

# Literati

An Endeavour of the Department of English

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur

Hathroi Fort Road, Jaipur-302001 (Raj.)



2017, Edition - 4







Faculty, Department of English: (from Left to Right) Ms Chandna Nirwan, Dr Ritu Sen, Ms Ranjit Kaur, Dr Atiqa Kelsy, Ms Ruchi Sharma





### From Rector's Desk

Department of English continues to publish its annual magazine Literati tracing the development of thinking in all areas of intellectual, cultural and political life. Thinkers and writers engage in critical thinking to give a shape to carefully-curated range of contributions published. Being an educational institute we have a commitment to engage in the dynamic process of knowledge acquisition. Literati magazine is one such effort that provides students a platform for creative writing.

With great pleasure I convey my best wishes to professors and students of the department. It is a matter of pride to see achievements of students. I wish you all the best for achieving greater success and scaling newer heights in your education and career ahead.

**Fr. Varkey Perekatt, S. J.**  
Rector  
St. Xavier's College, Jaipur



### From Principal's Desk

#### The Keepers of Light

It gives me immense pleasure to pen down few words of prologue to the magazine –Literati. Over the years the department of English has shown strenuous efforts in translating the dreams of students into reality. Our focus is on providing engaging instructions that help students develop the skills needed to obtain mastery over academic indicators. Besides, literature studies have been a liberating force in the present age with a worthy pursuit of attaining knowledge of life itself. Shakespeare in HENRY IV describes knowledge as 'the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven'.

Professors of the department have been enlightened torches which light the way to students' success. The magazine churns out the latent writing talent of students. I congratulate all the contributors and the editorial board in bringing out the fourth edition.

**Rev. Dr. V. Gilbert Camillus, S. J.**  
Principal  
St. Xavier's College, Jaipur





### Message from Vice-Principal

It is indeed a matter of great pride to note the contribution Literati magazine has been making since its inception. Every year students gear up in their efforts to celebrate writing. With the changes in education scenario subjects like literature play a pivotal role in contributing for a peaceful coexistence of all. Elaborating on the meaning of peace the contributors have written articles that inspire and motivate readers to think about humanitarian prospects. I convey my sincere and profound appreciation to editorial team and contributors with an ardent hope that readers shall cherish reading the magazine.

Fr. Joshy Kuruvilla, S. J.  
Vice-Principal  
St. Xavier's College, Jaipur



### Message from Dean

We are driven by the belief that education can change the world by providing ample of opportunities. We witness an intersection of the challenge that comes with each opportunity in the attempts made in evolving edition of the annual magazine of the department of English Literati. In an era of new forms of learning technologies and insights the magazine provides a platform for honest conversation. The contributed writings define issues of our time, crucial to everything from personal opportunity and social mobility to world peace and prosperity. Publication of the magazine is a creative solution that exerts enormous influence on young literary aspirants. I congratulate editorial team and contributors who have seized their ideologies in printed words.

Fr. Abraham Amalraj, S.J.  
Dean  
St. Xavier's College, Jaipur





## Message from the Head of the Department

As Dr. S. Radha Krishnan said, life becomes meaningful, only when we grasp the character of the age we live in, see its significance, understand its objective and try to realize our purpose in the world we inhabit. In conformity with this, Literati presents a confluence of form and meaning which promises to flood you with the creativity, innocence, purity and spontaneity of our student contributors.

It is heartening to note that amidst the turmoil of the present world, which often threatens to destabilize our own sense of Self, these young students have the desire to constantly reflect and create. Thus, Literati offers a peep into the mind of the contemporary student and serves as a reflection of what they have imbibed from the subject as well as from life.

I extend my heartiest compliments to the team of editors and student coordinators who have worked arduously to create the fourth issue of Literati magazine.

I am sure that the Department of English and the Literati Club will achieve heights that are even more glorious and break new grounds in the years to come.

Happy Reading!

Ranjit Kaur







## A Letter from the Editor-in-Chief

With an increase in undergraduate and postgraduate programs on creative writing at institutions, literary magazines serve as a thriving branch of literary publishing. About a year ago, I read W.B. Yeats' oft-quoted line from a letter to John O'Leary (1892). Yeats wrote: "The mystical life is at the centre of all that I do and all that I think and all that I write." This line has lately stuck in my mind as it echoes political discontent of times then and now.

This edition of *Literati* culminates the nexus between literature and socio-political climate in the wake of a thrilling political and literary climate in the city that hosts International Jaipur Literature Festival. I welcome you to this issue of the magazine, to be a part of our ever-growing group of readers, to witness work of our contributors who have worked together to promote diversity in all types of arts.

The student writing featured in this edition expresses a range of voices and concerns, from the more lyrical to more derisive and experimental forms. Contributors have provided frameworks to bring literature to the forefront, examining how literature represents life. The magazine provides a forum where articles demonstrate how writing can be therapeutic in present times. Each section of the magazine is a threshold between stability and migration where readers see the mental suitcase opening and closing. Each article has a different tone and perspective. Hence, each reader like the writer processes the writing, potentially inviting the intercultural dialogue. This is why the magazine has a section consigned to photography and artwork.

We are grateful to the editorial team and student contributors of the magazine. I hope that years later this magazine shall create an acute sense of passionate manifestos giving *Literati* an aesthetic locus.

**Ruchi Sharma**  
Faculty Coordinator  
Literati Club





## Editorial Team



Nehal Thapliyal

It's an honour to work for such an aesthetically exquisite magazine like Literati. Using a work of art on a blank page instead of hundred thousand words of literature is my medium to admire Literati.



Mahima Bhagat

Art is what inspires our hearts. It has been a remarkable experience working for the arts section of the Literati and designing the pages of the magazine. It was a great opportunity for me to engage with a cluster of innovative people who made me think, create and justify.



Jagriti Parakh

The entire process of bringing the fourth edition of Literati in its final shape has been a wonderful experience for me. I have had great fortune of working with and learning from a bunch of versatile and widely talented people.



Ashruti Seventra

Words are always chosen with such precision because a single syllable can change into sword. Literati has shown me so many ways just to achieve that. I am grateful for this opportunity.

Each year students of Department of English generate creative content that reflect academic and extra-curricular diversity of activities held. In hope of building ethos of magazine Literati being a student publication our editorial team has worked in conjunction.



Mohini Chandola

In this edition of Literati we have tried to curate the best of articles to transform human rights into a movement. Working with the editorial team, Literati has been a learning experience and has helped me polish my skills for future endeavours.



Hitesha Utmani

Working for Literati has been a wonderful experience for me. It was a great opportunity to work with an artistic team which helped me learn more. I am very thankful to be a part of this team.



Shreeja Jain

Literati has always opted for a different approach to magazine cover design. Literati is a magazine that endorses stories and reflects the breadth and vitality of writers community. Reading in style corresponds to the drawn illustrations. The magazine shows many ways in which the department supports and promotes students featuring the innovative learning opportunities provided by the college.



Parul Choudhary

Many people helped us on the editorial side. We would like to thank Ms. Ruchi, our contributors, our readers and entire designing team, that created literati's beautiful look. We are also indebted to editorial team for their tireless work, enthusiasm and unwavering high standards.



## Contents

1.	Literati Club Annual Report	8
2.	Orientation Day	11
3.	A Farewell Party to Dr. Shreya Chatterjee Department Picnic	12
4.	Guest Lecture on Modernism Workshop on Creative Writing	13
5.	Workshop on Blogging	14
6.	Internship Programs	15
7.	Fan Club - Dhoni	16
8.	TEDx- Ideas Worth Spreading	18
9.	Jaipur Literature Festival 2017	19
10.	National Conference	20





## Contents

11.	Xavier's Student Exchange Programme Global Exchange Programme at John Carroll University, U.S.A.	21
12.	INKA	22
13.	Conference Day 1	28
14.	Conference Day 2	29
15.	Seven Day Workshop on Corel Draw Basics A Fond Farewell to Final Year Students	32
16.	Book Reviews	33
17.	Poetry	34
18.	Short Stories	37
19.	Articles	42
20.	Class Photographs	54
21.	Alumni Speaks	58





## Literati Club

I often ask myself, “How was this universe created?” “Does God exist?” “Who am I? And what exactly is my role?” and other Existential queries which haunt my soul. And there’s only one reply I get every time, “I don’t know”, and to my perplexing existence these three words somehow make more sense than a world of confident, profound, and faithful claims. There’s no body on this humongous planet that can actually prove any of this and my rational and analytical mind doesn’t approve of any blindfolded approach towards life. I am neither a theist nor an atheist. In short I don’t know who I am yet.

So when I was asked to be the president of the club Literati, I asked myself, “Why literati?”, and only then and there I understood why is there a need for one such club as Literati but millions. Literati is not just an expression, it is the hazy mist as well as the Sunday Sun; it is the darkness you see in light and light you seek in darkness; it is a doubt amidst thousands of certainties; it is you! It is me! It is life! So who so ever you are, remember it is just a shade in the rainbow of our world. And this is just a whisper, and there are many more words to come, and sentences to be formed.

**Siddharth Arora**

President, Literati Club

B.A. Eng. Hons – III

## Annual Report

The primary goals of the club Literati are arranging and organizing social, cultural, and academic events for the students of the Department of English. The founding of the Club was the outcome of an effort to bring students together outside of regular study time for organizing events that shall further holistic growth. Guidance of faculty coordinators of the club Ms Ranjit Kaur and Ms Ruchi Sharma has been intrinsic in setting new milestones in this session. The club comprises of students who are elected as council members for a period of one year. This year executive committee of the club was led by Siddharth Arora and Siddhi Modi (B.A. Eng. Part –III). The annual national literature fest INKA, 2016 was organized on 12-13 November 2017. The festival derives its name from the word ink and ka. Representing the very act of writing the word ink is followed by the word ka, a symbol of the reception of life powers from both man and gods. Thus, the name becoming euphemism of one becoming the supreme being which is represented in this year’s theme of the festival—Myths, Legends and Folktales. The fest was spectacular event of the year to witness the creative powers of many students and performers from various colleges across the country. The fest has its own website which has also been a widely-used discussion forum for students.

**Siddhi Modi**

President, Literati Club

B.A. Eng. Hons – III















## Orientation Day

Department of English, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur addressed the holistic needs of new students to create a foundation of success in their Orientation Program which was organized on 21 July 2016 in college auditorium. Fr. Dr. Gilbert Camillus, Principal, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur delivered speech with the message essential to the success of students. Ms. Ranjit Kaur, H.O.D expressed her delight in her brief address emphasizing upon hard work, quoting examples of successful alumni. A documentary about academic success, resources and opportunities available to students was shown. Students performed a play entitled 'Classical and Modern Writers' Cramp' which was followed by music performance given by Roxanne and Vaishali. Faculty coordinator of the program Ms. Ruchi Sharma said that 'It is essential to organize such programs for creating a positive experience.' The vote of thanks was delivered by Siddharth Arora who motivated students for the successful journey they are to undertake.







## A Farewell Party to much-loved Professor Dr. Shreya Chatterjee

Celebrating the contribution of Dr. Shreya Chatterjee to Department of English, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur the college bid farewell to her. Dr. Chatterjee has served as an assistant professor of English since 2011. She had held various faculty positions during her position as Head of the department at the college. She had been directly involved in teaching degree programmes and organisation of seminars and conferences. She enjoyed teaching nineteenth century literature and mythological research. She is beloved by her current and past students, as well as colleagues. Raising a toast to Dr. Chatterjee, students shared many kind words about how she had touched their lives. Some shared their thoughts through written messages on the farewell card. Rounding off the memorable day, Dr. Chatterjee, who has an avid interest in singing, surprised with an impromptu musical number. The farewell party was held on 27 July at College, Auditorium.



## Department Picnic

The session began with the Department Picnic which was organised on 8 August 2016. Accommodated in a bus, students of the department of English made their way to Achrol Niwas early in the morning. The picnic party aimed at building up team spirit among the senior and junior students. The journey to the resort was an enjoyable one, both due to exquisite scenery on the way and dancing and singing in the bus. Students danced to popular songs after which they entered the pool to enjoy pool games. Students left the resort with pleasurable memories of a relaxing day that will linger for a long time.

Neha Gautam  
B.A. Eng. Hons -1





## Guest Lecture on Modernism

One of the most terrifying aspects of the English Literature syllabus is the study of modernism. The era works at such a tangent with the notion of 'order' that most of us lose our bearings as we step into the works of Yeats, Eliot, Woolf and Beckett. However, the Department of English helped us greatly by inviting Prof. N.K.Jain (Dean, Humanities and Social Sciences, IISU, Jaipur) as the resource person for an Academic Lecture on Modernism. The lecture was organised on 16 November 2016.

In his trademark deliberate style, Prof. Jain covered the staggering expanse of the modern age in terms of its history, culture and literary paradigms. The audience was spellbound by the ease with which the experienced professor could explain the rather obtuse processes of the modern condition. The session concluded with many interesting observations and discussions by the students which clearly proved how fecund the exercise had been.



## Workshop on Creative Writing

Most students who enroll for a course on English Literature have an overt or covert desire to one day blossom into a writer. So, no surprise that when the Department of English announced a workshop on Creative Writing towards the beginning of the session, the hall was packed with enthusiastic participants. The resource person for the workshop, Ms. Nandini Singh, an alumni of The City University, London, is a senior journalist who freelances with Radio Deutsche Welle (Germany), The Pioneer (London), India Today (New Delhi), and Rajasthan Patrika (Jaipur).

Ms. Singh introduced the participants to the craft of writing in a completely hands-on manner as she brought up diverse genres such as flash fiction, blog writing, poetry writing and short stories and asked students to come up with their creative responses. The session concluded with the submissions of the prose and poetry to Ms. Singh who offered her critique of the same. The session was extremely beneficial because it allowed an interface with a professional who understands the intricacies of writing, both as a craft and as a business and it definitely kept our creative juices flowing all through the year.







## Workshop on Blogging

The Seven Day Blogging Workshop (6-12 September 2017) organized by the Department of English in collaboration with the very popular Jaipur Women Blog was a roller-coaster ride through an amazing process of creative learning. The workshop really made us 'work' as we participated in numerous activities related to diverse genres of blogging such as food, travel, fashion and vlogging a.k.a video blogging. The resource persons were renowned bloggers who offered us a rare insight into the practical and aesthetic aspects of this craft. The days were an array of activities, writing being just one of the many aspects of blogging. We learnt about developing ideas, selling them and some of us actually became active bloggers through this experience.

At the end of the workshop, the top three bloggers (chosen from over a hundred participants) walked away with paid internships with Jaipur Women Blog! The workshop was snazzy to the hilt and we hope to catch it again in the coming session.





## Internship Programs

Jaipur Women Blog organized a workshop called the Bloggie Boogie for the students to learn the basics to the art of blogging. The workshop took participants by their nervous hands, leading them to a place where they understand remember why they wish to write a blog. The workshop aimed at helping small business owners engage with their audience through blogging editorial and basic content-driven SEO (search engine optimization) promotion. Writing tips, ideas and article types were discussed, and participants left with creative ideas to launch a successful blog and an internship.

I was one of the selected three interns out of 60 participants who got the opportunity to get professional training with the firm. During the internship, I was taught how blogs find a hold in competitive market world. Writing blogs that are relevant and interesting has helped me convey my expertise of English language through blogging. Interestingly, Jaipur Women Blog helped me understand customer relationship by interviewing people of different nationalities. Leaving me equipped with an understanding of how to attract reader and how to market the writing this internship helped me accomplish my dream by having a successful blog.

Cyrus Derek Edwin  
B.A. (Hons.)-II



Cyrus Derek Edwin  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-II



Sumati Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-II



Sonal Jain  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-II



Pranav Dave  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-II

Shreeja Jain  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I



Hitesha Utmani  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I

Jagriti Parakh  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I



Rajshree Gautam  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I

Ashruti Seventra  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I



Sheetanshu Singh  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-II



## Fan Club - Dhoni

I Hate Those People Who Hate MS Dhoni added a new video.

While the other fielders on the park panic when their team mate drops a catch...

MS Dhoni keeps his calm under pressure and does the job himself 😊

Enjoy the compilation MSDians! 🥰❤️



May 29 at 8:57pm · Public

14,153,018 People Reached · Boost Post

👍❤️🔥 111,111 Like · 534 Comments · Share Full Story Save More



6 years back, when I decided to make a Facebook page on my favorite cricketer MS Dhoni, I did so because one of my friends made a page on Virat Kohli and he managed to get 500 Likes in about 30 days. That motivated me to challenge him. As the things stand now, covering MSD on social media has been one of the best decisions that I have made in my life and in a true sense, it has turned out to be a life-defining decision.

I never knew about the passion that I had for. In 2011 spinning my wheels, I decided to create content for Dhoni. Since there were too many people watching him play with mixed reviews my Facebook page helped me recognize my interest in a different perspective I had of this great player. Initially, I had to work really hard to get even one like on my page. I still remember how happy I used to get when the like count increased from 1 to 2 and 2 to 3. But never did I feel burdened of all the hard yards that I was putting in because I really loved and respected MS Dhoni. Constantly praising him when he did extremely well for our team and endlessly supporting him when he failed to do so gave me immense pleasure.

Not because it was giving me tonnes of likes on my social media page, but because I felt as if I was making a positive difference in our captain's career. After three years, when my page was fairly popular, I got the surprise of my life as I was approached by a company named 'TECH SHOT DIGITAL', a social media managing company who as it turned out, were managing MS Dhoni's official social media accounts. So impressed was the company after seeing my fan page that they presented me with a wonderful opportunity to work for MS Dhoni on an official basis for six months. It was a great learning curve. Not only did I learn the differences between operating a fan page and an official page but also made some really good friends during that period of my life.

The greatest thing to have happened during that time was that I managed to get in touch with one of the top-positioned Tech Shot Digital workers and asked him to show my fan page to MS Dhoni. He agreed to







do so and when MS finally got to see my page, there is this one thing he said that made me realize the difference that I was making. He said, 'It's because of the continuous support and blessings of people like these which motivates me to win laurels for my country all the time!' This statement was, is and will always be one of the biggest fan moments that I will ever have in my entire lifetime.

The feeling of making a difference is something that every individual craves for and when I got to know that my support for MS Dhoni was somewhere down the line, pushing him to give his best for the nation, I was overjoyed to say the least! After serving the contract of six months, when I again started to operate my personal fan page, I came back as a better administrator. Firstly, working officially for MSD indeed honed my skills. I was able to create better content for all the MSDians on my page. Secondly, after getting to know what MS thought about me and my work, the motivation to support him went to a different level altogether.

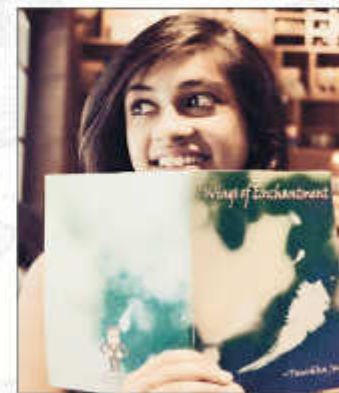
Today, as I write this article, my fb page on MS Dhoni stands at 2,30,000 Likes. My Instagram page @CaptainDhoni is the biggest fan page of MS on Insta in terms of number of followers with 9,09,000 Followers joining the community. MS Dhoni has been a role-model for many people around the world. But for me, not only has he been my real-life hero, but he has been my career and that one person who made me realize my passion. To conclude, I would just like to say one thing:

#ThankYouDhoni!  
Shantanu Mishra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. -II



St Xavier's college has been one of the institutions that groomed me into a person who I'm today. No matter if it's debating, orating, poetry slam etc. It made me confident and gave me zeal to stand firm for myself. There's been wholehearted support of Rev. Fr. Glenn and HOD Ms Ranjeet Kaur and the whole department of English literature. I'm delighted to be a part of Xavier's and thankful to the faculty of the department of English who told me "Never to give up." My recent achievement is an anthology, 'Wings of Enchantment.' Poetry is like a magic spell to me, 'Enchanting'. My book will be launching this year. It will be my own magical enchantments of poems to uplift, motivate and empower. Believe, learn, dream, hope because I believe magic is still alive and it's in "us".

Tanishka Jain  
M.A. Final





## TEDx- Ideas Worth Spreading



On 25th February 2017, Jaipur witnessed an event TED's first Global, 'TEDx in Jaipur - The Unseen'. Hotel Clarks Amer held TEDx conference where Technology, Entertainment and Design converge. The speakers enlightened the audience by their innovative and optimistic approach towards life. Bollywood actress Manisha Koirala, a cancer survivor shared her story about trying times, when she was diagnosed with cancer, and it was this battle with cancer, which caused her to look deep within herself and find a joyful way of living. She eventually launched DIGNITY FIRST campaign for Nepal earthquake victims.

Speaker Nidhi Chapekar, Brussels Terror attack survivor spoke about how she survived through the fractures and burns on her body. The attack made her rethink and discover the true meaning of life. Nidhi defines beauty as 'not what you see in the mirror, beauty is what you feel about yourself.' Shreiya Chowdhary shared their story of completing honors degree in English to make a talking computer and a device which feeds your fish! Other prominent female entrepreneurs - Ophelie Teyssandier and Eleonore Gaspa settled in Jaipur started a business in collaboration with young Indian guides towards the first Guided Cycle Tour of Jaipur.

TEDx Jaipur gave young techies an opportunity to be inspired by Vikas Agnihotri, Digital Story Teller of Google, India. He narrated the year around story of 'Most Popular Searches' of Google. Interestingly, the search for 'Where to hide black money' shot up during Demonetisation. Whereas the news for "Trump got Trumped" were obscured by the demonetisation announcement by PM. The highlight of TEDx Jaipur 2017, was Laxmi Agarwal - Acid Attack Survivor and Activist. TEDx 2017 had truly been an inspiring experience for the audience.

Mercy Philip  
B. A. Eng Hons - I



**TEDx Jaipur**  
an independently organized TED event

TED's First Global  
TEDx Anchor Event in Jaipur

# THE UNSEEN

25 FEB 2017 | Hotel Clarks Amer  
www.tedxjaipur.in  
info@tedxjaipur.in  
+91 96362 20963

**TEDx Jaipur**  
an independently organized TED event

**MALLIKA AHLUWALIA**  
Marketing Expert

**JAGDEEP CHHOKAR**  
Creative Activist,  
Social Entrepreneur,  
HR Professional

**MANISHA KOIRALA**  
Bollywood Actress &  
Cancer Survivor

## Tedx Mumbai



TEDx Gateway 2016 was held on 4th of December from 9a.m. - 7p.m. at NCPA Mumbai. It was a great platform for all the influential, creative and active thinkers across the globe. There were speakers who put forward their wisdom like Sparsh Shah (Child Prodigy) whose perspective of life was incredibly positive and inspiring. On the other hand, there was Angelica Dass (Photographer and Artist) whose photography was spellbinding. Most of the speakers told stories about their life and how they looked at problems as situations instead. It was a pleasure to get this opportunity to attend one of the best talk shows in India. The speakers enlightened audience by their telling tales and inspiring stories of following their dreams and passion.

Vaishali Kar  
B.A. Eng. Hons - II





## Jaipur Literature Festival 2017

Described as the 'kumbh of literary festivals', the 10th edition of the ZEE Jaipur Literature Festival was held from 19th January to 23rd January 2017. Authors from South Asia and across the world came together for five days of readings, debates and discussions at the Diggi Palace in the Rajasthan's capital Jaipur. The festival is organised by Teamwork Arts every year, and many college students volunteer in the festival to get exposure. Many students from the English Department worked as a part of the festival crew. It was an enlightening experience to be a part of something that exquisite and acting as an interface between the organizers, audience and the speakers.

**Mahima Bhagat**

B.A. Eng. Hons - II



## Pedagogical Implications for Teaching with Audio-Visuals

In achieving some instructional objective, the audio-visual instructional aids have been put to appropriate use in teaching English at St. Xavier's College, Jaipur. Students engage in learning practice through audio-visual aids. In order to develop multiple intelligences the educative possibilities are explored by screening documentaries and cinematic adaptations of the novels and plays prescribed in the syllabus. The interactive environment created helps students comprehend text as a whole. Following is a list of screened films and documentaries:

- Haider— I year
- My Fair Lady—II year
- Sense and Sensibility—II year
- To the Lighthouse -M.A. Final
- Alfred Prufrock- II year
- Samskara - M.A. Final

## Office Etiquette Workshop

Manners best understood is sensitive awareness of the feeling of others. Good manners reflect our innate sense of consideration for others and respect for self. Realising the importance of this lesson in the lives of country's potential workforce and future entrepreneurs, students of the department of English attended one-day Office Etiquette Workshop. The workshop was held in the college premises for which resource person was Communications Coach, Ms Anjali N Singh. This workshop focused on etiquette and civility in the workplace. The sole motive of this workshop was to stir awareness about workplace expectations and office manners among the students. Since etiquettes of business are a set of written and unwritten rules of conduct, both office and business etiquettes overlap. Students understood how respect, kindness and proper communication leads to building a positive environment at workplace. The workshop included Cubicle and elevator etiquettes, business etiquette that included telephonic and email communication and etiquettes in and around the office dealing with behaviour in public spaces. By the conclusion of the workshop, participants realized how office etiquettes enhance everyone's workplace enjoyment.

**Jagriti Parakh**

B. A. Eng. Hons. - I





## National Conference on Theory and Literature 'Texts as Con-Texts: The Hermeneutic Circle Today' on 6th and 7th February, 2017



The understanding of the literary text and its relationship with context have been pertinent for textual analysis. St. Xavier's College, Palayamkottai, Tamil Nadu organised a two national conference on theory and literature—'Texts as Con-Texts: The Hermeneutic Circle Today' on 6th and 7th February, 2017. A team of four students from the Department of English were accompanied by faculty Ms Ruchi Sharma to present research papers in the conference. An initiative towards research facility for students, MahimaBhagat, Sakshi Yadav from II year, HiteshaUtmani and Shreeja Jain from I year were selected from the department of English to present their research papers at the conference. Approaching literature through historical background their papers focused on reducing complex texts to illustrations of events in words. The key note speaker Prof. A.S. Dasan, Director of Shukrodaya's academy for HRD, Mysore emphasized on close-reading skills as a reader works to and fro between text and specific context. Dr. P. P. Ajaykumar, Prof. of English, Institute of Distance Education, Kerala recapitulated new historicism. The relationship between text, context and co-text offered a triadic formulation congenial to literary studies. Dr. Sushma V. Murthy, Associate Prof., Christ University, Bangalore reflected on feminism as a journey from the dialectic to the dialogic. Dr. S. Vincent, Former Prof. and Head, Arul Anandar College, Karumathur spoke on magical realism which was followed by the session on the study of comparative literature leading towards a universal poetics. With an effort to relate text and context the conference traced dynamic interpretive factors including inter-disciplinary approach for understanding the textual dimensions in present times.

Ms Ruchi Sharma





## Xavier's Student Exchange Programme



In the global world today Xavier's College, Jaipur has provided significant opportunities for student mobility. Positioning itself institutionally college has played an even more important role in its commitment towards individual lives and institutional aspirations. With an aim to access academic and cross-cultural learning college initiates a Student Exchange Program to strengthen relationship with other Jesuit institutions. This year the college collaborated with St. Xavier's College, Mumbai to provide a quality academic programme to students of the college. The program intended to enhance leadership skills and reinforcement English language and literature learning. Selected students from department of English were sent to St. Xavier's College, Mumbai for the exchange programme on 9th January, 2016. The exchange program played a vital role in breaking the barriers to cultural understanding. The main purpose of the program was to experience Xavier's University system. the dynamics of teaching literature by giving interesting assignments and presentations each day enchanted students. More than anything, this program changed the students' attitude about education strategies. After attending the lectures, we understand the lasting impact attending lectures has on our understanding of literature. The fact that our professors believe in our abilities has helped us understand significance of academic advising.

Ritik Garg

B.A. Eng. Hons – III

## Global Faculty Exchange Programme at John Carroll University, Ohio, U.S.A.

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur understands the need to achieve global standards of excellence and believes in exposing students and faculty members to curriculums being followed in the western world. Two members of the college, Rev. Dr. Gilbert Camillus, S.J. (Principal) and Dr. Ritu Sen (Lecturer, Department of English) participated in the prestigious Global Faculty Exchange Program held at John Carroll University, Ohio, United States of America from 28 March 2017 to 10 April 2017. As part of the program, our faculty engaged in cultural discussions with the hosts and also conducted lectures on issues such as Poverty in Literature, Postcolonialism, The Indian Fairy Tale, Tagore and his Poetry, The Impact of the Irish Nationalism Movement on India's Freedom Struggle, to name a few. The ten-day exchange is an important landmark as it allowed the Indian delegates to observe the academic and managerial functioning of John Carroll University which in due course of time may be successfully emulated at St. Xavier's College, Jaipur.

Dr. Ritu Sen





# INKA Inaugural

The Literary Club, Literati, provides a forum where highly talented and creative minds get a chance to let their vices flow, express their thoughts and share something exciting. INKA, the Annual Literature Festival of St. Xavier's College marked its advent on 15 November, 2014. The festival was organised by members of Literati, the club for all budding writers and creative thinkers who lay their trust in the high flights of their imagination and fantasy. Inka 2016 believes in the power of ink and in the world where everything is ink-ka, as in belonging to the ink, belonging to everything capable of leaving an impression. Eight academic and successful events were organized this year.

## Inaugural Ceremony

The literary extravaganza – INKA is hailed as a confluence of the greatest academic and cultural events was much awaited. The first literary festival INKA-2014 had garnered a reputation as one of the most anticipated events and most sought after meet of literature students across the nation. Festival had been a cultural bonanza of ideas, academic events, activities, talks and debates which are instrumental in demonstrating wonderful world of literature.

The festival derives its name from the word ink and ka. Representing the very act of writing the word ink is followed by the word ka, a symbol of the reception of life powers from both man and gods. Thus, the name becoming euphemism of one becoming the supreme being which was represented in this year's theme—*Myths, Legends and Folktales*.

Cyrus Derek Edwin and Hitesha Utmani were Master of Ceremony for the day who welcomed all dignitaries and participants. The chief guest for the ceremony was Professor Joya Chakraborty, Former Head, Department of English, University of Rajasthan and Guest of Honor



was Ms Jolly Chakraborty, Retd. Assistant General Manager, State Bank of Bikaner and Jaipur. Her last assignment was as Principal of Staff Training Center in Udaipur City. Fr. Dr. Gilbert Camillus, Principal, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur and Fr. Dr. Augustine Perumalil, Principal, St. Xavier's College, Jaipur to give floral greetings to guests respectively. Ms Ranjit Kaur, Head of the Department, formally welcomed Rev. Fathers, dignitaries and participants from various colleges. She appreciated Ms Ruchi Sharma, faculty coordinator of the event, for her efforts and in making the fest a success and congratulated students of English Department for the accomplishment.

Invocation of Gods has always been important for attaining knowledge, higher arts and pure intelligence. Therefore, what followed was lighting of the lamp and unveiling of the poster of the event. Marking the new beginning, audience witnessed poetry in motion coming alive on stage with dance performance of students. Professor Joya Chakraborty being an amazing storyteller addressed the gathering emphasizing on how myths and literature share a similar background. She aptly reminded us of Rudyard Kipling who said, 'There is literature in myth and myth in literature.'

Students performed a play, a comic rendition of Times Now News hour debate with a mythological twist! The play dealt with various Gods of ancient mythologies coming together, interrogated by Arnab Goswami, debating which religion has the upper hand, only to come to a conclusion that it's only a matter of priorities, and not dominance. The inaugural ceremony ended with a melodious performance by David John and Parthivi Rastogi. Ms Ruchi Sharma, declared the fest open after which guests were presented a token of gratitude.

**Siddharth Gangwal**  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-II





## Judas Priest (Turncoat Debate)

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur witnessed for the first time a fast-track debate of this kind as Inka 2016 kicked off with the first event, the turncoat debate – Judas Priest. The good news was that participants were well practiced in persuading others. Trying to change what someone else thinks or does to asking someone to go to lunch to offering opinion on some issue of the day to convincing a teacher to reconsider a grade on an assignment, and in hundreds of other small examples of engaging in persuasion. Participants had been persuading people all their life. The bad news however was that this event focused on the bright light on these persuasive efforts and made them become a subject of scrutiny by becoming their own critique. To measure the success of efforts to persuade oneself when pitted against the argument we had Ms. Jennifer Serene presiding as a judge for the event. She is a mainstream PR professional with over 6 years of experience in PR and media coordination. She has hands on experience of handling PR and media coordination and has been a part of Jaipur's leading PR firm, Spark PR & Communication. She has handled media coverage for major events like—the Jodhpur Royal Wedding of Yuvraj Shivraj Singh, Jaipur Jewellery Show, Indian Heritage Hotels Association's annual convention to name a few. She is not only proficient in English but also has French as her forte and studied French Literature as a major subject during graduation.

In the first round participants were required to speak on the topic “Id vs Superego”, both for and against the motion, for one and a half minutes each. Participants were to cite mythological examples, keeping with the theme for the fest. Nine participants were shortlisted for the next round – Block and Tackle. Participants were provided topics on the spot and they engaged in heated, nerve wrecking debates with themselves as the debate master bludgeoned them to counter their argument. The event witnessed an



enthusiastic audience as the debate house opened to all during the fillers. In the end Ms Jennifer addressed the audience with her enlightening words and applauded all participants for their performance. Mohi Gaur from ICG bagged the first prize.

**Hitesha Utmani**

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I

## Mythomorphosis (Face Painting)

Plutarch said – ‘Painting is silent poetry, and poetry is painting that speaks.’ With the aim of seeking out a creative streak among students’ face painting competition – Mythomorphosis was organised. ‘Mytho’ means mythology and ‘morphosis’ means to form. The whole idea of mythomorphosis is based on bringing ancient mythological or folklore characters to life.



The participants executed their imagination in accordance with the theme of the festival. They picked their favourite mythological and legendary characters from folktales and legends, and painted their model in the colours of ancient greatness. Ranging from an avatar of the primordial Greek God of sea, Poseidon to Lord Krishna students painted various themes including horror and duality of society. The judgment criterion for this event was interpretation and representation of the theme and creativity. As many as 18 participants came from different colleges and all of them made an outstanding contribution on making this event a great success.

Pallavi Sharma, a student of Maharani College, bagged the first position and team from Subodh PG College grabbed second position. The event was brought to a closing by the chief guest of the event - Ms Sangeeta Juneja. She talked about how creative expression is a narrative exploring life.

**Mercy S. Philip**

B.A. Eng. Hons - I



### Scriptemonials (Creative writing)

INKA'16 brought with it many competitions. One amongst these was the creative writing competition-Scriptemonials. The name comes from the old age scripts and testimonials that give us knowledge over our rich culture. Inka'16 brought to life our old forgotten culture and traditions. Mentored by the head of department Ms. Ranjit Kaur and our judge Ms. Nandani Singh, the event bloomed in full flow with over 40 enthusiastic participants, participating from various colleges across the nation. Keeping in mind the theme of Inka'16 - Myths, Legends and Folktales, the participants were to re-write a classic folktale in their own words keeping in mind that the theme, setting and time could be changed but the characters must remain the same. Most of our participants completed their version of a chosen classic tale out of the following five:

- Beheading of Lord Ganesha ● Cinderella ● Jack and the Beanstalk
- Story of Creation- Adam and Eve ● DholaMaru

Their tales were judged on the basis of their content, vocabulary and originality. The event ended on a successful note. The participants had skilfully made their own alterations in the folktales.

Ashruti Seventra

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I

### Soliloquy-Colliloquy (Monologue-Dialogue)

It is appropriate, at a time when the industrial economy of our country has grown and prospered and the material needs of its citizens have been by and large being met, for the nation to turn its attention to nonmaterial values-what would now be characterized as quality-of-life concerns-including the emotional, intellectual, and aesthetic satisfaction that the arts can provide. Indeed, theatre provides access to live professional performing arts experiences, and arts advocates urges that that situation be



remedied. Exploring broad social changes that also expose the vulnerability beneath the apparent robustness of theatre the event—Soliloquy-Colliloquy was organised.

Soliloquy Colloquy, as intriguing as the name of our theater event was, so were the participants. The auditorium was filled up with eager literature and theater enthusiasts, the students, as they whispered and waited ecstatically for the event to start. Backstage, the young actors dressed in vibrant shades of mythological characters hurried to get their beards and ornaments on, their hearts pounding with anticipation and nervousness as their lips chanted their dialogues in a last rehearsal. Students performed monologues and dialogues on stage. Judges for the vent were two prominent theatre artists Mr. Mahmood Ali and MsDurbaKashyap. The chief guests were presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers. MsDurba reminded us that theater isn't just an act of entertainment, it is an act of enlightenment.

The outpouring feelings and emotional energy witnessed advancing story or narrative that changed hearts and minds of the audience. After 6 dialogue acts and 9 monologues, the ecstatic vibe of the room didn't flicker even once. As the event ended, the curiosity began. Who bragged what position? The question hounded all. Everyone muffled



their hunger for the answer with cupcakes from the stalls, for the moment and held on till the closing ceremony. After all the serenation, witnessing the dances and what all Inka 2016 had in store for the last show, the crazy pumping energy that thumped with our heartbeats and the scratchy throats which were results of screaming way too loud, were given some rest by the announcement of results. While team Xavier's Jaipur bragged the first prize in dialogue, Maharani college stood tall with their trophy as they won the monologue category.

Charu Datta

B.A. Eng. Hons - II





### Les Quizerables (Literature Quiz)

"The very essence of literature is the war between emotion and intellect; between life and death. When literature becomes too intellectual- when it begins to ignore passions, the emotions- it becomes sterile, silly and actually without substance."

On most days we'd all agree to these almost accurate words of Isaac Bashevis Singer. But, the final day of St. Xavier's College's literature fest, INKA began focusing on the intellectual side of literature rather than the emotional. The day started off with the literature quiz- Les Quizerables. The name, a wordplay of Victor Hugo's Les Miserables.

The quiz competition was a team event, with each team having two participants and was divided in 3 sections- The written elimination round, audio-visual round and the rapid fire round. Twenty teams from various colleges took part in the completion, out of which only five were shortlisted from the first round and three qualified to the final-rapid fire round. In the final round, the teams were given multiple choices in regard to the theme of the questions that would be put up to them. The quizmaster for the event was Isha Bhattacharya. The choices ranged from Classics to Movie Adaptations of various literary works. Finally, showcasing their extensive knowledge of literature, Tanishka Jain of St. Xavier's, Jaipur stood first in the competition.

**Isha Bhattacharya**  
B.A. Eng. Hons-III



### Lenspedition—Journalistic Filming.

How times have changed! Simultaneously, the world of commercial culture experiences explosive growth as new media—cable television, videotape, and compact discs—join the film and broadcasting industries in distributing cultural products. Today Indian life is saturated with arts and cultural activity, and Indian commercial culture has a powerful-some think, too powerful-presence internationally. Witnessing the throes of yet another technological change, the rapid expansion of digital technologies for the creation and distribution of culture, with unpredictable consequences for the future of journalistic filming the event Lenspedition-Journalistic Filming was organised. The event saw participants from various colleges who took part with enthusiasm. The judge of the event was Ms Abir Ahmed. Contestants presented their film with a brief description about its making. From Hawa Mahal to Birla Temple to the lanes of Jaipur, the films had it all. They were judged on presentation, usage of camera, lightning, and sound. Drupad Umesh from MNIT Jaipur bagged the first position for his film "A Day Out in Jaipur: Religious Places".



### Mudra (Classical Dance)

Indian Classical dance has evolved with an emphasis on inducing special spiritual or philosophical states in the audience and with representing them symbolically. 'Bhava' expressions or the state of mind and 'rasa' have been of particular concern to Indian drama and literature, referring generally to the emotional flavours or essence crafted into the work by the writer and relished by a 'sensitive spectator'. The event Mudra, classical dance started with a warm welcome of the judge, Ms Lavanya Singh, the participants and the





fervent audience. Ms Lavanya is a well-known performing artist and a successful event manager. She has performed in various stage shows across the country. She is a former student at Jaipur Kathak Kendra and has completed her visharad form Jaipur and LakhnowGharana. She is presently training under the guidance of Mr. AkshayKundu at Buskers Advance dance Course.

The event pertained to the NAVRAS, meaning 'the nine pleasures' of classical dancing and it's KHANDS, meaning 'components'. The concept in itself depicts a great deal of elegance

and an unparalleled artistic dancing form. The music exuded classical Indian nostalgia and evoked a strong sensation of connectivity with our traditions and cultural heritage.

**Vishwajeet Schwag**

B.A. Eng. Hons-I

### Slam Verse (Poetry)

The performance of poetry is as much an art as it is an art of writing it. With this idea St. Xavier's College, Jaipur organized it's first poetry slam—Slam verse as a part of the annual literature fest Inka 2016. Slam verse was a competitive art of reciting poetry where the contestants focused on the writing and the performance of their original work. The judge for the event was Ms Jennifer Serene. 37 Participants from various colleges across the country came and performed their poems. Poetries on various subjects were performed by the



students. The passion of poets did not let any obstacle come in the way of expressing their emotions through poetry. The performance of the poets was appreciated by the audience who clicked and tapped their feet to encourage the participants. Ms Jennifer Serene enlightened the audience with her inspiring words and appreciated the creative talent of the students. The winner of the competition was Tanya Pareek of Maharani College. The event marked the closing of Inka.

**Shreeja Jain**

B.A. Eng. Hons -I

### The Ball

Dance rituals have brought our ancestors love and prosperity since ages. As a cultural experience Ballroom dance, a specific form of partnered dance with one being the leader and other being the follower culminated the closing ceremony of Inka Literature Fest. Imagine the scenario, with John Mayer's 'Gravity' playing loud in the premises, the silver moonlight dazzling over the faces of mortalsenjoying the essence of the moment. Ol Moon Ball had students swirling in each other's arms of, expertly guiding themselves through the complex dance pattern that matched to the music playing in the background. It was followed by DJ party making everybody realize the meaning of the phrase Carpe Diem - Seize the moment. But what gave us the most blissful pleasure was the food that filled our bellies after the long and tiresome dance sessions. Though it was a culminating and termination of a journey that held so much to express, yet one can see the genesis of the awaited Fest.



**Cyrus Derek Edwin**

B.A. Eng. Hons.-II



## Award Ceremony

The literature fest organized by the Department of English, INKA'16 held its award ceremony on 13 November. The hard work, dedication, persistence and focus put forth by the students was applauded at the event. The ceremony commenced by welcoming chief guest Prof. Mini Nanda, Head, Dept. of English, University of Rajasthan and Reverend Fathers of Xavier's Jesuit Society. The ceremony was then taken forward by a musical performance by Vishnu Nayak and David John. The Head of the Department, Department of English, Ms. Ranjit Kaur thanked the student body of Team INKA for their laborious efforts and dedication in making the fest a great success. She also extended her thanks to teacher coordinator of the event Ms. Ruchi Sharma for moulding the talent of students, her support and innovative thinking.

The address was followed by the award distribution ceremony filling the auditorium with sounds of continuous applauds. The ceremony concluded with a humble vote of thanks delivered by Siddarth Arora, student coordinator, where he thanked all the dignitaries for blessing the even with their words of wisdom, all the judges for the time and care that they took to evaluate each participant and to make sure that the best was recognized and awarded. He extended his wishes to all



the participants and the sponsors as well. He thanked his team, who worked towards the success of the fest, by his side. The closing witnessed how INKA stood by its name for withholding power to awaken a talented artist within participants.

### Ashruti Seventra

B.A. Eng. Hons - I

St Xavier's college has been one of the institution that groomed me into a person who I'm today. No matter if its debating, orating, poetry slam etc. It made me confident and gave me zeal to stand firm for myself. There's been whole hearted support of Rev. Fr. Glenn and HOD Ms Ranjeet Kaur and whole department of English literature. I'm delightful to be a part of Xavier's and thankful to the faculty of the department of English who told me "Never to give up."

My recent achievement is an anthology, 'Wings of Enchantment.' Poetry is like magic spell to me, 'Enchanting'. My book will be launching this year. It will be my own magical enchantments of poems to uplift, motivate and empower. Believe, learn, dream, hope because I believe magic is still alive and it's in "us".

Tanishka Jain

M.A. Final





Day 1

## International Conference on Literature as Cartography of Emotions: Ways of Being and (BE) Longing



Department of English organised an International Conference on 27-28 January, 2017. The conference was inaugurated in the presence of stalwarts like Prof Avadhesh Kumar Singh, Professor, Department of Translation Studies, IGNOU, New Delhi, Dr. Rashmi Dickinson, ex-British Civil Servant, Mr Matt Kramer, Humanitarian, Author and Photo Journalist from the USA.

The first technical session was chaired by Prof Joya Chakravarty, Department of English, University of Rajasthan and Mr. Matt Kramer was the speaker. The session was on Empathy, Trauma and Emotion: Predatory Leadership in Women's Literature wherein Mr Kramer spoke about how patriarchy has been employed in violence against women striving for equality in society and how women often used literature as a means to make their voices heard.

The Second Technical Session was chaired by Prof Mini Nanda, Head, Department of English, University of Rajasthan. Prof Samina Khan from Aligarh Muslim University delivered the plenary address. The centre of her talk was Identifying the Self: Literary Canon, Resolving Multiple Roles. Prof Khan defined that literature in the present context besides traditional, to postcolonial literature from all over the world to popular literature now includes best sellers, Films, television, and all kinds of media and cultural material.

The Third technical session was chaired by Dr. Shaila Mahan with the theme Literary Circuit of Text and Context. Dr. Mahan conducted the presentations of papers successfully. The day was a melting pot of different emotions, identities, longings, belongings, ideas, innovations, different points of view and knowledge.



The second day began with the same zeal to contest different ideas and incorporate varied voices. The fourth session was chaired by Prof Sudha Rai, Head, Dept. of Languages, Manipal University and Dr. Sangeeta Pravnendra, Chief of Bureau, India TV apprised the audience with the role the world of media can play in forming identities and creating a sense of longing or belonging or being. The theme for this session was Self(censorship) in Media: Boundaries for Reflection.

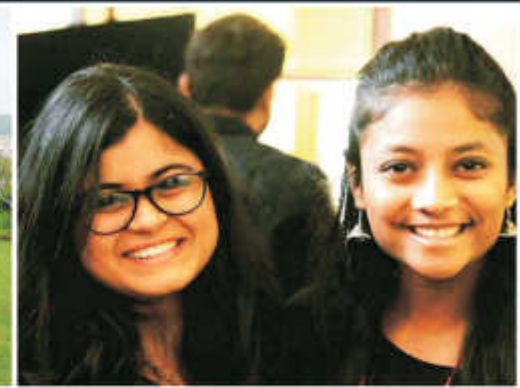
The fifth session was titled Dissonance, Transmutations and Assertions in Narratives of the Self. Prof Raashmi Chaturvedi, Director Kanoria College chaired the session while Prof Pradeep Trikha, Head, Department of English, Mohanlala Sukhadia University, Udaipur talked about the role of memory in creating identity and fostering a sense of being, belonging and longing. He talked about how radical stories and marginalised stories both create a ripple effect in the realm of cultural dissonance, cultural resistance, and then cultural assertion.

In the last session, Digital Metamorphosis of the textual world, Dr. Urashi Sabu from PGDAV College, Delhi University flawlessly connected the world of pen with the world of internet. She talked about the dominance of cyber and social media while drawing comparisons with George Orwell's futuristic dystopia Nineteen Eighty-Four. She raised pertinent questions related to the nature of reality, truth, emotional being, and belonging in a world that no longer exists only on the plane of the purely 'physical', but has evolved into the 'virtual' one.

Besides erudition being shared the conference had nearly 90 papers being presented by academicians, professors, research scholars, students from across the nation. The conference was successful in forwarding the quest of identity, being, belonging and longing.













## Seven Day Workshop on Corel Draw Basics

In the present context mere computer literacy is insufficient. The Department of English realised that one needs to keep up with changing times and that one should know the basics of certain programmes and applications so that one is not completely ignorant.

Therefore, the faculty members of the Department went out of the comfort zone to explore themselves in the realm of computers. The Department zealously collaborated with the Department of Computer Science for a Seven Day Workshop on the CorelDraw Basics wherein the faculty members of both the departments learnt to create Visiting Cards, Brochures, Flex Banners and Greeting Cards using basic tools of CorelDraw.

The Experts Mr. Aditya S G Vyas and Mr. Deshraj Verma from The Smart Techies Pvt. Ltd. shared their expertise and helped the teachers to gain hands on experience during the workshop that was organised from 16 March 2017 to 22 March 2017.

Dr. Atiqa Kelsy



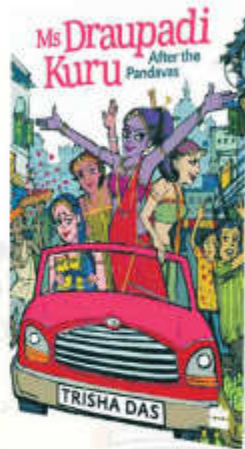
## A Fond Farewell to Final Year Students

The department of English bid farewell to the Final year students of Undergraduate and Post-graduate Program, Batch 2016-17 at Sunny Paradise, Jaipur which looked magnificent against the well illuminated backdrop of the Main Building. Students were dress immaculately and looked resplendent. Different tags were awarded to the students. Some exciting games were also arranged for the students and were enjoyed by all. In an emotionally surcharged atmosphere it was a memorable evening spent with the teachers.





**Title:** Ms Draupadi Kuru After the Pandvas  
**Author:** Trisha Das  
**Publisher:** Harper Collins, India  
**No. of Pages:** 269



Reinterpretations of the Mahabharata have not been uncommon over the last few decades. Instead, this great Indian epic has been retold from character's point of view especially from Kauravas' perspective. Ms Draupadi Kuru is a different take from other reinterpreted versions like Yagnaseni by Pratibha Ray, Draupadi by Mahashweta Devi or Palace of Illusions by Chitra Banerjee Divakaruni. These novels throw a light on the character of Draupadi, the female protagonist and telling the story of Mahabharata from her perspective. Trisha Das however chooses to show us 'mortal' Draupadi who has come to visit the Earth thousand years after her death along with her companions Amba, Kunti and Gandhari.

Das touches the nerves of the reader by choosing to set her novel in New Delhi, showing us some ugly facets of glittery but hollow capital. There are echoes of feminism throughout the novel especially when Draupadi expresses her anger at people for blaming her for the great war at kurukshetra and when she comes to know that nobody names their daughter after her because it is considered as bad luck.

Draupadi realises that she has the power to exercise her choice which was denied in ancient India. Not everyone has that privilege though (as seen in the case of Vaishali, the rape survivor) but the writer implies how those who have it use their decision to bring about a change in the world around them. Humour is woven perfectly throughout the text to make the reading enjoyable. Be it gifting of mobile and clothes by Narad Muni or the weird thoughts of Draupadi and her gang to all the things that they witness in the modern-day India. Ms Draupadi Kuru is a delightful reading as the book is relatable to most women struggling to make way for themselves attempting to establish their identities.

**Sakshi Yadav**

B.A. Eng. Hons -II

**Title:** Dance Like a Man  
**Playwright:** Mahesh Dattani  
**Publisher:** Penguin Books  
**No. of Pages:** 74  
 Dance Like A Man by Mahesh Dattani



Gender is a salient social categorization that plays a potent role in self-expression as well as elucidation of others' behaviour. Self-identity is often lost in the dynamics of social stereotypes. The contemporary society of India faces numerous social issues in the domestic and urban space. Where society's paradigm of gender discrimination throws light at women being victimized, Mahesh Dattani's play Dance Like a Man focuses on the struggle of self-identity and complex human relationships in the domestic space as seen through the eyes of the male protagonist Jairaj Parekh. This drama is a study of human relationships and weaknesses framed by the age-old battle between tradition and youthful rebellion and that of dreams and reality. The playwright views 'men' at the receiving end of oppressive power structures of the contemporary society. It focuses on the idea of sexuality being a question of mentality and not physicality.

**Neha Gautam**

B.A. Eng. Hons -I



## Poetry

### Bombay

City of dreams,  
Respite of many,  
Fountain of juvenile,  
One family, seven members,  
Glares of marine drives,  
Birthplace of dialects,  
Full by joculars,  
Kin of history.  
Mumbai  
City of struggles,  
Workfield of many.  
Fountain of hooligans.  
One city, seven islands.  
Flares of slummy live.  
Birthplace of abuse.  
Full by malevolent,  
Kin of misery.  
Atlast,  
Mumbai is a city,  
Bombay is an emotion.  
Rajshree Gautam  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I



### A Ballerina

Little girls in tulle,  
And glittery tiaras.  
I came in too late,  
With my face running  
from mascara.  
I can't pirouette for shit,  
I have two left feet.  
But they dance so gracefully  
Without paying a heed.  
I brush down my dress of grime,  
Which is worth just a dime.  
And put out my chin,  
With a wide grin.  
If everyone can; so can I.  
I am only just shy.  
I spin, spin until I see stars  
And I have to grip the handlebars.  
I did it!  
My heart pounds with ecstasy,  
And I bow down tentatively.  
Mohini Chandola  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-III



### Self Portrait

Not a height that I can boast of,  
I'm only 5'2",  
Should I wear heels or does that  
bother you?  
Because it bothers me.  
My momma didn't teach me to be a  
lady,  
Is she terrible maybe?  
I've been shady lately.  
I have a moonfaced  
And excuse me if I don't play bass.  
But I do possess—  
Beady eyes,  
Snazzy lies  
And an existential dread  
To put all emos to shame.  
Let's not talk about my poetry skills,  
As is evident.  
Where can I find a cup of water to  
drown in?  
Please calm down,  
This joke of a poem has a point.  
This may take a while.  
If only we could look like the cover of  
vogue,  
I can only look that skinny in a  
morgue.  
You see your worth beneath the sole,  
But do you see the stars in your soul?  
As we approach our impending doom,  
lets ponder;  
Is this what it means to be human, I  
wonder?  
Mohini Chandola  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-III

### DEATH'S SONG

Chills run down  
my spine  
I know someone  
is standing behind  
Reading what I  
write on this paper  
Smiling that mendacious smile.  
  
I hear a tune,  
in my head.  
The tune of his arrival  
the tune of death.  
  
He's closing in on me  
the song of death is on  
everything is turning shady  
no way out I see

That shiny sharp blade  
and deep scarlet blood  
pools at my feet  
Eyes wide in horror.  
Panicked breaths  
Teary eyes  
He takes me in his arms  
And we disappear for ever.  
Ashruti Seventra  
B.A. Eng. Hons.-I





### "She Wings"

Oh why did you descend  
From your heaven  
to this earth  
Into this harsh present  
Did you think it is worth ?  
You long to venture  
Into a land of dreams  
Where not the sadness  
But the silent smile screams  
This land may appear  
From your home, too bright  
Here, you'll learn to fear  
Here, you'll face the fright  
'U know you have the wings'  
Bellows your will to fight  
Hark to your conscious  
And take up the flight  
The land was your choice  
And so is your cloud  
Go back to the home  
Learned, and proud  
To the saviour of all  
Home, he will relieve  
This is where it belongs  
Your soul, they believe  
It does not end  
With 'em poets' thirst  
Your life, not a poem  
Nor a verse  
**Roohamah Maity**  
B.A. Eng. Hons. -III



### Funeral of a Bee

because it is believed that the extinction of the bee could lead to the extinction of all other species.  
I lay my lilac upon a black bier  
sepulture of death and grossness  
How many more must die at the death of a man?  
chopping buds of flowers to help people moan.  
Dead trees house the weight of the thing,  
people wiping tears in grief,  
Will giving flowers make it better?  
Lined around the altar for all to see,  
how much he was loved, when he did be.  
but at the foot of the garden lies something neglected, tiny;  
How many more shall die,  
do you know,  
at the funeral of the bee?  
**Roxanne Castellas**  
M.A. Final



### Where have all the flowers gone?

Where have all the flowers gone?  
the valley lies bare  
spring blossoms are rare  
now a cold wind blows  
as summer gives way  
a winter of misery  
the hawks make merry  
the rabbits they scurry  
their eyes are blurry  
from frantic hurry  
where have all the flowers gone?  
in a jungle rising to the sun  
there were trees and many a bee  
now a lone petal stands vigil  
nature's proud sigil, on the wall  
the clouds gather  
the rains patter  
looking through the glass  
I see it wither  
gone is the last shard of the past  
the air seems bitter...death comes hither  
where have all the flowers gone?  
the forest stands tall  
blocking the sun  
breeding more sorrow  
nowhere to run  
there is no promise of tomorrow  
there is no longer a home  
no visage of hope  
just a barren globe  
why did all the flowers go?  
why did all the flowers go?  
**Dhruv Singh**  
B.A. English Hons. - III



### Leave

You tried to change  
Didn't you?  
Shaved your legs,  
Put on winged eyeliner,  
Wore shiny clothes.  
But even after all this  
All he could see were  
The scars on your body,  
Your ugly feet and  
Your unstructured collarbones.  
So leave...leave him.  
But before leaving,  
Look him in the eye  
And tell him,  
That scars on your body  
Are medals of wars  
you've won,  
Your ugly feet are  
Souvenirs of distant roads  
You've been on.  
And your unstructured collarbones  
Are weighed down by  
Responsibilities you have  
On your shoulders.  
You are terrifying  
Strange and beautiful,  
Something not everyone  
Knows how to love.  
**Rajshree Gautam**  
B.A. Eng. Hons. -I



### The Mad and The Mundane

I was born in the Trodden Valley,  
In the shapeless arc of the musky  
mountains,  
Trees stood aligned in a marching  
row,  
And, stones drew water to the new  
shores.

Trodden Valley had no dutiful  
name of its own,  
Only a handful of people,  
A dozen, half-baked mud houses,  
And, a couple of slippery sloppy  
cross roads.

As the voyagers set foot on the  
privy land,  
Soon a toddler of the town  
marched them to Shiv's Tea Stand,  
And, withdrawing themselves off  
their work,  
Watched Aliens have a nice grub.

As they stood along,  
The guests were informed,  
Of the future paths,  
On which their tide must ride on.

A rider once broke the shell and  
asked,  
'Why is it called The Trodden  
Valley?'  
As the doubt bells rang in each  
mind,  
A nameless rugged saintly insane  
came forth and laughed a while.

Ohh! Thou wise!  
Thou wise man!  
You say you don't know the valley?  
Oh is it just this?

Ohh, I see your wits are loose,  
And Screws are tight,  
Being born to die,  
Still have nothing inside?  
Smouldering in a Bird's cage,  
Corralled in bottle,  
Twined with the Gods fate,  
I was born.

Mundane in thought and,  
Boasty of the lot,  
Gauzy in the mornings,  
Smoggy at the night,  
Walked past once a time ago, I did,  
This trodden Valley, just like you!

Ohh! Ohh Thou learned of the lot.  
Found Him in the terrible times,  
did I,  
Ohh yes I did!  
Thought I of Him in Nature,  
Believed His omnipotence,  
But found The Great Man only,  
In the striking coins and the  
shouting stars!

Ohh! You people be deaf!  
Or leave for the country zoo,  
Serve your credentials well,  
Or at least pay the debts of thou  
Old Mate.

Sir! Money is God for me,  
God enough to be,  
Summoned lunatic I am,  
And yes i am!  
But never a wise had called.

Standing a lot in front of,  
They are none but the dead,  
Deadest that ever walked through  
this Valley,  
But alive, alive enough to die!

Ohh! They are,  
Dumb wits of the hazel town,  
And, crooked money breeds too  
quickly,  
These rotten eggs dream too  
swiftly.

Thou seen happy faces in these pale  
tomatoes?  
Well, I haven't found yet,  
Though a man drank the  
whispering tea,  
Laughed and laughed like a crazy  
bee,  
But only framed happiness was to  
be seen.

Thou like the fog? Don't you?  
Aaha! I assumed so,  
Well, I don't!

The sunny delight transcends into  
a foggy tale,

Dream world runs in a  
faceless gaze,  
Lurking the mischievous  
tale,  
And, heralding a misty fate.

A hazy morning is gypsy  
feast,  
Cold as devil in the  
Heaven's dream,  
A gaze blinding the eye,  
And, a silence loud enough  
to cry.  
Let me tell you a secret of  
mine!  
Nectar! Is what I have  
tasted.  
Rotten truths are what I  
have for lunch,  
And naked lies for the  
dinner,  
Come and dine with me  
tonight!

Ohh! Not at ease?  
To be a human is to be  
sorrowful,  
To be a man is to be a pet,  
And, to be mad is to be  
maddening wisely,  
The madly wise!

I am scared of it all!  
Hence I discard it all!  
**Siddharth Arora**  
B.A. Eng. Hons. - III



## Short Stories



### The Duck Waddling

As soon as the gloominess of the 'white' was over, the gayness of the red fire was over us. The sun came, and so came the charm that the smoky clouds held, dropping down the dew on the tip of the tree on whose branches sat the sparrow which never stopped chirping at the hole-diggers, trying to save themselves on from what seemed to them, the quack quack monsters, whose flat-bread beak were all they could see when they were engulfed by it. The ducks, having had the worms resolved themselves in what they seem to do the most, Waddle! Seeing the ducks, the poise that they possessed and the calmness and the serenity that they exhibited, he realized how easy it is for them to live their lives, to just dive into the water and start to swim. No participating in the racing of rats, no shedding of the sweat, no mixing of the blood and on top of it no vigoroso required.

Just when he was stressing the mind on what seemed to him a beautiful thought, he saw, with the transparency of not his eyes but clear water, something orange, something vibrant, something agiating. He noticed those tiny duck legs, moving back and forth, not ready to give themselves a halt. To which, his grey matter, electrifying him with small tiny cells made him observe the beauty of nature, and the contrast it holds within—that no matter how composed one may look from the outside, the same, bearer of calmness, is shaken from the inside, lurking for everything that is tranquil and bliss, just like the man, standing in the midst of the garden, a wanderer, who, in awe of nature happens to be following something that he himself know of not.

A man with well fitted clothes, slick pack hair, nicely polished shoes which matched with the tonality of the coat, having, what most of the english men have, the deep-pockets. But also, what the pockets of this Rich man 'hold' were nothing more than stones, lots and lots of stones, whose ripple that 'spread' along the river managed to scare the ducks away. The man, so in love with ripple and in search of the origin of the same stepped in water, and stepped, and stepped and never ceased to stop, and the stones that his pockets hold, helped him do the same, helped him sink down. The once wanderer who in search of what he called life, stepped into the water and never wished to swam up again. Maybe this was always his idea of peace, heart stopping, eyes closing and breath ceasing, attaining the highest state of tranquility, attaining the highest state of bliss. ...Inspired by Virginia Woolf.

Cyrus

B.A. Eng. Hons. -II





## Pablo

As I rest my back against the willow tree in my backyard, I try very hard to concentrate on my book. I keep reading the same sentence over and over again until I finally snap the book shut and acknowledge the ruckus behind me.

“Excuse me, why are you in my backyard?”

I asked to no one in particular. There were wet, muddy logs clumped against each other like dead bodies. A shadow, just as tall as a gnome, turns to face me and I notice how safe and comfortable its presence was. Giving me the most charming smile I've ever seen, he wipes his hands on his torn jeans and says, “Oh don't worry! I'm just building myself a small shelter. I promise it will not affect your reading.”

What a tiny little creature. Such beautiful grey eyes, like smoke and depressed heavy clouds. There was something powerful about him though, something that attracted me towards him. I was suddenly reminded of my unfinished book and returned to it without a word. It's a pretty red book. It smells of leather and happiness and speaks of wonders and mysteries and a home where wishes came true.

Time passed as I turned one page to another, I noticed my legs grow longer and leaner and my hair grew darker and messier. Wisdom entered my soul and I felt like nothing could stop me.

But time and again, I felt eyes bore on the back of my head. It was such a powerful force that I couldn't help but look back. As I grew, so did Pablo. I noticed he wasn't as short as I remembered. He was less and less charming and his eyes grew darker in colour until it was almost black. Black like Death. He concentrated on building a hut that appeared almost finished. Something about it did not seem right. This was my backyard and this tall shadow of a man was invading my privacy. I was afraid of the loud, thumping noises and the hut resembled a witch's cottage. Like Gretel, I was curious to enter the cottage but I snapped out of it. I had a book to finish.

I ignored it; I am too polite to ask Pablo to leave. Maybe both of us can live

in peace but soon, sunlight edged away from the pages of my book. I looked back and was startled to see a solid, brick wall fortress instead of a hut. There was a moat surrounding it and Pablo stared at me from one of the windows, cloaked in shadows.

“Do you like my house? It's not much, but it'll serve my needs well enough.”

His voice was raspy and bitter, not the charming, friendly voice I remembered.

“You're blocking my sunlight, Pablo. I need to read.”

He shrugged and said “well, I guess you'll have to live with it now. Or join me in the mansion. You will be safe from the world. No one shall disturb you.”

With a sly smile on his face and lightening in his eyes, he extended his slender, smoky hand towards me “Join me.”

“No”, I said, “You must leave. This is my property.”

“Not anymore.”

He crept away in the comfort of his shadows.

My heart raced. I wanted to scream but I only felt emptiness and despair. There was toxicity in the air that obscured my vision and made it difficult to breathe.

How shall I finish my book now?

Perhaps I should sleep for a while.

At least I have my Willow Tree.

**Mohini Chandola**


B.A. Eng. Hons. -III







## In A Box



'I grew up on Anthill, a small colony on a low hill. It was hot there, oppressive in fact, I wiped my sweat off my face and onto my shirt and looked at my room, tired, books everywhere, papers, charts, paint brushes. The cupboard that my father made for me, the mirror, my dresser and my favourite coloured curtains.

It was calm, hot and silent tonight. My parents were asleep in their room and I in mine, when I heard a sound, a loud explosion, it shook me and everything around. I was rooted at the spot, I lost all traces of courage. I couldn't think. I was lost for a while, stiff and afraid. Then I woke out of that daze and coaxed myself to move to my parent's room. The house was in darkness. I remember having shut the door after wishing them goodnight, now there was a black space before me, I couldn't see well in the dark. I called their names and as I did so I stepped into their room.

Now it's over. Now I'm here' I heard myself say.

'Yes', he said, 'it might have been loud to you. But they'll never know we've taken one. We've taken care of that. They'll never remember the incident.'

I didn't say anything. How could they never remember or never know I'm gone or never miss me?

He interrupted my thoughts, 'You're very violent aren't you?'

I felt confused, and then asked, 'Me?'

'All of you', he said indifferently.

I hesitated at first then said 'Our powers are overwhelming sometimes', I said quietly, 'we can create things, write letters, build houses and yet, we can destroy and... kill. Our thoughts create tunes and dances, or recipes, art. We can play instruments, or invent things and... sometimes we can lay a perfect plan to get away with murder I guess. But there's always a reason for everything.'

He leant forward, his chest against his desk, and listened with utmost attention to what I was saying. 'You like it' he finally said, like he didn't

need my approval...or disapproval. 'You all love it. Love the power, love the anger, the blood! Why else would you be killing each other? All the time! For eons! Why else would you set about making separate colonies every where? Such where even people living together go to separate buildings. Some sit on chairs, some kneel with candles, some stand around watching machines move, some carry things on their heads. You like it very much.'

'No we don't!' I said a little put off. 'We understand each other. We have bonds and understandings which are fair to both sides.'

'You are presumptuous enough to imagine you are fair to both sides.'

'We are'

'How do you measure things?'

'By comparison'

'Comparisons are never fair. If you compare things in order to weigh the pros and cons, it's never fair. There is no complete justice, no proper understandings. You are not fair.'

'We are! We can be absolutely objective. We are intelligent! Our species rule over the others! We are the best!' I was terribly frustrated by his composure as he watched me like I was a misbehaved child. Then he wrote:

'Stupid enough to consider themselves smart'.

'We are not stupid!' I said angrily, 'We are smart! We have ideas! An imagination! We think!'

'All of it is linked to it somehow.' He looked up from his note pad, 'to the will to survive and the violence that helps one survive' he trailed off.

I crossed my arms. 'No'

'You have walls and locks and rules everywhere. You can't trust yourselves with yourselves.' He said casually.

I stood up and hit the table, 'We know what is good for us we know how to control ourselves.' I watched him slightly alarmed press a button on the table and move his chair a little farther away from me. I continued



my yelling, 'We have the knowledge we need to have. You are no match for what we are.'

But suddenly I grew stiff and I couldn't move a muscle. I was frozen in place. I saw his face relax a bit. Then he came closer and stood over me and leaned in a bit. I could have slapped his face as he tried to study and judge me but my body was rigid. He looked at me intently, curious, fascinated, his bright green eyes, watery and deep. To him I was what math or history or art were to a scholar.

Then he spoke, 'Knowledge doesn't belong to you, even if you know it.' He walked back to his seat behind the desk. 'I am in charge of you. I will be studying you. You will be taken to the laboratory where you will be reoriented. Your memory will be removed' He said without batting an eyelid. 'You won't remember any of that trivial stuff that they teach you. Then I'll keep you in my own colony among my group of humans and I can study you all and how you would behave without Earth's influence.' He seemed so happy at the fact.

I was a new model in his collection.

I had been knocked out and taken to my 'cell'. It was a narrow glass tube with a hard floor and a few vents for Oxygen, just a foot wider than me. All around me, outside my tube were other creatures in tubes, dead or alive, some of which I had never seen before. I looked at my cell's wall and noticed a placard, the writing faced outwards but I could read what it said:

Specimen No. 28228

Species: Homo sapiens

Planet of origin: Earth (Milky Way)

Description: Light brown skin, dark brown hair, brown eyes

I read the particulars about my height and weight.

I was locked in here for kids to see what humans looked like. A specie that lived miles away from their own planet. I felt defeated. I turned away and sat on the floor.

I'm trapped. I'm probably forgotten on earth, they told me they had



forgotten me. Now I would forget too. Everything. Everything I had taken the trouble to learn, everything they took the trouble to teach. Spellings, math, poems, languages, sciences, the articles of the constitution. I still remember them P.L.A.C.E., two multiplied by twenty-seven, It is old father William the..., But what's the use? I remember what they taught me about God, the prayers, the stories and the books I read, now I would have no God, no stories, no one, and nothing! I hated school when I was young. I hated going. I cried when I had to leave home, now all those tears have been rendered useless.

I decided to think of the best memories I had, I won't ever be able to recall them again so I'll go through them for the last time: I thought of my father, his hair greying, curly. His prickly moustache as he kissed me goodnight. His hands were rough but gentle as he blessed me on the forehead every day. Today he won't, he won't think of it, because to him I don't exist anymore. And he was a good worker and he would sweat it out every day but he was also funny and as children, I and my brother played with him and till I was there, he would still make us laugh.

Then there was my mother, her soft hands and cheeks and her smooth hair that had begun to grey. Her soft caresses. Her delicious cakes and all the kind things that she did when I asked her and more often than not, she just anticipated what I needed.

And my beloved brother, who was away from home and I missed him tremendously. He would never receive any news that I had gone. No, he would just forget me like the way I shall forget him. And I won't tell him anymore what I am doing or how I am...

Goodbye. There won't be any more hellos.

I consoled myself with the thought that God takes away what we don't need or what we do need but must live without. But I will be living without my God now too.

I cried myself to sleep.

When I woke up I was in the glass tube still. I stood up and straightened myself. I stretched my fingers apart and looked at my brown hands. There were people outside who opened the door. I stepped out and



around me were three strange looking people but they were beautiful, green eyes that glowed and jet black hair. I rubbed my hands together.

'Rub their hands like flies' someone said. They escorted me out of a door and into the corridor. As we turned the corner a voice behind me said, 'I have the required data from the previous interview, quick to anger, defensive...'

'Aren't they all?' someone joked.

'Once she's in my colony she'll never be able to find her way back to Anthill'

I was still sleepy and dazed but we soon neared a large door to our right and I was ushered towards it. The men clicked a button on the right. The door opened. I was taken in. I looked around at the strange faces of people I'd never seen before.

'No she won't, humans have a short memory...' the door clicked shut. Why are they gone? Why am I left here?

I felt my body loose itself. Where was I?

I looked back and there was nothing.

**Roxanne Castellás**

M.A. Final



## Home

I see a man. A man of rank, I see a man with features so sharp it could cut glass but eyes so soft, the colour of sea. Calm, serene.

I see a man's mind. I read him like an open book. He wishes he could cradle his new born son instead of the rifle in his hand. He examines his own rough, callous hands and imagines her slender fingers between his own. He misses the sweet taste of water, wishing his rum would turn to water. He finds a home in her and he missed home.

When will the war end?

Soon, he consoles himself.

Very soon, when all this is over, he will retire and live in peace with his family. He imagines Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. He imagines his best friend coming over and children running around the porch. He imagines warm covers and cold feet and a roof to share with her. Such anticipation to go back home— soon, very soon.

Maybe he should write poetry. He wishes he had a pen, the napkin would have to do for now. He finds a charcoal from where they burnt the dead last night. This will do.

He begins to write, "When I am home..."

**Mohini Chandola**

B.A. Eng. Hons. -III





## Articles

### Nath Utrai

**NATH UTRAI:** To help empower sex workers and legalize prostitution in India.

They strip me off naked with hungry looks changing my destiny

Take away my soul, my virginity

Deprive me of my hard-earned dignity

Dying seems easy but living is a necessity

The question I often ask myself is—To be or not to be...

'Prostitution as a profession, sex as an art', with this motto, a six membered clique of NIFT Kangra has started a movement called NATH UTRAI to empower sex workers and legalize prostitution in India. The project came into light when they visited few red light areas about three years ago regarding some college assignment and became aware about the abysmal plight of sex workers there. Presently they are documenting the lives of six sex workers, three from Rajasthan and three from Delhi, out of which one belongs to the LGBTQ community and are also working on a book which is likely to be published around January, 2017.

NATH UTRAI— A menace prevailing in the rurals of Rajasthan's Bedia community is a ceremony in which, on hitting puberty, a girl's nose ring is removed before she is sold for a night and loses her virginity. Every girl child loses her innocence and smile at a tender age due to this ugly custom.

'Legalisation prostitution would help sex workers live better lives and would reduce their exploitation. Its saddening to see their miserable condition', says Ayush Dehariya, a friend of mine who happens to be a member of this movement. These women are deprived of their dignity. They struggle each day to live & are poor victims of our patriarchal society making one think how we have failed as a nation?

'Many of them are the sole bread-winners of their families. They are educating their children with the money they earn from this profession. Some of them said that they would never want their children to enter this world, they want to continue doing this job to support their loved

ones', says Amit Chauhan, the one who sailed the ship of this initiative. Fighting an unheard battle nobody cares about people like Amit are persevering spirits!

There is no official track of sex workers in India. Also,

middlemen take away their daily wages leaving them with a meagre amount of Rs. 50–100 each day. Shrishti Soni, co-head of this initiative states that, 'India is the land of Kamasutra, Khajuraho, and even Ajanta & Ellora. So we want to break the stereotypes. The main idea of her initiative is to depict the life of sex workers with the medium of fashion as the youth connects in an instant with fashion.

'Your honor, your strength isn't in your vagina. It's in the spirit with which you fight the world & feed your family every night", writes a girl named Anchal Sharma on the official facebook page of NATH UTRAI. We all are struggling at different levels and in different spheres. Let us not judge anybody. Every profession must be treated with equal respect and no discrimination must be done on the basis of one's work. We, as a society, need to look upon things beyond those jaundiced eyes. Let us join our hands to the wheel unitedly, not be cowed down by any wretched condition and fight for something that's worth fighting for.

Yes we can.

Yes we must!

If you wish to support this attempt or have any opinions regarding this, you can follow NATH UTRAI on facebook and express yourself freely.

**Ayushi Sah**

B.A. Eng. Hons.—I

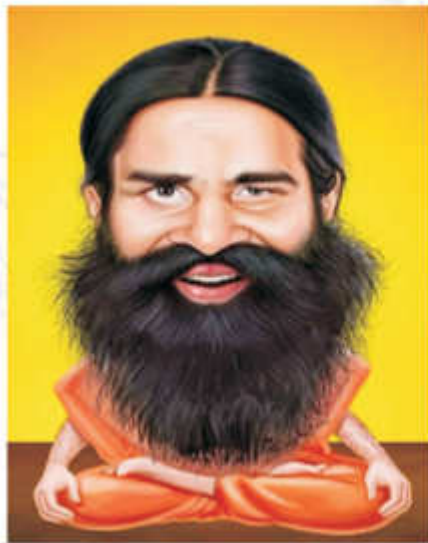




## Baba Ramdev and Homoseksuality

“Log chahe Kuch bhi kahe, EBay par milne vaali 10 crore cheeze humme judge nahi karti”. But Baba Ramdev seems to judge us all. The famous Sanyaasi and Yogi Baba Ramdev seems to have taken his stance about ‘homoseksuality’ in his audacious speech, calling homosexuality a mental disorder. This he says is a mere addiction, which apparently can be cured through Yoga and medicines available all over India at Patanjali stores. The treatment costs around 1200 bucks. 1200 bucks and you’re a heterosexual? Wow. That’s a go getter people. Ramdev quotes Gandhi saying, “we shall always protect morality”. Homosexuality is immoral and unnatural, ‘a vikriti’ he says, and something today’s generation should be cured of.

He cites an example of a lesbian couple in Argentina who wanted a child, according to the much learned man, if the couple wanted a child why didn’t they get married? Love according to him does not count. We are not born to get married. We tie ourselves into matrimony in order to get some satisfaction but if the marriage is unsatisfying then what’s the use of such a marriage? Adoption is a healthy and humanistic alternative to child birth and just as satisfying. In fact, Ramdev is a sanyasi what does he know about sex?



As for having found a ‘cure’ for homosexuality, it’s not scientifically possible because it’s not a disease. The World Health Organization disqualified homosexuality as a disease decade ago, it’s high time that we start keeping up with world affairs. The world class yogi, who has a degree in Bachelor of Ayurveda, Medicine and Science fails to realize that Ayurvedic texts have absolutely no cure for homosexuality. Throwing in a few ingredients to concoct his potions

isn’t going to change someone’s sexuality.

Vishnu ji in the Mahabharata said “prakrati hi vikrati hain”, he ordered the Pandavas not to question nature. Unnatural things exist. Just because you don’t know about them doesn’t mean you can question its authenticity. Ramdev’s treatment includes watching his show daily, and being brainwashed into being a heterosexual just to conform to the notions of our society. The society we live in is fast paced and dynamic. It fashions itself everyday just to accommodate our needs and comforts what seems unacceptable today may be the rage of tomorrow. So why change? Why change for something that changes itself?

This year at the Queer Pride walk in Delhi, the anger seemed to be directed towards the sanyaasi, many mocked Baba Ramdev’s comments on homosexuality. Colourful posters took a dog at the not so colourful opinion of the yogi. His blunt and outrageous portrayal of the homosexual sexuality seems to have enraged thousands in the capital and the entire country.

Babaji “Yoga se na hoga”

Hitesha Utmani

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I

IF DIVERSITY  
BOTHERS YOU



YOU WERE BORN  
ON THE  
WRONG PLANET



I'M NOT  
A JOKE



## Body Shaming

Little Lucy would still starve herself every now and then fearing that she would get fat. Akram is scared of going out in public believing that he is not 'manly' enough in his looks and Auntie Alberto has stopped looking in the mirror, because for her the marks on her face are not worth looking at. They'd blame themselves for not being in shape and in accordance to the society but do they really need to be blamed?

The constant battle of being the prettiest one in the room is taking away a lot from us. The term 'young and beautiful' is shaping our lives in the most wrong way possible. We look at others no longer as people inhibiting souls, but rather as someone walking around with either too much weight, or with marks on their body. Every other magazine offers tips and tricks on how to lose weight and look slimmer. They'd show models with perfect bodies posing and encouraging others to look like them, but is appearance such an important aspect of our life that it has come to hinder us from enjoy living it?

We laughed our hearts out when the famous sitcom FRIENDS showed Monica carrying weight, we laugh when we see Dr. Hathi, from TMKOC having troubles due to his weight. Jokes centred on people's weight have become a trend. Little do we realise how body shaming can

harm someone's life. It leads to a fierce circle of conscience and judgement. Various campaigns like 'No Body Shame' have aimed at making individuals overcome the societal induced shame. People were told about how our bodies are perfect the way they are, and how we should look at everyone without any judgement. The main causes of shame were listed as weight, height, skin colour, gender, sexual orientation, and any other ability. The supporters of the campaign believed that 'when we commit ourselves to living our lives now, accepting ourselves as we are even if others do not, real changes in confidence and quality of life are not only possible, but imminent.' The main assertion was on not needing society's permission to seek joy without making any excuse, and getting induced in any shame.

We should deem about how great a battle body shaming is, and stand against it. After all, surviving in a world where everyone comments upon someone is a harsh task to conquer. Start confronting those who perpetuate body shaming and talk to them, telling them about how off beam they are. Criticising someone's appearance without knowing about them is possibly the most unjust act we could be committing. It's time to feel beautiful and make others feel the same. Because everyone is beautiful in their own way.

Siddharth Gangwal

B.A. Eng. Hons. -II





## An Unrevealed Disability

An answer from a mother to Sujata Bhatt's poem 'Voice of the Unwanted Girl.'

Who said disability is limited only to mental and physical disabilities? Social and emotional disabilities can prove to be more catastrophic than them. But unfortunately, it turns out to be a blank spot for every vision to sight upon. I feel my womb empty. I used to be contemptuous but now I am blank. I just lost my child, who lived inside me sometime ago, to fulfil the demand of society. They wanted a boy, and I wanted my child to live. I did not care about the gender it belonged to, just the feel which made me woman was all I desired. That tender touch for which my senses longed is gone and the pain can never be felt until you go through it.

Yes. I was disabled. I was socially disabled by my own people and emotionally by myself. Everyone heard my daughter's unspoken words but no one came to listen my screams when I went through that eternal pain. It was more emotional than physical. I look for you everywhere, dear daughter. I wasn't the one who sent you away. I never desired to, but this social demon coerced me to abort you. My soul screamed in those rushing traffic outside. I longed to touch you one last time, but couldn't.

They took you for the autopsy and it must have pained you but more than you, it pained me. I cried hard, but no one heard. You weren't my second girl, you were the apple of my eye before I even saw you because I felt your touch, your movement, your heartbeats. I lost a part within me, heartbeats from my body were snatched away on the basis of a pity sex determination test. Everyone saw the cruelty which I and your father

showed but no one bothered to watch the horrendousness of Doctor who made us do this. He illegally sneaked under the nose of law, but no one pondered over the fact which brought this horrendous act alive.

Everyone smiled when I wore that green grass saree with parijatak

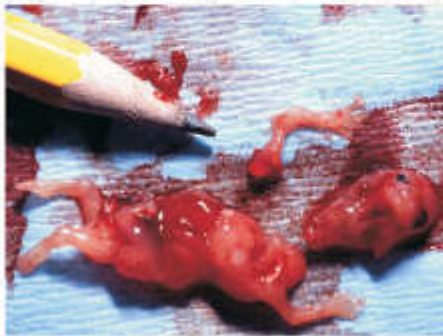
blossoms in my hair, everyone smiled but I cried inside. I look for you to come back and ask me to wear the green saree again with the same parijatak blossoms in my hair bun. You don't come in my dreams as you did before, even though I want you to. You were my flower which was wrenched before blooming and I felt the pain. People misunderstood me for being the worst mother, but no one dared to step in my shoes to feel the pain, angst and wrath. I was compelled to go against God's will, even my will was withered when you were murdered. I couldn't show my pain of losing my daughter for the sake of an unborn boy. You smelled of formaldehyde but I smelled of desperation. The innate desperation and helplessness killed my humanity and has wrenched the desire of another child.

What if you are to be born again? This society will kill you in the same way and will not care about my tears and pain. I'll be tagged as cruel again and in those lost woods, I'll wander around to search you again but unfortunately, you'll be gone by then and will never return to me. I'll be left forlorn with this social devil of bearing a baby boy in my womb again. No one will care about the pain I'll go through, they'll just expect the result in their favour and if they did not find it desired again, I'll bear the pain again. More emotional than physical.

Dear daughter, I can just request one thing from you. Please do not come into this world again or else these 'socialites' will wring apart your blood and undeveloped tissues. They will not have any mercy upon you while you'll be cut into pieces again and will be left to feed those hungry street dogs in a trash can or any stinking drain full of impurities which might pollute your innocent soul. Do not come into this world ever again, or they will erase your existence in the most horrendous way one would ever witness. Do not enter this hell of falseness and patriarchal society which will not let you breathe before you can sense yourself. I plead, do not come into this world or I'll be again tagged as the worst mother and would be left alone to look for you but you'll be long gone by then and I'll be left dead.

Priyanshi

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I





## Falling Out of Love

We all are searching for the one. The one whose heart throbs so in sync with ours that both beat as one, the one who makes our soul dance to the cadence of love. Falling madly, deeply in love with another person is a magical feeling. It is titillating and rip-roaring, yet horrendous. It is like a roller coaster ride, always up and down, most breathtaking and heart racing. Perhaps too many metaphors surround true love and romance. Also, there are countless movies about falling in love and numerous books that are guiding us in this direction. People are more than happy to share their experiences of falling hard for another person. They describe how fast the butterflies came the first time they kissed or how they 'just knew' when they saw the other person. But no one really talks about falling out of love. It's not that easy to describe and sometimes you can't really put your fingers on this feeling.

We often tend to question this emotion when it comes along. "Is it just a trying time in my relationship?", "Will it pass?" We start to think that all of our thoughts and feelings could just be fleeting and perhaps just dependent on our current situation. But, with enough motivation and the hope that things could be different, can we save the relationship? I've heard people saying that falling out of love is one of the saddest things that can happen to a person. To feel nothing, where there once was warmth, passion and excitement, is like being anesthetized. All that's left is memories of what once was, and a longing for what could have been. But honestly, falling out of love isn't as black and white as it seems. It could be that the two have just ended the 'all-rose and no thorns' phase and reality has now set in. Or, that the oh-so-happycouple has hit a rough patch, which every relationship is likely to go through.

However, it is also true that there are times when a relationship has run its course, and so has the love. As despairing as that can be, it can happen. It's better to realize this soon, rather than waiting for things to change, only to grow unhappy in a relationship that is doing no good to anyone. I know people who have been through all these stages, from the roller-coaster ride to the freefall and heartache and everything in-between. Many of them fell on their knees, clutching their head in despair and drowned in the sorrow of heartbreak. But there is this one incomplete love story I know in which 'happy ending' was only meant to be, despite one 'falling out of love' and the other one still 'madly, deeply in love'.



One day when I visited my best friend's place, I noticed he was upset and lost in some thoughts. I asked him what was wrong with him. He shifted close to me, held my hand. I was tensed to see him so unsettled and fidgety. He looked into my eyes and said "Promise me that only my best friend is going to listen to what I say and that you won't take me wrong." I promised. He then continued, "I think I'm falling out of love with my girlfriend. I'm feeling so guilty over it. She has done nothing wrong to deserve it. Just that I have realised that this isn't something that I want for myself right now. I want to be a free bird and careless, like any boy in his teenage is. Not that I am bounded in our relationship, but the fact that I'm committed to someone suffocates me. It's not in her, it's in me. Also, she deserves someone who loves her more than, or at least as much as she does, instead of someone like me who is afraid of commitments." The shock robbed me of speech. Before his 'best-friend' could figure out how to react, his 'girlfriend' was on the brink of tears. I felt the whole world collapsing on me. He wrapped me in his arms and



said “Look! This is why I wanted only my best friend to lend me an ear. I can’t see you crying. Please don’t do this to me. I know I am asking too much, but I can’t afford to lose my best friend. Please try to understand me. I haven’t stopped caring, I never can. I don’t know what happened to me, but this no more feels right. We were so much better when we were ‘just best friends’, no expectations and no complications – that’s exactly how I want us to be. Please, please understand!” I kept silent for a while but the storm inside my head was not to calm. I said I needed time and that I’ll be fine and assured him that we’ll be friends, no matter what, and returned back home. His words, like dark clouds, seemed to constantly loom over my head. My eyes were puffy and red after all the crying. I kept thinking about what went wrong, I had so many unanswered questions flooding in my head.

Days passed by and we didn’t exchange even a single hello. Slowly, with time, I realized that how bad I miss my best friend and not a lover as much. I tried to understand his point of view and that we needed our friendship more than a fragile relationship. Not that I had fallen out of love, but that I couldn’t trade a best friend against a lover who’s not meant to be. I have finally accepted the fact that some people cannot and will not ever end up being together, even if they do love each other. It’s a sad truth, but a truth nonetheless. The fact is love isn’t enough. Love is



never enough, because love isn’t rational. So, the experience of falling out of love isn’t always black and white, ours showed us how colourful our friendship already was. He told me how he has started to feel and as a result we are better than ever before. If a person fears that he’s falling out of love, he shouldn’t beat himself up. After all this is what true love is all about – understanding, when it’s impossible to do so and caring for each other in the unlikeliest situations. Our feelings don’t change overnight, and we might even not realize it was happening. Relationships are never all bad. We might have been struggling a lot with whether we’re really done or just need a new way to be together. So, one shouldn’t hesitate to tell their partner how they really feel, without hurting them. There’s always a way to talk about something without inviting the pain. Let’s not make everything so complicated and dull. Nothing heals the pain without addressing the wounds, except a smile. So, take a deep breath and get over the love that’s gone and get ready for the one that’s coming. “Love, Fail and Love again. ‘Cause the world can’t afford to lose your love.”

**Jagruti Parakh**

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I





## Gender Equality

“Gender equality is not women’s issue. It’s a human issue. It affects us all.”

A gender equal society would be one where the term ‘gender’ loses its meaning, where everybody can be themselves and the law would be blind to gender and sexual orientation, just as it claims to be blind to wealth and power. No country in the world can say that, they have attained gender equality completely. Gandhiji once said “There is no occasion for women to consider themselves subordinate or inferior to men. Woman is a companion to man, gifted with equal mental capacity”. Gender equality breaks down rigid gender roles that affect us all.

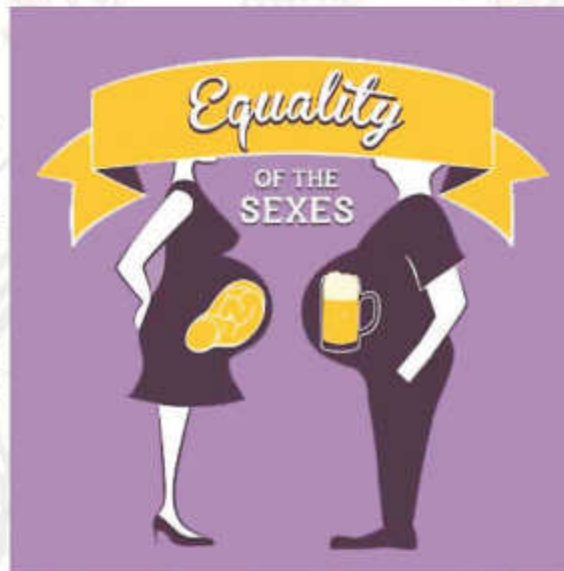
For many years now, women have fought for equality in workplace. Though women have made great progress in the workplace, but inequalities persist, and in India, the issue of equal pay is yet again a hot button topic, such inequality is hardly unknown to India. Women continue to earn less than men. There is no question on female accomplishment or her capabilities; women have caught with men in terms of education. In fact, in India and number of other countries, women now surpass men in educational achievement. Unfortunately, women are less likely to advance their career as far as men. The problem arises when young women try to balance work and family, and they end up carrying nearly all of the responsibilities. This can put women at disadvantage, particularly when workplaces expect women to always be available. Women rein in career plans to spend more time caring for family. The problem of gender stereotype begins from childhood. Girls are being taught that they cannot be in certain career or they have to focus on their family. It can start with just making them think only girls wear pink.

The backward condition of the women workers can be concluded from the following data: women earn 56 percent of their male contemporaries earn for performing the same work. The more educated a women is, the wider is the gender pay gap. This gap increases as women advances in their career.

Harassment in the workplace is another form of gender inequality and takes many forms, including bullying and sexual harassment. Inappropriate physical contact, offering a bonus in exchange of sexual favours or making off color jokes are all examples of sexual harassment. Sexual Harassment of Women at Workplace (Prevention, Prohibition, and Redressal) Act, 2013 is a legislative act in India to protect sexual harassment against women. The government has threatened to take stern action against employers who fail to comply with this law. Clearly there are still improvements to be made. Understanding gender inequality is a step towards eliminating it from modern workplace.

From the past, when people think of gender equality, they envision a women’s movement. It should not be misunderstood to mean that only a particular gender should be focused on. The battle of gender equality has mainly been fought by women and for women. However, there has been an increasing acknowledgment of the vital role of men in building gender equality as equal partners with women.

We have come a long way, but we cannot deny the reality. Women’s success still depends on men. The fact of the matter is that with men holding 95 percent of the CEO positions and about 85 percent of all executive positions, women simply cannot advance without the support of men who are currently in the supremacy. This is where men’s role comes into play; they should take up the mantle to have women as





## Stay UNfair: Beauty Beyond Colour

leaders. They must create a 'pathway' for women. It is high time to acknowledge the importance of men in gender equality equation. Male leaders and entrepreneurs should make significant and sustainable changes in number of women in leadership roles in Indian companies' government and society.

The aim of gender equality in the workplace is to achieve mainly equal opportunities for men and women, where both of them will be able to enjoy same pay, resources and credits regardless

of their gender. To achieve those requires: workplaces to provide equal pay for workers; removal of barriers to the full and equal participation of women in the workforce and most importantly, elimination of discrimination on the basis of gender, particularly in relation to family and caring responsibilities.

Gender equality is not just about policies. It is about the quality of life. It has become clear that if we continue to work where gender inequality subsists, we all lose. Achieving gender inequality is important for work places not only because it is 'fair' and 'the right thing to do', but it is also linked with country's overall economic performance. Without gender equality no nation can see the full potential of its economy or education. No nation can develop at its fullest when half its population has no equal rights.

**Mercy Philip**

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I



India—the polychromatic land of ethnicity and diversity is known to have people of various castes, creed and color. One may find such diversity in beauty around our nation. But, still we Indians fail to realise how beautiful each and every one of us are in our own ways, with our features and colour representing our traditional and religious identity, and resort to fairness creams and other beauty creams to try changing our very beautiful complexion.

I once was told by a German lady, a friend of my cousin, on how she spent gallons of money on tanning. She so wanted a skin color like us, Indians. And here we smart Indians are going all crazy for fairness and bleaching creams. What is wrong with us, Indians!

I believe that we cannot and must not rely on how we look to sustain us. To me, what is fundamentally beautiful is compassion for oneself and for everybody around. Okay...I shamelessly admit that I myself resort to a product or two on various occasions to look good. But, never fairness creams (or skin color changing creams) I tell you because I love my skin the way it is and I am so very proud to flaunt it the way it is. I believe that the color of my skin doesn't define me, my personality does.

'Cosmetic companies are trying to change India into a nation of Albinos. No dark area on any part of the body. Except maybe our hearts. Got a cream for that?', says famous filmmaker Mr. Shekhar Kapoor. And I totally second his words. We are trying to hide our identity, our true self, behind those fairness products that make us look good temporarily and our losing on compassion and empathy that stay for a lifetime.

There are times we judge people on the basis of their color (Yes we all do though we hate to admit we do) and pass mean comments like, 'Isn't she just too fair to look good?' or 'Oh! He's actually darker than dark chocolate'. And we say we absolutely hate racism. We pay more heed to a physically attractive person than an absolutely pure soul. We discriminate on the basis of color and physical appearance. Have we failed as a nation?

I think it's high time we stop judging people on the basis of their



complexion and start loving them for who and what they are. Take a look around and you would find so many Indians with their very hilarious belief that only fair is lovely. Even men have joined the rat race with equal consciousness about their skin and equal fairness products.

Everybody has their opinion. If we start listening to everybody, it's easy to lose our true self. I want to see people of all shades comfortable in their skin.

Playing around with colors I noticed that if you mix any color in black, it still stays black...That's the beauty of it. Black symbolises our protest against evil. Black has its own essence and identity. Without black, there is no importance of white. You might be white, but your shadow is always black and it follows you wherever you go. Similarly, the world cannot do without the color white. It symbolises everything subtle and peaceful. So, every colour is as essential as the other.

I wonder who brought up the idea of color discrimination. How lame it is to judge people on the basis of the content of Melanin pigment in their body! How can beauty even be defined on the basis of physical

appearance! Beauty is in the heart. And physical beauty fades as time passes by unlike inner beauty.

Let us be comfortable in our own skin, love ourself the way we were and not judge people on the basis of the color of their skin. You never know who might have the most beautiful heart. Also, the physically attractive ones might have an ugly heart. Let us change our personal biased opinion on skin color and the concept of beauty and society will change itself.

Thus, I would like to conclude with this poem by an African kid, on facing racial issues, that was nominated for the best poem in 2005.

Here it goes –

*When I born, I BLACK.*

*When I grow up, BLACK.*

*When I go & sun, I BLACK.*

*When I cold, I BLACK.*

*When I scared, I BLACK.*

*When I sick, I BLACK.*

*When I die, I still BLACK.*

*You white fellow,*

*When you born, you PINK.*

*When you grow up, you WHITE.*

*When you go & sun, you RED.*

*When you cold, you BLUE.*

*When you scared, you YELLOW.*

*When you sick, you GREEN.*

*When you die, you GRAY...*

*And you are calling me 'COLOURED'!*

**Ayushi Shah**

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I





## Domestic Violence

There is no place like home. They say home is the shelter from storm: all kinds of storm but when home becomes the place harboring pain, it leaves a person vulnerable. Domestic violence sees abuse in a domestic environment like a marriage or a family. It is violence against a spouse or partner, which can also involve abuse towards children. Domestic violence includes physical violence, emotional abuse, and often sexual assault. Most commonly against women, it is one of the most under reported crimes. It is found in all parts of the world and does not limit itself in a particular community. Individuals, regardless of their age, gender, race, religion, sexual orientation or nationality, can be victims of it.

Effects of domestic violence can be psychological trauma, physical damage and emotional vulnerability. If not stopped in the beginning, it becomes a habit. The behaviour may starts as a medium of letting off frustration, or might be in the form of possessiveness simply. Abuse has



many forms, it can be either physical or emotional, each equally harmful. In Physical abuse, it may start as 'venting' out the anger. Throwing punches at the wall, raising their hand on the victim; beating, choking and throwing thing. Physical violence creates a fear where the victim is afraid to do anything thing. It leaves scars and bruises for the victim to see and then make them undergo the pain of hiding them.

Emotional abuse is one of the most common forms of domestic violence and is often taken lightly by the victim as well as the society. Mental suppression, threats, dominance, suspiciousness, and excessive anger are some of the signs of it. It hurts the self-esteem of the victim and they feel worthless, hopeless and may hold themselves responsible for the situation they are in. Often, abuse is accepted and performed when thought to be harmless and justified. Most of the times, abuse at its initial stage is excused and ignored, and repeatedly given a second chance without any confrontation. This encourages the behaviour to occur once again, and the cycle is formed which becomes difficult to break. The victims feel compelled to stay in the relationship due to their self-obliged personal and social problems.

Domestic violence in society is seen as an extremely sensitive topic. Abuse is painful; when someone you love does it makes it more devastating. With changing times, there has been growing awareness. 1 in 4 women and 1 in 7 men have been abused once in their life. In India, according to Renuka Chowdhury, former Union minister for Women and Child Development 70% of women in India victims of domestic violence. The Protection of Women from Domestic Violence Act 2005 was introduced to protect women from not only physical but also verbal, emotional and economical abuse. It provides help to women suffering harassment by the hands of her partner or his family. The Free phone 24 Hour National Domestic Violence Help line is a national service for women experiencing domestic violence, and the people reporting on their behalf. In the world of technology, social media has become a big platform for victims to speak up and to gather awareness. These helplines and laws are able to reach out to more victims. The world needs a change. People are more concerned about abuse not being reported than why it is occurring. Only the sense of self worth and not accepting it to be your life can lead to the road of recovery.

**Shreeja Jain**

B.A. Eng. Hons.-I



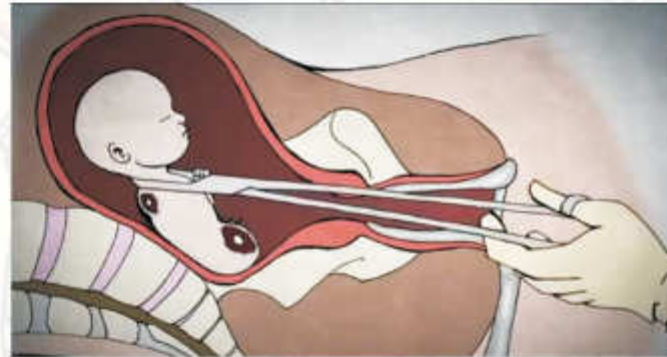
## Right To Abortion

**"NO WOMAN CAN CALL HERSELF FREE WHO DOES NOT CONTROL HER OWN BODY"**

One of the most contentious issues in our country is abortion and women's right to choose. This abortion debate seems like an inexplicable conflict of rights: the right of women to control their own bodies, the right of children to be born. Bearing a child affects a woman's life more than anything else. It disrupts her body. It disrupts her education. It disrupts her career. Other women's rights are void if a woman is forced to be a mother. No woman can call herself free until she can choose thoughtfully whether she will or will not be a mother. BEING BORN IS A GIFT, NOT A RIGHT.

This is one of the main reasons that over three decades, international human rights bodies, including UN, have paid much attention to the issue of termination of pregnancy and have called upon the nations to ease their norms to access to safe abortion. Internationally accepted human rights law supports the right to choose whether to continue with the pregnancy. Abortion is often the only way out of a very difficult situation.

Every year India sees a massive increase in rape cases and child marriages which leads to unwanted pregnancy. Abortion in India is legal only up to twenty weeks of pregnancy under specific conditions which includes: risk to the life of pregnant woman or if the child were born, it would suffer from severe physical or mental abnormalities (Medical Termination of Pregnancy Act, 1971-MTP). The supreme court granted a 24-week pregnant woman and rape survivor the permission to go for an abortion setting a land mark by questioning the constitutional validity of MTP. According to board of doctors, the 26-year-old rape survivor had developed foetal anomalies. Mukul Rohatgi the attorney general of India advised the court that she should be allowed to go for an abortion as per exception grant under section 5.



Having an abortion is not a casual decision for most of the woman. If abortion were illegal, unskilled medical practitioners would fly-open uteruses, do incomplete abortions and otherwise wreck the procedure. Women's health would suffer and death rate will eventually increase. Moreover, women would be forced to break the law to receive necessary medical care and thus loses her self-respect in this process. In the cases of rape, women lose her dignity in the society. If abortion is not in demand, then she may commit suicide or go for illegal abortion which will affect her health. Motherhood should not be the punishment for having sex or being raped.

Giving birth is a life changing verdict that should not to be taken lightly. It's often a painful and heart-compelling preference that is personal, complicated and can be obscured with doubt "WHAT IF". But the fact cannot be denied. Several women who had abortions went on to become admirably responsible mothers when the time was right.

I encourage women to share their stories, their experiences of the complex choices they have made- whether it was to terminate a pregnancy

or proceed with having a child, so that those who judge them may see the humanity in their decision and come to understand that it is women's right to choose that is truly sacred.

It leaves us therefore on a fence, where the question of whether an abortion is to be undertaken or not, is left purely on doctors, with no say of a woman who is actually pregnant. The abortion law in India deprives women of choice and control over her body, while at the same time failing to prevent rape and child marriages. The question of choice, liberty over one's body and to balance these against unhealthy and immature pregnancy have to be debated now in public if we need to come out of this ambiguity.

**Mercy Philip**







# B.A. Eng. (Hons.)-III



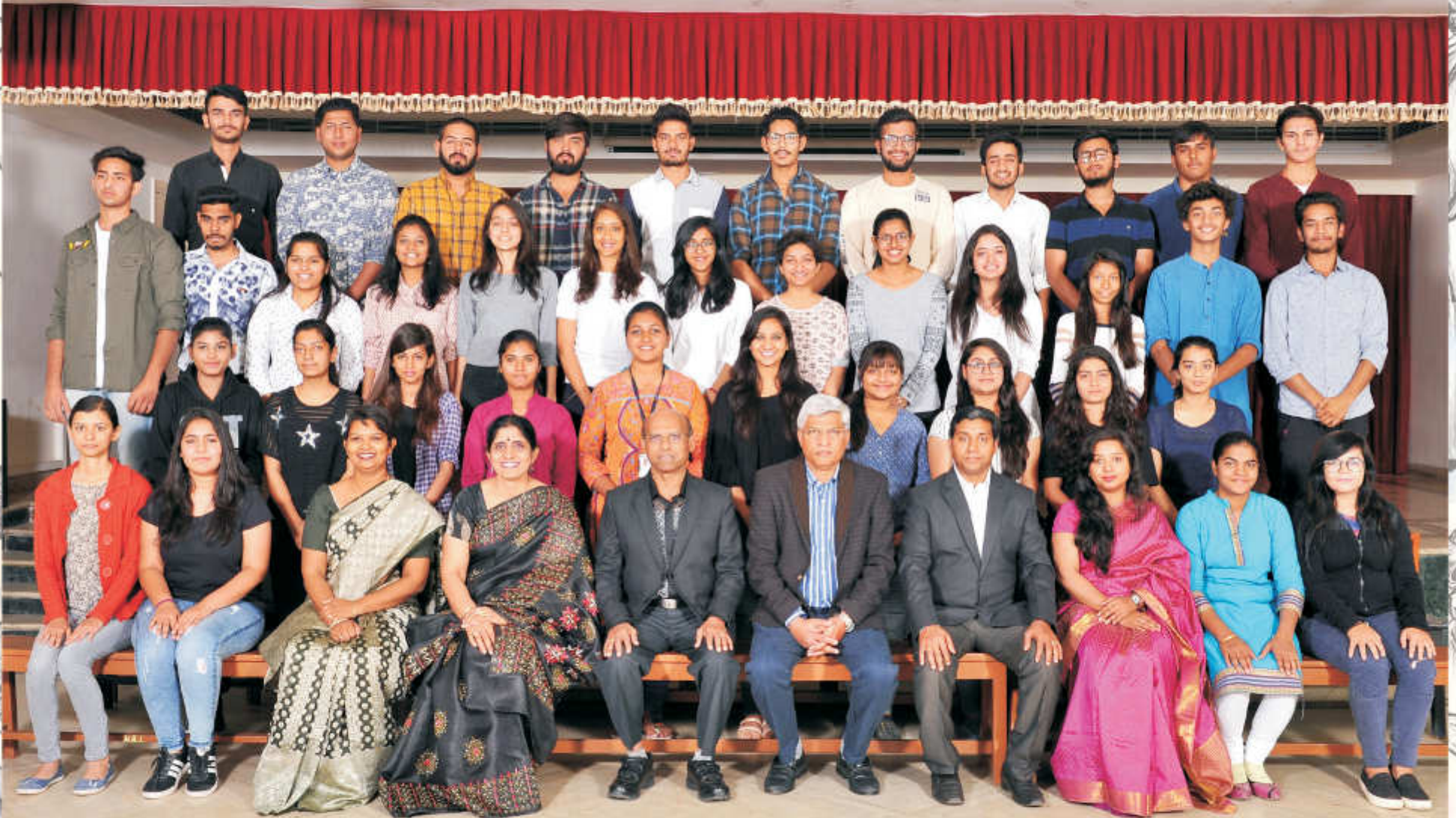


# B.A. Eng. (Hons.)-II





# B.A. Eng. (Hons.)-I





M.A. Final



M.A. Previous





## Alumni Speaks

"So are you interested to join St.Xavier's College, Rebecca?" The voice on the other side was crisp and there was no doubt in my head to refuse the opportunity. Currently I'm employed at McKinsey and Company and I have yet not given up on my academic pursuits. Since the day I stepped into Xavier's, it began to shape my raw ideas into intricate and authentic style. Xavier's accepted me as one of their scholarship students and propelled me to strive and achieve. The institution gives you an opportunity to tap into your maximum potential and to be pioneers in the contemporary arena of literature, art, entrepreneurship and so on. I'm eternally grateful to my mentors for investing their knowledge and values in me. Thank you Xavier's College for turning the life around of a simple girl with her big dreams. I am presently working at McKinsey & Company. -Rebecca Thomas



Studying in Xavier's College, Jaipur was a great experience. It enhanced my personality and being a lit. Student was like more and more of self-realization. I am currently working with British Council where conducting various examinations (IELTS, AP, ACCA, YLE,...), travelling all over the country and meeting new people reflects how I my communication skills were nurtured at the college. with full confidence all thanks to Xavier's.

- Utsav Rathore



"We must believe that we are gifted for something, and that this thing at whatever cost, must be attained"

My college (St. Xavier's) has taught me a lot of things, from losing to enjoy winning; to have faith in my own ideas, and to believe in one's self. It made me learn enough to step into the real world. I would like to thank my professors who inspired and challenged me throughout this quest to help me achieve my goals.

I have been a part of many fashion shows and shoots for numerous brands since last 6 years. Also, have been a part of many prestigious beauty pageants of our country,

Recently, I was a finalist for Fbb Femina Miss India Delhi 2016, Crowned as Miss Rajasthan in 2016 and looking forward to achieve more in near future.

- Geetanjli

Studying at Xavier's laid a foundation for my career since I was at a place which embraces novel ideas. Further, it was the department of English with its erudite panel of faculties who, with their incessant support and guidance, made our dreams their own.

Presently I am working as a Verbal Faculty of GRE, SAT, IELTS and TOEFL at Jamboree Education Pvt. Ltd. since December, 2015.

-Shreya Ojha







When I face challenges while working in British Council (IELTS), I reminisce my sophomore year from where I started my journey. Passion for literature that runs through my veins has a lot to do with the constant unconditional support of my faculty members who took a special interest in us as an individual. They took time to learn about our unique career goals and were flexible enough to accommodate our particular needs. The apprentice-act honed my skills at the best viable way.

My days at Xavier's opened my universe much more.

- Ankita Sharma

I am really proud of my alma-mater because of which I got an opportunity where I rub shoulders with veterans. Fantastic education in a caring and thoughtful community we get from this great Institution. My short film Let's Talk About 'It' has lately had official Selection in Dada Saheb Phalke Film Festival 2017 and in Miami Independent Film Festival.

-Anoma Pabuwal



I entered these very gates with a fair knowledge of the world but still deep within I felt there was something missing. My journey here has been very eventful and has personally filled in every gap I felt missing. We not only get facilitated with a course but get accustomed to mingling with the broadest spectrum of people; indeed peer learning has been the focal point of my education here. I found my

dream job and couldn't have asked for more. Presently I am pursuing M.B.A IBS, Hyderabad and I am an intern at Voylla Fashions (E-commerce Business Firm).

-Divyanka



Xavier's College is the place which carries all the colours of the spectrum and essence of developing leaders for tomorrow's world. I am grateful to the department of English for making me strong and confident welcoming challenges and seeing off them with accomplishments.

Celebrity PR and Styling, Intern with Glad U Came, Mumbai Based Firm, Presently pursuing M.A. in Mass Communication and Journalism from K.C. College, Mumbai

-Tanmaya Bhandari

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur my Alma-mater holds a special place in my heart. I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks to Ms Ruchi Sharma and Ms Vandana Jawa for making me what I am.

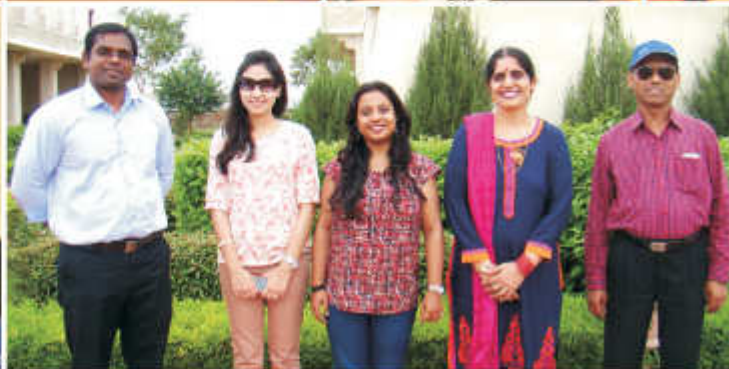
A teacher is one who helps you throughout your college life, but a best teacher is the one who keeps in touch and helps you whenever you raise your hand to ask for help. Every time, the very mention of the college inadvertently floods my mind with memories. Nonetheless, my heart will always yearn for those amazing days and insightful sessions I had at my Alma-mater. Indeed privileged to be a part of the department of English!!

Currently I am working as a fashion stylist and as an independent Fashion Designer under the label *Karan Vig*. I have done many international and national shows.

-Karan Vig















C.D. Wright



Umberto Eco



Harper Lee



Pat Conroy



Tim Harrison



Imre Kertész



James Alan



Natalie Babbitt



Gloria Naylor



Leonard Cohen



Shirley Hazzard

