

WORD WEAVES

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Dept. Of English, Vivekananda College, University Of Delhi

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Foreword

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One step leads to another. Last year, after seeing the light of day, we are now ready to move on with this second edition of 'Word Weaves'. Heartiest congratulations to the entire team.

Most of the articles in this edition revolve around the city and its life. It is truly very enchanting to experience this city of ours. We know Delhi has lured people for centuries and would always continue to do so. It is a city of cities, capital to many kingdoms, destroyed and built many times. Ironically, this has had a very enriching influence on various aspects of the city. There has been a fine mingling of the old and the new - whether it is in the Forts and monuments of Old Delhi standing exquisitely along with Lutyens-designed architectural grandeur of New Delhi – or the old-world charm of Delhi-6 intermixed with the cosmopolitan influence of the modern-day world.

Our city indeed has gone through various 'odds' trying to get 'even' with the ever-increasing pressure on its logistics and infrastructure. In such “Hard Times” when it is not always possible to be “Far from the Madding Crowd”, these expressions of creativity provide a pleasant reprieve and solace from the fast-paced, hyper-connected digital world.

Let's continue to find expression of our thoughts and feelings and weave newer stories and poems, inspiring further batches to carry this baton of 'creativity'.

Editorial

Deeptangshu Das and Anchala Paliwal

Department of English

Writing is an endless process, from conceptualising to expressing ideas. Editing is an exercise to give a finite shape to an infinite activity. For us editing also turned out to be a wonderful voyage where we discovered budding story-tellers and poets, translators and social critics. Over the last two wintry months, we were engrossed in these myriad writings that captured cities and spaces, both real and imagined, both nurturing and confining. We hope this platform continues to inspire the creativity of our students.

Our co-travellers in this voyage, Anjali Gupta and Pallavi Roy from B.A (H.) English III year, made it a memorable experience.

MY CITY ON MY WHEELS

Vinayana Khurana

B.A(H.) English III year Section B

Delhi - a city I call home. I was born and brought up in her loving arms.

She has taught me the confidence to go on. The street food of Delhi is delicious and her monuments are worth seeing, take for example the famous Red Fort. It is the most historic and valuable monument because it is the symbol of our independence. This is where my point comes, as I am a wheelchair user, this place isn't accessible to me. There were no ramps so I couldn't see the whole monument all by myself. I had to be lifted with my wheelchair and transported above the stairs with the help of two men. After seeing this act, people around me started to question my parents whether I was incapable of walking. These questions make me realize that how insensitive people of Delhi are. But do I sit at home and wait for my society to change? Or do I take the baton in my hand and take an initiative for changing my city? Yes, I am going with the second option.

My city Delhi, the capital of India has everything, if we look at its great achievements. The high rise buildings, infrastructure, marketplaces and so on... but the one thing they forgot is about the wheelchair users because there are no ramps, no lifts, no leveling of floors and so on. In Delhi, there are both urban and semi urban areas in which thousands of people live. In the above lines, I have just concentrated on the urban area, now let me go deeper into the wound. There are differently abled people living in yet interior parts of Delhi, where many water pits emerge after the first rain. Many vehicles still ride recklessly over those pits while bathing each person that walk on the streets. The people of Delhi wait for the rains like a peacock and also dance in the rain like him when it arrives, but then the problem of water clogging arises. In this situation, how can wheelchair users find the way to their destinations? That's the Delhi I want to talk about.

Many of these problems arise because of ignorance and insensitivity. One day it took me an hour to reach the first floor of a mall. Do you want to know why? Let me tell you. It is because many people are buzzing around the lift and no body allowed me to go. It is really irritating to see people with abled bodies dying to get into the lift. On that day, at that moment I and my wheelchair felt sorry for each other for the first time.

On the one hand, Delhi has made me confident but on the other hand, it has made me dependent. I never travelled on a DTC bus or even commuted in a metro because it doesn't feel safe. As we always say, safety is first, and moreover, it is also not accessible. Even if I stand at the bus stand and wait for my bus, the bus driver is not sensitive enough to stop the bus near the bus stand. It took me 3 minutes to climb down the bus stop and another two minutes to reach the bus. After all this the bus conductor looked at me as if I

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were a criminal, responsible for causing delay. That day I decided to never board a bus again after such a horrific experience. Yet again I would say that this is my city and I want to improve it at any cost.

I love to go for movies and would love to go with my friends at college but I don't ask them because I know it would be difficult for them to carry me everywhere with them. Taking my wheelchair everywhere wouldn't be so easy for them, and that's why I don't ask them. If only my Delhi would be more accessible to my wheelchair, I would ride away anywhere and everywhere I want to go. These dreams often come to me but they fly away as soon as somebody passes a comment on me.

It is a nightmare living in Delhi, and moreover being a girl in this city who is dependent for her needs and convenience. I want my fundamental right of movement to be fulfilled in this lifetime.

It is a pledge to see my Delhi accessible and wheelchair friendly, I will also take every step to ensure that this happens in time.

A Slice Of Life

Nidhi Thapar

B.A(H.) English III year Section A

Living in a metropolitan is a wonderful, one of a kind experience. Oh! the absolute joys of living in this city as you wake up to the fresh smoke released from an amazing array of cars and motorcycles. And then you get ready to the soft tunes of trucks humming and the monotonous, melodious honking of horns.

You finally set out to catch a bus so overcrowded that you can't help but gasp at the strength of its tyres. You board it to get pushed around by a mob that seems to have sinister motives of trying to throw you out. The journey's delight seems to double with an amazing aroma of sweat mixed with betel leaves and mixed further with other rotting substance. You step out, covered in dirt and sweat (which may not be your own), ready to take over the world.

The joyrides do not end here. You almost get run over by autos and cars while trying to cross the road. You need to be patient and indifferent to survive the constant calls and messages trying to sell you things that you have no interest in buying. And finally you return home by enduring a similar journey.

The surprises still do not end. You encounter your neighbor dumping garbage directly on the road you are using, or your perfect cup of coffee may turn into your worst nightmare with a monkey jumping out of nowhere.

Trust me, living here is a dream come true, a one of its kind experience!

Nothing Lasts Forever

Saumya Tiwari
B.A(H) English III year Section B

Like that drop of dew on the leaf,
That goes away with the sunlight.
Like that butterfly on your hand,
Which flew out of your sight.
Like that dream you had at night,
Where you were falling down.
Like those fallen leaves with dew,
Which eventually turned brown.
Nothing lasts forever.

Like those dreams you chase too much
Or dreams left alone that die.
Like those promises you believed,
Until someone turned them into a lie.
Like those moments you seldom have,
When everything seems right.
Like the roads that are so dark,
That even hope can't make them bright.
Nothing lasts forever.

Like that mask of joy you put on every day,
Until one day someone takes it down.
Like those relations which seemed perfect,
Until the smiles turned into frown.
Like those hours you spent locked in crying,
Until someone knocked on the door.
Like those moments you remember,
When you fell laughing on the floor.
Nothing lasts forever.

Like that innocence in the childhood,
Until knowledge turned you blind.
Like that stranger you met on road,
Whose eyes seemed just too kind.
Like that friendship you once had,

Which is too precious to let go.
Like the ripples you see for moments,
When the sea keeps the pebbles you throw.
Nothing lasts forever.

Like the world of your dreams,
That you visited only half asleep.
Like the first rose you got,
Whose dry petals you still keep.
Like the feeling you had,
When you felt so close to death.
Or that moment of lifetime,
Which took away your breath.
Nothing lasts forever.

Even the best and worst memories,
Eventually fade in the background.
Like tunes that once made you dance,
Now you hear like distant sound.
But who has seen the end of all,
All the souls that lived have died.
So many decades to look ahead,
And who am I to decide,
Nothing lasts forever.



Let me see you

Archana
B.A(H.) English III year Section A

Let me see what lies buried inside you
Let me see what fears you
Let me see your real face
Let me see your unreal breathe
Let me touch your fearful face,
Let me heal you, let me reveal you.

RAINS PITTER-PATTER

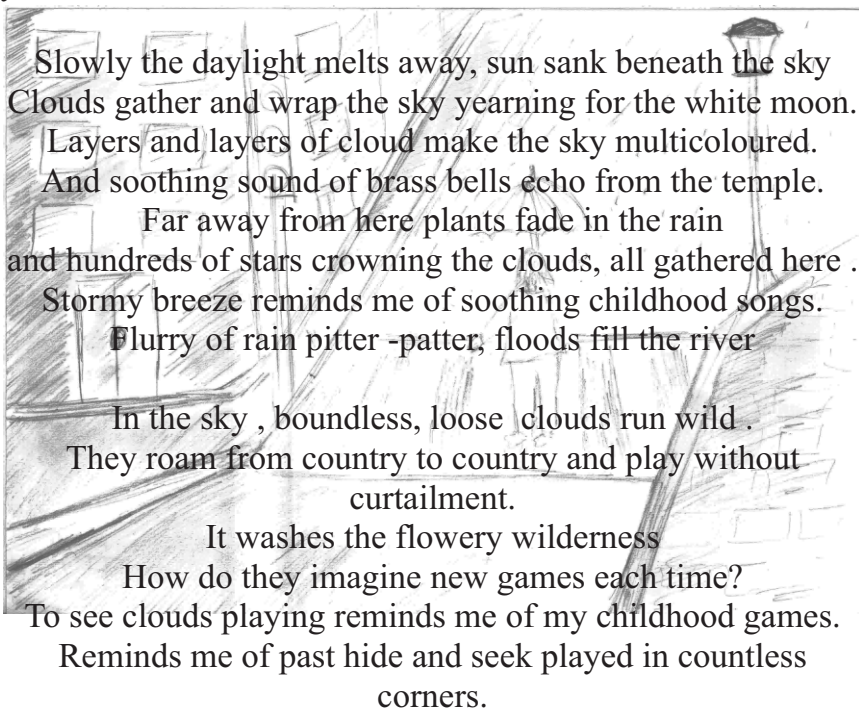
Rabindranath Tagore

Translated by Pallavi Roy

B.A(H.) English III year Section B

This poem is translated from Bengali to English. The title of the poem in Bengali is "Brishti pore tapur tupur" which means "rains pitter-patter".

Tagore nostalgically describes how the pleasant monsoon rains evoke his childhood memories and the moments shared with his late mother. The theme appeals to the city dwellers as urban life makes us detached from our natural surroundings. Here the poet yearns to return to his rural roots.



Slowly the daylight melts away, sun sank beneath the sky
Clouds gather and wrap the sky yearning for the white moon.
Layers and layers of cloud make the sky multicoloured.
And soothing sound of brass bells echo from the temple.
Far away from here plants fade in the rain
and hundreds of stars crowning the clouds, all gathered here .
Stormy breeze reminds me of soothing childhood songs.
Flurry of rain pitter -patter, floods fill the river
In the sky , boundless, loose clouds run wild .
They roam from country to country and play without
curtailment.
It washes the flowery wilderness
How do they imagine new games each time?
To see clouds playing reminds me of my childhood games.
Reminds me of past hide and seek played in countless
corners.

In the midst I remembered the childhood songs.
Flurry of rains pitter-patter, floods fill the river.
The fading light brings back my mother's smile,
The thundering clouds echo those bygone fears.
How the sleeping child clung to his bed.
Ruckus created by him was inconceivable.
The naughty child halted the household chores.
Outside the house how the thundering clouds shook the earth,
it reminds me of all.
It reminds me of the songs sung by my dear mother,
Flurry of rains pitter-patter, flood fills the river .

MY TIME WILL COME

Pallavi Roy

B.A(H.) English III year Section B

Part I

Embrace and embrace the quality of my
flaw,
Illusion of knowledge is a disaster in
personality.
Disaster has struck, I am still drowsy.
I see the wings of vision of the pigeons,
where mind is captive.
Common pigeons, common visions
Oh! Commonality.
Many roads less travelled.
One, two, three, everywhere
the disease of commonality.
I can be enlightened anywhere,
But I followed the pigeons blindly.
Tragedy, my friend, you are welcome!
My knowledge, my vision, all illusion,
entire life, a fiction.
Now what?
It can't be changed. Realization is
realization.

Part -2

Curious, curious, curiosity makes me
crack .
Crack, crack and crack everywhere.
Clouds of chaos brooding.
Now I see the birds widely travelled
Chanting knowledge, Oh !gods of
wisdom,
Reality has come, daily I learn to
unlearn, I learn to
embrace the views .
Mirror of illusion, broken and over now
the feud.
Ocean of learning, I can swim now
comfortably on you.
The world is asleep, I woke up. Well
done!
I parted my ways with pigeons.
Experienced, Oh! disaster, I learned from
you.
I embraced my tragedy in a hope that
MY TIME WILL COME,
My learning is a never ending process.
The more I learn, I will shine more than a
SUN.

★★★★

Commemorating Love

Kajal Dagar

B.A(H.) English III year Section B

Like a sparkling raindrop amidst the shower
One so sublime as a blooming flower,
Depth of which is still untold
That love unfathomable never grows old!

Beauty and charm in a world of lust
Those tricks deceptive when begin to rust,
Love again reins the shiny bower
Like a sparkling raindrop amidst the shower!

Sun and moon in queue together
Stand begging the beauty of love,
For they learned the truth, kept aside
That faces beautiful are polluted inside!

Those tinkling bells on Christmas Eve
When restoring the child with joyful spirits,
A loner lamenting loss of solitude
When singing his dirge in markets,
Love for the unknown, then can be felt
Enlightening mankind in darkening hours,
That love indescribable is worth preserving
Like *one* sparkling raindrop amidst the shower!

Holding the thread of blessings unbound
Soothing the plethora of miseries around,
O *love!* thou chariots the darkness to
deserts like a rover
When it failed to differentiate,
a sparkling raindrop amidst the shower !

WHO WILL RESCUE THEM?

Srishti Verma

B.A(H.) English III year Section B

Gazing everywhere those Eagle's eyes,
Upon the sweet small sparrows and
butterflies.

They want to fly in the infinite sky,
But there is a constant threat of being
trapped
If they fly so high.

One day her fear came true,
A cruel eagle was roaming through.
Keeping his prey on a constant gaze,
Now a terrible situation she is going to
face.

Suddenly, he caught her, he got her and
Tried to grab her.

She tried her best, from his clasp to
wriggle out,
Carrying her heart in her mouth.
At last it worked and she rescued herself
by God's grace,

And flew away with a pace,
As it is the last chance to win the race.
With her strong will power,
Once again she was able to meet her
family in the bower.

But the same situation girls everyday face,
While going outside, that constant gaze.

Who will rescue them...?
It is their own will power and courage,
Which will work as a mace.

★★★★

Being Bilingual: Kamala Das's Writings

A Report of the Dr. Lalita Subbu Memorial Lecture

Oshi Mehra

B.A (H.) English I year

The Dr. Lalita Subbu Memorial Lecture took place on 29th January, 2016 at Hindu College. The late Dr. Lalita Subbu was an Associate Professor in the Department of English, Hindu College. Apart from her passion for literature and teaching, Dr. Subbu encouraged her students to read, think and write well beyond the syllabus. She enthusiastically used to organise a weekly seminar over several years that later drew attention of students from other disciplines as well. As a mark of respect for Dr. Subbu's zeal for her students to think and write critically, the Department of English, Hindu College continues to hold the weekly seminar and organises the "Dr. Lalita Subbu Annual Memorial Lecture" where an academic of international eminence is invited to deliver a lecture.

This year Prof. Udaya Kumar from Jawaharlal Nehru University spoke on "Kamala Das's Algorithm of the Bilingual". Students of many colleges including ours were given this golden opportunity to hear Prof. Udaya Kumar. The lecture was very informative as we were introduced to Kamala Das's writings which include English poetry and Malayalam short stories. Her works are marked by the presence of 'structural analogues' to poetry, effects of self-dramatisation, and descriptive details. The lecture precisely portrayed Kamala Das as a confessional poet. She displayed feminist ethos in almost all her works. Her works were published in the 1950's which reveal an unstable habitat of India. Abundant use of evocative phrases and a touch of modernistic approach to English made the language simple and interesting. After the lecture on Kamala Das, one can easily conclude that she seemed to have a paradoxical combination in herself- a wish for domestic security and yet a desire for independence. She is indeed the greatest woman poet in contemporary Indo-Anglican Literature as she decided to move out of her comfort zone and write about topics which were not generally discussed by other woman poets.

Such lectures are not only informative but also give a lot of exposure to students as they get to move out of the confined walls of their class rooms and hear different viewpoints shared by other professors in University of Delhi. I thank our Department of English for encouraging students to attend such lectures.

Fall In Love With Yourself

Swati Gandhi

B.A(H.) English II year

Why is it important to love oneself? I have often pondered over this question until today when I finally found an answer to it. I'm about to get over with my teenage years and throughout this phase of life, all I wanted was to be loved and accepted by everyone. And I guess this is what all teenagers wish for and I find it absolutely normal. But what we as teenagers forget is that before being loved by someone else we should love our own self and should try and accept ourselves the way we are. Who knows us better than our own selves? We should never forget that we have been in the longest relationship with our own selves.

Accept yourself first even when others don't. So we need to appreciate and accept ourselves first, and only then we should expect others to love us.

Pouring Out Thoughts

Saumya Tiwari

B.A (H.) English III year Section B

This is exactly what this title suggests. Pouring out my thoughts in the form of words. You write. You look for things to write about. But sometimes there is nothing. Nothing in this whole world of peace and chaos comes into your mind that could give a reason to your fingers to start moving. You look around, observing people, nurturing illusions, escaping into open eyed dreams to find something. But here comes nothing and you have no option, but to let your fingers run and make their own story. Because once you have tasted the relief of putting thoughts into words in a code which only you can solve, you crave for it. Those drugs are not enough for everyone. You get high with words. This is your drug, this is where you escape when you have to forget yourself. Once addicted, your fingers fall on paper or keys, creating anything and everything. When emotions control your fingers, you don't create an intelligent work, you don't create something extraordinary, you don't create a genre, you just sketch your mind map.

Oscillating emotions and conflicting thoughts, a combination from which you try to run away. But that's the trick, as running away sends you deep inside the web. When these two meet they shake hands, they hug, wrestle, kiss, fight, bicker, love, cry, clash but never kill each other. Why? They leave that out for the emotions and thoughts of the other person. That other person! That other person who is not so other. How could a thing so intimate that kills your demons and angels be another'?

Other. Other. Other. Echoes of this word kill its meaning. Maybe this word didn't need any 'other' to kill its existence. What a privileged word! And yet you thought it as an 'other'. You thought it doesn't belong to you. You don't accept it because you are afraid of it. In fact we all are afraid of being the other. But what if the very purpose of our existence is to accept this other and still deny its existence? A world without the other.

This is what happens when you let your emotions control your fingers. You run in every possible direction spilling your thoughts randomly, not making any sense to anyone, the meaning hidden in the home of those thoughts. For once, let your emotions take over your mind.

Let's Doodle

Shivani Pundir

B.A(H.) English III year Section B

Alioness tied down is much easier to tame, regulate and most importantly, use than the one which is free. So our patriarchal society does everything to enclose a woman through the shackles of religion, matrimony, customs and other gender roles. While there is a widespread pressure on every daughter, wife or mother to provide unconditional love and become the epitome of sacrifice and chastity, in order to be venerated like Sita, yet no such extraordinary conduct is expected from our male counterparts.

No wonder our politicians candidly claim that since “boys will be boys” their “small mistakes” (such as rape that are apparently considered one of the most heinous crimes) should not be taken seriously! The problem actually lies in the fact that, however celebrated or worshipped Sita or Kannaki might be today, they faced all kinds of atrocities, exclusion and injustice at the hands of the same society despite their divine, loyal and dutiful conduct. As students it is utmost important for us to question what is being propagated and be able to decide if this propaganda is really beneficial for us or just another pothole.

In our result driven, competitive society caught in the chains of strict gender roles and minimal individual freedom, we are constantly given examples of “so and so”, who got into “this” company, earning “that” package. Yet our society is completely ignorant of the fact that any path breaking success comes both with the risk of extreme failure and the courage of an unconventional idea. Whether it is Facebook or Sulabh, Google or Amul, a great business enterprise follows a daring vision.

So if you want to thrive in life and not just survive, take a break from the monotonous cycle of what you should supposedly do and be more welcoming to failure while believing in your immense potential to create something new.