The Journey of Indian English Literature

Shifa Quereshi, T.Y.B.A.

Indian English Literature has attained an independent status in the realm of world literature. Wide ranges of themes are dealt with in Indian Writing in English. While this literature continues to reflect Indian culture, tradition, social values and even Indian history through the depiction of life in India and Indians living elsewhere, recent Indian English fiction has been trying to give expression to the Indian experience of the modern predicaments. There are critics and commentators in England and America who appreciate Indian English novels. Prof. M. K. Naik remarks, “one of the most notable gifts of English education to India is prose fiction for though India was probably a fountain head of story-telling, the novel as we know today was an importation from the west”. English is not an alien language to us. It is the language of our intellectual make-up – like Sanskrit or Persian was before – but not of our emotional make-up. We are all instinctively bilinguial, many of us in our own language and in English. We cannot write like “the English”. We should not. We can only refer to ourselves as Indians. Our method of expression will someday prove to be as distinctive and colorful as the Irish or the Americans.

Rise of Self Help Books

Sharvari Virkar, F.Y.B.A.

When I was young, my favorite part of the week would be when I was led to a local book store and basically just left there for hours on end. The smell of coffee, the promise of a new adventure.... When I was young, my favorite part of the week would be when I was led to a local book store and basically just left there for hours on end. The smell of coffee, the promise of a new adventure....

We can only refer to ourselves as Indians. Our method of expression will someday prove to be as distinctive and colorful as the Irish or the Americans.

```markdown
The Journey of Indian English Literature

Shifa Quereshi, T.Y.B.A.

Indian English Literature has attained an independent status in the realm of world literature. Wide ranges of themes are dealt with in Indian Writing in English. While this literature continues to reflect Indian culture, tradition, social values and even Indian history through the depiction of life in India and Indians living elsewhere, recent Indian English fiction has been trying to give expression to the Indian experience of the modern predicaments. There are critics and commentators in England and America who appreciate Indian English novels. Prof. M. K. Naik remarks, “one of the most notable gifts of English education to India is prose fiction for though India was probably a fountain head of story-telling, the novel as we know today was an importation from the west”. English is not an alien language to us. It is the language of our intellectual make-up – like Sanskrit or Persian was before – but not of our emotional make-up. We are all instinctively bilinguial, many of us in our own language and in English. We cannot write like “the English”. We should not. We can only refer to ourselves as Indians. Our method of expression will someday prove to be as distinctive and colorful as the Irish or the Americans.

Rise of Self Help Books

Sharvari Virkar, F.Y.B.A.

When I was young, my favorite part of the week would be when I was led to a local book store and basically just left there for hours on end. The smell of coffee, the promise of a new adventure.... When I was young, my favorite part of the week would be when I was led to a local book store and basically just left there for hours on end. The smell of coffee, the promise of a new adventure....

We can only refer to ourselves as Indians. Our method of expression will someday prove to be as distinctive and colorful as the Irish or the Americans.
```
Indian Mythological Literature

Pooja Dedhia, T.Y.B.A.

D evdutt Pattanaik is known for his work in mythology and interpretations of ancient Indian scriptures, stories, symbols and rituals. He knows his game well. He plays it subjectively and he plays it safe. In a country like India, where mythology and religion are so inextricably linked and everyone screams bloody murder each time you beg to differ, caution is the only way to go. It is hard to be angry with someone who is merely telling a story the way he understands it, without claiming absolutes. His books and articles are based on Hindu mythology, tales, sagas and heroes, but his disclaimers are always clear and loud. He reminds us over and over, about how it is “his truth”, which may or may not be the same as other people’s truths. He mainly writes on the relevance of mythology (cultural truths) in modern times. He opines that no society can exist without myth as it creates notions of right and wrong, good and bad, heaven and hell, rights and duties. To him, mythology tells people how they should see the world. Different people will have their own mythology, reframing old ones or creating new ones. He hopes to influence the way society perceives myth, and in turn, itself. Devdutt distinguishes between mythological fiction and mythology. He notes that mythology is so popular as it is fantasy rooted in familiar traditional tales. Mythology itself is about figuring out world views of cultures, essentially how people think in a particular cultural ethos. According to him, if people were allowed to revel in their myth and taught to live with other people’s myth, the world would be better. Different people imagine the world differently, and so have different notions of god and life and purpose and death. Culture is essentially domesticated and transformed with nature. These essays, that have been written over ten years, explain various facets of Indian society from rebirth to Gita to Puranas to Rama to Nautanki to plants to places to poetries to temples. As you read the essays, an underlying unity emerges. That is his big idea.

Ruskin Bond-The Eternal Writer

Harshita Nair, F.Y.B.A.

I am an avid reader but am saddened to see that these days authors such as Chetan Bhagat and Durjoy Datta are read more for some reason, the present generation believes that only authors from Western countries can write well. And, in the process, tend to neglect and overlook other equally brilliant writers from our country. I was introduced to the works of Ruskin Bond only a year ago and I regret not having read his books earlier. Not many people born at the end of 20th century and beginning of 21st century know about Ruskin Bond and his contribution to Indian English literature. This in itself is a sad fact. To realise that not many people of the present generation know about the existence of one of India’s most acclaimed writers, is a shameful thing. Ruskin Bond was born in Kasauli, Punjab State Agency, British India, to Edith Glaque and Aubrey Alexander Bond. His father taught English to the princesses of Jamnagar palace and Ruskin and his sister Ellen lived there till he was six. Later, Ruskin’s father joined the Punjab Police and the family moved to Dehradun. Shortly after, a lot of changes took place in his life; he was sent to school in Mussoorie for his high schooling, he says, “I had a pretty lonely childhood and it helps me understand a child better.” It is not very hard to see and tell that Bond’s work reflects his Anglo-Indian experiences and the changing political, social and cultural aspects of India. Bond said that while his autobiographical work, Rain in the Mountains was about his years spent in Mussoorie, scenes from A Writer’s Life are mostly based in Dehra Dun. The latter is said to focus on Bond’s trip to England, his struggle to find a publisher, to write for so long. I started at the age of 17 or 18 and I am still writing. If maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger political issue. We are quick to think that maybe they are not interesting enough. The reason behind this is that there are two retype we hold towards all things Indian. The assumption that ‘foreign’ is better than our own Indian. Maybe it is, in fact, a larger polit
A journey through the pages of Indian history, intense political drama, understanding the basics of the Indian Class system, social obligations to love, discrimination and betrayal seen by the eyes of the disabled family based in Kerala is the shortest explanation one can give for The God of Small Things by Arundhati Roy. The book won the Man Booker Prize in 1997 and has been considered as the face of Indian Cultural Society in the South Indian State of Kerala by many critics. The God of Small Things is a painful story about seven year old Estha and Rahiel, two-egg twins born to Ammu (mother) who live in their maternal grandparents’ house in Ayemenem (Kerala) following Ammu’s divorce.

I’ve made a study on the triangular trading networks between South Asia, Arabia and Africa. The focus in the book is more on trade, trading communities, trading commodities and the networks. They’re also about how Indians have always had an upper hand in the trading markets, despite Indian traders being frequently referred to as having been suppressed by the British Raj in India. I’m trying to debunk the stereotype.

When did you first realize that you wanted to become an author?
A. I never really realized it, to be honest. But yes, when I won my first Best Paper Prize, I wrote one paper on slave trade at Zanzibar and the role of Kachchhi’s. Honestly reading and analyzing my own paper, made me realize that I had immense potential to write professionally. Winning the Best Paper Prize just gave me the required encouragement for me to take on this path.

What is the one single thing on your mind while you write?
A. While writing the one thing that’s always on my mind is the outcome of it, which is very rewarding and satisfactory and at the end of the day when it comes out in black and white, and when it leads to a wider circulation of knowledge, which gives me immense pleasure. The outcome is the one that reaches out to people so whatever I’ve researched by now, if I do not go ahead with publication then it stays with me and now that I publish it I’m able to impart my knowledge through the circulation of the same. So, the outcome of my writing is the one thing that’s always on my mind.

Was there any particular book or person that inspired you to become an author?
A. Not really, but there was Romila Thapar whose books I used to read. I remember I was in TYBA at that time and she had a book which was published by Penguin Publications and it occurred to me like “Oh! Penguin Publications! When am I going to have that?” So, yeah! That was there and the good thing was it finally happened and I didn’t know it would happen, but I’m glad it did!

How would you describe your writing process?
A. It is quizzed and it’s an uphill journey, not easy at all if you ask me. But if you have focus, concentration and a constant link then the work flows by itself. So, even if I don’t have time to sit and write, I’ll just take a few minutes to just write 2-3 lines, just so the link wouldn’t break and every minute of mine I used to think about what to write and how to write. So, I used to work on the books usually late in the night, but it was my work ethic that kept me going.

What is the most surprising thing you learned while writing your books?
A. Oh, the grammatical errors! The full stops, the commas, the hyphens, the semicolons, the articles, everything really! The editors are so particular about this stuff, one mistake and I was under questioning for the same. And if by luck I used some work thinking it is really high sounding and stuff and then I am out under questioning as to what it means, why I used it etc. We always have to be very careful as to what we write and how we write.

How do you manage to find a balance between your job as a professor and your work as an author?
A. The writing part is always in the background no matter how busy or scheduled I am with my college work. The writing is always at the back of my mind. No matter what, I know that I’ll always go back to writing at the end of the day. So, it’s managed very easily. Writing always remains on the cards; it’s never a question at all. Writing is one thing I won’t ever keep off me; it’ll always be with me.

How do you strike a middle path between what you want to write and what people want to read?
A. Well, this is a very good and very difficult question to answer. At times, what your heart tells you is a different thing and what the demand is a different thing. But what I believe in my case that is beautiful and attractive is that I know I’m writing something that has not been written about ever before. I’m bringing something completely new to the table. So, that keeps the curiosity among the readers, creates a different kind of demand and cravings among them. Because, in the end I know that my subject and my research is going to interest people.

What will be your message for all the upcoming budding writers?
A. My very important message for the authors, writers, people who are thinking to write, people looking for publications, is that stay focused at any cost, do not deviate from your subject and your path of writing. There are going to be many deterrents along the way but instead of being distracted by them we need to learn to look past them and concentrate on our work.
To be human again.
To soothe all the pain
To unroot all the hate
Causing hurt and disgrace
Are like guns and grenades
Words that we say
Kunal Patel

I dreamt of you again tonight.
That's when I woke up
made my heart beat wild
An explosion of emotions
with our souls intertwined
our minds dripped in wine
Her hand in mine,
a scintilla of hope I found
made my world go round
made her eyes shine brown
The light on the horizon
I gulped it down
An enticing vial of poison-
Kunal Patel

To what's made me, me.
Is it the memories?
What do I lack?
Is it the culture?
Is it the hate?
I look back
- 4-
But don't you worry
Long journey ahead
take you home
This light will
take you home
Home that will help in recovery.
Oh you are mad at me mother,
Don't scream and shout.
Now that I stand out from the crowd,
Will you love me mother?
I've been bad, mother,
But hate when I try to touch.
I've been bad, mother,
I tried to touch my dreams again.
Will you love me mother?
Now that I stand out from the crowd,
Don't scream and shout.
Oh you are mad at me mother,
For I carved a path of my own,
And now I'm at a place unknown.
Siddhi Momaya, F.Y.B.A.

Who are you?
What's your name?
What defines you?
Are you just here for the fame?

Jumps & Falls
Kunal Patel, F.Y.B.A.
They say happiness will find you
But sadness finds you too And
I'm starting to think it's a better athlete
By the way it sprints towards you.
Because one day
I see you play with the clouds
And the next few weeks
slow dancing with grief
And all your good days spent with joy
vaporized in a minute or two.
You told me to plan your funeral
If I ever took you cliff-diving
I smashed your head & laughed about it
Just like I always do.
But now I see you atop a cliff and it's not adventure sport.
It's only A cliff Diving And you.
And what's worse is
You've made me a bystander
A miserable one too,
Who watches you plummet towards a sea of despair and sorrow
In one continuous loop.
But I will stand here and try,
Over and over again
Until you're ready to talk it through
Because every new day is different
Even though you think your life has one monotonous tone
And every day you'll hear me say
You're my number one
And I'm always gonna be here for you
Even when you yourself aren't.
What is Love?
Kunal Patel, F.Y.B.A.
What the hell is love? We all want something that's raging
Cellphones ain't got us connected but rather caged in
Don't want to risk our heart so we chase flings
So when we fall apart, we just break things
We abuse our heart till it becomes numb
Then we speak ill of love with our zealous tongue
I'm tired of dealing with omitted feelings and filtered emotions
I'm tired of being an old romantic in this rebound generation
We feign to be bold but we're meek to the bone
We creep to the door and then peep thru the hole
We seek a hand to hold, someone who takes us home
When we meet them though, we let them go
We want the perks of love, we want it to work out for us
But when the going gets tough, we rush to pull the plug
I'm tired of dealing with omitted feelings and filtered emotions
I'm tired of being an old romantic in this rebound generation.

Get to the point of a poem.
That's what's made me, me.
What do I lack?
Who should I believe?
Is it the culture?
Is it the hate?
Is it the masonic? Or is it the fate?

I'm crushed between this cruel world
And the monster's ego.
SIN & I
Neha Shaikh, S.Y.B.A.

The sunlit sky and
I'm tired of dealing with omitted feelings and filtered emotions
But when the going gets tough, we rush to pull the plug
We want the perks of love, we want it to work out for us
When we meet them though, we let them go
We creep to the door and then peep thru the hole
We seek a hand to hold, someone who takes us home
When we meet them though, we let them go
We want the perks of love, we want it to work out for us
But when the going gets tough, we rush to pull the plug
I'm tired of dealing with omitted feelings and filtered emotions
I'm tired of being an old romantic in this rebound generation.

Long journey ahead
But don't you worry
This light will take you home
Home that will help in recovery.

Walk through the forest
Towards the Blinding Light
Do not take rest,
Still a lot of demons left to fight.
Long journey ahead
But don't you worry
This light will take you home
Home that will help in recovery.
Walk through the forest
Towards the Blinding Light
Do not take rest,
Still a lot of demons left to fight.

The swaddl shy and
the scholar mind will always
have respect for the wisely kind.

Kunal Patel, F.Y.B.A.

I lose a piece of me,
At every knock on the door.
A hundred times a week,
I'm thrown to the floor.
I had dreams and I had great hopes,
To climb huge mountains only with ropes.
But today,
I'm empty and I'm lost,
I will never forget the monster,
That sold me for a mere cost!
Am I a human? I no longer know,
My future, no fortune teller can show.
I've begun and ended long ago,
I'm crushed between this cruel world
and the monster's ego.

Is it a sin mother?
That I look through these windows of desire,
That my passion blinds me,
And it resembles no other.
Is it a sin to dream mother?
For you love me when I see it,
But hate when I try to touch.
I've been bad, mother,
I tried to touch my dreams again.
Will you love me mother?
Now that I stand out from the crowd,
Don't scream and shout.
Oh you are mad at me mother,
For I carved a path of my own,
And now I'm at a place unknown.

Who are you?
What's your name?
What defines you?
Are you just here for the fame?

Dr. Sindhu Sara Thomas
Editor
Mr. Sunil G. Shengale
Layout Editor
Ms. Shifa Qureshi
Sub-Editors
Ms. Pooja Dedhia
Ms. Shreya Nair
Ms. Pragya Parakh
Ms. Harshita Nair
Ms. Jeena Sam
Ms. Harshita Nair
Sub-Editors
Ms. Shreya Nair
Ms. Pooja Dedhia
Editorial Board
Mr. Sunil G. Shengale
Dr. Sindhu Sara Thomas
Editor
Ms. Pooja Dedhia
Ms. Shifa Qureshi
Ms. Shreya Nair
Ms. Harshita Nair
Ms. Jeena Sam
Ms. Pragya Parakh
Sub-Editors
Ms. Shreya Nair
Ms. Pooja Dedhia
Editorial Board
Dr. Sindhu Sara Thomas
Sub-Editors
Ms. Pooja Dedhia
Ms. Shifa Qureshi
Ms. Shreya Nair
Ms. Harshita Nair
Ms. Jeena Sam
Ms. Pragya Parakh
Layout Editor
Mr. Sunil G. Shengale

---

ARTISTIC RHYTHMS

POISON
Kunal Patel, F.Y.B.A.
An enticing vial of poison-
I gulped it down
The light on the horizon
made her eyes shine brown
A carousel of amusement
made my world go round
Drowning in dark waters
a scintilla of hope I found
Her hand in mine,
our minds dripped in wine
We had our first kiss
with our souls intertwined
An explosion of emotions
made my heart beat wild
That’s when I woke up
I dreamt of you again tonight.

CHANGE
Kunal Patel, F.Y.B.A.
Words that we say
Are like guns and grenades
Because they disturb and disgrace
Cauing hurt and disgrace
So why don’t we use them instead
To unroot all the hate
To soothe all the pain
To be human again.

SILENCE
Neha Shaikh, S.Y.B.A.
I write of silence
It has a lot to say.
The breath between words,
At times a whisper, at times a scream.
Its simplicity is heavier than,
The complexity of creativity
There you find answers,
There you question.
Silence is deafening,
It muffles your cries,
There you war,
There you are at peace.
Enamoured in contradiction,
The road to the soul,
Discovery of the self!
As pure as it is,
Reveals the truest of man.

SPECTRUM

---