

VOLUME 2

2021-22

The Literati

BY THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, WILSON COLLEGE



"Art is the most intense mode of individualism that the world has known."

— Oscar Wilde



The Literati

ANNUAL, 2021-22 ,VOL.2

PUBLISHED BY

The Department of English
Wilson College,
Chowpatty, Mumbai,
Maharashtra 400007

PUBLISHED ON

Wilson College Official Website
Link: <https://www.wilsoncollege.edu/>

MONTH OF PUBLICATION

April, 2022

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Ms. Vinita Mathew

EDITORS/ARTISTS

Ms. Akshita Sharma, TYBA
Ms. Angella Ann Raju, TYBA
Ms. Priyasha Sinha, TYBA
Ms. Atiya Memon, SYBA
Ms. Viola Ohol, SYBA
Ms. Aditi Jathar, FYBA

COVER DESIGN

Ms. Atiya Memon, SYBA

E-MAIL ADDRESS

theliterati.2021@gmail.com



Teachers' Foreword

"Good or bad, art is never without consequences."

- Bertolt Brecht

A recent post by Jayant Bhimsen Joshi recollected 19th Century French Artist/Philosopher's saying, "Art is not what you see, but what you make others see," in the context of Ukrainian artist Daria Marchenko's depiction of the fallout of Putin's war on Ukraine. Entitled 'The Face of War' this 8-foot-tall mosaic, which displayed the face of Putin, was made up of 5000 empty bullet shells picked from the streets of Ukraine, a chilling critique of his uncalled-for attack on the people of Ukraine. People everywhere are being unwittingly drawn into someone else's war. At an individual level, we believe we are powerless to bring about change but online campaigns are proof that every voice raised comes together to create a powerful avalanche of sound.

Literati#2 is a product of the expression of students. Today, we have creative articles, in the real world of tomorrow, they will find themselves with the tools to express their protest, their critique as well as their support of things that concern society at large. I congratulate this talented and creative team of Literati who under the guidance of Ms Vinita Mathew, has put in the hard work and planning to bring out the second issue of the department of English magazine.

As we think of those who are unwittingly drawn into someone else's war, let us remind ourselves that 'Artists are here to disturb the peace.' and that for us, silence is no longer an option. Two recent guests on my podcast, Soul³, spoke very passionately about the role of art and artists. Linguist and hair stylist Sushil Charles quoted James Baldwin, reiterating the need to create order out of the disorder of life, which is art.

Artistic Director of Pangea World Theater, Dipankar Mukerjee spoke out about how silence is no longer an option for us. It is we, in whatever way we can, be it from our privileged or compromised positions, who need to speak up and speak out. Our interventions are also required in listening to, and documenting the stories of those whose lives have been compromised. Traverse your own space of suffering, connect with the writers and artists who have inspired you, until you realize that the very ghosts that torment you are those that will connect you with all living beings and bring you of an understanding of who and what you are. Be confident of who you are, harness the impotent rage you feel, and let the voices of the voiceless be heard through you, in whatever way possible.

I congratulate this uber-talented and extremely creative team of Literati which has put in the hard work and planning that goes on behind the scenes to make unforgettable works of art.

Dr. Michelle Philip
Head, Department of English

The second issue of The Literati brings to you an eclectic collection of thoughts, ideas and artistic expression from the students of English Literature, both past and present. The contents are a mix of academic research, popular culture themes as well as creative writing. The cover is conceptualized with that very idea. A big thank you to the Editorial team, which worked harmoniously and consistently through the year, unwavering in their enthusiasm about doing their best, and in cooperation with each other. We, the editorial team met regularly to ensure that schedules and follow-ups were adhered to. This year's edit team was indeed a dream team to work with! Hopefully, they would have picked up soft skills that will be helpful in their future career choices.

A special and affectionate call out to our alumni - who agreed instantly to contribute to this issue and submitted their contributions promptly in spite of being busy with post-grad studies and jobs. Hopefully, the magazine will continue to help us stay connected with our graduated students in a meaningful way.

Hope you enjoy our second edition. Feedback and suggestions would be very welcome at: theliterati.2020@gmail.com

Ms. Vinita Mathew

One of the advantages of being in the teaching profession is that one has the opportunity to see and experience the growth of one's students in every sphere ranging from academics, sports, creativity, etc.

Last year the Department of English witnessed the first-ever publication of our department magazine 'The Literati', initiated by the students of 2020-2021. I am extremely proud to see that the batch of 2021-2022 has carried forward this creative endeavour.

Volume two of The Literati showcases a variety of topics which includes comments on songs, poetry, short stories, articles, and film reviews, all of which the younger generation of writers and readers relate to instantly. It is indeed a pleasure to read the opinions and insights of our budding student writers on a variety of topics. The creativity of the students is also seen in the design of the entire magazine.

Congratulations to all involved in creating this magazine. Special thanks to the editorial team and the student contributors for their creative inputs without which volume two of The Literati would not have been published.

Ms. Veronica Bhonsle



Editorial Note

A vast sea stretches before us, just past the college gate, the warm breeze greets us like an old friend as we walk along the shore of the dazzling unknown. In the dreary online reality that had gripped the world so tightly, working on this literary issue was a breath of fresh air.

Among the insightful conversations, animated debates and creative decisions - our vision for this magazine was formed. At its soul this journal aimed to celebrate students' expression, to give them a platform to create and to hone their "tools of protest and support." Although many obstacles stood in the way, the editorial team did its best to persevere and bring a vibrant selection of writings & artwork, hopefully doing right to it's vision.

From topics like "Should Bob Dylan have won the Nobel prize in literature?" to "The Influence of Corsets on Femininity in Fashion" to theology, literary movements and even graphic novels along with poems, reviews and personal essays; we have hoped to bring you all an eclectic mix of academic research, creativity and sensitive thinking.

There are not enough words to express our gratitude for all those who have contributed to the publication of the magazine specially all the alumni who are indeed indispensable. Wilsonians are full of passion and potential and it is evident through the content of this magazine. We would like to thank each of you for the support and encouragement you provided.

For you, the readers, we hope the process of reading this issue brings you calm, disturbs you to contemplate, wonder and is indeed, a breath of fresh air. It gives us great pleasure to present to you, "THE LITERATI 2021-2022."

Thank you

The Literati Editorial Team 2021-22





The Literati

Contents

Writer

01 Articles

Aashray Rao	Should Bob Dylan have won the Nobel Prize in Literature?
Anant Christopher Prakash	A Tale of Two Houses
Audris Horo	Corsets: The Influence of Corsets on Femininity in Fashion
Tanmayee Milind	Kafkaesque
Christina Kumbukattu	Confessionalism in Indian Literature
Monica Rai	Joy Harjo
Shanaya Sequeira	Fanfiction: How much is fiction and how much is real?
Ishaan Guha	Graphic Novels
Mahima Sachdev	Partition: The Chronic Wounds
Joel Franklin	Spirit and Soul
Ayushi James	The Magic of Raw Conversations

36 Reviews

Christina Kumbakattu	Parasite
Shilpi Pusadkar	Sairat
Ayushi james	Pride and Prejudice



The Literati

Contents

Poet

40

Poems

Vernon D'Souza

Time

Asim Mulla

To Sorrow D'Uberville

Priyasha Sinha

On Washing Clothes

Hands of women

Self

Krutika Mukadam

What is it to live?

Me

Atiya Memon

my girls

Jemima Rachel Kunder

Song of the Moon

Rachna Patidar

A Girl Just Like Me

Jessica Joseph

Tuesday

Rinal Jayakrishnan

Revive

Ayushi James

Courage

Zainab Ladak

Let Me Be



48

Game Corner

Lit-really?

Crossword Puzzle

49

[Lit]tle Birdie



IMAGE SOURCES: VANITY FAIR (ABOVE)
THE GUARDIAN (BELOW).



“...whether the relevant parts of Dylan’s oeuvre qualify as ‘literature’.”

Should Bob Dylan have won the Nobel Prize in Literature?

By Aashray Rao, SYBA

On 13 October 2016, Professor Sara Danius, Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy, announced that the Nobel Prize in Literature for that year had been awarded to American singer-songwriter Bob Dylan. Through a press release, the Academy declared that he had won this prestigious award ‘for having created new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition’. Danius’s announcement, which made Dylan the first musician and songwriter to win the prize, incited powerful reactions in literary circles throughout the globe. Unorthodox selections, such as this one, are wont to bring up not only questions of warrant and desert, but also those of semantics and categorisation.

The first key question is whether the relevant parts of Dylan’s oeuvre qualify as ‘literature’. If one was to consult the Cambridge dictionary, one would find the word ‘literature’ defined as ‘written artistic works, especially those with a high and lasting artistic value’. This definition seems to support Dylan’s case since the lyrics of his songs are ‘written artistic works’ and Dylan’s continued popularity, to the extent that he recently sold his catalogue for over 300 million dollars, suggests that his work does have ‘high and lasting artistic value’.

On the other hand, literary theorist Jonathan Culler has contended that literature is about the foregrounding of language. In other words, literature is the language that puts itself in the limelight. Do Dylan's songs actually do this? It could be argued rather that the language (i.e., the lyrics) of his songs is simply a part of a greater work that relies as much (or more) on certain melodic, harmonic and rhythmic components. While poems do have melodic and rhythmic elements, they usually arise directly from the words and linguistic structures of the work. Conversely, in music, rhythm and melody are frequently products of the non-vocal, unwritten parts of songs (for example, the sounds of the instruments or the chord progression).

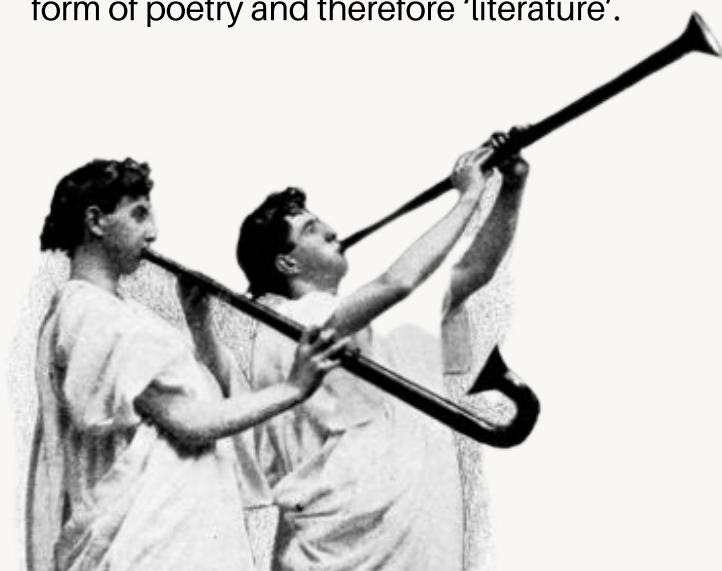
However, a salient point brought up by supporters of Dylan is that many works that are universally recognised as 'literature' were initially meant to be sung either with or without musical accompaniment. This tradition goes back thousands of years to the lyric poems of the ancient Greeks which were defined by their performance alongside a lyre or other instruments. Even the epic poems of Homer the Iliad and the Odyssey were likely meant to be sung and are undoubtedly part of the Western literary canon. With this in mind, it seems reasonable to consider Dylan's songs to be a form of poetry and therefore 'literature'.

The next big task is discerning whether the works of Bob Dylan have great enough literary merit to warrant awarding him with the Nobel prize. Depending on whether or not one believes that mind-independent aesthetic facts exist, it may or may not seem possible to give an objective solution to this conundrum. That debate has been contested for millennia and philosophers continue to argue over it. Hence, it is too long and technical to be treated in this article without being overly reductionist.

Nevertheless, there are certain aspects of a person's work that most people would agree are relevant to judging their success as an artist. Dylan's immense impact on folk and rock music is undeniable and artists from Johnny Cash and Joni Mitchell to Paul McCartney and Pete Townsend have cited him as an influence. Furthermore, his unwavering popularity amongst listeners all around the world for over half a century lends some support to the Swedish Academy's decision.

Finally, we have to consider the purpose of the Nobel Prize in Literature, the consequences of awarding it to one person over another, and the importance of the prize in the literary world. The purpose of the prize is generally taken to be a recognition of an author's entire body of work (up until the time of awarding it) and its literary merit. The consequences tend to be greater popularity and recognition in literary circles which leads to not only financial gain but also a larger audience to influence when it comes to social or political matters.

PICTURED: THE TUBA AND THE LITUUS
FROM ANCIENT GREECE
SOURCE: ISTOCK



Many of the authors who have won the prize are activists of one sort or another, for example, Toni Morrison was very outspoken about issues of race and feminism. Furthermore, laureates are more likely to see their works translated into other languages due to the increase in interest. And lastly, the prize is the most widely celebrated in the literature that considers the complete oeuvre of the writer.

These three considerations are important because they point us to an interesting question: was the opportunity cost of awarding Bob Dylan the Nobel Prize too high in comparison to other writers? Though the actual list of nominees is not revealed till fifty years after the announcement of the prize, there are some reasonable guesses with whom we can compare Dylan's case.

As a singer-songwriter, Dylan has won twelve Grammy Awards, one Academy Award (an Oscar) and a Golden Globe. He is renowned throughout the world for his music and has an enormous following. His political statements (in the form of music) already have a great audience. Additionally, Dylan is incredibly wealthy, and there is limited scope for translating his work. In totality, it seems that the award wouldn't make a significant difference to Dylan's legacy.

On the contrary, writers such as the Syrian poet Adonis would be potentially endowed with a much larger audience and a greater voice to speak out about, for example, issues in the Middle East. He would also likely see greater demands for translations of his work.

Similar arguments can be made for other perennial nominees such as Ngugi wa Thiong'o or Haruki Murakami. The great Jewish-American author Philip Roth who was a consistent favourite with bookmakers and critics died in 2018 having never won the award which might have had a tangible effect on his legacy.

Due to these reasons, there seems to be a strong case that awarding Bob Dylan the Nobel Prize in Literature in 2016 was a poor decision in terms of the opportunity cost when contrasted with other prominent writers. Contrariwise, Dylan's contributions to the tradition of American folk and rock music have had a powerful and lasting effect, and have in many ways shaped popular music over decades, which makes the Swedish Academy's choice somewhat understandable.



PICTURED: BOB DYLAN AT HIS GOLDEN GLOBE AWARD ACCEPTANCE SPEECH.
SOURCE: GOLDEN GLOBES TWITTER ACCOUNT



A TALE OF TWO HOUSES:

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF
HILL HOUSE
IN THE NOVEL BY SHIRLEY
JACKSON & ITS TELEVISION
SERIES ADAPTATION

By Anant Christopher Prakash, TYBA

“Silence lay steadily against the wood and stone of Hill House, and whatever walked there, walked alone.”

And so, begins Shirley Jackson’s 1959 gothic horror novel, *The Haunting of Hill House*, and also, so begins the 2018 Netflix miniseries of the same name. Besides the title and the opening lines, the two works in consideration share not much else; director Mike Flanagan has described his show to be taken as, “a remix... that was way more of a riff than it was an adaptation.”

Some of the names of the characters are borrowed, but they are outfitted with new personalities; the treatment of time changes too understandably updated for modern audiences. In the subsequent decades after it was published, Jackson’s novel came to be regarded as a sort of blueprint for the perfect haunted house story, topping many critics’ lists of the best horror novels ever written. Necessarily, the house which stands at its centre must have some exceptional virtues too. Or vices really if we take in the perspectives of the characters actually in it.



Hill House is as much a character in the story as any and will form the focal point through which the novel and the show are juxtaposed. Haunted houses may have come to be regarded as cliché, a hackneyed and overused plot point of any spooky story worth its salt. But there is a reason why it has become such a typical motif of the genre, a very simple one at that. It is because it is contrary to expectations.

The house is supposed to be a place of rest and refuge, a familiar place for family and friends to be safe and sheltered. The haunted house is designed to subvert these very expectations. To make its guests feel powerless and weak. The fear of the unknown slowly unravelling itself and with it the sanity of its occupants. "The best haunted houses don't murder their guests. Instead, they slowly and sublimely drive them mad." Hill House is the standard upon which all future houses are to be judged.

Jackson's story vaguely describes the house's location as being somewhere among the hills. Although not exactly a groundbreaking fact, it does underline an important feature that the house in the series shares in common. Isolation. The novel's four central characters have been invited to the house as part of a study of the supernatural and to "make notes" as the doctor leading their small group puts it. The show revolves around a family of 'house- flippers' (people who buy, refurbish and sell houses for profit) and their 5 children- the eldest son, two younger girls, and a pair of twins, a girl and a boy. In both the stories, from the beginning, the house endeavours to break their groups apart and thus break their psyches down.

Various means are used to achieve this. The unsettling architecture and design of the house have been vividly described as giving one the sense of always being 'off-balance' – physically and mentally.

The show interprets the structure of the house as being labyrinthine; some doors don't open at all, while some are hidden away completely. But both the houses exude the same dark aura, cold, brooding and ominous. Anyone who dares to enter must be subject to its will until it has consumed the very essence of their being.

No, Hill House would probably not make for an adequate weekend get-away. Although the series faithfully and in fact even serves to intensify the novel's central character in adapting it, one significant point of contrast is the effects the house incites in its occupants, in particular, the women of the stories.

Shirley Jackson, a female novelist of the mid-twentieth century, was certainly not immune to the gender bias of her times, which she endured in her lifetime and is so refracted in the lives of her ill-fated heroines. The idea of the living in haunted house has even been compared to the notion of women, in touch with their desires and ambitions inhabiting a society that affords them neither.

At any rate, in Jackson's story, Eleanor Vance is a mousey young woman, who before arriving at the house, had been forced into being a recluse, caring for her sick mother for the better part of a decade.

“At first, there is so much promise, mysterious and tantalising. As you pull open that heavy wooden door with the gargoyle knocker, you feel flattered by its intimidating proportions—you are necessary and important, maybe for the first time ever. But soon you catch fleeting glimpses of dark spirits who whisper that you don’t belong and never will. You develop a recurring suspicion that you’re merely a pawn in some elaborate game. The floor shifts under your feet, the walls shake, you awake at midnight to heavy breathing. SHE WAS ASKING FOR IT is scrawled across the wall in blood. You tell your story the next morning, but no one believes you. Did you imagine the whole thing? Is some unearthly force trying to make you feel weak and lost? Or are you just losing your mind?”

She was a lonely and miserable creature, unsure of herself and felt she never truly belonged anywhere. Her dismal social skills along with low self-esteem put her in a precarious psychological state to begin with, which almost immediately starts unravelling faster and faster with the abject horror that awaits her inside. or does it?

Jackson’s story never explicitly mentions ghosts or ‘things that go bump in the night’. It is a stellar example that an effective work of horror doesn’t need to name a monster to elicit profound terror. Nor does it clarify whether the house itself was evil or the people living in it.

Humans who left their dark imprints stamped on the house that contained them. Was it the house that was terrorising Eleanor or was her already fragile and a paranoid mental state simply

reaffirming the ‘hauntings’ she experienced? In other words, was Hill House sick, or was she?

“The show excels in amplifying these tendencies of the characters. But the series is not interested in answering the question, Are hauntings real? Because it is made obvious, that there are ghosts galore, nearly every other scene has a jump scare in sight of a ghoul or its shriek. Rather what the showrunners have deftly made attempts to approach is the tragedy of what comes with dealing with such psychological disturbances. All five children of the Hill House family have these effects manifested in disturbing ways. One is a hopeless drug addict, unable to understand or bear the trauma of living there. One becomes a therapist who deals with attachment issues herself because the house taught her, Trust no one.

Chiefly among them, like her namesake in the novel, Eleanor is the most sensitive to the perversions of the house. As an adult, she is wrecked by nervous disorders, addictions and sleep paralysis. And her attempts to deal with these issues have shaped her life. Or rather her death. In fact, at the beginning of the show, her therapist asks her to return to Hill House, the origin of her childhood trauma and thereby attempt to resolve and move past it.

In a twisted parallel, the Eleanor of the novel refuses to leave the house, while the Eleanor of the show returns to it. These two wretched characters meet by ultimately succumbing to the house and taking their own lives. In the end, the house always wins.



CORSETS

The Influence of Corsets on Femininity in Fashion



Image Source - Etsy.com

Breathe in..Lace Up!

By Audris Horo, Alumna



This controversial piece of garment has been around for centuries and has made a bold comeback in fashion circles. Fashion trends are nothing if not cyclical, and it took only a few decades before this separation that women had rejected for its constrictive ways has made its way back into the spotlight. Online searches for this intriguing piece of the garment have soared, along with demand for Wisteria, and a growing interest in all things Regencycore, rekindled by the period drama series- Bridgerton. Corsets are back in vogue now thanks to a renewed global interest in historical ensembles. There has always been a seemingly pervasive obsession with how women dress and in turn discussing what may be good and bad for them. The world's most divisive clothing has had its fair share of controversies with a storm of disputes and arguments around it. And yet, the undergarment is gaining wider traction, especially with Gen Z.



Are corsets really a sign of patriarchy? Are they designed to cut the circulation of the blood to cause one to dramatically faint onto a chaise lounge? Does it internalize a certain body type? Let's delve deeper into this conversation.

Corsets are laced bodices used to accentuate the waist and emphasize the female figure. They were introduced in the western world in the 1700s when the female silhouette underwent a dramatic change. Constructed using unforgiving materials like whalebone, horn or wood to create a stiff front, corsets were worn to smooth, shape, and cinch a woman's figure and correct their posture. It was commonly worn underneath their dresses, typically combed with full-skirted dresses and puff sleeves. Corsets were thus a means to an end; rather than a fashion statement. They were a tool that helped women achieve a 'desirable silhouette'. These objects of materialistic culture began to shape and determine the changing notions of the ideal feminine body and were associated with the concepts of sexuality and modesty in the early Western culture.

Image Source - <https://en.wikipedia.org/>

A modern dictionary defined them to be the crusher of ribs and that women had to endure suffering to make their waists appear smaller. Contrary to popular belief, there were only a few women who engaged in extreme tightening of laces. This was not a daily occurrence, but rather, done to impress a potential suitor. Women have been documented to experience shortness of breath or discomfort, but that would have been the outcome of wearing a very tightly laced corset over a longer duration, maybe a period of years. According to Sarah Bendall, history has often relied on men's voices and literature has been largely devoid of women's voices.

Men mocked female fashion or used it to make a moral viewpoint about how women were shallow creatures who used their bodies to lure them in. In the mid 18th century, Victorian reformists stated corsets were 'evil' because they encouraged an immoral perspective of female bodies. These garments were also seen as a symbol of male oppression by second-wave feminists.

There is no existing literature written by females to support the fact that women willingly wanted to wear these garments. But their consumption is a clear indication of the same. After all, action speaks louder than words. There is also a certain amount of fetishism attached to it, as it emerged during the puritanical period in Europe.

But that's not how corsets are worn today. Modern corsetry is structured to be more relaxed and focus on escapism, fantasy, and sexuality. They've evolved over time to be more comfortable and are quickly becoming a wardrobe staple that is so much more than Victorian cosplay. Corsets have undergone a sort of renaissance over the years.

Fast-forward to 2022, they're empowering and beautiful. The idea that corsets were dangerous has been overly sensationalized by medical practitioners in the previous century. The gory tales of ribs breaking and organs being misplaced have been successfully quashed for being nothing but exaggerations. Corsets are no longer considered as torture devices but rather a fashion statement.

While they remained widely popular for over a century, the restrictive garments were condemned for a number of reasons. In America, early feminists like Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward urged women to "burn your corsets" and "embrace a more comfortable and practical clothing". This may seem like the beginning of the body-positivity movement, but it was far from it. Women were still expected to maintain a slim silhouette with an hourglass figure. Instead of relying on an undergarment, they were expected to create whittled waistlines themselves.

With the rising popularity of the boyish 'flapper' figure, corsets that extended from the hips to the bust paved the path for the girdle- an elasticated belt that cinches the stomach and hips to accentuate the female figure. With its resurgence, the corset underwent a reformation in which corsetry was worn in a variety of ways.

From sensual lingerie to body-hugging shapewear, women could have the agency to choose how to wear a corset, thanks to large luxury brands like Christian Dior and Vivienne Westwood, which picked off the piece out of the undergarment closet and recreated it in a way that empowered its wearer.

Style and fashion icon, Marilyn Monroe was often photographed wearing corsets in the 1950s, and in the 1980s Material Girl-Madonna single-handedly transformed the subversive style by wearing satin corset bodysuits on stage. French Designers Thierry Mugler and Jean-Paul Gaultier were responsible for creating Madonna's iconic pink cone bra look. 2021 was taken by the storm with the innerwear as outerwear trend. Fashion echelons were seen donning alluring designer gowns and basement corset tops teamed with boot-cut jeans.

When the new millennium emerged, this style had gone well into the mainstream media. However, celebrities like Billie Eilish, have been on the receiving end of the paparazzi's eyes, since she switched her signature oversized style for classic Hollywood-inspired lingerie looks for the cover shoot of British Vogue. She says she lost 100, 000 Instagram followers when she posted her cover photo look on the social media platform. In 2022, maybe corsets don't have to be about achieving a certain body silhouette as much as they represent a certain type of fashion.

Corsets can be seen as empowering devices that you wear when you're feeling romantic, sexy or confident. Possibly it's less about achieving an idealistic shape and more about what you want to wear. Whether you're looking to achieve a well-defined waistline, or if you just love the look of a bustier and jeans, in 2022, to wear or not to wear a corset is entirely up to you.



Image Source - <https://en.wikipedia.org/dreamstime.com>



KAFKAESQUE

By Tanmayee Milind, TYBA

“Youth is happy because it has the capacity to see beauty. Anyone who keeps the ability to see beauty never grows old.”

Franz Hermann Kafka, born to a middle-class German-speaking family of Jews in Prague was amongst the most eminent authors of the 20th century. After his works, the term 'Kafkaesque' was coined to describe oppressive, absurd, and often nightmarish situations or settings. His unique literary profile, a major chunk of which was published posthumously, is considered to be among the most influential works in Western literature. He is known to have influenced the works of Albert Camus, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Eugene Ionesco and the genre of existentialism. Kafka's works majorly explored the themes of alienation, existential anxiety, guilt, absurdity, and tyranny. With a fusion of the normal and the fantastic, the absurdity of Kafka's tales can be understood as the outcome of a literary or verbal device, like when the delusions of a pathological state are given the status of reality or when the metaphor of a common figure of speech is taken literally. In one of his most famous works, *The Metamorphosis* (1915), Gregor Samsa wakes up to discover that he has morphed into a giant insect. Not only is this physically impossible, but also is left unexplained throughout the story. Nowhere does the story try to elaborate on why or how Gregor ended up the way he did.

Hence this metamorphosis becomes of supernatural significance, as it isn't any punishment for any kind of ill behaviour. Instead, the protagonist is portrayed as a well-meaning, loving and caring person who is willing to make sacrifices for his family. Also, his family members approach his situation with a certain sense of nonchalance, as if Gregor's transformation is nothing out of the ordinary. They're more worried about him not doing his job and subsequently earning for the family. These elements create a distinctive tone of absurdity. There's a disconnect between the mind and the body of Gregor Samsa, as his mind thinks like a human, but his body works like that of a bug. He wishes to live the life of a human, while his body refuses to let him do so, creating a cognitive dissonance of a sort. He also underscores the limited nature of human sympathy, which disappears gradually as the family realises that Gregor is not going to be back to being who he was, and his presence has become a major stressor in their lives. Although, the standout theme

of the novella remains to be alienation. The protagonist is alienated from his own identity and abilities as a human being. He feels alienated from his family, and humanity in general. As time passes, his family sees him as more of an insect than a human member of their family. However, this feeling of estrangement is nothing new for Gregor, as he reflects on how his profession has alienated him from his family and relationships. His transformation only takes all of it farther away from him. Most of Kafka's works, exhibit similar themes.

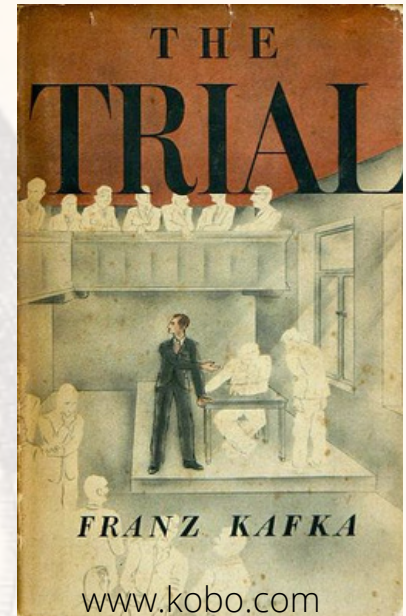
Albert Camus, on the other hand, was a journalist, editor, playwright and director, novelist, political essayist, activist and philosopher. His works addressed the isolation of human beings in a chaotic, meaningless universe and a sense of separation from themselves, the problem of evil, and the inevitable nature of death, therefore mirroring the sense of disillusionment amongst the intellectuals post-WW-I. Camus' debut novel, *The Stranger*, (1942) is the story of Meursault, who gets condemned to death for killing an Arab. However, he faces more flak for not conforming to the standards of society, and not saying more than what he truly feels. Two of the major themes of the novel are the irrational nature of the universe and the meaninglessness of human life, which align with the philosophy he presented to the world through his collection of essays, *Myth of Sisyphus*, published in the same year. In *The Stranger*, neither the physical world in which Meursault lives nor the psychological world of his thoughts seems to have a sense of rationality. Society, however, tries to make sense of these events, and Meursault's bizarre actions. The idea that certain events have no rational reasoning or purpose, is beyond the psyche of society. Everyone tries to find logic and reason, or a cause and effect relationship,



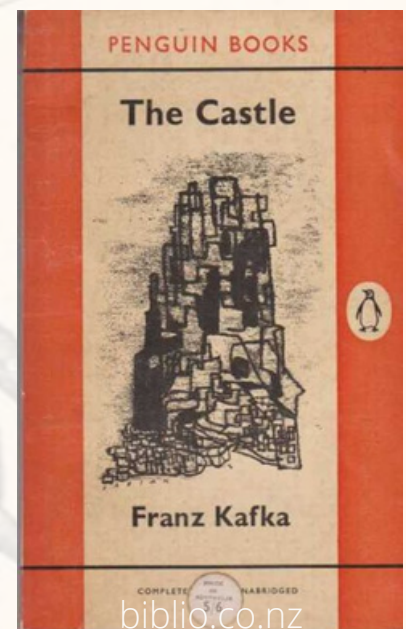
where there is none. Subsequently, the idea that human life has no inherent purpose or meaning is also highlighted in most of Camus' works. The only unavoidable truth of life is death, and because all humans are eventually destined to die, life becomes a futile attempt to find meaning in the realm of meaningless chaos. It is when Meursault, in his debate with the chaplain, has a moment of catharsis, that he realises the indifference of the universe towards his existence, and how neither his life nor death would matter. It is because he comes to face the inevitable nature of death and finds an acceptance of it, that he decides to let go of his futile false hopes of trying to avoid death and live his remaining days to their fullest. In *The Myth of Sisyphus*, Camus establishes his proposition of the notion of the Absurd and how humans could deal with it. The collection also carries an essay titled "*Appendix: Hope and the Absurd in the work of Franz Kafka.*" Here, he expressed his admiration and critique for the writings of Kafka. According to him, Kafka tells the story of a man condemned to death in a senseless world. Discussing *Metamorphosis* he writes,

"Metamorphosis, in turn, certainly represents the horrible imagery of an ethic of lucidity. But it is also the product of that incalculable amazement man feels at being conscious of the beast he becomes effortlessly. In this fundamental ambiguity lies Kafka's secret."

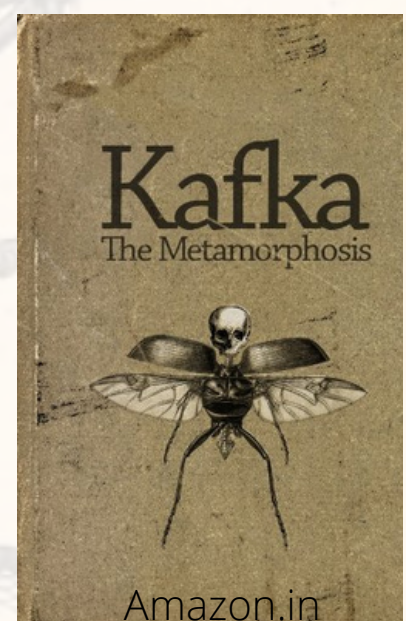
He points out the constant shifts in contrasts between the natural and the extraordinary, the individual and the universal, the tragic and everyday that outline the works of Kafka, giving them a sense of relativity and meaning. While describing the world of Kafka's fiction, he compares it to the story of the crazy fisherman who would fish in a bathtub knowing it would bear no fruit, where his protagonists take the role of the crazy fisherman. He also notes how Kafka refuses to assign his God with moral nobility, evidence, virtue or coherence and that the Absurd gets recognised, accepted, and the moment man resigns to it, we realise it has ceased to be the Absurd.



Finding hope and reason to rebel against the Absurd forms a major part of Camus' thesis. He believes that Kafka introduces the notion of Hope strangely, because the more tragic the condition described by Kafka, the firmer and more aggressive that hope becomes. In the conclusion, however, he refuses to take Kafka's work as Absurd for even though Kafka's work may be seen as universal, the truth may not be so. Regardless of Camus' views on Kafka's works not being Absurd, parallels can be easily drawn between the works of Kafka and Camus.



The meaningless nature of the situations, the sense of alienation from the surroundings and oneself, and men looking for answers in a world that gives them none are themes that are common in both of their works. All of the meanings that one tries to find in their works of fiction crumble because there is no underlying scheme to answer all the questions that the reader is left with. Camus' *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus* have been the foundation for the school of philosophy we today know as Absurdist, and Kafka certainly had his influences on it.



CONFESSIONALISM IN INDIAN LITERATURE

By Christina Kumbukattu, SYBA

During the 1950s, a new style of poetry called "Confessionalism" emerged in the United States. The poetry has been described as "of the personal," engaging with extreme moments of individual experience, the psyche, and personal trauma, as well as "taboo" topics such as mental illness, sexuality, and suicide, frequently linked to broader social themes. It is at times classified as Postmodernism. The school of "Confessional Poetry" was associated with several poets who redefined American poetry in the 1950s and 1960s, including Robert Lowell, Sylvia Plath, John Berryman, Anne Sexton, Allen Ginsberg, and W. D. Snodgrass.

The term "confessional" was first used by M.L. Rosenthal in 1959, in his article *"Poetry as Confession"*, in which he distinguished confessional poetry from other modes of lyric poetry by focusing on the use of confidences that went "beyond customary bounds of reticence or embarrassment.". According to Rosenthal, earlier confessionalism typically covered the poet's true face, but Lowell removes it. As a speaker, he is unequivocal himself, and it is hard not to think of Life Studies as a collection of rather shameful personal revelations that one must keep secret for honour reasons. In a review of the book in The Kenyon Review, John Thompson wrote, "For these poems, the question of propriety no longer exists. They have made a conquest: what they have won is a major expansion of the territory of poetry."

After the revolution in American poetry, Indian confessional poetry gained momentum. The excellent poetry of Toru Dutt, Kamala Das, and Sarojini Naidu: the first Indian women poets to write in English, reveals traces of confessionalism as well. Observations were made that the writing liberated the poets' memory thus freeing them from anger, guilt and traumas.



Source: ThePrint

Under British rule and post-independence, these female writers utilised the opportunity to write poetry that has echoes of confessionalism. Taking inspiration from American Poetry, Kamala Das and her confessional writings showed a lot of likeness to famous confessional writers like Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton. The pivotal role of Kamala's memory, her suffering and anguish showcases Das' attempt to reconcile with her own life and thus the confessional aspect of her writing.

Sarojini Naidu, known as the "Nightingale of India," was a political activist and poet. In India, Naidu was known for her advocacy of women's rights. Her writing was raw yet had a lyrical quality. Sarojini's poetry reflected latent feminism that did not always surface but remained dormant throughout the poem. They reflected the constant struggle of women everywhere against the oppressive force they were subjected to. The patriarchal society in which we live exposes every woman to discrimination, regardless of their social, racial or cultural differences. Discrimination against women persists in India until this day.

Poets like Sarojini Naidu were bravehearts giving women across the country a voice. Out of the many poems, we will examine a few, highlighting the important confessional themes and familial aspects.

The poem 'Ecstasy' was dedicated to her beloved husband. A lot of people criticized Sarojini because she had an inter-caste love marriage. To this day inter-caste marriages are frowned upon yet, Naidu in those times, through her works highlighted the paramount importance of love in her life. The poem goes like this:

**"Cover mine eyes, O my Love!
Mine eyes that are weary of bliss
As of light that is poignant and strong
O silence my lips with a kiss,
My lips that are weary of song!
Shelter my soul, O my love!
My soul is bent low with the pain
And the burden of love, like the grace
Of a flower that is smitten with rain:
O shelter my soul from thy face!"**

In the poem "To Youth" Sarojini laments her lost youth. A line from this poem goes like this:

**"O YOUTH, sweet comrade Youth, wouldst
thou be gone?
Long have we dwelt together, thou and I;"**

She acknowledges her foolish youthful years as she brinks towards the end of her youth. It insinuates that ageing and loss of passion bothers each and every woman. It was her desire for beauty that made her a poet; her "nerves of delight" would always twitch at the sight of beauty. By means of her poetry, *The Bangle-seller*, *The Palanquin bearer*, *The Coromandel Fishers*, and *The Ginger crushers*, Sarojini prettifies living beings and explores them with a sense of dignity. The poems reflect her protest against colonialism and the importance of freedom.



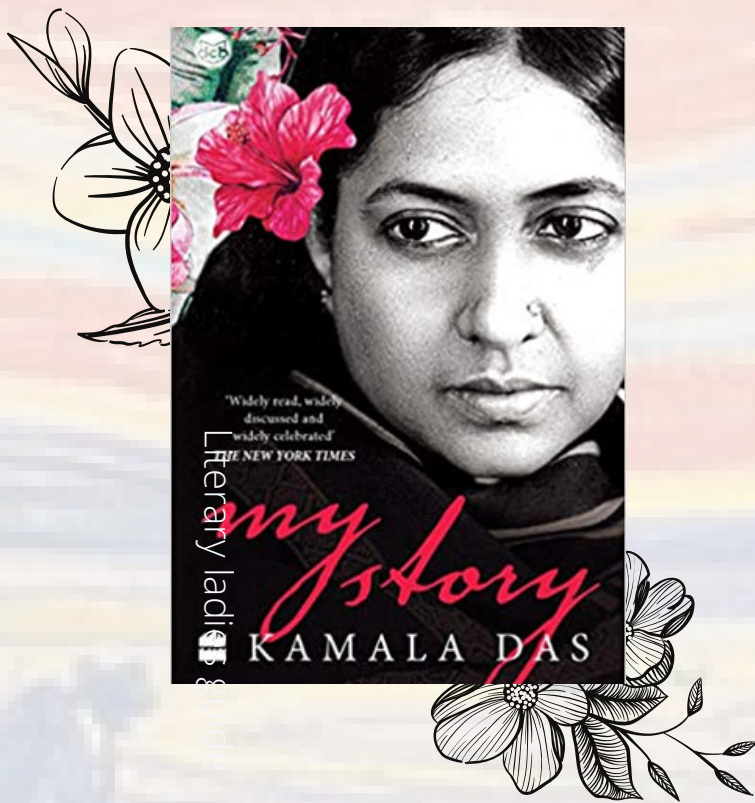
Arena Animation Jayanagar Bangalore

Sarojini's poems are often sad, pessimistic, and even brutally realistic, like the sonnet "Love and Death". Sarojini was able to cope with some hard-headed, heart-breaking engagements with the reality of love and life. A verse of this sonnet goes like this,

**"O Love, alas, that love could not assuage
The burden of thy human heritage,
Or save thee from the swift decrees of
Death"**

The main themes in her poems are freedom, exhilaration, love, death, and struggle. Most of her poems use vivid, colourful descriptions of her memories as well as her abstract emotions. Her poetry reveals "anxiety of identity" as one of the most notable aspects of modern literature. There has been a growing number of female writers around the world who have expressed their desire get out of the patriarchal shackles and contribute to art and literature.

Another prominent confessional poetess is Kamala Das. Born in the Thrissur district of Kerala, she was known for her bluntness and utter honesty. In her writing, she spoke more about her own personal life than about colonialism. The comprehensive analysis of her poetic works demonstrate how she has attained her objective in presenting the genuine portrait of women in a male-dominated society. When other writers failed to provide a realistic outline of women in India, Kamala Das was determined to bring forth the uncomfortable truth. Her poetry does not focus on the personal life of women, but rather represents the "true woman" - a woman with enough power and might to set-up her self-identity as a human being, and the house of love and warmth.



In her confessional poetry, Kamala Das bravely and truthfully expresses prejudices and embarrassments she faces. In her poem "The Looking Glass", she highlights the intimacy between a man and woman. It is highly erotic, showcasing her desire to satisfy her carnal desires.

***"Getting a man to love you is easy
Only be honest about your wants as
Woman. Stand nude before the glass with
him***

***So that he sees himself the stronger one
And believes it so, and you so much more
Softer, younger, lovelier. Admit your
Admiration. Notice the perfection
Of his limbs, his eyes reddening under
The shower, the shy walk across the
bathroom floor,
Dropping towels"***

She does not have an identity of her own, but the one prearranged by her male-companion to supply her. She endeavours through her writings to find deliverance from the unconventional restraints of patriarchy.

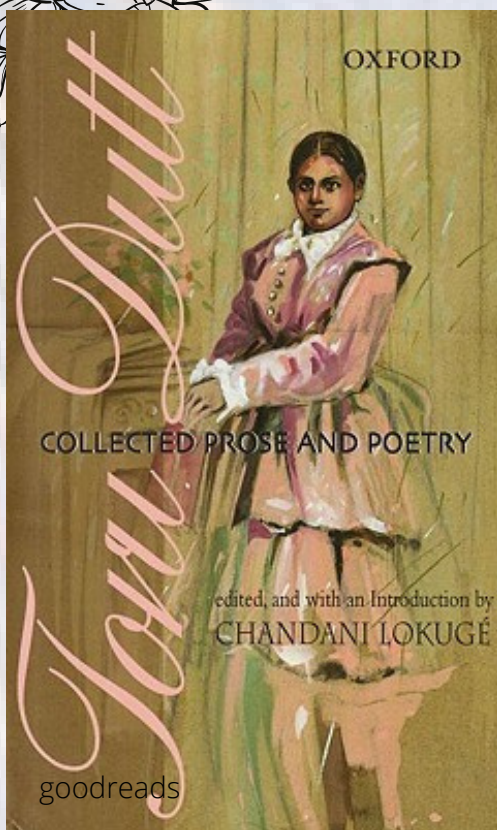
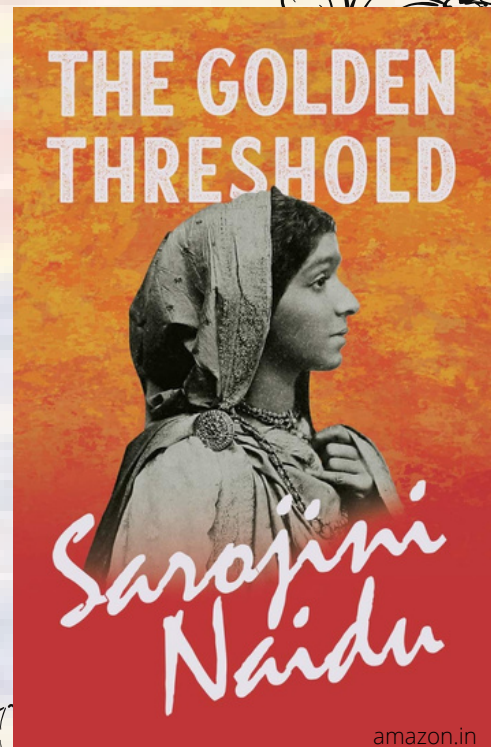
A number of her poems are regarding the poetess being uncontaminated in love. She articulates her cheerfulness as well as gratification to her lover through her poems. According to Sunita B. Nimavat "She feels that loneliness is an eternal phenomenon in human life. Pain and sufferings are permanent companions of mankind." Her poem "The Suicide" shows the glimpse of her psyche. It's her insatiable craving of death which is very evident. The word "happy" is used showing that she is euphoric contemplating her own death. A few lines go like this

***"Bereft of body
My soul shall be free.
Take in my naked soul
That he knew how to hurt.
Only the soul knows how to sing
At the vortex of the sea."***

Kamala Das as a confessional poet has rendered some valuable service to women by making them conscious of their dormant sexual desires and their suppressed discontent with their husbands from the sexual point of view. She has thus given a sort of incentive to women to assert themselves or at least not to suppress themselves.

In these confessional poems, Kamala Das appears as a feminist, indirectly advocating the liberation of women from the conventional social restraints and taboos. She is very candid, revealing her true desires and feelings which may be very abhorrent to the reader. Her main themes include lust, devotion, sex and marriage. Through her poetry she encourages women to express their truest desires and find their own identity, however it wasn't for any social causes. It was an accident. She just wanted to express her own inner desires to liberate herself, a kind of self-revelation.

Both Kamala Das and Sarojini Naidu had their own individualistic style of writing highlighting different themes which would be considered a taboo in society. The confessional aspect of their poetry may not be a deliberate attempt but they just wrote raw, realistic things out of their personal experiences. Though both the writers were not contemporaries, one common thread runs through their poetry, making them both "poets driven by love".



Apart from the obvious difference in the time of their writing, there is a wide difference in the two writers in their outlooks towards this universal emotion. The two women write from within the precincts of the same Indian traditions and the same Indian sentiments ingrained in them. This is what makes their poetry similar despite the differences in the imagery, language and modes of expression. They unveil the masks on their faces through their writing, making them the first confessional writers in India.

Joy Harjo

BY MONICA RAI, TYBA

"I feel strongly that I have a responsibility to all the sources that I am: to all past and future ancestors, to my home country, to all places that I touch down on and that are myself, to all voices, all women, all of my tribe, all people, all earth, and beyond that to all beginnings and endings. In a strange kind of sense, [writing] frees me to believe in myself, to be able to speak, to have a voice, because I have to; it is my survival." - Joy Harjo

Joy Harjo is the first Native Indian American poet to hold the honour of being the United States Poet Laureate (2019). She is also a musician, playwright, and author. Harjo's introduction, in her own words at the NEH Seminar at the University of Arizona on Indian Verbal Art and Literature was:

"I was born in Tulsa. I'm Creek, Muskogee. We are originally from Alabama... I'm related to Alexander Posey, the Creek Poet; he was my father's father's mother's cousin. So, it makes sense, I suppose, that I'm very much involved right now in initiating an Arts Council for the tribe with Helen Chalakee. I grew up in Oklahoma until I was about sixteen. when I went to an Indian boarding school in Santa Fe, New Mexico. And I've lived in New Mexico much of my life... I attended graduate school in Iowa at the Iowa Writers' Workshop - 'did time' there. But Oklahoma is my home, and New Mexico is my other home. I'm a poet and a writer because I am curious about this process called living, the transformational aspects of language."



IMAGE SOURCE: PIXELS SHARON CUMMINGS

Harjo has amassed interests in various fields and began writing and practising poems and songs from her teenage years. Harjo's way of expression is through her music, her poetry,

"When I began to listen to poetry, it's when I began to listen to the stones, and I began to listen to what the clouds had to say, and I began to listen to others. And I think, most importantly for all of us, then you begin to learn to listen to the soul, the sound of yourself in here, which is also the soul of everyone else."

Being a Mystic is the path of being a Poet, says Harjo. Identifying herself as a Mystic she says that her first experience of music in this world was through her mother's singing voice, a faint memory she has while she was still in the womb. She never felt a separation between music and her body. Her spiritual philosophy with a blend of her native identity in modern America makes Harjo and her work eccentric. To her, poetry is communication with the human soul and concerned with its rigorous studies.

According to her, it is another discipline that provides a structure for understanding the world. She wants to break away from the European tradition of poetry, she has experimented with the fusion of oral and written poetry in her work *The Women Who Fell From the Sky*. Reading her poems while playing music on her saxophone, modulating her voice in traditional tones, she challenges the way poetry is interpreted in our society.

She says,

"That was the original impetus of the poetry, and of the sax, to find a way to sing: I still want my poems to stand up on their own. This will make me, even more, a maverick in the poetry world, in this country at least. I don't enjoy academic reverie."

Harjo's intention is to not leave any empty space between words, voice, and music. Her poetry is a performance of intimate union of words, voices, and sounds that convey the blend and interpretation of meanings and rhythms, perfectly harmonized in a continual reciprocal reflection.

Such a performance becomes an expression of a culture, captured in its deepest roots, and modulated with a sense of belonging and continuity.

Harjo writes her poetry as a voice of the Indigenous people by 'reinventing the enemy's language' for their own empowerment and liberation. 'She being an Indian is, in itself, a political act' (Paul Seesequasis).

Her work provides an acute awareness of her Native American Identity. Her Poem Praise the Rain, brings her Native value to harmony with nature where she makes space to appreciate all the nuances of our lives. Praise the rain, Praise the curl of plant, Praise the dark, Praise crazy, Praise sad, Praise the path on which we're led, she gathers them all into a whirlwind of belonging, of being human.

Bringing a broader, more dynamic view of poetry and identity to American Literature, her works are a stark reminder of what poetry is for and what it can do. How it can hold contradictory truths in mind, how it keeps the things we ought not to forget alive and present. Harjo blends the traditional with the contemporary with the intention to re-establish lost connections between her people with the sacred aspects traditionally associated with the land, with their ancestors who according to her have a powerful presence, and with other fellow seekers who inhabit the spaces in the margins of contemporary life.

"All cultures and peoples turn to poetry during times of celebration, transformation and challenge – those times when ordinary language cannot carry meaning beyond our understanding."

– Joy Harjo



Fanfiction:

HOW MUCH IS FICTION AND HOW MUCH IS REAL?

BY SHANAYA SEQUEIRA, TYBA



Fan fiction or fanfic is a term used to convey when authors rewrite the works of established authors in their own words, with their own plot twists. The characters, setting, etc may be the same, but the dialogues, instances, etc may be completely different. The extent to which the fanfic author can twist or bend the story, is entirely up to them.

Fanfic began in the form of zines during the Star Trek revolution in the 1960's with fans retelling the adventures of Spock and Kirk. Since then it has evolved, and some may say morphed, into a mostly internet based phenomenon. Now there exist countless active communities online that are thriving with writers from different backgrounds retelling famous canon [1] with their own twists. From Star Trek to Harry Potter there are various fandoms[2] teeming with talented voices reshaping the narrative and offering new perspectives. Websites like Archive of our Own (Ao3)[3], Wattpad and FanFiction.net offer a platform where the sole purpose is to take someone else's story and remodel, repurpose and reuse it for yourself. These stories could be borrowed from fiction novels, television series or even movies, and writers or super fans, retell that story in their own way. Of course there is a general understanding in the fanfic community that the stories are not to be monetised or capitalised and all writers are required to state that the characters explicitly belong to the original authors themselves. But why is this an accepted practice? Why do we tolerate someone stealing an author's world and refashioning a whole new story?

Part of the human fascination with narratives is the desire to expand on stories we hear and love. Mould them for our convenience. When an author publishes a series or a story that makes it big, the characters used in those stories are beloved. They may be an inspiration, a beacon of hope to some, or just a character that has gone through something you have. Once a character is a household name, and a writer begins to envision themselves within that story, in that world, living those experiences and thus, a fanfic is

born. Fans then rewrite those stories from perspectives that might not appear on the original author's radar at all.

A common factor that we notice is multiple fanfics are usually written by POC or people from the LGBTQ+ community. They don the mantle of writers because these individuals are not offered a seat at the table of beloved fictional universes. In this day and age, representation matters. Hence writers that identify as members of these communities often rewrite those stories, whilst challenging the white heteronormative narrative [4]. Fanfic offers authors an opportunity to bring their own biases and ethnicity of thought to conversations that they are otherwise excluded from. What fanfic can accomplish is not only what it accomplishes "literally" but also "figuratively" as all language is symbolic, and fans take it upon themselves to speak of symbols inherently within their cultural milieu that the original author may have gotten wrong. Deciphering what the meaning is for them. Engaging with the art becomes more enriching when they immerse themselves, their nuances and the complexities of their own psyches with a world already built by another author. Multiple critical theories are already in place and debated upon.



OHIESUSWHATHAVEIDONE by is-teh-lunz on DeviantArt

[1] In fiction, canon is the material accepted as officially part of the story in an individual universe of that story by its fan base.

[2] the fans of a particular person, team, fictional series, etc. regarded collectively as a community or subculture.

[3] Currently, AO3 hosts more than 6 million fanfics, more than 2 million registered users and still stands with the premise that "fanworks are transformative and that transformative works are legitimate"

[4] For example in Harry Potter, there are multiple fandoms dedicated to introducing gender fluid and homosexual couples into the Hogwarts family, especially in light of JK Rowling's recent opinions of trans folk coming to light.

There was the initial wave of fanfiction from a Marxist point of view, opposing the theory of capitalising and owning an idea. Then there was a phase where it was a debate about high culture and low culture, stating that fanfic was a toy for the creatively bereft, who are unable to write their own stories.

Anne Jamison, an English professor at the University of Utah who has studied fan fiction, sometimes tries to apply its lessons to her teaching, both in college and when he works with younger students. For instance, with elementary-school students, she finds that fan fiction is a way to get them invested in writing. “I go into a second- or third-grade classroom and say, ‘Everybody start writing stories about Minecraft, they ask if they can keep going through recess, they’re so excited!’

For writers still wobbling on training wheels, fan-fiction offers benefits: the immediate gratification of sharing writing without navigating publishers; passionate readers who are already interested in the characters, and a collegial stream of feedback from fellow writers. That authors lose some degree of control over their works after publication is a given; whether all interpretations are equally valid is debatable, but readers are free to create their own meaning.



Fanfic has also become a common first step for most next gen writers because the very ethos and the principle of it stimulates growth in writing skills. Though writers may develop traditional two-person mentor/mentee relationships on fan-fiction websites, the researchers posit that much more often, people are being diffusely mentored by the entire community. An author frequently receives many small pieces of feedback in the form of reviews (sometimes thousands on one story) that are in conversation with one another and that “are cumulatively much greater than the sum of their parts,” Cecilia Aragon says[5]. Still, constructive criticism (or “concrit”) is a welcome and integral part of fan-fiction websites. When fan-fiction reviewers offer a specific critique, they often present it in the middle of a “compliment sandwich,” according to Tamsyn Muir[6]and Rebecca Black[7], slipping negative feedback between the bread of effusive praise, and often adding a self-deprecating comment such as “But what do I know?” to soften the blow. It also teaches something that schools rarely do: what it’s like to write for a real audience

Many established authors are revealing that their expertise and confidence is owed to their dabbles in the fanfic multiverse. N. K. Jemisin, the only author to win the prestigious Hugo Award[8] for best science-fiction or fantasy novel three years in a row, partly credits fanfiction for her ability to draw in readers .



ART CREDIT :JESSICA MADORRAN

[5]In their book, Cecilia Aragon and Katie Davis provide an in-depth examination of fanfiction writers and fanfiction repositories, finding that these sites are not shallow agglomerations and regurgitations of pop culture but rather online spaces for sophisticated and informal learning.

[6]A science fiction author from New Zealand and author of the novel Gideon the Ninth. She also recalls that her earliest fanfics were rarely met with negative reviews and credits her journey as a writer to that.

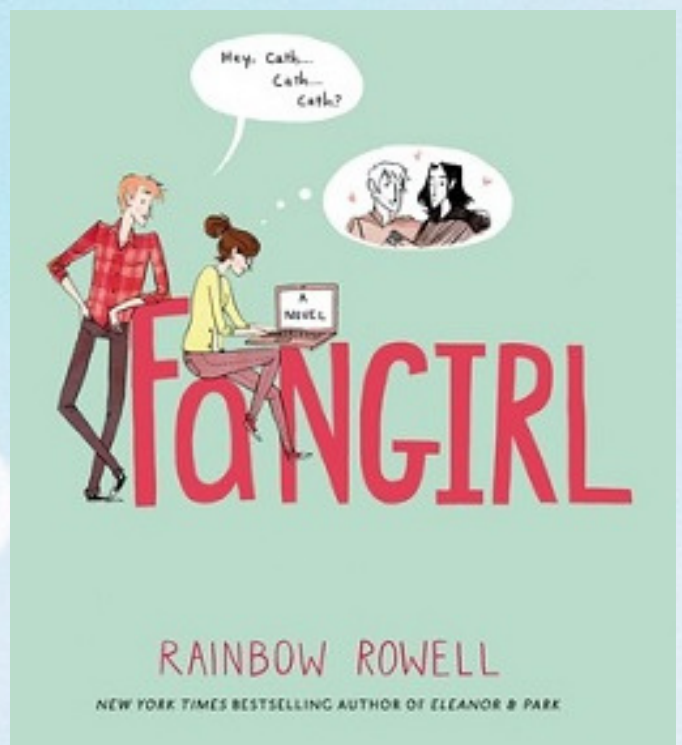
[7]An informatics professor at University of California, but wasn't involved in Aragon's project.

[8]The Hugo Award is an annual literary award for the best science fiction or fantasy works and achievements of the previous year, given at the World Science Fiction Convention and chosen by its members.

Rainbow Rowell the author of *Eleanor and Park* has quite a positive review of fanfiction. Her novel *Fangirl* stands testament to that. The plot of *Fangirl* is simple. Cath is a college student who loves the Simon Snow[9] series and enjoys writing fan fiction with Gemma T Leslie's characters. She doesn't just write fan fiction, she writes it well. She has an active fan following and in her version of the story, the antagonist[10] is not all that bad. Cath's parents had split up when she was eight, and her twin sister Wren and she have different coping mechanisms. Fan fiction helps Cath deal with the transition of moving away from home, her personal insecurities and helps her tap into her innate talent for being a writer. She takes up a creative writing elective and towards the end of the semesters, is able to accept her truth and those of her family, and finally tell her story. Rowell begins the novel with Cath using fanfic as a crutch, just someone who writes slash fiction from her bedroom. But as the plot crescendos, fanfiction turns out to be a stepping stone for her to revel in her potential as an author with deep tales revolving family connections and interpersonal dynamics. The novel makes it plenty clear that Cath could not have gotten to that point without Simon and Baz. And Rowell herself wrote an entirely new fanfic titled *Carry on, Simon* dedicated to Simon's journey as a mage, but laced with heavy slash [11].

As it was for Cath, fanfic sites give writers the opportunity to test their mettle before navigating red tape like manuscript proposals, elevator pitches, marketing and book blurbs. Once writers are confident, they take their share of learnings, and bring their own characters into the light.

Hugo award winner and bestselling author Seanan McGuire posits that fanfic originated as a response to the lack of accurate female centric narratives in mainstream media[12]. McGuire now has multiple series of novels, with her own characters and stories to her credit. Harvard literary scholar Dr. Stephanie Burt says no clearer path from interested readers to potential writers has existed.



“If you can work your memories, hypotheses and fantasies about moving away from home, marriage, retirement, gender transition into a story about Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson, maybe the many people that care about Batman and Robin will care about your pain and experiences too.”

This is the founding premise of fanfiction. Interspersing the mundane with the hyper fictional...Neil Gaiman, most notably known for his book *Good Omens* has quite a positive opinion of fanfic as well.

“I think that all writing is useful for honing writing skills. I think you get better as a writer by writing, and whether that means that you’re writing a singularly deep and moving novel about the pain or pleasure of modern existence or you’re writing Smeagol-Gollum slash you’re still putting one damn word after another and learning as a writer.”[13].

As long as one doesn't commercially exploit his characters and are just doing it for the sake of artistic catharsis, he doesn't mind. Which is a very reasonable request. Which brings us to the next step of this argument, the legal jargon bit.

[9]For those that don't know, Simon Snow was as popular a phenomenon as Harry Potter.

[10]In Cath's version the antagonist Baz, is portrayed to have had a rough childhood and begins to develop a soft spot for the hero Simon Snow.[

[11] a genre of fiction, chiefly published in fanzines or online, in which characters who appear together in film, television, or other popular media, are portrayed as having a sexual, especially gay, relationship.

[12]In her essay *The Bodies Of The Girls Who Made Me*; Fanfiction of the modern world, she speaks of the default male that we are all required to love. Also, the only real parameter for a book to be accepted as 'equal, or unbiased towards women' is the Bechdel Test. I mean the bar is very low, come on. (Cue eye roll)

[13]If you're wondering, this was found on Neil Gaiman's account on Tumblr. Yes, an established author has an up and running and very active tumblr account, where he responds to questions about writing and reading, and also the creative process for graphic novels, manga and anime.

Literature has been portrayed as an elitist state. The spheres of academia with stately grammar nazis hardly make it a case for equity. But the professional publishing world has been significantly more receptive to fanfiction than it was a couple of decades ago. Mostly because of popular demand, but also because there is an unspoken understanding that you aren't supposed to benefit monetarily from your fanfic spree, but merely enjoy it for the sake of art. It has evolved from underground hobbyism to actual literary phenomena that can't be ignored anymore.

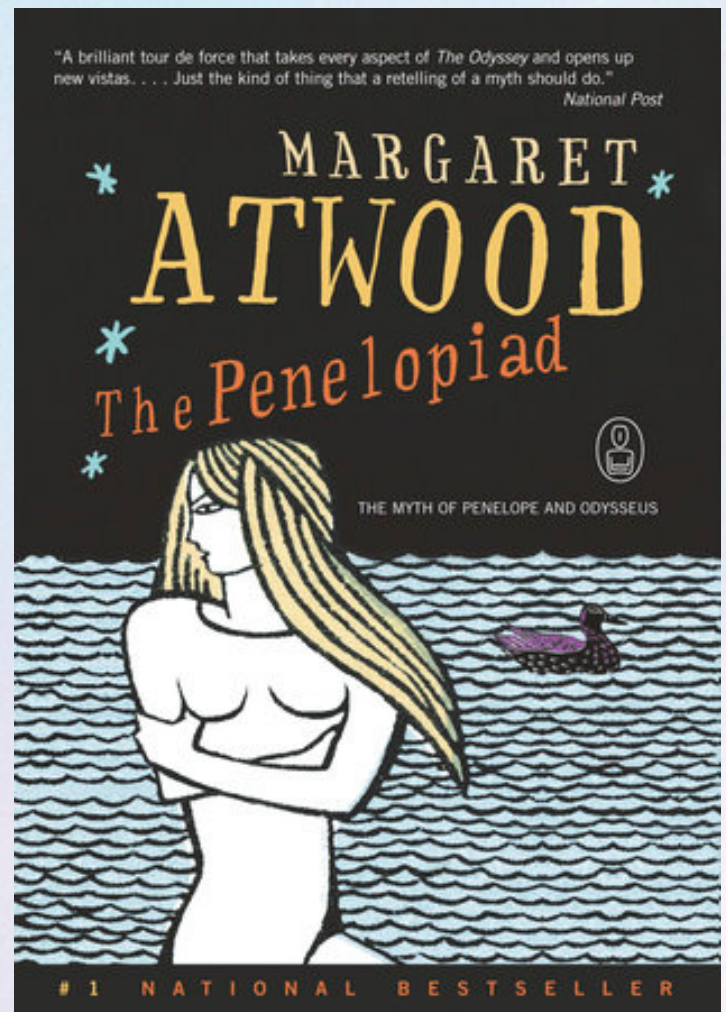
**FANFICTION ISN'T
COPYING - IT'S A
CELEBRATION. ONE LONG
PARTY, FROM THE FIRST
CAPITAL LETTER TO THE
LAST FULL STOP!**

JASPER FFORDE

Fanfiction advocates for uncensored literature and pushes the conservative boundaries of traditional publishing. Why are certain works canon and others not? What is authentic literature? Moreover, this assumption that only original work is legitimate literature would query the position of renowned texts such as *Ulysses*, *Paradise Lost*, *The Penelopiad* or *Prometheus Unbound*. Aren't they, in a way, fan fiction? Although in recent years use of the term "fan fiction" has become more widespread, it originates within fandom. Stories that, like fan fiction, make extensive and explicit use of characters, plots, and universes from specific pre existing texts that the reader is expected to be able to identify, include many respected and canonical texts: *Paradise Lost*, much of the Arthurian corpus, many of Shakespeare's plays, *Ulysses*, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, and so on. The reason why some people might still be reluctant to call rewritings, historical fiction and parody works of fan fiction is because they lack the fan component. But most of what we call literary greatness, or classics, are actually in principle, fan fiction! So who's to say that something that an amateur author writes as a spin off of a current series won't become a treasured and critically acclaimed classic years into the future?

Fan fiction is no longer an anomaly that can be casually dismissed. It is a cultural punch line. The ideas presented in this paper corroborate that fan fiction, per se, is an appreciative art. By understanding its *raison d'être*, this paper calls for an elevated understanding of a type of literature that is reliant on artistic expression and power of revision rather than ownership. It's a mistake to think of fanfic only as a *faux de mieux*, a replacement, or a second choice. It can pay homage to source texts, and let us see more of our everyday lives in their worlds, or it can be a way of critiquing their sources, (Francesca Coppa compares this phase of fanfic to the restating of Shakespearean plays in modern films).

As long as there are stories, as long as the words *Le Fin* play after films, as long as a reader reads the final chapter of a closed book on a shelf, fanfiction will thrive. As I said in the beginning, it is due to our innate human need for more...



"IT IS A CULTURAL PUNCH LINE."



GRAPHIC NOVELS

By Ishaan Guha, FYBA

Historically, the term "graphic novel" has been controversial, and even as the field of comics began to be studied academically in the 1970s, the need to denigrate it and to define it intensified. So what exactly is a graphic novel? In short, it is a book-length comic, similar to "a movie in the palm of your hand." Both graphic novels and comic books rely on imagery and word bubbles to tell a story. In comparison, comic books present a very simple, direct narrative whereas graphic novels tend to be longer, contain many plot threads, and present narratives that are deep, exploring complex and extremely sensitive topics. A graphic novel may be fiction or non-fiction and may cover a range of genres, such as science fiction, history, crime, fantasy, and autobiographies, with manga, comics, and superhero stories being among the most popular.

Roger Sabin describes graphic novels as having a diverse range of literary themes and having existed as long as writing and painting have. Throughout history, there have been many examples of the combination of visual representation and storytelling, including cave paintings, Egyptian hieroglyphics, Mayan carvings, illuminated manuscripts, Bayeux tapestry, early woodcut printing, and many others. We see how this ancient art form, combining words and gestures, has changed and evolved over time to become a modern medium for communication very much in sync with the contemporary visual culture.

Research has indicated that graphic novels are a great way to encourage reluctant readers (especially boys) to read, create new voices for minorities, and teach multiliteracies. They are attracted to graphic novels because the limited amount of text is less intimidating and the images are inviting." The winning combination of text and images is an excellent way to engage people in literary activities without them having to struggle with their low literacy levels.

Carter argues that readers need to be both visually literate and critically literate to fully comprehend graphic novels as they need to analyze the author's motivations and analyze their specific viewpoints. In his opinion, graphic novels deserve the same respect as texts and other media since they require reading strategies and multiple layers in their writing



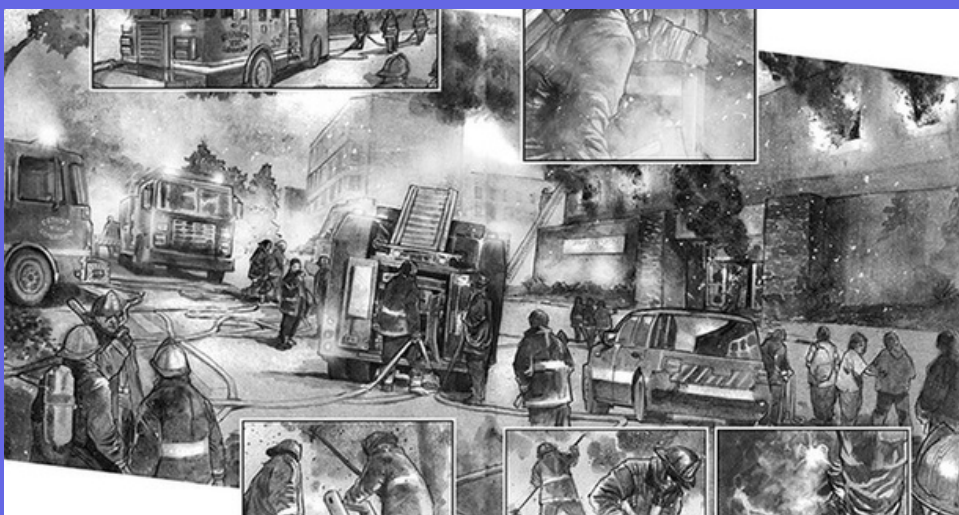
Many colleges and schools now integrate graphic novels into the literature and language curricula since it has proved to be an effective strategy to gradually draw new readers to other forms of literature.

Stan Tychinski stated in an interview that looking back, the graphic novel was more like an album. First among these was Tintin in the Land of the Soviets, by Belgian artist Herge. As a result of its success, Herge created 24 more Tintin stories, which were translated into 29 languages. The Smurfs and Asterix the Gaul have also been translated into several languages. Their popularity skyrocketed in the following decades. Manga, which emerged in Japan during the late 19th century, continues to be popular with people of all ages. A paper on graphic novels cannot adequately cover the subject variety and artistic range of manga. It would suffice to say that translated Japanese manga is one of the most popular graphic novel genres in the west.

During the 1960s, self-published underground comics appeared in America in order to counter the Comics Code, which controlled the excessive sex and violence in mainstream comics. Apart from their "graphic" themes of drugs and sexuality, underground comics and novels also addressed social and political issues such as the Civil Rights Movement and the Vietnam War. After the late 1970s and early 1980s, comics and graphic novels were being sold directly to target audiences instead of being sold in book stores and grocery stores. Additionally, other problems between the artists and publishers started to get sorted out with cartoonists gaining more control over their creations and profit-sharing rights. Soon after, the creators began receiving public recognition and gaining fans.

As early as 1978, Marvel Comics published its first original graphic novel in paperback. A few years later, Exlipse Comics published "Sabre" by Don McGregor and Paul Gulacy, with the creators receiving full ownership rights and sales royalties. At the same time, Will Eisner's "A Contract with God" was published (Eisner is credited with popularizing the term 'graphic novel'). In 1985, DC Comics released The Watchmen by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons, the first limited-series graphic novel. It discussed topics such as racism, nuclear war, the Cold War, and Nietzsche's philosophy. It was an important milestone in the history of graphic novels.

Some of the most important graphic novels are "Dark Knight Returns" by Frank Miller, "V for Vendetta" by Alan Moore, and "American Born Chinese" by Gene Luen Yang. Most of these are now considered classics, with the story, themes and issues presented more important than the artwork. These novels often question and subvert comic book tropes. The characters in Watchmen and The Dark Knight draw heavily from earlier comics' introverted heroes, but they are torn between being heroic and questioning who they really are.



Many graphic novels are more popular abroad than in America where they originate. The Phantom series which was hugely successful as a comic strip in newspapers is more widely sold and read in Europe and Australia. Similarly, Disney comics that have been published sporadically since the late 70s in the US, have had the largest readership all over the world and have been in constant publication since. Currently, Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse and Uncle Scrooge are printed in over ninety languages worldwide.

Stan Tychinski points out that Hollywood studios are seeking out comic-related material with the high box-office returns that films like 'Spiderman' and 'X-Men' have enjoyed globally. Films adapted from graphic novels like '300', 'V for Vendetta', and 'Watchmen' have increased the public's awareness and drawn attention to the novels themselves. He gives the example of non-mainstream creators like Dan Clowes (Ghost World) and Harvey Pekar (American Spleen) whose novels have been adapted into critically acclaimed films. Not only graphic novels but classic literature- plays and novels have also been adapted into the graphic novel format. Sophocles' Oedipus Rex, Shakespeares's plays, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein and J.R.R. Tolkein's Lord of the Rings.

In today's media-driven society and dominant visual culture, people need more than just traditional print literacy. They need to be able to understand and interpret images as well - whether on film or TV, in magazines, on the internet, or in graphic novels. Graphic novels allow for the analysis of information in individually creative ways. In fact, reading graphic novels may require more complex cognitive skills than reading the text alone.

"There are plenty of comic books and graphic novels that do much more than entertain, and do it as well as the best books you can think of." --Jim Ottaviani, author.

Graphic novels are often called a "bridge" between television or video games and books because they have the same visual impact of the former with the literacy skills required by the latter. Journalist Lev Grossman observes: "some of the most interesting, most daring, most heartbreaking art being created right now, of both the verbal and visual varieties, is being published in graphic novels."

Quoting the legendary cartoonist, Judd Winick, "Graphic Novels allow the reluctant reader to slide in the story with no extra effort or information required when prose is considered." These readers can quickly mature their literary skills such as reading comprehension skills, inference, and building new vocabulary.

The popularity of graphic novels as a valid part of literature is only growing as more people become familiar with works in this appealing and diverse format. A thriving market for graphic novels and rich cross-cultural influences mean that more experimental, high-quality stories and art are available now than ever before.



Partition: The Chronic Wounds

By Mahima Sachdev, SYBA



IMAGE SOURCE: THE ECONOMIST

“People that have lived together for centuries turned against each other...”

The British victory in the Second World War had left the country bombarded, bankrupt, and troubled with the job of rebuilding the nation and reimbursing billions of dollars to the United States, making the British incapable of maintaining their colonies.

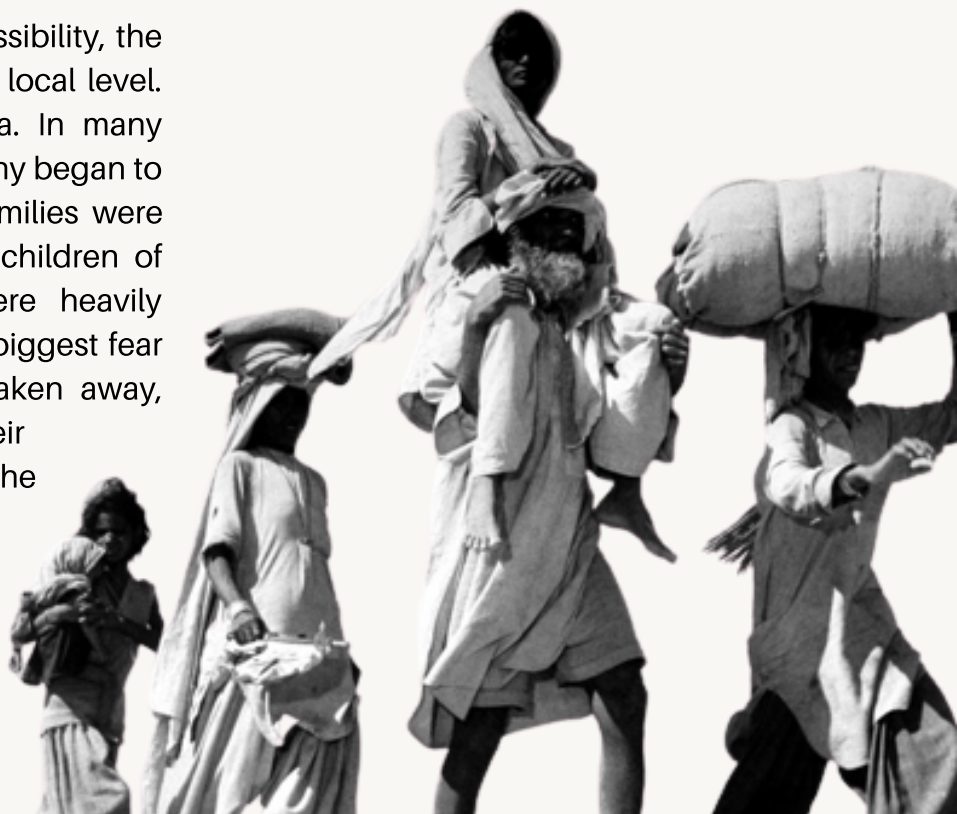
India gained independence in August 1947, after 200 years of British rule but what followed was one of the largest and bloodiest migrations ever, where almost one million people lost their lives. Before colonisation, the Indian sub-continent was a patchwork of regional princely states. The clash of opinions between political leaders raised tensions between communities.

So people who had lived together for centuries turned against each other, giving rise to one of the worst communal massacres of the 20th Century. The whole idea that India should be divided was based on the notion that "religion constitutes nationality". A border created in 1947 caused disparities between people. In August 1946, thousands of Muslims gathered at the centre of the city of Calcutta, to demand a separate homeland: Pakistan. It was declared as Direct-Action Day. The Great Calcutta Killings still stand as an unmatched spectacle of hatred and bloodshed. More than 5000 people were killed and 100,000 residents were left homeless in the city within 72 hours. The impression of United India was destroyed after this event. After Calcutta, the violence spread in Bihar, Noakhali, and Bengal. *Midnight's Furies* by Nisid Hajri critiques the partition politics that went into the making of Pakistan, the growing tension of communal violence that wrapped up in the parting of two communities. It is a story of what happens when a united community crumbles, and the result of the division of people, armies, bullion, water, land, and holy places. The author illustrates how every incident is inspired by the idea of separation. The book depicts how the political leaders decided the fate of United India and how it gave rise to hatred and the bitterness that still simmers.

As a divided India became a real possibility, the political tensions succumbed to the local level. Punjab was the most affected area. In many villages of Punjab, communal harmony began to break down, and children in the families were asked to keep their distance from children of other communities. The Sikhs were heavily outnumbered by the Muslims, their biggest fear was that their women would be taken away, converted, and raped. Sikhs killed their own daughters, wives, and sisters in the name of honour.

Even in Bihar, Muslim women committed suicide by jumping into wells. The pain of women is beautifully captured in *What The Body Remembers* by Shauna Singh Baldwin. It is a diligently researched, beautifully crafted political, feminist, and sensual book. It is the first fiction work to portray the angst of a woman during partition. It is a story about two women who were married to the same man. This book focuses on the personal dynamics of polygamous relationships and shows the timeless theme of men patronising women. Women of both communities and countries suffered the most as their identities were changed overnight, they were raped publicly, forcefully married, displaced and abandoned by their families, molested, and thrown away on both sides of the border in the name of honour. Women were the silent warriors of the partition.

"No Woman's Land" is a collection of essays by women from India, Bangladesh, and Pakistan. These essays capture the difficulties faced by women in terms of providing infrastructure, relief, and other facilities who were forced to migrate to the other side:



"A decision had been made among the ladies that if the attacks got worse, they would resort to suicide. My Mother, A strong and pious lady, ended her life to protect her dignity. That day, at 4 in the morning, a pyre was made for her. After she performed her morning prayers, she entered the pyre. She asked her husband to use the talwar to release her from suffering. I also lost my father to the violence later." – Vidya Mitter Thukral, via the 1947 Partition Archive.



With just a month remaining to partition, tensions on the streets of Lahore began to turn violent, murder was an everyday occurrence. People began to loot other communities and forced out anyone from the "other" community. The atmosphere was such that they would catch, kill and burn. Countless bodies were burnt, vultures were feeding off the dead and exhaustion brought people to their knees, like a bushfire getting too difficult to control. People who were sure about Lahore going to Pakistan started leaving the city. The Hindu areas were burning, and the old city of Lahore, beautiful and historic, was in flames. The city which was once known for its peace, harmony, and tranquillity, now was a different place amidst the chaos. The Shah Almi Gate, being an immense structure, took days to burn completely. Finally, the gate collapsed and the biggest trading centre owned by the Hindus became a part of history.

Kuldip Nayar and Asif Noorani jot their personal experiences in a moving account in 'Tale of Two Cities' of the partition. Both authors contrast their ancestral homes and their new homes which is emotionally wrought with the fusion of loss, nostalgia and starting over. This book shows the trauma which transformed the lives of people and its impact, which is felt even today.

The dream of a Muslim Homeland became a reality, although nobody knew exactly what its borders were. This didn't stop people from celebrating their newfound freedom. It must have never occurred to the Indian Muslims that there will be the emergence of a whole new state for them. The next day it was India's turn to be officially independent, millions of people gathered around the constituent assembly to celebrate, it was a thrilling moment for the people of India, celebrating their lifelong dream, Indian Independence. But not everyone was celebrating, Gandhi who had a dream of a United India, lay fasting in Calcutta. Mountbatten announced the borders and Lahore went to Pakistan. It was terrifying for the few remaining Hindus, who soon decided to move to the Indian side and the remaining Muslims in India decided to move to the Pakistani side of the border. They packed their belongings and left their villages, where they had lived for generations, nobody knowing what lay ahead.

Most of the people took the regular train, where every little space was occupied by refugees, Ambala to Amritsar which usually took 4 hours, reached after 4 days. Trains often arrived filled only with dead bodies. Rajinder Singh, a refugee said that his train was attacked by mobs; he somehow managed to survive by hiding under the seats. Chaudhri Mohammed Siddiq recalls that dead bodies were all around the tracks, he lived in Amritsar until he was forced to leave.

Captain M.S. Kohli, a renowned mountaineer, remembers the attacks on his way to India. Khushwant Singh's novel 'Train to Pakistan' brings the picture of horrors enacted at the border of India-Pakistan. For Kushwant Singh, this period was of greatest grief, when all his humanitarian beliefs were shattered. This novel portrays the dark reality, the story of political hatred, and lack of trust. He paints a vivid picture of the violent separation of Hindus and Muslims.

Those who could not afford the planes or trains travelled on foot, and their journey came with a lot of challenges and difficulties. People continued for days with no food. The refugees moving across formed a 50 miles long column. Around two million people were on the road, masses of people trying to get water and food, the wells rumoured to be poisoned. They were able to carry their belongings on bullock carts, but most had to flee with whatever they were able to carry on themselves. Some heartbreaking stories were of helpless mothers who had to give up their crying babies. It was a terrible sight, crawling babies on the side of the road with thousands of people walking and millions of people losing their lives before reaching the other side.

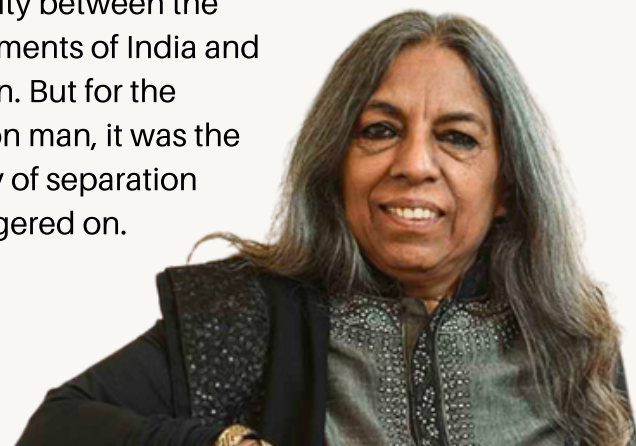
"From using the toilet with other refugees, wearing the same clothes every day, and going without water for weeks, partition was a huge leveler for them. We still live in Patel Nagar, right where my great grandfather first pitched the tent." - Rishi Wadhwa- The 1947 Partition Archive.

Partition Refugee families still deal with the trauma of separation and bloodshed they had witnessed, as they fled overnight from places they had lived in for generations with little clothes and a handful of baubles they desperately clung to, for memory. 15 million people made the journey from one side to the other. In Remnants of Separation, Aanchal Malhotra reevaluates the distinctive objects that people carried during migration as a token of memory and cultural heritage.

These were souvenirs that people took with them and the memory that they represented. Malhotra describes it as a museum of individuals who went through the partition, remnants that carried stories of families, culture, religion, and most importantly partition. The objects, whether purposeful or ornamental, became an entry to recount the incident. The book elucidates the different perceptions that various persons have about the partition.

The history of the common class of people, women, and the Dalits remained silent until Urvashi Butalia started working on it. Butalia's contribution in terms of these new narratives has added significantly to partition literature, towards loss, memories, dislocation, suffering and the pain of people from all walks of life. In her book, *The Other Side of Silence*, Butalia writes about personal experiences of children, women, ordinary people, the lower castes, and the untouchables. It gives a sensitive account of stories and talks about the painful truth behind silences.

Although most of the people managed to escape direct brutality, their traumas, dislocation of families, and having no contact with people whom they once so dearly loved killed them daily. Dipali Choudhury told The Partition Archive that her father could not sleep for months after witnessing the burning of his house from Dhakeshwari Temple where his family sought refuge in 1947. Over time, people became more conservative, more backward, and more intolerant. Hatred and violence towards another community have been passed from one generation to the other. The Border created in 1947 became the focus of three wars and seventy years of animosity between the governments of India and Pakistan. But for the common man, it was the tragedy of separation that lingered on.



An oil painting depicting a scene of care or healing. A man with long dark hair, wearing a white robe, stands over a woman lying in bed. He holds her hand with both of his, looking down at her with a gentle expression. The woman has dark hair and is looking up at him. The background is dark and textured, suggesting an interior setting. The overall mood is tender and spiritual.

SPIRIT AND SOUL

By Joel Franklin, TYBA

Artwork by Jeremy Winborg

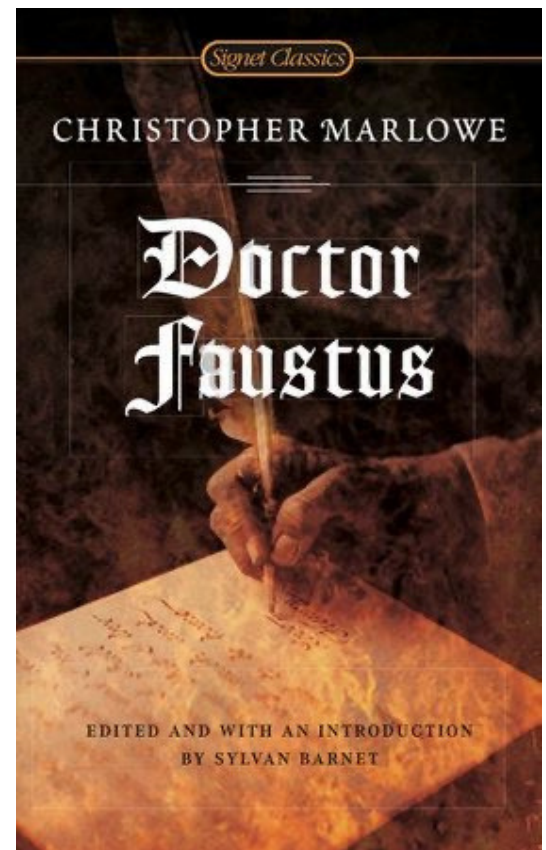
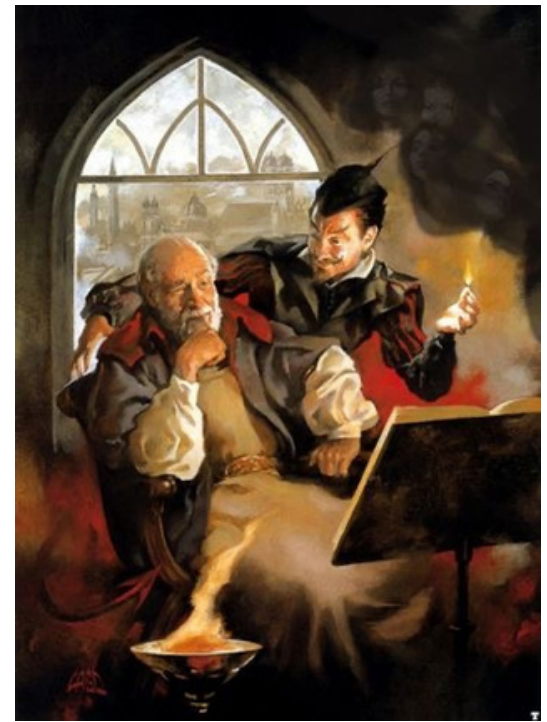
It is easy to confuse the spirit with the soul. Some people have thought that the spirit and the soul are synonymous terms. But in the Bible, the spirit and the soul are shown as two different entities. It is also this way in the Greek text. The grammatical construction clearly shows that the spirit differs from the soul just as the soul differs from the body. The soul is not the body; neither is the spirit the soul. These are three distinct parts of one human being. This research paper aims to provide evidence to the statement through theological, and philosophical perspectives and a few literary relevances.

Theology is the critical study of the nature of the divine; more generally, Religion refers to any cultural system of worship that relates humanity to the supernatural or transcendental. On the other hand, philosophy, is a point of view, a specific attitude or manner through which a person thinks about something.

What is a Spirit? According to Christian belief, the spirit is the highest and most unique part to be achieved with the union of the Holy Spirit that enables man to communicate with God. The spirit is our deeper connection with the Lord when we believe in God and receive Jesus Christ as our Lord and Saviour. The Spirit and the Soul, in my view, are different. The soul can be described as our personality, our thoughts, our attitudes and what makes us unique. Perhaps this is why we use words like spirit and soul interchangeably because we cannot see either one, yet we understand that we possess something that makes up who we are as a person.

The Distinction according to Christian Theology:

For the word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the division of soul and spirit, and joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart (Hebrews 4:12). The Word is powerful because it can discern the difference between the soul and spirit. These two words are so similar that most understand them to be the same thing. Even our language uses them interchangeably, but the Biblical definition is vastly different. May your whole spirit, soul and body be preserved blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus (1 Thessalonians 5:23) shows us that mankind is made up of three parts, a spirit, a soul and a body. Understanding this truth is a key to unlocking and understanding many scriptures.



In English literature there are some well-known examples that take up these themes. Christopher Marlowe's play *Doctor Faustus*, the protagonist Faustus, is ambitious enough to sell his soul to the Devil in exchange for twenty-four years of earthly power.

Graham Greene, in his novel *Brighton Rock*, explores the character of Pinkie, a vicious young murderer who challenges God; Pinkie believes only in hell, not heaven, and commits several atrocities for which, he is convicted, acts that he believes God will not be able to forgive him for. Nevertheless, the novel ends with the suggestion that, even in the final moments of Pinkie's life on earth, his soul may, 'between the stirrup and the ground', seek and find God's grace.

Metaphysical poets of the 17th century explored the notions of soul and spirit in many of their poems.

"The Relic" by John Donne describes the nature of miracles and the spiritual love and draws a parallel between the speaker and his lover. "The Ecstasy" also by Donne is a clear and coherent expression of Donne's philosophy of love. Donne agrees with Plato that true love is spiritual. It is a union of souls. But unlike Plato, Donne does not ignore the claims of the body. It is the body that brings the lovers together. Love begins in sensuous apprehension and spiritual love follows upon the sensuous. So, the claims of the body must not be ignored. The union of bodies is as essential as the union of souls. Thus, Donne goes against the teachings of both Plato and the Christian Divines in his stresses on a sensuous and physical basis even of spiritual love.

This is an important concept because we look at certain scriptures and wonder who they are talking about. The Bible has passages showing us that we are similar to Jesus in this world. God considers us pure, righteous and holy but humans don't tend to believe it because when we look into our souls, we assume that God has made a mistake. The born-again spirit we receive the moment we are saved is identical to Jesus (Romans 8, Hebrews 10:10, 14). This is how God sees us, He looks at our spirit. This is why He sees us as righteous beings because our sinful natures are gone. Consequently, this is how the devil sees us also. He looks at us dressed in our full armour (Ephesians 6:10-18) and cannot tell the difference between us and Jesus (Isaiah 59:15-18). The spirit is truly who we are because of what Jesus did. However, when we look at ourselves with human eyes, we see the thoughts we have, we know how we mess up.

So, there is a huge disconnect when we read the Bible because we don't understand who we are in the spirit and how God looks at us. We must first realize that Christ is the Spirit in our spirit. Then we need to discern the difference between the spirit and the soul that we may deny the soul and live by the spirit. When we live by the spirit, Christ will have the first place in everything. Then we will experience Christ in the spirit, and we will learn how to apply Him in our daily life.

THE MAGIC OF RAW CONVERSATIONS

By Ayushi James, SYBA

How often are you unsure about how to convey a thought or feeling? Do you filter your statements or let yourself breathe easy? There's magic in raw conversations, and this article will explore why you should be having them regularly. A conversation consisting of greetings and everyday banter is what we need, but people only prefer to speak in old bygones, using heavy and extensive vocabulary. Do we need all of this, when we wish to express our true sentiments to someone? I tend to avoid casual conversations; I find them rather dreadful. I always have this need to say the smartest things. The most meaningful exchanges I've had were when we dropped all our filters. We tend to have casual conversations for the sake of it. It is expected of us, and so we aren't fully engaged.

When engaging in a conversation, remember to respect one's boundaries and privacy. If they are comfortable, they may open

up and have a fruitful conversation. Avoid being nosy and intrusive, we don't want to upset or hurt them. One's mental and emotional well-being must be considered.

Raw conversations allow a person to be their authentic self, no sugar-coating, no foul play or trying hard, just simple heart-to-heart dialogue. In this fast-paced world, how many times have you been your authentic self? When was the last time you made a very unforgiving speech and were proud of it?

Our conversations would last longer and be more meaningful if we put our hearts into them. After all, these past two years have taught us how hard it is to be on our own, in this terrifying world, all we have are the connections that we make.

A raw and real dialogue allows us to be vulnerable, our truest self, and be in our purest form. Fall for their souls, not for their superficial selves. Fall for the awkward pauses and carefree inadvertent smiles.



Experience intimacy, share without the fear of being judged, take a chance! Here's a suggestion, rephrase your questions. For example, instead of the basic, "How are you?" ask "What's your calling?"

The human mind is complex and intricate. Micro-expressions are facial expressions that occur within a fraction of a second. This compulsory passionate spillage uncovers an individual's actual feelings. You can take advantage of these micro-expressions when attempting to have deep conversations. We obtain meaning from understanding ourselves because we have an immeasurable need for self-expression. Most of us are looking for an opportunity to share what we're thinking, to clarify, and explore things that matter to us. Formulating our abstract thoughts into words and expressing them to an interested listener, helps validate the meaningful exchange. If we accept and expose our authentic selves from time to time, it encourages us to have deep dialogues.

Art credit : Bill Waterson

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SNEER TO DRY UP CONVERSATION. HOW'S MINE LOOK ?



Raw talk may help process your pain or trauma. When we open up and express our feelings, it reassures us. Motivating us to be vulnerable and embracing our mental and emotional well-being. Involving participants to share their perspectives, free of prejudice and judgment, helps us grow as an individual. Feelings are like a door to a person's mental well-being when expressed in a raw form, it creates a beautiful moment.

Raw conversations are needed now more than ever. Our generation is consumed with having a cool and chic personality online. It's good to have highlight reels, but make sure people know how you feel. Ultimately, the real you matters!

In conclusion, try to use this magic trick the next time you converse with a family member, friend, or even a stranger! Embarrassment, doubt, shame, and fear are often illusions preventing us from tapping into meaningful dialogues. Make that effort, and I'm sure you won't be disappointed. Always ask because you care, not because you're expected. Take time to talk about the subjects that matter to you. Have conversations that open new doors, leading to new perspectives and the world may seem fuller, brighter, and fresh.

"It's good to have highlight reels, but make sure people know how you feel."



By Christina Sarah Kumbukattu, SYBA

Directed by Bong Joon-ho, 'Parasite' is the first non-English movie to make history by winning the Best Picture award at the Oscars. The movie Parasite, as described by Bong in his interview, "Is a comedy

without a clown and a tragedy without a villain." This movie encompasses several crescendos and decrescendos which justifies itself to be called a 'Stairway Movie'. It implores us to explore this undulating plot as it moves up and down the rungs of the ladder called society. Director Bong during his acceptance speech said, "Once you overcome the one-inch-tall barrier of subtitles, you will be introduced to so many more amazing films.

The film is about two families, the Kims and the Parks, who belong to the opposite ends of the socio-economic spectrum. The opening shot itself sets a strong visual imagery of a slum viewed through a narrow window of a semi basement house. The owner, Kim Ki-taek, his wife, Chung-sook and their two children, Kim Ki-woo (son) and Kim Ki-jung (daughter) are all unemployed, struggling to find a basic Wi-Fi connection.

This showcases the lack of belonging and connectivity to the rest of the world. On the other hand, the Park family lived in a contemporary architectural wonder, surrounded by a silk-stocking neighbourhood, Brobdingnagian trees and serenaded by birds. The

Kims, though they lived in a sewage flooded semi basement, were very united and shrewd in demeanour compared to the naïve Parks. They leeches onto a world which they never had any access to. Was Kevin (Kim Ki-woo) a real English tutor? Was Jessica (Kim Ki-jung) an art graduate from an ivy league school in the US? No, but with deception and chicanery, they managed to get a taste of the lavish lifestyle which turned them into parasites. At the expense of the acquisitive Parks, they got a break from their menial and impoverished lives.

The first half of the film is used to beautifully unearth piece by piece, the Kims astute scheme.

FILM REVIEW

The cinematography of the nail biting and chilling scenes were perfectly accompanied by sombre, spine tingling, minimalist piano compositions. The score produced specifically by Jung Jaeil (Korean music composer) added a peculiar edginess to hint on what's coming up next. Director Bong's speciality of adding different dynamics through subplots, hoodwinks the audience as he makes the main plot as unimaginable as it could be.

The black strips over the Kims eyes in the movie poster symbolises how brutal capitalism and competition have led to the creation of several families like the Kims, who are ready to compromise their integrity to break free of their status quo. The Kims are squashed and forced to fit into a small semi basement due to the economic disparity prevalent. As a result, they are forced to resort to Machiavellian maneuverers for their economic sustenance.

How the Kims constantly change scenarios, from their unsavoury semi basement to the elitist Parks decorated manor, is a contrast which is very visually stimulating yet it isn't stentorian. Towards the end the viewers are left in a fit of rage, confusion and sympathy as they explore for themselves who the real parasite is.

'Parasite' gives us a strong social message but it cannot be classified as a didactic movie. Director Bong uses metaphors to his metier which leaves his audience with a lot to ponder upon. It explains why he chose 'Parasite' as the name of his film. In a world full of drudgery, are the Kims really the parasites who try to con the Parks so as to fit in this world? Are the Parks the parasites, as they are complacent and ignorant to the bloodshed of the poor? Or is the race to get to the top which is caused by capitalism, the real culprit, as a few float in the sea while the rest remain submerged?



SAIRAT: A LOVE STORY?

By Shilpi Pusadkar, SYBA

Six years back, Nagraj Manjule's *Sairat*, spread like wildfire among Indians. Crowds danced to zingaat, recounting the film's dialogues like prayers, and a tragic love tale was being chewed over. However, the multitude of the audience was left disappointed. For them, the film's tragic end had ruined it all. I was advised by people around me not to watch the film. Six years later, after watching it, I am appalled. A narrative which should've brought the country to a halt was fuelling dance parties. An ending which should've shattered people's hearts was being looked upon as flawed writing.

The thing that struck me the most is the fact that the leading plot is not fundamental to the film. It is one of those rare films that truly make you look beyond the picture squarely presented to you. Parshya and Archie's love story plays the role of painting a solid picture of the world around them, and this world is the heart of *Sairat*. Symbolically, it makes you look beyond the world which you see physically. It's the other world. The one that suffers. The one we choose not to see. One of our major downfalls of Indian society, casteism. It has built an unjust pecking order in our country and Dalits have, and still are, enduring the brunt of it. These people have been dehumanised for centuries, deemed impure, called untouchables, the most brutal form of character assassination imaginable. As we attempt to progress as a country, yet we read and see Dalits being brutally assaulted and murdered. While time moves on for the fortunate, it has long since come to a standstill for the other world. This should be one of our country's most serious concerns, yet people like us have the luxury of overlooking it. Certain crowds, who are unaware of the atrocities committed against Dalits, would be clued-up via the film. Thus, promoting them forward and raising public awareness. By narrating it through the lens of a love story, Manjule was trying to nurture sensitivity in the audience.

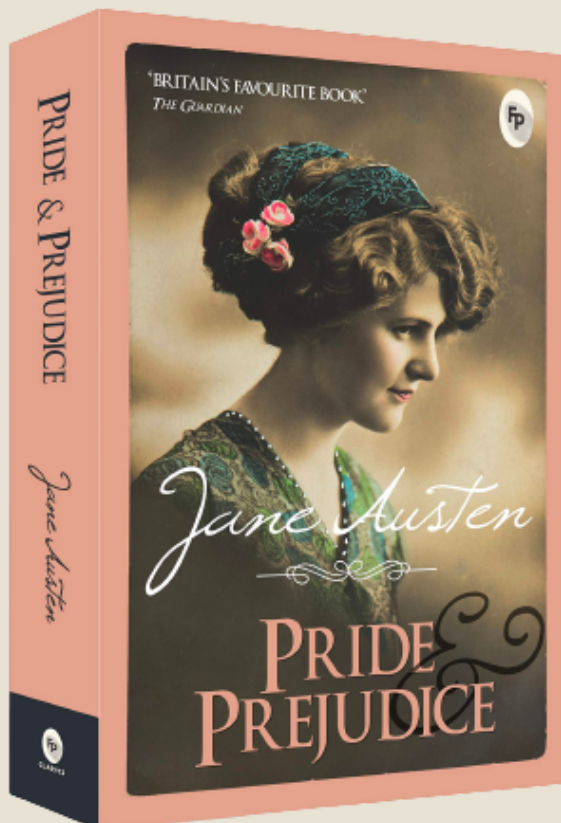


The concluding scene of the film is the most pivotal. The screen goes silent when the little child returns home and looks at his parents on the floor, bloody and slayed to death. He then walks out of the house, leaving a trail of his bloody footprints behind him. The blood, representing despair and struggle, along with the child carrying it forward, indicating that the struggle is not over. Wherever he goes, blood will flow, injustice will exist. This was the most harrowing scene of the movie. The silence especially, possesses power. We tend to ignore the struggles and cries of help, leaving them to endure in silence. Here it hits you, urging you to confront your emotions, and it breaks your heart. Here in the audience, is where I release my wrath. Despite Manjule's efforts, this film was dismissed as merely another love story and relegated to the romance genre. People were forced out of their comfort zones by the final scene, which made them uneasy. The uproar, however, was not about the fact, that these (honour killings) still transpire, but rather about the discomfort they experienced. Despite bringing these issues on a screen, casteism was still overlooked. The film could not have ended in another way, as it was supposed to depict reality. And this was the reality. A slap in the face. The fundamental point of the movie was overlooked by individuals who were disillusioned. The attitude of denial present in a majority of our society towards these issues were reflected in the popular response to the film. The reactions do no justice to Manjule and his art.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

By Ayushi James, SYBA

"What think you of books?" said he, smiling. "Books—oh! no. I am sure we never read the same, or not with the same feelings." "I am sorry you think so; but if that be the case, there can at least be no want of subject. We may compare our different opinions." "No—I cannot talk of books in a ball-room; my head is always full of something else."



This book is a classic in every literature geek's library and for a good reason - it is written beautifully, has charming characters and an engaging plot. The narrative can feel stagnant at times, but it makes up for it with humour, comedic timing and the engrossing interactions between the characters really providing a glimpse into the 19th century society with a beautiful writing style.

A book like this one shows how people's first impressions can be deceptive, and that you have to open your mind in order to accept the goodness of others. All in all the novel is 5 out of 5 for me. Definitely worth reading.

To Sorrow D'Uberville

The fruit of wreckless love lay still,
The laboured breathing, ceased.
She blessed the curse,
That others called a wondrous
miracle.

Sorrow ! Oh sorrow !
Why didst thou choose
An age so full of sin?
To place thyself inside a womb
As young as D'uberville's?

You rest among,
The fallen ones,
That passed in much disgrace,
For thou hath been nothing but,
A terrible mistake.

Lie you there beneath the Mead,
Where men dump all their err
Sorrow, thou wast loved by her,
In nothing but despair.

Bless thy soul,
Thy infant heart,
Thy fate was so unfair,
They feel the world's a better place,
With Sorrow not being there.

By Vernon D'Souza
Alumnus

Time

We are the enslaved,
The free yet suppressed,
The chained, the defeated
Forever repressed.

Conditioned to believe,
Condition to fear
He is our king,
Forever to revere.

He is death's charioteer
The hour glass, the sand.
Our healer, our tormentor,
The wealth in our hand.

He Slows down in our grief,
Jets us by our peace,
He waits for none,
He tramples upon the weak.

We are strong if we stand his test,
Insignificant, if we don't,
A curse or boon?
We'll never really know.

You pluck us like wild flowers,
So Unfair in thy judgement
You lift and you drop,
You kiss and you bludgeon.

The teller of all things
The master of it all,
Are you the heavens' favourite after all?

Time! Oh Time!
Immemorial and divine,
Let our weary souls repose,
Please stop just for a while.

But Lead me not to my grave,
Like them, for who you have ceased
have mercy upon this heart,
So tired, so diseased.

ON WASHING CLOTHES

By Asim Mulla, Alumnus

I

In his sermon the Preacher had said,
"One can witness the purity of heaven
in simple acts, like washing one's clothes:
the water, the soap,
the foul-smelling folds,
the leather, the brush,
and the aggressive rubbing.
If this be not heaven, what is?"

He is your leader, how can he be wrong?

II

Hence you take a bucket of his dirty laundry
full of gusto to the washing ghat,
(for he did ask you to wash all of his
before you wash any of yours)
all in the spirit of service.

"Service to others before service to self,
And service to Me is service to God,
Since I rank closer to Him than you
For you are a people lost, without joy,
And I promise to show you the right path,
And you too will have joy!"
(If not in this life, after death surely)

III

Near the water you take his lungi out
and notice the layered dust:
a part of your heart grows sceptic.
You close your eyes and
the image of the Preacher brightens up
within you,
"This is your chance to redeem your sins."
"This is my chance to redeem my sins."
"This is the road to Everlasting Joy."
and you fall
(deep in service)
Knowing the Kingdom awaits you.

Those same old shirts he wore,
alternatively, for a week
have finally found their way
into this washing bucket.
You look at the slimy collar
and the equally ugly sleeve:
that which was white is now dark brown.
"It lies in your path to return
the lost prestige of these shirts."

Finally you come to his undies.
Funny little elves of cotton land
Guarding his mine of gold
And the pillar divine.
You pay your homage to these too
Bathing them with your very own hands,
Your conscience being silent witness
beside.

IV

All clothes done you stand up, satisfied.
'I have washed my Preacher's clothes!'

In the distance you glimpse
the promised doors of heaven.
'Everlasting Joy!'
But then realize
you still have to rinse them, the clothes,
Twist them with your hands
Until they lose all the water
(or your spirit breaks).

Salvation is still a mile away but in sight.
You recall the time your life had no
meaning.
Today it does.
You sigh.
You believe your reward is certain.

And like all true devotees accepting their
fate,
You too bend over,
And get to work on the rinsing.

What Is It To Live?

To wither in winter,
Or
To blossom in spring?

To bungee jump from the highest cliffs,
Or
To feel the life pulsate when diving into
the oceans and reefs?

To seize each day,
Or
To wait for Sunday?

To see the complete in incomplete,
Or
To be the complete incomplete?

To hold on to the little things like the roots
of the trees,
Or
To let it go like the infinite waves of the
sea?

To look back and ponder,
Or
To look ahead and wonder?

To go with the flow,
Or
To decide where to go?

To choose your way,
Or
To lose and then find your way?

To look for evens in the odds,
Or
To be the odds in the evens?

What is it to live?

Is it simply inhaling now and exhaling
then?

Me

*I am Me
Not She
Not Her
Not They, Him, All.*

*I am Me
Sometimes, like a wave of
Joy amidst the chaotic sea.
A pearl snuggled in its oyster,
Comforted in the depths no one sees.*

*Sometimes, like a diamond darkened
By the filth, unaware of its shine
Trying to blacken its brighter core
Just to be a piece of coal.*

*Some days, a love handle wanting to breathe,
Always breaking free;
From the claustrophobic cage of clothes;
Away from the acceptance gaining spree.*

*At times, a glistening dewdrop
After a stormy rain,
Or a thoughtless brain drained
After a happy day.*

*I am Me
I am my own treasure
I am the world, the universe,
An endless sea of thoughts and possibilities;
Not She
Not Her
Not They, Him, All.
Because it all begins with Me.*

*By Krutika Mukadam
Alumna*

my girls

By Atiya Memon, SYBA

when i think of them, i think of key lime pies
of the dunes of *rajasthan*, our hearts irrevocably,
somehow
lost in the feeling of our noses kissed by ice
of the feeling of asphalt against our knees
our fingers dipped in sand, digging, overwhelmed
with glee
asking ourselves; can we stay longer, a bit longer,
please?
(*andar nahi jaana*, i'm in poppins, and you're
toffee)

of the plastic mug, cracked around the rim,
lime (and maybe, in days passed, white), tacky,
the architect
of our sandcastles, of our dresses pretty and prim
the tears in which we'd hide with smiles as big as
the sun
bat our eyelashes, pat our knees, nod when our
mothers ask
are you sure you're okay, hun?

if ever i feel the cold fingers of fate taunt me,
make my world dark as night
i think of the tunnel we would crawl into, unable
to see
only to hear (our peals of laughter), to feel (their
fingers 'twined with mine)
where we would hold our 'kerchiefs, trimmed
laces and white
whisper about broken crayons, cheeks yet warm
from the sunshine
(hey, listen, *kisiko bolna mat*; it's our secret, right?)

about our thumbs, dipped in paint
the way we (the amrita sher-gils, whom we
would grow up to admire)
would make flowers, fruits, little houses quaint
and bring them out to the courtyard, giggling
show them to each other, our faces awash with
colour,
(red, yellow, blue, and green), hear the school bell
go off-- *ting!*
ting! ting! ting!
(coming tomorrow? have to tell you something!)

back then, there, we could never really tell
what we were feeling
in a place where, if we stood on our tippy-
toes,
we could brush our fingers along the ceiling
where we would sing in praise of our country
in the mornings,
attention! stand-at-ease!
tiny noses poked into our hands, each other's
shoulders, doubled over without a warning
where my things were always ours,
(my heart mine a little, but mostly not)
for split chins and bruised legs were all but
battle scars,
souvenirs that we cannot misplace, the kind
that could not be bought.

where graduation, in pink frocks and cargo
shorts and pigtails,
was all fifty of us on a stage (indeed, of the
snow-white production) two inches off the
ground,
unknowing of what was to come, of (and
maybe i exaggerate) our forthcoming ails
excited, nonetheless, running 'bout like it was
diwali
(for maybe it was) for the big kids, soon to
walk into a building
where the ceilings were as high as our spirits,
but we were as tiny as peas.

thinking back, we have lost and found each
other
more times than i count
fools, thinking we were anything
but severed parts to one whole
for seventeen years i have known them, loved
them, held them,
seventeen thousand times i may have pushed
them away
but just like the smiling sun
our pinned handkerchiefs
and the promises we don't seem to remember,
my girls have always stayed.



*At night when the world is asleep,
The Moon appears in the star-speckled
sky,
wearing a pearly diadem.*

*She sings a song, hoping the heavens
would hear it,
and the stars dance to the rhythm in
the ebony sky.*

*Her glow gives hope to lost souls
struggling to stay alight,
Her moonshine carries love and
embraces the desolate.*

*Shimmering silently up above.
She sees me saying my prayers,
the song of the moon lulls me to sleep.
Rays of her chaste white light enter my
room and kiss me goodnight.*

*Jemima Rachel Kunder
FYBA*



*Here's a girl who is just like
me, from our skin colour to the
texture of our hair, everything
is the same. From our eyes to
our nose we are exactly the
same but,*

*she's a little more confident
than me, she can walk in a
room full of strangers, sing her
favorite songs in public*

*But,
she's just like me from the
length of our legs to our
footsteps, from our voice to
the lengths of our fingers
everything is the same.*

*But
she's doesn't hesitate in saying
no to others, she doesn't fake a
smile when she's sad and never
controls her emotions.*

*but
we are the exact same,
although I'm a bit sweeter than
her, who's more caring and
never hurts anyone's feelings,
we both have dreams to chase
and thus she's trying to be me
and I'm trying to be her, but
don't forget she's just like me.*

*Rachna Patidar
TYBA*

TUESDAY

*On a regular Tuesday evening,
I walked the silent street,
Faintly lit in the distance.
The sinister wind brushed against my skin
An obscure sound rang through my ears,
Adrenaline rushed down my spine.
I paced towards the barely visible light,
Wanting to escape the darkness in time.
Eerie footsteps grew louder and closer,
Till my head met with a hard bang.
My scream filled an otherwise desolated
expanse,
I felt my body crumble down the ground
I awoke, dirty and different
Feeling my bloody wounds
A tear slipped down my naked skin
When the awful truth dawned on me,
His regular Tuesday was now my greatest
nightmare.*

Jessica Joseph
FYBA



REVIVE

*It was 6.30 in the morning
I got out of my pjs
My denims felt like an old lost friend
My legs trembled
It no more had the same old rhythm
to race down the stairs
Although my nose was caged behind a
mask
The air felt fresh as a blooming daisy
When I sat down in the car seat
We started to drive away
Into the tunes of the morning
I turned around in an awe
As I watched my first sunrise in a month
Those blissful rays hit me
Like a warm bonfire on a chilly night
I looked out the window
Speechless by my city's view
Like it's straight out of Anne Frank's book.
The roads that were once packed with
chaotic traffic
Were now filled with dried leaves and
colourful petals
And surprisingly in this warily atmosphere
I found the enchanted peace that I had
longed for*

Rinal Jayakrishnan
TYBA



COURAGE

You have a brave wild heart child.
No matter what anyone tells you.
You have the power to make worlds collide.
You just have to believe in yourself
Let your success speak
Execute that trek until you reach the peak
Rock-bottoms you will hit
There will be mistakes you will have to
admit
And just keep on going forward
Run, walk, sprint but never quit.
Opportunities will be offered
Take them, because you won't have them if
you weren't ready
Hope is your ally
When the ground becomes unsteady
For you are a work of art
Always have the eyes on the prize
Even if you fall, try again and arise.

By Ayushi James, SYBA



LET ME BE

To the unrealistic expectations that has no
cessation
Let me be with my solitude and emotions
In the chaos of life which muffles my inner
voice
Let me perceive my own thoughts and
choice
The bickering and havoc are my peace's
assassin
For every step I take, why am I examined?
We're one but belong to different worlds &
have stories to narrate
We are the protagonists of our own story,
that you can't you simply can't dictate
I'm unable to contain this pain in the
shelves of my heart
So I let poetry birth out of me for every scar
No monetary value, colour or race can
define me
So let me be free, I plead
Permit me to create a life that I foresee
And not the one I'm forced to see

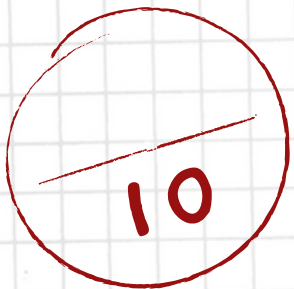
By Zainab Ladak



Lit-Really?

How well do you know your literature?

1. Who wrote a novella about a man who turns into an insect?
2. Why was Oscar Wilde sent to prison?
3. Which country banned *Alice in Wonderland*?
4. What pen name did Mary Anne Evans write her novels under?
5. True or False: Agatha Christie is a pen name
6. What was the first book sold on Amazon.com?
7. What Victor Hugo novel was adapted into a Disney animated movie in 1996?
8. Dan Brown's *Da Vinci Code* opens with a murder in which famous museum?
9. The crime novel *The Godfather*, also a hit movie, was written by whom?
10. In *Dune* by author Frank Herbert, the desert planet Arrakis is rich in which valuable resource?



1. Franz Kafka, 2. Homosexuality 3. China 4. George Eliot 5. False 6. A hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy 7. The Hunchback of Notre Dame 8. The Louvre 9. Mario Puzo 10. Melange

1. Franz Kafka, 2. Homosexuality 3. China 4. George Eliot 5. False 6. A hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy 7. The Hunchback of Notre Dame 8. The Louvre 9. Mario Puzo 10. Melange

Lit-Really?



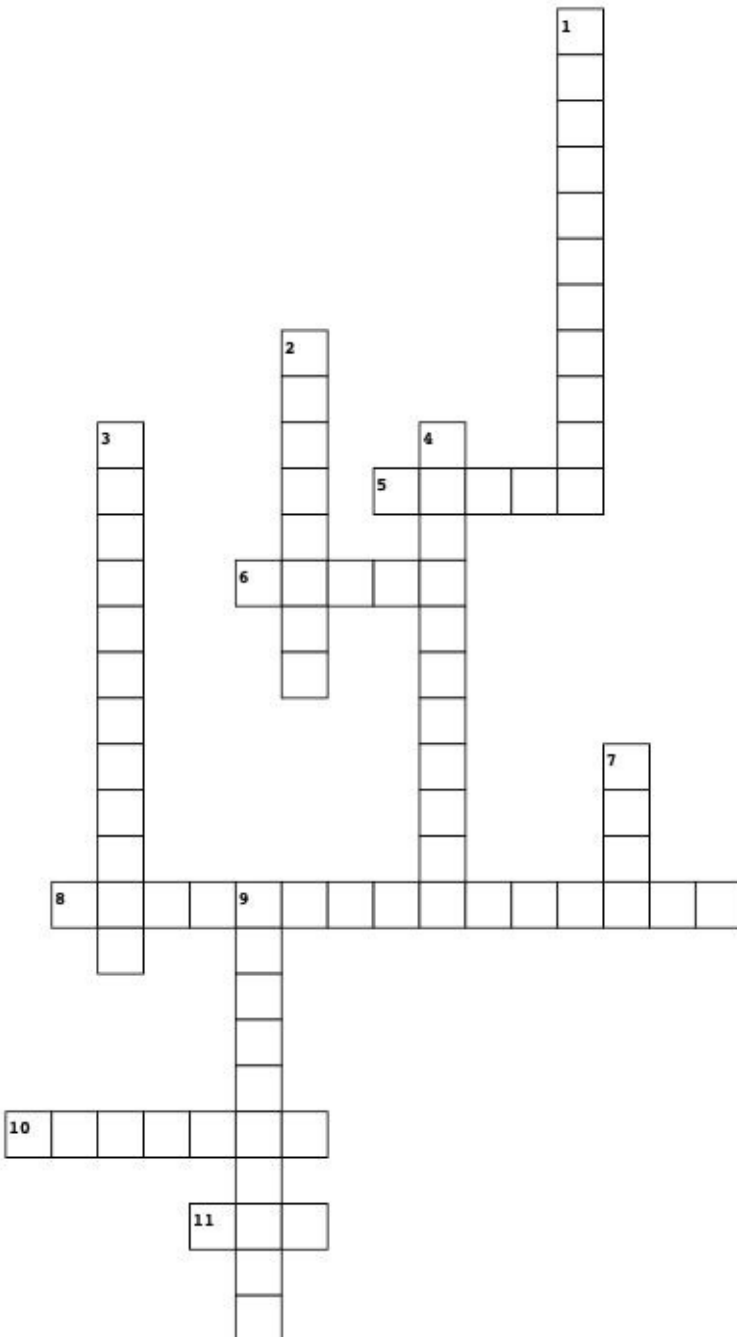
CROSSWORD

Across


- 5. Writer of the epic poem 'The Divine Comedy'
- 6. The name of Shakespeare's theatre
- 8. The first Indian documentary to be nominated for an Academy award
- 10. The writer of 'The Canterbury Tales'
- 11. Protagonist of 'Great Expectations'

Down

- 1. H.G. Wells' first novel
- 2. Songwriter to win the Nobel Prize for literature
- 3. The Indian-American writer who won the Pulitzer Prize
- 4. World's first true novel
- 7. George Orwell's pseudonym
- 9. Creator of the iconic character 'James Bond'



Solve the crossword

online here! 



[Lit]tle Birdie



Kermits ego Stan account
@punished_picnic

my 2 month old: i cant sleep daddy i'm afraid of frankenstein

me: haha dont you mean frankenstein's monster

my 3 month old: i do not. personally i find unethical and irresponsible scientific practice far more terrifying than any physical being and so should you

1:17 PM · Aug 7, 2019



Avery Edison
@aedison

DEVIL: You shall stay forever young, but this picture of you will bear the marks of your sin! DORIAN: Can I hide it? DEVIL: Well, yes, but— DORIAN: And there are no other consequences? DEVIL: This... This picture will become so foul! DORIAN: Again, probably I'll hide the picture.

12:22 AM · 18 Mar 2018

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite



ellewasamistake
@ellewasamistake

editor: this better not be like last time

kafka: it's a coming of age story

editor: ok

kafka: about a boy who's changed, but his family won't accept him

editor: i'm listening

kafka: because he's changed into a bug

editor: there we go

kafka: like a real big fuckin bug

4:43 AM · Jan 11, 2020



Jennifer Morrow
@jennifermorrow

The most depressing part of LITTLE WOMEN (1869) is not when Beth dies but when Jo's short story wins a prize of \$100, reminding any fellow writers reading the book that freelance rates have remained roughly stable SINCE THE RECONSTRUCTION ERA

7:55 AM · Dec 27, 2019

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite



david
@elvishpresley_

wife: I wish you'd stop bringing your work home with you

Dr Frankenstein: he has a name

wife: DOES HE

6:37 AM · Jan 6, 2019

Read the full conversation on Twitter



19.1K Reply Copy link

Read 34 replies



Jennifer Wright
@JenAshleyWright

Stay past the credits of Little Women to see Jane Eyre step out of the shadows and tell Jo, "I'm putting a team together."

8:21 AM · Dec 28, 2019

60K Reply Copy link

Read 248 replies



Gee Aitch Cee
@Scriblit

ME, SOBBING: Please, Emily, you can't give all your 100 characters the same 4 names
EMILY BRONTE: *points* That's Earnshaw Linton. *points* That's Cathy Heathcliff. *points* Heathcliff Linton. *points* Cathy Cathy. *points* Earnshaw Cathy Jr. *pause* And they're all GHOSTS.

3:43 PM · Jul 30, 2018

6.7K Reply Copy link



iain robertson
@yoiain

you: let's get this bread

j.d. salinger, an intellectual: let's catch this rye

4:58 AM · Jan 7, 2019

Read the full conversation on Twitter



114.4K Reply Copy link

Read 213 replies



Austin Gilkeson
@osutein

There are two wolves inside you. One is Virginia Woolf. The other is Beowulf. You are an Introduction to English Literature syllabus.

07:53 PM · 09 Jun 2019

← Reply ↻ Retweet ★ Favorite



The Teflon Don
@ScHoolBoy_A

Personally, I feel Romeo and Juliet could've handled the situation better

5:47 PM · Jun 10, 2019

44.2K Reply Copy link

Read 75 replies



lev
@_levbian

can't really figure out a way to phrase this but mr darcy really is like.... a reverse manic pixie dream girl huh. like, a manic pixie dream girl for women. a depressed elf nightmare man.

8:19 AM · Sep 14, 2018

"I can never travel without my diary, one should always have something sensational to read on the train."

- Oscar Wilde

QUOTES

"Literature is a luxury; fiction is a necessity."

— G. K. Chesterton:

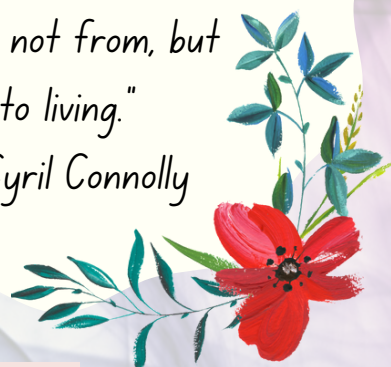


"We are cups, constantly and quietly being filled. The trick is knowing how to tip ourselves over and let the beautiful stuff out."

— Ray Bradbury

"While thought exists, words are alive and literature becomes an escape, not from, but into living."

— Cyril Connolly



"We are all broken, that's how the light gets in."

— Ernest Hemingway

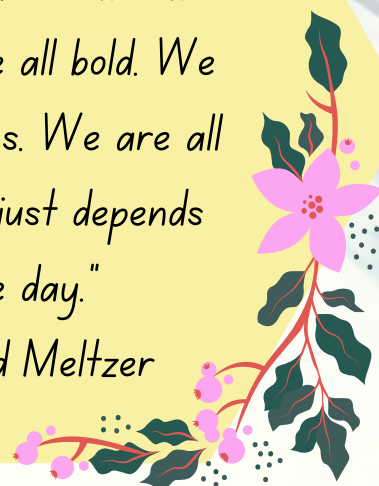
"When once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen. But if you have not a pen, I suppose you must scratch any way you can."

— Samuel Lover



"We are all ordinary. We are all boring. We are all spectacular. We are all shy. We are all bold. We are all heroes. We are all helpless. It just depends on the day."

— Brad Meltzer





wandering / wondering
Self-Portrait
Oil on Canvas
By Atiya Memon, SYBA



Field of Tulips / Springfield



Sprawling Countryside



Red Pears

By Rachna Patidar,
TYBA

Bibliography

Cover Page

- Keira Knightley in *Pride and Prejudice*: Universal/Photofest
- Franz Kafka: *Pictures of a Life* by Klaus Wagenbach (1984)
- Parasite Official Movie Poster
- Victoria Pedretti in *Haunting of the Hill House* by Digital Mafia Talkies
- Native American musician and poet Joy Harjo, circa 1990. (© Paul Abdoo/MPI/Getty Images)
- Bob Dylan via Getty Images

A Tale of Two Houses by *Anant Christopher*:

- <https://www.denofgeek.com/tv/the-haunting-of-hill-house-mike-flanagan-interview/>
- <https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2016/10/the-possessed/497513/>
- <https://www.thrillist.com/entertainment/nation/the-haunting-of-hill-house-netflix-vs-book>
- <https://www.theguardian.com/books/2018/oct/11/textbook-terror-how-the-haunting-of-hill-house-rewrote-horrors-rules>
- Jackson, Shirley. *The Haunting of Hill House*. Michael Joseph, 1960

Bibliography

Corsets by Audris Horo :

- <https://www.expatswoman.com/ewmoda/fashion/corsets-are-cool-again-history-controversial-garment>
- <https://www.afr.com/life-and-luxury/fashion-and-style/the-great-corset-controversy-20220126-p59rdq>

Fanfiction: How much is fiction and how much is real? by Shanaya Sequeira :

- Writers in the Secret Garden: Fanfiction, Youth, New Forms of Mentoring By Cecilia Aragon and Katie Davis
- Fansplaining the podcast: episode 67 with Stephanie Burt
<https://www.fansplaining.com/episodes/67-stephanie-burt-part-1>
- What fan fiction teaches that the classroom doesn't: the Atlantic
<https://www.theatlantic.com/education/archive/2019/10/how-fanfiction-improves-writing/599197/>
- Neil Gaiman's Tumblr <https://neil-gaiman.tumblr.com/post/21746253134/neil-gaimans-opinion-on-fanfiction>

VOLUME 2
2021-22

The Editorial Team



(L to R) Akshita Sharma (TYBA), Ms. Vinita Mathew, Angella Ann Raju (TYBA), Viola Ohol (SYBA), Priyasha Sinha (TYBA), Atiya Memon (SYBA) and Aditi Jathar (FYBA)