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GLITTERATI QUILL

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE



CHARU YADAV

**Clinches Gold in Women's
Featherweight Boxing Championship
in Khelo India**

**The symbol of bravery
A SOLDIER**
Roza Khan

**STOP CHASING AND
START ACCEPTING**
Dr. K. V. Raghupathi

Charu Yadav Clinches Gold in Women's Featherweight (57 KG) Boxing Championship in Khelo India

In an extraordinary display of power, precision, and perseverance, **Charu Yadav** has secured the **Gold Medal in the Women's Featherweight (57 kg) Boxing Championship- Khelo India**, adding a remarkable chapter to her sporting journey and bringing immense pride to her university.

Charu showcased exceptional skill throughout the tournament, dominating every stage of the competition:

- **Quarter Final:** She began her winning streak by defeating **Vishu Rathi** from **Sports University, Haryana**, demonstrating strategic brilliance and superior technique.
- **Semi Final:** Charu continued her commanding performance with a spectacular victory over **Neha** of **Guru Kashi University, Bathinda, Punjab**, winning with an impressive **RSC 0-5**.
- **Final:** In a gripping championship bout, Charu triumphed over **Vinka** of **Kurukshetra University**, last year's **Khelo India Gold Medalist** and **All India University Gold Medalist**. Charu's victory against a highly decorated opponent underscores her outstanding talent and unwavering determination.

Behind Charu's stellar performance stands exceptional guidance from her coaches—**Shri Gurdeep Indora** of the **Sports Authority of India** and **Dr. Bhairo Singh Yadav**, Director – Sports, **University of Engineering and Management, Jaipur**. Their mentorship played a vital role in shaping this gold-winning performance.

Charu Yadav's commendable achievement is an inspiring testament to dedication, hard work, and the power of disciplined training. She has set a shining example for aspiring athletes and brought immense honour to the University of Engineering and Management Jaipur



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From the Editor's Desk

Each moment tells a story...

Greetings, dear friends!

साहित्य-संगीत कलाविहीनः साक्षात्पशुः पुच्छविषाणहीनः।

(Without literature and art, life is like a beast without a tail or horns.)

This beautifully encapsulates the profound and inseparable bond between literature and human life. If we pause for a moment amid our daily rush and observe the world around us, we find poetry and stories woven into every action of nature. Whether it is the gentle lullaby sung by a grandmother or the joyous laughter of a child; the rising and falling waves of the ocean; the moment when birds leave their nests to take flight; a lovers' playful quarrel; the triumphs and defeats on the battlefield; the blooming and fading of flower buds; the thunder rumbling across the sky; the village gathering or the towering city skyscrapers; the golden winter sunlight or the sandy summer storms—life itself is a symphony of poetic moments.

Each moment sings a poem and tells a story. Each jiffy is an art piece.

It is remarkable how poets, writers, and lyricists use their words to inspire us by portraying characters ranging from everyday people grappling with worldly challenges to imaginary superheroes wielding limitless powers.

Drops of literary essence brighten the darkness of the mind, just as the moonlight illumines the world with its gentle glow.

In this spirit, we invite you to engage in conversations here, to explore glimpses of literature, and to discover the many facets of art and literary expression, both old and new.

Thank you!

Dr. Shalini Yadav
Editor-in-Chief

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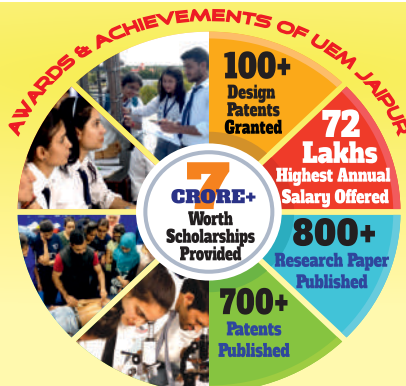
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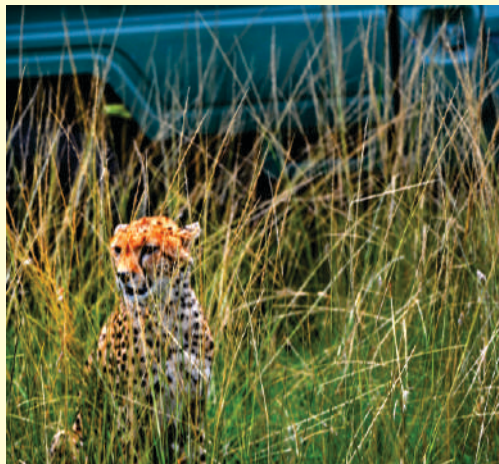
Dr. Prasanta Chakraborty

A Dream Across Continents: **OUR JOURNEY TO KENYA**

For a middle-class family like ours, dependent largely on a pension, travelling to another continent always felt like an audacious dream. Yet when 3rd Planet announced a tour to Kenya, we decided to make that dream a reality. Six months before the trip, we booked our tickets from Agartala to Nairobi, took yellow fever vaccinations, secured visas, and paid the instalments one by one.

Just when everything seemed in order, life tested

restaurant—where fellow traveller TVS Shenoy kindly helped me out with Kenyan currency—we set off for Jambo Mara, a resort near the legendary Masai Mara National Park. Our companions were Mr Shenoy and his daughter, Dimitra, and another couple, G. K. I. Umashankar and Sumana Shankar. The drive was long and bone-rattling over rough, dusty roads, but our driver-guide, Anthony, made it easier. Educated in sociology, psychology, and business management, he had turned to driving



us. A few days before departure, my wife Deepa fell seriously ill. For a moment, I thought of cancelling the trip. But her quiet resolve shone through—she insisted we should go. As she began to recover, however slightly, I realised our long-nurtured dream must not be abandoned.

Our journey began on 6 September. At the Agartala airport, an unhelpful airline staff member briefly soured my mood, but we soon boarded our Indigo flight. The long, cramped journey through the night felt endless, yet as dawn broke and the plane descended, the thought of stepping onto African soil erased all fatigue.

We landed in Nairobi on the cool morning of 7 September, greeted warmly by Esther, the efficient manager of Delight Safari—the company that would guide us through Kenya. Her calm confidence felt like the true beginning of our adventure. After breakfast at a local

when better jobs eluded him. His patience, humour, and knowledge of wildlife soon won our admiration. Through him, we learned not only about Kenya's animals but also about the struggles of its people and the corruption that often frustrated their hopes.

By afternoon, we reached Jambo Mara. After lunch, we were taken to a nearby Maasai village. The Maasais, a Nilotic group inhabiting parts of Kenya and Tanzania, have preserved their ancient customs despite the encroachment of modern life.

We were welcomed with a vibrant traditional dance, its rhythm echoing through the plains. The huts, built with mud, sticks, and cow dung, had narrow entrances and housed entire families in one dimly lit room. Our young guide explained that Maasai boys undergo circumcision as a rite of passage into manhood. Education, though officially free at the primary level, often ends there

because secondary schools are expensive.

Cattle are central to Maasai life—their wealth, food, and pride. Milk, meat, and even blood form their diet, while crops are scarce due to wandering animals and dry soil. Life seemed harsh but dignified. Despite hardship, they showed no resentment towards the government or outsiders. Their greatest treasure, I realised, was their unbroken link to tradition. We returned to the resort that evening, moved and humbled.

The Wild Heart of Masai Mara

The next morning began our first safari through the Masai Mara National Park. Stretching endlessly under the wide African sky, the grasslands teemed with life—herds of zebra, buffalo, giraffe, and countless species of deer. Anthony named them as we went: wildebeest,

awe.

At lunchtime, we stopped beneath a tree, surrounded by hopeful birds waiting for scraps. Later in the afternoon, we saw majestic elephants crossing the plains in silence, and a pair of lions retreating from our path with slow, regal dignity. Evenings at the resort were cool and refreshing, mornings crisp and bright. The hospitality of the staff touched us deeply—their ready smiles and genuine warmth made us feel at home. Though the midday heat was sharp and the currency conversion (one Kenyan shilling to roughly 0.68 Indian rupee) occasionally confusing, these were minor inconveniences in the face of such beauty.

Chance and Wonder

The next day began with a rare stroke of luck. While four of our companions had gone for a hot-



impalas, Thomson's and Grant's gazelles, topis, and elands. Soon, however, we stopped trying to identify each one and simply surrendered to the spectacle around us.

Lions began to appear—some lazily sprawled in the grass, others alert, their eyes fixed on a distant herd. We saw a pride silently watching buffalo near a river, waiting for a straggler. The so-called king of the forest lay undisturbed even as safari vehicles crowded close; his calm was absolute.

Our guide's radio crackled with updates from other drivers about sightings. At one point, we came across a cheetah sitting idly by a mound. To our amusement, Anthony grew visibly uneasy and sped away, though the cheetah barely stirred. Later, another cheetah posed gracefully on a small rise, surrounded by tourists with enormous cameras. It was a scene straight from a documentary—wild majesty meeting human



air balloon ride, we set off on another game drive. Almost immediately, we saw a cheetah stalking a herd of deer. Excitement rippled through the vehicles gathered nearby. The cheetah climbed a small tree, poised to spring—but some overeager cars startled the deer, ruining the hunt. The cheetah melted into the grass, and we were left with both disappointment and awe at nature's delicate balance.

Not long after, two hyenas appeared, standing perfectly still as if curious about our intrusion. Later, we watched a herd of elephants shielding their calves from three hungry lionesses. The patient predators waited, but the elephants' unity forced them to withdraw. From a safe distance, I captured the scene with my long lens—the calm power of motherhood against the hunger of the wild.

By a riverbank, zebras and deer lined up to drink,

hippos wallowed in the water, their bulk betraying none of their ferocity. Anthony reminded us that hippos are Africa's deadliest creatures, capable of devouring 40 kilograms of grass a night and holding their breath underwater for five minutes.

That afternoon, we met three Bangladeshi tourists by chance. Hearing familiar voices from the subcontinent in the middle of Africa felt heart-warming. They shared stories and even the jackfruit they had brought for their Kenyan friends, insisting we join them. Their simple generosity lingered long after we parted.

Flamingos of Nakuru and the Waters of Naivasha

The following morning, we left the Mara for Lake Nakuru, famous for its flamingos. Deepa, still unwell, stayed back at the hotel while the rest of us continued. Anthony once again handled the gate formalities with quiet efficiency.

As we entered the park, the landscape shimmered with birdlife. Then, suddenly, the horizon turned pink—the flamingos, thousands of them, wading across the lake like a living veil of colour. The road had partly disappeared under rising waters, but Anthony drove steadily through, while Sumana Shankar softly prayed to Gobinda. The sight that awaited us was unforgettable: flamingos mingling with pelicans and other birds, their reflections rippling in the sunlight. We clicked photographs until we could no longer tell whether the beauty was before us or within us. On our way back, a troop of baboons glared at our cameras, clearly disliking the attention.

From Nakuru, we travelled to Lake Naivasha, where a boat ride revealed yet another dimension of Kenya's splendour. Birds glided and dived with effortless grace, and two hippos—disturbed by our presence—chased the boat for a few tense moments. On Crescent Island, we walked among zebras, giraffes, and antelopes that roamed freely, unafraid of humans. To stand among them without fences or cages felt almost sacred—a rare communion between man and nature.

Amboseli: Under Kilimanjaro's Shadow

Our final destination was Amboseli National Park, where elephants reign supreme. We watched herds bathing in dust, calves nestled close to their mothers, and solitary tuskers moving with timeless majesty. Above them towered Mount Kilimanjaro, its snow-capped peak gleaming through the haze. Seeing that mountain—made legendary in our imagination



by Bibhutibhushan Bandyopadhyay's *Chander Pahar*—was deeply moving, as if fiction had turned to reality.

By the next evening, we were back in Nairobi, preparing to fly home. The week had passed in a blur of wonder—seven days that felt both brief and eternal.

Reflections

The journey was not without discomfort. The food did not always suit our taste, the roads were rough, and the long drives could be tiring. Yet these inconveniences faded before the grandeur we had witnessed. We had seen lions and cheetahs in their natural majesty, elephants marching under Kilimanjaro, and flamingos transforming a lake into living art. We had met people whose kindness bridged continents, and communities like the Maasai who reminded us that dignity lies not in wealth but in rootedness.

Travel, I realised, is not about comfort. It is about surrender—accepting the world as it comes, unfiltered and unpredictable. Kenya offered us that lesson in abundance. As we boarded our flight back to Mumbai, fatigue mingled with gratitude.

We returned home not just with photographs but with a renewed sense of wonder. The trip had begun as a dream, fragile and uncertain. It ended as a memory that will glow within us forever—a journey across continents, yes, but also across the boundaries of fear and familiarity.

For that, we owe deep thanks to **3rd Planet Tour & Travels**, whose thoughtful planning and guidance turned our distant dream into a lived experience. We enjoyed every moment, right to the last.

Voices from the Unseen: Unveiling the Narratives of Afghanistan by Dr. Haseena Kabeer



**Dr. Om
Kumari R**

In a world where headlines often reduce Afghanistan to a geography of war and instability, *Voices from the Unseen* dares to peel back the silence, giving space to those who have endured decades of marginalization. It is a heartfelt tribute to the forgotten, the Hazara communities, women, and children whose stories rarely reach global ears.

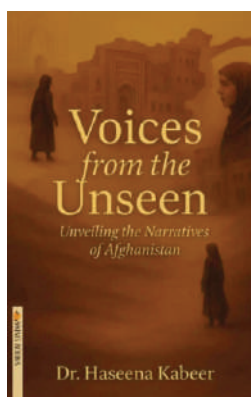
The book is not just an account of suffering; it is a journey into Afghanistan's historical, social, and ethnic heart. Rich in heritage yet scarred by political unrest, the nation emerges here as "an unexploded volcano," simmering with untold narratives. Both Khaled Hosseini and Nadia Hashimi, through their fictional worlds, bring to life characters shaped by civil wars, refugee crises, and gender inequality. Their voices echo the pain of three

Dr. Haseena Kabeer's *Voices from the Unseen: Unveiling the Narratives of Afghanistan* shines a light on the silenced communities of Afghanistan, those marginalized by history, conflict, and global

turbulent decades, reminding us that Afghanistan is a country known by many, but understood by few.

What makes *Voices from the Unseen* compelling is its ability to humanize history. By knitting lived realities with literary expression, it challenges the reductive Western lens that has long portrayed Afghanistan only through conflict. The stories invite readers to pause, reflect, and truly listen to those who have been denied a platform for far too long. The writer draws on Shabz Tabrizi's evocative poem about Kabul, first capturing its eccentric beauty and then contrasting it with the profound agony of a city devastated by cruel circumstances.

Yet, amid the layers of sorrow and survival, the book also raises an implicit question: How do we move beyond silence to recognition, and from recognition to justice? It is this moral urgency that lingers with the reader long after the final page. *Voices from the Unseen* is more than a book, it is a call to empathy. For those who seek to understand Afghanistan beyond its headlines, it offers a deeply moving, necessary reminder of humanity's resilience even in the harshest of conditions.



BETWEEN DREAMS AND LIFE



**Francesco
Favetta**

Slowly
this day
draws to a silent end
and the dusky sun
hides
beyond the horizon.
Between dreams and life
every breath of mine
is still joyful in my heart
and seduced by the beauty
my eyes
fall asleep
in the dark night.

THE TITMOUSE

In the mountain where silence bustles,
humming bees, wild birds, mayflies,
is it a path half-floating in the air,
or a mingled ringing of bells?
Ancient hieroglyph, a handful of rocks,
as they creak, open a door and yawn,
a squirrel slips into a mouse hole—
its home, perhaps—
then scurries, skittering away.
Into the whole mountain's solitude,
through the fissures of my monologue,
a titmouse in flight stops to speak,
then is gone.



**Dr. Siyoung
Dong**

What is the Role of Media in Addressing SOCIAL MORAL DEGRADATION?



Dr. Firoz Khan

In today's world, moral values are continuously declining in society. It is no exaggeration to say that the speed of this decline in moral values is comparable to the speed of light. This decline manifests itself in the form of ever-increasing crime, extremely shameful incidents, a growing tendency to stoop to any level for selfish gain, the breakdown of family relationships, rising intolerance, and a decreasing sensitivity towards humanity. There are many contributing factors to this moral decline, among which the role of media can be crucial in efforts to halt the erosion of moral values in society.

Understanding Moral Degradation

Moral degradation refers to the gradual decline of moral values, such as traditions, customs, and social responsibilities, which have been established in society for centuries. When individuals prioritize personal benefit, progress, or the maintenance of their reputation over fundamental human qualities—qualities that differentiate humans from animals, such as kindness, compassion, sympathy, goodwill, and love—they abandon these essential traits. This self-serving mindset leads to chaos, inequality, and conflict within society.

The Impact of Media

Whether through television, movies, news, or social media, the media profoundly affects every segment of society and leaves a deep imprint on the collective mindset. It is an undeniable truth that the media is a powerful channel for knowledge and information. Unfortunately, in contemporary times, many perceive media merely as a source of income. Instead of fulfilling its moral responsibility—such as raising social consciousness—the media often focuses on entertainment, sensationalism, and commercial gain.

Normalization of Immorality

Crime, violence, and obscene language are

increasingly presented as normal in various web series, films, and digital content. Unfortunately, this portrayal has come to be seen as a standard of modernity. While censorship exists for films and digital media, its effectiveness is diminishing with changing times. The glorification of increasing crime, corruption, and immorality has led to a decline in societal sensitivity, and immoral behavior is becoming easily accepted.

Materialism and Consumerism

The luxurious lifestyles depicted in advertisements and social media significantly influence people's aspirations. The current generation is particularly drawn to these representations. The internet and technology have exacerbated this trend on multiple levels. The desire to attain this grandeur has derailed many lives. In their pursuit of material wealth, individuals often neglect their moral values, striving to incorporate these images of success into their lives through any means necessary, whether right or wrong. Ultimately, the emphasis shifts from moral values to material show-offs, brands, and status symbols.

The Spread of Fake and Misleading Information and Social Division

Today, the authenticity of news—be it from traditional media or digital platforms—is frequently questioned. There is a deluge of fake news circulating, with many people accepting this information as truth without verification. This leads to confusion, hatred, and animosity in society, which poses a significant threat to democracy and social unity. Social divisions breed mistrust, and a society lacking trust cannot progress toward development. Where love and sympathy should thrive, confusion and fear often prevail.

The Media's Responsibility

The media plays a pivotal role in shaping the moral values of society, as it has the power to influence a vast audience. Television, films, and social media can alter public perceptions and attitudes significantly. A single program or film can leave a lasting impact. If media outlets



prioritize their responsibilities over personal gains, they can become vital tools in combating social moral degradation through purposeful actions and initiatives.

Promoting Positive Values

Priority should be given to news and stories that show values like honesty, compassion, and responsibility. In every corner of society, many such incidents occur that can inspire people significantly. The media can convey these incidents to as many people as possible in the right form, so individuals feel inspired and encouraged to engage in similar actions themselves.

Encouraging Critical Thinking

People should receive accurate information through fact-based reporting. Fake news or fabricated information misleads society. Believing such misinformation, society often follows a false path, leading people to take the wrong course without discerning right from wrong. To combat this, the media should consistently verify information and news to help individuals avoid false and misleading narratives. By promoting media literacy, people should be taught how to read and interpret news or content thoughtfully. This is a crucial task to ensure that individuals do not blindly accept any news or media reports as true and avoid forming opinions based on misinformation.

Not Promoting Harmful Content

Avoid showing content that promotes violence, substance abuse, obscenity, or hatred. Excessive portrayal or glorification of such news creates and spreads negative messages in society. As much as possible, avoid obscenity and nudity in entertainment and advertisements that normalize immoral behavior.

Promoting Social Unity

Tolerance, unity, and diversity are the identities of

our country, India. While negative incidents occur, there are also stories and news about social harmony and community efforts. These should receive appropriate coverage in the media to create a positive atmosphere in society and remind people of their moral responsibilities.

Collaboration with Educational and Social Institutions

Material that promotes morality should be created in collaboration with schools, religious organizations, and social institutions. This partnership can engage those associated with these organizations in media activities that promote a better message to society and underline the importance of moral values, spreading them to every home.

Right Use of Influential People

Celebrities and social media influencers should be utilized responsibly to promote good values and provide a better message to society that shows the right path. Whether it is Amitabh Bachchan, Sachin Tendulkar, or any other eminent individual, they can leave a significant impact on society. Their words and actions can create new pathways for the next generation. By connecting them with media campaigns, slogans, and activities, good values can be promoted and propagated throughout society. By increasing accountability within the media, the prevalence of unethical incidents in society can be reduced.

It is the duty of the media to prioritize its ethical responsibilities, considering economic gains and losses, and to question and discuss unethical behavior while promoting accountability. This approach can help society move in the right direction. If the media adheres to these principles, it can strengthen ethical values within society and play an effective role in preventing moral degradation.

The media serves as a mirror of society, but it also shapes society. When used correctly, it can reinforce morality and humanity. Therefore, it is the responsibility of both the media and society to work together towards a future where ethical values, truth, and compassion are of utmost importance, and where continuous moral degradation is effectively challenged.

Stop Chasing and Start Accepting



Dr. K. V. Raghupathi

The nature of human desire makes us perpetually wanting. Our consumer culture continually convinces us that the external things make us happy. Wanting more rather than accepting life as it comes has become the daily norm of human living. No matter how much we acquire, it's never enough. We always want more. Our desires constantly outpace our reality. So, does it mean that striving for more, working hard, dreaming big is bad? Absolutely not, they are the most essential components of progress and prosperity. We can, however, first find contentment and calm by focusing on what's within our control and letting go of the rest. "Take life as it is rather than wish it as different." It can be a dictum that can guide one's life to contentment.

Acceptance isn't a passive act; it requires action. To fully accept yourself as you are right now, you have to let go of resistance and resentment. Letting go is not about releasing; it's about accepting what already is. We often suppress the shadowy parts of ourselves, but the speaker is here to tell you: muster the courage to fully embrace them.

The attitude of acceptance has the power to neutralise many noises in our heads and to find answers to many questions that are unanswered. When you accept who you are, you are not fighting about the decisions you made in the past or traumatic experiences you have had. Instead, you accept them the way they are. Then your mind will be at ease, and you can make your life much better. At last, remember that you cannot change or improve anything that is not willing to change. To change or make something better, you have to accept it as it is now.

The second virtue in *Niyama* of Patanjali's *Astanga Yoga* is *Santosa*, which is contentment, and not merely happiness, which is a relative concept. Indeed, it is blissful to be content since it implies accepting life as it comes without yearning. Where there is contentment, we experience crystalline clarity and tranquilly akin to a silent pond. Wanting more results is *Viksepa* (distraction). *Sutra 42* of the *Sadhana Pada* of Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras* describes the outcome of this virtue as follows: *santoṣād an-uttamaḥ sukha-lābhah*. The result of contentment is that one gains supreme happiness (*sukha-lābhah*). Not accepting life as it is given to us results in *dukkha*.

There is no *dukkha* in knowledge as many have conceived. It is a means of freeing oneself from ignorance. The more we gain knowledge, the more we free ourselves. In this context, we need to know what knowledge constitutes. Knowledge encompasses not only about the matter, but also about the body and mind. Balancing the two kinds of knowledge keeps us in an equilibrium state. The outcome is contentment, not *dukkha*. Only when knowledge goes in one direction, seeking to understand the universe and matter more thoroughly, does it result in disequilibrium. To live a meaningful life free from *dukkha*, one must strike a balance between material knowledge and self-knowledge.

Wisdom arises when we examine ourselves and comprehend the intricacies of the body and mind. When we pursue things outside, it is referred to as material knowledge. Wisdom and knowledge must be united. When this occurs, it is called *Yoga* in truest sense. We become constantly aware of our cravings, our

yearning for more and more hankering after things. Then we accept life as it comes. We can state this: *I am whole and complete, untarnished by the confines of the body and mind because, as their witness, I am not them and they are not possible without me because I am their existence.*

In the 1840s, writer and philosopher Henry David Thoreau led a modest life at Walden Pond. Thoreau purposefully reduced his belongings to concentrate on truth, nature, and independence. He embodied the idea of seeking less since he was content with little. With his little cottage in the woods, he was happy. His days were devoted to writing, gardening, hosting visitors, and taking in the splendour of the natural world. Rather than yearning for more, he was content with what every day offered. Few people in our contemporary consumption society can match the mental tranquillity that Thoreau attained by reducing his demands and ceasing to be in constant need. His minimalist lifestyle allowed him to live in the now instead of pursuing some unrealized dream of happiness in the future.

"The end of craving leads to the end of suffering" is the Third Noble Truth in Buddhism. Embracing change enables us to stay balanced among life's ups and downs. Rather than being upset about what we lack, accepting the current moment increases our gratitude for what we do have. Little pleasures grow into opportunities for gratitude. We can choose according to our values when we accept ourselves. Acceptance enables us to wish to magnify suffering while enduring hardships with grace. Even while we might not become monks, monarchs, or forest dwellers, embracing this way of thinking has many benefits.

It is also necessary that, in search of the biggest things in life, we should not miss out on the timing part. The moment we learn to accept the fact that the flower in our hand is the biggest and most elegant one is the day when our lives change. We should not waste much time on things that we do not have in our hands. We often spend years of our lives in agony for the big flower. This is the ultimate secret of living happily with contentment.

INAUGURAL ARCHER AMISH AWARD WINNER ANNOUNCED: CONGRATULATIONS TO DR. SHALINI MULLICK

We are thrilled to announce that Dr. Shalini Mullick has been awarded the inaugural IGF Archer Amish Award for Storytellers for her outstanding novel, "The Way Home", presented in partnership with The House of Abhinandan Lodha at IGF London 2025. This prestigious award, launched in 2024, celebrates contemporary Indian fiction that reflects the complexity, diversity, and dynamism of modern India. Dr. Mullick received a cash prize of \$25,000, one of the largest for fiction globally, in recognition of her poignant exploration of grief, identity, and healing through the story of three millennials finding solace in Goa. The award ceremony, attended by UK Secretary of State for Culture, Media and Sport, Rt Hon Lisa Nandy, highlights the significance of

storytelling in bridging cultural divides and fostering global understanding.



PROGRESS AND PREJUDICE



Dr. Shyamolima Saikia

Mr. Baruah's day began at the crack of dawn, and with it, a flurry of activity that left his family members with little respite. No sooner had he risen from bed than he'd rouse everyone else, demanding tea from his wife. His youngest son would make a grimace, cover his ears with the pillow and curse the father for creating a nuisance at this hour. "Why must he torment us every morning?" he'd grumble. Once fortified with a cup of tea, Mr. Baruah would set out on his morning stroll, ambling down the village lane that led to the highway.

To the villagers of Rupai, Mr. Horen Baruah, who had recently retired from service, embodied wisdom. Despite being rooted in a community entwined with superstition, he stood out as a beacon of progressive thought. In this tight-knit village, where everyone knew each other, familiarity fostered a deep sense of affection and care. When trouble befell a family, the villagers rallied around, offering a helping hand and a listening ear – a stark contrast to the apathy often found in towns. Yet, beneath their simple, compassionate nature, a complex web of superstitions ensnared them, refusing to be dispelled and slowly entrapping them in a cycle of deep-seated beliefs.

After his superannuation, Mr. Baruah began to take part in every significant event of the village, be it the meeting of the gaon panchayat, the inauguration of the *bhaona* at the *namghar* or any social or personal issue

which needed intervention and an amicable solution. In the village's underdeveloped landscape, superstition often eclipsed reason, leading people to rely on black magic to cure ailments. Even Mr. Baruah's wife had once succumbed to this practice, seeking the local *bez's* help when afflicted with a skin disease. Her husband had sternly rebuked her, "Why consult a charlatan when a doctor's expertise is available? Don't you realize the risks of indulging in such superstitions?" He then took the opportunity to impress upon her their responsibility, as educated individuals, to enlighten the villagers about the dangers of relying on quacks and superstition.

One day, he met Purnima, his neighbour on his way to the Sunday *haat*. She was headed to the *bez* to seek relief from an unusual swelling in her body, a growth which later was diagnosed as cancerous. He tried his best to dissuade her from seeking the *bez's* help but she ignored his advice. Later, he tried to explain to her family members about the disastrous consequences of consulting a quack but all his efforts went in vain. Very often, he became frustrated in his efforts as he realized that the villagers were so steeped in such beliefs they could hardly come out of such quagmire. His sole hope lay in his eldest son, whom he had educated with the hope that he would become a beacon of progress and bring about positive change. "*Bupa*," he would urge him, "you need to take the onus of enlightening these simple village folks. They still continue to believe in superstitions." The son, sensing his father's despair, offered words of comfort. "I'll do my best to educate the villagers and bring about a change," he assured him. His promise brought a glimmer of hope to Mr. Baruah's eyes, and he felt a sense of reassurance in his son's words. Yet, Fate, however, had other plans.

Eight winters had passed since Mr. Baruah's life took a dramatic turn. Now, he sat alone on the verandah of his house. But this isn't the

house in his native village. Mr. Baruah, in fact, with his family has shifted to the neighbouring town recently. His eldest son has received an appointment for a bank job in this small town. However, the catalyst for this move was not his eldest son's new bank job, but a series of misfortunes that had befallen the family. Ironically, it was the very superstitions Mr. Baruah had tirelessly fought against that ultimately led to their exile. The villagers, entrenched in their beliefs, had turned against them, forcing the family to abandon their home and start anew.

Significantly, while he was still living in the village, his progressive mindset led Horen Baruah to make a profound decision one day: to donate his body after death. It was from a particular NGO that he came to know how Body Donation or *Deh Dan* can play an important role in medical research and education. With such a noble purpose in his mind, Mr. Baruah registered his wish to donate his body after his death by contacting the Guwahati-based NGO. However, his altruism was met with malicious gossip in his village. Much to his disappointment, the people of his village soon began to talk behind his back. Soon rumours spread in the village as to how Mr. Baruah was planning to commit an outrageous act of donating his body which according to them would spell doom for the village.

Gradually, people of the village stopped visiting Baruah's family. Matters turned so worse that even the shopkeepers refused to deal with any members of this miserable family. A sense of alienation and frustration began to creep in the heart of Mr. Baruah and his family members. They were aghast too, to find their own relatives turning away from them. Life became unbearable to the point that Mr. Baruah began to develop suicidal thoughts. Luckily, he didn't take any fatal step

and showed utmost stoicism in the face of such a storm in his life. He knew that he had to survive somehow to keep his family going.

"We need to call a meeting soon to decide Mr. Baruah's case," opined one of the members of the gaon panchayat one day. Soon the villagers gathered at the appointed date for the meeting. Mr. Baruah along with his family was summoned to face the community's judgement. After a heated discussion, the *gao burha* urged upon Mr. Baruah to reconsider his decision to donate his body after death. "I see no reason to change my mind. I'm well aware of my actions. And how can my fellow villagers be so adamant to refuse to understand the importance of *deh dan*?" Mr. Baruah protested vehemently. The members of the gaon panchayat refused to listen to his statements. "Horen, by committing to donate your body, you have gone against the norms of religious, moral and social values upheld by the people of this village since time immemorial. Since you refuse to abide by the laws of this village, therefore, this gaon panchayat is compelled to excommunicate you and your family from this village."

The excommunication proved to be the final blow to Mr. Baruah's family. Fortunately, his son's bank job appointment provided a lifeline, enabling them to relocate to the town. The traumatic experience of being banished by his own community weighed heavily on Mr. Baruah. He surely didn't deserve such a treatment at the hands of his own people. Nevertheless, what disturbed his mind is the fact that he could never remove the deep-seated superstitious beliefs from the minds of the village folks despite making the best efforts. "What shall be the future of the people in my village? Will my village see the light of progress and enlightenment?" he ponders even today.



**Dr. Malabika
Mitra**

IF GARDENS COULD THINK

meander, sprawl, | laid out, laid back
basking in the sun | drenching in the rain
cyclones love to havoc | downpour floods

upturned pots, uprooted trees, | a croaking frog, here and there
leaves, petals, buds strewn | branches decay, mushroom blooms,
smell of moss and slow decay | rotten leaves, here fungus grows
no fountains beautify | a stone urli* where no lotus blossoms
unkempt, free it grows | mosquitoes breed, creepy crawlies roam

flowers, wild orchids, weeds too | changes attire as seasons go -
grows yellow, flaming red | unloved, uncared, yet lives on
luckily, not a human | doesn't think or reason,
needn't question | nor answers seek

unaware of joys once spread, it floats with the flow of cosmic laws...

*A traditional bowl popular in the Southern part of India, mainly used for decoration. It is filled-up with floating flowers, petals and occasionally a candle or two.

A TREATISE ON TIME



Alexander Volny

For inexorability of its
the Time is working hard as God,
transforming the essence of things
in a contrast diverse world.
Through the decay of life routine,
it slowly flows for you, unseen,
exfoliating wrinkle traces
on prematurely faded faces.
It's poison, and it's medication,
amidst withdrawal and creation.
It's of high moral righteous judge
of splendid Universe as such.
It's worldwide nominal convention,
along comparison and information,
the great distinguishing invention
of all the natural Creation.
It's cosmogoneous endless spiral
composing lives and eras treasure,
a shrewd ingenious cunning moral
of astral symbiotic measure.
It is the right hand ostentation
of its inertial rise and fall,
the limit of reformation,
and the infinity of all.

POETS



**Dr. Kshamata
Chaudhary**

Emotional abundance with brains
penning down infinite joyful trains
carving a niche with expressions
erasing everyone's depression.

Character forming their own feast
each poem a beautiful treat
their words have their own aura
amalgamation of words as plethora.

I am not one among them
but truly a die hard fan
try to emulate with my emotions
writing down my equations.

HUNTA SA BAWAT PINTA



(International Exhibit Successfully Opens at Hunta Café, Philippines- reported Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo)

The international exhibit HUNTA SA BAWAT PINTA: Gathering in Every Brushstroke was successfully inaugurated at Hunta Café, Tayabas City, Philippines on November 15, 2025. Organized by Artista de Colores and Art Heals, the event brought together 50 artists from the Philippines and around the world, showcasing a diverse array of artistic expressions. The exhibition featured a range of artworks, including paintings, mixed media, photography, digital art, and conceptual pieces, exploring themes of identity, passion, resilience, and cultural narratives. Filipino and international artists participated, adding a global dimension to the

exhibit. The opening ceremony was attended by local government officials, cultural representatives, and art enthusiasts. Madam Minda Lim, Tayabas First Lady, represented Hon. Mayor Anthony Lim, and event organizers Marlene Ayen Galit and Elizabeth Esguerra Castillo highlighted the importance of art in healing and cultural exchange. A highlight of the evening was the "Mudshow" live art performance by Percival S. Denolo Jr., captivating guests with its raw energy. The exhibition remained open to the public for 29 days at Hunta Café, offering a unique opportunity to experience the transformative power of art.

Have we snatched away CHILDREN'S CHILDHOOD



Amit Baijnath Garg

We must also find answers to the question: why and for whom are we snatching away these children's innocence? There are many questions, the answers to which we must find together. As human beings, we are not even worthy of apologizing to that little life in Jaipur, whose right to life was snatched away by all of us. Recently, a sixth-grade student from a five-star school in Jaipur, India committed suicide by jumping from the fourth floor of the school. The student was taken to the hospital, but doctors declared her dead. The student's suicide under suspicious circumstances raises many questions. Her death is so painful and spine-chilling that it is unimaginable. After the incident, the student's mother came to the school. She cried out, "I killed my daughter." Try to imagine what that mother must be going through!

How will she overcome this lifelong remorse? She failed to understand the pain brewing within her daughter, which ultimately led to such a tragic outcome. Indeed, this incident compels us to ponder several questions. First, why are so many young children taking such drastic steps like suicide? Second, what kind of education system are we exposing our children to? Third, the most pressing question is why are children becoming so mentally vulnerable? These questions are deeply intertwined. In fact, most children who attempt suicide suffer from mental health disorders and depression. Suicide attempts in young children are often impulsive. These attempts may be related to sadness, confusion, anger, or attention and hyperactivity problems. At the same time,

they face the pressure of studying and staying ahead of others. Our education system puts so much pressure on them that they become depressed and unable to cope with the burden of studies. This rote-learning system is taking a toll on the lives of our children. In fact, suicide remains a serious problem among children and young adults. According to one estimate, suicide is the second leading cause of death among children, adolescents, and young adults aged 15 to 24. Suicide attempts among adolescents may be linked to stress, self-doubt, pressure to succeed, financial uncertainty, hopelessness, and feelings of loss.

For some, suicide may seem like a solution to their problems. Suicidal thoughts and attempts are often associated with depression. Other risk factors besides depression include a family history of suicide attempts, exposure to violence, impulsivity, aggressive or disruptive behavior, access to weapons, bullying, feelings of hopelessness or helplessness, and intense loss or rejection. In children and adolescents, contemplating suicide may make overtly suicidal statements or comments, such as "I wish I were dead" or "I won't be a problem for you much longer." Other warning signs of suicide include changes in eating or sleeping habits, frequent feelings of sadness, and withdrawal from friends, family, and regular activities. They often complain of physical symptoms, often related to emotions, such as stomach aches, headaches, and fatigue. Declining quality of schoolwork. Worries about death, etc. Young people who are thinking about suicide may stop planning or talking about the future. In fact, depression and suicidal thoughts are mental disorders that can be treated. Identifying a child or teen's illness

can provide appropriate treatment. People often feel uncomfortable talking about suicide. However, it can be helpful to ask your child or teen if they are depressed or thinking about suicide.

Examples of such questions include: Are you feeling sad or hopeless? Are you thinking about hurting or killing yourself? Have you ever thought about hurting or killing yourself? Instead of putting thoughts into your child's mind, these questions can reassure them that someone cares and give them the opportunity to talk about their problems. The biggest problem is a lack of communication. Families are often unable to devote time to their children. This problem is most severe in working families, where both husband and wife are working in nuclear families. They are unable to give time to their children. Their children are often dependent on nannies and caretakers. Depression is most prevalent among children in such families.

These children feel that neither their mothers nor their fathers have time for them. Who can these children express their feelings to? Psychiatrists say that even very young children are suffering from depression and anxiety these days. There are two main reasons for this. First, they feel that they have no one in the world, that no one is asking for them, or that no one cares about them. Second, they are burdened by their studies. The fear of falling behind in the race for number one has been so deeply ingrained in their minds that they are unable to think beyond books. Let's try to understand child suicide in India with a statistic. According to the National Crime Records Bureau (NCRB) data from 2022, 13,044 children committed suicide. Of these cases, 2,248 students took this step after failing in exams. In contrast, the NCRB data from 2001 showed 5,425 children had committed suicide. These figures show the rapid increase in student suicides. According to the National Mental Health Survey, 40 to 90 percent of teenagers in India suffering from depression face

multiple challenges. They face mental challenges and even resort to substance abuse. An ICMR survey indicates that 12 to 13 percent of students in India struggle with psychological, emotional, and behavioral problems.

A study by The Lancet indicates that one in every 12 children in the world entertains suicidal thoughts at some point. Psychiatrists say that many children are choosing suicide due to depression, anxiety, loneliness, stress, and lack of support from society, friends, or family. A child's mental state can be gauged from their small gestures. It's crucial for families to pay attention to their children. Parents are the first to notice any changes in their children's behavior, their ways of acting, their silence, anger, and irritability. Pay attention to these habits and behaviors. In addition, parents at home, teachers at school and friends in life also need to be vigilant. They should ensure their children's safety. Immediately consult a qualified psychiatrist if a child is having suicidal thoughts or planning. This can help identify the problem at an early stage. The Jaipur incident has once again raised many questions.

These questions concern not only our education system, but also our society. Why are we unable to understand our children? Why are we unable to read their minds? Where is the mistake happening? Have we not left our children to suffer alone in the race to earn money? In the race to be the best in studies, have we not distanced them from living life or should we say, from being a child? We have to think whether life is more important or bookish success? We also have to find an answer to this question that why and for whom are we snatching away the innocence of these children? There are many questions, whose answers you and we have to find together. As a human being, we are not even worthy of apologizing to that little life of Jaipur, whose right to live was snatched away by us including her parents and the society. Please think about this.

The symbol of bravery - A SOLDIER



Roza Khan

Salute to the soldier who merges with the earth,
Salute to the hero who answers Mother India's call at birth.

Respect has been given; cherish this land so dear,
This homeland is India—yours to hold, be it far or near.
Do not let it wander lost amid the curse of fate,
The blood that flows here must never be trampled under foot, nor wait.

Have we forgotten that warrior who walked in dreams of might,
Exposing enemies, his spirit still shines in the night?
Even after death his soul is pledged to Mother's feet,
His name was Harbhajan Singh, his deeds fierce and neat.

Salute to those who become one with the soil, who heed the nation's cry,
Salute to those who rush forward when Mother India sighs.

Think, think of the plight of his family left behind,
In a single moment they're helpless, their hopes intertwined.
A mother's heart shatters when her son meets a bullet's sting,
Or perishes in a terror attack—a sorrowful, endless ring.
Ask his widow, waiting with longing in her eyes,
Dreaming of his return beneath endless, hopeful skies.

Our soldiers stand ready, to sacrifice without fear,
Thus we live in peace, in comfort, without tear.
So we say, whether day passes or night draws near,
The soldier's thread is cut when terror strikes, we hear.

Today I proclaim, the day your victory flag will fly,
Whether earth or sky, India will forever be high!

Without music,
unless a kind woman
working for the church,
got a music system,
much requested,
much asked for,
but no instruments,
no piano,
no drums,
no guitar,
which many knew how to play,
but mostly they talked
about flute,
its make,
from bamboo,
simple cuts,

wooden feel,
and how an Indian god
played it, always.
And the goddess played
a string instrument,
the sitar,
and rode on a lotus flower,
and a white swan,
stood near by.
this goddess though,
was not the consort
of the flute playing God.
Others also played
the string instrument,
but she had special powers to bless.

PRISON CHOIR



Pankhuri Sinha

Life is a road that begins
long before our feet learn to walk—
a whisper carried in the breath of dawn,
a promise gently placed
in the palms of time.

It is a story that writes itself
on the inside of our skin,
chapter by chapter,
sometimes in sunlight,
often in storm.

We learn its language slowly—
first through the lullabies of childhood,
then through the bruises
we gather from running too fast,
believing we are unbreakable.

Life is a teacher
who never raises its voice,
yet its lessons echo louder
than thunder inside us.
It hands us joy in small cups
and sorrow in overflowing rivers,
and asks us to drink both
with equal courage.

There are days it feels soft,
like grass bending under morning dew—
days when laughter arrives uninvited,
settling lightly on our shoulders
like a wandering bird
looking for rest.

And there are days
when everything weighs heavy:
dreams, disappointments,
memories that refuse to sleep—
days when the mirror
asks too many questions,
and silence becomes
our only companion.

Life is not a straight line;
it curves like a forgotten path
through forests we don't know by name.
We stumble,
we rise,
we bleed,
we hope again—
because hope is stitched
into the fabric of our breath.

People come and go
like seasons passing through our windows.
Some warm us like summer,
some teach us like winter,
and some remain—
not because they have to,
but because the story

would feel incomplete without them.

We learn to forgive,
not because the past becomes lighter,
but because our shoulders
grow stronger.
We learn to let go,
not because endings are easy,
but because beginnings
wait patiently ahead.

Life carries us across bridges
we once feared to cross,
into nights that make us wiser
and mornings that make us grateful.
It breaks us open
only to fill us again
with a deeper kind of light—
the kind that does not flicker
when winds of change blow.

And somewhere along the journey,
we discover that life
is neither the destination
nor the miles behind—
it is the quiet courage
to take the next step
even when the path
is covered in fog.

Life is a road, yes—
but also
a mirror,
a river,
a fire,
a prayer.
It asks only one thing of us:
to live it—
fully,
honestly,
fearlessly,
as if every heartbeat
is both a question
and its answer.

And when we finally look back
at the long road we walked,
with its scars and its miracles,
we realize—
we were not merely passing through it.
Life was passing through us,
shaping us
into the story
we were always meant to be.

The Long Road Called Life



**Mukesh
Kumar
Bissa**

A JOURNEY OF COLOURS, CONSCIOUSNESS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP

An Exclusive Conversation with Artist **Urmila Gahnolia**



Urmila Gahnolia is a contemporary artist who has made significant contributions to the field of art on an international level. Her educational background includes a bachelor's degree from Maharani College, a master's degree from Rajasthan University, and a NET qualification from UGC. She has taught in private colleges and schools for 10 years.

Urmila Gahnolia's artistic achievements include her solo exhibitions organized by Taiwan and the Lalit Kala Academy, Jaipur. Additionally, six of her paintings have been collected at an international festival held in three museums in South Korea.

So far, she has participated in over 70 physical group exhibitions and more than 100 online exhibitions across approximately 16 countries. She has received numerous national and international honors, including the "Nari Gaurav Samman" presented by the Deputy Chief Minister in 2024. She serves as the art and cultural advisor for the Oscar magazine of Egypt and is actively involved in Arab and international art and literature cultural groups. Currently, Urmila is a member of around 10 international art groups.

You are not only a teacher but also an outstanding artist. Can you tell us about your inclination towards art and your artistic journey?

Urmila : Art is deeply ingrained in my blood – the seeds were sown in my school where we were taught to make clay fruits and toys. At home, my mother taught me to create various designs on dupattas. My father worked on mapping as a surveyor in the Survey of India. So, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that

I spent my childhood in an artistic environment. Seeing my interest in art, my father encouraged me to take art as a subject in the eleventh grade.



Gustav Klimt once said, "Art is a line around your thoughts." Can you share your artistic style and what inspires you?

Urmila : My artistic style is contemporary because I enjoy living in the present. The surrounding environment and environmental issues occurring in the country and across the world are my themes. Recently, I created a painting for the Busan International Festival that reflects such themes.

Dario Fo reflects: "When I paint, I realize what I want to say." Could you tell us about your creative process and how you transform your ideas into art?*

Urmila: First, I engage in self-reflection and



prepare an outline, after which I give it a physical form.

How do you measure success in art?

Urmila : To me, success is intimate: if two souls among a hundred can grasp, feel, or carry forward my message, the artist's mission is fulfilled. I strive to innovate and infuse my art with social resonance.

How do critique and feedback shape you?

Urmila : I welcome them with an open heart. They are the chisels refining the sculpture of my artistry. Curiosity and positivity turn every criticism into a stepping stone.

Which artists and styles inspire your work?

Urmila: I draw immense inspiration from Raja Ravi Varma and Amrita Sher-Gil (Indian), Vincent van Gogh (Dutch), Pablo Picasso (Spanish), and Leonardo da Vinci (Italian). In terms of style, I am greatly influenced by miniature art, particularly in the depiction of trees and plants.

What is art's place in society?

Urmila: Art is the soul's sanctuary and society's backbone. It nurtures mental

health, and a thriving individual fosters a thriving collective.

How do you perceive technology's role in art?

Urmila: That's a very good question. Technology can be both beneficial and a threat to art. It depends on our perspective and how we choose to utilize it. New mediums like digital painting, 3D painting, and virtual reality (VR) provide artists with new dimensions. Social media and online galleries can instantly showcase art worldwide, enabling artists to experiment boundlessly using software and digital tools without expensive resources.

What horizons do you seek next?

Urmila: I want to continue practicing and experimenting with new subjects and techniques. I wish to create a series on "cats" and not limit art to mere aesthetics but use it as a medium to raise awareness in society. I aspire to represent India in the field of art on a global scale as I move forward.



Title - "Petals of Peace"
Size - 46 x 62 cm
Medium - Acrylic
Colour on Canvas
Year - 2025

URMILA GANNETA - 25

Syllables that never took form but...



Dr. Aditi Abhishikta

Memories wrapped in emotions,
words scrolled but feelings unbound,
to have reached the warmth,
of an inexpressible love!

The love that never demanded a name,
the love that ever shone with grace,
with the touch of purity,
within the depths of my heart!

Were scribbled in the ink,
the dotted scripts on a crafted paper,
that was chosen to be folded and treasured,
not to be read by any.

But the one on whom it was weaved,
the one whom I caressed beyond pain and pleasure,
time rolled on, seasons took turn,
wrinkles grew clear on the face of youth!

Love became deeper with an unquenchable faith,
feelings stood stronger not to succeed but sacrifice,
on the beauty of sanctity,
we held for each other!

When I see him stand on strife,
across seas, on high lands for the nation's glory,
I pray in silence, be back with pride,
and mutter in whisper, if he doesn't!

Still my smiles conquer the tears,
defeating the fear of losing my love,
the crumpled paper in feeble fingers,
light the lamp of that inexpressible love!

It couldn't reach him before the dawn, though
my eternal love has crossed the horizon,
beyond the length of any space and time
and touched his soul in heavenly dome!

Unveiling the Radiance: The Journey of Laxmi Narayan Tripathi's Triumph and Transformation



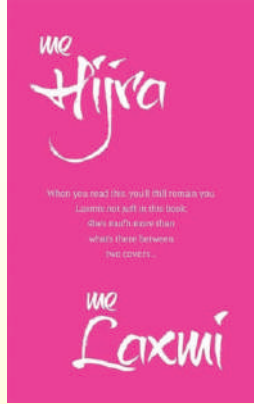
Mandeep Kaur

Recently, I was moved by the stirring memoir *Me Hijra Me Laxmi* by Laxmi Narayan Tripathi — a luminous tale of courage

that deserves to echo far beyond its pages. Though first published nearly a decade ago, its message flickers vividly even in today's world, illuminating the sacred and often obscured path of self-discovery and defiance. At its heart lies the story of a boy named Raju, the cherished only son, whose childhood unfolds against the kaleidoscope of confusion, pain, and longing.

From these tender beginnings, Raju blossoms into Laxmi — revered as the radiant icon of India's hijra community. Originally penned in Marathi in 2012, and elegantly translated into English in 2015, this autobiography invites readers into the intimate realms of identity and resilience. It chronicles not only Laxmi's personal battles and victories but breathes life into a marginalized community's quest to reclaim its narrative and dignity. The book opens in the bustling streets of Thane, Mumbai, where young Raju's awareness of being 'different' first dawns amidst patriarchal shadows that refuse her feminine spirit.

Schoolyard taunts, familial strictures, and the sting of alienation sketch the early contours of a journey fraught with hardship yet marked by an unyielding flame of hope. With tender honesty, Laxmi reveals her encounters with exploitation and rejection, before ultimately embracing the supportive sanctuary of the hijra community. The transformation she underwent in 1998 was not merely physical but a profound liberation — a rebirth into a world where her truth could breathe freely. Yet, *Me Hijra Me Laxmi* transcends the personal. It boldly voices the yearning of an entire community striving for visibility and rights.



Through candid discussions of love, desire, and societal exclusion, Laxmi animates the multidimensional humanity of hijras, dismantling stereotypes and inviting empathy.

Her rise as a leader — from joining and rescuing the Dai Welfare Society to standing as a beacon at international platforms like the 16th World AIDS Conference — illustrates activism not as abstract idealism but as lived, relentless persistence. What resonates most deeply is Laxmi's fierce embrace

of life on her own terms, wielding love and loyalty harmoniously.

Her enduring bond with her parents, who embrace her journey with warmth, enriches the narrative with nuanced tenderness. She inhabits two worlds — the intimate, often invisible traditions of the hijra community, with its poignant guru-chela rituals and rite-of-passage ordeals; and the larger society that oscillates between rejection and reluctant admiration. Laxmi's advocacy for HIV/AIDS awareness and LGBTQ+ rights, coupled with her media presence, has been instrumental in shifting societal perspectives.

Yet, her bravery does not shield her from personal struggles - the shadows of mental health challenges and addiction add layers of raw humanity to her story. Education sparked the power within Laxmi to confront prejudice unflinchingly, wielding her voice and visibility to uplift others, even as she navigated fame and scrutiny. Her tale is a moving mosaic of pain, pride, activism, and unbreakable spirit. In closing, *Me Hijra Me Laxmi* pulls back society's veil, offering an intimate portrait of a community too often relegated to the margins. It is a hymn to the triumph of authenticity over adversity, a plea for empathy in a world hungry to understand. Laxmi Narayan Tripathi's journey is not just her own — it is a luminous beacon calling us to recognize and honor the vast spectrum of human identity, dignity, and resistance.

AICTE North Western Regional UHV Meet Concludes Successfully at UEM Jaipur

The Annual AICTE North Western Regional Meet of Universal Human Values (UHV) Coordinators was inaugurated with great enthusiasm at the **University of Engineering and Management (UEM), Jaipur**, on November 14, 2025.

This impactful **three-day event**, organized under the aegis of AICTE, Ministry of Education, in association with the UHV Foundation, successfully brought together over **70 participants** from **50 universities** across the North Western region, including Rajasthan, Haryana, Punjab, Delhi, Himachal Pradesh, Jammu & Kashmir, and Ladakh.

The Inaugural session was graced by **Shri Swami Sumedhanand Saraswati Ji**, Chief Guest; and **Prof. H. D. Charan** and **Shri Rajul Asthana Ji**, Guests of Honour, along with other dignitaries. The session began with the ceremonial lamp lighting. **Prof. Biswajoy Chatterjee**, Vice Chancellor, UEM Jaipur, delivered the welcome address, emphasizing the University's commitment to fostering a **value-centered and holistic** educational environment.

The distinguished guests underscored the significance of UHV in nurturing **responsible, empathetic, and morally enriched** individuals. They shared personal experiences and outlined strategies to **integrate values-based learning** across technical institutions.

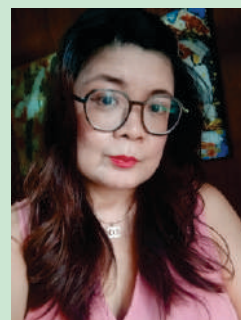
The second day featured a dynamic **Vice Chancellors' Panel Discussion**, presided over by **Shri Surendra Singh Godara**, OSD, Education Department, and **Prof. (Dr) DVS Bhagvanulu**, Pro Vice Chancellor, VGU. Eminent academic leaders provided valuable insights into the relevance, implementation, and impact of UHV in **contemporary education and society**.

The meet concluded with a Valedictory Session, during which **Prof. H. D. Charan** delivered the Vote of Thanks, highlighting the enduring **essence of the UHV initiative**.

A **key announcement** made during the event was the recognition of **UEM Jaipur as a potential nodal centre** for future AICTE-UHV meetings. This distinction underscores the institution's growing leadership in promoting and implementing value-based education.

The sustained efforts and dedication of the **Organising Committee**—including Dr Pradeep Kumar Sharma, Dr. Kumar Sambhav, Dr. B. K. Sharma, Dr. Piush Sharma, Dr. Jitendra Narula, Dr. Charandeep Madan, Dr. Mukesh Yadav, Prof. Dipta Mukherjee, Dr. Snehlata Dhaka, and Dr. Shivam Chauhan—were widely appreciated for making the event a grand success.

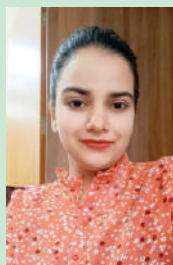




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- Shekhawati Hospital, Jaipur
- Manipal Hospital, Jaipur

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