

# School of Business Studies and Social Sciences




## *Litscape*

English and History Forum



**Volume 4 Issue III**





# FOREWORD

From the satin ribbons tied around ponytails, to ties hanging down shirts; fashion is everywhere.

From bedtime stories, to books for the flight; so is Literature.

Volume 3 edition 3, themed: Fashion and Literature: Relevance, Coexistence and Contemporary Reality aims to encompass the intricate world of fashion into poetry, prose, fiction and photography.

This amalgamation of Fashion and Literature is a stage to accommodate an individual's passion for both. It is also an opportunity for the readers to explore the topic and introduce themselves to the representation of Fashion through Literature.

- Devangi Godara  
Student Coordinator



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# Masquerade

- Divya Sherwani

The rising sun brings a new day  
along with it  
A day full of new opportunities  
But for me, it brings  
Yet another day to wear my mask  
To show something else to the  
world,  
Something that I am not.  
But I have questions to ask-  
Do I really need to  
Wear that uncomfortable dress  
Apply layers of foundation  
And spend hours to doll up  
Why is everyone expected  
To look beautiful  
To conform to the society's  
standards  
That rates people based on their  
looks  
Rather than their deeds  
Can they not accept me?  
The way I am  
Can they not love me?  
For who I am  
For the way I am created

In my attempt to become  
Someone who I am not  
What am I trying to hide  
Under all those thick layers  
My dark past  
Or my flaws  
And I often wonder what defines me –  
The way I think ?  
The way I love and care for people?  
Or my ability to dress up and act  
according to the society's will?  
Alas ! After a long tiring day  
I remove my mask  
To finally be myself  
In the absence of everyone  
That is the only time  
One can see my real beauty  
My inner self  
Determined by my actions  
Not by my looks  
And so I am trying to make myself  
believe  
What matters most-  
Is not what they think I am  
But what I believe I am  
And can be!





# *Wounded Fashion?*

- Kriti Dugar

I have seen people  
hide scars and marks  
on their bodies  
as if it is  
something that they need  
to be ashamed of  
or keep it hidden from  
the world that  
stands and stares  
at it from outside.

They believe they need  
to keep those scars hidden  
behind pretty earrings  
or long sleeved sweaters  
for they are ugly  
black spots on  
their skins so white.

But darling  
these scars and marks  
are yours.

So own them and  
show them with pride  
They sing your stories  
Of everything you have  
weathered  
And what you have been  
through.

They show everything  
you overcame  
and how brave you were  
and are now.

They tell me  
how beautiful is not  
just you  
without scars or marks  
but how you are  
beautiful with them too.  
Because beauty fades away  
Like these marks will too  
But what you are  
Always shines through.





# *Silent Happiness*

- Smriti Bhat

**I look into the mirror and see someone  
Someone pretty , someone bold  
That person silently smiles,  
Knowing that the gorgeousness is limited to the  
mirror.**

**Caressing my alter ego I get ready ,  
Finding the matching earrings for my kurti ,  
black leggings and shoes that are dirty.**

**Lub-Dub**

**Lub-Dub**

**Lub-Dub**

**Lub-Dub**

**My heart goes,**

**And it fades away,**

**I look into the mirror again,**

**And again,**

**Only to realize that I have already reached the  
top of the ladder in the sky**

**In sweet Heaven or sweet Hell**

**Kurti**

**Earrings**

**And leggings**

**For nothing**



**No heartbeats and no excitement of  
reaching somewhere  
"Oh ! See her dressing sense sucks" , they  
said  
I had enough  
It has been ten days since my murderer  
has taken my life  
All in the conspiracy of fashion  
It ate me  
Lub-Dub  
Lub-Dub  
Lub-Dub  
Lub-Dub**

**The heartbeat fades away  
Somewhere, someone in that mirror  
Is blending into silent happiness and  
terror.**



# *To Wear Or Not To Wear*

- VidyaVishwakarma



To wear or not to wear...nah! Not that colour; that's too loud.

That one! No, that doesn't suit your complexion.

That outfit! You look too fat in that.

With these thoughts ticking at the back of my head, I take tiny steps, inching closer to my closet.

Black? Too bold.

Pink? Too girly.

Red? Too ethnic.

God! The brain doesn't stop. That one time it did, I stepped out in an off-shoulder. I was asking for it then. The other day when I wore that red ethnic dress, I was termed "proper wife material".

Right from Elaine Showalter to Helena Cixous, the theory remained restricted to the luxurious four walls with me as a pupil, having dreams in my eyes and my hopes up high. Today, I wonder as I step out with clothes covering miles of my skin - Where did the fashion in me disappear? As I stand close to the mirror, with shattered confidence, I still ponder over the question - To wear or not to wear...?



**Fashion to me is expressing myself without words. It makes me feel good and confident about myself and my choices. It should be comfortable in a way that it allows me to move freely and dance away the night when I happen to chance upon the opportunity.**

**Fashion, is in a way, necessary to be recognized by a group, a community or a school. It is also a statement for me - be it political or an outlet of rebellion for a teen. Its purpose is to make you feel alive, heard, present and expressive.**

**And these are the reasons that make me believe that changing your wardrobe is the quickest way to feel that you can change yourself and the world and in doing so, make a whole lot of things better.**

*What Is Fashion Again?*

**- Jeremy Majaw**





A photograph of Harry Styles and Jharvarth walking down a red carpet. Jharvarth, on the left, has long dark hair, a beard, and is wearing a red velvet cape over a red top and matching red pants. He is wearing a silver headband with a floral design and is laughing. Harry Styles, on the right, is wearing a black lace top with a high collar and black pants. He has visible tattoos on his arms, including a heart and a crown. He is smiling and looking towards Jharvarth. The background is filled with photographers and bright camera flashes.

*Let's Camp Away  
Fashion!*

- Sheetal Pandey



**Can you hear that? Fashion is screaming and it's deafening and utterly chic! Experiment is the new trend as the world mirrors it across time zones and Camp fashion is right here - unbudging - to prove what experimentation is all about.**

**Here goes Camp - aesthetic yet tacky, over-the-top-but-just-right and so bad that it's good. It's exactly what we're looking for; a mood, an expression, a pull-it-off mission no one would be able to replicate. It isn't here to make ripples, no. It is here to make tides. And this year's MET Gala just proved it.**

**For the first time, the MET Gala had a theme that actually freaked a few celebrities and even got a few of them to withdraw from appearing at the event! But no one's to blame here because not everyone understands Camp but tell you a secret? You don't need to understand Camp, really. If you've got that oomph with a dash of true confidence and a sprinkle of experimentation, anyone can pull it off. And watching MET this year, all I could think of were the experimentalists like Oscar Wilde, Lady Gaga and Harry Styles (both who did appear for the MET by the way) crushing all gender roles and gendered fashion to dust beneath their style statements to introduce, most elegantly might I add, the concept of Fluid Fashion to this mundane world.**

**Their style statements ROARED alright. It brought the MET to life and it screamed out to the world "Judge me and I'll come back bolder". From men wearing fine lace and dazzling shimmer to women wearing a palette of outrageously fantastical colours and dressing up as literal chandeliers, MET's Camp outweighed all the stale pompousness from the earlier themes and redesigned the reflections of today where there's revival of Art, cross-cultural understanding, countercultural sensibilities that defy the status quo and experimentation in terms of understanding of the self, of expression, of gender and of fluidity.**

**So then, what really is Fashion? Is it experimentation? Is it Art? Is it an expression? Or is it acceptance? I'd say after all this talk, maybe it doesn't fall under such small and confining categories. Maybe it is a phenomena that's not so easy to fathom like Change, Evolution, Inspiration and Enhancement. Because at the end of the day, Fashion isn't the kind of clothes you wear or the accessories you don; it's the body and it's acceptance, it's confidence, it's creation and recreation. The world's just waiting for you to Camp it off!**



# *Coordinated Chaos*

- Palak Jain



Fashion might just be a way of doing a specific thing - usually related to styling - but it has broadly infected our minds with how big of a deal it is to stay forward in terms of fashion. It would only be right to deduce it to the fact that fashion has now become a disease: it infects and is contagious. It's funny how it has evolved like Ebola, but with more casualties. There is a reason people want to buy what celebrities are wearing but cannot stand another person wearing the same clothes as them on the street.

It used to be a way to familiarise oneself in a world of unfamiliar people so that the way you dress up could state what you couldn't or haven't. However, rather than familiarising and adapting, fashion today has become a dictator. It's not worse than a disease in the sense that it has infected people - even those that want to remain indifferent - with judgement and precautions for not falling prey to the dictators.

In the end, there's no throne and instead what's left is a need, an urge almost, to get deeper and deeper into the shallow spaces that lie in the abyss that is fashion.





# Primal

- Shivangi Lahiri

**Black.**

Have you seen black clothes, much less worn one? Have you wondered how they make you feel?

It is not just about someone dying and the others being in mourning, you know. It is not just about being emo.

There is so much more to it.

Black makes you want to blend in, and at the same time, stand out. Black gives you an air of mystery. Hey, apparently, black makes you look slimmer, but then again, when have societal standards ever been isolated from any aspect of life?

Black gives you power and control.

Black, is you.

**Red.**

The colour of fire; colour of marriage; colour of passion.

Red is the colour you would see her wearing on the dance floor. Red is what you would see when she comes up to you and takes your hand. Red is the colour of her lipstick when she whispers in your ear, taking you to places unknown.

Red, is what you will see when you smash that vase against the wall when she leaves you after the night, with nothing other than a fleeting intimacy.

Red, is her.

**White.**

You see white and you shudder. You see white, and you smile.

Maybe someone died. Maybe someone got married.

Maybe someone married a dead person.

Angels sing in white. White is pure. White is rare, yet everywhere.

White, is them.

And the world, with its brightness and its contrast, is an entire rainbow. One waiting to be explored, to be imbibed



# *The Commercial Parache Of Fashion*

- Srimoyee Biswas

Fashion has defined generations and style is perhaps what defines an individual. For ages, the question lies: How can one bridge style with fashion? Be it from dressing to food and to words, we have all followed a particular structure. However, what's interesting to note is how the so called "fashion statement" is something monopolized by capital.

Initially, the idea was indeed associated with individualism, perhaps a sense of uniqueness and mastery over one's own inner and exterior potential to reflect exactly how they want to be seen. But often, the posh tea party going aunties and their talks have made me wonder that Chanel and Sabyasachi were the people to refer to. That the idea of being elite and ergo appreciative in the upper urban circle was to beware of a group of people and their products and designs which was possibly attainable at cost and capital. While these people became the ideal examples of Bordieu's 'cultural capital', the work behind these expensive designs go unnoticed. Borrowed from dying art forms and unpaid or underpaid labourers, the question of 'fashion' is inherently understood as something capitalistic in nature. If there is anything else which can be observed in the monopolization of the same is by making political statements. Sunanda K Dutta Ray had already emphatically spoken about this point in his essay 'Politics: A Costume Drama' where a statement can be proven through the poor man's garb.

The point is that the topic may range from the fancy parlour talks to the middle of a riot on a loudspeaker and the man and woman standing on the podium always have a motive; just that the concept of 'fashionably' doing it probably adds gravitas to their perspective while inherently asserting a statement. And just as easily, the moment a style is followed by the masses, it becomes a form of commercialisation waiting to be monopolized by a handful.





Artwork





# ARMEEN HAQUE

"Peel off your skin and you are just like everyone else."



ZENIT-E

# PHOTOGRAPHY







ARAVIND A

"A smile mixed with passion makes a woman more beautiful."





VASUNDHARA  
JHOBTA

"Beauty begins the moment you  
decide to be yourself."





SHIVANGI LAHIRI

"You can never be overdressed or overeducated."