

मशाल थे देवदत्त

कुशल पत्रकार, राजनीतिक समालोचक, प्रतिरोधी एवं सकारात्मक हस्तक्षेप की पत्रकारिता करने वाले महान पत्रकार 'देवदत्त' जी का 27 जनवरी 2017 की सुबह निधन हो गया।

लुधियाना से सम्बन्ध रखने वाले तथा 1929 के आस-पास जन्में देवदत्त जी की स्मृति में दिल्ली के चन्द्रशेखर आजाद भवन पर श्रद्धांजलि अर्पित की गई। यह वही जगह है जिसके उद्घाटन पर देवदत्त जी उपस्थित थे।

पंजाब से निकलने वाले 'हिन्द समाचार', गुजरात से 'संदेश' एवं उड़िसा से प्रकाशित होने वाले समाचार पत्र 'प्रगतिवादी' से 'देवदत्त जी जुड़े हुए थे। 'प्वाइंट ऑफ व्यू' पत्रिका को देवदत्त जी ने ही निकाला था तथा आपातकाल के दौरान लोगों को इस पत्रिका के आने का बेसब्री से इंतजार रहता था।

देवदत्त की स्मृति पर जनसत्ता के पूर्व सम्पादक सलाहकार और माखनलाल चतुर्वेदी पत्रकारिता विश्वविद्यालय के पूर्व कुलपति अच्युतानन्द मिश्र जी कहते हैं— देवदत्त को याद करना एक पूरी परम्परा को याद करने जैसा है। जिस परम्परा से देवदत्त जी आते थे वह स्वाधीनता संग्राम के दौर की परम्परा थी। उन्होंने उस दौर के महापुरुषों के साथ एक पत्रकार, सामाजिक कार्यकर्ता तथा एक सक्रियतावादी हर प्रकार से काम किया था।

देवदत्त जी के जीवन को देखकर यह अंदाजा आसानी से लगाया जा सकता है कि जिस दौर में वह पत्रकार थे वह दौर कैसा रहा होगा? उस दौर की क्या मान्यतायें थीं? पत्रकारिता की सामाजिक आचार संहिता क्या थी? उनके न रहने से कितना अभाव सा लग रहा है।

देवदत्त जी ने चकाचौंध भरे समाज में जिस प्रकार की पत्रकारिता की है उस पर वही कथन याद आता है जो की आइंस्टीन ने गाँधी जी के लिए कहा था कि—“आने वाली पीढ़ियाँ आश्चर्य करेंगी कि हाड़-माँस का एक ऐसा शरीर जिसने देश को हिला कर रख दिया था। ठीक उसी प्रकार, देवदत्त जी के बारे में आने वाले पत्रकार भी कुछ ऐसा ही सोचेंगे, जब उनको अच्छे से जानेंगे।

देवदत्त जी से अपनी पहली मुलाकात को याद करते हुए प्रो. आनन्द कुमार कहते हैं—“उनकी ऐसी शानदार जिंदगी थी जो अपने में ही मग्न रहने वाली थी। वे आपके पास होते थे परन्तु उनकी निगाहें दूर-दूर तक गहराई से विषयों की गम्भीरता को देखा करती थीं। मेरी पहली मुलाकात उनसे 60 के दशक में हुई।

जवाहर लाल नेहरू का कार्यकाल था। उस समय पाकिस्तान से युद्ध आदि बदलाव की आँधी चल रही थी और लोगों के संतोष का घड़ा फूट चुका था। देवदत्त जी द्वारा निकाली जाने वाली पत्रिका 'प्वाइंट ऑफ व्यू' का हर पन्ना दृष्टि एवं आवाहन देता था। वे इसके सम्पादक भी थे। दुनिया भर के सुन्दर विचारों एवं समाचारों से यह पत्रिका संकलित थी। आपातकाल की घटना, 1977 के बाद जब एक नया उत्साह, नया आवेग आया लेकिन फिर से प्वाइंट ऑफ व्यू प्रकाशित नहीं की गयी। देवदत्त जी के अंदर सादगी बेमिसाल थी और साफगोई उससे भी ज्यादा थी।

उस समय काशीराम को कोई महत्व नहीं देता था उनका एक ही परिचय था कि वे इलाहाबाद चुनाव में बुरी तरह हारे थे। 4 घंटे तक देवदत्त जी उनसे बात कर के आये। उनसे हुई बातचीत के एक दशक बाद पूरा पत्रकारिता समाज एवं देश काशीराम एवं बसपा के अध्ययन एवं विश्लेषण में जुट गया।

देवदत्त जी बेहद निर्भीक थे। वे बेहद सोच-समझकर बोलते थे परन्तु असहमति होने पर सबके सामने आपकी बातों की धज्जियाँ उड़ाने में ज़रा सा भी संकोच नहीं करते थे। पत्रकार अवधेश कुमार जी कहते हैं कि—“उनका देवदत्त जी से 24-25 वर्ष का परिचय रहा। वे अन्दर से लोकतांत्रिक थे। उनके व्यक्तिगत और पेशागत सम्बन्ध अलग-अलग थे। देवदत्त जी को याद करते हुए पत्रकार एवं 'जल, थल, मल' पुस्तक के लेखक सोपान जोशी बताते हैं कि—“मैं उनको घर के बड़े सदस्य की तरह देखता हूँ जैसे कि काका, बाबा आदि। पुराने सामाजिक जीवन में आँखों में पानी और चेहरे पर एक तरह की कोमलता, देवदत्त जी के हमेशा झलकती थी। वे युवाओं से राजनीति की बातें बेहद गम्भीरता से करते थे और ऐसा

लगाता था किसी हम उम्र से बात कर रहे हों।

देवदत्त जी सक्रियतावादी और पत्रकार दोनों थे। उन्होंने दोनों रूपों को जिया है। वरिष्ठ पत्रकार राम बहादुर राय से वे कहते हैं कि वे 1993 में चुनावों के कवरेज के लिए पंजाब गए थे। वहाँ पर देवदत्त जी के पढ़ाए हुए छात्र एसपी, जिलाधिकारी आदि उच्च पद पर थे, और देवदत्त जी से कहते थे कि आपने हमें करोल बाग के कोचिंग सेंटर में अंग्रेजी पढ़ाई है। परन्तु देवदत्त जी ने कभी खुद पर अहंकार नहीं किया।

देवदत्त जी ने 1997 में अनिल चामड़िया द्वारा बुलायी गई गाँधी पर चर्चा के लिए संगोष्ठी पर कुछ बातें सार्वजनिक की। उन्होंने अपनी डायरी पढ़ते हुए बताया कि

30 जनवरी, 1948 को जब बिड़ला हॉउस में गाँधी जी को गोली लगी, तब उन्होंने गाँधी जी को गोली लगते हुए देखा था। गाँधी जी कि शहादत को जब 50 साल हो गए तो 1998 में उन्होंने 'स्वदेशी' पर बहुत कुछ लिखा और अब उनके द्वारा लिखित यह पुस्तक 'स्वराज क्यों' के रूप में उपलब्ध है।

देवदत्त जी एक मशाल थे। वह इस प्रकार जल रहे थे कि दूर से रोशनी और पास से ताप दे रहे थे। वे आने वाली पत्रकार पीढ़ियों के लिए अपने पदचिन्ह छोड़ गए हैं और उनकी स्मृति एक साक्षी विरासत है हमारे लिए।

श्रेया उत्तम
बीजेएमसी, प्रथम वर्ष

मानव रोजगार कम करते रोबोट

विश्व में रोबोट का बाजार लगातार बढ़ता जा रहा है। रोबोट का आविष्कार वास्तव में इस दृष्टि से किया गया था कि ऐसे खतरनाक काम जो मनुष्य नहीं कर सकता था, उसके लिए दुष्कर हो, उन्हें रोबोट आसान कर दे। आज तरह-तरह के नये रोबोट बनाए जा रहे हैं, जो मानवोपयोगी भी हैं और रोचक भी। हाल ही में रूस ने मजदूरी करने वाला एक रोबोट तैयार किया है। ये रोबोट वजन उठाने के साथ कंक्रीट में ड्रिल, नट-बोल्ट लगाने, कार चलाने जैसे काम के साथ जरूरत पड़ने पर इंजेक्शन भी लगा सकते हैं। आज के रोबोट मैकेनिक, इलेक्ट्रीशियन और डॉक्टर भी बन सकते हैं। जापान का रोबोट एचआरपी-4सी फेशन मॉडल जैसा है। वहीं पीएआरओ नर्सिंग होम में काम आता है। ऐसा भी रोबोट है, जो वायलिन बजा सकता है। रोबोट के बहुत से काम कर लेने की क्षमता के कारण ये मानव रोजगार के लिए खतरा भी बनते जा रहे हैं। वर्ल्ड इकोनॉमिक फोरम ने कहा है कि आने वाले पाँच वर्षों में विश्व के विकसित देशों में लगभग 51 लाख नौकरियाँ कम हो सकती हैं। अंतर्राष्ट्रीय श्रम संगठन इस संदर्भ में पहले ही चिंता व्यक्त कर चुका है कि वर्ष 2020 तक रोजगार के अवसरों में वैश्विक स्तर पर 110 लाख तक की कमी आ

सकती है। द इंटरनेशनल फेडरेशन ऑफ रोबोटिक्स के अनुमान के अनुसार वर्ष 2014 में करीब 2,30,000 रोबोट बेचे गए थे। पिछले 10 वर्षों के मुकाबले में यह आंकड़ा दोगुना है। वर्तमान में चीन रोबोट का सबसे बड़ा बाजार है। रोबोट की संख्या जिस तेजी के साथ बढ़ रही है, उसके अनुसार सन् 2017 के अंत तक रोबोट की संख्या विश्व जनसंख्या के 22 प्रतिशत के बराबर हो जायेगी।

हमारे देश में करीब 1200 रोबोट हैं। यद्यपि हमारी श्रमशक्ति का आकार चीन के समान है। लेकिन सकल घरेलू उत्पाद में विनिर्माण के हिस्सेदारी में हम पीछे हैं। चूँकि चीन में हाल ही में मेहनतानों में बहुत वृद्धि हुई है। इसलिए रोबोट का बाजार बढ़ सकता है। परन्तु भारत की स्थिति अलग है। यहाँ मजदूरों के दैनिक वेतन में ऐसी कोई वृद्धि देखने में नहीं आती, जिसे रोबोट की तुलना में महँगा माना जाए दुनिया के कई देशों में रोबोट का काम तेजी से हो रहा है। इससे भविष्य में उद्योगों में काम करने वाले रोबोट इंसानों के लिए खतरा बन सकते हैं।

अंशुल पटेल
बी.ए. (आनर्स)
राजनीति विज्ञान

To Papa.....

To papa
you know, when i was just a small baby
trying to learn to walk crawling
day in and out, licking everything that
I found on my track. My father
bought me a walker, so that I may
balance my self and walk with support.
It had a bugging ring and toys
Attached to it like wind comes
But the bugging ring would never buzz
For I was never able to gain the
strength to push it with all my might
And my father, when he saw me struggling
Chided me
Such a sissy. A bit harder boy
And that is the very day. He denied me
Of my own strength of my own self when I was in tears,
A brawny boy from my class bullied
Me , snatched my notebook and
toss it in front of me.
I came running to my house, all in tears
Only to face a door close on my face
Such a sissy my father retorted,
And I stood there, drenched in rain all day.
When I was twenty
And performed as a contemporary
Dancer in front of my father for the first time
all my happiness crumbled,
When he threw the plate, at me.
And smirked
Earn to be a man!
Such a sissy!
Somewhere, in a book I read
“all the world’s a stage
and all the men and
woman merely players.”
You know papa , we are all characters
Born and brought up to be, what
society and mostly our parents demand

us to be today, I am wearing
the same pathani- that you brought for me,
which you loved.
You said- I looked like a man in it.
But you know what,
It will only cover, half the journey with me.
For at the end of my journey, I am burning it,
I am burning everything down
that denied me the right of
being who I was I am burning the rough boots
that you adored on my feet,
I am burning down every inch of it.
For then I’ll be free.
And I’ll wear what my heart desires,
and I’ll do what my heart sings for.
I will not be your man I am sorry,
I am learning never to come back.
I am sorry, I love you.
Even I loved the pathani

Yours only
Rajesh
Sissy-yet proud.

A Perception

We are but, a fragment of infinity timelessly drifting
about
in the realms of emotions and dreams
fuelled by thoughts conceived by the mind.
Thoughts from which illusion and reality
is shaped and in due time is distinguished by the
mundane eyes.
Emotions are ever naked flowing in streams of thoughts
within the depths of the heart and mind;
and the face, a looking glass beholding the surface,
revealing a glimpse in the guise of an expression;
A sigh. A tear. A smile.

Kaushik
B.A. Prog Ist Year

Dear Diary.....

February 19th, 2017

1:09 am

Dear Diary,

How have you been? I must tell you, sometimes I miss you, probably more than I should. Don't you find it strange, that out of the seven billion 'homo sapiens' living on this planet, I chose you, a lifeless bundle of blank sheets to tell 'how I feel'? Anyway, tonight I'll tell you how I feel and maybe, just maybe will write the saddest lines....

"There is a bluebird in my heart
That wants to come out
But I am too tough for him
I say stay in there
I won't let anybody see you"

So you may ask, what is it about tonight that makes me miss the bluebird? Have I failed in a test? Has someone broken my heart? Or have I lost someone close to my heart? The answer is no. I am fine. My head, my body and my mind all are fine. But you know. There are times when you feel the fragility and renewability catered by us. The painful all consuming emotions that have led to so many epic love stories, wars, fights etc. There are times where you feel things so intensely, so deeply that you reach a new state of oblivion an overstimulation of numbness. Are you getting me my diary? Are you enjoying it, the feeling of 'human-ness' The thing that separates us from the other denizens. So tonight, when I write the saddest lines, I want you to enjoy it, enjoy it as much as I do!

Now, what makes me sad is how we forget to enjoy the potpourri of emotions we can feel. What we don't realize is that to be human- means to feel happy, sad, loved, joyous, betrayed, passionate everything!

"I only let him out sometimes
When everybody is asleep
I say, I know that you're there
So don't be sad...
And we sleep together like that

With our secret pact
And it's nice enough to make
A man weep
But I don't weep,
Do you?"

So tonight, when I write the saddest lines- I want you to weep. I want you to know that it is OKAY to let that bluebird out sometimes. It is okay to feel disappointed, heartbroken or failed at times. I want you to enjoy it. I want you to know that I am with you, and ultimately everything will be fine. I want you to realize that no matter what happens, you will always have me. Hey Dude, don't be afraid!

"Tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... And one fine morning...

"So we beat on, canoe against the current, borne back uselessly into the past

Love Always,
Ananya

Ananya Goyal
B.A. (Hons.) English

I Live for Love

I live for love, I live for you
Though it hurt, but its all I do
Who am I? I shall tell you.
are You even Listening? Or Just wandering.
I Am tired, tired Of feeling Like I Am crazy.
But when You Talk Its Like A Movie.
I am brave but not without you,
I am awake thinking about you,
They tell me you don't exist,
They tell me you are somewhere else,
I believe you, not them.
But are you even listening?
With your eyes shut from heaven

Ankit Malik
Eng (H) 1st Year

Tonight I can write the saddest lines

About a boy
I faced my demons ,
On the day I spoke to the boy who whistled at me every
day when I walked home from work.
I'd been living in the constant fear of being taken
advantage of And I know it needs to stop.
So that day I asked him why he liked to make women
terrified
What kind of perverse feeling he had.
Out of feeling like he was limitless by making someone
else want to crumble in their beginning.
Was it because some one hurt him? Was it your mother,
I asked
He smiled back insolently. Was it your sister or your
favorite girl, cousin I asked and his smile faltered just a
little.
Was it your crush from the youth grade and he angered
his eyes.
Was it you
I whispered, and his eyes shone with raindrops wanting
to storm his façade of arrogance.
It was me, he said
They hurt me, but
Boys can't be raped
Boys surely enjoy the sin
Boys shouldn't complain
Boys can't feel pain because they are the strong
Boys can't carry these they are wimps.
Boys always fight back
Boys are invisible
Boys always hurt others
So, I became one of the boys.
Control is an easy thing to access, he said,
Even easier when you use it because you're scared and
scarred yourself
So I thought to myself
That If I hurt them first, If I scare them first
They wouldn't hurt me
Anymore.

Alya Ekta
Political Sc. Ist Year

The Enigma

Did you find words for the whirlpool of feelings
inside you as they ran wild the other night. When you
laid down, staring at the night sky, thinking how its
infinite.
Can you go on and on trying after facing battles all your
life,
Unaware if it's a triumph or a disaster, its not exactly
your call to decide.
You are born and you grow old,
Is it easy or tough realizing you are slowly losing
everything dear you hold.
When the close known turn into unknown,
When they ignore your texts, disconnect your phone.
When the most trust worthy leaves your secrets open,
Should you apologize or be apologized to is all you are
hoping.
It is a big world, your existence is pretty small,
Reading out your problems is like reading from an
empty scroll.
Your oculist, could be bad but the worse always exists.
Pick up your broken pieces, make them fit.
There are things you are oblivious to, there are things
which are indescribable
People fight their way out of the detritus while you
wonder if your circumstances are acceptable.
'The oblivion is inevitable', they say,
If you think, so are you in every way.
People might try to bring you down but isn't trying
what they can only do?
Shouldn't it be an obligation to prove them wrong in
every rendezvous ?
Snap of a finger, blink of an eye, is the measurement of
the duration of life.
You were born crying necessarily but on your death bed
do you also want to be crying?

Annie Arif
BA (Hons.)
History, Ist Year

The Tumultuous Journey of our Tricolor

Our national flag was first mooted around 1920. It is said to be designed by P. Venkayya, a Congressman. Though some give credit to Suraiya Tyabjee arguing that Venkayya's flag had a charkha in the centre not Ashoka's Wheel.

The tricolour was initially to have a red strand to represent Hindus. Green for Muslims and white as a symbol of peace as well as a representation of other religions. Also, Gandhiji was in favour of the white strip at the top and red at the bottom. In the design given by Venkayya charkha was to cover all three segments. As we inched towards independence, red was replaced by saffron and also placed on the top.

The charkha was confined to the middle strip. As the independence beckoned our Constituent Assembly replaced Charkha with Ashoka Chakra as the former was identified too closely with the congress.

The Ashoka Chakra in the centre is said to have been designed by Tyabjee.

But the journey our tricolour had to undergo before flying out loud was full of ordeals. A lot of people then were against it.

The RSS (Rashtiya Swayamevak Sangh) then considered the tricolour with three different strands less than auspicious as the numeral three was said to be evil. Its own mouthpiece organizer had written then, "The people who have come to power by the kick of fate may give in our hands the tricolour but it will never be respected and owned by the Hindus. The word three is in itself an evil, and a flag having three colours will certainly produce a very bad psychological effect and is injurious to a country."

But, the tricolour survived all the odds until Sardar Vallabhai Patel, the then Home Minister made respect towards tricolour a precondition.

And thereby, today whether we attend a shakha in khaki shorts or a madrasa in a kurta-pyjama, it is imperative for all Indians to follow what Patel said

"The National Flag must be universally accepted."

Apurb Kumar Singh
B.Sc (H) Geology

Am I Normal?

Am I normal?
Is this normal?
That sudden attachment and the fear off loss,
That jealousy Alex insecurity off course.
All I lonely? Or just mad.
Because I'm just swinging my hatred
All those familiar faces and smiles
But it's this what my heart desires?
Am I overlyattened or what?
Because blue is what I digest.
Do I expect more? Or care less?
Because I cant stop thinking about anyless.
I may not speak much but that's the only language I talk
What haunts me the most is that you slowly walk.

Just like them and again,
I'll be searching my face in pain
What I fear the most is you'll find someone else
And I'll be her all by myself
Alone, sad and depressed
But would you care and come back?
I just need few and you or one of them
But would you care? My mind asked him
Is this normal?
Am I normal?
These words are for none else, but you my best friend,
But am I yours?

Ankil Malik
B.A. (Hons.) English, 1st Year

Dreamers

Dreamers! an interesting group of people. History's most iconic moments are built because someone dared to dream.

From the first human who set out foot to explore new lands, to the building built, to humans landing on moon, the freedom fighters, to women who fought for equal rights and equal votes, to the creation of the internet, everything in the beginning was just a dream.

If you really think about it every one is a dreamer. You might have an ambition or goal in life. Maybe you want your future to be financially secure maybe you don't even have the resources to educate yourself, to feed yourself but you dared to dream. Its possible one day this will all be over, you'll look back at your past and be proud of how far you have come.

To accomplish anything in life you have to dream first, this is what most people don't get. Almost everyone thinks that to think, to dream must be easy when actually its not. Try it out for yourself. How many times have you thought about doing something (like starting your own business) and thought "Well! It looks impossible, what if I fail? There's no way in a million years that I will ever be able to accomplish this goal or move". Every positive dream or thought is accompanied by a million negative thoughts. Now, don't get me wrong, it is necessary to take into consideration all the things that could go wrong when you set out to do something. But if you have given up without even trying then you have failed as a dreamer. The first step towards accomplishing anything in life is to dream and to Dream Big! This way you a set goal. Take Google's example! The founder of "Google" a basic "html" programming and 17 years later they have the biggest Internet search engine. Though almost every computer had Internet explorer as default browser. "Well Microsoft is already a leader in its designated market. If we start out now to make our own search engine we will surely fail and waste a lot of money". But the founders of google didn't think this way. They took little steps, they did one thing at a time. It is the little steps that make big things a success. You

need iron will power to believe in your dreams. One of the most inspiring accomplishment of dreamers are the civil rights movement. In the late 60s black people did not have the right to vote. Civil rights activists fought against everything, oppressive government, society, (then it was widely believed by the mainstream society that its normal for black people to not vote) oppressive police forces, they broke everything abstract to see their dreams come true. When you are facing so much oppression it is difficult to dream, its difficult to go on. But that's life. That's what sets dreamers apart from rest of the people. It's easy to give up, but difficult to go on. One must never stop dreaming and stop trying.

Often times we limit ourselves by our dreams & our thoughts. People say, "Oh! Well I have responsibilities now, I can't learn music". Well guess what? Everybody has responsibilities, everybody has those exact same 24 hours. We think our problems are bigger than other people's problem. We think we are too old to do something, while its a fact you are never too old if you have a functioning body. Who cares what the people say. Just do what makes you happy. I know what you are thinking. "Yeah, that's easier said than done". So here's the thing, put things into perspective, in the long run we are all dead. When you will be old those people who said, "you'll never succeed"- those people will not be at your death bed to say "Well done," I am proud of you that you did not take a chance & followed your dream. Congratulation! You never accomplished your dream." Now tell me didn't that sound SCARY? Remember, in the end we always regret the chances we did not take. You don't want to live 85 years of your live living the same life, or as my father says, "You have a purpose on this earth. Do something different." And so an animation film turbo sums it up.

"No dream is too Big,
And no dreamer too Small"
So, go ahead, dream on. It doesn't cost anything.

Ankita Purnima Saha
BSc. Honours Computer Science
IInd Year

Interference of Student Politics in Education

The previous year has thrown the country into turmoil and has led the middle class into an open debate with the students and teachers of several universities. The big thing that was questioned was the involvement of "students" openly into politics. It threw the popular opinion in a flurry, students as supposed to be studying peacefully and evolve into 'honorable' citizens who respect the 'Country', which was equated with the government.

As I followed these events, covered prominently by many news channels for months, I became disillusioned. I had always thought, in my mind, a mind that had to read too much American fiction and watched too many English TV shows, that universities were supposed to be an open space for debate and discussion. Maybe I was too westernized to assume that in an open 'democracy' like India, students could form well-rounded political opinions and emphasize them without being targeted and hunted. But enough about what I think. Let's talk about you, who is probably thinking I'm being very political. I'm not. What is the point of higher education if you just want students to become unquestioning drones

who obey the corrupt government and follow the Values and "Love lovers' dictated by conservative cultures? Maybe in future we'll all be W.H. Auden's 'unknown citizens' robotically obeying the authorities without trying to fight for a better, more equal future. I wonder if that'll be a utopia, or a dystopia.

As a student in politics, I think we are an irreplaceable part of a democracy and delimiting for generating a space of dissent and debate in universities. The youth, the younger generation, is where the future of the country lies in. We should develop the ability to question, challenge, criticize, politically for a healthy democracy.

But most often, student units turn out to be an internal part of huge political parties. It seems as if India is becoming a very 'intolerant' nation, where values and 'culture' are capable of being very easily hurt by politics. Can we look forward to a future where the average Indian citizen are spoon fed? Or what awaits us is to think critically? Or to an era of political intolerance where slowly everybody is being transformed into prosthetic drones operated by a remote-controlled tune?

Manjeera
B.A. English (H)

My Ordinary

My ordinary calls for the liberation of my thoughts,
it whispers to me, to drill a hole inside of your head and set free
your thoughts, caged to norms and words bound to boundaries
patrolled by soldiers of ignorance, blindly and naively
controlling your sight and instructing your eyes to feast solely on the skin
and not the flesh beneath, not the hot stream of blood flowing in the veins
and not the invisible tears rolling down your cheeks.

I am ordinary. I am not your ordinary.

My ordinary is beyond meaning of your meaningfulness,
for it harbors my thoughts, wild and untamed like a whirlwind
deviant of norms and unharmed by short lived labels set by you, and
acknowledges my being as lively as ever one can be, as lively one has the freedom to be
My ordinary moisturizes my dry lips with poetry smeared by my tongue.

I am ordinary. I am not your ordinary.

My ordinary seeks to reason with the laws of reasoning,
the bedrock of meaning: the how, what, when, where and why's.

My eyes are the paint brush, my sight is my canvas and my thoughts are a pallet of colours
and my existence is my painting and I, the artist, and the guardian of these realms of thought
that are not yours to rule but, my reason for being, my reason for reasoning, my frontier.

Kaushik
B.A. Prog, 1st Year

Dreams

'Dream' a five letter word, five thousand feelings when the sun has sets behind the treetops, bidders, unwelcoming thoughts enter my mind as I look around. Do we belong to the place we were born at? Do we have to believe what people around want us to believe? Or can we emerge about it.

What if the greatest of the achievers gave up on the idea after their first failure, should we be proud of the technological benchmarks we have set for the future generations to come? The answer is clearly, no.

The floating idea of having something which turns into a limitless desire, to have it no matter how much time it takes, no matter how much loss we face is the definition of a dream for me. The journey begins as prospect engenders, the journey continues as one tries and keeps or trying and the journey reaches its destination as one stands on the border line with the determination and satisfaction they rightfully deserve when they get what they have worked so hard for.

A dream can be small, a dream can be big. As small as renovating your backyard to make it look prettier as spring arrives, as small as successfully being dedicated towards your new year resolutions. But it can be as big as bringing the change in the world which can never be altered and name an everlasting impact on our personality definitely, it's a necessity to dream because no one is wrong for thinking out of the box from where they stay. No one is wrong to want some

things in another way. A dream can be that sapling which if taken proper care of turns into a shade giving tree.

A dream is something which doesn't let you sleep at night, for whose fulfillment, every attempt seems embarrassingly feeble, the song that's always stuck in your mind.

Having a dream is not enough unless everything you do from the very second you wake up to the second you sleep is for its productive betterment. If you think about it in a certain way, the people you know are women in you like in a cobweb and no thoughts of yours are deserted by them and so isn't your dreams.

So its an obligation to conceptualize your dreams, own up to them because it's a part of who you are and who you have to become. It's the talisman which makes your life better. It's the cruel reminder of everything you have lost to reach where you are and everything that still needs to be done because if we are abandon on the determination, its not solely our loss, it's the wrong we are doing to world that matters most.

So make it your priority to leave no table unturned, go to every depth of seriousness, leave no gravity of effort unplumbed and try. Try till you achieve as sky is the limit and horizon is your aim.

Annie Arif
B.A. History Horns, 1st Year

Dazed and Confused

The morning is heavy with sluggishness to which the eye awakens completely unaware to what awaits in the pre-planned hours that are yet to arrive
In the most unexpected moments, when anxiety kicks in, like a rush of waves in an ocean and we like paper boats, without oars set sail like heroic sailors in war, unwilling to bend to norms laid down by they who walk these streets with one eye closed.
To the shock of misery clinging to our bodies like leeches sucking dry dreams and desires treasured like a pearl inside of an oyster, on which they greedily gaze upon
We wait now, for miracles and magic to materialize into reality
and until such time we seek comfort in feelings of oneness, brotherhood, friendship and love passed on to us like a pack of cigarette and cheap liquor that keeps us from drowning in the ocean of chaos within our giant boulder like heads infused with passion, poetry, confusion, misery, nightmares, anxiety, a tinge of hope and insecurities beyond reason and meaning can ever describe to an aging face and an ignorant mind.

Kaushik
B.A. (Prog.) 1st Year

What Young India Wants

Every morning I go through the latest news headlines; nothing like 'latest' strikes me. The same old stories of crime and corruption are printed everyday.

What's so new about that? Just names change and the story remains the same. A major accident happened yesterday, one more happened today....

Mumbai was attacked yesterday. It was Hyderabad Today...

23 years old 'Damini' witnessed brutality yesterday and it was 5 years old 'Gudiya' today....

So, I another youth of India wants to tell you ' What young India wants'

Yes as a young citizen of India and not an individual of some class, I am afraid and worried about the millions of youth in this country.

I am really frightened to imagine how I am going to survive.

Where I can't even be guaranteed about my reaching home safely.

Where we choose leaders and they choose many. Where hearts rarely melt on news of a 5 years old girl being brutalized!!!

So, what should we actually do?

Should we become blind, deaf or dumb?

Or should we shed some tears of sympathy and then get back to our work as if nothing happened?

The answer is a big 'NO'!

We want to come out of it, we want to get rid of it, and we want to make our country a better place to live in.

In the blockbuster movie "Rang De Basanti" it was said "There are only two ways to survive in the system. Either change yourself and accept what's happening or take charge and change the system!"

And I prefer the latter.

We all wish to become engineers, doctors and IAS officers, but except the sons and daughters of politicians, very few of us want to join politics. Why?

Just because we have a mindset that politics is not "healthy", its full of corruption and crime, but friends, its not politics that is bad, it's the politicians who are bringing ill name to it. Let's stand against them. Let's chase them from our political system if they don't work honestly.

A part of me also feels that there is lack of youth participation in Indian Politics. I wonder why in this country young leaders are a rare species.

Young, energetic people are needed, who can understand the needs of the rising population and also act as soon as possible.

It's high time that power is put into some strong hands.

The working of our judiciary and all other government institutions should be made efficient so that the cases don't remain pending as its said, "justice delayed is justice denied." We need to energize our system and speed up its working to cope up with this fast moving world.

Your life never goes with the feel to a place you have not dreamt of! So, do what your heart says, Care for yourselves and your dreams, care for your wishes and talents, because these are the things which transform the common to "great". Never be disappointed of failures get up and try again. Try till you succeed! Try till you. Defeat failures. Let's not forgot the struggles we have witnessed. Let's be firm and be determined to bring a change. Let's stand against injustice. Let's dream and dream some more, and strive to make them come true.

Sachin Kumar
B.A.(Hons) History
1st Year

De Globalization

When Marshall McLuhan first gave the theory of global village, he actually saw the world getting smaller and things around the globe coming closer to each other and with the dawn of electronic means of communication the world is now actually a village with everything in our reach. We responded to the American elections as if we were in America. We were concerned about the Brexit as if India were a part of European Union and what not! Things are actually interconnected, something happening in the world affects another part of the world located thousands of miles away and being informed and concerned about the global issues is what being a 'Global citizen' is all about.

We like to associate ourselves to the Global Community. We recognize the World Bank. We are demanding for a permanent seat in UN Security Council to have a better say in global matters. India is the largest contributor to UN peace keeping forces. We have internationally recognized basic human rights and we have international courts. We have G-8, G-20, BRICS, SAARC and the list stating the interdependence of the countries on each other can go on. So, with this interdependence being established we can't say that something happening in Syria doesn't matter to us at all. In the age of globalization, one can't limit his/her spectrum. India got a taste of globalization from 90's when the foreign investment started pumping into the Indian markets and it was the time when India as well as the world economy market couldn't afford a huge market like India being secluded from the global competition. Everything has become more and more inter dependent since then.

2016 was a phenomenal year in this respect. It saw things on social media changing to an extent that one never expected. Be it freedom of expression, women empowerment, atrocities on minorities or any other issue we took it to Facebook and Twitter and put our views there. It will not be an exaggeration if one says that Social Media is defining the headlines of our newspapers. Social media is setting the script for prime

time news shows. We are actually deciding what we want to discuss. We are concerned about the crisis in Syria, we are responding to the terrorist attacks in Paris and we are acknowledging Canada accepting maximum number of refugees. All of these trends take the world towards being a more inter connected place. But there is another aspect to this story, the story that opposes globalization in some or the other way. The recently concluded American presidential elections were historic in many ways. Some say the results indicate that people want change and that they are fed up with the age old policies of the governments that weren't benefitting the Americans. Donald Trump's 'America first' campaign was not only about making America great again. It was something more than that. It was talking of America first instead of the global community and it may seem very obvious that an American Presidential candidate is talking of giving priority to America first. But it is not something obvious for a country like America that has been the epicenter of the power since last 4-5 decades. When Trump says that America is to be given priority, he is actually talking about giving less weight to global problems. Trump made the stupid announcement that Global Warming is nothing more than a Chinese Hoax. During all his campaigns he talked about the outsourcing of jobs from America. Unemployment is a truth in America and Americans are actually frustrated. The truth is that competition is showing its teeth to Americans now. The immigrants, many of them come from Mexico for better quality of life. Mexicans do the first job they get at wages much less than the minimum wages set by the government. It is from here the point of building a strong beautiful wall is coming up. All of these things indicate a tendency of seclusion. Though it will be too early to say this but it seems like America is running away from competition. Competition and merit that were once the basic tenets of America are now haunting Americans. USA has the culture to reward quality and competition, the country whose residents till date do not fear taking risks, those who are result oriented and hardworking. We should remember that it

is not a miracle that Companies like Apple, Facebook and Google have their headquarters in America. It is this quality driven environment in America that has led to enormous success of the country. But the recent bans on several countries by the American authorities and the limit on H1B visas is a stand contrary to what America usually takes. Usually, Americans terrified the world with their multi nationals and huge investments they brought with them that robbed the local manufacturers taking away their markets from them. But times seem to have changed, as the outsourcing of jobs to Indian IT firms in Bengaluru who deliver the results at lower costs, the Indian IT professionals who work at salaries lower than their American counterparts provide better services. The Mexicans immigrants do the menial jobs

that an American would avoid to do normally and at lower rates. It is this that scares America. It is the justification of the American presidential elections. It is this that is being termed as a u turn of Globalization.

Nevertheless, the MNC's can't let the competition die or the quality perish. They will find a way out of this to grow somewhere else if not in America that will again harm America in long terms. The bitter truth is that the 'Nation first' theory is coming to surface in a whole new avatar and with the rising concern in people regarding their national interests and that too among western nations, things are bound to drastically change.

Mayank Pandey
BjMC, IIIrd Year

My Shadow

"My shadow is my own" oozes
 deep in my heart, those words
 pose a query, of that fuzzle
 Soon I start noticing it
 But it desolate all my prevision
 Black ghost stalking me
 But black itself the only way to escape
 Unlike other's striver
 This empty structure teases me
 This one hurdle in my joy
 Poor me, who always wishes to be an arrant boy
 Indeed, routine objurgation it brings
 Somehow, that strange sound produces 'strings'.
 Those big muscular arms and round,
 Turn flat and skinny on the ground
 Took a deep breathe inside
 Pumped out my chest
 Turned two sonsy balls,
 Not at all, is it jest?
 Lean, that athletic body
 Angularly becomes curvy,
 Maliciously laughing at me
 That room, that light
 Shaft on my left profile

evil shadow at right.
 Lapping my entity, fading my colour
 Wall throwing out, shadow bright
 Is this a gender diaphoresis?
 Don't unreel it dear shadow
 It's an offence,
 Flunked in their expectations
 I tried to end this fence
 I took a long knife
 To detach this dark intangible
 Ablaze wall with blood
 Pains were so far now,
 All I was looking at, is the wall
 To see this shadow fall
 My half alive senses feels
 A sensation of tumble
 Indocile my sight
 This dark-black shadow standing
 Keen in front more bright.
 This betrayal shadow
 Celebrating its freedom.
 One moment agnize me the whole
 Biding farewell with a smile.
 My shadow was a 'Soul'.

Shivani Raghav
English (H) II Year

Let me Please....

Let me live, let me bloom,
Let me shine, like beautiful moon.
Let me fly and see this world,
Let me fly like beautiful bird
Don't be cruel, Oh! Selfish
Let me swim like wonderful fish,
Listen to my cry, listen to my scream
Let me fulfill, my wishes my dream
Let me see this beautiful earth,
Please don't kill me before my birth.

Let me do a bit of things I admire
Let me complete my little desire
I want to see the earth
I too want to take the birth

Don't forget every birth a mother is giving
is required but the cruel world is killing her
either before birth or....

I don't want to ascend the throne
Even I don't want a share in my dad's home
All I want is a simple answer from God
That why has he created me if my destiny is to get abort.

Let me feel the essence of love
Don't cease my life to abort
Let human race prosper with girl child taking birth!

Shubham Verma
B.A. (Hons) Political Science
1st year

Shackles

You watch her walk lustfully,
as she passes you by with her legs naked
and her waist wide open, with her feet
hiding inside heels and nails polished.
And while you bite your lips,
you undress her with your eyes.
In an attempt to quench your carnal desires
hovering over your eyes
and genitals causing your palms to sweat,
forcing saliva down your dry throat;
your eyes feast on her beauty,
leaving nothing but bones
which you hide within your soul
in utter shame which you have taught yourself to forget
for, your conscience is a burial ground
in which countless shameful and sinful deeds you have buried,
and this you will continue to bury
for your mind is now a breeding ground
for disturbing ideas, cheap thrills and unfulfilled cravings
that sucks the liveliness in her dry,
instilling in her revolutionary ideas to gather in masses
and set fire to your thoughts
and unlock the gates to the burial ground,
that remains undisturbed
and yet you spill ire curses and ill-conceived judgements
on her wardrobe, on the contents of her handbag,
on the words that she chooses to express her perception of life
that shackles her freedom, hope, passion
and all the feelings that lead to a life
of fulfillment and meaning
that shall lead to the liberation
of her shackled soul, her shackled heart,
her shackled tongue and her beautiful mind.

Kaushik
B.A. (Prog.) 1st Year

The Tranquil Night on Terrace

In the wake of the night
Under the black sky
the soft breeze touched my face
I sat there wondering
What's going to happen
Where I was
Where I am
Where am I going

I wondered about life
The journey until now
It started somewhere
It's moving towards
An unrevealed destination
I just sat there wondering
Where I was
Where am I going?

Beneath the sparkling stars
Whole city sparkled
It was mesmerising
Yet, it had darkness
That was, surprising
I sat there wondering
Why some are so bright
While others have no light?

The wind seems to whisper
Something in my ear
What it tried to say
I couldn't decipher
I just sat there listening
To the wind

The tranquil night on terrace
Brought out the philosopher
Hidden inside me
Who just wondered
Where it was?
Where it is?
Where is it going?

Shivani Raghav
English Hons 2nd yr

You, or I?

What's the difference between you and I,
when I called you,
and you call yourself I?

When the finger is pointed towards me,
and that trigger of tongue is set free,
shooting innumerable words.

I say that I have the right to speak,
but what do we do when they do?
I escape, or I dive.

I drown in the sea of media,
choked of social graces and Savior-faire,
and swept to the seashore,
unconscious of my identity.

Are we scared of entities of doubtful existence

We strive to be original,
yet chase someone else's dreams.
We are given choices, and call ourselves free.
'The drowning' causes side effects although.

A strange dementia sweeps over us.
We become forgetful of thinking diversely,
failing to acknowledge our conscience.

The side effects can be fatal.
We may become the living dead.

It's time we label ourselves specimens,
rather than humans,
for we are the outcome of the social experiments of
hegemony.

We inhale explanations,
and exhale confusion.

And end up retiring to our beds,
dreaming of the world we never created.

-Sukanya Dev
English Hons 2nd year

Dances

The dances I've had,
Will never be taken away from me.
The dreams I've dreamt,
Are going to be witnessed by me.

The shadows I've conquered,
Dare not come back and haunt me.
The ideas I've structured,
Will defeat the one you created for me.

The wind I've befriended,
Is going to travel alongside with me.
The wishes I've blown,
Are going to flutter back to me.

The mistakes I've made,
Are going to eternally guide me.
The monsters I've seen,
Will one day stop stalking me.

The dances I've had,
You will not take them from me.

Manjeera
English (Hons) 3rd year

Hate canonized

Anybody can love anybody
Then why hate exists?
Why rivalry be considered as superior?
Hate is easy, so is war
But give love a try
It's just the life that we live
not the things
Won't you be happy by smiling faces around you.
Why to think about people?
Everybody here is with the yin and yang in them
Enjoy the moment with the one and live different
stories
Because end will be the same.

Tanya
Eng (Hons.) 1st Year

Her Tale

She tells me her tale
Of soulful woes;
And places a hard
Calloused hand on my wet cheek.

She sings of her song
With misery contained;
And kisses softly Thrice
As my cold ears bleed.

She whispers to the night
Her tale of woes;
And she wipes my
Battered body bruised beyond use.

She prays to her gods
About her deeds;
And muffles with a
Cloth my voice when I scream.

She cries as she touches
Her scars of pain;
And coldly sells my
Body to her cruel old men.

She tells me her tale
Of soulful woes;
And I tell her,
They won't be mine.

Manjeera
English (Hons) 3rd year

Time and Time Alone

Everything that's new will grow old
everything that shines now will be dull
For sure will come the season of cold
When every emotion will seem null
Typhoons of cries surrounding
Earthquakes of lies trembling
Awakening us to the only truth
Time and only time is still
Time alone moves along its will
Rest all cry for resting places
Aha! Time is looking at our dead faces.

Vipasha
English (Hons) 1st year

A Fictional Dream

The cacophony of my alarm clock interrupts my unattainable dreams. I remain without shape and sound in my rectangular bed; till my mother's unpleasant screeching voice wakes me up.

A nose ring and an eyebrow piercing, red lipstick and kajal. I am ready to face my demons, which plague the world outside, insidiously slipping in the cracks of minds.

The utensils tinkle and newspaper turns; my mother and my father. The newspaper stops at my presence and suddenly slams to the floor. The door bangs shut. My mother abandons her sabzi to hurriedly hug me, to stop my anger; a fire that easily burns paper.

(Paper/Fire)

II

My impractical footwear makes me stumble on the DTC bus, filled with sweat and strangers, sweat of strangers. Cursing, I question my choice to make a statement. Whether it is a fashion statement or a feminist one, that remains under debate. The big people clashing on twitter will decide for me.

My lipstick cakes, leaving lip lines all over; horns blare in traffic and eyes stare. A gaze on my body, on my clothes, on my piercing, on my bright lipstick with lines – the routine, a judgement.

My armour is a thick crust of disdain. It is the things I wear, to defend me and to represent me.

The conductor yells my stop is here, and I stumble through the crowd, push a group of aunties aside, briefly check out a cute girl in a tank top, and glare at a handsy jerk.

The driver suddenly brakes, and I stumble of the millionth time.

(Heels)

III

A silent stream of smoke escapes my red mouth. It forms words and metaphors I can't touch. Like the caterpillar from Alice in the Wonderland.

I look at our intertwined hands, and her short hair brushing my shoulder. She reads book, something not from our syllabus, with the word 'sex' on it. She always seems to have some book whose title carries the word 'sex'.

We are hiding in a park, bunking our first class, seeking solace from the infected world, which does not accept us. We are the misfits, the freaks who love each other, with bright eyes, harsh voices and words.

It's 'we' not 'I', the word which is my vaccine, the word that makes sense only with her next to me, my patient cynical girlfriend, with awkward short hair that sticks in all directions.

Daytime crickets, chirping birds, smoke rising out of a fallen cigarette, are the only things that accompany our solitary selves.

(Freaks)

IV

"Your lipstick reminds me of that movie I really wanted to watch." She looks at me and says.

I snort. "My terrible state of lipstick reminds you of a movie? You're weird"

She elbows my shoulder. "Shut up. It's the red shade. You know that movie Lipstick Under My Burhka, the one with Konkona, the one which was banned because it was too 'lady oriented.'"

"Dunno." I dismiss the movie with a shrug. "And what's up with the books you read? They're always about sex."

She rolls her eyes.

"Get your mind out of the gutter." She scolds. "It's The

Second Sex by Simone de Beauvoir, and yesterday it was Luce Irigaray's This Sex Which is Not One.

"Oh." I pause. "Its sex as in 'gender'?"

"No, it's sex as in sex." She scowls. "Why are people so afraid to use that word?"

"Hmm... It's embarrassing?"

"It shouldn't be. You are okay with swearing 24/7 but you can't say 'sex'. And FYI, these books are amazing. You should read one."

So, now I'm stuck with extremist feminist prose and an angry girlfriend.

(A conversation)

V

The professor's sonorous droning voice echoes in the almost empty classroom. I massage my head to prevent the beginning of a migraine, a resultant of brain freeze due to eating of empty words and superficial studies.

Tick tick.

She sits far away from me; with friends I don't know and pleasantly sleeps. I envy her; sleep always evades me in boredom and time ticks slowly.

I disagree with what the professor is saying.

Tick tick.

But of course, I don't raise a question.

I look down at the copy of Simone de Beauvoir, forcefully forced on my person. Having nothing better to do, I open the book and read the first page.

Tick tick. Tick tick.

(Boredom)

VI

I'm still reading the book when I get back. I'm lost in another dimension, a world of different ideas. That is why I don't notice my father sitting in the living room,

like he owns the place (which he does). Recently, he returned from the office with a perpetual scowl, an emotion reserved for my eternal blasphemy, the nature of my love and whom I love.

I wash the makeup off my face, remove the nose ring; my armour undone.

My mother is making dinner. A pointless routine. I go to the kitchen, return the hug my mother gave this morning. Dinner as usual is served with insults and arguments.

I fall asleep reading, dreaming of impossible things, and I wonder if I'll be a better, stronger person tomorrow.

In the world my subconscious constructs during my REM cycle, I am not afraid. I hold hands in public, I express my ideas without hesitation, I am not ogled at.

Yet, isn't it an impossible dream?

Manjeera.
3rd Year,
English (Hons.)

A Passive Dress

The piece of cloth
The most close to my heart can't be worn now here
Even if that happens... absence of those tiffin stains will still remain
Longing to wear, longing to feel that pleasure
To relive the best moments.
But it's kept locked
Like those memories
Somewhere safe enough so that never to be lost.

Tanya
Eng (H) Ist Year

An Experience in Geology Department

Leaving behind my home and coming to a big metropolitan like Delhi quite a difficult choice.

My future awaited for me to take this decision and quite proudly I decided to get admitted to Ram Lal Anand College to do my Bachelors in Geology! I had some metamorphosed ideas about this subject but my inquisitiveness to understand our mother Earth and the processes that run around us got me hitched to this subject.

Everything seemed new to me in and around my college which had brought a sense of nervousness, yet there was a comforting feeling in the environment of RLA. The first day I stepped in the Geology Department to meet fellow students and seniors, we were given a warm welcome. The fresher's party made me know them better. The valuable insights which were given to me by professors Dr. P. Pande and Dr. S. Nag made me understand the concept of Geology. The Innovation project that I had the opportunity to get involved with, introduced me to the field of research and data collection. The visit to Atomic Mineral Directorate (AMD) was informative where we were given lectures by senior scientists about India's advancement and future in nuclear sciences. And to remember the field trips in each year of Bachelors, the long nights of chit chatting with classmates during the train journey and working

hard in the field to understand geological features will always have a special place in memory. The Department has sown the seeds of geology in my professional life with efficient teaching and extensive field work and I believe this department has much more to give to the future students with state of the art Laboratory, bigger class rooms and full faculty strength.



It takes me down to the memory lane with most precious years of my life in Ram Lal Anand College and how these three years had gone past with the blink of an eye. There stands again a new chapter of life asking me to absorb something new.

Lastly, I would like to thank everyone in Ram Lal Anand College who helped me and made my stay comfortable.

University Rank Holder
Nupur Pant
Geology Department

Science Day



Date: 28th February 2017

Venue: Seminar hall

Event: National Science day

The National Science Day was celebrated on 28th February 2017 in its true spirit by all the four science departments of the college. The students of the college were asked to make power point presentations on the topic “Recent Advances in Science & Technology for the Specially-Abled”. Students from the departments of Computer Science, Geology, Microbiology and Statistics actively participated. A preliminary screening was done and the best ten entries were selected for the

final presentation. A wide variety of applications and innovative ideas were presented by the students. They enthusiastically came up with various interesting topics like artificial intelligence, eye tracker, echo transmitting goggles, computer algorithms to assist the specially-abled. Best Innovative Idea was awarded to Gyan, B.Sc. (H) Computer Science, while Kumar Mayank, B.Sc. (H) Geology bagged the second place. First place in Best Presentation was clinched by Tarun Adarsh, B.Sc. (H) Microbiology and Shubham, B.Sc. (H) Statistics was placed second. The winners were congratulated, while all the participants were greatly appreciated for their hard work, efforts and excellent way of presentation.

Experience of Microbiology Department

No amount of words can really describe the joyous feelings in my heart when I think of my amazing journey at Ram Lal Anand College. My journey at RLA that began in 2013 has just been overwhelming for me. I feel immense pleasure in expressing my gratitude to the entire faculty of Department of Microbiology for being my constant support system. Their invaluable guidance has gone a long way in my success. The faculty at Department of Microbiology makes every possible effort and also at times go out of their way just for the interest of their students. Not only have they motivated me to do well but also at times pointed out my weaknesses and helped me overcome them. Being around such encouraging faculty has been beneficial as it drove me to work harder and achieve what I wanted to achieve. I also would like to acknowledge the lab staff and my colleagues for their incredible support all throughout.

The state of the art laboratories at Department of Microbiology, Ram Lal Anand College, makes the

learning process even more interesting. The labs are well equipped with all modern instruments and facilities which allow the students to gain much needed hands-on experience, something that I haven't seen in laboratories of other colleges making this department one of the best Microbiology departments.



The course curriculum of B.Sc. (H) Microbiology has strengthened the foundation of my knowledge about the subject which is benefitting me now in my post graduation. Presently I am pursuing M.Sc. Microbiology from University of Delhi, South Campus.

I would therefore like to recommend all the aspirants who are planning to make their career in this field to consider joining this well established department. You sure won't be disappointed!

- Ashish Singh



Crafted by Rahul, B.A. (Hons) Hindi IIIrd Year

Department of English

The English Department of Ram Lal Anand College had organised its first Annual Literary Festival on 10th March '17, on the theme- "Fantasy and Mythology in Popular Fiction". Devoting to the myths, legends and fantastical elements present in the popular culture, the Literary Festival consisted of a series of events.

The Fest began with an enlightening note by Prof. Christel Rashmi Devadawson, the Head of English Department, University of Delhi on "Mythmaking in Bhimayana" in the seminar room. In her note, the eminent speaker discussed about the graphical representation of one of the most grave and brutal realities of India, caste system in the novel "Bhimayana". Discussing about the metaphors and tropes that have been used in the text, she elaborated on the important metaphor of water in it. Water as a symbol for the whole lot of resources being controlled by the ruling upper caste, oppression of the lower caste and the injustice perpetrated on the latter by the former in the name of sanctity, purity and religion.

This was followed by a short tea break, giving way to the first competition- the paper presentation on the theme- "Fantasy and Mythology in Popular Fiction", held in the seminar room from 12 p.m. Attempting to decode the mysteries of popular culture, there were eight paper presenters in all. Manjeera from Ram Lal Anand College had presented on "The Modern Myth: Superheroes and Greek Gods in American Popular Fiction", Lalit Kumar from Ram Lal Anand College had presented on "The Homogeneity of History, Culture and Myth in Marquez's Magic Realism", Priya Pandey from Ram Lal Anand College had presented on "Divakaruni's Palace of Illusions- Feminist or Feminine?", Priyanka Kapoor from Lady Shri Ram College had presented on "Reading Jane's Jane Eyre", Jhiliam Roy from Lady Shri Ram College had presented on "Myth and Melusine", Shivangi Tyagi and Rishabh Tyagi from Ram Lal Anand College had presented on "Gender and Sexuality in Indian Mythology", Tanisha Jain from Ram Lal Anand College had presented on "Do we need Superheroes?", and Zuha Hussain from



Ram Lal Anand College had presented on “Mythology, for us, is not just mythology, it’s a way of life- Analysing Devdutt Paitnaik”. The competition was judged by Dr. Prerna Malhotra, Dr. Ritambara Misra and Mr. Praveen Kumar. Tanisha Jain stood first, followed by Shivangi Tyagi and Rishabh Tyagi as the runner-ups.



The next event was the Quiz Competition on “Popular Fiction”, which began from 2:00 p.m. in the seminar room. It consisted of questions from popular literature, T.V. shows, writers, films and so on. There were teams of two each in the competition and there were three rounds. The first one was a Questionnaire round, which enabled screening of the participants, followed by the Direct Questions round, ending with the Rapid Fire round. The winners of the Quiz Competition were Priyanka Kapoor and Jhila Roy, followed by first runner up Lalit Kumar and Ashish Kerketta.

dedicated to the lovers of poetry- the Dead Poets Meet, held in room 17. Without any limitation of time and the pressure of competition, the students were welcomed to recite poetry of their choice. Ranging from their own compositions, students recited Piyush Mishra’s collections of couplets “*Vo kaam bhala kya kaam hua, vo Ishq bhala kya Ishq*”, to the shayaris of Urdu poetry. Though, the event was inspired from Robin Williams’ movie, “Dead Poets Society”, it was far away from its imitation. It was an amazing conclusion to the great day of the Literary Fest.

The Literary Festival was concluded with an event

Sadhana Mishra
B.A. (Hons.) English IIIrd Year



Department of BA Program



BA Program is a course that offers a multi disciplinary platform to the students. It allows students to make career choices in various streams. When the students come together under this banner, they learn several skill sets. One of the most vibrant set of students, they contribute to Sports, NCC and NSS units of the college in full force. In addition societies like debating, quiz, dramatics, arts and culture borrow talent from BA program. The society organised a freshers' party to welcome students in the month of August, 2016. They are organizing a farewell party for the out going batch on the 24th April 2017. The department has a separate committee which takes care of the needs of the students by guiding, mentoring and nurturing their bright future.

Dr. Basant Kumar Mishra

Department of Political Science



After having organized a very successful Mock Parliament in the previous academic year, this year the department went for a different series of activities and events.

A Creative Writing Competition was held where students from across all departments participated and wrote high quality argumentative pieces on various themes involving political, economic, social, ecological, cultural and even legal dimensions. Apart from exhibiting their enthusiasm in writing skills, the students exhibited their artistic fervor in the Poster Making and Rangoli Design competitions which were also based on various socio-political and cultural themes. The faculty members and students are grateful to Dr. Brij Kishore Sharma, Chairperson, Governing Body Ram Lal Anand College and Dr. Rakesh Kumar Gupta, Principal, Ram Lal Anand College for finding time to grace these events with their presence and interact with the students on their innovatively created thematic posters.

It is worth mentioning that apart from organizing various activities and pursuing regular



debates, discussions and argumentative sessions among students in the classrooms, the department specially tries to cater to academic, professional and career desires and ambitions of students. Regular counseling through one-to-one meetings and discussions both in classrooms and otherwise have been endeavoured by faculty members with as many students as interested. In this regard the record speaks for itself. To mention of only this academic year, lot of our final year students have cleared different entrance exams and/or have secured places in various institutions of higher learning. Some noteworthy examples being:

Rishika cleared Jawaharlal Nehru University and Ambedkar University entrance exams for MA and opted for JNU. Rohin, Abhay & Akash secured admissions in PG Journalism courses at Indian Institute of Mass Communications, Jamia Millia Islamia and Delhi University respectively. Vijay, Nikita, Archita, Prasoon, Monika cleared Post-Graduation entrance level in Political Science at Delhi University. Namita cleared PG entrance exam for International Politics at Jamia. Yasharth, Asmita and Archit are pursuing LLB from Amity, Dehradun and Kanpur Universities respectively. Gauri has ventured on to Westminster University, UK to pursue PG in International Business.

Faculty members also continued to pursue their academic research and participated in various events held across academia and also presented and published research outputs. The department fraternity hopes to carry on with this spirit in the days to come.

Dr. Kshama Sharma
(Teacher-in-charge)
Dr. Triranjana Raj