



**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF CUSTOMS, EXCISE & NARCOTICS
FARIDABAD**

PRESENTS

KAR-DHWANI

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**SALUTE TO OUR
BRAVE SOLDIERS**

Be the Real Hero-It's in Your Blood

Social Service Committee NACEN Hyderabad



A Blood donation camp was organised in NACEN, Hyderabad by the Social Service Committee on 1st February, 2017. Shri Sunil Jain, Commissioner, Central Excise Zone, Hyderabad was the Chief Guest for the event. Course Director, Shri Shafat Usmani and Associate Course Director Shri Gopi Donthireddy and other NACEN officials graced the occasion. In his inaugural address, Shri Sunil Jain has stressed the importance of blood donation and motivated the batch to participate for social causes. The blood donation camp was organised in partnership with Red Cross Society, Hyderabad. The theme of the camp is 'Be the Real Hero- It's in Your Blood". Officer Trainees of 68th IRS C&CE batch participated in large numbers for the event. A Total of 52 volunteers, including 47 officer trainees and 5 other volunteers, had donated blood. The camp was helpful in raising the awareness on blood donation. Thanks to all the volunteers involved in organizing this drive successfully.

Training for IRS (C&CE) Officer Trainees in National Industrial Security Academy (NISA), Hyderabad



The first attachment module for 68th Batch IRS (C&CE) Officer Trainees of the NACEN RTI Hyderabad was organized from 20th February 2017 to 25th February 2017 in National Industrial Security Academy, Hyderabad. The module was formally inaugurated in the lecture hall of the National Industrial Security Academy by Shri Vasa Seshagiri Rao IRS, Additional Director General, NACEN RTI Hyderabad. Course Director/Coordinator, faculty and staff from both NACEN RTI and NISA Hyderabad graced the occasion. National Industrial Security Academy is the premier training institution of Central Industrial Security Force. The training for the 68th Batch is the 11th batch of training for IRS (C&CE) Officer Trainees being conducted by NISA. A typical training day covered 05.30 a.m - 18.30 p.m to provide the basic induction training in handling of fire arms, unarmed combat, drill and physical fitness for the directly recruited Assistant Commissioners. The Course Coordinator for the attachment, Shri Vikas Kumar , DC/OD and Coy. Commander Insp/E K Durai ensured effective training of all the 100 Officer Trainees. Weapon Training for the officers included training in 9mm MP-5/Glock Pistol/9mm Pistol Auto/5.56mm INSAS /7.62MM AK-47 followed by firing test. Simulated firing classes to improve holding, aiming and trigger operations was very effective in improving target efficiency of the Officer Trainees. KARV-MAGA unarmed combat training enhanced the self-defence capabilities of the training participants. Yoga, Zumba, Jogging, Aerobics, Volley ball and Cricket matches marked the physical fitness training. In drill classes, training on Turnout and Wearing of Uniform, Saluting and Etiquettes, Forming up, Guard of honour had been imparted. The class room lectures included Investigation of economic offences by Shri A Y V Krishna, IPS, JD, CBI, Hyderabad, lecture on Use of Force through Case studies by Shri T Vikram, IPS, DIG/NISA, lecture on Coordination between CISF & Customs at Airport & Seaport by Faculty from CISF & NACEN, lecture on Bomb action plan by Shri Vikas Kumar, DC/OD, Disaster Management-An overview by Dr. Shikhar Sahai, DIG/FSTI. The classes were followed by field demonstrations including

Visit to NISA Technical Centre coordinated by Sh. Senthil Rajan, DC/Tech., Aviation Security Module at AVSEC School coordinated by Sh. U K Gautam, AC, Contingency & Mock drill coordinated by Sh. Vikas Kumar, DC/OD, Fire fighting: Lecture & Demo by FSTI Faculty and a Visit to Disaster Management Technical Centre. The 11th Batch of training for IRS(C&CE) Officers concluded with a Final Outdoor and Indoor test followed by a cultural evening. The Valediction Ceremony was chaired by Shri Jagbir Singh, IG/TS and Director, NISA on 25th February 2017 and the best performing Officer Trainees were presented with souvenirs and mementos.



सी.आर.पी.एफ. अटैचमेंट

महेन्द्र कुमार, भा.रा.से.

थकान रहित कठिन परिश्रम और अनुशासन की जिंदगी से रुबरु होने का अवसर था सी.आर.पी.एफ. अटैचमेंट। सुबह-सुबह ऋशि मेजर की दम भरती कमांड - पीटी परेऽऽऽऽऽड...सावधाऽऽऽऽऽन! और संध्या समय रोल-कॉल- परेऽऽऽऽऽड...सावधाऽऽऽऽऽन! की आवाज और पिच में रत्ती भर भी अंतर नहीं। वही जज़्बा, वही दमख़म, वही विस्तार और वही घनत्वा। फ़ौज की ज़बान में कहूँ तो हर एक काम समयबद्ध और तरतीबवार....कहीं कोई शक नहीं।

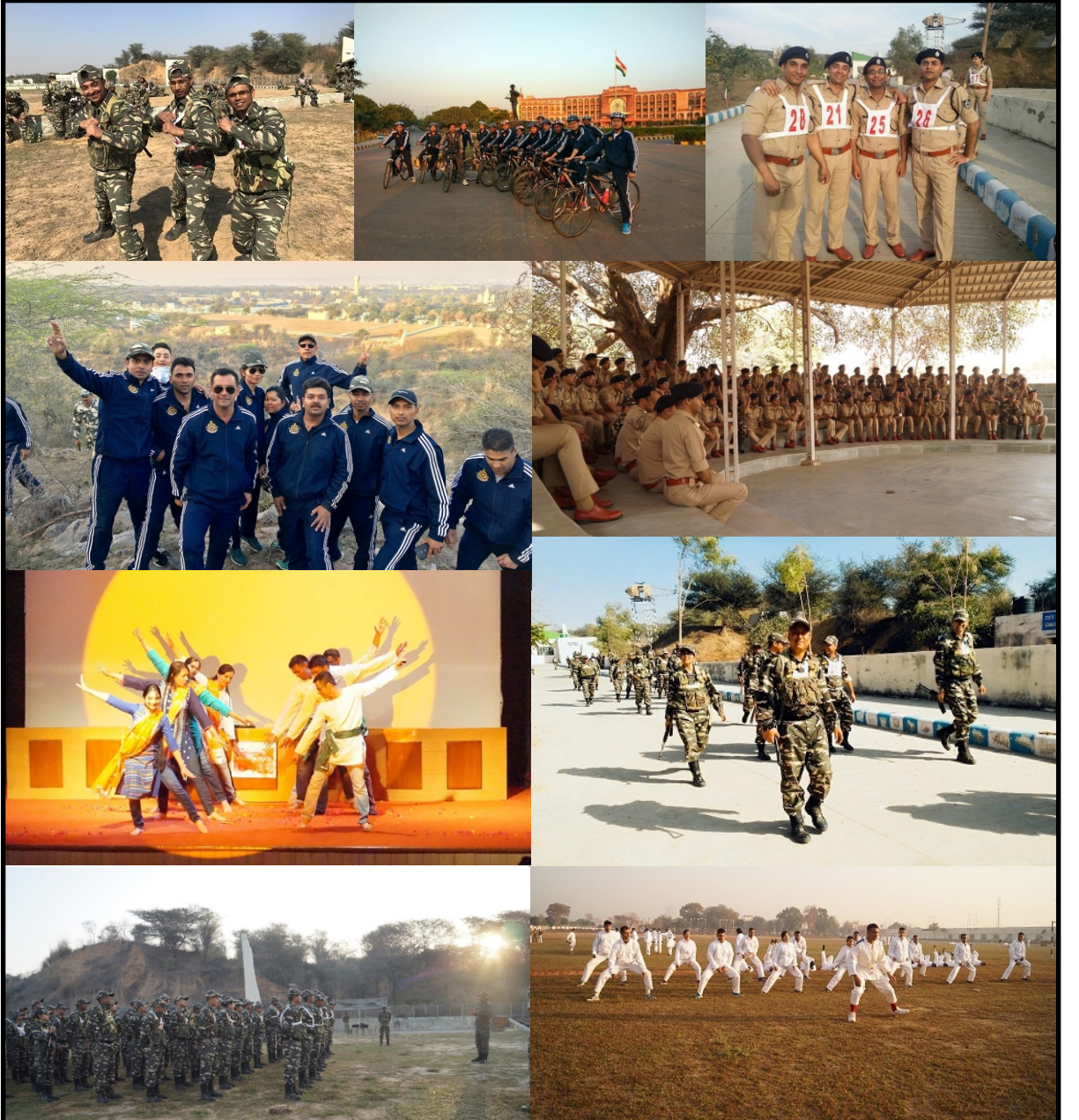
बड़े विविध प्रकार के अनुभवों से गुज़रे हम.. हाड़तोड़ पीटी (जो उस्तादों की नज़र में कुछ नहीं था..) हथियार रहित युद्ध कौशल, भिन्न-भिन्न किस्म के हथियारों से वाकफियत और फायरिंग, पीटी, परेड... और ना चाहते हुए भी हमारी आँखों में आँसू गैस का स्वाद भी चख लिया। जंगल में मंगल भी किया तो खेल के मैदान में दंगल भी। एक ही दिन में पाँच-पाँच बार वस्त्र बदलने का हुनर भी हमको मालूम हुआ और समय की कीमत भी

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जानी। पाँच मिनट अतिरिक्त मिलने की खुशी आँखों में नहीं समाती थी। कुछ लोगों ने गिन-गिन के दिन गुज़ारे... मानो कह रहे हों कि- समय तू जल्दी जल्दी चल, आज का दिन है पल पल भारी, कैसा होगा कल, हाय रे..कैसा होगा कल..। तो अधिकतर लोग बड़ी जल्दी फौज़ के मुताबिक ढ़ल गए या यूँ कहिए फौज़ ने ढ़ाल दिया। इतने सख़्त अनुशासन के बावजूद भी ये लोग इतनी आत्मीयता कहाँ से लाते हैं मालूम नहीं। जब कोर्स सीनियर मयंक ने वोट ऑफ थैंक्स देते हुए ज्यों ही उस्तादों का ज़िक्र किया तो पूरे कोर्स ने दो मिनट तक खड़े होकर इनके लिए करतल ध्वनि की। इसमें एक ही मतलब निकलता है - अनुशासन तो है ही, आचरण के मानकों में भी इनका मुक़ाबला नहीं। भीतर लाली प्रेम की, बाहर बहुत कठोर।

सी.आर.पी.एफ. के डिप्टी कमांडेंट और हमारे कोर्स को-आर्डिनेटर श्री नरेंद्र यादव का व्यवहार एक मिसाल के तौर पर याद किया जाएगा। इनके प्रति हर एक के मन में एक स्थायी किस्म की इज्जत और अथाह आत्मीयता है। कुशलतापूर्वक, व्यवहारिक और आत्मीय भाव से पंद्रह दिन तक हमें झेलने के लिए सी.आर.पी.एफ. अकादमी का शुक्रिया। हम सब के लिए यह ना भूतो ना भविष्यति वाला अनुभव था। हमें मालूम है कि इस जीवन में ट्रेनिंग कभी नहीं होगी। जीवन के बेहतरीन अनुभव में हमारा बनने के लिए सी.आर.पी.एफ. परिवार का शुक्रिया।

जय हिंद!



Picasso of Wordart

Ajay Rimal Kharde, IRS

Wordart in common parlance denotes a text-decorative utility in creating offline and online documents. As words could have more than meaning, Wordart also denotes a Visual Art form describing a category of text-dependant postmodernist art practiced since 1950s. The primary artistic component of this art form is words and phrases. The text-based imagery produced by modern painters take the art of painting to its advanced level and so wordart now is considered as an applied art. Just because it is an applied art form, it could be applied and appreciated to several contemporary contexts and happenings . Ajay Rimal Kharde is a silent master of wordart and his paintings speak volumes on different themes. House Journal Society is delighted to introduce some of the masterpieces of Ajay Rimal Kharde.



GST - The Reform



IRS & The Nation



The Nation & The NACIN

Is she more beautiful ?

Abhijit Thorat, IRS

“You smoke too much lately. Is it that you're craving for love??” jested seven months pregnant Rahi.

Abhay kept on puffing with new vigour thinking 'bout Kavita eluding his wife, mentally as well as physically.

Abhay and Rahi were college sweethearts. Both had common interests like Mumbai, hostel life, soft rock, definitive literature, clove cigarettes, painting and poetry. Except for he loved it on the couch and she enjoyed it on the bed. They tied knots two years after their Masters in Business Administration. They knew each from head to toe. She typically followed the other side of the Arabic matrimonial equation that is curtailing her liberty to move alone and secretly basked it. But he was a classifiable and predictive north Indian stud with a good physique ready to flirt with every other juicy girl he came across. Her parents dissented strongly after she eloped with him. Still, she considered herself lucky as far as her marriage was concerned; reason being his intelligence, romanticism and tomfoolery.

Before marriage, things were different at least for Abhay. He was very much interesting, creative and expressive in the first place. Their 'mental-intimacy' clearly outdid physical involvement. She first proposed him during their masters, he rejected as he had a crush on some already set-aside damsel. As every XY chromosome bearer is a loyalist slave of testosterone, he was no exception. They both got together within a month. It was his second relationship while she never earlier dated due to societal obligations. And yes, he sensed some void in their affinity but couldn't express his incertitudes to emotionally unstable and already imbalanced wife especially after her father left for heaven's abode due to a heart attack.

Everything was so foreseeable in their deadening relationship and so only they decided to turn into parents hoping that a child would light up their benighted aroha. Typical Indian couple!!

He brought her same pineapple cake since years on birthdays as the clichéd surprise. Looking at his eyes on the dinner table, she would pass on knowing what he needed. They knew each other too much to express in words. Eyes did all the conversation. He too realised that such quixotic stuff seemed good only in poems. Both were unknowingly going deep into the web weaved by 'too much of love'.

Kavita: fair, slim and aphrodisiacal girl who came in as an intern was the new protagonist in his life. She as a single child always resorted to surrogate relationships after her parents separated. He started butterflying her hoping to complete his incomplete life. And it clicked between them. Never earlier did he experience such calmness and solace but his heart was torn apart thinking about the unborn child. As always he thought she was the one, his soul mate. She was one devil-may-care lover and never took him that seriously for obvious reasons. His kinship with Kavita reached a celestial point and there was no looking back after that.

Rahi was admitted into a hospital during her last month. She easily noticed guilt in his eyes but kept mum. She kept on asking with her eyes, 'Is she more beautiful??' Once, such a great debater lost life's most important case with

a straight defeat. He did nothing but closed his eyes in reply trying hard to cry but couldn't. Wild damaging and negative thoughts took over him.

Allah blessed Abhay with a baby girl. Rahi died during pregnancy owing to excess blood loss from her body.

He entered the hospital ward with mixed feelings. Went near his wife. Took her hand in his hands and tried hard to cry, again he couldn't. Then he turned his eyes towards the new-born, her eyes clearly resembling Rahi's. He was taken aback by the 'Is she more beautiful??' look which the baby gave him.

Tears came down his cheeks for the first time in life. He tried controlling his feelings....but eyes kept on pouring as if they were separated from his body, mind and soul!

Gulzar saab's grave voice hemmed into his ears:

**"Kisi mausam ka jhonka tha
Jo iss deewar par latki tasveer tirschhi kar gaya hai**

**Gaye sawan mein ye deeware yun seeli nahi thi
Na jane kyun iss dafa inn mein seelan aa gayi hai
Daraarein pad gayi hain
Aur seelan iss tarah behti hai jaise
Khushk rukhsaaro par geele aansun chalte hain"**

(A quivering touch of weather, was it??
which has swung your photo-frame.
Last monsoon, these walls were as dry (and strong) as dead leaves;
This time, however these are damped and damaged.
And the dampness crawls on the wall,
Just like tears leave a trail on (somebody's) dry cheeks
A quivering touch of weather, was it??)

Intersubjective Reality

Ishendra Kashyap, IRS

A few days back, I was trying to play Table tennis. Now, being an amateur player, it was just for fun. I was not in "the flow" (in the sense of the csikszentmihalyi's definition of flow). So, my mind was wandering in all possible coordinates. But then, I stumbled on the "why" question (a favorite time pass for lazy people). Why am I doing it? Why am I trying to hit a 2.7 gm hollow spherical ball across the net so diligently? I realized that the more you think about it the more you realize that the rules of table tennis (any game for that matter) are pretty arbitrary. It could have been very different and still, people like me would have spent their precious time trying to abide by them.

But note another feature of these rules. Although they have decided arbitrarily, it is followed by all the table tennis players across the world. So, it is not similar to the subjectiveness of, say arts, where an individual is free to present their work in whatever form they like. Because many people abide by the same "fiction", the rules represent a type of intersubjective reality.

If we look around the world, we will find many examples of such intersubjective reality. Take money, for example. Money has value only as long as its worth is accepted by all the parties in the transaction, which in turn is ensured by the central bank of the country. During the recent demonetization



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scheme launched by Government of India, all 500 and 1000 rupee notes were declared invalid. And just like that, these notes became worthless because people at large were not ready to accept the subjective truth of the buying power of these notes. Other examples include the concept of corporations, state and religion, depending upon your belief systems. These are different from objective truths which are not contingent upon people believing it and are different from subjective entities where everything goes. Their value originates from a large number of people believing in their truth value.

If we accept the notion that many things in our daily life which we consider as objective truths are nothing more than intersubjective fiction, we face two crucial issues. The first has to do with the efficiency of such fiction. So consider the table tennis rules again. To tackle the first question, we need to ascertain why we play it in the first place (physical fitness, entertainment, etc.). And once we have found the “why”, we need to question how effective are the rules in achieving the objectives. Now this analysis might look overdrawn for table tennis rules, but they become much more important for other things like the ones exemplified above. The second issue relate to the chauvinism associated with certain intersubjective entities. A lot of conflicts can be avoided or at least they will become less acrimonious if we understand that several of the things we hold dear are nothing more than figments of our imagination. Instead of righteous indignation felt towards those who don't agree with our intersubjective truths, we will first focus more on the issue so that the debate will be rather around certain intersubjective truths are better or not in achieving the desired objectives.

Shooter's Eye

Kanaga Subramanian IRS

In his youthful days
Without speaking a word
He can penetrate a heart
Holding her by his mind,
Aiming her by his heart,
Triggering one of his eyes
By pulling its lid front and back
He produced quick rounds of introductory fire,
Signaling his love to his Cleopatra
After the exchange of several rounds of deliberate fire
An eye for an eye
Made their love blind;
While shooting bullets
He winks his eye again
Knowing that
Without speaking a word
He can penetrate a heart
Like a snail sliding into its coil
His one eye shuts into its cover
Now with one eye left open
He became that person with the third eye!
Eyes speaking of love,
Eyes fighting for sovereign wrath,
Eyes appearing to the outside world,
Or the internal mystic mind's eye,
How many eyes does a shooter have?
None or one...Two or more
Friends please tell,
You might have admired the wide open water penetrating
Shrunken eyes of saintly heron!

कवि की कलम से..

अभिषेक नारायण सिन्हा, भा.रा.से.



मेरे प्रेम का कोई आधार नहीं..

सिवा प्रेम के तुम्हे देने को कोई उपहार नहीं,
मेरे प्रेम का कोई आधार नहीं...
है अनायास और पूर्ण स्वाभाविक,
प्रेम दरिया ऐसी कि डूबते इसमें सभी नाविक,
सिवा प्रेम के हृदय प्रवेश का कोई द्वार नहीं,
मेरे प्रेम का कोई आधार नहीं...

तेरी निर्दोष नजरें और दिव्य मुस्कुराहट,
बढ़ाती है मुझमें कुछ और जीने की चाहत,
दिल के दर्द तेरे करते मेरे हृदय को आहत,
सिवा प्रेम के मेरा और कोई आहार नहीं,
मेरे प्रेम का कोई आधार नहीं...

जलाकर प्रेमदीप तुमने दूर किया हृदयकोष्ठ का तिमिर,
व्यतीत अमूल्य क्षण तेरे संग
ताउम्र याद रहेगा ये ऋतु शिशिर,
पड़ते हैं कदम जहाँ तेरे
वहाँ बह उठते हैं सुगंधित समीर,
सिवा तेरे प्रेम के मेरा कोई भी अस्तित्व आकार नहीं,
मेरे प्रेम का कोई भी आधार नहीं...
सिवा प्रेम के तुम्हे देने को कोई उपहार नहीं,

पथ को ढूँढ़ता हूँ..

अब बिखरें हुए संवेदनाओं में एकत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
तेरे हृदय की गहराई में मैं स्वत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
टूटें हैं कई तारे इस दिल के आसमाँ में,
पर खोए एक चाँद की,
चाँदनी के घनत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
खींचते थे तुम मुझे अपनी ओर,
अब तुम्हारे गुरुत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,

बिछड़ने से कोई दूर नहीं होता पर,
मिलन-विरह के समत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
बिखरें हैं यहाँ कई नज़ारे इस खुदा के जहाँ में,
पर उन नज़ारों की खूबसूरती में,
तुम्हारे देवत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,

खुद की बदसूरती में छुपे हुए
कीमती तत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
मरने से पहले जीवन के महत्व को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
जिंदगी की जंग में जंग चुकी लत को ढूँढ़ता हूँ,
अब भी उम्मीदें जिंदा है इस बुझती समा में,
पर इस घोर अंधेरे में भी मैं
अपने पथ को ढूँढ़ता हूँ।

तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..

जो वो फिर इस गली आयें, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..
उम्र का ही तो एक तकाज़ा है, जिनके लिए हमने सर्वसुख त्यागा है,
वो विरह था या फिर विदाई थी, वो कुरान की आयत थी या रुबाई थी,
यही सोच के उम्र ढल न जाए, तमन्ना फिर मचल ना जाए..

चेहरे की झुर्रिया देख कर वय का ख्याल आता है, फिर दिल के चिरयौवन रहने का सवाल आता है,
उस काव्य के फिर से रसास्वादन का भान है मुझको, पर इस रसिक को ढलते सूरज का ढाल आता है,
यह ज्ञान कहीं अचल ना हो जाए, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..

जो वो फिर इस गली आयें, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..
जो वो बीती बातें याद आयें, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..

खोता हूँ जब मैं पूर्व-स्मृति में, उनके खूबसूरती पे लिखे काव्यकृति में,
उस जीवन को फिर से मैं जीता हूँ, नासूर बने इस जख्म को स्वप्न में सीता हूँ,
वक्त बदल गया है फिर बदल ना जाए, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..

सच ही कहा होगा किसी शायर ने, कि प्यार कभी मरता नहीं,
पर ईश्वर मानव मन के मुताबिक इस संसार को गढ़ता नहीं,
प्रेम बिना पथराई आँखें कही सजल ना हो जाए, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..

हम मनुजों से तो देवता भी जलते हैं, क्योंकि अमृत्य देव प्रेम नहीं करते हैं
प्रेम-सुधा के बदले अमृतपान भी त्याज्य है, प्रेम के लिए मृत्यु वरण नहीं कोई आश्चर्य है
इस विचार से कहीं मेरा दर्प सबल ना हो जाए, तमन्ना मचल ना जाए..

कवि की कलम से..

अभिषेक जैन, भा.रा.से.

इंतजार..

किस किससे पूछूँ, किसका एतबार करूँ,
तू ही बता कब तक तेरा इंतजार करूँ।

कयामतें बीती जा रही हैं दीदार-ए-यार को,
तेरी तस्वीर से ही अब अपनी चाहत का इज़हार करूँ।

जब भी मेरे दिल में तेरी यादों का तूफ़ान उठे,
तेरे कंगन से खेलूँ, तेरी पायल से झनकार करूँ।

ना तुझसे कुछ कह सकूँ, ना तुझसे कुछ सुन सकूँ,
लफ़्जों को ही अब अपनी तड़प का राज़दार करूँ।

मैं तुझसे ना मिल सकूँ तो ना सही,
किसी और से मिलने से भी मैं अब इनकार करूँ।

प्रयास

भर-भर के पन्नें तोड़ दी कलमें,
इतना मगा कि पड़ गए सदमें।

किया यूज़ नीला कभी काल पैन,
सजाया कॉपी को किया अंडरलैन।

सूरज उठा तब गए सोने को,
मिला नहीं एक पल खोने को।

किया नहीं कभी नैन-मटक्का,
फोकस रखा करते थे पक्का।

कुरुक्षेत्र और पढ़ी योजना,
और हिन्दू को पड़ा चाटना।

निकल गयी तोंद गिर गए बाल,
घिस-घिस के हो गए बुरे हाल।

कर के मर गए अथक प्रयास,
मंज़िल मिली न एक्को बार।

फिर भी मन न मचलता है,
जानता है, प्रयास ही सफलता है।



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