



UNITEDWORLD™
school of liberal arts &
mass communication



KARNAVATI
UNIVERSITY



Photo Credit:

Vidya Goswamey, Sem 2, USLM



Editor's Note

Do you identify with a genre when it comes to writing or reading? Do you find comfort in fiction? Or is it essays, reviews, biographies, interviews or travelogues that grab your concentration more? All of these, I believe, require pretty much similar amount of endurance to make peace with to call them your genre. But then it is a lovely feeling the moment you know which is yours. You realize that you're coming closer to yourself.

That is one reason why we enjoy putting together so many types of contribution between the two covers of our newsletter. We love to smell the first drafts and dive into the pool of fiction and non-fiction in the forms of reports, photo-stories, short stories, poetry, travelogues, articles, etc. We do not keep any general theme or focus because we want everyone to find out how they want to play with the most powerful tool of expression, words.

We believe that words are free just as much as their makers are. We believe that the decision to recognize a work as novel or story or creative non-fiction is of the maker or the reader. Labels often tend to distract the essence of the collection of words. Objectivity of interpretation tarnishes the wings of imagination. You think imagination is only a priority of the authors of fiction and those who work with events have all the access to the reality? Doesn't non-fiction too demand a huge task of imagining the sequence of episodes, characters to portray in

spotlight and a narrative that would not seem dry? There is no single right way to choose the style even when all you need to do is to report.

We need to hear multiple voices. We need to read multiple perspectives. We need to face multiple doors that do not come with labels. Only then we will be in a position to find our own corridors to our preferred chic styles. That is all we want us to explore in this space.

As we head into the dreaded season of searing heat, let us celebrate reading and writing more that might keep you away from the sun. We shall wait to hear from you. We shall wait to see how you see the world.

- Srotaswini Bhowmick

EDITORIAL TEAM

CHIEF EDITOR

SROTASWINI BHOWMICK

MANAGING EDITORS

USLM – ARIJIT DAS

UWSL – UDAYPRAKASH SHARMA

UID – JUI PIMPLE

UWSB – PRATIK PILLAI

KSD – ANIRBAN BANDYOPADHYAY

COPY EDITORS

SHYNO BABY

ARVIND KUMAR

ASSISTANT EDITORS

CHITRA UNNITHAN

PREETI DAS

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

KUNJ GANATRA – UWSB

KUMUD KEDIA – UID

SANDHYA SRINIVASAN – UID

LOLITA DUTTA – UID

SAUMYA BANDOPADHYAY – UID

JAI DAVE – KSD

ARVIND KUMAR – USLM

DEBARATI HALDER – UWSL

SUDHANYA MUKHERJEE – UID

SAGAR JOSHI – UID

CHIEF DESIGNER

HARDIK PATEL – UNIVATION

THE BULBUL AND THE MICKEY MOUSE

–By Dr. Shyno Baby K, Associate Professor, USLM

Curiously enough, it was the 'Nightingale of India', poet, political activist and one of the most prominent faces of India's freedom struggle Mrs. Sarojini Naidu who called Mahatma Gandhi 'Mickey Mouse' in her correspondences at the peak of his fame. It was not unusual. Naidu stirred a whole generation of women to partake in India's Freedom Movement. She dedicated her life to the cause of Gandhiji's non-violent struggle, was jailed several times and remained his staunchest disciples. But both Mrs. Naidu and Gandhiji shared an inherent sense of humor and this is what bonded them together.



Sarojini Naidu first met Gandhiji in London in 1914, on the eve of the great European War. Gandhiji had just arrived to organize an ambulance unit in London as his contribution to England's war effort. He also knew about a ladies club Lyceum of which Mrs. Naidu was a member. The club consisted of women who sew as many clothes for the soldiers as they could, Gandhiji agreed to meet her. Since Naidu could not meet Bapu at the docks when his ship arrived in London, she travelled to Bapu's obscure lodging at Kensington to meet him.

She climbed the steep stairs of this old and unfashionable house and found a door open. She would describe it as the door "framing a living picture of a little man with a shaven head, seated on the floor on a black prison blanket and eating a messy meal of squashed tomatoes and olive oil out of wooden prison bowl." Around him were ranged some battered tins of "parched ground nuts and tasteless biscuits of dried plantain flour." She burst into a happy laughter at this amusing and unexpected vision of a famous leader who was already a household word in India. Bapu lifted his eyes and laughed back at Mrs. Naidu. "Ah, you must be Mrs. Naidu!" "Who else dare be so irreverent?" "Come in and share my meal," Bapu said. "No thanks," Mrs. Naidu replied, sniffing; "what an abominable mess it is!" That instant initiated their long partnership and bore fruit over three decades in a loyal follower.

After several years, Mrs. Naidu would once quip in response to the trouble involved in ensuring that Gandhiji travelled in a third-class train compartment. She would famously say that it cost the nation a great deal to keep Gandhi in poverty! On another occasion she refused to be his ardent follower. 'Good heavens, all that grass and goat milk? Never, never, never.'

At the Sabarmati Ashram Archives in Ahmedabad, there exists a treasure of innumerable correspondences between Bapu and Mrs. Naidu which are a delightful read, especially those which illustrate the way they addressed each other personally and in correspondence. In one of her letters to the Mahatma she writes 'From the 'Wandering Singer' to the 'Spinner-Stay-At-Home,' and signed of letters with sentences such as

'salutations to the Mystic Spinner from the Wandering Singer'.

Gandhi would reply in his letters as 'Lovingly yours, Matter-of-Fact (Not Mystic) Spinner;', Bapu would also call her 'Dear Bulbul', 'Dear Old Singer' and even 'Dear Sweet singer' and even signed his letters 'Little man' or 'Spinner'.

WHO WAS SAROJINI NAIDU?

She was known as the 'Nightingale of India' a poet and political activist and born to Bengali Brahmin parents in 1879 in Hyderabad. Her father Aghore Nath Chattopadhyay was a scientist who founded the Nizam's college in Hyderabad. Her mother Barada Sundari Devi was a famous Bengali poet. Sarojini was the eldest of the eight siblings. She studied in Madras, London and Cambridge and married a doctor Dr Govindarajulu Naidu in 1898. She published her first book on poetry, 'The golden threshold' in 1905 and became a social reformer and close confidant of Gandhiji. In 1925 she became the first woman to lead the Indian National Congress a position which was previously held by Annie Besant. In April 1930 she was by Gandhiji's side when he broke the salt laws following his salt march to Dandi in Gujarat. The following year she accompanied Mahatma to London for the second round table conference and was jailed several times for her Civil Disobedience during India's freedom struggle. After independence in 1947 she became the first Governor of Uttar Pradesh and held the post until the death in 1949.

My experience as a GLF volunteer

- By Tanisha Vyas, Semester 2, USLM



The three-day Gujarat Literature Fest (GLF) began on January 18 this year at Vadodara brought together eminent thinkers, journalists and literary stalwarts to the cultural capital of Gujarat. The event is among the most popular literary festivals of Gujarat. It exposes young readers to varied art forms and languages that express multifarious world views within a diverse country like ours. This makes #gujlitfest one of a kind. Every year GLF welcomes a spectrum of artists and speakers to their literary platform. Some of the most eminent personalities this year were Trupal Pandya, Rajdeep Sardesai, Sagarika Ghose, Swara Bhaskar, Bhavani Iyer, Anjum Rajabali, Sriram Raghavan, Jyoti Kapoor, Ishita Moitra and Saiwyn Quadras. On the entertainment side, famous Gujarati singer Arvind Vegada's 'Rock Dayro' kept the audience engrossed with his foot-tapping music; stand-up comedy by Team Mahila Manch and Sufi trance with Khusrow by Kanishk Seth and band were some of the major attractions at GLF.

My experience as a volunteer at GLF was quite humbling and that of learning. We were seven students from Unitedworld School of Liberal Arts and Mass Communications (USLM), Karnavati University, who were selected to assist the GLF 2019



organizing team. When we reached the venue in Vadodara, we divided ourselves into three different teams. I and my friend were in-charge of Travel and logistics. It was a great learning experience as it gave me the confidence to tackle and solve real-time onsite issues relating to event management. Being an in-charge of the travel-team was not easy. We faced difficult situations and at times while meeting deadlines, it felt like the Damocles sword hanging above us. In one instance, we encountered guests who missed their flight and at another

time we had a guest complaining that their car broke down while they were on their way to the airport – Thankfully, we executed our logistic plans and ensured that our guests reached their destinations on time.

Another advantage of being a volunteer at GLF was that it helped us break our language barriers and communicate with people from different countries and even regions in our country. Each day as a volunteer we gained by learning important life skills, developing a problem-solving attitude, work in co-operation with team-mates, develop good communication skills etc. When the day ended we all sat together for a good meal. We later went for sightseeing Vadodara city after the GLF got over.

GLF gave us a platform to interact with our guests and solve their issues (as volunteers) in the best possible way. The most important part about volunteering at GLF was that we had access and an opportunity to interact with eminent public figures we had always revered. We could talk to our guests and know their viewpoints on subjects that mattered to us. The GLF fest helped us to understand how important such festivals are for a society which facilitates the exchange of ideas, expressions and thoughts. It is also an opportunity to stay updated on issues that matter to a state. The hospitality of the GLF team was overwhelming and we would definitely love to be part of GLF team in the coming years.

Never To First

- By Kavisha Chokshi, 2nd Semester , USLM

It was the first day of my college and I was standing with my father looking at all those blurry figures walking all around me, and the only thing I was able to think was what I would do here. And then it was my turn to collect the folder arranged by seniors for us, suddenly a voice came saying "hello!" so I turned and there she was the first person who called me. The day was full of excitement and enjoyment, and the impression on my mind was this is an amazing college and I am surely going to make something out of it for myself. At the end of the day an announcement was made by one of our seniors that tomorrow will be a talent hunt round. I was excited that I got an opportunity to recite my poems somewhere and the whole time after the college was dedicated by me towards reciting two decided poems out of the bunch and with the best expressions.

After lunch of the second day finally the time came when I had to face by biggest fear that is Public Speaking. Not everyone participated so the same senior who announced about the program told that whoever wanted to participate please give your names. With fingers crossed I told to write my name, hoping that everything will be okay. People came and performed. Then my name was announced on the mike I was so nervous and as add on to it I wasn't able to find the book in which the two poems were written, I was so scared and nervous but my friend consoled me that it's okay you know the poems, go and recite you

can do it. I went on the stage with mike, the senior welcomed me with a warm smile but as soon as I saw from the stage everything was blurred in front of me and I was shivering. Anyhow I gathered courage and recited my first poem but as soon as I started the second poem after two or three lines I lost my voice and even was not able to speak due to nervousness. I was not able to see anything, it was all dizzy. All I could catch was voices of professors who were judges, in which a sir told "she is nervous let her start once again" and then he told me to recite the second poem from the start. I closed my eyes, said that this is the time you waited for, took a deep breath and recited my poem. I was so relieved that the struggle ended but

even after stepping down from the stage I was shivering with fear. Recollecting my presentation on stage I knew that I was not going to win and that's what happened, my friends told that it was the first time and many opportunities are waiting for me. But they didn't know that it meant a lot for me. Sitting there watching the winners grabbing rewards I realized that it was the first time I held mike, the first time I spoke in front of crowd, first time I tried, first time I experienced the fear, first time I stood on a stage and first time I failed. And the firsts are always special because they came from never. I smiled and thanked to the college for turning my never to first and the day ended with a better me.



Holidays - The freedom?

- Drashti Mori, 2nd Semester, USLM



We create the shackles that hold us onto our past and our grown situations, for fear of change and social expectations. We allow ourselves to feel beholden to duty, work and ideas of responsibility, caged to a perception of security, which instead creates stress, anxiety, angst and inadequacy, because we have no room to grow.

No work, no chores, sun, sea, sand and ten days of pure freedom!

Forgetting the stress it took you to get on your holiday, the time it takes to unwind and when you get back to work there will be a ton of stuffs and demands; and very quickly it will be just like you never went away!

Instead of being distracted by other people, it's about getting up close and personal with yourself and having an intimate relationship with your life and how you experience the world. To achieve this we have to let go, listen, become self-aware and trust, so we can begin to live and act consistently with how we actually feel and what's important to our well being. During a holiday to be let off the leash and live in the moment we can get a

Life for me is not a sentence to suffer or an expectation to live up to. Every time I let go and let things be as they are meant to be opportunities and experiences rise up like waves in front of me. I don't hang back and wait, but instead go with them and enjoy the ride – wherever that may take me!

Home is where your heart wants to be, so let yourself be free to be happy..

Staying true to yourself and taking responsibility for your choices and actions and letting go to the flow of life keeps everyone free!



brief intoxicating experience of this freedom, but as soon as we return to work and put the leash back on and shift our focus to responsibilities and doing as we are told we once again feel stressed.

Pedaling to the Thol Bird Sanctuary: A ride to remember

-By Dr. Udayprakash Sharma, Assistant Professor, USLM

This fantastic trip should have happened much before than it actually happened. Both of us were thrilled and were about to go on this bicycling trip on February 16, 2019 as it was our weekly off but I fell ill. I got bronchitis due to seasonal change and was breathing like an obese dog just

cycling. For me, cycling means pedaling, pedaling and more pedaling till I don't feel like my soul is leaving my body. I am more of a rookie in this act and sometimes I like to pedal with heart than with head. Cycling brings a soothing effect to me.

Finally, our journey began on February

kilometers right before the Vaishnodevi Circle, a host of dogs emerged from the roadside bushes and started chasing me. They had those frightening grins on their orange, white, yellow, brown and black faces. My heart was racing and I was racing too.

As soon as I started to speed the dogs became unreasonably excited to chase me. Suddenly, I recalled a Bear Grylls's television show that I had watched on the Discovery Channel years back on how to avert dog attacks. Thanks to my efficient memory, I slowed down and stopped by the side of the highway. Then I slowly started to walk away from the dogs along with my bike and I made no eye contact with them which made them lose interest in me. After a point of time they went their way.

I reached Vaishnodevi Circle at 6:40 am so there were still 20 minutes to kill so I checked my sports activity recording application called Strava on my mobile phone. Prof. Arvind introduced me to this application. It is basically like Facebook for sports folks. Now you got it, no?



for my routine survival.

No dog was hurt during the conceptualization as well as during drafting this article, I don't know about later. Neither do I try to show dog/s as obese or try to show them in the low light. What I mean is that with the severely irregular breathing pedaling would have been a death sentence for me. I was counting days and time with a lot of frustration. I was in a hurry to go on this trip and challenge myself and, thereby, conduct a reality check on my physical health but minus the bronchi. This time the bronchi did not budge. And in case the reader is already wondering, I am writing this article on bicycling and not on 'bronchi-ing'.

Unlike me, my colleague, Prof. Arvind Kumar, is a professional cyclist. He knows many technical aspects of the bicycle and he constantly keeps himself abreast of the new trends and what is up market in the activity of

24, 2019. We had planned to meet at the Vaishnodevi Circle at 7 am. To and fro Thol would be more or less than 62 kms for us. I started at 5:45 am from my place in Gandhinagar and Vaishnodevi Circle was 13 kms away. It was pitch dark when I started from home at 6 am. All I had was some cash with me and my newly bought Mountain Bike and a Shaker bottle. I could see a couple of feet ahead due to the leftover moon and star lights and also because I did not have any bike lights.

After pedaling for a few kilometers as I entered the Sarkhej- Gandhinagar highway my bike ride became swift as I got the advantage of the air push generated by the passing by vehicles, which made my pedaling effortless. I could clearly see roads ahead lit under headlights of ongoing vehicles.

Some say that the night is the darkest just before the sunrise and this came to be true in my case at least. Few



Prof. Arvind arrived on his hybrid bike popularly known as Road Bike, which comes for a few thousands shy of a lakh, at sharp 7 am, being the punctual

gentleman he is. We exchanged greetings and I showed him my new bike before starting off for the sanctuary. The Google Map displayed

of the lake. The view was breathtaking and mesmerizing. It is a huge lake which is a visiting place for some long legged birds like Flamingoes and

passing by and Prof. Arvind clicked some very nice photographs of me with that caravan in which I do not look like the real me. In the photograph, I look like some professional athlete something I am not – always remember that looks are deceptive!



the distance as 19 kms.

On our way we encountered beauty of nature far and wide. First we came across a group of peacocks and peahens in an open field on the side of the road. Luckily it was a beautiful foggy atmosphere; I don't think scorching sunlight is good any day. Some people find this kind of misty weather depressing but let me make a point here, you do not know what bronchitis is.

Prof. Arvind was leading ahead and I was tailing him. I was told by him that riding this way will reduce the drag. Drag is cutting the air and some deep science stuff. We exchanged some conversations about cycling, nature and life while overtaking each other.

We reached the sanctuary from the backside of their normal entrance and had to lift our bikes to take them on the dam so that we could ride by the side

Storks. We saw many kinds of blue, green and black ducks and other species of colorful chirping birds. Their songs purified our urban breath and took no time to bring a smile on our faces.

We posed for some selfies and solo pictures. After we were done, we started to head back home. However, we could not recognize the right path and veered on an unknown road. We realized our mistake after pedaling for over 6.5 kms. Now, I realised that I had to pedal 6.5 more kilometers to get on to the right path. I said I and not we because for Prof. Arvind it was no crisis – it came to him like a dessert at the end of royal buffet meal.

Anyway what made me happy was to see those extra kilometers on the Strava application that Prof. Arvind had introduced me to. While returning, we encountered a caravan of camels

All through the ride we kept ourselves well hydrated drinking tea, milk, sugarcane juice, lemon juice with sugar, salt and BCAA (Branch Chained Amino Acids). Of course not all together at one go. We reached the Vaishnodevi Circle and bid goodbye to each other with an intention to plan more such lovely long bike rides.

Both of us still had more than 10 kms to cover before we could reach our respective homes. The ride back home was smooth with the weather behaving pleasant. We both rode more than 75kms in 4 hours time. Oh boy that was some achievement for me!

After reaching home my legs didn't want to talk to the rest of my upper body for a couple of hours. The rest of my upper body also failed to recognize my lower body. However, this ride was just a warm up for Prof. Arvind as he had a 50 kms upcoming cycling race (Ahmedabad Cyclothon 2019) in a week's time in Ahmedabad. I conked off after a shower and later on got to know that after that ride Prof. Arvind had lunch and went out with his family to attend a social event in Ahmedabad whereas I was trying to work out a truce between my upper and lower body.



Campus:

Karnavati Knowledge Village,
907/A Uvarsad, Dist. Gandhinagar - 382422
Tel: 079 3053 5083, 3053 5084



www.unitedworld.in
