

# MARKETPLACE

JOURNAL BY FORBIDDEN VERSES

4.0

*Amel*

# FOREWORD

Dear Reader,

This past year has been one of lines. We have seen many divisions rise up across our country, movements that might have been unprecedented in the past but have become the norm for a struggling student class. We have seen our people divided under the iron rule of one man, lined with age. We have seen our planet cross the last point it could cross in the climate crisis- and it would not be an exaggeration to say that through all this, humanity has persevered.

Through reports of mass institutionalised murders, of jails for minority communities and of thousands of women being forced to walk back through the years of progress they made for themselves- humanity has persevered by coming together, finding kindness in one another, in things that should not matter but were so important in keeping us afloat.

We have crossed familial lines, timelines, lines that did not let us buy enough groceries or those that didn't let us hug our nearest, dearest friends. And we have not always crossed these lines graciously- because sometimes, it is all you can do to keep moving, to keep writing, to keep making art.

This has been a difficult issue to publish because we have all struggled to keep up with these terrible times. It has been a difficult issue because often, from your bedroom, you cannot will yourself to find a voice to write about everything you've read on the internet because it will never be enough.

We have not achieved anything great with this issue. But that has never been our intention. We have only ever wanted this to be a space where poetry and art could thrive, a space that remains open for you when you find yourself stuck inside the lines. A space we thank every writer and artist for submitting to.

Thank you for taking the time out to write to us, to read us.

With power and love,  
Marketplace, Issue 4



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# IN BETWEEN

*Ishani Singhal*



*Through the photo essay 'In Between', Ishani attempts to explore the lines people spend their lives in. Spaces that take birth, and go on to live full lives of their own, bearing witness to the stories that unfold with and within them. Their materiality becomes testament to their times. Their past. Their present. Their future. The could've beens between freshly cemented walls, and exposed shedding bricks.*





They say, where a life ends, another begins.

The life cycles of these concretes, though, trace livelihoods as they come and go.  
They age and decay among the living,  
and in process  
they become *the living*.

passages form





they transform







passages remain



time does what it does best  
it moves  
from night  
to day  
to night...

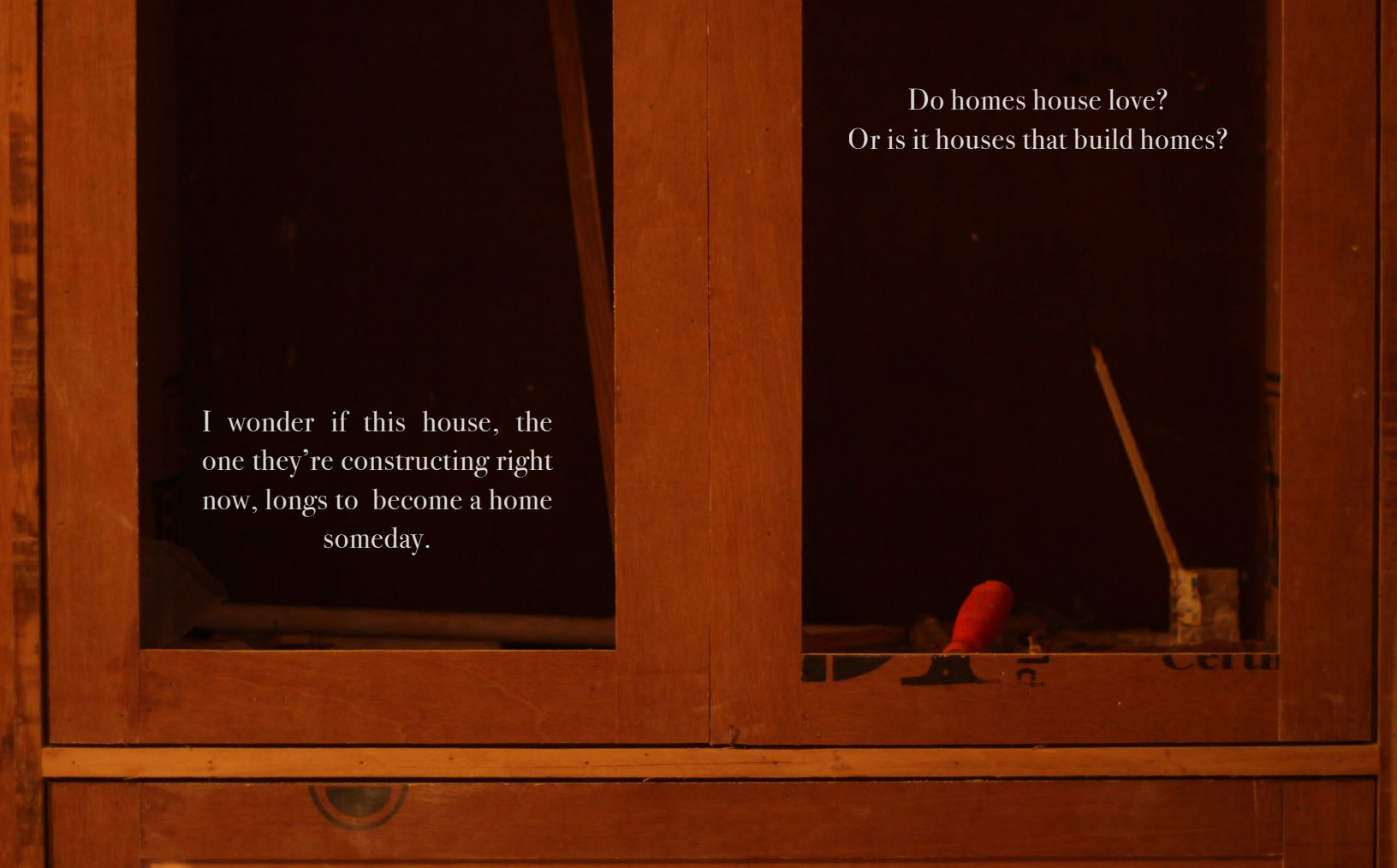
and light does what it does best  
it comes  
and it goes

The walls  
do what they do best  
they stay  
for conversations  
with time and with light  
with everything in sight  
(and other senses)



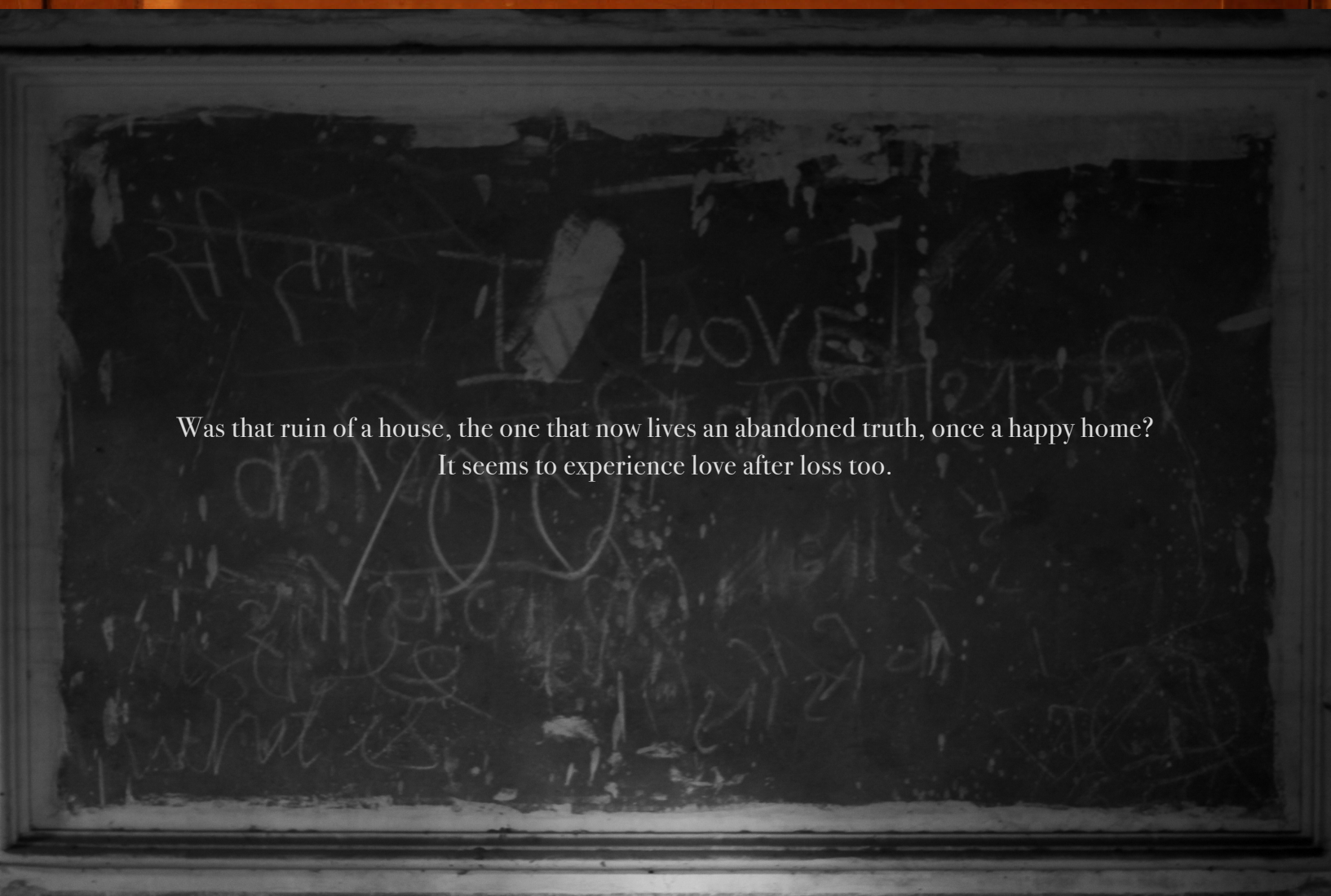
The walls  
do what they do best  
they hold proof of all the conversations  
that came their way



A photograph of a wooden cabinet with its drawers open. The interior of the drawers is dark, and various construction tools are visible. In the right drawer, a red-handled screwdriver and a pencil are prominent. The wood is a warm, medium-brown tone.

Do homes house love?  
Or is it houses that build homes?

I wonder if this house, the  
one they're constructing right  
now, longs to become a home  
someday.

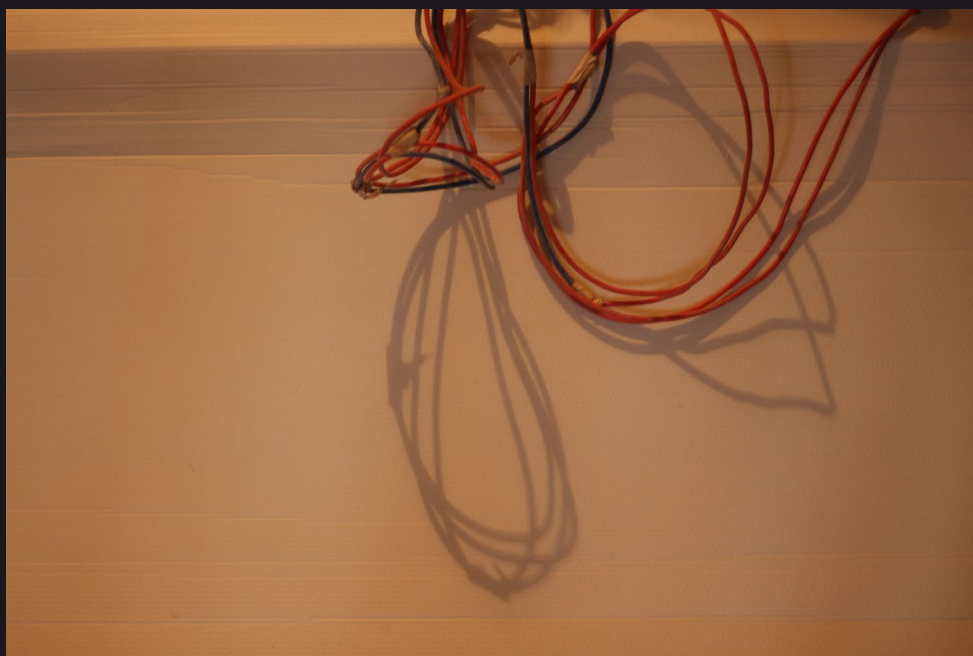
A photograph of a dark, rectangular surface, possibly a piece of wood or metal, that has been heavily scratched and scribbled with light-colored material. The scratches and scribbles are dense and chaotic, covering most of the surface. The overall tone is dark and somber.

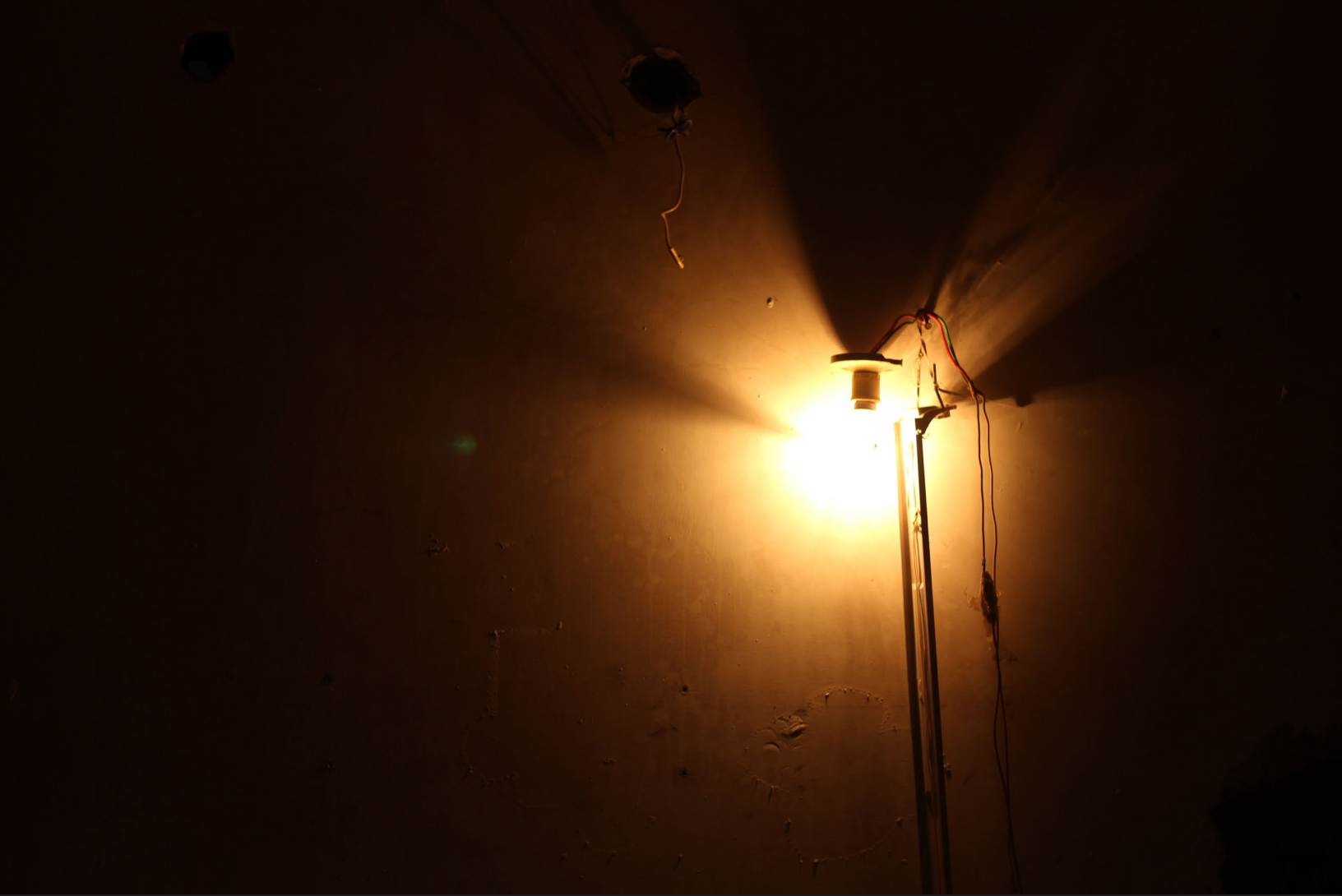
Was that ruin of a house, the one that now lives an abandoned truth, once a happy home?  
It seems to experience love after loss too.





Scribbled on the blueprint of these structures is mundanity as a dream to come true. The pre-planned rutted everydayness of familiarity. Somewhere where memories come to meet.





Among changing seasons and generational views on life, these lines curve themselves to adapt. They give up the wires they were built with, and forget people they lived with. Caught in between the legalities of human lines, they break rules, and sometimes tests of time.

They do all this, I sometimes think, to buy more time. To cherish decaying till demolition arrives. To tell those who follow, what they survived.





These lines that we spend our lives in



come from soil...

...and return to it



Much like us.

and in between, somewhere, they spend lifetimes being lines



trying to connect the dots



# IN CONVERSATION WITH SOMNATH WAGHMARE

*Somnath Waghmare is a Documentary filmmaker based in Mumbai . His most prominent film The battle of Bhima Koregaon has been critically received and screened in India and abroad . He is also an Ph.D Scholar at TISS Mumbai.*

The constitution of caste has evolved throughout the years. From a time when the word caste was synonymous with India, to a point where it is now considered a forbidden topic to bring up- in colleges, on streets, in schools, at the market, in cinemas. At home and in other safe spaces, few and far between, it is freely spoken, yelled, debated and lamented about. But there are only two places where the word caste can be said without the obligatory immediate negative reaction from somebody- in protests and through art.

Marketplace was recently in conversation with Somnath Waghmare, the young director of Battle of Bhima Koregaon, to talk about his work as a filmmaker. Somnath's journey into documentary filmmaking began a few years ago, in 2015 and since then he has directed some of the most relevant films representing the Dalit history movement, ever.

His current work revolves around the research he does as a PhD scholar at TISS, where his primary

research field is concerned with studying the social and political assertion by the Dalit community, a natural extension into what was his passion for filmmaking which has now become his field of expertise.





“My first interaction with media was through a magazine in my school- a college magazine about cinema and the Ambedkarite movement. Through this part of my education, I came to realise the lack of representation of the Dalit movement in academia, especially media and cinema. To be fair, this was nothing but another instance of how a minority community is still institutionalised and dominated.”

“I love making these films but there is no representation in the Indian film industry- our cinema cannot be called global cinema because we don’t have social diversity. All these films are based on the lives and experiences of dominant caste people. This also includes historical films. So I make these documentaries for the movement, to represent the movement and because I am passionate about this cause.”

He began directing his first film, *I Am Not A Witch* in 2015, a real life story of a woman from Nandurbar, Maharashtra who was accused of being a witch. The film started a conversation around women in villages of India who were still being assaulted and prosecuted for witchery, as well as the fact that these women almost always belonged to marginalised communities.

“I don’t believe in the concept of alt or parallel media because who decides what classifies as parallel or alt? Upper caste, lower caste who decided? Do we follow our shastras, still? I think I’m just making a film. It’s not parallel or alternative. There has been complete ignorance of Dalit history in cinema- complete ignorance. In mainstream or even more liberal films, they all ignore Dalit identity and when they do make films they always victimise the movement.”

Somnath’s films are not one of the first in the industry, though. Documentary filmmakers making films about social causes have almost always been overlooked.

“I don’t want to romanticise this business for anyone. Being a documentary filmmaker without resources or privilege is hard, and making these documentaries is painful because we don’t have the social capital or network that people from the dominant communities do. All my films are crowd-funded and the thing about crowdfunding is that it gives you so much anxiety. The whole process takes such a toll on your mental health because writing to someone to give you funds for your own work is really painful.

But, at the end of the day, this is what I love doing.”

To continue their work in representing a history that some people have long tried to change or erase, Somnath and Smita Rajmane have also started a project documenting historical Ambedkarite songs in and around rural Maharashtra.



“We have recently undertaken a project to digitise the rich store of Ambedkarite songs in rural Maharashtra. There is a long history of songs in that state, and these songs were the pillar of the movement. They were so prominent that even across the country, in Tamil Nadu and Karnataka there are still a lot of groups who organise events

for these songs. But finances are tough in cinema so instead of a film, I’m documenting these rural Amberadkite singers with another friend, for maybe a social media platform.

It’s going well, but with the pandemic- one one and a half months you don’t go for a shoot. It can be hard.”

Somnath’s films are filling a very large hole in an industry that is in general, very hard to get into. To support more of his work, or for more information you can visit him here:

- <https://www.instagram.com/begumpura/>

- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Somnath\\_Waghmare](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Somnath_Waghmare)

*By Aadrika Sominder and Anureet Watta*

# IN CONVERSATION WITH LASYA KAHLI



Hi Lasya, why don't we start with you telling us a little bit about yourself and the start of your company, PreColors?

My friend, Siddhnat Soni and I, started this a Gender Inclusive Art & Design Agency called Pre Colors, with the goal of making it a community space. I have a lot of friends from the Lgbtqia+ community, and whenever we get together in one space, call it a safe space- we share very similar thoughts, experiences and traumas. Pre-colours is very much a mental space, a digital space and hopefully soon, will be a physical space as well.

We decided to start this because I realised that my lifestyle is perceived very differently by my own parents- it's just a fantasy world to them! This re-

The fourth issue of our journal revolves around a theme that is both very specific and unnecessarily abstract. Our goal with this journal is to stimulate conversations around exploring this non obvious, obvious stance of 'lines'- physical or imaginary.

This conversation is aimed around looking at and perceiving lines in art created by Lasya Kahli, and her work experience as a visual artist- how she manages to simultaneously represent and break away from the general perspective of gender.





ally bugged me, and I tried to make sense of it in my head but when I met my friends, I realized that we all live in the same fantasy world.

Gradually, from hanging out with all my queer friends, I started realising that whenever we talk about our histories, our stories, where we come from, how people perceive us and how society should be- I am not alone, and I do have a group of people who think the same as me.

**What kind of a visual language do you hope your work translates into?**

For me, there's one word- empowerment. I don't want to force this empowerment on anyone, I just want to feel empowered. If I'm making anything, I would want the person looking at my work, to feel a sense of empowerment, that it is art created of an independent nature. My inspiration is all over the place and I tend to think most about what I'm feeling in the moment.

**How would you describe your journey with visual art?**

My whole journey began quite early, since I was always a creative child. It started with collaging when I was in school, and I picked up a few more technical skills through college. My approach has differed quite a bit considering pre and post transition and I think I'm much more mellow and settled now- even laid back in a sense. At this point it's more about how I'm feeling now, as compared to the previous 'getting at it' energy. My visual story has also changed accordingly... how I see, think and perceive femininity, or rather the whole spectrum now is very different than how I perceived it earlier.

The name 'Pre Colors' comes from the concept of 'before colors'. So there's a prism and light disperses in a rainbow. We want to talk about the light before it becomes a rainbow, that sunlight. The pre colours. The whole essence of Pre Colours is that we want to talk about where all these colors comes from. Queer people being queer people, we're living life just how everyone else is living. We're going through the same shifts that everyone else is. Cis or not, having a space for ourselves- for the queer community is about not to be too bothered and really just not to have any opinions to force on anyone. There's too much getting into segregation; let's not go there. pre-COLORS is about that space.

**How do you go about translating who you are into your work? For example, the parts of you that you convey into your art versus the parts of you that you keep for yourself.**

I completely understand that my visuals and what I create is an extension of me. I might be sitting back at home and in my bed crying about being lonely or sad, and then I self process it in my own space, talk to myself without a filter, and tell myself what I am, and this way I find out more about myself. But when it comes to my visuals, all I want to talk about is empowerment. The whole point is that I have a bigger and better energy once I know who I am, and after that in a moment of deciding, I know what's happening. The separation between my art, and me as a person, gets more clear; doing what you want when you know who you are will make you very confident in your work. If I have to open up, I have to open up with someone close to me but when my art has to go out to people, I might as well open up to myself and present my best.

**How would you say you approach ‘lines’ in what you do?**

A lot of trauma comes from our parents and our childhood when we weren’t exposed to a lot of things, actively under our parents’ surveillance. Our reality was so different but once we started knowing ourselves, we’re taken away from that structure. Social media has made us visible and created appearances for us resulting in sheep-like behaviour. But someone who’s not aware about certain topics, also tends to come up with opinions and perspectives that are not properly understood and researched. They may not understand the matter but hold an opinion regardless. We are learning so much owing to the visibility in all spheres that the discourse around anything

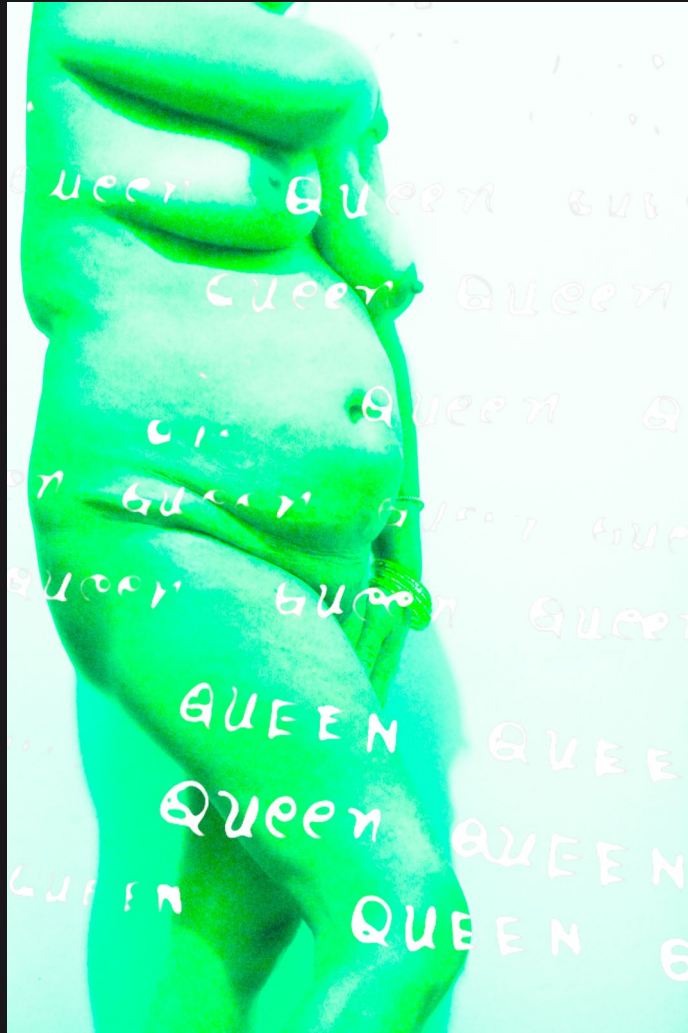
(especially when it’s about what we have to do) has been uplifted. This is where I come from. I’m in my life and I’m living it for the first time. There’s constant doubt, learning and defiance. A lot is going around in our heads and out of these thoughts we end up feeling so human in a strange way. My generation has a lot to do with the big disparity

between themselves and the previous generations. The past generations are scared of the collapse of the structure-system. Of Course there are a lot of factors to it but we as people (millennials and Gen Z) have been provided so much that we can’t help but be exposed and end up thinking about our own selves. We have different and new situations so the same understanding can’t come from our par-

ents. The idea of a community also gets extremely relevant here because being heard is vital and once that’s done, we can look for the best that we can be. This whole sense of community is not hypothetical but very much real and out there since we have skills to provide in the real world too.

**How do you envision the conversations around gender binaries that you hope to create through your art?**

I feel that now we really need to stop with the categorisations. Every human has a lot going on in the subconscious and how much of that you decode really, is a sprinkle of our identity. So we can never be a part of the same group forever. No one belongs to one category holistically. The category



ries, I completely agree, are needed to be visible. But we need to take forward the whole notion of 'you can be anything'. You can attribute towards masculinity or femininity (coming from the social norms perspective) but you are never a full package of all that- it's a mix 'n' match. Categorisation merely helps you to get to know yourself better. I can say I'm a trans woman, biologically too, but at the same time you can't expect me to be a certain way. I always say my gender is Lasya and that is to explain how my gender as a woman feels and how I see myself. Yet I get perceived as someone else. The discrepancy between the definition in my head and the way others see me, leads me to believe there is no final categorisation. Gender identity only gives you a contextual tangent of finding yourself on, but if you want to know the person- spend time with them; understand not the body but the soul and the way they choose to explain themselves. Put yourself in a space of faceless identity with that person. So even if humans are very much visible now, that's the only way you can let go of norms, stereotypes and far from truth judgements. To be human is to let your mind process things directly through the conscious efforts

of knowing the person and knowing yourself, then further working on an expression of that conscious effort. Less assumption, more interaction. Meet the person more than meeting the physicality.

To explore more of Lasya's work, or for more information you can visit her here:

- <https://thekahli.myportfolio.com>
- <https://www.instagram.com/kofi.kofi.kofi/>
- [https://www.instagram.com/precolors\\_/](https://www.instagram.com/precolors_/)



*Interviewed by Ishani Singhal  
Written by Pritpal Kaur  
Edited by Aadrika Sominder*



# UNDERLINE-OVERLINE

*Khyati Narang*



Lines leading me somewhere

Lines

Taking

Me

Nowhere



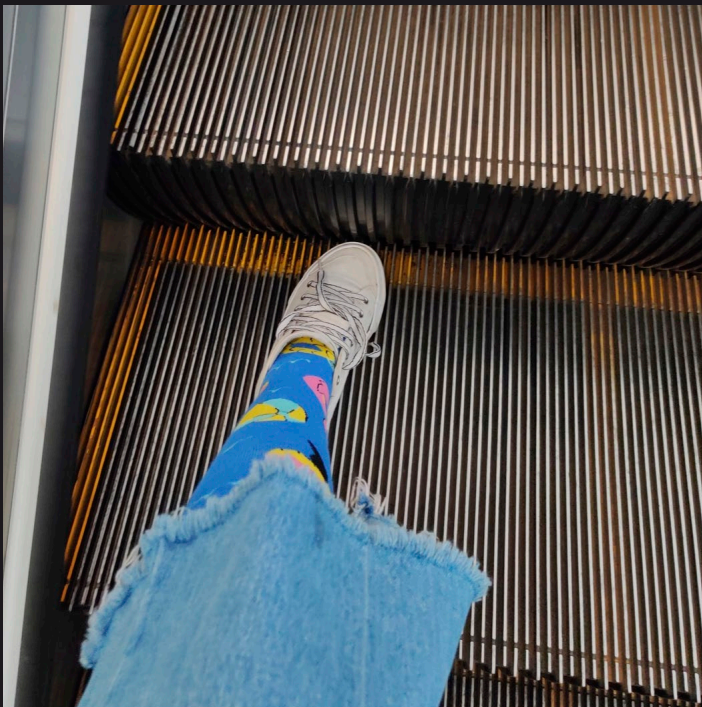


Lines

Bringing

Me

Down



Up

Me

Leading

Lines



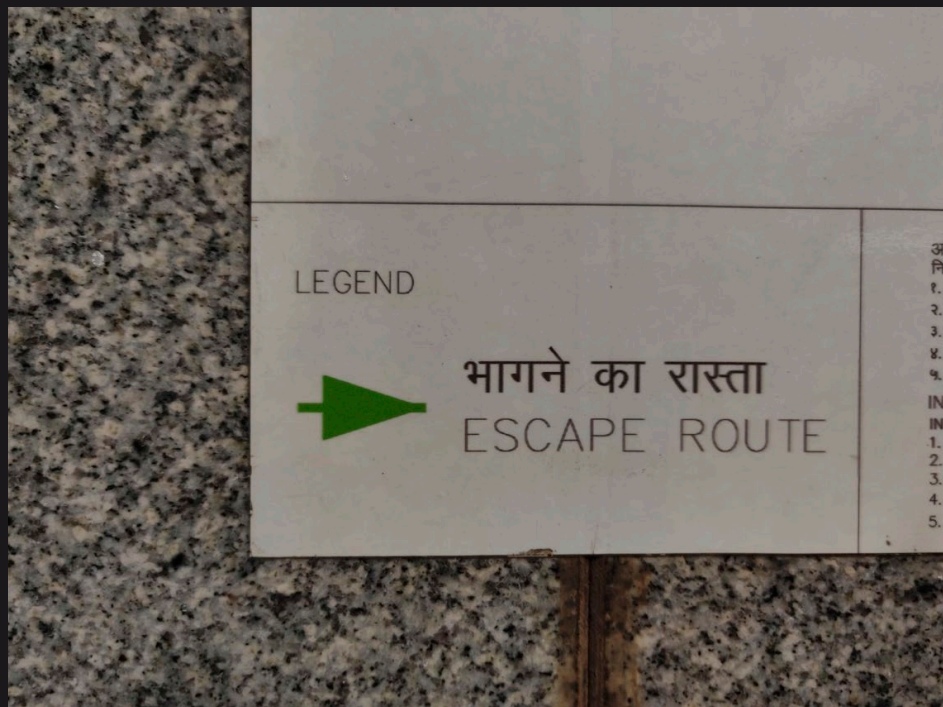
Causing

Lines



Unease

Lines Bringing Me Peace



Me



Lines

Confusing

Lines Fine Tuning Me



Lines

Calling

Me



To

Stop





Lines Turning Into My Home

# MIGRATION

*Michael Owens*

**W**inters icy hand melts  
world wakes with April flowers  
almost invisible in the sky  
a yellow orange thread like wisp of cloud  
flows north  
following rivers of wind.

The Monarch butterflies cannot be constrained  
they reign above all borders yielding only  
to natures call to fly free,  
ignoring thin artificial lines  
drawn on maps only men can see  
thinking their lines will keep  
people separate.

# फ़र्क की इत्तिदा...

पुनीत वर्मा

गाँव की धूल और शहर की सफाई के बीच का 'फ़र्क' एक सुस्त गली में पड़ा ऊँघ रहा था  
कुछ कदम की दूरी पर दो कुत्ते  
उस "फ़र्क" से महरूम  
अपनी सुध-बुध से दूर  
चोर-पुलिस के खेल को जी रहे थे  
चोर हाथ में आते ही वह लिपटते-जुड़ते-जकड़ते  
फिर बचते-भागते-अलग होते  
और यही किस्सा बीसों बार धौराते मानो ऐसा लगता कि वो दोनों चुम्बक हो गए हों  
उनक मिजाज़ और हाव-भाव देख ऐसा लग रहा था कि एक सुस्त रेगिस्तान में दो भटकें  
मुसाफिरो को एक mirage दिख गया हो।  
हालांकि यह बात तो पक्की थी कि वो 100% कुत्ते ही हैं....लेकिन दोनों अपनी-अपनी  
पहचान लेकर उस गली में आये थे। कुछ ऐसा धर्म-जाति का फ़र्क नहीं था बस दर्जे का थोड़ा  
अंतर था, कि एक जहाँ-दीदा, अनुभवो, घाट-घाट का पानी पिया हुआ, जो मूसलाधार बारिश में  
भी मटकता फिरता, अपनी पहचान की मूछ को ताव देता हुआ "गली का कुत्ता" और दूसरा जो तेज़  
धूप को भी छतरी से ढकता, गोरा-चिट्ठा, नखरे करता, घर की चकचौंद को  
शहर समझने वाला घरेलू तथा "पालतू कुत्ता"।  
पर उस दिन उस चोर-पुलिस के खेल में सब कुछ उनके चरित्र से उल्टा घटित हो रहा था, गली  
की पुलिस पालतू चोर पर भारी पड़ रही थी और उसे हर दफ़ा अपनी तेज़ दौड़ने की खूबी से पकड़  
लेती और तो और पालतू अपने हिसाब से बहुत तेज़ दौड़ रहा था लेकिन उसके तेज़ दौड़ने में वो तेज़



दौड़ना नहीं था जो गली के कुत्ते में था । मगर वो दोनों तो इन सब बातों को न सोचते हुए कहीं दूर, शायद इस दुनिया के आखिरी बिंदु पर पहुँच चुके थे, जहाँ उनकी नज़र में एक इंसान भी नहीं था , दोनों को साथ देख कर ऐस लगा कि उनके पूरे तन से असली मीठा शहद रिस रह हो....जो आजकल शहरों में नहीं मिलता ।

लेकिन अगले ही पल कुछ घटा , वो अनूठा बंधन जो अलौकिक था वो खंडित हो चला, एक नापाक से फंदे ने उस बेचारी पाकीजगी पर गीठ मार दी और उस फंदे को खींचता हुआ वो ‘ मालिक ‘ पालतू को सैर पर ले गया ।

उस गली के कुत्ते को सब-कुछ क्षणिक सा लगने लगा मानो उसे उस रेगिस्तानी miraj क सच पत चल गया हो। वो उन दोनों को गली के कोने पर चमकता हुआ देख पा रहा था , लेकिन कहीं न कहीं उसे अंदाज़ा था कि अब अतिरिक्त प्रयास का फायदा होगा नहीं ....क्योंकि पालतू कुत्ता वापस अपने उस घरेलू माहौल में प्रवेश कर चुका था जिसका वो हमेशा से आदी था , इसलिए तेज़ दौड़ने के बावजूद भी वो दौड़ नहीं, बस टकटकी जमाए उन्हें आवाक सा देखता रहा ...

अब उस सुस्त गली में वो भी सुस्त हो चला था ।

जो गाँव की धूल और शहर की सफ़ाई के दरमियान जो फ़र्क गली में पड़ा सो रहा था उसे गली के कुत्ते ने शायद जगा दिया था तभी एक अंदरूनी सिहरन चींटी की तरह काट गयी और अपन घाव छोड़ गई....

अब इसी के चलते शायद गाँव की धूल ऐसे शहर की सफ़ाई की आड़ में आके कस्बे बनाती है, और हम उस धूल के धुंधलके के पीछे गाँव तलाश रहे होते हैं।

# IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER

*J Farina*

he takes out his wallet  
shows me pictures of his children.  
named by tradition,  
passed by fathers to their sons :  
the first born male after his father  
the first born female for his mother -

the ancient ways of naming  
obeyed by the sons of the island  
to honor the names of their ancient sires  
as did the kings and dukes  
who owned them -  
a gift of immortality from sons to their fathers  
who owned nothing but their names -  
a defiance to death, that it would not  
erase those taken, from their living memory -

i have no pictures to show him  
my memory and blood line go no further-  
my sons live the life of those born here  
by the sweat of the immigrants dream -  
named in the ancient ways  
traditions do not persuade them -  
the strength of the past grows weaker  
when the chains and the hunger  
that forced emigration dissolve  
in the indulgences of prosperity -  
then the memory of the dead hold no purpose  
and so too shall my name pass away

# LINES OF FREEDOM

*Rumi Das*





# अरैखिकि

‘एकांत’

कितना आसान होता सब कुछ,  
यदि गणित के सूत्र जीवन के सूत्र होते,

अपनी ज़रूरतों के अनुसार,  
समीकरणों में पूर्णांक डालते ही,  
मिल जाता मनचाहा परिणाम,

चारों तरफ़ बढ़ते विलाप को देख,  
ज्ञात हो चुका है कि जीवन,  
न रेखाकार था,  
न है, न होगा,

उसने छिपा रखे हैं,  
अपनी भुजाओं में  
असंख्य मिथ्याभास,

कहीं देवालयों में दिन-रात  
ढपोरशांख का पर्याय बने झूठों को  
मिल जाती है मन चाही मुराद,

तो वहीं किसी  
कर्मठ और जुझारू को  
उसके श्रम का फल  
सुई की नोक बराबर भी न मिला,

जिन कविताओं को मैंने  
संसार का सारा समय दिया  
अक्सर वही दगा दे गयीं  
पाठकों के समक्ष,

जिन रचनाओं को मैंने  
प्रकाश की गति से निकाल फेंका  
उन्होंने बिखेरी अत्यधिक ऊष्मा,

ये सारे वाक्य  
क्यूँलीक से हटकर चले  
यह ब्रह्मा ही बता सकता था,

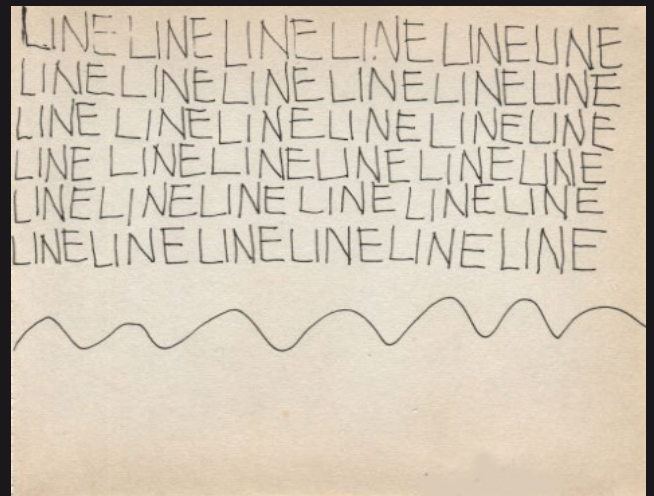
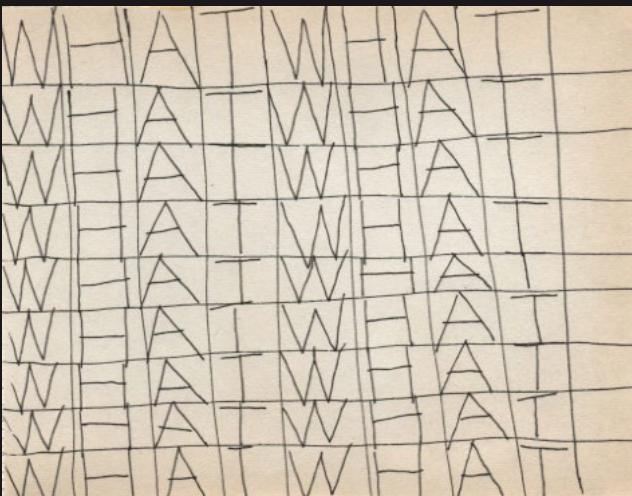
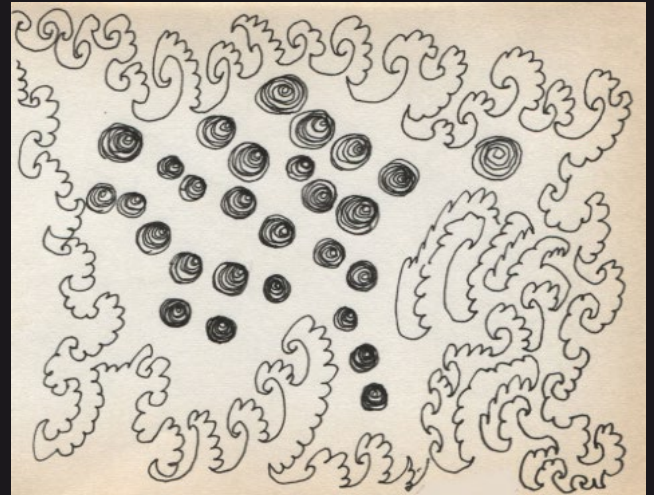
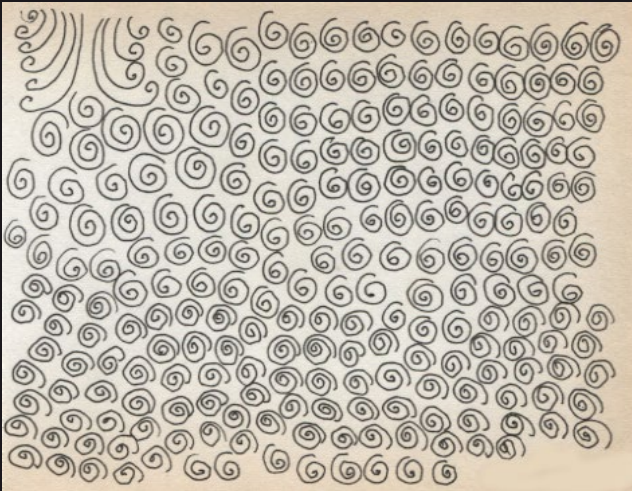
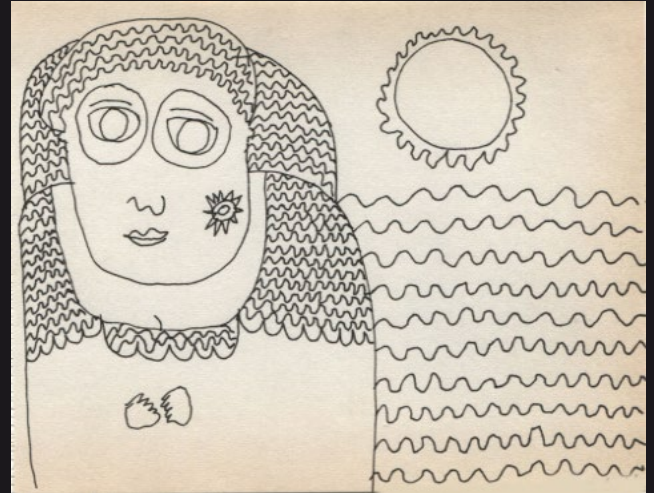
क्यूँकि कलयुग में  
मन की आँख तो नदारद है,

जीवन ईश्वर नामक वैज्ञानिक का  
असफल शोध बन चुका है,

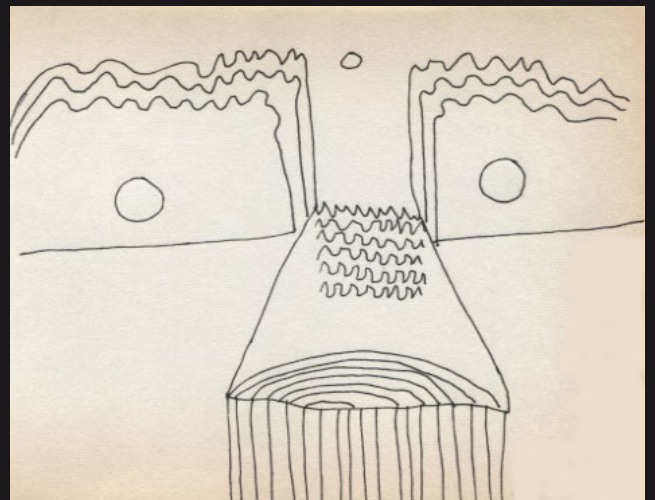
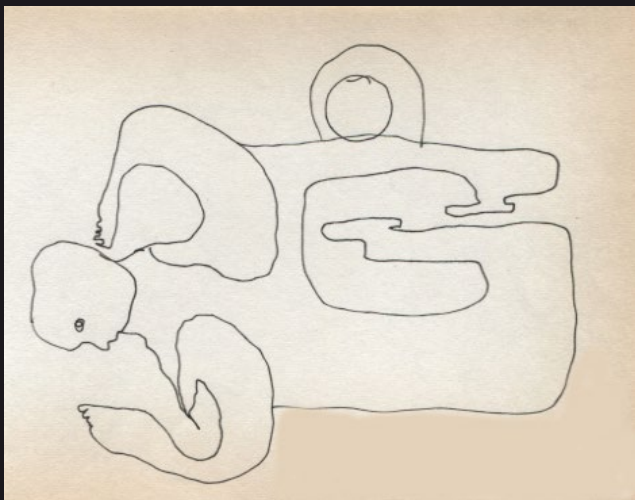
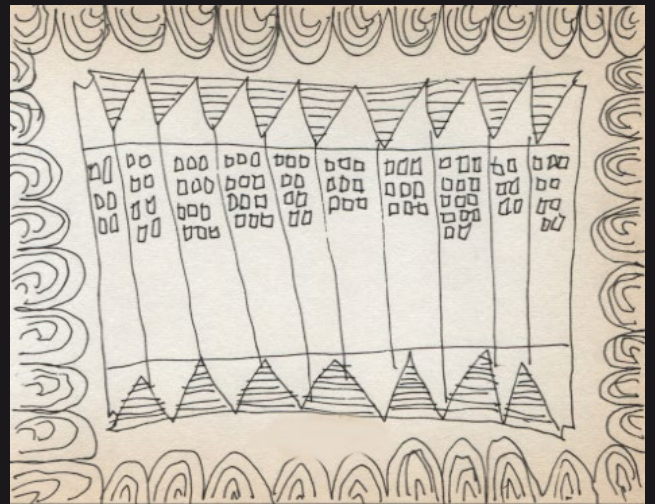
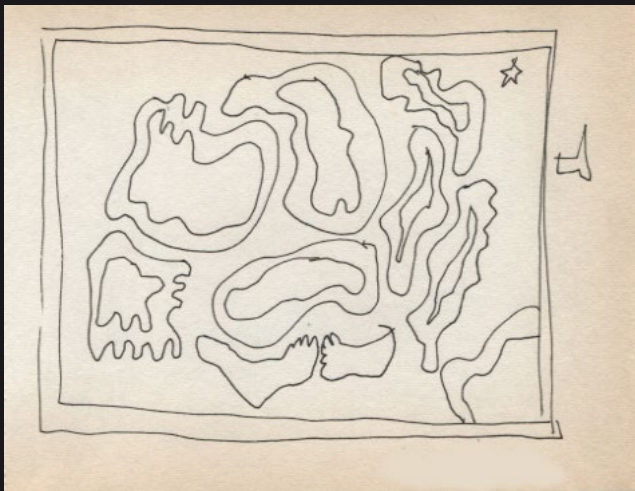
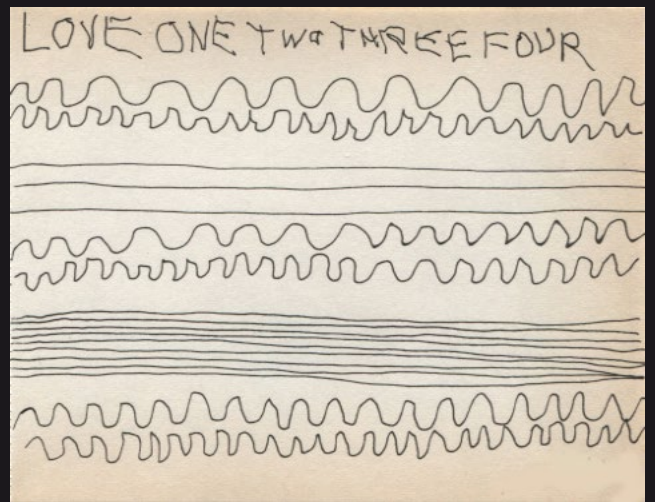
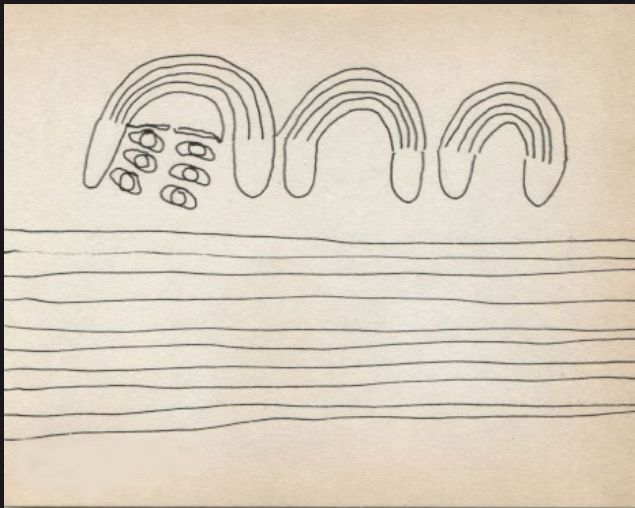
मनुष्य उसकी  
अनियंत्रित उष्माक्षेपी प्रक्रिया का  
नियमित शिकार है ।

# TEENAGE ARTWORK

*Ira Joel Haber*









# A MIRACLE

*Murlidharan Parthasarthy*

**F**rom the story discussions  
and then line drawings  
and finally animation by software team  
everything was over  
and the director presented the film to neighbour  
kids

The story line was catchy  
At the end a tribal goddess all green in her looks  
makes the small boy push his hunter dad's gun  
gently  
and the deer escapes

In the opening the family  
the boy, his sister and mother  
everyone's eyes bloating like marble balls  
and wide smile step out  
of their house

The director of the cartoon  
felt everything about his maiden series simply  
propitious

but his smile vanished  
as the next scene was completely out of script  
the horse's forelegs was to go up and down  
in its expression of happy outing  
but in this finish  
the horse grumbled, "I ain't happy  
to pull the whole load of the family!"  
bending one of its forelegs

The series have gone live  
the cost of edits and upload  
won't be worth if there is no viewership

Within a week the TRP ratings revealed  
children were overwhelmed  
and the series glimmered amongst other cartoons  
he thanked almighty for the miracle

# अनटाइटल्ड

‘अभिजीत’

हमने हथेली पर देखी रेखा  
और कह दिया नियति ही  
रहा होगा विभाजन

आँख से बहता नमक  
एक तिरछी लकीर

एक फ़कीर का भाषण  
तिरछी लकीर

इतिहास  
तिरछी लकीरों का बना  
मैप है

जिसे कई बार खोला गया  
पढा गया  
समझा गया

पर आज तक  
अपनी नियति के पृष्ठ पर

हम केवल बना पाए  
और रेखाएँ

सोचा भी कई बार  
कि उस चॉक को  
जिसे प्रश्न कहा गया

जिससे यह रेखाएँ जन्मीं

फेंक आएँ

पर हमने बना डाले डैम  
नदियों पर

काट डाले पहाड़  
बनाए मार्ग

आमसान फाँद कर हमने  
स्पेस स्टेशन बना दिया

हमने एक झंडा चाँद पर भी लगा दिया!

भूगोल के हस्ताक्षर  
फूल हो सकते थे  
झरना हो सकता था  
और हो सकते थे बादल भी

पर गणित में आ कर सिमट गया  
पृथ्वी का यह सारा भेद

और अंकों से बनाई गई  
स्कूल की इमारत

जो इतनी खोखली  
कि ढह गई

बच्चे इन्हीं अंकों के बीच  
बड़े हुए

और मिलता है गणित जैसे  
बीच युद्ध में  
मुँह के बल कहीं पड़ा हुआ

वैसे ही यह बच्चे एक दिन  
मिले वादियों में पड़े हुए

हमने हथेली पर आठों पहर  
खोल के रख दिए

प्रेम भी वहीं रखना चाहा

और ले कर नाम नियति का  
पहर-दर-पहर  
जीवन को रेखांकित किया

प्रेम भी  
समय की तरह मूकदर्शक होता  
तो नाप दिया जाता!

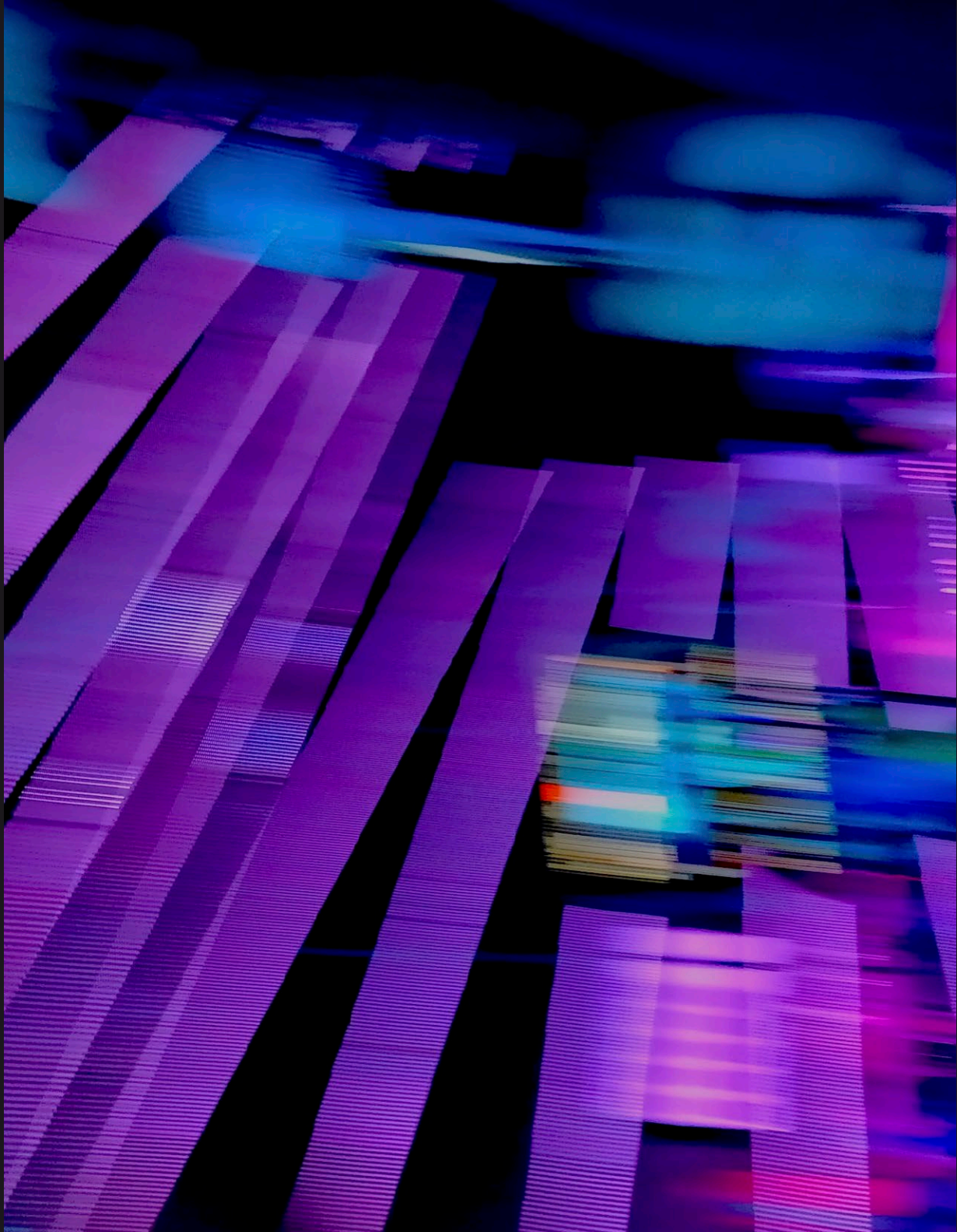
पर प्रेम बच निकला

सोचने वाली बात है  
कि जहाँ तक अपने अंदाज़े से  
हम देख पाए नई दिशाएँ

वहाँ तक बना पाए हम केवल  
रेखाएँ  
बस रेखाएँ

# EVERYWHERE I GO I SEE LINES

*Varsha Panikar*





EVERYWHERE

GO

There aren't any rules to these. We make them up as we go, and even then, they are unreliable at best; more like boundaries, invisible lines we all set for ourselves. Some we seek hoping they will guide us, some we cross and recross, some we respect and admire, while others are forced down our necks.

SEE LINES.

Sometimes, in moments when life cannot follow the rhythm, these lines bring a complex order, an idea, a path, perhaps, a morsel of truth we fear so much - one that may reveal a part of you, a part of us, our collective sentence, or at best, the cracks, the holes, the chasms, the wounds we didn't know we had.

Most days, it doesn't even make sense but it's strange how far we've come inspite of the lines the world set for us. Watch! Their lines are blurring, becoming more fragile each day, even if we are forced to continue wrapped up in destiny's palms struggling with the paradox of security and stifled potential. It's not like there exist an ample amount of chances here, anyway.

Possibility? Maybe.

Opportunity? Yeah, some.

Choice? A luxury.

Escape? Just one.

So things, life, morality become more like a code to live by;

must(s),

must not(s),

should(s),

should not(s), BUT if we wish to persevere, to push and ultimately to inevitably suffer, I guess, it's better to suffer with purpose, to live with intent; all the while seizing life with a kind of awe-inspired grip that would make life rue the day it thought acceptable to offer you lemons in place of everything!

Redraw your lines as I redraw mine. Even if the path we are being steered in does not draw out a map of utopia, it's possible to see the entirety, the veracity of the scheme.

This world is yours... all of it.

It's here for you... only you.

The stars,

The oceans,

The sand it swallows;

All here... for you.

Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

# PLAYERS

*Lynn White*

**T**he orchestra are tuned up  
ready in their uniform  
black costumes  
dressed so as  
not to distract  
from the music  
or the on stage drama  
dressed for invisibility.

And those on stage are dressed  
for the parts they're playing,  
dressed for performance  
dressed to be noticed  
dressed to be seen.

The audience are dressed  
for their parts as well.  
With their glad rags on  
they're watching each other  
waiting for the interval  
when the lights go up  
and greater scrutiny  
will be possible,  
preparing their lines  
ready to play their parts  
in a costume drama.

# A STUDY OF LINES

*Jai Bakshi*

Fundamentally lines are some of the basic building blocks in all sorts of art, they give rise to form and figures, they give direction to the spectator, they work to give context to separation and association and most of all to me lines are one of the most fascinating elements of Formal Art.

The use of lines in the genre of photography is very prominent be it orienting the horizon line and to forming your shot with the rule of thirds they all have implied meanings.

The following is a series of images I procured as I went on walks around my neighbourhood over the course of a few months. The main emphasis being on how lines work as dividers for various elements like people and how they can often add motion to an otherwise still image. The way I name my images, comes from a Hex Value from one of the most prominent or distinct colours in the entire image, as my work is heavily inspired by geometric designs and the use of colours.



















# DON'T READ BETWEEN THE LINES

## (THERE ARE NONE)

*Aditi*

After all is said and all is done,  
nothing but the haze remains,  
grimy, terrible shades of crimson  
spread about with no rhyme.

after you and i are all but dust,  
the winds will bless another soul,  
the moon will sing for a brand new life  
and spring will be cheery still.

after these three years are all but gone,  
we'll meet again at some unknown corner  
and smile then, shyly perhaps,  
for time isn't the best caretaker.

after the oceans are all but drained,  
we'll return to the times before,  
silent, searing heat and pain,  
troubled constantly by our errors.

I would ask you to tread quietly  
but i feel the end is way too close  
for us to be so blissfully unaware.  
so stomp then, and jump too  
leave your mark, i beg of you.

step out and scream;  
my love, you have the right to dream.  
don't get stuck inside the lines,  
break out and run, run, run  
and please don't fret if you are left behind.

you have no purpose that is heaven-designed,  
fate would be foolish to intervene,  
divine you are and shall remain,  
for the universe is yours to create and per-  
ceive,  
all you need is to fly free and believe.



# MAXIMUM OF THREE PER CUSTOMER

*Winston Plowes*

( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )  
( ) ( ) ( ) ( ) ( )  
( ) ( ) ( )  
( ) ( )  
( )  
( )  
--

During Lockdown's panic buying, toilet rolls  
suddenly became a precious commodity.

*This is a Fibonacci visual poem where the  
length of the lines are governed by the sequence  
0,1,1,2,3,5,8...*

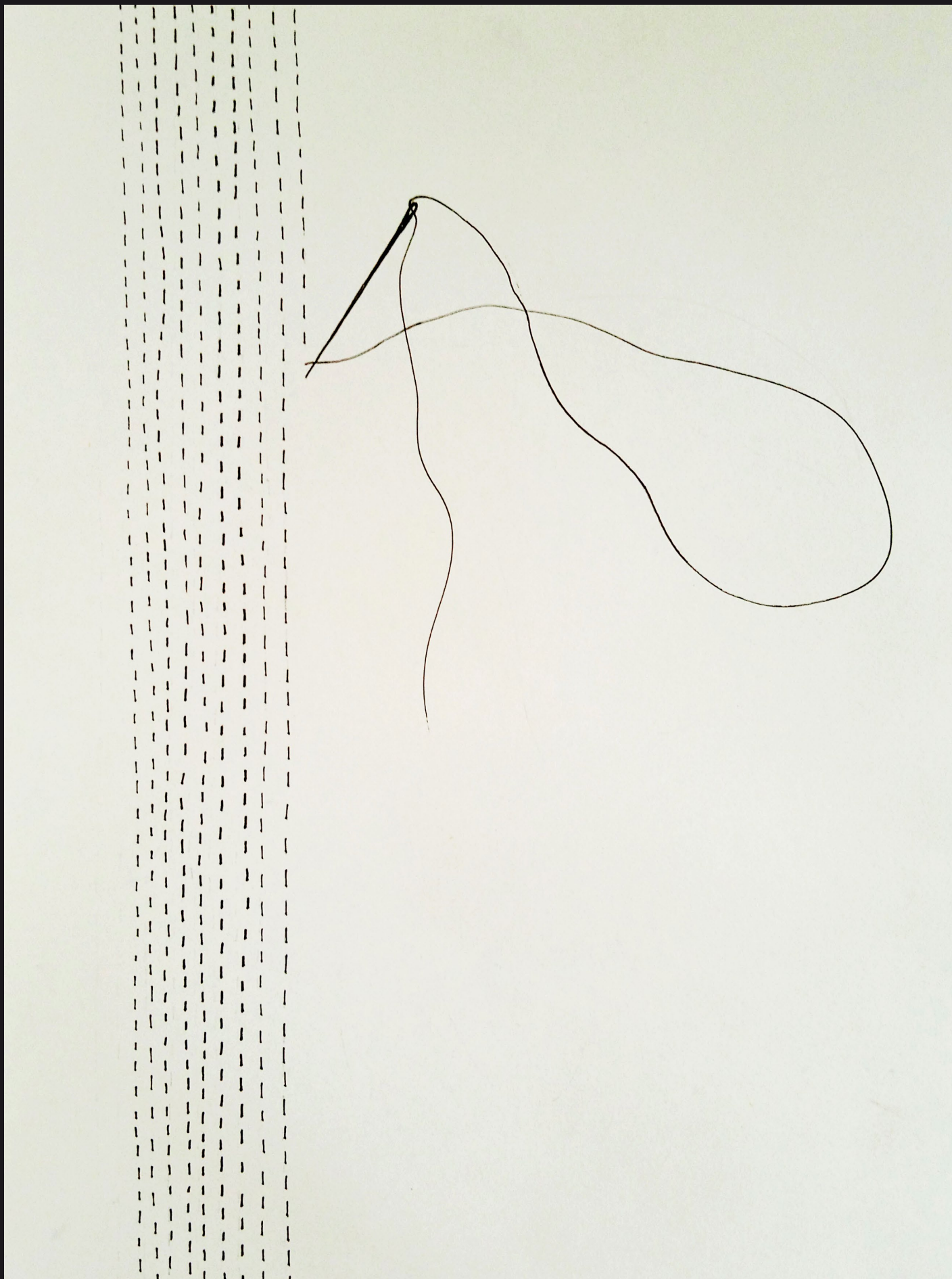
# ON THE CONTRARY

*Tilottama Bhowmick*

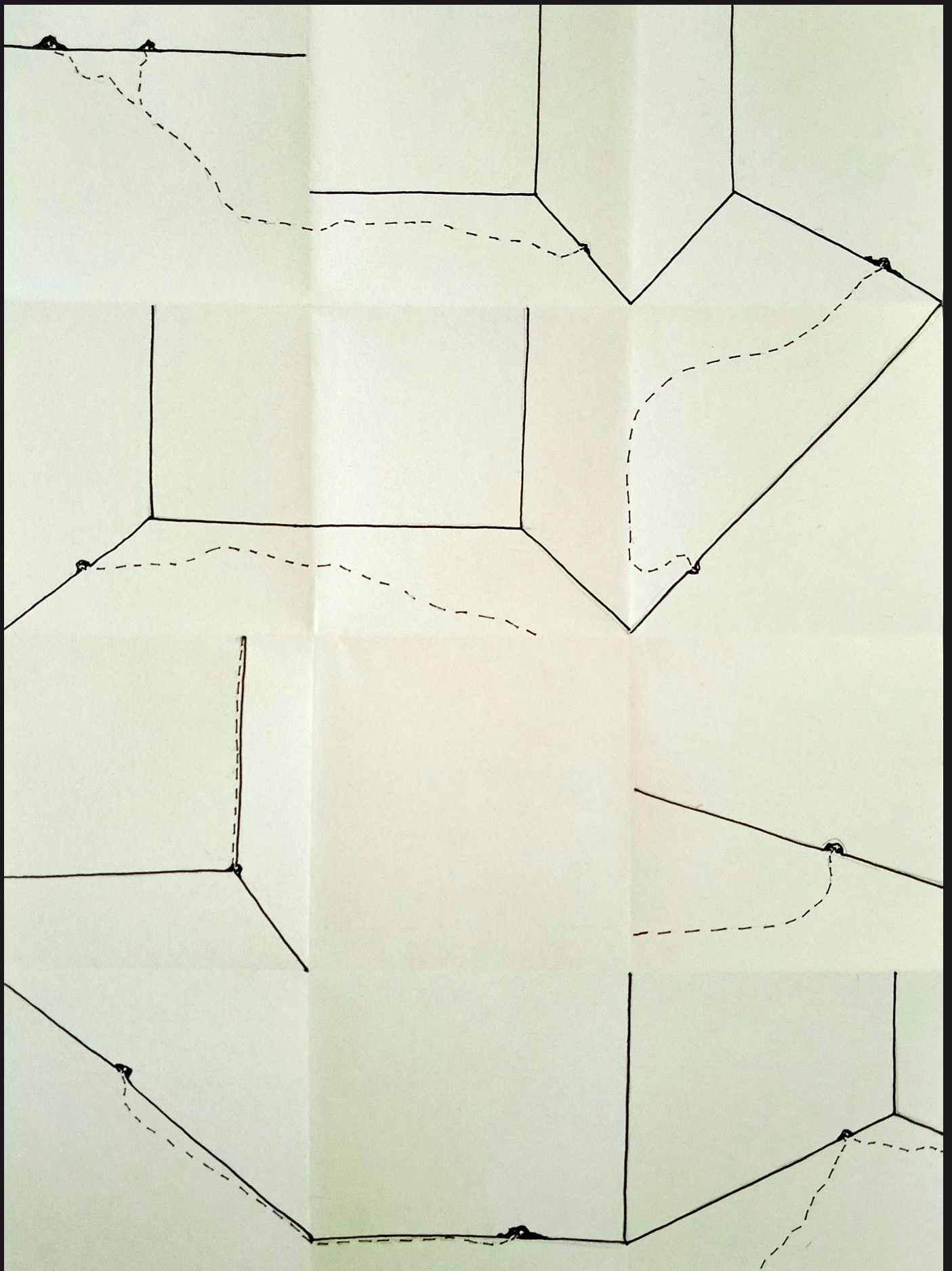
পক্ষান্তরে

On the contrary

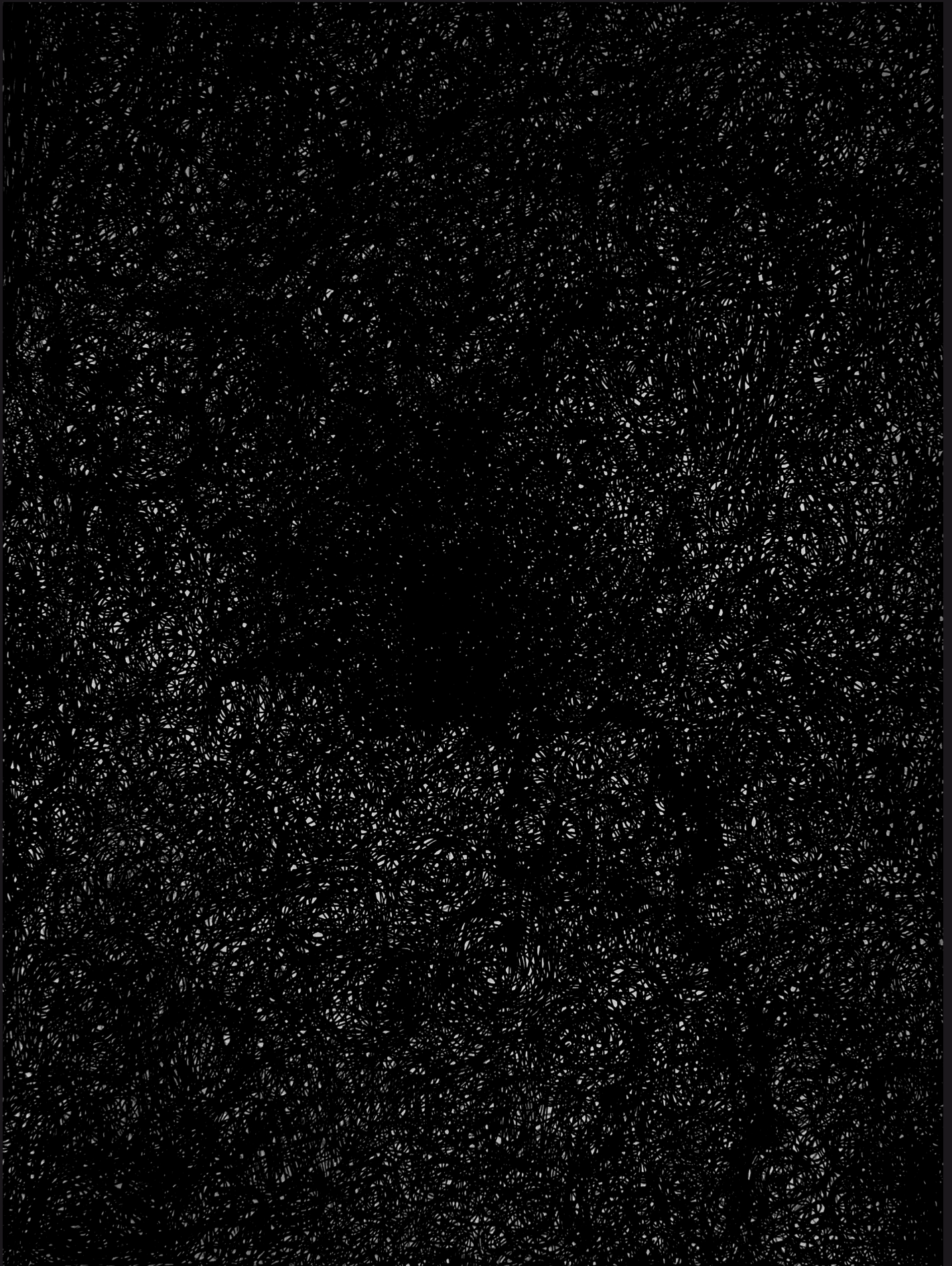
Tilottama B.

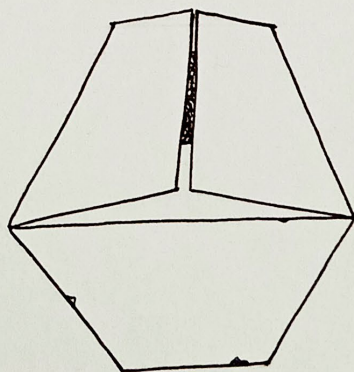
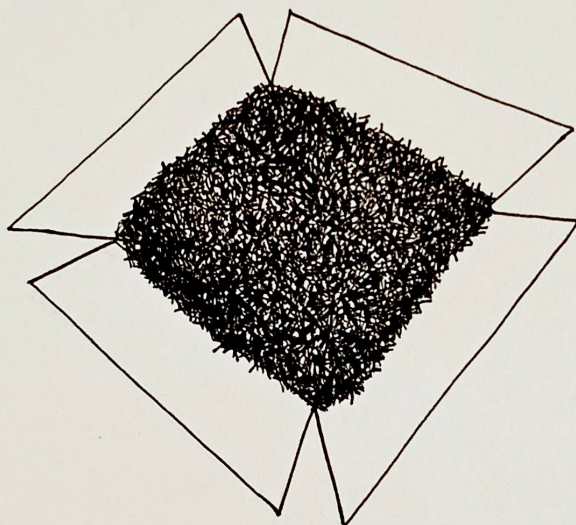
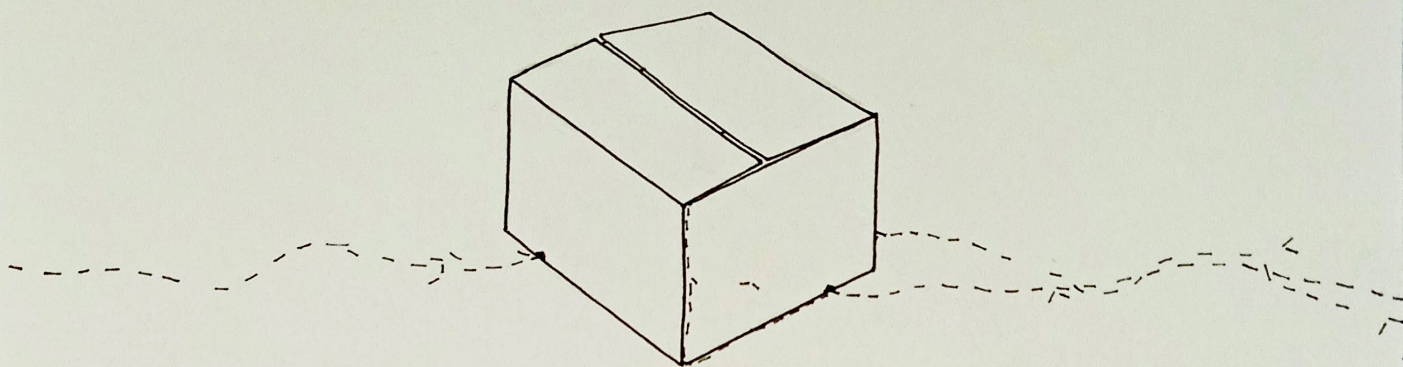




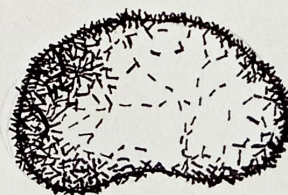
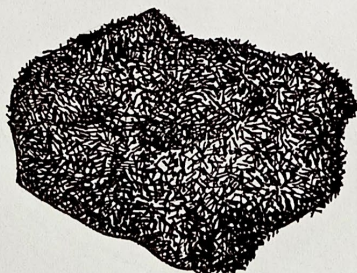
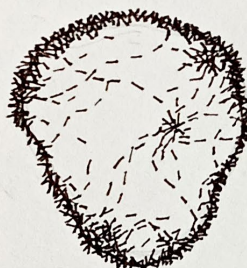
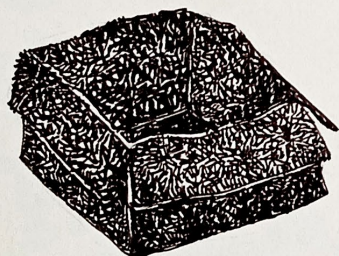
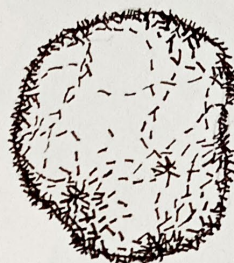
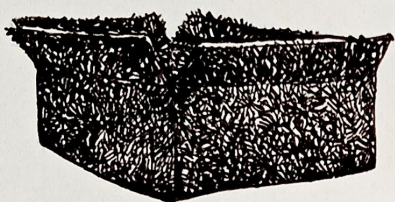
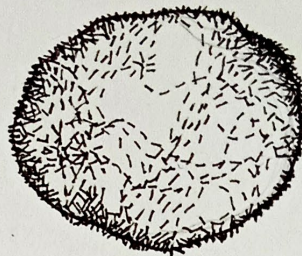
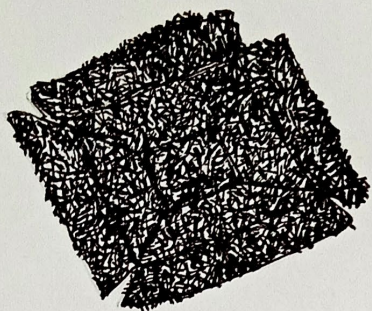




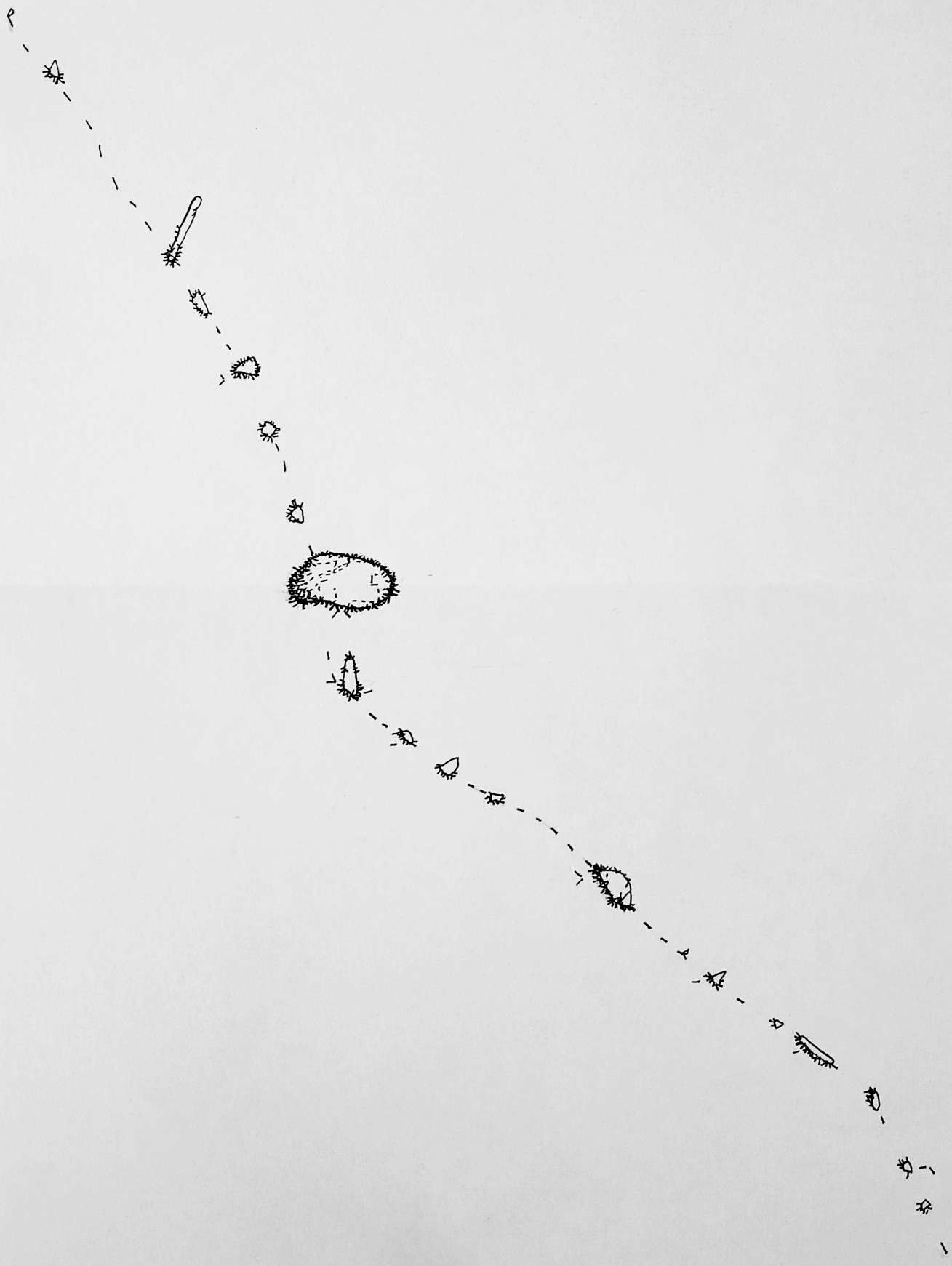














পক্ষান্তরে

On the contrary

'the line is the process of breaking the line'

i am trying to comprehend/perceive you. I am starting with '-----'  
because wish to know you from the beginning.

i wish to go back and step forward following '-----'.

in this journey, i feel safe and comfy, at the same time i feel perilous.  
You put me in a shape, asked me dressed up following your choice, lying down in a  
corner for long, i overlook my pain as if you never cried before.

**(can you) see my palm, (see my) forehead, (see my) wrinkles.**

here we are with individual patterns except for all the superstitions from your end.

(why don't you) rather touch my patterns with compactness.

i wish we become more fluid than ever before  
i wish we become us by breaking the line of 'i'

Tilottama B. (pronoun as they), is a practitioner of creative intersectionality and art facilitator. they have keen interest to make zine, graphic book, comics as a mode of communication. Tilottama is one of the co-initiator of their collective called Factorial (z).

[tilottamab.weebly.com/@tilottama\\_](http://tilottamab.weebly.com/@tilottama_)  
[tilottama.0504@gmail.com](mailto:tilottama.0504@gmail.com)

#### Factorial (z)

f(z) is an open-source initiative co-organized by two non-binary practitioners, Tilottama B. and Kaur C. As a collective we are interested in supporting the cross-disciplinary self-publication for diverse people of color/gender/ sex/race can unconditionally address, discuss and unplug critical issues.

To know more, please visit [hasfact.weebly.com](http://hasfact.weebly.com)  
mail to us: [hasfact@gmail.com](mailto:hasfact@gmail.com)

# ONCE UPON A LANE

*Arik Mitra*

**F**ive minutes to Twelve.  
A four-way lane --  
It quietly lay upon pre-midnight  
breast,  
The staring streets hush in unison --  
fading groans of cars  
cutting through the streets over sleeping dust  
and empty wrappers.

Three minutes to Twelve.  
Shape--shift the lanes,  
as perhaps would a river -- after a quarrel  
with its  
banks;  
change their course, silent, join each other  
mouth  
to mouth --  
buildings slanting in to shadow the pave-  
ments;  
Four figures walk quietly through,  
One on each trail,

of the squared fate,  
And never meet.

One minute to Twelve.  
Again the square flows,  
becomes a cross.  
Ages ago they had met  
where now meet the paths;  
In their eyes -- a never kept promise to meet  
again.

Strikes the midnight hour.  
Empty, the watching concrete breathes  
noiseless;  
just fleeting minutes every night,  
see resonating memories of those shadows,  
four --  
centuries old;  
There is still an unquenched yearning to  
meet.



# दीवारें

शुभम नेगी

एक तंग बस्ती  
की तंग गली  
की एक छोटी सी झुगगी के बाहर  
बैठी लड़की  
कलम उठाती थी

वो लिखती थी  
अपने आँगन पर  
रोटी, कपड़ा, और  
मकान लिखे जाने से पहले ही  
उसका आँगन खत्म हो जाता थाx  
पर अब उसकी बस्ती के गिर्द  
खड़ी कर दी हैं सरकार ने दीवारें

जिन ईंटों से बसाये जा सकते थे घर  
हमने उनके परदे बना लिए

तो इससे पहले कि  
ढक दी जाए बस्ती  
महँगे घरों के इतिहासों से  
कि गायब हो जाएं  
एक-डेढ़ दर्जन झुगगियां

तले आकर  
होर्डिंग पर चिपकी  
एक बच्चे की लम्बी मुस्कान के  
कि इतिहास से मिट जाएं ये दीवारें

लड़की लिखती है  
हर ईंट पर  
'मकान'

ताकि सदियों बाद  
जब खोजी जाएं ये ईंटें  
तो इतिहासकार जान पाएं  
कि जब बन रहे थे फ्लाइंगओवर  
कट रहे थे जंगल  
लूटे जा रहे थे बैंक  
आसमान छू रही थी मूर्तियां  
तब एक तंग बस्ती की  
तंग गली में  
एक नादान लड़की

अपने हिस्से का आँगन मांग रही थी।

# NOT LATE AGAIN

*Ann Privateer*

Too early now, times change  
And so do I, why lie

When Mango tea is real  
Across the cement street

I repeat and wait now  
Better to be early

Than late, but still not fun  
Embrace this moment, wow

Me in a coffee shop  
Where others are engrossed

While I fight the contents  
Of my overflowing

Purse until just right  
Not Too Early or Late.

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