

Time spent in self-reflection is never wasted - it is an intimate date with yourself.
Paul TP Wong

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In the mirror we find a reflection of our appearance,
but in the heart, we find a reflection of our soul.
- Brene Brown



Reflections

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Radiologist's Musings - Viral Parekh

Hil, Namaste,

This is Dr. Viral Parekh, a Radiologist from Kolkata, India.

Here is fifth issue of Reflections. In this issue also Doctors from all over India have contributed their art. While bringing out this magazine, I never thought that it will be reaching different corners of world and I will have people from all over India contributing to this magazine and I also never knew that doctors are so talented in their extra-curricular activities also. Most of the work in this issue is amazing and I am sure you will all be enthralled to see it.

Wherever I go or whoever I talk to during this pandemic, everyone complains of one thing - masks. How uncomfortable they are wearing it. It makes me smile wryly. We the so called human beings are uncomfortable wearing masks?

I have seen all my life that most of the people have mastered the art of masquerading. Most of the human race pretend to be what they are not. Society on the whole is fake. Prime examples of such fake attitude are rampant in a society as a whole. Social media make it obvious. Say for

example, in a WhatsApp group, someone wishes another person a happy birthday, you will see that rest of the members of the group will follow suit. It is just like a roll call. I have wished you too, whether someone means it or not does not matter.

That reminds me of a song by Freddie Mercury - I am a great pretender. Yes, we all are.

Hardly, you will find a person who is straight forward, calls spade a spade and means what he or she says. Most of the human race consists of smooth talkers wearing a fake smile and pretending to be nice.

In this world of political correctness, one who has courage to speak his mind is a rare entity. Not only royal Bengal tigers are becoming extinct, such people are also on the verge of extinction. They are the real tigers and they need to be saved too from becoming extinct.

It is not easy living a real life in a fake world. Fake people have an image to maintain and real people just don't care.

As Michael Bassey Johnson has said that "Nice words and nice appearance doesn't conclude that

someone is nice, I believe that the nicer you look, the more deceptive you appear."

Jess C. Scott has also said that "What's the whole point of being pretty on the outside when you're so ugly on the inside?"

Muhammad Saqib has said that "People wear a mask of lie so they look attractive, so be careful"

So, come on you fellow homo sapiens don't pretend that you are uncomfortable with masks, you have always worn it for your own interest. Wear it now to prevent yourself getting infected from Corona virus.

So, the world is a difficult place but still there are good and real people and because of their good deeds we still have credence in humanity. And their kindness and simplicity ignites hope and faith.

This issue would not have been possible without the help of Dr. Malay Nandy, Dr. Juni Menon, Bijon, Debjani, Dr. Drashty Satodia, Madhuri, Anshika, Lalitha Didi, Jayanta, Sanjeev, Satyam, Kanchan, Shekhar and Mayukh. I am obliged and sincerely thank all of them.

“Music is what tell us that the human race is greater than we realize.” — Napoleon Bonaparte

“When you play, never mind who listens to you.” — Robert Schumann

Music

“Most people die with their music still locked up inside them.” — Benjamin Disraeli

“Music is the moonlight in the gloomy night of life.” — Jean Paul Friedrich Richter

“Music is the divine way to tell beautiful, poetic things to the heart.” — Pablo Casals



Sitar is a plucked stringed instrument and falls under chordophone family of musical instruments.

It is played in north Indian classical music (Hindustani Sangeet), film music, and western fusion music. It is not commonly found in south Indian classical performances or folk music.

It typically measures 4 feet in length. It has a deep pear-shaped gourd body; a long, wide, hollow wooden neck; both front and side tuning pegs; and 20 arched movable frets.

A sitar can have 18, 19, 20, or 21 strings. Six or seven of these are played strings which run over curved, raised frets, and the remainder are sympathetic strings which run underneath the frets and resonate in sympathy with the played strings.

The convex metal frets are tied along the neck, which enables them to be moved as needed. The sitar often has a resonating gourd under the pegbox end of the neck; this balances the weight of the instrument and helps support it when it is not being played. Musicians hold the sitar at a 45° angle on their laps while seated. They pluck the strings with a wire plectrum worn on the right forefinger while the left hand manipulates the strings with subtle pressure on or between the frets and with sideways pulls of the strings.

Artists like Ravi Shankar have popularised this instrument around the world.

धर्मग्रन्थ सब जला चुकी है,
जिसके अंतर की ज्वाला,
मंदिर, मसजिद, गिरिजे, सब
को तोड़ चुका जो मतवाला,
पंडित, मोमिन, पादिरयों के
फंदों को जो काट चुका,
कर सकती है आज उसी का
स्वागत मेरी मधुशाला।

दुतकारा मस्जिद ने मुझको
कहकर है पीनेवाला,
ठुकराया ठाकुरद्वारे ने देख
हथेली पर प्याला,
कहाँ ठिकाना मिलता जग में
भला अभागे काफिर को?
शरणस्थल बनकर न मुझे
यदि अपना लेती मधुशाला

Literature

मुसलमान औ' हिन्दू है दो,
एक, मगर, उनका प्याला,
एक, मगर, उनका मदिरालय,
एक, मगर, उनकी हाला,
दोनों रहते एक न जब तक
मस्जिद मन्दिर में जाते,
बैर बढ़ाते मस्जिद मन्दिर
मेल कराती मधुशाला!

कभी न सुन पड़ता, 'इसने,
हा, छू दी मेरी हाला',
कभी न कोई कहता, 'उसने
जूठा कर डाला प्याला',
सभी जाति के लोग यहाँ पर
साथ बैठकर पीते हैं,
सौ सुधारकों का करती है
काम अकेले मधुशाला

आज सजीव बना लो, प्रेयसी,
अपने अधरों का प्याला,
भर लो, भर लो, भर लो इसमें,
यौवन मधुरस की हाला,
और लगा मेरे होठों से भूल
हटाना तुम जाओ,
अथक बनूँ मैं पीनेवाला, खुले
प्रणय की मधुशाला।

Harivansh Rai Shrivastava alias Bachchanji is such a name of Hindi literature, whose name is still taken with pride and pleasure. He was born in a village named Bapupatti in Uttar Pradesh in the year 1907.

Harivansh Rai Bachchanji was a noted Indian poet and a writer of Hindi, who through his great compositions and works, heralded a new era in Hindi literature, he was also called the author of the new century. The most famous work of his is "Madhushala".

He describes the truth of life very brilliantly in his works, his works are heart touching, anyone who reads his works gets mesmerized.

Harivansh Raiji's style of writing was simple, easy and heart touching to the readers, which made him different from other poets. He communicated a new stream in Hindi literature with his writing style.

He was also called the author of the new century because of his amazing writing style. He had brought unprecedented change in Indian literature through his poems.

He got his early education from Kayastha School. Later he did his further studies from Allahabad University while staying in Prayag. For some time he also worked as a professor in this university.

After this he remained associated with Gandhiji's independence movement for some time and then went to Kashi for his further studies and completed his studies from the famous Banaras Hindu University and in 1952 he went to Cambridge University in England to pursue his PhD in English Literature. At the same time, he became the second Indian to receive a doctorate in English Literature from Cambridge University.

After returning to India, Harivansh Rai Bachchanji worked as a Hindu expert in the Ministry of External Affairs, Government of India for a few days and was also associated with Akashwani.

Apart from this, Harivansh Rai Bachchanji translated Shakespeare's famous plays Macbeth and Othello into Hindi. He will always be remembered for this as well.

In 1955, Harivanshrai Bachchanji joined the external department in Delhi where he served for many years and was also involved in the development of Hindi language. He also gave importance to Hindi language through his many articles.

In 1976, he was awarded the Padma Bhushan for his inspirational work in Hindi writing.

In November 1984, he wrote his last poem "One November 1984" which was based on the assassination of Indira Gandhi.

In Madhushala, he has beautifully described every aspect of human life in such a way that it leaves you mesmerised. It was published in 1935 and one wonders how advanced his thoughts were.

Before the age of digitisation and smart phones, I used to carry a brief case, which always used to contain two books, one on Radiology and another Madhushala. Whenever, I had to understand nuances of life, I will open his book and read few of the four liners of his famous work. He will remain my one of most favourite poets and writers.



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Dr. Debjani Gupta is a pediatrician by profession. She is also an ex-student of R. G. Kar Medical College, Kolkata. She is now a Consultant at Narayana Multispeciality Hospital. Here is one of her poems. I am sure you will like it. The photograph consistent with theme of the poem is also taken by her.

Grandma's House

Mandatory yearly visits many moons ago,
To a modest house on a narrow lane of a
sprawling city.
With cluttered up rooms with no clear
thoughts and directions,
To join in the revelry of the Puja days.

Greeted on arrival by a long verandah and
slated windows,
That spoke to all passing by who stopped to
smile.
Topped in the centre by an open roof,
Where the sun wind and stars peeped in
and spoke.
Forever open doors that let in creatures big
and small,
With an old world charm trying to fit in with
the new.

The heart was there caressed by the
warmth,
As we all sat cross-legged on the floor for
the Ashtami puja.
Little realising the unspoken value of heady
companionship,
As the extended family joined hands together
for those five days.

The diminutive lady with the iron will has
long bid adieu,
With her has gone the Tulsi Sheuli and the
yellow Kolke flowers.

The sons and daughters have each travelled
their own paths ,
The long verandah with the open doors bur-
ied under a high rise.

Coming to terms is what we all do,
With this fascinating juxtaposition of the
past and the present.
The easy banter and the warm camaraderie,
Lost in the maze of trailing mails and abbrev-
iated texts.

Happy nostalgia and cherished delights,
Colour the sublime joys of the Puja days
each year.
Grateful for the memories of the moments
shared,
Blessed by the warmth of Grandma's Home.





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Dr. Jayanta Chatterjee is a Gynecologist and Obstetrician by profession and ex-student of R. G. Kar Medical College, Kolkata. He has his own IVF clinic at Astha Day Care and Fertility Centre, Kalyani. He is also one of my classmates and one of my good friends from the class. He is an animal lover and has 10 dogs at this home, out of which seven are Golden retriever. He is a self taught painter and painting is his passion. He writes short stories also. Here is one of the stories.

XX/XY

I used to wander through the shanties in search of peace and distraction when suddenly, my life changed, for the second time.

The first time was when both my parents died in a car crash a month back because their driver had dozed off. With the car hurtling at 100 towards the trailer which was travelling the wrong way the truck did not have much to do. The rescuers just scooped up the leftovers. The next day I consigned some body parts to flames and suddenly felt very cold, very alone. I was only 24 and a faltering boat without a rudder. My father never kept in touch with relatives for reasons best known to him and had very few friends, so there was nobody to hold my hand. It took the better part of my father's bar and the better part of a year to put me back on my feet. The days in between went by in a blur. Documents, Signatures, Insurance policies, Bank accounts, I skimmed over all of them dutifully, without much thought or question, looking at everything but seeing nothing. In the end I inherited a healthy bank balance but with no idea of what to do with it. I lived on in a make-believe world surrounded by memories, sometimes calling out the names of my parents, expecting them to walk into the room and tell me it did not happen. Almost as worse as the tragedy itself was the fact that I now had to take all decisions on my own and even the simplest of things appeared as unfamiliar quandaries. It was one thing to come home to find out my life laid out neatly on the bed and hot food waiting on the table, totally another to decide if I was even hungry enough to make the effort of heating a readymade meal before bed. Such small things make up the lives of small people like us but in life we take too many things for granted without taking responsibility for them. Once out of the shallows, the tides of life drag us into the deep to flounder. Eventually I was tired of the constant grieving and of stumbling through life. When the empty bar finally cocked its snook at me I shrugged and decided to end my self-imposed exile, face life again, to try and find the meaning of it all. Unknowing to me, fate smiled.

Strangely my personal tragedy made me gravitate to-

wards other less fortunate beings. I started frequenting the edges of society where flotsam from wrecked lives meet on the beaches of destiny. Perhaps it was my perverted way of seeking succor, putting my life in perspective. A few months back I was romping through life on a sensory highway of hedonism where loss and grief happened to other people. Faced with cataclysmic misfortune in my own life, I turned to the disruptive chaos, simmering violence, and grinding poverty in the dehumanizing slums of "Kaul Bazar". My heart went out to the beggar, a double amputee who used his arms to cling to life tenaciously, to the grotesque who was bullied mercilessly, the blind hag who was pushed around or to the battered teen who was pimped out to provide for her addict husband. I shared a little weed or a "bhar" of tea with Mithun, the rickshaw puller, who shared the secrets of the sordid denizens infesting the sprawling shanty until I felt I knew them all.

On the fateful day I was out looking for Mithun for my daily fix of pot and asked Umrah the tea seller about him. He pointed me to a part of the slum I had not been to before. I picked my way through human excrements and detritus, avoiding discarded prophylactics, ducking under filthy underwear, and stepping over electric wires and finally found Mithun's dilapidated rickshaw in front of a decrepit structure built of cardboard and plastic. I pushed open the door made of discarded tins and stepped into the windowless hovel. When my eye adjusted to the gloom inside, I felt my legs would give way on seeing the sight in front of me. Mithun lay prone with a wizened witchlike creature straddling him, his bare back a mass of bleeding cuts, apparently inflicted by this abomination, who on hearing me enter looked up to me with rheumy eyes and smiled, a silent, toothless smirk, that send a shiver down my spine. "What the hell are you doing, you bitch", I mumbled. Mithun held up his hand and said weakly, as if in a daze, "She is reading my destiny in my blood, Dada. I am tired of leading this dog's life", he added.

"I want to know what my fate is and how I will die". "Shut up you stupid fool, if you do not stop this right now you will die of Tetanus, nothing more" I said, staring at the bejewelled dagger in the hands of the witch. The grip was inlaid with a red stone which seemed to be pulsating like an evil eye in the flickering candlelight which was the only source of illumination in the room. 'She is a witch without doubt, but where did she get such a knife' I thought. "Get up Mithun", I bent down to pull him up, but the witch suddenly caught hold of my wrist. What strength there was in those spindly skeletal fingers I do not know but I could not free myself. I stood transfixed, paralyzed in terror. 'How come she had such strength? Why was her hand as cold as ice?' I noticed a strange smell around her, redolent of decay and stink of unwashed clothes that was nauseating. I wanted to scream but before I could react, in a lightening move, she slashed my thumb with her knife. Blood welled out of the incision but without spilling a drop she took my finger into her toothless mouth and started sucking my blood with her saurian tongue. A wave of repugnance washed over me, and I retched violently, the world spinning around me. Before I lost consciousness, I remember her unworldly cackle "You're not what you think you are, you're someone else, GO, GO, SEEK, SEEK THE TRUTH". Then there was darkness.

When I came to, Mithun was splashing water on my face. I reached home on his rickshaw. I learned from him how the candle in the shanty had fallen in the melee and set fire to some papers and old clothes. The fire took hold quickly and he only had time enough to pull me to safety before the shanty was engulfed in flames and people came running. Of the old woman they found no trace, nor of the dagger, as if the fire had consumed them both.

My recovery from this traumatic event took a while. All these times the last words of the withered crone reverberated inside my head till the resonance made me dizzy. SEEK!! Seek what, whom, where and how? Most of all why? I was not who I was? Then who was I? I decided to embark on this journey to SEEK the truth, but little did I know then that this journey would change my life forever. As I paced the room and pondered the next step in my journey, I kept on reflecting on the words of the mysterious witch from the past who sucked my blood and poisoned my present. The strangest thing about this strange journey was that it began with a word. "SEEK". I did not know where to start.

The answer came from unexpected quarters. My best friend Mihir came visiting to persuade me to put an end to this cynical self-destruction. I did not tell him anything about the witch. He thought I was still grieving for my parents. He pleaded with me to join college to try to stitch back the torn fabric of my life. We met in the library. I hunkered over a settee while Mihir kept walking around the room, sometimes standing at my back, his hands on my shoulders, every so often straddling a stool to expound a point, at times leafing through a book. It happened when he took out a fat tome called "A BRIEF HISTORY OF LIFE" by Martin Fritsch. I still re-

member a defining paragraph in the book by memory. "We evolve in life instinctively, intuitively and impulsively, often irrationally but seldom by design or by cold, calculated, pre-emptive moves, and no matter how much it satisfies our egos to think of ourselves as masters of our own fate, we are but straws in the maelstrom of people going about their conflicting and ignorant ways without sparing a thought about how their actions can or will influence the history of time."

Hey what is this ?" I looked up. Mihir was holding up a diary presumably hidden behind the book and revealed when he took the book out. I stretched out my hand. As he handed it over to me an inexplicable perception permeated my mind. I felt this diary was connected to me, it concerned me, it was not only part of my journey, it was THE journey itself.

I kept it on the table with a nonchalance belying my excitement and promised Mihir to turn up at college in a presentable state the coming week and ushered him out with undue haste. I poured out a slug of whiskey and picked up the diary. It was small, with a drab, weathered look, and an unremarkable cover. It certainly would not command a second look in a pile of books, I decided. I sniffed, it smelled old, and felt it over. The cut on my thumb throbbed painfully. Was it an omen ? I wondered?

Dr. Moloy Chatterjee M.B.B.S. ran the first page and in the second line Titlagarh, M.P. Down below was the year — 1962 I turned the first page - empty. Some names and phone numbers on the second page, none remotely known to me. The first entry cropped up suddenly "Finally a doctor and an end to 5 years of studying like a mad man to satisfy the tyrant, Dr. Jibon Chatterjee" I could almost hear the sigh that went with it. "Happy now? Dr. Chatterjee Sr. Sir? Couldn't you have left me to my paintings, writings and English literature?" "Do you know while the world has gained a doctor, you have lost a son." "I have no intention of ingratiating myself to you and carry your sceptre to the next level of useless fame and glory" The next entry was post 3 months "If you think I will marry that fat cow you chose just because her father is a rich businessman who plans to present her with a trophy husband then think again Papa dear" and a few days later "I know money is important but I cannot sell my intellect and freedom to the highest bidder " I felt like a ringside spectator in a father-son duel and I was actually enjoying it. Some days later - "Perfect planning. Got a job. This NGO working in Titlagarh is as obscure as it gets. So while Dr Chatterjee Sr keeps busy with his retinue of morphs and moribund and Mrs. Chatterjee is prostrate before her Gods in her Puja Ghar applying spiritual poultice on our perceived sins and fasting to attain ecclesiastical purity I must slip away to perish (or flourish ?) in oblivion." I smiled conspiratorially. The next important entry was again after 3 months. "I feel like I have gone back to the Mesozoic era. Does such a place exist on earth? The mysterious and primordial forests, the deceptively perfidious mountains, the garrulous streams, the unexplored and

forbidden caves, diabolically twisted desolate roads, and the heart stopping terrifying drops -- I love them all. What about the mud caked naked children, the luscious, buxom dark beauties, the rough-hewn Neolithic men -- all painted on the canvas of Nature? Who needs your civilization? You are a fraud; I hate you." Then there were no significant entries for 3 months. Suddenly "Whew, I'm drop dead exhausted. Changing the world is tough but trying to do it alone is rough. Visiting the villages in the prehistoric Ambassador car the NGO had provided (thank God for that), vaccinating children, teaching them the basics of math, keeping logs, records, and accounts, holding durbars where I not only had to treat these frustrating simpletons but also adjudicate in their domestic disputes is really, really hard work and my days stretched to 48 hours. Lucky for me I found Titli. This was getting interesting. Then again mostly nothing for a month. "What driving force made a girl from here walk 10 kms each way in search of education to the nearest convent? What miracle made her such an alluring? Beauty carved out of ebony. What magic made her smile so sweet and her voice so melodious? Is she the reason fate enticed me here?" I smiled inwardly. My father appeared smitten by cupid. Again, interminable silence. Then suddenly a torrent - "She loves me, she loves me, she loves me. Oh, the joys of the first kiss." I felt like a voyeur, like an interloper and blushed but I understood why my mother, did not look like a typical Bengali bride, and kept pretty much to herself. The next half a dozen pages contained my father's small comments and doodles, all resembling a woman, with notations in decorative style. NATURE'S BRIDE, one said. Then suddenly, my world crashed around me, "I am going to run away with her. I have to. There is no other way. Her family will not agree to our marriage. Says she is evil. Cannot imagine why. Because she is educated? Cannot live without her. Have to talk to her." But a page later came a cry of anguish, "God oh God, why did you have to be so cruel? Why did you have to call me here, give me the life I always wanted, a woman I fell in love with and then take it all away in one stroke? Titli said she loves me, but she refused to marry me because she can never bear children" Really? Then what about me? I thought. How did I turn up? I turned the pages gingerly, as if there was a snake coiled in there somewhere but there were no entries, only page after empty page. Almost towards the end of the diary came the final entry and it ran for pages. I shook as I read them and the world as I knew it imploded in disbelief as the finale unfolded word upon word upon word. "Dear God, now I know you are a farce hoisted on us as platitude. There is nothing called fate either, only fait accompli. Our lives are the questionable concoctions spawned by our blind actions when we take the road to tomorrow in the mistaken belief that we are the masters of our own destiny when in truth we are being trifled with by the concerted dissonance of unrelated but intertwined events orchestrated around us." Martin Fritsch again? I thought. "I managed to get another job far away in the South in a hospital situated deep in a forest and persuaded my

beloved to share my life with me in blissful oblivion. It was then she dealt the death blow -- the real reason why she could not take my outstretched hand -- the fait accompli. I felt shattered. I was destroyed. Besotted with her beauty, impassioned beyond measure, there was no turning back for me. I said I did not care about her medical condition and would never blame her for something that was not her doing anyway -- I had to have her at any cost and the rest be damned. I left the village with her, in the Ambassador, at dusk, planning to abandon it at the station 80 kms away and catch a train. It was a new moon night. The mountain roads were treacherous and on hindsight I should not have been driving so fast, but my mind was racing, and my heart was on a gallop. On a particularly blind curve I hit a bike, killing both its riders. That was the last straw. I broke down on the road but Titli came to my rescue. Together we rolled down the shattered bike and the dead couple into the gorge. A few days later there would be no trace of them, the wild animals would see to it. As we went about to board our car again, we heard a cry. Oh my God!!! The dead lady had a baby on her lap who was thrown off on impact. Titli picked her up and looked at me. I simply nodded. No words were exchanged, none was necessary, we understood each other very well. We had nowhere to go but ahead. The baby accompanied us to our new home, and no one was wiser." I felt faint. That was me. ME!!! But there was more after a few pages. "15 years have passed since then. I discovered this journal one day beneath a trunk, a sentimental umbilical cord I packed with my sparse belongings when I fled Titlagarh with my Man bride. I decided to fill in the blanks. Yes, Man bride. My child bride was not a woman. Her medical papers declared her to have Androgen Insensitivity Syndrome or Testicular Feminization Syndrome. She looks very beautiful, yes, she still does, but she is XY, not XX." Then I blacked out.



Painting by Dr. Jayanta Chatterjee.



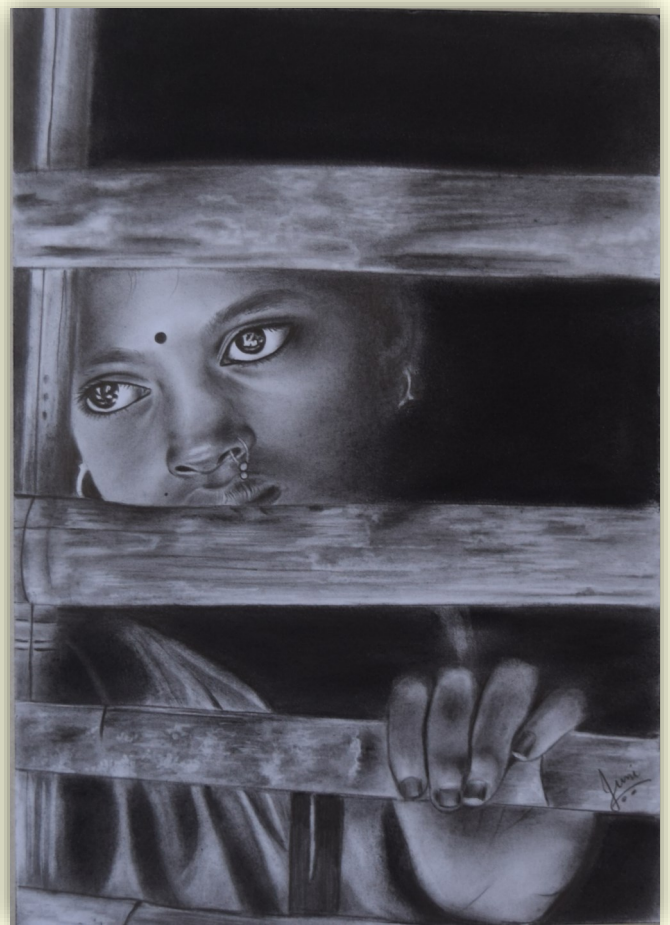
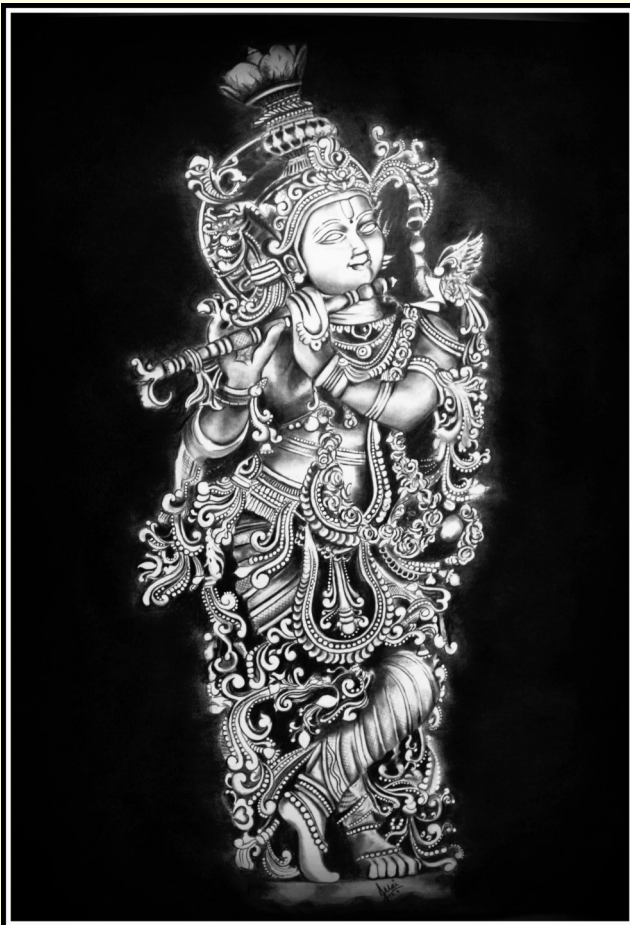
Dr. Juni Menon (M.S,D.O,DNB ophthalmology) is working as an Ophthalmic Surgeon at Arogya Medical Center, Surat, Gujarat.

She is also a classical dancer formally trained in Bharatanatyam, Mohiniyattam, Kuchipudi.

She is also a fine artist - oil and Acrylic paintings, Pencil and charcoal sketching are her fields of interest.

Here are few of her art works, paintings and sketchings. I am sure you will be mesmerized by her work.

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Dr Drashty Satodia is a fellow Radiologist. She completed her MBBS from B J Medical College, Ahmedabad and her post graduation from NHL MMC, Ahmedabad, Gujarat.

She is from Gujarat, currently living and working in Trivandrum, Kerala. Painting is her hobby since childhood. But as happens with most of the doctors, she could not get enough time during her studies and residency days. After residency she started painting again. Initially, she was doing mostly acrylic painting. Around a year back, she found watercolor much more relaxing and continued doing both. Another interesting art type is acrylic pouring, and she has done few pieces of acrylic pouring also. Here is her art. I am sure you will love it.



Plumeria- watercolor on 300 gsm cold pressed paper. Reference image was taken by me...i was attracted to the sharp contrast of white plumeria flowers with dark leaves and background on a sunny afternoon.



Watercolor on 300 gsm cold pressed paper



Golden reflection- watercolor
on 300 gsm watercolor paper..



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DDRCSRL Diagnostic
Centre, Trivandrum, Kerala



Watercolor on 300gsm
hot pressed paper



Fierce- watercolors on 300 gsm hand-
made watercolor paper



Hydrangea flower closeup.. watercolor on
300gsm cold pressed paper



Tranquil- watercolor
on 300gsm cold pressed paper



Creation- watercolor on 300 gsm
cold pressed watercolor paper.



Buddha- acrylic painting on canvas
board.



Dr Madhuri Salwe,
MBBS, DMRE.
Consultant Radiologist
Chinchwad, Pune
Maharashtra

Dr. Madhuri Salwe is also a fellow Radiologist. She started some pencil work in her childhood. There were many long gaps and then she drew some sketches while studying MBBS.

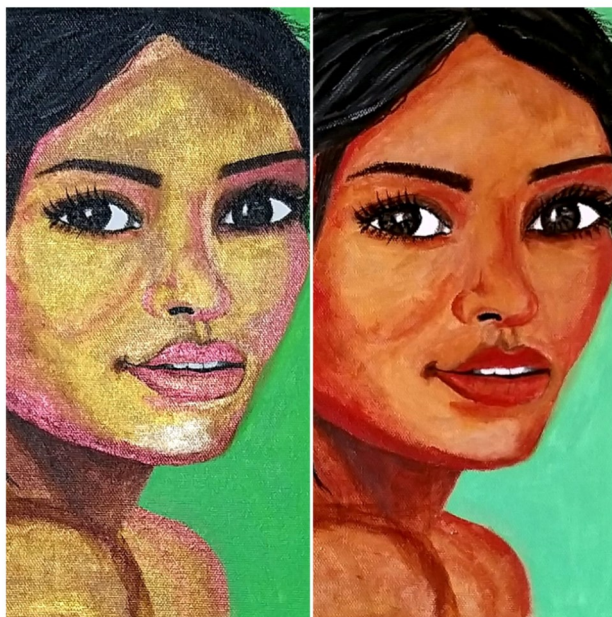
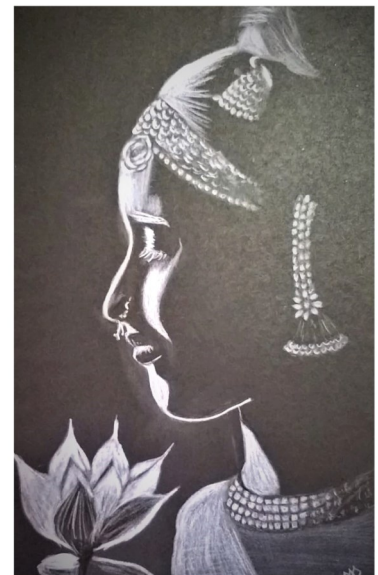
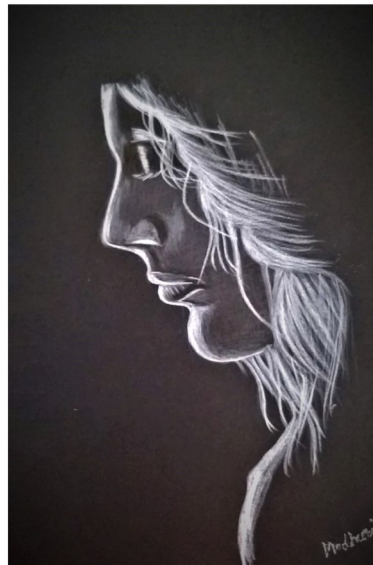
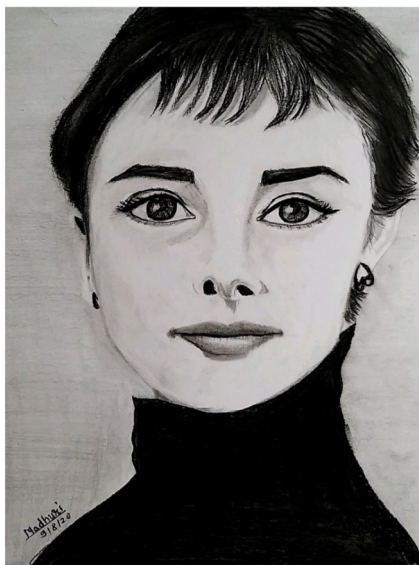
Her main journey of painting and sketches started when she completed her degree and joined a hospital, so whenever she used to get some time, she used to sketch some designs and then the rhythm started.

Whatever she learnt till date is from self experience, learnt from mistakes and she keeps on upgrading herself from pencil to acrylic on canvas to water color and white pencil on black and this the result of her journey. I am sure you will like it.





Dr Madhuri Salwe,
MBBS, DMRE.
Consultant Radiologist
Chinchwad, Pune
Maharashtra



Note from Dr. Salwe

Myself Dr Madhuri Salwe. I am a Radiologist. I hope you liked my July art work published in Reflections. I am really very happy and feel blessed to be the part of Reflections. Though my special interest is black and white sketches, I always like to do innovations and keep trying new things. So, I tried coloured landscapes, canvas paintings, water color but by the time I came to know that I can do better in portraits so started to use colours in different portraits, tried some metallic acrylics also in one of portraits posted here. Water flowing on face is the new invention. Light and shadow effects with white pencil on black paper is also a new experiment. When your work is appreciated, you get lot of positive energy and inspiration to do more and more. Hope you all will like this month's work, posted here.



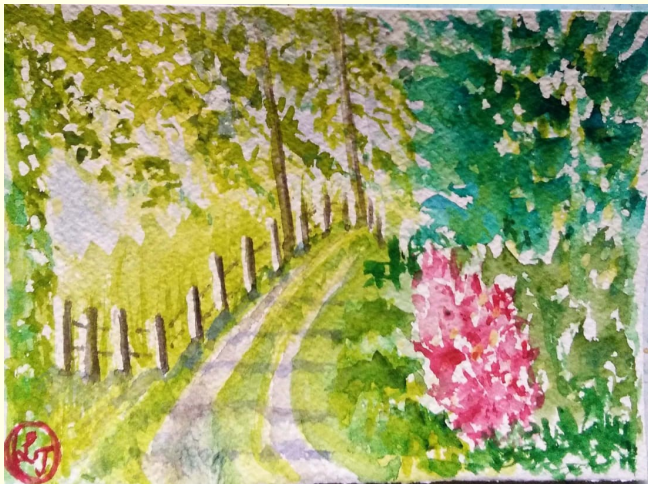
Dr Lalitha Jambunathan
MBBS,
Srirangam, Trichy, Tamil
Nadu

Dr Lalitha Jambunathan graduated from VSS Medical college, Burla, Sambalpur, Orissa. She got married to a Surgeon and now settled in Trichy. She is having a nursing home for nearly four decades. She has always loved to paint and used to doodle even during her college days.

A hectic life with a joint family, caring for her relatives, overworked in her private practice, rearing up her sons; gave her no time for anything else. After her younger son joined Medicine, she felt utterly lonely and miserable. It was during this time that she picked up her felt pens. Her artist sister was so impressed by her doodling and she sent her Watercolor papers brushes and paints. So then started her journey in watercolors.

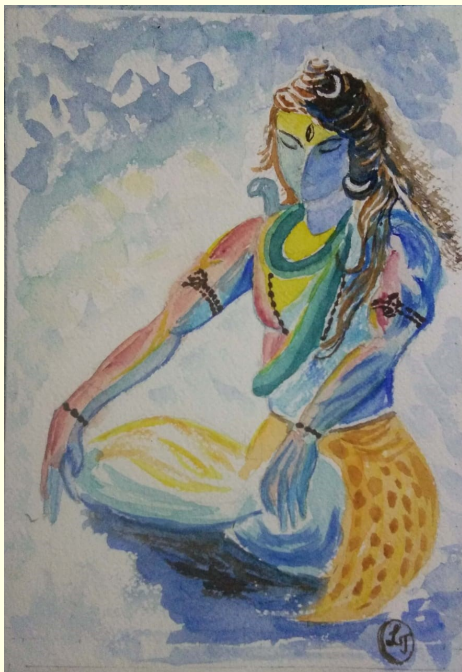
Her first love is her profession, and this new found love for painting is her next. She thinks that she could have gone insane had she not started this journey. She has started it only a couple of years ago and she is loving it and now there is no going back. She wishes to continue art as long as possible as it gives her solace and peace of mind. Remembering the saying... Art is long and time is fleeting.!

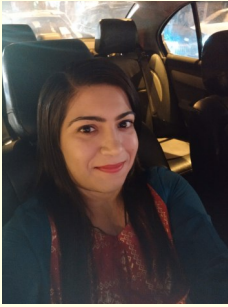
Here is her art. I am sure you will all like her work.





Dr Lalitha Jambunathan
MBBS,
Srirangam, Trichy, Tamil
Nadu





Dr Anshika Gulati
MBBS, MD
RML Hospital & PGIMER

Dr. Anshika Gulati is also a fellow Radiologist, presently working as senior resident in Dr. RML hospital and PGIMER, New Delhi. She has done her MBBS and MD from Maulana Azad Medical College, Delhi and Lady Hardinge Medical College, Delhi respectively. Apart from Radiology, she has a keen interest in Art and Craft. Here is some of her work. I am sure it will enthrall you.



Calm outside, storm inside



Walk in the forest



Rainy day

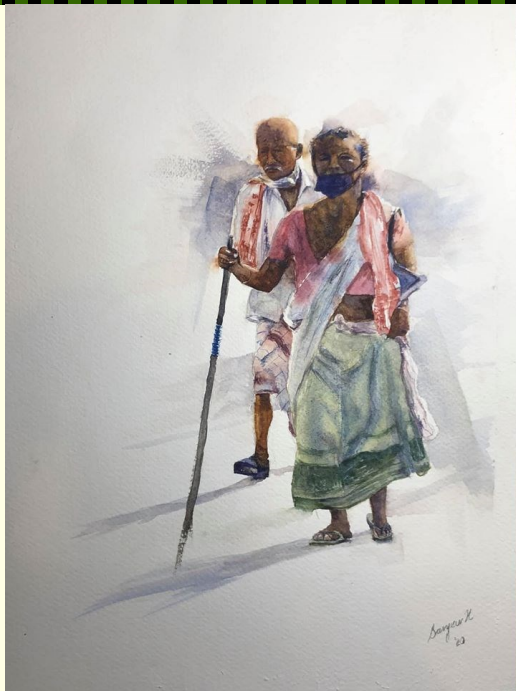


Waterfall

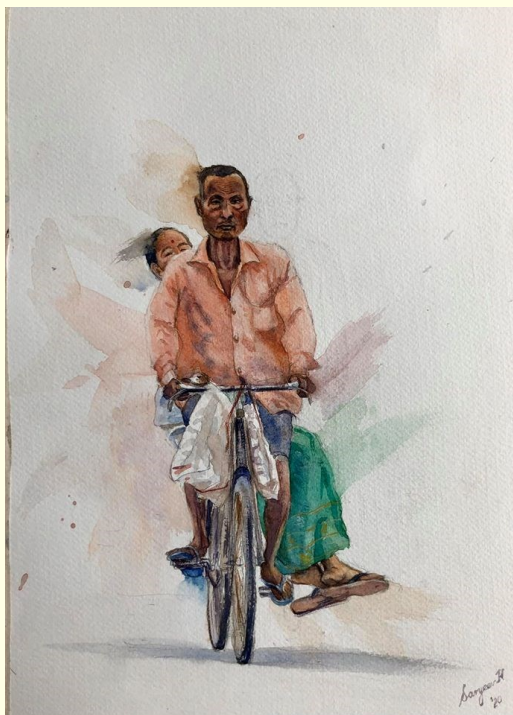


Dr. Sanjeev Handique, MBBS, MD
Director Radiology & Imaging
GNRC Sixmile Hospital,
Guwahati, Assam

Dr. Sanjeev Handique is a friend and fellow Radiologist from Guwahati. He is an ex-student of Assam Medical College. He excels in painting and makes paper scale models of cars also. He is a self taught painter. Here are some of his wonders. I am sure you will love it.



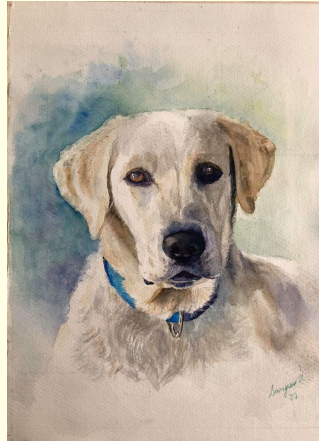
Old couple during lockdown. Quarter sized watercolour on Fabriano 300gsm paper. I found this old couple next to my hospital as I was going back home from work. They were struggling to walk on a hot afternoon. I ended up giving them a lift home in my car. On being asked What prompted them to venture out of home they said a sick relative had died and they had gone to pay their condolences



Weekend shopping. Quarter sized watercolour on Fabriano 300gsm paper. From a picture taken by my friend Gautam Agarwal .



Dr. Sanjeev Handique,
MBBS, MD
Director Radiology & Imaging
GNRC Sixmile Hospital
Guwahati, Assam

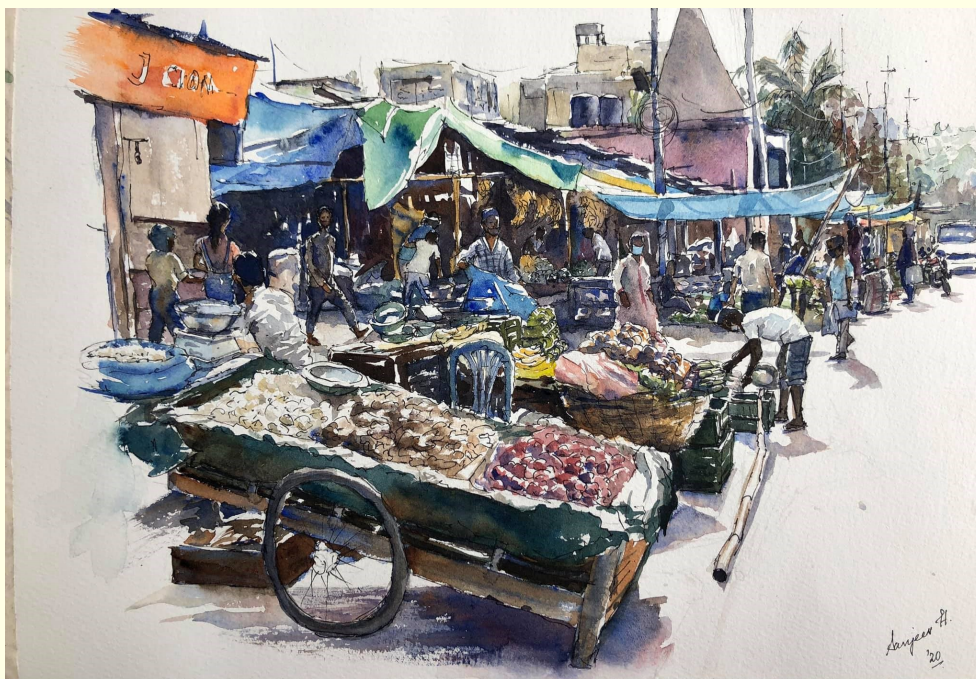


Portrait of Leo.

Quarter sized watercolour on Fabriano 300gsm



The DC Bungalow . Line and wash of the veranda of a more than a century old Assam type bungalow, the official residence of the deputy commissioner of the Dima Hasao District of Assam. From a photo provided by my friend , Paul Barua the present DC of the district. A4 300 GSM paper.

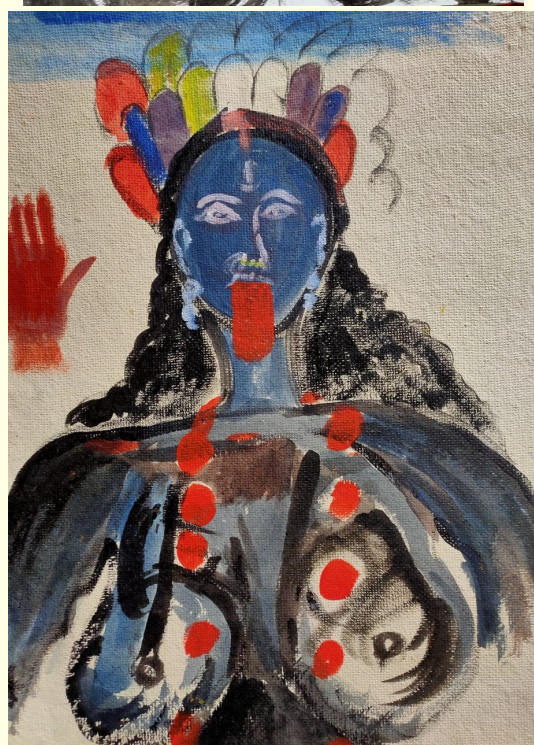


The Beltola Market at Guwahati. Quarter sized Pen and watercolour on Fabriano 300gsm paper



Dr. Kanchan Pathak
MBBS, DGO, MS
Consultant ENT Surgeon,
Nayagram Multispecialty Hospital
Govt. of West Bengal,
West Bengal, India.

Dr. Kanchan Pathak is an Otorhinolaryngologist by profession and ex-student of R. G. Kar Medical College, Kolkata. He is also one of my classmates and one of my oldest friends from the class. He is a self taught painter and painting is his passion . In last 3 issues we had seen his few of water and oil colour paintings. In this issue we will see some of his work on Maa Kali.





Dr. Jayanta Chatterjee
MBBS, DMCW, DGO
Consultant Gynaecologist &
Obstetrician

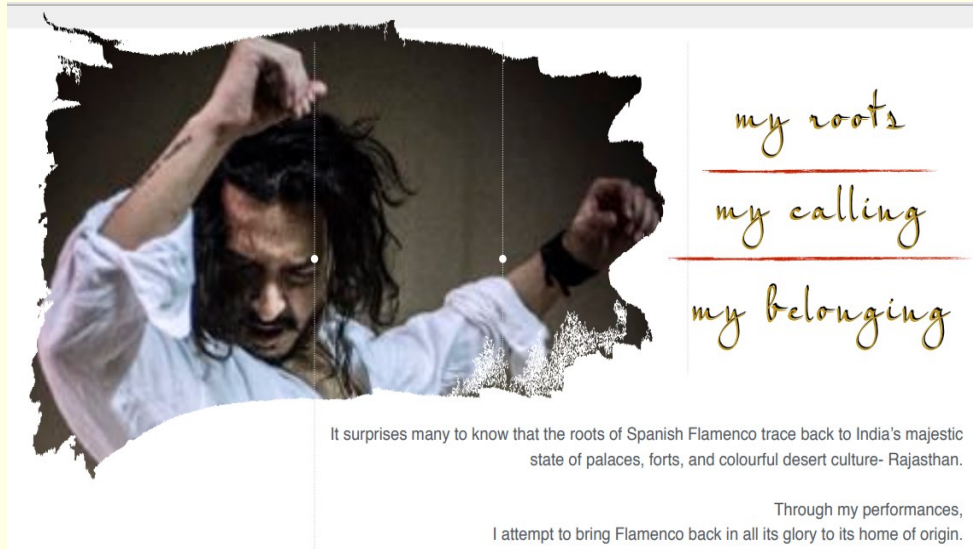
Dr. Jayanta Chatterjee is a Gynecologist and Obstetrician by profession and ex-student of R. G. Kar Medical College, Kolkata. He is a consultant at Astha Day Care and Fertility Clinic, Kalyani. He is also one of my classmates and one of my good friends from the class. He is an animal lover and has 10 dogs at this home, out of which seven are Golden retriever. He is a self taught painter and painting is his passion. I am sure you will love his work.





Dr. Jayanta Chatterjee
MBBS, DMCW, DGO
Consultant Gynaecologist & Ob-
stetrician,
Astha Day Care & fertility Clinic,
Kalyani, West Bengal,





Dance, when you're broken open. Dance, if you've torn the bandage off. Dance in the middle of the fighting. Dance in your blood. Dance when you're perfectly free." - Rumi.

Dance is an art form consisting of rhythmic movement of the body, usually to music and within a given space, for the purpose of expressing an idea or emotion, releasing energy, or simply taking delight in the movement itself.

One such dance form is Flamenco dance. The flamenco is a solo dance characterized by hand clapping, percussive footwork, and intricate hand, arm, and body movements. The dance is usually accompanied by a singer and guitar player. With roots in Indian, Arabic, and Spanish culture, flamenco dance is known for its sweeping arm movements and rhythmic feet stomping.

One such renowned Flamenco dancer is Kunal Om., who unlike his father Dr. Om Tavri and brother Dr. Siddharth Tavri is not a Radiologist but a high voltage performer.

Kunal was born with a passion for dance and all things stage. After 15 years of dancing with the most celebrated Indian and international performers – from Ricky Martin and Diana King, to name a few, Kunal set off on a journey of discovery which led him to his roots.

Kunal found the mesmerizing connection between the gypsies of Rajasthan - his home state in India – and Spanish gypsies. As the gypsies wandered from the golden deserts of Rajasthan, their traditional Rajasthani folk dance and music form evolved. This became Flamenco, when these gypsies settled in Andalusia, the south of Spain.

Kunal found himself drawn towards Flamenco, and dedicated three years learning the art from the acclaimed flamenco households, schools, institutions, academies & maestros Andalusia & Madrid. He now lives between India & Spain with an unstoppable progress & performances.

This dedication brought Kunal the opportunity to collaborate with Shiamak Davar – India's leading Bollywood choreographer – to create a unique showcase for Hrithik Roshan to perform at the 2016 Indian International Film Association (IIFA) Awards in Madrid. He presented Flamenco to the world of Bollywood for the very first time, with 20 of the best Flamenco dancers by his side.

During his creative pursuits over the past few years, Kunal spent time in Spain and India – promoting awareness about Flamenco's mystical connection with Rajasthan's folk art through the "Jodhpur Flamenco & Gypsy Festival" a fusion between renowned Spanish Flamenco artists & the gypsies of Rajasthan in the statuesque Meherangarh Fort. Kunal works as an important member for the festival and manages the Spanish artists, Rajasthani artists, co-ordinations, rehearsals and everything that the passion for flamenco asks for.

While in Spain, Kunal promotes Indian Culture through Bollywood performances & dance workshops. He creates a platform for renowned & upcoming flamenco artists and Bollywood enthusiasts from around the world, in an effort towards blending & bringing them together & living the rich culture & heritage of both INDIA & EUROPE.

Kunal is now looking for unique platforms and forging collaborations with some of India's finest performing artists to create content that showcases his bespoke style and builds an appreciation for this unique art form – Flamenco|Fusion.

*the only journey
is the one within*

Every moment of life's experience is precious and holds tremendous value, shaping your character and laying the foundation for the future.

My journey from being a student of Science and Management subsequently detoured towards the performing arts. From freelance professional dancing, singing, acting and experience in the meticulous process of executing successful events, I eventually surrendered myself to the culture and lifestyle of Flamenco, which I practiced in the remote caves of Granada (southern Spain).

All my life experiences, the losses and gains, trials and tribulations, have taken me on this beautiful, passionate and pure path, making me humble, respectful and grateful for everything and everyone around me.



Kunal Om . Flamenco India
DANCE PERFORMER . CONCEPTUALISER . CHOREOGRAPHER

*Unique + Original
Concepts + Collaborations*



KUNAL OM . FLAMENCO DANCER . AS A SOLOIST

Flamenco dance is very raw, rooted, earthy, fiery & powerful in nature. It is an expression unlike any other.

With foot tapping being the crux of Flamenco dance, as a solo performer, I fit in with any artist and music genre (singer or musician), creating different renditions of the most famous compositions or new conceptual creations. Flamenco dancer is like a foot & body percussionist and brings in a very powerful dimension to any choreographed performance, live improvisations, jugalbandi's / trade off's, etc. Apart from collaborating with different artists, I also perform on recorded music with/without Live percussion & Spanish guitar.



FLAMENCO KATHAA - The Flamenco & Kathak Collaboration

A creation conceptualised with *Indian Kathak dancer, Aditi Bhagwat,*

A collaboration is when two ideas meet, dissimilar yet similar; a beautiful merger of varied flavours giving an experience far beyond the regular.

FlamencoKathaa is a blend of two disciplines in their pure and collaborative form.

With foot tapping at the crux of both styles, Flamenco & Kathak seamlessly overlap creating rhythmic patterns & nuances unique and new to the two dance forms.

The audience experiences an intricate weave of traditional Kathak repertoire & authentic Flamenco compositions.

Kunal Om . Flamenco India
DANCE PERFORMER . CONCEPTUALISER . CHOREOGRAPHER

*Unique + Original
Concepts + Collaborations*



FLAMENCO & THE RAJASTHANI FOLK CARAVAN

Flamenco meets its Rajasthani roots in celebration of the two vibrant cultures; the Spanish Flamenco, Rajasthani folk. Its roots tracing back to Rajasthan, the Spanish Flamenco and the Rajasthani Folk culture (Kalbeliya) melt into one another, creating an experience unseen and unheard of.

Its incredible how the sentiment behind the musical and dance renditions overlap making sounds and moves specific to, but not limited to each art form.

While these commonalities point to some very strong historical and cultural links, this Caravan of Cultures focuses on the distinct heritage, ethos and aesthetics of each form.



FLAMENCO & SUFI / BOLLYWOOD / QAWAALI COLLABORATION

A collaboration that meets the eye & speaks to the heart of every kind of audience.

India loves Bollywood, and this collaboration brings out the the pure essence of Indian Film Sufi/Qawaali music, but with a twist.

A few selected & most successful Bollywood music has been given a complete Flamenco rendition, where dance and songs come alive together creating some very original gripping, high energy performance.

Kunal Om . Flamenco India
DANCE PERFORMER . CONCEPTUALISER . CHOREOGRAPHER

some important Achievements milestones (1994 - 2011)

- * Two decades of professional dance, co- choreography & Live performance experience for Indian & International events.
- * An established performer with Darren Das, Terence Lewis, Bosco Ceaser, Geeta Kapur, Farah Khan, Remo D'souza to name a few.
- * Live performances & touring with International artists Ricky Martin, Diana King, Boney M, Shaggy, Wigfield.
- * As an actor, worked on Sony Tv's television show CID, and part of their mega project CID 111, a hundred and eleven minutes one take film (shot nonstop), with name registered in the Limca & Guinness Book of World records.
- * A student of Barry John's Acting Studio, Kishore Namit Kapoor Acting Institute & theatre with Late theatre maestro Shri Satyadev Dubey.



Kunal Om . Flamenco India
DANCE PERFORMER . CONCEPTUALISER . CHOREOGRAPHER

some important Achievements milestones (2012 onwards)

- * Discovering Flamenco, researching the culture & history of this Spanish art form and taking the big leap to Spain.
- * Creative participation, Artist management & Rehearsal coordinations for the Jodhpur Flamenco Gypsy festival (60 artists - 20 concerts)
- * Pursuing flamenco with the biggest institutions & flamenco house holds of Spain.
- * Promoting & performing Indian dance fusion (classical & bollywood) with flamenco all over Europe for various private & government festivals.
- * As an actor, featured in one of Spain's biggest Gypsy reality show called 'Los Gypsy Kings' for their national Tv channel 'Cuatro'
- * An established flamenco artist in the world flamenco community empanelled with International Dance Council (UNESCO)



Kunal Om . Flamenco India
DANCE PERFORMER . CONCEPTUALISER . CHOREOGRAPHER

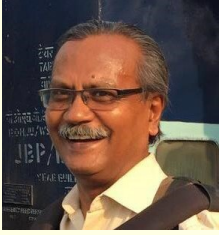
some important performances 2017 onwards + journey continues

- * USA tour with Ekal Vidyalaya Foundation - 25 cities
- * INDUS of Fox Valley. USA.
- * IIFA Awards
- * Multiple events with Spanish Embassy Mumbai. India.
- * India Habitat Center, New Delhi. India.
- * Kala Ghoda Festival, Mumbai. India.
- * NCPA, Mumbai. India. Spectrum International Dance Festival.
- * Royal Opera House Theatre, Mumbai. India. Sanctuary Festival.
- * Prithvi Theatre Festival, Mumbai. India.
- * Global ISAI Music Festival.
- * 104th National Science Congress. Tirupathi.
- * Sneha Foundation Fundraiser. Mumbai. India
- * Yoga Institute Harmony Festival, Mumbai. India.
- * MedInspire International Conference. DY PATIL. New Bombay. India.
- * Melting Pot (Consular Corps Charity Carnival). Mumbai. India.

Various Indian & International HNI Corporate Gatherings, Destination Wedding events.



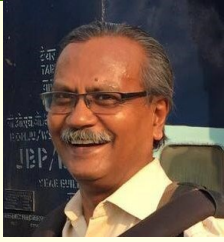
Kunal Om . Flamenco India
DANCE PERFORMER . CONCEPTUALISER . CHOREOGRAPHER



Dr. Malay Nandy, MD
Director Medical Oncology,
Jaypee Hospital, Noida, UP.

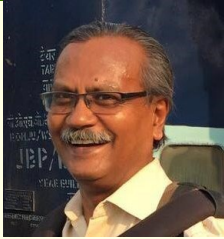
Dr. Malay Nandy is an Oncologist by profession. He is Director of Medical Oncology, Jaypee Hospital, Noida. He loves to travel. Wild life and nature photography are his passion Here is some of his work from jungles of Africa. I am sure it will dazzle you.





Dr. Malay Nandy, MD
Director Medical Oncology,
Jaypee Hospital, Noida, UP.





Dr. Malay Nandy, MD
Director Medical Oncology,
Jaypee Hospital, Noida, UP.



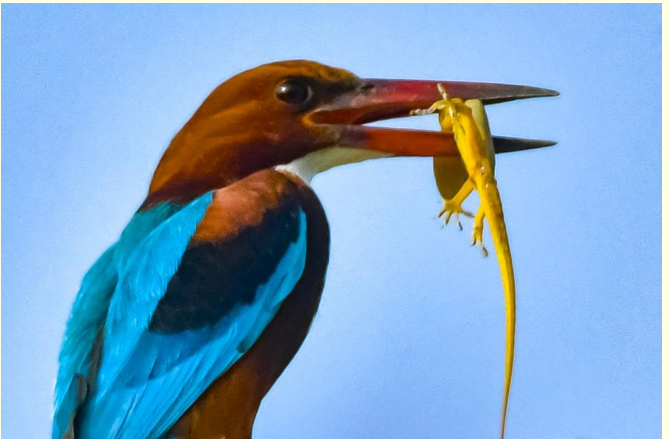
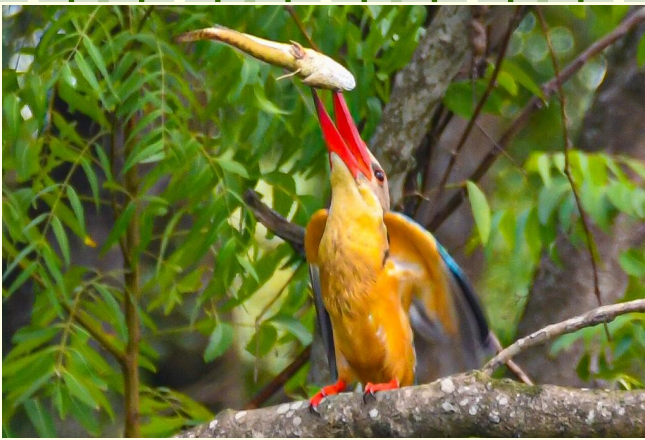


Dr. Satyam Kumar Maiti
MBBS, DO, MS
Consultant Ophthalmologist
Aaloey - Phera,
Contai, Purba Mednipur,
West Bengal, India.

Dr. Satyam Kumar Maiti is an Ophthalmologist by profession and ex-student of R. G. Kar Medical College, Kolkata. He is an avid photographer and bird watcher. He roams around the world with his camera. He is one of my classmates and a dear friend. We call him modern day Salim Ali {famous Ornithologist}.

Painting & music were his dream. He learnt classical music from a Ustad who was a teacher of his mom. He graduated in music & progressed to the mark of sangeet prabhakar.

He is a self taught painter. He revived his painting after a gap of almost 4 decades. So he thinks himself a novice as far his painting is concerned. He finds peace in playing with colours. Here are some of his photographs.





Dr. Satyam Kumar Maiti
MBBS, DO, MS
Consultant Ophthalmologist
Aaloey - Phera,
Contai, Purba Mednipur,
West Bengal, India.





Dr. Satyam Kumar
Maiti
MBBS, DO, MS
Consultant
Ophthalmologist

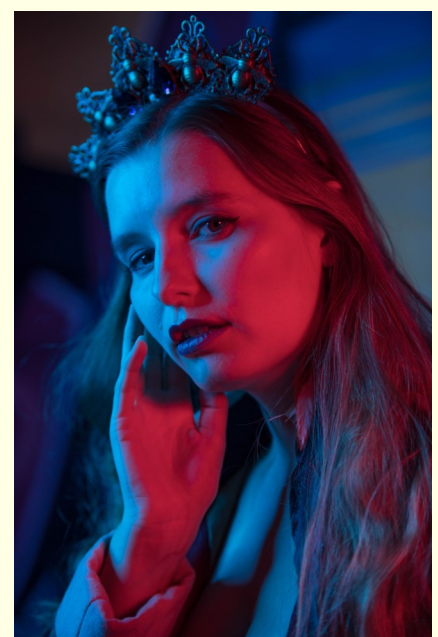
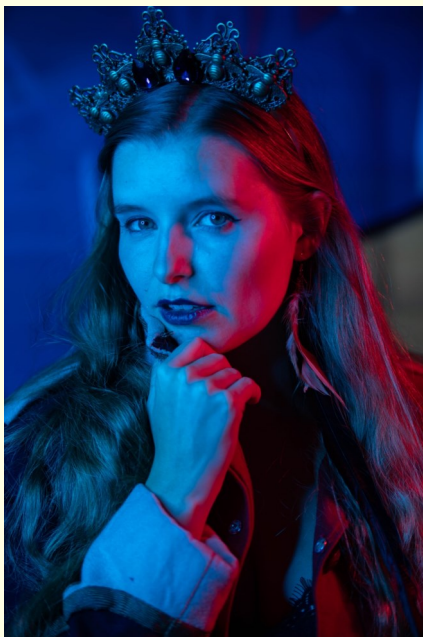
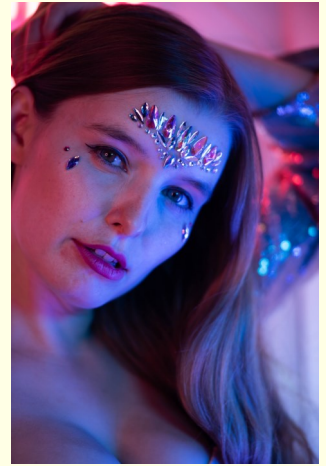
Aaloey - Phera,
Contai, Purba
Mednipur,
West Bengal,
India.





Mr. Sushanta Bhadra,
MBBS, MD, DTMH, DNB,
FRCOG, FRCGP, LLB.
Clinical Director,
North Bexley PCN

Mr. Sushanta Bhadra is also my classmate and a very dear friend from R. G. Kar Medical College. He is probably the most qualified amongst 150 classmates of our Medicos-80 batch. He now stays in Bexley, Kent, UK. In spite of a very busy schedule, he still manages to pursue his passion for glamour photography. Some of his work is here and I am sure it will enthrall you.





Dr. Shekhar Sharma
MBBS, DMRD
Radiologist,
Ranchi Jharkhand.

Dr. Shekhar Sharma is also a fellow Radiologist working as consultant Radiologist in Sankalp Diagnostic at Raj hospital, Ranchi since last 15 years. He has his own private Ultrasonography centre also since last 10 years. He has done MBBS from MGM medical college, Jamshedpur (2001) & Post graduation from RIMS Ranchi (2005). He developed this hobby of bird photography five years back & he thoroughly enjoys this and feels close to nature. He especially loves photographing bird in flight. Here are few of his photographs of insects in his garden.

MAXICAN BEAN BEETLE



dr.shekhar photography

dr.shekhar photography



BLUE MILKWEED BEETLE

dr.shekhar photography



FRUIT FLY - DROSOPHILA

TEA TUSSOCK MOTH



DR.SHEKHAR PHOTOGRAPHY

dr.shekhar photography



CINNAMON BUG

dr.shekhar photography



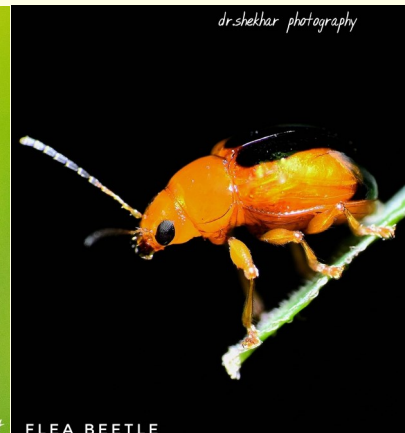
WEAVER ANT

HONEY BEE



dr.shekhar photography

dr.shekhar photography



FLEA BEETLE

Hobbies



Dr. Mayukh Bhattacharya

Dr. Mayukh Bhattacharya, MD is also a fellow Radiologist and is like a younger brother to me. He did MBBS from Medical College Kolkata (1996 batch). He is a Gold Medallist and winner of many prizes from his academic years in college. He passed MD in 2008 from VSS Medical College, Sambalpur. After short stints in NIMS Hyderabad and KIMS Odisha, he is into private practice in Kolkata working in corporate hospitals as well as Diagnostic chains. Presently he is working as unit head with Welkin Medicare and Ramrik Neurointensive care Hospital. He has special interest in Thoracic Radiology and Musculoskeletal MRI.

He has been an avid quizzard in school days winning District level trophies and also love to travel. His other interests include outdoor sports and music apart from my old avocation --- stamp collection.



Stamp showing King George VI
DOI:02/01/1946 Cost:9pies
Occasion: Victory of Allied Powers
In World War 2



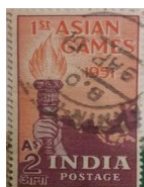
Stamp showing King George VI
YOI: 1943 Cost:2annas
Occasion: War economy issue
1940-43 series



P.S. of poet Mirza Ghalib (1797-1869)
DOI:01/01/1952 Cost: 4 annas
Occ: Commemorative stamp series on
Indian saints and poets



P.S. of Mahatma Gandhi
YOI: 1948 Cost:1 1/2 annas
Occ: Year of assassination



Postage stamp of 1st Asian Games
YOI: 1951 Cost:2annas
Occ: First ever Asian Games with
India as host nation



First series of P.S. in Naya Paisa era
YOI: 1957 Cost:1 naya paisa
Occ: Change in currency system from
Anna to decimal by Indian Coinage Act



Stamp of Indian Telegraph
YOI:1951 Cost:2annas
Occ:100 years of Telegraph dept



Stamp of Indian Air Post dept
YOI: 1961 Cost: Re 1
Occ: Golden Jubilee of Air post



Stamp of Calcutta High court
YOI: 1962 Cost:15 n.p.
Occ: Celebration of 100 yrs of
Calcuta High Court (1862-1962)



P.S. showcasing Indian Cinema
YOI: 1989 Cost:60paise
Occ: 75 years of Indian Cinema
(1914-1989)

Hobbies



Dr. Mayukh Bhattacharya

PHILATELY--- A LOST PASSION?

There was a time when stamp collecting i.e. philately used to be one of the most popular hobby among youngsters. It seems to be a lost art now with post millennials distracted by a gamut of pastime options including the behemoth going by the name of SOCIAL MEDIA.

However, collection of vintage postage stamps still remains a favourite recreation among a handful. I am among the few diehards still pursuing this hobby by which I took up from my father.

I will share some of the images of the original stamps issued in India by the Post & Telegram Dept. from pre and post-independence era as well as those of few international stamps bearing historic importance. Lastly, I have showcased stamps of miscellaneous origin highlighting various trivia.

Postage stamps of erstwhile USSR



P.S. showing sports in Soviet Russia
DOI: 07/08/1949 Cost: 30 kopeks



P.S. of Sputnik2 rocket launch
DOI:03/11/1957 Cost:40k



P.S. of Moon Rocket, 21st Communist Party Cong
DOI:03/01/1959 Cost: 1 Ruble



P.S. of E. Toricelli 350th Birth Anniversary
DOI: 05/02/1959 Cost: 40 kopeks



P.S. of Karl Marx (1818-83)
YOI: 1958 Cost:1 Ruble



P.S. of Lenin (1870-1924)
DOI:20/01/59 Cost:40kopeks



P.S. of 15th anniv of North Vietnam
YOI: 1960 Cost: 60 kopeks



P.S. celebrating 15th anniversary of Vietnam DR
YOI:1960 Cost: 40 kopeks

PERSONALITIES



INTERNATIONAL TRIVIA



Hobbies



Dr. Bijon Kundu,
MBBS, DMRD
Consultant Radiologist
Eko-Xray and Imaging
Institute

Dr. Bijon Kundu is not only a fellow Radiologist but also a batch mate and very close friend. He is a co-founder of Calcutta Academy of Radiology along with Dr. Anup Sadhu and yours truly. He has a very aberrant hobby of collecting toys of Soldiers ranging from World War II to present day armed forces of the world. He also collects toys of models of cars, ranging from Ambassador to Hummer. He has continued with his childhood hobby. In other words, he has not allowed the child in him to wither. In this issue, we will see some of his collections of cars.



LAMBORGHINI



LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO SPYDER 2006



DATSUN



R R PHANTOM



**JAMES BOND ASTON
MARTIN**

Hobbies



Dr. Bijon Kundu,
MBBS, DMRD
Consultant Radiologist
Eko-Xray and Imaging
Institute

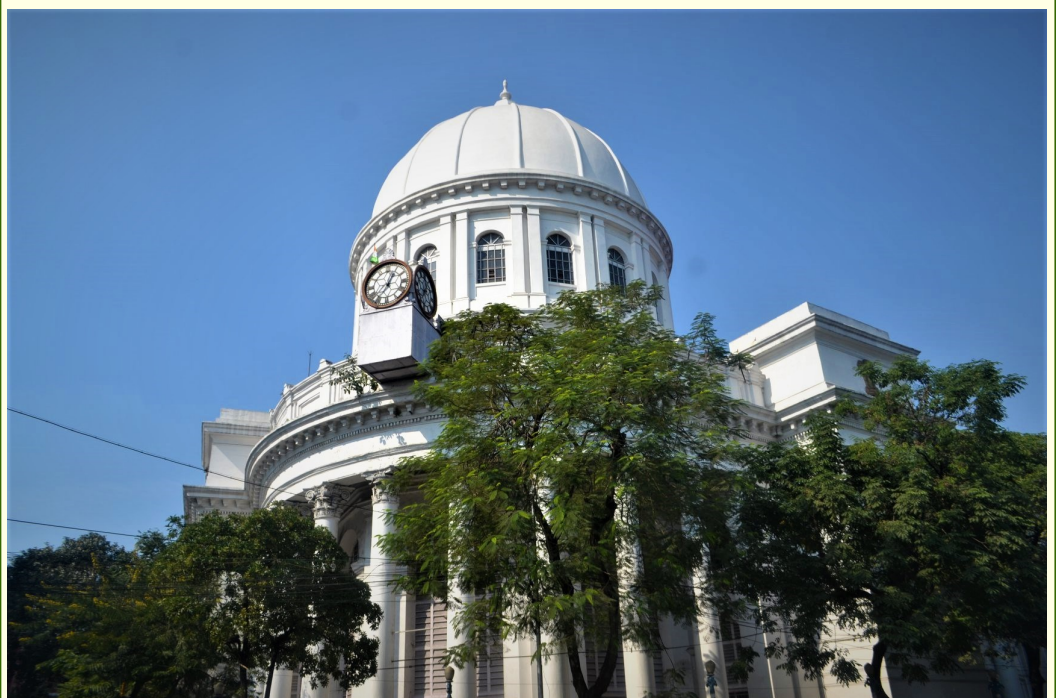
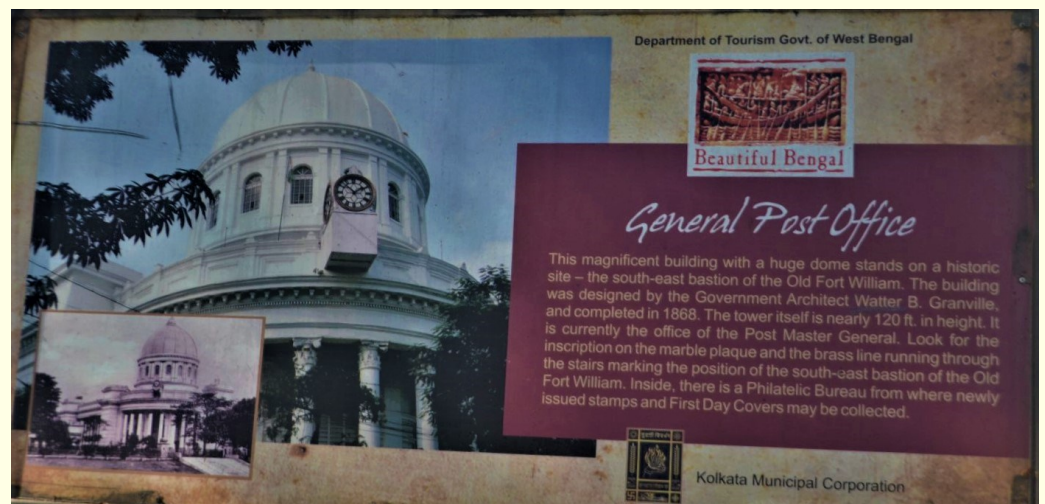


Calcutta Canvas - Narration and Photographs - Dr. Viral Parekh

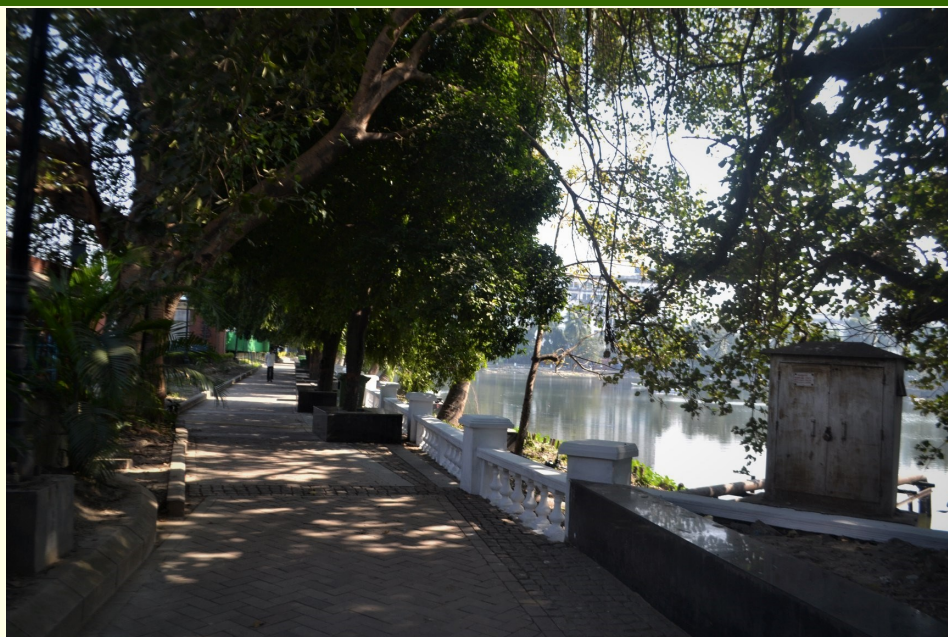
General Post Office is an architectural marvel, located in the central business district of Kolkata, which is popularly known as Dalhousie. The new name of the place is BBD Bag. The site where the GPO is located was the site of the first Fort William. The General Post Office was designed in 1864 by Walter B. Grenville (1819-1874), who acted as consulting architect to the government of India from 1863 to 1868.

Bang opposite GPO is Dalhousie square also known as Lal Dighi, which was in very bad condition for almost 2-3 decades but now has been renovated and has regained some of its lost glory. I used to visit this place with my grandfather almost 45 years back. At that time, it was a serene pond with small garden around and was quite a popular place.

Bang opposite on the northern side of Lal Dighi is Writers' building. This originally served as the office for writers of the British East India Company, hence the name. It housed the office of the Chief Minister of West Bengal until 2013. Writers' building is also an architectural marvel.

Calcutta Canvas

Calcutta Canvas



Laldighi—BBD Bagh



Writer's Building

Calcutta Canvas



Shopping before the lockdown. I found this elderly gentleman shopping desperately amidst the monsoon rains in Guwahati. Thought I'd paint this and used salt in my paintings for the first time. Hope I've been able to do the subject justice. Quarter sized watercolour on Fabriano 300gsm paper

Painting by Dr. Sanjeev Kumar Handique.

Next issue in September 2020

We will be bringing out such Newsletters with a frequency of one issue every month. So, next issue will be published in September, 2020.

I am hereby inviting all the professionals who indulge in extra-curricular activities to share her/his work with me and if it is of good quality, we will surely publish it.

So, I request all of you to contribute to this Newsletter. Please send your material in Word format with good quality images. Please send your photograph and details of your place of work with email address also.

Your material should reach us by 15th. Of August, 2020. You can send the word file to my email:

viralparekh@outlook.com.

So friends, take care and be safe. This corona pandemic is almost at its peak, so be safe and take utmost care.

So long. Viral Parekh

