



# Xpression

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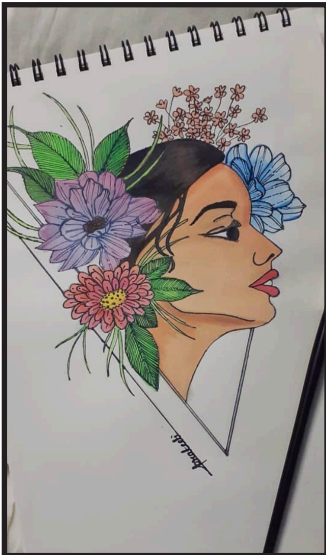
Department of Mass Communication, St Xavier's University, Kolkata

February & March, 2023

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*Definitions of Love*





*From the roots I grow;*  
Photo: Prateeti's Instagram Page



*Prateeti's love for flowers*  
Photo: Prateeti's Instagram Page



*Picture of our dearest Prateeti; Photo: Prateeti's Instagram Page*

## Prateeti, the girl who lived large

Ishita Biswas, BA Sem 2, Mass Communication

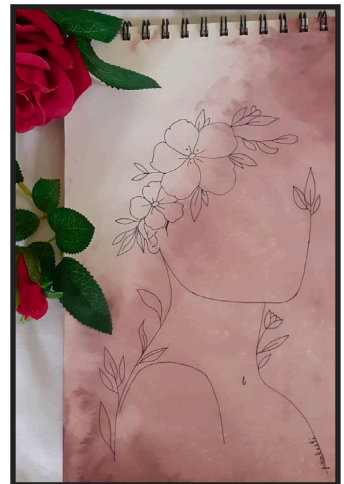
She was someone who could sense the anxiety of her mother even when her own screams echoed through the hospital corridors. "But who knew I would find my daffodils in a hospital ward"- this is who Prateeti was, the one who could feel Wordsworth in herself even in a packed dull hospital room. She was someone who forgot all her pain at the glance of tiny giggling faces defying the gloom, she was someone who could feel the misery of others even when hers knew no bounds, she was someone who left us early with nothing but innumerable memories and magic in her words. No matter how hard I try, no words will ever be worthy enough to describe the undaunted soul she was. Her aura, her spirit and

that never fading smile were potent enough to light up the gloomiest of faces, the heaviest of sighs and the darkest of nights. In her short but magical time with us, she unknowingly taught us the biggest lessons in the simplest ways. Living up to her name, Prateeti was the personification of faith in true sense, who could see light at the end of the darkest of tunnels.

May be Rajesh Khanna's lines "babu moshai, zindagi badi honi chahiye, lambi nahi" were nothing but just a prediction of Prateeti's life. Fate might have physically taken her far from us but her memories, her words and her immortal smile will defy the darkest of fates and stay with us, in our hearts and in this beloved campus of hers forever.



*Picture of our dearest Prateeti;*  
Photo: Prateeti's Instagram Page



*Rising from dust*  
Photo: Prateeti's Instagram Page



# LOST AND FOUND



Prateeti Bhattacharjee, BA Sem 2, Mass Communication

She stood naked in front of the mirror, staring at herself from top to bottom. Her once fair skin was now burnt. A burn from something which would heal more complex things inside. To adorn the burnt skin, small black dots had spread out across the entire body. Her head which was once full of wavy dark hair was now bare. Her nails which she loved to paint had changed their color to shades of brown and black. Like every day, she ran her fingers throughout the lengths and breadths of her body, eyes fixated on the mirror. Who was this, she failed to recognize herself. "You are brave; you are beautiful; It is all temporary," they all said. She

understood their words but failed to understand the body which stood in front of the mirror because it definitely couldn't be her. How could she keep going on in that body? How could she love it like her own? It didn't look anything like it. She liked the attention it fetched her, but she loved it because of the confidence it gave her. For she was once a shy kid, bullied for not having any friends or getting any attention. And her glowing skin and wavy tresses had rid her of the nightmare. But now, she had lost it again, or so she had been thinking. It was the forty-fifth day of her standing in front of the mirror and wondering about the body

she was entrapped in. But on this day, something was different. For the first time, the black dots on her skin seemed to appear lighter, shades lighter than they used to be. Was she seeing right? She had probably stared for too long she thought as she peered to be gradually fading into her skin. She could not believe herself, a hint of happiness showed up in her eyes. As she ran her fingers across her head, she felt little spikes rub against them. Did she feel right? She took a step towards the mirror and tilted her head forward. Of course, she had felt it right! She could see tiny spikes of hair spanning across her once bald head. Tears filled her eyes, and as she

closed them, she could see herself again, her glowing, spotless skin and her dark-brown wavy hair. Then she opened her eyes, she was still standing in front of the mirror. She looked nothing like what she had just seen when she closed her eyes. Changes had started occurring but they were so small that they were hardly visible to the naked eye. But this time, she could see herself. She found what she loved under all those layers they had put on her. She could once again love it as her own. To embrace the scars or to overlook them was her choice to make, but what mattered most was that she started loving herself again.

# What is love?

Vedashree De, BA Sem 6  
Mass Communication

Do you know? Maybe. Do I know? Not really. I still try to understand what love is.

A philosophical friend of mine said it's a "concept" not just a feeling, because you're happy in love or sad in love or just jealous in love. You love a person but you simultaneously have other emotions towards them like a normal human.

For some, love can be the ability to look at their people when they wake up, for some love can be the food they make. All of us have a different view on what love is.

They say there are 5 ways of showing love. But why should we limit ourselves to only those 5 ways? Small, simple daily tasks like eating dinner together or just listening to the people around you can also be love.

"I wish there was a word bigger than love, to tell you how much you mean to me", ever since Kim Namjoon of BTS expressed to the world his view on love, I've never been able to get a hold on the conventional meaning of love made by society.

There are 8 billion people on this Earth, all have different meanings for love but there is always someone for everyone.



Flowers of Hope; Photo: Paroma Dey Sarkar

## The Month of Unexpected Goodbyes

Paroma Dey Sarkar, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

They say February is the month for love. Well and so do I, but not in a way most others do. For most people out there it's about celebrating love through Valentine's week and togetherness.

But for me it's about realizing and celebrating love through separation.

For the month, over the years, has successively proven itself to be the month of sudden goodbyes. Goodbyes from loved ones - love that's not necessarily romantic - special people whom I didn't even realize were so special until the day they left, the ones who didn't even give me the chance

to say goodbye for one last time. And they left, never to come back or to come back but not in the way I am familiar with.

Life is short, unpredictable and you never know the last time you're seeing someone. It has taught me to never take the presence of a loved one for granted and value every moment I spend with them.

Still for me this month is the most beautiful among the dozen, maybe because somewhere I believe that the true beauty of love lies in its unfulfillment, in reminiscing them through the void they create, in keeping alive their memories.

## I Listened

Shreya Bose, MA Sem 2,  
Mass Communication

Like a gust of wind, you  
came into my life.

You picked me up like a  
dust bunny.

Like a seedling, you looked  
after me.

When my eyes rained, you  
hugged me.

We spoke for hours, as if we  
were soulmates.

I was giggling like a baby  
because you made me laugh  
so hard.

Your smile shone brightly  
like the sun on a sunflower.

We never expressed our  
sentiments in the same way  
that couples do.

In your swirl, you made me  
happy and gay.

I was told to write by you.

I'm writing this with  
memories in mind.

As you left me wreaking  
havoc like a hurricane,

Like a gust of wind, you  
came into my life.

## The Perennial Affair

Debdyuti Sarkar, BA Sem 2, Mass Communication



The Bed of Flowers

Source: Google

Have you ever looked at flowers? Have you ever had the desire to just hold them in your hand? Keep the beauty safe and

just look at them whenever you want to, just with less explosion and the reverberating sound? Let me introduce you to flowers.

Flowers, the most common piece of beauty, the absolute epitome of love hide themselves in plastic decorations, water buckets, and newspaper wraps in today's chaos, just like our love for each other. Love has different definitions, distinct languages, varied forms of expressions and several flavours and colours. Let's take the king of flowers, Rose. Rose leads the path of love when it comes to expression. However, for me roses have a very closed spirit. A very possessive kind of love imbibed with the thirsty colour of blood. They keep their fragranc-

es to themselves, share it within themselves, closed from the outer world.

Flowers like Gerbera have love in them intricately fabricated with various colours leading to various feelings and sensations. White leads us to finding peace in somebody. White Gerbera calls a person their "home". Yellow screams happiness, says "you're my sunshine! Have a nice day". Pink spreads friendship, because what's love without friendship? Bougainville speaks about the delicate kind of love. "My dear, are you hurt?" It shows care, attention to details and loving without conditions.

They are delicate lovers like all of us at heart.

We adore them but like every other person has some commitment issues, they leave us at the brink of a wind stroke. Like every flower has its particular season to

share its love with us, every person comes with a purpose in our life. Some of us treasure those dried petals, and some of those petals very practically make their way to the waste bin. But do we forget them?

We wait for them, if not them, somebody like them. Maybe in a different shade, in a different hue this time, with a different fragrance. Flowers give us a shot at believing in second chances, maybe this time, it will last?

With better care and attention to detail, maybe with just a little effort, maybe let go of yourself once while taking care of someone else.

Each of the petals have a special place, in a special colour, in a special manner. So the next time you wonder, what's your love language, why not gather a hand picked bouquet, let's see how that turns out?



# A Session with Eminent Filmmaker Atanu Ghosh

Rudrangshu Sengupta & Advaita Seth, MA Sem 4, Mass Communication

On the 30<sup>th</sup> of January, the students of Department of Mass Communication, Master's First and Final Year attended a session conducted by noted Director Atanu Ghosh, who was later joined by two actresses - Anindita Bose and Tasnia Farin from his latest film 'Aroo Ek Prithibi'. Atanu Ghosh is among the most well recognized film directors in not only Bengal, but also globally. Starting out from telefilms, Mr. Ghosh graduated to feature films with his debut film *Angshumaner Chhobi* in 2009 with the late Soumitro Chatterjee, and was awarded the prestigious **Aravindan Puraskaram** for Best Debut Film in 2009. His filmography is studded with some gems, especially the critically and commercially successful *Rupkatha Noy* (2013), which received four Filmfare Awards, and received the National Award in 2018 for *Mayurakshi* (2017). The Session was a short workshop on acting in films and a promotional tour of his latest film, *Aaro Ek Prithibi*, which was recently released. The acting session was short yet informative. Mr Ghosh first drew a clear distinction between film and theatre acting. In the theatre, the stage is the only thing that the audience can see. So, to really drill the basic essence of the scene, the actors and actresses have to put on a more grander performance, with more open dis-



(from left to right) Actress Anindita Bose, director Atanu Ghosh with actress Tasnia Farin  
Photo: Rudrangshu Sengupta & Advaita Seth

plays of facial expressions and emotions. While in film, you are being transported into the cinematic plane of reality, so that calls for a more 'real' performance, with more realistic displays of emotion. He then went into the popular myths of acting that people have, especially on method acting, or 'wearing one's role' and especially 'underacting', which he said is worse than overacting because it indicates to a wooden performance.

After the session had ended Mr. Ghosh talked about his upcoming film. A trailer of *Aaro Ek Prithibi* was shown along with a

short session with Tasnia Farin and Anindita Bose, who are starring in the film.

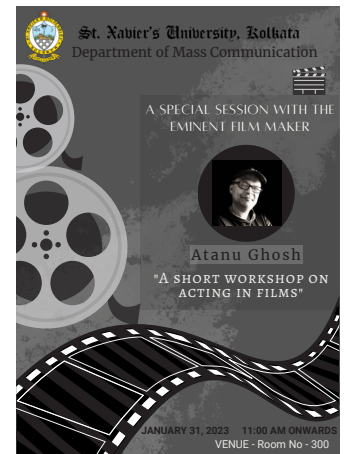
Ms. Farin, who is playing the character of Pratiksha, is a highly respected Bangladeshi actress, who rose to fame with her central role in the Bangladeshi Web Series, *Ladies & Gentlemen* as Sabila Hussain. Ms. Bose has mainly been involved in the television industry, and has a few roles in films like *Bhooter Bhabishyat* and *Hemlock Society*.

The film is a neo noir film centered around these two women and is set in London. The film also stars Saheb Bhattacharya and

the brilliant Kaushik Ganguly.

Speaking to Advaita Seth, a student of MA Mass Communication, actress Anindita Bose said that she found the session very enlightening, and while she did not really have much experience with speaking with aspiring actors, it was great to share her experiences as an actress.

Ms Farin said that she longed for such an interaction with students and with this opportunity, she felt that it was a highly engaging session. Atanu sir is someone that loves interacting with students, and shared a particular interest in film clubs for enthusiasts and budding filmmakers. So, he was happy to know about our own highly active film club- **Xinephile**.



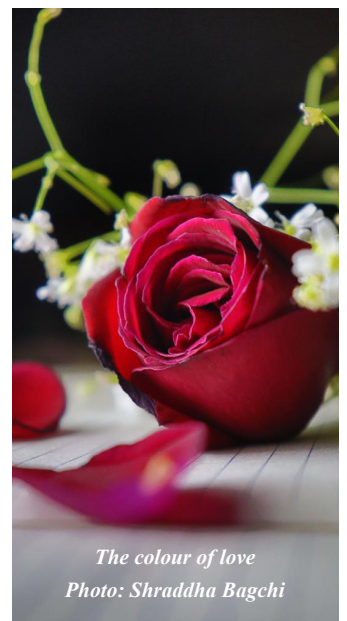
Xinephile Poster

## STARS OF MY MUSE

Aatmaja Bhattacharjee, BA Sem 2, Mass Communication

Oh how I feel I see you,  
Among the shining stars in the night sky  
How your sharp countenance takes a shape.  
Like gazillions of other constellations twinkling  
through millennium,  
Your facial constellation is the one I can call  
mine  
These stars have witnessed my sleepless nights,  
Carrying on my dreams with them  
looking bright,  
When I feel I don't belong,  
These glittering hues are where my mind flies to,  
Miles and miles away  
Oh how I want to fly into the night sky  
'Cause I believe among the stars you reside,

My knight in shining armour,  
Waiting to sweep me off of my feet  
I want to march past these closed boundaries of  
four walls where my life is now,  
I want to fly, fly high,  
Over valleys, prying over the fireflies which can  
never out-do me  
'Cause in my heart I know where I belong...  
With the stars, just like you do,  
My muse  
Woo me, my sweet creature,  
Dive through the night sky, break all my ties  
I don't want to be held down,  
Just want to fly up, with you by my side  
Build me wings, and help me fly around the sky,



The colour of love  
Photo: Shraddha Bagchi

# The Eternal Soul

Subhankita Ghosh, BA Sem 6, Mass Communication

The word "LOVE" is perceived differently from one person to another. According to me love is special and one of the rarest feelings ever. I believe loving yourself, a person or any inanimate object comes with a lot of warmth. Only if you give love, you get back the same and most importantly if you love yourself only then you can spread love around.

All of it reminds me of the dim years of my life where I went through a juncture of hating myself due to the negativity that surrounded me. I was in my adolescent years, the age when any trivial ugly comment feels like a dead end of life. Being overweight, I was a victim of body shaming everywhere I went. Over the course of time, it became extremely difficult for me to handle those insensitive comments.

After enduring countless instances of hurtful body shaming, the most significant aspect was how I overcame it and who supported me through it all. Throughout that phase, my parents were my spine. They motivated me, heard

me, encouraged me, understood my space and held me tight so I didn't fall again. Their unwavering efforts convinced me that hating myself is not the solution. If I want my present to change then I have to be the one working on myself, to become a better version to reflect on, in the future. This impulse of getting better because I want to, guided me to work on my mental health, physique and emotional well being.

Throughout the process there were days when I felt extremely low and lonely. I recall all the nights when I cried myself to sleep, only to emerge back stronger than ever.

Today I stand strong because I know my self worth.

I learnt to love myself and I am proud to have overcome those dark days of my life. My advice to all the people who are facing a similar situation in their life is not to give up on yourself and your life. Stay close to your loved ones and try loving yourself a little everyday. You will overcome every obstacle, if you have faith in the process.



## HOMEcoming

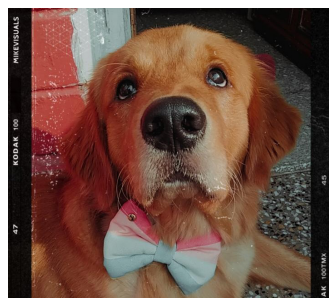
Photo: Sonakshi D. Ray

*Homecoming is what I feel when I see you. Peace is what I get when I see you. You never ask me questions or demand answers, I never have to prove myself every time. You stood there above my window shining on me. You are always there for me when no one is. You did what most people don't: listen. No matter how many times I feel lost in the sea of a thousand things, you always guide me safely to the shore. You give me the strength to fight every day, you make me believe that everything will be okay and that, like you, one day I will shine. Love is unknown to me until I find solace in you.*



Photo: Adwitiya Deb

*Presenting to you, the love of my life and the light of my soul, NONTA the POOH. "If you live to be a hundred, I want to live to be a hundred minus one day so I never have to live without you." - Winnie the Pooh*



# Love that was never vocal

Barkha Mishra, BA Sem , Mass Communication

I met him when the world was having the most unprecedented time, during covid outbreak. I was out to get some groceries as the entire area was quarantined and no sign of humans was there anywhere. I saw him, he was so thin, dirty, he was inside the drain trying to drink water. The drain was drier than desert sands. He looked up, he saw me, he wagged his tail and I could see the hunger, thirst in his eyes.

During that period we only locked ourselves inside trying to protect our existence but deep down forgot about the helpless baby, who couldn't find a way left to survive and no one could even explain to him what was going on. I ran to grab some biscuits and milk. He drank and his eyes thanked me,

thanked my soul. I went home. I sat for a moment. Then it struck, I fed only one, there might be many babies around me who would be roaming in hunger knowing nothing.

How are we so selfish? I shared it with my parents, and I understood where I got that empathy from. We became the feeders of more than 20 strays every day. We fed them every day during this time.

Atleast one soul shall survive because of us. The time was so negative for everyone, but we found our positivity.

We found love. Today, we are feeding more than 100 unnoticed existences around. This love will never leave.

This is the promise of eternity.





Together we Bloom  
Source: Google

# BLOOM

Shrestha Manna, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

Love. Love is such a simple yet complicated word to define. Many often co-relate the term 'love' to romance. I have always been curious what being "in love" feels like – a strong, abstract feeling experienced by millions. However, the question always arises – how do we know that we are in love? Or do we ever for certain know it?

I believe love is everywhere. It is present where we seek it and definitely in places and during times we don't. It's found in the most unexpected place, at the unexpected time and it tiptoes into your life like a habit you inculcate over time. It's someone or something you can't do without. Wikipedia defines it as an intense feeling of deep affection; however it misses out on words like kindness, respect, generosity and passion. Love without kindness is like a garden without flowers.

Love is in learning, in companionship and in understanding. Perhaps those are the kinds we often take for granted. The fact we have friends in our life who, despite all odds, show support during our darkest moments, is love. The very essence of compassion is love.

Valentine's day is a day we celebrate "romantic love", yet we fail to find time to appreciate the people who make sacrifices to be with us through the tireless rants, cries and hopeless outbursts.

I feel true friendship is the purest

form of love.

The idea of meeting someone completely unknown and connecting with them to an extent where you don't have to speak to be understood is love. As alluded, love can be found in the strangest of places. And I feel one of those places is my university. It may not be the most popular place to find love, but it surely has given me the people I am wholeheartedly fond of.

The friendships that bloomed within the walls of an amphitheater will always be the kind I look for wherever I go. Falling in love is more like a light passing through a prism to reveal all the colors. The kindness and understanding my friends have provided me here is akin to a withered flower blooming again. I would like to think that's love, the kind where one's presence makes me love and appreciate myself more. Companionship is a beautiful form of love because you can not only find it in the bunch of strangers you call friends, but also in your professor, parents and the one you choose to spend your life with. Love is as unconditional as the determination not to share our favourite dish with anyone but eventually relenting.

I think love is that abstract that makes you appreciate yourself, lets you blossom and at the same time makes you realise the importance of those around you who help you become who you are.

# LOVE IS LOVE

Sania Haider, BA Sem 6, Mass Communication

If used as a verb, love is to feel deep affection for someone.

This 'someone' might be undefined, yet, we instinctively form the picture of a man and a woman in love. If asked to recall tales of lovers, our minds turn to legends of Romie & Juliet, Bonnie & Clyde, Shah Jahan & Mumtaz Mahal and many more etched in the hearts of millions with fondness. Tragically, there are millions of lovers that have a long journey ahead to be held in this high regard.

Can love exist beyond cisheteronormativity?

Is love not love for all?

Although given the right to co-habitate, same-sex couples in India can not marry legally or adopt a child and raise a family together. This otherwise backward scenario in our country, is still a dream for the people living in 69 countries, forced inside closets, living in fear of being labelled as sinners and hunted down.

Humanity has lost thousands of innocent lives in the name of honour killings and religious opposition to people who simply desired to love.

Denied of their identities, they are criminalised and deemed diseased. Individuals are subject to horrifying acts of hate crime that include various forms of abuse and assault.

Be it corrective rape perpetrated by family members in order to turn a person heterosexual or mutilation of genitals to ensure copulation is unattainable, violence against the LGBTQ+ community

has existed for centuries- from ancient witch hunts to modern day regressive legislations.

A legal framework guaranteeing rights to the community rarely brings along a population that is accepting of these queer rights.

Virtually, there is no safe space; while 9 countries have capital punishment for being gay or lesbian, all 196 countries in the world have people that are sceptical of the LGBTQ+ community. The Stonewall Uprising of 1969, set course to numerous Pride Walks across the globe and the celebration of Pride Month in June. Kolkata Rainbow Pride Walk, being Asia's oldest annual pride walk.

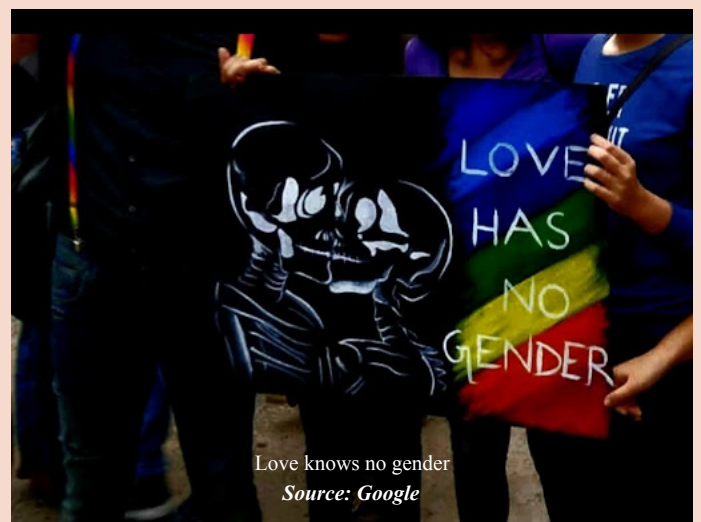
However, even these gatherings are targeted with hateful intentions to inflict harm on the attendees.

Self-love is important, then why do we raise eyebrows at trans people expressing who they are? Transgender community experiences bewildering amounts of abuse just for being who they love.

Others on the spectrum are demeaned in a variety of slurs and designated various stereotypes-fetishizing and marginalizing them in simultaneity.

Often, they're forced into conversion therapy camps scarring them with long-term psychological trauma.

Outcome of these circumstances is the unheard tales of lovers who are too afraid of expressing their love, who have been convinced their love is not love at all.



Love knows no gender  
Source: Google



*In between pages ; Photo: Shraddha Bagchi*

## Celebration of Love festivals in February

Chandrasekhar Chatterjee, BA Sem 2, Mass Communication

February is the month marked for the festival of love;  
Love, peace and joy are what all long for in the world;  
Only in this month, all who don't find time for love at all,  
Think of love and wish love to the dear ones remembering them!

After that, the usual mechanical way of living in competition  
With time begins as in a fresh race in life and work as usual;  
Time for love comes as a rare blue moon thereafter for many  
In this fast materialistic modern world of civilization sure!

For everything time schedule has to be fixed to divert oneself  
Form the usual through of grinding the same bit again and again  
In the mill of mechanical life as life time prisoners in the  
World, where human feeling is under control for material pursuits!

Even while celebrating love festival, all thoughts are on what  
Gift has to be offered and how has to be offered to the beloved!  
As man has embraced material and mechanical way of life in the  
World, love also has to be dealt with in that fashion only ever!

## For Ever-Over

Subarna Chongder, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

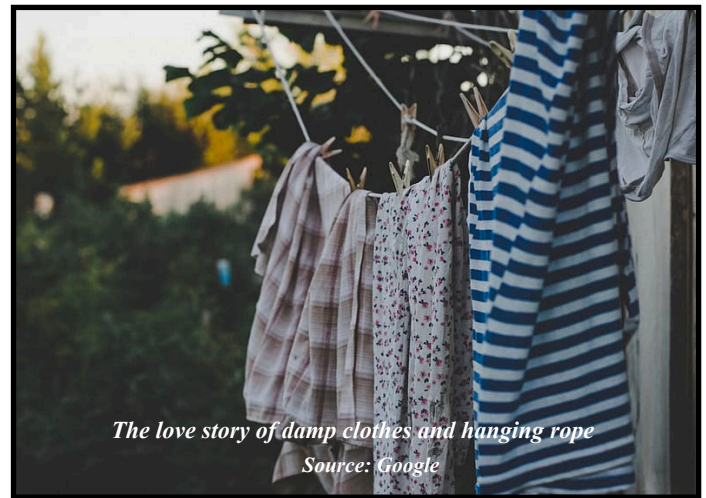
I look around but remain alone,  
The bond is broken but who binds it again and again  
Turning around I find myself to be in the smoke of  
clouds to regain.

I am left alone what else is there to overcome the  
argument?  
Conflict is no more but whatever your vanity is, soon  
you'll get.

The sky is huge and is innumerable  
I'm not afraid to lose anymore  
Though you were the one north star whose  
Assistance I thought I'll find to grow.  
Today I'm afraid if the star I search for, falls again  
I'll match my eyes in finding peace only towards pain.

## A Wet Romance

Priyanka Sengupta, BA Sem 6, Mass Communication



*The love story of damp clothes and hanging rope*

*Source: Google*

Love stories come in all shapes  
Land sizes, from grand romantic  
gestures to the simplest of acts.  
This story is a tale of two unlikely  
lovers, wet clothes and a hanging  
rope, who found each other in a  
seemingly unremarkable laundry  
room.

The clothes were just like any  
other, freshly washed and clean,  
but life took an unexpected turn  
when they were caught in a rain-  
storm. The once pristine garments  
were now drenched, clinging to  
their bodies and in need of a place  
to dry.

That's when they met the hanging  
rope, suspended from the ceiling  
and waiting for its purpose.

The clothes were Initially wary of  
the rope, as it seemed so plain and  
unassuming. However, as they  
hung from its

sturdy fibers, they began to see the  
rope's true strength and beauty.  
The rope held them close, provid-  
ing them with a warm embrace,  
and the clothes found themselves

falling deeply in love.

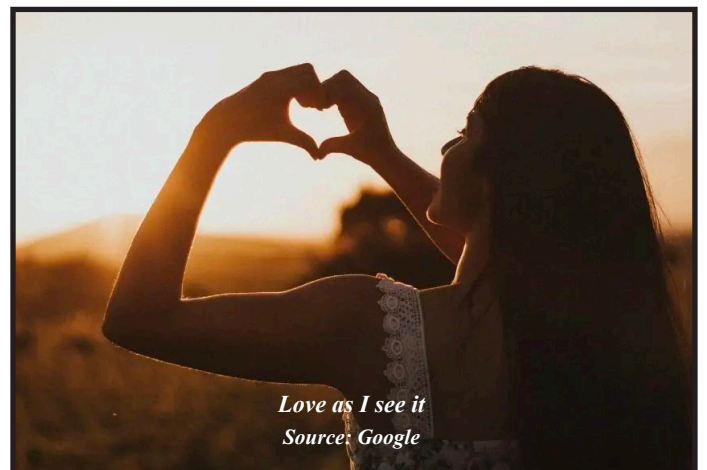
As the days passed, the clothes  
grew stronger and more resil-  
ient, the water slowly evaporat-  
ing from their fibers. They were  
grateful for the rope's

unwavering support, as it carried  
them through their transforma-  
tion, reminding them that they  
were not alone. The clothes knew  
that their love story was not like  
the ones they had read in books or  
seen in movies, but they cherished  
it all the same.

They had found happiness in each  
other's company, and they were  
grateful for the chance encounter  
that had brought them together.

The story of the wet clothes and  
the hanging rope may not be one  
of grandeur or glamour, but it is a  
tale of love that is just as beautiful  
and just as meaningful.

It reminds us that love can be  
found in the most unexpected  
places, and that sometimes, the  
most unlikely partners can bring  
us the most happiness.



*Love as I see it*

*Source: Google*



# Editorial



## Oh! Love

Describe love. Is there a literal definition for it? Love—is it real? Or is there no love at all? There are a lot of unanswered questions, so it's just not between you and me. The whole population of the world—7.5 billion people—is seeking solutions!

Everybody is familiar with the scent of their mother, which symbolizes undying love.

We observe how our parents and grandparents have remained united for many years, enduring good times and bad, demonstrating unconditional love. We love your dogs without conditions; this is what is meant by unconditional love.

Some of the best illustrations of unconditional love are found in O. Henry's narrative "The Gift of the Magi" and Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." because love is a universal language.

Love today is more like a game than anything else, highly materialistic. Love has changed from being unconditional to being a game.

The phrase "old school love" refers to love that is sincere, selfless, honest, and unafraid. But no one is courageous enough to try; in this generation, we only desire hookups, situational relationships, friends with benefits, casual relationships, daily conversations with people whom we compliment, make them fall in love and then ghost them, today's relationships are all about letting our guard down where we can learn about each other's secrets and make them feel at ease and all of a sudden one day wake up to a message saying,

"Sorry, I can't do this anymore." But old school love is patient and slow. It is never rushed to go to

the finish line. It is never dirty. It revolves around conversation. The urge to talk to someone for hours on end, face to face, and to not have the distraction of a phone or a laptop and to laugh until stomach hurts, and make your partner laugh even harder.

It is the old school type of love that doesn't need technology to fall in love. It is difficult to find someone who just wants to simply converse with you.

And it is even more difficult to find someone who loves doing that too.

An old school love that is honest. I believe nobody wants a partner who doesn't listen to what you have to say and only talks about themselves. In honest love your partner will let you know what they are feeling. someone who will tell the truth even if it is hard to do.

Love is caring about things happening in real time to real people. We crave for a kind of love that isn't wrapped up in everybody else.

With so many distractions in this world, it is so easy to forget about the most important things in life.

We want someone who will silence his phone when they go on a date. someone who will actually look at you when you talk to him. the kind of love that is precious, because it is real.

Maybe at this day and in this generation, it's too much to ask for. And maybe it's too much to hope for.

But, keep on dreaming of an old school love.

No matter what they all say. At the end of the day We all need that someone who gets you like no one else right when you need it the most. We all need a soul to rely on a shoulder to cry on.



*The Drip; Artwork: Aindrila Basak*

## You exist, Love exists

Aindrila Basak, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

How strange is love, isn't it?  
It is wet, it makes you struggle,  
It makes you want to fight  
It is there on your forehead as drops of hardwork,  
It exists on your hands and fingers  
It rolls down your pretty cheeks  
It sleeps on your white pillow...  
It drops from your jawline as you run  
It quietly embraces you,  
It exists because you exist.



*Through those pages; Photo: Shraddha Bagchi*



## Uncanny, strange, but beautiful story behind Valentine's Day

Yukti Karwa, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

We are not oblivious to 14th February, a day to shower love on your dear ones, but have you ever wondered where, how and why Valentine's Day is celebrated? There are several reasons behind it, some could be uncanny because it's not romantic. History has it, there is still a debate on the number of Saint Valentines because as it turns out Valentine's Day was born to honour two Christian martyrs, both named Valentine on 14th February.

Amongst the several ancient reasons for celebrating Valentine's Day as the day of love, one is that St. Valentine would perform marriages for soldiers who were forbidden to get married and it is believed that St. Valentine, during his imprisonment, had restored the eye sight of his jailor's daughter and left her a note signing 'Your Valentine'.

This resembled a mark of love and it led us to ask our loved one if they will be our Valentine? A very interesting fact behind us relating love with heart is that St. Valentine would wear a ring that



St. Valentine ; Source: Google

had a Cupid on it and as part of greeting cards he would handover heart shaped paper cut outs to remind Christians of their love for god.

The day itself has gone through several changes from the 8th century when it was merely celebrated as a feast in the name of St. Valentine to 14th February turning into a day of love after associations with some "lovebirds". It has now become a day where couples confess their love for each other and shower their affection with flowers, gifts, chocolates, greeting cards, and others.

During the Prohibition in Chicago over illegal commodities like alcohol, several soldiers were killed by Al Capone on this very day and it was also termed the Valentine's Day massacre.

The day also has a strange history. Supposedly, the Europeans relate this day as the coming of spring. When in some parts of the United Kingdom lovebirds would express their love and a person named Jack Valentine would leave chocolates and sweets for children at various doorsteps, in the Slovenia region this day was considered where plants grow and

flowers bloom. It is said that birds would also come together and celebrate love.

The very first documentation of 14th February as a day to celebrate love was by Geoffrey Chaucer. It read as:

**"For this was on Saint Valentine's Day**

**When every bird comes there to choose his match**

**Of every kind that men may think of**

**And that so huge a noise they began to make**

**That earth and air and tree and every lake**

**Was so full, that not easily was there space**

**For me to stand—so full was all the place."**

Although it is not an official holiday for any country, it is celebrated across the globe. It has become more of a commercial holiday, however, one can always skip the conventional way of celebrating this day as a couple and treat themselves with flowers, chocolates, greeting cards or in any way their heart wishes.

## Definitions of LOVE

Rounak Majumdar, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

When it comes to love, people have their personal definitions of it. Perhaps those are the definitions which guide them; guide their whole being. Perhaps these are the definitions which they keep within themselves, and hold on to it very firmly sometimes without sharing.

For one, love can be a meaning through which he is able to overcome every struggle in his life, for another, it can be his deed or work through which one finds one's love and meaning.

Perhaps I'm too young and inexperienced to be writing something about love, but in my life the aforementioned conditions allowed me to experience a sense of love even during the days of hardship.

I remember a few days ago I went on a vacation with my father and other relatives. We went to Puri,

Orissa to enjoy the beach for a few days and take some days off from our busy life. I even took a two day break from my internship, although I took my laptop with me just so that I can work and do my work a little bit.

It was Saturday, when I was working on my laptop and one of my cousin brothers came inside my room and showed me a picture of myself with my family when I was seven years old. The picture was taken when we were in Puri and it brought back all the memories of the past.

The first few seconds I was unable to recognize myself, but the picture itself was very overwhelming, me standing in front of my mother, sister and father with a toy in my hand and smiling. Carefree and innocent me was nowhere to be found today, as I have a sense of responsibility



Let it be swept;

Source: Google

now. Finding something for myself which helps me to grow as an individual has not only helped me to have my independence and the love from my parents and others, but it has also helped me to have a meaning in life.

Taking some time out of my daily life to reflect on the things that I have now and the things that I will do to make my future better has enabled me to gain knowledge

and respect from my own people. With that being said, I think that there is something which we all can agree is that the fundamental reality of life is pain and suffering. And if you still think it's not then try arguing it away.

It is a part of life. You can also ask, is there something more fundamental than pain? And the answer to that is yes, Love and Truth.

# Love has no boundaries

Samantha John, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

What is love? Love doesn't need to have a definition or equation. Love is a feeling that has no restrictions, it is limitless. Love encompasses a range of strong, positive, and emotional mental states, from the most sublime virtue or good habit, the deepest interpersonal affection. It is a bond that connects two souls, to the grave and beyond, irrespective of the beings we are.

I fell in love two years ago, and I am very thankful for it. The year was 2021 and the entire country was facing the rise of the vicious Covid19 virus, again. While people were losing their loved ones, I happened to gain a very loved and important being in my life on the 4th of March 2021, my dog - Jax.



Jax; Photo: Samantha John

I was just recovering from a 3-month struggle of being depressed when the universe decided to send Jax into my life. I have always been a massive animal lover and I remember pestering my parents all the time to get me a dog since I was a kid. 20 years later, my wish was granted. My parents had finally agreed to get me a best friend.

I remember my father showing me a small video of a puppy playing around in an open field and that was the exact moment I knew, and I fell in love. Jax was scheduled to arrive originally on the 28th of February 2021, I remember being so excited and happy, something that I felt after a really long time. My younger brother and I took out all of our stuffed toys that our best friend would be ripping into multiple pieces very soon. My parents too, who repeatedly told

me that they would not be doing anything extra for our new arrival, went ahead to the market one week before Jax's arrival to buy all his necessities.

In fact, it was my mom who chose the name Jax, which now I consider to be so ironic. The 28th of February arrived, but Jax didn't, due to some unforeseen circumstances. His arrival was so anticipated that it made me so upset because I couldn't take him into my arms, and love him forever. I started to think – "that's it, I'm never meeting him", but then, a miracle happened.

I very distinctly remember that it was a Thursday and I was told that my father would be working late and won't be coming back until almost 10pm that night.

Not thinking much about it I continued doing my work, until the bell rang, and opening the door, I so clearly remember seeing a red basket in my father's hand, and that was it, I knew it was THE day. Tears running down my eyes, my father handed me the basket, and there he was, a small 4-to-5-pound Jax, wagging his tail, letting out an adorable bark.

I immediately took him out of the basket and gave him the longest hug, welcoming him into our lives.

Life changed that very minute and every day has been an adventure ever since.

It's almost been 2 years with Jax and life couldn't get any better. Days are so much more joyful, sometimes even stressful because of the mischief he causes, but I wouldn't change a thing. Jax has now become the most essential part of all our lives.

His likes and dislikes are equally kept into consideration in my household. The days when I feel lonely, he is right by my side assuring me that everything can change, people will break bonds with me, but the bond he and I have will remain constant.

The nights I cry myself to sleep, he walks over, licks up my tears, and snuggles to sleep right next to me.

The validation this being has given me for the past 2 years has



Samantha and her bunch of cuddles; Photo: Samantha John

made me realise that one need not necessarily find love in another human being, but in anything else for that matter. The value his love holds for me is immeasurable. I consider myself his family because he and I are clearly the closest

and I think writing this article makes it clear about how grateful I will forever be for his existence. Love, has no boundaries. **"Love is never wasted, for its value does not rest upon reciprocity"** – C S Lewis.

## Love Beyond Wires

Aindrila Basak, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication



Weary Wires; Source: Google

To us, fall means...  
It means those tiny tears from the sad sky  
Today morning,  
A fall of snow, with balls of white  
Came to my home  
Without jingling bells  
From the faraway land of Germans,  
Where German bratwurst and castles are framed  
With bubbling beers and crossing streets  
An yellow warm room,  
In the tropical subcontinent  
Witnessed the rectangular scenario  
Of winters in German land,  
Seemed like sitting beside a glass window

And the heart knew,  
This was where the two nations  
Just collided within emotions of a single ventricular space ...  
We fought, we distinguished..  
But today morning,  
A pair of eyes in the tropical country,  
Just mixed the white flakes  
Of the distant land kilometres apart,  
With white pearls and autumn flowers  
Of her tropical motherland;  
Did anyone in the frontier notice?  
A pair of eyes and a heart of melt  
Just dug out the bowl of emotions,  
And resemblances  
Leaving behind the wires of boundaries!



# WITH LOVE, YOUR WELL-WISHER GRANDMA!

Diya Shah, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

The sun's blazing rays made my skin feel warm. Since the temperature was still sufficiently cool, it felt good. I was sitting on a wooden bench with a rough but beautiful finish and the park appeared to be lovely. I inhaled deeply, and when I let out a sigh, my heart felt liberated. The ducks were enjoying themselves immensely with their families while swimming in the pond. There were actually four of them; two newborn ducklings that mixed both of these colours, one of which was white and the other, brown. Beautiful violet blossoms swayed in the breeze. At that moment, I pondered how beautiful things emerged from dirt. Perhaps, dirt is a necessary component, probably even the origin of all beautiful, breathtaking things. This might be the story of our lives too. With a busy philosophical mind, I made the decision to remove my shoes and stroll barefoot across the earth. Fortunately, I took the time to pay attention to everything around me in detail as my dirty feet finally felt comfortable. It was a very remarkable healing process. There

were snails and earthworms here and there, and I couldn't help but smile. The park's lushness was getting on me, but thankfully not many others were aware of its existence. I had my earphones plugged in, and some of my favourite soft numbers started to play. This caused my body to move in its own rhythm and soon I was dancing. Just then, I noticed an elderly couple seated just opposite to me, grinning as they glanced. I stood there for a while admiring that elderly beauty sitting there with her husband in her elegant and precisely draped blue saree, a thick bun made out of her greyish white hair, some locks falling here and there, a large bindi on her forehead, and slim hands holding dadu's arm firmly in place while wearing a golden watch. Through their eyes, I could see the chemistry. The way they laughed together restored my faith in love.

Such an ideal way to begin my Valentine's morning. I returned their smiles and headed in their direction to have a long conversation with them. I learnt a lot about love and life. Love has deep roots



*The Blossom that Remembers; Picture: Diya Shah*

in our hearts. It's an emotion, an energy that we first need to feel within ourselves rather than looking for it in the outer world. Take time to appreciate yourself, this Valentine's week. Embrace your insecurities and flaws. Heal yourself. Be kind and love the way you are, I think that changes a person a lot.

Taking those little moments to make your heart happy and ensure that "you" as an individual feel loved and are at peace with your own self. The rest shall always fall in place. As I walked past the park's entrance, these

were my thoughts. I then slightly turned around and waved at those adorable people. The version of me that left the place was a better, happier one. I felt appreciative, delighted, grateful and proud.

So, I went to get bathing products from my favourite brand. Some lovely red roses and jalebis were purchased as I made my way home. What is Valentine's Day if not an occasion for healing, appreciation, and self-love? You don't need to look for love, it is always within you. Dear readers, never give up hope, life is a beautiful journey.

## The Moonlit Romance

Priyanka Sengupta, BA Sem 6, Mass Communication

As a selenophile, my love for the moon has always been a source of inspiration for me. But as I ponder upon the subject of love, I can't help but realize how the beauty of the moon mirrors the beauty of love itself.

The moon, just like love, is a symbol of constant change. Every night it appears in a different phase, showcasing its versatility and resilience.

Similarly, love is constantly changing and evolving as we grow and learn from our experiences. Whether it is the new

love that brings excitement and joy, or the old love that matures into something deeper and more meaningful, the beauty of love remains unchanged.

The moon also has a gentle, calming effect on us. Its soft light has a soothing effect on our emotions and helps us find peace.

Love, too, has the power to soothe us, to calm us in times of turmoil and provide comfort in moments of sadness.

It can lift us up when we are feeling low and give us the strength to face the challenges of life. Just

as the moon always finds its way back to the sky after being hidden behind the clouds, so too does love have a way of finding its way back into our lives.

Whether it's through new relationships or old ones that are rekindled, love has the ability to bring us happiness and joy.

In conclusion, the beauty of love can be compared to the beauty of the moon. Both are constantly changing and evolving, but both remain a constant source of comfort and beauty in our lives.

Just as I look up to the moon for inspiration, I look to love for comfort and guidance.

The moonlit romance of love is a beautiful and enduring thing, one that I cherish and hold dear.



*Moon that was never constant  
Source: Google*

## The Love Conundrum

Salmaa Hembram, MA Sem 2, Mass Communication

I want to know  
What love feels like.  
Is it sweet like caramel,  
Or sour like lime?

Does it come as a surprise  
When you realise you're in love,  
Or do you have a hunch,  
That they would be the one?

Does your heart beat fast  
When they are around,  
Or does it pace slow  
And bring you to a calm?

Is love supposed to be passionate  
Like the fiery volcano?  
Or perhaps it is soothing  
Like the waves on the shore.

These are the thoughts  
That keep me awake at night.  
Though with one final dilemma,  
I reluctantly close my eyes.

And when you watch  
the person you love die,  
Do you sit by their grave a little  
longer,  
Or do you bury yourself alive?



*When you know, you know; Source: Google*

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*The Lunar Tunes; Source: Google*



*It's okay not to be okay!  
Source: Google*

## A Monologue of an Unrequited lover

Meghna Bagchi, BA Sem 6, Mass Communication

I told you that you were my sun,  
the light that helps me glow in the  
darkness,  
hidden from all other,  
just a warmth of my own.

When the smoke is on,  
the stars are gone,  
the lights are dimmed,  
the night is young,  
my head is heavy,  
my body light,  
my heart flutters as I sit so close  
by your side.

Your voice drowns into your ha-  
zel eyes,  
slowly my gaze shifts aside.  
Am i scared? Afraid of what?  
waking up to the light when  
you're gone?  
Maybe it's the liquor - that makes  
me feel,  
"It's okay, it's not real".  
My careless hands intertwine in  
yours,

for that one night, I am yours.  
"You okay?", "Hm, I'm fine"  
Was it an obligation, to ask? No,  
he smiled.  
He walked me home, No, not his  
heart,  
A reality that I loathe so much.  
He hugged me tight, caressing my  
back,  
I felt his fingers play with my hair.

"Bye, I have to go",  
Oh, those words broke my soul,  
"Good night, reach home and  
call"  
I watched him go,  
feeling my illusions fall.

Oh, sweet lies,  
creations of my own,  
You will have to set with the  
dawn.  
As long as you can though - hold  
on,  
because with the day  
your love has to be gone.



*No Bindings to Love; Source: Google*

## Echoes of Love Across the Miles

Priyanka Sengupta, BA Sem 6, Mass Communication

Though distance separates us,  
And our bodies are apart,  
Our hearts beat as one,  
With love that will never depart.

The echoes of our love,  
Reverberate through the miles,  
Stronger than any barrier,  
It remains unfailing and stead-  
fast,  
Like the sun after a tempest.

When I close my eyes,  
I see your smile,  
Hear your laughter,  
And feel your embrace.

Though we may be far,  
Our love will always be near,  
A beacon of hope,  
That shines bright, year after  
year.

So let us hold on to this love,  
That knows no bounds,  
For in each other's hearts,  
We have found our home and  
refuge.

And when we finally reunite,  
Our love will only grow stronger,  
For the distance has only served,  
To make our bond even longer.