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EUPHORIA

AN ONLINE PERIODICAL OF DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, KARIM CITY COLLEGE

**REVEALING THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
MIRROR**

**WHAT'S INSIDE
POETRY
FICTION
AESTHETICS
NON-FICTION
MOVIE REVIEW
AND MANY MORE**

ЕДЬНОВІА



UNVEILING THE ARTISTIC MYSTERY

We bleed on new grass, and
starve for a few stars
beneath our lids.
Stars, did I call them?
Euphoria, I meant.

What are we if not our artistry? Do we even exist out of our own fanciful
confines?

What's reality if not the result of a million daydreams?

All that we do, all that we click and capture, brush and frame, scribble and
close,

pick and gently muse, is an amalgamation of quiet ancient haunts
and present
curious probes.

Story isn't simply about the torn wings of a howling dragon
surrounded by a crowd of hundred holding their flaming wooden
torches high.

It's not simply
our imagination;

it's as much the concrete findings of an unrecognised creature
in the deep blue, the
conflicts 'tween the action and reaction, the accidents and scams,
the reigners and

the reigned, as it's a world inspired and exaggerated in our mind.

Stories are the children of the rubble — a rhapsody uncontained.

The pure expression of joy elevated within
Like the vibrating strings of a classic violin

Extremes fill your spirit body as you arise
And euphoria lifts you to indescribable highs.

Come and find yourself on the other side of the mirror, in pieces of po-
etries, in

photographs, aesthetics, creative nonfiction, comics and art.

Come and unveil this artistic mystery, dive deeper in the euphoric waves.

~From The Editorial Team.

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AN ABSOLUTE REBEL

I will not endure what they suppose covering my spirit, bending my compassion.
I will move with grace for what I believe for what I stand,
They will understand, I will show that this is not the end, not my halt.
Things are about to change irrational, compulsively-motivated society will grow
out of fashion.

You will strive for yourself, against every compel,
Enchanting minds, your footprints in history beheld.
Fighting for justice till the very end, hailing resistance,
Should, have said no! The painful reminiscence.
I have gone through many bizarre, struggling for my soul to breathe,
As to what society will say lies a dark history underneath.

I will not allow this world to exploit me, my philosophy, my soul, my body.
In the name of womanhood, I pledge.
A man cannot know the truth but will embody the truth, so gaudy.
How is society right?
They force feminine, imposing their will, freezing her soul with fright.

My beloved, never show them your real side,
Cause they will kill your dreams without thinking twice.
But I will be there for you confronting by your side,
Ricocheting, the society's dark side.

You will ascend above the sky, sparkling like thy brightest star.
No one will ever contain you and your good, effectuating it's a flaw.
Descendants of you, driven by their will, driven by the law,
Setting an example, not to mess with us.
Starring right through rigid society,
Attesting that, we are always there standing alongside men in ubiety.

SMRITI DEY
(ENGLISH HONOURS),
SEMESTER 2

MISHAP THAT NIGHT

He was sitting on the chair with guilt and pain holding a gun point towards his forehead. He perspired, closed his eyes and pulled the trigger. People dashed in thunderstruck. “This has to happen one day,” said a man. Some also said “we shouldn’t have trusted him”. This story began ten months ago. Rishi was a middle-class man. Job at intelligence bureau, lots of friends, married and had a five years old son, Prateek. His life was heading in a good direction as he ever wanted. But everything changed that night.

“Papa will you be free today, can we visit the amusement park? I will ride on the rides and eat lots of chocolates and ice-creams” said Prateek in excitement. “Yes son, I will have my half day and will take you to the park”, replied Rishi with a smile. By eleven thirty, Rishi picked Prateek and they went to the amusement park. Prateek was enjoying his ride, meanwhile Rishi sat on a bench beside the toy shop. He noticed a strange man, staring at him confidently. That man then looked at Prateek and started to walk steadily towards the ghost house. Rishi followed him and went inside the haunted dungeon. He got blindfolded, tricked and carried away in a van.

“Who are you and why did you kidnap me?” asked Rishi in fear. Two voices came in. They laughed out loud and kept mocking at his(rishi) condition. The door again opened with a rusty noise and pairs of boots entered.

“You never know how huge is this world, one day everyone has to die” said an anonymous freaking voice. He coughed aloud and sat on the noisy chair kept in one corner of the dark room. Rishi could smell some strong perfume around him. He fiercely moved his

hands and legs but couldn't make it as he was tied with thick ropes. The man on the chair commanded one of his men to take away Rishi into the operation theatre. On other hand Rishi is seen untied and he started attacking the kidnappers. He brutally kicked one of the Kidnapper and tried to run away from the ruins. He got shot in his left leg and blacked out.

“Prateek, Prateek!” Rishi cried. Removing his cuffs and unfolding the cloth from his eyes, the kidnappers forced him to lie on a stretcher. “Please leave me, what have I done to you” Rishi pleaded. He found that he was in a laboratory with all the instruments from forensic to a research corner. In half sense, he heard noises of people talking about some mission, finger tipping on the keyboards, a doctor who was preparing a drug injection to inject on him. “No, please leave me ...”, and he got unconscious. He got injected a high dose of LSD, a harmful sedative. It was dark outside. “Prateek, come here my child, where did you go...come to me”, Rishi was dreaming. He started hallucinating and took over a gun in his hand. He started firing all around the room. Suddenly, he heard a faint noise that freeze out in couple of seconds. The next morning, he found himself lying in his own bedroom with pain and hangover due to high dose of drugs. Thinking of the incident, he got up from the bed and started looking for his child and wife all around his house. “Where did they go, Prateek, Rekha ...! It's all my fault” he shouted in anger and desperation.

Days pass by, rishi kept searching for his family. Even police couldn't find them. They refused to help him as they found some drug samples in his blood.

Three months passed, he turned himself into a maniac. He used to sit on the veranda chair and would sing children melodies.

He left his job. Life isn't easy to live than often we read in pages. He keeps murmuring his wife and child's name every time. Some neighbours start to comment on his condition. Some said he is sick and some gave verbal sympathy to him. It's the fifth month, Rishi turned into a hairy, monstrous human. He steps out every night lost his mental stability. He used to kidnap every child, in which he finds Prateek and kept them in the basement. Lots of complaints and news headlines were covered with the cases of child kidnapping and trafficking. Each day he goes to the basement and repeats "this is all my fault". He keeps blaming himself for his huge loss. This guilt took him on another level in the eighth month. He got healed a little after medications and aid. Further, he would look for clues to find his family and for this he used intelligence web. One night he got a call from a guy named Ezra. He informed rishi that he has seen Prateek in the jungle of Oslba. Ezra said that he is a photographer and works for Libra studios. Few days later, Rishi eloped to the Oslba jungle looking for them, but unfortunately he found nothing. Every weekend he used to sneak into the woods calling his child. He lost faith. One night in that same jungle, he heard Ezra, the photographer and evidence talking in typical rowdy accent to some people and rishi got the same smell that reminded him of the kidnapper. He looked for his real identity on his intelligence web. Unfortunately, he had no identity. There was not a person available by that name in the whole city and his workplace named libra studios, doesn't even exist. Blood starts to flush rapidly in Rishi's head. He made up his mind and the only goal of his life is to find Ezra and kill him.

"Sir my child has been raped", said a man. "Sir I have seen lots of politics, law breakers and I want to punish them, give me one chance", said another man as the first guy left the room after his turn.

There was a man smoking cigarette, a chair in front of him and a bottle of wine in his hand. He was none other than Rishi. Now after two months, he became a psychic murderer. Ten murders and fifteen kidnapping cases were on him. His condition was deteriorating due to heavy doses of drugs and nicotine. Few days back he got to know that Prateek is dead and his wife is still not found. Since Rishi had helped the cyber cell and CBI in destroying most of the terrorised and illegal works. The man named Ezra who was actually a sleeper cell named, Daddar was caught by the police. Daddar was the one who captured Prateek and kept him on that same room where Rishi fired the bullets that night ten years ago. Thus, he figured out that faint noise. There was smoke around, an empty glass, few bullets on the table, and a guilt inside until his last breath.

ARZOO NAZ
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2

We're not
scientists.
but we totally
got space.

Powered from renewable
Manhattan Mini Storage

manhattan
mini storage

SHIVAM PARAMANIK
(ENGLISH HONOURS),
SEMESTER 2



ERAM AKRAM
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5



“NATURE IS
PLEASED WITH
SIMPLICITY.”



ERAM AKRAM
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5

LET US NOT FAKE OUR IDENTITY, LET'S BE REAL

It is not always needed to be beautiful, perfect and excellent. Everything which is beautiful has a darker side too. You just need to be real, real in the sense you need to boldly and bravely accept yourself and your flaws.

This social media is full of bubble reputation and fake identity. People only show their edited, brighter and happier side but what about their flaws, what about their reality? We are running away from reality, we need to understand the fact that I'm a person not an account which can be deactivated but just a click. We have a lead a real life and we need to accept ourselves then only people will accept the world. We need to be real. To show others, we act to be perfect but what about our actual flaws?? Do we ever show our flaws????

It is necessary at this point that we should focus on being real because if we are being "good only" then one day our flaws would be revealed and the world would be in complete shock to witness our imperfections. It is not about showing the world and acting as a perfect human but it is about telling oneself that I'm not good all the times, I do have flaws. And I don't need to fake my goodness, I just need to be raw, to be real. I am filled with goodness and flaws as well. Acceptance is the real key here, accepting the flaws and goodness in oneself and balance the identity of self.

~MANISH MUKHI
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5

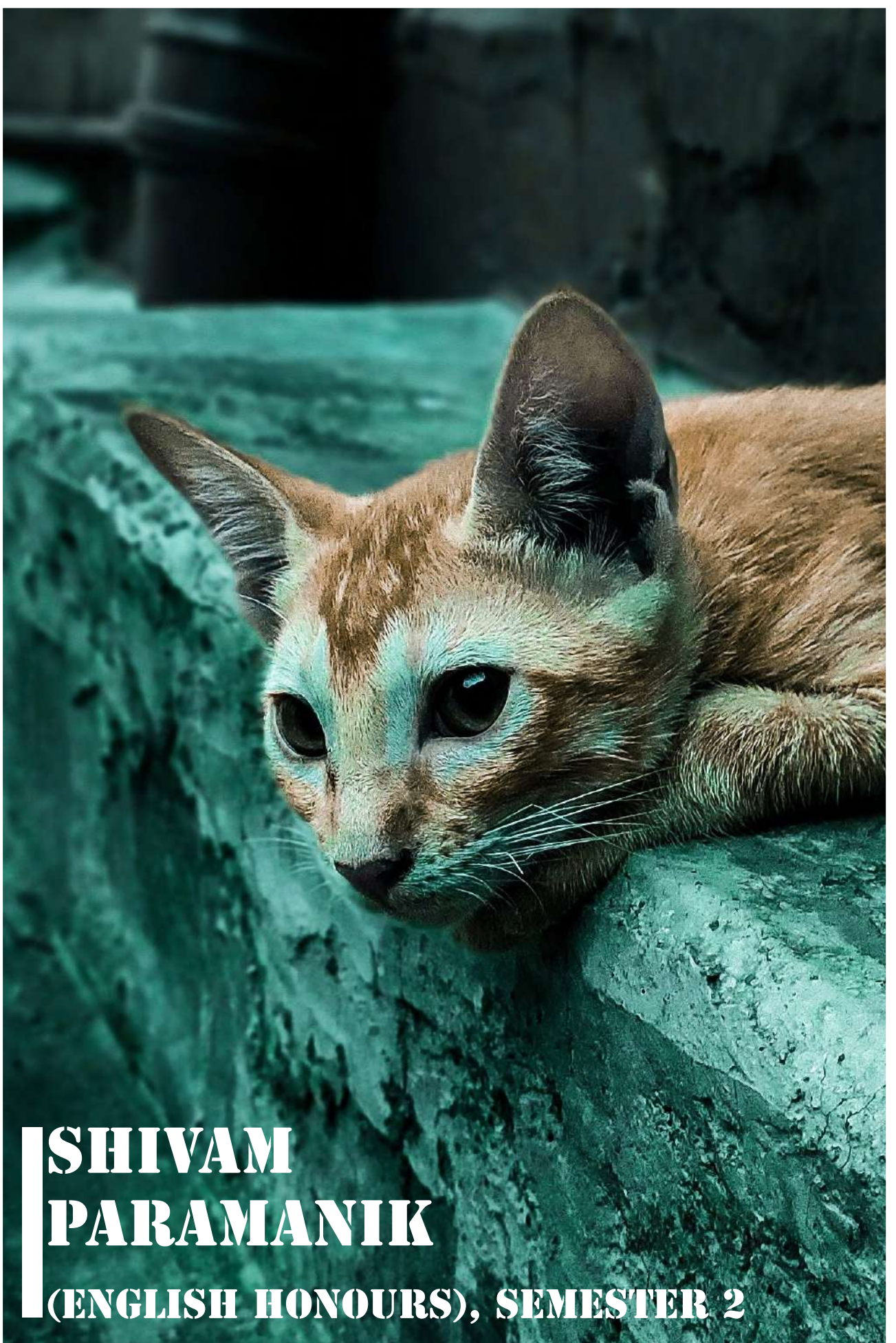
The Light Motif

**ABEER KHATOON,
MANIPAL
ACADEMY OF HIGHER
EDUCATION.**

Light, a recurrent theme in our stories, is often raped while 'the sweet unheard melodies' of darkness fall on deaf ears. In the following a live illustration of both. When looking for a job, the popular attracts us. When looking for a wife, eyes spot the beautiful. When looking for a life, the dark invades our light. Readers must be wondering what this is all about but they need to befriend patience for a considerable time now. They may think of light and dark as opposing views or complementary truths. They may take a different turn than the one our experiencing subject takes but then they must be aware of the spatio-temporal if not emotional distance separating the two. A moonlit face with a pretty dark hair when young, a plump caring lady nowadays and who knows where would she end up; that makes a fair description of her. That little girl did not have a dream apart from having a family and living comfortably alongside her future spouse. Unfortunately, she is not making it to the final where the lucky enough meet and chat over high tea. Her spouse, a man of short temper, has a scarlet letter of anger written down his sixty-year face. Their children, all four, are certainly wellraised but well-behaved is akin to second language acquisition. Happiness, a vague concept of significant value in family sittings, seems to have denied this particular family a welcome visit. Among siblings is a daughter who made a guru out of her ordinary mom. Gurus are neither expected to be political leaders nor cynical senators. Gurus are those whose 'sacrifice' is appropriated to contain the hustle and bustle of life. Now 'sacrifice' is a blunt word to proceed with since it starts with 'sacr' resonating with 'sacred' and ends up orchestrating a 'f/vice.' Such a paradox! For something scared and something vicious to occupy the same space on the page in itself is an unprecedented act but for

both to combine and make a word like that is another. If life is a paradox, does not language account for like the half of it? To circle back to track, writing the mom becomes the site of investigation for the passionate daughter but to have taken this much time to land in there came as a shock. Ironically, all ethnographic fieldwork required is set to begin in the mom's colon. The daily passage of time, an enabling tool, was rendered inactive. From a broader perspective, she thought to herself: "are not all moms a sacrifice? Is not sacrifice that which drives moms' instincts? But what can possibly be the essence? Or which incentive prioritises silence to suffering? Is it a philosophical enquiry that which they seek? Is it a mom-specific understanding of understanding? Art for Art's sake?" Might be a hopeless endeavour to figure out an answer so she might as well drop it for the time being, or would she? Freud aside, moms prefer sons whereas dads daughters. Good girls fall in love with mean boys. Thieves get rewarded and poor only get poorer. Simultaneously, children freeze to death or laugh to the same end. To those who belong to the less fortunate category, music is and always will present itself as an art of survival. So would the novel. For, the world is loaded with more

the Beast, Cinderella or Snow White and the Huntsmen. When encountering the 'ours' and 'theirs,' Beckett's level of absurdity runs for life and Kafka's letter follows. The above is a running stream of thought our girl has and the determined spirit to write down the mom seems to have fallen tiresome. Sometimes accepting helplessness takes a lot of courage but leaves one's mind drained. Sometimes a try does count but fails to guarantee fertile narrative. Sometimes all that goes missing is, after all, the light. The anger of the spouse, the suffering of the wife, the misbehaviour of the children; none seems to have found an alternative universe but this instance of writing remains. Why is so? Because contrary to other instances, it keeps to its darkness.



**SHIVAM
PARAMANIK**
(ENGLISH HONOURS), SEMESTER 2

Here I am
 Entangled in the web of my own righteously
 justified sins
 Standing at the gates of Hell
 Adamant to enter into Heaven.

Desolated I was
 Lost in labyrinth,
 Swaying wildly between whites and blacks
 The greys somehow felt ethereal.

Grey engulfed everything between the two ex-
 tremes
 Blacks and whites were seldom, grey was main-
 stream
 Different shades of grey didn't matter
 As at the end of the day it was all just grey on
 the platter.

Some days my grey was one shade less than
 black, dark and dense
 On others it was more of white and in sense.
 There were times when the difference between
 morning dew and fog wasn't clear
 There was also, at times, a room for fear.

But today I'm free forever
 From the shackles and the smoke that stifled
 me altogether.
 Enacting as to lay peacefully in my grave
 I roamed about and heard the muffled voices of
 peoples' hearts
 To know what shade of grey stayed with them
 Happy and satisfied that throughout my jour-
 ney
 Not even once have I tried to identify myself
 with those various blacks and whites.

So, here I am
 Entangled in the web of my own righteously
 justified sins
 Standing at the gates of Hell
 Adamant to enter into Heaven.

The
 Home
 of
 GREY

BHAIRI SAI VALLIKA
 B.COM(HONOURS),
 SEMESTER 5

HUMANISM

AN OPEN EYE CALL...

Why do we invoke feminism or masculism (in the name of 'family lamp') instead of humanism? The reason for bad behaviour towards men or women is the society itself. Can't we see everyone with the eyes of humanity is it necessary to see in the eyes of gender discrimination? Why aren't all genders treated equally?

Why? We think that males are more powerful than females so they cannot cry and females cannot defend themselves. Essentially a boy has to earn his living but a girl has another option in the name of marriage. Girls are not safe even while returning from the office at night. When a girl says that she has been molested by a boy, we blindly believe her and do not test them with open eyes, not giving them a chance to express themselves. A girl has to forget her parents, her family and their needs after marriage because she becomes the property of her husband and husband's family after that.

Why don't mothers or female family members teach boys to respect girls? Instead of forcing women to take the identity of their father or husband, why in the world are they not given their individual identity? Why do we expect so much from boys that they have to keep everything within themselves, be it anger, depression, loneliness or sadness? Why can't they express themselves like women? In today's date, the suicide rate of boys is high only because of this. They should also be given a chance to cry in the lap of their loved ones.

Feminism and masculinity are being misused, let's go above and beyond and respect humanism. Let us give equal treatment to all genders of the world while respecting humanity.

-PRIYANKA DAS
(ENGLISH HONOURS),
SEMESTER 2

It's all about Stats

My question tag on social media was, “Men, what are the stereotypes that you commonly face?” The answers to this question are printed at the end of the article. But before you begin to think that this is irrelevant, here's something.

A post that I had read almost a year and a half ago went like this, “Men will talk about the 0.6% sexual assaults that happen to them but not about the 6.4% cases that happen to women.” I, however, find very little truth in this assumption, exceptions notwithstanding. We have been teaching our men and boys to be ‘tough’, to be ‘manly’ and all of this at the cost of giving up on normal human reactions like crying. They have to be the stable, strong ones and no emotional breakdown is acceptable.

Into what kind of insensitive moulds are we putting our men? In all this fight for equality, aren't we depriving our men of the emotional range that we women are privileged to have? Men do take a stand, they do believe in equality.

And more importantly, people, this is not an us vs them war, not a men vs women war, not a Mars vs Venus war. It is a humanity vs inhumanity war, an innocent vs guilty war, a war against actions that rip off basic human dignity. We need to start seeing the predators for their crimes and not their sex, colour or religion.

And I don't know if standing up against injustice doled out against men and women, or voicing my support for equality, or providing help to the weak and devastated makes me a feminist or not. But it definitely, and above and beyond all, does make me human.

RUMAYSA MEHBOOB
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5



PRIYA KUMARI

Svairinam

O dear flower, what a charming scent you have!
But when you are a bud, where does that smell go?
O woman when you are free; You are bold, strong,
attractive!

When freedom is taken away from you, where
does that quality remain?
A free woman is not only a woman but a free spir-
it.

You are as pure as a flowing stream, as infinite as
the sky; Courageous like a lion, you are not weak
but mighty.

Then why does the world want you to be shy?
And stay tied in the eyes of society.
A free woman is not only a woman but a free spir-
it.

A woman is a creation force, so shouldn't she have
any identity?

A woman can make the earth heaven or hell;
Let her once stand on her feet beyond the shack-
les.

Yes, but freedom must be fruitful not harmful.
A free woman is not only a woman but a free spir-
it.

-PRIYANKA DAS
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2

Escapade

Clenched by the claws of faith,
Of friends, foes and family,
With eyes glaring right through the soul,
Eyes, made not to see but to suppose
Almost dictating my next steps,
Steps driven by flow and fear
And not by dreams and desires,
The steps continue the march to a mirage
With a tired heart yearning for a cool shade,
Which finally gives up and cries for a carefree childish escapade.

With a customary curving of lips
As real as the sweet words dripping out of them,
Lips, dried with a thirst for validation,
Validation from hearts filled with loathing,
A search ending in embarrassment and anguish.
Surrounded by a candied company,
Which lets the silent screams of the heart go unheard;
Although with clipped wings, there's still a bird
Able to regrow its wings, but afraid,
Crying again for a carefree childish escapade.

Burdened with liabilities,
Burning with regrets,
Stained with guilt,
Pierced by failures,
Torn with stress,
Bound to approach selfish hounds for aid,
The heart still yearns for a carefree childish escapade.

- SURYAM KISHORE
MCVP, SEMESTER 5

A TECHNOLOGY THAT THREATENS DEMOCRACY

Pegasus is a fancy and lucrative dreamy name of some mythical creature that exists in the books and imaginations of Greek mythologies, which tends to be looked at as a cheerful and bright spirit.

Unfortunately, it's not for some section of influential people whom we as a public look up to them. It's a nightmare; they are more prone to be attacked by this so-called Pegasus rather than a natural mishap. I think till now you may have recognised what I'm talking about, and if you haven't, don't worry, you will get to know about Pegasus in a very sleeky kind of narrative.

Pegasus, aka Q Suite, was given a lethal form by non-other than the Israeli cyber arms firm NSO Group aka Q Cyber Technologies (NSO standing for Niv, Shalev and Omri), the founders of this company. According to several groundbreaking reports, they created software, more specifically in technical terms, a spyware marvel called Pegasus. And for your kind cue, Pegasus is not used for any marvellous purposes. It does more harm than good to the countries internal politics. It was primarily designed for internal threats towards Israel. But soon, it became a weapon, a weapon of dominance, suppression and ammunition through which you can anticipate someone's next move then and there.

Pegasus enables law enforcement, government, intelligence agencies to remotely and covertly extract data virtually from any

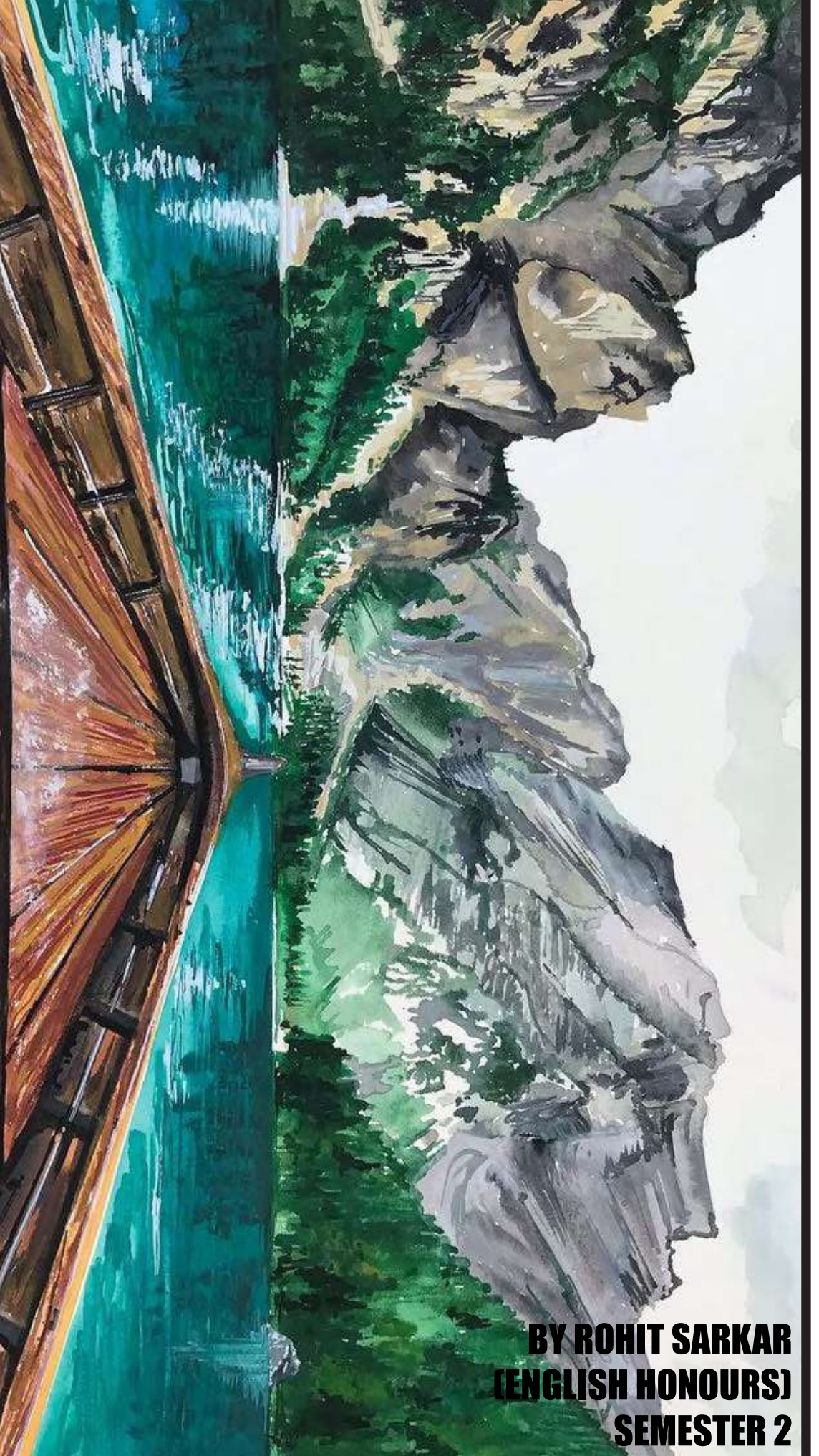
mobile device. The older versions of the spyware infected smartphones using a technique called “spear-fishing”: text messages or emails containing a malicious link sent to the target, and the target gets exploited. Latest versions Pegasus could infiltrate a device with a missed call on WhatsApp and could even delete the record of this missed call, making it impossible for the user to know they have become a target (Zero Click attack).

Once the spyware infiltrates, the Pegasus can intercept and steal more or less any information on it, including SMSes, contacts, call history, calendars, emails and browsing histories. It can use your phone’s microphone to record calls and other conversations, secretly film you with its camera, or track you with GPS. Suppose when a Phone is compromised, it is used to allow the attacker to obtain so-called root privileges, or administrative rights, on the device. In fact, “Pegasus can do more than what the owner of the device can do.”

So you might be thinking there must be a way out of this mess. Regrettably, there is no current solution for the zero-click attack. The only quick fix provided by experts is to use MVT (Mobile Verification Toolkit), which helps in detecting the traces of Pegasus. Although it works on both android and ios, it requires some immense technical knowledge to operate right now. So by this, we can only pray that we don’t become a prompt target of this spyware.

SAHIL H. MURMOO
B.A POLITICAL SCIENCE
SEMESTER 2

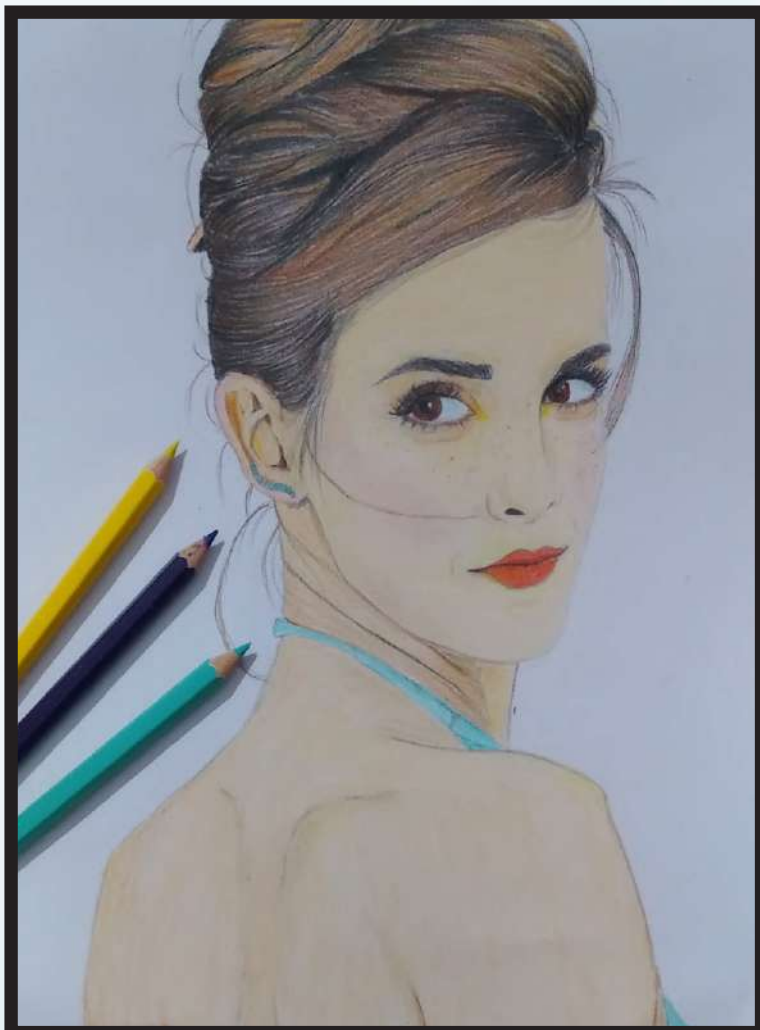
The Golden Lake



**BY ROHIT SARKAR
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2**

**ART IS
A LINE
AROUND
YOUR
THOUGHTS.**

— GUSTAV KLIMT



**BY RUKHSAR PERWEEN
(ENGLISH HONOURS),
SEMESTER 2**



AVATAR

Directed by: James Cameron

Written by: James Cameron

Produced:

1. by James Cameron
2. Jon Landau

Starring:

1. Sam Worthington
2. Zoe Saldana
3. Stephen Lang
4. Michelle Rodriguez
5. Sigourney Weaver

Cinematography: Mauro Fiore

Edited by:

1. Stephen Rivkin
2. John Refoua
3. James Cameron

Music by: James Horner

Production companies:

1. 20th Century Fox[1]
2. Lightstorm Entertainment[2]
3. Dune Entertainment[2]
4. Ingenious Film Partners[2]

Distributed by: 20th Century Fox[2]

Release date:

1. December 10, 2009 (London)
2. December 18, 2009 (United States)

Running time: 162 minutes[3]

Country: United States

Language: English

Budget: 1.)\$237 million[4] 2.)\$9 million+ (re-release)[5]

Box office: \$2.847 billion[

Several decades in the dreaming and more than four years in the actual making, the movie is a song to the natural world that was largely produced with software, an Emersonian exploration of the invisible world of the spirit filled with Cameronian rock'em, sock'em pulpy action. Created to conquer hearts, minds, history books and box-office records, the movie - one of the most expensive in history, the jungle drums thump - is glorious and goofy and blissfully deranged. In my opinion, Avatar has been hyped beyond the point of forgiveness. The "sky people," who are Earth whites escaping from a destroyed earth perhaps due to climate change, land on the far-away moon of Pandora to dig for the mineral, unobtainium. To do so, they have to demolish huge trees similar to Sequoias which unlike Sequoias have an extraordinary ability through their roots to contact one another. Most important, the trees are sacred to the indigenous people known as the Na'vi. The Na'vi appear to be human but are constructed differently in face and color (blue) and have lion-like tails. The movie quickly turns into a Cowboy vs. Indian type of picture. In the year 2154, when this encounter takes place, the whites have huge war machines with which to attack the Na'vi. The Na'vi are assisted in their battle by dinosaur-like creatures some of which fly and are used as airplanes on which they ride. The Na'vi, of course, are wonderful people while the whites, I mean the fly people, are vicious.

SAMEER MAHATO.

S U N F L O W E R

You are not my elegy of mourning,
You are my lyric of love.

Sitting among the sunflower bushes,
I realised how beautifully love flour-
ishes.

Looking at the closed petals,
I feel myself protecting you like the
sepal.

And when you blossom and rejoice
your growth,
I'm the stem holding you being your
moral and basic support.

Hey sunflower: you are the idol of ado-
ration, loyalty and strength

And I'm the sun you love looking at,
no matter whatever is our distance.

Our passion towards each other is so
strong,

That our bond and understanding
never goes wrong.

You are not the tale of despair,
You are the song of love; from which
they are still unaware.

MANISH MUKHI
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5

MIRROR CHEATED US!

**It is smooth, polished and shiny
But never goes through it.
It can reveal the brighter side.
It Vanishes the darker one
It is just a replica or a flow of Vision.**

**When we get closer to it.
It can show the colour of Skin
over a watery blue, brown and black eyes,
with a lovely Strawberry lips,
and golden sparkling locks,
twisted towards the face,
and with a shiny long hairs.**

**But it never say about,
from your what kind
outer appearance.
what kind of beauty lies in your heart
It never judge you
by your honesty' and truthfulness**

**Never goes on the beauty of mirror.
It is temporary and Short term.
It can be vanish when you move,
far from it.**

After a certain period of time

**Be beautiful with your words,
and honest by your heart
this is the real beauty
which never goes on.
which always enlighten your soul.**

ART OF MAKING MEMORIES





THE HUMANITY OF MOMENT

BY AWANT UPADHAYA, MCVP, SEMESTER 2



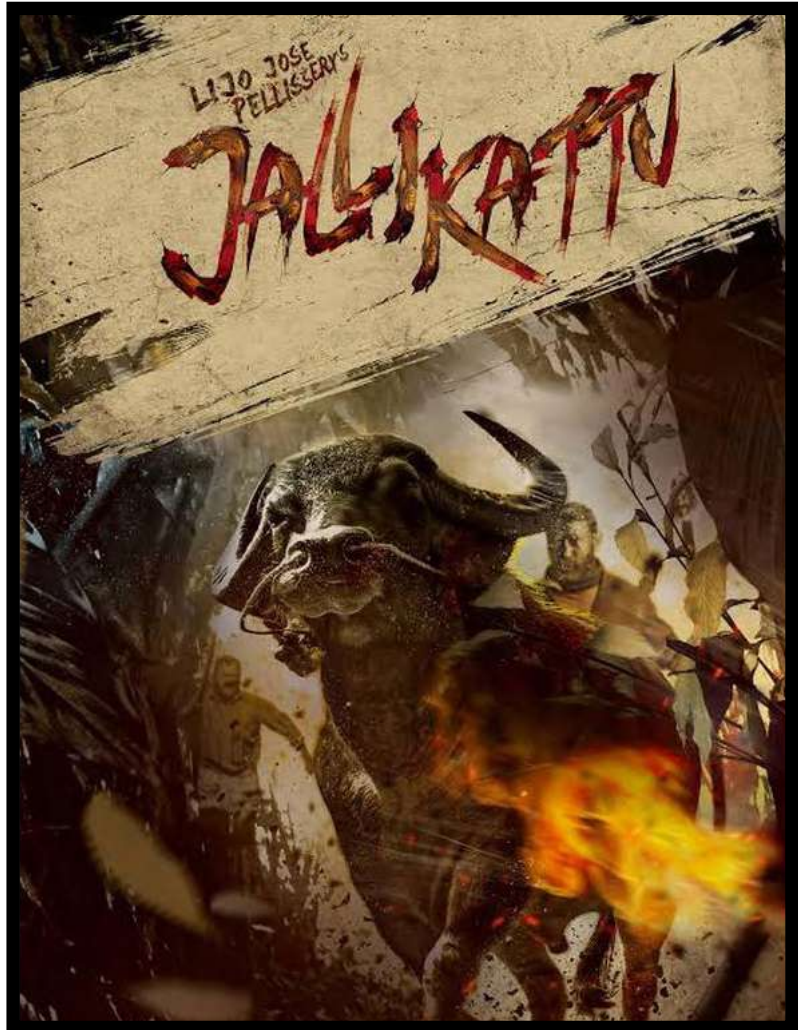
JALLIKATTU

“ E r u t h a z h u -
vuthal a Belief”

Cast- Antony Varghe-
se, Chemban Vinod Jose,
Santhy Balachandran

Director - Lijo Jose Pel-
lissery

Synopsis- (Based on a story by S Hareesh) In the southern part of India, a buffalo escapes and wreaks havoc through the village during the traditional fest Jallikattu. Villagers then desperately try to hunt the feral animal, but all of it goes in vain and in the end, it is revealed in the film that a man and a beast are not much distant.



REVIEW:

Jallikattu has a vivid visual experience to behold on the big screen. A spectacle at times frightening, appalling and thrilling. The film begins with the sound of a clock ticking during the early hours of sunrise, and we see a butcher Varkey (Chemban Vinod Jose) preparing to slaughter a buffalo but suddenly, it slips through his vision and runs into a hilly jungle. The story in Jallikattu depicts a rivalry between two men - Kuttachan (Sabumon), who lives far away from the village and has a reputation for hunting and taming feral beasts and Antony (Antony Varghese), a butcher, both of them, work with Varkey (Chemban Vinod Jose). They have a liking towards Varkey's sister. As the film interprets, the decisive reason for their strife is Sophie (Santhy Balachandran), Varkey's sister, who is more drawn towards Kuttachan and rebuffs Antony. At first glance, it looks like a male supremacy movie, but it's not.

Soon after the news spread, villagers began to search for the buffalo. Due to the misconception amongst the villagers and the internal feud, they get divided into two groups Kuttachan's (Sabumon) and Antony's (Antony Varghese) group. Later on, when Antony and Kuttachan are involved in an intense fight, both men make weird animal sounds out of aggression, making a complete transformation from man to beast. This scene gives the film a different narrative of which we were not aware. It gives us a glimpse of how we are no different from animals when it's about greed. The film's stunning climax shows us a shallow pit where the buffalo gets trapped, and the group of men violently jump into the pit on one another and forms a human pyramid. They behave as if they have forgotten what they were chasing, and at this particular moment, the movie ends on an ambiguous note. Leaving the audience in dismay whether the buffalo escaped from the horrific human pyramid or it was Antony who gets torn apart by the mob of hunters who can't distinguish between humans and animals anymore? If we remember carefully, There's a hint in the first half of the movie where Kuttachan tells one of the men that human meat is the tastiest, much to the listener's horror. In the end, the director gives us the post-credit scene where we see men in animal skins jubilate over the meat they have in their hands.

Soon after the news spread, villagers began to search for the Is it that of some other animal, or have they killed one of their men? We know what makes us human in our unconscious mind - art, music, language, fine food- we're also constantly disguising the primal urges that give us away. Jallikattu deliberately gives us the impression of how analogous human beings are to animals, despite years of civilisation and development trying to distinguish between the two categories. What it takes is only a trigger for us to regress to who we really are. In the end, the director gives us a message in disguise that exposes what agitates us, the need to eat and the greed to mate, which we share with all other creatures, which relates to the obsession that humans have with food, same as animals but only insatiable.

-SAHIL H. MURMOO
B.A POLITICAL SCIENCE
SEMESTER 2

THE LUNATIC

-RUMAYSA MEHBOOB
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5

The Lunatic?

He was earlier regarded as a lunatic. People used to tell him that he does not have a future. He used to see beauty in every small change in nature. He used to add to the depth of the words. Whenever he was in pain people used to get to read his new masterpiece. When he was happy people wanted him to be sad so that they could read more of him. He could make people feel those emotions he himself had never felt. He could create such scenarios with his words which in real life could never exist. The ones who read him believed that he had been a part of that scenario. Little did they know that what his words could speak was what he had always wished for. He could influence people and could make them believe in his beliefs.

He could make one feel both loved and hated at the same time. He would cry when a flower wrinkled away and would be as happy as a mother of a new born is when he saw the new flower take birth overnight. He was not a lunatic neither was he someone who just spoke about anything and everything.

Yes, he was a poet, a great storyteller. Yes, he was a writer one who could change what people believed with his words.

MY MOTHER'S PERFUME

My youth embraces nostalgia, a pleasant souvenir of my mother,
Yearns' my heart for a memory like no other.

My childhood filled with my origin's essence
making the place we live our home,
Outright ebullient, straight-up poised, a
paradise.

Time and again emboldening us, she was our
backbone.

Her fragrance was nothing special but a sacred feel that hypnotize,
Essence of freshly baked cookie,
Rice from the cooker with a bliss of hand-made meal,
'Satisfying her child, with love who was so
picky.

An elegant work of serenity, my world she
turned out to be, my happy dome.
Radiant and delightful her smile, carrying
incense of home,
Our mom's perfume spreading the feel of Waikiki.

Miracle it is, her child feels shielded smelling her cologne.

An astral living being, she is God's gift a
human standalone.

F I R E

I blaze, I shine, I burn,
Whatever I touch
To ashes, I turn.

Forests, villages, lives,
All have I consumed.
I burn the living
And burn the dead.
My fumes cause terror and dread.
Destruction I am,
The symbol of death.

This is what I show,
This is what is my pride.
But all I want to hide,
Is my other, gentler side.

Sometimes, I'm calm, domesticated,
And not wild.
As gentle and delicate
As a child.
Then as a flame of a lamp or a candle,
I enlighten your path,
I become a guide,
I become your sight.
Dispeller of darkness,
The symbol of knowledge,
The symbol of light.

**Indeed I destroy what is old,
For the new to take its place.**

**But sometimes I touch
Not to burn,
But to mould or purify.**

**Sometimes I burn
Not to destroy,**

**But to provide warmth and comfort
In the harsh winters.**

**But being this gentle little flame
Makes me fear.**

**For it needs to be protected,
And maintained with love and care.**

Or I'll be no more.

**For the blowing winds make me roar,
When I'm strong and fixed.**

**The same winds,
When blow through my weak little self,
I'm extinguished.**

**Indeed these winds
And this fright
Don't let me be just a soft gentle
Source of light.**

**I am that fire, You are that fire,
But these winds don't let us shine
The way we desire.**

**- SURYAM KISHOR
MCVP , SEMESTER 5**

DIGITISATION

Six years ago, the Narendra Modi government popularised the word digitisation which was an excogitation way against its time for the people of India. We didn't realise at that time what impact would these have. Now, after all these years, we are enjoying blazing fast internet and digital transcription of various official work in just a click or a call away from our home earlier for which we had to lineup in shady government department buildings and wait for hours for our turn to come up and that too we had to pay a sum of bribe to the (babus) clerk for speeding it up so that it doesn't take a millennium to be concluded. We have come up so far from that, and we are again looking into digitising a vital aspect of human life health. The word digitisation of health is again gaining pace and prevalence because of the launch of a new mission called Ayushman Bharat Digital Mission, an initiative by the union government. The National Health Authority is the body to whom the decree to design, build, roll out and implement the mission in the country belongs. The flagship digital initiative involves the creation of not just an unique randomly generated 14 digit health ID for every citizen but also a digital healthcare professionals and facilities registry. The digital health ecosystem will provide six key essential blocks HealthID, DigiDoctor, Health Facility Registry, Personal Health Records, e-Pharmacy and Telemedicine, which will give it a complete structure. The ID primarily is used for three purposes: unique identification, authentication, and threading of the beneficiary's health records, only with the prior consent for it, across multiple systems and stakeholders.

OF HEALTH?

DIGITISATION

But what was the need? There were significant reasons for this: easy handling of India's massive population, and second, such a mass population should not get duped by some quacks and frauds and pay for their lives. Another humanitarian benefit of this system is that it makes it easier to find doctors and specialists nearest to you. The intent is to liberate citizens from the complexity of finding the best doctors, easy appointments, having precise knowledge of consultation fees without having to visit the hospitals multiple times and also to avoid carrying numerous stacks of prescription sheets. This will empower the public to make an erudite decision to avail the most satisfactory possible healthcare. As it was in the case of digitisation, the same concern of security and questions regarding the use of health data still exists. Due to the lack of a proper data protection bill, It could lead to the misuse of data by private firms and opportunists. Exclusion of citizens and denial of adequate healthcare due to the faults in the system is also a cause of concern. A point to note here is that National Health Service (NHS) in the United Kingdom also had a similar scheme that proved out to be a failure. The government must pay heed to these technical and implementation-related deficiencies, and they should proactively address them to the experts before launching the mission on a national level (Pan-India).

*-SAHIL H. MURMOO
B.A POLITICAL SCIENCE,
SEMESTER 2*

OF HEALTH?

THE FIRE AMONGST THE WINDS

*A princess she is, said a man
Soft and weak, kind and mild —
A precious gem that needs protection,
Naive by nature, pampered like a child.
A responsibility to take care of,
Relying on the wisdom of men,
That's all what is good for her sake,
For a woman must never make a mistake!*

*The queen of the ménage, said another,
Who cares and guides like a mother;
Like the earth, she bears the old and young,
Mature she is, and serves like no other;
An honour and gift for her kin-folk's sake,
For a woman shall never make a mistake!*

*Strong she is, as mighty as men!
Said a novel voice from amongst the crowd,
Whether in house or at work, she must prove her mettle,
And her right to earn, to learn, to be proud.
She must not be vulnerable!*

*She must not be tender!
Not a sensitive song sung in ceremonies,
But a loud cry for an independent strife.
To assert, to manage is expected from her,
Not to be a modest motherly weak housewife;
She must live her life for her own sake,
For a woman can never make a mistake!*

L

*She still yearns for another voice,
A new assurance to come.
But said no one that it's for her to decide
What and what not to become.
She can blaze bold and boisterous at times
Like a fierce fire, unyielding, relentless, bright;
As a blacksmith's blaze, mould her kindred,
Or guide as a benign flame of light
As nurturing as a cookfire, as comforting as a hearth;
Let her spark determine the way it shall shine,
Let not the winds settle the fire's worth.*

*She can be tough, she can be tender;
Being vulnerable at times is the right of the bold.
Bound to human values, beyond any gender,
And not to expectations, modern or old.
She can be gentle, she can be assertive,
Or both at a time if she will;
To be a princess or a queen is her prerogative
Or to be neither of them if she will.
For a caring mother is still strong,
Nor always is a housewife controlled by others,
As some bluestockings change the world
What's best for her shall not be told by others.
For them she may choose to live her life,
Or choose to live for her own sake;
Yes, choices imperfect at times she may make,
For a woman has the right to make a mistake!*

**SURYAM KISHOR
MCVP, SEMESTER 5**

ZEE STUDIOS

BENARAS
MEDIAWORKS

LET'S BE INDIANS
FIRSTLY AND LASTLY

BASED ON SHOCKING TRUE EVENTS

ANUBHAV SINHA & ZEE STUDIOS PRESENT

ARTICLE 15

AB FARQ LAAYENGE!

A BENARAS MEDIAWORKS PRODUCTION

DIRECTED BY ANUBHAV SINHA

PRODUCED BY ANUBHAV SINHA & ZEE STUDIOS

A ZEE STUDIOS RELEASE



28TH JUNE

ZEE MUSIC CO.

ARTICLE 15 - 2019

Crime/Drama/Thriller

RUNTIME-2h 10 min

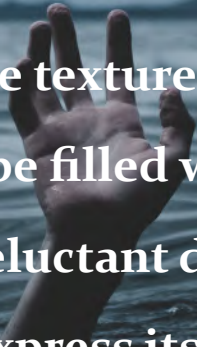
Director Anubhav Sinha presents us the primaevial issues of modern India that still exists in the 21st century, and it's tough to imagine such barbarism is still persistent in the remote areas of Uttar Pradesh, Gujarat, Haryana, Maharashtra. The topic Sinha presents is about the caste system, which has plagued India and Indians since ancient times and is nowhere to be seen to improve since the independence and is a blot to the country's image in the West. Multi-talented actor Ayushmann Khurrana is playing the lead role of an IPS officer where he tries to find the rapist and murderers of minor Dalit sisters. Their only fault was that they asked the contractor to increase their daily wages. If not, they would work under someone else for better wages and just because of this egoistic cast mentality, the contractor and his group gang rapes and murders them. The title of this film is taken from the constitution of India, which prohibits discrimination on any grounds but the film being contradictory to this shows that the spirit of this article is never followed in ground reality, it is just a mere piece of paper, and the caste system isn't just alive, it is still kicking and thriving in the illiterate regions of our country. Although Ayushmann gave a thrilling performance, Mohammed Zeeshan Ayyub's small presence took the movie to another dimension who portrays a charismatic Dalit revolutionary who appears to have been modelled on Bhim Army leader Chandrashekhar Azad, and his epic dialogue still rings the bell in my ear's "Kabhi hum Harijan ho jaate hai to kabhi Bahujan ho jaate hain, bas Jan nahi ban pa rahe ki Jan Gan Man mein hamari bhi ginti ho jaaye." Caste guides almost every conversation in the film and is sometimes laughed off as if it's nothing. In one of the scenes, Ayan asks his team members about their caste affiliations to prove that hierarchy runs deep even within sub-castes. The proof of this can be seen just after this cut when Ayan scours through the countryside to find the pieces of evidence and clues for the case, and then a heart-wrenching scene shows a worker clearing a sewer full of human excreta who has been condemned to this job by the accident of his birth caste. Ayan finally gets his answers – and his moment of realisation – when he disembark into a similar dilemma himself. Article 15 isn't exactly nuanced about the brutal system that continues to subjugate Dalits, but neither are the times. The dubious portions balance out the stages that echo the headlines, for every scene that seems out of place, another reminds us of why this movie effectively proves its point. We read about such cases daily, we moan about these horrors but to no avail. Article 15 is not a film in search of easy answers. It is rather an indicator that we already know the questions but don't ask them enough.

-SAHIL H. MURMOO
B.A POLITICAL SCIENCE,
SEMESTER 2

EMPTINESS

Mind full of thoughts,
Heart filled with emotions.
However, my pages are empty without any poetic cre-
ation.

Life, a metaphor,
Days completely ironical,
And thus joy never peeps in, finding no position.



The vintage textured papers,
Awaiting to be filled with poetry.
But the reluctant dear ink,
Is scared to express its desolation.

The haunting emotions,
And the moral decisions,
Creating in my mind multiples of rage and unwanted
irritation.

The isolation of mine,
Pours anxiety at every interval of nine,
Pushing me deep into the ocean of distress: from
where my expression gets confined.

The isolated disturbed self,
Denies to share the pain,
Creating in me, the ocean of emptiness, stress and
exhaustion.

The outcome of this void,
Is the devastated situation,
Creating in me a flood of pessimistic emotions.

Mind full of thoughts,
Heart filled with emotions.
However, my pages are empty without any
poetic creation.

~ MANISH MUKHI
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5

Purple

*In the unlimited blue sky,
I fly.*

*I fly the flight of freedom,
The leap of immense faith
In what is to come.*

*Among the purple clouds of achievement, peace and delight
Made of the delicate droplets of love, pure and fulfilling
The clouds give you goosebumps and make you cry,
Among those clouds I fly.*

*Among those clouds whatever is deserved is achieved;
Whatever one can, one has.*

*Among those clouds there is no hatred, no struggle, no need, no void.
The freedom from fragile limitations, where the blue sky meets the violet dreams,
and red love, passionate as it can be,
There, there I see
I see myself and the world.*

*I see, I dream, before I realise that the sky is not purple, nor is the world.
The burning heat
of the sunlight is not sweet,
The feet are on the dusty grounds where even a seed struggles to sprout.
I discover the brown nature of reality and its sorrows;
The grey laments and limitations make up the world,
With wrong choices, failed efforts and regret;
The world is not purple, not yet.*

SURYAM KISHORE
MCVP, SEMESTER 5



SHAIKA IMAM
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2



PRIYA KUMARI



SAHIL KUMAR
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2

AESTHETICS



ROHIT SARKAR
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2

AN OPEN LETTER TO GRANDPA

BHAIRI SAI VALLIKA
B.COM(HONOURS)
SEMESTER 5

Dear Grandpa,

I know, since all these years people remember you as a poet, writer, playwright, composer, philosopher, social reformer and painter, Nobel laureate in literature but for me, you are from my grandfather's generation so I will address you as one. And I hope you'll love this adjective as you also need a change at times.

As I write, I know that you are watching me from up above. Smiling. I can imagine you sitting with a pen and paper pouring your thoughts into words and entertaining the Lords with your poems and stories.

Today I am writing this letter on behalf of my whole generation. I am writing this to say sorry. I'm sorry for shattering your dream of India. The India I live in is not the India that you envisioned while penning down your iconic poem 'Where the Mind is Without Fear'. I'm sorry that today we as a country lack freedom of expression and choice. There is fear of oppression and the head is seldom held high. You wished for an India that is "not broken up into fragments" but unfortunately we are divided. Religious,

-ken us. Today having a different opinion is equivalent to a death threat. We were diversified before as well but now we are no more a bouquet of flowers, and I'm sorry for allowing these "walls" to build up as a mute spectator.

You always wanted your fellow countrymen to speak words that "come out from the depth of truth" but I am afraid to confess that people today are failing to differentiate between truth and falsehood. Between right and wrong. People lie so and convincingly that it has become difficult to filter the reality. I'm sorry that we rely on fabrication to march ahead in our lives.

You prayed to God that "the clear stream of reason has not lost its way" in our minds. You wanted us to be logical and progressive. You wanted conscience and reason to take precedence but even after 75 years to 1947 and many historical scientific achievements, we are becoming a society where blind superstitious habits have put out the light of reason. We have stopped questioning. We accept what is told. Overpowered by emotions irrationally we set out on a killing spree and shamelessly even call it names. I'm ashamed and sorry on our behaviour as wild animals instead of social animals.

I know that you are watching all this. You already know all this. And that you are hurt and immensely

pained. I know I will never post this letter to your address. But still I am writing this apology for my own soul's satisfaction. I am sorry that we messed up with your dream and with the India that you and your friends gifted us so painstakingly. Yes not everyone is responsible for this destruction. There are many Indians young and old alike, who believe and strive hard every single day to convert your dream into reality. I'm hopeful that your earnest prayer to the to lead us to the human ideals, "into the heaven of freedom" and to "let our country awake" in truest sense will definitely be answered.

As I sign off, I promise to live up to your expectations and be a part of this positive change in whatever way possible.

With lots of love,

Yours loving
Grand daughter

SPEAK OUT

I slam the door and sit with my knees close to my chest. Pitch dark it is. I shout and scream. Silently. Lest I will be judged. Allegations were laid. Without me being heard. My stand was nowhere. I cannot opine. I cannot question the judgement else I will be tagged arrogant. Hence I cry. Alone and lonely. Tears roll down like floods carrying with them everything felt, unsaid and unheard. Why me? I think. Why me? I swear to God. I question my fate and my existence.

But then I realise I may not be the only one. Someone else maybe is also suffering and be voiceless like me. Hence I decide to speak out. I express. I start getting comforting messages. I feel less pain now. People start sharing their experiences in return. My tears dry up. I feel belonged. I feel me. Am I judged for this? I don't know. Maybe yes. But now I don't care. I know I'm not alone and that I have someone to talk to.

I have learnt that speaking out doesn't make us a vulnerable or weak person. It is just a stereotype. In reality it justifies our inner strength. It empties our heart and keeps us sane. It encourages others as well to break the cocoon of insecurities and come out. So speak out. Slowly but steadily. Speak out and you will find a whole new world of people and perspectives welcoming you as you.

BHAIRI SAI VALLIKA
B.COM(HONOURS), SEMESTER 5

REALITY VS ESCAPSE

**Reality Is Harsh, Sad, Bitter And Rough.
Escaping into Dreams Are the Views as Wonderful as one's
Imagination Could Be,
Sweet, Soft, Pure and Perfect.
Ever Since I Get Hurt I Escape,
I Day Dream A Little.**

**Making Myself So Unreachable to Real Life That Every Day I
suffer,
Yes, I Suffer To Death.
I am Tortured By Reality and Killed By My Dreams.
I Walk Up As If Never Anything Happened In Reality, Imag-
ining Things Like They Are Perfect.
Like They Are Pure.**

**Every Ounce of Me Is Inferior, But My Imagination Is Per-
fect.
I Lay on Everybody's Side as a Pillar,
But When My Time Comes Everyone I Know Becomes Ra-
chid.**

**Hence, I Created a World I Never Share With Anyone,
Nor My Only One Could See.
It's the Only Place Where I Rest In Calm,
I Escape From The Harsh Reality.**

SMRITI DEY
(ENGLISH HONOURS)
SEMESTER 2

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