



PRASANTA CHANDRA MAHALANOBIS MAHAVIDYALAYA

PALIMPSESTS

2022-23

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

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From the Desk of the Principal

My Dear Students and Faculty,

I am really thrilled for having the privilege to proclaim the launch of the second issue of the Webzine for the Department of English of this college. Amidst the impenetrable darkness of utmost despair during the pandemic period of 2020 this Webzine was released for the first time rendering the ultimate triumph of life. As a brainchild of Dr. Sukanta Das, Head of the department of English, this digital platform will serve as a creative outlet for our talented students within the department, enabling them to showcase their literary prowess and contribute to the vibrant intellectual community we foster.

The Department of English has always been a hub of creativity, critical thinking, and the exploration of culture and language. The Webzine will provide an avenue for the students and faculty to express their unique perspectives, engage in literary analysis, and share their insights with a wider audience.

Through this platform, we aim to celebrate the diverse literary traditions, promote intellectual discourse, and highlight the remarkable achievements of our English department. The Webzine will feature a variety of genres, including poems, short stories, articles, and more, offering readers a comprehensive and immersive experience into the world of literary arts.

I encourage all students and faculty members to actively participate in the Webzine by submitting their original pieces and sharing their intellectual insights. This collaborative effort will not only enhance the writing skills and critical thinking abilities of our students but also foster a sense of camaraderie and intellectual growth within the department.

I would also like to express my gratitude to all the teachers of the department, headed by Dr. Das, who have worked tirelessly to bring this Webzine to fruition. Their passion and commitment to excellence have ensured that this platform stands as a testament to the outstanding talent and creativity within our English department. Their efforts and expertise have been instrumental in shaping this platform into a space that truly represents the talent and intellectual depth of our English department.

Finally, I invite everyone to explore the Webzine with an open mind and an insatiable appetite for knowledge. Let us engage in enriching discussions, celebrate the diversity of thought, and collectively contribute to the intellectual tapestry of our college.

Wishing all the best in this literary endeavours and looking forward to witnessing the immense talent of the department.

Dr. Arnab Ghosh

Principal, Prasanta Chandra Mahalanobis Mahavidyalaya

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Dream On

-Manisha Karmakar, Semester VI-

*Lonely nights, I stay awake
Praying to God my soul to take
My heart has grown too frigid to break
“I know I’m great”*

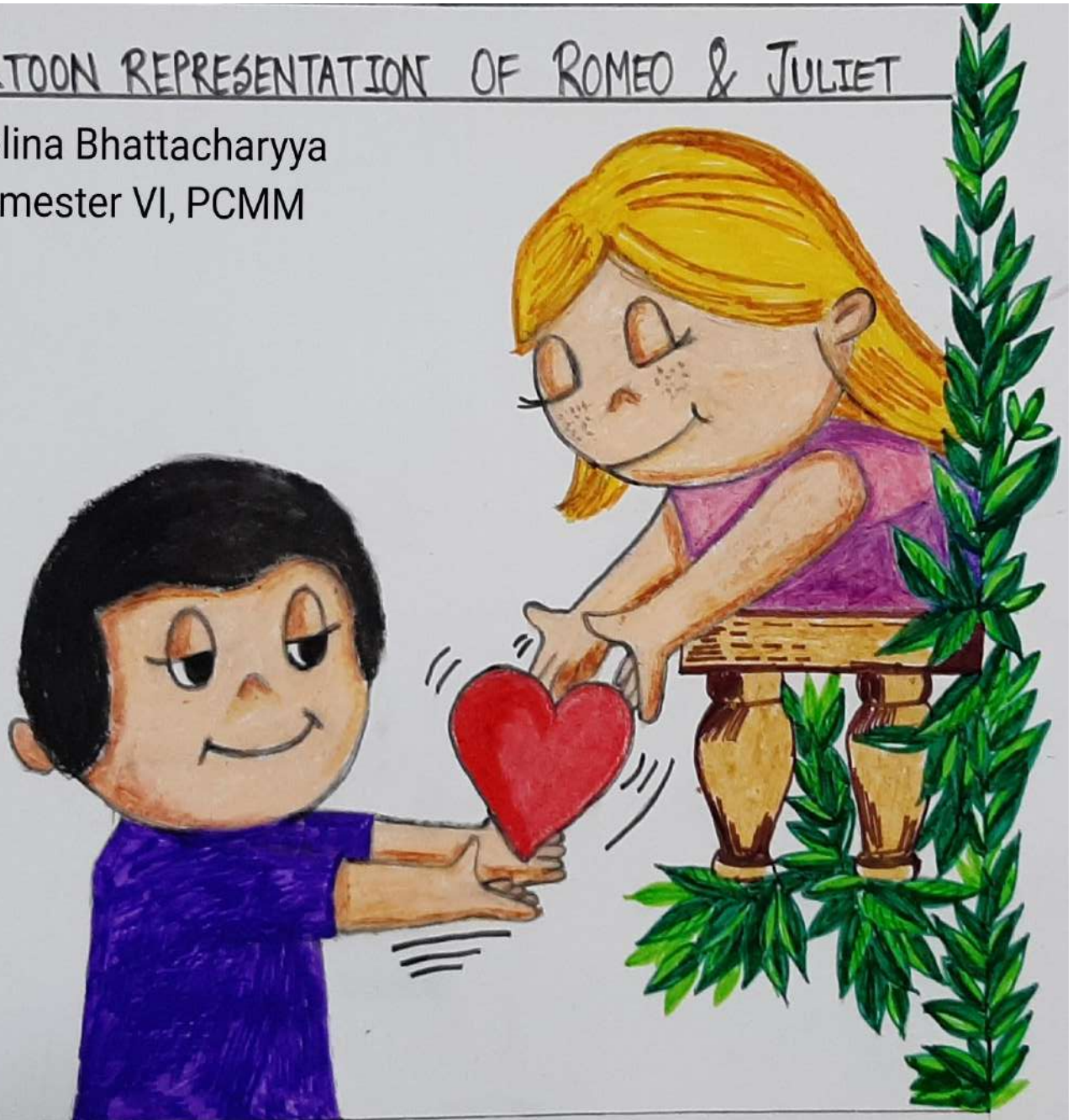
*I know it can’t be said.
I always ponder if I should check
The temperature of the room
As soon as I step in
All eyes are on me
Thus I attempt to keep myself away from eye contact
Or else, it opens a door for conversation as if I want that.*

*Never asked life to deal with me
With these hands I have dealt with predicaments
Shall take these cards for myself
Flip them
And don’t expect any help.*

*All my life I have been told to wait
But I will go for it now
There will be no debate.*

CARTOON REPRESENTATION OF ROMEO & JULIET

Deblina Bhattacharyya
Semester VI, PCMM



The Fire Within Her

-Mohilika Ghoshal, Sem V-

Her attire only revealed her eyes,
Through which I could see miles,
Into her soul which hid layers,
Deep secrets of tortures and betrayals.

Her life went on a whirl,
When they took away her girl
Because they wanted a boy
To carry on their surname.

She was lashed every day,
As if they just wanted to say,
"You are a piece of waste
So clear the world of your place"

Though she wanted to redeem herself,
And couldn't call on for help.
But soon, she saw a ray of light.
Inside her, shining, burning bright.

She regained the faith she had lost,
And the confidence to fight at all cost.
The lashes ceased and now they say,
"Salute you lady, you found your way".





HAMLET
AND
OPHILIA

SEM-2 ARUP
Roll-343 MARICK

THE LOST MUSE

-Deblina Bhattacharyya, Semester VI-

*I chuck the paintbrush away,
in frustration,
feeling helpless and angry,
at my situation.*

*It's been four of the longest hours of my life
that I've been at this canvas,
but nothing comes to me,
no matter how much I try.*

*It's been this way for quite a few weeks now
and now I'm just exasperated.*

*Painting used to be the one thing I was good at,
the one thing I could do even with my eyes closed —
my escape.*

*But here I am, sitting with an empty canvas,
the colours intact in the palette.*

*Running my hands through my hair,
I grab my coat and storm outside.*

*Maybe if I take a break,
I can find my lost inspiration again.*

*I sit down at a table inside a cafe on Concord Street,
and order a cup of espresso.*

*As I wait for my coffee, I look around the quaint little place,
the colourful paper lanterns and butterfly motifs on the walls catching my eye,
before they alight on her, sitting by the window
as she gazes at the world outside passing by.*

*I draw in a sharp breath, mesmerized by her beauty —
she is a vision, in all her grace.*

*She sits there, her chin resting upon her hand,
as if just waiting to be painted, her face,
pensive, her eyes looking dreamily out the window.*

*Her white floral dress brings out her sun-kissed complexion,
she seems to emanate a soft, otherworldly glow.*

That Shallow Clough

-Katha Chakraborty, Semester 3-

Just Stop There!

At that overhanging cliff...

Where sun sets with great care,
Stream's beneath but you're stiff.

Just Stop There!

Where the jungle is dark;
And the blooming flowers are rare,
As they always leave touchy mark.

Just Stop There!

As the Linn is dense.
See? The Water really doesn't dare...
To jump down and break the fence.

Just Stop There!

Where the river seems mild,
A grave stroke, under the soft layer
Just like a lovely child.

Just Know This!

Never Ends the road of joy and love;
Time circles back and sticks
To That Heavenly, Shallow and Lively Clough...

M
A
C
B
E
T
H



Fair Is Foul
and
Foul Is Fair

I Can Never Be a Hill-ian

-Dr Sukanta Das-

Associate Prof. & Head

Dept of English



*We have a vision of our own;
Ah! Why should we undo it?*

William Wordsworth: "Yarrow Unvisited"

The montane lanes barricaded by unknown flowers and wild creepers is an usual sight in any hill station. The hills and streams offer the much needed breathing space to the city dwellers who breathe soothing air away from the cacophony of daily busy life. I have read somewhere that between journey and destination, it's the company that is perhaps more important than the other two. This is perhaps true in the case of most travel destinations but I seem to have a different perception. When you undertake a sojourn in a hilly area, you need neither a company nor other accessories that usually make travel exciting. I visited Chuikhim located in the district of Kalimpong where only 260 families reside. It's a small hamlet in the lap of a hilly region surrounded by Leesh Chu, a shimmering river. There are a number of streams like Chel, Ghish etc. that add to the unique charm of the place. When I thought of visiting this unexplored, ordinary hamlet a year ago, I anticipated the usual charm of any hill station with exciting possibilities and magnificent scenic beauty. There is however nothing spectacular about the place—it's rather ordinary, humdrum place marked by a slow pace of life. After reaching the place, I enquired of the possible 'spots' I might visit to experience the joys of travel. A handful of homestays were there and the owners couldn't offer much in terms of the places I might visit except some spots away from the place. I decided against taking the trouble to visit those remarkable places, for I had by that time started getting myself immersed in the extreme ordinariness of the place—its quotidian life and rhythm. The undercurrent throbbing of life runs through the pulse of this small village, though it appears to be magically suspended in time. Chuikhim does not impress you with her ineffable beauty— a number of houses here and there and fewer people engaged in agriculture are visible in different corners of the hamlet. I strolled here and there without the compulsive need of a 'traveller' to see or explore neighbouring places. I felt like stepping out of my cosy homestay and sitting somewhere on a small cliff and looking around. There was not much to be seen, as I said earlier. It was a life lived unceremoniously and unnoticed—a life which was full, complete and contented with very little to complain about or ask for. I sat on some cliffs and gazed around for hours without thinking much of myself or the world around me. It was a feeling generated not by any lofty ideals nor grandeur of life. It was an ethereal feeling—something I could neither talk about nor experience again. The villagers were busy with their own work—grazing their cattle, and helping them return to their place. They chatted with me for a while and it was an ordinary chat unmarked by the feel of a traveller. The place was marked by the conspicuous absence of 'tourists' and only a handful of travellers remained overshadowed by the very humdrum life lived in the region. It was just an ordinary day in a different locale—familiar yet strangely ethereal. There was not much to do except sitting on a cliff, or loitering along the labyrinthine rocky lanes that seemed to merge with and break from other lanes. The more I looked around the more I seemed to get distant from the place.

There was no logical way to explain its existence, I had no words to flesh my experience with. I started to get into the untapped pulsations of Chuikhim life but I failed to integrate with it. The small hamlet remained outside the gamut of my emotional and intellectual experience.

I stayed at Chuikhim for two days in the month of March and it was cold. The second day of my stay was like the previous day—no excitement as such, no adventures and no great spectacle. Strangely enough I found joy and happiness even on the second day, and it welled up not from the anticipated desire of witnessing something remarkable or extraordinary. But somehow the sheer ordinariness seemed to fascinate me—the remarkably slow pace of life with its unique rhythm. After breakfast I decided to trek to a nearby monastery which was not fully constructed. There was neither the compulsion to reach the spot within a stipulated time limit nor was there any obligation to reach the spot at all. The trekking was inspired by a desire to explore the place a bit and also to experience the throbbing pulsations of life lived among the trees and rocks. The montane journey itself transported me to some unknown place cut off from the plaguing questions of life. While sitting on a rock, I started contemplating my experience—what this journey was all about. Honestly speaking I couldn't make out much. It was as if I failed to figure out what life meant for me, for us and for all of us who are desperately seeking to know its meaning and worth. The 'big' questions of life seemed to vanish and I thankfully remained preoccupied with my existence for that moment. Sometimes the residue of life lived somewhere away from that small hamlet resurfaced because of my mobile phone. When the subdued sun was setting down behind some hill, I looked at a small house and tried to imagine what kind of life was being lived there. What were the inhabitants doing? Were they plagued by the trials and tribulations of life? Of course I knew that people in hilly regions are handicapped by a number of wants—scarcity of drinking water, poor road connectivity etc. They have to struggle a lot to make both ends meet as earning a livelihood is not easy. I was aware of all these predicaments and tried to imagine the hardships faced by them. However when I looked at those little houses, I was not thinking of the struggle and difficulty encountered by them. I was simply awestruck by the kind of simple and unassuming lifestyle people lived. I tried to think how I might cultivate this envious spirit of living at ease despite the predicaments all around. While returning back home I kept on thinking why I felt so entwined with the place—a small hamlet unmarked by the grandeur or extraordinariness of life. I further tried to think why I remained an outsider despite my best attempt at integration with the place. Honestly speaking I didn't have any clue to it except perhaps the realisation that the sense of exalted 'extraordinariness' in me or my being didn't fit in with the extreme ordinariness of the place to which only the hilly people had access.



DEBLINA BHATTACHARYYA
SEMESTER-6

EMOTIONAL ODYSSEY : NAVIGATING LOVE, HATE, ANGER, AND HONESTY

Jayanta Chowdhury (Sem - 3)

LOVE : A MULTIFACETED JOURNEY OF CONNECTION AND COMPASSION

Love is a universal emotion that transcends boundaries and connects people in profound and meaningful ways. It is a force that can ignite the deepest passions within us and bring joy, comfort, and fulfillment to our lives.

Love encompasses a range of emotions, from the tender affection we feel for family and friends to the romantic and passionate love that fuels relationships.

It has the power to inspire acts of kindness, compassion, and selflessness, reminding us of our shared humanity.

Love is a transformative force that can heal wounds, bridge divides, and create lasting bonds. It is a fundamental aspect of the human experience, reminding us that in the vastness of the world, the connections we forge with one another are what truly give life its meaning.

HATRED AND IT'S IMPACT : EXAMINING THE DARK SIDE OF HUMAN EMOTIONS

Hatred is a destructive and corrosive emotion that can poison relationships, communities, and even societies. It is born out of deep-seated anger, fear, prejudice, or resentment towards individuals or groups based on their race, religion, ethnicity, gender, or other characteristics. Hatred blinds people to empathy, compassion, and understanding, leading to acts of discrimination, violence, and oppression. It perpetuates cycles of negativity and perpetuates a toxic atmosphere of division and hostility. Overcoming hatred requires a commitment to fostering tolerance, respect, and acceptance. By promoting empathy, education, and dialogue, we can work towards a more inclusive and harmonious world where hatred has no place.

UNLEASHING THE POWER OF ANGER : UNDERSTANDING, MANAGING AND TRANSFORMING EMOTIONS

Anger is a powerful and complex emotion that arises in response to perceived threats, injustices, or frustrations. It is a natural human response that can range from mild irritation to intense rage. Anger can be triggered by various factors, such as personal disappointments, conflicts, or societal issues. While anger itself is not inherently negative, how we express and manage it is crucial.

Uncontrolled or misdirected anger can lead to destructive behavior, harm relationships, and have adverse effects on mental and physical health. However, anger can also be a catalyst for positive change when channeled constructively. It can motivate us to address injustices, set boundaries, and advocate for ourselves and others.

Learning to recognize, understand, and manage anger in healthy ways is essential for maintaining emotional well-being and promoting peaceful interactions with others.

Cultivating skills like communication, empathy, and self-reflection can help transform anger into a tool for personal growth and positive social change.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HONESTY : BUILDING TRUST AND INTEGRITY

Honesty is a virtue that lies at the core of trust, integrity, and authenticity. It is the quality of being truthful, sincere, and transparent in our words, actions, and intentions.

Honesty builds a foundation of trust and credibility in our relationships, whether personal or professional. It involves not only telling the truth but also avoiding deception, deceit, or misleading others. Honesty requires courage, as it sometimes means confronting uncomfortable truths and taking responsibility for our actions.

By embracing honesty, we foster open communication, promote ethical behavior, and create an environment where trust can flourish. Honesty is not always easy, but its value is immeasurable, as it allows for genuine connections, mutual respect, and personal growth. It is a guiding principle that leads to a life of integrity and contributes to a more trustworthy and harmonious society.

SEARCHING

Soumendranath Karan (Sem 5)



Where can I find you my love?
I haven't forgotten your face, though I don't have your picture.
I couldn't find you in any other media.
But I tried to find you in every song
I listened to,
Every Love story I knew,
Every music that I composed.
I may find you in the things which are mine, which I love.
Is it important to find?
Isn't it better to find throughout the
entire life than getting and not finding
better ways to love?
Can't we be failed in finding?
It'll be my win in defeat.
It's better to not find.
It's better to have a blank.
Because a Blank space can be filled up,
But it's awful to find that the place was
actually filled up with emptiness.



Dreams Unfold

Soumili Bakshi (Sem 3)

In dreams, we wander,
Through life's grand design,
Seeking solace and wonder,
In moments so fine!

Colors collide, a vibrant array,
On the canvas of existence we play,
Each stroke, a story untold,
Whispered from young to old.

Words dance upon the paper's edge,
A symphony of thoughts, a poet's pledge,
Echoes of longing, love and pain,
In verses eternal, their essence remain.



Belief

Ratneswar Das (Sem - 3)

**Deep with the essence of human heart ,a spark ignites,
A flame that flickers and brings forth wondrous sights.**

**It is the power of belief that resides within us,
It guides our path like a living compass.**

**Belief is a beacon that lights up the way,
It dispels the darkness of insecurity at bay.
O belief ! Be my aspiration, my guiding star,
Leading me forward, no matter how far!**

**With you by my side, I will face every test,
Together we will conquer trials and tribulations, giving our best.
Just as beloved's love to her lover, an eternal bliss,
With you , my compeer, I will find eternal peace.**

Amen



DIGITAL EMBRACES

Nandita Bhaumik Chowdhury

Faculty, Dept. of English



In the heart of the bustling city, where skyscrapers kissed the clouds and neon lights painted the streets in a vibrant glow, Emma and Alex found themselves entangled in the complexities of modern love. Their connection, like many in the digital age, unfolded through screens and emojis, a dance of pixels and emotions.

Their story began with a swipe, a serendipitous encounter in the vast realm of a dating app. Messages flowed like a digital stream, carrying laughter, shared interests, and the subtle vulnerabilities hidden behind carefully chosen words. In the virtual space, they constructed a world where emojis conveyed what words sometimes couldn't.

Texts turned into late-night calls, and calls into video chats.

Faces that once existed in pixelated form on screens became tangible entities during sporadic meet-ups in coffee shops and crowded restaurants. The rhythm of their relationship echoed the pulse of the online world – instant, dynamic, and constantly evolving.

Yet, in the midst of virtual connectivity, Emma and Alex grappled with the paradox of distance. The same screens that brought them together also erected barriers, leaving them yearning for the warmth of physical touch amidst the cold glow of devices. Dates were shared through photos and messages, a collage of moments stitched together across digital timelines.



A romantic scene of a couple embracing on a balcony at night. The man is wearing a light-colored hoodie and the woman is wearing a dark top. They are looking out over a cityscape with lights visible in the distance. The background is a gradient of blue and purple, suggesting a sunset or sunrise.

As their connection deepened, so did the challenges.

Trust was built on text read receipts and timestamps, and jealousy festered in the gaps between online conversations. Social media became a double-edged sword, offering glimpses into each other's lives while simultaneously feeding insecurities.

In the labyrinth of modern love, Emma and Alex questioned the authenticity of their emotions. Was love truly found in the precision of crafted messages and curated photos, or did it require the messy, unfiltered intimacy of the real world?

The turning point came during a spontaneous weekend getaway. In a quaint town far from the glow of screens, Emma and Alex discovered the power of touch, the nuances of unspoken words, and the vulnerability that only physical presence could unravel. They realized that love, in its truest form, needed to transcend the digital veil and find a place in the tangible, messy, and beautifully imperfect world around them.



Thank You

