



DU VIDHA विधा

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विधा

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WHERE ENGLISH MEETS HINDI !!

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Editor

Professor Harish Trivedi

Advisor, Academic Publications

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Dr Tamanna Khosla (Assistant Professor, Delhi College of Arts and Commerce)

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Shefali Mehta (M.A. English (P), Miranda House)

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कुलपति महोदय एवं उनकी टीम के अधिकारी-गण तथा निदेशक, जीवन-पर्यंत शिक्षण संस्थान एवं उस संस्थान के सदस्यों के प्रति समर्थन व सहायता के लिए हम कृतज्ञ हैं।

Cover: Design and execution by Rashmi Tandon

Editorial / सम्पादकीय

As a new academic session gets under way, here we are with a new issue of **DU-Vidha: the Delhi University Journal of Creative Writing**.

नया शैक्षणिक सत्र शुरू होने के साथ ही प्रस्तुत है **डीयू-विधा: दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय की रचनात्मक लेखन पत्रिका** का नया अंक।

The first issue of our journal, published in November 2013, has so far attracted over 8,000 footfalls on our website. This is not a small number but we hope that a somewhat greater proportion of the five lakh students of our university will gradually get to hear about this journal, and will not only read it but also contribute to it.

इस पत्रिका का पहला अंक नवम्बर २०१३ में प्रकाशित हुआ था और तब से अब तक ८००० से अधिक पाठक हमारी वेबसाइट पर पदार्पण कर चुके हैं। यह संख्या छोटी नहीं है लेकिन आशा है कि हमारे विश्वविद्यालय के पाँच लाख छात्र-छात्राओं का किंचित् अधिक अनुपात शनैः शनैः इस पत्रिका से परिचित हो सकेगा और न केवल इसे पढ़ेगा पर इसके लिए कुछ लिखकर भी भेजेगा।

Like our last issue, this issue too contains a large variety of creative contributions on a wide range of themes, both private and public. As could perhaps have been expected, there is a whole cluster of poems and short stories on love in its many shades and flavours, while there are many pieces of writing on issues of contemporary social concern as well. Nearly two-thirds of the contributions are poems, and two-thirds – though not of course the same two-thirds-- are in English. Our contributors come from right across the University, from twenty-two different Colleges or Departments. We provide a common platform for our writers such as no other.

इस अंक में भी पिछले अंक की ही तरह अनेक विषयों पर विविध प्रकार की कृतियाँ पाई जाएँगी जिनमें कुछ का स्वर व्यक्तिगत है और कुछ का सार्वजनिक। यह पा कर किसी को आश्चर्य नहीं होना चाहिए कि प्रेम-विषयक कवितायें और कहानियाँ यहाँ अपने पूरी छटा और भरपूर आस्वाद में उपस्थित हैं, जब कि वहीं समाज के समसामयिक मुद्दों पर कुछ कहती हुई अनेक रचनाएँ भी हैं। कुल रचनाओं की लगभग दो-तिहाई कवितायें हैं और दो-तिहाई ही अंग्रेजी में हैं, पर ये दोनों दो-तिहाई वही नहीं हैं। हमारे रचनाकार पूरे विश्वविद्यालय से उभर कर आये हैं, २२ अलग-अलग कॉलेजों और विभागों से। यह पत्रिका उन सब का साझा मंच है जैसा अन्यत्र सुलभ नहीं है।

We have two new kinds of writing in this issue. The first comprises two contributions relating to the “Gyanodaya Journey 2014”, both of which offer salutary glimpses of another India far away and far apart from Delhi. The second is a new section on Translation between Hindi and English, which is yet a tiny seed but we hope will flourish in future.

इस अंक में दो नई तरह की रचनाएँ भी हैं। एक तो “ज्ञानोदय यात्रा २०१४” से सम्बंधित दो रचनाएँ हैं जिनमें उस दूसरे भारत की झलक मिलती है जो दिल्ली से फरक ही नहीं है बल्कि जिससे दिल्ली दूर भी है। दूसरे, एक नया खंड है अनुवाद का, जो अभी तो बीजवत् ही है पर आशा है भविष्य में फूले-फलेगा।

The thirty contributions here were selected from over 300 submissions. We hope that both these numbers will increase substantially as we go along. The deadline for our next issue is **15 October 2014**. For other announcements, see the end of this issue.

ये तीस रचनाएँ उन तीन सौ में से छँट कर आयी हैं जो हमें प्राप्त हुई थीं। आशा है कि धीरे - धीरे इन दोनों संख्याओं में ही खासी बढ़ोत्तरी होगी। हमारा अगला अंक दिसम्बर २०१४ में प्रकाश्य है और उसके लिए रचना भेजने की अंतिम तिथि है **१५ अक्टूबर २०१४**। शेष सूचनाओं के लिए देखिये इस अंक का अंतिम पृष्ठ।

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Muskan Dhandhi
B.A. English (Hons.) II Year
Lakshmibai College

The Double Faced

She has an obnoxious side to her,
She has a dark side to her.

A side that she hasn't seen herself,
A person that she hasn't met herself.
A side that will cry for her laughter,
A side that will smile for her pain.
A side that is arrogant enough for her sweet nature,
A side that will betray her own self,
A side that will kill her innocence.
A side that is imperfectly perfect,
A side that is futile enough to be useful.
A side that blinds her vision.
She has an obnoxious side to her,
She has a dark side to her.

खामोशी....

खामोशी तेरी भी अजीब कहानी है,
अनसुनी अनोखी सब से अनजानी है।

कभी होंठों पर चुप्पी और आँखों में हो पानी,
तो कभी मन्द मन्द मुसकाती बन बैठे तू दीवानी।
अजब है तेरी हस्ती निराली तेरी पहचान,
समझ न पाए कोई रहें सब हैरान।

तेरी कीमत हर किसी ने न जानी,
पर जिसने समझी वो ही जानी।
सन्नाटे में भी जो गूँजे वो आवाज़ है तू,
कभी-कभी तो आने वाले तूफ़ान का आगाज़ है तू।

चुप रह कर भी तू बोल बहुत कुछ जाती है,
मन में लाखों राज़ छुपाए तू बस चलती जाती है।
जो तू चाहे तो कोई तुझे समझ न पाए,
तेरी मर्जी हो तो शोर में भी तू दब न पाए।

जो तू चाहे तो हर मुश्किल टल जाए,
आपस में कोई कभी न टकराए!
सही वक्त पर तुझ को जो अपना ले,
कष्ट-क्लेश से मुक्ति वो पा ले।

जो तू ज़िद पर आए तो रिश्ते मिट जाएँ,
बरसों के बंधन यूँ पल में बिखर जाएँ।
गलतफ़हमी और शिकायत दूर न हो पाए,

एक दूजे के संग फिर न कोई रह पाए।

मन तेरा जब शरारत चाहे,
चुप रह कर तू मौज मनाए।
जान कर भी बने अनजान,
सब को तू फिर करे परेशान।

कितनी बार तू अपने अंदर दुःख समाए,
दुनिया को बस मुसकान दिखाए।
सहे पीड़ा पर कुछ कह न पाए,
लाख चाहे पर खुद को तोड़ न पाए।

खुद को तो कभी दूसरों को तू बचाए,
कोड़ कभी रुसवा न हो जो तू बस चाहे।
अनचाही परिस्थिति से तू निपट ले,
जो तू बस खुद पर संयम रख ले।

कोई माने तुझे नादानी कहे कोई कमज़ोरी,
पर तू तो है सयानी किसी से तू न हारी।
तू तो अपार शक्ति और हिम्मत का है वो पर्याय,
संयम और समझ से अपनी कर दे जो हर कार्य।

खामोशी तेरी भी अजीब कहानी है,
अनसुनी अनोखी सब से अनजानी है।

Varsha Nair
B.A. Political Science (Hons.)
Lady Shri Ram College

How I Think

My reasonable man,
I look through my caged body,
As you wipe away with disgust,
These experiences I perspire,
And as you conceal them,
Underneath a philosopher's beautiful words,
I will not let you deny my knowledge.

These walls that make me the body and you the mind,
Tell me that I cannot think and only cry
But I ask: what is this mind?
Because I dare to think through my body,
Making my fantasy the reality,
And your reason illusory.
My unholy senses see,
My tainted perception feels,
And my body thinks,
Because I "know".

किसान औरत

कुहरे की सफ़ेद चादर ओढ़े
सोई रहती है जब धरती,
सूरज भी ठण्ड से काँपते हुए
दुबका रहता है अपने कोटर में,
तभी निकल पड़ती हो तुम खेतों में
कँपकँपाती ठंड को
ठेंगा दिखा के।

फटे-चिथड़े वस्त्रों से,
तन ढकने का
असफल प्रयत्न भी,
नहीं कर पाता तुम्हारे हौसले पस्त।

मन भर अन्न उपजाती,
हज़ारों का पेट भरती।
नहीं कर पाती तुम,
अपने ही दुलारों की क्षुधा शान्त।

तुम्हारे उपजाये अन्न को,
पैकेटों में सजा बेचती
सहस्रबाहु बहुराष्ट्रीय कम्पनियाँ।
और तुम्हारी ही पहुँच से
दूर होते हैं ये पैकेट।

तुम्हारे उपजाये अन्न से
बढ़ती है देश की अर्थव्यवस्था।
बनते बिगड़ते हैं आँकड़े,
और उन आँकड़ों में
तुम कहीं नहीं होतीं।

तुम्हारे श्रम की कीमत
तुम्हारा ही वो पसीना है,
बह जाता है जो अनजान
तुम्हारी अपनी काया से।

AkshitaTripathi
B.A. Philosophy (Hons.) II Year
Daulat Ram College

After the Sunset

I sometimes wonder if there will ever be a day when I'll go to sleep at ten or eleven at night as others normally do. I sometimes try to decipher the meaning of the long, sleepless nights I have seen since my childhood. I sometimes laugh at the manner I have framed my own world of thoughts for the night. The way I have been telling people that night is not all that bad. The silence which appears deadly to them, is calming for me. The darkness is just an opportunity to spend some quality time with your own self. When night befalls, it makes you meet and explore your identity, your existence. All through the day, the feelings, the ideas, the reminiscences that remain hidden beneath several layers of your personality; resurface during night. It is indeed very difficult to avoid the voice, the true calling of your heart at night. The absence of the continuous chattering of people and the intolerable noise of traffic makes it much easier to listen to and reflect upon the voice of your soul.

I find it quite surprising that although I have always been and that will always be afraid of the dark, yet I manage to stay up the whole night. May be it has something to do with the fact that night, of all its wonderful qualities, does possess an element of light and brightness. The silver moonlight adds an altogether mystic charisma to nature. You can actually feel that sense of peace somewhere deep down your heart when you step out into your balcony at 2 a.m. and witness the trees and plants all bathed in the moonlight. They appear ethereal and serene, like the sight of beautiful snow-clad mountains. Night is the only period of time when everything around you appears to be a painted picture. A poet's imagination, an artist's fantasy and an endless platform of thoughts, for a novice like me. When else can

you see the busiest roads and streets engulfed in utmost silence? When else can you listen to the sounds of the barking of dogs, the buzzing of insects and the passing wind? When else can you be so close to the beauty of Mother Nature? No matter how strong an argument you may give for sleeping at the right time, once you stay up a whole night and get into a tête-à-tête with yourself, it will never cease to amaze you.

ओम प्रकाश यादव
बी.टेक. (सूचना प्रौद्योगिकी एवं गणिकीय नवप्रवर्तन)
संकुल नवप्रवर्तन केंद्र

चाँद

रात के अँधेरो में
झोपड़े के झरोखों से
झाँकता वो चाँद
बहुत खूबसूरत, उजला
कुछ दाग ज़रूर हैं उस में
पर है वो बहुत मासूम
न जाने कहाँ, किधर
ख्यालों में खोया हुआ
बस भटकता रहता है।

तलाश नहीं है उसे किसी की
फिर भी न जाने क्यों।
अच्छी लगने लगी हैं उसे अब
ये रात की खामोशियाँ
ये जागती हुई तनहाइयाँ।
सूरज की ओहट मिलते ही
न जाने कहाँ किधर
छुप जाता है वो।
डरता नहीं है वो किसी से
पर शायद वो रहना नहीं चाहता
इन उजालों में।

शायद इन उजालों की चकाचौंध ने
बहुत परेशान किया है उसे
बहुत सताया है उसे।
अब इन सब से दूर
इन उजालों से बेखबर
नीले-नीले आसमान के तले
जगमगाते सितारों की दुनिया में
रहता है वो, वही से हँसता है वो।

एक डोर है जो टूटती नहीं

आज भी हम दोनों के दरमियाँ
एक डोर है जो टूटती नहीं।
उस पेड़ का आखिरी पत्ता भी अब टूट चुका है
जिसकी नर्म छाँव में बैठ कर
वह मेरे लिए कुछ सपने बुन लिया करती थी।
वह मक्खी भी अब नहीं आती
जो मेरे गालों पर बार - बार बैठ जाया करती थी
और वह हौले से हर बार उसे उड़ा दिया करती थी।
वह चाँदनी भी अब कहीं नहीं मिलती
जिसे हर सुबह मुझ पर लुटाने को वह
रात को अपने आँचल में भर लिया करती थी।
वो हवा का झोंका अब जाने किधर जाता है
अक्सर रूठ कर जाने के बाद, मेरे हाल लेने
जिसे वह मेरे पास भेज दिया करती थी।
वो वक्त छूट गया, चाँदनी चली गई
पत्ता टूट गया, हवा चली गई
और उन्हीं के संग-संग वह भी
मुझे कहीं नहीं मिलती अब वह
फिर भी हम दोनों के दरमियाँ
एक डोर है जो टूटती नहीं
एक आस है, जो छूटती नहीं।

भ्रूण हत्या : एक बेटी का सवाल

माँ, मुझे आने तो दो, कुछ गुनगुनाने तो दो
मैं भी बेटे जैसा नाम करूँगी, बस एक बार
अपनी बाँहों में लिपट कर मुस्कुराने तो दो

माँ, मैं भी पढ़ने जाऊँगी, तभी तो "संध्या" बन पाऊँगी
तेरे सारे कामों को कर के मैं राजा बेटा कहलाऊँगी
पर माँ मुझे आने तो दो, कुछ कर गुज़र जाने तो दो
कितने वहशी जल जाएँगे, एक बार इन नज़रों को उठाने तो दो

गोदी से उठ कर जब ये नन्हीं गुड़िया आँगन में आएगी
देखते रह जाएँगे सब इस चिड़िया को ये नभ में उड़ जाएगी
नभ में रह कर भी मैं तेरा ही काम करूँगी, "कल्पना चावला"
बन कर मैं रौशन तेरा नाम करूँगी, पर माँ मुझे आने तो दो
ये चिड़िया भी चहक उठेगी, बस एक बार खिलखिलाने तो दो

माँ, क्यों मार देते उस नन्हीं बच्ची को जिसकी साँसें चलती हैं?
माँ, मैं चीख भी नहीं पाती, जब डॉक्टर की कैंची चलती है
सिर्फ एक बार, माँ, मुझे आने तो दो, कई सवाल हैं इस दुनिया से
इस गूँगी को भी अब इन बेशर्मों से कुछ जवाब पाने तो दो

माँ मैं भी तो तेरी अंश हूँ, फिर कैसे ये सब तू सह पाती है?
तेरी बेटी जो नाम करेगी, ज़िंदा ही मर जाती है
माँ तुझ से बस एक प्रश्न है, कब तक यूँ ही प्रथा चलाओगी?
सचमुच ये सब न बंद हुआ तो माँ, तुम भी हत्यारिन कहलाओगी ...

Ruth Mahapatra
B.A. English (Hons.) II Year
Delhi College of Arts and Commerce

A Journey through India

It was only when they were heading back to Delhi did it hit them that this was their last college trip. As the Gyanodaya Express chugged its way through Rajasthan's dry terrain, the team sat looking at pictures of themselves, clicked throughout the nine-day journey. They were taking a break from writing their last on-train report on their project entitled, 'Effect of Urbanization on the Reading Habits and Literature of Small Towns and Cities' when nostalgia hit them all.

"You know, the best part of this educational trip is that I now get to tell people that I lived on a train for nine whole days!"

"That's not true! We stayed in hotels for two nights! I loved the Bhopal hotel man, but the lizard in the room was unacceptable."

"Bhopal was the best part. The Sanchi Stupa at sunset was amazing."

"No, what's amazing was the fact that in Surat we held raw, uncut diamonds worth rupees five crore in our hands."

"Dude. Two words. Sabarmati Ashram. The place was overwhelming. I mean, one does not need much to bring about change."

She smiled and looked outside her window at the hillocks and the tiny little forts atop them. For her Varanasi had been the highlight of the trip. The very thought of the city took her back to the narrow and dusty bylanes, to the small place on the outskirts of the city, where people of all age-groups sat in dingy, tiny rooms and made Banarasi silk saris.

She could hear the sound of the handlooms the minute she got off the bus. Her group was then quickly but quietly ushered on to the lanes and into one of the brick houses. Around the dimly lit room, men and boys went about their work, forcing fine threads of silk to come together in order to make a six-yard cloth. Upstairs, the women worked on the finished cloth, gently sewing designs into them.

"How much do you make in a day?" she had asked a boy bent over one of the machines. Without bothering to look up he had replied, "Seventy per week." When she went up to meet the women, she saw a pretty girl draped in a heavy salwar suit. She had caught her eye and had walked up to her and had started talking to her. That conversation had changed her attitude.

On their way back to the hotel she had overheard a friend saying that a Banarasi silk sari cost anywhere between five thousand to fifteen thousand rupees in the market.

Now, at the close of the trip the girl's words echoed loudly in her head, "I'm 19. I wanted to study English but my parents didn't let me. I'm waiting to get married."

Two months later, when she was about to graduate from Delhi University with a Bachelors in English, her juniors threw her class a farewell. The theme was "Hollywood Red Carpet".

While everyone wore gowns, she turned up in a pink and green Banarasi silk sari. The Gyanodaya train journey had not just taught her about the effects of Urbanization on the Reading Habits and Literature of Small Towns and Cities, it had taught her to value the Indian inside her more.

What India is Reading

Extracts from a Report

Rarely have projects been undertaken to understand the differences between the cultural world-views of the metropolis and the small town....We undertook this project titled "Small Towns in India: Culture and Representation in Contemporary Literature and Other Art Forms" to study the impact of literature on the society and vice versa.

...Varanasi was one of the most beautiful towns we had visited. As students of literature, we are aware of the celebrated writers of Varanasi, Munshi Premchand being the most widely known....We were taken to the Banaras Hindu University (BHU) which is itself a part of Varanasi's history. It was founded in 1916, six years before Delhi University, and we were told it is one of the largest residential universities of the world. There, at the Bharat Kala Bhawan, we met a professor of Hindi literature who talked to us for quite some time about his favourite text, the allegorical Hindi epic Kamayani (1936) by Jaishankar Prasad who lived all his life in Varanasi. He expressed his discontent with the fact that today people did not have the time for serious reading.

A student named Kaushik Dwivedi told us about his idea of literature. We have decided to reproduce his interview in full.

"So Kaushik, do you read novels?"

"Not exactly. We had novels in our course back in school. But they were compulsory so we read them."

"So you read novels only if they are mandatory and a part of your course?"

"No, I sometimes read out of my own interest. I read "A Thousand Splendid Suns" by Khaled Hosseini. Someone suggested Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography, so I read it. I liked them both."

"Do you prefer fiction or non-fiction?"

"I like semi non-fiction."

"Semi non-fiction? As in?"

"I mean novels in which characters are inspired from true life."

...At Sarnath, we asked a few visitors about their area of interest. When we asked them about their favourite authors, we mostly heard contemporary names like Dan Brown, Ruskin Bond and Chetan Bhagat. Only a few came up with Premchand and one talked about Devaki Nandan Khatri being his favourite.

Due to a change of language we hoped for a change of reading patterns in Gujarat. After all, at least people who knew only Gujarati would read the rich literature in that language, or that is what we thought. The first place that we visited there was Lothal, the archaeological site of a major city of the Indus Valley civilization. We faced a lot of difficulties there due to their speaking in Gujarati mostly. The vendors were not literate and thus had very limited information about literature. The primary source of their exposure was folk theatre that was called Bhavai. The kind of stories they knew or ever heard were passed to them by word of mouth, i.e. oral tradition which is still prevalent in rural parts of India due to lack of literacy.

And then we went to the Sabarmati Ashram. As we all know, for many years Ahmedabad was the centre of Mahatma Gandhi's non-violent struggle for India's independence. The same energy could be felt when we entered there. The library there consisted of nearly 35,000 books dealing with Gandhi's life, work, teachings and allied subjects. We saw a large number of people enthusiastically looking at the collection there and also buying books. When we asked them if they had read any literary text relating particularly to Gandhi's life, the answer was a mix of yes and no.

We also interviewed a passerby.

Q. What kind of literature do you prefer to read?

A. I prefer to read the literature where I can connect the fictional characters with the people I personally know. Also, the stories which relate to the ground reality of my region and to the incidents that have taken place here.

Q. Do you like to read Chetan Bhagat?

A. No, I don't. He is not related to my field of interest or in particular to the realities of my vernaculars.

Q. Who is your favourite author? Why?

A. Kanaiyalal Munshi is my favourite author. Read him and you'll know why! [Kanaiyalal Maneklal Munshi (1887-1971) was a popular, prolific and highly regarded writer of historical fiction in Gujarati; he was also an eminent national leader and the founder of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.—Ed.]

Q. Have you read anything about Gandhi?

A. No.

...The following interview was conducted in Surat.

Richa Mehta (name changed on request)

Occupation: Receptionist at Sri Ramakrishna Exports.

Q. Do you like to read books?

A. Yes. I do. Mostly Gujarati and some Hindi books. I read the newspaper every day, without fail.

Q. How long have you been reading?

A. I have been reading since I was 12 or 13.

Q. What were your favourites as child?

A. I loved the Akbar-Birbal and Vikram-Vetal stories.

Q. What are your favourites as of now?

A. I love Dhiruben Patel's Shimalanan Phool. It's my absolute favourite. I have read it many times. It is a Gujarati novel that I would definitely recommend to all of you. [Dhiruben Patel, b. 1926, is a prize-winning Gujarati writer whose play Bhavai Bhavaai was made into a much-acclaimed film. In the novel named above published in 1976, she explores the psychology of a woman in love.--Ed.]

Q. Do you approve of what these teenagers are reading? Chetan Bhagat and Durjoy Dutta and all?

A. I haven't heard of these writers. I don't read much in English at all.

Note: All the interviews during our trip were conducted in Hindi.

From

antaradhvani 2014

(February 14 - 16, 2014)



The Delhi University Cultural Festival

The following contributions have been selected from the large number of entries that were received for the Antardhvani Cultural Festival held from 14 to 16 February 2014. All the entrants read out their contributions before a large and appreciative audience, including a jury of three judges.

First Prize: Antardhvani 2014

Riti Kumar
B.A. English (Hons.) II Year
Maharaja Agrasen College

Quintessence

If in a parallel world, you could hear a flower speak,

What do you think it would say to you?

And which one would you pick?

The little white gypsy peeking through the bunch of green,

Or the pink calendula standing tall in the bustling air?

The proud rose red-blooming in its own fragrance,

Or that sunflower turning to its benefactor for grace each morning?

Which one would you choose?

And again, what would it say!

You really think they would debate the cunning of a man?

Or would they sing praises of nature to you?

They couldn't possibly talk of their own beauty.

Such narcissism should mar their prospects of talking at all.

But what if only, if only –

They just smiled and told you their names?

संतोषी

बी.टेक. (सूचना प्रौद्योगिकी एवं गणितीय नवप्रवर्तन)
संकुल नवप्रवर्तन केंद्र

एक परिंदा, एक पतंग

एक बार आसमान के दो मुसाफिर, एक परिंदा एक पतंग, की मुलाकात हुई। खूबसूरत लाल पतंग को परिंदे का भूरा बदन और काली चोंच पसंद नहीं आई। वह इतराते हुए बोली “क्यों मेरे रास्ते में आते हो? जानते नहीं तुम्हारी काली चोंच से मुझे हानि पहुँच सकती है?” परिंदा हिचकिचाया, “हानि..मुझसे..?”, “हाँ तभी तो इसान तुम्हें पिंजरे में रखते हैं”, पतंग झट से बोली “और मेरी उड़ान के लिए मूल्य अदा करते हैं। तुम पिंजरे में कैद अच्छे लगते हो और मैं आसमान में उड़ते हुए। खेत खलिहान में तुम्हें पत्थर से भगाया जाता है और मुझे पाने के लिए भाग दौड़ लगती है। मैं जब अपने साथी संगियों के साथ घूमती हूँ तो पूरा आसमान रंग जाता है।” परिंदा एकाग्रता से सुन रहा था। फिर गंभीरता से बोला, “पतंग तुम सुन्दर तो बहुत हो और लोगों को भाती भी हो। तुम्हारा जन्म ही इसीलिए हुआ जबकि मेरे जीवन का उद्देश्य तो गगन की हदों को नापना है। अगर मुझे पिंजरे में कैद कर लिया जाता है तो उसी में दम तोड़ देता हूँ। परन्तु तुम्हारा पिंजरा तुम्हारी डोर है जो तुम्हारी उड़ान को कैद करके रखता है। तुम्हारे आसमान की सीमा तुम्हारी डोर से शुरू होती है और उसी पर खत्म। जिस आसमान को तुम रंगती हो वो केवल सागर में बूँद जितना हिस्सा है। पूरे आसमान की विशालता तुम्हारी सोच से बहुत ऊँची है।” इतना बोल ही पाया था परिंदा कि पतंग की डोर खिंच गयी। वह धीरे-धीरे नीचे उतरती गयी और उसकी आँखों में पश्चाताप उभरता गया।

Joyee Das
M.A. English (P)
Kirori Mal College

Love Song to *My* Stranger

Stoop for a kiss that I will never give
But low enough for me to touch your ears.
Let them be cold as the grave through which a hand will emerge
To scoop popcorn while watching a movie (preferably sad).
Croon in a deep voice of things labeled utter trash
Smile gleefully when we talk of murder,
But abhor it in 'real' life.
Text sweet nothings to me late into the night
But not too mushy please
For then I'll pretend not to care.
Don't utter that dreadful four-letter word
It isn't true, you know.
Let's just enjoy the present moment
And wait for a thing to happen that we know never will.

ज्योति अग्गरवाल
बी.एस.सी. वनस्पति विज्ञान (वि०) द्वित्य वर्ष
शिवाजी कॉलेज

प्रेम का उलटा

यदि कोई पूछे कि प्रेम का उलटा क्या है तो एक ही उत्तर जुबाँ पर आता है- घृणा। पर क्या यह सच है। शायद नहीं। जरूरी नहीं कि वहाँ एक ही भाव हो-घृणा। अर्थात् एक अन्य भाव भी है जो इस के विपरीत के लिए शायद सही बैठता है और वह है- उदासीनता। यह सोचने में बहुत अजीब है परंतु बहुत सी परिस्थितियों में जहाँ प्रेम की जगह कुछ अलग और अस्वाभाविक मिले वहाँ बदले में घृणा नहीं बल्कि उदासीनता मिलती है-गहरी उदासीनता।

इस भाव को स्पष्ट करने के लिए अनेक लोगों की आपबीती है जिस में एक दुखी-पीड़ित महिला भी है जो अपने साथ हुए अन्याय की कथा बता रही थी। पहले एक बेटी और फिर एक बहू होने की व्यथा। बेटी होने पर उसने सुने ताने और फिर बहू होने पर पराया मान कर किया गया सुलूक। तत्पश्चात बेटा न देने पर उसका बहिष्कार। अब वह महिला अपनी बेटी के साथ एक अनाथ आश्रम में रह रही है। वहीं छोटा-मोटा काम कर अपना व अपनी बेटी का गुज़र-बसर कर रही है। अपने जीवन को नया लक्ष्य दे स्वयं को एक स्त्री होने पर मायूस न होने की जगह अपनी बेटी के प्रति अपनी जिम्मेदारी निभा उस के भविष्य को उज्ज्वल बनाने की कोशिश में दिन-रात काम करती रहती है।

जब मैंने पूछा कि क्या तुम अपने साथ हुए अन्याय और पक्षपात के बारे में नहीं पूछना चाहती। क्या तुम उन्हें सजा नहीं दिलाना चाहती। तो उस ने मायूसी से कहा उन्हें जो कर ना था वह उन्होंने कर लिया। अब मैं अपना जीवन नए सिरे से शुरू कर चुकी हूँ और सजा दिलाने वाली मैं कौन होती हूँ। उन्हें सजा विधाता खुद दे देगा। मुझे अब कोई फ़र्क नहीं पड़ता कि वे कैसे हैं या क्या कर रहे हैं।

उसके उत्तर को जानकर मुझे लगा कि प्रेम का उलटा घृणा नहीं बल्कि उदासीनता है जहाँ आपको कोई फ़र्क नहीं पड़ता कि सामने वाला क्या कर रहा है। वह बस अपने साथ हुए अन्याय व पीड़न पर उदास है।

ऐसे ही अनेक अन्य लोग हैं जो अपने अतीत को पीछे छोड़ एक नई शुरुआत करते हैं परंतु मन में छिपी उदासीनता के साथ।

Dinika Saxena
Bachelors in Technology
Shaheed Rajguru College of Applied Sciences

Serendipity

(Inspired by James Blunts' song 'You're Beautiful')

It was an enervating day. The smallest thought of the astronomical size of the undone work sapped every ounce of life from me. Before I could let my travails rip my nerves apart I decided to take a drive to the subway for my lunch. The weather however did little to placate my Monday blues. As I elbowed my way through the jostling crowd at the subway to the hot-dog stall, it dawned on me that I wasn't holding my car keys. I hopelessly frisked for it in my pockets in that Saigon moment and gave up on my quest pretty soon. I was too tired to search for a petty key in a mammoth crowd; besides my obsolete Mustang wasn't exactly a kind of novelty that could tempt thieves.

This was yet another addition to my streak of bad luck. I mumbled a string of profanities as I yanked away the leftover paper plates from a table and flung myself to the only vacant bench in view. I held my head in between my hands in utter despair and desperately prayed for some providence to occur and then lifted up my head.

I saw her! She was dressed in her long, white, Sunday dress which flowed graciously down her knees and hung inches above her ankles. Her glossy bronze hair curled gorgeously around her tall neck. She wasn't exceptionally dressed to the nines but well, with those

looks she could kill. Something about her was divinely beautiful. Her demeanour spoke volumes about her tranquil soul.

I couldn't figure how she managed to do a winter wonderland walk under her blue umbrella through this virtually impenetrable crowd and in this otherwise unpleasant weather which had made me look like a klutz just a few moments ago. What a magnificent contrast she was to the disorganized hotchpotch of umpteen men and women gathered in the subway which now looked like a noiseless empty boulevard occupied by only an angel who looked like a marble tribute to some Greek Goddess of beauty.

She took a table a few feet away from mine and nothing blocked my delightful panorama. "Perfect!" exclaimed my heart gleefully.

Then, out of the blue she caught my eyes, but mine were so stubbornly fixed on her that they shamelessly resisted to look away. Even from that distance I could see a lovely blue hue in her eye which glistened like sapphire. Time stopped and so did my heartbeat for I could not feel the gradual movements of my chest or the thumping of my heart. I was so completely absorbed in those beautiful moments which were a sight for my sore eyes.

I don't know what exactly made her curve her lips slightly to expose her perfect white teeth and crack the world's most captivating smile. It was either the glitter of her teeth or the radiance in her eye which kindled my heart and lit my world. At that instant I just wanted to dance a fandango but I then decided to not push my luck any further. The whole of me smiled back with all the energy I possessed and I don't know how utterly silly and pathetic my smile was against her Godly one.

It was only when, for a brief instant that she took her eyes off mine, that I realized that **she was with another man**, but it didn't shatter my heart. I knew I haven't done anything heroic enough in this

world to deserve a woman like her. Besides, I didn't feel the urge to acquaint myself to her.

I think that was the grandeur of those magical moments. Somethings are just meant to be, you can't hold fast to all your dreams no matter how alluring they are. In that brief but grand contact of eyes...

We shared a moment that will last till the end.

After all isn't a thing of beauty a joy forever? I knew those pinpricks of time would be etched perfectly on my heart for eternity and they would make the best reveries of my life. In those moments I felt myself tethered to her enchanting beauty, I felt my world, my life, by breath flow in her. Those twinkling moments were nothing less than heavenly.

Throughout this time her eyes would femininely shy away from mine now and then but how could I even bat an eyelid and let go of the slightest jiffy of our already brief yet breath-taking moment. I decided to stay shameless and look at her rather than regret later. But whenever she did look up to see my bewildered eyes fixed on her she would cast her irresistible smile that made my heart jump every time.

Then she finally stood up and I knew that the miracle was close to its climax. As she turned away on her heels gracefully, I shut my eyes to avoid that moment of departure, but I couldn't shut them for long...

It is time to face the truth, I will never be with you.

The first thing I saw as I opened my unbelieving eyes was the tiny, twinkly wink of her shiny eyes which stamped the fact that endearing encounter was not yet another of my multifarious hallucinations but was very real and very mine.

I saw her disappear in the crowd and sighed a "Wow!" under my breath. My heart beat returned to its normal pace and the ambience once again gained its initial conundrum and momentum, but something had changed. The noise no longer boggled my mind; the raindrops no longer drew me up the wall. I felt at peace. Perhaps she really was Godsend. Though she was gone I knew she would always be present in my world in the most awe-inspiring form. I got up without finishing my hotdog; the encounter had satiated my appetite. I offered it to a pauper and paced towards my Mustang at a relaxed tempo.

It was only when I saw the keys of my car in the key-hole of the gate that I recollected my previous, petty worries of work and family which now seemed diminutive. I smiled again and it further dwindled down the remaining vestiges of my previously devilish-seeming woes. I whistled my way to the office and it was as though someone had used a magic wand to completely transform the earlier depressing aura. I gave a knuckle sandwich to all my odds and had a day in the say.

At twilight, I couldn't help rewinding that ephemeral moment of serendipity which would hold my heart hostage for the rest of my life. I didn't struggle to break free from it for God knows what reasons. I wonder if Blaise Pascal was talking of me when he had said, "The heart has its own reasons which the mind cannot fathom."

Sidharth Jain
Zakir Husain College

Love: The Helpless Victim

One day in God's backyard, all the emotions decided to play hide and seek. Madness was to seek while the rest had to hide. Love hid in a thorny rose bush, but the other emotions weren't able to find a good hiding spot for themselves. As a result, Madness found every emotion except for Love. Love was God's blue-eyed-boy and God held him in high esteem. Being the fierce foes of Love – Lust, Anger, Jealousy and Misunderstanding couldn't digest Love's superiority (even in the game). Hence they revealed Love's hiding spot. On knowing Love's secret spot, Madness jumped into that thorny rose bush and made a loud noise.

The loud noise caught Love off-guard and because of the sudden shock Love banged his eyes against the thorns of the rose bush and ended up being blind. As Love lost his vision, blood dribbled down his eyes, he experienced a searing pain and he cried his lungs out in agony.

On hearing Love's painful cry, God appeared. On knowing the details of the incident, God felt sorry for Love's handicapped state and criticized Madness for its insane nature. As a way to compensate for what had happened, God ordered Madness to hold Love's hand forever and be Love's guiding force till eternity.

Ever since that day this notion has emerged that Love is blind. Madness always accompanies it while Lust, Misunderstanding, Jealousy and Anger work as a team to harm Love in some way or the other.

Note: I personally believe that love is a multidimensional concept, it can't be rigidly described just in the form of a lovers' bond; it exists in various forms like that between a mother and her child, between friends, between a master and a pupil, and hence varies accordingly. Keeping this in mind, I wish to convey through this story that initially in a love-bond, hurdles like anger, misunderstanding, jealousy and lust tend to pop in every now and then. These un-called for emotions tend to corrupt and ruthlessly dismantle the precious bond, but regardless of these undesired adversities, if we continue to have faith in that love-bond, then someday that bond is bound to blossom in its prime glory.

Metaphorically speaking a love-bond is like a diamond which has to undergo various processes before its true priceless worth is established and proved.

बंद दरवाज़े

शहर की सवालोंने भरी आबो-हवा में आपका स्वागत है
यहाँ सब को बंद दरवाज़ों में रहने की आदत है
बंद दरवाज़े नहीं हैं बस घरों पर
वो पड़े हैं दिल, दिमाग, सोच पर
आपकी मुस्कुराहट को मिलेगी की-होल से झाँकती आँखें
या बंद दरवाज़े को आधा सा खोलती
स्वार्थ की सलाखें
बंद दरवाज़ों में अगर खुद को तनहा पाएँ
कृपया ना रोएँ ना मुस्कुराएँ
इस शहर का नाम है... “क्या काम है?”
तो भले आप जीएँ या मरें
बिना काम के यहाँ कुछ ना करें
हिदायतें आपको बारबार दिखाई, बताई, जताई जाएँगी
यहाँ सब को उसकी आदत है
बंद दरवाज़ों में आपका स्वागत है।

Dhanya Ramachandran
M.Sc. Biomedical Science, (P)
Dr. B.R. Ambedkar Centre for Biomedical Science

Life Comes Full Circle

I need to fly today
I need to be free
Jump up and down today
Shout out in glee

I need to fly today
Leave this nest at last
Fly high and higher and higher
Lightening fast

I need to fly today
Like a honeybee
Sit here and there and everywhere
On every flower I see

I have to fly today
I have to catch the train
To the land of hopes and dreams
And lovely candy canes

I have to fly today
And fly away I must
For winter's coming, winter's here
To a summerland I must rush

I had to fly away today
I had to rush in haste
Leave my sweet old nest behind
Withering in neglect

I had to fly away today
I wanted to, really bad
But the hopes and dreams I had with you
Gently pulled me back

I didn't fly away today
I didn't cause of you
I waited all day for you today
To tell you what I chose

I didn't fly away that day
May be I should have
For its been a week since I waited for you
Waited for you to come back

I wish, I need, I want
To fly away today

But it's been ages since I flew
I don't know if I can

I stand at the end of the branch
Eyes closed, ready to dive
And as I take my leap of faith
I know I will survive.

I flew today!
I knew how to be free
I jumped up and down today
And shouted out in glee.

Shreya Goel
B.A. Economics (Hons.) III year
Daulat Ram College

Mirrored Thoughts

You look at me. You see yourself. But do you?

What am I all about? Vanity, is that it? I suppose I must concede it is my primary use. And I love the glittery girls and the metrosexual men, I really do; all the glam and neatness and elegance. I adore how they smile, how joy sparkles in their eyes. But what if I am the most opaque thing some of them ever see? Can he who has never really seen inside me have seen inside himself? Or is that *my* vanity?

There are others, those who gaze at me seeking the answers to life. Trying to feel a connection to their image, they seldom succeed. I pity them then-hoping to have your innermost secrets revealed, and all you get is flesh over bones. They cry sometimes. They stare into their doppelgänger's eyes and imagine a different person on the other side of the glass, someone in an alternate universe. They wonder which one of them is trapped and which one looking in. Their patient desperation is my undoing. But am I only attracted to imperfection because it warrants my existence?

It is my lot in life to bear mute testimony to joy and turmoil alike. People may pay me a visit to make themselves up or touncover themselves, to conceal or reveal. All I can do is to show them what they want to see: a reflection of their body or their soul, *as they desire*.

आकांक्षा पाण्डेय
बी.एस.सी. नृविज्ञान (वि०)
नृविज्ञान विभाग

फिर वही याद

यह कविता मैंने अपने दादा-दादी के निधन के बाद लिखी थी। इस कविता में मैंने अपने भाव प्रस्तुत करते हुए यह बताने की चेष्टा की है कि एक युवा दिल कैसा महसूस करता है जब आपके किसी करीबी (जो आप के साथ हमेशा से हो, तब से जब से आपकी पहली याद बनी हो) की मृत्यु हो जाए। आप बस एक पल और उनके साथ बिताना चाहते हैं, उन्हें बताने के लिए कि वो कितने महत्वपूर्ण हैं आप के व्यक्तित्व को बनाने में। वह आपके दिल के कितने करीब हैं। कितनी आसानी से आप उन्हें अपने दिल की सारी बातें बता सकते हैं जो आप अपने माता-पिता से भी नहीं बाँट पाते। बाकी यह साहित्यिक प्रयत्न सब के लिए खुला है अपने अनुसार व्याख्या करने हेतु।

कुछ और तनिक तुम रुक जाते,
तो मेरा भी मन रह जाता,
चार और कदम जो तुम चलते,
तो मेरा मन भी सुख पाता।

कुछ और दिवाकर संग उगते,
जो ढल जाते कुछ और रवि,
कुछ और सितारे टिम टिम करते,
जो संग सोते कुछ और शशि।

तो अम्बर भी ये मुस्काता,
और मेरा भी मन रह जाता,
चार और कदम जो तुम चलते,
तो मेरा मन भी सुख पाता।

कुछ और जो बातें कर पाते,
जो छिड़ जाते कुछ और प्रसंग,
कुछ और जो दुःख बिसरा जाते,
जो संग होते कुछ और रंग।

तो जीवन भी ये खेल जाता,
और मेरा भी मन रह जाता,
चार और कदम जो तुम चलते,
तो मेरा मन भी सुख पाता।

वह रात न इतनी काली होती,
कुछ और पहर जो साथ गुज़रते,
तेरे आँचल की छाँव में,
कुछ और जो मेरे दुःख ढलते।

न इससे कुछ मोहक होता,
न ही मेरा उर रोता,
चार और कदम जो तुम चलते,
तो मेरा मन भी सुख पाता।

Dhanshree Arora
B.Sc Computer Science (Hons.) II year
Shaheed Rajguru College of Applied Sciences for Women

The Bells of the Bellum

So ring the bells of the Bellum,
Led not by man's whims to conquer land,
But merely for an inch of it to stand on.
Populous beyond what Earth can withstand,
Prognosis welcomes Doom's dawn.
No diamonds, no silver, no gold,
Wage a war for a drop of water
Carnage for a morsel of food
Behold the edifice of humanity shatter!
Scrounge for a breath of air
Not a trace of virescence or turquoise
A world taken up in flare
Engulfed in a cataclysmic inferno.
Dear Mankind, envisage the doom,
For the bells of the Bellum are ringing.

स्त्री, समाज और मीडिया

स्वतंत्रता के छह दशक बाद निःसंदेह नारी जाति का विकास हुआ है पर उससे भी ज़्यादा विकास हुआ है उस सोच का जहाँ वह 'विलास की वस्तु' है। विडम्बना तो यही है कि ऐसी खबरों को सुर्खियाँ बनाने वाले मीडिया ने स्त्री को जितना 'भोग्य' बनाया है शायद किसी और ने नहीं। किसी भी चैनल के ऑफिस में यदि दो-चार चक्कर लगा लें तो सब समझ आ जाएगा। हर रोज़ हमारे समाज में ऐसी घटनाएँ घटती हैं। इनकी तादाद इतनी बढ़ गई है कि अब हमें ये 'घटनाएँ' लगती ही नहीं। फिर दिल्ली या मुंबई में ऐसा दुष्कर्म होने पर हो-हल्ला क्यों? जब हम अपने घरों में इस जुर्म को नहीं रोक सकते तो दिल्ली कि चलती बसों में या मुंबई के सुनसान इलाकों में ऐसा होने पर आंदोलित क्यों हो जाते हैं? हर बार एक मर्यादा का विनाश होता है-संवेदना की ज़मीन खिसकती है और एक साधारण सी लड़की निर्भया, दामिनी और अनामिका बन जाती है। हम फिर से मोमबत्तियाँ लिए श्रद्धांजलि देने पहुँच जाते हैं। ऐसे कुकर्म पर तो हम देश हिलाने की बातें करते हैं पर इसकी एक खुराक जो हमें रोज़ परोसी जाती है, क्यों नज़र नहीं आती?

निर्भया ने आखिरी साँस तक संघर्ष किया। मुंबई की फ़ोटो जर्नलिस्ट भी पूरे सकारात्मक भाव में थी फिर सिर झुकाए चेहरा छुपाए जो छवियाँ इनके लिए प्रयुक्त होती हैं, क्या इनके जज़्बे को झकझोरती नहीं हैं? क्यों उनके साहस को नकारते हुए उन्हें लाचार बेबस दर्शाया जाता है? हमेशा उन्हें सहानुभूति और दया का पात्र क्यों बनाया जाए? दूसरी बात जब हम ऐसा होने पर उन्हें अपने आस-पास सम्मान देने को तैयार नहीं तो उन्हें कहीं भी 'हैडलाइन' क्यों बनाते हैं? इसे टीआरपी के खेल से ज़्यादा कुछ भी समझना व्यर्थ होगा। यही मौका होता है जब खबरों को बेहतरीन ढंग से भुनाया जा सके, लोगों की संवेदनाओं को हवा दी जाए। ये चिंगारियाँ सड़कों पर मशाल बनकर निकलें और इरादे हो गए कामयाब अपने पर वह लड़की कहीं पीछे छूट जाती है। मीडिया की इस चकाचौंध में वह गुम हो जाती है।

Ajay Kumar
M.A. Psychology(P)
Department of Psychology

The Real Tantrik

For his largely happy life, Mehar Singh had only one regret. But this single regret was enough to make tears fall from his shining eyes.

He was born in a backward and underdeveloped village. Despite attending school for half a decade, he could not learn anything and remained illiterate – a fact he is still sorry about because had he been educated, he could have avoided what he would regret all his life.

About a decade ago, his wife started exhibiting wild behaviour. She would see people talking to her when there was none around, would listen to strange voices, and believed that her husband was trying to kill her. This made Mehar very upset and disturbed.

He discussed her condition with some of his well-wishers who suggested that he should take her wife to a *tantrik* for treatment. He followed their advice. For three days in a row, the *tantrik* tortured his wife, forcing her to sit close to the fire, and beating her with a hot iron rod. Consequently, she died.

Some weeks later, he came to know the reality from an educated person who revealed that his wife was suffering from some mental illness, probably paranoid schizophrenia.

Today, mental health awareness is his mission. Whatever it may mean for others but for him, the word 'tantrik' means only one thing: one who understands the workings of *tantrikatantra* (nervous system). For him, a psychologist is the real *tantrik*. Others should invent a new word to describe their profession.

Paritosha
B.Sc. Chemistry (Hons.) III Year
Miranda House

Synaesthesia

For all that 'neural cross-connection' is an easy enough phrase to use, synaesthesia-the intermingling of two or more senses-is a territory as sparsely charted as if it were humanity's own personal ocean floor. Apparently only one in twenty-three people possesses it, but then how it can even begin to be quantified eludes me: I don't know anyone, for example, who could possibly misunderstand a reference to a 'warm' smile, or, equally, anyone who would comprehend the statement that the letter Q is purple to me.

Perhaps, therefore, it's not simply a question of neural crosslinking, but of the *extent* of it-of how much is inborn, how much is conditioned, and by what extent we synaesthetes deviate from the norm. Not to mention the *type* of deviation: there are those who automatically link sound with taste, smell with touch, rhythm with sight and everything and nothing in between.

As for me, I know only this: that *not* sensing colour in sound, *not* sensing personality in an engine-driven object, *not* sensing the rise and fall of emotion or music or language, is more terrifying than a non-synaesthete can know. It means that tune, that object, that sentence, has no depth to it I can plumb-has no perceptible wavelength I can tap, has no identity beyond the one assigned it by the world.

So I look for colour and texture and weight: I look, as I understand it, for the truth. And if, instead, it's a void I find-I simply strike out for more intermingling currents.

Amrita Reji
B.A. English (Hons.) III Year
St Stephen's College

The Night Sky

The night sky, rayless, caliginous
The stars, the pulsating crystals of scintillation.

An expanse in itself unknown, stretching out into the mysterious deeps
Embodies my heart's only ideal-one of a ubiquitous proscenium.
So that I choreograph on it--desires, ideas, the fruits of my intellect,
Chiseling the way my soul wants it to be.

I forget, I remember, it has shattered-- the diamond points glint and
shine.

I, the progenitor, the interpreter
I mould it, I present it to myself
And to no one else.

Gone is my fear of ossification
In the laps of the magic woven by
The heterodoxy of lucent stars.
I break the manacles, break them all
And so it flows audaciously, serenading wildly.

एषा अग्रवाल
बी.कॉम. (वि०) दूसरा वर्ष
दिल्ली कला एवं वाणिज्य कॉलेज

सफ़र

पीले रंग में घुले अपने कमरे में,
आसमान की चादर ओढ़े अपनी शय्या पर खुद को समर्पित करते ही
सपनों से भरा तकिये का मटका
ले चला उस सूर्य की ओर,
जहाँ आग के अंगारे गेंद बन उछल चाँद पर लगी ट्यूब लाइट संग क्रिकेट खेलते
और छपाक! वो जा गिर नदी में-

तरंग जो छिड़ी लहरों में कि एक नटखट झूमता पत्ता
गुदगुदी लगा, भाग गया खिड़की से
ताक झाँक की इन सुस्त आँखों ने,
गोल घुम कर शून्य बना कर
फिर पहुँच गयी उस मैदान में-

जिसमें साइकिल चलाता मैं मिल गया किसी बादल से
अपनी बूँदों में समेट वह सुला गया
मेरी आसमानी शय्या पर
उस पीले रंग से भरे कमरे में।

from

COLLEGE FESTIVALS

Each year so many colleges of D.U. hold annual festivals which include some kind of Creative Writing competition or the other, in which students from various colleges participate. We publish below the prize-winning entries from two such competitions.

The B.R. Ambedkar College held this year a whole number of literary competitions including a Poetry competition, a Parody competition, and a Short Story competition which required each participant to weave into his narrative a number of random words including bookstall, biscuit, clown, hairband, hotel, New York, oven, rainbow and water melon. Probably meant to prevent participants from regurgitating rehearsed pieces, this went too far in the other direction and resulted in stories that were more contorted than creative! We have chosen from this college something rather more straightforward: two poems on the same theme, "Feeling of Getting Lost in a Book." Similarly, we have chosen from the literary festival held at Motilal Nehru College two pieces of fiction, offering widely variant treatment of the same theme "And they lived happily ever after..."

अवश्य ही हिंदी में भी ऐसी प्रतियोगिताएँ अनेक कॉलेजों में होती होंगी और हम प्रयत्न करेंगे कि ऐसी हिंदी रचनाएँ भी हम भविष्य के अंकों में छाप सकें।

We shall be delighted to consider for publication similar entries from other colleges. Organizers may kindly write to the Editor at:

dujournals.creative@gmail.com

From Literary Festival 2014
B. R. Ambedkar College

Chanchal Kumar
B.A. English (Hons.) II Year
Ramjas College

Feeling of Getting Lost in a Book

The lights go out from the world of men,

The blinds are drawn

It is then that I find a way to my universe

In the letters etched on the leaves,

In the yellow pages of my dear book.

Just like sepia memories in my mind

Or patterns made by star in the inky night sky,

There are valleys of tranquil revelation here,

Passionate waves in this sea of emotions.

There are no fetters on my feet,

Nothing to keep me bound,

Achilles and Odysseus call me

I do not struggle.

Let the calm waters carry me on,

For I know that it is by getting lost here

That I find myself.

From Literary Festival 2014
B.R Ambedkar College

Atul Mishra
B.A. English (Hons.) II Year
Ramjas College

Feeling of Getting Lost in a Book

Whirlpool of words
fondle your feelings.
Lingering characters dribble down like saliva
to map out another world
where you live liberated with your literature
like Saturn rings made of words.
A world created of coloured anecdotes
where your silent invocation
makes you a Dorian Gray or a Lord Henry.
You become a fountain of forms and thoughts
to feel like a ride on rainbow
like the wisdom to see beyond
like an eternal redemption,
realising only at the last page
that you are a fish
in the water of words.
Your fins are your feelings,
your skin is the smell of pages.

From Literary Festival 2014
Motilal Nehru College

Hemanta
B. A. English (Hons.) II year
School of Open Learning

'And they lived happily ever after.....'

'And they lived happily ever after.....' – A line everyone wishes to end his/her love story with. Radhika also wished the same for her love life. But she knew they could never live happily after this day. Burning tears rolled down her agonised eyes as she wrote in her private diary today:

"Who is more unfortunate than a man witnessing himself breaking the ever-cherished dream of one and all – being loved? What living being on earth doesn't want to be loved? Which creature can, knowingly, keep himself aloof from the one who loves him?? None. Everybody loves to get loved. I, too, am no exception to it. But I am that one unfortunate kid of God who can get all the love a woman desires and still has to give away the very thought of it. I am the one aware of the passions bestowed upon her and forced to lose them all. People say it hurts if you don't get to be with the one you love. Hardly do they know that equally painful is the bruise of not being with the one who loves you whole-heartedly.

"Yes!! I realise you are the one who can do anything to bring a smile to my face. Believe me, I am moved by your affections. No man can escape the desire of being loved and the happiness it brings. And I being a girl, just out of her teens, am more than happy with this thought.

"But I cannot accept your love. I cannot return your affections. And the fault lies not in my sincerity...but in our destiny. Being born in different castes is the only unfaithful act we have done to each other. My conservative family is not accepting this tie. They are not ready to approve of our marriage. They say it's neither acceptable by the society nor by them. I tried hard to convince those who brought me in this world, who gave me life, who take care of all my needs and most importantly, from whom I have learned what it is to love someone...that my happiness lies with you. But, in vain. They say man is a social animal and he cannot cut himself off from the society. They have forced upon me the unfortunate decision of choosing between you and them, my love and my family.

"With you life would have been happy, meaningful and content. But without them, life would never have existed. This is the time to pay back for all the love they have showered upon me till this moment. May be, after losing you, I will never smile again. But I would live for them. Yes, I chose my family over you, my love. And we can never be together in this life."

With these words she ended her own love story with shivering hands, a painful heart and a burning soul.

From Literary Festival 2014
Motilal Nehru College

Madhurima Sen
B.Com. (Hons.) II Year
Motilal Nehru College (Day)

And they lived happily ever after...

"We loved with a love that was more than love..."

Edgar Allan Poe

This is the story of two people, two people never meant to be together, but in love.

It was the monsoon season. Often mistaken for the season of love, yes mistaken...In India there is nothing lovely about it. Roads with potholes, traffic jams, absolute filth everywhere, it is humid and sweaty. But life is unpredictable; if lotuses can bloom in muddy water...then there is hope for everything.

It was her first day in college. She was not at all happy about it. After all it was not the college of her dreams, a mere 91% could not have given her a North Campus college in Delhi University! A mere 91%!... And it had to be B.Com. Honours, so she had no choice. With that heavy load of mortification of getting into a B grade college she entered into college life. New faces, new journey! This was the very first step. After that tiring journey in the DTC bus she entered the college gates. She reached the common hall where all the new admissions were supposed to gather for orientation. She took her seat and that's when she saw HIM, standing in a corner of the stage.

Not that he had breathtaking beauty but that calm, serene look on his face...his eyes hidden behind his spectacles staring into the audience...there was depth, there was pain. Supposedly he was part of the so called "senior gang" of the college. Totally out of her league, she knew. Later that month she got to know that this senior gang was

throwing them a Freshers' Party. That is when she got his mobile number. The urge to talk to him was killing her, how could she? What would she say? What would he think? A random junior messaging would seem too desperate. She knew she definitely wanted to know him. Honestly she thought a guy with such sophisticated, smart looks was not to be found in her college...he was the exception for sure.

He had earlier come to her class to invite the freshers for the party. That night she gathered some courage and texted him inquiring about the college societies, for that was the only topic she thought would be appropriate. As she had expected he was very warm and helpful. And she got to know he was a Bengali too like her!! That was a score card! One could talk in their mother tongue, that Bong connection could have worked for her.

Now she realized she had feelings for him. It is not like they talked a lot or met frequently but yes, there was something special. The Freshers' Party was over, nothing special happened there. Unfortunately, he was too busy interacting with his juniors, and she was just another junior for him. After a few weeks she wrote "falling for you" as her WhatsApp status. It was for him. They were talking...chatting to be precise now. To her surprise he asked her who that was for...and to her surprise she told him the truth!! What was she thinking!

This could have been the end for her. He was shocked quite naturally! She expected some positive response...she hoped that he liked her too...but that was not the case. Love is not easy, he said he will always be there for her but nothing could work out because he was still into his ex-girlfriend. Her world came crashing down. He told her this girl was his best friend; she was studying in London so due to the long distance they had called it off. As if she cared. Had it been someone else she would have never kept any connection and had cut all ties...in this case closure would have been easy because they were not even close friends but something told her not to lose hope, and she went on to make this friendship stronger. He was a gentlemen, he never made her feel rejected. They used to meet sometimes...sit in the

canteen...do crazy psychoanalysis, talk about music, movies, school days...

One day he showed her his ex-girlfriend's picture. The girl was partially blind. She was speechless...it was unusual for a guy like him...so smart, so handsome in his own way, to fall for a partially blind girl. She realized something that day...that when it is love nothing matters. There was admiration, respect for him and most of all her love for him grew stronger, it was not a mere crush, it was love, not that she let him realize that. One day while they were chatting at night about their favourite romantic movies he said one of his favourites was "Serendipity". He said that he thought we all were mere puppets of fate, that when destiny wants two people to meet they meet, if they are meant to fall in love they do, he said even they both could be together if destiny wished them to be.

She read those lines...She asked herself if there was hope...She had started giving up on their love, because she knew his love for that girl was pure. Her love, on the other hand, did not matter...His words that day about destiny definitely meant a lot to her...as if there was a hidden message and life went on. Their on and off friendship continued, with both of them busy in their own lives.

It was his year of graduation; time had passed without their realizing it. She knew he had to go. They say if you love someone you should let them go...and she did. The harsh reality was that he did not even meet her on his graduation day, as if she meant nothing...But she let him go, because she loved him and he never looked back.....she never looked back. It was like they were strangers all of a sudden...no text messages, no Facebook messages even, they never even tried to get back in touch...

Many years passed. A girl who had thought she could never fall in love was in love...She had completed her M.B.A and had landed a project in Chicago, U.S.A. Her boyfriend was her best friend in her M.B.A school. He was witty and funny and made her forget her worries and even her past. He was in India though at that time, she missed him...she believed she loved him. It was winter in Chicago...practically

everything was covered in snow...but it was enjoyable. One evening she went for a stroll to the Chicago River. She sat on the bench and started observing the surroundings. It was calm and peaceful...the night was beautiful. Suddenly she noticed a familiar face at the end of the pedestrian path on the bank of the river.

She could not believe her eyes....it was HIM! He had not changed, at least by looks. As she was staring in amazement his eyes fell upon her. At first he did not recognize her but the very next moment she could see him coming towards her. This was not going to be easy. Her quite insignificant past flashed before her eyes. This man was nothing but still everything she had ever wished for. Her heartbeat grew faster as he approached her and before she knew he was there in front of her...He looked surprised...in a nice way. "I don't believe this," he said. His voice eased her nervousness. It had been so long, almost 4 years. But the memories were vivid still. "Now how come you are still following me mister, I did not know your love for me was that strong."

He laughed. He was here on a company assignment. They got into a conversation. And that's how it felt, just like the old times. After sometime they got up for a walk. Soon they reached a skating arena. He said this place reminded him of that scene from "Serendipity" the movie where the protagonists meet after three years and confess their love for each other. She did not want to go there, she did not want her feelings to come alive again. He suggested that they should skate, this seemed like a great idea, and though she knew very little about it she agreed, it just felt right to do it. She told him that she was not at all great at skating...she was too young when she had tried it...At that moment he held her hand and said "Trust me, I will be here holding your hand and I won't let you fall." He looked into her eyes and she wanted the moment to freeze, she could stand there all her life just looking into his eyes.

They put on their skates and started flying...she did not want this to end. His holding her hand made her forget all the worries. It was the perfect night, he was the perfect man, she wanted to spread her wings and fly so high; the ecstasy, the joy was unbelievable for her!

Soon they got tired and sat on a bench nearby. It was overwhelming for her. "I love you man! I had no idea you could be so much fun, I did not want to stop." He looked into her eyes again and said, "I did not want to stop either, I never told you this but I felt something too when I first met you; it may sound crazy but I did. I just had no idea what that feeling was. I told you about my ex-girlfriend, right? Well, she is my best friend, she was always there for me, I know she loves me more than herself. I just could not leave her...it did not feel right. She needs me. That is why I kept ignoring how I felt for you, I wish we could be something...but I cannot do anything about it, I just wanted to tell you this, hope you will understand...I don't know if there is another man in your life, I wish there is, you are beautiful and anyone would be so lucky to have you...I just wish that was me." She went all numb. There was truth in his eyes, she knew it. She had no words, what do you say when there is no point in saying anything. She just smiled, and said "Believe me, together or not, this night is my serendipity, I can live my whole life in this one night."

And they knew that even if those three words were not said it was everything they ever wanted to hear. He held her hand and they sat there that cold night, staring into the air. It had started snowing...and they sat there saying nothing more.....

These two people went on to live their lives with their respective partners and they loved them. But what they had was more than love. All stories may not have happy endings, but that does not stop two people from loving each other, that does not make the story sad. For some this story has nothing special in it but real life is like that...Only those who feel it can know the real thing.

And so they lived happily ever after together in their hearts....Because true love is not about being together physically, it is about being assured that even when you are miles away from that person your souls stay connected.....always!

Translations / अनुवाद

इस द्विभाषी पत्रिका की दो भाषाओं में निरे सह-अस्तित्व के अलावा कुछ सक्रिय आदान-प्रदान भी हो सके इस विचार से हमने पिछले अंक में सुझाव दिया था कि हम हिंदी से अंग्रेजी में अथवा अंग्रेजी से हिंदी में किये गए अनुवाद भी छापेंगे। श्रेष्ठ साहित्यिक कृतियों के अनुवाद जब आयें तब आयें पर श्रीगणेश करने के लिए हमने कहा था कि पिछले अंक में छपी किसी भी रचना के अनुवाद का भी स्वागत होगा। ऐसा एक ही अनुवाद हमें मिला, किसी छात्र नहीं बल्कि एक उत्साही अध्यापक द्वारा किया हुआ, जिसे हम सहर्ष छाप रहे हैं। आशा है हमारी पत्रिका के इस प्रयास को भविष्य में अधिक समर्थन मिलेगा।

So as to promote not only a passive co-existence between the two languages of this bilingual journal but also some active give-and-take between them, we had announced in our previous issue that we shall publish works of translation from one language into another, and that while we waited for translations to arrive of great works of literature, we could perhaps set the ball rolling with translations of any contribution published in our first issue. We received only one such translation, from not a student but an enthusiastic member of the faculty, which we are pleased to publish here. We hope that this initiative will receive further support in future.

दिल्ली और मैं ~ Delhi & Me

अनुवादिका : डॉ नीरू जैन
हिंदी विभाग

Original poem : Tripti Kumari
Ph.D. Scholar
Department of Chemistry

(पाठकों की सुविधा के लिए इस कविता के दोनों पाठ क्रमशः छोटे-छोटे अंशों में
छापे जा रहे हैं.)

जितना ही मैं शुक्रिया अदा करती हूँ इस शहर का, कि जो कुछ भी इसने मुझे
दिया है

-- और कितने अच्छे से गले लगाया मुझ नवागन्तुक को--

मैं इस बात से इंकार नहीं कर सकती, कि इसने मेरा चैन छीन लिया है।

कि यहाँ बिताए प्रत्येक मजेदार क्षण के बावजूद

मैं जीवन की उन घड़ियों को याद करके पछताती हूँ, जिन्हें मैं कभी 'जन्नत' कहती
थी।

कि जितनी ही मुस्कुराहटें मेरे परिचित मुझ पर चमकाते हैं
मैं भूल नहीं पाती कि इस शहर ने मेरे दोस्तों की सच्ची हँसी को छीन लिया है।

For as much as I thank this city for what it has given me

And for how well it embraced me as a newcomer

I cannot deny that it has taken away all my peace

For all the fun I have in its each moment

I do regret missing in my life what I once called "*bliss*"

For as many smiles my acquaintances flash at me

I can't ignore that it has taken away from me the real laughter of my
friends...

इस शहर ने मुझे परिष्कृत किया पर नैसर्गिकता से वियुक्त कर दिया
इसने मुझे बारीकियाँ सिखाई पर भीतर की मासूमियत दूर भगा दी
इसने मुझे मेहनत की जगह जुगाड़ के लिए प्रेरित किया....।

इसकी भागमभाग में
इसने मुझे स्वाधीन दिमाग दिया, पर मुक्त आत्मा छीन ली
इसने मेरी परिधि को विस्तृत किया पर मेरी जगह संकुचित कर दी
इसने मुझे पंख दिए पर उड़ने की छोटी से छोटी इच्छा को लील लिया।

This city polished me, but deprived me of rawness...
It taught me the technicalities, but chased away the core innocence
It pushed me to work smart, but never hard...

In its hustle and bustle
It gave me an independent mind, but snatched the free soul
It broadened my horizons, but narrowed my space...
It gave me the wings, but took away even the slightest will to fly...

इस शहर में आना, मैंने चाहा था
और जो कुछ भी इसने मुझे सिखाया - आसान या मुश्किल
जो भी सोहबतें इसने मुझ पर न्योछावर की
जो मैं यहाँ आकर खुली
मैं शुक्रगुज़ार रहूंगी, हमेशा...।

पर क्या जो कुछ भी इसने मुझ से दिया है,
वह कभी उन चीज़ों की जगह ले सकेगा जो इसने मुझसे ले ली हैं
- एक छोटे शहर की लड़की से?
अपने परिवार से दूर, आज इस शहर ने मुझे छोड़ दिया है
-अकेला और उदास.....।

Coming to this city was a choice
And for all that it taught me-- the easy or hard way
For all the companionship it showered on me
For the evolution it invoked in me
I will be ever thankful...

But can what it gave ever be a substitute for what all it pulled out of
me-a small town girl?
With my family away, today this city left me bereft and alone...

OUR NEXT ISSUE / अगला अंक

Announcements

Contributions for the next issue of DU-Vidha may be sent latest by 15 October 2014. These may be sent through e-mail and follow the lay-out of the contributions published in this issue, giving (on top right) the name of the contributor, the course and year of study, and the name of the college.

All contributions may be sent by email to:

dujournals.creative@gmail.com

अगले अंक के लिए रचनाएँ ऊपर दिए ईमेल पते पर १५ अक्टूबर के पहले भेजें।

Comments and Suggestions. Any feedback and comments on the current issue, and suggestions regarding future issues, are welcome.

इस अंक की रचनाओं पर प्रतिक्रियाएँ व अगले अंक के लिए सुझाव अवश्य भेजें।

Translations. To promote bilingual interaction, we invite you to submit a translation of your favourite piece of writing in this issue, from either English into Hindi or from Hindi into English. The best entries will be published in the next issue.

इस अंक में छपी किसी प्रिय रचना का अनुवाद भेजिए चाहे अंग्रेज़ी से हिंदी में या हिंदी से अंग्रेज़ी में। चुनिंदा अनुवाद अगले अंक में छपेंगे।

Student Editors. We propose to appoint Student Editors to help with the editing, proofing, lay-out, visual enhancement, and other aspects of future issues of the journal. If you wish to be considered, send a short c.v. listing your skills and relevant experience, together with a 2-page sample of your own writing-- in Hindi or in English or in both.

हिंदी में भी छात्र संपादकों की उतनी ही आवश्यकता है।