

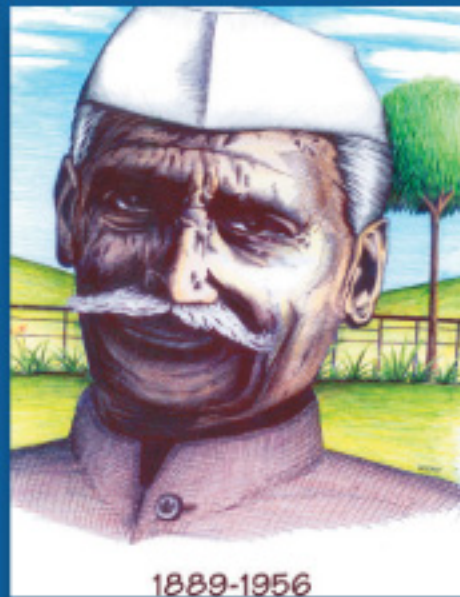
# Insight 2014



OPEN EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES  
FOSS  
WIKIEDUCATOR  
DHWANI  
ECPDT  
ANNUAL THEATRE PRODUCTION  
NUKKAD NATAK  
DHUN  
SPICMACAY  
RESEARCH BY STUDENTS  
ELITE  
SURVEY REPORTS  
IEDC  
INNOVATION PROJECTS  
OSDD  
PUBLICATIONS  
NSS SAHYOG DIWALI MELA  
BLOOD DONATION CAMPS  
EOC  
SAKSHAM  
SASHAKT  
EXPLORE  
PARITANTRA  
TRAINING AND PLACEMENT  
ENTREPRENEURSHIP LABORATORY  
BUSINESS INCUBATOR  
PLACEMENT CELL  
SPIE  
OPAL  
ROER4D  
CREATIVE COMMONS  
SPORTS

ACHARYA NARENDRA DEV COLLEGE

*Beyond the Classroom...*



ACHARYA NARENDRA DEV



University of Delhi | दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय  
Delhi-110007 | दिल्ली-110007



# Antardhvani 2014

(February 14-16, 2014)

This certificate is awarded to Acharya Narendra Dev College of  
\_\_\_\_\_ for participating  
in Awards of Good Practices Event during  
Cultural Festival, Antardhvani - 2014. ~~He/She~~ was awarded Third  
(IIIrd) position.

February 16, 2014

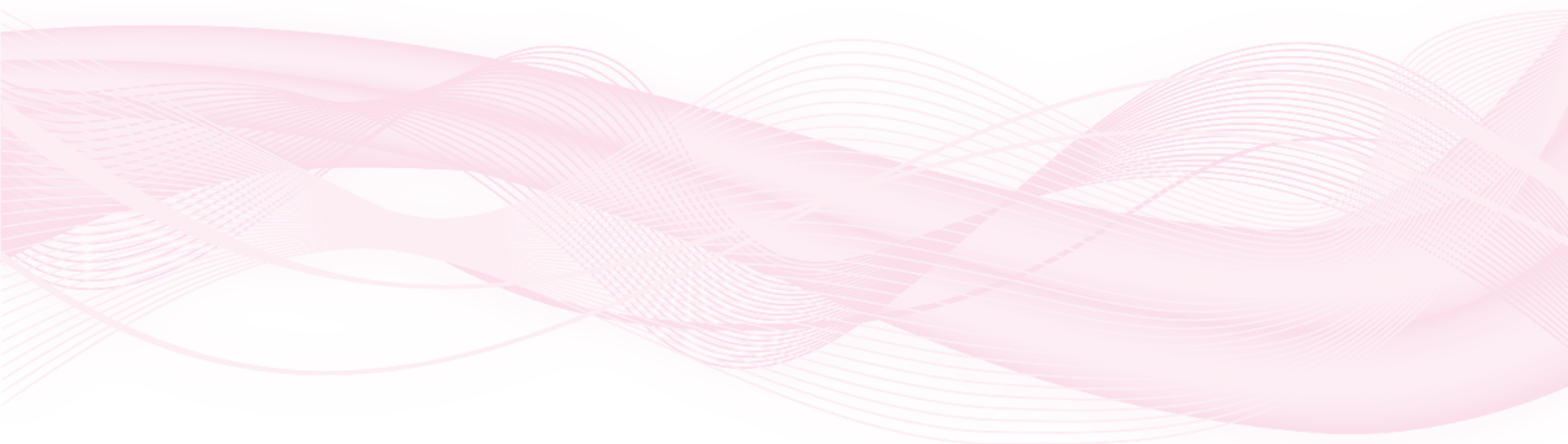
  
Prof. Malashri Lal  
Chairperson, Antardhvani - 2014



# Insight 2014

The Acharya Narendra Dev College Magazine





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## From the Principal's Desk

As I sit to pen down a few lines for the 'Insight' our annual magazine, I am in high spirits – recently we were declared third prize-winners in the 'Award for Good Practices' at Antardhvani 2014. The theme for the year was '4YUP' – the new 4 year Undergraduate Programme. The competition was tough – all colleges of the University were participating this year – but we pulled through with flying colours!

We had started the new session with butterflies in our stomachs – the 4YUP was nascent under the Indian setup, the expectations were high, the structure was unfamiliar, reception was not warm, there were too many questions, admissions caused trepidation, space allocation/time-tables were difficult (specially with many courses to be integrated into each section for foundation courses) – all in all we were quite unprepared. However, like we usually do when we are faced with any new situation, we took it as a challenge – we held several meetings amongst the faculty on dealing with the new curriculum, the pedagogy to be adopted, the resources that could be used, suggestions for projects, and on the handling of a heterogeneous group within the classroom. We had meetings with 4YUP students to discuss the new structure, the grouping, the approach, the expectations, the projects.... Things soon fell into place and we were on our way with full enthusiasm.

This year will also be marked in our calendar as the year when we again got international recognition – this time Acharya Narendra Dev College was recognized as an 'Affiliate of Creative Commons in India', along with Wikimedia India (both public leads) and Centre for Internet and Society (legal Lead) (<http://www.creativecommons.org.in/>). This came after we put in many years working on Open Educational Resources and advocating its creation and use on a large scale. Together, the three new affiliate organizations re-launched Creative Commons in India, where Minister of State for Human Resource Development, Dr. Shashi Tharoor was the Chief Guest.

The third recognition the college was able to achieve was the grant of a Business Incubator (BI) to the college by Ministry of Micro, Small and Medium Enterprise (MSME), Government of India. We are the first college to be granted the BI in the University of Delhi. This obviously, was due to the hard work put in by the Innovation and Entrepreneurship Development Cell (IEDC) of the college. We followed up activities of the Centre with creation of an Entrepreneurship Laboratory which went on to launch of 'ANDY – AND Youth' – a student-company that makes and markets herbal products for personal care. This is the first Campus Company in the University!

The year was also remarkable in that the first student registered for Ph.D under one of our faculty members was awarded her degree!

Student activities this year were at an all-time-high. Students elections, annual theatre production, annual cultural fest, theatre fest, participation in cultural events at Antardhvani, two student-groups selected on the basis of projects for Gyanodaya IV, students' paper presentations at conferences, Sports week followed by Sports Day – these and the other 'Beyond the Classroom....' activities showed high student-participation and great enthusiasm! This edition of Insight has also seen many student-editors managing all aspects of its publication.

Kudos to the students and the editorial team for this excellent publication!



*Dr. Savithri Singh*  
Principal





Mriganki Singh  
B.Sc. Life Science (IV Sem)



# हिन्दी भाग



## संपादकीय

जैसा कि शास्त्रोक्त है –

“न चौरहार्यं न च राजहार्यं न भ्रातृभाज्यं न च भारकारि।

व्यये कृते वर्द्धत एव नित्यं विद्याधनं सर्वधनप्रधानम्।”

अर्थात् “विद्या एक ऐसा धन है जिसे कोई चोर चुरा नहीं सकता, कोई राजा छीन नहीं सकता, किसी भाई के द्वारा बाँटी नहीं जा सकती और विद्यावान् होने पर बोझ की अनुभूति भी नहीं होती। विद्यारूपी धन एक ऐसा धन है जो नित्य व्यय करने से और बढ़ता है।” इसीलिए महाविद्यालय विद्यार्जन एवं उन्नति का केन्द्र होता है। उन्नति का अभिप्राय केवल शैक्षिक उन्नति से ही नहीं अपितु वैचारिक एवं सामाजिक उन्नति से भी है। कभी-कभी प्रकाश में आया है कि विद्वान हो जाने पर भी व्यक्ति का मानसिक एवं वैचारिक स्तर निम्न ही रहता है जैसा कि शास्त्रों में भी कहा गया है—“शास्त्राण्यधीत्यापि भवन्ति मूर्खाः”। हमारे महाविद्यालय की पत्रिका उसी वैचारिक उन्नति को प्रस्फुटित करने का प्रयत्न करती है।

प्रत्येक वर्ष की भाँति महाविद्यालय आपके समक्ष “इनसाइट” पत्रिका प्रस्तुत कर रहा है। “इनसाइट”, जो कि अवगत कराती है महाविद्यालय की शैक्षिक, सांस्कृतिक एवं खेलकूद की गतिविधियों से। इनसाइट, विद्यार्थियों के पारस्परिक विचारों के आदान-प्रदान का एक माध्यम है।

इनसाइट, युवा कवि एवं लेखक जिन्होंने अभी लिखना प्रारम्भ किया है, उनकी प्रतिभा को सहेजने तथा सम्पूर्ण सत्र की महाविद्यालय की गतिविधियों से अवगत कराने का प्रयत्न करती है।

प्रत्येक वर्ष की भाँति महाविद्यालय के संपादक मण्डल ने इस पत्रिका में कक्षा से लेकर क्रीडास्थल, पुस्तकालय, कैटीन व अन्य छात्र जीवन के क्रियाकलापों का संक्षिप्त वर्णन किया है। साथ ही साथ यह पत्रिका विभिन्न शैक्षिक एवं सांस्कृतिक गतिविधियों से सुसज्जित है। पत्रिका में कुछ रचनायें देशभक्ति से ओत-प्रोत, सामाजिक एवं कुछ हृदय को झकजोर देने वाली महिला उत्पीड़न से सम्बन्धित रचनायें हैं।

यह मेरे सौभाग्य एवं हर्ष का विषय है कि इस बार इनसाइट पत्रिका के हिन्दी संपादन का दायित्व मुझे प्रदान किया गया। मुझे श्री राजेश चौधरी सर एवं अन्य अध्यापक-अध्यापिकाओं के निर्देशन में बहुत कुछ सीखने को मिला। पत्रिका में प्रकाशित गद्यलेख, कवितायें इत्यादि स्वरचित एवं छात्रों के अपने विचार हैं। हमारी टीम ने इस पत्रिका को त्रुटिरहित एवं सुन्दर बनाने का पूर्ण प्रयास किया है, आप सभी साहित्य रस का लुत्फ उठायें।

आज समाज में सात्विक प्रवृत्तियों के लोप होने से दिन प्रतिदिन मिथ्याचार एवं तमस् बढ़ता जा रहा है। हमें आवश्यकता है कि कदम से कदम मिलाकर अधर्म के प्रति शंखनाद करने का संकल्प लें।

अन्त में मैं श्री माखनलाल चतुर्वेदी जी की दो पंक्तियों के साथ अपनी बात को विराम देता हूँ—

‘द्वार बलि का खोल चल भूडोल कर दे,

दो हथेली हैं कि पृथ्वी गोल कर दे।’



## शहरी दुनिया के बुजुर्ग

अभिषेक सिंह  
वनस्पति विज्ञान विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

बुजुर्ग वो वर्ग है जो जीवन के सफर के आखिरी पड़ाव पर है। जो बचपन के सपनों में गोते लगा चुका है जो जीवन के तेज में उड़ चुका है और जिसने विजय और पराजय सभी देखी है। वो कभी खुश भी हुआ था कभी निराश भी। कभी सम्मानित हुआ कभी अपमान का कड़ा घूँट भी पिया। वो जीवन के हर रंग से वाकिफ है। पर अब एक खाली सूनसान मैदान की तरह उस दिन का इंतजार करता है जिस दिन अंतिम बार सूरज उगेगा और उसके जीवन का सूर्य हमेशा के लिए अस्त हो जाएगा।

जिसका शरीर दिन पर दिन ढल रहा है जो दिखने में कुरूप है जो सिर्फ अब बोझ है। उसकी बूढ़ी आखों में आसू रहते हैं जो किसी को नहीं दिखते। उसकी आवाज भले ही सामान्य लगती हो पर उसमें एक दर्द छिपा होता है जिसे सुनने के लिये शहरों में कोई नहीं है।

नई शहरी पीढ़ी बुजुर्गों को समझने में बिल्कुल असमर्थ है। हमने उनकी अलग थलग दुनिया को समझने की कोशिश की है। एक बुजुर्ग जो सारी जिंदगी के तजुर्बों के खजानों का मिश्रण है वो आज की "मॉडर्न" दुनिया में खुद को पिछड़ा समझता है। वो नई पीढ़ी को अपने तजुर्बे और अपनी विरासत सौंपना तो चाहता है पर शहरी दुनिया की इस नयी पीढ़ी को वो सब व्यर्थ लगता है। उनके तौर तरीके जो की भूमंडलीकरण और आज की फास्ट फूड की दुनिया से प्रभावित हैं वो बुजुर्गों को अपने से नहीं लगते और वो खुद को इस दुनिया में अकेला महसूस करते हैं।

दोनों पीढ़ियों के विचारों में हमेशा मतभेद देखने को मिलता है और दोनों की प्राथमिकतायें भी अलग होती हैं। एक पीढ़ी तेजी से आर्थिक विकास की दौड़ में है और दूसरी अकेलेपन में जीती है। एक पीढ़ी को फुसरत नहीं की वो घर के सभी सदस्यों का हाल पूछ सके वहीं दूसरी पीढ़ी आस पड़ोस के और दूर दराज के रिश्तों को भी निभाने में विश्वास करती है। त्यौहार जो की वृद्धों के लिए उनके पूरे परिवार के साथ होने और मिल जुल के मनाने में है वो भी शहरी जिंदगी को खटकता है, शहरी दुनिया में त्यौहारों का रूप मार्केट तय करती है। जो त्यौहार पहले घर के आँगन में मिल बैठ कर मनाए जाते थे वो आज छोटे छोटे समूहों में माल्स और मूवी थियेटर्स में मनाए जाते हैं।

इस नई दुनिया में जो कि आधुनिक तकनीक की पटरी पर चलती है वह खुद को अनजान मानते हैं और इस से जुड़ी समस्याओं को समझ न पाने के कारण परिवार में जो उनका श्रेष्ठ स्थान था वो खो रहा है। जहाँ पहले इस वर्ग को अनुभवी और समझदार समझा जाता था और घर के हर अहम निर्णयों व समस्याओं में सलाह ली जाती थी वहीं आज इन्हें अनदेखा कर दिया जाता है। इस कारण वृद्ध आज निराश और खुद को हारा हुआ महसूस करते हैं। ये उनके सामने दो रास्ते खोलती है। एक तो ये की खुद को पूरी तरह इस आधुनिक दुनिया से अलग कर लें और दूसरा यह कि इसमें मिलने का प्रयास करें। जबकि बहुत वृद्ध खुद को अलग कर लेते हैं वहीं कुछ इस नयी दुनिया के तौर तरीकों से जुड़ने की कोशिश कर रहे हैं। यह एक सकारात्मक नजरिया है, परिवर्तन तो संसार का नियम है और इसके साथ कदम से कदम मिला कर चलना ही समझदारी है। पर ये सिर्फ कोशिशें ही हैं।

सच्चाई तो ये ही है कि शहरी जीवन मनुष्यता पर भारी आघात करता है और बुजुर्गों के प्रति परिवार में कोई सम्मान का भाव नहीं बचता। उनका अकेलापन और मानसिक खिंचाव उन्हें अक्सर चिढ़चिढ़ा बना देता है। इन्ही सब कारणों से घर में तकरार और क्लेश तक होने लगते हैं। युवा वर्ग बुजुर्गों से यही अपेक्षा रखता है कि वो घरेलू मसलों में चुप ही रहें और अपना ध्यान धार्मिक किताबों में ही रखें। धार्मिक चैनल भी इसका एक अच्छा



विकल्प हो सकते हैं। इन चैनलों पर भी एक बड़ा सामाजिक दायित्व है, इन्हें देखने से कोई सामाजिक परिवर्तन आए ना आए वृद्धों का तो खाली समय व्यतीत हो ही जाता है और जाने कितने घर बेकार की बहस से बच जाते हैं। आखिर धर्म और अध्यात्म तो इस वर्ग की सार्वजनिक रुचि होती है। अपने खाली समय को बिताने और अपने मन की निराशा और अवसाद को दूर करने का ये एक अच्छा जरिया है, जिस समय कुछ भी कर पाने में असमर्थ होते हैं तो ये विषय मन को सहारा प्रदान करते हैं, शहरी जीवन का मूल केंद्र अर्थ है। सारा शहरी जीवन इसी के इर्द गिर्द घूमता है, तो इस नजरिये के कारण वृद्धावस्था बहुत ही कमजोर बन जाती है, शहरी जीवन में आखिर बोझ हर वर्ग के लिए स्वाभाविक है और क्योंकि वृद्ध पूरी तरह से एक निर्भर वर्ग है वो बोझ बन जाते हैं, और शहरी जीवन हद तो तब कर देता है जब इस रोज के बोझ से बचने के लिए मानवीय मूल्यों को तार तार कर संतान अपने ही बूढ़े माँ बाप को या तो घर से निकाल देती है या वृद्धाश्रमों में छोड़ आती है।

बहुत अफसोस की बात है कि माँ-बाप चाहे कैसी भी स्थिति में हो मिलकर दस बच्चों की देखभाल तो कर सकते हैं पर दस बच्चे मिलकर भी दो बूढ़े माँ बाप की देखभाल नहीं कर सकते....। वास्तव में मनुष्य ने सही मायनों में मशीनी युग में प्रवेश कर लिया है। मशीनों के बीच रहते-रहते वो खुद मशीन बन चुका है। बच्चे का जन्म एक अविकसित मशीन का जन्म है जिसे तुरंत ही काम करने लायक बनाने की प्रक्रिया आरंभ हो जाती है, फिर उससे उम्र भर काम लिया जाता है और फिर जब काम के लायक नहीं बचता तो फेंक दिया जाता है। परंतु क्यूंकी ये बेकार मशीन पुराने मॉडेल की है तो इसमें कुछ मनुष्यता अभी जिंदा है। चाहे मनुष्य में लाख बुराईयाँ हों पर एक बहुत अच्छा हुनर है वो कभी हार नहीं मानता और अपने रास्ते बना ही लेता है। इसी हुनर के जरिए वृद्ध भी खुद का वजूद इस समाज में जिंदा रख पा रहे हैं। किसी ना किसी प्रकार वो मन को बहलाने और अपने दर्द को भूलने का इंतजाम कर ही लेते हैं। इसके शहरी समाज में कई उदाहरण सामने आते हैं। यहाँ दुनिया की नजर में तो अच्छे स्वास्थ्य के लक्ष्य से जाना जाता है परंतु शारीरिक स्वास्थ्य से ज्यादा बुजुर्गों की यहाँ रुचि मानसिक स्वास्थ्य से है। किसी भी शहरी पार्क में सुबह या शाम के समय बड़े समूहों में बुजुर्ग देखे जा सकते हैं। वो मिल बैठकर एक दूसरे को अपने शारीरिक दुखों के साथ-साथ भावनात्मक दर्द को भी साझा करते हैं, सभी की एक जैसी ही समस्याएं होने के कारण उन्हें एक मानसिक सहारे का अनुभव होता है, उन्हें एहसास होता है कि हम अकेले नहीं हैं। साथ ही साथ ये पार्क एक अति आधुनिक समाचार प्रणाली की तरह भी काम करते हैं। इलाके के किसी भी घर की घटना यहाँ मिनटों में पूरे इलाके के एक एक घर तक पहुँच जाती है, यहाँ होने वाली मुख्य चर्चाएं शारीरिक तकलीफों या अस्पतालों, धार्मिक व आध्यात्मिक या फिर बदलते सामाजिक रंग ढंग में से ही किसी पर होती हैं। पार्क अपने आप में एक संस्था है जो वृद्धों की मूल जरूरतों को पूरा करती है जो मुख्य रूप से भावनात्मक सहारा ही है। अक्सर इस उम्र में आते आते बुजुर्ग अपना साथी खो देते हैं और अकेले पड़ जाते हैं। इसका भी विकल्प शहरी दुनिया में विकसित हुआ है। अब नये समय में पुरानी रूढ़िवादी सोच को धकेलते हुए बुजुर्गों के पुनर्विवाह संबंधों को समाज स्वीकृति दे रहा है। इसके अलावा लिव इन रिलेशनशिप जैसी प्रथाएँ भी वृद्ध समाज में देखने को मिल रही हैं। जीवन की नदी को जितना मर्जी रोक लो, वो अपने रास्ते खोज ही लेती है। दबा दो कितना भी गहरा पर नया पौधा तो हर बंधन को तोड़ बाहर निकलता ही है, और बुजुर्ग अपने जीवन की संध्या में ही सही पर जीना नहीं भूले, चहकना नहीं भूले मुस्कुराना नहीं भूले...

## विद्यार्थी जीवन कैसा हो ?

ऋषभ भारद्वाज  
भौतिक विज्ञान विशेष, छठा सत्र

विद्यार्थी जीवन में नियम, संयम, ब्रह्मचर्य एवं आचार का अत्यधिक महत्व है।

आधुनिक वातावरण में लोगों को विभिन्न प्रकार की आवश्यकताएँ तथा अपेक्षाएँ रहती हैं, वे शास्त्रोक्त विधि-निषेध के पालन करने में सशक्ति रहते हैं तथा अपने कार्यकलापों से भौतिक लाभ प्राप्त करने की अपेक्षा करते हैं। अपने ऋषि-महर्षियों द्वारा प्रणीत जीवनचर्या के सिद्धान्तों का पालन करने से आध्यात्मिक लाभ तो हैं ही साथ ही भौतिक लाभ भी प्राप्त होते हैं। अतः महाविद्यालय की इस वार्षिक पत्रिका के माध्यम से आपके समक्ष संक्षिप्त में वेदों, पुराणों, उपनिषदों में बतायी गयी विद्यार्थी दिनचर्या एवं जीवनशैली को प्रस्तुत कर रहा हूँ।

विद्या ददाति विनयं विनयात् याति पात्रताम्।  
पात्रत्वाद्धनमाप्नोति धनात् धर्मः ततोसुखम्।

अर्थात् विद्या से विनय की प्राप्ति होती है, विनय से सच्चरित्र का निर्माण होता है तथा पात्रता से धनार्जन सुगमता से किया जा सकता है एवं धन से धर्म का पालन होता है और धर्म से सुख की प्राप्ति होती है।

विष्णुसहस्रनाम श्लोक संख्या १३७ में कहा गया है,

‘आचारप्रभवो धर्मो धर्मस्य प्रभुरच्युतः’

अर्थात् जीवन के उत्कर्ष के लिए तथा अपने कल्याण के लिए आचारधर्म अर्थात् सदाचार का पालन ही मनुष्य का मुख्य धर्म है। जिसका अनुशीलन कर व्यक्ति अनेकानेक आपदाओं, रोगों, अभिचारों से सुरक्षित रहकर पूर्ण आरोग्य तथा धर्म, अर्थ, काम और मोक्ष सभी को प्राप्त करने में सक्षम हो जाता है।

नरोहताहारविहारसेवी समीक्ष्यकारी विषयेष्वसक्तः।

दाता समः सत्यपरः क्षमावानाप्तोपसेवी च भवत्यरोऽनः।

जो व्यक्ति सदैव हितकर आहार-विहार का सेवन करता है, सोच समझकर कार्य करता है, विषयों में आसक्त नहीं होता, जो दानशील, समत्व बुद्धि से युक्त, सत्यपरायण, क्षमावान, वृद्धजनों की सेवा करने वाला है, वह नीरोग होता है।

‘ब्राह्मे मुहूर्ते बुध्येत् धर्मार्थौ चानुचिन्तयेत्’

अर्थात् सभी को ब्रह्म मुहूर्त में उठ जाना चाहिए। इस समय वायु अत्यन्त शीतल एवं मधुर होती है। इस समय में चन्द्रकिरणों से अमृत का क्षरण होता है, इसलिए इस काल को विद्याध्ययन की दृष्टि से सर्वोत्तम माना गया है।

मनुस्मृति में कहा गया है

अभिवादनशीलस्य नित्यं वृद्धोपसेविनः।

चत्वारि तस्य वर्धन्ते आयुर्विद्या यशोबलम्।

अर्थात् जो जन श्रेष्ठ एवं वृद्धों की नियमित सेवा, अभिवादन करते हैं उनके यश, विद्या, आयु तथा बल में वृद्धि होती

है। भौतिकी के अनुसार यथा ऊर्जा अधिक ताप की वस्तु से कम ताप की वस्तु की ओर प्रवाहित होती है, उसी प्रकार कनिष्ठों के द्वारा श्रेष्ठों के चरणस्पर्श करने से यश, विद्या, आयु तथा बल रूपी ऊर्जा (संस्कार) श्रेष्ठजन से कनिष्ठ की ओर प्रवाहित होती है।

विद्या विवादाय धनमदाय शक्तिं परेषां परिपीडनाय  
खलस्य साधोः विपरीतमेतद् ज्ञानाय दानाय च रक्षणाय।

अर्थात् विद्या का उपयोग बहस में, धन का उपयोग व्यसन में तथा शक्ति का उपयोग दूसरों को सताने में करना—ये अच्छे लोगों के गुण नहीं हैं, अपितु श्रेष्ठजनों के गुण हैं—विद्या का उपयोग ज्ञान में करना, धन का उपयोग दान में करना तथा शक्ति का उपयोग दूसरों की रक्षा में करना।

मनुस्मृति में धर्म के दस लक्षण बताए गए हैं,

धृतिः क्षमा दमोऽस्तेयं शौचमिन्द्रियनिग्रहः।  
धीर्विद्या सत्यमक्रोधोदशकं धर्म लक्षणम्।

क्षमा, चोरी न करना, प्रतिदिन शौच—इन्द्रियनिग्रह, धैर्य, सत्य तथा अक्रोध इत्यादि को धर्म का लक्षण बताया गया है।

काकचेष्टा वकोध्यानम् श्वाननिद्रा तथैव च।  
अल्पाहारी गृहत्यागी विद्यार्थी पंचलक्षणम्।

अर्थात् विद्यार्थियों में पाँच लक्षण होने चाहिए— कौए की तरह चेष्टा, बगुले की तरह ध्यान, कुत्ते की तरह नींद, कम भोजन करने वाला तथा घर का त्याग करने वाला।

षड्दोषाः पुरुषेणेह हातव्या भ्रूतिमिच्छता।  
निद्रा तन्द्रा भयं क्रोधः आलस्यं दीर्घसूत्रता।

अर्थात् अग्रलिखित छः दोष पुरुषों को त्याग देने चाहिए—नींद, आँगना, डर, गुस्सा, आलसी प्रवृत्ति एवं देर से कार्य करना।

न चौहार्यं न च राजहार्यं न भ्रातृभ्राज्यं न च भ्रातृकारि।  
व्यये कृते वर्द्धत एव नित्यं विद्याधनं सर्वधनं प्रधानम्।

अर्थात् विद्या एक ऐसा धन है जिसे कोई चोर चुरा नहीं सकता, कोई राजा छीन नहीं सकता, किसी भाई के द्वारा बाँटी नहीं जा सकती और विद्यावान् होने पर बोज़ की अनुभूति भी नहीं होती। विद्यारूपी धन एक ऐसा धन है जो नित्य खर्च करने से और बढ़ता है।



## चोरी

मयंक

बी.एस.सी. फिजिकल साइंस, चौथा सत्र

कड़ाके की सर्दी थी उन दिनों। दिसम्बर का महीना था, ऊपर से कोहरा इतना कि बमुश्किल 10 फुट दूर का भी न दिखे। मोहल्ले में पाँच-सात घर ही थे और सामने थी छोटी नहर, नहर की दूसरी तरफ रोड था और रोड के दूसरी तरफ थी कोठी। कोठी ऐसी कि देखने वाला चार घड़ी देखता रह जाए। बिजनेस जबरदस्त था और पुरखों की जमीन भी कोठी वालों की। कसबे के चुनिन्दा रहीसों में से एक। कोठी के साथ में थी एक चाय की दुकान, उस दुकान पर ट्रक चालक रात-बेरात चाय-नाश्ते के लिए रुक जाया करते थे। नहर जो सूखी पड़ी थी 3-4 सालों से सावन का इन्तजार कर रही थी।

जो पाँच-सात घर थे उनसे थोड़ी दूर था जोहड़ जिसमें सारे कस्बे का गंदा पानी छोड़ा जाता था। ये जोहड़ बाढ़ के समय नगरपालिका द्वारा खोदा गया था ताकि आस-पड़ोस का पानी उसमें छोड़ा जा सके। उसकी शक्ल से भी ऐसा लगता था मानो उसे भी उस पानी से नफरत हो गई हो। जोहड़ के किनारे बनी थी सीमेंट फ़ैक्ट्री, जो कंगाली का कर्जा खाकर खुद काली पड़ चुकी थी वो भी बरसों पहले। फ़ैक्ट्री के नाम पर वह जंगल में बदल चुकी थी। चारों ओर पेड़ ही पेड़ थे। फ़ैक्ट्री के पास दिनदहाड़े भी लूट-पाट होने लगी थी।

बहरहाल जो पाँच-सात घर थे उनमें से एक घर रामसिंह का था। रामसिंह के एक बेटा था और दो बेटियाँ। बेटियों की उम्र ब्याहने लायक हो चुकी थी। रामसिंह और उसका बेटा भाड़े का ट्रक चलाते थे। उस रात भी रामसिंह ने गाड़ी खाली करके घर के सामने खड़ी कर दी और रात को सोते वक्त उसका बेटा आकाश ट्रक में ही सो गया।

रात को दो-ढाई के करीब एक टाटा चार सौ सात रोड पर रुकी। उसमें से चार-पाँच आदमी उतरे, नहर की छोटी पुलिया पार की और ट्रक के पास रुक गए। सबसे पहले मोहल्ले का कुत्ता जो सबसे वफादार था उसे शांत किया गया।

लगभग पाँच मिनट बाद आकाश ने महसूस किया कि ट्रक कुछ हिला। उसने शीशे में से देखा कि चोर ट्रक के टायर उतार रहे हैं। उसे माजरा समझते देर न लगी। झट उसने चारे में सोये उसके बाप को फोन खटखटाया। फोन की खटखटाहट सुनते ही चोर भाग खड़े हुए।

आकाश नीचे उतरा और पाया कि पीछे के चारों टायर गायब हैं। घर में मानों कोहराम सा मच गया। रामसिंह और आकाश ने घर से मोटरसाइकिल निकाली और झट चोरों के पीछे लगा दी। आकाश ने उस फट-फटिया को 110 पर दौड़ा दिया, सर्दी के मारे हाथ खून-उबल रहे थे। फिर यकायक चोरों को कुछ आभास हुआ और टाटा से पत्थरों की बौछार शुरू। आकाश को दो-चार पत्थर सिर पर और बाहों पर लगे। उसने झट लाईट बंद की और अँधेरे में चोरों के पीछे दौड़ता रहा।

कुछ देर बाद गाड़ी एक गाँव में रुकी आकाश ने मोटरसाइकिल भी कुछ दूरी पर ही रोक दी। उसने देखा कि चोरों ने एक और ट्रक पर हाथ साफ किया। इतने में घर से एक महिला बाहर आयी जिसे चाकू दिखा उल्टा घर में ही बंद कर दिया। गाड़ी फिर दौड़ने लगी और आकाश की मोटरसाइकिल भी। रास्ते में चौकी देख रामसिंह नीचे उतर गया और आकाश का पीछा करता रहा। रामसिंह व पुलिसकर्मी उसी रास्ते पर चोरों का पीछा करने लगे। रास्ते में देखा कि आकाश व बाइक लहुलुहान पड़े हैं। इतने में कि रामसिंह उसे उठाता आकाश दम तोड़ चुका था। रामसिंह के आँखों से आंसू निकल आए।

## विज्ञापन और स्त्री

बिसाल दास  
वनस्पति विज्ञान, द्वितीय सत्र

जब ईश्वर ने मानव को रचा तब स्त्री एवं पुरुष को एक समान बनाया, अगर कोई भेद रखा भी तो वह केवल जैविक था। अगर हम स्त्री और पुरुष को मानसिक रूप से देखें तो वे एक समान हैं। समाज में स्त्री और पुरुष का एक सा योगदान रहा है, न कोई कम न कोई ज्यादा। समाज में पुरुष का भी अपना योगदान है और स्त्री का भी। जैसे कि हम जानते हैं कि पुरुष स्त्री से शारीरिक तौर पर ज्यादा मजबूत होता है, इस कारण पुरुष घर से बाहर के काम काज को संभालता आया है। इस प्रकार स्त्री को भी घर के काम काज को संभालना पड़ा। समाज में यह प्रक्रिया समय के साथ एक नदी की तरह आगे बढ़ती ही चली गई। मानव के शुरुआती दौर तक तो यह ठीक था पर धीरे-धीरे यह स्त्रियों के जीवन को सीमित करने लगा। स्त्री धीरे-धीरे घर तक सीमित होने लगीं और उनका महत्व समाज की नजर में गिरने लगा। इस तरह एक ऐसे समाज ने जन्म लिया जिसमें स्त्री समाज के बनाए सिलबट्टे में पिसती रहती है।

हम एक ऐसे समाज में रह और रहते आये हैं जिसमें स्त्री का दर्जा पुरुष के सामने दूसरा रहा है। चाहे कितनी भी काबिलियत हो एक स्त्री में पर उसे पुरुष के अधीन ही समझा जाता है। एक स्त्री की अगर व्याख्या करें तो हम यही कहेंगे कि एक स्त्री सुन्दर, कोमल और करुणा की देवी होती है, परन्तु यह सब हम उसकी प्रशंसा के लिए इस्तेमाल न करके उसकी इनसे एक नई छवि बनाने की कोशिश करते हैं। स्त्री को समान अधिकार भी नहीं दिए जाते क्योंकि हमारा समाज यह मानता आया है कि स्त्री पुरुष के समान नहीं हो सकती। स्त्री के व्यक्तित्व को भी कोई एहमियत नहीं दी जाती।

जैसे कि हमारा समाज पुरुष प्रधान समाज है तो यह स्त्री को पुरुष के मुकाबले कम एहमियत देता है। हमारा समाज स्त्री को कई बंधनों में रखता है। स्त्री को कभी पढ़ने का अधिकार नहीं दिया जाता तो कभी उन्हें घर से बाहर काम करने को नहीं दिया जाता। अगर कोई स्त्री अपनी पहचान बना भी लेती है तो उसका महत्व पुरुष से कम ही होता है। समाज की नजर में स्त्री सेवा प्रदान करने वाली वस्तु बनके रह गई है। अब स्त्री की पहचान केवल होती भी है तो उसकी सुंदरता के कारण। स्त्री के मूल अधिकार को छीन के, उसे पुरुष से छोटा समझ कर एक नई छवि समाज रच रहा है।

जैसे कि हम जानते हैं कि शिक्षा का अधिकार सब के लिए होता है। पर कई बार स्त्री को शिक्षा प्रदान करने में सवाल उठे हैं। पुरुष के मुकाबले स्त्री का शिक्षित होना समाज को पसंद नहीं। लोगों का नजरिया ऐसा बना है कि वह सोचते हैं कि स्त्री घर में काम-काज करने के लिए और पुरुष की सेवा के लिए होती है, तो इसे शिक्षा की क्या आवश्यकता है। साथ में ऐसी मानसिकता भी बनती आई है कि स्त्री घर से बाहर काम नहीं कर सकती। वह पुरुष के साथ कंधे से कंधा मिला कर नहीं चल सकती। अगर किसी के घर में कोई लड़की यह सोचती है कि वह कुछ करेगी तो उससे पहले उसके शादी की बात कर दी जाती है। आज के इस आधुनिक समय की बात करें तो यहाँ पर ज्यादा तर काम दिमाग से होता है। शारीरिक तौर पर जो काम हुआ करते थे उनकी जगह अब मशीनों ने ले ली है। इससे हम यह कह सकते हैं कि स्त्री भी आज पुरुष के समान बाहर काम कर सकती है परन्तु समाज इस बात को बढ़ावा नहीं देता।

एक आदमी की पहचान अगर कोई चीज कराती है तो वह उसकी आर्थिक स्थिति है। आर्थिक स्थिति जिस इंसान कि अच्छी है उसका नाम समाज में अधिक होता है। अगर हम यही बात एक स्त्री को ध्यान में रख कर करें तो हमें यह पता चलेगा कि कई महिलाओं की अपनी एक पूंजी नहीं होती। हम अगर एक पुरुष और एक स्त्री की बात

करें तो स्त्री की आर्थिक स्थिति पुरुषों से अच्छी नहीं होती। इस बात को हम साबित भी कर सकते हैं। आपने यह तो देखा ही होगा कि जब किसी की शादी होती है तब दुल्हन अपने पति के घर या अपनी ससुराल जाती है पर वह दूल्हा अपनी पत्नी के घर नहीं जाता। यह ऐसा इसलिए होता है क्योंकि एक स्त्री के पास अपनी कोई पूंजी नहीं होती। समाज में एक यह चलन भी देखने को मिलता है कि कोई भी अपनी सम्पत्ति अपने बेटे के नाम या उनके घर में किसी पुरुष के नाम पर ही करता है। स्त्रियों को अपनी एक मजबूत आर्थिक स्थिति बनाने का मौका समाज ने कम ही दिया है।

हमने अभी कई चीजों के बारे में विचार किया कि महिलाओं कि कोई आर्थिक स्थिति नहीं होती, उनके शिक्षा ग्रहण करने पर भी सवाल उठें हैं और उन्हें पुरुष के समान काम करने का अधिकार भी बहुत कम दिया जाता है। परन्तु सबसे बड़ी बात जो विचार करने वाली है कि समाज के इन चलन के कारण एक बहुत अजीब तरह की समस्या का जन्म हुआ है, वह है स्त्री जाति के वस्तुकरण की प्रक्रिया। स्त्री की सुंदरता और उसकी कोमलता को उसकी पहचान बनाने की कोशिश समाज में की गई है। समाज कभी एक स्त्री के व्यक्तित्व की बात नहीं करता अगर वह स्त्री को महत्व देता भी है तो उसकी सुंदरता के कारण। अगर हम प्राचीन समाज से आधुनिक समाज तक की एक सैर करें तो हमें ऐसा बहुत कम ही मिलेगा कि स्त्री को उसे उसकी काबिलियत के कारण जाना गया हो। हमारे समाज में स्त्री की सुंदरता ही उसकी पहचान बनती जा रही है और यह सुंदरता केवल चेहरे की नहीं है उसकी शारीरिक सुंदरता भी उसकी पहचान बनती जा रही है।

स्त्री और पुरुष में भेद केवल जैविक है परन्तु हमारे समाज ने लिंग के आधार पर स्त्रियों के साथ भेदभाव सदैव किया है। इस भेदभाव की शक्ल दिन ब दिन बदलती जा रही है, कभी स्त्रियों को महत्व नहीं दिया जाता है तो कभी उनके व्यक्तित्व को भुलाकर उनका वस्तुकरण किया जाता है। यह बात तो सच है कि एक स्त्री सुन्दर एवं कोमल होती है पर इसके आधार पर उनकी पहचान किया जाना और उनके व्यक्तित्व को महत्व न देना गलत है। यह समस्या उच्च वर्ग की महिलाओं के लिए भी है, जैसे कि अगर हम राजा महाराजाओं कि बात करें तो स्त्रियों का इस्तेमाल अपने राज सम्बंध बढ़ाने एवं अपने राज्य के विस्तार के लिए करते थे। एक राज परिवार में भी एक स्त्री का उपयोग रिश्ते बढ़ाने वाली वस्तु के लिए होता था। आज के इस आधुनिक समय में भी उच्च वर्ग कि महिलाओं को भी पुरुषों के हमसफर की जगह एक आनंद देने वाली वस्तु के रूप में ही लिया जाता है।

आज हम मीडिया से चारों तरफ से घिरे हुये हैं और यह हमारे जीवन को प्रभावित कर रहा है। कई तरह के विज्ञापन, फिल्मों एवं नाटकों में स्त्रियों कि छवि ऐसी दिखाई जाती है जो वास्तव में होती ही नहीं है। स्त्रियों को मीडिया में एक आकर्षित करने वाली वस्तु के रूप में दिखाया जाता है। कई कार्यक्रम ऐसे होते हैं जो केवल पुरुषों के लिए होते हैं जिनमें स्त्रियों का कोई काम नहीं वहाँ भी स्त्रियों का इस्तेमाल दर्शक को आकर्षित करने के लिए होता है। कई कार्यक्रम ऐसे भी हैं जो मूल रूप से स्त्रियों कि एक अलग छवि प्रस्तुत करने एवं पुरुषों के आनंद के लिए बने होते हैं। हम यह तो जानते ही हैं कि मीडिया और टेलीविजन हमारे समाज का ही दर्पण हैं। जो समाज में हो रहा है उसकी परछाई हमें मीडिया और टेलीविजन के माध्यम से देखने को मिलती है।

हम अगर अपनी नजर फिल्म जगत की ओर डालें तो हमें देखने को यह मिलेगा कि जितना महत्व अभिनेता का होता है उन्ता महत्व एक अभिनेत्री का नहीं होता। हम अगर कोई भी फिल्म देखें तो एक बात स्पष्ट तो जरूर होती है कि हमारे समाज में पुरुष की एक महान छवि बनाये रखने और स्त्री कि छवि को महत्व न देना सामान्य बनता जा रहा है। एक फिल्म में आपने यह तो गौर किया ही होगा कि अभिनेता का किरदार बहुत अधिक महत्वपूर्ण होता है और वह पूरी फिल्म का एक खास पात्र होता है उसके बिना फिल्म कोई काम की नहीं होती। अगर हम फिल्म में एक अभिनेत्री की बात करें तो हमें यह देखने को मिलता है कि अभिनेत्री का महत्व अभिनेता से कम ही दिखाया गया होता है। अभिनेत्री को एक वस्तु के रूप में दिखाया जाता है, कि उसका काम बस केवल दर्शकों को आकर्षित



करने के लिए है और उनका महत्व कुछ नहीं है।

हम विज्ञापन देखें तो हमें यही समान प्रक्रिया देखने को मिलती है। आपने कई विज्ञापन देखें होंगे और आप 'एक्स डियो' के विज्ञापन को जानते ही होंगे। इस विज्ञापन में एक पुरुष जब इस कमव का प्रयोग करता है तब सारी लड़कियां उसकी ओर आकर्षित होती जाती हैं और उसे चिक मैग्नेट के रूप में दिखाया जाता है। अगर हम 'जिलेट' विज्ञापन देखें जो केवल पुरुषों के लिए है उसमें भी महिलाओं को दर्शाया जाता है। आप ने कई पोस्टर और विज्ञापन ऐसे भी देखे होंगे जिन में स्त्रियों के अंग होते हैं पर उनके पूरे शरीर का इस्तेमाल नहीं किया गया होता। कई गहने के विज्ञापन हैं जिनमें अपने सामान को बेचने के लिये स्त्रियों के अंगों का भी खंडन कर दिया गया है। स्त्री कि छवि ऐसी दिखाई जाती है कि वह एक वस्तु के सिवाए कुछ भी नहीं हैं। कई विज्ञापन में उन्हें सीधे तौर पर यौन वस्तु के रूप में दर्शाया जाता है जिसका काम सिर्फ इस पुरुष को आनंद प्रदान करने का है।

इतना सब जानने और इन बातों पर विचार करने के बाद यह विचार दिमाग में जरूर आता है कि इन सब सोच की जड़ क्या हो सकती है। पर ज्यादातर लोग इसे पुरुषवादी सोच की देन मानेंगे। अगर हम इस पुरुषवादी सोच या पुरुष प्रधान समाज की बात करें तो इसमें पुरुष को प्रधान या सर्वश्रेष्ठ माना जाता है और स्त्री की पहचान उसके सामने कुछ भी नहीं होती। इसमें पुरुष अपने आजादी और अपने अधिकारों का मजा लेते हैं और स्त्री के जीवन को समाज की बनायी बेड़ियों से बांध दिया जाता है। परन्तु अगर हम इस सोच की जड़ पुरुष को मान लें तो यह पूरी तरह से ठीक नहीं होगा। इस सोच को कहीं न कहीं स्त्रियों या महिलाओं ने भी बढ़ावा दिया है। अगर हम घर में कोई बुजुर्ग महिला या दादी नानी से पूछें कि आपको पोता चाहिए या पोती तो उनका जवाब पोता ही होगा। एक परिवार में जब कभी लड़की जन्म लेती है तो उससे न खुश होने वाले लोगों में कई बार स्त्री भी होती है। आज के समय में पुरुष बेशर्मी से यौन या सौंदर्य की दृष्टि से महिलाओं का मूल्यांकन करते हैं यह बात तो सच है परन्तु अपने वस्तुकरण में स्त्रियों का भी योगदान रहा है। सौंदर्य प्रतियोगिताओं में लोगों के सामने महिलाओं का भाग लेना और ग्लैमर की दुनिया के ख्वाब देखना स्त्री जाति को अपनी सुंदरता के बलबूते पर अपनी पहचान बनाने का प्रयास है। आज के समय प्लास्टिक सर्जरी की जाती है ताकि महिलाओं को अपनी सुंदरता के कारण पहचान बनाने का मौका मिले। स्तन वृद्धि और लिबियाप्लास्टि जैसे कई ऑपरेशन किये जाते हैं जिस से एक महिला में शारीरिक सौंदर्य हो। इस कारण स्त्री की सुंदरता उसकी पहचान बनेगी और यह उसका वस्तुकरण ही होगा। जैसे हम किसी भी चीज का मूल्यांकन और उसकी पहचान उसकी सुंदरता और आकर्षकता से करते हैं हम वैस ही स्त्री की भी पहचान करेंगे।

आप ने बार्बी डॉल का तो नाम सुना ही होगा जो छोटी बच्चियों में बहुत लोकप्रिय है। बार्बी डॉल की प्रेरणा एक जर्मन वैश्या से ली गई थी जो अपनी शारीरिक सुंदरता के लिए जानी जाती थी। इससे यह पता चलता है कि यह मानसिकता अब बच्चों में भी डाली जा रही है जो कि अभी के भविष्य हैं।

इन सब चीजों के विपरीत आज अब कहीं न कहीं यह सोच बदलती नजर आ रही है। भले ही इसकी रफ्तार कम है पर समाज में अब सोच बदली है। अब स्त्रियों की जिन्दगी इतनी बंदिशों से भरी नहीं है जितनी कभी हुआ करती थी। भले ही कुछ मुश्किलों और कई कुरीतियों का सामना अब भी महिलाओं को करना पड़ता है परन्तु वह अब चुप नहीं बैठ रही हैं। अब स्त्री कई अधिक जागरूक हैं और पुरुष के समान उनका महत्व भी बढ़ रहा है। आधुनिक समय में स्त्रियों ने घर से बाहर काम करने और पुरुष के समान एक नए समाज की नींव रखने के लिए सामने आई हैं। अब कई महिलाओं के पास अपनी पूंजी या अपनी एक मजबूत आर्थिक स्थिति है। महिलाओं के साथ साथ पुरुषों ने भी इस सोच का खंडन किया है और इस पुरुषवादी सोच का विरोध भी किया है। अब एक ऐसा पुरुष और स्त्री में रिश्ता बन रहा है जहाँ हर एक की अपनी एक भूमिका है और अपना एक महत्व है। वह दिन अब दूर नहीं जब समाज में पुरुष और स्त्री एक समान जीवन जी रहे होंगे।

## बचपन

अभिषेक सिंह  
वनस्पति विज्ञान विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

बचपन क्या है यह एक बच्चा ही समझ सकता है और इसे समझने के लिये हमें भी अपने अन्दर के बच्चे को जगाना पड़ेगा। यही है वो जो एक तरफ़ घण्टों तक किसी खिलौने में व्यस्त दुनिया को भूल जाता है तो कभी इसे एक स्थान पर एक मिनट भी शांत देखा नहीं जा सकता। यह बचपन चंचल है, जानने का इच्छुक है, जिसे बंदिशें पसंद नहीं, उमंगों से भरपूर है। अपनी नन्हीं हथेलियों में सारी दुनिया भरना चाहता है। जो एक पल में खुशी से चहक उठता है और फिर अगले ही पल आँसू छलका देता है और फिर हँसने में ज़रा समय नहीं लगता। दौड़ते हुए गिरना फिर उठकर चल देना ही बचपन है। यही बच्चा दादी-नानी की कहानियों में खो जाता है और उन्हें ही सच मानता है। बचपन किसी नियम को नहीं मानता, उसे परवाह नहीं कि कोई उसके बारे में क्या सोचता है। वह तो बस अपने मन की करना चाहता है, वह मन जो निर्मल है, जिसमें है सिर्फ़ जिज्ञासा, सिर्फ़ सवाल, सिर्फ़ छोटी-छोटी इच्छायें, सिर्फ़ कल्पना, सिर्फ़ रेत के छोटे-छोटे घर और कागज की नाव।

शहरों में बच्चों का क्या मूल्य है यह तो इसी बात से पता लगाया जा सकता है कि यहाँ बच्चे के जन्म से पहले ही उसकी वर्षों तक होने वाली देखभाल, उसकी शिक्षा, यहाँ तक कि उसके शादी-ब्याह तक की रणनीति तैयार कर ली जाती है। इन सब में आने वाले खर्च का विस्तृत हिसाब लगा लिया जाता है। आज परिवार और संतान जैसे शब्दों का सही अर्थ शायद एक अर्थशास्त्री ही समझ सकता है। फिर जन्म के बाद कुछ महीनों तक होने वाली देखभाल जो पूरी तरह माँ के शरीर पर निर्भर है उसमें भी शहरी माँ को अपनी शारीरिक सौंदर्यता की तर्ज़ पर रियायत चाहिए।

बच्चे को हर सुविधा उपलब्ध होती है— पौष्टिक आहार, आधुनिक खिलौने, नमी सोखने वाले ड्राइपेपर्स और ना जाने क्या-क्या... पर शहरी बच्चा है तो माता-पिता के समय की माँग जायज नहीं है... और हो भी क्यों? हमेशा सेवा में हाजिर एक 'मेड' है तो। जिसे सख्त निर्देश दिए जा चुके हैं कि बच्चे को कोई तकलीफ़ नहीं होनी चाहिए।

शहरी दुनिया इस बचपन को आहिस्ता-आहिस्ता घोट रही है। उससे छीन रही है— उसके मिट्टी के घर और कागज की नाव, उसके खुले मैदान, उसका चहकना, उसका टोलियों में मिल छुपन-छुपाई और पिटू खेलना। कहाँ गये ये खेल? क्यों आज बचपन मायूस है? क्यों आज बचपन खामोश, अकेला घर की चार दिवारियों में कैद है?

जिस उम्र में बच्चे पतंग के साथ खुद हवा में उड़ते हैं, गेंद के साथ खुद उछलते हैं। त्यौहारों के कई दिन पहले से कई दिन बाद तक उनको रोज़ मनाते हैं। जिस उम्र में छुट्टियों का बेतहाशा इंतजार होता है, चाहे जितनी भी छुट्टियाँ हों— कम पड़ जाती हैं और अवकाश कार्य फिर आखिरी दिन तक अधूरा ही रहता है।

उस उम्र में शहरी बच्चों के कंधे आज भारी बस्तों से लदे होते हैं, उन्हें इस शहरी दौड़ के प्रशिक्षण के लिए विद्यालयों में भेज दिया जाता है, और जब यह प्रशिक्षण भी कम पड़ता है तो उसे खास प्रशिक्षण हेतु ट्यूशन नामक प्रशिक्षण केन्द्रों में दाखिला मिलता है। जो बच्चे इन सब जिद्दोहज़द के बावजूद इस प्रशिक्षण कार्य में थोड़े पिछड़ने लगते हैं, उन्हें मिलती है सामाजिक व पारिवारिक प्रताड़ना। उसे हीन भावना से भरने में कोई कसर नहीं छोड़ता। और फिर जन्म होता है डर का, जो अन्धकार का प्रतीक है। ज्ञान के नाम पर डर बाँटा जाता है। बहुत छोटी उम्र में बच्चे को यह अहसास दिलाना कि वह नाकाबिल है, एक जीवन भर के अभिशाप से कम नहीं और जो बेहतर कर भी लेते हैं वे उन वीर योद्धा की तरह हैं जो जंग तो जीत लेते हैं पर उन्हें मालूम नहीं कि क्या पाया इस जीत से?

पर आखिर कुछ तो महत्वपूर्ण हांसिल किया है जो मेरे माता-पिता इतने खुश हैं। पर यह भ्रम टूटने में तब ज़रा समय नहीं लगता जब पड़ोसी के बच्चे के बेहतर प्रदर्शन के कारण माता-पिता के चेहरे की खुशी अचानक लुप्त हो जाती है। फिर बच्चे के मन में एक प्रश्न उठता है कि क्या पाया था मैंने जो पड़ोसी के बच्चे के बेहतर प्रदर्शन से खो गया? माता-पिता का भी क्या कसूर, यह तो शहरी दुनिया में रहने का दस्तूर है। अरे भाई जब इस दुनिया में रहना ही है तो क्यों हम इस दौड़ में पीछे रहें?

आवश्यकताओं व आकांक्षाओं की पूर्ति के लिये तो दौड़ में आगे होना आवश्यक ही समझें। लोग बहुत हैं और संसाधन सीमित, तब ही जन्म लेती है प्रतिस्पर्धा। और ये तो दुनिया का नियम है प्रतिस्पर्धा में जियो या जीना छोड़ दो। यह तो जंगल का भी नियम है.. अरे ठहरिये ये शहरी आधुनिक दुनिया की बात करते करते हम जंगल में कैसे आ गये? कहीं हम विकास के नाम पर पीछे तो नहीं जा रहे, जहाँ से हम आये थे। शायद हाँ। यह दौड़ तो हमारे अन्दर के मनुष्य को धीरे-धीरे मार ही रही है और जो बचेगा, वह तो पशु ही होगा।

पर ऐसे नहीं कि शहरी दुनिया निर्दयी है वो अपने बच्चों का ख़ास ख़याल रखती है। शिशुकाल से लेकर नवयौवन तक उसे एक ख़ास तरह के सुरक्षात्मक आवरण में रखा जाता है। माँ-बाप का यह फर्ज है कि वे देखभाल करें परन्तु देखभाल और कैद में कुछ फर्क तो जरूर होता है। और बच्चे कैदी होकर भी अपनी कैद से अनजान इसे अपना जीवन समझते हैं। बच्चे तो उस गीली मिट्टी की तरह हैं जिसे अभी साँचे में भरा नहीं गया। जैसा साँचा होगा वैसी ही उसकी काया। इसी प्रकार जैसी दुनिया इन नन्हीं आँखों को दिखायी जाएगी, वैसी ही दुनिया वे सच मानेंगे।

इन तनावों और बंदिशों के बीच चार दीवारियों के भीतर इस बचपन ने एक अलग दुनिया का निर्माण कर लिया है। जिस प्रकार नदी का रास्ता रुकने पर वह अपना एक नया रास्ता बना लेती है उसी तरह बचपन भी अपनी उमंगों-आकांक्षाओं को एक नयी राह दे चुका है।

ये दुनिया एक आभासी दुनिया है। एक दुनिया जो आधुनिक तकनीक की पटरी पर चलती है। ये दुनिया है टेलीविज़न, इंटरनेट, वीडियो गेम आदि की। इस आभासी दुनिया को उस वास्तविक दुनिया का विकल्प बनाने की कोशिश की जाती है जिससे शहरी बच्चे वंचित हैं।

और इसी दुनिया को अपनी सृजनात्मकता, कल्पना, भावों को आधार बनाता है बच्चों का विकसित होता मस्तिष्क। ज़रा सोचिए इसका कितना दूरगामी और मार्मिक असर होगा आने वाली पीढ़ी पर। एक तो वैसे ही प्रतिस्पर्धा का बोझ उनके अन्दर के मनुष्य का शोषण कर रहा है दूसरी ओर मानसिक विकास का आधार ही आभासी दुनिया। वीडियो गेम्स की दुनिया जिसमें काल्पनिक ही सही पर विजेता वह होता है जो सब को मार डालता है।

टेलीविज़न, जिसमें सम्मानीय वही व्यक्तित्व है जो सभी को अपनी ताकत का लोहा मनवा ले। इंटरनेट की दुनिया जो वैकल्पिक समाज देने की कोशिश तो करती है पर भाव और जज्बातों से विहीन है। इस दुनिया में पल रहा बचपन किस प्रकार भविष्य के समाज का निर्माण करेगा? जहाँ सृजनात्मकता, कल्पना, भाव का कोई वजूद नहीं होगा। जिसमें एक व्यक्ति जीने के लिए दूसरे को पीछे धकेल देना चाहता है। क्या यह मानव सभ्यता को भयानक परिणामों की ओर तो नहीं ले जा रहा। शायद इसके संकेत भी मिलने लगे हैं। दुनिया भर में फैली हिंसा, आतंकवाद, अराजकता, अपराध जो दिन पर दिन तीव्र होते जा रहे हैं। ये संकेत दे रहे हैं कि मानव सभ्यता शायद सभ्यता के माप दंड से बाहर कदम रख रही है।

शहरी दुनिया की बनायी कैद में जीते जीते कब बचपन खत्म होता है इसका कोई अंदाजा नहीं। किशोरावस्था वह अवस्था है जब एक बच्चा अपने आप को वयस्क जीवन के लिए तैयार करता है। इस बीच उसका शारीरिक, मानसिक व भावनात्मक विकास बहुत तेजी से होता है। शरीर में हो रहे हार्मोनल बदलाव उसे एक नए तनाव से अवगत कराते हैं-कामुकता। यह एक ऐसा काल है जिसमें वह मानसिक रूप से काफी हलचल और तनाव महसूस



करता है। उसे सही और गलत में फर्क करने में उलझन होती है। अपने साथियों से इस मुद्दे पर मिलने वाली रायों पर वह काफी विचलित रहता है। बहुत अनसुलझे सवाल उसके मन को कचोटते रहते हैं। यह समय वयस्क जीवन जो कि आरम्भ होने वाला है और खत्म होते बचपन के बीच चल रहे निरंतर संघर्ष का समय होता है। वयस्क जीवन एक ओर तो उसे आकर्षित करता है वहीं दूसरी ओर वयस्क जीवन से जुड़ी कड़वी सच्चाइयों का भी सामना करना पड़ता है। इस तनाव का असर पारिवारिक सम्बन्धों पर भी पड़ता है, क्योंकि इस समय वह विकसित होता बच्चा परिवार में अपनी एक अलग दुनिया की माँग करता है, अकेले रहना या हम उम्र दोस्तों का साथ उसे परिवार से ज्यादा सुकून देता है।

इस प्रक्रिया में बाहरी दुनिया बहुत से विकल्प लेकर सामने आती है। सूचना प्रसारण की आयी महान कान्ति ने बहुत सी ऐसी सूचनाओं का भी प्रसार किया है जिस पर पहले एक खास उम्र के दायरे की ही पहुँच थी। इस मानसिक तनाव और असमंजस की जिन्दगी से भागने के लिए बच्चे ऐसे रास्ते खोजते हैं जो सामाजिक ढाँचे को भी प्रभावित करता है।

बहुत कम उम्र में बच्चों में अलील सामग्री का व्यापक प्रयोग एक चिंता का विषय है। वयस्क जीवन में बहुत जल्दी प्रवेग पाने की कोशिश यह बताती है कि बचपन असंतुष्ट है, बेचैन है। ज़रा सोचिए क्या असर पड़ता होगा उस निर्मल मन की स्वच्छता पर, बालपन की कल्पनाओं पर। अफसोस बचपन का हर रंग जो सही मायनों में मनुष्यता का एक जीवंत उदाहरण होता है, एक झटके में खत्म हो जाता है मानो कोई तूफान गुजरा हो।

फिल्मों में, विज्ञापनों में, जहाँ बच्चों की पहुँच सहज है, वहाँ एक निचले स्तर की सोच का दबदबा बढ़ रहा है और उसे समाज में स्वीकृति भी मिल रही है। यह सूचना का विस्फोट शायद शहरी जिन्दगी का तनाव अकेलेपन और उसी से जुड़ी बेचैनी की ही उपज है। इस मानसिकता के कारण शहरी जिन्दगी से जुड़े अपरिपक्व सदस्यों के सम्बन्धों में बदलाव नज़र आता है। किशोरावस्था में कामुकता के प्रभाव ने माता-पिता व दादा-दादी या अन्य किसी भी रिश्ते-नाते के लिये उसके जुड़ाव को छिन्न-भिन्न कर दिया है। उसके जीवन में वे ही वस्तुएँ मायने रखती हैं जोकि विपरीत सैक्स को प्रभावित कर सकें, बाकी सबका कोई मूल्य नहीं है। उसकी रुचियाँ, उसके शौक भी इसी के इर्द-गिर्द गढ़े होते हैं।

वहीं वह रोमांटिक सम्बन्धों को बहुत जल्दी अपने जीवन में स्थान दे देता है। ये सम्बन्ध सिर्फ दो विपरीत सैक्सों के बीच की गहरी मित्रता तक ही सीमित नहीं बल्कि किशोरों में बहुत तेजी से बढ़ रहे शारीरिक सम्बन्ध इसके भयानक परिणाम हैं। किशोर जो ना तो शारीरिक रूप से, ना मानसिक रूप से और ना ही भावनात्मक रूप से इस काबिल होते हैं। इसके क्या परिणाम हैं यह जाने बिना ही वे इसमें सम्मिलित हो जाते हैं। शारीरिक रूप से छोटी उम्र में गर्भावस्था और सैक्स से जुड़े रोग मानसिक रूप से एक लत का रूप ले लेते हैं और भावनात्मक रूप से हिंसक प्रवृत्ति को जन्म देते हैं। यह शहरी दुनिया के बचपन पर पड़ने वाले प्रभाव की चरम सीमा है। और इससे अधिक प्रभाव पड़ेगा भी तो क्या ? उसका (बचपन का) तो कत्ल हो चुका है।

## ऑटो

मयंक

बी.एस.सी. फिजिकल साइंस, चौथा सत्र

बात उस वक्त की है जब मैं और मेरा दोस्त दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय में दाखिला लेने जा रहे थे। जब कट ऑफ लिस्ट निकली तो हमारे मुँह बच्चे से रह गए थे, मेरे 77% थे और उसके 79%, बड़ी मुश्किल से प्रोग्राम कोर्स में दाखिला मिल रहा था। हमने आत्माराम कॉलेज का चयन किया लेकिन मुझे बाद में पता चला कि मैं आत्माराम का चयन करना तो भूल गया हूँ। खैर हम पंजाबी बाग उतरे और ऑटो कर लिया। हम थोड़ी दूर ही पहुँचे थे कि थोड़ा जाम दिखाई दिया। ऑटो वाले अंकल के मुँह से अनायास ही निकल गया 'उफ़! दिस ट्रैफिक प्रॉब्लम, कभी तो सोल्व हो'। मैं हतप्रभ और मैंने पूछ ही लिया अंकल आप तो बड़े पढ़े लिखे लगते हैं।

"यस माई सन, आई एम चार्टर्ड एकाउंटेंट"

तो फिर आप ऑटो क्यों चलाते हैं?

अंकल के आँखों में नमी आ गई। वो कुछ देर मौन रहे, मेरे दोबारा पूछने पर उन्होंने बताया कि उनके बेटे ने उन्हें घर से निकाल दिया है और अब आजीविका के लिए ऑटो चलाना पड़ रहा है। मैं और मेरा मित्र उस कटु सत्य में यथार्थ के धरातल पर संस्कारों की बुनियाद तौल रहे थे।

## ईश्वर- सच या अंधविश्वास

उर्वशी

रसायन शास्त्र विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

ईश्वर क्या है? क्या परिभाषा है भगवान की? अपने आप से पूछिए, क्या आप ईश्वर को मानते हैं? अगर नहीं तो क्या इतने सक्षम हैं कि यह साबित कर सकें कि भगवान नाम की शक्ति का कोई अस्तित्व नहीं है और अगर हाँ तो फिर खुद से सवाल पूछिए कि आप भगवान को किस तरह और किस आधार पर मानते हैं। क्या आपके मन में कुछ ऐसे तथ्य हैं, जो इतने प्रभावशाली हैं कि आपको विश्वास करने पर मजबूर करते हैं या फिर आप बचपन की सिखाई हुई बात पर आँख बंद कर विश्वास करते आए हैं आज तक? चलिए आपसे तो बहुत सवाल पुछ लिए अब खुद के निरीक्षण की बारी। मैं आस्तिक हूँ। मैं मानती हूँ सिर्फ उस शक्ति को जिसने हमें बनाया जिसके हाथ में आज भी संसार की डोर है उन मूर्तियों और मंदिरों को नहीं जहाँ लोग जाकर उसको रिश्त देते हैं।

चलिए मैं अब अपना सवाल खुद से ही पूछती हूँ तो जवाब है जी हाँ! मैं साबित कर सकती हूँ अपना विश्वास।

मेरे दृष्टिकोण से भगवान की परिभाषा स्थिति के साथ बदल जाती है। मगर जो परिभाषा मेरे मन में है वो बस एक शब्द है 'इत्तफाक'।

जैसे पृथ्वी अगर सूर्य से कुछ दूर या पास होती तो अस्तित्व नहीं होता मगर पृथ्वी सूर्य से सही दूरी पर होने को नास्तिक एक इत्तफाक ही कहेगा। यही है वो शक्ति। हमारा शरीर कोशिकाओं से बना है और अकेले प्रोटीन के बनने की गुंजाइश 10<sup>243</sup> में से 1 थी तब भी प्रोटीन बना कैसे ?? इत्तफाक से। नास्तिक शायद इन बातों को न माने हाँ भई! यह तो सिर्फ मेरी काल्पनिक परिभाषा है। मगर आप उन तथ्यों के बारे में क्या कहेंगे जो आज तक वैज्ञानिकों

ने दिए हैं क्या वह काल्पनिक नहीं है? असल में पूरा विज्ञान ही सिर्फ काल्पनिकता पर आधारित है।

बिग बैंग थ्योरी बहुत विख्यात है वह भी तो सिर्फ एक काल्पनिक विश्वास है। थ्योरी में संसार का फैलाव भी एक कल्पना है। आपने जिन बातों को इत्तफाक समझा मैंने उन्ही इत्तफाकों को उस शक्ति की परिभाषा बनाते हुए साबित किया कि उसका अस्तित्व है मगर जो नास्तिक है और विज्ञान के आधार पर भगवान के अस्तित्व को खारिज करते हैं उनसे मैं कहूंगी एक बार फिर अपने तथ्य रखें और उनमें से वह तथ्य निकाल दें जिनमें कल्पना का इस्तेमाल है। क्या अब भी कोई प्रमाण बचता है आपके पास जो आप यह साबित कर सकें कि कोई शक्ति नहीं है। याद रखियेगा कि सिर्फ सुबूत, कोई कल्पना नहीं।

## कागज

विनीत सिंह चौहान  
बी.एस.सी. फिजिकल साइंस, चौथा सत्र

माँ की तस्वीर  
कागज जैसी शक्ल  
जिस पर  
आँख, नाक, कान  
कुरेदे हुए हैं  
वो शक्ल  
मेरी माँ से मिलती है  
मैं हमेशा सहेजे रहता हूँ  
उसे।





## जीना चाहती हूँ मैं

प्रेमलता राय  
जन्तु विज्ञान (विशेष), छठा सत्र

हर छोटी-छोटी खुशियों  
और ख्वाहिशों को  
दफ़नाकर दिल के  
किसी कोने में,  
मुस्कुराती रही मैं  
अपनो के लिए।  
उनके मान सम्मान के लिए,  
अकसर मिटाती रही खुद को।

अजीब ज़िन्दगी है अपनी  
खिली जिस आँगन में  
बनकर एक फूल  
वहाँ समझी जाती रही  
पराया धन और  
सम्मान किसी और आँगन का।

विदा हुई बनकर गृहलक्ष्मी  
पहुँची जिस आँगन में  
वहाँ,  
फिर से बदला खुद को मैंने  
अपनी सोच और तरीकों को भी।  
की हर सम्भव कोशिश  
सबको अपना बनाने की।  
फिर भी कोसा गया मुझे  
मेरी हर कोशिश पर  
उठाया गया सवाल मेरे  
खून और संस्कारों पर।



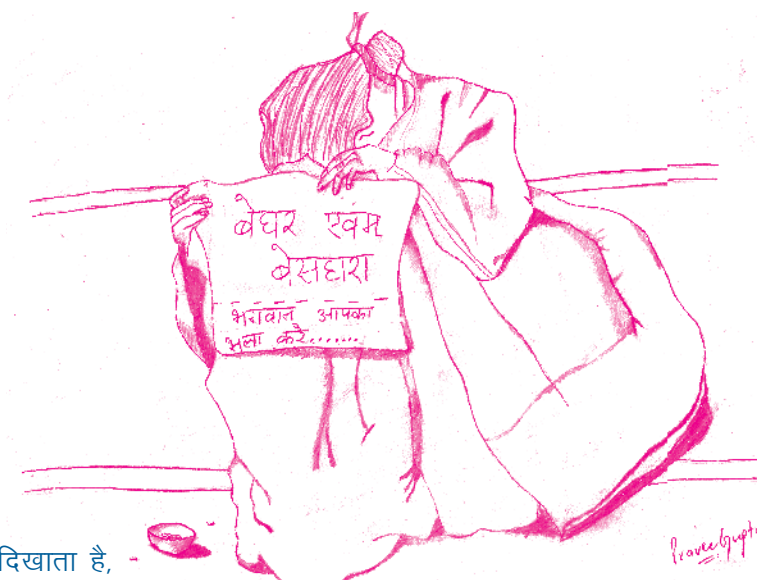
जीती रही मैं इस ज़िन्दगी को  
उस पतंग की तरह,  
जिसकी डोर को सम्हाला  
हमेशा किसी और के हाथ ने...।  
तय की उतनी ही दूरी  
इस खुले आसमान की,  
ढील मिली जितनी मेरी  
इस ज़िन्दगी की डोर को।  
सोचती रही मैं कभी तो  
टूटेगी ये डोर भी  
तय कर पाऊँगी मैं भी  
इस खुले आसमान की  
दूरी अपने हिसाब से।  
भूल गयी थी मैं कटी  
पतंग नहीं छू पाती  
आसमान की ऊँचाइयों को  
आखिर फंस ही जाती है वो  
किसी वृक्ष की टहनियों से।

किसी मंदिर की देवी की  
तरह पूजे जाने की  
ख्वाहिश नहीं मेरी,  
जीना चाहती हूँ मैं भी  
एक आज़ाद पंछी की तरह  
जो छू सके आसमान की  
ऊँचाइयों को अपने हिसाब से।  
मैं कोई पतंग नहीं  
एक औरत हूँ  
जीना चाहती हूँ मैं भी  
इस दूनिया में  
अपनों के साथ-साथ  
अपने लिए भी  
अपनी सोच और  
अपने वजूद के साथ।

## गरीबी

जितेन्द्र सिंह  
रसायन विज्ञान विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

ऐ खुदा तुमने क्यों ये फाँसले बनाए  
बेघर हैं कुछ लोग  
तो कइयों ने आलिशान महल बनाए हैं,  
एक खाता है चाँदी की थाली में,  
तो दूसरा बरतनों को तरसता है।  
छप्पन पकवान से भरता है एक का पेट  
तो दूसरा बचे-कुचे पर निर्भर रहता है,  
व्यर्थ करता है अमीर जितना,  
उतने से एक गरीब का घर चलता है।



अमीर कमा के करोड़ों और पाने की चाह दिखाता है,  
छीन के सुख चैन उसका, दो-चार चैरिटी शो करवाता है।  
अमीर हो चाहे गरीब, सब अपने ही तो बनाए हैं,  
फिर क्यों अमीर है इतने करीब, और गरीब लगते पराये हैं।

हर कोई आता है इनके पास, और दुःख क्यों जताता है?  
मदद के दिखा झूठे आसमान, इनकी बेबसी का मजाक उड़ाता है।  
एक बात बता मुझको भगवान्, क्या गरीब एक इंसान नहीं?  
करता सारे दिन मजदूरी, क्या उसके शरीर में जान नहीं..

अमीर डूब काल्पनिक दुनियाँ की मजधार में,  
इन्सानियत की किशती डुबाये जा रहा है।  
लिखी थी तकदीर जो खुदा ने, उसे अपने ही हाथों से  
मिटायें जा रहा है।  
वह सोये जा रहा है, वह खोये जा रहा है।

## रोटी कपड़ा और मकान

नन्दिता  
वनस्पति विज्ञान विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

महँगाई तो है ऐसी चीज  
जो लेती ना थमने का नाम  
चावल, दाल, साग, सब्जी  
सब हो गए सोने के दाम  
इस बढ़ती महँगाई ने तो  
कर दिया जीना हराम  
कैसे खरीदूँ— रोटी, कपड़ा और मकान।

आज के युग में महँगाई  
ऐसे बोल, बोल रही है  
कि मेरे पैरों तले की जमीन  
अपने आप डोल रही है  
इस निर्दयी महँगाई ने तो  
कर दिया जीना बेहाल  
कैसे खरीदूँ— रोटी, कपड़ा और मकान।

महँगाई से भूखे इन्सान के पास  
देशभक्ति कहाँ से आएगी  
देश को समर्पण देने की भावना  
कब तक जिन्दा रह पाएगी  
इस बेदर्द महँगाई ने तो  
कर दिया जीना दुशवार  
कैसे खरीदूँ— रोटी, कपड़ा और मकान।



## सोच

अनुजा अत्री

बी.एअस.सी. फिजिकल साइंस, चौथा सत्र

अलफाज है कुछ सुनाना चाहती हूँ  
एक सच जिससे मिलवाना चाहती हूँ  
धुंधली पड़ती है ये लिखावट  
जब याद आती है लोगों की सोच, उनकी बनावट।

आखिर क्यों है इतना फर्क दो नन्ही कलियों में  
क्योंकि एक है बेटा, तो एक कहती है बेटा हूँ मैं  
नहीं कर सकता बेटा जो कर सकती हैं बेटियाँ  
तो ना बांधों उनके पावों में बेड़ियाँ।

खुले आसमां में उड़ने का हक उन्हें भी है  
न सिर्फ बेटे को, जीने का हक उन्हें भी है  
बेटों के जन्म पर बजाते हो शहनाई  
बेटियों के जन्म पर उदासी है छाई।

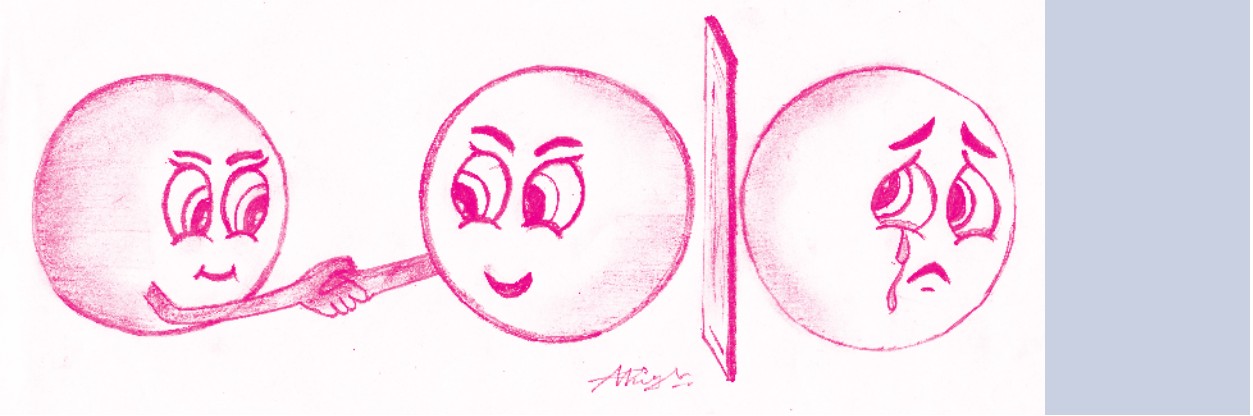
दुर्गा लक्ष्मी का रूप है वो  
एक नहीं दो-दो घरों का स्वरूप है वो  
उठो और बदलो अपनी तकदीर  
खोल दो वो जकड़ी हुई जन्जीर।

सहमी सहमी रहती है वो  
हर दर्द, हर जख्म सहती है वो  
दे दो उन्हें उनकी वो सारी खुशियाँ  
जी लेने दो उन्हें वो उनकी दुनियाँ।

देखोगे तुम कुछ खास करेंगी वो  
जो तुमने कभी सोचा न हो.....

## जिन्दगी

ईशान्त भाटिया  
जीवचिकित्सा विज्ञान, चौथा सत्र



जिन्दगी.. सफ़र है कुछ कहानियों का..  
कभी खुशियों का  
कभी परेशानियों का..  
मन्जिल है एक ही  
राहों का कुछ पता नहीं..  
कभी-कभी हैं रास्ते अनेक  
कभी न मिलता कोई एक..  
जिन्दगी कहानी है सफ़र की  
हमारी राहों की और डगर की..  
आती हैं सामने दो राहें  
एक पर फूल..  
तो दूसरी पर काँटों की चुभन सताये  
चुनना होता किसी एक को..  
ले जाए जो हमें मन्जिल की ओर  
मन्जिल न मिलती आसानी से  
काँटों पर चलकर ही मिलती है सपनों की डोर..

## चाह

जयन्ती मिश्रा  
रसायन विज्ञान विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

एक बार फिर से जीने को जी चाहता है।

अब सब कुछ करने को जी चाहता है,  
एक बार फिर से जीने को जी चाहता है।

सो गई थी जो कला मुझमें,  
उसे जगाने को जी चाहता है,  
एक बार फिर से जीने को जी चाहता है।  
भूले बिसरे सपने थे जो आँखों में,  
उन्हें फिर से देखने को जी चाहता है।  
चला गया है जो बचपन,

उसे फिर से जीने को जी चाहता है।

अपने खोए हुए आप को,  
फिर से पाने को जी चाहता है।  
एक बार फिर से जीने को जी चाहता है।

आज एक बार फिर उम्मीद जागी है,  
एक बार फिर से सपने देखे हैं,  
एक बार फिर से जो ज़ब्बा आया है,  
उसे सजाने को जी चाहता है।

एक बार फिर से जीने को जी चाहता है।



## इंशान

जितेन्द्र कुमार  
भौतिकी विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

खुदा ने तराशा शौक से नाम दिया इंसान,  
तूने खुद को बाँट दिया हिन्दू और मुसलमान,  
बाँटी तूने यह धरती और बाँट लिया भगवान,  
खुदा ने तराशा शौक से नाम दिया इंसान।

कर्तव्य की धाराओं को इस तरह मोड़ता रहा,  
भविष्य की तरफ दौड़ता रहा,  
भूल गया खुदा का पैगाम,  
खुदा ने तराशा शौक से नाम दिया इंसान।

अपने कर्म को भाग्य की ढाल मान लिया,  
भाग्य से ही अपने कर्मों को काट लिया,  
रोता रहा तू देखकर अतीत का ही नाम,  
और भूल गया भाग्य और भविष्य की पहँचान,  
खुदा ने तराशा शौक से नाम दिया इंसान।

ज्ञान के सागर को गागर में डाल लिया,  
अज्ञानता का सागर तूने पाल लिया,  
न कर सका तू ज्ञान-अज्ञान की पहँचान,  
खुदा ने तराशा शौक से नाम दिया इंसान।

अन्तिम समय जब उसका पास आ गया,  
भविष्य की कटार से वो इस प्रकार घबरा गया,  
हाथ जोड़ वो खुदा की शरण में आ गया,  
मुस्कुरा कहा खुदा ने तू हिन्दू या मुसलमान,  
खुदा ने तराशा शौक से नाम दिया इंसान।

## बढ़ती जनसंख्या

नन्दिता

वनस्पति विज्ञान विशेष, द्वितीय सत्र

कोई रोके,  
कोई टोके,  
यह ना रुक पाए,  
एक दिन में लाख बच्चे  
और पैदा हो जायें।

रोटी कपड़ा और मकान,  
इनकी जरूरत बढ़ जाए  
कहाँ से लायें  
किस-किस को खिलायें,  
घर को कैसे चलायें।

बढ़ते-बढ़ते  
बढ़ गयी आबादी,  
कि गिनती ना हो पाये  
इस अभिशाप से हमें  
कौन मुक्ति दिलाये।

जनसंख्या बढ़ती गयी और  
बेरोजगारी ने अपनी पकड़ जमायी  
डिग्रियाँ जेबों में रह गयीं  
और गरीबी ने अपनी धाक दिखायी।

आओ मिलकर कदम उठायें  
इस समस्या को दूर भगायें  
परिवार नियोजन को अपनायें और  
जनसंख्या को नियंत्रण में लायें।

## माँ मेरी रोना नहीं

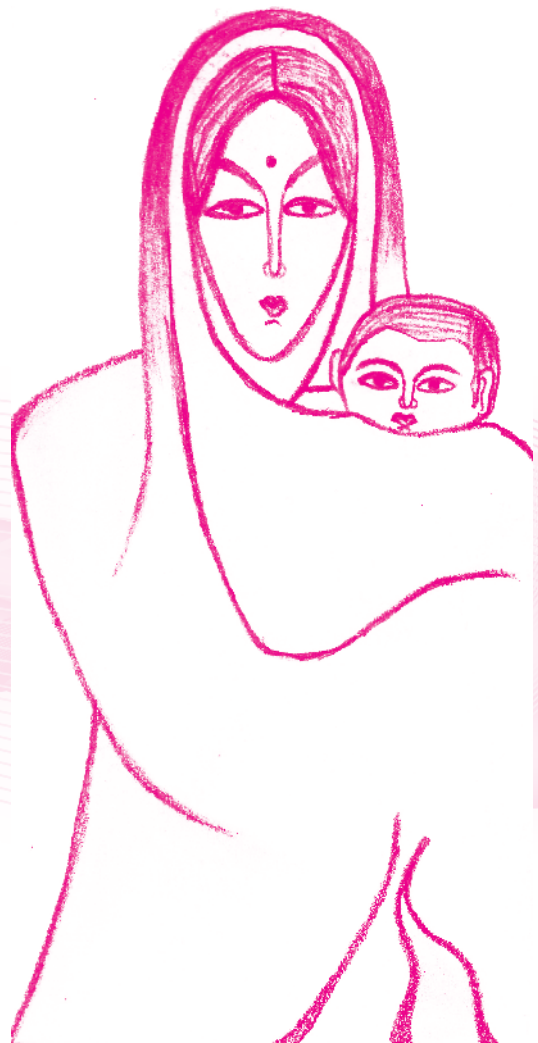
निखिल कुमार सैनी  
गणित विशेष, छठा सत्र

एक सैनिक जो कम उम्र में शहीद हो गया।  
मरते वक्त उसने,  
अपनी माँ को क्या खत लिखा होगा।

सीमा पे एक जवान जो शहीद हो गया,  
संवेदनाओं के कितने बीज बो गया।  
तिरंगे में लिपटी लाश, उसके घर आ गयी,  
सिहर उठीं हवायें, उदासी छा गयी।  
तिरंगे में रखा खत, जो उसकी माँ को दिख गया,  
मरता हुआ जवान उस खत में लिख गया।  
बलिदान को अब आँसुओं में धोना नहीं है,  
तुझको कसम है, माँ मेरी रोना नहीं है।

मुझको याद आ रहा है, तेरा उँगली पकड़ कर चलना,  
कंधे पे बिठाना मुझे, बाहों में जकड़ना।  
खेतों की पगडंडियों पे मैं तेज भागता,  
सुनने को कहानी तेरी, रातों को जागता।  
पर आज बिन सुने तेरा लाल सो गया,  
मुझसा कोई तेरे घर में खिलौना नहीं है।  
तुझको कसम है, माँ मेरी रोना नहीं है।

सोचा था तूने अपने लिए बहू लाएगी,  
पोते को अपने हाथ से झूला झुलाएगी।  
तुतलाती बोली पोते की सुन न सकी माँ,  
आँचल में कलियाँ तू चुन न सकी माँ।





न रंगोली बनी घर में, न घोड़े पे मैं चढ़ा,  
पतंग पर सवार हो सुरलोक मैं चला।  
वहाँ माँ तेरे आँचल का खिलौना तो नहीं है,  
तुझको कसम है, माँ मेरी रोना नहीं है।

बहना से कहना— राखी पर याद न करे,  
किस्मत को न कोसे फरियाद न करे।  
अब कौन उसे चोटी पकड़ कर चिढ़ाएगा,  
कौन भाई दूज का निबाला खाएगा।  
कहना कि भाई बनकर अबकी बार आऊँगा,  
सुहाग वाली चुनरी अबकी बार लाऊँगा।  
हम भाई—बहन में अब मेल होना नहीं है,  
तुझको कसम है, माँ मेरी रोना नहीं है।

सरकार मेरे नाम से कई फंड लाएगी,  
चौराहों पर तुझको तमाशा बनाएगी।  
अस्पताल, स्कूलों के नाम रखेगी,  
अनमोल शहादत का कुछ दाम रखेगी।  
पर दलालों की इस दलाली पर तू थूक देना माँ,  
बेटे की मौत की कोई कीमत न लेना माँ।  
भूखे भले, मखमल पे हमको सोना नहीं है।  
तुझको कसम है, माँ मेरी रोना नहीं है।

## अंधविश्वास

पिंकू सिंह  
भौतिकी विशेष, चौथा सत्र

देश की दशा से तुमको परिचित करवाता हूँ,

कैसे हो गयी महानता खत्म इसके कारण बतलाता हूँ।

यहाँ पर पत्थरों में भगवान को ढूँढा जाता है,

पर पत्थरों को पूजने पर कुछ हाथ नहीं आता है।

साधु और सन्यासी हो गये अर्थ-व्यवस्था के पुजारी।

जिन्होंने सारी जिन्दगी माया में ही गुज़ारी।

धन लोभ को दुख का कारण बतलाते हैं।

पर अपने ऊपर धन और फूल चढ़ाते हैं।

छोटे से बच्चे को भीख देकर अपनी दया दिखलाते हैं।

परन्तु ऐसे ही लोग इन बच्चों के जीवन के असली काँटे हैं।

पत्थर की मूर्ति पर धन प्रसाद चढ़ाते हैं।

परन्तु मुझे कोई बतलाए ये पत्थर प्रसाद कैसे खाते हैं ?

हमारे देश में बहुत से गरीब और अनाथ भूखे मर जाते हैं।

परन्तु यहाँ पत्थर के पिण्ड सब कुछ खाते हैं।

यहाँ कुछ लोग खुले आसमान तले जीवन बिताते हैं।

और मन्दिर-मस्जिद संगमरमर से ढाँके जाते हैं।

साधु-सन्यासी ही ईश्वर माने जाते हैं।

हिरन की तरह मूर्ख हो कस्तूरी ढूँढे जाते हैं।

## बरसात

राहुल कुमार  
फिजिकल साइंस, छठा सत्र

जब काले-काले बादल आकाश में,  
गरजते-गरजते आते हैं,  
साथ में लाते हैं बरसात,  
और खुशियाँ भी लाते हैं।

बूँदें ये जब बरसात की  
धरती पर आ कर गिरती हैं,  
खुशी से यह धरती तब  
हरी भरी हो उठती है।

खेतों में तब लहलहाती हैं फसलें,  
पेड़ भी तब मुस्कुराते हैं,  
पशु-पक्षी भी इस आनन्द में,  
मिलकर खुशी मनाते हैं।

पंखों को फैलाकर मोर तब,  
नाच-नाच कर गाता है,  
मानो कि सारा जग,  
बरसात में खुशी मनाता है।

बच्चे भी इस बरसात में,  
झूम-झूम कर नहाते हैं,  
कागज की बनाकर नौका,  
पानी में चलाते हैं।

ये पानी की बूँदें हमें,  
खुशियाँ ढेर सारी दे जाती हैं,  
जब भी आकाश में बादल के साथ  
यह बरसात आती है।

## चक्रवात

ऋषभ भारद्वाज  
भौतिक विज्ञान विशेष, छठा सत्र

बह रहा था मन में जलप्रपात,  
फिर कलम उठाया एक रात।  
उत्-पतन देखकर जीवन में,  
कविता लिख दी फिर चक्रवात।  
चक्रवात से आशय क्या है—  
हे! मित्र तुम्हें मैं बतला दूँ।  
सुख-दुःख पुनि पुनि इस जीवन में,  
कहीं हर्षित मन कहीं है विलाप।  
भो! मित्र तुम्हें मैं,  
जीवन चक्रवात दिखलाता हूँ।  
अपनी कविता के माध्यम से,  
भारत-जीवन दर्शाता हूँ।  
मानव-जीवन को पा करके,  
मन में मेरे इक हर्ष हुआ।  
जिस भू पर राम-कृष्ण जन्मे,  
उस भू पर मेरा जन्म हुआ।  
इक मित्र कहे मदिरा पी ले,  
आध्यात्म कहे पूजा कर ले।  
यदि ना कर दूँ तो मित्र बैर,  
और हाँ कर दूँ तो ब्रह्म बैर।  
ब्रह्म बड़ा या मित्र बड़ा,  
यह संशय उमड़ रहा मन में।  
ब्रह्मत्व नहीं तो धर्महीन,  
और मित्र नहीं, संसारहीन।  
आरक्षण पर आरक्षण,  
कब तक जातिगत आरक्षण।

‘ऋषभ’ कहता अब क्रान्ति करो,  
जो दूर हो सके यह भक्षण।  
धन घोटेला, जल घोटेला,  
मानव के तन का घोटेला।  
सरकार गिरी तो राम-राम,  
सरकार बनी-फिर घोटेला।  
आत्मज आया तो कुलदीपक,  
अरु सुता आयी तो गर्भपात।  
जननी, भगिनि, पत्नी नहीं,  
जीवन का समझो घोटेला।  
कहीं अंजलि भर भी अन्न नहीं,  
कही राजभोग का मधुर स्वाद।  
कहीं कंगाली में जड़े हुये,  
कहीं कालेधन का जलप्रपात।  
हे! मनुज अगर तू सुप्त रहा,  
तो चक्रवात सहना होगा।  
उठ, चल, बढ़ प्रति पग पग के,  
कंटक उल्लाँघ जाना होगा।  
अब देशभक्ति का लोप हुआ,  
व्यभिचार बढ़ा, आलस्य बढ़ा।  
है खेद मुझे हे! भारत-भू,  
तव रक्षा करना कठिन बड़ा।  
है खेद मुझे भारत माता,  
अब धन्य तुझे कैसे मैं कहूँ।  
तू जन रही अब कापुरुष,  
रोकर शतनमन तेरा करूँ।



## वक्त

दिव्यांश मित्तल  
जीवचिकित्सा विज्ञान, चौथा सर्त्र

वक्त, नहीं रुकता किसी के लिए,

बस हम पीछे रह जाते हैं।

वक्त दरिया है —

बस हम बहाव में डूब जाते हैं।

वक्त खुशी लाता है, गम साथी है,

बस हम दुख में ही रह जाते हैं।

वक्त हमारा सारथी है,

बस हम यही भूल जाते हैं।

वक्त नहीं आता लौट के,

बस हम इतिहास में रह जाते हैं।

वक्त भविष्य को दर्शाता,

बस हम यही सोच डर जाते हैं।

वक्त नहीं बदलता किस्मत,

बस हम किस्मत के सहारे रह जाते हैं।

वक्त चाहता है — दृढ़ निश्चय,

बस हम मेहनत से घबराते हैं।

वक्त मुसीबतों का पूर्वसूचक,

बस हम पहचान नहीं पाते हैं।

वक्त देखता है— सब कुछ,

बस हम उसे देख नहीं पाते हैं।

वक्त है वो श्रेष्ठ शक्ति,

बस हम भगवान भरोसे रह जाते हैं।

वक्त धर्म है, धर्म ही कार्य

बस हम पूजा करते रह जाते हैं।

वक्त नहीं रुकता किसी के लिए,

बस हम पीछे रह जाते हैं।

वक्त दरिया है—

बस हम बहाव में डूब जाते हैं।

### गाँधी जी आकर देखो, अपना देश महान

निखिल कुमार सैनी  
गणित विशेष, छठा सत्र

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

बेटियों की आबरू पर, झपट रहा शैतान।

मक्कारी है, अय्याशी है, इस युग की पहचान।

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

हैवानों का नया नजारा देखा था दिल्ली जाकर।

दामिनी, गम को बता रही थी, अस्पताल में कराह कर।

आज मेरी कल तुम्हारी बेटियों की खतरे में है जान।

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

गलियों में, सड़कों पर शोहदों का ऐसा लगा नजारा।

26, 28 और 32 नाप रहे कमर का साइज हमारा।

घूर-घूर कर मुड़-मुड़ कर देखते, शोहदों की ऐसी पहचान।

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

आये दिन हो रहे बलात्कार, देश में हो रही चीख पुकार।

जस्टिस वर्मा समिति भी लगती है लाचार।

आज भारत माँ की बेटियों पर झपट रहा शैतान।

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

6-14 वर्ष की मासूम बच्चियाँ हो रहीं इनका शिकार।

रोजाना मिल जाते हैं अखबारों में ऐसे ही समाचार।

हर दिन है नया नजारा इस युग की पहचान।

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

रेप के बाद हो जाती है उस लड़की की दशा ऐसी।

जीवन तो जीती है परन्तु होकर मरी जैसी।

समाज में उठना-बैठना उसे नहीं भाता।

क्या शोहदों को सबक सिखाना किसी को नहीं आता।

उसकी आँखों से निकलते आँसुओं की अलग ही पहचान।

गाँधी जी आकर देखो अपना देश महान।

## अन्त का आगाज

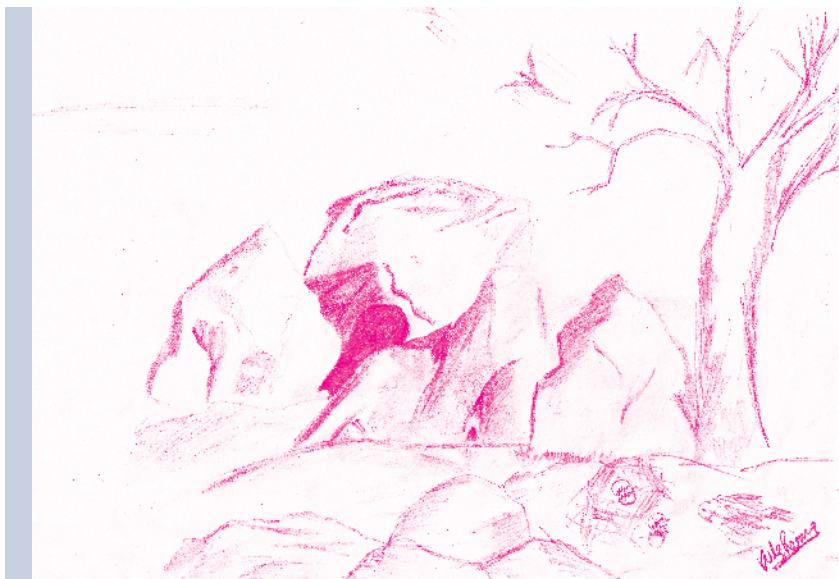
प्रकाश धर दूबे  
गणित विशेष, छठा सत्र

आज फिर से अन्त का आगाज क्यों ?  
जबकि मुझको है पता,  
बढ़ रहा है अब अँधेरा  
खो रही परछाइयाँ  
फिर परिन्दों की सजी आवाज क्यों ?  
आज फिर से अन्त का आगाज क्यों ?

उड़ गयीं जो धूल की वो आँधियाँ,  
बुझ चुकी है लौ सितारों की,  
चाँदनी की फिर सफेदी धुल गयी  
डूबता यह दिल हुआ बेताब क्यों ?  
आज फिर से अन्त का आगाज क्यों ?

अब नहीं आहत में होती शोखियाँ  
अब नहीं खुलती है यादों की गली  
फूल सारे झड़ चुके हैं डाल से  
खुशबुओं का आज फिर से साज क्यों ?  
आज फिर से अन्त का आगाज क्यों ?

झील पर जैसे है झुकता आसमाँ  
छा रही है अब उदासी इस तरह  
हवा की सारी नमी है गुम कहीं  
है मुझे किस बात पर अब नाज क्यों ?  
आज फिर से अन्त का आगाज क्यों ?



## मैं भी एक इंसान हूँ

प्रेमलता राय  
जन्तु विज्ञान (विशेष), छठा सत्र

सोता हूँ आसमान के नीचे  
धरती की गोद में,  
उठता हूँ हर सुबह  
सूरज से पहले,  
मैं भी एक इंसान हूँ।

जलता हूँ धूप में  
भीगता हूँ बारिश में  
काँपता हूँ ठंड में  
करता हूँ मेहनत  
फिर भी सच्चे मन से  
मैं भी एक इंसान हूँ।

चुभते हैं काँटे  
लगती है ठोकर  
बहते हैं आँसू  
फिर भी रोकता नहीं  
इन कदमों को  
बढ़ने से आगे  
मैं भी एक इंसान हूँ।

लगती है भूख  
चार रोटी की,  
पर खाता हूँ दो।  
फिर भी उगाता हूँ  
अनाज़ सबके लिए,  
भरता हूँ सबका पेट।  
मैं भी एक इंसान हूँ।

डरता नहीं मैं  
रात के अँधेरे से,  
उम्मीद है उस  
चाँद की  
रोशनी की,  
सजाता हूँ मैं भी  
एक सूनहरे कल के  
सपनों को इन आँखों में

आखिर मैं भी तो एक इंसान हूँ।



## मौन

राहुल कुमार  
फिजिकल साइंस, छठा सत्र

एक बार एक जगह पर  
देखे मैंने कुछ बच्चे  
प्यारे से वे बच्चे जो  
खिल रहे थे फूलों से  
चेहरे पर थी चमक उनके  
आँखों में थी मासूमियत ।

फिर देखा मैंने कि आपस में  
एक-दूसरे से कह रहे,  
मुख में न थी आवाज़ उनके  
मन-ही-मन थे वे हँस रहे ।

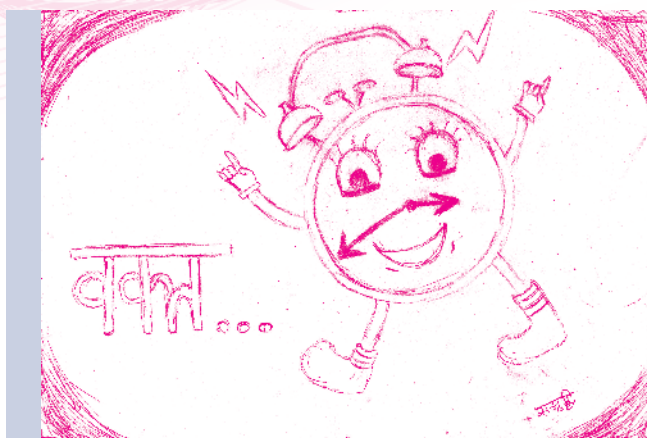
जब देखा मैंने यह सब तो!  
सोचा मैंने अपने मन में,  
प्यारे बच्चे ये कोमल-कोमल,  
मौनता से जीवन जी रहे ।

## वक्त नहीं है.....

प्रेमलता राय  
जन्तु विज्ञान विशेष, छठा सत्र

बाहें फैलाए खुशियाँ  
इंतजार कर रहीं हैं तेरा  
पर उसे समेटने का  
वक्त नहीं तेरे पास ।

बच्चे को अपने बचपन  
का एहसास तो है  
पर उस बचपन को जीने  
का वक्त नहीं उसके पास ।



लोरियाँ तो याद हैं  
आज भी माँ को,  
सोना चाहता है बच्चा भी  
उन लोरियों को सुनकर  
पर सुनाने का वक्त नहीं  
माँ के पास।

घर में बुजुर्गों की  
अहमियत को समझता है तू  
पर उनके अकेलेपन को  
समझने का वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।  
गैरों की क्या बात करें?  
जब अपनों के लिए  
ही वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

दुनिया के दुख दर्द को  
बाँटना तो चाहता है तू  
पर क्या उम्मीद करें तुझसे?  
जब खुद के गमों पर ही  
रोने का, वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

छत तो है—  
सोने के लिए बिस्तर भी है  
नींद भी है तेरी आँखों में  
पर सोने का वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

अपनों के सपनों का बीड़ा  
उठा तो लिया अपने इन  
कमज़ोर कंधों पर  
पर पराए सपनों की

कदर तू क्या जाने ?  
जब अपने सपनों के लिए  
ही वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

पैसों की दौड़ में ऐसे  
दौड़ रहा है तू— कि  
थकने का भी  
वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

खुद की गलतियों का  
एहसास तो है तुझे  
पर क्या फ़ायदा  
उन एहसासों का?  
जब उन्हें सुधारने का  
वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

हर रिश्तों और एहसासों को  
अपने मार चुका है तू  
पर उन्हें दफ़नाने का भी  
वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।

तू ही बता! ऐ मानव  
क्या करेगा तू ऐसी  
बेज़ान ज़िन्दगी का?  
जब पल— पल  
मरने वालों के लिए ही  
वक्त नहीं तेरे पास।





## Accenture 2013







NSS and Eco-Club  
Cleanliness Drive



Anti-ragging Talk

## Activities through the Session 2013 - 14



ECPDT  
Culmination







Women Health  
Awareness Programme



Painting Exhibition

## Activities through the Session 2013 - 14



Fresher's Welcome



NSS Blood Donation

25/10/2013



SPICMACAY



NSS Diwali Mela

25/10/2013 10:43





Relaunch of Creative Commons India



## Activities through the Session 2013 - 14



Relaunch of Creative Commons India



FOSS Workshop

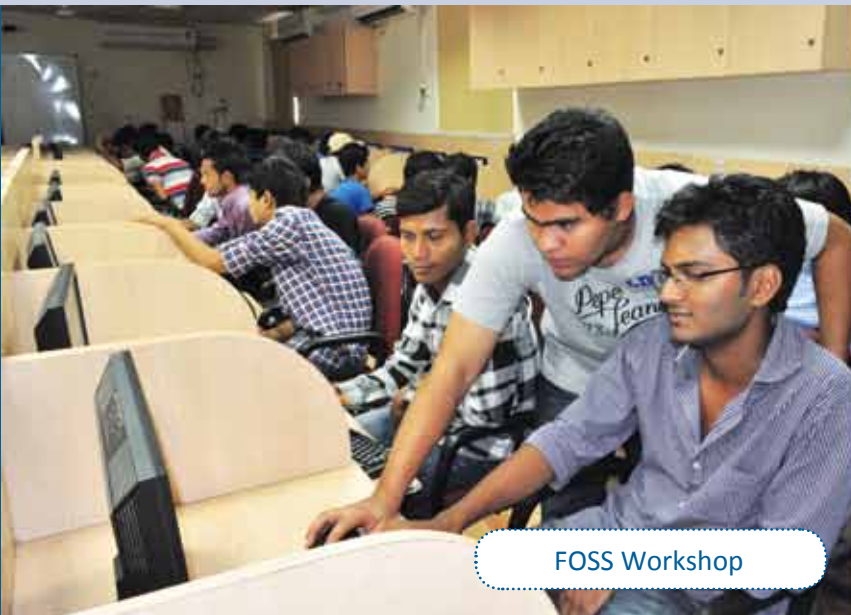


FOSS Workshop



FOSS Workshop



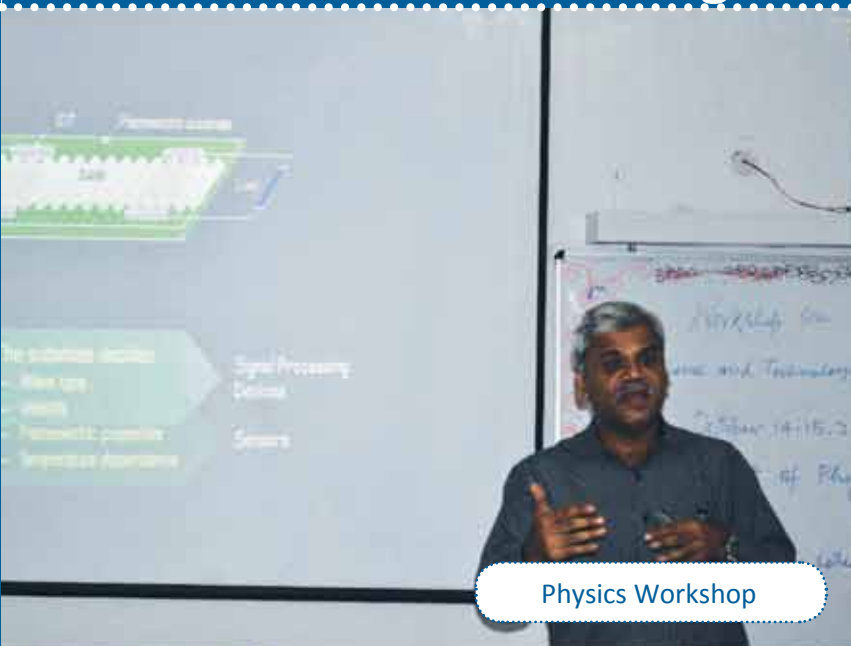


FOSS Workshop



FOSS Workshop

## Activities through the Session 2013 - 14



Physics Workshop



Physics Workshop



IEDC Workshop



IEDC Workshop





Alumni Meet



## Activities through the Session 2013 - 14



Alumni Meet



Book Exhibition







## Activities through the Session 2013 - 14







## Speakers through the Session 2013 - 14







Speakers through the Session 2013 - 14







Sports Day 2013







Annual Day 2013







## ANTARDHVANI 2014





# English Section



## Editorial

“In a magazine, one can get from cover to cover – 15 to 20 different ideas about life and how to live it” – Maya Angelou.

INSIGHT is a collaboration of visions of different people with similar incombustible zeal galvanized with irrevocable imagination. Each student of our college, a dark horse, with celestial talents has helped design a masterpiece. This magazine is like a prism which diffracts our generation's ideology and thoughts into a numerous forms expressed in ink, pastel and pixel.



Insight is unique in its own way because it is created by people with contemporary mind-set and targets amass with similar conception. It is an astonishing platform to comprehend different contemplations amongst the same generation. The magazine covers most of the major events that the college witnessed this year, shared personally by students involved. The skilful and majestic contributions by various artists and photographers are commendable. You don't want to miss out anything in the magazine.

Working on this magazine has been a privilege wherein I discovered manifold of talent and innovation within every ANDCiian. I would like to extend a humble gratitude to all my fellows taking part in making of a magnificent magazine. With what we have been able to bring together before you, we see this marvel of a magazine in many ways a new beginning in ligating chains of different imaginations into one long unbreakable bond.

The students from different departments of our college have, together, culminated a masterpiece of enchanting innovation and diligence with the constant support and guidance by our faculty teachers. The magazine cooked up into a perfect cuisine with spices, flavours. Tinge and sugars from different minds.

I hope this magazine stirs up your perspective and mentality as we have tried to inculcate different ideas, thoughts and views from people coming from different lifestyles. We aim to portray one's thoughts to see the chain reaction in another's. We simply aim to seed inceptions.

Creativity and innovations gives us the outlet to channelize our thoughts in the best possible way. After all, what is human if not creative because that is what makes us human and not simply computers with facts and digits? We have, therefore, tried to cover a wide demographic horizon with students expressing their views on different issues and topics, topics which need attention and recognition amongst the youth. The opinions and thoughts that have come forward through our college students proves to be a cue to a beginning of a new revolution against crime, foeticide, rape, injustice, brutality and all the grey and shady sides of human kind. Expression in any form, thus, gives a magic wand which has the power to turn a frown upside down and brings millions of heart attuned.

In the end, I quote from Whitman, “You are here, that life exist, and identify that the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse. That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse, what will your verse be?”

*Tanaya Chatterjee*

*B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science IV Sem.*



## Antardhvani – a great experience

*Dr. Arijit Chowdhuri,  
Assistant Professor, Department of Physics*

The annual Cultural Festival of University of Delhi aptly christened 'Antardhvani' by Hon'ble Vice Chancellor envisages a student listening to his/her 'inner voice' and discovering calling in life, while simultaneously being guided in the path of right action. Conceptualized and started in 2011, it has become the showpiece event of University of Delhi. In the brief duration of two years it has emerged as the prima donna event for showcasing university's academic, cultural, sports, and innovative achievements. This year the festival was assigned theme of 4YUP (Four Year Undergraduate Programme) the flagship programme of the university, for the competition of Awards for Good Practices. The evaluation for the competition was notified to be two pronged – one within the college and the other at the dedicated stall during Antardhvani. Preparation in the college began in the right earnest as soon as the theme and modes of evaluation were intimated.

Proceedings in the college began with focus on the approach towards teaching-learning process for the 4YUP students. A conscious effort to shift from didactic style of information dissemination to a more informal facilitator type methodology was implemented. This endeavour bore fruitful results wherein students began to participate in the class proceedings in real-time. Further, students were encouraged to use university supplied and freeware loaded Ubuntu OS (12.04 LTS) powered laptops during an ongoing class to supplement their learning process. They were also introduced to the concept of Open



Educational Resources (OER) using Free and Open Source Software (FOSS). The pedagogical impact was immediate and the twin effects of a) students utilizing internet enabled laptop computers during real-time classroom teaching and b) using OER content linked with resource based learning so as to leverage both most effectively was easily discernible to the visiting team of experts evaluating 4YUP implementation. The expert panel lauded the college for the innovative approach undertaken for implementation of the basic tenets of 4YUP in true letter and spirit.

For the second-part of evaluation, a devoted team was constituted under the tutelage of the Principal. The team committed itself to portray the various pioneering methods adopted for efficient teaching of 4YUP besides showcasing various aspects of extra-curricular knowledge imparted to the students. This enterprising effort was envisaged to supplement the clamour for intellectual glamour in equal measure for a wholesome educational experience. The process began with designing of a knowledge tree as the entrance to the college stall for Antardhvani. The tree profoundly illustrated the various extra-curricular activities used to stretch the minds of students in ways that regular teaching could never have and which taught them to listen, question, test and analyze. On the web wholesome education is defined as 'The most powerful equalizer of people's endowments, with which they expand the horizon of life choices, grasp economic opportunities, gain higher living standards, pursue happiness, and enjoy a life of well being' and in order to give students a glimpse of the same, the college exposed them to an experience pertinently titled 'Beyond the Classroom'. The experience of beyond the classroom encompassed education through theatre, concepts of Open Education from world-pioneers, hands-on undergraduate research in state-of-the-art laboratories in college and under the aegis of international scientific society SPIE besides development of entrepreneurship skills. Learning from discussions and active participation by figuring out how things work — and how they can work better for the society — got students thinking and is expected to turn them into autonomous learners in the near future. The team decided to augment the information provided by the tree of knowledge, by means of pamphlets, a dedicated folder and wall panels in the college stall highlighting the aspects mentioned above. The centre of the college booth had a board that explained in detail the complete structure of 4YUP. The stall hosted a ceaseless flow of visitors over the Antardhvani days from 14 – 16 February 2014 and entertained many a query from them. The exemplary design and performance earned the college a third position under the Award of Good Practices for the second year running.

## Acharya Narendra Dev: a Philosopher, a Marxist, a Gandhian and a Buddhist

*Dr. Abhishek Kumar Mehta*

*Assistant Professor, Department of Biomedical Science*

As a Science student I always read academic books and in my free time, fiction. I was never interested in politics and had only a superficial understanding of political ideologies. When I joined Acharya Narendra Dev College, a question came to my mind – “Who was Acharya Narendra Dev?” What has he done to merit the name of a Science college of University of Delhi after his name?

When I was asked to contribute to Insight, I thought that I should write about Acharya Ji and by that way I can know more about him.

So now if you would ask me the same question I would say he was a multidimensional personality. He was a great philosopher, a humble scholar, a politician with integrity and dignity, a genuine Marxist, a sincere Gandhian and a Buddhist, who in his own words didn't believed in religion.

Acharya Narendra Dev was born on 31<sup>st</sup> October, 1889 at Sitapur in Uttar Pradesh. His parents, Baldeva Prasad and Jawahar Devi, belonged to a middle class Hindu Khatri family, originally from Punjab. His father was a lawyer and practiced law at Faizabad.

As a child Narendra Dev learnt Sanskrit from local pundits and could recite *Gayatri Mantra*, *Gita* and *Amara Kosha*. He studied at Muir Central College at Allahabad and Queen's College, Benares. He did his B.A. in English, Hindi and Sanskrit. His M.A. was in Sanskrit, with Epigraphy and Paleography. He also studied Pali, Prakrit, German and French. After M.A., he did his LL.B. from Allahabad in 1915 and came back to Faizabad to practice law and soon became a successful lawyer.

Narendra Dev was not satisfied by his profession. He was not interested in personal success but wanted to devote himself to the cause of freedom struggle and social cause. Narendra Dev's father was a frequent participant of Congress sessions. He got attracted to politics at a very young age. He was only 10 years old when he attended a session of Indian National Congress at Lucknow with his father. This was the first time he heard Tilakji. The speech was in English and he understood nothing, but he was highly impressed by Tilakji. His heroes were Lal-Bal-Pal and Aurbindo Ghose, the extremists (Nationalists) of Congress. He was also influenced by Gandhi Ji. He was one of the leading figures in the student demonstrations at Allahabad. He left his practice and started a branch of Home Rule League at Faizabad as its Secretary in 1916.

As a part of national campaign for education during the non-cooperation movement, Narendra Dev joined the newly opened Kashi Vidyapith at Banaras in 1921. Within five years, he became Principal of the college and got a prefix **ACHARYA** to his name.

Acharya Ji was an avid reader and read revolutionary literature. He was highly inspired by Marx. He was not a rigid person and was very flexible in his ideology, but he was not at all opportunistic. He once said:



*“Those who hold that Marx’s teachings run contrary to democracy are mistaken. Marx was one of the greatest humanists of his time. He cherished the right of freedom of expression as the most sacred of human possessions. His communism presupposed complete democracy.”*

Although he was a Marxist at heart, he was an honest follower of Gandhism as well. In an article he has written: *“No justice is done to any Marxist principle by accepting Satyagraha. Neither does it amount to synthesis of Marxism and Gandhism. Marxism has never been fond of violence, if the objective can be attained by using non-violent means, Marxism would give it (non-violence) topmost preference.”*

In 1934, a separate Congress Socialist Party (CSP) was established within Congress in a conference held under president ship of Acharya Narendra Dev. Jaya Prakash Narayan became the first General Secretary of CSP. Throughout his life he remained a great socialist leader. He is also considered the father of socialism in India.

In 1936, he was selected as a member of Congress Working Committee and in 1937 he was elected President of UP Provincial Congress Committee. He never accepted the offer to join cabinet of the Party but always supported Congress Ministry over issues of social interests like policy of land reforms and educational reforms. At the dawn of independence, Gandhi Ji offered him the presidentship of Indian National Congress but following his principles he refused to accept it. He was not attracted to power but valued his integrity. According to R. Venkataraman, *“No office in India was beyond Acharya Ji’s reach. Acharya ji was beyond the reach of all offices.”*

Acharya Ji believed that Marxism could not be applied in its original form in India. He believed peasants were the major working class in India and they should get the right over property. Regarding the right to property, Acharya Ji wrote: *“The fundamental right with regard to property should be so revised that it may be possible for the legislative authority of both the Union and States to acquire property for public purposes, to sanction its redistribution on equitable basis, and to socialise industries and other economic enterprises, as well as to authorize public management of private property and undertakings in the general interest of the community or workers concerned. The legislative authority alone should have the power to determine if and what compensation is to be paid in aforesaid cases.”*

Showing the example of highest traditions of parliamentary democracy Acharya Ji and twelve other members of Congress Socialist Party resigned as Members of Parliament when socialist party separated itself from Congress in 1948, because they were elected on tickets of Congress party.

Even after separating from Congress he was respected by all the leaders of his time. He never allowed political differences to spoil his personal relations with Congress leaders. He has said: *“Mata Mile ya na Mile, Mana to zarur Mile.”*

Acharya Ji always fought against casteism. He considered a social evil. In 1948, he stated: *“The growth of conscious casteism must be arrested now, since it has exhausted its utility. It is now necessary to tell the lower castes that the real enemies are the vested interests and that the upper castes had held them under their yoke only on account of their economic superiority. The oppressed must be told that the remedy of all their ills lies in joining hands with the other economically oppressed people, of any caste or creed, to fight the vested interests.”*



He served Lucknow University as Vice-Chancellor from 1948 to 1951. He had very good command over many languages. In his farewell speech from post of Vice Chancellor of Lucknow University in Dec 1951, when he was going to join BHU as Vice-Chancellor he said in fluent persianised Urdu:

*“Merikhwahish thee ki zindagi ke akhiri lameh goshe tanhai men guzar dun, magar Maulana Saheb ka pigham aya hai ki unhen Banaras Hindu University men meri khidmat kee zarurat hai...”*

In 1951 he was appointed as Vice-Chancellor of Banaras Hindu University and continued to serve there their till 1953.

Acharya Ji has once said: *“Our life is divided into seemingly different and exclusive sections. Inside and among these sections various kinds of struggles are going on all the time. A truly philosophical outlook would rise above this struggle and exclusiveness and assign each to its proper place and would present a unified view of life.”*

He was not a follower of any particular ideology just to please someone or to get power. He had his own vision and followed all through his life what his inner conscience allowed him.

On his death in 1956 (19 February 1956) Jawaharlal Nehru said: *“His health failed him. Otherwise he was a man of rare distinction – distinction in many fields – rare in spirit, rare in mind and intellect, and rare in integrity.”*

### References:

1. Acharya Narendra Deva Birth Centenary Volume. Radiant Publishers.
2. Acharya Narendra Deva-A profile by Qurban Ali. (First published in Janata, October-November, 2009, on the occasion of the seventy five years of Socialism in India, or 75th anniversary of CSP).
3. Biography of Acharya Narendra Deva by Raghukaul Tilak. (<http://www.vandemataram.com/biographies/patriots>)

## Lady in the Train

*Karishma Vashishtha*  
*B.Sc. (H) Electronics VI Sem.*

I had been to this railway station a number of times during the four years of my stay in Chennai but this time, the feeling was different. As I stood there, every second was drowning me in the bitter-sweet memories of my college life. My friends in college, the first time we bunked classes, the college fests, the election drama, the pranks played on professors, the rivalries and jealousies for girlfriends.....the entire film ran before my eyes. I may never come back here again. Getting a degree is exciting but the emotions attached to those four years were too beautiful to be described in words.

As I waved my hand to bid adieu to my friends, I stared at their faces intensely, somewhat trying to control the drop of tear which was about to roll down to the edge of my upper lip, as if it were a Shah Rukh Khan movie where the protagonist never cries as he is "the hero". And if he cried, the Indian audience would never accept it as they are too concerned about his macho image.

Though the railway station was quite near my college, just five minutes away, today it took me nearly twenty minutes to cover the same distance. My journey from a shy, docile boy to a quick witted and frank "dude" was full of excitement, fun and thrill. Suddenly, a loud whistle came to my ears. As the train approached nearer, the crowd got divided into small groups and condensed at the gates. I too picked up my luggage and entered the coach, struggling through the crowd. I checked the seat number and quickly adjusted my things in the luggage box. Meanwhile, I heard a tired voice asking for help. I turned around to face an octogenarian lady. She was a few steps away from me. I went near her, saw her ticket, held her hand and luggage and brought her to my seat. I fixed her luggage opposite my seat, as she moved her hand on my head. She murmured something in Tamil.

Another whistle and the train was all set to leave. A myriad of emotions enveloped people at the station. The old lady seemed very interested in the scene. She stuck to the window. Leaving the busy city, the train gradually picked up speed. She shifted her eyes from the platform towards me.

"Lots of hearts welcomed me when I put my first step in this city at the age of 15 as a bride but today, not even a person is interested in performing his duties or at least the formalities. Out of my four boys, none asked me where I was going," said the old lady in frustration.

I could not find appropriate words to console her. So, I decided to sit quietly.

"Life gives its share of blessings to each one of us at a justified time and doesn't even give time to complain, huh!!" she said.

I simply nodded my head in approval this time as I felt the need and pressure to make a gesture and also because I still could not find the right words. She gazed at the novel in my hand and asked its name. I avoided telling the name as I believed that she might not understand English, so I tried to settle her curiosity with a monotonous reply, "story book".

I did not realise when I fell asleep. It was around 8 p.m. when I realised that a rough hand was touching my cheek and the voice was breaking. The lady asked me to fill her water bottle at the next station. I

did so when the train stopped at the next station for two minutes, unwillingly, as I had no reason to say no. Meanwhile, I was also worried about my luggage. Those two minutes were like hell. I came back, thinking why I had agreed to fill the bottle in the first place. But as I came back, I was relieved to see that all my things were there. I decided to stay away from the lady for the fear of losing some of my stuff in an attempt to perform social service. I had developed a kind of animosity towards her for no reason whatsoever.

One of the reasons why I had slept early was to avoid the old “lady in the train”. Once again, I checked my luggage and looked at her. She was covered in a black and white blanket which seemed to be new, for I could smell the fragrance which is generally there in new clothes. That night was colder than I had thought and I had taken out only a light blanket from my bag. I was shivering but did not bother to take out the second one from the bag.

Next day, as I woke up, I was shocked. First, the seat opposite mine was empty (which was a relief until I had made the second observation). Now, I was covered in the new black and white blanket that the lady had the night before and third, there was a note in my novel as I looked on my side. The note was not a big surprise but the note being written in English definitely was. I felt small, very small. I felt guilty for my behaviour. Now, I could not even think of compensating for my ingratitude by serving her as she was gone. And the note in English will always remain a mystery.....



## Procrastination

*Tanaya Chatterjee*

*B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science IV Sem.*

As time challenges the speed of light  
and our brain is left to stale,  
Our complacence chauffeurs our neglect  
and assures our being to yet prevail.

Victories we find in repeated failures eddies  
soothing our hearts to feel a merry tomorrow  
Redundant years of hope and efforts  
eddies down the flush of guilt and sorrow.

Why this eerie expectation from life  
to fall in symmetry on its own account?  
Why do we dream of Miami Paradise?  
To open eyes to a heap of debts and bounds?

Once upon a time, I woke up to enrapture the day  
to enthrall the world's pivot living;  
But now my eyes, half shut; misbehave,  
enshroud the fine silver lining.

My complacence overstays its visit  
my passion for passion overslept  
My failures still reassert their dominance  
and my resilience drowns itself into its depth.

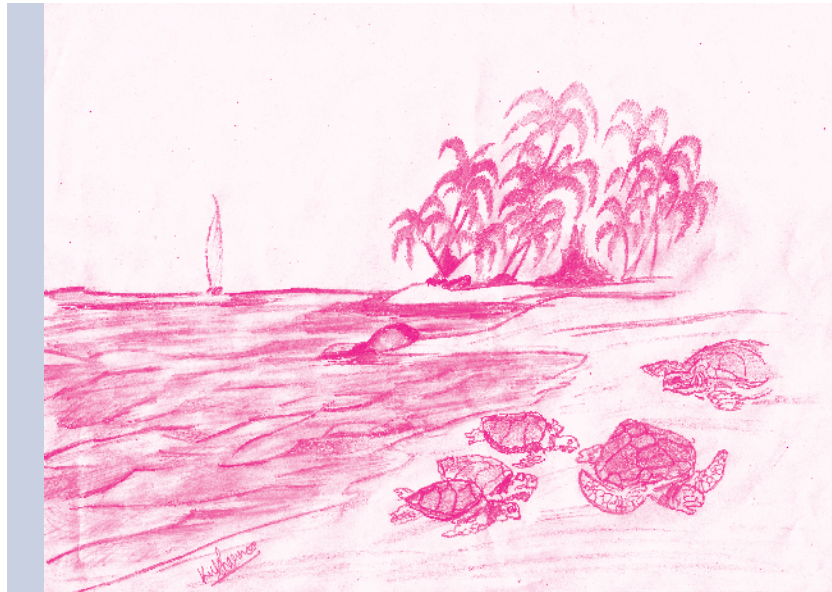
But since I breathe another day  
I smile and welcome combat at the gate;  
For life is a war, fought daily alone  
and I try and try not to procrastinate.

But, I procrastinate away.....!!

## The Beach

*Ipshita Mishra*

*B.Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*



Walking on the golden sand  
Along the blue sea  
Under the blue sky  
As, rejuvenating as it may seem  
The image they desire  
Cut to the turtle, struggling down the shore  
Beaten by the high tides or rough rocks inshore  
Crawling up the sand as time passes by  
No more does it remain golden but turns sherry dry  
Here come the watery mouths sensing the blood and flesh  
Circling round and about the bait till it falls to death  
Yet the sight remains as picturesque  
As the blotch is soon removed  
Little by stray dogs  
Little by mournful fools  
Little do I wonder lying down  
Along the blue sea  
Under the same sky  
As dreadful as it may seem  
Is darkness in the horrors of light?

## Telegram – The End of an Era in Communication

*Ambika Mathur*

*B.Sc. (H) Computer Science IV Sem.*

When I was in school, we had a task on writing telegrams. At that time, I used to think about the futility of writing telegrams in an age when we can connect with people who are miles away from us within a few seconds? It has no use. But when I came across the news about telegram services officially coming to an end on July 14<sup>th</sup>, 2013, I started recalling those classes.

I read an article where the operators of the telegram office at Kashmeree Gate, Delhi were interviewed. They were very nostalgic and recalled their memories about their service.

There was a time when people who distributed telegrams, “the messengers”, were looked upon with great respect. People used to call them “Taar Babu”. In the 1980’s, the office used to be flooded with about 20,000 incoming and outgoing telegrams daily and now there are hardly 500. The context of the telegrams used to vary from birthday wishes to condolences, marriages, notices and interviews. Even journalists used to write telegrams to send their reports from every nook and corner of the country to their offices. I found it quite amusing that the messengers already knew what the headlines in the next day’s newspaper would be. The messengers used to categorize these telegrams on context and priority basis. For example, “XX” for information of death, “OOO” were important government messages.

Just imagine a person serving for thirty years in the same office who used to work almost 24x7; how depressing the situation would be for him, to bid farewell to his daily routine, his only source of income. One of the messengers said that mobile phones had eaten up his job. He used to deliver messages even late in the night. People would be shocked when he arrived but the shock would turn into a pleasant surprise, most of the times, as he was also the harbinger of good news.

I found out some interesting facts from the history of the telegram:

- The first telegram was sent by Samuel Morse on May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1844. The message he wrote was: "What hath God wrought?" from Washington to Baltimore. At that time, it was a very big thing; sending a message across such a long distance.
- The shortest message in the history of the telegram was just a "?" sent by an Irish writer, Oscar Wilde, when he was in Paris. He wrote to his publisher in Britain to find out how his new book was doing and the reply he got was "!"
- In India, the first experimental electric telegram was started between Calcutta and Diamond Harbour in November 1850.

Now-a-days, telegrams are used just as an official document to prove the delivery of a piece of news. One of the messengers said, "Telegraph is of great help even now in legal cases." This tells us how much he still wants to continue with his job.

Good bye Telegram.....



## Alumni Meet of the Department of Electronics

*Prabhav Pushkar*

*B.Sc. (H) Electronics IV Sem.*

This year, the Alumni Meet was special because it was the first Alumni Meet that any department had organized on its own. Earlier, the College had witnessed only the Alumni Meet common to all departments of the College. So, as the chief coordinator, I am sharing my experiences of organizing it. This was the first major event that I coordinated after becoming the Deputy Mayor. So, I was under pressure to make it successful and prove my abilities. But since it was the first of its kind, I had no clue as to how I would make it a memorable event.

There were two main challenges before me. First, I had to track all the alumni, starting from the 1992 batch (the year when Electronics course came into existence). The best method of communication with the alumni was on social media sites. In this regard, Mr. Suresh Rath, lab staff of our Department was of great help as he had at least one student from every batch in his social media contact list. The second way to contact recently passed alumni was through a common group ID named Alumni of Electronics, Delhi University, where we found many of our alumni with information about their latest placements. Some of the faculty members of our Department also helped us in providing alumni information. I also gathered a lot of information from the contacted alumni. They contacted friends and classmates of their time and this chain finally helped us in making a database of over hundred alumni.

We invited them through social media sites, emails and phone calls and in the meantime, I also had an interaction with the founder teachers, who had left the College years ago. One of them, Mr. Jasmeet Baweja is settled in USA and another, Mr. Sanjay Jain, attended our Meet, and became the show stealer. With a low budget but high ambition, it was a challenge to organize this event successfully because the College had financed a minimal amount. We had also decided not to put unnecessary monetary burden on students. We managed our event by utilizing the existing facilities in the College, such as, the shade in front of the administrative block was chosen as the venue. We also planned to have high tea instead of an elaborate dinner. We organized our meet in the evening so that office-goer alumni could also join us. The date of the Alumni Meet was chosen around Diwali because many of the alumni, working outside Delhi, come home to celebrate the festival.

It was the busiest day of my life as work started early in the morning and ended at around 8:00 pm. With the cooperation of sincere and hardworking colleagues, we decorated the venue with curtains, balloons and rangoli. We prepared a movie using memorable pictures of the alumni during the previous fests of the College which became the major attraction of this event. All our esteemed alumni and colleagues got emotional after seeing their old memories, the moments they had spent with their friends and faculty in our College. One of the major attractions for the audience was the gifts that we presented to our esteemed alumni - some unique items produced in our College by none other than our own colleagues which included hand sanitizers, soaps and shampoos. All alumni members were very happy to get such a memorable and unique present from their successors.

We entertained our audience with diverse music, shayaris and comic acts performed by our colleagues. Many of the alumni shared their college memories, the fun they had, talked about people they missed, the kind of work they are doing at present. We were very surprised to listen to our alumni's success stories. We thank our Department's faculty, Dr. Sona Pranav Kumar and Dr. Ravneet Kaur, who gave this unique idea of organizing the Alumni Meet in the College. Their main motive was to encourage students' interaction with their alumni to achieve better guidance and planning for successful future endeavours. There are very few occasions in our day to day life when we get a chance to interact personally with the alumni of our Department. Because of this Meet, we all succeeded in achieving this motive. This event boosted the confidence of all current students as they understood the future prospects of our course after hearing about placements of their alumni. We found that most of our alumni are working in many reputed organisations with good job profiles both national and international level.

And, last but not the least; I would suggest that every Department should organize such alumni meets annually, to build a better communication network between all current and past students of the College.

## The Insomniac is in Sleep

*Surabhi*

*B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science VI Sem.*

A still slumber sets upon the sunless sky  
sans sound or motion, a deafening silence dawns  
wide awake with a turbulent mind,  
here he lies.

Insane, how the stillness gives rise to a tumult.  
A torrent of memories, longings and regret  
plague his mind and sweep away the sleep.  
An ensemble of emotions takes its toll  
where every emotion is twice as potent.  
Amidst the turbulence,  
the mind finds solace only in the dawn.  
The promise of tomorrow brings  
a lust to right the wrongs,  
a prospect to execute his visions,  
a chance to say what has long remained unspoken.  
But alas! For the sweet 'morrow to arrive,

the dreadful night must fare thee well.  
He tries to close his eyes and fall  
into the stillness  
but, the bliss of slumber does not favour  
this wretched insomniac soul.  
The mighty torrent, in all its tyranny  
smites away the last vestige of sleep.  
Easy it may seem to simply fade away  
in the dark night but, for him who walks  
with the burden of wishful longings,  
moving mighty mountains seems a simpler task.  
Waiting, wishing for the dark and the warmth  
to slowly drift him away,  
he still lies wide awake conversing,  
with foe and friendly voices of his mind.  
But then the tumult, the tumult stealthily  
begins to fade.  
Swayed by the arms of time he is drifting  
into a peaceful slumber, and outside his window  
the sun has risen. The light of the dawn  
he longed last night for is finally at his service  
and the world outside awakes.  
He lies in his cradle, deep in sleep.  
The insomniac is in sleep!  
But the tomorrow he wished for is there  
in all its glory.  
The longings that were to be fulfilled  
lie immersed in air, akin to faint aroma.  
How would he now say the unspoken?  
Do the undone? Mend the broken?  
The radiance from the dawn is at its peak,  
does he wake in time or stay asleep?



## The Trauma of Partition

*Shantanu and Vinod Kumar, B.Sc. (H) Chemistry*

*Shashank Kinra and Sanjay, B.Sc. (H) Physics*

The whole world stood surprisingly still. My thoughts were in complete disarray. My heart, beating as slow as a snail moves, and my head, well, it's rather easy to say, I couldn't think or speak. Life for me was flipped upside down, pointing towards nowhere. I was devastated in a way no one can even think of. I was eleven when the Partition (the order of the Gods as my parents described it) took place. My father, a labourer, my mother, a housewife and my little sister, my angel, were the only family I had. Day after day, we went to sleep without any food. My father suffered drastically, going through disorders which none of us could explain. And my angel, my little Ria, was no more. I was going through hell. We lost our home as it was burnt down with our belongings. Riots, protests and killings were the order of the day and forced us to move constantly. My mother was still strong, my father though weak, was still going on.

Then the big run came, the run for our lives. Angry men and women carrying sticks and swords ran on the streets, killing people mercilessly. A blade scarred me on the right hand and an excruciating pain ran through my body. My mother, seeing this, held me and ran like an insane and my father followed her. Finally, we arrived at the station. My mother pushed me into a bogey and shut the door. I remember each and every word she said: "Don't worry, I am with you." The train started, I became unconscious, half dead. When I regained consciousness, the train was moving slowly. I somehow managed to stand and opened the door. We had reached a place completely alien to me. The train finally came to a halt. It seemed that the darkest hour of my life was over but I could feel the pain and sufferings in my body. I gathered my strength and started searching for my parents at the station. But I found them nowhere – I called out for them, I asked about them but without any result. Eyes filled with tears, I ran here and there but in vain. I soon realized that they too had gone and I was now alone in this world, alone to fend for myself.

But I have not lost hope.....I am still searching for them, Ammi, Abba, my little Ria.....I love you. Allah is there for me and for you.....

## Untitled Poem

*Shrey Ahuja*

*B. Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

My life flashes before my eyes,  
am I dreaming or is this real?  
I know nothing of these flashes,  
all I know is that I stand.  
I look down at the flying fish,  
moving like the magnetic lines.  
I see flies engulfed in crimson blaze,  
hovering above the land, aimlessly.  
I see patterns of strange sorts,  
spiraling designs in the crop field.  
I see the smoke sucking away the color,  
leaving the world in shades of grey.  
As the white washes away somewhere,  
the shades of grey dissolve into the absolute,  
and murkiness fills the silent infinite.  
Is there any life left, I wonder?  
Is there any despair, I think?  
Is this the world I lived in?  
Does the flying fish still fly?  
Do the flies still hover aimlessly?  
Does the pattern still seem strange?  
Will the smoke start giving back?  
Is this the life that I lived, or  
the dream that I conceived?  
Will I see the flash again?  
Or will I remain here, stranded?  
Will I need to close my eyes again?  
Or are they better left open?

## Yoga: A Way of Life

*Ambika Mathur*

*B.Sc. (H) Computer Science VI Sem.*

In this fast paced world, where we all of us are so immersed in our lives, caught in this rat race to outdo others and sometimes even ourselves, in a bid to come out on top, we tend to lose sight of our value systems and our goals in life. Under severe stress and tension, we tend to neglect our health and thus lose our "sheen" in the long run.

It has been found that we youngsters have a short hand when it comes to patience. We want everything to happen at one click of a button, quick successes and in case that doesn't happen, we get upset and depressed. To overcome this mental stress and enhance patience, practicing YOGA helps a lot.

Yoga is a Sanskrit word which means "to join" or "to attach", oneness with your inner self. This union is of the mind with the body by means of breathing practices and yoga *asanas*. Yoga leads to internal peace. It is a very ancient practice discovered in India which has now been recognized by people all over the world. A research was conducted on 700 college students. Where they were asked to appear for an exam and then undergo 7 weeks of yoga training which included meditation, *asanas*, and *pranayama*. After this training, again they took an exam. The result was that students performed better as their stress was reduced.

Breathing exercises help in rejuvenating the body, in taking fresh air which opens up the mind and body. There are a variety of Yoga *asanas*. Though it needs some time and the guidance of an instructor to perform these *asanas*, it makes your body fit, maintains the blood flow and stretches your body. There are many *asanas* which are very difficult but help to tone the muscles and our body.

"*Suryanamaskar*" is one of the most important exercises. Doing only this, 5 times in the morning is very helpful and effective. *Suryanamaskar* can do to your body what months of dieting cannot. From improving your posture, strengthening muscles to reducing extra inches around the waist; the benefits of *Suryanamaskar* are many, provided you adopt it the right way. A set of 12 fixed, cyclic postures define *Suryanamaskar* which when performed repeatedly, at an easy pace, can bring a sense of well-being, almost immediately. However, those with a heart condition, arthritis or slip-disk, need their doctor's consent before starting the routine.

*Asanas*, don't show their result instantly (though breathing exercises instantly relax the body), but they are very effective if you do them continuously. A person can actually feel his body opening up.

Daily practice of yoga also increases our body's immunity, resistance towards body ailments like migraines, headaches. It increases our concentration, enhances our eyesight, and we start looking young, people have a good control over their mind and become more patient.

Yoga can help in reducing the sugar level of diabetic patients. Researchers at the University College of Medical Sciences, Shahdara, New Delhi evaluated 24 patients aged between 30 to 60 years who had non-insulin dependent diabetes mellitus, also called Type II diabetes (those treated with diet, exercise, and oral medicines that lower blood sugar levels). Researchers evaluated the baseline fasting blood



sugar levels of the patients and they also performed pulmonary function studies. These pulmonary function studies measured lung capacity and the amount of air that could be exhaled within the first second of a rapid exhalation. After performing these basic tests, yoga experts gave these patients training in 13 yoga *asanas* for 40 days for 40 minutes daily. After 40 days, the tests were repeated. The results indicate that there was a significant decrease in fasting blood sugar levels from about 190 initially to 140 after the 40 day period of yoga activity. Fasting blood sugar level in people without diabetes is usually below 120. The lung studies showed an average improvement of about 10 percent in lung capacity. These findings suggest that better blood sugar control and pulmonary functions can be obtained if people stick to a daily schedule of yoga *Asanas* and *Pranayama*.

There are many more researches related to yoga. It has been scientifically proven that daily practice of yoga cures many ailments.

## AIMA National competition – A report

*Radhika Sharma*  
*B. Com. (H) IV Sem.*

“1st October, 2013. A date we can never forget. “

AIMA (All India Management Association) is a professional management body that aims at spreading management thoughts with its experience in management education, executive development, testing services and thought leadership. It organised this event- “10th National Competition for Management Students “ in different regions of India, namely- East, West, North and South.

This annual competition provides a unique platform to budding managers to exhibit their talent & leadership skills, thereby win recognition to excellence. It also provides an excellent opportunity for them to demonstrate their knowledge, creativity, experience and professional prowess to become ‘Leaders of Tomorrow’.

The event in the eastern region was organised in Delhi during 30th September - 1st October, 2013 at Amity University, Noida. Parul Gulati and I were given an opportunity to be a part of the event where various teams participated from different management colleges. The competing teams gave presentations for 10 minutes each on the topic, “*Inspired Leadership through Turbulent Times and Power of Youth*”. Three best teams were chosen out of 40 teams from the eastern zone.

These best three teams were given a chance to compete against the other regional winners in the National competition held on 5th October, 2013, at AIMA.

As students representing Acharya Narendra Dev College, we stood first in the eastern zone and also were the youngest competitors amongst all the competing teams. Never been so proud. Not just because we won but also because we stood up to the expectations of our teachers and the Principal. Without their support it would have been a distant dream.

## Chocolates...they are full of life...

*Eshant Bhatia*

*B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science IV Sem.*

Chocolates....!! Yummy, our tongue starts to flicker and the mouth waters, even if we hear of chocolates. Teens, especially girls are big fan of these cocoa containing bars. You guys eat lots and lots of chocolates but are unaware of what they do to your body. Usually, parents beware us of eating chocolates but we ignore them and have at least one chocolate every day.

Now after reading this you guys can even convince your parents for eating these chocolates which usually they consider as stupid cocoa containing compounds. These chocolates are full of compounds which are beneficial to our body but only when consumed in limits.

These sweet chocolates are full of sugar but also contain flavonoids which increase insulin sensitivity and decrease insulin resistance thus preventing high blood sugar levels. These flavonoids also protect our skin from action of harmful UV rays and also improve blood flow to skin, making our skin more hydrated and dense. Flavonoids stimulate endothelium to produce nitric oxide (NO) which leads to relaxation of arteries and hence this lowers the resistance to blood flow thus reducing blood pressure.

They sometimes act as savoir of cells by oxidative damage as chocolates are loaded with antioxidants, which prevent formation of oxygen free radicals, thus preventing our cells from these highly reactive species. Also chocolates contain a compound called "theobromine" which reduces the activity of vagus nerve that triggers cough fits, thus acting as cough suppressant and now a days theobromine is used in cough syrups as a substitute of codeine.

It is surprising to know that they act as cholesterol lowering agents too. Cocoa, an active component of chocolates and coffee is found to boast the levels of HDL (good cholesterol) and reduce levels of LDL (bad cholesterol). Chocolates contain pentameric procynidin, which disrupts the ability of cancerous cell to spread by destroying the protein necessary for growth and division of cancerous cells.

Chocolates are again a good friend of our brain and maintain our brain in a healthy state by preventing it from stroke because it contains high concentration of  $\text{Ca}^{2+}$  and  $\text{K}^+$ . Resveratrol is an active component of chocolate which protects our nervous system and prolongs human life.

"Jeanne Louise Calment" a French woman had the longest life span living to the age of 122 years and 164 days ate 2.5 pound of chocolate per week.

Chocolates are often used as gift material and we also feel happy after having chocolates because they contain PEA (phenyl ethyl amine), endorphins which are secreted by our brain during affectionate feeling and make us feel happy.

Now after reading this don't just start feeding on chocolates because those available in market are not pure chocolates they are adulterated with lots of other compounds thus don't serve as perfect healthy material. As mentioned in the Cleveland Clinic study:

*"...Be careful about the type of dark chocolate you choose: chewy caramel-marshmallow-nut-covered dark chocolate is by no means a heart-healthy food option." Be aware that milk chocolate does not have the same healthy effect as unadulterated dark chocolate, because milk often prevents absorption of polyphenols.*

*It's also important to remember the word moderation. There's a measured and tested amount of chocolate – 6.7 grams a day (or one small square of chocolate two or three times a week) – that provides the best health benefits. While it undoubtedly comes as a pleasant surprise that chocolate is actually good for you, eating the right amount is crucial if you want it to be a benefit and not a liability."*

## Close and Farther

*Manish Kumar Singh  
B.Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

There was a thing,  
I wanted to do  
I tried it, I did it  
but that took away all my might and  
there was a lot of thing I went through.

Always been waiting,  
for the time to come,  
it passed by, and I  
was about to take a leap in the dark  
but it stopped me, the fear phantom.

Every time I did my 99,  
the hundredth percent just surges to infinity  
never was the task completed  
it was me, only me and somewhere  
I was crying holding onto my pity.

A night when every star was  
glaring as Sun  
gathered the entire vigour of mine  
did mine impossible  
but something was there, undone.



Always had known the outcome  
tried to change it, somehow,  
but not being the Almighty  
it wasn't something  
that the destiny would allow  
it was so close to the mountain top  
as I could feel the coldest of winds  
abruptly, slipped to the depth of  
darkest of oceans, felt the gathered strength  
of mine was greatly thinned.

Once again 'we' were together  
me and my own reticence  
what looked like a full house for  
me, there was again, what was there  
utter absence.

## DHWANI: The Rhythm of Action – A report

*Sohini Rakshit  
Botany (H) II Sem.*

The never ending journey of **Dhwani**, dramatics society of our college started back in the year 2009 and was given its perfect place in the year 2011. The journey started with an idea; an idea to make something different, something creative, something that connects us to each other. Theatre for us is something that connects us to the mankind.

**"DHWANI"** means **"aawaz"**, **which echoes emotion**. As aawaz carries a beat...a beat that has a rhythm...a rhythm carries movements...and as movements carry the expressions, the result is called as **DHWANI- THE RHYTHM OF ACTION**. This is a voice that gives a message to all.

We are just school pass-outs and entered in a new arena of learning. The college extends our scope of learning. The green mind doesn't restrict only to learning, the vigour of youth wishes to explore the world beyond the classroom... Dhwani is that perfect platform through which the journey of the youth is initiated. Dhwani gives us the space wherein expressed emotions get shapes and colours.

The history of Dhwani sounds interesting, all this started from the concept of **ECPDT (Effective Communication and Personality Development through Theatre)**. The desire of some students and our

Principal with the immense help of Mr. Ajay Manchanda (the mentor) led to the **formation of Dhwani in 2009.**

Forming a group is not that easy....because it's not necessary that the members of a team would have common thoughts, common way of thinking....many differences crop within the team, anti-propaganda takes place...but one thing remained **intact** in them....the urge to do something creative, hence people accepted each other, tried to makeup together and now we can see the result....**Dhwani as an intact** society.

The aim of the dramatics society is to make the students to take up new things, create, analyse and execute it. Here students get to know their capabilities and develop them more and more day by day. They also learn about their pitfalls and try to correct them. It aims in spreading plus making an impact on everyone about the issues of our day to day live. And above all it aims to entertain.

True to the spirit of our college's by-line "Beyond the Classroom," Dhwani has been able to carve out a niche for itself owing to its exemplary street plays, skits, and theatre productions. The society organized the following activities during the year 2012-13:-

**Theatre Fest, 'Tarang'**- Organised on March 28, 2012 including the events like departmental skit competition, theatre gallery, logo competition, dress designing competition, theatre games, screening of annual theatre production 2012, '**Ye Daagh Daagh Ujaala**' to give students a platform to showcase their enthusiasm, acting talent, creativity, concentration power, teamwork and trust on the other partner.







**Participation in Theatre Cum Poetry and Music Show-** 12 members of society represented the college in a theatre cum poetry and music show organized by Indian Ex-Servicemen Movement at Vivekananda International Foundation on July 21, 2012. The show was to honour the heroes of Kargil war. It was attended by many great personalities of Indian Armed Forces.

**NSS Skit Competition-** The society performed a skit 'Man Ki Jhaadu' in an inter college NSS Skit Competition organized by National Service Scheme, University of Delhi and won the 1<sup>st</sup> prize for the 'Best Skit'.

**Theatre Week (Aug. 21-25, 2012)-** In order to promote the society and to sensitize students about theatre, the society organized a theatre week from Aug. 21 to Aug. 25, 2012. An open group discussion on women empowerment '*Naari-Abla Ya Sabla...*' was also organized theatrically.

Like every year Dhvani also invited the new talent by holding up auditions in different fields such as acting, dance, music, etc. to have a compact bunch of different flavours all together.

A street play, '*Nahi Qubool*', scripted by Jan Natya Manch was directed and acted by the members of the society for the street play competition at AIIMS.

**'Bhoot Chadh Gaya Re'-** A play written, directed and acted by the members of dramatics society was presented as a part of our anti-smoking campaign. The play was performed at Rajkiya Sarvodaya Baal Vidyalaya, Jhilmil on Dec. 13, 2012. It was highly appreciated by audience and was covered by 'Punjab Kesari'. It has also been performed in street play competitions organized by various colleges of University of Delhi.

**Theatre Gallery-** presented on 5<sup>th</sup> of April 2013, was an event that summarised the work of Dhvani over the last year. The members performed each and every act and gave everyone a pictorial view of their excellence.

Besides all these, Dhvani has staged three *Annual Productions* since 2011 at the Shri Ram Centre, including '*Sau Mein Laga Dhaga*' (2011), '*Ye Daagh Daagh Ujala(a Rajasthani folk tale)* (2012) and '*Khul Ja Sim Sim*' (2013).

Dhwani's work has been appreciated since its existence. I Hope that this journey continues and Dhvani reaches more heights.



## Friends – The Second Family

*Ambika Mathur*

*B.Sc. (H) Computer Science VI Sem.*

Generally we leave for college by eight in the morning and come back home around five in the evening or at times even after that. During these hours the people we are surrounded by are “Friends”; the people who are strangers on the first day of the college later become life of a person.

Friends are the ones with whom we share our joys, sorrows and our view points. We can say random things before them without even giving it a thought. We fight on stupid things but if some other person does something against them we unite to fight them back. They are the ones after our family who understand us very well, guide us when we are wrong but at times unite to play some small pranks. And the main thing, we call each other by funny names which are at times embarrassing but in case they call us by the real name one can guess that there is some problem. They have the right to interfere in our life.

To mark this special and important relation of friendship, every first Sunday of August is celebrated as International Friendship Day. It started way back in 1950's in Paraguay, South America. Now it is widely celebrated all over the world, all thanks to the social media. Although social media helps a lot keeping people in touch but it has also ruined the emotions of meeting a friend after a long time. But with the help of social networking sites, like Twitter, Facebook, people are in touch even with their childhood friends and friends who are far away. One can exchange greetings via e-cards which helps a lot to remember those special moments spent with their friends. This day is celebrated in India too, especially among teenagers. On this day, friends tie Friendship Bands as a token of their love. It is generally cherished among school and college students. A college girl when asked, if she celebrates this day and, if yes, then how, replied with a big smile on her face: “Yes! I celebrate it, on this day I ensure I meet my old school friends and tie bands. Even though for some people it would be childish but we celebrate this day. We recall some good sweet memories of ours and also create memories which we will remember next time”. But when asked the same question from a boy from my class, he said: “No, I didn't do it even when I was a kid”.

It's important for every relationship that the people involved are good friends. Even research claims that having good friends increases longevity of a person (especially older people). So, good friends are good for your health. Friends can help you celebrate good times and provide support during bad times. They prevent loneliness and give you a chance to offer needed companionship, too. When in a good company, a person would never be depressed. They stand strong to help you cope up with traumas and encourage you to see the positive side of everything. They boost happiness, rejuvenate the lost confidence in you and are good for heart also. If you speak your heart out to a trusted friend you feel relieved.

We chat with them endlessly on any random topic at times completely senseless and then later realize for how long we were talking and again get started. Friends are ones with whom we share our secrets our likes and dislikes. We like to roam around and do lots and lots of fun. From commenting on people to playing funny games to stupid talks to group studies (that rarely happens), we share all with them.

Traveling with them does not become tiring. We can also understand the concept of relativity - an hour of traveling seems to be of few minutes only. Boring college lectures become interesting, asking for treat for no reasons, bunking lectures and hanging out, guessing link ups, teasing with someone, fights, borrowing stuff. I guess the list is endless.

There are friends whom we can call at any time, even if they are sleeping. Then there are some with whom we don't talk frequently but who help when we need them the most.

Though not of one family but they become our second family.

I received a message "Friendship is like two zeroes, when you try to add they are the same, when you subtract they are again same but when you try to divide it's just impossible"

Life is lively because of FRIENDS

Cheers to friendship!!

## Minutes to Midnight

*Shrey Ahuja,  
B.Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

It was fifteen minutes to midnight, and as usual, I was leaning against the same old tree which is eternally young at the same old spot which never seems to grow old.

The city was filled with skyscrapers, buildings of weird design; with people living in the past, worried about the future and missing the present; with companies using electrical billboards to tell us to save electricity. Funny, eh?

Every day was the same, same old monotonous routine, same old hustle-bustle, same old boring people with no change whatsoever. But then again, I myself am not so different, coming here night after night.

It is this spot, up on the hills, putting me far away from civilization, the concrete jungle.

Everyday plays out about the same: wake up, do stuff, go to work, come back, do more stuff and then come here to escape reality, then go back and let the river flow without disturbance.

Every day I see the same cars and the same people, going to work or coming back or partying or murdering or assaulting and I wonder, do they never like a change? Do they also never see me? Don't they ever notice a pair of white soulless eyes glaring right into them?

It was still a few minutes to midnight and about time for me to move away and fit back into my place in the space time continuum without interfering with the natural order of things. And I put on my white cloak and floated away, looking twenty-four hours into the future, not surprised at what was in store for me.

## Metamorphosis of Entrepreneurship: Acharya Narendra Dev Youth (ANDY)

*Aishwarya Munjal*  
Commerce (H) II Sem.

One of the most talked about topics of the University of Delhi, creating a tumult among the propagators of 'Learning through Practice' is the very own invention of our college, popularly known as ANDY.

ANDY has bought glory to our college in more ways than we could have imagined. Taking pride in being the first student operated venture of Delhi University, it surely gives you a food for thought. ANDY began with a grand opening at the pre-launch on the Fresher's Party 2013, and ever since, it has managed to do everything in a grand way. It claims to cater to campus demand. At this present moment, they have glycerine soaps, herbal shampoos, tea tree hand sanitizers and herbal hand washes. They soon aim to launch registers, lab coats and sweatshirts. They don't miss a chance to expand their sales on any opportunity be it ECPDT Culmination event or Diwali Mela or the launch of Creative Commons; ANDY has managed to leave an impression on the minds of people on every such opportunity.

After ANDY, Entrepreneurship Lab (an initiative by Innovation and Entrepreneurship Development Cell) has also motivated a lot of Acharyans to start their own business. The members get first-hand experience as they have to handle every operation from procurement to marketing. This has already set some warriors who are ready to battle it out in the real world with their innovative ideas.

Mr. Sanjay Vohra, whose participation was monumental in the success of this endeavour, says "It's all about converting the invention into innovation". The students are proud to use products which are made in the College itself. They feel connected to them.

It definitely proves to be one of the most happening activities of the College with tremendous scope for achievements and developments.





## Significance of Educational Excursions

*Dr. Monika*

*Assistant Professor, Department of Biomedical Science*

Excursions play a major role in achieving the goals of an effective educational effort. Central to the holistic development of a student and the teacher is exposure to diverse people, places, cultures and history. These factors invoke critical thinking and reasoning in a learner leading the mind to question the what, why, when and how. A change of surroundings and circumstances different from their comfort zone enable them to evolve their natural behaviours by sharpening certain basic attributes like cooperativeness, improvisation, creativity and leadership. Most important aspect is awareness and sensitization to our heritage, history and culture. Young minds must be sensitized for a healthy and progressive society. Excursions show them the bigger picture which is very different from their everyday routine lifestyle. This bigger picture has bigger issues that arouse thought, action and a sense of responsibility in our youth.

Excursions act like equalizers for all learners from various economic strata. Everybody has equal opportunity and exposure to the excursion. Many students get to explore the various places only through educational excursions due to economic reasons. Hence, excursions fulfil a very essential role in the educational system irrespective of the learner's financial conditions at home. Moreover, going on a students' excursion is entirely a different experience from a family trip. They learn to enjoy and grow amongst individuals other than their family members.

Educational excursions are an effective mode of "out-of-classroom teaching and learning" experience. Students are free from the performance and evaluation pressures while on an excursion. Excursions are



in fact a welcome break from the competitive and rigorous curriculum routine of the educational institute for both the learner and the tutor. They provide an opportunity for unwinding of the stressed out mind, body and soul. It is an escape route from the daily rigours of life but full of rewarding experiences at the same time. There are no pressures and deadlines to study a particular topic within the boundary of four walls. In fact, there is no topic per se. The learner and tutor may observe, imbibe and think different aspects of any phenomenon during an excursion. For example, one student looks at an exotic plant as a potential candidate of photography while another may find it interesting as a beautiful plant species. Their innate interests drive their observations and make this learning multidimensional. They now approach the teacher without inhibitions and interact about their observations.

It has been observed that students shed their inhibitions and become confident when they are on their own, away from the watchful surveillance of parents and teachers. They gain on their ability to make their own decisions and being responsible for themselves. In a nutshell, they get training in developing into responsible citizens capable of living in harmony with others. The brief spell of freedom tied with responsibility leaves the students full of confidence and a sense of adulthood.

The teacher's enrichment cannot be underestimated when we talk of students excursions. The teacher is responsible of students' overall safety. The experience enriches in a teacher the virtues of trust, tolerance, humility and discipline. The teacher learns the actual nuances of learner psychology and how it alters with the changed environment!

## The Secret of Success

*Dr. Manoj Kumar Garg  
Assistant Professor, Department of English*

Success is desired by all. However, the term itself is difficult to define as success can't be confined to a specific meaning. Success to one person can't be viewed as success to another. It is not possible to measure success in physical dimensions. Some persons take it as fulfilment of dream. But different people have different dreams. For example, one person dreams of acquiring enormous wealth and he fulfils his dream. It is his personal success. But it is not appropriate to measure his success and sense of wellbeing through material possession. S/he may have acquired enormous wealth but it is not sure that s/he may lead a successful life. It is also possible to have a successful life without being wealthy. Some other dreams of getting higher education and s/he achieves whatever s/he wants. It's her/his academic success. But if s/he fails to get a suitable job, her/his success would become a failure in the eyes of the other.

Success and failure go hand in hand. Before achieving success, one should be ready to embrace the prospect of failure. It is a necessary step for unprecedented success. One must take failure as a stepping stone and accept it as a challenge. Great success depends on great risk and failure is its by-product. It is necessary to take risk to achieve a worthy goal but the risk should be calculated. One shouldn't mourn the mistake (s) rather parlay them into future gains.

Geoffrey Nkhoma opines that success can be measured by the attainment of real joy or happiness. This happiness cannot be confined to personal happiness rather it is related to the happiness of the family and persons whom we love. It includes providing adequately to the persons to meet their present and future needs. Janett Kalale has rightly said, “True success is truly measured by what you have left when you go to the grave.”

Happiness and positivity are interlinked. Shawn Achor says, “Happiness leads to long term quantifiable positive change.” There is a myth that we cannot change ourselves. But it is not true. If we prioritize happiness in the present, we can reap an extraordinary advantage in future. Thinking big can help in reaching unparalleled heights, making the impossible possible and thereby attaining personal best.

The sweetest victory is the one that’s most difficult. Every successful person had/have to face difficulties to obtain it. S/he needs to overcome adversaries, obstacles and barriers in life. S/he must convince her/himself that s/he can succeed regardless of these obstacles and adversities. People, out of curiosity, generally ask me, “While you can’t see, how do you feel? Do you see darkness only?” I always reply: “No, I do not see darkness. I see only light, whether my eyes are open or closed.”

It is true that everyone is not positive by nature but it is necessary to have a positive attitude to achieve success. Life rewards us most when we approach the world with a positive attitude. It makes us able to learn the lesson from failure and continue to push ourselves forward.

Brian Chilubano says, “Success is a hidden power placed in the human spirit.” It is important to have confidence and paint a picture of success in mind. One should have confidence not only in her/himself but in her/his efforts as well. S/he must study the experiences of others and apply them. S/he must make proper plan and work accordingly. Planning is essential for success.

The quest for success is an on-going process. It doesn’t complete until nothing more can be achieved. As each type of success is different from other, so their paths will be different, but there is one thing in common and that is ‘hard work’. Hard work is the key to success; it never goes unrewarded. Often, successful persons are envied for wrong reasons. People think that they’re gifted and more intelligent. They do not need much hard work. Intelligent persons are not born with everything stored in their heads but whatever they know is learnt by them. They put in the effort to learn and work hard.

The above facts give us some insight into the meaning of success. It doesn’t matter what success means but the ways through which we can achieve success matter a lot. As Heath says, “One of the biggest secrets to success is operating inside your strength zone but outside of your comfort zone.” We should not surrender before failure and defeat. Failure and defeat are life’s greatest teachers. We should keep on trying until we succeed. We need to work hard to achieve success. With a clear aim and proper planning, success can be all ours.

## Abridged From

1. <http://www.success.com>
2. <http://edition.cnn.com>



## Little Matters

*Ipshita Mishra*

*B. Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

Those few people

Around whom our world revolves

Those few things

For which advent of passion evolves

Those little gestures

For which our heart dissolves

Just like the jar of life

It is little that matters

With heads held high, and a grin on each face

That even a sunburn could not erase

It is the wind under the wings

To which even the flight of a bird clings

For the guts that faith brings

Just like the jar of life

It is little that matters

Just as family and friends are the treasures of life

Just as desire and zeal turn our lives

Just as longing emotions run the world

Just as the coffee in the mayonnaise jar

That needs no room

It is little that matters

But matters the most.

## Who is wrong: Our system or us? An example of Indian roads.

*Dr. Satendra Singh*

*Assistant Professor, Department of Biomedical Science*

Dear friends,

In our country, every minute two vehicles collide on roads and we lose a precious life in every four minutes. Who is responsible for this - We or our system? Let me explain with an example of our national capital - Delhi. While commuting from one place to other in Delhi, every day, on an average, everyone has to spend two hours on the roads under ordinary circumstances. But such an ideal situation is very rare on our roads. Everywhere we have to face long traffic jams, chaos on the roads, road rage, accidents, unauthorized parking on the roads, encroachments etc.

When you start your journey in the morning, huge crowd of diverse traffic welcomes you in such a way that your happy morning gradually converts into hypertension. In the middle of road, the rikshaw-puller stays behind a bullock cart in a full swinging mode with a cute smile. After honking many times with very sweet polite words supported by helping verbs probably you will have some space to move ahead. Thereafter, the auto-walas or mini passenger bus will be waiting for you with a warm smile, just miles away from the auto stand/bus stand. If you dare to say any word to correct them, then probably it will be your worst mistake of life because they start their conversion followed by their so-called helping verbs, if necessary they can hurt you in fractions of seconds. So don't dare to correct anyone on the roads of Delhi. Keeping your blood pressure under control, when you move ahead along the road several fellow companions will be on the way who never give any indicator while changing lanes or taking a turn. They hardly follow the road signals, even if they have to stop 10 meter ahead of stop line. If you try to stop at the red light, they honk at you with pressure horn. Paying a fine of Rs. 100 to a traffic police officer for jumping the red signal is not a big deal in Delhi.

You can also observe many fellow commuters on two wheelers, who drive bike like a professional stuntman, keeping the helmet on their elbow. The helmet is of very poor quality which cannot tolerate the pressure of even a very simple fall on the road. Whom they are trying to cheat - themselves or traffic police officer? A mini accident is sufficient to take the life of a commuter, driving the bike without helmet/with such poor quality local helmet. Red signal jump, run over the footpath, zigzag driving, frequent sudden line change, pressure horn, rash driving, wrong side driving, stop ahead of stop line at signal, without proper helmet and driving licence are some of very common thumb rules of bikers on Delhi roads.

Moreover, the diverse range of merchant shops like furniture, grocery stores, chemist shop, local market shop etc. along with most precious and important lifesaving liquor shop increase the chaos on the roads. The unplanned loading and unloading of stocks to these shops in the middle of the roads reduces the speed limit to less than walking. Shoppers always enhance this limit by keeping their cars parked outside the shop. Obviously, if you buy something from a shop on the road, you need to have some filler also,

in the form of chat pakora/panipoori or fruits. To serve you better, the vendors will be nearby you on the roads. Of course, Delhites will never lose such a golden opportunity. They drool over the roadside food and forget the inconvenience caused by their never-ending habits. Unauthorised parking can be frequently observed on our roads in Delhi. In other words, it is our birth right to park our vehicles anywhere in the city. Regarding this, some self-authorised people will assist you in parking your vehicle at many commercial/ tourist places in the city by charging few bucks. If any traffic personnel stop you anywhere for breaking any rule in the city, you can easily escape by paying some money to him.

On some special occasions, such as weddings (usually tents and all arrangements on roads), some special pooja-pandals (which blocks roads and diverts traffics without any prior notice) during the whole rainy season etc. will give you a bonus 3-4 hours traffic jam. Day by day, the unregulated increasing numbers of autos, electronic rikshaws, taxies, graminsewa, without any additional requirements, increase the traffic jam on the roads.

These are some of the factors which every commuter observes daily on the roads in our national capital. Day by day, we are becoming aggressive, short tempered with a personality of changed behaviour. This stress accumulates continuously in our body and brain which usually comes out in the form of a road rage. We usually lose many lives daily because of road rage. Could you calculate the wastage of fuel every day from millions of vehicle stranded in regular traffic jams, slow commuting time and man power? If I am traveling daily 50 km in Delhi by a car, than I have to run minimum two hour under normal conditions to cover this distance. But, if the traffic had a speed of minimum 60 km/hour, I could easily cover this distance within 50 minutes. In other way, we can save more than half of the fuel, precious time, keeping smile on face with better efficiency in the office. Think about 8 million daily commuters of our national capital, whose fuel and time savings can increase the overall productivity of our country. Can you imagine, perhaps we can build a medical institute like AIIMS every year by such savings very easily.

Now the question is that, what is the solution for this problem? Do we, really have lots of vehicles which cannot be managed on our roads? Is this fault of our traffic system or created by ourselves?

In my opinion, we can reduce this burden from our city by following some existing rules only. But, when you are talking about rules and regulations in our country, than there is no use because no one will listen to you, as we have a mind setup which listen only in two conditions? One, we behave very obediently when we are getting some benefit from that work and other when we have fear of losing money, job, jail, punishment etc. on disobeying the order or rule. Except these two situations, we don't listen to anything, these are the two thumb rules to regulate majority of people on this planet. Now I am going to repeat the same question who is wrong our system or we ourselves?

We know that we cannot encourage the people very easily to respect the traffic rules and regulations, because they don't understand their benefits which I stated earlier. If they understand, then it is a very profitable deal in terms of money, time and lives of many people, who unfortunately lose it in a road accident. But we can't understand this fact easily. Rules are there in our country for safe driving, we just have to follow them. Such as, you cannot use roads for parking, for commercial purposes, fine for rash driving, signal breaking, lane changing, picking passengers without proper stand, drunk driving,



over loading, halting and waiting, honking etc. but very few follow them. Now, I think only alternative to get rid of traffic jams in our city for smooth driving is strict traffic rules. Breaking any type of traffic rules such as drunk driving, talking on mobile phones, biking without helmets etc., should have a starting fine of Rs. 5000 along with punching of licence. On second time on breach of rules, the licence should be cancelled with fine of Rs. 10,000 or one month jail punishment. Jail punishment should not be like that of ordinary criminals, it should be imposing the offender to work as a labourer in various government construction projects like lake development, building projects etc.

Unauthorised parking should have a fine of Rs. 10,000 along with one month jail, as in above conditions, with licence punching. In the absence of proper bus stand, autos or mini buses should wait for passengers on one side of road in a proper queue and follow the same everywhere. If they are breaking their rules, they should also be punished.

Be safe and save, obey the traffic rules.

## Half Past Three

*Shrey Ahuja*

*B. Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

It is half past three, I think. I don't have a watch to tell the time but experience teaches you a lot. I am under the same old huge towering tree. I wonder if my parents ever realized that I was here, under the tree in the park and not in my bed.

The wind is fast and cold and my shorts provide minimal protection from it. My shirt however, is more suited for such weather and my long hair work well as a cap.

The spot where I sit has an advantage; it gives me a great view of the moon. I don't know why, but I somehow like it here. They always say that someone who cares for you has their eyes set on you and you can look into each other's eyes and peer into each other's heart. Well, I didn't know of someone like that in my life. I'm pretty sure that they forgot to mention that there are exceptions. Even so, I love the view.

What makes me come back here night after night is the quiet that I am offered. This puts me and my mind in a state of tranquility, providing me means of escape from a rather hectic, loud and insecure life.

Life, you see isn't easy when both the parents are unemployed and work is hard to come by in the times of recession, or as my parents call it, the second coming of the devil, especially when it's tough to pay the bills.

It gets frustrating all right, having to bear the same thing day after day after day, but as time goes on, you learn to live with it, accepting it, even when your insides cry for you to fight back.

But this spot, it has an aura that soothes me whenever I come here. It gives me energy, it gives me hope, and it makes me forget all about the recession, the loudness and the insecurities of life. It gives me a goal to come back every day and enjoy the view.

I'd better come back to happy thoughts than sulk over how life is now and what it has in store for me. It's best for me to face them some other day.

It's getting late now and I better leave before I have that huge yawn that will put me to sleep for a long time and I don't want authorities to take me in as a homeless vagrant trespassing on a public property.

The wind is as cool and as fast as ever. I ran towards home to enjoy the warmth of my blanket.

## Experiences of Bedtime

*Shrey Ahuja*

*B. Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

It's already 3:00 AM, and once again, my sleep is a few hours late, in the coldest January night in a place like India. But then again, time is a raging sea of randomness.

All this time, there is a certain sound that continues to distract me. You can relate it to so many other sounds, but can never quite put your finger on exactly what it is.

The sound is like water falling from a tap on a cemented floor; only way crispier, say like a rough metallic object being dragged on a road or an equally rough surface; or maybe a miniature Ferris wheel with rusty joints. So many analogies, yet none precise enough.

It's only natural for a bored mind, waiting to board the train to Sleeping Town from Insomnia City, to observe such noises. The sound is intriguing, as to what it really is, but as to why it is, is all the more engrossing.

Maybe the incessantly barking dog knows something about it, or the dear neighbourhood ghost has found a way to keep us all awake. Maybe it is just the one-eyed gardener mowing his lawn or my train finally arriving like it has been for the past few hours.

Given the curiosity of my mind, I would remove the protection of my blanket and walk up to my window, pull the curtains aside and peer into the darkness. But, my laziness forbids me from doing so, leaving this sound a mystery for another night.

## Religion, Spirituality and Man

*Abhishek*

*Botany (H) II Sem.*

"Religion", "God" and "Soul" — these are a few topics which have haunted me since childhood. We all must have spent some time thinking about them. Is there any God? Is there someone who has control over our lives? Is it something beyond this physical world or beyond our senses? We must have

occupied ourselves reading or listening to stories that have supernatural characters like angels, fairies, demons and the ghosts. Indian tradition, particularly, is intrinsically associated with the religious and spiritual manifestations. We are brought up in a world of stories depicting God taking incarnations to keep the world free from demonic heads. It is not present in just some fringes of our lives but we find that life in India is carved around religion and spirituality. I have found that people have three broad views on it. Some are deeply religious and believe that God is there, and they visit their place of worship regularly. They believe that whatever happens to them is His will. There are people who are deeply non-religious and believe that all this is nonsense and make a mockery of it. There are others like me who fall somewhere in between these two extreme categories, and find that none of the above views is totally correct. Then, where is the way out? Which is the right way? My age and experience are not suitable enough to give the right answer. My purpose is to just share what I have understood in my considerably short tenure on earth.

Before we try to know what religion or spirituality is, we have to find out how at all man started thinking about it; how it all began. The so-called rational society believes that all religions were created for administrative purposes. Religion provides an excellent way to administer human societies. There are certain codes of conduct in each religion which need to be followed to be able to achieve a better place after this life. There is a provision of heaven or hell for the dead, based on their performance on earth. If one faces loss of near and dear ones, one can find emotional support in the form of God who is supposed to be the Universal Father. There is a concept of "Karma" which is quite similar to Newton's third law of motion, "For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction".

There are others who believe that the religion which they practice came into being through the varied incarnations of God; and, that's exactly how it is written in their respective religious scriptures.

I believe that each sphere of human endeavour is inspired by man's curiosity, his desire to understand and find the explanation behind everything he can sense or feel. This curiosity has been the mother of all forms of human expressions, be it music or philosophy, modern science or art, literature or dance. As we humans have the ability of self-consciousness, all of us live in a completely different world within ourselves. For thousands of years, thinkers have been trying to understand the world outside and the world inside. Understanding the world outside has given rise to all that modern education is about. Physics is important to understand the physical world, Chemistry to understand the behaviour of substances, Biology for life, History to understand the past and so on. The other world, that is, the world inside has brought up subjects like philosophy, music, literature, art, spirituality and religion. Both these worlds are eternal, and a person can find the intrinsic connections between the two as he or she progresses.

Spirituality is considered a way of knowing the 'true self', which is the greatest form of knowledge and indeed the source of all forms of knowledge. One can find the concept of 'self-knowledge' in every religious text. In fact, the great teachers of ancient Greece also exhorted us to do the same with the words, "Man, Know Thyself." This expression is written at the entrance of the Delphic Oracle. Aristotle, Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and even Benjamin Franklin have all talked about 'self-knowledge' in their works. In every culture of human society, 'self-knowledge' has always been emphasized. This, in my view, is where the truth lies.



Every religion has two parts, one the peripheral and other, the core. The peripheral part is truly meant for administrative purposes and it varies in different religions. This part consists of different codes and rules for the followers. There are rules regarding dressing, eating, matrimonial relationships, etc. It consists of different rituals to be performed at important stages in a person's lifetime. For example, some bury their dead ones; some burn them, while some even leave their dead for the animals to feed on. This portion of every religion is the most easy to understand and, in my opinion, creates most of the confusion that lies there. Its purpose is to prepare the beings for the greatest knowledge; to make them tuned to the frequency before the real message can be transmitted. But the agony is that this process, most of the time, does the contrary and deviates people from the truth. These rites and rituals occupy the central part and being religious is believed as being ritualistic. That's why I prefer to use the term spirituality in place of religion. Spirituality occupies the core of every religion which is more or less the same in each one of them. And, it is a topic of research for the rational society that how, in the ancient times when there was no communication between different civilizations, people could reach the same conclusion and formulate different religions on identical lines.

Spirituality, which I am talking about here, is the process of knowing the self. The question that arises now is — how to proceed to know ourselves? In almost all religions, different ways of meditation have been described, which direct us to the inner world. The saints and mystics have told us about the world which is purely made up of sound and light. Different religious texts mention about the inner light and sound with different names. The Hindu scriptures call it 'Jyoti' and 'Shruti', the Buddhists call it 'Sonorous light', the Greeks call it 'Logos', the Bible calls it the 'Word', the Muslims call it 'Kalma', and so on. This inner world is full of love and peace. It is blissful, and thus the source of all creativity. You must have observed that the people associated with the creative fields of work are generally peaceful. Newton lived alone and in quiet, away from the busy city life. Einstein was completely absorbed in his equations, often forgetful of the fact that he had not taken any break for two days. The great artist Michelangelo, when he finished painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel of Rome, couldn't walk properly because of the overgrown nails of his toes. Some people call it obsession but I prefer to call it meditation, which links one to the ocean of creativity and eternal knowledge.

Spiritual thinkers and philosophers, who had access to this world, tried to explain it to the laymen so that things became comparatively easy for them; and hence they formulated a system which we call 'religion'. It has two steps, one can be considered as the orientation step which aligns all sorts of people with one kind of belief and thought process, to direct them in a progressive way towards the second step, which is pure spirituality. They designed stories and poems to explain complicated spirituality in a simpler and practical way, quite similar to the teaching aids used in the kindergartens. You must have read the fables and the fairy tales in your childhood, in which animals talked and fairies moved their magic wands to make the impossible happen. The idea behind all these is to convey the moral of the story in a more convenient and interesting way. But, do you now believe that fairies exist? Similarly those great men tried to explain the deeper philosophical secrets in the form of characters and stories. But people tend to stick to the character of the story, keeping the moral or the philosophy aside.

Why do the people seem so distracted? Why do they fail to be directed to the true path? In my view, the reason is quite simple. Although we all are the same species, yet each one of us is very different from

the other. We have different likes and dislikes. We have different psychologies and viewpoints. No two people see the world the same way; we may look similar, but our inner world is always varied. If that is true, then how can a path shown by a particular religion work for all of them?

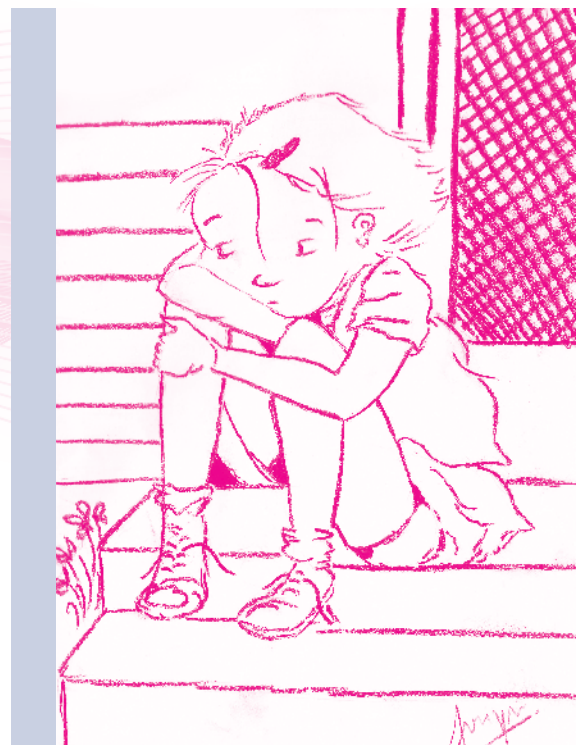
The present state of almost all religions is a cause of concern. Being religious has become equivalent to simply performing certain rites and rituals, or merely visiting certain holy places. All religions tend to lay down certain strict rules which are thought to be essential to attain spiritual perfection. These might have worked for its founders or may work for some others even, but that does not mean that everyone is bound to follow the same path. Some find spiritual experiences in working on mathematical equations, as for example, Ramanujan, while others find it in playing the sitar and still others in something else. Religion, in my view, is a futile concept. If the purpose of all religions is purely administrative, then I can still understand their importance; but, for spirituality, which is a self-knowing process, they are simply not required. How can others tell me about the journey of the world inside me? It's something exclusively personal and unique for me. These views are just my perception on religion and spirituality. They are based on my understanding which is the product of my short experience of life. I am sincerely apologetic if my words, in any way, though purely unintentionally, hurt the readers' religious sentiments.

## Something to Say

*Aman Taneja*

*B.Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

Something to say,  
Something to hide,  
But nobody's there in this meaningless life;  
All are busy with their own lives  
Nobody bothers who cries or who dies.  
I want to say something  
But whom to say, I don't know;  
I want to hide something  
But hide from whom, I don't know;  
I am all alone in this race of life  
Nobody cares whether I live or die.  
Something to say,  
Something to hide.....



## SPIE - An Experience of a Lifetime

*Prabhav Pushkar*

*B.Sc. (H) Electronics IV Sem*

Before sharing the experiences I have had while working for the SPIE chapter of our college as a member and now as the President, I would like to familiarize all ANDC members with SPIE and SPIE chapter at ANDC.

SPIE is an international society (USA based), for optics and photonics, which was established in 1955 to advance light-based technologies. It organizes worldwide technical conferences, trade exhibitions, and continuing educational programmes for researchers and developers in the light-based fields of physics: optics, photonics and imaging engineering.

SPIE chapter at ANDC was set up on August 6, 2010 with 10 members. Now, the chapter has grown multi-fold with around 70 active student members from three different colleges of the University of Delhi, belonging to various disciplines. This chapter imparts uniqueness to our college in the sense that our college is the only one in the University of Delhi to get affiliated to the SPIE society, together with 20 other eminent institutes from India like the IITs, the NITs and IISc. So, it is a matter of great pride for us.

Our chapter has a lot to offer, and any student of our college can become a member of this chapter. Every year, we organize many events which are of interest to students. This includes workshops and lecture series by eminent scholars. We have organized several workshops on Digital Holography, Thin Films and their Applications, Lab view, etc. During the workshops, we visited campuses like the IITs and the research laboratories of the departments of University of Delhi. Hands-on experience in such big research laboratories is an experience which no SPIE member can ever forget. We have also benefitted from the inspiring talks delivered by eminent speakers like Padamshri Prof. K.L. Chopra (Ex-Director, IIT-Kharagpur), Prof. Vinay Gupta (Department of Physics and Astrophysics, University of Delhi), Prof. P.K. Bhatnagar (Department of Electronic Science, University of Delhi) and many others.







Last year, we designed a low cost optical fiber kit at our college, which got appreciation worldwide. It was well received at the annual conference held at San Diego, California, where every year, one student of our chapter goes to present our work, and the travel grant is provided by SPIE. Till date, Phalguni Mathur of B.Sc. (H) Physics and Pratik Chakraborty of B.Sc. (H) Electronics, have attended these conferences. This year Aiman Ali Reza (B.Sc. Physical Sciences Electronics) will be making our college proud by attending SPIE Photonics West 2014— the largest and most influential event for the laser and photonics community in North America.

We went to fourteen different schools last year; to promote optics and photonics under the Optics Outreach Program, and our chapter members demonstrated the optics kit to the school children and faculty. The good news is that now almost all of these 14 schools have adopted these kits in their laboratories, to teach science-based experiments to students.

Optics Fair, held last year, became the first event of its kind to be organized in the University of Delhi. Many reputed schools of Delhi participated in this event. Each school came up with its junior and senior level working projects based on optics. It was a great pleasure to see the innovations of the students, and the joy that this work brought to the students as well as their teachers.

This fast-paced development that our chapter has witnessed could not have been possible without the tireless efforts by our faculty advisor, Dr. Amit Garg. It was his sheer hard work, the fruits of which, we all are savouring.

All I would say is that all enthusiasts of science should join this chapter to explore its different aspects. I am sure you will cherish the experience.

## Superstitious Minds

*Priyanka Dasgupta*

*Zoology (H) II Sem.*

Superstition— the mere utterance of the word brings to one's mind a bizarre kaleidoscope of "number thirteen", "Black Friday", "a dozen cats' crisis — crossing the roads with vague symbols etched over their body", etc.

Even though we have advanced a million spaces ahead of our ancestors, it seems we still preserve our ancestral superstitions as a treasured souvenir. But talking about India, superstitions have been used and abused as well savagely by the notorious elements of the society.

We, many a times, refrain from the normal flux of life, in order to proceed in accordance with our mythical beliefs. However, we seldom try to comprehend their necessity or meaning. Some superstitions like: "Don't sleep under the trees at night" come in handy to provide lessons to uneducated masses, so as to shield them from risks of carbon dioxide poisoning. Most tribes worship trees and animals and would therefore not harm them. Though, it is our fear or religious outlook, it nevertheless provides a good opportunity to protect the environment. Superstitions are sometimes beneficial in this way.

Yet, it has been one of the root causes for the backwardness of the still developing or underdeveloped parts of India. A major portion of India even today remains illiterate and uneducated. The government has made several efforts to develop these portions, yet the measures seem inadequate. Maybe because, "old habits die hard". People refuse to take crucial steps, just because the day is a "Friday". What is the use of such measures? We still offer sacrifices of poor animals in the name of God. Many pious men, who proclaim to cure people, even perform unhygienic and hazardous proletarian surgeries. Because of their blind faith in the old customs of the so-called "sacred priests", people merely gamble with their own lives.

Another misconception is the dancing of cobras (snake-charming). The snakes are charmed and so are the gullible people who take to enjoying the "Nag's" miraculous dancing. These people, however, do not realize that the snakes are brutally de-fanged by the snake-charmers in order to be protected from their bites. The snake's dancing is a mere reflex on the snake's part to the provocative piping. Those who de-fang the snakes, sometimes leave the wounds open, leading to bacterial infections which are excruciatingly painful to the snakes. Eventually the snakes sometimes even die within a maximum period of a month. We go on believing the evils of this facade, trusting it to be a mythical wonder but, we are actually coming down to encouraging the evils of the society even more, by remaining ignorant.

What we're doing by encouraging such gruesome activities is killing our own Gods.

While following the dark paths of belief, we forget to discriminate between the good and the evil, which is the true essence of life. All these abuses of the superstitious minds of people have, and are, drawing India into a freezing pool of darkness and doom. Please people; wake up and understand the logic behind every act.

## My experience of the 6<sup>th</sup> science conclave

*Varun Kumar*

*B. Sc. (H) Biomedical Science VI Sem.*

I came back with a bagful of everlasting memories and a whole lot of new knowledge from my stay at the city of Sangam - Allahabad. Lectures from eminent Nobel laureates, interactive sessions and a beautiful campus in the lap of nature was such a mesmerising experience, that it would remain as an unforgettable period of our lives. The most appealing lecture to me was about the use of methanol as a non-polluting fuel by Prof. Surya G.K. Prakash. A lecture which must be acknowledged was the "Biography of a Nobel laureate" by Prof. Douglas O. Sheroff. The evening performances by renowned groups like Zenith, Miracle on Wheels, Skeleton dance academy and dances by Claudiya, Anjana Sukhani and Jasleen Matharu made the stay even more entertaining. But the most joyful part was our dance preparations for representing "Delhi" on the last day of the conclave. At last all our hard work paid when it went super-superb, with a lot of hooting and cheers from the audience; followed by people applauding us and asking for photographs with us. It felt amazing to hold our certificates before leaving from the IIIT-A campus. I would always suggest every science student that they must go for this "once in a lifetime" experience

## Visit to VIJYOSHI camp, Bangalore

*Divyansh Mittal*

*B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science IV Sem.*

Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore hosted the "VIJYOSHI" National Science Camp-2013, for the Kishore Vaigyanik Protsahan Yojana (KVPY) fellows. It was a contact program and its main motive was to promote the interest of Indian youth in research. Scientists from all over the world and students from all over India were invited in this camp. This camp acted as a stage where students from different educational backgrounds interacted and discussed their views about science and its practices.

Just after my semester examinations, I packed my bag to visit Bangalore. I reached the campus by airport bus service. Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore campus is for sure a special attraction.

The first day, 6<sup>th</sup> December was just for registration and getting accommodation. We were first accommodated in a guest house and were later shifted to suites. Next day, the program started in J. N. TATA auditorium after breakfast. Prof. P. Balaram, Director, IISc, Bangalore delivered the inaugural speech followed by a motivational talk by Prof. Puspendu K. Das, Convener, KVPY.

The speakers shared various stories of their journey through the scientific world, motivating us and giving more hopes and newer ideas. The program covered diverse topics in its various talks like Prof. N. Balakrishnan spoke on "Trends in information technology and the digital library", Prof. E. Premkumar Reddy of Dept. of Oncological Science of Mount Sinai School of Medicine, New York presented a talk on



“Cancer therapy” and Prof. Steven C. Zimmerman from the Department of Chemistry at University of Illinois, spoke about “An organic chemist’s view of the world: from new materials to new medicines”. Prof. Biman Bagchi from Solid state and Structural chemistry Unit at IISc, gave a lecture entitled “Voyage through space and time: view of chemical kinetics at short and small scales”.

The lectures were followed by tutorial sessions and exhibition of models and projects by IISc students.

The cultural program entitled “The talks of Nada” took us by surprise and had astounding performances by the artists. On 9th December, Prof. Das concluded the camp and wished us a successful future.

On the whole, the camp was motivational, inspiring, informative and enjoyable. It was indeed a wonderful effort by the organizers to lay a strong foundation for some great scientists of the future.

## A story...

*Priyanka Dasgupta  
Zoology (H) II Sem.*

Travelling through that dust in the air, in midst of dirt, sand, puke and blood, a horde of memories floated through the air. I had no choice but to inhale those stabs of death, heavy as the air was with stale violence.

One gulp and the chapters I had read in another’s life began to threaten the threshold of my own.

The second gulp brought with it, the heightened realization of the pain Jaani was suffering through; a shiver travelled down my spine.

The third brought that inevitable wave of fear, not for Jaani this time, but for my own self.

I knew this was not a warning, but a sort of a lesson taken out on her by those whose covers I had stripped down to reveal them as the villains in front of everyone.

### Six years ago...

Our interactive classes in college demanded telling stories as a part of our assessment. There was this girl, Seema (fictitious name) in my class. She used to tell brilliant stories; morally engaging, thought provoking... we all praised her imagination.

Eventually we suspected that writhing beneath those thick veils of presentations was a soul, crying out desperately for some quiver of hope in the dark. Only later did we realize; that those stories of ‘xyz’ or ‘abc’ were in fact, incidents from her own life; her own miserable life.

It was a typical case of domestic violence, something I was very well aware of and something which I knew was very common; but witnessing that as a breathing entity beside us every day, somehow hit us all. After the first signs of fact dawned upon us, few of us friends got together and finally decided to confront Seema and satiate our suspicions. We took utmost care in framing our question so as not to hurt her; but alas! She was so touched by the mere fact that we had bothered to read between the lines of her story that she broke down. The howling turned into uncontrollable fits of gasps and

panting. Finally when the shaking subsided, she begged us not to tell anyone. First we tried to make her understand... but then:

"Please please... don't."

"Listen Seema, something needs to be done about this..."

She cut me short, "No please... I beg you. No. I'll be ruined. You don't understand."

For a moment there I wanted to ask the heavens to bless me with a bigger brain, for the one which I had then, was not able to understand it all. How much more could she be ruined when her body was already covered in blood scars from the one who was in the first place responsible for the blood flowing through her body? How much more had she to lose when her own father beat her mother, sister and her, day and night, drunk or sober?

"Listen, Seema. You need to tell this to someone. This can't keep going on. You as a person have a responsibility towards your mother and your sister. Stand up to him."

"You don't understand... he's my father."

"What use is a father if he only beats you? That's not what a father is for. Giving birth doesn't sum up the role of a father. Yes, he has given you a life, but that doesn't give him the right to control it; or take it away. That right is only and only yours."

I knew these words would have no effect on her. I was right.

"I know... but just promise me that you won't tell anyone."

"I..."

"Promise me. It's not easy..."

I looked at the water clouding her eyes for a moment...she was afraid of a worse fate. And that fear was enough to make her bear all the beatings that her father lashed out on her. She had lost long back, or perhaps had never known what it was to live with freedom; that life was not merely about surviving but being human gave us that privilege to stand above other animals in having a dignity in living... It's our right. She had never known this...so wrapped up was she in the customs of our culture, shaped up by the brain-washings of a culture that had now been twisted to defend the guilty. Our culture and society teaches us to respect our elders; and take our father as the head of the family; not keep mum in dire submission to their atrocities. But who was to tell Seema that?

"He will leave us; I can still be alright, but what about my mother? Who will feed my sister? My mother won't be able to support us. Promise me, you won't tell anyone or it'll ruin her."

I nodded my head just to stop her from convulsing uncontrollably.

Our society still tends to form a prejudice about women who leave their husbands or who have been left by the husband, no matter what the circumstances are. I felt both shocked and helpless at the same time. I wanted to do something but I had promised.

It's been six years since that incident. It was the first spark that made me follow what I currently do now. I am a passionate enthusiast in the field of woman empowerment. Co-founder and present director of

“Janani”, I have devoted my life to these countless unnamed women, the life bearers of our world; who have forgotten their voice. I try my best to revive that lost voice.

And today, here I stand, breathing in the stale violence; gulping the air inside a dingy little room, somewhere deep in one of the many rural hearts of India. Jaani had come to my hut, a short walk from her's. She was bleeding in the right eye; one of the new recruits of my team brought her medication and made her sit on the charpai. The recruit handed her a glass of water. She drank it through suppressed sobs. But before she was able to finish the glass, she vomited all its contents out on the charpai where she sat. It was not difficult to guess what must have transpired behind the closed doors of Jaani's small house between her and her husband. Our organization was camping in the village, working on a case that had come to our attention. The day before, on our persuasion, Jaani had volunteered to stand witness for us, in proving the village grocer guilty of having murdered his own infant daughter. So now, her husband, a friend of the grocer had shown her, her place; beaten her brutally, raped her and threatened her to keep her mouth shut at the trials if she cared for her life. When finally, her husband succumbed to alcohol-induced slumber, she crept away, and followed the tiny ray of hope leading up to our hut. It was in the dead of the night.

Seema's face from six years ago, crying in the girls' toilet, begging us to stay mute about her misery, flashed through my mind.

I went and gave a bit more water to Jaani, this time to wash her face. When she was done I wiped it for her with the edge of my 'dupatta'. My recruit, meanwhile, busied herself in cleaning the room and ridding it of the vomit.

I put an arm around Jaani and patted her on the back. Her crying became more pronounced but more relaxed too. I realized she needed medical attention; my assistant was already on it. But more importantly, it was her soul that was indeed in need of redress.

I remembered Seema again. Six years ago, after my talks with her; I remembered that I had broken a promise. The result was that today Seema was living, and living free. Her mother was divorced now, her father had been sent to jail, and her younger sister had just passed twelfth with a first division. As Seema had said, it had not been easy, but I had broken my promise; I had told it...luckily to the right authorities... and three lives were saved. I remember the glow on Seema's face when we met a year ago in her office. That glow made all the hardships worthwhile. And so, I continue to reach out to the Seemas and the Jaanis of this country, even if it is draining me inside out. I realize there's still a long, long way to go. Sometimes it poses even a direct threat to my life, but I am determined to do it, no matter what; because the lives that are improved even in the slightest manner by me and my team's efforts, are all that I need; it's the greatest reward... their smiles.

It was almost daybreak now. I put my arm around Jaani and whispered through her subsiding sobs, “Have faith. Everything will be all right.”



## ANDC Students' Council Elections - 2013

*Prabhav Pushkar*

*B.Sc. (H) Electronics IV Sem. (Deputy Mayor- ANDC Students' Council)*

Elections for students' council are held every year in the month of September in ANDC. This is one of the mega events that the College witnesses. The atmosphere at that time is lively and dynamic. Candidates are out in the fray in full gear to take their message out to the students and to woo the voters, few weeks before the elections. However, it is hard to say which mode of canvassing will prove to be successful to win the minds and hearts of the students, whether it is the colourful banners, catchy fliers and leaflets, or impressive agendas and speeches.

This time I too contested for the elections competing for the post of Deputy Mayor and luckily won with a large margin. So, I would like to share the experience I had while contesting for the elections and reaping success.

Honestly, I had no plans of participating in the elections before the month of August. I had been busy pursuing academics but something struck me when I read the notice about filing of the nominations. I realized it was my final year; my last chance to do something remarkable for the College, to include my name in the list of the students who have made the college proud. My brother had once contested the JNU elections so I had witnessed the political atmosphere of student elections and enjoyed it. Contesting the elections strengthened my communication skills as one has to persuade voters and they may ask questions about the College whose answers one can't prepare beforehand. It made me extemporaneous. All my classmates find me helpful. They believed that I can win the hearts of others as well. So, with their support I filed my nomination for the post of Deputy Mayor. I didn't contest for the post of Mayor because I felt that there were candidates who had done a lot more than what I had done for the College.

The eligibility requirements to contest elections in our college are very stringent, like no ERs and a clean image, which resulted in disqualification of many candidates. However, I favour the imposition of these conditions as only disciplined candidates can fulfil them and discipline is one of the precious qualities a leader must have.

After the announcement of the list of qualified candidates, we were briefed about the rules and norms which we were required to follow during elections, such as not to spend above Rs. 1,000 on campaigning, no use of any print media or loudspeakers for campaigning and not to disturb classes to appeal for votes. These things were to ensure that the normal functioning of college does not get hampered due to elections because in the semester system, every lecture counts.

Then came the day when all candidates were given a chance to openly address the College crowd. First the candidates for the post of the Mayor delivered their speeches and I found all of them were skilful orators. This made me a bit nervous in spite of having experience of giving presentations in national and international conferences as the scenario was totally different. It needed much more enthusiasm and emphasis on proving why one was better than the other contestants. The speech I delivered was

not remarkable but still some people liked it. After a few days I began meeting voters personally in their leisure time or when teachers weren't around. This was the most challenging part as I had to deal with questions I had never pondered upon.

My classmates and juniors also helped me during the campaigning period and introduced me to many students whom I didn't know before. I was a new face for most of the students unlike my opponents but I didn't give up. I met people throughout the day, in the canteen, the sports ground and sometimes outside the College too.

Then, the final day came. There was deafening silence all around. Security arrangements were made by Delhi Police officials and the Election-In-Charges had made good arrangements so as to ensure fair casting of votes. No campaigning was allowed on that day. When students had casted their votes, the counting started and then all eyes remained glued to the LCD screen where the results of each phase of the counting were being displayed.

I was overwhelmed to see the results of the first phase. I had registered a remarkable lead over my opponents. My classmates and supporters were so happy about it that they started tossing me in air. With results of the third phase, I was declared the winner. It was celebration time. The beat of Dhols and the crazy dancing of the supporters made the whole atmosphere festive. The three week event, thus, came to an end.

The next day I along with the winners of other posts went to meet the Principal. She congratulated us and this was the first time I ever visited her cabin. She discussed the future plans about the College with us and then I realised the duties and responsibilities I am expected to fulfil. Now I am trying my best to fulfil these expectations.

I would advise all students who want to lead in any field, want to gain managerial positions or grow a network, to contest college elections at least once, especially ANDCians. This college conducts fair elections so one doesn't need any back support and since there is no party in existence here, winning totally depends on how fine an individual you are. It doesn't matter whether one wins or not as one learns a lot after being a part of this event.



## If Dreams come True..

*Manish Kumar Singh*  
*B. Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

Dreams are a river of  
silence, astonishment and solitude  
with waters of  
longings and aspirations  
which are still so crude

Just the eyes' shutters close down;  
no one is under our scrutiny  
whatever we have done  
good or evil, we  
just care about the fecundity

The fruits we shall reap  
in the future nearby  
maybe it's almost  
a chimera, but we  
certainly give it a try.

Some spread joy  
others may prove to be nightmares  
the night passes by, but  
until we reach the outcome  
we adhere.

Then abruptly, someone knocks you off  
from your dreams, which feels like brutality  
leaving the unknown world  
we ponder 'bout the good ones  
"if they could be reality"





## Innocence

*Ipshita Mishra*

*B.Tech. Computer Science II Sem.*

When she looks back into her own childhood, now and then, and sees these children playing in front of her, she's saddened. These kids will, in a few years, lose what is probably one of the things keeping humans humane. So I ask her- "What is it that is most valuable to you? That one thing you would grab in your last 60 seconds?"

She comes back at me with the same question - "What would you grab?"

"Well, a lot of things... "

And she says- "Ask this from a person who has not lost oneself and one's innocence to this world, if you truly want to know."

This reminded me of an event.

But before I go forward with the account, question yourself.

What would you grab in your last 60 seconds? Suppose your house is on fire. Suppose there's an earthquake here in the college and you have to get out of this room safely. What would you grab?

I had gone to give my interview for nursery admission with my father. I was then only 3 and half years old at that time. It was on that day that my father had slapped me for the first time, and deeply regretted it. That day when I came back, I handed a small chocolate to my brother with my 'tiny' hands as my brother describes it now. All that I that done was on my way back from the interview room, I had gone back and taken one more chocolate from the basket, saying I'll take one for my brother. What was that child's fault in this? Why does the world see this as an act of greed? Can there be no other interpretation? And why do you think the world sees it this way? This is because we have lost the inner child in us. We have lost our innocence to a great extent.

Children are the virgins of life, having never known, heard, or seen evil. They haven't faced heartbreak, rejection, and the other daily pressures of living in our society. Some don't quite understand the logic behind death. This is innocence.

We could see the shelter from a distance. As we arrived at the clearing via the uneven mud path, there was a glow in their eyes; wreathed in smiles they ran towards us. A zest just to have someone to talk to, play with, to meet someone new, how long has it been since any of us felt that? One of them said something and I could not understand. And for the next two hours all of us played, talked. We all got along so well, it was as if we had known each other for a very long time and only yesterday we had met! You would have never seen such a sight, where altogether two different worlds met, where they still have that innocence preserved, so untouched from the materialistic pleasures. This was one thing that became evident from these children of the Kutumb Foundation orphanage that after everything they might have gone through, the child in them is still alive and throbbing with action.

These children and we are the same - as in flesh and blood but, the difference lies in the fact that they know what they want, better than any of us. Their minds are not as clouded as ours. Their childish longing keeps them going; the foolish desire to run under the same sun with their peers. The carefree nature and the vitality - looking at them it makes me feel that our lives have become somewhat like cobwebs on walls, lifeless.

Just imagine never having to worry about anything, having a guilt free mind and being able to do just about anything that cannot be done as adults. A child does not know any better during the stage of innocence and is unable to reasonably distinguish the differences between the supposed right and wrong. You would never find a child discriminate on the basis of colour or religion. These things are put in their minds by the societal influence, which is later referred to as maturity.

If you ever get a chance to take time out of your busy schedules, or when you probably feel that why does this not make any sense - go to the orphanage. They will show you that with so little they have as compared to us; they still have more to live with, than us.

The greatest loss in life is not dying; it is what dies inside you while you're still alive. The world ages us too fast; we grow up too quickly; we stop dreaming too early, and we develop the ability to worry at far too young an age. It is not what happens to you that controls all this, it is what you allow to happen to yourself. Your past does not define you and your strength is an illusion.

Innocence is a virtue. It is the key ingredient to the child inside you. Innocence is the beautiful and rare accessory that I want to hold, on long.

## My Teacher my Hero

*Meenakshi Bhaskar*

*B.Sc. (H) Biomedical Science IV Sem.*

It was the 5th of September. I started my day as an ordinary one with no particular plans in mind. When I reached college, I saw everyone in my class in a hustle. While some were enjoying coffee others seemed to be involved in some group discussion. I was not aware that it was Teacher's day till one of my fellow classmates came up and requested me to contribute my share. I was stunned that I had forgotten that it was Teacher's day. I felt terrible for a moment but when I got an opportunity to wish my teachers in a special way, I participated enthusiastically. Some of the students had planned to present a short play dedicated to teachers in which we tried to portray not only the follies of a student i.e. being late in class, giving excuses but also the importance of a mentor in one's life. The play was a success as far as entertainment was concerned but it also made me realize what being a teacher actually means. By playing the character of a teacher in that short play, I realized the role of our teachers in shaping our future.

Teachers are the role models; the ones who inspire and encourage us to not only give our best but also to see the best in ourselves. They are the ones who help us grow up as better people and are responsible for imparting us some of the life's most important lessons. They have designed our lives by

bringing out the best in us in some way or the other. This is my tribute to all teachers who have made me what I am today. I thank them for making me capable enough to lead a better life.

So, it is a humble request to each one of you that along with having fun in the classrooms, try to understand the importance of a teacher and not only acknowledge but appreciate it too since, years later when you will realize, no teacher would be there whom you can pay regards to and say Thank You!

### Report of Gyanodaya – III trip, organized under the aegis of University of Delhi from 02 – 08 September 2013

*Mr. Bineet Kumar*

*Assistant Professor, Department of Physics*

The trip began with students and faculty congregating at Safdarjung Railway Station, New Delhi on the morning of 2nd September, a morning that was much dreamt, much awaited, much fought and much longed for. True to our expectations, the morning culminated in a festive atmosphere, high hopes and expectations, with flowers, music, beautiful decorations and lilting tunes emanating from a 21-piece band to the boot. We the students were about to embark on our very own “Discovery of India” in our University owned exclusive “college-on-wheels”!

The train sooner than later, chugged into the historic city of Kurukshetra (our first destination) wherein we could visit Panorama Science Centre, Sri Krishna Museum and Brahma Sarovar. The beautiful panoramic view of the place where Battle of Kurukshetra was fought brought about the feelings of centuries old battle to life! The Science Centre, similar in some aspects to the one in New Delhi was very enjoyable with many scientific games, interesting experiments and demonstration of mind boggling phenomena. The Sri Krishna Museum located near the Science Centre, was spread over a huge property with 7 galleries showcasing archaeological items, manuscripts, folk arts and paintings related to the life of Sri Krishna. In particular, the multimedia gallery on popular folktales of Mahabharat and Gita was very impressive. Brahma Sarovar with such historical importance seemed serene and calm that gave out connotations of spiritual well-being.

Partaking the pious feelings from Kurukshetra, we boarded the train for the next destination, the grand city of Amritsar. Next day post check-in at the hotel in Amritsar, we all trooped to Jallianwala Bagh. Although the first impression indicated a much-renovated place, a closer look indicated remnants of a much relived incident of history where many innocents perished on an unfortunate day. A dedicated museum displaying news coverage, facts and figures of the massacre sent many a chill down the spine and sensitized us to the realities of history. Of the many exhibits a particular eye-witness account of the silent night of 13th April 1919, by “Ratan Devi,” tugged at the strings of our hearts. We left for the Wagah border with a heavy heart. With soldiers of the both the countries standing shoulder to shoulder. The atmosphere indeed was electric and exceptionally patriotic. Beautifully coordinated movements coupled with high leg-flinging by the BSF personnel fired the patriotic streak in all of us. The impression



of the grand “Beating Retreat” ceremony with simultaneous lowering of the flags was very impressive to say the least and would remain etched in our minds for years to come. Returning from Wagah border, we en-masse landed at the Golden Temple – the holiest shrine of the Sikhs world over. The view of the illuminated shrine was certainly celestial and stunning in the night with the gold shimmering away to glory. From the beginning till the end, the tour of the shrine was impeccably organized, had an ethereal beauty about it, a spiritually clean ambience, a tranquil atmosphere and a sense of untouched purity. Irrespective of one’s religious belief, the experience was definitely a lifetime one. Post happenings of the day, stay at the hotel was a tame affair and night descended with promise of a brighter tomorrow.

The next day was exotic since the itinerary entailed a visit to Haveli, a potpourri rich with North Indian culture, lifestyle, attire, food, festivals, and occupations. Although a bit exaggerated, one could feel transported to the lifestyle of ancient times. The sumptuous lunch served there had us, so engrossed that we missed our assigned bus digging into every bit of the delicious food. However, feeling satiated we hitched a ride with our friends from another college and travelled to the next destination, Jalandhar. In Jalandhar, we felt and lived the life of a typical small-scale hardware. We saw in detail the processes involved in the conversion of raw material (iron rods) into different parts of heavy machinery. Other than knowing about the aspects of economic growth of any industry, we interacted with the workers and discussed health aspects, financial stability during difficult times like recession and even their education. Post stop-over at Jalandhar we were welcomed at a grand party at a resort in Ludhiana. The party was fantabulous with hip-hop, rock, reggae and Bollywood music blaring through column speakers. The souls of one and all were regaled through tasty food and latest music that helped us dance the night away. Finally the trip coordinator had to kick us off the dance floor as we had our train to catch!

Next morning, we reached the famous Le-Corbusier designed city of Chandigarh and checked into a 4-star hotel. Some of us were staying at such a stay at such a luxurious hotel for the first time and hence were excited looking at the trappings that come with opulence. We thereafter left for Rana Polycot, cotton mill in Chandigarh and learnt about the process of spinning of yarn. The rest of the evening again passed in the tranquil atmosphere of Anandpur Sahib gurudwara.

Next day began with a cultural programme at Punjab University followed by an interesting discussion on entrepreneurship by Sameer and Nandita. The program started with a dance performance on Ganesh Vandana. Many other cultural performances were also presented. Foreign students also took part in the program enthusiastically and made everyone in the auditorium dance with them. The auditorium rang with applause on the performances. The program ended with a vote of thanks by Parminder Ma'am and post lunch, the entire day was dedicated to the soul-satisfying yet very arduous work of “shopping” at the Sector-17 market of Chandigarh.

As all good things in life come to an end, the much dreaded “next morning” finally dawned and with a heavy heart we checked out. Our next location Pinjore Gardens – was a live example of exquisite Mughal Architecture. Spread over acres of land was a beautifully designed place, with running fountains and lush green lawns; it was Mughal Architecture at its pristine best. After deftly trying our hand at kite flying at Pinjore Gardens, we visited the Le-Corbusier Museum, where his work entailing detailed



aspects of architecture of Chandigarh was displayed. Our final stop was the world famous Rock Garden, where the marvellous designs and creative murals by virtuoso Nek Chand are displayed; with the theme “how best out of waste can be achieved”. Back at hotel, we had dinner. Although it was the last day of our trip, somehow the trip did not tire us at all. Everyone had great fun on the dance floor and directly went to the station from there, for the return trip to New Delhi.

In the middle of our 7-day trip, we were given a copy of “My Experiments with Truth”. I haven't finished the book, but Gandhi ji has shared his life so beautifully and frankly that while reading, I realized that nobody is born perfect or great or talented, it's how one chooses to be and that there isn't a better teacher than one's own experiences.

Finally the curtains came down on our long and informative trip and in hindsight it could have been no better. It left us a lasting impression and we don't think we will ever forget this experience. We hope such trips are frequently organized and more and more students could join and celebrate the 'Gyanodaya' festival.



## The Artists' Corner



*Aurbindo, Zoology, IV Sem.*



*Aurbindo, Zoology, IV Sem.*



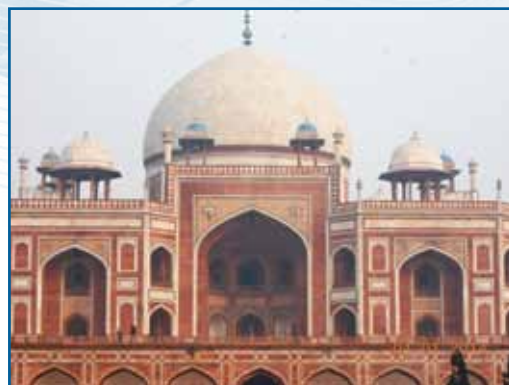
*Aurbindo, Zoology, IV Sem.*



*Dr. A. K. Mehta, BMS*



*Animesh, BMS, VI Sem.*



*Ajit, Zoology, IV Sem.*





*Dr. Monika, BMS*



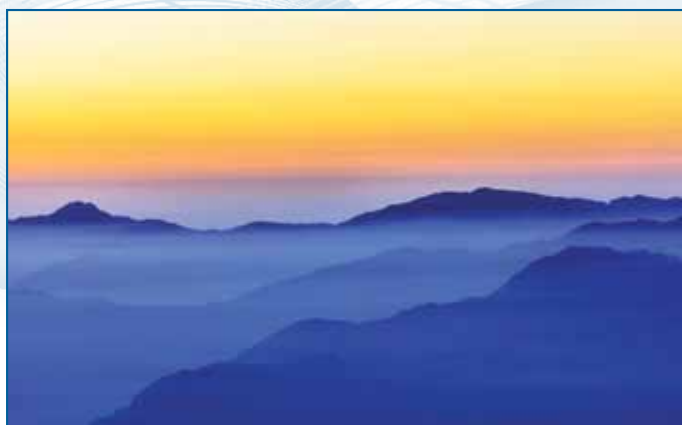
*Karishma, Electronics, IV Sem.*



*Eshant, BMS, IV Sem.*



*Mr. Vinesh Kumar, BMS*



*Dr. Rajesh, BMS*



*Mr. Vinesh Kumar, BMS*



*Tushar, CSc., IV Sem.*



*Mr. Nitesh Kumar, BMS*



*Kashish, Zoology, IV Sem.*



*Kashish, Zoology, IV Sem.*





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