

VIPS

योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्

IN PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

# MUSELIT

VIVEKANANDA INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL STUDIES - TC

## VIVEKANANDA SCHOOL OF ENGLISH STUDIES

Annual Magazine 2021-2022

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# ABOUT VIPS

**It was in the year 1997, that Dr. S.C. Vats, founder of Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies (VIPS), met Swami Jitatmananda Ji, an eminent educationist, management expert, author of books on Modern Physics &amp, an active social worker and the editor of Prabudh  Bharat (Awakened India), a journal started by Swami Vivekananda.**

**As the destiny ordained under a silver oak tree at 'Advait Ashram' in Mayawati in Pithoragarh District of Uttaranchal, vibrating thoughts were flowing from Swamiji's lips in the balmy aroma of the dense pine and fir forest and he almost gave a diktat to Dr. Vats to set up an Institute, for higher learning in the capital city of India, in the name of Swami Vivekananda is a prophet and a path finder.**

**It was a gigantic task that fell upon Dr Vats' shoulders. But resolved as he was, he returned to Delhi and in a couple of months' time sold his ancestral house for establishing a new Institute with high ideals. In order to materialize Swamiji's dreams, Dr. Vats rolled out a road map. As a first step, he held brain storming session with eminent scholars and people from academia along with some legal luminaries and retired civil servants.**

**The brain child of which was a society for Total Revival of Nation, thus called the Society for Total Revival and National Glory and True Heritage (STRENGTH), which was later registered as a charitable society under the Registration of Societies Act, in 1998 with a mission of making VIPS an ideal educational Institution with the clear objective of "Man Making, Character Building, Nation Building" as envisaged by Swami Vivekananda VIPS works towards establishing, maintaining and promoting centers of excellence for imparting quality and professional education in India. The Institute founded by Dr S.C Vats currently has seven schools (Law, Management, IT, Journalism and Mass Communication, Economics, English, and Engineering) which provide education par excellence with the best manpower.**

**VIPS is an accredited institution; graded by National Assessment and Accreditation Council (NAAC) recognized under 2(f) of UGC and affiliated to GGSIPU, New Delhi and recognized by Bar Council of India.**



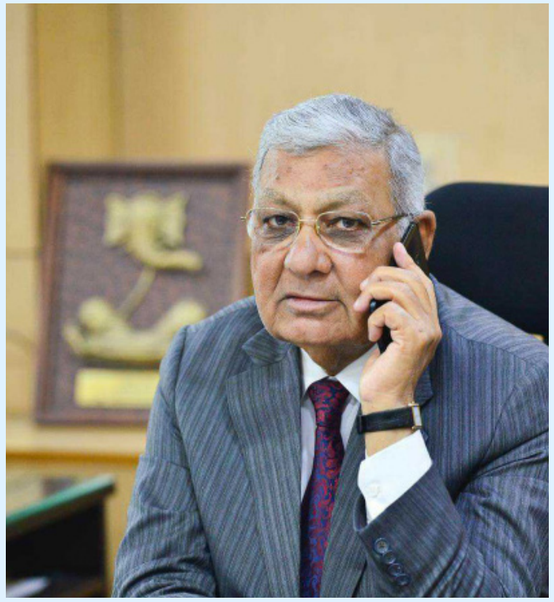

# ABOUT VSES

**Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES) runs a three-year BA English (Honours) programme. It stimulates, enhances and nurtures the interpretative, expressive and critical skills of the students within a rigorous curriculum that takes them through the best in world literature. The faculty at VSES engages the students in delineating and interpreting the texts within the historical, social, philosophical and cultural contexts in order to enhance their ability to read, understand and reflect on texts from different perspectives. VSES aims at empowering the students for their future endeavours.**

**Woven within the pedagogy is the exciting tapestry of the co-curricular calendar of varied literary activities which give an exposure to the students to experience literature. VSES  is privileged to have extremely dynamic faculty who transform the classes into lively interactive spaces of learning where students are stimulated and encouraged to participate and engage in dynamic discussions. Apart from giving their hundred percent into the department's curriculum and its co-curricular and extra-curricular activities, the faculty members also foster and encourage a healthy engagement with VSES students through mentoring.**

**VIPS has always been a torchbearer in all-round education and VSES strives to further uphold this legacy, pledging to maintain a quality academic rigor in the department.**

## From the Chairman



# Dr. S.C. Vats

The power literature imbues in its readers is unsurpassable. Each piece of literary work in itself is a microcosm of life, is a manifestation of thoughts, emotions and perspective, and its value in the modern-day world is perhaps beyond comprehension. It is with the blessing of Swami Vivekananda that Vivekananda Institute Of Professional Studies has established Vivekananda School Of English Studies in resonance with his philosophy of education, and has recently welcomed its fourth batch. It was Swamiji's belief that perfection is innate in every person, and that education brings it forth. Literature not only educates; it also enlightens the readers with Truth of life and empowers them with knowledge of the World.

Following the great success of the previous edition, we are elated to announce the publication of the second edition of Vivekananda School of English Studies' e-magazine.
The articles and poems in this issue have expounded upon many critical issues of the modern day; they range from philosophies rooted in action to philosophies rooted in thought. It also touches upon intellectually stimulated subjects that pose a challenge to the entrenched beliefs that we harbor. It has given young students, the future of our country, a chance to express their thoughts and perspectives.

It is with much pleasure and pride that I congratulate them for their efforts and passion. MuseLit has become a valuable addition to the Institute's achievements. I believe that the students of the English Department will continue to bring glory to the Institute.

Blessings!



## From the Vice-Chairman



# Mr. Suneet Vats

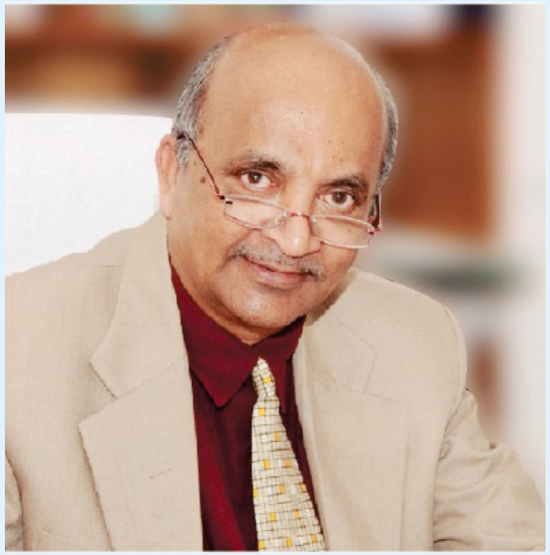
"Take up one idea. Make that one idea your life; dream of it; think of it; live on that idea. Let the brain, the body, muscles, nerves, and every part of your body be full of that idea, and just leave every other idea alone. This is the way to success, and this is the way great spiritual giants are produced." Swami Vivekananda

Swami ji and his teachings have formed this Institute's quintessence for years, ever since its establishment in the year 1997. Learning is a part of our life that is omnipresent throughout, and to learn from the greatest is indeed an honour. With ever-changing circumstances, it also becomes crucial to learn to evolve, but also to remain faithful to one's individuality. We help our students become proactive and motivated individuals who are confident and assured in their abilities and ideas.

Swami ji was a man of great stature with a mind unlike any. We can learn from his speeches and insights even a century later, which is why I leave with you a message that I hope holds the power to inspire and enlighten your soul: Be open to challenges and changes, don't let fear consume you, and turn to people that can give you perspective in times of need.

With that, we welcome and celebrate another year of the magazine 'Muselit' by Vivekananda School of English Studies. This magazine features expression in all wonderful forms coming from a diverse range of students who talk of nothing less than brilliance. I would also like to congratulate everyone affiliated with the making of this magazine. I hope we can all find the ability in us to appreciate and encourage initiatives like this that contribute to the holistic development of young minds.

## From the Chairperson



# Prof. R Venkata Rao

"Literature is open to everybody. I refuse to allow you, Beadle, though you are, to turn me off the grass. Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind."

-Virginia Woolf

Keeping in view the contemporary needs of society, Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies established the Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES). The purpose of literature is to enhance one's life and appreciate human values, and it is a moment of great pride as Vivekananda School of English Studies has come up with its second edition of the magazine 'Muselit'. This magazine has allowed the students to use their power of imagination to pen down thoughts so admirably unique and sound.

I would like to congratulate our authors, editors, organising team and reviewers who volunteered to contribute to this magazine. They have succeeded in shaping Muselit beautifully. VSES has taken a wonderful initiative and has opened new horizons for its students through it.

Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies, has played a significant role in transforming education since its establishment. All of us here are working towards making education more accessible, inclusive and diverse. We aim to shape our students as socially responsible and empathetic citizens, who work towards building a better environment so that we can successfully achieve the objectives laid down by Swami ji.



## From the Dean



# Dr. Salonee Priya

VIPS has a legacy of imparting, nurturing and guiding the most brilliant minds of the institution into becoming responsible citizens who are on their journey of becoming valuable additions to the society.

Vivekananda School of English Studies aligns its vision with that of the institute to impart knowledge which works on the wholistic growth of the students. As a department we shape the creative and critical abilities of the students. We prepare our students to be a part of the competitive world and excel in whatever they do. Beyond mediocrity is the world of success, and we aim to prepare our students for this journey so that they have the right tools to navigate through uncertainties of life. Our educational endeavours focus on cultivating in them curiosity, creativity, ideation and resilience. As a part of this vision, many endeavours have been taken up by our college and VSES has succeeded in such a venture with flying colours for the second time! I heartily congratulate all the students and faculty involved in the materialisation of MUSELIT.

Creativity is a central force that shapes our culture and progressive evolution. It takes its emergence from the broad swathe of human capacities which can be enhanced with effort and practice. MUSELIT is a reflection of the creativity of our students mentored by the faculty members at VSES.

The question of why one creates their art the way they do has been the question since time immemorial. At VSES, we go beyond this thought and focus on the vision behind art. Our students have put the best of their intellect into this magazine and the results are impeccable.

Literature and art go hand in hand and to witness such a bountiful congruence of it all makes me realise that the fire that burns within our students will make sure we accomplish more milestones. They seek beauty in things that might not be inherently beautiful and put that perspective into their writings. The creative energies of our students harbour, can potentially be trapped to bring intrinsic happiness and immense joy to the world. MUSELIT gives me the conviction to believe that we have miles to go before we sleep, and we will, indeed go far.

From the Faculty Coordinator



# Dr Avani Bhatnagar

It gives me great delight in writing for the second edition of our annual magazine, MUSELIT 2021- 22 after a long struggle of pandemic and lockdown which had brought our lives to a standstill. This edition is special because the suppressed ideas of our students found a platform for expression which were lying latent in their minds in the past year. Times have witnessed that the human expression is most creative in crisis. Pain and agony when directed towards creativity sieve out the patterns of aesthetics. So do the students of VSES have been able to color their repressed emotions and enquiries in this edition of magazine. The department has always encouraged creative and critical thinking of the students and has created various opportunities for the students to give expression to their thoughts. I realized that the students started to move beyond their immediate surroundings to create an understanding of their own which is reflective in the write ups. From the thoughts of existential crisis in the article "Optimistic Nihilism" to the understanding of time passing in "As We Grow Old" we can observe that this edition engages with a matured thought about life and literature. The design of the magazine is a representation of the cyclic existence of human beings which can be seen on the cover page. The fluid and abstract patterns in the poetry section are again a representation of the innate characteristics of life. Therefore, various shades and motifs of life will be seen in the magazine. I would like to praise the students who have worked day and night to bring out this beautiful work. Weaving the threads of ideas and perspective MUSELIT 2021-22 celebrates life and literature. I hope and wish for this critically and creatively engaging academic outcome of the students to take newer forms in future.



# CITIES IN CINEMA:

*The Character Less Spoken About*

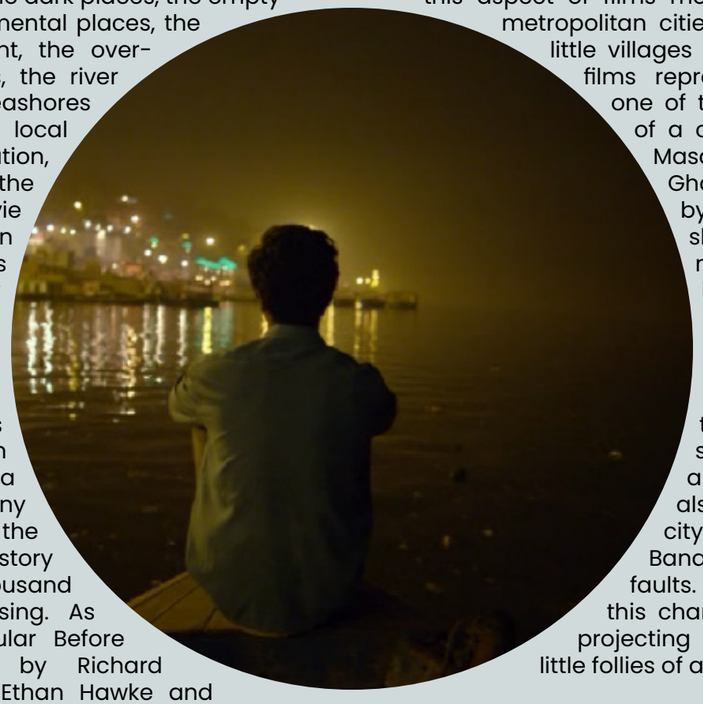
BY AMYA ROY, SEM 6







Writing about a subject matter with such fine distinction is not a child's play but here I am, attempting to do so with the best of my knowledge. 'Cities' as characters in cinema, gives an altogether different persona to any film. Be it a commercial or a film festival movie. Many have already spoken about it. But why is it so necessary to understand cities as a concept in films? Or any book for that matter. You must have heard the popular saying that the people make the city, but in films, we often see it the other way round, don't we? The dark places, the empty streets, the monumental places, the ordinary apartment, the over-hyped restaurants, the river banks or the seashores and even the local public transportation, contributes to the setting of any movie that leads our main and side characters through a journey and plays an essential part in the plot.



Europe is perhaps the ideal location to be used as a character in any movie. Just the essence of it in any story makes things a thousand times more pleasing. As seen in the popular Before Trilogy, directed by Richard Linklater, starring Ethan Hawke and Julie Delpy. It manoeuvres us through the journey of two hopeless romantics. Having exquisite cities such as Vienna and Paris in the narrative not only makes the movie more alluring but also supports both the characters throughout their journey, like a supporting cast would do. The basement music studio, the rafting boats under the city bridges and the gorgeous walkways add to the plot's depth and move the story ahead.

Another great example where the city doesn't necessarily act as a supporting cast but without which the story would look incomplete: Los Angeles in La La Land directed by Damian Chazelle, starring Emma Watson and Ryan Gosling. The Hollywood sign, the Hollywood sets, the Hollywood lanes and everything Hollywood! The cafes, the streets, the parties and the super ambitious people, really binds together the feelings of both the protagonists. The dream of becoming a Hollywood sensation and reviving Jazz, from losing its essence, what other place than California can do the job.

Implications of the same are prominent in Indian films as well. India's rich cultural diversity makes this aspect of films more outstanding. From metropolitan cities like Mumbai to the little villages of Northern India, our films represent it all. Perhaps one of the most unique uses of a city as a character is Masaan directed by Neeraj Ghaywan and co-written by Varun Grover, which showcases Banaras more than just its holiness, channelling the side of it where corpses are burnt on the banks of river Ganga. This film, while talking about issues of systemic oppression and the caste system, also showcases how a city as holy and pious as Banaras has its flaws and faults. As far as I can think, this character is not used for projecting any beauty but the little follies of any story.

The same goes for the depiction of the densely populated metropolitan cities such as Mumbai in the critically acclaimed Netflix Series Sacred Games based on a novel of the same name by Vikram Chandra and Delhi 6 directed by Rakesh Omprakash Mehra depicting the chaos and its beauty residing in Old Delhi. Metropolitan cities are a perfect example of how the people make the cities. Their dialect, their businesses, the vendors, the children, their body language or *lehza* all ties together the nuances of the cities.

Even in the films set in far off villages as seen in The Blue Umbrella based on a novel by Ruskin Bond, is set in a small but immensely beautiful village of Himachal Pradesh. It's one of those films that strike you visually, the place however not contributing to the storyline of the movie but adds a different mood to the film and without which it would more or less look incomplete.

Commercial films like Crazy Rich Asians or our all-time favourite Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara, Singapore and Spain are used as more than just a backdrop. Both the films introduce us to these places from a foreigner's perspective and as the character familiarises with the place, we get acquainted with it as well. The Tomatina festival, the rented cars, the fancy restaurants and the people, tied the whole plot in Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara. Whereas the elite society, the patriarchal norms and the stereotypes held by people against the Western Culture are depicted in Crazy Rich Asians.

One of the significant questions that occur to us while having this conversation is why do filmmakers usually go on to show us the city in detail as a part of their narratives? Cinema is a visual form of art and showing subtle nuances and details is crucial to display why the characters are the way they are, why they talk the way they do and how they get in the situation in which they are. Proper depiction of these places gives the viewers a background check of the characters which advances the story and makes it complete without leaving any loophole for the audience to decipher. People, therefore, grasp these visual aids.

We are acquainted with the culture of Old Delhi, the crowds of Mumbai, the eloquence of Europe and the charm of Hollywood even though we may have never been to these places. These places stay with us long after we've finished watching the films, so we take away a little of these cities with us. We long to visit these places because of our viewing of these films. Hence, any movie which gives its backdrop a purpose, a soul, creates an altogether different experience for us and stays with us forever.



# DECONSTRUCTING HALLYU:

## *How South Korea's 'soft power' took over the world*

By Pratyusha Das, Sem VI

"Once you overcome the one-inch-tall barrier of subtitles, you will be introduced to so many more amazing films".



In 2020, Parasite, a film by Bong Joon-ho created history by winning "The Best Picture" at the Oscars and being the only non-English film in 92 years to do so. This win unfolded a new era in the world of cinema where inclusivity and diversity are witnessed through the screens. After bagging 4 awards that night, the South Korean industry has opened up a world where this success is not just a momentary bout of glory but a new global era for Asian filmmakers.

Fast forward to 2021, Squid Games the highly talked about Netflix drama has reached the number one spot in ninety countries, within ten days of its release. The fan following of the series is so huge that the language learning application Duolingo reported a 76% increase in new users signing up to learn Korean in Britain. Around 40% rise was seen in the US following the series' release.

This global success South Korea is witnessing thanks to a rising interest in its culture and entertainment industry, is coined as the Hallyu wave. Hallyu is a Chinese word that translates to the Korean wave. The phenomenal growth witnessed in the global popularity of South Korean culture since the early 1990s till the form we see it in today has put Korea right on the map. But as many say and believe, this success wasn't achieved overnight.

**HISTORY: BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA**

In the early 60s, the South Korean Government introduced screen quotas that restricted the number of foreign film screenings, to reduce the competition between domestic and international films. But in 1986, the Motion Pictures Exporters Association of America filed a complaint to the United States Senate which led the government to uplift the restrictions. Twentieth Century Fox became the first American studio to set up a distribution office in Korea, followed by many big names like Warner Brothers, Columbia Pictures and Walt Disney. By the early 90s, the Hollywood film studios had reached the peak in their revenues while the South Korean market had dropped down to a mere 16% value.

Seeing the value of the nation's pride drop, the South Korean Ministry of Culture decided to broaden its horizon and focus more on the generation of films and media. By the mid-90s a foundation was laid for the rise of the Korean wave.
To strengthen and nourish the local talent and to create a global impact using the local culture; the ministry decided to open up 300 cultural-based departments in colleges and universities nationwide under Government supervision.

**The Emergence of KPOP, Korean Drama and Films: Birth of a global phenomenon**

February of 1999, a South Korean local big-budget film Shiri became a huge commercial success. The film grossed over a total of 11 million US Dollars surpassing the blockbuster Titanic.
This era also witnessed a rise in cultural imports of K-Dramas to China. The term 'Hallyu' was hence coined, to define and describe this onset of a global phenomenon. As the import was not restricted to China, soon a cult following developed in many parts of Asia, where a dedicated fandom was rising.

Fandom( noun): the state of being a fan of someone or something, especially a very enthusiastic one.

K-dramas like Winter Sonata and Full House and Korean films like My Sassy Girl became instant fan favourites. Dae Jang Geum, by MBC, featured a storyline about royalty and royal cuisine which was broadcasted in 91 countries around the world. This drama rekindled the public's interest in Korean Cuisine locally and internationally.

Korean Dramas are generally known for their engrossing storylines, wide range of genres, and finite episodes that started making their way into mainstream media. In 2014 a study by Korea Creative Content Agency (KOCCA) showed that approximately 18 Million Americans enjoy Korean content. Now Korean Dramas and Films have been so popularised that they are bagging awards after awards on international platforms. The immense craze is now not only limited to Southeast Asian countries but worldwide including India. Streaming platforms such as Netflix, Amazon, Rakuten have gained rights for the production and distribution of such shows and films owing to the explosion it has created in the world of cinema and television.

While South Korean film and television was rising towards its peak popularity, another arena of entertainment was introduced in Korea which would soon lead to their gh global dominance: KPOP, a multi-billion dollar industry now in South Korea.

Groups like BTS and Blackpink have created history through their achievements and record-breaking music. Recently BTS proved the impact they have on their world when they became the first Asian to win Artist of the Year at the American Music Awards. With a dedicated fan base of 40 million followers, they are creating history and breaking records even while they sleep. But was KPOP, as a genre, always so popular?

KPOP is known for its aesthetically driven, trendsetting music. Thanks to their addictive melodies, slick choreography, and flashy music video KPOP has emerged to have a cult following, be it offline or on social media where fans have given it a life of its own.

While Gangnam style was blowing up in 2012, sending ripples of excitement and curiosity through its catchy hook steps and upbeat sound, many new idol groups emerged who found a greater market internationally. As KPOP was expanding to the global market, it became a norm to have at least one English member in each group who acted as a translator during overseas work.

It all started in 1992. Three young men, who labelled themselves as Seo Taiji & Boys, debuted on the stage of MBC's talent show, with a different kind of music. Most of the performance is dominated by Korean lyrics, Euro-pop, African American hip-hop and rap. They dance in sync. The audience goes wild and cheers them loud. The song which they performed that night, 'I know' climbed to the top of the charts, and stayed there for a record-smashing 17 weeks. It became so successful that it paved the way for other albums of the same format to emerge.

After the KPOP recipe was discovered in 1995, an active entertainment industry started to build up around it. Groups like Shinee and Super Junior who are still active and going strong, the impact they have created worldwide through their music is immeasurable. TVXQ, Big Bang, Girls Generation, Wonder Girls, 2AM, 2PM, 2NE1,f(x),

The final blow of KPOP which brought it on the map was at the foundation of the Third Generation KPOP idol groups. To name some of the big groups of this generation would be Twice, a group by JYP; Blackpink, a girl group of YG entertainment that has a massive cult following and Red velvet: a KPOP group the world should look out for. Many Boy groups also emerged who have a dedicated fandom with their distinctive style and appealing music. To name a few boy groups who have created a global dominance: EXO, NCT, GOT7, iKON, Stray Kids, MonstaX, Seventeen, Winner and many more. Most of these groups go on numerous world tours, indulge in interviews and appear in a lot of brand endorsements.

**BTS: A Big Milestone For South Korea**

With their global popularity steadily rising KPOP industry started gaining many loyal fans, but one group which put KPOP right onto the map and brought onto the industry waves of dedicated devoted fans, BTS.

Debuted in 2013, BTS stands for "Bangtan Sonyeondan" which literally translates to bulletproof boy scouts. The young group consists of seven boys of different ages but with the same vision. BTS, not only broke down language barriers as most of their songs were either in Korean or Japanese but also destroyed many stereotypes as to what was required by the group to succeed. BTS' music did not only feature catchy music but dissected themes like social issues, mental health, youth problems, corruption, loneliness etc.

BTS' was deepened further when in 2017, they joined hands with UNICEF (United Nations Children's Fund) for their LOVE MYSELF campaign, an initiative dedicated to funding several social programs to prevent violence against children and teens and to provide support for victims.

Some of the words spoken by the Group that inspires and advocates for better life values and deeper self-love: After numerous music awards, two time Grammy nominations, becoming number one for several weeks on the Billboard charts,



*"Maybe I made a mistake yesterday, but yesterday's me is still me. I am who I am today, with all my faults. Tomorrow I might be a tiny bit wiser, and that's me, too. These faults and mistakes are what I am, making up the brightest stars in the constellation of my life. I have come to love myself for who I was, who I am, and who I hope to become."*

having multiple times the most viewed music videos in 24 hours, breaking many Guinness book world records, BTS has created a fanbase no one has ever dared or could compel before. The impact they have on the world has created a separate history for them in the world of KPOP.

No one can imitate or replace what the group has achieved, by any means. Every year their fanbase keeps increasing in number and their popularity just keeps soaring off the charts. A huge contributor to the South Korean Economy, BTS is truly a band that has taken the Hallyu wave to the next level and is continuing to do so.

Gangnam Style which became the most viewed music video on Youtube and debuted on number two at the Billboard Hot 100 made people notice a country called South Korea, BTS made them stay and fall in love with it.

**Hallyu's other dynamics: K-food, beauty and literature**

The impact made by the K-wave is not limited to just Korean Pop and cinema. Korean cuisine has become a culinary favourite not just in China but in many continents all around the globe. Even countries like India have Korean restaurants serving authentic Korean food in many of its States throughout the country.

The rise of KPOP and Kdramas in general and the food being broadcasted on-screen through them has sparked interests for many so and so that Kimchi has become a household name and Dalogona is not just limited to Korea anymore.

Korean beauty and skincare have been a huge market since time immemorial. The beautiful and flawless skin advertised by the country has been a dream for many. Mintel, a global market intelligence agency reported that the Korean beauty market is among the top 10 around the world, with an estimated worth of over $13.1 billion in sales in 2018.

The Hallyu wave has also brought with it the globalisation of the Korean language and literature. As the love of the masses keeps increasing for South Korea, many have turned towards the literary aspects of the wave, the Korean language and Korean literature. Thanks to the Literature Translation Institute of Korea (LTI Korea) and quarterly magazine Korean Literature, Korean literature has become popular among the crowd. Books written by various Korean authors covering a spectrum of genres have reached to-read lists. of many. Pachinko by Min Jin- Lee, The Vegetarian and Human Acts by Han Kang, The Interpreter by Suki Kim, Friend by Paek Nam-nyong and B, Book and Me by



Kim Sagwa are some of the most loved and famous reads.

**SOUTH KOREA AND INDIA: BECOMING AN UNSTOPPABLE FORCE**

When we say that South Korea is everywhere, it is EVERYWHERE. Hallyu has taken the world by such a storm that the South Korean entertainment industry is dominating the cultural exports around the world. This impact can be seen everywhere here, in India as well. India, the land of Bollywood, where Indians are obsessed with the desi films be it Shah Rukh Khan's dialogues or catchy Bollywood beats, in a country like that with its entertainment market so huge having a major presence is near to impossible. But the South Korean Entertainment industry has surely talked about the problem.

The Korean loving fanbase in India is so huge that many K-pop groups have visited the country as a part of their tour. Just take like "KPOP", "Kdrama" and "South Korea" attract a huge fandom that has created a steep demand in South Korean products and the country itself. Because of this ever-increasing love of the Hallyu, Indo-Korean relations and their international trades have grown massively over the past year. To give you an example India's First Indo-Korean Friendship Park was jointly inaugurated by Mr Suh Wook, Hon'ble Minister of National Defence, Republic of Korea and Shri Rajnath Singh, Hon'ble Raksha Mantri, at Delhi Cantonment on 26 Mar 2021. Many such trade events, cultural fests, entertainment affairs have been conducted in India involving South Korea, its culture and what it has to offer to the world.



The South Korean president Moon Jae-in has himself visited India on multiple occasions visited the country's notable landmarks and even educational spots of the country like schools. The visit of the president of South Korea has boosted bilateral trade and defence cooperation between the two countries. The South Korean Government has partnered in India with many ventures such as "Skill India" and "Make in India." Even schools of India are taking this bond to the next level by partnering with Korean Culture Centre India (KCCI), the cultural embassy of the Ministry of Korea and conducting various events to spark general interest in Korean culture.

Many Indian schools have participated in the Indo-Korean student exchange programs and have introduced Korean as an optional language in their syllabuses. The South Korean Government scholarships provided to India has been increasing in numbers as many from the country have chosen South Korea as their further study destination. The South Korean entertainment market has become so huge that pages like Pinkvilla have separate sections for Hallyu. There are many such South Korea oriented pages as well as Hallyu oriented companies rising in India. Many Indian tv services offer South Korean channels which show pure Korean content i.e. KPOP and Korean Dramas.

The Hallyu arena has risen to a level that many businesses in India have emerged that only cater to a Hallyu-lover fanbase. This emergence of South Korea has not only been seen in the business industry but the government of South Korea has shown an increase of tourists from India visiting South Korea. On the whole, Hallyu has been a major part of Indian life and it is nowhere stopping. It has been ever on a climb and soon owing to this growth both the countries will have a much deeper bond than ever before as the people come closer through their cultures.





**The ever-rising K-world: Conclusion**

As the Hallyu wave is ever rising, adding a new fan every few minutes, South Korea has proven that through the correct use of resources they can convert something like entertainment into a cultural weapon. While South Korea has been polishing its soft power to adapt and be more inclusive, it has never let go of its core. Korea's openness to learning from other cultures successfully combining ideas from different facets of the globe might be one of the reasons for its immense success. The wave has been so prominent that the Oxford English Dictionary recently added a dozen of Korean words, which emphasises the power Hallyu holds.

It would be an understatement to say that India has impending fallen in love with the K. With their beautiful growing relations the love for the Hallyu wave is everywhere. People have incorporated a little bit of the wave in their lives as well. Harshada, a Maharsatra based college student said describing her love for the Hallyu wave: "Hallyu wave opens the door for this new and unique part of this world that I had never explored before and besides that, it also introduces this new fashion sense which is interesting that it makes me want to try it."

Akshaya who believes she is eternally in love with the South Korean culture shares her thoughts "Hallyu has opened new doors for me not professionally but mentally and emotionally...I was in a bad state when I discovered Hallyu ....It's more than just a phenomenon... It's a life-changing emotion and new thing to look forward to every day."

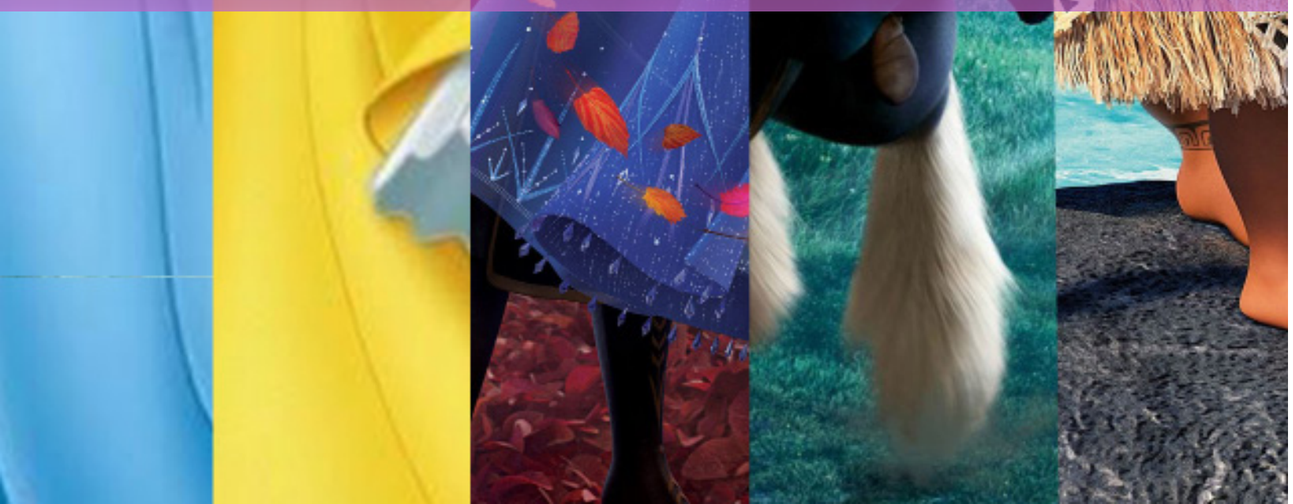
For Agrima Hallyu has become a daily necessity like her morning tea "For me, the Hallyu wave has kind of forced its way into my daily being. I can't start mornings without my favourite K-pop anthem, can't sleep without listening to the warm and soothing voice of my favourite k artist, can't stop myself from keeping up with a million ongoing Kdramas.

The Korean wave has not only been South Korea's soft power making it one of the world's largest economies, but it has also been a source of strength, happiness and hope for man.



# The Evolution of The Disney Princess

By Nimisha Verma, Sem IV



The film is a highly influential cultural medium and has a major influence on the empowerment or disempowerment of women. Pop-culture entertainment, led by cultural giant Disney, not only reflects what audiences want to see, but it also sets standards of acceptable behaviour that are followed around the world.

Those who have seen the original character arcs of the female lead in Disney's movies, the latest in the Disney Princess canon would have been pleasantly surprised when comparing *Moana* with *Sleeping Beauty*. For more than sixty years, Disney has been hugely influential in dictating to children the idealised characteristics of men and women. As a film production company, Disney and their famous princesses have changed significantly as a response to, and a reflection of, changing social norms.

To exemplify, the first three Disney Princess movies, *Snow White, Cinderella and Sleeping Beauty*, were made from the 1930s to 1950s. It is, therefore, no surprise they personify the traditional housewife stereotype, propagated by the domestic containment theory of the 50s. These women are obedient, taciturn, lack initiative and thrive on housework.

*Mulan* and *The Princess and The Frog* feature hardworking, assertive, independent women. In adopting a 'classic fairy tale story' with an archaic female character-type and boring plot, *Tangled* was a step back. Yet with *Brave* and *Moana*, the girls have enough spunk to compensate for that uninspiring regression.

Furthermore, the timeline of these characters follows an arc collectively as well. Belle from *Beauty and the Beast* (1991) is a notably independent character, her character arc is fairly dependent on her father, in whose stead she agrees to remain prisoner, and the beast, whose entire character design itself, combined with their romantic relationship, overshadows her spark in the movie.

Jasmine from *Aladdin* (1992) is, although a fine cut to the list with her feisty charm as well as her character ending up becoming the Sultan of Agrabah, it is not her movie to star and so she cannot be placed under this category.

By this norm, *Mulan* would be the first truly female-centric, empowering Disney Princess movie. Mulan's strengths as a character and woman in the Disney world is put on the other side of men, considering her arc starts with her breaking social norms to fight a war, something women are not supposed to do. The next Disney princess was also, if not the most independent, of them all.

Tiana from *The Princess and the Frog* is entirely fixated on becoming independent, and following her dream. One may argue that the said dream was her father's and not hers to fulfil, but then again, the plotline of her background, childhood and upbringing only adds to her drive as a woman seeking to find, nay, make her own place in society rather than take away from it.

This trajectory forwarded to one of the more recent Disney Princess films – the *Frozen* franchise consists of female characters devoid of any connections, romantic or otherwise to a man, moving the weight of the Disney lesson from romantic love to platonic love, and the bond of family, showcased between the two female leads. One may even reach as far as to say that the Frozen films visualise rejecting the idea of love, or true love's kiss (ironically made famous by Disney itself) by antagonising Prince Hans. This sums up the evolution of the mould of the Disney Princess for now.

For generations, Disney films have forged childhood memories, and implicitly and explicitly taught everyone- children and adults alike- how to live. Their exponential financial success means that for years to come, they will continue evolving their idea of ideal human relationships.

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# A LETTER TO MEGHNA

## (FROM JAANE TU YA JAANE NA)

By Simran Arora, Sem IV

Dear Meghna,

I want to tell you how beautiful you are, inside out. You were courageous enough to love someone unconditionally and still let them go. While everyone was rooting for the lead couple to reunite, my heart went out to you. Two people who loved each other got back together but at the cost of breaking your heart into a thousand pieces. Nobody has a right to hurt you. You didn't deserve someone who was confused about their feelings. You deserve someone who chooses you over everyone else and everything else.

Your love was selfless. Your beautiful soul expressed itself in every possible way to us. Despite having lacked love and affection from a very young age, you believed in true love. You were suffering because of your toxic family. You used to spend all the terrible nights, all alone in your room, listening to your parents' fight. You thought that the two people who you loved the most were miserable because of you. You loved them so much when you had every reason to be angry with what they made you go through.

Seeing your parents' journey from loving each other to falling out of love, scared you. Despite that, you chose to love. Your love was beautiful and unconditional. It did not bound Jay, it did not cage him. Your sacrifice brought two lovers together. You broke your heart to save theirs. After Jai broke up with you, you bid him adieu with a

kiss on his cheek and a smile which had so much pain behind it. You had found your happiness in Jai but you had to let him go because you knew he loved someone else. You had to let go of that little happiness you found because you knew it was the right thing to do.
It is strange how we kept rooting for two people to be together, being insensitive to the third heart they broke. We always try to save our idea of love from getting distorted through movies, books and songs. But, the amount of pain you went through, can't be justified.
I hope you are happy because you were brave enough to let go of everything that was not meant for you. You deserve to be loved the same way you love. You deserve people with the deepest hearts as yours and someone who understands the true meaning of those three magical words. Even though people around you didn't love you as much as you did, you always bestowed unconditional love on them.
Love is a lot more than a partner, it exists in everything around us. I hope you find it in every moment of your life. You will find it in the moonlight, in riversides and listening to your favourite songs, eating your favourite food. All this love expresses itself in that kind smile you give to everyone. I hope you find it the next time you come across a mirror. The love that you carry in your heart is magical and makes this world a beautiful place to live in.
-A Cheerleader of Love





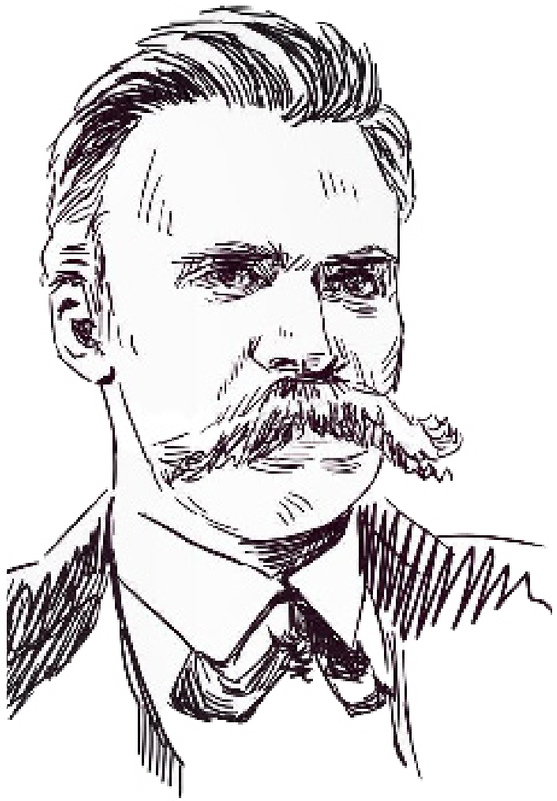
# OPTIMISTIC NIHILISM:

## AN *UNCONVENTIONAL* TAKE ON EXISTENTIAL THOUGHT

By Shruti Shukla, Sem VI

When you think about existentialism, what is the first descriptive term that springs to mind? I'm very sure it's something to do with a pessimistic outlook on life that makes a person desire to end it all. We've all had this idea of existentialism at some juncture in our lives, and many people still
do. You're not entirely inaccurate, but there's another side to this story that might be a far more "inspiring" sort of existentialism: Optimistic Nihilism.
It may be a new concept to several readers, but the name itself suggests that it has something to do with positivity, as the word optimistic indicates, but it is a pretty sophisticated philosophy. It is powerful because it is based on the same existential notion that we find gloomy. It's similar to
the common example used to educate children about positivity: the half-full and half-empty glass "example".
In this case of existentialism as well as Optimistic Nihilism, the glass is empty. A "real" nihilist will be devastated, waiting for something to end him as Estragon and Vladimir did because there is nothing in the glass for them to look forward to, but an optimistic nihilist will be overjoyed since he no longer needs to worry about the liquid spilling on his clothes, ruining his plans and he can also fill it with anything, may it be a liquid or a solid.
However, before delving more into the features of optimistic nihilism, we must first define "Nihilism". Nihilism is a school of thought that holds that there is no significance of life and that trying to discover something useful in it is fruitless. The stars do not exist so that we might wish on them; they simply exist, we begin to philosophise about their position in the world as soon as we are born, but their existence is as meaningless as ours. Even if one of the stars disappeared, it would go undetected by us. Even if we vanished, the world would continue to exist as it is.
When we realise that we are nothing in this great cosmic world, we either start doubting our reason for existence or we start doing what we want to do since nothing matters at the end of the day. No one would take the agony to remember us

> ***Those who wait for death depressingly are dubbed nihilists, whereas those who wait for it while toying with the world's norms and boundaries are called optimistic nihilists.***



once we were gone, so why not enjoy it to the fullest? Death may be the final release for all those who are suffering, so why not strive to live while waiting for it?

Those who wait for death depressingly are dubbed nihilists, whereas those who wait for it while toying with the world's norms and boundaries are called optimistic nihilists. In the words of an optimistic nihilist, "If our life has no purpose, then we get to dictate what its purpose is." If no one is preventing us, why not challenge the cultural standards that prevent us from doing the things that will allow us to relish our journey from the "maternity ward" to the "crematorium"? This fundamental vision will keep us from following the norms of society in the human herd. Existentialists pose the questions, nihilists have the answers, and optimistic nihilists enjoy them.

As we explore optimistic nihilism, another question arises. If there is no underlying meaning to life and nothing matters, should we become rebellious and do whatever our hearts desire? An optimistic nihilist will vehemently disagree with this point of view since, even if life is meaningless, it'll never be lawless. We are free to experiment with societal standards as long as we do not violate the law or harm anyone.

Many people may argue that a criminal who breaches the law is having a better time than an optimistic nihilist, but a criminal's state of mind cannot comprehend the profundity of this school of thought since if they had known the true meaning of optimistic nihilism, they would not have broken the law in the first place. A criminal is a criminal, and even if he is inadvertently following optimistic nihilism, he cannot be called a nihilist since a real optimistic nihilist will not break the law to spend the remainder of his meaningless life behind bars.

It would not be incorrect to refer to optimistic nihilism as optimistic existentialism because it is a conclusion reached by existentialists who struggled to find purpose in this meaningless life. As we near the end of our discussion, another question arises: how can we implement optimistic nihilism in our own lives? The simple answer is: by living our lives without regrets and perhaps trying to find happiness in the present moments rather than worrying about what will happen next because nothing else can be as difficult as life. We should endeavour to be more self-aware of what we are doing with the limited number of days we have.

This school of philosophy may be complicated, yet it is often existent in a disguised form in many texts. "One must imagine Sisyphus happy," argues Albert Camus at the end of his essay "The Myth of Sisyphus." Camus has long given us the impression that we may dwell in a meaningless world and that there is no point to try to escape it. In conclusion, even if life is meaningless, we may look at it through a different philosophical lens and, while it may not make perfect sense, it will at least allow us to decrease our anxieties and Optimistic Nihilism is one such lens.

I would like to end my discussion with a very famous quote I heard in a Ted Talk: " Why does existence need to have a point? We exist, we can choose to do what we want with our existence, so why waste it?"



# AS WE GROW OLD

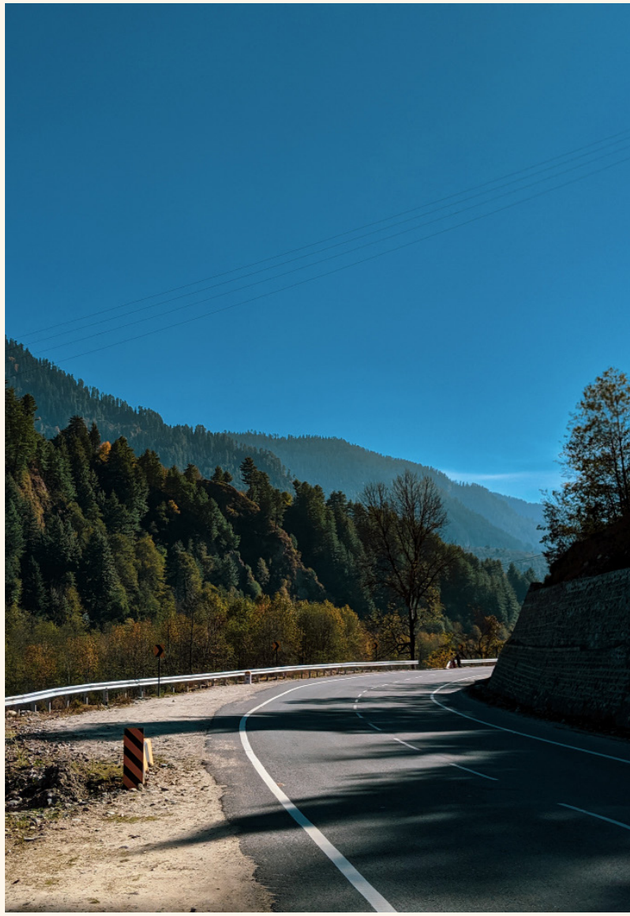
By Akriti Dogra, Sem VI

Every year my father used to take us to our grandparents' house in Himachal. The winding road to their place, although tiring, was extremely pleasant. In the evenings, the sun sunk to sleep behind the mountains while showing the most beautiful tones of orange and blues along with some pink and purple hues to suggest that we must welcome the night.

We were exhausted from our longest yearly drive to Himachal Pradesh, but the moment I reached my grandparents' place, I lost all my exhaustion and hugged them tightly. I ran up to the terrace to meet everyone who was there to welcome us: the aunts, uncles and my cousins. My aunt and I made our beds on the terrace because I enjoyed sleeping there. We slept with the stars watching over us.

Woken in the morning by the sun, I was excited to visit the well nearby. The well was on our way to the farm, and since my grandmother had some work at the farm, she happily took my cousins and me along with her. For a person in her fifties, she was quite independent and did all the work by herself. My grandfather and father had gone to the nearby town to gather groceries for the house. I saw my mother making some parathas in the kitchen and thought to myself, 'this is my chance!'; I tiptoed to the door and left with my grandmother. If my mother saw me, she would surely ask me to help her out in the kitchen.

My cousins and I saw a frog sitting idly by the well. The frog scared me a little, so I crept to the other side. It was fascinating to see so many





little creatures living nearby the well. I saw ladybugs, centipedes, crickets, butterflies and many other species I couldn't identify, but I was scared of all of them. My grandmother laughed as a butterfly came and rested on my head. After realizing what had happened, I started shouting "Oh! Get it off me!" and the moment I shouted, the butterfly went to look for a new resting place. "If you're going to be scared of every little creature on the earth, how are you going to live your life! It's not like the butterfly was going to eat you!" my grandmother exclaimed with concern. "I will run away from every insect on the earth," I replied, and hearing this, my grandmother laughed and started walking.

"Let us go to the farm, I don't want to be late," my grandmother shouted at us from afar. We ran after her, making our way towards the farm. When we reached the farm, my cousins got busy climbing a mango tree, but I was asked to stand near another tree because I was the youngest one and was not allowed to climb trees yet.

I saw my grandmother inspecting the crops while my cousins climbed. I could not understand why she had to work at her own farm. My father was earning well, and she looked healthy. She could always stay at home and watch television, but I seldom saw her doing that. She used to wake up early and do everything by herself. I never understood why. For a while, I thought, maybe it's the work that made her old. Every grown-up works and grows old. My mother started working and every year she grows old. Everyone works and they grow old. "That's it," I thought, "if I have to stay young, I mustn't ever work." But I realized I was going to school - the colouring at school and practising alphabets - it worked. It made me grow old.

I roamed around for a while, amidst the various shades of green that mesmerized me. Under the sweltering sun, the grass seemed like emeralds upon the ground. Amidst this lusciousness, I saw a dandelion. I thought, if I blew on the dandelion while making a wish, it would come true.

"I don't want to grow old. Please let me be six years old forever. Save me from all the work. If this wish comes true, then my next chocolate will be yours," saying this I blew on the dandelion and it scattered from the tiny stem that I held in my hand. One dandelion turned to many and it all flew away with the air. I thought maybe the dandelion goes to the gods through the air, and the way it flew away, means that my wish is about to reach god, and it will come true. I was happy, but soon after, sad because I would have to give my chocolate away.

We soon returned to our place in the evening, and I went to see my mother. She was sitting on the bed with her laptop and had tears in her eyes. I went to her and hugged her. She pulled me into her lap and calmly held me while keeping the laptop aside. I asked, "why are you crying, Mumma?" Hearing me, she smiled half-heartedly and said, "you are too little to understand."

I wanted to know what had happened, so I said "I am a big girl. You can tell me. I even had a butterfly on my head today. I just screamed a little but I wasn't scared at all."

She laughed and said, "Mumma will be staying at home from now on. She will not be going to work." Hearing this, I exclaimed "Oh! That is good! You will be young forever!"

My mother looked at me with a confused expression and asked calmly, "what do you mean?" and I enthusiastically replied "everyone who works gets old. I go to school and practice my alphabets and words and do sums, and I am six years old now. You work, and you have grown old as well. Father works, and now he is growing old as well. Grandfather and grandmother have been working all their life, and they are a lot older than you. Working makes us all grow old, don't you think?"

It was then my mother started smiling at my innocence. She smiled through her tears and after some time said, "Honey! How did you come to this conclusion? It does not work that makes us grow old, it is just the natural way of life. Right now, you are six years old but soon you will be sixteen and someday you will be sixty as well. If you do not study and go to work, how will you earn?"

Upon hearing this I mumbled, "I thought we got money from the money machine" while looking down at my hands.

My mother questioned "What money machine?"

"The machine which is located near the market that we go to; it has 'ATM' written on it. You put some blue card in that machine and it gives you money. I will also get that card, and I won't have to work ever again."

My mother chuckled with amusement and said, "someday when you grow up you will understand how the system works but for now, you must accept growing old." She again smiled and said "growing old has its own perks. You will get to drive your own car; you will learn to cook and you will even be able to ride the scary rides in the amusement parks and if you earn well, you can buy yourself all the chocolates you want."

"Will I be able to buy a hundred chocolates in one day?" I curiously asked my mother while showing her my ten fingers as if I had a hundred. "Oh yes, pumpkin! It will only be possible if you earn well," My mother replied while holding my hand and hugging me tightly.

I broke away from the hug and said, "it seems to be a lot of work. I have to drive, work and buy chocolates. Won't I be tired? Is there not an easy way?"

"You always look for an easy way! Let me tell you, the easiest and the most difficult way is to accept what life brings you. You may not understand me now, but when you understand this, life will be a lot easier for you. I might be sad thinking that I won't be able to work for some time but I intend on working till I take my last breath." As she spoke, I realised that I could not understand what she meant. I could not understand that 'How can one accept things from life? Can one not return if one doesn't like something?' but something else was going on in my mind and while thinking about it I looked closely at my mother.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" my mother asked me while mimicking my expression.

I grinned and said, "won't you be ancient when I'm sixty with all the white hair?"

My mother sternly replied "I will still be young. You haven't been studying maths properly, you can't even calculate my age."

As soon as I heard this, I got up from her lap and ran as fast as I could while my mother chased after me.



# THE TALE OF AN ARTIST

By Radhika Chaudhary, Sem IV

Lucy, a struggling artist sitting beside the window, sipping coffee from her favourite cup, had been brooding over her paintings while scrolling her page. Her attention was diverted when she read about an exhibition which was being held in an art theatre - in close proximity to where she lived.
As an artist, Lucy has always loved visiting exhibitions. But this time she was even more thrilled to attend as it was her favourite painter's exhibition. While strolling through the corridor looking at paintings, she stopped for a moment and began brooding over a piece that held her captive because it seemed to her as a reflection of her own life. She was an emerging artist who used to sell her paintings through her Instagram page. Her page had a reasonable number of followers yet insufficient for her to preoccupy her satisfaction.
She left the exhibition with a mind full of unanswered questions.
While her way back home she decided to share her thoughts through her page about her recent visit to the exhibition. Days passed as uncertain as life. One day she received a mail from the exhibition's conducting body that an internship program was being organised by them for the young & emerging artists. Her eyes glistened even brighter than the sun rays. The next day, she wore her favourite colour as if she was longing for this day to wear her favourite dress. She went to attend the internship program.

The first encounter with her role model made her heart sink. He appeared to be a middle-aged man, who adorned the simplest clothes wearing a weary smile. She expressed the deepest emotions she had for her role model. The painter stood baffled, unable to make out the reason for the young student's ecstasy.
"I have always been a true admirer of your work, Sir. That day when I came to attend the exhibition, one of your paintings caught my attention. I found it to be a reflection of my own life. The painting seemed to depict the bitter truth of life. Life doesn't flow smoothly like a river. In life, we go through a lot of sufferings, miseries & sorrows. I am a struggling artist, Sir. Trying to earn a living by selling paintings through my social media platform."
The painter replied,"Thank you for your kind wishes, little kid. People have been living with a notion that as a famous artist I must be living a very happy & content life. As a painter, I paint such paintings which are aesthetically pleasing to eyes and that makes others think that I am living the best of my life."
Lucy expresses,"What made me wonder was the reason that you created such a work of art on contrary to those aesthetically pleasing paintings"
The painter explained, "Well, It resembles the sorrows, miseries & sufferings of my life as well; I have been living a secluded life for many years now. I don't have a family or kids to play with. My entire life revolves around these lifeless paintings which appear beautiful to my audiences and the aesthetic worth of these paintings, lures people to buy them. Yet for me, this painting epitomises the true meaning of life. (That day many people passed through that painting yet couldn't understand the true meaning. It was Lucy who understood the intrinsic value of that work.)
The painter continues, "It gives me great delight to know that an artist of your age could understand the intrinsic worth of that painting rather than the fantastically pleasing paintings. This materialistic society looks for artists who quench their thirst for an idealistic world undermining the true worth of painters like me. Society only recognises us as talented artists who can beautifully transform the canvas by their talent yet fail to recognise us as painters. As an artist I am admired by the world yet as a human, my story remains unknown to them."
The words of the painter invoked a revelation in the mind of the young student. She realised the reason for the decline of her paintings.
She could now realise that her audience wanted her to depict their life through her art & show the impediments people face to fulfil their aspirations. This moment of self-discovery made her realise her self worth.
This meeting was not only an amalgam of two talented artists living 2 different lives but also the union of two perspectives. Two years rolled by, as swiftly as the seasons passed. In these two years, Lucy experienced many highs & lows like the fluctuation of sea waves. She surpassed all the impediments & tribulation to pave her way for this day to arrive.
She found herself standing in front of her Art studio with a weary heart & a sublime smile. She stood motionless; to a sight which her eyes could not gather. Later she saw the painter who had now become her acquaintance; nearing towards her. She invited him for the inaugural ceremony of her first accomplishment.
Many people began recognising the painter there whom they only regarded as an artist. Standing at a bay, the crowd surrounded the painter. Lucy could finally see the million-dollar smile on the painter's face.
It was Sunday morning; Lucy laid in her bed- half-awake with a smile so big through which anyone could make it that she had a beauty sleep or has seen a beautiful dream.
The noises of city life waked her up, she regained consciousness & whispered to herself
"Alas, I was dreaming!"



# THE LITTLE BIRD

By Vinayak kashyap, Sem IV

When I was a kid, I would gaze at the wide sky and follow the beautiful birds. They used to fly so high in the open air, above us all like majestic guardians of Earth. We were the lowly creatures and they were the pretty angels who could fly and look after our lives. Sometimes in the evening, a flock of them would be flying in a circular motion, although it looked like a paradae, nothing seemed more beautiful than it. Some birds rarely flapped their wings and only surfed in the soft breeze, cutting the air with their thin wings and chirping softly. That sight was very calming. It was hypnotic and almost magical to look at them. Eventually, I grew jealous of them, of this superpower they possessed. Nothing could ever touch them. They flew above all the little problems that I suffered from back then.

One day, while looking at the sky, following some birds, I saw a little one glide down to my terrace. It seemed as if it was attracted to my presence and started chirping and making sweet noises. It was a beautiful bird and its whole essence was astounding. The bird started walking towards me, almost tip-toeing on its little legs. I had not watched a bird walk, and it was sad to watch such a beautiful creature struggle to take two steps. The walk wasn't as stately as its appearance, and I didn't want to touch it anymore. My gaze then went toward its beak, which seemed a bit weird. The eyes were beady and appeared very distinct. Suddenly, I forgot all the beautiful things about the bird and couldn't think of anything other than its flaws. Anyway, I patted it, as that's what I wanted to do for such a long time. I touched its back and realized how weak this bird was. As a little boy, I could snap it in between my palms. I had forgotten the softness of its beautiful fur. I had forgotten its sweet chirping. All that I could see now was the inabilities and weaknesses. I stopped patting it and was disappointed at how I had thought of it as something majestic for such a long time, and it turned out to be such a weak being. I hushed it, and it quickly flew away, making soft chirping and flapping the wings with all strength. It reached a certain height and started gliding. Nothing seemed extraordinary about the birds afterwards, just that they could still fly while I couldn't.

I came to my terrace every day, looked at the sky, and watched the birds fly. They always flew in beautiful formations. That was something I could never have enough of. The patterns were delightful, but the real thing to witness was the transition from one pattern to another. The way they changed the direction of their bodies, turned and twisted, sliced the air, and rotated with unison, was utterly heavenly and wonderous. In those moments, I never thought how weak they were. By evening, the birds settled away while I again became aware of their weakness.

Another day, while coming home from some chores, I saw a dead bird lying on the ground. I immediately squirmed as it horrified me. It was something I had never imagined. The wings were lying flat and open on the roadside. Its legs were stiff while the head was decapitated or

put correctly, pegged by some animal. That headless dead bird was the most disgusting thing I had ever seen.
I don't know what made me have a closer look haply it was just childish curiosity. There was blood around its neck while the body organs were pecking out. The wings had lost their texture and brightness to paleness while the soft fur was sticky with mud and blood. The very thing that made this creature beautiful was gone. I realized that they didn't fly to look over us like some majestic creatures but to be safe from our reach. They weren't guarding us but were saving themselves from us. They couldn't protect themselves and had to fly. I got up, looked at it for a few more seconds, and went away. The birds flew every day and made patterns but the reality had stifled my enthusiasm.

I grew up, gained knowledge, and realized how things were and the ability to fly was an evolutionary mechanism to survive the atrocities on the ground. They still chirped sweetly every morning though I couldn't care less. I had other big things to take care of. They were still present, flying above me every day, still beautiful and weak, yet I did not care.

Some days ago, I spotted a bird while it tried its best to fly and flapped its wings hard. It was suffering from something which might have hurt it and made flying difficult. It flapped and flapped, but nothing happened. It was crying for help, but the noise was still sweet to my ears. It fell a few steps away from me. It had a bright yellow fur with dark blue patches on it. It had a dull red-green beak. It made a lot of movements on the ground, trying to fly up. I came closer to examine the bird and saw a wing that had been partially clipped by some plastic wire, hanging around a branch or something else. It was still chirping and flapping around my feet while I was near it. I felt sorry for it but couldn't care much about it. I did not feel ready for the responsibility of taking it home, tending it, feeding it, and making sure it shouldn't die. I had my studies to take care of and a dozen expectations to fulfil. I was not going to devote my time to a task that would eat a ton of my energy for nothing in return. I stood up and gave it a last look, still chirping sweet, still flapping. I turned around and walked away. The next day I went to the same spot, just out of curiosity. It was not there. There was not even a feather. While walking past the very spot, I started calculating the probability of the bird being eaten by an animal or tended by somebody. Both of the circumstances seemed equally possible.
It was a fine evening, and I casually looked upwards. A flock of birds was in a beautiful formation. It felt special after such a long time and that I had cared to look at the birds flying. They turned, twisted, and glided through the air in a peculiar dance. I looked closely and noticed the birds were identical to the one I had left yesterday to its fate.
A gloom took over me. I felt a heaviness in my heart and couldn't look at the birds anymore. I asked myself if it would have been such trouble tending that little bird. I questioned my childhood perceptions and the various decisions that were made based on them. I felt guilty that I left the hurt bird on its own, and never tried to save the very thing which was a source of pleasure in my youth. A lot of emotions started to pour down on me. The emotional pain was unbearable, but I consoled myself anyway and went away on my path.





# A MOTH'S DESTINY

- Shruti Shukla, Sem VI

I make up my mind to go see her,
I know I won't soar anymore,
I know I won't feel anymore,
But her love should be the cause.

I gather the courage to go see her,
Bidding a last goodbye to my mother,
It's been our destiny for ages,
Just like my father and brother.

Maybe a sacrifice for our good,
I wonder how warm she would be,
Embracing everyone she could see.
I know I won't laugh anymore.

She devours me, I can't refuse,
Don't cry Mama, don't stop me.
I have gone to her tempting flames,
I have welcomed my doom,

I know I will die
Yes, I will die.

# A NIGHT IN PURGATORY

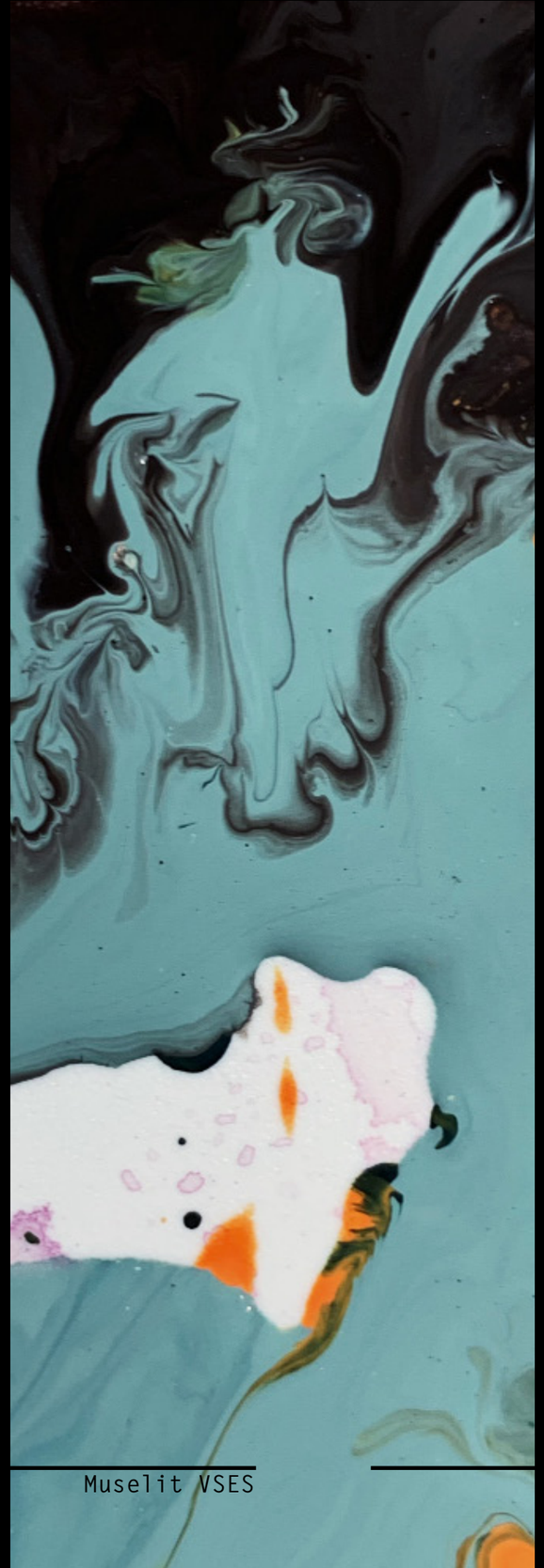
“Do I dare to eat a peach?”
-T.S. Eliot

On this land where diasporic souls wander and dwell,
Was I born here or was I brought?
Among others who drown in smoke and sins,
Chapped lips gulp lies in the spiritual drought.

Endless nights take me to his door,
Seeking the warmth of the dying sun in his eyes.
Like the silences of the sea, I’ve heard him scream;
Perhaps the infernal shrieks have drowned his cries.

Our shadows, under moonlit sky, hold hands,
The footfall on deserted streets echoes solitude,
Beside me yet light years away, a celestial being
Chases darkness away with his distant, flickering light imbued.

Feasting on humans and history, we witness hellfire,
Rub its belly, rejoice once and take its final bow.
As the leaves on the trees in Eden begin their fall,
In disdain, he mutters, “The long winter awaits you now.”




Weary feet dangle off rusty park swings,
Swaying gently like lovers to a forgotten tune,
Through half shut eyes, blinding
light floods all colours into one, A flash of
light illuminating the night breaks into a platoon.

Entranced by the beauty annihilation can bring,
Seeing this starry drizzle, in wonder, I sigh
As the eastern sky begins to take a crimson tinge
I wonder if I should chase dawn and bid him goodbye.

A vision I’ll toss into oblivion once this slumber ends,
Its grave will say, “Nothing more,
nothing less than a beautiful view.”
My eyes find his and this indecisive paralysis ends,
Sun dawns like an epiphany,
with its warmth and glory renewed.

He finds me stranded between two worlds
Reaches out his hand, sets me free.
And leads me into the moonshine instead
Knowing that the sun has always blinded me.

- Nishtha Negi, Sem VI

# A Devil's Paradise

Angels intruding in a Devil's Paradise,
A soldier standing in the warzone,
A sailor goes head on against the storm.
Such a lonely way to live, a great way to die.

These people have lost all hope,
The world's a lonely place,
A graveyard for the living,
A playhouse for the dead,
They enjoy their dance of shadows in the comfort of their caves,
They will die the same death as their ancestors did,
Too afraid to turn around and look beyond,
These people who pretend to enjoy,
Pretending they are happy with nothing to live for,
With nothing to die for,
Warming their hands on the shadow of the fire.

Extinguish the eternal flame,
Kill the vision of a prince,
Kill the desires of a sinner,
Kill the feelings of a lover.

Angels are dead in the Devil's Paradise,
A writer fought his thought with pen,
An artist painted the canvas with red,



Such a lonely way to live, a romantic way to die.
You have failed and failed again, but still don't see
The world that awaits behind you, not in front,
Be brave and turn around,
Take a risk and die
And live at the same time,
Be the sinner, be the jury,
Be the devil and the angel,
Be the rain and the fury,
Be the man, be the God.

All for charity and all for crime,
All alone till the end of time,
All remembered in God's light,
All forgotten in the lands of mine.

How can angels ever die?
A Soldier's wife asks for some honour,
An Artist's petty demand to immortalize,
Their destiny hangs by the roll of a dice,
Such a lonely way to live,
a lonely way to die,
But what is on the other side?

- Harsh Pandey Sem VI


Muselit VSES

# Evening

The touch of cold sheets at nights take me back to that warm sunset of August,
When the sun rested on the horizon like an eagle on the high towers of the city,
Folding its wings, arresting them valiantly in splendour, tired from its high flight.
I remember that evening as an aesthetic enigma, with tendrils and faces mantled with warm hues,
Sculpted with various shades of red arresting their momentum of the day with the sunset.

I sat there gawking at the sun, tendrils, the faces and the road, dragging a cigarette
The smoke rising with the drowning light, coiled like a tendril
My eyes beheld the portrait of the evening and behind it a thousand enigmas.
I wondered what that sunset meant?
What life meant? The warmth?
Is it all but a veneer to hide the cold shoddy darkness inherent in nature?

A reminder that night shall overtake the command and shroud your thoughts,
An emblem of our fallibility, to which there is no escape, the evening,
A passage which connects the light to the reverential darkness,
A plain of possible existence



when life is nothing but eternally rolling the rock,
Until the void that created us engulfs us thus.

Exhausted with these thoughts which have no conclusions
I doused the cigarette against the flesh of my wrist
The pain that rushed with the burning skin was felt as the rendition of the ultimate end.
I smiled at it and at the evening that like me shall pass into darkness.
The shades of red on the sculpted faces shall all be but nothing.

While I stare at the darkness which has disillusioned all the contours at night
The walls and the roofs are levelled, are indistinguishable
Beauty of the symmetry is smeared by this dynamic presence
I hear my breath, that breaks the nothingness
But the touch of cold sheets remind me of that evening.

- Suyasha Dwivedi Sem VI


Muselit VSES

# LOOKING FOR YOU

I sat on the edge of the wood,
Saw birds chirping and moving around,
Looking all over for the sunset and peace,
I was all alone and fighting my own battles of the mind,
I wanted someone to help me pour my heart out,
But then I realised it was not you of whom I wanted to ask about,
Questioned then answered my own questions myself,
I realised we create a lot of confusion in our small minds by ourselves,
Again I felt that I was losing you slowly,
And then eventually into another second,
I realised you were never mine,
And then slowly we fell apart.

- Rudranshi Arora sem 6



# OVERWHELMING DISTANCE

Though we are miles apart,
My heart lies next to yours.
While you inhaled the sweet sunflowers,
I counted the stars that twinkled along with me,
But every flicker of love was under the same orb;
I never knew what I could be with you,
But I think I know what I can be with you.
The darkness was too ready to engulf,
But the rays shining in us
Shunned the nasty fears.
We remain on a journey to overcome the distance.
Since the physical cannot be done,
We stay one in the metaphysical realm,
You are in my heart.
Those smiles carried the sweetness of tarts,
Those gleaming lips were never fragile,
I will let you carry it with a lust of pride,
The pride of love,
The pride of us.
We are miles apart,
Still my heart lies next to yours.

-Shruti Bhatia, sem 2


Muselit VSES

# Rumination, Confined Solitude.

Anger in my blood,
Anger in my stomach,
I can feel it kick in,
Like a malnutritioned baby,
Waiting to ingest  more
“carbohydrates”
It’s universal,
All my confessions though are
irrevocable,  insincere.
I wait for them,  I leave them
breadcrumbs to divert them,
But somehow their fodder is
always my Achilles’ heel.
Like him, my blindspot exists,
gargantuan  sized,
They lie with me, and act like my
friend,
Until they realise I’m seeing
something,
My kind friend, angst
Being my mean, mode, and
median.
That is greater and further away
from the end,
Why do I feel this?
Because you’re unable to.
Is this a borrowed sensation?
Just a folly of my imagination,



Evcerything that’s attached to
you had a moral stature and a
curse.
My curse  is borrowing and taking
up all the words, smiles, polite
exchanges as my sleeping pill,
And I comprehend a world
without them, but it doesn’t let me
in.

-Radhika Sharma, sem VI



# SAUDADE

Words corrode in my
gut and they clasp
my legs like vines
And I wonder why
I feel heavy when I
move every time
And I take the sword
and break those vines
Not seeing the stab I
made in me till I hear
some distant cries
Distant, far away too
shrill for my walls to
break
Letting in the sound,
it seeps through my veins
it sounds familiar
Like an old school rhyme
A song I once loved
A memory that’s my vice
A haunting sound
Like a rowdy crowd
Only it’s too sweet
To break me apart
It sounds like me
There, I said it.
It sounds like who I used to be
A faint blurred memory that’s
bittersweet
It’s been me all along
Screaming from rooftops
Whispering through old songs
Pushing me to be “that girl I’ll be
someday”
That girl that’s far far away
A reminisce of the person I never was
Never will be
A person that lies
When I’m feeling too weak
Reminds me of the good
Reminds me of the potential
Swirls the rose tint around me
As I fail to remember
Where I am
Where I used to be
Everything I am, everything I
could be.

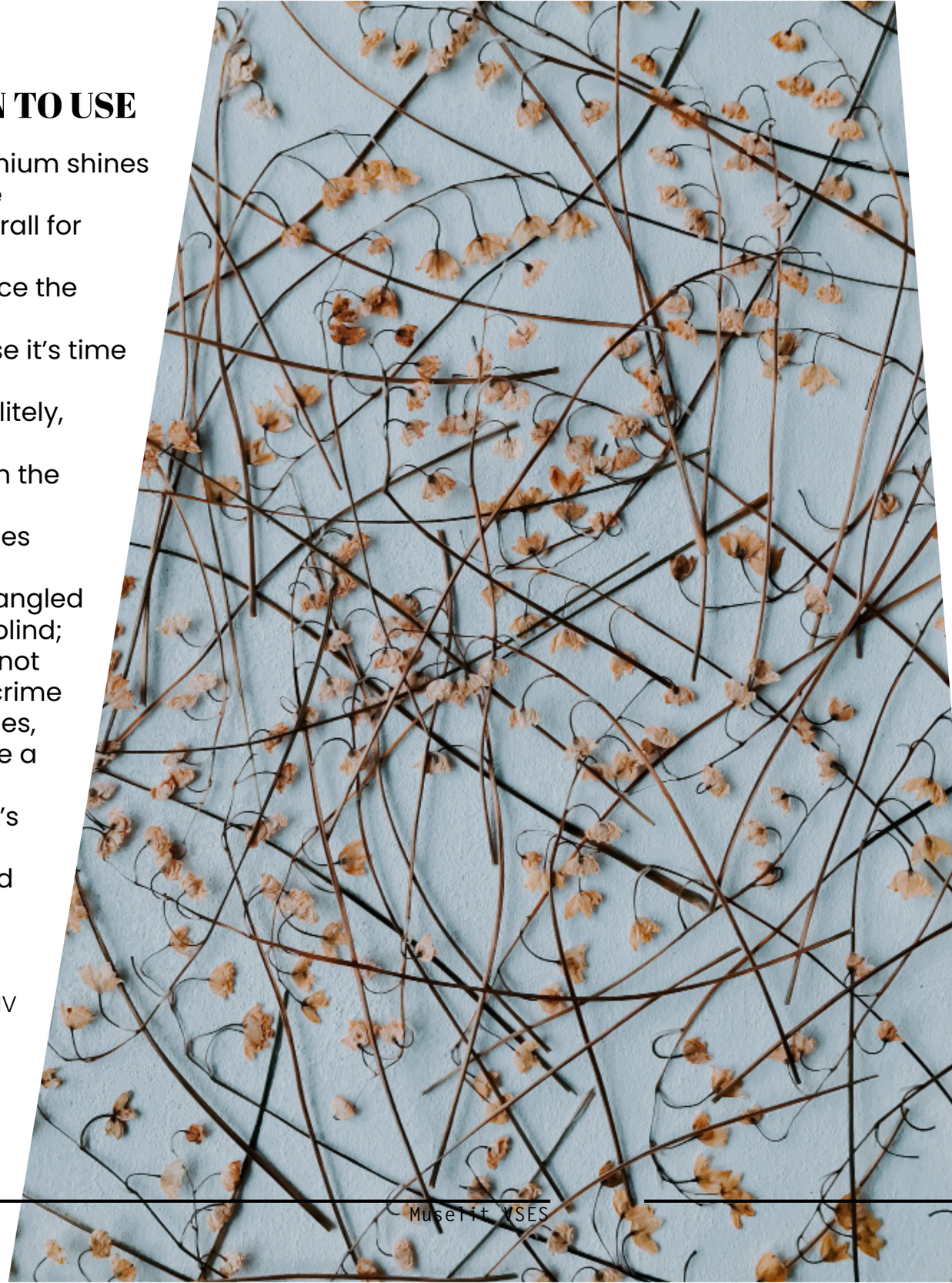
The glass I shattered last week
While looking for another
I could use it right now
To pour all of what I have inside
Because I don’t know how to
drip in drops
I pour like milk on countertops
I sing and dance then fall on
the ground
then I break and weep and
crawl around
What will become of me?
What will I do?
Will I be old bitter and too
shattered to hope?
Will I curse the vices from which
I couldn’t cope?
Will I cry will I laugh?
Will I ever be
Everything I am, everything I
couldn’t be?

- Harkeerat Kaur, Sem IV

## SCISSORS ARE FUN TO USE

Take a minute, the chromium shines
Blunt blades, sharp attire
Maybe just another coverall for desire
A creation that doms since the beginning
Perfection smiles because it's time to dither
The craftsman smiles politely, splitting with the shear;
The customer laments on the profound tear
While the salesman  smiles
Scissors are fun to use
Time to fetch another mangled inexorable piece for the blind;
Already at a loss, what's not visible is certainly not a crime
So with cheap wine, tissues, the customers take home a brilliant sham
You think it's unfair, but it's quite alright
Emotionally impaired and Eros' special vision
A match made in hell.

-Radhika Sharma, Sem IV



## THE LAST DAY

Our cranky moods hated the early morning assemblies in the sun.
The moment when we wanted to rush back to our home,
Curl up into our bed,
Away from all the subject monsters.
Slowly came the recess and our growling bellies screamed,
How fun it was to eat from your tiffin.
My mum being the best cook in the world,
Still I would eat your food,
Relishing the taste,
I never thought it would be the last day.
Second attack of the monsters,
And we fought with all our potential.
The day almost ended, our complaints about our teachers started as we left. The moment came when we would choose to stay back with each other Rather than curling up in our bed.
"The guy looked at you", "the girl gave you a pen"
Teasing and torturing you into falling for them.
I wish it wasn't THE day
I would never have waved my last goodbye
Without teasing you for the last time.
I miss our cranky moods
I miss our fights about food
I miss troubling you
Only if I could turn back time
To tell you
"You are the bigger fool"

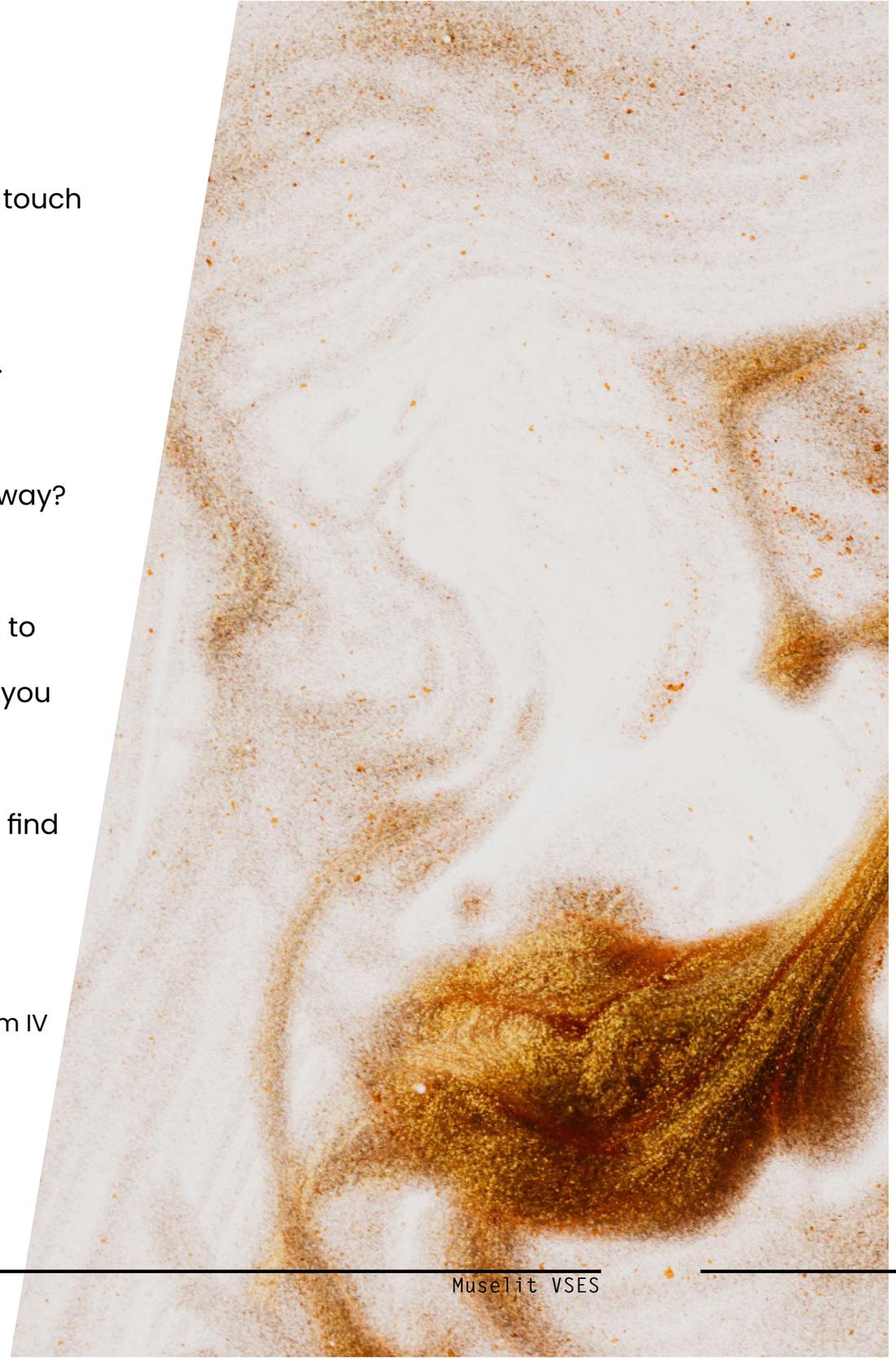
-Shivanchal Soni, Sem VI


Muselit VSES

## Touch

What would it be like to touch
human emotion?
To touch a cage -
Barbed wires.
Electric to the touch,
And yet, so starved of it.
Would you dare,
To touch something so
forbidden,
Yet voluntarily locked away?
And what would you do
If all those dreams -
Childish nightmares,
Things you never dared to
share,
Reached out a hand to you
too?
Would you hold on,
Relish for a while?
If you were promised to find
A speck of solace in the
commotion -
Would you dare touch
human emotion?

-Nimisha Verma, Sem IV



## Wedding Gift

Clad in red and gold,
the veil hiding the
vermillion,
she let the tears glide;
realising she can't move on.

For the torture she was put
through
on her wedding night
was nothing a human
could do
to another, even in spite.

All the vows of eternity and
love,
choked her without
emotion.
She said no and that was
enough
for him to cause a
commotion.

The hands supposed to
cherish,
stripped her of her soul.
Striking in a way she would
perish,
the monster she wed felt
whole.

They said 'encircle the
fire, in it
lies the purification of
the wedding'
She felt it burnt her skin;
and blood-soaked the
bedding.
He forced himself on
her
and the broken nuptial
chain,

lied entangled in her di-
shevelled hair;

broken was the bond
sealed by heaven.
After the hunting spree,
the monster left with
sat-
isfaction.
She lied there, unable to
be free
of the wedding gift of
humiliation.

Clad in blood and gold,
the veil hiding the scars,
she let the metal slide...
realising she can't live
on.

-Devika R Nair, Sem IV

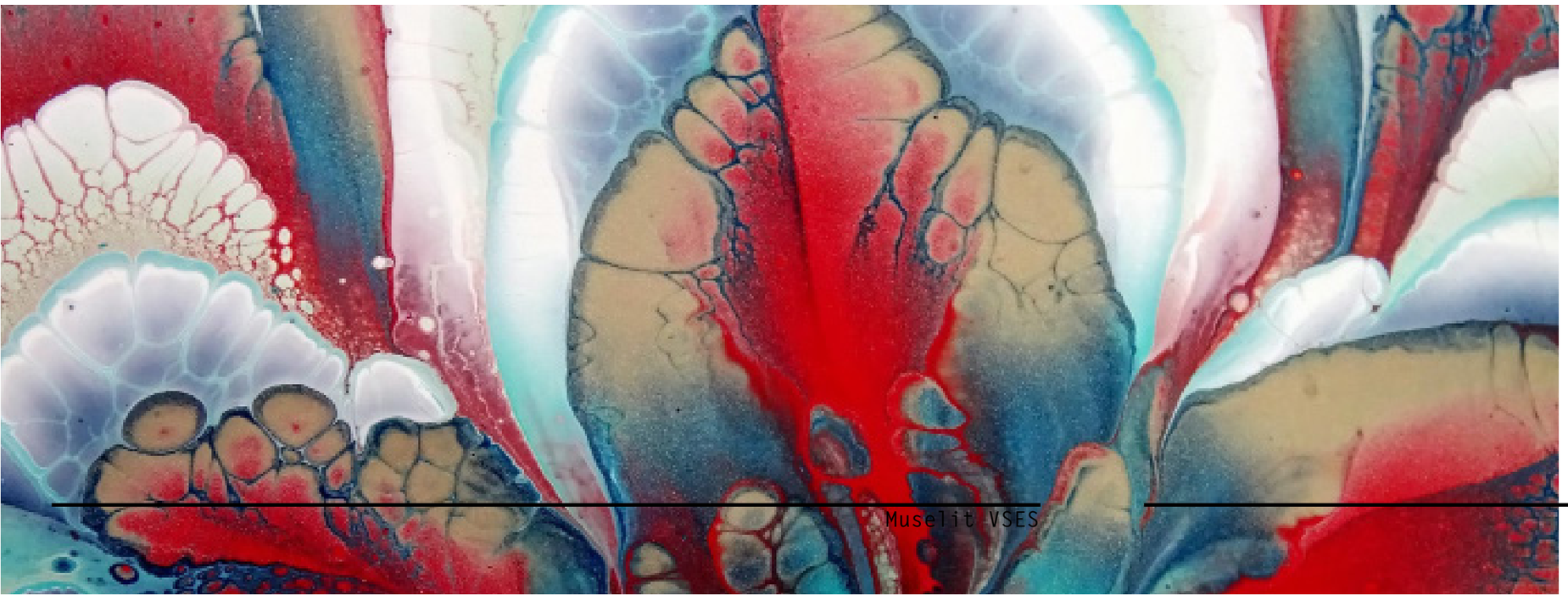


Muselit VSES

## It’s me and my moon.

I love watching the moon and its different phases
Each tells me that there is something as peaceful as watching the moon,
trying to forget the pain.
I love dancing alone under the moon shadow on my favourite jazz,
That makes me feel that all of this is worth it.
That’s why I love the moon
Every night it’s there for you
It’s constant
Sometimes there are clouds that hide the moon from me,
but time passes and so does the cloud.
The sun sends my waves like a mirage of snow
I got the moon to favour upon my glow
With every star touching my inner soul
A glimpse of darkness in my light entwining with a massive flow.

-Shubhanshi Gill, SemVI





## THE USUAL DAY

Six o’clock in the morning,
Bluebird sings a song of solace
Perched on the shoulder of solitude

New headlines smudged
The truth that speaks of crimes
Teardrop in coffee, bubbles
To the surface...

Silent night breathes,
Origami birds humming
Softly in the ears.

- Vinayak Kashyap, Sem VI

## THE INHUMAN TRUTH

Hung three coats from a hook
Down a pile of rugged books
I waited, I stared
Till I found what I was looking for.

I change my glance
to something new,
I find a box,
A couple more too.

It flashed “Greatest secret about you”;
I open it and find,
A note from Adam and Eve’s time.

I read it and doubt my existence.
It said we were a mistake,
It said we should not exist,
Gods and Demons play their games.

No Alexander was ever born,
No Jesus ever birthed on this land,
All were just human.

We are many, yet each alone in this world.

We are God, We are Demon;
We are rich, We are poor;
There is no one to help us.

It’s time we start to help ourselves.

- Vinayak Kashyap, Sem VI

# Piggyback rides

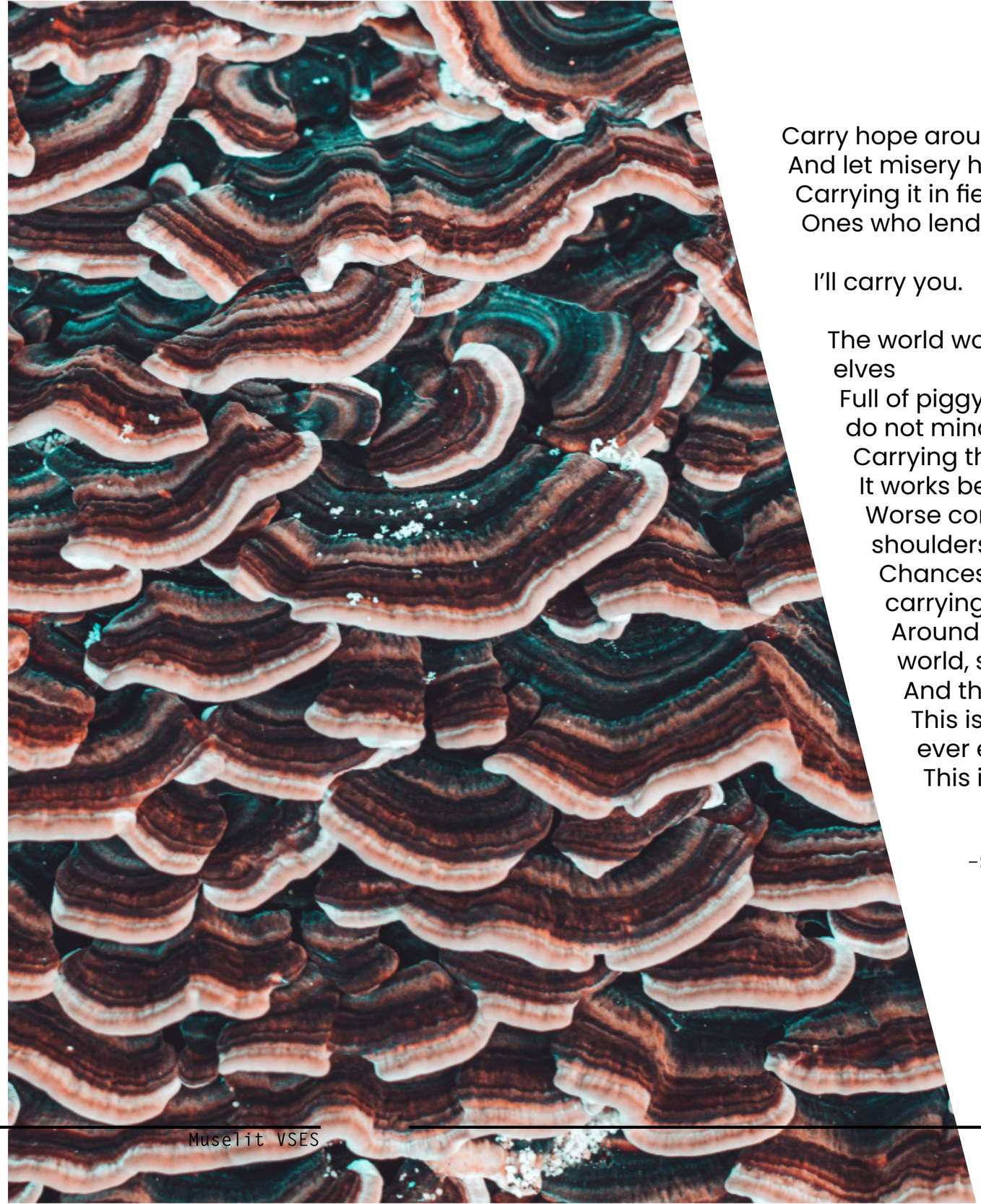
The world relies on the shoulders
Which are strong enough to hold
The weight of the world upon them,
It relies on shoulders that know
How emotional baggage outweighs
Physical strength, and relies on the
ones
Who carry people until they just can't.

I'll carry you.

The world relies on the shoulders
Of the ones who have arms big
Enough to engulf the universe in a
giant hug;
It relies on the arms
That provides warmth to hopeless,
Cold nights.
It craves the purest form of fire,
One that doesn't burn,
and it just knows the ones that carry it
around,
Carry fire in their eyes, bright up in
flames.

I'll carry you.

The world is working in mysterious
ways
And sometimes the mystery is hardly
the one to solve.
The universe sends helpers
For the ones who are bold enough to



Carry hope around
And let misery hop on them,
Carrying it in fields away from the
Ones who lend it.

I'll carry you.

The world works because of
elves
Full of piggyback rides, who
do not mind
Carrying things around.
It works because when
Worse comes to worst,
shoulders take
Chances to turn into elves,
carrying
Around the weight of the
world, sharing it,
And the world knows
This is the only way to
ever exist.
This is it.

-Shikha Shrishti, Sem VI


Muselit VSES

# PAINTINGS

## Tormented beautiful eyes

Based on the Afghan Girl



They say your eyes tell your story
Then why did you stop reading them?
Why do you only see its beauty
And not the pain behind them
They may give peace to your soul
But mine is disturbed as a whole
Can someone stop the time
I have something to say
Why are we the ones suffering
When it is their time to pay

They say your eyes tell your story
Then why did you stop reading them?
Why do you only see its beauty
And not the pain behind them
Every night I sleep
as if it's the last
Why is everything so still
Can't it go a little fast
Even if I survive
I'll be haunted by my past
Does anyone have a solution
Or a spell to cast

At least there is a reason for me to smile every day
My family with me is here to stay
But still, my eyes are teary,
And the body is growing weary,
Thinking about tomorrow
takes all this away.
But now I go back to the world
of my dreams,
The place where I can write
my own story,
Where people can see my
real pain and know I'm not
here for fame.

-Achsah Johney, Sem IV



-Sarvagya Priya-



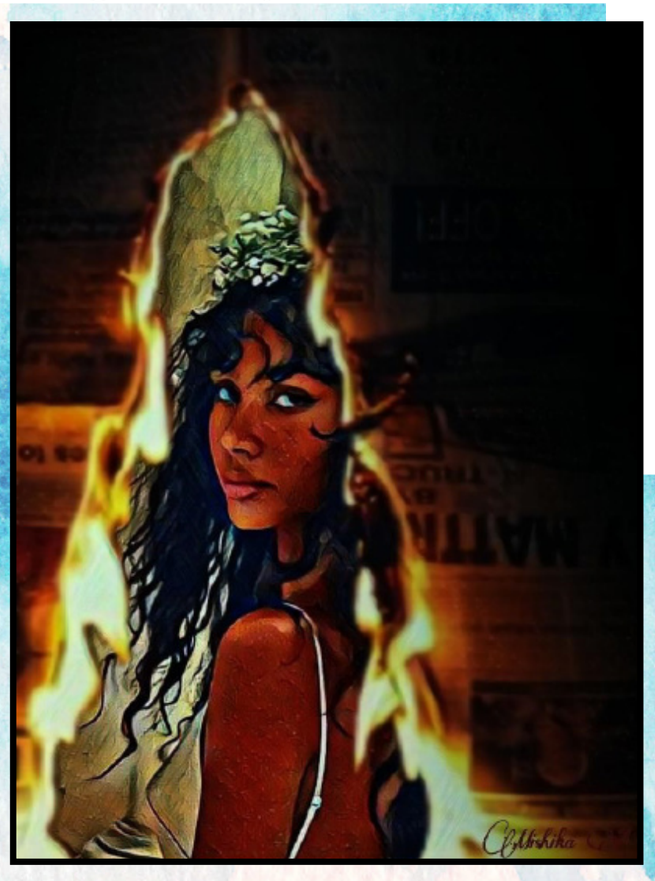
-Kashish

# From words to visual : reflecting visually

Digital art 1 inspired by :
I have been a woman for a long time. Beware my smile I am treacherous with old magic and the noon's new fury with all your wide futures promised I am woman and not white.

From A Woman Speaks by Audre Lorde.





**Digital art 2 inspired by:**

To live in this world you must be able to do three things to love what is mortal; to hold it against your bones knowing your own life depends on it; and, when the time comes to let it go, to let it go

~Mary Oliver ( Blackwater woods)

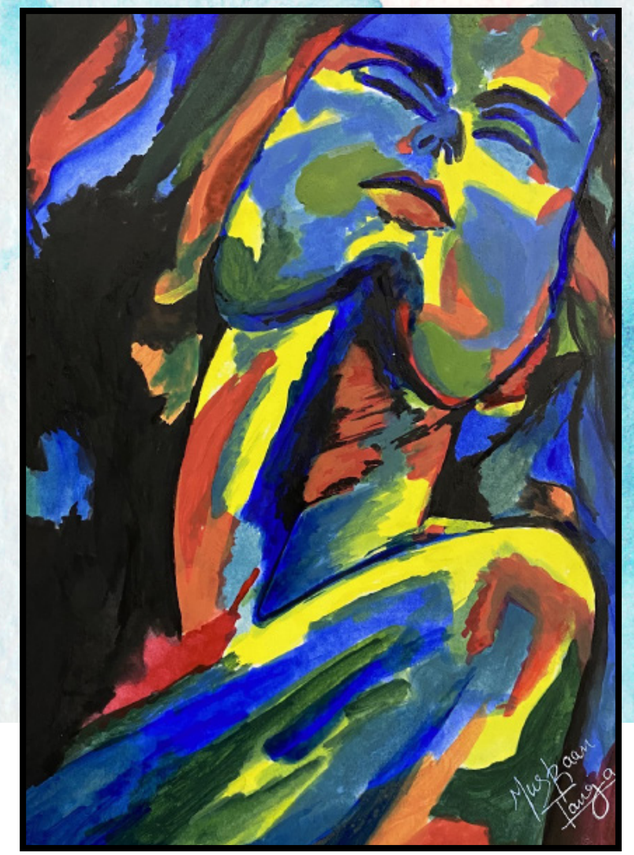
-Mishika Arora, Sem IV



## Sweet Stains

The artistic spots you see are embedded under my skin.
They arise from within and appear in diverse colours. The colours your eyes cannot
envision by themselves.
You see red. So vibrant, it pleases you. Red is the cloak soaked with blood, hiding the wounds. You see, I'm fierce.
The pretty blue echoes in
various shades. Those are the shades of suffering, dispersed on my body.
With despair around, there's also a tint of hope. The yellow in me is an illuminated sign. I heal with that hope.
I am green. I am
courageous. You harm
me, give me wounds,
leave me
enfeebled with perpetual stains. But I return stronger.
Breaking the black walls, with all the pain, I stand.
The woman stands.
These are the sweet stains on me.
These sweet stains make me vigorous.
These are the sweet stains I cherish.

-Muskaan Taneja, Sem VI



# Amoretti: A different



This painting is based on sonnet number 34 of Amoretti, a sonnet collection written by Edmund Spenser. In this sonnet, Spenser talks about being lost in a world of darkness in absence of his lover, whom he calls the light of his life. He compares himself to a ship that was following the light of a star to travel through the sea. But a storm is on the way and the light of the star is overcast by clouds, thus causing the ship to be lost.
“Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to claear my cloudy grief.”
In these lines Spenser talks about getting his beloved back and finding his way back to life, fondly remembering her as Helice, his pole star. This painting portrays the events that the poet desires to happen. The beautiful woman whose beauty is equivalent to a star emerges out of the clouds and drives them away. The poet is ecstatic while he looks at his beloved. The woman gathers her love and light in a star and gives it to the poet. With a beating heart, the poet receives “the light of his life”. His sense of direction is restored and the ship sails on.

-Devika R Nair, Sem IV



## धीरे- धीरे हारा हूँ खुद से

धीरे- धीरे हारा हूँ खुद से
रोज़ मिलकर भी अंजाना हूँ खुद से

ना ख्वाहिशों का पता है
ना राहों का
ना चाहतो का पता है
ना मंजिलों का

अंधेरे में यूँ
भटका हुआ हूँ
सब जानकर भी
बेगाना हूँ खुद से

लाखों में अकेला हूँ
और अकेले में पूरा हूँ
दुनिया को गर्व है
पर निराश हूँ में खुद से

धीरे- धीरे हारा हूँ खुद से
रोज़ मिलकर भी अंजाना हूँ खुद से

दर्द समेट कर निकलता हूँ
प्यार बिखेरता हुआ चलता हूँ
औरों की नादानियो पर मुसकुरा कर
अंजानो से भी मिलता हूँ

रिश्ते निभा रहा हूं
बातें छुपा रहा हूँ
कहीं किसी का दिल न टूट जाए
इसलिए दर्द भी भूला रहा हूँ

धीरे- धीरे हारा हूँ खुद से
रोज़ मिलकर भी अंजाना हूँ खुद से

-प्रियंका शोरेवाला, 6

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## अनकहा दर्द

अरे, कहां चले?
दो पल ठहरो तो ज़रा
चाय की दो चुस्की लगाते हैं,
अपना हाल-ए-दिल बताओ तो ज़रा,
वक्त की कमी नहीं है तुम साथ बैठो तो ज़रा।
माना बहुत मुश्किल है, बयां नहीं होता
तुम एक कदम बढ़ाओ तो ज़रा, बाकी चार मै
चल दूंगी
फ़िक्र क्यों करते हो, लड़खड़ाए, तो हाथ मै
थाम लूंगी।
क्या पता थोड़ा सा दर्द मै भी बांट लूंगी...

-निहारकि कपट, 6



# भाई

गोद में जिसे लिया था पहली बार,
सोचा नहीं था उसी से होगा सबसे ज्यादा प्यार,
परेशान करता है तो कभी जानकर रुलाता है,
पर रोते हुए देख कर मानाने भी वही आता है.

मेरी खुशी में साथ हो या ना हो,
मेरे गम में हमेशा साथ खड़ा रहता है,
माना जताना नहीं आता उसे प्यार,
पर सबकी डांट से बचाने मुझे सबसे पहले वही
आता है.

कभी नाराज़ भी हो तो मान भी खुदसे ही जाता है,
मुझे रोता देख वह खुद भी रो जाता है,
दूर होते हुए खुदसे कभी दूर होने नहीं देता,
सबसे ज्यादा प्यार जो मुझसे है करता.

कहने को छोटा है मुझसे वो
लड़ले चाहे मुझसे हज़ारो बार,
पर सबसे मेरे लिए लड़ भी जाता है,
मेरी पसंद ना पसंद तक सब जानता है वो.

मेरा मज़ाक भी बहुत  बनाता है
पर आखिर में हंसकर गले भी वही लगाता है,
अब तुम ही बताओ इस दुनिया में इतना प्यार कोई
किसी से करता है ?
एक भाई ही तो है जो अपनी बहन को हर मुश्किल
से बचाता है .

-रुद्रांशी अरोड़ा, 6

RANGEET

VSES

# RANGEET

(The translation & adaptation society of VSES)

**It enhances the beauty and simplicity of literature.**

**Without Adaptation we would have missed some beautiful pieces of literature.**

" रंगो की दुनिया है, कुछ रंग उनके तो कुछ हमारे है "



The society for people who love literature beyond any parameters.

## Activities MAP!

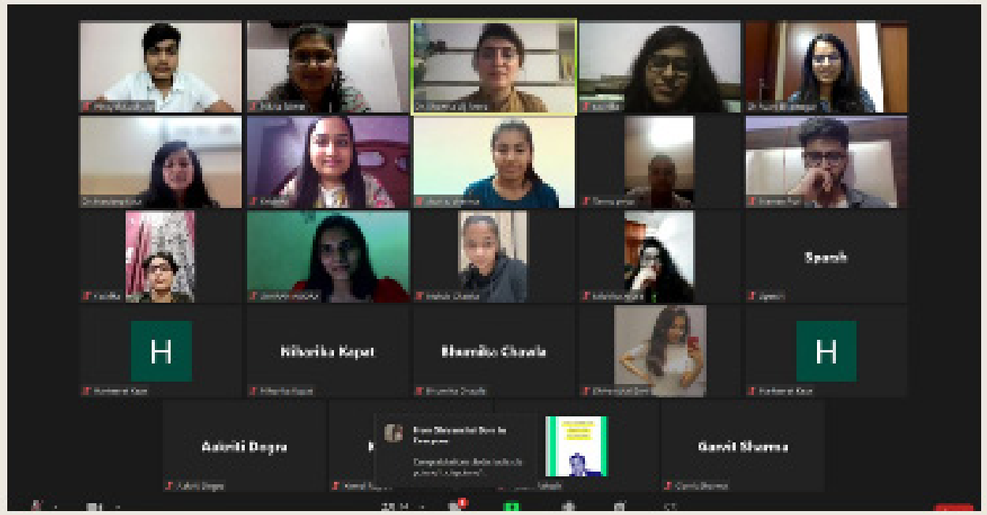


**TRANSVERSE**



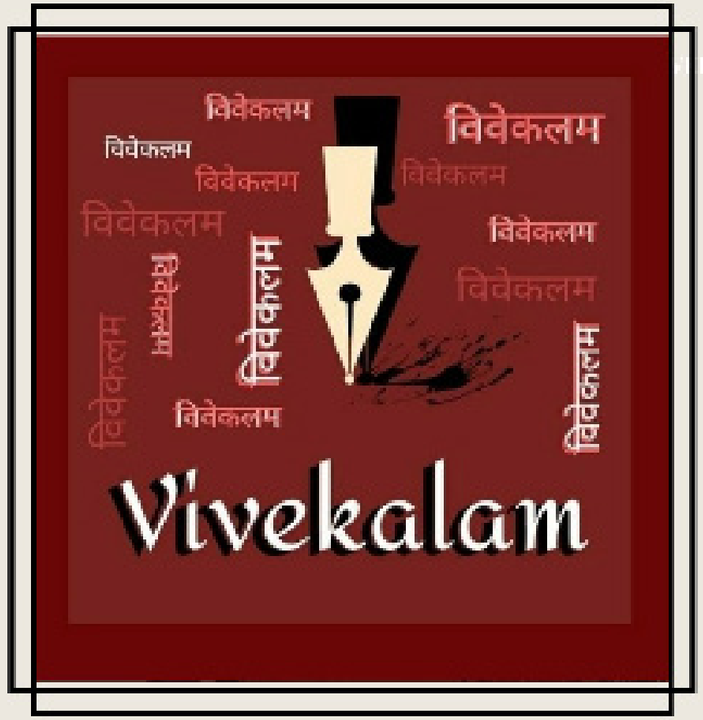
**Event was beautifully conducted by our faculty which aimed to analyze and translate the piece of literature.**

# ._ENUNCIAR_.




On 30th October 2021 Rangeet, The Translation and Adaptation Club of Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES), conducted "Enunciar 3.0: Read, Enunciate and Render the Expression." The participants were provided with a selection of prose and poetry pieces to read and enunciate with appropriate dramatic effect and to analyze the intent behind a piece of literature. The event was hosted by Naman Puri and Vinayak Kashyap. The judge for this event was Dr. Bhawna Vij Arora. The winners: Simran Arora (sem 3) won 2nd position followed by Niharika (sem 5), and 1st position was secured by Radhika (sem3).

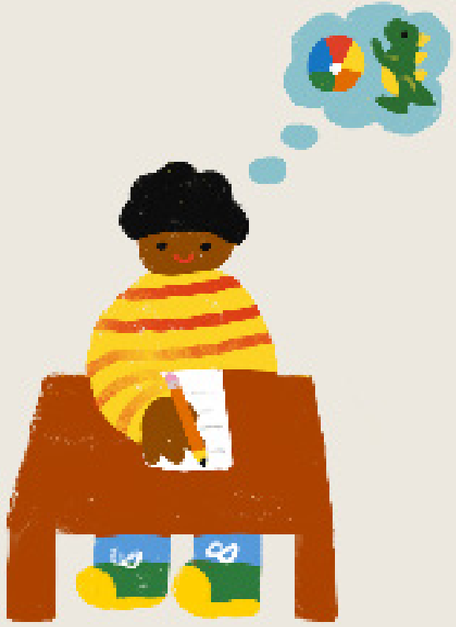





# VIVEKALAM

## (LITERARY SOCIETY OF VSES)

**The literary club of VSES aims to hold interactive events and improve the quality of comprehensibility of literature studies.**



# ._CAPTION ME THIS_.

Vivekalam, the literary society of VSES department, VIPS organized a "Caption Me This" event from 19th October to 25th October. On 19th October, they posted three vintage abstract art photos on Vivekalam's page, asking their followers to caption the following pictures. They accepted responses through the google form link from 19th October, Wednesday to 22nd October, Friday.

The second part of the event was physical, which was held on 25th October, Monday and hosted by Rachita Bindra and Aastha Sharma, wherein students of VSES presented and their responses were being read anonymously in the presence of Dr. Avani Bhatnagar, the Judge for the following event along with Mr. Amarnath Kumar, Faculty coordinator of Vivekalam. The names of the winners were: first position secured by Niharika Kapat, 5th semester, followed by Vishal Chaprana on second position and Mayank Sharma on third position.



# mimansa

(The research club of VSES)

**Mimansa aims to cultivate minds with inquiry and critical thinking and learn the basics of hermeneutics . It takes you to the wonders and beauty of literary aspects with aim of developing a deeper understanding of what these concepts want to convey and the magic they behold.**

# ACTIVITIES

## LET'S REVIEW IT: RESEARCH PAPER REVIEW



The event conducted by Dr. Bhawna Vij Arora on 4th December, 2021 concentrated on the review of research papers written by students. We discussed the process of paper review: first read-through, spotting of major errors in fact and importance of citation.

## RESEARCH PAPER WRITING



The event conducted by Dr. Barnali Saha on 20th November, 2021 focused on how to start the process of writing a paper, the idea of note taking, structing of ideas, theoretical foundation to validate and emphasize a point, the question of technical language and formal communication of ideas.

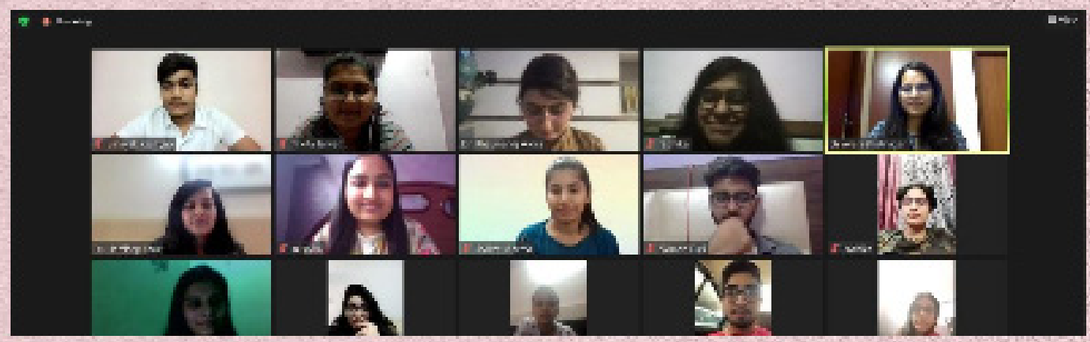


# ACTIVITIES AT GLANCE













# ETHNIC DAY







On 1st November 2021, VSES organized an Ethnic Day for the students paired with a close-knit Diwali celebration with an aim to celebrate the festival whilst giving the students a platform to perform and showcase their talents in a convivial setting. The celebrations began with a display of Rangoli made by the students of the department, followed by a small cultural event. The event witnessed voluntary participations by the students in music and dancing. The faculty members then elucidated on the origin of Diwali and the importance of celebrating one's culture.



# PLAY ON SWAMI VIVEKANANDA



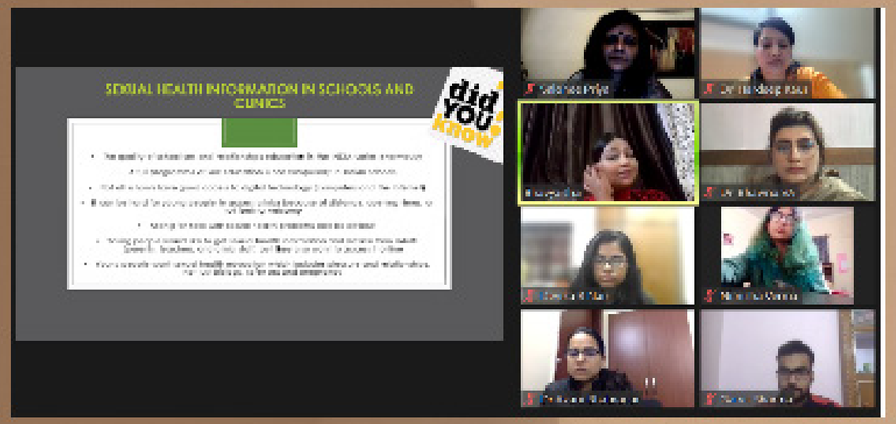




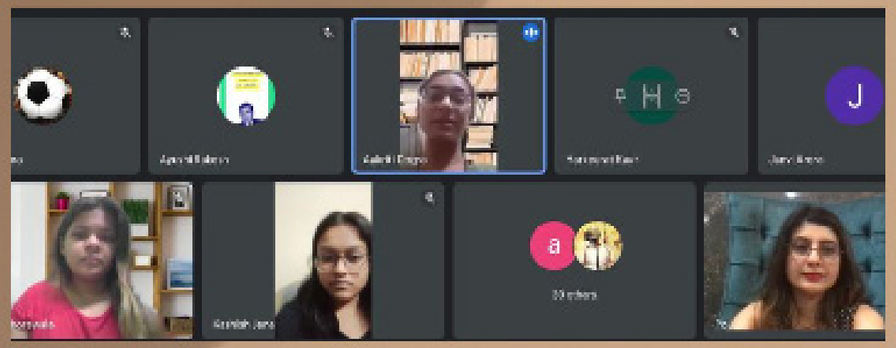


On 21st April, 2022,the students of VSES performed "Vivekananda: The Maker Of Modern India", a biographical play based on the life of Swami Vivekananda. More than his biography, the makers of the play focused on his unique and strong takes on the issues that are still prevalent today and what journey he has gone through to have the title of Swami. This play has been in the works before the pandemic, under the guidance of our Dean, Dr. Salonee Priya and our faculty coordinator Dr. Amarnath Kumar. In the words of Swami Vivekananda "Every work has got to pass through hundreds of difficulties before succeeding. Those that persevere will see the light sooner or later" and so is proven true in and by the performance of this play.

# SESSIONS WITH EXPERTS

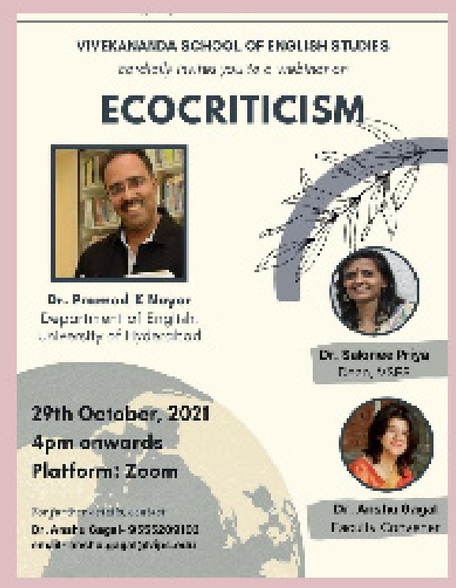






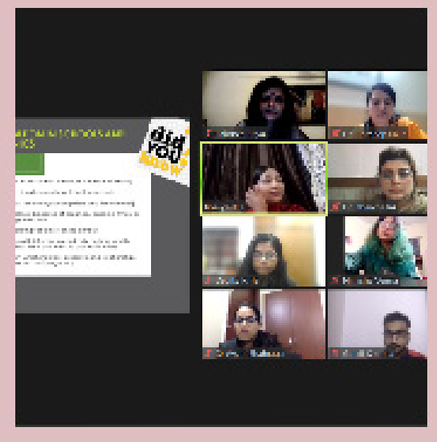
# WEBINAR ON ECOCRITICISM




Vivekananda School of English Studies conducted a webinar on the topic, 'Ecocriticism' on 29th October, 2021. The guest speaker for the webinar was Prof (Dr.) **Pramod K. Nayar**, who teaches at Department of English, University of Hyderabad.

Ecocriticism is the branch of literature which analyses texts based on environmental concerns and examines the various ways literature treats nature. Dr. Nayar talked about various aspects of ecocriticism; eco-feminism, stereotyping nature, human culture, materializing nature and post-colonial environmentalism.

# SEXUAL HEALTH AWARENESS TALK




The session on 'sexual health awareness' conducted on 13th November, 2021 catered to the students aged between 18 to 21 years. The expert, Dr. Bhavya Jha brought into light issues ranging from what defines sexual health, awareness about STDs, causes and prevention.

The speaker further enlightened about the dangers involved in solely relying on online sources. The talk also challenged the taboo attached to sex and how the key point is to be "aware" about the process and its aftermath. The talk was immensely informative as it was evident by the questions posed by the students.

# WEBINAR ON NISSIM EZEKIEL



Vivekananda School of English Studies, VSES and the Faculty of English, under the patronage and auspices of Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies, VIPS, conducted a guest lecture on "The comic Poet: Nissim Ezekiel" by late Shri Nissim Ezekiel's daughter Kavita Ezekiel Mendonca. Kavita Ezekiel Mendonca based in Calgary Canada, is a popular voice of contemporary Indian poetry cohort, apart from the role of translator, educationist in the past. For the students of BA English (Hons.) VSES, Mendonca delivered the lecture on the role of her late father in the tradition of Indian English Poetry. She also talked how his father had shaped her own poetic oeuvre. She interspersed her talk with poetic excepts from Ezekiel's poetry, and revealed some of the interesting anecdotes of her account with her poet father. Much delight to the students, she peppered the session with her own poetic compositions and co-related it with the idea of poetic creation and poetic process. The session lasted for almost two hours and thereforth proceeded the Q-A session. The dean of the department Professor Saloree Priya thanked Ms. Ezekiel Mendonca for her time and her gracious presence, with Dr. Arora proposing the vote of thanks to express the gratitude to the faculty members and students.



# LIT FEST, 2022

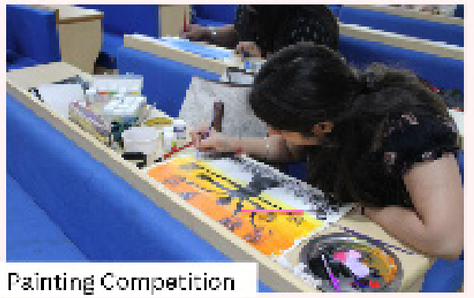
## A Confluence Of Art & Literature



Inaugural Chorus



Inaugural Classical Dance



Painting Competition

Vivekananda School of English Studies, under the patronage and auspices of Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies, VIPS, conducted a literary rendezvous in the form of a two-day literature fest 2022, A Confluence of Art and Literature on 12th and 13th April 2022. The festival aimed to build an academic and literary culture in the department and kindle the zest for learning amongst the students.

The event paved an interactive session for dialogue and discussion with the speakers. It was followed by events like Debate, Poetry, Short Story and Painting competition. The second day heralded the creative side of the students and gave shape to their imagination.

The Fest concluded with a theatrical performance of Twelfth Night, play by William Shakespeare where the students enthralled the audience with their performance.

A number of events like dialogue with the experts from the industry and academia with the students of VSES were organised. The event commenced with the arrival of the chief guest for the inaugural ceremony Dr Sachchidanand Joshi, Member Secretary, Indra Gandhi National Centre for Art, a poet and an author. The ceremony was brightened by invoking goddess Saraswati through a prayer and Lord Ganesh by a classical dance performance by the students.

# DAY-1



Inaugaral


Inaugaral



Kavya Sangam


Kavya Sangam

The first event of the festival was a **Panel Discussion** on the topic 'Living Literature, Reading Life'. Panel members included Prof. Vaishna Narang, Prof. JNU, Prof. Manpreet Kang, Prof. and Dean USHSS, CCS PU, Prof. Rajkumar, Prof University of Delhi and Jhilmil Breckenridge, Founder of Bhor Foundation and a poet.

Prof. Narang talked about the linguistic aspects of literature and how language becomes a connecting hook between life and literature. Prof. Kang in her speech argued how relations are borne out of survived experiences which makes life synonymous with literature. Prof. Rajkumar talked about the relationship between society and literature. Jhilmil Breckenridge aptly talked of art, especially poetry as therapy. She also addressed the issues of mental health and touched upon memoirs and confessional poetry. Moderators for the discussion Suyasha Dwivedi and Nimisha Verma posed various questions to augment the understanding of literature and life. The event was concluded by a formal vote of thanks by Dr. Anshu Gagal.

The last event of the first day was **Kavya Sangam** where young poets presented the audience with a new vision of their poetry. Student comperers Amya Roy and Vinayak Kashyap moderated the event. It saw a communion of four languages: English, Hindi, Urdu, and Punjabi. Ankush Kumar presented the poems in Hindi, Deepali Agrawal in Urdu and Hindi, Lovdeep Singh in English and Hindi, Kanika Puri in Punjabi, Bhavna Chaudhary in English, and Amritanshu Sharma in Urdu. The event was concluded by a vote of thanks by Ayushi Rakesh.



# DAY-2









The second day witnessed several inter-collegiate, literary and art-based competitions which entailed the participation of several colleges and universities from Delhi and NCR. The event **'Poesia: The Rhythmic Words'** saw many young poet enthusiasts with their remarkable poetic enunciation. The thematic circuit and linguistic diversity of the poems varied from love and loss to self-discovery and mental health. The judges for the event were Ms Tehzeeb Fatima and Ms Neha Sharma. Abhishek, Shivani, and Faisal bagged the 1st, 2nd and 3rd positions, respectively.

**'Elenchus: The Contestation of Ideas'** the debate competition of Lit Fest 2022, allowed students from diverse colleges to contest and debate the topic 'Is the world heading towards de-globalization?'. Many young and enthusiastic debaters au courant with the theme and current standing spoke for and against the motion. The arguments were compelling and strong, however, the ones that stood out were presented by Arnav Vats and Nikhil Kadain, who bagged 1st and 2nd positions. The event was judged by Mr Sunil Mishra, Assistant Professor VSJMC, VIPS.

# DAY-2



Short story competition


Poesia Prize Distribution


Painting Prize Distribution



Painting Visualization

Afsana, a short story writing competition, witnessed the chimerical and fanciful fictionalizing and weaving of stories by the young minds. The participants were provided with 10 adjectives with which they had to develop a story. The time limit given to them was 90 minutes.

The imaginative expression on canvas became the basis of brushes to create stories, and a painting competition Artem was also organized. The judge of the event was Dr Amarnath Kumar. Emcees Disha and Shivam Kamra managed the event proceedings. Towards the end of the event, participants gave an interpretation of their artwork. Shrishti Pandey and Nadini Nag were honoured with first and second positions respectively.

The final event of the festival was an adaptation of the Shakespearean play Twelfth Night directed by Saloni Gupta and assistant director Naman Puri, The final year students of VSES. The play received laurels and accolades from the audience and the event's Chief Guest. Post-performance, Mr Avatar Sahni encouraged the spirit of the performers and provided his concluding remarks of the day.

In the valedictory session winners of all the competitions were venerated with certificates and prize money. Dr Avani Bhatnagar concluded the event in an emotive tone and expressed her gratitude to the participants, students and other faculty coordinators and members. The festival ended with a celebration and jubilation.




Poesia Prize Distribution

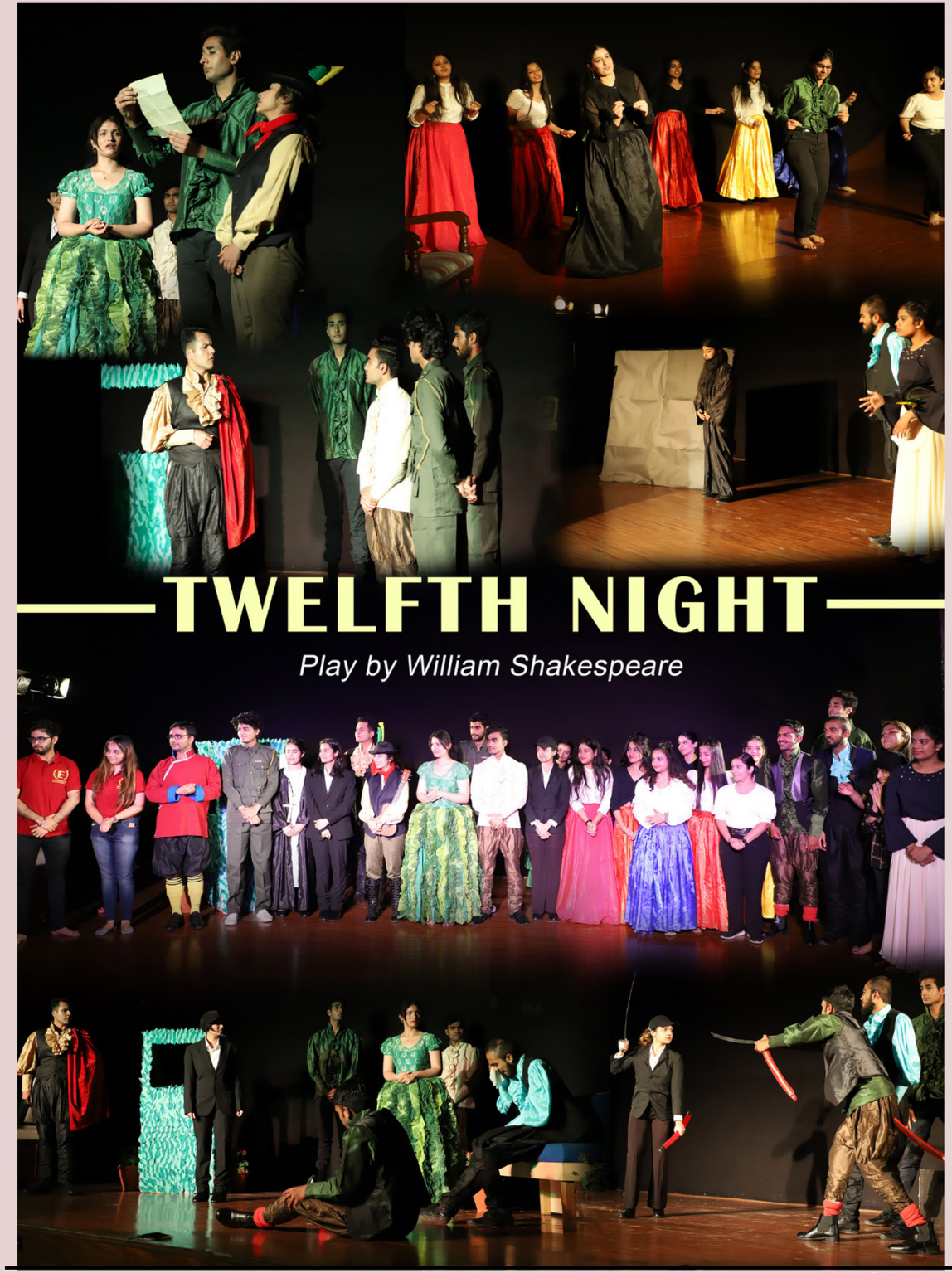

Afsana Competition


Afsana Competition


Poesia Competition


Poesia Prize Distribution


Twelfth Night Play






# FAREWELL, 2022







The farewell of VSES batch 2019-22, of Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies batch, took place on 2nd May 2022, in Vivekananda Hall. Farewell was organized by the students of sem2 and sem4 under the guidance of faculty coordinator Mrs Bhawna Vij Arora. The ceremony was rolled with tinch of ethnicity with tilak ceremony. This was followed by the astounding speech of our honourable Chairperson Dr Venktar Rao who enlightened us with his presence and started the occasion with a speech full of motivating life lessons. He reminded us graduation day is commencement day. You commence a new beginning and a new life. Right after the speech, the music team took everyone down the lane of memories with their song performance. Without a moment of delay, Dumb Charades' performances took the show forward. It certainly was a big hit. Next in the row, the Talent show took everyone by Storm. The contestants buckled their shoes and levelled up the competition by compelling everyone to stand on their feet to dance and sing along. As soon as the Talent show ended, Title distribution took place,

Mr VIPS won by Sparsh Sethi, Ms VIPS won by Anya Roy, Mr Best Dress by Ayush Sharma and Ms Best Dress by Vidhisha Gupta. As the occasion come to an end, Everyone joined the stage and danced with every last ounce of energy.









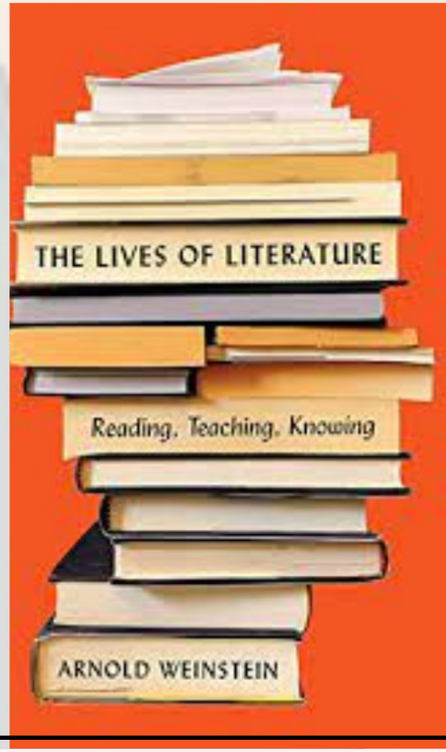




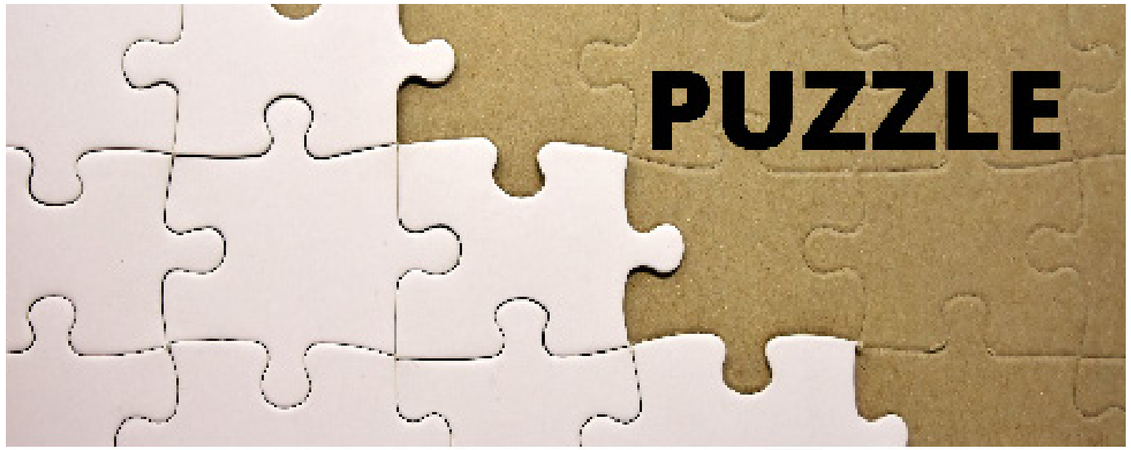


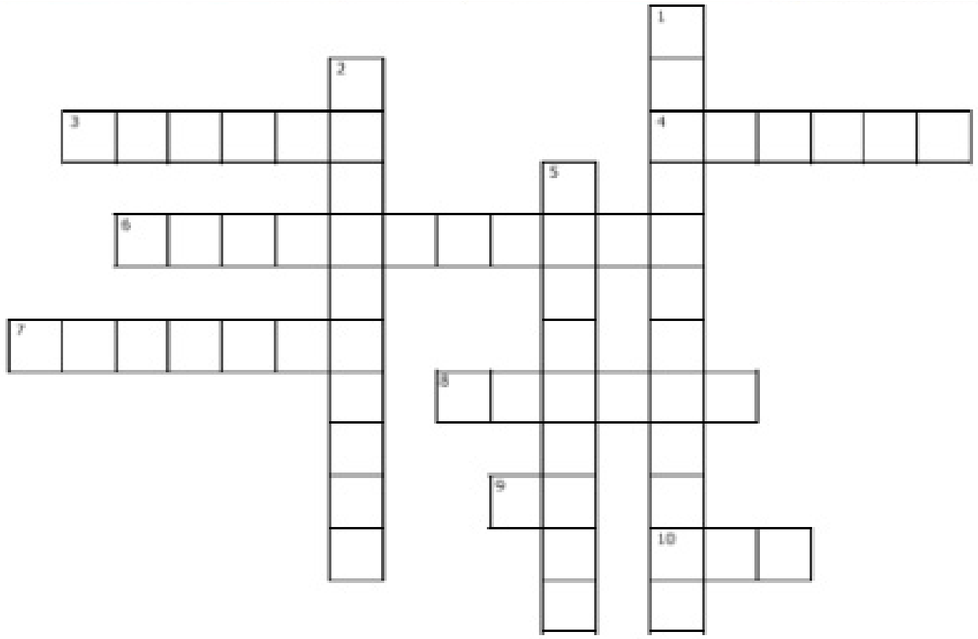

# LITERARY FACTS

- The original title of *Fahrenheit 451* was *The Fireman*.
- *Don Quixote* is the best-selling novel of all time, with over 500 million copies sold.
- *To Kill a Mockingbird* is Harper Lee's only novel, even though it won a Pulitzer Prize and spent 88 weeks on the best seller list.
- *Catch-22* took eight years to complete.
- Everyone's favourite billionaire Bill Gates bought '*Codex Leicester*', one of Leonardo Di Vinci's scientific journals for $30.8 million.
- *Pride and Prejudice* were originally titled First Impressions.




- '*A la recherche du temps perdu*' by Marcel Proust is the longest book in the world at 9,609,000 characters.
- In Victor Hugo's novel, *Les Misérables*, you can find a sentence that is 823 words long.
- Our favorite author who goes by initials, actually doesn't have a middle name. After a suggestion from her publisher, she chose her grandmother's name, Kathleen.
- The 1400 page novel was copied around 7 times by Leo Tolstoy's wife, Sophia, by hand – that's love.



**Across**

**3.** the King Shakespeare wrote for

**4.** british university providing faculties of Shakespeare studies

**6.** he wrote romeo and juliet

**7.** the place where tragedies and comedies are held

**8.** where the famous quote "to be or not to be" is taken from

**9.** Elizabeth II is the Queen

**10.** main organization dealing with Shakespeare-related events

**Down**

**1.** the name of the theatre Shakespeare funded

**2.** the century on which women started to perform

**5.** american actor who worked to build a theatre deidicated to Shakespeare

**ANSWER KEY**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Elizabeth | 6. Shakespeare |
| 2. Early 1660s | 7. Theatre |
| 3. Henry IV | 8. Hamlet |
| 4. London | 9. UK |
| 5. Will Kempe | 10. Men |



# TEAM VSES



Prof. Salonee Priya
( Dean)



Dr. Amar Nath Kumar
(Assistant Professor)



Dr. Anshu Gagal
(Assistant Professor)



Dr. Hardeep Kaur
(Assistant Professor)



Dr. Avani Bhatnagar Chawla
(Assistant Professor)



Dr. Bhawna Vij Arora
(Assistant Professor)



Dr. Barnali Saha
(Assistant Professor)



Dr. Gopika Kalra
(Coordinator)

# OUR BATCHES



## BATCH 2019-20

We are students who lived through online classes for almost two semesters with zeal and enthusiasm which was held together by four letters: VSES. Despite the dire situations, we kept our spirits high and worked hard relentlessly. Under the guidance of our mentors at VSES, we have tamed and kindled our flair for literature and language. Our hunger for knowledge continues with the aim of soaring high in the realm of literature.





## BATCH 2020-21

The batch of 2020-21 as we call, the covid baby could not attend the college due to the pandemic. But that didn't dampen the spirits of students and teachers. We had offline literature fest, the first of its own kind with various club activities both online and offline. We learnt ways of life as well as learning. It was experimental but yes, the most beautiful experience anyone can imagine. To encapsulate it into words it was the worst of times, it was the best of times.



# BATCH 2021-22

In the last two years, the simple thought of going to college had become a compelling question, luckily that answer turned out to be offline. Despite the late commencement of our batch, the class of 2021-22 has bonded so well to become an inseparable family in few months. The idea of literature is the very thing which has united us all. Because, to quote professor John Keating from [illegible] - "medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for."



# EDITORIAL TEAM



**Shruti Shukla, Semester 6**
Muselit was more than a magazine to me; it was a complete self-development programme! From reviewing articles to engaging with my team, every step of this fantastic journey has developed me as a person and given me more confidence in my social, academic, and personal life. I'm grateful to my team for putting up their best efforts as well.

I hope you have as much fun reading this magazine as we did putting it together!



**Ayushi Rakesh, Semester 6**
Muselit for me is a combination of two of my favorite words: Muse and Literature. The words both hold a very important place in any literature enthusiast. A good muse provokes innate feelings and compels us to pen them down. Muselit magazine has always aimed to do so. The magazine captures the raw talent and their unadulterated emotions. I have been very lucky in providing my assistance in form of editing. The journey has provided various perspectives and a new lens to any subject matter. It has been a very sagacious journey as an editor and a student. We as Muselit Team hope that the readers could connect with us as we did with our write-ups.



**Shubh Badhwar, Semester 6**
It's been an adventure with MuseLit. This issue seeks to capture the various shades of opinion among our students, as well as the prevailing view that art's survival is mainly reliant on its monetary value. I believe that we have only been able to publish this issue because of the editorial team's assistance and our designer's sharp artistic vision.

Furthermore, this issue would not have been conceivable if it hadn't been for our faculty coordinators' strong attention and expert recommendations, as well as dean ma'am's unwavering support.



**Achsah Johney, Semester 4**
Being a member of the Muselit team was an incredible experience. As we went through the various thought-provoking entries from the students, it helped me to broaden my horizons. The entire magazine is a kaleidoscope of imaginative colours. I'm grateful to everyone on the team who put in the effort to make this happen. I hope that through Muselit, you will also be able to appreciate the beauty of literature.



**Harkeerat Kaur, Semester 4**
I believe that the process of accomplishing a goal is as important as the goal itself. And to experience, the process of assembling this magazine along with my peers was an educational experience. It is a monumental moment for most writers to get published, and it was our goal to perhaps familiarise or inspire that feeling in the budding writers of our department. To write is to express, and expression is essential to all beings. Being human we hold the trump card to express in a manner that allows others to understand, such is the power of words.

Hopefully, this issue delivers to you its promise of honest creation. Wishing you happy reading!



**Utsavi Kaur, Semester 4**
Muselit has been an amazing journey for me, drafting the magazine got me through a canvas of ideas and inspirations. The guidance of our faculty was of utmost importance, without them, it would have been a herculean task.
It has been a great learning experience. And I truly hope, that each reader of this magazine, finds a reflection of their thoughts in it!



# DESIGN TEAM



**Muskan Taneja, Semester 6**
Working on Muselit has been one of the most creative experiences for me. It took great efforts of the team in compilation of all thoughts and art and I am grateful to be a part of it. Muselit is a medium through which the whole VSES Department could present their skills, where they got to showcase their talent, at a level where they can get exposure for their work. It's nothing but an appreciation of the creativity one holds. Muselit is truly a reflection of the creativity that we, as a department, possess and I am glad to have played a role in bring it together.



**Shan, Semester 6**
Muselit aggrandizes the creativity our students have to offer, giving their amorphous ideas a definite shape. Designing a full-fledged e-magazine was something alien to me before 'Muselit' and without the constant efforts of the team, achieving this feat was like a distant dream. It was also the artistic perspectives of out coordinators that made this magazine take form of what we now know as 'Muselit'.



**Florence Paul, Semester 2**
Working on the Muselit was a whole new experience for me. From gathering reports to editing and designing, it has been an amazing and a wholesome experience for me. It was even more fun with the amazing team of co-editors and designers and of course the guidance of our esteemed faculty members. They were with us each step of the way and mentored us throughout the compilation process.

I hope you find this magazine as exciting as I felt working at it. Happy Reading!



**Vanshita Tuli, Semester 2**

The process of achieving a goal, in my opinion, is just as important as the objective itself. The process of putting this magazine together with my colleagues at this early stage of my college was also bottle full of educational experience and fun.

Writing is the act of expressing oneself, and expression is necessary for all living things. Because we are human, we have the ability to express ourselves in a way that others can comprehend; such is the power of words. Assembling and taking a dive fathoms deep into the world of literature is a flabbergasting roller coaster of experience, emotion and passion.



**Riya Jeswani, Semester 2**

Being a member of the Design team was an incredible experience. We went through numerous learning experience, it helped me to extend my capabilities.  I'm grateful for having such supportive faculty and team who put in the effort to make this happen.

The technique of setting magazine concurrently with my team of my college was a brilliant experience.



VIPS

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