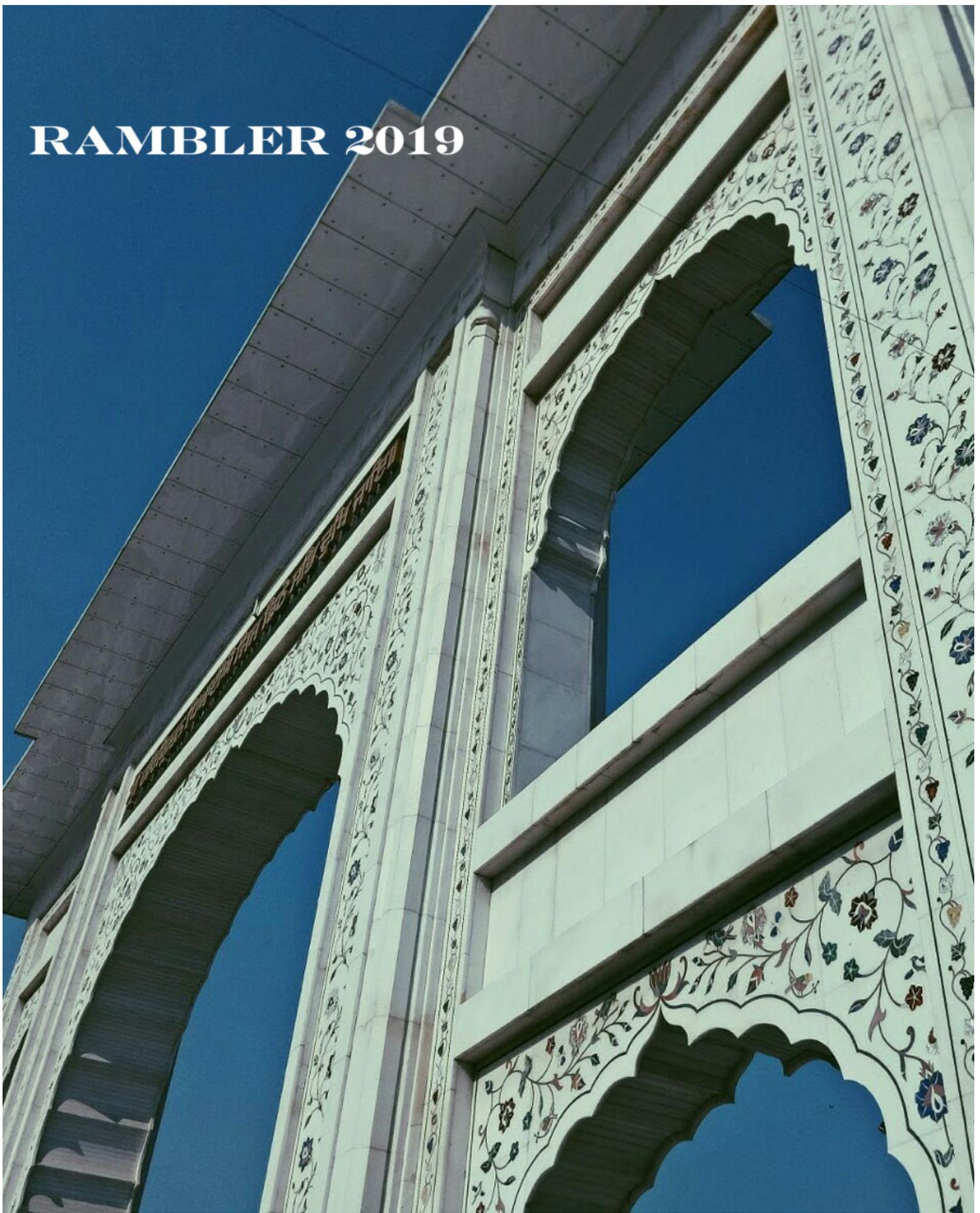


RAMBLER 2019



RAMBLER

2018-19



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Editorial

'I am alone in the midst of these happy, reasonable voices. All these creatures spend their time explaining, realizing happily that they agree with each other. In Heaven's name, why is it so important to think the same things all together.' Jean Paul Sartre

Jean Paul Sartre sums up aptly the angst of the age we are living in where a diversity of voices are struggling to find expression. The year gone by has been witness to political, social and personal upheavals and our lives have been full of unease. Be it our anxiety of articulating our felt experience or problems in accepting who we truly are, the times that we are living in are some of the most turbulent. The year has been momentous and marked by various kinds of movements which call into question the hegemony of dominant voices and narratives. Some of the significant voices have been of teachers demanding education to be made more inclusive, of women's struggle against sexual harassment which found expression through #Me Too, civil society protests against attacks on minorities and marginalized sections of our society and finally decriminalization of homosexuality after a long legal battle.

As always, Rambler 2019 also engages with social and political issues of our times. The creative outpourings are present in all possible forms- poems, short story, script writing, academic paper, review articles, sketches, surveys and micro tales! Not only a diversity of forms but also a range of issues that reflects the refined sensibility of our creative writers. While confronting the myriad struggles of our times, Rambler 2019 tries to let go of all stereotypes and biases, and hopes for a peaceful, inclusive and harmonious world, where everyone feels safe and at peace with themselves, who they are and who they want to be, not who they need to be.

The academic initiative and excellence of our students and faculty saw new heights this year. The English department organized its first ever International Students Seminar on 'Myth and Archetypes and their workings in Drama' which saw a wide participation and quality papers. The vibrant nature of our various cultural and academic societies is evident in their reports and the laurels that they bring to the college.

Rambler pays tribute to the prolific writer, Nobel laureate, V.S. Naipaul, a well-recognized voice of the postcolonial world. Known for his incisive critique of colonialism and its aftermath, Naipaul invited both acclaim and scorn, but he remains a towering figure in the world of letters. We dedicate the issue to V.S. Naipaul's memory.

We hope the readers find Rambler 2019 intellectually stimulating, creatively satisfying and visually appealing.

A disaster dramatized: Appropriation of the apocalyptic myth in Post 9/11 TV drama and the potentiality of the stereotypes to become archetypes

The post 9/11 era has largely been marked by a collapse of the traditional mores of binary between the 'oppressed' and 'oppressor' and so, reading the 'War on Terror' within a biopolitical framework helps us arrive at a possible understanding of the objectives of representation politics on American screens.

First developed into a social theory by Michel Foucault, the framework of Biopolitics helps us to examine the mechanisms via which human life is subjected to state control, not just politically but biologically as well. However, Foucault observes that though a biopolitical regime is concerned with holding the power of preservation of life, it is intertwined with the need to eliminate certain 'other' lives. The normalization of the elimination is done effectively by way of visual media narratives. By containing within itself a fixed frame of interpretation, visual media seeks to shape reality in a certain way that is best adapted to its needs, in this case, to a biopolitical sovereignty. Therefore, mythic interpretations of incidents become powerful tools of the biopolitics of representation.

In the Post 9/11 era Muslims have been construed as a threat to the general population at the level of biopolitics. A certain framework- of the apocalyptic myth here- thereby becomes a crucial formula deployed to promote a preferred way of life and normalise the elimination of biopolitically undesirable lives.

Several Television dramas after 9/11 drew on the nation's collective memory of the collapse of the Twin Towers to justify the vilification of the entire Muslim race and thus, stereotypical representations of the Muslim as essentially a terrorist gained prominence. Although a number of Television dramas, docudramas and Films drew on the anxiety residing within the collective unconscious after the attacks and myths were deployed to not just deal with it but also to foreground the future action of the nation as justifiable, this paper will focus on one such TV drama, *Homeland*.

Homeland is a drama that has garnered a lot of attention from the audience and critics alike, winning a number of Emmys. The opening scene with a montage of actual news clips, including that of the collapsing towers, excerpts from speeches by George Bush and Barack Obama, the Pan Am bombings, etc. locates the show within a lived past thus drawing on both history and memory together framing terrorism as repetitive and historical phenomenon.

Homeland appropriates the myth of Apocalypse not merely in terms of an external phenomenon looming large, but also as an inner apocalypse that seeks to annihilate the protagonist Carrie Mathison. In terms of an external apocalypse, it has all the elements- a) the End of Innocence; b) the Victims; c) the Prophet; d) the Anti- Christ or the Villain; e) the Chosen Few f) Hope for Regeneration. The idea of an End of innocence is conveyed via the portrayal of corruption not just at the level of organisation (within the CIA, all the employees are suspicious of each other) but also at the level of the individual (an ex Naval Marine Sniper, Nicholas Brody, is turned into a terrorist); the Victims are of course innocent American Civilians including the wives and Children of soldiers; the Prophets are all those officials providing support and guiding the public in dark times (Saul Berenson in all 7 seasons, President Keane in season 7, etc.); the Muslims, irrespective of their socio-

economic, and cultural- political backgrounds are all Anti- Christ figures bent on bringing down the civilisation- everyone, right from Saudi Diplomat [Al- Zahrani] to high ranking journalist [Roya Hammad] and professor [RaqimFaisel] to a tailor [Bassel] is involved in terrorist activities; the Chosen few are the few honest CIA officials that include Carrie, Saul and Quinn; and each season ends with some hope for things to be better in the next one.

Moreover, Carrie's Bipolar condition can also be seen as a metaphor for the apocalypse, with the two opposing pulls of her psyche signifying the two competing forces of Christ and Anti-Christ oscillating between mania or a heightened sense of Euphoric control and depression or a sense of foreboding and annihilation. Her management or lack thereof of the condition runs parallel to the progression towards the end of the world for which America or more specifically the CIA becomes a convenient synecdoche.

More than affecting the perceptions of the audience, the visual stereotype of the Muslim used in TV dramas and other media representations, carries the potentiality of acquiring a universal pattern of negative association turning into an archetype.

Carl Jung in his works has talked at length about the power of symbolic images in a narrative. He suggested that in times of crisis and anxiety, mankind will take a recourse to archaic material. For Jung, "At the start of this process of change, the presence of an archetype may not be recognised. . . As it surfaces it sheds its archaic pattern and takes on a cultural overlay as it finds expression in the political realm".²¹

In his early accounts, Lamarckian ideas helped Jung to account for the possibility that archetypal images were acquired over time by repetition. He suggests in a number of works that the unconscious records particular reactions to a stimulus at the same time as the conscious. These reactions had 'repercussions' at different depths in the structure of the mind and the 'repercussions' reaching the unconscious layer persisted as archetype, making them recurrent impressions of subjective reactions. Thus, there is ample evidence suggesting that 'symbols' proceeding from the deepest layer of the unconscious can be qualified as a case of accumulation of images over years of cultural conditioning and the archetypes representing inherited forms of psychic behaviour, when manifested in the conscious mind, reflect inherited forms of social behaviour i.e., stereotypes. It is also imperative to note that, Jung was writing at a time when symbols may have seemed to stem from primeval past with an evolutionary basis, with a possibility of their existing throughout an indefinite future, he could not have possibly foreseen the changes in human consciousness brought about by a change in society.

To conclude, even though Jung calls archetypes 'axiomatic structures' of a crystal, which can take on various manifest forms in the form of images, it is not improbable that these 'axiomatic structures'(of negative archetypal patterns) when paired with a single manifest form(of a visual stereotype) over time may take on its features. This paper does not seek to certainly answer whether or not stereotypes will definitively become archetypal patterns in the long run, but only attempts to raise new questions that can open perspectives on the way in which we read cultural images.

Iqra Raza

(Best paper in International student seminar, 'Myth and Archetypes, and their Workings in Drama,' 2019)

Ode To my Best friend

You entered my life like a gentle sigh,
Like a quiet breeze blowing softly through the leaves
You were a stranger at first, one who laughed freely and easily,
who spoke of minor intimacies and common grounds,
who made me feel strangely liked and valued.
You became my friend, no longer a strange,
trusting me with secrets hidden,
Confiding what you liked and hated.
We talked and laughed and, as time passed by,
I grew more and more dependent upon you

From strangers to friends was just a baby step,
A step a thousand others take every day.
Without your trust and trusting ways,
Without your smiles and encouraging gaze,
I would never have taken the step beyond.
But gentle breeze blowing through the leaves
is relentless and never ending.
We became closer friends and closer still,
Until much of my life was centered around the times
We spent together

We traveled far along the path of friendship,
Avoiding the bumps somehow, and never stumbling
Always in step with another.
You were my guide, my eyes and ear.
For the unlit path that lay ahead of us
Hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder
You brought me along our course,
To a destination I had never seen before.
You became my best friend along that journey,
the anchor in my life where none had ever been.

You did a good job of guiding our steps,
A job no other could ever do,
And it wasn't your fault, really, when I stumbled.
Somewhere along our path,
Perhaps where the heights were making me dizzy with joy
I simply lost my balance and fell.
But you were there,
my best friend to guide me still.

Abhyuday Bhargava

B.A. (Hons) Psychology 2ndYear

The Conflict of Mind and Body: Critiquing Dualism: Exploring the Archetype of Transposed Heads

The whole human enterprise in all disciplines from science to philosophy, in every culture and religion and in all ages had been curious regarding the question of who they really are. Mind or body? The conflict of mind and body is central to the play 'Hayavadana' by Girish Karnad and the novella 'The Transposed Heads' by Thomas Mann. Both these texts critique dualism i.e., the splitting of human being into mind and body .

Some schools in Indian philosophy such as Advaita Vedanta advocate non dual concept of consciousness. Vedanta view Self (atman) as pervading universally in everyone whereas in western philosophy 'self' is attached distinctly to individual beings. This notion of Self does not lead to any dualism of mind and body or of consciousness and the world (Cossellu34,36).

The novella is about two friends Shridaman and Nanda who acknowledge their mutual attractiveness to each other owing to the opposite qualities they have. Both the friends sacrifice their heads in the temple of Kali. The heads of both the friends get transposed by Sita in darkness.

Mann ridicules the notion of head being held superior to body and describes the futility of such views. The anchorite provides his solution to the quarrel by holding head over body. Neither shridaman nor nanda is able to resist changes in the body and finally gets transformed into their original versions. The concern of mann is to show the importance of every part and habit of human body in the working of an individual.

This monistic worldview of Mann can be attributed to the philosophical and scientific theories prevalent at the turn of the 20th century. Though, all the contradictions, contrasts and differentiations cannot exist in strict monism (300). Mann, being aware of this, advocates monism regarding the existence of human body while portraying contradictions at the same time in his novella. The dialectical theory of Hegel states that the absolute is formed as a result of synthesising of opposites in a determination of a form or concept (Maybee).

That's why the union of opposite forces is advocated by portraying contrasting beliefs, characters ,and their extension to polarities in metaphysics. Sita's transposition of the heads symbolizes the writer's yearning to erase the chasm between spirit and nature as well as art and life (Mundt, "Transposed Heads" 167-168).

The plot of the play 'Hayavadana' is based on a story in 'Vetalpanchavimsati' borrowed through the novella 'The Transposed Heads' by Thomas Mann. Karnad has taken the course of humanism in 'Hayavadana' as he focusses on the complex psycho-social dimensions of human existence (Dhanavel, "Identity Crisis" 37).

The main plot of the play is about the individual desires of two friends Devdatta and Kapila to eradicate their sense of incompleteness. However, Padmini's dilemma is even more intensified due to her never ending desire to achieve the complete husband. The heads of both the friends ,intentionally or unintentionally, gets transposed by Padmini. Both the friend feel jubilated after shifting of their heads as their desire to possess each other's qualities seems to

be fulfilled. However, the transposing of heads leads to another dilemma regarding the identity of the real husband of Padmini.

The old habits of both the friends leads to their biological transformation into their original version. This makes Padmini crave once more for Kapila. The two of them try to fulfill their desires in the forest. The coming of Devdatta marks the ending of their union. All of them find it impossible to achieve any solution to their problem except death. According to the lacanian idea of metonymic desire, the desire remain unquenchable and insatiable even when many substitutes are available for the object of desire. (Dhanavel, "Lacanian Reading" 82).

In the subplot, Hayavadana with horse head and human body represents the quest to become complete human. His mother is cursed by her husband to become a mare and enters into animal's world. According to Lacan, animals are not obsessed with the desire to watch the mirror. As a result, they do not have any desire for recognition. In the novella, both Hayavadana and his mother get rid of their incompleteness by entering the world of animals. (Dhanavel, "Lacanian Reading" 82,87).

Karnad was highly influenced by the European philosophers such as Sartre and Camus. As a result, we can trace the alienation of characters to their existential crisis. The acts such as conversion of Hayavadana into full horse rather than complete human and the killing of two friends at each other's hand shows the absurdity of human existence (Gill 8).

The figure of God Ganesha is referred to as both "single tusked destroyer of incompleteness" (Karnad 1) as well as "the embodiment of imperfection, of incompleteness" (1). We can conclude that the playwright concern is to reflect that no human can be complete on their own and therefore, satisfaction and harmony lies in the acceptance of what one actually is.

The archetype of transposition of heads had been used by both the writers in two different literary genres- novella and drama. The texts are based on Hindu Mythology but their thematic concerns extend to the whole humankind. Mann advocates that the synthesis of opposites makes up the absolute reality. Karnad critiques the never ending desire of modern man to be complete in all aspects. The missing attributes drive them to bitterness, anxiety and depression. Mere imitation suppresses their original self. The solution lies in accepting what one truly is and recognizing one's own uniqueness.

Diwakar Attri

B.A.(Hons) English 3rdYear

To every moon

To every moon..

That left me speechless.

That turned into a sun.

You are loved more and more each day.

For you give me reasons.

To wake up even in the dead of the night. And feel.

Muskan

B.A.(Hons)English 3rdYear

Been writing and deleting

Maybe I need a plethora of thoughts
Maybe I need more of delusion and fantasy
More romance to flow in my veins
More blood full of bedazzlement to pump inside my heart
Maybe I need a sanctum to collect my feelings
Maybe I need a piece of paper
A paintbrush or H pencil
To draw my ideas
To bring out the novelty
Maybe all I need is a smile
Maybe all I need is embrace
Maybe all I need is veneration
Maybe all I need is your smile, your embrace, your veneration
Maybe all I need is more of you
Maybe all I need is more of me
That sound of heart when you are around
That irregular heart beat when I hear your voice
That turbulent flow of your incantation leading to benign murmur in heart
That shyness when you look into my eyes
That incitant eyes of yours at my dizzy talk
That considerate eyes of yours at my sober and earnest talk
That brickle sound of purgation
That overwhelming smile of yours
That feminine softness in your voice
That softness and gentleness in your hand
That affection you see in the sound of my laughter
That kindness in your harshness
That generosity in your hardness
That blaring and clamorous voice when you scold me
That blaring voice when you show concern for me
That insecurities you show
That love, bedazzlement you show
I hope you will deduce
I hope you will infer
I hope our hearts are same
I hope our souls are same
Irregular lub dub in mine when you approach
Irregular club dub in yours when I'm in trouble
Maybe it's all hidden in the ache, my beloved
It is in affection
It is in respect
It is in bedazzlement
It is in insecurities

It is in your scolding's
My love, It is all wrapped in love with our names written over it.

Sakina Asghar
B.Sc. (Hons) Botany 2nd Year

DESIRE (Microtale)

He had the desire to touch and hug her, but he can't.
His mother was crying in front of his torn body parts.
News Flashed on the TV: "Bomb Blast in Kashmir".

Safia Ismail
B.A. (Hons) English 2nd Year

Destiny

Destiny, it's the most hypocritical word. People drive away the consequences of their conscious actions saying, "it's my destiny". The biggest proof? My dusted camera. Well, I have to leave now. My patients are waiting.

Kalyani Sunil
B.A.(Hons) English 1st Year
(First prize in Microtale competition conducted in connection with Rhapsody 2019)

Destiny (Microtale)

You've always been the closest person to my heart even though you left my heart abandoned a long time ago. I stash your memories in every possible corner of my heart because I know destiny won't allow us to stay under the same tree ever again...

Alina Junaid
B.A. (Prog) 2nd Year

Biofertilizers; A boon for agriculture in the present era

The bombarding population of the world is placing a tremendous pressure in food production. To combat this increasing demand of food, farmers are switching towards the use of chemical fertilizers along with pesticides to enhance food production by several folds without knowing its consequences. These harmful chemicals are accumulated in crop plants cultivated in these soil, pass on into the water bodies as well and are biomagnified at each trophic level resulting into severe health related issues. Not only these chemicals deprive the soil health but also

deteriorates the population of beneficial soil micro-fauna. These chemicals are derived from the fossil fuels which are polluting the environment and bringing about the climate change.

India is an agricultural country and nearly two third of the population is engaged in agriculture, which also accounts a major role in Indian economy. The current scenario strictly emphasis the need to adopt natural and eco-friendly agricultural practises. Biofertilizers comes out to be the novel candidate to overcome this global issue of food crisis along with playing an important role in maintaining physiochemical and biological properties of rhizosphere and developing healthy ecosystem in the changing environment.

Biofertilizers are artificially multiplied cultures of microbes inoculants, of certain soil organisms which improve the soil health via N_2 fixation, increasing crop yield by several folds and enhancing the soil fertility. They improve drainage and aeration in the soil, reduce compaction and improve the water holding capacity and porosity of the soil. They have been found favourable for various crops covering cereals, cotton, millets, sugarcane, and some vegetable varieties etc. They also promote the growth of the plants by resisting against drought and other abiotic stresses and produce better crop yield in reduced moisture conditions as well. The government of India is also seeking to encourage the use of biofertilizers in agriculture and also promote private initiatives and commercial viabilities of their production. Government is also promoting commercial production under the aegis of National Project on Organic Farming (NPOF) as part of National plan on climate change(NAPCC). Biofertilizers make available all the minerals and nutrients without compromising the shortcomings of conventional chemically based fertilizers.

Thus, biofertilizers could serve as an alternative source of fertilizer as they are certainly cheaper, eco-friendly, more convenient to use and can deliver substantial economic and environmental benefits to the farmers.

Aadil Ashraf

B.Sc. (Hons) Botany

Knowledge

We build our own caves
We build our own walls
If one is to blame
it is one himself
for he carries with the wind
of spirits, a land unknown.
Unknown to the naked
blind eyes of the humans.
Humans who look at the
morning sun not to see the beauty
but to capture it
A moonlight
bright enough to blind
the weak and give sight
to the little strong men.
Accidents that crash human

existence, where glass flies
and enters the eyes of
the onlookers who
look and stare.
Heavy breaths that used
to calm your heavy heart, no
longer do they work for
the heart is heavier than ever.
Beetles, flies, bees
guess some are better
without my tough touch
a skin pure yet full of
unethical undesirable dirt.
We bake our own bread
We cook our own fears
We breathe our own spirits
And we eat our own skins
Maybe it's time to stop
Looking for hunters
in the road less maps that
our "mature" minds have
imprinted with spilled tea
and just
no way to clean.
Yet we'll never call
you filthy or dirty or lost
because "humans" are
never not right they carry
in their blood the showers of
wealth of knowledge
which knowledge itself
knows not.

Muskan

B.A.(Hons)English 3rdYear

#Me too: Are Two Words Enough?

The #Me Too movement was one of the biggest movements on the Internet in 2017. The Hashtag which comprised of only two words represented the stories of millions of women and helped them express what they could not even in billion sentences. The #Me Too movement was against the sexual harassment and assault faced by women all over the world.

This movement helped women all over the world to unite and fight against the injustices that they have been facing. Women of all ages, nationalities and races unite in this one movement to raise their voices and let the world know of their suffering.

This movement became popular and broke many stereotypes and prejudices which often surround women and sexual assaults. #Me Too was a movement which not only made women feel empowered but also made the world aware about the ubiquitous nature of sexual harassment. Women wrote down their experiences of sexual harassment, posting pictures or by just simply supporting other women in their pursuits.

In the end, this simple hashtag of two words became a movement and voice of many, because of the fact that all women could relate to getting harassed at least once in their lifetime. This movement let the fact out that be it any country, culture or religion, experiences of sexual assault or harassment for women, all remain same.

But one might wonder, are these two words enough? Or are they too much for women, who have been taught to suppress their voices for as long as patriarchy exists, i.e. since forever. In a patriarchal and misogynistic set-up where most women do not get the privilege of having enough words to express their sufferings, is # me too the most that women are going to get?

Me Too does not just represent two words clubbed together. It has stories of millions behind it. But are stories all that women are going to give and get out of it?

Me Too was, is, and will always be one of the biggest movements in the history of mankind which gave women their voices back and eradicated their fear of raising it. This movement shook the patriarchy to its core because it gave women that opportunity to speak which they did not have before.

But is speaking out the pit-stop? Just two words are normally not enough, but when it comes to women, maybe two words are just more than enough. Women had to fight for their right to speak, for their right to act, it might be a different battle altogether. But as of now, for all the battles women have fought against deep-rooted patriarchy, maybe the two words are just enough.

Ruchika Verma

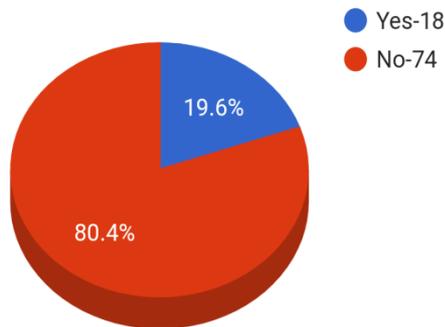
B.A.(Hons) English 2ndYear

The Woman In The Window

There is a dragon
Draped around her ear
Blowing leaves inside,
Crawling on her veins
as the fire blows out
In a reckless collide.
subtle smoke rings
Forming tornados around
What she feels,
The tickles of its skin
Turning patterns below
What she sees.
Each whisper she lets go
Or they let out

Reaching through barks,
 The twists of her body
 Merging with its shape
 And words through art.
 What do you know?
 About the woman
 Opening those windows,
 You cover her with curtains
 Falling down the sorrow
 As her face glows.
 She is alive like i am
 With a dragon flying

UGC released two notifications via the Gazette of India on 12th Feb. 2018 namely Graded Autonomy Regulations and Autonomous College Regulations.



GAR, 2018 intends to grant autonomy to the universities. However, even the category I universities can start new initiatives only by self-funding. The delegation of funding to loan system will compel higher institutes to become market oriented and making immense hike in student fee structure.

in that beautiful mind,
 Eyes speaking for her
 Pain losing to leaves
 Growing in her smile.

Gurleen Kaur Sethi
 B.A. (Hons) English 2nd Year

Student Speak

(The move towards privatization of higher education has caused a lot of unrest in Delhi university since last year. Rambler conducted an online survey voicing opinions of the students on this issue.)

Opinion Poll: “Should higher education be privatized?”

Some honorable mentions:

“No, because when you say education is for all, you should mean it too”

- Harshita Chandolia, Eng.(H)

“No, as privatization is defying the human rights of the poor sections of the society to acquire quality education”.

- Aisha Zehba, Chem.(H)

“Students like me can afford regular college only because it has not been privatized yet”
- Md. Jameel Haider, Pol. Sc.(H)

“No, as privatization will prevent students from entering top universities like DU”
- AashiSengar, Eng.(H)

“No, because only affordable education can help in breaking through societal norms and differences. Big No!”
- Shubham Mishra, Eng.(H)

“No,since the attempt to replace UGC with HECI points at Centre’s aim to amplify role of bureaucracy in educational matters.”
- Deepak Singh, Pol.Sc.(H)

“No, because privatization will increase the donation culture.”
- Ankur, B.sc(H)

“No,because privatization will make higher education inaccessible for girls belonging to poor and middle-class families;”
- Jaya Mishra, Eng.(H)

“No,this will make higher education more exclusive and, thus, will obstruct the growth rate of this country. Education should be mandated free or atleast subsidized”
- Ruchika Verma, Eng.(H)

“No, because only public institutions can create a sense of community among diverse communities from which students come”
- Saloni Bisht, Eng.(H)

Ask Behn, why not Hellena?

The time has not changed much since then,
I see the rovers like ‘Willmore’ that Aphra Behn was unable to stop in her play.
I see them everywhere.
I see girls like ‘Hellena’ as well,
Who fight through rigid structures of patriarchy.
Who express their selves and want to breathe freely.
But Behn was helpless,
She gave voice to Hellena but the liberty to act to Willmore.
Then when I say I see people like them today as well,
Can this justify my claim that female’s expression of their sexuality is still caged.
They moved out of the corsets, hats and bone-china,
Then took refuge in jeans, skirts or bikinis’.
The way the woman in here looks at the man,
The one in the front, the one at the back.
They appear to me as meek.
It’s not that I hate the way they get to look at such pretty men.
But it’s the way the picture expresses it to me,
as the only purpose of their lives.
To admire them, to lure them,

to help them take possession of their sexualities.
I know the girls, who look at boys like this as well.
But they see them with a difference.
I know I said nothing has changed,
But I didn't say it is not changing.
We are growing towards an egalitarian society,
We have been trying to make something as natural and as unique as a woman
to get recognition in the world which has been tormented by the ones she has created.
So, when I say I see them today as well,
I am telling you about the perplexity of my society.
Look at the picture with contemporary eyes
and you will question the various ironies.
Willmore and Hellenas are still being carved into texts today
and they struggle now for their individual sexualities.
So, now I know the time has not changed much since then,
the struggle continues and will for long.
Until I can see no Hellenas and no Willmores
Just humans and their unique selves.

Nashrah Siddiqi
M.A. English (Prev)

KASHMIR

Let him sing through the
merciless streets, I hear it,
all aloud in unison,
the curfewed cries and the wails,
It smells of blood.
The little blue-eyed girl
Peeps through the half-broken window,
Lock of her hair swings,
In a silent tone she recalls,
The names of her beloved.
Little, lonely and lovely
Fingers touch the lock of hair,
Into some strange world she places it,
For world is full of Baron's.
Like frost she freezes, lips sealed,
The half-window speaks a million words,
As a winter pigeon she shivers,
With the first fall of snow.
Dressed in beautiful tattered blood coloured dress,
Her tears wash the redness steadily,
Out of nowhere suddenly somebody named her- Kashmir
And my dream broke.

Khubaib Mujthaba
B.A.(Hons) English 2nd Year

Black Rainbow

There is something about here ,
This darkness that gives no fear
I've been engulfed by it
And it seems in it I do fit
In this sphere , only warmth.
For my body is tiny , protected by this sheath
Where am I , I ask
Is there anything beyond , tsk
It is this darkness that kissed me
Here , fear is a no , it is a proof for them to see
Is there a world after , I ask
Or am I alone here , tsk .
And then I was born
Which made them blow their battle horn ,
The woman , in whose dark warmth I laid
Now lay dead , with a body as dark , now freed
She brought me here , but left me alone ,
I was left for the wrath , alas , she was gone .
Why do they , them with the albino , look at me ,
As if I was a walking horror for them to see ,
Was it because I was a she , not a he
Was it because I was dark as the darkness that kissed me
Like the blessed woman who brought me here for them to see
But alas, they looked at me as a curse upon we .
It was better , the darkness I knew before

Adil Fateen Mohd.
English(H) 1styr

Anonymous

We sweep dirt from one corner
Till it reaches the other
The best become famous
I? Me? He? She? It?
I do not deserve so much
Content to be anonymous

I refuse to be normal as they say
Don't judge eh?
Everyone is headed a different way
Yeah social media is great

I will post heavy medals if I ever get
Also how I farted when I was late

Why imitate Eminem, wheeze like Lil Wayne
Voices gush forth to breathe
What makes one surrender
To ask for love or for empty plates
To do what one despises
Unable to laugh at others
Unable to socialise
Unable to attend weddings
Unable to act superficial
Unable to boast
One grows numb
Stop caring for the modern rules of thumb

One exists
Existence cannot be denied
To flat steps the world seems round
Street kids try to mirror themselves
Their reflections - nowhere found
Where wounds, memories and the past meet
A magic most real returns

Diwakar Attri

B.A.(Hons) English 3rdYear

Beads of my Anklet

I lived in a cocoon,
But Hey! Freedom, I have reached you so soon;
Their care was a cage,
All I felt was rage;
They intervened in my life,
As if cutting my soul with a knife;
Everyone is running in a race,
Contenders double-faced;
I am fine,
But deep inside I am dying;
If crying is a crime,
Then I am a Criminal;
For real friends, I am a use and throw pen,
They don't know, I am lioness sleeping in her den;
Beads of my anklet scattered,
I have no intention to tie them together;
So let them go...

Neha Singh

B.A.(Hons) English 2ndYear.

By Biennale.

Leaning on the adjacent pillar, I observed the heap of strings tied down from the ceiling , one thick rope at the top, branching out from it thinner and narrower strands, as it extended downwards . No, I couldn't understand what the artwork stood for without reading the info plaque, stupid to think I could've otherwise. I looked for the plaque.....ah, there it is . Neatly fixed to a pillar on the side. Someone was standing way too close to it, reading.

The student's biennale venues were cramped when compared to the others, in reference to the building size. I stood beside him and peered my head in. I adjusted my posture, I would've started reading it if it weren't for the interrupting question, 'are you an artist ?' the Fab India clothes I wore must've made me look mature way ahead of my time . It was now that I had an actual look at the person, he was a foreigner, his pale bald head shimmered with all the spotlights around. 'Oh sorry, no' I answered , pure rubbish. Aren't we all artists , in the little circle we call life ?

"Ok, you must be a student then ?" the second question darted right after.

"Yes"

"Here ?" the English he spoke had an accent.

"No, in Delhi , right now I'm on my semester holidays , so I thought why not come see the biennale "

He kept on hurling questions and I gave him answers , this went on. When talking to foreigners it always seems as if they're open minded, talking without a veil that would cause disruption. His name was Chawake and he himself was an artist, from Lebanon. We started discussing things, as to how the 'a' sound in my name Adil was pronounced in Malayalam since Adil was an Arabic term , and mister Chawake seemed to contribute a lot of points to the discussion.

After several minutes when an awkward pause came in between, he asked, " Do you mind if I take your picture ? 'he raised his phone. The curve which was visible on his lips had now become a narrow path filled with enigma. Foreigners and their craze to capture all things exotic. Me, a brown boy from south India was definitely exotic , am I not?

"Oh sure, why not" a little selfie wouldn't hurt , would it ? turns out it would. He was not going for a selfie with the two of us , but a single with just me in it. He took one, then he came close,

"You're eyes are beautiful"All the while his eyes became as unbeautiful as it could get. I couldn't read his expressions anymore , his pale skin seemed to gather all the dust in the room , and his shiny bald head seemed to lose its lustre and crack up , spewing things I should've never seen.

He told me to look sideways so that my neck muscles would become visible in the next click. I hesitated, I didn't want to say anything rude that would make him feel bad about us 'exotics' , a bad time for the love for one's state to kick in.

He came closer , “Do you mind if I hug you ? It’sjust that... I love beautiful men”.

Doesn't this guy’s mouth have a filter ?

Then and there after eighteen years , I understood the reason behind the lesson my mother had taught me .

Umma's lesson number Cuatro,

Age six : Don’t talk to strangers.

The Kochi Muziris Biennale , an event where people all over the world come together , to witness the universe's questions and it's marvellous answers. For better or for worse , biennale had changed a lot from the last time I witnessed it. Somewhere along the way things took a turn. Even though I had visited just three of the venues, the impact that it left on me was not stimulating as the last one I’d been to. When you enter Aspin wall house, one of the many venues, you are welcomed by an installation in video format, discussing the presence of 'good' and 'bad' artwork. Planting seeds of confusion, the video plays on. Artworks being segregated on the base of being good or bad , have we reached such a peak in human history ?

To me walking towards the venue, gnawing on the memories of the last biennale , the first installation you see being the video which questions the good and the bad of artworks, it is almost mordant , hinting us about what we're about to experience. Even with all the potential , with the given platform, when the resources are ill- used , the result varies. With all due respect , it should be clear by now the stand I take and It is only arguable that I felt this way. Enough , the point I wanted to stress on was that the job this year's curator did , was not exactly on point. Abruptly, to break the flow , when I look back, it wasn't that bad , was it? It's just that I can't make the whole phenomena called 'The Kochi Muziris Biennale' look bad because, even if it was lacking, it just makes it all the more reasonable to wait for the next biennale. Mind you, this doesn't change my thoughts on the existence of good and bad art . When you go places , when you see things , when you hear things , at the rarest of the moments, you experience the 'experience'. You get inspired. As witnessing is the ultimate truth , you get pushed to do things you've never done before. When the doors to the realm of sense and logic shuts before you, you see what you're supposed to see . There is no better way to bring together those, those with the veil removed from their sight, from all over the world more effectively than the biennale , period. To a few desperate bunch, this is the only place to feel at home , while injecting oneself with a little dose of divine guidance. Now, i did visit the venues but I won't be saying anything about the artworks , because the whole process is a mutual understanding , a little bit of give and take.

The people need different things , they yearn for a lot of things , one of the example being Chawake himself , his needs were an upright slap to my mine. Yet we play on , humming to the tune of the cosmos, tiny beings running around in a tiny clay bowl.

Adil Fateen Muhammad

B.A.(Hons) English 1st Year

<Insert here - Where are you Mr. Richardson

Maybe I'm blind, maybe I have been

In dampness of my tears
You will find Your name
painted like the scars on a beautiful skin.
Scars that are in debt to the skin
For it has let them live.
You don't go by one name though
so don't end up getting lost
in those trails of sounds I have for You.
Screaming in voices that echo
only in this shrouded little heart
Withering pain
Stillness as the laughter echoes.
You left me an ecstatic heart
Made me feel every emotion
in a single heartbeat.
Here I was thinking that
You'll remember me
as I fade into the darkness
into a hole with no face.
No resemblance. No fears.
And through those damp tears
I'd call Your name in gentle whispers
that are screams if only someone heard.
In a voice, devoid of any
emotion but pain
I let You leave
Leave vehement sequences,
on the pages of my-body, my-mind, mind-soul.
And as You left them
I lay there like a wet corpse
With damp cheeks
Feeling
Feeling the false pleasures of a deep prayer.
Did I tell you how Your names are many
and I've spent my life calling You each of them.
But all I saw was silence.
You responded with nothingness to my all.
I started thinking I was blind
because only the blind see silence.
Maybe I'm blind. Maybe I have been

Muskan

B.A.(Hons)English 3rdYear

Story with no name

Surrounded by tomes, written with great intellect and certitude, narrating on the horrors of the past, I wonder, we, as humans, do we really value the gift of life?

As I read through words by these proud authors, I cannot stop myself but to question, was not 40 million casualties in the First World War a good enough number to not go into a second? "Never think that war, no matter how necessary, nor how justified, is not a crime." The Second World War led to the annihilation of 75-80 million casualties, wiping away almost 3% of the world population. Siding by it, the cruelties in the Nazi Concentration Camps saw no bounds, works of Satan or a shaitan seemed to have been challenged, 700,000 to 2.5 million Jews were executed, all killed, brutally and devilishly.

Pondering, is what I am only left with, to imagine about the soldiers with a Lee-Enfield rifle in their hands, hiding in the trenches, with a drop of sweat slowly but surely dripping down their face only to fall to a demarcated circle, to ripple with no significant worth, only to reflect, the little value that their life must have held. Were they all that brave? To not get scared with the harrowing voices that the aircrafts must have made as they flew above them? As I try to put myself in those gore and stained boots, I feel my heart shuddering with the idea that just a mere press of a button by a pilot could blow me to pieces, blood oozing forcefully from my leftovers, with inadequate to nothing left to be sent back to my family, do not we all deserve a proper cremation or burial? The idea of peace must have been something that those soldiers must have craved for, desired and dreamed about, in the midst of short lasting silences, they must have imagined the porch of their house, with the presence of an entity named mother, or a sibling, maybe even a wife and an infant whose name the soldier could have been anon to, waiting under a dim yellow light on a beautiful Saturday evening, waiting for the return of their hero as they always have, yes, a soldier, only a soldier would know the true meaning of peace.

Having the chance to set foot in the 20th century, in a world where many nations hold an arsenal to strike by just a whiz of a wish, with a nuclear capacity to wipe out the entire world over and over, I cannot stop but to be scared, that our nation, our great nation is risked into being another Vietnam or another Afghanistan. People, contained in the comfort of their homes, with a keyboard in hand, wish for a war, a war that they do not understand, a war that they will never understand. The sons of the soil will rise to any aggression like they always have, the sons of the soil will lay down their lives without any hesitation like they always have, but we all should understand the difference between a last resort and an impulsive doltish reaction to something which will result in detrimental consequences. Let terrorism be contained, let India Occupied Kashmir prosper, let all hatred disappear off the face of the Earth and no lives shall be given because, we have none left to give. Victorious shall be declared those who successfully deviate from the slightest essence of war, victory shall be found in a home with no fear, in a home which shall be filled with cheers of children and joy, let screams and screeches be a myth, just like war should be. But, then again, little would I know, I am just an eighteen-year-old with a heavy heart, with a pen and paper in hand, hoping for the world to not end.

Vibhan Victor Das

B.A.(Hons)Political Science 1st Year

Running for life, she tripped
Broken hand and half stripped
Please help me? Is there anyone?
She shouted but heard by none.
She was thinking what went wrong
Her life earlier was like a beautiful song
Living a life so carefree
No tension and no worry
Then one day, she met him
That morning when the sunlight was dim
They fell in love with each other
Always seen together
She loved him, he pretended.
His games soon ended.
He took her to a place, dark and lonely
And made her unconscious slowly
He tied her with a rope
When she woke up, she lost her hope.
He used her to earn money
Her life will no more be sunny.
He played with her body and crushed her soul.
He burnt her legs with a coal.
He exploited her, she had no choice
He slapped her whenever she rose her voice.

But now she got a chance to run away
She had to escape and find a way
She slipped, couldn't get up.
Her leg is stuck.
Is this how her story will end?
Or is there something else that God intends?

Safia Ismail
B.A. (hons) English 2nd Year

THE STARS FALL APART

The ashen stars fall apart,
In the distance, I see
Lyrics from the music depart,
Adorned moon sings the ballad of separation.
The night slowly and slowly falls,
With no dew in its lap,
Covering the cosmos by darkened walls,
Rest stars hover around our affection.
Tears free themselves from the sky,
Enliven the little lonely grasses,
And high above the sky,

Our tears lighten the creation.

Khubaib Mujthaba

B.A.(Hons) English 2nd Year

Saffron Fear

Act 1, Scene1

(Two men named Sameer and Ahmad, both in their 20s, are sitting in a shuttle with a suspicious group of men)

Ahmad: I don't feel comfortable today.

Sameer: Why so?

Ahmad: Look at those men.. **(Gesturing towards the group of men sitting at the other end of the bus)**

Sameer: What about them?

Ahmad: Look at the saffron clothes they are wearing, brother!

Sameer: Oh! Don't worry, brother, just remove your cap and everything will be all right.

Ahmad: No! Why should I remove it?

Sameer: To save yourself. Duh! Now remove it before those men take notice.

Ahmad: But I am not ashamed of my cap or my religion or myself!

Sameer: What do you value more your life or your religion?

(Ahmad goes into deep contemplation. After some time, he removes his cap and shoves it in his pocket.)

Act 1, Scene 2

(One of the men wearing saffron stood up and walked towards them.)

Man: Where are you two boys from?

Ahmad: From here only, Delhi

Man: Oh, and your names?

Sameer: Sameer and Arjun.

(Ahmad looks shocked but then covers it up quickly.)

Man: So, you both are travelling alone... **(He observes)**

Ahmad: Yes, we are.

Man: Come, sit with us.

Sameer: Why?

Man: Why not? Scared of us? **(Gives a smirk)**

Ahmad: No, no, we will.

Sameer: **(whispers)** What are you doing?!

Ahmad: Trying to mix up! What do you think? I am trying to save my skin here.

Sameer: God! Okay, okay.

(They both get up and go sit with those men.)

Man2: Come, come, sit. Have some food with us.

Ahmad: Okay sure!

Sameer: Wait, what?

Ahmad: **(whispers)** Mixing up, man!

(Sameer looked at the food warily but then consumes it along with Ahmad. After a while they both start to get dizzy.)

Sameer: What is happening?

Man3: Calm down, boys, we are here to take care of you...
(Despite trying hard to control themselves, they at last faint. Last thing in front of their eyes is the smiling faces of those men.)

Act 1, Scene 3

(Two hours later, both boys wake up in the same shuttle)

Ahmad: What happened?

Sameer: I don't know.. wait, where is my ring and my mobile?!

Ahmad: (checks himself) And my wallet and my cap?

(Suddenly a man in his 40s, wearing white uniform enters)

Sameer: Hey! Sir, can you tell us what happened? Where are we?

Driver: I drive this shuttle, found you guys unconscious. You are at the parking.

Ahmad: (crying) I can't find my wallet or my cap, or my chain, I can't find anything!

Driver: Don't you boys know never to sit with strangers?

Sameer: (looks at Ahmad): We were just trying to mix up because he belongs to a different religion.

Driver: So, the fear of religion surpassed the fear of life and all bounds of rationality?

(Both the boys looked at each other)

Driver: We have a fear of religion so deep, it takes away our rationality and right to enjoy life. Stick to your identity, boys, it is the only thing which can keep this democracy and your right to live your lives freely alive.

Ahmad: I should not have given up my identity because of my fear of those men.

Sa: I should not have suggested such a thing too..

Ahmad: I was such an idiot.

Driver: Don't feel guilty. I get it. All your fear and uncertainties. But you have to be more confident about yourselves.

You can belong to any religion, but do not forget that you are humans first.

And whatever may come your way, remember, humanity will always be above religion.

Ahmad: You are right. I will embrace myself and my religion. I won't be afraid anymore.

Sameer: And I will not only respect my religion, but other's too. If I have a right to live freely, so does everyone. Religion should not be the reason why I feel safe and he does not.

Driver: Yes, indeed! I have called the police they will be here any moment now. Will help you get back home.

Both: Thank you!

Driver: From now on remember, not all saffron-wearers are saints, some are simply thieves and thieves do not care for your religions or caps.

(He winks them at and then leaves)

(Sameer and Ahmad get up and as the police van arrives, they both starts walking towards it, Ahmad scratching his cap-less head.)

Ruchika Verma

B.A.(Hons) English 2nd Year

Script Writing – 3rd position, Rhapsody' 19

Poem with no name

Fear struck me again

When he asked me

To meet him alone.

Childhood memories came to mind
And fear clutched my heart.

I assumed he will love my body only
Like others
Not my soul
But something changed
My fear vanished and turned into happiness

He kissed my wounds before my lips
And masked my insecurities with his love

He touched my soul not with his hands
But eyes
All the butterflies in my stomach took flight.

Neha Bhardwaj

B.A.(Hons) English 2ndYear

Poem with no name

In search of stress busters
We dive into some clusters
Music or dance
Maybe, a new series can get a chance?
Or time with important people or with yourself
Or maybe watching the elf?
Your favourite movies can lift you up
Or maybe, coffee in your favourite cup
Playing or watching a sport,
Can also get a vote
Touring a world of magic, getting lost in Hogwarts
Or watching the Marvel series, marking every superheroes' quirks
Maybe a visit to central park, with F.R.I.E.N.D.S
Flattening over Rachels' and Monica's trends
Tom and Jerry can come for a rescue
Notorious Shin Chan can help too
Bollywood movies can engage you for some hours
Or, sometimes you may like hitting the bars
Maybe making the words dance as per your tune
Or, maybe, taking the paint brush and beautifully drawing down your thoughts strewn
Or, sitting under the open sky looking at the moon
The cluster is full of boons
It's chaotic indeed,
But, to remain stress free, the dive is the need!

Tishya Agrawal
B.A.(Hons) English 1stYear

CANCER

Oh silver blades of time!
Why do you dissect my soul so painfully slow?
Grant me a sound stroke oh destiny!
And set my soul free from this cage
Ascend me into your laps, oh heaven!
And bless me with the colours of peace.
Have thy mercy oh cupid at least now!
Allow me to carry my heart with handful of impressions of love won't.
Show me your market of justice, oh Christ!
As I'll ask for the deeds for such agony.

Am I not worthy of a single wish?
Can't I ask for something after bearing all this pain?
Then grant me a wish, oh mother of fertility!
That I be the last person walking down these streets of agony.

Aman Kumar
B.A.(Hons) English, 2ndYear

Renascent Pop Punk

Pop punk is a rock music genre that fuses elements of pop music with the punk rock. Fast tempos, loud electric guitar distortion and power chord changes are typically played under pop influenced melodies, vocal styles with light hearted lyrical themes including boredom and teenage romance. Pop punk typically merges upbeat pop melodies with catchy hooks, catchy choruses, harmonies and speedy tempos. Lyrical topics that are common in pop punk include love, lust, drunkenness, adolescence, and drugs. Some pop punk lyrics focus on jokes and humour. According to Ryan Cooper, "pop punk is a style that owes more to the Beatles and '60s pop than other sub-genres of punk.

For a kid struggling with their gender identity, sexuality and just plain fitting in, pop punk and all its sub-genres provided an escape and elevated it's leaders to idol status. It's no wonder pop punk's mid-2000s peak aligns with space's, an outlet many young queer people used to come out and claim their sexual and gender identity on. Having young, heterosexual men wear eyeliner, straighten their hair and sing about boys tasting like ex-girlfriends only sweeter was subversive at the time but it allowed those youths to see some version of themselves in the media and inspired personal exploration. Even if a listener wasn't struggling with their identity, hearing these (somewhat) grown men sing about their feelings was (and still is) vital to breaking the "fight like a man" mentality that our society imparts on its boys. Queen are a British rock band formed in 1970. The lead singer of the band, Freddie Mercury, wrote and released a song named 'bohemian rhapsody' after realising he is homosexual. The lyrics being 'mama, i just killed a man. Put a gun against his head. Pulled

my trigger, now he is dead'. The man known for his flamboyant stage persona and four octave vocal range, rules over a million hearts. 'God save the queen' is a song by the British punk rock band. Released in 1977, the record's lyrics as well as the cover were controversial at the time and both BBC and independent broadcasting authority refused to play the song. The original title for the song was 'no future' with the lyrics themselves being a general expression of the band's view of the monarchy or individual or establishment commanding general obligation.

Science will tell you that the music we listen to during our adolescence sticks with us throughout our lifetime. It has something to do with our brains being sponges, our personality overhaul in puberty and it's nostalgia. Nothing new has yet to capture the craving of youthful abandon as well as pop punk's heyday did. Songs like "the great escape" by boys like girls and "check yes juliet" by we the kings were fantastical back then but there's a sincerity to them today. As teens, the escapism was geared towards the future, freedom and relishing in the vibrancy of youth.

Today, the escapism is rooted in a desire to go back to the feelings we felt as teens. The future happened (probably not like you thought it would) and the vibrancy faded. "throw it away/forget yesterday/we will make the great escape" sounds nice, doesn't it? If only it were that easy. Back then, it was well, it was believable. Jadedness is very real and even romantics feel the unbearable weight of reality. Feeling like an outsider is universal and timeless and there aren't many musicians tapping into that vein as boldly as pop punk once did. It's ability to conjure moments of abandon make it a genre worth glorifying. Pop punk reigns just so long as there are misunderstood individuals out there. As the starting line once said, "we got older but we were still young. Would like to add an end note from the band named "green day" – wake me up.

Ria Sen Mazumdar
B.A.(Hons) English 2ndYear

MEMORY

Last night, I was sleeping
Something just woke me up
Frightened I woke up
Beside me someone was standing
Who is it? I asked
Don't you know me, my conscience replied.

Shubham Kumar Mishra
B.A.(Hons) English 3rdYear

Why are you staring Mr. Richard

The mountains and the breeze stood still for a moment realising
He's not yet finished.

The blue eyed royal Mr Richard Fernandez was the one who reached out for next bottle
always,
But not today.
To the vacuum he said, "For you a sip again" !
Nothing more or less
He left the Whisky glass,
Then serenity dominated the dancing legs
He smiled
"Her love is enough to toxify myself from tonight
The better addiction I found for myself
The hilltop is beautiful then, as never before. "
The wedding is four hours far and
the bachelor's party ended up with a surprise by the groom,
He walked along the narrow cliff alone for the very first time.
To the new chapter!

Chandana S Anand

B.A.(Hons) English 2ndYear

NUMBER 39

Taking a bus to college from East Delhi to Central Delhi is a daily routine for me and a lot of other people. Usually, the rides are boring, tiresome and rather monotonous. But one day was different and it made me question our existence. That particular day there was a debate going on in the bus. One might wonder whether debates happening in a DTC bus is a common thing. But no, that day the discussion was heated and emotional.

The main parties to the debate were the bus conductor, an old Sikh man, a middle-aged lady and a middle-aged man. They were discussing the very recent Pulwama attacks and its effect on this year's general elections. The middle-aged lady seemed to be fond of PM Narendra Modi and seemed quite impressed with the developments that took place during the BJP government. The middle-aged man was agreeing and was affirmative to the points that the lady was making about the air strikes that took place as the answer to Pulwama attacks. The Airstrikes seem to have shaken the whole of India and has given a new sense of faith in present leaders. The conductor of the bus was like a moderator and was leading and directing the whole conversation. He was like the fuel that kept the fire going. The old Sikh man was quiet during the majority of the conversation. He started taking part in the conversation when the conductor said something about how the Modi government is protecting the Hindus of the nation and how his efforts are protecting the Hindu culture. The reaction of the Sikh man was very aggressive and unacceptable to the other parties. The Sikh man started with how "Hindus" killed a busload (or rather a huge number of busloads) of people of his community. Instantly I knew that he was talking about the Sikh massacre of 1984. He stated that he was determined to kill the whole of Hindus if the time may come. He said he has been waiting his whole life for an opportunity like that. My rather young mind had trouble processing the words it had just heard. For almost half an hour I was thinking it was an ordinary discussion which was going on just for the sake of it and each one of these people

would forget about this conversation when the bus will reach their stop. My young and naive brain had no idea that the conversation was fuelled not by the conductor but by the scars that were so deep and the wounds still festering. I had no idea that what happened in 1984 that was still biting chunks out of someone's peace. I soon learnt that three members of the Sikh man's family were killed during the massacre; his mother, his brother, and his brother's wife. I also learnt that I could never relate to what the man was going through. I learnt how I cannot even begin to imagine the rage that man carried within himself.

India is a country of wide diversities and people here identify with one group or another. People are inclined to one political idea or another. It is more or less similar to people of all the countries of the world. They have an opinion. They have decided on what they love, or are okay with, but also sadly, they have decided what they hate. Hate is a complex human emotion that we sometimes fail to understand and have no idea where it comes from and what shape does it take in the future. For years and years on, we have been guided by one idea or another. We have been brainwashed into thinking one way or another.

The leaders of our country talk about how we are a nation and the nation comes first but still in 1984 we, as a nation went through hate crimes and riots and sadly it came from within the country from the people who identify as one of the same Nation. And 1984 is just one example. We have gone through a lot more. We have seen people destroying each other due to the idea of communalism. We have been divided by what our communities teach us. Our actions are guided by traditions and these traditions only are becoming a hindrance in our freedom. I am reminded of Rousseau when he says, "Man is born free, but everywhere he's in chains." When we demand freedom, we demand freedom of choice. We demand the freedom to put ourselves in whatever box we want. But do we ever question the shackles of the box? The discussion that I overheard on the bus that day made me question the incidents I was never a part of. It made me question what led on the 1984 riots? And what I came on to was the fact that the riots were not because there was one man against another. It was of one community against another. It was of one political alignment against another. It was of revenge and hate. The German Holocaust is a supreme example when Jews were killed to protect the "pure" Aryan race.

Imagine a world where there is no community, no nation, no difference, no identity. Humans, truly living a life of true potential and not guided by something so superficial as the colour of the skin or colour of the flag. Imagine a world where humans identified as what they really are, just humans. When I got down that bus I imagined a world without boxes. I imagine a world where the leaders aren't flirting with the possibility of war and dropping bombs is not a vanity project for making a certain leader look strong in the media. And so, I have vowed to every day, walk closer and closer to the world I imagine.

Bahar Kalyan

B.A.(Hons) Political Science 3rdYear

SATYAGRAHA: TOWARDS A PEACEFUL CONFLICT RESOLUTION

“A man is but the product of his thoughts, what he thinks he becomes”

To understand or describe Mahatma Gandhi with any degree of precision is a humungous task. The Mahatma was a man often questioned for what he propagated. Gandhian philosophies have been interpreted and understood in various perspectives often leading to confusion regarding the true meaning of Gandhi. But Gandhi's intervention in the political and social life of India reveals a story of a man built on twin principles of truth and non-violence which has become excruciatingly important in the context of today. At a time conflicts and violence have engulfed the human society Gandhi's method of **Satyagraha** offers an alternative perspective on resolution of conflict which is indeed worth pondering.

Defining conflict is an essential element in terms of understanding 'conflict resolution'. The constituents of conflict are detrimental in understanding the behaviour or intensity of the adversary. For a simple dictionary meaning, conflict may simply mean that two parties have varied interest and the clash of interest gives birth to what we term 'conflict'. However, the depths of conflict may also vary depending on how individuals use it and the way of looking at things. Today individuals are driven by their own perceptions, their own morale and instincts. But if all are driven by our own choices and instincts, the diversity of the world becomes highly invalid. Mahatma Gandhi proposes conflicts at certain levels namely, interpersonal level, industrial level, societal level and even between nations. The peculiarity of conflicts lies in how it spreads in a society, sometimes getting noticed and sometimes without any. Conceptualising the notion of 'resolution' is problematic as it is synonymous to compromise and, in a society, where people hardly believe in collectivism, compromise and negotiating don't combine well. Thus, conflict resolution can be summed up as a mechanism to end a disagreement without much chaos and unruliness.

Gandhi believed in the idea of solving conflict without any violence, thus he suggested Satyagraha. The idea behind Satyagraha is simply to use the soul force, constituting the elements of truth and non-violence. Known for its pragmatism, Satyagraha emerged as a useful weapon containing a common interest, relating between means and ends, and as an appeal to the heart and mind. A satyagrahi's objective is to not be coercive upon the wrongdoer, rather arrive at a situation where both the opponents and proponents come together for peace. Gandhi mentioned the role of satyagrahis as never ending and one who never misses the chance of honourable terms. He mentions that Satyagraha contains truth, non-violence, creation of self-suffering, faith of human goodness, means and ends and fearlessness. The principle of Satyagraha engages in dialogue, listening to the opponent and having a reasonable mind. Dialogue would enable the individual to communicate the differences which in turn would help in unfolding the roots of any clash or conflict. However, an important observation Gandhi remarked about human behaviour was the rigid attitude, and that rigidity does not have place for practising Satyagraha as the human mind has to expand in apprehending the vastness of ideas and interests. With conviction, Satyagrahis can work at the micro and macro level.

The concept of true practise of Satyagraha has been criticised for offering a 'utopian' solution to reality. Criminal disobedience has no place in it, but identifying the use of it is highly recommended. Considering the inter-nation or intrastate conflict and the unprecedented changes in social, political and economic lives of individuals, the relevance of practising Satyagraha becomes blurry. However, it is not impossible. The method application requires understanding of the situation and thereby demands modification according to the need. The

scope of modification in Satyagraha is vastly open and to unravel it requires a set of ethics, as the concept itself is ethical. The idea of it has never been put much to practise and often its not recognised too. The Gandhian literature thus remains unexplored to its very roots. Example of the United Nations and its principle can best become the element to highlight Satyagraha. The organisation which has been propagating peace and negotiation at the supranational level is nothing but Gandhi's Satyagraha in disguise. Thus, it wouldn't be just to term the *Bapu's* means as utopian. The need of implementing Satyagraha would be to unravel its elements and look beyond the principles of truth and non-violence. Notion of collective good and goodwill combined with Satyagraha can help fight the ills of the society at large throwing away rudiments causing the conflict. Even at a larger or massive population with bigger conflicts, compromise and negotiation should be the answer, as violence cannot be treated with violence but with its antonym.

An individual must have the humility and acceptance to respect the opponents view, proposing to use Satyagraha as a method of conflict resolution, for Gandhi once remarked, *"In a gentle way, you can shake the world."*

Arijita Sinha Roy

BA (Hons) Political Science 2nd Year

GANDHI STUDY CIRCLE

With its primary objective to spread the message of Gandhi especially among the youth and society Gandhi Study Circle held many public events and activities during the academic session 2018-19. In collaboration with Gandhi Smriti and Darshan Samiti the society on July 27, organized a centenary lecture on **'Nelson Mandela in the footsteps of Gandhi: Centenary Tribute'** by eminent Gandhian scholar Prof. N. Radhakrishnan.

The society conducted its ***Orientation Programme*** on July 31, 2018 where the relevance of Gandhi in the contemporary world was discussed. On August 2, 2018 the motivational speaker Atul Priyadarshi conducted a session on **'Conflict Management'**. In the talk on **'Gandhi in today's world'** on August 9, the eminent Gandhian Scholar Shri Kumar Prashant highlighted the greater need for engaging with Gandhi in our troubled times.

On August 29, 2018 a **'One Day Trip'** was organized in collaboration with ***National Gandhi Museum and Gandhi Darshan*** to make students familiarize with the Gandhian values.

On September 27, 2018 a discussion on 'Revisiting Gandhi's legacy: Reflection on the question of caste and class' by Nishikant Kolge was organized by the society.

One of the significant initiatives at bringing Gandhi close to youth has been the introduction of ***"Charkha Spinning Classes"*** since 2017. With the help of Gandhian activist Mrs. Indubala, Charkha spinning classes formally began this year in September 2018 in the college and over 30 students enrolled for learning this skill. To commemorate 150th birth anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi the society organized a week-long celebration highlighting the legacy of Gandhi from October 2. On October 9-10, 2018 a "Gandhi Utsav was organized where various activities including a play in collaboration with theater society, quiz competition, a movie screening among other activities was organized.

On January 30th the society organized a Gandhi Samvad on the 'Challenges on Nation Building' by Prof. Anand Kumar. On 14-15 February 2019 the society organized its ***Annual***

Inter-College Festival. A number of activities *including Lecture, Open House competition, Quiz, debate and Poster Making Competition* were organized to commemorate Gandhi and his legacy on this day. The event formally began with a **Bhajan** recitation on the first day followed by a lecture by Prof. Madhulika Banerjee on “AajKe Gandhi. The major attraction of the fest was the *charkha display* where the volunteers displayed charkha and taught other students its importance and working. The fest concluded with the *prize distribution* ceremony and the resolve to carry forward the message of Gandhi.

Madhia Akhtar

President (Gandhi Study Circle)

TWILIGHT

“Twilight. Anand walking on the valley, treading over the fallen leaves of autumn. Suddenly he was startled by a demonic shaped figure. He knew it didn’t really exist, because he wasn’t there, it was just his soul, but everything felt so real. He could hear the sound of the dried crisp leaves under his shoes, he could feel the soft breeze that was blowing against his direction and most importantly he could feel it in his bones, the danger looming large over him.

‘Do not fear, for fear is what they feed on’ said the old Bhikshu’s voice in his head. His body would start shivering as soon as his mind sensed any fear, it can be fatal if he didn’t control the fear. He had been walking for 18 days and he hadn’t covered the half of his journey. According to the Old Bhikshu it is a near death experience to walk in the valleys of ‘Rakshstra’ for 18 consecutive days as it wears out the soul and starts showing the effect on the body. Maybe it was Anand’s pursuit of power that gave him the energy and the push to accomplish his desires.

It was summer of 1999, Anand had turned 21. Anand was on Bhriagu lake trek, the trekking region was from uttrakhand to the Himalyas. Anand and his troop members were on the trek late evening and there was turbulence all around, they were looking for a shelter but the strong wind had made it almost impossible for them to be able to see anything. It was getting worse with every passing second and the strong forces of nature were knocking them off the ground. Anand slipped and rolled off to somewhere far into a niche like cave, the view of its entrance was obstructed by the sheets of ice. It took Anand few minutes to comprehend what had happened in the last two minutes and where he was.

It was a strange place as it was warm despite the harsh cold weather outside and was dimly lit, it feared and excited Anand at the same time as he felt he had discovered something which was beyond human reach. His gut feelings were right. While trying to move a little his hand fell on something solid, other than ice, it was a book. It was so rustic and he couldn’t understand the language written on it. It had weird signs and symbols.

Anand heard the lighting of wood and then came into view a Bhikshu, it scared the dyalights out of him. The look of curiosity in Bhikshu’s eye made him stop screaming.

“Who are you?” asked Anand.

“Asking me who am I in my own space, isn’t that strange.” Replied the Bhikshu.

Anand apologised for the intrusion and the disturbance and explained the whole situation to the Bhikshu.

“Where did you get that?” asked the Bhikshu pointing at the book in Anand’s hand.

“I just found it here.” Replied Anand in almost a whisper.

“It’s not possible, it was burnt hundreds of years ago.” The look on Bhikshu’s face was of confusion and fear.

“It belongs to you, this book you are its master now.”

“But what is it about, I can’t understand the language.” said Anand exasperatedly

“Do not worry, the book will teach you everything on its own. It has found its master.”

Anand could hear the voice of his troop members and he kept the book in his bag without further ado and ran as fast as he could away from that place and that Bhikshu.

While walking towards his destination he was recalling the whole incidence and it surprised him that he remembered it so vividly, even the minute details. It had been 6 years since the incidence which changed his life completely. When the trekking came to an end and Anand reached into the safe confines of his home, he tried reading the book again and for some reason the unknown language started making sense to him, after reading the first few pages, it was very clear to Anand that it was no ordinary book and that his life has changed forever. For the next 6 years the sole purpose of Anand’s life was to find a woman named Onugi, who was trained in occult practices and witchcraft. That book promises man supernatural power only if the person is daring enough to follow all the commandments that are stated in the book.

Anand had followed the book religiously, he dropped out of college despite being on full scholarship and being an orphan he didn’t have to answer to his parents or family. All he did was train his mind and body to be able to follow the last and the most important commandment. After 4 years of rigorous search, sleeping on road sides, wearing the same clothes for weeks, starving himself for days; he finally found Onugi, in the jungles of Kolikuth which were so dense that not a single ray of sun could penetrate through the thick canopies.

Onugi taught him to control his mind and body and how to separate the soul from the body while the heart still beats inside the body. The training was hard, often Anand would slip into unconsciousness and wouldn’t wake up for days. Onugi taught him everything that she could but one thing she couldn’t teach him was to not be afraid.

The last commandment was to attain the tear of the keeper of Rakshastra valley, Anand had only heard about the keeper in the mythology books. It’s not easy to stand against the keeper and take away its tears, but it was the only way to complete all the commandments in the book and attain the ultimate supreme power of control on other humans. That’s a power that everyone wishes at some point in their life to have it.

The last commandment required Anand to be fearless as the valley of Rakshastra is full of demonic creatures who feed on fear, they can sense fear from miles away. The more a person is afraid the weaker his soul becomes and the body starts going into shock, which can prove fatal. This pursuit of power had no easy way but Anand’s determination to attain it was strong enough to withstand all the hardships that he had to endure. The day Anand got to know about the power the book holds, all sorts of devilish ideas started birthing in his mind, of how he will become the most powerful and gain all the wealth in the world and build an empire for himself.

Onugi had told Anand that his soul needs to find the tear of the Keeper in the last few days of autumn and he has to do that before the twilight ends. Onugi had made all the preparations for the last commandment and Anand laid bare chest on a wooden slab which was kept on a raised platform. Onugi started the rituals and it required Anand’s hair and few drop of bloods from near the left part of the chest, almost where the heart is. The cut was made, hair was chopped and the process continued. It took three hours of continuous chanting of mantras when she saw Anand’s body becoming lighter and he started slipping into unconsciousness. When Anand’s soul had left the body it seemed like all the life had been sucked out of the body and a lifeless body laid on that wooden slab in which a heart was still beating.

After seeing the black shadow crossing his path, he felt a little afraid and while his heart started beating faster and Unagi understood it meant danger as the dark creatures of the valley feed on fear and will soon be crossing Anand's path. Anand tried to control his fears and as he was walking he could see many shadow like creatures which he had never seen or imagined before.

"They are not real, they can't harm me. I am not afraid", he kept repeating these sentences to himself and on the other hand Unagi was whispering into his ear, guiding him through the maze that the valley of Rakshastra is.

To get to the tears Anand had to complete three tasks first, he had to cross the black bridge, find a particular type of leaf in the valley, its smell distracts and disturbs the Keeper and then find the Keeper. They were no easy tasks, it could cost him his life, but his determination didn't sway even for a single second throughout his journey.

The black bridge stretched for 3 miles and it leads to the place where Anand can find the leaves. The bridge was full of black shadows it became really difficult for Anand to cross it. The black shadows on the bridge moved through air and were shaking the bridge, which made it even more difficult for Anand to cross it. Somehow after losing his balance for the hundredth time, he managed to cross the black bridge.

Once Anand reached the Garden of the Valley of Rakshastra, he heaved a sigh of relief. He had to find a particular pair of leaves which were dark green on the upper surface and red on the lower surface, these leaves had the power to make some of the creatures vanish. Finding it seemed easy to Anand as this garden was devoid of all the inhumane creatures until he realised how big the garden. His spirits took a sadder turn when he realised that it might take him days to find the leaves because of the enormous size of the garden.

Anand didn't stop even for a minute and continued looking for those leaves. Luck was on his side and after 4-5 hours of constant search he finally found the leaves. Now going back through the same bridge didn't bother him much, as the smell of leaves will make the shadows go away, it almost has an effect of a repellent on them.

It was time, to meet the Keeper. Unagi was guiding him through it all, she told him the way to the Keeper's abode. It lived on the other side of the valley. Anand decided to cover three fourth of his journey the very same moment and the last part of his journey he could begin at the beginning of the twilight.

Anand kept walking and walking, he didn't feel tired, the thought of being so near to his goal stirred up the energy in him. When he had covered the decided distance, he stopped and waited for twilight. It was during the wait that the past 6 years were flashing in front of his eyes and there was a doubting second, If it was all worth it? All the doubts went away as soon as they came because the thirst for power had made him mad and drove him to this point where he was ready to meet the creatures and spirits who were powerful than any mortal being.

It was twilight, Anand started the last part of his journey again. He is very close to his destination he could almost make out the outline of the Keeper's place from the distance and soon he could see an almost dark grey and black coloured body standing at the threshold of a black dismantled mansion. It seemed as if the Keeper had been waiting for him and the sly smile on its face was enough to deconstruct any amount of confidence or determination in Anand.

Finally Anand was standing at a distance of few feet from the trickster with the leaves in his hand but fear in his eyes.

"That's it for tonight. It's past your bed time, get into your beds. Now." said the babysitter.

"But what happens, did anand get the tears. I want to know!", cried the 7 year old.

"No, no more stories for tonight, we'll continue it tomorrow."

'Good night.'

Tuba Javed

B.A.(Hons) English 2ndYear

English Literary Society Report for the Academic Year 2018-19

English Literary Society of Zakir Husain Delhi College, with Ms. Rashmi Govind as Convener, organized a number of literary and academic activities in the academic session 2018-19. The highlight of the academic session was Rhapsody'19, the annual literary festival of English Department, held on 26 February 2019. The annual festival featured a panel discussion on "Activist Theatre: Challenges Today". Renowned theatre experts Mr. Sanjay Kumar, actor and director Pandies Theatre, Mr. Arvind Gaur, founder of the theatre group Asmita Mr. Sudhanva Deshpande, actor and director at JANAM, and Ms. SanyuktaSaha, founder of the theatre group Aaghaz were invited to speak on this topic. Other literary events such as script-writing competition, micro tales, poetry presentation, declamation, and popular culture quiz were the attractions of the fest.

English Literary Society, Zakir Husain Delhi College, in collaboration with English Literary Society, Zakir Husain Delhi College (Evening) organised one-day international students' seminar on the topic "Myth and Archetypes, and Their Workings in Drama" on 27 February 2019. Michelle Hensley, Visiting Fulbright Specialist and founder of the theatre company 'Ten Thousand Things', and Kira Obolensky, Award Winning Playwright and lecturer at University of Minnesota's MFA programme delivered the key-note speech. Noted theatre scholars Dr. Vinod Verma, Associate Professor, Maharaja Agrasen College, Dr. Arjun Ghosh, Associate Professor, IIT Delhi, and Dr. Payal Nagpal, Assistant Professor, Janki Devi Memorial College chaired and also judged different panels of the seminar. There were three panels in the seminar: Thematic Explorations, Working with Gender, and Interface with Technology and the Contemporary World. Students from University of Delhi, Ashoka University, Jawaharlal Nehru University and other universities presented papers in the seminar. A total of 11 papers were presented in the seminar. S Sneha Roy Choudhury from Jawaharlal Nehru University bagged the first prize in the M Phil and PhD category for her paper "Death of a Performative Myth: A Study of *Sri Krishna Parijata* of North Karnataka". Iqra Raza won the best paper award in BA and MA category for her paper titled "A disaster dramatized: Appropriation of the apocalyptic myth in Post 9/11 TV drama and the potentiality of the stereotypes to become archetypes".

Report prepared by:

Dr. Mohammad Afzal
Assistant Professor
Department of English, ZHDC

Arts and Culture Society Report

In the academic session 2018-19, Arts and Culture society under the guidance of Dr. Anuradha Marwah, convener, brought many laurels to the college. The society comprises of six units, dealing with theatre, music, performing arts and fine art.

AMAN, The Theatre Society, won competition at collegiate, state and national levels. It has invited by organizations such as Shakespeare Society of India, (whose National Drama Competition it has won a record total of five times), by the British Council, Ashoka University, Kirori Mal College, among others. In the session 2018-19, AMAN performed Asghar Wajahat's *Godse@Gandhi.Com*, directed by Sumit Bera which it staged at many national and state level competitions, winning at places like IIT Ropar, IIT Roorkee etc. The play was also performed at the famous Kamani Auditorium as part of Sahitya Kala Parishad's Mahavidyalaya Naatya Samaaroh and the prestigious OWT Collegiate Theatre Festival (at the India Habitat Centre and recorded second highest ticket sales in the eight-day festival).

AMAN performed its second production, 'Khan Liyaqat', an adaptation of Shakespeare's famous tragedy KING LEAR, directed by Zeeshan Khan at the Shakespeare Society of India's National Drama Competition where it won the Best Production, Best Actor and Best Supporting Actor Awards, and two rolling trophies for winning the competition a record five times, and was invited by ZHDC's English Department to stage the play at their International Conference. Individual achievements Hridyanshi Toor won Best Actor at IIT Ropar. Alyasa Abbas won Best Actor at SSI's National Drama Competition as well as ZHDC(E)'s fest, while Nikhita Khurana won Best Supporting Actor at SSI. Vishava Prakash won Special Mention at PGDAV(E)'s festival. Notably, Lalita Patel, a member of theatre society has won National Level Competitions in Solo Dancing, including first prize at IIT Roorkee, third at IIT Bombay and various others at the university circuit, her specialty being Freestyle Dancing.

DHANAK, The Western Dance Society prepared as many as three different group performances, which were choreographed by Mohit Gupta and went on to participate in National Level Competitions including IIT Roorkee and IIT Bombay, winning the Second Prize at IIT Roorkee. Moreover, the society toured extensively at the Delhi University dance circuit and made it to the finals of many competitions, winning at colleges like BR Ambedkar College and Zakir Husain Delhi College (Evening). The University also debuted at the Delhi Dance Fever, and made it to the final round, a rare feat for a debutant team. Ashwin Nassa, Nishtha Kumar, Shailja Panchkaran won individual prizes at various collegiate as well as National Level competitions. Ashwin and Nishtha performed at the Red Festival organized by 'Nazariya', a queer youth alliance and social advocacy group. Nishtha further won first prize at Ambedkar University, in addition to podium finishes at PGDAV college and Ram Lal Anand College. She also made it to the core team of MHF organized at AIIMS. Shailja secured third position at PGDAV college and performed her Kathak piece at the prestigious Kamani Auditorium. Ashwin performing at Red Festival organized by the queer youth alliance and social advocacy group 'Nazariya' and Nishtha and Shailja winning multiple prizes at the Delhi University Dance Circuit, in colleges like BR Ambedkar, PGDAV as well as Mental Health Festival (AIIMS)

DHWANIK, The Classical Music society, Dhwanik prepared the annual composition which included four classical ragas; Raag Bhupali, Raag Desi, Raag SurMalhar, and Raag MiyaMalhar. The group went to participate in the national competitions such as IIT Kanpur, as well as multiple competitions in University Circuit. Nabeel Khan and Daksh Raj, shared a humongous twenty-four prizes among them, including two prizes that they won in duet competitions. Nabeel, a skilled Sarangi player and Daksh, a gifted classical singer, added the cutting-edge diversity to the group. In addition, Devesh Bisht and Sargam Boruah performed at the collegiate and university circuit individually.

SUCHITRA, The Fine Arts Society and travelled to IIT Delhi, IIT Kanpur and IIT Bombay for competitions. The society mostly participates in Individual or Duet events. Amit Gupta, Ankur Raman, Monika Rawat, Javi Gautam, Nitish Kumar Bharti and Tejas have won prizes in competitions as diverse as 'making art out of waste', 'wall painting', 'dress making out of waste' among so many others.

NRITYATHI, The Classical Dance society, is a society is a small group of six committed classical dancers of varied backgrounds including Odissi, Kathak, Mohiniyattam, Bharatanatyam and Kuchuppudi, The society made its debut at the Independence Day Celebrations for the college, and went on to perform the Mental Health Festival at JLN Auditorium, AIIMS, as well as IIT Roorkee. Lakshmi Priya (well versed in Bharatanatyam), Chandhana S Anand (Kuchipudi, Bharatanatyam, Mohiniyattam), Ayushi Kashyap (Bharatanatyam), Anisha Mukherjee (Odissi), Swapna (Kuchuppudi) and Abhirami have performed at various Delhi University Collegiate fests and won praise.

ILLUME, The Western Music Society, formed this year, the society has experimented with styles such as Rap, Rock and Pop, Western Classical, Jazz and Acapella. Providing the much-needed diversity in the musical scene, the society has performed at IIT Roorkee, Gargi College, IIT Delhi and Aryabhata College.

Alyasa Abbas

B. A. (Hons) Economics 2nd Year

Annual Report (2018-19) Nature and Environment Society

The activities of Srishti, the Nature and Environment society organized its inaugural lecture on 'Bamboo-A Green Gold' by Dr. Krishna Kumar, Scientist C, North East Centre for Technology Application and Research (NECTAR), Department of Science and Technology (DST) was delivered on September 12, 2018.

On 1st November, 2018 Anti-Cracker Campaign was organized by the society to create awareness for a safe Diwali. At the end of the campaign, Nukkad Natak was performed by the society members to highlight the affects of crackers and pollution on environment on the eve of Diwali. On Jan. 30, 2019 an excursion to Sultanpur national park was organized. In collaboration with the Gandhi Study Circle, Nature and environment society organized yet another awareness campaign. In order to make people aware about the hazardous effect of plastic on health and environment, this activity **say no to plastic bags** was initiated. The society members put up a stall of cloth bags for day to day shopping.

Srishti organized a brain teasing and knowledge testing quiz in association with Quiz Society of ZHDC 'Quintessence'. The society organized an online poster making competition on the topic: "Rising Landfills and its consequences on environment. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge. The inter college paper reading competition on Consumerism and Sustainable Development was also organized by the society on February 7th, 2019. The society proposes to hold the valedictory lecture cum demonstration on composting in the first week of April, 2019.

Dr. Ratnum Kaul Wattal
Convenor, NES

NCC Report – Zakir Husain Delhi College

The NCC unit of Zakir Husain Delhi College is the heart of the 7th battalion, Delhi, group "c". The ZHDC unit packs a total of 160 cadets and is one of the highest strength holding college units in the entire university. Under the guidance and commendable leadership of Capt. Dr M.M.Raheman, associate NCC officer, ZHDC, we stand tall and proud among all other colleges in the entire Delhi directorate.

The cadets of ZHDC attended various camps held during the session local as well as national. **REPUBLIC DAY CAMP-2017**. 6 cadets including JUO Saurabh, CDT Gaurav Sisodia, CDT Sanjeev Dahiya, CDT Ritik Raj, CDT Ankur Malik, CDT Vishal Singh represented the college and the Delhi Directorate through the RDC final and the Prime Minister's Rally.

ARMY ATTACHMENT CAMP : Our 30 cadets attended the army attachment camp held in Meerut Cantt. And trained under the guidance and supervision of JCOs of the 274 field regiment (artillery). The ZHDC platoon of 30 cadets was led by JUO Ubais and SUO Raju As 7DBN senior and college senior respectively.

ADVANCED LEADERSHIP CAMP: Advanced leadership camps are conducted twice every year, which many cadets from all over the country attend to learn leadership skills, focus on personality development and orientation for induction into the armed forces.

This year three of our cadets were selected to attend the advanced leadership camps.

ALC-II Coimbatore: JUO Himanshu Khewaria attended the camp representing the Delhi directorate was one of the four cadets selected from the Delhi directorate.

ALC-III Ahmedabad: SUO Munish Rana and JUO Deepak were selected to attend the ALC-III. Out of the four cadets selected, two of them were from our college. SUO Munish Rana was directorate senior 2IC, (Delhi Directorate) and also bagged the All India 2nd Rank in the mock SSB tests conducted throughout the camp.

AMAR JAWAN JYOTI : Six cadets from our college and most of them the first year cadets were selected for Amar Jawan Jyoti celebration for different events like guard of honor to the Amar Jawan and wreath laying ceremony out of which nine were the part of the quarter guard and six of them were in the wreath laying ceremony. SUO Munish Rana was selected as the ALL INDIA GUARD COMMANDER.

Combined Annual Training Camps (CATC)

In C.A.T.C., the boys (Senior & Junior Division) and girl cadets (Senior & Junior Wing) of a particular NCC unit participate in the 15-day camp. Our 75 cadets attended the camp led by SUO Munish Rana And SUO Rju Kumar Singh.

National Integration Camp (NIC): NIC is to propagate national integration among cadets and the society. Only three cadets were selected from Delhi Directorate and all three of them were from Zakir Husain college. Cadet Rajat Kumar led the Delhi Directorate contingent in the camp.

ThalSainik Camp (TSC): The TSC is a 12 days camp conducted in Delhi every year in the late autumn. This year four of our cadets, CDT Prabhat Thapa, CDT Yogesh Malik, CDT Ankur Malik & SUO Sahib Rana attended the Pre TSCs and reached TSC Final which they completed and brought laurels to our college.

ALL INDIA GANGA TREK: This was a highly adventurous camp, full of recreational activities. 11 cadets from our college attended the camp led by SUO Sahib Rana. Our cadets won several competitions in the camp with full enthusiasm.

INTER-COLLEGE COMPETITIONS: This fest season our teams for the quarter guard, drill and best cadet competition participated in the NCC fests of several colleges and won first prize in almost every event.

COMMUNITY SERVICE/AWARENESS DRIVES:

Cashless economy-After the tough decision of scrapping the high denomination notes, made by our prime minister, people were having a tough time due to shortage of currency notes. To cope up with this, the idea of cashless transaction came up but its awareness had to be spread on the ground level. Our cadets along with Capt.(Dr.) M.M.Raheman organized an awareness drive in the vicinity of college. Areas like the New Delhi railway station, Ajmeri Gate, Turkman gate and the colony beside the college were covered in this awareness drive. Our cadets educated people unaware of the cashless transactions about how to use e-currency to pay for their daily needs.

Swachh Bharat Abhiyan: Cadets of our college under the leadership and guidance of Capt. (Dr.) M.M.Raheman took up the work of cleaning the vicinity of the college under the Swachh Bharat Abhiyan. They performed cleanliness drive in the colony area beside the college, Turkman gate area, backside area of the college continuously for a whole week keeping the area clean and also inspiring the residents of the areas to keep their surroundings neat and clean.

20th ANNUAL NCC FEST SALUTE 2019

The 20th annual NCC Fest Salute 2019 witnessed a massive response and turned out to be a huge event. On 2nd of March, Ms. Suman Goyal IPS, Additional CP Of Delhi, Delhi Police, Special Branch was the Honourable chief guest. She did the inspection of teams from different colleges of Delhi University. Cadets felt great after meeting her quoting it as a lifetime experience.

Report made by:-

Munish Rana

B.A.(Hons) English 3rd Year

- 1.Zakir Husain Delhi College's NCC Guard team performing in NCC fest in Delhi university Competition.
- 2.JUO Ubais and SGT Shantanu felicitating The Honourable Chief Guest Ms. Suman Goel, IPS, Additional CP, Delhi on Salute 2019. ZHDC's Annual NCC Fest.

3. SUO Munish Rana as All India Guard Commander At Amar Jawan Jyoti 2019.

Arabic Society “Al-Nadi Al-Arabi” Annual Report 2018 – 2019 <photos not pasted>

The Arabic Society has been able to organize a couple of events that can be attributed to the dedication and team spirit of the teachers of the department as well as the students. The fourth Ghaziuddin Khan Lecture held, on 30 October, 2018, was delivered by Prof. S.A. Rahman, former Chairperson, Centre of Arabic & African Studies, JNU, New Delhi on “Arabic language & Translation”. Janab Anisur Rahman sahib was the chief guest for the occasion. An Arabic Hand-Writing Competition was held on 08 November, 2018 in the A.V. Room of the college. A General Knowledge Quiz Competition and Arabic Poetry Recitation Competition were held on 24 January, 2019. The society also organized an Arabic Speech Competition on 05 February, 2019. The second Mamlukul Ali Lecture was held on 9 February 2019 in the seminar room on the topic “Arabic Short Story & Communication Skills”. The lecture was delivered by Dr. Sumama Faisal, assistant professor of Arabic at Maulana Azad National Urdu University, Lucknow Campus. The society also published two quarterly **Wall Magazines**.

Dr. Mohd. Qasim
Convenor

CHIMERA – THE PHOTOGRAPHY SOCIETY

Photos not pasted

The photography society, Chimera began its activity by organizing a basic workshop of DSLR and photo composition. Several Photo Walks were organized at different locations and with varied themes.

Sept 9, 2018 at Humayun's Tomb (Genre - Architectural Photography, shutter freezing, Landscape and Reflection)

Sept 29, 2018 at Barakhamba Road And CP (Genre - Light Trails, Panning Shots, Long Exposure and Night Photography with Bokeh and basic light details.)

Oct 28, 2018 at India Gate and Rashtrapati Bhavan (Genre - Long exposure with reflection, Night Photography with Architectural Shots. and Symmetry Shot)

Feb 3, 2019 at Yamuna Ghat and Red Fort (Genre - Street Photography, Birds Photography, Nature Photography, Street Portrait etc.)

Exhibitions by Chimera:

A small Exhibition at Shristi (Nature And Enviv. Society of ZHDC) of Nature Photography.

A full Day Exhibition At Kirori Mal College for MUN of all Genre Photography.

Events Coverage:

College Commerce Dept. Freshers, NSS Orientation, Arts and Culture Orientation, and Nature and Environment Society Event.
Football Tournament at Ambedkar Stadium Organized by ZHDC Sports Society
IIT Delhi - RDV2018 Full Day and Night Coverage for 4 Days (as Official Coverage from IITD)
NSS Tarunya Fest 2019 Coverage.

Prize and Participation:

Winner of IITD - RDV2018 Theatrical Trailer Movie Competition
A Complete College Introductory Film.

Physical Education & Sports: Annual report 2018-19

The Department of Physical Education and Sports strives to excel at all levels and bring laurels to the college. Our Football team was runner up in Inter College Football tournament organised by DUSC (Delhi University sports council). Mujtaba Khan and Sahil Kumar represented Delhi in Santosh trophy and qualified for All India. Table tennis team went to IIT Kanpur and won the tournament. They were runner up in the tournament Organized by Rukmani Devi Institute Of Advance Studies. Aniket got 2nd position in single events of Maharaja Agrasen Institute. The Volleyball Team won Delhi technological University tournament (AAHVAHAN DTU), Krishna engineering college sports tournament (Infinito 2019) and in a first, it entered semi-finals of Inter College Volleyball Competition organized by Delhi University Sports Council (DUSC). Mohd Saleem, Suhail Raza, Masrur Alam and Rahul Yadav were selected for youth National championship. Some players also played U.P senior state championship.

In Athletics, Aman Kumar Jha won many medals this year. He secured second position in Decathlon in Inter College Athletics Meet organized by DUSC. In Judo, the boys team was overall champions in Inter College Judo Championship organized by DUSC. Abhinay Kumar, Suryansh Thakur, Alok Pandey and Vardhan won Gold medal in same. The girls team too won laurels. Nikita got silver medal and Sapna and Kalpana won bronze medal in Inter College Judo championship. They have also won medals in Delhi Olympics. The girls chess team was also very active and participated in many tournaments and performed well. The Department of physical education, ZHDC, successfully organised the 31st edition of Zakir Husain Memorial Football Tournament at Dr. Ambedkar stadium, Delhi Gate. Most of the leading Colleges of University of Delhi and other universities from Delhi/NCR took part. Dr. Shahji Prabhakaran President, Delhi Soccer Association was the chief guest and Dr. Jasvinder Singh Principal, Khalsa College was the guest of Honour.

Deepak Sharma
B.Com, 3rd Year
Volleyball