

UNFETTERED

POWER OF PURE EXPRESSION



To the Theatre!

One among the thousands on a summer's evening in 1588, waiting for the curtains to rise, twiddling thumbs for a performance which promises different, almost unseen marvels. The time ticks by, and the stage slowly unveils, revealing a character in a conundrum because he thinks he is too good for everything at hand until he finds the forbidden charms of the occult. Fascinated, a renowned theologian aims to discern the darkest aspects of necromancy. He draws circles and lines; performs rituals that only the witches are accused of. Then rises the devil from his realm along with the unsightly deadly sins. And so, with the plot's progress arise the exclamations all around me:

"Doth mine eyes deceive me? Doth I behold a mighty dragon afore me?!";

"Oh, how I would give me life to gaze upon the heavens up close, to travel anywhere mine heart desireth with but a flap of this grand wing, and to lay mine eyes upon every monument that hath shaped history.";

"This creature can even bring the dead back to life as if they were flesh and blood once more.";

"Alack, it doth seem that this creature hath grown insolent as if it were drunk on its own power. I doth feel a sense of sorrow for it, though it may have deserved its fate."

Fast forward 435 years, a different country, another audience, a diverse set of actors, a changed language and yet, the same reactions.

"Is that a dragon!!!";

"Oh, how I wish I could see the galaxies up close, travel anywhere I want in just a flap of this massive wing and see every monument that built history.";

“He can even make the dead figures rise again.”;

“He has grown disrespectful as if almost drunk on power. I feel sad for him, even though he had it coming.”

This was my experience of watching a play as powerful as Doctor Faustus for the first time as a live staged production. It is almost otherworldly, the actors’ influence on their audience and how it glues them to their seats. No wonder the Elizabethan audience stood for hours, sat on uncomfortable benches, or even women cross-dressed and stayed late into the night to see these plays.

The Gaiety Theater, Shimla, revived the doomed Faustus to teach its audience the lesson of over-ambition (and to find a way to summon demons on the stage). We had the play in our syllabus, so this became a field trip. It was a production based on the original script by Christopher Marlowe but adapted into Hindi, which resulted in many changes. Even though the play was faithful to the main plot of the play, the subplots were almost nonexistent, but the tragic effects remained. Having read the original play several times and then watching the Gaiety production makes one realise the power of translation, how it camouflages a text so beautifully that even the foreign tales seem like photographs of a world just like ours and the liberty that a translator then takes to be able to transport his audience to another world.

Vedanshi Sharma
M.A. English

Apricity

You are my most beautifully
adorned nightmare.
Crimson and Scarlet, you are
ablaze like Ruby,
Yet Lavender and Lilac, you sooth
like Amethyst,
Midnight and Azure, your eyes
dipped in Sapphire,
Malachite and Celadon, a robe
glazed in Emerald.
Jeweled with nature’s every
colour,
You are a new shade of joy painted
in sorrow.
Like an undying flower that never
bloomed,
You, a dead soul that barely ever
lived.
Just like that, you twinkle from
afar,
As I let you become my Apricity.

Dhaanya Thakur
B.A. II English (Hons.)



Riya Verma
B.A. III English (Hons.)



*Jyoti Verma
B.A. III English (Hons.)*

Vines of mind, vines of mine

The vines in my head wilt away
As I hear what they say;
Their words are cruel
Their gazes astray;
I want to ask for help
But who will stay?

My thoughts remain
unfathomable
The world, no longer sound;
Plants of my sanity
Shrivel back into the ground;
No one wants to hear my
aching cries;
I have lost my way now.

*Aishna Rahi
B.A. III English (Hons)*

World of White

The grass buried under snow,
Frozen river glistening,
Covered in a white veil like a bride,
The world is glittering.
No sign of the sun,
Just the clouds float in the sky,
Trees allow the falling snowflakes to rest,
Tired of the long journey,
They lightly adorn the thorny throne,
And sit lifted above the ground.
Little footsteps leaving behind their marks,
That milky road,
That red coat,
Cherry cheeks,
And her snowy glow.
Tiny feet struggling with the greatest might,
Giggling with every silly wind,
There goes the sparkling fairy,
In her world of white.

*Dhaanya Thakur
B.A. II English (Hon*

SUCH IS LIFE?

It's easy for them to tell me that it's okay
What do they know about being astray?
I have spent years fighting battles for other
people
While they made an excuse of praying for
me at the steeple.
I don't know if this is how my life is
supposed to be.
Caged in a prison of agony, with no hope of
ever being free?
I walk in crowds with no sense of self,
Realizing the grim reality of every man for
himself.
How strange is it that I fear the very social
life I once loved so
Just the thought of it makes me feel
squeamish and oh so low!
Spring, summer, monsoon, and winter all
seem the same to me
All of them draped in melancholy to a
suffocating degree.
My inner monotonous reflected in the
world outside
Seeing others contrasting with me, I
quietly step aside.
The mortification of lacking behind eats me
up
My face, in an attempt to obscure I cup.
This all feels permanent, like a forever
thing,
Who knew with pain, and anxiety you could
have a fling?
I am not sure where it all went wrong
Or maybe it was like this all along?
My heart aches for a warm, comforting,
gentle touch
But the dread of getting impaled in
disguise is so much!
The vacuity I feel inside is agonizing and
like a slow sweet torment
Maybe I am responsible for this state of
mine to a large extent.
It was my fault to be so vulnerable around
vultures who were ready to prey upon my
heart,
Anyone and everyone who sought to
destroy me gladly in predation took part.
I am doing it again, aren't I?
Making excuses for them while I am left to
cry.
Funny how I end up blaming myself for
every wrong they've done
And then, to drown myself, I turn to
Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, Houseman,
Dickinson, and Donne.



Riya Verma
B.A. III English (Hons.)



Chandan Bharti
B.A. III English (Hons.)

Maybe one day it won't hurt as much
The day I decide to give myself a healing
touch.
A touch I don't have to crave from another
human being
A touch that will be palliative and freeing.

Muskan Thakur
B.A. III English (Hons.)

Dream Journals



IT JUST WANT TO LIVE MY LIFE IN PEACE

Self Priority Check

BE YOUR OWN MUSE

WE ARE ALL BEAUTIFUL. THE GREAT TRAGEDY IS BEING UNSEEN.

LOVE IS A LOT MORE THAN WHAT YOU THINK.

Choupsey

Burgers

Chocolate

Hot Dog

Lupe

French fries

Padhakum... & a Boss!

- ★ Patient
- ★ Confident
- ★ Hard working
- ★ Consistent

Go Girl!!

future Bank PO

I have my own honey.

Life As A Boss

CAUTION WOMEN AT WORK

Will be a successful financially independent woman

Completing my Post-Graduation

Preparing for the competitive

Daily dose of coffee with interesting novels!

I will work! Have to work for Bank PO at any cost.

Knowledge is best.

Head High

Chin up

St. Bede's

Batch-2020-2023

Here I learnt true womanhood. Going to a women's college made a big difference. It gave me the sense women could run things. Now I can finally call myself a true Bedian.

Self Love

How to talk

How to walk

facing the large audience

To smile in every situation



Aishna's Journal

"Journal writing is a voyage to the interior."

— Christina Baldwin



A Visit to The Indian Institute of Advanced Studies

An educational visit to a historical place is a great way to gain a deeper understanding of history, not just of a country but of knowledge. The Indian Institute of Advanced Studies (IIAS) is in a picturesque part of Shimla, formerly the Viceregal Lodge and then Rashtrapati Niwas. The Institute was established in 1964 by the Government of India to promote advanced research in humanities, social sciences and natural sciences. This visit to IIAS, organised by the Department of English, St. Bede's College, was worth an experience. Students of the English Department, accompanied by the Department's faculty, took a guided tour of the campus and explored the rich history and architecture of the Viceregal Lodge. The building that houses the Institute was initially built as a home for Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy of India from 1884 to 1888, and post-Independence maintained as the Indian President's residence. We were all in awe of the beautiful British architecture of the place that housed so many greats. As we walked from one hall to the other, our eyes could not stop but praise the wooden carvings on the roof. We were amazed that the entire building had electricity as early as 1888, much before the rest of Shimla, and it also was equipped with a sophisticated firefighting mechanism through wax-tipped water ducts, which is still working. The lawn in front of the lodge is above a water tank. All the rainwater from the building goes to this water tank. This rainwater harvesting system goes back to the 19th century when this building was designed.

We learned about the architecture of the historical structures and how they were built to withstand the test of time. Our guide told us of the many historic decisions taken in the building during the Indian Independence movement, and when he pointed to a table and said that this was the table where the decision to carve out Pakistan and East Pakistan from India was taken in 1947, we all could sense the historical magnitude of where we were standing.

Being students of English Literature, we were disappointed that we weren't allowed in the Institute's library. After all, it is one of our country's leading research and reference libraries in Humanities and Social Science. Established in 1965 to facilitate, promote and support research, the library in the Institute was only open to Fellows and associates. The social science collections are worldwide in coverage and significance.

Following the tour, we were lucky to interact with Dr Siddharth Satpathy during our visit. Dr Satpathy is a Fellow at the IAS working on autobiographies, especially in Odia. He is an Assistant Professor at the Department of English, University of Hyderabad, pursuing independent research in IAS. As an expert in research and as a scholar of English literature, he agreed to guide us as budding scholars of literature. He addressed all of us and discussed the intricacies and nuances of research. We discussed our areas of interest and our plans to study further. "One must have a proper research question in mind and must have multiple colleges in mind to apply for PhD programs", said Dr. Siddharth.

We sat down with the professor for a Q&A session, which allowed us to deepen our learning and clarify anything we hadn't understood. We were amazed by his wealth of knowledge and his passion for literature that he shared with us. The professor's explanations were so engaging and thought-provoking that we didn't even realise how quickly time had flown by. We spent several hours exploring the place and learning from him.

By the end of our trip, we had gained a newfound appreciation for our city's rich history and were inspired to learn more about our heritage. This visit has sparked our desire to learn more about our cultural heritage, not just through architecture but literature, and preserve it for future generations. Overall, the educational visit was a great success. We all had a fantastic time learning about different literary cultures and histories. We left feeling enlightened and satisfied with the experience. We realised that the Institute houses world-class research facilities and is an excellent platform for scholars and researchers to exchange ideas and knowledge. A visit to the Indian Institute of Advanced Studies would be an enriching and intellectually stimulating experience for anyone interested in the humanities, social sciences, and natural sciences. We ended our visit hoping that one day, we would return as researchers residing in this historic place.

Swati Rathore
M.A. English

