

the objective REALITY

A L I T E R A R Y M A G A Z I N E



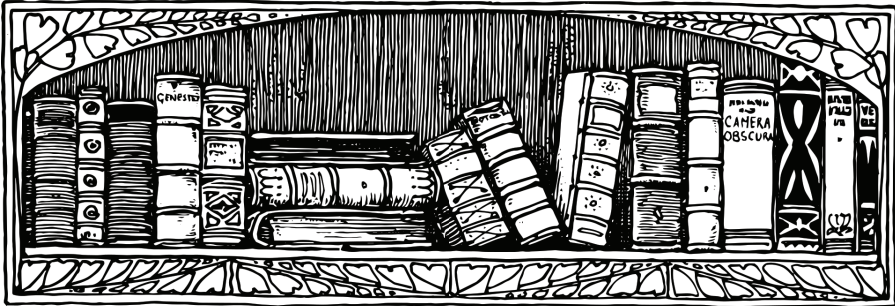
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Physical analysis of Matter by modern Science has come to the same general conclusion, even if a few last doubts still linger. Intuition and experience confirm this concord of Science and Philosophy. Pure reason finds in it the satisfaction of its own essential conceptions. For even in the view of the world as essentially an act of consciousness, an act is implied and in the act movement of Force, play of Energy. This also, when we examine from within our own experience, proves to be the fundamental nature of the world. All our activities are the play of the triple force of the old philosophies, knowledge-force, desire-force, action-force, and all these prove to be really three streams of one original and identical Power, Adya Shakti. Even our states of rest are only equable state or equilibrium of the play of her movement.

-SHRI AUROBINDO // 'THE LIFE DIVINE'



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Dear reader,

The view from my building's rooftop sends me away from my here-and-now, my mind momentarily forgetting I have a body, absolving me of petty worries about inconsequential decisions, flying in the limitless, racing towards the setting Sun, thoughts of ego disappearing, unwelcome. If the monkeys are feeling generous, or pestering another neighborhood for a change, I climb up there after sundown. And if I'm lucky, I meet the Milky Way, flowing through the vast blue, idling away the night.

I was little when I first reckoned my insignificance in this great game of cosmos. I wouldn't call it a pleasant feeling looking up at the stars with a newly formed concept of measurement, sizing them up and rather generously estimating my own self comparable to 'a speck in the canvas of time'. As I grew into this feeling, however, I found nothing more peaceful than a twinkling sheet of fireballs above my head. Some would say death gives meaning to life. I believe the stars give meaning to death, and to dreams too. I spend hours staring at someone else's Suns because I can never look straight at mine. But if I could, would I look into the light? Would I follow the brightness at the end of the tunnel, or would I fluster, hurry back, and pretend I saw nothing? Would I dare to plunge in search of answers, or would I join those who claim there are none? Would I dare disturb the universe?

We are way more daunted by the endless possibilities of life than by the limitations of it. We deem ourselves unworthy of the happiness we might find if we go looking for it, and that's the greatest tragedy of this generation. We are sweeping up somebody else's mess, too busy to create our own.

Enclosed within the following pages are carefully curated attempts at making sense of this exact mess. Creatives often thrive at the edge of civilizations, finding opportunity where most would only see desolation. They make things glorious. And then simply move on to create new beauty, across new horizons. Some of these creations by our brilliant authors, have found a home in this magazine.

I present to you, dear reader, the very first issue of *The Objective Reality's* second volume. Here's hoping that these pieces bedazzle you as much as they did us!

NANDITA
Editor-in-chief



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Pages Turned

BY SHRESHTHA PANDEY

Basking in the sun partially under the shade of the Deodar tree, the newspaper stand is empty. People always read the newspaper first, mostly students, reading the current affairs, remembering the changing names of leaders, climate change, and government schemes so they can get a job. 'Current Affairs' is an integral part of the syllabus for various government-job examinations if the government ever releases one. They appear to be my age, if not older, and are searching for employment and a place to call home. I don't even want to issue a book, reading people is my other hobby. The way they listen to each other carefully trying to grab every single bit of information they overlooked in the newspaper this morning, his squinting eyes, her know-it-all nodding, her mouth opening often to say something but then closing instantly as if someone else is stealing her words, their desperation to take the exams and get the job. As if once the job is done this constant struggle is going to end, though in reality it never ends. The constant striving and struggling is life, the time in between basking under the winter sun and enjoying the occasional wind is also life.

Why is it that I can see everything clearly in case of others but my own life is a haze? My book is old, the pages crumpled. The wind flows and the pages turn like hair in the evening breeze. I come to the sudden realization that I am thirsty and in desperate need of some tea.

At a 10-minute walk from the library is a restaurant that welcomes you with the sign "Since 1900". A small space filled with the aromas of *samosas*, *tikki*, *gulab jamun*, and *chai*. A middle-aged man sits at one of the three tables, and a faint "Make Yourself At Home" is written on one of the walls. I order one cup of *chai* and one *samosa*. A wall-clock stares at me as if it's looking directly into my heart and the seconds' hand is in rhythm with my heartbeat. Time is running and I am still in a café, sitting and waiting on my *chai-samosa* to arrive.

They say it's not the place but the people who make a moment, but sometimes it's the places too. We meet a lot of people in the course of our lifetimes. The time we are with them feels like a lifelong connection, but then we choose our destination and walk on our roads, we are farther each day. Only if we meet again in the city we met in the first place, the spot we hung out can make us feel things. My school friends couldn't survive our college days, the telephone conversations couldn't last long and my college friendship couldn't survive the pandemic. Places hold a part of us and when we leave them, we leave a part of us there too. The politics in the canteen, the reminiscing on the bleachers, and the fights in the dorm room still remain there today. This March, when my friends were leaving the hostel, they said we would come back but I knew we wouldn't and that moment will never come back. People matter, no doubt, but the places should also be given that importance.

Places happen to change lives and it's funny how we run into them just by walking. All the books that I have read here, all the conversations overheard. Like this place, where I am sitting right now. Since 1900, but not too crowded anymore and the food still tastes nice, I don't recognize the exact taste but it must taste like it. Time passes, but there are some things and people in this world which we can cling to.

My grandfather brought me here often. I came here for the first time when I was 16, just to pass some time. My friends probably don't even know about it and I never tried to let them know. This place is like that one favorite song that you once came across and you like it so much now that the lyrics are the words of your soul and sharing it with others is like invading your privacy, a part of you that you don't want others to know. This place is my favorite song that my grandfather recommended and I am never going to share it any further because I own it. This is our song, and it brings back all the good memories I have of him. I pay for my food and tell the owner it's the same as before - the café - and he smiles and hands back my change. I wonder if the always smiling owner recognizes me. He used to be good friends with my grandfather but I'm not sure if he recognizes me. Of course he doesn't, because most times I don't even recognize myself in my childhood photos. I feel I'm not the same person who is captured in that moment. But I remember this place, and I'll try to hold on to it.

THE PAST

BY HARSH SRIVASTAV

The twinkling lights out there
And the warm ambience of maturing cold
The best I can ask for
With excitement of new, and ruins of old

The witchy dark night

Draped with ornaments of brilliant lustre

Spells some Shakespearean verses,

Messengers of memorial memoirs muster

Under the light that escapes the dark
I begin to take down some alluring tales
Some crafted accounts of forgotten days
Concocted with lofty words which trail

A deep contemplative sigh, follows
Along with the faces of Wordsworth and Keats
Is anything left to mention of the past?
A new idea, new imagery, or some new leads

All said, all told, all done
That's what the wits tell
You, dear poet, essay something else
Lights of the heaven or the darkness of hell

But then somewhat jealous
The heart skips some beats
Excuse me Monsieur,
Not omniscient are the wits

Some stories still await,

In unending tunnel of gone moments

To be caressed, conversed and connoted

As, in winds diffuse the scents

What's gone
Did it really go?
Or rests it within your frame
Open your heart, show

achieving INJUSTICE

BY ANUSHREE JOSHI-MEHENDALE

OFTEN REGARDED AS PLATO'S MAGNUM OPUS, 'Republic' is a key work in political philosophy that attempts to analyze the frameworks of politics as they existed in the Athenian polis, and lays down a foundation for the future of politics everywhere. The work itself is presented as a dialogue inspired by Plato's teacher, Socrates, a classical Greek philosopher who contributed strongly to the essentials of modern Western philosophy. In Book I of 'Republic', Plato wrote of the initial encounters between Socrates and five key members of society at a party he was attending, who demanded from him a definition of justice. Through the character of Socrates, Plato utilizes his model of the City of Words to illustrate the realization of four key virtues – wisdom, courage, moderation and justice – although, perhaps because justice is the most virtuous of them all, the primary concern of the work as a whole is to address what justice is, how it is to be achieved, and why it is important to the lives of citizens within the polis.

In the context of the City of Words, Plato's ideas tend to oppose the values he initially brings forth: the City of Words encourages the maximization of efficiency because it values the accumulation of wealth and luxury more than the need to achieve justice; it has a foundation emerging from an unproven theory, providing it an unsound basis of construction; and it utilizes a lie to hoax the masses into adhering to the initial formation of the City itself. Although paradoxical in nature, this strongly suggests that Plato's model of the City of Words is an insufficient and flawed means of attempting to achieve justice.

The first version of the City that Plato created was a simple construction where people did only what they were supposed to do – for example, a farmer would only farm, and a cobbler would only mend shoes – and led their lives requiring only the basic necessities. He put forth that while everyone was busy carrying out their own duties, the needs of the City as a whole would be fulfilled. Glaucon, one of the members of the party, protested “against the swinish character of such a life,” where there would not be much comfort (Republic, 2.372d).

The healthy state, as described, lacks in most luxuries; if pleasure is to be considered, Plato must “contemplate also a fevered state” which “will no longer be confined to the necessities,” but will be filled “with a multitude of things that [will exceed] the requirements of necessity” in the state (Republic, 2.372e-2.373b). The discussion between Socrates and Glaucon brought on decided conclusions: more people were required to work to produce consumable goods such as food, clothing and crafts, and offer their services such as in the case of doctors, nurses, and artists, for life in the feverish City, which enabled and encouraged citizens to “abandon themselves to the unlimited acquisition of wealth, disregarding the limit set by [their] necessary wants” (Republic, 2.373d-e). In order to do so, people were assigned to carry out distinct, exclusive roles in society to maximize efficiency for the purpose of accumulating wealth. It is possible that the less-than-maximum efficiencies of the workforce would produce adequate results to create and sustain a just state, but obviously would not be sufficient for the unspoken revised agenda of wealth accumulation (Horowitz, 2013). This revelation puts forth that the creation of the feverish City of Words – in a way, the ‘upgraded’ City – was to serve the purpose of wealth accumulation, and not for the realization of justice. Contrary to what Plato had set out to do with the initial model of the City, the feverish City ends up being a joint-creation between Socrates and Glaucon in which the achievement of justice is presumably overlooked and preceded in importance by wealth accumulation.

In further crafting the feverish City of Words, Plato attempts to have Socrates define justice in the ideal City through the lens of his unproven theory of the tripartite soul. The individual soul is deemed to be essentially good and pure; since wisdom is also good, and justice ought to be a reflection of what is good and wise, it follows logically that the means to justice can be achieved by perfecting the soul. According to Plato, the individual soul consists of three

parts: reason, spirit, and appetite. These three components are organized in a hierarchical sense in which the appetite is for mostly petty desires, spirit embodies courage, and reason governs the other two components “since it is really wise and exercises foresight on behalf of the whole soul” (Republic, 4.441e). In modern psychological terms, we may equate these three parts of the soul to concepts our society today more clearly understands: the spirit as the idealistic superego; the appetite as the perpetually unsatisfied and pleasure-seeking id; and reason as the governing ego in between the other two forces.

It was suggested that the relationship between the tripartite soul of the individual and that of the City is proportionate and comparable; the City, too, has three components that are organized in a hierarchical fashion. In the luxurious City of Words that was presented, Plato created a strong distinction between three social classes: the Rulers, the Auxiliary Guardians, and the Producers. This separation of social classes creates a sense of duty for members of each class, and ties in seamlessly to the theory of the individual tripartite soul: the Rulers, through their rationality, create laws that regulate the City; the Guardians, with their spirit, protect the City from the war and conflict that is inevitable due to the addition of luxuries and the concept of wealth and ownership into the feverish City; and the Producers create goods and services for consumption and the day-to-day functioning of the City (Republic, 2.374d).

Plato explains the theory of the soul of an individual and then applies it on a macro level to the City as a whole. In the context of his writing, this may have been acceptable, but what is overlooked is a very basic issue: the ideal City “is derived from a theory of... human nature that has not [yet] been proven” (Horowitz, 2013). The theory of the individual soul, consisting of reason, spirit, and appetite as three separate identities among which the only relation is of hierarchy, is nothing but an observation of Plato’s by that point. Because the theory has not been proven, it would be inappropriate to attempt to use it as a benchmark for illustrating the soul of the City, if it can be said to have one. The theory of the individual soul itself is unproven, thus undermining the validity of the City concept and the basis upon which the City is constructed altogether.

The division of labour between the social classes created by the proposed tripartite theory cannot exist naturally in the City. Perhaps to address this very issue, the Myth of the Metals was created. The Myth of the Metals essentially

provided the reasoning for why everyone would be divided into a social class and remain in that class their whole lives; the public are told that among the citizens of the City-state, “some of them God framed to rule, whom he fashioned of gold; others he made of silver, to be auxiliaries; others again to be husbandmen and craftsmen, and these were formed by him of brass and iron” (Republic, 3.415a). People who were identified as a particular metal would have to remain in the respective class for their entire lives; every time a new child was born, he would be evaluated by the philosopher-kings of the City to ensure that he was put in the right social class from birth (Republic, 3.415b-c).

The irony of the situation is such that Plato, one of the greatest philosophers of all time, was a principal advocate for goodness and truth, yet he, himself, proposed and supported what is often called the ‘noble lie’ to be told to thousands of people as a restrictive measure so that the City might succeed. Plato strategically authored Socrates’ character to be reluctant and wary of beginning to explain this noble lie to Glaucon, as he “hardly [knew] how to find the audacity or the words to speak and... persuade first the rulers themselves and the soldiers and then the rest of the City” falsely (Republic, 3.414d). But despite the subtly indicated awareness of this wrongness, Socrates continued elaborating about the City anyway, likely because he deemed the lie to be necessary for there was no other way to achieve the separation of social classes as required in order for the feverish City concept to succeed. If the so-called ideal City is to be built on the basis of a lie, the legitimacy of the City can be heavily questioned. A high level of hypocrisy is evident when there is such a sharp contrast between the ultimate goal – supposedly, justice for the City and its citizens – and the aid of a massive lie, a clearly unjust and barely noble phenomenon.

Throughout Plato’s authorship, he consistently expressed a keen interest in and advocacy of the superior qualities of the ideal City of Words, but did not directly make reference to the credibility of it. It seemed that the plausibility of realizing the ideal City was not a priority of Plato’s. He knew that the City of Words can only exist in an ideal world, but still proposed the idea of it. This can lead one to believe that Plato is proposing the City as a form of ideal philosophy, clearly not necessarily relevant or applicable in every circumstance.

If, in fact, the feverish City is Plato’s genuine attempt to achieve justice in a City-state, it can be reasoned that the model he uses is faulty. Although setting

out to achieve justice, the maximization of productive efficiency suggests that the feverish City values wealth accumulation more than the realization of justice itself. Furthermore, the model of this City emerges from an unsound foundation and unproved psychological theory; it is obvious that an unproven theory pertaining originally to an individual cannot adequately be applied to a scale as large as that of a City to produce a satisfactory result. Lastly, perhaps the most striking flaw in the creation of the City is that in order to create this just City, it relies on a predominantly unjust concept – a lie – to essentially trick the entire population of the City-state to adhere to the proposed idea based in classism and social separatism, neither of which can be deemed as justice-inspiring concepts in modern society today.

Certainly, through the various reasons explored in *Republic*, Plato's ideal City was something to strive to achieve from a philosophical perspective, but it does not necessarily make sense to pursue in practical terms. It is possible that Plato only proposed the idea of the City of Words as a rhetorical basis for thought, and was not necessarily a prescription dictated to the people of the Athenian polis. The benefits of the ideal City in the context of the existing discrepancies and illogical sequences, as outlined, can be heavily debated. And although the plausibility of the ideal City that Plato presents is questionable, it is not difficult to see that *Republic* is one of the ground-breaking philosophical texts of all time; the encompassing nature of it calls upon numerous virtues relatable to by any human being, ancient or modern, and introduces key concepts to the public, like justice, knowledge, wisdom, and truth; *Republic* explores and examines numerous matters pertaining to the Athenian polis, which can also relate in many ways to the world that exists today, demanding our continued careful deliberation.





ripples

BY MANISH KUMAR

They diverge out of an origin - for a similar death,
After spanning their radial breadth;
Carrying a few crabs, corals and crustaceans,
In the hysteria, dragging entire oceans

Mocking the Sun by disturbing its rays with their flow,
To fade out soon, while the Sun watches the show,
These fools are filled with hubris, at every moment,
And oblivious that they can't delve deep

But the surface movement,
The people on the bank enjoy this sight,
When they dance on the tune of pebbles in the bight,
The mound at the bank is the witness of their reiterate,
Colliding, they fall at its feet, surrendering their fate,

Yet they blindly follow one after the other,
Where does the path lead? they don't bother.
They have failed to figure out this subtle analogy
O mere drop! of unfathomable ocean,
accept this unfettered apology

SEMICOLON

BY SHAMBHAVI RAI

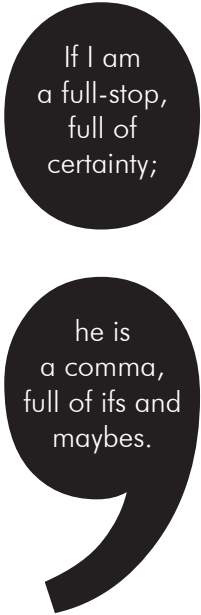
We are sitting in our balcony. The balcony of our new house. We spent this entire week decorating and furnishing our new house and all our efforts and tiredness was worth it. Our cute little space looks perfect. At least in our eyes, it does.

I love fairy lights and house plants, and he loves classic wooden furniture. We both like scented candles. One of the few things we agree on. He is all into political debates and news headlines and I'm all poetries and romance fiction. But Maggie and coffee brings us together with no objections.

So where were we?
Aah! Yes! The balcony.

We choose to decorate it with small house plants and fairy lights. You know, so it reminds us that we go hand in hand. He asks me how I write so beautifully and I just laugh it off. He doesn't push it. He knows how awkward I get around compliments. Instead, he tells me to create a story with five objects that pop in his head. I agree to it.

While he thinks about it, I look at him and wonder how adorable he looks lost in his own thoughts. 'Submerged' seemed to be the right word. And while I am gazing at him, I can't help but think about all the difference of opinions we have.



If I am
a full-stop,
full of
certainty;

he is
a comma,
full of ifs and
maybes.

He doesn't believe in planning ahead for the future whereas I on the other hand need to know what lies ahead of me. Together we are a semicolon. Full of possibilities. I'm not saying that we are polar opposites because we aren't. We are just 'differently alike'? If that's even a word.

His voice snaps me back into reality. He has found his five words and I smile that I can't even find one word to describe 'us'. I look at him with adoration and say to myself that I'll always fall short of words to describe him, or us, and the mere realization of this thing is just so serene.

Or magical?
Maybe.

STUDY OF HELL

Comparison of the concept of Hell between John Milton's 'Paradise Lost' and Emily Bronte's 'Wuthering Heights'

BY KHYATI BATRA

MILTON'S

"As far removed from God,
Oh how unlike the place
from whence they fell."

&

BRONTE'S

"I do not believe that I could
have fixed on a situation so
completely removed from
the stir of society. A perfect
misanthropist's heaven."

from *Paradise Lost*, Book-I

from *Wuthering Heights*

are just two parallel lines (ideas) that are made to intersect each other deliberately at one point - Hell. Despite a wide breach between the genres and the timelines of the two writers, we are still compelled to bring them together for a comparative study of their depictions of Hell.

Milton's Hell is "overwhelmed with floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire", (*Paradise Lost Book-I*) incessantly burning like a furnace. A place of sinister wilderness, deprived of any source of light, is rightly observed by T.S Eliot as "twilight kingdom" where the burning flames emit darkness instead of light. Positing the stupefying horror and hopelessness, Hell is vividly portrayed as an erupting volcano, churning out pain, suffering, heartburns, and vengeance.

Hell, thus seems to us as a strangely original and scary space, immeasurably far from the peace and harmony of heaven. Created for the expelled ones, it is located in the "boundless deep" abyss- the lowest point of the universe, in isolation amidst endless torments. Rivers of fire lacking even a drop of water - the symbol of regeneration - hell can be pictured as a huge burning prison where the criminals are deprived of mental comfort or normalcy, where "horror hails" and happiness never dwells.

The dwelling of Mr. Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights* exists in desolate moors, exposed to stormy weather providing a very rustic, wild and alienated spot. An abode with "grotesque carvings" on a "bleak hill-top", open to chilly north winds and almost unapproachable for city people, arouses an unusual sense of eeriness, as if delineating a Modern Hell. The long, insulated place is not human

-friendly and thus is uncivilized and disordered. One can sketch the ghastly picture of dried-up trees, a wretched house with small windows, the gushy winds, and terrifying silence. One can also imagine the barren and hopeless life at 'Heights' which at times seems unreal and supernatural.

Heights is an abnormal hamlet, created for aberrant people, far from the sophisticated cities. The inhabitants as described by the narrator are the ones who “deserve perpetual isolation from their species for their churlish inhospitality.” (*Wuthering Heights*)

Hell is the
Kingdom of
the devils.



And 'Heights'
is the dwelling of
misanthropists.

Poles apart from the comforts of heaven and miles apart from the social life, the two backcloths can be thus juxtaposed.

“The mind is a place in itself”, the archfiend says, “and can make a heaven of hell and hell of heaven”. Preparing a firm ground for the metaphoric existence of Hell, it signifies that the fallen angels in *Paradise Lost* and characters in *Wuthering Heights* have brought Hell upon themselves and are caught in a horrifying world of their own making. The recurring imagery of fire is nothing but the fire of their burning passions. Their irrational pride and obsessions have created Hell in their psyche, a place of sultriness, where they are caught and gaoled forever. Satan is a gigantic and courageous villain with a great mental fortitude but is captured and awfully imprisoned in his self-built cage. He definitely wants to escape the confinement and ultimately realizes that Hell doesn't exist geographically but is his state of mind.

“Which way I fly is Hell,
myself am Hell.”

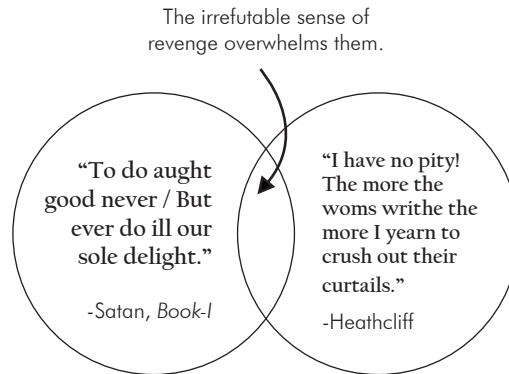
from *Paradise Lost*, Book-IV

— This takes us to
Heathcliff's condition —>

“I'm tired of beign
enclosed here.”

from *Wuthering Heights*

Wuthering Heights is totally on a par with Heathcliff's personality as much as hell resembles Satan's soul: dark and smoky. "A dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman" fits as aptly for Satan as it does for Heathcliff. Evil souls with attractive facades. Powerful yet unhappy, Satan mourns his "lost happiness" and Heathcliff claims himself a living dead body, "Do I want to live? Would you like to live with your soul in the grave?"



Through gamble and treachery, Heathcliff takes over the authority of the property, and exploits everyone to quench his personal motive, just as Satan plans to win the war "by fraud or guile". Because of their devilish psyche, they have not only brought hell to themselves but to everyone around them creating a gory and mysterious setting. Each character in the books is a slave of his evil obsessions, performing illogical and creepy actions like the building of 'Pandemonium' for the sake of mental satisfaction or the digging of Catherine's grave to embrace the corpse for the sake of obsessive contentment. Milton rightly compares them to 'autumn leaves' desiccated and fallen.

"We must picture hell as a state where everyone is perpetually concerned about his own dignity and advancement, where everyone has a grievance, and where everyone lives with the deadly serious passions of envy, self-importance and resentment." -C.S. Lewis

Reading this, we are pushed to think about our villains' lives: limited and fenced within four walls of their frustrated minds. Two staunch villains of different temporal and spatial zones when seen in the light of their deeds and circumstances, stand on the same pedestal. Heathcliff lived a selfish life, away from the tenets of the Bible and so did Satan by refusing to repent or deify God. Their anti-religious sentiments led them to their ultimate fall in a fiery prison called Hell with no doors to escape. Both the texts leave us with an unanswered question about the existence of Hell but surely acquaint us with the dangerously pitiful condition it offers.

meet the authors

SHRESHTHA PANDEY

Shreshtha did her BA English, Honours from Doon University, Dehradun and is currently pursuing her MA in English from BHU, Varanasi. Writing comes to her naturally, the words that she writes are always lingering in the back of her head, waiting patiently to be written. If one could smell her writing it would smell like her town and of course, of mountains; she hopes her readers can smell it too.

HARSH SRIVASTAV

Harsh graduated in English Literature from BHU, Varanasi and he's a poetaster aspiring to be a poet. He doesn't write, essentially, to change something; he writes when he feels something has changed within him.

ANUSHREE JOSHI-MEHENDALE

Anushree Joshi-Mehendale is an entrepreneur that founded and runs Anuvision Group Inc., a real estate firm based in Toronto, Canada. She has a Bachelor of Arts in Political Science from York University in Toronto, and has a keen interest in public policy and government relations. She enjoys writing, dancing, cooking, traveling, and spending time with her friends and family. She is married and lives just outside of Toronto with her husband.

MANISH KUMAR

Manish Kumar is a student of Master's in English at Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi. He has completed his Bachelor's in English from Banaras Hindu University. The pandemic proved to be the biggest impetus for him to hone his writing skills. Apart from reading and writing, he is also interested in music and geopolitics. He loves to play volleyball as well.

SHAMBHAVI RAI

Shambhavi Rai is a 22 year old state level athlete and an NCC under officer. She has always been more inclined towards the sporty and artistic aspect of life. She started writing at the age of 18 and hasn't stopped till date. She is a writer of a well known platform - The Anonymous writer. Literature is her forte and she has chosen it as her career path too. She believes that she can be more clear and better at explaining herself via her art.

KHYATI BATRA

Khyati is a Varanasi-based English literature master's student and a Hindustani vocal music graduate. An ardent lover of classical poetries in both English and Hindi languages, she aspires to be a research scholar in the area of poetry someday.

“Creatives
OFTEN
Thrive at
THE
edge OF
CIVILIZATIONS”

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