



IADV L

DERMATALENT

TALENT BEYOND DERMATOLOGY

AUGUST 2016

IADVL

DERMATALENT

TALENT BEYOND DERMATOLOGY



AUGUST 2016



Dear Readers,

After much brain-racking and no little exercise of patience and determination, at last we are able to present the latest issue of the Dermatalent bulletin, compiled of the best literary and artistic efforts amongst our dermatology community.

Creative expression knows no limit. Art is expressed at all times and places and knows no boundaries. Geographical boundaries shrink into nothing, when the artist expresses his creative spirit. We at Dermatalent are continuously looking forward to such a widespread array of creative excellence from all you members who not only amaze us with your clinical acumen but your extra-curricular endeavors as well.

A big thank you to our readers and members who have so actively contributed and helped towards making this Bulletin a big success.

Hoping to have a larger participation from all you talented dermatologists for our next issue.

Happy Reading,

Team Dermatalent



Chairperson
Dr. Sanjeev Goyal



Convener
Dr. Madhulika Mhatre

Members :
Dr. Sanjeev Aurangabadkar
Dr. Kamal Mohanani
Dr. Kuldeep Saxena
Dr. Poorva Shah
Dr. Sukesh MS
Dr. Rashmi Mittal
Dr. Manish Gautam
Dr. Anil Aggarwal



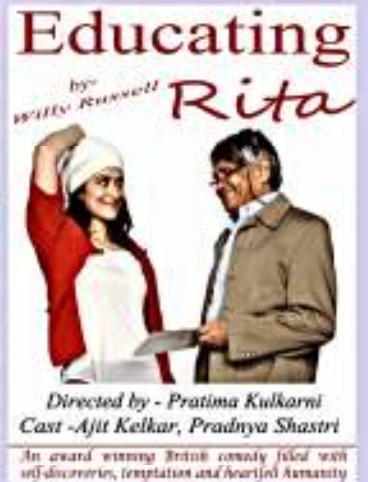
DR. PRADNYA SHASTRI

DDVL

Dr. Pradnya is a multi-talent dermatologist and her hobbies include painting, writing and acting. Acting is something that she was always interested in and finally got to pursue it after finishing her DDVL in 2008. Since 2009 she has been a part of many **Plays** (Marathi, Hindi and English). Currently, her Marathi play "Aashadh Bar" (Playwright- Makarand Sathe) has opened to good critic reviews. The 2 **Marathi Films** where she played the lead



role - Dambis (directed by Makarand Anaspure) and Yeda (Ashutosh Rana's Marathi Film Debut) received a lot of accolades. She has also been a part of many **TVC's** like Kerala Tourism, Nestle Share your Good-ness, Yippee Noodles to name a few. Epic Channel shot an episodic serial on Stories by Rabindranath Tagore where she had the honour of acting in 2 stories- The Detective and Shesh Rokkha which were directed by Anurag Basu.



Directed by - Pratima Kulkarni
Cast - Ajit Kelkar, Pradnya Shastri

An award winning British comedy filled with self-discovery, temptation and Awarded Humanity



DR. RASHMI MITTAL

writes poems and also has a deep interest in photography of nature and wildlife.

She has been pursuing dance as a hobby since the last 3 years after having pursued Kathak and Odissi for 4 years during her childhood



"MY ZEST FOR LIFE - A FLOWER SPEAKS"

Separation from home is nobody's delight
It's the tale of a flower and its saddened plight
Her mother brought her up in situations tight
She nurtured her, fed her and put up a fight
She shielded her, guarded her from the storms and the hail
Cheerful and playful in the breeze they would sail
She blossomed from a bud to a flower in bloom
If you pluck her out, her face has a gloom
She is offered to the Gods and garlands and weddings
Her tears went unseen, no sooner stopped shedding
She is flaunted in bouquets and decorations around
Later in the day, in the garbage she is found
She knows she is pretty, with a gifted grace
The insect world make a BEEline race
She prays, she pleads with her folded petal
Unplucked, untouched with her family let her settle



तेरे बेहतरीन अन्दाज़ पर है मुझे नाज़
तेरे बारे में क्या कहूँ बचे नहीं अब कोई अल्फ़ाज़
इस दिल को कैसे समझाऊँ हो जाता है नाराज़
उठ कर दी तेरे दिल को आवाज़
करता भी क्या जब पुकता बार बार
आया न तू वह करता रहा इंतज़ार
तूने मुड़ कर ना देखा कर दिया बेकरार
किए थे उसने भी कयी इकरार
की थी तूने प्यार की बारिश, बेशुमार
किया था तूने मुझसे चाहत का इज्ज़ार



DR. ASHWINI MODI
DDV, DVD, FCPS, MD, DNB



Dr. Ashwini's sketch of Dr. Oon Tan, her mentor when she was a Visiting physician in Boston.



DR. DIVYA SACHDEV





DR. SUBHRANSU SEKHAR PATTNAIK

M.D.

An avid poet and singer.

A CONVERSATION WITH GOD

What is in my mind?

After exhausting & tiring days, many a times I do pause & ponder..
If God has made us, why he created evil, jealousy, sadness & anger..

God answers, my child,
Just as darkness allows the twinkling stars to be seen at night..
Sadness allows you to see the stars of goodness so bright..

I have given you the power of reason & conscience..
Use it to perfection to see me in every creation & science..

Evil & good are like two sides of a coin..
Just realize there is a gain in every pain..

Be good & do good to everyone you meet during the day..
And sadness will turn to bliss each and every day..

Like wifi around you surrounds you everywhere..
I am waiting to be trapped inside you someday..

Don't seek for the temporary happiness & gift you have..
You will lose them one day for sure after their expiry date..

So sleep well & dream big..
Tomorrow is waiting to behold..
Sky is your limit..

My child, Your love is what I want and seek..
Our love will stay even beyond you have the last sleep..

A TRIBUTE TO SIR APJ ABDUL KALAM....

Nor a Hindu or a Muslim.
you were a image of a human being..

A true Indian, a true teacher & A true human being in every sense of the word.
Millions of grand salutes for the ways of life you have shown to this world.

Missiles like Prithvi & Agni were amongst your "WINGS OF FIRE"..
you still live in our hearts though your mortals went to the funeral pyre..

you inspired the students time & again with the beauty of your words..
in your books we do find, pen is unfathomably mightier than the sword..

you were a people's man & people's president..
a true "BHARAT RATNA" who was God sent..

your body might have attained its mortal end..
but your work will continue to inspire us again & again..

like you often said, "FAIL" was "First Attempt In Learning"..
dear Sir, RIP for you is "Reincarnate If Possible" as we all are mourning..

from the pen of an ardent follower of yours..

Subhransu



DR. KOUSHIK LAHIRI

MBBS, DVD(CAL), FIAD, FFAADV, MRCPS(Glasgow),
FRCP(Edin), FRCP(London)

Driven by an unquenchable wanderlust, he is an obligatory globe trotter, compulsive writer and passionate lensman.



I started clicking at a fairly early age. It was 1972, Puri and I were not even six that time. Probably it was an Agfa Isoly II. But that was not our camera.



I could purchase my first camera in 1978. It was a click IV. Probably the price was Rs 140/- that time. My uncle purchased it from Bombay. I used to save Rs. 1.5/- daily from the rickshaw fare given by my mother. In a note book, the accounts were recorded against date. I could pile up a huge sum of Rs. 125/- and the rest was a gift from my father.



Yashica electro 35 was the next that we had. My Aunty-Uncle brought it from England in 1979.



The first SLR that entered our house was Minolta 7000. That was incidentally the first autofocus SLR in the world. With a decent 28-70 lense it was dream machine for me. The pictures were exquisite and crisp.



In late 1992 I purchased my first Nikon. It was FM 10.



In 1996 I took the next step with a Nikon F65. With an 18-24mm wide angle, 70-200mm tele and a basic 35-70mm lens this was a complete set for me.



In 2004, I graduated to digital photography with Nikon Coolpix 8700. It was a 8MP, superzoom bridge with 35-280 mm lens. The picture quality was astonishing and in some cases outstanding.



In 2007 I purchased my first Canon S5 iS. This is again a 8 MP bridge camera with 35-432 mm. It was not a great camera, though I could take some nice photos with this at Rajasthan.



Nikon D60 was my next camera which I purchased in Aug 2008. This entry level D-SLR could never really satisfy me. Except for a few nice shots at Prague, I was not too happy.



Canon SX10iS was a small giant which I have used for a few months in 2009 and early 2010. Again a bridge with 10 MP and a 28-560 mm lens. It was fun but again had some limitations with which I became aware and sensitized during the wildlife photo safari and Bandipur.



Within 4 weeks of coming back in February 2010 I moved to my next D-SLR and again a Nikon. This time it is D90 with a 18-105 mm lens.



After a long 3 years I purchased my first Canon D-SLR 7D. Initially with a 18-200 mm lens and then replaced the lense with one 18-135 mm and another 70-300 mm lenses.

Lucky (A short story)

A frail and fair gentleman in his late seventies entered my room. He had a brown beret cap on his head covering almost half of his upper face and his right hand was holding the left hand of an extremely beautiful lady. An elderly Anglo-Indian couple.

"Very good evening doctor."

"Good evening, please take your seat."

"Thank you doctor."

She took the chair in front of me and stared at my face. I looked at a pair of stunningly beautiful bluish green eyes. Deep as an ancient, unknown ocean.

"Name please."

"Irene. Irene Gomes."

Her husband replied from the other chair to her right with a smile, with an additional stress on the word 'I', which sounded like 'eye'.

"Beautiful name. And beautiful eyes, Ma'am!"

I looked at her and with a professional smile on my lip I spoke with an warm and semi-informal voice, which I have artificially acquired over the years.

"Oh, thank you Sir. Actually, she can't see you, doctor! She can't see anything at all."

I was stunned and managed to utter just two words.

"Since... when?"

"1978 doctor, when she was very young and we had a one year old daughter and three year old son. Very difficult days...you know..."

The old man muttered.

"How?"

"Retinitis pigmentosa, that's what the doctors told us."

Mr. Gomes shrugged.

"Initially she was not able to see the small children who were much below her eye level...she was having problem after sun set and then had an accident while moving inside the house and within six months she became completely blind. She was barely 27 then..."

"I still remember my children doctor, they were beautiful." She smiled.

"And do you still remember Mr. Gomes? He must have been very handsome then."

I try to make the the atmosphere little light and bearable.

The old couple laughed heartily aloud.

"Yes, yes, yes. Alvin is a very handsome guy."

I noticed, she mentioned 'is' and not 'was'.

I looked at the pale and frail old man sitting in front of me smiling. He looked little tired, but not unhappy or sad. Irene had a minor problem, related to dry skin due to old age which fortunately could be managed with minimal medication and advice.

After the consultation was over, they were about to leave, Irene Gomes suddenly stopped and 'looked' at me

"Oh I am sorry doc, we completely forgot, Alvin has a problem too, please look at his forehead there is something there...we will pay outside..."

Even before looking at his forehead I was touched and impressed with the love, affection of Mrs Gomes for her husband and her concern about a skin lesion of his forehead which she has never seen with her eyes!

"You are very lucky, Mr. Gomes. She is so caring."

Mr. Gomes removed the beret cap and for the first time I realised why was it necessary to cover his upper face. It was an ugly looking big and quite advanced pigmented basal cell carcinoma, a skin cancer, occupying the left upper forehead encroaching his thinned out golden, grey hairline.

I kept my composure and explained the situation without creating any panic. He needs to consult a good surgeon as the lesion needs to be removed immediately.

They thanked and before leaving Irene Gomes again 'looked' at me and told,

"You know doc, actually, Alvin is unlucky, he IS unlucky. I am lucky... I am lucky to have him as my husband. It's been 37 years... he could easily leave me ...he could...many years back...when I became blind... just as our children have left us a few years back..."



DR. RAKESH BHARTI

MD, AAHIVS

Bharti Derma Care and Research Centre,
Amritsar

TRAVELOGUE OF AN ORDINARY BOY - DREAMING THE LIFE OR LIVING THE DREAM

This is a travelogue of a boy born into a lower middle class family of India, a poor nation. He was born, may be even without a proverbial "spoon". Till his teenage, the best vehicle of his travels were his own feet and he used to enjoy them as much as his parents used to while seeing him walk as a toddler. A cycle was a dream and later became a necessity when the boy's legs started getting tired covering five miles or so one way to school. The bus ride even with concessionary student pass was a "wealthy" affair for the not so wealthy family. A cycle which was gifted by a relation was asked to be returned with tons of guilt but no alternative. The boy's journeys to school became an "airy" affair. Now he could afford to give a lift and make friends in the bargain. The "airy" cycle ride continued for many years. It continued even after the boy returned to his parent city with a prefix of "Dr." and a suffix of "M.B.B.S". The same cycle ride, however, became a "bumpy" ride on the roads of his journey of life. The bumps started hurting the "self esteem" of the boy, now a Man of some stature. The feet became the preferred vehicle again. The dream of journey called life now needed two wheels on petrol. But how to live this dream was the question. Doctor sahib was earning a little more than a thousand rupees a month and a scooter at that time costed seven times his monthly salary, 7500 rupees precisely.

"Syndicate Bank", a nationalized bank and employer of Doctor sahib's younger brother, made a syndicate with the two wheelers dream. And lo and behold, a "Pushpak" (Scooters India product, Allwyn) became the vehicle of our young man. Once again he was in the air. The air travel, besides long distance bus journeys, also came along once in a while. The first one was a govt. duty. Next few were sponsored endeavours to attend scientific advisory meets.

From two wheels to four wheels for long distance and even short distance journeys dreams came alive when doctor sahib became "Bara Doctor" as a matter of promotion. The first blue "Maruti" came along when Bara doctor was busy in a meeting with Bara Mantri (CM cum HM of state). The non-air conditioned car was an "elephantine" pride of the family. And it took only thirty three years to happen. Now they were a middle class family. Children were born with wooden spoons. Rail and bus travels were becoming less and less and if at all they were needed, faster and a little costlier "Shatabdi" trains became the mode. From ordinary class to executive class to traveling by air became a reality in much lesser time than the time it had taken from foot to scooter to car. Long air travel in "Cattle class", however, were becoming difficult for the aging boy of once lower middle class. A "buddy" ticket courtesy a buddy brother in law knowing someone in Delta airlines, made the dream of business class come true. Only thing the boy had to pretend to be a brother of an unknown airline employee and dole out lesser than actual amount. But how does it matter. After all we all are brothers and have a brotherhood. Few more executive dreams were realized during domestic air travel due to an executive brother in law (different from the one described before) in Indian Airlines. Age however was catching up and the journey of life appearing to reach its final destination. Son settled abroad with adorable offsprings. With his love for his grandchildren, he started dreaming to meet them again and again but journeys through "cattle class" were becoming more like actually traveling on a cattle that too a Mare.

The legs started tiring again. With no liabilities, this time the "doctor" thought of living the dream on his own. A business class Qatar airways journey became a dream come true. The pleasure momentarily doubled when the air hostess was reluctant in giving a packet of "Lays, potato chips" on the pretext that they were meant for economy (cattle) class passengers and offered roasted almonds and cashews in its place. But soon the son of lower middle class was grounded with the "footy" memories of his own travels.

This travelogue written during the same journey is dedicated to the dreams of life and life of dreams coming true.

Prose written in 2015
31.5.2015

HINDI TRANSLATION OF WELL-KNOWN POEM

"DON'T STAND AT MY GRAVE AND WEEP " (BY MARY E. FRYE)

में तो मरा ही नहीं

में तो मरा ही नहीं, फिर यह आँसू क्यों ?
सुबह घास पर पड़ी बूँद था मैं,

सैर पर चल रही समीर था मैं,
वो लहलहाती फ़सल का गीत था मैं,
तुमने पहचाना नहीं, हर क़दम तुम्हारे साथ था मैं ।

में तो कभी मरा ही नहीं,
तुम्हारे संग संग तुम्हारे ही तो साथ था मैं ।

भूल गए वो दूर गगन का सितारा,
वो क्षितिज तक फैला समुद्र का किनारा,
वो मन को लुभाती नदिया की धारा,
पर्वत की चोटी पर पक्षी थका हारा,
तुमने पहचाना नहीं , कभी छूटा ही नहीं
साथ हमारा , तुम्हारा ।

तुम्हारी हर तहज़ीब में हूँ ,
हर अच्छी बुरी बात में मैं,
तुम्हारे दिन और रात में मैं,
संग संग साथ साथ मैं,
में कभी मरा ही नहीं,

ना तुम मरने दोगे कभी, फिर यह आँसू क्यों?
में तो कभी मरा ही नहीं फिर यह आँसू क्यों



DR. PRANAYA BAGDE

MD, DNB(D&V), MSc Psychology.
Thiruvananthapuram, Kerala.

Her interests are painting, singing, writing poems and articles, travelling, social work, etc.



Abstract painting about the plight of a married and still single living woman. The emotional pain and suppression a woman goes through after marriage when she isn't valued in her home as an individual.



DR. SHAILESH MALANI

Persuing D.D.V. from SBH GMC , Dhule





DR SUJIT SHANSHANWAL

M.D.

Mandvi Beach of Kutch, Gujrat



Few residents from Sion Hospital including me, had volunteered for a health camp which was being held at the earthquake affected area of Bhuj. It was fascinating to see how the entire city had built itself up and was functionally wonderfully. People were high spirited and strong who decided to stand up and keep going. After completing the camp in the day we all decided to head down to the beach and relax. This image captured at that beach always always reminds me of the refreshing breeze and the relaxing sounds of the waves.

The Flowing Stream at Shannon Falls, Provincial Park



During our stay at Vancouver we decided to take a one day trip down to whistler. We left early morning from Vancouver visited whistler during the day and decided to drive back. Midway between Whistler and Vancouver while driving back we came across Shannon falls. It is a nice quite spot just besides the freeway. On the way to the falls from the parking lot is a stream passing by. It was a serene spot to sit and enjoy the peace. On the drive back it qualified as a perfect spot to take a break and rest it out in nature's lap.



Malachite Butterfly (*Siproeta stelenes*)

It is named for the mineral malachite, which is similar in color to the bright green on the butterfly's wings. Around 10 kms from Niagara falls is the Niagara Butterfly Conservatory & Botanical Garden. There was an amazing collection of various butterfly species.



Dr. Harsh Tahiliani

Resident, Dermatology,
Dr. D.Y. Patil Hospital & Research Center



Tiger cubs survival instincts :

This image was made when Maya and her cubs were cooling off at the pandherpauni waterhole in Tadoba Andhari Tiger Reserve and suddenly they sensed danger. The cubs ran in one direction and Maya charged in the opposite direction towards a small hillock overlooking the waterhole. Seconds after the cubs disappeared, a huge male tiger appeared from the hillock. Maya kept him busy till the cubs escaped.



Elephant in musth :

A bull elephant sniffing the air at the Dhikala chaur in Corbett Tiger Reserve. Musth is a periodic condition in bull elephants, characterized by highly aggressive behaviour and a large rise in reproductive hormones.



Purple heron in flight :

'No bird soars too high if he soars with his own wings' – William Blake
Your wings already exist, all you have to do is fly.



DR. FAIZAN YOUNUS SHAH

1st year PG, Govt. Medical College, Srinagar.

His interests include writing poems and couplets, debating, and playing guitar.

A CLASS

Sitting in a class all students by side...
Not trying to catch eye nor trying to hide...

The teacher speaking with all his might...
But not to hear, not to learn is my student right...

These words dont make any sense to me...
So i dont heed them so i let them be...

It is not just me, of this type there are many more...
And then there are the studying type whom the
teachers adore...

They write down every word spoken whether
meaningful or lame...

They fill pages, ask questions, Man! they even
write the teachers name...

But they are to them, what to me i am...
Neither they can leave their books, nor can i learn
to cram...

So they are happy in their world as i am in mine...
As long as we dont cross roads, it is just fine...

A class ends, another class begins, every day
these pains i bear...

And i am just lost in my thoughts jotting down
some lines here and some lines there...

PART OF THE CROWD

I am a part of the crowd with faces all blurred...
I am the leader of speakers with speeches all slurred...

The chap who walks past you lowering his eyes...
The guy who in wake of adversities never cries...

In search of a destination in this world so not mine...
Trying not to stumble in walking a line so fine...

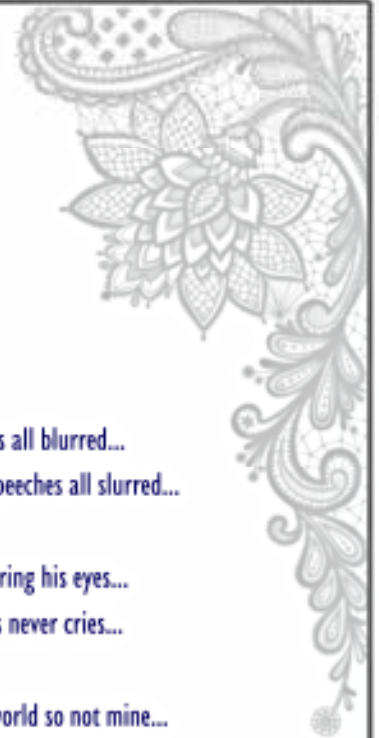
Times when you look around to see who goes there...
Not a part of you, the one who hides in fear...

The person whose friends and foes outnumber yours...
The boy who yet stays lost in his thoughts for hours...

The part of the crowd that always seems out of vision...
The group of people wandering without a mission...

The careless guy thought most likely to go in vain...
The ideologies most voted to be washed away with the rain...

The one who seems most like all, yet who always stands out...
I am a part of the crowd...till the day I am no longer a part of the crowd...





DR. FEROZE KALIYADAN

Asst. Professor, Dermatology, College of Medicine, King Faisal University, Hofuf Saudi Arabia



Bokeh is a Japanese term used to describe the way camera lenses render out-of-focus points of areas in photography so as to increase the aesthetic appeal of the image. This image was taken by setting up small Chinese (of course!) decoration lights in the back ground using a macro lens f2.8/100mm on a Canon 650 D.



Shooting bugs and butterflies are always fun. Nothing compares to the natural colours created by God! Taken in the backyard of my home in Kochi. Canon 650D, 18-135mm lens



It's not that fun shooting birds or animals that are caged, but the looks of these two cute guys/girls/guy+ girl (not really sure) was simply too good to resist. Taken in Vancouver, Canada (extracurricular activities of the WCD 2015!).



DR. S. PREMALATHA

MD.,DD.,PhD.,FAMS.

Retired Prof & HOD, Dept of Dermatology and Leprosy,
Govt. Stanley Medical College & Hospital, Chennai

At the outset, let me write something about my interest in fine arts as hobbies. I am interested in all fine arts, though basically I am a clinical dermatologist and a dermatopathologist...very much interested in academic and research works.

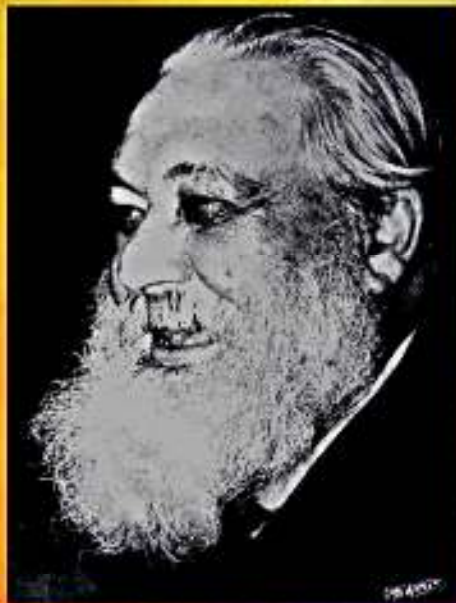
My hobbies are mainly Music, Painting, Photography, Craft works, Interior decoration and Gardening, occasionally writes general articles of our speciality for lay public and short stories in local Tamil magazines. Used to participate in mimicry, dance and skits (dramatic pieces) also in school days !...

Learned Tanjore painting and traditional National folk art paintings. Learned carnatic music and light classical Hindusthani music. Released an audio cassette on devotional songs in 1994.

Gave some music concerts in temples during festival season.

Used to sing film songs sung by the well known play back singer Mrs PSushila during my UG MBBS days for college functions and acquired the nick name as MMC(Madras Medical College) PSushila !...

After my retirement, conducted an Art display and sale of my paintings for Can-Stop Charity attached to Sundaram Medical Foundation at Chennai to help the cancer patients of poor economical status. Donated some paintings for auction to an orphanage 'Anandha Illam' at Chennai exclusively meant for HIV affected infants and children.



Entry1: A pencil sketch with shades : Dr.Hemerijckx (Belgium) . The Founder of 1st Leprosy centre in India at Polambakkam near Chennai. Dr. premlatha was asked to draw this portrait by her teacher Prof. Dr. AS Thambiah. to be unveiled at 1st Asian Congress of Dermatology at Chennai in 1970. She was given a very small photo to draw the big portrait for unveiling. After the 1st Asian Congress of Dermatology, it was taken to Belgium by Damian Foundation & handed over to Mrs. Hemerijckx in her house. Few months after the conference Dr. Premlatha received a letter from Mrs Hemerijckx from Belgium, thanking her saying that the portrait was very lively, as though seeing her husband in person ! :-)

PS : Do you know what she did to make the moustache and beard grey hair to look so real?... Initially she gave a dark shade in those areas with pencil and then scratched that area with a pin to appear as fine grey/white hairs ! Her idea worked so fabulously giving the image a realistic appearance .

'A Glass Collage' done by me with colored pieces of glass: based on the oil painting 'Village street in Auvers' by Vincent van Gogh .

