



Inculcating Culture and Empowering Youth

SPARKLING SPAN

2016-17



Society for Promotion of Art & Culture



Annual Magazine of SPArC (Society for Promotion of Art & Culture)
Karim City College, Jamshedpur

STRUCTURE OF SPArC

PATRON

Dr. Mohammad Zakaria, Principal

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim Head, Deptt of English (Convener)

Dr. Safiullah Ansari Head, Deptt of Hindi

Ahmad Badr Deptt of Urdu

Nida Zakaria Deptt of MCVP

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Dr. Anwar Shahab Incharge, Deptt of C.A & I.T **Dr. Neha Tiwary** Incharge, Deptt of MCVP

Dr. Md. Moiz Ashraf Deptt of Mathematics

Dr. G. Vijay Laxmi Faculty of Commerce

Dr. Basudhara Roy Deptt of English

Dr. Sandhya Sinha Faculty of Education

STUDENT COMMITTEE OF SPArC (2016-17)

Eram Siddiqui {B.A (English)-III} Chief Organising Secretary

Shubham Kumar Pati {B.A (English)-III} Logistics Secretary

Munjakesh Sarkar {B.Sc (C.A)-III} Literary Secretary

Swasti Singh {B.A (Geography)-III} Cultural Secretary

LITERARY CLUB

Md. Waliulla {B.A(Urdu)-III}, **Prachi Priyam** {B.A(MCVP)-II}, **Amara Iqbal** {B.Sc (C.A)-II}

MUSIC CLUB

Rahul Kumar Rajak {B.Com-III}, **Suman Mukharjee** {B.A(English)-II}

FINE ART CLUB

Anandita Bose {B.A(English)-III}, **Shubham Gorai** {B.Com-II}

DRAMA CLUB

M. Balaji {B.Com-III}, **Abhisheek Dubey** {B.A(History)-III},

Pragyan Singh {B.A(MCVP)-III}

DISCUSSION FORUM

Sofia Nishat {B.A(English)-II}, **Afreen Bari** {B.A (IT)-II}

HR FORUM & LOGISTICS

Bharat Bhusan Das {B.com-III}, **Aman Raj** {B.A(MCVP)-II},

Nayab Ahmed {B.Com-II}, **Suchitra Das** {B.Sc (Physics)-II}

MEDIA MANAGEMENT

Sayanti Palit {B.A(English)-III}, **Anmol** {B.A(MCVP)-II}

WALL MAGAZINE, BLOGS & SOCIAL NETWORKING

Jaya Upadhyay {B.A(English)-III}, **Priyanka Kumari Prasad** {B.A(English)-II},

Nishi Nath {B.Sc(IT)-II}, **Tasneem-e-Gul** {B.Sc(IT)-II}

SPARKLING SPAN

Chief Editor: Eram Siddiqui

Joint Editor: Shubham Kumar Pati, Anindita Bose, Anmol



Society for Promotion of Art & Culture

Sparkling Span

2016-17



Karim City College, Jamshedpur

Contents

1. Editorial.....	4
2. ThusSpake The Principal	5
3. Convener's Corner	6
4. The Beginning	8
5. SPArC Committee.....	9
6. Pillars of SPArC.....	10
7. Doers and Achievers	11
8. Satrang 2015	12
9. NonSarang Events	15
10. Wall Magazine	34
11. Literary Evening , Sham-e-Ghazal and Curtain Raiser 2	36
12. Satrang...the 8 th	37
13. Call It English, Hindish, Urduish or Indish	38
14. A Letter To Maggie	42
15. Post Truth Is Paid News 2.0	43
16. I Speak Not With Words.....	44
17. With, For and Through Difference	45
18. Words	46
19. A Hypothesis on Women in Theatre	47
20. The Portrait Makes	49
21. Think Before You Do.....	51
22. Tranquility in Life	51
23. The Dejected House	51
24. Love	52
25. Chau Nritya Shaily.....	53
26. Ek Dhun Atit Ki.....	55
27. Bristi Bheja	57
28. Dahan	57
29. Hotat Dekha.....	57
30. Tomir Shristi.....	57
31. Tazkir Tanees.....	58
32. My Love For You Is Infinite.....	59
33. Maa	59
34. Taswiren.....	60
35. Teri Khamoshiyan	60
36. Na Jane Kyun	61
37. Hum Bhi Aye, Tum Bhi Aao	61
38. An Interview With Dr. Ameerullah Khan	62
39. Vox-Pop.....	64
40. MeriAawaz Hi Pehchan Hai	66
41. The Infernal Elysium	67
42. An Interview With Mr. Tuhin A. Sinha	69
43. The Mad Hatter	71
44. Swagat Geet & Aasha Geet.....	72

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 Parton

Dr. Mohammad Zakaria

Convener

S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim

Supervisor

Nida Zakaria

Chief Editor

Eram Siddiqui

Joint Editor

Shubham Kumar Pati

Anindita Bose

Anmol

Editorial

*" I may not write in anger or malice
I may not write idly
I may not write merely to excite passion.
The reader can have no idea of the
restraint
I have to exercise from week to week in
the choice of topics and in my
vocabulary
It is training for me..
Often my vanity dictates a smart expression or my anger a smart adjective.
It is a terrible ordeal
But a fine exercise to remove these weeds."*



-M.K.Gandhi

Walking along the fringes of the territory of language, I often wonder at how far, how easily and how aptly can I convey what I feel through what I write. But language is the only verbal means available to us. Penning down anything to the true sense in which it is felt within is a Herculean task and I'm sure that all those who have contributed with their writings in this issue of Sparkling Span , have been able to accomplish this task beautifully.

"Variety is the Spice of Life". The editorial team with the guiding light of our dear teachers and the vital support of our Principal sir, has tried to soak in this variety in this magazine and create a space for all genres, so that it is the true reflection of the Idea, of the Nature which is so vibrantly varied !

The journey uphill is always a hard one, for we have to work out our strength taking crucial care of the steepness of the surroundings. My journey of SPArC in this second home, from being a participant, then volunteer, then member of the Lliterary club to being the Organising Secretary has been tremendously marvellous! But being the Chief Editor is the most prized of all.....!!

Earnestly hoping that this creative journey opens even better arenas in future. Wishing healthy smiles and happy reading to everyone.

Thank you.

Eram Siddiqui
B.A.(English)-III
Chief Organising Secretary
SPArC Student Committee

Thus Spake The Principal

SATRANG, our annual literary and cultural fest, is going on; winter is giving way to spring, we are gearing up for hectic but productive times ahead. In March we have to organize 4th Kolhan University Inter College Youth Festival. In April we are organising International Mushaira. In the third quarter of the year we are going for the third cycle of NAAC accreditation. When I am speaking to you for the 7th issue of your annual magazine **Sparkling Span** I look forward to a big role to be played by **SPArC** in organising these events.



SPArC is now a grown up child and you people have gathered much experience by organising so many literary and cultural programmes and competitions every year. So be ready for big responsibilities ahead.

Our campus is vibrant. On any given day it is the most populated college campus of the city. We are organising plethora of activities in the campus. These co-curricular, extracurricular and extension activities are our heart throb but the real heart beats are our academic activities. I have always held the opinion that those who are good in co-curricular, extracurricular and extension activities will be good in academics too. Those who undertake co-curricular, extracurricular and extension activities are creative, sensitive and hard working. My message to those students who are engaged in these co-curricular, extracurricular and extension activities is that they should take their academics to great heights and sharpen their skills, deepen their knowledge and strengthen their involvement in different activities. Meanwhile they should develop a love for reading good books and good literature. They should develop an attachment with culture and appreciation of art. These things will make us truly human and humane.

I wish all the best to the members of editorial board and the members of **SPArC** Student Committee.

Dr. Mohammad Zakaria

Principal, Patron **SPArC**

In Need of a Space for Interaction and Room for Dialogue

S. M. Yahiya Ibrahim

A few years back I saw a post on Face book. It was about two friends. After the completion of Plus two one friend took admission in an engineering college at Bangalore while the other remained in his home town doing graduation in science. As they were fast friends they remained in contact through phone and Face book. The one who remained in the home town was constantly uploading quotations and Urdu couplets related to separation, loneliness, friendship etc on face book. In each post he used to



upload the photograph of his friend with remarks like 'missing you', 'badly missing you'. The friend at Bangalore became emotional and although only a few months have passed, he boarded a train from Bangalore and reached his hometown. Putting his baggage at home he rushed to the friend's house. It was a huge surprise and there happened a very sentimental reunion. Together they went to their favourite tea house, sat in their fixed corner, ordered for tea..... and got busy in their smart phones sending 'missing you' and 'badly missing you' messages to their far off friends.

A few months back I received a pictorial message on whatsapp. Divided horizontally, the upper part contains the photograph of Albert Einstein with his famous quote "I fear the day that technology will surpass our human interaction. The world will have a generation of idiots." In the lower part of the pictorial message a few girls are standing in a group together, keenly involved with their smart phones and hardly even looking at each other.

I do not know whether the prophecy of Einstein has come true or not but I am sure that the prevalent culture of internet, you tube, social media and smart phones etc has done a great damage to our relationships, interactions and dialogues at the personal and societal level. The virtual has become everything and the real has blurred. The present generation has made its life too much technology oriented and internet based. These things were imagined as service providers and facilitators to mankind but they have become the crux of contemporary life.

I do not doubt the credentials and capabilities of our present generation. They have immense potential. They are enormously promising. They are massively imaginative. They are gigantically creative. They are hugely energetic. All these qualities and many more are contained in our present generation in a much large degree than we had, in our times. But there a lot many other things that are amiss in them. They are not good listeners. They are not good readers. They are not good practitioners. They are not good planners. They are not good executers. They have good spoken skills but they are not good communicators. They may talk much but they are not good conversationists. They may follow a religion but they are not good

believers. They may vote for a political party but they lack political understanding. They may have some ideas but they do not understand ideologies. They may have certain principles but they do not comprehend ethics. They may establish lots and lots of relationships and break many of them but they hardly know the heartstrings of human relationships. And too make the things worse they are neither ready to listen nor to interact. Hence ... the misunderstanding ... the anarchy ... the chaos ... the degeneration ... and the degradation. I know that I am becoming negatively critical of them. All individuals of the present generation are not the same and I have neither any reason nor any right to feel everything bad about them. Jonathan Swift had said once: "I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counselor Such-a-one; so with physicians --- I will not speak of my own trade ---- soldiers, English, Scotch, French and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years, but do not tell ..." Somewhere else in *Gulliver's Travels* Swift says "I cannot but conclude that the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Well, Swift can write so because Swift was a self declared misanthrope, a philanthrope cannot. So I do not owe any feeling of ill will or grudge against the present generation as I am also, in many ways, a part of this and attached with this. However, I certainly hold a serious reproach against this present generation of ours. They are busy; they do not have time to interact with the old and the elderly. They are busy; they don't have time to interact with their family members. They are busy; they do not have time to interact with their neighbours. They are busy; they do not have time to interact with the relatives. They are busy; they do not have time to interact with the people of their locality. They are busy; they do not have time to study the human values and true humanistic teachings of their religion. They are busy; they have information; they do not have time for in depth knowledge and understanding. And to make the matters worse they are even not interacting with their parents and friends.

I seriously wish that my kids should sit with me and listen. They should learn from me about the family history, genealogy and legacy. They should learn to value our traditions and respect our ethics. They should learn to understand the truly peaceful and humane face of Islam. They should learn to love our suffistic ethos. They should learn to discover the value of co-existence. They should learn to appreciate the greatness of other religions. They should learn to feel proud of Indology. They should learn to feel a keen affection for art and culture. They should to appreciate good literature, good music and good cinema. They should learn to enjoy Urdu poetry. They should learn to make a difference between information and knowledge, between studying and learning, between shallow knowledge and true 'gyan' and 'ilm'. But unfortunately when I reach home in the evening and sit at my specified place till the dinner at ten, for sometimes they remain busy in their studies and then they get busy in their own world of smart phones. Sitting on the tea table, at the time of dinner, while travelling, in the restaurants, on bed; they are busy in their virtual world. This replacement of the real by the virtual has surely initiated the idiotisation of our present generation.

S.M. Yahiya Ibrahim
Convener

The Beginning.....

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 Khatoun
(2004-2005) | ◇ Pooja Singh
(2011-2012) |
| ◇ B. Srinavas Naidu
(2005-2006) | ◇ Sameena Rifat
(2012-2013) |
| ◇ Puja Shrama
(2006-2007) | ◇ Harwinder Kaur
(2013-2014) |
| ◇ Sanchari Chatterjee
(2007-2008) | ◇ S. Jayalaxmi Rao
(2014-2015) |
| ◇ Gunjesh Kr. Mishra
(2008-2009) | ◇ Abhik Deb
(2015-2016) |
| ◇ Rizwanuz Zaman
(2009-2010) | ◇ Eram Siddiqui
(2016-2017) |
| ◇ Nida Zakaria
(2010-2011) | |

SPArc Committee

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



Dr. Safiullah Ansari



S. M. Yahiya Ibrahim



Ahmad Badr



Nida Zakaria

ADVISORY COMMITTEE



Dr. Anwar Shahab



Dr. Md. Moiz Ashraf



Dr. Neha Tiwari



Dr. G. Vijay Laxmi



Dr. Sandhya Sinha



Dr. Basudhara Roy

The Pillars of SPArC

SPArC comprises of four clubs and two forums which look after its activities and organ-ize numerous events throughout the academic session. Under the guidance of the Pa-tron, 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 extem-pore competition and **Slide Effect**, a Power Point presentation competition are held an-nually 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. Shivilal Sagar**. The drama club organizes curricu-lar 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 discus-sions and guest lectures. The forum organizes **Enigma**, the yearly quiz competition un-der 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.

Doers & Achievers

CERTIFICATE OF HONOUR

Mr. Jitesh Kumar Sahay joined SPArC Music Club as the *Tabla* player in 2012. Since then he has always been a part of the activities and achievements of the music club. He not only motivates and encourages the students during their music lessons but also suggests measures for improvement. In a very short period he has become a very important part of co-curricular activities of the campus. He accompanied the college team in two Youth Festivals of Kolhan University. He started taking tabla lessons from Pandit Keshav Chakraborty and his zeal for the art took him to Kolkata to hone his skills under the guidance of Rimpa Shiva, the tabla maestro of national acclaim. The Principal confers upon him the **Certificate of Honour** in appreciation of his services to the college and his dedication to art and culture.



PERFORMER OF THE YEAR

Eram Siddiqui, a student of B.A (English) Part III, is a debater and creative writer par excellence. During her three year stay in the college she has participated in debate competitions, different creative writing competitions, craft competitions and non-instrumental music competitions and in each event she came out victorious winning either the first prize or the second prize. She was a part of college team that won the first prize of English debate during the third Kolhan University Youth Festival 2016. In the same youth festival her team got second prize in the group song event. She won the first prize in debate during the Foundation Day Programme of Kolhan University for two consecutive years and was awarded at the university head quarters. As the **Chief Organising Secretary of SPArC Student Committee 2016-17** she has successfully organized the regular yearly co-curricular activities of SPArC and introduced events like Mono act and Rangoli during SATRANG this year. Though she is a sensitive poet too, she is a master story writer who presents a very artistic blend of theme and style in her short stories. One of her stories is published in a recognised journal of English. At this very initial stage of her higher education she has already taken a big step by presenting two research papers in UGC sponsored national seminars. This 'hijaab' clad girl is really an emblem of women empowerment and the principal feels proud to announce her as the **Performer of the Year 2016-17**.



PRINCIPAL'S MEDAL OF APPRECIATION

Some people work behind the scenes, keep themselves backstage and shy away to bring themselves to the forefront. They keep on working in the shadow and let the lime light fall on others. Some people make themselves so important for an organisation that their presence is felt in every big or small task undertaken by the organisation yet such people do not wear any aura and do not create halo around them. They work silently, simplistically and incessantly. They do not feel worried about acknowledgement and sometimes others take benefit of them to get the attention, acknowledgement, appreciation and accolades of the authorities. It is time to acknowledge and appreciate one such student of ours. **Shubham Kumar Pati** is one such student. This lanky lad of B.A (English) Part III is with us from the last five years and he was the part of SPArC Student Committee from the last two years, first as member and now as Secretary Logistics. He is an excellent organiser, full of camaraderie and team-man-ship, energetic to the neck, a dedicated worker, and an out-and-out volunteer. His devotion was witnessed not only for the department and platforms with which he was associated but also in the acts and activities of a few other departments and platforms. His forte lies in computer graphics and designing and he has done wonders by designing banners, posters, trophies, certificates, news bulletins, power points and the annual magazine of SPArC this year. The college fraternity is thankful to him, feels proud of him and the principal confers this **Medal of Appreciation 2016-17** upon him.



SATRANG-2015

Adakari

The opening ceremony was followed by the event Adakari comprising of three events. This event was held on 16/12/2015 in which more than 70 students took part. The judge for this event was Mrs. Meena Mukhopadhyay and Mr. Sourav Suman Jha. The winners of the event were:-

- Skit :** 1st - Vikash & Group
2nd - Bidhan & Group
- Mime :** 1st - Saba & Group
2nd - Vikash & Group
- Dumb charade :** 1st - Aman Raj (MCVP-I) & Samson Varun (MCVP-I)
2nd - Munjakesh (B.Sc.-IT-II) & Abhinav Burman (B.Sc.-I)



Jhanak

Jhanak is a dance competition in two categories ; Solo classical & Group folk. During SATRANG-2015, it was held on 20th December, 2015 in which total 25 students took part. The judges for this event was Mrs. PriyaChakraborty and Mrs. Sumitra Dutta

The winners of the event were:-

- Solo -** 1st - P.Varsha (B.Com. Part 2)
2nd - Moshina Khan(B.A. Part 1)
- Group -** 1st - Moushika Singha & Group
2nd-Priyanka Kumari Prasad & Group.



Enigma

Enigma is a quiz competition organized on 20/12/2016 in which 27 teams took part. The winners of the event were:-

1st – Aman Raj & Moumita Dutta

2nd – Divyanshu Mishra & Kumar Shubham



Strokes

Strokes is a painting, collage and sketching competition which took place on 17th December 2015. Total 70 students took part in different categories. Mr. L.I. Singh was the judge of this event.

The winners of the event were:

Painting - 1st – Shubham Gorai

2nd – Madhu Tudu & Taaseir Shahid

Collage - 1st – Ranjan Pradhan

2nd – Amarah Iqubal

Sketching - 1st – Arun Kumar

2nd – Sumitra Hembrom

Face Painting - 1st – Arun Kumar

2nd – Sumitra Hembrom



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 – Rohit Kumar Singh & Puja Pathak

2nd – Nemay Lochan & Prachi Priyam



SATRANG-2015

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 – Eram Siddiqui & Amara Iqubal
2nd – Sakshi Singh & Amit Kumar
- Hindi :** 1st – Prachi Priyam & Prakash Keshri
2nd – Junaid Habib & Khusboo Kumari
- Bangla :** 1st – Moumita Dutta & Bidhan Roy
2nd – Sayanti Palit & Anindita Bose
- Urdu :** 1st – Safiullah Qasami & Rafat Ara
2nd – Afreen Bari & Tasneem-e-Gul
- JAM :** 1st – Sulakshana Goswami
2nd - Bidhan Roy & Ria Ghosh



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 – Shubham Gorai | 2nd – Suman Mukhrajee |
| Ghazal : | 1st – Ajay Kr. Roy | 2nd – Khusboo Kumri |
| Sufi/Folk : | 1st – Chandan Singh | 2nd – Kumari Nandini |
| Western : | 1st – Samson Varun | 2nd – Praneet Srivastava |
| Filmy : | 1st – Kumari Nandini | 2nd – Suman Mukharjee |



Non–SATRANG Events

Qalandaraana

An annual musical night is organised by SPArC and the college management committee on the occasion of Founder's Day, the 21st of January, commemorating the birthday of the founder of Karimia Trust, S.M. Shafiq. The year 2015 saw the celebration of Sufi music and was thus named Qalandaraana.

DATE: 21st January, 2016
TIME: 5:30 p.m onwards
VENUE: Centre Stage.

GUEST SINGERS:
 Mr. Pankaj jha
 Mr. sujan Mukherjee
 Mrs. Krishna Ganguly

Many important guests were also present-

Mr. Mansoor Ali, Syed Ashfaq, Karim(Trustee, Karimia Trust), Dr. Md. Zakaria(Principal, KCC.), Dr. Md. Reyaz (U.P; KCC), Mr. Aslam Badr(an eminent Urdu poet of the town) along with most of the faculty members of the college.

The SPArC music club also put up some musical performances with Mr. Chandan Brahma and Mr. Jitesh Sahay guiding the students. Ajay Kumar Roy and Ajay Kumar Yadav(students of B.A. 3rdYear) gave their performances. The event was close upon with a ghazal performance by our Principalsir, Dr. Mohammad Zakaria.



Art Beat

DATE: 16th FEBRUARY, 2015 **TIME:** 10 a.m. onwards **VENUE:** Room no. 7

NO. OF PARTICIPANTS: 35

TYPE OF ART WORKS: INDIAN ART, OIL PAINTINGS, WATER PAINTINGS, SKETCHES, SCULPTURES, ART WORKS MADE FROM WASTE MATERIALS, COLLAGES, DISC PAINTINGS, PEBBLE ART, CARDS.

MASTER STROKES: DAMA SOREN

SPECIAL GUEST: MR. MANSOOR ALI



Kolhan University Youth Fest-2016



The 3rd Kolhan University Youth Fest-2016 was organized by Jamshedpur Worker's College from 8th February to 11th February 2016. A team of 12 students represented the College in various competitions. Students won different prizes in different categories. The college was also adjudged overall runner-up in the Fest.

Karim City College bagged the following awards in the Youth Festival:

1. Debate : 1st Prize : Abhik Deb & Eram Siddiqui
2. Skit : 1st Prize
3. Music (Group) : Ajay Roy, Ajay Yadav, Shubham Gorai, Suman Mukhrajee, Khusboo Kumari, Shilpi, Eram Siddiqui (3rd Prize)
4. Music (Solo) : 2nd Prize : Ajay Roy
5. Painting : 2nd Prize : Shubham Gorai



Premchand Sharatchandra Smriti Samaroh-2016

This annual event was organized by Lok Sanskritik Chetna Manch, Prabhat Khabar & SPARC jointly on 24th December 2016 in premises of Karim City College. Students won different prizes in different categories.

Essay Writing:	1st: Anindita Bose (BA-III)	2nd: Sakshi Singh (B.A-II)
Drawing:	1st: Deepak Raj (B.A-I)	2nd: Shashi Bhusan Kumar (B.Sc-II)
Speech:	1st: Sakshi Singh (B.A-II)	2nd: Eram Siddiqui (B.A-III)
Patriotic Song:	1st: Suman Mukharjee (B.A-II)	3rd: Equra Nadeem (B.Ed)
Poetry:	2nd: Raju Gupta (B.Sc-III)	3rd: Anmol (B.A-II)

Patriotic Song (Group):

1st: Puspa Mishra (B.A-III), Shilpi Kumari (B.A-II), Shubham Gorai (B.Com-III), Nandani Kumari (I.Sc-II), Rahul Rajak (B.Com-III), Pratima Soni (B.Sc-II), Khusboo Kumari (M.Sc-I), Suman Mukhrajee (B.A-II)

2nd: Sony Pingua (B.A-II), Deepika Kumari Pan (B.A-II), Ibha Mahato (B.A-II), Sushma Sawaiyan (B.A-II), Bibha Mahato (B.A-II)

Drama (Skit): Group:

1st: Ajay Kumar (B.A-III), Moshina Khan (B.A-II), Prem Sharma (B.A-II), Rajeev Ranjan Kumar (B.A-II), Uddesh Ujager (B.A-II), Akash Kumar Jha (I.Sc-II), Roushan Kumar Pandey (B.A-II), Abhishek Dubey (B.A-II)



Qalamkaar

The season of literary events started this year with the **QALAMKAAR- The creative writing competition**. It was organised on 25th September 2016 by the Literary Club of SPArC. The topic for the competition- 'Time'- was given on the spot and students displayed their literary and creative skills in three language categories- Hindi, Urdu and English. As many as 82 students participated in the event- 49 in Hindi, 9 in Urdu and 24 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 : 1st: Pachi Priyam (MCVP-II)

Urdu : 1st: Afreen Bari (B.Sc.-IT-II)

English : 1st: Sakshi Singh (MCVP-II)

2nd: Kumari Kritika (B.Sc-I)

2nd: Mehjabeen Sarwari (B.A-I)

2nd: Rakshanda Iqbal (B.A-I)



करीम सिटी में हुई रचनात्मक लेखन प्रतियोगिता



करीम सिटी कॉलेज में रचनात्मक लेखन प्रतियोगिता में भाग लेने छात्र-छात्राएं।

उम्मेदपुर : करीम सिटी कॉलेज की साहित्यिक संस्था 'स्पार्क' की ओर से रचनात्मक लेखन की वार्षिक प्रतियोगिता 'कलमकार' का आयोजन रविवार को कॉलेज सभागार में किया गया। प्रतियोगिता में विषय तयकर दिया गया एवं प्रतियोगियों ने बड़े-बड़े एक घंटे में अपने रचनात्मक विचार गद्य या पद्य में व्यक्त किये। रविवार को हुई प्रतियोगिता का विषय था- 'समय'। इस विषय पर विभिन्न विषयों एवं विधियों वाले 90 प्रतियोगियों ने अपनी-अपनी लेखन कला का परिचय दिया। कई प्रतियोगियों ने दिले हुए विषय पर उर्दू, हिंदी व अंग्रेजी भाषा में कविताएं भी लिखीं। इस अवसर पर प्रतियोगिता के संचालक प्राध्यापक यशविषा अहमद, प्राध्यापक अहमद खां, सैफत सल्लिह पाठेज तथा स्पर्धा की मुक़ाबलें करीम सिटी की, सुषम तन्वय, मञ्जुकेत, रशीद, अनमोल, वसीयुल्लाह अली उल्लेखनीय थे।

Topic: Time

Qalamkaar (English)

Like each wave moves forward, flowing in succession to reach the shore,
 After breaking and crashing at the pebbled shore, gets lost to make place for more,
 Looking at the crashing waves I wonder, a time we have on this earth to enjoy,
 Will all our deeds die like the waves; will oblivion swallow all our moments of joy?
 All we strive in this little life, is to make a change and be known,
 Catch the tide at the floods, make all glories our own.
 All our lives we hustle and bustle to reach some distant goal,
 Being ignorant to the mere fact, will it all bring satisfaction to our soul?
 The question that keeps recurring in my mind, what is the true meaning of our lives?
 What's the worth of all those achievements, in our lives that we strive?
 If all our deeds, that today are so well known, will be forgotten in time,
 Why should we labor so much to make our deeds shine?
 All our lives we run behind to achieve success and fame,
 When one fine day after we are gone, in sands of time people will forget our very name.
 So this life that we live, the work that we do, is all this in vain?
 There is no worth of all actions, no worth of all our pain.
 This is the fear I hold in my heart every time it beat,
 That sounds of my name will be lost in the echoes of ages,
 Blending with oblivion my destiny I will meet.

Sakshi Singh
 B.A (MCVP)-II

1st Prize

Qalamkaar (Hindi)

पौधे सारे पेड़ बन गए,
 दीवारों में दरारें आ गई।
 बच्चे हो गए बड़े-बड़े,
 पर्वत अकड़ गए खड़े-खड़े ॥

कलाई पर बैठे-बैठे,
 दीवारों में चिपके हुए।
 अच्छा रहा कभी बुरा रहा,
 मगर मैं बीतता गया, चलता रहा ॥

किस्मत तेरी मोहताज मेरी,
 कर्म तेरा वश में मेरे।
 कभी छु लिया आसमाँ,
 कभी सड़क पर पड़ा रहा ॥
 अच्छा रहा कभी बुरा रहा,
 मगर मैं बीतता गया, चलता रहा ॥

सूई घूमती रही, तू खड़ा रहा,
 मगर मैं बीतता गया, चलता रहा ॥

दिन बीता, महीने बीते,
 साल बीतता गया।
 तू बैठे का बैठा रहा,
 कभी मुझे, कभी उसे,
 तू कोसता रहा।
 मगर मैं बीतता गया, चलता रहा ॥

लौटूँगा नहीं, वक्त हूँ मैं,
 अच्छा कभी, कभी बुरा ही सही।
 मगर आऊँगा जरूर ॥
 वक्त हूँ,
 वक्त का पाबंद हूँ।
 अच्छा हूँ, बुरा हूँ,
 मगर अपने वक्त पर हूँ ॥

Prachi Priyam
 B.A (MCVP)-II

Qalamkaar (English)

Topic: Time

I have a complicated relationship with time. Its like me and time we are not compatible. Why? Because since almost three years I have this problem that I have never on time be on the first period in college getting up in the morning having lunch, catching an auto, switching on to my favorite TV show to going to sleep no I am not on time. These are the areas I am working on from my side for my relationship with time to grow from complicated to happy. But, these are the areas I believe time should work on for our relationship. Firstly the major one, time is very slow moving when it should be very rapidly moving, flying like when I am not interested in a lecture, When I don't have the homework copy, when I am stuck in a conversation with a person do not like. But time plays the role of stagnant water. Second problem is that time flies when it should not be flying like when I am on a vacation, in conversation is my dear ones and of course when I am sleeping .Third problem is when time is not clear yeah, it happens between me and time forgets to be clear like I wonder if it is time that time forgets to be clear like I wonder if it is time to stop trusting people, to start a conversation with the person I have wanted to talk with, or the time to begin with my dreams, time to give up an someone etc. these situations time Isn't clear for me.

I hope time and I get along easily soon. The complications gets solve between us.

Rakshanda Iqbal
B.A (English)-I

Qalamkaar (Hindi)

2nd Prize

“ कल करे सो आज कर, आज करे सो अब,
पल में प्रलय होगा, बहुरि करेगा कब ”

मैं जिंदगी का जरिया हूँ, मैं बहुत मूल्यवान हूँ। जिसने मेरा अपमान किया मैंने उसे बर्बाद कर दिया और जो मेरे साथ चला उसका मैंने हर कदम पर साथ दिया। यदि तुम एक साल का समय जानना चाहते हो तो उससे पूछो जिसने सालभर के प्रयत्न के बाद भी परीक्षा में सफलता हासिल न की हो। यदि तुम एक घंटा का महत्त्व जानना चाहते हो, तो उससे पूछो जो इम्तेहान में बैठा है। यदि तुम एक मिनट का महत्त्व जानना चाहते हो, तो उससे पूछो जिसका ट्रेन छूट गया हो।

मैं अपने बारे में तारीफ नहीं कर रहा बल्कि मैं तुम्हें बता रहा हूँ कि यदि मैं नहीं होता तो तुम्हारी जिंदगी का लक्ष्य क्या होता? तुम्हारी जिंदगी का आधार क्या होता? मैं हूँ तो लोग समय से काम पर जाते हैं। समय से सोते हैं, खाते हैं, पढ़ते हैं इत्यादि। तुम जानते हो ऐसे कितने लोग हैं जिन्होंने मुझसे कई सबक भी सिखा है। मैं सदैव चलता रहता हूँ। मैं कभी किसी का इतेजार नहीं करता। इंसान बदल जाते हैं, पर मैं सभी के लिए समान भाव रखता हूँ।

मुझे बहुत अफसोस होता है जब कोई मेरा अपमान करता है। मुझे अपना मार्गदर्शक नहीं बनाता है और अपना जीवन व्यर्थ में गवाँ देता है। ऐसे कई विद्यार्थी हैं जिन्हें देख कर मुझे बहुत अफसोस होता है। वे सालभर अपना समय नीज-मस्ती में उड़ा देते हैं किन्तु जब इम्तेहान की बारी आती है, तब वो पढ़ने बैठते हैं। अब आप ही बताइये की उन विद्यार्थियों को क्या फल मिलेगा? आप चाहते हैं की मैं उन्हें भी सफल बना दूँ पर क्या इससे उन विद्यार्थियों के साथ अन्याय नहीं होगा जो दिन-रात एक करके अपने अध्ययन कार्य में लगे रहते हैं?

यह सत्य है कि समय का फल तो सबको मिलता ही है। “जो जैसा बोएगा वैसा ही काटेगा।” तो यदि हम समय के पाबंद होंगे तो समय भी हमारा हमेशा साथ देगा और हम समाज में अपना कर्चस्व स्थापित कर पाएँगे। ऐसा नहीं करने पर बाद में हम केवल अफसोस ही करते रह जाएँगे। क्योंकि बीता हुआ समय कभी वापस नहीं लौटता। इसलिए हमें आज का काम कल पर नहीं छोड़ना चाहिए बल्कि कल का काम आज ही कर लेना चाहिए। क्योंकि कल किसने देखा है। जिंदगी में यदि हमें सफल होना है तो समय के साथ चलना चाहिए बिना फल की चिंता किए। क्योंकि अच्छे का फल अच्छा ही होता है। समय बीत जाने पर हमें केवल इस बात पर अफसोस कर सकते हैं कि हमने समय का सदुपयोग नहीं किया जिसके परिणामस्वरूप आज हमारा ये हाल है। क्योंकि “समय का पहिया चलता है और चलता ही रहेगा।” और “अब पछतात होत क्या जब विड़िया चूग गई खेत।”

Kumari Kritika (B.Sc.-I)

1st Prize

Qalamkaar (Urdu)

وقت

اے بندے کر وقت کی قدر وقت ہی دے گا تجھے انجام

جس نے نہ کی وقت کی قدر پچھتا یا وہ سر عام

آج پھر صادق اپنے گھر کے باہر بیٹھ کر اپنی عمر کے بچوں کو اسکول جاتا دیکھ کر رو پڑا۔ آج پھر اس کی آنکھیں بھر آئیں۔ آج اس نے اپنی امی سے جا کر لڑائی کی، آج پھر اسے ہمیشہ سے ہونے والے بحث کی شروعات کیوں اس کے ابا جان نے وقت کی قدر نہیں کی اور اسے اپنے ابا کی غلطی کی سزا مل رہی ہے۔ صادق بڑی ہی نادانی سے اپنی امی سے پوچھا امی جان! آج میرے سارے سوالات کے جواب دے دو۔

صادق کی امی بڑے پیار سے اپنی منہ دیکھاتے ہوئے اپنی جان سے عزیز بیٹے کو پانی پلایا، اسے اپنی گود میں لیٹا کر بولی بیٹا! تیرے ابا جان جب تیری ہی عمر کے تھے تو انہوں نے اپنے وقت کی قدر بالکل بھی نہ کی تھی۔ وہ اپنا سارا دن کھیلنے اور اپنے دوستوں کے ساتھ گھومنے میں نکال دیتے تھے۔ نہ تو تیرے ابا جان نے کبھی پڑھائی کی طرف نہ دھیان لگایا اور نہ ہی انہوں نے اپنے والد کے کام میں مدد کی۔ یہ تو ان کے بچپن کی کہانی تھی۔ تیرے ابا جان کے والد کے انتقال کے بعد بھی انہوں نے تیرے چاچا جان کے کام میں بھی ہاتھ نہیں بنایا۔ دیکھتے دیکھتے وقت نکلتا گیا۔ پھر تو نے ہماری زندگی میں قدم رکھا۔ اب خرچ اور بڑھ چکا۔ ہماری ضرورتیں بھی اب بڑھ چکی تھیں۔ کچھ دنوں کے بعد ہی تیرے چاچا جان کی بھی شادی ہو گئی۔ ان کی ضرورتیں بھی اب بڑھنے لگیں اور گھر کی کمائی ضرورتیں بڑھنے کے ساتھ ہی ساتھ کم ہونے لگیں۔ تیرے چاچا جان نے تیرے والد کو سمجھایا تو بھی اب کام میں ہاتھ بنایا کیوں کہ تیرے والد صاحب اپنے بچپن کے وقت کھیل گود میں رہا تو اپنی امی کے کام نہیں ہو پاتے تھے۔ کچھ دن بعد تیرے چاچا جان تیرے ابا کو کہا کہ اب وہ اپنی ضرورتیں اپنی پر پورا کو خود ہی سمجھا ہے ان سے اب اور نہیں ہو پائے گا۔ اب تو اور بڑا ہو گیا تھا۔ اتنا بڑا کہ اب تجھے میں یہ بتا دوں کہ پڑھائی اور وقت کی قیمت کہاں ہوتی ہیں۔ تیرے کچھ کچھ سبیکٹ کو تو میں دیکھ لوں لیکن آج کل کے یہ اسکول اتنا بڑا سلیبس مجھ سے نہ ہو پاتا ہے اور تیرے ابا کی آمدنی اتنی نہیں کہ ہے تجھے باقی بچوں کے جیسے اسکول ڈریس بنا کر اسکول بھیج سکیں۔

میں آج بھی تیرے ابا کی اس وقت کی بربادی کو یاد کرتی ہیں تو میرا دل رو پڑتا اور آج وہ اپنی غلطی کی مغفرت کرنا چاہتے۔ تو نے وہ

کہاوت تو سنی ہی لوگی۔

اب پچھتا کر کیا فائدہ۔ جب چڑیاں چک گئی کھیت جب ان کا وقت انکے ہاتھ سے نکل گیا تب ہو رہی ہے انہیں ان کی غلطی کا احساس ہوا بڑی مشکل سے کتنی ہے ہماری زندگی کیونکہ تیرے ابا نے نہ کی وقت کی قدر۔ اس لیے میرے بچنے میں تجھے سمجھاتی ہو تو وقت کی قدر اگر نہ کرے گا تو پچھتائے گا۔ تو تا عمر کر لئے وقت کے ساتھ مشکلوں کا سامنا تاکہ ناکرنا پڑے تجھے بعد میں افسوس۔ اپنی امی کی کہانی سن کر آنکھیں بھر آئیں اور اسی پل کیا اسے امی سے وعدہ نہ کرے گا کبھی بھی وہ وقت کو برباد نہ کرے گا۔ وہ وقت کے انمول قیمت تاکہ اسے بعد میں نہ پچھتنا پڑھے۔

Afreen Bari
B.Sc (IT)-II

Qalamkaar (Urdu)

2nd Prize

وقت

کہانی ہم سب نے سنی ہے۔ کچھ پرانی کچھ نئی۔ آج جدید دور میں کہانیوں کو بہت چھوٹا کر دیا گیا اور قدیم دور میں وہی کہانیاں بہت طویل ہوا کرتی تھیں۔ کیوں؟
اس کی وجہ ہے وقت!

آج کے اس دور میں ہم وقت کے اتنے پابند ہو گئے ہیں کہ آنے والے سالوں کی بھی منصوبہ بندی کر کے رکھتے ہیں۔ لیکن وہی ہمارا قدیم دور تھا پرانے وقت میں لوگ جب ایک وقت کھاتے تھے تب دوسرے پہر کا سوچتے تھے۔ پر آج ایسا بالکل نہیں ہے۔ آج انسان ایک گھڑی میں قید ہو کر رہ گیا ہے۔

ایک عجیب سی بے قراری رہتی ہے جب ہم کالج کے کیمپس میں کلاس روم میں تو ارتنج پڑھ رہے ہوتے ہیں لیکن جیسے ہی 12.40 ہوتا ہے بس دوسرے کلاس کے لئے بھاگنا شروع، یہ کیا ہے؟ وقت کی پابندی۔ وقت نے ہمیں باندھ لیا ہے ہم وقت کے اتنے پابند ہو گئے ہیں کہ ایک منٹ تو کیا ایک سیکنڈ بھی ہمارے لئے قیمتی ہے۔

انسان کا سب سے سنہرا دور ہوتا ہے اس کا بچپن۔ بے فکر ہو کر کچھ بھی کرتے ہیں۔ وقت کی پریشانی کاٹ کھانے کو نہیں دوڑتی۔ صبح ہوئی، اٹھ گئے، دوپہر ہوئی، کھا کر سو گئے شام ہوئی میدان کھیلنے بھاگ گئے۔ تھک کر واپس آئے اندھیرا ہوا سو گئے۔ کیا کوئی ہمیں ٹوکتا تھا؟ نہیں! کیوں؟ کیوں کہ ہم بچے تھے۔ اس وقت وقت ہمارا تھا۔

اب جب ہم بڑے ہو گئے ہیں تو اسکول جانا ہے، کالج جانا ہے۔ جو اپنی پڑھائی سے فارغ ہو گئے انہیں کام پر جانا ہے۔ ہر گھر کا قصہ ہے کہ جلدی لفن دو، کام پر جانے کا وقت ہو گیا۔ امی لفن دیجیے اسکول کالج جانے کا وقت ہو گیا۔ یہ وقت ہر گھڑی ہر وقت ہمارے سر پر سوار رہتا ہے۔ انسان خود کی مصروفیت میں اتنا زیادہ مصروف ہو گیا ہے کہ خود کے لیے اس کے پاس وقت نہیں۔ یہاں تک کہ اسے اپنی صحت کا بھی خیال نہیں۔

لیجیے وقت کا کرشمہ دیکھیے میں یہاں قلم کار میں حصہ لینے آئی اور یہاں بھی وقت کی پابندی 02.20 سے 03.20 خیر یہ وقت کو گھنٹے اور منٹ میں بانٹا بھی انسان نے ہی ہے۔ قدیم زمانے میں لوگ سورج، چاند کو دیکھ کر وقت کا اندازہ لگاتے تھے اور اب گھڑیوں کے ذریعہ، ڈیجیٹل گھڑیوں کے ذریعہ۔

مانتے ہونہ کہ انسان نے خود ہی خود کو وقت کا پابند بنا دیا۔ بے فکری کی زندگی کو چھوڑ کر مندمند بن گئے۔ سکون کی نیند کو چھوڑ آج بڑے مصروف ہو گئے۔ دنیا بھلے ہی بہت بڑی ہے پر وقت کی پابندی نے ہماری اپنی دنیا کو چھوٹا بنا کر رکھ دیا۔

Mehjabeen Sarwari

B.A-I

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 23rd November 2016. A total of 51 students participated (24 in Hindi, 16 in English, 6 in Urdu and 5 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:

ENGLISH:

1st: Praneeet Shrivastava {B.A (Eng)-II}

2nd: Sakshi Singh {B.A (MCVP)-II}

HINDI:

1st: Laxhmi {B.A (MCVP)-I}

2nd: Neha Kumari {B.Sc (IT)-II}

URDU:

1st: Gul-e-Shireen Fatima {I.Sc-II}

2nd: Ayesha Usman {B.Sc (IT)-I}

BANGLA:

1st: Momutia Dutta {B.A (MCVP)-II}

2nd: Anindita Bose {B.A (Eng)-II}



We...the Poets

1st Prize

REASON TO RHYME

On a beautiful peaceful evening,
Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
What reason do we mortals have,
That igniting our literary soul to Rhyme.

Why being so Rhythmic, Expressing one's
thought,

Why anyway should we try to rhyme?
Keeping one's thought in assorted way
Is it on earth regarded a crime?

At that very moment, the conflict of thoughts,
Enlightened my heart, with answer so pure,
Not one or a few, but reason to Rhyme,
Has more than a countable reasons for sure.

The way the melodiousness of an orchestra,
Is supplemented with the help of a chime,
The same is the way,
the words that we have,
reaches to divinity,
When put into Rhyme.

For all that soothes our ears and soul,
millions a melodious songs we hear,
would it be even possible to ideate,
a song without a Rhyming pair?

As blowing of winds and flowing of water
Is nature's way, cannot be controlled
Rhyming as a beauty in all literary works,
Is what we all know,
Is what we are told.

In the rush of life, hard to notice,
We ignore the fact, that is on repeat,
Once in a life, now or then,
We all meet our inner,
Byron and Keats.

Praneet Srivastava
B.A (Eng)-II

दिवाली

हर साल आती है दिवाली,
जगमग हो उठता है सारा संसार।
और कुम्हारों की पठराई, आँखें भी,
चमक उठती है सपनों से।
सपना, दो बक्त के भरपेट खाने का,
अपने बच्चों को भी किताबें दिलाने का।
बूढ़े माँ-बाप को भी तीर्थ कराने का,
अपनी झोपड़ी में भी दिया जलाने का।।

झोली हर बार उसकी लेकिन,
खाली ही रह जाती है।
पर भर जाता है दामन उसका,
आँखों से बहते उसके सपनों से।
बच्चे उसके अनपढ़ ही रह जाते हैं,
बुढ़े माँ-बाप का तीर्थ,
उसके चाक में ही सालों साल घूमता रह जाता है,
और उसकी झोपड़ी ही दिये सी जल उठती है।।

बड़े दुकानों में सजावटी सामान नहीं,
बिकते हैं गरीब कुम्हारों के सपने।
भारी होती जाती है, दूसरे मुल्कों की जेब,
और अपना साथी बंद मुठ्ठी में,
अटवन्नी टटोलता रह जाता है।
उन भारी जेबों का होता है इस्तेमाल फिर,
अपने ही भारत को जलाने में।
और जलता रहता है वह गरीब भी,
पर अपने देश को रीशन कर जाने में।।

चलो हम सब मिलकर ऐसी दिवाली मनाए,
पारंपरिक विरासत संजोए, इन सपनों को पंख लगाए।
विदेशों के सामान दो दिन भी न टिकते हैं,
भरने को गरीब का पेट ही शायद,
मूरत बन भगवान खुद, बाजारों में बिकते हैं।
तो छोड़ो दिखावे का आडम्बर,
धलो मिट्टी के दिये जलाये,
रीशन करें गरीबों की बस्ती को भी,
ये भी खुशियों संग दिवाली मनाये।।

Laxmi
B.A (MCVP)-I

TAKE A CHANCE

We...the Poets

2nd Prize

When I close my eyes and wonder how my life,
Till now, has come to pass;

A bunch of things that come to me is of those
I did because of others, Alas!

I have always been, like many out there,
scared of the judgements people make;

When I come to think of it now, majority of the
wrong decisions are due to this fear, that I take.

Since the time we stepped into this world,
they have been trying to tell us what is 'fair'.

Why is it so, people out there decide, the
questions we can ask and the ones we shouldn't dare?

I have often found myself pondering over the things they say,

The dreams that I shouldn't have and the ones
I cannot achieve even if I may.

When I stop now and look back it feels like
the path I took, on several occasions, they paved it for me,

Life pushed me along without the chance to
Think, was it here that I longed to be?

I hear this voice inside of me, telling me not
To let others opinions about me decide,

Nobody in this world can tell you what you
Can or cannot do, tells the voice that speaks inside.

Far beyond where your path edge's, it says,
Is where living truly starts

There resides a land of danger, a land of
broken hearts.

They might tell you to fear it, say there is
Nothing good in it at all,

But remember, before Alice went to Wonderland,
She kind of had to fall.

So break out of these orejudices, says the
voice, follow your heart at all costs,

For you'll never truly find yourself if you
haven't got the courage to get lost.

Remember, the voice says, doubts kill more
dreams than failures ever will,

Your real failures aren't the battles you lost,
those are the chances you haven't taken still.

Sakshi Singh
B.A. (MCVP)-II

We...the Poets

गर्व है कि हूँ एक लड़की मैं

इस बात की खुशी है कि मैं एक लड़की हूँ,
मैं अपने माँ-बाप का सहारा बन सकती हूँ।
उनहें कोई भी तकलीफ न हो किसी भी वजह से,
उनके लिए अपनी जान भी कुर्बान कर सकती हूँ।
मैं औरों की तरह मेहनत करके अपने हाँसले से दुनिया बदल सकती हूँ।।

वो सब कर सकती हूँ मैं जो लड़के कर सकते हैं,
फिर भी न जाने क्यों समझते हैं कुछ लड़कियों को बड़।
जबकि लड़कियाँ पूरी दुनिया चला सकती हैं।
इतिहास गवाह है हम जैसे जाबाजों का,
जो घर को भी और देश को भी चला सकती हैं।
उस बंछेन्दी पाल को कभी भुला नहीं सकते,
जो अपने दम पर अकेले एवरेस्ट पर परधम लहरा सकती हैं।।

अब चाहे ले लो पी.टी. उषा, सोनिया गोंधी, सावशी मलिक,
जो दौड़ में, राजनीति में मेडल दिला सकती हैं।
कभी कम न समझना हमें, हम माँ भी हैं हम ही हैं,
बेटी और बहू भी, हम ही हैं काली और हम ही दुर्गा।
बस इतना कहना चाहती हूँ, कद्र करो हमारी,
क्योंकि हम हैं तो हमसे है दुनिया सारी।।

Neha Kumari
B.Sc. (IT)-II

2nd Prize

غزل

تم طے تو مری زندگی بن گئی میں ترے پیار میں باولی بن گئی
تیرے آنے کی مجھ کو خبر جب ہوئی سچ کے تیرے لیے چاندنی بن گئی
جب سے دیکھا مجھے اپنے پیار سے سچ تو یہ ہے کہ میں آپ کی بن گئی
ہے دعا کا اثر میرے ماں باپ کا سب کی نظروں میں میں لاڈلی بن گئی

تو نے جو کچھ لکھا، اس کی تعریف میں

عائشہ وہ تری شاعری بن گئی

Ayesha Usman
B.A—II

1st Prize

We...the Poets

মহা মানব

রোজ খবরের পাতা খুলি,
 দেখতে পাই বিভিন্ন খবর গুলি।
 টি•ভি•, রেডিও, জেটাই বা শুনি,
 এই পৃথিবীতে মানব জাতি মহাগুলি।
 কতবড় হল মানব আজকের সময়,
 চারিদিকে মানব নিজেই এর রাগ গায়।
 অবুঝ কাল হয় মানবের ছোট বেলা,
 কিন্তু হে মহামানব, খেলছো তুমি এ কেমন নিরবোধ খেলা ?
 দিয়েছো এত বড় বসুন্ধরাকে টুকড়ো করে,
 আর আজ সেই টুকড়োকে 'মা' বলে হাজার বীর জাম মরে।
 করলো টুকরো মাকে জারা, কে দিয়েছিলো অধিকার তাদের?
 আলাদা করার মাকে বাচ্চাদের বা ভাইয়ের থেকে বোনাদের।
 ভাও হয়ে গেলো সব বিভিন্ন বিভক্ত,
 আর দেশের নামে বয়ে গেলো কত নদি রক্ত।
 এক টুকড়ো ধরাই এবার সবার মা হয়েছে,
 সেই মাকে নতুন নাম মানব 'দেশ' বলে দিয়েছে।
 এবার এই মাএর রক্ষার জন্য তৈরি করেছে যোদ্ধা,
 শিখিয়েছে তাদের দেশের প্রতি ভক্তি ও শ্রদ্ধা।
 থাকতে বলেছে তাদের এক পায়ে খাড়া,
 পরম বীর তোমরা, এই মায়ের জন্য প্রাণ দেবে যারা।
 এই শিক্ষা নিয়েই তো দাড়িয়ে আছে হাজার সেনাদল মায়ের
 রক্ষার জন্য,
 লড়াই রোজ সীমারে, রোদ, শীত, ধুম বা হোক শত্রু কোণ অন্য।
 কেমন জীব আছে ভাবো তো এরা?
 বৃকে পাঁচটি গুলি খেয়ে ও শত্রুকে মেরেছে যারা।
 কি খেয়ে বড় হয়েছে তারা?
 মায়ের নামে মৃত্যুকে জড়িয়েছে যারা।
 আলাদা কেউ না জানো, মানুষই আছে সেও,
 হাসি, কাঁসা, প্রীতি, লাগে তারও অনেক কিছু প্রিয়-অপ্রিয়।
 কিন্তু কেন এরা বাকি মানুষের মতন হোল না লোভি?
 সবকিছু ছেড়ে দিয়ে রেখেছে সাজিয়ে বৃকে শুধু এক মায়ের
 ছবি।

ভাও লোভিরা হল না আজ ও শত্রু,
 এমন বীরদের ও ভাঙার চেসটা করছে অপ্রাণ।
 প্রাণ দিয়ে নিজের যারা দিয়েছে এই মাটির দাম,
 কিছু পড়ালেখা মানব গদিতে বসে করছে তাদের বদনাম।
 হে মহামানব এবার তো খেমে যাও!
 নিজেরই পরিবার কে ভেঙে তুমি কি খুশি পাও?
 নির্বোধ শিশুর মতো করছো একই মাকে নিয়ে টানাটান,
 হে মহামানব চোখ খলো, ফিরিয়ে আনো নিজের জান।
 'বন্দে মাতরম' গাও যে বৃক ফুলিয়ে গান,
 সেই মাকে যারা রক্ষা করছে দাও তাদের উচিত সম্মান।
 আর পারলে করো এক কাজ, হে মানব মহান,
 ভেঙে ছিলে যেই ঘরটা এবার বার করো তাকে এক করার এক
 সন্ধান।
 কারণ মনে রেখো মন থেকে এক মা,
 নিজেরই বাচ্চাদের আলাদা দেখতে চায় না।
 'আমি- আমি' না করে শিখো বলতে 'আমরা',
 এক দেশকে না বলে বলো 'মা' আমাদের এই পুরো ধরা।।

Anindita Bose
 B.A (English)-III

চাঁদের সাথে রাতের ঝগড়া।

চাঁদের সাথে রাতের ঝগড়া
 রাত ওভিশানি ভারী
 চাঁদ বলে; জাও আরি।
 এপাশ ওপাশ সময় এগোয়
 রাতের চোখে বৃষ্টির ফোঁটা।
 চাঁদের মনেও মেঘ জমেছে গাড়া
 তবুও তারা মুখ দেখে না কারো।
 নৃশকথা এখন আকাশ ছেড়ে
 মনের ঘরে পাণ্ডি মেলছে, ভালোবাসা তারি সুরে চারিদিক নিশচুক
 সুধু হৃদয়ে পূরের প্রেম চাইছে দিতে মনের ঘরে দুবা।।

Moumita Dutta
 B.A (MCVP)-II

2nd Prize

Bazm-e-Shayari

The annual poetry reading event, '**Bazm-e-Shayari....a celebration of poetry**' was organised by the Literary Club on 23rd November 2016. 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, Surbhi Sharma, Anmol Singh, Munjakesh were the student poets while Anirudh Tripathy was the guest. In English, Eram Siddiqui, Praneet Srivastava, Amara Iqbal and Tasneem-e-Gul recited while Mr. Rohit Sajdev was the guest poet. In Bangla, Sayanti Palit, Suchitra Sen and Anindita Bose recited while Mr. Nisar Sharafuddin came as guest and Mohammad Waliullah, Ayesha Usmaan, Mehjabeen Sarwari and Raees Ansari were students who recited in Urdu while Mr. Badre Alam 'Khalish' was the guest.



STING OF THE LAST BREATH

It was a gloomy day, when I learned I couldn't stay
Not here, but in those hearts, for whom I pray

I rather not die today, as I still have debts to pay
I have to unloose the burden, my kids may not bear

I have to deal my land, for my wife mustn't slay
I beg you for time, my lord, let my death delay.

I believe the clock is on the race, sure it beats me now
I keep a count of my breath, as to time I have to bow

But grant me another day, so I can heal their pain
My family sobs round the clock, for loss is all they'll gain

As my heart began to weep, I heard a voice pretty deep
It was him whom I prayed, talking to me in my sleep

Your family is weak, with you, they'll never be strong
They still have days to live, yet they fear, nothing wrong

But how far will you carry them? How high to get them safe?
It's your time to leave, it's their time to take your place.

No road has ever been easy, no turn has ever been right
No struggle has ever been won without a severe fight

But they're not alone, they have people by their side
Yet if they feel helpless, send a prayer, I will abide

As enlightened as I was, I already felt in paradise
The pain wasn't gone, but at least I felt wise

I knew it was useless, but I knew its worth
If dusk is the death, then dawn is the birth

And how we come from and go back to dirt
And how we lose the ensuring life we trust

But this is life, we call and we live for all
Happiness and sadness, hangs by the wall

Loving and crying, living and dying
Are all part of this freaking ball.

Koustov Kumar Sarkar
B.A (MCVP)-II

Bazm-e-Shayari

अंतिम बिदाई

देखो, न जाओ दूर, इतना कि मिलना मुश्किल हो जाए,
सपनों के बीज बोये थे इकट्ठे जो, धरे के धरे रह जाएं।
हम हैं हृदय के समीप आज इतने, कल दूरियाँ बढ़ जाएँगी,
जो यादें हमने संजोई थीं मिलकर छिन्न-भिन्न हो जाएँगी।।

हँस कर कहा बालक ने, पिताजी पाँछ डालिए ये अश्रुधार,
कौन इतनी दूर गया है कि लौट ना पाया है जीवन भर।
हम सब संतान हैं परमात्मा की उन्हीं से जा मिलना है,
हम नदियाँ हैं सागर का वियोग न सह पाएँगे।।

यह संसार तो क्षण-भंगुर है, मोह तो बस एक माया है,
जो जहाँ से पनपा था, उसी में जा मिलना है।
फिर क्यों ये शोक प्रलाप क्यों ये वियोग का भय है,
हम नदियाँ हैं इस महाद्वीप की सागर ही हमारा सारांश है।।

यह अंतिम बिदाई नहीं निशा के बाद नया सवेरा है,
हम जा रहे उस स्थान जहाँ नाश होता सब अँधेरा है।
मत रोकिए हमें उस उन्मुक्त गगन की चढाई में,
जहाँ सपनों की दुनिया सोती है खुशियों के घेरे में।।

Munjakesh Sarkar
B.Sc (C.A)-III

THE NIGHT WAS ALIVE

The night was alive,
The world was glistening,
everyone so arousing,
everyone so desirable.
The night was alive,
All drunk in affection,
and friendship.
It was all like a dream,
The night was alive,
But when it struck 5 ,
the clock rang so loud,
it was morning again.
The night was alive,
The sun had come out
people were just people again.
Everyone dispersed back into
their life again,
and no one cared about
anyone anymore.

Amara Iqbal
B.Sc (CA)-II

हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गए...

लाल डोली सजी थी, किसी एक जगह,
सब थे व्याकुल हृदय, आँख अश्रु भरे।
हमने सोचा सभी की गति क्या यहीं?
सोचते-सोचते हम खड़े रह गये,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

बंद आँखों के परदे दिखाने लगे,
याद आने लगी अपनी नादानियों।
मैं खड़ी ही रही डोली चलने लगी,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

जन्म लेते कसी ने था मुझसे कहा,
तुम चले थे कहीं और पहुँचे कहीं।
मोह माया के बन्धन में यूँ फँस गये,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

धीरे-धीरे जवानी के दिन आ गए,
कुछ अहं भाव मन में पनपने लगे।
हम समझने लगे सबसे आगे हैं हम,
पर हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

देख दुनिया की रंगरेलियाँ मदभरी,
मन हमारा भी कोसों उछलने लगा।
थी सफर की ललक, जब खाली मिली,
इसलिए थे जहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

लाख समझाया मानव के कर्तव्य को,
पर अकल पर तो पर्दा पड़ा ही रहा।
जब समय के झकोरों से पर्दा उठा,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

देखने हम चले थे बुराई की जड़,

देखते-देखते खुद बुरे बन गये,
चाह भारी थी लेकिन दबी रह गयी।
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

कोशिशें मैंने की थी कि रोकूँ इसे,
फैलता ही रहा स्वार्थ का यह जहर।
इसी कोशिश में दिल की लहर रुक गई,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

भक्ति का पाठ सबने पढ़ाया मुझे,
रास आई न तुलसी की ये साधना।
वासना की लहर ने डुबोया मुझे,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

कर्म की सीख गीता ने दी थी हमें,
पर कुकर्माँ से ऐसा था पाला पड़ा।
छटपटा कर भी कुछ हम नहीं कर सके,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

श्रेय का मार्ग चुनकर बढ़ाये कदम,
प्रेयसी की प्रणय डोर टूटी नहीं।
इसलिए रुक गए, पग में बाधा पड़ी,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

हार जीवन की बाजी नदी तक गई,
सामने से गुजरती रहीं कश्तियाँ।
लाख सपने संजोये थे हमने मगर,
हम जहाँ थे वहाँ के वहीं रह गये।।

Surabhi Suman
B.A (MCVP)-I

I AM STILL WAITING.

When the sun shines with a gloomy light
My heart awakens with a bright light.
When it drowns leaving a blank sight
My hope died with fear of night.

I am still along in the days light
I am still waiting in the loving night.

A terrific wind blows so tight
A day passed waiting all night
My heart cries and my breath fright.
Do you remember that love at first sight?

I am still alone in the days light
I am still waiting in the loving night.

Do you remember the words you promised in
our last flight.
You spelt like an angel to glow my hope of
light
For all your words which makes me excite.
For all my expectations which lies aside.

I am still alone in the days light
I am still waiting in the loving night.

Tasneem-E-Gul
B.Sc (IT)-II

Bazm-e-Shayari

آکاشے کالو مےغ

گاھے پڈھے ریمیمیمیم بربھا،
 آسڈھے ٲنے-ٲنے شوبھ
 ٲومارہی ٲبی آبٲھا۔
 شرابنہر اہی باریدھارا
 مئے آااام نٲون آااا،
 پڈھے مئے وگو ٲومارہی
 ٲریم و ٲالوآاسا۔
 آانالار ڈارے برسے
 ٲاکیمے آاٲی آاکاشہر دیکے،
 ٲاآٲی آدی مڈھر اہی سمیہر
 نیمے آاآ آامار مئےر کٲا۔
 مئ ٲریم ٲرے گیمےھے ،
 شونٲو و مڈول ٲبرن،
 داڈا و اکٲو، شولے آا و
 ا مئےر بےٲھا۔
 آئلھے ٲراٲ آئلھے ا مئ،
 دےٲھ ٲرمردہر فولہر اٲرے،
 و ٲرمر لٲکیمے کرے دےٲا
 دیونا ا آئلن، سہیو کی کرے۔
 شائ کریمے مئ گاہیٲی
 بٲٲیر ساٲھ گان ٲٲر - ٲاٲر،
 آاآھے ٲاآہر ٲوڈا ٲٲر - ٲٲر،
 مئ گاہیٲے مڈھر - مڈھر،
 و ٲراٲ ٲریم اسمانا دٲر - دٲر۔

Suchitra Das
 B.Sc (Physics)-II

ماں

زندگی میری خوشی ہے مری چاہت مری ماں
 عشق مرا میری خواہش مری الفت مری ماں
 ان کی ٲلکوں کا تو ہراک خواب ہے مرے لیئے
 میری ہراک کامیابی مری رفعت مری ماں
 ڈھونڈنے سے بھی نہیں مل پائے گی ماں کی مثال
 میری خاطر تو وہی ہیں مری قسمت مری ماں
 وہ جو ہو جاتی ہیں اکثر مرے دکھ سے اٹکلبار
 زندگی کی رازداں مری حقیقت مری ماں
 اے ولی ماں خوش ہویں سمجھو خدا بھی خوش ہوا
 ان کی خدمت مری عظمت مری چاہت مری ماں

Md. Waliullah
 B.A, (Urdu) - III

আমি ও সে

সময় টা প্রায় বেলা শেষে
সূর্য পাখিরা সব নিজের বাসায়
আমি এখনো বসে আছি দোকান পেতে
খেলনা, চুডি আর বাসন বিক্রির আশায়

হয়ত এক দুটি গ্রাহক আসবে ফিরে
যারা কাল খুব দর- দাম করেছিল
কিন্তু তারা কেনেনি কিছুই যে
সুধু চোখের কোনে এক নবজাত আশা ভেঙেছিল

কিছু নতুন গ্রাহক ও আমবে
কিও বা কিনবে, কেও বা ফিরে জাবে খালি হাত
কিছু স্বপ্ন আবার ভাংগবে
বারি ফিরবো কোএক টুকরো হাঁসির সাথে

সময় টা প্রায় এক ই হবে
অদৃশ্য হয়েছে নদীর পাড়
সে ও বসে দোকান পেতে
অর্ধেক দোকান প্রায় খালি তার

এই মেলায় তার প্রচুর বিক্রী
ভাও কেন সে আমার সংগী এই ভাংগা মেলায়
পেটের ক্ষুধা তো আমি মিটিয়ে নেব
মনের ক্ষুধা কি আর মেটানো যায়।

Sayanti Palit
B.A (English)-III

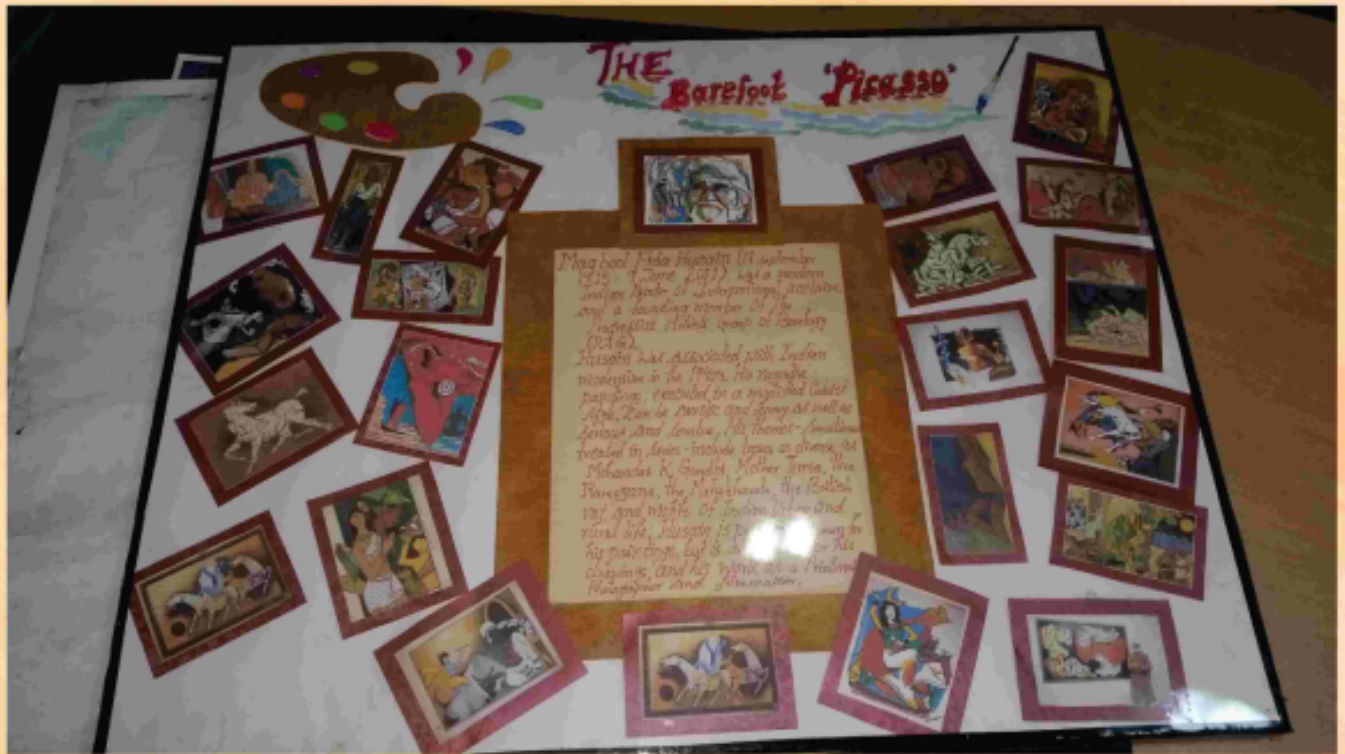
Wall Magazine



The Untold Victory :-The above wall magazine was themed upon PARAOLYMPICS in which we defined the different events organized under paraolympics. An arena for the physically challenged sportspersons, it not only boosts them and encourages them but also is a great source of inspiration to the common people. The paraolympic games are organized in parallel with the Olympic games.



Stalwarts of Jamshedpur:- This wall magazine in the month of December 2016 was about the famous persons who have made their presence felt in India and abroad and made our city proud.



The Barefoot Picasso:- A tribute M. F. Hussain, the world famous modern Indian Painter and a founding member of The Progressive Artists Group of Bombay. Various forms paintings of Mr. Hussain were displayed on the magazine which was very creatively designed and aptly named “**The Barefoot Picasso.**”



Raga Ratna:- The 16th century musician, instrumentalist, vocalist Tan-Sen or Mia Tan-Sen was a prominent figure of Hindustani classical music. He was one of the Nav-Ratna (Nine Jewels) of Akbar’s Court. Some of his famous ragas were Raag Malhar that had the power to bring down showers and Raag Deepak that had the power to warm up the environment and light up the lamps of the palace.

Literary Evening & Shaam-e-Ghazal

Continuing its legacy of promoting Art and Culture, On 26th November, 2016, SPArC organised "Sham-e-Ghazal" in the college premises....an evening devoted to literature and music. The well-known Urdu poet 'Rashid Anwar Rashid' (A.M.U. Aligarh) recited his verses to the august gathering. Thereafter, Dr. Harish Narang, Retd. Head Dept. of English, J.N.U. read out one of his stories "Mathura ke Pedey" from his story collection "Seher Hone Tak". This was followed by ghazal performances by Bholanath Choudhary (a student of B.A. Part I), and music teachers of our college Mr. Pankaj Jha and Mr. Chandan Brahma. The splendid aroma of literature and music made the evening a memorable one.



Curtain Raiser-2

Under the aegis of the drama club of SPArC, our college organised an annual two-day drama festival- Curtain Raiser. The event was held on 13th and 14th January from 3:30pm onwards in the college premises. The students were trained by our drama instructor, Mr. Shivalal Safar and four plays were staged - "Andher Nagri Chaupat Raja", "Neeli Jheel", "Natak Nahin" and "Dehaantar", over two days. The chief guest for the first day was Mr. Govind Madhav Sharan, Head, Urban Services, Tata Steel and for the second day was Mr. Manoj Yadav (Social Worker). The audience included thespian teachers and students of our town.



SATRANG...the 8th

SATRANG, the annual cultural and literary fest was organized by SPArC from 24th January to 4th February, 2017. 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 and Mono-Act competition.

Strokes: Painting, Sketch, Collage, Rangoli & Face-painting competition.

Slide Effect: Power Point presentation competition.

Jhanak: Classical /Semi-classical & Folk dance competition.

Vicharvaar: Debate and J.A.M. competition

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

Among these events, the Rangoli Competition category in Strokes and Mono-Act in Adakari are new additions to this annual festival. 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. Safiullah 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 2016-17 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 fraternity. for the faith and support they have shown on us and earnestly urge them to keep the tradition going. May the SPArC ignite one and all.

CALL IT HINGLISH, HINDISH, URDISH OR INDISH, WE HAVE OUR NEW VERNACULAR

S. M. Yahiya Ibrahim

When I added 'Hinglish' in the 'languages known' column of my face book account I received a message from a face book friend from Bhopal asking me whether I was serious or was just kidding? I made an all out effort to convince her that it was a sincere effort but she did not believe. In 2013 I wanted to deliver a talk on the same topic through our own platform KUETA (Kolhan University English Teachers for Academics) but it never happened. A year ago my younger sister Basudhara Roy gifted me the book *Chutnefying English: The Phenomenon of Hinglish* edited by Rita Kothari and Rupert Snell. Basu knew it well that I have been living with this topic since long. Her gesture helped me to rekindle the forgotten idea. I have been writing these few pages with the hope that one day I may come out with a comprehensive and well researched paper on Hinglish which I would now like to call Hindish or Indish.

All Indians, who have paid attention in their history classes, cannot easily forget the derogatory remarks made by Macaulay about Indian languages and literature. It is indeed ironic that nearly a thousand Indian words have earned a place in the vocabulary of the very language of its colonizers. Indian and Indo-English words are steadily finding a place in the Oxford Dictionary. English has borrowed freely from Indian languages, following its general pattern of borrowing as much as possible from other languages. A study of English vocabulary will reveal the fact that English has borrowed freely and called its own, words from several African, Asian and European countries.

"India is the most talkative country in the world, it often seems, and it comes at you in almost 200 languages, 1,652 dialects and a million signs and slogans screaming out of every store and taxicab." –Pico Iyer

In this linguistic melange, if there is one language that's making itself audible across the country, it's chutneyfied English. Used by everyone from cabbies to CEOs, it is fast becoming the country's best-loved (and most hated) characteristic. It is inventive, witty, colourful and uniquely Indian because we speak like that only. If someone's a big bore, you can tell him to stop pukkaoining you. If you don't want to work, you can chill, yaar. If you want to show appreciation, you say it's kickass maga (in Kannada English).

It is definitely not the Queen's English. Call it the Maharani's English if you will. There's nothing royal about it though, it is about the masses. Be it the Banerjees of Kolkata, the Ramanathans of Chennai, the Kapoors of Delhi or the Ambegaonkars of Pune, everyone is mixing it up. The only difference is that while some are salting their English with local lingo, others have a smattering of angrezi in their local dialects.

The hybrid called Hinglish has steadily gained enough strength and is heard so loud that it



necessitated the convening of an actual conference held in January 2009. Following India's first conference on Hinglish, editors Rupert Snell and Rita Kothari have compiled numerous essays by leading scholars of literature, language, cultural studies, translation, cinema and new media examining the origin, nature, constituents and future of Hinglish.

In fact, David Crystal, a British linguist at the University of Wales, recently projected that at about 350 million, the world's Hinglish speakers may soon outnumber native English speakers. So what is behind its growing popularity? Advertising guru Bharat Dabholkar, whose Hinglish zingers for the Amul campaign became quite a hit, says the "chutney" appeals to everyone. "In India, English is aspirational and the use of the local language creates empathy," he says.

Dabholkar, who is also behind 28 plays and one film in Hinglish, says "I studied in a Marathi medium school and couldn't speak a word of English till I came to college. For me, substituting a Marathi or Hindi word for an English one came naturally." Still, he came in for a lot of criticism when he first used "hazaar times" in a campaign for Zenith computers many years ago. "People said I was spoiling the language but I am not in the business of language but the business of communication."

AN enthusiastic voice on TV proclaims, "Yeh hai youngistan meri jaan!", while the logo of a popular brand of cold drink flashes. Steaming noodles are offered with the tagline "Taste bhi, health bhi." All of this is watched on "Asli HD". When we venture out, our eyes drift to posters promoting movies like *Always Kabhi Kabhi Bheja Fry*. The fact that we see nothing wrong with these phrases highlights just how much Hinglish has become a part of our lives. *Chutnefying English* this new language as it evolves around us, spoken by millions. The book takes a serious look at this popular form of urban communication. In the words of Harish Trivedi: "It has become a cultish dialect with enough practitioners for us to notice it and debate it."

Believe it or not, this Hinglish gem dates back to a 1947 song 'Meri jaan, meri jaan Sunday ke Sunday', Bollywood and English have a very purana naata. There was a time, when Kishore Kumar and Nutan swayed to 'C-A-T CAT (cat maane billi)' and 'R-A-T RAT (rat maane chooha), arre dil hai tere panje mein toh kya hua' in Dilli Ka Thug. Years later, Amitabh Bachchan introduced himself as 'My name is Anthony Gonsalves'. Mithunda grooved to 'I am a disco dancer' while Atul Agnihotri got his feet wet with 'Rain is falling chama cham cham'. Fast forward to the present Hinglish is no longer just the occasional number. It's hip, hot and everywhere. Remember Jab We Met, Sorry Bhai, God Tussi Great Ho and Kismat Konnection. Radios belted out chartbusters like 'White white face dekhe, dilwa beating fast, dil dance maare re' and 'Zara, zara touch me'. So what's behind the more than liberal sprinkling of English words in Hindi songs? "It isn't deliberate or contrived. I sing in both languages and switch back and forth between them when I speak, so it comes naturally to me," says Vishal Dadlani of the Vishal-Shekhar duo. In 'Jaane kyun' in Dostana, Vishal's lyrics made the transition from Hindi to English with effortless ease. "It doesn't even happen consciously. That is my lingua franca and that of the urban youth." But he's not limited by the lingo. "I am also the guy who did 'Allah ke bande'. But when I have to do a song for a character from UP who is not comfortable with English, I can break into a 'dil dance maare' (Tashan)." Languages are work in progress and Bollywood reflects that. It has contributed a great deal to loosening linguistic corsets and bringing Hindi closer to aam bol-chaal ki bhasha. "Language is not static and Bollywood songs show how it has evolved," says Amitabh Bhattacharya, who has written the song 'Emosonal atyachar' for director Anurag Kashyap's film DevD. "Earlier, lyrics were very poetic but now people are writing the way they speak. And spoken Hindi is peppered with words from many languages like Urdu, Punjabi and English." In Bollywood though, Hinglish does get a new flavour. Some might call it 'emosonal atyachar' but most are loving it.

Back in the eighties, everybody was pretty much like Om Prakash's character in Chupke Chupke:

English was English and Hindi was Hindi and everything was fully separate separate and alag alag. Thums Up was singing in a propah Brit Gary Lawyer-ish accent ki 'Happy days are here again!' Gold Spot was doing a Riverdale High-inspired 'As crazy as crazy as we're about Gold Spot, the zing thing' and Enfield was saying in chaste hinterland Hindi ki 'Yeh Bullet meri jaan, manzillon ka nishaan'.

But then Juhi Chawla wore a large black felt hat over an Anarkali-inspired salwar-kameez and crooned 'Yeh hi hai right choice baby, aha' along with Remo Fernandes and a new advertising language was born and embraced with gusto. It helped that this was just a little after Bachchan had sung 'Hum tum pe itna dying, jitna sea mein paani lying, aakash mein panchi flying, bhavra bagiyon mein ga-ing' in Namak Halal and Rajiv Gandhi had swept the nation off its feet by talking about how 'humko 21st century mein jaana hai, aur India ko superpower banana hai'.

The language clicked because it reflected reality. That was the way we all spoke anyway. But we spoke that way when we were 'off stage'. Not when doing serious stuff like addressing potential consumers in ads. In those initial days, using Hindi mixed in with our English during formal communication processes had a bit of a cheap thrill to it. Of being irreverent. Of taking pangs with the purists. The same illicit thrill as using gaalis.

But once an American brand like Pepsi gave it the stamp of cool, Hinglish got official status. Advertising embraced Hinglish with great gusto, because advertising always embraces all the latest trends with great gusto. But Hinglish has really stood the test of time. Hinglish really is the national language of this country.

It is Hinglish we're using when we tell the brawling parties in any tussle ki 'compro kar lo compro!' When something touches our hearts, we declare ki 'feel aa gayee'. When we have a passing acquaintance with someone famous we say ki 'woh mera known-to hai'. And of course, there's the world-famous 'adjust'.

Hinglish has given us some lovely lines and phrases over the years. In advertising it's given us 'Yeh dil maange more', 'Kya karein control nahi hota', 'Mera number kab aayega' and 'Kya aap Close Up karte hain'. Of course, Hinglish has also delivered a load of total clunkers like 'ILU-ILU' which makes my children projectile vomit every time it comes on TV, and all the hideous songs from films starring Ritesh Deshmukh (Cash and Apna Sapna Money Money types). There have been some truly inane ad lines as well. Like the contrived 'Don't atko, Chocoleibe gatko.' The glib 'No jhik jhik, no chip chip' for Fevistick. And the surreal 'Kyonki fighter hamesha jeetta hai!'

Bollywood, television, radio, newspapers and on the streets, the linguistic medley is everywhere. Pappu can't dance, saala but he can certainly speak Hinglish. Down south, a radio network uses a chutneyfied tagline: Radio Mirchi sema hot (Radio Mirchi is very hot). "That is a very interesting confluence of three languages: Hindi, English and Tamil. Interestingly, many Tamil films now use a lot of Hindi. Most of the credit goes to Bollywood which has made Hindi accessible and understood," says G J V Prasad, professor at JNU's Centre for English Studies.

However, not everybody is upbeat about the linguistic jumble. Purists say Hinglish simply signifies the end of both Hindi and English as we know it. "As someone who teaches the language, I can't help but feel a twinge of regret that no one can converse fluently in one language for any length of time. But one can't afford to be snobbish. Language must grow or it will die," says Rita Kothari.

Indian expertise in writing computer software also means that Hinglish will spread via the

internet, says Prof Crystal, honorary professor of linguistics at the University of Wales. "Certain phrases are bound to become global with so many Indians working in information technology. As more Indians talk in chat rooms and send emails, the phrases and words they use to describe their lives will be picked up by others on the internet," he says.

Hinglish contains many words and phrases that Britons or Americans may not easily understand, according to a report in *The Sunday Times*. Some are archaic, relics of the Raj, such as 'pukka'. Others are newly coined, such as 'time-pass', meaning an activity that helps kill time. India's success in attracting business has recently produced a new verb. Those whose jobs are outsourced to India are said to have been 'Bangalored'.

Today, Hinglish, has become a brash, young parvenus which has found acceptance among millions of Indians. One cannot escape noticing it wherever one goes - in coffee houses, college campuses, buses, trains, and social gatherings. What gave Hinglish a big push and made it a respectable slang, is its use in English language film magazines. What Dr. Samuel Johnson did to English language, Stardust, a Bombay film magazine, has done to popularise and promote Hinglish. In her column Neeta's Netter, the magazine's most popular writer Neeta keeps on adding new words into the Hinglish lexicon. These include: Bak-Bak (chatter), Chamak-Damak (glitter), Kahanis (lies/stories), Rokda (money) and Chalu Cheez (liberated female).

Breezy, pungent and evocative as Hinglish is, its words have also invaded political and advertising arena. Such words are Tamashas (political events staged by politicians to divert attention from economic problems) and Hungamas (noisy political meetings), are examples of scores of words freely used by the public when they talk about politics.

Linguists find nothing abnormal in the mixing of Hindi and English, arguing that both belong to the Indo-European language family. In fact, as long lost cousins, they have remained in touch for centuries via their Arabic and Greek connections. That explains why words like Campahar and Opal became part of the English language. But the greatest interchange of words between the two languages began during the British colonial rule when words like Shikari, Ghee, Khaki, Chit, Pundit, Nawab and Maharaja became part of Standard English. And now Hinglish is continuing the tradition, albeit in the reverse, by Indianising English.

The arrival of Hinglish and the influence of Indian words on English are also a reflection of the rise of the Indian sub-continent as an economic power-house. Language expert David Crystal has described India as having a "unique position in the English-speaking world".

There might be puritans in any culture who say you can only be the master of one language, and that you shouldn't try to cross two languages. But do we only have one fixed identity? No, we can step in and out of different identities - and we can do the same with languages. People might say this is my language, this is way it has always been. Well, it hasn't. Shakespeare's English was different from Chaucer's. The evolution of language is never going to stop.

A letter to Maggi

My Dear Maggi,

I must tell you that I sorely missed you while you were absent from small shops and supermarkets. Now that you are out in the market, you can't imagine how happy I am. Your colourful packets on supermarket shelves bring back lots of good memories.

Indeed, you were my friend in need. I prayed for you when you were going through a rough patch. Thank goodness, you have emerged from your ordeal unscathed. Now I pay my tribute to your resilience and continued relevance.

I know you felt bad when a few people judged you saying you were not safe for humans. Of course, you were right in your contention that people shouldn't blame you without solid proof of you containing lead.

I remember you were always there when I suffered from a bad taste in the mouth. It was a two-minute affair for you to bring about a change in my mood.

I was in the fifth standard when I made a grand entrance into kitchen for the first time in my life. And it was only you who made me self-reliant at that point in time. You gave me useful tips in simple words on how to cook a meal for myself.

When I look back on my childhood, I remember you being a constant source of amusement. Once when I was all alone at home and my best friend visited me, I had nothing to offer her but you. I kept you in a pan and put the pan on the stove.

Meanwhile, I and my friend got so engrossed in chatting that we lost track of time. As a result, I vividly recall, you burned yourself to ashes in anger, giving us an opportunity to laugh our heads off. You know, it was my birthday. When my grandpa got to know about the incident, he compensated me with a gift hamper comprising you and some chocolates.

You were always at the top of the list when I had to decide what to eat at during my exam days.

Dear Maggi, you should know you not only served to millions of students but also thousands of working class people who were destined to live far away from their family. When these people would return from work, they had no other easy option to opt for but you.

Maggi you were a mother to those affected by increasing inflation as you used to provide them with nourishment – without fail.

You made me laugh by saying 'you were not amused' when a couple of doctors suggested that eating you could arrest children's growth and make them ill more often. As a matter of fact, I have come across people of all age and various heights who would savour every mouthful of you on a regular basis.

On many occasions you made my day. I am always ready to vouch for your great taste. When it comes to appearance, you look absolutely stunning in the company of some peas and slices of tomato, carrot and potato.

My dear Maggie, you are a great friend of mine. Please remain with us. Stay healthy, serve healthy and prosper.

*Sadia Hashmi
Gaga*

POST TRUTH IS PAID NEWS 2.0

Abhik Deb

Ex-COS, SPArC

'Post Truth' has been declared as the Oxford Dictionaries' Word of the Year 2016. A prima facie idea about the word and the related concept may be grasped by its definition. The word, an Adjective, is defined by Oxford Dictionary as: '*Relating to or denoting circumstances in which objective facts are less influential in shaping public opinion than appeals to emotion and personal belief*'. The triumph of Adjective over Verb might be great news for literature but when it affects policy making, politics and its analysis it becomes scary. For starters, the entire discourse takes place in the realm of aspirations, where ideation (if not propaganda) towers over experience and evidence.

As an aspiring journalist, the emphatic emergence of Post Truth is all the more disturbing. The fact that the very premise is built upon 'lesser influence of objective facts' is in conflict with the most fundamental and sacred tenet of journalism- objectivity. But, what we need to understand is that Post Truth has not appeared out of thin air. The sanction by Oxford Dictionaries may bear the testimony of the wailing of a newborn, but it was always growing as a foetus. Let us look how.

Being a mortal, it is impossible for a journalist to be absolutely objective in the true sense of the word. A journalist, like any other human being is the product of social conditioning which results in an inherent bias in everything she writes. Thus came the concept of *functional objectivity* which refers to using objective methods while covering a story. These methods include basic practices like giving equal importance to contending or conflicting parties (often by quoting them). Well, easier said than done. The first step where objectivity of journalistic methods needs to be employed is in chaffing news from information i.e. deciding upon what to report and what not to. Quite clearly, this is an editorial decision and a reporter hardly has a role to play here. In a recent episode of *Media Manthan*, a discussion show on media, Vinod Sharma, the Political Editor of Hindustan Times lamented that the latest trend is that political parties and other such powerhouses directly approach the editors or owners of media houses, thus bypassing the reporter altogether. While this overlook of reporters is a grave matter in itself, one can still find solace in the belief that people in editorial positions should ideally have greater journalistic acumen and thus the purpose of news- as a sacred institution- will be served. But what if the rot runs deeper?

Corporatisation of media has become a catch word by now and we are aware of many of its downsides. One of the major ramifications is media houses becoming listed companies which results in news turning to a commodity with the sole aim of earning profit. Media houses ensure profit making by inducting brand managers in their editorial boards.

According to a research conducted by Dilip Mandal and R. Anuradha, that has been published in Paranjoy Guha Thakurta's book *Media Ethics*, the boards of directors of a number of media companies now include (or have included in the past) representatives of big corporate entities that are advertisers. The board of Jagran Publications has had the managing director (MD) of Pantaloon Retail, Kishore Biyani, McDonald India's MD Vikram Bakshi, and leather-maker Mirza International's MD Rashid Mirza; besides the CEO of media consulting firm Lodestar Universal India, Shashidhar Sinha, and the chairman of the real estate firm JLL Meghraj, Anuj Puri. The board of directors of HT Media, publishers of Times, has included the former chairman of Ernst & Young K. N. Memani and the chairman of ITC Ltd Y C Deveshwar. Joint MD of Bharti Enterprise Rajan Bharti and MD of Anika International Anil Vig are a part of the TV Today's Board of

Directors. The board of directors of DB Corp (that publishes Bhaskar) includes the head of Piramal Enterprises Group, Ajay Piramal, the MD of Warburg Pincus, Nitin Malhan, and the executive chairman of advertising firm Ogilvy & Mather, Piyush Pandey. NDTV's Board of Directors has Pramod Bhasin, President & CEO of the country's biggest BPO company GenPact as a member of its board of directors.

Put together this interesting composition of editorial boards and the urge of reaching out to them and it becomes clear enough what becomes news and the interests they are supposed to serve. (For a clearer understanding, the reader may chance upon 'five filters' of Manufacturing Consent proposed by Noam Chomsky). Quite naturally, when someone reaches out to the editorial board itself in order to influence news, the bids are higher and so are the returns sought. It is no more about paying a particular journalist to tinker upon a particular piece of news item- which formed the concept of 'Paid News'. The intention here is not just to influence one or a couple of news items but to set an entire narrative, a full blown propaganda which envelops every human aspect of us as consumers of news. And in that very cusp, Post Truth stamps out everything that is factual and establishes emotions as the bedrock of discourse. We cease to become *citizens* who function on rationale and are morphed into *consumers* functioning on beliefs.

Post Truth is even more damaging than 'Pre Truth' or fantasy, as 'Pre Truth' keeps scope for the pursuit of attaining truth in future. Post truth as the name itself suggests is an overreaching concept which can only manage to form a smokescreen of propaganda around truth. Chomsky in his seminal book *Manufacturing Consent* warns against this phenomenon, "Propaganda is to a democracy what the bludgeon is to a totalitarian state". Propaganda in its most naked form had resulted in the Second World War. Today, when countries across the globe are grappling with insecurity and xenophobia, Post Truth poses a similar threat. History does not repeat itself in isolation. It is our acts that make it do so.



Image Courtesy: Twitter handle of Martin Shovel

I SPEAK NOT WITH WORDS

I speak not with words

I write not with letters

The melody in my heart runs a different path

My fingers bleed with the strain of the string

I struggle to talk, but the music talks as it sings

My heart cries out in every chord I create

Every bar, every verse, every chorus escapes

See music is only as good as the heart it's made by

Blood, sweat and tears hidden in a creative disguise

I let the music out to out weigh the good and the bad

I let it run free, released with open hands

The music doesn't control me, it's not in the songs that I sing

This music is mine, and it's from inside me.

Anjum Khan

Department of English, Karim City College

With, For and Through Difference: A Perspective on Being Human

Dr. Basudhara Roy

Assistant Professor, Department of English
Karim City College

“I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the
beginning and the end,
But I do not talk of the beginning or the end.

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more youth or age than there is now,
And will never be any more perfection than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now.

Urge and urge and urge,
Always the procreant urge of the world.”

From Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

The idea of the human is one that we scarcely stand to consider, let alone question, in our everyday culture of living in and belonging to the world around us. While on the level of theory, the approach towards being human is shrugged off as an obvious and unalterable ontological fact, even its most earnest practice on our part does not seem to call for summoning anything more than the virtues that are ‘believed’ to be housed ‘within’ us as human beings. Being human, therefore, is looked upon as an identity that is automatically assigned to us by virtue of belonging to the human species; as a mode of existence that requires no special training or qualification. From such a perspective then, the physical fact of being human becomes the *sine qua non* of performing humanity. And yet, just a cursory glance at the world that we inhabit will be sufficient to dispel any such smug, complacent notion with which we may tend to nourish our ill-fed illusions. If being human were merely an ontological question, where then does it leave the reality and everyday experience of being inhuman?

The human, it must be understood, is a category that by its seeming universality has persistently dodged definition. An offshoot of Classical Liberalism and later, nurtured by the ideals of Romanticism, the human is looked upon as the essential kernel that underlies all manifestations of an individual’s identity. Race, gender, class, religion, caste, culture, region, profession, political affiliations, artistic tastes etc. are all thus stripped, dismissed and cancelled off when consideration falls on the human. The human, it would thus appear, posits itself as an ideally and innocuously homogenous category, a category that offers an open-armed biological welcome to all of the genus on account of certain essential underlying similarities. And yet, history has been witness to the fact that the parameters by which ‘humanness’ is recognized and constructed have varied with changing ideologies and altering regimes of power. Throughout the march of ages and despite convictions of modernity and progress, the socio-political labels of the ‘human’ and the ‘less-than-human’ have inhered, with women, slaves, indigenous people, untouchables, sexual deviants, differently-abled and other marginalized groups, sometimes in conjunction and sometimes by turns, occupying the fringed category of the latter. Where then, does the question of ontology leave the so-called humanity of the remaining ‘human’ population?

Being human, I seek to propose, is not the calling forth of some abstract essential sameness that underlies our concrete differences but the acknowledgement of difference itself as the key to being human. In the globalized multicultural world-order that we inhabit today, much is made of difference as a political tool. Difference as an avenue to political recognition becomes the ground for identity politics and for group mobilizations with the result that the distinct preservation rather than harmonizing of biases and differences becomes the strategy of empowered multicultural existence. However, the differences that a multicultural setting acknowledges are inter-group differences which in turn call for the homogeneity of identity within a particular group and leave little scope for individual variations in thought and ability.

To be human, I believe, is to call for the liberation of the individual, but not for the liberation of the abstract individual bleached of his/her racial, gender, sexual, cultural, class, political, geographical and artistic affiliations. Rather, being human is the acknowledgement of oneself and of others in this dynamic, multi-dimensional form. It calls for the promotion of and respect for these particular idiosyncratic differences that make us complete, unique and creative beings in our own right. Being human is the recognition that being is a journey forever in the making and identity, a story forever incomplete. Labels, therefore, can hardly be efficacious, even when what they are labeling is difference for the very concepts on which the idea of difference is based, are prone to change. Being human is the rejection of labels, the embracing of our differential uniqueness, and the appreciation of the ways by which we continue to differ, to enter into dialogues with one another, to continue to promote, inspire and generate what Rushdie calls "newness" in the world.

WORDS

My words
I meticulously
polish for finesse,
as I urge through a needle,
or sift through a sieve;
weigh spices between
forefinger and thumb,
woo radiance from
wasted candle stumps;
mash potatoes
to a grainless paste,
or seamlessly knead
the dough in haste.

Your words,
you aggressively wield
like an angry spade
upon a stubborn field;
let drop like armfuls
of careless wood;
trample like blossoms

under nonchalant foot;
soil like linen
crisply sun-dried,
clang like currency
clumsily tied.

My words, your words,
breath and beat,
and destined if ever,
they be to meet,
moonlit plains of Empathy
shall Silence consecrate,
so that unadulterated, hymn-like,
only rhythms communicate.

Dr. Basudhara Roy
Department of English,
Karim City College

A Hypothesis on Women In Theatre

Your vocabulary only speaks of women

With clean hands

And soft bodies

Delicate complexion

And fragrant hair

But I am a woman

With hands that have lost sensation to knives

A body broken with your endless, shameless and backbreaking work

With skin like a desert

And hair that stinks of factory fumes

My journey of understanding the role of gender in theatre has been for not more than a year and half. My practical connotations of theatre began with the play "Expressions" organised by Madhushree Dutta and Flavia Anges in the early 1990's. I never had the privilege of physically being present but the virtual reality consolidated my hypothesis that a momentous gendered upheaval was underway in theatre.

Recently I read "Kulavai" which has been written in twelve languages that inspired me to write about my hypothesis.

Coming straight to the topic, as far as gender in theatre is considered, it is not only a site for political practise, but a subject to study. Over all these years, women's study and gender studies have enjoyed a strong institutional presence and here, theatre continues to have an infringed identity in the academic domain.

THE BODY AND THE GAZE

The most important intersection of Gender and theatre studies is body. The body becomes a site on which a range of issues such as ways of seeing, modes of performance and politics of the self are evolved. Interestingly, in theatre this is self-evident. A theatre artist once said, the body is materially constructed as a sexual object of a particular kind. For example, caste makers produce a determined sexed body. The untouchables are sexed differently from the dominant caste body. Therefore, the body becomes malleable, a space where both oppression and resistance exists at the same time.

And, this is not an inspired post-modernist theory. Traditional performance where the dark beauty of Parvati and Krishna invoked questions, the fact comes down to zero which says that the norm of beauty is defined by notions of 'fair skin colour.'

While one may agree or disagree, the fact stays that as far as theatre is concerned, the moving female body is seen as both consumable and illegitimate. History is a fact; women who dared to perform in public spaces were from lower castes. With the advent of modernity, the caste-gender dynamics were normalised. The debates between Rukmini Devi and Balasaraswati are interesting in this regard.

POLITICS AND POSSIBILITIES OF STAGING GENDER:

While we try to stage possibilities of gender, the intersection of gender and theatre meets two major points, the body and the narrative. Under body and narrative one tries to exhibit the work of women theatre practitioners, whether writer, director, performers, light and sound artist or even female spectators. It is concerned with issues of representations, in other words with bodies on stage and the

ways in which they relate to, reflect, subvert and remake social bodies. Secondly, it is concerned with stories that unfold as these bodies inhabit and make the performance space their own. And lastly, the ways the performance was being put forward with the script and the fashion to decipher it in public.

MORDERN INDIAN THEATRE VIS-A-VIS GENDER (IN BOOKS)

Besides talking about the gaze and the politics behind gender in theatre, I would like to show a new feminist idiom for contemporary theatre practise. From the historical process when women were brought into theatre to the shape of political ideologies that help to shape the work of women practitioners now, is significant.

One would discuss problems about modern, Indian and folk theatre. But, it is interesting to notice the drift of theatre movement during the wee years of Indian people theatre association in 1970's and not blame theatre forms alone.

Tutan's Mukherjee edited volumes on staging resistance: 'Plays by women' (2005) are the first collection of plays written down in various Indian languages. In an interview she says, "Not much work has been done to explore the prospects of gender in theatre. The idea to raise gender as one of the centres is to accommodate the questioning of the values, assumptions and explore the relationship between theatre, society and gender."

Even theatre in colonial India edited by Lata Singh attempts to imbricate the missing aspects of popular culture and gender in the history of theatre in India in the nineteenth century. It attempts to critique the popular culture of Indian theatre in the past and emphatically identify gender of colonial modernity and reform. The book is significant in the way it reviews and examines theatre conventions that denied space to women as performers, but nevertheless through female impersonation perpetrated images of the material female body and the conditions of its representations.

RICH LEGACY OF FEMALE THEATRE ARTISTS:

Maya Rao in her book, acting up talks about the resistance movement she began in college. She says a young woman had been burnt near Delhi University. We performed the play, '**Om Swaha**' outside the victim's house. It use to a busy street and a ring of women use to address the most unemployed, macho youngsters there. Amidst the macho crowd, we have seen tears streaming down the women's faces which were enough to halt any further disturbances the macho gang might have contemplated."

Accepting a ring of women to perform on a resistance movement is understood, but a woman acting like a monkey was not acceptable in the public domain back then. In 1984, Malini Bhattacharya wrote a play '**a monkey dance**' and Madhushree Dutta, who a fresh graduate from National school of drama directed and acted on that play. I would count it the best times of women involvement in theatre till date. There was great appeasement from the public. Performing out in the middle of the street with no mikes and technical equipment excited the young women then. Such great was the euphoria.

One of the plays where Safdarhashmi guided Moloysree is one of best plays she has performed on till date. She was practising for her play **Aurat**. One of the most celebrated plays covering all aspects of a womans life. In an interview Moloysree says, "I have no idea why and how did Safdar do it. He asked to observe a presswali and try and imitate her in reality. And likewise I started imitating women from different walks of life naturally."

These plays have added to the rich legacies of the 1980's the theatre became a context for the expression, and playing out different forms of subjectivity ,made for lasting solidarities between women and enable them see themselves as social and not merely private domestic beings.

Hena Jafari
Ex- SPArCian

The Portrait Maker

With a tumbler half-filled with tea in his hand, he slowly dragged himself towards a half broken cupboard at the corner of the room and took out a grayish white shirt. Taking a large sip from his tumbler, Debobroto then took out a pant and stashed them at a corner of the bed. The grey color of the pant was perfectly matching with the colored white shirt that it has acquired in the past few weeks.

A large wall clock with an invisible glass and a broken second's hand tick-toed to 9:30 and gave out a loud sound almost scaring the dog outside the window. Debobroto cursed from the corner of his eyes which soon turned moist. Old memories rushed in; memories of his childhood when he used to wake up early morning with this sound. "I wish Das babu knew something about the owners of this clock." He said rubbing off his cheek and taking out a Gold Flake from the left pocket of his pajama and a match box from the right.

Almost after an hour he entered the room, wrapped in a towel with a newly lit Gold Flake between his lips. Putting on the shirt he started to button up. The odor almost burned the hairs of his nose. "Maybe this is why I haven't got any customers for a week", he thought as he unbuttoned his shirt. He didn't want to wear the only second shirt for the daily job... but he had no other choice. He broke the laundry seal and took out a beautiful hand painted shirt. It still looked brand new as it looked like three years ago when he painted it in a shirt painting competition hosted by the Alipore Zoo. It still fitted well. He quickly picked up few white A4 size sheets and his other painting equipments and hurried towards Victoria Memorial.

Debobroto was a local artist. After completing his degree from ICAD, he started working locally. He couldn't afford to go abroad as he was parted from his family when he was 7. His widow mother couldn't afford to send him to school and he had to work in a *dhaba* to support his family. One day he was kidnapped by one of those groups who make little kids beg on streets living behind his only pregnant mother never to see her again. After begging on streets for 2 years, he was rescued by a NGO who left him in an orphanage. When the authorities of the orphanage saw his painting skills, they guided him and after completing schooling sent him to ICAD where he completed his degree. Since then he has been taking part in competitions and workshops most of the time and make portraits of the passer-bys at free time.

Sitting there beside the main gate with a clay-pot half filled with tea in one hand and a bun in the other he was eagerly searching for new customers. But almost after an hour he got busy cursing the other painters that have gathered over the year since he got here. Still busy with his newly acquired job, he couldn't see the only customer coming towards him.

"Excuse me!" she said in a polite voice.

"Yes..." he said, looking back to where the voice came from. The spark in his eyes had returned. A new smile decorated his face now, running from one ear to other giving the viewer a clear glimpse of his yellow front teeth.

"I want to make a portrait of mine." She replied.

"Please ... have a seat. How..."

"But..." she interrupted stopping him in between, "can you make it from a picture?"

"Sure."

"I have this picture of mine when I was 3." she took out a photograph from her purse and handed it to him saying that she will be back in an hour or two.

He immediately took out a paper and started painting. Almost after an hour he stopped and glanced at the completed masterpiece. But then he thought *this was not what she wanted*. The beautiful painting was filled with various colors with a beautiful girl at the foreground wearing a beautiful white sari with red borders. Her shiny long hair touched her knees and her bare wrist was adorned only with an old wrist watch.

He looked at his watch. Only an hour was left. He removed the masterpiece and placed a new white sheet, picked up the photograph from the ground and started brushing.

After forty minutes she arrived again. He was almost done and was giving a final touchup.

"I see you have made two while I was gone." she smiled, "you are a talented artist."

He couldn't hide his embarrassment.

"How much?" she asked smiling.

"Hundred..."

"And that one?" she asked pointing at her portrait.

"Oh! That's nothing." he replied shyly.

She took both the paintings and placed 2 hundred rupee notes on his hand and once again vanished between the crowds.

That evening he came home early. Still lost in the thoughts of an unnamed, unexplainable feeling, he took out a 2X2 canvas and started painting. Almost after 2 hours he stopped. A beautiful girl in a white sari with long shiny hair was looking back at

him. He looked for the best place where he could keep it; after a thorough investigation, he removed the tumbler from the bedside table and placed it on it.

Next morning he woke up early and hurried to his designated spot. The gates had not opened yet. After 15 minutes the gates opened and travelers rushed in like college students. Hours went by. Few stopped near him while few got their portraits done but he was not satisfied with the unexpected income. There was a storm going on inside him.

The day passed and the sun set over the horizon. The huge crowd decreased to numbers and finally the gates closed.

He returned home heavy hearted. Taking a sip of his cigarette for the first time in the last 24 hours, he slowly moved towards the corner of the bed and stopped there.

"You know..." he said, looking at the painting, "you are lucky for me. I haven't earned a single penny for almost 3 weeks and then you came by." He looked down and nodded his head in desperation. "You should have come today. I met an artist who lives in London. He appreciated my paintings a lot. He said that I will be famous one day and that he will take me with him." The cigarette was almost over. The stub started to burn. He tossed it outside the window and laid down.

"You should have come today..." he said and closed his eyes.

Almost 10 years passed by. Debobroto was now in his 30s and has recently come back from a workshop in Australia.

It was 7 of morning and a servant came in with a china bone cup filled with coffee and some letters on a silver tray. Putting the tray on a table beside the Victorian King bed, he wished him good morning and went outside.

The large room was beautifully decorated with chandeliers and an imported ceiling fan. At the far end of the room was a big book shelf filled with books on art and famous artists since ancient times. At other side of the room were various imported painting equipments. Just then a large old wall clock with a newly installed glass and a second's hand struck 7:30 emitting a large sound. On the other side of the bed was a beautifully framed 2X2 painting of a beautiful girl in a white sari with long shiny hair.

He ripped open the first letter.

"Interview..." he exhaled putting it aside.

"Workshop..." he exhaled as he picked up the second letter.

"Workshop... interview... interview... workshop... workshop... uff! I am tired of these interviews and workshops. Ah! Now that's interesting." He said with a smile as he picked up a letter that read *From Samar Majumdar*. He ripped open the letter and stopped only after reading the entire letter.

"Don't you know anything other than my marriage?" he smiled putting the letter back into the envelope.

That evening Samar came to meet him and persuaded him to meet the girl he has chosen for him.

After a tough conversation, Debobroto finally agreed to meet the girl.

"She lives in Haur; a small village 90 Km from Kolkata." Samar began. "She was married once and has a six year old son."

"Come on...!" Debobroto resisted, "now you want me to marry a widow?"

"You said nothing about not being a widow." Samar laughed. "Don't worry... she is a very decent girl... plain, hard working, yet very good looking. You should meet her once. And if you don't like her then you can always say so... who is going to question you?"

Next day they left early for Haur. It was almost 6 by the time they reached. The big Mercedes could not get into the narrow path. They had to walk the remaining way. At the end of the road a small boy was playing with dirt.

"Do you know Saraswati Thakur's house?" Samar asked the kid.

"Yes... she is my mother." And he ran inside.

A minute later a girl came out and greeted them. Debobroto stood still. *Is this true?* He thought in his mind, *I have been searching for you for 10 years.* He couldn't hide his excitement. She was almost 24 now and has changed a little since he last saw her but her long shiny hair was still the same. Debobroto couldn't express his happiness.

He went in with Samar and Saraswati and took sips of tea together. Later they went to meet her mother who was little ill and hence could not get up from bed. As he entered the room he was stunned. A sick lady who couldn't get up was sitting there upright as she saw the guests. They looked at each other for few minutes.

Finally Debobroto spoke up, "Where have you been all these years mother?" and once again the silence prevailed.

Munjakesh

B. C. A-III

Think Before You Do

There was a crowd of students, of both girls and boys, shouting some slogans before the gates of a college. The traffic has been almost jammed. Someone asked one of the members of the assembly what was all this about? "Don't you know, we are on strike, we have boycotted our classes", was the reply given on strike. "But why have you done so?" "That I do not know, I am here because all are here", the boy said laughingly.

It is amazing indeed that the students didn't know what they were about or what they were doing or going to do. Were they just like dumb driven cattle or flock of sheep like ignorant persons? I am here, because others are here, I am going there, because others are going there- this sheep mentality or the tendency of doing without thinking, has crept deep into these un-ambitious people. Such persons can be compared with a log of wood, which flows aimlessly with the current of the river, and does not know its destination or the place where it has to go to. Sometimes it flows and sometimes it dashes against a rock or gets entangled in bushes, or the like. But if that log is made into a boat and a person rowed it, the same can be made to go on the desired path and taken to the desired place or destination. If the logs of wood, like it referred to above, were made into boats, they could be well guided on the path of evolution.

We are endowed with the faculty of discrimination, which whispers into our ears as to what is real, what is unreal, what is right and what is wrong. If we use our power of discrimination, we would do a thing or take an action only after deciding the propriety of it. Then we will not behave as a part of crowd of ignorant people, who do not know what they do. We should behave like a proverbial goose which is able to separate milk from water, and not to take the ways of those animals which churn mud with water while quenching thirst at a pond. Remembering the words of Swami Vivekananda, who says that discrimination is the strongest weapon, which the man is endowed with. Each of us has been blessed with free will and the powers to translate dictates of the will into action. We must accustom ourselves to knowing what our 'will' wants us to do, and do that with the help of discrimination. This can be the way to make ourselves a well-control-led boat which takes across the sea both the boatman and the passengers.

Saket Kumar
Ex SPArCian

Tranquillity in Life

Everything goes into silence;
Seems as none here present;
Just quarrels, laughs, lilt;
Just heard crying become-
Unvoiced, discarded and wilted.
Was unknown to this life
Having seen tranquillity-
Feel like living in the loft
Then only relish the real zest;
Where unable to see unfair port;
Long for seeing Blissful life,
Merely tranquillity brings this life.

The Dejected House

Though, the dejected house;
Thus, unknown the cause;
Would that I know the cause;
Only then make graceful the house.
Quarrel, quarrel, quarrel ah!
Make the house hell!
Neither piece nor happiness;
Dilly-dialling disturbance;
Always assume for graceful house;
Oh! When to get happily house

Sweta Kumari,
Research Scholar, Dept. of English,
Magadh University, Bodh Gaya

Poem

Love

If I were to speak of one thing that makes life worth living
It is love....
From what the mother feels, holding her baby for the first time
Gazing at the baby to connote with its smile...

From what the parents feel, when they find themselves stepping ahead
To a newer direction, with renewed energy and love filled in their hearts.

From what the girl at her sweet sixteen feels,
When she cannot help but blush, thinking of someone often and always.

From what the boy feels when he hears his heart leap.
And someone nagging his days and his sleep!

From what the old granny feels, when she holds her grandchildren and puts them to sleep.
Telling them stories of her childhood, she gains the chance to relieve,

The moments and the passion that binds us together, is love dear folks.... Forever and ever!
From what we hear and what we see and what we feel and what we continue to carry within...
It happens' at the spur of the moment,
And we know it not!

Walking through the streets and chasing the setting sun, you enter the sea side and hear the roaring
waves.... And there you fall in love, with colours that the sun spreads in the water below!
And there again, the moon appears, and you fall in love again, with the silver that the waves
receive from above!

And again the wind and the breeze and the smell of the sea... Lull you to sleep,
There again is your world of love, someone's pat, someone's caress, someone's request. Someone's
gift...
Love in ranges
Love in shades...

And when you trod your way back and hear the unrest around, the struggle inside you, the
pressure from the world outside....
You swiftly evade and with strength you bear.... You cope up the hardships, because there at the
bay, rests your little world of your love d ones....
They help you live, they help you survive...
For this is love, that the humanity needs.... For everyone, from everyone.... And that's how life
goes by!

Sana Fatima
Research Scholar
Department of English
Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh

छऊ नृत्य शैली : एक परिचय

भारत की वर्तमान नृत्य भौलियों को देखा जाए तो यहाँ लोक एंव शास्त्रीय नृत्य की हजार से भी ज्यादा किस्में पाई जाती हैं। परन्तु एक नृत्य जो एक विशिष्ट और भिन्न शैली प्रस्तुत करती है, वह है 'छऊ नृत्य'। इस नृत्य शैली के उच्चारण से मन में एक आभासी प्रतिबिंब उत्पन्न होता है, जो हमें मुखौटों की ओर आकृष्ट करता है।

छऊ का उदभव 1205 ई0 में कलिंग के सालेगुट्टु (वर्तमान सरायकेला) से हुआ था। इसके उदभव की भी एक रोचक कहानी है। ऐसा कहा जाता है कि सालेगुट्टु क्षेत्र के सैनिक जब युद्धाम्बास करने जंगलों तथा संकीर्ण इलाकों में जाते थे तो वे अपने साथ मनोरंजन की वस्तुएँ भी साथ लेकर चलते थे। 1205 ई0 में अगर मनोरंजन के लिए कुछ होता था तो वह लोकनृत्य या स्थानीय संगीत ही होता था। सैनिक दिनभर के अभ्यास के बाद जब रात्रि शिविर में आते थे, तो दिन के अभ्यास को स्थानीय संगीत की धुन में नृत्य के साथ प्रस्तुत करते थे। उनके इस रात्रि अभ्यास से भारत में एक नृत्य भौली की शुरुआत हुई, जिसे आज छऊ नृत्य के नाम से जाना जाता है। यह भी कहा जाता है कि उस समय सैनिकों ने केवल युद्ध कला को ही नृत्य में नहीं उतारा बल्कि जब वे जंगल के जानवरों की भावभंगिमाओं को देखते थे तो उसे भी नृत्य में समाहित कर लेते थे। जैसे यदि कोई हिरण पानी पी रहा है और कोई बाघ उस पर हमला कर रहा है, ऐसे क्रियाकलापों को भी उन्होंने नृत्य का रूप दिया।

स्थानीय कलाकार यह भी मानते हैं कि छऊ के उत्पन्न होने के कारणों में संस्कृत के भलोक 'छेदन-वेदन' बहुरूप मुखवाली का भी योगदान है। सैनिक इन शब्दों के उच्चारण के साथ अभ्यास करते थे जिसका अर्थ होता था कि चेहरे के विभिन्न रूपों के साथ हमला करना। यहाँ ध्यान देने वाली बात यह है कि सालेगुट्टु क्षेत्र के सैनिक उस दौरान अपने चेहरे पर मिट्टी तथा शरीर पर पत्ते एवं चमड़े या कपड़ा लपेटकर युद्ध का अभ्यास करते थे। वे स्वयं को जंगलों में छुपाकर लड़ते थे। उन दिनों यह पद्धति सालेगुट्टु में किसी और स्थानीय नाम से जानी जाती थी लेकिन इतिहासकारों ने इसे गोरिल्ला युद्ध पद्धति का नाम दिया। इतिहास के विभिन्न स्रोतों में प्राचीन काल से ही इसके उदाहरण मिलते हैं। स्पष्ट है कि आरंभिक छऊ नर्तकों (सैनिकों) ने इस भौली में युद्ध के वास्तविक तथा पारंपरिक परिधानों के साथ-साथ स्थानीय संगीत की धुन को आधार बनाकर इसका आरंभ किया। कालान्तर में इस नृत्य भौली में कई बदलाव हुए और 18 वीं शताब्दी में इसे इसकी वास्तविक पहचान और संरक्षण मिला।

19 वीं शताब्दी के मध्य में सरायकेला के निकट स्थित पोडाहाट क्षेत्र में छऊ नर्तक उपेन्द्र वि...वाल द्वारा अखाड़ा का प्रारंभ किया गया। इस अखाड़े में कुल 9 विभिन्न दलों ने हिस्सा लिया। जिनमें सभी स्तर के लोग जैसे-पट्टनायक, मोहन्ती, दुबे, कर, साहु, कालिन्दी, सामल, महतो, मुंडा, आचार्य जैसे कुल 13 वर्गों के लोग नर्तक, संगीतकार, निर्देशक के रूप में शामिल रहे। छऊ के प्रारंभ अर्थात् 1205 ई0 में भी इन 13 वर्गों के लोगों का वर्णन मिलता है। इसी काल से छऊ में कई बदलाव और प्रयोग शुरू हुए। इसी अखाड़े के दौरान सरायकेला के एक उन्नत दल द्वारा एक नए रूप का मुखौटा उपयोग किया गया जो ठाठमोड़ा या हुमापाटिया के नाम से जाना जाता है। इसमें खोखले सुखे कदू के साथ-साथ नारियल के छिलके का प्रयोग होता था। इस मुखौटे के मुकुट के लिए स्थानीय मिट्टी का प्रयोग किया जाता था, जिससे वो काफी भारी होती थी और चेहरे की लय, गति और झुकाव में परेशानी होती थी। छऊ अखाड़े के जनक उपेन्द्र वि...वाल को ही छऊ के विभिन्न भौलियों के जनक के रूप में भी देखा जाता है। वर्तमान के कलाकार कहते हैं, कि उपेन्द्र वि...वाल ही वह पहले व्यक्ति थे जिन्होंने छऊ का विस्तार सरायकेला से मयूरभंज और पुरुलिया तक किया और वहाँ एक दूसरे किस्म की भौली विकसित की। फलस्वरूप छऊ आज भी तीन भिन्न भौलियों में प्रचलित है- सरायकेला भौली, मयूर भंज शैली और पुरुलिया शैली। मयूरभंज शैली में अभी मुखौटे का प्रयोग कम ही होता है और पुरुलिया शैली अपने धार्मिक नृत्यों के लिये प्रसिद्ध है। उपेन्द्र वि...वाल द्वारा अखाड़े का प्रारंभ किए जाने से पहले ही छऊ को सरायकेला के राजघराने का संरक्षण मिल चुका था और 19 वीं शताब्दी के अंतिम दशकों में इसे अंतर्राष्ट्रीय ख्याति भी मिल चुकी थी। 20 वीं शताब्दी के प्रारंभ में सरायकेला के राजा विक्रम सिंहदेव इस अखाड़े को पोडाहाट से पूर्णतः उठाकर सरायकेला के अपने राजभवन में ले आए। यहां प्रत्येक वर्ष चैत्र महीने में चैत्र छऊ महोत्सव मनाया जाने लगा।

20 वीं शताब्दी के प्रारंभ में यह और भव्य तरीके से आयोजित होता रहा। जहाँ विक्रम सिंहदेव को छऊ नृत्य की राजभवन में स्थापना का श्रेय मिलता है वहीं कुमार विजय प्रताप सिंहदेव को छऊ के आधुनिक शिल्पकार के रूप में देखा जाता है। इन्होंने छऊ के नृत्य एंव ताल में कई प्रयोग किए और नृत्य की कुछ नई किस्मों का विकास भी किया।

इस शताब्दी के पहले दशक में जहाँ भारत के दक्षिण में 'भरतनाट्यम' का उदभव हो रहा था वहीं सरायकेला राजघराने के लोग छऊ को राज परिवार के अंग के रूप में स्वीकार कर चुके थे। दूसरे दशक के दौरान सरायकेला में सरायकेला छऊ सेंटर की स्थापना की गई जिसके निर्देशक के रूप में प्रसिद्ध गुरु वनबिहारी पट्टनायक को चुना गया जो अब तक लंदन, न्यूयार्क और सिडनी में सरायकेला राजपरिवार के साथ अपनी प्रस्तुति दे चुके थे। गुरु वनबिहारी पट्टनायक के बारे में यह किंवदन्ती है कि एक बार कोलकाता में उन्होंने महात्मा गाँधी के सामने छऊ नृत्य की एक प्रस्तुति दी और जिसमें उन्होंने महिला का किरदार अदा किया था। जब नृत्य की समाप्ति हुई और गाँधी कहने लगे कि मैंने पहली बार अपना आचरण त्यागकर किसी महिला का नृत्य देखा है, तो इतना सुनते ही गुरु वनबिहारी पट्टनायक ने अपना मुखौटा उतार दिया और महात्मा गाँधी कुछ क्षण के लिए स्तब्ध हो गए।

भारत की स्वाधीनता के बाद इस नृत्य भौली को अधिक संरक्षण मिलने लगा। कुछ वर्षों बाद इसका आयोजन सरायकेला के



राजघराने के अलावा और भी कई स्थानों पर भव्य रूप से होने लगा। यह काल छऊ के विकास के लिये जाना जाता है। इस दौरान 'ठाठमोड़ा' या 'हुमापाटिया' मुखौटों का उपयोग बंद हो चुका था और इसका स्थान 'पोलुमाटी' ने ले लिया। 'पोलुमाटी' एक किस्म की मिट्टी होती है जो नदियों द्वारा बहाकर लाई जाती है एवं भूगोल की भाषा में इसे जलोढ़ मृदा कहते हैं। इस मुखौटे में सरायकेला की खरकई नदी द्वारा लाई गई मिट्टी के साथ-साथ कपड़ा और कागज का प्रयोग होने लगा। जहाँ एक छोर पर छऊ के मुखौटे स्वयं को आधुनिक बना रहे थे, वहीं छऊ कलाकार एक नए नृत्य की खोज में जुटे थे। यह नृत्य जो आज के जमाने में सरायकेला नृत्य भौली की सबसे प्रबल नृत्य भौली बनकर उभरी है और जो आज के दौर में सरायकेला छऊ के 500 नृत्यों की प्रतिनिधियों की श्रेणी में भी एक है, केवल एक कविता की चंद पंक्तियों से ही निर्मित हुई है। रविन्द्रनाथ टैगोर की कविता 'आजके आमार मोन मयूर मोतोन नाचे रे' से निर्मित एवं प्रतिस्फुटित हुआ छऊ का मयूर नृत्य आज विश्वभर में प्रसिद्ध है। बुजुर्गों का मानना है कि उस समय जब यह नृत्य चैत्र महोत्सव में प्रस्तुत किए जाते थे, तो आसमान से बारिश होती थी। आज भी माना जाता है कि जब अप्रैल के महीने में सरायकेला के कलापीठ छऊ नृत्य केंद्र (राजभवन), प्रशासनिक छऊ महोत्सव (बिरसा स्टेडियम) और आचार्य छऊ नृत्य विचित्रा (इंद्रटांडी) में चैत्र छऊ महोत्सव होता है तो मयूर नृत्य के दौरान आसमान में बादल उमड़ पड़ते हैं।

छऊ नृत्य का आधुनिकरण वर्ष 1980 से प्रारंभ हुआ एवं इसे स्वर्णिम काल के रूप में भी माना जाता है। इस काल में राजा विक्रम सिंहदेव के पुत्र राजकुमार शुधेन्द्र नारायण सिंहदेव के साथ-साथ गुरु लिंगराज आचार्य, गुरु मकरध्वज दारोगा जैसे प्रसिद्ध कलाकार नृत्य करते थे। शुधेन्द्र नारायण सिंहदेव के नृत्यों का उदाहरण आज भी लोग अपने वक्तव्यों में देते हैं। इसी स्वर्णिम युग में छऊ मुखौटों ने भी अपना स्वरूप बदला और पूर्ण रूप से एक आधुनिक वेश में प्रस्तुत हुए। वर्तमान के छऊ मुखौटों ने 'पोलुपाटी' को विस्थापित नहीं किया है बल्कि इसके साथ कई अन्य वस्तुओं का उपयोग होता है। सरायकेला की मिट्टी के अलावा इसमें कागज, पत्ते, एक विशिष्ट किस्म की गोंद, छिलके, कपड़े सब शामिल हैं मुकुट की सजावट के लिए मोती, फूल और अन्य सामग्री भी उपयोग में आने लगी है। लेकिन इसके आधारभूत संगीत और नृत्य के तालों को किसी ने छेड़ने की चेष्टा नहीं की है। कुछ नृत्य आज के दौर में विलुप्त होने के कगार पर हैं, जिनमें से प्रमुख हैं भाकुन्ताला, आम्रपाली, नागार्थी और हंस। स्थानीय कलाकारों का यह मानना है कि इन नृत्यों के सुर, लय, ताल और संगीत आज भी संरक्षित हैं। कुछ लोगों का माना है कि इनके विलुप्त होने का एक कारण यह भी था कि ये नृत्य इतने विख्यात और आकर्षक नहीं थे। कुछ कलाकारों ने अपने संपूर्ण जीवन में सिर्फ एक ही नृत्य का अभ्यास किया, लेकिन वे अपने बाद की पीढ़ी को सिखाने में असमर्थ रहे। गुरु मकरध्वज दारोगा ने अपना संपूर्ण जीवन 'हंस' नृत्य को ही दे दिया। ऐसा नहीं था कि वह दूसरे नृत्य नहीं करते थे, लेकिन उनकी पहचान सिर्फ हंस नृत्य से ही थी। गुरु मकरध्वज दारोगा (1933-2014; पदमश्री 2011) के अलावा गुरु लिंगराज आचार्य एवं गुरु प्रदीप शकुन्तला नृत्य के लिए प्रसिद्ध थे। लिंगराज आचार्य सरायकेला छऊ नृत्य केन्द्र के संस्थापक सदस्यों में भी शामिल थे। वर्तमान में लगभग 200 छऊ नृत्य प्रचलन में हैं। बाकि नृत्यों का प्रदर्शन काफी कम होता है। यहाँ के स्थानीय लोग छऊ के प्रति अपनी भूमिका जरूर प्रदर्शित करते हैं परन्तु छऊ कला की प्रस्तुति में अपनी उपस्थिति कम ही दर्ज कराते हैं। वर्तमान में सरायकेला के तीन मुख्य केन्द्रों में छऊ नृत्य सिखाया जाता है। यहाँ भारत के विभिन्न राज्यों के अलावा जर्मनी, फ्रांस, रूस, युगोस्लाविया, जापान, नेपाल, अमेरिका, थाइलैंड, ब्रिटेन आदि देशों से भी कलाकार आकर सीखते हैं। संपूर्ण भारत में छऊ नृत्यों की कुल 50 से भी ज्यादा प्रशिक्षण केंद्र हैं, जहाँ सरायकेला, मयूरभंज और पुरुलिया के गुरु ही जाकर शिक्षित करते हैं। कुछ प्रमुख नृत्य 'चन्द्रभागा', 'रात्रि भिक्षुक', 'माटी मोणिशों (मिट्टी का मानव)', 'मयूर', 'हंस', 'शिकारी', 'हिरण' आदि प्रचलित हैं। 1205 ई0 से आज तक अस्तित्व में रही 'युद्धकला नृत्य (फरीखंडा) एवं 'शिकारी' में मुखौटे का प्रयोग नहीं के बराबर होता है। सरायकेला छऊ में जब अखाड़े की शुरुआत हुई थी तो जो राजघराने की ओर से जो दल का नेतृत्व करता था वह नुआगोड़ा अखाड़ा दल के नाम से जाना जाता था। यह दल अभी समाप्त हो चुका है और इसमें राजपरिवार से ताल्लुक रखने वाले लोग ही केवल शामिल थे। सरायकेला छऊ की तीन मुख्य शाखाएँ श्रीकलापीठ, प्रशासनिक छऊ कला केंद्र एवं आचार्य छऊ नृत्य विचित्रा है जहाँ कमश: गुरु गोपाल प्रसाद दुबे (पदमश्री 2012), गुरु तपन पट्टनायक एवं गुरु शशिधर आचार्य तथा सुकांतो आचार्य द्वारा नए कलाकारों को सिखाया जाता है। कला के आधुनिकरण में जहाँ पहले पुरुष ही छऊ नृत्य करते थे, वहीं आज महिलाएँ भी इसका अभ्यास करती हैं।

'छावनी' शब्द से बना छऊ, जिसमें मुखौटा चेहरे के छह: भाग नाक, कान, आँख, होंठ, कपाल और गाल को ढँकता है, इसलिए भी प्रसिद्ध है क्योंकि ये भारत की एकमात्र ऐसी नृत्य भौली है, जिसमें चेहरे के प्रयोग के बिना अपनी भावनाओं को शरीर के बाकि अंगों के प्रयोग से प्रदर्शित किया जाता है।

छऊ का आधार आज भी संरक्षित है। इसके कई नृत्यों के लुप्त होने पर भी इसका संगीत सुरक्षित हैं। स्थानीय धुनों को आधार बनाकर युद्ध-कला दिखाने वाला यह नृत्य, जिससे रविन्द्रनाथ टैगोर के गीत की एक पंक्ति भी जुड़ी है, इस बात का पूर्णतः दावेदार है कि वो भविष्य में किसी नई भौली को जन्म देगा। 'मयूर नृत्य' की प्रसिद्धि की भाँति छऊ आज भी दूसरे रविन्द्रनाथ के स्वागत में तत्पर खड़ा है। छऊ इस इतेजार में है की उसे कोई दूसरा मौका मिले और वह एक नृत्य का एक नया अध्याय विकसित करे, बिल्कुल वैसे ही जैसे-

'आजके आमार मोन, मयूर मोतोन नाचे रे।'

-Shubham Kumar Pati

B.A (English)-III



Kumar Vijay
Pratap Singhdeo



Rajkumar
Sudhendra
Narayan Singhdeo



Ban Bihari
Pattnayak

एक धुन अतीत की.....

"Heard melodies are sweet
But those unheard are sweeter--"
- John Keats

यो सुबहें भी क्या खुशनसीब रही होंगी जब दहलीज पर पड़ने वाली पहली किरण वीणा की धुन पर प्रभाती गाती थी, जब मृदंगम की ताल पर नदियों की लहरें डोलती थीं, जब शहनाई के बजने से किसी के सपने मुकम्मल होते थे और जब राग शमलहार बरिशों को खत लिखा करती थी। वह तानसेन का हिन्दुस्तान और बिस्मिल्ला खाँ का भारत था, यह हम जैसे लोगों का इंडिया है जो अपनी जड़ों से उखड़ तो गए हैं पर ठेठ परिचमी सन्न्यता को छू तक नहीं पाए हैं।

वक्त की किताब के कुछ पन्ने हम अक्सर बिन पढ़े ही पलट देते हैं। सिलवट भरे वे पन्ने और उनपर जमी धूल की मोटी चादरें बिन कुछ कहे ही अपना उपेक्षित कल कह जाते हैं। इन धूल की चादरों को कभी झाड़कर देखें, उन्हें वक्त की कैद से आजाद करके देखें और उन पन्नों को करीब से जानने की कोशिश करें तो शायद हम हिन्दुस्तानी संगीत परम्परा को आत्मसात कर पाएँ और खुद को अपनी जड़ों से जोड़ पाएँ।

धूल के उड़ते ही शायद हमें किसी पन्ने पर भारतीय वाद्ययंत्रों की दो श्रेणियाँ दिख जाए— टाट और विटाट। दो कदम और बढ़ें तो शायद इन श्रेणियों की उपश्रेणियाँ भी दिख जाए।

टाट:— श्रेणी के वाद्ययंत्रों को केवल हाथ से बजाया जाता है। जहाँ अपने बाँये हाथ से तार को दबाया जाता है वहीं अपने दाँये हाथ से तार को खींच कर स्वर निकाला जाता है। प्राचीन काल में केवल वीणा को ही टाट श्रेणी के वाद्ययंत्र में रखा जाता था। इस श्रेणी में कुल 22 वाद्ययंत्र आते हैं जिनमें से गेडूवाद्यम, यज, मगधी वीणा, रूद्रवीणा, सेनी रेबाव, स्वरबात व विचित्रवीणा ऐसे हैं जो या तो विलुप्त हो चुके हैं या उनकी अधमिटी छाप अब भी बाकी है।



गेडूवाद्यम:— भारत में सबसे ज्यादा प्रचलित यह वाद्ययंत्र 2-3 फीट लंबा होता है और इसमें चार तार होते हैं। इसे बजाने के लिए बाँस से बने हुए दो ब्लेडों का इस्तेमाल किया जाता है।



यज:— यज एक विलुप्त वाद्ययंत्र है जो आधुनिक हार्प से मेल खाता है। ये एक खुला वाद्ययंत्र है जिसमें 6-7 तार होते हैं और इन तारों को बनाने में जानवरों की आँत का इस्तेमाल होता है। कहा जाता है कि इसी यंत्र से वीणा की भी शुरुआत हुई है।



मगधी वीणा:— मगधी वीणा एक विलुप्तप्राय वाद्य यंत्र है जो बाँस से बना होता है और इसमें केवल दो या तीन तार होते हैं। माना जाता है कि यह रूद्रवीणा का प्राथमिक रूप है।



रूद्रवीणा:— प्राचीन काल में बजाए जाने वाले इस मुख्य वाद्ययंत्र रूद्रवीणा की लोकप्रियता 19वीं शताब्दी में सुखहार के आने के बाद घट गई। इसे लकड़ी या बाँस से बनाया जाता है जो कि 54-62 इंच के होते हैं। इसके नीचे दो बड़े-बड़े गुंबद, जो कि लौकी या कटू के बने होते हैं, आवाज को बढ़ाने के लिए लगाए जाते हैं।



सेनी रेबाब:- कहा जाता है कि एक प्राचीन वाद्ययंत्र सेनी रेबाब का आविष्कार अकबर के दरबारी तानसेन ने किया था। आज के समय में इसे केवल सिख ही बजाते हैं और इसे क्रमश तीन घराने में बाँट दिया गया है – रेबाबी, रागी व धाधी।

स्वराबात:- दक्षिण भारत का एक मुख्य वाद्ययंत्र स्वराबात लकड़ी से बनाया जाता है जिसमें जानवर के आँत के चमड़े का इस्तेमाल किया जाता है। इसे मिजराब से बजाया जाता है।



विचित्र वीणा:- यह गेट्टुवाद्यम् का ही दूसरा रूप है। इसमें कुल 22 तार होते हैं जिसमें 4 मूल तार व 5 चिकारी तार होते हैं। इसके नीचे 13 और तार होते हैं जिसे बजाए जाने वाले राग के अनुकूल बाँधा जाता है।

विटाट श्रेणी के वाद्ययंत्रों में 16 वाद्ययंत्र आते हैं जिनमें से मयूरी वीणा, सारंडा, तार शहनाई विलुप्तप्राय हैं। इन्हें बजाने के लिए धनुष का इस्तेमाल होता है जो घोड़े के बाल से बनाया जाता है।



मयूरी वीणा:- पंजाब में बजाये जाने वाले मयूरी वीणा का आविष्कार छठे सिख गुरु गुरु हर गोविंद ने की थी। कहीं-कहीं यह भी कहा जाता है कि इसका आविष्कार 10 वें सिख गुरु गोविंद सिंह ने की थी जिसे पहले दिलरुबा के नाम से जाना जाता था। इसका नाम इसके मयूर जैसे आकार के कारण पड़ा है।



सारंडा:- इसे सारंगी का पूर्वज कहा जाता है। ये आम तौर पर एक-दो फीट का होता है। इसमें आम तौर पर एक ही तार होता है पर कभी-कभी 3-4 तार भी होते हैं जहाँ एक मूल तार होता है जिसे बाज तार कहते हैं तथा अन्य तारों को चिकारी तार कहते हैं।

तार शहनाई:- इस श्रृंखला की एक और सड़ती कड़ी तार शहनाई का नाम इसके नीचे लगे रहने वाले शहनाई जैसे यंत्र के कारण पड़ा है। इसका स्वर आधुनिक वायलिन से काफी मेल खाता है।

आज की पीढ़ी ने शायद इन वाद्ययंत्रों के चित्र भी न देखे होंगे, इनकी धुन को सुनना तो एक कोरी कल्पना है। हमें जरूरत है तो बस वक्त के उन छूटे हुए पन्नों पर चढ़ी धूल को साफ करने की, उसपर आयी सिलवटों को हथेलियों से रगड़कर ठीक करने की और इन पन्नों को थोड़ी धूप दिखाने की ताकि सालों से धूप की गैरमौजूदगी में पड़ी सीलन की परतों को भेदकर जिंदगी उन पन्नों तक पहुँच पाए व ये साज खिलखिलाकर साँस ले सके.....!!

- Munjakesh (B-C-A&III) & Sayanti Palit (B-A-English &III)

বৃষ্টি ভেজা

কোন্সায় যেন হারিয়ে যেতাম বৃষ্টি ভেজা দিনে?
আপন মনে, সেই যেখানে স্নিগ্ধ ঈশান কোলে
বৃষ্টি ভেজা ছোট্ট হিজল, মুক্ত সিক্ত কাষ,
দুহাত তুলে মেঘের দলের স্পর্শ পেতে চায়,
দিখির বৃকে মুক্ত আকাশ শীতল বাঁধাল খোঁজে,
ছককাটা মন শুক্ন যেন, স্বপ্নীল চোখ বোজে।

আজকে আবার দুপায়ে মেঘ, ভাঙছে আকাশ বাঁধ -
আন্দোলিত মনের কোণে চেনা আদিম নাদ,
আবার আমি হারিয়ে যাব, মুছে সব ঠিকানা।
অচীন পাখী, ফিরিয়ে দিত অলীক দূটা ডানা।
যার ছোঁয়াতে মিথ্যে হবে ছাপোসা দিনলিপি
বৃষ্টি শেষে আকাশ নতুন আলোর স্বর্গ।

Doyel Dutta
Assistant Professor
B.A(MCVP)
Karim City College

দহন

সুখার উৎসীড়লে শূন্য জিন্মাটা
ধীরে ধীরে চেটে নেয় শূন্য তার স্বপ্ন,
যা এত দিন চাণা ছিল পিঁপড়ের ভিত্রে।
লক্ষ্যহীন সংগ্রামের প্রতিটি অঘাত
ধীরে ধীরে যার দেহ রূঢ় হয়েছিল।
প্রতি পদক্ষেপ নতুন অঘাত ...

তুমি কি শুধু আমার একার?
নাকি তুমি লুকিয়ে থাক
প্রবাহমান জনশ্রোতের গোপন পিঁপড়ে?
বাইরে চতুর্দিকে ছড়ান অসংখ্য মূখোশ,
যে সুযোগ দিল হয় রিপূর ডাঙনায়।
তুমি তখন প্রকাশ হও স্ফুলিঙ্গের মত
পুড়িয়ে ফেলাতে যার্পণের বিবর্তনের সওণ
নীচে তার অনাবৃত আদিম নব্বর্ততা
যা এতদিন ঢাকা ছিল সভ্যতার চাদরে।

দীপ্ত হও স্ফুলিঙ্গ, তুমি আরও বাস্তব হও,
পুড়িয়ে ফেল কৃত্রিমতার সমস্ত ঠিকানা,
মূখোশ বিহীন মিছিল যাতে লক্ষ্যশাশী হয়
রচিত হয় মানবিকতার নতুন ইতিহাস।

হঠাৎ দেখা

হঠাৎ দেখেছি তোমায়
একটু খানি চোখের গলকে
কি প্রেম জাগালো মনে
তোমার ওই একটু খানি ঝলকে।
অপন্থ্য সুন্দরী তুমি
দাড়িয়ে ছিলে গাখের ধারে,
অখেয়ালেও তোমার রূপ
মনে পড়ে বারে বারে
কী তোমার নাম তা জানি না আমি
তবুও তোমার প্রেমের জন্য হয়েছি অগ্রগামী
সযেছি অনেক দুঃখ কষ্ট, সযেছি অনেক ব্যাথা
তবুও তোমায় বলতে পারিনি আমার মনের কথা।
জীবন প্রান্তরে চলতে চলতে হয়ে গেছি বড়ো একা
আবার বলো, কবে তোমাকে পাবে হঠাৎ দেখা।

Amalendu Dhar
B.Sc (Physics)-II

তোমার সৃষ্টি

তোমার সৃষ্টি কত মিষ্টি
শীত গ্রীষ্ম বর্ষা,
কিছু কোনো সময়
তোমার আচরণে হারায়ে আমরা।
বর্ষাতে বৃষ্টি ঝরে,
পৃথিতে নাচে চামি
অতি বর্ষে চামিদের
হও সর্বদাশি।

এই রকম গ্রীষ্ম আসে
কটি পাতার টানে,
আমাদের কষ্ট পৌঁছায়
তোমার অভিমানে।
তোমার সৃষ্টির বৈশিষ্ট্য কত,
শীতে আমরা হই আটোপাটো।
কত আমরা ঢাকনা দি,
তবু কাটে না তোমার বেড়ি।
বসন্তের আগমনে
কোকিলের কুলহত্যানে,
তখন আমাদের মনে হয়
আমরা সৃষ্টির ভুলনা নাহি।
অপন্থ্য সৃষ্টি তোমার তরে,
তাছাড়া সুন্দর রবেছি আমরা তোমার মনে।

Naren Gorai
B.Sc (Physics) -II

تذکیر و تانیث کی دلچسپ دنیا

- جن اردو ہندی الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'الف' ہووہ عموماً مذکر ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: لڑکا، گھوڑا، راجا، گرتا، بیٹا وغیرہ۔
- جن عربی/فارسی الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'ہائے مختفی' (ہ) ہووہ بھی عموماً مذکر ہوتے ہیں کیونکہ ان کو الف کی طرح ہی بولا جاتا ہے۔ مثلاً: راستہ، نقشہ، بچہ، بستہ، شہزادہ وغیرہ۔ (مستثنیٰ بھی ہیں، جیسے: ہمشیرہ، بیوہ وغیرہ)
- جن تین حرفی عربی الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'الف' ہووہ مذکر ہوتے ہیں مثلاً: ادا، حیا، صدا، اردو، وفا، جفا، صبا وغیرہ۔
- سنسکرت کے ایسے الفاظ جن کے اخیر میں 'الف' کی آواز ہووہ مؤنث ہوتے ہیں مثلاً: پوجا، گنگا، مالا، ہماشا، جٹا وغیرہ۔
- جن اردو ہندی الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'می' ہووہ عموماً مؤنث ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: لڑکی، گھوڑی، برائی، ٹوپی، بیٹی، لالچی، پوری، چلیبی وغیرہ۔ (مستثنیٰ: گھی، دہی، ہاتھی، ہوتی، پانی)
- جن الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'و' ہووہ عموماً مذکر ہوتے ہیں مثلاً: چاقو، بازو، آلو، بالو، چادو، کاجو، پہلو وغیرہ۔ (مستثنیٰ: ترازو، آبرو، آرزو، جھاڑو وغیرہ)
- پیشہ بتانے والے الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'ی' ہوتی بھی وہ تانیث ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: ڈھول، ہوچی، ہائی، قصائی، تیلی، برہمنی وغیرہ۔
- کسی شخص، جگہ یا چیز سے نسبت ظاہر کرنے والے الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'ی' ہوتی بھی وہ مذکر ہوتے ہیں۔ جیسے: قادری، حسینی، ایرانی، چشتی، صوفی، دہلوی، کجراتی، شہری، دیہاتی، برقی، آہنی، وغیرہ۔
- جن الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'ت' ہووہ عموماً تانیث ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: رحمت، شرافت، چاہت، غربت، حرکت، طاقت وغیرہ (مستثنیٰ: بوقت، شربت، مہابت، گوشت، دوست وغیرہ)
- جن اردو ہندی الفاظ کے اخیر میں 'یا' ہووہ تانیث ہوتے ہیں جیسے: ڈینیا، چڑیا، گڑیا، بویا، بگیا، بوسھیا، بھجیا، کٹھیا وغیرہ۔
- جن عربی الفاظ کے اخیر کی 'ة' وقف کی وجہ سے 'ہوگئی' ہووہ مذکر ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: بھٹہ، روضہ، واقعہ، مشاعرہ، معاملہ، مشغلہ وغیرہ۔ ان سے وہ عربی الفاظ مستثنیٰ ہیں جو 'ة' بڑھا کر تانیث بنائے جاتے ہیں اور انکی 'ة' 'و' میں بد جاتی ہے۔ مثلاً: سلطنت، رقصہ، ملک، عالمہ، شاعرہ، معلمہ وغیرہ۔
- مہینہ مذکر ہے اسی لیے تمام مہینوں کے نام تذکیر ہیں۔ مثلاً: رمضان، شعبان، رجب، بیساکھ، ساون، جنوری، فروری، مارچ وغیرہ۔
- دن مذکر ہے اسی لیے تمام دنوں کے نام مذکر ہیں (سوائے جمعرات کے) مثلاً: اتوار، سوموار، دوشنبہ، جمعہ، ہنڈے، ہنڈے وغیرہ۔
- دھات مؤنث ہے لیکن کبھی دھات اور معدنیات تذکیر ہیں (سوائے چاندی کے)۔ مثلاً: لوہا، پتیل، تانبا، کونلا، ہیرا وغیرہ۔
- کچھ جانور پرندے صرف مذکر استعمال ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: کوا، آٹو، بلبل، کچھوا، بچھو، خرگوش، بھیلریا، چیتا، سانپ، کھٹل، چمچرو وغیرہ۔
- کچھ جانور پرندے صرف مؤنث استعمال ہوتے ہیں۔ مثلاً: تیل، مینا، فاختہ، ابا تیل، کبھی، چھپکلی، تلی، دیمک وغیرہ۔

MY LOVE FOR YOU IS INFINITE

Though I not speakest much,
My love for you is not shallow.
However, it seem not in-depth
As much from outside,
It is hollow from within covered
With a veneer of sensuous fear!
And beneath the layer carries
Infinite love-suckles.
Waiting to spring and bloom,
Unveiling the shallowness of our Love.

Though I not maketh you warm,
Underneath my glowing charm.
My love for you is more;
More like a brilliant pearl,
Shimmering under the love-shells;
Waiting for the toll,
To burst open.
And spread like vine,
Into the land of amore,
Endearing our affection aforth.

I know not how much I love thee;
But the pleasure that endure at thy sight,
I burn and freeze, unconditionally.
You are my Sunshine,
To keep me aglow.
You are my Anchor,
To hold me down.
If you'll always love me more,
I will do love you too;
And it'll grow infinitely so, FOREVER!

Smita Sahu
M.A. (B.H.U.)
Ex-SPArC Member

ماں

جب تو پیدا ہوا کتنا مجبور تھا
یہ جہاں تیری سوچوں سے بھی دور تھا
ہاتھ پاؤں بھی یہ تیرے اپنے نہ تھے
تیری آنکھوں میں دنیا کے سنے نہ تھے

تجھ کو آتا تھا جو صرف رونا ہی تھا
دودھ پی کر تیرا کام سونا ہی تھا
تجھ کو چلنا سکھایا تھا ماں نے تری
ماں کے سائے میں پروان چڑھنے لگا
وقت کے ساتھ قد تیرا بڑھنے لگا
دھیرے دھیرے تو کڑیل جواں ہو گیا
تجھ پہ سارا جہاں مہرباں ہو گیا

جب تو پیدا ہوا کتنا مجبور تھا
یہ جہاں تیری سوچوں سے بھی دور تھا

Zeeshan Afridi
I.Sc. 2nd Year

Poems



तस्वीरें...

इन आँखों में हजारों तस्वीरें कैद हैं,
कुछ अलसाई-अलसाई सी हैं, कुछ मुस्तेद हैं।
कुछ हमारी जीत का ऐलान हैं,
कुछ हमारी हार का प्रमाण हैं।

कुछ में भीड़ है, ऊषा का सवेरा है,
कुछ में है सूनापन, रात का अँधेरा है।
कुछ हमारे बुलंद हीसलों की पहचान हैं,
कुछ में हमारी कायरता के काले निशान हैं।।

कुछ तस्वीरों में रंग है, सौंसों की रवानी है,
कुछ उजड़ी-उजड़ी सी हैं, कुछ में कैद हमारी कहानी है।
कुछ में हम ठहरे हुए हैं, माथे पर चिंताओं भरी शिकन है।
कुछ में हम बहता पानी, जीवन की उमंग हैं।।

कुछ तस्वीरें हमारे अच्छे कर्मों का वर्णन हैं,
कुछ हमारे पाप कर्मों का दरकता दर्पण हैं।।

कुछ हमारी शक्ति का प्रदर्शन है,
कुछ में दिखती हमारी लगन है।
कुछ में खामोशी भरी है,
कुछ में हमारे राज दफन हैं।।

कुछ में झलकता हमारा प्यार है,
कुछ में मौसमों की बहार है।
कुछ बर्बाद करती हमारी नफरत,
कुछ में रिश्ते तार-तार हैं।

इन आँखों में हजारों तस्वीरें कैद हैं,
कुछ अलसाई-अलसाई सी हैं, कुछ मुस्तेद हैं।।

Anmol
B.A (MCVP)-II



तेरी खामोशियाँ

तेरी किलकारियों से गूँजता ये आँगन,
ना जाने आज क्यों है इतना सुनसान।
राहों में तो शोर-गुल है,
लेकिन ये घर आज है बिल्कुल वीरान।।

तेरे मुस्कुराने से होने वाली सुबह का आफताब,
ना जाने आज ढलने को क्यों है इतना बेताब।
घर में लगी भीड़ को होने को आई है शाम,
लेकिन माँ- माँ की आवाजें कहाँ हैं गुमनाम।।

तुझे खामोश देखने की जिन लोगों की थी आस,
ना जाने तेरी खामोशी पे क्यों हैं आज वे उदास।
ना आज होती है, ना ईद का त्योहार,
फिर भी सफेद कपड़ों में लोग हुए हैं आज तैयार।।

तेरे चेहरे को देखकर सुबह करने वाली ये आँखें,
ना जाने पानी की बूँदों पे क्यों हैं इतनी मेहरबान।
तेरे खिलौने, तेरी किताबों को मैं क्या दूँ जवाब,
तेरी खामोशी पे आज ये भी कर रहे हैं मुझसे सवाल।।

इन लबों पे मुस्कान थी जब तु रोया था पहली दफा,
आज मैं रो रही हूँ, हँस दे ना बेटा क्यों है खफा।।
लबों पे तेरा ही जिक्र रहेगा अब सुबह शाम,
हो सके तो दोबारा जरूर आना बनकर एक नन्हा मेहमान।।

आज हमसे हमेशा के लिए होना होगा तुझे जुदा,
क्योंकि जन्मत में इंतजार कर रहा है तेरा खुदा।।

Tanweer Qaiser
B.A (English)-I

न जाने क्यों.....

फितरत हमारी ऐसी, कि सबसे मेल खाती नहीं है,
जिसे आदत हो तन्हाईयों की, महफिल उन्हें भाती नहीं है।
हमारी खामोशी को लोग हमारा घमंड समझने लगे हैं,
न जाने उन्हें ये बात क्यों समझ आती नहीं है।।

कि जो न टूटे पत्ते शाखों से,
तो ऋतुएँ कैसे बदलेगीं।
भरे हुए शाखों पर, कभी कोपलें आती नहीं है।।

हमारे सीने में जो दफन है,
हम अंजान हैं उन जज्बातों से।
धड़कनें दिल की अब,
मन में एहसास जगाती नहीं है।।

जो समझते हैं मगरूर हमें,
उनसे क्या शिकायत हमको।
हमारी खुद की ही साँसें,
जब हमें समझ पाती नहीं है।।

सुना है आँखें दिल के जज्बात बयाँ करती हैं,
पर ये दर्द ऐसा है, जो आँखें भी कह पाती नहीं है।
हजारों नाम मिट गए बस लहरों के आखेट में,
पर वो कौन हे जिसे लहरें भी मिटा पाती नहीं है।

चाँद तारों के साए में सिमट कर बैठा है,
चाँदनी मन के कोनों तक पहुँच पाती नहीं है।
काली रात जुगनूओं की बारात से रोशन है,
ये रोशनी बड़ी अजीब है, बस हमें ही जगमगाती नहीं है।।

जवाँ आईनें में भी अब हम बुढ़े से दिखने लगे हैं,
ये नजरें भी अब नजर मिला पाती नहीं है।
कुछ किया है हमने ऐसा जो हाल-ए-बयाँ भी मुश्किल है,
वरना ये नजरें कभी यूँ भरमाती नहीं है।।

फितरत हमारी ऐसी, कि सबसे मेल खाती नहीं है,
जिसे आदत हो तन्हाईयों की, महफिल उन्हें भाती नहीं है।

Anmol
B.A (MCVP)-II

हम भी आयेँ तुम भी आओ

लेकर मधुर मुस्कान विहान का
करके सोलह श्रृंगार बन जा तू
मायल मन का मीत पिया का
तेरे पग के पढानिया की लहरी
सुन्दर मन्द सुगंध पवन संजोले
हम तुम अपने प्रेम में पागल
आओ मिलकर रास रचा ले
इस नीले नभ के नीचे
हम भी आयेँ तुम भी आओ

गगन में चाँद वसुंधरा पर चाँदनी
सुशोभित हो रही विभावरी
तू जग कामिनी मन मोहिनी
में तेरा रहस्य जग का पिया
अमूल्य निधि 'प्रेम' से जग सिंचित कर वे
नयी खुशी नव व्यय नयी उमंगे लेकर
और मधुर मुस्कान विहान का
हम भी आयेँ तुम भी आओ

हम में प्रीत तूम में प्रीत
प्रेममय संसार यह
हे आलोकित पथ मेरा इससे
पर क्या मात्र जीवन सौंदर्य यह ?
आओ जीवन का कुछ कष्ट भोगे
हम तुम अब जन जीवन जी लें
जहाँ फूल कम अधिक काँटों की शय्या
केवल मुझसे यह दुख दूर न होगा
हम भी आयेँ तुम भी आओ

हे निष्करुण घनघोर निशा अंधेरी
आयेगा निशंक, निश्चय और फरेबी
हम निशोत्सर्ग का निश्चय कर
क्यों बैठे रहे निर्वाक रात भर!
आओ हम तुम मिलकर दीप जला दें
उज्ज्वल होगा भविष्य मनुष्य का
जब पुलकित हो सब श्रृंगार कर लें
लेकर मधुर मुस्कान विहान का
हम भी आयेँ तुम भी आओ ।।

डा अशरफ बिहारी,
अध्यक्ष, दर्शन शास्त्र विभाग
करीम सिटी कॉलेज

Interview

An interview with **Dr. Ameerullah Khan**, Associate Professor, Dept. of English, Aligarh Muslim University, Aligarh.

He was the first person who initiated literary and cultural fests in the intermediate section of his college. Here are some excerpts from his 45 min. interview.

Q. Sir, How was the process of initiating something new in your class?

Apart from the classroom students need to handle English in a global context. There are many students who might be very good in English in the class but beyond that they are a total flop. Some teachers are also like that, classroom lectures they are wonderful but outside what they might flounder and fumble. You need to have a knack of building up conversations, allowing space to others taking opportunities. And the best way was to do this literary and cultural thing. We should have a good team, and if you do that and if you can just create an atmosphere

where they can breathe English, they can drink English, they can eat English, I think that will be a wonderful job. In my early days I remember well, my mom was uneducated, she just knew Arabic and a bit of Urdu, so at home if we talked in Urdu and made all the plans for films or sports, we would get caught, so generally among my cousins we talked in English and we talked in English and we tried to defeat mom so that she doesn't know our plans, but even however hard we tried, she guessed it. So I think if you want to become a good speaker of the language, you should try and converse in various situations, so you should kind of develop an atmosphere of it.



Q. According to you, how does linguistics help in the inner development of a person?

There was a linguist called Dessussio, and he wrote a book called Linguistics General in French. He didn't write the book, he just delivered the lectures and his students jotted down the lectures and they produced a book when he passed away. The book is a masterpiece. And anyone who is interested in linguistics should read the book. It is like the Bible of Linguistics. So I think if you are unable to understand linguistics properly then somewhere you will not be able to understand the pulse of literature. For example, there is a poem by Tennyson called The Eagle, it's a six line poem, the first line has a repetition of K sound.....

Now in literature you must be explaining it but I will give you a linguistic view. 'K' is not a very good sound. So the image that you are building about the eagle is not very pleasant. The poet is trying to create an image that it is something that is not very pleasant, yet it cannot be neglected, it is very powerful, it cannot be controlled, it cannot be changed. Now if you don't know phonetics or linguistics you won't know about it.

Q. We came to know that you are also quite active in social service. How has that developed you as a person?

All the things we do, we make a living for the body, for the stomach, something has to be done for the soul also, that something comes from social service. It is said that *Social Service Rooh ki Raza hai*, it is the food of the soul. So I think if you can spend some time and work for the down trodden and the poor at the end you will have a very nice sleep. Plus, we will always be benefiting from them and specially in India there is a whole lot of poverty, economically, education-wise. We run a society in Aligarh which is Muslim Social Uplift Society, but we take care of the entire society, provide medical aid apart from teaching, coaching at a very nominal price.

Q. Whether language is a barrier in communication or is it a bridge?

See, language will never be a barrier, language is always a bridge, and language connects people. Language does not divide people. It's the thought of the mind. It's like the knife which you use to cut vegetables, to butter

your toast, the same knife can be used for other purposes also. So the language does not divide people. See what English has done, has it divided us? The south and the north are divided the only connecting bridge is the language, because if I speak Tamil you don't understand, if I speak Hindi you don't understand but when I speak English you understand. Language does not have religion; should not have religion. Language should not have a region, language should not have a boundary. I mean if I know Bengali I do connect, I don't divide.

Q. According to you how does a teacher influences students?

Whatever you do you always tend to copy your teachers. You do it unconsciously but you do try to copy them. A teacher has to be a good manager also, he has to keep an eye on who can do it, because being intelligent is one thing and building up a round personality is a completely different thing. Otherwise all the toppers would be well placed but it is not like that because some students have a latent talent which blossoms after they pass away. I believe in Michel Rest's formula; good teachers make good students and good students make good teachers. If you challenge your teacher he naturally has to work hard, and he will work hard.

Q. According to you what is the current condition of a language? Be it Bangla, Hindi or any other language? Because we have seen that over the time the concept of a pure language has changed.

I think you are talking about code switching and code mixing. These are the advertisements that they make in English language and other language. For example, the advertisement says "Ye Dil Mange More" and it does code mixing. It does it with an eye on the market so that people who understands Hindi can know about it. So it increases the canvas of the advertisement. Language wise I feel Bengalis are taking very good care of their culture. As for others I think we should have plays in English, even the poems should be dramatized as the Bengalis do the "Jatras" to preserve their culture. And it should not be done once a week, it should be conducted throughout the year. Only then things will change. That we have to do with Urdu also.

So its like an utensil that you should keep on washing everyday, and that utensil shines and it shines better than the new one, it has that natural luster. Same is with the language, the more you use it, the more you polish it, the more brighter it becomes.

Q. What would you like to convey the students? Any message for them?

I feel its up to the students to develop a very good atmosphere in a college. An administrator can build an infrastructure, but the atmosphere is your domain. So its upto you to develop a culture of speaking very good English, of writing very good English. I have been in Jamshedpur and the atmosphere is not very good. We snake our way to college, we jump and hop our way to college. So it is upto the you that you speak good English

you write good language, have wall magazines, you can have debating sessions, you can have paper reading sessions, some of you can start writing blogs, you can tweet on issues, you can write newspaper articles, you can write letters to the editor. I mean why should you allow the atmosphere to naught you every time, why can't you get hold of that and be the change?



Interviewed by
**Eram Siddiqui, Anindita Bose
& Munjakesh**

Vox-Pop

• Art and culture helps in the enrichment of the personality of a student. SPArC is a platform which celebrates art and culture of our society by showcasing the talent of the students of our college. I myself have done volunteering in events organised by SPArC and gained a good experience of management from my seniors.

-Shahzeb Ahsan, B.A (Political Science)-I



• Art and culture are hues of our varied coloured society and without knowing it the portrait of a student's knowledge is incomplete. SPArC is a stage which exhibits all the paintings of art and culture and let the students spread their wings of talent. I am a student of the fine arts club of SPArC our mentor Dama Sir has influenced us alot. I have learned many forms of fine arts like collage making, charcoal sketches, water colour painting, pastel painting and we go for live sketching sessions as well. These classes have enabled me to enter many competitions too by elevating my skills and confidence.

-Abhijit Dutta, B.Com-I (SPArC Fine Arts club)

• Arts and culture influences us and creates a habit of living a lifestyle of an enriched taste. It enhances the way of living. SPArC has given us a platform to express ourselves in front of the world. It offers a friendly environment with our friends to compete and learn about the various aspects of life. It let us know and understand the hidden talent within ourselves and bring a positive mentality in everyone's life.

- Razia, B.Sc-I



• Art and culture helps us to innovate new creativity. We can draw our thoughts in paper with the help of art. SPArC community of Karim City College helps us to participate in big stages. It also helps us to invent our new creations. And I think it's very helpful for those who are interested in Art and culture.

- Neha Sarkar, B.Sc (IT)-I



• Art and culture helps the students to show their hidden talents. Everyone has one unique quality or we can say that a special creativity. SPArC is a platform in Karim City College which helps the students to improve their creativity. And I believe that SPArC builds, helps and encourage the students for their further performance in the co-curriculum activities.

- Hemlata Kumari, B.A (English)-II



• Art and culture helps us to increase one's talent and gives opportunities to show one's talent and polishes it. SPArC encourages the students to participate in the various events to do their best.

-Kundan Mahato, B.A (English)-II



• Art and culture is important in everyone's life. It helps us to grow as a better human being. The students who have a talent of the various arts of our culture finds a great platform in the form of SPArC.

-Dolly Sharma, B.Com-II



• Art and culture are the lights of upliftment of a society which is important for a student's knowledge as it helps one to become a better human being. SPArC is the platform where art and culture finds its voice through the various talents of the students which gets highlighted during the various co-curriculum activities of SPArC from time to time.

-Shanu Sharma, B.ComI



• Art and culture plays a very vital role in student's life. It enhances the overall personality of a student. SPArC helps in bringing out and building up students inner spark. It promotes Art and culture in all aspects of life.

- Varsha Kedia, Faculty of Education (B.Ed)-I

• Art and culture plays a very vital role in our life. It also helps to encourage the students. SPArC does the same work for the students of K.C.C. It also builds up the confidence of the students. I am thankful to SPArC.

-Moshina Khan, B.A (Economics)-II (SPArC Drama Club)



• Art and culture plays a very important role in everyone's life because it develops the internal qualities and feelings of a person and brings maturity to it. SPArC promotes Art and culture through its various activities and gives the students an opportunity to bring their talents into a new light.

- Twinkle Gupta, B.A (MCVP)-II (SPArC Drama Club)



• Art and culture is important in everyone's life as it creates a base for the formation of a graceful personality. It becomes the seed of the talents within each student. Many a times it happens that students doesn't get an opportunity for exploring their talents but SPArC had always worked for the promotion of art and culture and the upliftment of the various talents of the students. I am very proud to be a part of SPArC.

- Suman Mukherjee, B.A (English)-II (SPArC Music Club)



• Art and culture helps enhancing the personality of a person and are the bases of the various talents in everyone. SPArC clubs always organises such events which promotes Arts and cultures and celebrates the hidden talents of the students. It's a platform which let's the students to create a new identity as a successful personality.

- Pushpa Mishra, B.A-III (SPArC Music Club)



Art and Culture are the symbols of a civilised society and the knowledge of one's own arts and cultures enhances a person's inner being. SPArC is a platform which encourages the various hues of arts through it's varied forms of cultural activities. Being a part of SPArC had improved me a lot as a person.

- Amara Iqbal, B.Sc.(CA)-II (SPArC Literary Club)



मेरी आवाज ही पहचान है

नदियों का अंत समंदर में मिल जाना है, मगर पानी का माग्य बहते जाना है। भारतीय साहित्य जगत का एक अमिट हस्ताक्षर नासिरा शर्मा की कृतियों वह जल है जो समंदर से मिलकर भी नदियों की तरह अपना वजूद नहीं खोती और कदमों से टकराने वाली हर एक लहर में अपने अस्तित्व का एहसास करा जाती है और इसी जल की कलकलाहट की आवाज, जो उनकी हर एक कृति में गूँजती है, उनकी पहचान है।

“कंधों के नीचे जाते खुले लंबे-बाल, सीधे बाल गोल चेहरा, चमकती आँखें, चेहरे से चमकता बौद्धिक विश्वास। नाम नासिरा शर्मा।” सारिका पत्रिका के एक अंक में लेखिका का व्यक्तित्व परिचय कुछ यूँ दिया गया था। साहित्यिक नगरी इलाहाबाद के एक संग्रामांत एंव सांस्कृतिक मुस्लिम परिवार में जन्मी एंव जिंदगी की 69 सीढ़ियों चढ़ चुकी लेखिका जब पीछे मुड़कर पिछली सीढ़ियों की ओर ताकती हैं तो अपने बचपन को याद करते हुए कहती हैं, “मेरे घर में हर माह एक बड़ा मुशायरा होता था जहाँ से बहुत कवियों ने अपनी साहित्यिक यात्रा शुरू की। ऐसे माहौल में लिखना अपने आप शुरू हुआ। मगर अस एहसास के साथ कि सिर्फ लिखने जाना है, बल्कि ऐसा कुछ लिखना हो जो आगे का पाठ हो।”

अब तक 10 उपन्यास छह कहानी संकलन, तीन लेख संकलन, सात पुस्तकों के फारसी से अनुवाद, ‘सारिका’, ‘पुनश्च’ का ईरानी क्रांति विशेषांक, ‘वर्तमान साहित्य’ का महिला लेखन अंक, ‘क्षितिजपार’ के नाम से राजस्थानी लेखकों की कहानियों का संपादन तथा ‘जहाँ फव्वारे लहु रोते हैं’ के नाम से रिपोर्टाजों का एक संग्रह लिखने वाली नासिरा शर्मा का व्यक्तित्व निडर, पारदर्शी और उदार था और यही गुण उनकी नायिकाओं शात्मली, पा...ा, फरजाना, कुसुम, कविता आदि में भी झलकता है।

नासिरा जी का साहित्य संसार काफी विस्तृत है। पर्यावरण पर लिखा उनका उपन्यास ‘कुड़ियोंजान’ यू.के. कथा सम्मान से सम्मानित किया गया है।

उनकी कृतियों में स्त्री विमर्श एक अहम मुद्दा रहा है परन्तु साथ ही उन्होंने पुरुष विमर्श को भी स्थान दिया है। स्त्री विमर्श तभी पूर्ण हो सकता है जब उनकी रचनाओं में पुरुष विमर्श टटोला जाए व उनकी बारीकियों महसूस की जाए जो ‘संगमरमर’ व ‘और गोमती देखती रही’ में स्पष्ट रूप से देखी जा सकता है। हालांकि तरलीमा नसरीन, मैत्रेयी पुष्पा, इस्मत चुगताई आदि की लेखनी से निकली कहानियाँ या उपन्यास स्त्री पीड़ा की मर्मन्तक त्रासदी से भरे दिखाई देते हैं। मगर जहाँ इन लेखिकाओं का साहित्यिक सृजन धार्मिक आडम्बरों के खिलाफ उग्र तेवरों के साथ नजर आता है वहीं नासिरा शर्मा की कहानियों के स्त्री पात्र धार्मिक कट्टरवाद की संकीर्णता और औघड़पन के विरोध में सहज संघर्ष कर एक स्वतंत्र जीवन जीने का रास्ता चुन रहे हैं। लेखिका की कहानियाँ केवल धार्मिक ही नहीं सामाजिक, आर्थिक विद्वेषताओं की गहरी चोटों से टूटे स्त्री मन के कारणों को भी खोजती हैं।

बहरी उथल-पुथल भरे समुह ऐशियाई समाज की साक्षी बनकर उन्होंने ईरान और अफगानिस्तान के गृह युद्धों को काफी निकट से देखा है। उनकी कृतियों में विना...स और परिवर्तन की देहरी पर खड़ा ईरान अपनी संपूर्णता में उपस्थित है। ईरान और वहीं के लोगों के सौंदर्य को युद्ध की विभीषिका व क्रांति के बिगुल ने कुरूप बना दिया। तेल की धरती पर रक्त की धार बह चली। नासिरा जी लिखती हैं,

“सर्व गड़ गड़ गए

फव्वारे लहु रोते हैं,

खाक हुई बाग में

क्या-क्या न हुआ मेरे बाद”

नासिरा जी ने समय-समय पर सामाजिक धर्मांधता को भी अपनी रचनाओं में शामिल किया है और रूढ़िवादी सोच का खंडन भी किया है। ‘पुराना कानून’, ‘दूसरा कबूतर’ कहानियाँ इन तथ्यों पर गंभीर खंडन करती हैं। ‘पुराना कानून’ का शमीम रबीना के लिए जब अपनी बीबी अफसाना की चिट्ठी में तीन बार तलाक लिखकर तलाक दे देता है, तब अफसाना की अम्मा का यह कहना—“सुनी सुनाई कहती हूँ बीबी कि, तीन बार तलाक—तलाक—तलाक कहने से तलाक नहीं होता, मगर हमारे मोहल्ले के मौलवी साहब कह रहे थे कि, तलाक हो गया है, असलियत क्या है कुछ समझ नहीं आता।” समाज की धार्मिक कानूनी अज्ञानता और इनके समक्ष ईसानी लाचारी स्पष्ट रूप से देखने को मिलती है। ‘खुदा की वापसी’ में वह लिखते हैं, “मेहर औरत की कीमत न होकर मर्द की जमानत है।”

कहानी की विषय वस्तु व घटनाओं का प्रस्तुतिकरण कैसे हो, शिल्प के स्तर पर कहानी का विकास कैसे हो? सीमाएँ क्या हों? कहानी की आत्मा को, कला को साहित्य विद्या में क्या सत्र प्रदान किया जाए? इसकी प्रतिध्वनि नासिरा की कृतियों में सुनाई पड़ती है, “मेरे वजूद की दीवारों पर बेशुमार ताक बने हुए थे उनमें विभिन्न कबूतरों ने बसेरा कर रखा था। ताकों पर बड़े-बड़े दरों में गर्मी में तपती दोपहर से थके परिदे मेरे ठंडे वजूद में आकर पनाह लेते थे.....कभी ख्याल ही नहीं आया कि मेरा अपना एकदम निजी भी कुछ हो सकता है।..... मैं उनमें प्यार के रिश्ते के नाम पर बँटती रही।”

अपनी कृति ‘परिजात’ के लिए साहित्य अकादमी पुरस्कार से नवाजी जा रही नासिरा जी की रचनाओं में जिंदगी बेफिक्री और बेबाकी के बेखौफ नग्मे गुनगुनाती है। उन्हें अपने इस बेबाक रवैये के कारण कई विरोधों का सामना भी करना पड़ा है पर सच्चाई की राह कब काँटों से महफूज रही है जो अब रहेगी.....?

Sayanti Palit
BA.(English)-III

The Infernal Elysium

Stranded, dusted, the world shook within,
Collapsing, bleeding, the burnt red skin.
The Reddish-Brown soil, the screaming pain,
He, in the midst, the beauty collapsing again.

He was a child, he stood his ground,
The pain within, the sound terrible all around.
There lied his mother, there was no movement,
There stood his ruined home, the lost heaven.

A bullet passed him, it hit his friend,
The bombing shook the ground, everyone moaning in
vain.
He fell on his knees, the mental agony surrounding
him,
The elysium heart, the Inferno within.

Why there's a war?, a question occurred,
What is the war's need?, a silent answer.
For whom we fight?, the quering query,
Who the protection needs?, a judgemental inquiry.

A war of greed for the Wealth Natural,
The Egoistic Pride, the dying soldiers, an oily gulf.
'The war for the common', for our future,
The cry 'for the general', but does 'the general'
care?

The bloodshed for the lusty power,
The downfall of the country's youth desire.
The want to be God, 'I am above all',
The thirst of elixir never to be satisfied, the
unsatisfaction overall.
They wrecked us, and they should be ruined,
The stubbornness for vengeance, the boiling anger
within.
For one's satisfaction, everyone should fight,
The bloodied borders, who to say wrong or right?

The war for Religion, from the time indefinite,
The war for one's suffering over other theological
spirits.
Prayer lost it's meaning, the day politics and religion
combined.



God made us equal, we followed the inequality like
blinds.

For protecting the 'weak', the war we fought,
'who's the weak?', the question negatively thought.
The world fought for the chastity of eves,
No one cried, and we still lost the peace.
In truth, we are searching for peace in the land of
war,
Trying to create queitness by raging war.
Destrying everything, creating a hellish place to live,
But, will the world survive In the name of peace?

.....and came a bullet, it struck his heart,
The life stopped, the future not to last.
He dropped to the ground, his soul still in delirium,
The world he called heaven, it is the infernal
elysium.

Manish Prabhakar
Ex-SPArCian

An Interview with

Mr. Tuhin A Sinha



By : Eram Siddiqui &
Anindita Bose,
B.A. Part- 2 (English Honours.)

Born and brought up in Jamshedpur, Mr Tuhin A Sinha is a successful author of five novels. He has done his schooling from Loyola school, Jamshedpur and did his graduation in B.Com (Hons) from Hindu College, University of Delhi. He has obtained his PG Diploma in Advertising and Communications Management from National Institute of Advertising, New Delhi. He has started his writing career in 2006 with his first novel, **‘That Thing Called Love’** which deals with relationships in the contemporary urban set up of the city, Mumbai and in the phases of changing moralities.. His second novel, **‘The Captain’**, speaks about a chronicle of a fictitious Indian Cricket team Captain’s journey through the fickleness of life and cricket world. His third novel, **‘Of Love And Politics’** is known for the interplay between personal relationships and political alliances. His fourth novel, **‘The Edge Of Desire’**, is a story which narrates the fight of a rape victim who goes on to become a top political leader of the country. It is said to be loosely inspired by **‘Mahabharata’**. This novel became a best seller and thus Mr. Sinha penned down its sequel, which is his fifth novel, **‘The Edge Of Power’**. Apart from writing novels he has written scripts of many successful daily soaps for various television channels like, **‘Ye Rishta Kya Kehlata Hai’** (*Star Plus*), **‘Pyar Ki Kashti Mein’** (*Life Ok*), **‘Afsar Bitiya’** (*ZEE T.V*) and many more. Being a man with strong political views he has also co-authored a book with B.J.P Leader Nitin Gadkari named **‘India Aspires’**. He has written several articles as a guest columnist for The Times of India, DNA and Grazia.

So following are the views of this multi-talented writer which he has expressed while giving the interview:

Q. Since now you have achieved a lot and has established yourself as a successful writer so what do you want to do now, do you want to slow down a bit or do you want to explore more?

A. Obviously, I would like to keep on exploring. In fact, age should not be a bondage, when it comes to exploring.

Q. Apart from being a writer do you ever felt like opting for any other career options?

A. I alighted upon writing as a career option by chance and it happened at a time when all other options were closed. Moreover this career option suited me quite well, so I would like to continue as a writer.

Q. How do you tackle 'writer's block'?

A. I think 'writer's block' is an over-hyped term. Actually these days, the bigger problem is the 'reader's block' (laughs). If a person is buying 10 books nowadays, he hardly completes 2 or 3 out of them. These days all our attention and time has been bestowed upon electronic media and therefore people have lost the patience to read.

Q. When one writes a sequel of a story, the writer gets many advantages. He can build many new characters and he can experiment with the old characters too. Moreover a sequel is commercially more successful and a bit less risky in comparison to writing an all new story, so why didn't you go more often for it?

A. Definitely writing a sequel is, as you said a win-win situation. But my journey has been of trance and turbulences. So I didn't followed the straight path. Many of the writers nowadays are writing sequels of their stories and getting popular. But when you follow the crowd, you become the part of a crowd. So though it is commercially quite successful yet I always preferred to take risks. So I have tried to pursue different genres in my writing.

Q. Who were the authors who inspired you mostly?

A. I was not a good reader. Though I admire the works of Khalid Hossieni, Ravi Subramaniam, etc.

Q. You mentioned in your speech that once you tried for going into the films. Now again if you get a chance will you go for acting?

A. Things are easier for me now than they were earlier. I am at a stage of my life when things are happening to me themselves. So if acting happens, why not?

Q. Which is your character which you created and why?

A. Shruti Ranjan, from my novel: "Edge of Desire". It has been written in first person narrative, in a woman's voice. It depicts her journey from being a housewife to a successful politician. The unconventional idea of an intelligent and outspoken woman really gave me a kick. This novel is loosely inspired by "Mahabharata". The character of Draupadi inspired me. I find this character multi-layered and fascinating. So Shruti was a parallel I drew to her.

Q. Do you remember your first literary piece which you had written?

A. Well, that was probably an essay which I had written for a magazine in my school days.

Q. Can you give an agenda for the young writers so that they can write good pieces?

A. As a powerful writer you have to set the agenda yourself. And make the readers fall for your writing rather than writing your piece to please the readers.

Q. Marketing value affects everything nowadays. If a writer is good yet he does not possess better marketing skills then many a times he fails to establish himself as a good writer. Till what extent according to you this is right and how one should deal with it?

A. Nowadays, consumerism has affected our society in a big way. Being a writer is good, but if you have marketing skills as well, it will be a boon for you. It depends upon the goals you have set for yourself. If you desire success in earnest, then nothing should stop you. I think the best option is to marry marketing skills with good writing skills.

Q. Do you ever consider giving your book for a movie adaptation?

A. Movie making is a speculative thing. Writing also requires a great deal of speculation. I am already doing a speculative job. So if that option comes my way, I may give it a try.

Q. Since you have written so many scripts for t.v. serials so how is it different from writing a novel?

A. Writing a t.v. script is a collaborative job involving the producer, writer and people from the channel. Writing a t.v. script is comparatively an easy job and it does commercially well, as compared to writing a book.

Q. In your long career have you ever got a thought that you should not have become a writer and why?

A. I have never got that idea. Being a writer gives a sort of intellectual empowerment. So I have never thought of giving it up.

Q. If one wants to write but is hesitating to show his/ her piece to everyone whom he/ she should consult with?

A. To your English teacher. You may also show it to your peers, but your teacher will have a better view.

Q. From being nothing to a successful writer you must have faced many obstacles, so how did you handle it all?

A. You should stop looking at the obstacles. When you are working on something, the final result is uncertain and there will be competitions. So you should stop worrying and move on.

Q. In today's scenario when the culture of reading good books and maintaining dairies is at a great decline do you still consider becoming a writer is a good career option?

A. Yes, I think everyone of us has a writer inside of us. So if you are sure that you want to be a writer, then why not? You may opt for two types of writing options, one which furnishes you financially and one which satisfies your inner passion.

Q. If your book is taken for a movie adaptation and since movie needs a whole new treatment, so will you compromise with your story for the movie?

A. Yes, movie is a director's medium. He controls the creation of a movie. So if someone takes up my book for a movie adaptation and if modifications are required, I will not interfere in that.

Q. What suggestion do you want to give to the aspiring writers, so that they can create good pieces?

A. Reduce your appearances on SMS, Facebook and other such social media. Go back to dairies.

Q. During your days of struggle what all things have you learned?

A. Actually most of my choices led me to learning many things. So learning is there throughout my life. What my struggles have taught me is to be who I am today. Struggles teaches you more than what success can.

Q. How one should deal with the case of procrastination?

A. There is no problem at all because when you are serious about doing the job you will never leave it unfinished. You will just go for it.

THE MAD HATTER

I want to be a princess,
 Is what every girl desires
 I want to be a superhero
 Is what makes every little boy inspired
 But when I was a kid I didn't want to be the former or the latter, so this little girl put on a red wig
 And become the crazy mad hatter!
 People told me I've gone completely bonkers!
 How could a girl play a mental man?
 But as the mad hatter once said,
 The best people in the world are completely mad!
 So here I stand,
 I'm front of whole world,
 And declare may self as the mad hatter
 And not just any ordinary girl so grab your popcorn,
 And take a seat, because I'm going to tell you
 A little something about mad man, who is me!
 When people see my eccentric life
 And the silly things I do, they often ask,
 "mad hatter sir
 Why do you do the things you do?" well my motto in this one life,
 And should be your desires and thoughts so when asked, just answer back "why in the world not?"
 I knew a girl,
 With a funny name Alice liddell she was full of life with a spark in her eyes,
 Sparks I'd never seen in someone so little
 Well once at tea,
 We were speaking her and I was sad. I said to her, "my little girl,
 if you don't ever think,
 then you shouldn't talk, and not just you,
 but anyone one who doesn't think."
 Now you may be thinking. (and thank god you are!)
 Mad hatter, what are you going on about? So my dear friends, for once and for all,
 I will say it I will shout, the most important thing, you will learn from me,
 Is embrace your weirdness, and be who you want to be!
 Don't ever stop thinking don't ever stop doing as such,
 Or you will lose your muchiness,
 And what else will there be? Not much! So I challenge you,
 Here and now, don't ever lose your spark,
 You're one of a kind,
 You're nebula amongst stars,
 So love yourself the most you can,
 Because the but of the but is who you are, embrace your weirdness,
 Be who you want to be, and If you're lucky,
 You might end up as fabulous as me! And while you're at it,
 Answer a little riddle for me, would you? Why is a raven like a writing dusk?
 Do you know, do you?
 What's the answer, you ask
 I haven't the slightest due!

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 चुनने 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

ढोंग, दिखावा, रीत-रिवाज
जात-पात में बंटा समाज
जिसकी लाठी उसका राज
हम बदलेंगे तब बदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

शिक्षा से बदलेगा जीवन
खु ाहली होगी घरआंगन
आएगा ऐसा परिवर्तन
जीने का मतलब अदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

यह मत पूछे कब बदलेगा
हम बदलेंगे तब बदलेगा
जीने का मतलब अदलेगा
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा
धीरे-धीरे सब बदलेगा

अहमद बट्ट

तरانا ए करीमी

हमारा नारा इल्म है हमारे हाथ में कलम
सुलगती रहगुजार पर रवों-दवों रहे हैं हम
डरा नहीं सके हमें ये रास्तों के पेचो-खम
थके नहीं, रुके नहीं, हमारे अज़्म के कदम
हमारा नारा इल्म है.....

बहुत सी आजमाइशें भी आईं आसमान से
गुजर चुके हैं कामराँ हरेक इम्तहान से
हमारे पीछे चलने वाले रुक गए थकान से
हम अपनी अगली मंज़िलों पे बढ़ रहे हैं शान से
हमारा नारा इल्म है.....

हज़ारहा चिराग जल उठे इसी चिराग से
हज़ारहा चमन में है बहार एक बाग से
हज़ारहा दिमाग जुड़ गए हैं इक दिमाग से
हज़ार दीप जल उठे हमारे दिलके दाग से
हमारा नारा इल्म है.....

न जात है न पात है न नस्ल है न रंग है
जिसे है इल्म की तलब हमारे संग संग है
दिलों में अपने प्यार की उमंग है, तरंग है
तभी तो नफ़रतों के साथ जारी अपनी जंग है
हमारा नारा इल्म है.....

हमारी राह में सदा हो रौशनी का सिलसिला
हमारे हमकदम रहे तरकियों का काफ़िला
हमारे हक में जाए वक़्त का हरेक फ़ैसला
रुकावटों से और भी बढ़े हमारा हौसला
हमारा नारा इल्म है.....

ترانہ کریمی

ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے ہمارے ہاتھ میں قلم
سُلگتی رہگزار پر رواں دواں رہے ہیں ہم
ڈرا نہیں سیکے ہمیں یہ راستوں کے پیچ و خم
تھکے 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
ہزارہا دیپ جل اٹھے ہمارے دل کے داغ سے
ہمارا نعرہ علم ہے.....

نذات ہے نہ پات ہے نہ نسل ہے نہ رنگ ہے
جسے ہے علم کی طلب وہ اپنے 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.....



Download the e-Book of Sparkling Span 2016-17 from
www.karimcitycollege.ac.in
<http://kccsparc.blogspot.com>