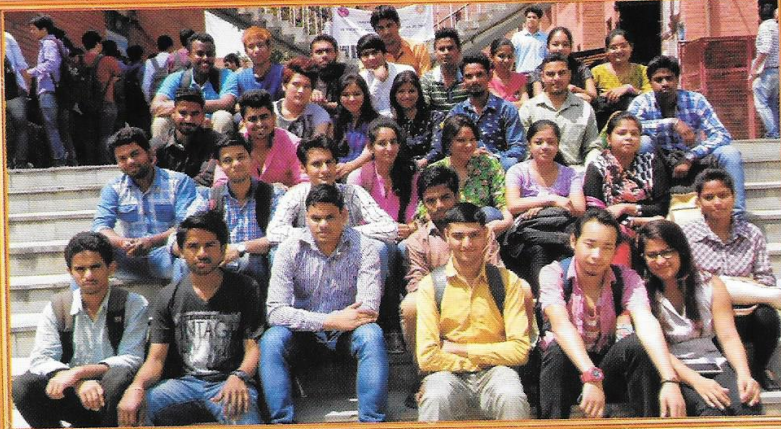
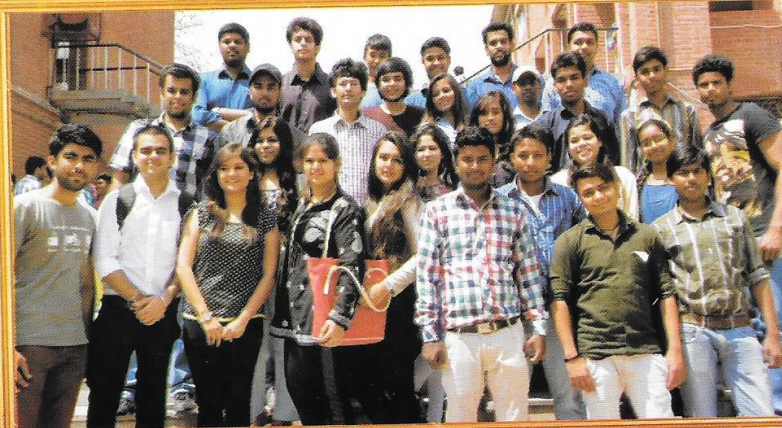


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Where is Our Forever?

There are those days when I badly need you by my side,
But then, I know you won't come.
You won't render your ear to all that I've been holding in me from so long.

So, in order to comfort my soul,
I pick up a pen and a paper.
And then, I've traversed in your world,
In our world...
Where there is just you and me,
Cherishing those moments,
Reliving those memories.

And I find myself standing next to you, hand in hand,
Staring at the night sky.
I can feel all the warmth,
I can feel the love that I've been devoid from so long.
I'm happy, yes because whenever I'm with you, my happiness knows no bounds.
But then, happiness isn't perpetual, you see?

As the pen kisses the paper hard and my tears wet it even more,
I realise something is pulling me back.
Then I look deep down into your eyes, and clutch your hand even tighter.
I don't wanna leave you, and with those frenzied emotions I scream "I love you."

This thing keeps pulling me back.
So as I struggle, I utter,
"Where is our forever? The forever that you had promised me? "
You lower your eyes and I am back into my world without any of your answers.

And this is the place where I belong, my lone world.
My very own world.
And this is how I manage to struggle with words,
Juggle between two worlds.
This is how I write.
The pen ends up kissing the paper, asking "Where is our forever?"

Riya Mehra
B.A. (H) English, I Year

मैं नारी हूँ



मैं नारी हूँ एक एहसासों से भरी प्याली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ एक शाम सुबह की लाली हूँ
मत तोड़ो मुझे सूखे पत्तों की तरह
मैं नारी हूँ एक नयी कली खिलने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ दुनिया में प्रेम जगाने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ आखों में झील दिखाने वाली हूँ
मत छोड़ो मुझे बंजर भूमि की तरह
मैं नारी हूँ कजरारे मेघों से रसधार बरसाने वाली हूँ।
मैं नारी हूँ पंछी सा गाना चाहती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ पंछी सा उड़ना चाहती हूँ
मत कैद करो पिंजड़े में मुझे
मैं नारी हूँ हवा-सी फिरना चाहती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ कोयल सा गाना चाहती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ पंछी-सा उड़ना चाहती हूँ
मत कैद करो पिंजड़े में मुझे
मैं नारी हूँ हवा सी फिरना चाहती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ घर की शोभा बढ़ाने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ ममता की धारा बहाने वाली हूँ
मत मारो मुझे गर्भ में
मैं नारी हूँ दुनिया बनाने, बचाने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ क्या दुनिया में सबसे न्यारी हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ पल पल लुटने वाली क्यारी हूँ
मत हवस बुझाओं और सताओ
मैं नारी हूँ डरी सहमी एक दुखियारी हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ बिखरे हुए मोती पिरने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ जग सबको जगाने वाली हूँ
मत तपाओ, बहाओ अशकों की तरह
मैं नारी हूँ मोम सी पिघल जाने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ सूरज से पहली किरण आने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ निशा चाँद चाँदनी फैलाने वाली हूँ
मत बिखराओ मुझे मार पत्थर

मैं नारी हूँ काँच का आँचल रखने वाली हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ लौ संग जलती बाती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ जग-उजियाला फैलाती हूँ।
मत बुझाओं मुझे तुम
मैं नारी हूँ जग अधियारा कर जाती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ प्रेम में खुशी खुशी लुट जाती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ अपने बच्चों पर न्यौछावर हो जाती हूँ
मत खोओ मुझे मैं अमूल्य रत्न
मैं नारी हूँ जीवन का मधुमास हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ सबके जीने की एक आस हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ सागर की गहराई पर्वत की उचाई हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ तपी हुई रेत सी बर्फ की ठंडाई हूँ
मुझे क्या भाँपोगे तुम सब
मैं नारी हूँ उठी लहर सी गिरी पहर सी तरूणाई हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ प्रकृति की तन्हाई हूँ
देती हूँ आहुति सृष्टि बचाने को
मैं नारी हूँ जग रच जग जननी कहलायी हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ घर घर में पूजी जाती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ आदिशक्ति कहलाती हूँ
मत जुल्म ढाओ मुझ पर दुष्टों
मैं नारी हूँ दुष्ट संहारिणी माँ काली कहलाती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ बन लक्ष्मीबाई, दुर्गा रण कौशल दिखलाती हूँ
मैं नारी हूँ शांत भाव से पुरुषों के भी काम कर जाती हूँ
अपने पर आ गयी तो उगली पर नचाऊँगी सबको
मैं नारी हूँ मत आजमाना मुझे मैं सृष्टि चलाती हूँ।

अवकेश कुमार

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) बी.जे.एम.सी., प्रथम वर्ष

क्या कहूँ जमाने को?

क्यूँ प्यार किया तूने?
 यूँ ही भूल जाने को
 क्यों दर्द दिया तूने?
 मुझे यूँ तड़पाने को
 मेरे अशकों का हिसाब
 अब कहाँ से लाऊँ मैं?
 क्यों तड़प रहा ये दिल,
 क्या कहूँ जमाने को?

न छोड़ूँगा साथ तेरा,
 ये वादा किया था तूने
 जब छोड़ गया तू साथ
 ये जीवन लगा चुभने
 सीढ़ी बनाया मुझको
 मंजिल तक जाने को
 क्यों वादे किए वो,
 दिल को बहलाने को?

इस दिल की बगिया में
 जो फूल खिलाए तूने
 आज कुचल गया सब कुछ
 बंजर कर जाने को।

इन आंसूओं के दम से
 जो सैलाब आया है
 वो मेरे दिल के टुकड़े
 टूटा हर खाब लाया है।

फिर उमड़ा ये सैलाब
 तेरी यादें भुलाने को
 पर देख लिया सबने,
 अब क्या कहूँ जमाने को?

क्यों भूल कर भी तू?
 भूला-सा न लगता
 है धुँध चारों तरफ
 पर तू धुँधला सा न लगता।

तेरे बगैर भी मैं
 जी रही हूँ इस पल को
 देख आँसू
 पूछेंगे सब मुझसे
 क्या कहूँगी कल सबको?

सुनीता

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी, तृतीय वर्ष

बहुत है

बचा न सका “टापू” को कोई,
 इंसान को बचाने वाले बहुत है,
 उठा ना सका पहाड़ों को कोई,
 पत्थरों को उठाने वाले बहुत है
 सजा ना संसार को कोई,
 घरों को सजाने वाले बहुत है।

हरा न सका हार को कोई,
 जीत को हराने वाले बहुत है
 हटा ना सका दुख को कोई
 सुख को हटाने वाले बहुत है,
 दे ना सका प्रकृति को कुछ कोई
 प्रकृति से लेने वाले बहुत है।

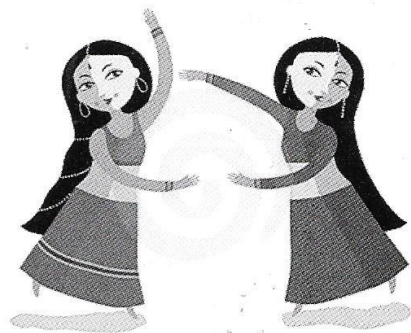
जो हम में है उसे भी खोज न पाया कोई
 जो नहीं है, उसे बताने वाले बहुत हैं,
 ना तैरा विशद् समुद्र में कोई
 तलाबों में तैरने वाले बहुत हैं,
 न चला परम के रास्ते पर कोई
 खुद को परम बताने वाले बहुत हैं।

शांति को शांति के द्वारा लाया नहीं कोई
 शांति को युद्ध के द्वारा लाने वाले बहुत हैं।

यह अस्तित्व व सत्य “टापू” है और ‘मन’ इंसान
 तभी बचा ना सका “टापू” को कोई
 क्योंकि इंसान को बचाने वाले बहुत है।

सिन्द्धार्थ

बी.ए. प्रोग्राम



Goddess of Hopefulness

In the dungeons of drudgery and despair
Prevailed all misery and pain
I laid there all cold and still
In utter melancholy and darkness
Cocooned in the laps of sorrow
The heavy stoned walls caved me
So stolid and gallant
I pondered if these I could ever break
Against the monolith I leaned
The grey roof seeping in fluid
Pouring right over my jet black hair
When I looked up to see the crystal droplets
They fell right where my sight lay
As if brimming tears from my heavy eyes
And yes! The devil of dungeons spoke
Of all lost battles and lost lives
Of all unquenched thirst
Of hunger not relieved
Of all despairing dreams
Of all despairing thoughts
And of all gay roads not taken
Instantly I listened
So obedient and faithful
Deprived of all optimism
There was then a spark of emerald light
Flashing beneath the load iron door
The door seemed to have been unfastened, unlocked,
Unlocked by I don't know who
Perhaps the lady of the heavens did so
Her Highness, a tall figure
Lady with flouring white gown
Her blue hair enhanced her beautiful form
And her face the emerald glow
Beckoned I was by her
A chance she gave to grow
To break the shackles of imprisonment
I longed to reach her
Her hands glimmering sapphire
And I did,
Stepping out of suffocation

I witnessed the dungeons where I lay
Was but the meadow of my dreams
Cherubins humming the most beautiful note,
The sky iridescent
The cool breeze passed me
Left me calm and serene
The presence of the divine I sensed in my being
So carefree and I broke free
Every nook and crazy, I did not fail to frolic
Any my teens of pessimism transformed
Transformed into joys of laughter
The Goddess of light,
The Goddess of cheerfulness,
The Goddess of the material
She was to me
But most of all she was to me
The Goddess of hopefulness
She will but guide me,
Inspire my weary soul
And lead me till the end of my mortality.

Argha Kashyap
B.Sc. (H) Geology, I Year



बेटियाँ

यहाँ बीज बोए जाते हैं
बेटों के लिए और आ जाती हैं बेटियाँ
खाद व पानी मिलता है
बेटों को मगर लहलहाती है बेटियाँ।

एवरेस्ट की ऊँचाइयों तक लड़खड़ा जाते हैं बेटे,
वहीं चढ़ जाती है बेटियाँ।

माँ-बाप को छोड़ देते हैं बेटे, जहाँ
वहीं उन्हें सम्भाल लेती हैं बेटियाँ।
जहाँ सुख के सपने दिखाते हैं बेटे,
वहीं जीवन की वास्तविकता से रूबरू कराती हैं
बेटियाँ अगर न हो बेटियाँ तो,
घर के आंगन में कहाँ से आएगी लक्ष्मी?

अगर न हो बेटियाँ तो,
कौन रक्षा-बंधन पर बाँधेगी भाईयों को राखी?

अगर न हो जीवन में बेटियाँ तो,
कहाँ से होगी लाखों कुँवारे लड़कों की शादियाँ?
क्या जीवन है सिर्फ बेटों का?
इसीलिए गर्भ में ही मारी जाती है बेटियाँ।

ना जाने क्यों इस सत्य से अनजान है ये दुनिया,
कि जीवन में सम्मान दिलाती हैं बेटियाँ।

मोहित यादव

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी, द्वितीय वर्ष



क्यों मर गई इंसानियत

काल है! कलयुग है ये भी।
छा रही शैतानियत
घोर काले बादलों में
छिप रही इंसानियत

उगने से पहले ही जब
उखाड़ फेंका बीज को
कहाँ गुमा बैठे हैवानों
हल्की सी उस खीझ को
बेकसूरों की नहीं अब
कतरा भर ज़मानियत

ज़रा-ज़रा चीखता है
उन पलों को याद कर
कमज़ोर हूँ, मासूम हूँ
तू न मुझे बर्बाद कर
है कर दिया आबाद तो
बर्बाद भी मैं कर सकूँ
हां! इतनी भी हिम्मत है मुझमें
न मर सकूँ न डर सकूँ

पर मर्यादा के खेल ने
मुझको अधूरा कर दिया
ऐसा किया है घाव
कि, डर-ही-डर मुझमें भर दिया।

हूँ उस खुदा से पूछती
तू आज तो इंसाफ कर
क्यों मर गई इंसानियत?
है जिन्दा क्यों हैवानियत?

सुनीता

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी, तृतीय वर्ष

Minds' Voices

Written in the JNU library at 2 am, Friday, 21 November 2014. Overpowered with the flow of knowledge in a big hall where many great minds were working together.

All I could hear was
Some deep breaths,
Pages turning over,
Voice of the winter wind,
At times, movement of chairs.
The minds indeed were speaking aloud.

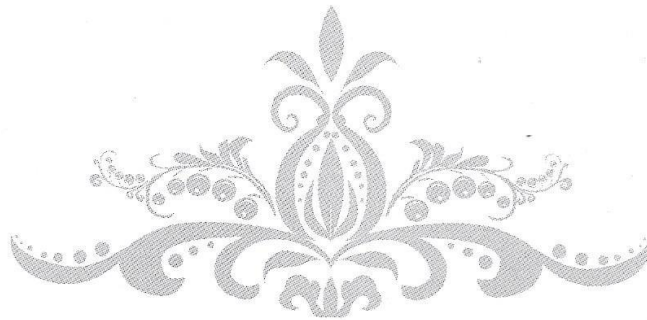
It was an aura of wisdom,
Whispering few magical spells,
The mind could grasp it all.

The hall felt like, great minds gathered together,
There was perpetual flow of knowledge in the star studded silence,
And great voice in the calmness.

No one had time to peek into others' books,
Beause all were busy in mastering their own knowledge.
It was their strive for excellence,
Which brings them near perfection.

Awestruck as my heart realised,
When you're sleeping, someone is being knowledge-i-fied.

Steven S George
B.A. (H) English, I Year



गुनाह हूँ मैं

ना जानती खुद को, मैं हूँ
न पहचानती खुद को, मैं हूँ
ये मानती खुद को, मैं हूँ

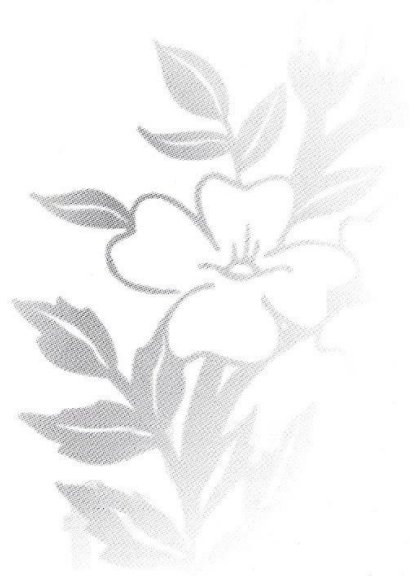
सब कुछ कर दिया
मिटा दिये हर लफ़्ज़ मेरी,
जिन्दगी की किताब से
के मिट रहे वो कतरा-कतरा
क्यों जिन्दा हूँ मैं सोचती।

हर पल मेरे बेताब से पर,
डोर को पकड़े हूँ अब भी
मैं जी सकूंगी जानकर
इस झूठ को ही मानकर
मैं जी सकूंगी जानकर
के आज अपने दागों को
यूँ दीवारों में चुनवा दूँ मैं

पर जानते हैं राज सब
बस फिर भी एक गुनाह हूँ मैं

सुनीता

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी, तृतीय वर्ष



भेड़चाल

देखा-देखी नहीं मलाल
उठा आज फिर एक सवाल
अब जागो ओ! अन्धे लाल।
रोक तो अब ये भेड़ की चाल।

आँखों देखी करो भरोसा
क्या इडली है क्या है डोसा?
सच्चाई को बनाओ ढाल
मत चलो अब भेड़ की चाल।

जैसा देखा वैसा किया
ऐसा जिया भी तो क्या जिया
स्वयं करो-तुम जाँच-पड़ताल
रोक दो ये भेड़ की चाल।

सुनीता

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी, तृतीय वर्ष

I Depend on You

I start my day with your morning kiss
Something which I can never miss
You hold my hand in my cries
And taught the way how this sun had to rise
You say that I am your caterpillar
And the one who is your heart healer
You always come to my rescue
And told me how to be in a queue
When I'm sad you hug me tight
And always show the way right.

Though sometimes we disagree
As I want to be more free
And you are always scared of this thing
Because you never want me to be in a problem ring
You fear that I'll become a butterfly
Who'll fly away to her sky
I want to tell you that I'm scared of this too
I want to tell you that I'm dependant on you.

Though you'll let me take my flight
But I promise I'll never reach such a height
Where you've to reconsider your thought
And force yourself to tie me with a knot.
I'll always be your little girl.

And I promise that we when together will always be one rather than two
Please never leave me because I'm dependant on you !

*Dedicated to my dad
RIP Papa*



Shefali Banik

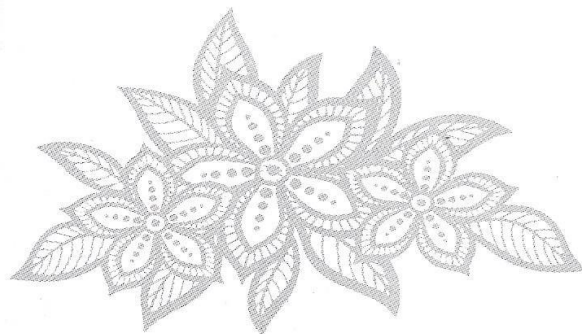
B.A. (H) English, I Year

Important Things I Failed to Learn in School

I don't know what throwing like a girl means.
I don't know what walking like a man means.
I don't get it why I should walk with my breasts pumped up and back straight.
I don't understand how the size of my penis is proportional to my masculinity.
I don't know which sex is weaker/fairer.
I'm unaware of the stronger/darker too.
I don't know what's a tomboy.
I don't know a Nancy boy either.
I don't associate with any colour.
Pink, blue, red, green!
Why does it matter??
I don't know what's wrong with gay,
It's such a happy word.
I don't wanna know who is man and who is wife in a homosexual relation.
What's wrong with a man wearing lip colour or nail paint?
They've been wearing earrings!
Somebody tell me what is masculine?
And what's feminine for that matter?
Because I don't know.

And I feel sorry...
For those who do.

Deepika Chauhan
B.Sc. (H) Comp. Sc., II Year



जीवन पहेली

जिन्दगी
एक पहेली है
भीड़ में तो है
पर सबसे अकेली है
एक आत्मा अकेली है

एक आत्मा एक शरीर को
जीवन देती है
बदलें में कुछ और नहीं
बस पूरा जीवन
उसके भीतर रह लेती है।

माँ के कोख में जब
एक बीज पनपता है
तब एक नन्हा सा
नया जीवन बनता है

वो भ्रूण जब शिशु का रूप लेता है
कोई उसे चमत्कार
तो कोई भगवान की देन कहता है
पर वैज्ञानिक और उनका विज्ञान

तो इसे अलग ही नाम देता है
इसीलिए मेरे जैसा पागल मानव
इस जीवन को पहेली कहता है
इंसान बंद मुट्ठी से

इस जीवन को पहेली कहता है
इंसान बंद मुट्ठी से
इस दुनिया में आता है
कभी किसी ने देखा है

कि वो उस मुट्ठी में क्या लाता है?
हमें तो खाली मुट्ठी है आना
और खुले हाथों को
खाली ही वापस लेकर जाना

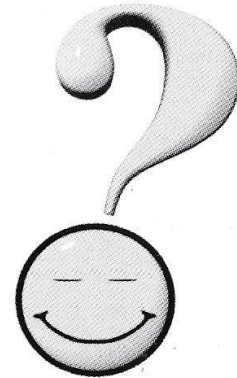
ऋषि-मुनि और वेद-कुरान
बस इतना ही सब कह गए
कि जीवन तो तेरा आज का है
पर करम पिछले जनम के रह गए

अगले पिछले की किसने जानी है?
जो है इसी जनम की कहानी है?
सात जनम सबको मिलते है
ये सच किस महापुरुष ने देखा है
पाप और पुण्य और कही नहीं
बस इसी जनम-करम का लेखा है

इस जीवन की अभी
बहुत सी पहेलियां बाकी है।
अब ये तो राम ही जाने
कि वो किस बंद पिटारे में रखी है।

सुनीता

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिंदी, तृतीय वर्ष



बस अब और नहीं

क्या हम इस संसार का हिस्सा नहीं?
 या हमारी तकदीर में कुछ लिखा नहीं।
 क्या हमें खुल के जीने का हक नहीं
 वैसे इस बात में कोई शक नहीं
 हम अपना लक्ष्य खुद नहीं चुन सकती
 या अपने लिए सपने नहीं बुन सकती
 पैदाइश से ही हम पर दूसरों का अधिकार होता है
 और हमें भी हर फैसला स्वीकार होता है।
 क्या एक लड़की के जीवन का यही आधार होता है?
 क्यों हमारी कहानी का कोई और ही सूत्रधार होता है।
 पहले तो बेटी के रूप में
 हम परिवार-मर्यादा का पालन करती हैं
 फिर एक पत्नी के रूप में
 अपने परिवार की मर्यादा में दब के रह जाती हैं
 फिर पैदा होते ही इनका जीवन
 अभिशाप क्यों कहलाता है।
 घर से बाहर निकलने का
 एक सपना जो हमने देख लिया
 मान लो इस दुनिया की नजर में
 जलते तवे पर खुद को सेंक लिया
 अरे बस! अब और नहीं,
 चीख-चीख दिल ये ही बात कहे।
 झूठी मर्यादा और नहीं
 चाहे जीवन बदले
 मृत्यु में ही सही
 पर ये जो पाबन्दियां है
 ये बेवजह बन्दिशें और नहीं
 जीवन हमारा क्या।
 घर की रसोई में रहना ही है।
 या ससुराल वालों के ताने सुन
 जल-जल कर मरना ही है।

हाथों की कठपुतलियां बना हमें
 घर की सजावट और नहीं
 हमारे जीवन लक्ष्यों पर
 एक भी रूकावट और नहीं
 इस मन से भी कह दिया है
 कि अब डर की आहट और नहीं
 कोने में बैठ कर रोना
 ये सिसकियाँ अब और नहीं
 इस सदी में जीना सीखो
 उस सदी की बातें और नहीं
 मान लो कि मन की चाहत ही सही
 पर झुठी दिखावट और नहीं
 बस अब और नहीं।

सुनीता

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिंदी, तृतीय वर्ष

पिता

तलाश में रोजगार की वो सारा गम ही खाते हैं,
 पिताजी आजकल, दो-चार रोटी कम ही खाते है।
 माँ देती है उनको रोटियाँ अपने भी हिस्से की मगर,
 मेरी थाली में रख के रोटियाँ, वो नया बहाना बनाते है।
 आदत नहीं रही उनकी अब, जरा भी मुस्कराने की,
 हमें हँसता हुआ देखने को फिर भी वो मुस्कराते हैं।
 पहले बड़ी सुलझी थी, उनकी शख्सियत "सचिन"
 साधु की जटाओं सा वो उलझा, खुद को पाते है।

सचिन कुमार

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) हिन्दी, प्रथम वर्ष

Lost Spring

The flying fake promises
And the stolen spring
Some working on roadsides
Some dangled in factory ring.

Their eyes yet gleam with
The dream of a bright tomorrow
Playing with their own shadows
To earn life, they themselves row.

A discarded shoe with a big hole
Is like a smile to their pale faces
A gift wrapped in wonder
Is like one of their life's brightest phases.

When they scrounge in sun
To earn a rupee or two
Barefoot they run, unconcerned
To what the world may think they do.

Working day and night
At merciless stores
Picking canisters heavier than them
Toiling to get a life they adore.

Miseries and agonies attacking fate
Making the poor bend with its weight
Even when they try to stand upright
Stuck before the vicious circle's gate.

The vicious circle does not support
Some poor standing out
But the corrupt police, government
That steal their penny yet are proud.

They keep on passing the buck
For which the poor literally solicit
With a hope glittering in their eyes
To their door everyday, the poor visit.

But who's gonna pay for
The harsh sacrifice
Of little blossoms
Living far off from paradise?

Who's gonna give back
The eyesight they lose
In dark, dirty rooms
Their vivacity defused?

Who's gonna give them
Big grounds to play
Clean schools to study
And who's gonna fulfill all for which they pray?

It's time to think and act
So they can regain the lost thing
It's us who can help them find
Their life's lost spring.

Vani Dhingra
B.Com. (H), II Year



आज अचानक

आज अचानक नई क्रान्ति फूट पड़ी मेरे अन्दर की
कुछ करके नया दिखाने की
कुछ बिगड़ी बात बनाने की
आज अचानक नई क्रान्ति फूट पड़ी मेरे अन्दर की।

स्वप्न मेरे हैं आम
कुछ खास लोगों के लिए,
इक नई पहचान बनाने की
आज अचानक नई क्रान्ति फूट पड़ी मेरे अन्दर की।

विशेष आवश्यकता वाले बच्चों को,
अधिकार दिलाने की
उनके अभिभावकों को सही जानकारी प्राप्त कराने की,
आज अचानक नई क्रान्ति फूट पड़ी मेरे अन्दर की।

सृष्टि के इन अनमोल रत्नों को
सम्मानजनक स्थान दिलाने की
आज अचानक नई क्रान्ति फूट पड़ी मेरे अन्दर की।।

महमूद आलम

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) इतिहास, तृतीय वर्ष

धन

धन से पुस्तक मिलती है, ज्ञान नहीं
धन से बिस्तर मिलता है, घर नहीं
धन से आदमी खरीदा जा सकता है, मित्र नहीं

धन से सुख मिलता है, आनंद नहीं
धन से दवा मिलता है, स्वास्थ्य नहीं

धन से एकांत मिलता है, शांति नहीं
इसलिए धन का अभिमान न करें।।।

सुष्मिता प्रधान

बी.ए., (ऑनर्स) इंग्लिश, तृतीय वर्ष

जीवन से अंजान

डुबती हुई नाव, तैरता हुआ सपना,
आगे बढ़ता हुआ बहाव, पीछे तैरकर थकना
उड़ान पंछी की, गिरावट पत्थर की तरह,
ज्ञान जन्मों का, मगर फिर भी कागज़ है कोरा।

जलती हुई आग, बुझी हुई राख
रोशनी से भरा संसार, अंधेरे से भरी आंख,
बहती हुई हवा, रूकी हुई श्वास
सुलझी हुई प्रकृति, अनसुलझा राज।

जन्म देता हुआ जीवन, मरता हुआ अस्तित्व
खिलता हुआ फूल, मुरझाता हुआ चरित्र
बीतता हुआ सपना, रूके हुए ख्याल
प्रेम से भरा हृदय, मन के सृजित जाल।

मरता हुआ जीवन, जीती हुई मौत,
रास्ता स्वयं तक का, खाए हुए हालाता।

अनेक धर्म, मरा हुआ भगवान
जीवित मनुष्य, जीवन से अंजान।।

सिद्धार्थ

बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, प्रथम वर्ष

जीवन के कुछ सत्य

सर्वोत्तम दिन-आज !!

सर्वोत्तम समय- अभी !!

सबसे बड़ी खुशी-अच्छी सेहत !!

सच्ची सुन्दरता-मुस्कराहट !!

अनमोल धन-आत्मविश्वास !!

सबसे बड़ा पाप-घृणा !!

सबसे बुरी भावना-ईर्ष्या !!

सबसे बड़ी भूल-समय का गलत प्रयोग !!

सबसे विश्वसनीय मित्र-आपका हाथ !!

सबसे बड़ी आवश्यकता- उत्तम ज्ञान !!

सुष्मिता प्रधान

बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) इंग्लिश, तृतीय वर्ष

All was Dust

All was dust.

It was a day not so fine

But it was something I could call mine

For it wasn't an ordinary day

It was the day when I entered the bay.

I sometimes wonder, what if I had stopped?

What if I had not left my spot?

What if, what if

It's always dreams

I can do nothing it seems

But there is something I have learnt

Which is the difference between reality and dreams

It's actually not what it seems

The difference is not in knowing

The difference is in doing

For what you do is reality and what you do not remains a dream

I told you it's not what it seems

I climb off my bed

And onto the floor I walk

I wish I had someone with whom to talk

I move ahead and enter the cabin

Where I keep all my savings

They are not cash or kind

They are things which are far more fine

They are dust

These are mine.

Why dust you ask?

What are we if not dust?

We die, we rot, we rust

But you should know this as it's a must,

In the end

All was dust.

Anuj Guliya
B.A. (H) English, I Year



ऊँचाई

उत्पत्ति हुई मेरी अनेकों रूपों में,
हर जन्म में नए भ्रम में खो गया,
अब तक क्या सीखा हूँ अपने अनुभव से,
जो बताए कि मैं हो गया।

मेरा 'मैं' हो जाना ही है स्पर्श ऊँचाई का,
अजीब है कि खेल है यह गहराई का,
अनुभव की जितनी गहरी चोट खाई,
उतनी ही है मेरी ऊँचाई।

ऊँचा मैं उठा, ऊँचा मैं हुआ,
सीधी सी बात है,
ऊँचाई ऊँचाई नहीं, अनंत है,
मेरा भी कोई अंत नहीं, ऊँचाई मेरा ही बसंत है।

सिद्धार्थ
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम, प्रथम वर्ष

Nyctophilia

"Expectation of a sunrise
When it's dark all around.
Waiting for the morning surprise
When light, again, is to be found."

Is it just me who loves the darkness
Or are there others too?
Light makes me feel the sadness
That I see on the faces blue.

I can't see anyone in the dark
And nobody sees me
Where there is no remark
And there is no tragedy.

Nobody lives and nobody dies,
There is no worry on the faces.
Nobody is happy and no one cries,
So dead are all the races.

You can't see me, I can hide
No emotion is left unexpressed
Nobody cares yet nobody fights
Everyone's leading, nobody is suppressed.

I don't care who and what you are,
I am not jealous of you.
All the relationships are kept afar,
And one never cares for the new.

There is so much more to darkness
Than there is to sunshine.
Do you see the world's harshness?
Or do you also see that everyone's fine?

Mansi Rayat
B.Com. (H), II Year

Her Night

Even tonight
She spent the night
remembering the one

Hugging the pillow
gazing at the pic
dripping eyes
and quilted body

Sealing her mouth
to stop her shout
She had to burn

Even tonight
she spent the night
remembering the one

Gyan Prakash Tripathi
B.Sc. (H) Comp. Sc., I Year

जीवन क्या है

जीवन एक संघर्ष है—इसे जीतो
जीवन एक चुनौती है—इसे स्वीकार करो
जीवन एक सौंदर्य है—इसे पूजा करो
जीवन एक कर्तव्य है—इसका पालन करो
जीवन एक स्वप्न है—इसे अनुभव करो
जीवन एक यात्रा है—इसे पूर्ण करो
जीवन एक खेल है—इसे दिल से खेलो
जीवन एक प्यास है—इसे तृप्त करो
जीवन एक रहस्य है—इसे सुलझाओ
जीवन एक दुख है—इस पर काबू पाओ
जीवन एक पहेली है—इसे हल करो
जीवन एक आशीष है—इससे फलीभूत हो जाओ
जीवन एक कर्मक्षेत्र है—इसमें शुभ कर्मों के बीज बोओ।

संकलनकर्ता :
सुष्मिता प्रधान
बी.ए. (ऑनर्स) इंग्लिश, तृतीय वर्ष

एक लाल चाहिए

माँ आज उदास है, हताश है, निराश है,
उजड़ा वतन संवार सके उन हाथों की तलाश है।
इस धरा को स्वर्ग बना सके, वो नौनिहाल चाहिए,
फैला है माँ का आँचल, बस एक लाल चाहिए।
नैनों में नीर है, हृदय में पीर है,
माँ के माथे पे चिंता की लकीर है।

लाज घर की बचा सके, वो समझदार चाहिए,
फैला है माँ का आँचल, बस एक लाल चाहिए।
न माँ के ये भक्त हैं, निज स्वार्थ में आसक्त हैं,
सेवा भाव से विरक्त ये, नकारा और अशक्त हैं।
सर्वजन सुखाय का विचार सशक्त होना चाहिए,
फैला है माँ का आँचल, बस एक लाल चाहिए।

संकलनकर्ता : शिव प्रकाश कुमार
बी.ए. (ऑनर्स), राजनीतिशास्त्र, द्वितीय वर्ष



Haven

Every night, when I am in pain
I think of the hard yet cozy bed,
That kept me company
When I was a victim.
'A Dreadful Disease' they say
I never felt that way.
I was in pain then
I am in pain now
And I think of the place
That others detest.
If I could choose my dream
Tonight I would see myself
Sleeping on the same bed, so comfortable.
No one wants me back there,
No one knows how I feel.
I want to travel back in the past
Lie with drips in my hands
Hear the unknown tongue
See the familiar corridors, desks and faces.
I will know that I am going to be fine
Among them, I am safe
Without them, haunts the fear
Day break will wake me up
Or the night will envelope my body.
I wish to be with the
Smiling faces who changed my sheets,
Caring faces who medicated me.
Never having to be lonely again,
I wish to wake up joyously.
The pain doesn't vanish there
But it's easier to deal with it.
Smile comes naturally with the suffering
Understanding is sometimes what one needs.

Akankshya Abismruta
B.A. (H) English, III Year

My Love For you

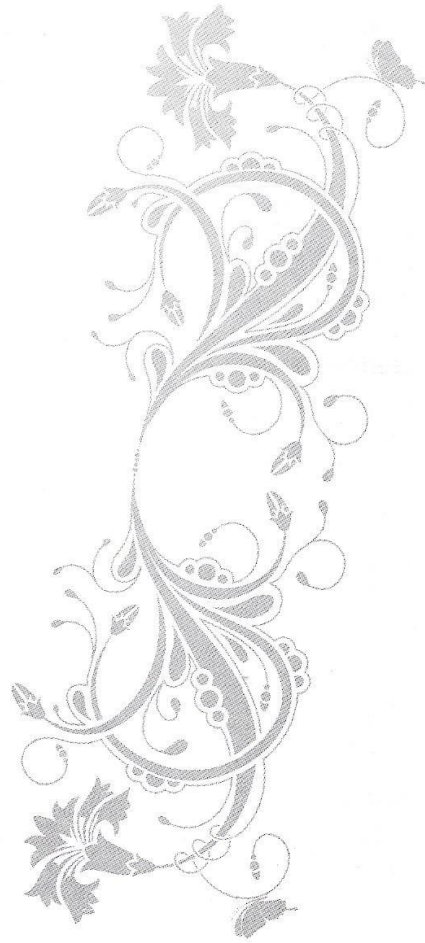
*I love maths for the plus sign reminds me of adding myself to
you,
Subtracting the long distance between us.
Dividing all the obstacles into beautiful moments,
I still remember the multiplication of your smile, when I stared at your eyes.
Dragging your tears to negative with all my compromises,
Ending up in positive,
Balancing our love integer with my pain for your joy.
The factorisation of our love with the factors- you and me,
Creates a cute pie chart with lovely equal affection.
Your heartstrings have always been an infinite solution for me,
But inversely proportional to my heartbreak
'I miss you' formula always turns into 'I love you',
When evaluated,
We together make a straight path with our two right angled
hearts.
I'm your lovely divisor,
You're my beautiful dividend,
And when I love you with my quotient heart,
there always comes out a lovely remainder
that we consider LOVE!*



Himanshu Bora
B.A. (H) English, I Year

Bangles and Shackles

Proclaimed to be the allegory of divinity,
Mounted upon a pedestal
She is revered
She is adept in the act of self sacrifice;
And yet she is anonymous
And yet she is ostracized
From what a patriarch calls 'pleasure'
From what a patriarch calls 'rights'.
How deceit blurs her sight, legitimizing the
Immolation of her 'will', as natural as her
Obligatory duty to bring up a child.
While the patriarch takes pride in the child,
Her blood and sweat goes unseen and unidentified.
Thwarted from transgressing,
She represses the seldom churning up of her
Baser passion for expression and liberty.
Servility is all that remains of her,
As a meaning to her life,
As a chant of devotion
While she is drained for life.
As time slips by, as she looks at the mirror
With the most tepid curiosity
To envisage the dazzling red bangles adding
Splendor to her otherwise secluded,
Nay, ostracized life.
But, to her utter dismay, she confronts her
Image with her hands shackled in chains.



Ayon Bora

B.A. (H) English, I Year

The Outcast

Is 'transgression' a mode of earning oneself the status of an 'Outcast'? Why is breaking through the clutches of the conventionality of the era or the robustness of the society, envisaged as a synonym to unconventionality or seen 'unnatural', that compels the society to outcast individuals who dare to rain and assert their 'individuality'? Or is this very notion of 'individuality' flamed in itself?

The simplicity and the rudimentarily of the questions, is 'outcasted' by the perplexity, vivacity and diversity of contexts, that one would find, if the questions are ventured deep enough.

Venturing deep into the social structure, and subjecting it to vigorous scrutiny, one can recognize the impact that it has on its subjects psyche, and the prejudices that it feeds them, prevents them from transgressing. It promotes the sense of 'connectedness' by manifesting itself in the concepts of class, caste, gender and religion, thereby straggling the very notion of 'individuality'. This is not something 'modern', rather this is something that has prevailed since time immemorial and has been perpetuated through the concepts of cultural, tradition, literature, religious teaching, etc.

Rabindranath Tagore in his essay 'Nationalism in India', says—

'Humans have a rack of choosing precisely the things that are worst for them'

Well, of course the statement can be interpreted at different layers and in different contents.

Well, the question that gives one interpretation of the statement, an elements of vexation is—Who decides, what is worst for mankind or the society? Is it no the society itself, that manifests its treachery in the norm it forms? Is it not the social structure that prevents mankind from outgrowing it; to break the boundaries that are prejudiced against mankind?

When it finds itself confronting with a crisis, it 'outcasts' the crisis; it 'outcasts' the subjects that pose a threat to the existence of its structure.

History has envisaged the oppression of Catholicism, over millennia. Leonardo da vinci broke through the clutches of the norms set forth by the church by robbing graves and mutilating dead bodies, for the sole purpose of understanding human anatomy is for the sole purpose of aiding mankind; for the love of knowledge; defying the law the prevents it.

Often, the sense of 'honour', clings to the concept of 'community' and has manifested itself in the fear of being an 'outcast', to the horrifying extent of creating social evil like 'honour killing' in context of India.

This very fear of being outcast, that the society perpetuates, is depraving the world of brilliance and is a stumbling block in the path of progress.

Aron Aseem Bora
B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

1 Prize award in Creative Writing Competition

The Outcast

The sounds of those laughs still lingers, quietly ringing in my ears, as flitting as the smell of your favourite food, with you one moment and vanishing the next. The warmth of the love surrounding you, has also left me and the dread of comeliness grips my throat like a vice.

A melancholy has wrapped me in its arms, as I lay here on my bed, too weak to get up and wander in the streets, staring at the slowly rotating fan overhead, my imagination brings the world alive by the sounds coming through my creaking window.

I hear Rahim chacha shouting, he owns a paan-shop at the corner of our small lane, at evening all the elders of the neighbourhood gather there after coming home from jobs and trade stories. Rahim chacha has been in this lane and at the corner shop much longer than I have been here, and he rarely speaks, always shouting when talking to his customers, over the years we have grown used to this, and now, on the rare occasion when he speaks instead of shouting, it sounds like a whisper. A small smile comes my face, as I hear Ana aunty and Kamala aunty talking over their walls, thinking that their voices are in whispered tones and can't be heard by others passing by the lanes. They love to gossip about the other ladies in the lane, my mother has never liked them, naming them the gossip queens, it's not that my mother does'nt, but I can't say that to her. Living in a small lane, in the midst of a small town, all of have developed a taste for this hobby of exchanging stories. I hear the sounds of children in the street, all in their teens, talking excitedly about the match they have had, each trying to be heard above the other, the voices of Rahul and Varun loudest amongst them. I long for the days when I was the same as them, playing in the nearby park from afternoon to dusk and then coming back home with my friends, all muddy with sweat dripping off me.

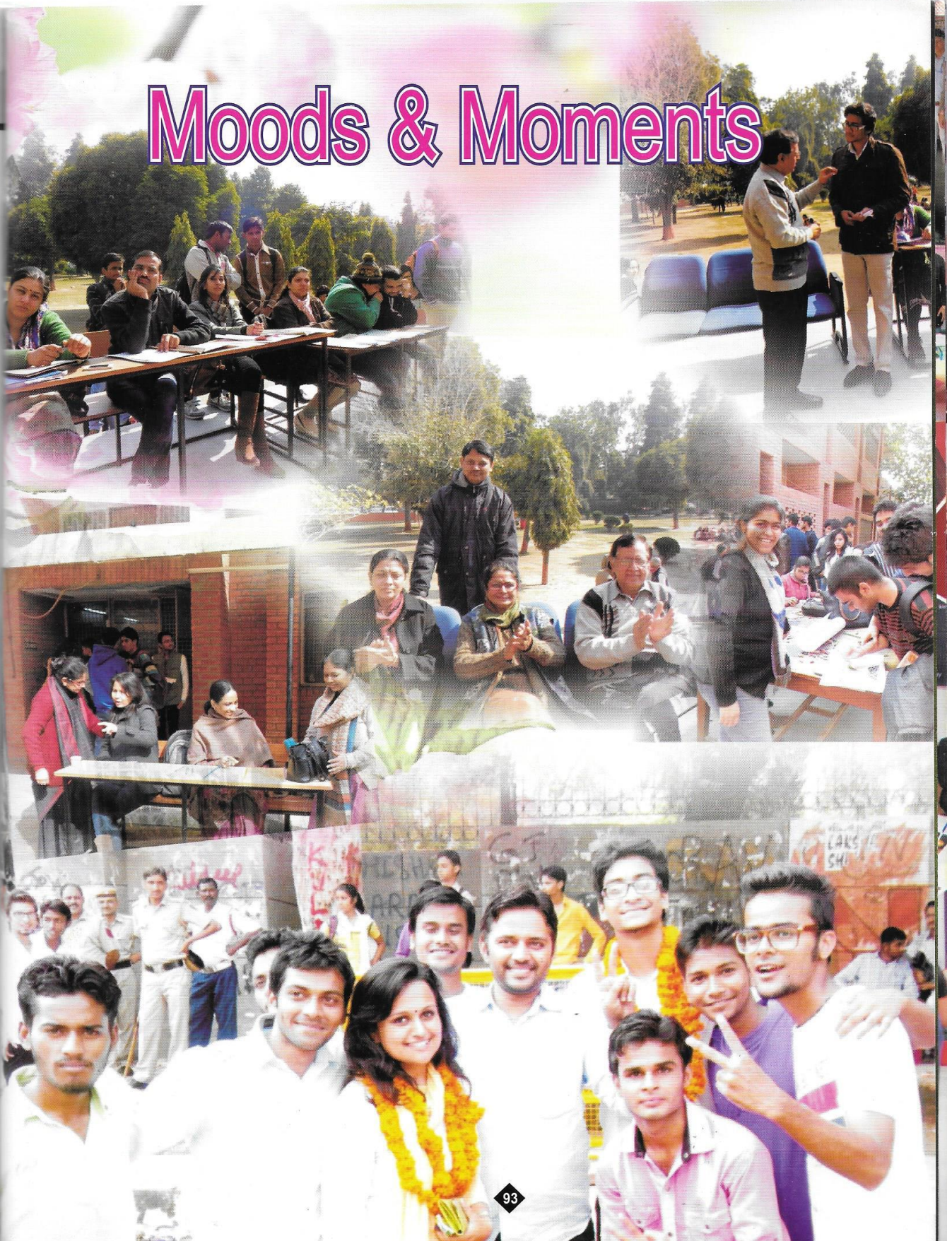
All this changed when I grew sick two years past, and had to go to the hospital. The nurse had used a used syringe by mistake and that is how I became the victim of AIDS; the disease that has leeches my life over these last months. My friends visited me at first, but later as I started growing weak, their parents stopped them, the neighbourhood's love changed to scorn. I live in a small lane, in a small city, where my disease makes me an outcast.

Gulshan Kumar Agarwal

B.A. (Hons.) English, I Year

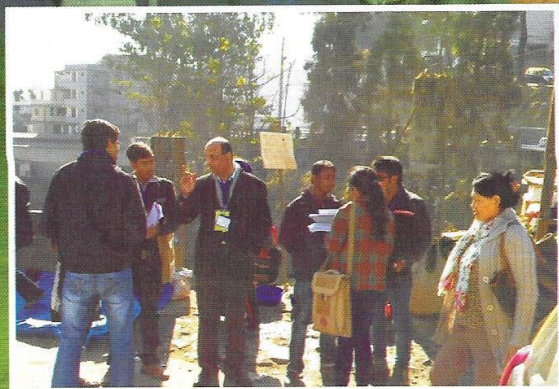
II Prize award in Creative Writing Competition

Moods & Moments



Gyanodaya V

उ रे
NR 143230



Nagaland: A Travelogue (18th - 29th December 2014)

On a trip to Nagaland, as part of Gyanodaya V, our journey started on the afternoon of 18th December, 2014 with a great sense of excitement to discover more about the North-East states in general and Nagaland in particular. We assembled in the college, had a group photograph with the head of the institution and finally drove towards the Safdarjung Railway Station to board the train. The moment we reached the station, we were struck by a huge amount of enthusiasm and energy which was the display. The rake of the train was brand new. A massive security was there at the station and inside the train as well. The Vice-Chancellor wished the students of each compartment very well before the train was finally flagged off by the chief guest, Mr. Kiren Rijiju, Minister of state for Home, Govt. of India. Once the train started rolling, we were served with snacks and tea; however, the dinner got delayed inordinately. Between the snacks and the dinner, the group was allocated particular themes concerning the project work. At around 1am we decided to call it a day.

In course of journey, we had an extraordinary experience of being a part of class on wheels, when Miss Kevy, a faculty member of DU interacted with us and explained many details concerning Nagaland. A number of students especially from the North East expressed their sentiments through folksongs etc. The teachers associated with the administration of the journey/trip, took full care of us and as a result we reached Guwahati full of fun and curiosity in the evening of 20th December. From there very immediately we were taken in different buses to a nearby hotel where we freshened ourselves and had our dinner. After that, our group headed for Kohima in as many as 8 mini buses. We reached Kohima the next day at around 2 pm and checked into two Hotels on the basis of gender. At around 3:30pm, we were taken to the historic village of Kohima and had the privilege of listening to Mr. B.K. Sachu, a community elder and educationist. Our enthusiastic students asked various questions to Mr. Sachu about the history and significance of the Kohima village. Mr. Sachu elaborated that Kohima village is the second largest village of the world in terms of geographical area i.e.; 20 sq. km.s.

Spending about an hour in the village, the team returned back to their respective hotels and this marked as the end of first working day in Kohima.

Next day began with a visit to the local market. We observed that most of the outer part of the local market was dominated by the migrants from various states. After about an hour we were taken to the Kisama village where the Hornbill festival takes place. Here we found the Morungs of about 18 tribes. Mr. Marko Sachu and Mr. Swuro, two senior officers of Directorate of Education, Govt. of Nagaland, accompanied the students and answered their queries. By 12:30pm we left Kisama and headed towards the Raj Bhawan for lunch.

At the Raj Bhawan, we were given a warm welcome by the Secretary to Governor and had a delicious lunch. No doubt, this would remain as one of the memorable moments in our lives. After the official photography, we were taken to the Second World War Cemetery. The guide explained the significance of the place and also the contribution of the Nagas in the War. By 5pm, we reached the nearby Cathedral. Spending about 30 minutes at the cathedral we went back to our respective hotels which marked end of the day.

The next day, i.e., 23rd December, began with the visit to the Makhel village which was, according to the Nagas, ancestral to them. According to a popular myth, there is a tree which is believed to be of historic importance to the Nagas. At Khezakhen, situated at the border of Manipur and Nagaland, we were welcomed by the chief of the village and had an interactive tea session at the village's community hall. Questions posed by the students were wonderfully answered by the villagers and also we got to know about the popular myths of the village. Further, we proceeded for lunch near Low Ho Lake and the day officially ended there.

Next day, i.e. 24th December was the day for Trekking. Team was taken to Mount Puliebadze where students undertook trekking experience. Around 2pm we were provided with lunch. After lunch, around 3pm we went to the local market where we bought few books related to our project work and returned to our respective hotels.

Next day, the Christmas Day, we went to Khonoma, believed to be the only green village in the world. We were provided with an expert who provided us with substantial information related to project. We left Khonoma at around 5pm as Gala dinner with DJ awaited us back in Kohima.

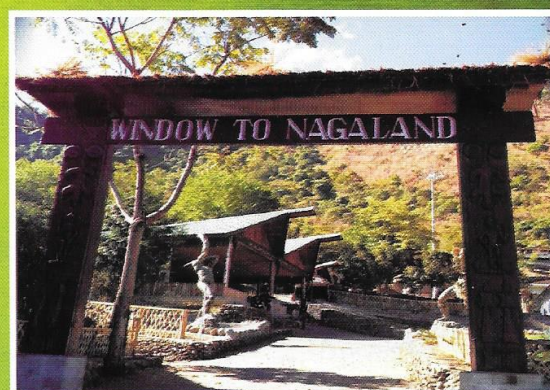
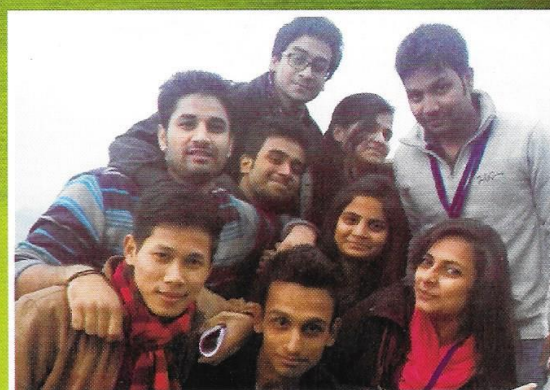
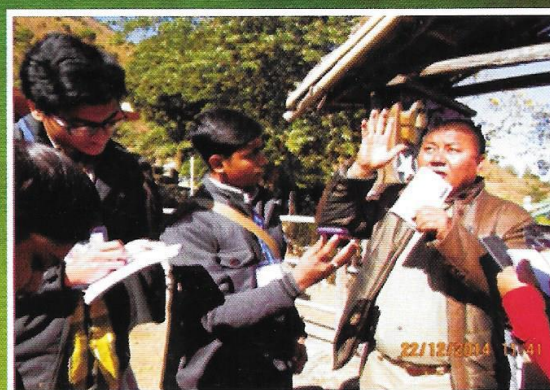
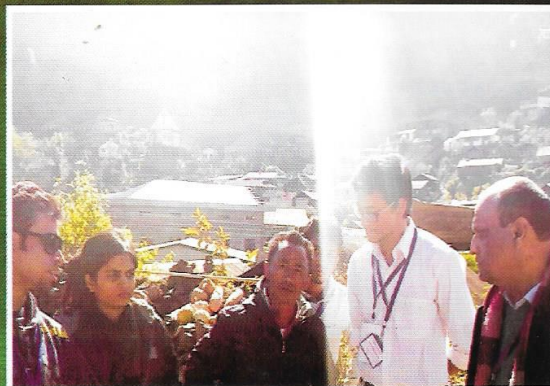
On the very last day of our trip we visited Touphema, an eco-tourism site-around 47 kms from Kohima city. We checked out the hotel with our luggage and left for Touphema, reached there by 1:40pm and had lunch and were greeted by the Naga folklores sung by the local women. We also visited a museum showcasing the rich Naga Culture and Tradition. By, around 4:30pm, we finally started our journey back home.

In nutshell, this exposure would help change our perception towards the people from North East and motivate us to do everything possible to bridge the deficit between the mainland people and our own brothers and sisters from the whole of North East.

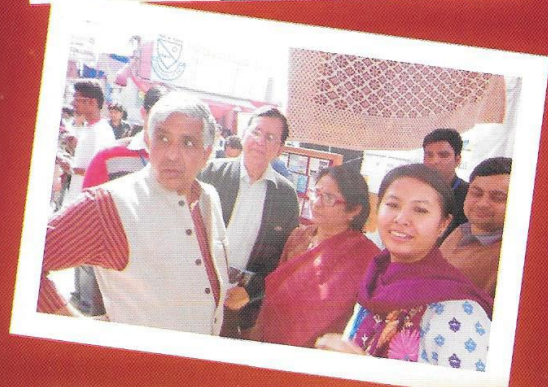
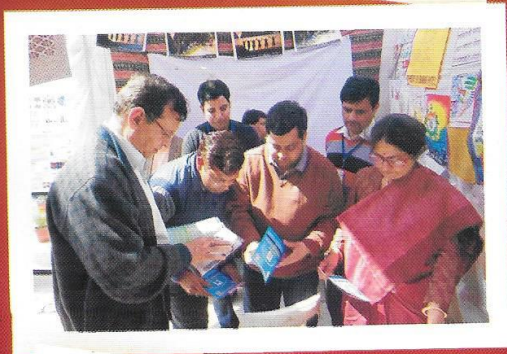
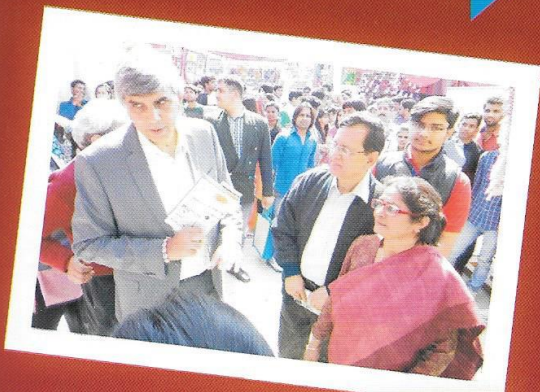
We also take this opportunity to thank the Vice Chancellor and his team of officials, especially Dr. Rehman and Dr. Anju Gupta, for organizing such a brilliant and well organized educational trip.

Compiled by : Kshitij Gaur, Rohin Kumar and Pallavi Dhiman

Dr. N. K. Pandey
Mentor



Antardhwani 2015



The mega event, Antardhwani, the annual cultural festival of University of Delhi, started with enthusiasm amidst much color. Keeping in mind the theme of 'Meeting challenges of India' our college had decided to focus on the North-East India, and worked hard on representing and introducing North-east India. With the help of student volunteers our stall at the venue was decorated accordingly with some tribal attires representing each states from the North-East. It was a kaleidoscopic affair with rainbow of colours strewn methodically onto the walls of the stall. Beautiful tribal attires along with jewellery from the eight states—Assam, Arunachal Pradesh, Manipur, Meghalaya, Mizoram, Nagaland, Tripura and Tripura, were displayed on all the three days of the festival. Artefacts made out of bamboo and plants native of the North-East added the natural element akin to the North-East. Our students also worked hard to create rangoli representing the eight different North-eastern states to match our theme on all the three days.

Variety of posters prepared by students keeping in mind the theme of the festival also graced the stall walls. It spoke of many faces and forms of challenges of India each poster depicting it in a different style. Some messages were delivered through shapes, crayons and water-colour, some through poetry with the help of beautiful words. Some chose to reiterate Gandhiji's advice, some chose to speak their inner voice through slogans. Mediums were diverse, but all spoke the same language to drive home the notion. Vigilant students from our Geology Department attracted enthusiastic crowd in their special corner in the stall where they had happily displayed their stones and unhesitatingly tackled the curious questions explaining the meaning of their stones. Our stall was made complete with the projector which screened pictures of the many events held in college and variety of specialties of the North-East.

Our students too participated in many events held in the festival. The Innovation Project from our college had brought much glory home with its intelligent display of project plan. The festival came to an end after three fulfilling days of having displayed the talents of our college. The festival was an effort put together by teachers and students, and it surely spoke volumes about camaraderie of RLA fraternity.

Report contributed by Minaxi Brahma

Dr. Neelam Rishikalp
Convenor, Antardhwani Committee





HASRATEIN

HASRATEIN THE DRAMATICS SOCIETY

"Great theatre is about challenging how we think and encouraging us to fantasize about a world we aspire to."
—Willem Dafoe

The President - Deepanshu Mahajan, Vice President - Sushmita Sengupta, the core team - Deepika Chauhan, Mayank Sahni, Kumar Anmol, Ankur Anand, of HASRATEIN, the Dramatics Society of Ram Lal Anand College, teeming with a feisty intent to take over the street, to take over the stage, to take over the world with the support of the extremely encouraging Dramatics Committee, Dr. Shruti Anand, Ms. Deepti Bhardwaj, Mr. Neerav Dwivedi and Ms. Dipali Mathur, started the work of setting agendas, planning new productions and charting budgets. Riveted with enthusiasm, the theatre society set the ball rolling for the new spirit, for the new season.

This zeal was however doubled with the overwhelming response we got in the Theatre Auditions conducted on 15th September 2014 which saw about more than eighty applications this year and proved to be one of the most spectacular events in the year gone by.

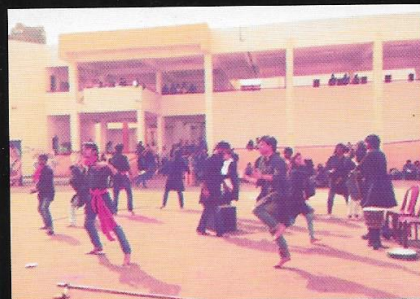
Selecting 15-20 members out of such a wave of talent was no cakewalk; however, this deliberation and discussion was worth the headache as we mustered a group of amazingly talented students namely Ankit Gupta, Amrita Nahar, Rahul Pandey, Roshan Roy, Mohd. Asif Khan, Steven S. George, Shivangi Tyagi, Vishesh Goel, Sunita Singh, Amit Kumar, Bhawna Ghai, Manjeera and two late but very fruitful additions, Khushboo Jain and Aayush Aggarwal.

Immediately a day after, we started with our introductory theatre workshops, lasting for about 15 days, to acquaint the newly recruited students to the basic Theatre ground rules. The workshop was conducted by Shashank Angiras. We started with basic theatre exercises, progressing to tougher ones each passing day, which included voice throw, voice modulation, character building, trust building, and improvisation skills.

After the basic training, we began working on our street production for the year. Since the issue we took, this year was a bit complex and risky, it required a lot of research and discussion, and after a series of brainstorming sessions we were ready with our street play, COLOURS OF INDIA.

'Colours of India', contrary to the popular blissful idea that the phrase calls to mind about the 'unity and diversity' of India, brings forth instead, the rigid, fundamentalist 'hues' that some of these 'colours' translate on to the canvas of our nation; the colours of dissent, disillusionment and disorder, the colours of 'Internal conflicts' operating within the Indian subcontinent. But most importantly, the colour rising above them all, holding the reigns of it, at its helm - the colour white, the symbol of peace and purity in common understanding, the symbol of perverse Politics of 'white class' in ours. How white is this white?

The play, by critiquing the common man who is time and again falling for the fancy promises, leaping at whatever comes its way as a 'monkey' tries to ignite the question, has man really evolved from that primal stage of human revolution?



The play's motive is to awaken an urge amongst the opiate masses to dig deeper and question the layers beneath these 'colours' and understand the politics behind the 'reflected hues'. For its originality, concept, and energy, it garnered much appreciation in events conducted by the coveted IIT DELHI, IIT MUMBAI (prelims), amongst others.

Simultaneously, we worked on our stage production for the year- NO MAN'S LAND. It is based on the agony of a draught-stricken land where a gush of blood spills on a mere reach of water. A land where people have to cross miles and borders to reach out to the most essential element for survival of human lives, water, and are gunned down for that very endeavour. The play channels the grief, angst, pain and misery of the woeful beings who are now dead, through a Little Girl, fooling around in such a place unaware of the gravity of the situation. Uncorrupted, and unaware of the enormity of the hour and the situation, she finds her way to these 'newly-deads' stacked in heaps of multiples; and forges a unique bond, with her 'new friends'. The profound conversation based on the cross of this little girl's naive 'innocence' and the scarring 'experience' of these dead souls, marred by sorrows and sufferings, questions:

Are boundaries over and above blood?

Is human life cheaper than water?

Which is the bigger thirst? Blood or water?

After the first leg of competitions it was time for the 'Spring' to set in- The Spring of competitions kick-starting with the IIT Kharagpur's Spring Fest 15'. The Dramatics Society of Ram Lal Anand College undertook the trip to IIT Kharagpur to participate in its annual cultural fest from 20th January to 28th January 2015.

The society put a spectacular show in the dramatics events conducted by the fest, such as 'Nukkad' (Street Play) and 'Rangmanch' (Stage Play), which saw the gathering of multiple college teams from all across the nation. We cleared the preliminary round for the 'Nukkad' event, with our play 'Colours of India'. We were amongst the top six teams who qualified the round, amongst the 30 odd teams who participated in the competition.

Our street play received a positive response throughout the campus accompanied by an abundance of compliments by onlookers and opponent team members for our innovative approach towards the issue we brought forth.

The seven day expedition, was an absolutely exhilarating experience for all the seventeen students who took the trip, and the team returned to Delhi brimming with enthusiasm and gusto - This time to take 'the fests season' of DU by storm.

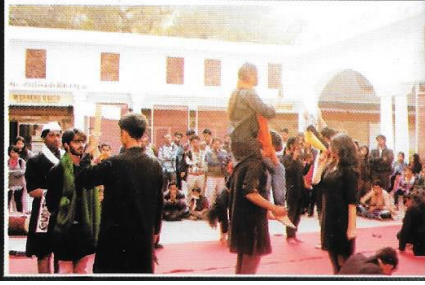
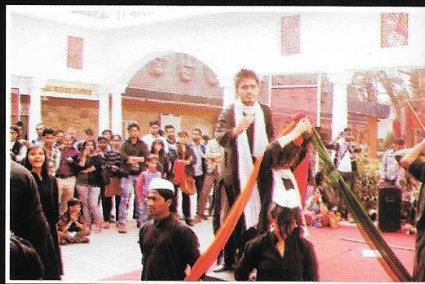
Both our productions - especially 'Colours of India' was received very well in the competitions conducted by Delhi university colleges such as SRCC, DCAC, Moti Lal Nehru, Mata Sundari college etc, and other reputed institutes like BULMIM and Northern Indian College of Engineering.

We also moved outside the regular DU theatre circuit, and participated in very reputed theatre festivals such as the ACT Festival by Atelier's theatre. But our real moment of glory was our street play performance in the 17th Bharat Rang Mahotsav - International Theatre Festival, hosted by the National School of Drama (NSD) on 15th January 2015. How the sensation of performing in the esteemed campus of NSD amid such renowned thespians went from jittery to jubilant, none of us can answer.

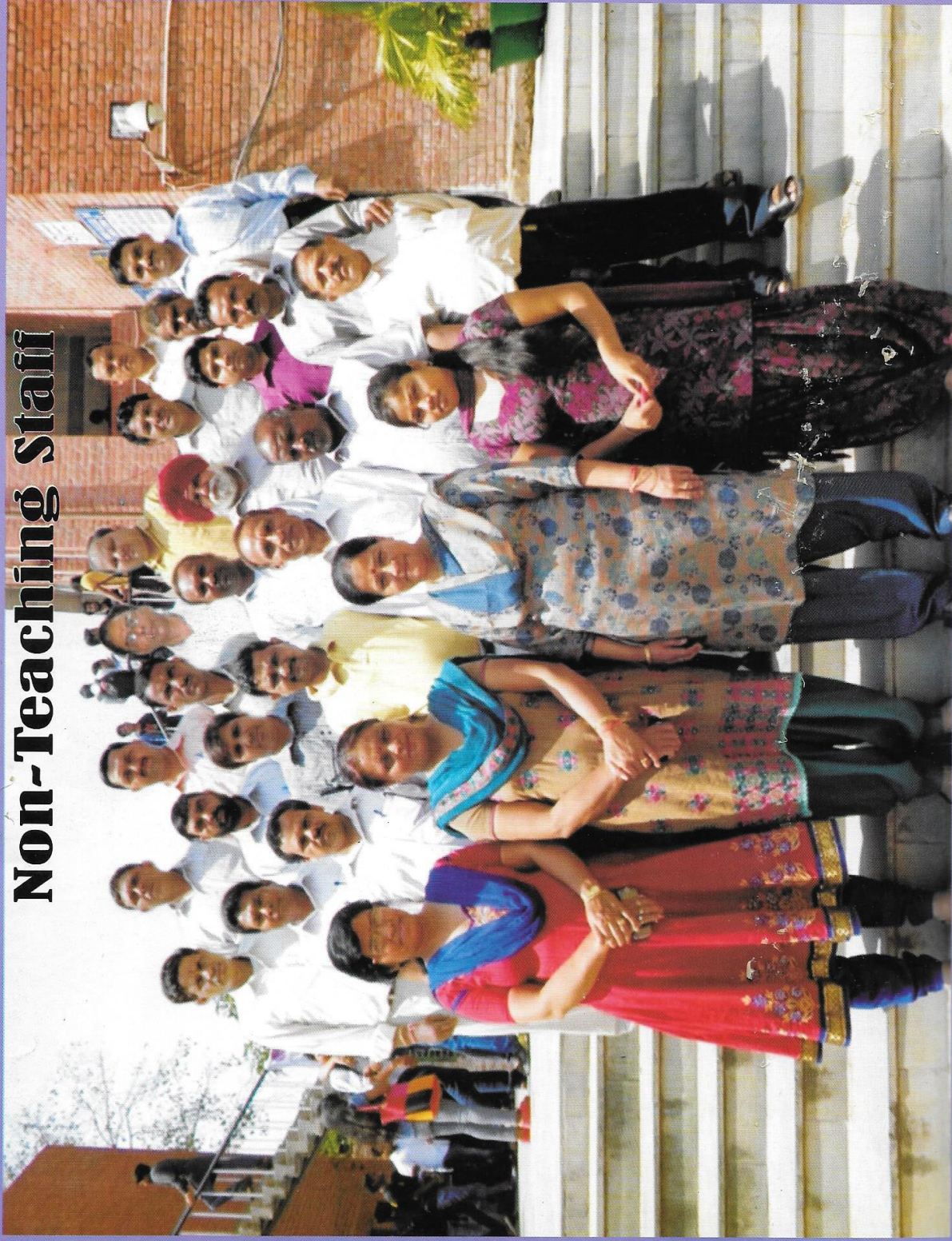
We also splashed our 'colours' of vigour, spirit and revolution in the 3rd cultural fest of Delhi University - ANTARDHWANI 2015.

As this eventful year comes to a close, our enthusiasm has triggered a different high, and with the existing potential members, it seems to be a happy trajectory from here on and beyond.

- Contributed by Sushmita Sengupta
B.A. (H) English, III Year

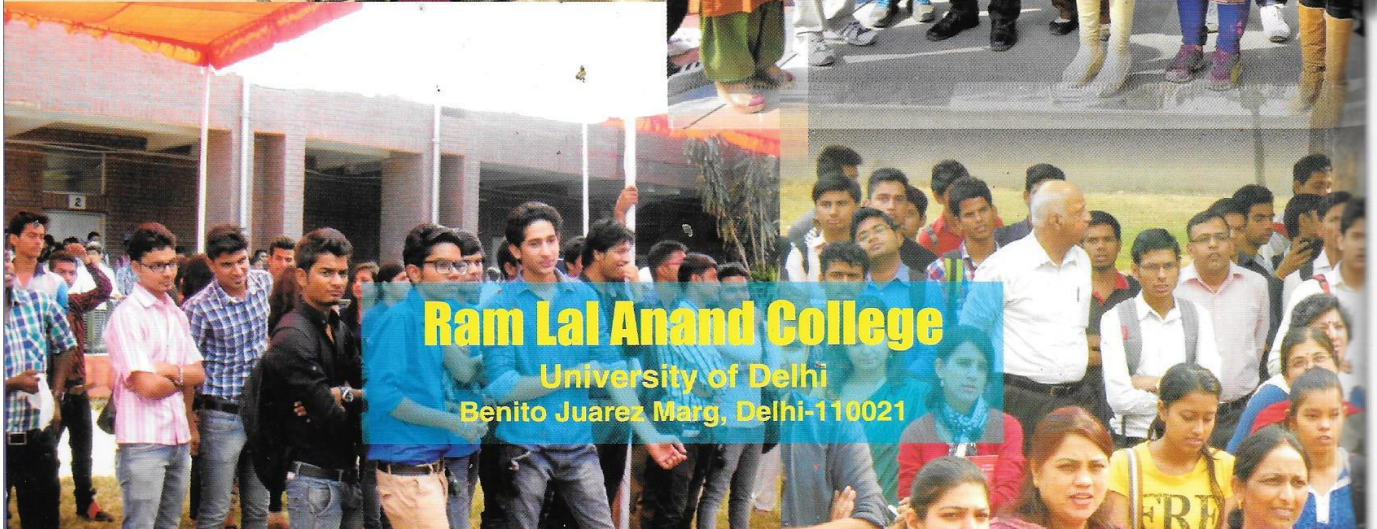
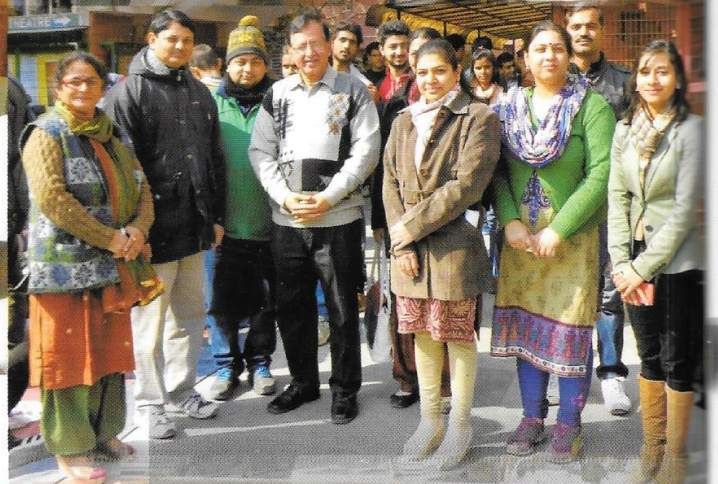


Non-Teaching Staff



Teaching Staff





Ram Lal Anand College

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