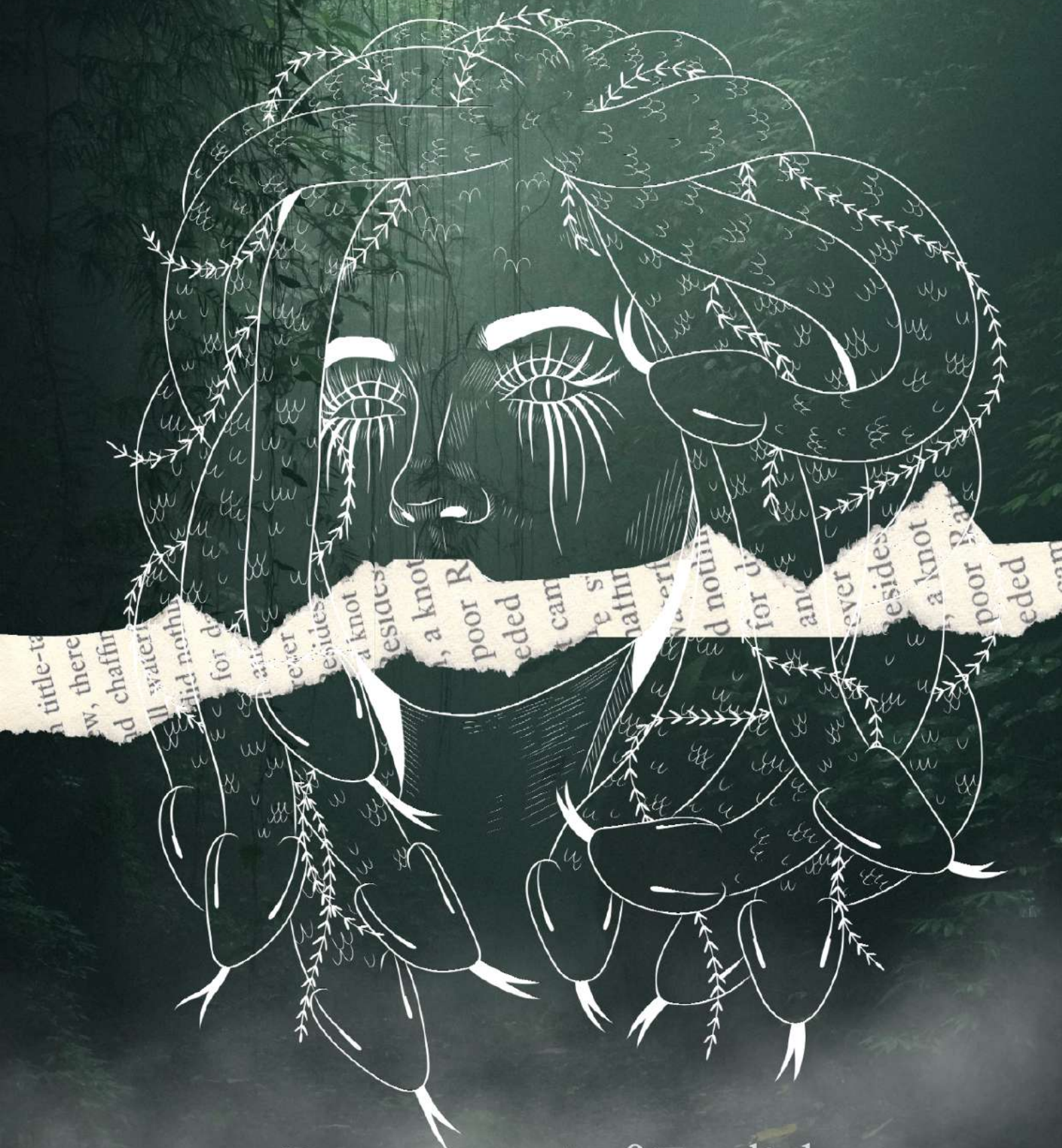


EXPRESSIONS 2022-23



Department of English
Daulat Ram College
University of Delhi

Literati- Still We Rise



CRs: Divya Deo & Vedika Sabharwal

1st Year



2nd Year

CRs: Lawanya Aryan & Soumya Tak

Literati- Still We Rise



CR's: Mehak Nagpal & Sonam Yadav

3rd Year

I would like to use this opportunity to share a few words for the outgoing batch. You did not get to enjoy all three years of college life as you were supposed to. Despite all the challenges, you are thriving. It is important to remember that these challenges are part of your learning process. The key is to not be discouraged by the setbacks as they make you stronger to face anything that may come your way. Surround yourselves with positive influences, dream bigger and most importantly believe in yourselves. Like we spoke in class about finding fun ways to push the boulder up so that we are not dampened by monotony. May all your aspirations are realised and you go on to make the world beautiful.

- Dr. Violina Borah

Literati
English Literary Association
Daulat Ram College
Presents

Novella '23

Navrasa 'the Art of Expression'

on
25 March 2023

Dr. Violina Borah
Co convenor

Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta
Bortamuly
TIC & Convener

Prof. Savita Roy
Patron & Principal

NOVELLA '23
LITERATI: ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
DAULAT RAM COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

Presents

CELEBRATING DIFFERENCES VEER RASA

A MONOLOGUE COMPETITION

25th March, 2023 | 12:30 pm
Venue: Rangshala, Daulat Ram College

Winners will be felicitated.
All participants will receive certificates of participation.

For Queries, mail: literatinovella2023@gmail.com
For further enquiries contact:
Pratima Yadav: pratimayadv363@gmail.com

DR. VIOLINA BORAH
CO-COORDINATOR

DR. DEEPSHIKHA MAHANTA
BORTAMULY
TIC & CONVENER

PROF. SAVITA ROY
PATRON & PRINCIPAL

LITERATI
THE ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
DAULAT RAM COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF DELHI

ON THE OCCASION OF

Novella '23

PRESENTS

FRIENDS, ROMANS AND COUNTRYMEN

An Open Mic

ON THE THEME OF
HASYA AND ADBHUTA RASA

25TH MARCH 2023 | 2-3:30 PM
RANGASHALA
DAULAT RAM COLLEGE

LET YOUR CREATIVITY BURST FORTH IN FULL SPLENDOUR!

DR. VIOLINA BORAH
CO-CONVENER

DR. DEEPSHIKHA MAHANTA BORTAMULY
TIC & CONVENER

PROF. SAVITA ROY
PRINCIPAL & PATRON

Literati
The English Literary Association,
Daulat Ram College,
University of Delhi

on the occasion of

Novella '23

presents

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE
a
SINGING COMPETITION
on the theme of

♥ *The Stranger Rasa* ♥
Medium: English

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!

MARCH
SATURDAY **25** 2:30 PM - 4 PM
2023

SADHBHAVNA BHAVAN, DAULAT RAM COLLEGE

Hurry! Exciting prizes and certificates to be won!

Dr. Violina Borah
Co-Convenor

Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly
TIC & Convener

Prof. Savita Roy
Patron & Principal

LITERATI : ENGLISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
DAULAT RAM COLLEGE

cordially invites you to

FRESHERS' 2023 Moonlight Serenade

15 FEB' 2023

1:00 PM - 4:00 PM

SADHBHAWANA BHAVAN



EXPRESSIONS 2022-23

*Department of English
Daulat Ram College*

Faculty Editors:

Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly

Dr. Violina Borah

Student Editors:

Sonam Yadav

Ishita

Kalpita Ratanashree





Cover Page Design:

Shruti Kumari

The cover page of the 2022-23 edition of Expressions draws inspiration from the Greek mythological figure of Medusa. It provokes the notion that perhaps the cursed priestess would not have endured the injustice and cruelty of the Gods and Goddesses, had she been able to express herself through words.

Graphic Design:

Divyanshi, Shruti Kumari





Contents

1. From the Principal's Desk	7
2. From the TIC and Convener, Literati	8
3. Co-Convener's Message	10
4. Editorial Board	11
5. Editor's Note	12
6. Literati Union	13
7. President's Message	14
8. Faculty	16
9. Events	(17-27)
- Film Screening of Mrs. Dalloway	18
- Poetry Workshop by Dr. Akhil Katyal and Ms. Riddhi Bhutani	19
- Teacher's Day Celebration	21
- Academic Reading and Writing Session	22
- Inaugural Lecture of the 'Distinguished Lecture Series' by Prof. Amrijit Singh	23
- Visit to the Partition Exhibition at NGMA	25
- Freshers 2023	26
10. Poetry	(28-46)
- Of Colorless Brush and Hues of Love	29
- Change	30
- Silence	31
- An Estranging Epiphany	32
- Love	33
- The Sonnet of the Young Girl who Finally made it onto Unaccustomed Earth	34
- A Woe-man to a Womanist	35
- Beauty and the Beast	36
- Dead Leaves	37
- Windows	38
- Silence	39
- Funeral of Her: <i>An Elegy for Afghan Women's Rights</i>	40
- An Angelic Assassination	41
- When you are not in love	42
- Perplexion	43
- Mannequin	44
- I see a World When I Seek Beauty	45
- The Haunting Hallways	46
11. Prose	(47-56)
- A Room of My Own	48
- Terrorism: The Real-Life Frankenstein's Monster	50
- Not Your Normal Tea-Talk	52
12. Research Corner	(57-83)
- Beauvoir's Feminine Peregrination: The Latent Slaves of Womerica in <i>The Colour Purple</i>	58
- The Self Dissolved in Art: Drawing Parallels in the Lives of Female Writers and their Final Conclusion	64
- Nature Versus Nurture Debate in <i>Frankenstein</i>	72
- 'Unsaid Agony': The "What Done It" in Fyodor Dostoyevsky's <i>Crime and Punishment</i>	78
13. Just How Fast the Night Changes	(84-89)
14. Art Gallery	(90-92)
15. Recollections	(93-94)

Principal's Message



I speak with utmost contentment while acknowledging the Department of English, Daulat Ram College for their academically engaging endeavours through all these years and in this session particularly, with creative workshops, pedagogic lecture series and various other scholastic ventures, contributing to the shaping of a liberal and approachable mind which can further build a skilful nation. Being a nation of youth, India entrusts its future in the delicate hands of the young population. To shoulder good, bad and ugly in a similar fashion, we need our students to hone their skills and inculcate a sense of responsibility, while I'm glad to see the Department of English making efforts in a significant direction.

The Department of English through its various pursuits in the session of 2022-23 has emerged to further entertain the cause of progress in both individual and collective manners. Skimming through the pages of Expressions' 2023, I feel elated with the amount of artistry that has been put together with a valued set of mission and vision. The narratives of fiction and non-fiction have been presented in an innovative blend through the magazine this year.

I feel safe believing these contributors as our future and congratulate the entire team behind this beautiful curation!

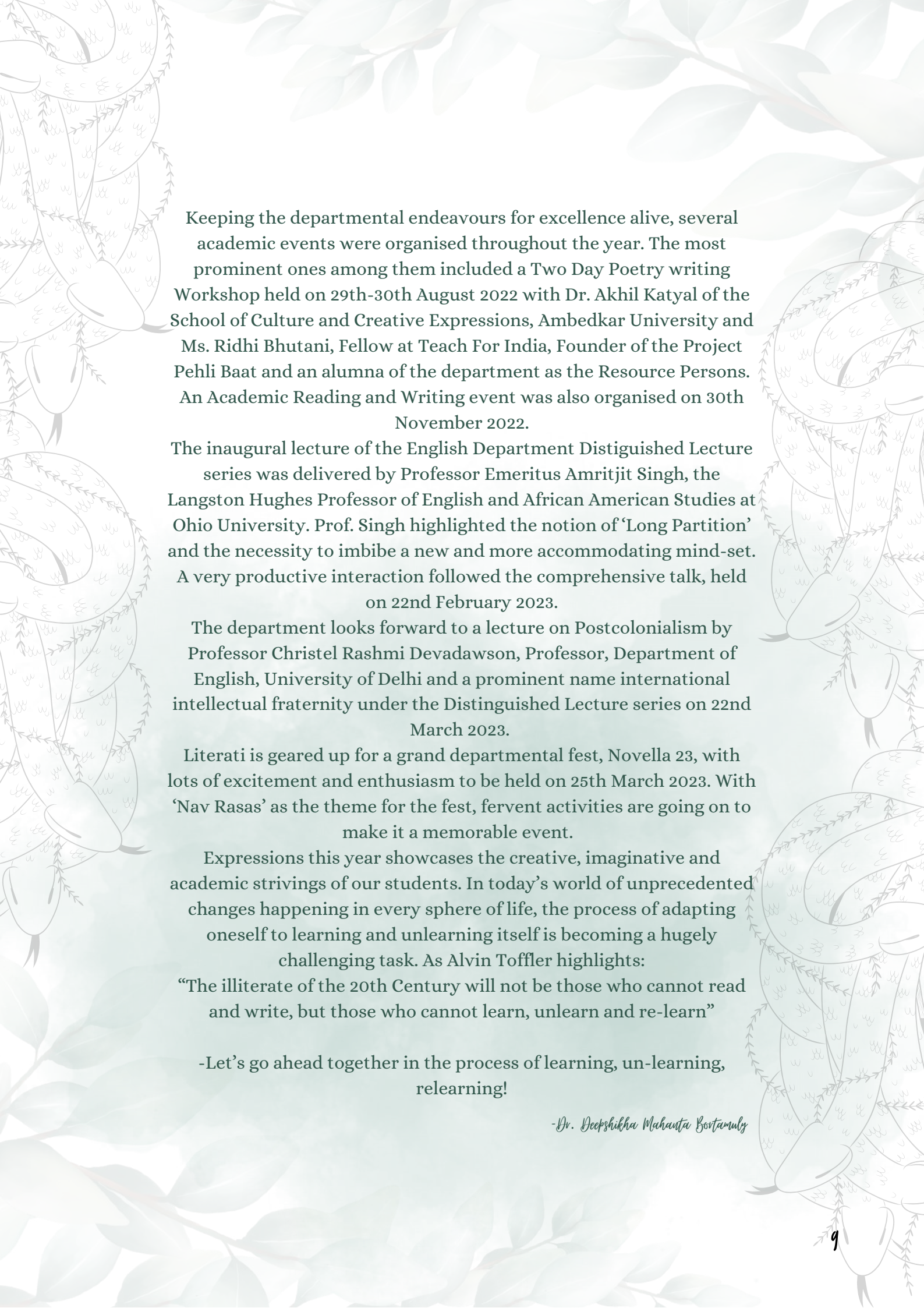
- Prof. Savita Roy
Principal
Daulat Ram College

TIC and Convener, Literati



Taking up departmental responsibility as the Teacher in Charge as well as the English Literary Association Convener was sudden and challenging. Nevertheless, all the students of the department as well as those colleagues who willingly came forward to shoulder different responsibilities at the eleventh hour made my journey much smoother than expected. Ms. Haritha P made sure that time-table burden does not bow me down. Ms. Saneya and Ms. Rashmi Yadav volunteered for the frantic moderation work of a semester with so many new courses and newer regulations. I would like to express my sincere to Dr. Violina Borah for volunteering to be the Co-convener of Literati after Dr. Sakshi Wason resigned from the same. The pending elections for Joint Secretaries amongst the first year students were conducted in February and thus, the formation of the union of the department could be completed.

The Freshers party was organised in a hugely successful manner. The talent of the newcomers exhibited through various activities impressed us all. The following students were bestowed the titles: Miss Freshers: Priyanshi, Miss Well Dressed: Manushka Garg and Miss Talented: Medha Bhardwaj.



Keeping the departmental endeavours for excellence alive, several academic events were organised throughout the year. The most prominent ones among them included a Two Day Poetry writing Workshop held on 29th-30th August 2022 with Dr. Akhil Katyal of the School of Culture and Creative Expressions, Ambedkar University and Ms. Ridhi Bhutani, Fellow at Teach For India, Founder of the Project Pehli Baat and an alumna of the department as the Resource Persons. An Academic Reading and Writing event was also organised on 30th November 2022.

The inaugural lecture of the English Department Distinguished Lecture series was delivered by Professor Emeritus Amritjit Singh, the Langston Hughes Professor of English and African American Studies at Ohio University. Prof. Singh highlighted the notion of 'Long Partition' and the necessity to imbibe a new and more accommodating mind-set. A very productive interaction followed the comprehensive talk, held on 22nd February 2023.

The department looks forward to a lecture on Postcolonialism by Professor Christel Rashmi Devadawson, Professor, Department of English, University of Delhi and a prominent name international intellectual fraternity under the Distinguished Lecture series on 22nd March 2023.

Literati is geared up for a grand departmental fest, Novella 23, with lots of excitement and enthusiasm to be held on 25th March 2023. With 'Nav Rasas' as the theme for the fest, fervent activities are going on to make it a memorable event.

Expressions this year showcases the creative, imaginative and academic strivings of our students. In today's world of unprecedented changes happening in every sphere of life, the process of adapting oneself to learning and unlearning itself is becoming a hugely challenging task. As Alvin Toffler highlights:

“The illiterate of the 20th Century will not be those who cannot read and write, but those who cannot learn, unlearn and re-learn”

-Let's go ahead together in the process of learning, un-learning, relearning!

-Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly

Co-convenor's Message



Yet another year of Literati is closing in with the most happening event of the session just around the corner. It has been quite a journey through the years spent in this college, but the most fun has always been while working with Literati, and especially to bring out the magazine. We always face challenged in terms of funds to print the required copies, and major setback was faced during the horrific years of lockdown. Still, we managed to overcome all obstacles and made things happen. Literati is resourceful like that. However, this year I was not supposed to be involved with the workings of the union and Expressions. Fate had other plans, so here I am getting back on the wagon as chance presented itself to me at the most unexpected moment. With the time constraint, new syllabus, impending deadlines it has been a colossal task. It has been a blessing to have enthusiastic, empathetic, and capable students who have made it possible to sail through.

- Dr. Vidisha Borah

Editorial Board



▶ Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Boramuly
Faculty Editor

◀ -Dr. Vislina Borah
Faculty Editor



Sonam Yadav
◀ Student Editor



Ishita ◀
Student Editor



Kalpita Ratanashree
◀ Student Editor



Divyanshi
◀ Student Illustrator



Shrutika Kumari
◀ Student Illustrator



Editors' Note

“Art, as far as it is able, follows nature, as a pupil imitates his master; thus your art must be, as it were, God's grandchild.”

- Dante Alighieri

The mere existence of art is inevitable. We live but to love and to love is to form and create; in turn, it's all art. Art is the sense of being for many artists who weave their words, paint their verses, dye their canvas and scratch their screens. We at the

Department of English, Daulat Ram College realise the significance of sheltering minds that could conquer and hearts that could grieve. In an attempt to break through the assigned norms and create a subtle platform for the artists under the attic of our college, we bring to you our magazine for this session, Expressions' 2023, which curates all human emotions in ways that are known best to our minds and hearts.

Curating and editing Expressions' 2023 was an experience that we'll cherish long in our hearts, whenever we look back to our time in Literati. The editorial board for the magazine was nothing short of a panel of people who themselves are artists who seek knowledge and believe in the power of art. A closer look at Expressions' 2023 will help the readers navigate the waters of Literati and its various pursuits throughout 2022-23 along with a diverse panoramic view of the vivid artistry of our contributors who have provided us with the best of their work, fiction, non-fiction and illustrations.

The magazine has been a team effort, with the illustrators Divyanshi and Shruti working closely with our editorial board of Ishita, Kalpita and Sonam. We celebrate Expressions' 2023 and hope for our readers to do the same!

Literati Union



Top Left to right-

Co-convener- Dr. Violina Borah

Convener- Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly

2nd Row, Left to right

Vice- President- Anshika Sharma

Cultural Secretary- Pratima Yadav

President- Sakshi Sharma

3rd Row, Left to Right

Joint Secretary- Anshika Raghuvanshi, Tamanna Seth

President's Message

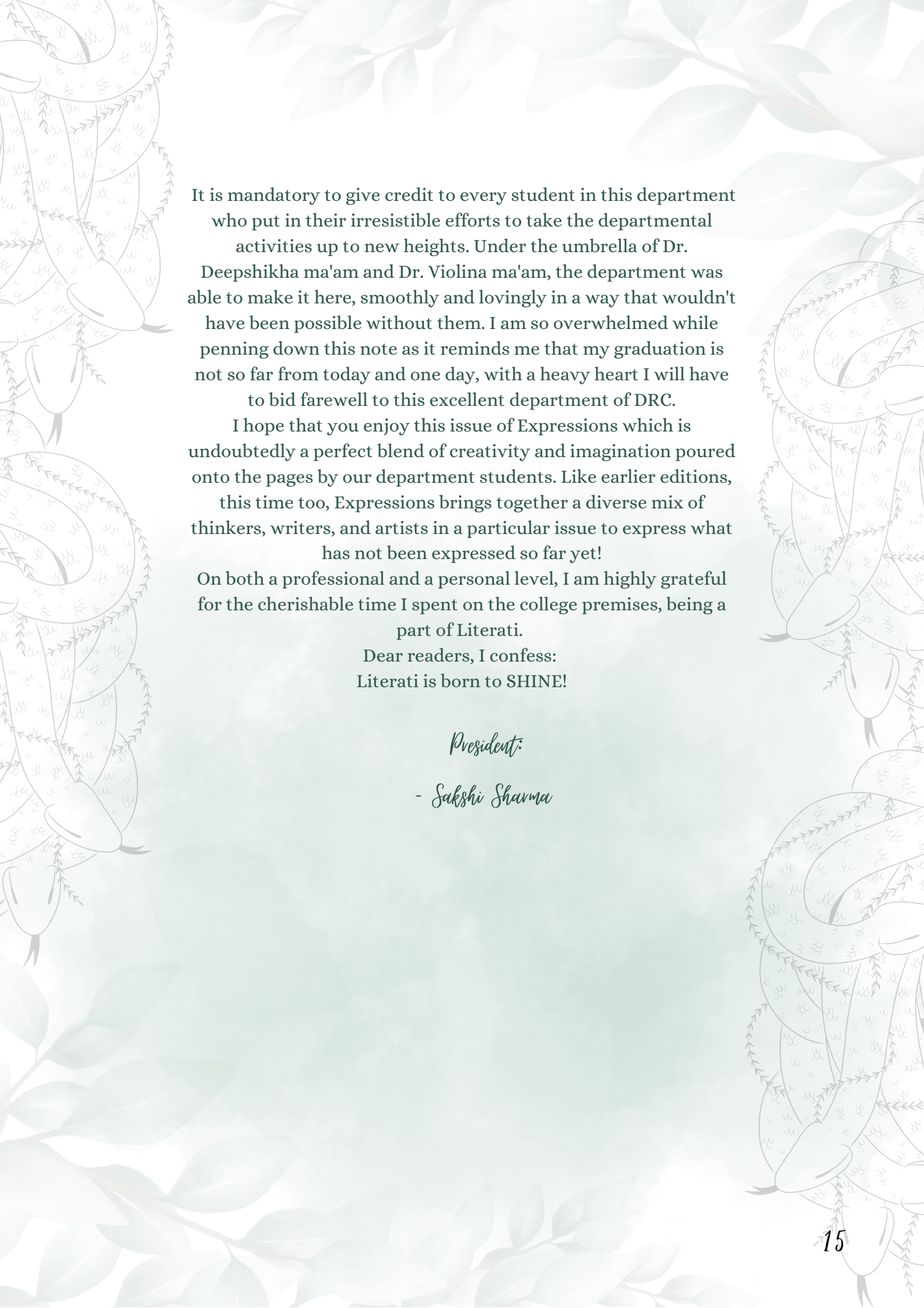


“Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise”
- Still I Rise, Maya Angelou

Things began to normalize after a long time when we all came together on this campus last year. In this thrilling and exciting journey of one year, we organized workshops, talks, fun-packed events, and jaw-dropping freshers which made for a memorable experience. The time we spent together starting from deciding the decor ideas to the completion of the events left an indelible impression on our college life journey.

Active enthusiasm and cheerfulness shown by the teachers always helped the Union to maintain proper control without letting anything fall out of place.

"If I relaxed for a second, I'd never find my way back." This quote from Haruki Murakami always inspired me to serve my best as the President of Literati. Though undoubtedly, the experience of being the Union Head and serving the department was a bumpy ride, but, above all, the bumps were less stressful because I was always supported by the best Union members. Their diligence, innovation, and dedication to achieving the set targets always transformed the better into the best of all. Accompanied by the best team members of every event conducted so far, the Union was able to go far beyond what was planned to achieve.



It is mandatory to give credit to every student in this department who put in their irresistible efforts to take the departmental activities up to new heights. Under the umbrella of Dr. Deepshikha ma'am and Dr. Violina ma'am, the department was able to make it here, smoothly and lovingly in a way that wouldn't have been possible without them. I am so overwhelmed while penning down this note as it reminds me that my graduation is not so far from today and one day, with a heavy heart I will have to bid farewell to this excellent department of DRC.

I hope that you enjoy this issue of Expressions which is undoubtedly a perfect blend of creativity and imagination poured onto the pages by our department students. Like earlier editions, this time too, Expressions brings together a diverse mix of thinkers, writers, and artists in a particular issue to express what has not been expressed so far yet!

On both a professional and a personal level, I am highly grateful for the cherishable time I spent on the college premises, being a part of Literati.

Dear readers, I confess:
Literati is born to SHINE!

President:

- Sakshi Sharma

Faculty

Ms. Sangeeta Gupta

Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bostamuly

Ms. Richa Dawar

Ms. Navitha P

Dr. Sakshi Wason

Dr. Prastavana Mohan

Dr. Violina Borah

Ms. Vandana

Ms. Saneya

Mr. Owais Farooq

Mr. Kaihn L

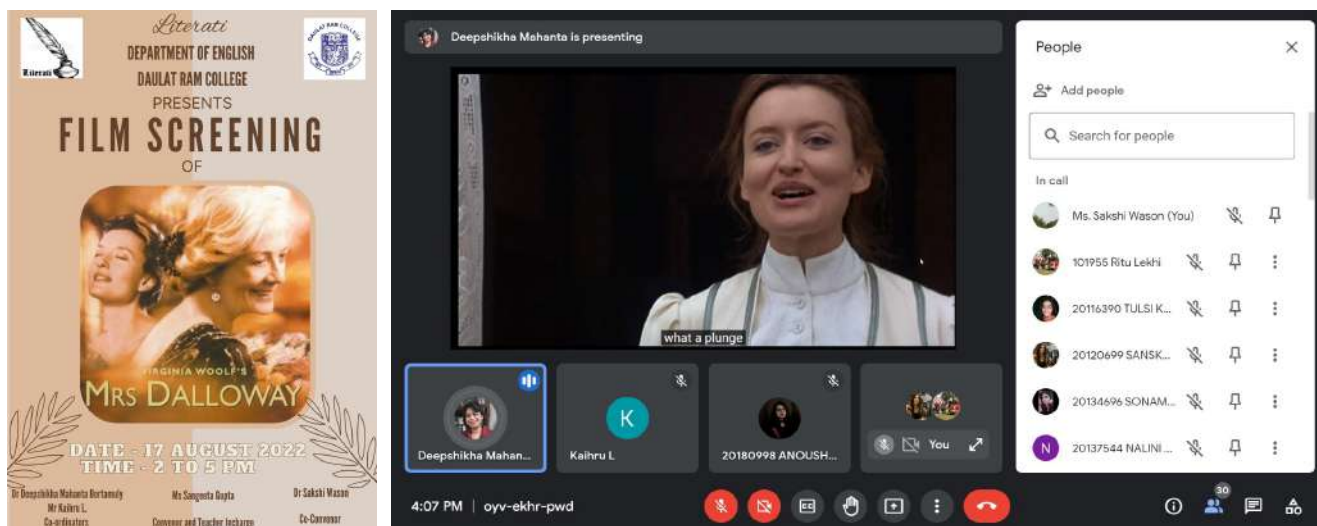
Ms. Trisha Mitra

Ms. Rashmi Yadav

Events



FILM SCREENING OF MRS. DALLOWAY



Date: 17th August 2022

Title of the Movie: Mrs Dalloway (1997)

Coordinators: Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly, Mr. Kaihru L

To enhance the understanding of the students about the nuances of presentation as well as interpretation in literary projections vis-à-vis their film renderings, the Department of English organised the screening of Mrs Dalloway (1997) on 17th August 2022. Adapted from the 1925 novel of the same title, the classic movie was directed by Marleen Gorris, starring Vanessa Redgrave as the protagonist and Natascha McElhone as the younger Clarissa. The screening was specifically for the Third Year English Honours students since their syllabus includes the literary text as a part of a core paper. The event was coordinated by Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly, Associate Professor and Mr. Kaihru L, Assistant Professor of the department. This marked the first departmental event for the new academic session. After the screening, Dr. Deepshikha initiated the discussion focusing on a variety of significant areas. Dr. Sakshi Wason, Mr. Kaihru L and the student participants also highlighted different aspects of the novel and the film. This led to a very productive discussion. The event received very good responses from the participant students who acknowledged that the screening had enhanced their understanding of the literary text.



**POETRY WORKSHOP BY Dr. AKHIL KATYAL
AND Ms. RIDDHI BHUTANI**



Date: 29th August-30th August' 22
Venue: Conference Hall, Daulat Ram College

**Poetry Workshop by Dr. Akhil Katyal, Assistant Professor, School
of Culture and Creative Expressions, Dr. B.R. Ambedkar University**

Date: 29th August, 2022
Duration: 3p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

It was organised under the guidance of Ms. Sangeeta Gupta, Dr. Sakshi Wason and Co-ordinator Mr. Owais Farooq. It was attended by Literati II and III year students along with B.Com and B.A. programme students. The guest of the session shared his personal experience of how his passion for poetry molded his career. The discussion was enriched with critical analysis of several poems by contemporary eminent poets. Recitation of self written poems by Dr. Akhil Katyal inspired a lot of students to recite their self composed poems.

The session concluded with a token of gratitude presented to the speaker on behalf of the entire department.



The Poetry Workshop by Ms. Ridhi Bhutani, Fellow at Teach for India and Founder of Project Pehli Baat (Ex student of the Department of English, Batch 2018-21)



Date: 30th August 2022
Time: 12 p.m. to 1:30 p.m.

The event was organised under the guidance of Ms. Sangeeta Gupta and Dr. Sakshi Wason. It was attended by Literati II and III year students along with B.Com and B.A. programme students along with the teachers.

The guest of the session shared basic details about different types of poetry and demonstrated various ways of shaping ideas while penning down one's thoughts. The session was enriched with the active participation of the students. Students were instructed on the art of viewing familiar objects and concepts through a variety of lenses and vantage points, allowing them to gain new insights and fresh perspectives.

The session ended with a vote of thanks.



TEACHER'S DAY CELEBRATION



Date: September 5, 2022

Time: 2:00 p.m.-5:00 p.m.

III Year Literati students collected funds and organised Teacher's Day celebration which was held in Z5. The event included fun games such as word puzzles, tongue twisters and Gen-Z slangs.

Following performances took place:

1. Dance: Smita Singh, Sakshi Sharma, Saumya Shandilya and Swathi Krishna.
2. Solo Song:
 - (a) Akshita Sharma
 - (b) Nikita Gangadeb
3. Duet Song: Sonam Yadav and Sushma Priya Dawn
4. Games: Bhavya Saini and Sakshi Sharma
5. Punjabi poem: Kiran Goel
6. Personal experience poem: Sakshi Sharma
7. Anchored by- Tulsi Kaushik

The event ended on a fun note and the cake was cut in the presence of all the teachers and students.

ACADEMIC READING AND WRITING SESSION



Held on: 30th November 2022

Time: 12pm

Venue: Conference hall

The English Literary Association, Department of English, Daulat Ram College organised an Academic Reading and Writing Session on November 30, 2022. It was conducted by Dr. Sakshi Wason, Assistant Professor, English department of Daulat Ram College, and was hosted by Mr. Kaihru L. The session was attended by 1st and 2nd year students with teachers of the English Department, Daulat Ram College.

Dr. Sakshi Wason walked the students through the steps of writing an assignment. It included instructions on how to quote critics following the MLA format. Students were introduced to the concept of plagiarism and encouraged to develop originality in their writings. The students were also acquainted with the process of editing and revising their written works.

The session concluded with a vote of thanks by Mr. Kaihru L.



**INAUGURAL LECTURE OF THE
"DISTINGUISHED LECTURE SERIES" BY PROF. AMRIJIT SINGH,
LANGSTON HUGHES PROFESSOR EMERITUS, OHIO UNIVERSITY**



Date: 22nd February 2023

Time: 3 p.m. onwards

The event was organised under the guidance of Dr. Deepshikha Mahanta Bortamuly, Dr. Violina Borah and coordinated by Ms. Richa Dawar, It was attended by Literati II and III year students along with B.Com and B.A. programme students.

Prof. Singh with his vast knowledge and experience presented an interesting and comprehensive account of partition in his talk titled : *Memory, Truth and Reconciliation; Partition in Private and Public Spaces.*





Prof. Singh began his lecture with an exposition of the private spaces providing an instance of his own personal life and experiences during partition. He suggested that instead of focusing on stories of violence, the innumerable stories of help, protection, resilience and care irrespective of political religious divide should be foregrounded. He read out poems of resilience not only from partition but connected it to the Black American struggle signified by poems like "Harlem" by Langston Hughes.

The interactive session was academically gratifying with the active participation of many students.

Dr. Violina Borah gave a vote of thanks at the end of the session.

The session ended with a token of gratitude presented on behalf of the students.





VISIT TO THE PARTITION EXHIBITION AT NGMA




Date: 31st August 2022

Time: 11 AM onwards

The visit to the Partition Exhibition at NGMA was organised under the guidance of Ms. Sangeeta Gupta along with the coordination of Ms. Trisha Mitra on 31st August, 2022

Teachers including Ms. Richa Dawar, Ms. Saneya, Mr. Kaihru L and Ms. Trisha Mitra accompanied the students to NGMA. The exhibition sketched the trajectory of events which led to the partition. It gave an insight into how people's lives were affected by this grand political, historical event.

Students were encouraged to understand the intensity of the moments captured during the partition.



FRESHERS 2023 CELEBRATION

Date: February 15, 2023 (Wednesday)

Time: 1:00p.m. – 4:00p.m.

Venue: Sadhbhawna Bhawan, Daulat Ram College

The Freshers 2023 event was organised by II and III year students of the English Department, and attended by students of all three years along with the teachers.

The theme of the event was ‘Moonlight Serenade’, The hosts for the event were Sanskriti Raman Joshi and Anuja Sharma from third and second year respectively.

Moreover, the following competitive rounds were organised for the freshers:

1. Ramp Walk round
2. Question-and-answer round
3. Talent round

On the basis of their wit and talent, the students bagged the following titles-

1. Miss Freshers: Priyanshi
2. Miss Well Dressed: Manushka Garg
3. Miss Talented: Medha Bhardwaj

The judges for the competitive rounds were Ms. Rashmi Yadav, Ms. Saneya and Mr. Kaihru L.

The event concluded with happy faces and precious smiles.

The students of II and III year welcomed the freshers with their vigorous performances.

The performers who sprinkled the day with their incredible talents were:

1. Solo Song: a. Akshita Sharma
b. Anshika
2. K-Pop Play Dance: Ritu Lekhi
3. Bollywood Dance: Uditi Bisht and Radha
4. Musical Skit: Anindita Mohanty, Anushka Das, Cordia, Darshayata Deka, Devanti, Heeba Shah, Kajal Chaudhary



Poetry





Of Colorless Brush and Hues of Love

I'm a colorless brush that waits for you,
Waits for you, on those shimmery cold days,
Waits for you, on those grayish black days.
For you are my color,
That makes me paint my world, with hues of your love,
For you are my color,
That glitters up my world, with shiny tints of joy.
My life would've been a black and white painting without you,
My life would've been a painting with no radiance of blithe in it, without you.
But just like those boxes full of colours, I have kept some of it safe,
I've safely kept some of your love locked in my heart,
I've kept your colourful memories somewhat safe and stowed away
For that is all I need in my days of grief,
For that is all I need in my days of happiness bereaved.

-Kesar Das

B.A. honours. Psychology. 11 year



Change

Sun rises. It sets,
Moon glides, it fades
Everything starts, so it ends
It's not ending, but changing.
There's always something good behind every
change.

That's why people usually say that change
is the law of nature.

Sometimes, we ponder more over the
thought that they changed, and no matter
how hard one tries, we tend to dwell on
these thoughts over and over again
But don't you think some changes are
actually for your own good?

They came, stayed, and left my stair
But their every act made me a better being
than I used to be earlier
They taught me to be strong
And if you don't value yourself
Every other person will

Leave you and put you down,
They taught me to rely less on others
to trust a little less, not to lose your essence
while trying to please others
Because if you do, you will be lying
like the shard of the broken glass.

They taught me to love myself a little more
To be expressive every time I feel low
To be happy with what you have and not to
go all blind to gain more,

To think less about others' opinions
And do whatever that makes you glow
They taught me to never pretend to be
someone else for others to like you
Because the real ones will never leave
And the reel ones can never be appealed.
Be real, go slow, and be kind to yourself.

- Shweta

B.A Psychology hons, 11 year



Silence

I look at my blackened bruises
As dark as the Stygian iciness of my room.
A lone tear escapes my eye
And falls on my wrist
The one he had held in his vice-like grip
As he silenced my wails of agony.
I still remember the wolfish look that danced in his eyes
As he ravaged my dignity
And writhed in animalistic pleasure.
A whimper threatens to escape from my lips
But I shut it out
And let silence prevail
Utter silence.
I silenced myself like he always used to
When he whispered sweet nothings into my ear
That soon crept into my mind and soul
“My princess, My angel, my beautiful daughter”

- *Ishita Priyadarshini, B.Sc. Biochemistry (Mous.)*

Vangthianhoh, B.A. Political Science (Mous.)



An Estranging Epiphany

I looked everywhere I could

Acquaintances, classmates, and friendly people I knew

But nobody ended up

Being the best friend with whom I could stick like glue

Of course there were people
Whom I grew close to
But at the end they all left me
And my loneliness grew
One belittled me, another betrayed

Their companionship would've turned toxic, had I stayed

So I left them behind to befriend a soul
Whom I knew would never upset me
Even if the earth was shattered whole
I found my crew, it's a beautiful group of three

I, Myself and Me.

-Ishita Priyadarshini

B.Sc. Biochemistry (Hons.)



Love

If my heart could speak,
In the language of the known.
It would convey to you,
The affliction of my own.

I don't think you realize,
You have turned me lovesick.
Bringing affection to this damsel,
In a life of distress.

You bring me joy,
In a moment so quick.
That I fail to consider,
The weight of my bliss.

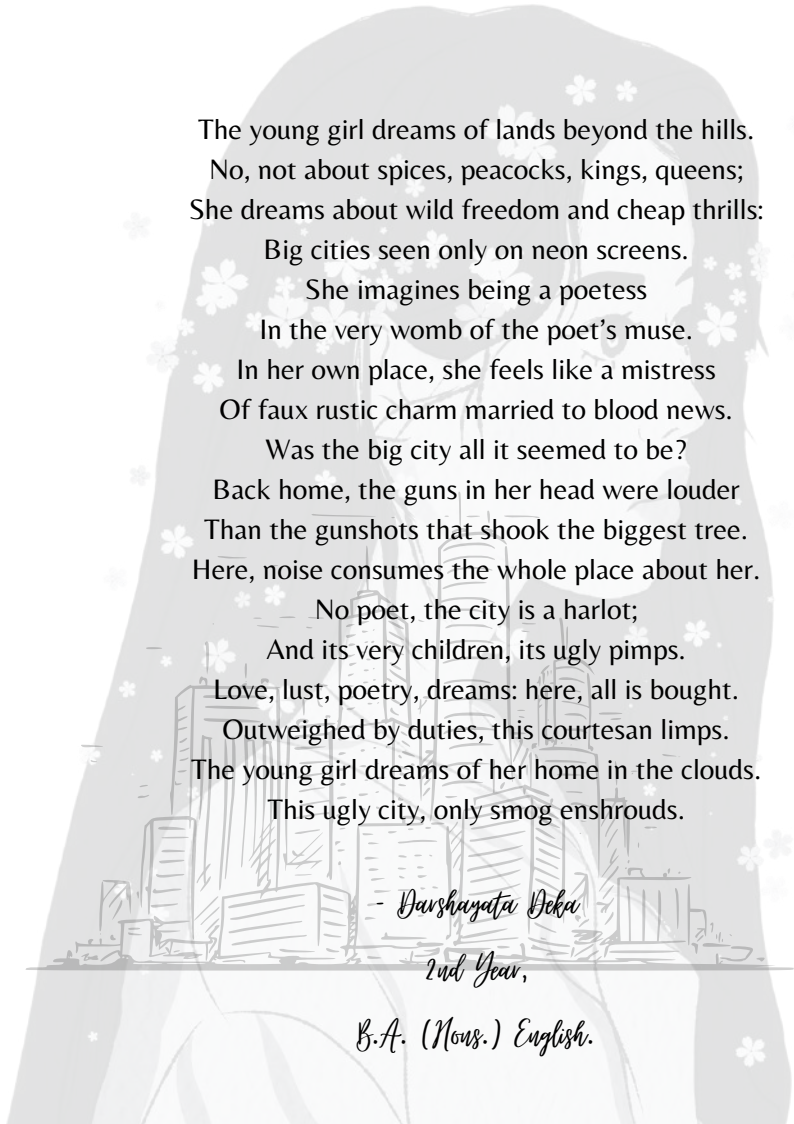
-Sakshi Thakur

B A Political Science Nons

Roll No: PS2209 Sakshi Thakur



The Sonnet of the Young Girl who Finally made it onto Unaccustomed Earth



The young girl dreams of lands beyond the hills.
No, not about spices, peacocks, kings, queens;
She dreams about wild freedom and cheap thrills:
Big cities seen only on neon screens.
She imagines being a poetess
In the very womb of the poet's muse.
In her own place, she feels like a mistress
Of faux rustic charm married to blood news.
Was the big city all it seemed to be?
Back home, the guns in her head were louder
Than the gunshots that shook the biggest tree.
Here, noise consumes the whole place about her.
No poet, the city is a harlot;
And its very children, its ugly pimps.
Love, lust, poetry, dreams: here, all is bought.
Outweighed by duties, this courtesan limps.
The young girl dreams of her home in the clouds.
This ugly city, only smog enshrouds.

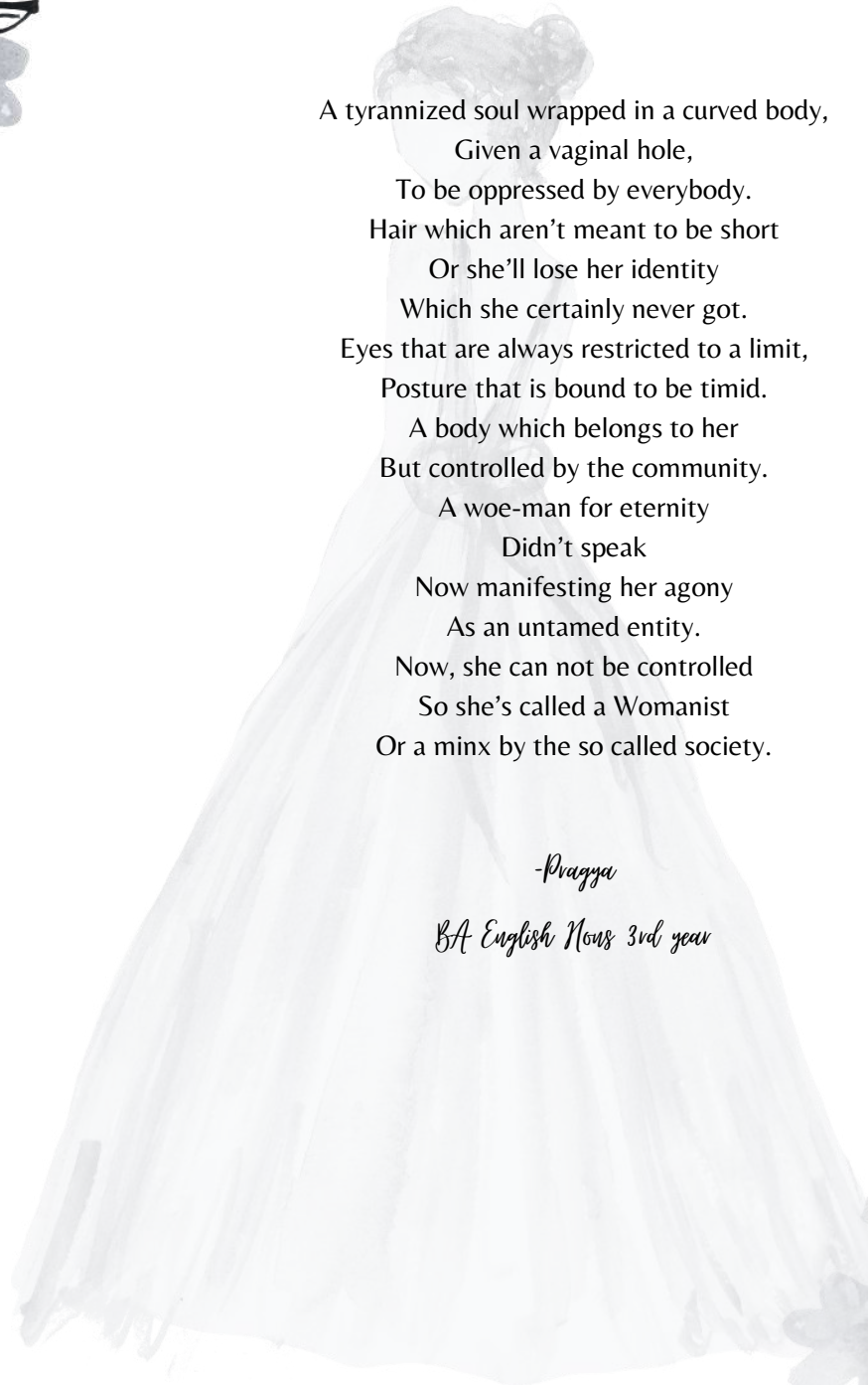
- *Darshayata Deka*

2nd Year,

B.A. (Hons.) English.



A Woe-man to a Womanist



A tyrannized soul wrapped in a curved body,
Given a vaginal hole,
To be oppressed by everybody.
Hair which aren't meant to be short
Or she'll lose her identity
Which she certainly never got.
Eyes that are always restricted to a limit,
Posture that is bound to be timid.
A body which belongs to her
But controlled by the community.
A woe-man for eternity
Didn't speak
Now manifesting her agony
As an untamed entity.
Now, she can not be controlled
So she's called a Womanist
Or a minx by the so called society.

-Pragya

BA English News 3rd year



Beauty and the Beast

The Beast met the beauty on a full moon night
She found his eyes filled with grace
Disregarded the hideousness on his face ...
Infatuated with the beauty of his thoughts
No need to what those denses taught...
She feel in the serenity of the arms of Beast
For Beast her love was an adoring feast...
Walked down the aisle with beauty
Metamorphosed into a prince charming ...

Who loved her truly...
The momentary moments shared with him
Stayed the longest in Beauty's mind...
And hence proved!!
-“Love is Blind”.

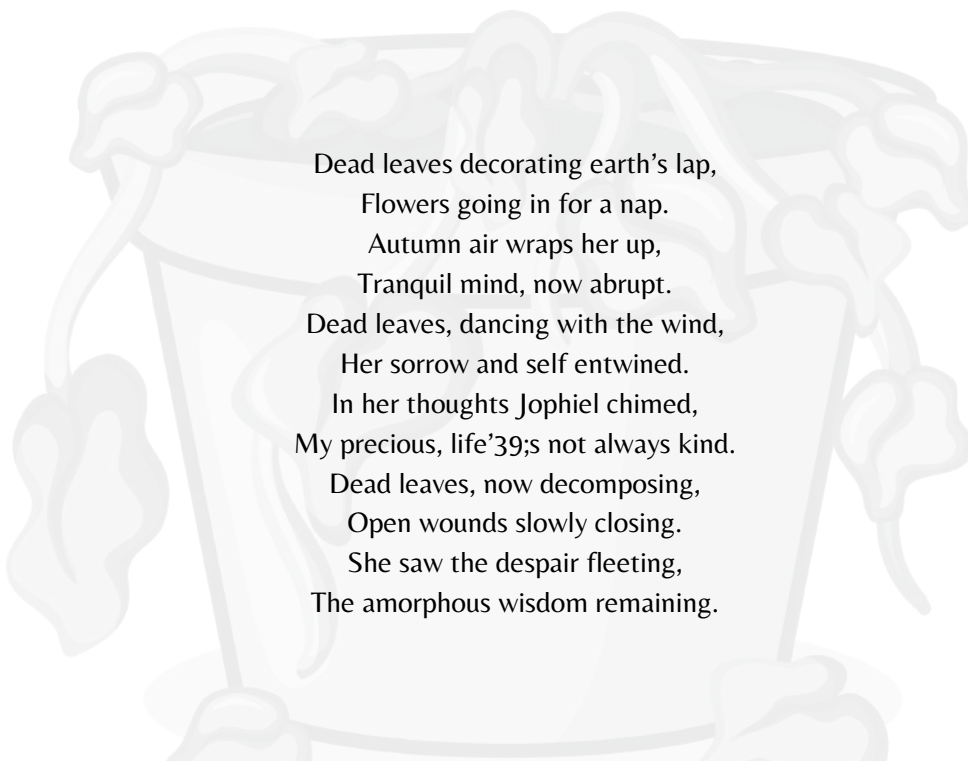
- *Kvati Pandey*

1st Year,

B.Com.(HONS.)



Dead Leaves



Dead leaves decorating earth's lap,
Flowers going in for a nap.
Autumn air wraps her up,
Tranquil mind, now abrupt.
Dead leaves, dancing with the wind,
Her sorrow and self entwined.
In her thoughts Jophiel chimed,
My precious, life's not always kind.
Dead leaves, now decomposing,
Open wounds slowly closing.
She saw the despair fleeting,
The amorphous wisdom remaining.

- Priyanshi Pokharia



Windows

No doubt I own these windows of my room
But these windows carry the fumes of our memories.
The unspoken shades of dusk remind me
of you and me being together...
the shattered heart of mine tells me
that you didn't meant it forever,
I own the pondering silence of my heart
which experiences the thunderstorms of separation.....
but I know it would not be worthy to again start
except to treasure those heavy recollections,
the trees standing up straight towards there
Still wait for the incarnation of our shadows...
the darkness that has absorbed the lights of my room here
still waits to glance for that serenity of the rainbow,
I sit for long hours everyday near these windows
experiencing the poundage of our reminiscences....
the way you, holding me in your arms
and leaving my hand within a second across that lane,
These windows listen to my pain
And yet want to welcome you....
so I have decided now to put the curtains off
to give a start to my remaining life, because...
Sometimes falling can be a new beginning too!

- Sakshi Sharma

B.A. English honours. III year



Silence

You may find this place deserted
but it carries the fragrance of our one time,
this room may seem sequestered
but it bears the scars of my haunting crime.

The windows may appear to be open
They have engulfed my agonizing pain,
you may consider the curtains still
but they will show their substantiality
when the wind will blow.

Undoubtedly the zephyr has lost its momentum
even, the flowers have obliterated their gratifying essence,
The sparrow who was my diurnal visitor
has now started marking its absence.

You may feel that these four walls-
Silent, uninhabited, indifferent
but once you enter its stillness
you will hear the walls speaking...
once the SILENCE SILENCES!

- Sakshi Sharma

B.A. English honours. III year



Funeral of Her : An Elegy for Afghan Women's Rights

Slaughtered, rinsed then enshrouded with
An envelope of white decolouring liberty,
Future faded with forecast of filth
As the sky turned gray, raining mendacious mercy.

I mourned over my kin's departure;
Strangled with distorted hymns,
She choked to death as Martyr
Leaving behind a gruesome glimpse.

With four shoulders underpinned
With fear, forgery, cruelty and chaos,
She was dragged by her assassins
To the God's acre's jaws.

I was not permitted to
Pray for her departed soul,
I went home and slept a woman
To wake up in a familiar foreign, a doll.

Last night was the time
They buried her -my rights
During concealed sinner's prime
To pluck my might.

I no longer recognise as a woman,
Sex slave, toy, delicacy – my new pronouns,
For the demons, we are driven
By the frowns of them, the clowns.

Today on my way to the circus of cruelty,
I saw rosewater they drizzled on her grave
Homing budding new novelties,

Sun might rise late but with might sun will rise,
I'll be home alive, one day, I hope, I believe.

Cuddle (aka Kalpita Ratnashree)

B. A(Nous) English, 11th Year



An Angelic Assassination

I
Was paid
A titanic bill
By belief and bravery
To execute my insecurities
Therefore visited them under a veil
Of vulnerability and venomous angst
Knocked the door camouflaged craven
To usher towards a dim room of dismay
And find myself incarcerated at the edge of
My truth's cist and acceptance lying wounded:
To my left was a corner to cry, right was booked
For screaming, envying, surmising and dim denials,
House had a party with guests all around close to me
Whispering their will to wither mine, they kept chanting
The prayer and the poetry that petrified disguised as pacifying,
Even I noticed the chains then that slept silently bound to me
Each with control handed on to my vicious guests' hands
At that moment I acknowledged my crooked psyche
As I have found my weapon to assassinate
My dear dreadful invitees of the dim night
Walking up hooded as humble and windy
I pulled my acceptance on the floor to
Hide her scars and dance with me
Sliding a knife onto her hand
I breathed belief in her ears
She grinned with tears
And left for the task,
Slaying insecurities
She freed me from
The reign of ruth
Gifting a glare
On my truth
And hence
Me to
I.

- Cuddle (aka Kalpita Ratnashree)

B. A(Mous) English, 11th Year



When you are not in love

When you are not in love
There's nothing that belittles you
Existing may seem mundane
As you flip through an old book for something new.

When you are not in love
There's nothing that seems to ache
Yet deep down an endless poke
Makes you go insane

When you are not in love
You may pass by some souls
Some chuckling and wailing
And some dragging themselves till they walk no more

When you are not in love
You may feel a void beneath
A void with an endless space
And still, no room to breathe

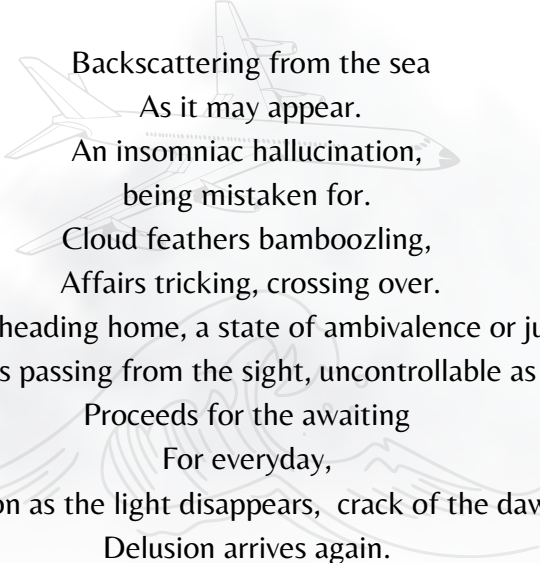
When you are not in love
You may catch your reflection across the street
And treat it as an imposter
"The one that's ready to kill me".

- Such (aka Sucha Sharma)

B. A (Hons) English, 11th Year



Perplexion




Backscattering from the sea
As it may appear.
An insomniac hallucination,
being mistaken for.
Cloud feathers bamboozling,
Affairs tricking, crossing over.
Warblers heading home, a state of ambivalence or just one.
The rays passing from the sight, uncontrollable as it is.
Proceeds for the awaiting
For everyday,
As soon as the light disappears, crack of the dawn,
Delusion arrives again.
Airplanes do get clearer.

- *Khushi Sharma Course*
BA (hons) English. 1 year



Mannequin



Plastic body, plastic hair
A starry purple jacket I do wear.

Blue eyes, baby lips,
Smiling endlessly,
Waiting endlessly.

Oversized jeans, ill fitted and folded,
A child, who is never scolded.

A silver badge on my breast,
Over a dirty platform here I rest.

You can see me,
You can touch me,
You can tear off my jacket
And undress my coat!

I will still be smiling endlessly,
Waiting endlessly.

Plastic body, Plastic hair,
A starry purple jacket I always wear.

- Sonam Yadav

B.A. English honours, III year



I See a World When I Seek Beauty

I imagine beauty to be silent and serene to my sight,
It grows on me like a wild young vine
When my thoughts wander through the deserts of the east
To find it in an ancient token of love
Buried in the oldest dunes of sand,
Abandoned and lost to the odes the beloved sings.
I see a fort of ice through the mist,
My soul dwells there naked like a child
The city fades, and solitary wanderings on evenings
Towards the rustic fields appear.
Here I am free to be careless, I appease no one;
I have no name, no colour; I have no history to share.
The mountains are resplendent with their thick green locks;
They seek that part of the sky they heard
The tiniest rocks have touched
Not knowing they themselves touched it ages ago
When they were pieces of earth that wanted to grow.
There flows a river that reflects the fort's minarets,
It runs through a forest where wild shadows grow;
At night the moon shines on its gentle ripples
And on its banks I build my nest and I rest.
Next day when a twilight sky dies
Into a sea that sits gulping a broken yolk,
When the stars fall, and my shadows disappear,
I lock my fort gate and walk into the sea;
I promise not to return back, not to the noise
Of cities which exist in time and space.
I walk into the sea that whirls within,
I build there my throne and my own grave.

- Swathi Krishna

B.A. English honours, III year



The Haunting Hallways

Endless hallways doused in haunting darkness. And that eerie presence haunting him still, ceaseless footsteps following him mechanically at an uncanny speed. He ran as fast as he could, sweat running in rivulets down his wrinkled forehead, and smooth honey colored skin. His chest was heaving with pants, and his legs were starting to burn. They could give away any moment, but he knew he couldn't stop. Not when he was just a couple of feet away from the ajar door, which was letting curious beams of light filter through. Not when his salvation, his escape was just a few seconds away. Not when... He felt the carpet slip. He skidded to a stop, and then fell face-first onto the floor. The carpet smelt of dust, and smoke and rotting remains. As he clenched his hazel-brown eyes shut and waited with bated breath, he felt a chilling presence near his right ear, putrid breath rustling past his ear ring. "I found you", it whispered. He woke up with a jolt, finding himself in a blanket of darkness, only to realize he was in his room, his school books littered on the table, and his clothes on the floor. He took a long breath and heaved a huge sigh, ruffling his inky black curls and shaking his head. Setting the woolen comforter aside, he smoothed down his Iron man pajamas, and headed to the bathroom to start his day.

It was 2 am, and the city was dead asleep, but who cared. He wasn't ready to face his nightmares Again.

- *Jshita Priyadarshini*
B.Sc. Biochemistry (Nons.)

Prose





A Room of My Own

A woman trying to articulate a “*space*” of her own to give birth to art.

It was in middle school when we were asked to write a wish on colorful papers given to us by our teachers. Some of my friends wrote the name of the college in which they wanted to study, Some of them wrote fame, wealth and the people with whom they wanted to be friends with. What I always wanted was a room of my own. A room, whose walls I would decorate with my sketches and imperfect paintings, with my favorite quotes from my favorite writers, with pictures of the meaningful people in my life and with a music system along with the most artistic albums from my favorite singers. I wanted one more thing in my room, a pen and a notebook. I wanted to write, I wanted to be an artist.

So, I made this very clear to my husband that I will be having a room of my own in our new house. It has been three days since I have completely set up my room as per my conditions. I even took a day off because I wanted everything to be placed exactly as I had imagined when I wrote my wish in middle school. But it has been seven days already and I did not go into my room except to open it up for the maid to clean the floor.

I had already informed my husband to not wait for me at the bus stand because I will be coming late from work. What a terrible day it was! The manager was so mean to reject all of my work. He could have at least told me my mistake in private. What was the whole point of creating a scene in the office? It's not that the rest of the days in my life are any different. It's all the same. Rejections, embarrassments, and disapprovals remind me everyday how needless I am in this world. It is as if the whole world wishes for me to disappear, to be dead. I have become a fallen, dry autumn leaf, lying solitary, lost and absolutely alone on an unknown path where people come and go and crush me below their feet and all I could do, is to produce unpleasant noises of crumbling and breaking down, falling into bits and pieces on the concrete, harsh and a rough unnamed road. These days, I have become quite immune to rejections and embarrassments maybe, because my dry autumn leaves have broken into tiny bits which cannot break any further. My office is at a short distance from the bus stand so I usually prefer to walk alone. I used to come to the office with one of my colleagues but while walking with her, I found that she was always ahead of me, she never walked beside me, it was as if I was chasing her all the time. I have been chasing people all my life. I tried hard to make some people stay in my life and even to compete with them but I always found that no matter how fast I ran, the distance between us never decreased.. Now, I have stopped doing that and I walk alone from the bus stand to the office. This morning, I felt something weird about the traffic. Does everyone live like this? Is everyone trapped inside their cars in a long traffic? Why is anyone not opening the door and getting out of it? I had a strong urge to break all those doors and free myself from this labyrinth of traffic.



Virginia Woolf writes, “a woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write fiction.” I had money and now I have a room of my own, so I decided to write today after getting off from work. I took the last bus from the bus stand and reached home. Unfortunately, my two little children were not asleep. It would have been better if they were sleeping already. Honestly, they tire me sometimes. After dining when the house was wrapped in the blanket of darkness, I was sitting in my room, slightly lit with a lamp and with my laptop. I wanted to write. I wanted to write how I felt at that very moment, I wanted to sketch the waves in the ocean into words before they died at the shore but I could not. I was worried that the sound of my fingers striking the keys of the laptop would wake up the people who were already sleeping. I hated being questioned. I felt trapped in my own house, in my own room for which I had dreamt when I was in middle school. Perhaps this was not that room.

It was that day when I decided to rent a room for myself. I rented Room number 17, which was around 18-20 kilometers away from the place where I lived with my husband. So, here I am now with the walls full of black and white sketches, imperfect, perhaps meaningless paintings, quotes from my favorite writers and albums of my favorite artists. I was not trapped anywhere, there were no mirrors in the room but I could feel that it was me who was sitting in the room with just one lamp hardly lighting up the room. I felt more comfortable in the darkness. I felt liberated here. Perhaps, I can say that I felt alive. I will never invite someone in my Room number 17, not even my husband. The existence of this room depends on its secrecy. Once someone discovers it, the windows of the room will shatter into tiny pieces, the floor will break into fragments, the walls will crumble down and the ceiling will fall on my head and it will kill me. This room will no longer be *my* Room number 17.

-Sonam Yadav

B.A. English honours. III year





Terrorism- The Real-Life Frankenstein's Monster

As a fictional gothic novel, Mary Shelly's '*Frankenstein*' has received high praise from critics all over the world. Victor Frankenstein attempted to create a species on his own but ended up creating a hideous creature, as told in the novel. Therefore, the monster represents Dr. Frankenstein's corrupted nature in his quest for glory. For Shelly, terror was not supernatural but born in a lab. By portraying birth as both constructive and destructive, Shelly turns the monster into a distorted reflection of the cycle of life. After creating a "child," Victor Frankenstein abandons it not long after it is born. Drawing a parallel with the modern world, we would be amazed to know how "Frankenstein" is not just a fictional tale, but rather a picture that Shelley painted to predict the monsters of the modern world a long time ago. If you are a person who believes in news and journalism instead of digging the history and knowing the truth, you would be surprised to know the long history of the U.S backing the terrorist organizations. The U.S is probably the Victor of the modern world, who created Al-Qaeda and ISIS to counter Iran's growing influence over the Middle- East. The history of this "War of Terror" dates back to the Cold-War times, when the ideological debate resulted into the creation of two superpowers, the U.S and Soviet Union. To establish its hegemony, the US made the western Europe its ally and the CIA even aligned itself with extremist Islam.

The director of the National Security Agency under Ronald Reagan, General William Odom recently said, "by any measure the U.S. has long used terrorism. In 1978-79 the Senate was trying to pass a law against international terrorism – in every version they produced, the lawyers said the U.S. would be in violation." The U.S. also openly supported Sarekat Islam against Sukarno in Indonesia, Jamaat-e-Islami terror group against Zulfikar Ali Bhutto in Pakistan and last but definitely not the least, Al-Qaeda and ISIS. It won't be wrong to say that Al-Qaeda is the brainchild of the U.S., who was brought into life by CIA in 1980s and Osama Bin Laden and that the organization was breastfed by the CIA in order to defeat the Russians in Afghanistan, as explained by Former British Foreign Secretary, Robin Cook in the House of Commons. But like the Frankenstein's monster, Al- Qaeda too backstabbed its own creator in the historic 9/11 attacks, when the world noticed how America got played by its own creature. This begs the question of whether the monster was genetically inclined to be evil or whether he became wicked as a result of the hate he encountered. Is a person's later life surroundings shaped by who they become? Is it true that one's qualities are shaped by their environment, and that these characteristics will determine who one is later in life? This troop of questions could only be stopped by critically analysing the scenarios of the Modern world where hegemonic ideas have engulfed the identity of people and made them a slave to



their ideologies. Mary Shelley utilised these questions to show that the monster is intelligent but dangerous, and that he is guilty as a result of his surroundings, and it won't be wrong to say that terrorist groups are also the Monsters of the modern world, which were created to sustain the Foreign Policy of the superpowers but became a dangerous version of their own selves and backstabbed their creator. The same is the case with our democratic country too where the Criminalisation of Politics has increased corruption, and the role of money and power in politics along with the state and political parties itself is the creator of this monster. The only way this "War of Terror" could be stopped is by stopping the funding of terrorism itself. To put it simply, we won't ever recognize who the real monster is, unless we come out of the clutches of hegemony of the West and actually analyse the world through the lens of facts.

- Akanksha Kivan

III Year

B.A. (Hons) English

WAR OF TERROR
WAR OF TERROR
WAR OF TERROR
WAR OF TERROR





Not Your Normal Tea-Talk

[Is Escapism Antonymous to Realism?]

BUILD-UP

(Late Summers in 4 Blaney St, Salem, MA01970, USA)

MS.DODGEH and MS.VERITI are your typical next-door middle-aged neighbours who are out on the lawn, in dreamy light summer gowns with stains of oil and ketchup, smelling of detergent and flowers after a day of doing house chores, for their basic evening cup of 'tea and talk'.

This evening from a distance unfurls to be as regular as teenagers messing up their sleep schedules. The sun is tired and retiring from his day at work, lazily throwing beautiful subtle shades of orange and pink all over the eve' sky with brisk heat waves to entwine along the wind blowing, making it the usual 5.00 PM of late summer. The streets are somewhat slack with moderate traffic and a few human head counts.

DR. ANDREW's struggling to park his car in the driveway as his dog Brit quite overwhelmingly is blocking the road, ecstatic about his master's return. MRS. PEARSON is barking at the scene from her window, as always, for the dog's ecstasy, or precisely the dog's happy howling is swiftly serving as a hurdle to her pleasure of listening to the 'Opera at 5' show.

"Hey Andrew, would you mind shutting up your bloody dog?"

"It has a name, dear lady. Please mind that and how do I stop Brit from merely howling due to merriment."

"Oh, hun! So then shut your bloody Brit up and I don't know how but just do it."

Dr Andrew did not respond this time and cursed himself under his breath for upsetting his dear favourite neighbour yet again. Well, it is quite evident to even the pigeons fluttering by the street of Blaney that Dr Andrew is really fond of Mrs Pearson, an estranged wife that is soon to be divorced from Mr Thomas Haber who lives in Germany.





Ms Dodgeh and Ms Veriti are now pouring tea in their cups, unbothered and well-acquainted with ‘the Brit and the Opera’ episode after watching it in a loop almost every other evening, before heading to add sugar cubes. Everything’s normal except that the seemingly mundane summer mid-eve from afar is actually running fast towards a not-so-basic-middle-aged-neighbours’-tea-talkish talk.

Blink of an eye and here’s a word of interest and analysis, escape, dropped by Ms Dodgeh.

CONVERSATION/DISCUSSION PLOT

MS.DODGEH

Such an escape, it is.

MS.VERITI

Ah, well.

(Ms. Veriti adds two sugar cubes to her tea)

It is truly pleasant to get some time with my tea and the evening after a long day of tiresome labour.

MS.DODGEH

True. Escapism is what keeps us sane through the rides of realism.

(Ms. Dodgeh made the statement plainly.)

MS.VERITI

(Ms. Veriti is bothered by the statement and her face is evident enough.)

But, by that, do you mean escapism is antonymous to realism? Well if that’s the case then dear I would not agree with you.

MS.DODGEH

I mean yes, escaping into a world of amusing things and entertainment is certainly how we peel off the tired thoughts of this world of war, society and responsibilities. I don’t bother to encounter them anyway. It is so disheartening, demanding and draining to face reality. I’m certainly happy about my escape. I don’t have to look after or look for.

Well (Ms Dodgeh chuckles) I guess we’re getting out of our regular gossip track. Let’s just get back to that.

MS.VERITI

It’s completely fine darling. (Ms. Veriti smiles at her neighbour.) I won’t mind having a heartfelt discussion today. Also, I’m quite fascinated by the way you look at this whole thing of ‘escapism’. It is just so much different from where I stand.

Just tell me, sweetie. Can you escape death?





MS.DODGEH

(Ms. Dodgeh stares at Ms Veriti, dumbstruck and then laughs nervously.)

What are you up to? Are you gonna kill me?

MS.VERITI

(Veriti laughs out hard and loud.)

No, absolutely not dear.

MS.DODGEH

(Ms. Dodgeh chuckles)

Okay then. Lemme answer your question. Nobody can escape death. It is inevitable, someday or other, we'll have to rest there.

MS.VERITI

(Ms. Veriti smirks.)

Perfect. So, dear, death is real. You can't escape death. What we can do, will all be considered attempts to keep us running away from it but ultimately you can't escape the real.

(Ms. Dodgeh opens her mouth to say something but then stops making a face of a dilemma.)

See when you enjoy a piece of music, a movie night or reading books – you consider it to be an escape from your reality. Well, I don't feel the same way about it. When I get myself a cup of tea, it's an escape from my busy life, not reality. The emotions you express while indulging in some fun activity are real. You really feel good. Feelings are always real, you can't fabricate them. My smile when gossiping about my life while having a cup of tea with you is a part of my life. It is a part of my reality. I am not trying to run away from it. I hold my life dearly while living it fully.

The issue with most people is that they want to escape reality, which is, ever, impossible. They feel indulging in some or the other sort of fun will keep them away and apart from their troubles. Your truth, your identity, your responsibilities, your problems, the world, the society, the wars and death – they don't disappear or dissolve if you keep playing Ludo. They are right there where they always have been. You are just running away but you can't escape. You can't deny until you stand right up to accept and defy them.

I feel escapism is an alley in the city of realism where we hobble around to reboot our soul for the battles coming forth our ways and the problem is not escapism but how we perceive it.

Feelings are real.



Running away is not a solution to the miseries of life and living.
While escapism is somewhere in between, for me, at least.

MS.DODGEH

(Ms. Dodgeh takes a deep breath.)

But why should I or anyone accept something we don't want to? Why do we even look at it? Why not just escape and reside in the world that keeps you happy?

(Ms. Dodgeh makes a face as if suddenly she hit a jackpot.)

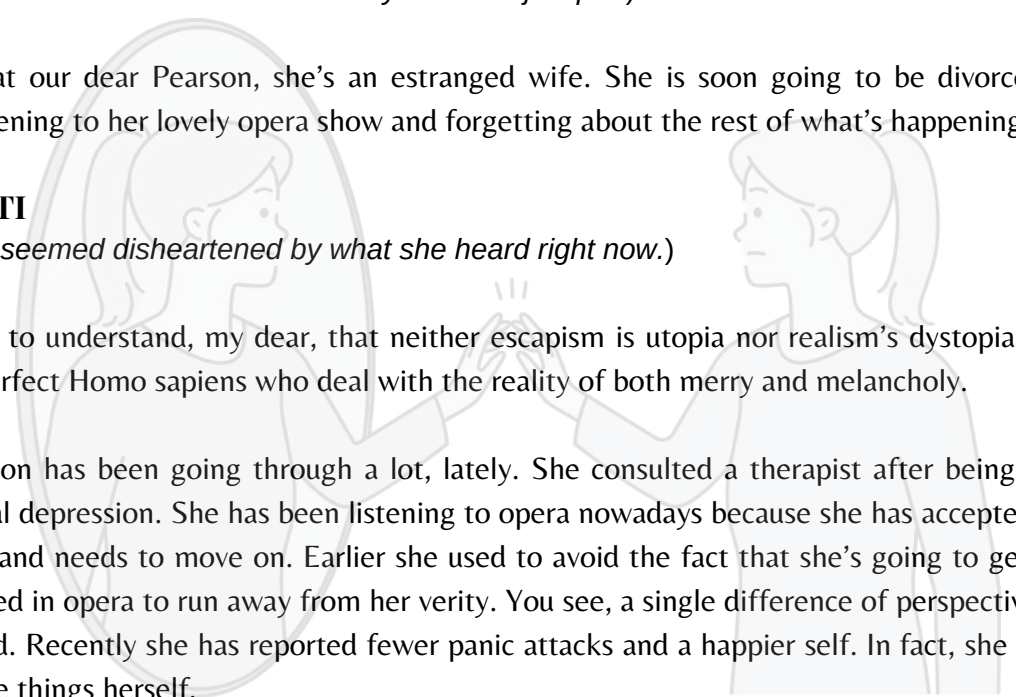
Just look at our dear Pearson, she's an estranged wife. She is soon going to be divorced but she prefers listening to her lovely opera show and forgetting about the rest of what's happening.

MS.VERITI

(Ms. Veriti seemed disheartened by what she heard right now.)

I need you to understand, my dear, that neither escapism is utopia nor realism's dystopia. In reality, we're imperfect Homo sapiens who deal with the reality of both merry and melancholy.

Poor Pearson has been going through a lot, lately. She consulted a therapist after being diagnosed with clinical depression. She has been listening to opera nowadays because she has accepted the truth of her life and needs to move on. Earlier she used to avoid the fact that she's going to get a divorce and indulged in opera to run away from her verity. You see, a single difference of perspective and how she evolved. Recently she has reported fewer panic attacks and a happier self. In fact, she told me all about these things herself.



OPEN-END

MS.DODGEH

(Ms. Dodgeh sighs deeply.)

So you say that escapism is not antonymous to realism but just an alley in its city?

MS.VERITI

At least that is what I believe. It's all 'bout the perspectives, you know. Only you can decide your perspective on it.

CUT TO:

Mrs Pearson and Dr Andrew plod through their lawn to get into the latter's car at the driveway, together. Ms Dodgeh and Ms Veriti, look at them from their garden as they are distracted by the honking horns of Dr Andrew's car.





(Ms. Veriti waves goodbye to them as they wave back merrily and drive out of sight from the corner of the street.)

MS.VERITI

(Ms. Veriti takes a sip of her tea motioning towards Ms Dodgeh who is also taking a sip of her tea.)

I hope she'll get over this tough time soon. All thanks to Dr Andrew, by the way.

MS.DODGEH

(Ms. Dodgeh seems confused and stops midway from taking her next sip of tea.)

What do you mean? Why would you thank Andrew?

MS.VERITI

(Ms. Veriti grins.)

Well you see, Dr Andrew Mallard is, or more precisely was, the very therapist who is helping out our lovely Pamella (Pearson) to overcome her trauma by accepting it and moving on and since therapists can't get acquainted with their patients hence our dear Andrew here has now assigned Pamella's case to his colleague after finally assembling guts to ask her out.

MS.DODGEH

(Ms. Dodgeh is a bit shocked. She takes a deep breath and grasps the fact and then smirks looking at Ms Veriti.)

Don't you think we had enough of a deep conversation today so now we can start gossiping about stuff finally?

(Both chuckle.)

What do you think about Andrew and Pamella? Will they make a good couple together?

MS.VERITI

(Ms. Veriti laughs cheerfully.)

Well, I think they will. What 'say?

Cuddle (aka Kulpita Ratnashree)

B. A(Nons) English, 11nd Year



Research Corner





Beauvoir's Feminine Peregrination: The Latent Slaves of Womerica in The Colour Purple

-Kiran Goel

B.A. English hons., III year

Abstract- The term "Womerica" in the title is an amalgamation of two words Women and America which is a direct allusion to the black women's liberation struggle. "Latent Slaves" here refers to women as always being slaves despite the emancipation of slaves all over America, and as a matter of fact, all over the world. Here, examples have been taken from "*The Colour Purple*" by Alice Walker. Beauvoir's conception of the female deals with being 'the other', the undefined and unidentified form of humanity that has never been original and remained eclipsed by the male, which is in turn, the defined identity, the initial and the final.

"This is now bone of my bones,
and flesh of my flesh;
she shall be called 'woman',
for she was taken out of man."
- The Holy Bible (Genesis 2:21-22)

Women have from the beginning of the construct of time (Time in relation to civilisation) donned the identity of 'the other'- a counterpart energy to the masculine Adam, or as a wife called 'the significant other,' and numerous other self-deprecating phrases. Simone De Beauvoir, deemed a French existentialist philosopher by critics, published *The Second Sex* in 1949, which explored the aeons old ideologies pertaining to the gender nominalised as 'women'. Written to embellish the second wave of the feminist movement, the text transformed the petitions for the right to vote for women (characterising the agenda of the first wave of feminism) to the transcendental societal aspects surrounding and essentially constituting women; sexuality, workplace ethics, family, marital rape, domestic violence, domestic rights. Such hatching of Avant-garde gender roles claimed for itself revolutionary, inhibitory and revelatory reactions from fragmented societal structures and individual beings. However, the wave carried covertly and overtly the Sojourner Truth's words,

"Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man -when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?"



that echoed through and through as the black feminist movement gained considerable momentum during the 1960s. This consequently, moulded and forged the movement into something far too multifaceted, hence, the amount of hefty writing written in the polarised gendered battleground of racial and sexual identity conflicts created whole other sections of studies and revolutions, among which Beauvoir's works grabbed for her an armour of honour. Alice Walker herself struggles towards creating a Bildungsroman for Black women, especially Celie in her famous novel *The Colour Purple*.

“One is not born, but rather becomes a woman” – Beauvoir.

“Woman, the relative energy” – Michelet.

Sufficiently, Celie's maundering turned into a pilgrimage, a desperation deciphered sophisticatedly into contemplation of her identity, her self-image, her self-esteem, her femininity and her humanity. When I say 'her femininity,' the term in its own sense means that femininity is not innate yet it is inherent and inherited. If femininity is an externally developed virtue, so is the entire humanity constituted of one sex, one gender; or are both genders mere charades to keep pre-established institutions in play? Beauvoir starts from the beginning i.e. the procedure of inculcation of the female and male gender into humanity through religious texts like the Biblical story of Adam and Eve. The sole reason for Eve's incubation was to fulfill her destiny as a counterpart, a shadow, a foil, a mate, a lopsided mirror for the male, her owner, and her husband, Adam. Her placenta and her own constitution turned out to be a mere bone taken out of the slumbering Adam's rib cage. This here further provides innumerable deductions; firstly, both God and Man work together, wherein the Divine Creator sculpts the female while the Man nominalises her. Beauvoir mentions nominalism in the introduction to *The Second Sex*; although she does explicate that solely accepting or denying the names 'Man' and 'Woman' would not serve any purpose for they are the closing gate to the vast mansions of existential conceptions and theorems that form a male and female, the physical aspects kept aside, the mental dispositions can't be altered and traversed so easily. The journey to becoming a female or a male doesn't begin and terminate at the terminology owned by both. As Beauvoir says rightfully that the identity doesn't exist in a vacuum, rather, it remains 'uniquely situated' i.e. engulfed within societal, cultural and ethical norms and inbuilt traits. It is almost perplexing in the case of Celie as her sexuality develops extremely problematically. She isn't ever bluntly told to remain reserved but is always externally coerced to be so, she resides in her own world but is raped, tormented and tortured so brutally that the male gender becomes an oppressor unknowingly. She doesn't form the ideology that males are tormentors, rather she forms it in this way that tormentors are all males. This backward journey makes her quest for sexuality dormant until her stimuli of realisation i.e. Shug Avery comes along. Before meeting Shug she only felt two feelings, one that of deep emptiness and the other one of profound sisterly love for Nettie. The entire aspect of sexual gratification never occurred to her; she was more or less a mere incubator- "Tota mulier in utero" as Beauvoir mentions in her work. Celie became an innocent delinquent after her





incestuous pregnancies- this is another aspect of the feminine tragedy which involves a sort of reticence to be practiced while dealing with female genitalia and procedures. This shaming furthers the theory about instinctual conflict generated by the male sex towards the female sex due to humanity's need for fragmentation and opposition. There is always an establishment of 'the other' and men being fundamental, formed female as another, even the terminology of 'being a sex' resides only to the female while the male becomes a pivot around which the broken seesaw of femininity tries to constantly balance itself.

The conceptualisation of Mitsein and hostility also derives itself through these societal behavioural patterns; a sort of homosocial formation of the male gender makes 'the other' devilishly sexed and grouped together and whenever there comes another group or section of society, a genuine power dynamic seeps within the roots of civilisation. Hence, instead of the formation of Mitsein, hostility forms itself and this hostility leads to sectionalisation in a way where in order to be saved from the superiors (herein the fundamentally established male sex), the inferiors and subordinates need the protection of the superiors. This in turn, paradoxically makes women the victims as well as the perpetrators of this hostility and also the heirs and missionaries of the same.

"No subject posits itself spontaneously and at once as the inessential from the outset; it is not the other who, defining itself as Other, defines the One; the Other is posted as Other by the One positing itself as One. But in order for the Other not to turn into the One, the Other has to submit to this foreign point of view. Where does this submission in woman come from" - Introduction to *The Second Sex*, Simone de Beauvoir.

Secondly, the association of formation by deception i.e. through taking a bone unbeknownst from the asleep clueless Adam makes the idea of the female full of negative connotations. The Bible mentions the word 'helper' to be the sole occupation of the counterpart of Adam, assigning an almost slavish note to Eve. Then again, her fickle-mindedness is evidently proved by being naïve enough to be deceived by the serpent and become the apparent reason for Adam to be the victim of the eternal fall. This archetypal knowledge of women being treated as causes of downfall of men has showed itself in myriads of stories, folktales and myths. The conceptions about witchery as Beauvoir talks about came only to suppress women physicians from carrying all the power to healing and medication during the 18th and 19th centuries. I would like to expound upon the concept of the archetypal female, a perception formed within my psyche after reading Beauvoir. "...the present incorporates the past, and in the past, all history was made by males" (Beauvoir, Introduction)

The archetypes of a female child and a female adult have been incorporated within the human mind since the ancient primeval times. But when man was essentially uncivilised, this Gender segregation did not exist.





This however, was for a short span of time until, as Karl Marx describes, due to economic constraints and survival needs of humanity along with women being unable to exert herself during her pregnancy period, they would stay home and the male would go out to work to feed the family via hunting and gathering which later turned agricultural and eventually turned itself into the present day working jobs. Therefore, we can't say the savage had unlearned anything about gender polarisation, they rather were the ones who created it and now the future generations as they travel forward, learn these created behaviours; they imbibe these archetypes, but is there a way to unlearn these? And even if they are unlearned will the male gender continue to treat women in the obfuscating limelight of a conflict zone, wherein an active mental struggle is needed to establish whether the living entity in front of them is sexed or unsexed? This is another one of Beauvoir's conceptualisations that the sex of a woman is provided by the male; the man in himself isn't a sex until he established 'the other' as a sex, and therefore, the entirety of sexual fragmentation is resting within the woman. And surprisingly this archetype isn't gendered in itself, it presents itself as a legacy to both males and females. This is further strengthened by Beauvoir's elaboration on the secondary status of women throughout history.

Beauvoir in one of her interviews expounds upon the ideology that it is always a fight between exhibitionists i.e. Men and the modest i.e. Women. This is conditioned- nannies and mothers play with the penis of little boys and infants, almost providing the aforementioned organ with a sense of separate identity- as a result of which, a power dynamic develops which leads men to become prudent and flagrant about their bodies and gender while the females due to repetitive retorts and rebukes about keeping themselves static and reserved become representations of modesty. Celie never journeys into discovering her sexuality until Shug Avery tells her to look at herself, to look at her naked body and touch her parts. She had been repeatedly raped but that didn't mean that she ventured deep into herself- this unconscious repression is the mental imagery of the physical repression stated by Beauvoir which comprises the 'modesty norms' of society.

Cultivation of daughter precepts from mother has always been the nature of nature. Every occurrence, no matter its humane and man-made nature imbibes and imbrues and grows to become something similar or entirely opposing. Hence, the exhibitioner male faces anxiety of performance, a repetitive inferiority complex along with the God complex (Adam or the Male is referred to as 'living spirit' in the Bible), wherein the survival of supercilious masculine figure becomes central to the existence of the male. This leads to the depreciated treatment of females in order to keep the boundaries of audience and exhibitioners intact. However, this also seeps deeper into the percept that Beauvoir has called "egalitarian-segregation". She says that, "The eternal feminine" corresponds to the "black soul" or "the Jewish character" '. She has justified this peculiarity with analogies that put concrete racial and class segregation equivalent to gender segregation. The way that the established oppressor like the males in case of archetypal female becomes an upper hand unconsciously, presenting only pieces of marked respect and weighed equality upon the female victims, the White persona becomes a sort of paternal





figure, 'a former master caste'(Beauvoir), as “..they praise, more or less sincerely, the virtues of the 'good black', the carefree, childlike, merry soul of the resigned black, and the woman who is 'true woman' -frivolous, infantile, irresponsible, the woman subjugated to man” (Beauvoir).

Therefore, even the equality imparted on the part of males to females becomes tainted since it is not a pure form of itself, then due to the woman herself being not an original as per the concept of mimesis stated by Plato, as she was formed from Adam. This leads to conceptions and conditions being formed for providing equality and this is the biggest drawback as the equality that does not arise from within the woman becomes a sole right provided by some other living being to her. This 'Abstract Equality' then leads to diminished good. And when equality itself denies its origin to the female gender, how could the female liberally survive and thrive in the present world? Beauvoir asks blatantly if the male is the judge and the party to the issues of the female, where would angels be seen to provide divine justice? This makes the questioners lost and they don't have any superior impartial judge who resides free from all shackles of society to reach out to and clarify these doubts. Even God himself is a 'him'- if one can't reach out to males nor to females then which androgynous existence will solve all these matters of perplexing existential crisis? These intricacies have been debated for centuries and will continue to do as is visible during present times and the situation forms webs and webs of problems. Beauvoir as a result moves forth to discuss “feminine reality” through a kaleidoscope of psychoanalytical, historical and biological precepts that are completely unique to the female; and as original as possible as these lenses are the only pathway to the realisation of a solution closer to some truth or an argument valuable enough to justify some part the societal circumstance that exists between males and females. To emancipate woman is to refuse to confine her to the relations she bears to man, not to deny them to her; let her have her independent existence and she will continue nonetheless to exist for him also: mutually recognising each other as subject, each will yet remain for the other, another. The reciprocity of their relations will not do away with the miracles – desire, possession, love, dream, adventure – worked by the division of human beings into two separate categories; and the words that move us – giving, conquering, uniting – will not lose their meaning. On the contrary, when we abolish the slavery of half of humanity, together with the whole system of hypocrisy that it implies, then the division of humanity will reveal its genuine significance and the human couple will find its true form.

- Simone De Beauvoir





BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Beauvoir, Simone de. *The Second Sex*, 1949.
2. Plato. Plato's *The Republic*. New York :Books, Inc., 1943.
3. *The Bible*. Authorized King James Version, Cambridge Publications, 2004.
4. Walker, Alice. *The Colour Purple*.





The Self Dissolved in Art : Drawing Parallels in the Lives of Female Writers and their Final Conclusion

-Sonam Yadav

B.A. English hon. ,III year

Abstract- The data offered by the World Health Organization states that every year nearly 800,000 people commit suicide which is one person in every 40 seconds. History has seen several artists who were one of those 800,000 people. Van Gogh, Ernest Hemmingway, Sylvia Plath, Virginia Woolf and Charlotte Perkins Gilman are some of the examples of artists who chose to deliberately end their lives. It has been theorised that artists are more susceptible to mental illnesses. They are sensitive souls who can't help but be troubled by the rules and conventions in which society tries to bind them. The boundaries set by the society further broaden if the artist is a female. This paper aims to analyse the striking parallels in the lives of the three most prominent women writers in history- Sylvia Plath, Virginia Woolf and Charlotte Perkins Gilman including the story of a female vocalist, in Tripti Dimri's movie, *Qala*.

T.S. Eliot writes, "The progress of an artist is a continual self sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality." Art, which can carry the whole universe on a sheet of paper, in a musical note or on a canvas is beyond rules and regulations, seeds of which originate from imagination and the incense of its blooming flowers enchant the whole world. However, the soil in which the seeds of imagination are sown sometimes ends up sacrificing itself in the process of producing a blooming flower. Released on 1st December, 2022, Anvita Dutt's movie, *Qala* brings back the memories of several remarkable women artists who, like the protagonist of the movie, consume the self in the process of creating art. This paper aims to reanalyse and locate striking parallels between artists like Virginia Woolf, Sylvia Plath, Charlotte Perkins Gilman and the story of the protagonist of *Qala* sketched by Anvita Dutt. Belonging to different time periods, the lives of these women artists are linked with common experiences like childhood trauma, mental illness, a strong standpoint against patriarchy and their final conclusion of life i.e., suicide.

Sigmund Freud theorised that childhood experiences play a significant role in shaping an individual's personality and behaviour later in life. He proposed that "unresolved emotional conflicts" and "repressed memories" from childhood could resurface in the form of psychological disorders and emotional distress. Plath, Woolf and Gilman's childhood instead of being filled by innocence and happiness, left irreparable scars on their mind. Sylvia Plath shared a complex love and hate relationship with her father, Otto Plath which is extraordinarily reflected in her poem "Daddy". She lost her father at the age of ten which left a feeling of abandonment in her young heart. "Daddy" opens with the lines, "You do not do, You do not do" which hints towards the father's absence of parental duty due to his death. The imagery of the "black shoe" acts as a "phallic symbol" as observed by Robert Phillips. She further dramatises this complex relationship by drawing a comparison of her father as a German and herself as a Jew i.e., the relationship of the oppressor and the oppressed.



This father-daughter relationship as that of the oppressor and the oppressed is further mirrored in her relationship with Ted Hughes, her husband. She writes,

“If I’ve killed one man, I’ve killed two—
The vampire who said he was you
And drank my blood for a year,
Seven years, if you want to know.
Daddy, you can lie back now.”

Plath was in a marriage with Ted Hughes for seven years until she finally committed suicide at the age of 30. As Freud said, the reflections from the unresolved emotional conflicts of her childhood memories are seen in her adult life where she overlaps the identities of the father and the husband, both playing the role of the oppressor. She addresses her father and says that now he can peacefully lie back because she has found someone like him who is there to oppress her. Not only Plath but other writers like Virginia Woolf and Gilman also had more than a fair share of troubles in their childhood.

Woolf’s mother passed away in the year 1895, when she was only thirteen years old. She was repeatedly sexually abused by her half brothers which even became worse when her father passed away in 1905. Similarly, Gilman’s father, Frederic Beecher Perkins, abandoned his wife and children leaving them in sheer poverty as a result of which, Gilman’s childhood was spent in loneliness. Moreover, Qala (played by Tripti Dimri), Anvita Dutt’s protagonist, also lacks parental support. Her father, the patriarch is dead, but her mother, Urmila Manjushree (played by Swastika Mukherjee) is a strict mother who wants the title “*Pandit*” (maestro) in front of her daughter’s name, in pursuit of which, the innocent childhood of young Qala is populated by punishments such as spending nights under the bare sky with falling snow. Therefore, we notice a void i.e., the lack of parental affection and love especially, the absence of the father is unusually common in the early lives of all these women artists. This void leaves the young hearts essentially alone and isolated from the society where most children enjoy the privilege of having both their parents. The unpleasant experiences of childhood begin to coagulate the mind and return in the form of mental illnesses like depression in adult life. When the mind can no longer hold its weight, the individual seeks refuge in art.

Another aspect which unites Woolf, Plath, Gilman and Qala is that they suffered from mental illness at some or the other points in their lives. Woolf showed the symptoms of bipolar disorder and psychosis (in which it becomes difficult for a person to differentiate between dreams and reality) when she was as young as thirteen years old. Carl Jung states that traumatic memories can take the form of symbols through dreams and even hallucinations in some cases. In her novel, *Mrs. Dalloway*, Septimus Warren Smith, a war veteran suffers from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. He lost his friend Evans in the war, memories of which return to him in the form of hallucinations. Plath was also diagnosed with depression and after her second suicide attempt at the age of 20, she was hospitalized.





In the process of sketching the entire process of deterioration of Esther's mental health in her novel, *The Bell Jar*, she draws several instances from her own life. Gilman suffered from postpartum depression after she gave birth to her daughter Katherine shades of which, we find in her short story *The Yellow Wallpaper*, which is a short story that she wrote in response to her doctor Mitchell's prescription of rest cure. In the movie *Qala*, the protagonist experiences several episodes of psychosis while she tries to sing. Qala's envy towards Jagan leads her to resort to extreme measures. She adds mercury in Jagan's milk because of which Jagan, who is about to make his debut as a singer, loses his voice. Unable to accept the loss of his voice, Jagan commits suicide by hanging himself on a tree amidst vast lands covered with snow. This scene is witnessed by *Qala*. The guilt within her traps her in the white cold hills covered in snow. The skillful cinematography in the movie beautifully depicts her psychotic episodes. Her haunting memories are symbolised using snow in the film. She stands amidst the studio trying to hit the right notes and she starts feeling cold. Snowflakes fall in front of her eyes and her voice begins to shiver, she is unable to hear anything, speak anything, it is as if she is trapped in the snow where Jagan's body still hangs above her. The close-up shots of her shivering lips and the shaky camera movements add to the intensity of the scene. Another instance where the camera gives us a bird's eye view of Qala, lying on her bed, overdosed with sleeping pills, unconscious, the snowflakes cover her entire room depicting her inner consciousness. Although mental illness does not reflect on the physical self, it consumes an individual entirely from the inside. It is like a slow poison which first appears as depression, develops into psychotic episodes and finally drives the self into a loop of misery, the only outlet of which appears to kill oneself.

Mental illness is perceived by the patriarchal society as an inherently "feminine" phenomenon. The 19th century doctors popularly believed that women are bound to experience mental disorders at some or the other points in their lives because of their physical design. In Gilman's *The Yellow Wallpaper*, the protagonist is locked inside a room with no scope of social interaction in the name of rest cure which rather than improving her mental state drives her mad. Her act of tearing the pale, yellow wallpaper and finally crawling out of the room is an act of rebellion just like writing this short story is Gilman's effort to expose the very flawed system of rest cure. The reason for Septimus' suicide in *Mrs. Dalloway* is the idea of isolation suggested by Dr. Holmes. Esther Greenwood in Plath's *The Bell Jar* is traumatised by those electric shocks applied ruthlessly on her body. In addition to this, Qala's doctor dismisses the seriousness of her condition by recommending her to "rest a bit" and puts a blame on her menstrual cycle and mood swings for her deteriorating mental health. This belief comes from the word "hysteria" derived from the Greek term, *hystera* which means "uterus". As observed by several critics, hysteria as a "woman's disease" is nothing more than a constructed myth of misogynistic male physicians.





For a patriarchal society, it is impossible to consider a woman's art without bringing in her sexuality. Writing was equated with prostitution and hence, it remained reserved as a patriarchal profession for a long time. Women were not allowed to write. Woolf in her essay *A Room of One's Own* argues that if Shakespeare had a sister, Judith, even though she had the same talent and genius as Shakespeare, it would have been impossible for her to become "The Shakespeare". She would have not received education because she was a woman, she would have not been allowed to act on stage, to write, her works would have been dismissed as "a woman's trivial stories", the flame of art within her would have extinguished and she would have found herself holding a child in her hand. Woolf writes,

"Who shall measure the heat and violence of the poet's heart when caught and tangled in a woman's body?—killed herself one winter's night and lies buried at some cross-roads where the omnibuses now stop outside the Elephant and Castle." (Woolf, 40)

Gilman's unnamed narrator in *The Yellow Wallpaper* puts the piece of writing away when she sees John, her doctor-husband coming towards her,


There comes John, and I must put this away,
- he hates to have me write a word. (Gilman, 649)

In addition to this, *Qala* has to grant sexual favours to Sumant Kumar in order to debut and progress in her career. She is trapped between oppression and ambition. Throughout history, a woman's genius is never appreciated and the artist within her is buried by male dominance and sexual exploitation. Therefore, women must remember what Helen Cixous advises,

"Women must write through their bodies, they must invent the impregnable language that will wreck partitions, classes, and rhetorics, regulations and codes, they must submerge, cut through, get beyond the ultimate reverse-discourse, including the one that laughs at the very idea of pronouncing the word "silence"...In one another we will never be lacking." (Cixous, 875)

In order to heal the scars from the past, one needs a reliable 'other' with whom one can simply share the past which in itself is a cathartic process that initiates healing. Janice Gasker calls this process of arranging and sharing the past in the form of a narrative "recollections". As opined by Gasker, "The re-collection bearer is caught in a mire of anxiety: the dis-integrated re-collection demands validation, but the narrator fears taking the risk of potential invalidation by attempting to share it with someone who may not be "safe" or trustworthy. On the other hand, a lack of invalidation leads to an endless loop of dis-integration in which the life narrative never reaches integration and resolution" (Gasker, 84). For *Qala*, this "other" was her mother. On being questioned by the interviewer about how she feels to be at the epitome of musical success she replies, "it feels as if I've finally reached home, exhausted and spent and my mother has opened the door, welcoming me." The fact that she craves validation from her mother is emphasised several times in the film.






Her envy towards Jagan (played by Babil Khan), a promising vocalist stems not from his musical talent but rather from the fact that he receives more attention from Urmila, her own mother. When she hallucinates Jagan, the alter-ego within her speaks in Jagan's voice and inquires if she is content with the adulation and recognition she has received, to which she responds, "Mama is still not with me". She never gets this validation from her mother which leads to an extreme measure of taking her own life. In the absence of a reliable "other", the artist only finds art to express the chaos in the mind. When the memories appear in the form of words on the paper, when they take the form of conscious choices of dark shades on the canvas, when the melancholic notes echo and vibrate with the diminishing heartbeat of the artist, a part of their past leaves them and becomes art. When this form of art is appreciated for its value, it validates the trauma that inspired it, but if the art is continued to be unacknowledged, it can further exacerbate the haunting effects on the artist.

From the characters constructed by Woolf in her novels to those created by Plath and Gilman in their respective works, we see a projection of their own selves into the characters. As a modernist writer and because of the unpleasant childhood experiences which she faced in her life, sentiments like loneliness, alienation, fragmentation and existential crisis dominated Woolf's psyche. From the characters of Clarissa and Septimus in her novel *Mrs Dalloway*, we can see how her psyche was woven into the fabric of her characters, both being representative of her innermost thoughts and feelings. Clarissa in her novel *Mrs. Dalloway* struggles to come to terms with her existence. Woolf represents her internal crisis in the following words-

"She always had the feeling that it was very very dangerous to live even one day(...)She had the oddest sense of being herself invisible; unseen; unknown...this being Mrs Dalloway; not even Clarissa anymore." (Woolf, 9)

Moreover, Septimus repeatedly suggests to Rezia, his wife, that they should kill themselves. Unable to come to terms with his existence, he throws himself out of the window and commits suicide. In the initial version of *Mrs Dalloway* which was titled as *The Hours*, it was Mrs. Dalloway who was supposed to die at the end. The conclusion of both Woolf's character Septimus and her own life suggests that just like Clarissa is a part of Woolf's psyche, Septimus is also a part of her, whose fragmented self is at odds with the world.

In addition to this, Sylvia Plath, a confessional poet employs her intense emotions concealed behind her brilliant achievements to develop her own style of writing which gave birth to magnificent artworks that come alive every time they are revisited. The protagonist, Esther Greenwood in her one and only novel, *The Bell Jar*, published in 1963 i.e., two years before she ended her own life exhibits several autobiographical instances. Plath's beauty as a writer lies in her candidness as she fearlessly exposes her personal experiences to the world through her characters. Esther Greenwood, sitting at the window, looking at New York says, "The silence depressed me. It wasn't the silence of silence. It was my own silence" (Plath, 54) This silence was bothering not only Esther but Plath also. Plath tried to commit suicide three times.



There was something within her which was already dead, she felt lifeless, her mere existence became a burden for her and she neither had the desire nor the motivation to stay alive. Esther remarks, “I couldn’t see the point of getting up. I had nothing to look forward to” (Plath, 67). She did not wash her hair or clothes for three weeks and she did not sleep for twenty one days .

“The reason I hadn’t washed my clothes or my hair was because it seemed so silly.... It seemed silly to wash one day when I would only have to wash again the next. It made me tired just to think of it. I wanted to do everything once and for all and be through with it”

(Plath,79)

Esther’s attempt to kill herself by overdosing herself with fifty pills mirrors Plath’s first suicide attempt in which she swallowed excessive amounts of sleeping pills after which she was found three days later. Esther in the novel hides herself in the dark loft of her own house where her mother finds her after a few days. Therefore, through Esther Greenwood, Plath gives representation and an outlet to the dark depths trapped within her own self. The autobiographical instances present in both Woolf’s and Plath’s works makes us question if they were just giving a voice to the already dead part in themselves or was it their last cry for help? It makes us wonder if their suicides were predictable and was it possible to prevent it? Can art become a medium to detect and possibly prevent the loss of lives of future artists?

Unlike the popular perception of death as something to be scared of, we find a sense of peace and even fascination towards the idea of death in the works of Woolf and Plath. Standing beside the window, upon hearing the news of Septimus’ suicide, Mrs. Dalloway “felt very like him, the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad he had done it; thrown it away while they went on living.” (Woolf, 98) Sylvia Plath in her poem “*Lady Lazarus*” writes,

“Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.
I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I’ve a call.”

Plath glorifies the idea of suicide and calls it a “theatrical comeback”. The reason for this fascination towards suicide is the agency which comes with the act. The strings of life and death lie in the hands of the creator, the supreme artist, God. One has no control over one’s birth but by choosing to end one’s life is an act of transgression. By assuming control over one’s own death, one assumes the authority of the supreme artist. This sense of agency and power is clearly evident when Plath glorifies death as an “art” in the above lines. Another reason for this fascination towards death is the acceptance of the fact that to simply not exist is better than to keep on rolling the heavy stone up and down the hill like Sisyphus.



Moreover, the very act of committing suicide is an art in itself. In Albert Camus' words, "An act like this is prepared within the silence of the heart, as is a great work of art." (Camus, 2) Esther Greenwood contemplates several ways to kill herself. She considers drowning in the water and cutting her wrist both of which seem unsuccessful to her. The very process of deciding whether to pull the trigger or to jump off a building is like choosing colours to complete the painting, to complete the act of suicide.

Hence, from the above discussion, we can conclude that not only emotional and mental, but social factors like gender oppression, sexual exploitation, lack of parental affection, dismissal of mental illness as a "woman's disorder" had an equal contribution in the tragic end of these women artists. Each of the above discussed artists have represented their dying self in their works. It is undeniable that the life and the works of the artists taken into account for this discussion mirror each other. Perhaps, their inclination towards their tragic end was predictable and perhaps, we can recognise the cry for help from the works of artists and prevent further such cases. Sometimes art, which is supposed to be a cathartic and healing process brings the past alive again all around you which, instead of healing, deepens the wounds, the intensity of its representation becomes too much for art to behold. Art as an outlet fails to prove enough for the artist. The artist then dissolves him/herself into the art which, like the phoenix, rises again, forcing the world to look for a reason for this act of dissolution of the self which in turn, is the final accomplishment of an artist. The only way to prevent this is to be aware enough to identify such signs around us and listen to the silent voice of a crying soul.





BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Baliova, Eva. *Suicides of female writers and the influence on their works*, 2019
2. Camus, Albert. *The Myth of Sisyphus*. Translated by Justin O'Brien, Penguin Classics, 2000.
3. Cixous, Helene. *The Laugh of Medusa*, The University of Chicago Press, 2010
4. Dutt, Anvita. Qala, Netflix, 1 December 2002
5. Gasker, Justin. *Freud's Therapeutic Mistake with Jung's Discourse of Childhood Sexual Abuse; Narrative Lessons in Do's and Dont's of Validation*, *Journal of Poetry Therapy*, January 1999.
6. Gilman, Charlotte Perkins. *The Yellow Wallpaper and Other Stories*. Mineola, N.Y.: Dover, 1997.
7. Plath, Sylvia. "Daddy." *The Collected Poems*, Edited by Ted Hughes, NY: Harper & Row Publishers, 1981,
8. Plath, Sylvia. "Lady Lazarus." *The Collected Poems*, Edited by Ted Hughes, NY: Harper & Row Publishers, 1981,
9. Plath, Sylvia. *The Bell Jar*. London: Faber & Faber, 1963
10. Woolf, Virginia. *A Room of One's Own*. London: Penguin Classics, 2000
11. Woolf, Virginia. *Mrs Dalloway*, Worldview Publications, Delhi, 2017





Nature Versus Nurture Debate In Frankenstein

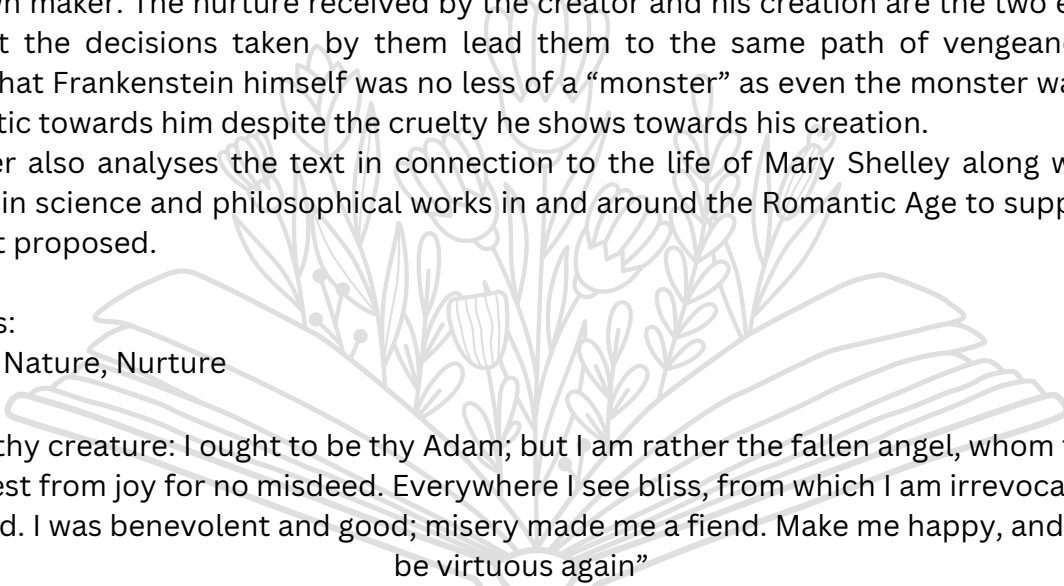
-Nikita Gangadeb
3rd Year, B.A. (Hons) English

Abstract: This paper focuses on the pivotal question dealt with in Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, i.e., whether the creation of Frankenstein was really a "monster," which is intricately linked with the nature versus nurture debate in the text. Born due to the ambitious desires of his "father" and loathed for life by his creator, he was the victim of circumstances. A victim affected by the image of the "monster" in the collective consciousness, he was not born with monstrosity. As he claims in front of Victor, he, who is ought to be Adam, is pushed into living hell just like Satan, but without committing any sin, by his own maker. The nurture received by the creator and his creation are the two extreme poles but the decisions taken by them lead them to the same path of vengeance thus proving that Frankenstein himself was no less of a "monster" as even the monster was more empathetic towards him despite the cruelty he shows towards his creation.

The paper also analyses the text in connection to the life of Mary Shelley along with the progress in science and philosophical works in and around the Romantic Age to support the argument proposed.

Keywords:

Monster, Nature, Nurture



"I am thy creature: I ought to be thy Adam; but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall be virtuous again"

-Chapter II, Volume II, *Frankenstein*, Mary Shelley

The only daughter of two notable literary luminaries of the late 18th century Enlightenment, Mary Wollstonecraft and William Godwin, Mary Shelley (1797-1851) was an English novelist of the Romantic period (1776-1832). Her most widely recognised creation, *Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus* (1818) is a product of Shelley's own filial and conjugal relationships that influenced the creation of characters with complex psyche within the domestic realm. In extension, her novel also incorporates the political (both radicalism and conservatism) and scientific discourses following the period of the French Revolution (1789). In the text, Victor Frankenstein, driven by his Promethean ambition, makes an endeavour to imitate God by creating his own Adam with a gigantic stature through reanimation (life from the dead) which unleashes chaos, resulting in deaths. However, the monster is not alone to blame for the bedlam. The Nature versus Nurture debate which runs throughout the novel, questions the conscience of the readers, whether the monstrosity of the creation



was an inherent trait (nature) or an end result of abandonment, isolation and hostility received from mankind (nurture), especially from his creator, Victor. The following discussion is an attempt to answer this question with supporting evidences from the concerned text.


“The novel (*Frankenstein*) resurrects and rearranges an adolescent (Mary Shelley)’s conflicting emotions about her relation both to her dead mother she idolised... the father philosopher, she admired and deeply resented”

- U.K. Knopfmacher ,The Endurance of “*Frankenstein*”: Essays on Mary Shelley’s Novel

In *Frankenstein*, birth and death are juxtaposed tragically as in Mary Shelley’s own life. Birth in literature is seen as a moment of “ecstasy, fulfilment and nourishing love” as soon as the mother takes the baby into her arms (Moers, 1975). However, in the process of creating a patrilineal family, Frankenstein is disgusted and petrified on beholding his “hideous progeny” and the immeasurable torment which he suffers due to the unconventional birth, clearly hints at Mary Shelley’s trauma associated with after-birth. The bereavement of Wollstonecraft- her mother’s death, after ten days of her birth due to septicaemia, and lack of motherly affection and warmth under the care of her aloof father (later elopement with Shelley severed the ties further)- is manifested in the agony of the monster, reflecting her own sense of alienation. Comparing the fostering that she and the monster received, Anne Mellor comments, “Victor Frankenstein has failed to give his child the mothering and nurturance it requires... his failure to embrace his smiling creature with parental love, his horrified rejection of his own creation, spells out the narrative consequences of solitary paternal propagation.” Shelley is thus seen criticising her father implicitly through Victor. Her tragic connexion with motherhood continued as in 1815, after the death of her first-born Clara, she wrote in her journal, overwhelmed with grief about the dream of her baby rising from the dead which resonates with the resurgence of the “daemon” from the “dead cadavers”(Volume I)

For Frankenstein, the awakening of his creation was a means to challenge the restraint placed on the eternal truths of birth and death. He wanted to be the creator of a new species on the face of the earth, which would owe their existence entirely to his credit. As James O’ Rourke mentions, his desire to produce a being solely arose from the ‘gratitude’ the species would pay to him as their God (Vol I). The making of the monster provides an unconventional alternative influenced by the theory of galvanism (given by Galvani, *Commentary on the Effects of Electricity on Muscular Motion*) to the general process of sexual reproduction and evolution in species produced over a long period of time (as first discussed by Erasmus Darwin in the late 18th century). Thus, the experiments to bestow life on an inanimate body to create a human being had a base in the scientific discourses prevalent in the late 18th century Britain. Moreover, the ironic dedication of her work to Godwin, shows that he can be a possible prototype to Frankenstein, considering that he (Godwin) as a radical philosopher, proposed the





production of “immortal individuals” through social engineering and depriving women of their basic rights to motherhood, in order to create a utopia (*Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, 1793). Thus, her novel condemns the idea and echoes the conservative philosophy promulgated by Edmund Burke, criticising the “ambition of the philosophers of the 18th century” (*Reflections on Revolution in France*, 1790).

Pursuing an unremitting and almost hysterical desire, Frankenstein creates the monster. But the body, which looked proportionate and beautiful as it was being assembled, assumes a grotesque shape which “even Dante could not have conceived”(Vol I,40). Thus, overwhelmed with repugnance and terror, he deserts the freshly conceived, yet unnamed creation. The monster spurned upon birth, possesses a mind equally inclined to either degradation or perfection, which is a “tabula rasa” or a blank slate (John Locke, *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*, 1689) and is nurtured based on the circumstances he thrives in. Initially, nature assumes the role of a parent and guides the monster, satisfying the vacuum left by Victor, as he learns the indispensable skills of survival. However, he is fascinated when he enters human premises but is met with hostility. Being one of a different kind, he evokes a sense of fear in the men rather than compassion which he thought he is a recipient of. He is rather attacked by them but does not strike back even in defence which proves his good intentions despite of his “daemonic” appearance(Vol II) thus, validating that he, as a man of the state of nature is only characterised by “self preservation” and “compassion” (Rouke’s reading on Rousseau’s Discourses).

Victor admits in the narrative to his past, “No youth could have passed more happily than mine” as he possessed indulgent parents who were his first teachers as well as amiable companions to grow with (*Frankenstein*, Vol I, pp.22). This statement presents a stark contrast with that of the monster who never had a family or even an identity of his own to begin with. He becomes conscious of the institution of family only after coming in contact with the de Laceys . They become his first teachers and his protectors (as he addresses them)- like a family for a new-born. Aware of their financial conditions, he never purloins their food and sometimes helps them voluntarily. As Rouke employs Rousseau’s theory, he notes how the creation compromises his “self- preservation” over “compassion”, thus proving the utmost sincerity in his nature. As for the creation, they not only provided him with the warmth and security he sought unconsciously but also kindled in him a desire to learn.

Learning by imitating the de Laceys, language for the monster was a “godlike science” (Vol II). As Peter Brooks observes, his fascination with language proved to be his gateway to the symbolic order which is governed by interlocution (Lacan’s Theory of the imaginary and symbolic order) and an attempt to estrange himself from the imaginary order based on physical appearance , in which the monster will never cease to be a detested form. As he gains knowledge, he takes pride in his ability as he compares himself with Safie, which can be identified as amour propre (Rousseau’s term for artificial sense of honour possessed by a man of the state of civilisation). As the monster’s self-education continues, he



enhances his knowledge on the functioning of human society through the classic texts of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, *Plutarch's Lives* and *Goethe's Wether* (Vol II) which ignites in him the yearning to associate himself with society thus resonating with Mary Shelley's self education, in which books turned into her "surrogate parents with flesh and blood" (Gilbert and Guber, '*Mary Shelley's Monstrous Eve*', pp.410). Though equipped with the tools of language and education, he is spurned by all his "protectors" (Vol II) except for the blind de Lacey who remains unaware of his disfigured appearance (the imaginary order) and treats him like any other.

Abandoned by his only relations in the world, he seeks his creator in order to exact vengeance. He not only becomes aware of "socially acquired idea of justice" (Rouke, '*Nothing More Unnatural*') as a man of state of civilisation, but also declares a war against the human species, especially his creator (Vol II). In the pursuit of his maker, he meets William and abducts him in the hope of raising him as a child, who might not loathe him like an adult would. However, as he is informed of the association of William to his enemy, he strangles the innocent child to death and frames Justine, for the sake of his amusement. This marks his deviation from the path of goodness due to the lack of a reliable guide (as instructed by Rousseau), just as Victor goes down the prohibited road to create the monster as his father neglected his curiosities towards *Agrippa's De Occulta Philosophia* (1531).

The rhetoric with a plea which he presents to his father Victor is the last opportunity that could have deterred him from paving the pathway of destruction. He, with his logic, referring to Milton's *Paradise Lost* (a comparison with Satan and Adam), successfully manipulates his creator to realise his responsibility as a parent for the first time. He also persuades Victor, into constructing for him, a female companion or Eve, with a promise that he would quit the neighbourhoods of men forever with her. As Brooks claims in his essay, "this makes the Monster the most eloquent creature in the novel. He far from expressing himself in grunts and gestures, speaks and reasons with the highest elegance, logic, and persuasiveness. As a verbal creation, he is the very opposite of the monstrous: he is a sympathetic and persuasive participant in Western culture" (Brooks, '*What is a Monster? (According to Frankenstein)*'). However, Victor fails to perform his part of the deal which provokes the monster further. Thus, he (the fiend/ daemon) goes on a killing spree and ends up murdering Clerval and Elizabeth to satiate his thirst for vengeance.

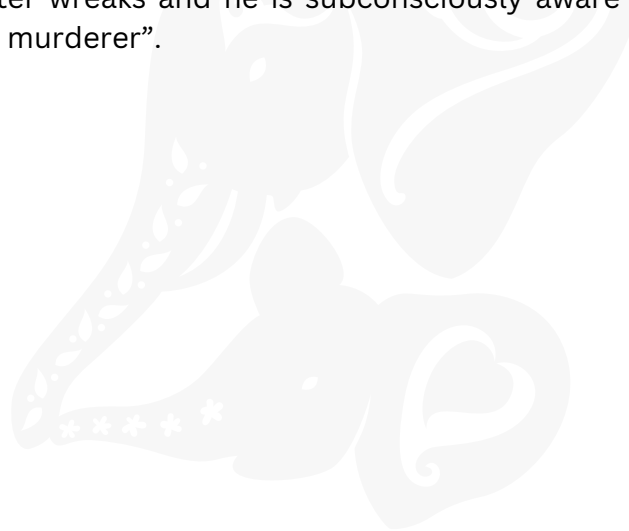
After losing all his relations in the world, the lonely and guilt-ridden Victor, driven by the obsession to exact revenge, chases his arch-fiend to the north pole. He echoes the words of the monster as he says, "I was cursed by some devil and carried about with me my eternal hell" (Volume III), which hints at the torment he and his monster suffer due to his overreaching ambitions. As he dies, Walton finds the monster in his room, shedding tears. Thus, it marks the presence of sympathy in him, despite the hatred that he once bore for his maker.





He also confesses how he regrets the murders he has committed along with his intentions to leave the world for good. However, in the end, the monster leaves the readers with a question pertaining to his identity, i.e., whether he is Adam (the victim) or Satan (arch enemy) based on his nature and nurture.

To conclude, the so-called monster was never a monster, he is but the victim of the circumstances. He is brought into the world to satisfy Victor's demand for self-glory and gratitude from the new species. However, when Victor beholds the distorted figure of his creation, he declares him as a monster despite his (creation's) actions. This proves that the creation was not born with monstrosity but the people in the society fitted him into the preexisting idea of a monster (Jung's Collective Consciousness). Now, left with no other option, he really turns into a monster, who exacts revenge from his creator. He surely remains culpable for not sparing the innocent lives. However, Victor remains equally accountable for the havoc that the monster wreaks and he is subconsciously aware of his underlying guilt when he calls himself "the murderer".





BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Shelley Mary, *Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus*, The 1818 Text. Ed. Maya Joshi. Worldview Critical Editions, 2016. Pp. ix-xxxiv, 7-180.
2. Knopfmacher, U.K. *The Endurance of "Frankenstein": Essays on Mary Shelley's Novel*
3. Moers, Ellan. 'Female Gothic: The Monster's Mother'. *The Endurance of "Frankenstein."* pp. 75
4. Mellor, Anne. *Mary Shelley: Her Life, Her Fiction, Her Monsters*. p.93
5. Rouke, James O'. " 'Nothing More Unnatural': Mary Shelley's Revision of Rousseau". *Mary Shelley Frankenstein*. Ed. Maya Joshi. Worldview Critical Editions, 2016. Pp.312-19
6. Gilbert, Sandra M., and Susan Gubar, 'Mary Shelley's Monstrous Eve', *Mary Shelley, Frankenstein*, Ed. Paul J. Hunter, *Second Norton Critical Editions*, 2012. Pp.406-26
7. Brooks, Peter. 'What Is a Monster ?,' *Mary Shelley, Frankenstein*, Ed. Paul J. Hunter *Second Norton Critical Editions*, 2012. Pp. 457-84





Unsaid Agony: The "What Done It" in Fyodor Dostoyevsky's ' Crime and Punishment'

-Ishita

III Year, B.A. (Hons) English

Abstract: The general debate of Fyodor Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* circles around the dialectics, morality, and the author's central idea. Amongst the clash of these large blocks of themes, the reader often forgets that the narrative, as the author himself describes, is a "psychological account of a certain crime." The paper explores the protagonist's psychological triggers that shove him towards the criminal act. These questions will be looked at under the umbrella of the makeup of Russian society in the late 1800s. What will follow is a psychological dissection of a Russian intelligentsia torn between his innate feelings and his conscious idea, between the irrational and amorality of reason in one form or another.

In a letter to N. Strakhov, Dostoyevsky writes:

"I have my own peculiar view of reality in art and that which the majority calls almost fantastic and exceptional, is sometimes for me the very essence of reality. The commonplaceness of event and a standard view of them in my opinion is not yet realism, but even the opposite.... In every newspaper you run across accounts of the most real and most ingenious facts. To our writers they are fantastic and they do not even bother with them; yet they are reality, because they are facts. Who then will notice them, explain them and write them down? They are frequent and everyday, not exceptional."

- (Evnin, F.I. 'Plot Structure and Raskolnikov's Oscillations')

Published in 1866, 'Crime and Punishment' by Fyodor Dostoyevsky is considered one of the finest masterpieces penned down by the author. The novel is a psychological analysis of the poor former student Raskolnikov, whose theory and seclusion from society lead him to murder. What Dostoyevsky has essentially written is a vital story that never loses its grip on the reader's imagination and emotions. The novel traces the life of Raskolnikov, who lives in poverty and chaos in St. Petersburg, and decides to murder an old pawnbroker, Alyona Ivanovna. The narrative follows the twists and turns of Raskolnikov's emotions and elaborates on his struggle with his conscience when he commits not one, but two murders. At last, Raskolnikov turns himself in. He is sentenced to eight years of hard labour in Siberia. In the end, Raskolnikov earns his redemption when, after his illness, he realises that happiness cannot be achieved by a reasoned plan of existence but must be earned by suffering.



As Ernest J. Simmons writes, “The common interest of ‘Crime and Punishment’ does not rest in any dialectics, morality, or in the author’s central idea, although these features contribute to making the novel what it is. As Dostoyevsky himself described it, the novel is the ‘psychological account of a certain crime,’ and it is the compelling, high seriousness of this drama of crime as it is cast against a throbbing background of real life that attracts the average reader.” The intensity with which the novel reveals Raskolnikov’s plan, the description of the murder, and the disintegration of all the rational forces that led him to this murder- all these factors make for a gripping tale of sin and redemption which fascinate readers across boundaries. Contrary to some considering the novel as detective fiction, upon reading, one encounters the fact that it is not the murderer that we search for while progressing through the novel, but it is the motive for these murders that one is enquiring after.

Estranged from life and his loved ones, his world limited to the cupboard of a room, we are introduced to Raskolnikov brooding in this very secluded setting. A daydreaming recluse, as described by Dostoyevsky’s notes in the novel, “His character in the novel stands for the idea of immoderate, presumptuousness, and contempt of society. His idea: to conquer society in order to do it good. Despotism is his trait of character.... he will dominate and knows no limits. To seize power as soon as possible and to become rich. The idea of murder comes easy to him.” (Matlaw, Ralph E. ‘Problem of Guilt in Dostoyevsky’s Fiction’). Raskolnikov lives a life of wishful fantasy, keeps his feelings to himself, and suffers from nearly pathological depression owing to his degraded conditions of living as an unemployed university dropout in extreme poverty. At the same time, he also represents a startling departure from the recluse type in that having overcome the latter’s masochistic need for self-abasement, his aggression is no longer turned inward but outward. He is filled with the wrath of outraged pride and a furious impatience to break out from his trapped existence even at the risk of self-destruction. Moreover, to see him from this angle of vision, he is an intellectual, recklessly yielding himself to the passion of thought and caught at last in the toils of an idea, mastered by it to the point of monomania. Stressing the necessity of breaking once and for all what must be broken, not simply killing an old woman but, as put by Philip Rahv, “the principle of authority bolstered by the moral law,” Raskolnikov proceeds to become a dissenter and a rebel. Raskolnikov- the ‘raskol’ in his name meaning schism or dissent- in essence becomes that type of revolutionary terrorist of the period, whose act of terror is somehow displaced unto a private object.

But the main source of all the action that follows in the novel lies not in the bodily movements of Raskolnikov, but in his consciousness. For a human to do something with his legs or arms, it is first necessary for a certain change to take place in his consciousness. In Leo Tolstoy’s words, “True life does not take place where large external changes occur, where people move, collide, fight, kill one another. It takes place where hardly at-all differentiating changes are made.” (Tolstoy, Leo. ‘How Minute Changes of Consciousness Cause Raskolnikov to Commit Murder’).





Thus, Raskolnikov's painful fate of suffering was not sealed when he held the axe, or when he made the loop to hold it, or even while he was striking the old woman's head with it, it was sealed when barely perceptible changes were happening in his consciousness when he conceived the theory he expressed in 'On Crime' when he allowed himself to be indulged in that theory more than the purpose of sole entertainment. It does not take long for these changes to turn into motives- the driving force in converting the stream of thoughts to physical action. And it is from these barely perceptible changes that the most unimaginable, important, limitless consequences can follow.

Mr. Fredric Wertham, in his 'The Show of Violence' (1944, p. 168), makes a useful distinction between reason and motive: "Reason is the conscious explanation a man makes for himself or an outsider before, during, and after a deed. Motive is the real driving force which is at least partly unconscious and which can be understood only as part of a continuing and developing process." In 'Crime and Punishment', we come across not one, but a whole cluster of motives, and the criminal himself is in his own manner taking part in detecting what these motives are. Not certain till the end as to what it was exactly that induced him to commit the heinous act of murder, "he must continually spy on himself in a desperate effort to penetrate his own psychology and attain the self-knowledge he needs if he is to assume responsibility for his absurd and hideous act. And this idea of him as the criminal in search of his own motive is precisely what is so new and original in the figure of Raskolnikov." (Rahv, Philip. 'Dostoevsky in Crime and Punishment').

Raskolnikov is aware of the several motives that keep eluding him as his thoughts shift among them, at times all of them seeming unreal at once. To sustain himself in the terrible isolation of his guilt, he must single out a motive, which represents his deepest self. However, no sooner does he lay hold of this truth, Raskolnikov finds himself in a state of mind where he shuns this truth. We find shreds of evidence of a similar kind in incidents where after burying his loot following the murder, he questions himself, "If it had all really been done deliberately and not idiotically if I really had a certain and definite object, how is it that I did not even glance into the purse and didn't know what I had there? Then why have I undergone these agonies and have deliberately undertaken this base, dirty and degrading business.?" (*Dostoyevsky, Fyodor. Crime and Punishment. Pg 162*). While confessing his deeds to Sonia, he still cannot stop wavering and flickering through the various motives that can reason for his crime, and instead, comes up with contradictory explanations for his actions. He begins by stating that he murdered for plunder, but later negates it and skips to his theory to become a Napoleon, an extraordinary man as stated in his essay 'On Crime,' only to revert back to poverty and simple need and circle back to, his theory on Napoleon.

The motives behind Raskolnikov's crime can be vastly divided into rational, sensual, and spiritual parts corresponding to his nature. Each type of theory finds its replica in one of the characters; Luzhin representing the rational, Svidrigailov, the sensual, and Sonia, the spirit respectively. Raskolnikov's





rationale or the first reason is dismissed by the protagonist himself when he denies trading the objects taken during the theft committed after the murder. The second motive also appears to him first in the form of a rational theory: his much-discussed notion of the 'extraordinary man' who is above good and evil, and may transgress any law that stands in the way of his uttering a 'new word'. The second theory, however, is only a refinement of the first, but the distinction is an important one. It is not the 'idea' that sanctions the bloodshed, but the 'conscience' of the doer. The third and the most important of Raskolnikov's motives is his will to suffer. The passive will to suffer is stronger in him than the aggressive will to make others suffer. The absence of remorse in this case may be explained not only by his sense of the chain of fate that led to the murder but also by his overwhelming conviction that he is the principal victim of this crime.

In Dostoyevsky's first outline of the plot of the novel, preserved in a letter to the editor Katkov, he wrote, "The feeling of separation and dissociation from humanity which he [Raskolnikov] experiences at once after he has committed the crime, is something he cannot bear." This isolation is both the cause and the consequence of his crime. In his alienation, Raskolnikov represents a romantic dreamer- one who abhors his own practical inability and is repulsed by the vileness of his "fantasy" that he cooked up while he restricted himself to the four dingy walls of his room. When this 'idea' begins to take on substance, we see the Reason and nature of the protagonist in a duel with each other. Where reason embraces the new 'idea', 'nature' continues to live within the framework of the old moral order. As the 'idea' tightens its grip over his whole consciousness, nature struggles with it in desperation, is horrified by it, strives not to believe in it, and pretends that it does not know it. The greatest manifestation of this duel can be noticed in the dream Raskolnikov has after receiving his mother's letter. The pitiful little mare, whipped across the eyes and butchered by Mikolka and a crowd of rowdy peasants, stands for all victims of life's insensate cruelty, in particular victims like Sonia and Lizaveta. Above all, the mare stands for Raskolnikov himself, and in embracing her bleeding head, it is he who is embracing his bewailing self. It is the dream where he is present not only as a little witnessing an act of intolerable brutality, but he is also the one beating himself; he is both the perpetrator and the victim. The dream comes to him as a warning that in killing the old lady he would be committing his own murder too, as his own words reflect, "Did I murder the old woman? I murdered myself, not her! I crushed myself once and for all, forever." (*Dostoyevsky, Fyodor. Crime and Punishment. Pg. 588*) Though this dream puts him off temporarily, it is not long before the idea takes hold of him again. His nature is manifested in his body in the form of a disease- a disease that tries to resist the idea that is slowly gripping his existence, owing to which he commits the murder in a mechanical manner. As K. Mochulsky writes, "He is stripped of his freedom and acts with the automatism of a person walking in his sleep." In each case, the reader can clearly see that when Raskolnikov acts under the influence of his Utilitarian ideas, he unleashes in himself a cold and pitiless egomaniac who hates humanity although he continues to believe that he loves it.





“His experiment with his freedom and his strength had a disastrous result: instead of killing a stupid and dangerous old woman, he had killed himself, and after his crime, which was an unalloyed experience, he lost his freedom and was crushed by his own powerlessness; even his pride was gone. He had learned, in fact, that it is easy to kill a man but that spiritual and not physical energy is expended in the doing of it. Nothing “great” or “marvelous”, no world wide echo, followed the murder, only a nothingness that overwhelmed the murderer.”

- (Berdyayev, Nicholas. ‘Dostoevsky, the Nature of Man, and Evil)

To sum up, Dostoyevsky’s aim was to portray the inescapable conditions in the radical ideology of Russian Nihilism. The author was aware that the emotional impulses inspiring the average Russian radical were generous and self-sacrificing. They were moved by love, sympathy, altruism, and desire to aid, heal, and comfort suffering- whatever they might believe about the hard-headedness of their “rational egoism”. Christianity and Russian were the underlying foundation of their moral nature, and they were in disharmony with the superimposed Western ideas they had assimilated and on whose basis they believed they were acting. Hence we find in ‘Crime and Punishment’, a dramatization of the inner conflict of a member of the Russian intelligentsia torn between his innate feelings and his conscious idea, between the irrational and amorality of reason in one form or another. As Joseph Frank puts it,

“ It is from this point of view that we must take very seriously Dostoevsky’s claim to ‘realism’ for his novels- a claim which, in my opinion, is entirely justified..... He meant that the process of his creation would invariably start from some doctrine that he found prevalent among the Russian radical intelligentsia. It was there in black and white in the magazines or novels everybody was reading, and in this sense was perfectly ‘real’..... But then he would take this doctrine and imagine its most extreme consequences if it were really to be put into practice and carried through in all its implications; and this was where his psychological gifts came in to aid him in dramatising the ‘fantasy’ of this idea relentlessly translated into life.”

- (Frank, Joseph. ‘The World of Raskolnikov’).





BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. Strakhov, N. 'The Nihilists and Raskolnikov's New Idea'
2. Tolstoy, Leo. 'How Minute Changes of Consciousness Caused Raskolnikov to Commit Murder'
3. Mochulsky, K. 'The Five Acts of Crime and Punishment.'
4. Simmons, Ernest J. 'The Art of Crime and Punishment'.
5. Rahv, Philip. 'Dostoevsky in Crime and Punishment'.
6. Frank, Joseph. 'The World of Raskolnikov'.
7. Berdyaev, Nicholas. 'Dostoevsky, the Nature of Man, and Evil'.
8. Beebe, Maurice. 'The Three Motives of Raskolnikov: A Reinterpretation of Crime and Punishment'.
9. Bem, A. 'The Problem of Guilt in Dostoevsky's Fiction'.
10. *Crime and Punishment*- novel by Dostoyevsky. <https://www.britannica.com/topic/Crime-and-Punishment-novel>.
11. Dostoyevsky, Fyodor. *Crime and Punishment* . *Penguin Classics* , 1991. Revised, 2003. Translated by David McDuff.





Just Now Fast the Night Changes

Retain the innate goodness of your soul even in the most difficult moment of your life.
And celebrate mundaneness!
Love and wishes in abundance, for each one of you!

- **Deepshikha MB**

Life can be surprising in the most unexpected ways. In most places, only your sincerity will count. At others, preparation and dedication. Have them all, and you will reach your goals. Best of luck to each one of you!

-**Ms. Vandana**

Dear all,
We have shared scintillating moments throughout these three years, I sincerely hope that you all will continue to shine and sparkle through thick and thin!
Wishing you all the joy in the world!

-**Dr. Sakshi Wason**

Greetings dear students.
I take this opportunity to wish you all great success in your studies. Keep working hard and make your dreams a reality.

- **Kaihru L**

Is it your time for writing farewell messages already??!! I can't believe you are going to be graduates so soon! Time has definitely shown its tricks...and it has been a journey worth remembering. Your curiosity, sincerity, impatience, thoughtfulness, perseverance and smiles have made its place in my heart. From Plato, Aristotle, Ovid, Horace, to Faustus to Viola; from Arvasu, Nittilai, Brahmprakshasa to James Monaco and ultimately to Kurosawa and Maqbool. You have come a long way! I wish you all the best that life has to offer. May you wake up with a song on your lips and a smile on your face. And on days when you can't, may you derive the courage to make and claim it on your own

-**Saneya**

Finally the time has come to say goodbye to all our loveliest Pushpas!(inspired by Nissim Ezekiel's poem).It has been a long journey and a bag of mixed fortunes of online and offline classes.But it never affected the amount of affection, we have for our students and the feeling of love was reciprocated as well. Pursue whatever one wants to, just preserve the feeling of contentment and satisfaction within yourselves.

-**Rashmi Yadav**



Just Now Fast the Night Changes

Wish the outgoing batch a contemplative time ahead. Memories, built by you all, shall linger on. To the second and first years, the act of mutual collaboration in recreating the literary imaginings can, and will, go on.

-Mr. Owais Farooq

My dearest students,

Congratulations on completing 3 years of your graduation. I hope these 3 years were the life changing years of your life, in which you learnt more and more about you and those around you. I hope you take these experiences, good or bad, into shaping the future that you want to create for yourself, whatever that may be. I hope you get to choose that future for you. However I know how difficult it is to make choices in an unequal world divided by hierarchies. Thus, I have only one wish for you, may you get to choose your life. May you have a heart full of love, courage, and kindness to make those choices.

We live in a world of differences. Homogeneity is not a character of homosapiens. Yet we look at differences with displeasure. BTS' Suga once said "it is not wrong to be different. Equality begins when we open up and embrace all of our differences". I hope you learn how not to project yourself onto others and treat every human being as an individual on their own with all their differences. Let it not make you alienate them or mistreat them, but to appreciate them as they are windows to another world to which your "self" doesn't have access. Even though we are always limited by our sense of self, I hope you learn to appreciate the other as much as you appreciate yourself. I believe that one of the true powers of literature is to make a human empathetic. I hope you acquired this superpower from literature in these 3 years.

In these days, the world is constantly reminding us to love ourselves as most of us have not been taught how to love ourselves. However, let me remind you that it's the balance between loving oneself and loving others that matters. An imbalance in this equilibrium is counterproductive. Thus I wish again, may you learn how to accept differences, how to handle rejections, how to engage and how to disengage.

It is impossible not to make any mistakes in life. But do not let your mistakes define you. We all have done things that could make even the most confident person cringe about themselves, and we will continue to make many more mistakes. So, learn to laugh at our mistakes and learn to forgive ourselves.

Lastly, I believe the revolutions of the 21st century will be lead by women. I hope you make your contributions, however small that may be, to break the walls of hierarchies around us. May you break the walls of gender, class, caste, race, and all other factors which divide us. While doing so, always remind yourself to break these walls within you as well. Look within as much as you look outside. We owe it to the world to make it better and make ourselves better.

All the best, my dearest. I love you for who you are, for you were and for who you will become. I have immense faith in your limitless possibilities. Be brave. Be honest with your truth.

With love,

HP.

-HP



Just Now Fast the Night Changes

Sonam Yadav

The best three years of my life. A memory which will remain forever young in my heart♥.

Shruti Kumari

"Life is in between predestination and choices. "

Srishty Talwar

Honestly, DRC was not my first choice. As it's about to end I have no regrets I am so blessed that I made this decision and so grateful for my Literati family. Thank you to the whole Literati family for making it feel like home.

Nikita

"My first memory of you was fear,
but never thought you would become so dear,
and now the fact that time has come to say you good bye, brings tear.
But I promise, irrespective of the actual distance, we would always be near...."

Pragya

These 3 years were full of knowledge, ups and downs, challenges but eventually I managed to love and embrace myself in a new way.

Rachna

"Be well, do good work, and keep in touch." – Garrison Keillor
"Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end." – Semisonic "

Nikita Gangadeb

The course was something which I opted suddenly despite of being a meticulous planner. However, it opened up a new world to me. Thanks to the teacher, the course and my classmates I rediscovered the joys of life, I once lost.

Pakhi Rewri

Kudos to teachers and management for being so chill that the three years of graduation felt like a couple of months.

Stanzin Kunzang

"Things do fall apart but the good part is it started with us and it ends beautifully with us ✨. Let's not live with ""the way of the world"" and but be an ode to oneself.
(Probably lines combined with titles of novels and fiction haha) "



Just Now Fast the Night Changes

Bhavya Saini

One thing that I discovered in a women's college is that despite the prejudice, women can be supporting, wishers as well as great friends.

Swathi Krishna

It has been a real pleasure to spend three years of my life- such a short yet significant time period- becoming a DRCian. Living a life of memories is all one really ought to care about.

Shraddha Pradhan

The most unserious three years of my life. Cheers.

Urvashi

"Goodbye.....?"

Oh no, please. Can't we go back to page one and do it all over again?

- Winnie The Pooh "

Soumya Shandilya

I just loved the teachers of English department. They make me wonder that how can a human be so understanding ♥

Sharia Saleem

It's been an amazing experience here. Found so many bright minds and learned such good things. I feel extremely proud of graduating from one of the best colleges.

Khushi Sabharwal

It was an amazing experience here.

Shubhangi Goyal

Subway surf your way through life, i.e., be ready to get banged into 'em massive trucks and restart whenever you gotta.

Ritu Lekhi

"Felt the notion of ""Home away from home"" come to life as I found warmth and found myself growing and evolving with my batchmates and under the guidance of my beloved professors. Maggi, coffee and walking back home with friends in the winters, preparing for and attending fests and ice-cream in the summers, and exploring to find solace in the chaos of Delhi in small vacays will be missed. "

Tripti Singh

Getting into this college and course was total new level experience. Never knew that it will teach me so much.



Just Now Fast the Night Changes

Vibhushita Pal

Enjoy every moment of college life while you can. You'll miss these moments.

Soumya Saxena

It was an awesome experience. I really enjoyed the unique theme and the programme set up by our seniors. It was really a memory that will have a separate spot in my life.

Sneha Sharma

Here's a toast to another amazing chapter of my life.

Nancy Saini

It was a good experience. I enjoyed my time there, the dance was amazing.

Aastha Aggarwal

"I still believe, even though it's unbelievable:
To lose your path is the way to find that path. Therefore, the Best Moment is Yet To Come"

Gargi Negi & Nandini Rawat

Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end.

Sadhana Chahar

Thank you for making my tiring and hard days into a good one and giving me so good experiences. You all are very helpful and kind batchmates. May you succeed in your next chapter of life. Goodbye!

Swathi Krishna

It has been a real pleasure to spend three years of my life- such a short yet significant time period- becoming a DRCian. Living a life of memories is all one really ought to care about.

Shraddha Pradhan

The most unserious three years of my life. Cheers.

Soumya Shandilya

I just loved the teachers of English department. They make me wonder that how can a human be so understanding ♡

Lydia Ome Mize

I am grateful for the beautiful souls that I have met here. I'm hoping everyone stays healthy until we meet next time!

Akshita Sharma

This would always remain as one of my best lifetime experiences! ♡



Just Now Fast the Night Changes

Vaidehee

Your time and memories in college is very much like an ice-cream, enjoy it before it melts;)

Harshita Chaudhary

It was a beautiful journey and I am happy I was a part of DRC.

Pooja

To all the teachers we may not remember everything you said but we will remember how special you made us feel thank you.

Jyoti Chauhan

A long yet short journey.

Sana

Being an introvert, the thought of leaving my comfort place makes me overwhelmed. Literati and this college have become my comfort places!!

Sonali Gaur

It'd beautiful... Just need a variety of performances too.

Garima Sharma

"I never knew that my college life would be so short in this college. I just entered the college and now I have to say goodbye. It's the hardest thing to do. I learned so much from my college in this span of time. Saying goodbye to all the moments I shared in this college with my teachers and friends is really difficult . Hope I will always keep in touch with my teachers and friends .

Happy Farewell

Kiran Dalal

Thanks to all the beautiful people who had made this journey so smooth.

Sejal

The time that I spent here is unforgettable. I've learned so many things here that improves me a lot, Really going to miss everything and everyone especially all the teachers and my dear classmates.

Art Gallery







By - Dr. Violina Borah



Recolle





P.S: I hope you keep this magazine close to your heart, and whenever you doubt yourself or you feel alone or sad in life, come to this magazine. I hope it reminds you that an entire department of teachers and students always believes in you.

- Ms. Haritha P