

# The path you choose

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**“I love my country too much to be a nationalist”**

*Albert Camus*

**A**NDYET, nationalism, being defined in its very literal sense, means patriotic feelings or principles. So how does one love its country, and yet not be a nationalist? I do not know. Is nationalism as good as it is made out to be?

## Is it really bad?

Getting agitated at the smallest of things said against our country has become a popular trend. Tanmay Bhatt, being repeatedly brought under the limelight, over the posting of a Snapchat story involving Lata Mangeshkar and Sachin Tendulkar. Is this nationalism then? Focusing on people who have made fun of popular figures, becoming a priority of the state government, when over 330 million people in Latur and nearby areas die of thirst due to the drought.

## Is this nationalism?

The neglect towards one, because someone else offends you?

*Here's another example.*

Why can't we criticize the country, if it alienates you, as is done by North East? A year or two ago, the geography books of a state didn't

# Mottled dawn

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**I**MAGINE THIS, it's Independence Day 2016, you have a holiday, the weather's perfect and you can see tricolored kites fluttering in the breeze from your windowpane. It's a day for great celebration in India, the day when, 69 years ago, we finally achieved 'swaraj' or self-rule. But amidst the celebrations, have we forgotten the cost of this 'swaraj'? The Partition of India displaced over 10 million Indian citizens and killed almost a million, yet it is not commemorated with any monument or memorial. Partition can never be forgotten by the people who experienced it first hand, but what about those people who died? Who will remember the vast devastation the nation went through when it was butchered and split into two parts. Literature will only tell us the stories of a few people. What about the others? Will their stories die with them? Will we never question what happened?

Reading “Mottled Dawn”, Manto's book of stories set during the partition, it struck me how the fictional stories, I had read, matched the facts. During a conversation with my grandmother, she distinctly remembered the slogans shouted by the mobs at night. The Hindus shouted 'Har Har Mahadev' and the Muslims shouted 'Allah Ho Akbar'. These matched the slogans shouted by the mobs in the short story “The Assignment” by Manto. It makes one wonder, how different are facts from fiction? The horrific stories we have read about the Partition may actually be closer to the truth than we think.

contain the state of Arunachal Pradesh, and as a solution, the government suggested stickers of the state which each student could stick in their books. Where is the sense of identity when an entire region in today's India remains hidden, metaphorically.

This Independence Day, I leave you, the residents of Sarvodaya Enclave, to decide, are we truly nationalists? If so, is our verbal diarrhoea enough to prove that fact?

As we hoist our flag this 15th of August, make sure you think about it. **Is this the India you wish to be in? If not, does this make you anti national?**



The close resemblance clearly confirms the kind of horrors people went through. **So this Independence day, I would like to ask you all to take out a moment amidst your celebration to think of the cost of our independence, the victims of Partition.**