



CAMEO

Volume VI Issue II



Kalindi College, Department of English



Principal's Note

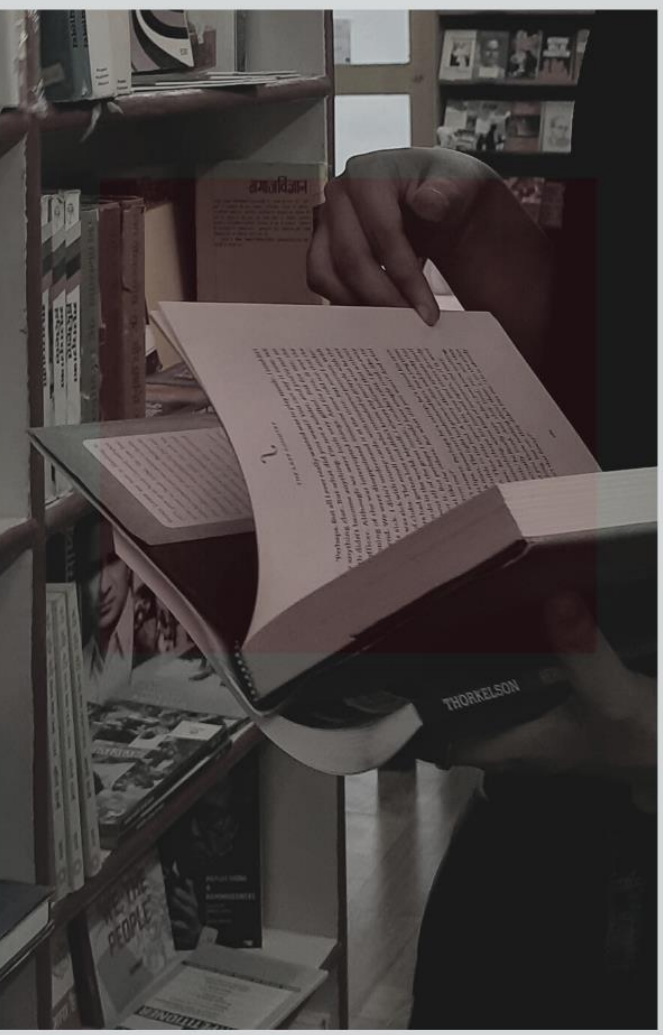
"It gives me immense pleasure that the English Department of Kalindi College continues to bring out its online newsletter, Cameo. It provides students of the department with a platform to showcase their creative talent in the form of short literary writings and artworks. I extend my best wishes to the students and faculty of the English department for this venture encouraging free creative expression."

Prof. Naina Hasija

Poems



Prose



Arbitrary

Feelings are ever seeping. You can't just hide them. They leak through you. Slowly, sneakily.

I shouldn't be feeling this. Yet here I am. Living seems futile. I see people suffering, and I wonder- where do they keep all their pain. Locked up, hidden. My heart is weak and I think things I shouldn't be thinking. I keep reliving the life I left behind while my present fades away. I have these emotions and I don't know where to keep them. All of them, scattered, while I don't feel anything else. Overwhelmed by my feelings, still, I manage to feel empty. I have too many questions and too many answers. And slowly I realise, there is no right answer. There is no certain way of doing anything.

I have seen myself laying in the darkness. And I have walked in the light. I have felt nothing and I have felt so much. I have seen the seasons change while the time stood still. I have had everything in my hands and I have lost it all too. I have hated this world and I have hated myself. And I have felt happiness. So much of it.

We want to give meaning to everything. Maybe, there is no meaning. Maybe, Albert Camus is right. This "divine" idea of "meaning" is but our desire for order and the universe does not have a "will" for us. We keep pushing ourselves like Sisyphus pushing that rock up that hill, only for it to fall down again. Is the worth of life determined by what meaning it has for us? Can't it be lived, really lived, despite it being meaningless? Did this liberate you or did your dire need for meaning leave you standing? Why do we keep trying to find meaning in life? Ironically, it makes us feel alive. Since our birth we are told that we have a purpose which gives us a sense of direction. Makes sense, it does. But once the purpose is lost, we will lose our reason to live. And what if we don't find a new one? So, I sat on my chair and thought because I am, like everyone else, searching for meaning in life.

Everything is fleeting. And once it leaves, What will you do?

One day, when I would have lived enough. I will have all parts of the story. All the parts of me would be different characters and they will speak their own stories. They'll sing for me and the book would be one single being. Whole. And then, maybe, someone would pick it up, read it. And maybe love it. Love me. A writer doesn't just write. They give themselves away. They write to speak, to tell, to be. For they *lived*.

There are so many things I want to do and so many things I want to be, but can I do it all? Can I be it all? There is a fire in me that is longing to burn out of me. I can't contain it or it will sear me from inside, still I can't let it out. Not that I don't want to, it's because I am not able to. Sometimes, words won't form, making me question- what am I even doing? But on those rare nights they'll come like a train wreck. I would step on them and they'll take me to the clouds. Have you been in the clouds? Do you have a dream? Does that dream burn you? *Do you burn for it too?*

Ryumi

Avni Nagar

Ist Year



It rained heavily today and so did her eyes For once a girl who smiled before Had now tears and surrounded by desolation She who lived with everyone at their lows Was now standing in a crowd of unknown people It seemed her heart ached she was tormented The eyes which had a charming shine Had now been pale and distended The girl I knew loved talking endlessly But now she had caged herself behind the bars Of despair and utmost silence Out there she ran in search of help If only could someone lend her a hand But all she could find were Pointed out fingers on her name Name she would rather call it shame Even destiny could not help her this time But to cry out loud and feel her pain

Chirajita Gupta

IInd Year



Chipped

Am feeling the time slip like my youth did,
my chipped nails bear the weight I carry as I repaint it again and again.
The city is too warm for growing plums,
and too dusty for the roses to survive.
I drown myself in humor,
as I try to cover up for my stomach being crushed like paper.
I cross my fingers at every angel number,
because in many moments I feel like I'm drifting away from the sky.

Hritishna Das

IInd Year



The Philosophies of Physicists, The Physicists of Philosophies

Enlightenment is popular for establishing anthropocentrism. But along with that, it has also covered human society with the garb of categorization. In today's world we witness different branches of study, be it Psychology or Physics or Biology. Not only that, one can witness branches within branches. Physics is not mere Physics but Quantum Physics, Nuclear Physics and so on. If we analyse present trends then one tends to gain expertise in one major branch only. It is easier for us to choose one category in 21st CE as these are well defined and well established categories. But what about the pre-enlightenment period, when there were no specific classifications, that too defined ones. Period where an economist could enter into the realm of Physics or a physicist could enter into the realm of Politics. One can interpret this as a chaos or the desire to be a 'Jack of all trades'.

Among all realms, the realm of Philosophy has always been popular. For Socrates and Plato, Philosophy has never been a specific branch of study but a way of finding truth in different aspects of life. This legacy of Ancient thinkers was followed by their Modern successors. People like David Hume (18th CE), John Locke (17th CE) kept philosophy integral to them even while studying other fields like Economics, Politics etc. Result of studying various branches simultaneously was the open flow of ideas from one branch to the other. Philosophers could pick various scientific ideas to make clearer sense of their arguments.

Ideas of Physics were no different, they have been used in philosophical arguments frequently. To cite one, Thomas Hobbes, one of the most popular philosophers of 17th CE has used the concepts of Physics to compliment his arguments about object, appearance and sense in 'Leviathan'. To differentiate between the idea of real and fancy, while seeing or experiencing an object, he uses the idea of light, angle and image. He argues that the way an image changes with the angle of light, in the same manner what we see or experience or sense is mere seeming or appearance and hence is removed from reality. Also, Hobbes rejects the idea of intuition and brings in the idea of 'matter and motion'. He uses the concept of 'motion causing motion' in the context of 'material being' of humans. He puts forward that, sense of touch, smell etc. are the result of some external motion. It is only after grounding his arguments in laws of Physics that Hobbes makes claims on human nature and how the Sovereign exploits it through a play of 'appearances'.

This brief overview shows how science, of which Physics is a branch, was an integral part of Philosophy, especially in the pre-enlightenment period and gave us 'The Philosophies of Physicists', 'The Physicists of Philosophies'.

Jaishree Kanwar

IIIrd Year



Balladeer

I saw a man walking his dog
I don't know what breed but it was white with black spots
We weren't near any houses
Atleast none that I could see
And still he greeted a friend on this street
No they didn't stop to chat
They simply waved as they crossed paths
Perhaps there was a verbal greeting
One that I could not hear
It wasn't all that special
Nothing you'd witness in a song of a balladeer.

Kavya Agarwal

IInd Year



Do Not Let Me Fall

Do not let me fall

I asked him

Like a twig not quitting

on a Desert Rose leaflet.

Do not let me fall

As you look into shattered reflection, you can

see both

Courageous as you should be

Yet held to be frail.

Do not let me fall

To become vulnerable beside your light

Yet at peace with the aura of your shadow

With profound intimacy of the essence.

Do not let me fall

In the middle of this deadly sea

It's dark, it's thundering, it's frightening

And the rain wants me to forever sleep

But i will not let go



But i will wait for you

To come as a wave

And take me to the shore.

Muskan Shilvant

IIIrd Year



The Dark Underbelly of Feminism

According to Pacific University, Oregon, the first wave of feminism came in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century. As social and political liberalisation was on a rise, a wave began where women started demanding equality, with its initial focus being on suffrage. Feminism is an ideology that fights for social, economic and political equality of all the sexes. When the movement first began, upper class women were at the mercy of their fathers, brothers and husbands, while the lower-class women faced even more adversity, as they were victims of double marginalisation. Feminism has been viewed as a female centric movement as a whole, but this movement has multiple dimensions, which often let discriminatory values slide within a movement that champions equality and equity.

In 1869, the first national suffrage organisations of the United States were formed which fought for women's voting rights. In 1920, the organisations got their demands approved and women were granted the said rights. But the term 'women' here is not as inclusive as one assumes it to be. Black women were given voting rights up until much later, in the year 1965. Throughout history, whenever feminist issues were put forward in the US parliament, they tended to neglect the black women of the country, either by not considering their specific needs or just plainly excluding them from being the benefactors of women centric rights. Even in India where Hinduism is practised by the majority, the Brahmin and other upper caste women always had a fight of their own against patriarchy. Most of the female figures in the Hindu mythology which were considered feminist icons, like Lopamudra and Draupadi, were all upper caste women. The Dalit women, being much less educated and privileged than their Brahmin counterparts, could not join the fight for equality even if they wanted to. In a country like India, where the majority population strongly follows the ideologies promoted by their religion, Dalit and other lower caste women could not find any figure to identify with, rendering their cause irrelevant to others. Not only were they deprived of the basic tools needed for this fight, but were not allowed to join this fight by the upper caste women. The upper caste women could justify their demands by relating themselves to the Hindu goddesses and other religious figures which were respected by everyone, but not only did they not help the lower caste women, but a lot of them discriminated against them and considered them impure. This struggle of not being included in a movement of a gender one identifies with has always been universal.

To coin feminism as an umbrella term does not best for its purpose. It is better to understand the movement as a tree, which has many branches, all fighting for a different cause, their goal being the same - to achieve equality for all. It is important to consider this since feminism promotes equality and equity for all regardless of their sex. Feminism, by default, is against all discriminatory practices like racism, casteism etc. A person can not discriminate against the LGBTQ+ community and then call themselves a feminist just because they believe men and women should be presented with equal opportunities. An important part of feminism is to accept the fact the males can also be victims, which is often ignored as males are usually seen as oppressors and not the oppressed. Domestic violence, lack of accepting oneself, suppressed emotions are just some of the many issues common to a lot of males in the society. To overthrow patriarchy, it is important to acknowledge its toxic impact on all the genders. To name a few; homophobia, toxic masculinity and narcissism are some ideologies inculcated in the mind of all the members of a patriarchal society, which have been expected



as inherent traits in any 'man'. A man could only be able to accept a woman and any other gender as equal to him, if he lets go of these ideologies which have led him to believe that he is superior to them. A transgender's fight for equality, a man's fight against pre-determined toxic standards of masculinity, a disabled person's fight for equity in all situations, a woman's fight for equality and all other revolts which fight against inequality of any form come under feminism. Feminism is the tree holding together these multiple branches which all unite at one point, and that point represents a fight for true equity and equality for all. It is time that feminists start their fight against one more underrated enemy, the pseudo feminist who hide their discriminatory believes under the mask of feminism.

Rainisha Nautiyal

IInd Year



Angel's Number

Sometimes we just have to call it.

One, one, one, one

(11:11)

Clear the hall !

She cannot breathe

Red walls

Pale yellow walls

Wall with Mickey mouse on it.

They'll say, "please if you have any fight in you, stay with me"

Of all the times, I wanted to stay with someone, you choose now to stay, when I give in?

Eyeballs are rolling, drifting out of consciousness.

"It's all my fault !"

"I did this to myself."

"We are losing her."

"Ma'am please, let us work."

"Charge to 100...300 clear!"

"Call it"

Sometimes we just have to call it.

Time of death.

(11:11)

Manifestation works.

Satyastuti

IInd Year



Mung dun sun kham

A long course of life,
With lost causes to survive,
I set forth with my king,
Towards the mighty burhi Dihing¹.

Mung dun sun kham,
Or the country of golden gardens,
A clear sight interrupted by the Patkai², politely calm,
But in my heart of hearts, I'd found my lost cause by then.

An enigmatic beauty amidst two unknown lands,
The chants, the prays, I heard there that day; I'd never understand.
What dreams I'd find, I never knew
And I never knew, I'd find my homeland in a place so anew.

The path was filled with stones and sticks,
It seemed no man ever wandered,
A serpent passed by, with lightning speed; slick,
Away it took my breath and I wondered:
"What was beyond this mighty Patkai?
In this garden of rarity, could I find an Asrai?"

We marched on and on and on and on,
Until it was finally time for rest, for our Lengdon³.

¹ Name of a river

² Name of a hill

³ The sacred statue of the Ahoms



Besides the enormous nam ti lao, was there seraidoi⁴,
Greater than my king's heart, colossal than the dihing noi.
For my king wanted seraidoi, to be his capital,
Began the ahom reign, with none ever compatible.

Kingdom by kingdom, merged with us.
We became one of them, they became one of us.
The beauty of mung dun sun kham, I realised soon enough,
Divided as many, United as Assam.

From the beauty in that Aboi's⁵ smile,
To the tasty rice of the borahi changmai⁶.
Came all together: Bhuyan, moran, chutiya⁷,
Ruled as one, ended as one: the bor axomiya

And just like that,
I lived for my king, and I died for my king,
I may not be in the buranjis⁸,
but within me lived the king's story, surely.
And once every year in Mae Dam Mae Phi,
All, along with the ahoms of charaidew maidam
are remembered - by the great mung dun sun kham.

Tanaya Gogoi

Ist Year

⁴ The original name of a place now called Charaidew

⁵ Grandmother

⁶ The cooks of the Ahoms

⁷ Some communities in Assam

⁸ Historical records



I wish to be the first downpour of monsoon;
I wish to pour silently; yet catching everyone's eyes.

I wish to declare my arrival; grandly,
When I touch the land,
In the form of the scent of the sand.

I wish to allure you towards me, gladly,
When I touch your skin,
And you'd be dancing all around, and my name, you'll sing.

You'd be wet, From head to toes.
Wet, after my touch.
Your skin would be tight, I suppose
You'd enjoy me, overmuch.
My moist you'd lick and sip and gulp;
You'd beg for more, I promise you love,
Cold weather,
but your bodily heat would raise the temperature.
Too soon, you and I would be one;
You in me and me in you, wrapped up; undone.

But pleasure is timely;
So I'd leave you there unexpectedly.
But I'd come again;
We'd have our time.
Till then, you sing my songs,
And wish the next monsoon is long.
- with love, rains of shillong

Tanaya Gogoi
Ist Year



No Safety Net

The soothing stare of the moon,
Lulls me into sleep,
A hopeless remedy,
For the wounded heart on sleeve.

Still trying to learn,
The stones still need to be rolled,
Loss of a tether to the world, of night and gray
Tip toeing around the silent waves.

Mix and match the rights and wrongs,
Stutter, falter, stumble, I'll do it all.
A special strength so it takes,
With all the remorse and hope together.

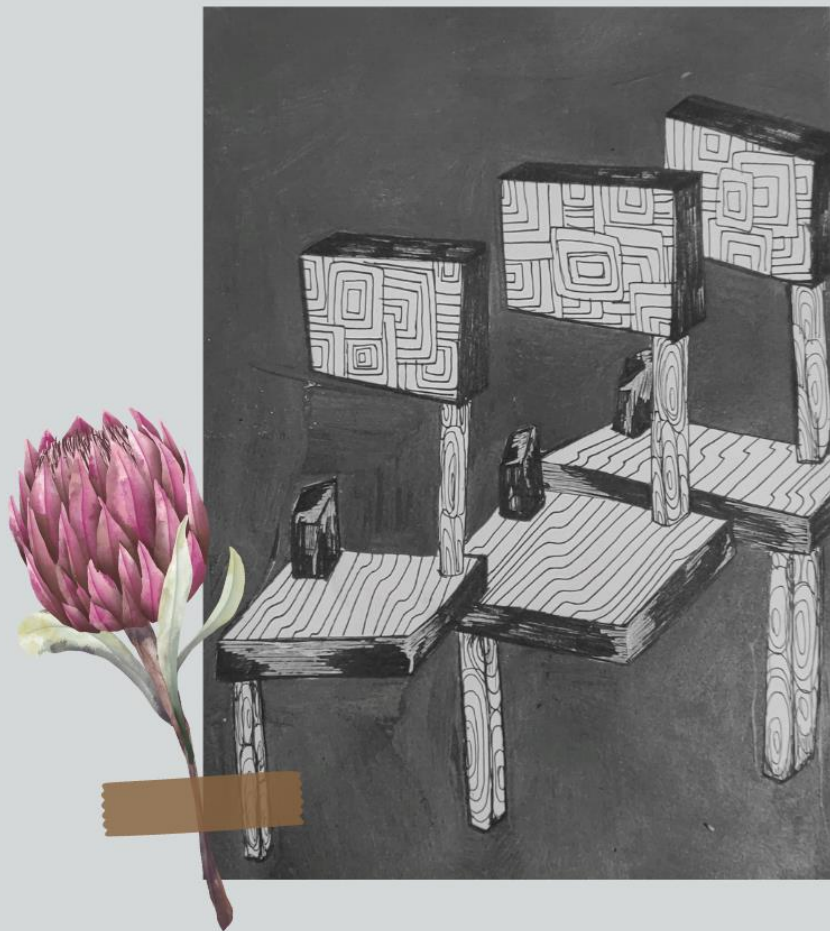
Out of all, self is my religion,
Relishing in belief of my own,
Stepping into the unknown,
To carve a path, one of my dispositions.

Vrinda Singh

IInd Year



Artwork



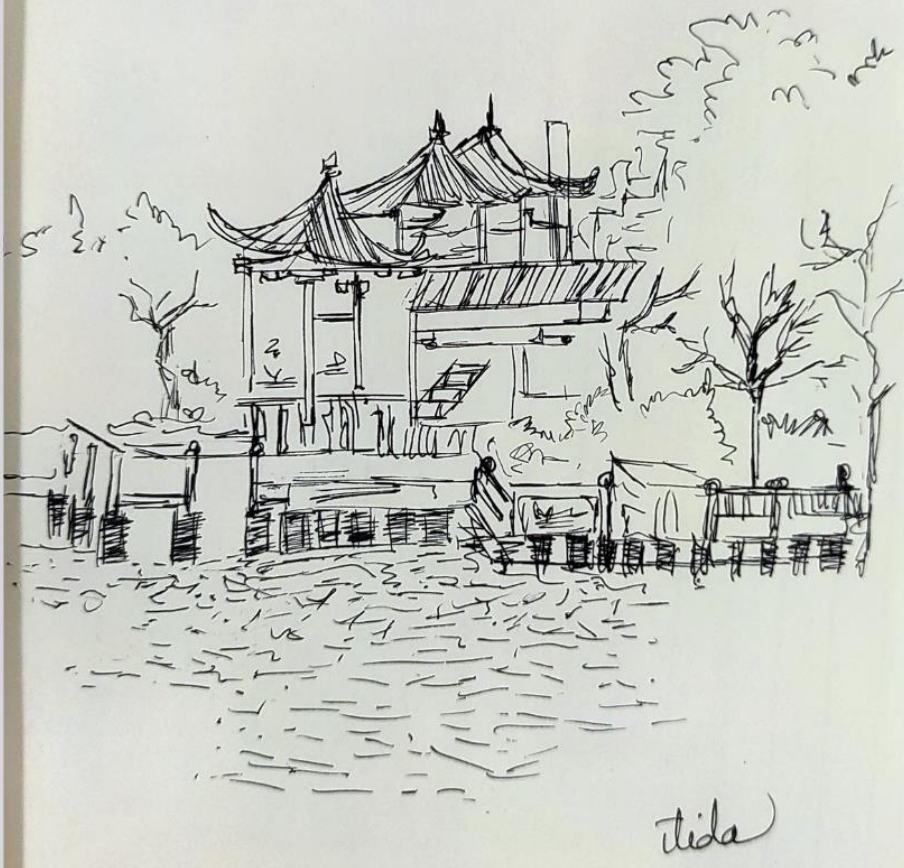


Aditi Singh
IIIrd Year



Aditi Singh
IIIrd Year

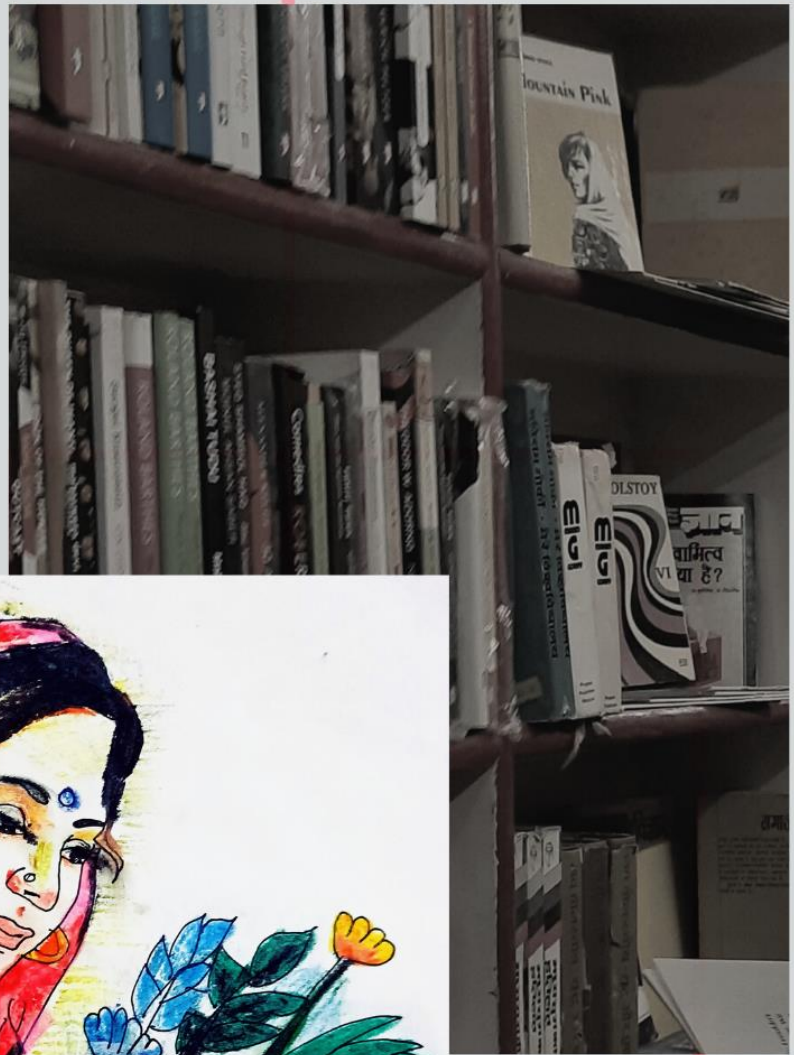
洪湖公园
HONGHU PARK.



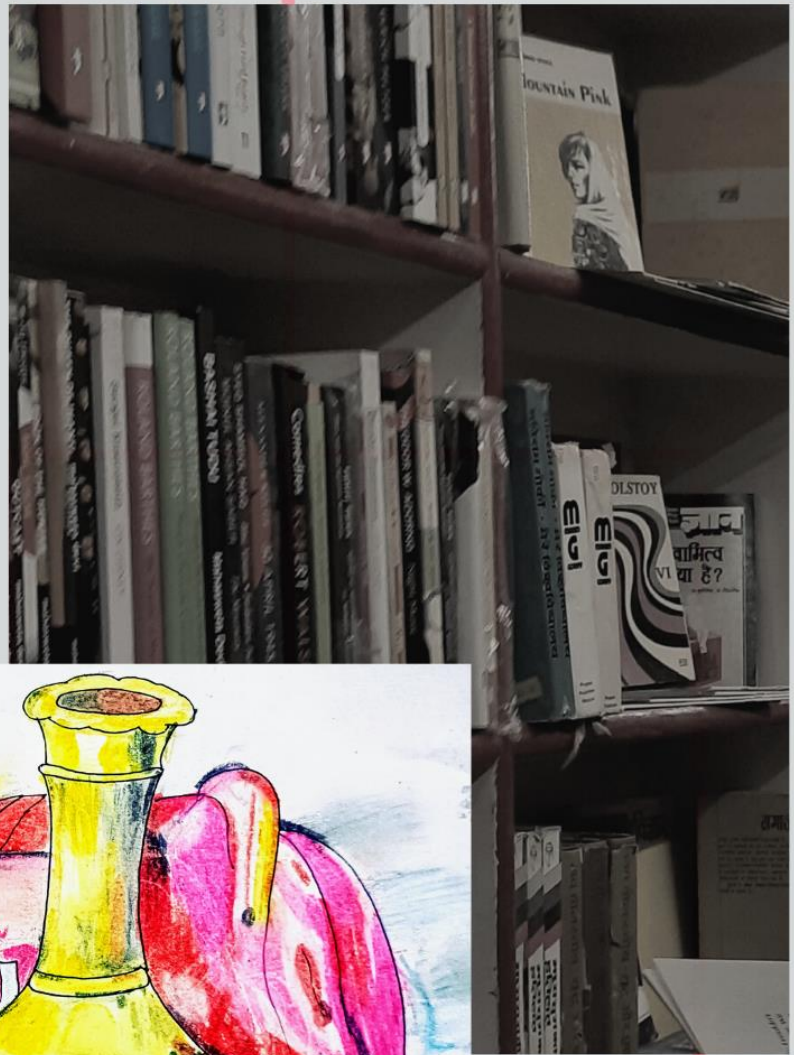
Aditi Singh
IIIrd Year



Avni Nagar
Ist Year



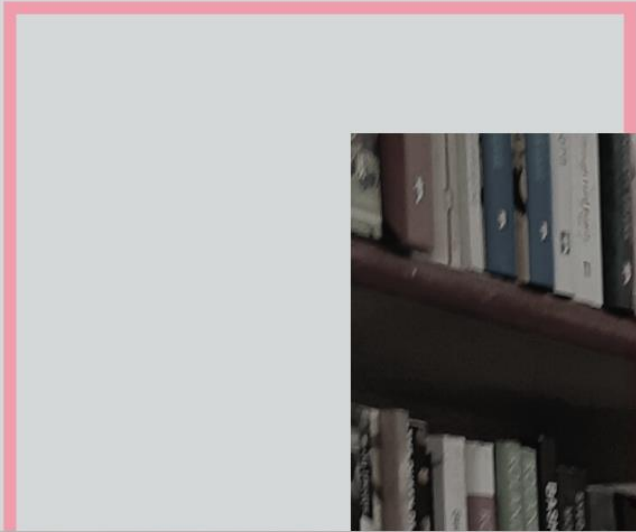
Kanika Bansal
IIIrd Year



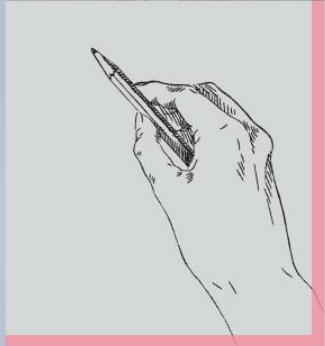
Kanika Bansal
IIIrd Year



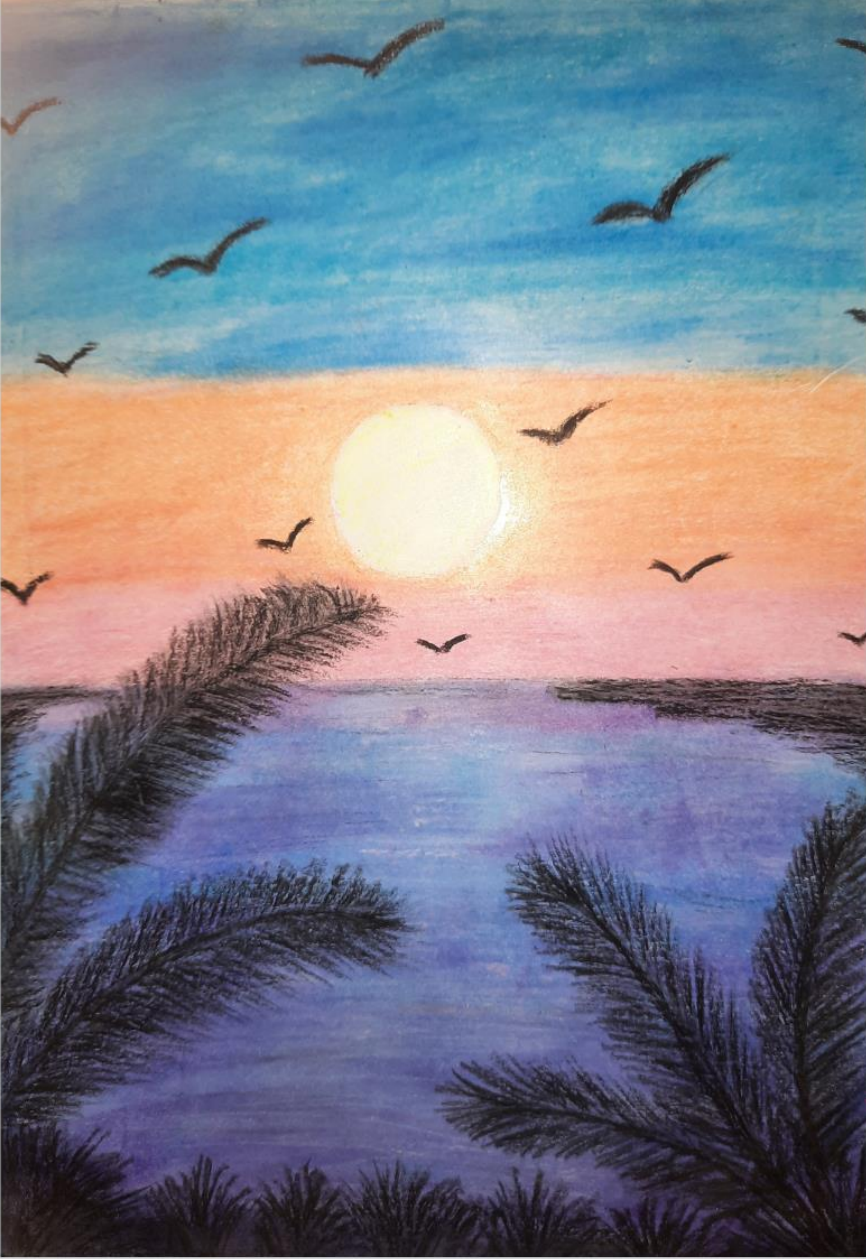
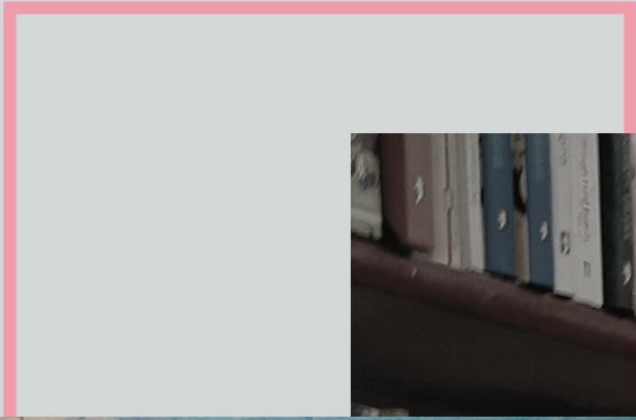
Fatima Khan
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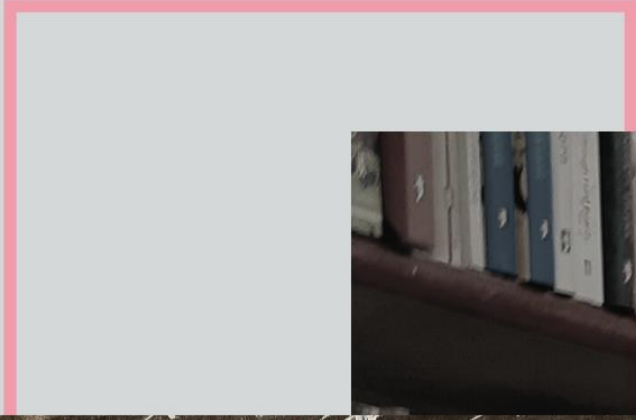
Rajoshree Das
IInd Year



Rajoshree Das
IInd Year



Ranjana Yadav
IIIrd Year



Ranjana Yadav
IIIrd Year



Safia Gangar
IIIrd Year



The English Department is one of the oldest in Kalindi College. Till Recently it had the distinction of teaching each student who has studied in this college, be it whichever course they may have taken. The English Department is known for its excellence in classroom teaching and interaction. Through it's departmental society Mitrakshar (English Literary Society) has over the years organized intellectually stimulating programmes for it's students. We have hosted inter departmental programmes and fests and brought together students from various colleges to engage with and deepen our understanding of the world, it's place in the world and how we may tranform ourselves through literature.

Although the college has a number of publications, including the newsletter as well as a student magazine. The English Department also has an online publication of which this is the sixth volume. second issue. This only publication is an attempt to go beyond and merely academic engagement of the students in their discipline via projects/project presentations. The department enthusiastically carries on it's online publication in the spirit of nurturing the innate talents of it's students.

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