VIPS
योगः कर्मसु कौशलम्
IN PURSUIT OF PERFECTION

VIVEKANANDA INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL STUDIES - TC

An ISO 9001 2015 Certified Institution Grade A++ Accredited Institution by NAAC & NBA Accredited for MCA Programme & Recognized under Section 2(f) by UGC Affiliated to G.G.S.I.P. University Recognized by Bar Council of India & Approved by AICTE

ISSUE 3



Muselit

2023-2024

Muses & Literature.
The Annual Literary Magazine
of VSES 2023-24

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ABOUT VIPS-TC

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 & Vedanta and Indian Ethos in Management, 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 Pithoragrah 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, 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 and from the sales proceed of that house seed capital was created, which was so very important 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 and the vision to establish, maintain and promote centres of excellence for imparting quality professional education comparable with the best in the world and the mission of "Man Making, Character Building, National Building," as espoused by Swami Vivekananda.

ABOUT VSES

Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES) runs three-year BA English (Honours) programme and a two-year MA English (Honors)programme. It stimulates, enhances and nurtures the interpretative, expressive and critical skills of the students within a rigorous English Honours course that takes them through the best in world literature. The faculty at VSES engage the students in identifying, analyzing, interpreting and describing the texts within the historical, social, geographical and cultural contexts in order to enhance their ability to read, understand and reflect on texts from different perspectives. Regular internal assessments, class presentations, intense tutorial sessions, and a packed timetable are the hallmark of the department, empowering the students for their future professional endeavors whether it is in the field of higher academic learning, communication or publishing. Woven within the pedagogy is the exciting tapestry of the co-curricular calendar of varied literary activities.

VSES is privileged to have extremely dynamic faculty who convert the classes into interactive lively 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 consolidate and uphold this legacy, pledging to the high ideals in academic performance and social duty.

FROM THE CHAIRMAN

The influence that literature imparts upon its readers is unparalleled. It not only imparts knowledge but also enlightens readers with life truths, empowering them in the process. This is why the Vivekananda Institute of Professional Studies, inspired by Swami Vivekananda's educational philosophy, has established the Vivekananda School of English Studies. This institution aligns with the vision of Swamiji to manifest the perfection that is inside each of us.

This publication of the third edition of MuseLit, the e-magazine from the Vivekananda School of English Studies, is a proud moment for the institution. The articles and poems in this issue delve into various critical issues of the contemporary world, exploring philosophies rooted in both action and thought. The e-magazine is a medium of showcasing the perfection Swamiji always taught. The contributions of the department are an evidence of the knowledge, and creativity that the students of the department possess. Furthermore, it addresses intellectually engaging topics that question the deeply ingrained beliefs we hold, thereby giving a glimpse of the thinking abilities of the students. This platform has provided young students with a chance to express themselves freely and contribute to shaping the future of our nation.

I take great pleasure and pride in extending my congratulations to the department for their dedication and enthusiasm. MuseLit stands as a noteworthy addition to the accomplishments of the institute. I maintain my confidence that the students from the English Department will persist in bringing honor to the institute.

Best wishes!

—Dr. S.C. Vats
Chairman, VIPS

FROM THE VICE CHAIRMAN

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

Swami Ji and his teachings have been the cornerstone of this Institute for years, ever since its inception in 1997. In the face of ever-changing circumstances, it becomes crucial to learn how to evolve while remaining faithful to one's individuality. We help our students become proactive and motivated individuals who are confident and assured in their abilities and ideas. Innovation does not stand apart from these goals.

Creativity is a spring from which ideas and insights flow, taking on ever-changing forms. Both of these are essential to define today's date and time in history. Every idea conceived by a young mind is brimming with passion and the potential to impact the future.

To contribute to any school of thought via active discourse and debate is to nourish its philosophy—the philosophy that has often provided us with tranquility.

Vivekananda School of English Studies takes joy in reflecting on such thoughts that liberate the human mind and free it from constrained theorization through the annual departmental magazine, MuseLit. This magazine features expressions in all wonderful forms coming from a diverse range of students who speak of nothing less than brilliance.

I am certain of a bright future for every student in the department who contributes to projects like this magazine and engages in meaningful discussions that emphasise growth and personal development. I would like to extend my heartfelt congratulations to the team of students and teachers behind this effort which deserves praise and commendation. I eagerly anticipate many more editions in the future.

FROM THE DEAN'S DESK

MuseLit is an effort to create a good space for the students at VSES to showcase their creative skills and enhance their literariness. It provides them with a world inside a world of their imaginations and fancy, and gives a direction to their literary venture. As the mirror to the thoughts and imaginations of the young creative minds who are pursuing their graduation and post-graduation courses in English at VSES, MuseLit has brought out the latent talents of these students as story tellers, poets, artists, painters and photographers.

This magazine is more than a publication - it is a reflection of the collective aspirations of the students at VSES, a medley of their diverse perspectives, and an ode to the power of unity. This edition of MuseLit is a wonderful creation which is a reflection of myriad voices in unison.

This creative journey was sure a long and uphill task and I appreciate the hard work undertaken by the magazine committee to make it a reality in a meaningful way. I congratulate the entire team of MuseLit – the students and the faculty members for this accomplishment!

Wishing MuseLit a great journey ahead as a mirror to the literary world of VSES.

—Prof. (Dr.) Salonee Priya

Dean VSES & Students' Welfare

FROM THE FACULTY COORDINATOR

"The mind is not a vessel to be filled but a fire to be ignited." – Plutarch

Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES), is not only a milestone in academics, but also in nurturing the intellect of the students through creativity and critical thinking wellness. Believing in the dictum of Swamiji of Man Making, Character Building and Nation making, we at Vivekananda School of English Studies, (VSES), strongly believe today's student is tomorrow's future- a future who has the potential to change the society, country, and world at large, with independent thinking and prudent outlook, complemented by compassion and respect for all race and colour.

The magazine Muselit, is one such step at empowering the students to express their opinion, views and originality with all mind and soul. Each page of the magazine speaks volumes about an idealistic thought, mature outlook, and amazing imagination with a perfect blend of sensitivity and sensibility. It makes the students believe in their capacities to reflect, express and experience a holistic learning experience. Students magically have disseminated their hidden ideas with different forms of expression. Through this creative medium, the melting octaves of maturing minds have created a symphony of myriad thoughts and vision.

The work of the students has indeed assured that we have been successful at preparing and transforming present day scholar into a prospective citizen – a citizen who displays boundless energy, intense commitment and keeps the ethos the teachings aligned with Swamiji thoughts and views. I congratulate the student team at this brilliant endeavour and wish them all the best for their future editions.

—Dr. Meetu Bhatia Kapur

FROM THE FACULTY COORDINATOR

"A Word after a Word after a Word is Power"

("Spelling" Margaret Atwood)

With immense pleasure, I pen down this heartfelt forward for the annual magazine of Vivekananda School of English Studies (VSES), MUSELIT (2023-24). The acronym MUSELIT denotes the ubiquitous essence of our inspirational muse and the multiple ways in which it sparkles our imaginative insight. This editorial collection portrays creative and artistic endeavors of our budding students, from introspective poems to reflective write-ups, the magazine coalesces plural expressions from an extensive range of ideas. Right from inception of the department in 2018, it has catered to equal opportunities of knowledge and learning for both students and faculties alike. Carrying ahead the glorious legacy of literature and literariness, it resonates with vibrant energy and enthusiasm in delivering the best education facilities to the blooming future of the country.

Through the medium of regular lectures and expert sessions, the department disseminates a prismatic diversity of experiences cultivating long-reaping benefits for all. To be precise, VSES has always been supportive in unleashing the hidden potential of students. It has nurtured each prodigy to develop a critical and a creative acumen which eventually tailors them to become a magnet attracting various prospects in different domains of life.

I am privileged to be associated with the department's Magazine Committee as well as coordinate a diligent army of young talent. I thank all the students who have contributed to this bulletin of ideas and look forward to the optimistic reception of their collective effort. I hope these little musings are able to drive us across the ecstatic ripples of joy and make us proud of our journey has a department in the last six years.

—Dr. Jasmine Sharma



POETRY

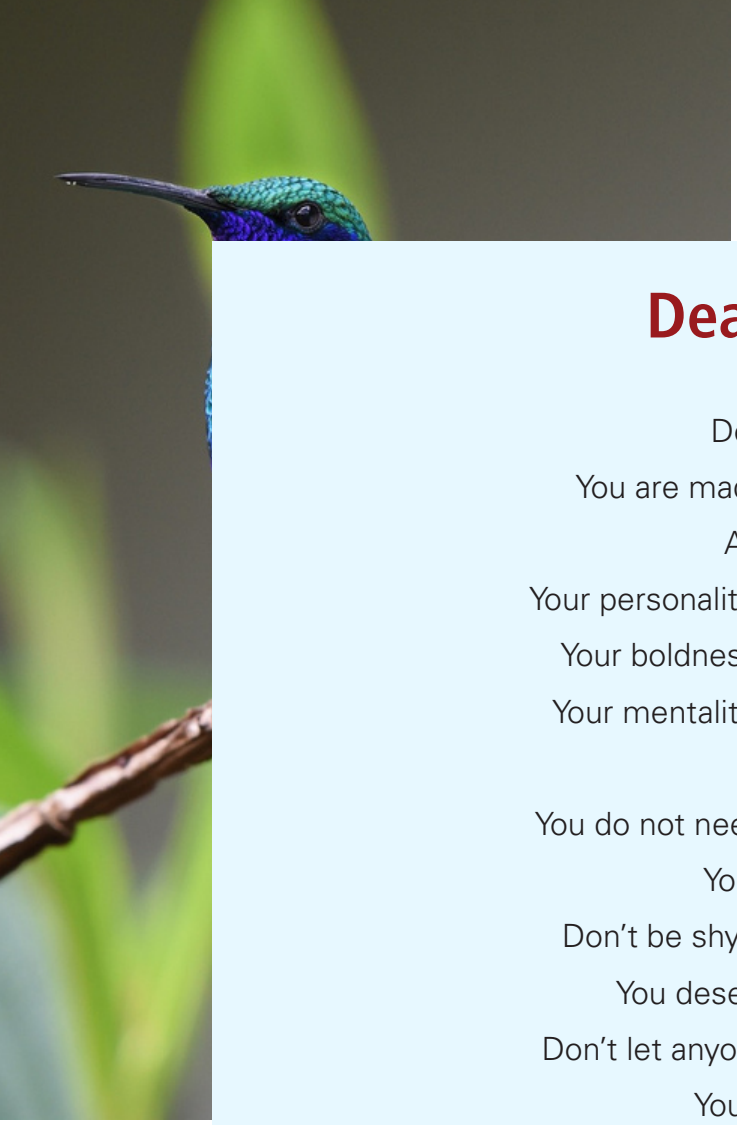
the music in language

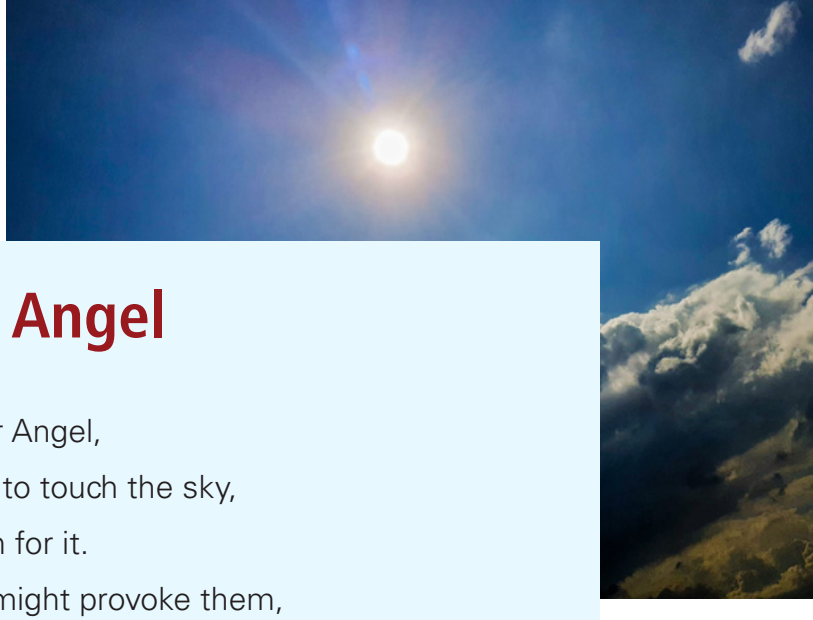
"THE WORLD IS FULL OF POETRY.
THE AIR IS LIVING WITH ITS SPIRIT; AND THE
WAVES DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF ITS MELODIES
AND SPARKLE IN ITS BRIGHTNESS."

—JAMES GATES PERCIVAL



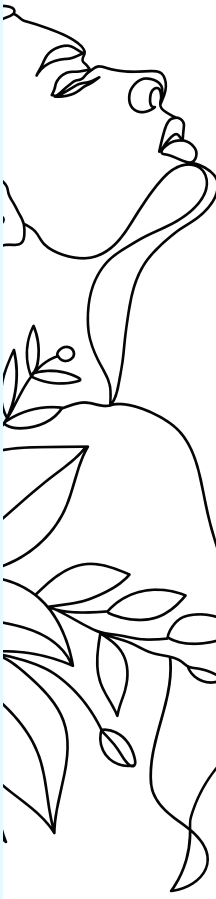




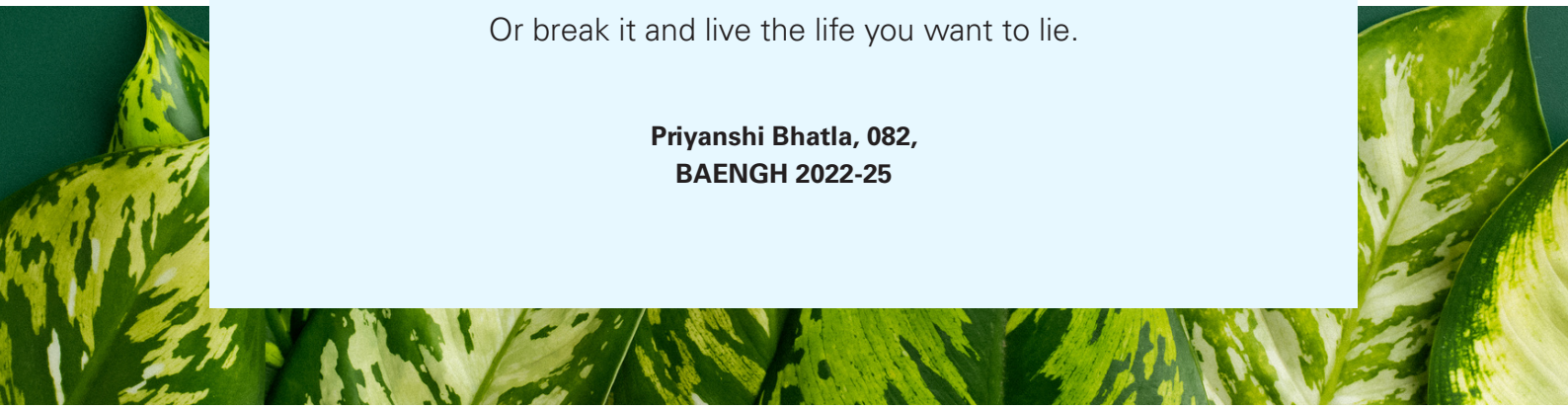


Dear Angel

Dear Angel,
You are made to touch the sky,
Aim for it.
Your personality might provoke them,
Your boldness might scare them,
Your mentality might sicken them.
But,
You do not need to change for them.
You are YOU.
Don't be shy to show them YOU.
You deserve to be happy.
Don't let anyone tell you otherwise.
You are a bird.
You can either cage yourself up,
Or break the cage and flyaway.
You are an Angel.
You can either cut your wings and hide them in the cupboard,
Or open them and show the world who you are.
You are a fighter.
You can either stop fighting and lose,
Or keep fighting till you win.
You are a woman.
You can either submit yourself to the patriarchy,
Or break it and live the life you want to lie.



Priyanshi Bhatla, 082,
BAENGH 2022-25

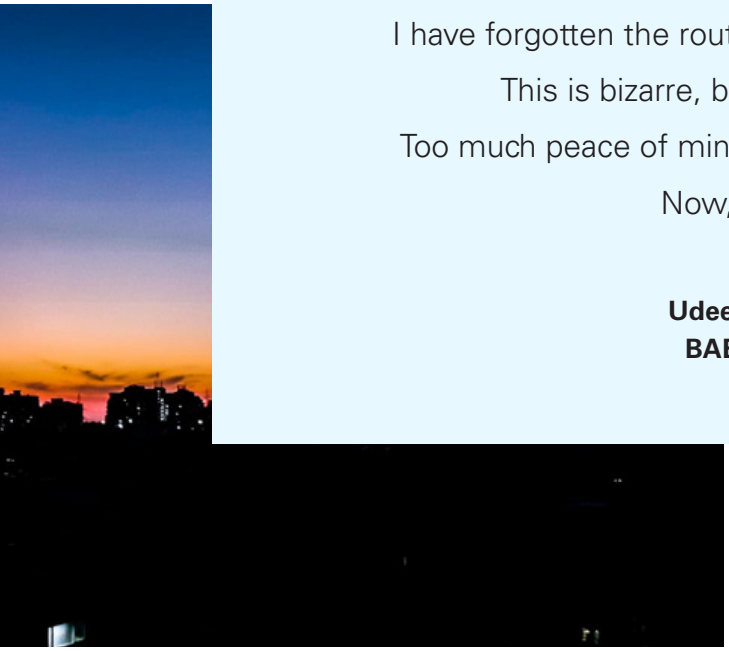


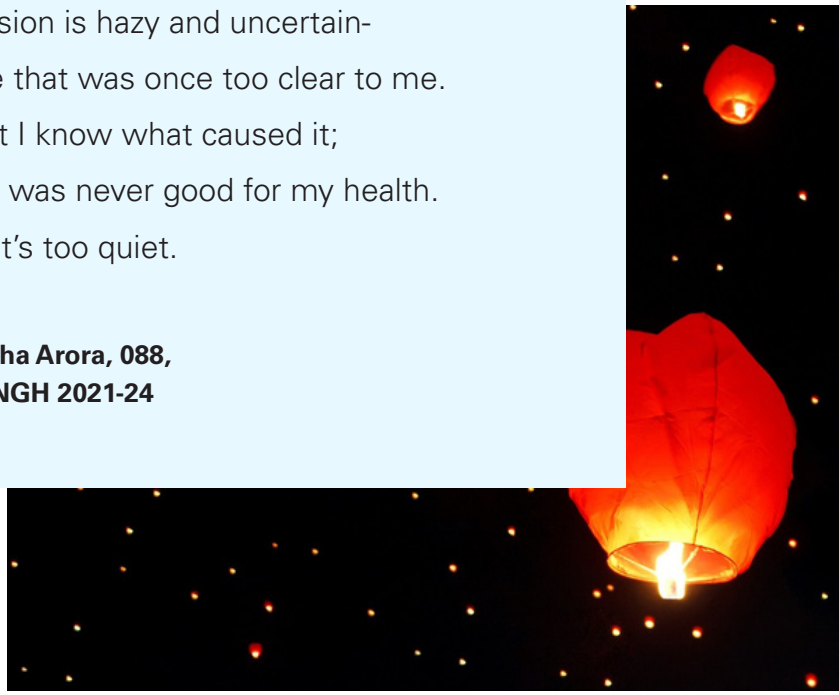


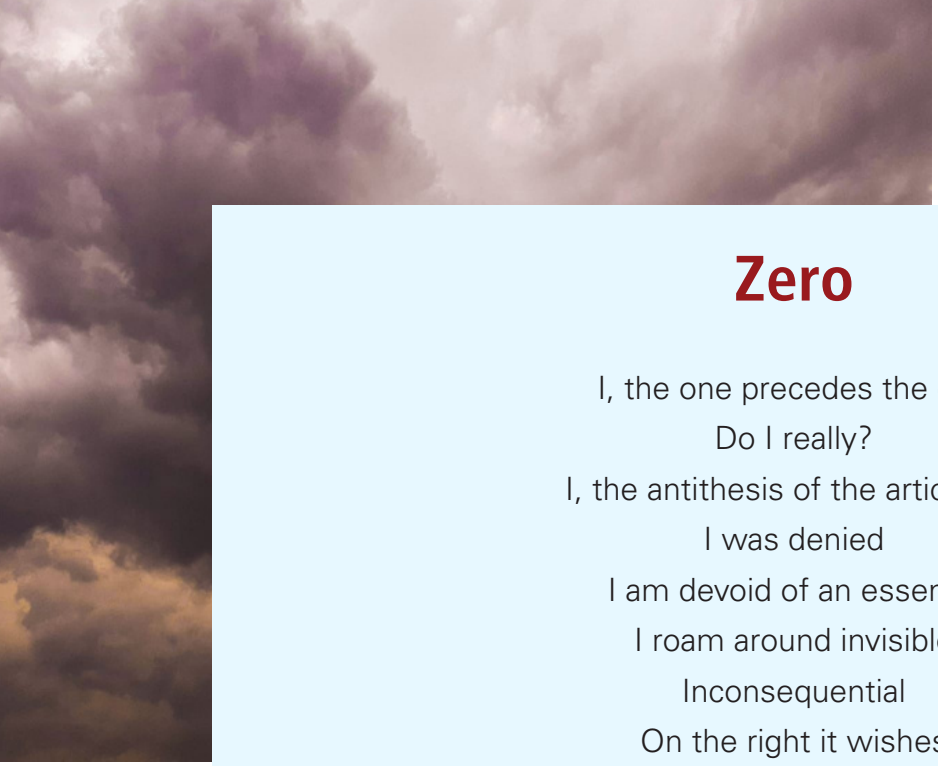
I Can't Feel Anger

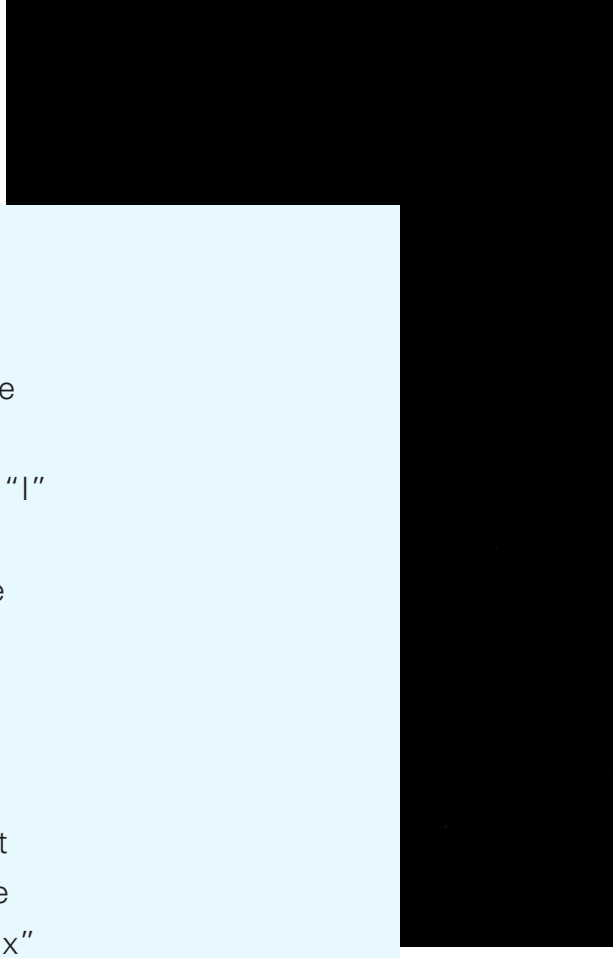
Despite the gravest of situations at hand-
Painting the atmosphere with a darker hue,
Desperately trying to convince me to turn solemn-
I involuntarily refuse to feel exasperated.
The actions, the words thrown across,
The thin string of gold spun on a diamond wheel
That broke down far too long ago;
It is vexing too hard, trying to cause rage,
And very conveniently failing.
I have no idea what keeps this peace of mind intact,
But I cannot feel anger anymore.
Perhaps it's just a mere spur of the moment concept;
For the resentment chews at my heart all too often,
Yet, now, the sensation of an emotion has been forlorn.
My eyes are dry and itchy, too depressed to look into yours
And tell you to be strong, to keep up the hope, look forward,
Because my own vision is hazy and uncertain-
I have forgotten the route that was once too clear to me.
This is bizarre, but I know what caused it;
Too much peace of mind was never good for my health.
Now, it's too quiet.

Udeesha Arora, 088,
BAENGH 2021-24





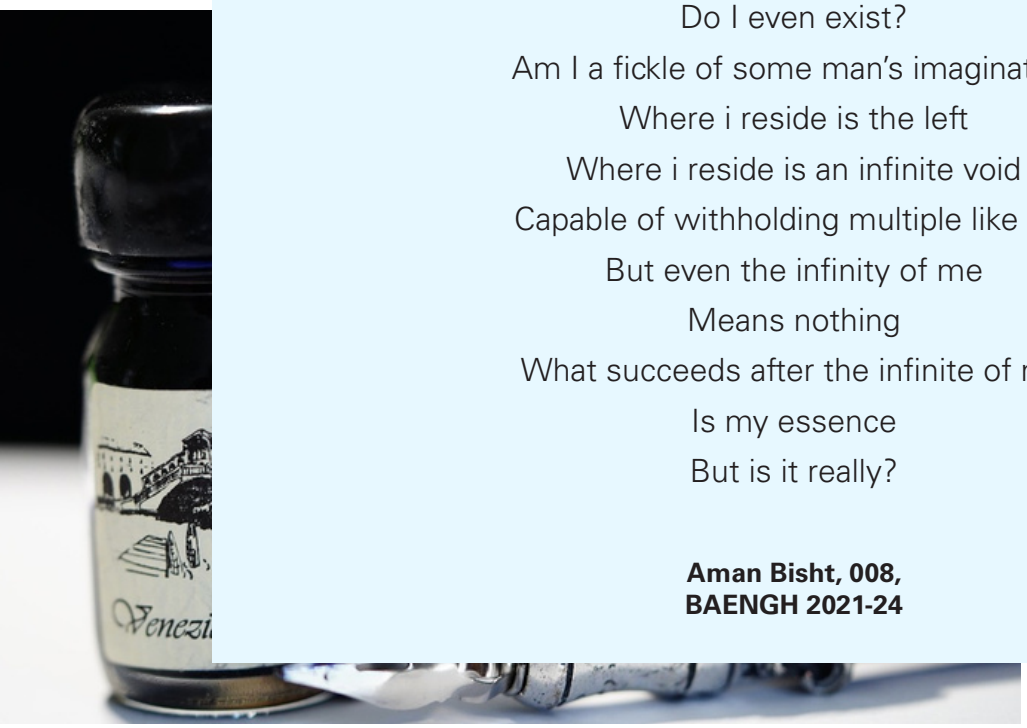


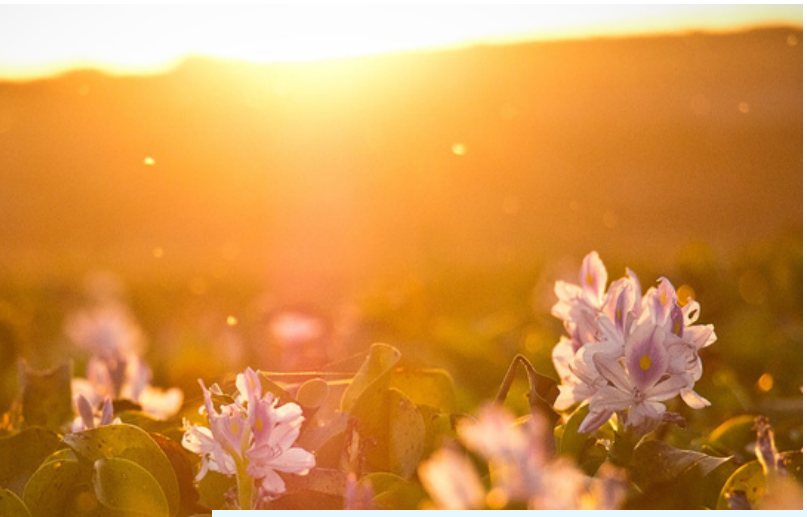


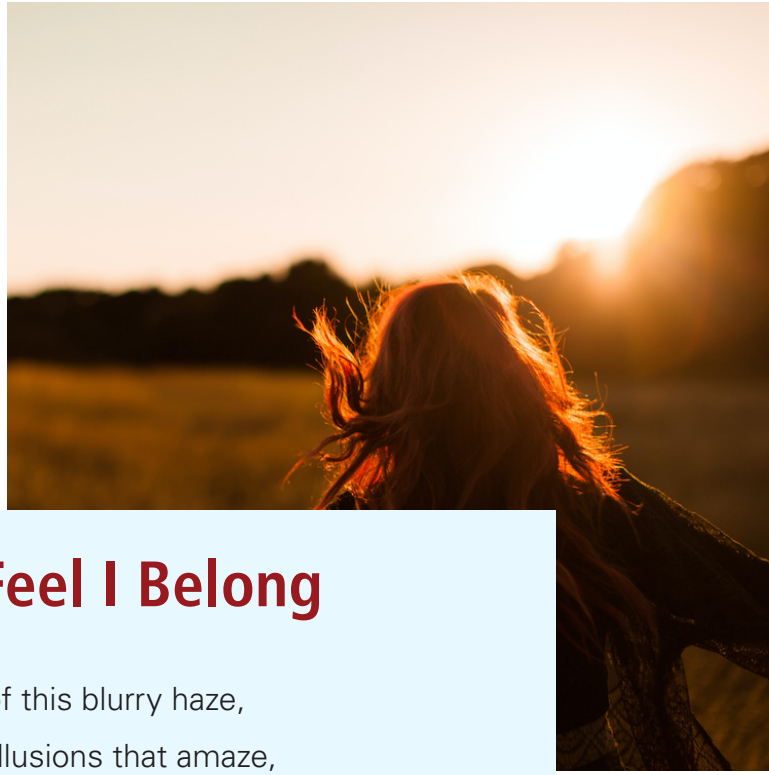
Zero

I, the one precedes the one
Do I really?
I, the antithesis of the article "I"
I was denied
I am devoid of an essence
I roam around invisible
Inconsequential
On the right it wishes
I stand still on the left
If… I choose to stand right
Will my essense simply be
The enhancer to the factor "x"
I choose not to believe it...
The symbol that stood for nothing
Stands for nothing
A symbol... Is it?
I am not vulnerable
Not weak
But not strong either
Neutrality is nothing
Do I even exist?
Am I a fickle of some man's imagination
Where i reside is the left
Where i reside is an infinite void
Capable of withholding multiple like me
But even the infinity of me
Means nothing
What succeeds after the infinite of me
Is my essence
But is it really?

Aman Bisht, 008,
BAENGH 2021-24



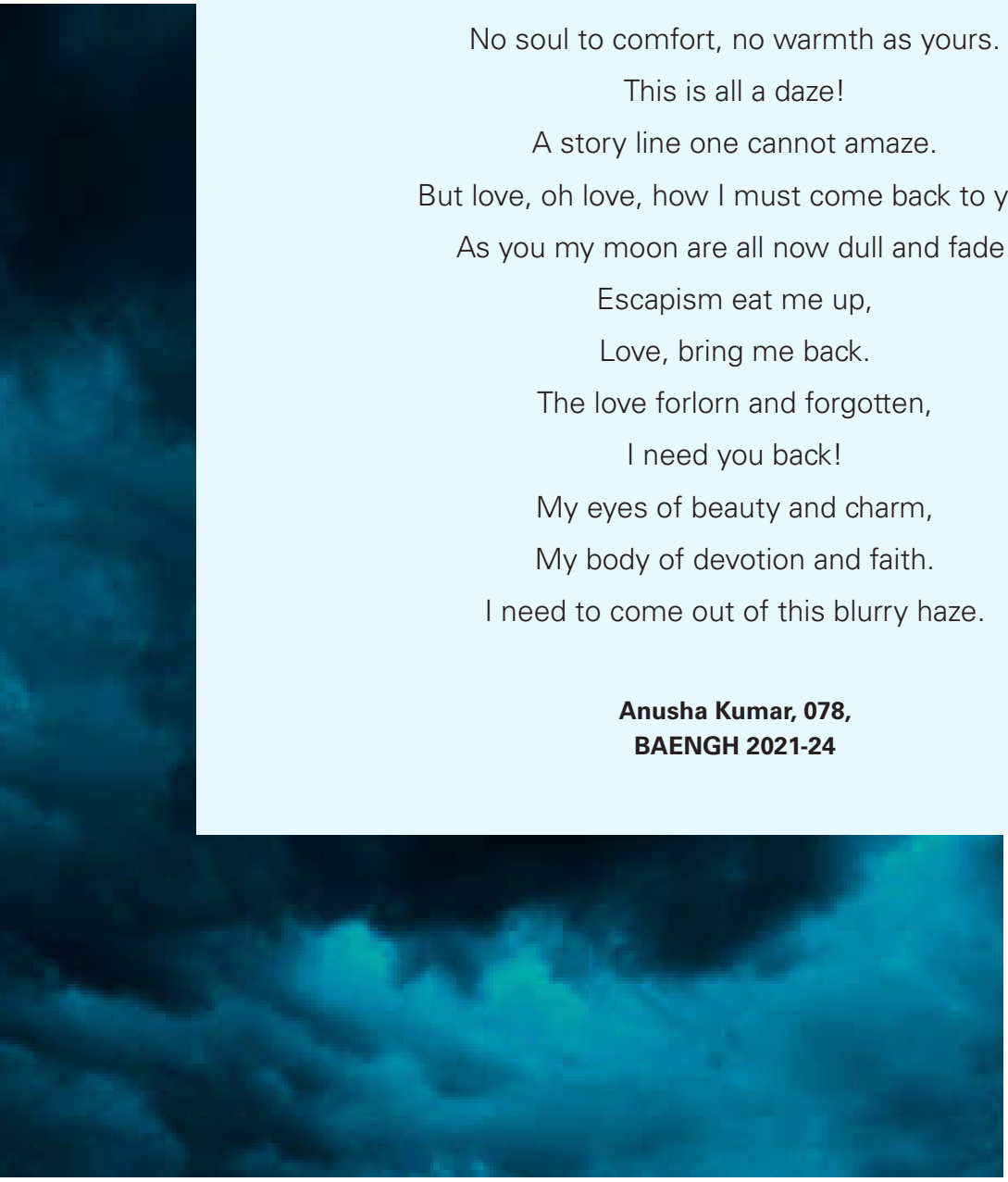




I Just Wanna Feel I Belong

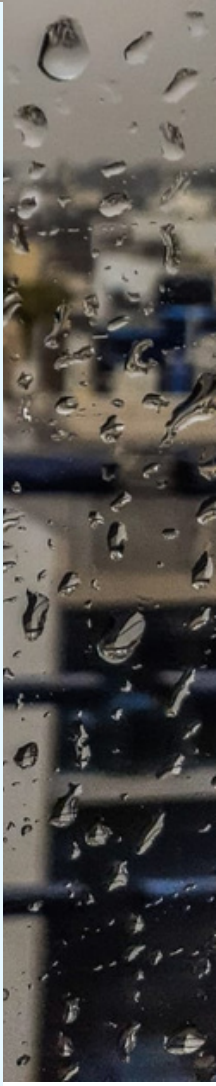
I need to come out of this blurry haze,
I need to let go of the illusions that amaze,
It's all so dark and cold here.
No soul to comfort, no warmth as yours.
This is all a daze!
A story line one cannot amaze.
But love, oh love, how I must come back to you!
As you my moon are all now dull and fade.
Escapism eat me up,
Love, bring me back.
The love forlorn and forgotten,
I need you back!
My eyes of beauty and charm,
My body of devotion and faith.
I need to come out of this blurry haze.

Anusha Kumar, 078,
BAENGH 2021-24







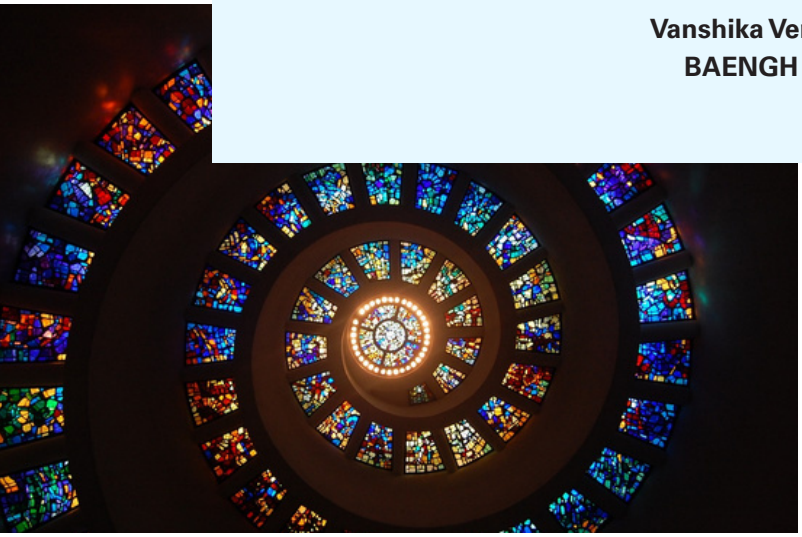


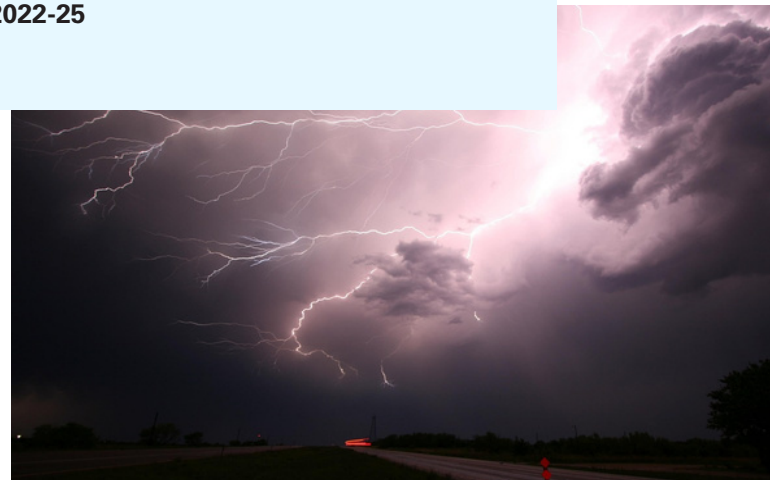
Hidden Tune

Longing for you for so long
Exchanging two words shatters a lot
Begging you to not ruin the bliss
Still comes crashing down the waterways.
You don't know what I see
The distaste in your eyes
While gazing at me
Even the disgrace from you never leaves me.
Empty from inside, hollow like the black hole
You never know what I can see
Those words work like a poison
Making me hate and love you
Collision inside me never resides.
Will you ever admire me like a song,
Or will I always be a hidden tune?

-

Vanshika Vermani, 025,
BAENGH 2022-25



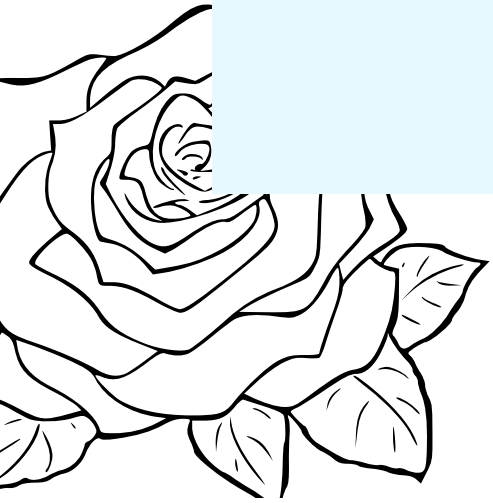


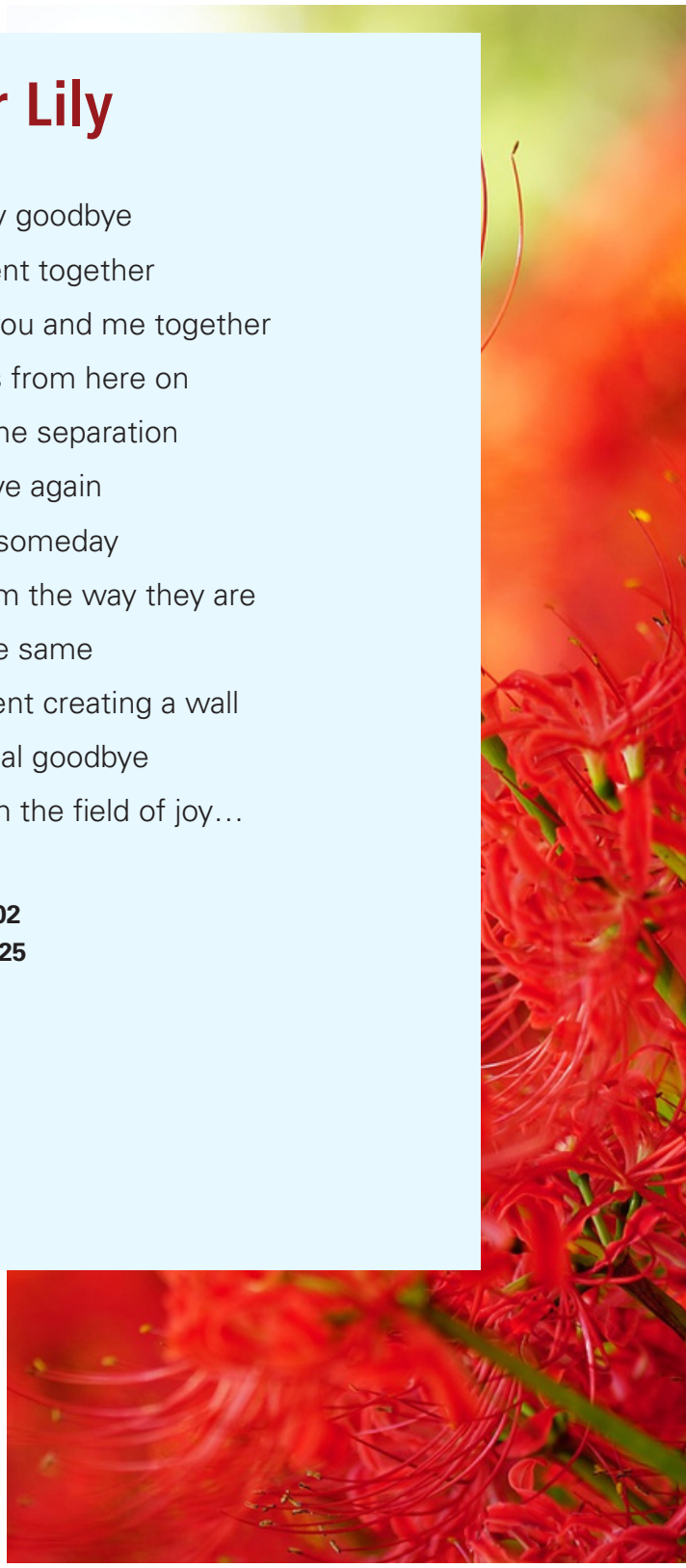


Red Spider Lily

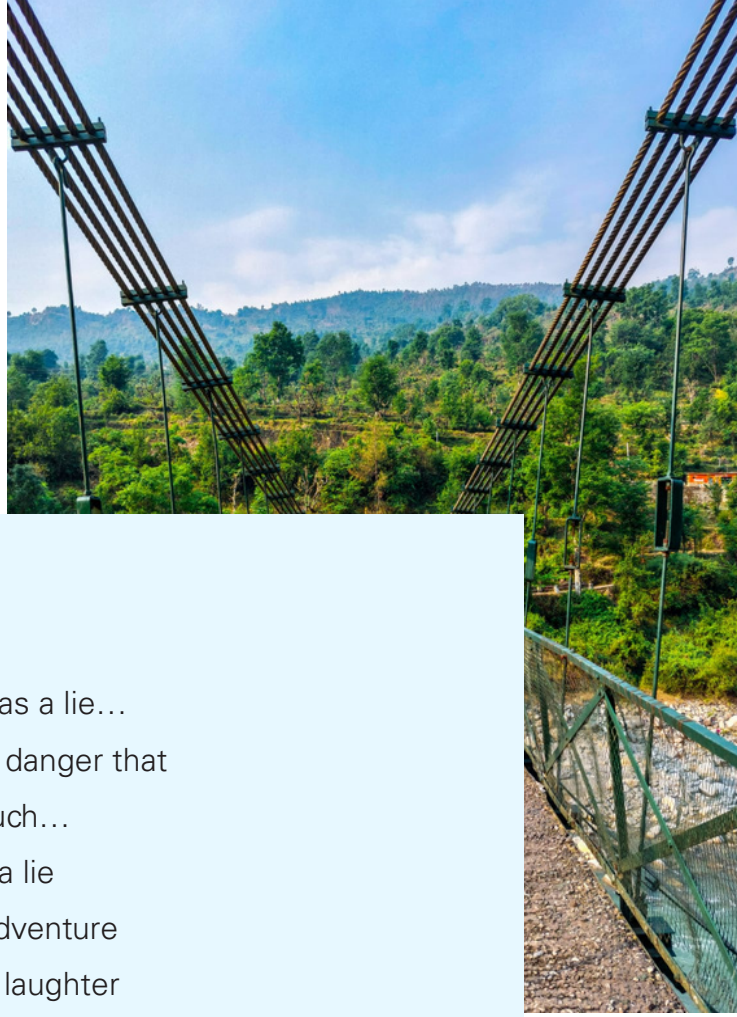
I know it's hard to say goodbye
After the long time spent together
We know that it will hurt both you and me together
But have to part our ways from here on
It will take time to heal the separation
Making us both alive again
We will meet again someday
But things will be different from the way they are
The names may be same
But the identity will be different creating a wall
So let's just say our final goodbye
Just like The Red Spider Lily in the field of joy…

Palak Singh, 902
BAENGH 2022-25





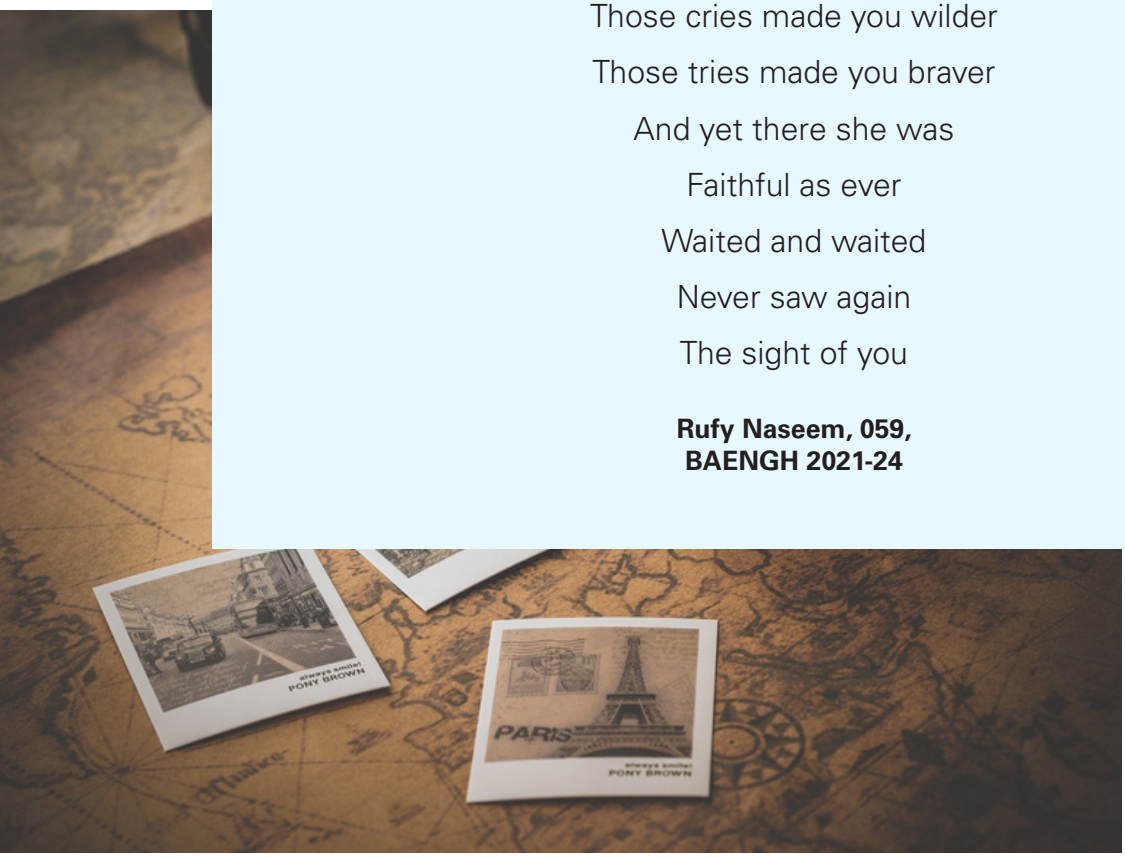




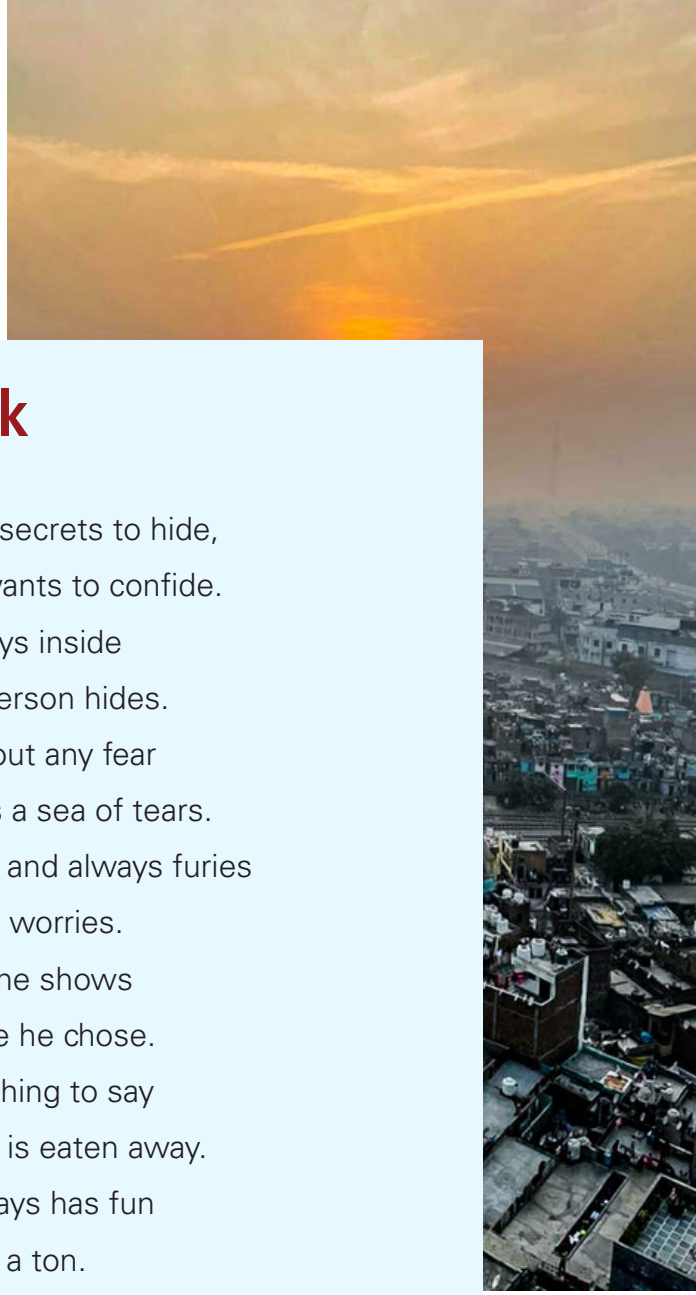
Lies

Of course that was a lie…
That sweet fragrant danger that
I loved so much…
All was but a lie
Those tales of adventure
Those stories of laughter
The horse you ride
And the home you reside
Was all but a lie
Those lies made you stronger
Those cries made you wilder
Those tries made you braver
And yet there she was
Faithful as ever
Waited and waited
Never saw again
The sight of you

Rufy Naseem, 059,
BAENGH 2021-24



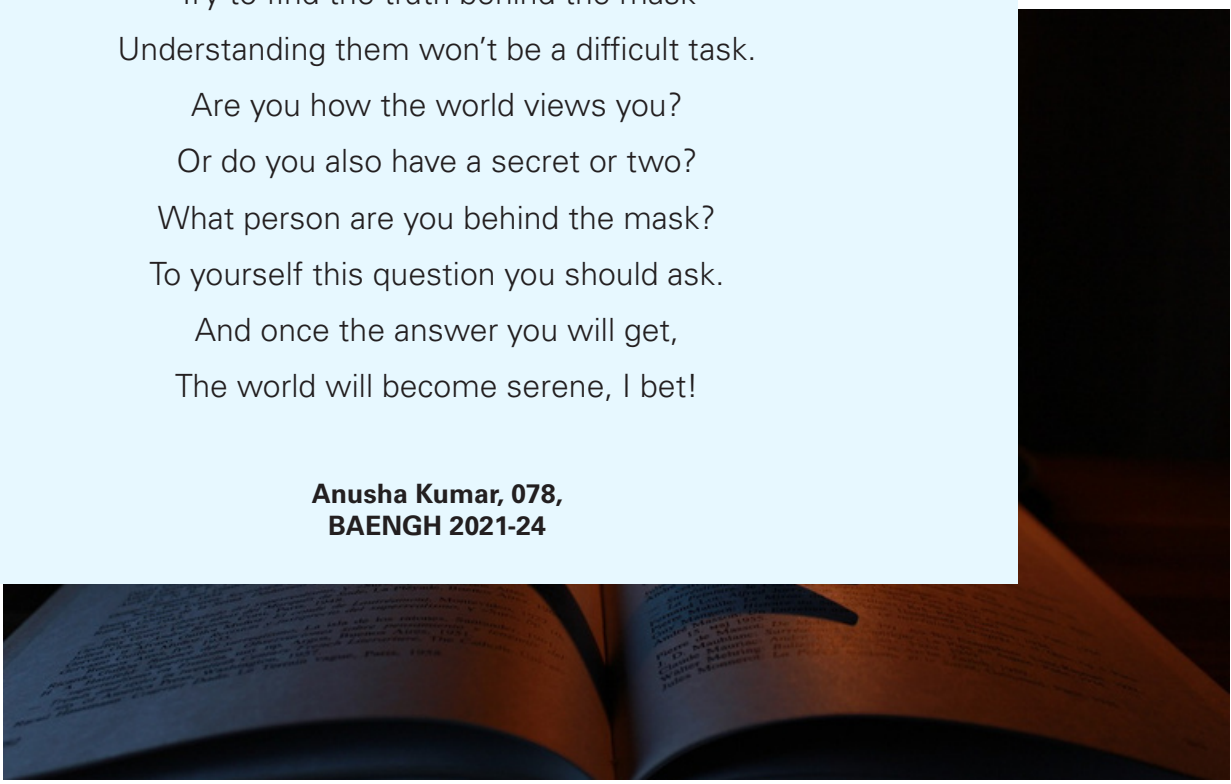




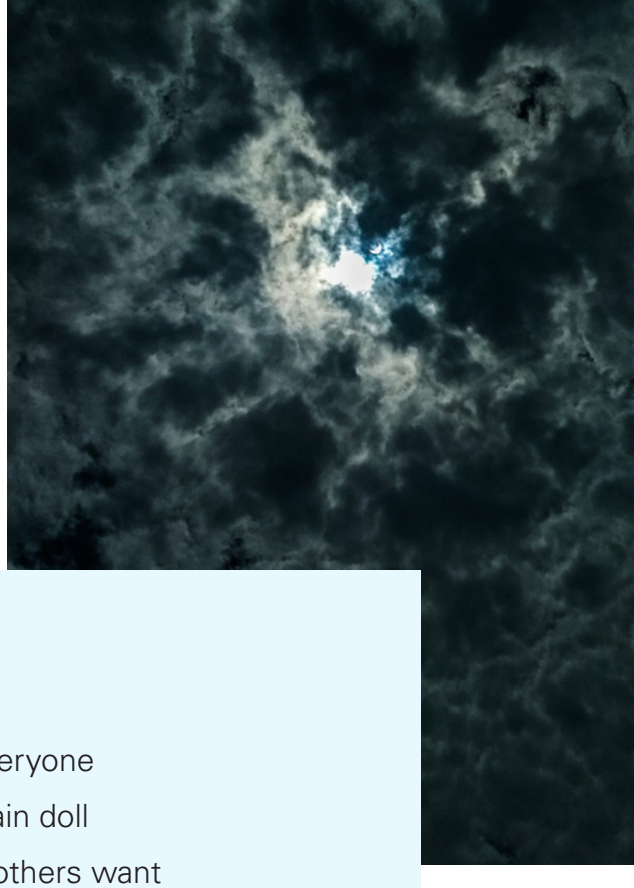
The Mask

A story, a mystery, thousand secrets to hide,
Some things in life, nobody wants to confide.
The mystery of life stays inside
Behind a mask, the real person hides.
A person so happy, without any fear
Behind the mask, maybe has a sea of tears.
Or maybe a person who is rude and always furies
Has a caring heart that worries.
A person so caring, as he shows
Being your enemy maybe he chose.
An introvert who has nothing to say
By some problem, maybe, it is eaten away.
A lively person, who always has fun
Maybe has troubles a ton.
Try to find the truth behind the mask
Understanding them won't be a difficult task.
Are you how the world views you?
Or do you also have a secret or two?
What person are you behind the mask?
To yourself this question you should ask.
And once the answer you will get,
The world will become serene, I bet!

Anusha Kumar, 078,
BAENGH 2021-24



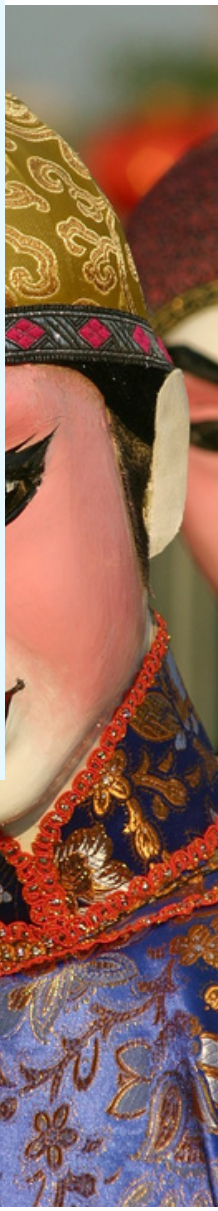




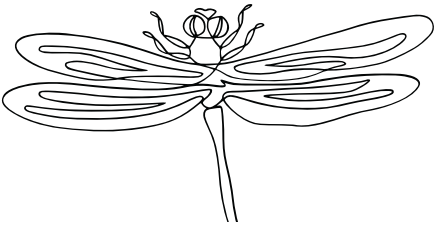
China Doll

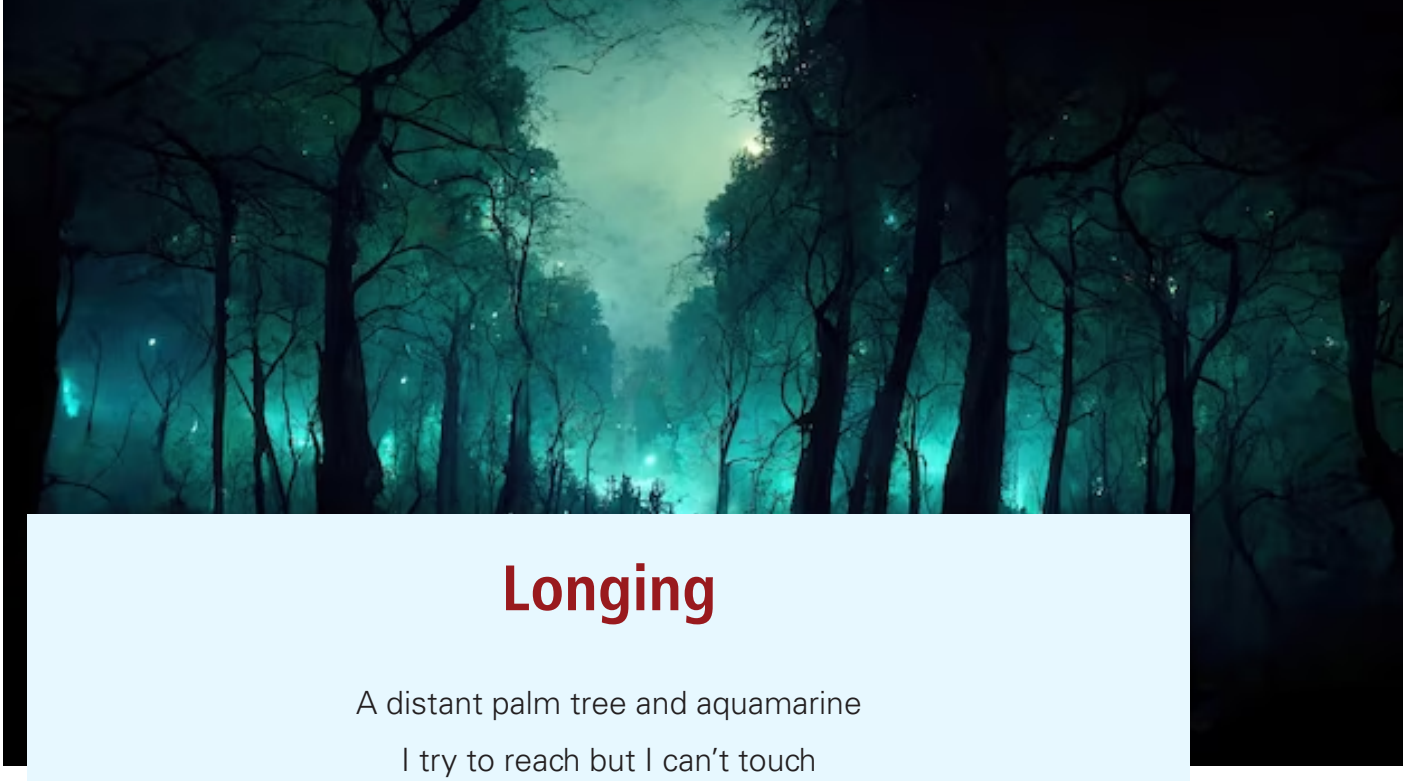
Putting on a fake smile for everyone
Making me feel like a porcelain doll
Playing on the strings to the way others want
Ripping off my wings
Making me a doll in a glass box
Doing things without a rest
But still being called a rebel
Ripping off my thoughts in the name of love
But now have become a glacial doll
Living in an endless nightmare
Finding the ray of light in the never-ending darkness
I have lost my every hope to live
But only my breath is all I have.

Palak Singh, 902,
BAENGH 2022-25





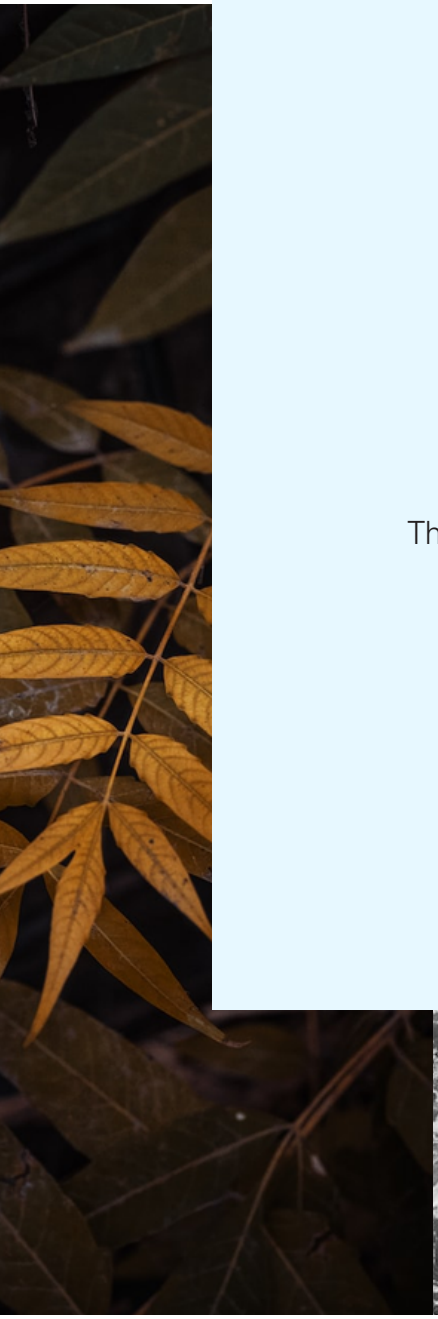


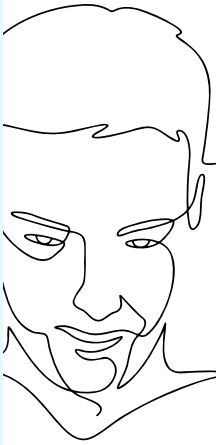


Longing

A distant palm tree and aquamarine
I try to reach but I can't touch
Your roots are trenched deep into the tyrant sands
Oceanic floor unfruitful to the black gold rush
I have this inertia against happiness
I just want these winds to take me to you
Sombre waves of fate what I harness
I guess I am another fool to think so too
Drain me of this black bile
Let gold flow through my veins
My skin shall outshimmer the glimmering fire
The blue not of melancholy but flare of life in my mane

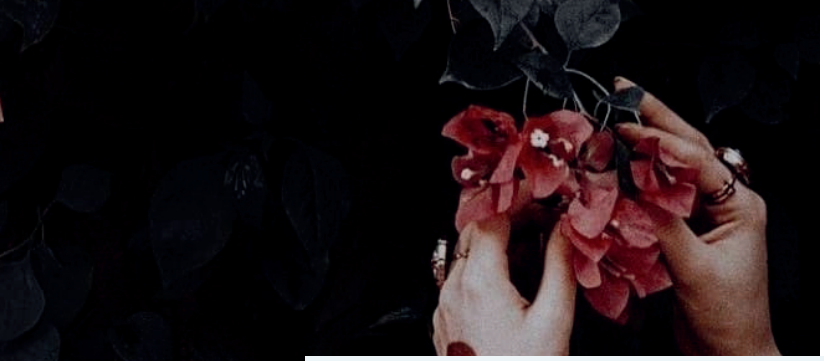
Aman Bisht, 008,
BAENGH 2021-24



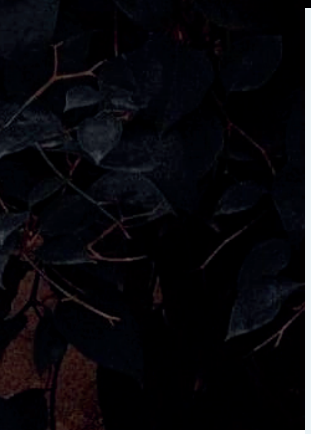














प्रेम पत्र

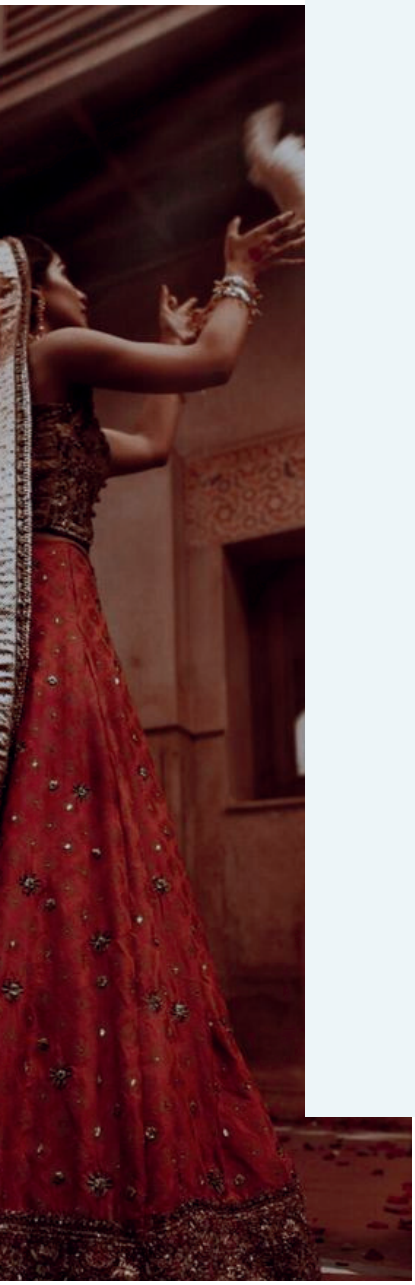
उसकी आंखों से छलकते,
वह प्रेम पत्र हैं,
आंसू की बूंदों में लिपटे,
वह जीवन सत्र हैं।

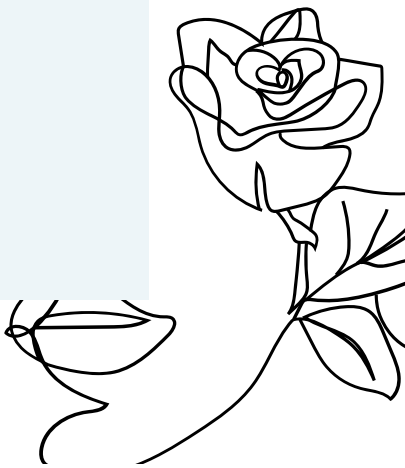
उसके लफ़्ज़ों में दिखते,
अल्फाजो के इशारे है,
उसके ख्यालों में घूमते,
हम उसपर हारे है।

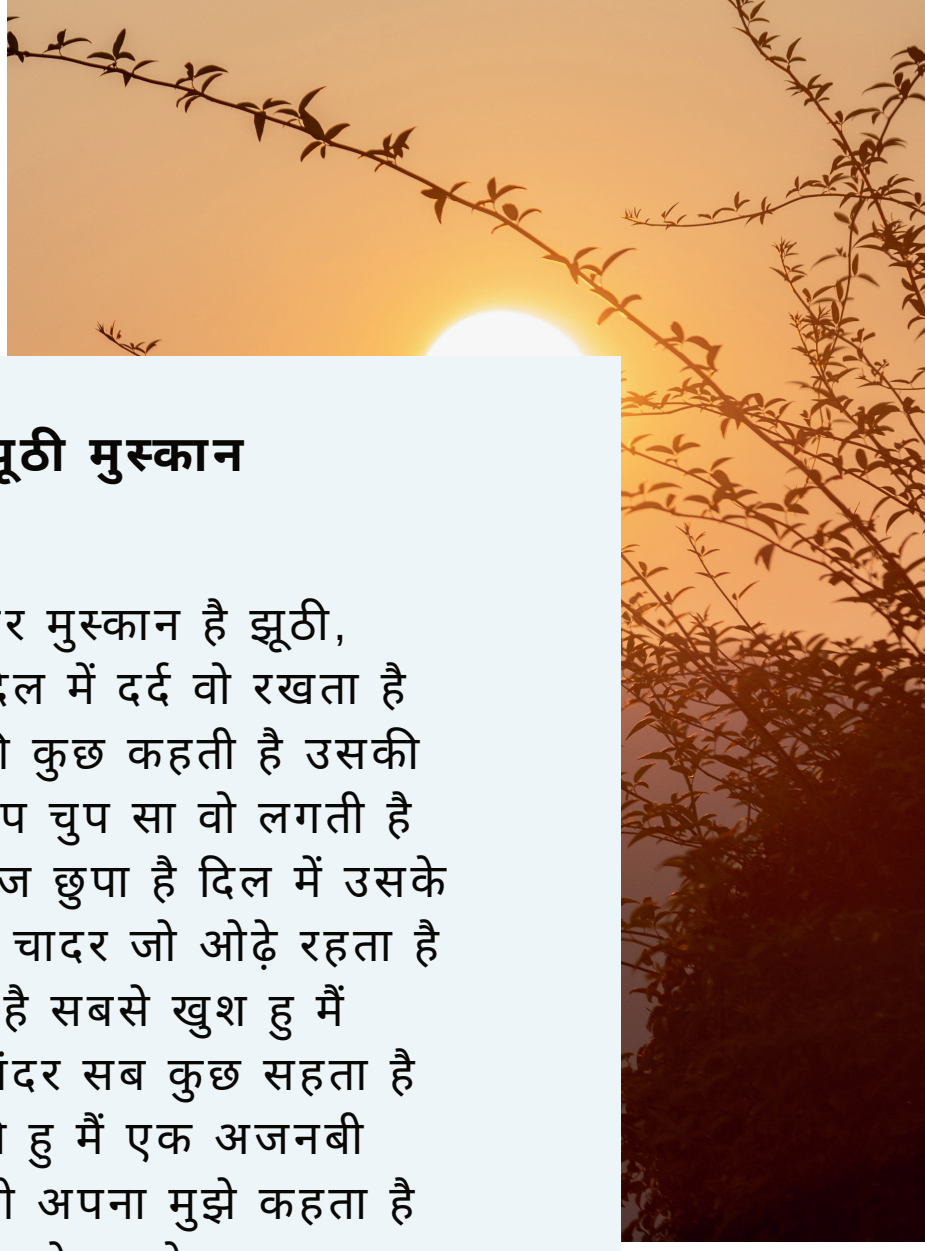
उसके कदमों में सुनाई देती,
उसकी हसरते प्यारी है,
नेत्र नही फूल है,
जो प्रेम की क्यारी है।

उसकी आँखें के संदर्भ में,
रूह भी विलय है,
वो आँखें भी तो आम नही,
किसी लेखक का निलय है।

-YUVNA TANDON,
009, BAENGH 2022-25



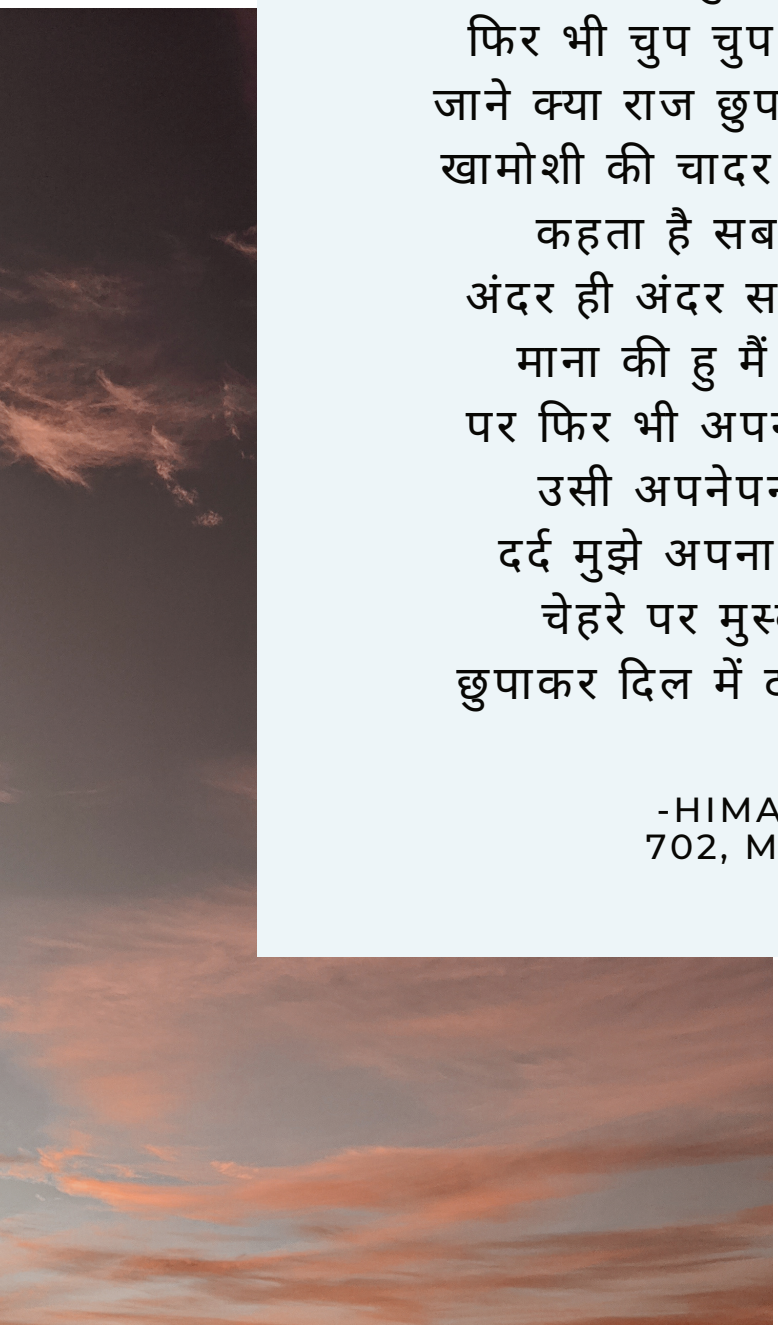


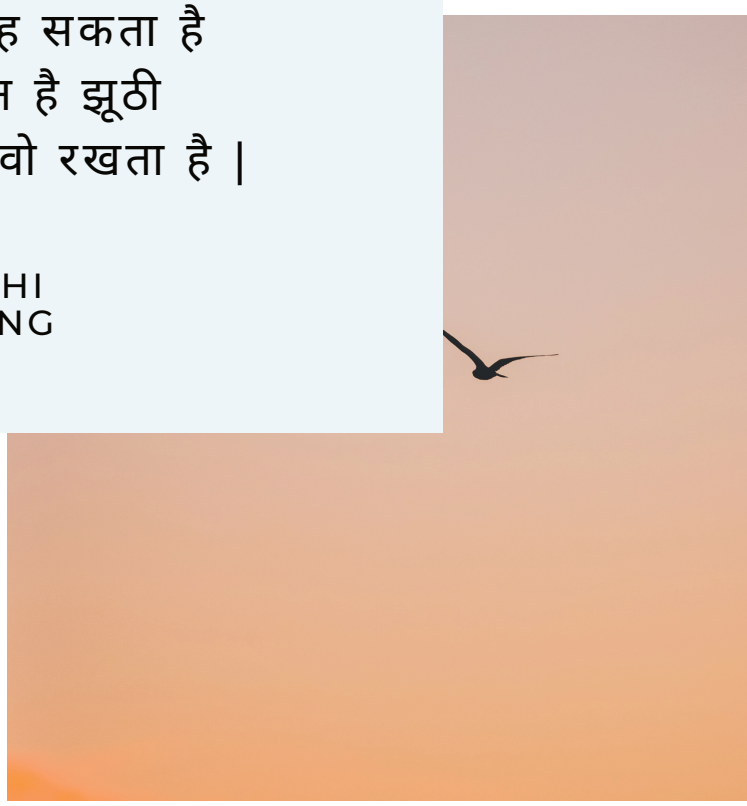


झूठी मुस्कान

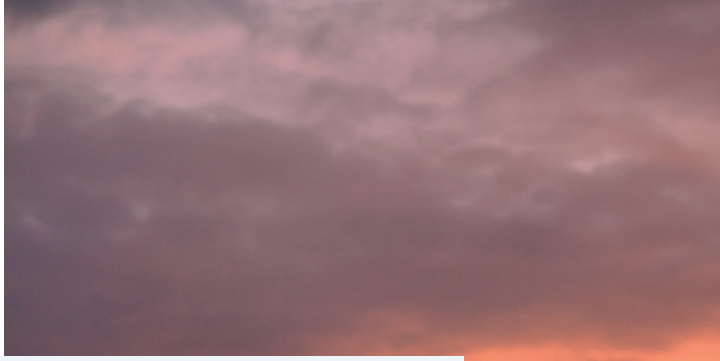
चेहरे पर मुस्कान है झूठी,
छुपाकर दिल में दर्द वो रखता है
आंखे काफी कुछ कहती है उसकी
फिर भी चुप चुप सा वो लगती है
जाने क्या राज छुपा है दिल में उसके
खामोशी की चादर जो ओढ़े रहता है
कहता है सबसे खुश हु मैं
अंदर ही अंदर सब कुछ सहता है
माना की हु मैं एक अजनबी
पर फिर भी अपना मुझे कहता है
उसी अपनेपन से जरा सा
दर्द मुझे अपना कह सकता है
चेहरे पर मुस्कान है झूठी
छुपाकर दिल में दर्द वो रखता है |

-HIMANSHI
702, MAENG

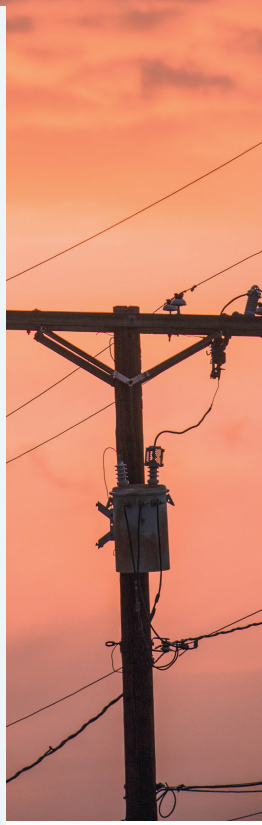












इंतजार

कैसे कहूँ तुमसे कि तुमपे
ऐतबार आज भी उतना करती हूँ
जितना तब करती थी
जब तुम्हे पहली बार देखा था
कैसे कहूँ तुमसे कि
इश्क़ तुम्हें बेशुमार करती हूँ
जितना तब करती थी
जब तुम्हें पहली बार देखा था
चाहो तो आजमाकर देख लो
कम नहीं हैं ज्यादा ही मिलेगा
कैसे कहूँ कि इंतजार तुम्हारा
आज भी उतना ही करती हूँ
जितना तब करती थी
जब तुम्हें पहली बार देखा था।।।।

-HIMANSHI
702, MAENG







ARTWORKS

Of colours & designs

ARTWORKS ARE A TESTAMENT TO HUMAN CREATIVITY AND EXPRESSION, ENCAPSULATING A DIVERSE RANGE OF EMOTIONS, PERSPECTIVES, AND CONCEPTS. WHETHER CRAFTED THROUGH PAINT ON CANVAS, CHISELED FROM STONE, OR FORMED THROUGH DIGITAL MEDIUMS, ARTWORKS HAVE THE POWER TO TRANSCEND TIME AND CULTURAL BOUNDARIES.







PORTRAYING CONNECTIONS

BY: RUFY NASEEM,
059, BAENGH 2021-24

THE EYES, A WINDOW TO THE SOUL

BY: NANDINI NAG,
029, BAENGH 2021-24



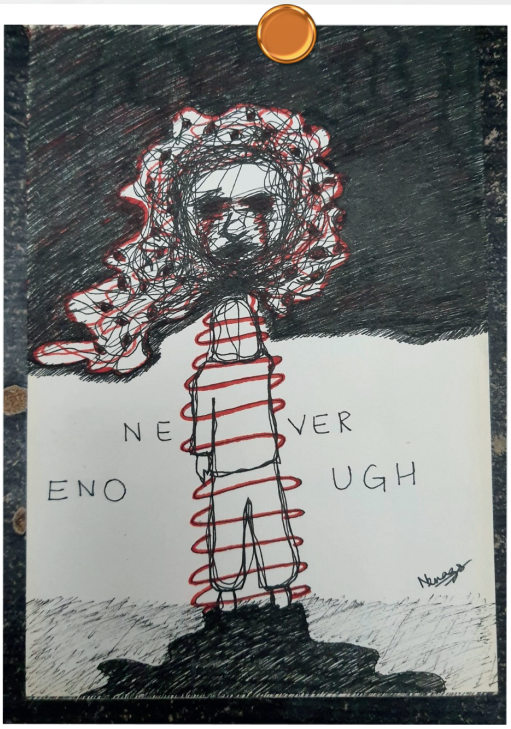


THE EYES REVEAL WHAT THE TONGUE COULD NEVER EXPRESS

BY: RIYA BHATIA, 010, BAENGH 2022-25

SCRUTINY

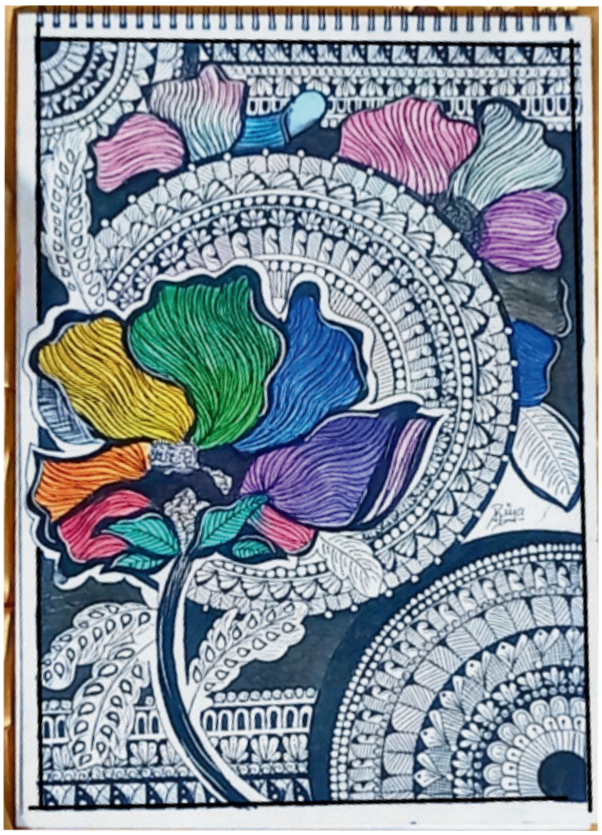
BY: NANDINI NAG,
029, BANEGH 2021-24





DESTROYER OF ENVY AND DUALISM

BY: DEEKSHA S. RAO, 001,
BAENGH 2021-24



TASTE THE RAINBOW

BY: RIYA BHATIA, 010,
BAENGH 2022-25

THE MOTHER MANUAL

BY: RIYA BHATIA, 010, 2022-25





THROUGH THE STREAM

BY: APOORVA RAJPUT,
044, BANRGH 2021-24

BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

BY: NANDINI NAG,
029, BAENGH 2021-24





A TOAD'S SERENADE

BY: RIYA BHATIA, 010, 2022-25



SHADES OF MIDNIGHT

BY: APOORVA RAJPUT, 044, BAENGH 2021-24



RADHA KRTSHNA

BY: KHUSHI VERMA, 002, MAENG



PROSE

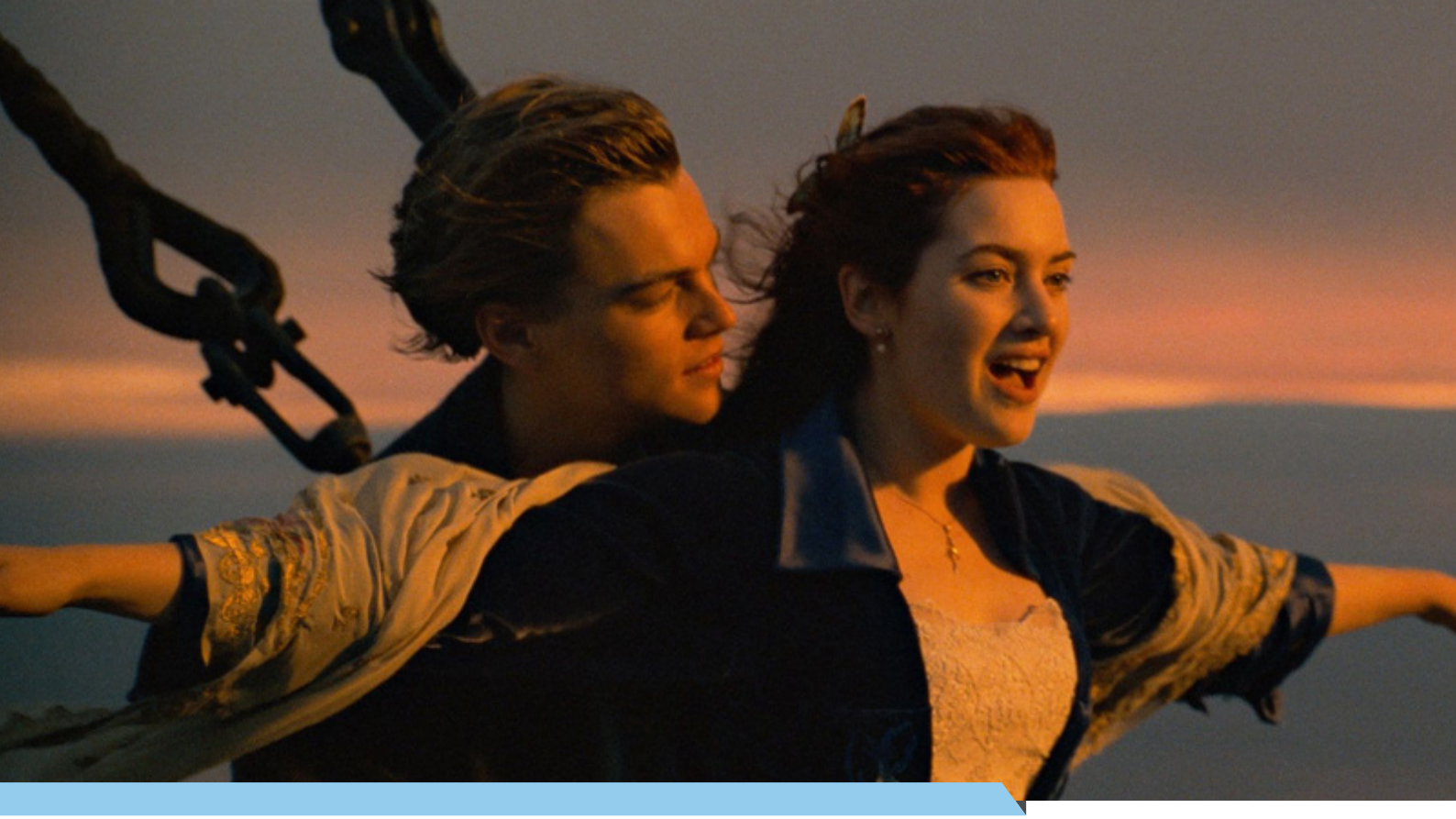
Journey of written expression .

"FIND OUT THE REASON THAT COMMANDS YOU TO WRITE; SEE WHETHER IT HAS SPREAD ITS ROOTS INTO THE VERY DEPTH OF YOUR HEART; CONFESS TO YOURSELF YOU WOULD HAVE TO DIE IF YOU WERE FORBIDDEN TO WRITE."

-RAINER MARIA RILKE







Titanic by James Cameron

—Ayushi Khare, 022, BAENGH 2022-25

"*Titanic*" by James Cameron is a cinematic extravaganza influenced by the rich canon of English literature as well as historical events. The movie is a tribute to the continuing power of storytelling since it skillfully combines a grand tragedy with aspects found in literary classics. It is fundamentally a tribute to the traditional romance genre of literature. Shakespearean tragedy is apparent in Rose DeWitt Bukater (Kate Winslet) and Jack Dawson's (Leonardo DiCaprio) narrative of forbidden love. Their ill-fated romance, which was hampered by social conventions and a tight class structure, is reminiscent of William Shakespeare's themes of love, fate, and the struggle against adversity. Rose's eminent personality can be traced down to the female protagonists in books by Jane Austen. Like Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice", Rose breaks social norms and chooses to pursue true love rather than a loveless marriage. She is a compelling character who embodies the spirit of Austen's adored heroines due to her strength, tenacity, and refusal to submit to the limitations of her time. Not only does Titanic explore major themes of love, fate, and societal constraints, it delves into the opulence of upper class kin.

It embraces elements of tragedy, romance, social commentary, and profound human emotion, drawing inspiration from literary giants and echoes to enhance its narrative while Visually impressing historical accuracy with Cameron's artistic vision.

In conclusion, "Titanic" is a cinematic marvel that weaves together the threads of English literature, offering a compelling narrative filled with love, tragedy, and social commentary. While not reaching the same literary heights as its influences, the film pays homage to timeless themes and storytelling techniques that have captivated audiences for centuries. "Titanic" stands as a powerful reminder of the enduring influence of literature and its ability to transcend time and medium.



Generation Gap

—Tanvi Grover, 021, BAENGH 2022-25

—Each generation imagines itself to be more intelligent than the one that went before it, and wiser than the one after it."

—George Orwell

Is a difference in the opinions, ideas, attitudes and beliefs of two or more generations typical and ordinary?

Sadly, yes!

Every new generation is characterized by some or the other advancements in facilities, technology, and infrastructure accompanied by evolved thought patterns and belief systems. This somehow creates a disparity because the older generation still has the former age-old cognitions.

But as a matter of fact, we hardly pay attention to how it impacts our relationships; we get so much lost in the parent-child conflict, that we forget the generation gap.

Indian parents advising their child to simply apply for government jobs rather than pursuing his dreams, silly conflicts based on superstitious beliefs on one side and logics on the other, differences in pace of understanding technology are very common examples where generation gap is utterly evident. Nevertheless, a gap between generations does not always have to be evident through ideological conflicts, communication gap or attitude difference. It can also be limited only to the cognitive or thought level and might not be portrayed in actions. The Gen Y or the parents might feel the Gen Z or their teens are just too disobedient and lacking in values. Giving their kids all the facilities and advantages they didn't get as kids, and getting disobedience, impulsivity and carelessness in return wouldn't probably be a good reciprocation.

At the same time, Gen Z might feel Gen Y is too rigid, conservative and outdated. The teens trying to limit themselves according to their parent's expectations and still not getting acceptance in return might get frustrated because of blocking of needs and goals.

Where do these conflicts even arise from-is generation gap merely an ideological difference?



Well, probably. Conflicts rising due to generation gap are common because of two incompatible needs, arising from two incompatible ideologies entering the so-called battle field.

There could be various possible reasons for the persistence of two differing and incompatible ideologies. Firstly, advancements in technology, infrastructure and facilities play a great role in influencing the ideologies. Since the older generations haven't got sufficient exposure of the digitalized world that we live in today, it causes disparity between generations. It won't be uncommon to see Gen Y reading books on 'how to use internet well' and a Gen-Z looking up 'how to make the most out of a book' on the internet. Apart from that, exposure to heaps of information brings in a more logical and scientific way of thinking. In today's time, explaining struggles like "sitting under the street light or candle to study", just results in an argument, "Why not just study during the day?"

Secondly, the increasing impact of Western culture is accelerating the rate of changes in Indian society. The Western view holds clear dichotomies between the self and culture and they exist as two different entities with clearly defined boundaries, which is in total contrast with the collectivistic approach and harmonious co-existence of culture and self in the Indian view. Due to the increased impact of the West, mostly because of cinematic influences, an average teen today feels leaving the house when he/she turns the legal age is the new normal, totally ignoring the culture and value differences. Thirdly, there is a lack of acceptance from both the Older and New generations. If a millennial tries to explain to a centennial that he/she carries more experience and knows the consequence already, and the latter counter argues referring to the changing times, the conflict just goes on and on, with neither of them being wrong. And then the "they don't understand me" approach kicks in on both the sides..

The older generation having crossed their teenage and entered parenthood, might conclude it's tougher to be a parent. It could be the total opposite in the child's views.

Maybe a teenager doesn't really have to understand the parents before doing something, but it is the moral duty of parents to understand and analyze the child's thinking

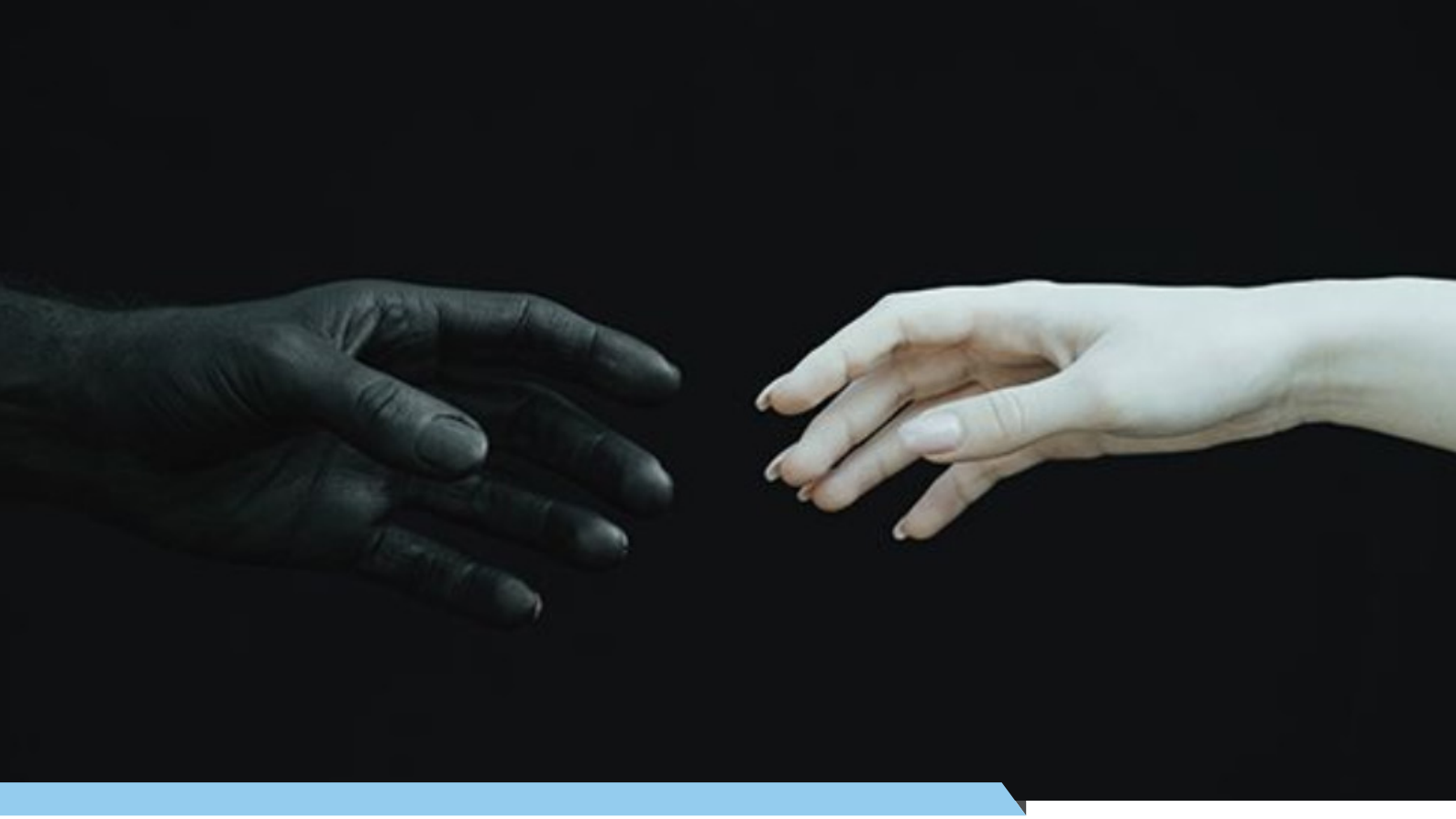


and take actions. But, considering the fact that parents have already gone through this phase, experienced a similar generation gap with a generation older than theirs, shouldn't it make them a little more considerate towards their teenager?

Altogether, social changes triggered by various factors influence ideologies, leading to generation gaps where surprisingly, millennials somehow claim to suffer the most, "when we were kids, we were afraid of our parents, now that we're parents, we're afraid of our children." Even though this problem of generation gap is faced by almost every generation and we live in a world where we learn and grow so much with each passing day, why is the gap still persisting? Observing trends and changes over the years, it is very evident that this generation gap is decreasing. Where the millennials couldn't even explain themselves in front of their parents while being scolded for a wrong deed, centennials are sometimes included in the family talks.

It might be possible that in the near future, new parents having experienced a similar gap are able to adapt well, understand and tolerate to a certain point and bridge the generation gap.

But in the present scenarios, it is important that both the generations make equal efforts in understanding the other. Bridging the communication gap, initiating open conversations, radiating unconditional positive regard can help in overcoming the generation gap and creating a healthy relationship where both the generations can grow in each other's presence.



The Stage

—Mehul Malik, 004, BAENGH 2021-24

Nothing is promised in life except death. I realized that when I died.

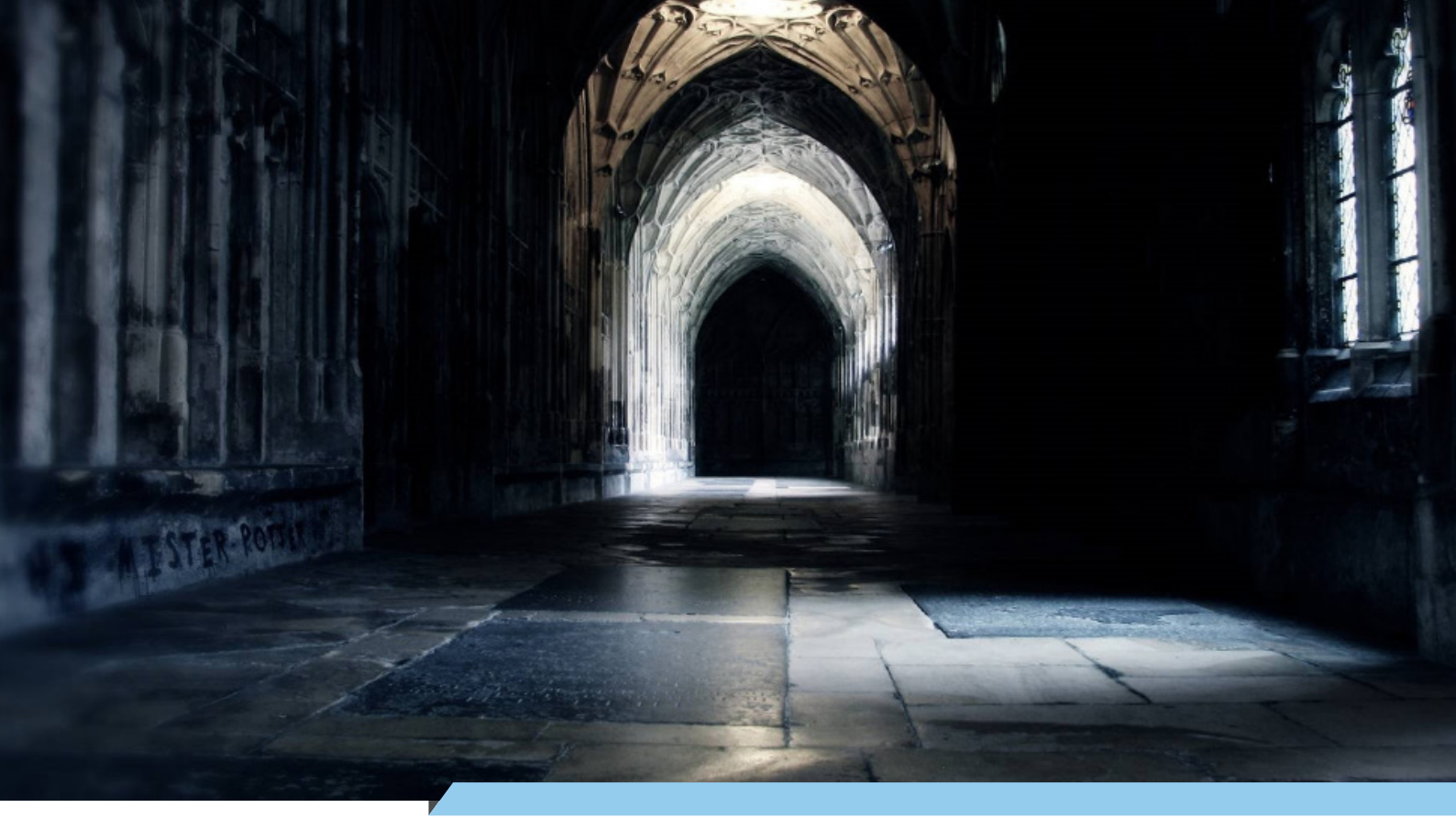
Sometime before I melted into my eternal sleep, I saw myself trapped between four sad walls of concrete with demented creases running all over them. There was also a window, faintly visible through the gap between my unnecessary well-wishers, who stood beside my bed in impatient observation.

Everything faded away as the window fell more into my view and I saw birds. Never would I have thought that birds would excite me while I lay waiting for death to take me. The birds flew over buildings of all shapes, ducking low from poles and wires, then soaring again as the vast sky held them. Watching birds and sky-reflecting buildings, I realized it was the first time I'd smiled genuinely in years. This was everything we had once ecstatically discovered as kids and everything we had grown bored of by the time we turned thirteen.

We never know we're going to die, nor do we expect it. It just happens. And it's always something that'd been killing us for a long time before it finally, really kills us. Do you think Achilles knew he was going to die of a weak heel? It was the moment I dropped from my chair, with my limp limbs spread over the soft carpet, that everything became slow.

It felt like time had stopped moving through everything I touched. I saw my breath leave me in slow huffs while my chest contracted with the pressure of a thousand planets colliding. Firecrackers across my eyes. Firecrackers in my chest. All I felt were numb ears and pent-up tears.

"CALL AN AMBULANCE!" A scream traveled through the air slower than the speed of me being dragged across the room. This is the phase where your heart stops beating. Where you faint while realizing there's a really low chance of you ever waking up. And in those seconds of your struggle from hyper-focused consciousness to completely dark oblivion, you see every face you are never going to see again. All the brothers, all the sisters, all the hands, and all the others.



I was one of the lucky ones. Saved and awake, I lay on a bed completely surrounded by a herd of people. People who'd driven me to the hospital, people who called themselves family, and people who were paid to gift me a few more days to live. When you're on your deathbed, everyone expects you to talk. It's this psychological need we have to hear someone out when we know it's their last time. We would go entire lifetimes without ever saying a hello to someone, but as soon as they are spread out on a white bed, awaiting the doors of heaven to open, we suddenly have the urge to know them. In death, there is no shame, for we are raw creatures of sound and heart.

The birds appeared with cloud-like intensity and flew high over the room I was lying in. They're flying without rest, I thought; it's going to rain soon. Rain—it's so cliche. You watch a movie with someone dying in it, and there are always some heavy clouds pinned behind the scene with cold, unyielding droplets sliding down everyone's eyebrows. It disgusted me to some extent that I was part of a cliche that promoted death as a concept and not as something real. It was the only final and complete thing that happened to us. All our relationships, all our love, and all our hate bow down to it.

Then it started raining hard, like in the movies, and everyone looked out the window into the gray, heavy sky as it slung bright flashes of blue all across itself. I was grateful for the diversion in everyone's attention as I fixed my eyes on the sliding droplets of water racing each other on the transparent square of glass.

Free from all the expectant eyes, I imagined a stage. A stage where I stood alone, the weight of all the things I am accountable for slowly shifting from shoulder to shoulder, with only this curtain to provide any solace. The things behind this curtain scare me, as do the things beyond it. But someday the curtain will open and reveal what we already know. It's like when Markus Zusak said that, for some reason, dying men always ask the question they know the answer to. Perhaps it's so they can die being right. And that's what life is—a constant struggle between being right and being happy. And all this while, you never consider if there's going to be an audience behind this velvet red curtain or if someone's going to be there crying or smiling because you're gone. Or even some tomatoes that will hit your face as soon as you step out onto the stage. And how many people will be there? Is there even going to be anyone? Will your death attract a few scattered claps?



Knowing all these things made me realize that I knew nothing. As eyes were turned towards me again, I wondered if they really cared. Did they all just stand with their empty eyes and their empty words because they wanted something from me? Maybe a few words about what they had meant to me? But did anyone tell me what I had meant to them?

The stage trembled slightly beneath my feet as the curtains spread high into the dark, unknowing sky and started parting. A streak of light rushed across my face and slammed my eyes shut. All became red when the piercing light went through my eyelids and rendered me blind. I felt everything at once and nothing at all. I saw it coming. It asked me a question;

Who are you?

On the other side of the curtain awaits a light so blinding that it tears apart our perception of everything. This light is warm, and this light is dark. This light is death.



House of Memories

—Yashika Sinha, 040, BAENGH 2022-25

This house is ours. I wonder if that's what my parents must have thought. Did they imagine all their life here? Did they wish to raise two kids? Make a family as the keys clattered in their hands. They belonged somewhere now. Like the stars belonged to the sky. Big budget loans screaming their legacy every start of the month. But it wasn't the rain of April. It was something they already knew, something they wished to tackle because the family had started carving its memories on the walls. All the broken windows, relinquished paint, the door knobs that didn't work or the new kitchen stove as the gas of the previous one was a little unregulated. Kind of like the house itself. Unregulated, wild, raw and human.

I have lived here all my life. I know the nooks and crooks of this house as Asian parents know about their child. I have seen it get painted thrice. Firstly, the most vibrant blue my mother could imagine. She took the colour and rolled it over the walls. It was loud but never not classy. She knew the difference better than anyone else could. I was young back then.

The world wasn't at my disposal to compare and contrast. To cry over the misery the world held at its womb or the joys it could bear. I didn't know either. But my brother was a little older and he certainly knew that the world was his to discover and fight for. So as a true discoverer he would take a pencil and go on his voyage. Piercing the pencil through the paint, the cement, the walls.

All dug up but nothing found. I don't think he was ever scolded harshly for it. My brother grew up and the worlds he tried to find were filled with cement over again. Crushing the new world as he entered the old one, the new one, the real one.

The scars the walls suffered for holding us were covered with cement once again. The scratches are not visible anymore. Just gone from what we could see and honestly humans can't see much. The colours were decided. Colour blocking. It will be a pastel colour look with light shades of pink and purple and white. But now the rooms differed in my consciousness. My brother and I slept in a different room than our



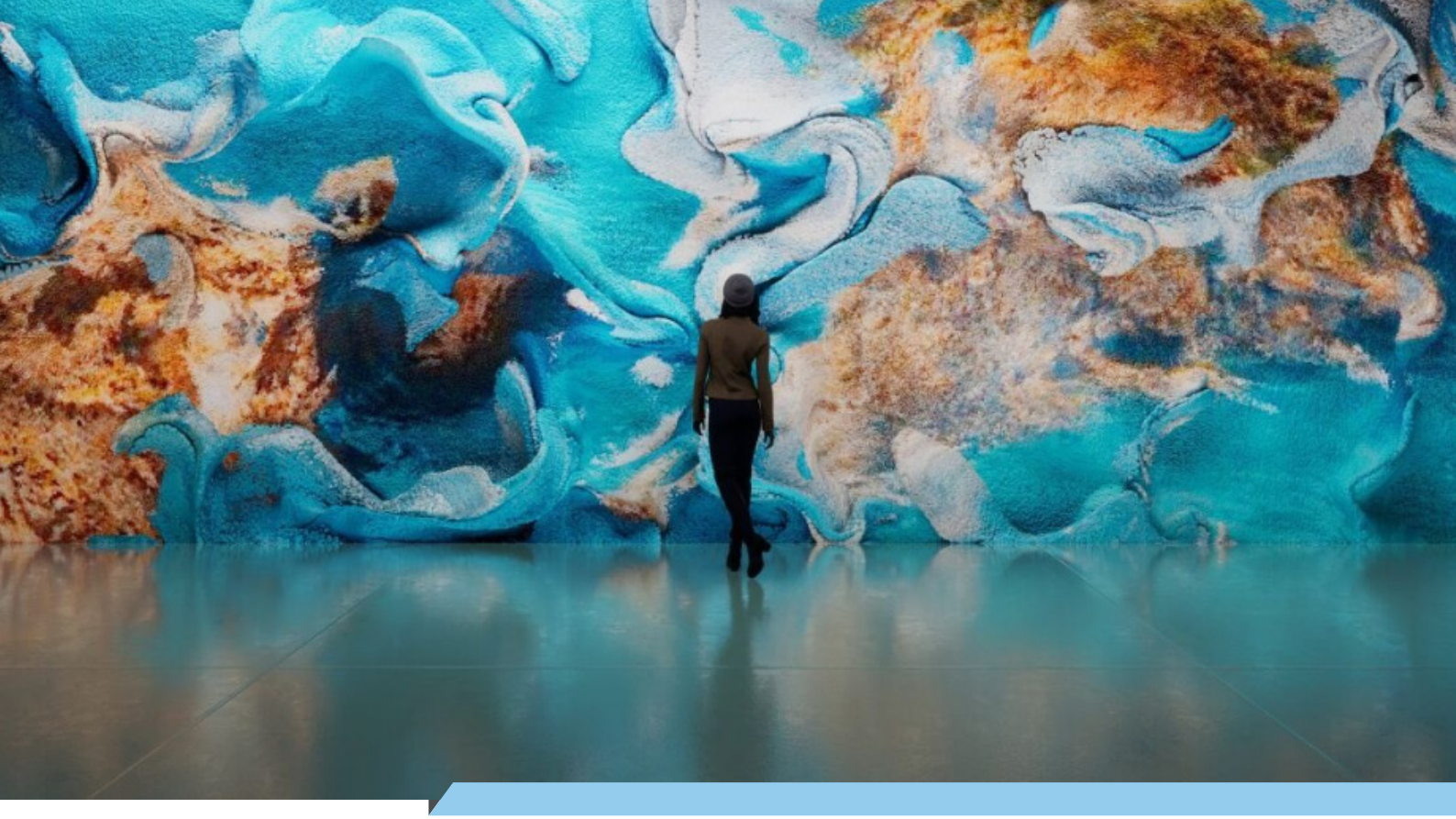
parents. He enjoyed his space to say the least while I fought every kind of monster the night could possess.

The feverish wake of dreams which crawled through my blanket every night. Reality and unconsciousness seem to become one in the reign of the moon. So, there I lay frightened, paralyzed by the possibility of what this world has in store. All that it could manipulate into my life as I didn't hold the threads of fate by any means. Scared but in the arms of this house. The night winds fluttered the windows curtain and reassured me as I leapt to hold my brother. This house held me too. I grew a little. If you ask me back then I thought I was all grown up. Moms' dupatta draped around my waist.

I was ready to take on all responsibilities that this house thrust on me. Curled up in the curtains, I could run this house better than my mother could which obviously proved to be a delusion. Everyone has to be a little delusional to grow up happily in a world like this. And I chose mine. The walls might have dainty paint, very easily poked and pricked if you use your nails cleverly enough. It still held my innocence protected and safe in its heart. I trusted these walls like a child in the womb. I slipped on the tiles sometimes. The crying and pain and attention would be the highlight of the day. My dad would come and he would know the story of the evil tiles who just let me slip. He would pat me on the back and up I go.

The light pink was the colour of the wall around the window. You could touch it but not without staining it. I would watch my mom scrub it each time when Diwali came around. She would complain and curse her children who can't even keep a simple sombre wall pretty and clean. I sat there of course blaming my brother and him blaming me. But the truth of the matter was we were all guilty of it. Including my parents. They were brilliant people to say the least. But the problem is some paints are too light. They get stained easily. I grew up a little more when I saw my mom touching the wall with unwashed hands.

The third time it was painted. It became a set for coming-of-age movies. The blue was back but not the same shade anymore, it had an emerald touch to it with white accompanying it like a comrade. They went so well that they could have a blood connection. But my brother and I didn't see eye to eye. Unspoken rule of staying away from each other. We both still shared Taylor swift, Ed Sheeran and Anime. Music played in this house as far back as I can



remember. I think every member of this house can sing "Chaudhvin Ka Chand" all thanks to my dad. If it was up to him, he would make the fans sing and the curtains dance on that song. But now the song spoke differently, different languages. I still think at the end of the day my family loved to listen about love. As me and my brother grew up, so did the house.

The normal lights changed to LED, the bulb holders were these white tulips made of ceramic with the stem being a mixture of brown and golden. They were lit day and night as my brother hijacked our room and studied. He studied like cupid's bow hit him and the textbooks. One day he qualified all he wished to and left. I knew I ached for him to stay but never did I think how he would feel.

The little creeks and crevices now held secrets sealed in the lips of it. I came back to this door every time. Holding stories of the time gone. Sealed lips and heart quenched the thirst of the outside world. I would come back and lay for hours in bed. Thinking of the place we went without telling our parents or the money I saved and tucked it away in the corner of the bag. And the boys. They were a well-kept secret hidden away in the pages of the diary written in extremely bad handwriting. I still vividly remember the first time I kissed. Blushed like the light shade of pink my mother once painted. Untainted, untamed and uncontrollable. Coming home smiling like I had the solution to world peace. I might have hidden it from my mother. But I very much believe the house knew. The light of the bulbs glows brighter than before. The paint scrubbed across my skin like a flower petal instead of its usual rough protective self. I didn't slip on the tiles anymore. So, I sat on it for hours, just thinking about what had happened. The walls whispered my secrets but sealed it shut in the creeks and crevices.

Home is what I come back to each day but each day the world outside becomes a stronger black hole. I knew it was time to leave. To find a home somewhere else. I can leave these walls and the curtains and the blue colour behind. I can leave the secrets guarded by the creeks. Take the symphonies of songs recorded in my mind. The fans can sing at some other place. And maybe someday I will grow up to have the charm of my dad to make the curtains dance as well. The only fear I will hold as I pack the bag and take every memory, I can be that I wish that this house doesn't become a place to reminisce but to return to.



PHOTOGRAPHY

the art of savoring life

"YOU DON'T TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH,
YOU MAKE IT."

—ANSEL ADAMS





PHOTOGRAPHS BY

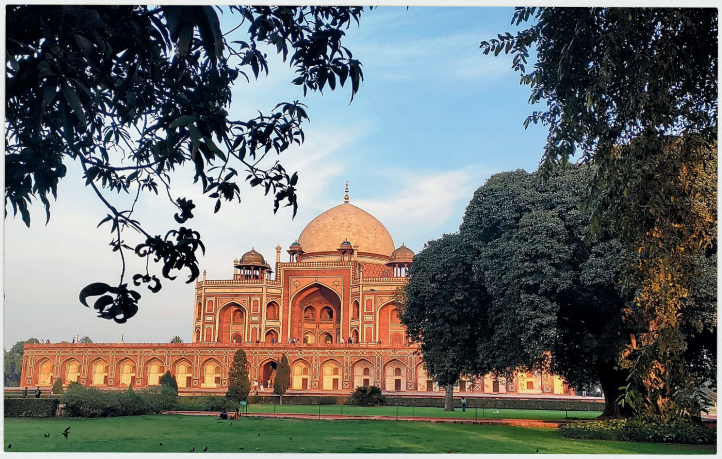
APOORVA RAJPUT,
044, BAENGH 2021-24



TRANQUILITY



SANSKRUTI



HUMAYUN'S TOMB



NAGESHWARA



CUTIE IN SIKKIM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

NANDINI NAG, 029,
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REGALTY IN AIR
HAWA MAHAL



PRAYER FLAGS

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TRISHU SHANDILYA,
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I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS

PHOTOGRAPH BY

YASHASVI JAIN, 031,
BAENGH 2021-24



LOTUS VALLEY



FUN FACTS

the art of knowing

"ALL TRUTHS ARE EASY TO UNDERSTAND ONCE THEY ARE DISCOVERED. THE POINT IS TO DISCOVER THEM."

—GALILEO GALILEI





"I am" is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

The first published novel that was 'written' on a word-processor was Len Deighton's 1968

Emily Bronte was never in love. She was the happiest in her own company or in her sister anne's. Even though her novel Wuthering Heights is one of passion and love.

There are "ghost words" that mean nothing. The nonexistent word "dord" appeared in the dictionary for eight years in the mid-20th century. It became known as a "ghost word."

A new word is added to the dictionary every two hours. During the course of a year, almost 4,000 new words are added

La recherche du temps perdu by Marcel Proust is the longest book in the world at 9,609,000 characters. The book is highly inspired by Proust's personal experiences.

In Victor Hugo's novel, Les Miserables, you can find a sentence that is 823 words long.

Tolstoy owes War and Peace to his wife's efforts:The 1400 page novel was copied around 7 times by Leo Tolstoy's wife, Sophia, by hand – that's love.

John Milton used 8,000 different words in his poem Paradise Lost.

In 1910, Virginia Woolf and her friends dressed up in costumes and donned fake beards in order to convince the Royal Navy that they were a group of Abyssinian princes. And thus they pulled off what became known in newspapers as the 'Dreadnought Hoax', earning a 40-minute guided tour of the ship.

The earliest recorded use of 'wicked' to mean 'cool, good' is from F. Scott Fitzgerald's first novel, This Side of Paradise.

Ray Bradbury wrote Fahrenheit 451 in just nine days.

Charles Dickens slept facing north to improve his creativity. Dickens also kept a navigation compass with him to ensure that he wrote and slept facing north.

On his marriage document in 1583, William Shakespeare was spelled "William Shagspeare."

The first novel written on typewriter is said to be Mark Twain's The Adventure of Tom Sawyer.

James Joyce's last words were reportedly "Did nobody understand?"

VSES

At a glance

Palimpsest - LitFest'23



Palimpsest- Litfest 2023, the two-day annual literary festival of VSES, VIPS-TC was a celebration for our love for literature. With engrossing events like Panel Discussion, Poetry Razzmatazz and fun events like Dastak-e-Khazana, Ekphrasis, Literary Debate, and Geek Chique which gave an enthralling identity to the fest. The showstopper for the fest was the theatrical adaptation of Mark Twain's Is He Dead. The captivating performances of the students left an indelible mark on the audience. Day 2 was the day of more fun activities and felicitation of the students for their untiring hardwork, dedication and commitment in making Palimpsest a magnificent success. The department's Dean along with the guests did the honors.

Day 1 - LitFest'23







The morning of 17th May 2023 saw the grand opening of the literary fest- Palimpsest: which means unraveling the different layers of literature, with the Panel Discussion: Revisiting Indian Myths in the Digital Age, a thought-provoking subject that kindled curiosity and intellectual exploration. The panelists Prof. Anil Kumar Aneja (Ph.D.), Prof. Nandini Sahu (Director, School of Foreign Languages, IGNOU), and Dr. Prashant Shrivastava (Assistant Prof., IGNOU) whose illustrious academic background graced the occasion and ignited the young minds with their insightful discourses and talks. Prof. Sidharth Mishra (Chairperson, VSJMC), who is an institution in himself, moderated this illuminating session.

Prof.(Dr.)T.V. Subba Rao a renowned academic and expert in literature and fandoms chaired the event Geek Chique: a fandom quiz..

Shows like Vampire Diaries, Friends, and the Marvel Universe tested the insights of the students. Dr. Tushita Sharma (Associate Professor, VSLLS) and Dr. Anuj Agarwal (Assistant Professor, VSBS) judged the event Ekphrasis based on the composition of small short stories and poems. The participants chose from six objects of inspiration, three paintings, and three tangible objects. The exemplary creative writings of the students were astounding and the judges absolutely impressed and in awe. With the promise of more excitement on the next day, Day 1 of Palimpsest was wrapped up amidst much excitement and cheers.

Day 2 - LitFest'23







Treasure Hunt: Dastak-e-Khazaana marked the beginning of Day 2 of Pailimpsest'23. This event brought all the contestants on a common platform of communication, team building and camaraderie.

If the Treasure Hunt gave josh to the spirits of the contestants, then the poetry session: Poetry Razzmatazz served as the food for thought and soul curry. The session had a distinguished galaxy of poets like Professor Seema Jain, a prolific poet, translator, and critic, Dr. Achingliu Kamei, another prolific poet, haikuist, and short story writer, Kirti Sengupta, a poet, editor, and curator, and Onkar Sharma, a journalist, poet, and editor who divulged into various topics of concern, issues related to the modern world and their own experiences.

A unique amalgamation of character, conflict and confrontation, C^3 the Literary Debate focused on different aspects of topics and personalities of various literary characters. This debate with its distinctive uniqueness gave a new perspective to the age-old characters. the three key elements of any great story focused on different aspects of the topics and personalities of the characters, providing a variety of distinct and new perspectives. No doubt, the icing on the cake was the play; from direction to production to acting, the entirety of VSES students embarked on a new journey of recognition of talent. Simran Arora, 6 semester the director for the play along with the talented team of actors from different semesters of VSES waded one of the most memorable plays to talk about and remember for a long time. This also marked brought the events of the two-day Lit Fest of VSES to a close, with a promise to come back with more zeal and enthusiasm next year.

RANGEET

The Translation and Adaptation Club of VSES

Under the supervision of our esteemed faculty coordinators, Dr. Meetu Bhatia Kapur and Dr. Sakshi Sundaram, we aim to foster a deep appreciation for languages and literature while promoting cross-cultural understanding. Through engaging discussions, competitions, and shared experiences, we explore the intricacies of translation, and embrace the dynamic world of adaptation, where stories are transformed and reimagined across different mediums showcasing how the essence of a story can evolve while retaining its core themes and messages. We also deal with the theatrical aspect of literature that showcases the rich Indian theatrical aspects, including the Natyashastra (ancient treatise on dramaturgy) and the Rasa theory (aesthetic theory of emotions in Indian arts).

Rangeet in collaboration with Nazariya, hosted a film screening of Deepa Mehta's 'Funny Boy'. It led to a discussion centered around the daily struggles faced by LGBTQ+ and disabled individuals and their profound impact on personal growth. The audience shared their personal encounters. It provided an insight into the lives of these individuals and fostered a greater sense of understanding.



FILM SCREENING OF 'FUNNY BOY'



RANGREZ 1.0

Rangrez 1.0, a Bollywood day set the stage ablaze with its dazzling array of spirited sub-activities. The event showcased four exhilarating competitions that brought together students from various semesters, each eager to display their creative prowess and passion for the Indian film industry.



TRANSEVERSE'23



MAKE A SCENE



VIVEKALAM

The Literary Club of VSES

Vivekalam is a space where words and imagination come together. It celebrates the beauty and power of language and storytelling. Through books and literature, we embark on journeys across time, space, and the depths of the human experience. Under the able leadership of Dr. Anshu Gagal and Dr. Barnali Saha, we aim to include diverse perspectives, where every member's voice adds to the tapestry of our collective understanding. Whether you're an avid reader, a budding writer, or simply someone who finds solace in the world of words, this club is a haven to find pure joy of literary exploration.

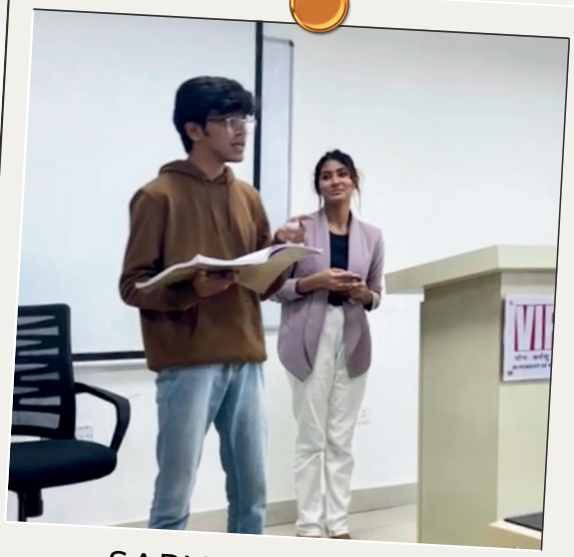


EVENT: LOCKED HEADS

Conducted on 20th April 2023, *Locked Heads* gave the students an opportunity to express their cognitive skills. Each participant was supposed establish a connectivity between the given topic and literature in about 1 minute.



STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN *LOCKED HEADS*



SARVAGYA (SEM-6) PERFORMING AT *LOCKED HEADS*



EVENT: TURN THE COAT

Vivekalam organized an interactive event *Turn The Coat,* on 11th November 2022, to encourage creative understanding amongst the young talent.The activity was about completely changing the climax of the movie chosen. Animated movies like *Snow White* were given a shot of realism. The creativity of the participants turned the Bollywood feel-good into psychological thrillers.



NAZARIYA

The Visual Arts and Cine Club of VSES

Visual Studies and Cinema Club that emerged as dynamic areas of interest in the recent past. Archives of visual mediums have continued to generate general curiosity as well as academic interest. With an intent to turn a critical lens towards visual texts, ***Nazariya***, the undergraduate Visual Arts and Cine Club for the students of VSES, is envisioned to bequeath a productive critical experience which would facilitate the students and faculty with an inclusive learning experience and greater visibility and interface in the community of Liberal Arts and Humanities. The club is under the mentorship of Ms. Anukriti Bajpai and Ms. Swarnika Ahuja.

On 24th May 2023, Nazariya organised the screening of Yashovardan Mishra's *Kathal: A Jackfruit Mystery*, followed by a discussion on the film itself. Around 45 students attended and participated in the discussion of the themes, symbolism, enigmatic codes, genre concluding with art's relationship with politics and real life.



SCREENING AND DISCUSSION OF THE MOVIE *KATHAL*



THE VMAs: VSES MUSIC AWARDS

On May 31, 2023, Nazariya organised an event called *The VMAs (musical awards)* wherein 17 students participated. They were given the liberty to choose their favourite music videos and prove why it deserved to be at the top.
Apoorva (Sem-4) won the award for the song *Falling* by Harry Styles. Gauri Mittal (Sem-4), won the runner-up award for the song *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* by BTS.

Nazariya organised *Click and Run*: a photography event on June 8, 2023. The 20 participants, on the chosen theme, captured the moments representing the topic within 30 minutes, on the campus. They also presented the intended meaning behind the picture. Srishti (Sem -2) and Chhavi Rajput (Sem -6) won the first and second place respectively.



PHOTOGRAPHY EVENT: *CLICK AND RUN*

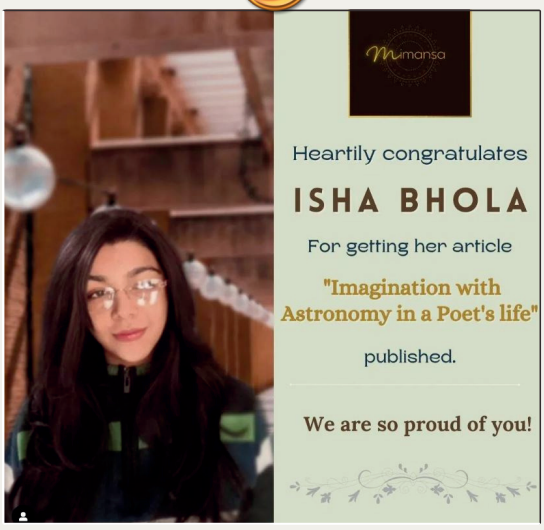


MIMANSA

The Research Club of VSES

Mimansa, is the research society of VSES, VIPS-TC. Under the guidance of Dr. Bhawna Vij Arora and Dr. Jasmine Sharma, we aim to upskill our students and help them write profound and intellectually sound research papers. It has successfully helped the students of VSES publish their research papers, academic papers and articles in well-known journals. The students are guided through their ideas and are trained to write academic papers that not only churn their creative cells but also focuses on pushing the ideas of our students to the front.


Mimansa
The Research Club of VSES
Presents
Chit-E-Chatter
A Unique Poetic Event


Mimansa
Heartily congratulates
ISHA BHOLA
For getting her article
"Imagination with Astronomy in a Poet's life"
published.
We are so proud of you!


Mimansa
Heartily congratulates
SUYASHA DWIVEDI
For getting her article
Upanishadic Monism in 'Hayavadana'
published.
We are so proud of you!

BATCH PHOTOS

The vses family





Student Editorial Board



Florence Stuti Paul (SEM 6) - EDITOR

Working on the Muselit has been a delightful experience for me. Seeing the variety of talent among my peers revived my love for literature and writing. I hope the readers too get to experience the same rejuvenation that good literature brings with itself.



Tanya Chopra (SEM 6) - EDITOR

I thoroughly enjoyed writing for the magazine. I gained a wealth of knowledge from my instructors and peers. Each discussion was a unique learning opportunity that I cherished.



Udeesha Arora (SEM 6) - EDITOR

It was truly a pleasure to work with such an amazing and zealous team for the magazine. Everyone was extremely supportive and cooperative. I am honored to have gotten the opportunity. Thanks to the marvelous efforts and super creative minds of my fellow students.



Aman Bisht (SEM 6) - EDITOR

It indeed has been a privilege to contribute in creating the great spectacle, that is "MUSELIT", to work as the curator and editor for the magazine was to be given the responsibility to capture the creative flare of the department in all its glory and something to take pride in.



Aashna Azad (SEM 6) - EDITOR

Coordinating as a part of the editorial staff of the magazine felt like a golden opportunity with a chance to witness great works submitted by my peers. I cherished this experience greatly as a chance to learn and grow together with the other members.

Student Editorial Board



Apoorva Rajput (SEM 6) - DESIGNER

Muselit has truly upskilled my expertise in designing. It was a wonderful opportunity to work alongside team members who were supportive throughout. The myriad colors of literature came out vividly through creative designing.



Yuvna Tandon (SEM 4) - EDITOR

Working on this magazine was an unforgetable experience. This is not only a magazine about literature but also the tale of the team's love and dedication towards literature and the department. It gave me a chance to dive into the world of other poets, who turned out to be my own peers!



Vidhi Kaushik (SEM 4) - EDITOR

This publication serves as a poignant exemplar of the profound extent to which individuals collectively enrich the realm of literature. As an integral member of this editorial, my own expertise has markedly expanded regarding the pervasive influence of literature upon the tapestry of human existence. It was indeed a pleasure to work with a fervent team!



Yashika Sinha (SEM 4) - EDITOR

Editing the magazine was a roller-coaster ride. Charming trinkets in the form of literature. I learnt a lot from the process of bringing this magazine together with the team. I am very thankful for the experience.



Shagun Gupta (SEM 4) - DESIGNER

A designer's task is an intricate dance of translating abstract concepts and visions into tangible, visual marvels. I believe that I have achieved as much by working together with so supportive a team. My experience, short it may be, has been quite profound and as I sign off, I realise that I have learned quite a bit in my time with the team.

Muselit

2023-2024



A VIVEKANANDA INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL STUDIES-TC
PUBLICATION