



Celebrating Responsible Travel

World Tourism Day, celebrated on September 27 each year, emphasizes the role of tourism in fostering cultural exchange, economic growth, and global unity. Established by the United Nations World Tourism Organization (UNWTO), the day highlights the importance of making travel responsible, sustainable, and accessible to all. Tourism connects people, supports livelihoods, and promotes understanding across diverse communities. However, it must also safeguard the environment and respect local cultures. On this day, governments, industry leaders, and travelers are reminded to work together in creating a tourism model that balances exploration with conservation, ensuring its benefits for generations to come.

#INFLUENCE

The Father Of Haute Couture



Emile Pingat: The Forgotten Master of 19th-Century Elegance



When we think of 19th-century fashion, one name dominates the conversation: Charles Frederick Worth. Often hailed as the father of haute couture, Worth revolutionized the industry by becoming one of the first designers to label his garments and present seasonal collections. His influence was undeniable. But he wasn't alone in shaping the opulent world of Parisian fashion. In the same era, another designer stood quietly but confidently beside him, Emile Pingat.

Today, Pingat's name has largely faded from popular memory, but during his lifetime, he was every bit as celebrated as Worth. From the 1860s to the 1890s, Emile Pingat was considered one of the foremost couturiers in Paris. While Worth was known for his grand ball gowns and his high-profile clientele, Pingat carved out his niche in an area often overlooked, outerwear.



Pingat's influence extended far beyond individual garments. He played a critical role in shaping the image of the fashionable Parisian woman. His designs were featured in fashion plates and publications circulated throughout Europe and America, spreading the image of Paris as the epicenter of taste and sophistication. Alongside Worth, Pingat helped elevate the status of fashion design from craft to art form.

So why is he not as well-remembered today? Unlike Worth, who was a savvy self-promoter and built a lasting brand, Pingat was more reserved. He did not court fame in the same way, and after he retired in the mid-1890s, his name gradually slipped from the public eye. Many of his garments were unsigned, making attribution difficult for later historians. As a result, much of his legacy was quietly absorbed into the broader narrative of 19th-century fashion, uncredited, yet unmistakably influential.

That's where institutions like the Fashion Conservatory come in. Dedicated to preserving and showcasing fashion's forgotten voices, the Conservatory ensures that designers like Emile Pingat are not lost to time. By archiving historical garments, studying forgotten techniques, and educating new generations, the Conservatory helps to keep fashion's full history alive.



Next morning, I saw two fully emerged butterflies hanging on to their torn chrysalis shells. I was absolutely overjoyed. They'd been alone for a long time in the dark, so, their wings had enough time to harden and they already knew how to fly. I named one of them King and the other one Queen (gosh, so uncreative), even though current evidence suggests that they were both males. An embarrassing mistake I made due to misplacing their species. Either way, we fed them some banana pulp, let them fly around our room and had general fun with them before releasing them in the wild.

My Butterfly Raising Days

Myra Sethi

Since I've always liked animals, including bugs, it's completely normal for me to have had a butterfly farming phase in my life.

Either way, I've had a butterfly farming phase in my life. Why did I suddenly decide to start hunting butterfly eggs and caterpillars to watch them turn into butterflies? Well, for one, I always loved butterflies. I had a phase when I used to catch them, befriend them and set them free when I was five. Good days. Then, when I was seven, I found a caterpillar at school. I brought it home, fed it leaves and played with it, but for some or the other reason, it didn't survive. That felt horrible. The same thing happened when I was eight, though this time, it survived a lot longer. I decided to let bugs be and went on in my life.

When I was ten, though, butterflies came into my life again. I was just walking my dog one day, when I saw two big caterpillars on a random weed. They looked beautiful, white with black stripes dotted with yellow, bright crimson antennas fading into black. I couldn't resist, I plucked the leaf they were on and brought them home.

Once they were safely in their box and munching on their leaves, I began my research. There was no way I was going to let them die this time. They were going to survive, and I would make sure of it. I got into my chair, grabbed Google by the throat and started shaking information about raising caterpillars, out of the Internet's vast depths. I got a ton of information (some of which I will dis-



close when necessary), but the most important thing was that my caterpillars belonged to (or so I thought) the Monarch breed of butterfly. And one thing that every butterfly newbie should know is that Monarch caterpillars eat milkweed leaves, which I taught myself to identify within a day. So, that's what I fed them for the first few days.

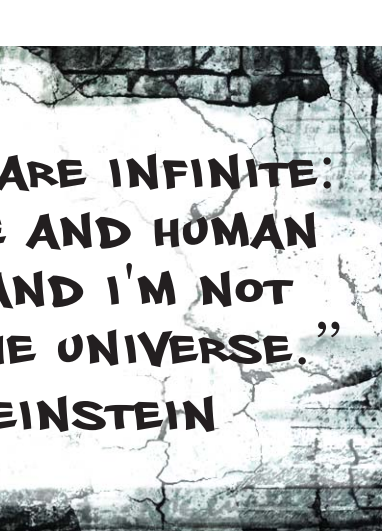
Two days after I got them, one of the caterpillars stopped eating. I was prepared for it, and really hyped too, they were going to pupate, that is, turn into a chrysalis (refer to the first fact). When I came back from school the next day, one chrysalis hung from the lid of the box, as expected. The other one pupated the very next day.

After the hunt, we split up the loot and got to work. I got all the eggs, and my friends took the caterpillars. Those newborn caterpillars were so tiny and cute! Our evening playtime now consisted mostly of looking for more caterpillars and more leaves to feed the caterpillars. Since I'm an animal person, I did try to befriend the caterpillars.

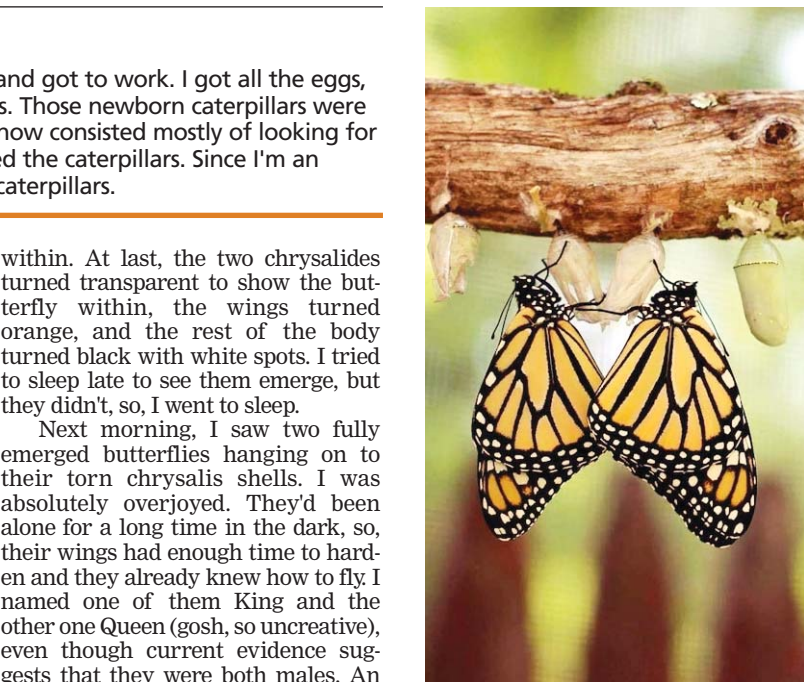
Those ten days were kind of hard to get through because I was so excited. I looked at them all day, wondered why they had a golden line on them, and the vague outline of the butterfly



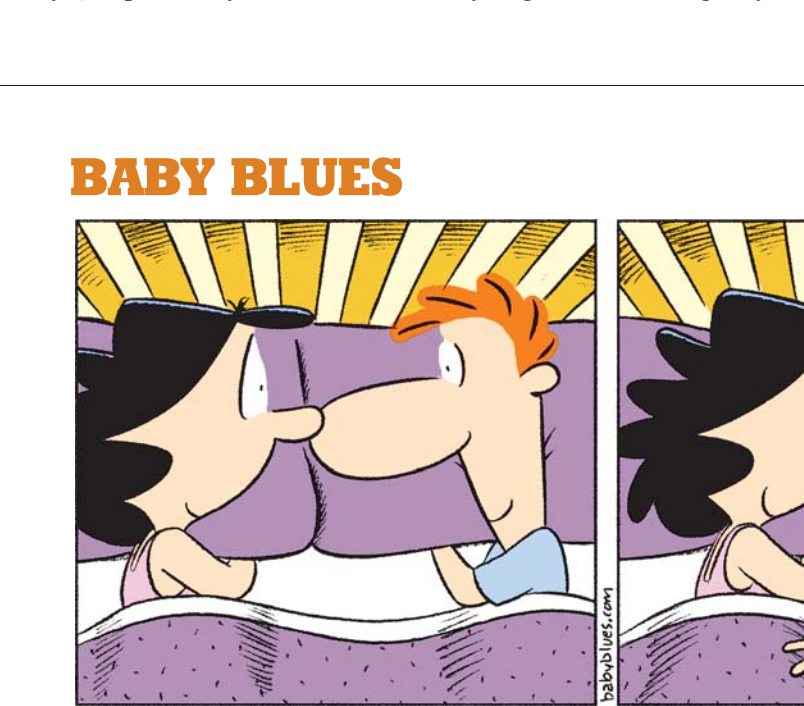
within. At last, the two chrysalides turned transparent to show the butterfly within, the wings turned orange, and the rest of the body turned black with white spots. I tried to sleep late to see them emerge, but they didn't, so, I went to sleep.



#BUTTERFLIES



my journey so far and we decided, we were going to raise a lot of butterflies. At that time, I lived in a huge Officers' Enclave in Delhi, so, we had a lot of hunting ground. Now that I'd learnt how to identify the milkweed, we were ready to go. We took our girl cycles



That's basically how our life went on for the next one year, find them, raise them, befriend them, release them. Later, though, we tried looking for new species of butterflies to raise. There were these beautiful blue butterflies at the school I used to go to at that time, called the Blue Jay Butterflies.

(because they have baskets and are generally superior, comfort-wise) and snuck around our park. That place was full of milkweeds. We found loads of eggs and caterpillars of all ages. After that, we got into the deepest corners of our enclave, into the wildest bushes and lands, to look for more milkweed.

After the hunt, we split up the loot and got to work. I got all the eggs, and my friends took the caterpillars. Those newborn caterpillars were so tiny and cute! Our evening playtime now consisted mostly of looking for more caterpillars and more leaves to feed the caterpillars. Since I'm an animal person, I did try to befriend the caterpillars. I was too scared to touch King and Queen when they were caterpillars, but I trained myself to not be scared of the new lot. It may sound gross to you, but they're completely harmless unless you eat them (because milkweed is poisonous), which I obviously had no plans for.



I could even differentiate between them because they all hatched one day apart. I clearly remember the '2nd October caterpillar' being the most outgoing one, and therefore, my favourite. I was kinda sad when he pupated, to be honest. This time though, I actually saw the process happen. Again, probably gross for you to see a worm wriggling and shedding their skin, but it was still awesome to watch.

When they were all pupated and I didn't have to feed them anymore, I used my time to research more. What I realised was that my caterpillars were not, in fact, Monarch butterflies (because they don't exist in India). They were Plain Tiger butterflies. Of

course, there was no harm done, since the two species were fundamentally alike, but their gender traits were completely different.

After a month since we got them,



our next set of butterflies was ready to emerge. They still preferred to emerge in the night, shy fellows. The first one out was Crumb, who was cute, and we released her in the park. My friend's butterflies emerged too, though I don't remember any of their names for some reason.

The second one was Spiral, aka the '2nd October caterpillar,' was a bit of a mess. Since he pupated against the wall of the box, the tip of his right wing was bent at a weird angle and he flew in circles unless he tried really hard not to. Since he still had his outgoing nature, I kept him in the house all day, called my friends to play with him and released him two hours before sunset. I was really sad that night, but I saw him flying up high the next day. He didn't acknowledge me, which was perfectly fine because it meant that he was truly wild.

He was definitely one of my favourites.

That's basically how our life went on for the next one year; find them, raise them, befriend them, release them. Later, though, we tried looking for new species of butterflies to raise. There were these beautiful blue butterflies at the school I used to go to at that time, called the Blue Jay Butterflies. Their host plant was Ashoka trees, which our school ground was bordered with. Unfortunately, I never got to raise these beauties because the only time I was around those trees was for sports period, and our teacher never let me wander off from the rest of the group.

That really sucks, because now I have Ashoka trees right outside my house and they're worthy of a Blue Jay farm.

To be continued...

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#CICERO

The Name Of Man

Can any sane person believe that all this array of stars and this vast celestial adornment could have been created out of atoms?



Stoicism was a philosophy that was founded in Athens in 300 BC and became popular in the Roman Empire among such leaders as Seneca and Marcus Aurelius. In these selections, from Cicero's On the Nature of the Gods (45 BC), Cicero outlines the basic Stoic argument about design in nature. The selections come from Book II, chapters XXXVII, XLIV, and XLVII.

Who would not deny the name of human being to a man who, on seeing the regular motions of the heaven and the fixed order of the stars and the accurate interconnexion and interrelation of all things, can deny that these things possess any rational design, and can maintain that phenomena, the wisdom of whose ordering transcends the capacity of our wisdom to understand it, take place by chance? When we see something moved by machinery, like an ornery or clock or many other such things, we do not doubt that these contrivances are the work of reason; when, therefore, we behold the whole compass of the heaven moving with revolutions of marvelous velocity and executing with perfect regularity the annual changes of the seasons with absolute safety and security for all things, how can we doubt that all this is effected not merely by reason, but by a reason that is transcendent and divine?

Can any sane person believe that all this array of stars and this vast celestial adornment could have been created out of atoms rushing to and fro fortuitously and at random? Or could any other being devoid of intelligence and reason have created them? Not merely did their creation postulate intelligence, but it is impossible to understand their nature without intelligence of a high order.

To come now from things celestial to things terrestrial, which is there among these latter, which does not clearly display the rational design of an intelligent being? In the first



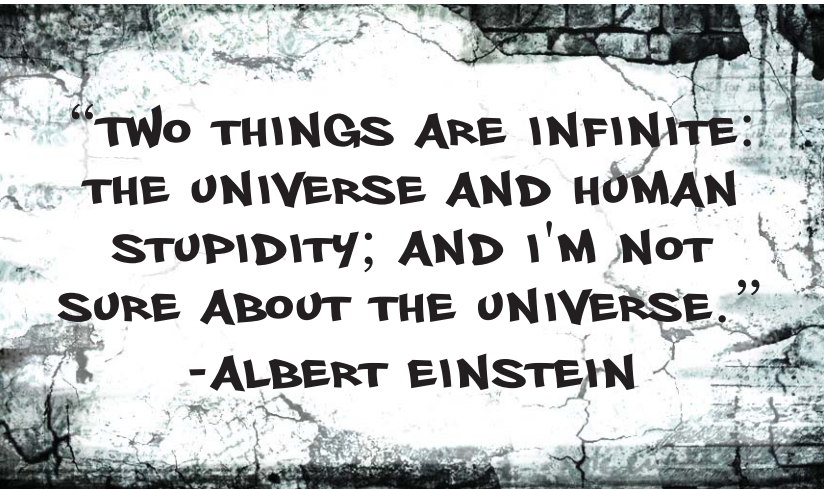
place, with the vegetation that springs from the earth, the stocks both give stability to the parts which they sustain and draw from the ground the sap to nourish the parts upheld by the roots; and the trunks are covered with bark or rind, the better to protect them against cold and heat. Again the vines cling to their props with their tendrils, regularly the annual changes of the seasons with absolute safety and security for all things, how can we doubt that all this is effected not merely by reason, but by a reason that is transcendent and divine?

Cicero once wrote,

"The poor man works non-stop, The rich man lives off the poor man's labour, The soldier protects them both, The taxpayer foots the bill for all three, The banker robs all four, The lawyer twists the truth for all five, The doctor sends the bill to all six, The criminal terrifies all seven, And the politician, he lives like a king, off all eight."

others are clothed with fleeces, others bristle with spines; some we see covered with feathers, some with scales, some armed with horns, some equipped with wings to escape their foes. Nature, however, has provided with bounteous plenty for each species of animal that food which is suited for it. I might show in detail what provision has been made in the forms of the animals for appropriating and assimilating this food, how skilful and exact is the disposition of the various parts, how marvellous the structure of the limbs. For all the organs, at least those contained within the body, are so formed and so placed that none of them is superfluous or not necessary for the preservation of life.

THE WALL



BABY BLUES



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman