

Verbos Incendium



MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL

The e-journal is an outstanding effort on the part of the Department of English. Such initiatives are an excellent means to introduce new talents to the fore and foster creative minds. I extend my heartiest congratulations to them on the release of the inaugural edition of their e-journal '*VERBOS INCENDIUM*' and wish them all the very best for their future endeavors.

I hope that the Department will continue to integrate innovative teaching methodologies into its pedagogy.

Best Wishes,

Dr. Kawarjit Kaur.

Off. Principal,

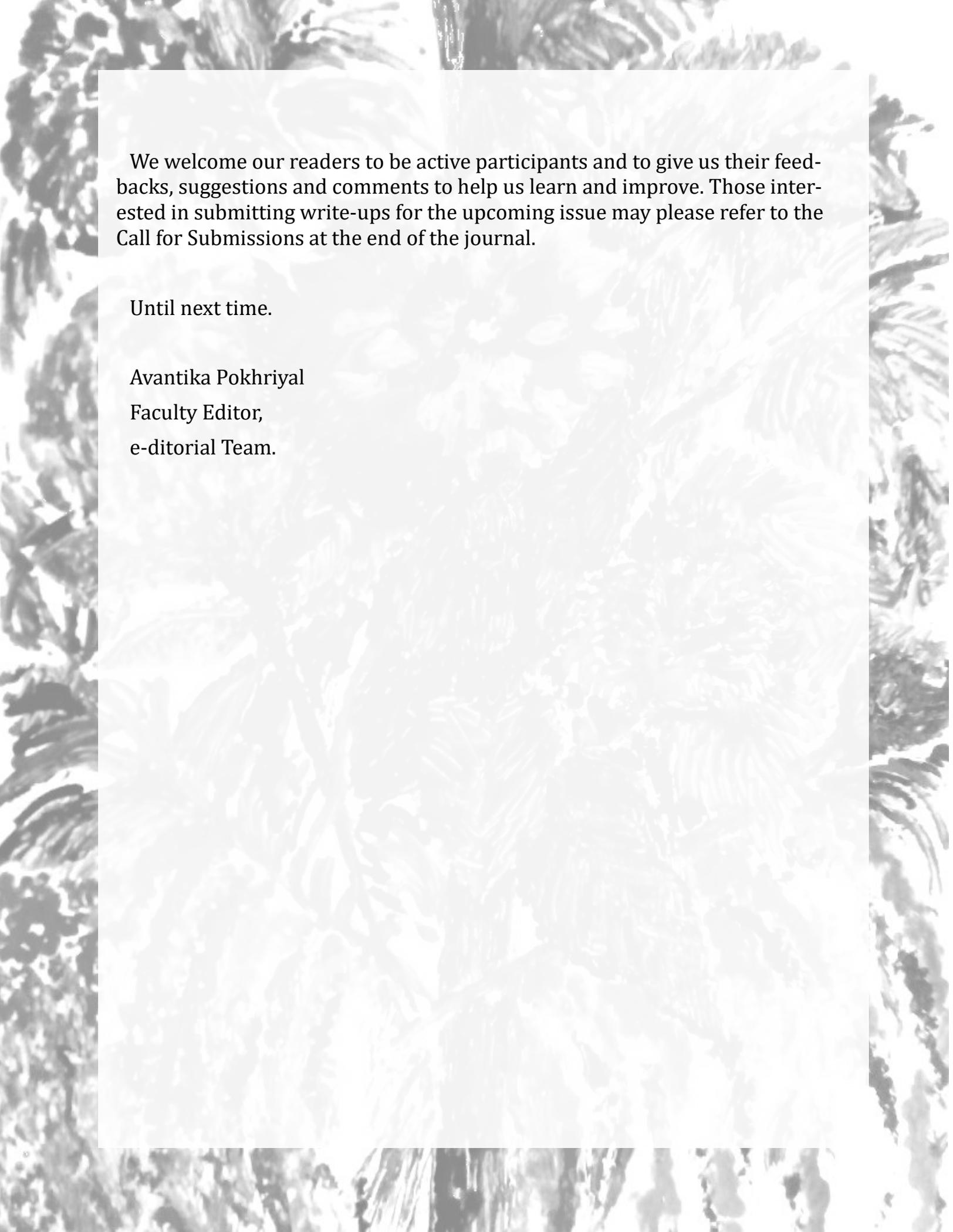
Mata Sundri College.

EDITOR'S NOTE

Juliet's apparently rhetorical question in *Romeo and Juliet*: "What is in a name?" is enough to spark heated debates on the nature of words and their role in shaping our understanding of the world. Words are the constituent element of thought itself. Language and ideas are intricately woven together and impossible to isolate. So much so that, words even mediate our relationship with our physical world. They are not passive receptacles or handmaidens to our desires. They possess the incendiary power to provoke, to rouse, to subdue and to sway. They are the living throbbing entities which control us as much as we control them. The scuffle between man and his means of expression is as old as time and continues even today. Words can also be frustratingly inadequate, sometimes. On other occasions, they can be used to conceal and obfuscate as much as to reveal and explain. In other words, it is infinitely difficult to arrive at a singular postulation in this regard. One can only say with certainty that, without words there can be no meaning to life (pun intended!).

This very first edition of the Department e- magazine is homage to the incandescent potential of words, their elusive beauty and fragile strength. *VERBOS INCENDIUM* (loosely: words have fire) is an attempt to provide a platform for, as Barrett Browning puts it, the "lava-lymph" of the creativity of our budding writers and poets. In this humble endeavor of ours we have tried to capture a diverse range of topics and ideas- from travelogues, reviews and fan fiction to prose-poems and comic strips. Each piece in this journal reflects the multitudinous and interdisciplinary concerns of the departments of English Literature in the twenty-first century. Moving away from a canonical textual approach, *VERBOS INCENDIUM* focuses on alternative methods of learning which rely on creativity and freedom of expression.

The student editors have poured their earnest energies into making the first edition a successful and original effort. Without their unbridled enthusiasm and persistence the magazine would have been an unrealizable goal. This magazine also would not have been possible without the support and encouragement of the principal Dr. Kawarjit Kaur and the head of the English Department Mrs. Kiranjeet Sethi.



We welcome our readers to be active participants and to give us their feedbacks, suggestions and comments to help us learn and improve. Those interested in submitting write-ups for the upcoming issue may please refer to the Call for Submissions at the end of the journal.

Until next time.

Avantika Pokhriyal
Faculty Editor,
e-ditorial Team.

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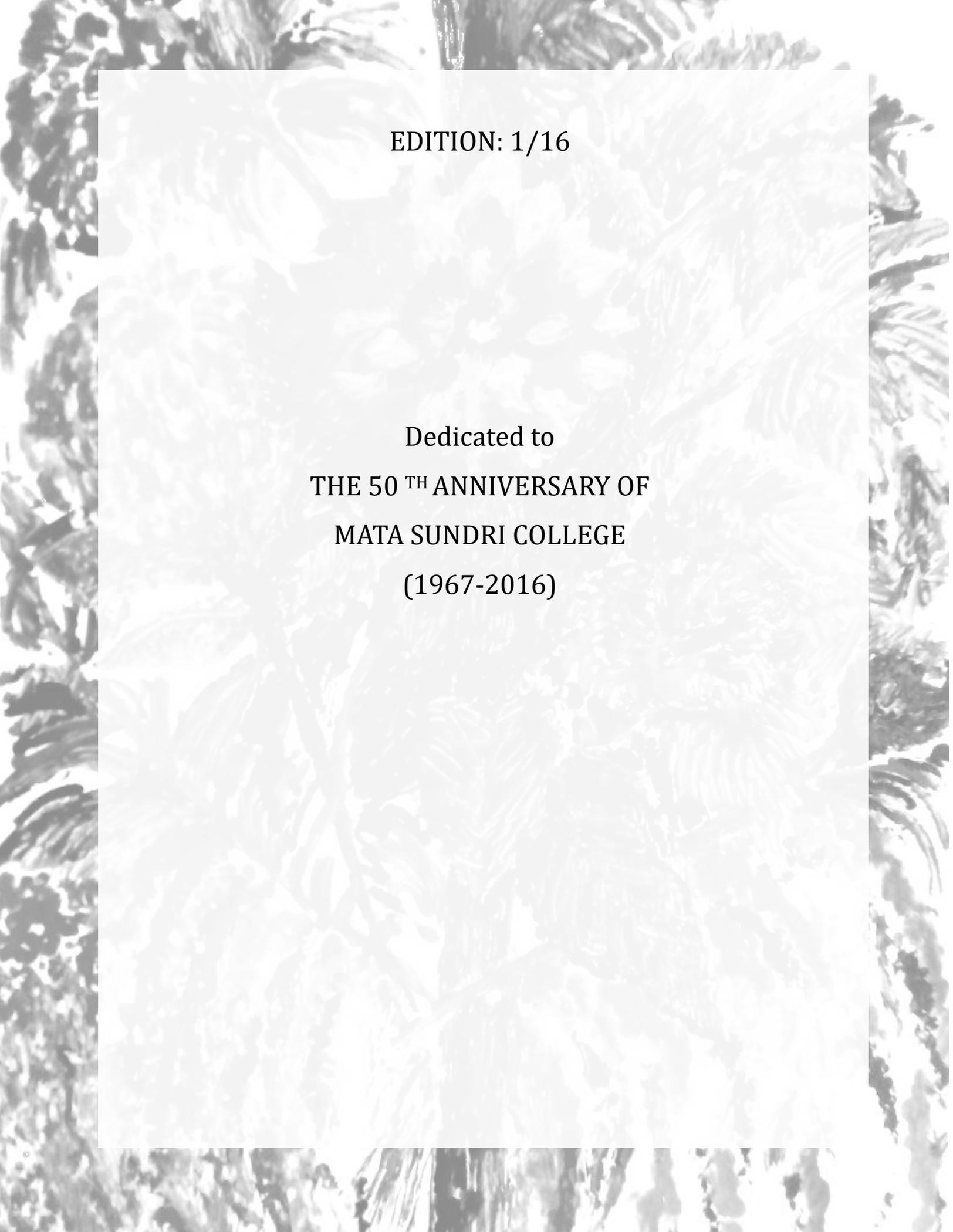
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EDITION: 1/16

Dedicated to
THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF
MATA SUNDRI COLLEGE
(1967-2016)

PROSE

Guide to survival in college

Interview with Dr.Uma Tuli

Exploring Humanyun's Tomb

Beyond the veil: A twist in Sirius'
Fate

Schindler's List (Movie review)

Answers

Condicio Matris: The Bane

POETRY

Mirroring

Don't give up, little heart

Learning

Let me be your Architect

Dreams

Society Says

ART

The Veiled Gaze

Leafing Through the Sunset

The Vanity Of Human Wishes

The Silent Beats

Moments of Motherhood

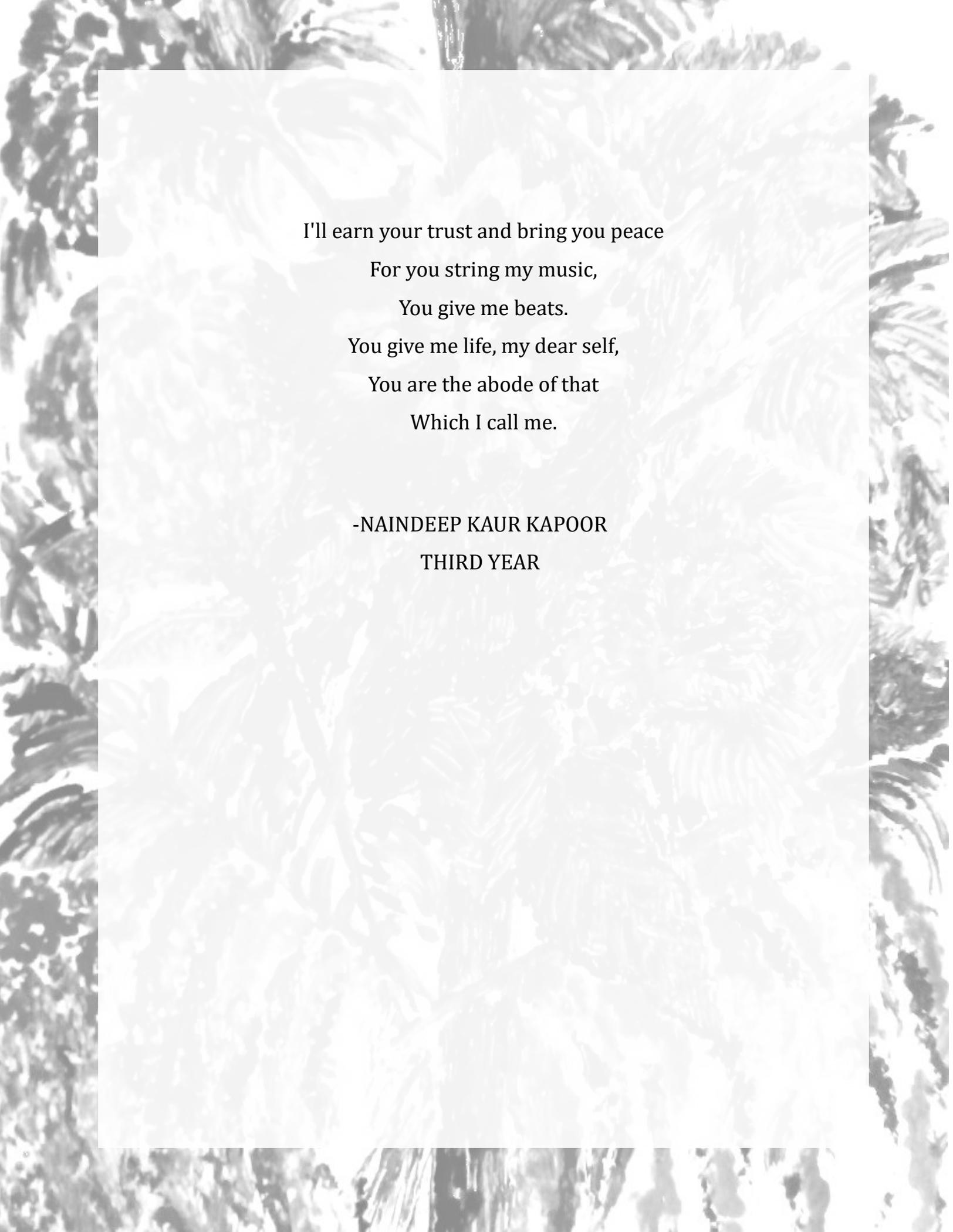
MIRRORING

As I look in the mirror
I see your face;
Your lungs screaming out at me,
Your eyes shouting your distrust,
Your tears streaming down my cheek,
Your hands trembling with lust.

The lust is not for a spark outside, though.
It is for a fire within,
Raging, conflicting, as the waves fall
When the moon shifts it's tidal phase.

I will not let you be, love.
I will not let you fade.
I will not let your voice subside
Simply because they don't want
To see your pain.

I will aid your wounds
And tend to your scars
With the gentlest of caresses
And touches; I will win your heart.



I'll earn your trust and bring you peace
For you string my music,
You give me beats.
You give me life, my dear self,
You are the abode of that
Which I call me.

-NAINDEEP KAUR KAPOOR
THIRD YEAR

GUIDE TO SURVIVAL IN COLLEGE

We are at the threshold of one of the most exhilarating stages in our life...college! College is a time for growth and change for us as well as our families. When I started with college, I was just like any other student– anxious and eager, carefree and clueless. Classes were my only concern; everything else I did was for fun.

I learnt a lot during my first year and it helped me in growing academically as well as personally. Over the months, I have hoarded a few precious pearls of wisdom. Here's a collection of some tips and bits of information that will help you in navigating your way through the three years in college.

Remember that you are not in school anymore and that nobody even cares what you were like in school. It's okay to take good memories from there with you to college, but make sure not to get caught up in them. You are going to want to make new friends and experience new things in college but, if you stay too attached to your school, you won't entirely be open to everything that college has to offer. Don't focus on what made you 'you' in school. Figure out what your mark in college is going to be, and how you will set about to achieve it.

First year is a huge transition period and I wish I had understood that sooner. I could have perhaps handled it with more grace, then. Feel your feelings and know that it will be easier one day, once you have found the right set of people to be with. Be selective about those who get to spend time with you. Going to cafeteria alone is not weird; it means you are okay with yourself. Do not underestimate your talent. Go out there, join a club, and join the community.

Remember, everyone, and I mean everyone, has a story. So before judging or assuming, try to listen. I am still guilty of being grumpy for no reason or being rude just to be rude. But you will be amazed at the stories you hear when you let someone share their side of the story with you.

College is, for most of us, the first time we all truly venture out on our own and begin to ponder seriously about who we will become. It is a beautiful time of self-discovery and one that you won't get to repeat. So if I may, can I ask one thing of you? Your grades are important, and parties are fun, but make sure you take some time out for yourself once in a while, away from it all. Even if it's for 10 or 15 minutes, once a week, find a place where you can sit and relax, without a care or worry on your mind. For me, it has made all the difference.

Please, please, please don't be afraid to befriend seniors. Some of my most meaningful relationships of my first year, if not my entire college life, were the ones I had with my seniors. I want nothing more than to be able to give a similarly warm welcome to someone new. I want you to do well, and I want to pass on a legacy of sound ethics and sisterhood through people like you.

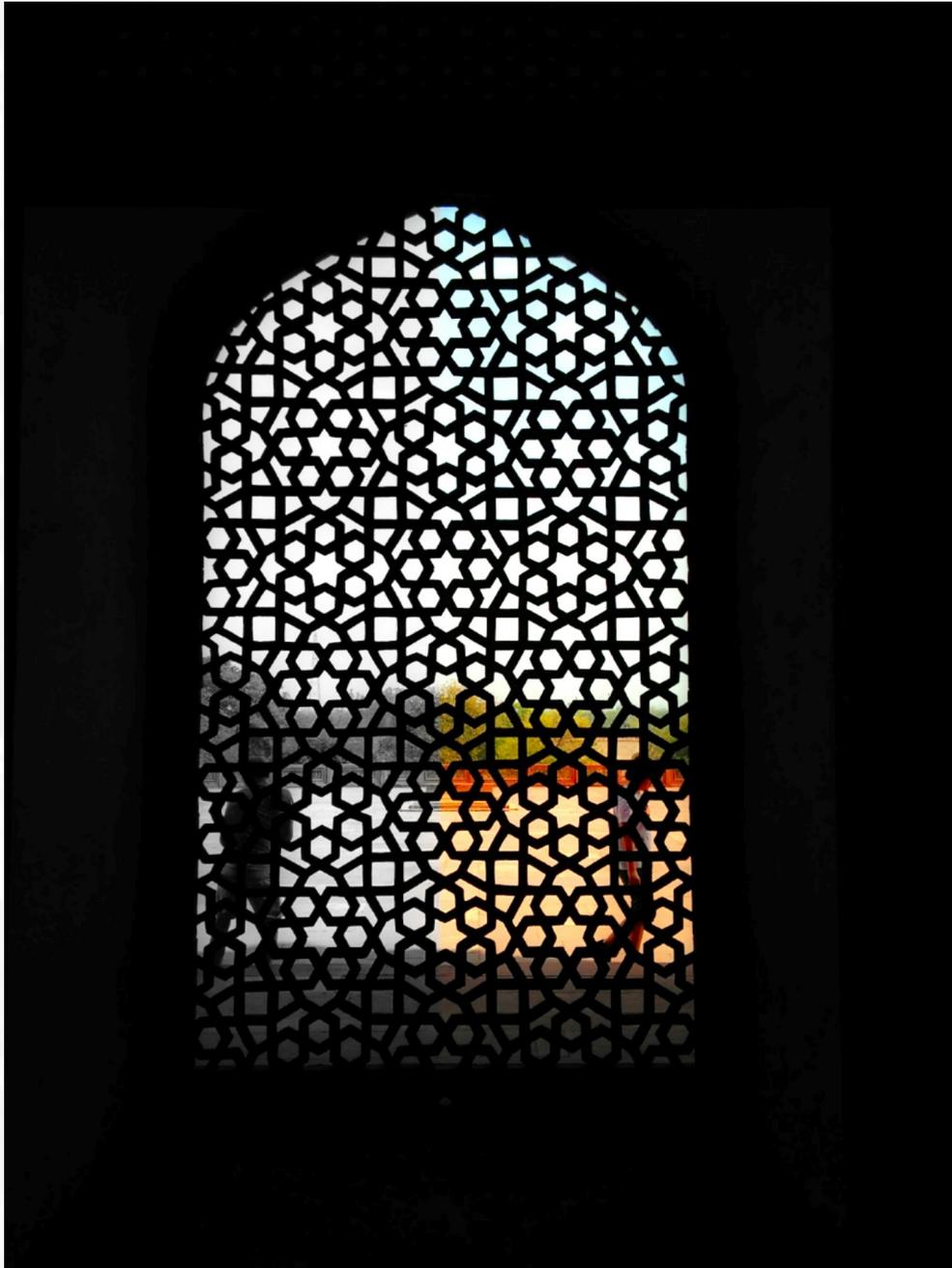
Try to learn something new, whether it's about yourself or what you are studying. Do whatever you feel most comfortable with, regardless of what your friends may think.

I won't lie to you: College is going to turn your world upside down in both the best and the worst ways possible. Never let the fear of failure inhibit you from doing what you know you actually want to do. Growth is beautiful, and there is, I have learnt, nothing to fear from it.

"Life is journey to be EXPERIENCED, not a problem to be SOLVED." - Winnie The Pooh

SRISHTI ARORA

SECOND YEAR



THE VEILED GAZE
BY : HARLEEN KAUR
THIRD YEAR

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. UMA TULI

(As told to Naindeep Kaur Kapoor)

There are some people we can learn so much from—about life and humanity and much more. Dr. Uma Tuli is one of those endlessly inspiring people, who take a little sunshine everywhere they go. Her humble words, affectionate gestures and politeness are characteristic of her personality. The dedication and hard work she has put for the upliftment and the empowerment of persons with disabilities is commendable. She has been awarded with the Padma Shri as well as various other national and international awards.

Dr. Uma Tuli is the Founder and the Managing Secretary of Amar Jyoti Charitable Trust, which runs a school of the same name for both able and disabled students. She is the Secretary General of the National Abilympic Association of India and Executive Member of the International Abilympics Federation.

Here is an exclusive interview with Dr. Tuli, who also shares a very special bond with Mata Sundri College for women-

How far does your association with Mata Sundri College go? How has it transformed you as a person and helped you reach where you are today?

Mata Sundri College is in my blood. We go way back to 1969, so you can imagine how dear it is to me. I spent 30 years of my life there and I share an unbreakable bond with the College. I have had so much support from everyone there. At Mata Sundri, I could easily go and work for my vision during my free periods. I believe that Mata Sundri gave me enough freedom to continue with activities of Amar Jyoti.

Having permission to run home-guard activities, sports activities and working for Amar Jyoti... you know, I was working 24X7, driving my car from one end of Delhi to the other. Eventually I realized that unless and until I worked with a focused mind, for one particular mission, I would not be able to accomplish my vision. So, I decided to quit my teaching of 30 years and take up the

activities of Amar Jyoti full time.

Today, one of my colleagues from Mata Sundri is coordinator of our IGNOU courses here after her retirement. There are also a couple of lecturers from Mata Sundri who come to Amar Jyoti on regular basis to participate in our activities.

Leaving your lecturer's job after spending so much time at Mata Sundri College must've been a difficult choice...

A difficult choice, indeed, but the college people made it all the more difficult because they took two and a half years to relieve me. They didn't want me to leave the college. And even after I left, each person at college wanted to help me indirectly. They would say, "Even though we're not there, what can we do for Amar Jyoti?" And till this day, there are many people from MSC who are in some way or the other, associated with Amar Jyoti. They either give us contribution for various activities or give their personal time. Some even come here to take classes and conduct counseling sessions for the children. So this kind of association also goes beyond individual level. I think ours is an inseparable association and I'm certain that this will continue.

So, how did it all begin?

In 1965, during the Indo-Pakistan war, my brother met with an accident. He was not a war victim. He lost a leg, and there was no hospital or institute that could give him an artificial leg. I took him from Gwalior to Delhi to Mumbai to Pune but after seeing thousands of amputees, I realized the attitude of people towards persons with disabilities was awful. "*Haye bechara*" (Poor soul!) were the words they would utter but nobody ever thought of developing infrastructure and providing facilities as per their need. Hence, I had a vision of creating an institute like Amar Jyoti where I would be able to provide services with a holistic approach.

Close to Mata Sundri College, there is an institute called the Brahm Samaj Institute. They allowed me to run the school under one of the huge trees they had and they allowed me to use their small verandah so that when it rained, the children could be shifted to that verandah.

This humble beginning was a very challenging venture. People thought that I was a madwoman. They would say, "How could the able and disabled study together?" But we have come a long way since then.

How difficult was it to go through with your plans and visions without any legislation to back you up?

Yes, there were no legislations. Back in 1981, when I started under a tree, there was nothing like inclusive education at all. Nobody had heard of any laws as such. In fact, I am instrumental in developing many things, and I was a part of the group which constituted the law. And now, it is being revised and the bill is ready to become an act. Even of this committee that has formulated the bill, I was a member.

Do you think these acts and laws are well implemented in our society? How is the government playing its part in aiding persons with disabilities?

See, the acts are very good but they are not strongly implemented, not the way they should be. That is the sad part. But I feel, despite this implementation, there are many things in the act which have made a difference. It has accomplished a lot.

Most people think the government has done nothing but that is not true. The government does not publicize what it does. In the last two decades, I can tell you, huge efforts have been made for the betterment of persons with disabilities, to mainstream them and implement the law. There is also a separate

department of disability now in the Ministry of Social Justice and Empowerment, which is a very big achievement. There are scholarships, schemes and solid financial support is given to NGOs working for the disabled and the government now understands their *abilities* better than ever before. In fact, at this very moment, there is an access campaign going on, creating accessibility in major cities of our country. The government now is much more sensitized.

But it is not only the government's job to mainstream persons with disabilities. It is each individual that needs to understand that disability is not inability. It is each individual who has to contribute by accepting persons with disabilities, telling them that we understand them and that they are second to none. Come, and join hands. So, whether each individual does it, whether it is the government, or a community, or the society at large, the mission is going to be the same - understand, accept and just be one with them.

How was your experience as the Chief Commissioner for persons with disabilities?

I was the first non-bureaucrat to be appointed as the Chief Commissioner for persons with disabilities and to hold entire charge over the whole country. So I formed a team of state commissioners for disabilities and I had my own way of spreading the message that disability is not inability; let us join hands to give them a platform.

It is important for the able and disabled to have equal opportunities and platform. This platform can only be given through inclusive education, through social activities of creating awareness about their abilities. For the same, Abilympics were introduced. And contrary to popular belief, this has nothing to do with sports. It is a skill training competition.

We also introduced participation of children with disabilities in the Republic Day parade. Having a physiotherapy wing in an institution like Amar Jyoti was also one of the historic firsts. Since there was a great need of physiotherapists here, we fought for training people in physiotherapy, got ourselves associated

with the University of Delhi- again, an advantage of being an alumna- so we could start this institute of physiotherapy.

As Chief Commissioner, implementing the law was a very big challenge because of attitudinal barriers in society; because of lack of understanding amongst people in society. We could win over situations as time went by because we created situations such that people became aware of the fact that it is our duty to accept, understand and get over the complexes.

How do you think can we incorporate inclusivity in our daily lives?

First of all, anything done with the thought “*Oh, hum disabled k liye ye kar rahe hain*” (Oh, we are doing this charity for the disabled) is not correct. It should be woven into our school systems, with the idea that we are all one. And anyway, we all need these facilities one time or the other in our lives. Senior citizens, for example, prefer walking up a ramp instead of climbing stairs... knee cracks, you see. So it is not like we require ramps only for persons with disabilities or physically challenged, similarly with glasses. If we are wearing spectacles, we are not disabled. Therefore, it is a facility.

I feel that if ministries decide to give thought to providing facilities for persons with disabilities in their respective areas, it would be great help. The Urban Ministry, for example, should not pass a building unless and until it is barrier free. Also, people should realize that they need to think about whether or not their homes will be easy to enter for a person on a wheelchair. What if they themselves need a ramp one day? Can they depend on someone to carry them every time they need to come inside or go out of the house? Should they have to?

What challenges do you face today, when it comes to providing an equal platform of opportunities to both the disabled and non-disabled?

The scenario has changed. Today, there is greater awareness about the

abilities of the disabled. Facilities available for the welfare of persons with disabilities are numerous than before. The attitude of people towards the disabled has also changed for better.

The challenge is about making education inclusive in all Government, Public and Private schools.

What would your message to the students of literature at Mata Sundri College be?

My message to all the students is always to be humane and sensitive towards the needs of persons with disabilities because they are persons first and disability is never an inability.

Social acceptance, understanding, sharing and caring can go a long way in mainstreaming the persons with disability. They have equal rights and it is our duty to give them opportunity for a life of equality and dignity.

DON'T GIVE UP, LITTLE HEART

Don't give up, little heart.
You have set the oceans apart,
You've strangled fears into a hollow boat,
You've swum across the highest tides and the lowest lows,
You've seen them walking away and held hope,
You've known the truth but still grasped the burning rope,
You knew that bliss or the recollection of sorrow
Has a lot more than smiles and tears, it's not just hollow;
Heart oh heart, don't listen to sighs,
Emotional turmoil, treacherous heights;
Love to die and live to love,
That's how they did it,
Who're still alive among us.

-JASVINDER GREWAL

THIRD YEAR

LEARNING

She abhorred walking alone,
Afraid to fall, hitting a stone.

Holding hands, she did start.
Slowly, steadily, she tried hard.

Tumbling once, twice,
Trying to hold her fear apart.
She finally learnt how to walk
On that arduous path.

-SIMAR KAUR KHARBANDA

EXPLORING HUMANYUN'S TOMB

(City walk by HARLEEN KAUR)

"Kaun jaye Zauq par Dilli ki galliyaan chhor kar"

-Ibrahim Zauq



(i) Humayun's Tomb

Two days before the comprehensive exams, one wouldn't anticipate to be anywhere but buried under dusty volumes that have scarcely seen the light of the day before. However on 6 May 2016, I woke up all set to belie this assumption. It was a call, to explore the unexplored treasures of Delhi yet again. Delhi, which has been Ghalib's beloved, witness to tyranny and independence. It was a hunky-dory day, I thumbed through the TBVP (To Be Visited Places) list and decided to visit Humayun's Tomb. I rolled up my sleeves and got my paraphernalia into my magic backpack for the day.

The journey to the tomb was seamless via the Delhi Metro. I disembarked at Jawahar Lal Nehru Stadium metro station and reached my destination after a ten minutes auto rickshaw ride.

Yes, it was love at first sight! *Humanyun's Tomb* or *Maqbara e Humanyun* is the tomb of the second Mughal Emperor *Mirza Nasir ud-din Muhammad Khan Humanyun* or *Humanyun* (7 March 1508 – 27 January 1556). The Tomb's architecture adheres to the principals of Islamic architecture. The roots of Islamic architecture can be traced back to the territories conquered by the Mughals in 7th and 8th century i.e Roman Byzantine, Persia, China and India. Humanyun's tomb was commissioned by Humanyun's son Akbar, and was built on the orders of Humanyun's first wife Bega Begum. Grieved by Humanyun's death, his chief consort *Bega Begum* paid 1.5 million rupees at the time of its construction in 1572. She dedicated her life to the sole purpose of construction of the most beautiful mausoleum in the Mughal Empire, at a site near the Yamuna River in Delhi. Chroniclers mention that the architect of the tomb was the Persian artist, *Mirak Mirza Ghiyas* who was called especially from Afghanistan.

The Humanyun's tomb is located at the centre of a lush garden complex or what is commonly known as Charbagh. The tomb complex is enclosed by a high rubble wall; entered through statuesque gateways, one on the west and the other on the south. The tomb is constructed over a huge and elevated platform, over six metres in height, which serves to enhance its grandeur. The stairs at the centre of each of the four sides lead to an open terrace. The Humanyun's Tomb complex also houses many other prominent buildings which are examples of

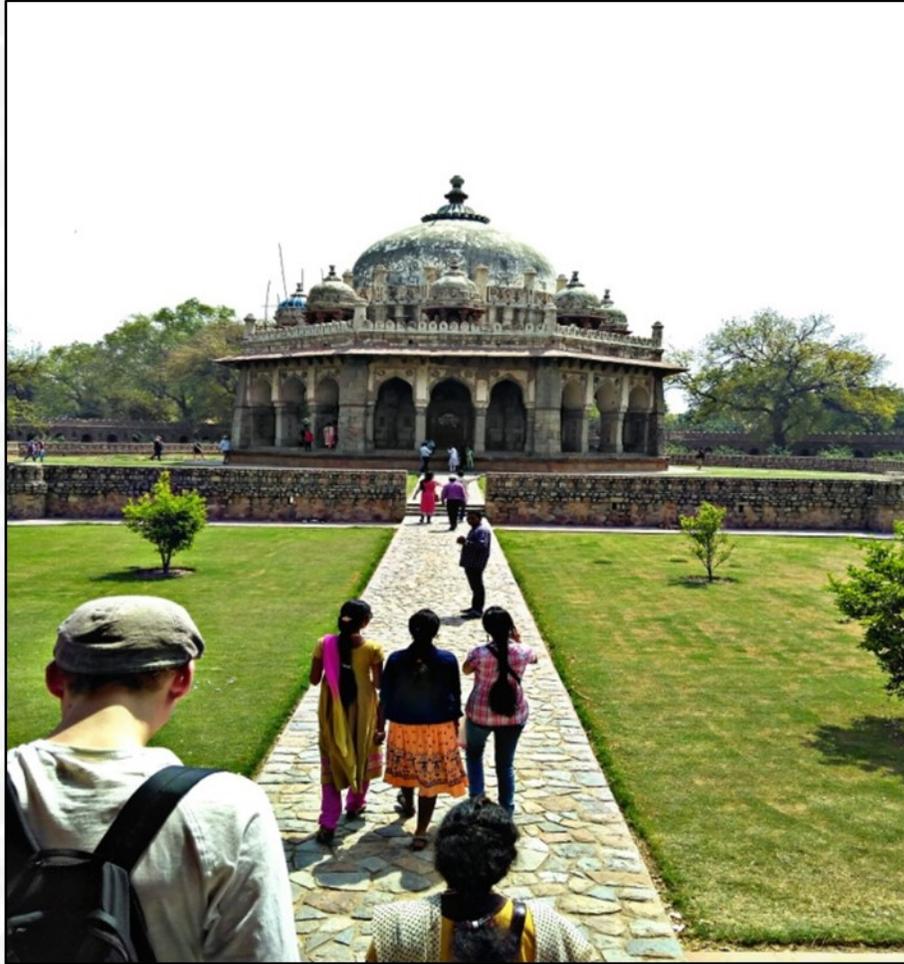
architecture of the period preceding and succeeding Humanyun.

Prominent among them are Babur's Tomb, Nila Gumbad, Chillah Nizamuddin Aulia, Afsarwala Mosque, Afsarwala Tomb, Arab Sarai, Garden of Bu Halima and Tomb and the Mosque of Isa Khan. The Tomb Of Bttashewala Complex lies in the buffer zone of the World Heritage Site Of the Humanyun's Tomb Complex; the two complexes are separated by a small road but enclosed within their separate walls.



(ii)View of the garden amidst which stands Maqbara e Humanyun)

The shift of the Mughal capital to Agra during mid 16th century led to the degeneration of the beautiful Charbagh and the Tomb, due to neglect by the authorities. Over the course of time, Humanyun's Tomb has been a witness to a various socio-political events. It has been bystander to the post partition trauma.



(iii) Tomb of Isa Khan

Zamindar Vazira Fazila Yacoobali writes in *The Long Partition and The Making Of Modern South Asia*, “During the Partition Of India, in August 1947 the Purana Qila (or the Old Fort) together with Humayun’s Tomb became major refugee camps for Muslims migrating from Pakistan, and were later managed by government of India.” In 1993 a crucial phase of restoration began and has been a continuous process ever since. Historians are making sure that such ethereal places don’t go into oblivion.

The constant awareness programmes have helped Humayun's Tomb to regain its popularity. Although the monument inhabits graves of the great emperors, it has certainly been a symbol of resilience and has served as a sanctuary to an exponentially large number of people. Hence, the significance associated with the Tomb cannot be reduced only to being the first garden tomb of the Indian subcontinent.

Satisfied but tired by the end of the exploration, I dozed off in Charbagh. An hour later, I bade adieu to the beautiful Humayun's tomb and headed to the reality where there was, as Estragon says, "nothing to be done". A Friday in the lap of nature with a kiss of history, made it an ideal week end and this was how I explored the unexplored Delhi.

Until next time. Ciao!

HARLEEN KAUR

THIRD YEAR



LEAFING THROUGH THE SUNSET
A PAINTING BY: PAYAL DAHIYA
SECOND YEAR



THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES

BY: HARLEEN KAUR

THIRD YEAR

LET ME BE YOUR ARCHITECT

Let me be your architect,
Let me carve you, Muse.
Let me turn you inside out
For that would show you true.
Let me break into pieces
The sheaths of pretense you've worn.
Let me sculpt your soul, on the face, anew.
Let me walk in, unhindered,
Into the sanctuary of your heart.
Let me gift you, then, a mirror
So you can see what beauty maketh your scars.
Let me show you what I see
In your eyes, so deep a blue;
Let me tell you a story
Of a Muse so wild and true;
Let me paint on the canvas
The art that is you.

-NAINDEEP KAUR KAPOOR
THIRD YEAR

DREAMS

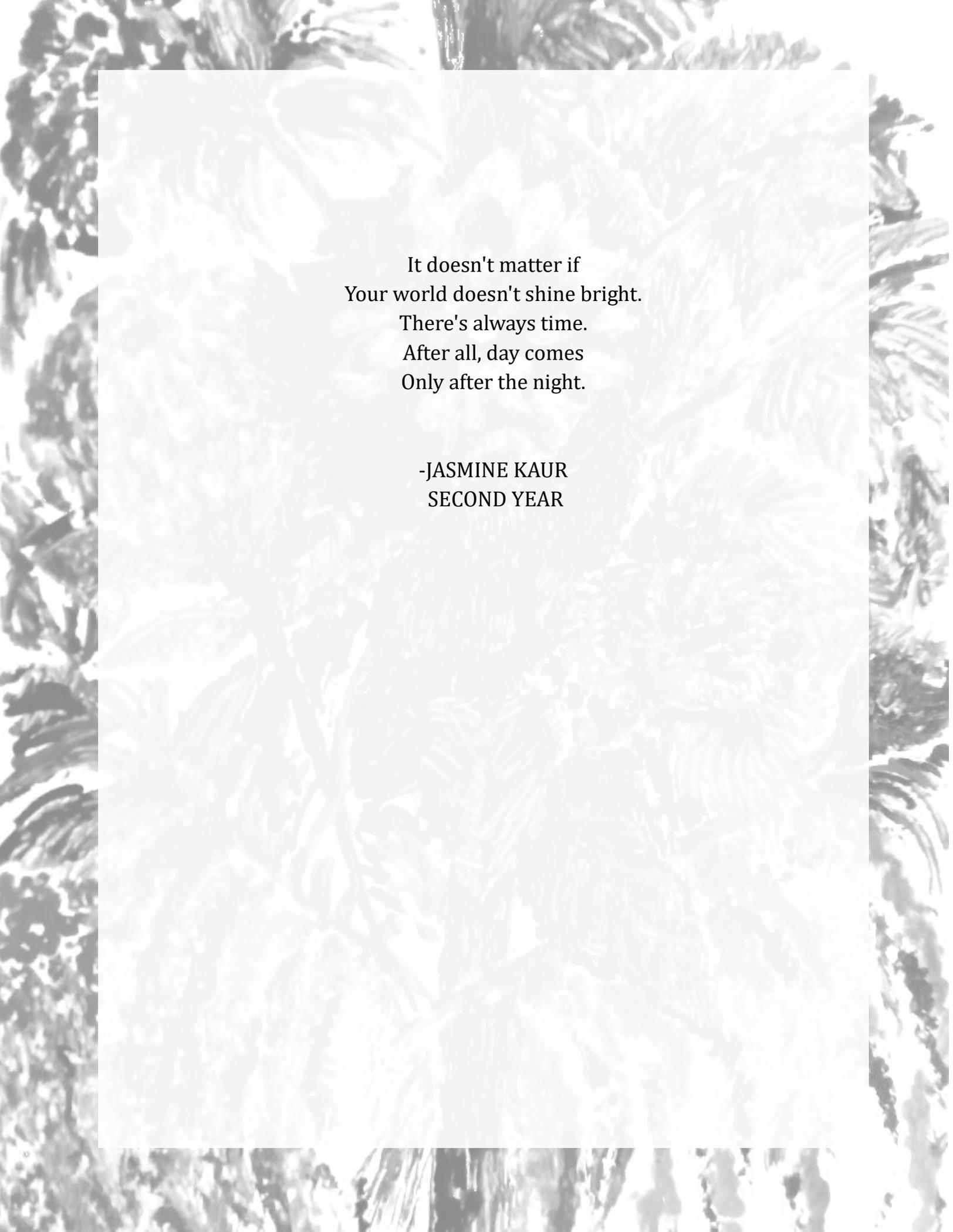
It's not always how you want it to be
Just as the caged birds
Who want to be free.

You can pretend it's fine,
But you know rusted things don't shine.
You know you can clean it and
Make it better,
But you choose to throw it and
Let your dreams shatter.

You dream and want them to be true,
But dreams don't work until you do.
This phrase makes
So much sense,
Still we're afraid to
Jump over the fence.

You can sit back and cry,
Till your eyes go dry.
But don't you worry,
There are always chances
For you to try.

One mistake doesn't
Make your world end.
Think and stand up,
No, don't you bend.



It doesn't matter if
Your world doesn't shine bright.
There's always time.
After all, day comes
Only after the night.

-JASMINE KAUR
SECOND YEAR

BEYOND THE VEIL : A TWIST IN SIRIUS' FATE

*Disclaimer: All the characters used in the following snippet are the intellectual property of J.K. Rowling.

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“No Harry, don't gib it do theb” shouted Neville, his broken nose hindering his pronunciation, while Bellatrix raised her wand and followed this comment with “Crucio”. Neville's screams were loud as his legs gave out from beneath him. It was clear to Harry, there was no other choice; he had to hand over the prophecy. Suddenly, from high above them, two doors opened up with a jolt and rushing inside were Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, Tonks, Moody and Kingsley. The Order had arrived.

Spells were being shouted left and right. Before Lucius Malfoy could hit someone with a curse, Tonks had already sent a stunning jinx towards him. There were darting bodies, flashes, but all Harry could see were blurs.

While in his frenzy to get away from the flying hexes, Harry slipped on something and for a moment he thought that he had dropped the prophecy. On closer inspection he could see that it was Moody's plastic eye lying around and the owner was sprawled not far away, bleeding from the head. Over the limp body of Moody stood Doholov, looking very glib and self satisfied. As Harry tried to make it out of his proximity without being noticed, Doholov turned and blocked their exit. “Tarantellegra” he shouted and Neville's legs immediately went into frenzy. Turning to Harry, Doholov made a slashing motion with his wand for the very same curse that he had earlier hit Hermione with but Harry

was quick. His “Protego” clashed with Doholov’s curse. Harry felt a sting across his cheek but was saved from the harsher effects of the curse which had rendered Hermione incapable of helping them with her wits.

Doholov started a spell again “Accio proph-”, but before he could finish the incantation, Sirius came hurtling towards him and rammed into his shoulder, sending him flying back and out of their way. Furious inexorably, Doholov stood up and started firing spells towards Sirius and thus began another round of furious duelling. Raising his wand, Doholov started trying the same curse he had tried to hit Harry with but Harry was faster this time around and before Doholov could do any damage to Sirius, Harry yelled “Petrificus Totalus”, successfully stunning Doholov and hence, ending the duel.

“Nice one” yelled Sirius, pushing Harry out of the way and towards the door “Now take the prophecy and get out of –” they both ducked again as a green jet of light narrowly missed them. In the distance, Tonks fell limp and tumbled down the stone steps, unconscious while Bellatrix cracked in glee.

An expression of unadulterated anger was etched onto Sirius’ face as he started moving towards Bellatrix. “Harry, grab Neville and the prophecy, and get out of here!” he commanded, meeting Bellatrix half way, all the while deflecting her spells and aiming curses at her. Harry made a beeline towards Neville, helping him get out of the way, wrapping Neville’s arm around his own shoulder. But before they could make it out, they lost their balance; Neville flinging his arms around wildly, trying to gain his balance back while Harry diligently tried to save the prophecy from slipping out of his hands.

Harry was suddenly seized by his neck and he heard Lucius Malfoy whisper “Give me the prophecy, Potter” into his ear. In a last desperate attempt to keep the prophecy away from Malfoy, Harry threw the prophecy towards Neville, “Catch, Neville!”. Neville turned around and clutched the prophecy to himself as Harry deflected a spell from Malfoy, aimed at Neville. Before Malfoy could do any more damage, Lupin interjected, “Harry, round up the others and LEAVE!” he stated, aiming a spell at Malfoy.

Harry was trying desperately to haul Neville out of the way, and struggling all the while to keep an eye out for Sirius, who was still busy duelling with Bellatrix. In the struggle to keep Neville upright, Harry slipped and the prophecy fell out of his hands and crashed into the concrete ground. A white smoke like figure rose from the floor, it’s mouth moving, as if saying something. The chaotic scene around him prevented him from being able to hear even a single word.

“I am sorry, Harry” uttered Neville, his face apologetic and grim. “It’s alright, Neville. Let’s just try and get out.” said Harry. Suddenly, Neville’s grim face brightened, “Dumbledore!” he shouted, pointing towards the stone steps behind Harry. Harry turned and saw Dumbledore standing above them, firing spells here and there. *They were saved.* Many Death Eaters had also heard Neville’s proclamation and were stealthily trying to escape the wrath of the most powerful wizard amongst them. In the distance, only two people remained unaware of Dumbledore’s arrival; duelling in the corner with unmasked ferocity, were Sirius Black and Bellatrix Lestrange.

Sirius was taunting her, laughing at her, "Come on, you know you can do better than this." The mirth dancing across his face was clear as daylight. It didn't give away even an ounce of a hint of the severity of the situation he was currently in. His voice grew loud, bouncing off the walls in the cavernous room. Agitated with the consistent taunting, Bellatrix's spells became even more deadly. Both of them so skilled at dueling, their wands were now a blur, spells nonverbal. All one could perceive were the different coloured flashes that left their wands.

"Is that all your Dark Lord taught you? Mediocre duelling skills, huh?" Sirius jeered. Bellatrix's expression became murderous, "You dare speak of him, you filthy blood traitor!" Time seemed to stop as Harry saw the green jet of light leave Bellatrix's wand. He didn't need to hear the incantation to identify the curse; she had sent a killing curse towards Sirius. Time was painfully slow as the curse travelled by; Harry was stunned into a stupor. He couldn't move. Even breathing was getting painful. Sirius hadn't anticipated it. What was going to happen?

Just as Harry came back to his senses, he recognized Hermione's voice shouting "Protego", followed by another voice from beside him, possibly Neville's "Fianta Duri!" With a startled jolt Harry realized that his wand was not in his hand, rather it was clutched in Neville's hand pointing in Sirius's direction. The curse bounded off the shield, resulting in a loud explosion due to the collision. It sent Sirius flying back, falling onto the stone steps with a resounding thud. Harry rushed towards him, running as fast as his legs would carry him "Sirius, SIRIUS! Are you okay? SIRIUS!"

It seemed to take an age for Harry to reach Sirius and when he did, he saw that Sirius' eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily. He opened his eyes, gratitude shown clear in those silver-grey orb; the acknowledgement of the severity of the situation. He had narrowly escaped the clutches of death because of Hermione's brilliant timing and the quick reflex of the Longbottom boy. Soon, the gravity vanished from his eyes and he turned towards Harry, "Good thing Hermione is on our side, no?" trying to diffuse the situation a little.

Meanwhile, in the distance, Bellatrix realized that her curse had not hit the intended target and the next time Harry looked up, his eyes sought her out and there was no mistaking the blazing fire of hatred that burnt bright in his green eyes. How dare she try and take away his only living family? She would pay, she had to pay! He would make sure of it.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

-PRIYA CHADHA
SECOND YEAR

Society Says

Wear clothes kissing your neck,
Do not show off your long slim legs.
They are men, never to be blamed;
You are a girl, you should be ashamed.

Do not go out late at night;
See darling, you are not safe outside.
Do not get social, you will come in their eyes;
Life can be ruined, so stay out of sight.
Listen and agree; you are someone else's property.
After all, we all have to live in this society.
Do something great; bring a change, make us proud!
But do not take chances,
Because you have to go and of this, there is no doubt.

-SIMAR KAUR KHARBANDA



A still from the movie, Schindler's List

MOVIE REVIEW

SCHINDLER'S LIST

Movies based on the Holocaust form an integral part of modern cinema. The epoch of the Second World War has facilitated an exemplar theme to be explored by cinema, literature and other art forms. Among the numerous gems of this genre, Steven Spielberg's *Schindler's List* acquires a stature of asserting reverence. The 1993 film is decorated with several accolades, including six Academy Awards. The film is based on the novel *Schindler's Ark* (1983) by Thomas Keneally.

The movie is set in Poland during the final years of World War II, when the 'final solution' to the Jewish question had been set in motion. The movie focuses on a German industrialist's experiences and his eventual transformation in the face of Nazi brutality on Polish Jews.

The film goes on to capture Schindler gradual transformation as messiah of the Krakow Jews. He goes against Goeth and the Nazi regime, despite being a member of the Nazi party. His empathy rolls into a climatic salvation of the Schindler Jews by the end of Second World War in the form of the 'Schindler's List'.

As the plot matures, Oskar Schindler becomes exceedingly empathetic to the Jews. Spielberg remains successful in portraying this metamorphosis of character as it develops gradually. The absence of a dramatic peripeteia is in keeping

with the essence of the earthy, raw plight of the Polish Jews. Schindler is no philanthropist; he is neither adherent to the Nazi regime and its treatment of Jews, nor is he against it. He is a downright businessman. He is a hero, but only in a flawed sense. It is not the universality of the mistreatment of Jews that moves him, but only the hardship of his lot. He is the messiah of only his own employees, known to date as the Schindler Jews. The director, thus, commendably keeps the hero relatable and realistic. Schindler is not an unflinchingly righteous man. His character is littered with several flaws. He is, initially, covetous of material wealth. He is driven by purely mercenary motives, his sole purpose is to gain from the opportunities that the war presents. He is a licentious philanderer and an adulterer. The heroic and the ordinary co-exist.

The movie is filmed in monochrome. This creates a visual appeal in alignment with the setting and premise of the plot. The colour scheme corresponds with the themes of the movie: torment, struggle, absence of humanity and the damage of man at the hands of man himself. The choice of black and white also channelizes the anxiety to find a suitable media of presentation for a story line so beyond expression.

The portrayal of a little girl in a red coat stands jarringly against the otherwise black and white film. This girl in the red coat stands symbolic of innocence and ignorance amid chaos. She also marks a change in the character of protagonist Oskar Schindler; a shift from sterile and indifferent to empathetic and compassionate is seen. Spielberg completes the cycle of the little girl's fate and of the connotations underlying her depiction in a shot where dead bodies of multitudes of Jews are exhumed and carried on stretchers. Schindler is

witness to this poignant spectacle and it marks the beginning of a solid propaganda to fight for the Schindler Jews.

In terms of cinematography, Steven Spielberg once again surpasses his contemporaries. Spielberg thoroughly explores the setting of era and place. Depiction of concentration camps in stark contrast with the residences of the Nazi officials is commendable and silently reiterates the notion of Nazi superiority. The prime antagonist, the Nazi supervisor of the ghetto, Goethe's residence is located such that it enables him access of the full grounds of the camp. This motif of superiority is pursued further in a heart-rending scene where Goethe randomly shoots from his balcony, injuring and killing a number of innocent Jewish women. This underscores the ruthless and arbitrary treatment of Jews at the hands of the Nazi officials.

Portrayal of trains and the rail network recalls the practice of transporting Jews in packed contingents to various camps. The shots where possessions of Jews are being forfeited elucidates the idea, although somewhat stereotypical, of the erstwhile wealth enjoyed by the Jewish community.

Bird-view and close up shots of the violence against Jews establish the veracity of the situation. Spielberg indulges in depictions of nudity and extreme violence to expose the blatant horror of the Holocaust. The film ricochets back and forth between the entire picture and individual stories with effortless skill.

Despite being more or less stoical, the Nazis often indulge in hedonistic activities. The character of Goethe exemplifies this. Indulgence in sexual pleasures, even outside the binding dictates of sexual conduct for Nazi officials, is pursued by Goethe. His conflicted desires towards his Jewish housekeeper, Helen Hirsch, propels him to subject her to repetitive violence. On the other hand, Oskar Schindler's similar actions, of far less gravity, amount to a short time served in prison.

Liam Neeson's portrayal of Oskar Schindler is tasteful. He does not fail to capture his conflict with himself, with the regime that he has vowed his allegiance to, and with his materialistic interests. Neeson efficaciously performs the transformation in Schindler's character, a challenging aspect of playing the role.

Notable actor Ben Kingsley played Itzhak Stern, in an extremely commendable supporting performance. The character has been played excellently, bearing in mind the fact that it does not strictly fall into any one of the two groups of characters that Schindler's List depicts. Stern is a character who dwells on the cusp of the tutelary and the oppressed worlds. Kingsley deftly showcases this dilemma on screen.

Ralph Fiennes, cast as Amon Goeth is unsurpassable. Fiennes' performance of a Nazi official is unparalleled in the canon of Holocaust cinema, only to be compared with Christoph Waltz in Quentin Tarantino's *Inglourious Bastards*. Ralph Fiennes successfully portrays a character intoxicated with power.

There is some conjecture regarding Schindler's motives behind helping his workers. Arguably, as a profiteer, Oskar Schindler probably aided his employees solely for monetary interests, as acquisition of a new labour force would have cost him a fortune. This puts the hero in a precarious spot, raising questions on his credibility.

The title of the film aims to establish the idea that the film deals with a list, unlike any that the Nazi regime had ever compiled before. The idea is to reverse the conventional notion of a "list" of Jews in Hitler's regime with biting irony, as Schindler's list of Jews includes names of those who are to be saved not to be condemned. A pivotal scene in the film, which emphasizes the appropriateness of the title of the movie, is where Schindler and Stern painstakingly compile their own list of 1100 Jews.

Schindler's List is to be recommended for its excellent cinematography and gripping performances by the actors. Suffering from minor flaws, the plot continues to maintain its intrigue and has the audience hooked till the end. It offers an array of emotions and manages to provide cathartic release. In conclusion, Schindler's List is an excellent piece of art and will remain an unforgettable film in the history of cinema.

-CHITWAN KAUR

SECOND YEAR



THE SILENT BEATS
BY : HARLEEN KAUR
THIRD YEAR

ANSWERS

The other day one of my friends, after having read some work that I had posted online, asked me about my inspiration, about what motivates me to write. That simple question spun my mind into different directions. As I sat down to reply, I came to the shocking realisation that I indeed didn't know where I got my inspiration from! So, I decided to mull over the issue and finally reached a conclusion: anything inspires me, everything inspires me, and nothing inspires me—to write.

Anything inspires me to write-

One usually never gives particular attention to the little things one experiences on a daily basis. How I never noticed that little child who sits outside the medical store every evening, and never skips his daily greeting, “Didi, sab badiya?” (All good?), that he delivers with a hundred watt smile. Seeing him sitting calmly every day had become a part of my evenings, so much so that I marked the time of the day from my encounters with him.

This one day I turned to look at him and I saw an empty chair. No sign of those thumbs up, no sign of that smile, no sign of that cheeky ball of warmth. That's when it struck me how that unoccupied chair wasn't merely an empty space, but was a gift he had left for me. That chair spoke volumes of a new journey he must have embarked upon, no matter how shaky.

Everything inspires me to write-

From the scary problem of hair fall to the relief after getting your eyebrows

done; from the sore muscles after working out for shedding those calories your pizza had bestowed upon you to cuddling with your pillow at night; from that first ray of sunlight that cleanses your face to that quilt of moonlight you put on while sleeping, I find that each and every moment holds a special meaning.

Nothing inspires me to write-

How at times I realise how very barren and colourless my dreams have become lately. Then, my mind fills up with a new, invisible charge of painting fresh images, undiscovered truths, unexplored lines that no one has ever thought of, never crossed. What interests me is an uncharted world far beyond any one's reach, beyond what anyone would ever have fathomed.

So, I guess it is safe to say that I've still not found a definite answer to this question, and perhaps, I never will. But as long as my hand doesn't stop working and my mind doesn't shut itself down, it really doesn't matter, does it?

-SHREYA RAJVANSHI

THIRD YEAR



MOMENTS OF MOTHERHOOD
BY : HARLEEN KAUR
THIRD YEAR

CONDICIO MATRIS: THE BANE

As we walk down the trodden path called Life, strutting and struggling, just one wave of complexities leaves us falling flat onto our faces.

Now, imagine a part of your body, per se your left arm or right foot, hurt and bleeding but not yet severed—this is how I perceive the Sisyphean burden of Motherhood.

I have always been intrigued by how the act of delivering a child has been romanticized as the supreme act of selflessness by the society. It has cast an incomprehensible shadow of gloom on my mind.

The concept of Motherhood intrigues and baffles me, in turns. It is painful and traumatic for it splits the identity of a woman in two. I wish it was only about going through the physical pain, but during the process of birthing, the mother is stripped of her identity, and literally as well as symbolically torn apart.

Neither am I a misanthrope, nor do I begrudge women who choose motherhood. The only thing that spins my head is the ambiguity of the term "hood" for the sanctuary was lost with her water and entirely confiscated within minutes of the first cry.

She thought of every step she took, every breath she took.

Every word she said, were two voices in her head.

Tenacious in her devotion she starts to thrive,
forgets her eruptions, silences her chimes.



Lady of Macbeth awed me there,
When she said she would slit her own blood's neck.

Children suck from the mother, compliant is her pain,
This altruistic homage, nothing is gained.

The autumn strikes, weeps the cortex,
Life tip-toes on loop, forgotten is her rest.

Never is it about her. She travels to a land so far from her own, where she is
shackled by her own impression, enslaved by the love she bore.

-JASVINDER GREWAL
THIRD YEAR



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

We invite submissions— poems, articles, art— for the next edition of *VERBOS INCENDIUM* on the theme ‘Displacement and Dispossession’.

The submission should be of at least 800-1000 words for articles. Last date of submission is 10th of October 2016. Your submissions should be submitted through e-mail on ejournalmsc@gmail.com

Please note that plagiarised content will not be entertained for publishing.



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