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ANNUAL MAGAZINE 2025-26

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Motilal Nehru College  
University of Delhi  
Benito Juarez Marg, New Delhi - 110021

# FORM IV

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I, Prof. Yogeshwar Sharma, do hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

March, 2026



Prof. Yogeshwar Sharma  
Principal  
Motilal Nehru College, University of Delhi

# Navaagat नवागत

2025-2026

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# MESSAGE FROM *The Principal*

It is both an honour and a joy to address you through Navagat, the annual magazine of Motilal Nehru College. With each passing year, this publication gathers the intellectual and creative energies of our community and presents them in a form that invites reflection. It is not merely a chronicle of activities, but a testament to the questions we dare to ask and the ideas we are willing to explore.



Prof. Yogeshwar Sharma

Motilal Nehru College has long stood at the confluence of continuity and change. Our traditions anchor us, yet it is our openness to dialogue and discovery that keeps us vibrant. In classrooms, corridors, and conversations, learning here is a shared enterprise; it is deeply engaged with the world beyond campus.

I extend my warm appreciation to the editorial board, faculty advisors, and all contributors whose thoughtful work has shaped this edition. As you read these pages, I hope you encounter not only accomplishments worth celebrating, but also moments of introspection and the promise of aspirations quietly taking root.

Prof. Yogeshwar Sharma  
Principal,  
Motilal Nehru College

# MESSAGE FROM *The Convenor*

As we bring together this year's issue of *Navaagat*, I am reminded that a college magazine is more than a compilation of essays, poems, and photographs; it is a living archive of a community in motion. Within these pages, you will encounter the curiosity of first-year students finding their voice, the quiet confidence of seniors preparing to step into wider worlds, and the reflective insights of the teachers who guide them.

At Motilal Nehru College, learning extends well beyond classrooms. It unfolds in corridors thick with debate and in conversations that challenge certainty. This year's issue of *Navaagat* captures that vibrant intellectual and creative restlessness our college is known for.

I would like to express my deep gratitude to our Principal, Prof Yogeshwar Sharma whose unwavering encouragement of academic and creative pursuits makes ventures like this possible. My heartfelt appreciation also goes to the editorial team of Kavya Oberai, Taniya Gussain and Yashwardhan Sharma; their hard work, diligence and long hours have shaped this volume. Thanks are also due to members of the Annual Report and Magazine Committee especially Prof Deepti Singh. Her thoughtful discernment and steadfast support helped me fulfil my role. Most importantly, I thank our contributors, students and colleagues alike, who trusted us with their words and ideas. May *Navaagat* continue to chronicle our journeys and reflect the quiet resilience which defines Motilal Nehru College.

Happy Reading!

Dr. Shilpy Malhotra  
Assistant Professor  
English Department



Dr. Shilpy Malhotra

# EDITORIAL BOARD 25-26

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*Yash Vardhan Sharma*  
*B.A.(Hons) English*  
*4<sup>th</sup> Year*





**WRITERS  
PALLETE**

# Reviving the Indian Knowledge System: Bridging Tradition with Modernity

India has long been a cradle of knowledge, home to ancient universities like Nalanda and Takshashila, where scholars from across the world came to study diverse subjects, from philosophy and medicine to astronomy and mathematics. The Indian Knowledge System (IKS), rooted in texts like the Vedas, Upanishads, and Arthashastra, has significantly influenced global thought. However, with the advent of colonial rule and the dominance of Western education models, much of this indigenous wisdom was sidelined. Today, as India seeks to reclaim its intellectual and cultural heritage, integrating IKS with modern education and research can offer a holistic approach to knowledge that blends traditional wisdom with contemporary scientific advancements.

Reviving the Indian Knowledge System is not about replacing modern education but enriching it. Ayurveda's emphasis on preventive healthcare, the mathematical genius of ancient scholars like Aryabhata, and the environmental sustainability principles embedded in Indian agricultural practices hold immense relevance today. By incorporating these insights into mainstream education and policymaking, India can foster innovation rooted in its own intellectual traditions. Moreover, recognizing IKS on global platforms can enhance India's soft power, positioning it as a leader in sustainable and inclusive development. However, this revival must be undertaken with academic rigor, ensuring that traditional knowledge is validated through empirical research and scientific inquiry.

A key challenge in integrating IKS with modern systems is the perception that traditional knowledge is unscientific. To address this, institutions and researchers must work towards evidence-based validation while preserving the essence of indigenous wisdom. Government initiatives, such as the National Education Policy (NEP) 2020, have already emphasized the importance of IKS, paving the way for interdisciplinary learning. The task ahead is to create a balanced framework where ancient knowledge coexists with modern advancements, ensuring that India's rich intellectual legacy is not only preserved but also actively contributes to global knowledge and progress.

India's rich knowledge heritage, spanning from Ayurveda to Vedic mathematics and environmental sustainability, has always been a guiding light for the world. Today, as we reclaim and integrate this wisdom with modern advancements, we are not just preserving history—we are shaping the future. With a renewed focus on research, education, and innovation rooted in our traditions, India is poised to lead the global knowledge economy. The revival of the Indian Knowledge System is not just a tribute to our past but a strategic step toward global leadership. As we ascend the top ladder of success, we reaffirm our destiny as Vishwa Guru, illuminating the path of wisdom, sustainability, and progress for the world.

# Understanding Employee Engagement in Remote Work

The workplace of today looks remarkably different from what it did just a few years ago. Boardrooms have turned into Zoom calls, and corridor conversations into chat messages. While technology and flexible policies have made remote work possible, our research finds that the real glue holding remote teams together is not the tools they use but the human experiences of belonging, trust, and organisational support.

Our paper, “Organisational Support, Communication, Belonging, and Employee Engagement in Remote Workforces: A Grounded Theory Study,” recently presented at the 5th International Conference on Building Sustainable Corporations hosted by the Institute of Public Enterprise (IPE), Hyderabad, explores this evolving landscape. Co-authored by Dr. Ankit Suri, Assistant Professor at Motilal Nehru College, sheds light on how communication practices and organisational care shape the psychological fabric of engagement in remote workforces. The pandemic accelerated the global shift towards remote and hybrid work. While digital tools made it possible for teams to function across time zones, they also disrupted informal communication, those unscheduled, casual interactions that often foster creativity and trust. Without coffee breaks or quick chats, employees began to feel disconnected, even while being digitally connected. Our study begins by recognising this paradox: technology enables work continuity but also erodes the sense of community that sustains engagement. In this new reality, communication became more than a functional act; it became a psychological signal of support, recognition, and inclusion.

The research draws from Organisational Support Theory (Eisenberger et al., 1986), which posits that employees reciprocate the care and value they perceive from their organisations through greater commitment and performance. In digital environments, this sense of care is transmitted primarily through communication — the frequency, tone, and responsiveness of interactions. We also used Social Exchange Theory (Blau, 1964) and Self-Determination Theory (Deci & Ryan, 2000) to understand how reciprocity, autonomy, and relatedness influence motivation and engagement. To capture these complex dynamics, the study followed a two-phase design: a systematic literature review of over 100 empirical studies, followed by an in-depth grounded theory analysis of qualitative interviews with remote workers across industries.

The findings challenge the simplistic notion that employee engagement can be maintained through technology alone. Rather, it is the quality of organisational communication characterised by empathy, responsiveness, and clarity that predicts whether employees feel supported and connected. Employees who perceived high organisational support reported stronger belonging and emotional investment in their teams, even in fully virtual environments. Conversely, delayed responses, curt messages, or lack of feedback were often interpreted as signals of indifference, reducing trust and morale. The study also revealed that digital fatigue and communication overload can erode engagement, despite good intentions. Thus, communication in remote settings must balance frequency with empathy, a delicate art that transforms digital exchanges into meaningful human connections.

The grounded theory that emerged from our research proposes that remote employee engagement operates through three interlinked pathways:

Perceived Organisational Support (POS) under which Employees interpret supportive communication including timely responses, active listening, and recognition as evidence that the organisation values them. Belonging and Trust which is the consistent, transparent communication fosters psychological safety and inclusion, making employees feel part of something larger than their individual tasks. Engagement as Reciprocity, which happens when employees feel valued, they reciprocate through higher commitment, collaboration, and resilience, even amid physical distance. In other words, communication is not merely information exchange, it is a relational act that builds trust and sustains motivation. The study's insights carry practical lessons for leaders and managers navigating hybrid work cultures. We argue in favour of being intentional in communication. Every message, its tone, timing, and content conveys how much the organisation values its people. We further argue to design for connection, not just coordination. Create virtual spaces that encourage social interaction and informal bonding. Based on the findings, it is evident that leaders should prioritise psychological safety. Ensure employees feel heard and included, especially when feedback or dissent arises.

As organisations integrate ESG and sustainability principles into their strategies, employee well-being and engagement are increasingly seen as core components of social sustainability. Our research contributes to this dialogue by emphasising that a sustainable corporation is not just technologically equipped but emotionally connected.

The presentation of this paper at the IPE Hyderabad allowed us a shared recognition among scholars and practitioners that the future of work is not about where we work, but how we feel when we work together, even apart.

Neha Yadav  
Masters of Commerce.

# Screens: Our New Skin !

We used to read faces—lined with age,

Indexed by memory, untaught in mime.

Now, we read screens: illuminated epigrams, Chronicles condensed to holograms.  
Previously, skin held touch—electric, warm,

Now icons flash where thoughts work. The haptic gives way to interface,  
And presence erases without a trace. We are logged in, but logged away,

From the rough grain of the ordinary.

Our truths condensed, our words edited, Our loneliness—algorithmically veiled.  
What previously was ink, fleshed-out word,

Now flashes quick, out of sight, unheard. The eye exhausted by ghost light,  
Eats, but hardly feels the sting.  
Screens bruise not, blush not, bleed not,

But feed the mind with careful need.  
They glow, they entice, they softly enchain—

The flesh all forgotten, the soul in prison.  
We swipe past suffering, scroll past pleasure,

In curated streams of borrowed light. Where we once were in breath and flesh,  
Now we are from outside in.  
But deep beneath this reflected look,

Some primordial yearning still betrays to touch, to halt, to exist real,  
Outside of the screen's presence.

Ruchita Singh  
Assistant Professor  
English Department

## **Sustainability : A Choice, Not a Challenge**

Sustainable development is often described as a global responsibility - something meant for governments, international organisations, and big industries. But in truth, sustainability begins in the smallest corners of our everyday lives. It begins when we choose to turn off a light, refill a bottle instead of buying plastic, or plant a seed with hope for tomorrow. Every drop of water saved, every plastic cup avoided, every thoughtful choice made with awareness becomes a quiet but powerful step toward a healthier planet.

What makes sustainability truly remarkable is its simplicity. It does not demand luxurious resources or advanced scientific knowledge. It asks only for intention, consistency, and a willingness to care. A small act, when repeated by thousands, becomes a movement. A movement, when embraced by millions, becomes change. Students, especially, hold immense power in shaping this future. College campuses are not just places of learning — they are spaces where habits are formed, values are strengthened, and awareness spreads like light.

A student choosing reusable bottles, carrying cloth bags, promoting paperless notes, participating in cleanliness drives, or supporting eco-friendly college events contributes far more than they realise. Their choices inspire others, creating a chain reaction that can transform an entire institution. Colleges also play a vital role. With rainwater harvesting systems, solar-powered buildings, recycling units, and green societies, campuses can become living examples of sustainable living. When institutions and students walk together on this path, sustainability transforms from a concept into a culture — a way of life.

The truth remains simple yet powerful: Our planet doesn't need a few people practicing sustainability perfectly. It needs millions doing it imperfectly, but consistently and wholeheartedly. The future is still in our hands. The decisions we make today will echo in the world we leave behind. Sustainability is not about sacrifice; it is about responsibility, hope, and the courage to choose wisely.

As students of Motilal Nehru College, may we lead with awareness and inspire with action — because real change always begins with those who choose to care.

“The Earth does not ask for perfection — only for people who care enough to choose differently.”

**SHUBHAM KUMAR**  
**BCOM (P)**  
**YEAR 2ND**

# THE SOCIAL SCROLL TRAP: HOW WE SACRIFICE PRODUCTIVITY FOR PIXELS

“Just five more minutes.”

We've all done it—maybe even today—our fingers swiping almost on autopilot, looking for the next post, the next video. What starts as a benign distraction turns into an hour lost to another's dance video, meme, or motivational quote. In the background, a half-done task collects dust. A to-do list collects dust. And our brains? Overstimulated yet somehow unsatisfied.

Welcome to what I've come to call The Social Scroll Trap—a sneaky thief of energy and time that has a way of disguising itself as relaxation or social connection. It quietly creeps in during study breaks, sneaks into our nighttime routines, and makes its way into all the quiet moments. It's insidious. And it's stealing something precious: our attention.

## The Trap We Didn't See Coming:

It's strange how we barely notice the shift. One minute we're checking a notification, the next we're knee-deep in videos of strangers redecorating their rooms or baking cakes we'll never try to make. We convince ourselves it's downtime—a quick escape. But instead of feeling refreshed, we often come back feeling more anxious, more tired, and less motivated than before.

Social media was supposed to bring us together. But nowadays, most of the time, it's more like a labyrinth—with no exit and no destination, just endless noise. The scroll has no end because it wasn't supposed to. It exposes us to things we never asked to see, keeps our thumbs engaged, and our minds busy. And while our minds are busy—our dreams, our ideas, our goals—are put on hold.

## Losing Hours, Gaining Nothing:

The irony is sharp. We scroll to feel inspired but come away feeling drained. We browse to pass time and then complain about not having enough of it. We seek comfort and end up comparing ourselves to everyone else's carefully curated highlight reels. It's a loop—and one that leaves us more disconnected from our own lives the longer we stay inside it.

We remind ourselves, "Just for a minute," and that minute becomes an hour we can hardly keep tabs on. No flash of inspiration, Only the quiet sting of lost time.

## Reclaiming the Present:

The good news? This trap isn't locked. We can step out of it anytime we choose. It doesn't require quitting the internet or throwing our phones in a drawer (though let's be honest, we've all fantasized about that once or twice). It just requires a bit more awareness—and a lot more intention.

It begins with little things: turning off notifications, putting our phones out of reach while we work, walking without earbuds, letting silence reclaim our day. It's about freeing our attention from the algorithms and letting it rest in the real world—where things happen slowly, but deeper.

## Choose Presence Over Pixels:

Our attention is precious. It's the fuel for everything we want to create, learn, and become. Maybe it's time to remember what we're giving up—and to take some of it back.

Because every second we're trapped in the scroll trap is a second that we're not investing in something real. And because in an always-competing-for-our-attention world, choosing presence might be the most powerful act of resistance.

# ओ साथी

कुछ कर कुछ कर, न उदास बैठ तू  
आँसू बहाना छोड़, आँसू थामना सीख तू  
है रास्ते तेरे लिए, ये जान ले  
मंजिलें तेरी भी हैं, ये मान ले  
आसमां तू भी छू लेगा, बस ठान ले।  
है ,आत्मा तेरे अन्दर भी वही  
जो साहस और उत्साह से भरती है  
जो दर्द और खुशी महसूस करती है  
दर्द को महसूस कर खुशी मिलती है।  
अब उठ और चल पड़,  
लोगो के दर्द को महसूस कर  
महसूस कर भूख और प्यास को,  
ओर भूखा रहना सीख ले  
सीख ले इन्सान तू, कांटो पर चलना सीख ले।  
कुछ कर कुछ कर, न उदास बैठ तू  
आँसू बहाना छोड़ , आँसू थामना सीख तू  
है ,ये जीवन जानने ओर महसूस करने का  
राहें तलाशने, ओर राहो पे चलने का  
तू ऐसे ही राहे तलाशता ओर राहो पे चला चल  
जो नहीं जगे हैं अभी तक, तू उन्हें जगाता चल  
ओर राहो की खूबसूरती भी तू ही बठाता चल  
चला चल मेरे साथी तू राहों पे चला चल।  
महसूस कर उस उदासी को, ओर खुशी मनाता चल  
सोच ले ओर ठान ले, बैठना ओर उदासी नहीं है जीवन  
उमंगे ओर उत्साह है, यही बताकर लोगों को उनमे उमंगें भरता चल  
चला चल मेरे साथी राहों पे चला चल  
राहे यदि सोई ओर उदास हो तो  
उन्हें जगाता चल  
साहस ओर उत्साह से भरता चल  
अपने दर्द से संघर्ष से, उत्साह से ओर साहस से  
बस आगे बढ़ा चल,मेरे साथी तू बस आगे बढ़ा चल

**प्रोफेसर ब्रह्मदत्त  
अंग्रेज़ी विभाग**

# TRENDS VS. REALITY: A MODERN DILEMMA

Have you been bitten by the Ghibli bug too? Then my friend you are acing the trends too!

When today's world spins fast, a wobbly dance trend pops up, to grab the chance. Insta vibes blast a funky beat, trends flip quick from samba shoes to matcha tea. Phones buzz because there is a lot to suss, a non-stop scroll, mixing up what's real, what's allure. Are we us, chill and true, or stuck chasing likes we didn't brew?

Trends wink and wave, a catchy hook- "let's sit back and let them cook". In 2025, "aesthetic life" hits hard and fast. Insta/Snap glows with Korean glass skin, thrift hauls and a lot more to explore. It yells, "You're dope, you're smart, you slay" but hold up truth's got more to say. Cash runs low to keep that glow, "green" brands fake it, fast fashion flows. The rhythm says rise, reality drags low.

Tech pumps hard, apps ping fast, in the world of virtual reality they own your space. Digital nomads ride the wave, van-life reels, a free soul's rave. Echoes boom what eyes adore, trends thump loud, a tyrant's lore.

Wellness bangs a tempting tune-smoothie shots, vibe's over the moon. Cash drops quick, hopes hit snooze; that glow-up? Mostly a ruse. The constant hustle to be on top, keeps the sanity to its utmost low. The snaps, the hashtags are forever going, in this race, where are we going?

Here's the hitch, the halting hop-rends flare fierce, but realities drop. They spark, they hype, they shift your flow; yet blind, you're lost in the show. Chill a sec, vibe your way, does this bang with who you'll stay? Can it last past the trend's last play?

Through 2025, the drums won't fade-trends vs. reality, a sharp-edged blade. Lean in close to what fires your soul, but weigh what's solid, what makes you whole. In a world that thumps with restless cheer, the truest step might veer from here. Let the crowd chase the fleeting chime; find your beat, defy the time.

In the end, "The Ghibli" bite will heal, but make sure you live your reality and not reel.

Ms. Inderpreet Kaur  
Assistant Professor  
Department of Commerce

# THE CURIOUS CASE OF HELMETLESS RIDERS IN DELHI

Over the past few weeks, I've noticed something peculiar on the streets of Delhi—most two-wheeler riders are without helmets. It's bizarre, really. You might wonder why I'm harping on this seemingly mundane detail, but bear with me; I'll explain.

You see, for me, helmets symbolize Delhi. Whenever I travel outside the city, the absence of helmets on two-wheeler riders immediately catches my eye. In fact, I've come to associate Delhi with its helmeted riders, navigating the chaos of its roads with a semblance of order. It's oddly comforting—a sense of sanity amidst the city's pollution, noise, and stress.

I realize this might sound dramatic, but I'm being honest. Helmets, for me, represent wisdom and a kind of divine order.

As a proud, if occasionally grumbling, “dilli wali”, I have a complicated relationship with my city. I complain incessantly about its shortcomings— as any true Delhiite should, but I also fiercely defend it. It's my city, after all. When I travel, I often find the traffic in other places to be more chaotic, the roads worse, and the disregard for traffic rules astonishing.

Nothing encapsulates this frustration quite like the helmetless two-wheeler riders I see outside Delhi. They become a symbol of everything not-Delhi about these places. Don't get me wrong—I adore visiting other cities. They offer so much that Delhi lacks, and I often fantasize about settling down elsewhere. But when the trip ends, and I return to Delhi to see riders wearing helmets, it feels like a homecoming. It's as if all is right with the world again.

Lately, though, this comforting sight has vanished. Helmetless riders are now an unsettlingly common sight in Delhi. It's disorienting. I find myself wondering— “Am I even in Delhi?” It feels surreal to be in a place that looks like Delhi but lacks this essential marker of its identity.

I've started muttering to myself while driving— “Why isn't he wearing a helmet?” “What's going on?” “What is the traffic police doing?” “Is there some new rule I missed?” It's as if my internal monologue has taken on a life of its own!

The gravity of my concern hit me today at a traffic signal. I spotted two traffic police officers, and instead of avoiding them (the instinctive reaction of any sane driver), I felt an urge to approach them and ask, “Why are people being allowed to ride without helmets?” Of course, decades of survival instinct stopped me from acting on this impulse. But even as I drove away, I couldn't shake the thought. My question was genuine and important.

Why is this happening? Why have helmets disappeared from the heads of Delhi's two-wheeler riders?

It's not just a matter of traffic rules or safety. For me, it's personal. Helmets are a symbol of the city I call home—a small, tangible piece of order in the delightful madness that is Delhi. Their absence feels like a loss of identity, a crack in the fabric of what makes Delhi, Delhi.

Perhaps this is just a phase, a fleeting lapse in the collective judgment of Delhi's riders. Or maybe it's a sign of something deeper—a shift in how we navigate the chaos of our roads and our lives.

Whatever the reason, I hope this bizarre trend fades away. Until then, I'll keep searching for that sense of homecoming on the streets of my city, one helmeted rider at a time.

Ms. Kuntal Tamang  
Associate Professor  
Department of English

# आधी आबादी

एक दिन में कितनी बार सुनते हैं हम सुरक्षा के बारे में? अनगिनत बार! महिला सुरक्षा, पर्यावरण सुरक्षा, खाद्य सुरक्षा, साइबर सुरक्षा, रोजगार सुरक्षा और न जाने कितने-कितने प्रकार की सुरक्षा निकलती हैं हमारे मुँह से। परंतु विडंबना की बात ही यह है कि ये सिर्फ एक के मुँह से निकलकर दूसरे के कानों तक पहुंचकर रह जाती है, प्रतिक्रियास्वरूप हमारे हाथ-पैर नहीं चलते (या हम चलाना नहीं चाहते?)। यही हम भारतीयों की सबसे बड़ी कमी है अन्यथा... आज जब भी हमारे मस्तिष्क में असुरक्षित वातावरण को सुरक्षित बनाने का मद सवार है, जो कि सर्वाधिक युवा जनसंख्या वाले देश भारत में कूट-कूट कर भरा है, इस क्रम में पर्यावरण सुरक्षा के बाद महिला सुरक्षा की ही बात आती है। परंतु यह मुद्दा न तो हमें हर्ष से झूमने देता है और न ही दुख में डूबने देता है; ऐसी भयानक खाई में पटक देता है जहाँ हम कुछ बोल नहीं सकते।

अनोखा है हमारा देश! यहाँ सब लोग अपने-अपने डंके पीटते रहते हैं। न कोई किसी से कहता है, न कोई किसी को रोकता है और न कोई किसी की मानता है। महिला सुरक्षा के पक्षधर अर्थात् नारीवादी कह रहे हैं कि महिला सुरक्षा की ओर कोई कदम नहीं उठाया गया है। अगर एकाध मजबूरन उठाए भी गए हैं तो उस मजबूरी के कारण उनका कोई सकारात्मक परिणाम निकलकर नहीं आया है।

नारियाँ पहले की अपेक्षा अधिक असुरक्षित हैं। अपने मत के समर्थन में वे आगे-पीछे का सारा आँकड़ा बता देते हैं। उनके अनुसार जहाँ 2011 में महिलाओं के खिलाफ होने वाले अपराधों की संख्या 2,28,650 थी तो वहीं 2022 में महज़ दस सालों के अंतराल में यह सीधे दुगुनी 4,45,256 हो गई। इन सालों में इन कुकृत्यों में 95% की बढ़ोतरी देखी गयी। इनमें भी सबसे ज़्यादा अपराध उनके पूज्य पति परमेश्वर ने उन पर ढाए हैं जो कुल अपराधों का 17.5% है। इससे यह स्वतः सिद्ध हो जाता है कि महिला सुरक्षा का अर्थ केवल बलात्कार नहीं है। इससे भी ज्यादा शोषण, जब तक वह अपने घर में रहती है, पिता, माँ, भाई और पितृसत्ता के रक्षक उसके दादाजी जैसे लोग करते हैं जो नित्यप्रति उसे याद दिलाते हैं कि तुमने बहुत गलत किया लड़की होकर, अब हम भी कुछ नहीं कर सकते। उसके बाद इन सब की भरपाई केवल उसका पति और सास मिलकर कर देते हैं। जितना प्यार एवं स्नेह उसे अपने घर के लोगों ने भी नहीं दिया उससे कहीं अधिक वे देते हैं। कभी-कभी उस प्यार की हदें पार हो जाती हैं और वह पतिव्रता नारी अपने को पूरी तरह से उनको समर्पित कर देती है जिसकी खबर अखबार में कुछ ऐसे आती है - 'अमुक की बहु को उसकी सास ने केरोसीन से जलाकर मार दिया या उसके पति ने उसका गला घोट दिया अथवा कुएँ में धकेल दिया।'

वहीं राजनेता लोग अपना अलग ही डंका पीट रहे हैं कि हमारे सत्ता में आने से पहले नारियों की दशा कितनी शोचनीय थी, कितनी असुरक्षित थी नारियाँ समाज में परंतु अब हमारे आने के बाद वे एक सुरक्षित, गरिमायुक्त जीवन जी रही हैं। परंतु वे इस गरिमापूर्ण जीवन के मानदंड भी नहीं बताते कि कहीं उनकी कही हुई बात खारिज न हो जाए। इसके लिए वे आंकड़े भी पेश करते हैं, दुर्भाग्यवश वे भी वशीभूत लोगों की तरह उन्हीं के पक्ष में बोल रहे होते हैं। पुनः विडंबना कि बात यह है कि (हमारे यहाँ अधिकांश बातें विडंबना की ही होती है जो स्वयं एक विडंबना है) इस विषय के केंद्र में जो है उन्हीं से नहीं पूछा जाता और उनमें इतनी शक्ति भी नहीं है (संभवतः महसूस नहीं करती) कि सारे अवरोधों को तोड़कर बलपूर्वक वे अपनी आवाज रख सकें।

महिला सुरक्षा का नारा लगाने वालों का तर्क है कि पहले की अपेक्षा महिला साक्षरता दर बढ़ी है। इससे वे अपने अधिकारों को लेकर जागरूक हुई है, उनके हित में नीतियाँ बनाई जा रही हैं, उनके साथ दुर्व्यवहार करने वाले को कड़ा दंड दिया जा रहा है और राजनीति में भी उनको प्रवेश दे दिया गया है।

परंतु यह सब किस स्तर पर हो रहा है इस ओर किसी का ध्यान नहीं जाता। शहरी साक्षरता के पीछे हम ग्रामीण साक्षरता को यूँ ही घसीट रहे हैं। साक्षरता का जो स्तर बढ़ा है वह वास्तव में शहरी क्षेत्रों में बढ़ा है। ग्रामीण क्षेत्रों में साक्षरता में उतनी वृद्धि नहीं हुई है जितनी शहरों में हुई है। आज भी लड़कियों को लड़कों के बराबर पढ़ने लायक नहीं समझा जाता और यह आँकड़ा इतना कम भी नहीं है कि हम इसे अपवाद मान कर टाल सकें। चूंकि 2011 के बाद जनगणना नहीं हुई है इसलिए ही हम उसी आधार पर देखते हैं कि जहाँ शहरों में 79.11% लड़कियों को पढ़ाने लायक समझा जाता है वहीं ग्रामीण क्षेत्रों में महज़ 56.8% महिला साक्षरता दर है।

तब स्वाभाविक है कि जागरूकता की बात सिर्फ शहरों में फिट बैठती है। वे ही अपने लिए बनाई गई नीतियों में से एकाध जो लागू हैं, अपने जो मानवीय अधिकार हैं जो सरकार के हाथों में नहीं हैं, को लेकर जागरूक है और वे ही बार बार इनकी आवश्यकता पड़ने पर इनके लिए आवाज़ उठाती हैं। गाँवों की लड़कियों को नहीं पता कि वे इक्कीसवीं शताब्दी के विश्व में जी रही हैं। उनके लिए घरवालों की कही सारी बातें मान लेना, संसार के सारे अत्याचार चुपचाप सहन कर लेना ही उनकी नियति है। किसी बात का विरोध करना उन्हें सिखाया ही नहीं गया तब हम कैसे आशा कर सकते हैं कि वे अपने खिलाफ़ दुर्व्यवहार करने वालों का जबरदस्त विरोध करेंगी। आज महिलाओं का शोषण जितना शहरों में हो रहा है उससे कहीं ज्यादा गाँवों में हो रहा है पर क्या वह दिख रहा है? कोई उस पर बात कर रहा है? राष्ट्रीय परिवार स्वास्थ्य सर्वेक्षण की रिपोर्ट के अनुसार शहरी क्षेत्रों में 22% महिलाएँ शारीरिक हिंसा का अनुभव करती हैं वहीं ग्रामीण क्षेत्रों में इससे कहीं अधिक (एक तिहाई) 32% महिलाएँ शारीरिक हिंसा का अनुभव करती हैं। ये वे महिलाएँ हैं जो कभी स्कूल नहीं गयीं, घर से बाहर नहीं निकलीं और जिनकी आर्थिक स्थिति दयनीय है। शोषण का मूल कारण गरीबी है जिससे कहीं न कहीं शिक्षा प्राप्त कर हम छुटकारा पा सकते हैं।

शहरी क्षेत्रों में ये वे महिलाएँ हैं जो झुग्गी-झोंपड़ियों में बेहद ही अस्वास्थ्यकर स्थितियों में रहती हैं जिनको पीने के लिए साफ पानी भी उपलब्ध नहीं है। अतः शिक्षा प्राप्त करना उनके लिए एक कभी न पूरा होने वाला स्वप्न-सा बनकर रह गया है। शहरों की उस थोड़ी-सी सुधरी हुई स्थिति के आधार पर कब तक हम वास्तविक और व्यापक स्थिति को छिपाते रहेंगे?

अंत में हरेक आमजन की भाँति हमारे मन में यही सवाल उत्तेजना के साथ आता है कि इस स्थिति से निजात कैसे पाई जाए?

इसके लिए सही मायने में हमें साक्षरता दर में बढ़ोतरी करनी होगी जिसमें एक क्षेत्र के पीछे दूसरा क्षेत्र मजबूरन घिसटता हुआ न आए, अपनी खुद की वास्तविक पहचान न खो जाए। ऐसी शिक्षा जो वास्तविक धरातल पर सभी को उपलब्ध कराई जाए और व्यवहारिक हो, सिर्फ नेता लोगों के कार्यों और माता-पिता की त्याग सूची में न हो। और जब एक बार वह शिक्षा का रसास्वादन कर लेगी, तब वह स्वतः ही उस धारा में प्रवाहित हो चलेगी। फिर वो अपने अधिकार अपनी सुरक्षा के लिए भीख नहीं मांगेगी, छीन लेगी।

अतः आवश्यक है कि सरकार संतुलित शिक्षा एवं संतुलित विकास को बढ़ावा दे ताकि उनके विकास में देश की आधी आबादी अपना योगदान दे सकें और एक समृद्ध विकसित भारत का निर्माण कर वे भी गौरवान्वित महसूस कर सकें।

इसके अलावा माता-पिताओं को भी समझना चाहिए कि वे जिन बेड़ियों का सहारा लेकर बैठे हैं वे जर्जर हो चुकी हैं। इससे उनकी नैया पार नहीं लग सकती, वे कभी भी टूट सकती हैं अतः समय, अपने आस-पास के वातावरण और मनुष्य को मनुष्य के रूप में देखते हुए निर्णय लें, न की मृतप्राय होकर जिधर वे बेड़ियाँ ले जा रही हैं, उधर जाएँ।

राधा बिश्रोई  
बी.ए. प्रोग्राम  
द्वितीय वर्ष

# HEALING

When you shared your thoughts, they laughed  
aloud,

That child withdrew, no words, no sound.

When they mocked the way you danced so free,

You stopped and hid—no one to see.

When they told you, “Be someone new,”

You changed yourself to please a few.

But childhood, meant for joy and play,

Slipped through your fingers, washed away.

She shaped herself to fit them all,

Yet lost herself—became so small.

For one who bends for every call,

Belongs to none, belongs to all.

A broken girl spoke to the walls,

Distant now, from crowded halls.

She found the clouds, so grey, so vast,

Like how they pour when burdens pass.

She loved the plant in cracked stone,

A sign of life, though left alone.

She saw the star that dared to gleam,

Though sun and moon outshone its beam.

She loved the dog, so kind, so true,

Who wagged its tail for just a few.

Now she speaks, though words are rare,

She writes her soul in ink and air.

She is healing, the past is gone,

She sings, she laughs, she dances on.

No longer lost—she’s found her way,

She is everything, bold and free,

The truest self she’s meant to be.

Srishty Rana

Bsc (H) Mathematics

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# लेख : फ़र्क़ नहीं पड़ता

"क्या फ़र्क़ पड़ता है?" यह अक्सर सुनने में आने वाला वाक्यांश है। मेरे जानने में एक सज्जन हुआ करते थे, मतलब आज भी हैं पर अब जानने में नहीं हैं। वे भी इसे तकिया-कलाम की तरह इस्तेमाल किया करते थे।

ऐसे ही एक दिन मैं उनसे मिलने गया और मैंने देश की राजनीति में हो रहे जाति और धर्म के दानवीकरण के संबंध में अपनी चिंताएँ रखीं। उन्होंने भी कुछ इधर-उधर की बातों से उसका समर्थन किया और आद्योपांत संवाद को अपने रोज़ाना के "...ठीक है, क्या कर सकते हैं !!" और वैसे भी कौनसा ये लोग हमारे ही घर जला रहे हैं, तो आपको और हमें क्या फ़र्क़ पड़ता है !! आप तो गप्पू के बोर्ड परीक्षा के 90% की मिठाई खाइए" के साथ एक ठंडी साँस में फुर्र कर दिया। मैं भी रोज़मर्रा की दुआ - सलाम के बाद रफूचक्कर हो गया। इनसे अच्छा याराना है, फिर कभी मुलाकात जल्द ही हो जाएगी.....

उन सज्जन से मिले हुए कुछ समय बीत गया था, सो महीने पहले ही गया था। आज उनमें वह बेफ़िक्री थोड़ी कम थी, चिंता की घटाओं से आच्छादित मस्तकमंडल जीवन में कुछ अवांछित हो रहा है, इसका संकेत कर रहा था। पर मैं संकेत समझने में ही पारंगत होता तो शायद ग्यारहवीं कक्षा में उस सुंदर कन्या के "तुम्हारी भी सुबहें किसी के 'Good Morning' के साथ शुरू होकर रातें 'Love You' के साथ खत्म हो सकती हैं, पर तुम किसी को मौका ही नहीं देते" का आशय समझकर झिलमिल सितारों का आँगन सजा रहा होता या किसी से मिलने की तमन्ना और प्यार का इरादा करके उसे हमारे मिलने पर दुनिया द्वारा ईर्ष्यायुक्त नेत्रों से देखे जाने वाला प्यार करने का वादा करता.... पर ज़िंदगी ही किसी की नर्म जुल्फों के तले कटने पाती तो क्या वो गुलज़ार नहीं हो जाती?! खैर.... अंत में मेरी मतिहीनता भाँपते हुए भाभीजी आई और उन्होंने बहुत त्रस्त स्वर में बताया कि गप्पू की तबियत कुछ नासाज़ रहती है और डॉक्टर भी कुछ खास नहीं बता पा रहे हैं, जिस कारण सज्जन ने भी खाना-पीना न के बराबर ही कर रखा है। शायद भूख नहीं लगती....पर जिस हिसाब से सज्जन के उदर का आकार है, जैसी युवा वय है और जिस तरह से वह दिन-रात कुटुंब के भरण पोषण के लिए परिश्रमरत रहते हैं, वह इस बात का समर्थन नहीं करता कि उनका शरीर भोजन नहीं चाहता। परन्तु "क्या फ़र्क़ पड़ता है, थोड़े-से दिनों में गप्पू ठीक हो जाएगा और ये पुनः खिलखिलाने लगेंगे" सोचकर, शिष्टाचार के अनुरूप, मैं भी सांत्वना देकर और मित्रता होने के संबंध से, कुछ दुःखी होकर नित्य का प्रणाम-आदाब करके पुनः आ गया।

अभी हफ्ते पहले ही फिर से सज्जन के घर जाना हुआ। शगुन अच्छा नहीं था। गप्पू को एक लाइलाज बीमारी हो गई थी और वह अपने जन्मदिन के दिन ही दुनिया से रुख़सत हो गया। सुनने में आया कि दुनिया छोड़ जाने की बातें करते हैं, शायद घर-बार में मोह नहीं रहा। मैं गया, तो पुराना मित्र जानकर सज्जन मिलने के लिए माने। शायद दुःख बाँटना चाह रहे हों। पर दुःख बाँटने से कम होता है, यह विचार जिसका भी है वह यह बताने में अक्षम रहा है कि बाँटने से कम होने वाला दुख तो लड्डू की तरह है जो बँटेगा तो कम हो जाएगा, पर उस दुख का क्या जो मिठास बनके मुँह में घुल गया है, हृदय में घर कर गया है। मिठाई तो बँट सकती है, मिठास कैसे बँटती है? खैर....मैं गया, बैठा, लगभग एक घंटे तक हम दोनों ने कुछ नहीं कहा। फिर मैंने ही बात शुरू की कि ये ऊपर से बंजर दिख रही धरती, अंदर कितना पानी लिए बैठी है उसके लिए किसी को तो बाण मारना ही था न ?! मैंने अपने स्वाभाविक स्वर में कहा,"भाईसाहब! हम समझते हैं आपका दुख बड़ा है। और इस दुनिया में आपसे बड़ा दुख किसी का नहीं। पर ऐसे बैठने से कैसे काम चलेगा?" सज्जन ने कुछ प्रतिक्रिया नहीं की। मैंने फिर कहा, "देखिए, आप घर के मर्द हैं। बाकियों को भी तो आप ही सँभालेंगे। आप ही ऐसे टूट जायेंगे तो कैसे चलेगा? ज़रा भाभीजी के बारे में तो सोचिए!" इस पर सज्जन की आँखें कुछ नम हुईं, शायद पुनः गप्पू याद आया। वह भी अपनी माँ से बहुत प्यार करता था और करे भी क्यों न? पिताजी से ही सीखा था कि उसकी मम्मी दुनिया की सबसे सुंदर महिला है। मैंने फिर ज़ोर देने की कोशिश की, "भाईसाहब, फिर ये मकान-दुकान भी तो हैं?" इस पर सज्जन का गला भरा, आँखों के बांध पीड़ा का सागर न रोक सके, कंपित स्वर में, जिससे पूरा कमरा काँप गया उस में, बोले - क्या फ़र्क़ पड़ता है ?

हार्दिक दाधीच  
बीए प्रोग्राम  
चतुर्थ वर्ष

# अपना - अपना भाग्य

स्त्री समाज की भी अलग ही विडंबना है। एक ओर समाज से लड़ रही हैं, तो दूसरी ओर अपने भाग्य से। भाग्य तो विधाता की देन है और समाज हमारी। भाग्य शायद हमारे बस में नहीं, परंतु समाज तो है। मुनिया के मुख से ऐसी बातें सुनकर मानो शोभा चकित-सी रह गई! मुनिया मात्र आठ वर्ष की है तथा उसकी बातें उम्र से पूर्णता दुगुनी। शोभा, मुनिया की माँ है। एक माँ जो दो वक्त की रोटी के साथ, किसी तरह परिवार का पालन पोषण कर गुज़र-बसर कर रही है। पति से पूर्णतः आशाएँ खो चुकी हैं। खोए भी क्यों न! उसे अपने परिवार का ओर कोई ध्यान ही नहीं है। सदा मदिरापान में व्यस्त रहना, मानो उसका पेशा बन बन गया हो। घर तो जैसे शोभा ने किसी तरह संभाल रखा है। पति को भी लाख समझाने की कोशिश कर चुकी है परंतु हाथ लगी तो सिर्फ, निराशा। इतनी दुविधाओं का सामना करते हुए शोभा, मुनिया को अच्छी से अच्छी शिक्षा दिलाकर अफ़सर बनाना चाहती है। मुनिया भी यूँ तो पढ़ाई में बहुत होशियार है, परंतु कभी-कभी अपनी बड़ी-बड़ी बातों के चलते माँ से चपेट खा लेती है।

जीवन की गाड़ी किसी तरह से गुज़र बसर करके चल ही रही है कि, मुनिया एक दिन अचानक माँ से प्रश्न पूछती है। माँ! ऐ माँ! सुन न। हाँ! बोल, मुनिया सुन तो रही हूँ। माँ, यह भाग्य क्या होता है?

माँ ने पहले तो प्रश्न का उत्तर देना आवश्यक न समझा, तथा पुनः अपने घरेलू कार्य में व्यस्त हो चली। तभी मुनिया पास जाकर पीछे से माँ की साड़ी खींचते हुए बोली, माँ! बता न! आज तू फिर आ गई, कोई नया प्रश्न लेकर। तू तो अल्हड़ है, परंतु मुझे बहुत काम है। जा यहाँ से। (माँ ने दुत्कारते हुए मुनिया से कहा।) मुनिया ने मायूस-सी सूरत बना ली, तथा रसोई के कोने में जा बैठी। कुछ समय पश्चात् माँ को मुनिया पर बहुत तरस आया। तभी उसे पुचकारते हुए बोली, बता क्या प्रश्न है? मुनिया बोली, माँ यह भाग्य क्या होता है? कोई वस्तु है? आदमी या जगह? हमारे पास है क्या? क्या सबके पास अलग-अलग होता है? या सबके पास समान रूप से? माँ एकाएक सोच में पड़ गई। आठ वर्षीय बालिका को वह इतने जटिल प्रश्न का उत्तर क्या और कैसे दे? उसकी समझ से पूर्णतः परे था। इस प्रश्न को तो वह स्वयं अभी तक नहीं समझ पाई थी। या यूँ कहे कि, वह स्वयं इस प्रश्न से जूझ रही थी। क्योंकि समझ तो वह भी नहीं पाई थी, कि उसका भाग्य क्या है? और ऐसा भाग्य आखिर विधाता ने क्यों रचा? माँ ऐ माँ! कहाँ खो गई? बता न! मुनिया तू अभी बहुत छोटी है। तुझे इतना बड़ा प्रश्न आखिर कहाँ से सूझा?

मैंने एक चाची को किसी औरत से बोलते हुए सुना था। वह कह रही थी कि मेरा तो भाग्य ही ऐसा है तभी तो ऐसी दशा है। माँ बता न! मेरा भाग्य क्या है?

मुनिया, सुन। भाग्य वह है, जो विधाता ने रचा है। विधाता यानि, भगवान जिनकी हम पूजा करते हैं। करते हैं न? हाँ माँ! करते हैं। हाँ! तो हमारे जन्म से पूर्व उनके पास पूरा ब्यौरा होता है। कि हमारे साथ कब क्या होना है। वही भाग्य है। अच्छा यह होता है, भाग्य! मैं भी सोचूँ, आखिर यह भाग्य कौन-सी बला है। फिर तो माँ, मेरा भाग्य भी लिखा जा चुका है। सही कहा न? हाँ, सही कहा। तो फिर, मैं तो बस अब आराम करूँगी और खेलूँगी। क्योंकि जो भाग्य में लिखा है, होगा तो वही। नहीं! बेटा ऐसा नहीं है। अभी तो तुमने ही कहा, कि सब लिखा जा चुका है। हां, माना कि सब लिखा जा चुका है। परंतु भगवान सबको सुख - सुविधा उनके कर्म के अनुसार ही देते हैं। भाग्य में जो लिखा है, उसके लिए प्रयास करना पड़ता है। और जिनके साथ बुरा होता है, क्या वह भी भगवान लिखते हैं? हाँ, जो जिसके साथ जैसा करता है। उसको फल उसी के अनुसार ही मिलता है। चल, अब बहुत हो गई तेरी बड़ी-बड़ी बातें और तेरा भाग्य पुराण। मुझे काम करने दे और जाकर देख, तेरे बापू आए या नहीं! या आज फिर कही शराब पीकर पड़े हैं। हे भगवान! मुनिया एकाएक चुप हो गई मानो कोई गहरी सोच में हो। कुछ तो है, जो उसे अंदर ही अंदर झंझोर रहा था कि तभी दरवाजे पर एक आहट हुई देखा तो शोभा का पति पूरी तरह से नशे में चूर होकर आया था। लाल-लाल नशीली आंखें, लंगड़ाती हुई चाल।

कपड़े ऐसे जैसे कितनी दिनों से नहीं बदले। पैरों के जूतों में से असहनीय गंध आ रही थी। मुनिया की नज़र ज्यों ही दरवाज़े की ओर गई वह चिल्लाई...शोभा ने ज्यों ही मुड़कर देखा तो पाया कि उसका पति नशे से लड़खड़ाकर गिर गया था और उसका सर दरवाज़े के पास रखे, लोहे के डंडे में जा लगा। उसके कराहने की आवाज़ सुनकर सभी मोहल्ले वाले अपने-अपने घरों से बाहर आकर देखने लगे परंतु उसे उठाने कोई नहीं आया। सर से खून बहने लगा। परंतु नशे के कारण उसकी जो दशा थी, वह लोगों लिए असहनीय थी। शोभा जैसे ही उसे उठाने के लिए आगे बढ़ी और उसे पकड़ा कि तभी शोभा के पति ने जोर से उसे पीछे की तरफ़ धक्का मारा और गंदी-गंदी गालियाँ देने लगा। वह इतना नशे में चूर था कि वह खुद से खड़ा भी नहीं हो पा रहा था। परंतु जैसे-तैसे वह खड़ा हुआ और घर में आकर शोभा को मारना शुरू कर दिया। सभी मोहल्ले वाले अपने अपने घरों के आगे खड़े होकर तमाशा देखने लगे। परंतु मदद के लिए कोई आगे नहीं आया। एक ने आना चाहा, तो उसकी बीवी ने रोक दिया कि अरे, इनका तो रोज़ का तमाशा है! तुम क्यों अपना सर मारने जा रहे हो! तो किसी ने कहा हाय! बेचारी। रोज़-रोज़ कितना कष्ट सह रही है अपनी बच्ची की खातिर। और एक ये दुष्ट है! जिसे कोई दया नहीं। मुनिया उसे बचाने के लिए बीच में आई तो उसने उसे भी धक्का देकर पीछे हटा दिया और कहने लगा कि तुझे नहीं पता ये तेरी माँ कितनी कुलटा है! मेरे जाने के बाद और कौन-कौन आता है, मुझे सब पता है। ये सब सुनकर तो मानो शोभा के पांव से धरती ही अलग हो गई। उसके चरित्र पर उठे इन सवालों ने उसके हृदय को मानो चूर चूर कर दिया। मुनिया भी मौन हो गई। और रोते-रोते छत की ओर भाग चली। उसके लिए यह दृश्य देखना पूर्णतः असहनीय था।

कुछ देर बाद जब वह मारते मारते थक गया तो वह बिस्तर पर जाकर, बिना कुछ खाए-पिए ही सो गया। रात हो चली, शोभा सोने की तैयारी करने लगी। मुनिया भी साथ में आकर लेट गई। शोभा जैसे ही लेटी तो कुछ समय बाद उसने पाया कि मुनिया एकटक निगाह से छत की ओर देखकर किसी गहरी सोच में है।

माँ ने उसकी सूरत की ओर देखा और बोली मुनिया क्या सोचती है? उसने कोई उत्तर नहीं दिया और बस ऊपर ओर ही देखती रही तभी माँ ने उसे हिलाते हुए कहा, सुना? मैंने कुछ कहा। तभी मुनिया रोनी-सी सूरत में कंपकपाते हुए धीमे स्वर में बोली, माँ आपके जीवन में इतने कष्ट हैं। पिताजी प्रतिदिन आकर आपको मारते हैं, गलियाँ देते हैं। कभी आपको नया वस्त्र पहने नहीं देखा। सदैव उदास और परेशान रहती हो। क्या ये सब भी विधाता ने आपके भाग्य में लिखा है? क्यों माँ! आप तो इतनी अच्छी हो। आपने तो किसी के साथ बुरा नहीं किया, सबकी देखभाल करती हो। फिर भी आपके साथ ऐसा क्यों माँ? आपका विवाह बापू के साथ क्यों हुआ? वे बुरे हैं, और आप कितनी अच्छी हो।

माँ उसकी बात बीच में काटते हुए बोली, ऐसा नहीं कहते रे, वह तेरे बापू है। माता-पिता ने जहाँ चाहा सो, वहाँ हो गया ब्याह। माँ ऐसा कहकर बात खत्म कर ही रही थी कि, तभी मुनिया बोल पड़ी। क्या कभी आपने उनसे नहीं पूछा, कि उन्होंने ऐसा क्यों किया? क्यों उन्होंने बिना जाने परखे ही बापू से आपका विवाह कर दिया? क्यों माँ? कुछ क्षण के लिए स्तब्ध रह गई। मानो कोई स्मृति से परिचय हुआ कि किस प्रकार उसके घरवालों ने बिना जाने परखे कुछ समय के अन्दर ही, उसके मना करने के बावजूद रिश्तेदारों के दवाब में आकर, छोटी उम्र में ही उसका विवाह कर दिया था। उसकी आँखें नम हो उठी। परन्तु वह ये आँसू मुनिया से छिपाना चाहती थी इसलिए उसने करवट बदल ली तथा एकाएक धीमे स्वर में बोली, पूछा था।

क्या कहा उन्होंने?

"अपना-अपना भाग्य।"

महक  
इंग्लिश ऑनर्स  
तृतीय वर्ष

# शेखर और गोदान

आज (01 नवम्बर 2024) गोदान पढ़ा, कुछेक पन्ने रह गए। लेकिन मेहता और मालती के आलिंगन तक तो पहुँच ही गया। बहुत उत्सुकता सी हो रही है कि तुलना करूँ गोदान और शेखर की। कोई ऊँचा-नीचा बताने के लिए नहीं बस जो लगा वही बताए देता हूँ। इस बात से तो कोई इंकार नहीं करेगा कि जहाँ शेखर उपन्यास व्यक्ति की जीवनी कह रहा है वहीं गोदान समाज की नसें उधेड़ कर रख दे रहा है। एक-एक को नंगा कर दिया है दोनों लेखकों ने, अब नंगई सुंदर भी लग रही है कहीं-कहीं, कहीं मलिन भी। पर जुड़ाव दोनों से हो जा रहा है पाठक का- क्योंकि पाठक एक जगह खुद को निरा व्यक्ति के तौर पर देख रहा है तो कहीं समाज के एक अंग के रूप में। दोनों जगह सहानुभूति, वेदना और संवेदना है।

गोदान में चरित्रों और प्रसंगों की विविध प्रकृति को देखकर यह कहा जा सकता है कि वह अपनेआप में एक बहुसंख्यक वर्ग को समेटे हुए है, जबकि शेखर में पात्र अल्पसंख्यक वर्ग का प्रतिनिधित्व कर रहे हैं। इस अल्पसंख्यक वर्ग की भी मेहता और मालती के माध्यम से प्रेमचंद एक झलक देते हैं पर बस वह झलक भर ही है; और फिर उसमें होरी, गोबर, धनिया, रायसाहब, मिर्जा, खन्ना, तंखा आदि चरित्र भी हैं जो समाज के बहुसंख्यक वर्ग के चेहरे हैं। मेहता और मालती के व्यक्तित्व मूलतः शशि और शेखर से कहीं न कहीं मिलते हैं पर यही बात है गौर करने की कि केवल मालती और मेहता ही ऐसे हैं। शेखर में भी प्रमुखतया तीन ही हैं - शेखर, शशि और बाबा मदनसिंह (जहाँ तक मुझे ध्यान है; लगता है अब दोबारा पढ़ने का समय आ गया है शेखर को); लेकिन ये तीन अपना जीवन दर्शन तैयार करने के लिए अपने आस-पास की दुनिया का बड़ी उत्कटता के साथ रस निकाल लेते हैं और उसे चूस के छोड़ते हैं। अब यही उत्कटता गोदान में नदारद है, होनी ही है, ये कोई कमी थोड़े ही है। भई! अज्ञेय ने अपने पात्रों को या तो जीविका के लिए ज़रूरी चीज़ें उपलब्ध करवाई हैं या फिर कम से कम निचले स्तर के द्वंद्वों में उलझाकर नहीं रखा है। प्रेमचन्द को ये करना पड़ रहा है, क्योंकि उन्हें चित्र ही गाँव का खींचना है तो क्यों आधारभूत चीज़ों के लिए संघर्ष को न दिखाएँ! अभिजात्य वर्ग में एक ओर जहाँ खन्ना, तंखा भी बुन दिए हैं, जो कि इंसान के छिछलेपन और प्रकृति के द्योतक हैं, वहीं दूसरी ओर मेहता और मालती भी दिए हैं जो प्रकृति के तत्व को हराकर पौरुष हासिल करने में लगे हुए हैं और जीवन की प्रौढ़ता उनमें दिखती है।

अब एक और बात प्रकृति और पुरुष को लेकर। पूरे शेखर उपन्यास के हर एक खण्ड में प्रकृति और पुरुष के द्वंद्व को दिखाया है जबकि प्रेमचंद ने प्रकृति-पुरुष का कम बल्कि प्रकृति में ही होने वाले द्वंद्वों को सामने रखा है। जहाँ शेखर हर एक क्षण, प्रकरण को साक्षी बनकर आत्म-अनुसंधान और आत्म-बोध तक ले जाता है वहीं गोबर (उदाहरण के लिए) उन्हीं क्षणों में विषयों में बह जाने का आदी है, बिल्कुल प्राकृतिक प्रवाह में; वहाँ ठहराव नहीं है कि रुके और कम से कम सोचे तो कि आखिर शहर आने से पहले पर होरी-धनिया से क्या-क्या कह आया है, बक आया है। उसका परिणाम चाहे परिजनों के पक्ष में हो चाहे खुद उसके, पर एक बार सोचे तो ठहरकर। पर नहीं, ऐसा नहीं होगा, क्योंकि ऐसा होता ही नहीं है आमतौर पर। होगा भी अगर तो जो भी होगा वह पूरी तरह से परवरिश/कंडिशनिंग की ही अभिव्यक्ति होगी। अगर वह दम्पती के पैरों में गिड़गिड़ाए और माफ़ी मांगेगा तो भी वह इसी धारणा से प्रभावित हो कि 'माता पिता के चरणों में स्वर्ग है।' प्रेमचन्द भी इससे ज़्यादा नहीं करवायेंगे।

अब वहीं अगर शेखर होगा तो वह केवल मौन विद्रोह करेगा। वह माता के अविश्वास से भरे ये शब्द सुनने पर -” मुझे तो इसका भी विश्वास नहीं....” (शायद ऐसे ही कुछ शब्द थे), वह घर से एक पोटली ले भाग जायेगा, जीवन भर माँ से अरुचि रखेगा। ऐसा नहीं है कि प्रेम खत्म हो जाएगा, नहीं, वह तो माँ की मृत्यु पर रोयेगा भी; पर उसे पता है मौन विद्रोह के अलावा कोई चारा नहीं है उसके पास, उसकी आत्मा के पास।

पढ़ते समय बहुत सी बातें ज़हन में थी उसी समय लिख लेना चाहिए था, खैर...

एक अंतिम बात सम्भवतः ; शेखर गोदान से आगे की चीज़ है निसंदेह। प्रेमचन्द ने मालती को -”बाहर से तितली और भीतर से मधुमक्खी” से ”मित्र बनकर रहना स्त्री-पुरुष बनकर रहने से कहीं सुखकर है” यहाँ तक चट से पहुँचा दिया; वहीं शेखर ऐसी ही अनेकों यात्राओं का विस्तारपूर्ण और पूर्ण वर्णन है। यहाँ भले ही मेहता और मालती ने लोगों के दिलों में जगह नहीं बनाई हो पर शेखर और शशि को अज्ञेय निसन्देह अमर कर गये। अगर किसी को हृदय से मालती-मेहता पसंद आ गए हैं या वैचारिक स्तर पर भी उनका जीवन-चरित समझ लिया है तो वह बिल्कुल शेखर के लिए बढ़ सकता है। अज्ञेय ने ऐसी ही शृंखलाएँ बुनी है शेखर में। इसलिए इस संदर्भ में तो शेखर गोदान से आगे की चीज़ है। और सन्दर्भों में तो आगे पीछे है ही नहीं, क्योंकि और कोई भी सन्दर्भ वहाँ उपलब्ध ही नहीं है।

अब इतनी कुछ बे-सिर-पैर की बातें कर ली हैं तो यादृच्छिक तौर पर एक और बात साझा किए देता हूँ। मेरी दृष्टि में तो इन दोनों उपन्यासों का कोई तोड़ नहीं, अपने आप में और अपने क्षेत्रों में परिपूर्ण है। पर लोग बताते हैं कई बार कि गुनाहों का देवता पढ़िएगा पसंद आयेगा। तो पढ़ लिया। लेकिन मेरा मत है कि इन दोनों उपन्यासों के सामने वह शायद ही टिक पाए। अब ओवररेटेड तो है 'गुनाहों का देवता'; ये भी साहित्यिक जगत में प्रचलित है कि भावों की और रचना की भी अपरिपक्वता है। पर असल नुकसान गुनाहों का देवता ने ये किया कि लेखक के और पहलुओं तथा अन्य कृतियों यथा अंधा युग, सूरज का सातवाँ घोड़ा आदि तक पाठकसमूह उस तरह नहीं पहुँच पाया, और गुनाहों का देवता को ही सब कुछ मान बैठा। और ऐसे ही लोग जब शेखर पढ़ने जाते हैं तो उनकी नानी मर जाती है। अब मेरा उद्देश्य किसी को नीचा दिखाना नहीं है, बस जो मन में आ रहा है लिखे जा रहा हूँ। इस उजड्डुपन की कोई माफ़ी मिलती हो तो ज़रूर दें।

मैत्रेय सौरभ  
बीए प्रोग्राम  
चतुर्थ वर्ष



# Mastering Communication

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In today's time, communication is a mandatory skill to crack any interview or competition. Thus, communication is as important as having a timely meal. Communication is more than speaking and writing. Active listening, body language, and understanding emotions are just as important as spoken words.

Does communication come naturally? No, friends, communication is a skill that needs to be learned and practiced over time. Strong communication skills boost self-confidence, making it easier for students to participate in class discussions, give speeches, and engage in social interactions.

Herein, I'll discuss privy strategies that can significantly enhance communication.

Slight pauses for maximum impact: Strategic pauses before and after important points in conversation or speeches.

Use the "Three-Point" Rule in conversations. Use introduction, core points, and conclusion respectively.

Speed up slightly when sharing exciting information. Slow down and lower your tone for serious points. Use slight voice inflections at the end of sentences to sound engaging.

AI tools like ChatGPT, Grammarly, and QuillBot help to refine our writing by correcting grammar, suggesting better vocabulary, and enhancing clarity.

Google Assistant, ELSA Speak, Orai, and Yoodli can help an individual practice pronunciation, fluency, and clarity in speech in an effective manner.

Communication is not just about speaking or writing; it is a core skill that influences learning, relationships, and career growth. With AI-driven enhancements, we can overcome language barriers, refine our articulation, and build confidence in expressing ourselves. By combining human effort with AI-powered learning, we can transform into articulate, persuasive, and impactful communicators.

Atulit Kumar  
B. Com. Hons.  
Second Year

# FORGIVENESS THROUGH THINGS THAT PROMOTE YOUR HEALING

Life often puts you in situations where your patience and understanding are tested. And what is at stake? Your relationships!

I was also put in a similar situation, and the thing is that I have always been there for the people I care for, and in response, I expected them to be there for me when I needed their support in the small ups and downs of life. But sometimes things don't work out as you want them to, just like one day when I wanted to talk to my friend about something, and he was not there for me or was busy at that time in his life. I thought of cutting ties and didn't respond to his calls and messages, but it's human nature to prioritize their own things, and it's all about time. At some point, I would be his more important priority than others, but at the time when I needed him, I wasn't that priority to him. When I thought about it deeply in a moment of quietness, I reflected on the time we spent together, the smiles we shared, and even the banter we had with each other that was pleasing to our ears. I thought these are the moments we'll yearn for when we grow older and our lives may not be very interesting at some point. But reliving these moments would regenerate us like our younger selves and dive into the same emotions and carefreeness we used to have. One day we'll look back and be happy because this is all that matters. So the moral of the story here is that you shouldn't hold grudges that make you weaker in the long run, so let go of the things that promote your healing.

Harsh Basetia  
B.Com Hons.  
3rd Year

# WHAT DO YOU SEEK?

Do you ever feel you are lost?  
And you are still seeing people's posts.  
You don't know what is happening in your life.  
You need to buck up and strive!  
You are just running and doing errands,  
In that process you forget to catch your breaths.  
You just need to sit down and introspect,  
In that process won't lose your self respect.  
Happiness!!

You think you have lost your happiness,  
Now you often suffer from dizziness.  
You are not happy as before,  
Nothing gives you joy anymore.  
You gave someone else the keys to your smile,  
And now your life is on hold for a while.  
Dreams!!

You wanna find your dreams too.  
You know best, what you screw!  
You still don't know what to focus on,  
Do you even realize that you have grown?  
Dreams are what keep you awake,  
Remember this for God's sake!  
Motivation!!

Do you also need to find motivation,  
Which can lead you to new innovations.  
You need to remember that the only source of  
motivation is you,  
It can take you to new heights, do you have any  
cue?  
You won't survive if it will die,  
If you don't take this seriously, prices will be high.  
Love!!

You wanna find love too,  
What do I say now, you will find it soon.  
Your desperation will lead to nothingness,  
Just remember, don't be aimless.  
What's yours will find you,  
Buck up, guys! You need to slay!  
Don't be lost, you will find new hope.  
There's still scope, you will also find slopes.  
You will move at a different pace,  
In the process of finding yourself.  
Don't be devastated by the outcome,  
Sometimes all you need to do is overcome.  
Find out who you really are.  
This is the reminder.

# पुरानी डायरी में बंद सपने

आज मेर कॉलेज का सफ़र खत्म हुआ,  
डिग्री मिली, तस्वीरें खींचीं, मुस्कानें सजीं।  
अपने कमरे की सफाई के समय मुझे एक पुरानी डायरी मिली,  
धूल में लिपटी, लेकिन मेरे लिए बहुत खास  
जब मैंने उसके पन्ने पलटे, जैसे मेरा अतीत जीवित हो उठा,  
पहले दिन की घबराहट और आखिरी दिन का अलविदा एक झलक में।  
कहीं लिखा था — “कॉलेज के मंच पर नाटक करना है”,  
कहीं — “खुद का स्टार्टअप खड़ा करना है”  
वो टू-टू लिस्ट, कुछ अधूरी कविताएँ,  
क्लास बंक करने की योजनाओं के साथ अनगिनत भावनाएँ।  
कुछ सपने जो ऐसे रहे जो सिर्फ सपने ही बने रहे,  
कुछ पूरे हुए, लेकिन जैसे वे कहीं खो गए हैं  
“दुनिया घूमनी है”, “किताब लिखनी है”,  
“खुद को साबित करना है” — ये सब अब भी वहीं मौजूद हैं।  
डायरी की स्याही भले ही फीकी पड़ गई हो,  
लेकिन मेरे जज़्बात आज भी उतने ही ताजा हैं।  
अब जब कॉलेज का समय बीत चुका है,  
ये पन्ने जैसे फिर से रास्ता दिखा रहे हैं।  
मुझे याद दिला रहे हैं —  
सपनों की कोई उम्र नहीं होती।  
शायद अब सही समय है...  
उन सपनों को असलियत में जीने का।

दिव्यांश मिश्रा  
बी.कॉम (ऑनर्स)  
चतुर्थ वर्ष

# **We Need More Than Milk: What Harry Harlow Taught Us About Love, Attachment, and Being Human**

American psychologist Harry Harlow altered our understanding of emotional attachment in the 1950s with a series of now-famous studies. His contentious but ground-breaking research revealed a reality that extends beyond the lab: humans, like other social animals, cannot live, much less flourish, on a diet of simple food. We require emotional stability, affection, and connection.

Harlow removed young rhesus monkeys from their original mothers soon after birth in one of his most well-known studies. Each baby was kept in a cage with two surrogate "mothers": a soft terry fabric one that supplied comfort but no nourishment, and a frigid metal one that produced milk. The newborns would cling to the metal mother, the one that provided nourishment in the form of milk, according to common sense and behaviorist psychology of the time. However, a startling discovery was made: the baby monkeys preferred the cloth mother above the others because they wanted her warmth and comfort. They only spent a short time feeding at the metal mother before swiftly going back to the soft surrogate.

This was a profound change in psychology, not simply a nice story. The widely held notion at the time that basic requirements like hunger came before attachment and emotional ties was challenged by Harlow's findings. Rather, his research revealed that the most basic human need is emotional care. Emotional connection—through touch, eye contact, presence, and care—is just as important to people as nourishment, especially for newborns and young children. Children who lack it suffer from emotional deprivation, which can cause long-term harm to their cognitive, social, and psychological development.

Despite being primarily concerned with monkeys, Harlow's research paved the way for contemporary attachment theory in human development. John Bowlby and Mary Ainsworth, two psychologists, studied how children develop emotional ties with their caretakers and how these early attachments influence their entire lives, influencing everything from relationship types to self-esteem. Their research showed that emotional neglect can lead to anxious, avoidant, or disordered attachment behaviors that frequently reverberate throughout generations, even in households with plenty of material possessions. We bring into our schools, businesses, and marriages the lessons we learn about love, safety, and trust in our cribs.

We paradoxically find ourselves more alone than ever in the hyperconnected world of today. We text more than we touch, and we scroll more than we talk. While their surroundings are full of stimulation, children are not receiving enough meaningful attention. It is impossible to separate this emotional famine from the growth in mental health problems among teenagers and young adults, ranging from anxiety to depression. Even in parenting and school, emotional intelligence is viewed as a luxury, and performance and discipline are frequently prioritized. However, Harlow demonstrated to us decades ago that no amount of food, toys, or technology can genuinely nurture the soul in the absence of emotional love.

What can we learn today from Harlow, then?

It's an exhortation to parents to be emotionally present. More than what you provided them, children remember how you made them feel. It serves as a reminder to educators that a child's learning experience may be influenced just as much by a supportive teacher-student relationship as by the curriculum. It serves as a wake-up call for society as a whole to establish structures that value emotional health in addition to financial output.

Harry Harlow's experiments may have involved monkeys, but their implications are deeply human. We are creatures wired for connection. No amount of "milk"—in the form of success, sustenance, or social media likes—can replace the need for comfort, presence, and love. As we continue to advance scientifically and technologically, we must not forget what Harlow taught us in the simplest, most startling way: it's not enough to live—we need to feel held.

Dr. Ankit Suri  
Assistant Professor  
Department of Commerce

# WOMEN WHO CHANGED CINEMA IN INDIA

Throughout my whole childhood, I observed that women are naive, delicate, sensitive, and full of motherly love, requiring assistance from men in basic tasks, a portrayal also reflected in Indian cinema. Most of the films that filmmakers made on a regular basis used to show women's characters as very delicate, to fulfil the male gaze. These characters are naive, superficial, and have no prospects in the story. The importance of that character in the story progression is often overlooked. Most of the time, writers use these characters to glorify the male lead.

But in contrast to this, many contemporaries and some of the actresses of the past have paved the way to break these preconceived approaches to filmmaking and the false representation of women. They have started the fight against patriarchy in society and the film industry. As the patriarchy preaches that power belongs to men and views women as inferior beings who need a man's support to survive in the real world, cinema reflects this same ideology, portraying women as submissive and silent beings who perform household chores and follow the orders of the head of the family.

Many actresses in this era played an important role by choosing meaningful scripts; their characters broke all the stereotypes and glamorisation of unreal beauty standards and shed light on real problems and stories of women. In these stories, we saw the story about the mental health and sexuality of the protagonist. On screen, women like Sanya Malhotra, Alia Bhatt, Vidya Balan, Bhumi Pednekar and Rani Mukerji are the pioneers of this century who decided to do meaningful cinema. Movies like Mrs., Hichki, Raazi, Gangubai Kathiawadi, Mardani, Kahaani and Tumhari Sulu, Badhai Do show the women characters in a very important part of films and the struggles of their life.

Malayalam cinema in the last 10 years has provided many solid stories that contain the representation of strong female characters, and a vocal female protagonist, Nimisha Sajayan in The Great Indian Kitchen and Parvathy in Uyare are the best examples of that.



Sridevi was one of the important aspects of this debate, a star who started her acting career at the age of 14 and played most of the time that Eye Candy and naive girl evolved into a bona fide star who showed her trust in films like Mom and English Vinglish. Her character in English Vinglish pursues her dream to learn the English language to communicate with other people in society. A scene where her husband tries to compliment her in a very patriarchal sense by saying that "My wife was born to make laddoos" shows the state of women in our society and cinema; in the same movie, her character says that "मुझे प्यार की जरूरत नहीं है। जरूरत है..... तो सिर्फ़ थोड़ी इज्जत की." This statement made us realise the importance of strong representation of women on the big screen for encouraging society to treat everyone with equality.

The other big name is Smita Patil, whom critics considered one of the greats of parallel cinema. She was part of films like Manthan and Bhumika, in which she won the National Award for Best Actress.

Last but not least, Nargis Dutt ji did the movie called Mother India, where she played a very significant role in the film and carried the whole film on her shoulders. She was the one who started the selection of meaningful scripts for the women characters in cinema.

Women who worked behind the camera as directors and writers also played a very pivotal role in the changing dynamics of the representation of women. Directors like Zoya Akhtar, Reema Kagti, Meghna Gulzar, Kiran Rao, and Mira Nair are prime examples of that. Women behind the camera play the most important part in the film industry; in this patriarchal industry, the women who take up the command behind the chair tell the daily struggles of women.

The representation of women in a bad light pushes society into a pitfall and gives patriarchy the chance to thrive again, and this is very wrong to represent the female character in this light. Pouring love on these kinds of movies while bashing the movie that shows women's struggles and their dreams shows how these movies are attacking the core values of patriarchy, which affects every one of us whether you belong to any caste, class, creed, sexuality, or gender. Patriarchy handles setting unreal beauty standards, which lead to the objectification of women in cinemas and in real life. These women are changing the dynamics of the industry and the thinking of the general public.

Ashish Raj  
B.A. Programme  
Fourth Year

Designed by- Ashish Dhurandhar



# Birth of the Always-Connected Humans

At 6:00 a.m., a song from an Akshay Kumar movie, “Boss” plays on a phone. It is not a rooster, not the temple bell of his village in Bihar, but an alarm tone chosen long ago and never changed. The phone vibrates on a wooden table scarred by years of borrowed lives. Ajit opens one eye.

The phone, assembled in India, designed in China, imagined somewhere even farther, lights up the dark room. For a moment, the screen is brighter than the sun he will not see for another hour. This device knows the time, the weather, the traffic, the demand for bike taxis, the balance in his Paytm wallet, and the distance between him and his family. All of this, but it does not know him.

He swings his legs off the bed. The room is semi-furnished. One bed. One fan. One cupboard whose lock does not work. A shared bathroom at the end of the corridor, where water arrives unpredictably. Ajit is part of a new species ‘the always-connected human’. Unlike his father, who measured mornings by the position of the sun, Ajit measures life in notifications.

By 7:00 a.m., he is on his bike, a 2014 Bajaj Platina he bought from his co-tenant a year back. He opens the Rapido app and goes online. The map pulses. Demand surges. Somewhere in the cloud, an algorithm calculates that Ajit is profitable for the next three hours. He is assigned rides, routes, ratings. His body becomes a moving data point in the city’s circulatory system. Students, Lawyers, Teachers, Shopkeepers and many others reach their location hoping Ajit runs through traffic like a hot knife in butter.

Ajit is no longer just travelling through Delhi. He is feeding it information. Each ride earns him a few rupees, a few stars, a few invisible marks in a system he does not control. The passengers talk about office meetings, gym routines, and weekend plans. One scrolls through reels. Another checks stock prices. Ajit listens silently, eyes on the road, phone mounted like a small god on his handlebars.

Technology promised freedom. What it delivered first was precision.

At 10:15 a.m., the app tells him demand is falling. The city has decided it no longer needs him for now. He rides to the medical store. For eight hours, he delivers medicines across narrow lanes and gated colonies. Antibiotics, insulin, and painkillers reach homes faster than ever. The orders come through WhatsApp. Addresses through Google Maps. Payments through UPI. Healthcare also becomes instantaneous. Labour remains slow.

Ajit’s legs ache. His phone battery dips below 30%. He calculates distances, time, money, not in spreadsheets, but in muscle memory. The phone keeps him employed, informed, insured (barely), and replaceable. He eats lunch standing near the counter, rice wrapped in newspaper, brought from home. While chewing, he opens Paytm and sends money to Bihar. A few taps, and value moves across 965 kilometres in seconds. In his father’s time, this would have taken days, trust, and a bus friend going back home willing to carry cash. Progress has compressed distance, but not dependence.

In Bihar, his younger brother Pintu studies. He sits on a plastic chair, earphones plugged in, watching an online lecture streamed from Delhi. The teacher speaks of governance, ethics, and the Constitution. The irony is not discussed. Pintu prepares for civil services, an exam born in colonial bureaucracy, now digitized. PDFs replace books. Mock tests replace classrooms, and aspirations travel at broadband speed. Pintu believes knowledge is now free, what he does not yet see is that opportunity is still rationed. Bandwidth is cheaper, attention is scarcer and the competition is infinite. Thousands of young men and women attend the same online class. Only a few will enter the system that governs the rest including Ajit.

By evening, Ajit opens the Rapido app again, not to earn more, but to optimize his return home, a trick he learned from his friend he met at the rice stall. He switches himself “online” while riding in the direction of his rented room. If someone wants to go that way, he will take them. If not, the algorithm will ignore him. Either way, he moves. This is the new logic of survival: remain visible. To be offline is to not exist, to exist is to perform.

At night, Ajit lies on his bed and scrolls, He watches videos of luxury cars, village weddings, motivational speakers, political speeches. The same device that delivers work also delivers desire. He is connected to everything, except security, healthcare is one illness away from debt. Employment is one algorithm update away from disappearance. Housing is one missed rent away from eviction.

Technology has given him speed, access, and visibility but it has not given him bargaining power, this is the quiet truth of the always-connected human. Connectivity did not flatten inequality, rather it mapped it more efficiently. The platforms know where Ajit is at every moment, but they do not know where he is going, and what he is going through. The system celebrates inclusion because he has a smartphone. But ownership of a device is mistaken for ownership of destiny. In reality, Ajit does not live in the digital age, he services it.

Historians of 2100 A.D. may look back and marvel at this era. They will say: Humans were connected as never before. They may forget to add: But power remained disconnected from labour. The birth of the always-connected human was not the end of exploitation; it was its upgrade in it. A worker from Bihar could now work in Delhi, send money instantly, study online, navigate cities digitally, and still remain last in line. Technology changed the tools. It did not yet change the terms.

And there comes the last reel of the day, a multi-billionaire preaching a 72-hour work week, and so Ajit sleeps, phone charging beside him, alarm set for morning, connected to the world, but still waiting for the future to connect back to him.

Dr. Ankit Suri  
Assistant Professor  
Department of Commerce

# अपनी-अपनी भूख

देखा है मैंने आसमान को बरसते  
देखा है मैंने बच्चों को तरसते,  
वो चाँद पे दाग भी भूख के हैं  
उसके आस-पास के तारे यूँही नहीं टूटते।

जो समाज के ये काले हंस हैं  
जिनको छप्पन भोज भी तनिक लगे,  
इतने अरसों बाद भी हम  
सत्ता से है हार पड़े।

मेरे लफ़्ज़ किसी को भाए नहीं आज तक,  
संभव है कि  
मेरे शब्दों को सार्थकता की आस हो  
सार्थकता को काबिलियत की  
काबिलियत को धैर्य की  
और धैर्य तो उसको होगा न जो ज़िंदा होगा?

मेरी मौत मेरे सपनों की भूख तय करेगी,  
पर उस कुटिया के बाहर बिलखते बच्चे को सपने की भूख कैसे  
आएगी।

पेड़ सड़ते जाते हैं,  
मिट्टी जमीं को पराया कर देती है  
ये भूख इतनी बेवफ़ा है जो अपने लिए,  
सबको पराया कर देती है।

मिथ्या सत्य गलत सही बात ये बाद की रही  
अब असमानता भी इसमें अपने पैर पसारती है  
नहीं देखा किसी जमींदार को खाने के लिए तरसते  
वो मेहरीन क्यों रोज़ अपने बच्चों के आँसू पोंछती है?

मेरे सवाल किसी की भूख को नहीं मारते,  
मेरे उत्तर इस सरकार के परखच्चे नहीं उखाड़ते  
ध्यान से देखो तो पता चले,  
मेरे देश के किसान भूख से ज़्यादा भूख के डर से है मरते।

क्यों जरूरी हैं भूख का होना  
क्यों लोगो की भूख मर नहीं जाती,  
जब ये कलम ये सारे शब्द लिख देती है  
तो इनकी जरूरत समाज को समझा क्यों नहीं देती?

यह भूख भी उतनी ही भेदभाव निरपेक्ष है  
जितने हमारे तथाकथित नेता,  
जो कभी धर्म के नाम पे वोट ले  
जो कभी प्रांतों में बाट दें  
और कभी भाषा पे हक जताते हुए  
छोटे छोटे झुंड बना दें।

मुझे किसी दिलरुबा की आस नहीं  
मैं न कोई आशिक ठहरा,  
मेरे अंदर जो आग है ये  
बड़ी बड़ी ख्वाहिशों के ऊपर का हैं पहरा।

किसी का पेट भरा नहीं  
सब इधर भूखे-प्यासे हैं,  
इस रोती-बिलखती गिड़गिड़ाती दुनिया में  
सब भूख से लाचार हैं।

संगीतकार को संगीत की  
आसमान को जमीन की  
अस्तित्व को महसूस होने की  
समाज को प्रसिद्धि की  
आशिक को आशिकी की  
दिल को दिमाग की  
और इस ऊपर से आती शब्दों की लड़ी को पूर्ण विराम की।

भूख सिर्फ खाने की हो तो जीना मुश्किल है,  
पर जब आपके अंदर का मैं अपने आप को भूख का पीड़ित रोगी  
समझे तो क्या करेंगे आप?

(अगर ये सवाल आपके साथ रहा तो शायद मेरी कलम को स्याही  
की और भूख न लगे।)

अनन्य दीप श्रीवास्तव  
बीए प्रोग्राम  
द्वितीय वर्ष

# The Last Page

Mohan had imagined college as a place where everything would finally make sense — where he would discover his passions, form unbreakable friendships, and start shaping the future he dreamed of. But reality felt very different. Amid crowded corridors and confident faces, he often felt invisible. Everyone around him looked so sure of their goals, their identities, their lives. And in that sea of certainty, Mohan felt like the only one drifting without direction.

One quiet afternoon, seeking an escape from his spiraling thoughts, he slipped into the library. The faint scent of old pages and the soft rustle of silence felt comforting. As he moved past shelves filled with knowledge he didn't yet understand, something unusual caught his eye — a thin, dusty notebook tucked awkwardly between thick volumes. Its faded cover bore a hand-scratched title: "Dreams of the Unknown."

Intrigued, he opened it. Inside, page after page revealed handwritten dreams of students who had once walked the same halls he did now. "I want to heal the world." "I hope to find courage." "One day, I will make my family proud." Some dreams had dates beside them — fulfilled. Others remained untouched, waiting. But each word carried hope, vulnerability, and a quiet strength. When Mohan reached the very last page, he found only a single line written in delicate handwriting:

"Your story begins where someone else's ends." He read it again. And again. Suddenly, he realized that he wasn't alone. Confusion wasn't weakness — it was a beginning. Every student whose dream was written in that notebook had once been exactly where he stood now: uncertain, overwhelmed, but still daring to hope. With a deep breath, he picked up a pen lying nearby. His hand trembled slightly as he wrote his own words on the final blank space: "To become the best version of myself — slowly, honestly, and wholeheartedly." He closed the notebook gently and slid it back into its place. For the first time since entering college, Mohan didn't feel lost. He felt like someone who had just turned the first page of a story worth writing.

Shubham Kumar  
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Second year

# **Imperial gaze and the Colonial subject: Exploring literature in the colonial period through the writing of Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto**

Traversing the labyrinth of colonial laws one is struck by a relatively obscure colonial law which nonetheless became notorious as it led to the summoning and trial of two of the greatest literary figures of the century in undivided India namely Saadat Hasan Manto and Ismat Chughtai. The colonial law on obscenity mirrored social and cultural prejudices typical to colonial India and was a reflection of the way the gaze of the British empire shaped and interpreted the colonial subject. For instance it has been said that, “The pursuit of truth was a persistent source of anxiety to the British in India. Colonial administrators, Christian missionaries, and a wide range of commentators on Indian society consistently characterized the subcontinent as a place teeming with perjurers, forgerers, professional witnesses, and a general population that did not value truth.” (Kolsky 2010: 108-109)i. Given the deep sense of unease and distrust with which the British regarded the indigenous population, colonial laws and systems of justice aimed at ‘civilizing’ the subject population.

It is within this framework that this essay presents three narratives. First it presents the repertoire of the writing of Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto while making salient the radical nature of their narrative. Secondly it looks at the contours of the colonial law on obscenity as a part of the Indian Penal Code and the trial of Saadat Hasan Manto and Ismat Chughtai through accounts presented by the authors themselves. Finally, the essay reflects on how the work of the two authors resonates in contemporary India.

## **Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto: Subverting colonial morality**



Writing in pre-partition, colonial India, Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto hailed from Uttar Pradesh and Punjab respectively. Their lives intersected in various ways such as both were members of the Leftist Progressive Writers’ Association; both made major contributions to Urdu literature and both were arrested on the same day namely December 5, 1944 on charges of obscenity. Chughtai through her various writings such Tedhi Lakeer, Dozakhi, Kaghazi Hai Pairahan and Lihaaf aimed to bring to the fore experiences of alternative personal orientations, class-based conflict as well as question middle class morality. In her short story Lihaaf, she writes about a young girl who is a troublemaker and therefore sent to live with her aunt ‘Begum Jan’ so that she may be reformed. However, in her aunt’s house the girl is witness to Begum Jan and her maidservant, ‘Rabbo’ liaising with each other in the absence of her uncle. Through this short story Ismat challenges what are enforced social norms about personal preferences. The story is also feminist as it expresses and asserts the importance of female desire which she brings out from the private censored realm to the social, public arena. She therefore challenges middle class morality about what is considered desirable and accepted female values, etiquettes and behaviour. The liaison between Begum Jan and Rabbo was reflective of breaking caste and class barriers and brought to the fore the conjoined fate that women confined to the household faced.

Saadat Hasan Manto was not new to being charged with obscenity. He faced trial for his stories Bu, Kali Shalwar and Dhuan in colonial India and for Thanda Gosht, Khol Do and Upar Neeche Darmiyan in Pakistan after partition. Manto's writing like that of Ismat Chughtai exposes the misogynist nature of society. In his story Thanda Gosht, Manto shows how during the riots of India's Partition in 1947, defilement and violence against women's bodies was used as a tool to dishonour an entire community. The name of the protagonist, Ishwar Singh which means 'the almighty' and the heinous acts that he commits as revenge for his community presents the irony of the male character who will pillage and assault in the garb of the masculine right. In his many other stories Manto wrote about the everyday and the marginalised. He sought to break taboos and expose social hypocrisy by writing of matters that concerned people of all classes and orientations. He wrote of the ordinary man and woman trapped in social practices and traditions which they followed unquestioning as they were never granted the right to choose.

The quintessential marker of their writings is best summed up by Ismat Chughtai who while facing trial commented, "My mind..... [is] but an ordinary camera that records reality as it is. The pen becomes helpless in my hand because my mind overwhelms it. Nothing can interfere with this traffic between the mind and the pen.'

### **Creating the colonial subject through legal norms**

The colonial law on obscenity manifest in section 292 of the Indian Penal Code 1860, did not define 'obscenity' but did aim to prohibit anything related to obscene writing and objects while making an exception for 'religious sensitivities.' The definition of 'obscenity' was first presented by Justice Cockburn in the Regina v. Hicklin (1868) case in which it was ruled that the test of obscenity would be "whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such influences, and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall". It was under this law that Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto were charged with obscenity and asked to appear before the Lahore High Court in 1944. Chughtai was summoned for her story Lihaaf (The quilt) which was published in the Urdu journal Adab-e-Latif in 1942 and Manto for his story Bu (Odour). The summons earned instant notoriety for the two authors while also exposing the narrow manner in which the colonial law interpreted morality. Chughtai and Manto both opposed the charges of obscenity and in the process laid the basis for claiming a feminist subjectivity as well as a voice for those narratives that hover on the margins. Unfortunately, it would take another seventy years before their writings would have an impact in changing legal sensibility. Hence it was in 2014 that the Supreme Court in the Aveek Sarkar v. State of West Bengal case reinterpreted the colonial law on obscenity by arguing that "[T]he standard of a group of susceptible or sensitive persons" cannot be held as the standard of the community and that the test of 'contemporary mores' must be applied to adjudge 'obscenity'. While both Manto and Chughtai were absolved of the charge of 'obscenity' in the trial conducted by the colonial state, their writings inspired many radical ideas.



## **From the colonial to the post-colonial: the legacy of Chughtai and Manto**

Perhaps the one feature that binds the writing of Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto was their commitment to upholding their creative work. Even when promised a judicial reprieve if they apologised for their stories; both refused to do so. This act of defiance simultaneously became a beacon for strengthening the freedom of speech and expression. As Manto wrote, "If you find my stories dirty, the society you are living in is dirty. With my stories, I only expose the truth". Further; Ismat's writing paved the way for women writers to explore their creative potential in ways that unravelled the vulnerabilities and strengths of women in colonial and post-colonial India. Finally, the recent judgement of the Supreme court in September 2018 which struck down section 377 of the Indian Penal code (another colonial era provision) and therefore granted legal recognition to the LGBT (Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals and Transgender) community seems like a vindication and culmination of the strong voice of Ismat Chughtai and Saadat Hasan Manto who through their subtle and not so subtle stories ignited the fire demanding equality, recognition and acceptance.ii

- i. Kolsky, Elizabeth (2010) *Colonial Justice in British India: White Violence and the Rule of Law*, Cambridge
- ii. Tariq Bashir (20 March 2015). "Sentence First – Verdict Afterwards". *The Friday Times*

**Dr. Radhika Kumar**  
**Professor**  
**Department of Political Science**

# नवगत की नई राहें

नवगत की राहों पर चलते हुए,  
मैंने जाना—  
हर शुरुआत छोटी होती है,  
पर उसके सपने... आसमान जितने बड़े।

कॉलेज के इस नए मोड़ पर  
खड़ा है एक पूरा भविष्य,  
जो कहता है—  
“डर मत, एक कदम तू बढ़ा, मंज़िल खुद नज़दीक आएगी।”

मैंने देखा है—  
थके हुए चेहरों में भी उम्मीद चमकती है,  
और साधारण से बदनों में भी  
एक असाधारण कल छुपा होता है।

नवगत सिर्फ एक शब्द नहीं,  
ये हर उस दिल की धड़कन है  
जो सपनों की दुनिया में  
अपनी जगह खोज रहा है।

राहें मुश्किल हों तो क्या?  
हवा खिलाफ़ हो तो क्या?  
जो गिरकर उठ जाए,  
वही नया इतिहास लिखता है।

**SHUBHAM KUMAR**  
**BCOM (P)**  
**YEAR 2ND**

आज नई राहों पर कदम रखते हुए  
मैंने खुद से एक वादा किया—  
“जहाँ डर खत्म होगा, वहीं मेरी उड़ान शुरू होगी।”

नवगत की इन पवित्र राहों पर  
हम सब साथ चल रहे हैं—  
कोई अपने सपनों की खातिर,  
कोई अपने परिवार के लिए,  
और कोई अपनी पहचान ढूँढ़ने के लिए।

पर मंज़िल सबकी एक है—  
खुद का बेहतर रूप बनना।

इन नई राहों पर चलते हुए  
दिल एक ही गीत गाता है—  
“मैं रुकूँगा नहीं, थकूँगा नहीं,  
क्योंकि मेरी उम्मीदें अब भी ज़िंदा हैं।”

और जब पीछे मुड़कर देखेंगे,  
तो महसूस होगा—  
कि आज उठाया गया यह छोटा-सा कदम  
हमारी ज़िंदगी का  
सबसे बड़ा बदलाव था।

# My Tryst with Indian Dogs of our Campus



My tryst with our campus dogs started in 2014. It was few months after I had returned from United Kingdom after pursuing my Masters degree in MBA (Entrepreneurship) from the University of Nottingham. An opportunity which I and a few teachers of other colleges got to pursue Masters degree from UK under fellowship program of University of Delhi.

The new academic session 2014-2015 had begun and I got busy with my classes. In the month of October a group of Economic and Commerce students mostly pursuing their second year of college came to me and requested me to become Faculty Advisor of Enactus. Enactus is a US based organization which encourages college students across the globe to pursue social entrepreneurial projects. Very few Delhi University colleges had opted to collaborate with Enactus India during that time. I too was quite reluctant as this meant additional work along with my other academic work in the college. However, students were hell bent to get this started and hence approached our Principal Dr B.K. Jain, who then approached me and convinced me to become the Faculty Advisor of Enactus. There was another reason for accepting this new assignment and that was my interest in social entrepreneurship. One of my favourite subjects in the MBA course.

So in November 2014 our college officially joined Enactus India and students from various courses of our college joined Enactus. Social entrepreneurship is about working to uplift a community which is downtrodden and socially backward. So the first challenge which our students faced was to decide which community to work on. After a lot of brainstorming they came up with the idea of working for upliftment of Indian community dogs who are called stray / awara in our society and often looked with contempt. Students named it Project Parivartan. They got my approval instantly as I found the project very innovative and certainly the need of the hour. At that time there were 23 dogs staying inside our campus and their condition was pathetic. They were malnourished, fearful of humans and often shooed away by people. They were unloved and unwanted.

During that time ABC Rules 2001 was in force under which relocation of community dogs (stray dogs) was an offence. Hence, even if unwanted, college authorities could not get them removed from campus. As per the laws dogs could only be sterilized (spayed / neutered) to control their population and vaccinated to make them rabies free. But just like the rest of India our college too was a mini India where dogs existed but their presence never felt. Female dogs repeatedly gave birth to six to ten pups twice a year and lost most of them due to hunger, disease and extreme weather conditions. Dogs often survived on leftover food of the canteen and food and biscuits given by compassionate staff and students of the college.

The new project chosen by Enactus students was not easy. They had the task of giving a good life to 23 community dogs of the campus which had never happened before. During the process of befriending the dogs and getting them sterilized and vaccinated the students evolved a model called DESI which stood for Duty to Empathize, Sterilize and Immunize dogs. Under 'empathize' students started feeding dogs once a day from their own pocket, kept water bowls for them, kept blankets, beddings during winter to keep them warm, took care of their medical needs and gave all dogs beautiful names according to their looks and temperament. Under 'sterilize' students collaborated with NGO PAWS which was government authorized ABC unit for sterilization of community dogs (stray dogs) in our area. Students themselves picked many dogs like JoJo one of their favourite and took them for sterilization. Under 'immunize' students ensured that all campus dogs were annually given rabies vaccination. This way they made our campus canine rabies free. All this while my role was to guide and assist the students in their most noble and challenging endeavour. Initially there was some resistance from college staff as they found this project quite weird and unacademic but after seeing the dedication of the students and their passion towards voiceless they too started appreciating them.

Over the years the 23 dogs who were once unwanted, unloved and whose presence was never felt by the people around them suddenly started noticing them and started caring for them. Our campus not only became canine rabies free but also dog friendly. No one shooed the dogs anymore nor were cruel towards them. During covid when colleges were closed, it was college guards who used to feed dogs daily. Had it not been them the dogs would have died of hunger.

With years passing by dogs got old. Some died due to old age and some due to health issues. And all of them were given decent burial by the students. The students ensured that each dog lived a respectful life and died respectfully.

Last year in 2025 only three dogs were left. Kali, Zara and Shera. All three were quite old. Kali who was quite shy lived right in front of the Principal's office. Zara lived in the canteen area and Shera adjacent to the admin block. Dogs are territorial and they do not cross each others territory. Hence, this very important factor was always taken care of especially while feeding them. This is something most of us are unaware of and in our ignorance we often advocate putting all dogs together at one place.

Anyway Kali left for her heavenly abode in the summer of 2025 and Zara at the end of the year in November. Each dog left behind fond memories and heartache.

# Shera

## The Last Surviving Dog Of The Campus



Now only Shera was left. He was not only struggling with old age but also arthritis and thigh pain. Few years back he was found with a broken thigh. How he broke his thigh no one knows but he was unable to walk. So students sent him to a shelter for treatment. After two months of treatment he came back to college. He now limped. He was no more the friendly Shera. He had changed. He now didn't allow everyone to pat him, caress him or come near him. He used to growl and snap at strangers who tried to go near him or touch him.

Dogs are territorial. When territories become vacant new dogs come to replace old ones. As the boundary wall of the college was broken at few places so three to four new dogs could be seen coming and going to the college. As our campus had become dog friendly so no one shoed them away or tried to drive them away. These dogs used to come and go and were not permanent resident of our campus. But I could see few of our staff members and students giving them biscuits and food during lunch break. The dogs were quite friendly and seem to enjoy staying in our campus where no one shoed them away or treated them badly.

While our students changed the lives of campus dogs and showed how humans can peacefully coexist with man's best friend by following ABC rules but they could not change the lives of millions of dogs living on streets of India and the apathetic mindset of people towards them.

None of us in our wildest of dreams had ever imagined that the highest court of India will come with an order to remove dogs from educational institutions. In November 2025 this most inhuman order came. The students became quite worried for Shera and so was I. Our only concern was safety of Shera. College was his home. He was born here and he would die here. How can anyone be removed from his home? That too by force? He was too old to survive such trauma.

The students were very clear that no matter what Shera would not leave the campus. For them he was their family. This feeling was shared by many staff and students of the college. Prof. Yogeshwar Sharma the Principal of the college was also quite understanding and empathetic towards students and these voiceless souls. He assured he will do his best to save Shera. But on 8th December Shera became immobile. He could hardly move his limbs. He had to be shifted to the same shelter where he was sent with fractured thigh. Shera is now living in the shelter

. He cannot walk but is cared for. Students visit him regularly and are taking care of all his medical expenditure. Shera wont live for long but there is this satisfaction that he lived a quality life with lot of love and care which majority of Indian dogs do not get.

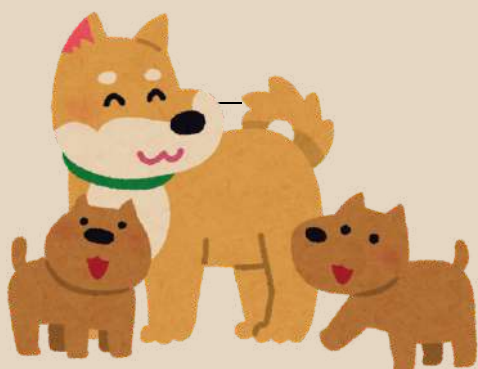
There were 3 new dogs who had entered the college premises due to broken walls. I used to see them often basking in the sun and sometimes in the classrooms. After the college opened after semester break in January 2026 I enquired about the dogs and I was told that due to the court order they have been taken away by the municipal corporation.

It was quite sad to hear that. They were docile, friendly dogs who harmed no one. Yet they were taken as prisoners to live rest of their lives in cages, suffer immeasurable pain and ultimately die a miserable death. Wish our honourable judges had visited University of Delhi then probably they would have never come out with such a cruel and inhuman order.

Educational institutions are temples of learning where compassion, empathy and coexistence with animals should be taught not cruelty, apathy and alienation. These voiceless beings also share same emotions like fear, pain, anxiety, joy like we humans but unlike humans they cannot express themselves in words.

Hoping and praying our Indian dogs get the love and care they deserve. They are man's best friend and that's the only way they have to be treated.

Dr Anu Pandey  
Professor  
Department of Commerce





# When Brands Try to Change the World (And What That Means for Us)

The next time you see an advertisement, pause for a second. Look beyond the catchy music and clever punchlines. Sometimes, what you are watching is not just a product being sold — it is an idea being planted.

Over the last decade, many corporates have moved from simply saying “Buy this” to asking “Can we do better as a society?” Campaigns today often speak about gender equality, environmental protection, civic responsibility, or inclusion. And while businesses ultimately exist to make profits, some of them have discovered that doing good and doing well can go hand in hand.

Take Procter & Gamble’s detergent brand Ariel and its famous “Share the Load” campaign in India. The advertisement showed a father apologising to his daughter for unconsciously teaching her that household work is only a woman’s responsibility. It was simple, emotional, and relatable. It did not preach. It just made people think. Conversations started in homes. Men began sharing chores more consciously. A detergent brand had successfully started a debate about gender roles.

Consider Unilever’s Lifebuoy campaign, “Help a Child Reach 5.” Instead of talking about soap features, the campaign focused on the importance of handwashing in preventing child deaths. It told real stories from Indian villages, turning something as ordinary as washing hands into a life-saving habit. The message was powerful because it connected a small daily action with a larger social impact.

Closer to civic responsibility, Tata Consumer Products (then Tata Tea) launched “Jaago Re.” It encouraged young Indians to wake up — not just with tea, but as responsible citizens. From voter registration to anti-corruption awareness, the campaign spoke directly to the youth. It made political participation feel less intimidating and more necessary.

Even global tech companies have stepped in. Google, along with Tata Trusts, launched “Internet Saathi” to train rural women in digital literacy. Women who had never touched a computer were suddenly teaching others how to use the internet. That is not just marketing; that is empowerment.

Of course, not every campaign is perfect. Sometimes companies are accused of “greenwashing” — appearing sustainable without making real changes. That is where we, as aware consumers and students, come in. We must learn to ask questions. Is the campaign backed by real action? Is the company changing its supply chain, reducing waste, improving labour conditions? Or is it just clever storytelling? Some companies go beyond messaging.



For example, Patagonia famously ran a “Don’t Buy This Jacket” campaign, actively discouraging overconsumption while investing in repair and recycling programs. In India, ITC has embedded sustainability into its supply chain, claiming carbon and water positivity. IKEA, too, has redesigned products and launched buy-back initiatives to promote circular consumption. These examples show that sustainable marketing becomes meaningful when backed by real structural change.

But here is the bigger point: marketing shapes culture. Advertisements reflect society, but they also influence it. When brands repeatedly show fathers cooking, women playing sports, or people carrying reusable bags, these images slowly become normal. And what becomes normal becomes powerful.

Why should this matter to us, especially the students?

Because we are not just consumers. The young generation makes future managers, entrepreneurs, policymakers, and opinion leaders. The campaigns we admire today may inspire the businesses we build tomorrow. Sustainable behaviour is not only about banning plastic or planting trees; it is about making responsible choices in everyday life — at home, in college, in internships, and later in boardrooms.

So, what can we takeaway from this?

1. Notice the message behind the marketing. Ask yourself what social issue the brand is highlighting.
2. Support companies that walk the talk. Your buying choices send signals.
3. Start small. Sustainable behaviour begins with habits — carrying a bottle, reducing food waste, and sharing responsibilities at home.
4. Think long-term. Social change is slow. Consistency matters more than viral moments.
5. If you join corporate life, remember this power. A single campaign can influence millions.

The world does not change overnight. But sometimes, it changes in living rooms while an advertisement plays. It changes when a conversation begins at the dining table. It changes when one person decides to act differently.

Maybe the next big campaign for social change will not just come from a corporate office. Maybe it will come from one of you.

**कविता : "नवागत की पुकार"**

नवागत की पृष्ठों पर लिखें,  
सपनों का नया सवेरा,  
ज्ञान की किरणें फैलाएँ,  
हो हर दिल का बसेरा।

कविता, कहानी, विचारों से,  
सज जाए ये आँगन प्यारा,  
हर रचना में झलके सच्चाई,  
संघर्षों का हो उजियारा।

**युक्ताहारविहारस्य युक्तचेष्टस्य कर्मसु।  
युक्तस्वप्नावबोधस्य योगो भवति दुःखहा॥**

(गीता 6.17)

जो आहार, व्यवहार, कर्म, निद्रा और जागरण में संयम रखता है, वही सच्चे योग का मार्ग अपनाता है और दुःखों से मुक्त होता है।

सतत विकास का दीप जले,  
धरती का सम्मान रहे,  
हर पीढ़ी के सपनों में,  
प्रकृति का वरदान रहे।

आओ मिलकर हम लिखें,  
कुछ अनकहे अल्फ़ाज़ यहाँ,  
“नवागत” बने पहचान हमारी,  
रचनात्मकता का अंदाज़ यहाँ।

**लेख: -**

### **Ø सतत विकास – एक उज्ज्वल भविष्य की ओर**

वर्तमान समय में जब विज्ञान और प्रौद्योगिकी तीव्र गति से आगे बढ़ रहे हैं, तब हमारे सामने सबसे बड़ी चुनौती है – सतत विकास। इसका अर्थ है ऐसा विकास जो वर्तमान पीढ़ी की आवश्यकताओं को पूरा करे, लेकिन आने वाली पीढ़ियों के अधिकारों और संसाधनों से समझौता न करे।

अन्नाद्भवन्ति भूतानि पर्जन्यादन्नसंभवः।

यज्ञाद्भवति पर्जन्यो यज्ञः कर्मसमुद्भवः॥

( गीता 3.14)

सभी जीव अन्न से उत्पन्न होते हैं, अन्न वर्षा से, वर्षा यज्ञ से और यज्ञ (कर्तव्य) से होता है।

आज हम देखते हैं कि प्राकृतिक संसाधनों का अत्यधिक दोहन हो रहा है। प्रदूषण, वनों की कटाई, जलवायु परिवर्तन और असंतुलित जीवनशैली ने पर्यावरण को संकट की स्थिति में ला खड़ा किया है। ऐसे में सतत विकास की आवश्यकता और भी अधिक बढ़ जाती है।

सतत विकास केवल पर्यावरण की रक्षा तक सीमित नहीं है, बल्कि यह सामाजिक न्याय, आर्थिक समानता और नैतिक उत्तरदायित्व से भी जुड़ा हुआ है। हमें ऐसी नीतियों और कार्यों की आवश्यकता है जिनसे हर व्यक्ति को शिक्षा, स्वास्थ्य, स्वच्छ जल, ऊर्जा और सम्मानजनक जीवन मिल सके।

कर्मण्येवाधिकारस्ते मा फलेषु कदाचन।  
मा कर्मफलहेतुर्भूर्मा ते सङ्गोऽस्त्वकर्मणि॥

( गीता 2.47)

तुम्हारा अधिकार केवल कर्म करने में है, फल में नहीं। इस लिए कर्म करते रहो, निष्क्रियता से दूर रहो।

इस दिशा में नवीकरणीय ऊर्जा का प्रयोग, पुनर्चक्रण (रिसाइक्लिंग), जल संरक्षण, वृषारोपण तथा सरल जीवनशैली अपनाना महत्वपूर्ण कदम हैं। यदि हर व्यक्ति अपनी भूमिका जिम्मेदारी से निभाए, तो समाज और राष्ट्र एक उज्ज्वल और संतुलित भविष्य की ओर बढ़ सकते हैं।

अंततः यही कहा जा सकता है कि सतत विकास केवल एक विकल्प नहीं, बल्कि जीवन जीने की अनिवार्य शैली है। यह हमारी धरती, हमारी संस्कृति और हमारी आने वाली पीढ़ियों के अस्तित्व की सुरक्षा की कुंजी है।

### Ø निष्कर्ष

आज के समय में सतत विकास केवल एक विकल्प नहीं, बल्कि समय की आवश्यकता बन चुका है। जब हम तेजी से संसाधनों का उपभोग कर रहे हैं, तब यह ज़रूरी हो जाता है कि हम वर्तमान की ज़रूरतें पूरी करते हुए भविष्य के लिए भी सोचें। भगवद्गीता में कहा गया है कि संयमित जीवनशैली और निरंतर कर्तव्यपथ पर चलते रहना ही सुख और संतुलन का मार्ग है। यही सिखाता है सतत विकास — कि हम अपने कर्म करें, लेकिन प्रकृति और समाज के साथ समरसता बनाए रखें।

सतत विकास का अर्थ केवल पर्यावरण संरक्षण नहीं, बल्कि यह सामाजिक समानता, नैतिक जिम्मेदारी और आर्थिक संतुलन से भी जुड़ा है। जल संरक्षण, वृक्षारोपण, पुनर्चक्रण और स्वच्छ ऊर्जा जैसे छोटे-छोटे कदम हमें एक बेहतर भविष्य की ओर ले जा सकते हैं। यदि हर व्यक्ति अपनी भूमिका जिम्मेदारी से निभाए, तो एक संतुलित, सुरक्षित और उज्ज्वल कल संभव है।

डॉ. रोशन लाल

असिस्टेंट प्रोफेसर संस्कृत विभाग

# देहरादून: सहस्रधारा और गुच्छू पानी की शैक्षणिक यात्रा

यात्रा हमारे जीवन में ज्ञान, अनुभव और मनोरंजन की मिलीजुली अनुभूति है। यात्रा के माध्यम से हमें नए स्थानों, प्राकृतिक दृश्यों और ऐतिहासिक तथ्यों को जानने का अवसर मिलता है। 25 फरवरी 2026 का दिन मेरे लिए अत्यंत यादगार रहा, क्योंकि इस दिन हमारे महाविद्यालय के हिंदी विभाग द्वारा पर्वतीय और मैदानी मेलजोल से बसे देहरादून शहर की एक शैक्षणिक यात्रा का आयोजन किया गया। इस यात्रा के दौरान हमें वहां की प्राकृतिक सुंदरता के साथ-साथ वहां के इतिहास के बारे में भी जानकारी प्राप्त हुई।

हमारी यात्रा की शुरुआत सुबह लगभग 6 बजे मोतीलाल नेहरू महाविद्यालय से हुई, जो दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय के दक्षिण परिसर में स्थित है। सुबह का वातावरण बहुत ही शांत और सुहावना था। सभी विद्यार्थी समय पर कॉलेज पहुँच गए थे और यात्रा को लेकर बहुत उत्साहित थे। हमारे साथ हिंदी विभाग के अध्यापक और दो अध्यापिकाएँ भी थीं। गुरुजनों के मार्गदर्शन में यह यात्रा और भी व्यवस्थित एवं आनंददायक बन गई।

बस पर सवार होने के बाद हमारी यात्रा शुरू हुई। अध्यापकों और सहपाठी मित्रों के साथ हमारी बस दिल्ली महानगर से निकलकर देहरादून की ओर भागी जा रही थी। यह यात्रा ज्ञान आनंददायक थी। धीरे-धीरे हम शहर से दूर पहाड़ों की ओर बढ़ने लगे। रास्ते में हरियाली, पेड़-पौधे और ठंडी हवा का अनुभव बहुत ही सुखद लग रहा था।

## रॉबर्स केव या गुच्छू पानी:

देहरादून पहुंचने के बाद हमारा पहला गंतव्य उत्तराखंड के प्रसिद्ध पर्यटन स्थल गुच्छू पानी था। इसे अंग्रेजी में Robber's Cave भी कहा जाता है। यह देहरादून शहर के पास स्थित एक प्रसिद्ध प्राकृतिक स्थल है। इस स्थान के बारे में कहा जाता है कि पुराने समय में डाकू या लुटेरे यहाँ की गुफाओं में छिप जाते थे, इसलिए इसका नाम रॉबर्स केव (डाकूओं की गुफा) पड़ गया। स्थानीय भाषा में इसे गुच्छू पानी कहा जाता है।

यह स्थान पहाड़ों के बीच बनी एक प्राकृतिक गुफा है, जहाँ पत्थरों के बीच से पानी की तेज धारा अनवरत बहती रहती है। जब हम वहाँ पहुँचे तो हमने देखा कि ठंडा पानी पत्थरों के बीच से निकलकर बह रहा था। चारों ओर ऊँचे पहाड़ और हरियाली उस स्थान को और भी सुंदर बना रहे थे।

हम और हमारे कुछ साथी झरनों से बह रहे घुटने भर पानी में चलकर उस स्थान की सुंदरता का अनुभव कर रहे थे। ठंडा पानी पैरों को छूते ही बहुत अच्छा लग रहा था। हम सबने गुफा में अनवरत गिर रहे झरने के पानी में चलने और भीगने का आनंद लिया। यह सचमुच हम सबके लिए काफी मनोरंजक और रोमांचक एहसास था। यहां से निकलकर हम सबने भोजन का आनंद लिया और फिर हमारी बस सहस्रधारा की ओर निकल पड़ी। घुमावदार रास्तों से लगभग घंटे भर बाद हम सहस्रधारा के आगोश में थे।

**सहस्रधारा:** सहस्रधारा का अर्थ है “हजार धाराएँ”। यह स्थान देहरादून के पास स्थित है। यहाँ पहाड़ों से हजारों छोटी-छोटी जलधाराएँ निकलती हैं, इसलिए इसका नाम सहस्रधारा पड़ा। कहा जाता है कि यहाँ के पानी में गंधक (सल्फर) पाया जाता है, जो त्वचा के लिए लाभदायक माना जाता है। इस कारण यहां आए पर्यटक यहां की जलधाराओं में स्नान भी करते हैं। देहरादून का यह यह स्थान लंबे समय से प्राकृतिक पर्यटन स्थल के रूप में प्रसिद्ध है।

जब हम वहाँ पहुँचे तो चारों ओर का दृश्य बहुत ही सुंदर था। ऊँचे-ऊँचे पहाड़, बहते हुए झरने और ठंडी हवा मन को बहुत प्रसन्न कर रहे थे। हमने वहाँ काफी समय बिताया, घूमे-फिरे और कई तस्वीरें भी लीं। झरनों से गिरता पानी और उसकी मधुर ध्वनि सुनकर मन बहुत शांत हो गया।

इस यात्रा के दौरान हमारे अध्यापक और अध्यापिकाएँ हमें इन स्थानों के ऐतिहासिक और प्राकृतिक महत्व के बारे में भी बताते रहे। इससे हमें केवल घूमने का आनंद ही नहीं, बल्कि ज्ञान भी प्राप्त हुआ।

पूरा दिन घूमने और प्रकृति का आनंद लेने के बाद हम शाम को वापस लौटने लगे। रास्ते में सभी विद्यार्थी अपने अनुभव साझा कर रहे थे। अंततः हम देर रात को वापस मोतीलाल नेहरू महाविद्यालय, दिल्ली पहुँचे।

# YOU ARE ENOUGH

You can love yourself, and you don't need them,  
Because you are the creator of your own kingdom.  
When there is no one to wake you up in the morning,  
Or wait for you in the night,  
You might feel lonely,

But you can give yourself warmth by hugging yourself tight.

Stop looking at yourself through someone else's eyes.

It doesn't matter what your colour is, or what your size.

You're beautiful—not like her, and not like them,

You are beautiful like you, like a gem.

While you laugh, just look in the mirror and smile

At how graceful you look—

You know, like those main characters

That writers write about in their book.

The moon has scars, but even then it's pretty.

The moon does not ask for appreciation,

Because it doesn't doubt its beauty.

You are not as elegant as the moon, or as sparkling as stars,

But you are unique—just the way you are.

You don't need anyone to wipe your tears—

Instead, do it on your own.

Don't expect anyone to enjoy and dance with you—

Instead, learn to do it alone.

Don't hate people,

But don't let them destroy your peace.

Because you are the creator of your own life,

So be what you want to be.

Be kind to people—but before that, be kind to yourself.

Respect yourself,

Because people might not always know your worth.

Don't ask people to love you,

Because you may not be able to reciprocate.

Because oh—to be in love with someone else,

You need to be in love with your own self.

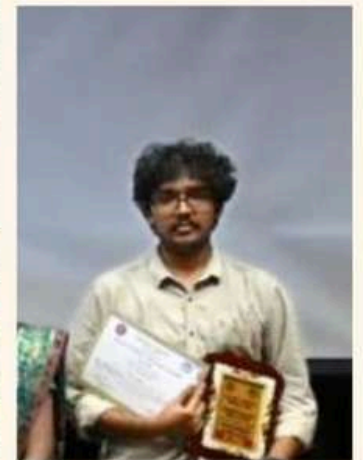
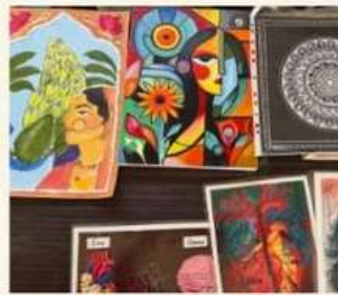
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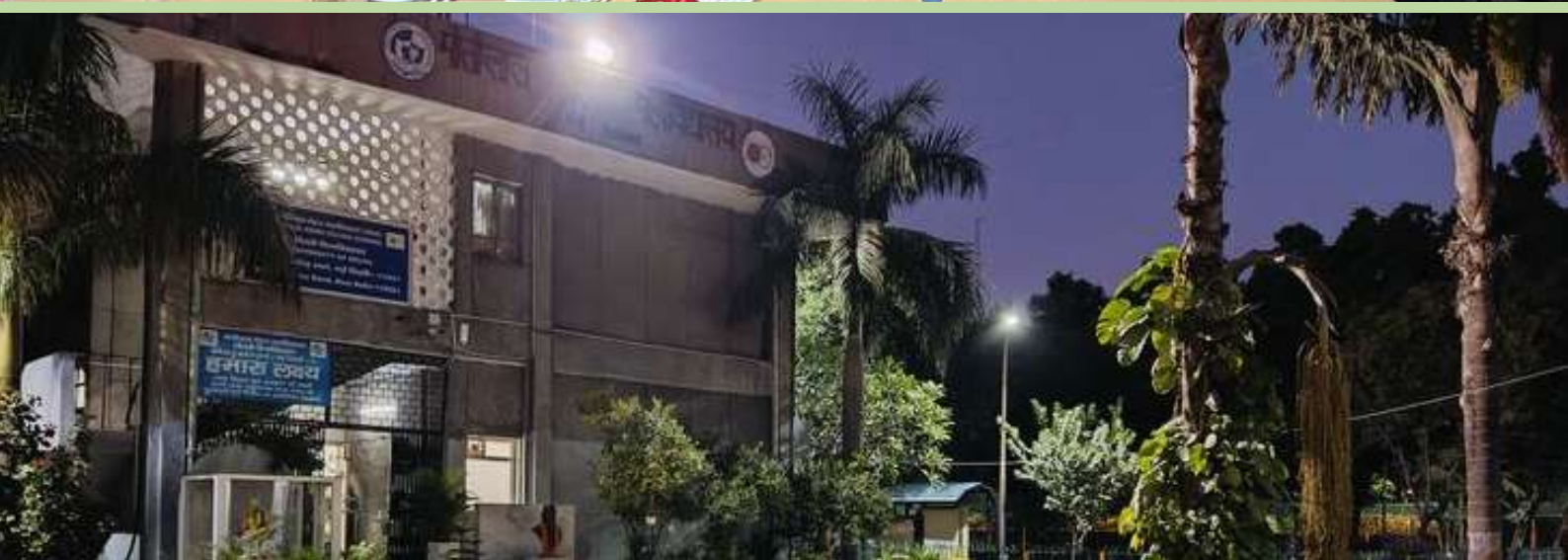






























**मोतीलाल नेहरू महाविद्यालय**

**दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय**

**बेनिटो जुआरेज़ मार्ग, साउथ कैंपस**

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