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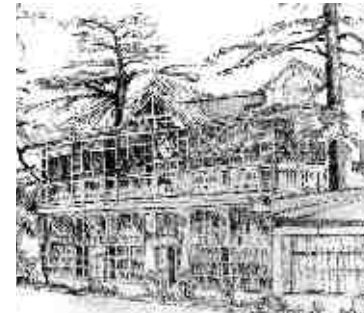
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# The ACADEMY

Lal Bahadur Shastri National Academy of Administration

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We seek to promote good governance by providing quality training towards building a professional and responsive civil service in a caring, ethical and transparent framework.



### Phase II

Valedictory Function of IAS Professional Course Phase-II was held on 29th July, 2016. Alka Sirohi, IAS (Retd), Member UPSC was the Chief Guest for Valedictory Function. Rajeev Kapoor, Director, LBSNAA addressed the Officer Trainees. The total strength of the Officer Trainees was 181, including 03 from RBCS (Royal Bhutan Civil Services). Chief Guest distributed various awards and prizes to the Officer Trainees.



### OTs CORNER



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## Phase IV

Shri Nitin Gadkari, Hon'ble Union Minister of Road Transport Highways & Shipping, visited the Academy on 7th July, 2016. He addressed the participants of Mid-Career Training Programme for IAS Officers, Phase-IV.



## LITERARY WORKS



### To Panoramic India: A Trusted Friend

*Abul Amin\**

India is a beautiful land  
A very good friend of mine  
The people are very modest  
Gentle, helpful and fine.  
India is neither an isolated land  
Nor a fairy land  
A very close neighbor to us, a very trusted friend  
Always ready by the side to help and stand.  
I am mesmerized by the Indian transcendental  
Beauty and panorama  
Moreover we are enchanted  
By the mountain melodrama.  
Clean clear is the town of Mussoorie  
Standing upright like the epitome of  
Peace and tranquility from century to century  
India is the darling child of nature  
Under the shade and beauty of the  
living all thy creature.  
We are very happy and delighted  
to come across a well set of faculty  
For their whole hearted co-operation  
We felt no difficulty.

The mountains here with a hosting mood  
Seem almost kissing the sky.

Forthwith calling us with a heartfelt appeal  
To come again and try.  
You have shown us a high degree of  
Modesty, sincerity and hospitality.  
In the core of the heart  
It has got a place of immortality.  
The lovely relation will get geared up  
In the coming days.  
With an emphasis to strengthening economic  
Democratic and administrative  
norms and values phase by phase.  
You have offered us a great deal of  
Devotion and attention.  
We wish you all the best mingled with  
Wholehearted thanks and felicitation.  
It seems a tune of eternal bondage  
Having been floated in the air with a melodious tone.  
Before we leave a sort of melancholy occurs  
In the face of west and eastern horizon.  
Before We go, We cannot but say goodbye to you  
Despite being the trusted friend among the few.

(\*Additional Deputy Commissioner,  
Khagrachari Hill District, Bangladesh)

## नज़्म : शौक

*अफसाना परवीन\**

दिल है कि इसको ख़ाब सजाने का शौक है  
जो मिल नहीं सकता उसे पाने का शौक है  
बेनूर ज़िन्दगी को महकाने का शौक है  
दर्द ए जहाँ में महफिल सजाने का शौक है  
जो दूर जा चुके हैं उन्हें पाने का शौक है  
लब पर रुके जज़्बात बताने का शौक है  
बंदिशों से होकर आज़ाद गूनगूनाने का शौक है  
हर गम भुलाके बस मुस्कुराने का शौक है  
बेफिक्र हँसेगा, सुउ में दूब जाने का शौक है

आज फिर खुद से ही दिल लगाने का शौक है  
क्यों लुटे आशियाने को फिर बसाने का शौक है  
क्यों सीने की आग को बुझाने का शौक है  
क्यों खुद अपनी हस्ती मिटाने का शौक है  
क्यों शौक की मौज में बह जाने का शौक है  
जे मिल नहीं सकता उसे पाने का शौक है  
दिल है कि इसको ख़ाब सजाने का शौक है

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## प्रेरणादायक कविता

*अफसाना परवीन\**

मैं समुन्दर की लहर से प्रीत पाकर लौट आया....  
शोर में तूफान के भी मैं गीत गाकर लौट आया !  
कच्ची मिट्टी का सही पर हौसला तो देखिए....  
एक जजीरे के किनारे घर बनाकर लौट आया!  
तेज तपती थी धरा और पाँव जलते थे मेरे.....

मैं सींच कर के उस मरु को बागान कर लौट आया  
सूनी डगर थी ना साथी कोई था  
मैं बन पथिक बीरान पथ पर  
पदचाप करके लौट आया!

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## 'मंहगाई'

*अफसाना परवीन\**

बदली है चीज़ें है बदला फ़साना  
नहीं अब वा दिन हैं, ना है गुजरा जमाना!  
जगह हर सभी का मंजर यही है  
लपटे हैं गहरी धुआं तक नहीं है!  
झुलसे हैं अब जो थे शाख पहले  
बन बैठे हैं कोयल जो थे काक पहले!  
बस हैं खुशियों के लड्डू, उल्लासों के मोती  
धरातल की फसलें, जा रही नभ में बोती!  
कुढ़ा जा रहा हूँ, मेरा सब्र छूटा!  
है बढ़ती दरों ने यहां सबको लूटा!  
छोटा है झोला, वस्तु हैं भारी

मिले अब ना राशन, न मिले तिरकारी!  
हुई आज राशन की बड़ी रेख छोटी  
हुआ मंहगा गेंहू, हुई मंहगी रोटी!  
मानो साग भाजी भी चिढ़ाने लगे हैं!  
भवनों के ऊँचा, खिल्ली उड़ाने लगे हैं!  
मुश्किल हुआ है अब जीवन बिताना  
अब कैसे हो संयम मुझे ये बताना!  
ये आशा के कंगन रहेंगे कब तक  
कोई ठोस वस्तु हमें भी दिलाना!  
न वेतन हो भारी, कोई हर्ज़ ना करना  
सरलता से तुम तरल धन कमाना!

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## संकल्प

कुलदीप\*

है कुछ करना भी मुझे कुछ नया सा कुछ अलग  
की मैं न बस रहूँ एक धूमिल खंडित नग.....  
तीड़के बंधन सभी, छोड़के सब व्याधियां  
लो चला मैं देख लो नव सृजन करने अभी  
आज मेरे हौंसले चट्टान से भी सख्त हैं  
मेरे मन में हैं भीरे वन उल्लास के ना मायूसी के दरख्त हैं.....

आज उठ कर हम सभी संकल्प क्यों ना ये करें  
तोड़ देंगे हम सभी उन खरपतवारी नियमों को.....  
जिनके कारण एक दूसरे के मन में भीरी घृणा रहे  
फिर हमारी मुस्कुराहटों से प्यार का पौध हरे.....

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## उड़ान

कुलदीप\*

काश नग जाते मेरे भी नन्हे नन्हें से दो पंख,  
काश मैं भी उड़ने जाती लेके सबको अपने संग!  
चाहती हूँ इस नील गगन में, मैं भी ऊँची भरूँ उड़ान  
चक्रवात सा वज्र प्रहार, भरपूर करता को तूफान  
बेबस ज़ख्मी और आहत सी होकर बस रह जाती

पर उमँगो की एक ज्योति, एक नया उल्लास जगाती  
पुनः जोड़ती पंखों को मन में यह विश्वास दिलाती  
आदम्य साहस लेकर क्यों ना फिर से करू प्रयत्न  
ना लूँ उड़ान से अपना आज सारा नील गगन!

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## Perspectivious

Dr. Lakshmi Priya M.S.\*

I was inconsolable  
The loss was so huge  
Nor could I forget it  
In search all efforts vain  
Tears of fear warmed up  
Some strange encroaching chill  
As though it were a void  
A void between life and death  
A void between voice and silence  
Fearful sense of fatal urgency  
Of memories of songs unsung  
Of lotuses blooming in mist  
Of struggles to breathe in life  
Of journeys tiring and long  
To galleries of colorful wishes  
Colors of despair and hope

I know why they bleed  
Pictures of dreams unseen  
I know what they lack  
The depth of innocent eyes  
Forgetting to twinkle in hope  
I know the forgotten world  
A world once dear and conquered  
A world once so close as if a song  
Waves now lost, fearfully far  
The waves of perspectives of life  
Frantically I search  
For what I once threw  
Carelessly into dust

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## Bye Mussoorie

Chandrasekar S\*

After landing here in September,  
Is there a moment after  
That we cannot remember?  
Like mud and water  
we mixed together  
And Settled in different colors..

In the cold morning,  
with fuss and groaning,  
Did we go to physical training.  
Remained intact our quest  
When the lectures were best.  
Body and mind went to rest  
When the speaker lacked zest.

Evening we got back to our nest,

To get ready to bite the dust  
In the ground that halted our rust.  
Will be missing movies with popcorn  
And many other moments with a forlorn.  
Endlessly we cribbed  
Yet memories are inside our ribs.  
The days were long  
Yet for those days we long.  
What a great confluence is this!  
And never would we like to miss.  
It is time to part,  
To give the next challenge a start.

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)

## Seoul-the Veggie Temple

Divya S. Iyer\*

As I packed my bags to Seoul, advice came knocking at my door, asking me to pack maggi noodles and read-to-eat food packets and namkeen... and what not, all in bona-fide will that I do not starve my grumbling stomach in Seoul. Being a vegetarian, I received nothing short of threats and scare to my satiety and gustatory life in Korea. The flight to the 'Soul of Asia' did light a spark of hope, as the Korean airlines did serve us some spicy Indian food.

The Seoul searching started off with relishing the grandeur of the Gyeongbokgung palace, followed by ice cold banana milk at the kiosk at the exit. It turns out that Korean childhood is more often than not sweetened by the fragrance of banana milk. That was definitely not a bad start at all. The first evening in Seoul was transformational, to say the least. A tired, yet gleeful me was welcomed by my Korean friend

who introduced me to an intriguing concept of cuisine called temple cooking. That I was vegetarian was known to him, which pre-empted most of the renowned delectable counters of Seoul, for the evening. After gaily hopping through the compact cobble-stoned streets of Insadong, in the whimsical evening drizzle, we halted at the end of a dark mysterious alley. He threw open in front of me, the most extra-ordinary dinner, ever. As we jiggled through a narrow door-way hooded by dim lighting, I was asked to remove my shoes and place them in the neat boxes stacked up in there, and note down the number on it. The air in the room was cold, crisp and carried the mystical aromas of spices, condiments, incense...I know not.

I followed the spiritual fragrance that wafted through the reception counter, and led me into the thick garden and

compact confines of the restaurant dripping in traditional artistry. Unique pieces of artefacts and antique charms were dotted about the place, rendering it an unfathomable appeal. The multi-coloured dim lighting only added to the mystique; so did the tolling of the bells as we just pulled out the floor cushions to sit at the low table. The wooden floor and table, gleaming spoons and bowls made of wood, hand-made lotus lanterns, the Buddha statues, intricately carved bells, chimes... I was fascinated beyond words. An elderly waitress welcomed us with the traditional mulberry tea served in Korean tea cups by my friend. In Korea, they would always ensure that the other person's cup is filled before your own. A humble way to teach the younger generation, the need to care for the other—I thought to myself. As I sipped on the subtle flavoured warm tea and nibbled on the appetisers delicately placed at the four corners of a square plate, a celestial performance of traditional temple dance to the tunes of temple music commenced. Angelic women dressed in plenty of colourful costume and stunning make up blossomed with every beat of the rhythm drummed by an elderly man in the background. As their skirts billowed, so did our minds. As their drums beat, so did our fingers. As their voices hummed, so did our breath. It was strictly not a classical form of dance, but more of a form of Korean Buddhist folk dance often performed in temple premises. It had elements of Salpuri dance in it which is originally a part of the Korean Buddhist Shamanism. We were almost in a trance, when the young dancer came to me waving her wand at me and pulling me into the dance courtyard. I was awarded a blue silk sash, and a hand-drum 'chhango' to me. A couple of other foreign visitors were also roped into the dance-floor, as we meticulously followed the strumming and stance of the dancers. It was joy abounding in that tiny square of 6 feet a side. After profusely thanking them in my newly acquired Korean phonetic skills, I returned to my seat, for a delicious main course meal.

Sachal-Umshik, which literally translates into temple-food, is a spiritual soul searching through culinary routes. It caters to the less explored corners of the human palate and goads one into savouring the subtlest of flavours. The first course had contained mostly various types of sea-weeds and local moss, kelp which were either crispy fried or baked to perfection with a seasoning of salt. This was soon followed by a generous portion of pine tea, which was a slightly alcoholic cold drink, with a strong, sweet tang to it. It was then time for the next course comprised of varieties of pancakes and a salad relish at the centre, alongside bowls of salty water-kimchi with cabbage, drum-stick and greens, and a rather sweet porridge with red-bean and kabocha (pumpkin). Helping myself with generous portions of each sumptuous dish that was different from the rest in taste as well as texture, I was ready to meet the desserts. I was then told that the main-course meal was yet to start! O dear Lord!

Eighteen Namul dishes aesthetically arranged in little wooden bowls lacing woven baskets was a sight to behold. Though the food was tasty in a completely unfamiliar, yet cosy way, my battle with the wooden chopsticks made me flustered for a solid thirty minutes. By then, I had figured out that it was essential to pick at the food with the chop-sticks, and not tear them apart by a pair of knife and fork, or mix them into a mush using your fingers, in order to experience the finesse and let the delicate flavours linger on in every taste-bud without crowding them. The dishes had a variety of greens, some stews, and the iconic kimchi. Wild mushrooms, sweet potatoes, bean curd, tofu, cabbage, spinach predominated the familiar eye on the bowls. A bowl of sticky brown and white rice was the base for all the dishes, which was given separately. One had to pick up a rather broad salad leaf, place a ball of sticky rice on it, top it up with some greens, veggies, spicy bean paste or kimchi; wrap it into a tight bundle and fit it into your mouth. As you chew it down, the layers of flavours and textures unwrap in your mouth one after the other, as if in concentric circles or

patterns in chakras as they term in Indian tradition. The meal was overwhelming, yet unmatched.

We moved into the garden seat to enjoy the desserts under the moonlit sky imbued by the floral hues of the lanterns. The earthy fragrance was perfect for the modest desserts served to us in the form of sweet puffed rice rolls, honey-dried discs of tubers and rice-discs, followed by a cinnamon tea for the grand finale. The evening at the SanChon (translated: Mountain Village) restaurant, basking in the glory of Buddhist traditions was an enchanting one. A treat to the mind, body and soul—it was unlike anything I had ever experienced before. The vegetarian visitor to Seoul would definitely not help but be grateful to the Buddhist monk by the name of Kim Yon Shik, who started the

restaurant in 1981 and continues to delight his customers like none other. We gracefully rose from our seats and moved towards the exit, where a confine flanked by curious white boards with black and white buttons on it was present. Gomoku was an abstract strategy board game of Japanese origin, popularised in Korea during the imperial rule. A hearty culinary toast, a celestial cultural treat, and a clever game to sign off! The week that followed in Seoul only proved my instinct right that vegetarians didn't have to go starving in the city that served up plenty of veggie delights in newer shapes and forms than I have ever seen before, if only one does some 'Seoul searching' -Kamsahamnida Seoul!

(\*IAS Phase II, 2014 Batch)