



Harmony



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“Knowledge alone is the inexhaustible treasure; the more you spend it, the more it grows. All other treasures run out by spending, the claimants inherit their shares as well. Thieves can not steal this treasure, nor can anyone inherit it.”

~Swami Dayanand Saraswati

Memory Lane



Passing on the Baton

Former Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor Prof. Sanjeev Kumar Sharma handed over the charge of the VC to the Senior-Most Professor, Prof. Anand Prakash, Dept. of Biotechnology. They exchanged the handing over and taking over document and Prof. Anand Prakash assumed the chair as the Vice-Chancellor of Mahatma Gandhi Central University, Bihar and The MGCU fraternity gave the hon'ble Vice-Chancellor Prof. Sanjeev Kumar Sharma an appropriately gigantic and heartfelt send off at a farewell ceremony organised at Brihaspati Sabhagar, Mahatma Buddha Parisar, MGCU.

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Message from the Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor

I am happy to know that Department of English is bringing the 4th Edition of 'Harmony'- a multilingual newsletter that captures the activities of the department along with the literary sprouts of the students and faculty. The coordinated efforts of the students and faculty brings the necessary connect and bonding, thereby creating a harmonious and vibrant literary environment in the campus.

I am sure that the newsletter will become a must-read chronicle on happenings around us. I congratulate editorial team of faculty and students for this beautiful initiative and wish them all success.

Best Wishes to the HARMONY Team.

Prof. Anand Prakash

Hon'ble Vice-Chancellor

Mahatma Gandhi Central University

Motihari, East-Champaran, Bihar



Message from the Head of the Department

What's Harmony?

Harmony springs from the unity of body and mind. Whereas the dissonance of outer & inner elements makes us chaotic, their reconciliation leads to what may be called 'Unified Sensibility'. When man is blessed with tranquil state of mind, he's capable of thinking positively and thereby acting compositely.

What the humanity most needs is the harmonious living. Since the COVID onslaught, we've witnessed the pervasive crisis of mankind. Migration, reverse migration, joblessness, deprivation, and protean separation have subjected human beings to like-never-before ordeals. It's good that human life is recovering from the menace of existential dilemma slowly and steadily. Life's coming round. Shelley prophetically remarked: "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" This points to the time-tested truth "Every cloud has a silver-lining." As an after effect of the Pandemic is the human realisation of the beauty and grace of home. That's why, reverse migration is prove more significant than migration. The philanthropist and the policymakers have come to realise it. The restoration to the family and village is being seen all around. This points to the key role of harmonising with the near & remote at the one and same time. This justifies why the Romantics, and the Paganists vociferate the primacy of harmony for a really peaceful & happy living.

Congratulations to the 'HARMONY' team for adopting such a relevant name for the Departmental Newsletter! It needs little reiteration that the name is precise, concise and wise.

Dr. Bimlesh K. Singh
Head, Department of English



The Change

'If winter comes, can spring be far behind?'

Now Shelley in us can rejoice, winter has gone and spring is here to welcome the summer with the freshness of life, as the aridness of winter is replaced by the musings of spring. Finally metamorphosed winter of Covid-19 is shrinking and life once again getting back to normal. What started as in the sense of Eliot "*April is the cruellest month*" is about to end with the joy of a new beginning; the *Bhartiya Nav-varsh* or the traditional Indian New Year is heralding the beautiful changes; afresh beginning with the learnt lessons from Covid-19, which is undoubtedly brought us closer to natural Indian ways of living. The last two years were a learning period and of changes, we restored to our ancient way of life, paying more attention to sustainability. We all have won a battle against the Covid -19, an era of restricted mobility, depression, and emotional & economic regression. The change is here, not only in men but in all, nature, birds, and beasts and it appears for the good in general.

The earth is beaming in the radiance of the full bright energising sun; making crops ready for harvesting, the melodious gusts from the lush green trees are singing the song of a new beginning. After the fall season, the young tender leaf once again buds and blooms. Its constant quest for change has paid off which is worth the wait. Its beauty is harmonious, just a glance of it can place us in a state of sublimation. In the same way, we shouldn't deny ourselves of any change, no matter how difficult life becomes the spirit of rising and growing shouldn't be given up. As it is evident after the winter, the spring comes and the barren trees bloom.

The fourth issue of Harmony has also adopted some changes and we as a team aspire for the best outcomes, be it literary, academic, or life in general. Harmony is the spring of the English department which brings out the youth in us and there is no winter, only spring. Wishing everyone a very Happy New Year "*Vikram Samvat 2079.*" May Shree Ram bless all the beings and this New Year brings happiness, good health, and prosperity.

Thank you

Ritesh Kumar Singh



Dr. Umesh Patra
Assistant Professor
Dept. of English

Every time I bring a new book home

Every time I bring a new book home
My bookcase looks at me
With a meaningful smile:
“I am not saying anything.”

My last half-read book
Stares daggers at my newest find
With a wife’s envy to the mistress.

With my thumb, I let the pages cascade
From one end to another,
And sniff the aroma of printing press
Still attached to it
Like the glow of an uncorrupted life.
Write my name on the first page
And hurriedly graze the first few leaves.

I sign a silent treaty
To finish the book this week
Brushing aside the pressing engagements
Of my varied unfinished business.

That night I read myself to sleep
My eyelids shut themselves
Somewhere in the middle of a sentence
Between the reading of a word
And grasping its meaning.

A few nights later
The book elopes.
I don’t find it anywhere.
Searching for my lost pen
One day, I find it leading a bohemian life
Under my bed
With bite marks of several teething rats
And intricate design of spiderwebs
On its title page.

Dusted, I place it on the shelf
Where it rests and makes that face
Every time I bring a new book home.



Rahul Mishra
Ph.D. Scholar
Dept. of English

Bihar Day 2022: History and Significance of the East Indian State

Bihar Day History

On March 22, 1912, the state of Bihar was carved out from the Bengal Presidency of British India. Orissa also became a state as part of this split-up. But the history of the foundation goes back to the Battle of Buxar that was fought between the joint forces of the Mughal King Shah Alam II Nawab of Awadh and Nawab of Bengal against the East India Company in 1764. Finally, the defeat resulted in the Mughals and Nawabs of Bengal losing control over the territories. The major twist was that Thomas Gibson Carmichael, the new governor of Bengal took charge and announced that from, March 22, the Bengal Presidency will be split into four Subhas of Bengal, Orissa, Bihar, and Assam. That's how we got the state of Bihar.

The Bihar Diwas celebration officially began in the year 2011 and since then it has become a state festival full of fervour, zest, and celebration depicting the spirit and picture of Bihar. The main objective of the day is to restore the pride of the East Indian state and to enthuse the feeling of Being Bihari in the citizens of the state. Thenceforth, the day is much more than just a celebration. Bihar Diwas holiday applies to all the major offices and companies under the jurisdiction of the State and Central Government, as well as academic institutions like Schools, celebrate the day by organising various cultural programs and functions participated by students.





Bihar Diwas 2022

On this occasion a laser show was organized with the help of five hundred drones, in which the map of Bihar was first displayed, then the cultural pride of Bihar was displayed. Along with this, the message of environmental protection and drug de-addiction was also given.

It is worth noting that on March 22, 1912, the British formed a new province 'Bihar' separate from Bengal.



Sanjana
M.A. English (Sem. II)

Worship divine ornament,
Mythological figures depict.

Drawn Great Pitchuka Veera,
This exquisite folk art from the Sasani era.

Srikalahasti and Machilipatnam siblings,
For making narrative scrolls and panels.

KALAMKARI

Organic art of hand and block print,
Kalam is the pen, Kari is craftsmanship.

Carry magic into lives,
involve with natural dyes.

Deep in class and traditional,
having a soothing effect of natural.



Jay Kumar
Ph.D. Scholar
Department of English

Jai Bhim: Not a mere sectarian slogan, But a cry of Democracy, equality and justice

Recently there has been a lot of ruckus over the slogan "Jai Bhim." Some find it sectarian and divisive while others which mostly include the marginalized class take it as empowering and

inspirational. For marginalized people "Jai Bhim" is not just a mere greeting or war cry, but their display of reverence to the person who all his life struggled for their life and rights. In order to understand the real significance of this slogan we need to look at the life and works of Ambedkar from the subaltern perspective, then only we could get to see the universal appeal for equality and justice of the slogan. As one of extensive writer on Ambedkar, Dr. Narendra Jadhav says, "The slogan of Jai Bhim, given by Babu Hardas, is an important triumph for all Dalits. 'Jai Bhim' has become a symbol of struggle, it has become a cultural identity as

well as a political identity, and it also shows the relationship with the Ambedkarite movement, this utterance has become a symbol of all kinds of identities. I think 'Jai Bhim' has become the overall identity of the revolution," said Uttam Kamble.

The chief architect of the Indian Constitution fought for inclusion of the word "Republic" in the preamble of the Constitution because for him, democracy is confined not only to political rights. It's only the "Republic" that guarantees the political, economic, as well as social rights of its each and every citizen.

In his final speech to the Constituent Assembly on November 25, 1949, Dr. Ambedkar said that the true form of democracy could only be maintained only when we uphold the constitutional methods in our struggle to achieve our social and economic objectives. It's quite convenient to justify the unconstitutional means, which he called "grammar of anarchy", in the absence of constitutional ones. Ambedkar was always against the use of anarchical methods for justice. Thus, Jai Bhim is slogan against those anarchical forces and a call to adhere to constitution.

Time and again intelligentsia of this country has tried to limit his personality and contributions by brushing him as Dalit sympathizer. It is grossly unfair not only to him but also to the nation to present Ambedkar simply as Dalit icon, as is often done even in otherwise responsible quarters, says Narendra Jadhav in his book titled "Ambedkar: Awakening India's Social Conscience". If we look at his works and philosophy objectively, we would realize how great and noble his life and fight was. His battle was for universal equality, justice and brotherhood. He was not a sectarian, but a mass leader. He was fighting the battle against the political and cultural hegemony of elites who were exploiting and oppressing not only his people but all other subalterns in the country. That's why while framing the constitution of independent India he guaranteed the maximum safety and opportunity for the subalterns whether it's women, SCs, STs, or backward classes. Among the crowd of high-class powerful elites, he acted as the voice of all voiceless. He didn't mince his words when it comes to the rights of the weak. Even while fighting for the upheaval of Dalits and marginalized communities in India, the fundamental aim of his was to bring social democracy, Narendra Jadhav in his above-mentioned book claims, "Ambedkar's erudition, his mass

movements, his role in the government and outside clearly showed that "he was a patriot of a sterling order." His brand of nationalism was quite different from others in India's freedom struggle. His idea of nationalism was completely based on reasons and logic, not faith.

In his book Jadhav quotes: "Ambedkar's nationalism was not merely confined to the transfer of political power to the Indians from the British rule. It was focused on a much broader notion of sustainable national re-construction that is, building a democratic Republic through creation of social equality and cultural integration in the age-old caste-ridden, inherently unjust and discriminating society."

Apart from the social and political identities, Ambedkar was the upholder of great intellect and philosophy. Author Jadhav said Ambedkar "made outstanding contribution as an economist, sociologist, anthropologist, educationist, and journalist, as an authority on comparative religion, as a policy maker and administrator and as a parliamentarian, besides being a jurist who became the principal architect of the Indian constitution". No wonder, the books says, there are more statues of Ambedkar in India than any other leader.

Ambedkar comes to the forefront not only as a valiant upholder of the Indian Republic but also emerges as the conscience keeper of modern India," the book says. The book further says Ambedkar was a prolific writer and "perhaps no other mass leader in India produced anywhere even close to the voluminous writings that (he) did. The sheer volume is astonishing: 22 books and monographs completed and published plus 10 books left behind incomplete at various stages, 10 major memoranda and statements submitted to various authorities, 10 research papers, articles and book reviews besides hundreds of articles in Marathi...Even if a first-rate scholar devotes himself only to writing alone, it would still be exceedingly difficult to match these contributions. What is simply unbelievable is that Ambedkar produced these magnificent books while being fully engaged in politics and in drafting the constitution of India!"

Ambedkar was not only a Dalit leader or just an emotive voice in the politics of social justice. He was surely above such categorizations – he has demonstrated commendable leadership on pressing working class issues and his critical engagement with Marxist-Socialist ideas is vital. As a labour minister in the Viceroy’s Council, he offered numerous benefits to the labour classes on demands of having eight-hour working days, equal wages, and maternity leave.. Further, in strengthening the struggles for women’s liberation in India, his contributions are highly valued. In the recently released Tamil movie Jai Bhim (a film dedicated to Ambedkar), the maker has tried to present the true meaning and understanding of the slogan

“Jai Bhim.” According to him,
Jai Bhim means light....
Jai Bhim means love....
Jai Bhim means journey from darkness to light....
Jai Bhim means tears of billions of people!
In conclusion I would say that in this era of postmodernism where nothing is moored but loosened. There’s no ultimate truth, but only perceptions and perspectives. Thus, being the member of this postmodern literary world, we must treat the life and literature of Ambedkar as an open-ended phenomenon. Ambedkar is not unit-dimensional, but multifaceted like diamond.



Ujjwal Kumar
M.A. Eng. (Sem. III)



Prince Madhav
M.A. Eng. (Sem. II)

POEM

She wrote this poem yesterday,
She was not sure if it is good.
She knew that it does not share any feelings,
Neither it had a plot nor narrative,
It had no literary devices too.
There was nothing that could have been said personified,
There was only excitement in her to show me.
She was sure that it was too bad to show,
She showed courage and came next to me with an unexpected response,
She put it on my study table,
And I was Sssshh for a moment.
I handed it back to her with a kiss and was awarded an A+++++!

(Dedicated to My sweet Bhanaji Priya)

The Second Wife: A Way to Satisfy Your Needs

After wasting my first semester in online classes for a long time, fortunately, I got a chance to Come to Motihari, sometime back for my second semester of offline classes. That’s where I met The second wife. This is an appetizing restaurant, which is right in front of our university. Which is almost the only way to satisfy our small hunger. There may be some good reasons behind the name of the restaurant but I am only able to see the current status of women in this male-dominated society. A woman standing on the side of the road made a cry for her presence. We can imagine a second wife but a second husband is beyond our Imagination. The funny thing is I haven’t seen a single woman working in it yet. Doesn’t this name reflect our mindset, that how in a woman we only see an appetizer cook? It shows how a man can go before another wife to fulfill his needs but can we add the same thing with women here?

In response, everyone wants change but no one wants to change themselves. We don't fail to tell the women in their homes that the very work is made for you, and not for the men. I know feminism has become a very trite topic these days, but change is still needed.



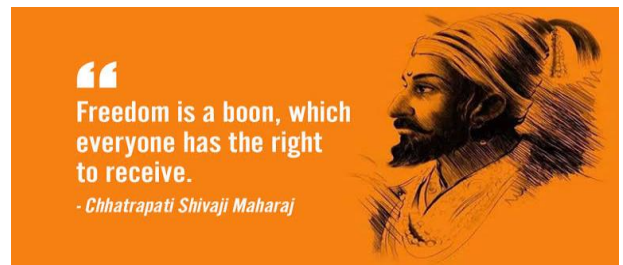
Manvi Bhargava
B. Com. (Sem. I)

Depressed and Desolated Youth in Today's Era...

An eerie feeling comes to our mind when we think of being all alone in this huge world, I am not referring to surviving as the only human on this planet instead I am referring to the feeling of being isolated by society, relatives, friends, and sadly by our own parents. People say that we voluntarily isolated ourselves from the world and that may be the case with some people and some are not given enough freedom to take a step and try to fit in the society. Once a person starts feeling like an outcast and inadequate, he/she is eventually followed by depression or anxiety or feels like he/she is not qualified to live.

Depression is the most common but misunderstood term which is used nowadays. If a person says that he/she is depressed, people deny his/her words or just laugh it off. This has made the youth hesitant about what they can share with other people and what they cannot, that person just bottles up their emotions and closes the doors of his/her heart to everybody, this sometimes makes them think that what is the use of living like a dead, isn't it better to just die and that's how suicidal thoughts pop up in their mind.

This is really disheartening to see what is going on in our society and what the youth who who is the present and future of our country is going through, even though we cannot undo what happened to them in the past but still we can try to ease their mind and help them to open up their hearts to the world. We can assure them that there are people who care for them so that they don't



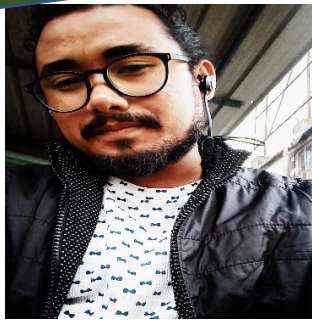
feel insignificant and help them to live their lives to the fullest.



Ananya Shri
B. Com. (Sem. I)

Madhubani art [or Mithila Painting] is a style of Indian painting, practiced in the Mithila region of India and Nepal. It was named after Madhubani one of the districts of Bihar, India; where it is originated, this painting is done with a variety of tools, including fingers, twigs, brushes, nib -pens, and matchsticks and using natural dyes and pigments. It is characterised by its eye catching geometrical patterns. There is rituals content for particular occasions, such as birth or marriage.





Tapas Sarkar
Ph.D. Research Scholar
Dept. of English

Metamorphosis

All of a sudden, *Pritam* heard a feeble voice from a few meters of distance behind “Ai babu...ai babu....” The voice was too soft to recognize in the ghostly crowd, but he felt that it could be him the man is calling to. *Pritam* turned his head and noticed a flimsy old man indicating towards him with his shaking right palm “Ai babu suno sunoooo, iss tadaf...iss tadaf dekho, please.”

Two-three travellers crossed their eye contact, and it was being difficult to recognize the old man for *Pritam*. Somehow, he managed and stopped amid the platform with his heavy luggage. Within that time, the crowd was passing and crossing his way drastically from front and back. He had stayed standing till the old man came near to him and exclaimed with a thoughtful voice “Beta you’re wrong, but you’ll get it as soon as you finish your midnight sleep.” Hearing unexpected words from the old man, *Pritam* became astonished and remained speechless for a moment. The old man’s statement puzzled him roughly. *Pritam* asked the old man in reply “Uncle, aap kya keh rhe ho, mai samajh nhi pa rha.” The old man now murmured the words “Samaj jaoge beta...bs kuch din baki hai... bs kuch din baki hai.”

Again, *Pritam* could not decode the old man’s mysterious words; now, he became more stone-like. He wished to catch the old man and ask him abundant questions. But, in a quick, between them both, pressing the crowd, a coolie entered with huge empty luggage on his back. *Pritam* could not move forward because the crowd was too hazardous, and he had to take up his trolley bag’s handle in his hand so that it would remain with him. After some time, maybe it was thirteen seconds past, when, the coolie took aside, *Pritam* looked on the backside where the old man was standing. Shockingly, he found nothing like that similar face. The old man was gone. Among the many unknown faces of the crowd, *Pritam* searched time and again for the old

man in different directions. He did not find him anymore. The old man was really gone. *Pritam* started walking into the choky respirations and thick voices of the crowd. Soon, he felt that he was extremely sweating inside and he was very much tired, it might be because of his high blood pressure. So, he decided to sit somewhere on an empty slab of the platform. Taking his trolley bags, now he headed towards a slab. Unfortunately, there was no empty seat. Perforce, he took his trolley bags to another one. There he found an empty seat and sat on that in hurry. He felt relaxed under a big ceiling fan though the fan was producing hardly any amount of cold air. But, the important thing was that he was satisfied. He opened the neck button of his shirt and leaned his head on the backside of the slab. He, soon, started feeling drowsy and sleepy. Though, he opened his eyes twice or thrice and remembered for a moment of the old man’s sudden appearance and mysterious disappearance. He was too tired to keep his eyes open. The reason to stay awake was less important to his physical system as he already started feeling acute weakness. For a moment *Pritam* woke up checked his phone in his pocket, he had to wait thirty minutes more for the next train. Just after that, he closed his eyes, and he fall into a deep sleep. He slowly and slowly submerged into dreams. The luggage also leaned on his right knee. Only, the slight movement of his left shoe seemed like a guard of them both. Amid the noisy station, in his dream, *Pritam* was stuck between dream and reality.

Now, it was noontide. A well-dressed dude man, *Pritam*, was returning from an old age home. After collecting his ticket from the counter, he ran towards the train which had whistled the last whistle. With his empty luggage, he managed to get inside the general coach as his ticket was for the second class only. An empty seat he discovered where an old man was sitting earlier to the next. *Pritam* sat on the empty seat keeping his bags aside. He sighed a long breath. From his forehead, a few drops of sweat were falling to the chin. Quickly, he wiped his face off with a perfumed hanky. The hanky smelled costly. The other nearby passengers looked at

him and *Pritam* took an opportunity to show himself off. He took out his most costly iPhone from his pocket, and in glossy and fluent English, he started speaking on phone-

“Hey babe, I’m done....”

“Yeah yeah, I kept her there...yes, everything, they will take care...why not! we paid them for that.”

“No, she was crying, yes...yes...oh nothing, that’s like everyday drama.”

“No, I did not give her the phone...ok, I’ll bring that, okay, bye...L V U....”

Few passengers, in the coach, were busy with their own activities. Some dude middle-aged men were sunk in their half folded newspapers as if they heard nothing. Some homecoming village laborers kept staring at *Pritam*, to his sophisticated different language talk. A deep sense of alienation was found in their eyes. A group of young men and women were busy taking their selfies totally being indifferent. Few of them secretly got inspired by *Pritam*’s English accent. Only the old man sitting next to *Pritam* was hearing him from the beginning to the end. *Pritam* noticed that. He thought that the old man was illiterate. Therefore, he ignored it.

The old man started reciting Ghalib’s lines:

“Kitne Khauf hota hai raat ke andheron mein,
Jake puchho un parindo se jinke ghar nahi hote.”

“Kitni ajeeb hai nekiyon ki justuju Ghalib,

Namaz bhi jaldi mein parhte hain phir se gunah karne ke liye....” A vendor entered the coach and started shaking his ‘muri-mixing’ jar. With utensils, he was making husky luring noises “Chena Chena, Chena chaiye, fresh chena...Chena Chena, fresh chena...” *Pritam* was shocked already by the old man’s poetry recitation. He was now disturbed by both the vendor the old man. Because he felt that he was supposed to hear the last lines of the old man, but he could not hear the last two lines as the vendor’s cry became louder and louder “Chena Chena, Chena chaiye, fresh chena...Chena Chena, fresh chena....”

Pritam began to scold the vendor and finally vendor and finally forced him to leave his personal space as he thought it was his right to speak against his inconveniences. It was his right. He turned to the old man to ask a question about what was actually meant by the last lines he had recited. But the old man vanished from that place right there. The old man was gone. *Pritam* searched here and there inside the coach, he could not

Find the old man anymore. He looked outside the window. Suddenly, at an unknown station, the train was stopping. He looked outside the window again. He, spontaneously, reminisced that it was the same railway station he had visited previously! he was confused. It was the same old man! He had encountered somewhere earlier at the same station. The train now stopped with a cracking sound.

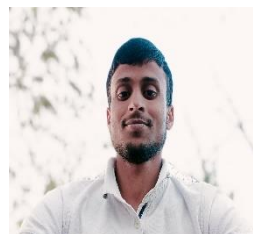


Pritam noticed that the same rag-clothed weak old man was walking slowly on the platform with his muttering lips voicing some vague lines. *Pritam* did not understand what was going on, he cried loudly “Ai...ai...ai...” But, nobody heard him. He tried to go out to the platform to meet that old man and ask him what had happened to him. He could not move fast. He wanted to come out of the coach, but, he was too weak to walk to the coach gate. He became unstable and fell

fell on the floor. The train had already departed, running slowly and then fast and faster. *Pritam* rapidly failed to recognize the fast passing by the world outside. More tried to perceive more he felt his futile afford.

At the station, again, a train whistled the last whistle. Maybe, it was the train *Pritam* had been waiting for. *Pritam* too heard the whistle. He hurried to take off, now his dream was gone. Yet, hardly, he was able to lift his head off which was leaned on the slab. Again, he tried, but no, his head was too heavy. He tried to open his destitute poor closing eyes. He could not. He tried and failed again and again. With his half-open eyes, he saw some blur movements. Those were the travellers *Pritam* identified. He realized that he could not hear any sound anymore. He tried to take out his most expensive iPhone for a call to his wife, but, soon he knew that his entire body was paralyzed. He cried “Help, help, help...” Nobody came, nobody helped. His smoothly shivering eyes slightly opened, but he had lost his eyesight completely now. No sense he felt from his five senses once he was boisterous of. He was losing his memory. Only, a bit of memory, he contained now that is of his mother, he had left his mama somewhere. *Pritam* heard his mama calling him from the ‘briddhyashram’. A blurred face of his mother appeared to him. He confessed to his mother. He tried to open his dull eyes for the last time, but only he could see the darkness. He cried in loud silence “Ma...ma...ma...” Nobody came, nobody heard. As opposed to his cry the other passengers on the platform were noisier in waiting for their scheduled trains to reach their own destinations.

Pritam stayed lying down on the slab. There was no movement of his left shoe anymore. The luggage aside his left knee was quiescent. And then, soon, the night came.



Shivam Kumar
M.A. Eng. (Sem. III)

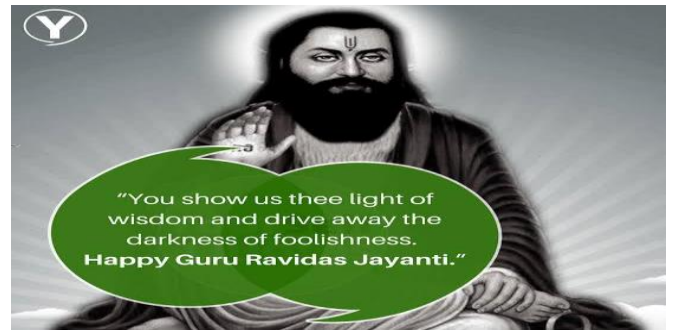
Russia – Ukraine Conflict : Affect In Indian Trade

The Russia – Ukraine conflict may have implications on the Country’s Trade; in war-ridden regions as it would affect the movement of consignments Payments and oil prices, both exports and imports. India’s exports to Ukraine stood at \$510 million with Sharma products making up to 32% of it; other exports include telecom instruments, iron, steel, agrochemicals, coffee, etc. India imported goods worth \$2.6 billion from Ukraine last year, \$1.85 billion of which is vegetable oils, mainly sunflower oil.

Ukraine’s major exports to India were vegetable fats and oils (73.3%), fertilizers (10.6%), nuclear reactors, boilers, and machinery (5.2%). Pharmaceutical products (32.7%), electrical machinery (7.8%), and other items were the most common Indian imports from Ukraine. Russia is India’s 25th largest trading partner with exports of \$2.5 billion and imports of \$6.9 billion in the first nine months of FY2022. India’s key exports to Russia include mobile phones and pharmaceuticals while India’s key imports from Russia are crude oil, coal, and diamonds. India’s main imports from Russia include fuels, mineral oils, pearls, precious or semi-precious stones, nuclear reactors, boilers, machinery and mechanical appliances, electrical machinery, equipment, and fertilizers.



“The war between Russia and Ukraine is expected to be hit badly the Indian economy and the trade to a significant extent,” as per the experts. Projections of loss add, that a hike in crude oil will lead to further inflation in petrol and diesel prices, which will lead to overall inflation as the manufacturing and transportation cost of the goods will become costlier.



Khyati Srivastava
B. Com. (Sem. I)



Suraj Jaiswal
Ph.D. Research Scholar
Dept. of English

I am still ALIVE

Standing amidst the swamp of life,
Counting the stars even after **losing** my sight.
Talking to the bricks of walls,
Seems out of one's mind;
Have lost so many dreams,
still fighting and the **sacrifice**.
How can I blame my fate?
I know I wasn't **assiduous**,
I apologize,
I again tried, I again lost,
I again lost, so I again tried.
you know why,
because **hope** can never die!
There will be many thorns and hurdles in my way,
I have already kept an **optimistic** knife.
That's why I am still alive,
And I will still survive,
until I **accomplish** all the goals of my life.

War, War

War War

Why don't you go so far?

Humanity getting lost in space,

Air fighters making paths in the rest

Clouds are disappearing from their place.

The death can be seen from the jet,

Disaster-making feels towards the future.

Fear getting ready for the starter;

Killing the happiness becoming faster,

The birds are in search of their land.

Silence surrender itself towards the red hand.

Once again War War,

Why don't you go so far?



Simran Sushama
M.A. Eng. (Sem. II)



Krishna Kumar
Ph.D. Research Scholar
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Madhubani Painting

Connected with the everyday life of the people Madhubani Art is not only the most significant part of Bihar's culture but also it is recognized as one of the most important art forms of India. Mithila Art or Madhubani art, because of its details and colourfulness has suppressed the national borders and has been appreciated and enjoyed globally such as Japan, Germany, and the USA.

A famous Madhubani art lover Hashegawa has exhibited thousands of Madhubani paintings in the Mithila Art museum in Tokamachi Japan.

In Mithilanchal and other various regions of Bihar, not even a single ritual is complete without Madhubani paintings. People decorate their houses by making them on walls, floors, and even on clothes. The painting is famous for its detailing and use of wider natural elements in it. It usually includes Women performing rituals, Radha Krishna, paintings of birds, fish, animals, trees, Sun, and many Hindu Gods and Goddesses.



The Journey in Holi #S4; 18 &20

It was the evening of March 14, 2022. I was going home from Delhi after my library visit of fifteen days. My ticket-reservation was in the Tejas Rajdhani Express but unfortunately it didn't get confirmed so I had to take another train called the Sampurna Kranti Express for which I reached at the station at 5 P.M. and the station was full of people and it felt like all the people of Delhi were travelling that day only. The train was about to come to the platform and each and every people started settling themselves to board on the train and I was very tensed that how could I travel without reservation in this huge crowd. The train reached at the platform thirty-five minutes before and I had planned to board in the train just five minutes before it started but within ten minutes all the people boarded in the train and I was in shock that all people were waiting to board in that train only! Then I made myself ready to board in the train and somehow, I got a seat just to sit and I was thinking how the night would pass in this crowd.

After an hour, people who were sitting around started talking to one another. Some people were sitting on the floor and some were standing and somehow all of them wanted to pass that night just like anything. It had passed two hours and we were chit chatting to one another. I had head-pain which was normal for the time period. So, I took tea and relaxed for sometimes.

One of the people, who were sitting on the floor, was suspicious because his hands were in broken handcuffs so people thought he might be a thief or a trouble-maker as some families were also sitting around so they thought to send him either in another coach or in a general coach. His activities were also suspicious. After sometimes people sent him at the gate and ordered him to go in another coach, for a

while he defended but when everyone started shouting at him then he went at the gate and after fifteen minutes a TTE came and people made a complaint against him and requested the TTE to send him in a general coach and the TTE confirmed that he would be sent and suggested people not to worry. After half an hour an RPF constable came and people informed him about the same people and the constable also said that he would take care of him.



In between, people were inquiring of water and food from the pantry-car vendor that when would he bring water and take orders for food. The vendor said that water would be brought soon and food at 10 P.M. before the train reached Kanpur. And after an hour food was brought and people bought and started having dinner. One of them (man 1) was eating on the floor as I said the train was full of people. A man (man 2), who had somehow managed to get a seat to sit on the upper berth, slipped his shoe and the shoe was about to fall in the plate of the man 1, but it flinched. After sometimes, the man 2 poured sipped water over the man 1 who was eating then the man 1 warned him not to do so but the man 2 kicked him then he dragged the man 2 to the floor and slapped him two-three times and then people knew that the man 2 was drunk and he was not in his consciousness. Then man 1 went to the RPF to make a complaint that a drunken man was creating issues then after sometimes two TTEs and an RPF constable came and tried to take him out of the coach but he was too subconscious to walk so they left him and told

people that it had not been possible to take him out of the coach so let him come in his consciousness and left him sleeping on the floor. After sometimes, a call came on his mobile and the people from other side said that his father passed away so he was going home and then people knew that he was drunk due to the sorrow of the same reason. Then the man 1 who slapped him was feeling very sorry and people around him told him not to worry as he had beaten him being unknown to his sorrow.

Within these two-three hours, a girl with her friend passed three-four times towards another side of the coach. Perhaps, they were trying to get a berth from the TTE. After half an hour, they with their another friend came to our compartment and asked us to vacate seat no. 18 and 20. We were shocked that how can they get these seats as we had expected that people will come on these seats at Kanpur then they said that their waiting tickets were confirmed by the TTE and once again we got shock that why didn't the TTE gave those seats to us instead of them. And a man who was sitting beside me was very much worried that the TTE didn't give him the seat even he was ready to pay much. But then they were kind enough to settle in a single seat and gave us their one seat to us to sit. We thanked them and started talking to them and knew that two of them were studying at St. Xavier's College and one of them was doing her job in Noida, UP. I got excited to know more about them so I asked their names and they replied as Aanya Shah, Nehal Singh, and Aakanksha Ranjan. Out of them, Aanya was doing job and the other two were studying. They were returning from a trip. They said that they had been facing issues since the starting of their trip then I said these issues make a trip memorable, ha ha ha! Then I also asked the names of the people who were sitting beside me who were: Amit Singh, an army soldier, Mayank Barnwal, a student and businessman, and Anikesh Tiwari, an advocate in the High Court, New Delhi. Mayank and Amit had made a complaint against the suspicious man who was in broken handcuffs. Then a vendor brought dinner which was non-veg that I don't prefer but people around me bought it and after half an hour another vendor came who had veg food and I bought and had dinner. After half an hour, the train



reached at Kanpur, by then we had become very familiar to one another. Then a railway employee with his family came to us and said the berth no. 18 and 20 were his once again we were in shock that now, how can it be his seats then he showed us his ticket. But then Aanya and his friends said that they won't vacate these seats as these seats were given by the TTE then the man became stubborn and said he had not known anything he just wanted the seats to be vacated and then we tried to help both of them so we asked the railway employee to show us his ticket once again, seeing his ticket, we knew that his ticket was from Delhi but he didn't come at his berth in Delhi so the TTE marked him absent and gave the berths to Aanya and her friends.

I was shocked that being a railway employee how could he be unknown to this rule and the same thing we tried to make the person understand but instead of understanding he started shouting at us and then Aanya and Nehal both started shouting at him to make them understand that why would they vacate the seats when the TTE himself had given him the seats but the man and his family members didn't even try to understand, just kept going on shouting and shouting! And then even the women with the man started shouting at Aanya saying that had Aanya even manners how to talk being a girl! At this point Aanya's temper got too high as she had been facing such issues since the starting of the trip so she and her friends said that they won't vacate the seats till the TTE came then the man told her to call the TTE but she denied and said why would she go and asked the man to go and call the TTE if he wanted those seats and the man sent one of his family members to call the TTE.

In between, we tried to make both of them to keep calm and wait for the TTE to come and after sometimes the man returned with a solution from TTE who had denied to come and suggested to compromise by taking one-one seat each party, what we had already guessed and then we also agreed for the compromisation. Now everyone was adjusted accordingly. After all these issues, Mayank had suggested that a story should be written on this journey and I agreed to write the same and so this story had been written. After four or five hours, Anikesh's stop came and he bid us goodbye and got deboard at Pt. Deen Dyal Upadhyay station. From

where Magistrate TTEs started checking ticket once again by waking people up and I was thinking why are they checking tickets again then one of them said they are magistrate and even they didn't know where their duties will be tomorrow. Meanwhile, they asked me for my ticket and I told them that I'm a staff-ward and showed my identity-card in the support of the same. Then Nehal showed tickets on behalf of his friends but somehow, he had lost his tickets so he requested the TTE not to fine him but the TTE denied the request so he said he would pay the fine money online but the TTE denied accepting it online then he asked me to pay if I had cash then I paid on his behalf and he thanked me and said he would google-pay me later. And after four hours, Mayank got deboard at Danapur and then after half an hour we deboarded at Patna Junction where our memorable journey ended.



Sketch by: Ananya Shri, B. Com. Sem. I



Ritesh Kumar
Ph.D. Research Scholar
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व्यंग "कहत मिशिर"

रामधनी के कवन कमी भगही फाटे तनी -तनी,
कहत मिशिर जी इs कहावत घरी-घरी।
कइसे तू छन में राजा बन जालs,
कइसे तू बन जालs रंक।
कहत रितेश,
जब प्रीत में पइसा के खोज होई,
तs नइखे एको पाई हमरा लगे ए भाई,
जब तू करबs लेखा -जोखा,
तब हम रंक-फकीर बन जाइ,
कइनी जवन जुरल हमरा से,
हमसे नs अब हिसाब दिआइ
अs ना तहरा पे कवनो कहावत कहाइ,
कहत कहावत मिशिर,
दीहलन उs आपन भितर के बात बताई,
सीख लs बबुआ,
जन करीहs तू पइसा से रिश्ता,
ना तs रह जाइ कहिओ कवनो कमी तहारा से,
उs दि राजा से रंक बनाई,
फिर सुन बs तू मिशिर कहावत,
कहत मिशिर...!



Rimjhim Kumari
B. Com. (Sem. I)

बचपन

बचपन में जब हारा करते थे ।
तो सब को निहारा करते थे ।

कहीं कोई देखकर हंस ना दे
सबको बहकाया करते थे ।

खूब थी नादानी जब छुपी हुई बात को
धमकियों में बताया करते थे ।

थोड़ी सी चोट पर पूरे घर को
चिल्लाया करते थे ।

जब कोई आंखें दिखाएं तो काम नहीं करेंगे
ऐसा धमकाया करते थे।

बचपन थी जब हम
माँ के हाथ से मारखाया करते थे ।

मनपसंद खिलौने ना मिले तो बड़े होकर अच्छी
नौकरी करने का चेतावनी दिलाया करते थे ।



Krishna Kumar
Ph.D. Research Scholar
Dept. of English

गीता-ज्ञान

जय सदा पांडु के पुत्र-जैसों की होती है क्योंकि

भगवान कृष्ण उनके साथ हैं। (श्लोक 14, पेज 36)

परमेश्वर की शरण ग्रहण करने वाले को किसी प्रकार का भय नहीं रह जाता चाहे वह कितनी ही विपत्ति में क्यों न हो। (19, 38)

जो भगवान के प्रति अविचल भक्ति रखता है उसमें देवताओं के सदगुण पाये जाते हैं। किंतु जो भगवदभक्त नहीं है उसके पास भौतिक योग्यताएं ही रहती हैं जिनका कोई मूल्य नहीं होता। इसका कारण यह है कि वह मानसिक धरातल पर मंडराता रहता है और ज्वलंत माया के द्वारा अवश्य ही आकृष्ट होता है। (28, 42)

कहा जाता है कि दो प्रकार के मनुष्य परम शक्तिशाली तथा जाज्वल्यमान सूर्यमंडल में प्रवेश करने के योग्य होते हैं। ये हैं- एक वो क्षत्रिय जो कृष्ण की आज्ञा से युद्ध में मरता है तथा दूसरा सन्यासी जो आध्यात्मिक अनुशीलन में लगा रहता है। (31, 44)

वैदिक आदेशानुसार आततायी छः प्रकार के होते हैं-

1. विष देने वाला
2. घर में अग्नि लगाने वाला
3. घातक हथियार से आक्रमण करने वाला
4. धन लूटने वाला
5. दूसरे की भूमि हड़पने वाला
6. पराई स्त्री का अपहरण करने वाला । (36, 46)

परिवार में जन्म से लेकर मृत्यु तक के सारे संस्कारों के लिए वयोवृद्ध लोग उत्तरदायी होते हैं। (39, 48)

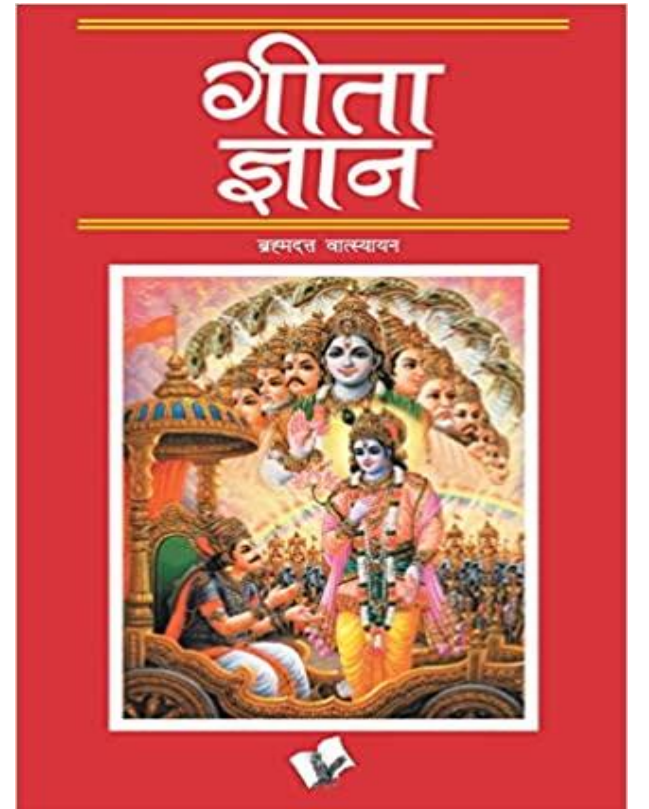
जिस प्रकार बालक सरलता से कुमार्ग गमी बेम जाते हैं उसी प्रकार स्त्रियाँ भी पतनोन्मुखी होती हैं। अतः बालकों तथा स्त्रियों दोनों को ही समाज के वयोवृद्ध का संरक्षण आवश्यक है। (40, 48)

सकाम कर्म के विधिविधानों के अनुसार कुल के पितरों को समय समय पर जल तथा पिंडदान दिया जाना

चाहिए। यह दान विष्णु पूजा द्वारा किया जाता है क्योंकि विष्णु को अर्पित भोजन कर प्रसाद कर खाने से सारे पापकर्मों से उद्धार हो जाता है। (41, 49)

जो पुरुष अन्य समस्त कर्तव्यों को त्याग कर मुक्ति के दाता मुकुंद के चरणकमलों की शरण ग्रहण करता है और इस पथ पर गंभीरता पूर्वक चलता है वह देवताओं, मुनियों, सामान्य जीवों, स्वजनों, मनुष्यों, या पितरों के प्रति अपने कर्तव्य या ऋण से मुक्त हो जाता है। (41, 49)

परम सत्य का ज्ञाता परम सत्य का अनुभव ज्ञान की तीन अवस्थाओं में करता है, और ये सब अवस्थाएं एकरूप हैं। ये ब्रह्म, परमात्मा तथा भगवान के रूप में व्यक्त की जाती हैं। (अध्याय 2, श्लोक 2, पेज 53)





Shahrukh Khan
M.Phil. Research Scholar
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The Lost Colony of Roanoke Island

What happened to the lost colonists of North Carolina's Roanoke Island has piqued Americans' interest for generations. Arriving in 1587, the settlers vanished in 1590, leaving only two clues: the words "Croatoan" carved into a fort's gatepost and "Cro" etched into a tree. Theories regarding the disappearance have varied from a virulent sickness to a violent rampage by Native American tribes in the area. Previous excavations have uncovered some information and relics from the first colonists, but little about their fate.

When we leave one country for another in search of opportunity, there are always many things at stake. Along with the country, the Puritan settlers had also left their homes, relatives, and farmland behind, in England. But until they reached the New World, they were very hopeful that the New World would be very much different from England. Unfortunately, the New World was completely different, so much so that they found themselves trapped on an island without much supply, much like that of Pi in the novel *Life of Pi*, written by Yann Martel. For them, leaving their home behind and being deserted on an island made them feel alone amidst their own people. All the dreams that they had, dried up after reaching the New World. The island was cut off from the rest of the world, and the native tribes captivated the English settlers. They were continuously on the lookout for attacks by nearby tribes. One thing was clear: the settlers were few in number, and they would have to rely on the indigenous tribes to thrive on Roanoke Island.

Of course, one could imagine how pathetic it could be when you were away from home and you knew that there was a bleak hope of getting back to your home. England had successfully made her colony in Virginia, Jamestown, but at the cost of the lives of the settlers of

Roanoke. Initially, the people who were sent as a settler at Roanoke Island were very enthusiastic that they could finish the task of setting up the colony, but with the passage of time and little supplies left, they finally gave up. In addition to this, diseases like smallpox had worked as a double-edged sword for them. They were already running out of sources and with the spread of the disease, their chances decreased because then they could no longer be able to get any help from the tribal community. As per my understanding, loneliness and isolation became the core causes of the disappearance of the settlers. They could have waited for the next fleet to arrive at Roanoke, but finally, they submitted themselves to the will of God. They could have died slowly, day by day, like a slow poison injected into them.

The most pitiful way to die, in my opinion, was to die of malnutrition and heartbreak. This also showed the dual face of colonialism. Many texts, even today, have glorified exploration and colonization, such as Richard Hakluyt's *Travelogue* and Daniel Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* but we hardly find an entry on Roanoke Island. The English colonisers always placed themselves on top by claiming themselves as the civilised nation and the others as savage. This also shows that glory has many anecdotes and entries while there is no place for the settlers who were not able to form the colony at Roanoke. They were forever erased from history in the same way as they have had disappeared from the island. It was very symbolic. There were no traces of them, neither in history nor on the land. Thus, "After the failure of the Roanoke Colony and the disappearance of its settlers, John White all but disappeared from the historical records." As Foucault suggested, history has always been about power dynamics. Language and writing hold enormous power. As a result, we just have the written content at our disposal. The regime had manipulated many facts because they were in power. They had always glorified their rule under the veil of atrocities. The vanished

settlement showed that the "divide and rule" policy of the Britishers didn't work at Roanoke. That is why they carved all of the circumstances surrounding the failure so that the rest of the world may conjecture like we are doing right now.



Aakash Pandey
M.Phil. Research Scholar
Dept. of English

It's 12:40 AM and I am thinking of life...

Life is full of a variety of events and happenings. Life is an amalgamation of feelings that generally evolve out of the experiences which we have after we come across people and their lifestyles. I have had encountered several incidents in my life which have made me think that the surrounding in which I am living is quite complex. We actually need a tremendous amount of tolerance and patience in order to survive. I won't be delving too much into the experiences of my own life, but if we generally make an analysis, we would reach a conclusion that a congenial environment can never be found. Problems and tranquility always travel together. One needs to have a firm belief in the self and has to be determined enough to become accustomed to the changing environment. Each and every step taken would definitely carry with it, a little complexion. Every single person whom we meet acts as a teacher. What we need to do is to have faith in ourselves and keep going. There are people who have the spirit to put an indelible impression upon us in the very first meet and on the other hand, there are people who would make us feel inferior. The same achievement would be admired by many and can be quashed by one. This happens because the human mind has been designed differently, people have a different set of beliefs, opinions, and views about life. Life for me is like literature, you will have everything into it in the form of varieties. The one whom you love the most can't ensure that he would love you back with the same dedication, the one whom you care about may not be equally careful for you, the one whom you admire the most may not always provide you the same reason for admiration. What we need to do is to focus on being kind and generous. Gautam Buddha's

preaching says people should be kind to others, respect their elders, and always speak the truth.

I remember an event when I was asked a question by a student of theology who was doing an internship with an NGO. After introducing the self, he asked me a question that made me think for a while. The question was, Are you a believer? Since I was quite unknown to this question I asked him to make me understand what exactly he wanted to know. He further asked, do you believe in Jesus. I said of course because I believe in the fact that God is one and people call and worship him with different names. You call the almighty Jesus, I call him Ram, someone may call him Allah, but if we have a look at the holy books like Bhagavad Gita, Bible, etc we would come to a common conclusion that love, peace, kindness, honesty, philanthropy, etc are the major things asked by the almighty to be followed by we human beings. This particular event can be related to the fact of life that we tend to have a different set of beliefs and we follow different ideologies in our lives. Though I am a complete novice about writing and thinking about life but I feel that twists and turns basically occur in our lives to teach us and to make us aware of the way, life is meant to be lived.



Kumari Jyoti
M.Phil. Research Scholar
Dept. of English

Cage

I had caged myself in my mind
Obstructed the thoughts
Longing desires
And hidden fire inside.
Its your connecting warmth
That relieving me from my suppressed thoughts
Alleviating me from my bubble zone
Giving me wings to fly in infinity
Holding me tightly by your energy.



Our annual bi-lingual magazine 'ज्ञानाग्रह', which features articles and poems from across the students, faculty and staff of the university was also inaugurated at the farewell ceremony.



The faculties of the Department of English, with heavy heart, gave farewell to our former hon'ble Vice-Chancellor Prof. Sanjeev Kumar Sharma at Brihaspati Sabhagar in the Mahatma Buddha Parisar, Mahatma Gandhi Central University, Bihar.

महात्मा गाँधी केन्द्रीय विश्वविद्यालय, बिहार
अंतर्राष्ट्रीय
मातृभाषा दिवस
 21 फरवरी 2022

अध्यक्षता
 प्रो. संजीव कुमार शर्मा
 माननीय कुलपति

आयोजक
 मानविकी एवं भाषा संकाय
 एवं
 लोक कला एवं संस्कृति निष्पादन केन्द्र

सालिपत्र
 प्रो. जी. गोपाल रेड्डी
 प्रति-कुलपति

मुख्य वक्ता
 डॉ. महासिंह पूनिया
 निदेशक
 यूवा एवं सांस्कृतिक कार्यक्रम विभाग
 कुर्सेज विश्वविद्यालय, कुर्सेज (हरियाणा)

अतिथता
 प्रो. राजेन्द्र बड़गुजर
 मानविकी एवं भाषा संकाय
 निदेशक
 लोक कला एवं संस्कृति निष्पादन केन्द्र

**मेरा बिहार मेरी शान है,
 मेरा बिहार मेरी शान है।
 ये गणतंत्र की पहचान है
 जन्मभूमि है डेरों वीरों की,
 यहाँ 'शून्य' का हुआ अनुसन्धान है।
 साहित्य का उद्गम है ये,
 विद्या ग्रहण का मुख्य स्थान है।
 हर कार्य में अग्रणी,
 प्रकृति का वरदान है।**

**बिहार अपनी संस्कृति और ज्ञान की धरोहर के लिये दुनिया में प्रख्यात है।
 यहाँ के लोगों ने देश के विकास में अपना अभूतपूर्व योगदान दिया है।
 बिहार दिवस पर सभी को शुभकामनाएं।**

**प्रोफेसर संजीव कुमार शर्मा,
 कुलपति,
 महात्मा गाँधी केन्द्रीय विश्वविद्यालय**



Taking inspiration from the Govt. of India's flagship programme "Poshan Abhiyan" which aims to strengthen nutritional content with a focus on developing practices that nurture health, wellness, and immunity to disease and malnutrition, MGCU has established "Poshan Vatika" at Gandhi Bhawan Campus.



Book Exhibition at Mahatma Buddha Parisar, MGCU



International Women's Day Celebration, MGCU

Heartiest Felicitations



NET-JRF and GATE
Rahul Kumar, Ph.D. Scholar
2019-2022



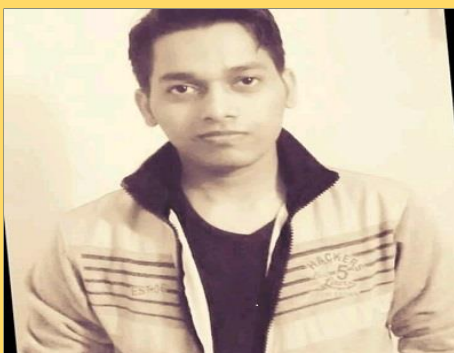
**Best Young Research Award,
BODHI IAREA-2021**
Ishtiaq Ahmed, Ph.D. Scholar
2019-2022



GATE and NET
Shahrukh Khan, M.Phil.
Scholar,
2020-2021



GATE
Tapas Sarkar, Ph.D. Scholar,
2020-2023



GATE
Jay Kumar, Ph.D. Scholar,
2020-2023



GATE
Aakash Pandey, M.Phil.
Scholar,
2020-2021



Felicitated at Alumni Association
Meet, Central University of Haryana,
Krishna Kumar, Ph.D. Scholar,
2020-23

*Congratulations
Achievers!*



Shrawan Kumar, Ph.D. Research Scholar, Dept. of English

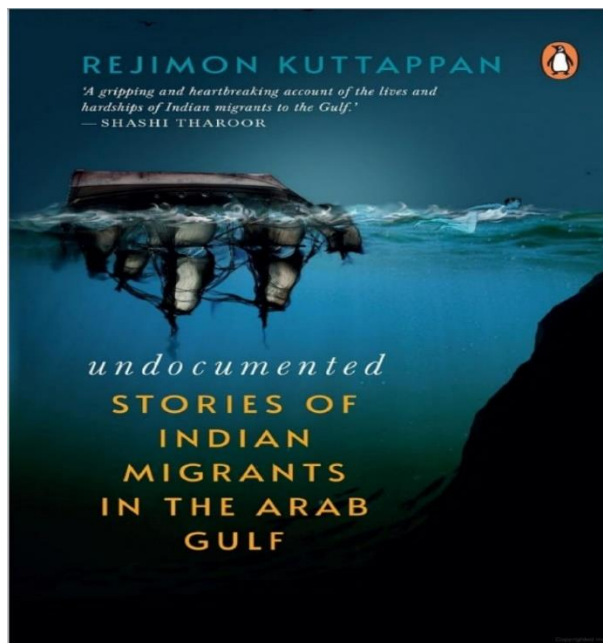
Rejimom presents the real picture of the miserable life of migrant workers in Oman and poses questions about human rights, exploitation, marginalisation, political and legal issues, and trafficking. The book is a riveting collection of seven stories of different migrant workers, presenting common suffering and plights of their life in Gulf country.

The book opens with the story of Manikuttan, a Keralite, who narrates his long journey of illegally migrating from Kerala to Oman. He recounts how he manages to find a place on a wooden dhow that rows him carrying several migrants to a large vessel that carries them to Oman instead of Dubai. This book also depicts the plights of Altaf, Appunni, Jumaila, and Majeed, who migrated in search of a job and found themselves in odd situations. Jumaila got married to an Omani sheikh and gave birth to sons who were now Omani citizens. Later She was forced to leave her husband's house after years of suffering and abuse as he started to torture her.

Rejimom Kuttappan in this book not only narrates the sufferings of these illegal migrants but also covers the history of the Arab Gulf, mainly Oman. He traces the arrival of European power and their influence on political uphill which adds the sufferings of migrant workers to many folds. How many unjust systems prevailing in the contemporary time such as Kafala rule, and others were the key components in the sufferings of migrant workers. He also exposes the hollowness of the human nature this is well evident when the protagonist, Manikuttan has a long desire to return to his native land and when he arrives at his home after twenty-two years he was treated as a burden as no longer he is a source of foreign remittances for his family and he is now forced to live on his old car. With regard to Rejimom Kuttappan's book, *Undocumented*:

Kuttappan, Rejimom. *Undocumented: Stories of Indian Migrants in the Arab Gulf*. Penguin 2021, ISBN: 13- 978-0143451471, price- 399.00, Pp-296.

Undocumented: Stories of Indian Migrants in the Arab Gulf, by the author Rejimom Kuttappan, a journalist and migrant-rights researcher, provides a gripping and heartbreaking account of Indian migrants in West Asia via the tales of migrants from Kerala in Oman.



Stories of Indian Migrants in the Arab Gulf, a press release says; “It is also about a humanitarian journalist committed to reveal the underbelly of India-Arab Gulf migration corridor that suppresses the truth about migrant labour exploitation and tragedy”. As a matter of fact, it is a heart-wrenching account of people's lives, enslaved by the kafala system. Moreover, the book recounts the day-to-day issues of desire, remorse, despondency, family rejection, and struggles. Thus, the book is remarkable for touching upon the multi-faceted journey of Keralite migrants in Oman with greater clarity. Apart from these, it also attempts to reflect how the voice of migrants is overlooked and hence remains marginalized and undocumented throughout their lives in our socio-economic world structure.

Sources: Images: Web/ Author, Reports: The Official Social Media Pages of MGCU and the Official Facebook Page of Department of English.

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