



# ink

## A CREATIVE MAGAZINE

ISSUE : 21

JANUARY 2025

BY

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LITERATURE & LANGUAGE



IIS (DEEMED TO BE UNIVERSITY)

JAIPUR



“What is Art? It is the response of man's creative soul to the call of the Real.”

- Rabindranath Tagore

*L-Ink* or *Language Ink* is the bi-annual creative magazine of IIS (deemed to be University), Jaipur.

Initiated and managed by the Department of English Literature & Language, the magazine aims to celebrate the undiscovered creative talent of the University. It includes self compositions in the form of poems, memoirs, reflections, sketches, paintings, etc. sent in by both students and faculty members. As the name suggests, *L-Ink* caters to all languages including English, Hindi, German and French.

For further queries/suggestions and contributions, please send an email at [l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in](mailto:l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in).

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# शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं

शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं  
वो दोस्त, वो स्कूल बहुत याद आते हैं  
मगर जिम्मेदारियों में हम खुद को भी खोने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं

जाना चाहते हैं उन रास्तों पर फिर एक दिन  
मगर दिल की यादों को दिल में ही ढोने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं

अपनों को पाने के लिए  
हम अपनों से ही बिछड़ने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं  
दोस्ती अनमोल होती है, ये जानते हैं  
मगर यहाँ दुश्मनी का मतलब समझने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं

भूल गए हैं खुद को इतना  
कि आईने में फिर से खुद को खोजने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं

रोते बहुत थे ,  
ये सोचकर कि काश कुछ और जी लेते वो पल  
मगर आजकल उन खयालों से पीछे हटने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं

गिरकर उठने के ख्वाब से  
फिर से खुद को संजोने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं  
शहर में आकर हम शहर के होने लगे हैं.

जाह्नवी खुबानी  
MA-Political Sci., Sem. I



# ज़िंदगी

न कर जल्दी ए मेरे यार,  
वक्त को थाम कर रखना होगा।  
बहुत लम्बी है ज़िंदगी की डगर,  
हर कदम संभल कर चलना होगा।  
क्या होगा गर कोई साथ न तेरे होगा,  
अपनी राहों को तुझे ही बनाना होगा।  
आया भी अकेला था जायेगा भी अकेला,  
सारे रिश्तों को यहीं छोड़ कर जाना होगा।  
वैसे भी मतलब की है ये दुनिया,  
यहाँ कोई अपना न पराया होगा।  
गर साथ है कोई तो तेरा साया होगा,  
पीछे-पीछे इसे तेरे आना ही होगा।

श्रीमति बिन्नी खेड़ा  
आशुलिपिक





# Musings

## On the Nature of Time

Time—an ever-flowing river, ever-changing yet constant.

We often find ourselves caught in its currents, rushing to meet deadlines or reminiscing about moments past.

But what if we could pause, just for a moment, to truly observe its passage? The way it bends around our experiences, shaping our memories and influencing our futures.

What would it be like to live not in haste, but in a mindful awareness of time's gentle, yet relentless flow?

Kamakshi Srimal

B.A. (Hons.)- Proficiency in CA, Sem. III

## THE SECOND SEX- MALE

In Simone De Beauvoir's book, 'The second sex' is the 'female'. She talked about many mainstream ideas in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. She was a major thinker alongside Jean-Paul Sartre and Camus. Everyone who reads about existentialism or even basic philosophies knows these names but Simone De Beauvoir is a name less heard of even in this day and age. This was of course a problem for her in her time, so, to be taken seriously, she had to write the book, 'The Second Sex' emphasizing the existence of females. While it is natural for humans to understand themselves in opposition to others, this process is flawed when applied to the genders. In defining woman exclusively as Other, man is effectively denying her humanity. This is one of the ideas on which she elaborated in her book.

My favorite word from this was the irony of 'humanity'. We did accept the lack of empathy while continuously sympathizing with the 'male' sex. Men work, men provide, men fight, men are strong and I'm sure there is more. Now, there's no obvious superiority but of course, their roles are just as important. They go through a lot too. So how about we, as a society, vocalize their problems, struggles, changes, and conditioning and bring them down from the burden of responsibilities. Humanize them. It doesn't mean to forgive their crimes but to talk about their problems. Talk about the things they have to go through. Treat them as humans, don't push them to such bounds that leave them responsible when they aren't ready. Prepare them, don't condition them. This goes for both males and females, you leave the first to take on responsibilities they aren't ready for and condition the latter to be prepared for the sacrifice. If this goes on in a similar pattern, what other outcome than the ongoing predicament.

We women are no less in helping them stay there. No? Not all women? Then let's divert it to 'all mothers' for a clearer understanding. Mothers treat their sons as fragile gods who descended from the heavens to serve all of humanity and make everything pure. That, without exceptions, is never the case. When treated like untouchable high power, they expect other females to treat them like such. As if they hold the power to touch anything or anyone as they like, without consequences. That's how their childhood was. They were encouraged to think that THEY could do anything, but only them, not even other people. They adapt to tolerate other males as they feel associated and familiar. With females, they had already established a sense of superiority, firstly, because of their mothers and secondly, how girls are conditioned to behave. Girls can't speak loudly, they can't be great at sports, can't fight, can't be self-sufficient, can't be uncooperative, can't be rugged, can't, can't, can't.

So of course, it's the women. ALL women. It's not easy to take down this rooted foundation of patriarchy when everyday women in every household encourage it. Because of course, that's how they are conditioned. It's a vicious cycle that just won't stop. As girls we start to rebel in our childhood, sometimes we talk back, even get into fights, and sometimes, we even win. Then we're stopped, scolded, and conditioned again to be the sweet, innocent, pure women on display. We're told to be the oh-so-loving mothers and sacrificing wives, because what is a woman's love if not constant sacrifice as it's proof? Think about it. When it sounds bad in theory, imagine what it would take for her to do that to herself. She was a young, fun-loving person too. But, for centuries women have allowed themselves to be put down, to let them be blamed for assaults, burdens, and so on. So fine, put this on women too, on mothers, if that is what it takes to understand what is happening in our society. The men who have reached this, I'd compel you to at least consider this if not anything, and take the rage to actually do something, anything. Ask the women why, and make them understand. After all, you're the higher sex, right? Simplify it for the women and talk to them to make them realize, don't let the little ones turn out to be sacrificed because of their gender.

Everyone is at fault. Why do we need to condition them this way? Why do we need to hustle the males out and subject the women to inside chores? Give them both time to develop, and be ready. Don't force them into difficult situations then crib about it the rest of your lives. We are trapped in a vicious cycle and it won't break with just one act of defiance. We have to continuously keep at it. That being said, it does not excuse the mothers, the men, or any other being to act this selfishly. Stop with the conditioning, our society doesn't need dictators.

**Charu Dhariwal**  
B.A., Sem. VI



# The Labyrinth of Roads

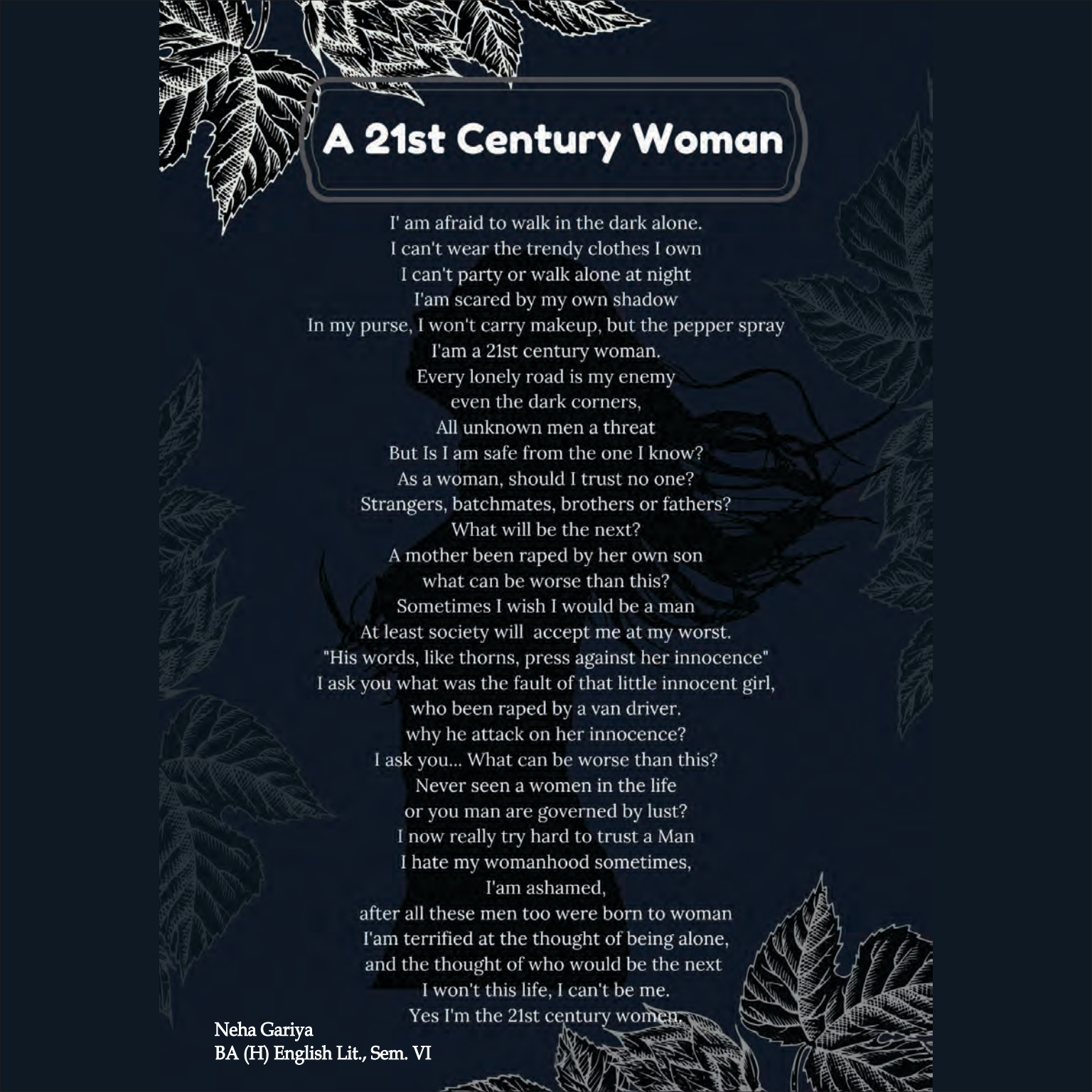
Standing on the terrace  
As far as the eyes could see  
There is the Labyrinth of Roads...  
The roads long and winding,  
Robust and uncharted,  
Laid down like a maze;  
Where we overwhelmed people  
Get lost everyday  
To eventually find ourselves  
And the respective destinies...

Venturing on those endless paths  
I wonder what awaits;  
Where shall my forward motions  
Upon these wearied paths lead.  
Will I come across streets  
Bustling with hubbub,  
Numerous feet in sync, and  
Rolling wheels with vehicular rhythm?  
Or shall my stream  
Be a mossy green,  
Less trodden, looking enticing  
Appealing my inner curiosity?

The mysteries unravel  
And realities unfold,  
As I move ahead  
On those edgy roads.  
They shape and un-shape me  
Connect and liberate me  
With my internal and external being.  
Familiar faces intertwine with the unfamiliar,  
Memories forgotten are traced,  
Serendipitous affairs are made  
'Coz this is where it all culminates:  
In the Labyrinth of Roads  
Where we find ourselves  
And our destinies...

Now, as I reflect  
On the day just passed,  
After traversing another road  
I find myself  
The same old me  
Yet so different than yesterday!

Navya Minglani  
BA (H) English Lit., Sem. IV



## A 21st Century Woman

I' am afraid to walk in the dark alone.  
I can't wear the trendy clothes I own  
I can't party or walk alone at night  
I'am scared by my own shadow  
In my purse, I won't carry makeup, but the pepper spray  
I'am a 21st century woman.  
Every lonely road is my enemy  
even the dark corners,  
All unknown men a threat  
But Is I am safe from the one I know?  
As a woman, should I trust no one?  
Strangers, batchmates, brothers or fathers?  
What will be the next?  
A mother been raped by her own son  
what can be worse than this?  
Sometimes I wish I would be a man  
At least society will accept me at my worst.  
"His words, like thorns, press against her innocence"  
I ask you what was the fault of that little innocent girl,  
who been raped by a van driver.  
why he attack on her innocence?  
I ask you... What can be worse than this?  
Never seen a women in the life  
or you man are governed by lust?  
I now really try hard to trust a Man  
I hate my womanhood sometimes,  
I'am ashamed,  
after all these men too were born to woman  
I'am terrified at the thought of being alone,  
and the thought of who would be the next  
I won't this life, I can't be me.  
Yes I'm the 21st century women.



# An experience of the Malayalam Script

## (A NON-MALAYALEE PERSPECTIVE)

First day in 'Lessons of Malayalam Language' I learned swaram/vowels, which, unlike the English vowels are 15 in number, and similar to the Hindi vowels except their rhythmic pronunciation and script.

അ is written as ~~am~~ and read as 'a' (If you are a Hindi speaker just softly drop the 'a' from your mouth and give no stress towards the end). Ya, YOU GOT IT! This went further for what felt like a rhyming session of words. A *full-power* kindergarten jam!

I told one of my Malayalee friends that "I drew (instead of wrote) Malayalam today". Writing in Malayalam script feels like an act of engaging with cursive art. I dropped out of a language class during Undergrad days because the experience felt boring and here I was, in a supposed- to-be language class jamming on rhymes and cursive art. Malayalam script is art camouflaged as language. Art, *macha*, is therapeutic!

In the book *Eat, Pray, Love* Gilbert learns the 'Art of pleasure' from the Italians on a journey to discover herself after divorce. I switch over rooms, power on my laptop, and scribble Malayalam in a notebook post an overwhelming jitter of anxiety. It's my guide for therapeutic pleasure. *Polichu, Alle?*

### MALAYALAM TO ENGLISH VOCABULARY

- *Full-power*- Slang phrase used among Malayalees to convey top notch state of mind/things/situations/people/emotions, etc.
- *Macha*- Regional word for a friend.
- *Polichu, Alle?* – Generally translates to 'Awesome, Isn't?'

SWARAM / INDEPENDENT VOWELS		
HINDI	MALAYALAM	SOUND
1. अ	അ	a
2. आ	ആ	aa
3. इ	ഇ	i
4. ई	ഈ	ii
5. उ	ഉ	u
6. ऊ	ഊ	uu
7. ऋ	ഋ	ɐ
8. ॠ	ॠ	ee
9. ऐ	ഈ	ai
10. -	ഐ	oi
11. औ	ഔ	oo
12. औ	ഔ	oo
13. -	ഔ	au
14. अं	അം	ahm
15. अः	അഃ	ah

■ - LETTER SPECIFIC TO MALAYALAM  
■ - SOUNDS OF LETTERS IN MALAYALAM

# 1970 Bombay

'It is the Bombay's heart where dreams entwine, Taj for the elite, Vada Pao for streets align.  
From mill workers to migrants, hopes ignite, Mumbai, a canvas where all take flight.  
A city that gave, and gave anew, From humble dawns to skies of blue.'

The image (on the right) is an artistic collage that combines historical photography and modern graphic design that indicate 1970s Mumbai, then Bombay!

1. The Parsi gentleman wearing fused traditional attire with red fezzes typical of vintage portrait photography reflecting Bombay as home to migrants.
2. Two Disc in the sky speak volumes about the Chinese crockery flooding Indian market so much so that it became niche serving-ware for finer dinners.
3. Legacy of niche continue to build with introduction of Yacht Club Tomato Catsup Bottle. The elite Yacht Club of Bombay facing the Gateway of India introduced Bombay to the world of packaged and processed food for busy lives. The legacy of such food is at peak today globally.
4. Bombay, a land of islands that was filled to modify the quagmire into firm ground. Though closed economy of India didn't support trade for profit but Bombay helped nation with essential imports like grains, machines and technology. The boats in the right low corner are memoire of Bombay's selfless service to the nation.
5. The iconic lip smacking Vada Pao of Mumbai saw the birth of itself in Bombay's Dadar during 1960s became a staple for fast paced life of Mumbai since then to now.

The story this picture tells is the beauty of Mumbai, from resilience to exchanges to acceptance of new.

Courtesy – Lemon Tree Premier, Mumbai



Muskan Bansal  
M.A. Sociology, Sem. III

## **I'll Choose Death**

“If you ever get raped, what will you do?” The question was random but familiar like a cup of morning coffee. “I will kill myself,” I replied. She was shocked. I could only assume it wasn't because I said I'd die, but because I said it too fast, too casually, as if I've said this hundreds of times. But then again, I have. “Are you serious?” I sensed the rejection in her tone. I knew what she wanted to say and was grateful that she couldn't say it.

It's so easy to say 'there's so much yet to live for even if the world does you wrong!', but it was equally difficult to hear it, and impossible to accept it. I won't be able to handle such inhumanity. I experienced it at a young age, the ugly reality of humans, of men. And it was too much to handle, to accept, to remember. So I rejected it. I rejected the memory of it, though I couldn't forget it. I rejected the society, and I rejected the world. The world's never given me any reason to trust it. It showed me it's ugliness before I was able to see its beauty. So why should I trust myself with it? Why should I not be scared to be given to death by its hands?

I was able to reject everything it had to offer, everything it had to say. I don't know how my younger self did it, but I'm happy that she did. But, if I were to be raped now... I don't think I'd be able to reject that. The pain, the humiliation, the inhumanity. If I experience a monster who'd give me a pain so unbearable that it reaches my soul, I don't think I'll ever be able to tolerate anything or anyone. As much as the art of God is worth living for, the life we actually live is just a small circle of a couple people and their people, it's not comparable at all. Living under the constant fear and threat of being robbed of my individuality, of my peace – could it even be called living? That's just how it is. After getting raped, there will be no tolerance, no mercy, and no forgiveness in me. I have rejected the world, but after being treated like a non-human by a human just because... just because he thought it was fine... I don't think I'll be able to pretend that humans are worth living for. I've lost faith in humanity. I have no love for man. It's not about a little while, it's not even about the physical pain, it's about the way he will break my soul in a way that nothing, nothing in this world is capable of doing so. He will force me not only in an act of violence but an act of a sin so sinister that even heaven will reject my soul. Suicide, only hell would welcome a soul that had been set free by suicide. And I will do that, even if I know what will happen. I will kill myself. Because the tears of my loved ones, the separation from the unknown soul with whom mine should have been tied with forever in some far future, all the dreams and moments to come... nothing will matter anymore. Nothing will matter if I wake up from the ignorant bliss I'm living in. And when there is reason to live but thousand reasons to die, I will choose death. I will choose death with my mind clear, my vision blur, with my soul broken and this heart that used to beat once.

**Khushboo Shekhawat**  
M.A. English (Sem IV)



As the orange-yellow lights washes over the pink Hawa Mahal,  
the monument is bathed in a warm, golden glow.  
Meanwhile, the skies rejoice at the arrival of the monsoon,  
transforming into a deep shade of blue that seems almost velvety.  
The contrasting colors - the vibrant orange, and the rich blue-blend  
together in perfect harmony, creating a visual symphony.  
It's a scene that will stay etched in memory forever.

Dr. Sulekha Ojha  
Associate Professor  
Dept. of Fashion Design & Textiles



# मन! तू ठहर ज़रा

मन! तू ठहर ज़रा,  
थाम तेरे ये शोर शराबे ज़रा।

थक गई हूँ मैं बहुत  
देख देख रोज के तमाशे वही!

मन तू ठहर ज़रा...

मेरा दिल तो बेचारा रोज नई उम्मीद लिए जागे,  
फिर क्यों तू उसके अरमानों में आग लगा दे।

चल मान लिया कुछ गलती तेरी थी  
पर कुछ ईश्वर ने जुल्म भी तो किए

अब तो कर सब्र ज़रा।।

क्यों रहता है खुद से ही खफा-खफा

मन! तू ठहर ज़रा...

दीपिका शर्मा

BA-B.Ed., Sem. V





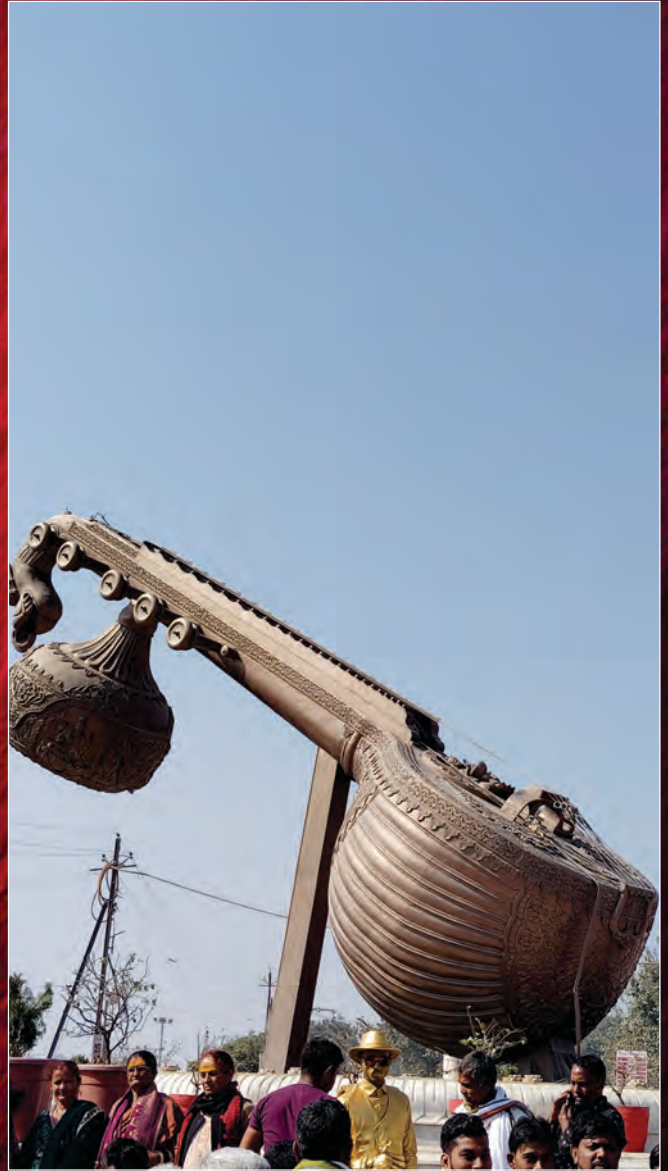
# *Fort Series*



**Prof. Rimika Singhvi**  
Head, Dept. of English Lit. & Language



# *Vignettes from Ayodhya*





# *Palette Strokes*



**Shraddha Sharma**  
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