



CELEBRATING 30 YEARS OF

REFLECTIONS

2022-23



DEEN DAYAL UPADHYAYA COLLEGE

UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

“

- Dr. Pramesh Ratnakar, *The Mirror, The Lamp, And "Reflections"*, Editorial to *Reflections*, (1992-93)

My name finds its objective in the editorial of my inaugural edition, written by my first Editor, Dr. Pramesh Ratnakar:



The collage consists of several overlapping items:

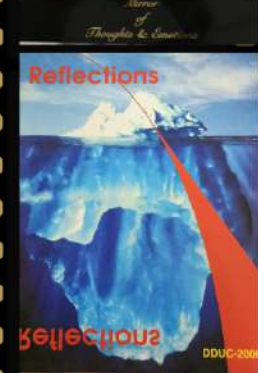
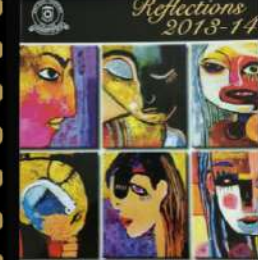
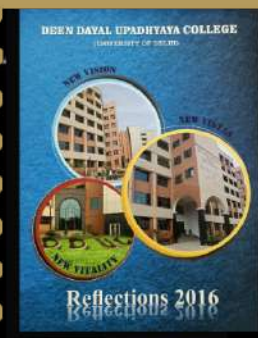
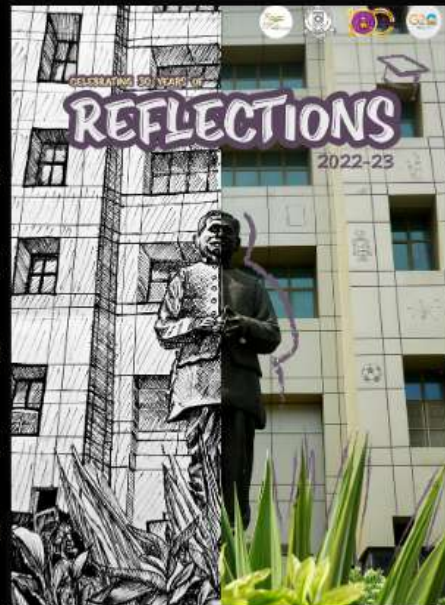
- Top Left:** A book cover with the title "I Love Blogging" and a red heart graphic. Above it, a small text snippet reads: "It was a wonderful experience going through the more wonderful things by SSCC bloggers! If the above mentioned blogs catch your fancy, do make sure to drop by and let the bloggers know how much you like them!"
- Top Center:** A magazine titled "EDITORIAL" featuring a portrait of a man. Below the title, it says "Learning without reflection is a waste. Reflection without learning is dangerous." and "As we come up with another edition of our annual magazine Reflections, it is time to take a look at the magazine in an editorial tone of our..."
- Top Right:** A book titled "Painting Goddess of Knowledge and calm and symbolises something blue...ness. The beauty." It features a painting of a woman in a blue sari.
- Middle Left:** A book titled "KLI KAMAAL!!!". It has a pink cover with a portrait of a woman. Text on the cover includes "1st prize" and "I will always...".
- Middle Right:** A book titled "Retirement". It features a photo of a man in a suit.
- Bottom Right:** A book titled "Achievers' Gallery". It features a photo of a man in an orange jacket holding a silver medal. Below the photo, it says "AMAN SAINI, B.A. Programme, Semester VI, bagged the Silver Medal in Men's Team Compound Archery at Asian Games 2018, Bronze Medal in 10th Asian Games Jakarta, 16th Position in Archery World Cup, Berlin 2017."
- Bottom Left:** A book titled "Mentoring & Counseling Committee". It features a photo of a group of people.



Reflections 1992-93

Like a camera reel,
I've been capturing words
of feral imaginations
and fleeting images,
that breathe in me forever.

Reflections 2022-23



You can trace my footprints from the
world of print to the digital space.
Today, I've grown enough, to let the world

hear the Reflections,
see the Reflections,
incorporate the spirit of Reflections

I am the mirror of all visions and
innovative spark

I am also the light that falls on the
mirror, cutting through the dark

I am Reflections, I capture, I nurture,
I grow

and my journey continues...

Reflections: Reminiscing the Journey
by Disha Nashine (Editorial Head)

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From the Principal's Desk

It is a matter of profound elation to me to write the prologue of the annual college magazine of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya College, Reflections 2022-23, which has been launched after a hiatus of two academic sessions brought by the global pandemic. The undying flame of creativity and innovation in this college has been illuminating Reflections for 30 years now and will continue to keep the spirit of regeneration kindled.

Our college has been ranked as the 21st best college in India out of 2270 participating colleges in the National Institutional Ranking Framework (NIRF) 2022 ranking released by the Ministry of Education, Government of India. It has also achieved the distinction of being ranked 11th, 17th and 37th amongst Science, Commerce & Arts colleges in India (MDRA Best Colleges Ranking 2022). As it enters into yet another session of academic excellence and artistic fervour, I am proud of the achievements of our students, their painstaking efforts in setting newer benchmarks, and the rapid progress of our institution in all spheres, which is accredited to all the pillars of this institution—students, teachers, administrative officials, and supporting staff. The college is in a position to leap forward and synchronize its goals and activities in the process of implementing the New Education Policy of the Government, but the four-year structure needs a lot of preparation.

We are fully conscious of our responsibility towards nurturing morally grounded, ethically strong, academically potent, physically fit, and skilled nation-builders, and keeping this mission in mind, we have shifted much of our focus to the skill-enhancement courses and value education. Enhancing the quality of education also needs enhancing the quality of infrastructure. Efforts are also being devoted to strengthening the labs and furniture to be well-equipped for the students' requirements and smoothening the examination system.

The strength of this college also lies in its efforts to create a congenial literary atmosphere for the college students and ensure the promotion of Indian languages. As an educational institution, we realise our role in strengthening the ties of our youth with the nation, its culture, history, and languages, in empowering them such that they take pride in their roots and national identity. To foster these values, the college promotes Indian languages in both academic and creative fields. For many years now, we have invited renowned poets, editors, journalists, and authors whose views and persona have benefitted the students immensely.

May this institution continue to nurture and bear witness to raw caliber metamorphosing into exemplary accomplishments.

Prof. Hem Chand Jain
Officiating Principal



Convenor's Address

*"No sooner had I stepp'd into these pleasures
Than I began to think of rhymes and measures:*

*The air that floated by me seem'd to say
'Write! thou wilt never have a better day.'"*

-John Keats

To all the students reading this, I appeal one thing- Never let your self-doubt or other people's perceptions impede your creative growth and expression. You are deserving and capable of achieving everything you desire, creating every art form that your inner voice propels you to create, and expressing that obstinate voice stuck in your throat, waiting for a reflection.

It gives me immense pleasure to present to you Reflections 2022-23. The completion of this magazine is a result of collective endeavors of students of different departments and disciplines, which has been an enriching experience altogether as it reminds all of us that despite belonging to different disciplines, we share a common vision, of an unquenchable thirst for innovation, of creating safe and conducive spaces within the institutions for young minds to grow and learn, not apart, but together and in harmony. Only when we bring their potentials together can we celebrate the boundlessness of the same. This vision could also materialise into reality with the generous support and assistance of my colleagues- Dr. Monika Bansal, Dr. Charu Kalra, and Dr. Lalit Kumar, to whom I express my profound gratitude.

This year's magazine, apart from celebrating the achievements, imaginations, creativity, freedom of thoughts and expression, and the power of creation of our students, celebrates the fact that it has been released after a hiatus of two academic sessions brought by the global pandemic. Thus, while rejoicing in its glorious journey, it also rejoices in regeneration.

While welcoming the new members for a new session to this esteemed college, we have also, in these pages, bid farewell to the ones who retired and the ones who left us during this session. This edition has also been designed to carry forward the legacy of the previous editions, of giving the students a glimpse of life inside DDUC, in its hostels and in all its exuberant activities during the annual cultural fest Kalrav. I have always believed in empowering the young minds by letting them work with freedom to explore the limitlessness of possibilities, and this has been my primary goal throughout the making of this magazine. I hope you take pride in the collaborative efforts, vibrant talents and abundant potential adorning the pages of Reflections as it celebrates its pearl anniversary- the glorious 30 years of Reflections, a journey that began with the inaugural edition launched in 1992-93.

Best Regards

Dr. Chayannika Singh

Associate Professor (Chemistry)

Teacher Convenor, Magazine Committee

Messages from the Student Editors



Disha Nashine
Editorial Head

*"Drown in me to search for your depths.
I might give an impression- of a heart holding its breath:
Call me a thief of moments bright-
For it's true that a mirror never owns the light:
Nevertheless, trust me to reflect it back and well:
I am carved out of the past, yet in me, the beginnings dwell"*

Perhaps these lines started materialising in my mind during my first meeting with the members of the magazine committee when I asked them to brainstorm their ideas on what comes to their minds when they hear the word "reflections". Or perhaps later, when I started searching every nook and corner of the college which could possibly have the inaugural issue of Reflections. I was told by many that it was next to impossible to get a 30-year-old magazine, given the shifting of the college from Karampura to Dwarka in this huge trajectory between 1989 to 2023. However, there is something in this legacy of editors, that makes one do anything but give up. Perhaps it is the zeal and vigor of that trailblazer who first passed on this legacy, and thirty years later, helped me reach my destination while awaiting a surgery after his retirement. If I could finally find the first issue of Reflections (1992-93), after a month's toil and trouble, it was the goal of finding and reading Dr. Pramesh Ratnakar's editorial that kept me going, and a phone call with him that at last led me there. Now, dear readers, you may wonder why it was so important. For me, it was imperative to connect with the roots before nourishing the new branches out of this tree. To realise the great privilege that has been bestowed upon me by entrusting me with the role of the Editorial Head.

It was as much important for me to trace the origin and evolution of Reflections as it is for a gardener to study the composition of soil before growing new bushes of flowers on it. And as you flip through the first few pages, I hope you realise how it was all worth it.

After going through a huge pile of most of the previous issues of this magazine, I realised how it has grown and evolved like a little child. And has always moved forward, like a brook cutting through the rocks to become a giant river. Thus, it dawned upon me to let Reflections share her journey of these thirty years with her readers. I'll forever be indebted to my teachers, especially Dr. Anubha Mukherji for her invaluable guidance and support in shaping my visions for this magazine, letting me fulfill them, and always believing in her convictions which inspires me to hold on to mine. My deepest gratitude to Dr. Jayini Adhyapak, Dr. Lalit Kumar for recommending my name, Dr. Ranbeer Kumar, Dr. Pooja Bharadwaj, Ms. Mishail Sharma, and Ms. Jagriti Gupta for always being there to encourage and support my endeavors. Huge thanks to Dr. Chayannika, our teacher convenor, for her constant guidance and supervision from the beginning till the completion of this magazine.

As you pick up Reflections, I hope you see the reflections of the entire team's commitment, hard work, and love behind it. I hope you see the reflections of the tameless fervor of artistic expression. And I hope that you never stop reflecting on yourselves and your words.

Wish you a mirror's candour and a lamp's vigor.



Vatsala Gupta

English Editor

To work with my college magazine editorial has been a long-standing wish of mine. The pandemic greatly disrupted all our daily lives and activities, forcing a pause onto our college magazine as well. The first two years of me being a part of this institution, I could not work in the editorial. I'm grateful to have been provided this opportunity in my leaving year. The past few months have been jam packed with work, events, action, and best of all, joy.

Compiling this magazine, reading so many articles and poems sent by the students, and finally coming up with the finished product has been a fulfilling and enjoyable task. It takes a whole team, each and every person's efforts adding to our progress, to finish such a project. Thank you, to everyone who tirelessly worked to release this beautiful issue. I hope the reader loves to read it as much as we loved working on it <3



Astha Sinha

English Editor

This magazine, Reflections, does what the name suggests: it reflects. It reflects the plethora of talent residing amongst the students of this seminal institute and reflects the work everyone puts in towards bettering themselves. Working in the editorial board of this magazine was an honour in itself, and I am glad to have been a part of it. Reading everyone's pieces was a form of reflection in its own and it was very hard to have to select just a few among them. The entire editorial board has worked hard in curating the content and developing the graphics for this magazine and all of their efforts are reflected to me time and again. I am grateful to be a part of this team and I am grateful towards this institution for including me this process and for providing a platform for the self-expression of the creatives here. I wish all the readers a good read.



स्वाति

हिंदी सम्पादक

हिंदी साहित्य मेरे लिए एक बहुत ही विशाल समुद्र के समान है। मुझे बहुत खुशी है इस बात की कि गत दिनों में इस समुद्र में जल्द ही जुड़ने वाली नई नहरें मुझे देखने को मिलीं। हमारे कॉलेज की वार्षिक पत्रिका के लिए काम करते हुए मैंने जितनी भी कृतियां पढ़ी और जितनी भी रचनाओं का आंकलन किया उन सबसे यह तो तय हो गया की लोगों की सोच के विपरीत हिंदी साहित्य की दुनिया अभी नींद में जाने से कोसों दूर है।

ज्ञान का स्रोत तथा एक उत्तम शिक्षाग्रंथ की भूमिका निभाती इस पत्रिका में जुड़े लेखों में संस्कृति, लेखन कला, राजनीति, विज्ञान, समाज, व्यवसाय और विभिन्न रंग-बिरंगे विषयों पर होनहार छात्रों ने रचनात्मक टिप्पणियां की हैं जिनसे मुझे भी बहुत कुछ नया सीखने को मिला।

मैं बहुत आभारी हूं मेरे साथ काम करने वाले मेरे दोस्तों की जिन्होंने कभी मेरे कंधों से बोझ हल्का किया तो कभी मुझे बहुत कुछ नया सिखलाया और बतलाया भी। साथ ही मैं आभार व्यक्त करना चाहूंगी प्रोफ़ेसर छायानिका जी का जिन्होंने मुझे इस पत्रिका में काम करने का स्वर्ण अवसर दिया और मेरा मार्गदर्शन भी किया



नेहा

हिंदी सम्पादक

मेरे लिए यह प्रसन्नता का विषय है कि हमारा महाविद्यालय प्रति वर्ष वार्षिक पत्रिका प्रकाशित करता है। जब मैंने अपनी महाविद्यालय की वार्षिक पत्रिका के लेखन टीम में शामिल होने का फैसला किया था, तो मुझे उस समय यह अनुभव नहीं था कि इससे मेरा जीवन कैसे बदल जाएगा। लेकिन अब मैं खुशी से बता सकती हूँ कि यह एक सामान्य लेखन कार्य नहीं था, बल्कि यह मेरी रचनात्मक जिज्ञासा को भरने वाला, शिक्षाप्रद और विस्तारवादी सफ़र बन गया।

पत्रिका न केवल विभिन्न गतिविधियों के दर्पण होती है, बल्कि छात्रों की छुपी हुई प्रतिभा को बाहर लाकर उन्हें लिखने और पढ़ने की आदत बनाने में मदद करती है। यह उन्हें अपने बौद्धिक कौशल को सुधारने में मदद करता है और साथ ही ज्ञान के क्षितिज को व्यापक बनाने में भी मदद करता है। इस पत्रिका के माध्यम से, मैंने बहुत से नए दोस्त बनाए जिनके साथ मैं विभिन्न विषयों पर विचारों का आदान-प्रदान करती थी व मैंने इन विषयों पर दूसरे साथियों के अनुभव, उनके प्रतिभा और उनकी विचारधारा को करीब से जाना। इन लेखों में अपने योगदान को जोड़ते हुए, मैंने अपनी सीमाओं को छोड़कर अपने विचारों को आजमाने का मौका प्राप्त किया है।

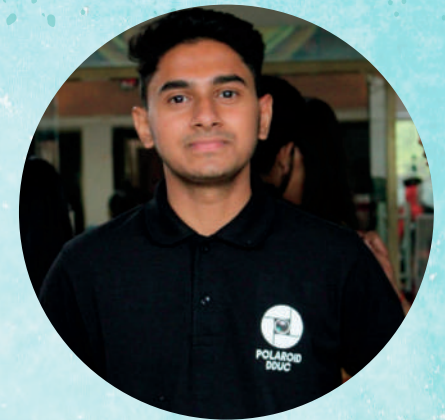
इससे न केवल मुझे लेखनकला के लिए एक नया मार्गदर्शन मिला अपितु एक जिम्मेदारी की आगोश को महसूस किया। मुझे इस पत्रिका के माध्यम से अपने विचार प्रकट करने का मौका देने हेतु एवं श्रेष्ठ मार्गदर्शन करने के लिए प्रोफ़ेसर चैनिका जी का कोटि कोटि आभार एवं इस समयकाल में मेरा साथ देने और मुझे हर पल कुछ नया सीखने के लिए मेरे सुविज व विवेकी साथियों को यथायोग्य धन्यवाद कहना चाहूंगी

Celebrating 30 years of Reflections

ACHIEVERS GALLERY

PANKAJ KUMAR
B.A.(Prog.)

- 1st position in Pride, not Prejudice organised by Sri Venkateswara College



SHILPA.G.CHAUDHARY
B.A.(Prog.)

- Top 15 finalist of Elite Miss Rajasthan season -9 , finalist of TGPCS talent , first photoshoot got published in the international magazine -Selin, succeeding Entrepreneur and a fashiomodel



SATWIK SHARMA
B.A.(Prog.)

- Bronze and silver medal in State Archery tournament





AYUSH KANAUIA

B.A.(Prog.)

- Winner: Guru Gobind Singh College of Commerce APD 2022

ASTHA MISHRA

B.A.(Prog.)

- Won Vimarsh Conventional Debate Competition, 2022.
- Quarter Finalist at Miranda House Conventional Debate Competition, 2022.



NEHA RAJAWAT

B.A.(Prog.)

- Winner: Jus Loquoi 2021 organised by ICFAI

NIDHI GARG

B.A.(Hons.) English

- 1st position in Story Writing Competition organised by Yuva, DDUC.
- Currently interning under UNDP as a research assistant, also completed various internships in fields of Marketing and SMM



ARYAN PRASAD KUSHWAHA

B.A(Hons.) English

- Completed internship with Startup Qtopia by a former ex- KhataBook Head of Product.
- Pursuing internship with Aam Aadmi Party.
- Currently acting as Head of Product Of The Talent Battle Ground startup.
- Completed his journey of Internshala Student Partner twice, Jun 22- Aug 22 and Sep 22 - Nov 22

ABHIPSA BISWAS

B.A(Hons.) English

- Runner up at Beat Generation -the slam poetry organised by Zest.
- 1st prize in Creative writing Competition organised under SAFAR 2k22.
- 1st prize in Calligraphy organised under SAFAR 2K22.
- 1st prize in athletics (200m), (400m) organised by SPARDHA 23 by DDUC Hostel.
- Runner up in athletics (100m) organised under SPARDHA 23



DISHA NASHINE

B.A(Hons.) English

- Published her debut anthology- "Memoirs Of Armageddon", released internationally on Amazon and Flipkart
- Co-authored the anthology- "Silhouette of the Night" released on Amazon by The Little Booktique Hub.
- Co-authored the anthology- "Aliferous"
- Co-authored the anthology- "Life Of Lilies" Vol.1 by Poets Of India, The Wordings
- Got articles featured on the official google website of a global youth organisation: Eat My News





SEJAL DUTTA

B.A.(Hons.) English

- 1st position in an online photography competition organised by IIT-BHU.
- 2nd runner-up in the photo-story competition organised by IIT-DELHI.
- 1st runner-up in an online photography competition organised by BHU.
- Winner at an online photography competition organised by Maitreya College -DU.
- Snapamedus (BRAC - DU) - Special mention on the spot photography competition.
- Featured in Grannymagazine (New- York) & kyartmag (India - photobook - magazine)
- 1. Work name: The first wave of feminism.
- 2. Work name: Project after death

SWATI

B.A.(Hons.) English

- 3rd Prize: Creative writing Competition held in collaboration between Kalamkaar and Story mirror.
- 1st Prize: Poetry Competition held by Yuva Society of DDUC



HIMANGI SINGH

B.Sc.(Hons.) Computer Science

- 2nd best speaker at DDUC fresher Conventional Debate Competition.
- 3rd best speaker at DDUC Eco Club Debate Competition.



VISHAL KUMAR

B.A.(Hons.) English

- 1st prize in online photography Competition on the occasion of Diwali organized by Mrigtrishna Magazine.
- 2nd prize in Online photography competition organized by Delhi Technological University.
- 1st prize in online photography competition organized by Lovely Professional University.
- 1st prize in online Macro photography competition organized by NSIT.
- 2nd prize in online series photography competition organized by NIMS University, Jaipur

ASTHA

B.A.(Hons.) English

- 1st Prize in Likhmay, annual Poetry Competition organised by the poetry Club of IIT, Manipur.
- 1st position in Chem-O-Write, creative writing Competition organised by Department of Chemistry, DDUC.
- Published her own book-Autumn wlld and Winter Rude, Sea of Tenebrosity.
- Featured in top 20 in national Poetry Competition 2.0 organised by Scribblers Community.



YASH BHATT

B.Sc. (Hons.) Complete Science

- Runner up at DDUC Botanical Society Conventional Debate 2022
- 3rd best speaker at DDUC Eco Club Debate Competition.
- Winner at Jus Loquoi 2022 organised by ICFAI.





ANANTA DUTTA CHAUDHARY

B.Sc.(Hons.) Computer Science

- Emerged as novice quarter finalist at polemic 2022 organised by Ramjas College.
- Emerged as the 6th best novice speaker.

SHWETANSH

B.Sc.(Hons.) Botany

- Quarter finalist at NSMPD, 2022.
- 3rd best speaker organised by NSUT.
- Emerged as winner at Jus Loquoi 2021 organised by ICFAI.



AVIJAN PAUL

B.Sc.(Hons.) Botany

- 1st position in Chess Competition organised by dept. of Physical Education
- 3rd position in Poster Making Competition organized by the Botany department.
- 1st position in Treasure Hunt Competition organised by Tarumitra, The Botanical Society, ANDC.
- 3rd position in Ad-Mad organized by Vasundhara, The Botanical Society, Daulat Ram College.
- 3rd position in Scavenger's Hunt organised by Synapses, The Zoological Society, DDUC.



ABHAY SHUKLA

B.Com (Hons.)

- 1st prize at interstate writing competition organised by Madhya Pradesh Urdu Academy.

NITISH BRAHMA

B.Com (Hons.)

- Preliminary discovered four asteroids during the National Spaceonova Asteroid Search Campaign.



RIYA VISHNOI

B.Com (Hons.)

- 4th best speaker at DDUC Extempore Debate Competition, 2022.
- 2nd best speaker at DDUC Conventional Debate Competition 2022.
- Emerged as octo finalist at Guru Gobind Singh College of Commerce APD 2022.



NIKITA GUPTA

B.Com (Hons.)

- Rashtrapati Award in Scouts and Guides
- Rajya Puraskar in Scouts and Guides
- Winner of SKEWSION'21 organized by Sankhyiki, the statistics society of P.G.D.A.V College.
- Third position at Avishkar (Business plan competition) organized by Markos - The Marketing Society of Maharaja Agrasen College.





ABHINAV JAIN

B.M.S.

- 3rd best speaker at DDUC fresher Conventional Debate Competition

AYUSH CHOUDHARY

B.M.S.

- 1st position in Brand and Marketing competition, at Kirori Mal College, University of Delhi.
- 5th rank out of 300 in Mock-Stock, at Delhi Technological University.
- 19th rank out of 551 in Brand Quiz, at IIT Bombay



SHAILENDRA SINGH

B.M.S.

- Second-Runner Up of Case Study Competition organised by Global Risk Management Institute (GRMI™ Gurugram



SATVIK SRIVASTAVA

B.M.S.

- 2nd position out of 100/+ teams in Public Policy Case Competition organised by Global Trade Observer, a think tank organization.
- 3rd position out of 3500+ teams in Strategy Storm (Global Business Case Competition) organised by and at IIT Guwahati.
- Top 10 out of 700+ teams in Case Study Competition organised by College of Vocational Studies



BUSHRA NAAZ

B.Sc.(Hons) Chemistry

- 2nd prize in DU coeur poetry organised under Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav.
- Poem selected for kalamkari in Shyam Lal College.
- 1st prize in Hindi Poetry Club Competition Organised under Hindi Diwas.

SHWETA KOTECHEA

B.Sc.(Hons) Physics

- 2nd in Jazbaat: The Poetry Competition.
- Nominated as author of the week on Story Mirror.



KRISHAANG KOHLI

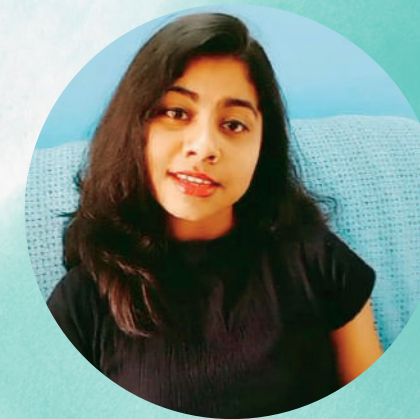
B.Sc.(Hons) Physics

- Winner- Guru Gobind Singh College of Commerce APD 2022..

AYUSHI MODAK

B.Sc.(Hons) Mathematics

- 3rd prize in Jazbaat-The Unspoken Feelings, a poetry Competition in 2021.
- 2nd prize in poetry Competition on Manikarnika. The untold story of Rani lakshmi bai organised by ABVP





LAVANYA PURI & ROBIN AHUJA

B.M.S., B.Com(H)

- Got invited as adjudicators at Red Dot Junior APD, Singapore.
- Runner up at IMU Debate Tournament, Malaysia, 2021. Both won AUD APD 2021.
- Octofinalists at Shanghai Sido Hanoi ABP 2021, the biggest debate tournament in Asia.
- Semifinalists at NLUJ PD 2021. Lavanya emerged as the 4th best speaker and Robin emerged as the 7th best speaker.
- Semifinalists at DSDC Coherence, Bangladesh.
- Semifinalist at Shiv Nadar University PD 2021.
- Finalists at RAHAT APD, 2021, emerged as 10th best speaker.
- Semifinalists at Pakistan Debate Open.
- Quarter finalists at DRC APD 2021.

TEAM: DWINGS

Aayushi Joshi, Sakshi Bisht, Rishika Thakur, Harsh Yadav, Yash, Shubham

- 2nd Runner up Smart India Hackathon (National level)



TEAM: SUSTAINABLE DAILY

Sourav Patel, Rohan Singh, Rohan Joshi, Amber Mishra, Milan Singh, Ayushi Dixit

- 1st Runner up-Smart India Hackathon (National Level)



NIKESH SINGH

B.A.(Prog)

- Participated in All India Inter-University Baseball Tournament organised by Savitribai Phule Pune University & Tuljaram Chaturchand College, Baramati, District Pune, Maharashtra held on 12th to 18th March, 2022

KRISH

B.A.(Prog)

- Participated in All India Inter-University Baseball Tournament organised Savitribai Phule Pune University & Tuljaram Chaturchand College, Baramati, District Pune, Maharashtra held on 12th to 18th March, 2022



VISHAL

B.A.(Hons.) English

- Participated in All India Inter-University Baseball Tournament organised Savitribai Phule Pune University & Tuljaram Chaturchand College, Baramati, District Pune, Maharashtra held on 12th to 18th March, 2022

MOHIT KUMAR RAMAN

B.A.(Prog)

- Won Vimarsh Conventional Debate Competition, 2022





UDDESHYA SHARMA
B.Com (Hons.)

- 2nd Position, Rangrez 22 organised by Kalamkaar DDUC
- 2nd Position, Alfaaz e kalam (Hind) 22 organised by Kalamkaar DDUC.
- 1st Position, Poster Making Competition organized by IIC, DDUC
- 1st Position, Open Mic & Storytelling competition organised by CAC, DDUC
- 1st Position, Poster Making Competition organized by IIC & Kalamkaar, DDUC
- 3rd Position, Poster Making Competition organized by Artesania, Atma Ram Sanatan Dharma College, DU
- 1st Position, Pot painting Competition organized by the Botanical Department of DDUC
- 1st Position, Best painting at Art Exhibition Competition, organised by ABVP, Deen Dayal Upadhyay College, DU
- 1st Position, Poster Making Competition Organised Art Meisters, Fine Arts Society of Deshbandhu College, DU
- 1st Position, Slomate - Shoe painting competition organised by IIT Delhi



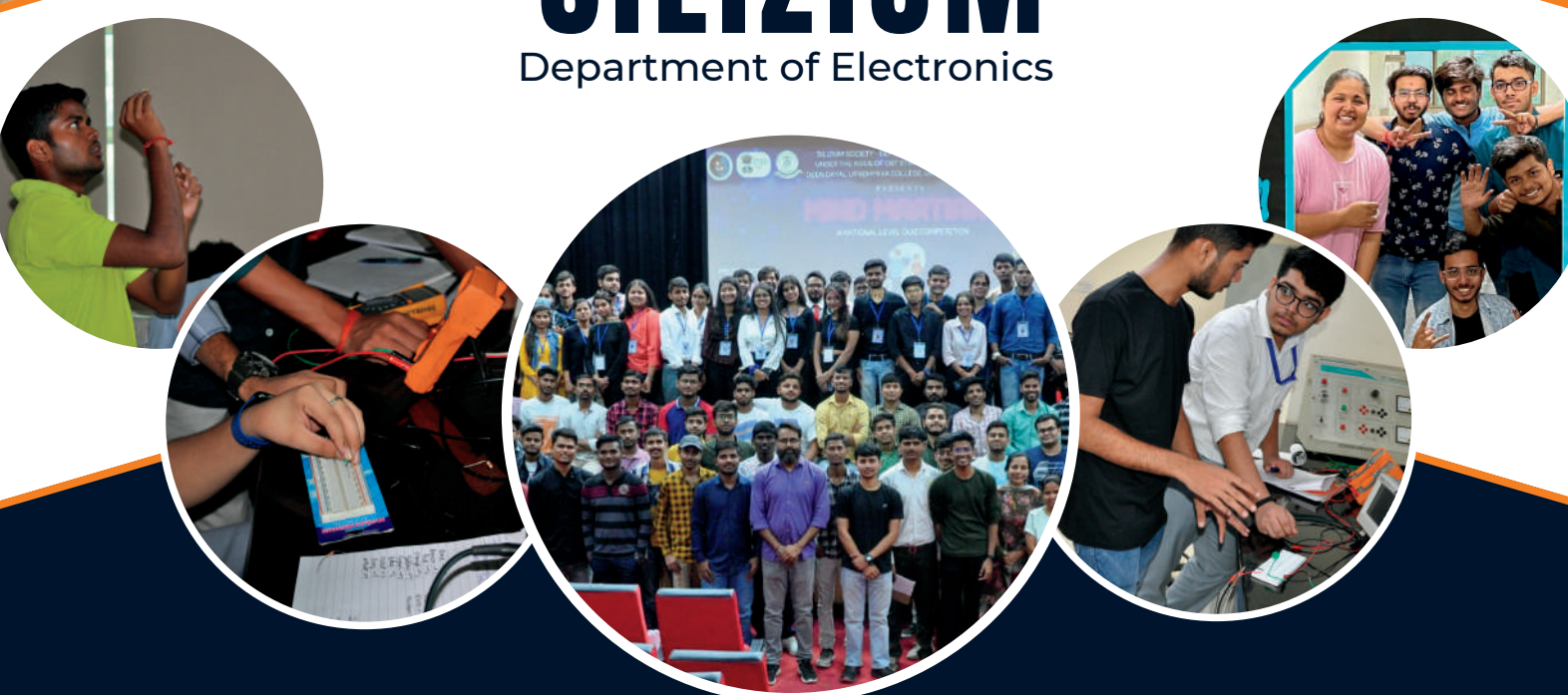
DEPARTMENTAL SOCIETIES





SILIZIUM

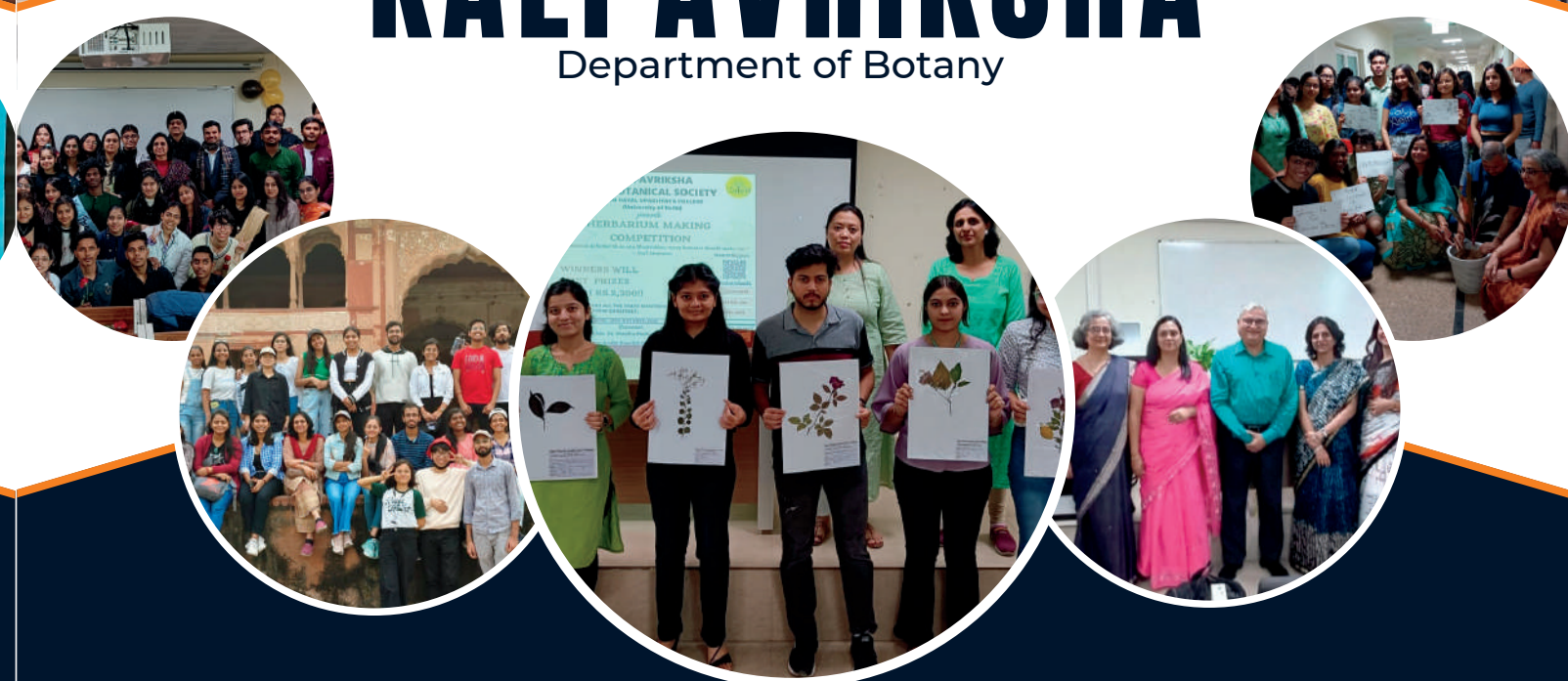
Department of Electronics



SILIZIUM WANTS TO CREATE A PLATFORM FOR STUDENTS TO EXPLORE AND INNOVATE IN THE FIELD OF ELECTRONICS AND TO PROVIDE STUDENTS WITH OPPORTUNITIES TO LEARN AND DEVELOP SKILLS IN ELECTRONICS THROUGH WORKSHOPS, SEMINARS, AND OTHER EVENTS. OUR GOAL IS TO FOSTER A COMMUNITY OF LIKE-MINDED INDIVIDUALS PASSIONATE ABOUT ELECTRONICS.

KALPAVRIKSHA

Department of Botany



KALPAVRIKSHA BELIEVES IN UPLIFTMENT OF NATURE, CONSERVATION OF GREENERY FOR A BETTER FUTURE, AND IN INSPIRING STUDENTS TO PURSUE HIGHER STUDIES IN PLANT SCIENCES, ORIENTING THEM TOWARDS LEARNING AND INVESTIGATION.

WE ORGANIZE EVENTS LIKE SUBJECT LECTURES BY EMINENT SCIENTISTS AND SCHOLARS AND EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES INCLUDING AWARENESS PROGRAMS.



ZEST

Department of English



ZEST, FOR US, EMBODIES THE PRINCIPLES OF ACADEMICS, SCHOLARSHIP AND BRILLIANCE. TO FOSTER THESE VIRTUES IN YOUNG MINDS, WE ORGANIZE A PLETHORA OF ACTIVITIES THROUGHOUT THE YEAR AND LETS LIFE AND LEARNING VISIT FROM ALL DIRECTIONS- POETRY, BOOKS,THEATRE, DANCE, MUSIC, SOCIAL WORK, DEBATES, AND DISCUSSIONS WITH EMINENT ACADEMICIANS AND CREATIVE HEADS.

OUR EDUCATION HOLISTIC APPROACH IS EVIDENT IN THE SYMBOLIC PERIPHERAL CIRCLE. A SCHOLAR WITH A TILTED HAT REPRESENTS THE UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR ACADEMIC EXCELLENCE. A DANCING Z IS INSCRIBED AT THE CENTRE TO FURTHER VISUALISE THE SPIRIT OF ZEAL AND ENTHUSIASM. WE CONSTANTLY TRY OUR BEST TO STRIVE TOWARDS PERFECTION.

COVALENCE

Department of Chemistry

COVALENCE PROVIDES AN INTEGRATED PLATFORM AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR STUDENTS NOT ONLY TO EXPLORE THEIR INTEREST TOWARDS CHEMISTRY AS A SUBJECT, BUT ALSO FOR THEIR OVERALL DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY AND SKILLS VIA VARIOUS ACTIVITIES CONDUCTED UNDER IT.

THERE'S MORE TO CHEMISTRY THAN JUST IT BE TAKEN AS THE STUDY OF MATTER, CHEMISTRY IS THE POETRY OF THE UNIVERSE, AN INDEFINITE CLOUD OF FUTURE POTENTIALITIES, WHILE IT MAKES US UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF SIMPLE THINGS IN LIFE.



COMMUNITY

Department of Commerce



THE SOCIETY HOLDS THE VISION TO PROVIDE ALL ITS MEMBERS A PLATFORM TO ESCALATE THEIR SKILL-SETS AND ABILITIES WHICH IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT BY A TEAM OF COMMITTED YOUNG INDIVIDUALS. WITH AN AIM TO TAKE FORWARD THE LEGACY OF EQUIPPING THE MINDS WITH QUALITY EDUCATION AND PRACTICAL KNOWLEDGE AND PROVIDE THEM WITH AN EFFICACIOUS PLATFORM FOR OPPORTUNITIES, THE SOCIETY HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN TRAINING AND DEVELOPING THE RAVENOUS APPETITE FOR BRILLIANCE IN ALL ITS MEMBERS ALIKE.

FROM ORGANISING ANNUAL COMMERCE FESTIVALS LIKE 'ZUCITVA' TO INTERACTING WITH EMINENT PERSONALITIES IN SPEAKER SESSIONS THE SOCIETY PROVIDES A WIDE HORIZON OF LEARNING EXPERIENCES TO THE MEMBERS.

SANGANIKA

Department of Computer Science



OUR VISION IS TO CREATE A COMMUNITY OF COMPUTER SCIENCE ENTHUSIASTS, EXPERTS AND LEARNERS BY ENHANCING THEIR SKILL.

WE BELIEVE THAT COMPUTER SCIENCE IS THE KRYPTONITE TO THE BATMAN NAMED FUTURE. THUS, WE AIM TO SUPPORT YOUR GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT WITHIN THIS FIELD OF COMPUTER SCIENCE, AND ALL THAT IT ENTAILS.



ARYABHATTA

Department of Physics



THE VISION OF OUR SOCIETY IS TO MAKE PEOPLE AWARE OF THE IMPORTANCE OF PHYSICS IN OUR DAILY LIVES.

BY ORGANISING VARIOUS ACTIVITIES WE MAKE SURE THAT STUDENTS ARE DOING BETTER IN THIS FIELD.

SPETTRO

Department of Management



OUR VISION IS TO PROMOTE B.M.S. AS A COURSE AND TO IMPART MANAGERIAL SKILLS TO THE STUDENTS THROUGH ORGANISING VARIOUS EVENTS.

JOIN US IN OUR MISSION TO CREATE A THRIVING COMMUNITY, FOSTERING GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT FOR ALL, AND TAKE YOUR MANAGERIAL SKILLS TO THE NEXT LEVEL.



OPTIZONE

Department of Operational Research



OPTIZONE- THE OPERATIONAL RESEARCH DEPARTMENT SOCIETY IN DDUC, WAS FOUNDED IN THE YEAR 2013. THE NAME JUSTIFIES THE ESSENCE OF OPERATIONAL RESEARCH, WHICH FACILITATES DECISION MAKING & IMPROVES THE PERFORMANCE OF A SYSTEM BY SUGGESTING THE BEST SOLUTION FOR ANY GIVEN PROBLEM THROUGH MATHEMATICAL MODELING TECHNIQUES. THE SOCIETY AIMS FOR ACADEMIC GROWTH AND HOLISTIC PERSONALITY DEVELOPMENT OF THE STUDENTS. IN THE LAST FEW YEARS, SEVERAL WORKSHOPS ON TOPICS SUCH AS MARKETING ANALYTICS, PREDICTIVE ANALYTICS, HR ANALYTICS, FINANCE ANALYTICS, BUSINESS INTELLIGENCE AND BIG DATA HAVE BEEN ORGANIZED BY THE SOCIETY TO ACQUAINT PARTICIPANTS WITH THE LATEST TRENDS IN INDUSTRY.

SYNAPSES

Department of Zoology

WE ARE EXCITED TO HAVE YOU AS A PART OF OUR COLLEGE COMMUNITY AND LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING ALL THE AMAZING THINGS YOU WILL ACCOMPLISH DURING YOUR TIME HERE. OUR GOAL IS TO PROVIDE EDUCATION OF HIGH VALUE THAT IS GROUNDED IN PRINCIPLES, CONDUCT RESEARCH THAT IS SOCIALLY SIGNIFICANT AND SCIENTIFIC, AND FOSTER CREATIVITY IN LEARNERS.

SYNAPSES AIMS TO EQUIP, ENLIGHTEN, AND ENRICH LEARNERS, ENABLING THEM TO SERVE AND TAKE LEADERSHIP ROLES IN SOCIETY.



HARISH CHANDRA

Department of Mathematics

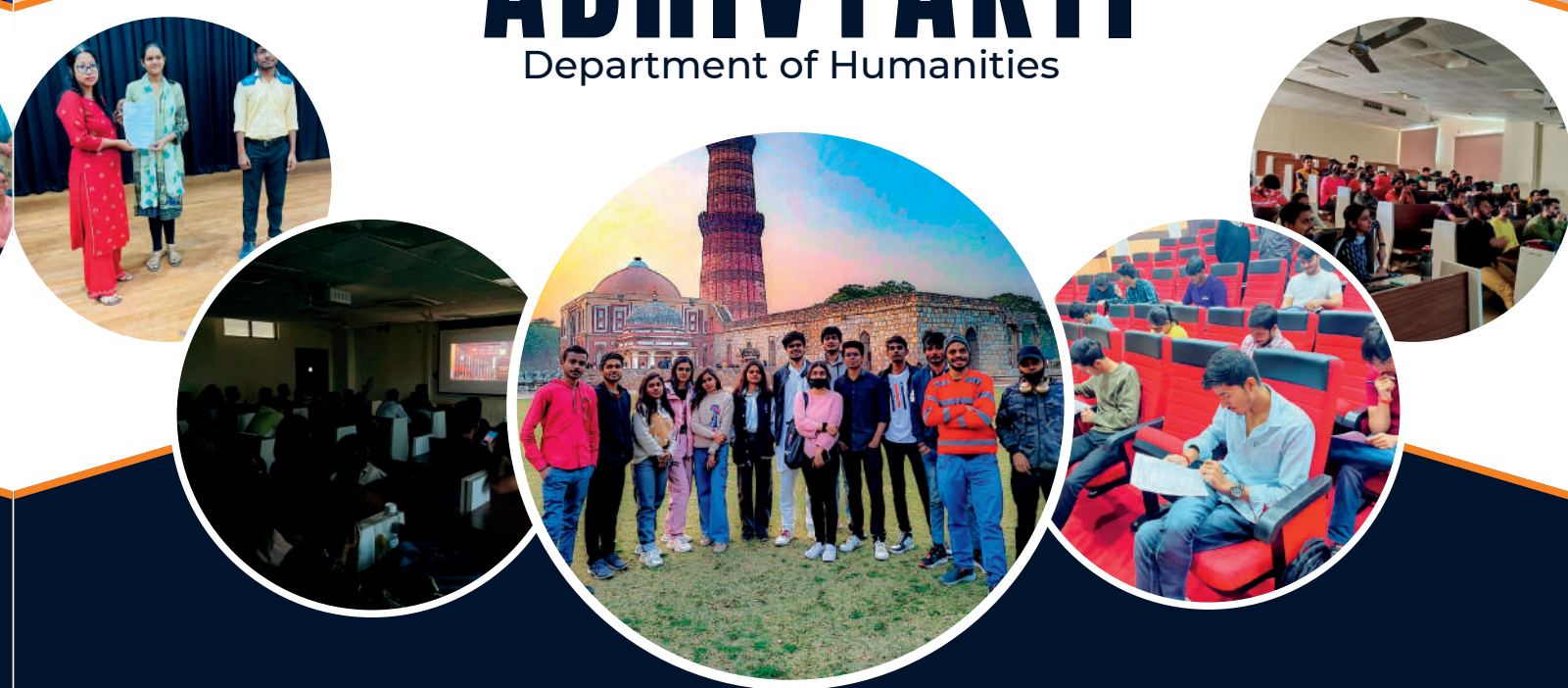


MATHEMATICS IS A KEY PLAYER IN NUMEROUS SUCCESS STORIES. OUR COMMON FIELDS OF OPERATION ARE THE TECHNICAL ADVANTAGES AND COST SAVINGS THAT ACCRUE FROM CLEVER MODELING, ANALYSIS, AND COMPUTATION BY MATHEMATICIANS WORKING WITH OTHER PROFESSIONALS.

THE MATHEMATICIAN'S LOGICAL AND PROBLEM-SOLVING APPROACH IS WIDELY SEEN TO PROVIDE A NOTICEABLE COMPETITIVE EDGE. THE DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS IS RUNNING EFFICIENTLY SINCE 1995 WITH A RESOLUTION TO EXPLORE AND GIVE AN INSIGHT INTO THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN MATHEMATICAL SKILLS TO THE YOUNG AND DYNAMIC NATION BUILDERS.

ABHIVYAKTI

Department of Humanities



ABHIVYAKTI - THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SCIENCES AND HUMANITIES OFFERS B.A. PROGRAMME COURSES WITH THREE DIFFERENT COMBINATIONS- ECONOMICS WITH HISTORY, ECONOMICS WITH POLITICAL SCIENCE AND HISTORY WITH POLITICAL SCIENCE.

THE VERY CONNOTATION OF THE WORD 'ABHIVYAKTI' IS AN EXPRESSION AND WE AS THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL ARTS UPHOLD THE EXPRESSION OF BEING OPINIONATED NOT ONLY IN OUR FIELD AND RELATED SUBJECTS BUT ALSO IN OUR PERCEPTIONS OF DIFFERENT ASPECTS OF THE WORLD AND SOCIETY. THESE EXPRESSIONS FIND WAYS IN OUR SPEECH, WRITINGS, AND OUR WORKS OF ART.

31 March - 1 April





STUDENT SOCIETIES



VOICES

Voices aims to give voice to every student's convictions and thoughts. We wish to foster critical thinking and help students undertake the journey between conceiving ideas and communicating them fearlessly.

It doesn't matter where you come from, how you dress or how you talk. All that matters is what you think and how you express it.





POLAROID

We capture pictures that tell a story where each frame depicts the glory. In praise of our art, we pour our hearts. More than capturing, we believe in story telling. Each day, we try to get a little closer to nature, We strive and strive to make a better future! where we create our own spaces in Void, for us that's our Society, Polaroid.

Established to create, explore and experiment, The Photography Club has come a long way. The journey has been so enthralling that whenever we look back, we are filled with joy. It has always been a society that provided a platform for the budding Photographers to explore the world of cameras, experiment with the art and to communicate through the screen.



VIVEKANANDA STUDY CIRCLE

To motivate and empower students to reach their fullest potential, based on Swami Vivekananda's ideals, we focus on holistic development, soft skill enhancement, and collective growth through group discussions and public speaking, fostering physically fit, intellectually sharp and emotionally balanced individuals.

Join us to discover how Vivekananda Study Circle's mission to empower students to move towards their holistic development and collective growth is making a positive impact on the lives of young people.





ENACTUS

We engage the next generation of entrepreneurial leaders to use innovative principles to improve the world by building a network of global business, academics, and student leaders unified by a vision to create a better and more sustainable world.

Budding entrepreneurs with a head for business and heart for the world, we live our values of integrity, passion, innovation, and collaboration in that all we do.



CAREER ASPIRANTS CLUB

The Career Aspirants Club vigorously focuses on providing every possible assistance regarding Civil Services Examination and other government related examinations. It provides a platform to young and budding game changers of tomorrow to chase their dream and serve the nation. It's a unique and innovative initiative to create an eco-system of passionate aspirants of Government related job to converge and converse.

CAC, DDUC is here to help you excel and grow while preparing for competitive jobs like UPSC, CSE, SSC, CAT and more.





ESCAPADE

We aim to build the enthusiasm and energy to explore the world and provide the students an atmosphere where they can grow with the nature and experience the zest of life.

People vibing in clubs, living in the bustling world, we took this opportunity to let students discover the calmness of nature and the zeal of different adventurous activities.



FIN-S THE FINANCE SOCIETY

FIN-S aims to improve the students' understanding of financial aspects of management, develop practical knowledge and apply it to the markets and to create superior access to career opportunities available in the financial market place.

Problems can become opportunities when the right people come together. Hence the current team of the FIN-S is on the path of scaling great heights, imparting financial literacy and bringing laurels to DDUC for years to come.





EK BHARAT SHRESHTHA BHARAT

Ek Bharat Shreshtha Bharat and North East Cell have the vision to create an environment that promotes learning and awareness by sharing the best practices and experiences.

To showcase the rich heritage, culture, customs, and traditions of states by engaging in year-long planned activities is our primary goal.



INSTITUTION' S INNOVATION COUNCIL

We aim to foster the environment of entrepreneurship and develop self reliance.

Our values inspire us to strive to become job providers instead of job seekers.





DHARITRI - THE ECO CLUB

Our vision is to establish a safer future and act as a catalyst in the protection of the environment and maintenance of sustainable development by creating awareness among human beings.

The world is dancing on the advancing steps of pollution, climate change, and depleting resources. Let's join hands to practise sustainability and strengthen the core of our nature."



DATA ANALYTIC CLUB

We focus on career development and help equip students with the right skills and tools that will enable them to apply relevant analytics-driven solutions into various domains such as business, healthcare, governance, education and engineering applications.

The Data Analytics Club is a student-run organization that provides a platform to the students interested in the field of Data Analytics to discuss this vast field under one umbrella. We strive to be the single focal point of growth of the student community with interests in areas of Data Analytics, Machine Learning, and Big Data.





TRAINING & CAREER CELL

We aim to bridge the gap between academia and industry and enable students to secure meaningful employment opportunities. We make effort to organise seminars, workshops and corporate expectation sessions.

College life plays an important role in shaping a student's future. Being a placement cell specific to management students, we strive to enable students discover their full potential by hosting various activities, upskilling sessions, etc.



YAVANIKA

Expressing the experience, experiencing the expression. Since a place to express is more looked up to than a place to perform, Yavanika, the theatre society of DDUC seeks to cultivate one such place where artists are allowed to shape their experiences and find their voices in the art of expression.

An art form always serves the art and society in return. And when the flame of that art form tumbles in the wind of time, as a witness it becomes our duty to place our palm around it.





WOMEN DEVELOPMENT CELL

We are envisioned to promote social inclusion of women, men and the LGBTQ+ community and change the patriarchal and homophobic mindset of the society.

The Women Development Cell aims to create a more sensitised and inclusive community of youth, by spreading awareness on subjects such as gender, sex, feminism, mental health, equal rights, etc.



TEDx DDUC

TEDx DDUC aims to conduct enlightening discussions, potentially encroaching in the depth of your wisdom via the chills and thrills of your matinee idol speeches.

This society emphasises to rationalise thoughts by progressing towards a utopia that sheds enlightenment.





SPIC MACAY

SPIC MACAY stands for "Society for the Promotion of Indian Classical Music and Culture amongst Youth." So, it's our mission to connect the youth with Indian Culture and we aim to establish SPIC MACAY branches in schools, colleges, and institutions all over India and in other countries.

Connecting with SPIC MACAY and its activities will give you ample opportunities to enjoy and embrace our Indian tradition.



SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY CELL

We try to make a difference through empowering individuals and communities with the help of education, awareness, and by providing enough volunteering and upskilling opportunities.

There's so much that we can do to improve the everyday life of every organism, let's join hands and make the world better together. "Alone we can do so little, together we can do so much."





SANGYAAN

We envision to brand SANGYAAN as a society that makes quizzing enjoyable and for all. We, at Sangyaan, strive to enhance knowledge by promoting interests of our fellow students in different quizzing genres and build great quizzers. But it's not just that. Quizzing can be a really fun way to learn other life skills like teamwork and risk taking. It aims to make people realise that and implement it in their lives.

Join SANGYAAN to take a deep dive into the world of quizzing. . Meet new people and expand your knowledge.



ROBOTICS

Creating a platform that supports and nurtures the tech enthusiasts, by including them in engaging mentor-based programmes that develop technical skills, encourage invention, and nurture well-rounded life skills like self-confidence, communication, and leadership. We hope to inspire young minds to be the driving force in the field of Robotics.

Students can skill up and become capable of competing with tech students. Making each student familiar with basics of technical things surrounding us. Innovate and experiment on ideas and work on challenging projects.





RHAPSODY

THE MUSIC SOCIETY

We aspire to create an atmosphere where people of different music backgrounds come together to perform and learn from each other. We hope to succeed in what we do, and create a safe space for everyone involved.

Music is the great uniter. An incredible force. Something that people who differ on everything and anything else can have in common. Just listen.



RAAGA

THE DANCE SOCIETY

To make the RAAGA dance society one of the top teams of DU and the toughest competitor to beat.

RAAGA is a journey with many ups and downs but with our team members, just like a family, we are able to accomplish them and create a treasure of wonderful memories.





PLACEMENT CELL

To provide ample opportunities to the students in terms of internship and placement. We also aim at upskilling students and expand their capabilities through various sessions being conducted.

The placement cell takes pride in bringing various opportunities throughout the year and we wish to grow each year with the help of students.



NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME

The National Service Scheme is an Indian Government Sector Public

Service Program conducted by the Ministry of Youth Affairs and Sports of the Government of India.

The philosophy of the NSS is a good doctrine in this motto, "Not me but you", which underlines the belief that the welfare of an individual is ultimately dependent on the welfare of the society as a whole.

"Let's join our hand, and try to become an asset for our land."
"Pledge to help the needy, Be it here, there or anywhere."





ENTREPRENEURSHIP DEVELOPMENT CELL

We're a society that aims to impart an entrepreneurial bug in each student we mentor. We hope our student-led startups become an inspiration for anyone hesitant to begin their journey as a student entrepreneur.

We are a safe space for your ideas and opinions. Feel free to seek any kind of guidance and mentorship from us, we won't hold back.



180 DEGREES CONSULTING

180 Degrees Consulting DDUC aspires to help social organisations that are helping people in need. We provide consulting service so that they can expand their capabilities, increase their impact and help more people.

It is a global organisation with branches all over the world offering exceptional experience and other perks exclusively to highly-talented individuals who think they can make a difference. So if you think you are better than the rest, this is the place to meet your actual peers.





KALAMKAAR THE LITERARY SOCIETY

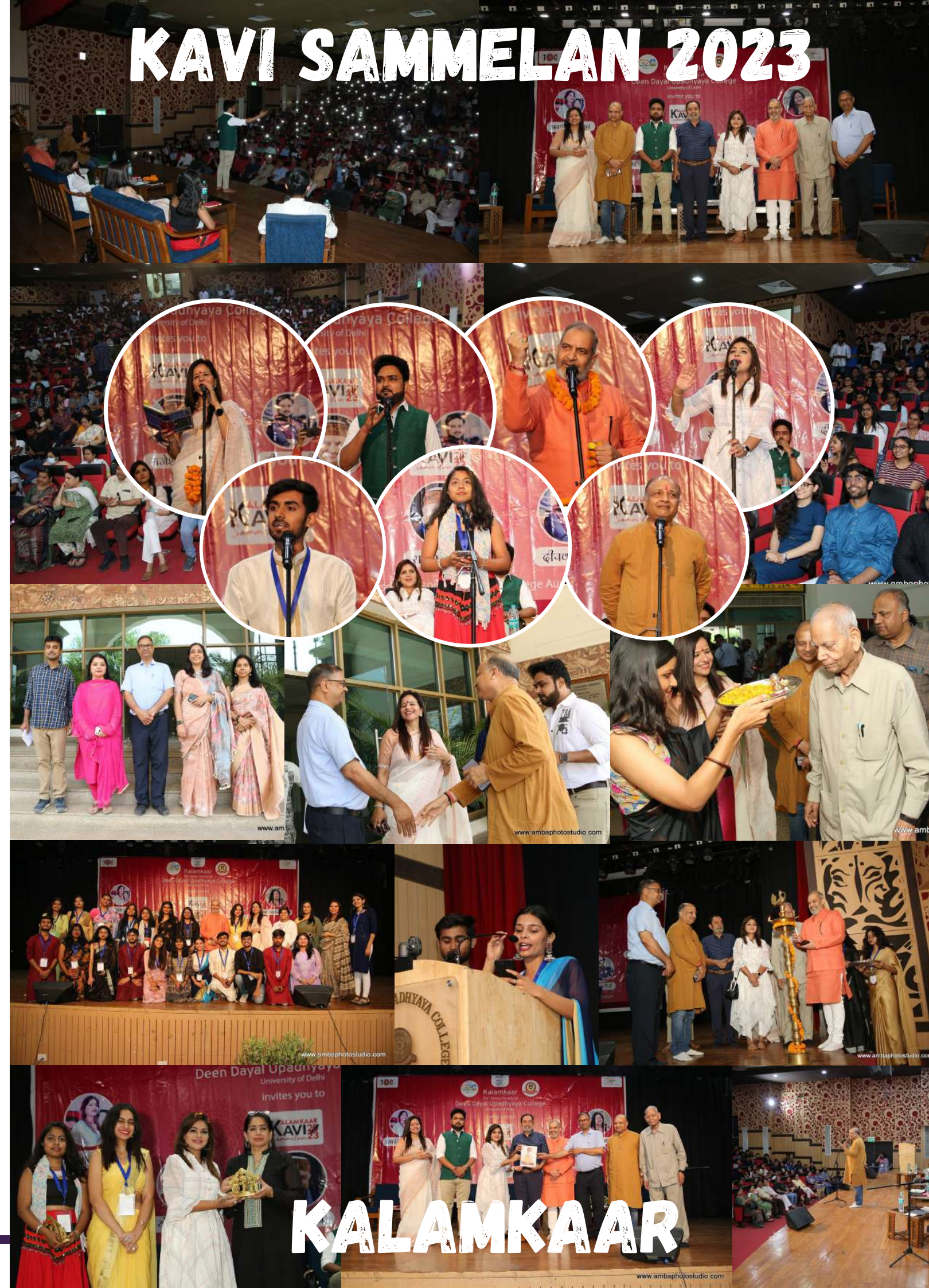


Kalamkaar, the Literary Society, provides students with a platform to let their creative and artistic voices be heard and find an expression. With a motto of "Hind Salaam, Kalam Pranaam", we strive to foster their innovative potential and fervour.

Kalamkaar is a very diverse space where the worlds of art and literature co-exist and collide and transform into an aurora of creativity.

Novices and experts, all are welcome in this haven of expression.

KAVI SAMMELAN 2023



11, 12 & 13 April



WORDS

ENGLISH SECTION

//Destined To Be//

*I want to be more,
and I hate that I'm not.
I want to be more than
my mother's sympathy and tears.
More than my foggy glasses and woeful fears.
More than the newspaper lying on wet floors
or the dried leaves,
piled up like household chores.
I wish I was more than just black ink on paper.
I wish to be the lilac sky,
something people would paint and memorise.
I wish to be remembered,
to be etched in everyone's lives.
I thought my poems would do that,
but they turned out just as fragile as I.
What if I was an orange tattoo,
engraved in her skin,
I know that's her favourite colour,
will she love me then?*

*I want to be more than all the things I never did,
the roads I didn't take,
the pictures I never clicked.
I want to be more than my falling hair and brittle nails,
Maybe a song she heard
on the radio, and sang offkey to?*

*Something more intricate
than cobwebs crowds my mind.
"How do we get out of this labyrinth?"; she asked.
I didn't know; So I smiled.*

*Can I be something more than all the art I didn't make?
All the words that haunt me at night,
all the paint I threw away.
Something more than all the dirt I didn't clean,
all the cuts I didn't bleed from.
Can I be myself without being me?
Can I confess for all the crimes I never committed?
Can I breathe out without ever breathing in?
Can I ever be more?
More than what I was destined to be?*

*- Sumaiya Arshad
B.A. (H) English (1st Year)*



The Hollow Men in the Waste Land of 2022: This is the way the World Ends

There is a level of implausibility which accompanied Russia's invasion of Ukraine in the morning of 24th of February, 2022. However, things were as real as they can get. We were engulfed by a storm of voices from all sides.

"Undermining the sovereignty..."

"Special military operation..."

"Violation of the UN Charter ..."

"Fight for the nation..."

Incomplete. Vicious. Selfish.

These statements didn't mean much as the war continued. Thousands have died since. And the option of peace has been ruled out.

We stand on a dead land and yet we continue to pray to God. Hope amidst hopelessness.

We might not think about the Russia- Ukraine conflict much, however, for a lot of people it's a living, breathing reality. Those who cry with us today, we might cry for them tomorrow.

We are the 'stuffed men' but with a heart. A heart that bleeds. Bleeds on the dry land and bleeds in the shadows. Bleeds for the loss of a loved one. In a different time, on a different land, amidst the rubble, The Book Thief cries for her dead friend. And the birds fly in this chaos, across mountains, valleys and plains, witnessing the river of blood which connects both ends.

Between the sky and the land, there is smoke.

Between the home and the war zone, lie the dead.

Between the desks and chairs are the grinding jaws.

Between the pen and the paper are the words I offer to hollow men:-

"Gunshots, gore, gloom, grim

A land where no bird sings

Hear the raging cries

That oppress the groans of agony

Fire at each other

And then weep for the dead

Every home has a mother

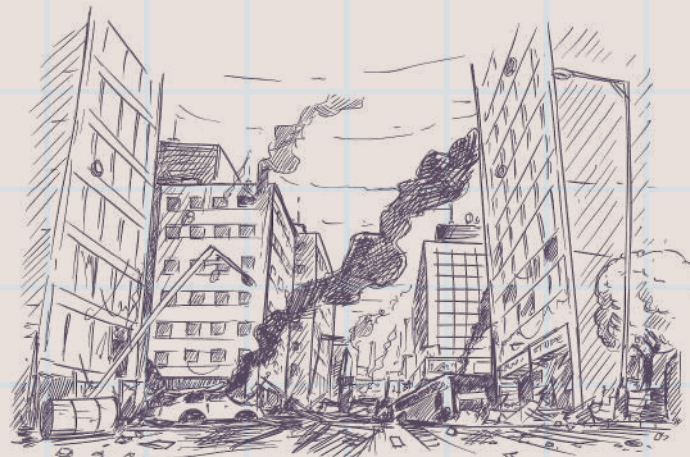
Every war a son

They forget

Hail your victory by standing on the dead"

This is the way the World Ends.

- Tavishi Sharma
B.A. (H) English (3rd Year)



Delhi

Among begrimed walls of this desolate city,
Walking along rare untrodden ways.
These sombre roads arouse my pity,
Grey clouds, counting its days.

The heat punishing and the cold bitter,
Whispering winds and reigning rains.
For strangers, this gold might glitter,
But blood and terror run in its veins.

Painted her with words romantic,
The poets of an earlier time.
Hiding the wild hair of this antic,
As you now hear in this rime.

Claustrophobia engulfing the people here,
So many secrets behind each wall.
Raised a young girl choking with fear,
Never does it cease to appall.

Rivers of tears and echoes of screams,
Overrun by climbing chaos extreme.
Somewhere in this hollowness lay lost dreams,
Somewhere in this dismality Mars reigns supreme.

Jinxed by adversities, consumed by oblivion,
Remains unfound the love talked about;
And so reside the visions of Gideon,
Shrouded in this flooding drought.

The heart and soul of the motherland;
Enlivening but dejecting more.
Crossing grief and anguish— a wasteland!
Entices naïveté, a tempting whore!

Dwelling for years in this familiar ghost,
I wish for myself a kinder sea.
Trying to flee from this insufferable host,
But on unwilling spirit will fall my plea.

- Arsha
B.A. (H) English (3rd Year)



LOST IN TRANSLATION

There's a language of the hearts,
The tongue cannot decipher its parts.
The heart has no voice and yet it speaks;
Little do I know what it seeks.

And so it seems it has got each syllable
Disguised like anguish beneath a smile affable.
Nevertheless, the heart is that silver moon-
To the ocean of hope humming its tune.

Wild is this creature, alien its ways,
Tameless hues in nameless days.
Mystery is ill-famed to intimidate the world
That breaks it, dissects it, leaves it unfurled.

And thus the world keeps breaking the heart;
Of course, for the sake of literature and art.
But do not think they abandon it eventually-
An object of study needs revisits continually.

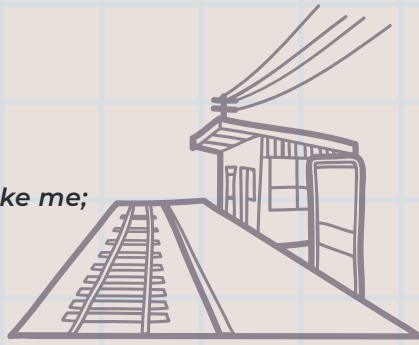
Sometimes I wonder if it's aware-
From where comes the smog, this heavy air.
I wonder if it knows and speaks its language,
Or is it a colonised land in bondage?

Who in history has burnt its motherland?
Who in its collapse has its own hand?
Perhaps these hearts aren't sovereign nations-
They find their languages lost in translations.

- Disha
B.A. (H) English (3rd Year)

An Outing

There is an oncoming train,
On the platform.
I don't know where it will take me;
Away or into?
I know it not yet.
I board anyway,
Because the station master told me it will be fun;
Because several others boarded it too;
Because I have nowhere else to go to.
The seats are full,
But we squeeze in.
The air-conditioning is too hot,
And too cold,
And too dry.
I think something here smells old.
Could it be the pristine seats?
Or the stinking breath of a hundred thousand people?
I know it not.
The clamour and the clatter and the clutter,
Fall into my ears all at the same time.
The noise, the laughter;
It all sounds the same to me after all.
One station later,
Nobody gets off.
Two stations later,
Two people get off.
Three stations later,
Thirty people get off.
Four stations later,
I wish someone would tie me to the train track;
Instead of this unending loneliness in the crowd.



Noise in the front.
Noise in the back.
My head hurts when I smile at someone;
Why did I smile at them?
I know it not.
They smiled first I think.
Or everyone smiled at the same time;
Baring fangs hanging out their mouths
that dripped with saliva and mirth.
Hopelessness.
A need to be seen.
Through a smile or ten on the same face;
I couldn't tell at all.
They all blur the same for me.
Five more stations later I find myself
getting off.
I did not move,
The crowd moved me.
Paved me off the way.
My time was up.
I sit at the same station I had begun at.
The train left me behind,
And I watched after it.
Next day I board another train;
Maybe the same one;
Maybe a different one.
I never know which one.
Smile. Clamour.
Laugh. Shatter.
Wave. Cry.
Deboard. Despair.

- Vatsala Gupta
B.A. (H) English (3rd Year)

Be the moon, be that friend
Rise up to help whenever you see
Someone losing and falling down.

Be the moon, be that shine
Uplift the mood whoever you see
Rolling the tears down beneath the sky.

- Teesha Gang
B.Sc (Hons.) Mathematics (2nd Year)

Passage Of Autumn

In the morning when I wake,
And the sun is coming through,
My sweaty hands, sleep drunk,
Stretch on the empty sheets beside me
And the din and chatter outside
Isn't enough to fill the lonely void.
The world seems too saturated to me.
Is it the same to you?
Say, darling, is it the same to you?

When a single step outside,
Turns my body red,
It is then that I cry,
Take me back to autumn.
Please, take me back to autumn.

Take me back to autumn
Where the orange leaves crinkled 'neath my boots,
When the twigs danced and twirled in the chilly winds,
When cottony clouds formed shapes
And made us laugh and smile
Say, darling, do you remember?
When you held my hand and pointed to such a cloud
"Look! A bunny!"
You wore red that day.



The coffee burns my tongue today
And my hair sticks to my neck.
Too much of yellow I see;
Green, pink and peach, too.
The sea seems too far away
And the desert stretches as far as I can walk.
The treacherous sands are where my feet sink,
I did no wrong, though;
It is the streetlights' fault.
Perhaps the sun has a way of burning it all.
Say, darling, why did I lose you in autumn?

If I can ever hope to,
Or learn to,
Fill the void as they say,
I shall forever be grateful
For the hot chocolates that we shared,
The books we read under my old blanket,
The picnics where we watched clouds
And many other things -
As countless and colorful as autumn leaves
Fallen yet beautiful.

And this, darling, I think,
Might just take me back to autumn
Or at least, have a drop of mercy
And leave me in February.

- Priyanshi Singh
Mathematics Hons. (2nd Year)

It's not about the perfect angle or light,
But the magic that happens in that sight,
When the lens sees beyond what's there,
And reveals our souls, raw and bare.

So let us cherish these memories caught,
In the frames that time cannot distort,
For they remind us of love's power,
To capture and hold our fleeting hour.

- Vanshika Mishra
B.A. (H) English (3rd Year)

SOUND OF SILENCE

What is the hum that meets you in an old basement?
The words unspoken exchanged by that sight.

The resonance in the audience rapt by a performer,
In a room full of darkness, in the absence of light.

The smell of the air before the first rain,
The hollow in your heart alone every night.

The loud noise you feel at a beloved's funeral,
The absence of a hand on your shoulder after a fight.

The journey of the Nautilus heard from its empty shell,
The depth of the valley as seen from a height.

The tale of every man
wrapped inside himself,
The feeling of justice for everyone's right.

The story in the hands of a silent reader,
The belief of the poet poured on a
paper as he writes.

Its not the noise that everyone hears,
But its the sound of silence that
conveys the might.

The Art Loss

Imagine the amount of art we would have lost without “3am”s and heartbreaks,
Without starless winter nights in lonely little blankets,
Without the love that survives among those who can't be lovers,
Or without the love that perishes for one and grows for the other.

Imagine the amount of art we have already lost on the back of their throats,
Or at the tips of their fingers and the pits of their stomachs,
For there are days when the voices in their head are louder than the strings of their
guitar,
And the heaviness that weighs their heart, makes it difficult to even breath, much rather
make art.

Imagine the amount of art we will lose, in torn letters written to mothers,
Or in dead flowers lying between pages of books waiting to be forgotten,
The art that will be lost in people we probably won't meet again,
Or the buildings where the memories of them will turn into a ghost, never to be seen
again.

Only to be rejoined, rediscovered or recontructed and remembered by someone, someday,
Who sees art in broken people?
And the day they do, art will be found again,
Art will breath again to recite the tales of people who were art themselves.

Jyotsna Shikha
B.A. (H) English (2nd Year)



ADULTHOOD ON MY DOOR

I have adulthood standing at my door,
Decisions and duties waiting for me,
As I am transforming from a teen to an adult,
It seems so tiring as changes are never easy.

I can no longer play with dolls,
Or watch my parents do things for me,
I have to grow up and face the world,
Act and behave more responsibly.

I was behaving like a child,
Because I was let to do so,
Maybe people aren't as nice as I'd expected,
Maybe life isn't a fairy tale.

My world changed in the blink of an eye,
For I have started looking at the it from an adult's perspective.
I'm afraid that I'll soon lose my childhood spark and innocence,
And start to worry about life.

I don't think existence will mean the same to me,
The time I was relishing will become intensifying.
It will never be the same,
After the spring has gone.



(This is the poem I wrote for my mother)

Hopes as high as sun, shining as bright as stars
Moving forward, forgetting the scars.

The most kind hearted human I've ever come across
For your kindness you always deserved an applause.

I've seen you laughing while storm going inside
There's something I always wanted to confide.

You told me magical things about the world
To me you are the magician of my life.

When I was drowning in the sea of fright
You gave me hope and showed the path that was right.

I Speak Less

Oh I speak less!
And people ask me why?
Why do you speak more?
I reply.

Oh I speak less!
I think it is a blessing in disguise!
I can listen more,
Isn't that more wise?

Oh I speak less!
For my eyes speak the unsaid part,
Which lips fail to speak,
And whatever is poured by the heart.

- Smridhi Rana
B.A. (H) English (1st Year)

You were the one to hold my hand
when I took my first step
You are still there supporting me
whenever I take a look back.

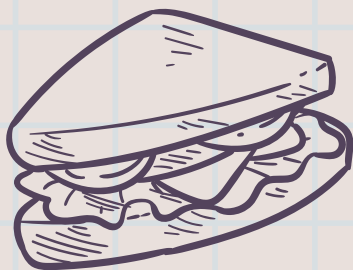
Believing in yourself you've covered
a long mile
And now I get the hope after seeing
your heartfelt smile.

I will be grateful that I got to know
such a beautiful soul
And will always learn from the strength
you withhold.

- Harshit Bhandari
B.Sc. Life Sciences (1st Year)

Half a Sandwich

A cold January night, a thirteen year old me,
Lay under heavy blankets reading a book.
The main character had half a sandwich for lunch,
He cut the sandwich in half,
At one part, and said he was full.
Wonder like something stirred in my stomach,
How could he have eaten half of something and felt full?
I always thought god bore me hungry,
The sins of my past hung on the verge of my lips
Like butter dripping from the edge of my bread.
Only if someone had told me that food wasn't poison
And that my hunger was made to be satiated.
I tried to wish my hunger away
But wishes and desires were imagination
So, places where my body used to be,
I replaced with hollow voids.
I carved out parts of me that didn't look pretty.
I bled and I cried, in hopes of building
a person someone could love,
In hopes of becoming someone , I could love.
Like August and September,
my hunger returns, too.
My body shrank, but my hunger wouldn't stop growing
Every morning, it rebuilt itself.
It grew teeth and gnawed inside my body.
My screams and cries echoed,
my body had become a battlefield
And I had become a shell, encasing a little girl,
Fighting battles she kept on losing.
Cuts and nicks on my skin,
I gave myself,
Slowly become refuge to hate,
fire and rage.
Every time I touched my body,
in places where skin used to be,
My hands felt like they were rummaging through burnt bodies.
I'd hold my own hands,
like lovers do, kiss them and
Tell myself that I'm not a monster



But much like a smile on my lips
when I look in the mirror,
Acceptance never came to me.
But I should've realised
consequences would come knocking,
Even if I didn't have a door.
I held on for dear life,
wanting to be loved,
wanting to be seen,
Only if I had accepted that love
would find me anyways.
Only if I had let go,
I wouldn't be lying here,
On top of shattered mirrors,
dying a death by a thousand cuts.
At thirteen, on a cold January night,
I lay under heavy blankets and
heavier expectations,
Reading a book
where the main character
had half a sandwich for lunch.
He cut the sandwich in half,
ate one part and he was full.
It's aestheticism, it drew me,
to eat half of something and feel full.
In his story, I found mine.
A story of too much too soon
and not enough of anything else.
I lay reading that book
when hunger growled in my stomach,
And all I could think of was
that other half of the sandwich.
A slight brush of his lips on yours,
not a kiss
Drizzle, instead of rain,
A touch on the hand instead of a hug,
Don't you want to feel full? I wondered.
I haven't felt full, since thirteen.

- Rupali V Nair
B.Sc Life Sciences (2nd Year)

IRENE ADLER

You entered through the front door
too eager to get indoor.
By now you must know where to find me,
It has been weeks since you are behind me.
Your old apartment in the downstreet
or the Cafe where with your clients, you meet.
I've been everywhere
yet you couldn't catch me anywhere.
Searching for the owner in the basement
It's a shame but buddy you need a replacement.
There I go off through the window
You couldn't catch me this time either, bingo!
As I heard the steps, air around me got excited,
"You are crazy in love" my heart recited.
But my instincts and my mind were ready,
Your conscience active and breath steady
Came and met me naked
And you thought I could fake it.
You read me too well, my body knew.
Huh! That's how you found the next clue.
Catch me if you can baby catch me if you can
you might be a genius but you are still a man.
Looking at what's in front,
I can be calculative but I'll be blunt,
You might be a hero in this book
But weeks, that's how long it took
For you to get so close

WAY OF THE WORLD

Skinflint trees,
Can't hoard leaves
Dried up and falling
When they've got a calling;

Calling leaves,
For raindrops grieve,
Can't clutch or quiesce
Through losings concrese;

Concrescence of clouds
Like loud, blackish crowds
Eulogizing silence
In chaotic cadence;

Cadence of beats
The wild bird greets
Before every storm
Vast void forms;

Forming and fudging,
Winds retreating
Before a freezing spell-
A fowl's death knell;

Knelling its way a still frame knurled,
This is the woeful way of the world.

- Disha
B.A. (H) English (3rd Year)



Used to It

So your work got praised?
Congratulations!
The girl you like likes you back?
Amazing!
You had the time of your life yesterday?
Wow!
You won this award?
He finally confessed?
They went there?
She can do that too?
Geez, I'm so happy for everyone!

Oh, me? No, no, I don't have anything going on,
I don't have any achievements
I don't even have a social life.
I'm a side character in every story,
probably even in my own.
You know I blend in the background so well
You'd never know I was there!

There's no "I" in "we" and "you"
pretty sure it won't make a difference if
I leave all of you.

Sleepless nights

Nights are lonely
My lone heart is more
An ocean of silence surrounds it
A silence, never felt before
Seeing you, feeling you everywhere
Dreams of you converting into nightmare
Am I going insane?
Is there hope
or am I getting swallowed by despair??

They say nights are lonely
But my little heart can prove them wrong
Waves of emptiness strikes the weak walls
From the cracks, it cries an intense song!

I was lying on my bed
Suddenly my mind asked me to stop breathing ,

I'm so jealous, so crazy, so sad.
No, i don't need your pity, go away
it probably is my fault
so you cannot comfort me anyway.

I laugh at myself, at others,
tears streaming down my face
because crying is worse
and I'm a very strong girl, you see.

Oh Life! The author of my story!
Do you enjoy seeing your main character suffer?
You vile, vile creature!
I'm exhausted having to run after you
Beg you
I lost my will
to do anything at all.

Oh, stop throwing opportunities
now that i can't even move.
Besides, I'm used to missing out
on everything all the time,
I'm used to it
I'm so used to it

- Radhika Tandon
B.A. (H) English (1st Year)

Am I still high or
Another scary web of constant lies
my mind is weaving ,
What's real what's fake
I can no more tell ,
My love has also become an addiction
My nights started to feel like hell,
They say live in the present
But this present scares me more,
A cunning darkness surrounds me
Where lurks a demon never seen before,
My heart skips a beat
And my mind freezes for a short spin,
I take a walk around the shadows
And come back in my living hell to pay for my sin....

- Isha
B.Sc. (H) Computer Science (3rd Year)

LEFTOVERS

I heard somewhere, "You leave home ones, and it leaves you forever!"

I'm here, sitting in my new city, my ten month old, new city .
If I be frank, I would say, 'my' isn't the right possession for us; For me and this new city.
You see, it just provides shelter, and home provides more!More than just shelter! The warmth of a hug,
a pat on the shoulder, more laughs than smiles, the calm seeing your loved smiles.
You see, far-far more than just shelter!

I've had a home, M Y P L A C E. I lived there for eighteen whole years! And all these ten months, I took
deep breaths, holding on to this one string, the string that had my home at the very end.
But now, just a second before, some strings in this head entwined. Eventualities;
This hand holding on to my throat, pressing the fingers tight enough for short ins and a gag stuffed in
from the outside as a smile, for shivered outs. These walls coming closer inch by inch, threatening to
absorb me in while this head shouting and screaming, for it says "You deserve".

The strings:
Try understanding me here, I visit my home sometimes, visiting is fine, Finesse: But, I actually can't
reside again! I love the place I swear I do. But, living there again, no that scares me for unusual. Like it
was never mine and I was always meant to Just visit.
Visit just like a nomad, hitting a yellow tent and leaving with the very first ray.

Straightening it out, My HOME has abandoned me! Rejected the living fuck out of me, Orphaned me.
And this new new new old city hasn't yet signed the Acceptance !
Why you ask? Here;

Think of that one street pup for me. Born yesterday, abandoned by his mother, struggling to be
accepted on the streets, on the verge of dying but then, then he finds you!And you feed him. Not out of
love, not mercy but you feed him because you had some leftovers. Leftovers that would've been in a bin
if not for him. Leftovers that no one now wants! Not food, you feed him your Leftovers. Throwing pieces
at him, to his right, to his left, to his neck, to his tail, his ears, his eyes, to his face. And he, catching
them, Catching them going right and left and catching them while in pain, whining but still wagging
his tail.

He is homeless you see, so you, the very own merciful provider, provide him with leftovers! Leftover
bread, Leftover milk, Leftover happiness, Leftover love, Leftover kindness, Leftover mercy, Leftover pity.

In this new city, I'm that dog you see!
Sitting still, carrying these little drops in my eyes and this unusual yet comfortable smile. I don't really
know what they call this feeling, I don't really know if there's someone out there with the very same
but I know what they call people like us. People with tears and smiles. People feeding on Leftovers, like
dogs! People who can anytime be hit and dead and nobody still would care.
Homeless Dogs !

- Amishi Pathri

THE LAST LECTURE: CONVERSATIONS WITH OUR RETIREES



DR. SUMAN BALA MANCHANDA
Retired associate professor in Hindi

An interview with Dr. Suman Bala Manchanda By Neha Thalor

1. आपके कॉलेज जीवन के पहले दिन का अनुभव कैसा था?

आप कॉलेज के पहले दिन के अनुभव की बात कर रहे हैं इसमें स्पष्ट करना चाहूंगी कि इस दिन को बीते लगभग 49 वर्ष हो चुके हैं। इतने लंबे अंतराल में कॉलेज में उस पहले दिन की अनुभूति को पूर्ण रूप से व्यक्त करना तो थोड़ा कठिन होगा लेकिन यह मेरा सौभाग्य है कि मैं एक ऐसे प्रोफेशन में हूँ जहाँ मैं प्रत्येक वर्ष आप जैसे सभी विद्यार्थियों के माध्यम से उन भावों रूपी समुद्र में डुबकी लगाती हूँ। उन पलों को फिर से जीने का अवसर मुझे मिलता है अतः मैं कह सकती हूँ कि आप सभी की भांति अवश्य ही मेरे हृदय में भी भय और उत्सुकता के मिश्रित भाव होंगे। आकाश को छूने जैसी रोमांचकता होगी।

2. आपका विद्यार्थी जीवन कैसा रहा है?

मेरे विद्यार्थी जीवन की चर्चा हो तो मैं कहूंगी कि मेरा विद्यार्थी जीवन बिल्कुल सीधा सरल नहीं रहा है। 11वीं कक्षा तक का विद्यार्थी जीवन सामान्य था पढ़ाई लिखाई मस्ती से परिपूर्ण, खुशनुमा और बेफिक्र। बी.ए. में सखी अनीता के जीवन में आने से पढ़ाई की लगन के साथ जो चंचलता थी वह अनुशासन में परिवर्तित हो गई थी। उसके पश्चात का जीवन कुछ पारिवारिक सीमाओं के कारण कठिन रहा। अनेक शर्तों के साथ एम.ए. करने की अनुमति मिली लेकिन उसके बाद एम.फिल और पी.एच.डी. के लिए रास्ता स्वयं खुलता चला गया। मैंने खूब मन लगाकर पढ़ाई, अपने जीवन का लक्ष्य निर्धारित किया और उस दिशा की ओर आगे बढ़ चली और अपने सपनों को पूरा किया।

3. दीन दयाल उपाध्याय कॉलेज में आपका सफ़र कैसा रहा?

दीन दयाल उपाध्याय कॉलेज से जुड़े मुझे 30 वर्ष से अधिक हो गए हैं। यहाँ मैंने बहुत ही खूबसूरत पलों को जिया है। यहाँ मैंने अपनी खुशी और दुख को भी बांटा है। एक परिवार की तरह इसके साथ कभी न टूटने वाला एक रिश्ता जुड़ गया है। इस कॉलेज में मुझे अपने व्यक्तित्व के विकास के साथ ही एक शिक्षक के दायित्व को पूर्ण रूप से निभाने के लिए अनुकूल वातावरण मिला। इसके लिए मैं कॉलेज के सभी साथियों के प्रति कृतज्ञ हूँ।

4. एक कॉलेज में पढ़ने वाले विद्यार्थी के जीवन में आप किन विशेषताओं की अपेक्षा करती हैं?

कॉलेज के ही नहीं बल्कि सभी विद्यार्थियों को एकाग्रचित्त परिश्रमी, अनुशासन प्रिय, संयमी, सदाचारी, संस्कारी, जिज्ञासु, दृढ़ इच्छाशक्ति से संपन्न, लक्ष्यग्रह, तर्कशील होने जैसे गुणों को अपने जीवन में धारण करना चाहिए। लेकिन इन सभी के साथ वर्तमान तकनीकी युग में दो तीन और बातों पर ध्यान आकर्षित करना चाहूंगी - आप सभी गूगल गुरु के शिष्य हैं, ऐसे में आवश्यक है हंस जैसी प्रतिभा का विकास, सही गलत का विवेकपूर्ण निर्णय करने की क्षमता होना। दूसरा, इंटरनेट की दुनिया में जीते हुए संवादहीनता तथा संवेदनहीनता की स्थिति से बाहर निकल जीवन मूल्यों तथा अपनी संस्कृति को आत्मसाय करना। प्रतियोगिता के दौर में उज्ज्वल भविष्य के लिए अपने व्यक्तित्व का विकास कर अपने भावों को यथोचित समय में संप्रेषित करने के कौशल की कला का विकास करना। सबसे महत्वपूर्ण है अपने देश के प्रति, मानवजात के प्रति दायित्वों का निर्वहन करना।

5. विश्वविद्यालयों में हिंदी भाषा के बढ़ते महत्व के बारे में आपका क्या कहना है?

बीते वर्षों में विश्वविद्यालयों में हिंदी भाषा और साहित्य की स्थिति में बहुत बदलाव आया है। वे दिन बीत गए जब हिंदी को हीन दृष्टि से देखा जाता था। अंग्रेजों के भारत छोड़ने के बाद भी अंग्रेजी का एकछत्र राज था। आज हिंदी अपने देश में ही नहीं बल्कि पूरे विश्व में राज करने को आतुर है और हो भी क्यों ना, हिंदी एक जीवंत, लचीली और संभवतः विश्व की सबसे वैज्ञानिक भाषा है। जब हिंदी को राजभाषा बनाने का प्रस्ताव रखा गया तो अंग्रेजी से हिंदी अनुवाद करते समय सिगरेट को "धूम्रदंडिका" कह कर और कभी स्टेशन के "लोह पथगामिनी विश्रामस्थल" जैसे लंबे शब्दों के द्वारा जनता को भ्रमित किया गया। ना जाने कैसी कैसी शब्दों की बाधाएं बनकर सामने आईं लेकिन आज स्थिति बदल चुकी है। हिंदी भाषा के पास सभी भावों के संप्रेषण में सक्षम अपना समृद्ध शब्दभंडार है। ज्ञान विज्ञान से संबंधित विषयों पर उच्चस्तरीय सामग्री प्राप्ति की दिशा में प्रयास किए जा रहे हैं। सामान्य जन के हृदय में हिंदी अपनाने के पश्चात अपने कैरियर और भविष्य संबंधी जो चिंताएं थी हिंदी प्रचारकों, राजनेताओं और सरकार द्वारा उठाए गए कदमों से लगभग समाप्त हो चुकी हैं। हिंदी प्रचारकों के द्वारा राष्ट्रीय एवं अंतर्राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर अनेक हिंदी सम्मेलनों का आयोजन किया जा रहा है। सरकार ने सभी केंद्रीय कर्मचारियों के लिए हिंदी सीखना अनिवार्य कर दिया है। इसी के साथ सभी हिंदी भाषी राज्यों की शासकीय सेवाओं एवं आई.ए.एस समस्त केंद्रीय सेवाओं में प्रवेश के लिए परीक्षार्थी हिंदी माध्यम का चुनाव कर सकते हैं। वैश्वीकरण का हिंदी का महाविद्यालय में प्रयोग बढ़ाने में बहुत योगदान है। वैश्वीकरण की संकल्पना से दुनिया भर में हिंदी बोलने वालों की संख्या में वृद्धि के कारण मीडिया और बाज़ार में हिंदी की लोकप्रियता बढ़ी है। फलतः हिंदी में रोजगार बढ़ा है। इंटरनेट की दुनिया में हिंदी ने अपनी पहचान स्थापित कर ली है। हिंदी पत्रकारिता और साहित्य भी इंटरनेट के माध्यम से विश्व भर में प्रकाशित होने लगा है। हिंदी की व्यापकता के कारण विश्व भर में हिंदी का शिक्षण चल रहा है। इससे हिंदी का वर्चस्व दिनों दिन बढ़ता जा रहा है।



DR. PRAMESH RATNAKAR
Retired professor and founder
member of DDUC

An interview with Dr. Pramesh Ratnakar By Vatsala Gupta

P.R. – Pramesh Ratnakar

V.G. – Vatsala Gupta

V.G. Good morning sir!

P.R. Good morning Vatsala! How are you?

V.G. I'm good sir, how are you?

P.R. Surviving.

1. Which is your most prominent or favourite memory of your own college days?

The college I studied at was Stephen's. My favourite memory, or rather it's kinda embedded in my head is that of Sadie's funeral. Now you'll ask who is Sadie? She was a legendary dog, well loved by everyone. One day when she was very hungry she wanted to eat the mess food. Everybody said "don't eat Sadie, we'll get you something else" but Sadie was very hungry and she just went and ate it. That means she died. So after that Sadie's funeral was celebrated every year at the end day of ragging. All the freshers were made to crawl on all fours like a dog for about half a kilometre. Our butts would be sticking out with seniors carrying scales and neem ki sticks and all that and we would be howling at the top of our lungs, "Sadie, darling, sweetheart why did you do this, why did you die" so on and so forth. and if you were not doing it from the heart then you would get cracks on your butt.

V.G. I don't know whether to laugh or cry right now.

P.R. You can cry. For Sadie!

2. Tell us a fond memory of your hometown.

My home town is Allahabad. I was born and spent early childhood there. My most vivid memory is of the sangam. My grandmother's younger brother, he used to live in the family as a bachelor and he used to go every morning to have a bath in the Ganga. He used to put me in his cycle in the basket, and he would cycle around. We used to go to the ghat and take a dip. So the Ganga is Vivid in my memory of Allahabad and that's my favourite memory.

3. Favourite memory from your days as a teacher.

Now that's a tough one. uh, , *struggles for a while*

Okay, this is the one! You know, our English honours, we started in 2001 and the college started long ago. Nobody had heard of Deen Dayal Upadhyaya and we had an old school building. so people who took admission were few. We were desperate to have any admissions. Most of them had not wanted to do English honours but something else. most of them had not even read a novel in their lives. We gave our best.

And then the results came in. In those days the results were displayed and sent all over so we could compare. We compared our results with Stephens Hindu and so on and our average class result was higher than Stephens. We had 58.5 and Stephens had 58. so we were number one as far as the average result was concerned.

4. How did you manage to do this?

We were only three teachers. and we got them going; Introduced new practices, all kinds of innovative things. The students get motivated if you can reach the places where they are worried, where they are concerned, and where they think negatively. If you can access and reach those. Another thing is department Unity if one teacher tries to do it it would work everyone has to come together. The three of us were complementing and challenging each other, working hard at it. One thing we told the students, that we made very clear, was that don't cheat. Don't cheat in your head and in your heart. Cheating is not just copying things, cheating is also not doing things properly.

5. A Long time, almost 2 years, was spent in online mode. How was your experience during online teaching?

Online teaching was a completely new thing; we had never done anything like that. I get all my energy from live interactions. But online teaching did allow me some liberty, some freedom in certain areas of exploration which were kind of interesting. The end of it I thought we should have a combination of both. There are some things you can do online which you can't do offline and vice-versa.

V.G. So what do you think are the perks of online teaching?

P.R. you get to be a little more selfish as a teacher. because you don't know the expression, you can't see the expression of the students, and you can't see if people are getting bored, whether they are there or not. so you can carry on talking about whatever you feel like. In life mode you get instant feedback. I don't know if it works better for the students.

V.G. I think it gets tiring to stare at the screen for so long.

P.R. But you have an advantage. you can just wake up and walk into class, or go to sleep. That freedom would be there.

6. Your favourite book that you have taught over the years and why.

There are several books that have been my favourite as a reader, as a thinker. But to teach it's "The Iliad". Because, see, everything begins there. How to tell a story, how to write, how to think. To me, Homer is a Bridge between the oral and written tradition. He is the best go to person to understand the western society. I am from India and I divide the world into three sensibilities: Pagan, Vedic, and Biblical. Coming from Homer, how he has shaped western thought and western sensibility, that one individual; the glamour of it is huge.

7. On a scale of 1-10, how would you rate your sense of humour?

P.R. Define humour.

V.G. ""

sir??? I am the interviewer here 🤖

take two

P.R. I think pretty high, because I am good at making others laugh. Let's say... about 7?

8. What aim did you have when you first started teaching? Do you think you've managed to achieve it over the years?

I never thought I would become a teacher. It sort of happened accidentally, over a period of give and take choices and visions and revisions. but now I think of teaching as a mask, a persona which one adopts. When I started teaching I was very uncertain. nobody teaches you how to teach so you have to discover it yourself. What I have discovered now as a teacher is that I am just filling the gap. What is passing through me are my own teachers. The teachers I've had, the ones whom I go back to in my conscious and subconscious mind. I find myself filtering their modes of expression and putting it across. And I think teaching becomes tradition. And this tradition is very important. It is the bridge between the past, present and future. As a teacher I have realised that I am not a teacher. A teacher is the one who comes in flow with the tradition and I have learnt to adopt that persona.

9. A small message that you would like to relay to your students.

It's one of the haikus I have given to the department.

**" No more questions
Now go
You are perfection "**

श्रद्धांजलि



Late Dr. Virender Thukral

During the session 2022-23, we lost one of our most beloved professors, Dr. Virender Thukral, from the Department of Mathematics. In order to keep him and his legacy alive amongst us, here are a few precious memories and moments that our professors have shared with him: "He had good knowledge of his subject as his department colleagues told me but due to loneliness that arose out of family problems, his mother died early and his family could never reconcile to the grievous loss, he remained in emotional trauma. He was a well behaved man of peaceful nature who loved to keep it to himself only in his later life."

We both joined college as Ad hoc teachers in 1993 and became regular the same year in 1996. We stayed in the same locality called West Enclave. He used to offer free rides to me on his scooter and treat me with a cup of tea on our way. And a puff of fag when he felt tired. I remember him with affection and love for him. Shall miss him."

~Dr. Radha Madhav Bharadwaj (History)

"The news of Dr Virender Thukral's death was very shocking. It was so unexpected that we are still unable to believe that he is no longer with us. Death snatched him at a very early stage of life. May his soul rest in peace."

-Dr. Sudha Arora (Department of Mathematics)

"I am deeply saddened by the loss of our colleague (V.T.). He will never be forgotten by all of us at the Department of Mathematics, DDU College. May God give his known strength to cope with the time. Friends, I knew Dr. Virender Thukral (in short VT) from July 1996, when he joined the Department of Mathematics DDU College as a lecturer. I was one of the members of the Selection Committee at that time. His academic credential was excellent and incomparable in the field of Operator Theory/Algebra/Real Analysis. He was the research scholar at the time of joining our college then he completed his doctoral degree program under Prof. Dinesh Singh (the ex-Vice Chancellor of University of Delhi) in the year 1998. In college life I would like to mention that the group of three (Anil, Sanjay and V.T.) in our department was astonishing. They used to discuss the Algebraic/Analysis problems in the mathematics room in the old college building and enjoyed the time. There are many good things to mention for VT, but in the end I would like to say that, "Life can be short-lived. But a life lived to the fullest stays in fond memories."

-Dr. Ratnesh Rajan Saxena (Department of Mathematics)



Late Sh. Bhopal Singh Negi

वह सदा हस्ते हुए रविवार को भी कार्यालय के काम में मदद करता था। जबकि उसने खुद सॉफ्टवेयर स्किल अपने पदोन्नति के बाद सीखी थी।

वह अत्यंत मिलनसार एवं हंसमुख व्यक्ति थे। वह कार्यालय के सभी व्यक्तियों को अपने स्नेह से जोड़कर रखते थे। मैं उसे बहुत मिस करता हूँ।

~Prof. Radha Madhav Bhardwaj (Professor in History)

मेरा नाम अश्वनी ठाकुर है और मैं अकाउंट्स डिपार्टमेंट से सीनियर असिस्टेंट के पद पर कार्यरत हूँ और 1990 में जब से ये कॉलेज खुला था तब भोपालसिंह नेगी का अपॉइंटमेंट भी लगभग हमारे साथ का ही था और बहुत लंबे समय तक हमने भोपालसिंह जी के साथ एडमिनिस्ट्रेशन में काम किया। वे बड़ी ही ईमानदारी से अपना कार्य करते थे। वे एक हंसमुख व्यक्ति थे और हमेशा सबका सपोर्ट भी करते थे और उनके जाने के बाद जो क्षति हमें पहुँची है उसे कोई पूरा नहीं कर सकता। आखिर में बस यही कहना चाहूँगा के भगवान उनकी आत्मा को शांति दे।

- अश्विनी ठाकुर (सीनियर असिस्टेंट)

मैं सोलंकी, अकाउंट्स डिपार्टमेंट, दीन दयाल उपाध्याय कॉलेज में कार्यरत हूँ। भोपालसिंह जी का व्यवहार मेरे साथ ही नहीं बल्कि सभी के साथ बहुत अच्छा रहा है। वो बहुत ही सीधे और सच्चे इंसान थे पर एक परेशानी ये रही के वो कभी लोगों के साथ खुल के बातें नहीं कर पाते थे। वो लगभग चुपचाप ही रहते थे और अपने काम में व्यस्त रहते थे। वे बहुत कम बातें करते थे लेकिन वे जब भी बातें करते थे बहोत सच्ची बातें करते थे। ये बहोत दुख का विषय है की अकस्मात उनका निधन हो गया और वो हमारे बीच नहीं रहे। एक बार तो हमें यकीन नहीं हुआ के वो हमें छोड़ के जा चुके हैं पर बाद में हमें पता चला कि ये सत्य है। भगवान से अब यही प्रार्थना है कि उनकी आत्मा को शांति मिले और उनके परिवार को आगे जीवन निर्वाह करने की शक्ति प्रदान करें।

~Jitender Solanki (Assistant, Accounts Department)

भोपाल जी मेरे अनन्य मित्रों में से एक रहे हैं। उनका व्यवहार मेरे साथ हमेशा एक मित्र और एक भाई जैसा रहा है, उनका स्वभाव सदा शीतल रहता था, कभी भी किसी के साथ उनका कोई विवाद या झगड़ा नहीं हुआ। 32 सालों से वे ऑफिस में कार्यरत थे। मैं ऑफिस में 2020 में उनसे संपर्क में आया, मेरे लिए यहाँ का कार्य और माहौल बिल्कुल नया था, परंतु उन्होंने हर कदम बढ़-चढ़ कर मेरे हर कार्य को संभालने में सहयोग किया, उनके इस सहयोग और व्यवहार के लिए मैं सदैव उनका आभारी रहूँगा। स्टाफ के साथ साथ स्टूडेंट के बीच भी उनकी एक सहयोगी कर्मचारी के रूप में पहचान थी। कोई भी पुराना स्टूडेंट कॉलेज आता तो उन्हें जरूर याद करता है। मुझे याद है जब दो शनिवार 13 मई को भोपाल जी कॉलेज में आए थे, तो गाँव जाने की खुशी उनके चेहरे पर झलक रही थी। वो मुझसे बड़े ही अच्छे से मिलकर गए। परंतु उसके बाद जब अचानक उनके अकस्मात् निधन की सूचना मिली तो मैं एकदम से स्तब्ध हो गया, काफी दिनों तक इस बात पर विश्वास ही नहीं हो पाया की हमारा एक अभिन्न मित्र इस प्रकार दुनिया छोड़ कर चला गया है। उनकी यादें हमेशा मेरे मन में बनी रहेंगी। वो हमेशा मेरे दिल के करीब रहेंगे।

- मुकेश कुमार (असिस्टेंट)

Bhopal was a simple, thin guy surrounded with lots of work overflowing from every corner of the college. He always seemed to readily resolve the attendance feeding and other official issues of teachers. His absence has left a hollow mark in the heart of every teaching and non teaching employee in the college which can't be fulfilled.

~Dr. Anuja Soni (Associate Professor)

I express my condolences of sudden demise of our dear Bhopal once again. The void that his untimely death has created in the office space is not easy to be filled. His illuminating presence shall always remain in our minds and soul. May God give strength to his family to live with this irreparable loss and peace to the noble soul.

Bhopal was a normal employee of our college. You will always find him busy in his work, sometimes running from his seat to other offices in the college. Always very active. I cannot forget his persuasive and respectful mannerism when he would call you regarding attendance submission or for other formalities to be completed. His humane approach will not allow you to ignore him, he will subtly get his work done.

~Prof. Neeraj Tyagi (Professor)

It is indeed a huge loss due to the untimely and unfortunate demise of Mr. Bhopal. He was an unassuming and gentle human being with utmost dedication to his work and his office obligation.

~Dr. Anubha Mukherji Sen (Associate Professor, English)

opal served in the Botany department of the college when we were just setting it up. We needed a dedicated laboratory staff who was hard working and ready to work beyond laboratory hours. In Bhopal we found that dedicated worker. He fast a quiet person but very fast learner. When he was shifted to the administration office from our laboratory then it was loss for the botany department but gain for the whole college. He continued to work relentlessly in the office and in his soft spoken way touched every heart who came in contact with him. I wish the very best for his family and pray that God blesses this pure soul.

~ Dr. Sujata Sinha (Associate Professor)

LITERATURE IN HINDI इहवाव

सफ़र

सुबह का अंधेरा, ऊन की ठंड
गर्दन से उतरता और फिर चढ़ जाता पानी
क्या शकुन दूढ़ें और क्या कुसूर ही?
भारी तैयारी, कोशिश का आलस
खयालों संग धड़कन की रफ़्तार बढ़ जाना
क्या सुकून दूढ़ें और क्या फ़ितूर ही?

मेरा उम्मीदों के पहाड़ और बेनियाज़ी की खाई से गुज़रते हुए
सब से भगा ले जाने का सौदा करते धुएँ की तरफ बढ़ जाना

यह सब पहले हुआ लगता है ।

सफ़र की शुरुआत का डर और बाद की घुटन
कूद जाने के ख़्याल को सच्चाई के शीशे से रोक देना

यह फ़ैसला पहले लिया हुआ लगता है ,

यह बहाना पहले दिया हुआ लगता है ।

इन सब में एक ख़्याल, एक सवाल वाज़िब सा

कहाँ छुपना है ,मुझे कहीं जाना क्यों है ?

इन सब में एक राज़,एक एहसास नादिर सा

क्यों इतना सच्चा है यह सफ़र, इतना पुराना क्यों है?

दिमागी रफ़्तार से आज मैंने कुछ भागते देखा
शायद ही किसी गली पर मेरी नज़र पहले भी दौड़ी हो

पेड़ों को मैंने यादों सा सामने नाचते देखा

शायद ही वक़्फ़ियत यूँ मुझे पहले भी चुभी हो ।

मेरे गालों पर एक लाल गरमाहट है

हवाओं को इसका कुसूर दे देना आसान होगा

मेरे बहानों को मान लेना उनकी फ़ितरत है

कभी ऐसा ना करने का अंजाम शायद याद होगा ।

बेचैनी मेरी, ख़ौफ़ उनका

ज़बान मेरी, मौन उनका

एक ही वजह है इस हालात पर ।

नींद मेरी, चैन उनका

बेनियाज़ी मेरी, रौद्र उनका

ढेरों सिलवट हैं इस गिलाफ़ पर ।

यूँ तो समंदर लहू का साथ ले चलती हूँ

पर खंजर सा चुभता ये मंज़र काफ़ी है आज

एक ज़मीन बंजर काफ़ी है आज ।

काफ़ी है आज एक ख़्याल, एक सवाल वाज़िब सा

कहाँ छुपना, मुझे कहीं जाना क्यों है ?

काफ़ी है आज एक राज़ एक एहसास नादिर सा

क्यों इतना सच्चा है ये सफ़र, इतना पुराना क्यों है ?

- स्वाति

इंग्लिश ऑनर्स (तृतीय वर्ष)

मैं शराब हूँ

मैं शराब हूँ
मैं प्यासों का ख्वाब हूँ
कुछ औरतें कहती हैं मैं खराब हूँ
उनकी आँखें सुर्ख और पलकें भारी सी लगीं
ना जाने क्यों जिंदगी से हारी सी लगीं
एक नहीं वो सारी ही दुखीयारी सी लगीं
कहने लगीं मैं उनके दुख का कारण हूँ
अरे भाई मैं तो बोतल में बंद पेय एक साधारण हूँ
मुझमें ना रंग है, ना रूप है, ना काया
मैंने तुम्हें कैसे रूलाया
बिलखकर एक औरत बोली तू मेरे पति को खा गई
दिमाग में चढ़ कर बैठी है बुद्धि भ्रष्ट करा गई
अब महत्त्व नहीं रखती मेरे बच्चों की भावनाएँ
अब उसे दिखती नहीं आशाभरी प्रार्थनाएं
भावहीन कर डाला है तुने उसके दिल को
मुझपे हाथ उठाते शर्म न आती है अब उस बुज़दिल को
रोती आँखें नाटक लगती होंठों की लार्जिश बेमतलब
हमारा प्यार अदृश्य है, दृश्य है बस तेरी तलब
झूठी कसमें खा लेता है, आता नहीं ख्याल उसे
रो कर बच्चे सो जाएँ, बेशक कोई नहीं मलाल उसे
अग्नि के फ़ेरे खाए मैंने सबकुछ पीछे छोड़ दिया
एक ऐसे इंसान की खातिर जिसने बोतल की खातिर छोड़ दिया
निचोड़ - निचोड़ कर दिल मासूम सा मेरा उसने तेरे लिए राह सजाई है
हाँ कोई रंग नहीं था वो महज़ मेरी आत्मा उफ़न कर आई है
उसको तेरे सिवा दिखता नहीं कोई अपना
अपनी बेटी की आँखों में मैं रोज देखती हूँ एक बिखरता सपना
इतने में एक लड़क़ी बोली सुन शराब मेरा दुख
मेरे पिता तेरे अधीन है तुझसे ही है उनका सुख
एक बार बाज़ार में गई मैं सोचा क्या-क्या पापा के लिए ले लूँ
क्या-क्या खुशियाँ दे दूँ उनको बेशक खुद कितना ही झेलूँ
मुझको ये वहम था उनको मैं सबसे प्यारी हूँ
मेरे लिए सब कर सकते हैं, मैं उनकी राजदुलारी हूँ
फिल्मों में देखा था कि बेटियाँ पापा की जान हैं होतीं
मैं भी ख्वाब लगी भी बुनने नित नियम से उन्हें संजोती
फ़ोन पर सुना भाई से पापा अब पीते हैं
अरे मैं कहूँगी छोड़ देंगे, मुझपे मरते जीते हैं
पर पता लगा हकीकत कुछ और थी
रक्तीभर मायने नहीं रखती मैं उनकी खुशियाँ कुछ और थी
मेरे सारे भ्रम टूट गए अब हर दिन रोती हूँ
जिसका होना था गुरुर मेरा अब उसी बोझ को ढोती हूँ
सूती कपड़ा था पापा का प्यार बंद बोतल के पानी से सिकुड़ेगा
रोज़ आत्मा रोएगी और उनसे ताल्लुक बिगड़ेगा

मेरी अधूरी कोख हैं ये मेरे ख्वाब
जहाँ अब शराब से उनका दूर होने का सपना पनप तो सकेगा
पर अंजाम हासिल नहीं होगा
यही उनका व्यवहार रहा तो कुछ साल बाद
कोई हाल ना पूछेगा और कोई अपना नहीं होगा
मेरा भाई देख रहा है सबकुछ इज्जत कैसे लुटा रहे हैं
मेरे पापा मेरी नज़र आगे अपना रुतबा गवा रहे हैं
बेटी हूँ डर लगता है उनके मुझे बुढ़ापे का
अब हमें नहीं समझते कुछ, खौफ़ आ रहा है कि इन्हें बाद में कोई क्या आँकेगा
पैसे का घमंड दिखाते हैं इज्जत का होश नहीं इनको
सब पैसे ही बना लेते परिवार की क्या ज़रूरत थी सबको
अगर पूरी उम्र रूलाना था तो क्यों माँ को ब्याह लाए थे
क्या हर रोज़ घुट कर जीने को हम इस दुनिया में आए थे
छोड़ नेहा क्या लिखेगी जब लिख दी किस्मत पहले ही
जब हाथ ना काँपे भगवान के तो तू भी सब सह लेगी ही ।

- नेहा थलोर
बी.एस.सी. केमिस्ट्री ऑनर्स (तृतीय वर्ष)

मेरी माँ का देहांत

आज मैंने ये क्या होता देख लिया,
माँ को कफन में सोता देख लिया।

नौ की उम्र में बड़ी नसमझ सी मैं,
आंगन में माँ को सोता देख लिया।

मेरी आँखों में एक कतरा न दिखा,
पर पापा को आज रोता देख लिया।

मैं उंगली पकड़े बैठी रही उनकी,
और हाथों से सब खोता देख लिया।

हसकर आते थे जो मिलने उनसे,
उन्हें भी रूमाल भिगोता देख लिया।

इसलिए डरती हूँ कुछ भी खोने से
मैंने बुरे से बुरा होता देख लिया।

- रिया कुशवाहा
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम (द्वितीय वर्ष)

आज मैं चलने लगा

वक्त हुआ है भोर का,
उजला सा आंचल छा गया।
मानो जैसे बसंत ऋतु का,
सौंदर्य जानिब पर छा गया।
उन पक्षियों के शोरगुल से,
स्तब्ध सरिता भी बोल उठी।
मैं कहाँ था निर्वाक रहता,
मेरी जिजीविषा भी चल उठी।
जो चला हूँ आज मैं तो,
विघ्न राह में आ गए।
बाँह पकड़ी, पैर जकड़े,
अवरोध बनके,
निर्विकल्प मुझको किया।
चाहते थे शून्य रहूँ मैं,
अहम ब्रह्म न बन सकूँ।
पर मैं कहाँ था निर्वाक रहता,
दुःख-प्रद रहकर विलाप करता।
संत्रास था संपुतित समय का,
अनंत गहे से देह में जकड़ा हुआ।
मानो जैसे अन्न था मैं,
वसुंधरा में सदियों से कैदी बना।
आज उठा अंकुरित बनकर,
तोड़के वो बेड़ियाँ उस कैद की।
अदम्य है ये चाह मेरी,
ना रुकेगी, ना थमेगी।
देखोगे अनिमेष होकर,
शौर्य मेरे अस्तित्व का।
अधीर होगे, व्यंग दोगे,
ना कर सकोगे नष्ट इसको।

सवार हूँ मैं विजय रथ पर,
साहस को दिल में लिए।
शिशिर की अंधड़ को चीर कर
ग्रीष्म के सूरज से तप कर।
विकट राहों को सुगम कर,
शिखर पर मैं निकल पड़ा।
कर्म को है सिद्ध करना,
नाम को अपने प्रसिद्ध करना।
यही "उद्देश्य" का प्रण लिए,
उमंग संग बढ़ने लगा।
आज मैं चलने लगा,
आज मैं चलने लगा।

- उद्देश्य शर्मा
बी. कॉम.ऑनर्स (द्वितीय वर्ष)

तुम ही तुम हर जगह हो

तुम हो भी नहीं और हर जगह हो,
पानी में बहती, एक आग का दरिया हो,
दिल चाहे डूबना तुम्हारे इस दरिये में,
दिल जला कर भी मेरा, तुम ही दिलरुबा हो ॥

तुम ही शब और तुम ही सुबह हो,
आफ़ताब की पहली और आखिरी अदा हो,
तुम्हे देखने को जो उठूँ इतनी सुबह में,
तुम ही तुम दिखती हर जगह हो ॥

सर्दी की हल्की हल्की सी ठंडी हवा हो।
सुबह की पहली चाय जैसा नशा हो,
और छू जाती हो जो आकर मेरे चेहरे को,
तुम हो भी नहीं और हर जगह हो ॥

मेरी हर इबादत में तुम दुआ की वजह हो।
रूह को छू जाने वाली वजू की तरह हो,
और एहसास जो होता है हर नमाज़ में तुम्हारा,
तुम ही नमाज़ और तुम ही मेरी कज़ा हो ॥

इस दर्द-ए-दिल की तुम सज़ा हो।
जो मुझसे हुई वो हसीन खता हो,
और निकल पाऊँ ना मैं तुम्हारे ख्यालों से,
तुम वफ़ा और तुम ही बेवफ़ा हो ॥

- रशिक रौशन
इलेक्ट्रानिक्स ऑनर्स (तृतीय वर्ष)

वो रूठा तो मुझे खुशहाल कौन करेगा!
बार - बार मुझसे ये सवाल कौन करेगा!
कुछ बातें ये सोचकर अनकही रखीं,
उन्हें खोने का मलाल कौन करेगा!
फ़क़त कुछ खत मेरी अमानत रहने दो,
इन्हें खोया तो तेरा ख़्याल कौन करेगा!
रफू न करेंगे हर बिखरते रिश्ते को फिर,
ज़रूरत में हमारा इस्तेमाल कौन करेगा!
झाँकते हैं खिड़की से बेरौन ये सोचते,
मियाँ उसके होंठ अब लाल कौन करेगा!
यतीम सोचता रहा, इस जहाँ में उससे
ऐतबार की मजाल कौन करेगा!
रोज़-ए-हिज़्र मैं यही सोचती रही,
उसके अशक देख बवाल कौन करेगा!

मै आकाश हूँ

कभी नीला कभी गुलाबी कभी लाल हूँ
कभी पहलियों का इक उलझा सा जाल हूँ
कभी घना पेड़ तो कभी एक सूखी डाल हूँ
कभी किसी का जवाब तो कभी सवाल हूँ

किसी का गुलाब तो किसी का पलाश हूँ
मै आकाश हूँ।

मै चाँद जैसा किसी को भाया तो नहीं
मै तारों जैसा हर जगह छाया तो नहीं
मै हवाओ जैसा कुछ साथ लाया तो नहीं
और पंछी जैसा कहीं दूर से आया तो नहीं

किसी की मंज़िल, तो किसी की तलाश हूँ
मै आकाश हूँ।

किसी के लिए सूखा तो किसी के लिए नम हूँ मैं
किसी के लिए खुशियाँ तो किसी का गम हूँ मैं
किसी के लिए यथार्थ तो किसी के लिए भ्रम हूँ मैं
और दुनिया – जहाँ से बस थोड़ा सा कम हूँ मैं

किसी का उम्मीद तो किसी का प्रकाश हूँ
मै आकाश हूँ।

किसी के खत में मेरी फ़िक्र तो नहीं
किसी के गीतों में मेरा ज़िक्र तो नहीं
किसी के शेर जितना मैं बे फ़िक्र तो नहीं
फ़िर भी किसी का मुझसे हिज़्र तो नहीं

किसी का निश्चय, तो किसी का अगर मगर और काश हूँ
मै आकाश हूँ।

ये चाँद, सितारे, सूरज, और हवाओं का भी हूँ
ये पेड़, पंछी, पानी, और घटाओं का भी हूँ
ये नदी, जंगल, शहर, और गाँव का भी हूँ
ये बारिश, तूफ़ान, धूप और छाँव का भी हूँ

ये मेरे ना हो सके, इसलिए थोड़ा निराश हूँ
मै आकाश हूँ।

- अरिहंत पटेरिया
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम (तृतीय वर्ष)

छोटे घर

सुनहरे ज़ेवर ,लाल रंग सजाकर जिस्मों पे
रोती भूख ,सोती नींद भगाकर नज़रों से
पीढ़ियों से रिस्ते गीतों की सरगोशी सुन
हम कंकालों की टोली में भगवान कि ख़ातिर भगवान खरीदने निकलते हैं।

ख़रे-हरे नोट निकालकर पिंजरों से
लाल कागज़ात कुछ अंदर दबाकर तिजोरियों में
निवालों और जमीनों में एक हिस्सा कम कर
नीचे नगद ,आसमानों में हम आतिशबाज़ियाँ करते मिलते हैं।

जिस्मों का गणित लगाकर बिस्तरों पे
महीनों के दिन छाँटकर मंदिरों में
कभी जादू टोना,कभी विश्वास,कभी विज्ञान की पोशाक पहने
उसके ख़ून कि हर बूंद का हम हिसाब करते गुज़रते हैं।

महमानों की मिठाई पर मन नहीं मचलता यहाँ
दुपट्टा उठाने हम पहले पिछले कमरों में उतरते हैं।
हमारे छोटे घरों में बड़े संस्कार पलते हैं।

आम से कुछ राज़ दबाकर होठों पे
परछाइयों के बोझ उठाकर कंधों पे
कोई वाज़िब वजह ना मिलने पर अशकों की
महफ़िलों में चमककर, बंद कमरों में बिखरते हैं।

ताकत की तख़्त ,बेनियाज़ साँप पंखों पे
इंसानी जज़्बातों की चुनी लाश खंबों में
रगों की सदा को जाम से दबाकर,
चार दिवारी के बादशाह हमारे,
सदियों से बिछि बर्फ़ पर फ़िसलते हैं।

आवाज़ से पहले किताब कदमों में
विषयों की पेशवाई हम पी जाते हैं बरसों में
कुछ शब्द जपकर,दही-चीनी लपककर,जंग खाते निशानों पे
रोज़ हम पंजे रगड़ते, बितरते ,संभलते निकलते हैं।

बड़ी हवेलियों में बसते होंगे राज़ बड़े बड़े
की शिकायत करे, तिरछी नज़रों से सीढ़ियाँ चढ़े चलते हैं।
हमारे छोटे घरों में बड़े संस्कार पलते हैं।

- स्वाति
इंग्लिश ऑनर्स (तृतीय वर्ष)

नर निज कर तुम शस्त्र उठा लो

हे वीर! व्याघ्र से गराजो
कुरुक्षेत्र से हो रही पुकार,
उदधि गरजे, मारू बाजे
पयोद दिग- दिगंत भर रहे धुंकार ।
नर निज कर तुम शस्त्र उठा लो ।। 1 ।।

तूफ़ानों को कर एक किनार
दो अगणित लघु से दीप उजार,
लपटें उगले, धरती सहमे
कर दो क्रूरता का प्रत्यवहार ।
नर निज कर तुम शस्त्र उठा लो ।। 2 ।।

धैर्य - रहित धधक उठे पौरुष
दुर्वचन सुने मां पर अपार,
भाल - धाल, ले धनुष - बाण
रण कौशल दिखा कर दो परिहार ।
नर निज कर तुम शस्त्र उठा लो ।। 3 ।।

दबी स्मृतियां ज्वलंत उठालो
पहन कफ़न कर शोभित श्रृंगार,
ले घमंड राणा - पृथ्वी का
धर त्राहि त्राहि वैरी के द्वार ।
नर निज कर तुम शस्त्र उठा लो ।। 4 ।।

- उद्देश्य शर्मा
बी. कॉम.ऑनर्स (द्वितीय वर्ष)

सुना है उसका शहर भी बेहद खास है
वादियाँ, घाटियाँ, सिंगोरी की मिठास है
क्यों ना उस शहर में दो पल गुज़ारे जाएँ
जो ख़्वाब हैं मन के , आँखों में उतारे जाएँ

काश कोई गाड़ी उसके शहर जाए
कोई बहाना हो और हम ठहर जाएँ
मेरे ख़्वाबों को भी अब तेरी आदत है
फ़क़त ख़्वाब है बस इतनी शिकायत है।

- रितिक चौहान
बी.एस.सी फिजिक्स ऑनर्स (तृतीय वर्ष)

माँ तुम

माटी का कोरा मटका हो और मैं तुनक मिज़ाज पानी
और दुनिया है बढ़ती हुई गर्मी मैं दुनिया के थपेड़ों से तिलमिला उठने वाली
जब तुझमें गिरती हूँ तो मेरी सारी उग्रता धीरे धीरे तुम्हारे प्रेम छिद्रों से होकर निकलती है
मुझमें शीतलता और ठहराव तुम्हीं से हैं।
बाहरी आग जितनी भी बरसे मुझे यकीन है
तुम हमेशा ढाल बनके सब कुछ यूँ ही सौम्य बनाए रखोगी।

तुम्हारे टूटने से मैं ज़मीन पर पानी की तरह बिखर जाऊँगी
जिसका खुद का कोई अस्तित्व नहीं
बल्कि जिसका बिखरना सबको किचड़ नज़र आता है
इसलिए तुम्हें हमेशा मज़बूत व दृढ़ निश्चयी बने रहना है
बदले में मैं वादा करती हूँ कि आखरी साँस तक तुम में ही रिसती रहूँगी,
आखिरी घूँट तक तुम्हारा गुरुर बनकर नमी बरकरार रखूँगी ।
तुम हो तो मैं हूँ, हम हैं तो सब है।

- नेहा थलोर
बी.एस.सी. केमिस्ट्री ऑनर्स (तृतीय वर्ष)

बारिशों सी उसकी आहट आती है
हवाएं उसकी लटों को सहलाती है
कुछ तो खास है उसमें, हम बेखबर हैं
हम हरीफ़ नहीं उनके हमे ये सबर है

छोटी-छोटी बातों पे उसका रूठ जाना
फिर हस्ते हुए दो दांत ज़्यादा दिखाना
हर याद उसकी आँखें भीगा के जाती है
याद न करे उसे ऐसी घड़ी भी कहाँ जाती है

सरदीली हवाओं में हाथो की नरमी सी
टिमटिमाते तारों में घटाओं की कमी सी
सूखे रेगिस्तान में गुलों सी महकती है
काली रातों में जुगनुओं सी चमकती है

कुछ इस क़दर कोई तोड़ दे मुझे,
मुख़्तसर रूह से झिंझोड़ दे मुझे।

हँसूँ तो ग़मों की बौछार हो जहाँ,
उस अंधेरे में कोई छोड़ दे मुझे।

जागी हैं सदियों से ये आँखें मेरी,
ताउम्र सोऊँ जहाँ, वो मोड़ दे मुझे।

ख़ुशियों में मातम मनाती हूँ,,
ऐसे ज़हर का निचोड़ दे मुझे।

कोई आस न रहे सदियों तलक,
फ़क़त उम्मीदों से जोड़ दे मुझे।

THE HOSTEL

△ ▢ C H I ▽ E



LETTERS FROM THE TROVE

This, luckily, has been my experience with the DDUC hostel. Tripura, my home state, is more than a thousand miles away from Delhi. So, when one wild summer my manic consciousness decided to move halfway across the country in pursuit of the “new”, I was met with a warm hospitality like no other. The hostel rooms are spacious and adequately furnished to fit the students’ requirements. Moreover, the staff’s zealous involvement towards your comfort is the perfect icing on the cake. To have a space that exudes warmth when you’re living away from your parents for the first time, trying to navigate university life while also tapping into the uncharted territory of adulting is truly a solace like no other.

ABHIPSA (2ND YEAR)
(ENGLISH HONOURS)

Living in a college hostel is an emotional rollercoaster ride. I have experienced diverse emotions during my time in college. The initial excitement of moving into a hostel was palpable. It was my first taste of independence. But soon after settling in, I began to feel the pangs of homesickness. But this place soon became my home. It taught me the importance of resilience and adaptability. The ability to bounce back from setbacks, learn from mistakes, and adapt to new situations has been crucial in my emotional growth. I have learned to cope with the stresses and strains of college life, and to find joy in the simple pleasures of everyday life. While there have been ups and downs, I wouldn't trade this experience for anything. It has made me a stronger, more empathetic, and more emotionally matured person, and for that, I am grateful.

RONICK CHANDRA
(2ND YEAR)
(ENGLISH HONOURS)



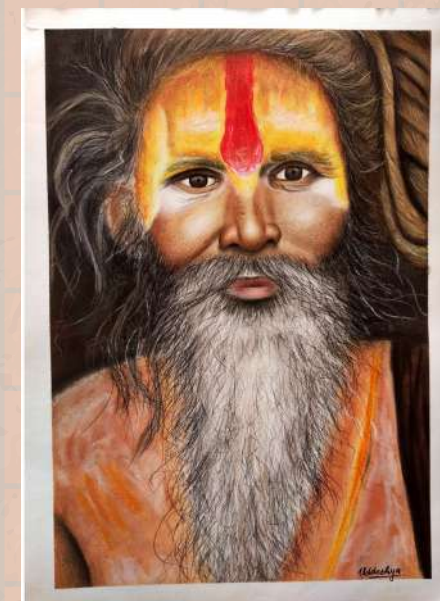




FINEARTS



MANYA GULATI
B.Com(Hons) 2nd Year



UDDESHYA SHARMA
B.Com(Hons) 2nd Year



SOURBH
B.Com(Hons) 3rd Year





AKANKSHA

B.Com.(Hons)
2nd Year



AYUSHI TIWARI

B.Sc(Hons) Mathematics
3rd Year



HANSHIKA JAIN

B.Sc. (Hons) Mathematics 3rd Year



KRITIKA TRIPATHI

B.A. (Hons) English 2nd Year



NEHA KRIPLANI

B.Sc.(Hons) Computer Science
2nd Year



ADITI SINGH

B.Sc(Hons) Chemistry 1st Year



SHRADHA

B.Sc.(Hons) Physical Science
with Chemistry 2nd Year





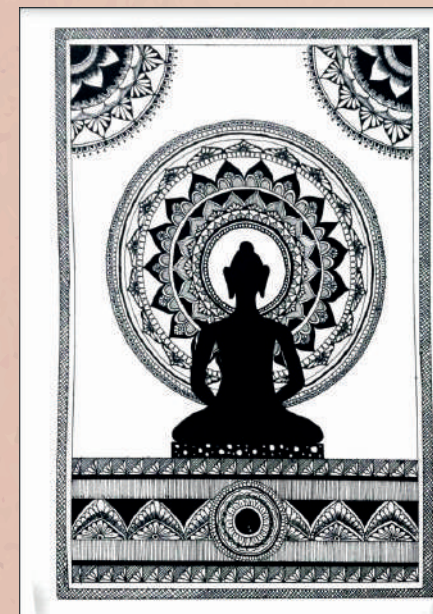
SAKSHI

B.Com(Hons)
2nd Year



JYOTSNA SHIKHA

B.A. (Hons) English
2nd Year



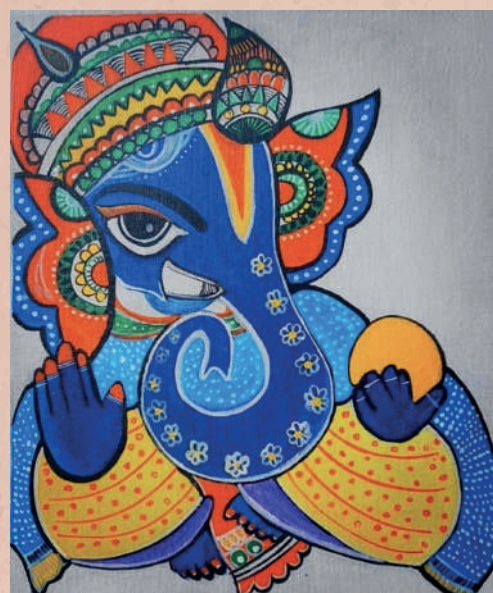
MOLIKA LAMBA

B.Sc. Life Sciences 1st Year



RADHIKA SINGH

B.Sc. Physical Science with
Computer Science 3rd Year



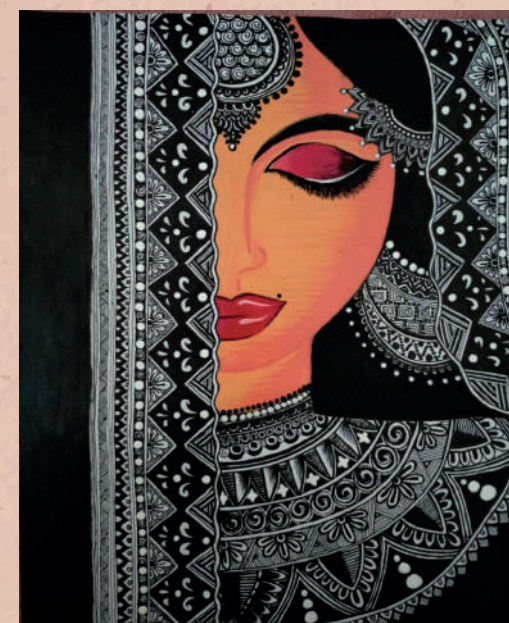
NISHIKA GERA

B.Sc. (Hons) Chemistry
2nd Year



PRIYONKA BASUMATARY

BMS 1st Year



DIKSHA SAINI

B.Sc. Life Sciences 2nd Year

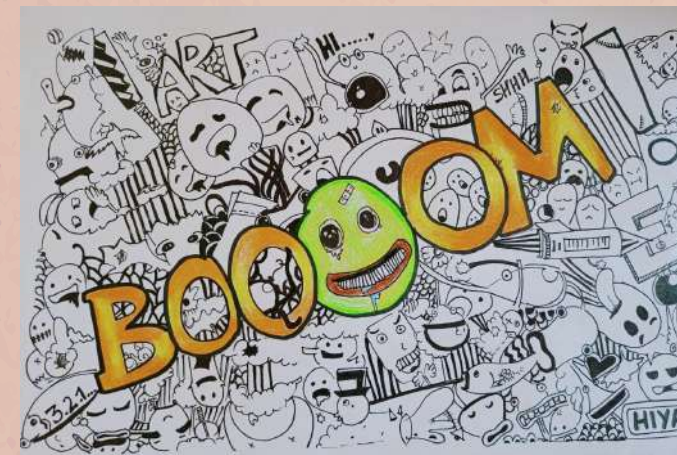




SANDEEP BHAGAT
BMS 2nd Year



AKANSHA
B.Com.(Hons) 2nd Year



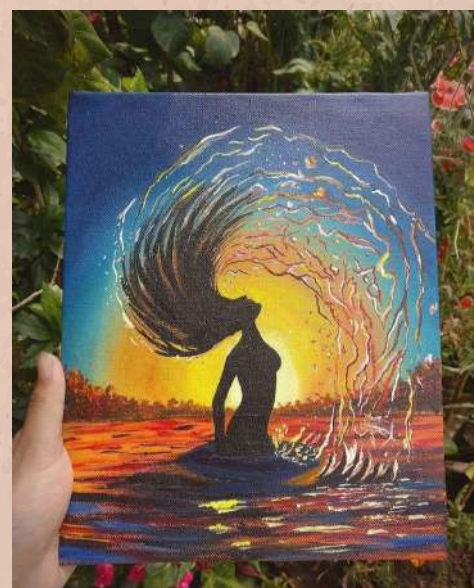
HIYA JAIN
B.Sc(Hons) Physics 2nd Year



UDDESHYA SHARMA
B.Com(Hons) 2nd Year



AVANTIKA AJIT
B.Sc(Hons) Computer Science
3rd Year



PRIYONKA BASUMATARY
BMS 1st Year



JYOTSNA SHIKHA
B.A. (Hons) English 2nd Year

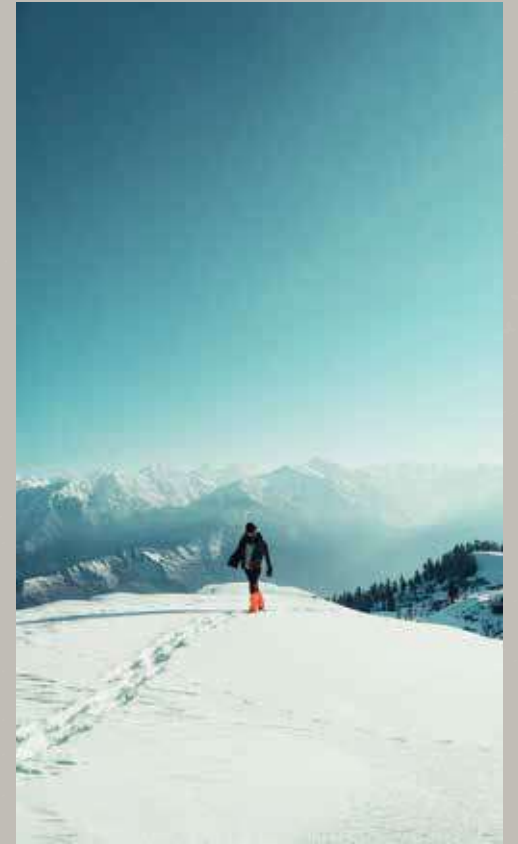




Sourav Meena
B.Com. (H), 3rd year



Sejal Dutta
B.A. English (H), 3rd year



Sourav Meena
B.Com. (H), 3rd year

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Sourav Meena
B.Com. (H), 3rd year



Sumaiya Arshad
B.A. English (H), 1st year



Sejal Dutta
B.A. English (H), 3rd year



Aditya Raj Gautam
B.M.S., 1st year



Aniket Nagpal
B.Com. (H), Passout

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B.Com. (H), 2nd Year



Antra Das
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3rd Year



Vishal Kumar
B.A. English (H), 3rd Year



Kuldeep Nath
B.Com (H), Passout



Vishal Kumar
B.A. English (H), 3rd year



Dankaj
B.A. (Prog), 3rd year

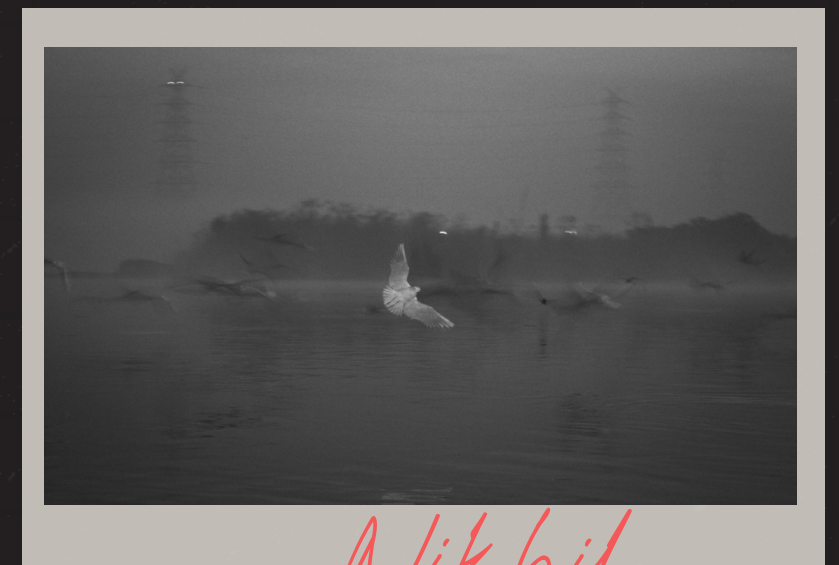
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Vishal Kumar
B.A. English (H), 3rd year



Sprishiti Shukla
B.A. English (H), 3rd year



Nikhil
B.Com (H), 2nd year

20 April 2023



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Prof. Hemchand Jain (Officiating Principal), Prof.
Monika Bansal, Dr. Mamta Amol Wagh**



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