

Collective restraints of personal memory

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IV Sem. Rollno. 11

The 2022 Noble Prize in Literature has been awarded to French author 'Annie Ernaux' for the courage and clinical activity with which she uncovers the roots, estrangements and collective restraints of personal memory. Annie Therese Blanche Ernaux is a French writer known for her lightly fictionalized memoirs. Her work examines her memoirs. Her work exposes without sentimentality or sensationalism. The main themes of her writings are the body and sexuality, intimate relationship, social inequality and the experience of changing class through education, time and memory. Her autobiographical texts such as *A Man's Place*, *A Woman's Story* and *Shame* explore her own life and of her parents. While *The Years* covers the social and cultural history of France. *The Years* has been described as a hybrid memoir, spanning the period of 1941 to 2006. This novel stuffed with autobiographical element. Ernaux

writes about herself in the third person. It provides a vivid look at French society just after the II World War until the early 2000s. It is the moving social story of a woman and of the evolving society she lived in; therefore the book has been called collective restraints of personal memory.

The Sea Seems Like The Shimmering Mirror (A trip to Lakshadweep)

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Lakshadweep is a place that everyone longs to visit. Lakshadweep is known for its exotic beaches and lush green landscape. The name Lakshadweep in Malayalam and Sanskrit means 'a hundred thousand islands.' It was 19th December 2023. I got a phone call from Sir Chandra Bahadur Khadka, Junior Commissioned officer. He told me over phone that his unit had got only two vacancies for joining in Special National Integration Camp to be held at Lakshadweep. He wanted me to join the

camp. He further asked me to come to Guwahati the same night. I was a bit confused. I asked him to give me five minutes to brood over. I called my Maa. She was on the way to Aunt's house that day. She said 'you should go'. One of my juniors of our college Osman Goni Khan was also selected from 7 Assam B.N. NCC Unit. We got on Gopal Krishna Bus at Gauripur and reached Guwahati in the dawn. We met all the cadets of North East at the Railway Station. There were twelve or thirteen of us in all. We met Madam Moitreyee Hazarika, A.N.O (Associate NCC officer). We boarded the train and reached Ernakulam town after three days. The weather of Ernakulam was pleasantly cool. Ernakulam in Kerala is a place filled with a wide array of historical sites. It is also known for leather items, clothes and spices. It was Five O' clock in the morning. The moment a gentle breeze softened my cheek, I got a fragrance of ginger tea made by Maa from memory. Later we were brought to wharf. The name of the ship was Kavaratti. The white ship was designed especially for the Lakshadweep islands to promote

tourism. The 120 meter long ship has capacity to carry 77 hundred passengers and to carry 200 hundred tons of cargo. We took our permits and went to our rooms. After entering into our respective rooms, we almost failed to understand that we were floating. After a short rest, we came to the upper deck. I cannot describe that moment of seeing the colossal sea. I was at a loss for a moment. The saturated blue over the sea appeared like the shimmering water.

There is something inside these lanes

Argha Ghosh
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There's something inside this lanes
That doesn't love everything
Exposed in the scorched ray after rain,
people and their faces sweating all
over, but there's a wall between- each
one walking, like this lanes walls: each
body's a wall to another: am I jumping
wall to wall? Or the walls are
stumbling upon me, alone in a deserted
lane- writing this poem. There's a
cement wall; what's your boundary?
Oh wall! Is it up to this much? Or

you're here to maintain peace among
the neighbor?
Adieu! Dear wall, stay still there
forever. I will come another day to
praise you here.

Breeze- The Messenger

Subrata Dutta
VI Sem. Rollno. 179

Doesn't the breeze tell you something?
Doesn't it try to touch you like me?
Doesn't it wipe off your tears away?
Doesn't it remind you about your
lover?

I sent some words with it
I told it to touch you where did I
I told it to wipe your tears away
I told about the dreams you knew.

Do you know what I dreamt of?
It's you, to hold your hands
To embrace you, to renew life.

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