

प्राचार्या सन्देश



'हंसविजन' का आरम्भ कॉलेज की गतिविधियों के सूचनात्मक दस्तावेज को एकत्र करने के लिए किया था, जो बहुत कम समय में अपने कलेवर के कारण लोकप्रिय हुआ। किसी भी महाविद्यालय द्वारा प्रकाशित होने वाले समाचार पत्र की ये जिम्मेदारी होती है कि वह कॉलेज के विकास में मदद करने वाले बिंदुओं को सामने लाए। हंसविजन ने इस दृष्टि से भी महत्वपूर्ण कार्य किया है। हंसविजन की सबसे बड़ी सफलता ये है कि यह छात्रों के व्यक्तिगत प्रयासों का परिणाम है। समाचार पत्र में प्रकाशित सामग्री का संकलन, टाइपिंग, प्रूफ रीडिंग, डिजाइन, फोटोग्राफी, एडिटिंग, प्रिंटिंग छात्रों द्वारा ही की जाती है जिससे छात्र न केवल सीखते हैं बल्कि प्रोफेशनली मजबूत भी होते हैं। अध्ययन करने वाले प्रत्येक विद्यार्थी का पहला कर्तव्य अपनी पढ़ाई पर ध्यान देना और नियमित कक्षा में उपस्थित होना है क्योंकि हंसराज कॉलेज देशभर में अपनी शैक्षणिक उपलब्धियों के लिए जाना जाता है। मैं चाहती हूँ इन उपलब्धियों में दिन प्रतिदिन बढ़ावा हो। शिक्षा के साथ ही कॉलेज में विभिन्न समितियों द्वारा सांस्कृतिक, साहित्यिक व सामाजिक कार्य किए जाते हैं। कक्षा के बाद छात्र इन समितियों से जुड़कर भी कार्य करें जिससे पूरे विश्व में हंसराज की छवि शिक्षा के साथ-साथ संस्कार देने की भी बने। छात्रों से मेरी अपील है कि वे पुस्तकालय का लाभ उठाएँ और अधिक से अधिक समय पढ़ाई में व्यतीत करें। कॉलेज का पुस्तकालय तकनीकी दृष्टि से विद्यार्थियों के अनुकूल है।

हंसराज परिवार का प्रत्येक सदस्य कॉलेज की सकारात्मक छवि का ध्यान रखते हुए साथ मिलकर सकारात्मक नज़रिए से सकारात्मक विकास करे। हम सब के लिए संस्था का सम्मान सबसे पहले जरूरी है। आशा करती हूँ हंसविजन जिस विजन को लेकर आरम्भ हुआ था, उसकी प्रतिष्ठा बनी रहेगी। अंत में संपादन मंडल से जुड़े सभी सदस्यों को बहुत सारी शुभकामनाएँ व बधाई।

The Change of Guard in the Hansraj Politics

Students getting involved in politics has been actively debated time and again. Many argue that the purpose of attending colleges and universities is to pursue a degree and get a good job. This is more apparent in middle-class families who want their children to study well and secure their livelihood.

People don't want students to engage in political activities due to its connection to money, violence and muscle power. Others argue that educational institutions should make students politically conscious and teach them to ask questions. The purpose of an educational institution is not only to instruct the curriculum but also to produce equally responsible and aware citizens by facilitating policy research. The student unions, on the other hand, act as a link between students and the campus administration, make the administration accountable, help them organize events and address student grievances. So it is almost contradictory to the practices of democracy and liberty to expect apolitical campuses and universities. Similarly Hansraj

College is actively charged up when it comes down to politics.

Hansraj has always been a hotbed for student politics. Now, as the charged up election season has receded, we sit back and sigh, contemplating and comparing the current results to the elections of the past to analyze our judgments. Student politics, activism and elections have been a pivotal part of Hansraj's success as an institution for a long time. The role played by the Hansraj crowd in the DUSU elections is equally crucial. In spite of being an epicentre for politics in the North campus, Hansraj has been reeling under factionalism due to the issues specific to the college union and the annual fest for two years now.

The students of Hansraj have been following the paradigm of alternating the panel of the Union but to no avail for the last two years. September 12, 2018, was not just another day in the pages of Hansraj's history. It was that decisive day of election when the students of Hansraj ousted Revolution panel to

reinstate Change panel with an unprecedented victory, owing to the unsatisfactory organization of the college fest 'Confluence' by the last panel. This was, ironically, the same reason why Change panel had lost grounds to Revolution Panel in the preceding election in the first place.

Leaving the chaos of the past behind, the students of Hansraj have come together and adopted a very pragmatic approach and once again, we have a new union which claims to be very committed to working for students' issues.

Vision got in touch with the Union President, Mr. Amit Kumar Singh and once again brought the students' concerns to his notice. The president very candidly talked about how he has been concerned about the fest since the time he got elected. He also said that he is ensuring that all the HRCSU volunteers get first-hand experience of organizing an event during the College Freshers' party. This has turned out to be a major hit!

"The team is constantly under scrutiny and we are looking for students who could be a part of the fest organizing team," Amit said during his interview. He emphasised the importance of bringing together the union, students and the administration under one umbrella to streamline the functioning of the college. He also mentioned how it is imperative to outgrow the bitterness towards the rival panel and work in a synergistic fashion for the cause. He concluded, "Now that the elections are over, it is vital that every one of us sheds the panel identity and become Hansarians again".

"The jurisdiction of the union is not limited to a fest. It goes beyond that domain. We will try to extend the library hours, maintain cleanliness and organize a good graduation party. We will take all possible steps to further the interests of the students of the college" said Amit. Students have a lot of hopes pinned on the union this time, and we wish the Union all the luck in carrying out their duties.

2 FRESHERS' CORNER



THE NEW JUNCTURE!

Time has again unveiled its new form and made me stand up on this entirely new platform. My quiet mind is now expressing the desire to make new friends who'll encourage me to freshen up as a fresher, on this stage more than ever. From this new platform, I open my new wings to fly, with my newly born courage and spirit, I hope that they never die.

Rohan Gupta
B.Sc. (Hons.) Zoology



Life in Delhi has all been about chaos. Delhi has been a mixture, stopping by Bistro to "make the day" and shifting eyes off the mother dairy shakes just to "save the limited pay". Delhi has been the hustle and charm of registering into a new society every second day. Delhi has been about confusing metro rides and a craving to discover the red, yellow and eternally curving lines. Delhi, has been about endless video calls from the loved ones back home.

Damini Sarma
B.Sc. (Hons.) Geology



LIFE IN METRO!



MY FIRST DAY OF COLLEGE

Hailing from a small town, I was always fascinated by the idea of studying in an eminent institution beyond the boundaries of my state. Seeing my dreams come true was not so easy for me! Attempting to look best in my newly purchased shoes, crop top and jeans, I checked my phone to see the galore of best wishes given by my parents and relatives for the first day. With a bunch of memories bestowed in, my first day of college left an impression on me which would linger on my mind for the rest of the days of my college life!

Pratiksha
B.Sc. (Hons.) Geology



THE NEW 'ME' AND THE CITY

Hailing from a small town, I miss breathing in the fresh air but at the same time, I am addicted to the metallic fumes of urban life. This city has made me discover the new 'me' which lived somewhere inside me.

The new 'me' who's not afraid of talking to strangers, who laughs and likes being around people, likes to try new things, who is free and independent yet more responsible and concerned. Nights here are usually starless but thanks to this city, I carry millions of stars inside me now.

Moon
B.Sc. Life Sciences



FROM REEL TO REAL!

From "Student of the year" to "3 idiots", Bollywood never failed to fascinate me about the various facets of college life. Hansraj is one of the best colleges of Delhi University, and getting enrolled here was indeed a dream come true for me. After spending a few days in college, we met our coolest seniors at LP. They introduced us to all the societies and eventually, I got some thrill in my life. Now, when it has been 3 months here, we have friends from almost every department and from different cultures and background, which helps me to learn and inculcate new things in my life.

Shriya Miglani
B.com (Hons.)



MY NEW JOURNEY

Every time I walk out of my room, I walk towards the main gate of Hansraj college, I stop for a while just to give myself the freedom to accept the building as my own abode for the upcoming three years. I take a left turn and then right, to walk through the lively streets. From the kids selling cute stuffs to hungry stomachs stepping into foodhubs, I enjoy them all. On my way back, I see the red building again. Yes, my college building, reiterating to myself with a fresh smile that the beauty of this place lies in its rich diversity!

Anindita Dash
B.Sc. (Hons) Geology



Scholarships Offered by Delhi University

The roadmap to the University of Delhi (DU) is full of hurdles with escalating competition on both, the academic and the non-academic front. Being one of the most coveted institutes in the country, DU witnesses a myriad of students from different sections of the society willing to become a part of it each year. To ensure that everyone gets a fair chance and in an attempt to bring out the best in the students, DU offers a wide spectrum of scholarship programmes.

In hope of helping students recuperate from their financial burden, to acknowledge student welfare, and to ensure equal opportunity for all, the University has taken the onus of offering scholarships to all the students it admits. Here is a glimpse of a few scholarship programmes offered by DU:

Dr. V.K.R.V. Rao Endowment

Book-Grant: A student from any college, belonging to the family of a Class IV or Class III employee of the University, presently in the first year of a three-year degree course is eligible to apply. INR 100 per month is given for a year, and is renewable if the performance of the scholar is satisfactory.

Shri Motilal Kaul Atma Memorial Book-Grant: The scholarship is awarded to blind students from any college who join any of the streams offered by Delhi University. INR 150 is awarded per month. The scholarship is tenable for three years, renewable on a yearly basis if the performance of the recipient is satisfactory. This encourages visually challenged students to pursue higher education with greater vigour.

His Holiness the Pope Scholarship: This scholarship was gifted by His Holiness the Pope during his visit to India in December

1964. Only postgraduate students are eligible to apply for this scholarship. An amount of INR 150 is given to students who are needy and whose parents' income and/or his or her own income is not liable to be taxed. The scholarship is tenable for one year and can be renewed for the second year if the performance of the student is satisfactory.

Vijay Kumar Memorial Chadha Book-Grant: Any student of Campus Law Centre (CLC) in the first year of L.L.B., whose parents' income including his/her own income is less than the minimum taxable income, is eligible for this scholarship. INR 100 per month is awarded for two years, renewable on a yearly basis.

Post-Graduate Scholarship: This scholarship, not exceeding twenty in number, and each of the value of INR 400, will be awarded each year, tenable for two or three

years, as the case may be. The person must be a graduate from any Indian university with a first class degree. The scholarship is awarded by the Academic Council on the recommendations of the selection committee appointed by it.

There is no doubt that these scholarships are instrumental in reducing the financial burden of a few students to some degree, but their critical treatment and analysis exposes the urgent need of revision. As these scholarships have remained consistent for decades now, they have become obsolete and irrelevant in the current circumstances. The meagre amount cannot possibly be of any significance to any student in the contemporary era. This calls for raising the amounts of these scholarships to a level where they will actually aid and benefit those in need.

Role of Seniors in College

Who is an ideal senior, if I may? A person who is always willing to lend a hand to a fresher regarding any problems he/she might be facing regarding academics and/or extracurricular activities. Seniors play the dual role of a friend and of a mentor. They are the people who have been there before you and hence, can empathize with you and the conundrums you are facing. They counsel you on what to study, how to study, which projects to take up, internship opportunities, higher studies, and personal problems amongst other things. They are an invaluable inventory of relevant information. Seniors, from their innumerable experiences, share the tricks and techniques to deal with that particular tough paper. Besides providing us with notes, our seniors sometimes go an extra mile to teach us tougher concepts in a subject.

Working with seniors while preparing for an event can be a basic simulation of a corporate ecosystem. Teaming up with seniors to pull off events or projects helps us to understand the terms of working and instils basic etiquettes

that are required in a workplace. On an emotional level, seniors are better experienced than us in handling stress. They understand a junior's position better than any other adult in a way since they are either going through it or have recently been through it and experience counts.

Keeping all the points under consideration, a junior must seriously consider building a good rapport with seniors. A fresher should join societies that interest him or her. Societies in colleges provide a platform and space for interaction among juniors and seniors. One should also be very active in their respective department's work and events. A junior should go an extra mile to initiate a conversation sometime and seek help on academic issues. Department trips can be another exquisite way to bond with one's seniors.

We won't live long enough to make mistakes and learn from it but we can be wise and learn from the mistakes that our seniors committed.

Life of a Class Representative

While in school, we all had wished to become a class monitor at some point in time. But the same desire gets largely skewed at college level. Responsibilities of a Class Representative are very different from that of a class monitor. In the anticipation of having the same kind of authority that the class monitor had in school, some students end up becoming class representatives.

A Class Representative (CR) is the middleman between professors and students. From running errands for the professors to voicing students' issues, the CRs do it all.

While organising any event, it is mandatory for the class representative to go to each student to ask for the monetary contribution. There will always be a bunch of rebellious students who would not comply with the CR's request for contribution easily and would wait till the CR has to resort to begging.

It is the CR's responsibility to ensure that every student of the class gets the notes provided by the

seniors or else the CR is doomed to receive a lot of backlash. The CR is the communication link between the professors and the students and all information regarding lectures and extra classes has to go through the CR before it is passed down to the students. The Class Rep. has to go through the ordeal of ensuring that every single student is well informed about the new developments and hence has to always be updated.

However, a class representative inevitably acquires many skills while executing his/her duty which includes leadership and management. The ability to combat stress flourishes in the student in full bloom. There are also several other incentives of being a class representative. The views and actions of a class representative are very imperative. Besides seasonal criticism, a Class representative earns truckloads of appreciation from his/her classmates and professors. A Class representative is that industrious fellow of our college life who is very underrated and needs to be duly acknowledged.



Riding the RAINBOW

The students of Hansraj College organized a pride parade on September 19, 2018 to commemorate the decriminalization of Section 377 of the Indian Penal Code by the Supreme Court. Through the collective initiatives of Women Development Cell and the Gender Equality Cell of Hansraj College, the parade was initiated at the hostel gate and echoed its slogans of restoring the rights of the LGBTQI community all the way till Arts Faculty. The event commenced with a walk around the Lovers' Point. Outside the college, the parade was heartily welcomed with great enthusiasm and zeal by the students of Kirori Mal College, Ramjas College, Law faculty and the Arts faculty.

Concluding the parade at the Arts faculty, 'Hum

honge kaamyab' was sung in chorus with the air full of optimism for a future of legal as well as social equality for the LGBTQI community. Gratitude was extended to Delhi police for making the event possible. Colourful balloons were blown high into the sky marking the end of the event. Sharing the motive behind the parade, Vanshika Deswal, the President of the Women Development Cell said, "Even if one person is sensitised about the LGBTQI community, even if one person is made aware of the importance of their rights, our aim would be fulfilled. We would be sure that we have brought about a change!" The idea behind such a walk was to awaken the people and broaden their horizons into accepting every individual as equal.



Atomic no. 83

It is a world booming for binaries

Love exists inside golden cages
It yearns to be free and fly
Kissed by fire, detested by ice
Eternity is too short a time

Be calm and breathe, I tell myself
Or they will brand you with their words
Yet I find myself on starless nights
Sad and inconsolable about reality

It is a world consumed with congruity

Love exists within boundaries
Inhibited by ancient regulations
Killed in womb before it can blossom
Easy to condemn and trivialize

Give me a long life of obscurity
It is the only solution I accept
Right or wrong is always subjective
Let me just live in peace
Serenity ruling over conflict

It is a world drunk on dichotomies

Love exists throttled to death
Inside my heart, it burns bright
King not of your own life
Especially when you subvert the norm

Better be quiet in the shadows
Open mouths lead to abuse
Terrible times will soon be past
Hoping for a grand reversal

-Areeb Ahmad, (OSTRACA)

Homophobia got to go!

'Immoral', 'Irrational', 'Against the law of nature' - these were the exact terms used by our country to enact and blindly oblige to a law which hindered lives and relationships in the name of 'morality'. But September 6th, 2018 saw the light of a new day - a new India which scrapped off section 377 of the Indian Penal Code. Headed and adjudged by justice Deepak Mishra, the law clearly states that consensual sex 'in private' between two adults of the same gender is no longer a criminal offence unlike marital rape, sexual harassment, dowry deaths and the likes which were earlier considered equally criminal. Section 377 violated articles 14,15 and 21 of the Constitution claiming equality before law, equal treatment irrespective of caste, creed, sex or religion and the right to life and liberty for all Citizens of the country. It also contradicted SC's 2017 verdict upholding the Right to Privacy as a fundamental right and acknowledging the fact that the liberty to express sexual orientation lies at the base of all rights to which human beings are entitled. Some things have definitely changed

and the seven colours have been wholeheartedly sprinkled. The country witnessed celebrations, marches and pride parades weeks and weeks after the historic judgement. But the question is, has this progressing society actually reverted the 377 which gravely upholds their culture and values? The honest answer to this would be an immediate no! Nothing changes right after laws are passed - not at least in India. Homosexuality is still a psychological disorder or 'a phase' as per many of our learned leaders, elders as well as youngsters claiming to uphold their British ancestors' age old traditions. A lot of "Hey Hey Ho Ho ! Homophobia got to go!" accompanied by blood, sweat, fights and tears is still needed to eradicate the actual disease - the 'psychotic' disease which still threatens to steal from individuals their right to be who they are and the freedom to totally 'Live, Laugh and Love!'.

Damini Sarma, Editorial Coordinator,
Gender Equality Cell, Hansraj
College



Credits : Kalakriti

Around the College

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प्राचार्या महोदया का अभिनन्दन

तारीख, 11 अक्टूबर 2018 को हंसराज कॉलेज की "यशस्वी कार्यवाहक प्राचार्या डॉ. रमा मैम" की स्थायी प्राचार्या के पद पर हुई नियुक्ति के उपलक्ष्य में 'अभिनन्दन समारोह सह परिचर्चा - उत्कृष्ट संस्थान एवं हंसराज कॉलेज : अवसर और चुनौतियाँ' कार्यक्रम का आयोजन कॉलेज सभागार में किया गया, जिसमें देश - दुनिया के गणमान्य नागरिक; पद्मश्री रामबहादुर राय जी (अध्यक्ष - इन्दिरा गाँधी राष्ट्रीय कला केंद्र, दिल्ली), डॉ. शैलजा सक्सेना जी (सुप्रसिद्ध प्रवासी साहित्यकार, कनाडा), श्री बाल स्वरूप राही जी (सुप्रसिद्ध कवि), प्रो. कुमुद शर्मा जी (हिंदी विभाग, दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय), डॉ. श्री राम अरोड़ा जी (पूर्व प्राचार्य, हंसराज कॉलेज), श्रीमती पुष्पा राही जी (वरिष्ठ लेखिका), डॉ. प्रभात कुमार जी (पूर्व प्राध्यापक, हिंदी विभाग, हंसराज), श्री नानकचंद जी (पूर्व छात्र, हंसराज कॉलेज), श्री गोपाल कृष्ण अग्रवाल जी (आर्थिक विशेषज्ञ एवं पूर्व छात्र, हंसराज), श्री महें गोयल जी (अध्यक्ष - हंसराज कॉलेज पूर्व छात्र संघ) आदि ने गौरवशाली उपस्थिति दर्ज करायी।

कार्यक्रम का शुभारम्भ अतिथियों द्वारा दीप प्रज्वलित कर किया गया। तदुपरांत सरस्वती वंदना का गान हुआ। फिर अतिथियों का सम्मान किया गया। प्राचार्या महोदया की बचपन से लेकर आजतक की उपलब्धियों का बखान और स्क्रीन पर उपलब्धियों की तस्वीरों का प्रदर्शन किया गया, जिसे देखकर समस्त अतिथि आश्चर्यचकित हो उठे। सभी ने बहुमुखी प्रतिभा की धनी, साहित्य, शिक्षा, पत्रकारिता, सिनेमा, मीडिया, अनुवाद और प्रशासन के क्षेत्र में अद्वितीय स्थान रखने वाली डॉ. रमा मैम की उपलब्धियों पर गौरान्वित होते हुए उनकी सराहना की और सरस्वती की प्रतिमा, सॉल और स्मृति चिह्न भेंट कर सम्मानित किया। समस्त अतिथियों ने 'हंसराज कॉलेज देश और दुनिया का सर्वश्रेष्ठ कॉलेज कैसे बनेगा और किस प्रकार बन रहा है?' नामक विषय पर गहन चर्चा की और डॉ. रमा मैम के इस महान सपने कि 'हंसराज को दुनिया का सर्वश्रेष्ठ कॉलेज बनाना है', को साकार करने के लिए हमेशा हर प्रकार से साथ देने का वचन दिया। कार्यक्रम के अंत में विगत दिनों 20 सितम्बर 2018 को हिंदी विभाग हंसराज कॉलेज एवं अक्षर प्रकाशन दिल्ली के संयुक्त तत्वावधान में कॉलेज में आयोजित 'अंतः कक्षा वस्तुनिष्ठ सामान्य हिंदी प्रतियोगिता' के विजेताओं को पुरस्कृत होने का गौरव प्राप्त हुआ। स्नातक प्रथम वर्ष में विभव यादव और राजवीर ने प्रथम, अंकित यादव ने द्वितीय और अभिषेक सिंह ने तृतीय, द्वितीय वर्ष में अनुष्का मद्धेशिया ने प्रथम, गिरजाशंकर कुशवाहा 'कुशराज' ने द्वितीय और आशुतोष एवं प्रणव कुमार ने तृतीय तथा तृतीय वर्ष में नीतेश यादव ने प्रथम, अभिषेक राणा ने द्वितीय और सिन्दू शाह ने तृतीय पुरस्कार हासिल किया।

FOOD FEST 3.0



The Culinary Arts Society of Hansraj College organised their third annual food fest on October 9, 2018 in the college ground and it successfully welcomed food lovers from various colleges across Delhi. The chief guest Chef Nitin Pal Singh graced the event with his auspicious presence. From the aroma of scrumptious food to the eye pleasing decorations, the event was packed with happy faces. The students satiated their appetites with various mouth watering vittles from the stalls of Shri Ram Diwan Chand Chhole Bathure, Cake vally by Komal Kalani, V4U cafe and restaurant, Cake me away, Chatori Chaat wala, Baskin Robbins, Domid Pizza, Cheesy fukrey, Oye chef Partner's cafe, Tandoori chai and Waffle king. A number of Instagram savvy people enjoyed getting clicked at Kalakriti's decorated wall. To make the event more joyful, separate stalls were reserved for the all time favourite games of 'Spin the wheel' and 'PUBG'.

The highly talented students of Hansraj college took the charge to intensify the charm and aura of the festival. Electrifying and enthusiastic performances were given by Apoorva, Gyaat Band, Raghav Aaromal, Praytn, Shivani, Gagan, Tvisha, Ayush, Sana, Ashish, Shradha, and Mann of Hansraj College. Ayush Tickoo, the DID performer was one of the major attraction of the great event. In a nutshell, the event was a big success for the organizers as well as the revellers!

VIRASAT 2018



Spic Macay, Hansraj Chapter organized Virasat- Carnival of Classics from October 1 to October 8. The Virasat week began with the screening of the movie, 'The Making of Mahatma' by Shyam Benegal on October 1. On the second day of the festival, a nature walk was organized to Yamuna Biodiversity Park under the guidance of the nature education officers of the park and teachers-in-charge Mr. Lebin Thomas and Mrs. Sushma Ravi. After the walk, Shramdaan was organized marking the occasion of Gandhi Jayanti. On the third day, the college witnessed the performance of Padmashree Awardee Pt. Bhajan Sopori ji, also known as the 'king of Santoor'. The packed auditorium was marvelling throughout the performance. On the fourth day of the festival, a screening of yet another cinema classic- 'Jalsaghar' by Satyajit Ray which depicted the journey of a determined man battling various odds in his life. The next three days had Craft Intensive Papier Mâché workshops conducted by Smt. Hema Devi, a National Award winner in Madhubani Painting. Spic Macay, Hansraj Chapter invited 20 kids from NSS, Hansraj Padhaku to have a first hand experience with Smt. Hema Devi, herself. Apart from them, thirty volunteers also got an opportunity to do the same. On October 6, a heritage walk to Feroz Shah Kotla fort was organized under the guidance of Dr. Ramji Narayanan, a notable heritage-walk curator. After the walk, Shramdan was conducted as a tribute to the heritage we belong to, and the day ended with an interactive team building session. October 8, the final day of the Virasat festival, ended on a sufiyana note by the amazing qawwali performance by the famous Qutbi brothers- Haji Mohd. Idris and Mohd. Ilyas. More than five hundred spectators turned up to witness the mesmerizing music of the qawwals. Apart from their music, their beautiful shayaris captivated one and all.

NSS DIWALI MELA



An annual event of NSS Hansraj, Diwali Mela has been the flagship event of the society. The society which contributes significantly for the betterment and upliftment of the downtrodden classes of the society, once again impressed the audience with its stunning Diwali Mela. While interacting with a member, it came to light that the money collected through the event will be utilised for a trip of the Padhaku wing kids and for their stationery items. The principal spoke highly of the noble intention behind the Mela. The Diwali Mela was as usual, crowded with students of not only Hansraj but of different colleges across Delhi University. Numerous stalls ranging that displayed jewellery, posters, candles, handmade paintings could be found which were appreciated by the visitors. Apart from this, food stalls were enjoyed by everyone. Other significant stalls included the game stalls of Pictionary, Trippy Tomato and Lucky 7. One thing that attracted most students was the Mario Booth put up in the far end of LP which was appreciated for its stunning idea and design. The idea of Diwali which supports the concept of inclusion and diversity was well portrayed successfully by the society through its annual Diwali Mela.

FIGHTER

By Aditri

"Few more days and you'll be working again." She said.

Few days. Easy. Isn't it? Only, it wasn't easy for him. Nothing ever was. He was always afraid of being the outcast. And now, the world knew what he was and what he could do.

He knew she was trying to cheer him up. She was his age. And yet, so much smarter. A friend to go to for all sorts of advice. Only he knew much he'd missed her. He also knew that she won't let go. So he voiced his fear. Like all the others he'd before, even when she wasn't around. "I don't know. It's different going back there. Now that everyone knows" He said miserably. "I don't know what they're thinking."

She knew this was coming. His eyes showed a very young man with old, shattered dreams.

"The only thing we thought about that day was how its not what you are that defines you. It's who you are. And you, my friend, are a fighter."

"A fighter who lost." Came a whisper.

She smiled.

HAUNTED

By Aditri

"They say this place is haunted. I don't believe it. Let's go and see." She was excited to finally get a chance to sneak into the shack.

"Don't" He said.

She was surprised. He'd never backed out from risks before.

"You actually believe them?" She asked.

Something flickered in his eyes. "I don't 'believe'. I 'know'."

"Oh! Then I won't let the ghost take you away." She said teasingly, thinking that he was just pulling her leg.

"That's where they are wrong." He turned to look at her with some undefind emotion in his eyes.

"Not all places are haunted by ghosts. Some are haunted by memories."

DEAR BODY

By Priyanka Singh

You are so boldly sober, unbeatable and so scrumptious to me you're the Braille to an optimistic and easy blind, just the tactual sensations reveal you're personably gorgeous petals on the sepals brimming the charm and this how we bind.

Regardless of other opinions you're still so brightly belle oh! my heaven you're a framework smoother than the glossy, changing isn't indeed an issue despite all odds you're still so noble gaily I vow to forever appreciate you even if you'd become sweetly salty.

Our togetherness would remain unheeded for the lean incompatibly nevertheless lost amidst the unnaturalness none perceive your beauty, wherever you go facing the luscious eyes remarks the world's fragility for they terribly harm better be you disregarding their cruelty.

Bloom as the only exquisite lotus even if you feel bulky marsh not always a rose encircled by numerous bees is actually alluring, fly high in the open sky of secularity for the theology's too harsh hold on to the every tree dance on the leafy melody oh! so pleasing.

They may call you thumping-chubby or humpty-dumpty throwing the ribaldries into a Wishing Well ask for the hopeful vision, observing the very little beauty joyously exclaim the dull and empty eliminating off the baseless worldly views dance with all your passion.

Unpredictably your natural enchantress will be noted by somebody, for now be the only Queen of the hive for I'd be always with you dear Body.

From your only lover,
Priyanka

SECOND CHANCES

By Bhavya Agarwal

In the burning rage of fire
Enduring the pain of guilt
Whimpering with shattered hopes
I catechize my inner self
Do I deserve a second chance?

Quarrelled with those souls
Accompanied me in this world of unknowns
Fascination to glide high in the sky like the kite
Ceased me from vision to look back now where they reside
Realisation hit me when it was too late
The strings got detached, as on the ground like the kite I laid,
Craving for the past connection, regretting my mistakes

Looking up towards the sky, I mourn my heart in pain
Life is all about the second chances they say
Then pick me up and take me back home again
Accompany on this journey to my grave
Don't I deserve a second chance you say

SCHOOL LIFE

By Aditri

The once filled classrooms now stay in silence. These benches hold our art and the walls hold the secrets. Blackboard has seen what we did while the teacher wrote. The chalks were always there for a doodle. The last seat and friends was all we needed. Smirking at each other, we shared inside jokes. "Karna h ye?" was the first question asked for nearly everything that was compulsory. And we never did any of that. Karaoke in class happened regularly. The last day celebration consisted of playing cricket with a shuttle and practical file in the class. Hiding from a teacher. And the class pranks were frightening them with a rubber lizard. Yes we didn't have all the regular class drama. And thats what made it so much better. All those who thought of us as boring and 'padhaku' had no idea what we did in here. And I'm glad for that.

जब बरसात ना हुई

By Anuj Gupta

आंखें आसमान को निहारा करती,
वर्षा होने की आस भर्ती,
कि आज यह धरती कुछ सूखी सी है,
बिना जल के कुछ रूखी सी है,
चला कर जिसपर हल वह किसान,
ढाल देगा कुछ दरारों में जान।

हां !! वह भारत का किसान,
जो मेहनत के अधीन हो चुका है,
जिसका परिवार कई रातों,
भूखे पेट सो चुका है,
वह किसान बस हल चलाए जा रहा
है,
समाज का भार,
अपने कंधों पर उठाये जा रहा है,
आंखें उसकी फिर आसमान को निहार
रही हैं,
बारिश आने की तैयारी में,
वह खेत जोते जा रहा है।।

वह कोल्हू के बैल की तरह,
दिन रात धरती को पूजता है,
वह अन्दाता उसकी कदर जानता है,
वह जानता है,
यह धरती ही है,
कुछ महीनों में सोना उगलेगी,
उसके बच्चे उसकी बीवी,
फिर पेट भर खाना खा पाएंगे,
साहकारों से लिया कर्ज,
सूद समेत वापस लौटा पाएंगे।।

लेकिन इतना सोचते ही,
उसकी नजर आसमान पर पड़ती है,
और यह क्या हुआ,
पानी बरसने लगा,
उसकी आंखों से पानी बरसने लगा,
टूट के चूर हो गए उसके सपने।

हिम्मत ना हार वो अभी भी आशा
नहीं छोड़ता,
गर्मी की लू,
जाड़े की आंधी,
सर्दी की ठुठरा देने वाली हवा भी,
उसको रोक नहीं पाई,
बस वह आस लगाए बैठा था,
कि कब बरसेगा आसमान से अमृत,
उसके गांव की नदी जो सूख चुकी
थी।

वह दिन भी जल्द आ गया,
वह देखता रहा बरसात की राह,
और सढ़कर बर्बाद हो गई उसकी
फसल,
उस खराब फसल में,
वह किसान अपना परिवार देख रहा
था,
उसके लिए उसका सब उजड़ चुका था,
फिर उसकी नजर आकाश की ओर
पड़ती है,
वह बस सोचता रह गया,
कि उसके बच्चे, उस का कर्ज,
खैर वह अब क्या करता,
आखिर वो बरसात ना होकर भी,
उसका सब कुछ डूबा ले गई।।

Just another winter morning

*Winter comes and winter stays
it invokes our emotions in various ways
one emotion it brings out the most is the nostalgia of childhood,
the time to which we all said, adios.*

Winter always has possessed a special place in my heart. With grey skies, cold breezes and festive feasts, it also brings back those suppressed memories which spirals me back to the bliss called childhood. The white season always summoned my inner Snorlax, a soft blanket, and my warm bed made waking me up a task. Like anybody else, the lazy winter mornings caught me too. I obediently woke up every time my father entered the room and handed me a glass of water and as obediently fell back into the toasty bed of mine when I heard his footsteps retreating. The days began with my mum practically shoving hot milk and dry fruits down my throat "to keep me warm, and they ended with my dad forcing my brother and I to eat up a spoonful of that unsavoury 'Chyawanprash' "to maintain our strong immunity". I distinctly remember standing at the bus stop with my siblings on those cold grey winter mornings pretending to hold invisible cigarettes, smoking from its tip and blowing out puffs of cold air. Looking for the school bus on early, foggy mornings was an effort in vain. Mothers made sure their children were

protected from even a whiff of cold air. They made sure to put every item of warm clothing on their child, from turtle-necks peeping out of the school shirt to monkey caps covering every inch of our faces. The simple things we did became the most wondrous memories. One such winter memory, a memory dear to me, a memory which always makes me smile, which always tantalizes me is of the afternoons I used to spend with my grandmother. Sitting on a folding bed, basking under the sun and eating peanuts. My happiest moments included she watching my shenanigans and calling me with frivolous rebukes. When I was young, I never realised the things I almost did daily, the things I never focussed on, the things which were so ordinary would become so extraordinary. Winter is the season of comfort, of good food and of warmth. It is the time to recall, recollect and relive. The season may come and go in cycles, and it may be transient but the memories, the moments and the happiness it bestows are permanent.

Summer

This summer is drier than usual. Slipper in one foot, hastily I climb up the stairs to our small, dirty but white-washed terrace, as I chase the bell of the ice-cream vendor, which is now fading away. I look as far as I can, past the crumpled lanes where my friends lived, past the dark green fields where we played. I can hear the vendor luring unwary kids, singing the siren's song. The sound dies down. I'm out of breath and my feet burn, yet, I slide down the railing on the burning hot metal, and I jump on the last step with a loud thud, almost hurting myself.

History: A vernacular?

Yesterday is today's history and every moment of today, is tomorrow's.

Whenever something related to History comes into the discussion, it doesn't take long for the usual description of the subject as one that involves rote-learning to pop up. Is History just confined to the past or the seemingly long sheets that we all were compelled to write that somehow distanced us from the fascinations that we were always interested in? Many tend to consciously degrade the importance of history without realizing that communication between individuals beyond a point will rely on history, be it related to politics, happenings around the world or even perhaps the last movie that came out. Students of science while learning the formulae given by scientists tend to travel back in time and visualize the execution of experiments with the limited availability of technology. Isn't this history too? Even students of business and commerce look back at various policies introduced by the nation or famines that destroyed nations and the consequent action by

the immediate government. Doesn't this qualify as history? So wouldn't it be right to say that history is necessary for all disciplines, and without it, these disciplines would be nothing more than a hollow accumulation of ideas and practices? History, besides giving a link between the past and the present also serves to give some insight to what the future holds for us, given the fact that history always repeats itself. On a serious note, it's through history that one connects to their roots and for anyone to be successful in life, being closer to their foundation is extremely important. If given the opportunity to define the discipline, it will be that history is more than just elaborate facts & figures and mind-boggling dates. It's a study of processes that shaped the lives of our ancestors and thus consequently has an impact on what we are today. The cultures we follow, traditions we respect and norms we obey all have evolved through these processes.

SELF OBITUARY

We come across a number of obituaries in the newspapers everyday. What if we get the chance to build the stories of our own death and then write obituaries for ourselves? Therefore, we, at Vision are carrying forward the idea of Mayank Austen Soofi a.k.a The Delhiwalla from Hindustan Times, of encouraging people to write self-obituaries in few words. This is merely a chance to think about how we want ourselves to be remembered after we're gone. Here's one by Sandeep Samal, Geology Hons. (3rd Year)

Sandeep Samal, an accidental student of Geology at the University of Delhi, died this Sunday morning in an accident just because he preferred his headphones over a helmet while riding his iconic 'Activa'. His headphones were playing 'Hall of Fame' as he always sought short-lived motivation to survive his rather boring life. If you knew him, you would know about his unusually fast metabolic rate that didn't let him put on weight, absurd political opinions, and an inflated sense of patriotism coupled with an undying love for Arnab Goswami. He was an average son, a good friend, a messy roommate and an excellent elder brother who would protect his little brother from getting bullied as he could only threaten thirteen-year-olds. He will be missed by his family, friends and his last copy of Indian Express lying in his balcony. This self-proclaimed student journalist wanted a lot of people to attend his funeral to make his last and only procession to be a grand affair. He secretly hoped that a writer who never confessed her love for him would keep him alive in her poetry.

From Vishwavidyalaya to Hansraj College



We see,
Distance is sweet and small
With million incomplete stories.
The journey is simple and ignorant,
With a number of unveiling lessons.
The path is simple and straight,
With complicated realities.
We see,
From Vishwavidyalaya to Hansraj college
How various people get their bread and butter,
Weighing people, selling pen or running an
e-rickshaw for kilometres.
How freely children spend their childhood,
Begging, treading on parents' legacy at times bad or
good.
From a child to old, various stages of life,
From rich to poor, various discriminations of life.
We see,
From Vishwavidyalaya to Hansraj college,
Confidence on face and independence in eyes,
Moving towards the destination to touch the skies.
Sometimes together and sometimes alone,
Enjoy the queen-size treatment for e-rickshaw's
throne
Different strikes at Arts faculty daily
People looking out for reason curiously.
We see,
From Vishwavidyalaya to Hansraj college,
Different outfits, different attires, different air
Different fashion, and even different colours of hair.
Instead of morning milk and evening snack,
Everyone enjoying the journey of this track.
Of Vishwavidyalaya to Hansraj college.

Book Review : The Godfather by Mario Puzo

By Abhimanyu S. Tomar

Everyone knows what The Godfather is! While our generation wasn't blessed to be born during the era of Francis Ford Coppola's reign over the box office, those who were, consider it to be one of the best films of its time. The Godfather is a cult classic movie series, world famous for its depiction of 'the mafia' before it made its way into mainstream media. The source material for the ground-breaking movie series is no less than the movies which makes sense considering Mario Puzo was the one who wrote the screenplay for the movie series.

The Godfather, set in the 1940s, describes the story of the Corleone Family, centred initially around the family patriarch, the Don, Vito Corleone and subsequently centering around other family members. The first thing to note about this book is that it moves at a breakneck speed. Every incident, while being described to almost perfect detail is fast in its nature rapidly progressing the story. It is common for a fast story to lose out on character investment and emotional resonance with the protagonist. However, Mario Puzo, being the master craftsman he is, fixes this through the narration. This book is divided into eight parts, each part having a set of characters or sometimes just a single character narrating. This gives the reader time to understand each and every character with ease whilst enjoying the fast paced narration of events.

There is ample gore and violence as expected from a mafia-crime genre novel. This novel is a cocktail of greed, courage, betrayal, justice, lust and the most unexpected spirit of all, family values. The portrayal of women is not the best, as most women are either seen as conniving lustful creatures, or your stereotypical support character to the protagonist. The Godfather was designed to be a man's world where women have their set role but do not interfere and are seen as somewhat inferior. However, in hindsight, it is understandable why this is so, considering the fact that in the 40s and for many more decades to come, this was how women were treated and the book tells no different story, being truthful to its time.

All in all, this book is a creative masterpiece with suspense hidden in the narrative in manners so cruel that you won't be able to stop reading once you start. Highly recommended!



Credits : Saubhagya Saxena (Pixels)



Credits : Anshul Bansal (Pixels)



Credits : Abhinav Singh (Kalakriti)



Credits : Karan Anand (Pixels)



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"Crying does not indicate that you are weak. Since birth, it has always been a sign that you are alive!" - Charlotte Bronte