

## Sarojini Naidu Centre for Women's Studies Celebrates the Women in Translation Month



جامعہ ملیہ اسلامیہ  
جامیہا میلیا اسلامیہ

CELEBRATING  
YEARS  
OF  
SNCWS  
**25**

**Jamia Millia Islamia**  
**Sarojini Naidu Centre for Women's Studies**  
**Subject Association**  
*celebrates*

**WOMEN IN TRANSLATION**  
***WITMonth'2025***

*August is Women in Translation Month (WITMonth), a global initiative to highlight and celebrate literature written by women and translated into other languages. The movement aims to address the underrepresentation of women in translated literature and encourage greater recognition of their work*

**CALL FOR TRANSLATIONS**

Guidelines

1. Translation of a poem by a woman poet in any Indian language/ English translation into Hindi/Urdu/English.
2. Use of AI is not allowed.
3. Each translator can submit a maximum of three poems each and a minimum of one poem in translation.
4. The last date of submission is 24th August (05:00 P.M)
5. Selected translators will receive a certificate and will get to recite their poems in a forthcoming event.



<https://forms.gle/rdDV9a7FszqstbN69>

*Dr. Ambreen Jamali*  
Advisor, Subject Association

*Nishat Zaidi*  
Hony. Director, SNCWS

**Student Coordinator(s) - Arushi**

SNCWS, Subject Association conducted a translation competition in the month of August to recognize the great contribution of women in translation. The entries were judged by associate professor Dr.Sanobar Hussaini, Dept. of English, JMI. Ms. Arushi Poddar M.A. Gender Studies I semester student coordinated the event.



Dr. Sanobar Hussaini

Dr. Hussaini is an experienced academic who has previously taught at the University of Mumbai and SNDT Women's University with an expertise in translating south asian literature. Niyogi Books is currently publishing her two upcoming translations of the works of the renowned Urdu author Abdus Samad. She has recently completed the translation of Islahunnissa , the first Urdu novel written by a woman from 1881. Alongside her PhD in English, she holds an MA in Urdu, which broadens her knowledge of both contemporary and classical Urdu literature. She also has proficiency in Persian, which broadens her understanding of the linguistic and cultural nuances of Urdu texts. This combination of advanced Urdu studies alongside her scholarly rigour enables Dr. Hussaini to produce translations that are both academically sound and culturally authentic.

The following are our winning entries -

1st: Sati by Pritanshu Kar

2nd: I am that Girl by Tiasha Parichcha

3rd: Mujhe mat batana by Ansheeka Pandey & I give you ample time by Yash Yadav

### **First place -**

Sati by Pritanshu Kar

**Original poem** by Mandakranta Sen

**Judges remarks** - The piece masterfully captures the imagery and layers of irony while preserving rhythm and symbolism.

Original poem

Translation

সতী

কবমিন্দাক্রান্তা সনে

থানে করে

ধ্যাবড়া সঁদুর, মৃত গাঁদাফুল, করোঁটরি মতো বাসা  
নারকলে-এই উপচারে বর্ষা নামে নয়। বর্ষা আসলে

সতীমা'র খলো।

সতীর শোণতি অথবা যোনতি আঁকা ছিল এক আদমি  
চহ্ন, জীবনে মরণে পতব্রতা যো, ভগবতী আর সোতো  
অভিন্ন।

ভগবতী, তার ক'হাত জাননি। প্রতি আস্তনি লুকোন  
ম্যাজকি।

তঁরই করুণায় আজও এ দেশে নৈকভাবে ঐতিহাসিক।

এক সীমান্তে দাঙা আর অন্যপ্রান্তে বিবাহোৎসব,  
একদিকে পোড়ো ভ্রূণ, বিপরীতে জলে ভেসে যায় সোমনু  
শবা।

আধখানা দেশে ফটে চোঁচরি মাইল মাইল অবাধ খরায়,  
বৃষ্টিপাতের কামনায় ওরা সতীমন্দরে সঁদুর চড়ায়।

বাকি অর্ধকে ডোবা তখন পারাপারহীন অথৈ বন্যা,  
সেখানে ক'তবে চিতার বদলে জলে বাঁপ দেবে দবৌ কন্যা?

কপালে সঁদুর। বুকো মৃত ফুল। করোঁটভিত্তি অলীক পাথর-  
ঈশ্বরী, তুই বাঁচিয়ে রাখসি বঁচে উঠবার আকাঙ্খা তোর

Streaks of sindoor, musty marigolds,  
and coconut skulls—  
No, these oblations don't bring rain.  
It is only Mother Sati's plaything.

A primal sign etched in her blood and  
womb,  
Faithful wife to her lord till the last  
breath;  
No different from the Goddess, they  
hail.

The Goddess has too many hands to be  
counted,  
Each sleeve hides a different sleight.  
Her grace baptizes sins as history.

Riots rage on at one border,  
Wedding clarinets fill the air at another.  
At one, there burns a fetus,  
At another, floats a ripe corpse.

Drought rends the country across a  
million miles,  
They fall at the altar of Sati, praying for  
the rain.

Deluge engulfs the other half.  
Will the daughter-Goddess leap into  
water there?  
Instead of a pyre?

Sindoor incarnadines your parting  
Wilted flowers deck your breasts.  
Skull cups brimming with illusory  
stones —  
Oh Goddess, keep alight your will to  
rise from the ashes.



Pritanshu Kar is a student at Jadavpur University, currently in the undergraduate third-year of pursuing an honours degree in English. She is deeply interested in writing poems and songs, besides translating literary works. She is from Kolkata and believes in the prowess of poetry to unsettle and heal. At leisure, Pritanshu also indulges in learning about popular culture and its impact on the society.

---

### **1st runner up -**

I am that Girl by Tiasha Parichcha

**Original poem** - AMI SEI MEYETI by Kabita Singha

**Judge's comments** - The translation preserves centuries of sacrifice and silence with an unwavering voice.

Original poem

Translation

আমহি সেই ময়েটোঁ

আমহি সেই ময়েটোঁ সেই ময়ে

যার জন্মের সময় কোন শাঁখ বাজনি  
জন্ম থেকেই যে জ্যোতিষীর ছঁকে বন্দী

যার লগ্ন রাশি রাহু কতুর

দশি খোঁজা হয়েছে না, তার নজিরে জন্ম নয়

তার পিতার জন্ম আর ভাই এর জন্ম  
তার স্বামীর জন্ম তার পুত্রের জন্ম  
কিন্তু যার গর্ভ থেকে আমার জন্ম  
সেই মায়ে কথ্য বলনি কউ।

আমহি সেই ময়েটোঁ সেই ময়েটোঁ

যে জন্ম থেকেই বিবাহের

জন্ম বলি প্রদত্ত

যার বাইরের চহোরা

চোখ – নাক-মুখ- ত্বক- চুল – রঙ

নিয়েই দর কষাকষি

কাল না ফর্সা

খাঁদা না টকিলো

লম্বা না বট্টে

খুতখুত না টানা টানা

যার মাথার বাইরটো নিয়েই সকলরে ভাবনা  
মাথার ভিতরটা নিয়ে কারও কোন মাথা ব্যথা  
নই

আমহি সেই ময়েটোঁ যে ছোটবলো থেকে শুনছে

জোরে জোরে কথা বলতে নই

ছুটতে নই - চটোতে নই - হাসতে নই  
এমন ক'ি কাঁদলেও তা লুকিয়ে লুকিয়ে

আমহি সেই ময়েটোঁ যাকে বলতে নই –

খাদি পেয়েছে – ঘুম পেয়েছে – ইচ্ছা করছো-

ক্লান্ত লাগছে -আর পারছনি — আর  
পারছনি।

আমহি সেই ময়েটোঁ থলোর জন্ম যার  
হাতে তুলে দেওয়া হয়েছে পুতুল  
পুতুলের আদল পাবার জন্ম  
পুতুলের সংসার বানাবার জন্ম।

I AM THAT GIRL

I am that girl  
That girl

Whose birth invited no blowing of conch  
shells

Who is trapped inside the astrologer's chart

Placements of Zodiacs, Rahu, Ketu  
Has been searched, Oh no, not for her

For her father and her brother

For her husband and her son

But from whose womb I came into being  
Nobody talked about that mother.

I am that girl, that girl

Who has been prepared to be sacrificed  
since her birth

Whose appearance

Eyes- nose - face -skin - hair- complexion

Are subject to bargain

Dark or Fair?

Flat nosed or shapely?

Tall or short?

Hooded eyes or upturned?

Outside of whose head is a great concern  
for all

And no headache for what's inside the  
head!

I am that Woman who has been hearing  
from her childhood

(Your) Speeches can't be loud

Mustn't be running around - screaming -  
burst into laughter

Even tears ought to be hidden.

I am that girl who is not supposed to say  
I am hungry - I am sleepy - I don't want it-  
Feeling tired - can't do it - can't do it  
anymore.

I am that girl who has been given dolls for  
playing

To imbibe the form of the doll

To create a doll-house.

I am that girl, a five-year-old  
who in the last century had to marry  
old men about to die at the shore of Ganga  
Been honoured as one of the





Tiasha is a postgraduate student in English Literature at the University of Delhi. Her research interests include Indian Literary Theory, Translation Studies, and Comparative Literature with a focus on the intersection of literature, culture, religion, and philosophy. She has been actively engaged in research programs and organizing debates and seminars since her graduation at Calcutta University.

## **2nd runner ups**

1. मैं तुम्हें संपूर्ण छूट देती हूँ by Yash Yadav

**Original poem** by George Elliot

**Judge's comments** - The emotions are expressed in a clear and heartfelt manner.

Original

Translation

I grant you ample leave  
 To use the hoary formula 'I am'  
 Naming the emptiness where thought  
 is not;  
 But fill the void with definition, 'I'  
 Will be no more a datum than the  
 words  
 You link false inference with, the  
 'Since' & 'so'  
 That, true or not, make up the atom-  
 whirl.  
 Resolve your 'Ego', it is all one web  
 With vibrant ether clotted into  
 worlds:  
 Your subject, self, or self-assertive 'I'  
 Turns nought but object, melts to  
 molecules,  
 Is stripped from naked Being with  
 the rest  
 Of those rag-garments named the  
 Universe.  
 Or if, in strife to keep your 'Ego'  
 strong  
 You make it weaver of the ethereal  
 light,  
 Space, motion, solids & the dream of  
 Time —  
 Why, still 'tis Being looking from the  
 dark,  
 The core, the centre of your  
 consciousness,  
 That notes your bubble-world: sense,  
 pleasure, pain,  
 What are they but a shifting  
 otherness,  
 Phantasmal flux of moments? —"

मैं तुम्हें संपूर्ण छूट देती हूँ, अपने भीतर के  
 जर्जर 'अहंकार' को प्रयोग करने के लिए,  
 उस शून्य को नाम देने के लिए जहाँ कोई  
 विचार नहीं है। पर यदि उस रिक्तता को  
 परिभाषा से भर दोगे, तो "अहम्" अब कोई  
 आधार न रहकर मात्र शब्द बन जाएगा,  
 जैसे "क्योंकि" और "इसलिए" से गढ़े  
 निष्कर्ष, चाहे वे सत्य हों या असत्य, बस  
 परमाणुओं की चक्करदार गति जैसे।

अपने अभिमान को समझो, वह भी उसी  
 जाल का हिस्सा है, जो आकाश की भाँति  
 समूचे ब्रह्मांड में फैला हुआ है। तुम,  
 तुम्हारा मन, तुम्हारा स्वाभिमान, तुम्हारा  
 "अहम्", सब वस्तु बनकर पिघल जाते हैं  
 और अणुओं में ढल जाते हैं। नग्न अस्तित्व  
 से ये सब छिन जाते हैं, और बचते हैं केवल  
 वे चिथड़े वस्त्र, जिन्हें हम 'संसार' कहते हैं।

और यदि अपने "गर्व" को बनाए रखने के  
 संघर्ष में तुम सूक्ष्म प्रकाश का बुनकर बनते  
 हो, जो आकाश, गति, ठोस और समय का  
 स्वप्न बुनता है, तो भी अस्तित्व अंधकार  
 में ही छिपा रहता है, तुम्हारी चेतना के मूल  
 केन्द्र में। वहीं से वह देखता है तुम्हारा  
 बुलबुला-सा संसार: अनुभूति, सुख, पीड़ा ये  
 सब और क्या हैं सिवाय बदलती परछाइयों  
 के, क्षणभंगुर धारा पर उठी मृगतृष्णा जैसे  
 भाँति।



Yash Yadav is a final-year undergraduate student pursuing a Bachelor's degree in English Honours at DAV PG College, Varanasi, affiliated with Banaras Hindu University (BHU). He completed his schooling at Jawahar Navodaya Vidyalaya, Ghazipur, Uttar Pradesh. With a deep interest in literature, translation, and cultural studies, he is passionate about exploring the intersections of language and expression.

2.

Let me be unaware by Ansheeka Pandey

**Original poem** - Mujhe mat batana- Parveen Shakir

**Judge's comments** - The translation effectively conveys the lyrical intensity of the pain of separation and love.

Original

Translation



मुझे मत बताना

कि तुम ने मुझे छोड़ने का इरादा किया था

तो क्यों

और किस वजह से

अभी तो तुम्हारे बिछड़ने का दुख भी नहीं कम हुआ

अभी तो मैं

बातों के वादों के शहर-ए-तिलिस्मात में

आँख पर खुश-गुमानी की पट्टी लिए

तुम को पेड़ों के पीछे दरख्तों के झुण्ड

और दीवार की पुश्त पर ढूँडने में मगन हूँ

कहीं पर तुम्हारी सदा और कहीं पर तुम्हारी महक

मुझ पे हँसने में मसरूफ़ है

अभी तक तुम्हारी हँसी से नबर्द-आज़मा हूँ

और इस जंग में

मेरा हथियार

अपनी वफ़ा पर भरोसा है और कुछ नहीं

उसे कुंद करने की कोशिश न करना

मुझे मत बताना.....

Let me be unaware

Of the reason for separation

For the ache of your farewell

has not yet faded.

If you so decide to abandon me,

I plead you to keep me in darkness

For the pain of your parting,

Has not been eased yet.

With the mirage of your flattery

Wearing the veils of delusion,

I search for your presence

Behind the enchanted cluster of trees,

And upon the mounted walls.

The echo of your voice,

The essence of your existence

Seem to ridicule me.

And I stand steadfast as a veteran

Admiring your smile

While I armour myself

With the deep trust in my loyalty.

So, do not seek to curtail it,

And leave me in this blessed ignorance.



Ansheeka Pandey is a student of English Literature with an interest in poetry and languages. She writes, reads and finds joy in translating poems to share their rhythm and beauty across cultures. She believes poetry travels best when carried in more than one language.