

# monograph)



(YEAR 2 / VOL 9  
JUNE ISSUE ♡



THE  
GRIEF  
OF A  
LOVER



STUDENT LED ART MAGAZINE



REMEMBERING  
KAHAANI AND ITS  
REVOLUTIONARY  
PROTAGONIST, VIDYA



# MONOGRAPH

TABLE OF CONTENTS

---

*Editor's Note*

By Anuraag Das Sarma

*Junji Ito's Artistic Mastery  
& The World of Horror*

By Rushali Mukherjee

*Remembering Kahaani and  
Its Revolutionary*

*Protagonist, Vidya*

By Urvie Bhattacharya

*A Faint Resemblance*

By Rituparna Mukherjee

*The Art Of Loving*

By Sukanya Biswas

*The Namesake*

By Kinjal Chandra

*Seasons*

By Sutputra Radheye

*The Grief of A Lover*

By Shreya Singh

*Summer's Reversal*

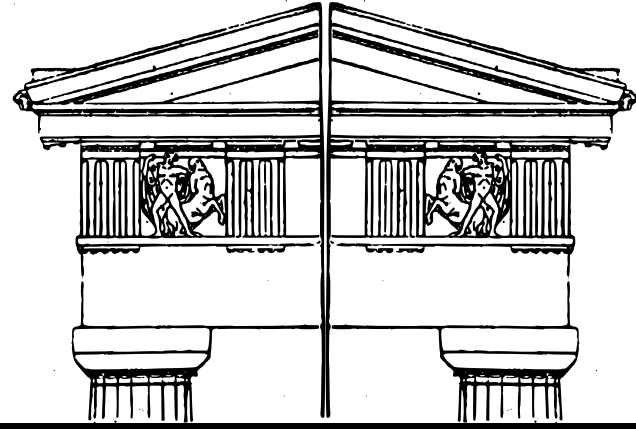
By Anuraag Das Sarma

*Monograph Interviews:*

*Debut*

---

# Editor's Note



Anuraag Das Sarma

2022 hasn't been the best of years, and we are just halfway through. Monograph lost someone very dear to us. Alexis, our member Aishik's pet guinea pig, passed away this month. This issue goes out to her, who all of you must have seen, posing with the Monograph notebooks on our social media posts. She was, by far, the goodest girl, and we hope wherever she is, she is doing well and is happy.

It is 15 minutes to midnight, and I end this night writing this note. I hope that in trying times, Monograph brings to you the same joy it has brought me. This month's articles are shorter, yet absolutely beautiful and well-written. The poems, especially the ones by returning poet Sutputra Radheye, are incredibly well-crafted, sparse yet so full of imagery and thought. Shreya Singh's "The Grief of A Lover" is another personal favorite of mine, one I returned to again and again. Finally, I sign off on this note wishing you all a Happy Pride Month ahead. Here's to hoping and laying claim to liberty, equality and above all freedom of expression and love.



# Junji Ito's Artistic Mastery and the World of Horror

Rushali Mukherjee

One of the first concepts that we learn in psychology is that of the “flight or fight ” response which results in an adrenaline rush essentially born out of fear. The emotion of fear is, without a doubt, one of the strongest and most deep-rooted emotions in man since the dawn of humanity. For instance, wars have long been both an outcome and byproduct of fear and we have come to see how all the wars that mankind has engaged in have come to define the art of that era. The genre of horror, in its entirety, is an instrument depicted through various mediums that strikes fear and is often born out of fear. What is considered to be the definition and constituents of horror has changed considerably through time, as compared to other genres.





Thus, in the past few decades the depiction of horror has seen a shift in subject matter- from the usual trope of white-clothed ghosts, mutants and aliens to a more psychological form of dreadfulness. This shift is not only seen in literature but also in visual media- *Get out*, *Midsommar* & *Haunting of Hill House* being prime examples. Similarly, there has been a shift in the sphere of comics, particularly Japanese comics, popularly known as mangas, from Hitoshi Iwaaki's *Paradise* to more art-oriented, psychological horror panels has been masterfully pioneered by Junji Ito, a horror mangaka from Japan.

In the vast world of horror manga, with all its suspenseful and terrifying glory, Junji Ito has always stood out as a pioneer in this branch. Owing to the aesthetic appeal of his art style and frightening narratives, he is often known as the “Master of Horror”. Drawing inspiration from some of the eminent names in the sphere of horror like H.P. Lovecraft and Kazuo Umezu, Ito has created some amazing stories and collections, the most notable ones being “*Uzumaki*”, “*Tomie*” and “*The Enigma of Amigara Fault*”.

When one looks closely at Junji Ito’s work, the one feature that stands out undoubtedly is the frightening art style and his meticulous attention to detail which almost always manages to leave a lasting impression on his readers. With this very distinctive art style he has not only managed to instill fear in my mind but has also managed to peak my interest enough to dissect his art style further. Thus my research will entail closely analyzing his art work across his mangas and subsequently proving that Junji Ito's art style is the one singular factor that makes his work unique.

There are several tools which Ito puts to use in order to accentuate his art style and perhaps one of the most important devices that is seen in his work is body or visceral horror. He uses his strokes and knowledge of shading to give a very realistic feeling of the texture of the images in his manga. Adding to that, the stark contrast of the black ink against the white paper, which is characteristic of all mangas, makes the details of his illustrations stand out and amplifies the graphic element of his characters. Second to that, the strategic placement of panels such as putting an unexpected grotesque image right when one turns the page in the manga acts as a jump scare which is usually believed to be limited to movies or videos. Another noticeable feature of his art is that his characters are very pale and their features make them look almost lifeless. There is no sign of any blood rushing to their face and they look sickly and detached from life, which is again aided by the monochromatic component of manga.





Furthermore, if we were to observe the faces of the characters closely, it is seen how their eyes are always the most vividly detailed facial features. It is almost as if through them, he subtly tries to bring out the uneasiness of the atmosphere and creates a feeling of foreboding of the events that are to come.

Junji Ito is heavily inspired by Lovecraft's frightening surrealist themes, along with other notable surrealist authors such as Franz Kafka and Kobo Abe. However, unlike Lovecraft's archaic style of narration along with heavy and intricate descriptions of the monsters he creates in his novels which leave their appearance to the reader's imagination, making that the source of horror in his work, Junji Ito provides the reader with gruesome and detailed visuals of the entities striking terror, thus making them the source of horror in his mangas. Ito has also been known to draw inspiration from the eminent horror mangaka Kazuo Umezu and has in fact written a comedy manga about his experience with Umezu's mangas and how they have impacted his life since his childhood. While Junji Ito draws from Umezu's surrealistic creatures, his choice of protagonists- which in case of Umezu is mostly children, along with the flow of the narratives and of course, the art style, differs from him to a large extent.



Junji Ito's mangas have little bit of every genre of horror there is, ranging from cosmic horror to apocalyptic horror, but the genre that stands out the most in his work is definitely psychological horror. Narrowing down on that very genre, we observe that his narratives both have a fair share of twisted themes as well as extremely common tropes. Both of these would be impossible to bring to light and made into the horror masterpieces that they are without his depiction through his art. It is not just the body of horror itself that is the source of horror in his mangas, but the hopeless plight of the protagonists in the end which is portrayed through their behaviour. To be able to translate that feeling of inevitability to the readers through the form of art is truly a remarkable feat. Let's take Uzumaki for example- while the story treats spirals as the element of horror to quite a degree of success, it is still, at the base of it, a very simple narrative found in almost all horror stories. Replace the spirals with a ghost or a spirit, or even the Sirens of Greek mythology and you'd be left with an entity that can control and take over the minds of people. Uzumaki, if written simply as a novel, might be effective but definitely not as effective as the manga. Junji Ito's panel art, mixed with the visual representation of spirals throughout the pages cements the story and makes it terrifying.



If we were to examine this claim thoroughly, one will come to notice that there is no successful adaptation of Junji Ito's manga into a movie or a show. This is because his detailed and impressionable art style could not be replicated by the movies or shows and sadly resulted in inexact moving visuals, a plain animation style which could not be made up for even by the sound effects or the cinematography. Furthermore, the attempt to add colour to the artwork took off the details from them which are unique to the manga. This exact claim of the show falling short of the manga has been made by several critics- pointing out that some of the adaptations were misinterpreted to an extent and not up to the mark. This shows that even if the narrative remains the same, it loses its element of horror without Ito's distinctive art style.

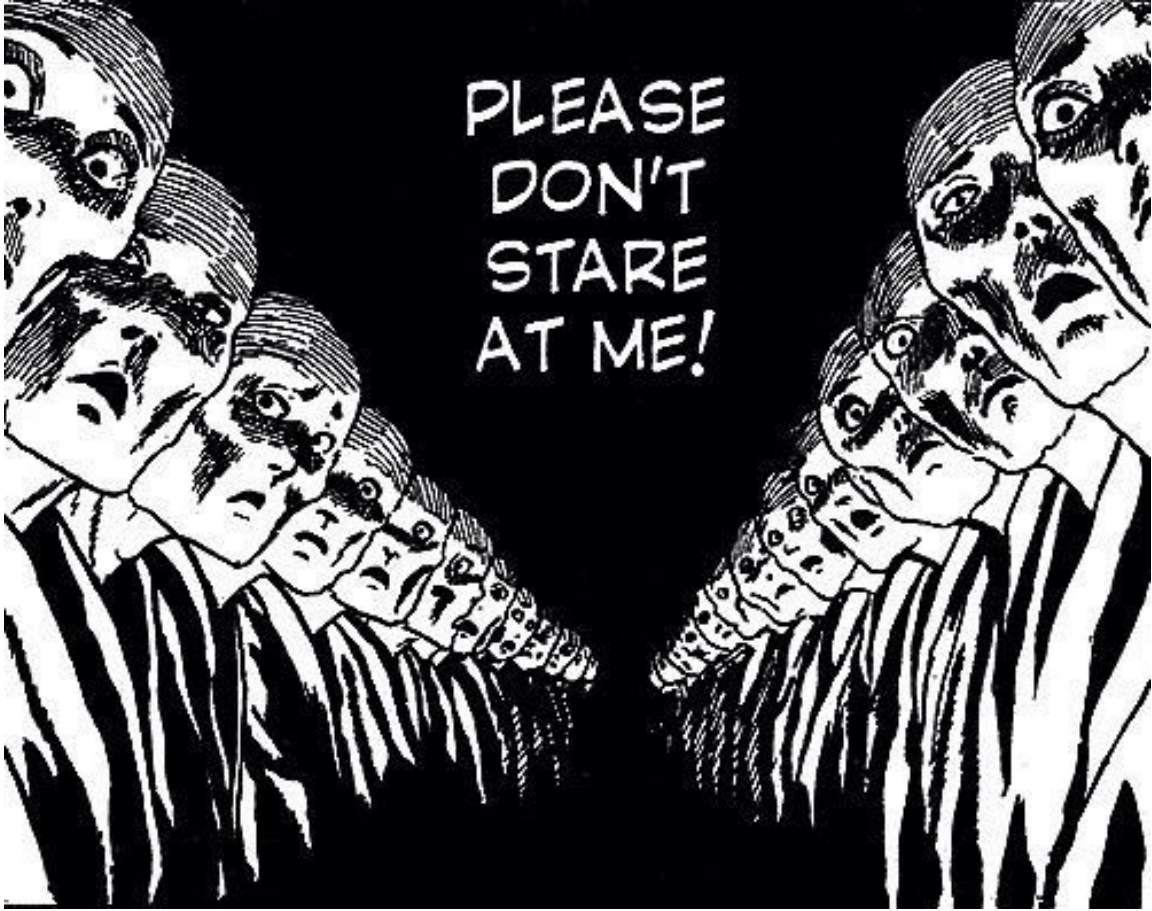
If we were to look specifically at one of his works, we would find that his adaptation of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein is an award winning manga. The original Frankenstein, despite being an important piece of gothic literature, has arguably lost its relevance and fear factor quite a bit in the modern context. However, what Junji Ito does, is use the original piece as a meta narrative and without making many changes into the storyline, turns it a horrifying piece to read by adding his own artistic twist- again highlighting how important his art style is for his work.

In a small survey that I had taken of readers of Junji Ito's work from all age groups, with questions such as “If Junji Ito's mangas were turned into novels would they terrify the readers as much?” or “How important do you think the comic panels are to the narrative?”, the majority of the answers supported my claim. Most readers agreed that without Junji Ito's art style, the narratives would lose their essence and indeed would not be as effective if not portrayed by him through his visuals. Additionally, in a question where I asked them their favourite manga by Junji Ito, almost all the readers chose Uzumaki among many other notable works, a comic that is exceptionally famous for its terrifying one of a kind panels.

One might argue that Junji Ito's stories and narratives are already terrifying and they are brilliantly accentuated by his art. His career as a mangaka could be chalked down simply to his power of concocting up horrific stories and complementing them well with his art. In simpler words, one might say that to him, the narrative comes first and the art simply complements it. I would however like to argue that as an artist, he is more in tune with his visual self than with his literary. To him horror is extremely important as a visual medium- he prioritizes seeing horror, suggesting that he prefers creating a horrific image for his readers than leaving it to their imagination. On top of that, Ito believes that being able to see horror as a medium can prepare one for the panic that is associated with the uncertainty of the future. "...I am always working to try and look at the world and turn it into something, and some of those things don't fit the idea of "horror," but really, I will use anything I can", Ito said in one of his interviews at the Toronto Comic Arts Festival. As suggested in this interview, he draws inspiration from his surroundings and he turns daily objects into these creatively horrific entities, and then shapes his story around them. His story plays second fiddle to his art and this is clearly visible throughout his manga.







After looking at the finer details of his artwork, and studying it in great detail, it is safe to say that Junji Ito's art style is the one singular factor that makes his work unique. With the ever-changing nature of the genre, one can undeniably agree that Junji Ito's is a contemporary genius of his time, with his haunting yet alluring art style which never fails to create a lasting impact on the mind of the readers. Without his artistic mastery, his mangas would most definitely fall short of the unique masterpieces that they are today.





## Remembering Kahaani and Its Revolutionary Protagonist, Vidya

Urvie Bhattacharya

Kahaani released on March 9, 2012, around a decade ago. The film chronicles a pregnant Vidya Bagchi's (Vidya Balan) search for her missing husband in the streets of local and rustic Kolkata, after having arrived from London. The subsequent investigations reveal a series of deeper contours that taint the already despicable scenario, including the exposition of corruption inside the Intelligence Bureau (IB). Eventually, she is revealed to be the widow of Arup Basu (Abir Chatterjee), an IB official who was a colleague of Milan Damji (Indraneil Sengupta), the orchestrator of the fatal Kolkata train gas attack that also claimed her husband's life. Upon hearing the news, she suffers a miscarriage and utilises a prosthetic belly for the duration of her search for retribution.

As a child brought up on the fringes of Bollywood, Vidya struck a chord in my young heart of eight or nine years, who felt like an outsider in the warmth of Kolkata's street lights, despite growing up with a Bengali father and loving Kolkata as if it were my home. I did not speak Bengali at all back then. Even now, I by no means have attained fluency through my own attempts towards learning the language for the love of Kolkata, only produced out of the sheer wish for wanting to embrace a city that gave me my name.

In Delhi, however, I did grow up with an oh-so feminist mother who pointed out the sexism in the films themselves as well as the structures of production. Vidya was a fresh alternative in the field of Hindi cinema; headstrong, assertive, yet at the same time, did not lose her ability to feel. Strong female characters, if present, are often portrayed as having barred all emotion, especially those of love and family, stoically prepping for the hustle culture of the world. Vidya's emotions do not erode her humanity and are absolutely expected; she is desperate and frustrated at her husband's disappearance, and at the very end, her rage culminates into revenge.

The film also introduces a subtle hint at a brewing romance between Vidya and the police officer that volunteers to help her, Rana/Satyoki (Parambrata Chatterjee). There is never any obvious intimacy, just an understanding throughout that he likes her; whether she reciprocates is open to interpretation. Pregnancy is thought of as one of the defining moments of a woman's life, after which she is not desirable. It is a true feat of the film to depict childbearing as a quality that is a part of womanhood, instead of its ending. The audience is able to sympathise with her, and at the same time, cheer the lingering tensions between her and Rana.



Vidya's character deserves more recognition and deeper analysis, the parallels between her and a goddess as well as just the general location of her in the film, provide immense material for further deduction; which she has not received till date. A particular focal question would revolve around whether her character is necessarily feminist. She certainly is strong and revolutionary, avenging her family whilst simultaneously exposing corruption in an intelligence agency. However, her motive lies in being a widow deprived of her husband and child, and one particular flashback heralds her saying, "Ladkiyon ki tarah ro rahe ho," roughly translating to "You're crying like girls do". This is not to say that love is anti-feminist, only that the notion of women being capable of nothing else but love and can only feel rage for its removal has long existed. Vidya does formulate a shield using sexist behavioural convictions; but whether her motives defy them or merely utilise them remains a grey area.

Kahaani is one of the rare films in Bollywood cinema that explores female grief and rage, as well as the desire for revenge that arises from it. Within this context, Vidya navigates this family of the emotional corpus similarly as Wanda Maximoff (Elizabeth Olsen) from the Marvel Cinematic Universe does, both having lost their spouses and children, albeit different in status. Both embark on quests to destroy the perpetrators responsible for the estrangement they bear from their lovers and children. They reveal the inherent longing for love and stability that is so often present in us, and divulge the ravenous and powerfully consuming impulse for revenge that can take form if it is threatened.

# A Faint Resemblance

Dear Ma,

I did it again today, but I am happy to tell you that I have finally found it. Today while gardening, and staring at the beauty of the sharp bougainvillea, I felt a familiar wretchedness. As is the norm, I rushed to your picture frame first, but it yielded nothing. No, not nothing. A certain distaste, that felt like tar in my mouth, heavy, unrelenting, dark, putrid, unpleasant. I stared at your smiling pretty face, laughing in joy, looking down at me, a nondescript, dark, solemn child, as if I knew at birth that life would come to me in fits and starts. I don't know why I have kept this particular picture of you on my bookshelf. I never remember you this happy, you have never showed me the delight that frames your eyes, you have never looked at me the way you look at me in this picture. Was this a lie, then? Perhaps my mind conjured up all the times that your eyes flashed anger, disappointment, suspicion, hurt and sarcasm as they looked at me.

A black and white photograph of a person sitting on a lawn, with a wax seal on an envelope in the foreground. The person is out of focus, and the wax seal is the central focus of the image. The wax seal is circular and features a complex, ornate design. The envelope is white and has a visible crease. The background is a grassy lawn.

Rituparna Mukherjee

We never had many words between us, but I do remember the way your hands would stroke my temples when I fell sick or your sudden despair when I returned home with a broken arm or scraped leg. Did I fall so many times deliberately Ma? I know I did. I wouldn't have any affection from you otherwise.

Why did I not have your skin, your hair, your face, Ma? Why do I look like Baba? I have tried and tried in all these years to find any resemblance, a sign that I am yours. Remember how I used to pin a towel to my head and roam around the house pretending I had long, lustrous hair like yours? Or, how I would scrub my face with Vim gel to wash the darkness off my face? People told me I had your voice, that you could sing like the nightingale, that people would stop in their work to listen to you sing. Why have I never heard you sing, Ma? Why would you always hum and be silent in embarrassment if I came into the room? Do you know I resented you for that? I never told you that, but I did. And I felt you grudged my entrance into the room, in your life, as it were.

It feels strange now that you are gone, a curious absence of words, an inexplicable void, as if there was no one to hold responsible for my mistakes. I still look at the mirror quite often, but today when I did, I smiled at my foolishness for trying to find you in me, for revelling in my differences, on pining for a similarity. It was then that I discovered, when I smiled with my lips closed and looked at myself in sadness, the faint contours of your small smile. I rushed to the picture frame, held it to my face and smiled, broadly, as genuinely as I could, and saw that I have remnants of your sparkling smile in the contours of my mouth. Why had no one told me that? Why didn't you tell me? Did you hum so that I could sing, Ma? Did you smile small, so that I could smile with abandon? It's too late to know now. But the tiny spark you left in me is my brightest light. I hope you know that, wherever you are.

Love,  
Manu.



# The Art Of Loving

Under the dim lights of the gallery, Daya stood in front of the canvas and squinted at it in search of the artist's name. But there was none. Her tired gaze then followed the oil strokes that led to Shiva sprawled on the ground and Parvati clapping at his predicament, angered by his inebriation. It was a creation that was meant to linger on one's mind, the name of the creator lost to time. Eventually, her eyes settled on the caption.

“Challenging preconceived notions of divinity, the artwork humanises the deities and shows their susceptibility to mortal emotions.”

Daya still remembered how her maa used to narrate their stories when she was just a girl as they swung on the creaking wooden swing on their veranda, the rain outside carrying the heat of Calcutta away. She would tell her many stories of the gods. One of such stories was about the anger of Parvati and how a quarrel between her and Shiva made the world witness destruction. But she would also tell her about the love Parvati had in her heart for him.

Sukanya Biswas



As a young girl, she sat in the meadows fluttering her eyes at him, placing blossoms at his feet, cooing his name, and yearning for his embrace.

At that time, Daya did not understand it fully. However, as an adult, she did.

Love is a divine thing in itself. But as Simone Weil once said, if love enters a human heart, it breaks it.

Over the years, Daya realised memories worked curiously too. Everyone has some memories that we can fold and place at the bottom of our deepest pockets. Carrying them around with us everywhere, we forget to remember them. And one day, our hands accidentally brush against it. It makes us feel a million things. Some of these feelings can never be expressed in words. Instead, we learn to express them after the ones who gave them to us.

Shaking her head, Daya sighed and turned to continue her stroll through more than two centuries of art displayed on the crisp, white walls of the Old Currency Building. To even think that the handsome structure almost became rubble alarmed her.

She was deep in thought when she spotted his lean, tall figure across the room. His face was obscured by dark locks of hair, glinted only by the last sun-rays of the day that came in through the windows as he scribbled on a frail piece of paper in his hands. An artist in his element. A face that she would remember for much longer than she knew it.

She wanted to look away. But how could she? It would take a lot more than she could ever imagine. And it was not until he looked right back at her that she realised perhaps looking away would have been a mistake. Even with quite a distance between them, she noticed how the soft smile that touched his lips came from deep inside him. She could not help but mirror it.



She was instantly taken back to the last day they saw each other. She still remembered the last words he had spoken to her.

আবার দেখা হবে I

Back then, she had just felt pain. But now, as she whispered those same words to herself and continued her stroll, there was no pain.

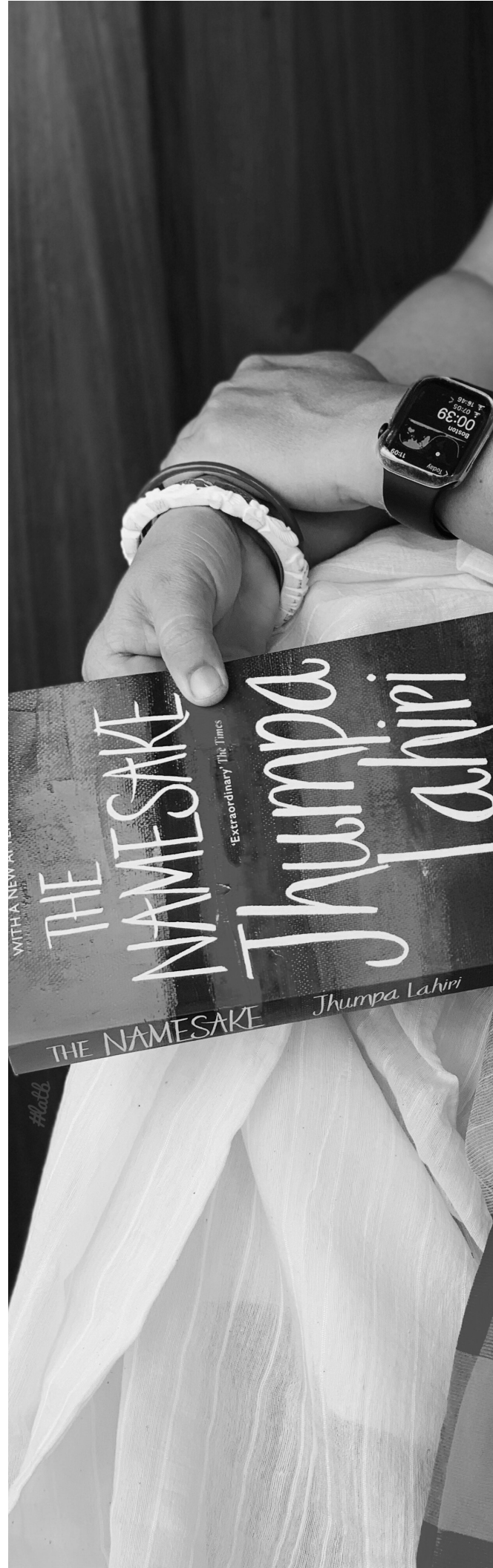


# The Namesake

Kinjal Chandra

In an exhaustive ocean of authors, Lahiri's brilliance is blistering, like a pearl nestled in an oyster of immaculate, wholehearted emotion. Profoundly personal, earnest and inexplicably comforting, in spite of its full blown melancholic lilt, Lahiri's writing evokes an unmitigated, visceral sentiment - stirring a storm of thought and reflection in your reasoning.

Immigrating away from their Bengali soil, soul and society, Ashok and Ashima apprehensively embark on a journey to construct their own world in the States. There is familiarity in the unfamiliar situations they encounter in a country 12,000 kilometres away from their homeland, and immeasurably distant from where their hearts reside.





PTSD and a hairbreadth escape from death makes Ashok name his infant son Gogol, after his favourite author. Gogol traverses a journey of his own, wrangling with an unusual name and ethnicity in a nation he calls his home, but his parents consider alien. This disparity in nationalities and sensibilities is the second most potent instrument in *The Namesake*.

The first, undeniably is the relationships. Relationships between spouses, siblings, children, families, lovers and most importantly, the relationship one shares with their name. The title they associate with their identities and the true gravity of it.

Semi-autobiographical of sorts, there undoubtedly is Nilanjana Sudeshna Lahiri in Nikhil Ganguli. However, there is a lot more of Jhumpa in Gogol. Unabashed, guileless and fiercely stirring. *The Namesake* is sure to tug at your heartstrings and to make you blink away a few full tears.



# Seasons

(1)  
every morning  
she comes to my neighborhood  
to pick the garbage  
from the dump

sometimes  
she wears a red saree  
and yellow blouse  
that has turned black  
with the passing  
of every season

and sometimes  
salwar kameez  
green with holes  
rats might have designed  
that for her

she would cherry-pick  
the alcohol bottles  
as that would sell for  
more money than others

and then walk away  
maybe to another dump

Sutputra Radheye

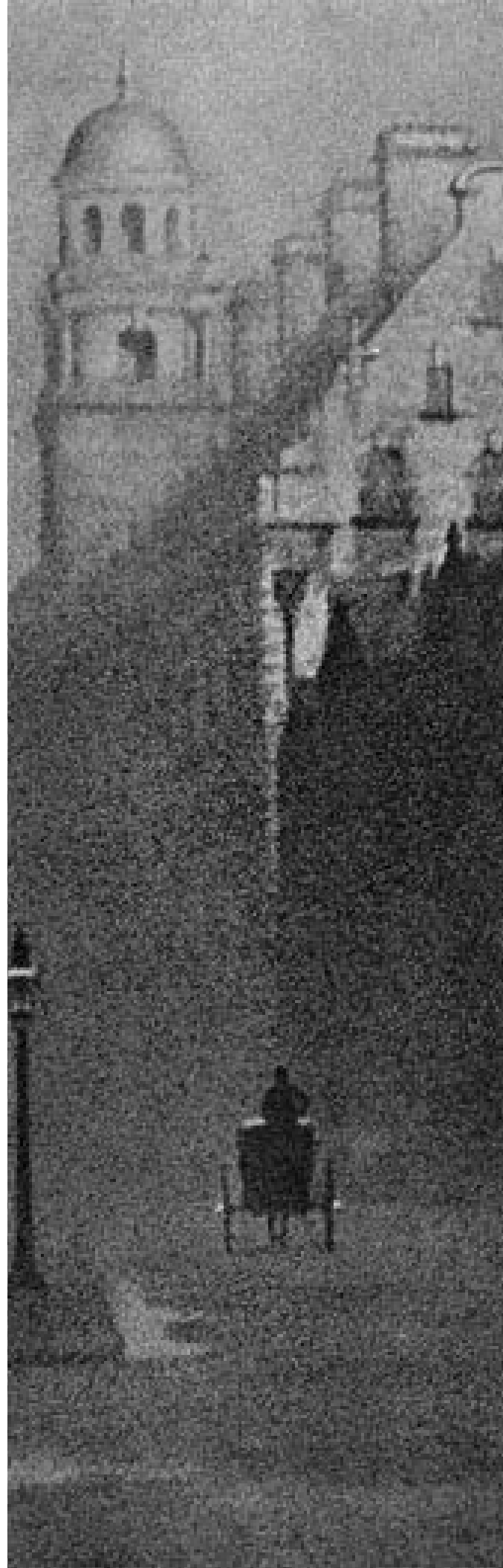




(2)

the thelawala  
would stop near this tree  
adjacent to my house  
to smoke every afternoon  
after eating his lunch  
at that stall  
which stands near  
the hoarding

while smoking  
he would stare  
at every women  
that would pass  
in subtle appreciation



(3)

a poet  
looked at the road  
from his small cabin  
uninspired  
cursing the monochromatic photographs  
his eyes were clicking

“Eliot you bastard  
you ruined standards for us”  
he whispered  
as he read one after another  
of eliot’s poems

“how will i ever  
achieve your magic?”  
he sighed  
and looked out of the window  
again

## I. THE BURIAL OF

**A**PRIL is the cruellest  
Lilacs out of the dead  
Memory and desire, stirring  
Dull roots with spring rain  
Winter kept us warm, covered  
Earth in forgetful snow, frost  
A little life with dried tub  
Summer surprised us, coming  
Starnbergersee  
With a shower of rain; we  
colonnade,  
And went on in sunlight,  
garten,

(4)

a drunk man  
walked down the middle  
of the road  
shouting slangs  
to the invisible god

brave, like a warrior  
he challenged  
the authority of the  
government of heaven  
and the coward god  
didn't reply



# The Grief Of A Lover

Shreya Singh

Six languages dripping from my tongue  
The honey is smothering the papyrus and my  
fingers are adhesive  
No colour is faithful enough to stain the page  
A promising shade that will stay, perhaps,  
immortal.

My tears of longing wash over the sheets of lies  
and love and yearning.

Repeating your name over and over and over  
again;

My tonsils dried and the voice hoarse.

The passion of our intimate love charring the  
paper; a brighter hue than the painter's tray.

The swan song humming in the back while I  
trace your name over my bare body,

With a brush, soft as the touch of your lips.

I am trying to recall the shape of your torso by  
my bedside,

The blanket crumbling in the cold of the ghastly  
presence of the wind –

Your back's curve, fits into the outline of a  
dream.





I lay, bare, next to the candle lit desk,  
With your words calling out to me one last time.  
Vita, I'm visiting your home –  
Or hell.  
I'll stay in the cracks of the wallpaper,  
And whisper many lovely words to you.



# Summer's Reversal

Anuraag Das Sarma

She sat like Hore's Binodini, sketched on paper,  
Hastily and with little care for details.  
She brought under her spell your eyes, and  
with  
Her little conch shell, asked you to sit beside  
her broken body.

Her curious eyes, shifting from one flower  
to the other,  
Out of the bouquet you got her, running to  
Gariahat,  
Early in the morning, stopping for a smoke,  
In the midst of warnings of dry coughs and  
heaves.

And in the spirit of season's reversal, the  
arrival of rains,  
She pulls you close for a private rehearsal,  
of love and joy.  
You are the one for whom she paints, she for  
whom you write,  
And summer might have brought us pain,  
but the rains have washed all tears away.







# *Monograph Interviews: Debut*

*Debut is an NGO which describes itself as an Initiative to well-being through counselling. It also recently ran a mobile library campaign on the 22nd of May at the slum of Benibhaag.*

*We interviewed them for this issue of Monograph.*





# DEBUT

an initiative to wellbeing

us at:  
e@gmail.com

## Monograph Interviews: Debut

*Why did you feel the need to start an organisation like Debut? What are its ideals?*

As we started meeting people, attending workshops we found that there were many who did not have any real awareness about mental health. Also the resource people who were in the field were not providing correct information to those who needed it.

*What has been your experience working in this sector like so far and what has the response to it been like?*

In the last few years people have become more conscious but there's yet a lot that needs to be done, especially when we need to understand ourselves, our happiness.



*Could you guide us through the process, the motivation and the impeccable implementation of 22nd May's Mobile Library initiative?*

The motto of Debut has always been well-being. Lack of illness does not indicate wellness. We believe that little things matter in making us stay well. And this is one such initiative where we tried to spend some quality time with the children , to give them the opportunity to enjoy positively in a different manner. This is an initiative taken up under the project sakkhar where we have started an educational fund for children whose family income is less than 6000.

*What plans do you have for the future of Debut? What goals do you aim to accomplish?*

We hope to build a society where people will come out of their stigma, their hesitation and try to live a life of wellness



# Our Staff.

**Editor in Chief:** Anuraag Das Sarma

**Senior Editors:** Ayush Chakraborty & Amrisha Banerjee

**Art Directors:** Rushali Mukherjee & Aindrila Ray

**Copy Editors:** Atri Deb Chowdhury, Indrayani Bhadra

**Visual Editor:** Payal Sapui

**Digital Editors:** Aishik Roy & Mukund Daga

**Media Head:** Aryaman Manna

**Head of Design:** Arrushi Chakraborty

**Social Media Head:** Adrija Dutta

**Curator of Newsletter:** Sushen Mitra

**Writers:** Urvie Bhattacharya, Rituparna Mukherjee, Sukanya Biswas, Kinjal Chandra, Sutputra Radheye, Shreya Singh,

**Special Thanks To:**

*Debut- An Initiative To Wellbeing*

MONOGRAPH