

# A PENSIEVE FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



# Litscape

By Ellipsis-The English and Cultural Studies Association,  
CHRIST (Deemed to be University),  
Bannerghatta Road Campus

AUGUST 2022  
ISSUE 2 | VOLUME 7



# Landscape

**A PENSIEVE FOR  
YOUR THOUGHTS**

By Ellipsis-The English and Cultural Studies Association,  
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# FOREWORD

Photo Credit: Noel Abraham Manoj



Litscape brings you its second issue for the year “A Pensieve for your Thoughts”. Do you miss the monsoon showers that aroused you from your sleep back in your hometown? or eating food made by the loving hands of your mother or father? We at Litscape sensed your Monday blues and decided to dedicate this issue to your memories in hopes to make a safe space for everyone to leave their worries behind. Litscape wishes to become your scaffolding when times are hard. Thank you once again for letting us catch a glimpse of us in your eyes through shared childhood experiences.

- Litscape Heads  
Tess Mariam Jose & Arunima Sengupta

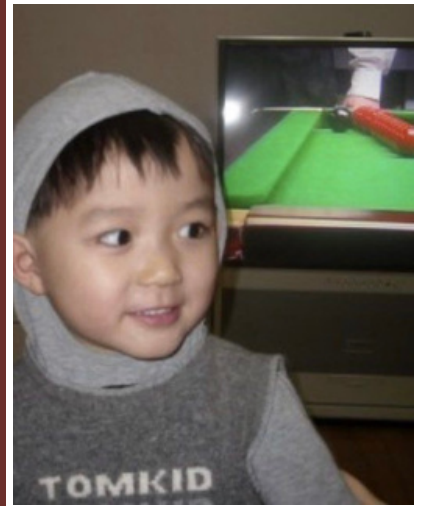


Photo Credit: Pinterest



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Photos Credit: Arunima Sengupta



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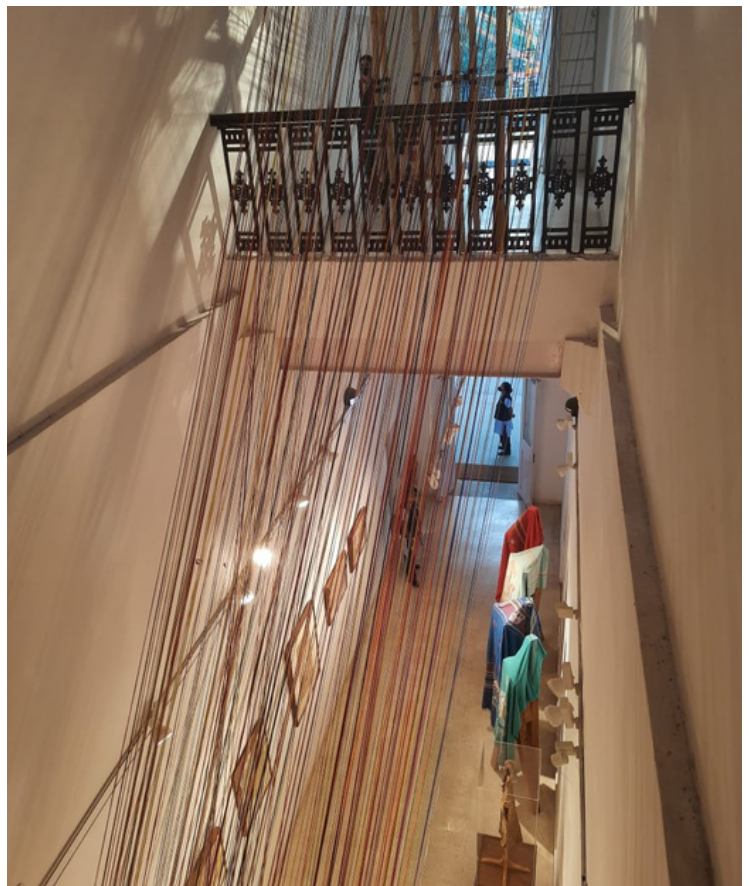
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Photos Credit: Arunima Sengupta

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# SCRIBBLERS



Photo Credits: Arunima Sengupta



# GROWING UP (SPECIALLY)

AMITAANSHU MIDHA

2233105

1ENGH

Feet running, ahead of me,  
making me fall,  
unable to hold myself;  
feel like I'm weak,  
hit a wall,  
how do i get up?  
pray tell;  
can i ever be free,  
or in these shadows forever dwell?  
everything's moving so fast,  
i keep falling behind;  
forever stuck at last,  
wish i could fix my mind;  
i'm special,  
they say;  
not of the others' level,  
been led astray;  
i am not different,  
i am not slow;  
i just don't have interest,  
in all they have to show;  
i want to catch the stars,  
i want to swim on the moon;  
they put my mind behind bars,  
they can't understand my boon;  
they say it's not a disease,  
it can never be cured;  
nothing can put my mind at ease,  
they say im autistic but i am just bored.



Photo Credits: Pinterest

“

*"i want to catch the stars,  
i want to swim on the  
moon"*

# MY HOME, O' MY HOME

My home, O' my home  
How my soul yearned for you  
To lose myself in your embrace again  
Whenever my heart was in the blue  
Your green grassy lawns  
A visage I'll never forget  
Your ripe red roof  
A grand crown upon your head.  
My mother nurtured you  
From an empty village of rooms  
To a beguiling palace comparable  
To the magnificence of first blooms

My home, O' my home  
Do you miss me ever so?  
Does my absence from your halls  
Ever make you sulk with woe?  
For your grace, I have felt  
Is that of a being, well and alive

.A mother in whose caring arms  
Our souls can learn and thrive.  
Do you feel, as I do  
The grief of our hearts afar?  
In this new night I tread, I long to once again gaze  
Upon your brilliance, akin to a shining star

ANSHUMAN MOOKHARJEA  
2230363  
1PSENG

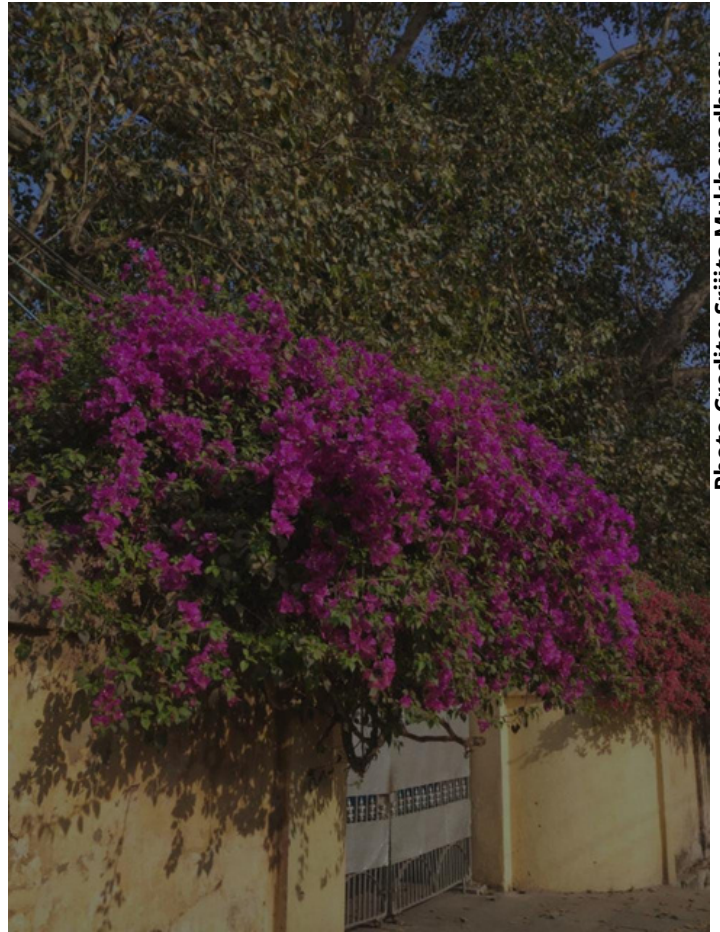


Photo Credits: Srijita Mukhopadhyay

“

*"Do you feel, as I do  
The grief of our hearts afar?"*

# DELHI

PARITOSH RAIKAR  
2148017  
3MDS

I write this while I'm on my flight back to Bangalore. The visions of Delhi, still fresh in memory, keep coming back. Delhi was, well, amazing. Hot. But amazing. Words from Khushwant Singh's "Delhi- A Novel" come to mind where he compares Delhi to a paan-chewing mistress, devoid of any civility and class, one who belches to her heart's content, every bylane of hers ripe with a stench of a different variety. Delhi's someone who you come back to after months of flirting around, a soulmate, a constant, the dal rice you crave for after days of butter chicken and mutton nihari.

“

*"Dilli was at the peak of its charms. It became clear why so many people love to call this place their home."*

I visited Delhi in mid-May, the worst time to experience the city. The temperatures soared up to 46-47 degrees regularly, which meant I saw the sky turn tangerine a lot more than I would've liked to. From 6 pm onwards, the skies assumed a beautiful blazing blue only to transform into a pervasive pink. Perspectives are everything, so as the temperatures went down, everything changed for the better. Water tasted like sherbet; the expletives you heard so often seemed like eloquent Hindustani. Dilli was at the peak of its charms. It became clear why so many people love to call this place their home.

One can't even attempt to understand the enigmatic city without fully indulging in its food. Peshawari Chicken Corner, Roshan Di Kulfi, Dilli Haat, Kwaliti, Jain Chawla Wale, Odean Bhelpuri, Zen, Civil Lines Wala, Pind Baluchi are only a few places that flash past my mind when I think of Delhi Food. The enormous dollops of ghee on every paratha, the tantalising cries of street hawkers- "Aaaji, Khaaji", and the memory of piping hot Rabdi-Jalebi are the prized souvenirs I bring back with me.



When I look back at my 5-day sojourn, I find my most prominent recollections to be in the form of many striking snapshots: the historic Red fort, the majestic 108 ft Hanuman Ji effigy in Karol Bagh, the hustle-bustle of Sarojini Market, the captivating Qutub Minar and the Jama Masjid being thronged by millions of followers. The nebulous, congested cityscape below, visible from atop any elevated building, gives little hint of the tender, soulful beauty it conceals.

One discerning look around and you're greeted with several intriguing sights: a Punjabi family devouring 'chur-chur' naans at a street stall (paying no heed to the dusty road right next to it); a few shady figurines lurking in dimly lit footpaths outside metro stations; the crowded, loud, Rajma-Chawal smeared alleys of Chandni Chowk. These areas pose sharp contrast to the posh localities of Connaught Place and Sainik Farms and yet are equally integral to Delhi's charm and charisma.

A few beautiful souls I came across on the trip that warrant special mention- Gopal-Ji, our house-help at Airbnb who catered to all our needs and made the most delicious omelettes/ the benevolent shopkeepers of Paharganj who offered us shade and nimbu-paani when the temperatures got unbearable/ the Zomato delivery boys who, even in that sweltering heat, cycled miles to deliver food on time/ the countless passersby who patiently gave us elaborate directions/ the Paan vendor Ashok who made our dinners king-size with his authentic 'Paans'.

It's ironic that a city with one of the worst air quality indexes has the most pure-hearted people with absolutely no airs- bearing testament to the age-old saying- 'Dilli Dilwalon Ki ♥' ( Delhi belongs to the large-hearted).



Photo Credits: Vrinda Bharti

# PRETENCE

Right beside my coffee cup,  
sits the Wodehouse I'm currently on;  
its dog-eared pages and 'old-book' smell,  
urging me to pick it up again.  
I'm spacing out,  
I always do when I have read a handsome chunk;  
for most people 'read' a lot,  
but how much do they absorb and retain?  
Merely reading Dostoevsky and Tolstoy,  
makes one modish not shrewd;  
a few more books (read trophies)  
added to the extensive showcase;  
a showcase proving how 'well-read' one is,  
curated mainly to impress not express,  
always at your disposal to subtly sprinkle a casual-  
"Oh, that's just Orwellian" or a  
"I loved this film, it's morbidly Kafkaesque"  
in everyday conversations,  
gaining instant admiration of friends and peers,  
a sin even I'm guilty of in the past.  
Instead, one should drop the pretense,  
and rather choose silent contemplation;  
studying the artistic strokes  
that these writers project onto life-sizes canvases,  
splendidly capturing the complex layers,  
and minute expressions of the human mind;  
the literary references will then be organic and not generic,  
not ornamental but instrumental  
in bringing forth probing discussions  
that contribute to our material and spiritual growth.

PARITOSH RAIKAR  
2148017  
3MDS



Photo Credits: Pinterest

“

*"and rather  
choose silent  
contemplation;  
studying the  
artistic strokes"*

# MEMORIES AND SUJI HALWA ON THE SIDE

BILAL KHAN  
2033108  
5 ENGH



*"The worst thing about nostalgia is that it's about a past you cannot repeat even if you tried."*

I read somewhere that nostalgia is a somewhat problematic term for "going back to the good ole days". The good ole days are presented to us, the rememberers, as comfortable times where our ideologies were not questioned and we lived our happy lives as bigots. I mean, I do not see a flaw in this argument, but much like most of our academia, this corrupted idea of nostalgia also comes from a Western theorist. For the West, the individual matters the most. Hence, I, as an individual, will remember my memories.

More than half of my memories would be formulated, fragmented, and dangerously fictionalized. I will imagine some bright sunny day where the Sun shines gay. But what about cultures that honor collective memory? What about food as one of the best forms of shared memory in a family or community? I mean, what if I remember a past that does not deal with just my ideologies? So, not to argue with the essay's author, I shall present an anecdote inculcating culture, food, and nostalgia.

I googled what suji is called in English, and Google threw the word semolina at me. I swear the word sounds like an incurable virus. Well, I will be calling it suji. So, suji is coarse or granulated wheat flour that is used for multiple cuisines in India. Interestingly, my mother made Suji Halwa with it, a sugary and tasty dessert. It's pretty unexpected for wheat to taste this sweet and this good, but mother managed. The dessert was made randomly and considered too mundane for celebration. Who would want Suji Halwa when we have giants like seviyan (it's called vermicelli in English, and I have given up on Western nomenclature)?

Well, my maternal grandfather, Nana, as I used to call him, loved it. Nana used to visit our place on random afternoons, and my mother would prepare the ghee laden dessert for him. Nana was a vigorous individual. At his age, he used to offer all five mandatory namaaz and sometimes would offer the optional ones. He loved his religion. He loved waking up in the morning, going to the mosque and talking with his peers, instructing the new dysfunctional adults and tutoring the younglings.



Obviously, he would also expect me to love the religion as much as he did, but somehow, he never forced me into it. Nana, who was once served Suji Halwa, would tell us about tales and oral histories of Saudi Arabia. Looking back, I seriously think some of them were just made up. He would take a spoonful of halwa, dripping with ghee and dry fruits, and move on to his daily happenings. I remember when he faced his nemesis, the computer. I remember that no matter how sweet the halwa was, Nana was still bitter about the damn keyboard that typed letters he swore he would not press. Morals, ethics, and histories from faraway lands, Nana would narrate to us like a philosopher who loved Suji Halwa.

The worst thing about nostalgia is that it's about a past you cannot repeat even if you tried. If I felt nostalgic for a specific game released in 2004, I would not feel the same joy and excitement I felt earlier. The nostalgia, then, is not for the game but for the lost joy. Like this, Suji Halwa was also lost from our plates and palates. Nana was diagnosed with diabetes, and I mean, look at the irony here. He stopped coming over. He now carried a cane. He still managed some namaaz, if not all five. He still told us stories, but now they were about his friends and relatives not talking to him properly. The computer was defeated, but now Nana had also retired. The ghee-laden Suji Halwa was made with sugar-free sweeteners, and the oxymoron speaks for itself. I used to meet him in the nearby park sometimes, where he would talk to me and praise me for things that I usually would have taken for granted.

Sometimes I think Nana took Suji Halwa with him. I never encounter the sweet smell of burning sugar and wheat anymore. And I think my mother avoids making it as well, as it can bring back sweet memories but some bitter realities of absence. I would still love some Suji Halwa for me, but as is the case with nostalgia, it can never be sweet enough. Now that Nana is gone, all I have are half-real and half-fictional memories of him and some pheeka Suji Halwa on the side.



Photo Credits: Pinterest

# TRAVERSING THE PAST

AASHI SINGH  
2033133  
5 ENG H

The sun shone brightly that summer day  
As I soared high above the clouds, right into  
the blue sky  
It was the day my dream of flying finally  
came alive  
Over little houses, and green fields  
I made my way into the land of kings

Tall forts and history greeted me at the door  
Inviting me to take a stroll through the past  
in the City of Lakes  
The City Palace was my first stop  
Where intricate designs decorated the walls  
And paintings of kings on tall horses lined  
the halls

The elaborate architecture invited me in  
And told me stories of kings and queens  
Who fought to protect the land by any  
means  
Huge sculptures of Gods were put to unveil  
The tales of the culture that once prevailed

As I delved deeper into the past  
I reached a balcony from where I could see  
The tiny houses that lined up the city  
It struck me then how the city has survived  
Through countless wars and battles alike  
Models of Rajput kings hung in the rooms  
With their names and deeds written on the  
walls

I could almost picture the royals walking  
through the halls  
Slowly, I made my way into the temple  
that stood at the centre  
Where the kings prayed for victory in  
their glorious ventures

Wandering about I found a hall of  
mirrors  
Inside which were reflected a thousand  
kaleidoscopic colors  
I was enamored with the beauty of it all  
As I walked out of the room I noticed a  
perfect scene  
Of the serenely beautiful lake that stood  
there gleaming

Before I knew night had fallen and it was  
time to leave  
But the history of the city has stayed  
with me  
Throughout the years in the form of  
vivid memories  
Often I wish to go back and experience  
it again  
To relive the moment when I visited the  
past in the most interesting way



*"Wandering about I found a hall  
of mirrors  
Inside which were reflected a  
thousand kaleidoscopic colours"*

# AN INCOMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF HOME



Photo Credits: Srijita Mukhopadhyay

GAYATRI NAIR  
2134051  
3 EPH

An incomplete description of home.  
It's the smell of the town, of ghee and diyas,  
Of jasmine and coffee,  
Of tulsi and mango,  
Of freshly boiled milk, fish and sweet tea,  
Floating out from every home, temple  
and isolated alleyway.

It's walking to the diner you've made the  
most memories in,  
Deeper cracks appearing in the walls with  
every visit,  
One with chipped coffee cups and  
jumbled-up orders,  
Watching the same old man eat at the  
same table every time.

It's the temple where you jump from sand  
to pavement and pavement to sand,  
Saving your bare feet from heat you're  
unaccustomed to,  
Using any excuse to run back home and  
resort to people watching from your  
window.

It's watching your family walk ahead of  
you while  
Melted ice cream drips on your Sunday  
best,  
Finding snakes under fishing boats on  
beaches and,  
Leaving presents for strangers to find,  
The exasperation of sitting in a car too hot  
with  
Feet too dirty and clothes too wet and  
hair too long.

It's the hum of conversations,  
In the lakefront meeting spot,  
Boats pulling in for the night under the  
starry skies,  
Where you blow bubbles which the wind  
carries and gently lays on your face,  
Hums in silent temples and supermarkets  
at closing times turning into melodies.

It's being able to write only after moving  
away,  
A movie keeping in your seat  
Until the last credit makes its way up the  
screen.



# THE RESURRECTION OF THE PARAGON

TAMOGHNA CHAKRABORTY  
2134119  
3 EMP

It is hard to just exist. Getting up from bed and not feeling like a freshly mowed lawn in the morning after the first few drops of rain hit is absolutely normal. We flourish on connections. We long for people's attention. We are just a mere fleeting moment in someone's life. That someone may not even remember us, but we know there was a time when happiness prevailed and darkness was not my best friend. The light can be dark sometimes, and we know about this certitude, but we have to believe in ourselves and exclaim "Carpe Diem" every step of the way. Poetry in motion is when a person breaks, feels nada, knows that his essence of life is slowly ebbing away like the tides of time each passing day, but just has to act upon his joie de vivre and shout out to the outer world, "I am human.

I exist.

I am among the incessant sand in a desert. I might not move, but the wind will help me.

I might not feel thirsty, but the rain will assist me.

I might not feel hungry, but the sun will comfort me.

I am a creature who likes the taste of life and its obstacles, and apropos to that, the trivial moments of life away from the lens of a camera."

A crowd of people, mostly strangers, parted ways with each other. A car traveling through a cornfield will entrust elephantine elation to the viewer, but who knows what is going through our proponent's mind? Driving through a river of emotions out in the open where they want to feel something. The proponent wants to raise his hand and shout, "I am who I am" without having to look constantly over his shoulder. Can this be done in a room full of people? Well, I say, "Why not?" As long as that familiar connection exists, there is only love between them and whatever silly thing they do, they will not be judged. They will not be gossiped about. We thrive on feelings.



Photo credits: Pinterest

We look for intimate faces in a crowd because we are on the lookout for that one person who would help. The proponent crosses the road, holds his hand when the bombs are flying above, and plants a soft kiss on the cheek when the air is poisonous. This is why we look for relations among a group of outlanders. *Ars longa, vita brevis*. Skillfulness takes time, but life is short. The proponent extracts his soul to achieve something in life. They work their twit off to have a name, get recognised by that man selling balloons on the corner of the street, acknowledged by the old lady taking a walk in the park with her pacemaker, and known by the blind man playing the guitar who once was in a band but not anymore. Life is indeed short and a mundane one is hoped to be ugly. The Proponent will find happiness in it.

"Life is like a house of cards. One flap in the butterfly's wings causes it to tumble down. Is it all right? The life you had finished, extracted every last bit of that juice just so you could accomplish in life and its terms to nothing? It can never be real. We are members of the human race. We lived for more than two millennia hunting and gathering, and a small pre-requisite called recognition will break your heart. It cannot and should not happen for the father loves his daughter in the way the lady loves his heart and the man his eyes. I wasn't lonely. I experienced no self-pity. I was just caught up in a life in which I could find no meaning. Loss is something which changes the psyche. It is a Horcrux, and in some ways or another, you lose it. Hubris should never blind you to Death-Eaters in the valley of life. Hamartia may beat me someday, but then I will have met my nemesis. I would have been transported to the room where Brooke used to live. I would look up to the wall and see his engravings and the rope tied to the fan. I will be in the same place as he is. Eternal happiness. For I would have lived a full life and I would be with my concubine, with my immemorial love and my counterpart. The people who look at me with words and I, with feelings. I will have lived a full life. I would not require familiarity in a crowd of people for I will be recognized. I will rise among the ranks and be etched in the pages of the history of the world as a person who existed, who had a home, who had a fruitful life, who found joy in it and who got recognized."

-THE PROPONENT

We socialize because we, just like poetry, want to be fluid with our emotions and have a life outside of our brain where we can meet with people and share ideas and explore uncharted territories. It takes real courage to talk to a person, asking them how their day has been and what is bugging their mind, without the expectation of them reiterating it back. Keep your mind up and know for sure that you are who you are and that you can change who you are, but never be disturbed by people who know who you are. Assumptions will be the death of them, as there will be a ridge between intimacy and knowledge that would be hard to cross. We tend to look for familiar faces in a crowd because we have an eternal longing for connection and recognition. For we think too much and feel too little...

(PS. It hits really good at 3 am or whenever you are having an existential crisis and want to give up).

We think too much and feel too little.

Charlie Chaplin, The Great Dictator

I wasn't lonely. I experienced no self-pity. I was just caught up in a life in which I could find no meaning.

Charles Bukowski



Photo Credits: Srijita Mukhopadhyay

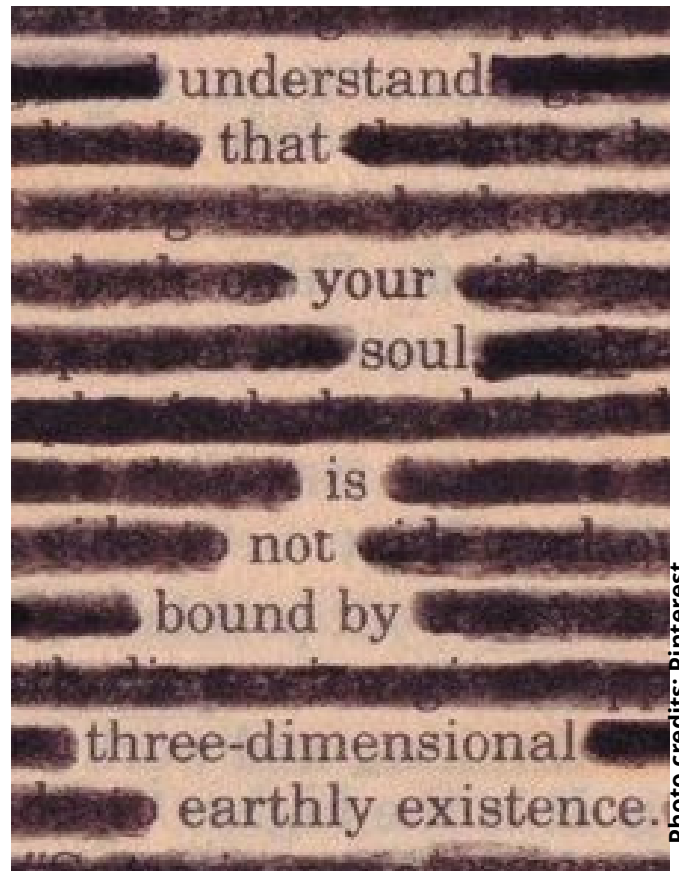


Photo credits: Pinterest



# MY HOME

“

MEENAKSHI U  
2233155  
1 ENGH

*"Miles away from where I stand, I have a home.  
You can't see the fancy lights there,  
But still it's my home."*

Miles away from where I stand,  
I have a home.  
You can't see the fancy lights there,  
But still it's my home.

The blue sky which holds calmness,  
The green trees which touch your heart.  
The smiling faces and the roaring  
laughter,  
The breeze of happiness that once  
brushed through my hair.

I kept running away from them,  
But they were my home.  
Now I left my paradise,  
In pursuit of my dreamland.

And now I feel lost.  
I once had an identity,  
But now I need to build one.

Now I'm lying on my new bed,  
Thinking was everything I lost worth it,  
For everything I would gain.

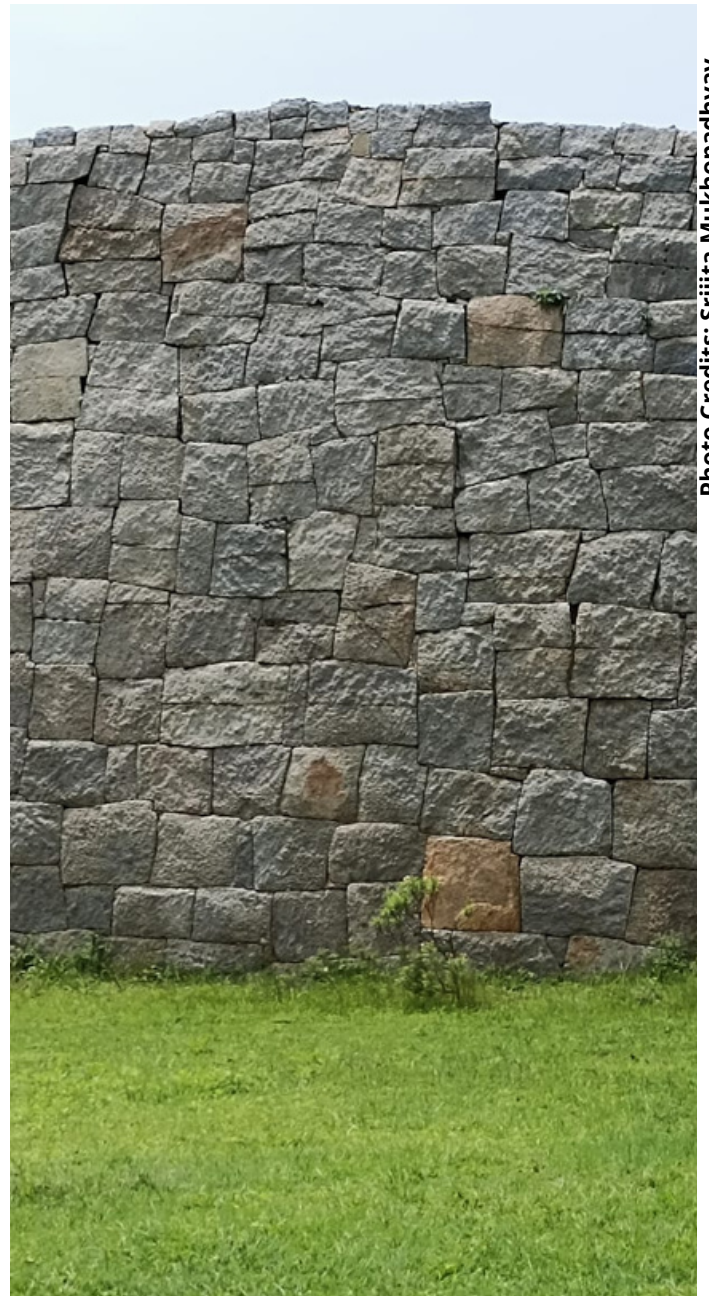


Photo Credits: Srijita Mukhopadhyay



# WHY TO LEAVE?

ADWITIYA MAITI

2233122

1 ENGH

Facing the doors of the Hostel, getting ready to face my parent's departure.  
Eyes brimming with tears and a lump in my throat  
Blurred my vision and stripped me of my words, words to stop them from leaving.

Have I become this powerless? Or have I grown mature,  
Mature enough to realize that it was meant to be,  
Meant for good.  
Have I lost that innocent young girl in me?  
Who was unafraid of admitting to be afraid,  
Who demanded to be protected, pampered and prioritized.

Then what am I turning into?  
Or trying to turn into?  
A dishonest person who hides her emotions from the people who love her the most?  
Who always pretends to be brave, aware and nonchalant?  
Who stupidly thinks she is strong enough to protect herself from anything,  
Who is in no need of receiving care and concern  
Who puts herself at lesser value than anything else or anyone else?

One last look at my parents' faces while they drive away,  
And I know what they want me to become.  
They would never want me to be dishonest and helpless  
But they surely hoped to see their innocent little girl,  
Growing up to be honest and responsible for herself.

A woman who is independent enough to not be helpless.  
A woman who is physically fine, if not strong precisely  
Along with the experience and knowledge to stay away  
And safe from trouble.  
They would love to see their daughter  
To protect, pamper and prioritize herself without any help from others.

# PLACES THAT FEEL LIKE HOME



“

*"This was my place."*

AISHWARYA WAGLE  
2133119  
3 ENGH

Most of my childhood memories consist of certain smells, pictures and small flashbacks of places I have lived in. Childhood and the concept of home for me, were inherently tied together: whatever place I would go to, I would end up calling home, and in extension the formation of my childhood. The following pictures are from a very out-of-focus place called Kapiltirtha market that has always existed, but not a lot of people know about.

I remember coming to live in a guest house in a nearby area called Panhala, where rain constantly pattered on the thin glass windows of the house, and food tasted a little too good. My mom would take me to this market frequently, be it for their delectable lassi or their huge assortment of Maharashtrian masalas. On one of these visits, I brought with me a small camera, something to help me pass time while mom shops for our weekly groceries. There was a large number of creative assortment of veggies, delectable fruits stacked up for the customer to just pick and taste one, heaps of different deserts whose smell wafted throughout the expanse of the market. While clicking pictures, I got into conversation with many shopkeepers.

Some told me they were farmers and that the rain was good to them that year. Some told me their produce was the best they had produced that year, while some were just happy to be included in the pictures. One such shopkeeper I met was my mom's trusted dahi-wali aunty. Indian parents have these individual sellers who they rave about, whether it is about a food item or something inanimate, where every sight of that item leads them to talk about how absolutely wonderful the said seller is. Well, this was my mom's wonderful seller.

Her Dahi was apparently the best in town, and loads of people came every day to buy Dahi (curd) from her. She couldn't have been more than 70, was a little hunch-backed, but was a very amusing woman. She would yell at customers who paid less and smile at their children in the same breath. When I asked if I could take a picture of her assortment of dahi and other dairy items, she sat me down, and explained to me how she fermented every item she had to perfection, and how her favourite cow had just given birth to this adorable calf.

The thing is, when you are constantly shifting homes, or moving around places, you tend to form this sense of short-lived belonging to one place which is very close to the heart of both the town and you. This was my place. The smells of the market, the random lassi runs me and my mom made, the many masalas I inhaled and then coughed my lungs out; all of these are memories of a place that I can no longer see the same. The fact that I can still smell the nip in the air in kapiltirtha is my pensieve, and my camera the means through which I could look at it again and again, and relive all my memories which are so close to my heart.



Photo Credits: Aishwarya Wagle



# IDENTITY IN A LUNCHBOX

One of my earliest memories of beef as a food item is firmly situated within the vague abstraction of what I recognize as my identity as a second-generation Malayali living in North India.

When you grow up far from your homeland, you are left with as little as two choices. One, you end up rejecting the very idea of having a homeland in the first place, choosing to live as a nomad. Or two, you develop a deep, sometimes fickle, but almost always empowering connection with that place and those people your ancestors once called their own. And as any Malayali anywhere in the world- we are all over the place- will tell you, the second option is the overwhelmingly strong one.

My family left Kerala a long time ago, but Kerala lives on in them. The exodus that followed the Partition is well-documented and almost always speaks of pain and tragedy. The Malayali exodus in the search of economic prosperity however, might not compare well in terms of pain- but it is there. The most visible proof is the guilt for leaving the homeland that the first generation expatriates have. It is something that they try to hide through overcompensation- Malayali culture, food, clothing, music, cinema and literature is forced on to the second and third generations.

ALWIN JOE VARGHESE  
2033103  
5 ENGH



*"My family left Kerala a long time ago, but Kerala lives on in them."*

I have had a lifelong loathing for South Indian cuisine to the point that every chance I get, I eat Chilli Paneer with Kerala Parotta. That is, when I don't have it with beef.

Perhaps because my parents were creative in their handling of how Malayali culture was to be shoved down my throat, some parts of it stuck to me- indelible and permanent. My father let me watch mass Malayalam cinema, letting me fall in love with Mohanlal and Mammooty, before introducing me to their work with the brilliant minds of Bharathan, Padmarajan, A. K. Lohithadas and others. He faltered with literature though by forcing me to attend Malayalam language classes- an idea I violently rejected as a child and deeply regret now.

I don't remember my first taste of beef, but I remember being excited at the notion that it was going to be served at the dinner table. Perhaps, the memory of beef and its importance to me is crucial to my identity because it was almost always served during celebrations. The first generation deemed it important to celebrate Onam, Christmas and even Vishu- the traditional Malayali new year- with a level of grandness that the parallel celebrations in the homeland should feel inferior. The second generation walked around speaking broken Malayalam, dressed in traditional attire and feeling strange. That strange feeling was our Malayali identity reaffirming itself in our psyche. So, the elements that accompanied the celebrations obviously became crucial to the identity itself. For me, beef was that element. The one that stuck to me- indelible and permanent.

In my teenage years, the memory of beef became tainted. A particularly persistent teacher asked my majority-Hindu class how many of us ate beef. I raised my hand in what I remember to be pride and excitement. But the refusal of my classmates to share their lunchboxes with me from that day onwards put a crack on my identity- it became an abstraction. To identify as a Malayali- a Christian on top of that- was to invite unnecessary questions. I became a vegetarian to appease my classmates and the internal turmoil that I was struggling with- who am I? And why does it matter what I eat?

In hopes of resolving this identity crisis and perhaps more in the spirit of exploring myself in my college years- I took to vegetarianism wholeheartedly. My north Indian food habits helped, and it was definitely cheaper to be a vegetarian. The ecological benefits and the stress on the environment that my childhood beef-eating habits were making made me believe that my choice was right. A small sacrifice to pay for the world to thrive on.

But the beef-parotta conundrum still exists. Chilli paneer feels fake, and the Malayali in me refuses to be decentered by the nature-lover in me. Is it really the new-found care and love for nature and the planet in general that made me give up on beef, or was it the trauma of being humiliated for eating it? When identities are in danger of being erased, what options are we left with? Become a nomad or become too hung up on the glorious past?

# IN BETWEEN MY HUNGER

FLORENCE KEISAM

2270094

PHDSW

To the murky-stirred monsoon day  
Eavesdropping the frothy chitter-chatter  
between the breeze and the leaves  
I plunge my finger  
at the shame-puckered hefty looking  
clouds

And away they float even quieter  
There it goes -  
Screams my hunger for beauty

I slurp a bitter mouthful  
To land amidst a noisy classroom  
A slip of a girl shoving a tiny speck of  
whisper  
Down the young lady teacher  
Hard to gulp  
Soon, spat out the shhh and ahem in  
words,  
'Everyone stand up and close your eyes!'  
There it goes -  
Screams my hunger for acceptance.

Curiosity-peaked, I stole a peek  
Between the fingers  
The mottled red of the white-skirted girl  
Scampering her way out of the classroom  
There it goes -  
Screams my hunger to bleed freely

The opening moment discovered  
the missing of the 13-year-old  
Clueless teeming eyed boys digging for  
answers  
From the frozen ice-hard lips of the girls  
But only shhh and ahem escaped  
There it goes -  
Screams my hunger to opine

My mother had announced  
'Welcome to womanhood - Now, act like  
a woman'  
When I spotted the same mottled red  
Did she mean the shhh and ahem-hood?  
There it goes -  
Screams my hunger to break open

Suddenly, as if to deafen them all, the  
sky growls and breaks open  
Chasing the chitter-chatter cut to the  
ground  
I catch a sigh in between my hunger.



*"Welcome to  
womanhood- Now, act  
like a woman."*



# HOUSED EMOTIONS



The most important moments in your lives can often appear simplistic and unremarkable. The abundance of raw emotions and genuineness in these moments is what sets them apart. These moments never leave you; they are all you have and all that stays when all else has departed.

The aroma of freshly cooked home food, the same food you once cribbed about, the sound of your mother singing the morning aarti, the feeling of opening the door to your father when he returns from work, the silly arguments with your sibling and the laughter you share on Sunday afternoons are all reminders of a beautiful time; a time that you can often revisit, but never bring back. These little moments leave big impacts and give you a sense that there exists a place where you can be your most unfiltered, authentic self, free from the confines of the outside world.

But eventually, you grow up and home turns into a getaway—a place you can visit but never stay.

ISHIKA PARASRAMKA  
2123052  
BBAHA21

How do you leave behind the place that accepted you when you were at your lowest and helped define who you are?

Home isn't just a place; it's also an emotion, a sense of comfort and belongingness. Home will forgive all your mistakes and overlook all your flaws. Home will be there for you, waiting for you, no matter what. You can leave your home, but your home always stays with you, supporting you when you falter and feel like giving up. It's a part of you that you can never separate from yourself. Home is far, but it's right here, within you.

“

*"Home isn't just a place; it's also an emotion, a sense of comfort and belongingness."*

# THE ADULTHOOD PHASE

KRITIKA KHOKAR  
2233152  
1 ENGH

“

*"From seeking some  
comfort in the  
sunlight,  
To silently breaking  
down in the  
moonshine"*

The tranquillity of my life  
Is fading away with the passage of time  
The concordances and the harmonic rhythm of my  
daily drill  
Has been replaced by an altered style of grill  
From seeking some comfort in the sunlight  
To silently breaking down in the moonshine  
Is this finally a sign?

From being an outgoing socially confident person  
To abruptly shifting to an introverted swiftie  
Who didn't even knew how august glided away in no  
time  
Cause I guess I wasn't myself throughout the line  
But Again is this a sign?

From trying out hard to untie the manacles of  
loneliness  
I finally surrender to this bleak uneasiness  
My solo quest to survive  
Has now came to an end with no reason left to strive  
Again is this a sign?  
Is it a natural phenomenon called 'Maturity'?  
Or Am I just keeping myself away from the 'sublime  
reality'?

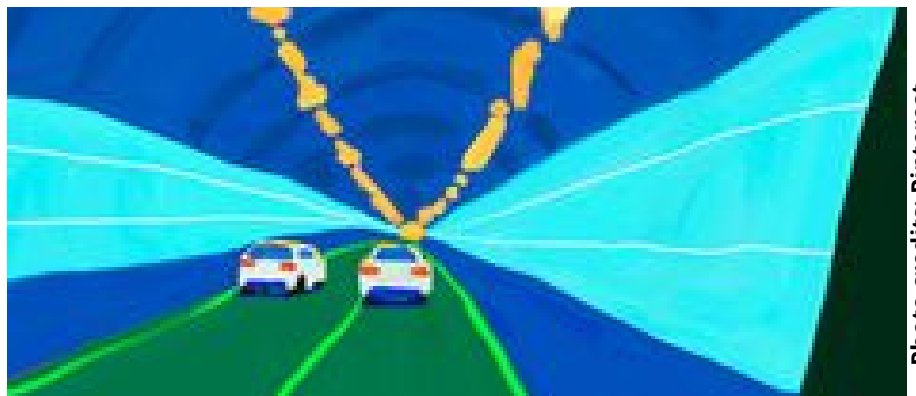


Photo credits: Pinterest

# HOPE



Photo Credit: Arunima Sengupta

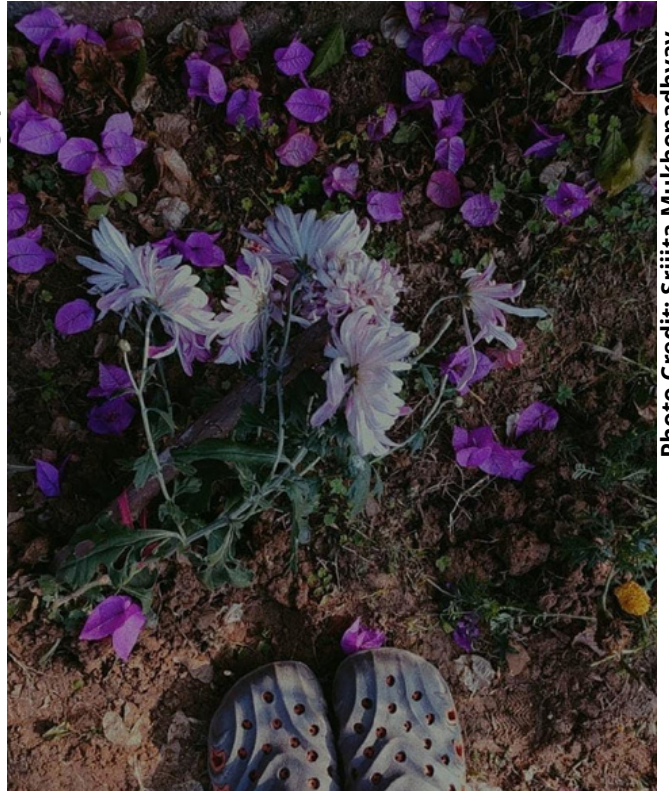


Photo Credit: Srijita Mukhopadhyay

We do not know what tomorrow will bring,  
Whether soldiers will drill or bells will ring.  
We do not know whether anyone will survive,  
But a little hope in the corner of our heart is still alive.

MAHEK KAPOOR  
2141153  
BCA B

A hope to live a new life,  
A hope to get rid of this strife.  
A hope to stand freely under the sky,  
And when there will be no news of someone who dies.

A day when people will meet their friends,  
And go to the shopping complex to buy new trends.  
A day when children will meet their mothers,  
And talk and laugh continuously with their brothers.

A strong faith is all to survive,  
A belief that everyone will revive.  
And for this we need to have patience in our hearts,  
After this everything will begin with a new start.

“

*"A strong faith is  
all to survive"*



# CLICK IT



Photo Credit: Arunima Sengupta



# CITY LIGHTS



JOWI JOICE  
2233110  
1ENGH



# DOWN THE MEMORY LANE



SAHIL YOGESH AGARWAL  
2220213  
1BBAB



# ROMANTICISING YOU



ARUNIMA SENGUPTA  
2133126  
3ENGH



# CANOPIES AND HER



ARUNIMA SENGUPTA  
2133126  
3ENGH



# COTTON CANDY SKIES



ARUNIMA SENGUPTA  
2133126  
3ENGH



# THE SKY'S NOT PINK BUT IT'S STILL PRETTY



VRINDA BHARTI  
21333175  
3ENGH

# OBSTACLE COURSE



VRINDA BHARTI  
21333175  
3ENGH



# ACTIVA-TING MY ABILITY TO RIDE A BIKE



VRINDA BHARTI  
21333175  
3ENGH



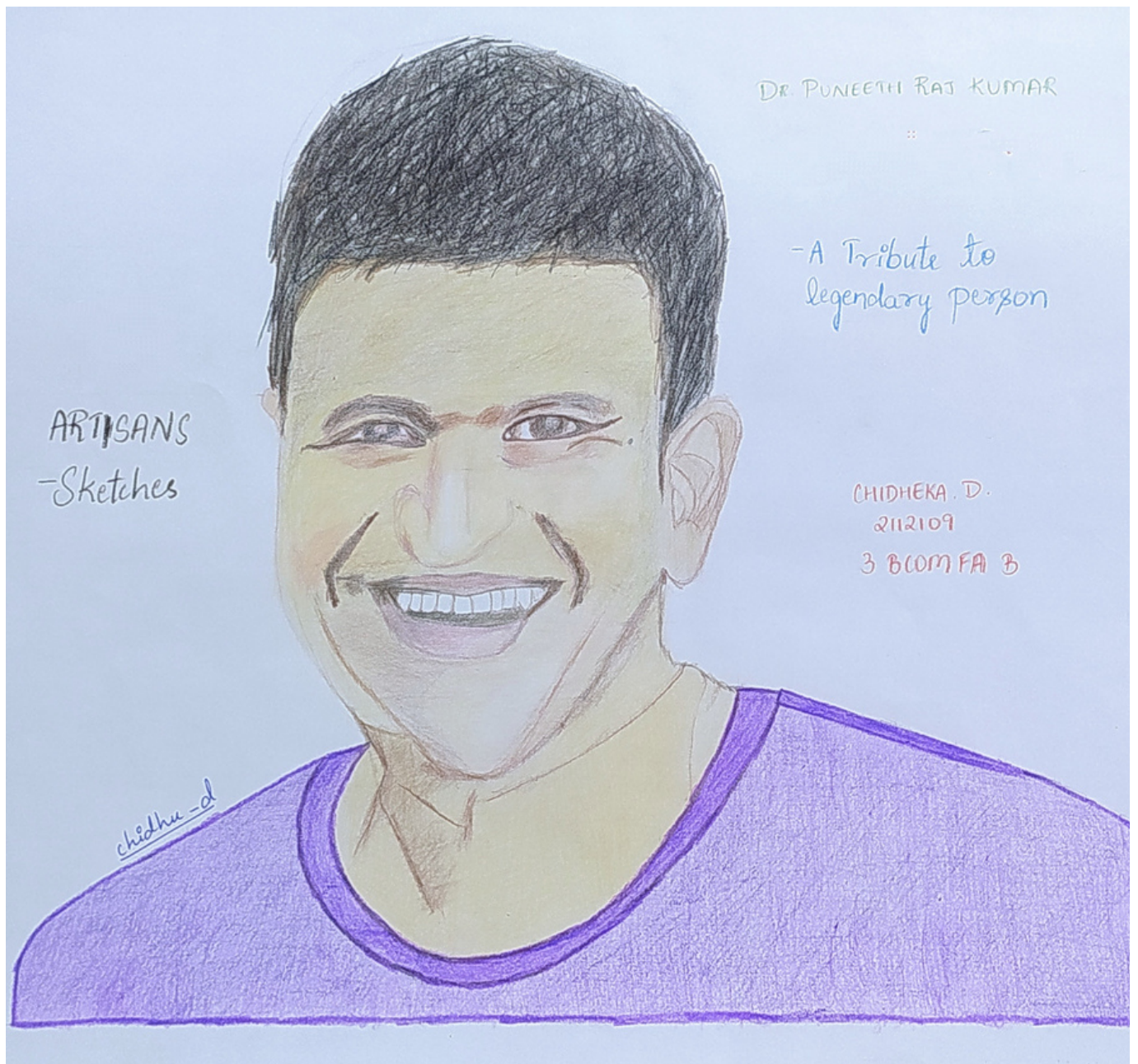


# ARTISANS



Photo Credit: Arunima Sengupta

# DR PUNEETH RAJKUMAR



CHIDHEKA D  
2112109  
1 BBA FIB



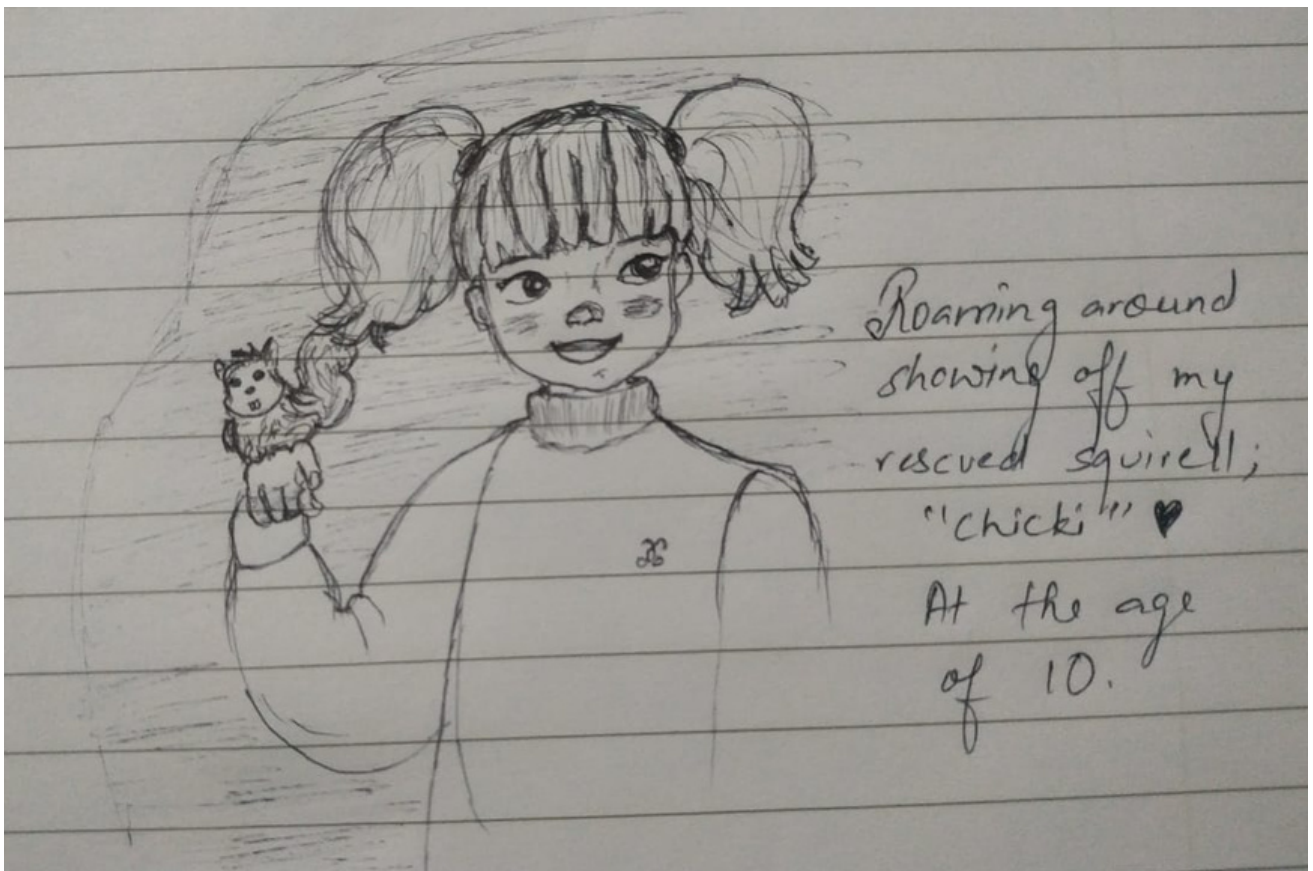
# GRANDMAS TELL THE BEST STORIES



POOJA KAMATH  
2130361  
3PSENG



# CHICKI AND I



SHADWAL TULIKA  
2129149  
3 MAECS

My neighborhood/school Friends

My pet (／＼w／＼)  
． ． ．



# the chai

the concoction to cure all christite woes!

What will/do you miss  
the most from home?

My Bedroom  
(Personal space is a  
MUST for me)

My Family T^T

The FOOD  
(my stomach is either constipated  
or in constant emotional distress)

# the rank

the chosen ones

This is the final ranking of what Christite's Missed the most from home:



1) My Family 33.3 %

2) My Bedroom 22.2 %

3) The FOOD 22.2 %

4) My Neighbourhood Friends 11.1 %

5) My Pet 11.1 %

**\*The ranking was conducted through an online google form**



# If your city/town were a celebrity who would it be?

Sonipat, Haryana – a warm introvert friend who is peaceful and nice; while delhi is the very extroverted friend!

Guwahati would be Matthew Gray Gubler – requires more recognition 😞 but always a delight

Assam is like a 30 year old woman who grew up in a small family and has moved to a new town and has experienced a lot in life and is used to being judged by people but when they come to know her, they refuse to leave her life. She lives big in a small environment. Her smile makes you feel like all your worries will fade away and when she caresses her hair you can hear music in the background.

Hyderabad is known as the city of pearls, so the best character to represent Hyderabad is Rajkumari Suryalekha from the movie Suryavanshi, as she is decked with jewellery all the time.

So my city is Guwahati.... Probably the celebrity who can describe my city is Taylor Swift.... Yk, the way she disappears for quite long just to come up with a new album and shocking us Swifties, that city stays quite and peaceful until it comes up with something utterly ridiculous

Leh is Jim Carrey. Most people want to be around him because he's fun but only a few understand him. Most of them are unaware of the subtle nuances which they either do not remember or did not see in the first place.

Someone like a introvert who feels like home.

Robert Dinero (Bhubaneswar)(old but classy)

Chandigarh is Taylor Swift because it's Clean and Green. It enchantes you with it's beauty, culture and food. The people are definitely Fearless and will welcome you with warm hearts. Moreover, there's a Lake for you to go when you feel like you don't belong. However, make sure you carry a Cardigan because you'll get cold. Pro Tip: Spring is the best time to visit the city's gardens since the Red roses will welcome you with their blooming beauty. Long Story Short, you'll have a good time. And you'll definitely remember the city All Too Well!



# NEWSFLASH

REPORTING LIVE ●

## ***Carnival Week***

***Annu Clair and Shreshtha Ranjan***

The Carnival started off with great enthusiasm. The rhythmic chanting and clapping to We Will Rock You, drew in the audience to gather around to witness the energetic and captivating flash mob of the Ellipsis members. It signaled the start of a wild and amazing two days that the members have slaved away to make successful.

Ellipsis' clubs and wings adorned the quadrangle, highlighting the subjugation of their niche, with talented volunteers captivating the audience with their energy. Tafteesh's, the research club, displayed a brilliant bout of creativity by choosing to display a walk through exhibition of the presence of classical instruments in Pop music from across the world. The calming audio served as a guide while the listener examined the various examples posted to the walls as it described the distinctive genres of both foreign and Indian music. It combined visual and acoustic components to transport one to a sensory paradise. The interactive features of the booth and the retro appeal of the records hanging from the roof made it stand out.

With their Stranger Things-inspired stand, Litscape forayed into popular culture and promised to deliver you from Vecna's grasp. A beautiful scene of friends and couples singing their love to each other in the quadrangle could be seen thanks to the stall's song dedications and karaoke sessions.

Christribute carefully provided students with post-it notes so they could jot down advice for their juniors. As they pretended to be Dwight Schrute from The Office, people flocked to the stall to write anonymous post cards and jot down life advice. The wholesome enigma was complimented with paracosm's premonition.

Paracosm decked out their space with Spin The Wheel games and had the players wracking their brains to answer thesis type questions about characters that ranged from Eren from Attack On Titan to Maddy from Euphoria. The lucky (and smart) ones managed to score aesthetic polaroids of their favourite fictional heartthrobs and celebrities!

Paracosm wasn't the only one with an enigma of pop culture, Taber, the linguistics club, played along this tangent incredibly well too. Taber tested everyone's memory with famous memes where the player had to guess the audio and the prize was definitely worth the struggle. Because after you had re-enacted BTS' Jimin saying 'Lachimolala' or Gojo Satoru cutely threatening to commit murder, the members would paint your faces with flower freckles or a stream of stars.

Shared Shelf, too pointed out the populist culture and went all out with Studio Ghibli and other anime inspired bookmarks and engaging games such as replacing movies in Dumb Charades with 'Guess The Trope'. They also had a section where you could dedicate quotes to someone else in the quadrangle wearing the same colour as you. Really living up to every romance reader's meet cute fantasies!

The Gender Studies Forum lived up to the expectations of being fun and educational at the same time with a guess the flag game and rewarded anyone who guessed right with colourful pronoun pins. These definitely make a fashion statement owing to the fact that they are still adorning the id card straps.

With so many performances and dynamic stalls across the quadrangle, there was never a dull moment. Even as the event drew to a close and the stalls were being pulled down, the members were still unwilling to let the day come to an end. And so the songs blared through the empty college as the students all danced and sang together, crystallizing this beautiful moment in time. Ellipses' Carnival week wrapped up on a high note and marked its note with an apogee success.

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