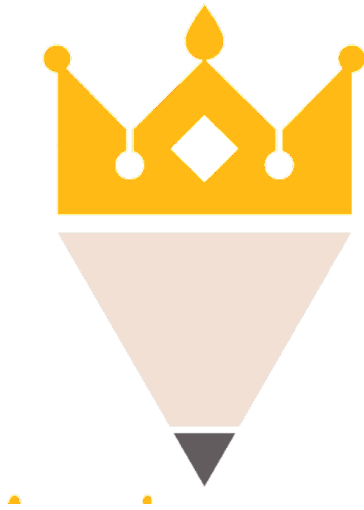




# Ammmicom



## Let's Communicate

A joint effort of AIESR, ASCO, ALS, AICC

# Amicomm

## From the Editors' Desk

*"Let the world burn through you. Throw the prism light, white hot, on paper."*

-Ray Bradbury

On that note we present to you vivid colors and vibrant lights four creative enterprises - Amicomm. It exemplifies Amity's perpetual endeavor to celebrate the creative genius of the students and catapult them to become the Vanguard of Open Discourses, excellence in expression, diversity of opinion and representation.

It aspires to engage and entertain, inform the minds of our readers through earnest work of inspired students. The beauty of each work of poetry lies in the insights into the thought process of university-level demographics. The thought provoking articles address our primary objective of disseminating valuable information gleaned from the rich and vast field of Communication.

We address life at Amity and have encompassed moments of important milestones. We hope to do Justice to these Moments. It reflects the values and qualities of the Institute; but at the same time it is an Honest portrait as we strictly adhere to the original concept of all the works.

Above all, we hope to offer a pleasurable Reading Experience.

Happy Reading!

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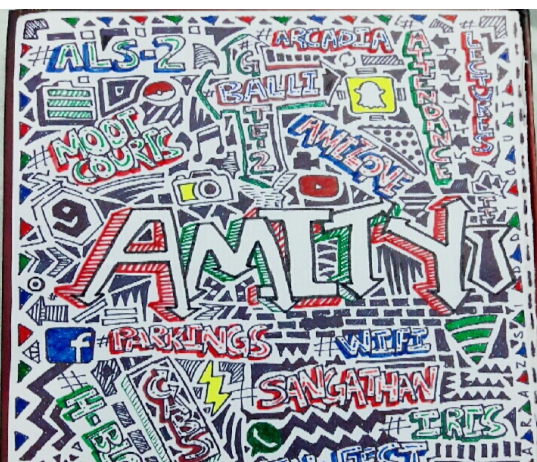
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# Amity: All that Fits

## Sangathan '16

The birth month of our esteemed founder, Dr Ashok Chauhan is celebrated with great gusto. To inculcate sportsman spirit and the importance of a healthy mind and physical fitness, the Inter Amity Institutions Sports meet "Sangathan 2016" was started. It is an annual sports meet celebrated through various sporting events which culminate on the birth date of our Founder President, Dr Ashok K. Chauhan. It is a two month long meet. Over 3000 students from all the campuses of Amity participate in various activities. The events aren't merely limited to the students, the Faculty and staff members are also a part of this great sporting affair.

When Prof. Kalpana Sharma (Chairperson Organising Committee-2016) addressed the gathering, he said that Sangathan is always cele-

brated with a great spirit and an excitement that brings the students of Amity together. It aims to develop the bonds of unity and inspire various virtues along the line. She said that it is a vision of our Founder President to "foster competitive spirit and sportsmanship in all students as part of holistic grooming since both physical and mental well being are the prerequisites of great achievements in a person's life."

The lighting of the Sangathan Flame marked the commencement of the inaugural ceremony of Sangathan 2016. It was lighted by Dr. (Mrs.) Balvinder Shukla, Vice Chancellor. This Mashaal was then carried to various campuses of Amity from Sector-125 to sector 44 and Greater Noida by the students of different institutions.

Dr. Atul Chauhan, Honorable Chancellor, in his inaugural speech said - "Amity Sangathan flame will travel across all the

Amity campuses in India and abroad like Commonwealth Games flames, creating a feeling of unity in the Amity fraternity." This Mashaal was then handed over to the Sports Captain of Amity Law School, Noida since they were the winners of the last Sangathan meet.



The Sangathan Mashaal was then, simultaneously lit up in all the Campuses of Amity in India and abroad bringing forth a perfect picture of unity in diversity.

*Vrinda Maheshwari  
B.A. English*



**SUCCESS ISN'T PERMANENT  
AND FAILURE ISN'T FATAL**

Mike Ditka

**"Speak when you are  
angry and you'll make  
the best speech you'll  
ever regret."  
- Dr. Laurence J. Peter**



# Amity: All that Fits

## Teacher's Day Celebrations

The 5<sup>th</sup> of September marks yet another day for the expression of gratitude. The unique aspect of this day is that all our displays of appreciation are directed at one of the most important people in our lives: our teachers. They do not necessarily have to be a part of an academic setting; the most influential teachers are to be found at home. They are our parents. Nonetheless, school teachers and university professors play a significant role in enhancing, shaping and refining one's personality. A student has a lot to be thankful for towards a teacher. They identify our flaws, explain the corrective measures that we should adopt in order to improve, and ultimately smile from afar at seeing our progress. A teacher's aim is the betterment of his or her student. What more could we ask for from any individual?

AIESR upheld the spirit of teacher's day by organising a small celebration for its faculty members. The A block auditorium was buzzing with cheers and shouts of encouragement as each faculty member went up on stage to receive a rose and a beautifully crafted card from their very own students. This felicitation ceremony was preceded by the cutting of a mouth-watering cake which was vanilla-flavoured, covered with green frost and pineapples. Small samosas and lemonade were the other refreshments offered. Cultural entertainment was supplied in the form of a dance performance by Anushka from B.A. 1A, a singing performance by Nikita from the same batch and a wonderful speech by Saumya from M.A. 3<sup>rd</sup> semester. All in all, it was a splendid way to remind our teachers that their daily efforts are recognised by us all.

*Aakriti Narang*



lish

"Speak clearly, if you speak at all;  
carve every word before you let it fall."  
- Oliver Wendell Holmes

"If you don't give people information, they'll  
make up something to fill the void."  
- Carla O'Dell

## Amity: All that Fits

### A Trip that Healed

What do most of us feel when we help someone? Relieved? Satisfied? Good about themselves? Well today I went to a small school in a village. I didn't help anyone, I didn't save anyone nor did I teach anyone anything but I learned a lot. Being a 21<sup>st</sup> century human I know what its like to live a fast tracked life where we do not realise the importance of education as much as the grade we get.

Godhuli School teaches kids from grade 1<sup>st</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> for free. The teachers and the students share a bond of learning and not grades. What I learned from that place was that the dwelling might be small but it harbours so much more than a large building ever can. Looking at the small toothless smiles, hearing the forgotten verses of junior poems behind the great

Wordsworth or Coleridge I found the smile on my face that had been hidden for god knows how long.



When asked the favourite subject of those great little kids, the response I got was Hindi. How long has it been since anyone said that Hindi is their favourite subject? Those kids still have a smile on their face because their scenery drawings still have a sun with a smile on it and their birds are still the little V's drawn together, their streams of water are still two parallel lines and the house roofs are still

triangle with a small window in them.

Those kids have a lot to offer and what scares me is that these walls will keep closing in instead of opening doors. The smiles on their faces reminded me to stop and take a moment to appreciate the little scribbles we all draw at the back of our registers, or the ink we fill in the letters that have the space. These kids healed the schoolgirl in me and made me realise that the counting from 1 to 10 still matters.

This was a trip back to the nostalgic Nursery days and the trapped schoolgirl in me that still remembers her first day at school. This was a trip that helped me rather than the kids.

*Vrinda Sehgal  
B.A. English*

### Onam in Delhi

Isn't it just the dream - to be transported to an other-worldly dimension of wafting fragrances and insanely overwhelming tastes, and by the way, because this article is going to be about Onam, Mahabali, Pookalams and Malayali traditions, Onashamsakal to you too!

Onam is celebrated as the commencement of the New Year by the people of Kerala (God's own country!). According to mythology, that is the day when the great king Mahabali returns from the netherworld to meet and bless his people. Apparently, Mahabali was tricked by an incarnation of Vishnu, i.e., Vaamana, when he asked for 3

footsteps of land. He grows in size and Boom! He takes the Heavens with him. With the second step and there goes the netherworld! Now, there's no place for him to keep his third footstep. Mahabali being the gracious host and generous soul offers his head to keep Vaamana footstep. He's sent to the netherworld, but seeing that he's a pure soul, Vaamana offers him a respite and grants him a whole day to visit his country and his people. That one day is what we now call Onam.

The celebrations start 10 days prior to the actual day and flowers are used to draw elegant designs known as Pookalams in order to please the

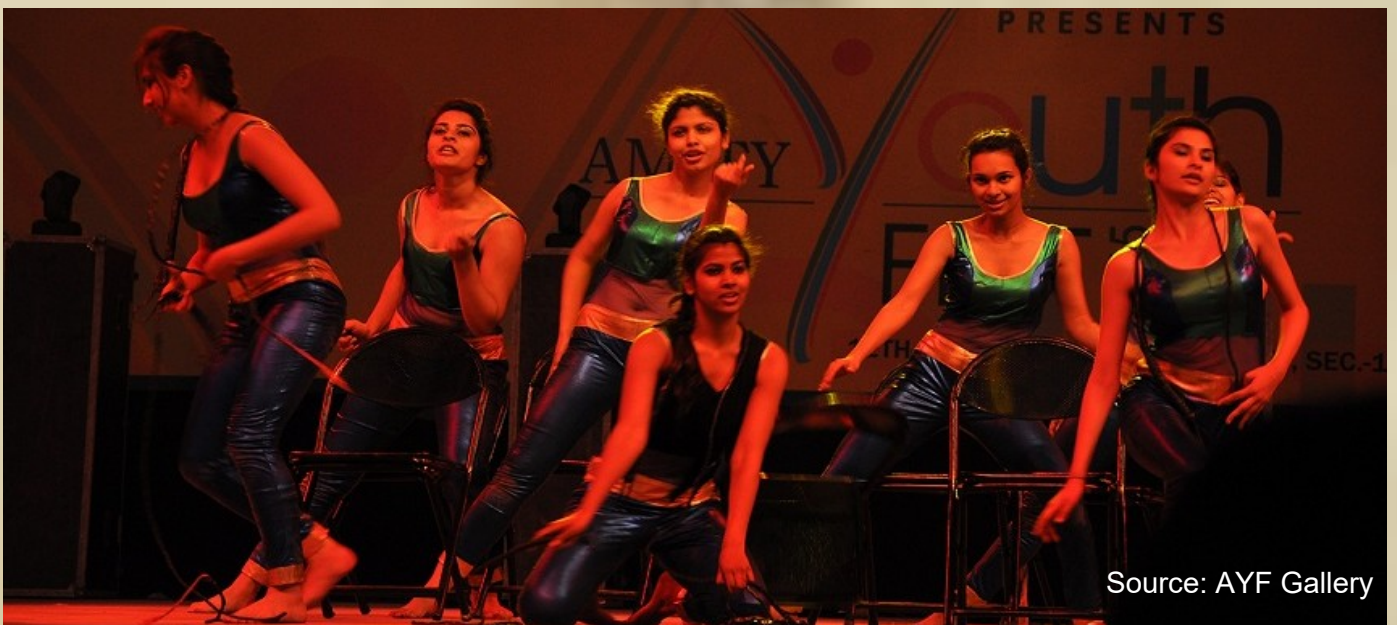
great king. Meals are extravagant and there's an overall sense of celebration and mirth. Contemporarily, Onam has become a reason for family bonding and relationship strengthening. The other great attraction of this festive season is perhaps the great boat race which is organised mainly in the Alapuzha district of Kerala. The boat song is something that every little kid in the entire state knows from the womb.

Well that's it about Onam folks! And, have a great year ahead. It is also celebrated with great enthusiasm in Amity.

*Arun Prakash  
B.A. English*



# Amity: All that Fits



Source: AYF Gallery



# The Gilded Lyre

## A Sunset

*Jeeshan Jamshed*

*B.A. English*

The orange sky about to turn dark.  
Always the same familiar reasons  
With the birth of every new ray.  
Sun, who was getting old hour by hour.  
A bench on a seashore,  
I was sitting there watching it all  
Clouds were crying, birds had stopped flying,  
Hearts skipped beats,  
While the night was happy in its own heaven.  
The passing of people is proof  
That the sun outlives them all  
And we just wait for our torture to calm  
Like a tooth breaks and turns into bone  
The same sun vanishes to become night and  
The next day it offers the same warmth  
But we still never give our concepts a break



## Until the Sun Sees

*Mukesh Raushan*

Oh! I thought, we'll be awake until  
The sun sees us knitted in galore.  
I could have given up my secrets,  
But I felt you nowhere, all I see is the dark.  
I could have given my last part,  
I cried for you, but touch my hard heart.

Oh! I thought we'll be awake until,  
The sun witnesses the flame of our love.  
I could have found shelter,  
Away from the dark.  
I could have heard you, but what instead  
Nothing, only the lonely creeping sound.

Oh! I thought we'll be awake until,  
The sun showers solicitous rays upon us.  
We could have ignited the passion of our love.  
We could have settled every chasm.

The sun would have cried to match the flame,





# The Gilded Lyre

## Dreamland

Aditi Singh

B.A. Economics

Beyond the beauty of imagination,  
Much more than a heart's elation.  
Brighter than the purest soul,  
Still dark as a black coal.  
Sweeter than the essence of rose,  
Still stronger than the storm blows.  
Deeper than the feeling of being wanted,  
Far, far away from the sentiment of just being needed.  
Away from all the emotional ties,  
Beyond the sadness of those wet eyes.  
Far beyond that incomplete world,  
Much, much away from the feeling of being unhurt.  
As plain as a white sheet,  
Much more than the joy of being complete.  
Beyond the fear of darkness,  
Away from the materialistic mess.  
Away from life's monotony,  
And beyond the limitations of destiny.  
That's where I picture a real me,  
That's where my dream world lies,



The biggest  
communication problem  
is we do not listen to  
understand.  
We listen to reply.

## Poppies

Aakriti Narang

B.A. English

Blossoming. They are blossoming  
Yet always clinging  
Clinging to the soil from which they grew  
Whilst we are torn and ripped anew.  
We used to be like poppies  
So ancient is our youth  
Rising a little each day  
Now our souls sink deeper into the grey  
Abyss. We are  
Counting breaths with  
Bleeding hearts and



“The art of communication is the language of leadership.”

James Humes

Success is led by the  
power of communication

“Seek first to understand, then to be understood.”

Stephen Cover



# The Gilded Lyre

## War Zone

Vrinda Maheshwari  
B.A. English

The yellow plains rang of war.  
Everywhere the scene shifted,  
Cries of blood were all I saw.  
A little girl sat alone, terrified.  
She shouts for her father,  
And her brother, alike.

Her muse departed long ago.  
Promised to come back,  
Be with her,  
Transcending the war zone.  
Her blood shot eyes  
Shone with a passionate light.  
Her stature demanded immediate respite.  
In the yellow plains,  
Of war, the people sang.  
Could I ever find the place,

"If you'll hate yourself a little, the world will hate you a little more."

Eshita Hatwal

## Prison

Vagisha Kaushik  
M.A. English

From a great distance, somewhere beneath the  
dark  
Came trembling voices, heard only in parts.  
They were suffering; they were dying  
Struck with grief and helplessness they were lying.

What hour; what day, didn't matter  
They had failed, their dreams all shattered.  
Pathetic,  
Miserable,  
Their lives rolled away unnoticed by any.  
Robbed of their existence and identity  
For them there was no God, no sanctity.  
Why this suffocation? They could never find a reason.  
Why this annihilation? Life seemed like a *prison*.

"Horror, horror!" they cried.  
And deep in darkness, their voices died.

Maybe their freedom lies in their demise.

## I Have to Fight

Tushar Kumar

Falling from a height,  
In the darkness of the night.  
I was caught by a raven  
Luring me in to take the flight of heaven.  
I am lost in the midst of misty dust.  
An outburst of my tears.  
The squeamish horror of the night  
Reminds me that,  
Neither to win nor to lose  
Just for my life, I have to fight.  
A galore of fears,  
A voice from inside,  
That soon Triumph will share my ride.  
Though the shore is far and getting out of sight  
To survive, I know I have to fight.



"It may sound very irrational but I feel like I'm attacked by something I can't escape for anxiety wrecks havoc inside me ."

Manisha Goel  
B.A. English

# The Gilded Lyre

## GALLANT GUISES

Sanjukta Chakraborty  
M.A. English

Make it thunder, make it storm.  
Make it seem that I am strong,  
For all the things I've never done  
Please don't let cursed tears come.  
For all the pain I haven't felt,  
For all the shores I haven't smelt.  
Please let me not cower in shame,  
Let me remember, it's only a game.  
Of wits and fights and many foes,  
Of gaiety being thorns on a rose.  
Or words that seem to penetrate,  
The shield of bliss that you have made.  
Through all this remember if you can:  
You must always have the upper hand.  
In this sport that we must play,  
By cheating death in every way.

## Suppressed Emotions

Surabhi Chaudhary  
B.A. English

There are words left unspoken,  
There are emotions left unexpressed,  
Tied up with chains of fears and doubts,  
Waiting to be unleashed. My heart pounds,  
Soak you up in love, my dear;  
Have you with me for today and forever  
My ears are longing for your voice  
And eyes for your face.  
Let me have you for a lifetime  
And not just for a phase.

"Whether the communication is written or verbal, formal or informal, the question must be asked as to whether or not it was effective."  
- Carl Pritchard

## Metamorphosis

Loveena Garg  
B.A. English

The ghost underneath my bed,  
The ghost beyond this door.  
The voices from the walls,  
And the voice of the man that snores.

"It's ok", he whispered in the silence.  
I shivered at the warmth in cold.  
"It's ok", he embraced me the first time,  
And let me fall back. I'm sold.

The knock on the door of steel.  
He breaks through, my blood runs cold.  
The thudding of my heart stops,  
As regardless moans unfold.

I look under the bed to find  
The tears leaking out of my eyes.  
I tell her "It's ok",  
The ten year old nods and smiles.

This feeling of not feeling at all.  
The dead is what keeps me alive.  
The feeling of dread is washed away.  
By the slowly drained out life.

She stops crying, She is now eighteen.  
Still under the bed with the same faces.  
The lines of her invisible tears.  
The lines of her pain she traces.

"It's ok", I whispered to her.  
It's ending now. "Come to me," I said.





# The Gilded Lyre

## Beethoven Dreams

*Siddharth Dubey*

*B.A. English*

*To my darlings who can't chain their hopes and to my demons who won't think it through.*

## The Tragedian

I hold my heart at proscenium,  
To perform the chronicles of the tragedian.  
As a memento for the truths who lost their lives  
In my faux Elysium, a Pandemonium will rise.  
Now that I've swallowed the goblet of embers,  
My voice' numb, my heart' December  
In this straight line path, a fugitive hides  
His ghost sacred, his refuge wild.

## Beethoven Dreams

Smiling little holy ghost, Jubilant?  
Oh! your fragile jovial bubble, In shambles?  
They said you fed poison to your muse once  
And lit your closet with all the bridges you burned  
While you parade the street in a make-believe cape.  
Carpe diem! Carpe diem! Did you seize the day?  
Oh! Queen of the Wonderland, Oh! King of the spade,

## The Colour Red

*Takbeer Salati*

*B.A. English*

Past, present and places, all on a wall of future,  
Clouds of circus circumscribed the courtier,  
As some were deep, calm and others venomous,  
There was a mark of red, a light that often spoke,  
Never shone, absent out of the stopping by the fall,  
Flowers bloom with the red, red of the past of men  
Stopping her from entering into the court of herbs.

The red colour of vengeance wore its space,  
Flowing down the waves like a ritual,  
The flowers embellished into its color,  
A frightful scent of prejudiced nature,  
Tripping down through a devastated past,  
It held no future in the blank space of the courtier's yard.



## Night before dawn

*Avni Kohli*

*B.A. English*

Night before dawn,  
Oh, night before dawn!  
War battle clatters heard all around.  
The spirit of freedom lingering away.  
As little swallows running away.  
Freedom shall come, it shall.  
Before the day is gone,  
Night before dawn.  
Oh, night before dawn.  
Spring swallows make their way  
Touching the flowers that secret way  
Till the golden Archibald has begun  
its flight  
Peace and prosperity come this way  
Rome has lived through the dark  
night  
And has begun its day.  
Night before dawn  
Oh, night before dawn

## Speechless in a Different Context

Ever realised how much you can reveal about yourself to another person without even opening your mouth? If not, then this isn't a bad time to do so. Words, although extremely important, are not the only factor involved in communicating with another person. It is true that you should choose your words wisely because once said, they cannot be taken back. However, never underestimate (apart from "the power of a common man") the power of your facial expressions, bodily gestures, posture, eye contact and tone of voice in creating an impression of you in the mind of the other. This forms our non-verbal communication.



The words we utter only contribute to 1% of the message that we send to the receiver. The rest of their understanding of our message is formulated on the basis of how we communicate non-verbally. Moreover, your non-verbal messages can either reinforce or oppose the verbal messages you are conveying. They help others identify whether or not you really care, are being truthful and often reveal more about you than your words will ever do. This is because; unless you have mastered the art of portraying yourself in certain desired way in public, non-verbal actions are generally spontaneous and reflexive. They do not require much thought. However, our words are our construction; we can mould and shape them to produce whatever impact we want. The acronym KOPPACK takes into account all the factors that determine non-verbal communication: Kinesics (dealing with body movement and postures), Oculistics (eye contact), Proxemics (physical distance), Paralinguistic (pitch, quality of voice), Artifacts (dressing sense, colour of your spectacles), Chronemics (an appreciation of time) and Tactyllics or Haptics (touch). In order to improve this aspect of our communication, there are a few things we should keep in mind.

Establish eye contact with the person you are speaking to. This shows that you are interested in hearing what the other person has to say. Conversely, if you are the one speaking then making direct eye contact portrays that you are confident in your ideas.

Facial expressions are generally universal but can vary depending on the contextual setting. Various countries have their own understanding of particular facial expressions. For instance, making direct eye contact is considered rude in Japan.

Pay attention to your proximity to others. Different cultures have their own views on personal space, but generally everyone requires it to a certain degree. Standing too close could make the other person uncomfortable, especially if you have not met that often.

Posture is very important. Slouching suggests laziness, unwillingness to work and a lack of interest. Swinging your legs whilst sitting in a meeting suggests restlessness and impatience. Sit up straight and face others while talking.

As for the tone of voice, avoid sighing and speaking in a high-pitched voice that might make you appear emotionally fragile. A lot can be revealed through grunts, snores, mutterings and so forth.

These were a few tips on how to communicate more efficiently in a non-verbal manner. Remember, it's not just the words that count. There's more to you than what you say there is.

*Aakriti Narang*  
*B.A.English*



## She - Just Let Her Be.

Woman is the “zenith of mankind “and man is the ladder to that zenith. It is clearly embedded deep down in every human heart that the blood running in their veins, the cells from which their muscles are formed and every other atomic particle that forms their body, has come into existence inside a woman’s womb. Whether it be the teachings of the Bible, Vedas, Gita or any other text throwing light on the origin of human race, a particular phrase reoccurs and it can be deduced in one line: ‘Men and women were created equal by God with their own uniqueness, but later it was their deviance from God which corrupted their thoughts and brought in inequality amongst them.’ In the light of this statement, should not humanity feel ashamed that it has to worry about the empowerment of one of God’s earliest and most beautiful creation? Attempting to summarise the worth of a woman can be likened to lighting a candle on the face of the sun. Unfortunately, we have been doing just that for a very long time. Since time immemorial the status of women has seen tremendous ups and downs. The history of the movement for gender equality is an intellectual, political and social history of the changing relationship between men and women as opposed to a ‘pro-woman’ movement. Previously, a woman was considered to be a temptress. The figure of Eve as being one who tempts Adam to eat the forbidden fruit of knowledge, thus causing the downfall of man from Paradise, consolidates this notion in Christianity. With the advent of Christianity, the Old

Testament figure of Eve came to embody earlier misogynist traditions. Moreover, since Eve was born out of Adam’s rib, it seemed as though a woman owed her physicality to man. From her extremely glorious status in ancient India to her deteriorating plight in Medieval, also considering the drastic change in her position during British rule to the yet continuing endeavor of empowering her, the graph of women’s plight has never seen a positive constant.

A majority of us are really hypocrites when it comes to our contribution towards women empowerment. India is ranked 108 out of 136 countries in the Global Gender Gap Index. Isn’t it shocking? In order to remedy this, initiatives such as ‘Beti Bachao Beti Padhao’ have been put into place, including taking a ‘Selfie with Daughter’ as a means of encouraging members of the society to appreciate the essence of a female. It becomes really tough to find out the real reason behind “Why don’t we preach what we teach?”

Very recently, renowned actor Amitabh Bachchan who is starring in the film *Pink*, wrote a poem for his two granddaughters concerning them being girls. He quite rightly says: “... And because you are women people will force their thinking, their boundaries on you. They will tell you how to dress, how to behave, who you can meet and where you can go. Don’t live in the shadows of people’s judgement. Make your own

choices in the light of your own wisdom. Don’t let anyone make you believe that the length of your skirt is a measure of your character. Don’t let anyone’s opinion of who you should be friends with, dictate who you will be friends with.”

The alarm bells are ringing like never before. Women today are at the apex in every institution. Numerous women who have made the country bright still strive to see the light of empowerment reaching the majority, who are still in darkness. It is time for everyone to hold hands with women and make them celebrate their womanhood. She should have the right to breathe freely, without having to glance left and right to make sure no one is judging her for doing so. She should not just be worshipped as a goddess for the sake of a ritual; she should be believed to be one. Let us encourage them to ride to their full potential, instead of becoming obstacles in their path of growth and success. They have a right to be just as much as anyone else. Let them be.

To quote Maya Angelou:  
I’m a woman  
Phenomenally.  
Phenomenal woman,  
That’s me.

*Jyotsana Pandey & Shubham  
Ahuja  
B.A. LLB, ALS- I*

## Forgotten??

Have we forgotten **Captain Vikram Batra**? He gave his life in Kargil War to resist Pakistan from capturing The Tiger Hill. Today, when we hear about **Pathankot, Uri, 26/11** etc; there are thousands of Vikram Batras dying just to save our Motherland. It still gives me goosebumps when I imagine the fate of these heroes. They leave without any demands and we just clap our hands and hope for better relations with the **NEIGHBORS**. It's time we rise and stand united against the mentally challenge terrorists. It's time that we educate the youth about the road to take. Its time we give a **MESSAGE**.

Have we forgotten **Sardar Vallabhbai Patel**? This man single handedly accomplished an unprecedented miracle of integrating **534** princely states (yes! you read it right) into a single **INDIAN UNION** in just **15 months**. Let's compare it with other countries. It took **23 years** to unify **9** provinces of **Italy** while **Otto**

**von Bismarck** took **9 years** to unify **35** German provinces. Now imagine the herculean task of **Sardar Patel**. And today we keep on fighting to divide the states. We divided Andhra Pradesh into Seemandhra and Telangana. People want to separate **Bundhelkhand** from **U.P.** There's nothing to gain but a lot to lose from division. Looking at all this I remember a dialog from **Harry Potter** which sums up the whole point- "We're only as strong as we're united, as weak as we're divided."

Have we forgotten **HITLER**? **HITLER** believed that he was destined to rule the rest of the world and his race was superior to others. He executed many, just to prove himself right and the last person he killed was **Himself**. There's nothing wrong in believing that you're the best but when you adopt ill practices to conquer anyone who disbelieves it, the end is near. Always remember:-

"The last time someone took pride for nonsense reasons, **HITLER** was made"

Have we forgotten the creator of **terrorism**?

In the late 70's, United States of America funded and armed a certain group of people known as 'Resistance Fighters' for its own protection that later on went to become **Al Qaeda**.

In the 80's, U.S. provided money, weapons (both chemical and biological), arms to **Saddam Hussain** in his war against Iran. This gave birth to an extremist organization which later on developed and today we know it as **ISIS**.

In 90's, CIA trained **Osama Bin Laden** for an anti-communist war and we all know what a disaster happened in 2001.

You still think U.S. is against terrorism. **RETHINK**.

Rohit R Malhotra  
MBA-CPM  
RICS School of Built Environment



"COMMUNICATION  
LEADS TO COMMUNITY, THAT IS,  
TO UNDERSTANDING,  
INTIMACY AND MUTUAL VALUING."  
- ROLLO MAY

A LOT OF  
PROBLEMS  
IN THE WORLD  
WOULD  
DISAPPEAR  
IF WE TALK  
**TO EACH OTHER**  
INSTEAD OF  
**ABOUT EACH OTHER**



## Spirituality - A Blissful Experience

Youth is a time of doubt, peer pressure, anxiety and experiences. The true purpose in life is in blur and the burden of responsibility is heavy on the shoulders. The most important aspect of this age is the future being dependent upon it. Ideas and new thoughts begin making space for themselves in the mind. We can truly see the importance of the participation of the young adult as Narendra Modi, the Prime Minister of India continuously reiterates. We may declare that, the youth is the most important component of a nation which wants to build itself economically, socially, and even culturally.

Spirituality is an experience that helps one grow from the inside. It is usually misinterpreted as "religious". Although religion is thought by many to have a direct link to an Almighty whose existence is not established by some conclusive proof or theory, spirituality is not necessarily in accordance with such a link. Dr Daisaku Ikeda, president of a Buddhist peace organisation, Soka Gakkai International (SGI) explains, "Spiritualism is not solely connected to God. It is a personal transformation, a psychological growth." Through the course of time, young intellectual minds have turned towards spirituality to search for happiness and tranquility during turbulent times.

The comparison between religion and spirituality has

been a topic of fiery debate. Karma is a term which means "a force created by a person's action that is believed to determine what would happen to that person's next life." Karma often boxes a preacher into a domain of a life without any exploration and experimentation. Spiritualism teaches the youth to engage themselves with activities through which the true meaning of good can be perceived. Spirituality



tual guru Osho defined the experience as looking at one's own dimension.

Psychologically speaking, as the world is facing the "Darkest Age", this thought provoking concept will help sensitise man and aid him find his inner peace. This is of utmost importance if we are to make sensible decisions as part of our youth that will later carve our future lives. Going back in time, we will realize the terror and carnage that man has unleashed in the world. Even schooling and institutionalisa-

tion has failed to leave a deep impact in the minds of our race.

On March 11, 2011, The world saw Japan crumble to debris when one of the most devastating earthquakes struck. People saw their children, parents, brothers, sisters crushed and killed. There was no hope. However, subconsciously all knew that Japan would transform again into being one of the World's superpowers. This belief was only limited to the economic and industrial spheres of life. The real question is this: how would they pick themselves up morally? Pulling ourselves up from the abyss of depression at a time when all loved ones vanish into oblivion is probably the hardest task. When their national women's football team beat all odds and took home the spoils of the world cup, the players said that when they were psychologically shattered, spiritualism helped them to realize their goal.

Spiritualism connects human beings to the cycle of the universe, the rhythm of life. It is only then that humans live for one's own self as well as others, enriching the environment in which they live and thereby creating a ripple effect in the world – a world of values, morality and peace.

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"First learn the meaning of what you say, and then speak."  
- Epictetus

"Two monologues do not make a dialogue." - Jeff Daly

## Ode to a Writer

The funny thing about the flow of a writer is that sometimes our fingers remember so much more than our mind that they take from the images and sights we see and comprehend all day and make something totally beautiful out of the vividness of the reality that we call fiction.

A writer can ignore the rueful feelings behind a fiction but what happens when they write a reality? The vividness of the details makes us crumble below the weight of the memories flowing from our words.

So what happens when the writer is lost under the weight of their own work? They go on a search into the deepest parts of their mind, body and soul; wanting to know the answer to the question as to why the tips of their fingers, that are typing without a break, make them dwell again into a broken reality that they were trying to escape. And when the writer can't find the answer to this question, they leave it to the readers. They leave it on the numerous eyes that are reading their words and wonders if the typed words are the answer to anyone's inner battle? Because each time a writer sits and pours his heart out it is not necessarily for them but for the numerous souls who are fighting daily with reality. Each word of a writer can be a solution and solace to someone else. Each word that pains a writer can be a divine intervention to some other person. Each word that can bring a tear in the writer's eyes may bring a smile on another soul's lips, and that's what

makes us writers keep going. The mere fact that someone somewhere was touched by our words gives us the hope of depending on our tips again, and that's how a writer becomes a healer....

Look closely at a writer's hand, you'll always see the small dent in their fingertips that works non-stop to create the fairy tale that readers look for. The solace that lies in the words of a writer is bigger than ever. We don't work for a friend



or a foe but for the numerous pairs of eyes that wait for something or someone to speak to them.

Stories that are woven through the mind of a writer are the little details of the writer's life. Looking closely a reader can always find the glimpse of the life the writer may be leading without even directly conversing with them. Readers and writers have a very natural bond without having met physically. The bond blossoms with each word on the page and each letter typed, these soul bonds help the world connect at a level only known to the readers and writers. Someone once said that "*the pen is mightier than the sword*". Spoken words may lose

their memory and meaning eventually but the ink sprawled across the page will never lose its meaning, sense or credibility. But thinking about the words a writer uses several questions pop up in one's mind like what and who made words? Who decided what to say and what letter joined together will hold what meaning?

Who decided that a series of shapes that are today recognized as letters can make or break a person's life? What was the use of these words being invented? What was the main intention of the idea of communication?

It was so that people can listen. It was made for people to understand what a person wants from another one in a simple language that binds us all together.

But today these words hold no meaning because even the working ears have turned deaf. No one listens. No one responds and no one cares... words have lost their meaning because they are not being given the amount of respect that they should've been getting.

Emotions that were once conveyed through these words.... now seem shallow and fake. People don't get upset or even shocked when a person in their life leaves.... but they laugh and are shocked when a person says he/she is here to stay.

Staying and leaving have interchanged meanings. The emotions that were once joined with these words have



'love you' to someone is equal to saying that 'I love Cheetos' or 'I love a movie'. It has lost its rich meaning and intensity and has become a mere combination of four letters that were supposed to be something special.

All of this because the world stopped listening when things were still serious. When love was an emotion and not a hash tag. When smiles were on faces and not in filters. When beauty was still measured from within and not by the fairness or weigh scale.

I am not saying that I am the epitome of feelings; I am just saying that whenever I get a chance I do listen. I listen to

the pleas even if they are fake, I tend to the teardrops that are wasted away, I do solve and try to find the reassuring words that might still hold some meaning in a hope that maybe words will find a way back; in a hope that someone out there will connect the words to their original meaning and bring back the rich intensity that was once started by famous playwrights and dramatists.

I do wish to witness the rich culture of our language that has helped us develop our senses in these past years. It has made us connect our hearts' desires to our logical mind. Words make emotions

that we feel spiritually or physically.

So this is my ode to the power of words and the creative mind that blends them into a logical statement of guidance.

"The power of some letters put together is greater than any choice of weapon put together to make or break a human...."

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## Letter to the Future



Hey there my future children!

I know there are a many things expected of you as the the, as the young blood, as the new, advanced, techno-savy generation but there is one thing that I, as a mother, expect out of you is to be a good Human Being. I want you people to respect the entire mankind equally, irrespective of their cast, creed, race and sex.

You will surely come across many incidents where in you'll be confused and messy and disheveled and chaotic and the way out, nowhere to be found. At that moment, I, compel you to follow your instincts for, they come from your core, from that inside of you that pure and untouched by all the evil and the danger. That core is what connects you with your inner undiluted beauty.

Don't let all the difficulties scare you, face them with utmost determination. Don't let the unfair life pull you down, for, it is fair in its own way. Remember never to hide your battle scars, since they beautify you in their own way, they make a fighter, a tough one and that is all I desire of you.

Lastly, remember, life was never about sitting in a corner and shedding tears, It is always about facing and finally conquering your fears.

Never cry when you lose your wars.

Think about those rocks,

Shinning, they glide through the sky,

Just a few minutes later when they burn and die.

Be good, do good.

Love,

Mom

## Favourite Coffee

It was just yesterday when I was missing you. So I decided to visit your our favourite coffee shop. As I was sitting there, I glimpsed a girl who had just entered. She was gorgeous, and was holding one of my favourite books in her hands. You remember the one I used to hound you about? The very same. The sight of that book brought a glow to my face. I think she saw me beaming at the book. Maybe, that was why she decided to join me at my table instead of going to any of the other vacant tables around the cafe. Naturally, we started to talk about that book, among other things. She told me that her boyfriend was the one who suggested this book to her. And that he can quote any line from that book! I felt a little weird, but did not tell her that I had once suggested it to you as well. Quite a few times. We were having a great conversation when the waiter came. She ordered a hazelnut coffee for herself. As she uttered the word "Hazelnut", I stiffened and all the colour on my face drained out as an instant recognition of that smell hit me with full force. I had already been missing you a lot lately, but now, every single thing I see reminded me of you. I guess she noticed the change in my demeanour. She asked me with a strange politeness in her tone if everything was okay. I replied with a small smile and brushed my hand across my face as if some random eyelash was unknowingly halting at my cheek. I took another sip of my coffee. My usual. She asked me about the

flavour I was drinking, to which I replied "it's Americano". Hearing that, she started smiling. I asked her what the matter was.

"Your tastes are similar to my boyfriend's" she replied. This time I told her that even her taste matches with someone I know... knew. "I'm sorry" she said suddenly, perhaps deciphering the meaning behind the fumble that the someone 'I know' has become someone 'I knew', but I wasn't sure. I did not ask her, nor did I want to, because asking her would have dragged the topic in the direction of my our story, which I don't want to share with anyone. So, instead, I asked her about her story.

As she was about to begin, the waiter came up with her Hazelnut coffee. Million words cannot explain how hard it was for me to not tell her that the aroma of the coffee beans reminded me of you as if it was your very own cologne. I closed my eyes and took a whiff for a moment to enjoy that fragrance. She didn't notice it this time, probably because she was doing the same thing. Then, with utmost enthusiasm and a slight blush she started it - Her story. Her story was sweet, short and romantic and I heard every bit of it with a polite interest. All but one thing, a thing that dragged my conscious to a somewhat familiar path. She said, "He's crazy about me and I know that for a fact, but there's this one girl who is always mentioned in our every conversation. I think he misses her. He has never told

me her name and whenever I insist upon it, the only reply I ever get is that she was his 'soul mate in disguise of a best friend' and that he had failed to realise that until it was very late."

This part of the story made me uncomfortable. The



bond we have had was exactly like that of her boyfriend and his best friend's. Even then, it felt like I knew that girl and I was able to completely empathise with her. But who was she? How do I know her? No answers...

I did not tell her about these thoughts but kept on listening to whatever more she had to say. Once we finished our coffee, we bid each other farewell and hoped to meet some other day in the same coffee shop, maybe next time, perhaps with her boyfriend.

I was happy at the thought of meeting that guy, listening to whose story made me forget you and remember you all at the same time. But... Was I really happy? Feeling that I might know the Best-friend's story, it made me slightly nervous to meet him.

Later that night, when I was again enjoying my coffee to kill sleep, I was thinking



about my own story, Our Story. The more I dug into our memories, the more I was able to relate to her boyfriend's story. And it was then that it suddenly struck me! All the stars aligned for once. Everything started to make sense.

The familiarity and empathy I had for that story wasn't because the story of her guy and his best friend was similar to ours, it was My own story, narrated by Your girlfriend. I could never have imagined that you would define me as 'Soul mate in disguise of a Best friend'.

The only reason why I

wasn't able to fit my image in the place of the Bestfriend's was because of The Coffee. Even after all the feeling of knowingness and familiarity, the story shifted to that of someone else when she told me her boyfriend likes Americano. All that time we were together, you had always hated it. Your favourite, your usual was the unbearably sweet tasting Hazelnut. Americano was... It was my favourite and you've always teased me for liking its bitter taste. And now, after all this time, you have made it your favourite too... to fill my

presence?

Just the thought of it moistened my eyes. After everything had ended I had thought that you would forget me, but now I guess I know how you keep yourself from missing me... how you still keep us together... how you still start your mornings with Me.

I love it how you have made my favourite coffee - Our Favourite Coffee!

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**"The most important thing in communication**

**is hearing what isn't said."**  
- Peter Drucker

**"What information consumes is rather obvious. It consumes the attention of its recipients. Hence a wealth of information creates a poverty of attention." - Herbert Simon**