



Mohanlal Sukhadia University, Udaipur
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



LITERARY FORUM

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Udaipur Poetry Festival (*Kavita Utsav*)

Theme: City

February 6, 2022

▶ A celebration of the cultural heritage of the City of Udaipur was held on the evening of February 6, 2022 by the Literary Forum as Udaipur Poetry Festival. The event was organized with an aim to encourage, enhance, and appreciate the poetic expression of the college students across the disciplines. Entries were received from students of different colleges and universities. The evening of 6th witnessed recitation of shortlisted poems by the enthusiastic young budding poets showcasing their talent and expressing their profound connection with the enchanting city through verses and rhymes.

Kanak Goswami (MA English), secured the first position. The second position was bagged by Ruqqaiya Moomin (BA English Hons). The third position was shared by two participants: Surendra Singh (PhD Scholar, Department of Geography) and Divyanshu Vyas (MA English).



44th Niaz Ahmed Memorial Debate

on

Foreign Universities will Enhance the Quality of Higher Education in India

February 4, 2023



The Department proudly organized the 44th Niaz Ahmed Memorial Debate Competition which is an annual feature of the Department on February 4, 2023. Participants from different universities like MPUAT, Pacific University, B.N. University, Singhania University, etc. gathered to present their viewpoints avidly on "Foreign Universities will Enhance the Quality of Higher Education in India."

The running trophy was won by the Pharmacy School of B.N. University, Udaipur with Madhav Gupta and Reenal Jain. The first prize was bagged by Nirlipt Singh, second by Sana and the third prize was won by Avadhi Chittora. The event emphasized the significance of open dialogue and respectful exchange of ideas. It also reaffirmed the value of such discussions in shaping a progressive academic environment and encouraging students to engage in intellectual pursuits for the betterment of India's higher education system.



Literary Excursion

A visit to an Art Gallery

August 12, 2022



With an objective to connect the students of literature with art in a non-academic atmosphere where they can tap into the raw essence of the artworks, unlocking a profound and personal experience, a literary excursion was organized for them to an art gallery situated in the outskirts of the city amidst nature.

The students of both UG and PG levels participated in it enthusiastically. The event proved to be a transformative experience as students were exposed to the profound power of art that left a lasting impact on their minds. The excursion enriched their understanding of artistic expression and enhanced their sense of appreciation for the aesthetics of human creativity and emotions. It exemplified how art transcends boundaries, evokes emotions, and connects people with their shared human history.



Extension Lecture

Speaker: Inez Baranay

March 31, 2023

▶ Inez Baranay delivered an Extension Lecture in the Department of English on 'Identity in the Globalised World' on 31 March 2023. She pointed out that in the contemporary world 'identity' has attained multiple dimensions both for the creative writers and diasporic community. She also extrapolated on 'trans-nationalism' and 'cross-culturalism'. It was followed by an interactive session. The session was chaired by Prof Sharad Srivastava. Inez Baranay is a novelist who has published over a dozen books of fiction and non-fiction, as well as many short stories and essays. She has a PhD in Creative Writing from Griffith University. In Australia, India, USA and Europe, she has lectured on writing issues and taught creative writing in universities, schools and community groups, given many readings and talks, been a guest at conferences, seminars and literature festivals, and been a resident at various international writers' centres.





A Morning Dream in Mewar

Kanak Goswami

M.A. English Sem II

(Winner of Udaipur Poetry Festival held by the Department)

Buds of jasmine quarreled with the rose,
Waiting to reach her *shayan kaksh* as she arose.
Her deep-red *alta* consummated the velvet ground,
And the gorgeous *ghungroos* of gold made the palace resound..

Her *odhni* trained through the *Rai Aangan*,
that painted the *Sheesh mahal* in shades of saffron.
She wore a *Bajubandh*, *sheesh-phool* and a *rajawadi haar*,
Her waist adorned with a *khanjar* and her hair with flowers.

Morning sun of May shone bright on Mewar,
For which the Sisodia princess was a rising star.
Her bounty and virtues were known to all,
She was the pride of Rajputana with a heart of gold.

One mysterious day, she went to visit Eklingji,
Two scores of soldiers guarding her *paalki*.
As she crossed the lakes and mounted up the hill,
The winds roared aloud and asked her to still.

Unnatural was the sight of a sudden storm,
Embracing the entirety of Chirwa in an unusual form.
The winds pushed away her guardian men,
Left her bewildered and her *paalki* broken..

There she found shelter in a magical cave,
With colossal stones enticing the cosmic waves.
A deep, dark dungeon of eeriness,
Where the only source of light came through a mess..

She followed the light and reached a void,
Slipped through it as her sentience was destroyed.
She opened her eyes into strangeness,
A kaleidoscope of emotions she could not express..

Flora, fauna, the air was same,
But then she saw the Chirwa tunnel and four-wheeled capsules
running in the frame..

Perplexed was she - The Princess of Mewar,
Unaware of this new world, the architecture or the car..

She decided to follow the womenfolk,
Who wore a similar poshak and a similar cloak.
They headed towards Gangaur Ghat,
Crossing the malls, theatres, the museum of art.

She knew she was way ahead of her time,
Kept her sanity and acted mime.
There came a barbarous, roaring noise,
From the vaults above - the Ethereal Voice.

A giant capsule it was in air,
She jumped and screamed at Chetak Circle in fear.
A policeman rushed and asked her name,
“Kunwari Mayawati of Mewar”, the princess proclaimed.

Lost she looked, schizophrenic they perceived,
Left her alone as she cried and heaved.
But gathered strength and stood up again,
She was reminiscent of Ghantaghar, the street and the lanes.

The smell of sweets, vibrant textile and flowers,
Took her home in the sweet monsoon showers..
There she was - outside Jagdish Mandir,
It was there then, it is there still.

Above the slow, stubborn slope was her palace,
Joy turned victorious over her Callous.
The guards stopped her and asked for the ticket,
She said it was her home and they were being wicked.

The princess was denied her own legacy,
As she failed to possess the Gandhi printed currency.
A necklace she threw over the poor man's face,
And moved forward with her untamed grace.

A strange voice grew louder and clear,
Followed by splashes of water over her and near.
She opened her eyes in her own sweet World,
The cave, the car, the mystery unfurled..

She picked roses for her hair, jasmine for her wrist,
A crimson cloak and *attar* with an earthly mist..

1. Home

Ruqqaiya Moomin
B.A. English Hons Part III

Home is where the heart is,
And my heart,
I gave it to the hues
Of orange, purple and blues.
To the sway of golden grass fields,
looking out of car ride
friends on the high,
traipsing the countryside.
Its light of the sun,
Reflected in forts and mahal
Beading the tale of
Wealth, valour, grandeur,
Of dreams ephemeral.
Its in the relief from heat
Where the sparkling blue lakes,
Hands sun, it's defeat.
Or it's in the tip-tip of rain,
Giving life to a world anew,
Reveling in the hug of Aravalis
Green colour so bright,
Dotted with wildflowers,
Like a blushing bride,
In the windy thunderstorms,
And sinuous seasonal trails,
Receiving yearly solace,
the monsoon kind.
It lies in the lights
Of the city old



Immersed in the magic,
Shrouded almost in gold.
To the chilly winter morning
Where every breath is visible,
Haze of the dawn,
Where everything seems almost mythical.

My heart lies,
In the brush strokes on walls,
Painted in colours of Rajasthan,
In the domes at the ghat,
Reflecting the splendour
Of the royal halls.

I've found home in the narrow street,
Giving refuge to the city misfits,
Among travellers and storytellers

With beats of tabla and
Soft harmony of ghoomer hits.

The city a safe space, a delight,
for people, Stories, arts and craft,
A Place for beauty and respite.

My home, I carry it with me,
In the memories created
On the corner streets to the ghats

Or the place I made love
Or the street that I danced,
Like no one was watching, unabashed.

This city, rooftop and reflection of lake,
With wine and my old friend,
What more could I want

Till my time is at the end?

Close your eyes, do you see,

My hometown intrinsically entwined with me?



2. Halfway Love

Ruqqaiya Moomin
B.A. English Hons Part III



The feeling of a perfectly drawn circle
like a full moon on a starless night.

To create something out of nothing.

An embrace of a lover,

only felt at midnight,

half-awake from dreams.

Like a whisper of a memory,
long forgotten, dust-covered.

A walk alone at midnight,

nothing but stars,

mind whirring and spinning.

A feeling of callous texture,
of the hand that soothes to sleep.

The shades of black prevail,

the shadow creeps up

and keep company for days.

They sound like echoes of drumbeats

in the thick of Muharram.

Or like the silhouette of a mother,

with strange men every night.

The lack of kisses keenly felt
with the click of the door as it shuts.

Like a false memory of
a dream that never was.





My First Home

Priyamvada Vyas

M.A. English Sem III

I ventured out into the unknown,
With a sense of adventure and a heart full-grown.

But as the days turned into weeks,
And the weeks turned into months,

I found myself missing home
And all its familiar fronts.

A longing in my heart I feel,
For the place where I first learned to kneel.

I left my home with a heavy heart,
Leaving behind the memories and the start.

Then, I stumbled upon a place,
A city that put a smile on my face.

Udaipur, a city of beauty and grace,
Where the lakes and palaces, leave an indelible trace.

The sun sets behind the Aravalli Hills,
Painting the sky in hues of orange and thrill.

The Pichola Lake reflects the city's light,
As boats sail on, into the night.

The streets are filled with vibrant hues,
Of markets, temples, and havelis to muse.

The local culture is rich and diverse,
A feast for the senses, that never disperse.

I found my first home in this land,
Where I could make my own stand.

With open arms, it welcomed me,
And I knew that I was finally FREE.



Festival of Sun

Kesar Vashisht

B.A. II Year English Hons.

The birds were set free
to roam in the arms of clouds ..
As beauty of dawn was proud ..
Which made the nature blush ..

That chirping of birds
was sweeter than the flute
therefore every listener
around was now mute
The wild wind blowing across ,
was balancing their notes
bringing all the
moments very close...

Hence the hills bent down,
And birds aroused high,
forming a crown..
To welcome the smiling star,
By playing the golden guitar
As it was none other than the ,
FESTIVAL OF SUN..
and now my worst memories
were about to burn...

That Rainy Day

Megha Vashishtha
B.A. English Hons Part III



The pitter-patter of raindrops
on my windowpane
Brings with it a sense of calm,
a sense of refrain.

The clouds gather above,
a storm on the rise
But I'm not afraid,
I find comfort in the skies.

As the drops fall down,
a melody they create
A rhythm that's soothing,
it's almost innate
From the chaos and the noise
of everyday life
As the world outside is transformed
by the rain's strife.



So Will We

Harshita Jain
M.A. English Sem I



Month of May with scorching heat on head
I was patiently passing through the woods
looked up on the shiny smiling sun
that rises readily everyday only to set
So will we one day embrace the death.

I was going deep and deep down the woods
tall trees laden with flowers and fruits
that were proudly hanging on the branch
one day will fall on the ground
So will we from the worldly bound.

My eager eyes were busy watching
birds chirping happily on the tree
sleep in night and in day flee
in directions they never had been
So will we flee from fellow being.

Suddenly weary wind started blowing
I saw clouds clattering in the sky
forming bear, ball, bell and bee
then changing shapes again to flee
So will we depart and move free.

I saw the lightning amidst the palls
Oh! where is it now in just a call
looked for it here there everywhere
but lost forever like a hare
So will we dissipate from here.

Dark was approaching the woods
I found myself at ocean bush
with waves wandering from side to side
quickly disappeared from the sight
So will we vanish to another tide.

Death is inevitable to all kinds,
So be sorrowless in your minds.

Glimpses



UPCOMING EVENTS 2023

August : International Youth Day
September: International Translation day
October: Drama competition
November: Quiz Competition