



INCULCATING CULTURE & EMPOWERING YOUTH

# SPARKLING SPAN

2015-16



Annual magazine of SPArC (Society for Promotion of Art & Culture)  
**KARIM CITY COLLEGE, JAMSHEDPUR, JHARKHAND**

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Society for Promotion of Art and Culture

# SPARKLING SPAN 2015-16



**KARIM CITY COLLEGE**  
JAMSHEDPUR

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## SPArC SONG

We are the different  
And the best.  
We are the sparkle  
We are passionate  
And the winners  
We are the dreamers  
And the doers.  
We are ambitious  
And the determined  
We are the sunshine  
And walk with pride  
We are the jewels  
And the Karimians  
We are the jewels

### **EDITORIAL TEAM**

#### **Principal and Patron**

Dr.MohammadZakaria

#### **Convener**

S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim

#### **Supervisor**

Nida Zakaria

#### **Chief Editor**

Abhik Deb

#### **Joint Editor**

Lubna Nasheet

#### **Sub editors**

Neha Ojha, Eram Siddiqui,

Sneha Sharma, Swasti Singh

## EDITORIAL

Before dabbling into the details of this year's Sparkling Span, let me take the clichéd walk down the memory lane. This space may not be the most fitting for such an objective venture but then, let me wield the infamous editors' liberty. My stint with SPArC started as a volunteer in SATRANG 2013. I still remember the first task assigned to me was to stand near a door and ensure that the event inside the room went off without any disturbance from outside. Two years down the line, as the Chief Organising Secretary of SPArC and the Chief Editor of this magazine, I have done very much the same work- channelising the creative fervour that SPArC roots for and shielding it from anything counter-productive. My success or failure is yet to be evaluated and doing so is not the motive of this editorial as well. The focus is on pointing out how SPArC taught me that the best way to test oneself with responsibility is to make him taste that responsibility itself. It would be utterly unfair to say that this has been the only lesson that SPArC taught me but truly this one to a large extent encapsulates everything else.



**"All colours will agree in the dark"**, said Francis Bacon. Agreement is a sweet situation where everyone seems cordial and amicable to each other. But, if it is achieved in a manner or setting as Bacon described, it is nothing less than a simmering pot which will not take long to explode if not allowed to vent out. It is dangerous to forget that disagreement (antithesis) is essentially complimentary to agreement (thesis) to attain a logical conclusion (synthesis). By this practice, an agreement will be an 'attained' one and not a 'coerced' one.

The editorial team has tried its best to hold true to this. Besides maintaining the language-oriented balance and genre-oriented balance of stories and poems with articles, essays etc. we have also tried to include a variety of subjects like literature, economics, political science, philosophy, psychology, spirituality, gender studies among others. I would like to extend heartfelt congratulations to all the contributors and of course my editorial team to create a sort of SATRANG here in this magazine as well! I would also take this opportunity to mention the huge contributions that Gauhar Sir and Sajid Sir have made in the activities of SPArC and that of this magazine, which have not went unnoticed but often went unmentioned.

I have always believed the best drill for our mind is to READ.... THINK.... READ.... THINK.... REPEAT. I leave you with this edition of Sparkling Span hoping it can initiate that drill.

Happy Reading...Happy Thinking...AND DO NOT FORGET TO DISAGREE.

## THUS SPAKE PRINCIPAL

Last year, Sparkling Span got the shape of an annual literary magazine. The first edition of Sparkling Span was an 8-page bulletin that released six years ago. The students had then promised to increase its volume by 8 pages every year. Six years down the line, I am proud that they have delivered more than what they promised as far as number of pages is concerned. I hope this edition of Sparkling Span, which will be a 72- page literary magazine, will also exceed our expectations with respect to quality and depth.

On the other hand, SPArC itself is growing in stature. Last year, we had grand celebrations on occasion of completion of a decade of SPArC. This year, as we step into a new decade, we must take it as a new beginning and set higher benchmarks, taking strength from our past. As a starter, we must aim to translate our success at state and national levels.

Weakness is a relative word. In the sense that if a person or organisation has a weakness, then it also draws out the best in that person or organisation. Being the patron of SPArC and the Principal of the college, I would want to become that 'weakness'.

The SPArC student committee is all set for the annual literary and cultural fest, SATRANG-2015. I have been informed that almost 120 prizes are to be given away and going by the initial trend, we may see unprecedented number of participants. However, organising competitions and distributing prizes is not the motif SPArC should aim at. It is more about sensitising our youths towards our rich literary and cultural traditions and creating in them a sense and an understanding towards our literary and cultural ethos. I am aware that the present student committee remained very concerned about it. An increase in the number not only of stories but story sessions, the introduction of a separate story session for English, a good increase in the participant-poets in Bazm-e-Shayari ... all this tells a story in itself. I congratulate the SPArC team for this success and also for their



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## I WANNA WIN .....

### ..... sirf jeet ki pyaas baki all bakwaas

*Success is counted sweetest  
By those who ne'er succeed.  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires sorest need.*

*Not one of all the purple host  
Who took the flag to-day  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear, of victory!*

*As he, defeated, dying,  
On whose forbidden ear  
The distant strains of triumph  
Burst agonized and clear!*

We read this Emily Dickinson poem when we were in class XIth during 1988-89. Those were, of course, not the best of times but let me share with you two real stories of those days.

December 1988, Class XIth, A.M.U. Aligarh ... Our English teacher, after finishing a chapter, used to ask questions given at the end. Whenever my turn came I faced lot of hardships in answering. One dark evening I decided that tomorrow I will answer all the questions; I will raise my hand to answer each and every question. I borrowed the guide from one of my hostel fellow and in the text book, in the blank spaces near the questions, jotted down the answers in a shorthand style. Next day in the class I was booming with energy, my preparations were full proof. When the teacher asked the first question I immediately raised my hand. Two more hands were also in the air. I was praying to God that he may give me the first chance. But he asked another boy to answer. It was perhaps due to my past attempts, and all unsuccessful ones, that he denied me the chance. I was feeling injured ... the bile were boiling inside, the spleen was aching, the nerves were agitated .... I refused to budge .... he asked the next question ... I got up straight ... started answering ... holding the book in one of my hand ... the fist of other hand closed and uptight ... voice shaking ... ..! Every time he was asking a question it was my turn to answer. This exercise was repeated till the exercise of that day was over. The class came to an end and the teacher left without giving his customary smile. The class fellows were also tensed outside. After that English class we have to rush to the Geography department for our next class and I covered the distance alone. Next day, in the English class, I stood at my place and said sorry to my teacher and my friends. When my turn to answer a question came I was stammering again.

November 1989, Class XIIth, A.M.U. Aligarh ... The University Mountaineering Club have organized a selection trial and Ayub, Khalid and I have planned to participate in it. We, along with other students, assembled at University Canteen from where the selection trial will begin. We have to go to NTPC's Qasimpur power generation plant and then back, covering a distance of almost eighteen kilometers. The march began at 5 a.m. and enjoying the early morning breeze, gossiping in groups, teasing each other, throwing wit coated sentences at each other in the pure Aligarh style, exchanging harmless and typically Aligarian slangs, passing remarks on the passersby, we reached Qasimpur at 6.30 am, covering a distance of around nine kilometers. We stayed there for half an hour and the return march began around 7 am. This was the real test ... we have to reach 'Chungi' (the University Canteen was nearby from where the march began) as fast as possible. We were told by the organizers that after reaching there we have to get our names registered with the Mountaineering Club officials. The first fifty students will be selected. Suddenly everybody got tensed ... all the fun and frolics were gone ... nobody was even talking ... the exhaustion, the tiredness of up journey was now visible and hampering our pace in our walking down ... plus the pressure of being in the first fifty ... Ayub was ahead, far, far, ahead and so were many other boys ... Khalid and I were feeling the heat ... our legs were not with us ... our muscles were stiffened ... and within ten to fifteen minutes we were a part of that group of twenty, twenty five boys who were left behind. Khalid told me "listen, now we are not in the run, we have no chance of being in those first fifty, but let's not become a part of these idiots, let them go, we will be the last two." I was unable to understand the import of his words but we slowed down and soon we were the last two. When we were at a comfortable distance so much so that not a single boy was visible Khalid stopped with a jerk ... he saw backwards ... a bus was coming towards us ... Khalid threw his hands in the air ... the bus reached near us ... and stopped ... we boarded the bus ... paid some money to the bus conductor ... talked with fellow passengers ... hide ourselves whenever the bus crossed a group of students walking briskly ... we get down from the bus ... at Jamalpur, a safe distance from the destination ... and started moving. This little journey had given us the required rest and obviously an edge over other boys. Still a few boys were ahead of us but we were sure that we are among first twenty or twenty five ... and Ayub was far, far behind us. Soon 'Chungi' was becoming visible to us ... we were in a safe position ... few other boys were close to us ... we saw a few boys who had already reached near the Mountaineering Club officials ... getting their names registered ... a student, who had



already get his name registered, came to us and said “hurry up, move, around thirty boys have registered their names, first fifty will be selected”. Looking at the distance Khalid and I were thinking that we will be within forty. We were at a small distance away ... four, five boys were getting their names registered ... suddenly ... Khalid got hold of my hand and whispered “we will not go there, we will not get our names registered, let us go towards canteen”. Soon Khalid and I were at the University canteen and were a part of our Sunday group of tea drunkards and cigarette smokers. Ayub joined us twenty minutes later.

Now listen to two more stories ... real one ... of ‘young India’ ... the India of ‘*acche din*’.

December 2015, Karim City College ... A Slogan Writing Competition has taken place, one of my colleagues has been asked to judge the winners of different language categories. There are very few entries in Bangla and that too by students of non Bengali background. But it does not surprise my colleague because our students are in the habit of participating in such events where chance of competition is less and chances of winning a prize is certain. What surprised him was an entry that fetched a prize in the Slogan Writing Competition last year. The same slogan, with same hand, same colour scheme, and same kg sheet has been submitted as a new entry with the name of the participant changed. After some digging into the poster it becomes clear that a sheet of paper has been pasted from the back in an attempt to hide the name of previous prize winner. Holding the poster in light, as we hold a five hundred or thousand rupee note to check its authenticity, the name of the previous prize winner could be read easily.

November 2015, Karim City College ... I was sitting in the office of the Principal when my cell phone vibrated. The caller was a graduation third year student and an important figure in the cultural activities of the college. He was saying on the phone that he and some other students of the college participated in a fest of a business school (the business school being in dire search of identity and in dire need of students), have won several prizes, and are declared over all champions. Along with other students the boy, now, wanted to meet the principal to hand over the trophy. I asked him “did the college send you there? Was the college invited by the organizers formally and officially? To both my questions his answer was in negative. Pat went my response “then what is the need of meeting the principal”? However the students came, handed over the trophy to the principal, had photographs with him and briefed him that they won in dance, debate, singing, quiz etc. Coming out of the chamber of the Principal I called a staff of that business school and asked him that how many colleges of the city participated in the event. He said “none”! The next day, through newspapers I came to know that the event was named *Xplore Junior* and in the events in which my college students were winners the runners up were small kids of some schools of the city.

> With all respect to the departed soul of Emily Dickinson let me tamper her poem a bit.

*Success is counted sweetest  
By those who wish to succeed.  
At any cost!  
To comprehend a nectar  
Requires not the sorest need.  
But the desire to win any ways!*

*Not one but all the purple host  
Who took the flag today  
Can tell the definition,  
So clear, of victory!  
That it is the damsel which all should possess!*

*As they, winners, and enjoying,  
On whose inebriated and intoxicated ear  
The musical strains of triumph  
Burst loud and clear!*

**S. M. Yahiya Ibrahim**



## THE BEGINING .....

In the academic session of 2003-04, students of Karim City College participated in the Ranchi University Youth Fest. The students unleashed their talent there ,bagged several prizes and returned with newly discovered confidence and pride. Our seniors realized the hidden potential and with the encouragement and support of College authorities, came up with the Society for Promotion of Art and Culture, popularly known as SPArC. Since then, SPArC has been a platform for students to channelize their latent energy, ventilate their creative force and inculcate love for culture and a passion for art . For achieving its goal, SPArC organizes literary and culture programmes in the campus and also ensures students' participation in co-curricular activities outside the campus. SPArC's mission and vision is striving to make the students multi-dimensional and trying to keep them away from destructive forces. SPArC creates a positive persona among the students and also makes the campus vibrant and amicable for them.

### SPArC Secretaries So far.....

- . **Shabina Khatoon** (2004-2005)
- . **B.Srinivas Naidu** (2005-2006)
- . **Puja Sharma** (2006-2007)
- . **Sanchari Chatterjee** (2007-2008)
- . **Gunjesh Kr. Mishra** (2008-2009)
- . **Rizwanuz Zaman** (2009-2010)
- . **Nida Zakaria** (2010-2011)
- . **Pooja Singh** (2011-2012)
- . **Sameena Rifat** (2012-2013)
- . **Harwinder Kaur** (2013-2014)
- . **S.Jaylaxmi Rao** (2014-2015)
- . **Abhik Deb** (2015-2016)

## SPArC Committee

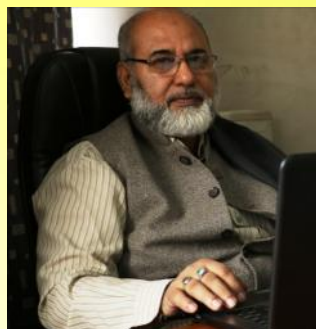
### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



**Dr. Safiullah Ansari**



**S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim**



**Ahmad Badr**



**Nida Zakaria**

### ADVISORY COMMITTEE



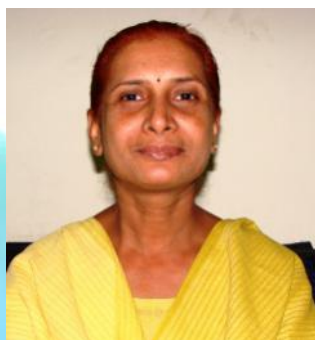
**Dr. Anwar Shahab**



**Md. Moiz Ashraf**



**Dr. Neha Tiwari**



**Dr. G. Vijay Laxmi**



**Dr. Sandhya Sinha**



**Basudhara Roy**

# The Pillars of SPArC

SPArC comprises of four clubs and two forums which look after its activities and organize numerous events throughout the academic session. Under the guidance of the Patron, Convener, Executive Committee and the co-operative efforts of the members of the student committee, the students are trained by the activity class teachers. The clubs and forums are functioning smoothly towards ensuring student participation in co-curricular activities.

## MUSIC CLUB:

Learning sur and raga could be one of the sweetest things to do. The music club trains students in classical, semi classical, folk, and ghazal singing. Music classes are held on every Sunday evening under the supervision of **Mr. Chandan Brahma & Mr. Jitesh**. It organizes **Sham-e-Ghazal** and the singing competition **Sur Sangat** during the annual literary cultural fest; SATRANG. This year, the Music Club is also slated to hold an event of traditional Qawwali singing named- **Qalandaraana**.

## LITERARY CLUB:

Thoughts are expressed through writing and speaking. Keeping this in mind, the literary club organizes **Kahani Zubani**, **Story Lane**, **Bazm-e-Shayari** and **We...the Poets**, a self composed poetry competition and **Vicharvaar**, a debate competition, **JAM** an extempore competition and **Slide Effect**, a Power Point presentation competition are held annually during SATRANG. It also takes out an annual literary magazine, **Sparkling Span** and manages a blog named **Sparclings**.

## DRAMA CLUB:

Acting is one of the best ways to express one's emotion. Drama classes are held on every Sundays under the instruction of **Mr. Shivlal Sagar**. The drama club organizes curricular theatre workshops and **Adakari**, a skit, **Mime & Dumb Charade** competition under SATRANG. This year, the Drama Club hosted a two-day drama festival named **Curtain Raiser**.

## FINE ART CLUB:

Painting and sketching are arts that give shape and colour to our visions and dreams. The members and students belonging to the fine art club have made the college proud by winning prizes in painting, rangoli, collage and face and shirt painting. The club comes up with **Strokes**, a painting, sketching and collage competition during SATRANG. Regular fine art classes are organized on every Sundays under the instruction of **Mr. Dama Saren**.

## DISCUSSION FORUM:

The main job accomplished by this forum is to take important decisions regarding the organization of events and group meetings of its members. It also holds group discussions and guest lectures. The forum organizes **Enigma**, the yearly quiz competition under SATRANG.

## H. R. FORUM:

It ensures manpower management and also looks after the organizational setup of the SPArC. The H. R. Forum is also connected with the media and the press. The events of our college must be brought to limelight and this job is fulfilled by this forum.

### CERTIFICATE OF HONOUR

Mr. **Dama Saren**, the Fine Art Club Instructor of SPArC, is an artist par excellence. His association with the college, as student and as an art guru, has many sagas to tell. As a student he brought laurels to the college by winning several prizes in two youth festivals in which he represented the college. He presented a portrait of our ex trustee Late S. M. Shafique to the present Principal and conceptualized the logo of SPArC. He played a pivotal role in conceptualizing ART BEAT, the annual art exhibition of students. This year he is coming up with a huge emblem of SPArC that will be presented before the Principal during SATRANG 2015. A calm and silent individual who believes in fine art as his religion and a master trainer who is sharpening the pencils, honing the brushes and softening the fingers of our students to inculcate in them the Indian fine art tradition of Raja Ravi Verma, ..... and M. F. Hussain. The Principal confers upon him this **Certificate of Honour** for his services to the college and for his achievements.



### PERFORMER OF THE YEAR

**Abhik Deb**, a student of B.A (Mass Communication) Part III, is the part of SPArC commune from the last three years. An excellent orator, a very mature anchor, a very sensitive poet, a sensible writer, a fire brand debater, a grown- up editor and a successful organiser, he is all set to become a full grown media man in future. He was constantly active in the events and activities of SPArC and represented the college in English debate during the university youth festival. His dedication for SPArC was such that he didn't get attracted to any other student platform of the college and served SPArC and the college with an unflinching faith. As Chief Organising Secretary of SPArC student committee 2014-15 he played an active role in conceptualizing Curtain Raiser, the annual drama festival of the college and introduced Story Line, the story telling session in English. With these feats under his lapel the Principal declares him the **Performer of the Year 2014-15**.

### PRINCIPAL'S MEDAL OF APPRECIATION

**Lubna Nasheet**, a student of B.A (English Hons) Part III, is a dedicated and silent worker whose volunteering abilities are praiseworthy at all levels. As a sensitive poet and a good speaker she has good prospects ahead. As Secretary of Rotaract Club of the college and as student representative in the Women's Cell and Internal Quality Assurance Cell she has shown her sincerity and concerns for student community and the college. She has been constantly active not only in the events and activities of SPArC but also extended her services in academic and extension activities of the college. As the literary secretary of SPArC student committee 2014-15 she activated the almost dormant Literary club by ensuring Sunday discussions and revived the tradition of Wall Magazine. **Principal's Medal of Appreciation** has been awarded to her for her services, volunteering, integrity and dedication.



### PRINCIPAL'S MEDAL OF APPRECIATION

**Kumar Yashwant**, a student of B.A (English Hons) Part III and Secretary (Logistics) of SPArC student committee 2014-15 is dedicated, co-operative and hardworking. He has been constantly active not only in the events and activities of SPArC but also extended his services in other academic and extension activities of the college. He has been involved actively both at the level of participation and volunteering. He has good organizational skills and an ability to execute things in a satisfactory way. **Principal's Medal of Appreciation** has been awarded to him for his services, volunteering, integrity and dedication.

### PRINCIPAL'S MEDAL OF APPRECIATION

**Ajay Kumar Roy**, a student of B.A (Hindi Hons) Part III and Cultural Secretary of SPArC student committee 2014-15 is a dedicated singer and a hardworking volunteer. No singing event in the college during the last three years was taken as complete without his presence. His involvement in the events and activities of SPArC Music Club is praiseworthy and his individual participation is commendable. He represented the college in university youth festival. In possession of a natural husky voice and a flair for classical, semi classical singing he is a singer of full throated ease. **Principal's Medal of Appreciation** has been awarded to him for his services, volunteering, integrity and dedication.



### PRINCIPAL'S MEDAL OF APPRECIATION

**Neha Ojha**, a student of B.A (Mass Communication) Part III is a worthy team person with a temperament for hard work. As President of college Rotaract Club 2014-15 she has achieved success in the implementation and introduction of several programmes. This apart, she has extended her volunteering to SPArC and involved herself in a big way in its events and activities. She has been involved actively both at the level of participation and volunteering. She has good organizational skills and an ability to execute things in a satisfactory way. **Principal's Medal of Appreciation** has been awarded to her for her services, volunteering, integrity and dedication.

## SATRANG 2014-15

### Qalamkar

Qalamkar is a creative writing competition organized by the literary club of SPArC. It has three categories; English, Hindi & Urdu .

The winners of the event were:-

<b>English :</b>	1 <sup>st</sup> – Anjali Singh (B.Com – I)	2 <sup>nd</sup> – Abhik Deb (MCVP – II)
<b>Hindi :</b>	1 <sup>st</sup> – Soma Khandait (B.A. – III)	2 <sup>nd</sup> – Ashutosh Kumar (B.Sc – I)
<b>Urdu :</b>	1 <sup>st</sup> – Mahjabeen Sarwari (B. A. – I)	2 <sup>nd</sup> – Mahiya Badr (I. A. – I)

### We The Poets...

We the poets is a self composed poetry competition organized by the literary club of SPArC. It has four categories; English, Hindi, Bangla & Urdu.

The winners of the event were:-

<b>English :</b>	1st – Supriya Tiwari (MCVP – I)	2nd – Hena Jafri (MCVP – III) & Eram Siddiqui (B. A. – III)
<b>Hindi :</b>	1st – Faiz Alam (MCVP – III)	2nd – Rituparna Gautami (B. Sc – II)
<b>Bangla :</b>	1st – Abhik Deb (MCVP – II)	2nd – Kunal Kumar Dey (MCVP – III)
<b>Urdu :</b>	1st – Md. Waliullah (B. A. – I)	2nd – Md. Shafiullah (I. Sc – II)



## Adakari

The opening ceremony was followed by the event Adakari comprising of three events. The winners of the event were:-

**Skit :** **1st** – Nemali Lochan (MCVP – I), Gourav Saraf (B. Sc IT – III), Hena Tabassum ( B. Sc CA – III), Sadaf Zabeen (B. Sc CA – III), Manisha Upadhyay (B. A. – III), Anamika Kumari (MCVP – III)

**2nd** – Rinku Kumar (B. Sc IT – II), Sapna Tripathy (MCVP – III), Pritish Tumar Rathor (MCVP – III), Neha Kumari (MCVP – III), Suman Purty (MCVP – II)

**Mime :** **1st** – Gulafshan Armaan (B. Com – II), Manisha Upadhyay (B. A. – II), Vijay Singh (B. Com – II), Akash Kumar (I. Sc – I), Suman Purty (MCVP – II), Bhavna Kumari (MCVP – II)

**2nd** – Manisha Singh (I. A – I), Sapna Tripathy (MCVP – III), Ajay Kumar (MCVP – I), Amit Kumar (MCVP – I), Vikash Kumar (MCVP – II), Prakash Kesharwani (MCVP – II)

**Dumb charade :** **1st** – Zeeshan Ahmad (B. Sc IT – III) & Gourav Saraf (B. Sc IT – III) **2nd** – Saba & Sakina



## Enigma

Enigma is a quiz competition organized by the literary club of SPArC. The winners of the event were:-

**1st** – Sumit Kumar (B. Sc – I) & Rabinder Sah (I. Com – I)

**2nd** – Abhik Deb (MCVP – II) & Navneet Kumar Singh (MCVP – II)



## Slide Effect

Slide effect is a Power Point Presentation competition organised by the literary club of SPArC.

Although being a new event, 30 members enthusiastically participated in the event and presented their presentation.

The winners of the event were:-

**1st** – Abhik Deb (MCVP –II) & Hena Jafri (MCVP – III)

**2nd** – Sadaf Zabeen (B. Sc CA – III) & Rinku Kumar (B. Sc IT – II)

## Strokes

Strokes is a painting, collage and sketching competition which took place on 11th December, 2014.

The winners of the event were:

<b>Painting -</b>	1st – Shilpa Das (MCVP – I)	2nd – Dolan Giri (B. Sc – I)
<b>Collage -</b>	1st – Sadaf Zabeen (B. Sc. CA–III)	2nd – Nawsheen Anjum (B. Sc. IT – III)
<b>Sketching</b>	1st – Prमित Shit (B. A. –II)	2nd – Manisha Srivastava (B. Com – I)



## Jhanak

Jhanak is a dance competition in two categories :-

Solo classical & Group folk

The winners of the event were:-

<b>Solo -</b>	1st – Anamika Kumari (MCVP – III)	2nd – Shatabdi Sen (B. Com – I)
<b>Group -</b>	1st – Manisha Upadhyay (B. A. – II), Shristi Suman Sinha (MCVP – III), Hena Tabassum (B. Sc. CA – III), Sadaf Zabeen (B. Sc. CA – III)	2nd–Ambika Kumari (B. A.– I), Munmun Anand (B. Com–I), Manisha Kumari (B.Sc–I)





## Vichar Vaar

Vichar vaar is a debate competition organised by the literary club of SPArC. It has four categories.

The winners of the event were:-

- English :** 1st – Abhik Deb (MCVP – II) & Hena Jafri (MCVP – III)  
2nd – Abhinav Burman (B.Sc – I) & Sandeep Tudu (B. Sc – III)
- Hindi :** 1st – Rituparna Gautami (B. Sc. – II) & Supriya Tiwari (MCVP – I)  
2nd – Faaiz Alam (MCVP – III) & Anamika Kumari (MCVP – III)
- Bangla :** 1st – Neha Pal (B. A. – II) & Sharmila Chatterjee (B. A. – II)  
2nd – Smita Sahu (B. A. – III) & Anandita Bose (B. A. – II)
- Urdu :** 1st – Sadaf Zabeen (B. Sc. CA – III) & Md. Shafiullah Quasmi (I. Sc. – II)  
2nd – Nafisa Zabeen (M. A. – II) & Ruksar Parween (M. A. – II)
- JAM :** 1st – Supriya Tiwari (MCVP – III) & Neha Ojha (MCVP – II)

## Sur Sangat

Sur Sangat is a singing competition in five categories being Filmy, Ghazal, Sufi, Western & Classical.

The winners of the event were:-

- Classical :** 1st – Ajay Kumar Roy (B. A. – II) 2nd – Smita Sahu (B. A. – III)
- Ghazal :** 1st – Equra Nadeem (B. A. – III) 2nd – Smita Sahu (B. A. – III)
- Sufi/Folk :** 1st – Pravjot Singh (I. Com – I) 2nd – Manisha Upadhyay (B. A. – III)
- Western :** 1st – Shama Khan (I. Sc. – I) 2nd – Roshan Pratik Aind (B. A. – II)
- Filmy :** 1st – Equra Nadeem 2nd – Satpreet Singh



## NON SATRANG EVENTS



### Release of Rang-e-Gulistaan

The second album of Ghazals sung by our Principal Dr. Mohammad Zakaria, Rang-e-Gulistaan was released on 5<sup>th</sup> May. The album was conceptualised and prepared by the Music Club of SPArC and was released under the combined banner of SPArC, Tata Steel and Paiker Foundation. The Chief Guest for this occasion was Mr. Ashish Mathur, MD, JUSCO.



### Curtain Raiser

Under the aegis of the Drama Club of SPArC, the college got the distinction of being the first educational institution of the city to organise a two-day Drama Festival. Christened as 'Curtain Raiser', this event was held on 24<sup>th</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> August at Michael John Auditorium. Trained by our drama instructor, Mr. Shivalal Sagar, the students of the college, staged four plays- **Raktabeej, Buddha Bachcha, Compromise and Madhyantar**, over two days. The chief guest for the event was Mr. Govind Madhav Sharan, Head, Urban Services, Tata Steel. The event received huge audience on both days which included thespians, students, teachers, media persons and many more.



### SARVA MILAN SPEECH COMPETITION- 2015

On the occasion of Gandhi Jayanti, an inter college speech competition was organised by Sarva Milan on the topic 'Gandhi's relevance in the 21<sup>st</sup> century'. 5 students each participated in the Girls' and Boys' category. In the Girls' category, Sakshi Singh (MCVP-I) got the 2<sup>nd</sup> prize while in the Boys' category it was a clean sweep by the college students with Abhik Deb (MCVP-III), Anmol (MCVP-I) and Bidhan (MCVP-I) bagging the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> prizes respectively.

## NON SATRANG EVENTS

### Qalamkaar

The season of literary events started this year with the **QALAM-KAAR- The creative writing competition**. It was organised on 30<sup>th</sup> August 2015 by the Literary Club of SPArC. The topic for the competition- '**DREAMS**'- was given on the spot and students displayed their literary and creative skills in three language categories- Hindi, Urdu and English. As many as 81 students participated in the event- 50 in Hindi, 8 in Urdu and 23 in English. Under the supervision of the Literary Secretary, Lubna Nasheet and efficient volunteering by the students, the event was a success. Prof. S M Yahiya Ibrahim, Prof. Ahmed Badr and Prof. Nida Zakaria mentored the event. The prize winners of the event were as follows:

**Hindi** : 1<sup>st</sup>: Mamata Kumari Vagadiya      2<sup>nd</sup>: Abhijeet Kumar  
**Urdu** : 1<sup>st</sup>: Mahiya Badr                              2<sup>nd</sup>: Guleshreen Fatma  
**English** : 1<sup>st</sup>: Anindita Bose                      2<sup>nd</sup>: Sakshi Singh and Sayanti Palit



### We...the Poets

The Literary Club of SPArC had organised We...the Poets, a self composed poetry competition in four language categories- Hindi, Urdu, Bangla and Urdu on 19<sup>th</sup> September 2015. A total of 42 students participated (19 in Hindi, 15 in English, 5 in Urdu and 3 in Bangla) in the competition. The students were judged not only on the basis of the quality and content of their poetry but



also on their presentation skills. The winners were as follows:

**Hindi** : 1st: Anmol                                      2nd: Raju Kumar  
**Urdu** : 1st: Eram Siddiqui                              2nd: Mohammed Waliullah  
**Bangla** : 1st: Anindita                                      2nd: Prachi Priyam  
**English** : 1st: Sakshi Singh                              2nd: Anam Khurshid

### Kahaani Zubani



The Literary Club of SPArC organised a story telling session titled 'Kahaani Zubani' on 1<sup>st</sup> November 2015. Four students of the college- **Anmol, Sayanti Palit, Suchitra and Abhinav Burman** read out their self-written stories on the occasion. Eminent Urdu writer of the city, **Mr. Abrar Mojeeb** was invited as the guest story-teller. Other esteemed personalities from the literary and cultural field like Mr. Jaynandan, Mr. Kamal, Mr. Akhtar Azad, Mr. Shekhar Mallick, Mrs. Arpita Shrivastava, Com. Shashi



Kumar, Dr. Vijay Sharma among others attended the programme and gave valuable suggestions to the budding writers.



## NON SATRANG EVENTS



### Story Lane

Adding a new feather to SPARC's cap, the Literary Club, for the first time, organised a story telling session of English stories on 29<sup>th</sup> November 2015. Four students of the college- **Eram Siddiqui, Sakshi Singh, Tasneem and Munjakesh Sarkar** presented their stories. Mrs. Basudhara Roy, a professor of the English Department of the college also read a story written by her. The presence of Prof.



Rajeev Dayal, Prof. Kanchan Mala, Dr. Khushwant Kaur, Dr. Vijay Sharma and others as guests made the occasion a successful one.

### Bazm-e-Shayari

The annual poetry reading event, 'Bazm-e-Shayari....a celebration of poetry' was organised by the Literary Club on 6<sup>th</sup> December 2015. As is the norm of this event, students shared the same platform with established poets of the city to showcase their poetic finesse in four languages- Hindi, Urdu, Bangla and English. In Hindi, Supriya Tiwary, Raju Kumar Gupta, Bidhan Roy, Anmol and Aman Raj were the student poets while Lakhan Vikrant was the guest. In English, Sakshi Singh, Anam



Khurshid, Kajal Verma, Koustav Sarkar and Lubna Nasheet



recited while Manoj Pathak was the guest poet. In Bangla, Abhik Deb, Sayanti Palit, Suchitra Sen and Marjina Khatoon recited while Dr. Mina Mukhopadhyaya came as guest and Mohammad Waliullah, Guleshireen Fatma and Eram Siddiqui were students who recited while Rizwan Aurangabadi was the guest.

### Upcoming Events

**Qalandaraana:** A programme of rendition of traditional Qawwali songs to be presented by the Music Club of SPARC.

**Shaam-e-Ghazal:** The Music Club is also coming up with a soulful evening of Ghazals.

**Seminar:** The Discussion Forum of SPARC will be hosting a seminar involving students, teachers and guests from various colleges of the city.

# SATRANG 2015-16

SATRANG, the annual cultural and literary fest was organized by SPArC from 16<sup>th</sup> to 21<sup>st</sup> December 2015. SPArC feels immense pride in the fact that this year it marked the beginning of a new decade in its mission of – “Inculcating Culture and Empowering Youth”.

Besides this, Satrang as always was a plethora of events and competitions aimed at showcasing the multifaceted talents of the students. Following is the glimpse of the various events:

**Qalamkar:** Creative writing competition.

**Enigma:** Quiz competition.

**We...the Poets:** Self composed poetry competition.

**Adakari:** Skit, Mime & Dumb Charade competition.

**Strokes:** Painting, Face painting, Sketch & Collage competition.

**Slide Effect:** Power Point presentation competition.

**Jhanak:** Classical & Folk dance competition.

**Vicharvaar:** Debate competition.

**Sur Sangat:** Ghazal, Sufi, Classical, Filmy & Western solo singing competition.

Amongst these events, the Face Painting category in Strokes is a new addition to this annual gala. All in all, the events were enjoyed, appreciated and lauded by all making it a great success. The proceedings were carried out under the able guidance of Dr. Shafiullah Ansari, Prof. Ahmad Badr, Prof. Nida Zakaria and Prof. S. M. Yahiya Ibrahim (Convener) and special care was taken by Dr. Anwar Sahab and Dr. Mrs. Neha Tiwari. The patronization of our Principal, Dr. Mohammad Zakaria has always been a great motivational force.

The student committee of 2015-16 tried its best to and gave its honest efforts to carry out its responsibilities to create a learner centric campus and student centric activities. We appreciate all the members of the Karim City College family for the faith and support they have shown on us and earnestly urge them to keep the tradition going. May the SPArC ignite in one and all.

# Bazm-e-shayari

## Don't Cry Mom

For nine months, you kept me secured,  
Away from dangers, away from all,  
In the safest of the place,  
From where the world was too far.

You held me tight, whenever I felt some fright.  
You held me close in the darkness of that place.  
Where no lights could reach,  
Except for the light of love and except for the shadow of care.

There was a strong bonding between you and me that we shared.

Finally, the day came when I was to be born.  
I was excited.  
But you were in pain.

You were taken inside the room.  
I could feel your heartbeat grew.  
And the time came,  
When I was to be brought in the imagination world.

I did not know, that how would my family feel,  
After knowing that it was me.  
Doctors congratulated that it was a baby girl.  
A curve of smile that was on everybody's face just flew away.

They were shouting, they were screaming.  
They were ordering to throw me away.  
They paid the people  
And asked them to go and kill me somewhere.

Now I am gone, far- far away  
Away from the artificial world full of demons,  
Where people do not care.  
Yes, I am gone to that place, when it's impossible for humans to reach there.

Now I ask you people.  
What was my mistake, that you vanished me away?  
Are the girls not allowed to live on this earth anywhere?  
Don't you know that, girls are the one to give you birth since then?

Why don't you speak today?  
Why don't you scream today?  
Give me the answers for my questions today

One day we'll stand, and fight for our right  
And then you will realize that girls also have the might.

So don't cry mom, we will meet someday  
If not in the world, then in heaven one day.  
Don't cry mom, we will meet some day.

**AnamKhurshid**  
(MCVP Part 1)

## In the absence of light

Sitting by the candle light ,  
lost in an unfathomed thought,  
Wishing it penetrated the darkness ,  
of which my heart is now wrought.  
Surrounded by the mocking absence of light,  
Stumbling upon words to carve down my plight.

The pain within is now overgrowing,  
It's growing, growing and just growing.  
As the eyes now disown a tear,  
My words liquefy into a smear.

On the dusk of 30th August,  
I wish I hadn't fallen of him,  
Had a feeling till then unknown,  
Today I wish I hadn't known.

There isn't a thing I can find,  
To forget him , he was one of a kind,  
Gone! His eyes, his smile, his style,  
Left I picking pieces of myself in despair.

Immaterial of deep the wound,  
How remorseful the crime,  
Lies a single healer, time  
Be quick, be gentle, for I have no joy no sorrow,  
Just a terrible void none can borrow.

Was I wrong or the time not right,  
I asked myself through a tormented night,  
Blowing the candle seeing it envelopes me,  
Two darkness, now separated by only me.

Least its better than hearing your inside scream,  
Without sleeping sleeping, a bad dream,  
None but I, responsible for this mess,  
A forgiver today asks for forgiveness.

I am weary but cannot sleep,  
Lost something worth a life time keep,  
I see now, as the clock breaks into chorus chime,  
Without him, all I do is make words rhyme.

**Kajal Verma**  
(Mcvp part1)

# Bazm-e-shayari

## YOUR LITTLE GIRL

You heard every word of mine,  
When I haven't even learned to tell;  
You were always there to hold my hand  
Whenever I fell.  
You helped me to walk,  
And how to stand strong;  
When you stood by my side,  
I knew nothing could go wrong.  
I remember, as a little girl,  
I was so scared to leave you hand  
walk on my own;  
You always said I'll soon be a tree,  
Seeds of which you have sown.  
I remember, when I was little,  
You use to hold me so tight;  
You'd close your eyes and say a prayer  
and then kiss me goodnight.  
When I see you now lying on this sick bed  
of yours,  
I know the hardest part is letting go;  
The memories that come flooding in my mind,  
Is of the little girl who still needs you,  
you know?  
It seems like yesterdays had bygone so fast,  
You are lying there, sick,  
and are you leaving me at last?  
Daddy you gave me the greatest gift  
anyone could ever give,  
You believed in me and taught me  
how to stay strong when others try me to rive.  
It will break my heart to pieces, how can I lose you now,  
will I always have to stay alone?  
You'll take a part of mine too  
when god takes you his home.  
If tears that fill my eyes can build a staircase  
and heartaches a lane,  
I'll cover the bridge with a gasp  
and bring you back again.  
But I know Daddy the pain I feel  
is nothing compared to yours,  
Even though I want to cling to you,  
I think I'll let him win, The Mors.  
In life I loved you Daddy, in death still, I will,  
You are leaving a place vacant that no one else can fill.  
I'll hold you close within my heart  
and there thou shall remain,  
To walk me through my life,  
you little girl I shall remain,  
Until I see you again.

**Sakshi Singh (MCVP-I)**

## She Could Have .....

She could have sprinkled the hues of life  
If she was not abandoned to mocking ugly rife  
She could have casted vibrance upon your pride  
If she was not ruthlessly victimized.  
She could have sprung light within existence,  
If she was not a prey to murky persistence.  
She could have turned into a golden glory,  
If she was not made a mournful story.  
She could have equaled each trait of a 'Sun',  
If she was not butchered against benison.  
She could have healed the wounds of destiny,  
If she was not carved for me turpidmattinee.  
She could have wiped away all sufferings,  
If she was not fed to disillusioned paltering.  
She could have turned into a tenderly angel,  
If she was not resigned to strangle.  
She could have poured as tranquilizing brilliance  
If she was not gifted to fatal riddance.  
She could have enriched the grail of creation,  
If she was not ridiculed to devaluation.

**Lubna Nasheet ( BA-III)**

# Bazm-e-shayari

مैं झंडा बोल रहा हूँ

vi us nkeu dh xkBlk dks  
 मैं नित-नित खोल रहा हूँ  
 मैं झंडा बोल रहा हूँ।  
 ds fj ; k jx i Ns ep l j  
 vks gjk djrk l oky gA  
 tc , d gh > Ms ds ge nkuksj  
 fQj geea ds k coky gA  
 tc , d gh teha dh ge l rku  
 rks fopkj D; ka gs tnpk & tnpkA  
 ; g fglh wgs og eflLye gs  
 eu ea D; ka gs ; s jpk cl ka  
 चक्र धर्म का प्रश्न मझे सताता है।  
 tc ep l s og i Ns  
 fd crkvls /keZ D; k fl [kkrk gA  
 ij jx chip dk l On  
 रहता सदा है खामोश  
 दिखता है बिल्कुल शांत  
 न विरोध न आपत्ति न आक्रोश  
 ij , d fnu eus i Nk ml l s  
 fd D; ka ugha djrs nē dkbZ l oky  
 D; k ugha mHkrk rjs eu ea  
 चुभते शब्दों का मायावी जाल।  
 l u ds ejh ; s ckr  
 ml fnu i gyh ckj oks cksyk  
 ugha [kcj Fkh ep s rfud Hkh  
 शांत दिल में भी धधकता है शोला।  
 cksyk jx l On l u HkbZ > Ms  
 मैं आज हाले-दिल कहता हूँ  
 l urk l c dN es l nk  
 पर क्यों खामोश रहता हूँ।  
 cksyus okys rks cgr gA  
 dkbZ l u us okyk Hkh rks ptkfg,  
 मैं तो हूँ सूचक शांति का  
 ij tukc tjk xksj Qjkb,  
 ftl fnu turk tkxsh  
 vks vi us vf/kdkj etxshA  
 ml fnu u ds fj ; k /ouh gkxh  
 u gjs l s vkokt+vk, xhA  
 उस दिन सिर्फ मैं बोलूंगा  
 vks ejh gh vkokt+Nk, xhA  
 vueksy

بوند

برسات کے  
 موسم کی پہلی پھو ہار  
 ہے جیسے سونے گلے میں، موتیوں کا ایک ہار  
 انتظار تھا سبھی کو، انتظار تھا مجھے بھی  
 اس دن کا جو آیا ہے، آج اور ابھی  
 ان سر وہاؤں میں، چٹھی ہو جیسے پانی کی بوند  
 کر رہے ہم احساس، ان آنکھوں کو بوند  
 ان ہواؤں میں جھومتے ہیں، یہ پتے اور ہم  
 وہ تو بھیک گئے، ہماری آنکھیں ہیں نم  
 گرتی ہیں، بکھرتی ہیں، احساس بن جاتی ہیں  
 احساس کی وجہ سے نئی بوندیں آتی ہیں  
 کوئی بکھرے تو کوئی بنے، ہے دنیا کا قانون  
 کوئی درد سہ لے تو ملے کسی کو سکون  
 بڑا اچھا لگتا ہے، اُچھل، کود کا یہ کھیل  
 دھودیتی ہیں، بوندیں، دل کے سارے میل  
 ان بادلوں کی پکار میں، خدا کی آواز ہے شاید  
 ان بجلیوں کی چمک میں اس کی کچھ روشنی  
 ان برستی بوندوں میں، اس خوشی کی آمد  
 جو گلزار کر دے ہم سب کی زندگی  
 جب دل بادلوں سا کچھ بھاری ہو  
 اور اس میں ایک جنگ جاری ہو  
 نہرو کو پھر ہواؤں کو گرنے دو بوندیں  
 آؤ کریں سیر سمندر کی ہوتیاں ڈھونڈیں  
 آؤ پرولیں ان موتیوں کو، بنا لیں ایک ہار  
 آنے دو بہار اور چھانے دو خمار  
 جب بوندیں سوکھ جائیں، نہیں بھولنا یہ موسم  
 رنجشیں ہر دن آئیں گی نہیں دیکھتے شبنم؟  
 اور وہ بھی کن پر؟ پھولوں پر،  
 معطر اور دل کش، نازک پھولوں پر آتے ہیں  
 رنجش کے تیر  
 دوست بھی دشمن بھی، اپنا یہ زمانہ ہے  
 جانا ہے اس سے دور، فی الحال ٹھکانہ ہے  
 بہتی بوندوں کو پھر سے ندیوں میں بہانا ہے  
 آئے تھے جہاں سے وہیں لوٹ کے جانا ہے



# Bazm-e-shayari

## दुश्मन हम प्रकृति के

वर्षों पहले जो होता था  
oks vkt D; ka ugha gkrk gA  
पहले सब खुश रहते थे  
gj dkbz vkt D; ka jkrk gA  
dks y dh d&dwicl r ea  
bd e/kj vykeZ gkrh Fkh  
i fjokj rks ge Hkh Fks ml ds  
पर हमको छोड़ वह कहाँ गई  
D; k geus dHkh ; g l kpk gA  
ge ckrā djrs tkrs gA  
ij ckrka l s D; k gkrk gS  
fNu tk, fdl h dk fQYe ea ?kj  
rks vi uk eu Hkh jkrk gS  
पर यह आँसू तब क्यों नहीं आते  
tc dks y vi uk ?kj [kkrh gS  
vc l e> ea vkrk gSfd  
ml dk eu D; ka jkrk gS  
geus rks fdl h rjg l s bl  
कम्प्युजन को सुलझाया है।  
ij og dS l gy>k, xh  
D; k geus dHkh ; g l kpk gA  
vnj ds jke dks geus ekjk  
ij fdLI k ugh vHkh [kRe gvrk gA  
jko.k rks ej x; k Fkk yfdu  
fQj l s ml dk tle gvrk gA  
oks jko.k : i h ; dh (u v) fdj . ka  
i kl vkus dks rRij gA  
y{e.kjs[kk vkstku ij r  
ml s Hkxkrh gj {k.k gA  
ij jko.k thr x; k gS vkt  
कि ज्ञानी राम निश्चित पड़ा है।  
l c tkuus okyk ; g bul ku  
l hrk tS k vutku [kMk gS  
dks y us D; k i ki fd; k fd jkrh gS  
bul kuh vkRek vkSj T; knk l krh gS  
हम इनसान तो शायद सह जाएं  
ij dks y D; k l g ik, xh  
D; k geus dHkh ; g l kpk gA

jktw d[kj] ch-, l -l h-&A

## تعلیم نسواں

رب نے قرآن میں اقرا فرمادیا  
مصطفیٰ ﷺ نے اسے فرض ٹھہرا دیا  
مرد عورت کو تم آزمانا نہیں  
علم حاصل کرو، علم حاصل کرو

میری بہنو پڑھو، پڑھ کے آگے بڑھو

پڑھ کے عصمت بنو، پڑھ کے رضیہ بنو

کر کے علم حاصل تو گھیرانا نہیں

گر پڑھانا ہے تو بیٹیوں کو پڑھا

ان سے سنورے گا ہر قوم کا خاندان

اس سے آسان ہو گا ہر اک کارواں

دولت علم کوئی پھرانہ نہیں

علم حاصل کرو علم حاصل کرو

ماں کی آغوش ٹھہری مدرسہ یہاں

وہیں سے ہر اک بچہ ہوا کامراں

بہنوں کے بھی سر ہو علم کا سا تباں

کرنے سے علم حاصل تو شرمنا نہیں

علم حاصل کرو علم حاصل کرو

# Qalamkaar



## 1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE

### COLOURS

The pink colour of rose, yellow of sun, green of money,  
To speak about colours, words there are many.  
Today all are in a boundary, chained are our minds,  
But colours asks proudly, us can you bind?  
We are vast, our canvas is beyond the sky,  
We fly as far as your imagination can go high.

Red, purple, orange and blue,  
Oh yes! And I love maroon too.  
But what are these colours if I couldn't see,  
What if all the colours disappear suddenly?  
I ask myself when I see those who cannot,  
I feel agony and an unresolved knot.

Then I remember opening my first paint kit,  
I was so happy and nervous a bit.  
I was about to make my first painting,  
My heart was feeling with mixed feelings.  
I made the sketch of a bird, I remember,  
I filled its wings with yellow and ember.

Now I think of the time I drew,  
The portrait of a man whom all of us knew.  
Oh! How excited was I about the features and tone,  
And my teachers complimented for my efforts outshone.  
It was the time, the seeds got implanted,  
And I fathomed colours cannot be taken for granted.

Since then, the time has elapsed a lot,  
Fate has brought many changes in the plot.  
Yet one thing didn't change yet grew,  
That is my unending love for hue.  
With each step of life it will grow more,  
Life's hardships have made me more and more sure.

When I feel agonised for those who cannot see,  
I love colours more as I can give them that glee.  
Though not everything but some I can give,  
In this world of colours, I can make them live.  
I am thankful to this wonderful world of colours that I look at,  
I love to dive here, where there is no boundary,  
no religion, no combat.

**ANINIDITA BOSE (B.A-II)**

## 2<sup>ND</sup> PRIZE

### COLOURS

Colours are a vital part of our lives. Our moods can be well depicted and described by various colours in our lives. Our happiness is depicted by a shade of colour and sadness by other. Our anger, anxiety, fears all are described by various shades of colours. While painting, if we are sad, our hands will tend to go for the darker colours and if we are happy they will move towards the brighter ones. If we are in love, our hands will go for red or pink and if we are scared, our canvas gets spread by black.

Without these colours, our life will seem empty. Imagine if there is no pink in lotus or no red in rose. The absence of green in leaves or bright colours do not adorn birds, then our lives will become so monotonous. Our life is a huge canvas which gets filled with the colours of our moods. Every day, every chapter of our lives, fills colours in small portions of our lives. Whenever we imagine our hearts, we think it to be red- the colour of passion and love which originates from our hearts. Colours attract us, they talk to us. Even the honeybee tends to sit on the brightest flower. We say that every person has an aura. This aura has nothing but the colours associated with nature of that person. A light-hearted person will always have a bright aura. A heavy hearted person will have a dark aura. Colours talk to us and convey us messages. Like dance, drama, singing, colours also allow us to express ourselves.

Different seasons also showcase different colours. The sky during summers is bright yellow or orange, during winters it is grey or light blue and during rainy season, it is deep blue or white as the clouds cover the sky. Colours are everywhere. They surround and engulf our world. Colours of Holi fill our lives with happiness. In Indian tradition, we make Rangolis in festivals. We pray that the colours of Rangoli fill our lives with happiness, joy and prosperity. Colours enable us to free ourselves from cages and soar high in the air. Colours teach us to love, cherish and fly.

Our dreams and ambitions are our colours, our struggles are the brushes and the endeavour to fulfil these dreams is the canvas. Without colours, our lives will tend to lose meaning because they make us lively and happy.

**SAKSHI SINGH (MCVP-I)**





jæ

रंग! एक शब्द जिसके जेहन में आते ही हमारा मन मस्तिष्क और विचार रंगों की एक ऐसी दुनिया में जा पहुँचता है जहाँ रंग अपने सतरंगी माहौल में हर दिशा में छाए हुए होते हैं। हम लाल, नीले, हरे, पीले हर रंग dks l kprs gš ij oks jæ tks gj jæ ea <y tkrk gš ftl dk otin gj fdl h ea gkrk gš ml dh >yd rd हमारा मन महसूस नहीं कर पाता जबकि हमारा मन ही कोरा है। जी हाँ--- । On! og jæ tks l cdk vi us जीवन में जगह देता है, जो शांत है। यूँ तो किसी रंग में जुबान नहीं पर हर रंग अपनी भाषा बोलता है और सफेद हमेशा की तरह शांत रहता है।

l kns l k thou tks dks

ft, egkrek gks

सादे की गाथा क्या गाऊँ

l knk l c ea gks ---

bl jæ us vi uk otin rks LFkkr fd; k gš ij ykxka dh bPNkvka l s l nš ijs jgk gš A bl । On dh रंगीन गाथा कुछ यूँ प्रस्तुत की है मैंने।

छमिया वो सात साल की लड़की जिसका जीवन ही बचपन था और बचपन बदमाशियाँ। उस वक्त की लड़की थी छमिया, जब सोच संकीर्ण हुआ करते थे। मस्तमौला थी, माँ की लाडली और पिता की बोझ। पर थी जिंदादिल, निडर और जीवन जीने वाली। सुबह की शुरुआत माँ के प्यार से होती थी दिन मस्ती में और रात आँखों में अनगिनत सपनों को लिए होती थी। पैरों में सुनहरी जूती और रंगबिरंगा फ्रांक ये उसकी dk; k dk , d fgll k FkhA ml ds thou ea bl l s vf/kd vkš dN u Fkk ij ml ds thou ea tMk , d अजनबी। उसके पिता की जिद लालच और संकीर्ण सोच ने छमिया को दूसरे गाँव के अपने दोस्त के बेटे की fookfgrk cuk fn; kA

उसके लिए माँ रोई, अपने पति को रोकने की कोशिश और आँसू कुछ काम न आए। वातावरण शांत FkA eLrekSyk Nfe; k xpl e FkhA ; s l c dN cgr tYnh Fkk ml ds fy, ij oks l cdN l e> jgh Fkh क्योंकि उसने अपनी सखियों को इस लाल जोड़ी के रंग के बंधन में बँधते देखा था। वातावरण की तरह वो भी शांत थी। पर वो डरती नहीं थी बस दुःखी थी। वो चाहती परंतु अब यही इसका जीवन था।

bl carku ds ?kjs ea vkš ml । d h. k l kp ds ykxka us dHkh ml s thou [ky ds thus dk vf/kdkj ugha fn; kA fn; k rks nlygu dk og : i tks ?kj dh ph t gA tks ?kj ds fy, gA

Okg c<h] cMh gPZ vkš ml dh । kp Hkh mlUfr ds NkMh dh i hB ij । okj c<fh pyh xBA । ksyg की छमिया और भी सुंदर हो चुकी थी और अपनी जैसी सात साल की छमिया की सबसे अच्छी माँ भी। उसने अपनी बेटी का नाम किरण रखा थ जो रंगों सी हमेशा दमकती खिलती रही। छमिया ने विवाह कर घर छोड़ा था और घर के साथ निदर्यो पिता और असमर्थ माँ का साथ भी छोड़ा था। वो पिता से कभी कोई आस न रखती थी पर माँ पर हमेशा भरोसा रखती थी उसकी सोच थी माँ ने उसे जन्म दिया तो संरक्षण भी जरूर nxA ij , d k gvk ughA oks n[ kh Fkh] oks n[ kh gš vkš ml dh nfu; k fl OZ ml dh cVh gA

अपने अतीत के चादर में खोई थी छमिया पर जब उसकी बेटी ने पीछे से आकर माँ की दोनों आँखे cn dh rks ekuka i nkrhr । s vka[ ka [ky xba ml dhA cVh dks vkxs djrs gq fugkj us yxhA ogh jæfcjækk फ्राक! पूरी छमिया ही तो थी वह। पर अपने को देखते ही उसने स्वयं से कहा कि वो कि उसे दूसरी छमिया u cuus nxA vi us [kks gq jæ vkš ; g । On । kMh ml ds #nu dk dkj .k curh ; k gffk; kJA i fr ds Loxbkl gkrs gh । kl & l j dh Hkh eR; q gks xBA ijs । d kj ea ml us vdsys thus dh yxke Fkkeh vkš cVh dks i <k; kA tks l i us ml ds uka us n[ ks Fks oks gkxs ij j bl mEeh । s i <k; k vkš c<k; k ml us vi uh cVh dka tks Hkh tehu&tk; nkn ?kj ds । keku vkš vi uh egur । s dek । drh Fkh ml । cdk ml us fdj .k dk thou । tkus ea yxk fn; kA

बड़ी अजीब दुविधा या यूँ कहूँ तो नियति थी छमिया की जिसमें लाल रंग उसे रुलाया, उसके सपने तोड़े अपनों से दूर किया और मासूम छमिया को मार डाला पर सफेद साड़ी ने मुट्टी कस दी उसकी, जहन में डर पर आँखों में आग दी। शयद किरण के न होने पर वो कमजोर हो जाती पर किरण ने उसे माँ बनने का ऐसा साहस दिया जैसा माँ स्वयं चाहती थी। किरण ने अपनी माँ को कभी रोते न देखा था पर लड़ते t: j n[ k FkA vi us vkt । s vkš bl । ekt । A

# Qalamkaar



किरण पर भी कईयों की नज़र थी पर माँ थी उसके सामने उसे उसके नाम का अर्थ समझाने के

बारहवीं की परीक्षा पास करते ही उसे उसी गाँव के माध्यमिक विद्यालय की शिक्षिका का कार्यभार सौंपा गया। किरण ने माँ के सहारे कभी हार न मानी सदैव संघर्षरत रही। वह खुश थी कि यह "माँ" का शब्द और शक्ति दोनों ही उसके पास है।

को उसकी माँ उसे सीने से लगाकर छुपा लेती थी, वो घर बनाना था उसे। अपनी माँ के लिए।

माँ के पास आज किरण बैठी यूँही उसे निहार रही थी कि उसने माँ की दूसरी शादी का प्रताप रख दिया। छमिया चौकी नहीं क्योंकि उसके जहन ने भी खुद की खुशी के लिए यही सवाल उससे किए थे। पर उसने बेटी को गोद में लेकर कहा—“जिस लाल ने मेरे अधिकार छीने, मुझे खुशी से जीने न दिया। जिसका

रुलाया है मुझे और इस सफेद ने सबको छीन कर, अकेला कर मुझे फिर से जीने की शक्ति दी शायद दूसरी नारियाँ यह सफेद अपने जीवन में कभी न चाहें पर इस सफेद ने जीवन की सारी बेड़ियों से मुझे मुक्त किया

और बेटी—बहू के रिश्तों से बाहर निकाल तेरे आते ही माँ का रूप दिया। मेरे लिए जो भी हुआ है मेरे अच्छे

हूँ। क्यों कि तेरी सफलता का रंग एक माँ की जीत का कारण बनेगी। इनाम बनेगी। ये सफेद मुझे प्रिय है।”

माँ के इन शब्दों ने सारे सवाल खत्म कर दिए किरण के, और वह निश्चय कर बैठी और ऊँचा उठने का, और दमकने का, अपनी माँ के लिए।

D; ka l On rks l nj gks x; k ] g\$ u!!

eerk dpekjh oxkfm; k] vkbz, l -l h-&AA



## رنگ

سوموار کی صبح تھی۔ بٹی آج پھر دیر سے اٹھا تھا۔ دو دن کی چھٹی کے بعد سوموار کو پھر سے پڑھنے کو تیار ہونا ایک مشکل کام تو تھا۔ دو دن کیسے بیت جاتے، پتا ہی نہیں چلتا اور پھر آجاتا یہ سوموار۔ اوپر سے آج تو اسے اپنا ہوم ورک بھی کرنا تھا پھر بھی وہ خوش تھا کیونکہ ایک ہفتے بعد کچھ ہونے والا تھا۔

گھر آتے ہی بٹی اپنی می سے تیاری کرنے کو کہتا، گھر کو جاتا، وقت پر اپنا ہوم ورک بھی کرتا۔ بٹی اور اس کے سبھی دوست مل کر تیاری میں جئے ہوئے تھے۔ انہوں نے اپنی پوری سوسائٹی میں گھوم گھوم کر خوب پیسے اکٹھے کیے تھے۔ سب بچوں نے اپنی اپنی گلک سے بھی پیسے دیے۔ ہولی آنے والی تھی۔ رنگوں کا توبہا۔ اور بچوں کا من پسند۔

ہولی کے دن سے پہلے ساری تیاری مکمل ہو چکی تھی، رنگ آگئے تھے، مٹھائیوں کا بھی بند بست ہو گیا تھا۔ یہ بھی طے ہو چکا تھا کہ کہاں کہاں گھومنے جانا ہے اور کسے کسے زبردستی رنگ لگانا ہے۔

آج سبھی بچے اسکول جاتے وقت بہت خوش تھے۔ آج اسکول بند ہونے والا تھا۔ بچوں کے چہرے خوشی سے دک رہے تھے۔ آج سب نے اسکول میں بھی خوب اودھم مچائی۔ کچھ شرارتی بچے تو کلاس میں بھی رنگ لے کر آئے تھے، سبھی پر ڈالا اور خوب شور مچایا۔ بٹی نے بھی ان سب کے ساتھ خوب شرارت کی۔

آخر ہولی آگئی سب نے خوب مستی کی۔ رنگ اڑایا۔ مٹھائیاں کھائیں۔ تھوڑی دیر اچانک سے سب پریشان دکھنے لگے۔ ماحول میں جو خوشیاں چھائی ہوئی تھی، پھینکی ہی لگنے لگی۔ ایسا لگ رہا تھا مانوساری چیزوں کے رنگ ہی اڑ گئے۔ ایسا اس لیے کہ سوسائٹی کپاؤنڈ میں جو بچے ابھی رنگوں سے ہولی کھیل رہے سب غائب تھے۔ سبھی ماں باپ کے چہرے پریشان تھے۔ سبھی فکر مند تھے کہ بچے کدھر گئے۔ کوئی انہیں پکڑ کر نہیں لے گیا۔ طرح طرح کی باتیں ہونے لگیں۔ کچھ لوگ رونے لگے تو کچھ اپنے رشتہ داروں پہ بٹی اور کچھ سنی سنائی کہانیاں سنانے لگے۔

دوسری طرف بچے اسکول کے پیچھے والے بڑے میدان کے پاس والی چھوٹی بڑیوں کے سامنے ہولی کھیل رہے تھے۔ بٹی اپنے ساتھیوں کے ساتھ مل کر سب کو مٹھائیاں بانٹ رہا تھا۔ سبھی بچے رنگ میں نہائے ہوئے تھے، کوئی بھی پہچان میں نہیں آ رہا تھا۔ بٹی اور اس کے دوستوں نے یہ طے کیا تھا کہ ہولی والے دن سارے دوست مل کر ان غریب بچوں کے ساتھ ہولی کھیلیں گے۔ ان سب نے خوب سارے پیسے اکٹھے کیے اور ان کے ساتھ مل کر ہولی کھیلی۔ بٹی اور اس کے دوستوں کے لیے تو یہ اصلی ہولی تھی کہ ان بچوں کے ساتھ ہولی کھیلیں جو انہیں روزانہ دکھائی دیتے ہیں جو انہیں دور سے ہی گھورتے ہیں اور منہ چڑھا کر بھاگتے ہیں۔ ان کے لیے تو یہی ضروری تھا کہ وہ ان کی ہولی کو رنگوں سے بھر دیں۔ اور ان کی زندگی میں بھی ایک خوشگوار رنگین دن دے سکیں۔

شام ہونے کو آئی تھی۔ سبھی بچے اپنے نئے دوستوں سے وداع ہوئے اور آسمان میں رنگ اڑاتے نکل چلے..... کہیں اور رنگ

بھرنے۔



## رنگ

رنگ ایک خوشی ہے۔ رنگ وہ ہے جو ہم انسانوں کی زندگی میں خوشیاں لاتا ہے وہ خود کی پرواہ کئے بغیر دوسروں کی خوشیوں کی خاطر خود کو نشہ ور کر دیتا ہے۔ رنگ برنگے رنگوں کو دیکھ کر ہمیں ہمیشہ خوشی ملتی ہے اور ہم رنگ کو ہمیشہ اپنی مرضی کے مطابق استعمال کر لیتے ہیں۔ لیکن ایک رنگ جسے ہم پسند کرتے ہیں اور دوسرا رنگ جسے ہم نہ پسند کر دیتے ہیں۔ کبھی یہ نہیں سوچتے کہ آخر اس میں کیا خرابی ہے اور کیا اچھائی ہے۔ ہمیں رنگ کے جذبات کو جاننے کے لیے رنگ بن کر ہی سوچنا ہوگا کتنی ہم اس کی اصلیت کو پہچان پائیں گے۔ یہ ہمارے لیے ایک سنہرا موقع ہے جس میں ہم کو یہ موقع دیا گیا ہے کہ ہم اپنی مرضی رنگوں کے بارے میں ظاہر کر پائیں۔ یہ دنیا رنگوں سے بھری ہوئی ہے۔ اگر ان خوبصورت دنیا سے رنگ ہٹا لیے جائیں تو یہ خوبصورت دنیا بد صورت ہو جائے گی۔ کیونکہ خوبصورتی اور خوشی رنگوں سے ہی حاصل ہوتی ہے۔ ہم کسی بھی چیز کو بنانے یا خوبصورت دکھانے کے لیے رنگوں کا استعمال کرتے ہیں۔ اگر ہم خوبصورت رنگوں کا استعمال نہ کریں تو ہماری بنائی ہوئی چیز پوری برباد ہو جائے گی۔ کیونکہ اسے استعمال کرنے والا کوئی نہیں ہوگا کیونکہ ہر کسی کو رنگوں بھری چیزیں ہی پسند آتی ہیں۔ کیونکہ یہ رنگ ہی ہیں جو ہمیں خوشی دیتے ہیں۔ اور ہمارے دکھوں کو دور کرتے ہیں۔ ہماری روزمرہ کی زندگی کے کاموں کو آسان بنانے کے لیے رنگوں کا ہونا بہت ضروری ہے۔ کیونکہ رنگ ہی ہیں جو دنیا کو حسین بناتے ہیں۔

ہم رنگوں کا استعمال تہواروں میں کرتے ہیں کیونکہ تہوار خوشی لاتا ہے اور تہوار کو اور خوشگوار بنانے کے لیے رنگ کا استعمال کیا جاتا ہے جس سے تہوار کا مزہ ہی بدل جاتا ہے۔ وہ رنگ ہی ہے جو ہمیں دوسروں سے میل ملاپ سے رہنا سکھاتا ہے۔ رنگ سے ہی ہماری زندگی بنتی ہے۔ ہماری زندگی ایک بیکارسی ہے لیکن اسے پورا کرنے کے لیے رنگوں کا ہونا بہت ضروری سمجھا جاتا ہے۔ رنگ خوشی کی نشانی ہے، رنگ ہی پر دنیا قائم ہے۔ رنگ ہی ہمیں خوشیاں دیتا ہے۔ رنگ ایک خوشی ہے رنگ وہ ہے جو ہم انسانوں کی زندگی میں خوشیاں لاتا ہے وہ خود کی پرواہ کیے بغیر دوسروں کی خوشیوں کی خاطر خود کو نچھاور کر دیتا ہے۔ ہم رنگوں کا استعمال تہواروں میں کرتے ہیں کیونکہ تہوار خوشی لاتے ہیں اور تہوار کو اور خوشگوار بنانے کے لیے رنگ کا استعمال کیا جاتا ہے جس سے تہوار کا مزہ ہی بدل جاتا ہے۔ وہ رنگ ہی ہے جو ہمیں دوسروں سے میل ملاپ سے رہنا سکھاتا ہے۔ رنگ سے ہی زندگی بنتی ہے۔ ہماری زندگی بکھرے ہوئے ٹکروں کی طرح ہے لیکن اسے جوڑنے کا کام یہ طرح طرح کے رنگ کرتے ہیں۔ جنہیں ہم کبھی اچھا اور کبھی برا کہہ کر پکارتے ہیں۔ اچھا یا برا کہنے پر بھی رنگ کبھی ناراض نہیں ہوتے وہ تو ہمیشہ اپنے آپ کو دوسروں کی خوشی کے لیے نچھاور کرتے ہیں۔ اس سے صاف ظاہر ہوتا ہے کہ رنگوں میں برداشت کرنے کی صلاحیت انسانوں کے مقابلے بہت زیادہ ہوتی ہے۔ رنگ دنیا کی وہ خوبصورت چیز ہے جو کسی کو مل جائے تو اس کی زندگی سنور جاتی ہے اور جو اسے چھوڑ کر جیتا ہے وہ بیکار زندگی جیتا ہے۔ جو رنگوں کا ساتھ چھوڑ دیتے ہیں ان کی زندگی ادھوری ہو جاتی ہے۔ وہ زندہ ہو کر بھی موت کی زندگی جینے زندگی جینے جیسا ہو جاتا ہے۔ اس کی زندگی کی خوشیاں کھو جاتی ہیں اور وہ ادھورا ہو جاتا ہے۔ لیکن ہمیشہ خوش رہنے والے رنگوں سے کھیلنے رہنے والے ہمیشہ خوش رہتے ہیں اور اپنی زندگی کو خوشی خوشی بسر کرتے ہیں۔ اپنے آپ کو خوش اور خرم رکھنے کے لیے رنگوں سے لگاؤ رکھنا بہت ضروری ہوتا ہے۔ رنگ اپنے آپ کو ظاہر کرنے کے لیے کسی کی مددگار نہیں ہوتا لیکن انسان کو اگر اپنی خوشی ظاہر کرنی ہو تو وہ رنگوں کے بجائے کسی دوسری چیز سے پوری نہیں ہو سکتی کیونکہ رنگ ہی وہ شے ہے جو ہماری زندگی کو خوشگوار بناتا ہے۔

# We...the Poets



**1<sup>ST</sup> PRIZE**

## **She is a woman.....**

A woman is a mother, a sister, a friend,  
To respect and worship her is the known trend.  
But since centuries, men have ruled the society,  
Crumbled her wings of flight and reduced her  
to just a deity.

A woman has no wildness, her wisdom refuses to bend,  
She uses benevolence, which is no man's trend.  
Why must she have bowed heads and lowered eyes?  
Why is she always at mercy, crying her soulful cries.

She works behind the curtains, cooks and cleans,  
She comforts her family, is a support to lean.  
She carries in her a life for nine months in a row,  
She is now growing, standing with men toe-to-toe.

Education and literacy are her birth right,  
Then why is she suppressed and abused with all might.  
Tortures have embodied her borne of pain,  
Criticisms have only made her stronger  
and look how much she gained.

She will make her own fortune,  
spread her wings across the land,  
But it's still a long way  
before she can make her brothers understand.  
She may seem weak, but she knows to stand tall,  
She knows to stand up when she breaks down and falls.

She knows how to fight for her dignity,  
she needs no one to summon,  
She is strong enough for her battles,  
she is a woman.

- **SAKSHI SINGH (MCVP-I)**

## **The most precious jewel of our life**

When you took birth, you were so small.  
Even the limbs refused to be your own.  
This world was beyond your dreams.  
You did not have a clue about what it has in  
store.  
You could only smile and cry and sleep.  
And then holding and beholding you,  
Your mother taught you to walk and to talk.

Before she knew, you grew up to a handsome,  
young man.  
And then the day came,  
when you lost your heart to a beautiful girl.  
You left everyone and followed her blind.

**Anam Khurshid (MCVP-I)**



# We...the Poets



?kue jgs gð ge

fny ea uQjr dh vkx]  
fy, v/kjka ij l; kj ds jkxA  
?kue jgs gð geAA  
c>kus fQj fdl h d§  
ekgcr dk fpjkxA

?kue jgs gð geAA

cu ds ekyh ckx d§  
Pkg kus edjan vk§ ij kxA  
dg ds fdl h dks vi uk]  
fQj djus dks vk?kkrA

?kue jgs gð geAA

dj ds eu&efnj dyfdr]  
/kkj .k fd, c§kxA  
Ekkuork ds Hknyk d§  
vkt l kjs tTkrA

?kue jgs gð geAA  
drjk&drjk jDr cnu dk]  
dj ds dkyk vkTA  
fQj Hkh flj vius l tk d§  
u§rdrk ds rkTA

?kue jgs gð geAA  
dl h l pgkbz l Qyrk ij]  
fy, eckjdcknA  
fdl h ds [kMj ij  
djds ?kj vkcknA  
?kue jgs gð geAA

lkjokuka dks D; k i rk]  
फिर लुटने शमा की ताब।  
l dMka pgjs dh i gu§  
Pkgjs ij udkcAA  
?kue jgs gð geAA

efnjky; ea rkyk tM d§  
पिलाने नयनों से शराब।  
ba ku dks ba ku ds gkFkk]  
djus dks cckh]  
?kue jgs gð geAA

vueksy (MCVP-I)

x#t y

xk&j v t#t+

दुश्मन जिसके रहे ज़माने, हम भी हैं और तुम भी हो।  
एक ही सहरा के दीवाने हम भी हैं और तुम भी हो।

हमसे हम को अपना कह दे, तुम से तुम को अपना  
सच तो है उसके बेगाने हम भी हैं और तुम भी हो।

कौन अंधेरा चाहे, किसको भाये काली-काली रात  
शैशन शम्मा के परवाने हम भी हैं और तुम भी हो।

हम भी हैं मज़ज़ूम यहाँ और तुम भी हो मज़लूम, मगर  
मुजरिम भी जाने अनजाने हम भी हैं और तुम भी हो।

ज़ाहिद हो गए तौबा कर के 'गौहर' लेकिन सच है ये  
देखे हुए कितने मैख़ाने हम भी हैं और तुम भी हो।

# “THE LOST BATTLE”

‘She mapped the soul’ of Soviet and post Soviet people. Her writing is “Something eternal, a glimpse of eternity.”

Ms. Svetlana Alexievich wins the Nobel Prize 2015 for literature for her ‘polyphonic writings, a monument to suffering and courage in our times. ‘A Belarus born journalist captures and reflects the shattered Soviet emotions, chronicling the great tragedies of Soviet Union in her books’ *Unwomanly Face of the War*, *Zinky Boys*’ symbolizing the zinc coffins as ‘Black Tulips’, ‘Voices from Chernobyl’ ‘ a nuclear disaster which exposed men to invisible death and ‘Second Hand Time’. The ultimate aim of the events assimilated and expressed is to identify the natural ‘humanliness’, which goes unnoticed after each such tragedies.

“What I am interested in is what happens to the Human beings, what happens to it in our times. How does man behave and react. How much of the biological man is in him, how much of the man of his time, how much man of the mass”, says Ms. Alexievich.

History of Utopia-history, unlike itself speaking about ‘humotions’, history which had suffered the wounds on itself-is what is reflected through books of Ms. Alexievich. The unseen, unfelt aspect of wars and tragedies through interviews has been captured making it one of its kinds. She has worked exclusively with living men her works dealing with individual Voices, converting the oral history to ‘*Literatura fakta*’ (*literature o facts*).

Life in Soviet Union is depicted from the perspective of the individual where women no longer has a father, a brother or a husband, yet sings the sad melody of love instead of death. Where children are taught to express love through weapons. She sets out to collect, “the everyday life of feeling, thoughts and words”.

More than a million Soviet women saw actions as the frontline of the world war, as pilots, as tank drivers, However after victory men forgot about those women.

The dreadful facet of war is reflected through the words of these women soldiers, about the frightening experience of walking along a field covered with dead bodies, all very young-A Sight too pathetic, An act so futile (*Wars Unwomanly Face*).

Soviet Afghan war (*Zinky Boys-Soviet Voices from a Forgotten War*) is transformed into a book through interview of soldiers, widows and mothers of wars victims, where man takes pride inventing techniques to kill men more efficiently. The traumatic experience of Russian soldiers is not individual but a general state of war psychology.

When the quest for a Paradise results in a land of reeking wounds, when men forget to be men, when the air turns poisonous and embrace deteriorated generations, when innocent is victimised.....the battle, though won, is but, a lost battle in disguise.

Lubna Nasheet

(BA, Part-III)

# Seeing through Gender: The Importance of De-Gendering our Youth

Basudhara Roy

A couple of months ago, I was summoned to the presence of my sister-in-law's sister-in-law (and before the laws, repetitive and often clueless as they are in English, distress you dear reader, allow me to clarify, with all native ease, the summoner as my *nanad's devrani*) to greet into this hardly grateful world, her new-born babe. As I stood in the exuberant family circle, eager to hand over my gifts to that lump of tender flesh so swaddled in comforters that it seemed, to all appearances, like an un-hatched penguin still in its egg, my sister-in-law, acquainted perfectly well with my predilection for EOSSs and GOSFs (these dear reader, if postmodern acronyms present a hurdle to your understanding, may readily be clarified as End of Season Sales and Great Online Shopping Festivals) hissed in accompaniment with a vehement nudge, "Don't tell them you bought all these in advance. My mother-in-law thinks it a bad omen." (uufff – that law again!) For once at least, I had the privilege of giving her my most complacent of smiles and as I triumphantly held up for her to see, the shopping bag that bore the name of the local store in their city, I whispered in protesting innocence and with not little pleasure, "But these were not bought in advance!" She was dumbstruck. "You mean you bought all these pinks and fuchsias and lavenders knowing perfectly well that the baby was a boy!" To my sheer alacrity and my sister-in-law's great consternation, the new-born young man in question exhibited no objection, whatsoever, to my colour sense (or lack thereof), though as to whether his parents agreed with him, I have my strong and well-kept reservations.

The above anecdote, wildly digressive though it might at first appear from the issue at hand, is narrated to drive home one significant point – namely that the process of psycho-social differentiation of a child into a boy or a girl with definitely predictable requirements, abilities, limitations and attributes, begins much before the pathetically helpless infant can have a say in it. Pink for the girl, blue for the boy; dolls for the girl, cars for the boy; kitchen play-sets for the girl, cricket sets for the boy; floral prints for the girl, checks for the boy; fairy tales for the girl, skates for the boy; music for the girl; comics for the boy; fragrance for the girl, guns for the boy – are just some of the gifting decisions made in our everyday lives with little or no consultation with their benefactors but in full subscription to an idea that girls as girls and boys as boys *must* and *ought to* exhibit a preference for a specified set of objects and practices, irrespective of their individual natures. *This* is the inconspicuous and innocuous manner in which the process of gendering begins, often even, as I have pointed out, at childbirth with graver and more unjust distinctions to follow in later years – restriction for the girl, opportunity for the boy; repression for the girl, mobility for the boy; regulations for the girl, autonomy for the boy; housework for the girl, education for the boy; drudgery for the girl, career for the boy; Humanities for the girl, Science for the boy; Medical for the girl, Engineering for the boy (we all remember the inimitable Virus in the flick *3 Idiots*) and so on and so forth.

Seen in this light then, what do you think is meant by the process of gendering? Though the terms 'sex' and 'gender' have veritably been confused with one another and rendered synonymous through their indiscriminate use in academic and institutional data forms, they are *not* the same. While 'sex' as a biological category refers to the clinically physical state of being either 'male' or 'female', gender is a social and cultural category that expects males and females to behave in a manner which is *appropriate* to that of being a male and a female. Confused? Let me then introduce here for your convenience, the terms 'masculinity' and 'femininity'. 'Masculinity' is the gender-appropriate manner of male behavior and 'femininity' that of female behavior. Males are supposed to be 'masculine' – to be macho, to have a

strong body, sprout hair, be aggressive, shun fear and tears, and lead a rough life in general – whether they are comfortable with such ideas or not. Females on the other hand must exhibit ‘femininity’ – be small, tender, frail, and in general, weak, comforting, subservient and in need of protection. Such stereotypes of desirable masculinity and femininity have been perpetuated no end by myths, legends and fairy tales in the past and in our present times, are being propagated, albeit in different versions, by much of the entertainment industry. But the questions gaping at us in these ideas and ones that I would like you to raise, are – ‘Who decides what is appropriate? Who formulates the norm? Who chooses the ideal?’ The very attempt to raise such questions shall make it clear to you that the very concept of gender is a fiction independent of reality, created and propagated to serve exclusively the needs and requirements of a culture grounded strongly in patriarchy.

Patriarchy, if one would express it simply, is an ideology, a point of view that upholds the male as the superior sex and envisions a structure of society that would grant power, authority and control exclusively to the male. For patriarchy to be successful in its influence, a justification was required for male superiority and for consequential female inferiority. While in an ancient pre-scientific past, religion had admirably and unquestionably served this purpose, in the modern age, the endorsement of science was required to validate the myths of patriarchy. This is where the idea of gender came in – a pseudo-scientific view which stated that males and females, by virtue of their biological structures, were capable of some and incapable of other things. Victorian biologists, for instance, had categorically affirmed that the brain in the female body stole energy for its functioning from the ovaries. The female brain then, according to them, was in strict and direct opposition to the female womb and if a girl’s brain was allowed to develop and mature through learning and education, her womb would abysmally fail in its reproductive capacities. In many sections of the society, even today, the view inheres, that education and independence beyond a certain limit spoil the girl and render her ineligible for a happy life as a spouse, householder and mother. Again, conversely, these same people tend to agree that repression and an over-protective upbringing abnormalize the masculine propensities of the boy-child. Thus, when I say that ‘gender’ is a fiction propagated by patriarchy in its best interests, it must be understood that patriarchy does not repress and devalue only the female. Today, increasingly, the deviant male is a frequent victim of patriarchy which seeks strongly to police aberrant behavior, aberrant cultural practices and aberrant sexualities.

How then can patriarchy be resisted? By understanding keenly what it stands against. While the world today has undergone an unimaginable liquefaction and the shape, structure and even the form and texture of our everyday living is rapidly changing as a result of ICT and the forces of globalization, patriarchy visualizes an old world as yet hostile and belligerent to change. It believes still in an ancient order where differences can be contained, marginalized and rendered invisible or conversely, made the vicious targets of noble battles, wars and widespread destruction. This, however, is no more to be. In a global and multicultural world order today, differences are our greatest assets. The more individualized we are, the more different we are from others, the less we conform to homogenous moulds created in the service of idealism in a bygone era, the more creative, human and humane do we become. The more we strive to become what we *can* be and what we *want* to be rather than what we should be or were ordained to be, the more our opportunities expand. So, dear reader, out with gender prescriptions and in with your own, your unique, your peculiar, your thoroughly idiosyncratic personal individuality and it shall not be long before the world undergoes the pangs of a new gender-less birth, for as Harold Wilson famously said, “The only human institution which rejects progress is the cemetery.”

**SPARC**  
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**Society for Promotion of Art and Culture**





# VOX POP

## **Prakash Kumar (B.A -1)**

SPArC provides a good platform to show case our talent. Literary classes have improved me as speaker.



## **Anmol (MCVP-1)**

I had been an introvert by nature but drama class has helped me to open up in front of audience and identify my acting skills. Thank you SPArC.



## **Bidhan Roy (MCVP -1)**

SPArC provides an opportunity for all budding artists. Drama class has helped me to improve my skills as an actor and reduced my stage fear. Students' self composed script should be encouraged to be acted upon.



## **Pratima Soni B.Sc -1**

Music is my passion. Music class is providing me a platform to beautify my ability. Classes are held on Sundays without charging fee which is a plus point for interested students. I am thankful to SPArC for conducting such classes.



## **Suman Mukherjee (B.A -1)**

SPArC is providing a great platform for students like me. Music Class has helped me to shape up my ability. We should also be taught to play different instruments and various other forms.



## **Mohsina Khan (B.A -1)**

Fine art class has helped me to work better with paints and brushes. We should also be taught 'framing'. In house competition should be organised regularly.



## **Arun Kumar (B.Sc -1)**

SPArC is sincerely working towards empowering and encouraging the talents. Art class has been a strong support in shaping my talent as an artist. Nature study form of painting should be included on regular intervals.



## The modern Indian Feminine -MS Subbulakshmi

Inspiration conceived by one's ability and recital is not enough, one's persona is what counts. As we all know that there have been many successful women in South India but Subbulakshmi was one of a kind.

She once said, "If success was all that mattered, why would the question even be specific to women?" There is more to observe from an inner eye.

Subbulakshmi is known in every Tamilian household, if not everyone in South India. When Subbulakshmi stepped in the industry, there was hardly any established women Carnatic singer. She challenged the male domination of Carnatic music, marking the beginning of women establishing themselves as co-participants, if not equal participants in this space. This was the discovery of MS and her journey, and the underlying story of women themselves. Her music cut across territorial, linguistic, and religious boundaries.



MS Subbulakshmi is a tale of emancipation and empowerment for women. She was born at Shanmugavadivu in Madurai where generations of MS's family belonged to the Devadasi tradition, a class that dedicated themselves to the service of the temple Gods. Since generations her family was an imperative to the devout culture of Southern India. But with the decline in the fortunes of the royal kingdoms, their art was eventually pulled down to sexual exploitation and an art with exhibitionism.

During those days abolition of repressive practises like sati was initiated as measures of social reform in which Subbulakshmi participated. As TJS George records in his book *MS: A Life in Music*, there were opponents to the movement who feared that abolishing it would in the same stroke destroy the art forms that they had evolved. A movement was born to save the arts and the dance forms practised largely by the Devadasis. A product of this revivalist movement, which is also perceived to have sanitized the art form, is Bharatanatyam as we know it today.

In the beginning of her career Subbulakshmi walked into this institution of the arts, gradually appropriated by the upper classes of Madras society. It seemed natural that a person with the kind of talent and mesmerizing aura as MS had, would inevitably look to entrench herself in Madras. This decision was a turning point of MS life. She had abandoned her devadasi background and wholeheartedly accepted to mould in a new outlook. This was partly through the choices she made, which reflect not just a personal predilection, but also the times she lived in.

In a lot of ways, MS embodied the new Indian woman. With her excellence in Carnatic music that represented the glorious traditions of an ancient Indian culture, she symbolized the idea of cultural superiority. The importance of this to the nationalist movement explains her co-option into it. Now the situation was tippy tippy as she drew other women into the movement.

As an actor, MS was most amiable. The movies she starred in inevitably carried a strong patriotic message. Sadasivam, her Tamil-Brahmin husband drove her musical and cinema graphs, and as numerous biographical accounts record, her life itself. Sadasivam was a strong patriot behind MS success. He scripted the roles she played in the movies, and an identity that accorded with the nationalist discourse. She was celebrated as the new Indian woman who was spiritually elevated, culturally distinctive, yet progressive and modern as she started inhabiting social and political spaces.

*The kind of popularity MS received during her career and now is impeccable. If Carnatic music was recognised up north, the reason is Subbulakshmi. She was conferred as the "queen of song" and "the Nightingale of India."*

Subbulakshmi pushed her limits and tested how far she could reach. In the process of her revolution she tested herself in different avatars. She recited Meera bhajans or Tulsidas, Kabir or Rabindra sangeet. When in Kolkata she was Tagore, in Pune she was Tukaram, in Delhi Tulsidas was reincarnated and back home Tyagaraja was in her soul. She pushed her limit and sung here at this United Roof at UN in 1966.

She has left us a lot to regain from her life. She is an unsolved mystery to me. Every time, I engage with an idea of MS, a new strand appears. She has received a private trophy every time for herself. Professor Sadanand Menon said, "Her emotions was bundled up so tightly even her closest friends and family saw only glimpses of her inner struggle."

The Carnatic world is simplified with her music and she boxed it into either of the two categories; the celestial or the ordinary. She and her music will never bewitch us, but I will still be perplexed with every strand I join in my discovery of MS misunderstood.

### BHISHAM SAHNI- The ageless crusader

ABHIK DEB

A few days back, Virender Sehwag retired from international cricket and that marked the end of the era of the Fab Five of Indian batting line up. As the cricket lovers' fraternity (including me) across the country got dipped in nostalgia, I was trying to link it to an era of writers. Besides Bhisham Sahni, this year, Sparkling Span is celebrating the birth centenary of Rajinder Singh Bedi and Ismat Chughtai. Incidentally, last year, we celebrated centenaries of Krishan Chander and K A Abbas. Fab Five indeed!!!

This coterie of writers thrived in turbulent times in the true sense of the word. Being born during the First World War and attaining infancy during the period when the world saw the first socialist regime in the post- Russian Revolution era, their youth witnessed the audacious brandishing of colonialism at home and that of Fascism away. In the meantime, the Progressive Writers' Association got founded in 1936 and somewhere around the same time, Nehru gave his clarion call, "The new threat is from American imperialism". Then of course, they saw India attaining independence. Bhisham, though, besides all this, also survived three of the most heinous tragedies of post- Independence India- the Delhi riots of 1984, the demolition of Babri Masjid and Gujarat riots of 2002.

Younger brother of famous actor Balraj Sahni, Bhisham, an academic, actor, speaker, writer, playwright and social activist, was born in Rawalpindi on August 8, 1915. His clan came from Bhera, now in Pakistan, the locales of the town he powerfully evoked in one of his novels *Mayyadas Ki Madhi*. Bhisham earned his Master's degree in English Literature from Government College, Lahore. He took active part in the struggle for Independence; at the time of Partition, he was an active member of the Indian National Congress, and organised relief work for the refugees when riots broke out in Rawalpindi in March, 1947.

The Progressive Writers' movement came to fruition after 1930 and it gave a new dimension to Hindi literature by bringing into forefront the hard hitting realities and the issue of social justice, or the lack of it. This movement got kickstarted with the efforts of Premchand, Nirala, Pant among others but Rahul Sankrityayan's '*Bhaago Nahi Duniya Ko Badlo*' was arguably the first literary work in Hindi, that comprehended Marxist ideas for the readers. It would be unfair though to confine Sahni's work within a period. He portrayed human emotions and their conflicts with such ease and sensitised the readers about the common man's plight so vividly that they seem contemporary even today.

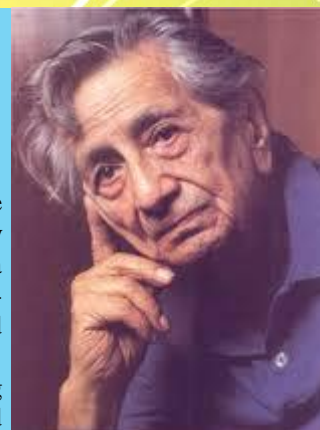
Passion for the cause of the common man turned him to Marxism; he travelled through villages and towns of Punjab with the IPTA (Indian People's Theatre Association) group as an actor and director, barely concerned for his own survival. The power of theatre came across as a new realisation when he witnessed a woman remove her gold earring to drop in the *jholi* stretched before the audience, after a theatre performance in Rawalpindi, by a Calcutta theatre group in the post Bengal famine period, 1944. "It was very different from all that I had been seeing earlier. That was my first introduction to IPTA... it told the story of the Bengal sufferers; the performance was charged with intense emotion..." he wrote in his autobiography *Aaj Ke Ateet*.

After brief stints as professor in Amritsar and Delhi and getting fired for organising Teachers' Unions, he worked as a translator at the Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow from 1956 to 1963, and translated some important works into Hindi, including Lev Tolstoy's short stories and his novel *Resurrection*. On his return to India, Sahni resumed teaching at Delhi College, and also edited the reputed literary magazine *Nai Kahaniyan* from 1965 to 1967.

Bhisham Sahni authored over a hundred short stories and several novels (*Kunto*, *Neeloo Nilima Nilofar*, *Kadian*, *Jharokhe*, *Basanti* etc) and plays (*Hanush*, *Madhavi*, *Kabira Khada Bazar Mein*, *Alamgeer*, *Muavze* etc), but strangely, he is remembered mostly for *Tamas*. The characters scattered across the intense glimpses of life in his short stories breathe delicate human contradictions. His extraordinary ability to get away from the external darkness of the events to quietly sneak into the fissures etched on people's psyche, to read the accidents of history happening in the hearts of his characters, turned *Amritsar Aa Gaya* as a masterpiece.

Many honours and awards followed Sahni for his contribution to literature, including the Padma Bhushan for Literature in 1998 and Sangeet Natak Akademy Award for his contribution to theatre in 2001, and India's highest recognition for literature, the Sahitya Akademi Fellowship, in 2002. "He remained simple and gentle, yet warm and kind," says theatre director GS Chani, who was a tenant in his Delhi house during his days of struggle. "He would get milk and bread in the morning and throw the garbage himself, it never ceased to amaze me," he adds.

In the Mahabharat, Bhishma had been blessed with immortality. This Bhisham is no different. He will remain alive as a weapon against the issues that he wrote, till they continue to plague us. And when they cease to do so, he will stay as a legacy.





# इस्मत चुगताई : एक आवाज़, सालों से परे



"तेरे माथे पे ये आँचल तो बहुत ही खूब है लेकिन  
तू इस आँचल से इक परचम बना लेती तो अच्छा था"

भारत के इतिहास में ऐसी बहुत औरतें हुई जिन्होंने अज़ीम शायर मजाज़ लखनवी इस शेर को सार्थक किया। पर बीसवीं सदी के चौथे दशक में, अदब की दुनिया में डॉ रशीद जहाँ के बाद अगर कोई एक ऐसी लेखिका उभरी, तो वो थीं इस्मत चुगताई। इस्मत चुगताई ने अदब के आँचल तले एक ऐसा परचम बनाया जिसका कद साल दर साल और ऊँचा हुआ जा रहा है। यूँ तो इस साल सारी दुनिया इस्मत की शताब्दी वर्षगांठ मना रही है, पर अपने जीवन काल के 76 वर्षों में इस्मत ने साहित्य की दुनिया को इतना कुछ दे दिया, जिसे सहेजने के लिए हज़ारों वर्ष कम पड़ जाएँ। 'इस्मत चुगताई' एक ऐसा नाम है जिन्होंने नारीवादी और प्रगतिशील साहित्य को ना सिर्फ मज़बूत किया बल्कि इसे अपने श्रम से पाला-पोस कर संपन्न भी किया।

21 अगस्त, 1915 को यूपी के बदायूँ जिले में जन्मी इस्मत अपने दस भाई-बहनों के बीच नौवीं संतान थीं। इनका ज़्यादातर बचपन जोधपुर और आगरा में बीता जहाँ इनके पिता सिविल सेवा में कार्यरत थे। क्योंकि इस्मत की कई बड़ी बहनों की शादी हो चुकी थी, ये अपने भाईयों के साथ गिल्ली-डंडा खेलती हुई और उधम मचाती हुई बड़ी हुई। इस्मत ये स्वीकार करती हैं कि उनकी बेबाकी इसी संगत की देन थी। अपनी बहुचर्चित कहानी लिहाफ़ में वो लिखती हैं-

"उस उम्र में जबकि मेरी और बहनें आशिक जमा कर रही थीं, मैं अपने-पराये हर लड़के और लड़की से जूतम-पैजार में मशगूल थी"

बचपन में हमउम्र लड़के-लड़कियों से उलझती इस्मत ने बड़ी होकर समाज की कुरीतियों के खिलाफ़ जंग छेड़ दी। यूँ तो इस्मत के पिता और भाई प्रगतिशील सोच के समर्थक थे और इन्हें अपने परिवार में काफ़ी खुलेपन का माहौल मिला था, पर पर ये जिस समाज में साँस लेती थीं उसकी स्थिति ठीक विपरीत थी। इन्होंने महसूस किया कि समाज में औरत एक दोयम दर्जे की चीज़ समझी जाती है जिसका अपना कोई वजूद, कोई दुनिया, कोई सपने नहीं हो सकते। उसकी दुनिया अपने शौहर से पिटने, रसोई संभालने और बच्चे पैदा करने तक ही सीमित है। इस्मत ने यह सब बहुत करीब से महसूस किया। यही वजह थी कि वो रुढ़ियों, अंधविश्वास, दमन, अन्याय और असमानता के हथियारों से चोट खाई स्त्री की मुखर आवाज़ बनकर उभरीं। पर शुरुआती लड़ाई इस्मत ने अपने घर से ही लड़ी। कई रिश्तेदारों के विरोध के बावजूद, इन्होंने बी.ए. और बी.एड. की डिग्री हासिल की और उसी दौर के प्रगतिशील लेखकों को पढ़ना शुरू किया। अलिगढ़ मुस्लिम यूनिवर्सिटी में पढ़ाई के दौरान इनकी ज़िंदगी में कई मूलभूत बदलाव आए। 1936 में इन्होंने पहली बार लखनऊ में प्रगतिशील लेखक संघ के एक आयोजन में शिरकत की जहाँ से इनकी ज़िंदगी को नई दिशा मिली। उस दौर की नारीवादी और तरक्की पसंद लेखिका डॉ रशीद जहाँ को इन्होंने अपना गुरु मान लिया। फिर तो इस्मत की रशीद आपा ने उनके दिल पर अपना सिक्का भी जमा लिया और उन्होंने इस्मत के इंकलाबी तेवरों को हवा भी दी। इसके अलावा इन्होंने शाँ और लॉरेस सरीखे लेखकों का भी खूब अध्ययन किया। इन सबके अलावा इस्मत अपने भाई और उस वक्त के स्थापित लेखक मिर्ज़ा अज़ीम बेग चुगताई के भी खासी प्रेरित रहीं जिनका ज़िक्र वो अपनी किताब 'दोज़खी' में करती हैं। इन्होंने आगे चलकर शादी भी मशहूर पटकथा लेखक और फ़िल्म निर्देशक शहीद लतीफ़ से की और दो बेटियों को जन्म दिया।

इन तमाम लोगों के अलावा इस्मत के जीवन पर प्रेमचंद और मंटो का भी खूब असर रहा। प्रेमचंद को अपना महबूब कलाकार मानने वाली इस्मत उन्हीं की तरह सामाजिक दर्पण की तरह कहानियाँ लिखती रहीं। इस्मत ने रोती, बिलखती और कुचली जाती औरतों को अपना किरदार तो बनाया पर मंटो की ही तरह कभी उन्हें अपनी नायिका नहीं बनने दिया। इस्मत लिखती हैं-

"मर्द औरत को पूजकर देवी बनाने को तैयार है। वह उसे मोहब्बत दे सकता है, गुरबत दे सकता है, सिर्फ बराबरी का दर्जा नहीं दे सकता"

इस्मत जो लिखती थीं वही बोलती थीं और जो बोलती थीं वही लिखती थीं. और इन्होंने लगभग अपनी हर तहरीर में औरत के लिए इसी बराबरी की वकालत की. ऐसा भी वक्त आया जब इस्मत पर अश्लीलता के भी आरोप लगे. ये वो दौर था जब रेख्ती में छपने वाले लेख स्वीकार किए जा रहे थे, मुहम्मद हसन असकारी की कहानी 'चाय की प्याली' स्वीकारी जा रही थी. लेकिन जब इस्मत ने 'लिहाफ़' लिखी तो हुड़दंग सा मच गया. इनपर कोर्ट केस भी हुआ और ये बाइज़जत बरी भी हुई, पर यह घटना भी समाज के उस दोहरे चरित्र को उकेर गई, जिसे एक औरत की बेबाकी रास नहीं आई. पर इस्मत इस चरित्र से खूब वाकिफ़ थीं और इससे ही लोहा लेने की ठान रखी थी. अपनी आत्मकथा कागज़ी है 'पैरहन' में इस्मत बताती हैं कि जब पुलिस कोर्ट का समन लेकर इनके घर पहुँची तो वे अपनी बेटी के दूध की शीशी धो रहीं थीं. वो उस वक्त भी ये सोचकर खुश थीं की इसी बहाने 'जेल' देखने की उनकी मुराद पूरी हो जाएगी. ऐसी ही मस्त मौला थीं इस्मत.

यूँ तो कई लोग इसके बाद इस्मत को सिर्फ़ 'लिहाफ़' से जोड़ कर देखने लगे पर सत्य तो यही है कि इस्मत के साहित्य का दायरा बहुत बड़ा था, ठीक उसवक्त के व्यापक मगर घुटते हुए समाज की तरह. जाति और वर्णभेद, भारत-पाक विभाजन द्वारा उपजे धार्मिक उन्माद और समाज के ठेकेदारों द्वारा फैलाई गई असमानता जैसे विषयों पर भी इस्मत ने खूब लिखा.

'दिल की दुनिया' में वो लिखती हैं-

"और बुआ को बाले मियाँ से क्यों जुदा कर दिया? किसी के ख्वाब छीनकर उन्हें कुचलने में क्या मिलता है? क्योंकि उनकी अपनी बाँझ दुनिया में ख्वाब नहीं होते."

वो आगे कहती हैं,

"वो जो खयाल और अमल की आज़ादी को हर इन्सान का हक़ समझते हैं, डिमोक्रेसी का ढिंढोरा पीटते हैं, तलवार के ज़ोर से डिमोक्रेसी हलक़ में ठूसने लगते हैं. कभी खुदा का हुक्म कहकर, कभी किसी जज़बे की आड़ लेकर और कभी रस्मों रिवाज के बहाने और कुछ न मिले तो भूत प्रेत के सर इलज़ाम थोप देते हैं."

वे सत्ता और समाज के इस रूप को ना सिर्फ़ नग्न करती रहीं, बल्कि हमेशा अपनी तरफ़ से इंसानियत की मिसाल भी कायम की. वे हमेशा ही 'धार्मिक एकता' और 'सामाजिक न्याय' की हिमायती रहीं. अपनी लेखनी में उन्होंने समाज के लगभग हर पहलू को ना सिर्फ़ छुआ बल्कि बखूबी हमें उससे दो चार भी करवाया.

इन्होंने कोई 8 उपन्यास, 3 लघु उपन्यास, 7 कथा संग्रह, 1 आत्मकथा और 12 ड्रामे समेत कई खाके, लेख, पत्र व फ़िल्मी स्क्रिप्ट भी लिखे. 'गरम हवा' फ़िल्म के लिए इन्हें कैफी आज़मी साहब के साथ स्क्रिप्ट के लिए फ़िल्मफेयर अवार्ड भी मिला. इसके अलावा इन्हें ग़ालिब अवार्ड और अन्य सम्मानों से भी नवाज़ा गया. यकीनन 76 वर्ष के जीवन काल में इनके साहित्यिक जीवन ने भी एक लंबा सफ़र तय किया. 24 अक्टूबर, 1991 को इनके जीवन मंच का पर्दा गिर गया. जब इनका जीवन सरल न था तो मौत कैसे निर्विवादित हो जाती. इन्हें इनकी इच्छा अनुसार दफ़नाने के बजाए जलाया गया जो कट्टर इस्लामिक समर्थकों को नगावार गुज़रा. इतिहास गवाह है कि जिन लोगों ने भी समाज की सली गड़ी जंजीरों को तोड़ने की कोशिश की, उनका जीवन सरल नहीं रहा. इस्मत ने जीते जी अपने बच्चों की शादी विभिन्न धर्मों के लोगों से करवायी और जाते-जाते भी धार्मिक एकता की सीख दे गई.

इस्मत तो दुनिया से चली गई पर इनकी तहरीरें आज भी अन्याय के खिलाफ़ एक अलख सुलगा रहीं हैं. जब तक समाज में कैद और आज़ादी, अन्याय और न्याय, रूढ़िवादिता और तरक्की पसंदगी, साथ-साथ चलती रहेगी, इस्मत ज़िंदा रहेंगी. इस्मत की तहरीरें सालों के काल चक्र से परे, समाज को सालों साल यूँही दिशा देती रहेंगी. सदा 'न्याय' और 'बराबरी' की हिमायती रहीं इस्मत के साथ न्याय तभी होगा, जब उनकी जलाई मशाल सुलगती रहे. जब चाहे हिंदू हो या मुस्लिम, औरत हो या मर्द, अमीर हो या गरीब, सबको बस इंसान समझा जाए. इस्मत हर एक सपने देखने वाले व्यक्ति के सपने पूरे हों.

"ज़िंदगी की कद्रों को नापने-तौलने के लिए तुम्हारा फीता है, अपने बाँट हैं, अपना तराजू है. तुम्हारी ज़िंदगी में कोई डंडी न मार सकेगा. तुम्हारे ख्वाब कभी चकनाचूर नहीं होंगे"

इस्मत की लिखी ये पंक्तियाँ शायद तभी सार्थक हो सकेंगी जब इस्मत की सोच का कतरा हम भी सहेज सकेंगे. और जब तक ऐसा होता रहेगा, इस्मत सालों-साल किसी न किसी में साँस लेती रहेंगी.

- सुप्रिया तिवारी

# Kahani Zubani

## फ़ासले

आज रविवार है, छुट्टी का दिन। नदीम और उसकी बहन रेहाना हर रविवार की तरह इस बार भी सारा दिन फ़ोन पर बिज़ी थे, ईद के बाद का पहला रविवार भी तो है आख़िर। मगर सनडे हो या मनडे, घर पर रोज़ माँ का एक ही काम रहता, आज अलमारी में ईद पर खरीदे हुए कपड़े भी रखने हैं, और नेपथलिन गोलियों को भी बदलना है, काफ़ी बारिश हुई है पिछले हफ़्ते। कपड़ों की निचली सतह को उठाया तो राशिदा को वहाँ डायरी जैसा कुछ दिखा। जिल्द पर सूरजमुखी के फूल बना देख राशिदा को याद आया कि ये वही फ़ोटो एल्बम है जिसमें उसने अपने लड़कपन की तस्वीरों को सहेज कर रखा है। उसने एल्बम पर हाथ फेरा और मुस्कराते हुए सामने पड़ी कुर्सी पर जा बैठी, एक-एक फ़ोटो को देख राशिदा अपनी जवानी की यादों में मशगूल हो रही थी। एकाएक उस दिन की तस्वीर भी उसके सामने थी, जिस दिन वह अपनी सहेलियों और भाईयों के साथ मेन बाज़ार स्थित फ़ोटो स्टूडियो में फ़ोटो खिंचवाए थे, और तीस साल बाद उन तस्वीरों को देख चहक कर मन ही मन बोल रही थी, “अरे ये तो संगीता है, और ये... ये नरगिस है” पन्ना पलट कर फिर मुस्काई “शकुंतला! बेचारी बहुत भोली थी, और ये उसका छोटा भाई शंकर” तस्वीरों को देख राशिदा को सभी की शादी का होना भी याद आया, “शकुंतला का ससुराल तो बहुत बड़ा था, नरगिस के निकाह पर खाना बड़ा मजेदार था” और देखते ही देखते राशिदा की खुद की तस्वीर भी उसके सामने थी, बड़े भाई साजिद और छोटे भाई ज़ाहिद के बीच राशिदा मुस्कुराती हुई हाथ में नकली फूलों की टोकरी पकड़ी हुई थी, इस तस्वीर को उसने ज़्यादा देर तक निहारा।

राशिदा फिर मन ही मन कहने लगी “अल्लाह! साजिद भाईजान के बाल कभी काले भी थे.. और ये ज़ाहिद इस बार भी ईद पर नहीं आया, बेचारा चार पैसै कमाने में लगा है, फुर्सत ना मिली होगी..अब क्यों ना... मैं ही इस बार रक्षाबंधन पर चली जाऊं!” राशिदा के ज़ेहन में कॉलेज के दिन आ गए। जब ईद पर शकुंतला, नरगिस, संगीता और राशिदा मिल कर नरगिस के घर में ईद मनातीं, और रक्षाबंधन पर सभी शकुंतला के घर में शंकर, साजिद और ज़ाहिद की कलाई पर रेशम की डोर बाँधतीं। राशिदा अब जी रही थी उन लम्हों को। भावनाओं का मिला-जुला सैलाब उमड़ गया था उसके मन में। भूले बिसरे दिनों को याद कर के बेहद उत्साहित थी, उसे सभी को फिर से गले लगाने का मन कर रहा था, वहीं घरेलू कामकाज की विवशता की ओर भी ध्यान गया। घर में एक माँ और बेटे की दोस्ती से पक्का रिश्ता कोई और नहीं होता, माँ राशिदा और बेटे रेहाना की दोस्ती भी बहुत पक्की थी। दोनों अपने जज़बाती लम्हों को एक दूसरे से साझा करतीं। राशिदा की नज़रें अब रेहाना को तलाश रही थीं, मुँह में ज़बान ने हलचल की ही थी कि रेहाना ने आवाज़ दी

-“अम्मी! समझा दो अपने शहज़ादे को..” भाई नदीम का उलाहना लेकर रेहाना अम्मी के पास आई।  
-“क्या हुआ ? तुमलोग भी ना.. बीस-इक्कीस के हो गए हो और अब तक बच्चों जैसे लड़ते हो” राशिदा ने प्यार से पुचकारते हुए पूछा।

-“अम्मी मैंने फ़ेसबुक पर अपनी पिक अपलोड की तो भाई नाराज़ हो गए”

-“अरी! वो सब छोड़, ये देख.. साजिद मामू के काले बाल”

दोनों हसने लगीं। रेहाना उतावला होकर एल्बम को देखा, राशिदा ने रेहाना को हर तस्वीर के बारे में बताया, उस फ़ोटोशूट के बारे में भी। और आखिरकार यह भी बताया कि सबसे बड़े होने के नाते, उस फ़ोटोशूट के लिए पैसै साजिद भाईजान को ही चुकाने पड़े थे। यह सुनकर रेहाना का चेहरा मुर्झा सा गया, वह बोली,

-“एक मेरा भाई.. मुझे फ़ेसबुक पर तस्वीरें डालने नहीं देता”

-“पर क्यों ?”

-“वो कहता है, ये उसका फ़र्ज़ है, इंटरनेट पर मुझे पूरी दुनिया देख सकती है, और इस वजह से कोई भी मेरी तस्वीरों का इस्तेमाल किसी भी ढंग से कर सकता है”

मीठी यादों में डूबा राशिदा के मन में अब आधुनिक दुनिया का तीखापन समा गया। कुछ सोच कर उसने खुद को सम्भालते हुए कहा,

-“कुछ ग़लत तो नहीं कहा है उसने, आजकल किसी पर यकीन नहीं कर सकते”

-“पर मुझे खुद पर यकीन है, और ये गैरकानूनी भी नहीं”

राशिदा के शब्द कम पड़ने लगे, उसने रेहाना को समझाते हुए कहा,

-“रेहाना! बेटे..दुनिया में हर कानूनी काम सुरक्षित नहीं होता”

यह कह कर राशिदा उदासीनता से वह एल्बम को बंद कर दिया, रेहाना एल्बम पर बने सूरजमुखी को घूरते हुए अम्मी से शांतिपूर्वक पूछा,

-“क्या साजिद मामा भी आपसे ऐसा बर्ताव करते थे ?”

राशिदा ने गहरी साँस छोड़ी और कहा,

-“क्या उस फ़ोटो में तुमने मेरी हँसी नहीं देखी ?”

-“देखी... पर आजकल की हम लड़कियाँ जितना हँसते नहीं उससे ज़यादा तो घबराहट पाल रखा है”

-“आजकल के बच्चों की हरकतें उनके असमंजस की देन है”

-“असमंजस..? कैसा असमंजस ?”

-“यही के..किस पर यकीन करना है, और किस पर नहीं... रेहाना तुम भी बड़ी

हो गई हो लोगों को परखना तो सीख रही होगी”

-“हाँ, सीख रही हूँ.. पर अम्मी! आप अपने ज़माने ये सब कैसे मैनेज करती थीं ?” रेहाना को सवाल करना पसंद है।

-“कैसे मैनेज करती थीं मतलब ?”

-“मतलब आप और मैं... बीस साल का गैप.. जेनरेशन गैप, यू नो..”

-“यही तो बुनियादी विडम्बना है, आज लोग मॉर्डन बने फिरते हैं.. हर दिक्कत का हल है 'आई डोन्ट केयर' और...”अस्सी के दशक में सरकारी स्कूल में बारहवीं तक ही पढ़ी अपनी माँ को अंग्रेज़ी बोलता देख रेहाना खुद को हँसने से रोक ना सकी, राशिदा ने अपनी बेटी को टोका,

-“तुम तो खुल कर हँसती भी हो, खुद पर यकीन भी रखती हो फिर घबराहट की शिकार क्यों हो ?” कमरे में पंखे के अलावा सब खामोश थे.. चुप्पी को तोड़कर राशिदा फिर बोल पड़ी,

-“हमारे ज़माने में जेनरेशन गैप जैसा हमने कुछ नहीं सुना...लोग तो बहुत कम थे, पर भरोसेमंद लोग ज़यादा।” कमरे में फिर खामोशी थी।

**Abhinav Burman (BSc-II)**

## THE LOST LAMPS

“Allah, enlighten this home with the *noor* of our eyes, a child for my son, a caretaker of our legacy”. As Zubaina spoke these words, she stroked her arthritic knees, while still squatting on her prayer rug, and looking towards the ceiling. The night lamps had not been lighted yet, it was getting dark, with the setting sun. Soon it would be time for the *maghrib* prayers. Zubaina called out, “Robab ! come here my dear, light the lamp. Are you still washing the clothes?”

Robab was her daughter in law. From the open space where she washed the laundry, she heard this. Not a word of reply escaped her sharp tongue. Knitting her eyebrows, she thought, “O my God! When will this old woman spare my peace?” she got up grudgingly, half her *kameez* drenched in water, and made her way through the pots and clothes.

When she entered the room, she could see her mother in law, still on her prayer rug, mumbling things, and looking with her faded eyes towards the setting sun, whose redness had, at this moment, cast a reddish tinge over her wrinkled face, as if she was blushing. Robab sat near the lamp and said in a forgetful tone “O Amma! I forgot the matches... how forgetful I have become? It’s there in the kitchen. Bring it for me.”

This woke up the old lady as if from a dream. She felt a sudden jolt in her heart. Pained she was, not from the job assigned to her but from the pains that would follow while walking. Every step she took was preceded by a creak from her joints and followed by cutting pain.

Robab sat still smiling cunningly at Zubaina ..... The setting sun had made a huge shadow of hers on the wall. Zubaina brought the match box and handed it to Robab. Robab lighted a matchstick, a spark and off it went. The second time there was a flame ..... as she neared it to the candles, a breeze blew it away, as if it never existed. Robab had suffered two miscarriages. She felt disgusted. “Amma! These stupid matches don’t burn.....they are wet! Let me go now.” “One last try my child” said Zubaina. Robab lighted the third time and two candles went aflame.

The sun had set by now, only a shimmering light could be seen in the horizon. As Robab rose to go, Zubaina placed her right hand on Robab’s forehead and blew softly over her face, all that she was mumbling the whole evening. Robab had loved this old lady well in her childhood as ‘Khalajaan’ but the bubbles of love faded away as the relation changed to mother-in-law five years ago. Though Zubaina tried successfully not to prove herself as a traditional mother in law but Rubab never liked her way of interfering in all her daily chores. Her way of blessing and love seemed artificial to Rubab and sometimes she feels irritated even on her very just and kind ways of advising. Occasionally she had shown her bouts of temper against Zubaina. Perhaps this was more because of the phase of frustration she was going through. Five years have passed and her ears are still waiting to hear the most sacred the most beautiful word of the world - ‘mother’.

Zaid, her husband, and Zubiana had taken up every effort, worldly or spiritual and even all their relatives and well wishers had sincere blessings and serious suggestions for them. Now Zaid has planned to go to the *dargaah* of Shah Wali. As a young girl, Zubaina had heard a lot of stories from her father about the seers’ heavenly powers. The saint was known to have the power of raising the dead. En route to Lolab valley, the sufi shrine of Shah Wali is located in a remote area but throughout the year it is beaming with devotees. Even militancy has not succeeded to deter the path of the seekers of peace and solace in the lap of this great saint. The legacy of Shah Wali has presently been looked after by a great seer who is lovingly addressed as Huzoor-e-Aali by the devotees. Zaid was an admirer of him and has decided to go there, along with his mother.

Next morning they left for their destination. Though Rubab was also asking Zaid to take her there since a long time but Zaid convinced her that they will pay their tribute when Allah will bestow them with a child. They travelled for miles together, mother and son. The heat of the sun overhead reminded Zubaina of the great Day of Judgment in the holy book. At noon, they reached their destination. The serenity of the place was indescribable in words! There were many people who had arrived ..... their hearts bursting with desires. It was the time of the great ‘*Urs*’. This ‘*Urs*’ was a two day affair organized annually. The nearby mosque was decorated beautifully. There was vibrance all around. ‘*Hams*’ and ‘*Naats*’ were sung by small children of the *Madarsa*.



Zaid and Zubaina were elated to have arrived there at such an auspicious occasion. They were due to meet Huzur-e-Aali the next day. There was the 'Muezzin' of the mosque, delivering a speech upon the etiquettes of a true follower of Islam. First he quoted from the holy book then he explained. The huge crowd of listeners, which also included Zaid and Zubaina, nodded their heads in compliance. 'Islam means peace' said the speaker with enthusiasm. As the crowd once more went into cheers, the glass of water kept near *Muezzin Sahab*, fell with a clashing sound as a stone hit it. It broke into large pieces. This, though, did not surprise the native of that place. Breaking glasses and windows, and later using those shards for their games was a well-known mischief of the local boys. So the *Muezzin* carried on explaining another incident from the holy Prophet's life. He smiled. The curve on his face never straightened. A gunshot had hit him right at the nape of his neck. Blood was gushing out and he lay lifeless where he was standing a minute before. Two to three open jeeps carrying black scarf clad gunmen raising slogan in favour of their militant outfit rammed into the place. The peaceful crowd changed into a mob within a few seconds. People were running haphazardly among the noise of gunshots. Sometimes gunshots are less dangerous than a mass of fearful and confused people. There was a huge stampede. More than half of the population of that crowd lay on the decorated ground breathing their last. Some died because of the stampede and some due to the gunshots. Zaid and Zubaina were among them.

The sun was setting and the redness of the horizon seemed to display solidarity with those who died. Their bloods gushing out from their wounds, just as their wishes had from their hearts. As Zubain's eyes fluttered, and she gasped for air, which although most abundant, refused to unite with her being.....she saw an image. So very abstract it was.....but there.....the image of Shah Wali. She could make out his sparkling white turban and smiling face. His lips moved and Zubiana could faintly hear-"looking for the lost lamps in your home? O pious lady! Allah will bless you". Now Zubaina's eyes fluttered no more. She lay peacefully a few feet from Zaid.

The sun had set by now. Back at the village, the night lamps had already been lighted by Robab. She had walked around the house the whole morning like a free bird.....a bird that discovered she is no more in a cage. There had been a medical camp at the village in the morning and Robab attended it. To her utter joy, the nurse had told her that she was going to have a child! She felt as if her heart would burst! She couldn't wait to break the news to Zaid, who would surely enfold her into his arms! Awaiting her husband and Khalajaan with lunch and dinner already cooked, Robab sat on the porch. She constantly looked at the setting sun and tears cornered her eyes. But for what? She did not understand.

After sunset instead of what she expected, came the news of the calamity that took away Zaid and Zubiana forever. The news came crashing down like thunder..... and broke her heart into millions of pieces!! Nine months later Robab became the mother of twin boys, whose twinkling eyes and twitching smiles lighted the palace of her heart, as if the darkness never existed!

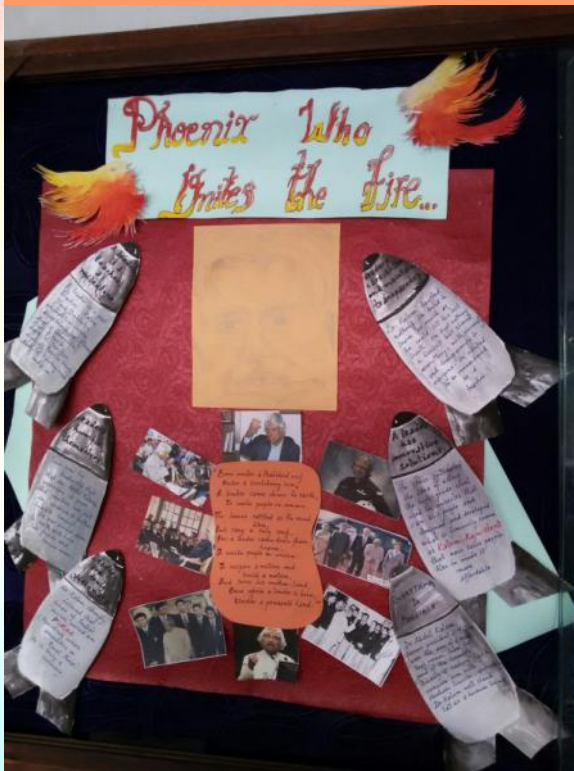
**ERAM SIDDIQUI (B.A.- I)**

# Wall Magazine

Literary club of SPArC along with the students of Fine Art club brings out wall magazine at regular interval. Till date it has came up with four such magazines:

## First Wall Magazine:

Our first wall magazine consisted of information about different forums of the college which included activities and achievements of SPArC, National Service Scheme (NSS), National Cadet Corps (NCC), Women's Cell and the Rotaract Club. This was made with a purpose of encouraging freshly admitted students for their involvement and participation for enriching their ability and grooming themselves.

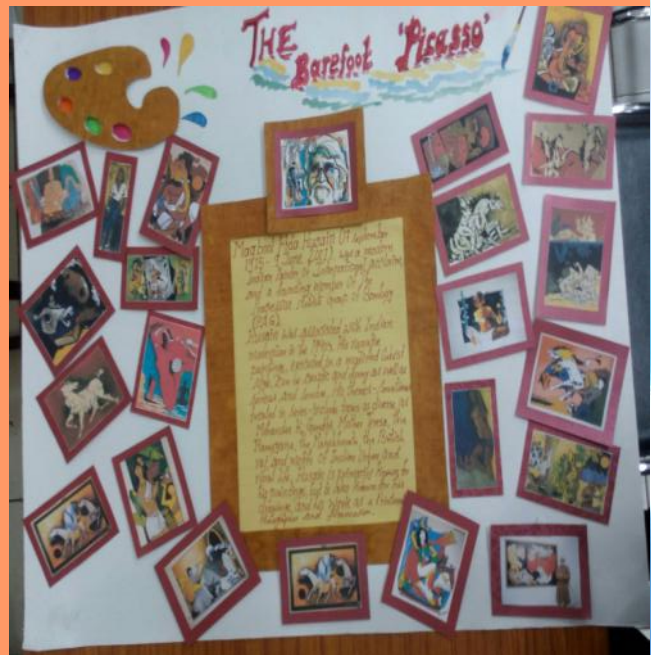


## Second Wall Magazine:

The second wall magazine was centered on the 'Missile Man of India-Dr. A. P. J. Abdul Kalam'. It reflected his ideas and thoughts on leadership, which was intended to provide inspiration and instill motivation amongst the students.

## Third Wall Magazine:

M. F. Hussain was the subject of the third wall magazine entitled 'The Barefoot Picasso'. This mainly included famous beautiful paintings by the artist. The purpose was to provide information about this prominent figure and instill interest towards art and culture among the students.



## Art is for what?

In a combined lecture on Arnold's 'Function of Criticism at present times' and 'Study of Poetry' a point was raised by my professor "Art is for what"? Though he told that he will not go into the debate that is already going between the followers of two different groups of critics of which one group of Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, S. T. Coleridge and Arthur Symonds had a belief that 'Art for art's sake' and another group of W. B. Yeats, T.E. Hulme, and T. S. Eliot are in favour of 'Art for life's sake'. After raising this point, he was silent for while with a little smile on his face. His smile seems that he wanted his students to go through these debates and come to their own conclusion that Art is for what? Whether it is for art's sake or life's...and hence I decided to go through this but soon these confusions were vanished when I go through his (my professor's) article only.

According to his article "Contemporary is temporary", today's contemporary must live tomorrow. I know most of you are getting confused of this statement that how it is possible. Even I was also confused when I read his article for the first time but the moment I remembered the views of Plato, Aristotle, Longinus and many more which I studied to prepare the presentation on "Imitation and Imagination" that was presented on 19<sup>th</sup> Jan 2015 by me and my friend. The "Imitation and Imagination" must have cleared your half of doubts and for rest lets go through those views of Plato and Aristotle on art.

According to Plato's view, a good art is always have new ideas and Aristotle's art always comes from imitation. Because of these views 'Art for art's sake' can be rejected now, as the term imitation stands for mimesis of life. But is it possible that because of this mimesis of life only, our contemporary art can live tomorrow. If you think so then tell me that do you remember any art created almost a century ago which has only mimesis of life and no colourful imagination. Yes, 'colourful imagination', what Aristotle mentioned in his definition of 'imitation' that "Imitation is mimesis of life with Colourful Imagination". Infact Plato's concept of new ideas, new represents the imaginative sense of an artist and ideas mimesis if life. So these theories reject both points raised in this article. Now if both of these are rejected then Art is for what? Did art is nothing or it is both?

Art is nothing we cannot say this because it is something that has poetic truth and high seriousness to represent world and poetic beauty to represent artistry of the artist. This art with poetic truth and poetic beauty is the neutral substance on an ascetic scale or zero in integer. Art is what Arnold always believed and adopted 'Theory of Golden Mean' in art. According to this theory the two key requirements of an art i.e. truth and beauty should neither be excess nor be insufficiency. This is because truth comes from imitation and excess imitation leads art to appear like journalism whereas beauty comes from imagination and excess imagination will let it to appear like faery tales. Hence the close association between truth and beauty must be used as a pinch of salt in cooked food.

**Kumar Yashwant**  
B.A. Part III

## Interview

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अर्पिता श्रीवास्तव, रायगढ़ 'इप्टा' से जुड़ी रंगकर्मी, पिछले 25 वर्षों से इप्टा से जुड़ी हुई हैं। इसके अलावा वह जमशेदपुर में होने वाली कई सामाजिक गतिविधियों में बहुत सक्रिय हैं एवं वर्तमान में वे ऑल इंडिया रेडियो से जुड़ी हुई हैं एवं उद्घोषक की भूमिका निभा रही हैं।



प्र० 'इप्टा' से कैसे जुड़ी आप? क्या आपको शुरू से ही थियेटर की ओर रुझान था या फिर किसी के द्वारा हुआ ये जुड़ाव?

उ० जैसा कि आज भी हमें थियेटर में ये स्थिति देखने को मिलती है कि वहाँ लड़कियों की कमी है। इसी वजह से हमारे एक अंकल अरुण पाण्डेयजी, जो कि की विवेचना रंगमंडल से जुड़े हुए हैं, घर आए और कहा कि 'अर्पिता को भेजा जाए' और फिर मैंने 20 दिन का एक वर्कशॉप भी किया, मेरा चयन उन्ही के द्वारा किया गया था। जिसके बाद मैं 'इप्टा' से जुड़ी।

प्र० आप अभी किस प्रकार की सामाजिक गतिविधियों से जुड़ी हैं? उसके बारे में थोड़ा बताएँ?

उ० अभी मैं पिछले पाँच वर्षों से 'स्त्री मुक्ति संगठन' से जुड़ी हूँ। जिसमें मुझे मेरी एक सहेली ने जोड़ा। इस संगठन में सामान्यतः पितृसत्तात्मक समाज में लोगों की सोच को बदलने की कोशिश की जाती है।

प्र० चूँकि आप इतनी सारी गतिविधियों से जुड़ी हुई हैं? इतनी गतिविधियों में सक्रिय रहती हैं, तो ऐसे में आपको अपने परिवार से किस प्रकार सहयोग मिलता है।?

उ० एक घर को चलाने में हमेशा दो व्यक्तियों का सहयोग होता है। एक घर को चलाने में जितनी जिम्मेदारी एक पत्नी की है, उतनी ही सहभागिता एक पति की भी होनी चाहिए। मेरे पति इस बात की बड़े ही अच्छे ढंग से समझते हैं। वो मुझसे ज्यादा समझदार भी हैं इसलिए उनका मुझे पुरा सहयोग मिलता है।

प्र० जिस तरह से समय बदल रहा है, हमारा समाज बदल रहा हैतो ऐसी परिस्थितियों में आप अपने बच्चे की परवरिश में किन चीजों का ध्यान रखती हैं?

उ० बेटे की परवरिश में हम दो-तीन चीजों का ध्यान रखते हैं पहला ये कि उसे ये पता होना चाहिए कि उसे जितनी सुख-सुविधाएँ मिल रही हैं वो सुविधाएँ बहुत से बच्चे ऐसे हैं जिन्हें नहीं मिल पाती है। दूसरी बात, स्त्रियों का सममान करना एवं उसके प्रति संवेदनशील बनना इसके अलावा उसे ये भी समझने की आवश्यकता है कि कोई भी काम किसी खास वर्ग के लिए बँटा नहीं है। देश में स्त्री एवं पुरुष दोनों को समान अधिकार प्राप्त है।

प्र० आप एवं आपके पति थोड़ा अलग सोच रखते हैं। ऐसी सोच समाज में नहीं है, तो अपने जीवनसाथी से कैसे मिली?

उ० मैं और मेरे पति बहुत पहले से मित्र थे। हमारा शादी-शुदा सफर तो 14 सालों का हैपर हम उसके पहले से साथ हैं। लगभग 25 वर्षों से हम लोग साथ हैं। पहले बहुत अच्छे मित्र थे तुरि 20 दिनों के उस वर्कशॉप के दौरान मैं उनको और अच्छे से समझ पाई और जब हमे लगा कि हम पूरा जीवन एक साथ व्यतीत कर सकतक हैं तब हमने शादी कर ली।

प्र० आप जमशेदपुर में पिछले 15 वर्षों से रह रही हैं, लेकिन मूलतः आप छत्तीसगढ़ से हैं तो इस शहर में आने के बाद आपको किन परिवर्तनों का एहसास हुआ?

उ० इस शहर का कल्चर मुझे थोड़ा व्यापारिक लगता है जिसे इंडस्टीयल कल्चर भी कहते हैं। लोग सामाजिक रूप से सक्रिय नहीं है पर वहीं दुसरी ओर यहाँ आने के बाद मेरे बहुत सारे मित्र बने जो लगातार बनते जा रहे हैं।

# Interview

## Biswadeep Sen 'Zeest'

**Q. What is the story behind your pen name 'Zeest'?**

Ans. Zeest means life. I chose this name because I love life. I love everything about it. Its joys and sorrows; success and failures, everything. Nothing can be more beautiful than life itself. Life is the only truth in this world. Death is passive.

**Q. So, how did writing seep in? Tell us about the beginning.**

Ans. I think I was 12 or 13 and I do not know how or why, but I wrote a poem. And trust me, it was horrible!!! I took lines from various film songs and combined them to form a poem. Then I realised that this is not poetry. I tore the page but 'poetry' lingered. Then I started reading and writing a lot. I ended up reading Ghalib at the age of 13.

**Q. That is quite an achievement in itself. But tell us what are your achievements in this field in the conventional sense of the word.**

Ans. No big ones yet. I am debuting in Bollywood as a lyricist in John Abraham Entertainments' next film, 'Co-ed'. I am also writing stories for 'Yaadon Ka Idiot Box with Neelesh Misra'. And the journey continues...

**Q. And which one of them comes more easily to you?**

Ans. Writing songs, any day. I was always more into songs and poetries and I took to writing full fledged stories only for Yaadon Ka Idiot Box. Though I started writing stories before I wrote poems. I wrote stories about Vikram-Betaal and a king and a woodcutter at the age of nine. But gradually I realised that I am made for poetry.

**Q. You have been reading many veterans. Whom do you idolise. Any contemporary writer whom you like?**

Ans. I like a few active poets like Wasim Bareilvi, Nida Fazli, Munawwar Rana, Bekal Utsahi and Javed Akhtar. Talking about lyricists, I admire Shailendra the most for the simplicity he delivers. Apart from that I am a fan of Faiz in Urdu, Nazrul in Bangla and Shelley in English.

**Q. And do you draw inspiration from them. After all people say art is all about inspiration.**

Ans. I think life is the biggest inspiration. I take inspiration from it. Whether it is mine or of others. The love and hate....the ups and downs...all these are inspirations for life.

**Q. Talking about ups and downs, tell us about your struggle.**

Ans. I think struggle is more mental than physical. I belong to a well to do family and my childhood was smooth. But I had to find myself. I chose to venture into a field which very few people dare to. That gives me a sense of satisfaction. Becoming a writer is not easy and I think this choice itself is a struggle.

**Q. Do you feel that literature is a productive sphere for the youth?**

Ans. Yes it is. But of course, nobody is served on platter in any sphere. So, one has to build on his own. Moreover, we need literature for the sake of love, peace and humanity. So, the youth must take up literature as a career option and make it a productive one.

**Q. It is a common understanding nowadays that the lyrics and lyricists in today's Bollywood are becoming mediocre. Do you think it is actually so or just a misconception of ours.**

Ans. See, film songs are situation driven. If its an item song then you have to write *Chikni Chameli*. You cannot write '*Tum gagan ke chandrama ho mai dhara ki dhool hun*' because that will not justify the situation. Lyricists are often confined in limits. Personally, I like soft, soulful songs but the market is more powerful than lyricists. Here, you have to take care of many things which are not so creative.

**Q. Lastly, any messages or piece of advice to the youngsters reading this interview?**

Ans. No advices from an amateur himself but definitely a message. I would suggest to write whatever comes out of heart. Never get carried away with the market's demand because it always changes. Love whatever you write. Dare to be different and to dream. No matter how impossible it seems, if you believe you can live it then it will definitely come true. All the best!!!!



Interviewed by Supriya Tiwary

## अलाव

दिए की लौ चिढ़ा के कहती "कोई नहीं न तेरा"?  
तपती सर्दी के अलाव में जलता तन मन मेरा

जो कुछ भी था वो छूट गया  
अध-पौन भरम भी टूट गया  
इक रतन जो सहेज के रखा  
निज हार्थों से ही फूट गया  
उन बिखरे टुकड़ों पर अब लगता निस दिन पगफेरा  
कुंठित अश्रु के स्राव में ही गलता तन मन मेरा

कई मील पग चलते आए  
एक खेप न लांघा जाए  
जुगनू ने भी दामन छोड़ा  
घने हुए तरुओं के साए  
बागी, बैरी, मूक तिमिर ने आकर फिर-फिर घेरा  
जीवन के अड़ियल स्वभाव में ढलता तन मन मेरा

रही जड़ों से खुद को जोड़े  
फिर भी वसुधा नाता तोड़े  
जिस-जिस पग से काँटे बीने  
उसने डाले पथ में रोड़े  
मौन, शांत, अपराधबोध ने घर में डाला डेरा  
स्नेही कुटुंब के अभाव में खलता तन मन मेरा

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अरसा हो गया तुम्हें देखे,  
अपनी आँखें भेजो ना।  
होठों में दबाई जो खुशी तुमने,  
वो मुस्कान भेजो ना।

भेजो ना वो समंदर की लहर,  
जिसमें खुशबु तुम्हारी हो।  
दिल तड़प रहा आपसे मिलने को,  
कोई बहाना भेजो ना।  
कोई बहाना भेजो ना।

भेज रहा हूँ दिल अपना,  
जिसमें धड़कन तुम्हारी हो,  
भेजो ना आवाज़ अपनी  
जिसमें बोल तुम्हारे  
और लफ़्ज़ तुम्हारे हों  
ऐसा ही एक नज़राना भेजो ना।

सूरज है नाराज़,  
तूम किरणें भेजो ना,  
वैदा भी गुमसुम है,  
थोड़ी रौशनी भेजो ना।

भेजो ना वो साथ,  
जिसमें आरजूएं तुम्हारी हो,  
हाथ हो तुम्हारी,  
उंगलियाँ हमारी हो।  
यादें हैं संजोई हमनें,  
हमारे रिश्तों कि,  
वो पलवा पस भेजो ना।

मंदिर बनाई मैंनें आपकी,  
अपने दिल में,  
अपनी मूरत भेजो ना।  
अरसा हो गया तुम्हें देखे,  
अरसा होगया तुम्हें देखे,  
अपनी तस्वीर भेजो ना  
अपनी तस्वीर भेजोना

अमन राज (MCVP-I)

dN cksyks----

ऐ मेरे खुदा कहीं हो तुम बोलो,  
कुछ बात करो तुम मुँह खोलो।  
लाशें, घायल तन, खून के कतरे, मंजर देखो  
मासूमों की गर्दन पर जेहादी खंजर देखो

नहीं सुनाई दिया तुम्हें क्या नन्हे कासिम का रेना?  
नहीं दिखाई दिया तुम्हें क्या खून सना कोना-कोना?  
जली किताबें, टूटी मेज़, कलम के टुकड़े नहीं दिखे?  
नहीं दिखे क्या वलासरूम के टूटे रैशनदान तुम्हें\

देख तेरे ही बंदों ने क्या खूब काम अंजाम दिया,  
खून बहाया बच्चों का फिर नाम इसे इस्लाम दिया।  
या अल्लाह बता क्या तुने ऐसा ही पैगाम दिया?  
दुनिया को क्या ऐसा ही मजहब तूने इस्लाम दिया?

हरगिज़ नहीं, नहीं हरगिज़, ये काम नहीं हो सकता है,  
मासूमों का कत्ल करे ऐसा इस्लाम नहीं हो सकता है।

मुझे फिक्र बस इतनी है, कब आँख आप हम खोलेंगे,  
कब सड़कों पर आकर दहशत के खिलाफ कुछ बोलेंगे?  
कब अल्लाह का परचम लेकर गीत अमन के गाएँगे?  
कब भ्रष्टाचार और आतंकवाद को खदेड़ कर भगाएँगे?

पेशावर और काबुल की जब गली-गली मुस्काएँगी,  
तब कुरान सारे धर्मों से प्यार-मोहब्बत बँटिगी,  
उस दिन मैं धरती से उठकर आसमों का हो जाऊँगा,  
हिन्दू-मुस्लिम का फर्क मिटा, मैं इन्सान बन जाऊँगा।

fc/kku plnz jkww

MCVP-1

ओस...

ये बूंदे जो गिरी धरा पर,  
मूल्य जिनका मोती जितना है।  
क्या ये सव में बरसी है,  
या मेरी मृगतृष्णा है।।

ये बूंदे किसकी अमानत,  
किसने इन्हें बुलाया है।  
किस चीज का प्रभाव है ये  
जो इन बूंदों में समाया है।।

क्या रात में इस अवनी ने,  
उस अंबर को रुलाया है।  
या फिर ये पैगाम प्यार का,  
खुदा के घर से आया है।।

या फिर ये माशुक के आँसु,  
जो रात भर एकांत में रोया।  
अपनी माशुका की याद में,  
जो सारी रात नहीं सोया ।

क्या इन बूंदों में बंद,  
किसी शायर के दिल का हाल है।  
जिसे जानने को आज,  
ये किरणें भी बेताब हैं।।

कौन है यहाँ इतना ज्ञानी?  
कौन इस मन की दुविधा मिटाएगा?  
रात में बरसी इन बूंदों का,  
रहस्य क्या है, मुझे समझाएगा?

बहुत किए मैंने जत्न-यत्न,  
पर जबाब न इनका जान सका।  
था अंजान मैं जिन बूंदों से,  
अंत तक उनसे अंजान रहा।

अनमोल (MCVP-1)

# Indo-Islamic culture and Cinema

Hena Jafri

We use the term Islamicate to refer not to the Islam religion per se but to the socio-cultural complex history associated with Islam and the Muslims in India. The basis of this article is a steep social form associated and identified with the Muslim culture and their impact on Hindustani cinema produced by the Bombay film industry.

When the editor of the magazine asked me to comprehend my perception on portrayal of Muslims in Bombay film industry I was entirely clueless. Until I read an interview in *The Hindu* of an octogenarian filmmaker MS Sathyu, the director of the film *Garam Hawa*. He said, 'Garam Hawa was accidentally made on communal lines but the proviso prevailing in India now is much worse than shown then.'

Islamicate idioms are its distinctive genres and inflections that emerged during the second half of the Indian silent cinema. A little of its early manifestation survives. The first decade of film production was dominated by mythological, historical and devotional genres of which there is a reference in one film is on devotion on the life of a Muslim saint poet Kabir.

Other Muslim historical like *Razia begum* (1924), *Shahjahan* (1924) had begun to appear in the silent era of Indian cinema. All these films evoked a generalised orientalist imaginary familiar to filmmakers and audience alike to Urdu Parsi theatre.

There was other popular visual and aural culture of illustrated books and pamphlets, monograms and poems which is widely circulated today. Such entertainment form of the pre cinematic period that flowed into the cinema caused multiplied manifold.

However from 1940 to 1960 when there was a significant increase in the number of Muslim historical movies where Humayun, Akbar, Jahangir and Shahjahan were portrayed as protagonists and important characters.

However after independence, the valuation of Muslim rule and culture was fed into the secular ideology of the Nehruvian polity. It became critically important especially after the post partition period to counter negative attitude towards Muslims in the country.

Muslim historical of the period presents an image of the Mughal emperor as a unifying force who sought to embrace rather than erase forms of Hindu religion and culture that was screened in *Mughal E Azam* (1960) and *Jodha Akbar* (2008).

The courtesan per also has its origin in the silent period like *Nartaki Tara* (1922) and *Devadasi* (1925). Nevertheless it is not wrong to say that the centre of the genre is alluring, romantic yet tragic figure of well known courtesan. Over-time it shifted to *Umrao Jaan* in (1981&2006)

A metaphor that is related to *Pakeezah* (1971), says *the body of a woman is a prison of her emotions*. Another classic, *Chaudhavin ka Chand* (1961) where the conservative Islamic culture has been challenged.

But the new wave of filmmakers was engaged with the concern of Muslim social that time. Many new wave films including *Garam hawa* (1973), *Naseem* (1995) addresses the devastation wrought by participation upon Muslim social life where ghazals and different forms of qawwali had bequeathed to the cinema in general.

Those days mujra was performed by the courtesan (a Muslim character) only. The female actor of the film couldn't take up the role of the courtesan as they were women of low character.

To define a social world of elegance, culture and tahzeeb it sets a social value and a gendered behaviour that serves to articulate the aristocratic identity and forms of social life. These values are defined through performance spaces of mujra, ghazals, mushaira and qawwalis.

The Islamicate culture of Bombay cinema is imagined forms of the past and therefore a contested site of historians and identities. Yet they also form a culturally potent and aesthetically fertile reservoir of images and idioms through which Muslim communities are represented.



The language, poetry, music ideas and emotional responses elicited by Hindustani cinema testify to the general influence of Islamicate culture and on Bombay cinema. It is in the genres of the Muslim historical, the Muslim courtesan film and the Muslim social that those forms are concentrated and distilled into precise iconographic, performative and narrative idioms shaped by the requirements of popular cinema.

Furthermore, the critical reworking by new wave filmmakers, the social and historical significance is attributed to Muslim culture both for wider population and for Muslim communities themselves. These genres are invoked by filmmakers at different historical moments according to the pressures and concerns of the times.

Thus the history was particularly silent in the 1940 and 60s but emerged again in the first decade of the twenty first century in response to the inflamed communal passions. The emphatic location of Islamicate idioms within Muslim cultures through the Muslim social of the 1960s is transformed by the new wave focus on the working middle class.

The rich idioms of the Islamicate genres provide a powerful historical demonstration of the cultural and political value of Muslim cultures and Muslim communities in the plural and multicultural imagination of Indian cinema.



# ECLIPSED

## Book Review

### When The Moon Is Low by Nadia Hashimi

**“Refugees didn’t just escape a place. They had to escape a thousand memories until they’d put enough time and distance between them and their misery to wake to a better day.”**

*What would it be like to have a soul and be slaved within? What would it be like to have a smile that cries in its reflections, to have dreams that never make it to the daylight of reality and what would it be like to live in time that had lost its own trace? As the world builds its debut on the turbulent crisis in the Middle East, people rise from the razed debris in hopes to see the shores of shelter. But alas lives at sea often sink in sail.*

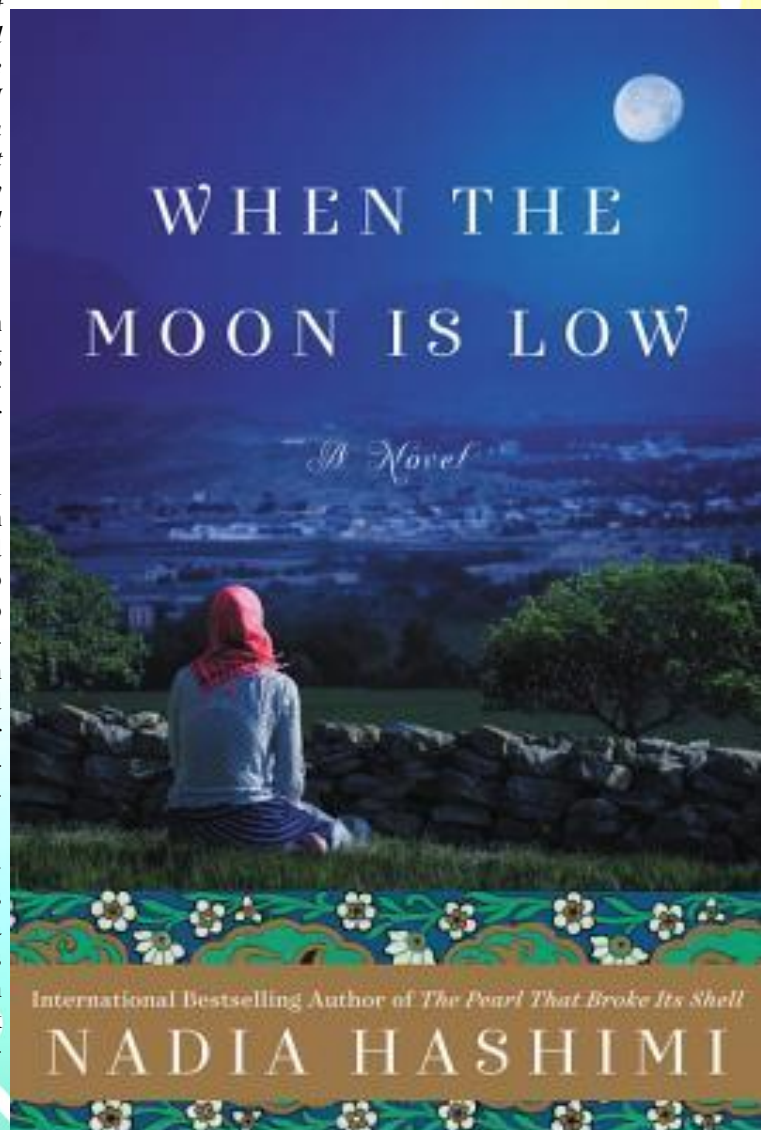
*To be enchanted by stories is one thing and to be embraced by an emotion that absorbs the reader in it is a totally riveting experience. Have you ever imagined of living in a conflicted and displaced milieu? Have you ever dreamt of being uprooted from your home, your family and your town in search of a safe haven? Have you thought of living the rest of your life with the title of a refugee? Well! The life of a refugee is hard to imagine. With no home, no food and no one to be trusted upon; the road of these refugees is full of hardships and horror. Only **Hope** keeps these fighters alive.*

*While the world is debating over the crisis of the refugees of the Middle East, I came across this significant novel and I was dared to imagine the worsening state of affairs of the migrants. Their unnatural and disheartening conditions will definitely make you weep as you flip through its pages. And I am sure that this emotional novel will stir you up and arouse you to raise your voice against the injustice done to all the innocent lives. My heart bleeds for them as I go through this novel sitting comfortably in my room.*

Nadia Hashimi’s absorbing new novel, **‘When The Moon is Low’** is the story of a strong headed Afghan mother’s expedition from Afghanistan to Europe in quest of a better life for her three young children.

Hashimi has very beautifully divided the novel in two parts where we see our narrator Feriba in two different characters. Hashimi introduced the protagonist as a young girl of Kabul who craves for love and education. She wants to learn and explore every aspect of life but unfortunately her step mother keeps her busy in household chores. Feriba is always occupied with her toddler step sister. But the passion for learning stayed alive forever with Feriba. Finally she was allowed to go to school and matriculated at the age of 13.

Life changed when Feriba was married to Mahmood, the respected civil engineer. She was happy and contented now. And had turned to a Persian teacher. Education, love and family this is what she had always desired for. But then evil’s eye casted shadows of ill fate and life took a turn. In 1989 the Soviets withdrew from Afghanistan and the Taliban rose to power.



In the succeeding chapters Hashimi had skillfully exposed the true face of the Taliban. She had described the ways by which the Taliban enforced atrocious set of rules and regulations. And how the blooming life of Feriba changed at once. The “turbaned tyrants” and the “razor edged religious brutes” forbid her from teaching. She had to put on a ‘chador’ now; her husband had to don a beard. Afghanistan was changing. Girls were not allowed to attend schools and the boys were restricted to recite only verses from the holy Quran. Things got to worse and the country was engulfed in war.

The terrified Afghans were forced to abandon their homeland in a distressed and desperate search for freedom, safety and happiness. But Mahmood and Feriba along with their son Saleem and daughter Samira lived in Kabul until things got to worst.

The new stubborn fundamentalist regime murdered Mahmood for defying the laws imposed by the Taliban, days before Feriba gave birth to their third child. Disheartened Feriba collected all the lost hopes and decided to find a way to cross Europe and reach her sisters family in England. Feriba dreamt of a happy life for his children. She wanted her daughter to read and her sons to play without fear. She was determined to leave Kabul now.

The novel takes a turn now; Feriba forges paper and prepares to leave. With the help of some kind strangers their hazardous journey to England begins. It is here when the reader sees the 15 year old Saleem growing. There is a transformation in Saleem’s character. He becomes the star in the rest of the novel.

Hashimi had engrossed the readers with Saleem in third person. It is later that the reader discovers that, “he was determined and ready to be treated like a man”. In a much tragic incident we learnt that Saleem was separated from his family in a busy market. In those days of separation Saleem was struck up in discouraging refugee camps. Meanwhile he met Iraqis, Africans and other migrants who were either fleeing poverty or violence.

With no other option Feriba was reluctantly forced to cover the rest of their journey without the ‘man’ of the house.

Can Feriba and Saleem find a way to be reunited? Will Saleem ever play again with Sameera? Will Feriba’s dream come true? Will they ever find a place to call home again? These are the few questions which the author had left us for our imagination.

The author has been successful in depicting all the aspects concerning the life of a refugee be it the fear of the Taliban or their hazardous journey in search of peace. Thus, Hashimi’s novel is a must-read for all Europeans and Americans. The novel has been written with emotions, compassion and sophistication. Beside all this, the novel had also shown us the rich culture of Afghanistan beautifully. Their tradition and heritage will make the reader enthralled.

Moreover Feriba’s tale reveals the cruel realities of the millions of migrants who are separated and shattered. These people are living in dark refugee camps with a hopeful heart and a pure soul.

I strongly recommend this novel to all those who love reading Khaled Hosseini’s books. You will find Hashimi’s story an excellent addition to the stories of Afghanistan.

*P.S : That night I dreamt of Saleem, sleeping peacefully on Feriba’s lap.*

**Nida Zakaria**

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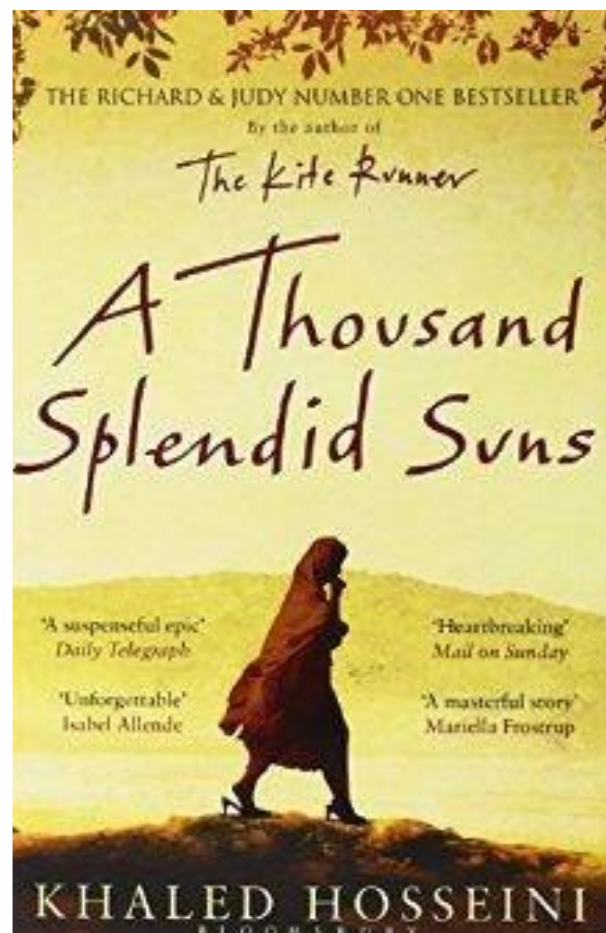
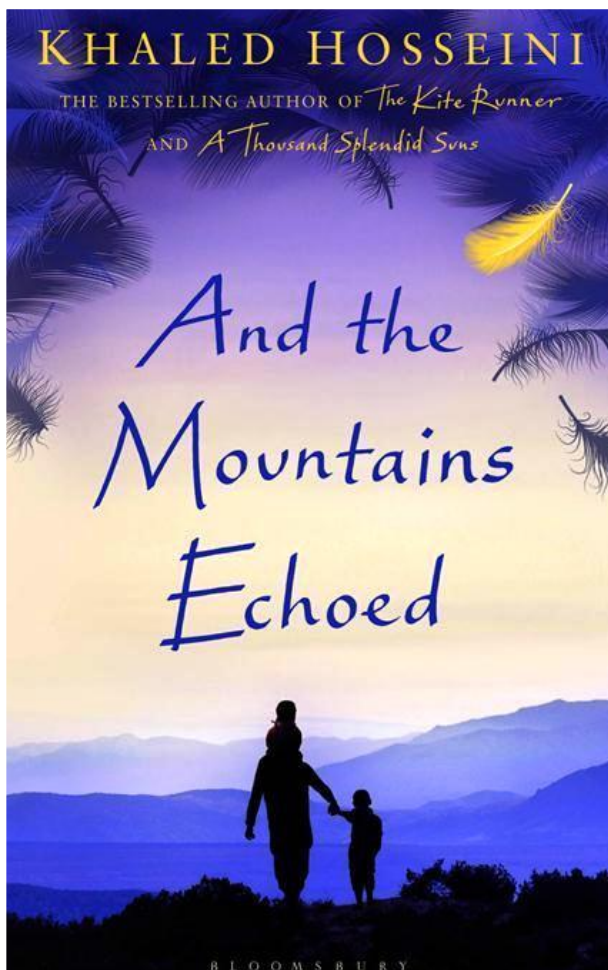
### For You A Thousands Time Over

“One could not count the moons that shimmer on her roofs, or a thousand splendid suns that shine behind her walls.”

These beautiful lines about Kabul ,written by a 17<sup>th</sup> century poet, Saib Tabrizi ,and quoted by Khaled Hussein, in *A Thousand Splendid Suns*, make the readers wonder at the present scenario of this capital city of Afghanistan.

Mr. Khaled Hosseini is physician-turned-author hailing from Kabul. He is a three-novel-old master story teller. *The Kite Runner*(2003),was his first novel, followed by *A Thousand Splendid Suns*(2007) and *And The Mountain Echoed* (2013).

In his writings, the author tells us that beyond those rugged terrains and sharp peaks, there live wretched people..... who were not always like this. There was a time when tender human emotions had the upper hand to treachery... which had always existed. Even the most harsh words shine with a typical beauty in those pages.....as Keats said-“Beauty is truth,truth is beauty”. The description of even a



cutting pain is beautiful in itself....for it makes us feel that poignancy, that heart-rending emotion. Not a single human emotion feels trapped in the web of words of this master weaver. The great universality of some human emotions-love, shame, guilt, regret, friendship, forgiveness, atonement-which have ‘been explored, is titillating.’

The beautiful days of one’s childhood are sweet....they end so soon....but if you want to relive them, *The Kite Runner*, is perhaps the best choice.’ It is surprisingly sweet to find yourself under a pomegranate tree, or upon *The Wall of Ailing-Corn* or flying a kite with Amir and Hassan. Every prank, every giggle, every smile, every look is worth preserving.....for such things happen uniquely everytime.

Look through Hussein’s eyes and you will be amazed at the vivid description of the glorious past of his native place, which was until late, mostly known as” another unhappy, chronically troubled, afflicted land.”

A mud hut may appear wretched at one moment and adorned the next....both states equally believable, equally charming! The reader is bound to believe in certain happenings, however unbelievable they might appear. So we too want to stand beneath that tree which sheds exactly ten leaves upon the wish maker's head, if the wish is granted.

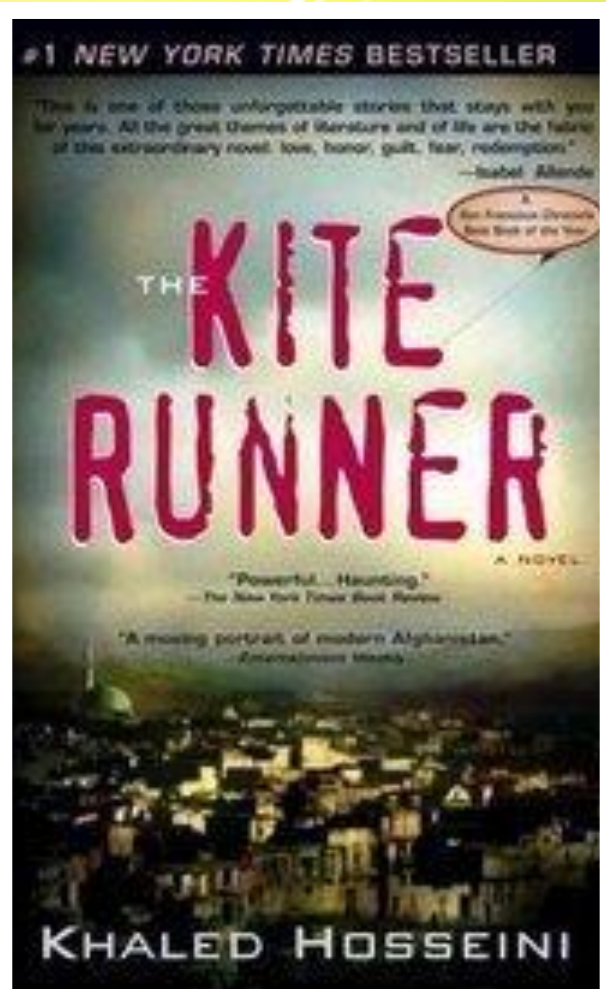
Khalid Agha, may make you want to cry at awkward instances....for no reasons at all. But lump in the throat is hard to digest when poor Hassan rubs a handful of sand on his forehead and face, just because his dearest Amir, asks him to, playfully! Certain characters like Amir's *baba* stand tall and unshaken....however harsh or wronged they have been. A parent is a parent after all, and he ought to be respected .... Is the lesson we learn, when Hassan accepts his old mother into his family, even after the disgrace that she had brought to his father and to him.

The entire range of Afghan delicacies –shorwas, chopan kebabs, qurmas, aush soups, kofta, saleh-goshti, naan, red-rice, ferni....with their sweet and spicy aromas, send us flying on magical carpets into the kitchens's of Kabul'.

God-made wonders when united with man-made ones create history. So we have feathers and tin-boxes, kites and friends, parents, and stories, stones and slingshots, streams and boats, winds and music....

Though what the author writes mostly is tragic, describing huge losses, both physical and emotional, I have desired to them *hopeful tragedies*. Because when the novel ends, the losses do hurt, but the joy that one is no more ignorant of them, is even bigger! It's good sometimes, if a hard breaks, because then, every broken piece will reflect a new word, a new witness, "Out beyond ideas, Of wrong doing and right doing, there is a field, I need to there, I'll meet you there."- Jalaluddin Rumi.

Lots of prayers and good wishes to our brothers and sisters in Afghanistan, and a big 'TASHAKUR' (Thank you) to Mr. Khaled Hosseini!!



**Eram Siddiqui (B.A. Part II)**

## Gramsci, Hegemony and ... [Contemporary India in Parenthesis]

Dear Readers, the sentences and paragraphs below are about Gramsci, the legendary leftist thinker and there is no direct reference to India. However, the title of this write up mentions 'contemporary India in parenthesis. Hence the article requires a sincere and visionary reading because one may find contemporary India at several places. We leave it to the afterthought of our learned and awakened readers.

**The desire** to move away from the idea of bloody revolution to one of a more peaceful nature while keeping the revolutionary message intact and the attempts to move away from the class warfare to create new economic models is what we term as 'new Marxism' or 'new left'. Antonio Gramsci is seen as the leading thinker of the first half of 20<sup>th</sup> century who carved new definitions of Marxism, analyses its failure and emphasises its renewal in the changing global scenario. Born in 1891 in Italy, Gramsci had a very disturbed childhood and an altogether tragic life. He wrote on political theory, sociology, history, linguistics and literature. While at Sardinia, his native place, Gramsci was involved in peasants struggle and during his university days at Turin he took the side of industrial workers. Joining the Italian Socialist Party in 1913 Gramsci wrote extensively for socialist news papers and in 1916 became the co-editor of *Avanti*, the most famous news paper and the organ of socialist party. In 1916 he delivered talks on French Revolution, Paris Commune and emancipation of women. Gramsci saw French Revolution as a failure because of its being the foster child of capitalism. In 1917 Gramsci became the chief editor of *Grido del Popolo*, one among the largest circulated news papers of Italy and in 1919 he launched his own weekly news paper *L'Ordine Nuovo* (The New Order). This step proved instrumental in the establishment of L'Ordine Nuovo group of Italian socialists whom Lenin saw as closest to Bolsheviks.

Gramsci's L'Ordine Nuovo advocated and supported the Worker's Council which came up in Turin during the industrial workers strikes of 1919 & 20. Gramsci saw these councils as the proper means of enabling the industrial workers to take control of the task of organising production. His Leninist views were attacked within the socialist party and by the time of the defeat of Turin workers in 1920 Gramsci was almost alone. The failure led Gramsci to play a vital role in the establishment of Communist Party in 1921 and in 1922 he travelled Russia where he not only met Lenin but married also, had two sons, and without seeing his second son returned to Italy to form a united front against the fascist regime of Benito Mussolini. In 1926 Gramsci was arrested. At his trial his prosecutor said "for twenty years we must stop this brain from working." Sentenced for five years and further for twenty years, Gramsci was sent to the island of Ustica from where he got conditional freedom on health grounds in 1934 and died in a hospital at Rome in 1937.

During his prison days Gramsci wrote 30 Notebooks and 3000 pages of history and analysis. Known as Prison Notebooks these writings contain Italian history and nationalism, his ideas and critique of Marxist theory, cultural theory, critical theory and educational theory. He evaluates the failures of Marxism and dialectical materialism and tries to come up with a theory that may supplement the deficiencies of orthodox Marxism and can work against capitalist and fascist state. He emphasises the need of workers' education to encourage developments of intellectuals from working class. He presents a critique of absolute historicism, economism and philosophical materialism. However the most heated and revolutionary ideas of Gramsci are his discourses on hegemony, on the role of intellectuals and on state and civil society.

The early Marxists used the term 'hegemony' to denote the political leadership of the working class in a democratic revolution. Gramsci expanded the concept, converted it to 'cultural hegemony' and developed an acute analysis that how the ruling capitalist class, the bourgeoisie, establishes and maintains its control. His theory of cultural hegemony describes how state uses cultural institutions to maintain power in capitalist societies. The Marxist belief that socialist revolution was inevitable in capitalist societies proved a delusion and no such revolution had occurred in the most advanced European nations though they had strong symptoms. Capitalism seemed more entrenched and vehement than ever. Gramsci is of the opinion that capitalism maintains control not just through violence but also through ideology. The bourgeoisie develops a hegemonic culture, which propagates its own values and norms so that they became the 'common sense' values of all. People in the working class (and the other class) identify their own good with the good of the bourgeoisie and help to maintain status quo rather than revolting. It is a common notion that bourgeois values represented 'natural' or 'normal' values for society. To counter the notion the working class needs to develop a culture of its own. For Lenin culture was 'ancillary' to political objectives. Gramsci sees it fundamental to the attainment of power and to attain that power, cultural hegemony is to be achieved first. In his views a class cannot dominate in modern times by merely advancing its own narrow economic interests. Neither can it dominate through force and coercion. Rather, it must exert intellectual and moral leadership, and make alliances and compromises with a variety of forces. Gramsci calls this union of social forces a 'historical bloc'. This bloc forms the basis of consent to a certain social order, which produces and re-produces the hegemony of the dominant class through a nexus of institutions, social relations and ideas.



Gramsci states that bourgeois cultural values were tied to folklore, popular culture, and religion, and therefore much of his analysis of hegemonic culture is arrived at these. For Gramsci, hegemonic dominance ultimately relied on a 'consented' coercion and in a 'crisis of authority' the 'masks of consent' slips away revealing the fist of force.

Gramsci was impressed by Roman Catholicism and the church for preventing an excessive gap between the religion of the learned and that of the less educated. He gives much thought to the role of intellectuals in society. He states that all men are intellectuals but not all men have the social function of intellectuals. He sees modern intellectuals not as talkers but as practically minded directors and organisers who produce hegemony through ideological apparatuses like education and media. The need to create a 'working class culture' relates to Gramsci's call for a kind of education that can develop working class intellectuals, whose task is to do a critique of status-quo. Gramsci's idea about an education system for this purpose corresponds with the notion of critical pedagogy and popular education.

Gramsci's theory of hegemony is tied to his conception of the capitalist state. His concept of the state is not in the narrow sense of the government. He divide it between 'political society' (the arena of political institutions, legal constitutional control, the police, the army, the legal system etc) and 'civil society' (the family, the education system, trade unions etc). He stresses that the division is purely conceptual and the two, in reality, often overlap. The capitalist state, according to Gramsci, rules through force plus consent: political society is the realm of force and civil society is the realm of consent.

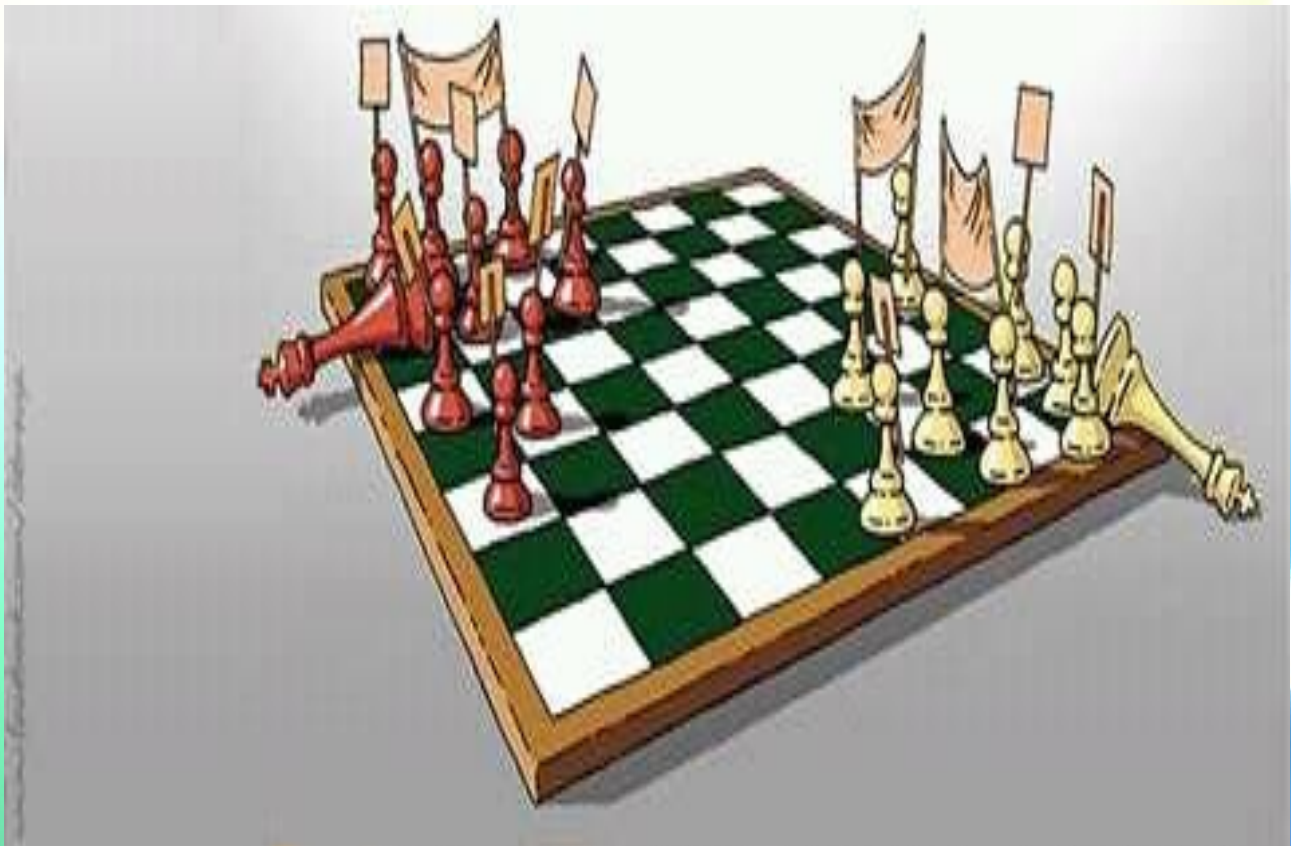
Gramsci thinks that under modern capitalism, the bourgeoisie can maintain its economic control by allowing certain demands made by trade unions and mass political parties. Thus the bourgeoisie engages in passive revolution (or rather pacifying revolution) by going beyond its immediate economic interests and allowing the form of its hegemony to change. Gramsci posits that movements such as 'reformism' and fascism as well as 'scientific management' and 'assembly line' are examples of this. Despite his claim that the lines between the state and civil society may be blurred, Gramsci rejects the state worship that results from identifying political society with civil society as is done by the fascists.

*By Our Editorial Team  
With inputs from the internet*

## SPArCtoon

### THE END GAME

Debraya Mukhopadhyay



## Subconscious Mind: As a problem of solution

**Dr. Zaki Akhtar**

Assistant professor

*P.G Department of Psychology, Karim City College, Jamshedpur.*

*The ignited mind of yours is the most powerful resource on the earth above the earth and under the earth.*

*—A.P.J. Abdul Kalam*

Human being is superior creature of the all species. The God has given them wit and wisdom. They can think, analyse and act accordingly. They possess topography of mind i.e. conscious, subconscious and unconscious mind which help them to make an individual a perfect and complete human being. In all topography of the mind, sub conscious mind play vital role in the process of personality development.

But we hardly utilise the power of the subconscious mind. Our subconscious mind does not need any one advice. It is well aware and alert enough of what is to be done or undone in order to overcome obstructions of life events. Through our conscious mind we are directed to talk, speak, write or do any work which brings harmony and peace to us, our family members and well wishers. The subconscious mind does not understand all these things. If you sincerely and with devotion and conviction ask for help, it will not only help you but also guide you to the right solution, if you are able to understand its signal.

The subconscious mind is like a gigo-garbage in/ garbage out or pipo- positive in/ positive out. It is entirely up to you, how you use its power. Despite its charismatic power very few of us are aware of it's enough to use power. Except for a few eminent scientists, lawyer, doctors or businessmen. Many creative scientists have used the power of the subconscious mind to find solutions to complexities associated with their discoveries.

Students of mind or psychologist are aware that we have one mind. This mind has two functional and characteristics part. One is known as the conscious mind and the other is the subconscious mind. They are classified as the sub subjective and objective minds the working and sleeping minds the voluntary and involuntary minds and the male and female minds and so on.

Let us take the example of garden by his habit, the gardener plants seeds with hope that one day the garden flowers. Similarly, if the conscious mind goes on thinking positive thoughts, the subconscious mind will accumulate the same. It works like mental bank. As and when you are puzzled you face anxieties, you force any problem or you are not finding any solution to a problem, you able for help exercising your mental power and the subconscious mind will definitely assist you. If the balance of accumulated thoughts are more positive than negative in the mental bank your subconscious mind will guide you accordingly.

So, you have to act like a gardener you have to always make a habit of planting positive thoughts. You will see that your subconscious mind is getting enriched with positive thoughts receiving the continuous flow of the same from the conscious mind. Then your life will be bed of roses to rise, perhaps, of course with occasioned thorns. These thorns may slow your progress a bit but cannot throw you off balance because you have nourished your subconscious mind effectively and efficiently.

You can apply your subconscious mind as alarm clock in your daily life. Set alarm in your subconscious as repeating this statement for while in a relax state of mind "I have to get up at 4 o'clock morning"; exactly you will get up at the same. We can also develop self confidence by activating our sub conscious mind as continuous recitation of phrase that "I am capable of solving all sorts of problems" before going to bed. As stated by **A.P.J Abdul Kalam** "You become the captain of the problems. Defeat the problem and succeed."

Sometimes ideas do not appear when you are concentrating your attention and mysteriously appear when you are not. Modern science recognizes this as a result of incubating the problem in your subconscious yet can't account for why it occurs. A majority of scientists, artists, and writers report that they get their best ideas and insights when not thinking about the problem. Ideas come while walking, recreating, or working on some other unrelated problem. This suggests how the creative act came to be associated with divine inspiration for the illumination appears to be involuntary. The more problems, ideas and thoughts that you think about from time to time, the more complex becomes the network of information in your mind. The more work you put into thinking about a problem, the more thoughts and bits of information you put into random motion.



When you quit thinking about the subject and decide to forget it, your subconscious mind doesn't quit working. Your thoughts keep colliding, combining and making associations. This is why you've experienced suddenly remembering names, getting solutions to problems you've forgotten about and ideas out of the blue when you are relaxing and not thinking about any particular thing.

Work on a problem until you have mulled over all the relevant pieces of information. Talk with others about the problem, ask questions, and do as much research as you can until you are satisfied that you have pushed your conscious mind to its limit. Make the letter as detailed and specific as possible. Describe the problem definition, the attributes, what steps you have taken, the problems, the gaps, what is needed, what you want, what the obstacles are, and so on. Just writing the letter will help better define a problem, clarify issues, point out where more information is needed, and prepare your unconscious to work on a solution. The letter should read just like a letter you would send to a real person. Imagine that your unconscious is all-knowing and can solve any problem that is properly stated.

Instruct your unconscious to find the solution. Write "Your mission is to find the solution to the problem. I would like the solution in two days." Seal the letter and put it away. You may even want to mail it to yourself.

Let go of the problem. Don't work on it. Forget it. Do something else. This is the incubation stage when much of what goes on occurs outside your focused awareness, in your unconscious. Open the letter in two days. If the problem still has not been solved, write on the bottom of the letter "Let me know the minute you solve this" and put it away. Sooner or later, when you are most relaxed and removed from the problem, the answer will magically pop into your mind.

A problem may appear to be long lasting, but it always has a silver lining. Problem exists when we stop thinking process. Positive thinking often results in disappearance of the dark cloud. Positive thinking facilitate in finding out the solution of problem. Whatever we think, it would be manifested in behaviour. If we think positively, positive attribute would be developed in our behaviour and consequently, it would facilitate in problem solving behaviour.

We must develop ways of practicing positive thinking to ward off negative attribute which produces hindrance in the way of solution a problem. Some time we get upset due to not getting solution of a problem. At this spur of time, one must show patience and pray as much as one can and keep in mind that there are certain problems which take appropriate time for its solution. Give a proper time span to the problem for its solution. Let your subconscious mind work properly towards the solution of problem.

Sometimes problem is not so severe or dangerous but our cognitive interpretation increases the severity of the problem. Cognitive psychologists are of the view that thinking adversely affects the cognitive process.

According to **Swami Vivekananda**, if you welcome happiness then you should also welcome troubles and miseries as both go hand in hand. He has also said that if you fail thousand times then also don't fall back, try again. Each of us has experienced this fact of life one time or the other. These are the facts that get us moving ahead in life. Basically, difficulties don't come in life to destroy you, they come to make you realize your hidden potentials, so welcome these difficulties and let them know that you are more difficult.

Thus, we may conclude that subconscious mind is a great reservoir of thoughts. Therefore problem must be examined carefully so as to get real solution of the problem. If it is not examined properly you may deceive by your own eyes. According to **Hazrat Ali (A.S)** Perception by the eyes is not real observation because the eyes sometimes deceive people; but wisdom does not deceive whomsoever it counsels.

# The Evergreen Beauty- LISA

In his famous work *Episichidyon*, John Keats wrote, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever". These lines immortalise various forms of arts like music, sculptures and paintings among others. Leonardo Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* has surpassed the limits of time and still promises to enthrall many future generations. Such is its beauty that the great French emperor, Napoleon had once fallen in love with it and till date it seeks to enchant its admirers with its mysterious smile.

Since it came into public sphere during Renaissance, it has revolutionised contemporary portrait painting. Da Vinci's preliminary drawings encouraged other artists to make more and freer studies for their paintings and stimulated connoisseurs to collect those drawings. One such painter was the young Raphael who sketched Leonardo's work in progress and adopted the *Mona Lisa* format for his portraits and it appeared as a clear model for his 'Portrait of Maddalena Doni'.

This painting has also inspired the classic song 'Mona Lisa' by American lyricist Ray Evans and Jay Harold Livingston:

*"Mona Lisa Mona Lisa  
Men have named you  
You're so like the lady with the mystic smile  
Is it only 'cause you're lovely  
They have blamed you".*

*Mona Lisa* has made her appearance in silver screen as well in movies like 'Mona Lisa' and 'Da Vinci Code' and in books like Rachell Wyatt's 'Mona Lisa smiled a little' and Martin Caparro's 'Valfiemo'.

The iconic stature of *Mona Lisa* is also due to the enigma around who actually is the lady in the portrait. Famous author Dianne Hales became obsessed with finding the real *Mona Lisa* on her repeated trips to Florence. Very few of us know that the other name for this painting is 'La Gioconda' and the name *Mona Lisa* (or *Monna Lisa*, as the Italians prefer) roughly translates to "my lady Lisa". Owing to this, a large number of scholars believe that the subject of the painting is Lisa Gherardini whose husband Francisco del Gioconda commissioned the work. Hunched on this statement and siding up with this theory, Dianne Hales wrote 'Mona Lisa- a Life discovered' in which she takes the reader to meet with Lisa's descendants, uncover her family's long and colourful history and explore the neighbourhoods where she lived as a girl, a wife and a mother. She reveals *Mona Lisa* not only as a three-dimensional Renaissance woman but as somebody flesh and blood by stepping into her shoes and seeing the world through her eyes.

People have loved *Mona Lisa* to the heights of insanity. Men have literally died in its love. R.A. Scottli wrote in 'Vanished Smile', "there were more than one million art works in Louvre Collection but *Mona Lisa* alone received her own mail". From her eyebrows to her smile, she has been one of the greatest mysteries. She has been an evergreen role model, a style icon and of course a master piece for the art lovers all over the world. Even after five centuries of creation, *Mona Lisa* remains a touchstone for people around the world. Indeed, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever".

**ANINDITA BOSE (B.A. - II)**



# Dissent(ial) Power

Dissent and disagreement paves the way for dialectic to usher progress in the society. Dissent is the essential nature of human being; without which there cannot be any movement. Throughout the progress of human civilization, there is a difference between individual, society, culture, language and religion.

Mythologically the dissent of Adam and Eve to God's will is responsible for terrestrial predicament of mankind. The dissent of Satan to the decree of God was the first exercise of freedom of will. The dissent of Greek civilization to its rich mythological ethos paved the way for philosophical and scientific enquiry. The dissent of the Roman Empire to the worship of many gods and goddesses resulted in the entrance of Christianity into Europe and the vast expanse it takes after that. The dissent from medieval religious dominance started the great Renaissance movement in Europe; which ultimately culminated into Modernism.

The dissent from Vedic philosophy pioneered the birth of Buddhism and Jainism in Indian subcontinent. The disagreement between heterodox and orthodox schools of Indian philosophy enriched the Oriental thought process. Later the power of dissent also gave birth to Sikhism and Bhakti movement; a movement which sought direct devotional relation between the Creator and the Creation without any mediation.

It was the dissent from existing Pagan religion which culminates into the rise of monotheistic religion of Islam. Again the dissent within Islam created the different sects. Spiritual dissent from ritualistic Islam heralded the rise of Sufism; a group annihilating itself in the Love of God and achieving union with Him.

The progress of Indian civilization is also marked by dissent and disagreements. Several social and cultural evils removed from the society by the power of dissent. The confluences of divergent religious and cultural ethos are the culminating point of dissent. We Indians have always celebrated and welcomed the diversity, plurality, different viewpoints. Power of dissent was always responsible for paradigm shifts; it created new standards, new ethos and new discourse... Don't shun dissent, difference, disagreement...rather welcome it... otherwise progress will be hampered.

## **Dr. Aquil Ahmad**

Asstt. Prof. Deptt. of Philosophy, AMU, Aligarh

Dissent is the essential nature of human being; without which there cannot be any movement. Throughout the progress of human civilization, there is a difference between individual, society, culture, language and religion.

# A Zen Story and the Secret of Happiness

## Satya Chaitanya

One of the most beautiful Zen stories is about the Japanese monk Hakuin. As a lot of monks do, he lived alone in a hut, his life following the rhythms of nature. His neighbours loved him for his serenity, for his simplicity, and felt honoured that such a great master was living among them. Great was their respect for him and his simple ways.

That is, until an event disturbed them all and they lost all respect for him.

There was this beautiful young girl, the daughter of a shopkeeper, who lived in the village. One day her parents were shocked to discover that she was with child. Of course, an unmarried young girl getting pregnant was unacceptable in the village and they pressed her to reveal the name of the father. For a long time she resisted, refusing to tell them anything, but when the pressure mounted she named Hakuin as the father.

The parents rushed to the master and accused him furiously, shouting at him and insulting them, telling him he was a shame to Zen itself. But all the master said was “Is that so?”

When the child was born, the girl’s parents brought the baby to the master, who had by this time lost all his reputation and had become an object of contempt for the whole village. Hakuin accepted the child and began looking after him. Though they hated him, out of pity for the child, they gave him milk and the other things that the baby needed.

A whole year passed. A year every day of which the girl had lived in great torment, hating herself for the lie she had told. And when she couldn’t stand it anymore, she confessed to her parents that Hakuin was not the father of the baby, but a young man who worked in the market in the nearby town.

The parents of the girl rushed to the monk and fell at his feet, crying piteously for what they had done to him and begging forgiveness. They told him it was a mortal sin they and their daughter had committed and begged him to give the baby back to him.

“Is that so?” were the only words from Hakuin as he handed the baby back to the girl’s parents.

OoO

Ancient India spoke of *nishcheyasa*, the path of *nivritti* as opposed to *pravritti*, surrender and acceptance as opposed to making things happen in the world through effort as the path for making spiritual progress. The path to outer growth, for achievements in the world outside, is through exhausting effort, India said, and the path to inner growth is through surrender and acceptance of whatever life brings, said our culture.

It is not only India that spoke of the need for acceptance and surrender, but other cultures and different spiritual traditions did so too. The very word Islam, for instance, means surrender, submission, acceptance – acceptance of the will of God, of things that life brings to us. The most famous Christian prayer, the Lord’s Prayer, says “Thy will be done!” May your will be done, not my will. The three *sharanas* of Buddhism speak of surrender again – to the Buddha, to Dharma and to the Sangha. In the last teaching of the Gita, Krishna asks Arjuna, the representative of all of us, to look upon Him as the ultimate refuge and to surrender and accept whatever life brings. This acceptance of what life brings is, in the language of Indian spirituality called *prasada buddhi* – as though whatever we get is His *prasada*, grace.

A life obsessed with achievements, with no attempt to balance it with inner growth, serenity, and peace, leads to misery in the middle of the greatest of comforts. For to enjoy anything, the basic requirement you need is inner peace. Surrender and acceptance is the path leading to inner peace.

That is not to say that spirituality wants people to be lazy and do nothing. What is said, particularly in the case of people who work in the market place, in business and industry, in the numerous walks of life to earn their livelihood, is that rather than being obsessed with making things happen, we should discover a balance between making things happen and letting things happen. Life, the masters of the old said, is like white water rafting. There are times when you have to row and there are times when you have to rest and let the current carry you downstream.

Without this surrendering to life, to Existence, without the willingness to accept what life brings, man, obsessed with making achievements, runs the risk of turning insane. In cultures where the focus is exclusively on making achievements, without the balancing power of the willingness to accept what life brings, we find man is mentally far more sick than in other cultures, and life less joyous in spite of all imaginable luxuries and comforts.

The path for achievements in the outer world is constant effort guided by strong will. The path for achievements in the inner world is surrender of the will and acceptance of things as they happen. Balancing between the two makes man a contented, peaceful, serene, joyous achiever.

This is what the Bhagavad Gita means when it says your control is only over your actions and not over their results, which are controlled by other factors as well. And therefore, says the Gita, work tirelessly in the world to make things happen, but when results come, accept them serenely, gracefully and with a heart filled with gratitude.

This is what the ancient masters called Karma Yoga.

Work and surrender. Surrender and work. And when results come, be grateful. That is the secret of happiness.

OoO

# WHO GETS HURT ANYWAYS

Abhik Deb

In the recent past, a whole lot of issues have come up which have centred on the phrase of 'hurt sentiments'. Also, almost on all occasions, the 'sentiment' in question has been 'religious' or 'cultural'. A lot has been said, written, debated and deliberated upon these issues and this article does not intend to stoke any further fire regarding that. Neither is it aimed at taking any side. The only motive is to provide a few threads to the readers using which, one can weave a thought process.

Let us start by investigating what the dictionary says about a few words. It defines 'sentiment' in the following two ways:

An attitude or opinion.

Feelings of love, sympathy, kindness etc.

The interesting part is that the first definition is an objective one. Attitudes or opinions are personal and thus may vary quite distinguishably. On the other hand, love, sympathy or kindness are emotions that are universal to say the least. Even more interesting is the fact that this trend of dichotomy is consistent with the other two words as well.

'Religious' is defined as:

The belief in a god or a group of gods.

Of or relating to religion.

Here, while the first definition deals with a particular clan or sect, the second definition is more close to the idea of *Dharma* which deals with morality or dutifulness, again universal concepts.

Now, let us look what the dictionary has to say about the word 'cultural':

Of or relating to a particular group of people and their habits, traditions, beliefs etc.

Of or relating to the fine arts (such as music, theatre, painting etc.).

By now, one would be able to deduce the difference which is analogous to the previous two sets of definition.

Now, let us take a note of some of the recent issues that have 'hurt sentiments'. Wendy Doninger's book 'Hindus: An alternative history', Charlie Hebdo's cartoon on Prophet Mohammad, Perumal Murugan's book 'Madhorubhagan', the comedy collective AIB's roast, Amir Khan's movie PK, the documentary 'India's Daughter'...this list may go on endlessly. All these issues may vary qualitatively and their degree and type of flirtation of the concerned sentiments may differ but what is constant that all of them have in a way taken a dig on some or the other norms or establishments which have been given haloed images over the years. It is like an invasion into the sanctum sanctorum which almost invariably leads to rejection. So, hardly a surprise that many of the above mentioned books, films, shows etc. have either been banned, taken down, or have faced judicial or vocal outrage.

As an afterthought, which may seem radical though, let us take into account the sentiments of the people who were the creators of these pieces and also that of the people who not only subscribed to them but also lauded these efforts. Evidently, none of them were perpetrators to the society and their only 'crime', as one may put, was to bring into public sphere something that ruffled a few feathers. The impetus of pointing this out is not to do away with all balance and checks on freedom or content of expression but to throw light on the identity or intent of the custodians of 'sentiments'.

The word 'culture' is derived from the Latin word *Cultura* which means 'to cultivate'. Also, the ethos of any religion is to assimilate all the differences and diversities amicably. Thus, to serve the sentiments of these two concepts in the true sense should be to give space to new ideas not only for their inception and growth but also for their induction into the colloquial 'mainstream'. So, the next time such an issue crops up, we need to ask ourselves, "Who is getting hurt anyways?"

# चॉम्स्की की भाषासंबंधी दृष्टि

डा. सुभाष चन्द्र गुप्त



चॉम्स्की (CHOMSKY) पोलैण्ड मूल के अमेरिकी भाषावैज्ञानिक हैं। शुरुआत में वे ब्लूमफील्ड के भाषा संबंधी सिद्धांत 'संरचनात्मक भाषा विज्ञान' (Structural Linguistics) से प्रभावित थे, पर बाद में उन्होंने अपने अध्ययन की दिशा बदल ली। वस्तुतः चॉम्स्की ने अपने दौर के भाषावैज्ञानिक ब्लूमफील्ड की सारी मान्यताओं का खण्डन करते हुए भाषा के अर्जन, विश्लेषण आदि के संदर्भ में भाषा की नयी व्याख्या की। गणित, व तर्कशास्त्र का गहरा अध्ययन, यूरोप के भाषा संबंधी मनोवादी सिद्धांत का गंभीर ज्ञान, भारतीय भाषा विज्ञान की परंपरा आदि से परिचित होने के कारण उन्होंने पाया कि संरचनात्मक भाषाविज्ञान की अवधारणा केवल वाक्य की बनावट में मौजूद सतही समानता को ही पकड़ पाती है। यह अवध

ारणा बाहर से समान दीखनेवाले और आन्तरिक रूप से भिन्नता रखनेवाले वाक्यों की व्याख्या नहीं कर पाती। चॉम्स्की ने 1957 में Syntactic Structures नामक किताब लिखी और उन्होंने भाषा का अस्तित्व वक्ता के मस्तिष्क में माना। वस्तुतः चॉम्स्की भाषा को आदत या अभ्यास का परिणाम नहीं मानते क्योंकि भाषा सिर्फ अभ्यास से अर्जित की जा सकती तो तोता भी मनुष्य की तरह बोलता। भाषा के व्यवहार की क्षमता केवल मनुष्यों में होती है। मनुष्य भाषा को नियमबद्ध रूप में ही अर्जित करता है और नियमों के आधार पर वाक्य बोलता है। भाषा सीखने की प्रवृत्ति मनुष्य में जन्मजात (Innate) होती है। भाषा को व्यवहार द्वारा अर्जन करने की अवधारणा के विरोध में चॉम्स्की भाषा की सृजनात्मकता (Creativity) पर अधिक बल देते हैं। यह सृजनात्मकता महज निरीक्षण द्वारा प्राप्त नहीं हो सकती। सृजनात्मकता मनुष्य की एक विशिष्ट आन्तरिक क्षमता है जो नये-नये शब्दों वाक्यों का सृजन करती है।

## भाषा और व्याकरण संबंधी दृष्टिकोण

चॉम्स्की तथा उनके स्कूल के भाषावैज्ञानिकों का मानना है कि भाषा सिर्फ मनुष्य की विशेषता है और जो मानव के विकसित मस्तिष्क के कारण है। एक शिशु पैदा होने के बाद से ही भाषा द्वारा अपने को अभिव्यक्त करने और भाषा सीखने की प्रवृत्ति प्रदर्शित करता है। संसार में कोई भी मानव-समाज ऐसा नहीं है जो भाषा का प्रयोग न करता हो। प्रत्येक सामान्य व्यक्ति भाषा का प्रयोग करता है। इस तरह भाषा सीखने और भाषा-व्यवहार की प्रवृत्ति सार्वभौम (Universal) है। इस कारण हमें भाषा में कई सार्वभौम तत्व मिलते हैं। इन सार्वभौमिक तत्वों के कारण भाषाओं के तुलनात्मक विश्लेषण की एक सामान्य पद्धति बनायी जा सकती है। ब्लूमफील्ड के भाषा संबंधी सिद्धांत में कहीं भी भाषा के निर्माण एवं व्यवहार के स्तर पर काम करनेवाली मानसिक क्षमता की चर्चा नहीं है। ब्लूमफील्ड के अनुसार हर भाषा की व्यवस्था अपने में पूर्ण है। वस्तुतः ब्लूमफील्ड मानते हैं कि भाषाओं में वाक्यों का निर्माण व व्यवहार व्याकरण के प्रदत्त (Data) पर आधारित है, जबकि चॉम्स्की का सिद्धांत प्रदत्त पर आधारित नहीं है, व्यक्ति की विशिष्ट क्षमता पर आधारित है। इसी संदर्भ में चॉम्स्की व्याकरणिकता (Grammaticalness) तथा ग्रहणीयता (Acceptability) की चर्चा करते हैं। चॉम्स्की के अध्ययन का आधार वे सुसंगठित (Well Formed) वाक्य हैं जो व्याकरणिक भी हों और ग्राह्य भी हो।

ब्लूमफील्ड के अनुसार भाषा आदतों का समुच्चय (A set of habits) है। चॉम्स्की के अनुसार भाषा सीमित नियमों का समुच्चय है जिनसे व्यक्ति भाषा के असीमति वाक्यों का उत्पादन करता है। सही अर्थों में भाषा मात्र व्यवहार नहीं है, नियमबद्ध व्यवहार है (Rule Governed behavior)। व्यक्ति भाषा सीखने की अपनी जन्मजात प्रवृत्ति के कारण भाषा को सुनता है, भाषा का मन में विश्लेषण करता है और भाषा के नियमों को आत्मसात (Internalise) करता है। मन में अंकित इन्हीं नियमों के आधार पर व्यक्ति भाषा के सही और ग्राह्य वाक्यों का सृजन करता है। चॉम्स्की इन अंकित नियमों को आन्तरिक व्याकरण (Inbuilt Grammar) कहते हैं। इस आन्तरिक व्याकरण के संदर्भ में कहा जा सकता है कि वक्ता स्वयं इन नियमों को नहीं जानता, न उद्घाटित कर सकता है, वह भाषा के प्रयोग में मात्र इनका उपयोग करता है। आन्तरिक व्याकरण से भाषा के वाक्यों के उत्पादन की शक्ति ही व्यक्ति की उत्पादक या निष्पादक क्षमता (Generative Capacity) है। चॉम्स्की के भाषाविज्ञान का एक मुख्य उद्देश्य है इन आंतरिक नियमों को व्याकरण के क्रमिक नियमों के समुच्चय (Ordered set of Rules) के रूप में दिखाना जिससे हम व्याकरण के सहारे या कम्प्यूटर आदि मशीनों प्रयोग से सही तथा ग्राह्य वाक्यों का निष्पादन कर सकें। इसी कारण चॉम्स्की का व्याकरण संबंधी सिद्धांत निष्पादन व्याकरण अथवा निष्पादन मॉडल कहा जाता है।

सर्जनात्मकता तथा निष्पादन क्षमता (Generative Capacity) दोनों शब्द समान अर्थ देते हैं। सर्जनात्मक शक्ति मन या मस्तिष्क का गुण धर्म है। निष्पादन क्षमता व्यक्ति में तो है ही, नियमों के स्पष्ट विवरण के साथ यह क्षमता व्याकरण में भी आ जाती है। पर चॉम्स्की भाषाविज्ञान के लक्ष्य की चर्चा करते हुए कहते हैं कि भाषाविज्ञान के सिद्धांत को हमें व्याकरणों की खोज के लिए यांत्रिक ढंग से प्रविधि देनेवाला अध्ययन नहीं मानना चाहिए। चॉम्स्की के अनुसार ब्लूमफील्ड का भाषा-विश्लेषण यांत्रिक है। भाषा-विश्लेषण में 'पर्याप्तता' का सिद्धांत (Observational Adequacy) लागू होना चाहिए जो ब्लूमफील्ड के सिद्धांत में ही, पर दूसरी जरूरी चीज है वर्णन की पर्याप्तता (Descriptive Adequacy) जो ब्लूमफील्ड के सिद्धांत में नहीं है। चॉम्स्की के मतानुसार व्याकरण न सिर्फ प्रयोगों का औचित्य स्पष्ट करें, बल्कि वक्ता के आंतरिक व्याकरण यानी भाषा बोलने की क्षमता का भी वर्णन करें – यह गुण पूर्ववर्ती व्याकरणों में नहीं है। चॉम्स्की के व्याकरण संबंधी अवधारणा के कारण भाषा अर्जन भाषा-दोषों का विश्लेषण आदि विषयों पर एक नये सिरे से बहस शुरू हुई। इस सिद्धांत ने बच्चों के भाषा सीखने की प्रवृत्ति के संदर्भ में यह सिद्ध कर दिया कि बच्चे नियमबद्ध रूप में भाषा सीखते हैं। प्रत्येक बच्चे का भाषा सीखने का एक निश्चित क्रम होता है। जैसे पहले एक शब्द 'दा' फिर दादा, पहले माँ, फिर मामा। पहले एक शब्द, बाद में दो शब्दों के कुछ वाक्य। यह क्रम सार्वभौम (पूरी दुनिया में) भी होता है। भाषा के सीखने और व्यवहार में जैविक और मानसिक आधार चॉम्स्की के सिद्धांत का प्रमुख लक्षण है। तीसरी विशेषता है विश्लेषण की पर्याप्तता (Explanatory Adequacy)। भाषा के सही-गलत आदि के निर्णय में आत्मसात किये हुए नियम (आंतरिक सृजन क्षमता) काम करते हैं। इसी को हम व्यक्ति का अंतर्ज्ञान (Intuition) कह सकते हैं। यह ज्ञान वाचकीय (Oral) या अमूर्त वस्तु नहीं है। यह भाषा के निर्माण एवं व्यवहारी की प्रक्रिया की जानकारी है। चॉम्स्की इसे दक्षता (Competence) का नाम देते हैं।

चॉम्स्की के अनुसार भाषा विश्लेषण का आधार भाषा का वह आदर्श वक्ता-श्रोता है जो एक समरूप (Homogenous) भाषा-समुदाय का सदस्य हो और भाषा को अच्छे ढंग से जानता हो। उसका भाषा-ज्ञान ही उसकी भाषिक दक्षता है। भाषा के व्यवहार में चूक, विस्मृति आदि कारणों से उत्पन्न अन्तर आदि दिखायी पड़ते हैं। भाषा वैज्ञानिक का काम है व्यवहार में व्यक्त भाषा-सामग्री में से वास्तविक भाषा-दक्षता की खोज करना यानी भाषा के प्रत्यक्ष व्यवहार में से भाषा से जुड़े मानसिक सत्य का अन्वेषण करना। पर यहाँ सवाल उठता है कि क्या हम वास्तविक अर्थात् भाषा के प्रत्यक्ष व्यवहार को ही भाषा-सिद्धांत की आधारवस्तु नहीं बना सकते। चॉम्स्की ने दो तत्व निश्चित किये हैं – व्याकरणिकता और ग्राह्यता। व्याकरणिकता (Grammaticalness) दक्षता (Competence) की विशेषता है, जबकि ग्राह्यता (Acceptability) व्यवहार की। कभी-कभी अव्याकरणिक वाक्य भी व्यवहार में ग्राह्य हो जाता है, जैसे – 'वह लड़का, हाँ, वही जो दस दिन समझ गये न जिसको आपने मतलब आपके कार्यालय ने भेजा था।' कभी-कभी व्याकरणिक वाक्य भी अग्राह्य हो जाता है – जैसे "राम के भाई के साले के दोस्त के पिताजी के पड़ोसी के लड़के के.....।" व्यवहार के धरातल पर हमें इस वाक्य को भिन्न प्रकार से व्यक्त करना होगा। इसका कारण हम भाषा के सिद्धांत में नहीं, मनुष्य की मानसिक क्षमता आदि में देख सकते हैं। चॉम्स्की के अनुसार व्यवहार की इन विशेषताओं को जानने के लिए दक्षता का अध्ययन जरूरी है, सिर्फ व्यवहार पर आधारित व्याकरण की कल्पना गलत होगी।

दरअसल चॉम्स्की की भाषा संबंधी अवधारणा के दो चरण (Phase) हैं। एक 1957 का मॉडल जिसके तहत उन्होंने (Syntactic Structures) नामक किताब जिखा और व्याकरण के तीन नियमों को प्रस्तावित किया –

पदबंध रचना नियम (Phrase Structures Rules)

रूपान्तरण नियम (Transformational Rules)

रूप स्वनिमिक (Morpho Phonemic Rules)

और दूसरा 1965 का मॉडल जो संशोधित रूप है और जिसकी चर्चा Aspects of the theory of syntax में है। इस दूसरे मॉडल में चॉम्स्की ने अर्थतत्त्व को आन्तरिक संरचना के विश्लेषण में महत्व देने की बात कही है। वाक्य-संरचना के भीतरी रूप और बाहरी रूप की भिन्नता कुछ उदाहरणों के जरिए समझा जा सकता है।

1. समान बाहरी रूप और भिन्न आंतरिक संरचना –

John is eager to please

मोहन सोहन को मूर्ख समझता है

John is easy to please

मोहन सोहन को मूर्ख लगता है

2. भिन्न बाहरी रूप और समान आंतरिक संरचना

The room has two windows

हमारा जाना ठीक नहीं

There are two windows in the room

यह ठीक नहीं कि हम जाएँ

सरल उदाहरण के जरिए करें तो दूसरा संशोधित मॉडल "मैंने चाय खायी" जैसे गलत भाषा-प्रयोग को रोकती है। दूसरे मॉडल में वाक्य-रचना के नियम भी हैं और साथ में शब्दावली (Lexicon) भी है। चॉम्स्की की मान्यता यह है कि नियम बनाने की अपेक्षा वाक्य-निर्माण की प्रक्रिया के पीछे काम करनेवाली मानसिकता को व्याख्यायित करना अधिक प्रासंगिक है। ऐसी व्याख्याएँ सार्वभौम व्याकरण के निर्माण में सहयोगी भूमिका निभाती हैं।

# ENIGMA – 15

## PRELIMINARY ROUND ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS

Group – A

9X1=9

1. Who is the **supreme commander** of Indian Army?
2. What is the portfolio of Union Minister Shri **Nitin Gadkari**?
3. Who is the present **Chief Justice** of Ranchi High Court?
4. Who is the Present **Registrar** of Kolhan University?
5. Who gave the slogan '*Gharibi Hatao*'?
6. Which English Newspaper was founded by Mahatma Gandhi?
7. How many players remain in court from each side in a game of **Basketball**?
8. Who is the present **Education Minister** of Jharkhand?
9. Who is the Professor In-charge of **Arts Faculty** of Karim City College?

Group – B

10X2=20

1. Which film is awarded as **Best Film** during 87<sup>th</sup> Oscar's Awards 2015?
2. Who is the present Chairperson of **JSCA** (Jharkhand State Cricket Association)?
3. What does the acronym **UNESCO** stands for?
4. Founder of *Khalsa Panth* Shri **Guru Gobind Singh ji** Maharaj was born at.....
5. Who wrote the famous book of Mughal period *Aain-e-Akbari* ?
6. Which Indian State shares its **boundary** with maximum number of 8 states?
7. **Longest** Indian river which covers a distance of 2900 kms is .....
8. Current **Test series** between India and South Africa is named as .....
9. **Strongest** material of human body is .....
10. Proposed **GST Bill** in our Parliament is related to .....



### Group – C

7x3= 21

1. Which eminent social worker of Jharkhand received Padmashree in the year 2015?
2. Who is the **Deputy Speaker** of our Loksabha?
3. Who is the present **DSW** (Dean, Student Welfare) of Kolhan University?
4. Who was the Last **Governor General** and first **Viceroy** of British India?
5. Who is the present **Attorney General** of India?
6. National Anthem of **Bangladesh** '*Amaar Sonaar Bangla*' is written by .....
7. **NITI** (in NITI Ayog) stands for ?

### ANSWERS

### Group – A

1. The President
2. Road Transport and Highways, Shipping
3. Justice Virendra Singh
4. Dr. S. C. Das
5. Shrimati Indira Gandhi
6. Young India
7. 07 (Seven)
8. Dr. Neera Yadav
9. Dr. Indrasen Singh

### Group – B

1. Birdman
2. Shri Amitabh Choudhari
3. United Nations Educational, Scientific And Cultural Organisation
4. Patna
5. Abul Fazal
6. Uttarpradesh
7. Brahmaputra
8. PayTM Freedom Trophy
9. Enamel of tooth
10. Goods and Services

### Group – C

1. Shri Ashok Bhagat
2. M. Thambidurai
3. Dr. Padmaja Sen
4. Lord Canning (1856 - 62)
5. Shri Mukul Rohtagi
6. Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore
7. National Institution for Transforming India

# स्वागत गीत

चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से  
बढ़ी हमारी शान आपके आने से  
गाएं स्वागत गान आपके आने से  
चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से  
चारों ओर इक रंग नया दिखलाई दे  
मनमोहक सी एक छटा दिखलाई दे  
हमसब में इक जोश नया दिखलाई दे  
सब कुछ है श्रीमान आपके आने से  
चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से  
सोने सी बातें सुनने का अवसर है  
शब्दों से मोती चुनने का अवसर है  
मानस में मोती बुनने का अवसर है  
हम हो गए धनवान आपके आने से  
चेहरों पर मुस्कान आपके आने से  
हमें मिला सम्मान आपके आने से  
बढ़ी हमारी शान आपके आने से  
गाएं स्वागत गान आपके आने से

# आशा गीत

बदलेगी जीवन की धारा  
बदलेगा संसार ये सारा  
बदलेगा यह देश हमारा  
यह मत पूछे कब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
होंग, दिखावा, रीत-रिवाज  
जात-पात में बंटा समाज  
जिसकी लाठी उसका राज  
हम बदलेगे तब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
शिक्षा से बदलेगा जीवन  
खुशहाली होगी घरआंगन  
आएगा ऐसा परिवर्तन  
जीने का मतलब अदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
यह मत पूछे कब बदलेगा  
हम बदलेगे तब बदलेगा  
जीने का मतलब अदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा  
धीरे - धीरे सब बदलेगा

अहमद बद्र



PATRON WITH ADVISORY COMMITTEE & STUDENT COMMITTEE OF SPARC (2015-16)

## ترانہ—ع—کریمی

ہمارا نارا इत्म है ہمارے ہاٹھ مےں کلام  
سولگتی رھنوجار پار رتوں-دروں رھے है हम  
डरा नहीं सके हमें ये रास्तों के पेटो-खाम  
शके नहीं, उके नहीं, हमारे अजम के कदम

हमारा नारा इत्म है ....

बहुत सी आजमाइशें भी आई आसमान से  
गुजर चुके हैं कामरों हरेक इमतहान से  
हमारे पीछे चलने वाले रुक गए शकान से  
हम अपनी अगली मंजिलों पे बल रहे है शान से

हमारा नारा इत्म है ....

हजारहा चिराग जल उठे इसी चिराग से  
हजारहा चमन में है बहार एक बाग से  
हजारहा दिमाग जुड गए हैं डक दिमाग से  
हजार दीप जल उठे हमारे दिलके दाग से

हमारा नारा इत्म है ....

न ज्ञात है न पात है न नखल है न रंग है  
जिसे है इत्म की तलब हमारे संग संग है  
दिलों में अपने प्यार की उमंग है, तरंग है  
तभी तो नफरतों के साथ जारी अपनी जंग है

हमारा नारा इत्म है ....

हमारी राह में सदा हो शैशनी का सिलसिला  
हमारे हमकदम रहे तरदिकरों का काफिला  
हमारे हक में जाए वदत का हरेक फ़ैसला  
रुकावटों से और भी बढे हमारा हौसला

हमारा नारा इत्म है ....

## ترانہ کریمی

ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے ہمارے ہاتھ میں قلم  
سلگتی رہگذار پر رواں دواں رہے ہیں ہم  
ڈرا نہیں سکے ہمیں یہ راستوں کے پیچ و خم  
چھکے نہیں رکے نہیں ہمارے عزم کے قدم  
ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے....

بہت سی آزمائشیں بھی آئیں آسمان سے  
گذر چکے ہیں کامراں ہر ایک امتحان سے  
ہمارے پیچھے چلنے والے رک گئے تھکان سے  
ہم اپنی اگلی منزلوں پہ بڑھ رہے ہیں شان سے  
ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے....

ہزارہا چراغ جل اٹھے اسی چراغ سے  
ہزارہا چمن میں ہے بہار ایک باغ سے  
ہزارہا دماغ جڑ گئے ہیں اک دماغ سے  
ہزار دھپ جل اٹھے ہمارے دل کے داغ سے  
ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے....

نہ ذات ہے، نہ بات ہے، نہ نسل ہے، نہ رنگ ہے  
جسے ہے علم کی طلب ہمارے سنگ سنگ ہے  
دلوں میں اپنے پیار کی امنگ ہے ترنگ ہے  
تجھی تو نفرتوں کے ساتھ جاری اپنی جنگ ہے  
ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے....

ہماری راہ میں سدا ہو روشنی کا سلسلہ  
ہمارے ہمقدم رہے ترقیوں کا قافلہ  
ہمارے حق میں جائے وقت کا ہر ایک فیصلہ  
رکاوٹوں سے اور بھی بڑھے ہمارا حوصلہ  
ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے....