

the objective REALITY

A L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E



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The wonder is that the characteristic efficacy to touch and inspire deep creative centers dwells in the smallest nursery fairy tale—as the flavor of the ocean is contained in a droplet, or the whole mystery of life within the egg of a flea. For the symbols of mythology are not manufactured; they cannot be ordered, invented, or permanently suppressed. They are spontaneous productions of the psyche, and each bears within it, undamaged, the germ power of its source. [...] In the absence of an effective general mythology, each of us has his private, unrecognized, rudimentary, yet secretly potent pantheon of dream.

-JOSEPH CAMPBELL // 'THE HERO WITH A THOUSAND FACES'



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Dear reader,

Thus concludes a splendid year of our epistolary journey! One year ago we started looking for works of literature that flaunt firmness of vision in a world that is constantly adrift in the waves of uncertainty. While the allure of rebellion for its own sake may be irresistible to fresh and audacious minds, we consider ourselves fortunate to have discovered a community that steadfastly resides in the realms of Truth. We are confident that these connections will only blossom further in the times ahead.

These letters that I have written to you, gentle reader, are close to my heart for a few reasons. First of all, it is a pleasure writing to anyone who still cares about the literary aspect of life and invests time in the perusal of emerging talent. Secondly, I believe that a collection of writing (however little it may be) gains tremendously from an invitation to its audience with a hint of the *personal*. It is *people* who made this booklet worth anything, people with ideas and opinions and a spirit to create. From the writing to the editing to the designing and then printing, every step of the process has been fulfilled by human hands and every step of the way has been paved with excitement, wonder, and the nerve-wrecking anxiety that marks the very character of our creative age. As long as people have it in them to “make good art” as Neil Gaiman put it, to sing even in the vast expanse of emptiness, to play a broken flute, to paint solely with the essence of flowers, and to write of God even in the wake of his departure; as long as humans continue to hope and to build, the world will have a reason to go on.

Today, I raise my glass and tip my hat to the extraordinary individuals who were part of this journey in the inaugural year of our magazine. To you, I extend heartfelt celebration and gratitude. Anticipate a rejuvenated magazine in the coming year—a fresh aesthetic, a revised schedule, and a renewed vibe. I look forward to reconnecting with you through the written word very soon.

I present to you, dear reader, the fourth quarterly issue of *The Objective Reality*’s second volume. Here’s hoping that these pieces bedazzle you as much as they did us!

NANDITA
Editor-in-chief



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EVER

In morning light and at night's repose,
Her presence fills me, as sweet as a rose.
Even when we're apart, she lingers near,
In every shadow and in every tear.

LASTING

With her, joy abounds and hope is nigh,
I dwell in her love, never asking why.
In the stillness, her essence surrounds,
A symphony of heartbeats, her voice resounds.

PRE

Silent, I remain as she washes over,
Alive in my bones, a constant rover.
Her spirit flows through me like rushing blood,
In this moment, I am truly understood.

SENCE

So let the world spin, I am content,
For with her, my heart is forever bent.
She is the sun, the moon, and the stars,
A love so pure, it heals all my scars.

by Ankit Srivastav



It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. It was the time of discoveries and rediscoveries. It was the age when he was trying to find himself or to become someone else. Some days living in dreams, some days in reality. He is the protagonist. Like every other young guy in his twenties, he was in a race with himself to prove himself and to find validation.

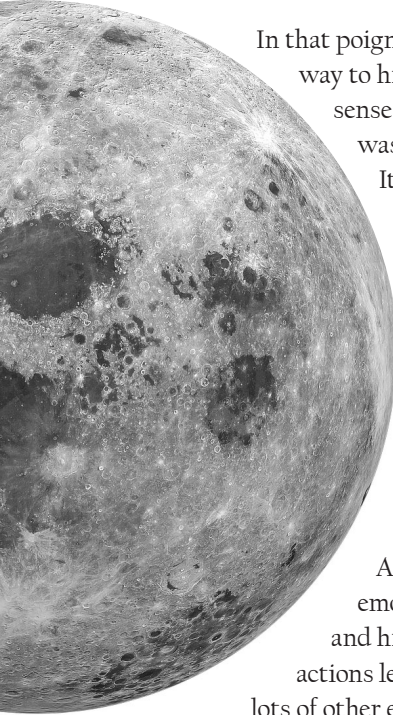
AN ABSTRACT REALITY

BY VATSAL ARORA



This was just an encounter he had with someone who had always confused him. It was set in the realm of his dreams, painted in the hues of warmth and nostalgia. It was set against the backdrop of warmth in a snowy winter. Inside the room, close friends found solace in each other's company.

In this ethereal gathering, some lounged on beds, others on mattresses on the ground. This created an ambiance of comfort and tranquility for our protagonist, who loved to be among the people he liked. Then there was Bindiya seated on the opposite side of the room. As laughter and conversations filled the air, fate intervened, his gaze met hers and their eyes locked in an enchanting connection.



In that poignant moment, the world stopped moving but she made her way to his side, as if a cosmic force was pulling them together. A sense of familiarity and ease enveloped him, as if this meeting was destined to be. Neither said what the other already knew. It was a road they both were meant to travel together, till the end. Yet, amidst the dreamlike bliss, something changed in him. In the cocoon of slumber, a shift in emotions arose, and when Bindiya expressed her desire to move forward, to explore more, he hesitated. In that vulnerable instant, the room, once filled with warmth, now carried a tinge of sorrow as Bindiya, with a heavy heart, gracefully departed. He felt the weight of that decision on him, but now he couldn't do anything about it. The moment was gone.

As the dream continued, he found himself grappling with emotions, torn between the overpowering embrace of comfort and his confused feelings for Bindiya. The realization of his actions left him with a lingering sense of regret and now there were lots of other emotions he hadn't felt before. Bindiya, a good friend in his waking life, has become an enigma of emotions in this dreamland. A delicate dance of emotions prevails.

The dream's veil lifts, yet its lingering echoes remain, leaving him to grapple with emotions both real and surreal. In this beautifully sad and romantic dream, the heart reveals secrets hidden even in the waking world.

ABANDONED

by Harshit Singh

Forbidden are the ways,
The smoke often choked,
Damned are those doors,
if not yet closed.
Pity the once blind,
emotional fool-unwoke.
Abandoned is the idea,
Royally awful, the fallacy I owned.
What shook the grounds,
Silenced the sound,
What brought no good,
Induced them bad,
awful whispers with no bound.
Abandoned is the idea,
Abandoned is the liability,
Trouble, demise, **chaos all that it owned.**



Call it love? You call it loud,
Sustains the tough?
The storms that abound?
How early to claim? You claim it quick,
A little strain, down to dust in a hitch.
“Few ones to blame?”
Or are they all the same?
How pure is the idea?
Only pure is the idea?
You love your love?
Or, you love the idea?
What sustains the tough,
A couple of troughs, what’s enough?
Is blood enough?
My love, is ‘love’ enough?

Call it love? **Oh they call it gin**
They place it above- the work, the kin,
A mere liability, once you let them in,
Cries the work, reason- the kin.
Cries the kin, reason- the ‘gin’,
An endless loop, workin’ within.
Call them nothin’, don’t let them know,
No tag escaped pride,
insane whispers they just grow.
Cherish the presence, off you grow,
In the bounds, quiet and slow,
Let it rain, let it snow,
Don’t let them know, don’t let them know.

How true is the idea?

Too good, the idea?


Falsely famous, a fallacy- the idea?
See it for it, you'll lose some effect,
See them for them, you'll lose some 'love'.

Love your work, you give it all,
See the magic, it's the same for all,
Give it a try, give it a call,
No matter the storm, rational calls-
they stand tall.


Question your idea, Question your 'love',
Observe the effect, Question it's worth,
Sustains the tough?
Storms- them rough?

What's true, what's enough?

Is blood enough?
My love, is 'love' enough?



Barred Inside



BY
HARLEEN
KAUR
AIDEN

I reside in this mind, barred inside,
Fears are my solace, peace; an unbearable sight,
Treacherous tides swallow the uncorrupted and true,
Somewhere within this shadowy realm, my soul is ensnared too.

Catastrophizing everything, my mind deems it wise,
Anticipating the worst, everything is paralysed,
Tranquility vanished, it has been vandalized
By those same thoughts that keep me traumatized.

Ruminate, ruminate, don't let it depart,
Solutions; a risky sight, also a forbidden art,
Don't focus on the good, you're ruining the path,

How can good happen?
When you have been cursed from the start.

The Paradox of Becoming

BY DEEYA MANOCHA

When the days catch a usual spin and the spirit frets within that hollow darkness, when you get it all and lose sight of all you ever wanted in that moment because the journey was who you were and the destination brings a stagnation so fettering to your bones, when you endeavor to find life but the life found you as its prey, when carrying yourself becomes the bare minimum and the threshold meets the same, when you lose you to get you and when you get you, you forget who you were once chasing to be. When you do not recognise who you have become while becoming who you always wanted to be.

WHAT HAS TRANSPIRED? HAVE THE CLOCKS MALFUNCTIONED?

Have the birds orchestrated a reversal of course or the winds embarked on a new direction? Or are you, perhaps, someone who just met an enigma? The greatest paradox of existence itself! That the existence in itself brings anonymity to your being and when the being truly becomes a being, it is the same moment it starts losing its essence too.

While fumbling with the words and struggling with the cycles of thoughts penetrating beneath the skin, is it in one's power to exist? As the state of a being in the turbulence of recurring rhythms is itself a corrosion of the fluidity of life and that one cannot ever fully reconcile with the fact that the carcass that one takes forward would never just be alive!

IT'S A COERCED FIELD WHERE PLOWING
OCCURS, BUT THESE SEEDS ARE MERE
STONES — STONES THAT WE ENDOW.

Like the embers from its dead fire, we find hope from these breaths every passing moment and however still those tender shrouds seem to be, they believed like we all do and became the miniscule of life's lies in the end.

WE SOW, WE FRET, WE PLOUGH, WE BOW, AND
EVEN IN THESE MOMENTS OF AWARENESS, WE
HOLD A PECULIAR PARADOX ALL ALONG.

That we know it's a lie leaves us more vulnerable and open to the wounds and now, it seems like half the truth as the ember keeps on living in the realm of the dead, rendering us into a state more meaningful. Falling into the perennial circles is never in our hold, therefore, the entities reach out for the embers resting in ashes. The fallacies do not lie in the mundaneness of this quagmire of life but in the process of making sense out of it. Eternity should be as good as a slipping idea to our rigid states, and strength truly lies within the breaking loose of these ropes as we reach for something we never thought of and swim somewhere we were never prepared for.

THE ARTIFICE OF UTOPIA

BY NANDITA

Is organized labor a collective responsibility of each individual, or is it just a form of forced slavery? Is it gender inequality for older men to be in charge of the household, or is it just a division of labor that is a direct consequence of human evolution? Is the inherent utilitarianism which a society like Utopia promotes viable? Why is colonization of the mainland by force, in order to accommodate more Utopians, considered an overall good?

Above are questions that often initiate discussions about Thomas More's seminal work *Utopia*. They are all important questions as they seek to dig out the various aspects of the structure of a supposedly ideal space and establish a clear dichotomy in the conceptualization and the establishment of many of his principles. In this article however, we will attempt to evade most of these socio-politically charged questions and focus on visualizing Utopia through a Narratological lens that will function on a primarily (and even solely) literary note.

“For things will never be perfect, until human beings are perfect – which I don’t expect them to be for quite a number of years!” – More

More's *Utopia* was originally published in Latin in 1516 and was translated to English by 1551. The language of origin of this work is particularly important with regard to its textuality as More relied heavily on his readers' knowledge of Greek as opposed to Latin, in order to understand and appreciate the humor that lies underfoot every step in the journey to the island of Utopia. The name of the island itself is derived from two Greek words "O-topos" i.e. No Place and "Eu-topos" i.e. Good Place. Interestingly, we know the word today as much more than the title of a book. Utopianism, for the modern world, is an idea that brings to action other ideas, a constant pursuit of perfection, of idealism. But since the very definition of "Ideal" prevents it from existing in the mortal realm, Utopia is the conjecture of a reality that constantly "tends to" perfection, without ever actually achieving it.

**The question that arises here is this:
if Utopia is at best an unachievable
dream, a fictive universe functioning
solely in isolation, then what is the
point of it anyway?**

*Greek
tópos (place,
location)*

There are two broad chains of thought that succeed this line of questioning:

- 1** the correctness in objectifying Utopia as an unachievable reality
- 2** the significance of the dream world for human philosophizing in relation to the realm of tangible reality

Let us discuss both very briefly:

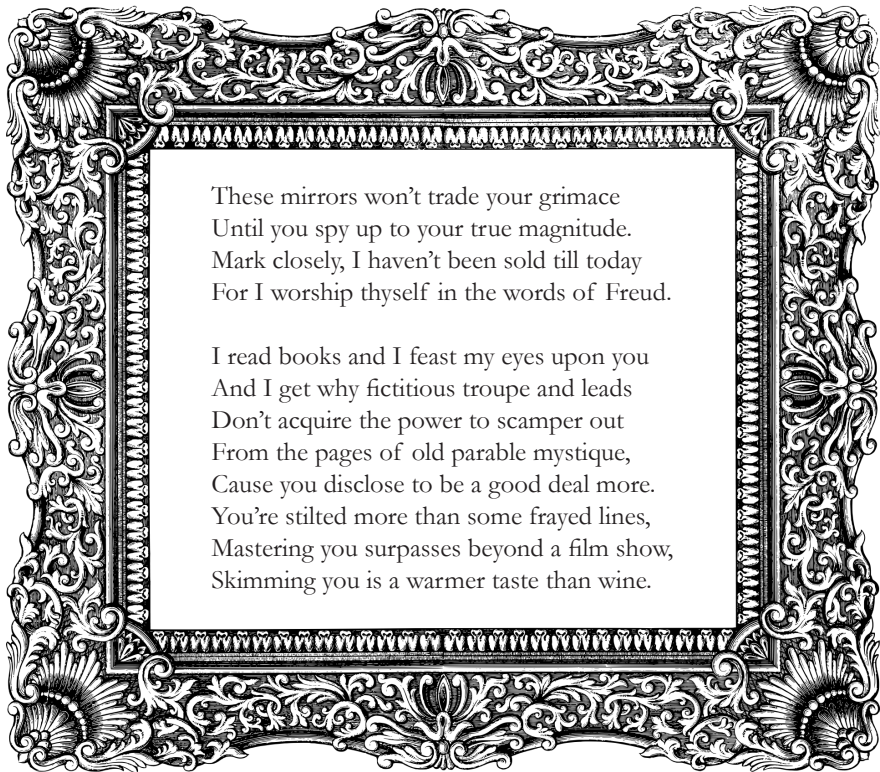
The thought of the implementation of Utopian systems in real life has raised more than a few eyebrows, and rightfully so. In addition to being a fragile polity and constantly risking the threat of totalitarian tyranny, Utopia is also a state of stagnation. The only way it works is if More's assumption stands true that what humans desire most is collective happiness. However, this claim can be heavily disputed if not outright dismissed by modern psychology. Nietzsche believed that the only constant in the human experience, apart from death of course, is suffering. We simply don't know how to exist in a world without suffering and if we are not allowed pain, we create it. That is to say, a political utopia will always fail given the human craving for the unexpected, rather than the harmonious.

On the flip side, if we confine the Utopian dream to the realm of fiction and view it as a philosophical playground for the politically inquisitive mind to manufacture near perfect systems of governance in order to ascertain their viability, it bears tremendous fruit. It acts as a simulation for the human brain to understand how society functions and serves as a north star for us to deduce which direction we need to move towards for the greatest cumulative good to become a reality. I am not making the case at all, however, that More's *Utopia* is somehow less relevant because it is mainly a function of fiction. In fact, I see no reason for Reality to take any precedence over Fiction anyway. Fiction, after all, is the domain of Thought. This is where Newton first visualized gravity and Einstein later explained it. Before that, reality for us never even constituted gravity, nor the lack thereof. All that existed in its place, was a void of ignorance.

Ultimately, Fiction and Thought together are constantly creating and recreating reality. This is why More's *Utopia* helped the masses envision a much better political future for their times. But the fact remains that the sole fictionality of *Utopia*, the only achievable part of the system, is ironically what makes it the most useful for humanity.

better than words

BY AKANKSHA VERMA



These mirrors won't trade your grimace
Until you spy up to your true magnitude.
Mark closely, I haven't been sold till today
For I worship thyself in the words of Freud.

I read books and I feast my eyes upon you
And I get why fictitious troupe and leads
Don't acquire the power to scamper out
From the pages of old parable mystique,
Cause you disclose to be a good deal more.
You're stilted more than some frayed lines,
Mastering you surpasses beyond a film show,
Skimming you is a warmer taste than wine.

meet the authors

Ankit Srivastav

Ankit Srivastav is pursuing his MBA from the Indian Institute of Management, Shillong. He completed his graduation in English (Honours) from Banaras Hindu University where he developed an insatiable appetite for literature and the written word. His passion for writing and literature has been a constant driving force for him throughout life. With every word he writes, he strives to capture the essence of what it means to be human, and to ultimately connect with readers on a profound and deeply personal level. As a writer, he is committed to writing, honing his skills, and exploring new avenues of creative expression.

Harshit Singh

The author is a kid, kid who writes when stimulated. "They say that experiences become art, what they don't say is that's that still hurt."

Harleen Kaur Aiden

Harleen Kaur Aiden is currently pursuing her master's in Literature. She utilizes poetry as a means to express the depth of her emotions. Additionally, she enjoys exploring various artistic forms believing that as a human, one should never limit themselves to just one form of expression.

Akanksha Verma

Akanksha is a novice poetry composer and a writer aspiring for the journey to capture life's beauty in verse and stories. She is passionate about crafting poetry that transports readers to a new world and evokes veiled passion.

Vatsal Arora

Vatsal Arora is an international student trying to make this worth his while. This short story is his first published work and for him, it just feels good to have it on paper. A wannabe- artist, chef, scientist, teacher, musician and connoisseur. His dream is to buy an expensive diary and write something.

Deeya Manocha

Deeya Manocha is pursuing her post-graduation in English at the University of Delhi. For her, writing is like an overwhelming desire to get the hang of her ponderings. More than a sweet escape, she finds writing a mode to find answers of this enigmatic world. She pours her expressions through prose, poetry, journaling, and occasionally, fiction, to understand herself and her surroundings better. She finds solace and a strange satiation in the reality she discovers through this exercise.

Nandita

Nandita is the author of the books *The Night is Still Young* (2019) and *Tales from a Spanish Classroom* (2022). She completed her Bachelor's degree in English Literature from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi. Her internship took her to Spain where she worked as a Language and Culture Assistant for the Spanish Ministry of Education at CEIP Antonio Checa Martinez. She is currently pursuing her Master's in English Literature from University of Delhi.

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