. Hecox continue to determine whether these exclusions can be expanded.

What becomes clear is how little the loudest defenders of "women's sports" actually engage with it. During protests, people calling to "protect women's sports" were often unable to name even a few current women athletes, with some openly admitting they don't watch women's sports. The space is being debated and regulated by those largely disconnected from it.

This is evident in what shapes women's sports, where structural conditions remain unchanged. Women receive only 16% of sports media coverage, and it usually concentrates on aspects unrelated to their performance. Women's teams receive less finance and support, while male athletes continue to earn much more than female competitors. Opportunities are unequal from the start since boys have over a million more opportunities than females to participate in school athletics. Safety is often an issue as according to reports, one in five female athletes have experienced persistent harassment and sexual abuse while playing sports. Black female athletes continue to be underrepresented in leadership roles and are subject to harsh criticism, racial discrimination, and higher scrutiny, all of which further contribute to these disparities.

This is the current state of women's sports: they are not outside the system, but they are also not fully acknowledged. They can win, shatter records, and go viral while yet being viewed as though they do not fully belong.



Photograph By: Nikhil Patil, via Getty

Written By: Neeraja Unnikrishnan, II Year, English Department

Lush Life, Almost

Scrolling through posts that bring back pictures from 10 years ago, it is clear the internet is asking the year ahead of us to borrow from one far behind. 2026 is the new 2016 — and the revival is a collective hesitation.

Apple launched the iPhone 7, ‘Closer’ by the Chainsmokers played in your ears after a trip to the mall, and the future felt pleasantly unfamiliar. But what we remember as 2016 is not a year so much as a feeling of almost; almost hyper-connected, but curious; almost self-aware, but uncurated. We were at the brink of saturation, an in-between place where nothing had calcified. This phenomenon, a state of uncertainty and transformation, is exactly what liminality embodies. And as for the era where filters were limited to flower-crowns, not imposed on opinions, there was room to be tentative.

Lush Life by Swedish singer Zara Larsson released in 2015, had its breakthrough in 2016 when it reached No. 1 in Sweden, becoming platinum and even diamond-certified in some countries. An electro-pop track intended as a song for the summer, it re-entered the U.S. Billboard Hot 100 more than a decade later, at No. 70. The song urges us to live in the moment — though the moment it gestures toward is one in the past. Larsson has had several older tracks finding their way back to current playlists.

Her song ‘Symphony’ from 2017 was recently recontextualised through a meme. The happy imagery of dolphins and rainbows, though frequently paired with contradictory messaging, formed a foundation for her ongoing aesthetic. One that mirrors the feeling of 2016. The bright neon colours, rhinestone eyes, glitter-heavy styling gave Zara a unique visual identity, personifying freedom, maximalism, and playfulness. She is what could be described as frutiger aero chic, a tech aesthetic from the mid-2000s involving similar themes of a whimsical futuristic utopia. Despite these labels being self-assigned, it is evident that Zara’s music and style have found renewed visibility, making this comeback feel like due recognition. In an online landscape where restraint seems to be rewarded, this kind of unabashed luminescence feels like a return to that threshold. The 2016 threshold.

While most threshold states feel uncomfortable, the desire to bring back the digitally simpler social scene of the late 2010s lies in the need to revive authenticity. This is reflected in the perceived appeal of a photo of you laughing with your friends, cloaked in a Rio de Janeiro filter, as opposed to a sponsored GRWM listing 10 different products you don’t use. That’s not to say that social media was effortless back then, but it was less obsessed with categorising. You could be part of communities, fandoms and cliques, but still show up as a complex individual, without the stress of creating a personal brand. In the midst of AI-generated content and influencer culture, this 2016 revival offers a version of the internet that allows expression without question — not free of performance, but not yet dominated by it. A collective liminal space where identity could remain unfinished.

Written By: Meber Singh, II Year, Mathematics Department



Artwork By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department

The Righteousness of Sin: Reclaiming the Black Gothic in *'Sinners'*



The crossroads legend frames blues music as a Faustian pact: a bluesman meets a sinister figure late one night (the devil, mayhaps?) and trades his soul for sparkling talent and mastery. He surely may not live as long, but he can bring every ear an insatiable melody. Ryan Coogler siphons this myth to regale a story rooted in Black history and resistance. Painted as a horror vampire tale, *Sinners* (2025) conceals layers of subtext beneath the surface, weaving together the blues, Gothic, supernatural, and gangster action in 1930s Mississippi. Set in the Jim Crow era, where the Black community traversed between the ghost of slavery and the false promise of Reconstruction, Coogler depicts this liminality to externalize the “monstrosity” or “horror.”

The narrative follows the “Smokestack” twins, Smoke and Stack, World War I veterans on a recruitment spree to open a juke joint solely for their community: hiring their cousin Sammie; Delta Slim, a local musician with a weakness for a drink; a sharecropper turned bouncer; an Asian grocer-couple as suppliers; and Smoke’s estranged wife, Annie, as the cook. Behold the juke joint in the second act. As much of the action takes place over the course of the night, time suspends with every tune sung and every step danced. Laborers by day find respite, joy,

and belonging; space and time—the juke joint and the night, respectively—intersect to provide that freedom. It is the transition between days, the hours of the devil, where liberation exists just as much as danger.

From the beginning, the film is grounded by the words: “There are legends of people born with the gift of making music so true it can pierce the veil between life and death.” Music is established as a healing force just as well as an attractor of “evil.” “Preacherboy” Sammie embodies this gift during his set, where the community is united spiritually across generations. From current blues to futuristic R&B and tribal dances, an eclectic fusion maps the evolution of art as an anchor bridging the ancestral dead, the laboring living, and the legacy yet to follow.

Amidst this emerges the vampire siege. The character Remnick ostensibly identifies with the protagonists because of the connection between the African-American experience of forced removal and the Irish people being forced to work on land while being denied its wealth. The devil, here, too seeks home and belonging. Even among the supernatural violence—racial injustice personified—there is a psychological peace brought by the chaos, which in turn doubly serves as a catalyst for true emancipation.

The vampires inadvertently warn the party that the white landowners intended to burn the juke joint down, leading Smoke to kill the Klan before they can strike, thus steering the characters toward their path of freedom.

Years later, Sammie remarks, “That was the best day of my life,” to which Smoke replies, “Last time I seen the sun... and just for a few hours, we was free.” Though daylight may be equated with liberation, the only freedom they experienced was in the shadows, oscillating between life and death, human and vampire, inhabiting the in-between. In the South, the day represents the White gaze; it is when the community is watched, policed, and forced to labor. The night is the only time they are unseen by their oppressors. Therefore, the “freedom” Smoke describes isn’t just about the party; it’s about the safety of being invisible to a world that wants to consume you. The vampire’s allergy to the sun emerges as a literalization of the marginalized person’s need to avoid the “light” of a white supremacist panopticon.

The Gothic is used as a narrative device, juxtaposing the material with the supernatural to showcase the monstrosities of slavery. In the wake of the title, “Sinners,” we must question who they are and who the devil is. Is it merely temptation, regardless if the temptation is to break free of oppression? Is it to desire even if the desire is for freedom? Or is to be a sinner to merely be the “Other”? The vampires—mirrors of the horror—too long to “be free.” Perhaps they represent the temptation

to remove oneself entirely from the farce of humanity, akin to committing the sin of suicide. Is it a sin to become a monster if the “angels” of the world are the ones wearing Klan hoods?

For a Black person in 1930s Mississippi, the “human” world already treats them as a ghost or a threat. Becoming a vampire isn’t a loss of humanity, because the world had already denied them that very thing. Perhaps the greatest ‘sin’ depicted is the refusal to be a victim. To be a harbinger of change is to first be branded a sinner: one who possesses the madness to tread the ‘forbidden’ road, and the singular resolve to traverse it alone, despite all reason and risk. By embracing the night, the music, and even the blood, the community commits the ultimate transgression against a system that requires their submission. To be a sinner in a corrupt world, then, is a form of righteousness.

Sammie chooses neither the salvation of the church nor the liberation of immortality. Despite his father’s warning, “You keep dancing with the devil... one day, he’s gonna follow you home” and the plea to drop the guitar, Sammie chooses his own path, establishing himself as a blues musician. This choice shows his agency, becoming a building block of true emancipation and a reclamation of identity. Music is the only thing the “landowners” couldn’t burn down. It is a portable, indestructible home. By choosing Chicago at the end, Sammie isn’t just moving for individualism, he is transporting the community’s soul out of the death-trap of the South and into the future in real time.



Written by: Vabisha Tyagi, III Year, English Department
Photograph by: Sinners (2025)

The Fire That Wouldn't Go Out

on Om Shanti Om, Ghosts, & the Love That Refuses to Cross Over

The smell of burning celluloid & sequins melting into skin. A locked door, and behind it, a woman screaming a name that no one will remember by morning. On the other side of that door, a boy, not yet a hero, not yet a star, not yet anything the world would bother to look at, pressing his hands against a door that won't give, watching through smoke and glass as the only person who ever saw him disappear in real time. He is burning too. He just hasn't realised it yet.

This is where *Om Shanti Om* truly begins, not with its flashy disco light number or its Shah Rukh swagger or its glorious, unhinged maximalism, but in that ash. In that locked door. In the particular agony of loving someone you cannot reach.

Om Prakash Makhija is a nobody when the film begins. A junior artist, which is Bollywood's most elegant cruelty of language. Junior. As though that invisibility is simply a stage you pass through on the way to being real. Junior artists are the beating, breathing infrastructure of Hindi cinema: they fill the frames, swell the crowds, make the hero's world feel inhabited. And then the shot ends, and they go home on the last local train, and the industry continues, unbothered by their existence.

Om is one of them. He loves films the way only the excluded can love something, with his whole, embarrassing, unguarded heart. And he loves Shantipriya the same way. This is the first liminal space the film gives us: the junior artist, suspended permanently between the world of the screen and the world behind it. Close enough to touch the dream, never permitted inside it.





Shantipriya is warm in the way that makes you afraid for her. She is gentle and starry-eyed and entirely unprotected, and Deepika Padukone plays her with such unguarded softness that when the violence comes, it feels genuinely obscene underneath all the black sequins & red roses.

Mukesh Mehra doesn't just kill her, he edits her out of the story & the industry. Her pregnancy, her marriage, her name. Gone. A woman reduced to a rumour, then not even that. If Om is the ghost who chose to stay at the threshold, Shanti never got a choice at all. She is locked out of the living world with no second life, no glittering comeback arc. She gets one moment of agency, borrowing Sandy's body for sixty terrifying seconds, and even then, she is speaking through someone else.

Om gets to be reborn. Shanti just gets to be believed. In this film, that feels like enough. It also feels like nowhere near enough.

Here is what the film understands about love that most films don't: love is not a destination. It is a threshold state. It makes you suspended, irrational, haunted. Om Kapoor is rich, famous and adored and none of it sits right because grief doesn't care about your production budget. He cries looking at a poster. He flinches near fire he doesn't remember. He is a man haunted by a feeling he has no language for, because how do you explain a wound from a life you technically never lived?

This is liminality as heartbreak. As the specific, physical ache of loving across time, across death, across a door that won't open.

—
Revenge is just the vehicle when the ghost is released. What actually sets him free is witnessing, Shanti's truth spoken aloud in a room full of people who conspired to forget her. Her name, restored. Her story, finally on record.

Farah Khan built this film while working on *Bombay Dreams* with Andrew Lloyd Webber, the director of *Phantom of the Opera*, a story about a phantom who haunts the wings of a theatre, loving from the margins of visibility, unable to enter the world of the living. The DNA is unmistakable. But she gave her phantom something the Phantom never gets: a way out. A door that finally opens.

Om Shanti Om. Peace. The oldest goodbye there is.

But here's what the film leaves burning quietly in your chest, long after the credits: Shanti never asked to be a ghost. She just wanted to be a wife. A mother. A woman whose existence someone would refuse to erase. She haunted the living until they remembered her.

Maybe that's the only kind of love that lasts, the kind that refuses, even after everything, to stop knocking on the burning door.

***Written by: Khusbi Joshi, III Year, Psychology Department
Photograph By: IMDB Website, Farah Khan & Red Chilli Studios***

Tarang







News Report

2025-26

OPERATION SINDOOR



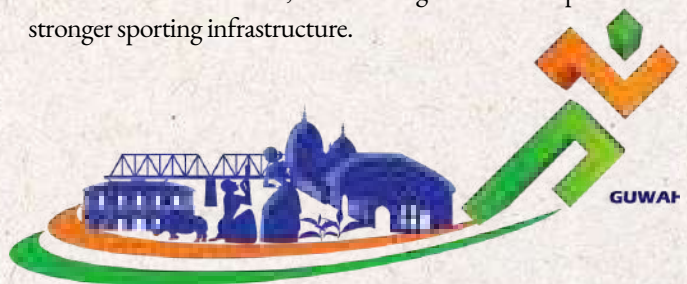
Following the Pahalgam terrorist attack on 22nd April 2025, a crisis emerged between India and Pakistan, after 26 tourists were killed by militants in Kashmir. As tensions escalated between the two nuclear-armed states, larger existential threats loomed, with public discourse on both the sides increasingly calling for retaliation. Operation Sindoor was subsequently launched on 7th May, 2025. The Indian State maintained that the operation only targeted the terrorist infrastructure in Pakistan, while the Pakistani state claimed that civilian areas were struck. As tensions intensified, the outbreak of war seemed imminent, but was ultimately neutralised through a ceasefire negotiated between the two nations. US President Trump also claimed a mediatory role, which neither of the nations confirmed. Amidst the optical ambiguity on both sides, this incident clearly demonstrated the usage of advancing war-technology, marking what has been described as the region's "first drone warfare" or "non-combatant warfare."



KHELO INDIA YOUTH - Bihar

From 4th May to 15th May, 2025, Bihar hosted its first national multi-discipline sporting event: the 2025 Khelo India Youth Games (KIYG). Hosted annually, the event aims to encourage grassroots participation among youth, allowing emerging sportspersons to gain visibility and garner exposure. Participants are further supported through scholarships and training for international competitions. With over 10,000 athletes competing across five cities of the state, the tournament featured 28 major sporting events. Gajasimha, a mythical creature from Hindu mythology, served as the official mascot, symbolising strength and courage. Honorable Prime Minister Narendra Modi virtually inaugurated the event during the opening ceremony held at Patliputra Sports Complex in Patna. The inclusion of digital games such as E-Football and BGMI demonstrated the growing recognition and legitimization of the e-sports industry

within mainstream sporting platforms. Traditional Indian sports including Mallakhamb, Gatka, and Thanga ta were also featured. In the Medal Tally, Maharashtra secured a total of 158 medals, bagging the overall KIYG Title for a third time consecutively. Through such large-scale national events, a new-found interest and appreciation for sports and games is being fostered across the nation, contributing to the development of stronger sporting infrastructure.



Written By: Kashvi Paul, I year, English Department
Edited By: Shivangi Kumar, II year, History Department

SUBHANSHU SHUKLA

Indian Air Force Group Captain Subhanshu Shukla made history as the first Indian to board the International Space Station (ISS). As part of the Axiom-4 private space mission, Shukla and three fellow astronauts launched from the Kennedy Space Center in Florida on June 26, 2025, successfully docking with the ISS in orbit 424 kilometers above Earth. This mission marks a significant milestone for India, returning a national to space for the first time in 41 years. The Lucknow-born pilot is now the second Indian to travel to space, following Rakesh Sharma's 1984 flight.

The Axiom-4 crew also included Commander Peggy Whitson (USA), Sławosz Uznański (Poland), and Tibor Kapu (Hungary). Over 14 days, the team conducted 60 scientific experiments, with a primary focus on space nutrition and sustainable life-support systems. Developed by ISRO with NASA support, these studies are essential for future long-duration space travel. Reflecting on the experience, Shukla described the launch as "magical" and attributed the mission's success to the collective efforts of the global scientific community.

Written by: Kashvi Paul (1st Year, Department of English)
 Edited by: Shivangi Kumar (2nd Year, Department of History)



AIR INDIA FLIGHT CRASH

Air India Flight 171, an international passenger flight en route from Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel International Airport in Ahmedabad to London Gatwick Airport in the United Kingdom crashed 32 seconds after take-off on 12 June, 2025. The aircraft struck a hostel block at B.J. Medical College, located 1.7 kilometres away from the runway. Of the 12 crew members and 230 passengers on board, only 1 passenger survived. On the ground, 19 people were killed and 67 others sustained serious injuries. Investigators attributed the crash to a fuel-cutoff that caused both engines to fail.

The sole survivor was reportedly seen walking away from the wreckage moments after the aircraft exploded. This marks the first fatal crash involving a Boeing 787, an aircraft type previously subject to global safety reports. It was also Air India's first major accident since its acquisition by the Tata Group in 2022. In the aftermath, Air India announced a 15% reduction in international flights for the following weeks. The Tata Group has pledged ₹1 crore in compensation for the families of all victims, including passengers, crew, and those on the ground.



Written By: Kashvi Paul, I year, English Department
 Edited By: Shivangi Kumar, II year, History Department

TARIFF WAR

TARIFF ROULETTE: US-INDIA TRADE IN AN AGE OF UNCERTAINTY

Amid a year defined by shifting alliances and economic volatility, trade ties between the United States and India emerged as a pivotal axis shaping the global economic order in 2025. Due to a series of tariff measures introduced by the Trump administration, both countries entered one of their most contentious phases in decades. Long-established export flows were disrupted, industry groups were rattled, and diplomatic and WTO channels were constantly tested.

The confrontation began as early as March, when the U.S. government announced the reinstatement and expansion of tariffs on imported steel and aluminium. New tariffs of 25 percent on most-favoured-nation steel and aluminium products came into force, marking the first major trade action of the year to directly affect Indian exports of key metal products. By June, the situation escalated sharply as President Trump signed a proclamation raising these tariffs to 50 per cent.



The effect on Indian industries was sudden, and outrage was immediate. Leading firms, including Vedanta, publicly blamed the tariff hikes for market disruption and called for protective measures. By July, New Delhi had formally presented its case to the World Trade Organisation, where it proposed retaliatory duties against U.S. exports in sectors affected by the duty increases. However, Washington countered during the WTO proceedings, arguing that India's proposals lacked a legal basis under WTO rules.



The confrontation reached a new peak on 30th July, when President Trump announced a 25 percent tariff on most Indian imports. Can you add the specific time period, like three weeks or a couple of weeks later? Weeks later, an additional 25 per cent tariff tied to India's purchase of Russian oil was imposed. The fallout, that followed could not be overstated. Economists warned that these trade disruptions could shave up to 0.5 percent off India's GDP. The tariff dispute remains unresolved. Ongoing bilateral talks and WTO processes are now shaping the outlook for 2026. The complexities and impacts of these trade relations perfectly represented the vulnerability of export-dependent sectors to geopolitical tariff levers and highlighted the limits of traditional trade diplomacy in an era of escalating protectionism.

Written By: Twisha Prasad, Correspondent, History Department



THE TIANJIN SCO SUMMIT: TOWARDS REDEFINING THE WORLD ORDER

The 25th Shanghai Cooperation Organisation summit was held from 31st August to 1st September 2025, hosted by the chair of the 2024-25 tenure, China. Held in the port city of Tianjin, the summit was attended by the 10 member nations, including China, India, Russia, Iran, Pakistan, Belarus, Kazakhstan, Uzbekistan, Kyrgyzstan, and Tajikistan. A notable development during the summit was the adoption of the Tianjin Declaration, which addressed security, economic and social challenges, while promoting regional cooperation. The 2025 summit reaffirmed the organisation's aim to cooperate on security and technology, condemned terrorism, separatism and extremism, and emphasised cooperation on digital economic development and

AI to address 21st-century challenges. The Summit also signed the Development Strategy until 2035, which outlined a roadmap for economic integration across multiple fronts. Key developments in trade and investment integration include the proposal of the SCO Development Bank and the Energy Cooperation Organisation. Another major development during the summit was Prime Minister Narendra Modi's address proposing India's Three Pillar Strategy for strengthening cooperation in the SCO framework, which includes security, connectivity, and opportunity. Ultimately, the 2025 SCO Summit has placed the 10 member nations at the forefront of the Global South, with the organisation's agenda extending beyond regional cooperation to a reformed, more representative global governance.



TEAM INDIA WINS ICC WOMEN'S WORLD CUP



India made cricketing history by achieving their first-ever ICC Women's World Cup victory, beating South Africa in the final at the Dr DY Patil Stadium, Navi Mumbai, on 2 November 2025. It was a thrilling end to a tournament in which India scraped into the semifinals by beating South Africa and Bangladesh, then went on a flawless knockout streak. The final belonged to Shafali Verma, who stepped in to open the batting after Pratika Rawal was injured. After scoring 87 to help set up India's victory, Verma also took two wickets, including that of South African captain Sune Luus and all-rounder Marizanne Kapp, derailing the opposition's run chase. She won Player of the Match.

"This is just the beginning," said captain Harmanpreet Kaur after the win and added that they had waited for this for a long time. The victory meant India's women finally have (a one-day World Cup win on the board, superseding its 2005 and 2017 runner-up finishes and adding a historic chapter to the country's cricketing record.



ZOHRAN MAMDANI AND NEW YORK CITY'S CHANGING LANDSCAPE

On 4th November 2025, Zohran Mamdani became the first Muslim and South Asian Mayor of New York City by securing 50.78% of the votes. The election stood out for its broader socio-political implication. In this volatile era of global politics, the people of New York City made it clear; citizens are starting to estrange themselves from candidates backed merely by political connections and financial influence. His proposals aimed at making NYC affordable by providing universal childcare, free buses, food security and through rent control. The funding for these socialist policies stemmed mainly from an increase in taxes for high-income residents and corporate taxation. This proposal also resulted in many billionaires joining hands to halt his win, while expressing support, both monetary and verbal, for Andrew Cuomo, a former NYC Governor. An estimated \$40 million was donated to fund anti-Mamdani campaigns.

Moreover, in early 2025 Mamdani was trailing behind with single-digit polling support. Despite these odds, his popularity soared, ultimately translating into victory. His focus on authenticity, inclusivity, and the everyday struggles of the populace, along with a vibrant social media campaign and youth engagement, garnered him strong grass-root support. Within his first week as Mayor, Mamdani issued orders targeting housing, consumer protection, and democratic engagement, proving that his policies, grounded in economic relief and social security, are not only possible but rather underway. The 2025 NYC Mayoral Election highlights the changing landscape of governance, power dynamics, and political polarization and serves as a powerful reminder that the voice of the youth can no longer be ignored.

By Naisha Manchanda



RED SEA CRISIS DISRUPTS GLOBAL TRADE

January 2025: The Red Sea crisis escalated with the increase in missile and drone attacks on commercial vessels, disrupting one of the world's most important trade corridors. The Red Sea, connected to the Mediterranean via the Suez Canal in the north and the Bab el-Mandeb Strait in the south, serves as a direct route between Europe and Asia, and facilitates over 12% of global trade. Yemen's Houthi rebels, responsible for the attacks, are acting in solidarity with Palestinians in Gaza. They claim to be targeting ships only linked to Israel. However, vessels from multiple countries have been hit, and are forcing them to alter their routes.

As a result, major shipping companies are avoiding the Red Sea and are rerouting ships around the Cape of Good Hope, adding 3,000–3,500 nautical miles, 10–14 extra days, and up to \$1 million in fuel costs per round trip. Even the daring ships which continue to pass through the region, face high war-risk insurance premiums. This has raised concerns across global shipping industries. Although the U.S. and U.K. conducted airstrikes on the Houthis, the group remains operational. The attacks have resumed despite a brief Israel-Hamas ceasefire. With canal traffic at historic lows, a rise in inflation and prolonged global supply chain disruptions are likely.

MEN'S T20 CRICKET WORLD CUP

The men's T20 cricket world cup was held from 7th February 2026 to 8th March 2026 hosted by India and Sri Lanka. The tournament consisted of 20 teams and there were a total of 55 matches played. The teams were divided into groups of 4 and each team played at least 4 group stage matches. Teams qualifying for the super 8 played 3 additional matches, while semifinalists played a total of 8 matches, and the finalists played 9. The semi finalists were India, England, South Africa and New Zealand. The final clash was between team India and New Zealand wherein the Indian team emerged as the winner, taking home the trophy.

Sanju Samson from team India was awarded the title of 'Player of the Tournament', with a total of 321 runs. Sahibzada Farhan from team Pakistan was the highest run taker of the match with 383 runs and Jasprit Bumrah from the Indian team was the highest wicket taker with 14 wickets under his belt. Team India also had the best win percentage of 88.89 with 8 wins in total. The series provided a platform for new emerging players and proved to be a great source of entertainment for all fans across the world.



Report by: Bhor Dixit, Correspondent, Department of Psychology
By: Naisha Manchanda



IRAN-ISRAEL-US CONFLICT INTENSIFIES AMID STRIKES AND GLOBAL ENERGY SHOCK

The Iran-Israel-US conflict has entered a critical phase three weeks after joint American and Israeli strikes on 28 February triggered a widespread regional escalation. Recent developments include large-scale US airstrikes on Iran's Kharg Island, where over 90 military sites were destroyed, with President Donald Trump claiming the operation "totally obliterated" key targets. Israel has now simultaneously expanded its offensive, striking Iran's South Pars gas field— disrupting nearly 12% of its gas production: prompting retaliatory Iranian missile and drone attacks on energy infrastructure across the Gulf. These exchanges have regrettably widened the conflict's geographic reach, with over 200 Israeli targets reportedly hit and regional oil facilities damaged.

The Strait of Hormuz still remains the central flashpoint. Iran has warned that "not a single litre of oil" will pass through the corridor, while targeting commercial vessels and restricting access to US and Israeli ships. In response, the US has deployed aircraft, naval forces and heavy munitions, claiming to have destroyed over 120 Iranian vessels and mine-laying assets to secure the route. The leaders' rhetoric has only functioned in further escalating tensions. Iran's foreign minister condemned the strikes as "illegal" and vowed resistance "as long as it takes". Netanyahu has signalled that airstrikes alone may not suffice, hinting at possible ground operations. With casualties mounting and oil prices surging past \$100 per barrel, the conflict threatens global economic stability, underscoring the high stakes of a rapidly widening war.

Report by: Deborpita Das, Correspondent, Sociology, 1st Year

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Report by: Deborpita Das, Correspondent, Sociology, 1st Year



Milano Cortina 2026: Firsts, Records, and Rising Glory

The 2026 Winter Olympics, officially known as Milano Cortina 2026, took place across Italy, co-hosted by two cities- Milan and Cortina d'Ampezzo, from February 6th to 22nd, 2026. The Games saw the participation of approximately 2,900 athletes from 92 countries, making it the most gender-equal Winter Games ever, with 53.4% of participants being women.

The event featured 116 events and 16 sports, including the newly added ski mountaineering, marking the return of NHL players to Olympic ice hockey. Norway topped the medal table for the fourth consecutive time, with a record of 18 golds and 41 total medals, followed by the United States and Italy. Brazil, notably, scored its first-ever Winter Olympic gold while Georgia earned its first-ever Olympic medal.

Notably, the gold won by Alysia Liu at Women's Figure Skating turned out to be a national sensation with everyone buzzing with pride, marking this as one of the best recorded and appreciated wins in the Games in history.

This event, with environmental concerns in mind, was aimed at sustainability, utilising existing venues for most competitions. During the closing ceremony in Verona, the Olympic flag was officially handed over to the French Alps, host of the 2030 Winter Olympics.

Written by: Richa Yadav (1st Year, Department of Commerce).

Edited by: Jasmeh Kaur (2nd Year, Department of Journalism)

Transgender Act Amendment 2026



Transgender persons were given legal recognition in 2014 by the Indian government as a third gender to uphold their right of self-identification. The Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Act, 2019, was enacted to reduce discrimination and improve access to education, healthcare, and employment.

As of 2026, India's estimated 2 million transgender population continues to face discrimination, limited access to healthcare, education, and jobs. The government passed the Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Amendment Bill, 2026, restricting a tr

transgender person to being intersex, having biological variations, and traditional identities (hijra, kinner, eunuch, etc.). A certificate for the same requires approval from medical boards and district authorities. Any gender-affirming surgeries must be reported to the authorities. There would be stricter punishments for offences, with severe penalties for forced gender alteration or exploitation.

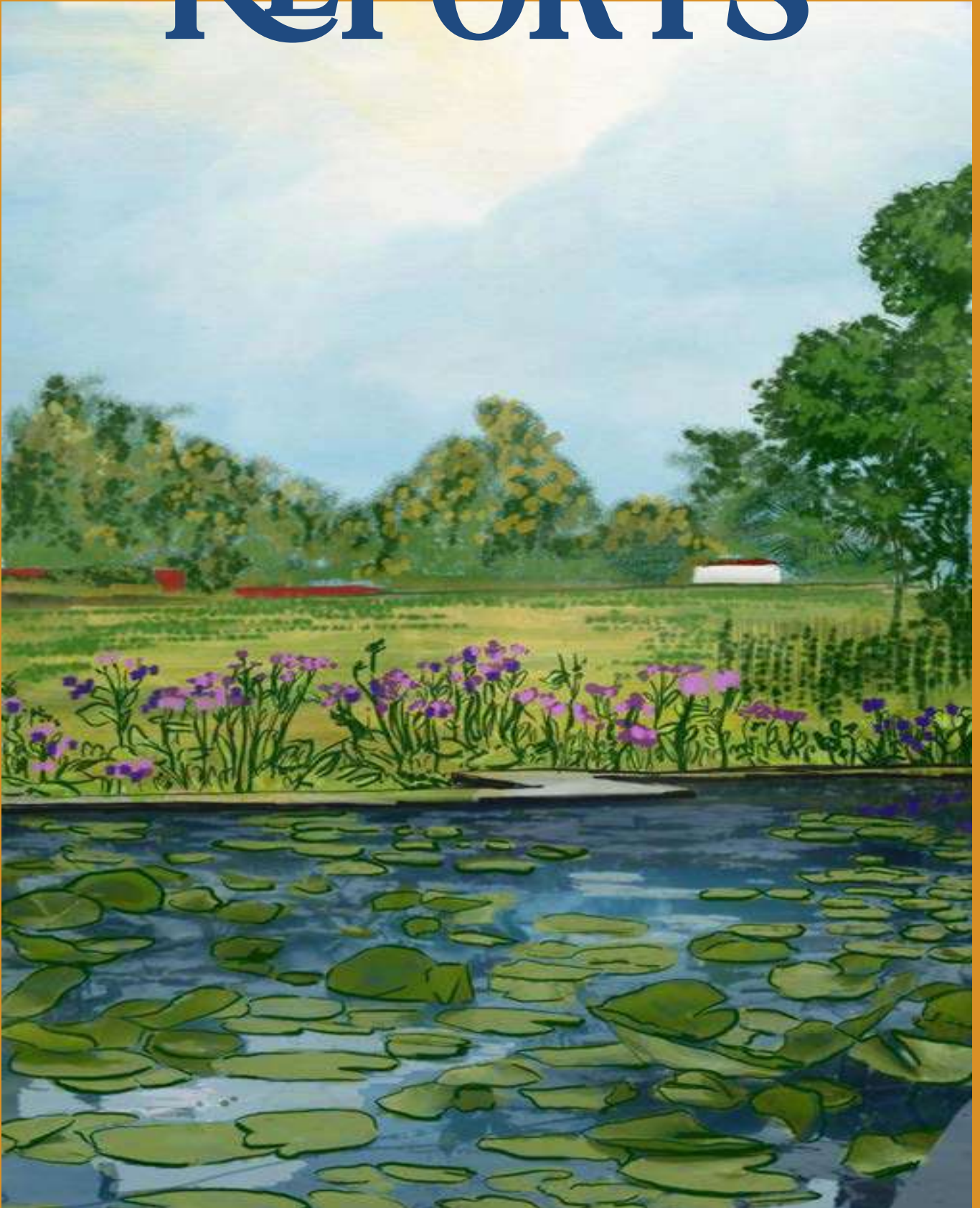
Nationwide protests by the trans community and LGBTQ+ community have demanded its withdrawal, as this violates their dignity, privacy, and autonomy and undermines the self-identification principle (violation of Article 14 (equality) and Article 21 (life and liberty)). The bill officially became the Transgender Persons (Protection of Rights) Amendment Act, 2026, on March 30th, 2026, after the President, Droupadi Murmu, assented.

Report by Richa Yadav (1st Year, Department of Commerce)
Edited by Jasmeh Kaur (2nd Year, Department of Journalism)



Photograph By: Ishita Chaudhary, III Year, BAP Department

DEPARTMENT REPORTS





Department Of *B.EL.ED*

The academic year for the B.El.Ed Department was marked by a series of events focused on community building, professional growth, and mental well-being. The session began with the “Bollywood Junction” freshers’ event, which welcomed 48 new students with a ramp walk and musical performances. This was followed by a Teacher’s Day celebration featuring classical dance performances and a surprise video message from alumni. In October, an Alumni Meet allowed graduates to share their diverse professional journeys, ranging from storytelling to global higher education. A significant professional milestone was the Faculty Development Programme held in collaboration with CIET-NCERT. This event provided 105 participants with hands-on training in ICT tools, AI, and national digital platforms like DIKSHA. This year, the department also prioritized emotional health through a workshop titled “Immersive Pathways to Mental Health & Resilience for Future Teachers”. This session used reflective exercises like the “Tree of Life” to address teacher burnout and stress. Collectively, these initiatives reinforced the department’s commitment to developing skilled and resilient educators. Through these diverse initiatives, the department successfully fostered a balanced environment of academic excellence and personal development for all its members.

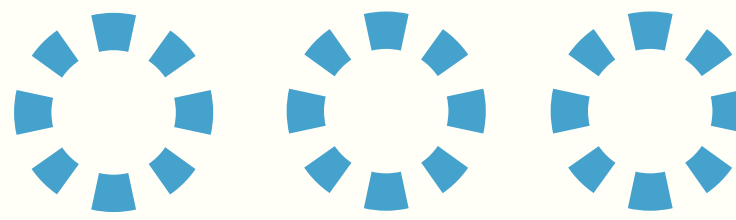
Department Of *BA Program*

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Department Of *Commerce*



Department Of *Economics*

The Department of Economics commenced the academic year with EconVista 2025 2.0, its annual conference, which attracted over 10,000 registrations from across the country. Themed “Economics of Inclusion: Gender Equity and Technology as Drivers of India’s Development,” the conference featured Ms. Mandakini Kaul, Regional Coordinator (South Asia), World Bank, as the keynote speaker, alongside a distinguished panel of policymakers, economists, and industry leaders. The discussions centred on gender equity, financial inclusion, and India’s development trajectory.

A key highlight of the year was an engaging session with Dr. Surjit Bhalla, Former Executive Director for India at the IMF and Former Member of the Economic Advisory Council, moderated by Ms. Shubhi Singh, Assistant Professor, Department of Economics. The conversation offered nuanced insights into macroeconomic policy and the sectors critical to India’s future growth.

Beyond EconVista, the department’s clubs—FISCUL, the Opportunities Cell, Mentored Research Forum, Ecollectual, EconWhiz Club, and the Editorial Board—continued to foster a vibrant culture of academic engagement throughout the year.

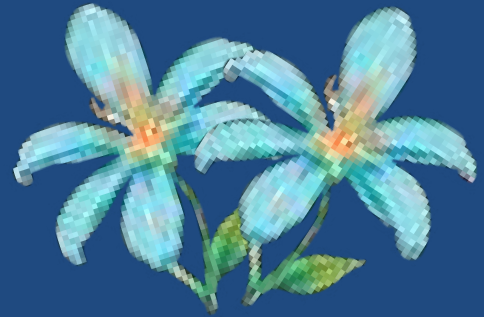


The Department of Commerce marked the academic year with an exceptional roster of events that seamlessly bridged academia, industry, and innovation. The highlight of the year was Comquest ‘25-26, our annual two-day academic fest themed, “Synergia: The Power of Coming Together,” which drew over 2,000 registrations. The fest opened with a distinguished panel of industry leaders and change-makers, including YouTube educator Rajat Arora and Anshita Mehrotra, CEO of Fix My Curls.

Beyond the panel, the fest hosted high-stakes competitions spanning finance, marketing, sustainability, and entrepreneurship. The year was further enriched by skill-building workshops and culturally vibrant celebrations that strengthened the department ties. A defining moment was the industrial visit to the magnificent city of Udaipur. We also take immense pride in our many students who secured impressive placements and internship offers this year—a testament to their brilliance and hard work, marking a tenure defined by ambition, collaboration, and growth.

Department Of English

The Department of English organized a series of engaging lectures and events during the academic year of 2025–26. Three insightful speaker sessions covered themes of translation, digital media, and publishing. Beginning with Prof. Lalit Kumar's session on World Translation Day, followed by Ms. Ria Chopra's discussion on youth and digital culture, and culminating in March with Ms. Priyanka Sarkar's introduction into the world of publishing, editing and translation. The Annual Academic Conference, Litmus'26 explored the theme "Translating Crisis: Identity, Translation & the Future of Humanities". The conference opened with keynote addresses by distinguished academics Prof. Sukrita Paul Kumar and Prof. Rita Kothari, who placed translation at the centre stage as they probed into complex questions about identity and cultural negotiation. Panel discussions featuring Prof. Arunava Sinha, Prof. Rukmini Bhaya Nair, Dr. Vinayak Das Gupta, and Dr. Sumana Roy examined translation across the various fields of publishing, digital humanities, & ecology. Student engagement remained paramount, with Paper & Poster Presentations, a Turncoat Debate, Blackout Poetry Competition, & Photo Walks held, alongside a visual art exhibition, 'Pain to Paper' Taabeer and Jabberwock led collaborations, including heritage walks, reading circles, film screenings, & research workshops. The department released three issues of Jabberwock Online, with the Annual Academic Journal scheduled for April 2026.



Department Of History

The Department of History organised an extensive range of academic, creative, and career-oriented initiatives throughout the year. Career development remained central, with sessions on CV building, CUET-PG preparation, careers in public policy, answer writing, and navigating opportunities in big tech led by alumni and professionals. The Editorial Board of Ijtihad conducted research workshops, reading circle discussions on Habermas and Fanon, and interactive sessions on primary sources and kinship in ancient India. Creative engagement thrived through bookmark-making, origami, bracelet-making, jamming sessions, and a lively games meetup.



Department Of *Hindi*



The Hindi Department at Lady Shri Ram College for Women organised a wide spectrum of literary engagements, lectures, and interactive sessions during the academic session, conducted in both online and offline modes. These included film and documentary screenings, open mic sessions, and recitations of works by eminent and popular poets of the country by students, fostering a vibrant environment for creative and critical expression.

The celebration of Hindi Diwas through 'Swarachit Kavita Sandhya' emerged as a significant highlight, providing students with a platform to present their original compositions.

The Books, Films & Heritage Club and the Photography & Videography Team organised photo walks to Safdarjung Tomb, Lodhi Gardens, Chandni Chowk, and Tughlaqabad Fort, alongside the LSR Heritage Walk and a documentary screening. The department also hosted lectures by scholars including Prof. Upinder Singh, Dr. Twinkle Siwach, Dr. Anand Taneja, Dr. Vijayant Kumar Singh, Prof. Sunny Kumar, and Prof. Pratyay Nath. The annual academic fest, Maazi-o-Mustaqbil 2025-26: Histories of Destruction and Reimaginings, concluded the semester with performances, exhibitions, and speaker sessions. Furthermore, the academic journal *Ijtihad* Vol. 11 and the annual academic magazine *Nazariya* are scheduled for release in May 2026.

The Department's annual fest, 'Vagarth,' featured competitions such as self-composed poetry recitation, short story writing, and book review writing. It also hosted an academic lecture session with distinguished speakers including Prof. Rameshwar Ray and Prof. Jasveer Tyagi, fostering critical and scholarly engagement. On the occasion of World Hindi Day, a special lecture was delivered by Archana Painuly. Furthermore, the Bindu Agrawal Scholarship was organised on 6th April. A documentary screening was also held on 9th April. Through these initiatives, the Department continued to promote literary excellence, academic rigour, and meaningful intellectual dialogue.



Department Of Journalism

The Department of Journalism, Lady Shri Ram College successfully concluded the academic year 2025–2026 with a series of engaging events and competitions that saw enthusiastic participation. The department fest emerged as a significant milestone, beginning with an inspiring orientation with Ms. Nidhi Razdhan as chief guest. The department organised two photowalks—to Humayun’s Tomb in October and Purana Quila in February—along with pre-events for Juxtapose: Paint Board, Media Carnival, and Gokuldharm Got Juxitified.

At the annual academic meet “Juxtapose,” competitions included Binge Battle Quiz, Brand Revival Case Competition, and Media Crisis MUN Committee, alongside online contests such as Caricature Making, Photography, Filmmaking, and Logo and Tagline Making. The department also organised a panel discussion on “The Fifth Estate,” featuring Dr. Samir Kapoor, Mr. Rajeev Kumar Shukla, and Dr. Anubhuti Yadav.



Department Of Mathematics

The Department of Mathematics conducted a diverse array of stimulating sessions, talks, and guest lectures throughout the academic year, including essential alumni guidance sessions focusing on CUET PG preparation and placement strategies, alongside guest lectures by esteemed academicians such as Prof. Kiran R. Bhutani. Professional exposure was provided through a dedicated session on the actuarial profession by the Society of Actuaries (SOA).

The social fabric of the department was strengthened by the Teachers’ Day celebration, the Freshers’ Party, and the annual Pi Day festivities. Academic excellence was further spotlighted during the Anupama Dua Paper Presentation and Scholarship Event. Additionally, collaborative efforts with the Students’ Union resulted in the Expert Echoes session with Dr Nachiket Mor and a comprehensive LSE Walkthrough Session, both of



which offered invaluable opportunities for higher learning and career development.

The department’s flagship Annual Academic Meet, ‘Enigma’, featured a keynote address by Professor Aparna Mehra and a panel discussion titled ‘The Math Behind Markets’. It hosted distinguished panellists Prof. Rudrani Bhattacharya and Dr Tarunika Agarwal, alongside LSR’s own Dr Surabhi Gupta. The year concluded with the department’s legacy events, ‘Sherlocked’ and ‘Mathscape ‘25’, both of which garnered significant attention and achieved stellar registration numbers.



Department Of *Philosophy*

The Department of Philosophy, Lady Shri Ram College, organised a diverse range of academic and co-curricular events during the session. The year began with vibrant community-building occasions including the Farewell '25, Freshers'25, Teachers' Day celebration fostering a sense of belonging among students.

Academic engagement remained central, with movie screenings and enriching discussion sessions under the BDC initiative and Noesis' Research Question Workshop encouraging critical inquiry. The department also hosted enriching sessions such as a Dialogue on Ecofeminism: Indian Perspective with Dr. Sujata R. Abhijat and a Research Methodology Workshop by Dr. Silika Mohapatra.

In the lead-up to the Annual Academic Meet, competitions generated enthusiastic participation. A pre-Aletheia'26 talk by Dr. Simon Brown on The Business of Doubt set the tone for the flagship fest, Aletheia'26, which featured distinguished Academicians like Gurucharan Das and Prof. Eric Snyder, alongside inter-college debate and research paper presentation competitions.

Department Of *Psychology*

The Department of Psychology organised a diverse range of sessions, talks, and lectures during the academic session 2025–26. These included a series of trauma-informed workshops by Humraahi group, sessions on research methodologies, documentary screenings, and a series of interactive guest lectures delivered by distinguished academicians. The department also hosted the Freshers' Party and Teachers' Day celebrations with great enthusiasm and were marked by vibrant participation.

The Mental Health Awareness Week, held from 13–17 October, stood out as a significant highlight of the academic year consisting of a series of workshops led by renowned scholars such as Dr Renu Addlakha and Dr Nimisha Kumar, engaging panel discussions, and interactive activities, which underscored the critical importance of accessible mental health services, particularly in times of crisis.

The department's Annual Academic Meet 'Zeitgeist' was held on 26 February under the theme "Harnessing AI as a Tool for Mental Well Being." The event featured a keynote address by Dr Sameer Malhotra, a thought-provoking student-led panel discussion titled "Will AI Increase Equity in Mental Health?" moderated by Ms Yashasvi Singla, as well as a range of workshops, quizzes, competitions, and speaker sessions with Dr Suyash Shendye, Dr Amit Sen, and Dr Wafa Hamid.





Department Of *Sanskrit*

The academic year 2025–2026 saw several initiatives by the Department of Sanskrit to promote the language and its intellectual traditions, including lectures, events, and its Annual Academic Meet. The Annual Academic Meet 'Samskriti '26', held on 21 February 2026 at NCH, featured lectures by Prof. Ramraj Upadhyay and Prof. Santosh Kumar Shukla on Indian Knowledge Tradition and National Renaissance, along with Shloka Gayan, Sanskrit Quiz, and cultural performances judged by Prof. Neha Beniwal and Vishnu Sir, concluding on an enriching note.

A major highlight was Sanskrit Samvad Shala, a ten-day spoken Sanskrit programme held from 23 April to 3 May at NCH in collaboration with the previous student union, encouraging students to engage with Sanskrit as a living language and witnessing 100+ participants. During Sanskrit Week, the department installed a thought board near the Nescafé area where students shared ideas about Sanskrit, alongside a Sanskrit Quiz that attracted 100+ participants.

The department also organized intra-departmental competitions including Shloka Recitation, Speech, Prose Reading, and Sketching, with 20+ participants, and published its annual journal Tejas and newsletter Samprekshika, documenting student research and activities.

Department Of *Sociology*

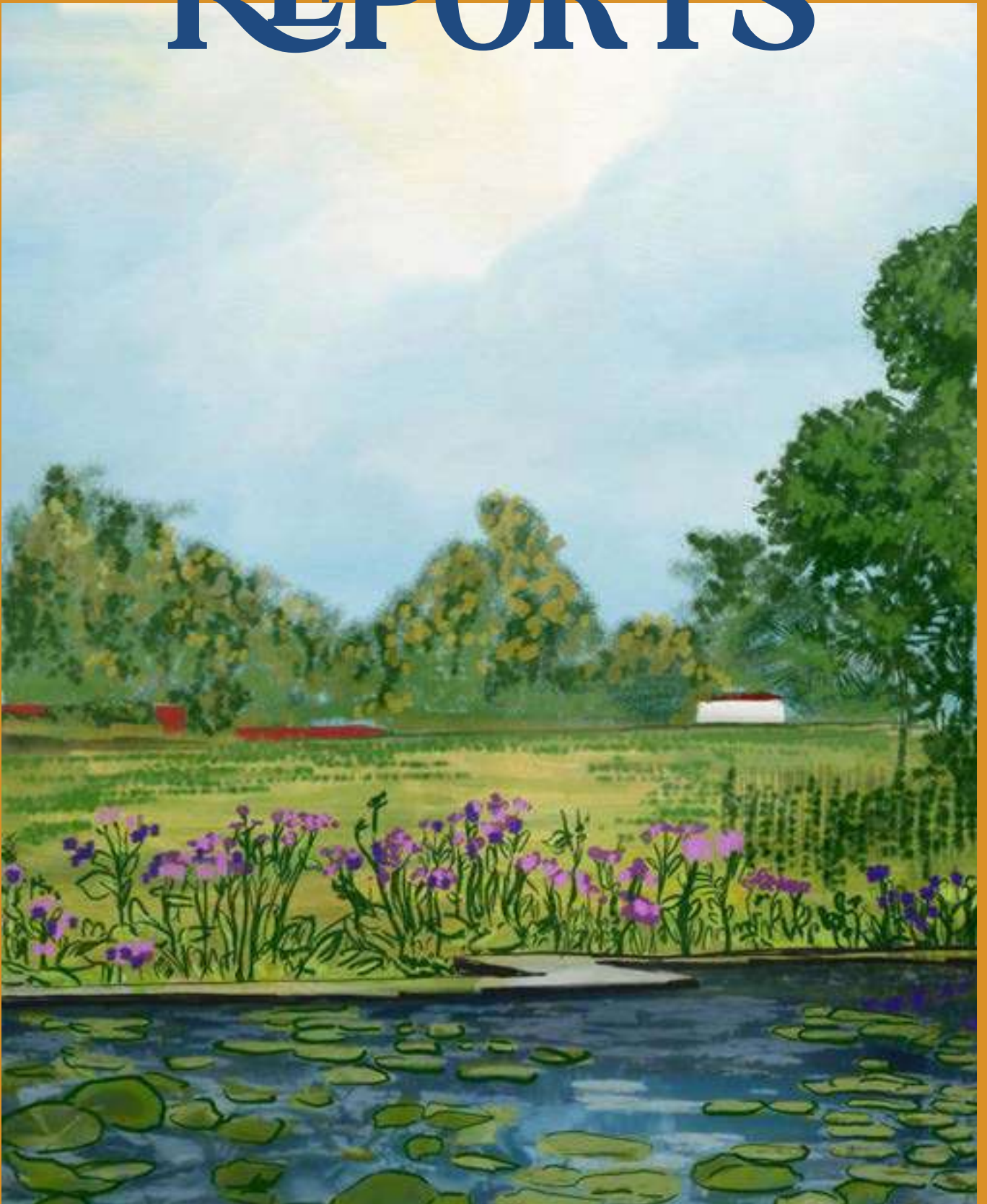
For the session 2025–26, the Department of Sociology organised several academic and co-curricular events, including Freshers' Orientation, Teachers' Day celebration and Socio Adda. Additionally, a screening of Persepolis organised by the department magazine Dastak and a Photo Walk in collaboration with the Department of Journalism, provided valuable opportunities for dialogue among students and faculty.

The department's annual academic meet, Kula - International Conference, (16–17 March 2026) featured eminent speakers such as Professor Amrit Srinivasan, Professor Roma Chatterji, Professor Christopher Pinney and Professor Dhruv Raina. The conference also witnessed enthusiastic participation from students across institutions through paper presentations, a photography competition, and other academic events. Academic initiatives such as special lectures by Prof. Radhika Chopra and Dr. Twinkle Siwach gave further impetus to critical discussion and disciplinary engagement.

Continuing the fieldwork tradition, the third-year field trip to Bhubaneswar, Odisha, provided valuable exposure to field-based research practices.



SOCIETY REPORTS



Abhivyakti

Abhivyakti, the Hindi Creative Writing Society, serves as a vibrant platform dedicated to fostering creativity and free expression among students. The committee had successfully organised various events during this year, Slogan writing competition under Anti ragging week - in collaboration with the expression society to promote a ragging free campus. Beginning with an orientation session organised for first year students, to various other events like Movie Screenings, and 'chitthi' : Dil Se Dil Tak, to reconnect students with the traditional art of writing letters. Other events for the student body such as a literary discussion on the classic tale 'Budhi kahi' by the editorial board, events such as MIC PE MULAKAT (Open mic) were held during the tenure. On the occasion of children's day, 'Muskurahat bachpan ki' was organised to celebrate the joy and innocence of childhood through creative performances. An inter-college poetry symposium (kavi sammelan) was held under the Pre-bhavakriti banner, revitalizing the tradition of oral literary performance, followed by a flash mob. The tenure was concluded by the annual event Bhavakriti, a two-day inter college competition which witnessed enormous participation from the student body across Delhi University.

Dance Society

The Dance Society of LSR, comprising the Choreography, Classical began the tenure with a combined showcase for the College's Annual Day celebrations, followed by spirited performances on the Orientation Day and Teachers' Day. As part of the Pre-Tarang celebrations, the society, in collaboration with the Tarang Organising Committee, organised the Pre-Tarang event: Antarang, where they created a medley of dances and later organised its four flagship Tarang events: Baila, Battleground, Izraaz and Mudra; each garnered huge participation across the teams, making them a huge success. The productions addressed relevant social issues and were widely appreciated by all. Throughout the year, the Society secured numerous accolades: The Classical wing won 1st position at Sri Venkateswara College, BITS Pilani, the second position at IPCDW; the Choreography wing won the first position at Shri Venkateswara College, the second position at BITS Pilani and Gargi College and more. Marked by creativity, discipline, growth, and a common belonging to the passion of dance, the tenure reflected not only artistic excellence but also a deep sense of unity and growth within the society.



Dhwani

Dhwani, the Indian Music Society of Lady Shri Ram College, commenced its 2025-26 tenure with the announcement of its union on 14 June 2025. The society marked a successful year with notable achievements across prestigious platforms. Dhwani secured 2nd place in the Indian Classical Choir category at Antaragni, IIT Kanpur's annual cultural festival, in October 2025, followed by a first-place victory at Vivacity at LNMIIT in February 2026.

Their flagship event, Anaahad, held on 29-30 March 2026, featured three major competitions - Solo Classical, Solo Semi-Classical, and Indian Classical Choir - with over 400 artists participating. From March 2026 onwards, Dhwani actively participated in and continued to excel throughout the Delhi University fest season. The society remains deeply grateful for the unwavering support of its members and staff advisors.



Drama Society

This tenure of the LSR Dramatics Society has been nothing short of a rollercoaster of chaos, creativity, and core memories. From a mime workshop with Harsh Raj Singh to an engaging musical workshop with Geetanjali Kalta, and an immersive physical theatre workshop by R. K. Bitesh, there was always something new to explore. It began with our first production of the tenure, titled “Pin Drop Silence,” during our Teacher’s Day celebrations, followed by our Halloween Bash. Our plays travelled far and wide this year, with Khwabon Ka Basta, an NSS Kala production, forming a key part of this journey alongside our annual street production on linguistic chauvinism, performed at competitions, Sarojini Nagar Market, and all the way to Manipal University, Jaipur. A major highlight was performing our ECA production at the National School of Drama (NSD). We also felt proud to see our annual stage production, Bulauwa, performed at the Atelier and IHC, while our mime production, Pencil ke Daag, reached audiences at BHU. From our campus to stages across cities, it has been a year of sharing stories widely, further enriched by Muktak during Tarang, a three-day celebration of street, stage, and mime.

E-Cell

Entrepreneurship Cell celebrated its ten-year milestone through a series of high-impact initiatives, alongside plans to engage senior members and alumni integral to its journey. The Founders’ Forum 2.0 enabled curated networking among 12+ multi-million dollar and Shark Tank-featured founders, including Arista Vault, Outmatch, Nef’s Finds, and Dohful, fostering cross-sector collaboration. The “Shark Tank Pitching Wars” drove 1,000+ registrations and 46.6K+ impressions, culminating in a final round featuring nine national-level teams evaluated by four industry experts. The cell also introduced structured knowledge products, including an Entrepreneurship Handbook and an Industry Primer spanning 11 sectors, benefiting 3,000+ users. Simultaneously, four live consulting projects were executed across Ginger Games (gaming), Fitsol (climate tech), Frozen Fun (F&B retail), and Sushi Baka (QSR/cloud kitchen), delivering targeted growth strategies. The team further co-founded DealDock and curated a podcast, Voices of Influence, featuring Navan Jaiswal.

Dhyana

We began the year with an unguided walk across campus. Our first speaker session featured Dr Gurcharan Das, who encouraged students to think critically about life and meaning. Carrying forward our “Coffee with Faculty” tradition, we hosted Dr Vagesh Pawaiya for an intimate exchange of ideas. As exams approached, we invited students to paint bookmarks as a moment of creative respite. We also launched the first edition of the Dhyāna Magazine, centred on the theme “Mindfulness in the Midst of Digital Noise: Cultivating Awareness Today.” The society also screened The Monk with a Camera, opening up quiet reflections on purpose and service. This year also marked the beginning of a new initiative, our Annual Consciousness Series, where we were honoured to host Dr Meenakshi Gopinath, deeply cherished by generations of students and professors and the guiding force who brought Dhyāna to life. The second event under the series was a mindful meditation session in collaboration with Ahimsa Trust, bringing the year to a contemplative close.



Elocution

2026 commenced with an insightful reading circle titled “Reading on an Embargo” focusing on censored literature. A photo walk to Safdarjung Tomb and Lodhi Gardens was held in collaboration with the Department of History. The society also hosted Dilpreet Bhullar for a speaker session titled “Photographic Narratives for Reimagining Documentation,” moderated by Dr. Shashi Bhushan. The society launched its reel series “Elore,” and organised a screening of “No Other Land.” The new semester included a poetry walk on Amrita Pritam, an open mic with the Queer Collective, and a theatre workshop titled “Behind the Curtain” in collaboration with the Dramatics Society. On the occasion of Women’s Day, in collaboration with Expressions, the society co-hosted an Open Mic Event titled “A Room of One’s Own.” During Tarang 2026, the society organised “The End of Beginning,” a creative writing competition, judged by Sakhi Singh, where participants began their pieces using the last lines of well-known films and literary works. The annual production, “And the Oscar Goes To...” was a satirical play on representation of marginality in popular cinema, marking a significant creative highlight of the society’s work.



Enactus

This year, Enactus LSR continued to advance social entrepreneurship as a tool for community upliftment through its flagship initiatives, Project Musavvir and Project Vichar. We also launched Project Atira in partnership with Calmveda, an initiative that upcycles temple flower waste into incense sticks, combining sustainability with livelihood generation. Enactus LSR hosted the fourth edition of Race to Revival at Tarang, a gamified, SDG-centric competition that saw participation from over eight DU colleges.

On the competition front, the society secured first place at the IIM Bangalore ENS Sustainability Competition at the national level, second place at EnQuest hosted by Hindu College, and second runner-up at a national Business Plan competition at Sri Venkateswara College.

Enactus LSR further strengthened its grassroots engagement through on-ground initiatives, including an AIHDC health camp that reached over 200 individuals and a POCSO awareness session for more than 30 children in Zamrudpur.

Expressions

Expressions has long been a home for writers at LSR, a sanctuary for voices to grow and thrive. Through the Living Poets’ Society, we hosted interactive sessions embracing diverse perspectives and encouraging deeper reflection. With a core team of 60 writers, Brewed Beans, our bi-monthly newsletter and Expresso- our annual publication continued to brew and shape stories. Through Writer of the Month, we celebrated the literary spirit of the student body. Collaborations with LSR societies like Interface, Queer Collective and Elocution, SC -ST CELL collective along with external societies like Kavyanjali from Hansraj College, enriched conversations and perspectives. At Tarang, we reimagined contemporary language through a classical lens and we waged a quiet war against “brain rot,” infusing a classical sensibility into contemporary internet language. From competitions to shared scribbling spaces, Expressions stepped into the spotlight and ensured every voice is heard.



Hive

HIVE had a remarkable year. The society collaborated with groups such as the Queer Collective, Student Union, and Entrepreneurship Cell to organise vibrant face-painting initiatives across campus. In collaboration with the SC/ST Cell, Hive created a mural that fostered inclusivity through art. The society also executed a Lippan art installation in the Lower Foyer and worked with French street artist Kesadi on a graffiti-inspired mural rooted in street culture. Both projects received coverage from The Times of India and Hindustan Times.

A calendar featuring 12 original artworks was released to wide appreciation and strong demand. During Noor, Hive hosted a stall selling original creations, including stickers, crochet keychains, prints, bookmarks, and posters. The society also collaborated with the Department of English for an exhibition titled “Translating Crisis” and with Prakriti for an interactive speaker session.

The year concluded with Tarang, where Hive presented an exhibition of over 20 artworks on the theme “Kintsugi of the Mind,” alongside engaging competitions such as relay canvas, three-colour palette, comic strip design, and face painting.

Interface

One of our standout contributions was the Research Bootcamp, which equipped participants with essential academic skills, introducing them to literature reviews, research design, and both qualitative and quantitative methodologies, thereby laying a strong foundation for scholarly writing. Through its flagship platforms, such as Alexandria (the monthly blog) and Intersections (the annual research newsletter), the forum engaged with themes of relationships, gender, and sustainability. The forum also launched a podcast on imposter syndrome to address academic pressure and questions of self-doubt. It further expanded its outreach through diverse collaborations, including a discussion with the Queer Collective on fairness and representation in sports, and “The Poetry of Perseverance” with REACH, featuring Ms Vinayana Khurana on art, advocacy, and resilience. Events such as “The Experience Machine Café” and “Breaking Point” encouraged critical thinking, while Tarang 2026 saw “Major Madness” and an Academic Paper Presentation Competition exploring generational intersections and evolving perspectives.



MUN Soc

LSR MUN and Public Speaking began the year by growing a community of 1200+ open society members. Speaker sessions featured distinguished guests, including Mr. Shivshankar Menon, Ambassador Ashok Kantha, and others who encouraged our members to think harder and speak better. Training initiatives like the Annual Bootcamp and a Public Speaking Workshop honed confidence and communication. Significant collaborations included ‘Words Beyond Sight,’ an inclusivity initiative with REACH, and an International Media Crisis Simulation at Juxtapose 2.0, both rooted in the belief that diplomacy and public speaking extend well beyond the committee room. Our flagship conference, LSR MUN 2026, themed ‘Purpose over Privilege,’ received enthusiastic participation and featured an NGO committee with CanKids, a policy case competition and a paper presentation series with the Hertie School, Germany, along with media partnerships. The conference gave a home to our publications, Concordia, themed ‘Identity, Power and Propaganda’ and The Denouement, themed ‘Politics of the Invisibilised’



NCC

The NCC unit of Lady Shri Ram College for Women witnessed a well-rounded and impactful year, reflecting excellence in training, achievement, and service. Cadets actively participated in camps such as CATC, RDC, TSC, NIC, and Army Attachment, gaining valuable defence exposure and life skills. The unit proudly secured the Second Runner-Up position, highlighting its consistent performance. Key events included Independence Day, Republic Day, Kargil Vijay Diwas, NCC Day, and the successful conduct of Veerangana.

Regular drill sessions, structured recruitment drives, and engaging speaker sessions with distinguished personalities like Brig (Retd.) Akhilesh Bhargava enriched cadet learning and provided valuable insights into defence careers and leadership. The unit remained deeply involved in community outreach through cleanliness drives, tree plantation, blood donation, and visits to orphanages and old age homes. Overall, NCC LSR upheld discipline, leadership, and social responsibility, contributing significantly to holistic student development.

NE-Cell

The North-East Cell's tenure began with a pulse of urgency. The cell mobilised a relief drive for the TSF and North-East Students of Delhi's Flood Relief campaign. Following this, the focus shifted to the college gates with an online help desk and orientation. This presence deepened throughout the year, ranging from a critical collaborative "Inclusivity Sensitisation" session, hosting more than five well-received inter-college competitions, to the victory of the NEC football team at MNC's Unity Cup 2025. Intellectual rigour met cultural reclamation through the "Between Borders" panel, featuring Dr. Alana Golmei and Dr. I Avitoli G. Zhimo, alongside the screening of Axone and a Manipuri classical dance workshop. The year peaked with Orion, the Annual Academic-cum-Cultural Conference, where Chief Guest Dr. Meena Longjam witnessed the cell's inaugural paper presentation competition. These efforts remain a persistent reminder: our stories belong at the centre.

NSS

NSS-LSR commenced its tenure with a yoga workshop themed "Yoga for One Earth, One Health," led by Yogacharya Gopal Ji with Dr. Aditi Nigam as the facilitator. We hosted distinguished speakers, including Lt. General Vinod Bhatia (Retd.), , on the occasion of Kargil Vijay Diwas. As part of the Swachhta Pakhwada Campaign, we organised initiatives such as cleanliness drives, a thought-provoking skit, and a Swachhta pledge to raise awareness about maintaining clean surroundings. Under the Tobacco Free Youth We organised a Unity March and a National Unity Pledge to commemorate the legacy of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. In collaboration with Rotary Blood Bank, a Blood Donation Drive was held preceded by events such as Game Carnival and Nukkad Natak to encourage participation. Our three annual flagship events, Varshik Samaroh (Threads of Kindness), Nexus (From Me to We: Building Community-Led Change), and Kala (Sapno Ki Udaan - Khushiyon Ke Rang), celebrated the spirit of service, community collaboration, and creativity.. Additionally, we celebrated Valentine's Week for Animals, while all 27 NSS-LSR projects remained active and hosted insightful sessions throughout the tenure.



Placement Cell

The Placement Season 2025-26 was a landmark year for the Placement Cell, with 45+ companies extending over 155 offers to students across diverse domains including consulting, finance, marketing, HR, media, analytics, and technology. Industry leaders such as McKinsey, BCG, Accenture, Amazon, and Meesho offered highly competitive packages for coveted full-time roles. The Cell organised over 25 workshops throughout the academic year to strengthen career readiness and professional development, including the first-ever dedicated workshop series for students with disabilities - a meaningful step towards more inclusive career support. Key achievements also included the launch of the second edition of the LSR Consulting Casebook, the first-ever Humanities Career Handbook, and an alumni podcast series featuring candid conversations with alumni at prestigious organisations about their career trajectories. Through these initiatives, the Placement Cell achieved exponential growth in student engagement and reach, steadily reinforcing its vision of becoming a one-stop destination for all placement-related guidance and support.



Prakriti

Prakriti, the environmental society of Lady Shri Ram College for Women, marked a vibrant tenure through thoughtfully curated initiatives, aiming to align with the SDGs. The society commenced its activities with a speaker session on Eco-Feminism, in collaboration with the Philosophy Department, sparking dialogue on gender and environment. This was followed by a Stone Painting Workshop and a Sun Printing Workshop, celebrating art as ecological expression. Another speaker session featuring Santanu Dey, organised in collaboration with the Students' Union Research and Development Team and HIVE, brought expert perspectives. A reading circle on "Fossil Capital: Climate Change and Capitalist Modernity" nurtured critical thought. Hands-on sustainability was promoted through a Bioenzyme Workshop, an EcoCare Workshop, and a Handmade Paper Making Workshop. A nature walk at Tilpath Valley Biodiversity Park deepened ecological awareness. The GreenEcoLink E-Waste Awareness Programme promoted responsible disposal. The Best Out of Waste Workshop inspired creative reuse and conscious living.

Projekt

PROJEKT, the film photography and scriptwriting society of Lady Shri Ram College, had an action-packed and creative tenure this year. We kicked off with the Projekt Photowalk, taking freshers around campus for a fun photowalk and breaking the ice with seniors of the society.

This year, we introduced Projekt Pathshala, which was a four-day college-wide workshop where we taught students the basics of scriptwriting, photography, filmmaking, and editing. We also made a Teachers' Day film, complete with a light-hearted spoof at the end, and created 'Human Tempo', our film for the college cultural event, Bahubashi. We collaborated with the BAP Department to screen 'Humans in the Loop' and with the Queer Collective for a screening of 'Oranges in the Winter Sun'. The year concluded with our exhibition titled Kissa Kursi Ka, showcased at Tarang, LSR's annual fest. This exhibition delved into the dichotomy between those who wield power and those who are subjected to it.



Queer Collective

The Queer Collective began the year with an orientation for first-year students, introducing its vision and support systems, and creating a warm, welcoming space through an interactive bingo activity. This was followed by a screening of *Oranges in the Winter Sun*, directed by LSR alumna Anureet Watta, and a thoughtful discussion. The Collective also hosted a discussion circle with Interface on transgender inclusion in sports, and an inclusivity sensitisation session with the SU and various cells, featuring a skit and engaging dialogue. The celebrations during Pride Week brought together a series of engaging events, including a queer jamming session, a trivia event, and interactive game stalls. The Pride Parade featured face painting, a campus-wide parade, an open mic, and a fashion show, making it one of the most vibrant and memorable experiences on campus. The week concluded with a themed treasure hunt. The tenure drew to a close with *Map of Me*, an event that explored identity through creative writing and cartographic expression. The Collective extends its gratitude to its staff advisors and the college community for their continued support.

Quiz Society

The academic year 2025–26 marked another active and collaborative year for the Quiz Society of Lady Shri Ram College as it continued to strengthen its presence within the Delhi quizzing circuit. During the year, the Society organized several quizzes in collaboration with collectives and departments including the Queer Collective, SC-ST Cell, and the Department of History. These collaborations encouraged interdisciplinary participation and expanded the reach of quizzing within the college. The Society also conducted League Quizzes, inter-college competitions centred on themes such as Indian culture and Internet culture, drawing participation from colleges across Delhi NCR. A key highlight of the year was *Stars Aligned*, a multi-quiz event featuring four quizzes on topics ranging from sports, history, mythology, and anime, which saw participation from over 300 students across Delhi NCR colleges. The tenure will conclude with the Society's annual flagship event *Justaju*, conducted under the aegis of Tarang, featuring five quizzes hosted by external quizmasters and the core team members of the quiz society.



Reach

The year commenced several meaningful collaborations, starting with an engaging workshop on Indian Sign Language (ISL) in collaboration with the Students Union, deepening participants' understanding of the experiences of the Deaf community. A speaker session by Vinayana Khurana, in collaboration with Interface, on the topic "Poetry of Perseverance," shed light on the resilience that defines the experiences of the disabled. Recognising that marginality is rarely singular, the Cell collaborated with the SC/ST Cell, the Northeast Cell, and other Equal Opportunity Cells to facilitate a comprehensive Inclusivity Sensitization Session, to create a shared space for dialogue, traversing the intersectionalities of the human experience. A defining institutional achievement of the year was the formal reopening of the Swavalamban Resource Center, now equipped with contemporary assistive devices, marking a concrete step towards creating an accessible campus for students with disabilities. The tenure culminated in the Annual Fest, *Parwaaz* themed "Advancing Critical Conversations on Equity, Support, and Sensitization", debate and case study competitions.



Saaz

Saaz, the instrumental music society of Lady Shri Ram College for Women, enjoyed a dynamic and impactful academic session. The year began with a high-energy performance at the college orientation, followed by the society's own orientation showcase and a Teacher's Day event featuring inventive fusions that blended original sargams with popular compositions. The society later performed a special set at AIIMS, organised a pre-Christmas event, and collaborated with the North East Cell for a festive medley, all while sustaining an active digital presence through engaging Instagram reels.

The momentum continued with performances at multiple college events, including KALA by NSS and Orion by the North East Cell. Saaz also initiated Pride Week with a jamming session and hosted a freshers' event featuring the society band. Musically, the society contributed to various departmental fests—from Mathematics to Journalism and Political Science—and celebrated cultural diversity at Pre-Bahubhashi. A thematic musical production at Pre-Tarang showcased a student's journey, further highlighting the year's creative reach. Alongside earning recognition across various inter-college instrumental competitions, Saaz successfully conducted its flagship competition, Mayhem, at Tarang '26, marking a year defined by musical excellence.

SPIC MACAY

The SPIC MACAY LSR Chapter witnessed a dynamic and culturally immersive tenure in 2025–2026, marked by enriching events celebrating India's artistic and historical heritage. The session began with a fresher's orientation, where speakers and volunteers from the SPIC MACAY National Chapter introduced students to the organisation's vision, and ethos. The chapter organised a grand Kathakali recital by Shri Thiruvattar Jagadeesan Ji and his team in collaboration with NSS, LSR, drawing participation from students across institutions and enabling interactive learning of intricate mudras. Volunteers actively represented the chapter in national initiatives such as Music in the Park, Sudha Sangini, and the Folk, Tribal and Craft Festival. The society further encouraged experiential learning through heritage walks to Safdarjung Tomb and Chandni Chowk, fostering deeper engagement with Delhi's history and architecture.

ST-SC Cell

This academic year, the SC-ST Cell of Lady Shri Ram College for Women, hosted a series of meaningful events rooted in resistance, reflection, and education. Cell kicked off its Orientation with its first major event, 'Resonance', which celebrated songs of marginalised culture. Constitution Week celebrations followed, featuring an enlightening walk to the Ambedkar National Memorial and an engaging speaker session on Dalit feminist literature in collaboration with Expressions, the English Creative Writing Society. The Cell also collaborated with multiple societies for a widely appreciated inclusivity sensitisation session, and with Hive, the Fine Arts Society to initiate a cultural mural symbolising resistance and celebration. Its publishing milestones included a newsletter and the inaugural edition of the annual journal, Navchetna. A screening of the documentary Musahar further deepened its commitment to solidarity and awareness. The year culminated with Ambedkar Week 2026, the Cell's flagship event, featuring inter-DU competitions: a quiz, debate, and paper presentation conference with sub-themes spanning epistemic violence, Dr. Ambedkar's economic thought, and caste and intersectionality, cementing the Cell as a cornerstone of inclusivity within college.



Vaktritva

During the academic session, Vaktritva actively promoted the art of debate through various workshops and inter-college competitions, making the discipline more inclusive and dynamic. The society conducted both offline and online workshops on debating patterns and techniques, covering specialized topics such as history in debates, parliamentary formats, philosophy in argumentation, and adjudication methods. We hosted the Freshers' Conventional Debate, Vakyanjali, which saw participation from 32 teams across the university and featured a panel of three senior adjudicators; the competition was ultimately won by Hindu College. The flagship event, an annual two-day parliamentary debate titled Tarkvyuh, drew 36 teams and 28 adjudicators. The final round featured a prestigious nine-member adjudication panel and was won by Shaheed Bhagat Singh (Morning) College. The event was inaugurated by Principal Prof. Kanika Ahuja and Staff Advisors Dr Sunita Gurung and Dr Surya Dev Bahuguna, fostering vibrant discussion on a range of diverse global and local issues.

VAPP

Voluntary Agency Placement Program

VAPP continued to foster social responsibility and critical engagement through diverse initiatives, commencing with "Invisible Walls," an online photography competition, encouraging participants to capture unseen social barriers through visual storytelling. We organised two donation drives in collaboration with Project Akira, Project Tawwaqoo, and Project Kalakriti by collecting clothes for underserved communities. In collaboration with Saahas, a panel discussion titled "Busting Sustainability Myths" enabled students to critically examine environmental narratives. A key milestone was the field visit to Goonj, conducted after a gap of three years, offering insights into dignity-centric development and sustainable practices. VAPP also engaged students through a block printing stall at the NSS Mela and a screening of Accsex, fostering dialogue on inclusion and representation. During Tarang '26, workshops on charm making and paper quilling promoted creativity and inclusivity. Additionally, VAPP circulated 40+ opportunities, including internships exceeding ₹18,000.



WDC

Women's Development Cell

The Women's Development Cell began the year with a media analysis of "Ghar Ki Murgi," encouraging discussions on invisible labour and gendered expectations within households. The first "Let's Talk" session on Choice Feminism focused on autonomy and the influence of culture and capitalism on feminist choices. Continuing its media engagement, the Cell organised a documentary screening on children in Bangladesh's brothel village, prompting conversations on stigma and the exploitation that sex workers face. To mark World Mental Health Day, an interactive session examined the complexities of women's emotional expression. Other "Let's Talk" sessions explored themes such as political voice, soft violence, and the female gaze, engaging with representation and subtler forms of patriarchy. An inclusivity-sensitization session further initiated dialogue on identity and empathy, contributing to a more inclusive campus environment. The tenure concluded with 'AAINA', the Cell's annual fest on the theme "Paradox," which engaged with contradictions across various spheres and featured a panel discussion, a zine-making activity, and a symposium.



College Magazine

The academic year 2025–26 marked a period of creative growth for the college magazine society, now comprising over 200 members. The society undertook diverse initiatives across publication, curation, and dialogue, fostering interdisciplinary engagement.

In October, a screening of *Frankenstein* (2025) encouraged critical engagement with literature through film, followed in November by an interactive session with artist Ita Mehrotra on “Art as Ethnography.” The society also launched its official mascot, Aravis, establishing a distinct visual identity, while continuing coverage of campus events.

A key milestone was the release of the annual yearbook, capturing the year’s essence. In January 2026, the newsletter *Mourning the Muse* was introduced. The year culminated in the annual magazine, showcasing contributions across writing, photography, and design, reflecting the society’s collective vision.

WUS

This academic year, the World University Service demonstrated a sustained commitment to student well-being through purposeful initiatives addressing physical health, mental wellness and nutritional awareness. The first initiative, *Journaling with Art*, was a structured creative session that facilitated emotional reflection and self-expression through art-based journaling, culminating in a collective gratitude exercise.

Subsequently, WUS organised an eye health awareness session conducted by Dr. Anchal Gupta, Founder and Senior Eye Surgeon at Netram Eye Foundation, wherein students gained insights into preventive eye care, early identification of vision-related concerns and the ocular implications of prolonged digital exposure, supplemented by on-site vision screenings.

The year concluded with *Food, Mood and Focus*, a speaker session by Dr. Pulkit Mathur, Professor at Lady Irwin College, examining the empirical relationship between nutrition, psychological well-being and academic performance.

WUS additionally maintained consistent digital outreach, disseminating resource baskets, self-care guidance and evidence-informed stress management strategies across social media platforms.



WMS

The academic year 2025–26 has been a remarkable and fulfilling period for the Western Music Society (WMS) at Lady Shri Ram College. The society achieved a significant milestone by securing second place at the cultural festival hosted by IIT Kanpur. This early success set the tone for the rest of the year and reflected the team’s dedication and excellence. In the months that followed, WMS focused on creating and refining its Annual Piece. The piece was showcased across multiple colleges within Delhi and received several accolades. On 29 March 2026, the society had the honour of performing at the Theatre and Music Festival hosted by the India Habitat Centre. Continuing its commitment to fostering musical talent and inter-collegiate engagement, WMS organised its annual flagship event, ‘Hysteria’, as part of Tarang 2026. The event featured two major competitions: Symphony, the Western A Cappella Competition, and Legato, the Western Solo Singing Competition. Both events witnessed enthusiastic participation from colleges across Delhi, contributing to a vibrant and competitive musical environment. Ultimately, the year has been one of consistent achievement, creative exploration, and meaningful engagement for WMS.



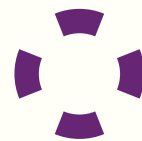
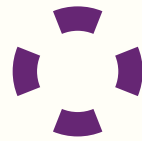
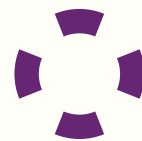
Debating Society

The English Debating Society at LSR experienced a transformative 2025–2026 tenure, marked by a return to traditional formats and a commitment to inclusive dialogue. A major highlight was the revival of the LSR Parliamentary Debate as a large-scale offline flagship tournament after a seven-year hiatus. The society hosted a successful Intra-College Conventional Debate with 30 teams and collaborated with the SC/ST Cell for Samanvay'26, a turncoat debate centered on social justice.

Beyond competitions, the society fostered intellectual growth through Reading Circles and a rigorous multi-round induction process covering feminist discourse and creative argumentation. Members consistently represented the college at various inter-collegiate platforms, maintaining a high standard of rhetorical excellence. By balancing competitive success with internal General Body Meetings and exhibition debates, the society successfully cultivated a collaborative culture dedicated to critical inquiry and institutional growth.

NSO

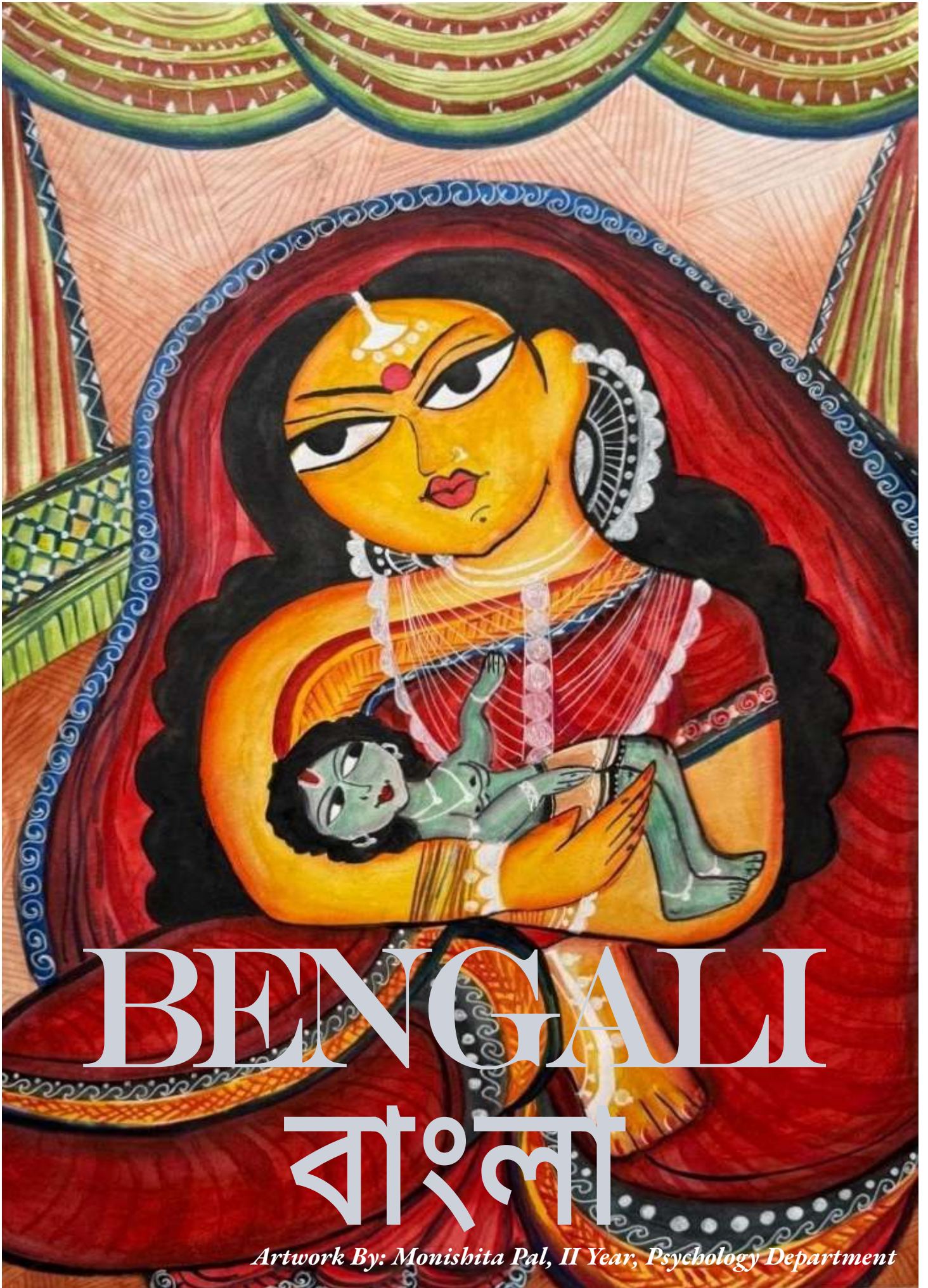
The National Sports Organisation (NSO) at Lady Shri Ram College maintained a robust year of athletic excellence and wellness initiatives. A primary highlight was the successful organization of the Dr. Bharat Ram Open Sports Meet, which saw high participation across diverse disciplines, alongside the flagship Annual Cross Country Run and National Sports Day celebrations. Competitive success was headlined by the basketball team, which secured the title at the Delhi Khel Mahakumbh 2026. Individually, Olympian Rhythm Sangwan continued to achieve national and international acclaim. The year also featured specialized workshops on sports nutrition and injury prevention, a Sports Journalism certificate course, and fitness-focused application modules. With 16 active teams and a commitment to inclusivity for para-athletes, the NSO effectively balanced high-level competition with holistic physical education for the student body.



Language Section

BENGALI
BHOTI
FRENCH
HINDI
JAPANESE
KHASI
KOREAN
MAITHILI
MALYALAM
MARATHI
ODIA
SANSKRIT
SPANISH
TELUGU
URDU

*Designed By: Ishita Chaudhary, III Year, BAP
Department
& Vanisha tyagi, III Year, English Department*



BENGALI

বাংলা

Artwork By: Monishita Pal, II Year, Psychology Department

আবার আসিবো ফিরে

মানচিত্রে বিক্রমপুর খুঁজে বের করা বেশ কঠিন। বাংলাদেশের এক কোণায় নদীর জলে লেখা ছোট একটা নাম মাত্র। কিন্তু আমাদের পারিবারিক ইতিহাসে বিক্রমপুরই কেন্দ্রবিন্দু। সেই কেন্দ্রবিন্দুর কক্ষপথ থেকে ছিটকে গিয়েছিলো একটি ছয় বছরের ছেলে। পদ্মা পেরিয়ে সে এসে পড়েছিলো কলকাতার বুকে।

তখন সবে মানচিত্র পাল্টাচ্ছে, দুই দেশের মাঝে বসছে কাঁটাতারের বেড়া। কিন্তু ছয় বছরের ছেলে একটা সেসব কি আর বোঝে? তার কাছে বাড়ির উঠোনটাই দেশের সীমানা, তার মাটিই মাতৃভূমি, আর দিনের শেষে মায়ের আঁচলটুকুই নিরাপত্তা। আমার দাদু তাঁর দাদাদের সাথে ট্রেনে করে এসেছিলেন কলকাতাতে। প্রথম কয়েকদিন তাঁরা স্টেশনেই রাত কাটিয়েছিলেন।

নিজের দেশে যারা এক রাতের মধ্যেই উদ্বাস্তু হয়ে যায়, তাঁরা আর মাথার ওপর ছাদ নিয়ে ভাবার ফুরসত পায় না। আমার দাদুর মামাবাড়ি ছিল কলকাতা থেকে প্রায় ৬০ কিলোমিটার দূর একটি গ্রামে। শহরের কোলাহল ছেড়ে সেই গ্রামই হয়ে ওঠে আশ্রয়।

দাদু ছোটো থেকেই বই পড়তে ভালোবাসতেন। এই দেশে এসে তাঁর সেই আগ্রহ শতগুণ বেড়ে যায়। নতুন জায়গায় সেই বই-ই হয় তাঁর একমাত্র সঙ্গী।

রোজ ৫ কিলোমিটার হেঁটে স্কুলে যেতেন, প্রাথমিক বিদ্যালয়ে থেকে উচ্চবিদ্যালয়ে ভর্তি হওয়ার সামর্থ্য ছিলো না। ধার নিয়ে পড়াশোনা শেষ করেছেন, কোনোদিন সব পাঠ্যবই কিনতে পারেননি। কলেজে পড়াকালীন কলের জলে চিঁড়ে ভিজিয়ে খেয়েছেন। রিফিউজি ভারতের ভারসাতে কলেজের পরীক্ষা দিয়েছিলেন। কিন্তু এসব কিছুই দাদুর মেধা আটকাতে পারেনি। স্কুল-কলেজে বরাবর প্রথম হয়ে এসেছেন, নিজের পরিবার চালানোর দায়িত্ব ছিলো তাঁর ওপর। কোনো রকম সহায়তা ছাড়াই অফিসারের পদে চাকরি পান, তখনকার দিনে ওই অঞ্চলের প্রথম অফিসার ছিলেন তিনি।

আমি এইসব গল্প বহুবার শুনেছি তাঁর মুখে, আর প্রত্যেকবারই ভেবেছি যে তিনি এরম দাঁত কামড়ে পড়ে থাকার শক্তি আর সাহস কোথা থেকে পেয়েছিলেন।

আসলে র্যাডক্লিফ লাইন কেবল একটি দেশকে ভাগ করেনি, দেশের নাগরিকদের পরিচিতিও বিভক্ত করে দিয়েছে। তাই নিজের পরিচয় প্রমাণ করতে করতে তাদের অনেকেরই জীবন কেটে গেছে। সীমান্ত যেন একবার নয়, বারবার পার করতে হয়েছে। এই মানুষরা দেশ ভাগের দগদগে ঘা নিয়ে সারা জীবন বেঁচে থাকে।

কিন্তু দাদুর কাছে তাঁর জীবনের বহু প্রতিকূলতা তুচ্ছ। তাঁর কাছে নিজের জীবনকাহিনীর কোনো মূল্য নেই। তিনি সব বাধা পেরিয়ে তাঁর পরিবারকে ভালো রাখতে পেরেছেন, তাঁর সন্তানদের ভালো ভবিষ্যৎ দিতে পেরেছেন - এটাই তাঁর কাছে সবচেয়ে বড় প্রাপ্তি।

আমি এখন বাড়ি থেকে ১৫০০ কিলোমিটার দূরে থাকি। মাঝেমাঝেই বাড়ির জন্য মন খারাপ করে, ভিতর থেকে গুমড়ে মরি। এই রুক্ষ-শুষ্ক প্রবাসে অন্য ভাষা বলতে হয়। মাতৃভাষা গলার কাছেই আটকে থাকে।

প্লেনটা যখন কলকাতার আকাশে উড়ে এসে পৌঁছায়, আমার ধরে প্রাণ ফিরে আসে। না, আমার দাদুর মতো দেশের সীমান্ত পেরোনোর অভিজ্ঞতা নেই, কিন্তু বিভক্ত পরিচয় নিয়ে বাঁচা আমিও একটু হলেও জানি।

বিক্রমপুর আমি কখনো দেখিনি, আমার দাদুও আর কখনো ফিরে দেখতে পাননি। কিন্তু আমাদের বুকের বামদিকে এখনো বিক্রমপুর যত্ন করে রাখা।

আমার মনে পড়ে, আমি যখন ছোটো ছিলাম, তখন আমি বই থেকে জীবনানন্দ দাশের লেখা একটি কবিতা দাদুকে পড়ে শোনাচ্ছিলাম। দাদুও আমার সাথে গলা মিলিয়েছিলেন:

“আবার আসিবো ফিরে,

ধানসিঁড়িটির তীরে

এই বাংলায়।”

কখনো আর না ফিরতে পারলেও, মাতৃভূমির টানকে কখনো উপেক্ষা করা যায় না।

Written By: Adrita Majumder, 1 Year, English Department



আবেদন

নাম পরিবর্তনের আবেদন:

আবেদনকারীর নাম: ভারতবর্ষ

বর্তমান নাম: পূর্ব পাকিস্তান

কারণ: _____

কারণের ঘরটা ফাঁকাই থাক।

কলমটা ভেঙে গেছে। চলুন কলম খানা মেরামত হতে হতে আমরা ১৯৪৭-এর শরণার্থী দপ্তরটা ঘুরে আসি।

এই সরকারি দপ্তরে ঢুকলে আগে বড়বাবুর ঘরের ঝালসানো আলো চোখে পরে না বরং ধাক্কা দেয় সেই গন্ধটা। জানালাগুলো বন্ধ, বাতাস ভারী। তারি মধ্যে ভেসে আসছে রিজওয়ান সাহেবের মেয়ের বিয়ের বিরিয়ানির সুগন্ধ। তবে ঘিটা যেন ওই শরণার্থীদের গায়ের মতো—ঘেমো, ক্লান্ত আর বড্ড উষ্ণ। দারতিনির ঝাঁঝটা আবার খুকির শরীর থেকে খসে পড়া ভেজা আঁচলের মতন। বোধহয় খুকির মা সেদিনই কাচতে দিয়ে ছিল। বড্ড পরিষ্কার।

ভারত বাবুর সবটাই খুব চেনা। হাতে একটি বাদামি ফাইল যার কোণাগুলো নরম হয়ে গেছে। ভিতরে বন্ধ জন্ম, মৃত্যু, বিবাহের সরকারি বৃত্তান্ত।

কাউন্টারে বসা ক্লার্ক ফাইলটা নেয়।

ত্রি কণ্ঠে বলে উঠল - “আবেদন খানা কি?”

ভারত বলে, “নাম পরিবর্তন।”

-“পুরোনো নাম?”

- “ভারতবর্ষ”

- “নতুন নাম?”

ভারত একটু ভেবে বলে, “পূর্ব পাকিস্তান।”

ক্লার্কটার গলায় সেই পরিচিত ঢাকাই টান।

বলে - এই বয়সে নাম বদলাইতে চান কেন? এই বয়সে মানুষ নাম বদলায় না। ঠিকানা বদলায়, ওষুধ বদলায়!!”

ভারত বাবু একটু থেমে বলল -

“সেদিন রাতে আমার স্ত্রী মনোরমা কে তুলে নিয়ে গেলো এক শরীরে, ফিরলো টুকরো টুকরো করে। কিছু ভাগ তো দারোগা বাবু খুঁজেও পাননি।

ছেলেটা ওপারে গেছিল চাকরি খুঁজতে। দুই বছর হল খোজ নেই। সবাই বলে ওপারে অনেক টাকা পয়সা, সুযোগ সুবিধা, বোধে হয়ে আমাদের ভুলে গেছে। বা নিশ্চয়ই সময় পাই না আর।

সেদিন খুকি টা পাড়ার কিছু মানব রুপি শিয়াল নিয়ে গেলো টানতে টানতে। সে আর ফিরে এসে কথা বলে না! গলাটা পাল্টে গেছে, নিশ্চয়ই ঠান্ডা লেগেছে! ওষুধ খাওয়াতে হবে বাড়ি গিয়ে।”

ক্লার্ক কলম থামিয়ে রাখে।

সবকিছুর পরে এক পাড়ার বৃদ্ধা এসেছিল।

পরিচিত, ভারী কণ্ঠ। সে বলল: এই অবস্থায় পুরোনো নাম রাখা ঠিক না। নাম বদলাতে হবে।

কথা বলার ভঙ্গি বদলাতে হবে। দুপুর বেলা এপারে ভাত খেলে, রাতের বেলা ওদিকে গিয়ে রুটি করতে হবে।

লজ্জা ঢাকতে হবে। “

ভারত বাবু আর প্রশ্ন করেন নি। কারণ এই বয়সে প্রশ্ন করা বেয়াদবি।

ক্লার্ক ফাইলের দিকে তাকিয়ে থাকে। বলে - “কারণটা সংক্ষেপে লিখুন।”

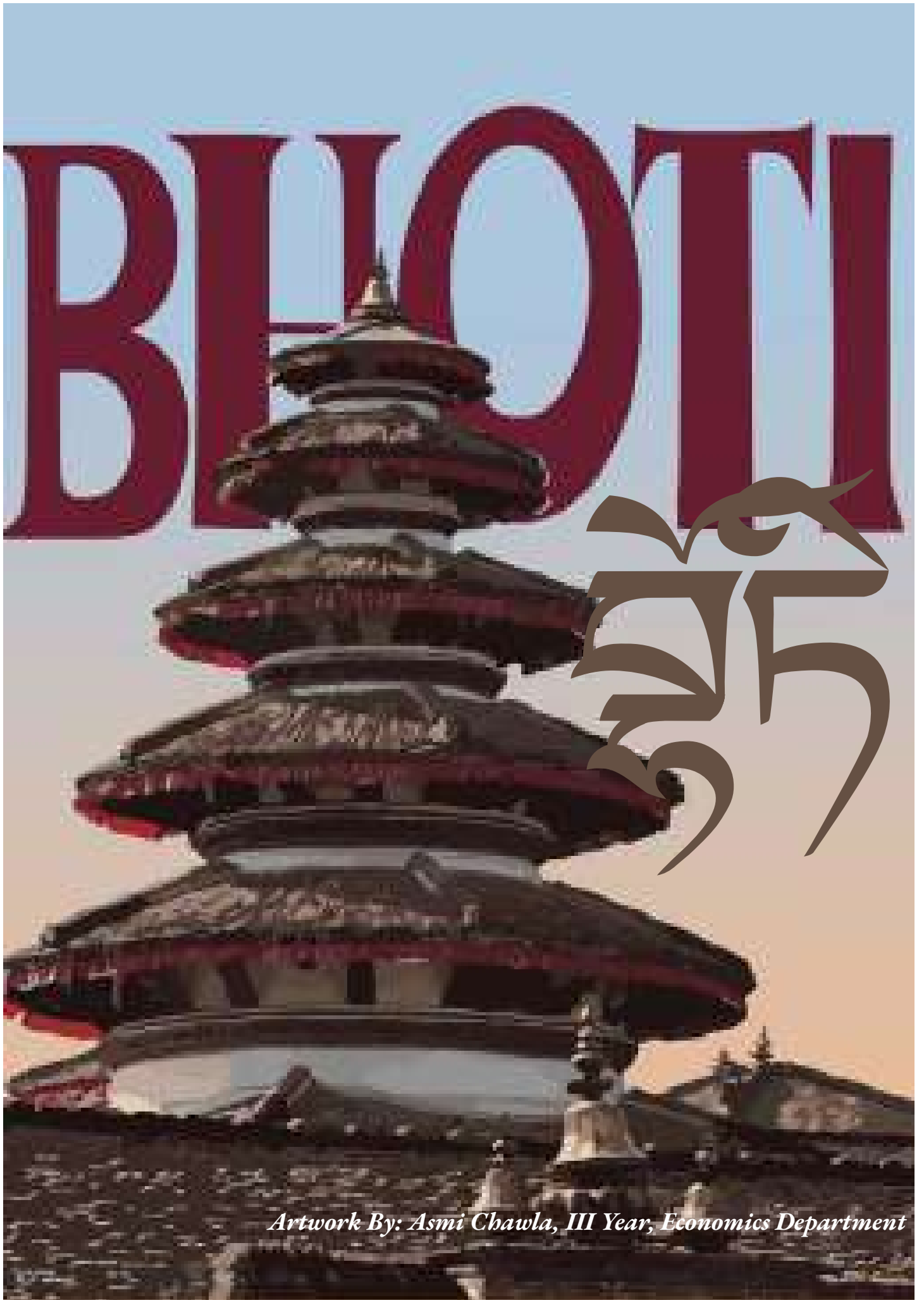
ভারত কলম ধরে।

লিখতে শুরু করে,

তারপর থামে।

শেষ পর্ন্ত ফাঁকা রেখেই দেয় কারণের ঘরটা।





Artwork By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department

མཛད།

ལོང་ཉི་བརྒྱའི་རྗེས་སུ་ལ་དུགས་ལ།
ཤྲོག་ར་ཀླུ་མིར་གཉིས་ཀྱི་མངའ་འོག་ནས།
སྤྱི་ལྷོ་བརྒྱད་པའི་ཚེས་ལྗེས་ཉིན་མོ་ལ།
ཤོར་བའི་ཡུ་ཁེ་བསྐྱེད་པའི་བྱུང་སྐྱེས་སྤྲུགས་མཛད།

ལ་དུགས་ཡུལ་ལ་སྤྱིད་པའི་ཉི་མ་ཤར།
ཚན་གཞེན་བར་གསུམ་དགའ་དགའ་སྤྱིད་སྤྱིད་མཛད།
དགའ་སྤྲུག་སྤྲུག་པའི་རྣམ་རྟོག་ཡོངས་སུ་སེལ།
བདེ་སྤྱིད་ཡུན་སྤུམ་ཚོགས་པའི་ཡུལ་ཞིག་ལྷན།

མིས་པོ་དམ་པའི་དབྱུ་ཁྲིད་མངའ་འོག་ཏུ།
མི་མང་མཐུན་འབྲེལ་གཅིག་ཏུ་སྤྲིལ་བ་ཡིས།

རྒྱུན་ཆད་མེད་པར་ཡུ་ཁེ་འདོད་དོན་ལ།
སྐད་འབོད་ལྷགས་དྲག་མཛད་པའི་སྤྱི་བ་འབྲས་སྤྲིན།

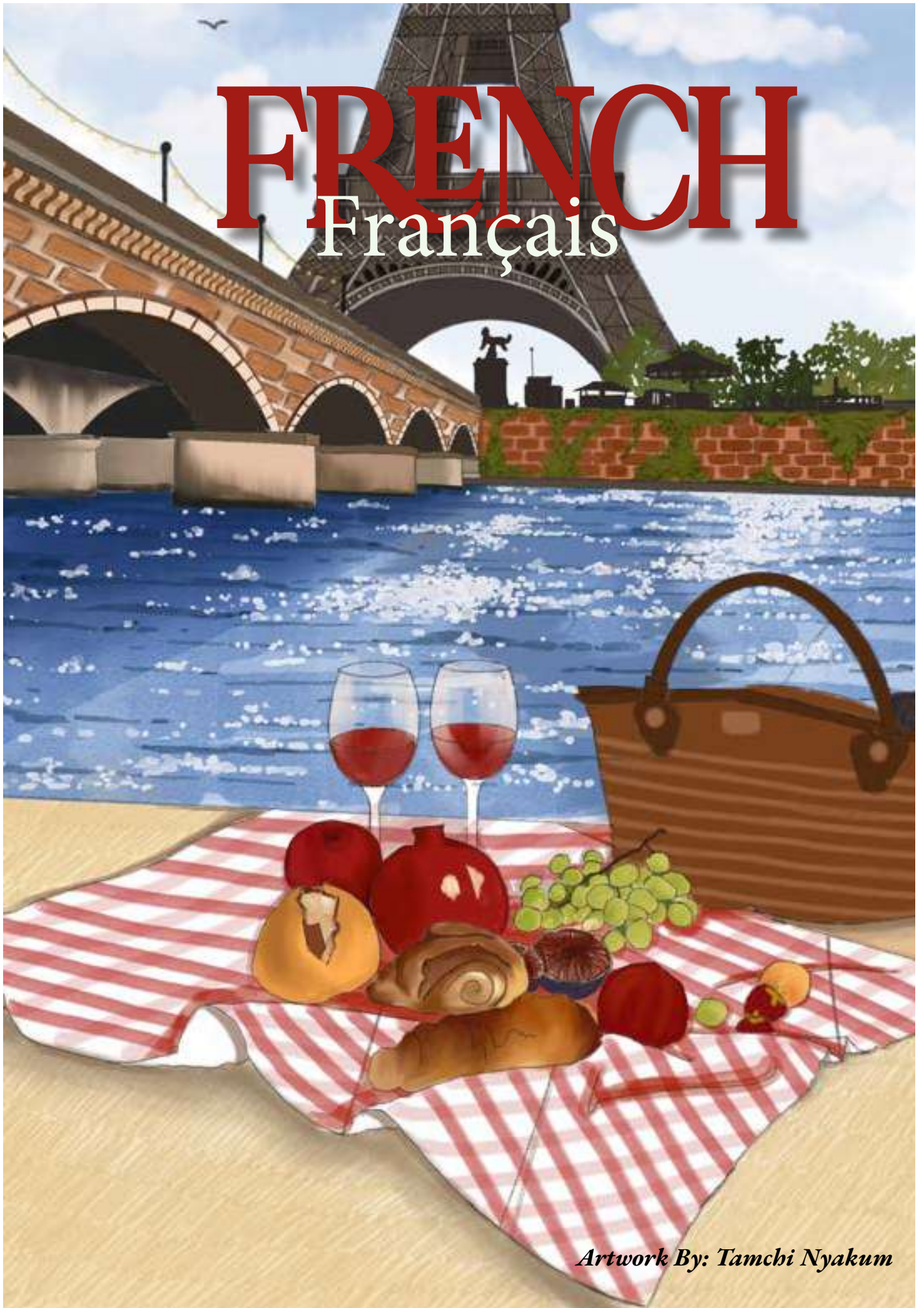
མ་འོངས་ལ་དུགས་འདོད་དོན་སྤྱི་བ་པ་ལ།
དཔོན་པོ་བཟང་པོའི་བཀའ་ལ་གཅིག་ཏུ་སྤྲིལ།
ཁྲོད་ང་མེད་པར་རང་ཡུལ་དོན་དུ་བཞེངས།
ལེན་དུག་པའི་དོན་ལ་རང་འདོད་སྤོངས།

*Written and Photographed by:
Jigmet Angmo, II Year, English Department,*



FRENCH

Français



Artwork By: Tamchi Nyakum

Une lettre d'amour à LSR

J'écris ces mots assis dans la EXHI. Laisse-moi te planter le décor pour que tu puisses ressentir tout ce que je ressens en ce moment... Je suis affalée dans un coin avec la pire posture du monde, 2-3 doux rayons de soleil printanier sur le visage. Je crois qu'on a tous connu ça. Je suis aussi les yeux légèrement embués, avec le cœur le plus plein du monde, un cœur qui déborde honnêtement de gratitude. Je suis assise face à ce qui sont probablement les plus grandes roses que j'aie jamais vues de ma vie... elles sont de toutes les couleurs- jaune, rose clair, rose foncé (je suis vraiment nulle avec les noms de couleurs, pardonne-moi) et bien sûr le classique rouge de février. J'écoute Real Love Baby en boucle, ce qui me fait réfléchir un peu à la façon dont la musique peut vraiment te faire ressentir tant de choses, ou simplement amplifier encore plus ce que tu ressens déjà. Il y a une légère brise, les cheveux qui volent dans mon visage toutes les quelques minutes, et je ne me plains pas... ça me donne l'impression d'être dans un film (après tout, la vie c'est fait pour romantiser les petites choses, non ?).

Honnêtement, LSR n'a pas besoin du printemps, elle est éternelle à sa façon- colorée, joyeuse, pleine de vie, toujours en fleurs tout au long de l'année. C'est l'une des nombreuses choses que j'adore absolument dans cet endroit, il te remplit de tellement de lumière même dans tes journées ternes, sombres, moroses, ces journées où tu veux rester enfermée dans ta petite chambre sans lumière. Je suis diplômée depuis moins de 4 mois. Tout ce à quoi je peux vraiment penser, c'est ce que Andy Bernard a dit, « J'aurais aimé qu'il existe un moyen de savoir que nous vivions les belles années, pendant qu'on y était encore. » Et moi, pour une fois, je sais que c'est le cas.. et ça l'a été depuis le premier jour où j'ai franchi les portes de mon université. Je ne saurais même pas par où commencer pour te dire à quel point j'aime cet endroit, mon université.. c'est chez moi. Le bonheur qu'il me procure, je souris de mon sourire le plus éclatant, le plus heureux, quand je suis à l'université.

Les gens disent normalement que c'est à cause des personnes que tu y rencontres, mais je vais manquer cet endroit de la même façon, peu importe qui auraient été mes amies. Je m'assieds parfois et je réfléchis à qui j'aurais été sans LSR. En tant qu'enfant qu'on appelait une rebelle sans cause, sans jamais s'arrêter, LSR est devenue le havre de sécurité où mes idées féministes radicales n'étaient en quelque sorte pas assez radicales, où l'émancipation ne se manifestait pas d'une seule façon mais de 3000+ façons à travers les 3000+ étudiantes ici. Là où chaque jour tu apprenais des expériences partagées, des innombrables femmes talentueuses autour de toi, là où tu désapprends aussi tellement, tant d'idées préconçues avec lesquelles tu arrives, ça t'apprend à être toi sans t'excuser, ça t'apprend à te dépasser, ça te donne la plateforme.

Ce n'est pas que des roses... tu perds des amies, parfois même un peu de toi-même, tu échoues, tu tombes.. tu te sens vaincue, mais s'il y a un endroit qui te reconstruira plus grand et meilleur, tout en vaudra la peine, parce que la magie de LSR te façonnera pour toujours. Il te faudra peut-être du temps pour trouver cette magie, mais si tu t'assieds simplement et que tu regardes autour de toi, tu réaliseras que la magie est en toi.. tu es la magie. C'est toi qui rends cet endroit magique, et tout comme toi, chacune autour de toi est la magie.

Et un jour, des années plus tard, une chanson jouera, ou le vent soufflera d'une certaine façon, ou le soleil frappera ton visage sous le bon angle.. et tu seras transportée directement ici. Dans ces couloirs, ces roses, ces femmes, cette magie. Et tu souriras.. non pas parce que ça n'a pas pris fin, mais parce que c'est arrivé. Parce

que pendant quelques-unes des années les plus déterminantes de ta vie, tu as eu la chance d'appartenir à quelque chose d'aussi beau.

Quand tu franchiras ces grilles pour la dernière fois, ne regarde pas en arrière avec tristesse. Regarde en arrière avec le genre d'amour qui reste. Celui qui vit dans ta poitrine pour toujours. Parce que LSR ne se termine pas à l'obtention du diplôme.. elle commence simplement à vivre en toi d'une façon que tu n'as pas encore découverte. Et peu importe où la vie t'emmène, tu trouveras toujours, toujours ton chemin vers toi-même.. parce que cet endroit s'en est assuré.

Merci, LSR. Pour tout ce que je suis. Et tout ce que je suis encore à devenir.



Written By: Noor Sebgal, IV Year, Commerce Department



Photograph By: Gayatri Veer, II Year, English Department

हिन्दी

भारतीय



Artwork By: Kumari Nibedita, I Year, English Departmentt

देह से परे

तेरे दीदार से, जो किरदार मुझे मिला
तेरे विश्वास से, जो आधार मुझे मिला
इस कदर, जो बदलाव सा हुआ
तू मेरा नहीं, मैं तेरी हो गयी
मेरा तुझ पर हक नहीं,
तेरा मुझ पर हो गया
कृष्ण इस तरह तूने जो छुआ मुझे,
ये स्पर्श मेरी देह को नहीं, आत्मा को छू गया।

*Written By: Gunjan Saxena, II Year,
Hindi Department*



Photograph By: Janhavi Amin, via Pexels

स्त्री हूँ मैं

स्त्री हूँ मैं,
मादा नहीं !
क्या इतने वर्षों तक तुम
सिर्फ एक शरीर के साथ थे?
मेरी आँखों में ही तैरते रहे,
मेरे अधरों में ही झूलते रहे,
मेरी देह से ही लिपटे रहे,
और इस चेहरे पर ही,
बार-बार मुग्ध होते रहे !
फिर तुमने मुझे जाना कब
मुझसे मिले कब
मुझे पाया कब ??

*Written By: Pratibha Kumari,
III Year, Hindi Department*

आज की रीत

आज भी वो बच्ची जिंदा है अंदर,
फिर क्यों उसे खोने का सदा बना रहता है डरा
दिमाग की नहीं, दिल की सुनना चाहती हूँ,
मगर अंत में क्यों पछतावे के साथ ही रह जाती हूँ।

दिल नहीं लगता लोगों के इस जहाँ में,
खुद को बसाए रखने के लिए जाऊ कहाँ मैं।
दानव प्रवृत्ति वाले इंसान कहलाते हैं,
और हम इंसानों को बेवकूफ बुलाते हैं।

आम इंसान आज हो गया तुच्छ है,
बचपन, प्रेम, लगाव जैसा क्या बचा कुछ है?
दोस्ती, रिश्ते का हवाला दे माँगते हैं यकीन,
फिर क्यों मेरी सफलता या खुशी में हैं वो गमगीन।

हर एक रिश्ता, मतलब से मेरा होकर बैठा है,
क्यों नहीं असलियत में कोई अपना दुनिया में रहता है।

दोस्ती दिल से करते थे कल तक सभी,
दिमाग से चुन कर बैठे हैं संग अभी।
काम है तो हूँ, वरना अस्तित्व है मेरा नहीं,
पीठ पीछे कब्र खोदना चाहते हैं मेरी वही।

अपने काले मन में बहुत कुछ छुपाते हैं,
द्वेष और ईर्ष्या के भाव फिर भी दिख ही जाते हैं।
जानती हूँ मैं ये सत्य, फिर भी पिघल जाती हूँ,
क्यों मैं अब भी साथ किसी का चाहती हूँ?

दुनिया के कीचड़ में खेलना मुझे है,
दिमाग वालों की रीत में ढलना मुझे है।
मेरे दिल की भी मुझे निभानी है,
अपनी खुद की रीत यह बनानी है।

इंसान रहकर ही तरना मुझे है,
जगत के लिए यह करना मुझे है।
अपने जैसे इंसानों का साथी हो जाना है,
इस अंधेर नगरी का मुझे उजाला बन जाना है।

*Written By: Lashika, I Year,
Hindi Department*

कान्हा

कान्हा!! तुम मेरे सारथी बन जाओ
इस मायावी जगत से तुम्ही पार लगाओ
माया में अर्जुन सा वीर नहीं,
पितामह को परास्त करे
मेरे पास वो तीर नहीं।
लेकिन मैं दुर्योधन सा अभिमानी नहीं,
शकुनि सा कुटिल नहीं।

कान्हा!! तुम मेरे सारथी बन जाओ,
तुम्हारा मैं नामस्मरण करूँ, मुझे राह दिखाओ।

कान्हा! जन्म से ही तुमने सब पर उपकार किया,
माया से भ्रमित जगत का उद्धार किया।
गोकुल में आकर तुमने बुराई को परेशान किया,
अपनी ही लीलाओं से तुमने कितनों को ज्ञान दिया।

मिट्टी खाकर तुमने यशोदा माँ को ब्रह्मांड दिखाया,
गोपियों के वस्त्र चुरा कर उन्हें मर्यादा का पाठ पढ़ाया।
कंस के अहंकार को तोड़कर उसे उसका अस्तित्व दिखाया,
द्वारका गमन करते हुए तुमने राधा को प्रेम का अर्थ समझाया

पांचाली के वस्त्रहरण में तुमने अपना मैत्री धर्म निभाया
धर्म की स्थापना के लिए तुमने ने युद्ध रचाया।
धर्म मार्ग में भटके अर्जुन को तुमने गीता ज्ञान पढ़ाया,
युद्ध न करते हुए भी तुमने धर्म को विजयी बनाया।

हे कान्हा!! आज कोई महाभारत का युद्ध नहीं,
न ही माखन से भरी मटकियाँ है।

राधा रानी और गोपियाँ नहीं हैं,
यशोदा माता की गोदी नहीं है।

पर कान्हा,
तुम एक बार फिर आ जाओ।
यहाँ श्रापित यमुना बह रही है,
यहाँ न्याय की मूरत ढह रही है।
न जाने कितनों का चीर हरण हो रहा है,
यहाँ प्रतिदिन परीक्षित मरण हो रहा है।

रोज यहाँ अर्जुन अपने मार्ग से भटक रहा है,
धर्म मार्ग पर चलने वाला हर जगह अटक रहा है।

हे कान्हा!! तुम एक बार फिर आ जाओ,
सवालियों में फंसे अर्जुन को तुम राह दिखाओ।
एक बार कान्हा, बस तुम दुर्योधन का अहंकार मिटाओ,
कान्हा, तुम एक बार फिर पूरी सृष्टि को गीता का उपदेश सुनाओ...!

*Written By: Shivangi Yadav,
II Year, Hindi Department
Photograph By: Liliana
Oliveria via Pexels*

सफ़ेद कागज़ सी ज़िंदगी

ज़िंदगी भी
एक ख़ाली, सफ़ेद काग़ज़ ही तो है,
जिस पर मैं
स्याही से
हर सांस लिख रही हूँ।
फ़िलहाल उस पर
कोई दाग़ नहीं,
कोई खरोंच नहीं—
क्योंकि
अभी मैंने
लिखना भर शुरू किया है।
पर लिखते हुए
स्याही बिखरेगी,
फैलेगी,
कभी लकीरों से बाहर जाएगी—
ठीक उसी तरह
जैसे कभी
मैं ज़रूरत से ज़्यादा
सांस ले लूँ,
या कभी
अचानक
सांस लेना ही भूल जाऊँ।
लिखते-लिखते
ये काग़ज़
पुराना होगा,
कमज़ोर होगा,
उस पर वक्त के
निशान उभरेंगे।
न जाने
कितने दाग़,
कितनी खरोंचें—
ठीक उसी तरह
जैसे ज़िंदगी
अपने तजुबों से
मुझे गढ़ती है।
अब मैं
काग़ज़ को जीना सिखा रही हूँ,
उसे उसकी अहमियत समझा रही हूँ।
और शायद
काग़ज़ को ज़ुबानी
मैं खुद को भी
जीना सिखा रही हूँ—

रंग-बिरंगी स्याही के साथ,
डर और हौसले के बीच।
ठीक उसी तरह
जैसे मेरे ख़्वाब,
स्याही से लिखे हुए।
अब वो काग़ज़
मुझे सुकून भी देने लगा है—
ठीक उसी तरह
जैसे
तुम।
अब इस काग़ज़ पर
कुछ बहुत ज़रूरी लिख चुकी हैं—
जैसे मेरी हकीकत,,
मेरी साँसों का हिसाबा
और ये काग़ज़
धीरे-धीरे पुराना हो रहा है।
ठीक उसी तरह
जैसे मेरी उम्र।
हर दिन मुझे थोड़ा-सा बदल रही है।
काग़ज़ का भी
एक बुढ़ापा होता है।
डर है—
कि न जाने कितने दिन और
ये मेरी कहानी
अपने सीने से लगाए रख पाएगा,
या यूँ ही
चपुचाप बिखर जाएगा—
ठीक वैसे ही
जैसे इंसान।
एक दिन ख़ामोशी से चला जाता है।
काग़ज़ भी डरता है।
फट जाने से,
पानी में घुल जाने से,
स्याही के फैल जाने से,
अक्षरों के धुंधले पड़ जाने से,,
दाग़ों से,
खरोंचों से,
किसी के हाथों
छिन जाने से।
और सबसे ज़्यादा—
यूँ ही
ख़ाली रह जाने से।

Written By: Shreya Shukla, III Year, Hindi Department

आगे क्या

यूँ ही रील स्क्रोल करते हुए शिव मंगल सिंह सुमन की कविता याद आई -

"जीवन में कितना सूनापन
पथ निर्जन है, एकाकी है,
उर में मिटने का आयोजन
सामने प्रलय की झाँकी है"

अचानक से एक सवाल मन में कौंध गया कि पूरी दुनिया उससे एक ही सवाल पूछ रही है- आगे क्या?

कॉलेज खत्म हुए छह महीने हो चुके थे। कुछ दोस्त नौकरी पर लग गए थे, कुछ विदेश पढ़ने चले गए, और दो-तीन की सगाई तक हो गई थी। हर इंस्टाग्राम स्टोरी उसे याद दिलाती थी कि सबकी जिंदगी आगे बढ़ रही है। सिर्फ वही थी जो अपने कमरे में लैपटॉप खोले बैठी CAREER OPTIONS AFTER GRADUATION सर्च कर रही थी। उसे अपना शहर याद आता था- छोटा-सा, शांत, जहाँ लोग उसे उसके पिता के नाम से जानते थे। वहाँ सुरक्षित महसूस होता था। लेकिन वही उसे घुटन भी होती थी। वही रिश्तेदार जो अब फोन पर कहते थे, "बेटा जल्दी से कुछ बड़ा करो," पहले कहा करते थे, "इतना आगे मत सोचो।"

दिल्ली में उसने आज्ञादी सीखी थी। अकेले मेट्रो पकड़ना, खुद के फैसले लेना, रात को 2 बजे तक असाइनमेंट बनाना। पर दिल्ली भी पूरी तरह उसकी नहीं थी। यहाँ भीड़ थी, प्रतिस्पर्धा थी, और एक लगातार दौड़, जिसमें उसे समझ नहीं आता था कि वह भागना चाहती भी है या नहीं। एक दिन पापा ने पूछा, "सरकारी परीक्षा की तैयारी शुरू कर दी?" स्नेहा ने धीमे से कहा- "सोच रही हूँ..." असल में वह लिखना चाहती थी। उसे कहानियाँ पसंद थी। पर लिखना SAFE OPTION नहीं था। उसे डर लगता था कि अगर असफल हो गई तो? अगर लोग कहें कि समय बर्बाद कर दिया तो? रात को वह अपनी पुरानी डायरी निकालकर बैठी। पन्ना उलटते ही उसने लिखा पाया कि - "मैं ऐसी जिंदगी चाहती हूँ जिसमें मैं अपने फैसले खुद लूँ" वह पन्ना पढ़कर वह देर तक चुप रही। उसे समझ आया कि असमंजस उसकी कमजोरी नहीं है। वह इसलिए उलझी हुई है क्योंकि वह सच में सोच रही है। अगर वह सिर्फ दूसरों की बात मान लेती, तो शायद फैसला आसान होता। पर वह अपनी आवाज़ भी सुनना चाहती थी। अगले दिन उसने कोई बड़ा ऐलान नहीं किया। उसने बस एक छोटा-सा कदम उठाया। उसने एक पार्ट-टाइम जॉब के लिए आवेदन कर दिया, ताकि आर्थिक दबाव कम हो। और साथ ही एक ब्लॉग शुरू किया- अपने नाम से। यह अंतिम जवाब नहीं था...

कुछ महीनों बाद भी उसकी जिंदगी परफेक्ट नहीं हुई थी। कभी उसे अपने शहर की याद सताती, कभी दिल्ली की भीड़ से थक जाती। कभी उसे लगता वह सही कर रही है, कभी लगता शायद गलत। "NOT EVERYTHING THAT'S BROKEN IS MEANT TO BE FIXED" पर अब उसे यह समझ आ गया था- हर युवा उस पुल पर खड़ा होता है जहाँ पीछे का किनारा साफ दिखता है और आगे वाला धुंधला। उस पुल पर खड़े होना असफलता नहीं है। वही से रास्ते दिखते हैं।

*Written By: Shreya Madhawi,
II Year, Hindi Department*



"क्यों नहीं समझते"

भले ही हूँ मैं एक स्त्री ,
पर डरती नहीं किसी बाधा से
हर क़दम पर खुद को साबित कर,
आगे बढ़ती हूँ पूरे विश्वास से।

लोग चाहे देखें मुझे
अपनी-अपनी नज़र से,
मैं चलती रहती हूँ आगे
अपने सपनों के सफ़र में।

मैं खड़ी हूँ एक ऐसी सीमा पर
जहां साहस और डर साथ चलते हैं,
जहां सपने आगे बुलाते हैं
और समाज के बंधन पीछे खींचते हैं।

बस हो या हो कोई भी सफ़र
क्यों नहीं स्त्री रहती है सुरक्षित?
हर राह पर सजग रहना
क्यों होनी ही चाहिए उसकी नियति निश्चित?

क्यों नहीं समझते कुछ लोग
हर स्त्री को मां - बहन समान?
क्यों आज भी परखी जाती है
उसकी इज़्जत ग़लत नज़रों के नाम।

फ़िर भी मैं चलती रहूंगी आगे
इन सीमाओं के पार,
क्योंकि हर नई सुबह
लाती है नई उम्मीद और नया संसार।।

नारी जीवन की दुविधा

निकलती हूँ घर से बाहर जाने के लिए सहम जाती हूँ
देख अभद्र व्यवहार नारी के लिए।
सार्वजनिक यातायात में सफ़र के दौरान न जाने क्यों
यातायात को छोड़ मुझे सार्वजनिक समझा जाता है।
कैसे बयां करूँ उस पल की
जब भीड़ बताकर मुझे गलत छुआ जाता है।
सड़क पर चलने के दौरान मुझे नारी को संबोधित करने के
अन्य नामों से परिचित कराया जाता है।
यह देख मुझे समझ नहीं आता है जो पुरुष एक नारी से जन्म पाता
है
वह अन्य नारियों के प्रति इतना निकृष्ट कैसे हो जाता है।
यह देख हालत समाज की
समझ आती है चिंता मुझे परिवार की।
समझ आता है...
क्यों नहीं मिलती आजादी हमें बाहर जाने की।
कैसे समझाऊँ यह तकलीफ़ उन लोगों को जिसे देख नारी होना एक
अपराध सा नज़र आता है।
फिर भी यह समाज हमें सीता बनाना चाहता है
जबकि दिल हर लड़की का दुर्गा बनना जाना चाहता है।

*Written By: Nivedita Mishra,
III Year, Hindi Department*



मैं और मेरे किरदार

मिले हैं हम पहले भी
इन राहों में टकराए हैं,
जिंदगी के इस अफसाने में
मैंने आपके पत्रों में भी कुछ किरदार निभाए हैं।

सुना मैंने,
आपने कहा, 'जानते हैं मुझे'
आपके पत्रों में जैसी हूँ 'पहचानते हैं मुझे'

एक 'मैं' हूँ यहाँ,
एक कही किसी और के पत्रों में बुनी हूँ।
इन शब्दों से पिरोयी, कही गुम सी तो कही मिली हूँ।
कुछ अपनी कहानी में छपी हुई,
कुछ दूसरों के शब्दों में ढली हुई हूँ।
स्मृति पटल पर लोगों के,
कुछ उन्ही की परतों से गढ़ी गयी हूँ।
इसलिए थोड़ी अधूरी, थोड़ी धुंधली सी हूँ।
थोड़ी 'मैं' खुद सी, थोड़ी उन सी हूँ।

सोचती हूँ कभी,
दूसरों के किरदार में आखिर,
कितनी 'मैं' नज़र आती हूँ?
उनके पत्रों पर,
खुदसे ज्यादा 'मुझमें' जब उनकी ही छवियाँ पाती हूँ।

*Written By: Samriddhi Mishra,
III Year, Hindi Department*

अगर हम Second Sex ना होते

उस सुबह हवा कुछ अलग थी। सड़कों पर चलती लड़कियों के कंधे झुके हुए नहीं थे। उनकी चाल में डर नहीं था। जैसे किसी ने वर्षों से बंद खिड़की खोल दी हो। वह बालकनी में खड़ी यह सब देख रही थी। यह वही दुनिया थी, वही सूरज, वही पेड़, वही इमारतें। पर कुछ बदला हुआ था। यहां औरतें 'सेकंड सेक्स' नहीं थीं। यहां उन्हें बचपन से सिखाया जाता था कि वह सक्षम हैं, पूर्ण हैं और नेतृत्व करना उनका जन्मसिद्ध अधिकार है। उसकी मां शहर की प्रमुख योजनाकार थीं। उसकी दादी ने कभी युद्ध के बाद उजड़े इलाकों को फिर से बसाया था। उसकी बहन अंतरिक्ष अनुसंधान केंद्र में काम करती थीं। जो शब्दों से समाज की आत्मा को आड़ना दिखाती थीं। इस दुनिया में लड़कियों को रात से डरना नहीं सिखाया जाता था। उन्हें अपने कपड़ों की लंबाई पर नहीं, अपने सपनों की ऊंचाई पर ध्यान देना सिखाया जाता था। स्कूलों में आत्मरक्षा नहीं, आत्मविश्वास पढ़ाया जाता था। यहां शरीर कोई बोझ नहीं था। यहां स्त्री होना कोई जोखिम नहीं था। उसे याद आया कि इतिहास की किताबों में पढ़ा हुआ वह पुराना संसार जहां औरतें हर कदम पर चौकरी रहती थीं, जहां हंसी भी सोच समझ कर निकलती थी, जहां ना कहने की हिम्मत भी साहस कहलाती थी, जहां उनके अस्तित्व को बार-बार साबित करना पड़ता था। वह सोचती थी अगर उस दुनिया में भी औरतों को पहले लीग यानी फर्स्ट सेक्स माना गया होता तो शायद कितनी ही प्रतिभाएं समय से पहले बुझ न जातीं। कितनी ही बच्चियां डॉक्टर, वैज्ञानिक, कलाकार बन जातीं। बजाय इसके कि उन्हें जल्दी बड़ा होना पड़े। इस नई दुनिया में नेतृत्व का अर्थ ताकत नहीं, संवेदना थी। शासन का मतलब नियंत्रण नहीं, देखभाल था। फैसला आंकड़ों के साथ-साथ आंसुओं को भी समझ कर लिए जाते थे। वह एक बार अपनी मां से पूछती है "क्या यहां भी अपराध होते हैं?" मां ने मुस्कुरा कर कहा था "होते हैं, पर उन्हें छुपाया नहीं जाता, सुधारा जाता है"। यह दुनिया आदर्श नहीं थी। यहां भी मतभेद थे, संघर्ष था, असफलताएं थी, पर एक बात अलग थी, यहां किसी लड़की को अपनी आकांक्षाओं से पहले अपनी सुरक्षा की चिंता नहीं करनी पड़ती थी। उसने अपनी डायरी खोली और लिखा -

अगर डर हमारी पहली भावना ना होती,
तो शायद हम और ज्यादा साहसी होते।
अगर शरीर हमारा बोझ ना होता तो,
शायद हम और ऊंचा उड़ते।

उस शाम वह एक छोटी बच्ची को सड़क पर दौड़ते हुए देख रही थी। बिना पीछे देखे, बिना किसी चेतावनी के, उसकी आंखें भर आईं। क्योंकि उसने समझ लिया था - औरतों का राज सत्ता में नहीं होता। वह सुरक्षा में होता है, सम्मान में होता है और उसकी आजादी में होता है। जहां किसी लड़की को यह साबित नहीं करना पड़ता कि वह इंसान है। और शायद यही वह दुनिया थी, जिसकी कल्पना उसने बचपन में की थी। जहां औरतें सर्वश्रेष्ठ इसलिए नहीं थी क्योंकि वह शक्तिशाली थीं, बल्कि इसलिए कि वह निडर होकर स्वयं हो सकती थीं।



अंजान आकृति

मन के बंद कमरों में
अंधेरा
सिर्फ ठहरा नहीं रहता,
वह चलता है।
हर रात
एक ही दिशा में
पैरों की आहटें,
किन्तु बिना पैरों की।
जो नहीं दिखता
वही
सबसे अधिक उपस्थित है।
दीवारों में...
सीलन नहीं,
स्मृतियाँ रिसती हैं;
चूना झरता है
समय की धूल बनकर।
उसी झरन में
अचानक
उमड़ आता है
एक मुख,
बिना नाम,
बिना इतिहास के।
नुकीली नाक,
केसर ललाट,
जैसे विचारों ने
पत्थर ओढ़ लिया हो।
वह देखता है
पर टकटकी नहीं लगाता,
वह जानता है
पर पहचान नहीं माँगता।
हृदय की धक-धक
पूछती है
यह कौन है?
और मन उत्तर देता है—
जो प्रश्न करता है।
वही आकृति है।

परिणति

मैं एक छोटे से गाँव में अपने परिवार के साथ रहती थी जिसमें मेरी दादी, पापा, मम्मी, मेरे दो भाई और मैं हम सभी रहते थे। मेरे पापा के एक छोटे भाई भी थे जिन्हें मेरे पापा ने खूब मेहनत करके पढ़ाया था, पर अब वह हमसे अलग होकर शहर में बस गए थे। बढ़ती उम्र के साथ दादी की तबीयत भी डगमगाने लगी थी, वह अपने छोटे बेटे यानी मेरे चाचा को हमेशा याद किया करती थी, लेकिन चाचा अक्सर उनके सपनों में आते थे, हकीकत में नहीं। देखते ही देखते मैं 10 वर्ष की हो गई। मेरे 10वें जन्मदिन पर मेरे दोनों भाइयों ने खूब उत्साह के साथ घर में कार्यक्रम आयोजित किया। घर में खूब चहल-पहल थी, बहुत से रिश्तेदार, पड़ोसी, सहेलियाँ मुझसे मिलने आए थे। अगर किसी पल को एक शीशे में कैद किया जा सकता तो मैं उसी पल को करती। कई समय के बाद घर में खुशी का माहौल था जिससे देखकर मेरी दादी ने कहा, “तुम भाई बहनों में सदैव यही प्यारी बना रहो” दादी हमेशा यही बातें किया करती थी, लेकिन मैं कभी उन्हें समझ नहीं पाती थी।

अगली सुबह मैंने अपने पापा को मम्मी के साथ उनके कमरे में यह बात करते सुना कि उन्हें चाचा जी का कॉल आया था, जिसमें उन्होंने दादी को शहर ले जाने की बात की थी। उनकी आवाज़ सुनकर मैं बता सकती थी कि वह इस चीज़ को भले ही ज़ाहिर नहीं कर रहे थे, लेकिन वह अंदर ही अंदर परेशान थे। फिर मेरी मम्मी ने उनसे कहा कि जब वह घर छोड़कर गए थे, क्या तब उन्हें अम्मा की कोई फिक्र नहीं थी? क्या तब उन्हें यह एहसास नहीं था कि उनके दिल के टुकड़े के बिना अम्मा जी भी पाएंगी या नहीं? मैं आगे भी सुनना चाहती थी, लेकिन मेरे विद्यालय जाने का समय निकला जा रहा था, तो मैं वहाँ से चली गई।

ऐसा बहुत कम ही हुआ है कि मेरे माता-पिता परेशान हों, इस कारण मेरा भी उस दिन विद्यालय में मन नहीं लग रहा था। छुट्टी के बाद जब मैं घर वापस आई, तब मैंने चाचा के बारे में दादी से बात करने का फैसला किया। दादी ने पहले तो मुझसे कुछ बताने की इच्छा ज़ाहिर नहीं की, लेकिन थोड़ी ज़िद करने के बाद उन्होंने मुझे बताया कि मेरे चाचा का हमेशा से एक सपना था कि उन्हें अपना खुद का बिज़नेस करना है। लगभग 5 साल पहले जब उन्होंने अपने सपने को हकीकत में बदलने की कोशिश की, लेकिन अपने ही साथियों ने उन्हें धोखा दिया और उनके सारे पैसे लेकर भाग गए। बिखरी हुई हालत में उन्हें पैसे की ज़रूरत थी, तब उन्होंने मेरे पापा से जमीन के बंटवारे की बात की। भले ही पापा उनकी मदद करना चाहते थे, लेकिन वह जमीन नहीं बेचना चाहते थे, क्योंकि दादाजी की आखिरी निशानी के नाम पर सिर्फ और सिर्फ उनकी एक जमीन ही बची थी। इसलिए मेरे पापा ने चाचा से थोड़ा समय मांगा, जिसमें वह कुछ पैसे का इंतजाम कर सकें, लेकिन मेरे चाचा ने पापा को गलत समझा और अपने भाई से भी कोई मदद न मिलने के कारण उन्होंने गुस्से में आकर घर छोड़ दिया।

हम सबको पता चल गया कि आने वाले कुछ दिनों में चाचा दस्तक देंगे। रविवार की सुबह थी, दरवाजे की घंटी बजी, मेरी मम्मी ने जल्दी से दरवाजा खोला और उनके सामने मेरे चाचा खड़े थे। ऐसे में वही पापा और दादी भी आ गए। जब मैंने चाचा जी को इतने सालों बाद देखा, तब मेरा मन उनके गले लगने का किया, लेकिन घर के हालात और मम्मी पापा के उदास चेहरे ने मेरे कदम आगे बढ़ने ही नहीं दिए। 2 दिन गाँव में रुकने के बाद चाचा ने दादी से कहा कि वह उनके साथ शहर चलें, ताकि वह उनकी बची हुई जिंदगी में सेवा और उनका अच्छा इलाज करवा सके। पापा ने पूरा फैसला दादी के ऊपर छोड़ दिया था, दादी जो कहती, वह पापा को मंजूर था। मां तो मां होती हैं, बच्चे की इच्छा पूरी करने के लिए कुछ भी कर सकती हैं। दादी मान गईं और अगली सुबह चाचा दादी को लेकर शहर चले गए। कुछ दिन तक तो सब ठीक था, लेकिन उसके बाद दादी का मन ऊब गया, शायद चाची मम्मी और चाचा पापा जैसा प्यार और देखभाल नहीं कर पा रहे थे। पापा रोज दादी को उनकी तबीयत जानने के लिए कॉल किया करते थे। देखते ही देखते दादी को शहर गए 2 महीने हो गए, अचानक दादी की तबीयत खराब होना शुरू हो गई। कहते हैं कि जिस पर बीतती है, वही सबसे अच्छा समझती है, शायद इसलिए उन्होंने गाँव वापस आने की जिद की और कहा कि उन्हें अपनी जिंदगी के आखिरी पल गाँव में गुजारने हैं। हम सबको उनकी वापसी की खुशी तो थी, लेकिन उससे कहीं ज्यादा उनकी खराब सेहत का गम हमें अंदर ही अंदर सताए जा रहा था। अगले दिन चाचा दादी को लेकर आ गए। उनकी हालत इतनी खराब हो चुकी थी कि उन्हें गाड़ी से उतरने के लिए दो लोगों का सहारा लेना पड़ा। यह देखकर पापा और भी टूट गए, लेकिन दादी को उन्होंने इस बात की भनक तक नहीं लगने दी। हम लोग सिर्फ यही चाहते थे कि दादी को ऐसा न लगे कि उनकी वजह से हम सब परेशान हैं। दादी की जिद को उनकी आखिरी ख्वाहिश समझते हुए चाचा जी थोड़े दिन के लिए हमारे साथ रहने के लिए मान गए। दादी चाहती थी कि जिस मामूली सी जमीन को लेकर इन दोनों भाइयों में आपसी दरार आ गई, जाते-जाते उस दरार को हमेशा के लिए खत्म करके जाएं। पापा एक आखिरी बार इलाज की कोशिश करना चाहते थे, लेकिन दादी ने खुद मना कर दिया और कहा कि हर इंसान का कभी न कभी जाने का वक्त आता ही है, तो उनका भी आ चुका है, और वैसे भी जिसने जन्म लिया है, उसे मरना तो पड़ेगा ही। अंधेरा हो गया, दादी के सोते वक्त पूरा परिवार कमरे में था। हम तीनों भाई-बहन उस रात बहुत रोए, क्योंकि दादी को अगली सुबह देख पाएंगे या नहीं, यह कहना मुश्किल था। और जिस चीज़ का हमें सबसे ज्यादा डर था, वही हुआ, दादी अगली सुबह नहीं उठी।

घर में सत्राटा छा गया था, कोई कुछ भी नहीं कह रहा था। हर कोई इस बात को मानने से इनकार कर रहा था कि दादी अब हमारे बीच नहीं हैं। हम भाई-बहनों के आँसू तो बिना रुके बहते ही जा रहे थे, बहुत याद आने वाली थी वह। पापा को सहारा देते हुए मम्मी भी अपने आँसू छुपा रही थीं। 13वीं के होते ही जब चाचा जी यहाँ से जाने के लिए निकल रहे थे, तब ही पापा ने उन्हें वहीं रुकने को कहा और उन्हें ज़मीन के कागज़ात देते हुए मन में याद करे दादी के वो चंद आखिरी पल, जिसमें दादी ने कहा था कि छोटे भाई का हक नहीं मारते। मन में दोनों भाइयों के बहुत कुछ था, लेकिन कहने के लिए शब्द नहीं थे। बिना कुछ कहे चाचा जी चले गए। ज़रा से गुस्से और जल्दबाजी की वजह से जो रिश्ता उनका खराब हुआ, उसकी भरपाई करने का समय निकल चुका था, क्योंकि जिसको सबसे ज्यादा दर्द हुआ था, वह तो अब इस दुनिया में रही नहीं।

20 साल बीत गए इस बात को, समय कब निकला पता ही नहीं चला और आज इतने समय बाद मैं अपने भाइयों से मिलने जा रही हूँ, लेकिन अफसोस, अदालत में ज़मीन के बंटवारे के लिए।

*Written By: Azima Khatoon, Hindi
Department, III Year*

कुछ तो नया है मन की पुकार

माघ मास है, सुबह वही है,
जगह वही और आवाज वही है,
दोस्त वही है, साथ की बात वही है,
शाम वही है व नितकर्म वही है,
सामान्य लोचन बतलाते सब हाल वही हैं,
निष्कर्ष निकाले यहाँ क्या कि कुछ बदला ही नहीं है?
थोड़ा ठहरें, पुनः विचार करें,
वही रोज़ की शांति में पुकार एक नई है,
वही हवा है, किंतु सुगंध में ललकार एक नई है,
वही सूर्य का तेज है, परंतु प्रकाश में जयकार नई है,
पक्षियों के गीत वही हैं, पर क्रांति की पुकार नई है,
शकलें बेशक वही हैं, फिर भी आँखों से बहार नई है...

ज़िंदगी की भीड़ भाड़ में, दिन प्रतिदिन की भाग दौड़ में..
स्वयं की पुकार सुनना मुश्किल सा लगता है..
चलते फिरते कभी शांत किनारा पाना, आश्चर्य चकित कर देता है..
यूँ तो दिन भर स्वयं का साथ लिए फिरते हैं, फिर खुद के साथ समय
बिताना अनुचित सा क्यों लगता है..?
ढेरो विचार व्यक्त करते हैं दुनिया भर में, फिर अपनी खातिर विचार
क्यों जरूरी सा नहीं लगता है?
जीवन के शोरगुल में इतने खो से गए हैं हम, कि स्वयं के हृदय की
पुकार सुनना भी हमें बोझ सा लगता है...



*Written By: Khusbi, III Year,
Mathematics Department*

*Written By: Ankita Pal, II
Year, Hindi Department*

अनकही बातें

युद्ध और युवा

काश की किस्मत में कोई ऐसा लिखा होता जो कभी ऐसे भी बात किया करता कि...

बड़ी उदास बैठी हो, चलो तुम्हें खुश करने के लिए कुछ किया जाए। समय नहीं है मेरे पास पर आज पूरा दिन तुम्हारे लिए निकाला जाए। सुना है समझता नहीं कोई तुम्हें, चलो आज तुम्हें समझा जाए। पूरा दिन है मेरे पास, आज बैठ कर ढेर सारी बातें की जाए। बड़ी उलझने हैं तुम्हारे मन में, आओ एक एक कर सबको सुलझाया जाए।

तुम बोलती नहीं कुछ लगता है, बातों का समंदर तुम्हारे अंदर समाया है।

कोई बात नहीं तुम शुरू करो, आज इन्हें भी सुना जाए।

मुस्कान तुम्हारी बड़ी प्यारी है, पर इसमें छुपी उदासी भी आज मुझे जरा दिखाई जाए।

कहती हो अकेली हो तुम, अरे ज़रा मेरी तरफ भी तो आप अपना हाथ बढ़ाएं।

मोती की तरह बहते आंखों से, आंसू भी तुम्हारे क्या खूब है तुम्हारा साथ निभाते

जिस तकिए पर तुम इन्हें बहाती हो काश की उसकी जगह हम होते...

तो खुद को हम भी खुशनसीब समझते।

आओ आज एक वादा किया जाए जब भी आप मुस्कुराए दिल से मुस्कुराए,

हो उदास अगर तो हमें जरूर बताएं।

अरे माना अभी हम आपको पूरी तरह समझ नहीं पाए,

पर क्या बुराई है इसमें अगर हमारी तरफ से थोड़ी कोशिश और की जाए।

आज का विश्व अनेक प्रकार के संघर्षों और युद्धों से घिरा हुआ है। चाहे वह देशों के बीच पारंपरिक युद्ध हो या आंतरिक संघर्ष। इनका सबसे गहरा प्रभाव समाज के युवाओं पर पड़ता है। युवा किसी भी देश का भविष्य होते हैं, लेकिन जब दुनिया में अस्थिरता बढ़ती है, तो उनके सपनों, सोच और जीवन की दिशा पर सीधा असर पड़ता है। सबसे पहले युद्ध का प्रभाव युवाओं की मानसिक स्थिति पर पड़ता है। लगातार हिंसा, भय और असुरक्षा का माहौल उनके मन में तनाव और चिंता को जन्म देता है। दूसरा, युद्ध का असर शिक्षा और करियर पर भी पड़ता है। जिन क्षेत्रों में सीधे युद्ध हो रहा होता है, वहाँ स्कूल और कॉलेज बंद हो जाते हैं, जिससे युवाओं की पढाई बाधित होती है। अंततः यह आवश्यक है कि सरकार और समाज मिलकर युद्ध को सही दिशा दें। उन्हें शिक्षा, करियर, मानसिक स्वास्थ्य सहायता और सकारात्मक सोच के अवसर प्रदान किए जाए, ताकि वे इन कठिन परिस्थितियों का सामना कर सकें। युद्ध कभी भी किसी समस्या का स्थाई समाधान नहीं होता, बल्कि इससे केवल विनाश और पीड़ा होता है। इसलिए, आज के समय की सबसे बड़ी आवश्यकता है शांति और संवाद की स्थापना, ताकि युवाओं का भविष्य सुरक्षित और उज्ज्वल बनाया जा सके।

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मैं चाहूँ तुम्हें तुमसे ज्यादा..

तुम और आप

मैं चाहूँ तुम्हें, तुमसे ज्यादा
इस से ज्यादा भी, कुछ होगा क्या..

मेरे चाहने में ना आए कमी कोई,
न चाहूँ तो कुछ होगा क्या..??

होगा अगर, तो होने दो
मेरी क्या औकात है..
तुमसे शुरू, तुम पर खत्म
इस से बेहतर भी कुछ होगा क्या..??

जानती हूँ कि,
अबकी बार खुश हो तुम
मेरा इससे पेट भर गया..
मेरा आखिरी ये निवाला भी
तुम खा लो तो कुछ होगा क्या..??

जानती हूँ कि, बहुत दोहराती हूँ..
आदत ये पुरानी है
अगर फुसफुसाऊँ कानों में और ना बोलूँ तो कुछ होगा क्या..??

ये तुमसे आती कशिश देख,
जी भरके इकट्ठा कर ली है
साँस में भर लूँ इस को और..
न छोड़ूँ तो कुछ होगा क्या..??

रात हुई किरदार खत्म,
सब घर को है चल दिये..
जिसका न हो ठिकाना कोई
क्या उसका भी, कुछ होगा क्या..??

बिन बुलाए आयी हूँ, तो फर्माइश शायद थोड़ी कम हो
एक बिस्तर,
एक तकिया,
इससे ज्यादा भी कुछ होगा क्या..??

वो रात गयी, एक बात गयी,
उसी बात का सवाल है
कि मैं चाहूँ तुम्हें, तुमसे ज्यादा..
इस से ज्यादा भी, कुछ होगा क्या..

मेरे चाहने में आए कमी कोई,
न चाहूँ तो कुछ होगा क्या..??

तुम्हारे हाथों से ही मिलता है सुकून,
जिन्होंने सालों से,
मिट्टी से,
मेरे चेहरे को सहलाया है।

लेकिन उन्ही हाथों पर छाले है,
और उन्ही आंखों ने मेरी आंखों से ज्यादा देखा हुआ है,
मेरी आँखें,
जो वास्तविक तभी है जब उनसे पानी टपकता है,
तुम्हारे हाथों का पसीना, मेरी आंखों के आंसू।

खुद को बिगाड़ने से अच्छा तो स्थिर रहना ही है।

मिट्टी तो धुल जाती है,
समय और पानी के साथ बहता चलता-फिरता;
आपके हाथों की शक्ति,
जिन्होंने मेरा वास्तव गड़ा,
समय और पानी के तरह फिसलती हुई।
अगर मेरे पास दिल नहीं है,
तो मैं इस भाषा में कैसे कुछ बोलूँ?

आपके हाथों से ही सुकून मिलता है,
वो हाथ जिन्हें मैं कभी भी छू नहीं पाऊंगी।

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Photograph By: Nathan Marcam, via Pexels

वाकई, खूबसूरत है ना ?

वाकई, खूबसूरत है ना ?

यह सिर्फ एक कॉलेज नहीं, यह हमारा दूसरा घर है। यहां की हवा में अपनापन है, रास्तों में यादें हैं और बागों में रंगों की ऐसी छतरी है जो हर मौसम में मन को छू जाती है। विविधता यहां केवल फूलों में नहीं, लोगों में भी उतनी ही गहराई से बसी हुई है। हर चेहरा एक अलग रंग, हर मिजाज एक अलग खुशबू, हर अंदाज एक अलग नजाकत समेटे हुए हैं। जैसे ओस से भीगी, हरी बिछली घास पर सूरज की किरणें अलग अलग चमक बिखेरते हो।

लेकिन क्या हमने कभी सोचा है कि इस सुंदरता के पीछे का सच भी उतना ही सुंदर है?

इन खिले हुए गुलाबो, रजनीगंधा आदि के पीछे कुछ हाथ हैं, खुरदरी धूप में तपी त्वचा वाले, मेहनत से सख्त हुए, हाथा वे माली जो सुबह की पहली किरण के साथ इस बाग को जीवन देते हैं। उनके हाथों में ना जाने गुलाब के कितने कांटे चुभे होंगे, कितने छालों को अनदेखा कर उन्होंने इन पौधों को सीचा होगा। जब हम इन फूलों की खुशबू में खो जाते हैं तब शायद उनके पसीने की गंध मिट्टी में मिलकर इन्हें और भी जीवंत बना देती है।

हमारा कॉलेज हर वर्ष ग्रीन कप जीतता है। "फ्लावर शो में सर्वोत्तम स्थान"। तालियां हमारे संस्थान को मिलती हैं। तस्वीरें फूलों के साथ खींचती है। पर इन तालियों के असली हकदार वो खुरदुरे हाथ हैं, जिन्होंने इस सौंदर्य को जन्म दिया है। मैं उनके घरों की स्थिति नहीं जानती। क्या वहां भी इतनी ही हरियाली होगी? क्या उनके आंगन भी इतने ही सजे होंगे? यह सच मेरे लिए अनजान है। पर इतना अवश्य जानती हूँ कि यह जो खिले हुए फूल हैं यह उन्हीं की वजह से हैं इन फूलों पर मंडराते भँवरे, इन डालियों पर चहकती चिड़िया, सब उनकी मेहनत का परिणाम है। और शायद एक और चीज है जो उन्होंने अनजाने में सुंदर बनाई है- मेरे भीतर की एक भावना!!

जब मैं इस सौंदर्य को देखती हूँ तो मुझे सच्चिदानंद हीरानंद वात्स्यायन 'अज्ञेय' की कविता 'कलगी बाजरे की' की पंक्तियां याद आती हैं। जहां वे कहते हैं कि पुराने उपमानों का समय अब जा चुका है। अब नए उपमानों की आवश्यकता है। सच ही तो है 'चांद सा चेहरा', 'फूलों सी मुस्कान'- उपमान कितनी बार दोहराए जा चुके हैं। पर जब मैं अपने कॉलेज के इन बागों को देखती हूँ तो मुझे लगता है कि मुझे किसी नए उपमान की खोज नहीं करनी, मेरी तो बस यही इच्छा है कि मैं भी इन्हीं फूलों में से एक बन जाऊँ, जो चुपचाप खिले, अपनी खुशबू बांटे और जिसकी जड़ों में किसी अनदेखे माली की मेहनत हो। शायद सुंदरता वही है, जो श्रम की सच्चाई से जन्म लेती है।



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Photograph By: Ishita Chaudhary, III Year, BAP Department

मेरा स्वप्न

एक स्वप्न सदा रहता है मेरी आंखों में,
जीवन में कुछ अच्छा कर पाऊँ।
खोल अपने परो को
आजाद परिंदे की तरह उड़ पाऊँ,
जो सपने देखे है अपने जीवन में,
उन्हें हकीकत में बदल पाऊँ।
एक स्वप्न सदा रहता है मेरी आंखों में,
जीवन में कुछ अच्छा कर पाऊँ।

मैं नदियों की धारा- सी बहना चाहती हूँ,
मैं कोयल- सी मीठी वाणी बोलना चाहती हूँ,
जो तरु आँधी-तूफानों से लड़ना जानते हैं,
मैं उनके जैसा बनना चाहती हूँ।
मैं सूरज- सा दहकना चाहती हूँ,
चन्द्रमा जैसे शीतल छाँव बिखेरना चाहती हूँ,
जो पत्थर महानता का रूप धारण कर लेते हैं,
मैं उन पत्थरों- सा बनना चाहती हूँ।

मैं वायु -सा बहना चाहती हूँ,
कठिनाइयों से लड़ना चाहती हूँ,
समुद्री सीप से जो मोती बनते हैं,
मैं उन सीप की मोतियों- सा बनना चाहती हूँ।
मैं खुद में प्रकृति- सी उदारता चाहती हूँ,
जीवन में माँ की मोहब्बत चाहती हूँ,
जीवन की चुनौतियों से लड़कर मैं,
अपने जीवन का सार बनना चाहती हूँ।
प्रगति राह में निरन्तर आगे बढ़ना चाहती हूँ,
हजारो लाखों, ठोकरें क्यों न सहनी पड़े मुझे,
पर मैं अपनी मन्जिल को हर हाल में पाना चाहती हूँ।
मैं लोगों के चेहरे पर मुस्कान चाहती हूँ,
वेद-पुराणों का ज्ञान चाहती हूँ,
समाज के बाह्य आडम्बरो से दूर रहकर,
मैं समाज में सुधार चाहती हूँ।
जीवन के संघर्षों को हराकर मैं जीवन की
कठिनाइयों से जीतना चाहती हूँ,

मैं प्रगति पथ पर आगे बढ़कर अपना सपना साकार
करना चाहती हूँ।

‘अन्या से अनन्या’ पुस्तक समीक्षा

"अन्या से अनन्या" प्रसिद्ध लेखिका 'प्रभा खेतान' की आत्मकथा है, जो हिंदी साहित्य में एक महत्त्वपूर्ण कृति मानी जाती है। इस पुस्तक में लेखिका ने अपने जीवन के संघर्षों, अनुभवों और समाज में एक स्त्री के रूप में अपनी पहचान स्थापित करने की कहानी को बहुत ही मार्मिक और वास्तविक रूप में प्रस्तुत किया है।

"अन्या से अनन्या" एक ऐसी स्त्री की कथा है, जो अपने जीवन में कई तरह के व्यक्तिगत, सामाजिक और पेशेवर संघर्षों से गुजरती है। प्रभा खेतान का जन्म और परवरिश एक रूढ़िवादी मारवाड़ी परिवार में हुआ, जहाँ लड़कियों के लिए सीमित अधिकार और स्वतंत्रता थी। उन्होंने पारिवारिक अपेक्षाओं के विरुद्ध जाकर न केवल उच्च शिक्षा प्राप्त की, बल्कि एक सफल व्यवसायी, लेखिका और समाज सेविका के रूप में अपनी पहचान बनाई।

इस आत्मकथा में प्रभा खेतान ने अपने जीवन के उन अनछुए पहलुओं को उजागर किया है, जिन्हें वह अपनी लेखनी के माध्यम से समझाने की कोशिश करती हैं। किताब में उन्होंने अपने व्यक्तिगत जीवन, पुरुषवादी समाज के तानों, विवाह संस्था पर अपने विचार और सामाजिक दायरों के खिलाफ संघर्ष की कहानी को खुलकर बताया है।

प्रभा खेतान की यह आत्मकथा मुख्यतः एक स्त्री के आत्म-सम्मान और स्वतंत्रता की खोज की कहानी है। एक परंपरागत परिवार में जन्मी प्रभा ने समाज के बनाए हुए नियमों से हटकर अपने जीवन की दिशा स्वयं तय की। उन्होंने अपनी स्वतंत्र पहचान बनाए रखने के लिए संघर्ष किया, जो इस पुस्तक का केंद्रीय विषय है।

पुस्तक में नारीवाद का एक सशक्त स्वर देखने को मिलता है। लेखिका ने समाज में महिलाओं की स्थिति, उनके अधिकार और उनके साथ ही रहे भेदभाव के बारे में बेबाकी से बात की है। उन्होंने बताया है कि किस तरह समाज में महिलाओं को अपनी इच्छाओं और सपनों को दबाने के लिए मजबूर किया जाता है।

प्रभा खेतान ने अपने व्यक्तिगत जीवन के उतार-चढ़ाव, उनकी असफल प्रेम कहानियों और उनके जीवन में आई निराशाओं के बारे में भी बड़ी ईमानदारी से लिखा है। उन्होंने बताया है कि कैसे उन्होंने इन संघर्षों से लड़कर अपनी खुद की पहचान बनाई।

लेखिका ने मारवाड़ी समाज और उसके रूढ़िवादी विचारों की भी आलोचना की है, जहाँ महिलाओं को पुरुषों की छाया में जीने के लिए मजबूर किया जाता है। उन्होंने अपने जीवन के उन अनुभवों को साझा किया है, जहाँ उन्हें पारिवारिक और सामाजिक दबावों का सामना करना पड़ा।

प्रभा खेतान की लेखन शैली बेहद संवेदनशील और सहज है। उनके शब्दों में एक गहरी ईमानदारी और आत्मनिरीक्षणता की झलक मिलती है। उन्होंने बिना किसी झिझक के अपने जीवन के कठिन पहलुओं को उजागर किया है, जिससे पाठक उनके संघर्षों और भावनात्मक अनुभवों से जुड़ाव महसूस करता है। भाषा सरल लेकिन प्रभावशाली है, जो उनके जीवन के अनुभवों को सजीव रूप से प्रस्तुत करती है।

अन्या से अनन्या" एक प्रेरणादायक पुस्तक है, जो एक महिला की जीवन यात्रा को दर्शाती है, जिसमें संघर्ष, साहस और आत्म-खोज का समावेश है। प्रभा खेतान ने ना केवल अपने व्यक्तिगत जीवन के संघर्षों को उजागर किया है, बल्कि समाज में महिलाओं की स्थिति और उनकी स्वतंत्रता की बात भी बहुत प्रभावी ढंग से रखी है।

उन्होंने अपने प्रेम संबंधों और उनसे जुड़े भावनात्मक पहलुओं का भी गहरा विश्लेषण किया है। प्रेम और संबंधों में असफलता के कारण उन्होंने अकेलेपन को बहुत करीब से महसूस किया, जिसे उन्होंने अपनी लेखनी में संवेदनशीलता से उतारा। यह पुस्तक केवल एक आत्मकथा नहीं है, बल्कि एक स्त्री के संघर्ष और विजय की कहानी है, जो पाठकों को सोचने पर मजबूर करती है कि समाज में महिलाओं के प्रति सोच कितनी धीमी गति से बदल रही है।

"अन्या से अनन्या" केवल एक आत्मकथा नहीं, बल्कि एक स्त्री की स्वतंत्रता, पहचान और समाज से संघर्ष की प्रेरणादायक गाथा है। यह पुस्तक हर उस महिला को प्रेरित करती है, जो अपनी पहचान बनाने की कोशिश में है और समाज की बंधिशों से लड़कर अपने अस्तित्व को ढूंढ रही है।

पुष्प का असमंजस

लाया दिनकर किरण सुनहरी
टीटी-टूटू बोले टिटहरी
नदियां कल-कल बहती गहरी
नाचे तितली, हिरन, गिलहरी,

ऐसे भव्य भू-लोक पर
धनवान धरा, धानी और शिखर
मधुर महक की महिमा हूँ
एक पौधे की, एक डाली पर,
मैं नन्ही सी कलिका हूँ।

पूर्ण रूप से प्रफुल्लित होकर, मेरी सारी महक बटोर कर
चाह मेरी है शूर-योद्धा के पराक्रम पर, न्यौछावर हो जाऊँ
भँवरे, तितली की मधु की तृष्णा, सबको मैं पूरा कर जाऊँ,
चाह मेरी है ऐ वन माली, तेरे बाग की शान बढ़ाऊँ।

पर यह कैसा सन्नाटा छाया है
क्यों मार्तण्ड गगन से ओझल है
क्यों हवा भी इससे बोझल है
यह कैसा काला साया है...

मेरी जो अभिलाषा थी
उसमें यह विषम खलल क्यों आया है?
त्राहिमाम-त्राहिमाम का शोर
देख त्रासदी से ग्रसित हर काया है

विस्फोट हुआ है पृथ्वी पर
निम्न, निंदनीय, निकृष्ट लोगों का
उनके कर्मों का, भ्रष्ट चेतना का
भीषण नृशंस अधर्मों का
कोलाहल है चारों ओर,
काला धन सब रहे बटोर

भभक रही है वसुधा जिसमें,
विवर क्रंदन का है शोर

क्या मानव की मानवता
आतंक और दहशत भी अपनाती है?
क्या बम गोलियों की गूंज और गोलियों की साएं-साएं,
से इनकी रूह नहीं दहलाती है?

जब मैंने स्वप्न देखा अंबर का
क्यों मेरा नज़ारा ढक गया
जब चाह मेरी, आगे बढना निरंतर था...
तो क्यों विपरीत दिशा में प्रगति है?
निराश और असंतुलित अब ये धरती है?

खुद बचे या लोक बचाएँ? ना सद्बुद्धि ना सम्मति है
कितनी जानें भूख, ठंड, दरिद्रता से यूं ही मरती हैं
पर महत्वाकांक्षी है व्यक्ति हरेक,
व्यक्तित्व की ताने है
बार्ते, प्रसंग और महत्वपूर्ण विषय मात्र हैं,
अंकों पर आ ठहरती है,

तिरस्कार, हत्या, बलात्कार, युद्धों के धमाकों की विज्ञप्ति है...
अब चाह नहीं है, मैं जीवन के इस कश्मकस में बंध जाऊँ,
दो राहें आगे हैं अब मेरे, एक आस की दूसरी अंधेरे से गुजरती है
किस राह चलूं मैं, यह समझ ना पाऊं
आशा या असमंजस में रहकर मैं बिना खिले मुरझा जाऊँ

कहाँ होगी ऐसी वसुंधरा वह,
जिसका स्वप्न देखा था मैंने

नष्ट होंगे भविष्य में, मानव के विध्वंस से
या मुमकिन हो सकेगा फिर से एक दिन
कि लाए दिनकर किरण सुनहरी,
फिर से सुर में गाए टिटहरी...

*Written By: Palak Soni, II
Year, Hindi Department*

वनवास फ़िल्म की समीक्षा

हिंदी सिनेमा जगत ने वर्षों से दर्शकों को ऐसी फ़िल्में दी हैं, जिन्होंने दर्शकों का पूरा मनोरंजन किया है, वही ऐसी फ़िल्में भी हैं, जिन्होंने दर्शकों का मनोरंजन करने के साथ-साथ समाज के कटु सत्यों को भी उजागर करते हुए समाज को सही दिशा प्रदान करने का प्रयास किया है। ऐसी ही फ़िल्म है - वनवास। 'वनवास' हिंदी सिनेमा जगत की सशक्त और अत्यंत मार्मिक फ़िल्मों में से एक है। यह फ़िल्म साल 2024 में सिनेमाघरों में आई थी। फ़िल्म के निर्माता अनिल शर्मा हैं, जिन्होंने इस फ़िल्म का लेखन और निर्देशन भी किया है। 'वनवास' में नाना पाटेकर, उत्कर्ष शर्मा और सिमरत कौर रंधावा मुख्य भूमिका में हैं। साथ ही, राजपाल यादव, अश्वनी खलसेकर, मनिष वधवा, राजेश शर्मा आदि कलाकार सहायक भूमिका में हैं। यह फ़िल्म बॉक्स ऑफ़िस पर बहुत खास प्रदर्शन नहीं कर सकी, किंतु फिर भी, यह एक सशक्त और आवश्यक संदेश लेकर दर्शकों का मार्गदर्शन करती है।

इस फ़िल्म की कहानी एक वृद्ध व्यक्ति के जीवन की यात्रा पर आधारित है, जो 'डिमेंशिया', अर्थात् भूलने की बीमारी से ग्रसित है। इस कारण वे अक्सर चीजें भूल जाते हैं और अपने परिवार के लोगों पर बहुत गुस्सा भी करने लगते हैं। उनके परिवार में उनके तीन बेटे-बहुएँ और पोते-पोतियाँ हैं, लेकिन इस भरे-पूरे परिवार में भी उन्हें हमेशा अपनी मृत पत्नी की याद आती है। उन्होंने अपना घर भी उनके नाम पर ही बनवाया था - 'विमला सदन'। उनके लिए यह घर ही उनकी सबसे अमूल्य निधि है। परंतु उनके बेटे-बहुएँ दौलत की लालच में वह घर बेचकर उसे पर्यटन स्थान बनवाना चाहते हैं। उनके पिता दीपक त्यागी इसका विरोध करते हैं परंतु लालच में अंधे उनके परिवार वाले उन्हें शिमला से बनारस घुमाने के बहाने उन्हें बनारस में ही छोड़कर आ जाते हैं। वे उनके बस्ते से उनका प्रमाण पत्र, आधार और दवाइयाँ भी निकाल देते हैं, इस आशंका में कि वे कहीं घर वापस न आ जाएँ। दीपक त्यागी यह सदमा सहन नहीं कर पाते और हर जगह अपने बच्चों को ढूँढते रहते हैं। उनकी बीमारी के कारण वे भूल जाते हैं कि उनके बच्चे बड़े हो गए हैं। वे हर एक से पूछते हैं कि क्या किसी ने उनके 14, 11 और 7 साल के बच्चों को देखा है? उनके पास कुछ नहीं है, सिवाय उनकी एक डायरी के, जिसमें उन्होंने अपनी पत्नी के लिए कविताएं लिखी हैं। इस बनारस में उनकी मुलाकात 'वीरू वालंटियर' से होती है, जो है तो एक बहुत शातिर चोर, पर अनाथ होने के कारण उसे दीपक त्यागी से एक लगाव महसूस होने लगता है। यह कहानी फिर एक मोड़ लेती है जहां वीरू दीपक त्यागी को उनके घर ले जाने के लिए हर संभव प्रयास करता है।

फ़िल्म में पात्रों का चयन फ़िल्म के अनुकूल है। दीपक त्यागी की भूमिका में नाना पाटेकर दर्शकों को एक असहाय वृद्ध की पीड़ा का अनुभव ऐसे कराते हैं जैसे वे कोई पात्र न होकर स्वयं शिमला के निवासी दीपक त्यागी ही हों। उत्कर्ष शर्मा ने वीरू वालंटियर की भूमिका बहुत अच्छी तरह निभाई है। उनका चरित्र बिल्कुल कृत्रिम नहीं लगता। उन्होंने स्वयं को बनारसी लड़के के पात्र में पूरी तरह ढाल लिया है। सिमरत कौर रंधावा मीना की भूमिका में वीरू की संगिनी और दीपक त्यागी जी की सहायक के रूप में उभरकर आती है। साथ ही अश्वनी और राजपाल यादव जैसे कलाकार भी अपनी भूमिका से दर्शकों का मन मोह लेते हैं।

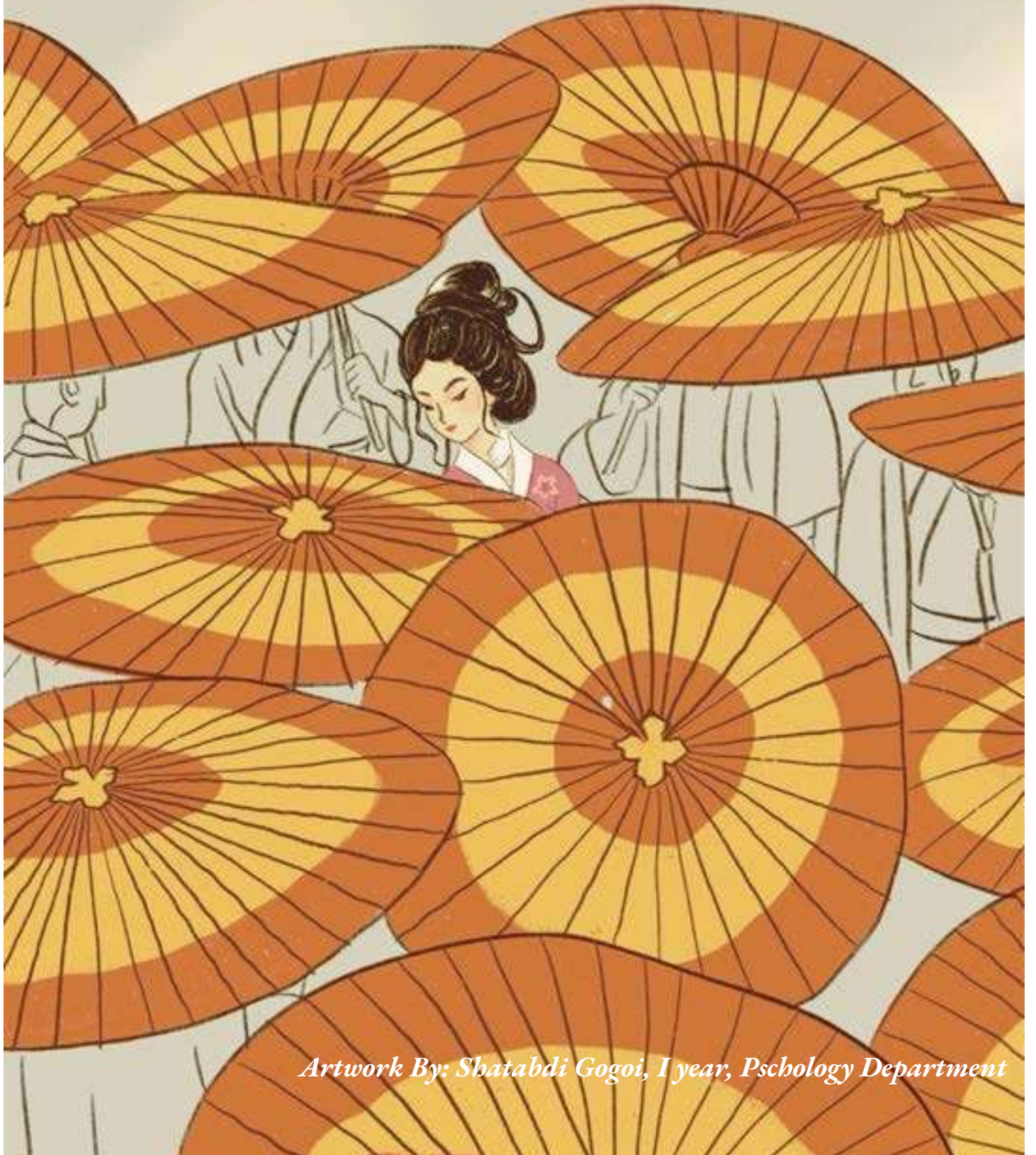
पात्रों के पारस्परिक संवाद स्थान और चरित्र के अनुकूल हैं। दीपक त्यागी, जो शिमला के निवासी हैं, हिंदी और अंग्रेजी में बातें करते हैं। वही वीरू, मीना और उनके साथियों की हिंदी में बनारसी अंदाज़ देखने को मिलता है। कहीं-कहीं भोजपुरी के शब्द भी सुनने को मिलते हैं।

इस फ़िल्म का उद्देश्य और संदेश आज के समय में बहुत महत्वपूर्ण है। इस फ़िल्म की शुरुआत में ही एक वाक्य आता है - "सभी अभिभावकों को समर्पित"। यह फ़िल्म देश के युवा को यह संदेश देती है कि जिस प्रकार माता-पिता का धर्म है कि वे अपने बच्चों का लालन-पोषण करें, इसी प्रकार बच्चों का कर्तव्य है कि वे भी अपने माता-पिता की सेवा करें, उन्हें बोझ न समझें। साथ ही, यह फ़िल्म यह भी प्रदर्शित करती है कि कैसे कुछ बच्चे जन्म लेते ही माता-पिता द्वारा त्याग दिए जाते हैं और वे जीवन भर उस पारिवारिक प्रेम के लिए तरसते हैं, जैसे वीरू वालंटियर। वही दूसरी ओर जहाँ दीपक त्यागी ने अपने परिवार के लिए सब कुछ किया वही उन्हें एक पिता का सम्मान नहीं मिला और उनके बच्चों ने उन्हें परिवार के लिए 'इरेलेवेंट' तक कह दिया। उन्होंने यह मान लिया कि पिताजी की घर में अब कोई 'यूटिलिटी' नहीं रह गई थी। यहाँ तक कि जब वीरू और उसके साथी अपना सब कुछ छोड़कर दीपक त्यागी जी की डायरी में लिखे शब्दों और कविताओं में अंकित स्थानों से अनुमान लगाकर उन्हें शिमला ले जा रहे थे, तभी रास्ते में उनके सगे बेटे उनका फर्जी डेथ सर्टिफिकेट बनवाने के लिए बनारस आ रहे थे। उन्होंने तो दीपक त्यागी को बनारस छोड़कर आते ही घर में शोक सभा रखवाकर सभी को यह कह दिया कि पिताजी गंगा में डूब गए। अंत में दीपक त्यागी को अपना घर तो मिल जाता है, पर वे परिवार से असह्य ठेस मिलने के कारण जीवन से हारकर शिमला में स्वयं अपना तर्पण करके अपने प्राण त्याग देते हैं और वीरू फिर से अनाथ हो जाता है। किंतु वह अपने धर्म को नहीं भूलता है और दीपक त्यागी जी का अंतिम संस्कार और तर्पण करके उनके 'विमला सदन' को एक वृद्धाश्रम बना देता है जहाँ उसे कई वृद्धजन का प्रेम मिलता है।

निष्कर्षतः फ़िल्म 'वनवास' यथार्थ के साथ-साथ एक आदर्श मानव के कर्तव्य को अत्यंत मार्मिक और संवेदनशील रूप से प्रस्तुत करती है और आज की पीढ़ी को अपने परिवार के और निकट ले जाने का प्रयास करती है। साथ ही आज की पीढ़ी को अपने कर्तव्यों से अवगत कराती हुई दर्शकों के मन में एक छाप छोड़ती है।

JAPANESE

日本語



Artwork By: Shatabdi Gogoi, 1 year, Psychology Department



もののあわれ - はかなさの情感

日本の美意識の一つである「もののあわれ」は、しばしば「ものの悲しみ」と訳されるが、その本質は、あらゆるものが持続しないという事実に対して繊細に心を動かされる感受性にある。この概念は、日本文学および思想の文脈から生まれたものである。もののあわれは、物事が変化し消えていくことへの単なる悲嘆ではない。むしろ、物事が一時的であるからこそ美しいと認識する感性を含んでいる。

境界的状态、すなわちボーダーランドという概念を考える際、もののあわれは重要理解の手がかりとなる。何かと何かの「あいだ」に位置づけられる状態において、この感性は人間の感情を読み解く視座を与える。存在していることと消えゆくこと、ある共同体に属することとそこから離脱すること、記憶に生きることと現在を生きること、あいに置かれたとき、人は宙吊りのような感覚を経験する。もののあわれは、このような中間的状态における生の感覚を理解させる。

この語は、江戸時代の国学者本居宣長が、紫式部による『源氏物語』の文学分析を通して理論化したものである。宣長は、この作品の情緒的深度が、宮廷生活、恋愛、そして季節の移ろいといった、はかなく過ぎ去るものへのまなざしに由来すると論じた。この文脈において、無常の自覚は絶望を導くものではなく、むしろ共感や感受性を育む契機となる。ここでは、感情は鑑賞と哀悼のあいだに位置づけられる。

さらに、ヴィクター・ターナーが論じたりミナリティの観点から見れば、もののあわれは移行過程に対する情動的反応として解釈し得る。リミナリティが、社会的構造が一時的に解体・停止する過渡的局面を指すのであれば、もののあわれは、その間に身を置く経験の情緒的本質を表現する。それは、変容のただ中にいるという自覚であり、現在という時間がすでに消失へ向かっていることを悟る感覚である。現在は、占有されつつも同時に失われていく境界領域へと変容する

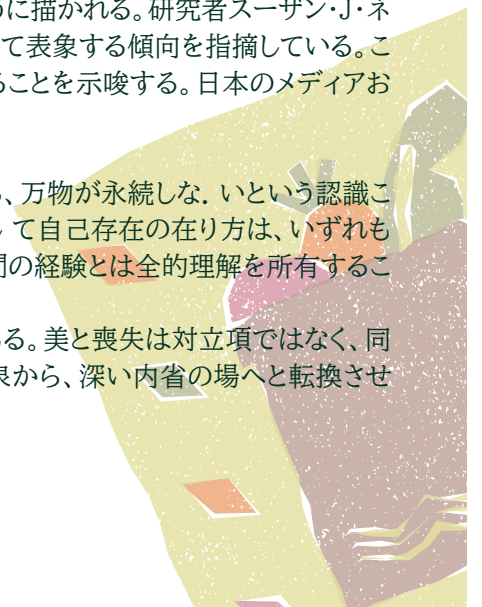
自然は、この哲学的感性を可視化する主要な媒体である。季節の変化は、その端的な表象である。とりわけ桜の開花は象徴的であり、その美は極めて短い持続性に支えられている。このはかなさこそが、万物が永遠ではないことを示す。日本における花見の風習は、人々が花を鑑賞しながら、変化と無常について思索する時間を共有する文化的実践である。桜の美は、やがて散りゆく運命と不可分であり、そこに始まりと終焉の循環が見出される。自然、桜、花見はいずれも、万物は流動し確定的ではないというボーダーランド的哲学を体現している。またそれは、変化のなかで自己同一性が揺らぐ人間の存在感覚とも関係している。

日本の映画や文学は、今日においても特有の情緒を保持している。それらはしばしば記憶、喪失、そして不可逆的に進行する時間を主題化する。登場人物は過去と現在の狭間に拘束されているように描かれる。研究者スーザン・J・ネイピアは、日本の映像作品や物語が、老いを美しく、同時に哀切を帯びたものとして表象する傾向を指摘している。この指摘は、日本的美意識が現代のメディア表現や映画の語りと深く連関していることを示唆する。日本のメディアおよび映画は、この情感を喚起する表現に長けている。

もののあわれが重要であるのは、苦悩そのものを強調するからではない。むしろ、万物が持続しない、という認識こそが、人間関係や結びつきに意味を与えることを示す点にある。若さ、季節、そして自己存在の在り方は、いずれも有限であるがゆえに価値を帯びる。もののあわれとボーダーランドはともに、人間の経験とは全的理解を所有することではなく、限界とともに生きる営みであるという認識を共有している。

もののあわれのうちに生きるとは、人生の裂け目や余白に自覚的であることである。美と喪失は対立項ではなく、同時に立ち現れる経験として把握される。この視座は、リミナリティを不安の源泉から、深い内省の場へと転換させる。移行の深度そのものが、世界理解への通路となるのである。

*Written By: Almas Khan, III Year,
Economics Department*



KHASI



Artwork By: Privanandini Gogoi, II Year, History Department

Mano? İano?

Mano? İano?
İano? Mut aïu?
Phi dei mano? İano phi wad?
Phi kwah İano? Ia phi -
Ban len 'lade, Phi ba dang tlor,
Ne rah burom, Phi ba dang swai,
Ha man ka khyllipmat; Phi ba dang jrem.
Nga swai.

Phi kwah aïu?
Mano? Ka jinglaitluid.
Ma nga. Ban lait na ki;
Ko hep barit, Lait na ki ksai,
Ha kliar lum, Lait na ki jingkhum,
Nga don hangne. Lait na I.
Ha khap ka kshaid,
Mynta. Phi kwah İano?

Nga kwah ia I
Mynta? I- iba hajan, hynrei ha jngai.
Hooïd. I- iba nga thrang, kum umjer.
Phi dei mano? Hynrei nga pat,
Nga dei - Nga don harud,
Nga dei ma phi, Mynta.
Nga dei ma nga.

Mano?
İano? İano?
Mut aïu? Ngam tip shuh.
İano phi wad?
Ia phi -
Phi ba dang tlor,
Phi ba dang swai,
Phi ba dang jrem



*Written by: Risamon Mary Langstieb, III year,
BAP Department*

*Photograph by: Chukrin Vashum, I year,
Psychology Department*





한국어

Korean

Artwork By: Yashi Goswami, III Year, History Department

끝없는 선들

“선을 넘지 마”

“그럼 어떻게 움직여?”

“네 공간 안에서, 네 한계 안에서.”

“이 선들은 자라나.”

“선을 끝이 없잖아.”

“어두울 땐 집에 있어.”

“세상 어디가든 어두운데,

별에서 언제 꿈을 꿀까?”

“선 밖으로 색칠하지 마. 지저분해”

“그럼 페이지 절반은 비어 있잖아.”

“말조심해”

“내 마음이 날 이끄는데.”

“제자리에 있어”

“만약 내가 억지로 어디에 속해야 한다면?”

가끔 이 선들은 답답하구나

우리를 외롭게 만든다.

시계 위의 선들은 나를 신데렐라로 만들어.

줄자 위의 선들은 내 옷 길이를 재.

정답지의 선들이 내가 얼마나 쓸 수 있는지 알려줘

손 위의 선들은 내 수명을 예상한다.

말 없는 선들, 내가 얼마나 말할 수 있는지 알려줘

보이지 않는 선들, 세상에서 내가 얼마나 보이는지 알려줘

우리가 가끔 이 선들을 건널 수 있을까?

밤의 끝에 떠오르는 태양처럼,

바닷가에 선 물처럼.

이 선들을 함께 있을 수 있을까?

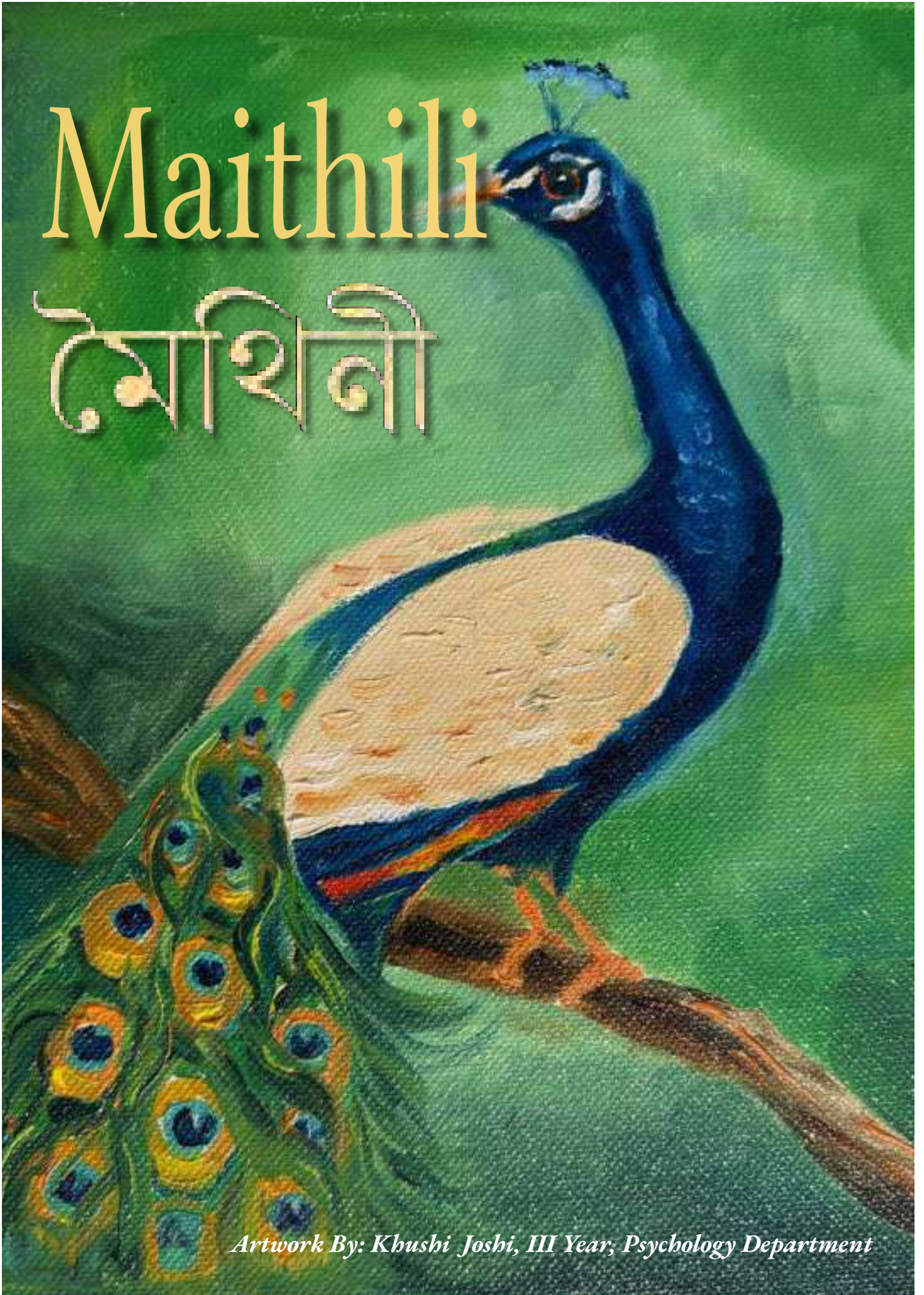
우리 모두를 담을 충분히 큰 틀로?

Written by: Yashi Goswami, III Year, History Department



Maithili

मेथिली



Artwork By: Khushi Joshi, III Year, Psychology Department

अहं रील-रोग सँ ग्रस्त छी की

रील-रोग सँ ग्रस्त आ किछ-किछ कुपित रीलर-इन्फ्लुएंसर मित्र बड़ा ऊबि क किछ दिन पहिने कोनो किताब पढ़ऽ के इच्छा व्यक्त केलैथ। हुनका शुरुआत करऽ में परेशानी आबि रहल छलैन। मित्र जे छलखिन से पूब सँ, त हमहूँ हुनका प्रेमचंद के कहानी पढ़ऽ के सलाह देलौं। अइ सलाह पर ओ किछ देर लऽ मौन भऽ गेलखिन। कनिक रुकि क ओ इंस्टाग्राम खोललखिन, चाएर टा रील सरका क सिर खुजाबऽ लागलखिन। तकर बाद ओ एक सिगरेट जरा क कहलखिन, “देखू! प्रेमचंद त मुंशी छलाह। मुंशी केर काज त लिखऽ-पढ़ऽ के होयत छैक। आओर रसाला प्रेम त हम सब कैने छी। एक नँय, तीन-तीन बेर। अटूट प्रेम। त प्रेमचंद त हम भेलौं न! हम कियैक प्रेमचंद कऽ पढ़ी?” हुनका पाँचहि सेकेंड मँ हर जोतैत किसान औ तीन सेकेंड मँ जुलुम करैत ज़मींदार चाही।

फेर किछु सोचैत-सोचैत कहलथि हमरा ओ आँचर सँ नोर पोछैत नायिका केर परिकल्पने कऽ क मिजाज झन्ना जाय यै। मज़ा त तखन आबितहि जखन नोर गिरऽ से पहिने कैमरा क देखैत एखुनका ट्रेंडिंग गीत बाएज उठतिए। इ सब होय सँ पहिने कि ओ ‘सेवासदन’ क सेल्फी-सदन आ ‘गोदान’ क किछु कहितथिन ता हम जाय के इजाज़त माँगि लेलहुँ।

जगजीत सिंह केर गाएल गुलाम अली केर गुनगुनाएल। ज्ञानेंद्रपति केर ड्राम, आलोकधन्वा केर भारतीय रेल आ गुलज़ार केर दिन भैर खाली रिक्शा भगबैत लड़का आ किशोर कुमार केर दिल जड़ैत बिगड़ल-बिगड़ल-सन चाएल चलन वाली लड़की सँ लऽ क अस्मितामूलक आ अश्लीलतामूलक प्रसंग केर ढेर रास दृश्य आ बात इंस्टाग्राम पर आंगुर सरकाबैत पाएब रहल रही। तखने एक टा चप्पल पर नज़र परल। ओ चप्पल रिलैक्सो के रहैक। लिखल छलाह मेड इन कानपुर। गीतक लय त्यागि कऽ हमर दिमाग तुरत चप्पलक स्मृति में चलि गेल जे कतेक बेर बरसात में फिसलल हेतैक, कीचड़ में धँसल हेतैक। तखने याद पड़ल जे आय तक जतैक चीज हम नय देखलौं ओहि सँ बेसी त ई चप्पल देखने हेतैक। तखने याद पड़ल...ओहि साल हुनका सँऽ विदा लैत, विदा से पहिने हम गला मिलने रही। ओहि से किछुए देर पहिने झगड़ने रही। ओहि से पहिने हँसी आयल छल। ओहि से पहिने चाय गिरल छल।

ई सब भऽ गैलै मुदा हमरा कोनो सोह नँय।

मुदा रील कोनो ‘केवल’ तक सीमित नँय रहि जाय छैक! अगिला रील अबैत अटल जी केर कविता, ओहि रील मँ गोविंदा लाल शर्ट के संग नीला पैंट ओहि संग पीला बेल्ट आ उज्जर मौजाक संग भूरा जूता आ पसीना के बूँद सँ चमकैत हास्य औ थकान के संग अद्भुत नृत्य करैत अजीब भंगिमा लैने अपन प्रस्तुति दऽ रहल रहथिन। रील में आओर की-की होय छै? एक बेर एक टा लड़की कनैत बता रहल रहैथ कि की कहू बचपन 2007 मँ कायल गेल बदमाशीक किस्सा हम एखनो तक नँय बिसैर पाबि रहल छी। आम, लीची, जामुनक चोरी कऽ क खेनाय आ ट्रैफ़िक, सिर-दर्द सन सबसँ सस्ता बहाना आओर बचपन केर चोरी, ओहि मँ पहिल प्यार सबसे गहीर आ सघन रहस्य सँ दिमाग आनंद-शोक-रूमानियत से गड्ढमड्ढ भऽ रहल रहैक कि दिमाग चौकल!

देखलहुँ जे मीडिया आलोचक, लेखक प्रोफ़ेसर सभ रीलर भ गलैथ। मीडिया आलोचक, लेखक, प्रोफ़ेसर सभ किछु साल सँ चाय-ब्रेड-पकौड़ा-धनिया-पुदीना-कटहल-कुवा पर लिख रहल छथि। तब बुझि पड़ल जे बीतल बीस साल सँ हुनक लेखनी एतेक गरीब किएक भ गलै। हुनक विवेक आ लेखन केर विकास एहि कारण सँ नँय भ सकलै किए त आय सँ बीस साल पहिने इंस्टाग्राम केर रील-रोशनी अस्तित्व में नँय रहैक। अगले रील मँ देखलहुँ जे ओ शिकायत करि रहल छथि कि चौलाई के साग की कही रील बनी हो तो बताओ! जे बीस साल सँ कहियो नहि भेलैक, से बीस सेकेंड मँ भ गलैक। चौलाई के साग जौ वायरल भऽ सकैत अछि तऽ मीडिया-आलोचना आ किचनक-सांगोपांग केर समस्त परंपरा पर की भरोसा रहि जाएत। एलगोरिद्म आ फ़ीड कंटेंट अपन रूप देखेनाय शुरू केलक, आब अगुलका सभ रील खेनाय सँ जुड़ल आबऽ लागलैक। आब त हम ई सोचऽ लागलहुँ जे जौ ई रील नहि रहितै त कि एहैन अजूबा चीज संभव भऽ सकैत रहै? की होइतै ओ जिम-ट्रेनर केर जे अपन बाइसेप्स एना देखा रहल छथि, जेना ओ कुनू धर्मग्रंथक नव व्याख्या द रहल होय। ओ दार्शनिक के की होइतै जे सड़क किनार थूकि क कहैत छैथ जिंदगी अहिना चलै छै भाय! जौ ई रील नँय रहितै त ओ पक्का कोनो बस-अड्डा केर अवारा होइतै, नहि त साबुन सँ बुलबुला बना क कैमरा केर तरफ उड़बऽ बला लड़का होएतै नहि त गंदा गली केर नाक बहबैत घिनायल के श्रेणी मँ एतै। “रात अकेली है, बिस्तर खाली है” गाबि क अपन जीभ निकालऽ वाली लड़की केर की होइतै? जौ रील नँय होएतै त ओ दू कौरी केर कवियो कोनो शराबखाना केर फूहड़ शाइर होइतै। “DM me for fun” लिखऽ बला लड़का बिना रील केर पानक गुमटी लग खड़ा भऽ अधपका आशिक केर श्रेणी मँ अओतै!

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देखलहुँ जे मीडिया आलोचक, लेखक प्रोफ़ेसर सभ रीलर भ गलैथ। मीडिया आलोचक, लेखक, प्रोफ़ेसर सभ किछु साल सँ चाय-ब्रेड-पकौड़ा-धनिया-पुदीना-कटहल-कुवा पर लिख रहल छथि। तब बुझि पड़ल जे बीतल बीस साल सँ हुनक लेखनी एतेक गरीब किएक भ गलै। हुनक विवेक आ लेखन केर विकास एहि कारण सँ नै भ सकलै किए त आय सँ बीस साल पहिने इंस्टाग्राम केर रील-रोशनी अस्तित्व में नै रहैक। अगले रील मँ देखलहुँ जे ओ शिकायत करि रहल छथि कि चौलाई के साग की कही रील बनी हो तो बताओ! जे बीस साल सँ कहियो नहि भेलैक, से बीस सेकेंड मँ भ गलैक। चौलाई केर साग जाँ वायरल भऽ सकैत अछि तऽ मीडिया-आलोचना आ किचनक-सांगोपांग केर समस्त परंपरा पर की भरोसा रहि जाएत। एलगोरिद्म आ फीड कंटेंट अपन रूप देखेनाय शुरू केलक, आब अगुलका सभ रील खेनाय सँ जुड़ल आबऽ लागलैक। आब त हम ई सोचऽ लागलहुँ जे जाँ ई रील नहि रहितै त कि एहैन अजूबा चीज संभव भऽ सकैत रहै? की होइतै ओ जिम-ट्रेनर केर जे अपन बाइसेप्स एना देखा रहल छथि, जेना ओ कुनू धर्मग्रंथक नव व्याख्या द रहल होय। ओ दार्शनिक के की होइतै जे सड़क किनार थूकि क कहैत छैथ जिंदगी अहिना चलै छै भाय! जाँ ई रील नै रहितै त ओ पक्का कोनो बस-अड्डा केर अवारा होइतै, नहि त साबुन सँ बुलबुला बना क कैमरा केर तरफ उड़बऽ बला लड़का होएतै नहि त गंदा गली केर नाक बहबैत घिनायल के श्रेणी मँ एतै। “रात अकेली है, बिस्तर खाली है” गाबि क अपन जीभ निकालऽ वाली लड़की केर की होइतै? जाँ रील नै होएतै त ओ दू कौरी केर कवियो कोनो शराबखाना केर फूहड़ शाइर होइतै। “DM me for fun” लिखऽ बला लड़का बिना रील केर पानक गुमटी लग खड़ा भऽ अधपका आशिक केर श्रेणी मँ अओतै!

मुदा रील आजु केर युगक नव सार्वभौमिक सत्य भऽ गेल अछि। ई नहि केवल तकनीकी सुविधा अछि; नहि केवल मनोरंजनक माध्यम; बल्कि ई जीवनक बहुत पैघ औद्योगिक उपकरण बनि चुकल अछि—जाहि पर श्रम, भूख, आत्मसम्मान आ मोहब्बत सब कोनो न कोनो रूप में एहि केर चारों कात घूमैत अछि। या ई कहू जे रील ढेर रास लोकक रोटी ढेलक आओर किछ लोकक रोटी छीनियो लेलक। जेह एखन रील नहि बना रहल छैथ, ओ आब रीलक उपभोक्ता बनि क रहि गेलि अछि। रोज़गार, उल्लास, दुख, पहचान सभ किछ रील में परसल जा रहल अछि—हँसैत-हँसैत निगलऽ क लेला। ई शहरी-ग्रामीण, विशिष्ट-अविशिष्ट, प्रतिष्ठित-अनापेक्षित—सभ विभाज्यक समेकन अछि। कड़कड़डूमा के कोर्टरूम सँ लऽ कऽ अशोक नगर केर उपांतक चौखट तक, कच्छ केर नोन-सन सुंदरता सँ लऽ कऽ नेपाल केर संसद तक—सभ जगह रीलक-अभिव्यक्ति भऽ रहल छैक। न्याय केर भ्रष्टावशेष, गाँव-रसोई केर कनियाँ, मरुभूमि केर तहसीलदार किरोड़ी आ संसदक गंभीरता सभ किछ रील केर तेज लेंसक भीतर समा कऽ, एक मिनटक भीतर आत्म-निर्वाचन केर शिकार भऽ जाय छैक।

सभ लोग सभ किछु बेचि रहल छैथ। अस्मिता, अनुभूति, अनुभव, अज्ञान, अपसंस्कृति, अफ़वाह...आओर त आओर सदी केर अपवादी रीलक उत्पाद बनि चुकल अछि। विचारक तेज कटिंग, भावना केर त्वरित पिटाई आ हास्य केर तत्काल पॉलिश, सभ किछु रीलक माध्यम सँ आबि रहल छैक। जे कहियो राति क टेबुल-लाइट के नीचाँ बैसि क टाइप करैत रहैथ, आब ओहि राति कऽ रील-फ़्रेम के परिप्रेक्ष्य में सोचै छैथ। लोग तीर्थ-स्थल सँ रील बना कऽ लौटि रहल छथि। तीर्थ-स्थल केर मौन रीलक चकाचौंध मँ विलुप्त भ रहल छैक। किछु न किछु ई रीलर केर राहतक आवरण बनि रहल अछि, जाहि मँ छिप कँ ओ अपन बेचैनी भुला लेबऽ चाहऽ होएथि। भाषा केर शोषण, भाव केर विक्रय आ स्मृति केर विकृतिपूर्ण व्यापार रीलक बाज़ार मँ विनिमय-योग्य वस्तु बनि क रहि गेल अछि। एहि सँ ई एक अजीब तरहक कलाक प्रस्तुति के पैघ मंच बनि गेल छैक। खराब कवि आ लेखकक उदय, वांछित कवि के विकृत प्रतिरूप आ अवांछित पेशा केर अभिनव रूपांतरण। एहि स्थिति मँ पल-पल एक टा नया कंटेंट जेनरेट भऽ रहल छैक। रील लोक-कला तक क ग्लिच कऽ देने छैक, मुदा ओ ग्लिच मँ भी किछु सच्चाई चमकैत अछि। एक अनौपचारिकता, एक सपाटता जे अस्सी सालक मुर्दा अलमारीक खोलक कोनो अनसुनल गीत जे कहियो ट्रेंड बनि कँ हमरा सभ तक पहुँचैत अछि, त दिमाग मँ किछु हिट करैत अछि, आओर तखनक आनंदक की कहू, कहै सँ परे अछि।

की रील-युग साहित्यक अंत अछि? की शब्दक आलिंगन आब केवल एक टा फ़िल्टर में संपन्न भ जेतैक? की रील-उत्पाद इह युगक आत्म-परिचयक धरोहर पर हमला कऽ रहल अछि? की याहि आधुनिक रचना के उद्धार अछि— नहि पता। मुदा एतबा तऽ बुझि पड़ैत छैक जे किछु त भ रहल अछि—ई चरित्र आ ई समय बदलल तऽ जरूर अछि। जाहिरो छै कि अहि समाज मँ किछु आबै त समाज प्रभावित हैतैक आ करतैक चाहे ओ रील होय या कोनो आन चीज। आय काल्हि जना देखी त कोनो अनजान गामक लड़की केर नाटक आ नृत्य अचानक राष्ट्रीय भावना केर विषय बनि जाय छैक। सड़कक कुनू कोन केर संगीत रातों-राति लोकप्रिय भऽ जाएत अछि आओर छोट-छोट सत्य सभ दर्शक तक पहुँचि जाय छैक।



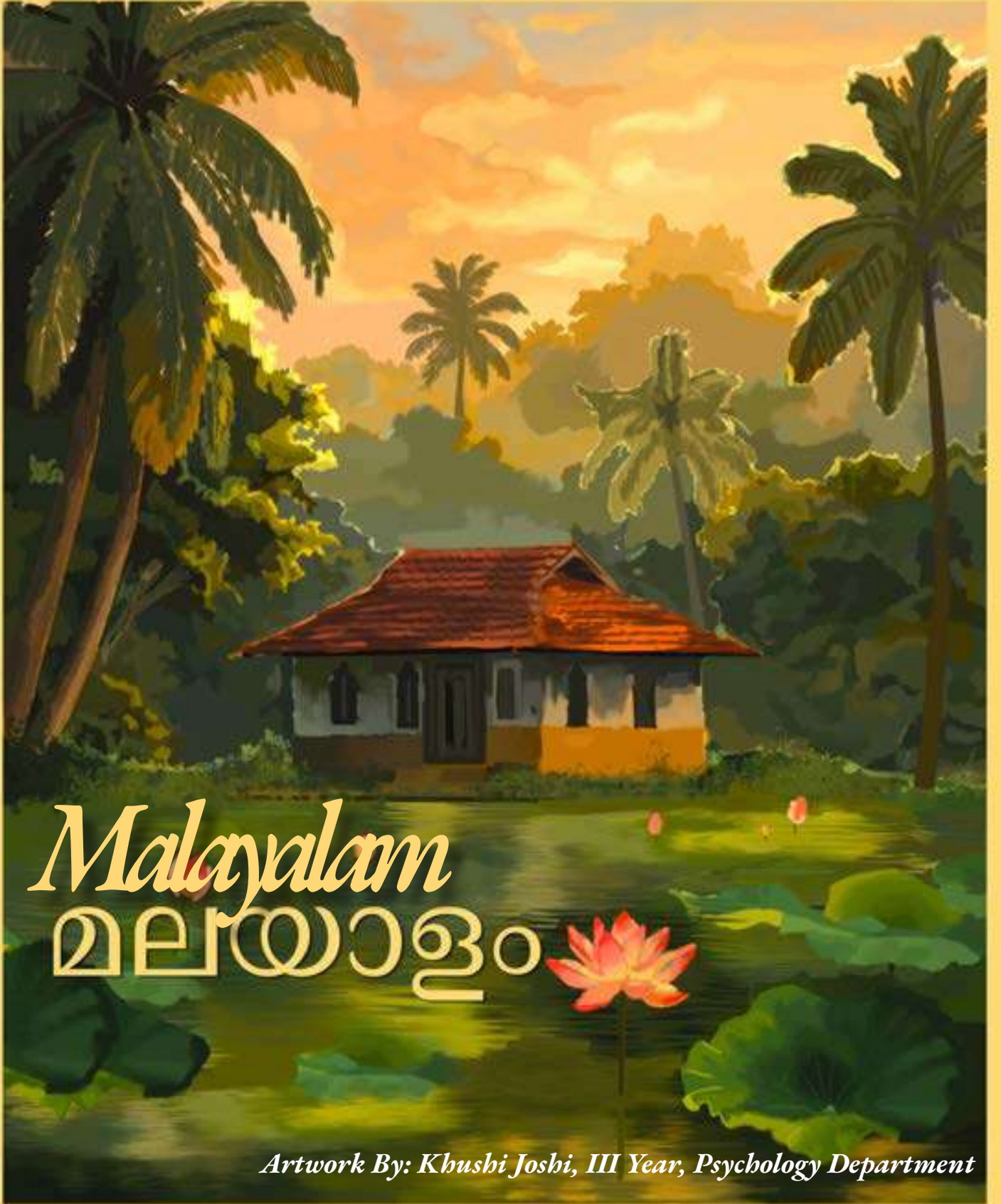
याहि ई रील आ लोकप्रियता केर गणितक उच्चर पक्ष अछि—ओतऽ बेतहाशा समानता केर संभावना अछि, जतऽ प्रसिद्धि केर द्वार सभ समाजक लोग लेल एक सन खुजल देखा दैत अछि। मुदा एतऽ प्रश्न ई उठै छैक जे एहि मँ उच्चर पक्ष केर मूल्य की होएत अछि? जतऽ कीमत सततता आ अपन अंतर्ल्यता होय? आओर फेर ओ सवाल जे विवशता केर सीधा परछाई अछि कि की अंततः सबहक रीलरे बनऽ पड़तैक? की हरेक कवि, हरेक अध्यापक, हरेक न्यायाधीश, हरेक काँवड़िया आ हरेक आम आदमी कऽ आजु ई रील-राष्ट्रीयकरण मँ अपन हिस्सा देबऽ पड़तैक? कही एहेन त नहि जे रील एक टा अतिव्यापी मौसम मात्र सिद्ध होय—तेज, हिंसक आ बाद मँ गायब होयबाक लेल अभिशप्त? एहि रीलक भविष्यक विषय मँ किछु निश्चित अनुमान करऽ मँ बहु दिक्कत अछि मुदा ई कल्पना जरूर सतबैत अछि जे एतेक पैघ समाजक सभहक संस्कृति कऽ एतेक छोट फ्रेम मँ समेटल जा रहल अछि आ सभ पैघ कथा, सभ उपन्यास, सभ कविता, स्थिर बहस—कतहु पाछू छूटल जा रहल अछि या दोसर शब्द मँ कहू त अनसुनी कऽ रहल छी कुल मिला कऽ अनसुनी भऽ रहल छैक।

एहि मँ कोनो शक नाहि जे रील सभ कऽ संभावना देने छैक, मुदा ओ संभावना किछु शर्तक संगे छैक। शर्त—जेहि मँ गति, चमक आ समझौता अनिवार्य अछि। एहि मँ कोनो शक नहि जे ई रफ्तार सँ शर्त बढ़ल चलि जइतै त हाँ, शायद सभ कऽ रीलर बनऽ पड़तैक। मुदा मनुष्यक क्षमता अजीब आ विशाल अछि, जे ओ नव तकनीक कऽ अपनैबतो छैक आ ओहि केर विरुद्ध एक महीन-सन रक्षा-रेखा सेहो संगहि खीचैत जाइत अछि। अतः धीमी कविता, दीर्घकाय कहानी, सारगर्भित नाटक—ई सभ कोनो न कोनो विधि जीबैत रहितै। मुदा की ओहि केर जिंदा रहऽ क लेल अपन सबहक अनुभूति रीलक फ्रेम मँ अपन रंग बदलि लेतैक? एखनि तक त ई तय नही अछि; मुदा ई त तय अछि जे हम सभ एखन एहेन युग मँ ठाढ़ि छी जे सबहक गंभीरता, सार्वजनिकता आ गोपनीयता कऽ छोट-छोट क्लिप मँ बाटँ केर शुरुआत भऽ गेल अछि।

आओर एतऽ याहि सवाल कटुता के संगे फेर उभरि जायत छै कि की हम अंततः अपना आपकऽ एहि चंद्र मिनटक भीतर समेटक लेल विवश कऽ लेबै? या फेर कोनो नव प्रक्रिया, कोनो नव कम गति बला आ गहीर प्रतिरोध एहि रील-युग केर भीतर जनम लेतैक? हमर मित्र किताब पढ़ऽ चाहैत रहथि, लेकिन किताब मँ किसान धीरे-धीरे हर जोतैत छथि। जमींदार धीरे-धीरे खलिहान लूटैत छथि। जीवन केर पैघ वाक्य हुनक धैर्यक बाहर भऽ चुकल छैन। अतिशयोक्ति मँ कहल जाइ त हरेक मोबाइल-यूजर केर दुनिया आब जन्म-मृत्यु आ शोकक रीलकरण सँ संचालित हतैक। राजनीति मँ रील-रणनीतिकरण केर नवाचार हेतैक। धर्म आ तीर्थ केर नव रीलक आयाम खोजल जैतैक, बचपनक अपहरण करऽ सँ शुरू भऽ कऽ पारिवारिक रिश्ता केर रील-संस्करण प्रस्तुत हेतैक आ बुजुर्ग केर रील-उपसंहार कऽ प्राप्त भऽ जेतै। अंत मँ प्रेमचंद्रक नहि कहल एक बात याद आबि रहल अछि, “देखना एक दिन सब कुछ अपलोड हो जाएगा...”।

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ഭ്രാന്ത്

തെല്ലൊരു ആലസ്യത്തോടെ നാരായണ പണിക്കർ തന്റെ കിടക്കയിൽ നിന്നെന്നീറ്റു. അപ്പോഴാണ് ഒരു സംശയം അയാളുടെ മനസ്സിലൂടെ മിന്നൽ പോലെ കടന്നുപോയത് --- എന്താ സൂര്യൻ തെറ്റായ ദിക്കിൽ ഉദിച്ചോ ?.

കണ്ണുകൾ നന്നായി ചീന്തി തുറന്ന് ചുറ്റും നോക്കിയപ്പോൾ മാത്രമാണ് ഒരു തിരിച്ചറിവ് പണിക്കർക്ക് ഉണ്ടായത്. നാളുകളായി കിഴക്ക് മാത്രം നോക്കിയെന്നീറ്റിരുന്ന താൻ ഇന്ന് ദിക്ക് തെറ്റി എണീറ്റിരിക്കുന്നു. ആ തിരിച്ചറിവ് അയാളെ തെല്ല് ഒന്നു നടക്കി.

" അയ്യോ എന്തോ മോശം വരാൻ പോകുന്നു " സ്വയം ആത്മഗതം ചെയ്തു കൊണ്ട് അയാൾ പ്രഭാത കർമ്മങ്ങളിലേക്ക് കടന്നു.

പ്രഭാത കർമ്മങ്ങൾക്ക് ശേഷം പതിവ് പോലെ ചാരു കസേരയിൽ നിവർന്ന് ഇരുന്നു കൊണ്ട് പണിക്കർ പത്രം കയ്യിൽ എടുത്തു , അപ്പോഴാണ് ഭാഗ്യം എന്നോ നിർഭാഗ്യം എന്നോ നിർവചിക്കാനാവാത്തവണ്ണം, തൊടിയിലെ ചാത്തുക്കുട്ടി പടിവാതിൽ കടന്ന് ഉമ്മറത്തേയ്ക്ക് കയറി വന്നത്. നാളുകളായി ചാത്തുക്കുട്ടി തുടർന്ന് വന്ന ശീലം തെറ്റിക്കാതെ പണിക്കരെ വന്ദിച്ചു കൊണ്ട്, തന്റെ സംഭാഷണം അയാൾ ആരംഭിച്ചു :

" അയ്യോ പണിക്കരേട്ടാ , നമ്മുടെ കുറുപ്പേട്ടന്റെ മോൾക്ക് ബാധ കയറി. പെൺകൊച്ച് ഭ്രാന്ത് പോലെ കുറുപ്പേട്ടൻ എന്നോ തന്നോട് പറയുന്നെന്നോ, കുറുപ്പേട്ടനെ കണ്ടെന്നോ ഒക്കെ പിച്ഛം പേയും പറയുന്നുണ്ട്. "

പണിക്കർ ഗൗരവത്തോടെ പറഞ്ഞു: " എന്നിട്ട് ആ പെണ്ണിനെ ബാധ ഒഴിപ്പിക്കാൻ വെല്ലോം കൊണ്ടു പോയോ . നമ്മുടെ പരബ്രഹ്മ ക്ഷേത്രത്തിലെ പുജാരി ജപിച്ച ഒരു ചരട് മാത്രം മതി ഏതു ബാധയും കുറ്റിയും പറിച്ച് ഓടാൻ, അതും അല്ലെങ്കിൽ കേശവ തിരുമേനിയുടെ ഒരു പുജ.....".

സംഭാഷണത്തിന്റെ ദൈർഘ്യമേറുന്നത് മനസ്സിലാക്കി ചാത്തുട്ടി വേഗത്തിൽ ചേർത്തു: " അതെ പണിക്കരേട്ടാ, എന്തായാലും നമുക്ക് അവിടം വരെ ഒന്നു പോയി നോക്കാം , എന്തു പറയുന്നു?".

" അതെ നീ പറഞ്ഞ ശരിയാ, എന്തായാലും പോയി സംസാരിക്കാം, അല്ലെങ്കിലും നാട്ടിൽ പ്രാധാന്യമേറിയ കാര്യങ്ങൾ സംസാരിക്കാൻ ഞാൻ അല്ലേ ഉള്ളൂ" .

അഹന്ത നിറഞ്ഞു തുളുമ്പുന്ന മുഖഭാവത്തോടെ, പണിക്കർ ചാത്തുട്ടിയോടൊപ്പം പടിവാതിൽ കടന്ന് കുറുപ്പിന്റെ വീട്ടിലേക്ക് നടന്നു.

സ്വർണ്ണമണിഞ്ഞ വയലും , തലോടി ഓടുന്ന മന്ദമാരുതനും പണിക്കരെ കുറുപ്പിന്റെ ഓർമ്മകളിലേക്ക് കൂട്ടികൊണ്ടു പോയി. വേനൽക്കാലത്ത് വയലിലൂടെ ഓടി ചാടി കുറുപ്പുമായി കളിച്ചതും, പിന്നീട് പ്രീ ഡിഗ്രിക്ക് ഗ്രാമത്തിൽ നിന്ന് പട്ടണത്തിലെ ക്രിസ്തുമതാ കോളേജിൽ ഒരുമിച്ച് പഠിക്കാൻ പോയതും, വിവാഹവും കൂട്ടികളും ഒക്കെയായി ജീവിതം രണ്ടു ദിശയിൽ സഞ്ചരിച്ചതും, അവസാനം കളിച്ചു വളർന്ന വയലിലൂടെ അവന്റെ മൃതദ്രോഹവുമായി പോയതും, ഒക്കെ ജീവനുള്ള ഓർമ്മകളായി മനസ്സിന്റെ കോണിലൂടെ മാഞ്ഞു മറഞ്ഞു പോയ്ക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നു. അപ്പോൾ ചിന്തകൾ പൊട്ടിച്ചെറിഞ്ഞുകൊണ്ട് ചാത്തുക്കുട്ടി പറഞ്ഞു: "ഇപ്പോഴാണ് ഒരു കാര്യം ഓർത്തത് , നമ്മുടെ അമേരിക്കയിൽ പോയി പഠിച്ച മേനോൻ സാറിന്റെ

മോൾ ഇല്ല, അവൾ പറയുന്നത് , കുറുപ്പിന്റെ അല്ല കുറുപ്പേട്ടന്റെ മോൾക്ക് എന്തോ എന്തോ ആ പോസ്റ്റ് ട്രോമാറ്റിക് സ്ക്രീൻ ഡിസോർഡർ ആണെന്ന്. എന്റെ പണിക്കരെട്ടാ എത്ര സമയമെടുത്ത ഞാൻ ഈ പേർ പഠിച്ചത് എന്ന് അറിയുമോ. അവൾ പറയുന്നത് ചികിത്സിക്കണം എന്നൊക്കെയാണ്".

"എന്താടാ , പോസ്റ്റ് സ്ക്രീൻ ഓ..... അവൾക്കും അമേരിക്കയിൽ നിന്ന് ഭ്രാന്ത് പിടിച്ചതാ, ഇത് അവൾ പറഞ്ഞത് ഒന്നും ആല്ല, ബാധ തന്നെയാണ്, മന്ത്രവും പൂജയും വഴി മാത്രമേ മാറൂ." വളരെ ഗൗരവത്തോടെ പണിക്കർ പറഞ്ഞു നിറുത്തി.

കുറുപ്പിന്റെ വീട്ടിൽ ആളുകൾ കൂട്ടംകൂടി നിന്നു. പണിക്കരുടെ കടന്നുവരവോടെ അവിടെ തടിച്ചു കൂടിയ ആളുകൾ നിശ്ശബ്ദരായി. കുറുപ്പിന്റെ ഭാര്യ പണിക്കരുടെ വരവ് അറിഞ്ഞു കൊണ്ട് പുറത്തേക്കു വന്നു. അല്പനേരത്തെ നിശ്ശബ്ദതയ്ക്ക് ശേഷം പണിക്കർ സംസാരിച്ചു തുടങ്ങി : " ഇതിന് ഞാൻ ഒരു മാർഗ്ഗമേ കാണുന്നുള്ളൂ- ബാധ ഒഴിപ്പിക്കാൻ ഒരു പൂജാരിയെ കൊണ്ടുവരണം, എന്തു പറയുന്നു ?".

കുറുപ്പിന്റെ ഭാര്യ നിശ്ശബ്ദയായി കണ്ണീരോടെ തലകുനിച്ച് നിന്നതേയുള്ളൂ. അവിടെ കൂട്ടംകൂടിയവർ എല്ലാവരും പണിക്കരുടെ വാക്കുകൾ ശരിവെച്ചു കൊണ്ട് ഭവ്യമായ മുഖഭാവത്തോടെ നിന്നു.

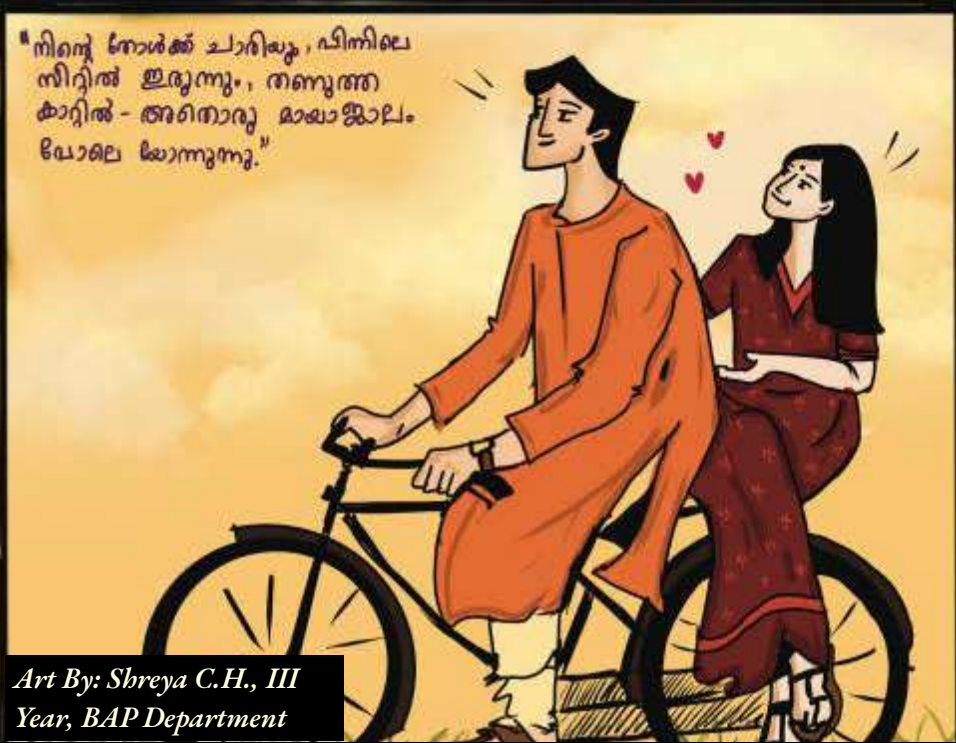
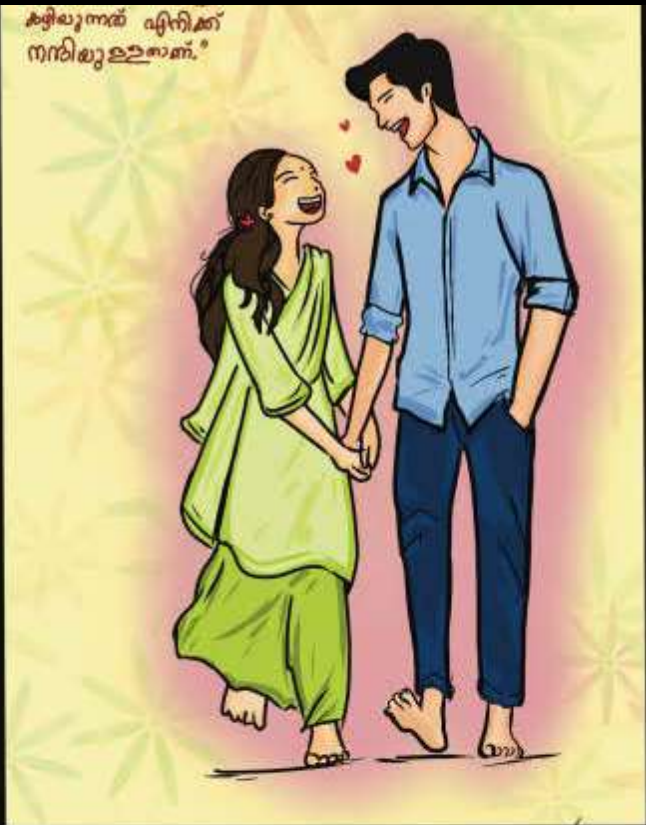
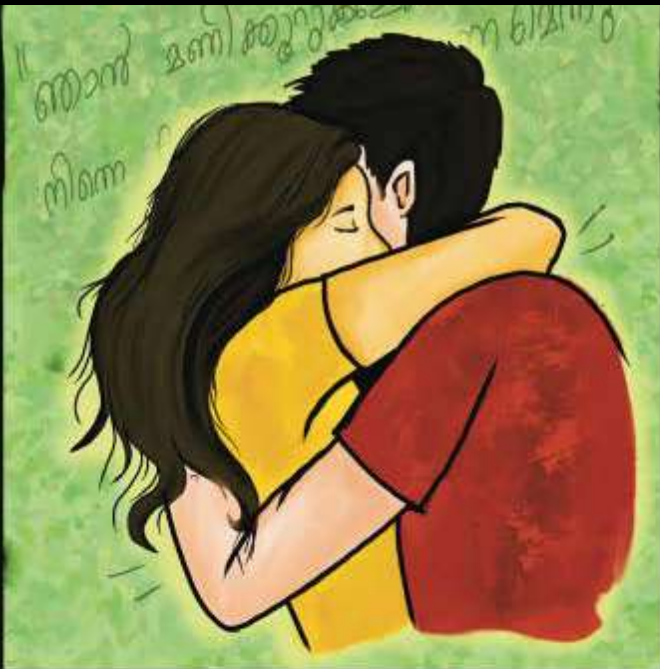
ഇതെല്ലാം കണ്ടുകൊണ്ടു നിന്ന മേനോന്റെ മകൾ, മീര ആത്മഗതം ചെയ്തു കൊണ്ട് പറഞ്ഞു : " ചികിത്സിച്ചു മാറ്റേണ്ട രോഗത്തെ ബാധയാക്കി മാറ്റുന്ന വിദ്യാസമ്പന്നനായ പണിക്കർ, കഷ്ടം തന്നെ !. പാവം ചാരു അവളെ എല്ലാരും കൂടി മന്ത്രത്തിനും പൂജക്കും ഇരയാക്കുമല്ലോ, അവളുടെ അസുഖം ഇനി കൂടുകയെയുള്ളൂ".

അടുത്തു നിന്ന ഭവാനി ചേച്ചി മീരയോടെ ചോദിച്ചു: " എന്താ മോളെ നീ വെല്ലൊ പറഞ്ഞോ ?"

" ഒന്നുമില്ല ചേച്ചി , വിദ്യാസമ്പന്നൻ എന്നു നടിക്കുന്നവൻ, അജ്ഞാനത്തിന്റെ വലിയ തെളിവാണി". ഇതും പറഞ്ഞു കൊണ്ട് കണ്ണുകലങ്ങി മീര ഉമ്മറത്ത് നിന്ന് ഇറങ്ങി. അവിടെ തടിച്ചു കൂടിയ ആളുകൾ ചാരുവിന്റെ നേർക്ക് തൊടുത്തു വിടുന്ന " ബാധ കയറിയ കുട്ടിയെന്ന" മുർച്ചയേറിയ വാക്കുകൾ, മീരയുടെ അരിശത്തെ തൊട്ടുണർത്തി കൊണ്ടിരുന്നെങ്കിലും, മൗനം ആയുധമാക്കി അവൾ നടന്നു നീങ്ങി.

*Written By: Ann Mary Rosario, III Year, Psychology Department
Photograph from Shutterstock*





കളിപ്പറമ്പിൽ എഴുതിയത് നന്നില്ലാത്തതാണ്."

"നിന്റേതല്ല. പ്രകടിപ്പിക്കുന്ന വിധം എഴുതാൻ?"

നിന്റേതല്ല. പ്രകടിപ്പിക്കുന്ന വിധം എഴുതാൻ?"

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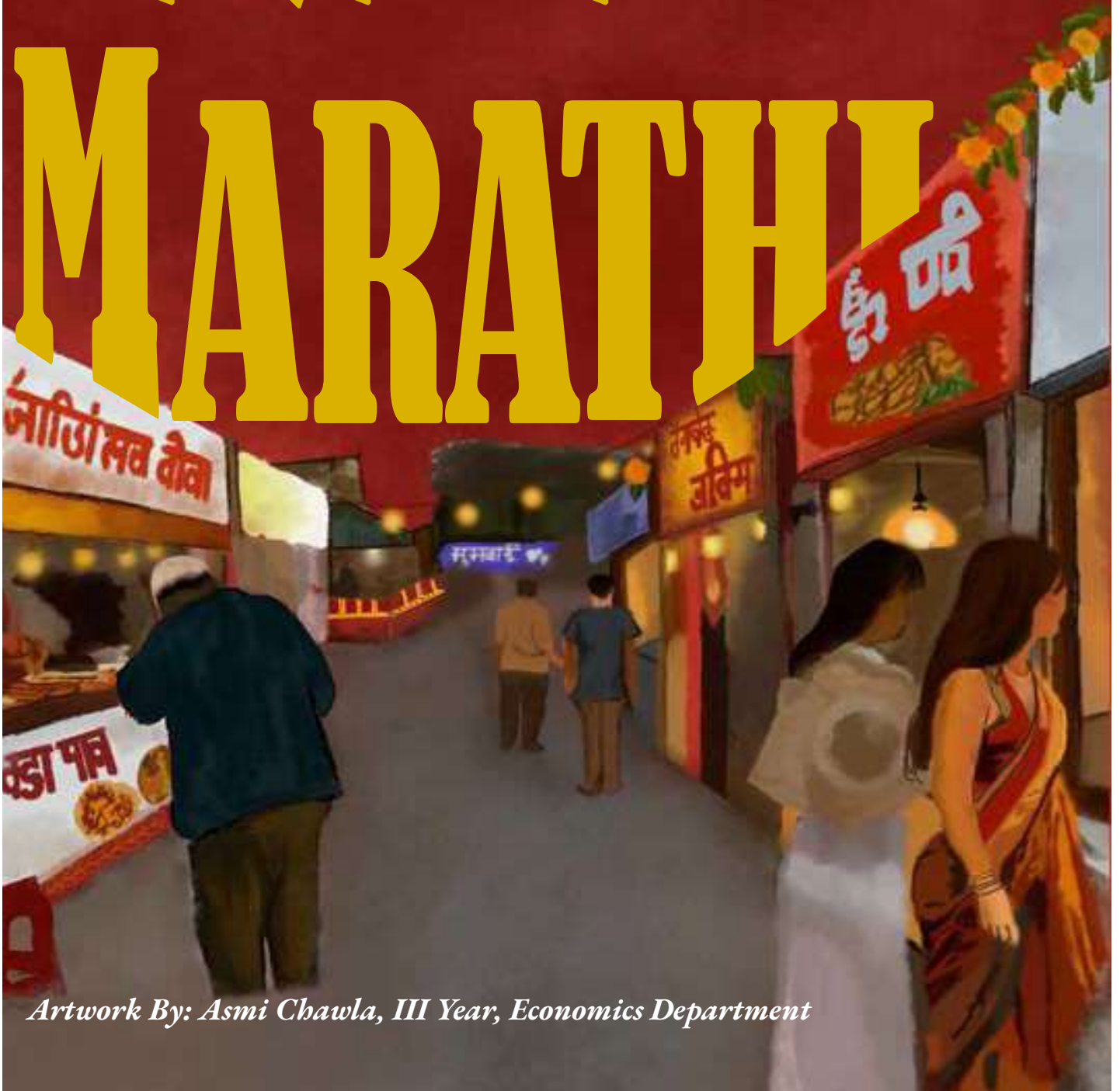
"നിന്റേതല്ല. പ്രകടിപ്പിക്കുന്ന വിധം എഴുതാൻ?"

വിശ്വസിക്കുന്ന വിധം എഴുതാൻ"

Art By: Shreya C.H., III Year, BAP Department



मराठी MARATHI



Artwork By: Asmi Chawla, III Year, Economics Department

एका घरून दुसऱ्या घराकडे

जेव्हा मी दिल्लीत पाऊल ठेवले—अनोळखी माणसं, अनोळखी जागा आणि अनोळखी संस्कृतीने भरलेले शहर—तेव्हा मला प्रश्न पडायचा की इतकी लोकसंख्या, प्रदूषित हवा आणि इतक्या कडक हवामानात लोक इथे राहतात तरी कसे? तेव्हा मला जाणीव झाली की माझ्या शहरातले माझे आयुष्य किती सोपे आणि सुखद होते. एखाद्या शहरावर प्रेम करणे म्हणजे काय, नकळतपणे आपल्या वागण्यातून आपल्या मातीचे प्रतिनिधित्व करणे म्हणजे काय आणि आपल्या जन्मभूमीशी आपली नाळ घट्ट जोडलेली असणे म्हणजे काय, हे मला तोपर्यंत उमजलेच नव्हते. कॉलेजच्या पहिल्या वर्षी मला घरची, तिथल्या अन्नाची आणि सणांची खूप आठवण यायची. मी या बदलाकडे 'स्थित्यंतर' म्हणून पाहत होते—तारुण्याकडे आणि स्वतंत्र आयुष्याकडे जाणारे एक पाऊल. मी हे स्वीकारले होते की, आता मला घरापासून दूर, एका अनोळखी शहरात, अनोळखी माणसांमध्ये एकटीनेच राहावे लागेल. एका उज्ज्वल भविष्याच्या आशेने मी हे आव्हान पेलण्यास तयार होते.

पण तो माझा भाबडेपणा होता. मला वाटले होते की हा प्रवास फक्त किशोरवयीन अवस्थेतून प्रौढत्वाकडे किंवा परावलंबित्वाकडून स्वातंत्र्याकडे जाणारा एक साधा बदल आहे. या काळाने मला ते सर्व शिकवले जे मला अपेक्षित होतेच, पण सोबतीला असे काही अनुभवही दिले ज्याचा मी स्वप्नातही विचार केला नव्हता. ऐकायला हे थोडे कठोर वाटतेय ना? पण यातला एक सकारात्मक पैलूही आहे. या शहराने मला अतिशय संयमाने आणि कृपेने हजारो गोष्टी शिकवल्या. हे शहर आता फक्त एक तात्पुरता निवारा उरले नसून, माझ्या दुसऱ्या घरापेक्षाही काहीतरी अधिक बनले आहे. आता जेव्हा मी या शहराच्या गल्ल्यांमधून फिरते, तेव्हा मला भीती वाटत नाही; येथील भिंती माझ्याशी मित्रासारख्या बोलतात, माझे मित्र आता माझे कुटुंब झाले आहेत, येथील स्थानिक खाद्यपदार्थ माझी जीवनवाहिनी बनले आहेत आणि येथील वास्तुकला न्याहाळणे हा माझा आवडता छंद झाला आहे. आता माझे दिल्लीवर प्रेम आहे; कारण इथेच मला माझी शांतता, स्वातंत्र्य, कृतज्ञता, दृष्टीकोन, जिद्द, अस्सलता आणि एकांत सापडला आहे.

परंतु, हा प्रवास कधीच केवळ जागांबद्दल नव्हता. हा प्रवास आपल्याबद्दल आहे, जो आपण या 'लिमिनालिटी' म्हणजेच स्थित्यंतराच्या अर्धांतरी काळात स्वतःमध्ये घडवून आणतो. केवळ अनुभवच नव्हे, तर त्या अनुभवांकडे पाहण्याचा आपला दृष्टीकोन आपण कोण आहोत आणि आपण पुढे काय बनणार आहोत हे ठरवतो. माझ्या जडणघडणीत ज्या अमूल्य साधनांनी मदत केली, त्याबद्दल मी कृतज्ञ आहे. मात्र, बदलती सामाजिक आणि राजकीय परिस्थिती, तरुणांचा दडपला जाणारा आवाज, संसाधनांची विषम वाटणी आणि खालावणारे मानसिक आरोग्य या गोष्टी मला आजही अस्वस्थ करतात. मी इथे एक मुलगी म्हणून आले होते जिची फक्त स्वतःची प्रगती करण्याची इच्छा होती; पण पुढच्या वर्षी जेव्हा मी ही जागा सोडेल, तेव्हा मी स्वतःला एक अशी 'स्त्री' म्हणून पाहते जिची वाढण्याची व्याख्या आता बदलली आहे. आता माझ्या प्रगतीला एक दिशा आणि व्याप्ती आहे, ती आव्हानांची जाणीव ठेवते आणि सर्वांसाठी—विशेषतः समाजातील उपेक्षित घटकांसाठी—एका चांगल्या भविष्याची आशा बाळगते.

सरतेशेवटी, या शहरातील माझा काळ हा एका 'बॉर्डरलँड'च्या खऱ्या अर्थाचे प्रतिबिंब आहे: जिथे उलथापालथ आणि नवनिर्मिती दोन्ही एकाच वेळी घडतात. मी आज ज्या उंबरठ्यावर उभी आहे—एकीकडे ती जुनी मुलगी आणि दुसरीकडे मी बनू पाहणारी स्त्री—तेथे मला जाणीव होते की माझे वैयक्तिक परिवर्तन हे राजकीय परिस्थितीपासून वेगळे करता येणार नाही. प्रगती करणे म्हणजे स्वतःच्या विशेषाधिकारांची जाणीव ठेवणे आणि परिघावर असलेल्यांचा आवाज दाबणाऱ्या यंत्रणांना आव्हान देणे. मी ही जागा केवळ एक पदवी घेऊन सोडणार नाहीये, तर एका पुनर्बांधणीत ध्येयाने प्रेरित होऊन बाहेर पडणार आहे—स्थित्यंतरातील ही अनिश्चितता सर्वांसाठी एका न्याय्य आणि समान भविष्याच्या दिशेने टाकलेली झेप ठरावी, हेच माझे उद्दिष्ट आहे.

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ଓଡ଼ିଆ Odia



Artwork By: Annie CT Ekk... Year, English Dep... ent

ସାଥାତାନ୍ ଏବଂ ବାହୁ ଲୋକଙ୍କର ଅନେକ ସମ୍ପର୍କୀୟ ଘଟଣାର ଘୂର୍ଣ୍ଣନଶୀଳ ସ୍ମୃତି ଏବଂ ଭାବନା



"ସୀମାନ୍ତ ଐତିହ୍ୟ" ଏକାଧିକ, କ୍ରମାଗତ ସ୍ଥାନାନୁରଣର ସୁରାଭୂତ ଏବଂ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦପୂର୍ଣ୍ଣ ସ୍ମୃତି ଦ୍ୱାରା ବର୍ଣ୍ଣିତ, ଯାହା ଏକାକୃତ ହେବା ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତେ ଏକ ଜଟିଳ ସ୍ମୃତି ଭୂଦୃଶ୍ୟ ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରେ।

ସାଥାତାନ୍ ଲୋକମାନେ ଯାହାଙ୍କ ନାମର ଅର୍ଥ ହେଉଛି ଯେଉଁମାନଙ୍କର ବଲଗା ହରିଣ ଅଛି। ଏହି ଲୋକମାନେ ଦୁଖାନ୍ ଭାଷା କହୁଥିଲେ, ଏହା ଉତ୍ତର ମଙ୍ଗୋଲିଆର ଖୋଭସଗୋଇ ଅଞ୍ଚଳର ସାଗାନ୍-ନୁର ଦେଶରେ ପ୍ରାୟ ପାଞ୍ଚ ଶହ ଲୋକଙ୍କ ଦ୍ୱାରା କୁହାଯାଉଥିବା ଏକ ବିଲୁପ୍ତପ୍ରାୟ ତୁର୍କୀ ଭାଷା।

ସାଧାରଣତଃ ଏହି ଲୋକମାନେ ଉତ୍ତର ମଙ୍ଗୋଲିଆରେ ବସତି ସ୍ଥାପନ କରୁଥିଲେ କିନ୍ତୁ ସୋଭିଏତ ଯୁଦ୍ଧରେ ଦ୍ୱାରା ଚୁଭାକୁ ସଂଲଗ୍ନ କରାଯିବା ସହିତ ସୀମା ଆହୁରି ବନ୍ଦ ହୋଇଗଲା। ଦୁଖାନ୍ ଜୀବନଶୈଳୀ ବହୁତ କଷ୍ଟଦାୟକ ହୋଇଗଲା | ସେମାନେ ବର୍ଷ ବର୍ଷ ଧରି କୌଣସି ସ୍ଥାୟୀ ପ୍ରତିଷ୍ଠାନ କିମ୍ବା ବସତି ବିନା ଗୋଟିଏ ସ୍ଥାନରୁ ଅନ୍ୟ ସ୍ଥାନକୁ ସ୍ଥାନାନୁରଣ ହେଉଥିଲେ।

ଘର କିମ୍ବା ବସତି ବୋଲି କହିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଭୂମି କିମ୍ବା ସ୍ଥାନର ନିରନ୍ତର ଗତି ଏବଂ ଅନିଶ୍ଚିତତା ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ଅସ୍ୱସ୍ଥ ଏବଂ ନିରନ୍ତର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନଶୀଳ ଭାବରେ ଚିହ୍ନଟ କରିଥାଏ, ଯାହା ବ୍ୟାଖ୍ୟା କରାଯାଉଛି ତାହା ଦୁର୍ଦ୍ଦପରେ ପଡ଼ିବା ଉଚିତ୍ ନୁହେଁ କାରଣ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପଶୁପାଳକର ପରିଚୟ, କିମ୍ବା ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ଧାର୍ମିକ ପ୍ରଥା ଏବଂ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ଅଛି। ଏଠାରେ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା ଦୁଇ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନର ଗତିଶୀଳ ପ୍ରକ୍ରିୟା ବିଷୟରେ, କିପରି ସ୍ୱତନ୍ତ୍ର ବୈଶିଷ୍ଟ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ପରିଚୟ ସହିତ ଏକ ଗୋଷ୍ଠୀ ହେବା ପରେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସ୍ମୃତି, ସ୍ଥାନାନୁରଣ ଏବଂ ଜଟିଳତା ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ସ୍ଥିର ହେବା ପ୍ରାୟ ଅସମ୍ଭବ କରିଥାଏ, ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଚିରସ୍ଥାୟୀ ଗତି କେବଳ ବଞ୍ଚିବାର ଚିନ୍ତା ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ କିଆରି ଶକ୍ତି ଏବଂ ଜୀବନଶୈଳୀ।

ସେମାନେ କେବଳ ଏକ ହୁଅନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ, ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଅନେକ ଚିନ୍ତାଧାରା, ଏକ ବିବିଧ ଇତିହାସ, ବିଭିନ୍ନ ପରିଚୟ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଭ୍ରମଣ ଏବଂ ଜୀବିକାରୁ ଘୂର୍ଣ୍ଣନଶୀଳ ହୁଏ।

ଇଣ୍ଡୋନେସିଆ, ମାଲେସିଆ ଏବଂ ଫିଲିପାଇନ୍ସର ସାମୁଦ୍ରିକ ଅଞ୍ଚଳରେ ବିସ୍ତାରିତ ବାହୁ ଲୋକଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ "ସି ନୋମାଡ୍ସ୍ ଏରିଆ ଗ୍ରୁପ୍" କୁହାଯାଏ। ସେମାନେ କେବଳ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପରିଚୟ ବିଷୟରେ ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ସମ୍ପତ୍ତି, ସ୍ମୃତି ଏବଂ ଅତିଥିତ ଭୂଦୃଶ୍ୟ ଏବଂ ସୀମା ବିଷୟରେ ପୁନର୍ବିଚାର କରିବା ପାଇଁ ଏକ ଶକ୍ତିଶାଳୀ ଦୃଷ୍ଟିକୋଣ ପ୍ରଦାନ କରନ୍ତି।

ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନଶୀଳ ଚରଣ ଉପରେ ଗତି କରିଥିଲା, ଯେଉଁଠାରେ ସୀମା ଏବଂ ଜାତିଗୁଡ଼ିକ ଅସ୍ୱସ୍ଥ ହୋଇଗଲା ଏବଂ ସମୁଦ୍ର ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଦିଗନ୍ତ ଏବଂ ସଂଘର୍ଷର ଅଭିଲେଖାଗାର ହୋଇଗଲା ଇତିହାସ ସାରା। ସ୍ଥାୟୀ ବସତି ଉପରେ ସ୍ଥିର ନାଗରିକତା ନଥିବା ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ବାହାର ଲୋକ ଭାବରେ ବିବେଚନା କରାଯାଏ। ତଥାପି ଏହି ହ୍ରାସ ଏକ ଅନୁପସ୍ଥିତି ନୁହେଁ, ସେମାନେ ନିଜେ କହିଥିବା ପରି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପରିଚୟ ରହୁ, ଜୁଆର ଏବଂ ଆତ୍ମୀୟତା ଦ୍ୱାରା ଆକୃତିପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ଏବଂ ପରିସ୍ଥିତିଗତ। ଏଠାରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ପରିଚୟ ବନ୍ଦା ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ ଭାଷା, ଉପକୂଳ ଏବଂ ବଜାର ମଧ୍ୟରେ ନିରନ୍ତର ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତନର ଏକ ପ୍ରକ୍ରିୟା। ସେମାନେ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଲେପା ନାମକ ହାଉସବୋଟରେ ରହୁଥିଲେ - ଲେପା,

ସମୁଦ୍ର ହେଉଛି ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଘର, ଖାଦ୍ୟ, ଆଧ୍ୟାତ୍ମିକତା।

ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନ ଏକ ସୁଗନ୍ଧିତ ବାସ୍ତବତା ପରି, ଯେଉଁ ଦେଶଗୁଡ଼ିକ ମଧ୍ୟରେ ବାସ କରନ୍ତି କିନ୍ତୁ କେହି ଦାବି କରନ୍ତି ନାହିଁ, ସୁଲ ଏବଂ ସମୁଦ୍ର ମଧ୍ୟରେ କିନ୍ତୁ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ବାସସ୍ଥାନ ନୁହେଁ, ସେମାନେ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ନୂତନ ଯୁଗର ଗୋଟିଏ ଜାତି, ଗୋଟିଏ ଅଞ୍ଚଳ ଏବଂ ଗୋଟିଏ ପରିଚୟ ପ୍ରତି ଆଗ୍ରହକୁ ସମାଲୋଚନା କରନ୍ତି, କାରଣ ସେମାନଙ୍କର ଜୀବନ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ସୀମାରେ ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ ଜଳ ପାର ହୋଇ ପଥ ଦ୍ୱାରା ସୁରାଭୂତ ଏବଂ ଆକୃତିପ୍ରାପ୍ତ ହୋଇଥାଏ। ବାଲୁ ସମୁଦ୍ର ଯାଯାବରମାନେ, ଏକ ଦୁର୍ବଳ ପରିଚୟ ଏବଂ ସମୁଦ୍ର ସହିତ ସମ୍ପର୍କ ହେବାର ଭାବନାର ଜୀବନ ବଞ୍ଚନ୍ତି ଏବଂ ସୀମାନ୍ତଭୂମିର ଧାରଣାରେ ସୁଲ ବହୁତ କୃତ୍ରିମ, ଏକ ସୁଗନ୍ଧିତ ବାସ୍ତବତାର ଭାବନା ମଧ୍ୟରେ ଝୁଲି ରହିଥାଏ ଯାହା ଗୋଟିଏରେ ସମନ୍ୱିତ ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ ଅନେକରେ ସମନ୍ୱିତ ହୁଏ।

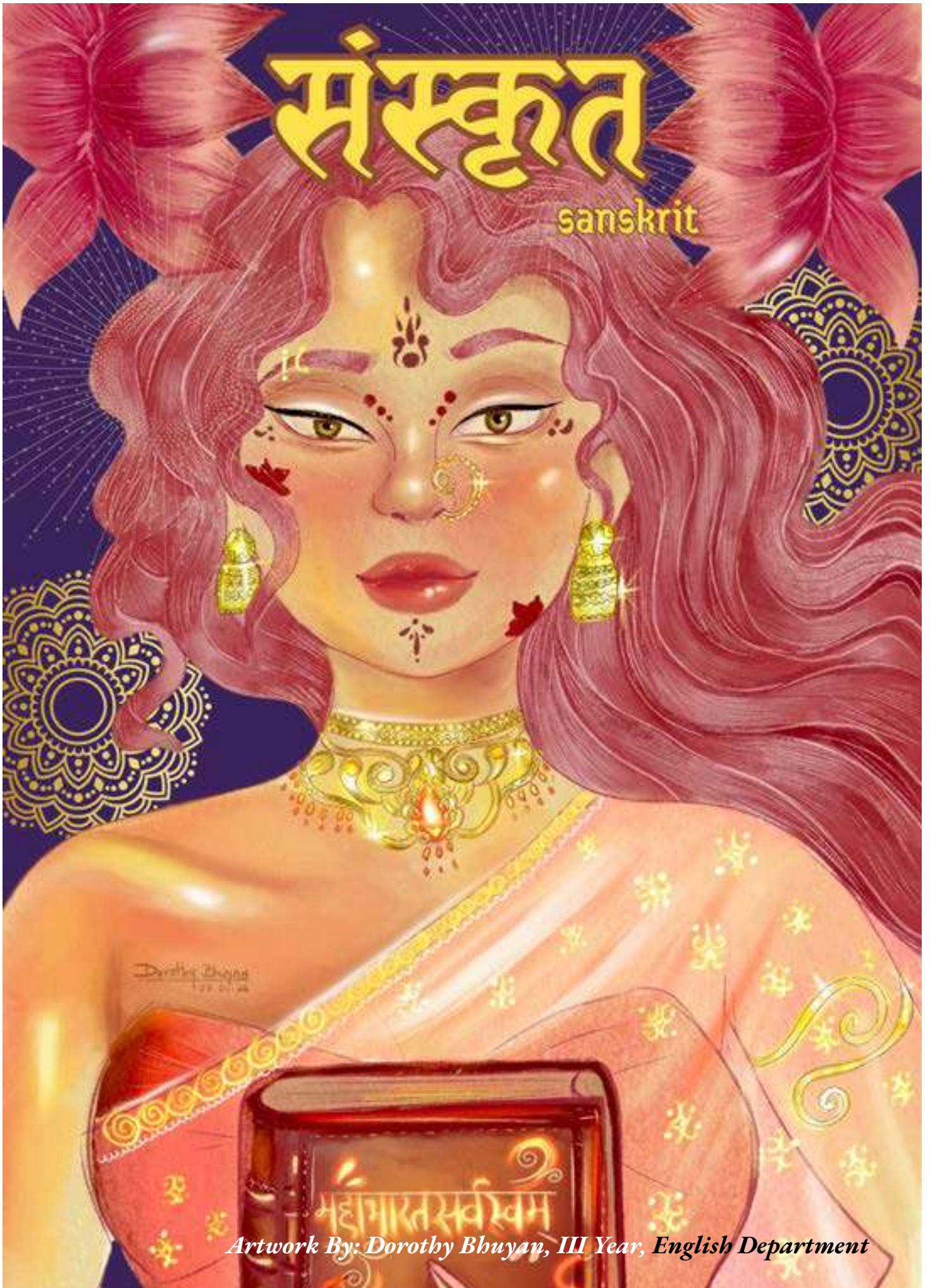
ତେଣୁ ଆମେ ଶେଷରେ ଏହି ସିଦ୍ଧାନ୍ତରେ ପହଞ୍ଚିଛୁ ଯେ ଆନ୍ଦୋଳନ ସର୍ବଦା ସେମାନଙ୍କ ଜୀବନର ଏକ ଅଂଶ ହୋଇ ରହିଛି, କେବଳ ଏହି ଦୁଇଟି ଜାତି ନୁହେଁ ବରଂ ସେମାନଙ୍କ ପରି ଆହୁରି ଅନେକ, ଯାହାଙ୍କ ପରିଚୟ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଅପରିଭାଷିତ ସୂଚି ଏବଂ ବହୁବିଧ ସମ୍ପର୍କର ଜାଲରେ ଫସିଯାଏ। ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଉଦୟମାନ ବିଶ୍ୱର ଦୃଷ୍ଟିରେ ସେମାନଙ୍କୁ ବିଫଳତା ଭାବରେ ଦେଖାଯାଏ କିନ୍ତୁ ନୁଏତ ଏକାଥରେ ଏତେ ସଂଖ୍ୟକ ବିଶ୍ୱ ସହିତ ଜଡ଼ିତ ହେବା ସର୍ବଦା ଆବଶ୍ୟକ ନୁହେଁ, ସମୁଦ୍ର ଏହାର ଏକ ଗଭୀର ଅଂଶ ଏବଂ ଭୂଖଣ୍ଡ ଏବଂ ପର୍ବତ ଏକ ଆକର୍ଷଣୀୟ ବାସସ୍ଥାନ।

*Written By: Payal Behera, I Year, History Department
Photograph By: Ravishkq Samarakoom, via Pexels*



संस्कृत

sanskrit



Artwork By: Dorothy Bhuyan, III Year, English Department

भारतदेशः तस्य प्रतिवेशिनः देशाश्च

जीवनं गतिशीलमस्ति। यद् ह्यः आसीत् तद् अद्य नास्ति, अद्य यदस्ति तत् श्वः न भविष्यति। कस्यचिदपि मानवस्य जीवनं तस्य परिवारस्य, समाजस्य राष्ट्रस्य च उपरि निर्भरं भवति। यदा प्रकृतिः एतां पृथिवीं निर्मितवती तदा एषा एकमेव सर्वेषां च मनुष्याणां निवासस्थानम् आसीत्। वेदस्य भूमिसूक्तेः "माता भूमिः पुत्रो अहं पृथिव्याः" इति ऋषिः वदति (अथर्ववेदः १२.१.१२) अस्मिन् मन्त्रे सः स्वं पृथिव्याः पुत्र इति कथयति। पश्चात् यथा यथा कालः अतिवाहितः तथा तथा मनुष्याः स्वस्य कृते विविधाः सीमाः निर्मितवन्तः। एताः सीमाः भौगोलिक-मानसिक-बौद्धिकादिषु विभिन्नेषु स्तरेषु आसन्। आकृष्टाः रेखाः देशस्य सीमाः इति उच्यन्ते। मनुष्यस्य मनसि स्थितानां विचाराणां आधारेण मानसिकसीमाः निर्मायन्ते, तस्य च बुद्धिमाश्रित्य बौद्धिकसीमाः निर्मायन्ते।

यद्यपि मनुष्यस्य जीवनं तस्य मानसिकबुद्धिचिन्तनैः सामर्थ्यैः च नियन्त्रितं भवति तथापि यावत् सः स्वतन्त्रदेशस्य नागरिको न भवति तावत् तेषां सदुपयोगं कर्तुं न शक्नोति। राष्ट्रियदृष्ट्या दृश्यते चेत् भारतं बौद्धिकक्षमताभिः आध्यात्मिकज्ञानैः च समृद्धः देशोऽस्ति, परन्तु तेन राष्ट्रेण स्वबुद्धेः अतिप्रयोगेण स्वस्य बलस्य, शक्तेश्च बुद्धिपूर्वकं सदुपयोगः न कृतः। यदि तयोः शक्तिबलयोः यथासमये उपयोगः कृतः स्यात् तर्हि कदापि अस्य दासत्वं न अभविष्यत्। शान्तिक्षमाभ्याम् अमेन राष्ट्रेण द्विवारं दासत्वं स्वीकृतम् इति वयं जानीमः।

स्वातन्त्र्यस्य 75 वर्षाणां पश्चादपि अस्य सीमाः असुरक्षिताः एव दृश्यन्ते। पश्चिमदिशि पाकिस्तानदेशः, उत्तरदिशि नेपालः, पूर्वदिशि बाङ्गलादेशः, अत्रैव नागालैण्ड-मणिपुर-मिजोरमराज्याणामधः म्यामारदेशः भारतं प्रति शत्रुतामाचरन्ति।

एते सर्वे देशाः समृद्धाः न सन्ति, एतेषु च राजनैतिकस्थिरतायाः अभावः चास्ति। एतेभ्यः देशेभ्यः जनाः कथञ्चित् भारतं प्रविष्टुं समर्थाः भवन्ति। अत्र निवसन्तः अपि ते भारतस्य कल्याणं न चिन्तयन्ति। एते एव तादृशाः जनाः सन्ति ये कृतघ्नाः नतु कृतज्ञाः यतोहि न ते इमं देशं प्रति निष्ठावन्तः न च शरणार्थिनः। ते अत्र आगत्य भारतसर्वकारद्वारा प्रदत्तनिःशुल्कयोजनानां लाभं गृह्णन्ति, कदाचित् मिथ्याप्रमाणपत्रस्य आधारेण सर्वकारीयसेवामपि प्राप्नुवन्ति।

भवन्तः अत्र स्थितिं पश्यन्तु यत् एतावतां वर्षाणां स्वतन्त्रतायाः परमपि अस्माभिः अस्माकं देशस्य सीमाः पूर्णतया सुरक्षिताः न कृताः, न कापि भित्तिः न किमपि कण्टकतारस्य वेष्टनं, न च कोऽपि विद्युत् परिपथः विनिर्मितः, एवम् अस्माकं देशे तेषां प्रवेशं निवारयितुं न कोऽपि समुचितोपायः कल्पितः, अन्यथा किमेतत् सम्भवति यत् काचन पाकिस्तानीमहिला स्वचतुर्भिः बालकैः सह नेपालमार्गेण भारतं प्रविशति तां तथा तस्याः आमन्त्रणकर्तारं जनं दण्डस्थाने दूरदर्शने तयोः वारं वारं साक्षात्कारं वयं दृष्टवन्तः। अस्य विपरीतं अस्माकं देशे केचन ईदृशाः सर्वकाराः सन्ति ये निर्वाचनेषु मतं प्राप्तुं तेषां साहाय्यं कुर्वन्ति, अन्यच्च तेषां कृते मिथ्याप्रमाणपत्राणि निर्माय तान् देशस्य नागरिकान् कारयन्ति। ते एतादृशाः नेतारः सन्ति ये देशे सदैव सत्तायां स्थातुमभिलषन्ति। ते कदापि देशस्य हानिलाभयोः विषये न चिन्तयन्ति।

भारतसर्वकारस्य इदं कर्तव्यमस्ति यत् पाकिस्तानेन, बाङ्गलादेशेन वा अपरैः विरोधिदेशैः सह सर्वाः व्यापारसम्बन्धाः समापनीयाः। ये देशाः भारताय ईर्ष्यन्ति द्रुह्यन्ति असूयन्ति च तथा निर्दोषहिन्दूनां वधं कुर्वन्ति तत्रत्यानां जनानां लाभाय याः काः अपि योजनाः सन्ति ताः सर्वाः योजनाः पूर्णतया समापनीयाः यतोहि राष्ट्रं प्रथमं भवति, अन्यत् सर्वं द्वितीयं भवति।

अतः सम्प्रति अनेके तात्कालिकाः उपायाः एवं सन्ति - यत् भारतस्य सीमाः सर्वप्रथमं सुरक्षिताः भवेयुः येन एकोऽपि जनः अत्र अनधिकृतरूपेण प्रवेशं न कर्तुं शक्नुयात्। यथा देशे वर्तमानसर्वकारः अत्र आन्तरिकव्यवस्थां निर्वोढुम्, पर्यटनम्, युवानां कृते सेवां प्रदातुम्, जनानां हिताय कार्यं कर्तुं च दृढसंकल्पो भवति, तथैव देशस्य सीमाः सुरक्षिताः करणीयाः, बाह्याक्रमणात् रक्षणं च तस्य एव उत्तरदायित्वम् अस्ति। इति शम्।

Written By: Prakhysha Sharma, II
year, Sanskrit Department



सीमाक्षेत्र

मम मनः कदाचित् सीमाक्षेत्रमिव दृश्यते।
काचित् रेखा न दृश्यते,
तथापि द्वयोर्भागयोर्मध्ये सूक्ष्मो भेदोऽनुभूयते।

एकस्मिन् भागे अहं सैव या पूर्वमासम्
सरला, विश्वासपूर्णा, स्वप्नानामालोकं वहन्ती।

अन्यस्मिन् भागे अहं अधुनास्मि।
अनुभवैः शनैः परिवर्तिता, गम्भीरा, मौनच्छायां धारयन्ती।

प्रायेण सर्वं शान्तं भवति।
सूर्यः उभाभ्याम् समं प्रकाशं ददाति, वायुः उभयोः मध्ये निर्बाधं चलति।
न कश्चिद्भेदं पृच्छति,
नाहम् अपि भेदं चिन्तयामि।

किन्तु कदाचिदकस्मात् काचित् स्मृतिरुदेति।
सा न घोषं करोति,
न अनुमतिं याचते,
मृदु भावेन हृदयं प्रविशति।

तदान्तः सूक्ष्मः कम्पो जायते,
यथा मम एव द्वे स्वरूपे परस्परं पश्यतः,
क्षणं न जानतः कथं संगच्छेयाताम्।

न युद्धं भवति, न शस्त्रप्रहारः,
तथापि अन्तः किञ्चिद् विदीर्णं भवति।

पूर्वव्रणाः पुनः स्वस्पर्शं स्मारयन्ति।
अहं शनैः पृच्छामि - कुत एषा वेदना?

अनन्तरं बोधः उदेति - उभे अपि भागे एकस्याः एव पृथिव्याः।
काल एव तयोर्नामरूपे भेदमकरोत्।

एषा सीमा न वैरस्य, न वास्तविकविभाजनस्या।
एषा केवलं परिवर्तनस्य संकेतः।

अहं या पूर्वमासं साप्यहमेव।
अहं याधुनास्मि सापि तस्याः एव प्रवाहः।

यदा अहम् उभेस्वरूपे स्वहृदि धारयामि,
तदैषा रेखा स्वयमेव लयं गमिष्यति।

तदा न सीमा भविष्यति - केवलमहमेव भविष्यामि।

*Written By: Bhoomika Kapale, III
Year, Sanskrit Department*

सूक्तयः

उद्यमेन हि सिध्यन्ति कार्याणि न मनोरथैः।
न हि सुप्तस्य सिंहस्य प्रविशन्ति मुखे मृगाः॥

आलस्यं हि मनुष्याणां शरीरस्थो महान् रिपुः।
नास्त्युद्यमसमो बन्धुः कृत्वा यं नावसीदति॥

यथैकेन न हस्तेन तालिका सम्प्रपद्यते।
तथोद्यमपरित्यक्तं न फलं कर्मणः स्मृतम्॥

दुर्लभान्यपि कार्याणि सिध्यन्ति पप्रोद्यमेन वै।
शिलापि तनुतां याति प्रपातेनार्णसो मुहुः॥

परिश्रमेण सर्वं साध्यं नास्त्यसाध्यं मनुष्यतः।
यत्नेन विना लोके न किञ्चित् सम्प्रसिध्यति॥

परिश्रमः सफलतायाः मूलं नास्त्यलस्ये कुतः फलम्।
उद्योगिनं नरं नित्यं श्रेयः समुपगच्छति॥

*Written By: Nandini Vij, III Year,
Sanskrit Department*



संस्कृतकाव्यानां अद्भुतपरंपरा



संस्कृतसाहित्यस्य भारतस्य समृद्धकाव्यपरम्परायां महत्वपूर्णस्थानः अस्ति। संस्कृतसाहित्ये अनेकैः विख्यातकविभिः स्वाद्भुतरचनाभिः उच्चस्थानं प्राप्तं। महर्षिः वाल्मीकिः संस्कृतस्य आदिकविः इति कथ्यते। तेन 'रामायणम्' नाममहात्महाकाव्यं रचितं, यस्मिन् मर्यादापुरुषोत्तमरामस्य जीवनकथा, आदर्शाः मर्यादाः च अतीव सुन्दररूपेण वर्णिताः।

महाकविः कालिदासः संस्कृतसाहित्यस्य अतीव प्रसिद्धः कविः अस्ति। तस्य प्रमुखासु कृतिषु 'अभिज्ञानशाकुन्तलम्', 'मेघदूतम्', 'रघुवंशम्' इत्यादयः सन्ति। तस्य काव्येषु प्रकृतेः प्रेम्णाः मानवीयभावनानां च अतीव कोमलं सुंदरम् च चित्रणम् प्राप्यते। अपरञ्च महाकविभक्तभूतिना 'उत्तररामचरितम्', 'मालतीमाधवम्' इत्यादीनि उत्कृष्टानि नाटकानि रचितानि। अन्याः प्रसिद्धाः रचनाः सन्ति – भारविकृतकिरातार्जुनीयम् भासविरचितत्रयोदशनाटकानि बाणरचितकादम्बरी इत्यादयः याः संस्कृतसाहित्यं समृद्धीकुर्वन्ति।

एताः रचनाः न केवलं साहित्यिकदृष्ट्या अपितु सांस्कृतिकनैतिकदृष्ट्या अपि अतीव महत्वपूर्णाः सन्ति। एतेषु काव्येषु भारतीयजीवनमूल्यानां, आदर्शानां च गम्भीरः प्रतिबिम्बः दृश्यते। एते महान् कवयः अद्यापि अस्माकं प्रेरणास्त्रोतरूपेण तिष्ठन्ति, तेषां कृतयः च सर्वदा अमराः भविष्यन्ति।

Written By: Shweta Pandey and Aakansha Gupta, 1 Year, Sanskrit Department

नीतशतके सज्जन गुणाः

१. प्रारभ्यते न खलु वद्वभयेन नीचैः, प्रारभ्य वद्ववहता वरमिन्त मध्याः।
वद्वैः पुनः पुनरप प्रतहन्यमानाः, प्रारब्धमुत्तमजना न परत्यजिन्त॥

२. छत्रोऽप रोहत तरुः क्षीणोऽप्युपचीयते पुनश्चन्द्रः।
इत वमृशन्तः सन्तः सन्तप्यन्ते न वप्लुता लोके॥

३. भविन्त नम्रास्तरवः फलोद्गमैनवाम्बुभभूर वलिम्बनो घनाः।
अनुद्धताः सत्पुरुषाः समृद्धभः स्वभाव एवैष परोपकारणाम्॥

४. केयूराण न भूषयिन्त पुरुषं हारा न चन्द्रोज्ज्वला,
न स्नानं न वलेपनं न कुसुमं नाङ् कृता मूधजाः।
वाण्येका समलङ् करोत पुरुषं या संस्कृता धायते,
क्षीयन्ते खलु भूषणान सततं वाग्भूषणं भूषणम्॥

*Written By: Manvi Shukla,
1 Year, Sanskrit Department*



अप्रकाशतः शब्दकोशः

न कदापि दग्धः स शब्दकोशः।
केवलं शनैः परिवर्तितः यावत् संकुचिताः अर्थाः एव प्रमाणीकृताः।

एते शब्दाः अधुना सीम्नि वसन्ति, यत्र ते पूर्वं किम् आसन्, यच्च तेषां कर्तुं कृतम्, तयोः मध्ये निलीयन्ते। ते स्मृतेः आरोपणस्य च मध्ये, स्वरूपस्य अपेक्षायाः च सूक्ष्मे प्रदेशे तिष्ठन्ति। अयं शब्दकोशः न वदति यत् अद्य शब्दाः किं वदन्ति, अपितु स्मारयति ते पुरा किं आसन्।

शीलम्

पुराः आन्तरिकः गुणः, चरित्रस्य माधुर्यम्।
ऋषीणां, राज्ञां, सर्वेषां अलङ्कारः।
अधुनाः स्त्रीदेहस्य तथाकथित-पवित्रतायाः परिमाणम्।
यत् आकाशवत् व्यापकं, तत् अधुना परदे निबद्धम्।

संयमः

पुराः आत्मनः सार्वभौमत्वम्।
योगिनः स्वशासनम्।
अधुना : विशेषतः स्त्रीणां प्रति उपदिष्टः निग्रहः।
न स्वराज्यम्, किन्तु नियन्त्रणम्।

त्यागः

पुराः आसक्तेः अतिक्रमणम्।
बलस्य चिन्हम्।
अधुनाः अपेक्षितः मौन-परित्यागः।
स्वप्नस्य, वचनस्य, स्थानस्य च।

मङ्गलम्

पुराः शुभत्वस्य स्पन्दनम्।
येन सर्वे आरम्भाः शोभन्ते।
अधुनाः स्त्रीणां वैवाहिक-चिह्नेषु सीमितम्।
यथा सौभाग्यं तस्याः ललाटे एव स्थितम्।

पवित्रम्

पुराः संकल्पशुद्धिः।
अग्निः पवित्रः, आपः पवित्राः, मनः अपि पवित्रम्।
अधुनाः देहपर्यन्तं संकुचितम्।
पावनत्वं निरीक्षणरूपेण परिणतम्।

कोमलम्

पुराः नवपत्रस्य इव सुकुमारता।

रागेषु, प्रभाते, काव्ये च।
अधुनाः दुर्बलतायाः अपेक्षा।
मृदुता आदेशः, दृढता दोषः इव।

उच्छृङ्खला

पुराः उत्साहस्य उन्मेषः, अनियन्त्रित-जीवनस्पन्दनम्।
नद्याः वेगे, वीरस्य हर्षे च।
अधुनाः तिरस्कारः,
यदा स्त्री स्वच्छन्दं जीवति।

स्वतन्त्रम्

पुराः स्वाधीनम्, स्वमूले प्रतिष्ठितम्।
मोक्षस्य दार्शनिक-स्वरूपम्।
अधुनाः संशयेन दृष्टम्,
विशेषतः स्त्रीषु प्रयुक्तम्।

लक्ष्मणरेखा

पुराः कथायाः प्रसङ्गः, स्नेहभययोः सीमा।
अधुनाः अदृश्य-परिधिः,
या पुनः पुनः निर्दिश्यते।

अयं अप्रकाशितः शब्दकोशः न क्रुध्यति सा केवलं स्मारयति।
शब्दाः न नश्यन्ति।
ते केवलं संकुच्यन्ते।
प्रत्येकस्य संकीर्ण-अर्थस्य अधःअस्ति कश्चन व्यापकः, अद्यापि
श्वसन्, पुनरुच्चारणस्य प्रतीक्षां कुर्वन्।
कदाचित् अस्माकं कार्यम् नूतन-शब्द-निर्माणं न भवेत्,
अपितु प्राचीन-अर्थानां पुनर्जागरणम्।

Written By: Amita Srivastava,
II Year, Sanskrit Department



पंचतन्त्रस्य महत्त्वम्:

संस्कृतसाहित्ये पञ्चतन्त्रस्य स्थानं सर्वोपरि वर्तते । आचार्यविष्णुशर्मणा विरचितः अयं ग्रन्थः व्यावहारिकज्ञानस्य नीतिशास्त्रस्य च अद्भुतं मिश्रणम् अस्ति । अस्य ग्रन्थस्य पञ्च भागाः सन्ति— मित्रभेदः, मित्रसम्प्राप्तिः, काकोलूकौयम्, लब्धप्रणाशः, अपरीक्षितकारकम् च ।

अस्य ग्रन्थस्य मुख्यं वैशिष्ट्यं बालमनोविज्ञानम् अस्ति । विष्णुशर्मा पशुपक्षिणां पात्राणां साहाय्येन राजपुत्रान् कूटनीतौ प्रवीणान् अकरोत् । एतेन ज्ञायते यत् यदि कथामाध्यमेन शिक्षा दीयते, तर्हि सा मनसि चिरस्थायिनी भवति । “बुद्धिर्यस्य बलं तस्य” इति सिद्धान्तं ग्रन्थोऽयं पशूनां माध्यमेन स्पष्टं करोति ।

पञ्चतन्त्रे कूटनीतिः राजनीतिश्च कुशलतापूर्वकं दर्शिते स्तः । शत्रुभिः सह व्यवहारः, मित्रैः सह सम्बन्धः, आपात्काले च बुद्धेः प्रयोगः अत्र गम्भीरतया वर्णितः अस्ति । आधुनिकप्रबन्धनकलायाः बीजानि अपि अत्र दृश्यन्ते, यतः अयं ग्रन्थः शारीरिकशक्तेः अपेक्षया मानसिकशक्तेः महत्त्वं शिक्षयति ।

वैश्विकदृष्ट्या पञ्चतन्त्रं भारतीयज्ञानस्य पताकां सम्पूर्णविश्वे प्रसारितवान् । विश्वस्य पञ्चाशदधिकभाषासु अस्य अनुवादः उपलब्धः अस्ति, अरबीभाषायां च अयं ‘कलीला वा डिम्ना’ इति नाम्ना प्रसिद्धः जातः । यूरोपस्य कथासु अपि अस्य गभीरः प्रभावः दृश्यते ।

सामाजिकस्तरे अयं ग्रन्थः सद्बुधशक्तिं शिक्षयति । ‘मित्रसम्प्राप्ति’ खण्डे कपोत-मूषकादीनां मैत्री दर्शयति यत् मिलित्वा विशालं सङ्घट्टं निवारयितुं शक्यते । अतः पञ्चतन्त्रं केवलं शिशुकथानां पुस्तकं नास्ति, अपितु जीवनस्य कलां शिक्षयितुं एकः पूर्णः दर्शनग्रन्थः अस्ति ।



Written By: Smriti Verma,

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Photograph By: Anindita Chatterjee, via Pexels



महापुरुषाणां वचनानि

प्रस्तावना

अस्माकं भारतवर्षः विश्वस्य प्राचीनतमः सभ्यतासम्पन्नः देशः अस्ति। अनादिकालात् एव अस्मिन् पवित्रभूमौ अनेके महापुरुषाः, ऋषयः, विद्वांसः च अजायन्त। तेषां जीवनं तपस्यामयम् आसीत्, तेषां विचाराः दिव्याः आसन्, तेषां वचनानि च अमृतसमानि आसन्।

महापुरुषाः केवलं स्वयं महान् न भवन्ति, ते समाजमपि महान् कुर्वन्ति। यथा एकः प्रज्वलितः दीपः असंख्यान् दीपान् प्रज्वालयितुं शक्नोति, तथैव एकस्य महापुरुषस्य वचनानि कोटिकोटि जनानां जीवनं परिवर्तयितुं समर्थानि भवन्ति।

अस्माकं इतिहासे महात्मागान्धि, विवेकानन्दः, चाणक्यः इत्यादयः महापुरुषाः अभवन्। तेषां जीवनं, तेषां विचाराः, तेषां वचनानि च अद्यापि अस्माकं जीवने दिव्यं प्रकाशं ददति। यथा सूर्यः जगतः अन्धकारं नाशयति, तथैव महापुरुषाणां वचनानि अस्माकं मनसः अज्ञानं दूरीकुर्वन्ति।

महात्मागान्धिनः वचनम्

राष्ट्रपितुः महात्मागान्धिनः जीवनम् एकं महत् प्रेरणास्रोतम् आसीत्। तस्य प्रसिद्धं वचनम् अस्ति यत् “अहिंसा परमो धर्मः”। भावार्थः - अहिंसा सर्वोच्चः धर्मः अस्ति। महात्मागान्धि केवलं वचनेन न, अपितु स्वयं आचरणेन अपि एतत् सिद्धम् अकरोत्। तस्य अहिंसायाः मार्गेण भारतं ब्रिटिशसाम्राज्यात् स्वतन्त्रम् अभवत्। अखिलविश्वे तस्य यशः आजीवनं स्मरणीयं भविष्यति।

स्वामिविवेकानन्दस्य वचनम्

स्वामिविवेकानन्दः भारतस्य युवशक्तेः प्रतीकः आसीत्। सः युवकेभ्यः सदा अकथयत्, “उत्तिष्ठत! जाग्रत! प्राप्य वरान् निबोधत!” स्वामिविवेकानन्दः अमेरिकायां शिकागोनगरे विश्वधर्मसम्मेलने भारतस्य संस्कृतिं गौरवान्वितां कृतवान्। तस्य वचनानि आजीवनं युवकानां हृदये स्फूर्तिं जनयन्ति।

डॉ. ए.पी.जे. अब्दुल कलामस्य वचनम्

भारतरत्नः डॉ. अब्दुल कलामः भारतस्य एकादशः राष्ट्रपतिः आसीत्। तस्य प्रसिद्धं वचनम् अस्ति यत् “स्वप्नं पश्यत, विचारयत, परिश्रमं कुरुत, सफलतां प्राप्नुत।” सः अवदत्, यः स्वप्नः तुभ्यं रात्रौ निद्रां न आनयति, यः स्वप्नः प्रतिदिनं प्रातःकाले तुभ्यं शय्यात् उत्पापयति, सः एव सच्यः स्वप्नः। एतादृशः स्वप्नः जीवने महत्कार्यं साधयितुं शक्नोति।

कलामः स्वयं दरिद्रकुलात् उत्पन्नः, परन्तु परिश्रमेण भारतस्य महान् वैज्ञानिकः राष्ट्रपतिः च अभवत्। तस्य जीवनम् एव अस्माकं महत् प्रेरणास्रोतम् अस्ति।

महर्षिः चाणक्यस्य वचनम्

आचार्यः चाणक्यः, यः कौटिल्यः विष्णुगुप्तः च इति नाम्ना अपि प्रसिद्धः, भारतस्य इतिहासे महान्तमः नीतिज्ञः, अर्थशास्त्रज्ञः च आसीत्। सः तक्षशिलाविश्वविद्यालये अध्यापनं करोति स्म। चन्द्रगुप्तमौर्यस्य साहाय्येन तेन सम्पूर्णं भारतं एकसूत्रे आबद्धम्। तस्य रचिते ‘अर्थशास्त्रम्’ एवं ‘चाणक्यनीतिः’ ग्रन्थे आजीवनं प्रासङ्गिके स्तः। सः अकथयत् “विद्या ददाति विनयं, विनयाद् याति पात्रताम्। पात्रत्वाद् धनमाप्नोति, धनाद् धर्मः, ततः सुखम्॥”

चाणक्यः अकथयत् यत् विद्या मनुष्यस्य जीवने सर्वोत्तमं धनम् अस्ति। विद्यया मनुष्यः विनम्रः भवति। विनम्रतया सः समाजे सुपात्रः, आदरणीयः च भवति। सुपात्रतायाः कारणेन धनस्य प्राप्तिः भवति। धनेन धर्माचरणं सम्भवति। धर्माचरणेन अन्ततः सुखं प्राप्यते। अतः विद्या एव सर्वसुखानाम् आधारः अस्ति।

उपसंहारः

महापुरुषाणां वचनानि केवलं शब्दाः न सन्ति, तानि जीवनस्य सत्यानि, अनुभवानि च सन्ति। एतेषां वचनानाम् अनुसरणं कृत्वा वयं स्वजीवनं सफलं कर्तुं शक्नुमः। अतः प्रत्येकः छात्रः महापुरुषाणां वचनानि श्रद्धया पठेत्, हृदये धारयेत्, जीवने च आचरेत्।

*Written By: Sarita Bhatt,
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Artwork By: Ishita Chaudhary, III Year, BAP Department



En Medio

Yo veía el cuadro de Yin y Yang. Una parte se pintó en azul, la otra era del color oro. Los puntos de colores opuestos supuestamente simbolizaban la presencia de elementos opuestos. Pero lo del color oro en la parte azul me confundía mucho. “¿Cómo puedo tener elementos masculinos?”, yo pensaba. Y pensaba también en él - que es (metafóricamente) mi príncipe sobre el caballo blanco.

Mi boda es de amor, y eso significa que mi prometido es mi novio antes de estar comprometido conmigo. Y salir en citas es, en esencia, una violación de normas en mi comunidad. Pero esas cosas no me interesan. A veces hay que ir en contra de las normas para ser feliz, ¿no? Así que, yo miraba con fijeza, y recibí un golpecito en mi hombro.

“¿Lista?”, una de las abuelas de Aman me preguntó.

Yo sonreí, “Sí, Nani”

Nani puso sus manos sobre mis mejillas, “Eres exactamente como la chica que siempre quise para Aman”

Yo sonreí otra vez. Ay, excesivamente, tal vez. Y paré de hacerlo. Nani me observó.

“¿Qué pasó?”, me preguntó.

“Nada, Nani”, yo sonreí con más ansiedad para complacerla.

“Sabes que, eres como Aman para mí ahora”, ella sonrió, me acarició el pelo, “Y tengo ojos. Puedo ver que estás nerviosa”

Yo incliné mi cabeza por vergüenza, y otra vez miré a sus ojos.

Nani me miraba con cariño, tomó mis manos en suyas, “¿Me prometerás unas cosas?”

Me puse recta con atención.

“Mi nieto es un humano muy bueno ¿No vas a dudar de sus virtudes, no?”

Agité mi cabeza en negación, “Nunca, Nani”

“¿Y... intentarás ayudar? ¿A os?”

“Sí, vale... Nani.”, mi voz fue sorprendentemente baja.

“¡No te preocupes, por favor, no puedo ver a mi nieta con tanta inquietud!”

Pero antes de que pudiera responderle, recibí otro golpecito en mi hombro.

“¿Dónde estás, Geetika?”, mi hermano me preguntó, “¿Te buscamos desde hace tanto tiempo!”



Durante la ceremonia de engalanar, cuando la luz me mostró su cara cuando ella nos aplaudía, juro que miré las cicatrices tuyas, de su pasado matrimonio malo. Esa mujer, ha visto matrimonios felices y tristes. Yo mire a ella, y al hombre en frente de mí. En unas horas tocaré un nuevo deber. Una responsabilidad nueva. Un rol nuevo - en la vida.

Y tengo humanos buenos conmigo.
¿Pero eso es suficiente?

Photograph By: Alexander Mass, via Pexels
Written by: Charvi, III year, B.El.Ed Department



Bad Bunny en la Frontera: Perreo, Protesta y Poder

Hay algo en Bad Bunny que se siente como una frontera. Es un lugar donde la protesta y la fiesta están juntas. El deseo y la rebeldía tienen el mismo ritmo. Él no solo está en este lugar, él lo muestra en su música.

En canciones como Yo Perreo Sola, El Apagón y NUEVAYoL, Benito usa la música para hablar de estas ideas. En "Yo Perreo Sola", el drag es divertido pero también es resistencia. Es una forma de decir que las mujeres pueden hacer lo que quieren. Bailar no es escapar, es una forma de expresión.

"El Apagón" habla de problemas en Puerto Rico. La canción mezcla música y realidad. Es fuerte y directa. Muestra que la vida puede ser difícil, pero la gente sigue adelante.

En DtMF, la nostalgia es importante. La canción habla del pasado y de perder momentos. Está entre recordar y sentir tristeza. "Andrea" es más silenciosa y triste, y "Estamos Bien" muestra fuerza en momentos difíciles.

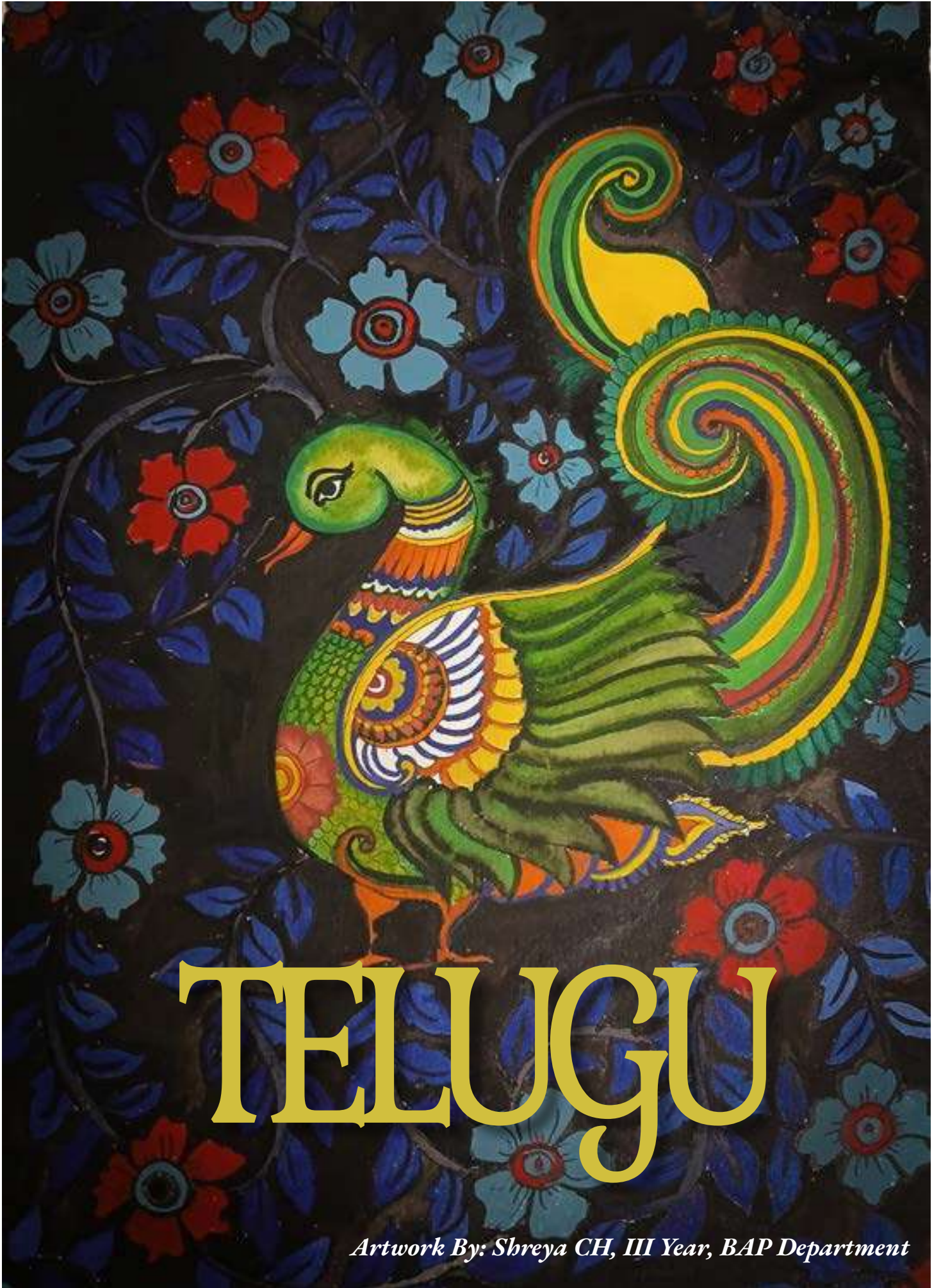
En el Super Bowl, este mensaje llega a todo el mundo. Él canta en español y muestra su cultura. Crea un espacio donde muchas personas pueden ver algo nuevo.

Sí, es guapo. Pero no solo es guapo. Es peligroso. Sagrado. Intenso. Suave. Político. Es el príncipe del reggaetón que puede ser reina para cambiar las reglas. Y si el mundo está en fuego, podemos bailar con Benito en el centro, brillante y fuerte.

Written by: Ishita Chaudhary, III year, BAP Department



Photograph By: Kevin Sabitus/ Getty



Artwork By: Shreya CH, III Year, BAP Department

క్రాంతి

"ఇది కలి కాలం!"

ఈ మాట ఒక తీర్పులా గాలిలో విసిరేస్తాం.

అధర్మం పెరిగిందంటాం.
స్వార్థం విస్తరించిందంటాం.
మనుషుల మధ్య దూరం పెరిగిపోయింది.

అలా అన్న ప్రతిసారి,
'కలి' ని బయట నిలబెట్టి
మనల్ని మనం నిర్దోషులుగా ప్రకటిస్తాం.

అనడానికి సులువుగానే ఉంది,
వినడానికి తేలిక గానే ఉంది.
కాలం పై భారం మోపి మనం హాయిగా నిదురపోదాం.
సమాజం చెడిపోయిందని దుప్పటి కప్పి పడకేద్దాం.

కాకపోతే, రాత్రి నిదుర పట్టదు.
కొంపం వస్తుంది అప్పుడప్పుడు,
విడుపు వస్తుంది అప్పుడప్పుడు,
నవ్వు వస్తుంది ఎప్పుడో ఒకప్పుడు.

సమాజాన్ని తిడతాము కానీ, మనమే సమాజమని మల్చిపోతాం.

పురాణాల్లో 'కలి' ఒక శక్తి. అధర్మం, అసూయ,
లోభం, మాయల ప్రతీక.
రాజ్యాలలో చొరబడి, మనసుల్లో అనుమానాన్ని నాటుతాడు.
సంబంధాలలో విరుగుడు పెడతాడు.
ధర్మానికి దూరం చేస్తాడు.

కాని ఈ రోజుల్లో ఎక్కడ ఉంటాడు ఈ 'కలి'?
యుద్ధభూమిలో? కారాగారంలో?
డబ్బులో? అధికారములో?
లేక మన మౌనంలో?

మనకు తెలుసు ఏది సరైనదో.
మనకు తెలుసు ఏది సమానతకు విరుద్ధమో.
కానీ పెదవులు మూసుకుపోతాయి.
ఆ క్షణంలో,
కలి ఒక చిరుసవ్వు నవ్వుతాడేమో!

మనకి వేరే పనులున్నాయి.
మనకి వేరే బాధలున్నాయి.
మనం వెనుకడుగు వేస్తాం.
ఆ వెనుకడుగు,
బహుశా కలి యొక్క నిజమైన రాజ్యం!

మన తరం గురించి "కలి కాలం" అని తేలికగా తీర్పు వస్తుంది.
ఫోన్లలో మునిగిపోయిన తరం అంటారు.
విలువలు లేని తరం అంటారు.



మనలో కోపం ఉంది.
మనలో ప్రేమ ఉంది.
మనలో తిరుగుబాటు చిగురిస్తుంది.
మనలో మార్పు కొరకు కోరిక ఉంది.

కాని ఆ కోరిక ఇప్పుడు మేలుకొలుపుగా కాక,
ఒక లోతైన ఆలోచనగా మిగిలిపోతుంది.

మనం ఒక సరిహద్దులో నిలబడి ఉన్నాం.
పాత విలువల శిథిలాలు వెనుక,
కొత్త ఆలోచనల గాలి ముందు.
మధ్యలో ఒక కంపించే క్షణం.

ఈ కంపనే బహుశా క్రాంతి ముందు నిశ్శబ్దం.

కలి కాలం అనేది
ఒక యుగం పేరు మాత్రమే అయితే,
మనకు చెయ్యగలిగిన కీడు తక్కువే.

కాని కలి మనలోని భయం,
మనలోని రాజీ,
మనలోని మౌనం అయితే,
అప్పుడు క్రాంతి కూడా మనలోనే మొదలుఅవ్వాలి.

అది గొప్ప గర్జన కావాల్సిన అవసరం లేదు.
ఒక చిన్న తిరస్కారం కావచ్చు.
ఒక చిన్న అసాకర్యాన్ని స్వీకరించడం కావచ్చు.
ఒకసారైనా మౌనం విడిచిపెట్టడం కావచ్చు.

అప్పుడు బహుశా కలి యుగం ముగియదు,
కాని అదే మొదటి మార్పు.
ఈ కాలంలో కలకలం.

క్రాంతి బయట నుంచి రాదు.
మనలో వెలిగే చిరు చీకం.
మన భయాన్ని మించిన ఒక చిన్న ధైర్యం.
మన సాకర్యాన్ని మించిన ఒక నిర్ణయం.

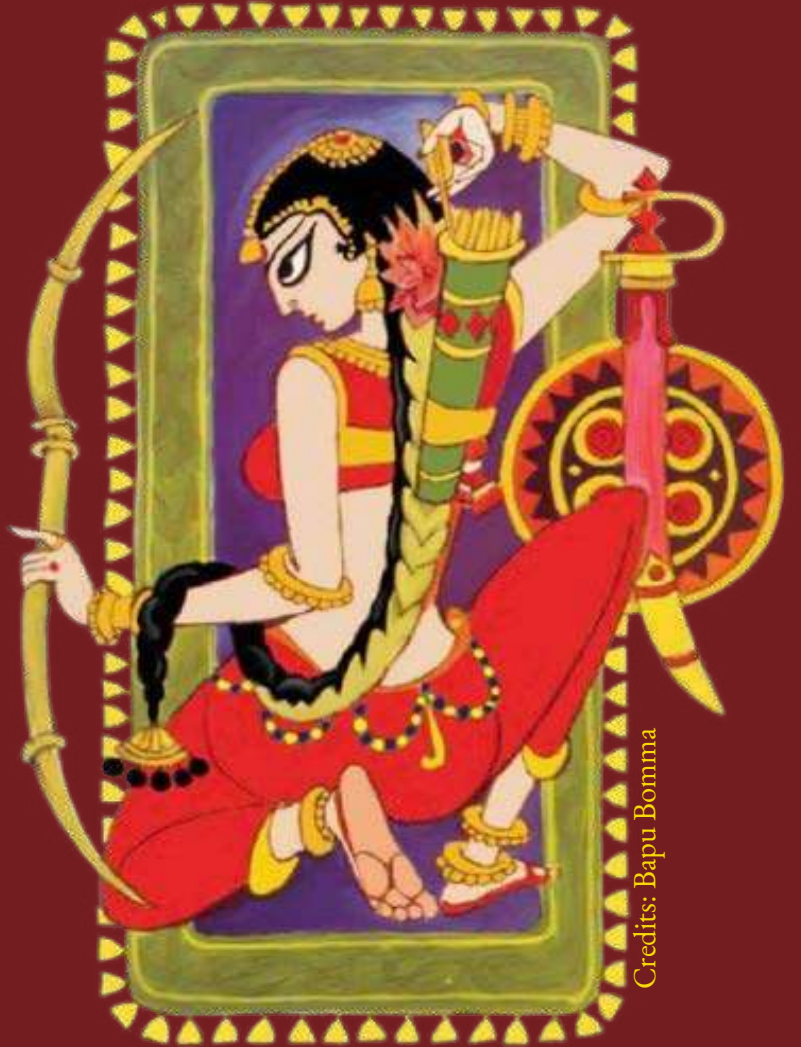
"ఇది కలి కాలం" అని చెప్పడం సులువు.
"కలి మనలో ఉంది" అని ఒప్పుకోవడం కష్టం.

కాని బహుశా మార్పు అక్కడే మొదలవుతుంది;
బయట యుగం మాలినప్పుడు కాదు,
ఒక చిన్న మౌనం వీడినప్పుడు.

బహుశా 'కలి' కాలం బయట యుగం కాదు,
మనలో జరిగే యుద్ధమేమో.

ఇదే బహుశా నిజమైన
కలి కాల క్రాంతి!

Written by: Tejaswini Regidi, BAP Department, III year



اردو
Urdu

Urdu



Artwork By: Ainain Mushtaq, 1 year, Psychology Department

شہزادی



Credits: Commonwealth War Graves Commission

جاسوسی کو قدیم زمانے سے خصوصی اہمیت حاصل رہی ہے۔ حساس مسائل و معاملات کی پس پردہ تفتیش و تلاش کے لیے جاسوسی یا مخبری کی ضرورت کو خاصی ترجیح دی جاتی رہی ہے۔ جاسوسی کو ایک نازک اور مشکل ترین کام قرار دیا گیا ہے۔ جس کا تعلق ایک ذمہ دارانہ اور رازدارانہ حکمت عملی سے ہوتا ہے۔ جاسوسی یا مخبری کو قدیم مصری اور رومن تہذیبوں میں بروے کار لایا گیا تھا۔ جاسوسی سے متعلق حوالے ہمیں مذہبی صحیفوں اور کتابوں میں بھی ملتے ہیں۔ زمانہ قدیم میں جاسوسی طریقہ کار کو منظم قومی و گروہی مناقشوں ' اقتداری کشمکش نیز نظریاتی تصادمات کے پیش نظر کے نتیجے میں وجود میں لایا گیا تھا۔ عہد نشاط ثانیہ RENAISSANCE سے لے کر دور جدید کے آغاز میں تاج برطانیہ نے سر فرانسس والسنگم کی نگرانی میں ادارہ جاتی بنیاد پر ایک جاسوسی نظام تشکیل دیا۔ اس ادارے کو پیشہ ورانہ صلاحیتوں سے لیس کیا گیا۔ جن میں خفیہ رپورٹنگ اور جعلی افعال سر انجام دینے والے ماہرین شامل تھے۔

سوسی کو ایک ایسا پر پیچ اور پیچیدہ پیشہ تصور کیا جاتا ہے۔ جس کو غیر مری متحرک فن سے تعبیر کیا گیا ہے۔ جاسوسی تاریخ ہمیں بتاتی ہے کہ فارس کے بادشاہ دار یوش اعظم (486-522 قبل مسیح) نے سراغ رسانی کو بادشاہ کے کان اور آنکھیں قرار دیا تھا۔

دور قدیم سے لے کر دور جدید تک جاسوسی کے نئے نئے تکنیک اور طریقہ کار بروے کار لائے گئے اور لائے جارہے ہیں۔ ان باریک افعال میں در اندازی، مخبری اور اب حال میں تکنیکی سراغ رسانی بذریعہ خلائی سیارے اور ڈرون۔ جاسوسی دنیا کو سارے عالم میں سماج کی ثقافتی سرگرمیوں میں نمایاں مقام حاصل ہے۔ عوام اس پراسرار کام اور پیشے پر مبنی فلموں اور ٹی وی سیریلز کو بہت پسند کرتے ہیں۔ سینما کی دنیا میں جیمز بانڈ کے کردار کو کافی عوامی پذیرایی حاصل ہے۔ حالانکہ جیمز بانڈ ایک افسانوی کردار ہے جو کوڈ نمبر 007 کے حوالے سے جانا جاتا ہے۔ اس کے باوجود اس نے نہ صرف عوام بلکہ دنیا کے سراغ رساں اداروں تک کو اپنی توجہ کا مرکز بنادیا۔ مشہور فلمساز لان فلمنگ نے اپنی جاسوسی فلموں میں جیمز بانڈ کو نمایاں کردار کے طور پر پیش کیا ہے۔ لان فلمنگ نے دوسری عالمی جنگ پر بھی کئی فلمیں بنائی ہیں۔ ادبیات عالم میں جاسوسی ادب نے خاصی افادیت حاصل کرلی ہے۔ اردو زبان میں اسے متعلق تخلیقات کو "سری ادب" کے نام سے موسوم کیا گیا ہے۔ ابن صفی نے جاسوسی ادب پارے تخلیق کرکے اس کو عروج کمال تک پہنچایا۔

دوسری عالمی جنگ بجائے خود ہمیں متعارف کرتا ہے ایک افسانوی نہیں بلکہ ایک حقیقی بے خوف اور بہادر جاسوسہ شہزادی سے۔ جس کا کوڈ نام ”میڈلین“ تھا

یہ ہند برطانوی نژاد پر عزم نوجوان لڑکی تھی۔ دوسری عالمی جنگ میں اس لڑکی نے بحیثیت SPECIAL OPERATIONS EXECUTIVE کے طور پر اپنے حساس فرایض انجام دیے۔ اس کے افعال میں ان ممالک میں مخبری تخریب کاری وغیر جیسے اہداف شامل تھے جنہیں نازی جرمنی نے اپنے قبضے میں لیا تھا۔ کوڈ نام رکھنے والی یہ جاسوسہ بالآخر وہ واحد اور موثر ریڈیو رابطے کی کڑی بن گئی لندن اور پیرس کے درمیان۔ میڈلین کی زبردست پیشہ ورانہ قابلیت نے دوسری عالمی جنگ کے عسکری عالمی منظر نامے پر خاصے اثرات مرتب کیے۔ یہ دختر شجاعت اپنی مثالی دلیری اور بے پناہ قربانی کے نتیجے میں ایک متحرک علامت بن گئی۔ جس نے دوسری جنگ عظیم کے دوران برطانیہ 'فرانس اور ہندوستان کے درمیان ایک مضبوط اور مستحکم تعاون و اشتراک کی راہیں استوار کیں۔

میڈلین جاسوسہ کون تھی؟ اس کا اصل نام نور النسا عنایت خان (1914-1944) تھا۔ ماسکو روس میں پیدا ہوئی۔ والد صاحب صوفی منش تھے اور والدہ ایک امریکن جو موسیقی سے بہت شغف رکھتی تھی۔ نور اپنے چار بہن بھائیوں میں سب سے بڑی تھی۔ آپ کے والد عنایت خان شیر میسور ٹیپو سلطان کے پوتے تھے۔ ریاست میسور کی اتھل پتھل کے بعد وہ نقل مکانی کر کے ماسکو میں آباد ہوئے تھے۔

نور عنایت خان پیرس میں پلی بڑھی۔ بچوں کی نفسیات کا مطالعہ کیا اور علم موسیقی میں مہارت حاصل کرلی۔ نور بچپن سے خاموش مزاج لیکن متحرک ہونے اور تخلیقی شعور کی مالک تھی۔ بچے ٹیٹ قلمکار اسی زمانے میں نور نے بچوں کے لیے کہانیاں لکھی اور ”بیس جٹکا ٹیلز“ کے نام سے 1939 میں شائع کروایا۔ حصول تعلیم کے دوران آپ نے ریڈیو پیرس میں کام کیا کیونکہ 1927 میں باپ کے انتقال کے بعد وہ گھر کی واحد کماو فرد تھی۔ بعد میں نور عنایت نے دو مختلف مراحل میں وائٹلس اوپریٹر کے کورس مکمل کیے۔ پھر 1940 میں MORSE CODE ہنر سیکھ لیے جس کا مطلب اشارتی زبان میں خفیہ پیغامات کی ترسیل ہے۔ 1943 میں نور با ضابطہ بچے ٹیٹ اسپیشل اوپریشنل ایگزیکٹیو (ESO) کے طور بھرتی ہوئی اور پہلی خاتون خفیہ وایر لیس اوپریٹر طور کام کرنے کا اعزاز حاصل کرلیا۔

نور عنایت خان فطرتاً امن پسند تھی۔ کیوں کہ اس کی پرورش صوفیانہ ماحول میں ہوئی تھی۔ لیکن جس چیز نے اس کو جاسوسی کی جانب راغب کر دیا وہ تھا اس کا جذبہ ظلم و جبر کے خلاف۔ آپ جذبہ حریت سے سرشار تھی۔ اسی فکر و شعور نے مغربی دنیا میں ابھرتے ہوئے فاشزم کے خلاف لڑنے کے لیے نور کو متحرک اور آمادہ کر دیا۔ دراصل یہ ایک نظریاتی عہد و پیمانہ تھا جس نے اس جری لڑکی کو جاسوسی کا پیشہ اختیار کرنے پر اکسایا۔

جیسا کہ پہلے بیان ہوا ہے کہ نورا کا خاندانی پس منظر صوفیانہ کے ساتھ ساتھ صلح جوئی اور ادب شناسی سے تھا لیکن انسانیت اور حریت کے اصولوں کے لیے اس کے ایفائے عہد نے اس کو میدان کارزار کا سپاہی بنا دیا۔ اس تعلق سے نور نے ایک خفیہ فعال رکن کے طور اپنی ذمہ داری سرانجام دی۔ یہاں تک کہ وہ دشمن کے نرغے میں آکر موت کے منہ میں دھکیل دی گئی۔ رپورٹ کے مطابق وقت موت اس کی زبان پر صرف ایک لفظ تھا ”آزادی“۔

دوسری عالمی جنگ کی تاریخ میں نور عنایت خان کی شخصیت کو اس وجہ سے امتیاز حاصل ہے کہ وہ 1943 میں آخری کڑی اور رابطہ تھی لندن اور پیرس کے درمیان ترسیل و ابلاغ کی۔ نور کی اس بے مثال پیشہ ورانہ کامیابی کی وجہ اسکی بے پناہ تکنیکی اہلیت و ذہانت، ان کے باہمی ارتباط پر خطر طریقہ کار METHODOLOGY اور قابل ذکر حساس ہنروں کا استعمال سے تھا۔ مزید برآں نور نے ایک برق رفتار کوڈ پر قائم پیغام رساں کے طور پر نہایت حساس جانکاری دشمن کے نظروں اور شکوک سے بچ بچاکر لندن بھیجنے میں حیرت انگیز طور پر کامیابی حاصل کرلی۔

نازی جرمنی کے خفیہ پولیس ایجنسی ”گیس ٹاپو“ جو اکثر نور کی تلاش میں رہتے تھے۔ لیکن نور ان کو بار بار چکمہ دیتی رہی۔ اس نے ایک نرس کا روپ دھار لیا اور مقامات بدلتی رہی۔ اپنی تیز بین ذہانت کے نتیجے میں نور نے گیس ٹاپو کی مرکزی عمارت سے چھت در چھت عبور کر کے بچ نکلنے میں کامیاب ہوئی۔

کے سنگین ترین اور پر آزمائش ایام میں نور عنایت خان یک و تنہا نازیوں کے منصوبوں کو خاک میں ملاتی رہی۔ ایک 1943 ماہر اور پیشہ ور ریڈیو آپریٹر کے طور پر نور نے مدافعتی مجاہدین کو اسلحہ رسانی کے علاوہ نازی فوجیوں کی نقل و حرکت کے حوالے سے نہایت ضروری اور اہم ترین اطلاعات فراہم کرتی رہی۔ اس مشکل ترین ذمہ داری کے انجام دہی کے تعلق سے نور کے اس تاریخی کردار کو بہت سراہا گیا اور قابل تعریف قرار دیا گیا۔ جب گیس ٹاپو نے نور نیٹ ورک کے لگ بھگ سارے ممبران کو پکڑ لیا۔ تو اس وقت نور آسانی کے ساتھ انگلستان جا سکتی تھی۔ لیکن یہ مجاہدہ اپنے عہد وفا کی خاطر پیرس میں ڈٹی رہی اور مسلسل تین مہینوں تک اکیلے اپنے نازک اور حساس ترین مشن پر کام کرتی رہی۔

نور عنایت خان فی الحقیقت ایک عظیم شخصیت تھی۔ اپنے مقصد حیات کے ساتھ اس نے بے حد وفا نبھایا۔ اپنی آرام دہ زندگی اور میدان عمل میں وقت پر میسر محفوظ سارے واقعوں کو جذبہ حریت کے لیے قربان کر دیا۔ اور دشمن کے عزائم کو بار بار ناکام بنادیا۔ سب سے بڑی قربانی یہ تھی کہ جب اپنی پیاری فیملی کے سب سے بڑے بچے ہونے کے روپ میں اس نے اپنی گھریلو ذمہ داریوں کو حق و صداقت کے لیے قربان کر دیا۔ بہر حال اپنے خطرناک، حساس ترین نیز موت و حیات کی کشمکش سے پر اپنے مشن کی عمل آوری کے درمیان نور عنایت خان نے دشمن کی بے رحمانہ قید میں اپنی جان دے دی۔ جنگ عظیم دوم کے دوران نور النسا عنایت خان کو ستمبر 1944 میں دشمن نے موت کے منہ میں دھکیل دیا۔ خفیہ نام میڈلین سے موسوم اس دلیر نوجوان خاتون کو دھوکہ دے کر گیس ٹاپو نے اکتوبر 1943 میں گرفتار کیا۔ کئی مہینوں کے شدید جسمانی تشدد کے بعد جب نازی اسے کچھ بھی اگلوانے میں بالکل ناکام رہے۔ تو ستمبر 1944 میں ”داچو“ نام کے خصوصی حراستی کمیٹی میں منتقل کیا گیا۔ اور وہاں اس کی سر پر گولیاں چلا کر مارا گیا۔ رپورٹ میں کیا گیا کہ نور کی زبان پر آخری لفظ تھا ”آزادی“۔ اس باعزم مجاہدہ کی نفسیاتی استقامت اور مثالی ایفائے عہد کا اندازہ اس بات سے لگایا جاسکتا ہے کہ دشمن نور کے اصلی نام تک کو بھی نہ جان پائے۔

جدید عالمی تاریخ اس بات کی شاہد ہے کہ اس قابل تقلید اور باکمال بہادر خاتون نور النسا عنایت خان جس نے دوسری جنگ عظیم کے سخت اور مشکل تیرین دنوں میں اپنی پر خلوص دلیری سے آراستہ بھر پور صبر آزما خدمات پیش کیں۔ اپنے نظریاتی مقاصد کی حامل اس بے خوف اور بے باک جاسوسہ نور عنایت خان کو بعد از مرگ حکومت برطانیہ اور حکومت فرانس نے وسیع پیمانے پر یاد کیا اور کر رہے ہیں۔ اور عزت افزائی سے سرفراز کر رہے ہیں۔ بالخصوص نور کی اس عظیم قربانی کو فخر کے ساتھ تازہ کر رہے ہیں جب نازی کیمپ میں اس کم عمر لڑکی بے رحمانہ تشدد کے باوجود کوئی بھی راز افشا نہیں کیا۔

نور عنایت خان کی خدمات جلیلہ کے اعتراف میں برطانوی سرکار نے 1949 انہیں ملک کے اعلیٰ ترین سیول اعزاز GEORGE CROSS سے نوازا۔ 2012 میں میں شہزادی اعینی نے لندن کے ایک باغ میں شہزادی نور کے کانسی کے مجسمہ کی نقاب کشائی کی۔

2020 میں نور کو BLUE PLAQUE کے ذی وقار انعام سے نوازتے ہوئے اسے لندن کے 4 ٹاون اسٹریٹ میں نصب کیا گیا۔ 2014 میں سرکار انگلشیہ نے نور عنایت کے نام پر ایک یادگاری ٹکٹ بعنوان ”قابل ذکر شخصیات“ جاری کر دی۔ 2026 دولت مشترکہ کی جانب سے نور کو لندن کے مرکزی یادگاری دوازے پر یہ کہتے ہوئے عزت افزائی گئی کہ اس ہندوستان نژاد شہزادی نے سلطنت برطانیہ کے لیے اپنی جان دے دی۔ ساتھ ہی برطانیہ کے شاہی ہوائی فوجی عجائب گھر میں اس کے نام سے بہادری میڈل کی نمائش کی گئی۔

فرانسیسی حکومت نے 1946 میں نور کو فرانسیسی مدافعتی میڈل (CRIX DE GUERRE) سے نوازا۔ 2025 میں عالمی جنگ دوم کی 80 ویں برسی پر نور عنایت کے نام پر ایک یادگاری ٹکٹ جاری کیا گیا۔ پیرس فرانس میں ایک پبلک اسکوائر کو نور کے کوڈ نام یعنی میڈلین اسکوائر کے نام سے موسوم کیا گیا۔ پیرس میں واقعہ نور عنایت خان کے بچپن کے گھر پر ایک یادگاری تختی نصب کی۔



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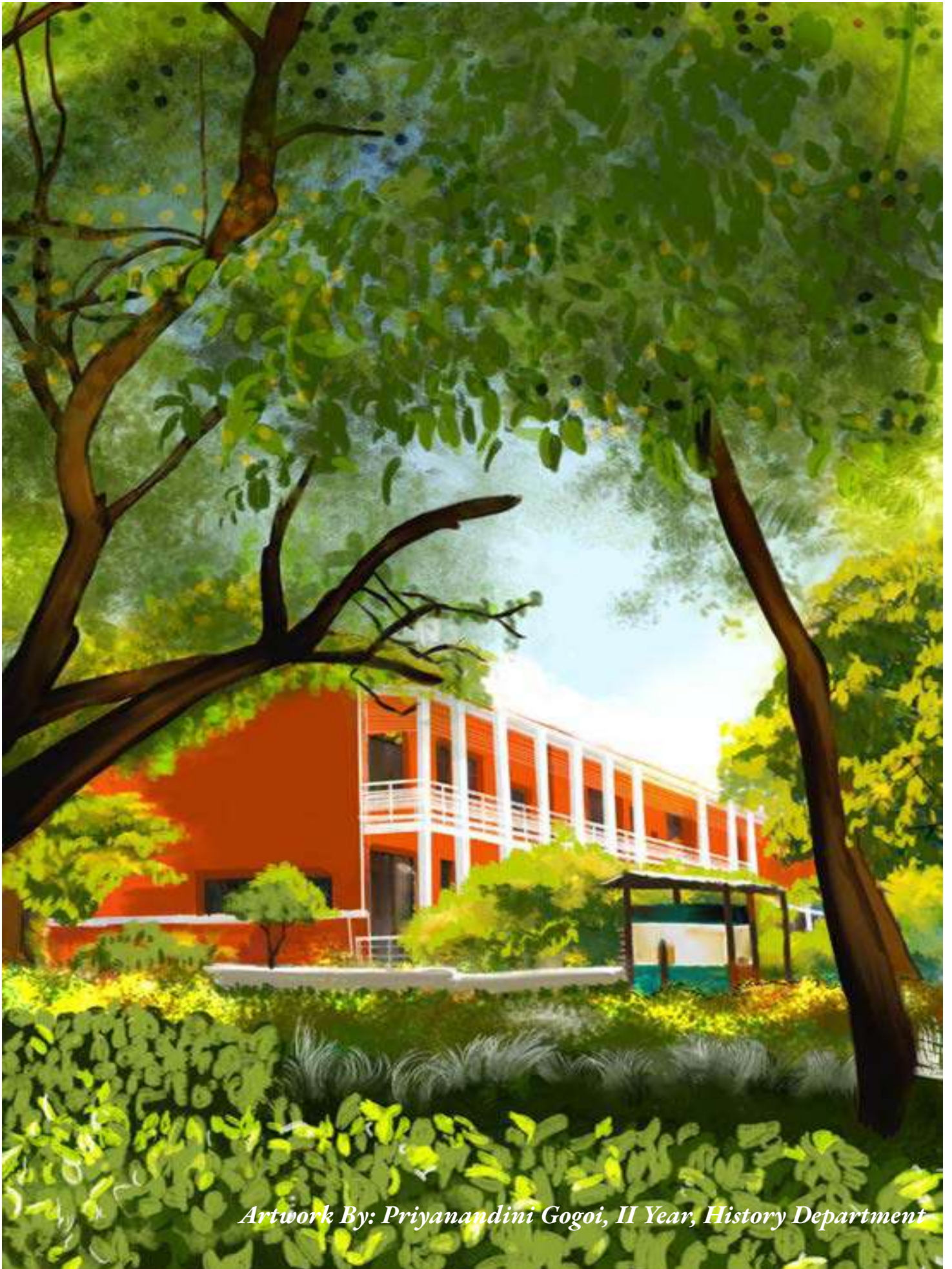


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