

WORDWEAVES

CreatEng - The English Literary Society

Department of English

Vivekananda College

Issue 2021-22

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Coming of Age

Editorial

**WHAT'S
INSIDE**

STUDENTS' ART

**A CURATED
PLAYLIST AND
MEMES**

**MOVIE AND BOOK
RECOMMENDATIONS**

AND MORE!

We cordially welcome you to the annual newsletter of Vivekananda College, WORDWEAVES. This year has been quite different from the past ones as we have cruised through the unprecedented and unthinkable situation of a pandemic. After a two-year hiatus, the world, as well as our newsletter, is making a comeback with a boom!

Through extensive research and hovering over a range of topics, our team decided to go with the theme of "Coming of Age". So we would like to say that our newsletter has 'grown up' and has had a glow up.

After having decided on the theme and the style, we started talking about our favourite movies and ended up on Ghibli. That's when we realized a scene from "Spirited Away" would be perfect for the first page. This movie wonderfully presents the rite of passage of a young girl, and we hope to achieve something similar through this issue of Wordweaves. We wished to give the students a chance to look back at their coming of age and share with us their thoughts and experiences of the past three years.

We believe this newsletter will be a relatable, personal, and an unwinding experience for you. We had a lot of fun times while "Creat-eng" (pun very much intended) this newsletter and we hope you will enjoy our all-student newsletter, curled up in bed with a cup of coffee, while listening to an especially curated playlist for you, by us.

Reports of all the events organized by the Department of English have also been included.

We sincerely thank our professors, without whom none of it would have been possible.

By Varuni and Harshita Singh
B.A. (H) English, 3rd and 2nd year
Student Editors



WORKS BY THE CORONIALS

Punya

In the middle of the village there was a small house. Or it is better to say a small thatched hut. There was very little space, only a single room and a courtyard attached to it. Punya (known by her nickname Punya) lived with her father Ghanshyam Das. Punya was very Happy in her own small world . In the afternoon she used to rear her goat Manjri accompanied by her friends Premlata and Varsha. Sitting under the mango tree they used to play doll all afternoon meanwhile there cattle graze in the nearby field.

This year only, Punya turned 15 and it became a cause for her father's worry. Her father started on a lookout for a suitable groom and good household. Also there was a school in one of the villages across the river, but Punya had never seen it. She had never been further from her village Gangapur. She had never seen a city . The river cut her off from many things ; but she couldn't miss what she had never known, and besides she was much too busy to care for all that. After a month or so later when she turned 15 her father gave her hand in marriage in a nearby village.

The marriage ceremony was very small but it was as good as his father could do for her dear Punya. It ached his heart on the thought of his daughter leaving. On her farewell she couldn't cry because she was told that she will return to her father after a day or two. And besides that there was no reason for her crying . She was dressed in very fine cloth and jewelry, maybe for the very first time , isn't this reason enough for her to be happy?

This was the first time she travelled in a bus. When she reached her In-laws house. It took her a little time to settle down and slowly she realized the fact that she could no longer return to her father's house except for a day or two.

Although there was too much work in her father in-law's house as well, but somehow, Punya never felt at home. But how was she to blame when there was no one to talk to. Although her husband Ravi was a great company to laugh and talk to but at that time he used to come home very late after his school and daily tuition. A few months later Ravi fell sick. But Punya restored him back to health only with her mere knowledge of some home remedies. They didn't feel much need to consult village hakim at that time. Little did she know that it was going to be her greatest mistake ever.

This was the time of monsoon arrival and all villagers were hustling here and there for the preparation of the new sowing season. But suddenly Ravi again fall ill very Badly . Punya and her father in- law were helpless. It was almost midnight and they couldn't send messages to village hakim. Punya tried all the treatment but to no avail the health of her husband kept on deteriorating. As soon as the first light showed through the skylight, Punya got up and went outside. It wasn't raining hard, it was drizzling, but it was the sort of drizzle that couldn't continue for days. When the sun was up in the sky two days later Punya decided to send her husband to the nearby village dispensary with her father in-law. He was admitted in the hospital after the nurse's suggestion. But by the time they reached the city hospital it was very late.

One or two, Punya doesn't know how many years has already elapsed after that horrific night when all things were vague and hazy. But she couldn't sit idle and helpless and after all, life has to go on. She decided to take primary education from her village school where she took a job of mid- day meal maker. She always used to keep her slate and a small piece of chalk in her sari's pallu. Punya decided to make a new start and slowly and gradually she learnt all the things whatever the master used to teach in the school. She kept on studying secretly till the time she felt confident about her reading and writing.

Now Punya is 25 Years old she has her own small ayurvedic chikitsaalaya. This is an ayurvedic clinic which she established 2 years ago. Now she taught all the girls of villages which used to come from far and near. Although she couldn't fight against the will of destiny, but Punya became very certain about the fact that she will not let her fate repeat to some other Punya. She continued teaching Ayurveda to those who came to her.

Today after giving her lesson Punya had her lunch. But when she looked outside the window the sky had turned grey. She figured out that it is about to rain and she has to disperse her classes a little early today. Now Punya is sitting in her clinic and gazing at the rain. She was feeling peace in her heart after a longtime.

WORKS BY THE CORONIALS

"Age is just a number
Why so worried dude?
Let's go to a deep slumber.
We have a long time to go
Don't be tense, my bro!!"

These are the lines that we use to pacify ourselves and keep on doing to anyway pass our time or more precisely shrug off the humongous weight of responsibilities from our shoulders.

Well, that's the beauty of human nature, which is to seek repose and coziness. But nature plays its part well. It gives biological signs in different forms about what, to begin with, and when. For example, a child of 2 years starts speaking words, it starts walking and running.

At the age of 11 to 14 years, a child reaches puberty and undergoes hormonal changes ticking towards biological reproductivity, so on and so forth. With coming of age, as Erik Erikson, a psychologist states that an individual undergoes several changes of psychological development. If these changes are successfully dealt with they lead to ego strengthening, else in case of failure it culminates into a lifelong crisis or conflict development which hinders one's personality.

-Aayushi Rajwaar
B.A.(H) English, 2nd year



Butterfly

It was 3 am, Amaya was still awake. She was organising her things in a new cabinet of her new house which she just bought. While organising, she came across a picture of her, when she was 13 years old. She was fighting with her twin brother Ethan, over a remote control car, they both were snatching the remote and ended up falling on the ground and crying. And her elder sister Natasha thought that was the perfect time to capture a picture and paste it into their family album.

Amaya and her brother always used to fight over trivial things like that. She remembers, on their 14th birthday, when her brother got a new bike and she was gifted with a new pair of golden earrings. Though she wanted the bike so badly, still, she didn't complain about her gift and accepted it with a sham smile. She remembers such birthdays when she was given Barbie dolls, a dollhouse, a kitchen set, a makeup box, and a lot more things that didn't excite her at all. She always had to fight with her brother to use one of his cool gadgets and games. And they always end up fighting.

Then the time came when she was tired of fighting and accepted things as they are. She could have fought, but the question was, with whom? With the brother for acting aggressive but also protective at times? With her elder sister for clicking pictures when she was crying on the ground but also applying ointment on her wounds? Or with the parents who have given birth to her and provided her with all means of living but never gave her a bike? She can't figure it out. It's like they all love her, they all care for her, but they don't understand her. They always give her what they want and not what she wants.

Amaya was exhausted from all that. She chose not to get into all this mess and mentally kill herself. Instead, she decided to work on herself. She understood, maybe that's the way society has designed them and she always ends up pretending to be happy with whatever they give her. When she was 15, she went on a school trip to an art museum. The moment she entered there, she was enthralled by the creativity around her. She had decided what she wanted to be. She came back home, told her parents that she wants to pursue arts. Her parents, kind of surprised by her sudden decision, looked at her excitement and agreed to it. They enrolled her in an art school.

Her art teacher, Miss Emily, was very impressed by her skills. By the age of 18, she had learnt all the art techniques and usage of different art mediums. By the time she was 20, she started exhibiting her work in different open exhibitions. People used to appraise her artwork for its technicalities and complexities. Her artworks would perfectly show the amount of effort she has put into it. But, nobody was buying her artwork, people would look and praise, then say it could have been better, and leave. Something was missing. Amaya, finally fed up by all this, her savings were exhausted.

Finally, she decided to take a break, to find the problem, where she was going wrong? What's she missing? With all these thoughts in mind, she was standing on the window of her room, her sight falling on two toddlers of the same age, which made her remind of her own twin brother. She took a new canvas and started to paint, everything was becoming more clear, she thought she knew what she was missing all this while.

After working non-stop for a month. She made a painting, and named it 'Butterfly'. She exhibited it in an art event and sold it out for twenty billion dollars. She used that money to support multiple social causes. She kept on working hard, giving her days and nights to make marvellous art pieces. She bought herself a new home, in which she is sitting right now. Looking at the picture in her hand, those memories of the past never fail to blur her eyes. She swept away her tears and smiled that she buys her own gifts now.

-Shivi Verma
B.A.(H) English, 3rd Year

POETRY SECTION

SHINE LIKE SELENE

I chose to stay close,
Even though your flames burned me
like the sun's.
But like the moon I knew of no ways
to shine without you.
But my proficiency has no bound, my
love.
So with the courage of Selene,
I did what even she couldn't do.
I went on a journey to find my own
light,
To learn how to shine without you,
How to live without needing you.
And I hope she is proud,
For it was her that held me through
the darkest of nights,
Who gave me the power to walk away.
So I'm taking away all the love that I
squandered upon you,
And giving it all to her.
With a hope that one day I'll shine just
like her,
Only without the sun
Only without the sun.

-Kamanjali Singh
B.A.(H) English, 2nd year



A NEW CHAPTER

Shedding old memories
Arming for new battles
Taking a step forward
After jumping two backwards

Seeing new faces
Stepping into new places
Has our hearts excited
And our minds agitated

Some chase love
While some chase purpose
By enlarging their boundaries
Or giving up their comfort

Some are working to grow
Swift and stronger
While some are questioning
'Can't this last a bit longer?'

The sweet bliss of childhood
Is slowly thinning away
As our future
Is slowly coming of age.

-Gargi Tyagi
B.A.(H) English, 2nd year

TIME FLIES FAST

Why so fast? Why so fast?
Every time I ask why so fast?
But the answer is same
That the 'time flies fast'

It seems like yesterday when
I was a little girl, playing with toys, living a
carefree life, but now
Everything around me is changing
And I don't know what is happening
They say you're growing up
That makes me screwing up,

My life is speeding up
And i'm trying to catch up,
How can I prepare for my future
That is near as I have a lot of fear,
Fear of seeing the world with
the different vision of youth,
moving out of my shell,
and the most important by
giving little time to myself
I need to manage with everyone else.
There are so many new things
to face as an Adult.

My unpredictable feelings are confusing
But sometimes this helps me in blooming
As the adulthood caught many
So like everyone else
I'm trying to less this stress,
By adjusting with this good little mess

But then again before getting my mind
stable from new changes
Whenever I see my mother's stage
I feel scared from coming of age
As the page where i'm now
will definitely be turn tomorrow
It's not easy for a women to coming of age
As it feels like you're locked inside a cage
And our days are coming close to their
So we need to get prepared
as the coming of age is inevitable.

- Umme Kulsum
B.A.(H) English, 2nd year

Life which once was filled with joys now feels like a void,
too naive to do what I wanted but now I'm an adult with choice.
Innocence and gullibility of childhood get lost in adulthood,
once was afraid to do many things but now I feel like I could.

From naive to experient and ideal to real,
Indeed those days were fun but now
we have the hand on the wheel.
Always reminiscing about the past and
worrying about the future,
don't be afraid of coming of age because
it's a part of human nature.

-Harleen Kaur
B.A.(H) English, 3rd year

In the spring rain
All things grow beautiful.

CHIYONI



STAYING OF AGE

"Won't you come with us?"
How can I, dear?
The moss on my toes won't let me.

"It's time to go"
How can I, dear?
The water is finally rushing in.

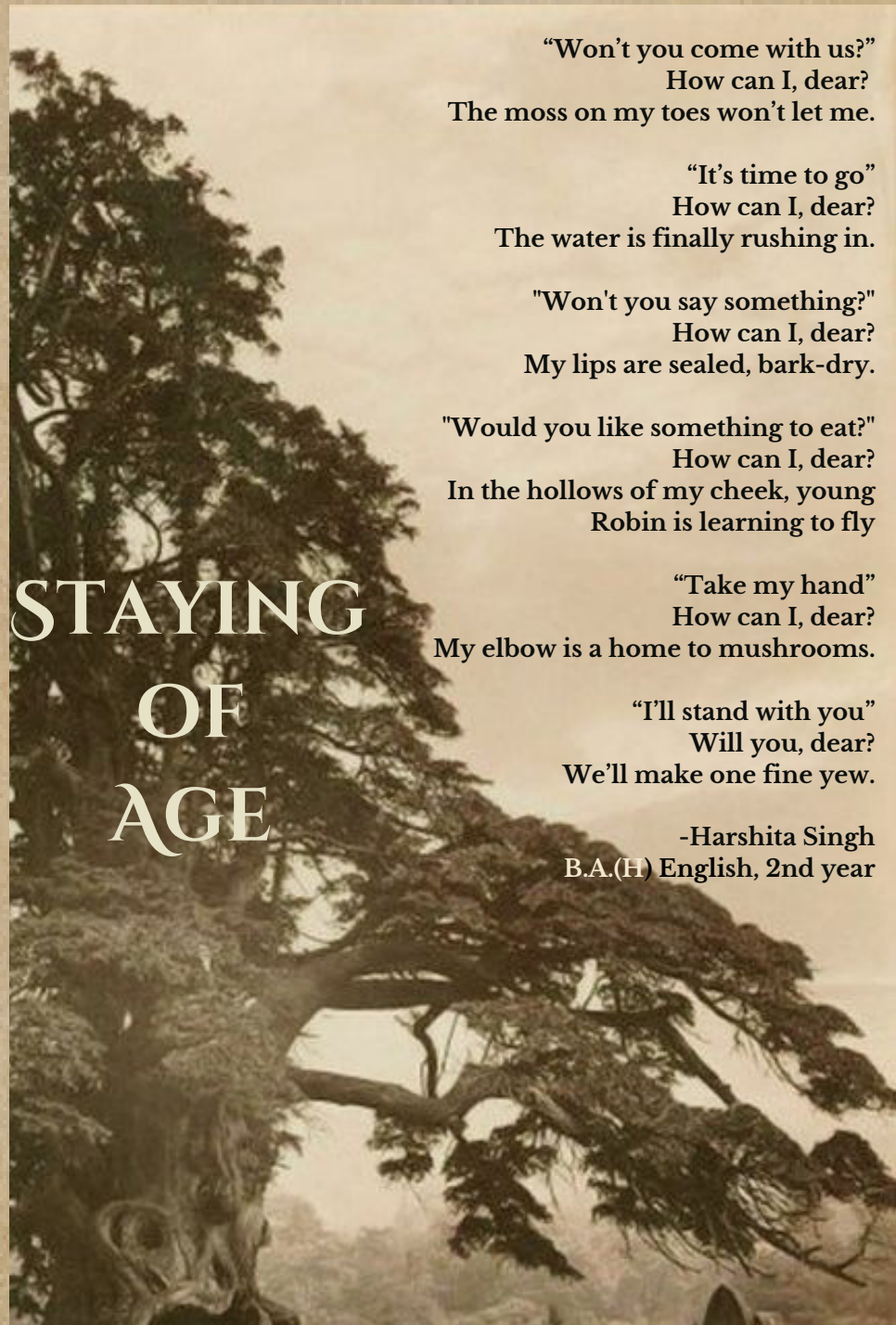
"Won't you say something?"
How can I, dear?
My lips are sealed, bark-dry.

"Would you like something to eat?"
How can I, dear?
In the hollows of my cheek, young
Robin is learning to fly

"Take my hand"
How can I, dear?
My elbow is a home to mushrooms.

"I'll stand with you"
Will you, dear?
We'll make one fine yew.

-Harshita Singh
B.A.(H) English, 2nd year



THOUGHTS UNEDITED

I pondered long and hard about what coming of age meant to me. Is it just an experience of events? is it just watching yourself grow into a woman? While

listening to 'zero o' clock by BTS,

I found what I felt at last
and it went something like:

"You know those days

Those days where you're sad for no reason

Those days when your body is heavy

And it looks like everyone else except you is busy
and fierce

My feet won't set off, though it seems like I'm
already too late

I'm hateful of the whole world

Yeah, here and there are click-clacking
speed bumps

My heart grows crumpled and my words lessen

Why the hell? I ran so hard

Oh why to me

Come home and lie in bed

Thinking if it was my fault?

Dizzy night, looking at the clock

Soon it will be midnight

Will something be different?

It won't be something like that

But this day will be over

When the minute and second hands overlap

The world holds its breath for a little while

Zero O' Clock

And you gonna be happy

And you gonna be happy

Like that snow that just settled down

Let's breathe, like the first time

And you gonna be happy

And you gonna be happy

Turn this all around

When everything is new

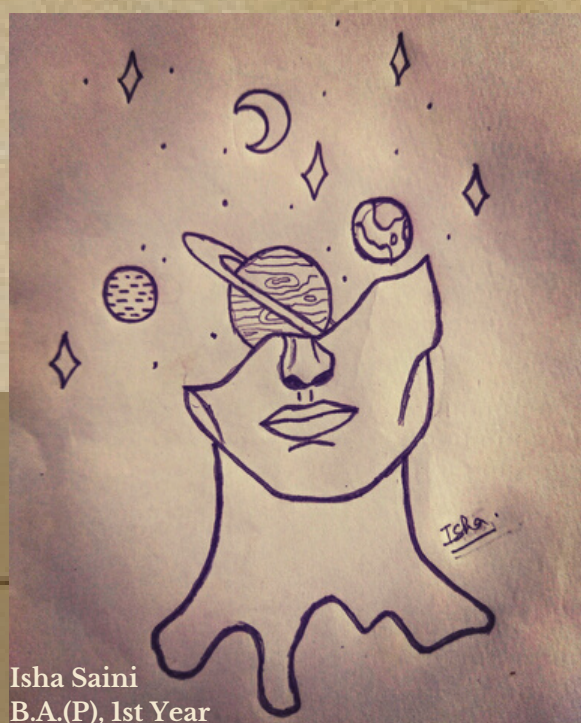
Zero O'Clock"

There is no perfect definition of coming of age, just as there is no perfect definition of an individual. we grow as we go. All your egos make you what you are,

Love Yourself!

-Varuni

B.A.(H) English, 3rd year



Isha Saini
B.A.(P), 1st Year

Growing up, I've always had the fear of getting attached. The fear that I might end up giving my all to someone who is only there for a while.

And it did even happen, I met a lot of people who seemed to be the best but only for a short while. And in this journey, many times I gave too much to people so when they left, it felt like

I lost a part of me. Till the point where it felt like I'd given away so much that I no longer had an identity. But it's true what they say, you often

find yourself when it feels like you've lost your all. In the times I thought I was only forgetting the old things, I was actually falling in

love with life all over again. While the world around me stood still, I could feel things changing, things breaking and getting created in

me. Things I didn't quite notice until they were huge and I could finally see a future. The people around me didn't quite realise a

thing till I stepped out of my own comfort zone and started talking about things more clearly. I'm still pretty bad at expressing my thoughts

and feelings to others but I'm learning more and more each day, about myself and about the world around me. And as late as it could be, I've

finally come to realise that I don't need a million people to survive but just one hand of support is enough and fortunately, I've got a lot

of them now and I'm so grateful for them all. I'm 19 now and even though I'm still an anxious little mess, I feel a lot more confident in myself

than I ever did before. So I guess that's what coming of age is? Losing yourself over and over till you finally find your true self.

-Kamanjali Singh

B.A.(H) English, 2nd year

Remember how I dreamt of
 Breaking the cage with the coming of age
 But as it came, I was left
 dumbstruck with all that rage,
 may be given by my own gaze
 I am unable to break the cage made up
 of your prejudices and my own fear
 with this coming of age
 I want to drink my tears and
 gulp them like wine, everyday & moment
 And one day when I will run out of them
 an avalanche of tears will
 somehow break the cage
 In this coming of age
 I always dreamt of
 I want to die in this coming of age,
 as I have always dreamt of setting myself free
 But what death is ? If not the life
 I want to die of living or live of dying
 I want to booze the raindrops
 and engulf the clouds smell the air
 or at least if I could breathe it, possibly
 I am a sick person in this coming of age
 sick of war, destruction and world
 There are wounds in my soul
 You come and touch those wounds,
 as I touch the waves or kiss my wounds
 if you can like I wish to kiss the moon
 Coming of age left me lovesick
 As I find no love around me.
 Come whisper love in
 my ear filled with abuse
 kiss my mouth with love
 that wants to speak against injustice
 kiss my eyes with your love
 that are seeing filth of the world
 Love me, so I can love this world
 in the coming of age.

~Simran Singh
 B.A.(P) 1st year

Hey! As I wrote in my story 'Butterfly' where
 the protagonist had to work through all the
 odds.
 Coming of age gives me similar vibes. There
 are a lot of things that scare me as I'm
 growing
 up, things like - your career, will you be able
 to achieve the things you want? What will
 you
 do with your life?. But there are a lot of other
 things too, which makes me happy, like- you
 are allowed to do anything you want (unless
 the law forbids you to do something).

The main thing is, to carry the happy
 memories with you, and forget the bad ones.
 I know, it's
 not that easy to forget and no one is forcing
 you to do that. It's just, you can try to
 understand, they (the people who've been
 mean to you) might have had their reasons,
 maybe they did it out of immaturity or lack of
 awareness. Just learn to forgive, and you'll be
 the happiest person in the room.

- Shivi Verma
 B.A. (H) English, 3rd year



Aastha Rajput
 B.A. (H) English, 1st year

MOVIES

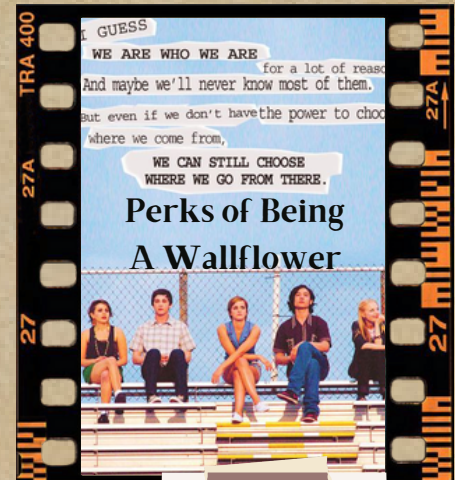
Here are some of the best movies we recommend you to watch to feel like a kid again and to enjoy the soul searching process! You can tap on the posters to watch their trailers!



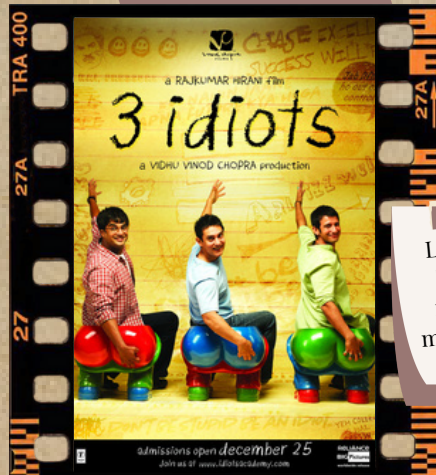
An underrated tale of youths who struggle to find their place in the society



This one's a journey of discovering what true love and friendship really mean, making us realize how Rats and Meow, two completely different people, can be perfect for each other in some odd, impossible and peculiar way.



A tale of inclusivity and tolerance featuring the innermost fears of a group of teenagers.



Laugh Cry and Think, these reasons alone make this work a masterpiece



Watch how a boy grows up to befriend the differently-abled girl he used to bully, learning to accept, apologize, learn and love



A quirky and captivating representation of the March sisters as they find their way in life through heartbreaks and smiles.



A sweet romantic coming-of-age anime, exploring universal theme of love, dreams, and passions in a magical fantasy world.

BOOKS AND MUSIC

Where the Crawdads Sing

This book deftly blends the science and nature as the protagonist leads a solitary life on the marsh, thus the label "The Marsh Girl". But it also explores the isolation of a "different" person from the society. The habitants of the town shunned the young girl when she needed help the most, so she learnt to live by herself. This was reflected in the book through the description of turkeys killing one of their own flock when it became injured as it might attract predators and endanger the whole flock.

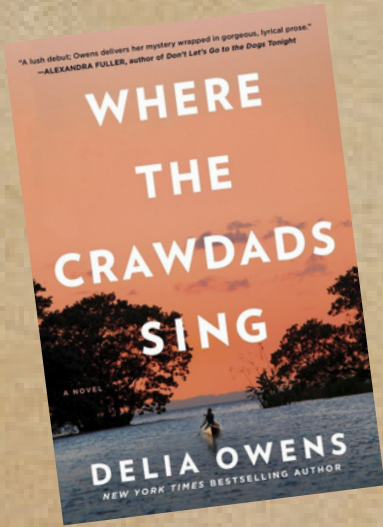
The characters of Clark family along with Tate's family were quite sophisticated, making mistakes, making memories throughout the novel. There were also various birds and cats and waters that embellished the story with their charm. The tiny moments in the book like the gifts and the cat sleeping on the lap were really adorable but did not disrupt the flow.

The book is both a murder mystery and a beautiful bildungsroman. Even if you are not the romance enthusiast, this novel woven with a murder mystery and beautiful descriptions of the flora and fauna will certainly prove to be an enjoyable read.
-Harshita Singh

Norwegian Wood

This breathtaking coming-of-age tale of three youngsters by Murakami will captivate you from the very start. In the late 1960s in Tokyo, Watanabe is trying to find meaning in his existence after losing his close friend Kizuki to suicide. Here in Tokyo, Toru once accidentally bumps into Naoko, his deceased friend's girlfriend. Naoko, if not more, is clearly as affected by Kizuki's death as Toru. Watanabe and Naoko bond over their earliest memories, and spend their days walking aimlessly through the streets of Tokyo, walking many paths together, but to what end?

The book is a must-read, as it is a deviation from Murakami's regular works like Kafka on the shore, A Wild Sheep Chase, Wind Up Bird Chronicle, and others; while those books had talking cats, alternate realities and surreal mysteries, Norwegian Wood has emotions that will evoke a multitude of emotions in your heart.
-Varuni

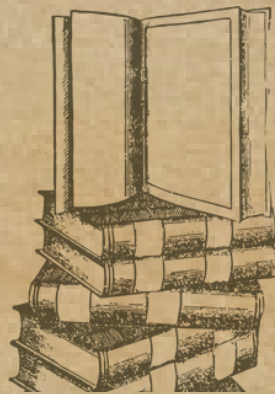


More Recommendations!

Jane Eyre

Through The Looking Glass

Catcher in the Rye



Wuthering Heights

I Know Why the Caged Birds Sing

Call Me By Your Name

David Copperfield

The Bell Jar

Kafka On The Shore

'Tis this time to vibe!

[Click here](#) and enjoy the [playlist](#) we curated specially for you!



REPORTS

1. CAPTIONATION- CAPTION WRITING COMPETITION

On 13th September, 2021, the Department of English, Vivekananda College, University of Delhi, organized a caption writing competition titled CaptioNation. The theme of the competition was Democracy, which was chosen while keeping in mind, Azaadi ka Amrit Mahotsav and the International Day of Democracy. The event was coordinated by Ms. Sheena Lama and Mr. Yunnam Rocky. Kamanjali Singh secured the first position in this competition while Khushi was second and there was a tie for the third position between Treepti and Shreya Ghosh.

2. WATER- THE BLUE LIFELINE (WEBINAR AND QUIZ)

The event had commenced with a smooth introduction by student host speakers. The introduction was then followed by an immensely interactive and fruitful session by Ms. Meenu Wadhwa. The session had focused on discussing and spreading awareness about water as a natural resource and the measures one can take to preserve it. The event was then proceeded with an interactive and informative quiz. The event was steered towards the end with a vote of thanks and positive affirmations. The event was effectively coordinated by Mr. Amit Kumar.

Department of English
Vivekananda College (DU)
(NAAC "A" Grade)
In Collaboration With
Budding Scientist Club
Vigyan Prasar,
Department of Science and Technology
(VIPNET) Government of India
Presents
Webinar & Quiz on
"Water-The Indispensable Element of Environmental Health"
SPEAKER : Mrs. Meenu Wadhwa
(Environmentalist and Club
Coordinator for Budding Scientist Club)
DATE : 28- 09- 2021 TIME : 3:30 PM
For any queries drop an email to :
buddingscientistclub@gmail.com
Registration link: <https://forms.gle/tD0BQHqVMtYkCoPA>
OFFICIATING PRINCIPAL : Dr. Hina Nandrajog
TEACHER-IN-CHARGE : Dr. Jyotika Elhance
TEACHER COORDINATOR : Mr. Amit Kumar
STUDENT COORDINATOR : Jahanvi Wadhwa

3. REMEMBRANCE OF GANDHI'S LIFE AND IDEALS

The English Literary Society, CreatEng under the aegis of the Department of English, Vivekananda College commemorated "Gandhi Jayanti" on 2 nd October 2021, Saturday, virtually through Google Meet at 9:00 AM. The event had 22 attendees. The event convened with an introductory speech by Dr. Hina Nandrajog, Officiating Principal on the legacy of the Mahatma and the need to preserve Gandhian philosophy instead of bureaucratizing and institutionalising it. Ms. Aayushi Rajwar of B.A. (H) English II Year delivered a brief address on Gandhian Civil Disobedience. Ms. Sana Ubaid of B.A. (H) English II Year recited a self composed poem to mark the occasion. A documentary titled "Dying for Freedom" was screened for the attendees. The screening was followed by a lively and engaging discussion on the diminishing relevance of Gandhian philosophy, obscurantism of Gandhian ideals in contemporary times and the threat posed to them by nationalism. The event was coordinated by Ms. Durga Dhyani (B.A. (H) English III Year) and Ms. Sana Ubaid(B.A. (H) English II Year). The teacher coordinator for the event was Mr. Arunabha Bose.

4. READING SESSION -THE SATELLITES ARE SPINNING

On 26th October 2021, a reading session took place via Google Meet. The teacher coordinator was Ms. Sheena Lama. The topic of the session was 'The Satellites are Spinning' a science fiction poem by Sun Ra. The students also presented their views and opinions on the same and made the session interactive. The session enlightened students with better understanding of science fiction and afro-futurism. Overall the session was informative and interactive.



5. WRITER'S MEET WITH MAMANG DAI

As part of Aazadi ka Amrit Mahotsav a Writer's Meet featuring Sahitya Akademi and Padmashri awardee, Ms. Mamang Dai was organised on 10th November 2021 from 11 a.m. onwards on Google Meet platform and was also broadcasted on YouTube with the link <https://youtu.be/ALS2d5lQm8M>. The event was hosted by the teacher coordinator, Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee. The Google Meet capacity was full with the attendance reaching 100 participants from different parts of India.

It began with the welcome speech of the Officiating Principal, Dr. Hina Nandrajog. Then a presentation was made by the students on the life and works of Ms. Mamang Dai, after which she was invited to address the audience. She talked about the literature of the north-eastern states of India. She quoted lines from several of her favourite poems, including those written by newly emerging poets from the region as well as poets from around the world. She also shared her views on the act of writing. After her talk, the chat box was opened for the audience to leave their questions, comments, or observations related to the talk. Dr. Mukherjee moderated the questions for Ms. Dai who enlightened everybody with her insight, empathy, and stimulating words.



CreEng
The English Literary Society
Department of English
VIVEKANANDA COLLEGE
(NAAC ACCREDITED GRADE 'A')
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI
invites you to

Writer's Meet

with
MAMANG DAI
10TH NOVEMBER, 2021
11 A.M. ONWARDS VIA GOOGLE MEET
LINK: <https://meet.google.com/xzm-pcig-jvb>
celebrating
Aazadi ka Amrut Mahotsav

Dr. Hina Nandrajog
OFFICIATING PRINCIPAL

Dr. Jyotika Elhance
TEACHER-IN-CHARGE,
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee
TEACHER COORDINATOR

Durga Dhyani
PRESIDENT
76685 31202

Sana Ubaid
VICE PRESIDENT
78273 78038

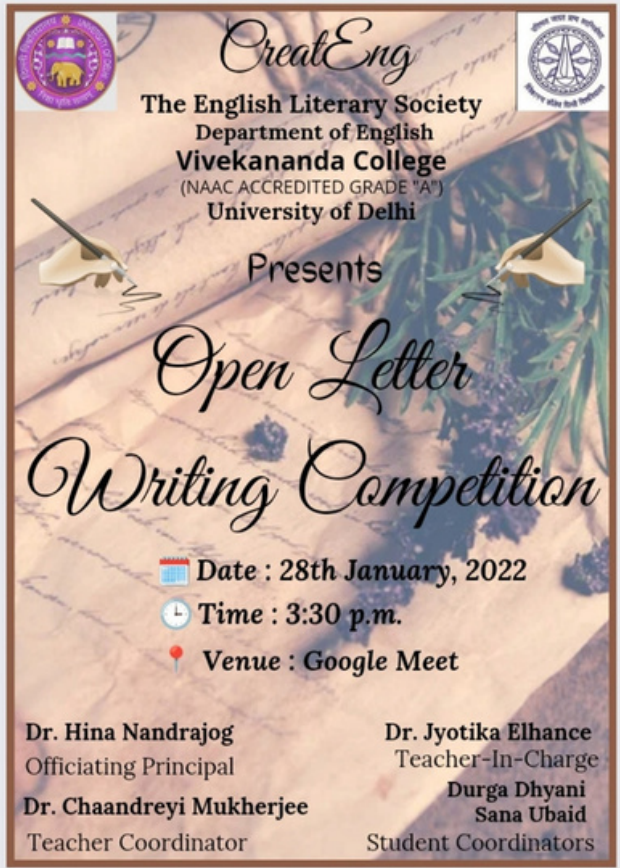
6. OPEN LETTER WRITING COMPETITION

To celebrate the wonderful occasion of Republic Day, an open letter writing competition was held for students of B.A. (H). English and B.A. (P). Elective English of Vivekananda College. The competition was held on 28 January 2022, Friday from 3.30 p.m. on Google Meet under the supervision of Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee, the teacher coordinator. Durga Dhyani, B.A. (H). English III Year, introduced the theme of the competition and reiterated the rules. The Google Form containing the topics was shared on the chat box. Students had to attempt any one out of three topics. The meeting was adjourned shortly after informing the students about the one hour time limit to write and upload their letters on the form provided. The three winners were:

First Position: Priya Jain, B.A. (H). English I Year

Second Position: Shreya Ghosh, B.A. (H). English II Year

Third Position: Juveria Javed, B.A. (H). English I Year



The poster is titled "Open Letter Writing Competition" and is presented by "The English Literary Society, Department of English, Vivekananda College (NAAC ACCREDITED GRADE 'A'), University of Delhi". It features a background of a quill pen writing on a scroll. The event details are: Date: 28th January, 2022; Time: 3:30 p.m.; Venue: Google Meet. The officiating principal is Dr. Hina Nandrajog, and the teacher-in-charge is Dr. Jyotika Elhance. The teacher coordinator is Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee, and the student coordinators are Durga Dhyani and Sana Ubaid.

Dr. Hina Nandrajog
Officiating Principal

Dr. Jyotika Elhance
Teacher-In-Charge

Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee
Teacher Coordinator

Durga Dhyani
Sana Ubaid
Student Coordinators

7. READING SESSION- DO NOT GO GENTLE INTO THAT GOOD NIGHT

A reading session was held on 8 th Feb, 2022 from 3:30-4:30pm (ECA slot) via Google Meet, by the Teacher in-charge and the Teacher Coordinator, Dr Jyotika Elhance and Ms Sheena Lama respectively. The topic chosen for the session was –“Do not go gentle into that good night”- a villanelle by Dylan Thomas. The students were introduced to the poet, the fixed structure and the rhyming scheme of the poem and later the villanelle was discussed in great detail. The students also put forth their views and opinions on the same and made the session quite interactive.

8. MATRIBHASHA DIWAS

International Mother Tongue Day was celebrated in February, 2022. The teacher coordinators of this event were Ms. Sophia Pde and Mr. Yumnam Rocky. Various students as well as faculty members shared videos of themselves speaking some patriotic lines in their mother tongue with the student coordinators Himanshi Verma and Harshita Singh. The videos were compiled by the student coordinators. The final video begins with an introduction to the event by Aayushi Rajwar and includes videos of languages such as Garhwali, Bengali, Punjabi, Urdu, Manipuri and many more, celebrating and showcasing the linguistic diversity within the college.

9. TWO-DAY NATIONAL STUDENT SEMINAR ON “GENDER AND VISUAL CULTURE”

A Two Day National Students' Seminar on “Gender and Visual Culture” was organised on 3rd and 4th March 2022 on Google Meet platform. The teacher coordinators were Dr. Anchala Paliwal and Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee. The Department received an overwhelming response once the CFP was circulated and numerous abstracts from B.A., M.A., M.Phil. and Ph.D. scholars were received from all over India. After a meticulous perusal, 37 participants were selected for presentations. The first day began with a welcome note by Dr. Hina Nandrajog, Officiating Principal, and Dr. Jyotika Elhance, Teacher-In-Charge. Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee introduced the theme of the seminar.

The extraordinary Keynote Address by Dr. Moushumi Kandali, Assistant Professor, Department of Cultural Studies, Tezpur University enlightened everybody with perceptions of gender and art and more than 250 individuals attended the address.

This was followed by the first session – “After All, What Are We Without Movies: Contours of Cinema” chaired by Dr. Mubashir Karim, Assistant Professor, Department of English, University of Kashmir, in which 8 participants presented on a variety of interesting topics like depiction of female rage, parenting strategies, trans representations, gendered body in films and series. The second session titled – “A Room of One's Own: Filming Food, Disability and Technology” was chaired by Dr. Barath Nataraj, Assistant Professor, Journalism and Mass Communication, North- Eastern Hill University. This session had scintillating presentations on portrayals of disability in movies, visualization of food, CGI effects, techno-orientalism etc. The first day of the seminar was concluded with a virtual exhibition of the paintings of Ms. Prabha Shah, a brilliant artist with disability.

The second day of the seminar began with the third session – “Eyes that Follow like a Tedious Argument: Ways of Seeing” chaired by Dr. Richa Chilana, Assistant Professor, School of Liberal Studies, University of Petroleum and Energy Studies, Dehradun. This was a fascinating session with presentations ranging from analysis of select female performers in Indian stand-up comedy and critical studies of nude portraits and (dis)empowerment in films to tracing the history of ‘kawaii’ girls, representation of hair and its multiple meanings and others.

This was followed by the Artists' Roundtable: Plenary Session in which four outstanding artists came together to share their art and insights. Dr. Paula Sengupta, Professor, Department of Graphics-Printmaking, Faculty of Visual Arts, Rabindra Bharati University, enthralled the audience with her research on prints ranging from colonial era to contemporary times with the subtext of gender. Smt. Shanti Devi, acclaimed Mithila Painter and National Awardee shared her experiences as a female tribal folk artist. Some of her paintings were displayed which showed her unparalleled mastery in colour, meticulous arrangement and precision in Mithila Art. Mr. Farhan Ibnee Abid, Associate Faculty, Design for Retail Experience, National Institute of Design, Bangalore, shared his insights on neutrality of gender and gendered objects and his expertise in architecture and design. His multifaceted personality and versatility in painting, dancing, teaching inspired everyone. Mr. Sandeep T.K., an accomplished lens based artist shared his poetic documentation of personal strife and challenges regarding gender identity, sexual orientation and caste discrimination through breathtaking photographs. The Plenary Session was a phenomenal success with very active and exuberant interaction through messages in the chat box as well.

The fourth session – “Can the Visual be Unilingual: Exploring Visual Narratives” was chaired by Dr. Rajitha Venugopal, Assistant Professor, Department of Humanities and Languages, Flame University, Pune and had 7 brilliant presentations on visual narratives and poetry, political graphic novels and visual representations of gendered characters.

This was followed by the fifth session – “Can you hear the bass boom? I'm ready”: Musings on Music. This was chaired by Dr. Ved Prakash, Assistant Professor, Department of English, School of Humanities and Languages, Central University of Rajasthan, and had 5 presentations on myriad forms of music including rap, folk, pop and the visual elements in them.

The immensely successful national students' seminar was concluded with the vote of thanks delivered by Dr. Anchala Paliwal.

NATIONAL STUDENTS' SEMINAR
GENDER AND VISUAL CULTURE

CreatEng - The English Literary Society
Department of English
Vivekananda College
University of Delhi
NAAC Accredited Grade 'A'

Joining Links 3 & 4 March, 2022
Day 1: <https://meet.google.com/uxo-pyrm-jda>
Day 2: <https://meet.google.com/upp-rykt-ske>

Keynote Address


Dr. Moushumi Kandali
Assistant Professor
Department of Cultural Studies
Tezpur University
Art Historian, Artist, Art Critic, Prolific Writer

Plenary Session: Artists' Roundtable

 Dr. Paula Sengupta
Professor
Department of Graphics
Rabindra Bharati University

 Mr. Farhan Ibnee Abid
Associate Faculty
Design for Retail Experience
National Institute of Design

 Ms. Shanti Devi
Acclaimed Mithila Painter,
National Awardee

 Mr. Sandeep T.K.
Practicing lens-based artist

Dr. Hina Nandrajog
Officiating Principal

Teacher Coordinators
Dr. Chaandreyi Mukherjee and Dr. Anchala Paliwal

Teacher-in-Charge
Dr. Jyotika Elhance

ALUMNI SPEAK

Coming of Age : Growing Up In An Inherently Gendered Ambience

Growing up entails a sort of responsibility, a responsibility to be aware of the surrounding and to internalize the societal codes and expectations. Being a girl in this innately androcentric setup, there are a lot of additional constraints and codes that you are supposed to follow and fathom while simultaneously moving towards adulthood. Growing up you start taking cognizance of the fact that the society is a gendered place and how even in the domestic sphere of your home, these gender significations are constantly at play. You start to realize why even as a child the notions of care you and your brother were subjected to were entirely different. You were given dolls and kitchen set while he got cars and guns to play with. When my brother tried to engage in the so called feminine games he was reprimanded because of the fear that he might transgress the gender norms prescribed for him, similarly my lack of interest in the feminine games was seen as rebellious and outlandish.

Growing up I began to discern how the demarcation of areas in my house was in tandem with the patriarchal structure. Certain areas of the house were relegated for the women, such as the kitchen which was always cluttered with the extras and which lacked the grandeur of the drawing room, the drawing room being the exclusively masculine arena. The part of the house which I loved the most was the terrace. The terrace was an escape for me, while my brother could go out at any hour of the day, my longing to see the outside world at night could only be satiated by going to the terrace. The terrace was also a symbol of rebellion and provided a sort of escape to my mother and grandmother from the confines of domesticity, on the terrace the women laughed together, their laughter like a thunder dichotomous to their hushed voices in the kitchen. My excessive attention towards academics brought me accolades but the fear that too much knowledge might make me too emancipated, to be moulded into the societal rubric was never absent. While growing up there was a constant tussle to assert my identity as a woman refuting to be defined or categorized as 'homely' or 'subversive'.

While coming of age is a bittersweet experience for every individual, the difficulties of coming to terms with our own individuality do get aggravated because of the prescribed gender norms constantly influencing our subjective realities. Though there have been a plethora of instances where my defiance brought me castigation, thinking of them today in retrospect gives me the audacity to resist misogyny, while also giving me a tinge of hope that through these small acts of non-compliance someday we might actually bring a revolutionary change.

-Muskan Raj
Batch of 2021



How Fast The Night Changes

As the serene night
engulfed us in the darkness.
I would run to my parents
and sleep cozily.

Nothing worried me
but the incessant bark
of the dogs who might
have seen a ghost.
I would talk about
my day perturbed
by the feeling
that nobody was listening.
I would touch one finger
of Ma and Baba reassured
that we are together.
I would sleep cozily.

As the serene night
engulfs us in the darkness,
I think of those nights.
I can hide no more.
I cannot run to my parents.
It is Ma's wrinkled hands
that look for reassurance.
Everything scares me
but the incessant barks of the
dogs knowing that they are awake.
Sleep is miles away.

-Sukanya
Batch of 2020

Thresholds

Who would have thought we would arrive here?

there will be a day when you paw, let me come, as in, squirm out her red
snake-mouth, the day a beam will slit open her belly like a backpack, snap-
ping you into her arms. the day, she'll peek inside the telescope
of your nose, unable to fix the wall's end, as in, beginning
before big-bang, black, her gaze like your breath, climbing, wriggling through
slimy gossamer. the day you'll unfurl your dimpled arms, lifting the damp
pebbles, unearthing the curled body
of rain, your eyes, petrichor. yesterday, you'll seize the neck of a soldier-erect
flower; wasn't it this grenade green that consumed you—your eyes, hands, even
now on these leaves, rippling: what grows behind a river elapsed by a swan.

Excerpt from Portal Triptych (Seventh Wave)

-Zeenat Khan

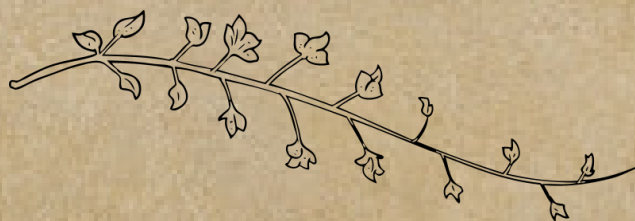
Batch of 2021

A coming of age story, also called a Bildungsroman, is all about the protagonist's journey from being a child to being an adult. It is a journey that takes a young person from naïve to wise, from idealist to realist, and from immature to mature. This genre has everything to relate about life. From a teenager to an adult, life gives you multiple moments of joy and some intense moments of realization about your bad and good decisions. At the end it makes you a decision maker from an advice taker. It is funny how you jump to your coming-of-age. My coming of age has been a mixture of hard work, consistency, great guidance, support, friendship, sour lessons, and achievements. A childhood which starts with being a curious girl at home, wants to know everything, a daydreamer and a glutton. Such a beautiful childhood I spent where I learnt about family bonds, experienced the escaping of hard times and achieving the entrance of adulthood.

I still remember the first day of my college, entering such a big building was the first step of experiencing a moment of epiphany. We say we learn what we see, I did the same. I learned about life from this college, from my Professors, from the greatest English department. It is not always about destination, it is about how you enjoy your journey. I had the same capability of learning like other students except one thing, my perception. Everything was new for me after coming to a certain age which allows you to meet new people without hesitation. I was not a teenager who always needed the protection of her parents, I was on my own. I chose people for my growth who taught me the expression of care, of help, of unity. Those three years of my growth made me a decision maker but for that I got support from my mentors. You always need the people who help to make you what you are today.

Making a special bond with this place led me to another growing stage, an age where I understood the importance of being an individual. From college to university, a life which gave me multiple exams of trust, patience, failures, and achievements. Being a happy-go-lucky girl who was treated with love and assurance with such good mentors and friends, was learning about struggle. Those two years taught me about the use of given lessons in college which led me to my great growing stage. From a student of Vivekananda College to a Ph.D. scholar and a lecturer, my journey has been like an adventure. Still exploring the new stages of my Coming-of-Age. Never stop learning because learning gives you wings to fly high. Proud to be a part of the English department and Vivekananda College. Thank you for shaping me into a good human being.

-Archana
Batch of 2016



For Laughs



cheeseanonioncrisps [Follow](#)

Teenager in a novel: *Goes through incredibly stressful coming of age ritual.*

Teenager in a novel: *Fights against oppressive regime.*

Teenager in a novel: *Juggles two love interests.*

Teenager in a novel: *Somehow looks smokin' hot throughout.*

Teenager in real life: "Mum! I can't find any socks."



SparkNotes
@SparkNotes

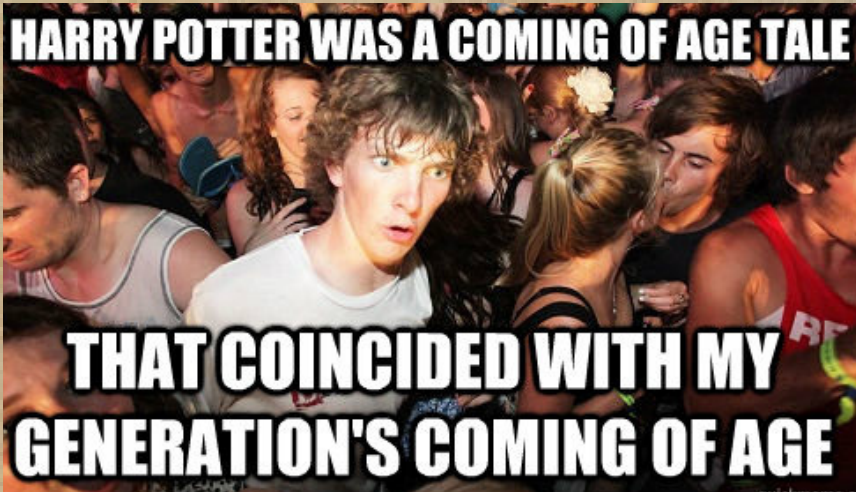
Nobody:

Mr. Darcy:



mulaney bot @johnmulan... · 4/12/19

Excuse me. I am tall. I am heterosexual. I have Anxiety. I'm new in town.



"Enjoy it!!! These are the best years of your life"

This... is the best?!?!?!?



Me: "Adulting is so easy, I've got this"

Also me when I have to call and schedule a doctor appointment:

