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presents



Litscape

By Ellipsis-The English
and
Cultural Studies Forum

Into the Rabbit Hole

**Volume 6
Issue 1**



ESCAPE

— F O R E W O R D —

There are times when reality seems too difficult to settle with and in trying times like the one that we are facing presently, escapism is what we start looking for. Oh, to leaf through the pages of a book and transform into a fictional character in a fictional world or to tune into a favorite song and lose ourselves in the melodies and the crescendos. What is escapism for you? Something that you can always fall back to when times get hard?

With 'Into the Rabbit Hole' as the theme for the June edition of Litscape, we are bringing to you the various different ways in which some of us find our Little door or a rabbit hole to escape reality and to heal the soul.

- Litscape heads

Harshita Rai & Nirmita Bhattacharya



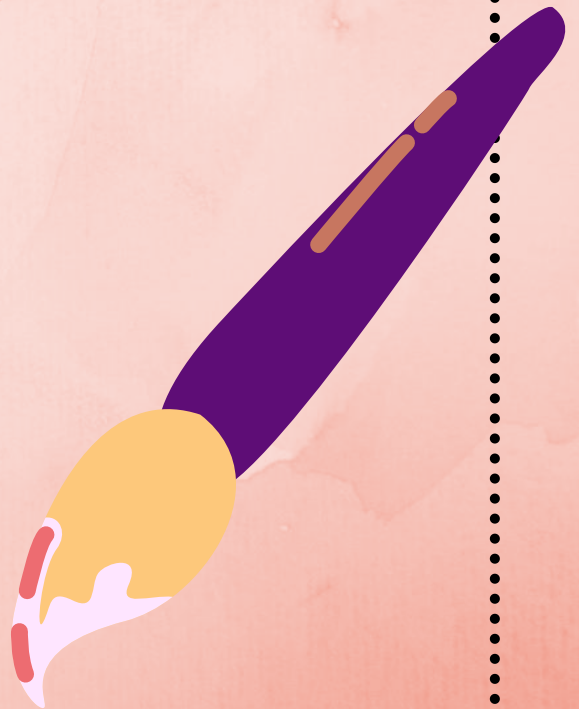
Scribbler

- Aashi Singh
- Samika Saincher
- Ashitha Thankam Benson
- S. Shruti
- Niyanta Desai
- Rohit B.V
- Joanna Jacob
- Aaditya Manoj



Artisans

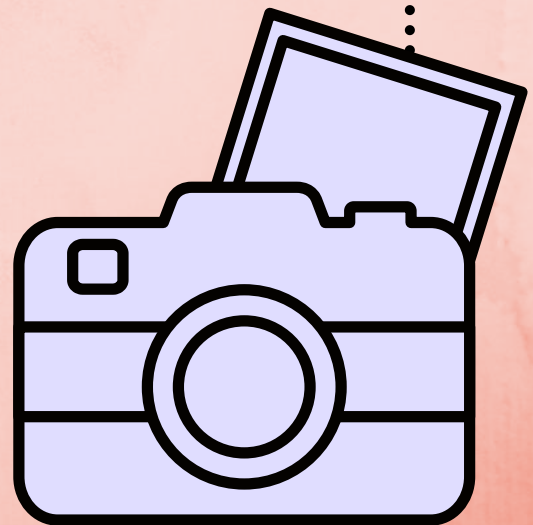
- S. Shruti
- Aratrika Bhadra

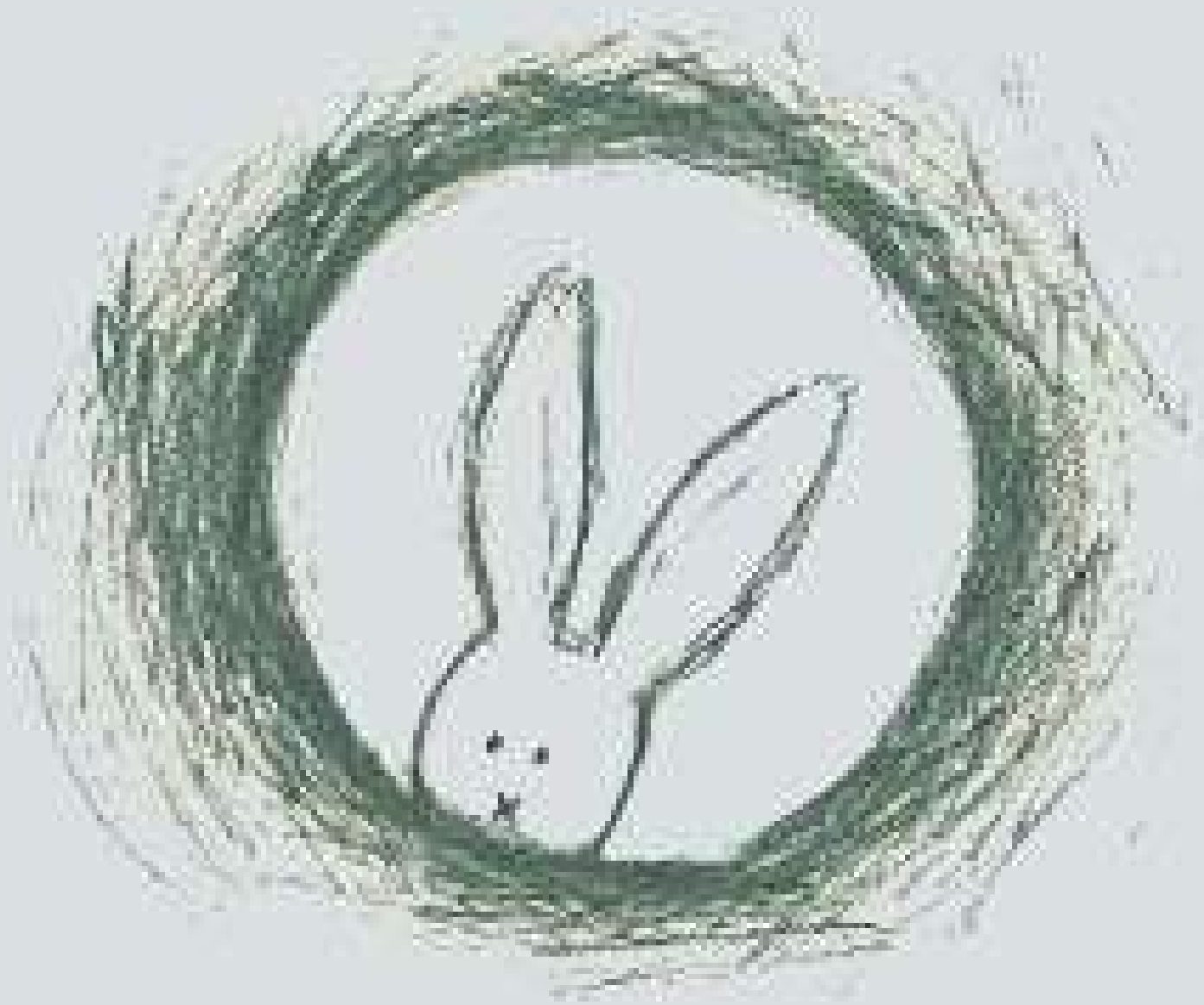


Click It

- Shon George Shiju
- Joanna Ann Daniel
- Yash Arya
- Samika Saincher
- Joanna Priyadarshini

Udaykumar





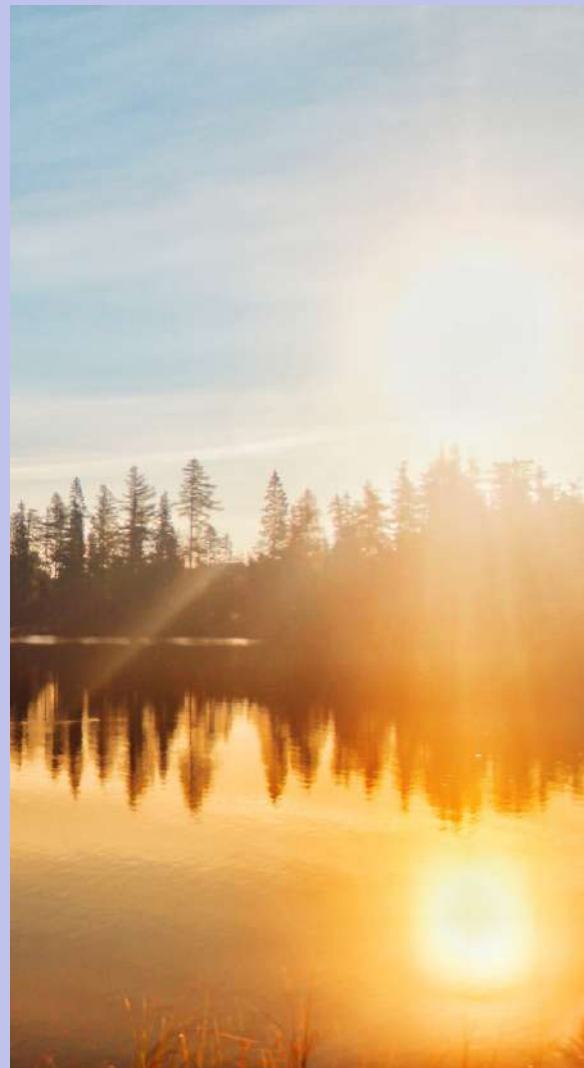
SCRIBBLER

DREAMSCAPE

Aashi Singh , 2033133
2ENGH

She wanders freely
in her Elysian fields
where the sunlight kisses her skin
and daisies line up her path,
where sunflowers bloom
and peacocks dance,
a peaceful place,
full of butterflies and honeybees
to keep her company
in her lonely days.

She wanders and wanders
wearing a crown of flowers
and looking so ethereal
that even the nymphs smile
to adore the beauty that she is.
Finally at twilight
she rests under an apple tree
collecting the fruits
in her tiny wooden basket,
and then makes her way back home
with a happy and peaceful soul.



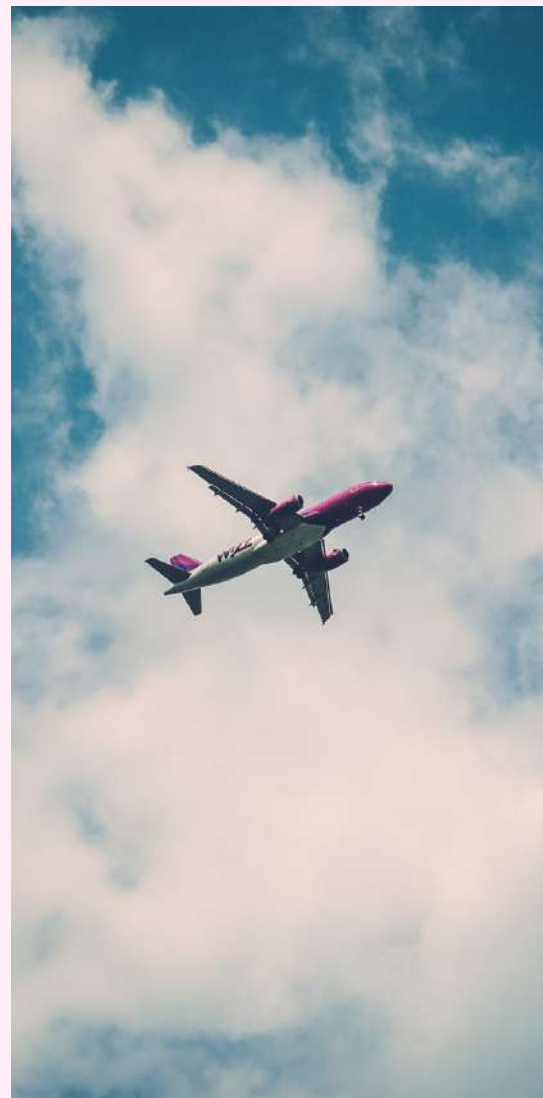
"LIVING IN A BIG BLUE WORLD"

Samika Saincher, 1833065

6 JOUR

The art of escapism differs from person to person. Everyone wants to live in a perfect world created by their fantasies. To escape is to run away; and when times get hard what better way to escape than falling in love with your fantasy world? When I first began writing this article, I'd just lost my beloved professor. I thought, talking about how it's time to live in reality instead of living in a fantasy world would be an ideal way of talking about how escapism is just a huge misconception. But as I began writing, I realised that when times get hard my escape mechanism is to travel.

When I heard about the demise of my professor, the only thing running through my mind was I wanted to get away from all the bad things in the world. I want to live in a world of love where people don't have to suffer anymore, and where no one is selfish.



When times get hard for me all I can think about is running away. Going to a place where no one knows anything about me; where I can be myself and no one would judge me for being me.

Everytime I had to deal with my problems I used to book my tickets to a place and just travel and explore. It made me feel alive and it made me feel good about myself. And every time I failed to do so, I used to feel trapped.

Living in a secluded area away from the hustle-bustle of the city, away from any toxicity, and away from your problems; is an ideal place that everyone would like to be. For me, travelling and exploring provides me with this experience. I've realized that escaping my own problems does not do as much good as exploring does, and travelling helps me do so. It gives me different perspectives to the problem that I was running away from.



However, you don't always find solutions to your problems by running away. Sometimes it can make things worse. I like to escape reality and explore alternative realities at the same time. Travel and vacations are meant to reshift and reorganise identities. But for how long will one be able to reorganise identities, and run away from reality? While it's good to take a break from your daily routine, making travel an escape mechanism is not always healthy. So instead of escaping into a world of fantasy, I want to live in reality. I want to experience everything that is there to experience and I don't want to be afraid to do so. I want to appreciate everything in my life; big or small. I want to show gratitude to everyone in my life. And most importantly, I don't want to be afraid of letting go of people and things that are not right for me. I want to stop living in my figment of imaginative dreams, and start living in my reality.





INTO THE RABBIT HOLE

Ashitha Thankam Benson , 2027950

3MBAL

I remember I was nine or perhaps ten, when I read Alice in Wonderland for the first time. And like every kid, I also wanted a rabbit hole through which I could slide into a mystical land with talking rabbits, bad witches, and what not. But as I grew up, I realized books were my magical world.

I could be anything, go anywhere, and there was no one to stop me. I could be the protagonist or any of the characters in each of the books I was reading.

I could get into the mind of Sherlock Holmes while he solves a case, or I could be in Afghanistan with Mariam and Laila in *A Thousand Splendid Nights* and understand how it is to live under Taliban rule, or I could even go to Hogwarts in *Harry Potter*. The possibilities were endless. I felt like I lived many lives in one life, which is precisely why I loved reading. Rightly said, it was an escapism for a teenage girl from her boring life.

When I joined college, I lost touch with books. But I had to find another means of going to a magical land. So, I started creating a world of words. It was a world where I could go to find some happiness and peace, away from all the harsh realities. I made my own characters, and I lived through their stories.

The pandemic seems endless, and with most of us stuck at home, I think the rabbit hole is vital—more for some than others. In my case, I started drawing and doing crafts to distract myself, and when I feel too overwhelmed, I dance. But mind you, I am not good at any of these. Yet I continue, as these are my little doors which I open when I am not able to deal with the insanity that is going on. Doing these things gives me happiness I can't really put into words.

A SENSORIUM OF MEMORY

S. Shruthi, 1929134

4MAENG

I search for a memory
deep inside the words “Dear
Diary”.

A moment in history
so Dark, that these pages turned
yellow and its ink vanished.
The Rabbit-hole I escape into
losing myself into it while I quill
my thought.

Untangling my wrecked soul,
filling my crevices with milk
inflating my lungs
with this castle called freedom,
where I breathe fresh air amidst
all foul.

To reminisce, grow, and conquer
sunrises in this forever sky.
To Learn to Unlearn
our lives beyond these lies shall be
the story,
my blighted soul recites.





The Sunset hits like a dry martini
slow and vibrant.

Wrapping itself inside the dark
skies all eyes glisten during
moonrise
for young lovers' unison
kiss looking at the waning moon.

Let's traverse into my memory,
and recreate moments to cherish
letting it resonate with hope
my tainted Lips utters –
“This Too shall Pass”



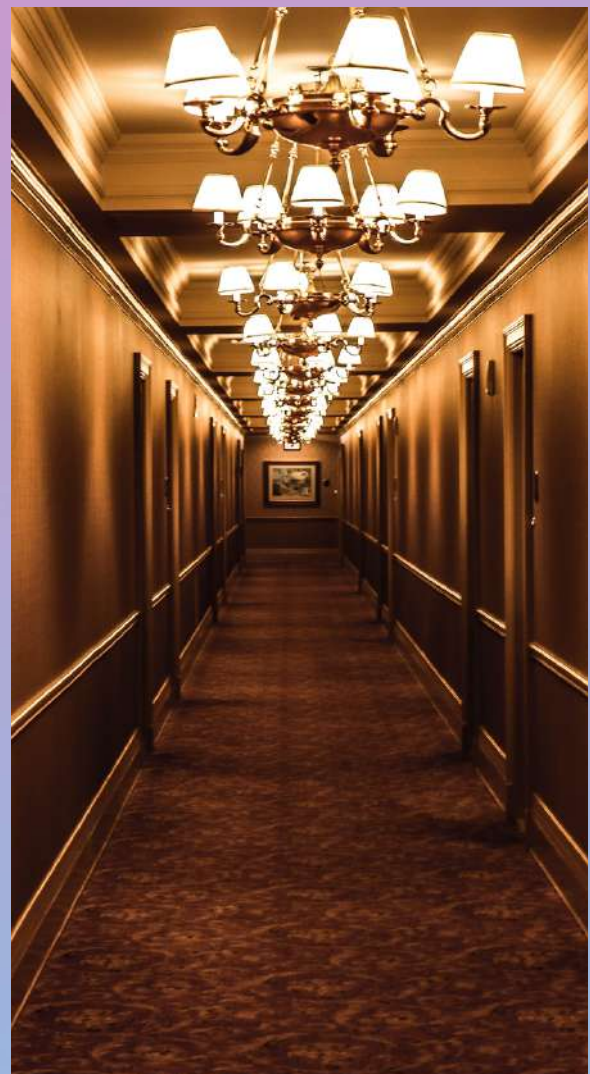
SETTLING BLUES

Niyanta Desai, 1830376

6EPS

On some days, there is so much anxiety,
you couldn't possibly invite it in.
But there's a certain hollowness in the heart,
and plenty of space to give it a home.

A cherished friend has come to visit after so long,
so long indeed.
So, you become the gracious host:
you set the table,
light the chandelier,
arrange the cushions, in the same direction of course.
For your favourite guest,
you take out the best chinaware with intricate mosaics mirroring your tempestuous soul.



You've prepared a feast to be
relished,
only it's not the sumptuous apple
pie, or savoury fried cheese and
basil.

It is you, on the table,
in all your marked madness.
You are the feast,
soon to be filleted and ravaged.
Aching bones yearning for
recovery.

Anxiety lifts your eyelids, strips you
naked down to the core,
tender caresses like a lover long
forgotten,
and whispers in your ear: What a
sick, sick joke.

The trick is to stop feeling:
peel off the epidermis,
slowly, but firmly.
Eventually, it ceases to hurt.
you learn to live with chipped
thumbnails, and broken fringed
skin.



Is there any way out of this rabbit
hole
you ask yourself, every day.
When will the blues settle?
And yet, your saving grace comes:
in the echoes of a lover's embrace,
in the tender words of a beloved
friend,
as a mother's sweet hand at your
brow,
in the birthstone-blue stars etched
in an inky sky,
finely spun clouds dance down to
kiss
the tip of your nose.

Tracing the spine of a well-loved
paperback, adorned with exuberant
fingers,
you sit by the window sipping on a
mug
of coffee that warms your hands,
your soul and you smile for
Pandora's Hope has finally found a
home.





MY ESCAPISM TECHNIQUES

Rohit B.V, 1830394

6PSEng

We are currently in a time where we have to use our own resources to cope with the ongoing pandemic. I would like to discuss my escapism technique through this article. For me, it has been songs and movies—over the past few years, I have been listening to songs from different languages. I believe in the saying that music connects us to our soul and there is no language for understanding feelings through music.

It started with a random YouTube suggestion for an Italian pop song but through that one song, I delved into Italian culture itself. I wonder why their songs haven't entered the mainstream yet. Whenever we listen to a song from a different language, we are first attracted to the music and then to the lyrics and this was true for me too. I created a playlist of these songs which I listen to whenever I feel bored.

These songs also became a conversation starter with my neighbors as they were curious to know which language the song is from as they also liked the tunes. We would then share different songs and came to know each other well.

One thing about me is that I compete with songs- it helps me work harder and faster. There is a certain song I listen to when I am going to start my assignment and there is a certain song I play when I am about to submit my assignment. In my mind, it is that by the end of this song, I should have completed this assignment. It has worked for me so far.

The other escapism technique for me was movies. Ever since lockdown started, I, unlike my classmates, haven't watched a lot of movies and I only watch them if they are part of my syllabus or if they are recommended to me by my family and friends. The last movie I watched was *The Motorcycle Diaries* which is the true story of the bike journey undertaken by Che Guevara. I have always seen his face on t-shirts or handkerchiefs but through my World Literature syllabus, I was introduced to this masterpiece. I was inspired by his ideologies and his outlook on life.

Whenever there is any discussion at home, I always bring up points about him. My perspective towards injustice meted on people itself changed after doing some research on him. Whenever I'm in my room, I dream of how his life would be like-to be a revolutionary leader that is loved and respected by people worldwide.

In times like these, I highly recommend that people try out and experiment new entertainment methods that are away from their conventional ones. If you are accustomed to listening to songs in a particular language, try listening to songs in a new language. You will in turn be introduced to a new culture, like me. This is the same case with movies too- as students, we often try to skip the movies prescribed in our syllabus by reading their summaries online. You might miss out on having a new hero or an inspiration altogether. When you really like a fictional character, it offers a different perspective on aspects that you haven't focused on before. For me it was there, hope you find yours too.

MISCONSTRUED SILENCES

Joanna Jacob , 2050250
2 BA LLB B

I feel the power within me
When I let my thoughts be
Restrained introspections make me
believe,
There is not anything that the mind
cannot conceive.
Appalling circumstances make me dwell
on fear
And so then, these apprehensions bring
me here.
Inhibited aura leaves room for agog,
And the quarrel of thoughts makes the
mind fog.
Bouts of insecurity seem to remain
Although judgements don't turn out sane.
Clamour and trembling anxiety coercing
to make choices,
But rather I allow myself to hear my own
voices.

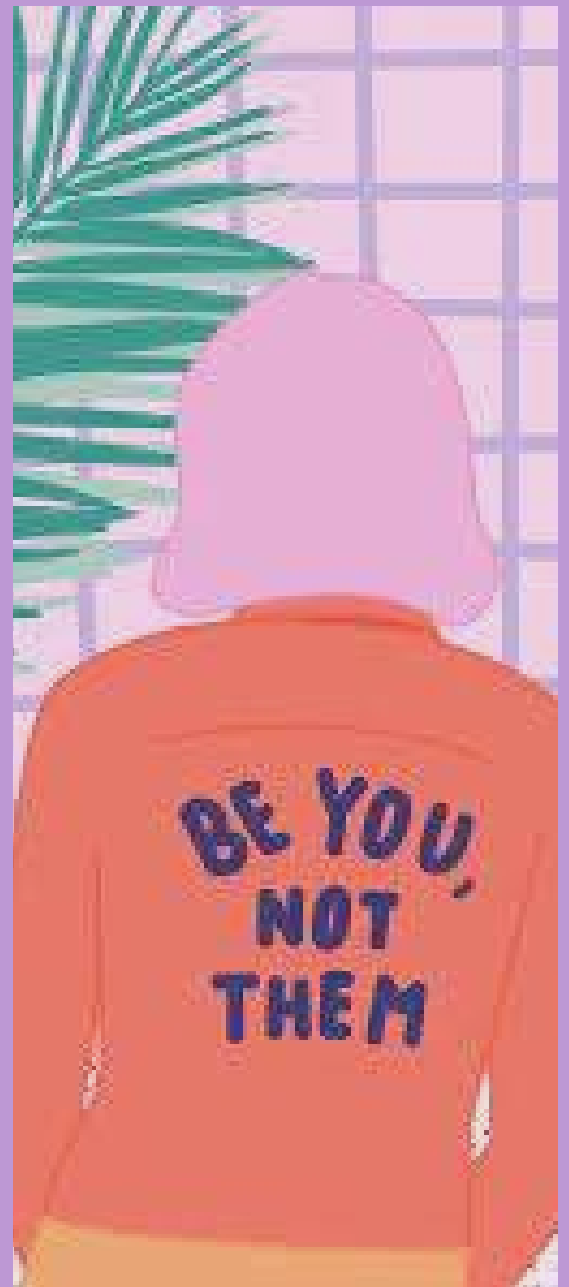




Sometimes it's these silences that speak
volumes

As your lack of presence is what fumes.
To be where our value is not of worth
Only says that we, in fact, lack self-
worth.

Nothing is ever more important than
your value,
Silence is truly golden,
because in the end what is important is
"YOU!"



LIFE A CELEBRATION

Aaditya Manoj , 2012702

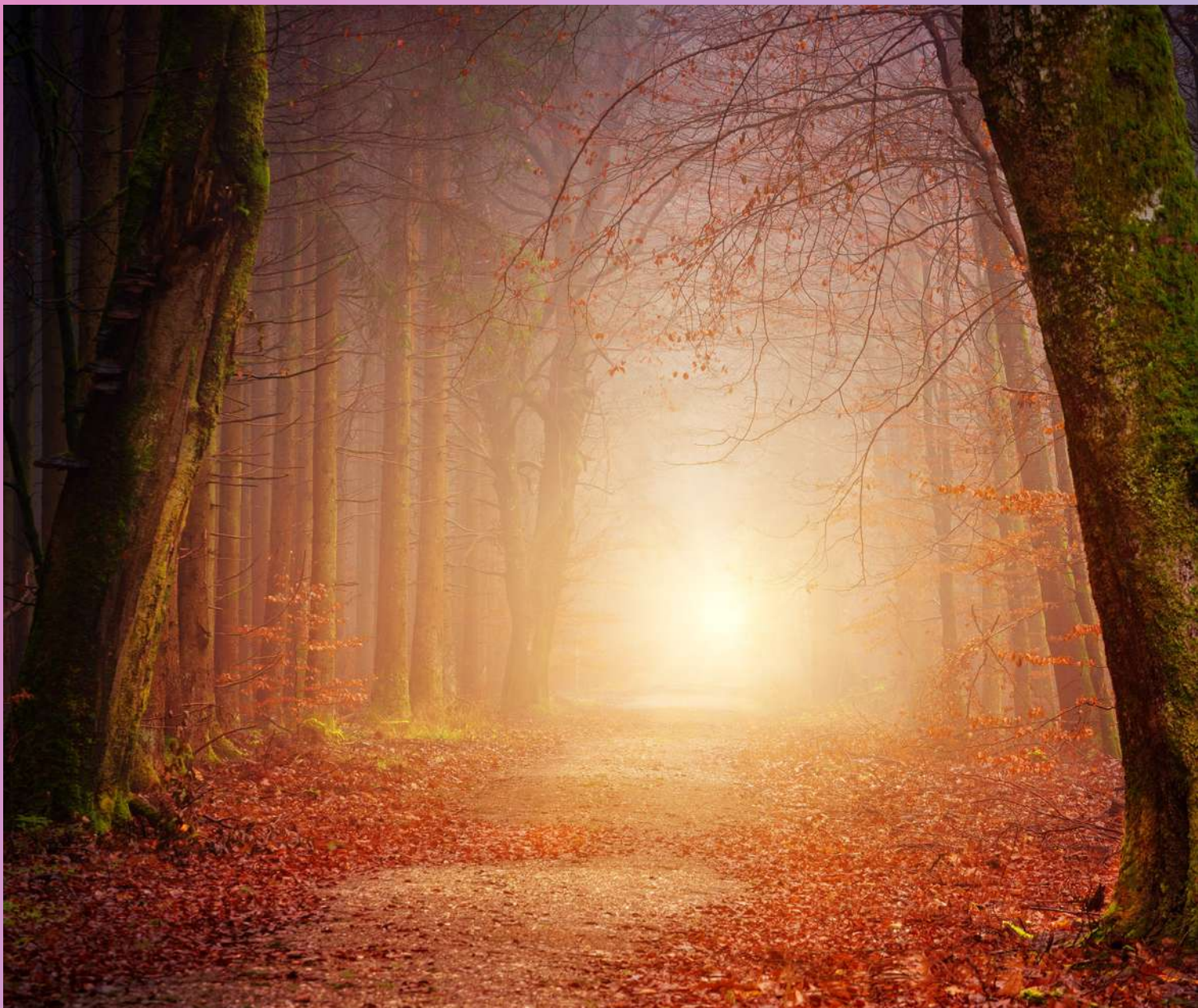
2BCOM IF

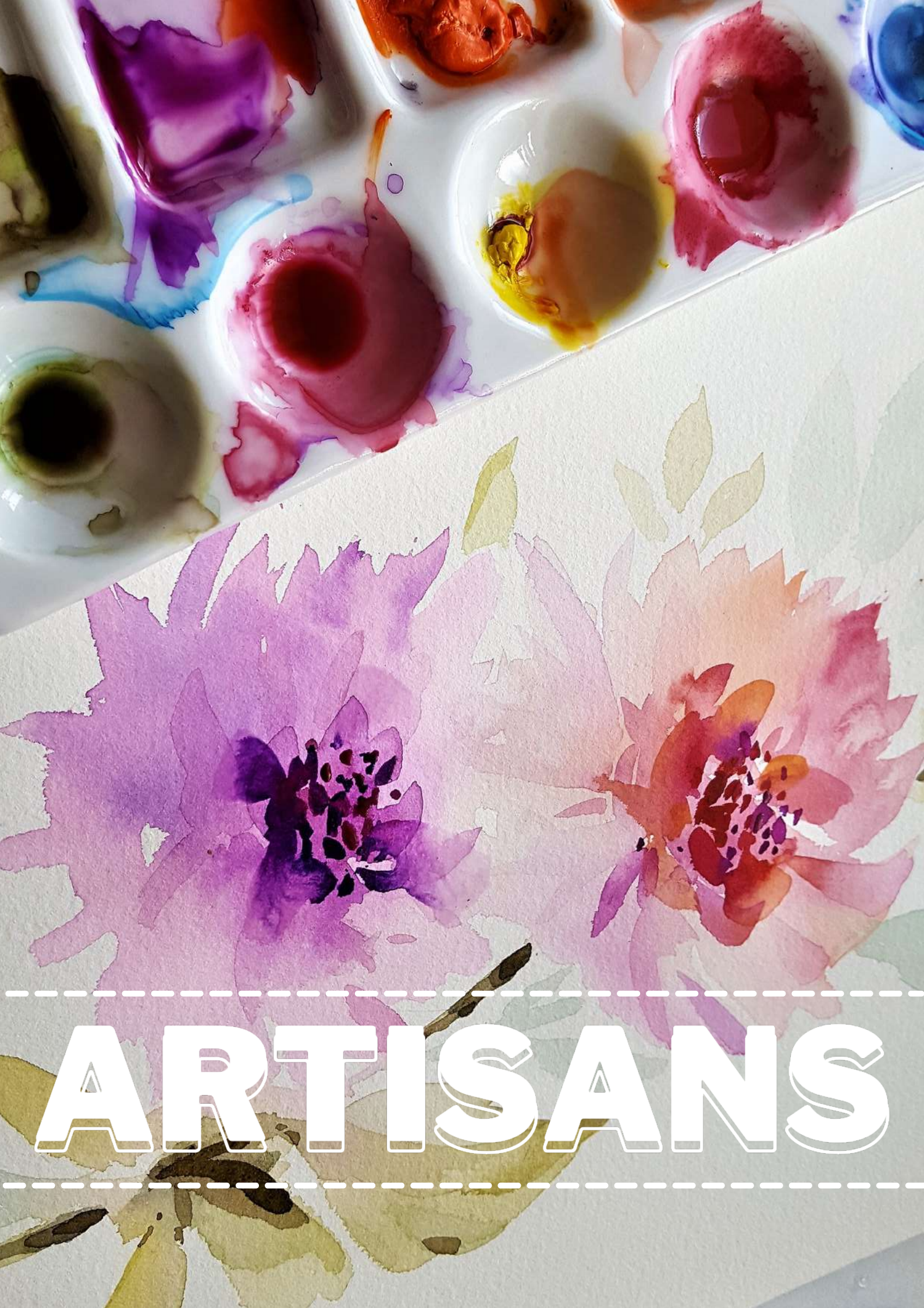
एक मुस्कान के साथ उठो,
और अपनी आत्मा को भरें ,
सकारात्मकता और अच्छे विचरों के साथ,
अपना आत्म सम्मान बढ़ाएँ,
अपने भीतर अच्छे विचारों को फैलने दें ,
अपने दिल को आजाद करो,
और अपने आप को एक विराम दें ।
अपने को योगिनी बनायें ,
मुस्कान के साथ अपना चेहरा चमकाएं,
और बाहर जाओ और एक मुस्कान दे,
और यह आपको उज्ज्वल करेगा।

जीवन दिव्य है,
और वास्तव में जादू है,
जो आपके दिल से आता है,
और अपने मन से।



अपने आप को कभी नीराश न करे ,
अपने आप को एक पैट दे ,
और यदि आप असफल होते हैं ,
या मजाक किया जा रहा है,
बस इन छंदों का कहना है,
और आप एक आत्मा गिर जाएगी,
आप का समर्थन ।





ARTISANS



S.Shruthi

1929134

4MAENG

The Sky Full Of Love



Aratrika Bhadra
2047606
M.Sc. Botany



The Sunset

The Girl In Blue Dress



Aratrika Bhadra

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Cleopatra Of Tomorrow



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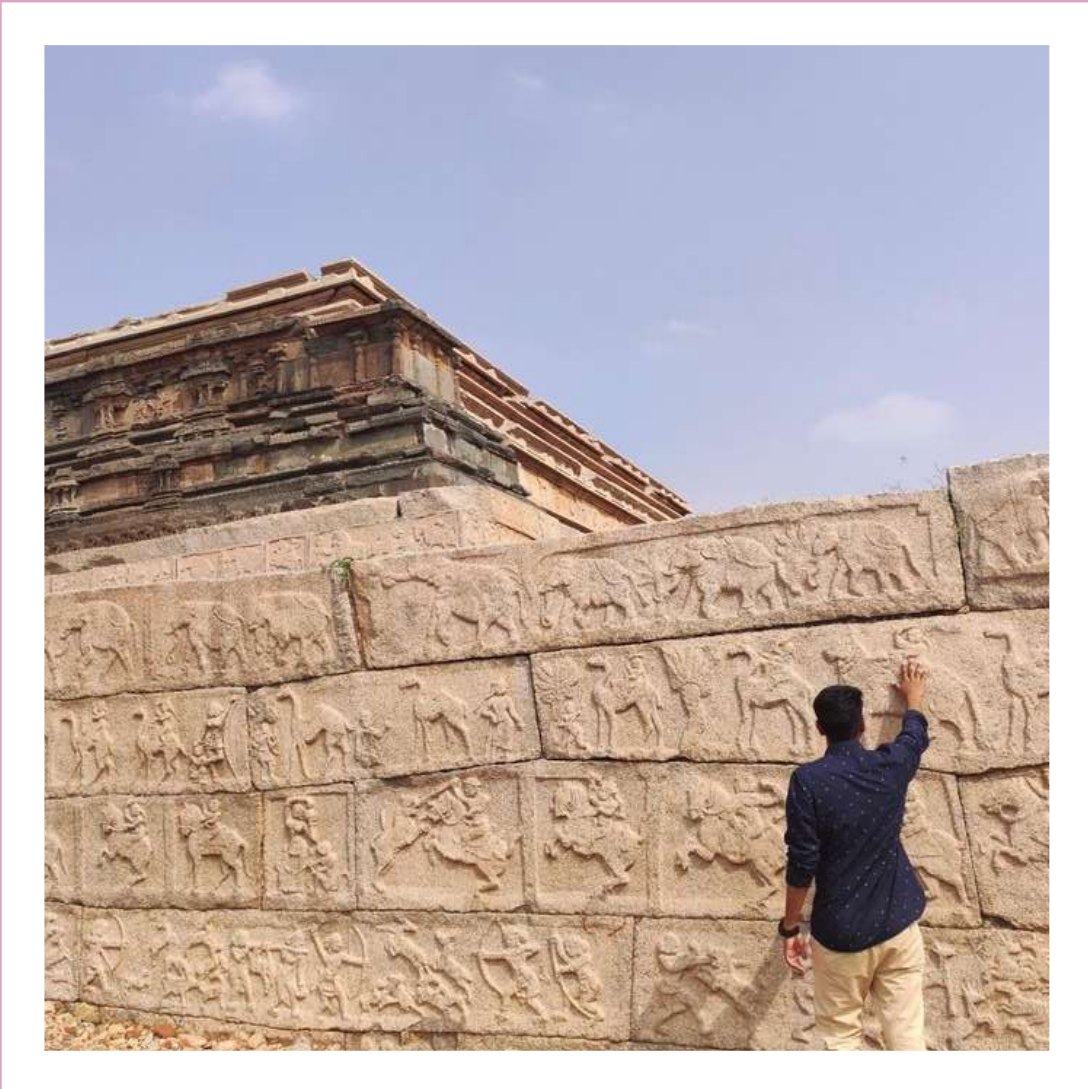
CLICK IT

A spider hanging down, waiting



Shon George Shiju
2047717
2MBTY

Before it again turns to sand



Shon George Shiju
2047717
2MBTY

The majestic Mysore Palace lit during Dasara



Shon George Shiju
2047717
2MBTY

Cityscapes with Palace taken from Chamundi Hills



Shon George Shiju
2047717
2MBTY

The skies are my little hole of
escapism



Joanna Ann Daniel,
2030145
2CEPA



Yash arya
2023591
2FIBA

Away from any noise/air pollution,
away from my problems. Just me
and myself.



Samika Saincher

1833065

6J0UH

Into the rabbit hole



Joanna Priyadarshini

Udaykumar

1530084

Into the rabbit hole



Joanna Priyadarshini

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