



St. Xavier's College, Jaipur  
Hathroi Fort Road, Jaipur-302001

# Literati

An Endeavour of the Department of English

Harshita

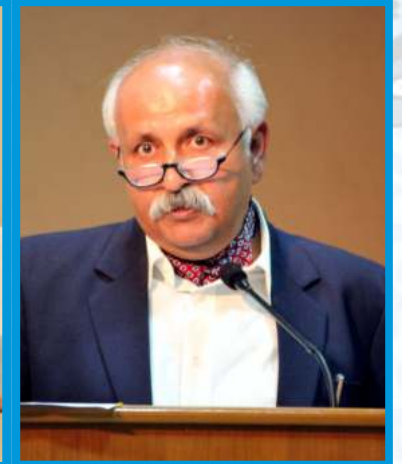
2019, Edition-VI





**Faculty, Department of English (from Left to Right) : Dr. Rama Hirawat, Dr. Sarita Pareek, Dr. Ranjit Kaur, Ms. Ruchi Sharma, Dr. Atiqa Kelsy**

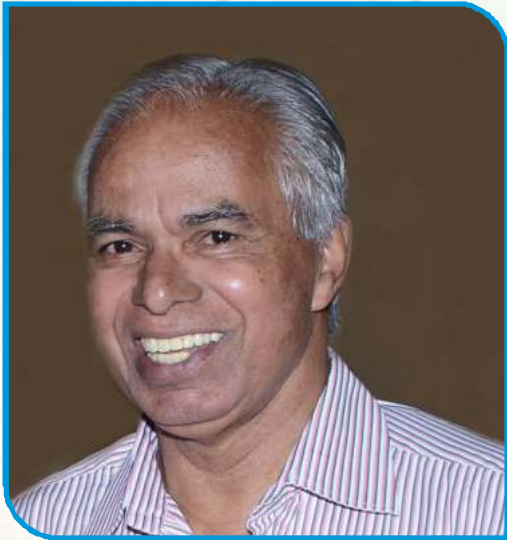






# Messages

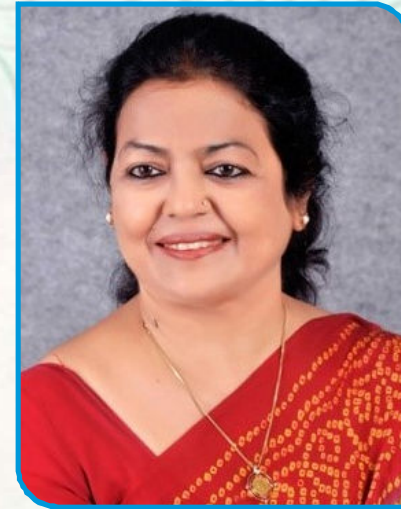
## Rector's Desk



It fills me with pride to hold the latest edition of Literati. The magazine, a proud creation of our students, has always epitomized creativity, aesthetics and intellect. My blessings for the entire team for their hard work. The varied expression of our students in the form of beautiful verses and out of the box write ups reveals the spirit of the youth. A plethora of interesting photographs give us a glimpse of the glorious year, full of achievements. The magazine is brimming with creativity. The final output is breath taking!  
I wish nothing but the best for the whole team.

*Rev. Fr. Varkey Perekatt, S.J.*

## Principal's Desk



My pleasure knows no bounds upon witnessing the metamorphosis of ideas and creativity of our students into this beautiful magazine. All through the year, Literati has invigorated the corridors of the campus with its happening events that arose and captured the attention of all, be it something as academic as the Text-Context Workshop, the interactive author session with Akhil Katyal and Aditi Rao or the visit to the Rajasthan Netraheen Kalyan Sangh. The Literati Cell has strewn the words of wisdom and love throughout the year; we can see them and read them, in all their splendour in this magazine, Literati which showcases the inked fruit of their hard labour, glazed with creativity.

Congratulations to the entire Literati team!

*Dr. Sheila Rai*



# Messages

## Vice-Principal's Desk



Rev. Fr. Joshy Kuruvilla, S.J.

With technological advancements on the rise and the world swimming in competition, it is imperative, now more than ever, to follow our creative instincts. Literati is one of the most essential media in our institution which let our students take flight above the norm and spread their wings to touch the clouds of creativity. Exploring new ideas, worldviews, concepts and thus becoming a force that can impact change, is a promise that literati holds. God bless!

## Administrator's Desk

The Department of English, has displayed great zeal and immense hard work, which in turn has resulted in unparalleled achievements. The growth of the team literati has been immense, and their ability to conquer new challenges, with such grace, is commendable. Determined in their endeavours, they have remained true to their causes. My heartiest congratulation upon the completion of yet another successful year. Publication of this magazine of Literati, laced with teamwork and unity, is one of their foremost achievements. A delight for the readers, this magazine is sure to impress.

Happy reading! And God bless!



Rev. Fr. Preanayagan, S.J.

## Treasurer's Desk



Rev. Fr. Sherry George, S.J.

As I hold the sixth edition of Literati, I feel proud of the editorial board's sincere efforts and at same time delighted to see how beautifully their hard work has turned out to be.

The year has witnessed well curated events right from the beginning of the year, be it seven day workshop on relevance of Texts and Contexts, or visit to Rajasthan Netraheen Kalyan Sangh. At each step Literati has tried to represent the essential aims and the ultimate impact of literature in our lives.

I congratulate the team and wish them all the best for future endeavors.



# Message

## Head of the Department



How beautiful is youth! How bright it gleams! With its illusions, aspirations, and dreams. Book of beginnings, story without end, each maid a heroine, and each man a friend.

H W Longfellow

How true! Youth is the spring of life. People since ages have been trying to find an elixir for being young forever. But youth brings its own challenges. A person who is able to take these challenges and come out victorious becomes a successful person. Challenges will come to you from all directions, from within and outside. The key to success is to remain undeterred, persevere and emerge as winners. This is exactly how I view Literati, our Department's magazine. I am sure that this platform successfully inspires each one of us with sufficient creativity and ardour and also does not let any obstacles prevent us from fulfilling our prime directive.

The Literati Cell is an effort to step forward in the world of literature. It gives the students a platform to develop a love for reading, writing, it is a forum where a plethora of thoughts find expression in an aesthetically pleasing form. We were pleased to receive the self-composed pieces of prose and poetry and articles from our students who are bubbling with creative ideas. It also provides an outlet to the bottled-up emotions where our students pour out their feelings on paper and also refine their creative skills. Thus, Literati, is an endeavor to pen the thoughts of young minds and also create a sense of belongingness in the process. Literati provides our contributors with a forum to present their own perspective on various issues and subjects.

I extend my heartiest compliments to the editorial team and student coordinators for coming up with yet another vibrant issue and I sincerely hope that you enjoy reading as much as we have enjoyed working for it.

Happy Reading!

Dr. Ranjit Kaur



# Message

## Editor-in-Chief

*Literature is the art of discovering something extraordinary about ordinary people, and saying with ordinary words something extraordinary.*

Boris Pasternak

As I was penning down my thoughts for the message, I was wondering what is different about this year's Literati. In order to search for the answers I explored my memories of this session, the enthusiastic faces of the first year apprentices, the hibernation mode of the second year students, the passion of the final year scholars and the focused determination of our masters'. And hola!!! I realized that with each passing year the boundaries that hold us are becoming increasingly porous and we are drawing vibrant connections between dreams and ambitions and between our thoughts and their artistic renditions. Literature has moved beyond words as it now tries to capture the essence of our complex existence, something we realised when we reached out to the exceptionally gifted children of God at the Rajasthan Netraheen Kalyan Sangh. There we discovered, as the epigraph says, extraordinariness of the ordinary beings.

In an effort to capture the transition of soulful moments into memories, dear readers I present to you, the sixth edition of Literati, the annual magazine of the Department of English. The foremost task of our literary magazine is to compile that which is bold and beautiful, that which represents the year long activities envisioned and fashioned into reality by the constant endeavours of our talented students and simultaneously provide a forum where they can meaningfully express themselves.

So, go ahead and take a dip!

Or simply gaze in amazement at this mosaic of words, narrating distinct experiences year after year...

Dr. Rama Hirawat





# Message

## President

Dear Readers,

Welcome to the family.

In your hands is, LITERATI, the annual magazine published by the Literati Cell, an endeavor of the Department of English. The magazine is a compilation of the memories that the department created this year along with the various literary and artistic inputs that we have received from our counterparts over the course of the year.

I hope that the magazine will introduce you to all the major events, that are organized by the department, and their scope and success. Whether it is a workshop, or the annual literature festival INKA, I assure you there's never a dull moment in the department.

To the students that are or were already a part of the department, I wish that the magazine helps you to relive all the memories and makes you nostalgic enough to shed a tear or two. Life is like an ongoing festival full of surprises that may be joyful, sorrowful or hilarious, but at the end leaves us wiser than before. There are several ups and pretty downs too and sometimes we all encounter rock bottoms as well but the one thing that I have learned is: never lose hope.

From being a member of the editorial team of the Literati Cell in my first year in the college to becoming the President of the Cell, the journey has been wonderfully rewarding. I would like to extend a warm thank you to my teachers, friends and the entire team, without whom this voyage would have never reached the green shores.

Some goodbyes are hard but this one is really tough !

Ashruti Seventra





# Edit-o-Real

## Lancelots

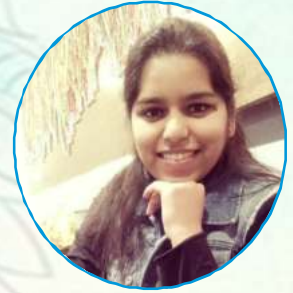


I constantly challenged myself each day, pushing myself to the extreme and making my team dream of the same goal as mine: success.

**Mercy**

I flirt with the contours, play with the colours, think with my brushes and life is my canvas.

**Harshita**



My teachers said, "if life gives you lemons, make lemonade and start working on that transformation". Here I offer you the end result.

**Ashruti**



As an editor, I believe in eraser more than I do in pencil, because publishing without proofreading is the literary equivalent of serving pizza without baking.

**Jagriti**



A liberal at heart but a conservative in art. I love organically crafted writing not iterative cliché. Allergic to bad grammar and internet 'lingo'. I don't 'slay', my hands have never been tainted by blood. That was red ink you saw.

**Soumitra**



Shades of lame and funny. Probably watching Harry Potter when free and busy and also when I had to write a description of myself.

**Divya**







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# Orientation Day

The Department of English organised an Orientation Day to welcome the freshmen on 19th of July 2018. The occasion was graced with the presence of the Rector Rev. Fr. Varkey Perekatt, our Principal Dr. Sheila Rai, along with the Vice-Principal, Rev. Fr. Joshy, and the Administrator, Rev. Fr. Periya, Ms. Sneha Bengani, an alumna of the college and a seasoned journalist, was the Guest of Honour.

Fr. Varkey addressed the newcomers, blessing them at this crucial step of their lives. Ms. Bengani followed his talk by relating and sharing her own experiences of the college life and urged the students to relish the college moments and simultaneously work hard for their future careers. Head of Department, Dr. Ranjit Kaur discoursed with the students about the internal workings of the department and welcomed the students to this new phase of their lives.



Theater is an intricate part of English literature and nothing can be more apropos than a dramatic performance on an English Literature Class' Orientation Day. The senior students performed a play outlying the history of English literature and guided the youngsters through the passage of English culture and art.

Shreeja Jain, Vice President of the Literati Cell, delivered the vote of thanks and thus the event ended. But as the program wrapped up, the freshers and the seniors fraternized and seeds of camaraderie were sowed.

Ashutosh Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# Group Discussion



On 29th August 2018, the Department of English, St. Xavier's College organized a Group Discussion in the auditorium. A group of ten students, under the guidance of Dr. Sarita Pareek, congregated and put their heads together on the topic: 'Reading Good Literature Brings Out a Change in You'. The discussion was not limited to this rather it was taken forward to many other topics such as 'Literature Stands Against the Test of Time' and 'The Quality Of Literary Elements Determine the Popularity of a Book'. The discussion started on the very basic platform that literature represents the world in itself. It not only affects the perception of the readers but even their thought processes and behaviour. The discussion was not limited to one particular era, genre or book, rather it was a combination of references to varied texts such as Hamlet, Harry Potter, Christabel and, Heart Of Darkness amidst others. The discussion became increasingly intricate and connotative, representing multiple perspectives, leaving the spectators with the eternal dilemma about "how to choose a book?" and "what makes a book, good?". The answer to these can be sought in the experiences of one's life, age and the environment. The discussion headed towards the purpose of literature which is to purge the character of the reader and to bring about a sense of fear. The session concluded with the note that literature has its own beauty and the one which makes the readers feel good and bring about positive change in them is a good literature.

Suchitra Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II





# Power Point Presentation Competition

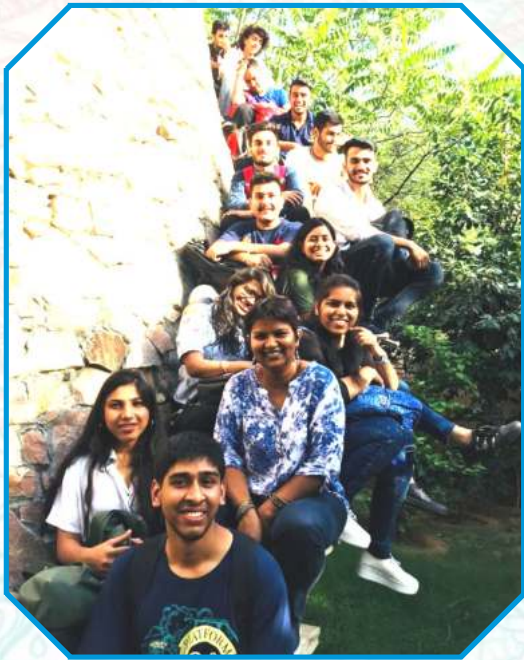


The Department of English, organized a Power Point Presentation Competition on different eras of English Literature. The event was graced by the presence of the Rector, Father Varkey Perekatt and the guest and judge for the event, Professor Santosh Gupta, Professor Emeritus, Department of English, University of Rajasthan, Jaipur. This intra-departmental competition witnessed the participation of over eighty students in two different segments, namely, "The Freshers" and "The Sophomores and The Masters." The participants shed light on a plethora of topics that revolved around literature, such as, Origin of Science Fiction, Mental Health: As Presented in Literature, Impressionism, Films and Documentaries: A Comparative Study, Restoration Era and others. Father Varkey Perekatt in his address stressed on the significance of such activities for students. Prof. Gupta praised the efforts of students and gave some important tips for Power Point Presentations. The program concluded with a vote of thanks and distribution of certificates to the winners.

Sejal Jain  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



# Department Picnic



How often does it happen when you get to live certain days to your fullest? No boundations, fulfilled thirsts and attended desires?

On 30 September 2018, the Department of English organised its departmental picnic in Lohagarh Fort and Resort, where relationships built over literature and life. We rejoiced amidst nature and experienced joys that were distinct from those shared under the college roof. We were welcomed, by the staff of the resort, in a traditional manner, as they put tilak on the forehead of each guest. The aisle which we crossed was sheltered with various dense green trees which made it feel like a dream nature walk. It was a beautiful sunny day which later helmed our need to get into the pool, later resulting in utmost fun. While students played numerous games under water, our teachers couldn't stop themselves from smiling and laughing and clicking our pictures like a genuinely surprised mother at her toddler. The dance floor which was beside the pool, seemed to tempt the feet of the unstoppable passions to tap in sync with the music of life and youth. In no time, the need to re-energise arose and all of us hopped on to lunch. Later we tried our skills at different games that were available like cricket, basketball, shooting, and carom, yet it was at the dance floor that all of us united and it was then in that moment, we felt like there was no tomorrow.

Making our way back to buses, we realised that the setting sun was reassurance of a new beginning and that the sun will certainly rise anew, the next morning!

Malvika Batar  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II





# Research Project



The college organized and formed a research cell in the session 2018-2019, aiming to publish a separate magazine which comprised of research projects from different areas of study. Two groups from the Department of English volunteered to be the members of the research cell and successfully completed their projects in the session. The topic of the first group was 'Manifestation of Collective Unconscious in Literary Art Forms'. This topic was a combination of both, literature and psychology and reflected a cumulative study of both. The main aim was to explore the universality of literature in context of library of human knowledge—the collective unconscious,

while examining archetypes that abound in various literary art forms, of present and past. The research tried to reconnoiter various questions- Is literature a projection of our collective unconscious and not creativity? What role do artists and writers play in changing archetypes and stereotypes? How despite the difference between oriental and western archetypes, universality of literature holds true?

The second area of research was chosen from the field of Economics and it was titled: Social Media. The topic is relevant as social media has revolutionized the way people communicate. It has become a platform to build and share, personal and professional life. Young entrepreneurs can connect their official pages on the social media platforms. The report analyses how effectively social media can be used as a tool for marketing and simultaneously it tries to draw a comparison between traditional advertising techniques and the new age advertising through social media. In the contemporary times, when the world is increasingly moving towards a realized globalisation, social media is definitely an advantage for all kinds of businesses as it has extensive market appeal and is relatively cheaper than obsolete promotional antics. Being a part of the research project was a wonderful learning experience for me and my colleagues. We learnt to channelize our thinking processes, and this will definitely help us in not just studies, paper presentation and, researches but also our day to day lives.



Bhumika Gaur  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



# Exchange Programme

## Student Exchange Programme – Kathmandu

Kathmandu is diverse and richly cultured capital of Nepal. This city of temples, is paved with stones and decorated with rich heritage of Buddhism. Located in the core of the city is the pride of Kathmandu, St. Xavier's College, Maitighar – an institution known for its discipline and excellent academics. The college is well known for its courses in Arts, Social Work, Computer Science and Business Studies. The Exchange Programme to Kathmandu officially began with the Inaugural Ceremony which was held on 27th November 2018. Nine students and one Faculty Coordinator, Ms. Vaishali Singh were felicitated with sashes. This Exchange program was a great learning experience for the students of English Literature, who attended a workshop (28-30 November 2018) for budding writers focusing on the art of creative writing covering various genres and their techniques. The Xavier's Day celebration which fortunately took place during the visit was commendable. Students specially enjoyed their visit to Chandragiri hills and shopolics felt content in the famous Darbar Market Square. For food lovers, Nepal has a great street food culture serving steaming hot Momos, Thukpa and Chicken. The trip to Kathmandu concluded with the closing ceremony on 30th November where the students made a Power Point Presentation of their experience at Kathmandu and showcased the Indian culture through stunning performances in dance and music. The student exchange programme was a great exposure for all of us as it broadened our perspective.



Mercy Philip  
B.A. Eng. Hons. III



# Texts - Contexts

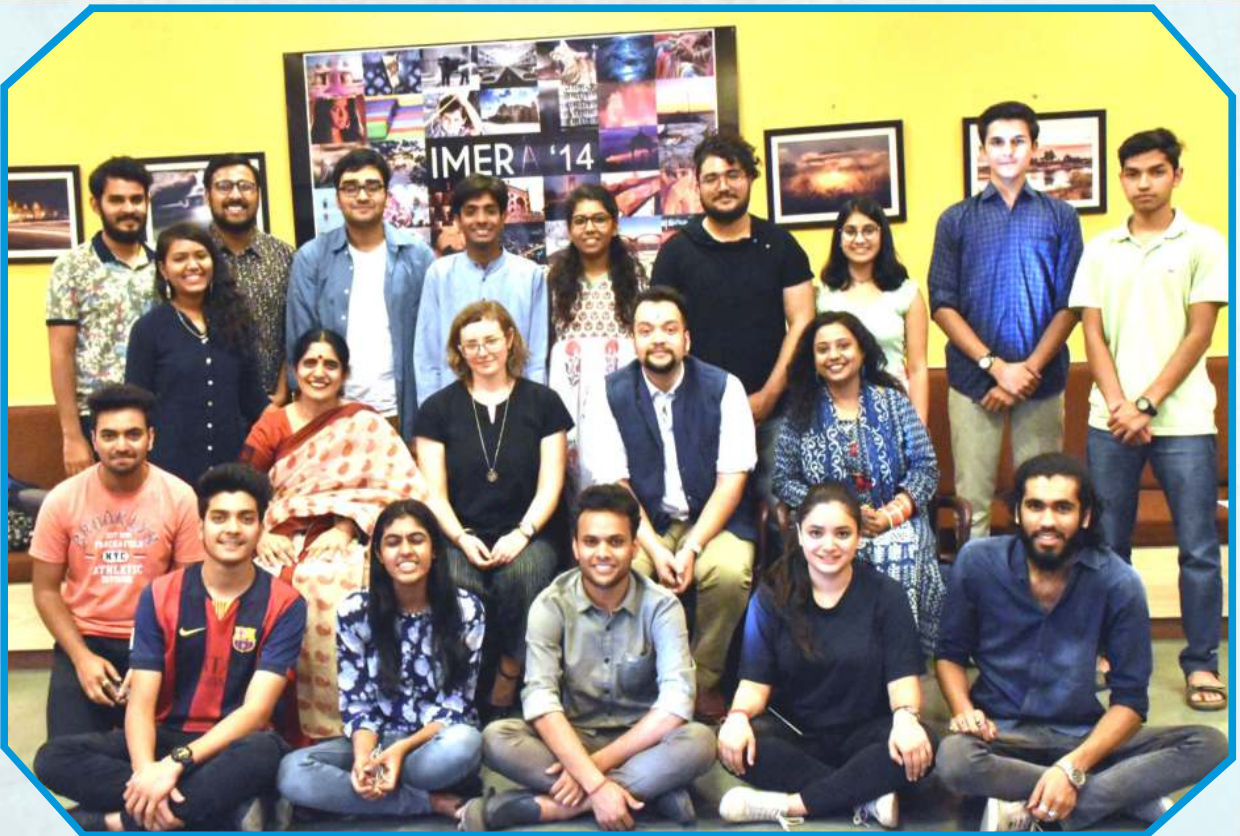
## Seven Day Workshop

The Department organised a week-long workshop on 'Texts and Contexts' from 22-28 October 2018 in the college premises. The lectures were taken up by esteemed professors, Dr. Arjun Ghosh, Associate Professor, Department of Humanities and Social Sciences, IIT Delhi; Dr. Dibyadyuti Roy, Area Chair and Assistant Professor, Department of Communications, IIM Indore; and Ms. Michaela Henry, Assistant Professor, Literary and Cultural Studies, FLAME University, Pune. The reason to explore these concepts of texts and contexts is their connection with two notions that have a direct bearing on language teaching/learning: the way context can be recreated by analysis of text and vice versa. Twenty students from our college participated in this workshop where focus was the connections between contextual features (activity, identity, relations as well as the role performed by a text in a situation) and their respective linguistic realisations (expression of content and organisation of text). Interactive sessions were organised which gave the students a chance to put forward their views, opinions and queries. Also, the innovative subject of Digital Humanities coming forth was discussed over, i.e., a scholarly activity at the intersection of computing or digital technologies and the disciplines of the humanities such as literature, history, and philosophy. Dr. Sheila Rai, Principal, congratulated faculty coordinators Dr. Ranjit Kaur and Ms. Ruchi Sharma, guest faculties, and participants for successful completion of this new learning.

Namrata Karamchandani  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II









# Teach India

## Changing Lives



Spoken English is considered as the harbinger of economic change. English speakers hold an imperative advantage when it comes to employability and higher pay. Keeping this in mind, The Times of India and the British council came up with the concept of Teach India Spoken English program, a comprehensive course for spoken English.

The program aims to train volunteers who in turn teach spoken English to the underprivileged and prepare them for a better tomorrow. Six students from the Department of English were trained for teaching by the British council, and four of them taught as spoken English teacher at the Govt. Mahila, ITI, Bani Park, Jaipur.

Teaching young girls made me realise how every single student of India is capable of being brilliant, if given the right direction. When they graduated, my heart filled with joy and it made me realise there's nothing I'd rather be, than be a teacher

Rajshree Gautam  
B.A. Eng. Hons. III





# Jaipur Literature Festival 2019



This year's Jaipur Literature Festival was very special to me, because until last year I had limited time due to boards which were almost around the corner hence, the only sessions I could attend were the ones that fitted in the time frame that I had. It was only this time I had an experience like never before. For a literature student like me all you need is ample of time and Voila! I got to attend two sessions of Carlo Pizzati, his book was different from others and I had been thinking to buy it since a week already. His session was very interactive and enlightening. By the end of the day I was fortunate enough to have a one to one conversation with the man himself. We talked about his book *Mapillai* where he talks about the kind of treatment an Italian son-in-law gets. The stigma that our society lives with and is still not ready to let go.

It is only when we have conversations with the author themselves do we realise that their works are beyond this world. Then there was a session by Devdutt Pattanaik about rewriting Bhagwat Gita the session made such an impact that it moved the pillars of my ideology.

I also attended sessions of Kapil Sibal, Jeffery Archer, Gulzar, Javed Akhtar, Shabana Azmi, Shashi Tharoor and the list goes on and on.

The highlight of this year's festival was the final debate and the topic was "Do liberals stifle debate?" With a panel of eleven writers from varied backgrounds, their debates were insightful and to the point and the event couldn't have been any better. Perhaps it is safe to say that I am waiting for JLF 2020 already.

Malvika Chopra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# The Enlightened Echelon

## An Antecedent to the INKA '18

### A Visit to Rajasthan Netraheen Kalyan Sangh

Literati Cell organised the 4<sup>th</sup> edition of its Literature Fest – INKA, on 24 November 2018. To send the word down the slipway and to initiate a story for an opus, Team INKA organized a small but meaningful interactive session with the students at Rajasthan Netraheen Kalyan Sangh (Gangouri Bazaar, Jaipur) on the occasion of Children's Day (14 November 2018). As the name suggests, the non-profit organization is dedicated towards the well being of the visually impaired but better endowed children of God.

The Enlightened Echelon was not just a harbinger to this year's fest but also in continuation with previous year's theme- A Story in Making. as the visit was designed as an interactive storytelling session for the students of the blind school. Three teachers and fifteen students visited the school and entwined colourful threads of stories with the monochromes of life. They told them interesting and encouraging stories, heard them sing and recite poems and spent quality time with them. The day was all about togetherness, laughter, entertainment and learning for everyone. It was an overwhelming experience for both, the teachers as well as the students.

Jagriti Parakh  
B.A. Eng. Hons. III









# Inka 2018

INKA, the annual Literature Festival, organized by Literati Cell derives its name from the word 'Ink' and 'Ka' which brings to mind the image of ink oozing out of a nib, which betokens the very act of writing and creating. This fest has a plethora of carefully curated events, all in line with this year's theme, **Sacred Games**, an Indian web television thriller series based on Vikram Chandra's 2006 novel of the same name. The Mandala has been inked. Pinned fences have been erected. Rudra is ready to assail his winds of tempest to kindle the flames of creativity that are sparking in you. Suit up in your pedantic armours, mighty pens aloft, for here come the Sacred Games.

Rudra besets his gales  
Sarama in zeal hails  
Ink will rain  
Quenching the crowning flames  
In this Pink Kurukshetra  
Begin the Sacred Games.



The poster for Inka 2018 Literature Fest is set against a black background with a gold border. At the top left is the St. Xavier's College logo, and at the top right is a golden rooster. The text reads: "St. Xavier's College, Jaipur", "Department of English and Literati Cell", "Presents", "Inka", "Literature Fest", and "November 24, 2018". The central theme "SACRED GAMES" is displayed in a large, ornate golden mandala. Surrounding this are eight event icons with labels: "YAYATI Author Session" (a Sri Yantra), "PRETKALPA Poetry Slam" (a sunburst), "ATAPI VATAPI Debate" (a circular mandala), "HALAHALA Best Out of Waste" (a circular mandala), "BRAHMAHATYA Online Photography" (a Sri Yantra), "ASHWATHAMA Creative Writing" (a sunburst), and "Ol' Moon Ball" (a globe). A horizontal double-headed arrow is at the bottom.

St. Xavier's College, Jaipur  
Department of English and Literati Cell  
Presents  
**Inka**  
Literature Fest  
November 24, 2018

YAYATI  
Author Session

PRETKALPA  
Poetry Slam

ATAPI VATAPI  
Debate

HALAHALA  
Best Out of Waste

BRAHMAHATYA  
Online Photography

ASHWATHAMA  
Creative Writing

Ol' Moon Ball



# YAYATI: The Author Session



The literature fest, INKA '18 opened with the ceremonious inaugural session followed by the first major event for the day-Yayati, the Author Session. The event opened with a warm welcome of the guests: the Guest of Honour and moderator - Dr. Mini Nanda, the authors – Ms. Aditi Rao and Mr. Akhil Katyal. The event was graced by the benign presence of Rev. Fr. Varkey Perekatt, Dr. Sheila Rai, Rev. Fr. Joshy Kuruvilla, Rev. Fr. Periya, and Prof. Jaya Chakravarty.

The Session was presided by Dr. Mini Nanda who started with a brief introduction of both the authors - Mr. Akhil Katyal, an activist, academician, writer (he has to his credit two collection of poetry: *How Many Countries Does Indus Cross*, and *Night Charge Extra*) and, translator (*A Kind of Remember*), teacher and, sense an instant connectivity authors as they comfortably work and their experiences In conversation the authors inclinations and, inspirations. recite some of their favourite full of humour which created an ebullient environment while Aditi's work was laced with empathy. Towards the end, the session turned out to be interactive as the mike was floated among the audience who geared up their questions and also their poems, for the poets on dais.



The event concluded with a vote of thanks by Dr. Ranjit Kaur, Head, Department of English. This Session surely gave the audience a first-hand experience of the power of words, for words are, to quote Prof. Dumbledore, "our most inexhaustible source of magic, capable of both inflicting injury and remedying it."

Suchitra Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II





# Ashwathama: Creative Writing



Ashwathama, the creative writing competition was successfully conducted in the college campus under the supervision of the esteemed judge, Dr. Neelima Pareek. The event began with welcoming the judge with an eco-friendly gesture. At the outset of the event, the participants were ready to share a part of their soul at that hour. It was their time to let the immortal creativity in them bloom. Participation of around sixty people was witnessed for the event. The event was able to bring to fore the writer hidden inside these participants.

With some specific rules implied, we were able to get some amazing write-ups and as the ink oozed out of the pens some innovative ideas were born. The one hour event was successfully concluded with presenting the token of gratitude to the judge by the Principal Dr. Sheila Rai and Vice Principal Father Joshy Kuruvilla. As the event came to an end, it gave us memories that would linger in our minds for a long period with the feeling and with feeling that more things would be created, which we wish existed.

Gayatri Singh  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II





# Pretkalpa : Poetry Slam



Poetic, adventurous and ever curious, would be some words to describe the young readers of today. Such almost-magical vibes resonated on 24th of November, 2018 in dorms of St. Xavier's College, Jaipur. The college observed literary gathering in the third edition of Poetry slam, Pretkalpa in annual literature fest Inka. Poetry slam, to say the least, is competitive art of performing poetry. The judge for the event was Mr. Bappaditya Sarkar. Bappaditya has performed in various events and festivals, some of them being Spoken Fest, which was India's first Spoken Word festival, where he shared the stage with the likes of Piyush Mishra, Kalki Koechlin and Swanand Kirkire.

Bappaditya has been featured in The Times Of India, Pune Mirror, Rajasthan Patrika and Dainik Bhaskar for his poetry and his love for it. He has judged various slams, too. Including MGD's Fuchsia, LMNIT's Blitzkrieg, FLAMES's Kurukshetra, St. Xavier's, Bombay's Malhar, among others. Bappaditya's most recent accolade was working with Manto film, where he wrote a promotional poem on freedom of speech for them. Over Forty participants from across the city, infact, across India came with the best of their poetry to win this war of verse. College auditorium was jam-packed with people to witness this gala event.

This year's Slam explored a plethora of themes like homosexuality, mental illness, alienation, violence and women empowerment. As the event came closer to its climax, the intensity of poetic work increased and the

student's lounge heard fingers snapping more than a hundred times!

The event concluded with Mr. Bappaditya applauding brave efforts of young 'Eliots' and performing his own piece. Deepti Saini procured the first position in Hindi poetry, and in English poetry, Simran Jain and Diksha Harsh shared the first position. Tanuj Khandelwal of Shahid Bhagat Singh College, New Delhi procured first position in English category. Whereas Saumya Halani of St. Xavier's procured first position in Hindi category.



Rajshree Gautam  
B.A. Eng. Hons. III



# HALAHALA : Best Out of Waste

Best out of waste, what a waste that would have been! Keeping up with our legacy, we did what was expected of us, something out of the box! Halahala was an event full of fun twists and turns, where each team had to create a masterpiece from what was in absolute terms waste, and they had to do it with limited resources within 3 hours. It was somewhat like Master Chef's Pressure Test crossed with its Mystery Box Challenge, with an end result being meaningful and sensible art and not delicious food.

Speaking of delicacies, Halahala had that taken care of that, with its first side game Food and Dart. The first round had Momos while second Golgappas, and as the drill goes more you eat more you get closer to victory. Winning team was awarded with a cash prize of rupees hundred. Wiping off the delicacies with paper came in the second side game – Paper Dance. Dancing on paper that is being folded every minute was fun to watch. Last team surviving was awarded a sum of rupees twenty. Top ten teams in this game moved to the next, Spinstar. First came in the dreaded math, but participants were spun for sixty seconds before math could spin them. Victorious five teams moved forward. As harrowing as it can be to solve a puzzle, doing so after spinning for sixty seconds is no small feat. Two teams moved forward to fight the crowning battle for rupees fifty. In the last round both teams were spun before playing Toss a Cup. Then came the last side game, Treasure Hunt. The winning team won rupees two hundred.

Each side game was a stepping stone that was needed to reach the final goal of creating the perfect masterpiece. Participants were required to submit a write up as well, expounding their theme. They were judged by Ms. Simmi Sharma, who was kind enough to give her time to us. Dignitaries of our college felicitated her, and also graced the occasion by their presence. Final winners were crowned in the closing ceremony. Halahala! Creativity was truly churned.



Divya Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# BRAMAHATYA : Online Photography



A picture is worth a thousand words. This year at INKA '18 we introduced online Photography as one of our events named after the Indian mythological dosh (sin) of Brahmahatya. Keeping the theme in mind, the topic chosen for the competition was 'Hypocrisy in Society'. The participants were asked to send in their entry through email, with a relevant caption according to the theme. We received eighteen entries in total. The photographs were judged on various aspects like composition, caption, likes and authenticity. Manoj Khatri of St. Xavier's College, Jaipur

had the most popular entry and won the competition with the highest score. This concept allowed students to express their art with a lens and thoughts through a simple caption. Their vision captured intricate details of daily functioning of society beautifully.

Shreeja Jain  
B.A. Eng. Hons. III





## OJ' Moon Ball

The Ball is one of the most anticipated events in the life of Xavierites. The scintillating event began at 7:30 p.m. with the performance of our college band "3AM". The students were dressed in formals, with the girls wearing gowns and the boys flaunting their tuxedos. The auditorium was transformed into a starry landscape hailing the onset of winters. The blue lights filled the venue with a sense of magic and design cohesion that brought everyone together for a once in a lifetime evening. The DJ played a variety of songs, which students had mixed opinions on. Spread out across the dance floor were the students (both as couples and as solos) who danced as if there was no tomorrow. It was indeed a night to remember!

Vartika Maheshwari  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I









# Department Farewell



"There are no goodbyes for us. Wherever you would be, you will always be in my heart."

February made us all dewy-eyed with all the memories flashing before our eyes and we realized that we must bid adieu to our beloved seniors. But we couldn't say goodbye a blast! An enchanting evening was organized by the juniors full of dancing and singing. The seniors were given titles. The students grooved all night to different beats and new memories were made. Emotions were high as the realization dawned on us that we would finally have to say goodbye as the night ended. "Though miles may lie between us, we are never far apart, for friendship doesn't count miles, it's measured by the heart."

Dear seniors, we will miss you all.

Divya Sharma  
B.A Eng. Hons. II





# Awards of Excellence: 2018-19

## Sports

Xavierite of the Year (Women)

Shambhavi Kumari (B.A. Hons I)

## Academics

NET Qualifiers:	Mohit Sharma (M.A. Final)
	Unnati Jain (M.A. Final)
Xavierite of the Year:	Ayushi Sah (B.A. Hons III)
Pride of the Department:	Ashruti Seventra (B.A. Hons III)
Award for Outstanding Contribution to Literati Club:	Harshita (B.A. Hons III)
	Sankalp Tiwari (B.A. Hons III)
Award of Excellence for Debate:	Jagriti Parakh (B.A. Hons III)
Award of Excellence for Anchoring:	Shreeja Jain (B.A. Hons III)
Award for best AICUFFER	Mercy S. Philip (B.A. Hons III)
Award for Excellence for Drama:	Anirudh Singh Rathore (B.A. Hons III)
	Chinmaya Madan (B.A. Hons III)
	Prashant Solanki (B.A. Hons III)
Award for Meritorious Academic Performance:	Unnati Jain (M.A. Final)
	Ashruti Seventra (B.A. Hons III)
Award of Excellence for Leadership and Organisational Skills:	Ritik Garg (M.A. Final)
	Ayushi Sah (B.A. Hons III)
Award of Excellence for Regularity and Maximum Attendance:	Mohit Joshi (M.A. Final)
	Jagriti Parakh (B.A. Hons III)
Award of Excellence for Research:	Unnati Jain (M.A. Final)
	Rajshree Gautam (B.A. Hons III)
Award of Excellence for Public Relation:	Ritik Garg (M.A. Final)
	Mercy S. Philip (B.A. Hons III)





Created by :

Srishti Chulet  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I







# Inked Voices





## Voice of a 65 year old



Woke up today, saw the newspaper. 'Section 377 of Indian penal code abolished from the Indian Constitution'. Almost peed my pants. Got up to ask my granddaughter to call Sudha. Before I could, she ran towards me, "Nani, it's Sudha aunty' scall."

I took it and asked her to go and make some tea for me. I picked the call, Sudha spoke with her calm and melodious voice, "Shashi, did you read the newspaper?" Her voice has always been soothing for my ears, but today I could sense a different kind of freedom in it. I said, "Yes Sudha, I read it." Before she could talk further I said, "Can we meet alone after the bhajan session?" There was a pause, it made me a bit anxious. "Did I

ask anything wrong?" She laughed after a break and asked, "Just like the old days?" After talking, I rushed to my cupboard, I saw my husband's photograph which had a flower stool on it. I opened my locker and took out a small box. I had brought it when I was young, I brought it for Sudha. Before I was forced to marry a boy. There is a ring in that box, it has "**Sudha♥Shashi**" written on it.

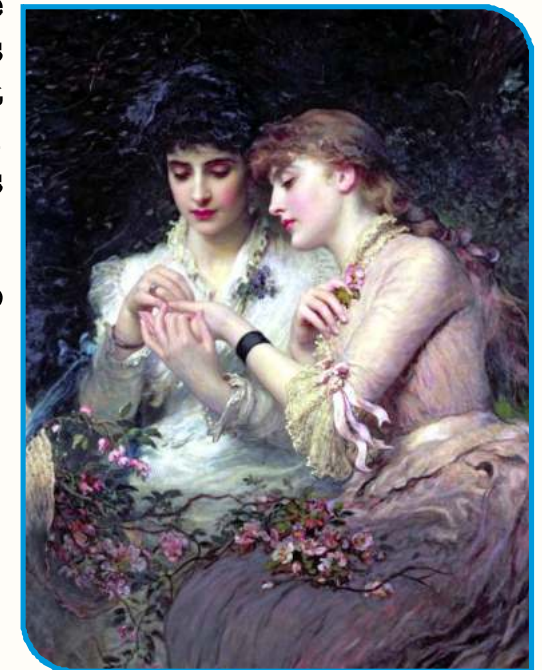
Now, when am leaving for the temple, I can't wait to ask this question to her, something we both

have dreamt of ever since. I can't wait to be her's again.

Am taking the ring with me.

What do you think?

Will she say yes?



Sunidhi Shekhawat  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# I am a woman

I am a woman, my clothes will define my standard more than the role that I play in this society. If I am in a company of a few boys who I call my friends then it is normal for you to assume that I am a harlot.

Considering me an easy fling just because I consume alcohol, that's also normal.

If my parents trust me way too much and they allow me to make my own decisions, then it's normal for you to question my upbringing.

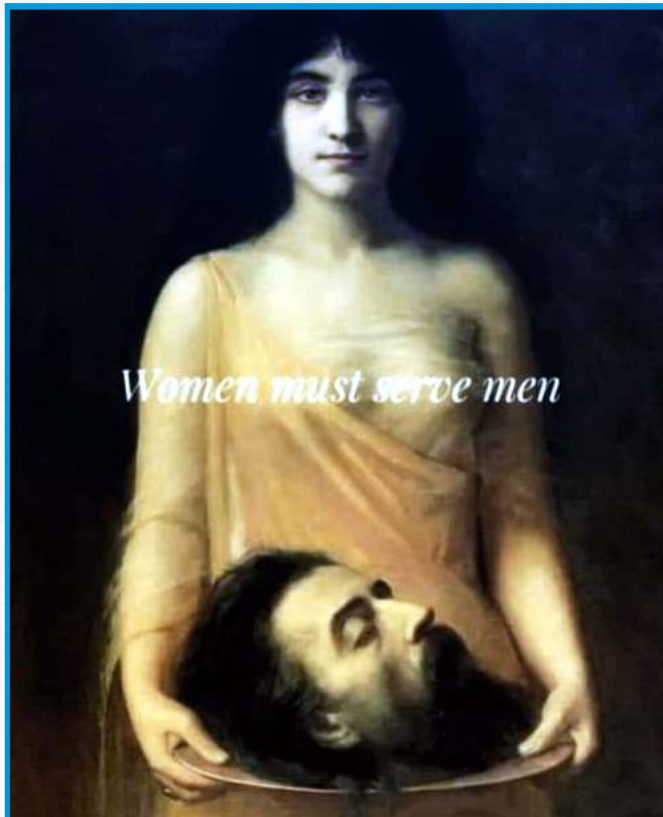
Blaming me for that one time when a boy tried to touch me without my permission because, why not? The colour of my **burkha** might have distracted him.

And you know what's not normal? Teaching a boy how to behave with me.

No, it's not normal to tell a boy that I am a human first and even I can walk on the streets past 8 pm, and he doesn't even have to make me regret that walk for the rest of my life.

But then, he is a boy. And why should he care about his actions? He is the dominating sex. He can do whatever he feels like.

All I can do is scream and cry for help and at times not even that because, hey! I live in a society where



no matter what, I will be blamed. And who will marry me? I will become a burden on my parents. It's better if I stay quite.

And marry another boy who will again won't consider taking my consent. Because, what is marital rape? If I am married to a boy, I am his property and he can do whatever he wants to.

Then I will have a son because, who wants a daughter? He will be raised with all the love and praise after all he is a boy. He will be taught that women are just another specie that are tamed by men.

And that's how he will become a contributor of another newspaper report of another rape case.

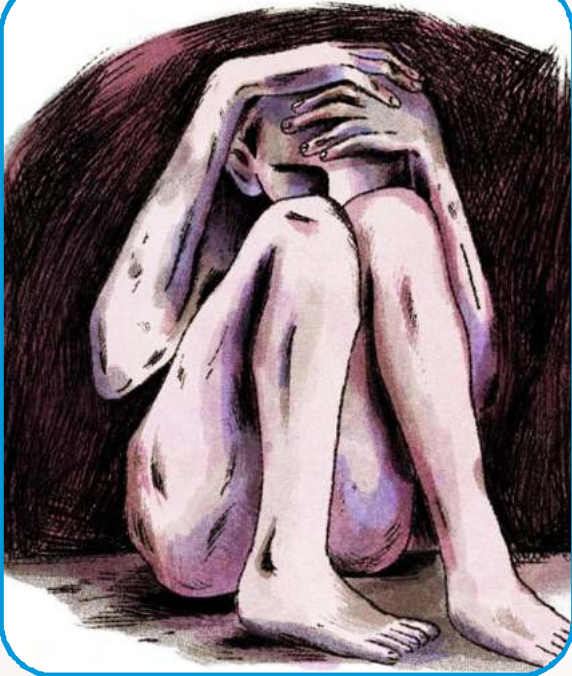
Some group of people might stand in front of India Gate, holding candles, but somehow some politician will save the boy by blaming the girl's character.

Because he is a boy, he can never go wrong. They will blame the girl's appearance or the way she was talking, or maybe she was eating noodles which might have given a signal to the boy.

Sunidhi Shekhawat  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# Freedom



As she moved towards the light, she realised the darkness she was in. Those rays that fell on her face made her eyes hurt, soothed the soul inside her which was burning with a longing of Freedom. It made her realise the darkness she was in. The grass under her feet made her aware about her senses. It made her aware about the scars on her body that hurt. It made her realise about the soreness bothering her every morning. Turning around she heard the chirping of the birds. It made her aware that she had a voice. Standing here all alone, she realised about the soul less animal she dealt with. She could hear him shout, calling her names of all kinds. It made her realise that she once had an identity which is lost somewhere. Taking a step further can change everything. The air is breezy. She can hear him come closer, anger and frustration clear in his voice seeking her to release it all with his manly hands. She is unaware of her ability to run in the opposite direction, to ask for help, to ask for reason for her dreadful existence. Devoid of hope, helplessness follows

her direction and throws her into the reality of the world. Turning around she see him approach closer. Humidity in her eyes and helplessness in her heart she unites with the grass leaving it all to you.

Bhumika Gaur  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# Within Me

Don't pluck it, they said. After all it has a life of its own. Those ruby red petals, carved so perfectly by the Grace for us to look in awe. Few days passed, I found myself in the same place, my eyes searching for that blush red bloom. Rather what I saw, were some faded relics, colours no more blushy but pale as my face. The bond was instant. That spiritless feeling, same as a dull desiccating body, not breathing anymore. The reflection in front was shrinking my soul from within. Plucking off the sight, teary by now, I ran as fast as I could, leaving behind the emanation of despair oozing out of the degenerating flower. Uneven breath, muscles in pain, blurry vision and racing heart, I wasn't able to feel my skin, wish I could say the same for the melancholy in every shred inside. It wasn't the withering rose, it was me. Just me, running away from myself, unfortunately still stuck, solely with me. Few more days passed, couldn't stop myself from walking towards that bush, but this time there was no wisp of remains. A shiny rose, ruby red as the first memory, dancing with the breeze, staring as if asking to swing and accompany it. A sparkle we shared. I could hear myself humming in symphony with the zephyr.

Stepping and smiling, as the search completed where it begun. Deep inside, within me.

Shrishti Chulet  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# हर रोशनी दिवाली नहीं होती, कुछ दशहरा ही सही

I hold a new pen today but with a history which maybe had a cause...I was unaware of till now. Just like the truth which never fails to be kept hidden, here I realise the power I hold to bring out a story which could influence lives needing strength.

October 19, 2017, one of the happiest days I lived through the year. It was Diwali and no wonder how it adds spark, colours, love, and warmth to our life. We celebrate it with our closed ones and spread smiles which are healthier than ever.

For now, penning it down makes my hand sweat profusely because only I know the aftermath I had to then come across.

Due to some reasons, I cannot bring forth the character's names and situations involved but the consequences. I couldn't sleep properly for more than 3 months because I was busy victimising the victim (who was my own self) as patriarchy had taught. Colours vanished and all that I was left with was black. Even the flicker of some light was more than enough to put me into real illusions of moments I wouldn't want to experience again. Found out my ways to avoid any communication, I didn't realise how I was turning lifeless on the inside.

Least confrontations, mere texts and important calls were my only uncomfortable cherries to the most comfortable uncomfortable life.

Sometimes, I wished to open up yet, didn't. The people I knew who would understand me were themselves

fighting their own demons and the others, I needed the most? I could not feel a similar touch to dial the once so familiar numbers, just because I ended up disappointing those, the ones who later built me up later like no other.

That time was hard. Real hard. When you want to cry out loud but could only scream silently because the perpetrator was a man and that men had been born with the freedom of getting away with things. No one ever fights against what they know is bad but common.

Born in an Indian society, I accepted my fate where it is okay to victimise the victim. I blamed, cursed and punished myself, allowing it to discolour me until a familiar voice spoke, "You are too innocent or good to have been treated that way!" I was shocked! Regular conversations, speaking up in front of people about what happened and how it wasn't my fault back then but now to have kept quiet made the next fifteen days more difficult but relaxing at the same time.

When I started opening up, I found a lot of people who still supported the sinner in indirect ways. He had been a close acquaintance to many of our mutual so that's what made it a difficult truth to put forward. I still searched for people who could help me speak more and let all of it out. Found some on my side, the rest on the other while I tried my best yet couldn't fit a mask which could hide my pain against the one he wore, a mask which didn't let anybody see his real self.

Time flew quickly but still each second felt like another syringe which was put in but forgotten to have taken out. Not just my mental health suffered but my relationships with people and most importantly, my own self worsened. My exams saw a loose which added another black feather to my hat. My unwillingness to do



anything and everything got the nerve and spontaneous responses became sarcastic and rude. No sooner did I realise how I had started pushing people away who actually sensed the fowl and wanted to clear the chaos, the ones who actually wanted to stay. Some, whom I wanted to take shelter under but couldn't because of other reasons. Dark became my happy colour and somewhere it stayed for longer than it had to.

One thing I realised over time was that no matter how long it had been, I wasn't recovering or healing at all. I tried all that I could yet, was weak on my bones to rise internally. Eventually thought of how others could be hiding the same way, behind well disguised smiles, I made out how it could no longer work the same way. I had to open up. I had to open up, not just for myself but for every person out there who could not feel a sense of belongingness to their own selves.

Hence, came up Brave Before Beautiful which provided a platform to voices which were unheard. Coping up with incidents then put forward, I gradually picked up my line which further led me to find my strengths. Trying and convincing more people to do the same, I did it for myself, unknowingly. I started accepting the person I had been and how the world could come up with more than a million reasons to turn you cold but all that it really needed was a warm heart. Unlike times, when I stayed in front of the mirror for not more than a minute, I started observing how beautiful these eyes have been, holding the spark of my spirit and the smile, which had been bravely infectious enough to help others come out of their closets. All of us had found our safe place.

My skin started feeling mine own and work bucked up my time. Conversations with oneself became regular

and that's when I gathered the courage to put all those broken pieces back together.

The day I started treating myself better is when every situation turned around. Colours found their way back and smiles became friendly. Keeping away from sudden jitters would be an injustice because there are times that are going to haunt you any certain day but do not ever fucking stop. Just do not. I never did. And neither should you. It's been a long journey with ample disguises, million downfalls but the million plus oneth will to bloom. I found my people back who held me way too stronger to ever let me doubt myself again and make me the person I am turning into.

This topped of all the lessons I learned all along, "Spread what you want to be served on your platter." Wider smiles, lasting hugs, better nourishing and unstoppable, unmovable faith. Grace yourself with positive words and exclaim your happy moments. Trust your inner self and look on every exit gate as being an entrance to somewhere else! Start treating yourself better, because the day you do is the day when the world will have to adjust. Become the bold, smarter and confident 'you.' Hold your own hand because love when found within, surfaces and surrounds you on the outer too.

P.S. 19 October 2018, it's Dussehra today. Irony laughs when I burn a happy picture of you for one last time to find a happier me tomorrow and every next day ahead. You know why? Just because "हर रोशनी दिवाली नहीं होती, कुछ दशहरा ही सही" Period.

Namrata Karamchandani  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# The Era of Pop Poetry

Are Instagram poets killing the already dying art of poetry?

It was heralded  
By chopped up head  
Of the bard-  
“with words putrid  
‘Pop’ is bred,  
With verses insipid  
Poetry is led  
To its grave,  
Behold!  
Poetry is dead”

Consumerism has become the axle around which our society rotates. And for some good and mostly worse, it has encapsulated art as well, giving birth to the ‘quick fix profit formula’ -the Pop genre. A specific strain of HPV, known as Humanity Pop Virus, has infested several artforms already. And now it has a new victim- the old, frail and dying art of poetry.

## Pathology of Humanity Pop Virus

It is well known that science is important for life but art makes it worth living. But what happens when the science of business and profits is mixed with art, is an utter disaster. The birth of Pop can be mainly attributed to business mindset behind the mass production of disposable pop artists.

Art can only be refined when it is crafted organically, that is, the artist strives to find a voice of their own, and present it in a crafted manner. The problem with Pop is, that artists are mass produced, like Oreos. There is no distinctive feature, they follow the sure formula of success, and can be easily disposed with another pop icon in making, because they had nothing unique about them to begin with.

If it had nothing special about it then why is Pop ‘popular’, in its actual sense? That's simple. Pop is superficially appealing, and humans love superficial beauty. And when you use even one neuron, you realise that how meaningless and repetitive Pop is.

What is poetry?

‘Isn't everything somewhat poetic?’ Is an argument, I have come across many a times. And yes, everything can seem poetic, if you delve deep into it, but if the words are shallow, it is safe to say that there is no hint of craft in those words. ‘You can't define poetry’, is a rebuttal I am often served in defense of Instagram poets. And to such intellectuals I say, ‘You can't define love, as well. But you know that an urge to punch someone across their face is not a sign of love.’ Similarly writing superficial and shallow lines, doesn't make it poetry.

According to Leonardo da Vinci, “painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.” This puts one thing in perspective, poetry must paint a vivid picture. And one thing that is somewhat a revelation is, that all the revolutions of poetry have one thing in common, they focus on imagery. Imagism focused solely on providing one clear imagery as a complete piece of poem. Haiku consists of juxtaposing two complementary imageries. Instagram poetry fails to do so, instead it does the opposite, the words do not paint a picture, they are presented in an aesthetically pleasing font with minimalistic artwork. It is a





beautiful 'word salad' tossed around haphazardly in the name of art. And this does not come as a shock because, Instagram is primarily an image sharing interface, where prettier presentation matters more than the substance behind the words.

### **Key Features of Pop Poetry and How You Can Write One Ubiquitous Philosophy**

It is not philosophy, per say, but since, this whole art is based on pretence, we will call it philosophy. Ideas of Self Love, Mental Health, Toxic Relationships are the key ingredients.

#### **Over glorification**

The abovementioned ideas need to be over glorified. Not because it is important to discuss such topics for one's betterment, but to project yourself as the clichéd 'sad poet'. Oh, how that reams those likes.

#### **Repetition**

Because of lack of creativity and a poetic sense, the above mention topics are the only thing you should write about. And why digress, when they are fetching you those pesky likes.

#### **Aesthetics**

Since, your words are insipid and lacking, you need to present them well. Choose a minimalistic backdrop and add a simple, remotely related artwork, to show off that non existing poetic sense. And add a pretty font with all lowercase. And voila! You have a beautiful piece of 'word salad'.

#### **Enjambments**

The only poetic device used, or in this case, misused is Line breaks. Pick up a random line and break it into five. That sums it up.

#### **Know Your Audience**

This is a check. It prevents you from breaking the pattern

described above. Your conscience might prompt you to write something worthwhile, but don't! Your efforts, or lack thereof, will go down the drain.

Only two kinds of people are your target audience. First those who appreciate your efforts to talk about mental health on mainstream social media. Second, those who do not appreciate poetry because it is 'ornate' and 'inaccessible'; and believe that you are a genius who is making it 'accessible'(readable) to the masses. And because these intellectuals haven't read poetry with colloquial voice, they deem your inappropriate colloquialisms as some sort of literary genius.

This trend of pop poetry provides a greater insight. Modern man has the need to talk about self-love and mental health. Which is truly important. But at the hindsight, it has become a selling vantage point for Pop artists. Such over glorification, with no depth of meaning does no good for these conversations. Despite all that is wrong with Pop Poetry, I am glad that it has come to exist, because now, at least people are talking about poetry.

Soumitra Somendra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# The Witch



On a perfectly fine afternoon, a child of some 6-7 years comes squealing in “mother I don't want to go to that place anymore.” This child is none other than your very own narrator. “Sit down Shree, what happened? Another fight with that boy?” my mother asked. My mother like every other mother was well aware of her daughter's friends and foes.

By now tears were running down my cheeks, “I never ever want to go that place again. Maa do you know today he said that I look like a witch and everyone was laughing at me.” My mother had got used to her crybaby and knowing that this was part of my daily burst-out, she left the room saying “don't cry you're a big girl now, have your lunch then go and play.”

Had it been a normal day, the 'big girl' term would have led me to wipe my tears and go about my lunch but this wasn't really a normal day. Man, of the house aka my father was

home and saw his daughter's tear stained cheeks turned red. Taken aback, he asked to no one in particular “okay what's happening?” The sheer inquisitiveness of his voice was almost comical.

“Papa I don't want to go to that school im not going there ever again” seven-year-old me squealed. “Okay tell me which monster is bothering you?”

I saw a glimpse of hope, maybe my father will understand and I won't have to go to school anymore. “Papa a boy called me a witch today and he teases me every single day and you know what, today whole class was laughing at me. I hate him, I hate all of them,” I poured while wiping my tears.

“Easy with the words, young lady, how do you think we should fix this?” I enquired.

“I don't want to study there papa, maa is teacher naa, she will teach me at home,” I answered after recently knowing that home schooling is a thing.

“Coming up with great ideas, aren't we?” said my father with his usual sarcasm. At this moment, I felt the ray of hope fading and started sobbing again.

“Fear not my child, I have a much better idea,” he motioned me to come forward and started speaking something in my ear. Mother was like a falconer; she flew way above all of us but always kept her eyes on us. At that moment, I could see her





looking at us. Knowing that we were up to something, she shook her head in an almost prophetic manner.

\* \* \*

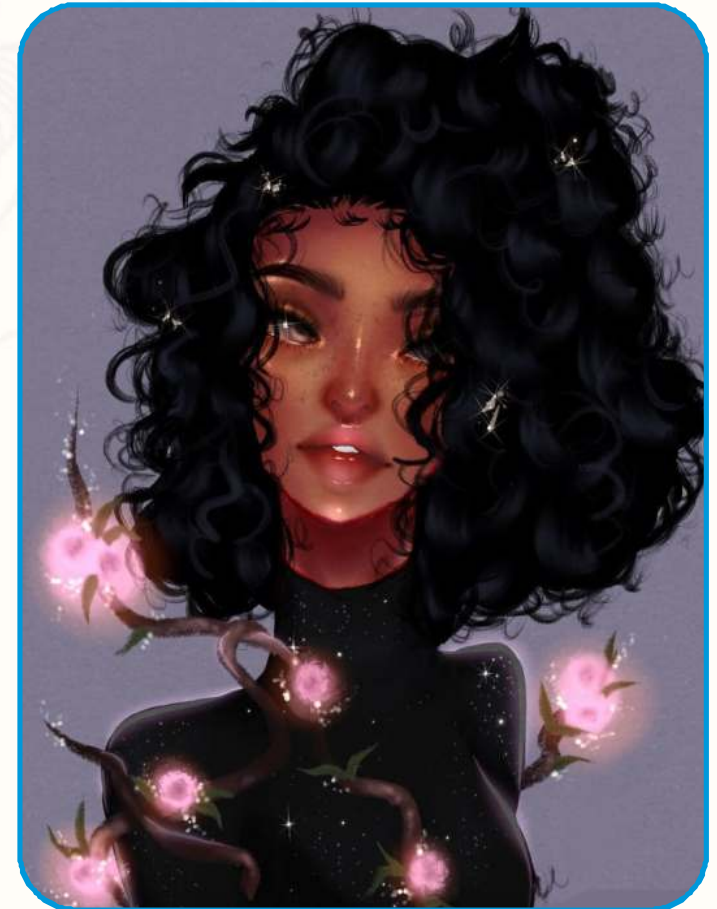
Another fine morning, my parent's only daughter has gone to school.

My parents sat in veranda reading newspaper when my mother finally broke the silence and said, "you seem rather pleased today, so did your daughter. Will you tell me what did you say to her yesterday?"

"Let's just say I asked her to handle it on her own," man of the house said answering

my mother's query. "That's it?" my mother exclaimed. "I guess so," he said.

Telephone rang inside and my mother and father exchanged glances. As usual my mother went in to answer the phone. She picked up the receiver and held it against her ear and said "hello?" She stood there, casually smiling at her husband while the person on other end of the line blasted, "Mrs. Gautam, your daughter attacked a student and broke his nose, you are required to come to school immediately!"



Rajshree Gautam  
B.A. Eng. Hons. III



# Review Peaky Blinders (TV Series)

Writer: Steven Knight

Cast: Cillian Murphy, Tom Hardy, Paul Anderson, Helen Mc Crory, Anabelle Wallis

Director of Photography: George Steel

Director(s): Otto Bathurst, Tom Harper, Colm Mc Carthy, Tim Mielants, David Caffrey

Peaky Blinders is a crime drama set in Birmingham, England in 1919, a few years after the end of World War I. It is loosely based on the exploits of Peaky Blinders, a gang of World War I veterans, who marauded Small Heath, an industrial area in Birmingham. Thomas Shelby leads the Shelby crime family which is popular as the Peaky Blinders because of the peaked skullcaps worn by the members of the gang. The Blinders run into trouble with Major Chester Campbell who was sent specifically to clean up the cities and eradicate the Irish Republican Army, communism and other criminal activities. The series follows the progress of this rivalry.

Music is surprising, to say the least. Cinematography drowns the viewer and expresses things no words can. Everything is brought to life by the enchanting performance of the cast. The compound of all these factors leads to an experience that is unmatched and the fact that it's series provides ample amount of quality content to binge which can never be matched by a movie franchise, let alone a single film. It includes everything a human being is capable of doing, from the good to the bad. Characters portrayal is three dimensional, that grows and changes over the course of the show. It depicts human behaviour in raw, unadulterated form. It is a piece of art and a treat to watch.

Ashutosh Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# Romeo and Memes : Cause None of Them Lasted Long in This World

*Thomas Shadwell :*

*Dryden in Mac Flecknoe:*



*Quibble Exists*

*Shakespeare:*



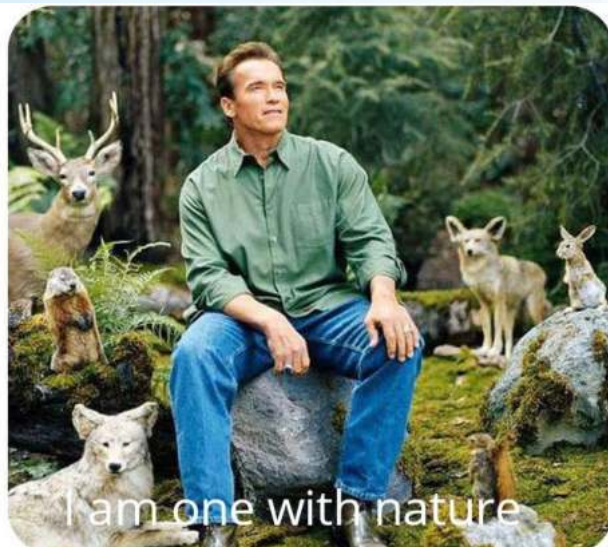
*The Road Not Taken Exists everyone:*



*Oh shit, that's deep*

*Nobody:*

*William Wordsworth:*



\* Ralph in lord of the flies when the conch is crushed and piggy is killed\*



*John Milton in lycidas:*



Actually commemorating his friend in an elegy



Flexing his poetic skills

Manas Thakur  
B.A Eng. Hons. I





Charu Datta  
M.A. Eng. (Prev.)



# Palace of Illusions

The halls are decked with anxiety,  
And the shehnai plays.  
Don't let the bright draperies deceive you,  
This is a funeral,  
Though I got the wedding card.

The band plays,  
But mine is not a love song,  
It's a mourning,  
There at the groom's feet,  
Lies she,  
With her ashen lips,  
And her fluffy white frock,  
And matching socks,  
Eyes shut,  
Curls unfurled,  
But everyone walked on,  
So I stayed silent.

The glitter from the bride's dress,  
Falls on her closed eyes,  
Burying her,  
Further into her coffin.  
I look at my mother,  
She sees her too,

She drapes her embroidered duppatta over her face,  
And says nothing,  
And forgets.  
So I stay silent.

My father goes to congratulate the groom,  
And he trips over the little girl,  
And the petals from the bouquet fall and caress her,  
The band plays an upbeat song about eternal happiness,  
And the baraat dances on,  
It's so loud.  
My screams won't be heard,  
So I stay muted.

The universe can't hold it,  
And the clouds crumble,  
And the lighting wails,  
And sky breaks,  
Crying.  
Everyone runs,  
The bride's make up will come off,  
She walks over the embroidered duppatta,

Over her body,  
And enters the banquet.  
I see her,  
Soaking in the rain.  
But I say nothing.

Her flushed pink skin,  
Turns gray in front of my eyes,  
Each rain drop,  
Washing away her life.  
My mother calls out to me,  
My lehenga is too expensive to be ruined by the rain,  
But happiness comes free,  
So let it soil.  
She is shrieking,  
My father calls out,  
But I stay put.  
The wind beats the girls chest,  
Raging in her melancholy,  
The duppatta flies off,  
And lands in the rain,  
I run to it,  
And grab it,  
It's soaking,  
It can't hold more tears,  
I ask the clouds to stop it,  
But they keep sobbing,  
I can't take it,  
I run to her,

And try to cover her face with the cloth again,  
But the wind doesn't like facades.  
So I lay down.

I rest my head beside her,  
And cuddle her close to my chest,  
Maybe my warmth would revive her,  
But her body stays life less,  
I tell her about how in psychology,  
They say traumas build your resilience,  
And that there is a positive side of trauma,  
But that doesn't revive her,  
She is dead still,  
Little 8 year old baby,  
Doesn't move,  
Doesn't speak.  
And the people,  
Don't move,  
Don't speak.  
So I close my eyes,  
And pull her closer.  
And I say nothing.

Charu Dutta  
M.A. Prev.



# Wait for it.

The last train left the station two minutes before I arrived and I could still hear the engine's loud outcry and feel goosebumps budding on my skin and I don't know why but I could see images of the day and other days replaying bare in front of my eyes.

There was

“ Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday dear...” that filled the air and claps echoing in my ear. I recall a vague crowd and tons of tenderness sprinkling in the background.

I turned five, I remember. I was happy, I remember.

There was a garden and a lot of flowers and a lot of smells that filled my heart and a swing that I had booked for myself. I was selfish as a child, I remember.

I remember how I discovered summer glam in watermelon, litchis, and cakes covered in blueberry jam under the old tree where I first witnessed a dozen ducks swim in the calmness of the lake.

I had my room filled with comic books and cartoon sketches everywhere on the wall. I guess sketchbooks were never sufficient for the memories I had to create as a child.

The smell of iron rods and spilled ink



still moves in the air and I remember the taste of tangerine on my tongue.

The evenings were always fascinating for it meant family and gossips and stories from the day and from work. It meant love in the shape of chocolate bars and learning to share.

There was an invisible canvas that I just filled with memories and affection. Oh, how I miss my childhood and how I have missed so many opportunities to live like that again, just like I missed my train to home today.

Well, there is a train in the morning and I know I will have to wait for it.

Sejal Jain  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



# To My Beloved Fear

O fear of mine, here we meet again  
At the altar of our union that came with my hand  
Hand you won from my soul  
Soul I left behind, for you, O barbed ghoul!

My solemn lover, your calloused hand  
Choking my throat, is our wedding band,  
Iced hand sends a numbing chill down my spine  
Numbing pain, my hearts enshrine

For this chill  
This chill was the thrill  
Thrill that had me devout  
Subdued with your placid rage set about

My dictator, your enticing fingers  
Morbidly wrote  
A wan journey which lingers  
On a melancholic note

My knight, can't help but cower behind you  
You fight off the failure, that brings rue  
Failure never comes knocking on our door  
For us, trying is a fool's lore

So, here I am  
Tucked in your cold embrace  
Saved from the unknown, I find solace  
And I never strive, by your grace

Because consequences, you taught me to hate  
For whenever I try, my guts you grate  
For you think I'll shatter  
When life resounds of failure's clatter

You love me too much, to a fault  
And that, my love, opened the vault  
Of rebellion, I'll assail against you  
As now I wish to taste failure and its rue



I complain too much, it's time I confess  
No further can I digress,  
But with what face shall I tell you of my crime  
I beg your pardon through this rhyme

I've been unfaithful, but never fell out of love  
Here is the steeled truth in velvet glove  
It wasn't failure I needed to be saved from  
It was you all along

I dreamed an ablaze silhouette  
"life is a roulette", he said  
And then, all apprehensions you bred  
Simply cowered and fled

They couldn't stand his might  
For he was shining so bright  
With a promise of future that trials bedight  
A future, to save me from this endless night

Forgive me, I have to go  
And there is something you should know  
A life with you simply cannot do  
For it is a life of apprehension and rue  
So, I unchain myself from your clutch  
I had the keys all along

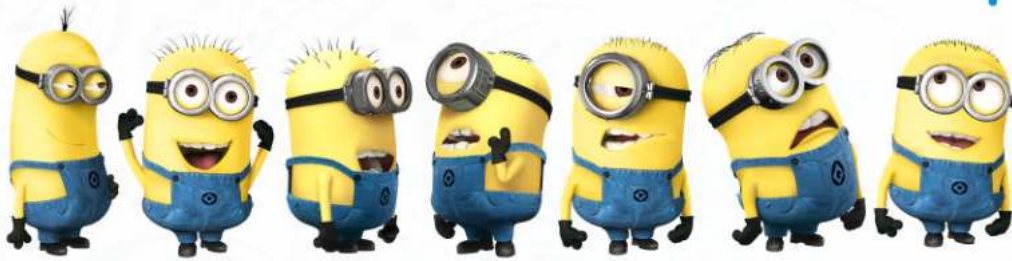
I crave failure's touch  
Forgive me, I have done you wrong

That silhouette has shown me the daybreak  
The night must come to an end  
And for my sake  
In this new equation, you must be the  
subtrahend.

Soumitra Somendra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



# Poetic Compositions



## Dear Minions,

You have ruined the pockets of the entire caste of parents.  
Yet you have made the life of their combination that is, their young ones.  
Costly as hell,  
But endearing as well.  
Carrying the yellow pigment in itself but showering the compounds of tincture.

## QUOTES:

Asked a child, what you would want to be in future? He replied "I want to be an innocent child".

What is world! It's the word which includes several minds.

Black is the pigment of beauty,  
Then why always so complex;  
Always embarrassed with curse  
But never uttered a word;  
That's the beauty of black.

I asked black don't you feel bad, when people incorporate you with shoddy things;



He replied - "it all mixes in me, hence, nothing is visible, all black".



## CANOPY OF WORDS:

Dear writer,

Your life is just full of blue ink and white papers.

You are a game of see-saw inclining towards one or the other thing.

Creating a web of words and putting a question mark on the minds of readers, how well their mind is, to interpret and understand your view point.

You are a mirror to the society but not with transparent reflection but rather with a tainted shades of white and black.

You are a game changer. So tricky so smart enough to be the ruler.

So take a seat on this throne and rule the world with the nib of your pen.

Suchitra Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# WORMFOOD.



The dandelions and weeds,  
Dance in my graveyard,  
The tombs are always open,  
To welcome tired visitors.  
The city yawns,  
And lays flat on the dirt,  
On which a million tired feet,  
Tramp like zombies,  
Hungry for brains,  
But devoid of empathy.

The wives of these soldiers,  
Wear scarves like nooses,  
Around their diamond necklaces,  
That shine brighter than the hollows in their eye sockets.  
Love awaits,  
Warm and dying with open arms,  
Waiting for Hope to crash into him,  
Desperate and burning with desire,  
But the void stays empty and agape.  
Agony stirs inside the cauldrons in household kitchens,  
Then waits dryly in a bowl on the dinner table,  
Only to be divided and carried into different empty rooms,  
With white walls and colorful screens.  
Sleep comes uneasily,  
And leaves with solidity,  
Lumped in my heart,  
Unbeknownst to me.  
Maybe in a parallel universe,  
Maybe galaxies away,  
Home doesn't seem as empty,  
When its crowded.

Charu Datta  
M.A. Eng. (Prev).





I spilled tea today,  
The factions of my fabricated self  
All on the breakfast table,  
My mum mopped it with yesterday's wet  
stench infused cotton cloth.

I spilled tea today,  
When my dad asked, "why don't you  
wake up early in the morning"  
Ere I could pour out vague mumblings  
of my mouth,  
The house wife said chores of the day,  
The man of the house- the daily  
teachings,  
And my dog just barked at me.

What a sad little day today!  
I smiled and remembered  
I spilled tea today.

The aunty that judged my shabby  
clothes,  
The uncle that asked me to man up with  
his masculine eyes,  
The dog that almost bit me forgot.  
I did not shut my eyes the entire night.

I went to the divergent street,  
On the road always travelled,  
Busy with the hustle bustle of human  
roars,  
Embarking on a journey whose end they  
daily know.

I spilled tea today.  
My love said she needs distance,  
I stifle her is what she says  
"Atleast tell me how and tell me why."

## I spilled..

She said, "I don't know, maybe,  
you take control since you are the guy."  
I spilled tea today.

I came back home hoping to resolve the  
perrenial lore,  
Ere I could pour out vague mumblings  
of my mouth,  
my consciousness looped out,  
The woman grated,  
The man barked,  
The dog slapped,  
As the ball of black and white rolled out  
from its nap,  
Time to ascend the stairs, time not again  
to snap.

The night crept in, in followed the  
shadows, then came void, and now the  
voices, Sigh!  
I wake up the other morning.  
Wake up? I barely even slept.  
Half drowsy, half existential,  
Mum handed me the cup of tea,  
Dad taunted me for being "the boy",  
The pet pawed me irritatingly,  
I wish they can understand my agony-  
how and even why.

Arrggghh! I shouted inside, my hands  
shaking, my blood boiling but no one's  
feet for once even swept.

Nothing was under control,



Nothing within the power of me,  
No one to hug me,  
No one to say it is okay to be me.  
I needed to do something,  
Something I can control,  
so I chose to do what happens to be  
my ceremonial virtue and vice,  
I spilled tea today, spilled it all over  
me.

Cyrus Derek Edwin  
M.A. Eng. (Prev.)







# Lullaby

I go I go  
With the spirit of my spirit  
low,  
Mild waves cradling the ship  
down below.

Singing gales surround by,  
Hush little baby, don't you  
cry,  
The world revolve around by  
and by,  
The eyes see vision of  
Childhood, Sigh!

When Dadda used to swing  
the hammock  
And mum used to sing, the chirping birds put to shame, cover  
their eyes with wings.  
Swing O swing the hammock of my life, swing!

I remember the table, the biscuits and the tea,  
O don't you stop me, I see the ethereal sea.  
Time has come, the nature bids me Goodbye,  
So I close my eyes, let the waves take me in,  
The boat of my life, I see sinking in.

Welcome dear Kindness, I smile at Bliss  
Now take my hands and take me to be His.  
Don't mourn for me, O' don't you people cry,  
I am much more happy here, just smile and say Goodbye!

Do tell me if any changes are required.

Cyrus Derek Edwin  
M.A. Eng. (Prev.)





I am a River  
I absorb everything that touches me  
Because that's what a river does  
So with each town and every turn  
I carried the world I had seen

The sessions of confessions  
The rancid filthy things and words  
They threw at me  
The fruits of grief,  
The fruits which were unfit for  
Consumption but perfectly suited  
to hold in the grief.  
The face of those  
Who will never return,  
On whom the frameless portraits  
Of oblivion hangs.  
And the flowers who  
Honour the sleep of the dead.  
And the living dead animals  
Those who enter me without  
Consent and do not even look back  
At how it had made each of my bank  
shiver.

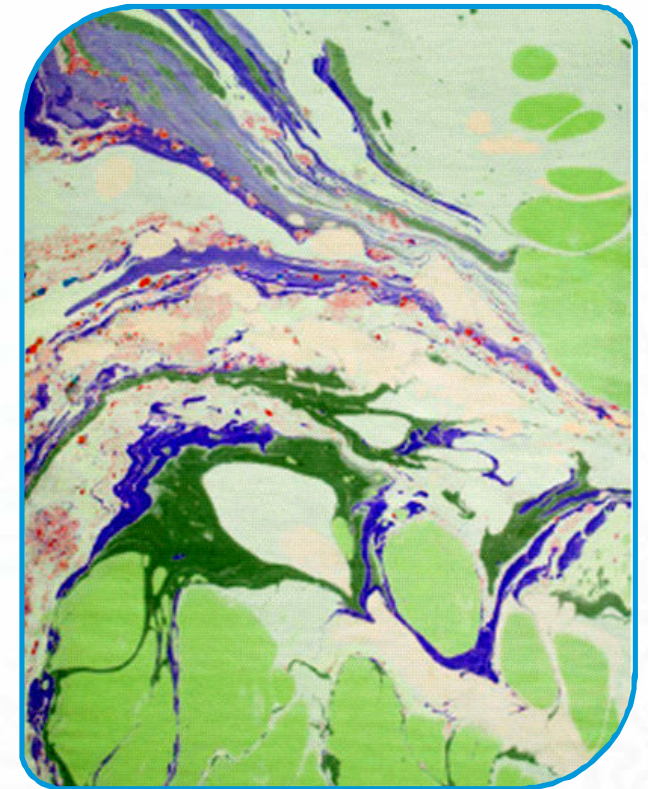
But on my journey  
I forgot I finally had to end,  
To join my eternal love,  
The ocean.  
He pulled me deeper and deeper  
His hands, the tides  
Entwining me his endless current.  
And on one fine day  
He asked me,  
"But tell me my love,

## River



Didn't you feel cold while  
You were out there being  
A river?"  
And I said,  
I was a river, and  
Everything in me  
Was a thousand rocks underneath.

Rajshree Gautam  
B.A Eng. .Hons. III





# PREMATURE CHILDHOOD

Sitting in the train, on the upper berth, giggling with my buddy,

I was targeted with satires by a little passerby

We felt offended and made fun of her remark so sturdy

We were ignorant enough to notice that little girl with smile but in a rag

Why, we had just fulfilled our ego with our hefty and rash brag.

I saw her throwing puns at strangers so ecstatically

That i realized that she was more brave and beautiful in that situation statically

She had a small iron ring through which she passed her slender, elastic body,

Everybody laughed, but i saw the pain under that smiling social nobody.

When coins were thrown in her weary plate it was some proud people I saw and some clinging that I heard

But what was a noise for me was on what her family was going to feed, rather than sinking in the dread

What i realized throughout that journey was that she was a minor yet, earning her family's daily bread

Though i was way elder to her what I did was make fun of her little remark, things which still bring me to a blush so red

It's actually very easy to laugh at someone's stress

Rather than feel it and walk in their shoe of distress.

Gauri Nair

B.A. Eng. Hons. II





# The Great Social Drama

Peculiarity of social animals on social media

"I took the centre stage  
And sighed aloud  
Spectre spectators  
Round this cage  
Ghosts in crowd

Connoisseurs of nonsense  
Self-acclaimed nobility with  
Anonymity fanned out  
Clothed in silks of virtuality  
Their faces, morality's shroud

Coloured in vanity  
Mirage of critique  
Shards of insanity  
Impales me weak  
Yet deep

Misty mystery  
Cowered identities  
Yet audacity reins  
Rains of scrutiny  
My agony, their ordain

Comedy of errors  
My life their joy  
My sanity  
Is soiled  
Their act is coy",  
cried social media.

Soumitra Somendra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I





# SOLACE

My eyes scanned the store,  
I found her.  
A sense of satisfaction swayed my heart  
From the bookstore, I took her home  
With a glass of wine,  
I sat with her on the couch.

As I read her, I could feel that she was  
reading me too.  
She has felt everything that I feel at times  
Her memories are mine.  
Her understanding, her essence filled  
me with awe.

When I am with her everything is still,  
It's only the warmth in story  
That I can feel  
She is someone who takes me to places  
I have never been before.  
Someone who take me away from this  
wicked world,  
The solace I derive from words on those  
papers  
It's this solace,  
That I'll always behold.

Payal Vatwani  
B.A Eng. Hons. II

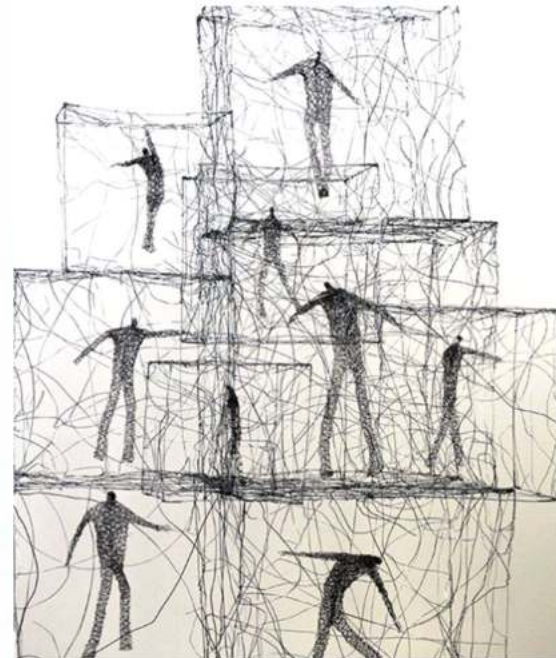




# CONFINED

I am confined.  
Confined between walls which nobody can see.  
Even open spaces make me suffocated.  
I am here, but I am not here.  
I do not feel like I belong to this place.  
This place doesn't make me feel good.  
What makes me ME is somewhere else.  
But something doesn't allow me to go there.  
Go to that one place where I am surrounded by "my people",  
with whom I laugh and cry and eat and sing.  
People whom I can call mine.  
This place feels like home but that one feels like a prison.  
Prison I am not even trying to break through.  
I feel so helpless.  
That prison is my priority but this home is my necessity.  
And I am stuck in between.  
It feels scary down there and soothing right here.  
But the pursuit of finding home in that prison makes me the person I am.  
And with a ruckus in mind, I am trying to figure out where I belong?

Payal Vatwani  
B.A Eng. Hons. II





# TALK

Let's talk.  
There's a sadness that's not beautiful.

It's ugly,  
Doesn't want to be touched,  
Swings like a hurricane,  
A wrecking ball that doesn't follow the rules of physics,  
A stop motion picture of dull moments,  
An average day of clouds that don't take up the shape of  
friendly familiar silhouettes,  
A painful smile that's crooked and endless - one that  
makes your jaws ache.  
There's an ugly sadness that isn't constant.  
One day it needs poetry,  
Some other day lying on the floor, the face a mess - the  
head messier,  
Maybe it needs raindrops on the face,  
Or just to feel the damp existenuce of misery.  
nuce of misery.

And I may know nothing about your sadness just how  
you don't know about mine.  
But all I know is the only thing the most horrendous,  
naked sadness doesn't need, is to be clothed in happiness  
that doesn't fit.

Malvika Chopra  
B.A Eng. Hons. I





# Questionnaire by A Broken Heart

Suddenly the clock strikes  
and the rate of heart beat hikes  
As the heart gets hijacked  
like its doors are being snapped  
come the questions by a broken heart  
which is struck by a streamlined dart  
why does it happen to me  
as if you can't even see  
why should I bear the pain ?  
and let my eyes forever drain  
why's that I feel dejected  
and that I have been rejected  
and there is nothing but emptiness  
and there is a great hollowness  
no one can understand  
what I have been through  
and withstand  
I asked for love and nothing else  
but what I got was no love  
and everything else  
within a short span of life  
many times I got stabbed with a knife  
and the Questionnaire continues  
I looked into myself to see what it  
means



every time I cry my peace is  
diversified  
every second I pound  
It seems its death I have found  
every moment I beat  
Your memories give me the heart to  
stand and move ahead!  
to change white into red.

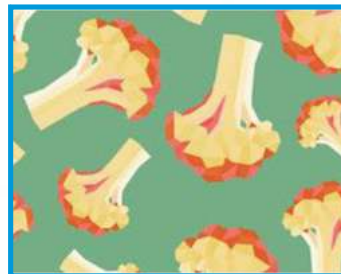
Divya Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# I am..

The one who kindles fire  
The one whose spirits never die  
I exemplify endless power  
Iniquity I always deny  
I am not deaf to the clamour power makes  
But I'm immune against its clout  
I have an agile mind and soul  
Vigour that runs throughout  
I am as loud as my actions  
As silent as my thoughts  
Sometimes I crib about things  
Sometimes I move and forget  
I am not stuck in the time warp  
I am not a rebel towards change  
I am not the one who exhibits Calvinism  
I don't know how to chisel, but I know  
how to play the game  
I am intrepid and incisive  
Pugnacious and sometimes raging  
I reflect upon things before they reflect  
upon m  
I'm cautious and calculative  
I give no space to fate  
To ruin my whereabouts  
I lay my foot firm  
And stand upright on my ground  
I will never die  
I was carved out to belong to this so  
It's my spirit, Herculean and free  
And will stay so till ages undefined  
Not only am I the poetess  
I am the POEM...

Divya Sharma  
B.A Eng. Hons. II



# Bach or Broccoli

It isn't the big or the great  
that make the difference  
It's the small things that do.  
A smile, a nod, a pat, a hug  
are more appropriate weapons  
to fight the battles of life  
It's not the chemistry or the radiations  
It's also the love and affection  
the tender care, the cures.  
It's not the Pentiums or the  
techno savvy tools that teach  
It's the warmth of a teacher that makes  
a man.  
It's not the limousines that run fast  
trytuk-tuks' or rickshaws  
they run faster through the journey of  
hearts  
It's not the electronic gadgets that  
soothe  
the bruises on your body or your soul  
spend time with nature, it cures all.  
It's your perception that makes the  
difference  
at the end of the day  
only small, things matter  
Be it, 'Bach' or broccoli.

Divya Sharma  
B.A. Eng. Hons. II



# She Chose To Be Strong

She knew she could become weak; But she had the choice to be at the peak.  
She knew she could rest; But she had the choice to be the best.  
She knew she could to give up; But she had the choice to stand up.  
She knew she could wither away; But she had the choice to shimmer away.  
She knew she could hide; But she had the choice to fight what's inside.  
She knew she could be ordinary; But she had the choice to be legendary.  
She knew she could be a dead soul; But she had the choice to achieve her goal.  
She knew she could only crave; But she had the choice to be brave.  
She knew she could be cold; But she had the choice to be bold.  
She knew she could degrade herself; But she had the choice to embrace herself.  
She knew she could be trapped away; But she had the choice to fly away.  
She knew she could cry all day; But she had the choice to laugh everyday.  
She knew she could walk away; But she had the choice to find another way.  
She knew she could close all the doors; But she had the choice to explore the



abandoned floors.

She knew she could not withstand the storm; But she had the choice to be the storm.

She knew she could be a survivor; But she had the choice to be the warrior.

Malvika Chopra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



# The fleeting soul

The fleeting soul.

A slight pain in the chest,

My notions being unstoppable, moving towards the West.

Apparently in immense pain,

For I was sure all this is not going to end up in vain.

Slowly my heartbeat shrinks,

I suppose, there I fell within a few blinks.

How could this be?

My heart a little too weak.

And not able to sustain or even flee?

Multiple thoughts disconnecting thy heart and brain.

While the brain felt all this was a petty feign,

What about the heart?

My work is to pump blood,

Why don't you deal with all this scud? The heart urged.

Let some questions remain unanswered,

For some are empty yet bitter, responded the brain.

I might end up making a plunder, The heart sank.

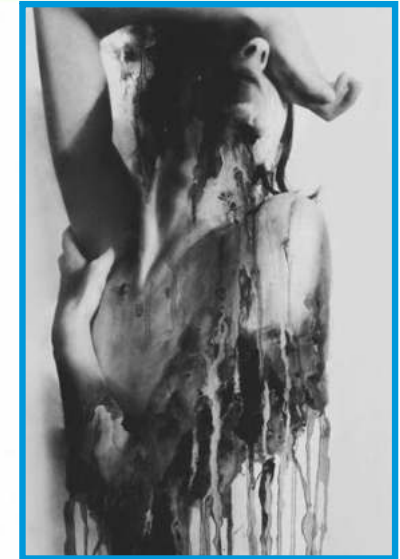
Who cares? It's the time for slumber! The brain exclaimed.

It was for the first time my thoughts couldn't thwart.

There I lay towards the West in utter peace,

Where my heart and brain remained all calm and composed.

And thoughts persisted helpless; failed to cross the crease.



I lay In the land of nod,<sup>33</sup>

Drizzy and heard them applaud.

Calling me feeble was their prospect,

My body situated towards the West, While my soul left.

Malvika Chopra  
B.A. Eng. Hons. I



# Class Photographs



B.A. English (Hons)-I



## Class Photographs



B.A. English (Hons)-II



## Class Photographs



B.A. English (Hons)-III



## Class Photographs



M.A. English (Previous)



## Class Photographs



M.A. English (Final)



