A WEEKLY NONSENSE

THE redacted WEAKLY

Issue No. 05
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LIKED THE WEAKLY?

This zine needs YOU to keep it running by sending in your musings, from your notes app to the backs of your books.

It is printed every first working day of the week- and distributed amongst whoever the editor runs into first. It's special in a way where you know that someone probably carries your poem in their wallet.

You can also find the Weakly *and more zines at* ***DelhiZine****, a zine collective devoted to sponsoring art. Catch us at* ***@delhizine*** *and* ***delhizine.github.io****.*

E-mail your thoughts, notes, pictures, sketches, sighing and crying to ***lillstickk@gmail.com****. Or maybe bump into me in the corridor. God knows, I love that.*

Didn't get a physical copy? Print your own!!!

-on popular demand by Aira Sharma, artist extraordinaire

editor's note

I have trouble saying goodbyes. If I text or call someone at night, a point arrives at about 3:30am where the friend will ask me, am I not sleepy yet? Problem is, I, myself, am not aware. If they want to talk, I cant possibly refuse, wether I'm sleepy or not, never crosses my mind. This, even if the conversation is lulled and turns rapidly more surreal (not enjoyble if the conversationalists are sober and sleep deprived- although some may consider both as paradoxes). My entire life, some cruel ploy of the universe has forced all logistics to function in a way where separation is a constant. Friends, family, street dogs, neighbourhood parks, walls of pictures- somehow I always end up bidding adieu to things considered so painfully important but now helplessly gone forever, with no permission from me. This repeated exposure to axed relationships with people and inanimate objects did not make me stronger in the face of estrangement; in fact instilled in me this stagnating pack rat mentality which might as well be my only permanent companion. I hold on to smaller things, decorate my walls with them- bills, wrappers, tickets. Larger things- flowers, cards, gifts- the very conviction of permanence scares me and so I hide them away. I'm a slow texter, an infrequent caller, a slog for a correspondent of the Internet age. But I linger on doorways, send you a song at 4am, and ask "But how are you?" after a conversation spanning three hours. And even though I understand things come to end, there's a sorrow when the taxi speeds away, a call clicks off and the texts no more show atick which is blue. You will never know the last time you do that with someone. You never know which will be the last goodbye.

MEDIA OF THE WEEK
FOUR COOL ALBUMS- 1970S

TRANSFORMER
Lou Reed

BLUE
Joni Mitchell

BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER
Simon and Garfunkel

RUMOURS
Fleetwood Mac

COLLEGE NEWS

- *Kahkasha, Troubadours, Tarannum, Nrityanjali, Mudra to hold auditions for freshers this week*
- *Green Soc, Mercatus, Curiosus, Cauldron, DebSoc, SunnyMugs open forms for auditions.*
- *French Department officially established in college, to conduct various events on Academic Day*
- *DUTA Strike expected to happenn on Wednesday, 18th September 2024*
- *DUSU campaigning begins- ABVP, NSUI and alliance of SFI and AISA as the main contenders. Voting to to be held on 27th September.*
- *DU spot allocation round begins- deadline on 19th September*

NEWS

- Shanghai braces itself for Typhoon Babenca, most dangerous yet in almost a century.
- The Colaba-Bandra-SEEPZ, or the Aqua Line of Mumbai Metro to finally open this month.
- Delhi continues to experience unpredictable weather, thunderstorm at the end of the week.
- Actors where Red pins to Emmy Awards to show solidarity with Palestine
- Indian hockey team to play final at Asian Champion's Trophy.

Weekly Special

I have to clean my room before I kill myself.
Cut my hair. Ride a bike.
Find socks that don't get holes within a week.
I have to kiss someone in a crowd. Love, undiluted.
Dance with a person who puts their hands on me reverently, methodically, shakily.
Cut all my hair off. Kiss someone. Anyone.
Take a photo of a building with different lights in each window, and marvel again at our individual yet inalienable lives.
Love you, never know you.
I have to add to my rock collection. Pick up pieces of sea glass. Talk to someone old about their life.
Kiss someone before I kill myself.
The words taste like confetti in my mouth.
I put the knife down.

-from the Internet