

WORD WEAVES

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BE AN INSPIRATION

In today's digitally-driven world wherein everyone is mostly engrossed in consuming recycled information, it is very refreshing to see such poignant creativity.

These musings in poetry and prose by our young 'creative souls' are reflections of the adolescent mind, of the gentler yet inherently stronger gender. They are expressions of their aspirations and beliefs, of their passion and enthusiasm, of their inner conflicts and confines, of truths, half-truths, of gender-biases and their overriding free-spirit. It is

indeed a very sensitive portrayal of feelings woven together by our team of 'WORD WEAVERS' – it reflects the resolve and resilience of the teens to mould themselves or the situations around them and rise above the circumstances – 'to be' or 'not to be' or 'to be the change they want to be'. Keep writing and expressing yourselves – it is 'self-liberating' and invigorating. Congratulations for this first issue of the 'WORD WEAVES' – this is surely going to inspire the subsequent batches!

○ Dr. Jyotika Elhance

ENGLISH LITERATURE

O dear English Literature!
You have all: life, love, destruction and seizure.
Why don't you come closer
Shakespeare, Eliot, Chaucer
I get absorbed in you, I get drowned
I get lost and then feel aroused.
You sometimes hypnotise me and then I start to
dream
The dreams of Porphyria, Dead Duchess,
Desdemona and the queen.
I write and I start to feel it
I picture it and I hear it
You urge me to know what's concealed and then
reveal it
You are everything literature and still there's lot to
explore
So come closer literature, come close, come close.

Sarita, III Year

BLING ON THE TITLE

It's going to be three years soon since we started with our English (Hons.) journey. When we were first introduced to the realm of literature, it was then that our 'Home and the World' came together. That was the first time that we started perceiving possibly all wordly things 'Through the Looking Glass' of literature, and since then we have never 'Look(ed) back in Anger' again. But 'Things fell apart' once we faced our semester examinations. Those were 'Hard Times' and our 'Pride and Prejudice' of being brilliant and highly deserving of this course was suddenly 'Gone with the Wind'.

It seemed as if in a blink of an eye, our 'Paradise (was) lost'.

At the time of marks of internals, we gave a smile like of benevolent 'Jane Eyre' to our teachers and were just able to say, yes! 'As You Like It'.

And what to say about the results. They were far more treacherous than by anyone who tried to attempt 'Rape of the Lock'.

But once we realised that this jolt was important for our strong 'Foundation', our 'Heart(s) of

darkness' were soon filled with pure 'Bliss'. And as we were 'Waiting for God(ot)' to recover us from this realization, our teachers came to our rescue and gifted us 'The Golden Notebook' of knowledge of our now 'Beloved' literature.

I remember how we had been 'The Rover' running over 'The Mill on the Floss' in our first year, but 'Doctor Faustus' and 'Frankenstein' brought us to the right track. And since then our mind is the home for Homer's 'Illiad' and our heart is ruled by 'The Duchess of Malfi'.

Now, as we take refuge in the 'Halfway House' of our journey, we see our lives in 'The colour Purple' with 'The Yellow Wallpaper' filled with words of wisdom and writings of 'Marxism' and 'Feminism'.

By following the 'Shadow lines' of our marvellous teachers, we are yet to go on the voyage of 'Gulliver's Travels' of the rich 'Cultural Studies' of the world, and with overwhelming hearts, we look forward to it.

○ Pankhuri, III Year

Fascinating

Disclaimer:
The following article is not aimed or targeted at any particular religion, caste, community, creed, group, any person-dead or alive, etc. It's just an attempt to pen down the sheer agony of a 'girl' in Indian society and portray the reality of her everyday battle to "survive".

“Oh! It is not compulsory for boys to learn mopping, cleaning..... they'll earn, that's enough.....their wives will do all these petty household works.....”

I hear it very often... These words “fascinate” me... especially when they come out of a woman.

What is the first reaction of a family who gets to know that *Unke Ghar Lakshmi Aayi Hai* (that they're blessed with a daughter)? The reaction is obvious. All were hoping for a boy and hopes do shatter... but that's alright. There's always a next time. The sudden enthusiasm, fervor and anticipation turns to a silent mourn and wry smiles.

Now her life actually starts (even though, I doubt that she has one). She'll have to be fair... because fair is beautiful. And if she's not, she won't be able to get a husband, the sole purpose of her existence.

“Why aren't you patient?”

“Why don't you work properly? Clean that place again...”

“What kind of *sabzi* (dish) have you made? And the rotis aren't round, enough.....”

“We would have been happier if you were a boy....”

Of course, a son is very important...after all he is the '*Kuldeepak*'-the name bearer. Only 'he' can 'make' parents attain liberation. He keeps the generation going. So the question arises... what's a daughter?

She is the '*izzat*'-dignity-honour of the family... a big responsibility (I guess the word 'burden' is more appropriate).

The day she's born, her fate gets decided. Despite of being a female, she will be welcomed, accepted and tolerated in the family. Grandfather-Grandmother, Uncles-Aunts will try to hide their disappointments with a fake smile on their faces.

She'll be allowed to get education, so that she can read and write therefore, help her future children to manage in their primaries... Also, there's a demand for 'working girls, who mint money'. But she won't need to worry about money. Her parents would already start sating for her dowry.

She'll be made to understand that her brothers should get the best part of everything. 'Aren't left overs better than nothing?' She'll be taught to work in the kitchen and hear her brothers and his friends-play, laugh, giggle, enjoy. She'll learn to sweep, mop, wipe, wash, dry, cook,

clean and of course, sew, embroider... She'll get to know about 'geographical' shapes, while making *rotis*, which are supposed to be round as a globe. She'll learn about 'geometrical' shapes while chopping veggies...

When she'll get older, she'll be taught the etiquettes and norms to become a 'complete' woman. She'll be covered from head to toe so that she does not 'entice' men, ruin herself and make MEN SIN. She'll have to remain chaste for her future husband. She'll be taught to wear a '*dupatta*' and '*ghunghat*', as they're the tokens of respect for the elders.

She'll have to repay for all the years of bringing her up and for protecting her modesty. She'll have to do that by marrying a boy of her family's choice. She'll be loaded with gold and diamonds jewels. The groom will be 'gifted' lavishly as he'll take away the burden of an unwed daughter.

As a wife, she will never refuse her husband of his marital rights. Once married, she'll live life according to her husband and her in-laws. She'll have to serve them 24*7 for the rest of her life. She'll have to look beautiful, presentable and slim so that her husband doesn't get embarrassed in front of his friends and relatives. Her brain will never be important... it's substituted by her 'outward' appearance. She'll never raise her voice, never voice her opinion and most importantly, not transgress. She'll have to be a 'proper' woman and blink back her tears and hide/cover her wounds (she has a *dupatta/pallu*, always), if her husband is harsh. Under any circumstances, she'll never even think about going back to her father's house (without her husband) because

“A daughter leaves her maternal (?)home in a '*doli*' and only comes back in '*arthi*'.”

'A barren woman is a curse for society'. She'll have to bear children and be a 'complete' woman, but only sons. A girl is a big no-no. She'll be blessed if she gives birth to a boy, as the 'great' father of psychoanalysis once said in his theory. And unfortunately (God forbid), there comes a daughter, she'll have to pass the 'moralities' and 'teachings' to her, as well.

This is a girl's life...something more than this or sometimes, somewhere less too... (I'm yet to find one). This is what I call “fascinating”-the whole process of turning a human into a puppet (or robot, as we're modern)... our society is really talented!!!

Sanchita Basu, III Year

MY CONFESSION

Nidhi, III Year

I've done a lot. I taunted, I lied, I cheated, I hid under a mask, I seduced, I was extreme, I was jealous, overambitious, I thrashed, I did everything.

To crown it all I committed the crime 'I'. I am not one but two-'I' and 'myself'. The 'myself' in me cannot stand independently. It has to be masked by 'I'. 'Myself' is the true and genuine me. This real me 'myself' is like a transparent glass, so pure that one can look through it. Its on this glass that I have sprayed colours. Yes, I coloured myself to adapt to the surroundings. I coloured 'myself' into 'I' so that I could be presentable, acceptable and adaptable to my surroundings.

God give me peace, show me that space, the place of my personality, of the genuine 'myself', the transparent glass where there is no colour. The transparent patch which has been left out. I need it God, I need it now. Because now this uncoloured, transparent patch will work as a window from where light comes in, from where I can see the inside of me, from where I can peep out of myself.

However much I wish I cannot remain that uncoloured self. Since I have a physical self, a physical existence which will naturally lead to the adding up of the colours of my surroundings. I cannot remain uninfluenced, uncoloured and untouched. Without these artificial intruding colours of my surrounding, there is not much for me, no one will recognize.

I will be like a thing which is unnoticed, unidentified and unseen. The colours, its ratio and appearance gives me my personality, and identity but it's the leftover patches of transparency that keeps me as myself. There are also those places which are very lightly coloured through which we can partly see across the coloured glass, the coloured glass being my personality.

This translucent part is neither a part of your personality nor a reflection of yourself. Its simply the limited effect of the conditions you are in.

This coloured glass, symbolic of my mind is where the effects of the surroundings, conditions and circumstances blend. Its on this coloured glass that my conscious, subconscious and unconscious get connected and attain coherence.

This coloured glass is all that I have and all that is me. It's hard to wash away the hitherto acquired stains and paint anew but that's what I am trying to do and will continue to try...

ASPIRE

Let me cry, let me fly
Let me shout, let me die...
Wanna hold a bat, wanna kick a ball
Wanna climb a mountain, wanna prove you all...

Wish to explode with anger
Wish to dance with joy...
Wish to read Shakespeare
Wish to praise Tolstoy...

Don't mess with me
Please no more buzz...
Don't define my ways
Don't create a fuss...

You lived your life, let me cherish mine
With the "WAND" doing wonder all the time...

Well time is up
I have got to go...
Workout my dreams
I saw with an open eye...

THEY WERE JUST CHILDREN

One fine morning while packing their bags,
Mother said she'll cook
Most delicious meal when they'd be back.
They left from home kissing their parent's cheeks,
they said they'd come back and play hide and seek
for the first time they saw a gun man
holding a gun on their head
they thought it was just a game
little did they know they'd soon be dead.
They did raise their hands
And asked their friend to remove the weapon
But with an evil laugh, they fired
It wasn't a game...
He didn't know he'd soon be lying
Adjacent to a bloody scarf,
His mother back home
Waiting with her eyes fixed on the lane
She waited forever but her son never came.
These terrorists who aimed at this unarmed innocent
crowd
The cries of these children will be in silence of their
compound.

Kajal, II Year

Vinayana, II Year

CONFINED WITHIN BOUNDARIES

Shruti, III Year

I am a tuition teacher. I teach children to write, to learn, to study. I teach them to write within the confined areas that their ruled notebooks provide: five liners for Hindi, four liners for English and boxes for Mathematics. I teach them to learn their rhymes and stories by heart. I teach them to do their work neatly, or else they wouldn't fit into the category of 'good' students.

I actually teach these tiny tots to be confined to what their education system demands from them. They are given homework and I help them to complete it because I am a part of the system who feeds in their mind that they must follow what is expected from them, otherwise they won't score well.

Alas! The system of scores! You'll be judged by what you write on sheets in a given period of time. You'll be forced to think of all the possibilities within three hours and also to jot them down in a 'proper', structural manner. The one who succeeds in doing so shall be rewarded with excellent grades. Eh, really? 'Rewarded'? Good grades are indeed considered rewards, irrespective of the knowledge you possess, your ability of presenting answers in limited time decides your future prospects.

Now, the ones who manage to secure 'good' marks inevitably get appointed in companies/institutions. However, a meagre amount of the company's profit goes towards their employers' wages. Do these companies pay for the labour that their employee has put in for his/her entire life

to get that single 'reputed' job and a 'good' lifestyle? Aren't the students already workers? And they pay throughout their life for their education which would ensure their 'good' future.

Aren't these lines in which I 'teach' my students to write, already borders, which if crossed would make their work untidy and earn the student a 'bad' tag? How often do you ask your children to behave in a certain manner so that they become 'good'? How often do you give examples of others to your children to feed in their minds the consequences of every action they could perform?

We teach children to imitate but scold them if they cheat in exam. We feed it in their minds that their survival is not possible if they don't study (remember, Darwin's theory of survival of the fittest). How many 'modern' parents would prefer their child giving, if not entire but more attention to anything other than studies?

One might possibly argue that studies ensure good future. But that is so because we have allowed it to be so. And that is not possible till money and the commodities possessed continue to define people.

A child is a child. Even when he grows into a man, he'll be an individual first and then a lawyer, a doctor, a painter or a dancer. It is we who apply the famous 'hardwork is the key to success' quote in every aspect of life. But do we realise what 'success' actually means? Aren't the people who actually put in maximum efforts and hardwork the ones who are paid the least? What about those innocent desires

of becoming a clown, or a cartoon character or a train driver which are weighed down under the heavy demands of a society. Thinking about a child's future, do you think about the child's comfort and happiness first or about society? Is it merely earning a few shillings and pretending to be 'civilized'? Ask yourself.

I AM A GIRL

I am a girl
who is told to be quiet
when I try to do
what I think is right

I was told to speak low
because girls with high voices
were not considered decent
and arguing was not given as a
choice

I was taught
not to answer back
'girls should swallow their pride'
that's what they gave me as a
fact

Sit politely, walk decently
Use humble language
Don't use harsh words
else you'll be treated as garbage

And other people take pride
in teasing, barking and staring
but we were always taught
to be generous and caring

Why should 'we' be decent?
for those who consider us
objects
Go get toys and dolls for yourself
with whom you can play and
later reject.

Saumya Tiwari, II Year

THIRST TO ESCAPE

Only sometimes, can one come across
a person so weird, ambitious, at a loss.

She is lost in her own imaginative world,
unwilling to come out of the muddy mould.

In her imaginative world are many
characters

whom she loves , she desires but one and
that's what matters!

The poor lass imagines of a prince coming
her way,

an "intelligent" , "handsome" fills her day.
If a moment's realization of the real world
awakes her,

she feels uneasy and runs back to the world
she owns and which fully owns her.

She grows sick with passion, sometimes
sad,

unable to cope with reality, she goes mad.

She accepts in her imaginative world
which she would never in real,

She longs for events, which in reality is an
impossible deal.

She awaits from her heart ONE, whom her
real self violently rejects,

she becomes a contrast to herself, an
unacceptable object.

The art of the hidden magician in her is
truly praiseworthy,

the spell the magician casts is the real
beauty.

The rational mind cannot accept or tolerate
the mischief of this unknown unnamed
internal mate.

She struggles against herself in an attempt
to be sane,

she is trapped in her real horrible world
which she could never tame.

She would someday have to face the
reality,

She would someday have to quit her

imaginary world,

She would someday have to accept her
life as it is,

She would someday have to learn to
live.

Elizabeth Benny, III Year

LIVING DIFFERENTLY

Yes I love my wheelchair

To run at superfast speed

Yes I call out to my friends

When I am in need,

I can't write with pen

But I am penning a new story,

I know I will achieve

A new life full of glory,

But sometimes the unknown asks for
answers,

And those answers might bite you
like cancer

I do smile and say its little different,

Then I need to convince my soul

That's not what I meant,

I have lived this life

Since I was born as a baby.

In childhood days, I used to think

They are correct, may be!

May be I am little odd and not like
them

But everyone like me has quality of
gem

Like me you all have source of power
in you

Find it out and let its power glow,

Do not let your hopes die in the snow.

Vinayana, II Year

TRAVEL DIARIES

Soumya Ojha, II Year

“The World is a Book, and those who do not travel, read only a page” is not an understatement to describe the immense pleasure and satisfaction one gets from travelling. In Literature, travelling represents the ‘Coming of age’ (psychological, mental and personal maturity) of a character or characters. The ‘journeys’ have been used as a metaphor in literature, pop-culture and cinemas since time immemorial. Books such as Homer’s ‘*Odyssey*’, Jonathan Swift’s ‘*Gulliver’s Travels*’, and Hollywood movies like ‘*Bonnie and Clyde*’ as well as ‘*The Life of Pi*’ are all based on the travel genre.

Recalling some Bollywood movies that had a strong influence of ‘Journey/ Trips’ are ‘*Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara*’ (2011), ‘*Highway*’ (2014) and many more to name. All these movies had ‘Journeys’ and ‘Trips’ playing an important role in the intellectual growth and some kind of realisation for the protagonists.

When my itinerary for the trip to

Maharashtra (Mumbai, Nashik, Pune, Shingnapore, Shirdi, Triyambakeshwara being the destinations) happened, I was most apprehensive about it as the trip meant missing classes and that too, for nine consecutive days.

But, the whole journey was worthwhile. It started with a train journey to Pune with my family. The city Pune is quite serene and not much crowded. After spending one day and a night there at a hotel, we went to the holy temples of Shani Shingnapore, Shirdi and Nashik. The untouched and unexplored beauty of these places make them a favourable destination for those who are constantly in search of the unseen. It was late in the evening by the time we left for Triyambakeshwara from Nashik. It took us just an hour or so on the road and we got to stay at a Dharamshala cum Ashram (Shri Gajanan Maharaj Sansthan) for the night. Early in the morning, the sights and sounds of this place engulf you and you ask yourself : “Why didn’t I hear of this place before?” It is a treasure chest of scenic attractions and breathtaking surprises. What made the

experience so personal was the fact that this tourist attraction is scarcely crowded.

Then we did what till now, is one of the most memorable thing I have done in my life, i.e. trekking. Yes, we went up the hill/ mountain where the river Godavari (‘Ganges’ of the south, as they say) originates. But, this (trekking) is somewhat dangerous for non-climbers as the path was rocky and to increase the difficulty-factor, there were about hundred monkeys only to check your bag/backpack/purses if you have something (food, basically) to offer to them.

But, road-trips are enriching and rejuvenating. They help you discover your true inner self and give you a chance to get closer to your actual self and hence achieve self-realisation. They are a great way to relax, explore, experience and let you move out of your comfort zone. So, the next time when you are having holidays, head on an exciting trip instead of sitting at home. And you will definitely come up with new learning experiences, beautiful memories and a significant change, a change within yourself.

It is never easy to deal with departures. We are all used to an idea of routine, flow, continuity, hope.. but then all of a sudden when a carefree rhythm of life is halted by a sudden arrival of death, we are left devastated, speechless, bewildered in a moment of utter disbelief.

On the 3rd of Feb 2015 we lost one of our colleagues, Mr. Bijoy VS who breathed his last due to a cardiac failure. We were left shattered.

As a friend, colleague, research

scholar, lecturer Bijoy has left behind an eternal void. Strange as it may sound Bijoy’s life has been truly Keatsian-cruelly cut short but perhaps profoundly

OBITUARY

fulfilling in many ways. Equipped with a Masters in English literature from the University of Hyderabad and an M.Phil. degree from Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, Bijoy

was pursuing his Ph.D. on the concept of digitalization and paratext- it basically looks at how the real meaning of a text lies in its not-so-significant elements. And at this moment paratext has become a metaphor of our shared loss. We have realized how life itself is paratextual, the mundane moments of life are in fact the most magical. Bijoy taught us a very crucial lesson. He will be missed. May his soul rest in peace.