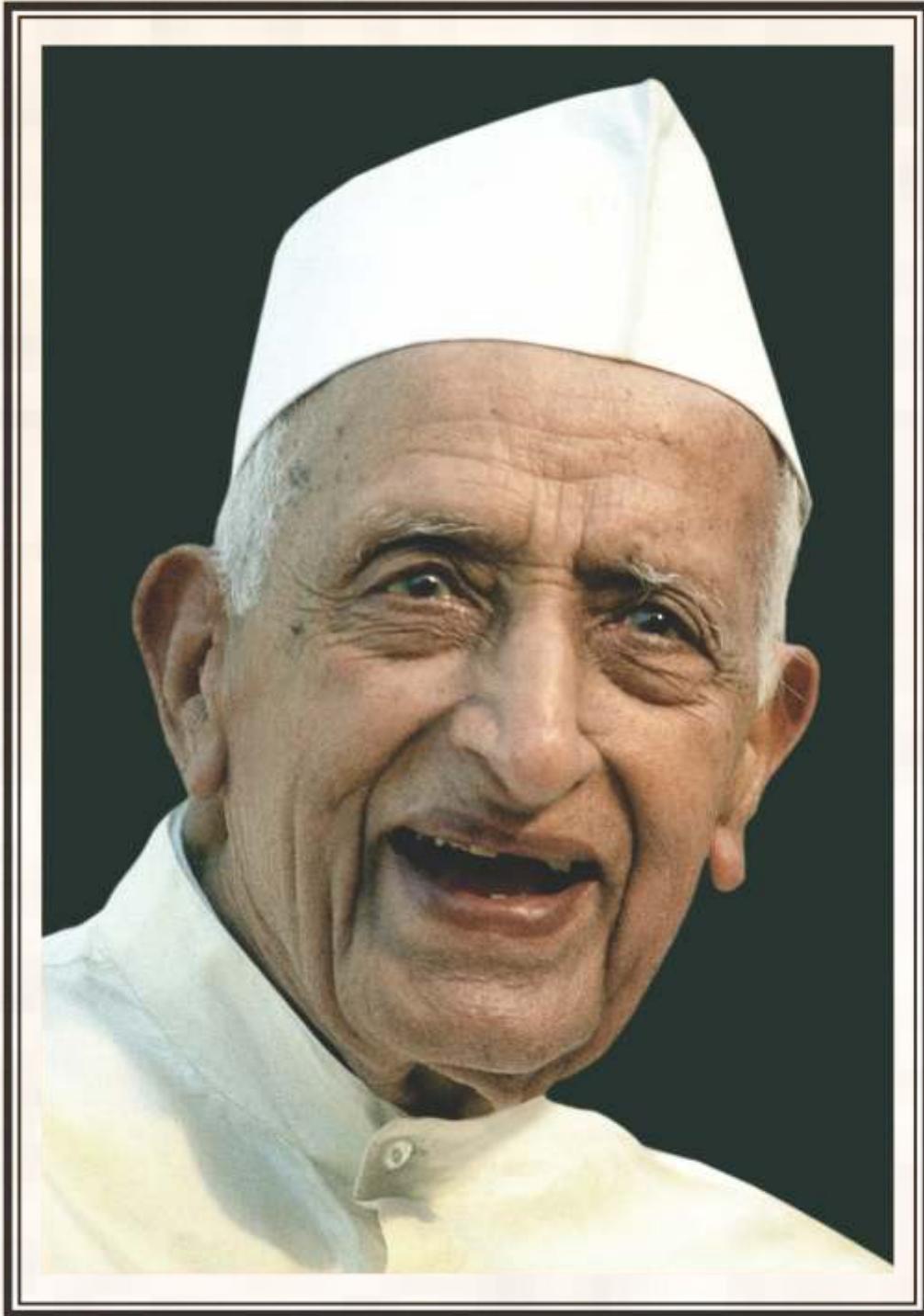




KSHITIJ 2015

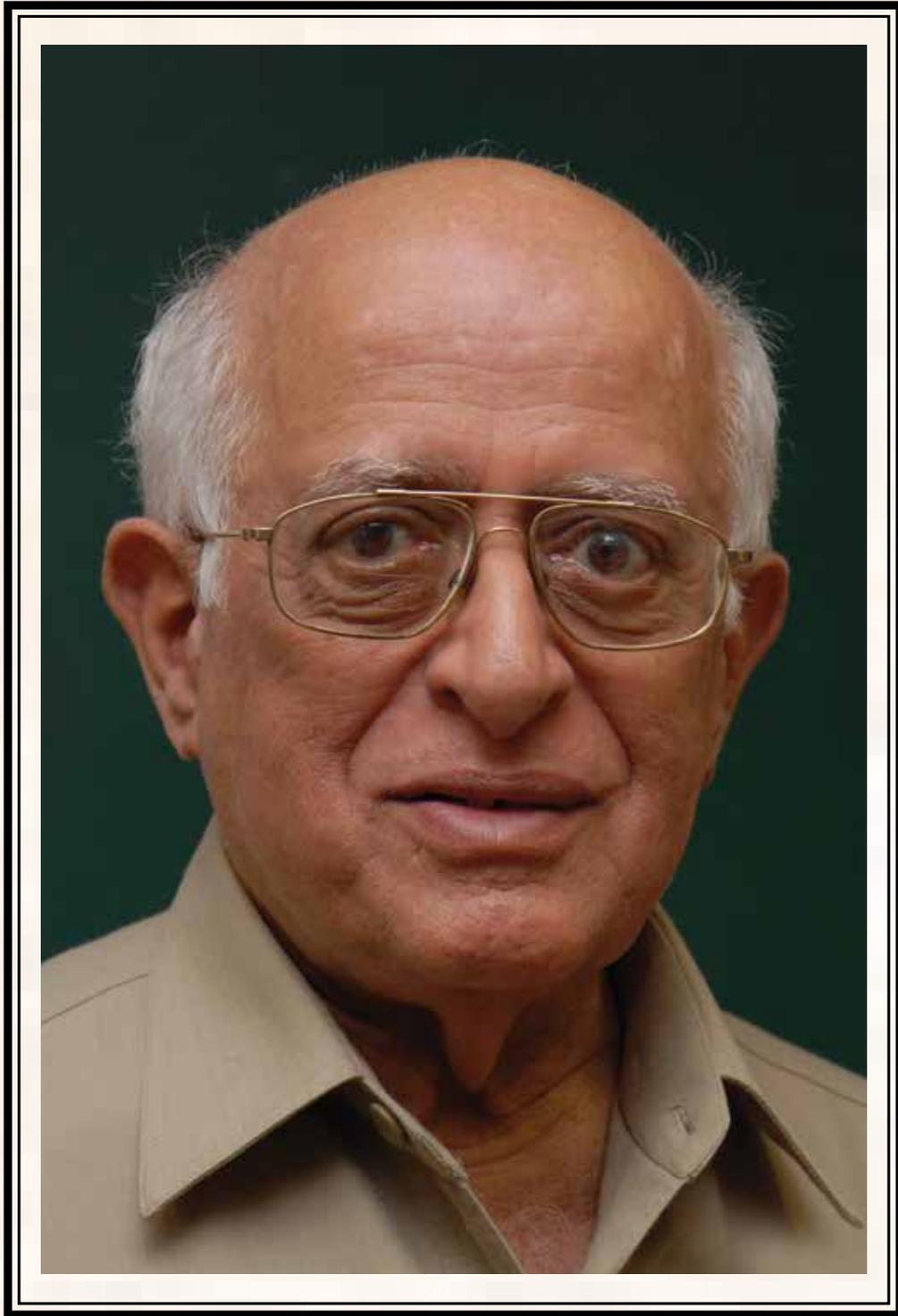


OUR FOUNDER



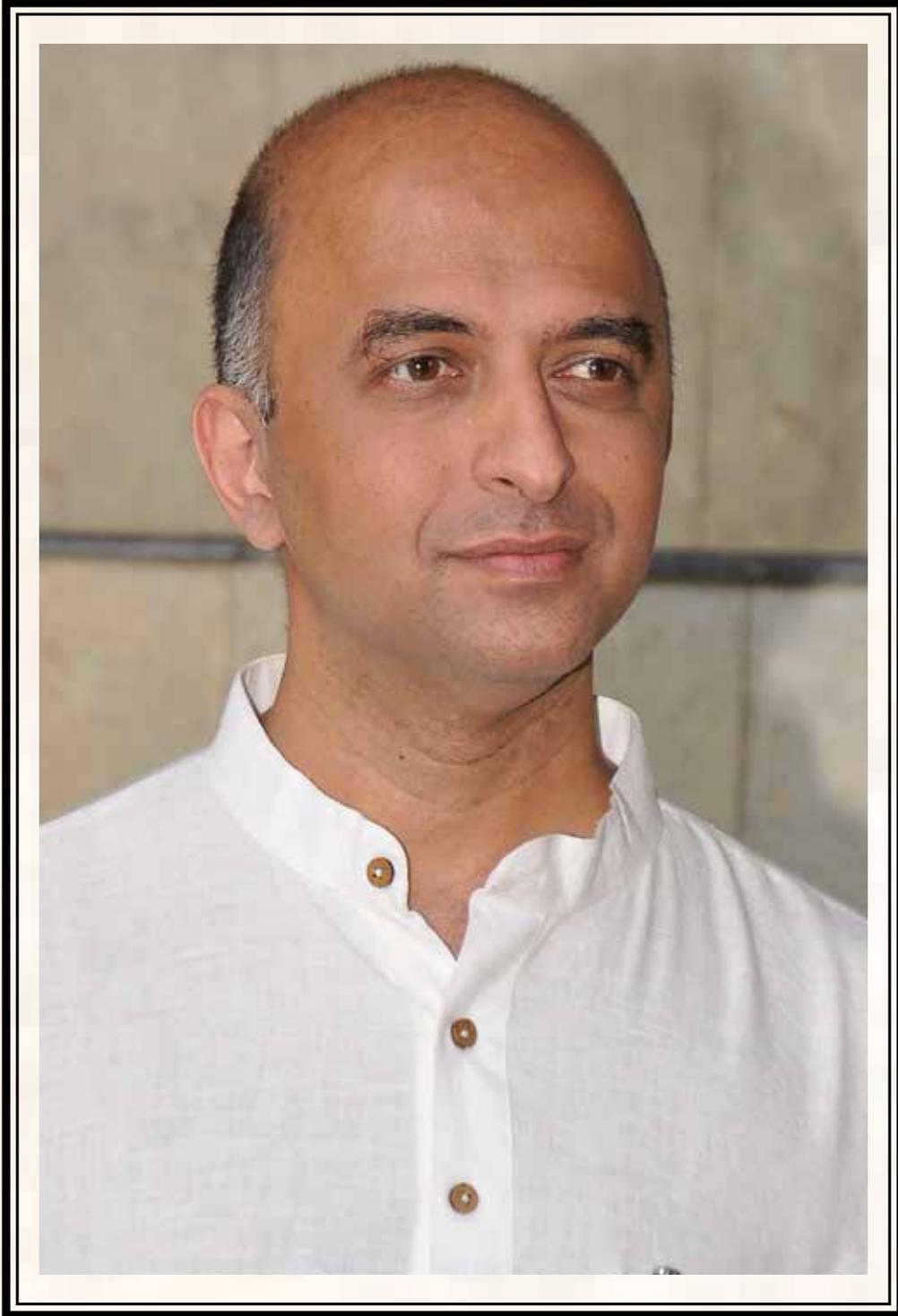
Padma Bhushan
(Late) Shri. Karamshibhai J. Somaiya
16-05-1902 to 09-05-1999

OUR INSPIRATION



(Late) Dr. Shantilal K. Somaiya
29-12-1927 to 01-01-2010

OUR GUIDE



Shri. Samir Somaiya
President, Somaiya Vidyavihar
Chairman, Somaiya Trust
Mumbai

Editor's Note

by Joohee Shherma



Kshitij, 2015. Well.

Let me begin this note dryly and tell you about the theme of the magazine this year- **Pop Culture**.

It is, as Wikipedia says, the entirety of ideas, perspectives, attitudes, memes, images, and other phenomena that are within the mainstream of a given culture, especially Western Culture. Let me make this easier for you. *Hairbands* from the 60s? Pop culture. *Superhero fandom* of the 70s? Pop culture. People *lovin' MTV* is Pop Culture of the 80s. And must I say anything about the 90s? Yes, I'm pointing at you, fans of the good *ol' Cartoon Network*. Basically everything that's popular in the day is Pop Culture. And after a lot of research, I can say that *everything we love is Pop Culture*. Feel me? Yeah, so, the first 20 pages of the magazine speak of the 60s, more or less. The next 20 pages, the next decade. And so on. Of course, the last page has a selfie. The latest addition to the category.

Frankly, I am no pop culture connoisseur. I don't know many things about pop culture. In fact, I know only a few aspects of it. Like, I didn't know that Lennon was an Elvis fan. I hadn't watched some of the best movies ever made. But I enjoyed learning about it, learning about what people love and how quickly they drift away to something newer that's in. It tells us so much about the perspectives, the attitudes and the interests from all over. And so, it's the theme of the magazine this year. The cover of the magazine being full of tazos. Had to be. **Tazos**. <3

There are so many things that I have done, that the editorial team has done, that I'm sure will go unseen. From backgrounds of the photos to the placement of articles- It IS a lot of work. And to some, it's trivial. It's nothing. These are mere pages, filled with text and shut. But not to some. Some love it, what we do. And we do it for them. This is when I say to the members of the literary club how much I love them. Uttu, CV, Noel, Parth, the other SEs and TEs, and pyare FEs, Ayush, Rohan and others... I love y'all. And what will Illuminati be without you being a part of it? Duck, I feel so old when I say that. Anyway.

Chief Editors from the past have written this page, the first page, the Editor's note, thinking that they're the most important people in college; and that people read this. But y'know what? There are only a few who do. The number of people giving a duck to the magazine is really, really less; and I am aware of that. I am also aware of the fact that now, while writing this note, I'm one of the smartest people in college. And it feels weird, honestly. And since you're reading this, I should be thankful to you, and I am.

What the Magazine Team does apart from creating Kshitij will be told by my *Changu-Mangu* in the next page. But whatever I did, as a member of the Students' Council and as the Chief Editor, *has been done in a way no one else could*. Hah, there, I said it. In Italic font. And I won't take my words back, because it's the truth! And there are two very important lessons learned that I should end this little note with. First, if you want to get things done, be ducking humble. There's no other way. And second, ignore the people getting you on your nerves. Silence is golden.

Yeah, I had ducking autocorrect on. I hope you enjoy reading the magazine this year. :')

Look at the background! MAD MEN! Joohee loves it!



Joint Speak

by Paritosh Bapat and Shruti Vakhariya

Joint Speak. The page where the Joint Magazine Secretaries write down their thoughts about the Magazine and the year in general. But what's the point of having two different Joint Speak articles by two Joint Magazine Secretaries? It's the JOINT SPEAK damn it! It has to be JOINT, right?

Anyway, beginning our Joint Speak. JOINT Speak. JOINT. Hehe. Such an inappropriate title. No wait, let's focus. We've already wasted 5 lines of the ONE PAGE that college has paid for us.

Let's finally begin with the Joint Speak (no, honestly, let's do this). Where to begin with? Obviously, our Council Interviews! Co-incidentally we gave our interviews together for the same post. And neither of us bothered to look at the person sitting next to each other. It went kind of awkward because both of us had uttered all sorts of nonsense in the interview and yet we found that we got selected for the same post.

Shruti's first impression of me was that I was too shy, serious and not much of a talker, unlike her. AND she also had a serious problem with my pink complexion. And she had major doubts as to how she'd work with someone so Pink and so-not-a-Shruti-kind-of-person (Wow! How on Earth did we manage to become the Joint Mags with such bad vocabularies, I wonder!) The only thing that kept her going was the fact that I spoke Marathi.

Pari's (yes, we all call him Pari and he likes it. Deal with it.) first impression of me was that I was an innocent "little" girl, the one who completes her assignment one week in advance and super – Sajjan types. And he thought that I don't talk much to people in general. He was really unsure as to how he'd cope with someone so sincere, so reserved and so VEGETARIAN (Life without Chicken was Hell for him)!

And JOOHEE! (Yes, please learn the spelling. And no, we are not telling you the story behind her name.) JOOHEE the Boss. THE BOSS. Intimidating, with a vocabulary imported from the Oxford Dictionary (So much that we started carrying our own dictionaries around her) and an irresistible urge to correct our Grammer. (There Joohee, we just made another mistake, what are you going to do about it now, huh?) Working with Joohee seemed like giving a Viva, which was going to last for the whole year!

AND HOW WRONG WERE WE! Our first impressions of each other were as correct as the answers we write in our Papers. As the Council was formed and we started working, we got to know each other well and started bonding over Food, and some more Food, and lots and lots of Food AND Panipuri. And with so much of food and work on our hands, the two of us were not enough and hence came Joohee to crash the party and lend us a helping hand. (She was already there and it was we who came in later, but who cares? We like this version of the story.) And finally, with even more food, silly jokes (especially on the previous editions of Kshitij), weird photos and absurd meetings, the Magazine Team happened.

Over the year, we've written stuff (that nobody ever bothered to read) which was not related to the Magazine, including our College Write-Ups. We've written letters (Permissions letters, Thank you letters, Invitation Letters and what not!). We've written the content for marketing brochures, proposals, MoUs! We've written the articles which were published in random newspapers, scripted all the events and directed all the teasers and trailers of the Fests. Not just this, we've even provided content for everything related to PR(Right down to the WhatsApp Broadcasts Yash kept sending, sorry for spamming and bothering you daily) And.. let's not even get started about the work we've done in Freshers' Eve, Abhyantriki, Garba Eve, BSD, Ubi, Skream and Symphony! All in all, it was one crazy but fantastic journey!

And now, here we are, trying to fit the entire year in just 120 pages. Just like everything that has happened this year, we too have tried to do something different. It's been one hell of a task! We won't speak much about it. We leave it up to you to judge it. Joohee has already spoken about the theme of the magazine, Pop Culture. And so we end our Joint (Hehe. Okay, no more jokes on Joints.) Speak, and feel immensely proud to present to you, Kshitij 2015. (Feel free to compliment us! Free food will do,too!)

F.R.I.E.N.D.S. in the background! Because we love it!

From the Principal's Desk



2014-15 An important milestone achieved by the college! This was the year when we were conferred Academic Autonomy by the University of Mumbai; the major feat that gave us a new identity to confirm our status among the elite. It also granted recognition to the three decade long, well-crafted educational character of the college; a show of gratitude towards the timeless efforts of our faculty & staff and an appreciation to the achievements of our students!

Autonomy is like a double-edged sword, the freedom it provides and the accountability it demands. The flexibility it offers and the responsibility it stipulates. Though it gives an opportunity that permits for creating an evaluation system that relies on transparency for a healthy and impartial assessment, it commands maintaining a high level of secrecy.

Autonomy also offers a platform to facilitate the overall development of students, emphasizes the importance of proactive learning and enables them to pursue and nurture their hobbies. And it is Kshitij that provides the students a formal outlet!

The coordinated & streamlined efforts empowers the editors to present Kshitij, not just as a compilation of reports and achievements, but as a stage for the display of their skills, be it in art and photography or in the diversity of cultures addressed through articles spanning over variety of subjects and languages. It truly projects the creativity of our students.

Kshitij, the showcase of our college, reveals that we are taking small but firm steps towards realizing the vision of our founder!



PRINCIPALS:

(Standing, from L to R)

Dr. N. R. Gilke
(Vice-Principal)

Prof. A.S. Thosar
(Vice-Principal)

(Seated)
Dr. Shubha Pandit
(Principal)



DEANS OF THE INSTITUTION:

(Seated, from L to R)

Prof. S. A. Hanumante (Dean of Students' Affairs)

Prof. N. S. Chandrashekhar (Dean of RIM)

Dr. Shubha Pandit (Principal)

Dr. R. G. Karandikar (Dean of Academics)

Prof. U. P. Chhatre (Dean of R&D) (MIA)



HEADS OF THE DEPARTMENTS:

(Standing, from L to R)

Prof. Ramola Sinha (Mechanical Engineering)

Prof. Sangeeta Kulkarni (Electronics & Telecommunications Engineering)

Prof. H. N. Bharathi (Computer Engineering)

Prof. Sangeeta Nagpure (I. T. Engineering) (MIA)

(Seated, from L to R)

Prof. Lekha Das (Electronics Engineering)

Dr. Shubha Pandit (Principal)

Prof. S. R. Chawde (Science & Humanities)

The Disco Dancers in the background! So 60s!



FACULTY IN-CHARGE:

(Standing, from L to R)
Prof. D. H. Sharma (Controller of Examinations)
Prof. Ravindra Salvi (Sports In-charge)
Prof. Rajesh Pansare (Sports In-charge)
Prof. B. M. Pradhan (Controller of Examinations)
Prof. V. B. Malji (Training and Placement Officer)
(Seated, from L to R)
Ms. Deepali Kuberkar (Librarian)
Dr. Shubha Pandit (Principal)
Prof. Anita Kankute
Prof. Jyoti Varvadekar (Convener, WDC)



OFFICE STAFF:

(Standing, from L to R)
Mrs. Komla
Mr. Ashok Kunder
Mr. V. S. Shivale
Mr. C. R. Mohandas (MIA)
(Seated, from L to R)
Mr. S. A. Kakde
Dr. Shubha Pandit (Principal)
Mrs. Rukmini Jammi



UNION REPRESENTATIVES:

(Standing, from L to R)
Mr. Ganesh Pawar
Mr. G. Madvi
Mr. Deepak Kambli
(Seated)
Dr. Shubha Pandit (Principal)



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE:

(Standing, L to R)
Shruti Vakhariya (Jt. Magazine Secretary)
Joohee Shherma (Magazine Secretary)
Paritosh Bapat (Jt. Magazine Secretary)
(Seated, from L to R)
Prof. Anand Bodhale (Magazine In-charge)
Dr. Shubha Pandit (Principal)
Prof. Sangeeta Nagpure (Magazine In-charge)
(MIA)

The Disco Dancers in the background! So 60s!

Students' Council 2014-15



Ist Row: Sahil Patel, Mirav Dedhia, Aksh Thakkar, Tehemton Khairabadi, Het Nagda, Sayan Saha(MIA), Tosh Sharma(MIA)

IIInd Row: Naitik Shah, Saloni Chudasama, Hetvi Pasad,, Neha Naikwade, Rushika Mangrola, Siddhant Padave, Meet Shah

IIIrd Row: Yash Bavishi, Shruti Vakhariya, Joohee Shherma, Paritosh Bapat, Kerfegar Dalal, Preet Khania, Shreya Sawkar

IVth Row: Dhairya Khimsaria, Abbas Tambawalla, Mr. S. Hanumante, Dr. Shubha Pandit(Principal), Bhumik Dedhia, Niyati Joshi

Separating the Science from Fiction in Interstellar

“Someone once told me, ‘Time is a flat circle.’ Everything we’ve ever done or will do, we’re gonna do over and over and over again”.

My pattern loving human brain can’t help but notice that these lines said by Matthew McConaughey’s character in the series “True Detective” make even more sense in the movie Interstellar. A gem from the genius brain of Christopher Nolan, this movie is yet another reminder that you don’t have to appeal to the lowest common denominator to be profitable. He’s a filmmaker who uses the liberty one gets from imagination and highly advanced VFX to manipulate time and make the audiences think, having done that already in Inception and now in his latest feature. The genre of Interstellar is Science-Fiction yet critics call it the most realistic Science-Fiction movie ever made. For people like me having really crude knowledge of quantum physics and relativity, the film seemed as real as it can get. The fringe where science is separated from the fiction is very hazy.

If you haven’t watched this movie yet, **STOP READING this article RIGHT NOW! SPOILER WARNING!**

One of the Executive Producers of this movie is Theoretical Physicist Kip Thorne. He laid down two guidelines to strictly follow: nothing would violate established physics laws and all wild speculations would spring only from science. Side note: The Robot in Dr. Mann’s camp is named Kipp. Pattern loving brain at it again!

The Setting:

Earth is running out of food. Huge dust storms are

raging every day. Armies have been decommissioned. By our current rate of nature abuse, this setting looks highly plausible. Did you notice that in the



movie not a single animal is seen on Earth? It’s probably a subliminal message, when humans run out of food, fauna will be nowhere to be found. All humans will either go vegan or cannibalistic. (Pardon the dark humour. The thought of imminent extinction can do that

to people.)

Search for Earth like planets:

By rough estimates there are billions of Earth-like planets in the habitable “Goldilocks” zone. A Planet named KOI-494.01 has an Earth Similarity Index of 99%. But it is 1242 light years away. Even at the speed of light, it would take us 1242 years to reach it. However, there’s one loophole that we can use to reach such distant planets, more accurately a Wormhole through space!

A Wormhole- Science or Fiction?

Mathematically speaking it is entirely possible to create a Wormhole. This has been theoretically proven as well. On paper, pun intended, we can easily warp space. The reason why we are not Star-Trekking the Universe through Wormholes is because it is extremely difficult to keep a Wormhole from collapsing on itself. That would require something called Anti-Matter which would keep the wormhole big enough for our space ship to enter and would remain open for enough time so that we can travel through it. We have synthesized anti-matter on Earth but in really meagre quantities.

Hibernation Pods

As of today, Space Work Enterprises is designing a deep sleep transfer habitat to help send humans to

Mars. Funded by NASA the project aims to utilize Therapeutic Hypothermia to slow down Astronaut's metabolism inducing a sleep like inactive state for over a prolonged period of time. Feeding would occur through intravenous fluids delivered via Cather. A system already exists to keep Cardiac Arrest patients in Therapeutic Hypothermia while they await treatment but it currently lasts only 7 days and not 2 years. A lot of research is still needed to understand its long term physical and mental effects. So, science.

The Time Anomaly

All of our laws or physics are only applicable at speed far less than that of light, however when one reaches near light speed weird things begin to happen. Near light speeds are achieved at objects dangerously close to Black holes which Dr. Miller's water covered planet was. On such objects one would age significantly less than in normal gravitation. This is because Gravity has this supernatural power of warping time which is beyond complete understanding of humans.

“Those aren't mountains, they're waves!”

The Earth experiences waves due to the Moon's

weak gravitational pull. Now imagine how high the waves would be on a planet under the enormous gravitational pull of a massive Black Hole. However unlike Earth, where waves come ashore, on such a planet one would get pulled towards the waves, which is why the astronauts encounter two back to back waves.

On this planet, the movie was a bit scientifically inaccurate. The planet has gravitation 130% that of Earth. Now, if the spacecraft needed a two stage lift off to get into space from Earth, it would surely need an even more powerful thrust to go into space from this planet. However, in the movie the Ranger flies into space by using its main engines only. I bet, Mr Nolan spent weeks pondering over this dilemma.

“The Ending- get your brain tonics ready!”

From what we know of Black Holes, once you pass the event horizon, it is a point of no return. The molecules in parts of your body closer to the black hole would get violently ripped apart and your body would get elongated to such a limit that it wouldn't even be called elongation, it's called spaghettification. But all of this is based only



on speculation, theory and mathematics and by observing planets and stars getting eaten by Black holes. Side note: The name of the Black hole in the movie Gargantua is also the name of a Giant with a never-satisfied appetite.

In Nolan's defence though, we don't really know much about Black Holes. They fall into that mystic realm in which all fundamental laws known to mankind might not be applicable or may be reversed. So technically Nolan isn't right or wrong, this is all just speculative science. Maybe he will be defied if we ever fly a probe near a black hole. The closest one, V4641 Sgr, is 1600 light years away. So good luck sceptics in proving Nolan wrong...

4-D, it's not just something you experience in amusement park rides...

Suppose you are meeting a friend. You tell him your address; a street and building number. Let's call these as x and y co-ordinates. Next you give him a floor number. This will be the z co-ordinate. But whenever you fix a meeting the 4th element that is mentioned is always time.

"Meet me on Baker Street,"-"When?"

"Meet me at 10 o'clock."-"Where?"

Time and space thus go hand in hand. In order to know the pin-point position of any object in the Universe we require 3 dimensions of space and 1 dimension of time. These are the 4 dimensions.

We aren't prisoners of the 3 dimensions of space. We can access any point in space. However when it comes to time, we are bound. You can only access the present; you cannot manipulate the past or the future. The beauty of sci-fi film making, however, is

that it breaks this shackle as well.

Taking advantage of the limited and vague knowledge of what's inside a Black Hole, Nolan has projected time like a film reel with an entire lifetime right in front of you. Any point in this timeline can be accessed and changed; a being in the future can make its presence felt in the past and vice versa.

The message

Love is something that no science can ever explain. You continue to love someone who is no longer alive, a being of the past. You know for sure that you will love your children, beings of the future. Love transcends time. You love someone who is far away, "light-years" away from you. Love doesn't need wire cables to reach. Love transcends space as well.

Light is the fastest thing known to man. Not even that can escape the massive gravity of a Black Hole. Light cannot travel through time either. When Cooper falls into the Black Hole, does his love for his family deter even one bit? It's his love that gives him that telepathic and quantifiable connection with his daughter, which eventually saves all of mankind. It's that unflinching love which brings him back to his daughter, and makes him keep that last promise he made to her. Love indeed transcends space and time!

In summation, Interstellar is a movie that stays mostly true to its scientific base yet the plethora of feelings one experiences after watching it are almost super-natural and nothing short of fiction.

-PRIYAJ NABAR

అలలై వారెనె

అలలై వారెనె నా మది
ఆనంద మోహన మురళి గానంలో
సమయం మరచి , ఎండ మరచి
రాయే అయినది నా మది
కనులను పీడసి నవవనంలో
అత్యంత ఆనంద హరవశ్యంలో
పిశరమేచినది.
సంకళోళు పిరుచుకు
నరేతించేనే నా మనసు
ఆ పినూత్న వేణు గానంలో
గజ్జెలు గలగల మరొగనే
కనసీరు జలజల జారేనే
శరమేచి అలసి నొలసిన నా మదికి
ఊరట కలిగినే
ఏమిటి పిత అనుభూతి ?
ఏమిటి ఆత్మీయ ఆలింగనం ?
ఇది తగువా ? ఇది ధర్మమా ?
కాసీ అలలై వారెనె నా మది.

This poem, written in Telugu, describes the feeling of an aesthetic music lover after being attracted by a mystique flute tune. It is described as if the heart of the listener flows like waves in the ocean of music. The music rejuvenates and refreshes his tired soul like an affectionate embracing. The listener cannot understand this peculiar feeling as he is confused between the dream like and reality.

-ABHINAV C. V.



Octavius



In the Photo: (From L to R)
Ist Row: (Not Applicable), Parth Panchal, Aditya Dabholkar, Rohit Jain
IInd Row: Hardik Furia, Siddhesh Desai, Akshay Broota, Shivranjini Hegde
IIrd Row: Akshara M, Saloni Bhanushali, Archit Save, Varun Negandhi, Divya G
IVth Row: Sukrut Kelkar, Soham Patil, Darshak Mehta, Vibhav Gaitonde, Yash Joshi

Insignia



In the Photo: (From L to R)
Ist Row: Mithil Chanderia, Amit Dhiman, Rachit Gada, Rushin Gindra, Benoy Parekh
IInd Row: Raj Shah, Viken Parekh, Vineet Kothari, Maryam Rangwala, Ria Kushe, Apurva Mehta, Vatsal Kanakiya
IIrd Row: Krisha U, Urmi S, Sikha P, Srijita P, Dhanshree L, Madhumita R, Madhura K, Shakshi C, Shikha K
IVth Row: Krina Parikh, Krushi Gada, Nikita Sankhe, Hemali Goswami, Kruti Shah, Anjali Sheth
Vth Row: Pooja Shah, Bansari Shah, Ami Doshi

Yep! That's Elvis Presley in the background!

Glitterati



In the Photo:)From L to R)

Ist Row: Janam Zaveri, Deep Amlani, Shivani Doke, Rutvi Sheth, Virat Goradia

IInd Row: Yatharth Dhar, Aneesh Sule, Swati Gaonkar, Ankita Sarde

IIIRD Row: Tanvi Vishwasrao, Shivam Mujoo, Himani Shetty, Akshay Tikoo, Ankana Samanta

Shutterbugs



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Yash Gala ,Nikhil Naik , Ketki Sanghai , Vallari Borkar , Mayur H

IInd Row: Pranav Pai ,Bhargavi Padhye, Sarvesh Shah ,Deeksha Razdan , Pooja Shivhare

IIIRD Row: Ganesh Ankulwar , Saish Rohom (Chief), Pratik Dubal (Cochief) , Surya Iyer

MIA: Ojaswitha Muddana , Vrushank Timbadia , Bhavik Soneji, Apoorva Desai, Apurva Kini, Rushin Gindra , Mihir Gandhi, Jay Shah, Rishabh Shah , Yash Shah

Why I Love Dance!

DEDICATED TO RICHARD CASTLE AND ALEXIS*

This is my moment
This is my shot
My naive and immature brain once thought
Usually shy and ignorant
Stood in the corner silently for sometimes being a
dumb student
I didn't know what got into my head
The dance performance was what had me tossing
in my bed
I barely knew what lay ahead
I thought of who could fill in
I skipped school and lay in bed
I looked to the ceiling and a voice talking to me in
my head
Motivating and pushing me to pick up all the dread
And ahead
The monsters of doubt
That roam about in my head
As i lay in my bed
The day dawned
And my feet were still withdrawn
Standing up was a task
Let alone dancing
And my shaky and chilly spine further enhancing
The nervousness on stage
My bullies smirking and compressing all the rage
The forced me to dance in the recess
Threw change at my steps and my self confidence
began to undress
Still walked up to stage and thought
Lets get this over with
The music began and i danced what had been
taught
My situation was worse than i expected
It was a rot
Soon i was the laughing stock of school
And i thought to myself
"What were you thinking you fool?"

Baring the insult and the banter
I was the best friend of the class' joke inventor
The topic always drifted back to me
And nobody could see
The potential that lay hidden in me
My anger turned to motivation
Whatever took shape next was flowing in rapid
succession
after a year of suffering and strength
My heart just wanted to get back my self confidence
upto knee length
My repetition and work didn't stop at nightfall
Every step , every turn up until i gave it all
Strong determined and stubborn
In the passion to dance made my heart burn
The theatre was full and was expecting another
laugh
But i held my head high as a staff
And as the music played
My anger,my tears exploded into steps
Unstoppable, undeniable put into the dance
concept
The audience didn't cheer, the audience didnt laugh
Their silence was their applause
My head held high and my confidence skyrocketing
My heart racing
I looked into my bully's eyes,
They were cold and shellshocked
I smiled and acknowledged their applause to their
shock !
They smiled back and nodded their head
And my heart loudly said
"How do you like me now?"
Few people whispered "well done"
Few people shouted "wow"
I went about bathing in my own glory
That is why i love dance
And thats my story !

-KUSH DANI

मराठी चित्रपटांची उत्क्रांती

मराठी चित्रपटाचा इतिहास जवळजवळ १२० वर्षे जुना आहे. ह्या काळामध्ये मराठी सिनेमाने खूप मोठा पल्ला गाढला आहे. मुकचित्रपट, पौराणिक चित्रपट, ऐतिहासिक चित्रपट, तमाशा प्रधान, १८९८ साली हरिश्चंद्र भाटवडेकर ह्यांनी 'कुस्ती' ह्या नावाचा लघुचित्रपट बनवला. आधुनिक चित्रपटसृष्टीचे पितामह दादासाहेब फाळके ह्यांनी 'राजाहरिश्चंद्र' हा मुक चित्रपट ३ मे १९१३ रोजी मुंबईमध्ये प्रदर्शित केला व हाच चित्रपट आधुनिक भारतीय चित्रपटसृष्टीचा जनक समजला जातो.



१९२० मध्ये बाबुराव पेंटर ह्यांनी बनवलेल्या 'सैरंध्री' ह्या चित्रपटातील भीमकिचक व्द्वंद्वं इतके सुंदर चित्रित झाले की लोकांना ते व्द्वंद्वं प्रत्यक्ष बघितल्याचा आनंद देऊन गेले. कठलीही तांत्रिक

सामाजिक भान असलेले, विनोदी तसेच समस्यापूर्तीची शिकवण देणारे असे कित्येक चित्रपट ह्या काळात आले.

करामत करणारी साधने उपलब्ध नसतांना चित्रित झालेल्या ह्या प्रसंगामुळे ब्रिटीशांनी फिल्म सेन्सॉरशिप सुरु केली जी आजतागायत चालू आहे. १९२७ साली आलेल्या नानासाहेब सरपोतदारांचा चित्रपट 'महाराची पोर' हा महात्मा गांधी व सरोजिनी नायडू ह्या दोघांनाही खूप आवडला. त्याच सुमारास व्ही. शांताराम ह्यांनी 'प्रभात फिल्म कंपनी' सुरु केली व पहिला चित्रपट 'आयोध्येचा राजा' १ जून रोजी प्रदर्शित केला व तो प्रचंड चालला. आता जे क्लोजअप शॉट शेकड्यांनी आधुनिक चित्रपटात बघायला मिळतात त्याचा पहिला वापर 'अमृतमंथन' ह्या मराठी चित्रपटाने केला होता. मराठी चित्रसृष्टीने कित्येक दिग्गज कलाकारांना जन्म दिला. 'धर्मात्मा' ह्या चित्रपटात संत एकनाथांची भूमिका करून बालगंधवांनी अभिनयाचा श्रीगणेशा केला. 1936 च्या 'व्हेनीस आंतरराष्ट्रीय महोत्सोवात प्रदर्शित झालेला 'संत तुकाराम' हा सिनेमा पहिल्या तीन नंबरात होता. 1952 साली 'प्रभात फिल्म कंपनी' बंद झाल्यावर केंद्रसरकारने 1960 साली तेथेच फिल्म इंस्टीट्यूटची स्थापना केली व ती संस्था असलेला रस्ता प्रभात रोड म्हणून प्रसिध्द झाला.

'थोरातांची कमळा' ह्या ऐतिहासिक चित्रपटातून चंद्रकांत मांढरे ह्या प्रसिध्द कलाकाराचा उदय झाला. त्या नंतर 'भरतभेट' व 'रामराज्य' हे चित्रपट आले. दुर्गा खोटे, शाहू मोडक व शोभना समर्थ हे समकालीन होते. व्हि.शांताराम ह्यांनी 1947 साली बनवलेला 'राम जोशी' हा सिनेमा बाबूराव पेंटर ह्यांनी दिग्दर्शित केला व त्याचे मधुर संगीत दिले होते वसंत देसाई ह्यांनी. राम गबाले ह्यांच्या 1948 साली आलेल्या 'वंदे मातरम' ह्या सिनेमाचे मुख्य कलाकार पुल व सुनिता देशपांडे होते. त्यांच्याच 'देवबाप्पा' ह्या चित्रपटातील 'नाच रे मोरा, आंब्याच्या वनात' हे गाणे अजूनही लोकप्रिय आहे.



त्या नंतर पुलं चा सबकुछ असा 'गुळाचा गणपती' खूपच चालला. 1950 च्या सुमारास लता मंगेशकर ह्यांनी 'राम राम पाव्हण' ह्या सिनेमाला पहिल्यांदाच संगीत दिले. लतादिदींच्या सुरेल चित्रकंपनी ह्या

निर्मितीगृहाने 'शिकलेली बायको', 'कन्यादान', व 'लक्ष्मी आली घरा' हे माधव शिंदे दिग्दर्शित चित्रपट बनवले. आल्हाद चित्र चा सूर्यकांत व उषा किरण ह्यांचा 1951 चा 'बाळा जो जो रे' चित्रपट गाजला. शांतारामबापूंच्या 'अमर भूपाळी' ला Cannes Film Festival मध्ये बेस्ट साऊंड एडिटींगचा पुरस्कार मिळाला. लतादिदींनी 1957 मध्ये बनवलेला 'गृहदेवता' हा रशियातील ताश्कंद फिल्म फेस्टीवल मध्ये दाखवला गेला. 131 आठवडे चाललेला 1959 सालातील अनंत माने ह्यांच्या 'सांगते ऐका' चित्रपटाने सर्वच विक्रम मोडले. ही तमाशाप्रधान चित्रपटाची सुरवात होती. मानेचे नंतर आलेले 'एक गाव बारा भानगडी', 'केला इशारा जाता जाता' हे प्रसिध्द चित्रपट. 'जगाच्या पाठीवर', 'मनिनी', 'एक धागा सुखाचा', 'प्रपंच', 'रंगल्या रात्री अश्या' ह्या राजा परांजपे ह्यांच्या चित्रपटांनी राज्यस्तरीय सर्वोत्तम पुरस्कार पटकावले. 'मोहित्यांची मंजुळा' व काशिनाथ घाणेकर आणि भावना ह्या जोडीचा 1964 चा 'पाठलाग' तुफान चालला. त्यानंतर दादा कोडंके ह्यांचा भालजी पेंढारकरांच्या 'तांबडी माती' ह्या सिनेमातून चित्रपटसृष्टीत प्रवेश झाला. सी.रामचंद्र ह्यांनी संगीत दिलेला 1979 चा 'घरकुल' हा चित्रपट लोकप्रिय ठरला. पाठोपाठ दादा कोडंके ह्यांच्या 'सोंगाड्या' ने ग्रामीण तसेच शहरी प्रेक्षकांची वाहव्या मिळवली. 1972 चा शांतारामबापूंचा 'पिंजरा' इतका गाजला की त्याचे हिंदी रूपांतरण सुध्दा आले. राम कदम ह्या संगीतकाराला ह्या चित्रपटाने फार मोठी प्रसिध्दी मिळवून दिली.

1975 मध्ये महाराष्ट्र सरकारने करसवलत सुरू केल्या बरोबर खूप मराठी सिनेमे येऊ लागले. 1981 ते 1991 पर्यंत विनोदी चित्रपटांची लाटच जणू मराठी चित्रसृष्टीत आली आणि त्याचे मुख्य कलाकार होते लक्ष्मीकांत बेर्डे, अशोक सराफ, रंजना, रविंद्र महाजनी व अर्थातच दादा कोडंके. त्यानंतर वेगळ्या धाटणीचे चित्रपट येऊ लागले, आणि त्याची सुरवात जब्बार पटेल ह्यांच्या 'सामना' ने झाली. बापूंचा 'चानी', 'घशिराम कोतवाल', 'जैत रे जैत', '22 जून 1897' हे त्यातीलच. 'दोन्ही घरचा पाहुणा' हा संजीवकुमार चा पहिला मराठी व अशोक सराफ ह्यांचा पहिला चित्रपट. दादा कोडंके ह्यांचे जवळ जवळ सर्वच चित्रपट रोप्यमहोत्सवी ठरले जसे, 'एकटा जीव सदाशिव', 'पांडू हवालदार', व 'आंधळा मारतो डोळा' हे त्यातीलच. राम कदम ह्यांच्या 'गड जेजूरी जेजूरी' मधून नाना पाटेकर ह्यांचा फिल्म इंडस्ट्रीत प्रवेश झाला.

1988 च्या सुमारास आलेले सचिन, अशोक सराफ, व महेश कोठारेंचे चित्रपट शहरी पार्श्वभूमीचे होते ते म्हणजे, 'नवरी मिळे नव-याला', 'गमंत जंमत', 'अशी ही बनवाबनवी', 'थरथराट', 'दे दणादण' वगैरे. स्मिता तळवलकरांचा 'कळत नकळत' हा समस्याप्रधान चित्रपट प्रसिध्द झाला. त्यांचाच व संजय सूरकर ह्यांचा 'चौकट राजा' व त्यातील दिलीप प्रभावळकरांचा मनोरूग्ण गाजला. वयात आलेल्या मराठी चित्रपटसृष्टीने 1993 ते 1998 ह्या काळात 'वजीर', 'मुक्ता', 'दोघी', 'रावसाहेब', 'तू तिथे मी' हे चित्रपट दिले. 2000 सालातील रघूनाथ धोंडो कर्वे ह्यांच्या आयुष्यावर आधारीत पालेकरांचा 'ध्यासपर्व' हा चित्रपट आला. त्यानंतर अतिशय अर्थपूर्ण विचारप्रवर्तक व तांत्रिकदृष्ट्या सरस चित्रपट आले. दिपक सावंतचा 'श्वास', हाही एक समस्याप्रधान चित्रपट. 2006 मध्ये 42 चित्रपट आले. आणि नुकतेच आलेले 'बालगंधर्व', 'डॉ. प्रकाश बाबा आमटे' हे मोठ्या व्यक्तीमत्वांच्या आयुष्यावर आधारीत चित्रपट.

ही अशी आहे मराठी चित्रपटसृष्टीची यशोगाथा व तिचा चाललेला अखंड प्रवास, जो उत्तरोत्तर उत्तम चित्रपटांची अपेक्षा ठेवून जातो.

शार्दूल सुळे

Flash Mob



Contraptions



Neotons



In the Photo: (From L to R)
1st Row: Sangita Samota, Prathmesh Shivrame, Abhishek Patil, Jainam Seth, Priyanka Maheshwari
IInd Row: Nidhi Gada, Raj Gandhi, Jai Shah, Harshal Jani, Jigar Chheda, Unnati Ganatra

Vinyl Records! Totally 70s!

Gyrations



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Jay Nanda, Nikhil Karadge, Hardik Jain, Parshva Shah

IIInd Row: Navaz Sayani, Dhvani Shah, Ayushi Malde, Parthiv Shah

IIIrd Row: Tejas Lad, Charmi Savla, Vaishnavi Doraiswamy, Sarang Pawar

IVth Row: Divya Nambiar, Tanushree Shetty, Vishal Narayanan, Sonia Lad

Rhapsody



(In the photo: From L to R)

Ist Row: Dhairya Mehta, Harsh Sangani, Jignesh Patel, Siddhant Khurana, Devang Mistry, Rinkoo Singh, Sai Subhasree

IIInd Row: Harshit Jethva, Forum Chheda, Komal Desai, Priyanka Datkhile, Virti Savla, Shreya Mailoorkar, Akshay Bansal, Udit Desai(MIA), Rohan Irani(MIA), Viren Bhanushali(MIA)

IIIrd Row: Sanket Sheth, Rahul Patel, Maitri Shah, Neha Dayma, Akash Patel, Raj Pednekar, Dheer Dedhia(MIA) Ganesh Shelar(MIA), Chaitanya Naik(MIA)

Muscle Cars of the 60s and 70s! Pretty aren't they?

Watchman's Bark and Dog's Radio!

The grandeur of the main hall of our house is in stark contrast with our wooden dining. Our entire home reflects the Rajasthani royalty except our simply crafted wooden dining space. The glass is distinctively etched with beads and pistachios and leaflets sharp and all captivating. Our dining space is small.

Our four seats each have fine Calico printing and look rich in their kite and doll designs. We made sure our dining was small, now there's no empty seat to remind us of nothing. Back at our ancestral place we used to dine on our royal table, it had tatami table mats for each member. (We shifted to town after my grandpa's demise; he always wished he'd breathe his last in our ancestral place. So few months after he passed away we shifted to our new apartment in town. I still dine on those table mats with stains of his coffee and odor of his peculiar



tiger balm.)

Nimith Bartwal. He might be the only guy in this world who's nicked "beautiful". I mean that's beautifully awkward for me. Nimith! Me! Same! I'm just graceful. Can't guys be graceful! What's

wrong in that!? It's categorically gentlemanly!

My friends say I walk with my shoulders tucked in and steps shy enough to make a girl blush. Cropped nails. Girly sneeze. Neatly folded white handkerchief. I rest my chin down on buttons and closed collars that would strangle my classmates. I'm the most well-mannered student in the class. Girls think I'm cute and teachers say I'm smart.

Dinning Diaries have been my routine since I was 10. They aren't exactly what you might imagine. We'll get back to it later. After Danamethi or Daal chawal kutt for dinner (along with my mum's special kadhi) everyone retires to bed. After all the lights are dim, I silently switch on the toilet lights and slide the doors open for the night. Why? Actually, our maid has a habit of using some extra phenyl; and I love it. The smell somehow makes me feel homely (now I never said I was scared of dark).

I love to sleep without a pillow, I steadily grab it underneath my blanket; grab it tight enough to fall asleep quickly. I wake up at sometime after the midnight to the watchman's bark and realize that the dog's still playing his rajasthani folk. I'm not sure if I was disturbed by the radio. But I enjoy it the whole night; the watchman keeps barking occasionally.

I begin the game of four on my dining. The game stars with four tatami table mats, placed sleeping straight in front of me. (...our window reflects me wonderfully, it's just a vague outline but I find it more pleasing than any other mirror; gradually I slide the window half open, shall I harm the delicate bougainvillea plant outside. For once I feel those petals and the cold and wet soiled pot...I'm ready to begin the game; my room is silent and cold with the gentle midnight breeze from the window...its dark here but the streaks of toilet lights are a good engagement)

In the game, or what I consider my dining diaries I reflect on questions which I don't know the answer to. I reflect on the bad experiences and the good memories. Usually things aren't as simple as they sound, and any simpler you can't portray them; some of us are haunted by questions beyond our age. (My grandpa always told me, "...you should express yourself, emotions can't be buried, can't be

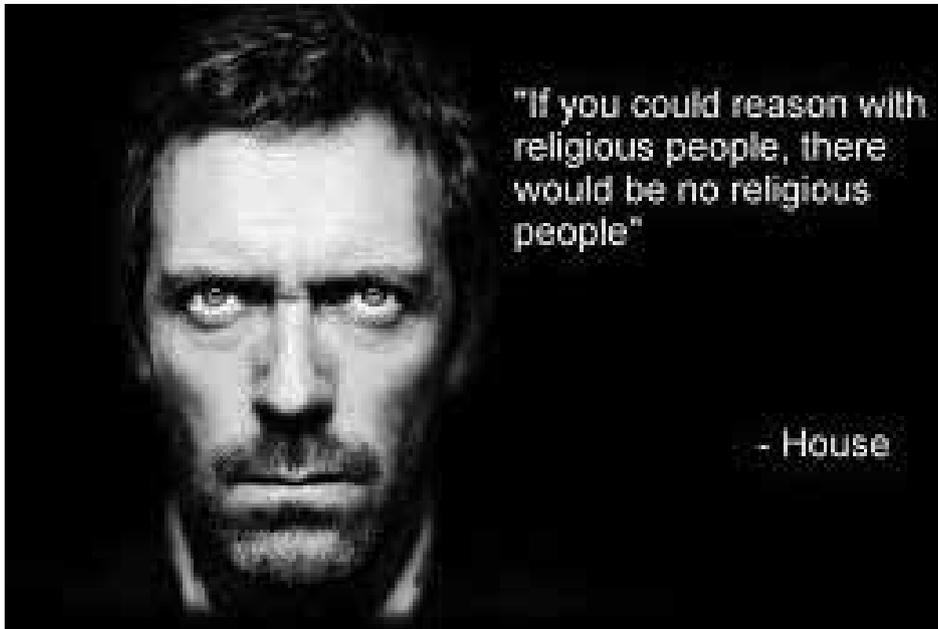
buried for long “). In the game we place the things which worry us on the leftmost mat and things which make us happy on the rightmost mat; the center left mat is you and the center right mat is the person you love the most.

Whenever I’m worried or upset I role play myself and my grandpa at night. The left mat is put on the right one whenever I feel low and then I try to think like my grandpa...how he would have talked to me and how he would want me to conduct myself in difficult times. Everytime grandpa wins , his mat is put on top of mine.

“Dinning Diaries is all about sorting your problems and looking for hope in the darkest and thickest clouds...”, those were his words always. His absence stole my identity and I just want to prove myself and forge an identity for myself, which he’ll be proud of. “loving someone gives you courage...and being loved by someone gives you strength.”

Meanwhile the Barking watchman and the Dog’s radio keep the night alive.

-PARTH SHAH



Let's Get Cricketing!

India is a country where Cricket is cherished by all its inhabitants. It is a country where cricket is loved and celebrated. India is a country where everyone thinks they know cricket inside out. And I hope the folks from KJSCE also love cricket! So, I have a few interesting facts and trivia about cricket that will amuse you.

1. Cow corner :

What comes to your mind when I say the phrase 'cow



corner'. A corner for feeding the livestock? Perhaps right. But you would be baffled when I say that this term is associated with cricket! A 'Cow Corner' is an unconventional fielding position in cricket. It is thought to have originated during a game of cricket at Dulwich college, where there were livestock in a corner of the field and the fielders were repeatedly being sent to the 'cow corner'.

2. This interesting piece of trivia is about a great cricketer who was nicknamed 'Audi' by his team mates. The cricketer I am referring to is the Australian Mark Waugh. He was nicknamed Audi since he scored 4 ducks in a row in test matches giving rise to a string 0000 which reminds us of the symbol of the brand of cars.

Had he scored one more duck, his mates had planned to change his nickname to 'Olympics' due to five 0's in the Olympic symbol.

3. The third one is from the ancient times, when two Indian cricketers playing county cricket were nicknamed 'Smith'. Wonder why an Indian player would be nicknamed 'Smith'?

Well, the players in question are Ranjit Singhji and Duleep Singhji. They were given the nickname

'Smith' since the players from the United Kingdom found it difficult to pronounce their surnames and instead ended up calling them 'Smith'.

4. Ever heard of Bombil Fry? While I ask this, I assure you that this segment is filled with cricket trivia.

So, for those of you who don't know what Bombil Fry is, it is a dish made from a fish originated from Bombay (and partly Kutch).

The reason I mention this dish is that a cricketer has been nicknamed by the fish used in this dish, on account of his scores. The Cricketer Ajit Agarkar has been nicknamed 'Bombay Duck', which is also the name of the fish, due to his Bombay origin, and his numerous ducks in cricket. Funny right?

5. Did you know that the Wanderers Ground in Johannesburg has been named 'Bullring'?

Well yes, that is true! The ground has been named so, due to its design and the intimidating atmosphere for away teams.

6. Teapot :

Teapot. How is a teapot associated with cricket? Can you think of anything? No? Well, a teapot is a term first used by the creative Australians. Wonder why I said Creative?

Here's the answer. The term 'teapot' was used for a bowler who puts his hand on his hips after a misfield. Isn't that creative? Some popular bowlers showing the teapot action are Glenn McGrath and Angus Fraser.

7. It is a fact that a 'Puss' has influenced cricket so much. Wonder how? Let me tell you.

Ellis 'Puss' Achong is the first cricketer of Chinese descent to have played cricket. He has also introduced a new style of bowling, 'Slow left arm unorthodox spin'. Due to his Chinese descent, this type of a bowler is also called a 'Chinaman'. A Chinaman is a rare class of bowling, very useful in today's game. But sadly, we have only a few of them! Brad Hogg and Kuldeep Yadav are examples of Chinaman bowlers.

So this piece is for all those crazy cricket fans like me, who enjoy watching players play boisterously, and at the same time, can peacefully endure five days of cricket on the trot!

-SAKSHI CHOKSI

सर्दियाँ

गरम पानीसे दोस्ती महँगी पडेगी,
एक बार नहाना शुरू किया,
तो रुक न पाओगे।

यह ठंडी का मौसम है,
कंबल से दोस्ती महँगी पडेगी,
थोडा सा जो खिसक गया,
तो बिल्कुल ज़म जाओगे।

यह ठंडी का मौलम है,
चाय से दोस्ती महँगी पडेगी,
सुबह को जो न मिली,
दिनभर न ज़ग पाओगे।

यह ठंडी का मौसम है,
गरीबी से दोस्ती महँगी पडेगी,
रातको जो पत्थर पर सोये,
सुबह तक खुद पत्थर बन जाओगे

-DHAIRYA MEHTA

The Sun Will Shine

You reminded me today
Of the sufferings which
I endeared just for the sake of love
Love, which was for me my whole life
But for him only a part of his existence
But I fought and fought
Catching a slim ray of hope
And today when I saw you
I saw myself
In your innocent eyes
I saw the pain I suffered
In your beautiful smile
I visioned the hidden grief
Which appears when
Your feelings are not reciprocated
When you wait for the praise
And it never comes
But this is life and
God's greatest gift to us
So enjoy the open sky
May be today it is black
But not ever so
A time will come, and
Your sun will shine too

-DR. KANAKLATA TIWARI



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Harsh Talati, Shriya Bagwe, Parth Pokar, Mitali Gajjar, Anagha Rao, Sankalp Samant.

IIInd Row: Prajakta Diwan, Siddharth Patel, Vedang Kulkarni, Mrunmay Kothale, Priya Diwakar, Kedar Shukla.

IIIrd Row: Adesh Shetye, Maitrik Nandu, Sachchidanand Deo, Aayush Motta

Abhyantriki is one of the vital components behind the action-packed nature of this year for IEEE-KJSCE. We wanted to make actual 'technical oriented events' for the Abhyantriki and hence shifted our focus on some quality events rather than putting simple games.

Staying true to this theme, our major event was called 'Robo-code'. It was the first time a council conducted a bot-coding event, which tested the skills of the coders to the highest degree. In this event, we had three levels, first being a simple line follower, the second one being wall detector and last but not the least, grid solver. The last one was most difficult, with first one only being qualifying round. The challenge was to design the algorithm in such a way that the contestant has to reach the 'finish line' in minimum time. Due to the challenge being designing the 'most efficient code', the event

got its name, 'Robo-code'. Apart from this event, we also had two more events, one being a combination of fun and technical content, titled 'Humanoid Robo-Tennis' and second one being 'The Technical Paper Conference'.

We also conducted a seminar on 'How to write a technical research paper', Also, there was a 'Technical Workshop' conducted on 'Android-Arduino robot', where students were given knowledge about combining the Android operating system, with Arduino controller. We paid visit to 'Somaiya School' located in our campus, to present the robots in front of the young students of the Somaiya School in their Science Exhibition.

We will soon start working on our council day, '360 degrees'. We have also designed the website of our council, which will be launched pretty soon.

IETE 2014-15



In the Photo: (From R to L)

Ist Row: Abhinav Chilakamarri, Shivranjini Hegde, Mustafa Merchant, Nikunj Lad, Hardi Desai, Amey Shahane, Kshitij Yadav, Bishrut Jayaswal

IInd Row: Manan Jethva, Virat Joshi, Hiral Shah, Abhisha Sheth, Suhel Shaikh, Viraj Gala

IIIrd Row: Arvind Srinivasan, Vidhi Jadhav, Tanuj Verma, Pallavi Dubey, Abhishek Jaiswal, Bhavik Chheda

IVth Row: Shashank Shah, Richa Shah, Nidhi Ghadiali, Sanjana Hariharan

MIA: Charmi Pasad, Abhay Thakur, Karan Nair, Apurva Desai, Priya Rawal, Smit Ambardekar, Bharat Ahir

The orientation ceremony was held by IETE-KJSCE with a view of getting the students acquainted with the council (KJS-ISF) as well as the department of EXTC. IETE's first workshop was focused on the principles and code which run the gesture controlled robot which was operated by change in the orientation of a FRDM board.

Dexter's Laboratory was our major Abhiyantriki event. The event concept was based on using basic physics laws of applying pressure, setting reflection angle, using sonometer principle, through the fantasy of famous animated series Dexter's laboratory. The participants entered into Dexter's lab as Mandrake to steal a blueprint, for which they

had to perform a series of task The event struck a perfect balance between applying simple laws of physics at the same time not compromising on the fun element.

I.E.T.E published two newsletters featuring articles from students as well as showcasing the achievements of the department and students, both past and present.

Our departmental day celebration called Oscillation also marks the day when the high achievers of the previous academic year were felicitated and the Student of the Year was declared from the current final year students.

CSI 2014-15



In the Photo : (From L to R)

Ist Row: Pratik Dubal, Sahil Shah, Ashok Patel, Purvak Lapsiya, Vineet Parekh, Karan Kadakia

IIInd Row: Vidhi Jain, Aditi Kacheria, Chetansi Nanavati, Namrata Devadiga, Mita Gavade, Devika Shanbhag

IIIrd Row: Hardik Chapanera, Vignesh Kumar, Yash Mahendra, Kevin Jhaveri, Naitik Gada, Khoshrav Doctor

IVth Row: Pallavi Patil, Karthika Jayprakash, Amoli Vani, Khyati Thakkar, Revati Mulay, Dhiral Shah, Alka Tank, Manan Desai

Vth Row: Mohit Pattni, Prof. Bharati H.N (Faculty In-Charge), Prof. Poonam Bhogale ((Faculty In-Charge)

Rohan Gori, Prof. Nandana Prabhu (Faculty In-Charge), Prof. Era Johri (Faculty In-Charge), Prof. Ravindra Divekar (Faculty In-Charge)

CSI began its year with a UBUNTU workshop, for the freshers to get acquainted with the OS our college primarily uses. We had a few more workshops like the one on Photoshop and a coding competition organised by EC Council called Code Uncode. This year CSI also came up with Internships, one of them being in collaboration with the prestigious Cornell University.

We had a myriad of events lined up for Abhiyantriki - CodeSwap, NFS, FIFA, and Laser Tag. All of the hard work finally paid off, Abhiyantriki was a huge success.

Technext was our next big event. This was basically a pre event of CSI Mumbai's annual festival, TechNext. This event was our first independent large scale event and we had a ball the entire time. Right from deciding our theme as Multimedia, coordinating with CSI-Mumbai, deciding the flow of the event, planning our sponsorship and publicity drives, to getting every person of the council involved in publicising the event. Our most recent seminar was on Placement information.

Tech Reports? Okay, Tech Developments over the decades: Camera, telephone, computer, music, cars.

MESA 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Karan Mehta, Tej Rajani, Paritosh Bora, Rupesh Khatri, Jayesh Bhatt, Siddhant K

IInd Row: Pranav Lokhande, Sukrut Konde, Karan Shah, Rajat Tamle, Mihir Bhatia, Vivek Shenoy, Aadiya Iyer

IIIrd Row: Chandan Gupta, Mahendra Chaudhary, Anish Desai, Prof. Vilas Dhore (Faculty In-Charge), Dhyan Haria, Zaib Ansari, Miranda D'Souza

MIA: Shyam Nayak, Aayush Shah, Kaustubh Jagtap, Nishant Bhingde, Abhishek Kukreja, Prasun Jain

It was an action packed year for MESA-KJSCE, and it was mainly because we wanted to make our events in Abhyantriki 2015 memorable for the visitors. Our major event was called "Float It!". What we did in this event was, participants were told to make a stable structure with the help ice cream sticks which could sustain more weight and float on water as well as. other events were "UV Bowling" and "Mini Golf".

We organised an FE-Orientation Program for newly admitted FE's of MECH. Apart from events

in Abhyantriki, we organised an industrial visit to the 'Precision System Plant' of "Godrej and Boyce Pvt. Ltd.", "Ghatghar Hydro Electric Plant, Igatpuri", "Eklahare Thermal Power Plant, Nashik". We also organised a seminar on "Customer Centric Design" by Mr. N Jaishankar, Sr. G.M, Head New Business Development and Innovation- Godrej. And we are planning to organise much more events during the course of the even semester.

We have definitely grown more innovative and we hope to continue doing the same.

Tech Reports? Okay, Tech Developments over the decades: Camera, telephone, computer, music, cars.

The Blind Warrior

Darkness surrounded him, making him fall deeper
into its abyss
But did the warrior mind?
No! He toiled deeper embracing the darkness, giving
it a kiss.
Far above, he could see light, those divine rays that
beckoned him.
He smiled, as sweat accumulated on his brow.
He wiped it off; there were many secrets left to know.
He sank deeper, but what did it matter to him?
For he knew he would rise, through working hard
Yes, it could take years, or even decades to
But the warrior was staunch, determined to reach his
goal.
And he knew the right path to take, the right thing
to do.
Mounds and mounds of dirt piled up, as he searched
for the gems he sought
The dirt disturbed him, poking his eyes, and pricking
his hard yellow skin.
Success is just a whisker away, he told himself, his
voice though was weak.
But his hands worked hard as ever; he was built to
work, not to speak.
The enemies, as he called them, they laughed at him
from above.
They spat at him, and jeered, threw stones on his head
And cried in delight as he stumbled, clutching his
head in pain.
But he rose again
For he remembered the words his great Teacher had
said,
“Son, while on the warrior’s path
You’ll find obstacles in loads
But don’t pay them mind
For you’ve work to do
Don’t waste your time for those hordes.”
So he toiled deeper to find the promised gems
He paid no mind to the free birds
That flew over his head, egging him to look up
And leave his work to join them.
For the day is warm, they chirped, and the skies are
clear blue
Come, dance with us and sing, there’s so much here
to do!

But he couldn’t sing or dance; he was on a mission,
wasn’t he?
And those gems he was digging for, was all he could
see.
And when he didn’t find anything, he blamed himself
For he thought he didn’t dig hard enough, like his
Teacher had told him to.
He flailed his hands in desperation, and stamped his
feet, crying out for help,
He thought this was the end of the world, and that
there was nothing left to do.
He decided to give it one more try, for it was hard for
a warrior to accept defeat
But his resolve was shaken, his eyes rose up to those
free birds.
They were chirping still, and he found it harder to
keep
His eyes on his job, as his mind began to flow away,
following blindly like sheep in herds.
He shook his head, and rattled his brain, scolding it for
the momentary lapse.
He dug on with renewed vigour, for the time for
thought had long passed.
There was only one thing to do, and that he knew
And nothing could distract him again from the work
he had to do.
His hands bled, from wielding the plough
And dirt and sweat made him feel worse.
But then he saw the shine of those tiny jewels
And the darkness, which had surrounded him like a
curse
It lifted, bathing him in pure divine light
He had emerged victorious in his fight
He rejoiced, the light bathing him in pure glee
The warrior had reached where he wanted to be.
He was thankful to not have listened to the free birds
Who had flown over him, pulling his mind to those
places of abandon.
For he knew if he had gone, fortune would never have
showered on him
The riches he could now rely on.
For birds are meant to fly
And warriors, to fight.
And when the warrior goes to play
That’s when things start getting away.

-K. NIRANJAN

The Shattered Dream

I saw it shatter.

I saw it shatter in front of me. I couldn't do anything, just stood there watching his pain, trying to comprehend it, trying to feel it. I could just stand and watch him cry as he watched his dream broken and shattered lying in the dust, he stood there crying.

The dream he wanted to complete the dream about which he thought and dreamt for years, the dream which was in its final stage, the dream which was almost complete he just watched it, crying, crying like a child.

All he needed was time and time was what he didn't have.

None could stop him. None could help him except one and yet he wouldn't he just wouldn't.

Everyone watched him cry, trying to ease his pain trying to comprehend.

My chest felt heavy I couldn't see him like that, yet i couldn't help him.

I didn't know how it felt, how it would feel like, trying to comprehend I stood there like everyone did.

Later that pain disappeared but that man, he continued to cry and it looked like he would go on forever.

Starting again was not an option. He hoped for a miracle to happen even though he knew it wouldn't. He carried one little thing called 'hope' with him.

Deluded yet eluded he lived on. To look into the future with his own two eyes he lived on.

-MUSTAFA BHADSORAWALA



A Dive into Virtual Reality – Oculus Rift

We've all played video games. Irrespective of our tastes there can't be a single who has not played or at least heard about "Mario"; possibly the very first game to be played on a television hooked by a controller attached to a data chip (5000-games in 1 type). But over the years there has been a lot of diversity and advancement both in gaming titles and technology. Games now have detailed characters, engrossing storylines and rich graphics. But still the immersive experience of actually being in the game was missing. For years, people have dreamed of a technology that would let them experience an alternate reality—artificial, crafted, entirely new. Companies have poured in millions of dollars into research in the '80s and '90s but computing technology simply wasn't advanced enough. Enter Oculus Rift. Manufactured by Oculus VR, a California based startup, it is essentially just a pair of goggles attached to a screen which puts you inside a virtual world that seems completely natural. You can run around, fight, race and fly, do things gamers have never done before. What was once a distant dream is quickly turning into a reality.

How did it begin?

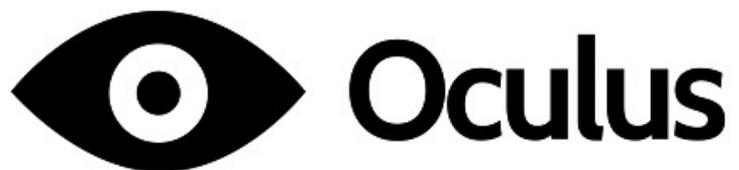
Invented by a Virtual Reality enthusiast named Palmer Luckey, the Oculus Rift will work with your computer, mobile device, television and just about any output display device. Palmer worked as a head-mounted display (HMD) designer at the University of Southern California Institute for Creative Technologies which earned him a reputation for having the largest personal collection of HMDs in the world, and is a longtime moderator in Meant to be Seen (MTBS) 3D's discussion forums. After he showed a prototype at the E3 gaming convention in 2012, Luckey founded Oculus VR with Brendan Iribe, who became CEO. The two launched a Kickstarter project in August 2012 to sell prototype developer versions of the Oculus Rift, raising \$2.4 million. Oculus released a revamped HD Development Kit 2 (DK2) in mid 2014, to give developers a chance to develop content in time for the Rift's consumer release model while continuing to work on its

eventual consumer version.

On March 25, 2014, Facebook announced that it had bought Oculus VR for \$400 million in cash, \$1.6 billion in Facebook stock, and an additional \$300 million subject to condition that Oculus VR meets certain financial targets in a transaction expected to close in the second quarter of 2014. A final consumer version is expected to be released during the Game Developer's Conference (GDC) 2015 to be held between 2-6 March in San Francisco.

How does it work?

Before we get to the gadget itself it's more important to understand how the brain perceives and differentiates between reality and virtual reality and the simple answer is that it doesn't. The brain makes an approximate guess of the environment based on prior experiences and sensory information which is accurate most of the time but still it can be deceived by optical illusions. Building upon this information the brain is constantly trying to predict the future. So, visual cues can trick the brain into believing that its actually experiencing the virtual world which is what is achieved by the Oculus Rift. The device is basically a headset to which which a large screen is attached. The view of the surroundings is blocked to limit the field of view.



The screen displays two images side by side, one for each eye with the help of a pair of lenses, that produce 2 similar images which are horizontally shifted and focused, reshaped for each eye, thus creating a stereoscopic 3D image which induces a sense of depth. The goggles have embedded sensors that monitor the wearer's head motions and adjust the image accordingly. The latest version of the Oculus Rift is improved by employing an external positional-tracking accessory, which helps track

head movements more precisely. This is as close as it gets to playing Neo from the Matrix Trilogy.

Developmental Issues

Surprisingly, the most important element of this technology can also pose a serious challenge to it.



The brain has a network of ‘place cells’ that help create a cognitive feedback mechanism. These cells show stimulated response in the real world and exhibit retarded activity while in a virtual world. Thus, more sensory information beyond visual cues is required for complete immersion. The recent model of Oculus Rift Included a Super AMOLED Display, an array of sensors like gyroscope, magnetometer, accelerometer specifically for this purpose. The latency of the headset was reduced to 60 milliseconds to provide smoother transitions. Since the unit’s screen and settings are not customized for every person many people who have testes the developer kits have experienced motion sickness and headaches. This is caused because of the disparity between the response time delay in the virtual world compared to the actual world.

-PRAKHAR SINGH

Future Scope

Inspite of all the issues involved the future looks exciting. Whether the immersion and the quality of the experience live up to your definition of virtual reality is up to you. But the concept of an inexpensive 3D unit with head tracking means viable virtual reality has finally arrived, at least for computer gamers. In addition to gaming, virtual reality is finding applications in medical science, automobile industry and aeronautics.

Microsoft is coming up with its own Holo Lens technology which is based on augmented reality which basically deals with bringing the virtual world into the real world. Unlike the Oculus Rift, which needs to be plugged into a PC, the HoloLens will essentially be a self-contained computer running Windows 10.

More companies are starting to invest into this field. Google has its Google Glass virtual lens technology. Sony’s recently announced Project Morpheus aims to bring virtual reality to living-room gaming, as the device will eventually let gamers become immersed in their PS4 experience.

Virtual Reality is the future and it’ll really change how we interact with computer. The only obstacle left is refinement. More number of pixels. Faster displays. Smaller electronics.

The sense of belief that it’s finally happening and that a lot of the pieces have fallen into place in just the last two years is exciting.

To put things into perspective here are a few lines by the lead designer of Oculus VR, John Carmack.

“I’ve written 2 million lines of code over the past 20 years, and now I’m starting from a blank page. But the sense that I’m helping build the future right now is palpable.”

Bloombox E-Cell, 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Ankita Sarda, Richa Ojha, Bhargavi Padhya, Tarini Shah, Shatakshi Patil, Supriya Kotak, Sameera Prasad

IInd Row: Damini Arora, Ashmi Chheda, Yamini Panchal, Siddhi parthe, Siddhi Barbhaya , Shayna Jain , Priyanka Mundhada

IIIrd Row: Pushkar Bhattacharya, Anay Gondhalekar, Raj Gandhi, Mit Shah, Chinmay Karanjkar, Prateek Naik, Abhinav Padalia

MIA: Sanket Agrawal, Darshan Gajara

We are proud to introduce you all to 'SnackBar' canteen -the successfully running student venture on our campus. The Start-up expo organized by Bloombox and RIIDL during Abhiyantriki was our gateway to connect to many start-ups and get internship opportunities. Mint money workshop was conducted to explain the nuances of share market saw huge participation Speaker sessions on sexual harassment awareness, IEDC grant for research projects got positive response. We also launched a semester long competition in association with NEN and RIIDL for idea stage and executed start-ups functioning inside a college campus, called the campus company competition. We conducted the innovation drive where students met different start-ups and companies like Wohlig technologies, Cruze labs and Eduprime

technologies. Our other events for Abhiyantriki was Game Architect where participants invented their own board game and the other one was Crowd Funding where the participants put forth their business ideas in front of a crowd and would try to convince them to virtually fund for the same. With official permissions now the 'recycling activity' has been permanent in the campus and every form of waste paper will be sent for recycling. EKAGRATA, an initiative by Arpan Shah started this semester in association with teach for india organisation to teach young school children electronics using kits. Smile in association with ngo CACR went to different level to teach basic computing skills to school children in municipality schools. A lot more to come so stay updated at www.bloomboxkjsce.in or www.facebook.com/bloomboxkjsce

Tech Reports? Okay, Tech Developments over the decades: Camera, telephone, computer, music, cars.

ISTE 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Deep Doshi, Dhruv Gorasia , Viral Savla, Dhwanil Dharia, Parth Vora

IInd Row: Aditya Pawar, Harshit Shah, Nivedha B. , Trupti Dani, Pooja Mada , Kinjal Gala, Ritu Jain

IIIrd Row: Naveed Sayeed, Mohit Kumar, Sejal Wadekar , Gaurav Agarwal, Smital Mhase, Sanjivani Gadkari, Rashmi Hiremath, Manasi Kanhere , Karishma Jain

IVth Row: Jay Deokar , Ghanshyam Dave, Prof. Vicky Chedda, Prof. Sujata Pathak, Prof. Sangeeta Bansode, Priya Asher, Kundan Sahuji

MIA: Grishma Zaveri, Hiren Vaghela

ISTE organized an AVR Robotics Workshop post this. The students were taught about the basics of C- programming, basics of microprocessors and assembling a robot.

Our technical event in Abhyantriki was Bot Assembly, wherein the participants had to go through a quiz round, assemble circuits and build a level-1 bot. Owing to our previous successful runs, we brought back Hydroshoot, a fun event in which one has to launch a bottle filled with water through a pipe using air-pressure. Yet again, Hydroshoot did not fail to fascinate its participants. We also organized a track event called Alien Teleport. The name was derived from the theme that the catastrophic situation on earth has forced people to teleport to an alien planet through a path; the 2

players in a team were supposed to control a robot each and co-ordinate the teleporting of people from the first track(earth) to the second(alien planet). The attractive maze pulled a large crowd and participation came in large numbers.

In the even semester, ISTE conducted a seminar on the Basic Concepts of Java and object oriented programming in general. Our major event in the even semester is Prakalpa, a technical paper conference and project competition. It was held on 5th and 7th March, 2015 and the theme for the competition is Security Systems. We also celebrated our departmental day festival, Zenith 2015 with innovative events and great enthusiasm.

Tech Reports? Okay, Tech Developments over the decades: Camera, telephone, computer, music, cars.

ISHRAE 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Durgesh Panchal, Mustafa Jangbarwala, Nilesh Dama, Dnyanesh Mahajan, Aakash Sotta, Shrenik Mehta, Prasad Mandke

IInd Row: Jeet Mehta, Dhairya Modi, Yusuf Bhinderwala, S.R.Nikam (Faculty Advisor), Husain Jawad, Mit Gada, Aashish Doshi

MIA: Jalpesh Bhadra, Jay Bhanushali, Ronak Jain, Aishwarya Poojary, Siddhant Hule, Jignesh Patel, Raj Dharod, Shikin Shetty, Hatim Sunelwala

This year was a memorable one for the ISHRAE council. The council bonded over discussions about events or went on geek outings and the had out meets. As a council we have tremendously grown over the year and will continue to do so.

A first in KJSCE history, ISHRAE along with SAE and MESA organised a 2- day industrial visit to a power plant at Nashik

Members of the ISHRAE council participated in the annual ISHRAE MUMBAI CHAPTER festival, JAMBOREE, held at SPCE on the 21st of Feb. The fest featured technical workshops, Interactive panel discussions, product presentations and seminars.

We conducted a robotics workshop(a tradition in ISHRAE) that started off with a theory lecture on the

concept of working of motors and DPDT switches given by the Technical Head of ISHRAE council. The participants got experience in the level one robotics remote control and they practised certain tasks like soldering all by themselves, a thing which can help us in our day-to-day life. In the second session of the workshop, wiring of the robot was finished along with testing the polarity of motors.

This Abhyantriki, we fired our water guns in takeshi's castle, knocked the puck in air hockey and challenged the engineering minds in bridge the gap. It was fun conducting those events for you all, and we aim to better ourselves the next year to come up with even more interesting things.

EESA 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Vaisakh Haridas, Pranit Dash, Akanksha Pathade, Amoolya Huilgol, Sunetra Sawant, Priya Pujara, Sonali Mohite, Shashwath Shetty, Nikhil Karpate

IInd Row: Drashti Gokalgandhi, Deepali Kichloo, Labdhi Kamdar, Yash mehta, Anagha Narayanan, Joselyn Joseph, Farhan Khan

IIrd Row: Aishwarya Tipnis, Rohit Shetty, Palak Shah, Harshi Gala, Aditya Pappu

EESA's activities are primarily divided into four categories namely, Seminars, Workshops, Industrial Visits and TechFests. We conducted activities ranging from seminars on SCADA to Industrial Visits to FabLab IIT Bombay and workshops on JAVA.

Most importantly the members of EESA persevered to make the organization's participation in Abhyantriki 2015 memorable. A total of three events, namely, The Isle of Tortuga, Engineer's Premier League and Prime Suspect were conducted, all of which received massive enthusiastic response

from the students irrespective of their branch or year.

The council sealed the year on a high note in the upcoming Fest, Potential held in the first week of March. The organisation shall continue to bravely fulfil its oath of constant improvement unhindered in its passion for both attaining and sharing knowledge.

Chess Automated

Summary

Chess Automated is a fully automated chess board which enables the user to play chess against a computer and even against a human opponent present at any place in the world via the internet on a physical board. And also, a visually impaired person can play chess against the computer on this physical board.



Novelty and Usefulness

The idea is about not being conventional but to enhance the innovative approach towards man and machine interaction. It gives us a glimpse of the future of electronics technology which will be completely interactive and automated. It's an attempt to make board games interactive. It retains the physical feel of chess, which we do not get while playing on software. Now even blind people can play chess against a computer or a friend who is sitting in some other corner of the world on a physical board which was not possible before. It is a plug n play portable board which gives an enhanced user experience.

Description of Innovation

With the technology moving a step forward, the world now prefers an interactive and real platform instead of stand-alone software's. For years board games have been played and hold a special importance in the society. Automating one such board game 'Chess' opens up a different avenue of implementing fiction into the reality of board games. Chess Automated has three levels of dexterity:

1. One player chess
2. Two player chess
3. Chess for blind

Chess Automated is an Interactive chess board by which any person can play the game of chess on a physical board with the opponents move completely automated. You can imagine this like the opponents chess piece actually moving forward on the board to

represent the moves played by the opponent. The features of Chess Automated include:

Visual and Voice feedback: Every move is attractively coordinated with different light patterns and also an Intelligent Voice feedback that speaks out the played move.

Artificial Intelligence: The computer would choose the best possible move (according to the difficulty level) for every move played by the user and would automatically play its move by dragging the chess piece over the board.

On-line Game play: This feature enables two users sitting at different locations to play the game of chess via the internet, with the moves happening in real time on their respective physical chess boards. Also, one can connect the board to the internet while the opponent is playing on a GUI on our website chess.riidl.org using any web enabled device.

Also supporting a social cause, the board enables blind to play against the computer. It includes magnetic Braille pieces, Braille co-ordinates, voice recaps of every move and textural contrasts between white and black spaces. The combination of all these factors allows the game to be utilized by those who suffer from visual impairments. This makes our project one of a Kind and it is entirely developed from scratch.

Video of Chess Automated on our website chess.riidl.org



Applications

Training people to play chess, Cross country tournaments, Chess games can be recorded.



Current Stage

Our final prototype is ready and many people have played chess against the computer on our board. We have also got feedback from the Chairman of National Association of Blind (India) and being a visually challenged person he is satisfied with the design and features of the board.

Further Research

The board needs a premium look and design before entering the market.

Technical Specifications Hardware Platforms

A. Arduino Mega ATmega 2560

The microcontroller used is Arduino Mega ATmega 2560. Arduino is an open source electronics prototyping platform which is easy to use and program. It consists of 54 digital input/output pins and 16 analog pins out of which this project uses 45 pins. The function of microcontroller is to transfer data across the model i.e. it receives data from the sensing membrane keypad, communicates serially with the chess engine software and controls the X-Y plotter mechanism. It serially communicates with the computer at a baud rate of 9600.



B. Sensing Membrane Keypad

The 8x8 matrix keypad is used to simulate the 64 boxes on a chess board. It is 2mm thick and is manufactured using Membrane Keypad technology which uses silver ink instead of wires. The 16 output pins are directly connected to the Arduino so as to get the co-ordinates of each move when the user presses the initial position keypad and then the final

position keypad to register the played move.

C. Hybrid Stepper Motor and X-Y plotter mechanism

Stepper motor is a brushless DC motor which can be programmed to rotate a certain number of steps at any given time. The hybrid stepper motor is a combination of permanent magnet stepper motor and variable reluctance stepper motor. It is used because it works on a lower power rating (12V) and provides higher speed and torque with minimal heating. These motors control the accurate movement of chess pieces over the board in the form of a co-ordinate system. For example: the X-axis stepper motor move the distance of one chess box from the origin in the X-axis direction along with Y-axis stepper motor moving one chess box from the origin in the Y-axis direction, would in turn move a chess piece over the chess board to co-ordinates (1,1). The X-Y plotter mechanism is a rack and pinion arrangement attached to the stepper motors to move the centre piece attachment (mounted with a servo motor) to each co-ordinate in the X-Y plane.

D. Servo motor

A Servo motor is a rotary actuator that allows for precise control of angular position with the help of an internal feedback control system. In this project the servo motor is used to couple and de-couple the magnets (one being on the tip of the servo lever and the other being underneath all the chess pieces). This action enables to drag the chess pieces over the board to represent physical movement of each move played.

E. Motor driver and LED driver IC's

The IC used for controlling the stepper motor is a dual H-bridge motor driver IC-L293D. Its low cost, consumes less power and is simple to interface 4 wire stepper motors. It has 4 input control pins and 4 output motor control pins. To drive the LED's, a Darlington pair IC-ULN2003 is used. An RGB LED strip operating at 12V is used for visual effects. The IC helps control the selection of the colour of LED's to be displayed.

Methodology

The entire process is a two way cycle namely the input cycle and the output cycle. In the input cycle,

the X-Y plotter mechanism sets itself to the origin (any one corner of the chess board) with the help of bump switches. Thereafter the positions of the chess pieces and the played move is registered and processed by the microcontroller and is then given in a particular format to chess engine software MRL (My Robot Lab) for calculating the best counter move according to the level of difficulty. The output cycle consists of the motor movements from the initial to final co-ordinates, servo action, voice and visual feedback. Also the online gameplay process is discussed in detail.

A. Input cycle

1. Setting the origin

The X-Y plotter mechanism requires a start point or origin so as to cover all the co-ordinates of the chess board in a defined and calculated number of steps of the stepper motor. For this, as soon as the board is powered on, the stepper motors move in the direction of the origin until they activate the bump switches. Bump or lever switches are used to detect physical contact between two surfaces. When the bump switches of both axes are activated, the setting up of the origin for the X-Y plotter mechanism is achieved.

2. Detection of the played move co-ordinates and processing of data

The sensing membrane keypad is a 8x8 matrix keypad and is continuously scanned in the input cycle. It consist 8 pins for 8 rows and 8 pins for 8 columns. The process of scanning is done as follows:

- Pull one column to HIGH or +5V and read all the rows to find out the key pressed.
- Put a delay of 10mS for switch debounce.
- Pull the next column to HIGH or +5V and again read all the rows and repeat these steps for all the columns.

Once the initial and final co-ordinates of the played move are registered by the microcontroller, we then process the data into a suitable format so that the chess engine can understand the played move. The chess engine accepts data in the format: (x initial.co-ordinate final.co-ordinate n/i z). All these characters have a particular meaning. “x” is used to determine the start of the data string. Next comes the initial and final co-ordinates; for e.g: a1a2. “n” or “i” is used to determine the played move is valid or not where

“n” stands for valid or normal move and “i” stands for invalid move. The chess engine won’t accept any invalid moves. “z” is used to indicate the end of data string. Hence if the user plays a move from co-ordinates a1 to a2, the data processed by controller would be: xa1a2nz. This data is then given to the chess engine with the help of serial communication. This ends the input cycle.

B. Output cycle

1. Stepper motor movements and servo action

Once the best counter move has been calculated by the MRL, it sends the co-ordinates through the serial communication port to the microcontroller. Now as the X-Y plotter mechanism is at the origin, the microcontroller calculates the number of steps required for both the X-axis and Y-axis stepper motors so that the mechanism reaches the desired co-ordinates. For example, the counter moves initial and final co-ordinates are d2 to d4. So the microcontroller will calculate the number of steps required to reach the “d” column and then the “2” row from the origin and the stepper motors move accordingly. After reaching d2 (initial position), the microcontroller commands the servo to rotate 90 degrees so that the magnet attached to the servo lever tip engages with the chess piece above the board. In this way the chess piece is now magnetically attached to the servo tip and will now move to any co-ordinate on the chess board the servo tip drags it to. Then the microcontroller calculates the number of steps required to move from d2 to d4 (to the “d” column and “4” row). The stepper motors rotate the calculated number of steps to reach d4, dragging the chess piece above it as the servo tip and the chess piece are still engaged to each other. After reaching the final position, the microcontroller lower the servo to 0 degrees and this action disengages the magnetic servo tip and the chess piece, thereby dragging a chess piece from co-ordinates d2 to d4.

2. Voice and Visual feedback

Every user action is attractively co-ordinated with visual and voice feedback. The colours are defined for each user action such:

- The lights display blue colour indicating the microcontroller is ready to accept the users input.
- The lights display white colour when the X-Y mechanism is setting itself to the origin.



- The lights display green colour when the computer is playing the counter move automatically.
- The lights display red colour when the user plays an invalid move or when the computer is killing the user's chess piece.

Voice feedback is given when the user completes his/her move. For example, if the user plays a pawn chess piece from d2 to d4, then the voice feedback service provided by MRL would give a voice output saying: "You played pawn from d2 to d4". In response to the users move, the counter move's voice feedback is also given by this service. This enables the visually impaired to understand the moves happening in the game through voice feedback. This ends the output cycle.

C. Online game play

Chess Automated can be connected to the internet and this enables any user to play the game of chess on a physical board over the internet. The user visits the website (www.chess.riidl.org) and selects the play new tab. This opens a web GUI of a chess board on the computer screen. After starting the game, the move played by the user on the physical board is

represented on the web GUI as well as the opponent's automatic chess board in the form of physical movements of the chess piece. A PHP script is used to obtain the played move by user A through the serial communication port and is transferred over the internet and given to user B's server, which is then processed by the microcontroller to achieve physical movements of the chess pieces. For example, user A plays white pawn from d2 to d4 on his/her chess board, this move is represented on the web GUI as well as the white pawn on user B's automatic chess board would move from d2 to d4. The same process applies when user B plays any move. This feature enables any user (even the visually impaired) to play the game of chess against any user in the world on a physical board.

Acknowledgment

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Mumbai - India.

CodeChef Cell 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Maulik Shah, Jai Shah, Aaroh Gala, Kaunil Dhruv, Shweta Singh, Vivek Barsopia

IInd Row: Kewal Gala, Darshan Shah, Meet Shah, Tappan Ajmera

IIIrd Row: Raj Palkar, Prof. Nitya Laxmanan, Jay shah

In the very year of its existence, the KJSCE CodeChef Cell achieved a number of things .

Our first campus event was a 2 day hands-on workshop on Programming Logic organized for FE students in September 2014. The second day focused on introduction to C language. We also organized a 1 day debugging workshop for SE and TE students with the objective to teach the basics of debugging in C language and familiarize with debugging tools of IDEs.

We had organized two competitive events: Code-Break and Debugging in C as a part of Abhiyantriki'14. Code-Break was an online competition hosted on

the codechef.com and involved testing logical and algorithmic skills.

In the first week of the even semester, we organized an orientation session on Competitive Programming which was delivered by Mr. Anup Kalbalia, Senior Project Lead at Directi (CodeChef). This was followed by an introductory workshop on Python, which was delivered by the committee members. This departmental day, we have planned to host a 12 hour open online contest on the CodeChef platform which will be accessible to anyone around the globe.

Alumni Cell 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Jatin Mayekar, Anirudh Nagaraja, Afsheen Syed, Dhruvin Doshi, Aditya Somaiya, Rohini Nair (Faculty In-Charge), Yash Parikh, Dr. Shubha Pandit, Isha Oza, Ria Marwaha, Akanksha Devikar, Dhrumil Shah, Sarthak Singh, Divya Guruvayurappan

IInd Row: Maulik Shah, Sahil Patel, Devang Savla, Rushi Vajani, Kartik Ganeshan, Jay Maru, Amrut Chari
MIA: Hetal Doshi (Faculty In-Charge)

The Alumni Cell, as the name suggests, has taken up a fancy but a strenuous job of reconnecting the alumni to their alma mater. We began with Alumni Mentorship Program, where the alumni became year long mentors in specific fields of interest chosen by the students.

It was a success as we moved forward with more tie-ups, internships, and an overall development in the relationship we share with the alumni.

In January, our alumnus, Anuj Modi conducted an interactive seminar with our students on how

it actually is to live and study in the USA. Alumni Reunion FLASHBACK 2015 is a major event of the Cell. In addition to the extravagant evening full of entertainment, there was a sports event just for the alumni, RE-PLAY 2K15. All in all, the Alumni had the precise nostalgic experience of having been a KJSCE student.

Keep your heads up; in near future the cell will be coming up with more initiatives to build a robust network between the alumni, and students as well.

SAHAS 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Smruti Berad, Dhwanil Parikh, Anjali Sheth, Kruti Shah, Kairav Shah

IIInd Row: Neeraj Kalsekar , Sahil Natu, Smit Mehta, Gauri Sarode, Sheona Kankani, Uditi Mehta

IIIrd Row: Amit Naik, Rishab Shah, Rachana Desai (Faculty In-Charge), Shrikant Chawde (Faculty In-Charge), Druman Uteka (Faculty In-Charge), Prathmesh Shivrame, Archisha Hingu

MIA: Akansha Rao, Harsh Sangani , Nikhil Modi

SAHAS is the youngest council in KJSCE and is basically dedicated to all the first year students.

It was an action packed year for SAHAS, and it was mainly because we wanted to make our events in Abhyantriki 2015 memorable for our visitors. We had one technical and two fun events .Our major event was Picomania. It was a photo based treasure hunt and the crowd was all pumped up and people actively participated in the event with almost 120 entries .The other two events were also very successful.

Apart from the events in Abhyantriki, we had conducted a seminar on android rooting and Snapchat hacking.

We had our departmental day ZEAL 2015 on the 14th

of March and the theme was “revive childhood”. For the first time in the history of Somaiya Vidyavihar, we had organised a talent hunt show for all the talented engineers in our college named as Somaiya’s Got Talent (SGT). The event recieved a huge response from the crowd and we got to witness the versatile talents from our college.

As per our theme, we another event called like toon-o-mania, which was an event inspired from the famous channel V show ‘Distractions’.

The council also conducted the felicitation ceremony for all the FE toppers .

SAHAS had an amazing year and as it gives a platform to the freshers to be a part of a council and prepare themselves when it comes to management.

SAE 2014-15



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row: Sidharth Mohan, Akshay Tikoo, Harsh Parekh, Krish Gada, Juhi Bhat, Keval Ajmeri

IInd Row: Chirag Baru, Rohit Taparia, Shweta Katkar, Udit Desai, Yash Mehta, Viren Bhanushali, Sagar Karani, Aniket Mahamunkar

IIIrd Row: Aniket Gor, Pranav Sawant, Gauri Talim, Pooja Bhole, Mahek Chheda, Sahil Jamadar, Harin Gada

IVth Row: Rukaiya Tunkiwal, Kunal Shah, Prof. B.M.Pradhan (Faculty In- Charge), Prof. Ramola Sinha (Faculty In-Charge), Yash Somani, Vrajesh Panchal

The workshop on Aeromodelling by SAE was to enlighten mechanical engineering students about the basic knowledge of building an aero model. It involved giving knowledge about various aspects of technical designing, manufacturing of the aero model, its marketing and participating in the international event.

SAE organized events like Midtown blindness, Human Foolsball, Bluff-master, Minute to win it in Abhiyantriki 2014.

The council organised mock placement session for T.E MECHANICAL students:

Aptitude test, G.D & PI were conducted. 60 students participated in this event. We also organized an Industrial visit to Nashik for mechanical students which covered the industries related to their subjects. We also participated in the Mechanical departmental day celebration Impulse, and set up fun and interesting events.

Death could not be so beautiful

It was the darkest of nights
no moon no stars
I was dozing by the fireplace
there hadn't been a sound in hours

There was an unusual chill
clock just struck midnight
I turned around for I felt something
for just a moment there was too much light

All of it seemed to emerge
from a tiny part of air
sharing the origin I saw a lady
walking from nowhere

In a rhythmic style she ambled with
her sparkling body graceful steps
my mind was blown n twirled but
the screams of fear were all suppressed

She had deep dark eyes
and the prettiest face
flawless faded skin
All I could do was gaze

With dazzling diamonds of her bracelet
she came closer, her soul was iced
I witnessed charming elegance
she had got me mesmerized

Smoother than silk I felt her lips
craving for blood, she lived without breath
she had come for my life she said
she was already drawing my strength

I shut my eyes and her chill spread inside me
I knew as each cell, one by one, broke
warm blood bursting out of my nerves
did no change to her frozen soul

When she was quenched
I was given a choice
I knew who she was- All I wanted
but I desired her chiming voice

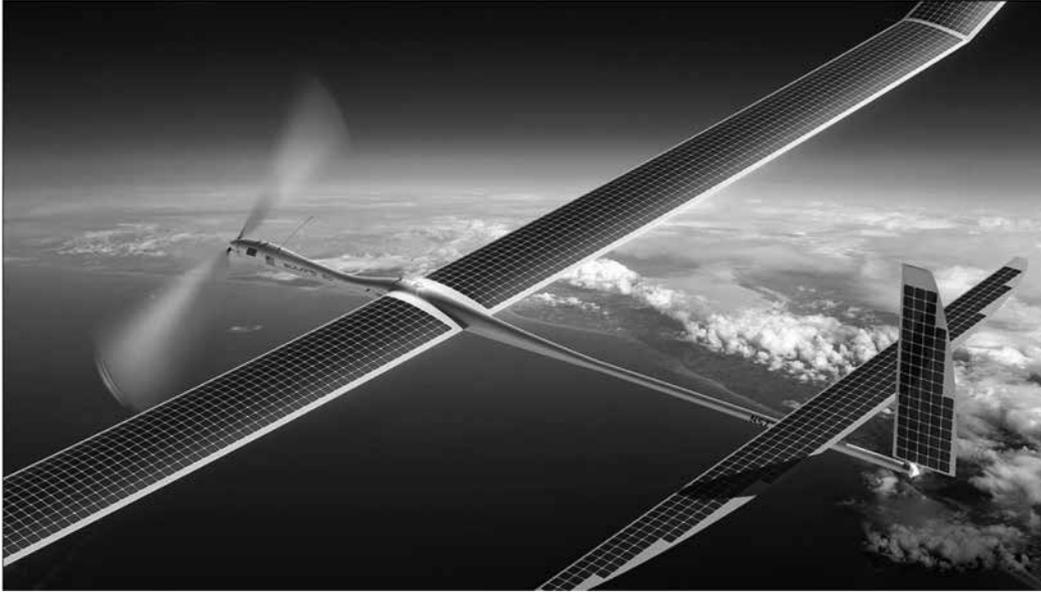
She offered that I could stay here half dead
or descend with her to hell
where flames of agony would fill my body
but I chose to remain under her spell

Death could not be so beautiful
if I did, I would live to remember this
she was an angel to me
her aura was bliss

Devil down there could not make it
to the pleasure of her sight
my blood was dripping from her lips
hand in hand as we departed that night.

-BINDITA JOSHI

Space Connections



data plan and get a loan for their plan. In just a few months it helped double the number of people using mobile data on Globe's network and grew their subscribers by 25%. In Paraguay, by working with TIGO it was able to grow the number of people using the internet by 50% over the course of the partnership and

Connecting the world is one of the fundamental challenges of time. Last August, Facebook partnered with leading technology companies to launch Internet.org — a global effort to make affordable basic internet services available to everyone in the world. Deloitte found that the internet is already an important driver of economic growth in many developing countries. Expanding internet access could create another 140 million new jobs, lift 160 million people out of poverty, and reduce child mortality by hundreds of thousands of lives. Connectivity isn't an end in itself, but it's a powerful tool for change. Today, only around 2.7 billion people have access to the internet — just a little more than a third of the world's population. That number is only growing by about 9% every year. Connecting the world is important to accelerate that growth. That's the basic goal of Internet.org.

Work progress of 'Internet.org'

Its plan is to deliver basic internet services to everyone by working to decrease the costs of connectivity, building more efficient services that use less data, and by partnering with mobile operators on new models for access that can help the industry grow while also bringing more people onto the internet. In the Philippines, it worked with mobile operator Globe to offer free data access to apps, make easier for people to register for a

increase daily data usage by more than 50%. These two partnerships alone helped almost 3 million new people access the internet.

These are still early partnerships, and over the coming years it will expand these efforts in additional markets. To connect everyone in the world, it is necessary to invent new technologies that can solve some of the physical barriers to connectivity. That's why Facebook is investing in building technologies to deliver new types of connectivity on the ground, in the air and in space.

Communal disagreements over technology

Facebook's approach developing new platforms is based on the principle that different communities need different technical solutions.

Research has shown that approximately 80-90% of the world's population lives today in areas already covered by 2G or 3G networks. These environments are mostly urban or semi-urban, and the basic cell and fiber infrastructure has already been constructed here by mobile operators. For most people, the obstacles to getting online are primarily economic. For the remaining 10-20%, the economic challenges also apply, but in this case they also explain why the basic network infrastructure has yet to be built out. The parts of the world without

access to 2G or 3G signals are often some of the

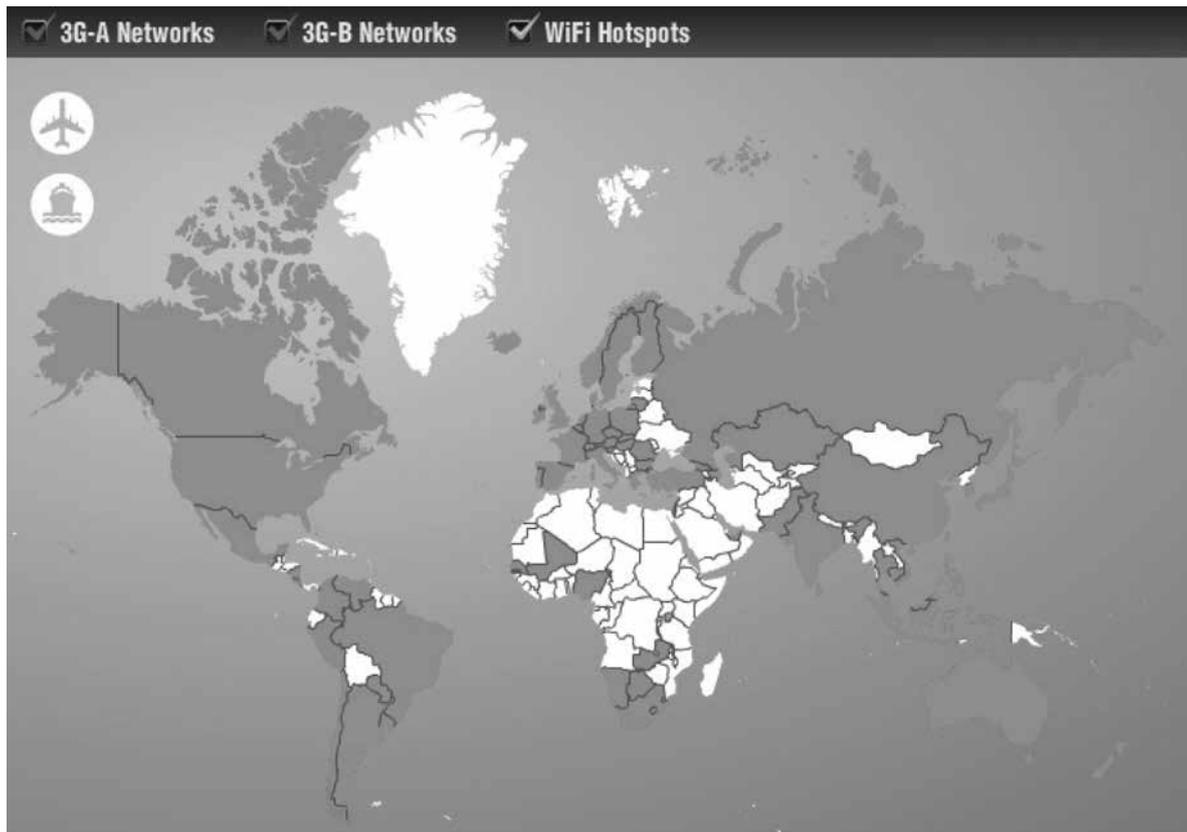
most remote places on Earth, where physical access to communities is difficult. Deploying the same infrastructure here that is already found in urban environments is uneconomical as well as impractical. But deploying the same infrastructure solutions for everyone is also unnecessary when considering the different population densities found in different communities. In dense urban areas, greater network capacity is needed to serve a larger population. That means there is need to build cell towers, small cells or a big network of wi-fi access points. But in the less urban and less connected markets, there are also fewer people distributed over a wider area. Deploying other infrastructure solutions like satellites might be more efficient and cost effective. It's strategy is to develop different types of platform to serve different population densities.

The most important constraint to consider is that as the altitude increases, assuming all else is equal, the signals emitted by aerial platforms cover a wider area and therefore become weaker. More specifically, the power of a radio signal weakens as a square of distance. If cell towers are considered, they can provide really strong signals across relatively small areas. And stronger signals creates the ability to deliver higher capacity.

A plane at an altitude of 20 kilometers will allow people to reach more than 100 kilometers away, but the signal loss will be significantly higher than would occur for terrestrial networks. And if satellite that can beam internet across an entire continent, it might have wide reach across a large territory, but its signal will be a lot weaker than almost any other option for connecting. Boosting the signal in order to achieve a high bandwidth capacity is also very

impractical. Radio signals get weak very quickly, so they require a large amount of power to strengthen. Since satellites generally rely on solar power as their energy source, generating a lot of power (would need to square to make up the difference) would mean constructing

either huge, unstable structures, which are impractical, or nuclear powered satellites, which are very expensive. For these challenges, Facebook is working on a range of technologies that will provide different options for connecting people.



The Platforms

Before understanding the relative costs, benefits and capabilities of the platforms, it's important to understand the fundamental constraints, in order to consider while working on aerial connectivity. These are not only issues of cost, efficiency and deployment, but also the basic laws of physics.

Solutions to aerial connectivity

Free space optics

Free space optical communication, or FSO, is a way of using light to transmit data through Physics of electromagnetic propagation

As radio waves or light propagate, everything else being equal, at a distance 4x from the source, a signal is 16 times weaker than at a distance 1x.

These are basically invisible laser beams in the infrared part of the spectrum. FSO is a promising technology that potentially allows to dramatically boost the speed of internet connections provided by any of the previously mentioned platforms. The lasers used in FSO systems provide extremely high bandwidths and capacity, on par with terrestrial fiber optic networks, but they also consume much less power than microwave systems.

Using FSO technology could boost the signals being sent from Earth to orbit, and then between satellites in an orbital constellation. Potentially, the same system can also dramatically increase the speed of internet connections on the ground that are provided by satellite. If a laser receiver is mounted at a destination, a laser-equipped satellite can transmit data to it.

Using FSO to connect people on the ground would dramatically increase the utility of satellites in providing internet access to larger segments of unconnected populations. At the same time, FSO has a number of significant weaknesses. The narrow optical beams are hard to orient correctly and need to be pointed very precisely. The level of accuracy required is the equivalent of needing to hit a dime from 10 miles away, or hit the statue of liberty from California. Laser systems also require line of sight between both ends of the laser link, meaning that they don't work through clouds and are very vulnerable to bad weather conditions. As a result, backup radio systems are needed. Despite these weaknesses, FSO can provide ways to connect people that are a lot better and more cost effective.

Drones and High Altitude Long Endurance systems

High altitude drones are one major area to be focused on developing. To understand the reasons for this, it is helpful to consider some of our

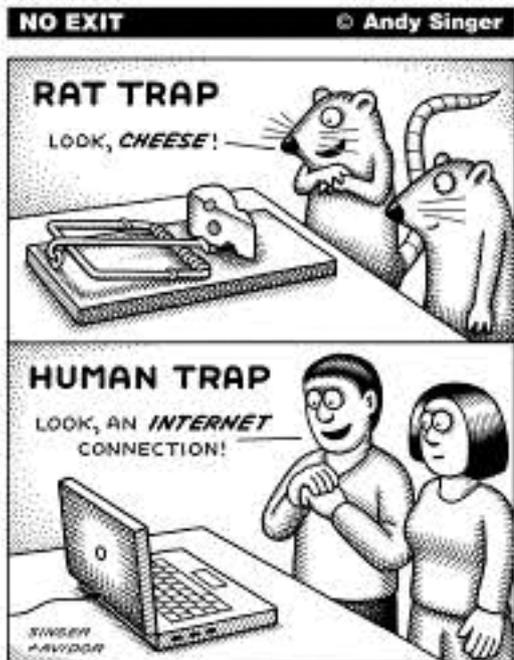
technical constraints.

- Fly as close to the ground as possible in order to maximize signal strength.
- Fly at a high enough altitude where the wind is not very strong in order to maximize endurance.
- Fly outside of regulated airspace for safety and quick deployment.
- Be able to precisely control the location of these aircraft, unlike balloons.
- Build the smallest structure possible so it requires minimal energy to stay aloft.
- Build a large enough structure that can effectively harvest all the energy it needs from the sun.
- Build the cheapest structure so we can cost effectively produce enough to span many areas.
- Build a re-usable structure to make it more cost effective as well.

Based on these constraints, drones operating at 65,000 feet are ideal. At this altitude, a drone can broadcast a powerful signal that covers a city-sized area of territory with a medium population density. This is also close to the lowest altitude for unregulated airspace, and a layer in the atmosphere that has very stable weather conditions and low wind speeds. This means an aircraft can easily cruise and conserve power, while generating power through its solar panels during the day to store in its batteries for overnight use. With the efficiency and endurance of high altitude drones, it's even possible that aircraft could remain aloft for months or years. This means drones have more endurance than balloons, while also being able to have their location precisely controlled. And unlike satellites, drones won't burn up in the atmosphere when their mission is complete. Instead, they can be easily returned to Earth for maintenance and redeployment.

Disposition

From examining the different technologies for offering aerial solutions for connectivity, it's clear that each platform has strengths and weaknesses. Some of these weaknesses will have to be fully solved in order to make the platforms viable and cost effective. One major advantage of aerial connectivity, however, is that deployment to people's homes is relatively simple. Relatively cheap devices already exist that can receive signals from



the sky and broadcast wi-fi to mobile phones. These take the form of simple and durable boxes, and can become cheaper and capable of handling more kinds of signals over time. Even if everyone doesn't own one, someone in a village or community still may – a local store that wants to attract customers, a community hub or non-governmental organizations working in the area. Civil society organizations and governments would be ideal for disseminating these units throughout communities in developing countries. This is a very different scenario from typical terrestrial network deployments. Installing traditional network infrastructure, like cell towers and fiber, requires digging. It means manual

construction, modifying structures and building other physical infrastructure, and lots of regulatory approval. Having a network that depends on lots of facilities and hardware on the ground also makes your network subject to the insecurities of the ground – theft, looting, war and natural disasters.

By comparison, aerial connectivity is relatively plug-and-play.

You can get an internet box and pick up signal from whatever is overhead.

Facebook's Connectivity Lab is building a team to develop these technologies, including areas such as drones, satellites, mesh networks, radios and free space optics, as well as other promising areas of research. It has hired some of the leading experts in these fields from NASA's Jet Propulsion Lab, Ames Research Center and other centers of aerospace research.

Thus developing new solutions to these important problems, and thus delivering on the promise of world connected.

-PRIYA RAWAL

Minute to Midnight!

I lay there on the bed. Silent. Reminiscing through the thoughts of the day, as flashes of memory pasted right through my closed eyes. I tried to sleep. But it didn't come to me that day.

That brief moment stuck in my head kept repeating itself over and over and over again. Now, it was Over.

The wind outside had died. So, had the sound of the insects and madly barking dogs. The eerie silence an indication. The storm was coming.

I knew I was fighting a battle destined to lose. But now I knew. There was no turning back. Just like the time when I fell for you.

I never planned for it to happen. But neither did I plan on preventing myself when it did happen. And fall, I did. And not just once. But Each and Every day after the first time. And right now, right at this moment, I see at our photo below the table lamp on the side of my bed, I again, fall for you.

I never meant to hurt you. I am sorry that I did. It pains to leave. It hurts to see you cry. It hurts even more to be the person who made you cry. I am sorry. But there are some things I always wanted to tell you....

Thank you for being there when I needed it the most. We all have our baggage that we have to carry with us, and sometimes all we ever look for, is that special someone to help us carry it along. Thanks for helping me carry mine.

I wish I had more time to be with you. I wish I had more time to explain. That's all I wish. But, I didn't have that. Nor did you.

Sometimes, the only thing you can do, is to accept the reason without a reason.

Finally as I closed my eyes. Praying God to bring me peace. I turn my head back inside my pillow, trying to get rid of the pain caught inside my throat. Unable to speak myself and no one to hear

my muffled cries for miles, I held my breath to breathe my last.

Minutes passed....

Suddenly I woke up for my unnatural sleep. Taking in short, quick breaths of the stale air. Something was wrong. This was not supposed to happen. It was supposed to end. I was supposed to End.

My heavy head and senses weak from the deprivation of air, and my eyes now in a wild frenzy to figure out my surroundings. I still lay there on my bed. Death defying my own self. Barely able to see, my eyes catch hold of an unholy figure. Sitting right next to me. A satanic figure himself.

The pain in my throat now unbearable and my eyes so watery that, they had gone blind. I mustered all the draining energy for one last time, "We had a DEAL. Let Her Live. Kill Me!"

A smug grin spread over the evil face. Its eyes, a burning fire of rage, gleamed on seeing my pain. Its cold hand placed on my shoulder, froze the life out of it. Blood ceased to flow and nerves send erratic impulses to my brain. Its sharp fingers now cutting through my flesh, but there was no blood to show for it. Then, A deep hollow voice fell over my ears,

"Why Kill One when I can Kill Two. Besides I don't Kill the ones who are already Dead. With her gone; you are mine too. It's a minute to midnight, and if you are not Dead by then I Kill Her. That is the Deal."

"NOOOO", I shouted. As I tried to get up from my bed and fell on the ground. I have to do it. Your picture stuck in my head, the only thing propelling me now, as I crawled to my desk. My mind now contradicting my every action. Trying to stop me. But in vain!

Barely able to maintain my balance I stand up on my knees and my one hand tightly gripping the desk for support, the other inside the drawer in a

frantic search for it.

“30 seconds”, came the hollow voice from behind me.

No it wasn't in this drawer, I said to myself. As I pulled open the next one and began all over again. My hands were vibrating and fingers were numb. But I had no time to think on that. Just then I could feel my hand touch it. I grabbed it, and pulled it out from a stash of things I had put over it in the past.

“20 Second”, laughed a voice at my desperate attempts.

I pulled out, The Dagger.

I don't know if you will ever understand why I did this. I can't explain it to you why I did what I am about to do. I can't. When love takes over, nothing ever really makes sense. And I Love You. Truly. Madly. Absolutely. Love You.

I am not trying to prove this, because I know you know this is true. Nor I am trying to give some ultimate test for it. I am trying to tell you that life without you is worth No life in itself.

Don't hate me for this. Remember me in your sweetest of memories and think of me in the loneliest of times. Whenever you need me I will always be there, with you, in you. I Love You. I always will.

“10,9,.....”

I stood up with both my hands clasped on the dagger handle. Raising my hand right above my head I took a deep breath and closed my eyes. Time stood still for me as fragments of memories held deep within me began to escape.

We stood there, under the tree, dripping wet from the rain. The sky thundered as bursts of lighting

tore it open occasionally. But something else made more noise than the sky that day. My heart. Every beat so loud and clear, I could feel it. It was racing madly and then with your one touch it stopped. Missed a beat.

My eyes were still closed. My hands entwined around you while my lips refusing to part from your's. Our first kiss.

“8,7.....”

In a swift action my hands came down along with the Dagger penetrating into the depths of my gut. My head and legs lurched forward. I lost my balance and fell on my right shoulder. Hitting the ground with a thud.

“6,5....”

I could feel it. I could feel the pain reaching my chest and then enclosing my heart. I could feel the blood rushing out of my stomach into my hands and on the floor. I could feel the dagger which still lay there, inside me. Pierced to Kill. I stopped breathing now. And now I waited for my heart to beat it's last.

“4,3....” the voice continued.

I closed my eyes the final time as you image flashed inside.

“We'll be together Forever, won't we?” you asked. “EVEN LONGER”, I replied. I promised you I will always be there for you. So, believe me, from the corner of the sky I will be watching the most beautiful thing on earth. Promise me you will find me in the sky. Every Night. It's a Date!

The counting still going on behind me. But the number 1 never fell on my ears.

-KARAN SHAH

THE SERENE SEA...

I waited for you by the serene sea,
To see you one last time.
The cool blue brushed against my bare feet,
The rising and falling waves,
Depicted my heart.
The melancholic cry of foam,
Brimmed my eyes with tears.

You finally appeared from the mist,
Looking as angelic as ever.
We stood next to each other,
Hearing the voices of azure
We held hands which seemed like,
Forever and always.
Instead of our lips, our eyes did the talking.
Silence shared every word of the heart.
You took me in your arms,

And caressed my straight hair.
The glistening brine met our feet and departed.
It took everything into it,
But the imprints of our feet in drifting sand.
I wished that moment,
To dawn upon my life.
Your soft lips kissed my heart,
And bade me a final goodbye.
The melody of sea echoed through my mind.

-RASHI AGARWAL



Illuminati



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row : Abhishek J, Rohit M, Pratik G, Mihir K, Rajeev, Parth T, Ayush S

IInd Row : Prathamesh S, Akshit S, Chaitanya N, Madhur G, Akshaya N, Krishna M, Devika S, Jinal C

IIIRD Row: Shruti V, Abhinav CV, Sanchi A, Joohee S, Paritosh B

Infra & Security



In the Photo: (From L to R)

Ist Row : Jatin S, Faizan F, Angad K, Suhel S, Deep D

IInd Row : Raj P, Kunal K, Chetan R, Dhawal S, Priyanshu J, Jigar C

IIIRD Row: Vaibhav V, Ronak P, Ankit T, Rishit D, Somil K, Rahul

Vibrant Spirals? Well, they were known as Popedelics, too. A part of 70s and the 80s. Just saying.

In conversation with Coshish

So our friend Anna aka Kartik Ganeshan interviewed these guys on Fb Messenger. Yes. And Coshish never fails to make us happy. Go ahead, read it all!

Tell us the story behind Coshish. How was the band formed? And why the name Coshish?

Coshish was formed back in 2006. Mangesh Gandhi met Shrikant Sreenivasan at an audition where they both were auditioning for a metal band. Mangesh asked Shrikant inside a lift if he'd be interested in joining a Hindi band. Shrikant (who was in his Black Metal phase) somehow agreed to join in and instead of auditioning for that band, they ended up forming Coshish. :) We didn't really have a permanent drummer and a bass player back then. It was really difficult finding the right guys to make music with. Shrikant would make the basslines and the bass player would replicate the same. This stretched till mid 2008 and one of our friends from the scene suggested we should speak to Hamza Kazi. Shrikant already knew Anish Nair since they used to stay in the same colony. He just tried his luck and back then being a "Hindi" band was assumed as a "Bollywood cover" band or a commercial band. Thankfully, things fell in place and we played our first gig at RAIT in 2008 with the new line-up. From then till now we've been a family making music together. :)

How has the journey been, from being a part of the Local Gigs scene to signing up with a major record label and releasing your album, Firdous?

Well, we're just grateful to our fans for all the support, to be honest. We've been playing gigs since 2008 and we never released any single or an EP for our fans. They have been really understanding and very patient with all the stuff we had planned. The fact that Firdous was our debut album, we wanted it to be not just an album with 10 songs but also have a concept which one can relate to in life. Making a concept album meaning you have to put double the effort on an album. The first four songs were composed by Mangesh without having any concept in the head. We later realized that we need to connect the rest of the songs along with the story's theme. This took us a lot of time. One can't really make music for the sake of it, you know! You need the right inspiration to be able to write songs than making it sound forced. We also planned to do something different with regards to the artwork, packaging and the puzzle. We wanted our fans to spend time with the album, discover something new everytime they look at it and make it a collectible. It took more than two years to execute that but it surely paid off. Signing up with the biggest record label like Universal Music was something we never expected. We're glad Universal believed in our music and always supported us with our ideas for the album. It has been quite amazing working with the folks at Universal Music.

A group of guys hanging out all the time and having fun! Obviously you guys must be playing pranks! Tell us about one such memorable prank you guys played!

We always play pranks, either within the band or with our techies, sound engineer or the manager. Back in 2009, we played at Saarang, IIT Chennai and we were staying at one of the hostels inside the campus. We remember locking Anish Nair (bass player) inside the toilet and he was stuck inside for at least 20-30 minutes. After some time, he started banging on the door and it was so loud that the whole floor could hear. Later, we unlocked the door and he was out. The best part was the look on his face when he was out. We've recorded the whole thing using our camera. :)

Symphony 2015. Describe your experience of performing at Symphony 2015.

Symphony 2015 was probably one of our favourite gigs, no doubt about that! Man, you guys really did a great job organizing such an awesome festival. It's a difficult task to organise gigs and we believe you guys did a brilliant job. Thank you so much for inviting us for your festival. It is you guys who complete Coshish. Big thanks!

One thing you'd never forget about playing at Symphony 2015, and why?

The crowd singing our songs along and not to forget, getting mobbed by the fans post our gig and jumping off stage to sign and click selfies with some crazy fans :)

What next do we expect from Coshish after Firdous? Any exclusive heads up for us about your plans?

We've got some really cool things coming up for all of you. We cannot talk much about it now but hey, we're working on our new songs for the next album.

Every Mumbaikar has had to face this question once in his life. Now it is your turn. What would you choose, Ragda Pani Puri or Batata boondi wala Pani Puri?

Coshish likes Ragda Pani Puri, for sure! ;)

The Grave

“We all have a Dark Side, some of us just hide it very well.”

-Anonymous

What I am about to tell you makes very little sense. Sometimes reality never does. Needless to say, to believe me is a choice.

It all started on the starless night of 31st October 2003. Never would I have thought what followed ahead.

I sat there aimlessly, looking out of the window. The moon had been following us for quite some time now. I strained my eyes to find it again as the big luminous ball ducked behind the clouds yet again. I turned my head and glanced back to the left to the next most beautiful thing I could see tonight. My about-to-be better half.

She was still reading a book. The cold winter air touched her soft skin while the wind playfully messed up her auburn hair as she tucked them behind her ears for the 100th time. She wouldn't tie them into a bun and I knew just why. She liked it when the wind ruffled through her hair. It made her feel as if she was flying. It made her feel alive. I called her back to our berth and offered her the window seat. We exchanged places as I caught her hand and sat right besides her. She looked at the moon while I looked at her. Her sleeveless orange kurti made a contrast with her black tights. She immersed back into the pages of her book as I tried to play footsie with her. She pushed me away. But I was adamant. As she lurched forward to try the second time I could smell the lavender she had applied. Mesmerizing!

But wait.... what was that smell, I wondered sniffing some air. Someone was smoking. My super senses became active as I tried to find a source; exactly like a sniffer dog. I looked up and found the culprit. The man was finally up. He had been sleeping in the top berth even before we boarded the train. He had been sleeping like a log since then. Six hours straight.

“Excuse me. Would you mind? This is a public area.” I shouted, hinting him to put the cigarette out.

He looked down and for the first time I saw something more than his black socks. His head, clean shaved, shone as the light directly fell on it. Hands were covered by what seemed like an overcoat. His eyes were hidden behind a large pair of sunglasses. The cigarette was tucked between the middle and the ring finger of his left hand as he clutched the matchbox in the right. Without another word he pressed the burning butt in the fingertips of his right hand and put it out.

“What the....” I thought as I stared in astonishment. My fiancé had just witnessed the weird scenario and was giving me a confused look. I hinted to her that maybe this guy was crazy. She laughed and nodded in agreement. We forgot all about him in some time. The time slogged on. I tried to catch some sleep. But I kept turning round and round in my berth with vivid images of the cockroach I had seen scurry past me in the washroom. She on the other hand was fast asleep on the far left berth. Yet again...there was the smell. The bald guy was up again. I glanced at my watch. ‘3.00 am’ read the digital indicator. I was in no mood to fight at this time but the smoke just irritated me. I got up and switched on the lights only to discover he was not in his berth. Thinking I would have woken my fiancé with the commotion I was causing, I turned around to apologize.

I tried to scream but even my voice was too scared to come out. The sight sent a chill down my body. How? When? Who? I thought as I rushed to the side of the lifeless body. I checked for signs of breathing. But no, she was already dead. Three shots. Two in the chest. One in the head. Right in the middle of the forehead. A cigarette was put out on the head wound as if the killer had left his mark. Blood trickled down through the hair on to the ground. The murder weapon, a classic colt revolver, lay besides her. The fingers of her right hand were curled tightly curled around her book. Just hours ago I was holding those petite hands and now they lay motionless. They would never move again. The tears that I had tried to hold back now came gushing out as I realized the fact. I still couldn't speak. It HURT.

Before I could react, the train came to a stand still. I looked outside the window to see where I had reached. I never saw the name but what I saw filled me with rage. It was the bald guy walking hurriedly on the platform. "Wait you Bastard." came out a faint yet strong sound, as I grabbed the gun and tucked it behind in my jeans. "Help me." I told the people I had woken up. "She is dead. Call the police." They rushed to my aid. But I could not wait. I had just seen the killer running away. I was going to catch him and I was going to KILL him. I got down from the train and ran in the direction where I had seen him go. I made my way through the soulless surrounding. There were no signs of life for miles altogether. A light flickered in the distance showing a faint, old and dusty sign 'EXIT'. I half ran half stumbled till then. Outside was a narrow winding that was soon lost in the forest. My eyes were working intently. There he was, I saw his clean shaved head disappear into the woods. I followed him hurriedly yet quietly. I wasn't giving up on the element of surprise. He was fast, extremely fast. I had to run all the way just to keep him in plain sight. But we were not the only living creatures in the area. The occasional sounds of wolf confirmed my doubt. 'Aaaaaaoooooooooooooooooo...' there it was again. I rushed ahead impulsively, trying to concentrate on the killer. After 15 minutes of stalking. I saw him enter a cottage. Situated on the hilltop, this was the only house I had seen after alighting. I decided to scan my vicinity before I made a move. The full moon came to my aid shining my path ahead.

It was small cottage, with a fireplace; I guessed looking at the chimney sticking out on the rooftop. One of the three steps to the front door was missing. The porch had a rocking chair placed next to what looked like a poker table. A broken light bulb hung right above it while shattered glass planes decked the rusted windows. Large cobwebs were visible to naked eyes in nearly every corner. I stuck close to ivy-covered side of the cottage as I circumnavigated it. At the back of the cottage were two leafless, white, ghostly trees

that covered most of the veranda. Perched on it were 100's of bats. In the center of the backyard, craved out from a black marble stone, stuck in the ground, was a crucifix. It was a tombstone. Towering right over the cross was a bloodcurdling sculptor of a gargoyle. Its eyes gleamed in the dark as they reflected the moonlight giving me the creeps that it was looking straight through me. I put my hand back and felt the comforting feeling of the gun still being there. I peeked in through the window at the back.

The killer had started a fire and taken the rocking chair inside. He had removed his overcoat, sunglasses, shirt and vest. His clothes lay on the floor as he sat half naked in front of the fire smoking peacefully as his long, flickering shadow rocked to and fro.'

'BANG' popped a message as my cell phone screen came to life.

"Network Lost. You are out of coverage Area."

In the eerie silence of the surroundings, the sound



felt like a series of bomb blast all at once. He knew. I knew he knew.

Within seconds he was standing right in front of me. A giant man standing seven feet tall. Muscles cut sharply showing signs of rigorous workout. He had carved his body like a canvas. Right in the center of this robust chest was a tattooed star with its peak toward the ground. Enclosed within

it's generated pentagon was a crucifix. Various ancient symbols were inscribed in the remaining five triangular peaks. This entire system was enclosed within a circle - The Sun. Even though I am no Robert Langdon I could guess his tattoo symbolized something demonic. I pulled out the gun. Fully prepared to use it, I aimed it right at him. His steely gaze showed confidence as he stood facing his death without flinching. On the other side, the gun in my hand did little to hide my fear.

- "Why did you kill her?"

No answer.

- "WHY DID YOU KILL HER?"

He grinned.

- "ARE YOU DEAF? YOU BLOODY PHYSCO."

Without a word he moved forward.

- "Stop right there or I will shoot. I WILL SHOOT"

He didn't stop. I fired a round. Missed. Another. Missed. Last shot I told myself. My last chance. He marched forward. Just at a yards length from me. I tried aiming at the chest. The bullet never touched him. It passed straight through him. Suddenly I could see it. As if the bullet had broken a sheet of mist covered his true form. A human envelope over a satanic soul.

The skin covering him began to fade away. The muscles were lost as his bones were only thing I could see. Where his eyes used to be was now nothing but an empty socket. He snapped his finger and there were sparks of fire flying all round. He was on fire. Literally. The blue flame came closer. With a sharp jab in my gut it knocked me out. OUCH!! It Hurt.

I was thrown off my feet and fell back on the tombstone. The wind was knocked out of me as I grasped for some air. His hand had punctured a hole through my T-shirt. I tried to get up but I couldn't. My insides were burning. He looked at me and whispered in a hollow voice, "It's Time". Again I could see the bald figure. The mist had

regenerated.

Holding both his hands in mid air. He began to chant. I had no idea what the words meant but I had a bad feeling about this.

" Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum. Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum. Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum. Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum."

All went quite for a moment. Complete silence. Then, all at once a gust of wind erupted from nowhere. The bats screeched as they flew in circles around the cottage. The moon was lost behind the clouds leaving me in complete darkness.

" Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum. Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum. Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum. Insurgo Insurgi Insurrectum en Spiritum."

This time he was looking straight at me. The clouds thundered as lighting covered the night sky. Right over me the gargoyle rose from his stone cold posture. It was ALIVE. It pounced on me and fixed me on the tomb.

He pointed his hand directly towards me. With one gesture in the air and I was raised seven feet in the air. My feet never reached the ground as I floated in mid air. He moved closer until he finally could see me face to face. In the fluttering light I could see his demonic side. A gruesome sight. The thundering grew louder as he lost his human form and emerged as a demon. Raising his pointed fingertip in the air he touched my forehead. The pain was excruciating. He slid his finger downward in a straight line towards my torso. He was cutting right through me. I struggled helplessly to free myself but the gargoyle had an iron clad grip around my neck. His finger reached my gut, as he began the incantation, in a loud and clear voice.

"HIC EN SPIRITUM

SED NON INCORPORE

EVOKARE LEMURES DE MORTIUS

DECRETUM ESPUGNARE

DE ANGELUS BALBERITH

EN INFERNO INREMEABLIS

WA TA NA SIAM



WA TA NA SIAM

WA TA NA SIAM

WA TA NA SIAM”

I screamed in pain, as it grew unbearable.
“Aaahhhh... Aaahhhh.... Aaahhhh. Stop it.”
But my voice was unheard over his growling incantations. Which were growing louder by the second.

“HIC EN SPIRITUM

SED NON INCORPORE

EVOKARE LEMURES DE MORTIUS

DECRETUM ESPUGNARE

DE ANGELUS BALBERITH

EN INFERNO INREMEABLIS”

My body was being torn apart. It felt as if someone was trying to pull apart the two halves of myself. Blood oozed out through the innumerable wounds. Raindrops with their constant downpour clouded my vision. The demon now put his right hand over my heart and continued chanting.

“WA TA NA SIAM

WA TA NA SIAM

WA TA NA SIAM

WA TA NA SIAM”

A flare emerged out of his hand and it passes right through my heart. All at once my heart went cold. The pain was gone. Finally it was over. The gargoyle let go of the grip as I began to fall. But I didn't stop on hitting the group. I began to sink inside. Deep inside the tombstone. I struggled to latch in to the crucifix. But my fingers passed right through the stone. I sank helplessly. My body was being sucked in. Simultaneously another body was making its way out - the body of the bald guy. I was taking the place of it. It rose back to its feet. As I had the last glance of demon before I was completely pulled within the coffin. Then it was all black.

A decade has passed since that ill-fated night. Yet the words of the incantation are still stuck in my ears. My body lies here unable to move. Caught in the realms of the dead. My soul roams in the real world, in search of you. One full moon day I will find him and free myself. After all one doesn't just say

“Revenge is the best Revenge”

-Anonymous

-KARAN SHAH

Scream's & Symphony's OC



Ist Row: Harsh, Het, Naitik, Aditya, Mirav, Aksh, Rushika, Tehemton, Siddhant, Shreya, Meet, Janam, Sumit
IInd Row: Akanksha, Sahil, Sunny, Saloni, Hetvi, Neha, Deepali, Labdhi, Preet, Paritosh, Mandar, Jatin, Sayan
(MIA), Tosh (MIA)
IIIrd Row: Yash, Shruti, Joohee, Kerfegar, Rushi, Dhrumil, Kartik, Anish, Durva (MIA), Gauri (MIA)
IVth Row: Dhairya, Abbas, Mr. S. Hanumante, Dr. Shubha Pandit(Principal), Bhumik, Niyati



Questions Asked	MAYA MA'AM (S&H)	ERA MA'AM (I. T.)	UDAY SIR (COMPS)
1. Craziest Thing Done in College?	We didn't do such things in our college days, but probably bunking college and going to a movie.	As a student, participating in every dance event in the college and as a teacher, adding my students on Facebook!	As a student had submitted an assignment when the whole class had planned on not doing so.
2. Attendance Record?	It was pretty bad in my college days. We didn't follow a Semester System and we used to attend lectures mostly at the end of the year!	We were not expected to keep 100% attendance and hence, my attendance was never too high.	Definitely over 90%
3. One thing missed out in College?	I missed out on dancing in my college days and would have loved to learn dancing and be a part of a Flashmob. Also, I would have loved to take part in Sports and especially Badminton.	I really don't think I missed out on anything in college days. I was so famous for my incidents in college that even the Director-Chairman of our college knew me personally.	I missed out on Sports and Badminton especially because we did not have facilities.
4. If Not Science and Technology, where'd you fit in?	I find myself fitting the best in the field of arts	Apart from Science and Technology, I think I would fit best in the field of Management	Catering! I might even join the SnackBar soon! *jokes*
5. Craziest Student in your Teaching Career?	There was a student who used to talk a lot in my class and when I used to scold him, he used to stare back at me and then start throwing his slippers at someone in the class	I had a student who had no interest in studies at all and felt that the curriculum was totally useless and did not even wish to sit for placement. But later, he took a U-turn and sat for placement and claimed that the curriculum was very helpful.	There was a student who had no interest in studies and was forced to take up Engineering. He asked me to convince his father to let him take a drop and pursue his ambitions. After taking a drop, he became very successful in life.
6. Tattoo/Piercing/ Hair-Dye?	I don't like either Tattooing or Piercing. So I'll go with Hair Dyeing.	Piercing.	Tattooing. I find the other two too loud.
7. Ragdawali PaniPuri or Batatwali PaaniPuri?	Batata Paani Puri!	Batata Paani Puri!	Ragda Paani Puri!



MAKARAND SIR (ETRX)	HETAL MA'AM (EXTC)	YELPALE SIR (MECH)
Initiating a Mass Bunk and taking the whole class to play a Cricket Match.	Jumping walls to bunk college.	I was always acting as a mediator between the students and teachers. Whenever some student used to fall in trouble, I was the one who used to save him from the staff.
Not 100%, but definitely above 75%.	100%. The College was very strict and we had no option but to forcefully sit all the lectures.	More than 75 %, but in my BE, I used to bunk college to watch India Pakistan Matches!
I definitely missed out on Sports in my college days	I really don't think I missed out on much in my college days. I made the most of them. I got married to my best friend from college, though I missed out participating in a student driven strike	I was never a part of a Council or any Students' Body. I wanted to be a part of such a body and I felt I was more than capable to be a part of one, but I never got to be a part of that.
I would have probably chosen Music and love playing the Tabla.	Architecture	A Sportsperson. I received offers from many companies that were willing to take me in under Sports Quota.
There was a student who had no interest in studying. But he used to complete all his pracs in less than 10 minutes and would perform it perfectly!	There was a student who would make me laugh during the lectures by his facial expressions and I just could not continue teaching looking at him	I had a student in 94' batch. When I was teaching in the class, he tried pulling down my pants and putting in a paper tail.
Hair dyeing over tattooing or piercing.	I wouldn't mind getting tattooed and pierced!	I would love to dye my hair silver.
Ragda Paani Puri!	Ragda Paani Puri!	Batata. Because I eat Ragda Paani puri regularly.

The background is a compilation of all the cartoons from the 90s and 2000s. Yes, even Johny Bravo :')

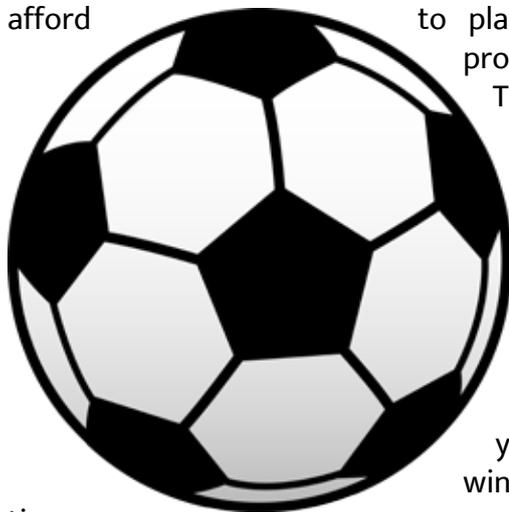


Abhiyantriki 2014

A Roller Coaster Ride Called Football

FOOTBALL. One word that's enough for me to bond with a fellow human being. One word that cannot be explained on the basis of facts alone. It's a game, yes, but calling it just a game would be a massive understatement. There's so much more to the game that I'd run out of pages to write. There are two completely different faces to the game. One is the financial side of the game, and one is the emotional part of the game. We'll get into technicalities later. Before we begin, ask yourself a simple question, dear reader. What does football mean to you?

Football, to me, is joy in its purest form. That's right. Pure, unadulterated joy. I agree that in its essence, it's just 22 players chasing a ball. It doesn't matter whether you're Cristiano Ronaldo, Lionel Messi or a streetballer. The ecstasy is on the faces of the winning team is the same irrespective of your social and financial background. Let's use our imagination for a while. So, imagine that you're a gardener's son. You love the game and are ridiculously talented with a football. But due to your weak financial state, you can't afford to play the game professionally.



Then a professional club comes along, one of the biggest in your country and takes you under its wings. Over time, you refine your talents and one fine day, you're facing one of the biggest clubs on the continent, from another country in a pre-season match. You run rings around this giant's defence and they buy you from your present club. You are at your new club, in a different country with a different lifestyle and making more money than your gardener father ever made. And you are achieving this while playing the game you love. For a modern day working

professional, it's like a dream come true. Earning well while doing something you love. Let's go a bit further. You're playing a match, and the score is 0-0. Time is running out, and it's absolutely vital for your team to win this game. You receive the ball from a teammate, there are just a few moments left for the final whistle. With your quick decision making, you dribble past a player, past another, are one on one with the goalkeeper, you round him off and tap the ball into an empty net, effectively sealing the victory for your side. With persistent hard work and right guidance, you get even better at your game, and one fine day, an even bigger club, one of the biggest on the continent, buys you from your current club and makes you the most expensive player ever in world football, and pays you more money in a week than your gardener father made in an entire year. At this new club, you work harder and harder, start breaking goal scoring records, rack up unreal goal tallies season after season and eventually get acknowledged as the best player in the world. Just imagine the rise. A gardener's son with modest beginnings, a lot of raw talent, determination and a simple love for the game rising to the very top of world football, having been a part of many memorable victories in the period. If you haven't realised already, you just imagined Cristiano Ronaldo's life and were left with a smile on your face.

That's what football is all about. The rise to the top of an underdog, a rags-to-riches story. Admit it, folks. All of us like an underdog deep down. We're not done yet, there's more to football than just joy and warmth. What if I told you that football stopped a civil war?

In the mid-2000s, the African nation of Ivory Coast or Cote d'Ivoire was embroiled in a clash of two sections of their society. The war had been going on for a long time, with guns et al. The national football team however, consisted of players from both the warring sides. Naturally, the players were disturbed because their brothers and friends back home were at each other's necks. The war had pitted forces divided along blurry and sometimes shifting ethnic and regional lines, leaving thousands dead. Violence had touched almost every corner of

the country. October 8, 2005 probably reflected the most important moment of these players' careers. Before 20,000 fans at Al-Merrikh Stadium in Sudan, the country had beaten the host country 3-1 and was to go their first ever World Cup. Their country, still at war would have one team for which they could all cheer.

A team that reflected the country's diversity, huddled in the locker room and celebrating as if there existed no war or political strife. That's when Didier Drogba, then the Ivory Coast's rising star striker got handed the mic from his captain. Drogba held the mic and peered into the camera while his teammate, Kolo Toure draped his arm around his neck. Drogba and Toure belonged to opposite sides of the warring factions, and here they were, on national TV hugging each other with the entire team looking into the camera. There, on national television, Didier Drogba addressed the entire country. He said that they'd proved that the country could co-exist despite the ethnic and regional diversity, could rejoice in a common cause and then went on to request the warring sides to lay down their arms. Within a week, his wish came true and eventually the bloodshed and violence ceased.

There you go. A game brought peace and happiness, along with joy to go with it. Humanity was the winner in the end. Just so you know, this wasn't the only instance. Such an incident had previously occurred in Americas too. And the Ivorians didn't stop at that. Didier Drogba, now a legend in Africa and present club Chelsea, has been building hospitals in his country, financing girls' education and is a UNICEF ambassador. He is a fine footballer in his own right, but even if you overlook the football, he's an incredible person to look up to.



There were some examples of the famed sportsmanship on display at the recently concluded 2014 FIFA World Cup. The world lost its head when Germany smashed hosts Brazil for 7 goals in the semi-finals. It was heartening to see the German players hanging around after the final whistle to console the Brazilians about the result. Similarly, when Colombia were edged out by Brazil in an physical encounter in the quarter-finals it was lifting and heart-breaking to see curly-haired David Luiz hugging an in-tears James Rodriguez and asking all supporters to applaud the lad's efforts. If the World Cup taught us compassion, it also taught us that past glories account for nothing and we must live in the present, and you can never underestimate anybody. This particular message was on show when Spain, champions of the previous edition, saw their dated tactics spectacularly backfire when their got torn apart by an underwhelming-on-paper Netherlands side, and also losing to Chile on their way to getting knocked out in the group stages. There was also the David vs. Goliath story of Costa Rica, who managed to top a group containing England, Italy and Uruguay, all previous winners of the prestigious trophy, and then put up a strong fight in the knockouts.

As written previously, we shall be looking at both the proverbial sides of the coin. One was the emotional, human side that we talked about. The other part is more rational and technical; the transfer market and footballing finances. We'll also try to understand how a transfer basically works. Let's involve some real clubs and real players. Let's assume that Manchester United are interested in signing Gareth Bale from Real Madrid. Anyone who's played FIFA Manager Mode will know that you find a player and offer the club some money, or in other words, put in a transfer bid. If the club feels that the bid is satisfactory, it permits you to negotiate with the player. In certain cases, the club may directly contract the player and offer him personal terms like wages and bonuses, but until the selling club is made an offer it finds acceptable, the transfer cannot go through. There is an exception to this

basic rule though, called pre-contract agreements. It means that if the player is in the last 6 months of his contract with his existing club, he's free to talk to other clubs and sign an agreement which allows the player to move clubs when his contract with his present club expires. In case of the transfer of Gareth Bale to Manchester United as mentioned above, Manchester United need to make an offer of a sufficiently high value. If Real Madrid finds this offer acceptable, the club then proceeds to negotiate with the player various aspects of his contract like contract length, weekly wages, performance-related bonuses, bonuses related to team performance et al. If Gareth Bale finds these terms acceptable, he signs for Manchester United. Also, the selling club can accept multiple transfer bids. If Real Madrid accept transfer bids from Manchester United, FC Barcelona and Bayern Munich for Gareth Bale, all three clubs are allowed to negotiate with the player. The player can accept any contract which suits him based on his convenience. Once a player accepts a contract, he switches clubs. Now, if Gareth Bale was in the last six months of his contract with Real Madrid, the above mentioned clubs could directly contact the player and his agent and start negotiations for a move at the expiry of his present deal.

Another term thrown around during football transfer season is a release clause or a buyout clause. It definitely isn't as straightforward as the buying club throwing an amount of money pre-decided in a player's contract at the selling club. In some countries, it's more symbolic than binding on the club. In countries where Third Party Ownership practices (a third party investor funding a part of the transfer of a player) are followed, this release clause is more strictly implemented, because third party investors are more often than not interested in recouping their investment. If the buying club agrees to pay the amount decided as a release clause, the selling club's hands are

tied and it must allow the player to talk to the buying club, barring which it might be subject to legal action by the player. Sometimes, clubs use buyout clauses as a gentleman's agreement to offset low wages i.e they promise the player to allow him to leave if a bigger club comes calling. In countries where Third Party ownership is banned, THE 'BUY OUT CLAUSE' IS A VANITY, AS THE REALITY IS THAT ANY CLUB WILL DO BUSINESS FOR ANY FEE WHICH MAKES FINANCIAL SENSE VS. THEIR COMPETITIVE AMBITIONS. THAT'S WHY IT'S NOT COMMON IN ENGLAND, AS WE SEE IT AS A RATHER JUVENILE ATTEMPT AT 'FINANCIAL INNOVATION' THAT DOESN'T HOLD MUCH WATER AND IS THEREFORE A WASTE OF TIME AND ENERGY. If the club has full rights to a player, it will also almost certainly include a clause which prevents the club from suing the club for blocking his move. IN THE REAL WORLD IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR A PLAYER TO DISPUTE THE CLAUSE. E.G. DO THEY REALLY WANT TO SUE A CLUB THEY ARE PLAYING FOR AND WHO WILL IN FUTURE BE OWING THEM A LARGE SUM OF MONEY? DO THEY WANT TO WAIT YEARS WITHOUT PLAYING WHILE THE MATTER IS RESOLVED IN COURT? There is also a very, very special case called the Webster ruling, involving a Scottish defender Andy Webster who exploited A LOOPHOLE IN ARTICLE 17 OF NEW TRANSFER REGULATIONS FIFA HAD ADOPTED TO BRING FOOTBALL'S TRANSFER SYSTEM INTO LINE WITH EUROPEAN LAW TO TRANSFER FROM SCOTTISH CLUB RANGERS TO ENGLAND'S WIGAN ATHLETIC. THIS



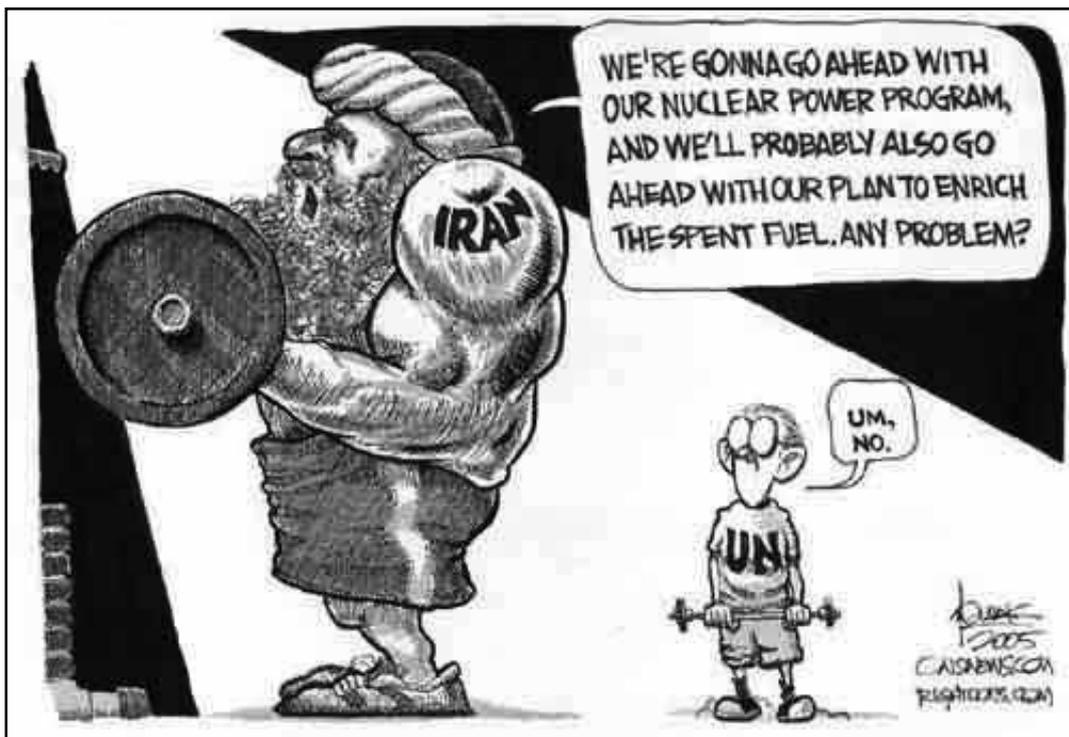
ARTICLE 17 STATES THAT CAN WALK OUT OF HIS PRESENT CONTRACT IF HE'S SERVED FOR A MINIMUM OF 3 YEARS ON AN ORIGINAL 4 OR 5 YEAR DEAL, OR 2 YEARS IF THE PLAYER IS OVER 28. IF A PLAYER CANCELS HIS CONTRACT WITH HIS PRESENT CLUB WITHOUT JUST CAUSE AND SIGNS WITH ANOTHER CLUB, THE BREACHING CLUB HAS TO PAY COMPENSATION TO THE PLAYER'S PREVIOUS CLUB OR IMPLIED THAT THE PLAYER OWES HIS PREVIOUS CLUB AN AMOUNT EQUAL TO HIS WAGES FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE CONTRACT. THAT MEANS THAT THEORETICALLY, IF CRISTIANO RONALDO, EARNING 10 MILLION GBP ON HIS PRESENT DEAL DECIDED TO LEAVE REAL MADRID THREE YEARS INTO HIS EXISTING 5 YEAR CONTRACT, HE'D OWE REAL MADRID JUST 20 MILLION, WHICH IN ALL LIKELIHOOD WOULD BE PAID BY THE CLUB HE SIGNED FOR AFTER WALKING OUT. OBVIOUSLY, CRISTIANO RONALDO EARNS MORE THAN THAT, BUT THIS WAS JUST AN EXAMPLE.

A new regulation in the news is Financial Fair Play or FFP. It has been introduced with a view to curtail overspending and stopping clubs from trying to live beyond their means. A breach of FFP regulations might result in sanctions of various severities. The club must send its financial reports to the committee and it may face sanctions due to irregularities in their financial reports. For example, if a club receives a sponsorship deal well

above market value and from one of the sister companies or the parent company of the club itself, it may face sanctions like capital punishments, roster restrictions or even transfer bans. One recent example of such sanctions is the one faced by Manchester City and Paris Saint-Germain. Paris Saint-Germain are owned by the Qatar Tourism Authority and the same company signed a commercial deal of hundreds of millions with the club, which is outrageously high as compared to other clubs of similar stature and does not reflect the general trend in the transfer market. Manchester City are allowed only a 21 man squad in the UEFA Champions League as opposed to the regular 25, and must also meet the club-trained and association-trained player criteria, which means they must chop their international players.

Well, the business aspect of the game turned out to be a bit longer than planned but it was intended to clear any misconceptions about this side of the game. Thanks for sticking by until the end and here's hoping that you find it informative as well. Cheer for your team and for the game without any inhibitions, people. May it give everybody joy and happiness.

-RAHUL RAMACHANDRAN



Football



In the photo: (Fro L to R)
Ist Row: Abhinav S, Darpan R, Nishit S, akshay S, Keval B, Aditya K, Saurabh S, Priyesh K
IInd Row: Hardik S, Sunny B, Hasnain T, Sumit D, Nilesh J, Karan G
IIIRD Row: Kerfegar D, Janam M, Mirav D, Bhumik D, Kartik G.

Basketball



In the Photo: (From L to R)
Ist Row: Bhakti C, Rosemay D, Himani S, Hetvi P
IInd Row: Sheona K, Uditi M, Rhea P

Basketball



In the Photo: (From L to R)
Ist Row: Dhruv Khandelwal, Ankit Mahajan, Bhavik Gada, Atul Sharma, Ali Amerjee
IInd Row: Harsh Shah, Amish Gandhi, Prathamesh Namjoshi, Saikrishna Dasari, Harsh Darji

Chess



In the Photo: (From L to R)
Ist Row: Hasit Toprani, Parth Thakkar
IInd Row: Jay Maru, Kerfegar Dalal, Shreyansh Soni

बाप

बाप आहे हा माझा भारी
राब राब कष्ट करी
घाम गाळी कमावरी
नि पैका आणितो हा घरी

जरी राग राग करी
तरी प्रेम आहे उरी
चिंता साऱ्या विश्वाची
सदैव असते याच्या शीरी

कुणी म्हणतात 'बाप'
तर कुणी म्हणे की हो 'POP'
तर कुणी म्हणतात 'DAD'
जरी नावे असली अनेक
तरी व्यक्ति आहे ही एक

जरी असला हा रिक्षाचालक
तरी आहे सागळ्यांच्या हृदयाचा हा मालक
कवडी नसली जरी खिशात
तरी दुसर्यांना मदत करण्याची आस आहे मनात

साथ सुटली आई-वडिलांची तरुंवयात
तेव्हा प्रकाश पडल डोक्यात
एकटे पडलो आपण या जगात
नि केली एका नव्या आयुष्याची सुरुवात

चिमटा काढून पोटाला
स्वतःच्या
इच्छा आमुच्या हा पुर्या करी
राहूनि मुंबईत जीवाच्या
चैन कधी नाही केली

संकटे पडता अमुच्यावर
पहाडसरखा हा रक्षण करी
पाऊल पडता अमुचे वाकडे
कान अमुचे हा धरी

एकच इच्छा आहे त्याच्या मनी
माझी पाखरे व्हावीत गुणी,
धनी
दुःख मजसवे न येवो त्यांच्या
भागी
नाव उज्वल व्हावे त्याचे जगी

पप्पा नेहमी म्हणतात
साथ मिळाली लक्ष्मीरूपी
बायकोची
म्हणून सहज पार झाली ही
दुःखाची दरी
नि सुखाचे क्षण आलेत
आपुल्या दारी

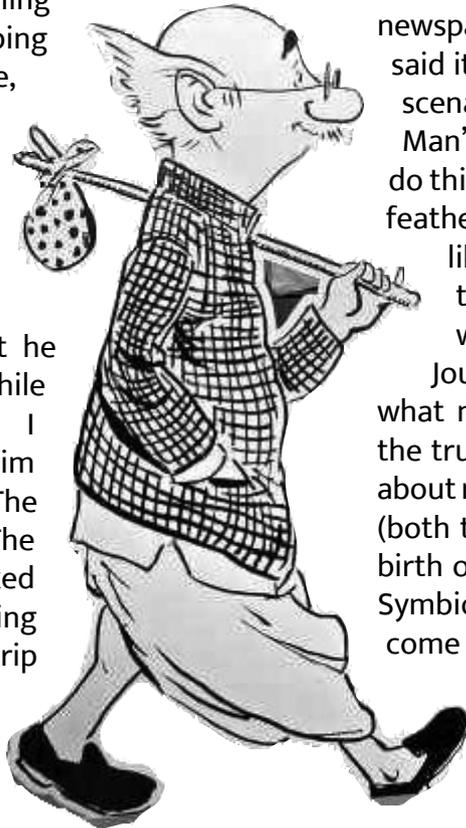
-PRIYANKA DATKHILE

The Uncommon Man

This is a fictionalized account of a very real man.

The sun is shining, the birds are chirping and I'm stuck inside this hospital room. The stroke crept up on me in September of 2003. It wasn't wholly unexpected, I mean I am 82 years old, but that hasn't stopped me from hating this stroke. It's bad enough that I'm stuck at this hospital, eating tasteless food, not able to visit my friends but the doctors informed me yesterday that the whole left side of my body is paralyzed, this is going to make it very, very hard to draw.

You see I love to draw. I've been this way all my life. My mother was fond of telling people how I would doodle even before I learned how to write. I used to drive her crazy sketching on the walls, the floor and any other surface I could find. I drew objects that caught my eye outside the window of my room – the dry twigs, leaves and lizard-like creatures crawling about, the servant chopping firewood and, of course, and number of crows in various postures on the rooftops of the buildings opposite my window. My father, the headmaster, would sometimes ask me what he should bring for me while returning from work. I would sometimes ask him to bring me a copy of The Strand, sometimes The Tit-bits but mostly I asked him for The Hindu, hoping that it would contain a strip from the great Sir David Low. Of course my father couldn't do this every day, I had seven siblings, he would go bankrupt just getting us gifts! I also remember my old cricket team. Our antics often found their way into my older brother's stories. I remember the day I got an answer to my



application from J.J School of Arts, I was so nervous opening the letter and so devastated when I read its contents. The Dean said that my drawings lacked “the kind of talent to qualify for enrolment in our institution as a student”. It was devastating and disheartening at the time but today it makes me laugh. And so I went to Maharaja College of Mysore. I always wanted to draw for newspapers and magazines so that's what I did. Even before I had finished college I was drawing for Swarjya and Blitz. On the side I was making illustrations for my brother's stories in the Hindu and drawing political cartoons for Swatantra. I also drew for Koravanji where I met Dr. M Shivram who has been a lifelong friend and mentor. While working at The Free Press Journal I met Bal Thackrey who would go on and do great things for the state of Maharashtra.

All of these jobs were rewarding in their own way but none more so than the work I did at the Times of India. I spent five decades working for the national newspaper and this is where I came up with ‘You said it’. I had always wanted to talk about political scenario in the country and through the ‘Common Man’, the protagonist of the comic I could finally do this. Through the years I definitely ruffled some feathers, some people (psst politicians) did not like what I was writing, but the readers and the newspapers were always on my side for which I'm grateful.

Journalists and reporters sometimes ask me what my greatest accomplishment is. To tell you the truth, I haven't got the foggiest idea. Thinking about my life, the various awards, my two marriages (both to women named Kamla, strange huh?), the birth of my son, the statue of my character at the Symbiosis University the only real answer I can come up with is the feeling I get when I see my granddaughter's face. When I look at her face and think about the future, I can say without a doubt that she'll grow up in a better India than I did and the work I did was in some small way responsible for this is the greatest accomplishment and reward I could hope for.

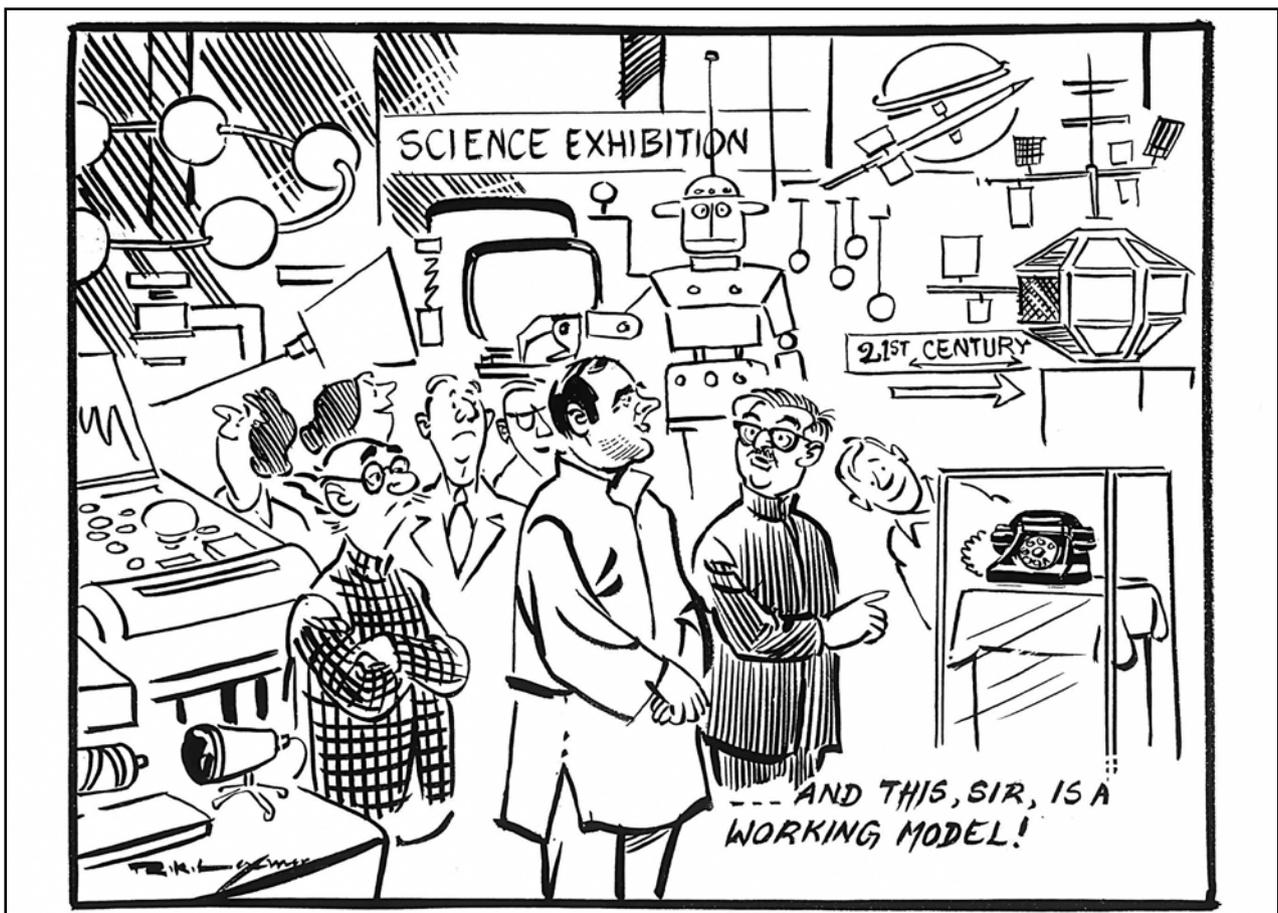
And look there she comes, along with her father and grandmother to take me home! My body may

not be cooperating with me at the moment but this is not going to stop me from doing what I love, just you wait and watch folks!

He went home and continued to draw for another decade. He died on 26th January, 2015 in Pune after suffering multiple organ failure. He will be sorely missed, but his legacy will live on.

He is Mr Rasipuram Krishnaswami Laxman.

-UTKARSH THAKUR



I WASN'T THERE

I am told that it was great fun
When the first rays of light broke from the sun.
A new day had dawned and it beckoned
To the people, who had awakened
But how it felt, don't ask me;
I wouldn't know, I wasn't there.
I am told that it cheered one and all
When the first drops of rain began to fall.
And that everyone was dancing with joy
With the zeal of young, boisterous boys.
But how it felt, don't ask me;
I wouldn't know, I wasn't there.
And when you called out to me from your place,
Nervous excitement ripe on your face.
When you waited with bated breath for me,
Your anxiety bared for all to see.
If I heard you or not, don't ask me;
I wouldn't know, I wasn't there.
And when the world asked me to stand
Up for my duty, to lend my hand,
To work in my own tiny little way,
So that someone else may see the light of day.
If I felt something, don't ask me;

I wouldn't know, I wasn't there.
My mother, at her ripe old age,
Wrinkles of fear and worry on her face,
Asked of me one little thing:
To taste the limitless joy of being.
If I heard her, don't ask me;
I wouldn't know, I wasn't there.
But every time that I was told
Something, or given something to hold,
No one saw what I was doing,
The inner demons I'd been fighting.
They thought I had my head in the clouds;
No one saw me gagged and bound.
They couldn't know I'd no control,
For they couldn't see how I had coped.
And you, of all people, failed me:
I tried to show you but you wouldn't see.
And yet you blamed me for the wrong:
I wouldn't listen, I didn't belong.
But how I felt, don't ask me;
I wouldn't know, I wasn't there

-K.NIRANJAN



E for ETA

Remember the slim little vehicle that goes zooming around the campus, that's these guys. Team Eta was founded three years ago when Tony Thomas a then second year student decided to do something different. This decision may have been the inception of Eta. His search led him to the Shell Eco Marathon Challenge. Soon he formed a team full of Second Year students like him. They set their plan into motion and journeyed together spending endless nights researching and working in the Eta workshop. Together they hunted for sponsors and were busy marketing their team. The result? They soon made their first car christened Jugaad 13, but there's a story behind it too.

Team eta has since then seen 3 years, a prototype rolling out every year for the Shell Eco Marathon. Team eta has upgraded its prototype reaching an astounding 40 kg weight reduction and 15% size reduction. The new prototype had an aluminium chassis and a 35cc engine coupled to a gear box. They flew to the philippines in early 2014, passed the technical and safety inspection. They were all set to race. However mid race one of their tires burst causing them to withdraw. The next year they had only one aim in mind- perfection. The current prototype is called ARYA- noble birth. It was built in the fall of 2014 and ready by January 2015 for testing. This time Eta decided to use new fabrication techniques. This meant new

challenges. The members of Eta embraced them. With help from their sponsors they overcame every trouble, learning more. with Arya, Eta achieved a weight reduction of 3 kg. Arya has a vacuum bagged carbon fibre with a total weight of 6kg. The engine has been rigged to an electronic control unit and fuel injectors with which Arya achieves hyper mileage. Arya ranked 5th in the Gasoline category of Shell Eco Marathon 2015, Asia with a mileage of 153 kmpl. The only hope that eta has is that they may retain the support everyone has shown in them, the great memories they had, the hands on expertise they received and above all the fresh outlook to a greener sustainable future. We're with you Eta, keep rocking!



The Story of ORI

Every student on the KJSCE campus has at one point or another heard or talked about Orion. One because it has taken KJ's name overseas and has a history of bringing back laurel wreaths and two because of the sleek F-1 car that stands with pride at the old building entrance. The Orion racing India, as they are officially known as is the KJSCE team for Formula Student an engineering design competition series. The team consists of engineers from all departments and years putting what they have learnt in the classroom out on the track. The last car that rolled out of the

ORI workshop has been named ORI-14. ORI-14 proudly shows off a CFRP(Carbon Fiber Reinforced Polymer) body works. ORI 14 with its ergonomically adjustable pedal box is accommodating to drivers of different heights giving special thought for comfort and ease while taking ORI on a roll. The ORI-14 made KJ proud at the inaugural Formula Design Challenge held at the Kari Motor Speedway in Tamil Nadu, in Jan'15. ORION won prizes in almost all divisions. Apart from being declared the Champions (Formula design Challenge '15), they secured first place in Engineering Design,

Business Plan Presentation, Endurance and fuel Efficiency. They also secured second place in the Skidpad division. Orion Racing India have had an amazing year, however, as they close the book on ORI-14, preparations for the next year begin. They want to make a car that is more reliable, faster and lighter than any they have made yet. Guess what, the wheels are turning already, as of now they have decided on a lighter power train using the KTM Duke 390 & MoTeC M400 ECU and a smaller wheel package using Keizer 10" wheels. Things seem to be brewing well, expect something big next year.



The Baddie ROBO

Ever since Robocop the idea of having a humanoid bot interacting with the world has enchanted every engineer in the making. Perhaps this is what gave birth to the idea of ABU Asia Pacific Robocon. This competition is what led to the founding of the Robocon team of KJSCE. The aim of this team is to expose students of all aspects of making project planning. Students

get a taste of researching, design, manufacturing, testing, automating, budgeting, marketing, fundraising and project management. The experience gained in every field helps students to not only hone their technical skills but also gives them a broader perspective of the field they are a part. The team was mentored by Prof. Prabhudesai, a faculty member and Mr Sudish Sukumaran an alumnus of KJSCE. obocon represented KJSCE in the ABU Asia

Pacific Robocon held in Pune. This year the theme was Robominton, the teams were tasks with making a robot that would be capable of playing a badminton match on a standard sized court. The team participated in the competition which was held in the first week of March along with a total of 84 other colleges. Robocon is just 5 years old and is already showing signs of growing into a team that will promote technical learning in KJSCE.



Racing in RED

The all terrain vehicle has always made people turn their necks while on their way to college. Once in a while you can also catch the Redshift members lifting the chassis and working on it. Their latest car is called the RAUDR II. They began working on it in April 2014 with three words humming in their head- lighter faster stronger. In keeping with their tradition they manufactured their own parts, notable of which is the gearbox which is much more lighter than its other counterparts and gives much more torque. The Raudr II has a reduction of 25% in

weight and 50% in cost. The car wheel assembly has been made stronger by using mild steel instead of aluminium. They improved on the steering radius and introduced a Continuously Variable Transmission for control in rough terrains. Redshift participated in the Sasol Baja South Africa 2014, where the team finished first place in the Business Plan event 4th place in the car design evaluation. Sadly Raudr, though a magnificent piece of work found many difficulties during the event. They had to bear with delays at the customs that resulted in them receiving the car 16 hours before the event. A key com-

ponent was damaged during the transport and so were all its replacements. These may not seem many, but truth be told they were enough to test the grit of every team member and although they did not win the main event they emerged as winners in the eyes of all present with the grace they exhibited that day. No wonder they were named the best social team. They returned home with mixed feelings but surely have begun preparing for the next year. As of now they haven't revealed anything but we can expect great things. Vroom away Redshift!



Adulthood 101

In the name of our Lord and Savior Yo Yo Honey Singh, whose songs are best not listened when sober, I write this thing in complete honesty. Life, at times, can be a pain in the butt. Everything you ever wanted to be can be in complete antithesis of what you are or what you're becoming. And I reckon this is a part of being of a certain age. After living under our parents' protection for about two decades you want to taste freedom, feel it in all its glory. I'm not talking about 'let me play some more time' kind of freedom. I'm talking about the kind of

freedom grown-ups have, the kind that can get you in trouble. And in this transitional stage when you're just breaking free from your shell, even a minor bump can knock you off your feet and get you all dazed and confused. So you need someone, right? Friends, maybe? Someone who knows what you're going through, or at least tries to know. And that's one of the biggest challenges of growing up, you know-finding people you like and who like you back. When you're a kid you don't need any reason to be friends with someone, just like you don't need any to hate someone. You can be

friends with some kid just because you're carrying the same type of lunch-box. And befriending someone is all the more difficult when you're not what people call social. That's a harsh tag to carry around- asocial. So screw people. Who wouldn't like to be the guy who walks in a room full of stranger and own it, right? But that really messes up everything. Everyone wants to be the Harry Potter

of their pack, the hero of their own phillum. And the real meaning of companionship, which I'm yet to find out, diminishes. I mean companionship could mean sitting in a homeward bound train playing and singing songs at 2 in the morning.

It will take you some time to realize that most of what they teach in school is gibberish, except what you learn on your own. I mean, they don't teach you how to get around. There's mathematics and physics which are both interesting. But, there's no 'Adulthood-101' right? There's no 'Introduction

to Adulthood and Adolescence'. There's no definite algorithm for living life. They don't teach you that you shouldn't give your new ex-girlfriend a feedback sheet so that you can improve in your future dating endeavors. You learn that on your own. It's really a silly point of view. And that's the whole point of growing up, I think. Making mistakes and learning from them. Life is all mumbo jumbo until you start putting the pieces together. Many people believe that as kids we're really pure. We are ourselves, so to speak. And somewhere on the way we lose ourselves. And life is just a journey to find

ourselves. Okay, thoda jyada ho gaya. No matter how much we try to deny, it's about being cool. Now the definition of cool changes from person to person. For some 'cool' may represent a lead guitarist in a college band, for others it may represent a really funny person. But it's all about being cool, isn't it? Many people try to find a narrative for themselves, a story which makes them

THE FOUR STAGES OF ADULTHOOD

-RADULT-



-SADULT-



-MADULT-



-DEADULT-



loldwell.com

GIFSec.com

look “cool”. And before long they start believing their own hype. To be or not to be no longer remains a question. We are here, we are changing and that’s how it is. No matter what your facebook persona looks like, you know what you are, even where you’re pretending to be someone else. Now I’m no Dale Carnegie and I’m definitely not good at this ‘How to win friends and influence people’ business. So why am I writing this? Well mostly because I want to brainwash you into

thinking that I’m some sort of intellectual. And also, because I like to ramble on occasionally and make sense of this shit-storm.

Could I be happier? Yeah...yeah...who couldn’t? But this is me right here, trying to make most of it one day at a time.

-PRATHAMESH SAWANT



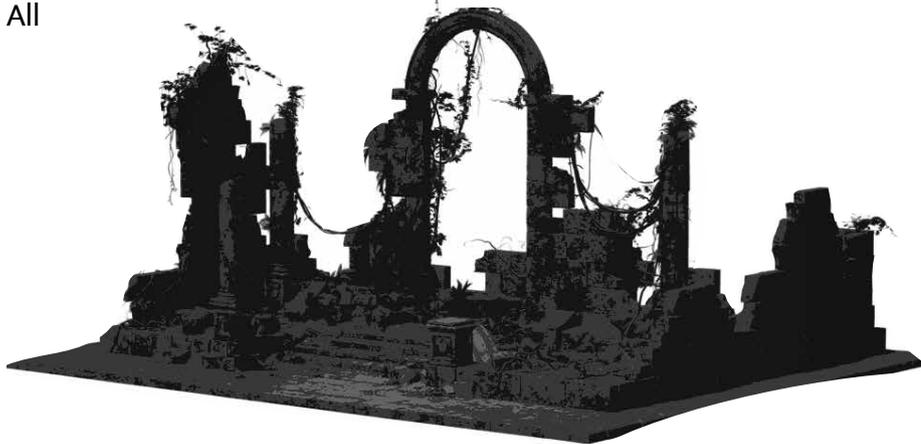
Ruins Of Tomorrow

Built all the castles,
Built the striking wall,
Couldn't build them strong enough,
Piece by piece, did they all fall.

Then why all the toiling?
Why go through despair?
Why not build something,
That does not believe in repair?

When all the workmanship collapses,
Why endure the sorrow?
Why focus on its craftsmanship,
When they are the ruins of tomorrow!

This is the modus operandi,
All



things grand shall eventually end.
Materialism isn't the solution,
If leaving a mark is what you really intend!

Pledge to make a difference,
Do things that really matter.
By building hollow structures,
Who do you intend to flatter?

So dust if you must,
Unleash those beautiful brains!
If you don't move your shackles,
How will you see your chains?

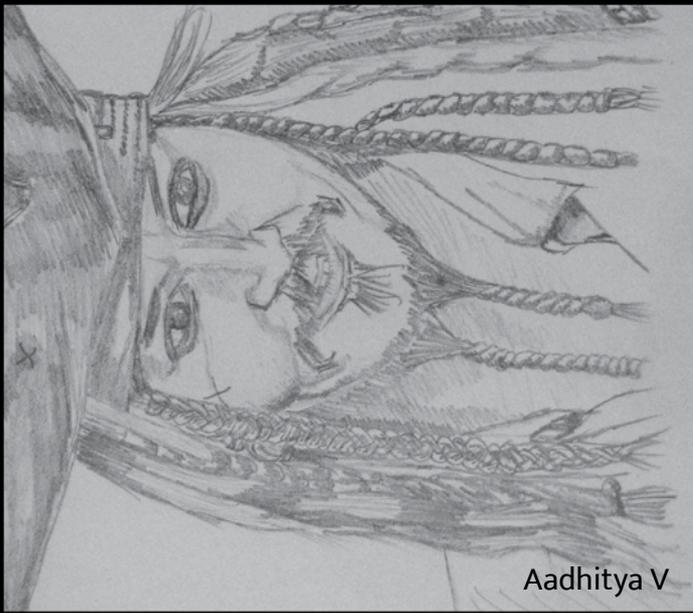
Its your thoughts that will last,
Your deeds that will remain.

These superficial monuments,
Will first go down the drain!

Ask your being often,
Is this what's really right?
It is then you will realise,
The aura you leave is really bright!

So look around,
See what good you can borrow,
For sooner or later ,
We all will be the Ruins Of Tomorrow!

- AKSHARA KAPOOR



Aadhitya V



Udit Desai



Aadhitya V



Aadhitya V



Sayali Kandarkar



Nitish Patel



Computer Class of 2016



Electronics & Telecom Class of 2016



Electronics Class of 2016



Information & Technology Class of 2016



Mechanical Class of 2016



M&S Class of 2016

The Kali Billi

So the scene was something like this. For the first time, I was driving on the highway! And my dad was sitting beside me. My grandmother, whose eyes had been operated three days ago, was sitting on the window behind me. Thankfully she was asleep. And my sleepy sister was in the car. Well she was sleeping at the other window. It was one of those silent afternoons in the little Talukas of Nashik district where you don't usually see a lot of action as the sun is not so kind. The radio was playing some Bollywood Hindi Song, which my dad was about to change. When the incident happened that shook the trip. A Kali Billi crossed our road. And suddenly- I still don't know why- I applied breaks and got the car to halt. Mom and Dad? Well, they looked puzzled.

In the great philosophy of Indian stereotype culture, it is said to be inauspicious for a black cat to cross your road. And some say it is the indication of the danger to come. Pff.

Recently, I had seen this movie which encouraged people to question such stupid stereotypes and also read a few positivity books. (because Dad had asked me to :P) so I decided to not take my thoughts in negative direction w.r.t. the stupid black and increased the volume of the song.

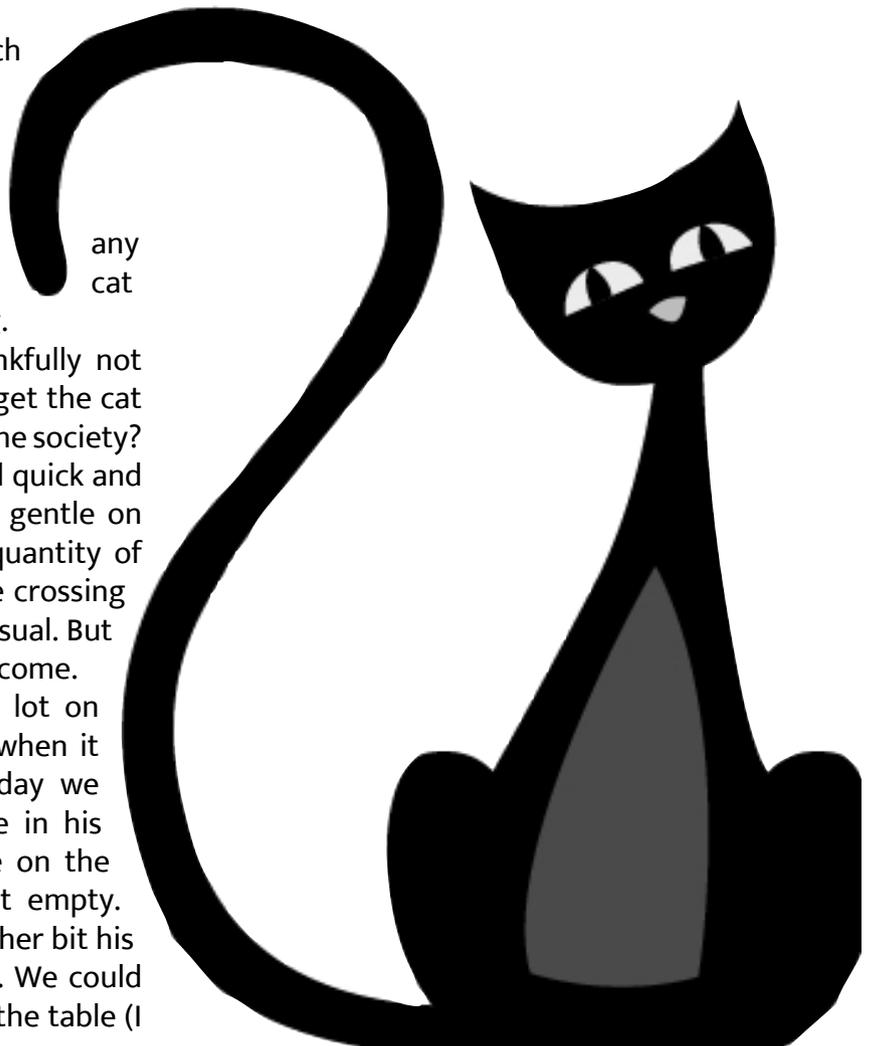
Still, I think my parents, who are thankfully not really superstitious, were struggling to get the cat out of their head, should I say thanks to the society? Now. After some time. The roads passed quick and nice. The mountain paths also seemed gentle on my first drive and after an unknown quantity of time we halted for a late lunch. Yet, the crossing of Kalli Billi had brought up nothing unusual. But little did I know. The surprise was yet to come.

My father. He doesn't like spending a lot on the highway motels. He is too choosy when it comes to restaurants. So, even that day we were not expecting much of a change in his simple ordering policy. The food came on the table. We ate. The plates were almost empty. When the unexpected happened! My father bit his tongue. And it was really bad this time. We could see blood. So in the haste, someone on the table (I

think my opportunist sissy) ordered ice cream for him so that the bleeding would stop. I still don't know how. Eventually, the blood stopped. And four were left looking at him, Uhh, more towards his ice cream. Within no time, there was laughter on the table. More ice creams were called and my dad had to spend more than what he thought the motel deserved!

The day was absolutely usual ahead. So to summarize the stereotype, the only unusual thing that happened on the day Kali Billi crossed my way, was that I got unexpected ice cream! To be frank. if this is how it's going to work, I wish the cat crosses my way every day!

-ROHAN NAIK



Growing Up

“Three scoops,” she said.

“Already on a diet?” I laughed, as I put the fourth scoop in the bowl. I looked up just in time to catch her staring at me. “It’s chocolate,” I defended myself. I picked up the bowl while she grabbed something to drink from the refrigerator.

“Fruity? That’s all we have?”

“Eh, yeah!” I smiled embarrassingly while she came and settled down on the couch besides me.

“Oh Dad, what would you do without me!”

There, she said it. That’s what I was thinking from the time she got that letter from Harvard. The only thought from the past 43 days 17hours of my life. Not that I was counting. But what would I do? I had no clue.

“Dad. DAD.” The snap of the fingers woke me up from my trance. “I am just a couple of hours away. Stop worrying.”

How was I not supposed to be worried? She was still my little girl. But I couldn’t stop her. Not today. So, I hugged her back. I closed my eyes and let the past takeover the present.

“Like this?” I asked her mother.

“Yeah, go on. Pick her up.” she smiled. Explaining me how to pick up my new born baby. Nine months, rummaging through every book on parenting there was on this planet and yet nothing prepared me for this very moment. She was so tiny and yet so cute. Both the traits of her mother, I could say. From that moment on she was my entire world, right there in my hands.

Being a parent isn’t easy a task and we soon found that out. But it’s something you surely don’t want to miss out on. I still remember everything. Her first step, her first word, the first time she cried, her first day at school, her first fancy dress competition, her first boyfriend, literally everything. My eyes had captured it and now I could relive it.

My phone buzzed bringing me quickly back to reality. “Before I forget,” I said, “Happy Birthday.” Raising my ice cream bowl as a toast. “Dad it’s on Monday and wishing two days in advance doesn’t count.” she joked. “I know, but I wanted to give you this.” I said as I reached back and pulled out a present. She took it from me and eagerly tore open the cover. It was a photo album and on the front

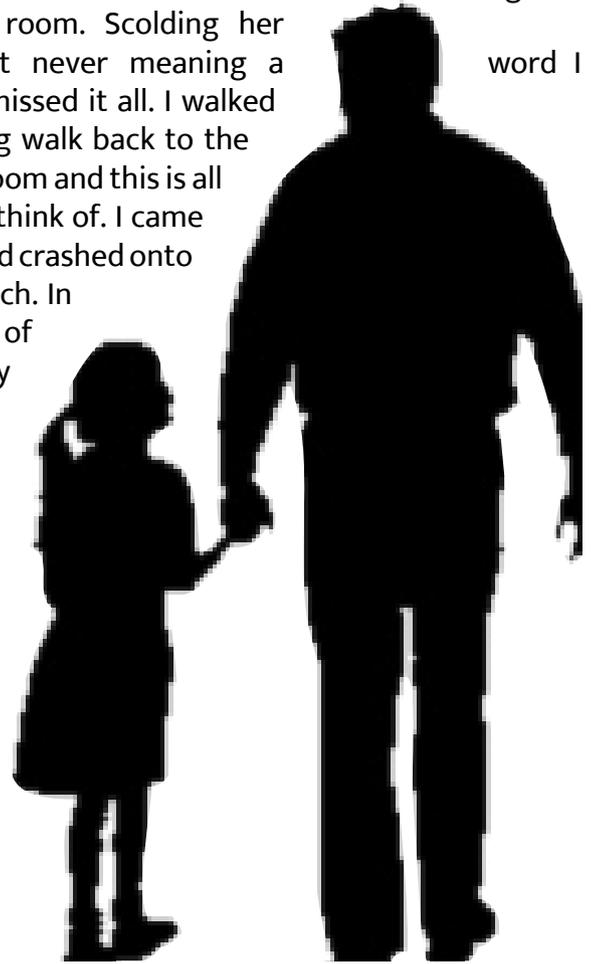
page was written ‘20 years of YOU’. She smiled as she recalled herself.

A few minutes later, the album was neatly tucked in her backpack and she was constantly looking at her watch. “Time to go? Already?” I frowned. She nodded as she licked away at the last remnants of the chocolate ice cream that once existed. I took her bags and loaded them in the cab. “You still sure you don’t want me to come? I mean, Only till the airport.” I grinned at my own remark. She laughed and gave me a tight hug. “You know I won’t go on that plane if you came. Good bye Dad.” She said getting into the cab. “Good bye” I said. I stood there as the cab finally faded out of my sight.

Do I wish she would never grow up? Of course I do. I wished the time never moved ahead for us. I loved everything as it was. I wanted it to stay that way. Now, I already missed her. I missed giving her a ride on my back across the living room. Sitting by the bed and reading her a bed time story until she finally fell asleep. Her sleeping between me and her mom, just because there was a ghost

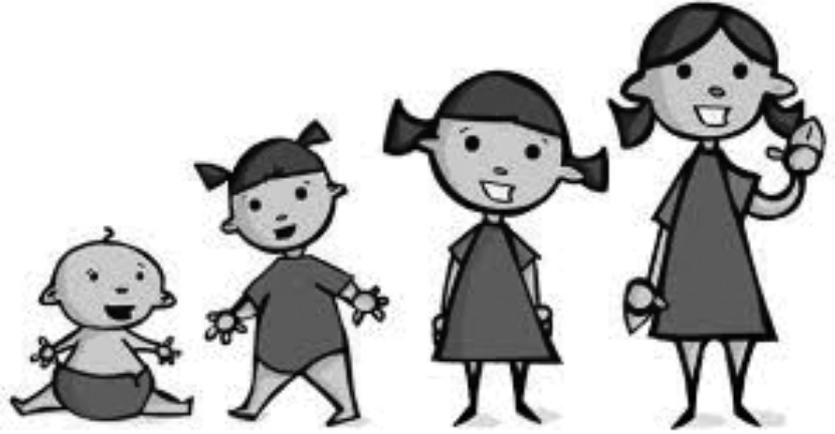
in her room. Scolding her and yet never meaning a word I said. I missed it all. I walked the long walk back to the living room and this is all I could think of. I came back and crashed onto the couch. In front of me lay two empty cans of Fruity with its

tagline ‘Why Grow



Up’.

We all try to avoid it, delay it, resist it but eventually we all have to accept it. Everyone wants to be loved, protected and taken care of. Hence, growing up is nobody’s first choice. Yet it is only human. But once you come to think about it, you will know. Sometimes coming out of that cocoon isn’t such a bad idea. Maybe it is just the right time to spread out your wings and fly away. Growing up is a part of you. I know it changes a lot but a lot of it makes you who you are today. By the way, the things that really matter never change. Like, my little girl will always be my little girl no matter how much she grows up. “Grow Up. Grow Old. It is a Life Experience!”



-KARAN SHAH

A Treasured Prize!

We live in a world, of ethics and culture.
Where greed rules and goodness is mere!
Where lust gulps a man, turns him insane.
Holds on so tight, but everything goes in vain.

We grope in the dark, searching for our soul.
We seek a kind heart, instead of a gaping hole!
We try to let out a laugh, instead hear a scream.
What happened to our world? Is this a bad dream?

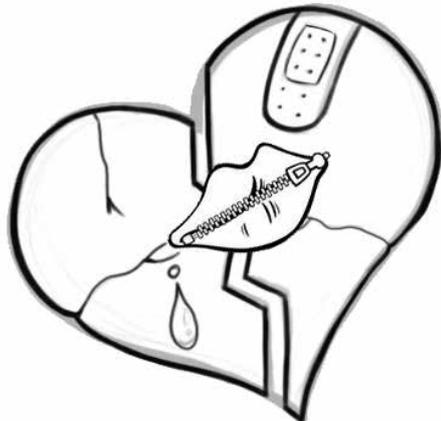
Deluded we are, for fame gives us strength!
We turn into devils, say things we never meant.
We follow the world, don't dread to commit a crime.
And hang ourselves, while things could be fine.

We need to wake up, open our eyes and see.
Stepping out of this skin, we need to break free.
The world can be our oyster, if only we realize.
That it's our true values, we have to prize!

When values become the root of your success.
You stand at the peak, truly blessed.
You'll realize, it's ethics that rose you high.
It gave you wisdom, something you'll never defy!

You'll look back into your past, and see the smoke.
A smile will break out, for in happiness you now soak!
You blow away the ashes, from which you rise.
Stand and face the world, change into something
you prize.

-DAIVAT BHAGAT



Sound of the heart

Silence!!
Is the sound of the dumb heart
many thoughts become dreams
shattered they, tear the heart

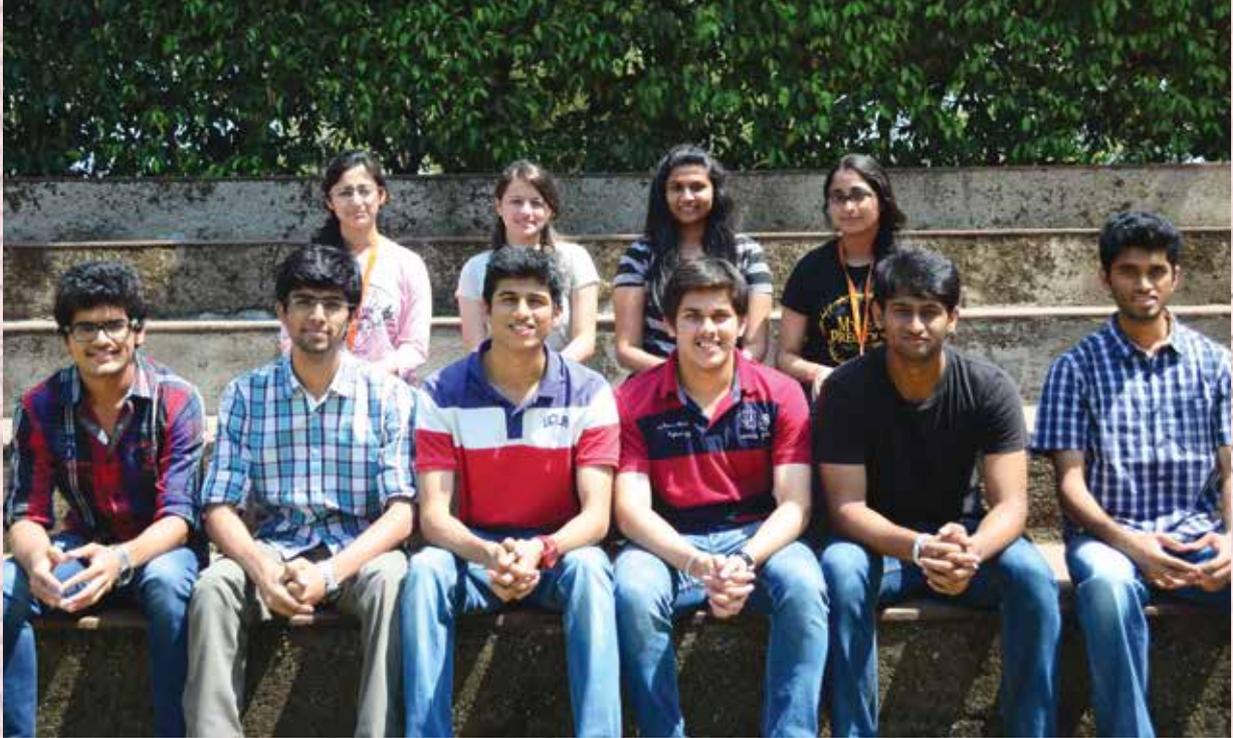
A dark cave, sorrow's mate
A wandering kite
A drama stage
Oh! dumb heart!

Where do you want to go?
What do you want to be?
Why request? Then regret?
Set ablaze in the mire of desire,
who will put off this fire?

A longing prison
give me a reason,
embracing resent, why leave present?
A cradle of thoughts
A devil of magic
You grieve without any logic
Speak!
But, Silence is the sound of the dumb heart!

-ABHINAV. C.V

Badminton



In the Photo: (From L to R)
1st Row : Gauri T, Jinal T, Prachi T, Deeksha R
Sitting: Mihir S, Mehul S, Sandeep P, Pranav D, Aditya M, Shyaam N

Carrom



In the Photo: (From L to R)
1st Row: Chanadana I, Charmi S Aditya A
IInd Row: Sushant M, Shoeb M, Abhishek B, Divyank J

Sports' inspired Movies: Bhaag Milkha Bhaag

Volleyball



In the Photo: (From L to R)
1st Row: Hiren V , Palak N, Harsh S, Dushyant V
IInd Row: Vishal R, Devang P, Piyush P

Table Tennis



In the Photo: (From L to R)
1st Row: Vedant Kalyankar, Mihir Bhatia
IInd Row: Dhawal dedhiya, Jesil Gandhi, Chirag Shah

Quest To Vidyavihar

“Land ahoy! Man the gates keep your shields ready. Wait for it, wait for it, wait for it, now men charge! Oh no the enemy wants to climb onboard, push men push! There’s the bridge secure it. At last we have success. Charge up the bridge there’s the ridge men push hard that’s our only chance of survival. The slippery stairs! We’ve made it we are there. Behold the gateway of central Mumbai the mystical gateway which links the 2 parts of Mumbai! There men, the staircase the gateway to our destination charge men charge! Oh no resistance! There are people heading our way, we must find a way to dodge them, ready your shields. Watch out for goblin vendors, don’t want to lose our coins do we? Oh no there arrives our vehicle run men run! Down the stairs, into the belly of the beast. Quick she will move soon! Quick grab the rod. At last our transition was a success, let’s take a well-deserved rest“

Confused? I am sure you are. Don’t worry guys I am not describing a war, just my daily experience of changing trains at Mumbai’s hub, Dadar station. I feel like an adventurer, everyday a new quest. Getting down from crowded trains and battling crowds sometimes I feel how the kings of yore must have felt with barbarians at their gates. In this situation all I have is my bag(shield) to protect me. Climbing up those tiny narrow stairs anytime a horde may come down and crush you.

The main bridge of Dadar station is like a medieval era port with vendors selling everything from toys to soaps, kings men (ticket checkers) keeping an eye on everyone and always having to watch out for goblins (pickpocketeers). The small step across the girder of the bridge which joins 2 section feels like having a space jump. You get transferred into a new dimension just like a parallel universe everything is same, but different. Similar trains but different locations, same system but different management and of course similar people, but different attitude. Platform no. 1 of Dadar central is a meeting place

for all the people making a pilgrimage to the holy place of knowledge, Somaiya Vidyavihar! You will always find your friends, acquaintances and sometimes even your professors especially at the end of platform, that is, bogey no. 9-12.

Inside of the train has many different feelings depending on the timing and final destination sometimes it’s the feeling of being in a grinder wheel about to get crushed and sometimes like the inside of a wind tunnel, when the train is empty. The distance between Dadar and Matunga may be short but it’s a bumpy ride with all the crossings. When train stops at Matunga it always feels like the motorman is preparing for what’s coming next, “the light jump”.

When the signal turns green just like Han solo and Chewbacca the motor man presses the button and voila we achieve light speed! As Sion approaches we pass through a dark patch just like exiting a forest and into the edge of civilization. The journey from Sion to Kurla is a battle of wills wit train trying to throw you out at each turn and you desperately clinging on for dear life. As we approach Vidyavihar , the Somaiya campus can be seen from far away.

Vidyavihar station, the station which would not exist if our college had not existed. It is made up of one measly platform where getting down is easy but getting onto the bridge is another story.

It requires a lot of training and expertise as bridge is hardly 8 feet wide and it’s so long that it feels like crossing a river with hordes of people opposing you.

When you complete this journey you always get the feeling that you have just been to the worst gym in the world and will never go back but then you remember you also have to return home via the same route.

This was my quest to vidyavihar where I face barbarians, goblins, king’s men and ride the dragon from home to work.

-PRATIK GHEEWALLA

To Whomsoever It May Concern!

I was walking home from the station,
And saw a lost kid,
I said, "Hey, there's a lost kid here,
To whomsoever it may concern!"
I walked away, unworried,
And saw an injured old lady, asking for help,
I shouted out, "Someone help this old lady please,
To whomsoever it may concern!"
Someone will help her I thought,
And found a gangster bullying a hawker,
He looked at me expecting help,
I shrugged my shoulders, the police's concern!
But when I reached home to find it burning,
A man was standing there pointing,
Speaking to the air, "this house,
Its on fire, to whomsoever it may concern...."

-DHAIRYA MEHTA

One April Morn

One April morn, the shots rang loud
From both sides of the line between.
For glory and for Mother dear,
They fought, they fell, they rose.
One left behind a sister 'lone,
While for another, thousands mourned,
They sought victory, the cause unknown;
Blood spilt in the name of justice.
They left their homes with earnest pride,
They sang sweet songs of sacrifice,
Cut down, yet on their faces, smiles
Of glorious satisfaction.
Millions gone and yet no king,
God knows how many more to go.
They fight, they win, they rule and yet
Time and again, some must go.
Oh, listen now, young boys, as they,
From deep down in their graves do speak
Let not us on this battlefield
Have died in vain, and weak.
Oh, take this soil, upon which green
Weed grows to mark their monument,
And take it to your hungry heart,
Rise from this dust again.
One April morn...

-K. NIRANJAN

Undone

'Beep. Beep.' Blinked my wrist watch and then went blank. Back to being nothing but an additional mass on my left hand. It was 10 o' clock. Way past my bed time one could say. But those who know me knew I rarely slept. Insomniac, the doctor had said. I sat there, facing the window. The book resting in my hand. Half open. It's pages automatically curling due to the constant breeze. My glasses lay neatly folded below the table lamp. The shadow casting an eerie effect in the dimly lit room. The book was just an excuse. In case someone barged in "accidentally", while my eyes were fixated on the real reason. There she was. She was seated in front of her dresser, brushing her hair as always. We had been neighbors since as long as I could remember. And she is always brushed her hair before going to bed. Again for as long as I could remember. Today thought, the curtain blocked my view almost completely and all I was greeted with was a feeble shadow. Still, I knew. I had watched her countless times from this very spot. A fifteen year old boy's crush. I wished I had the courage to knock on her door and blurt out a 'Hi'. You know, just start a conversation. But I never got around to it. Not yet. Soon, I told myself, very soon. Sometimes I wished I had a wingman. But even that was not happening. So here I was in my room, spying on her. Even calling myself her secret admirer. Actually, one of her secret admirers. She was hot. Finally she got up from her chair and moved towards the window. She pulled open the curtains and looked at the moon and I looked at her. Mesmerizing. I tightly shut my eyes in a desperate attempt to capture that image. When I finally did open them, she was gone.

I leaned back on my chair. Hoping to recollect that last image. I closed my eyes and the bits and

parts of it to returned to me. She leaned on to the window resting her elbows on the window sill. The wind playfully ruffled through her long auburn hair and the cold air made her cheeks go pink. I tried harder but nothing else came to mind. I opened my eyes. It was time to sleep. I got up. But it pained. My entire body seemed to ache. Each muscle stung and every bone crackled. I tried to look around but my vision had gone foggy. Half stumbling half hitting the furniture in my room, I reached my desk. Then I saw it. And what I saw I could not believe. My face was all wrinkled. My hair was all white. My teeth were all gone and everything looked out of sight. I was old. I got up and slowly went back to the window. I pulled open the curtains. It was gone. She was gone. Her apartment was replaced by a behemoth glass structure. I stretched my neck out to see how far in went. It went on endlessly. That's when it happened. I felt my leg slip as I fell out of the window.

I banged my head on the wooden flooring in my room. Ouch that hurt. But thankfully it hurt a lot less. The book still in my hand. The table lamp still shining brightly. Everything was same. But one thing had changed. I had finally woken up. I knew what I was going to do first thing tomorrow. I didn't want to be 65 and still look out of the window in hopes of catching a glimpse of her. I wanted to be with her. I know it was a long shot. But if I never tried, I would never know. Once you leave something undone it will always be undone. But once you try it, you won't sit on an arm chair, looking out of the window, wishing you had tried. Try everything, regret nothing. Because it is the silliest of mistakes that make the best of stories.

-KARAN SHAH

They said...

A mediocre, they called him,
An underachiever they said;
Another mere guy in the block,
unacquainted with fame, unambitious of glory.

A stroke of success, he hadn't tasted,
A whiff of accomplishment he had never smelt;
A run of the mill professional,
Just a dream of Wall Street, though it was highly delusional!

But a fighter he was, an expert at come-back,
Aware of his short-comings, proud of his talents;
Lifted himself up like an unflinched spider,
Dusted himself up with renewed vigour,
Marched up to the door of honour,
Undeterred, hopeful and full of confidence.

Long strides he took, much to the dismay of the talking;
A talent or fluke? Was the query of many;
Riding down the aisle of fame,
Was just how ubiquitous he became!

From an Ordinary to an El Famoso,
He rose, he fought, he conquered!

Shameful of their remarks, flattering of his glory,
"A force to be reckoned with", they said;
Swallowing their pride, condemning their ignorance,
"We were wrong", they said!

-YASHASRI SADAGOPAN

JUST WAKE ME UP!

All is fallen
All is down
My hope is calling
Wake me up!

It's a bad dream
Shake me now
I'm holding on to a beam
Bring me up

Let it all break,
I wanna hold on,
It's a bad dream & it's fake
Life has to go on.

Where do I leave?
Where do I run?
It's all darkness
Without a ray from sun.

I wait to see light
I want to get up & fight
Let me make it all right
Just wake me up!

-JINAL CHOTHANI

SnackBar- Treat Yourself!



SnackBar – A canteen by the students for the students. Sanket Agrawal started Campus Company – Snack Bar in September 2011. Back then, the idea was to serve packaged food during the night to hungry hostel students. The idea and work received great appreciation. Chocolates, coffee, ice tea, Maggi etc were some of the items served. Within two months of inception, another branch under the name of SnackBar opened in the girls section as well. Hard work and persistence paid off, as SnackBar crossed five digit revenue within seven months of its opening. This amazing feedback and great response motivated SnackBar to grow exponentially. Comprising a team of three, Sanket Agrawal, Yash Shah & Prateek Naik started the planning of expanding SnackBar. Team says “We thought of opening a full-fledged canteen. We approached our mentor Hetal Doshi, our principal Dr. Shubha Pandit, Dr. Radha Iyer from SIMSR and Dr. Sundarrajan and shared our idea and they guided us at important junctures. Bloombox E-cell members and Pathfinder E-cell members have helped us greatly. The college agreed to give us this huge canteen space just below our Engineering College after taking prior permissions. Now we had to focus on the operations. To make the place more student friendly and appealing, we thought of asking our own students to paint a section wall of the canteen. We got on board some creative people who completely transformed the appearance of the canteen. Next was a major task to purchase all the necessary equipment and to hire the correct employees which included trained chefs, cleaners, helpers etc. We started with the drive

by approaching various institutions and NGO and we got on board people who were highly efficient.

The other major thing required were the numerous distributors needed for raw materials, packaged food, cleaning equipments, etc. After many number of calls and meetings we got on board our distributors as well. We did everything in 2 months of time and now things seemed pretty clear.

Our main motive of starting this was to explore the business & an entrepreneurial side as engineers. We wanted to do something of our own while being in college. We have learned so much by taking interviews, approaching concerned authorities, meetings with distributors, finalizing the menu, accounting, getting jobs done etc. This all happened while setting up SnackBar, and we are sure that there is so much more to learn in the coming times. We also did this, so as to encourage engineers who are interested in management as well.

In SnackBar, we would be serving, Indian Food, Chinese Food, Chaat Items, Frankies, Pizzas, Pastas, Burgers, Juices, Salads, Shakes, South Indian, Beverages and much more. We have also made sure that all the dishes are made with great quality and hygiene. There is absolutely no compromises made as far as the hygiene is concerned.

Our heartfelt gratitude to our mentor and college authorities for helping us throughout and for continuing to do so. This wouldn't have been possible without their guidance. Also all our friends have come forward and helped us with the look of the canteen

So, join us and treat yourself.

Sleep Multitasking

“You always do this. You do time pass for the whole day, keep lazing around and then ditch me for the movie. And on top of that, you’ll surely stay up all night to finish the assignment. What is this year!”

“I am sorry. Even I wanted to go for the movie and you know it. But now I have to work and I’ll probably have to pull an all-nighter.”

That’s how our conversation ended. I closed our bedroom’s door, making a loud noise, like they do in movies. She always does that. I don’t like this. She always yells at me if a plan gets cancelled because of me. But she is allowed to do this, and she has to work now. Excuses, huh.

I ignored her the whole evening, even at dinner. Mom and Dad obviously figured out that we had a fight. Never mind, I decided I’d also stay up late today and see if she really is working. I know that all she does is watch F.R.I.E.N.D.S. all night, over and over. Why should she have all the fun? Uhh, my annoying sister.

It was around 2.45am. I was wide awake. Just after finishing the my latest thriller fiction, I peeked into her laptop screen. She was working. And watching F.R.I.E.N.D.S. TV show. I was still angry with her though, and I think I remember that I was thinking about her late night work and how she might fall ill because of that. I wanted to tell her to stop working and sleep for once, but I knew she would turn me down instead. I slept off anyway.

I got up. She was sleeping or sitting or maybe both.(I could not figure out what position she had acquired, so let it be.) I stood up, went to her with my angry young woman face. She looked at me and asked, “How many times do I say sorry? And stop looking at my screen, I am working so don’t...” Before she could

say anything further, I gave her one of my toughest looks, and snapped while pointing towards her. “YOU! YES, YOU! Zhop! (Sleep in Marathi). “Snapped once more. “Zhop” Snapped twice. “Zhop, kalla na? (Sleep, understood?)” She was scared for a minute because I never said anything like this to her, in such a tone, like a zombie. Ever. I came back to my bed, looked in the mirror in front of it, made my tousled hair, smiled in the mirror, and slept again.

The next day, I was the last one to get up. Well, I got up and my sister gave me this weird, ‘What-was-wrong-with-you-last-night?’ Look. Apparently, I was sleep-talking, sleep-walking and sleep-scaring people last night. Yes. And, I had absolutely no memory of scaring my sister like that. She made this story famous all around the world next day itself and nobody could stop laughing at me. I occasionally sleep talk (Who am I kidding? I sleep talk almost everyday.) and while I do so, each incident at night becomes a hilarious story for the next day but this was something so new and so not me. Though, my mom kept saying, “this was your way of showing concern for her.” I could not stop laughing after I heard this, I wouldn’t show my concern for her like this, would I? Wait, maybe. Well, I am a little weird, aren’t I? But you know what, my sleep walking/talking stories have made so many people laugh that I love being so. And, both my sisters, they definitely need an award for actually baring with me while I did those stunts.

Here’s to all the naturally, born-talented Sleep-Enthusiasts who are creators of the funniest Slumber Stories. Cheers! :)

-SHRUTI VAKHARIYA

സങ്ക്വീർത്തനം: "Sankeerthanam"

കുമാരനാശാൻ

ചന്തമറേയ പൂവിലും ശബളാഭമാം
ശലഭത്തിലും
സന്തതം കരതാരിയന്തരം ചിതര-
ചാതുരി കാട്സിയും

ഹന്ത! ചാരുക്ഷാക്ഷമാലകളർകക-
രശ്മിയില് നീട്സിയും

ചിന്തയാം മണിമന്തിരത്തില്
വിളങ്ങു-
മീശനവ വാഴ്ത്തുവിന്!

സാരമായ് സകലത്തിലും മതസംഗ്രഹം
ഗ്രഹിയാത്തതായ്

കാരണാന്തരമായ് ജഗത്തിലുയർന്നു
നിന്നിടുമെ ഞ്നീന

സര ഘരഭേ റല്കകട നാഭിയാല്
സ്വമൃഗംകണ-

ക്കനുമയേമായ്
ഭൂരമാകിലുമാത്മ ഹാര്ദ്ദ
ഗുണാസ് പദത്ത
നീനയ്കകുവിന്!

നിത്യനായക, നീതിചക്രമതിന്-
തിരിച്ചിലിനക്ഷമാം

സത്യമുള്കകലത്തിലും സ്ഥിരമായ്
വിളങ്ങുക നാപിലും

കൃത്യഭൂ വെടിയാതെയും മടിയാതെയും
കരകേ റ്സിയില്

പ്രത്യഹം പ്രഥയാര്ന്ന പാവന
കര്മ്മ-
ശക്തി കുളിക്കുക!

സാഹസങ്ങളു് തുടര്ന്നുടന്
സുഖഭാണ്ഡ-

മാശു കവര്ന്നുപേ റ്റം
ദഹേമാനസ ദേ റ്ഷസന്തതി ദവേ

ദവേ, നശിക്കണേ

സ്നഹേമാം കുളിർപൂനിലാവു പരന്നു
സര്വവുമകേമായ്

മേ റ്ഹമാമിരുള് നീങ്ങി നിന്റ
മഹത്ത്വ-
മുള്ളില് വിളങ്ങണേ.

ധര്മ്മമാം വഴി തന്നില് വന്നണയുന്ന

വരൈകളുണ് ചവേ
നിര്മ്മലദ്യുതിയാര്ന്ന
നിശ്ചയഖഡ്ഗമന്തി നടന്നുടന്

കര്മ്മസീമ കടന്നുപേ റ്യ
കളിയാടുവാനരുളണമേ
ശര്മ്മവാരിധിയില് കൃപാകര,
ശാന്തിയാം മണിനവ റ്കയില്.

Translation:

In beautiful flowers and colourful butterflies,
We see His wonderful creations.

His blessings we feel in the rays of sun,
Praise him who lives in the realm of thoughts.

The sole answer for all religions
Oh! You Go, rising above the world,
We pursue You, not recognising,
But you are within us, We don't know.

You, the immortal, rotate the wheel of virtue,
Let the truth be in our minds and tongue,
May our hands be filled with noble deeds,
Save me from my strong desires.

Fill my heart with sublime thoughts,
Let my heart be filled with love,
Let me realise thou as thee,
Lead me to the right path of duty,
Bless me to strike off the enemies in my path,
Bless me to live in the path of karma,
Bless me, the one who lives in the vessel of peace.

Summary

In this prayer “sankeerthanam”, the poet Kumaranasan tries to point out that the real seat of God, for whom we search everywhere, is our own soul. The poet compares this action of the man to that of the Kashthura Deer. The poet is overwhelmed with emotion as he explains how superior a simple life is, when compared to a life full of adventures and strong worldly desires.

About Kumaran Asan

Kumaran Asan (1873-1924) also known as Mahakavi Kumaran Asan, (the name prefix Mahakavi (Awarded

by Madras University in the Year 1922) meaning great poet and the suffix Asan meaning scholar or teacher) was a Malayalam poet, philosopher and social reformer of Kerala. Asan initiated a revolution in Malayalam poetry in the first quarter of the 20th century, transforming it from metaphysical to lyrical.

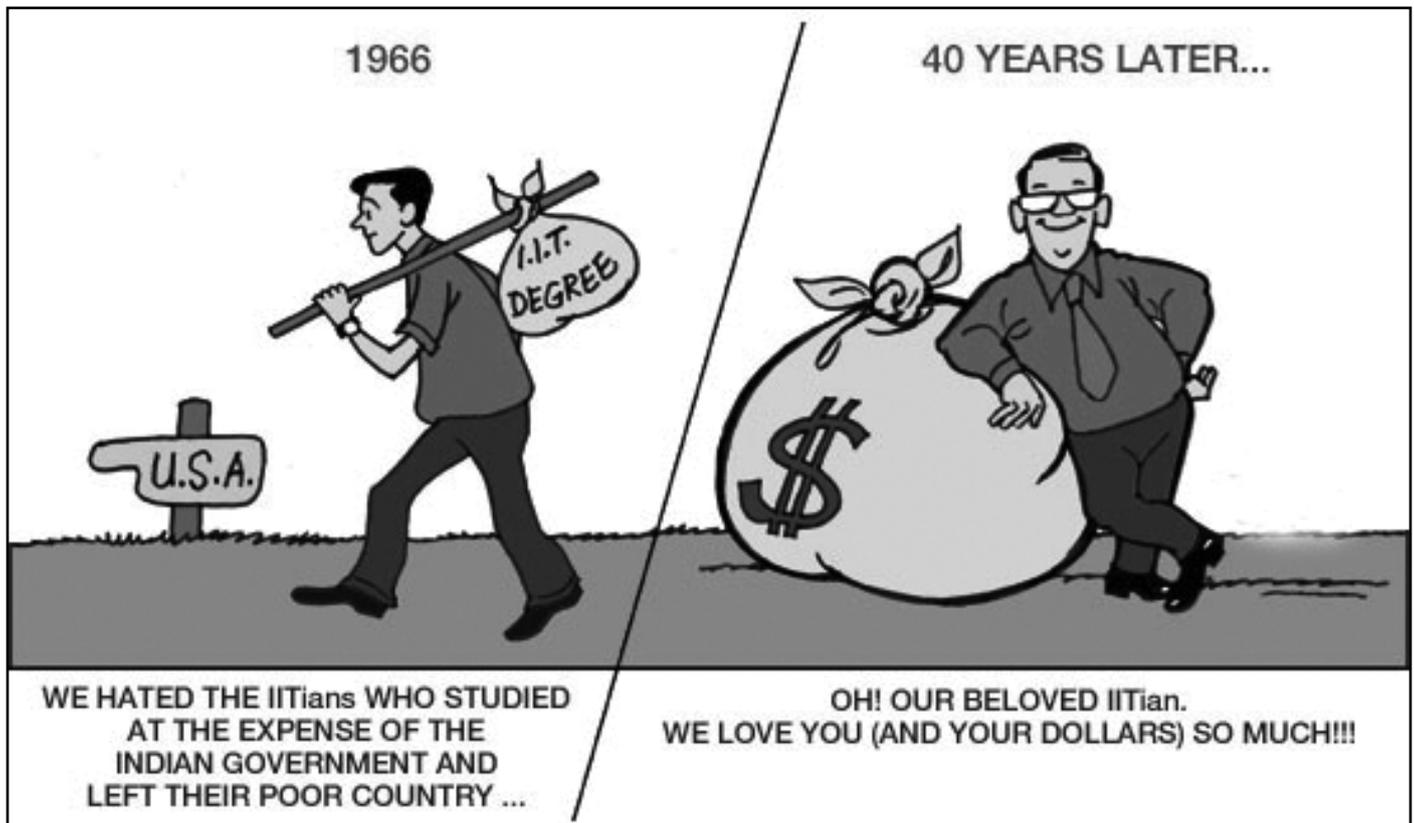
Some of his major works include :

Veena Poovu (1907)

Chinthavishtayaya Seetha (1919)

Chandala bhikshuki (1922) and Karuna (1923) .

-VAISHAKH HARIDAS



Stupid Baboons

To rant has become the coolest thing in town. It has come to be perceived as one of the most intellectually satisfying activities for the doer as well as the receiver. I could just about be ranting about anything-from the most mundane to something that really does deserve some interest-and it would still be 'cool'. There is a

To the person who is ranting, or criticizing, more often than not, it seems to them as though they were some neo-Voltaire or Rousseau who have been sent down to enlighten the hapless mortals. They have this misplaced sense of confidence and knowledge which they fail to understand. The truth, in fact, is that they couldn't be any farther from the reality. These ranters(let's just use this term irrespective of its existence) have just half-baked opinions about something coupled with a very strong desire to express them.

Also, another reason why such ranting has been proliferating and has been labeled as the 'to-do-thing' is simply because, it involves criticism. And, criticism of about everything has been the favourite pastime of ours since I don't even know. And this is because criticism requires almost no brains at all. Why else do you think I chose to criticize criticism. It is just too easy to be doing that. And exactly, why it has everybody gripped. Criticism also has another perk attached to it. Our books, movies and/or almost any other media has, in such a manner, skewed the image of the times we live in and fed into our minds that there is this constant need to bring a change. And no matter what happens, the people who are against the system, the rebels, are right. And come on, rebels have almost always caught the imagination of the young.

To the people glorifying and, in the process, encouraging such ranters, the ranter is this intellectual being they had been waiting for, all

their life. And, this is not surprising at all. With information being so readily and freely available, and the 'trending today' changing in hours, this volatility has made us resort to easier and- if I may say so- cheaper ways to keep abreast with the immediate topics. But, what such stupid baboons fail to understand is that they might as well not form an opinion about the issue rather than an ill-informed one. These are the same people gushing about how Arnab 'beat the shit out of that guy' on Newshour last night but have absolutely no idea what was the subject being discussed. They glorify the cacophony rather than the substance behind it. It requires a lot of work.

Ranting(or criticism) is certainly not bad. Rather, it is an indicator of how much freedom the people have in expressing their views. But we must not abuse this freedom. Mistake me not, I am not trying to belittle the opinions of people. If you really have to have an opinion on something, read more about it. Take your time in forming opinions, think about them, then think about why are you thinking what you are thinking about them. Remember, the first answer is not always the best answer. It is constructive only when it adds value to the system. My solution: Rant when you have a solution: Because it doesn't take much effort to point out a thousand flaws. But only when is there a feasible alternative available, criticism will have served its purpose. Translate the thoughts into action. Don't just DEBATE. ACT ON IT. Now, what I did here was basically rant about ranting. Maybe, I am one of those people whom I have sought to describe above. The ones, I so strongly dislike(Because HATE is a strong word). MAYBE. But then, what would that make you... STUPID BABOONS.

-AYUSH SHUKLA

Travel Keeda

I am going to write on my favourite topic, that is travelling. More precisely travelling all by yourself, living with the localites rather than in luxury hotels, eating the food they eat, laughing with them at their jokes.

Some people fear even dining alone, what it will be like for them to travel to a different country all alone? By travelling solo, you are going grow in confidence You will become more independent and will start enjoying your company. Don't we remember the scared medical student played by Deepika Padukone, turning bold and confident; her journey from wearing spectacles to lens which is not a point to emphasize on, but the way she dashed the eve teasers, laughed out her lungs, climbed those freaking mountains and made friends for life. She truly became a better version of herself.

The movie 'Roman Holiday' has a princess leaving behind the riches she owns and making friends with the reporter she meets on her journey of escape. They pair up for the real adventures that she'd never experienced in her castle. Don't you just love the idea of 'travel writing' or 'travel photography'? Have you ever pictured yourself wearing the loose khaadi kurta and a side cotton bag? Aisha in 'Wake up Sid' travels to an entirely alien city and makes it her city!

Rani, in 'Queen', goes on her honeymoon to Paris and France all by herself. She does struggle because of foreign language and cuisine, new roommates she encounters, everything makes her journey worth remembering.

So if something similar has happened with you, if someone has ditched you last minute, and you really want to go, then go! You may never get a chance to go there thereafter. YOLO.

This is the right time to go on the treks, to the far off adventures, in midst of an island, for you are not going to be in your twenties again. You don't really want to spend all your life in your office. There is no age to go after what you want. Make a bucket list right away.

Plan a month long leisure vacation with your old

friends no matter how jammed is your calendar. And you are indeed going to come back with lot of stories to remember and to laugh out your lungs at. This will fill you with all the positive and vibrant energy to start anew.

The movie 'Into the wild' captured the story of a student who left everything behind to start a travel journey. The movie 'The bucket list' has two aged men jot down the things they want to do before they die.

I'll tell you all about my trek to Sandhan Valley. It's a beautiful place, and I felt like going here after seeing Joohee's photos from the same trek.

Two days in the woods, and I almost got into so many avatars.

I walked nearly 32 kilometers in time span of two days, ate Maggie near the flowing river and slept on the rock. I managed through peculiar giant rocks while descending down the mountain and yelled while doing so. I nearly wanted to stop my journey and wanted someone to lift me down the valley but it was not going to happen. We lost the feel of plain surface after constant walking on hard rocks and getting our skin scratched. The juicy oranges tasted better after. Making our way through the giant shapeless rocks, algae coated slippery rocks in green colored water, free falling with the help of rope and a tree branch, we completed the journey. We valued every small thing we don't when in the city. This was just a short glimpse of bigger adventures. Looking forward to more of these!

-DAMINI ARORA





Symphony 2015

The Night to Remember...

I remember that night in bits and pieces...

It was past midnight and the streets were deserted; not a single soul to call for help. He was down, out and unconscious, bleeding and lifeless.

And then I remember finding a rickshaw, pleading him to take us to the nearest hospital. And I remember the rickshaw wala carrying him up the hospital stairs in his arms. He was bleeding profusely and my clothes were drenched in his blood. Everything happened so fast, there was very little time to think.

Fast forward. I barely remember seeing him being taken to the Emergency Room. I barely remember completing all the formalities with the hospital, or calling up his parents and informing them to come to the hospital. All of it happened in such a breakneck speed, there was very little to notice things happening. After he was admitted, did I get time to sit down and notice what's around me! The "hospital" could easily pass off as shady place. Old, dilapidated, and abandoned, apart from a receptionist cum helper sitting at the dimly lit desk. He looked stoned, and I couldn't help but ask him if he is. He says, "Of course, who in this town is sober?" I said, "Who on earth is sober?"

The conversation continued. He told me that he's a biomedical engineer. I asked him how he landed up here, in a trashy pseudo hospital that doesn't even have a proper emergency ward. The floor smelled like Lizol. "I realized that my 9-5 job is not really worth me. It didn't suit me. I was made to live a colorful life, y'know?"

I could smell cigarettes whenever he opened his mouth to speak. I remember finding him cute, that's something that I do remember.

"Oh, so you, one fine day, decided to be a receptionist in a hospital much below your standards?"

"No, it took a little while." He smiled.

"Okay, weird. What took time? What's the story behind your steep descent?"

This time, he smirked. And he said, "Manali." He continued, "If I may ask, how did he land here? Looks like a bad attempt. I mean, a good one, but it failed. What happened?"

"I don't remember, honestly. One moment we were playing with the gun his father gave him for our protection. And the next moment, we were there on the road, with blood dripping from his sleeve. It seemed like he fell on me after being shot. Because the blood dripped from his left sleeve and the right of my top is soiled."

"Where's the friggin' gun?" He sounded worried.

"I took care of it."

"You know he's not gonna come out living, right? What were you doing? Why aren't you even sad? There's no sign of sadness, no mourning. Nothing. Woman, you're cold."

I still remember the first time we smoked up.

"Have you ever smoked?"

"Never"

"Okay, so, take a puff, then breathe in. You'll feel that it's harsh and it might cause irritation in the throat. But that's how it is done. Then breathe out"

And I did it. I didn't fag the first puff at least. The next two, yeah maybe. But the first one was perfect. And it was him. And the moon shone through the window when he asked me if I'd want to sit down. We sat down. Real close. And I was staring at that blue bucket kept near the window. I kept staring.

"Tell me what you're thinking"

That question really is irritating, okay? And I was looking at him when the girl in Gone Girl says that she finds it annoying.

"Nothing."

"What are you looking at?"

"The bucket."

"Why are you looking at it?"

"I have no idea."

A puff, another, another, pass.

A puff, another, another, pass.

Then we talked about how screwed we are because we didn't do well in exams. And we were, for some reason, laughing.

Wholeheartedly.

"Y'know I feel bad that I'm finding my bad performance funny. It's not funny."

He laughed and said, "It's not you, chill."

"Then?"

"Maal. It's Manali."

"Do you want to play some music?"

"Huh?"

"Music?"

"Sure."

"Then go grab my laptop."

"Please don't make me do that. I don't wanna get up"

"Just crawl"

I didn't crawl. Of course. I got up. Could have crawled though. Then I gave him the laptop. He asked me what I want to play. I told him whatever he wants to listen to.

"Just play anything. It's the first time I'm not really thinking anything. I'm blank. Let me. You play some song. Any song."

"I want to hear you sing"

"Okay don't look at me while I'm singing. Makes me nervous"

A puff, another. I cleared my throat and passed him the joint.

A puff, another. Then he canned it.

I began singing. He didn't let me finish the song though. '

-JOOHEE SHHERMA

Grey's Anatomy. Awww! :)

In conversation with Raghu Ram

-Joohee Shherma

So I interviewed Raghu, from Roadies. Yes. Not kidding. I was pretty excited about it, of course. Go ahead, read it all!

Since this is an interview for a college magazine, tell us about the best prank you played on a teacher in college.

Well, my attendance was zero. I hadn't even seen my class. And see, Rajiv and I were very respectful towards our elders so no pranks on teachers. Among friends, it was fun. But we never played pranks on teachers. Sorry for disappointing you there.

How did you become a part of the entertainment industry? Tell us about your first experiences in the Industry.

Uh okay. We dropped out of college, Rajiv and I, after the second year. Cable tv was coming to India at that time. In 1992-93.. And by 1995, we dropped out of college. So many new channels were being started, and there was a demand for new shows, there was a demand of television professionals. And because there were no courses on the same, no qualifications were required for the job in this industry. Only journalists were shifting from print to television, and stuff like that. TV 18, now network 18. It was a small office called TV18 in Delhi and was run out of a basement in a place called Kalbadevi. The idea was to get youngsters as trainees and train them in different aspects of television and use them as employees; that is hiring the good ones as employees. So because they were not looking for any qualification for this job, we were qualified for it. There was no other reason. That's how we started in the industry. The first couple of months were very harrowing. It was a grown up world, you know? And we were kids! Mini. Of course we had no idea about what was going on around. Since a trainee is one level below an intern, it's the bottom of the ladder. Like the village bicycle because everyone gets a ride. It was hectic but a lot of fun.

Having a twin must be fun. Have you played any pranks where you were expected and instead Rajiv shows up and nobody even notices?

Pranks weren't played by us. Instead, they were played on us, a lot of times. The first day ever in the office, people gathered around us and showed us to everyone. And when I was a trainee, I got into a serious problem with a very senior editor. But he grabbed Rajiv instead of me; and you get the rest.

You have joined a political party, AAP, and have been campaigning for them actively. What inspired you to jump into Politics and how has your journey been so far?

No I haven't joined any party but I have been actively campaigning for them. I have been a part of the movement since Anna Hazare. What inspired me? Well, I have been very angry with the way things have been in India, if you see roadies you will feel that. And I wanted change. I realized that politicians were a part of the problem because of their vote bank politics, because of them screwing up. They would divide people. Riots, communal riots, corruption. They treat people like dirt and strut around like kings. I have always wanted to do something about it, especially after 26/11. When Anna Hazare went on his first hunger strike, he was arrested; and that really angered a lot of Indians and I was one of them. The point is, you are so coolly arresting an old man who went on a hunger strike, yet all these parties declare bandhs and they destroy property during curfews. They openly challenge you to arrest them but you don't. That movement initiated by Anna Hazare failed because of a political party again. I felt I must support them. Having protested on the roads for the Jan Lokpal Bill, they couldn't say their work is done. They had to jump into politics.

All these years, I have criticized the youth for not participating actively in the politics. And this movement was led by the youth. I thought it's my duty to be with them when they stand up, and work as much as they are, if not more. I felt compelled to be a part of this change in any small way possible.

RAGHU

I have campaigned for them on my own money, everywhere, and it has been a wonderful experience. I cannot begin to tell you the satisfaction I get in standing up to the other politicians. You know, there's something called **play for change**, so we play the guitar on streets, gather a crowd and talk to them or we campaign door to door, house to house, college to college and it was so fulfilling, it was so exciting. It was very cool.

You were a part of the famous AIB roast. How does it feel when you get to hear a various people criticizing AIB roast?

Of all the people involved in the roast, I'm not a stranger to that kind of criticism. I've been criticized similarly for ten years.

But do you think the roast will happen again?

Roast won't happen again. The roast is a foreign format and that's how it's done. It was a charity event that raised 40L. it was very entertaining, people attending it walked away smiling and no one was offended. But the point of the roast is that it is offensive comedy. And you're informed in advance that it's going to be offensive, and it's going to be nasty. There's no film that everybody likes, there's no film that everybody likes. So, somebody somewhere is not gonna like it. But that doesn't mean that if you don't like it, other people liking it don't get it.

You can't decide that because I'm offended sitting at home, nobody in the world can watch it; because I find it offensive that it's online. That's typical regressive mentality of a lot of Indians. And, this was bound to happen ya. I knew that people would get offended, but filing police cases against Alia Bhatt and Deepika Padukone who were the audience on the show... it has gone to ludicrous and ridiculous lengths and it's made India the laughing stock of the World. All these things contribute to a very negative image of India, which is very justified, I guess. It's the truth, worldwide. In India, we want to live in a democracy where everyone wants to exercise his rights, freedom of speech. But nobody wants anybody to say anything that might offend them. It's like the national past time of Indians is getting offended.

I think they're very touchy..

It's not touchy, it's just "I'm offended". See, there are two authors in Tamil Nadu. One of them has declared his death on facebook, he's retired from retiring. Literally saying "the author so and so is dead, now only the teacher remains alive". He has given up writing because he was attacked, his book was banned. Because one community said that the book shows us in a bad light. This happened again with another writer in Tamil Nadu itself. There are books that are banned, there are films that are banned. PK becomes a controversy, Comedy Roasts are getting banned, Documentaries are getting banned. It's just Indians taking offense more than they should. No no no, my community is not being shown in the best light, ban it. Oh my gender is not being shown in the best light, ban it. My religion is not being shown in the best line here, ban it. It is just that. Indians are the most idiotically offended people in the world. And I think it's the responsibility of the progressing artists to keep pushing the artists, to keep making people okay, like you can have a laugh. But when other people are laughing at each other, you have no business getting offended. It's none of your business.

We have heard you say that you shall not be a part of the Roadies team from now onwards. What next for Raghu? We have already seen your marvellous performance in the AIB Roast, now where to?

Oh I've started my own company with Rajiv, it's called **Monozygotic**. There's a lot of stuff in the backline, a few channels as well and a lot more for the internet. Hectic times, and a lot of fun. I mean, it's a new beginning, it's a new struggle, it's a new baby. I've found the excitement that I'd lost by just doing Roadies again and again. It was boring.

You're known as the harsh voice on TV Shows, but we've heard that you were once an aspiring singer. Spill the beans!

I guess you're referring to my Indian Idol audition. That wasn't an aspiring thing at all. I had finished Roadies 2 by that time. I'd auditioned because my friends were the ones making the show, and they requested me to go and pick a fight with the judges. So that's all I did. But of course I enjoy singing, I sing with my friends, or like, Agnee has asked me a few times to sing with them, Papon and then a song with Indian Ocean.. So it's not a profession thing for me, it's just a form of expression. I like it.

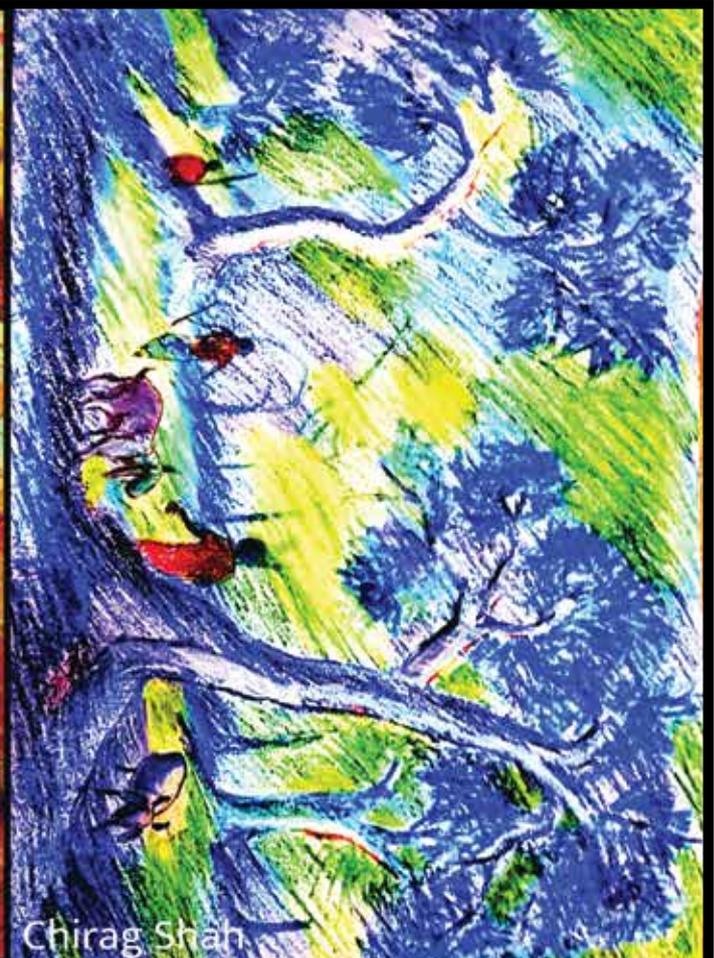
Okay so this is the last question, and a pretty tricky one. Life is all about making the right choices. And when such choices come before us, it is time to show off your true character. So Mr. Raghu, you can choose only one out of the two. Choose wisely.

Ragda wala Pani Puri OR Batata wala Paani Puri?

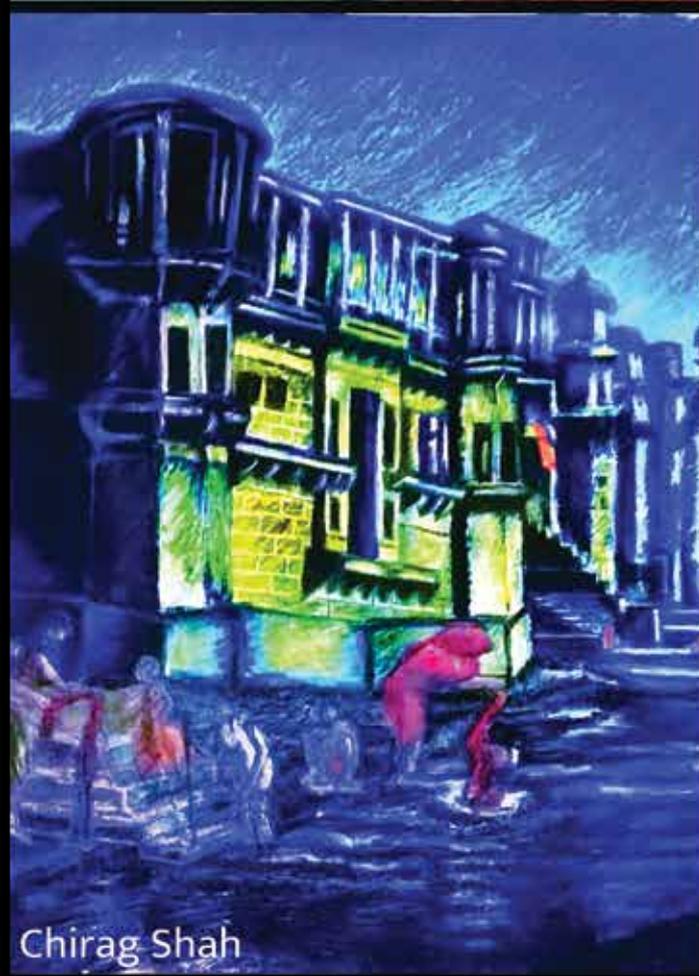
Batata wala pani puri *chuckles* I like that better than Ragda wala Pani Puri.



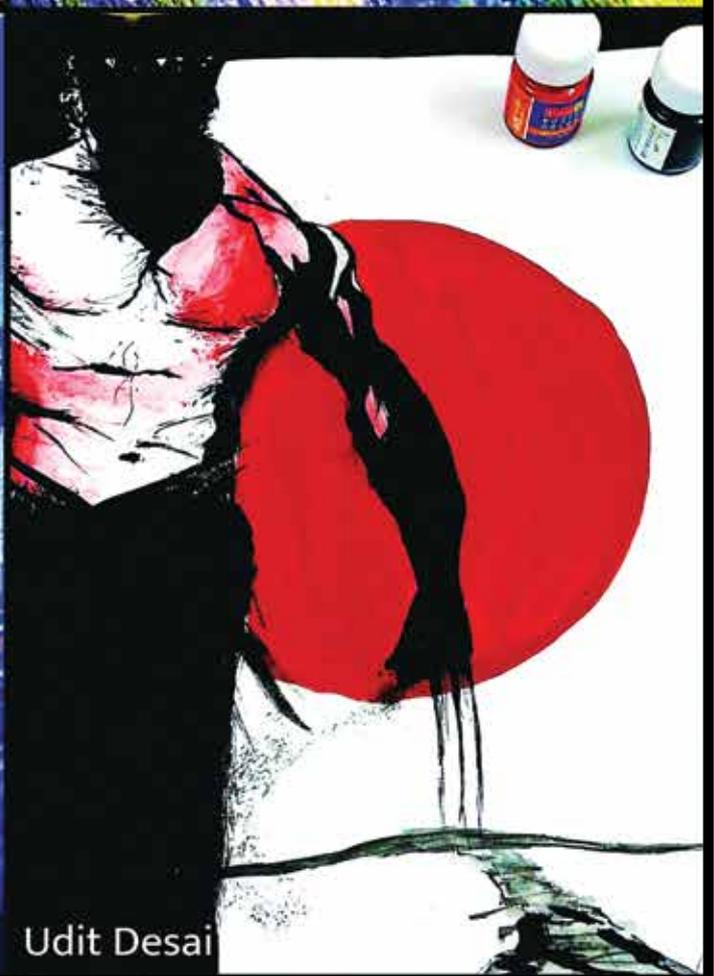
Arati Phadke



Chirag Shah



Chirag Shah



Udit Desai

ગુજરાતી CINEMA

“જ્યાં જ્યાં વસે ગુજરાતી

ત્યાં સદાકાળ ગુજરાત “

દુનિયા ના દરેક ક્ષેત્ર અને વ્યવસ્થા માં પોહ્યેલા ગુજરાતીયો ને સલામ !વશિવ ના ખૂતેમની ખુણે ખાંચરે થેપલા ફાફડાની સાથે સાથે તેમની વચિરધારા જીવનશૈલી કળા અને સંસ્કૃતિ પોચાડવા બદલ જેટલો આનંદ વ્યક્ત થાય તેટલો ઓછો જ છે. અને તેવું જ ગુજરાતી ચતિરપટ અથવા તો એમ કહું ક ગુજરાતી સનિમા નું છે.

ગુજરાતી ફલિમો ભાગ્યે જ આપને જોતા હશું ! (જોકે આ બાબતે નાટકો બાકાત છે!). ગુજરાતી કલાકારો આ બાબતે ઘણા આગળ પડતા છે. તેઓ માત્ર ગુરતી ફલિમો સાથે ના રેહતા વચિવાભરમાં પ્રસદિધિ પામ્યા છે.આશા પારેખ,પરેશ રાવલ,દરશન જરીવાલા,ઈસ્માઈલ દરબાર,સંજય લીલા ભણસાલી,પદ્મારાની,અમીષા પટેલ, હમિશ રેશીમીયા (જોકે બધા પર PROUD ફલિ કરવા જેવું નથી BUT STILL THEY ARE ACTORS ;-)) આપના માંથી ઘણા લોકો (લગભગ બધા જ) અવ પણ હશે જે ગુજરાતી સનિમા નું નામ સાંભળી મોઢું મચકોડતા હશે (તમે પણ અમ ના એક હો તો શરમ અનુભવવામાં શરમ ન રાખતા!).ઘણા અવ પણ હશે જે આ શબ્દો કને પડતા જ પોતાની અનોખી છાપ ઉભી કરવા અંગરેજી માં બબડે «GUJARATI MOVIES “. આ OUTDATED વસ્તુ ને થોડીક વસિતારપૂર્વક જોઈએ ...!

ગુજરાતી સનિમા પ્રાદેશકિ સનિમાની એક બહુ જ વશિલ અને મહત્વની શાખા છે.આ વ્યવસ્થામાં આમેય કોઈ પણ વસ્તુ પેર્મ હોતી નથી.ઘણા જ ઉતર-ચઢાવ પછી હવે ગુજરાતી ચતિરપટ પ્રેક્ષકગણમાં ,તેમના દલિોમાં પગપેસારો કરી રહ્યું છે.આનો ઇતહિસ ઘણો જ INETERESTING છે. ઈ. સ.1932 માં પેહલી ગુજરાતી ફલિમ બની હતી.જે ગુજરતી ભાષાના મહાકવિઅને કૃષ્ણ ના પરમ ભક્ત «નરસંહિ મેહતા « પર આધારતિ હતી. ત્યારબાદ ઈ સ.1935માં આવેલી «સોનબાઈ ની ચુંદડી» એ પણ જબરી સફળતા મેળવેલી.કેતન મેહતા દગિદરશતિ «ભવની ભવાઈ « ને NA-

TIONAL AWARD FOR BEST FEATURE FILM (GUJARATI)મળેલ છે. તેની સાથે જ NATIONAL BEST ART DIRECTION પણ એનાયત થયો હતો. આ ફલિમ માં નસીરુદીન શાહ સાથે આવેલ ગુજરાતી કલાકારોએ પણ સારી છાપ જમાવેલી. ઈ.સ.1992 માં આવેલ «હું હુંશી હુન્શીલાલ «

પણ તે વખત કરતા “POST MODERN” ફલિમ ગણાય છે. ગુજરાતી સનિમા દ્વારા ઘણા બોલ્લય એ શરૂઆત કરેલી છે. જેમાં નરિપા રોય અને આશા પારેખ નો પણ સમાવેશ થાય છે.તે સવાય સતીશ શાહ,રાતના પાઠક,જયશરી સોની,મનોજ જોશી,વનિય પાઠક વગેરે નો પણ સમાવેશ થાય છે. ઈ.સ.1973 થી 1987 સુધી અરુણ ભટ્ટે ગુજરાતી સનિમા ની અલગ જ છાપ ઉભી કરાવી છે.તેમને સમય કરતા અડવ. વાર્તા પર ફલિમો અદભુત હતી જેમાં «મોટા ઘરની વહુ «,»લોહી ની સગાઈ «,»પારકી થપાણ « વગેરે શેહરી વાતાવરણ પર આધાર રાખતી હતી.તેમના દ્વારા આવેલી «પૂજા ના ફૂલ « ને BEST FILM AWARD ગુજરાત સરકાર તરફ થી મળેલો અને તેને કરમુક્ત પણ કરવામાં આવેલી.

ઈ.સ.1992 પછીના સમયગાળા માં ઘણી ફલિમો બનતી પણ તે સમયે વધુ નફો ન કરી શકી. તે સમયગાળા દરમિયાન ગુજરતી ફલિમ ઉદ્યોગએ ઘણા કપરા દવિસો કાઢેલા છે. બધી જ ફલિમો ગામડા પર આધારતિ હોવાથી દરેક વર્ગ ને આકર્ષી નહોતી સકતી. આખરે એ સમય નો પણ અંત આવ્યો અને ગુજરાતી ચતિરપાતે પણ મોદેન જીવનશૈલી તરફ વળવાનો પ્રયાસ કર્યો છેલ્લા દસ વર્ષમાં બનેલી તમામ ગુજરાતી ફલિમો કેઈક અલગ જ હતી.તેની વાર્તા રજૂઆત કલાકારોજ અનોખા હતા.આદકિળ ગુજરાતી ફલિમો ની વ્યખ્યાજ તેમને બદલી નાખી.ગુજરાતી ફલિમ એટલે ગામડાના દરશ્યો,ચણીયા-ચોળી હરિઈન ,બે-ત્રણ ગરબા ,કેડચિા માં આવતો હરિ એ બધું જ હવે વસિરાય ને હકીકત તરફ વળવા લાગેલું.

તેમાંની ઘણી ફલિમો NATIONALAWARDS નામાંકીત કરાયેલ હતી. તેમની એક ફલિમ છે «THE GOOD ROAD” આ ફલિમ ને BEST

FILM(GUJARATI)મળેલ છે...60TH NATINAL FILM AWARDS તથા તેને OSCARS માટે પણ નામાંકીત કરાયેલ હતી.તેની કથા એક અવ ચૂપ્કરા ની આજુબાજુ ફરે છે જે નાનપણ માં ખોવાય જાય છે,અને વર્ષો બાદ પોતાના કુટુંબ ને કચ્છ ના રણ માં મળે છે જ્યાં તે લોકો વેકશન મળવા આવે છે.હાલ ના દેશ ના વડાપ્રધાન નરેન્દ્ર મોદી જે તે સમયે ગુજરાત ના CHIEF MINISTER હતા તેમને TWEET કરેલું «ખુબ જ ગર્વ થાય છે કે આટલા વર્ષોમાં આવી પેહલી ગુજરાતી ફિલ્મ છે જે OSCAR માટે નામાંકિત કરાયેલ છે.»

ત્યાર બાદ ના વર્ષો માં આવેલી ફિલ્મો «કેવી રીતે જઈશ ?», «બે યાર « જેવી કથાનક અને હાસ્ય થી ભરપૂર ફિલ્મોએ લોકો ના મનનમાં રહેલો ગુજરાતી ફિલ્મ પ્રત્યેનો પૂર્વગ્રહ દૂર કરી નાખ્યો.

કેવી રીતે જઈશ ? :

આ ફિલ્મ એક અવ વ્યક્તિ પર આધારિત છે જેએ.કોઈ પણ હસિાબે અમેરિકા જવા ઈચ્છે છે.આમાં દર્શાવેલ યુવા પેઢી નું અમેરિકા સંસ્કૃતિ નું અનુકરણ અને તેમાં ભળેલો ગુજરાતી રંગ ખુબ જ સુંદર રીતે દર્શાવ્યો છે.

બે યાર :

2014 માં રજુ થયેલી આ ફિલ્મ બે મતિરો ની મતિરતા દર્શાવે છે.વકિટ પરસ્થિતિમાં કઈ રીતે તેઓ એક-બીજાનો સાથ આપી આગળ વધે છે તે દર્શાવ્યું છે.આ ફિલ્મ માં અમદાવાદનો ખૂણે-ખાંચરો દેખાડ્યો છે.

.....હોય શકે હજી પણ લોકો ના મનનમાં ગુજરાતી સનિમા પ્રત્યે અણગમો હોય...પણ WAIT A MINUTE....શું તમે આવી જ રીતે પોતાની માતૃભાષાનો તરિસ્કાર કરતા રેહશો?! ગુજરાતી ભાષા લુપ્ત થઈ રહી છે,ધીરે-ધીરે તો શું આપને થોડીક જવાબદારી ઉપાડી,થોડી મેહનત કરી તેને પોતાનું માન ન આપી શકીએ?!GUJARATI QUOTA માં અદ્મસિસઓન માટે કલાકો લાઈનમાં ઉભા રહી શકો છો,પણ લખતા તો આવડતું નથી...વાહ !!

-URVI JOSHI

ગુજરાતી સભા તથા ડાયરામાં ભાગ લેવો ઓઉટ... છે પણ «ગુજરાતી «ના નામ પર મળતા બધા જ લાભ લઈ લેવા છે.ગુજરાતી ફિલ્મો એટલે જ નફો નથી કરતી કારણ કે આપડે જોવા નથી જતા. તેને «BORING» ગણાવી ધક્કારી દઈએ છે.

«બે યાર» નામની ફિલ્મ ઓગસ્ટ માં રજુ થયેલી. બીજા જ દવિસે હું તે જોવા ગયેલી..લગભગ ત્રીસેક લોકો જ હતા આખા થિયેટરમાં!! અને બે મહિના બાદ આ ફિલ્મ એ બધી જ ગુજરાતી ફિલ્મ ના રેકોડ તોડી નાખ્યા કારણ કે કથા જ અનોખી છે.અને આ ફિલ્મ બો.... ફિલ્મો ને ટકકર આપે તે ઢબે બનાવેલી છે.તેની હજી એક કારણ હતું કે «MOUTH PUBLICITY» જે લોકોએ ફિલ્મ જોયેલી તે વખાણ કરતા થાકતા જ નહતા.જેમ ગુજરાતી નાટકો થિયેટર ગજવે છે,હાસ્ય પ્રસરાવે છે..તેમ જ GUJARATI CINEAM પણ MODERN થઈ રહ્યું છે,બદલાય રહ્યું છે,પ્રગતી તરફ જી રહ્યું છે.તેને માત્ર આપના સાત-સહકાર ની જરૂર છે.....તો આવો આપણે તેને વધાવીએ,આવકારીએ અને પૂર્વગ્રહ ત્યજી ગુજરાતી ફિલ્મો જોઈએ!આપણા સાથ થી જ આ ક્ષેત્ર પણ ગુજરાતીયોની આગવી ઓળખ ઓળખ કરીએ...ખરુંને?!

NOTE :

જો તમે આ સંપૂર્ણ લેખ વાચવા સક્ષમ છો તો જરૂર ગુજરાતી ભાષા,સંગીત,ફિલ્મોને પ્રોત્સાહન આપજો અને પ્રસરાવજો...!!

7 MUST WATCH GUJARATI FILMS:

1. ભવની ભવાઈ
- 2.સોનબાઈ ની ચુંદડી
- 3.THE GOOD ROAD
- 4.સપ્તપદી
- 5.દેશ જોયો રે પરદેશ જોયો
- 6.કેવી રીતે જઈશ?
- 7.બે યાર

The Poetess Who Stood For A Cause

With no clue how to get by,
And then with a sigh,
Said the Soul of the World to Mother Earth,
'Now what shall we do?

Since the dawn of time
Asked I have a hundred billion souls.
By wits and twists,
In parts and in whole:
To save thee from tearing apart
This was the plea I sung to every heart.

As you know,
A part of me is given to every life that has ever been:
Known amongst men as 'heart',
That binds my soul to that being's.

All the miracles that happen in this world
Are done by the web of hearts altogether,
For I whisper them,
Some verses from my deepest secret treasure.

Every time a soul starts falling in love with you, Your
Grace,
Every time when it realises your perfections,
Every time when a soul is dazzled by your mysterious
beauty,
By your untold stories,
That is when I wake up his heart
And become his inner voice.
I fill his heart with affection and dignity for you,
And in a different way every time,
I call for his mind to help you.

But I am only a Whisperer,
Like the Greek god Zephyr.
I hold their hearts, not their minds,
And men's minds are rarely a reflection of their hearts.
But yet, always I try.

I intend to fear thou not,
But Mother of Life,
Your white divine crown is melting,
And your Shield is getting porous.
This is harming your green offsprings,
Making them deformed and diseased.

It worries I,
Because you are having fever at times,
Thy temperature soars too high,
And then suddenly you become chilling cold
othertimes.

Thou lifeblood: the water
Changes its course and patterns every now and then,
Somewhere destructing you, somewhere starving
you,
But in no way this change is relieving you.

In unforeseen and fearsome ways,
You sometimes quiver and quaver,
Or erupt massively with a start.
Bringing cracks to your spellbound beauty,
Blemishing your virtual and real art.

Or what do I say about thy adrenaline rush?
Rising too high and playing havoc to your beautiful
sea coasts,

Your alluring skin,
That was once covered in uncountable tones and
shades of thick green,
Now is tattered and ragged and shattered.
With every evanescence of green shade,
Your present sustains the nightmare of your lost
fauna that has fade.

Aren't your most intelligent children responsible for
this?
Even after seeking aid from their hearts,
Grave it is to know that they have thy become foes,
And that is what is tearing you apart.

But thou should know that if you suffer,
So shall all your children.
Do what you may Mother
To save your self and your soul.
End if you may, the intelligent ones,
For the sake of the other whole."

Aghast, Mother Earth listened in tears
And then with sobs, she said,
"How can a mother even think of ending her kids?
When she had rejoiced too much when they were
born?

When, in the first place, they had someday made her too proud?

Created they were to take care of their siblings,
My less intelligent and vulnerable offsprings.
It was their duty was to create a harmonious world,
Nurtured by love and care,
Reformed by thoughts and wisdom,
A place where justice and peace would rule my kingdom.”

Mother Earth let out a long sigh and continued,
“Alas, I was not right,
They instead used their mind’s might.
Yet I longed for nights and days,
But I was always treated in selfish and cruel ways.

I could not tolerate the reckless sacrifices of my forests and biomes,
And the animals that called these as their homes.
So I tried to teach them a lesson.
That is why I cried and flooded the banks of the rivers and their cities.
At other times my frustration caused tremors of earthquakes.
Intelligent ones destroyed the lungs,
That is the reason why my temperature soared and fell,
Affecting every possible form of life on my shell.

Soul of the World, I’ve grown weak now,
My wings have flown without taking me.
Please,
Help me before it is too late,
Help me before my air chokes me to death
Help me before my waters drown me breathless.”

Replied Soul of the World,
“Dear Mother,
The heaven created you so that you could create it back.
Lose Hope not!
For the solution we seek,
Lies in the problem we’ve forged.
There are men who wish to stand for you
Their hearts have sung back to my soul too.

All we’ve got to do is,
Let the voice of these men resonate everywhere,
Their words should spread wild like a fire in every

corner of thy world,
Affecting not the hearts of mankind this time,
But their minds.
For a man is what his Mind is.”

Mother Earth said with a hope renewed,
“True you say Soul of the World.
So now I urge thou,
To sing and cry to the hearts of men,
And voice every possible mighty pen,
Spread every beautiful heart song,
Brave every orator’s soul-stirring speech,
Disperse every spirited painting,
Cheer every rousing Dance,
And inspire all such arts.

Disperse my message to them,
Like a thunder it should strike them,
That if they want to survive and thrive
They have to stop making their Mother cry.
For if this Mother dies, she won’t die alone.

To stop this wipe-out from occurring,
All that is required is one small deed,
Ask them to return some green back,
Mingled with love and compassion for other species,
That is all I need.

With my lungs returned,
The clean air shall return back too,
So shall my normal weather cycle,
And the grey waters would again turn blue.
The lost resources shall bloom once more,
Regaining the harmony and the balance of life,
And finally,
This nightmare would turn into a beautiful folklore.”

And then the Soul of the World
Started singing without a pause,
To the hearts of the caring men,
Who would live not with remorse,
Thinking : if not now, then when?
If not you, then who?
Along with the Soul of the World,
For endless days and endless nights,
They worked to remove the ugly flaws,
Just like I,
The Poetess who stood for a cause!

-MAITRI JOSHI

Students' Council 2014-15 Report

This is the Year.

These 4 words encompass everything that the Students' Council 2014-15 stands for.. It has been our goal, our drive and our ambition. 4 words that in a nutshell define what this council has done and achieved. The council conducted a host of events this year but the magic wasn't in the events. It was in the bond created between the members of the team. The relationships we forged in the fire of hard work and tenacity led us to become an 'extended family' by the end of the year.

Let's start at the beginning with our first event, The Freshers' Eve. Stepping out of the ordinary, the Fresher's eve this year was powered by MTV. We had a themed party in which VJ Jose and VJ Gaelyn came in as hosts for the evening. The college t-shirt was also unveiled with a flash-mob performance the same day. We kick-started the year with a bang and the FEs had a Fresher's Eve that they will remember for a very long time.

But the semester was just starting off and not even a week later we started work on Abhyantriki. That's when we learnt what multitasking means as along with the preparations for the tech fest we conducted tremendously successful events such as the Big Somaiya Debate and Ubiquitous – the intercollege Quiz. For BSD, we brought in Harsh Desai, star alumnus of Jai Hind College, to judge the event and interact with the students. Along with all of this, we also had the Garba eve. What made the event special though is the enthusiasm and energy of the people of our college, who not only came out in large numbers and rendered the event a hit but also for the first time put on a special performance in the traditional form of Garba. We have a holistic responsibility towards our college and society, and keeping that in mind, we conducted the blood donation drive in the month of September and it brings great pride to see the spirit of our college as all the bottles were filled by afternoon itself.

This year at Abhyantriki we saw a host of new events which carried the festival far beyond the level of 'just another techfest'. The Startup Expo, conducted in association with BloomBox and Riidl, for which we had some of the biggest names in the world of entrepreneurship come in, the Keynote Speaker event where we were graced by the presence of Mr.

Rohit Suri, President Land Rover and Jaguar India, the auto exhibition of student made cars from different colleges including our own along with which we also had Smaaash come in to add a fun element. Apart from this, we had a number of fun and technical events which were conducted by the different councils of our college. Considering the scale of the events and festival this year, we were able to draw in Mumbai Mirror this year to cover the festival and by doing so provide Abhyantriki with a remarkable outreach.

For the even semester, 'This is the year' was our vision and keeping our eyes on the horizon we started work on SKream and Symphony a staggering 3 months in advance. Come February first week, for the first time ever, Skream went national level with teams coming in from Nashik, Pune, MP, UP. We had 13 major sports this time with new additions such as Fencing and Handball to our list. With a tireless organizing committee, workforce of over a 100 people and spanning 4 days, Skream 2015 was the biggest sporting event our college has ever seen. Skream was inaugurated with a mixed martial arts demonstration. Over the course of the 4 days, we were graced by the presence of Mr Balwinder Sandhu (member of the '83 world cup winning squad) as well Mr Rustom Patel (8 time national dirt biking champion). We also introduced a contingent system in which we awarded the best overall performance by a college. Full credit to the Sports Team of the Council along with the Organizing Committee who made Skream possible.

In November, with 3 months to go, we took our first big step towards Symphony, to be conducted in the last week of February, and formed an organizing committee which included 25 council members and 12 students who showed the drive and passion to be a part of something larger than any one individual. For the first time in history we had inter departmental cultural competitions in the form of Symphony Shield. The energy of the inter department competition brought life to the festival and the college with students preparing for the competition for more than a month. However, Symphony was not just about entertainment; and once again, keeping in lieu with our responsibility towards society, we created Parvaah, a social initiative for women's safety by Symphony. We received tremendous support for the movement with the likes of

Raging Bull: StuCo had the spirit.

Ranbir Kapoor, Chief Minister Devendra Fadnavis, Kapil Sharma, and Shri Samir Somaiya taking the pledge. Once again, our college spirit came through and more than a thousand students have signed the pledge. For the first time Symphony was graced with so many celebrities in one year the likes of which include Ganesh Acharya, Anu Malik, Sushant Singh Rajput, Sparsh, Shraddha Sharma and Coshish. With superb performances and amazing crowd interaction, their presence brought the festival alive. Apart from this already heavily weighted list, Symphony associated with brands such as Coke Studio, MTV, VH1 Supersonic and Yash Raj Films to lift the quality of the event.

With close to 300 people working and managing to get 60 sponsors for Symphony, 2015 the results were unlike anything we have ever seen.

We finally wrapped up the year with celebrating Women's Day in the first week of March for which we were graced by the presence of Mrs. Surekha Shankar Yadav, India's first Female Coach Driver. This was followed by the Blazer Saree and Traditional days and finally the BE farewell, in which we left our seniors with fond memories of their time spent in college.

It's been one unbelievable ride from start to end but this year was special because of the people working on it. First and foremost; Dhairya and Bhumi. Without them this year would literally not have been possible. Whether it be the hundreds of calls made for marketing or the sleepless nights for setting up the stage sound light. Special mention for Yash and his insatiable drive to keep going, regardless of the circumstance. Sayan, Meet, Niyati, Joohee, Kefe, Mirav, Naitik, Shreya, Tosh,

Aksh, Rushika, Neha, Sid, Saloni, Pari, Shruti, Preet, Het, Hetvi, Sahil, Tem.... None of this would have been possible without them. Dhruvil, Kartik, Rushi, Sunny, Mandar, Deepali, Jatin, Durva, Gauri, Anish, Labdhi, Aditya, our OC members, joined us when we needed them the most and showed us what true passion really means. We would also like to thank the Infra and Security council, along with Team Insignia and Shutterbugs for their participation in the events and contributing towards its success. A large number of students have not been named here but believe me the list goes on and on. You all know who you are and it has been an honour and privilege for me to work with each of you all, in one way or another.

Finally, I would like to thank our management and faculty; Principal Ma'am, Hanumante Sir, Thosar Sir and all the senior faculty who have been instrumental in helping us during the year and providing the support we need.

The Students' Council 14-15 has had one of the most successful years of recent times. Fortune, maybe, has played its part, but there is only one constant that is unchanging and irrefutable. Our hard work and our actions, and therefore I would like to conclude by quoting Swami Vivekananda's Destiny:

Where is fate and who is fate? We reap what we sow. We are the makers of our own fate. None else has the blame, none has the praise.

**-ABBAS TAMBAWALLA
GENERAL SECRETARY**

STUDENTS' COUNCIL 2014-2015

PokeDex **INFO** Mech Type **BACK**



General Secretary
Abbas Tambawalla

13%

Inspirational Speech

Calm but a workaholic, Abbas is always seen looking for some or the other work. Doesn't have time for Lectures, Practicals, Food, Water, Sleep or anything even remotely human. Can only be found in the Council Room or in the Principal's Office.

PokeDex **INFO** Etrx Type **BACK**



Magazine Secretary
Joohee Shherma

12%

Sarcasm Mode

The complete pocket sized package. With her devil-may-care attitude, this woman will stop at absolutely nothing and when adventure comes calling, Joohee just cannot stop herself. Cannot sleep peacefully without correcting someone's Grammar at least 5 times a day.

PokeDex **INFO** Extc Type **BACK**



Jt.General Secretary
Dhairya Khimsaria

24%

"Duniya Pel Denge"

Jovial and chilled out, Dhairya is always on the phone, either making calls or playing games. Has the ability to provide that little extra push by saying "Duniya Pelni Hai". Also, possess the ability to crack very bad jokes.

PokeDex **INFO** Extc Type **BACK**



Jt.Magazine Secretary
Shruti Vakhariya

32%

Long Nail Scratch Attack

Spontaneous and lively, there are only two things which Shruti can actually do peacefully. One is hogging and the other is talking. Her terrible jokes have spared no one including the senior faculty members. A total daredevil, she will never back out from doing anything stupid.

PokeDex **INFO** Etrx Type **BACK**



Jt.Magazine Secretary
Paritosh Bapat

12%

Swaggy Photo Expressions

Eternally sleepy or hungry, Pari is always seen managing the Facebook/Instagram page of Symphony instead of his Writeups and Journals. An active member of the 'Hospi' Team of SKream, you can always spot him dancing on his 'BabaJi Ki Booty' ringtone. If not dancing, he can be found sleeping in the Etrx Dept. Labs!

*All figures mentioned are in terms of % attendance

STUDENTS' COUNCIL 2014-2015

PokeDex **INFO** Comps Type **BACK**



Jt. General Secretary
Bhumik Dedhia

15%

Jai Mata Di
Jugaad

Hardworking and dedicated, Bhumik is always seen working on the logistics and groundwork for every event. When nothing else works, he assembles a Jugaad, which always works. Also, is known to get injured serially.

PokeDex **INFO** I. T. Type **BACK**



Creative Head
Het Nagda

72%

"Ab Padhna Hai"

A child trapped in a man's body Skeleton. Het is a very simple person with only 3 basic needs, Food, Water and Corel Draw. Knows .jpg, .cdr, .psd, .pdf, .mp4 better than his subjects for the semester. Aspires to be the Infra Chief next year.

PokeDex **INFO** Etrix Type **BACK**



Ladies Representative
Preet Khania

21%

Infra
Mode

Another de facto member of Infra, Preet has written her name in the history books by becoming the first Ladies Representative Infra Member. With her to-the-point management of things, including money, participating teams and events, nobody ever dares to mess around with her.

PokeDex **INFO** Extc Type **BACK**



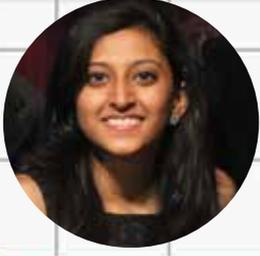
Secretary for Alumni Affairs
Sahil Patel

27%

Police
Protection

With an spirit that refuses to give up, Sahil is the go to guy in logistics and permissions, thanks to his well-placed contacts. Has patented words in his vocabulary such as "Tod dena hai" and "Baat hai bhai". Attends college as frequently as a guest lecturer or sometimes, even less than that.

PokeDex **INFO** Etrix Type **BACK**



Ladies Representative
Saloni Chudasama

27%

Water Gun (Tears)
Attack

Tiny but bustling with energy, the only thing that is not charged up about Saloni is her phone. She spends half of her day charging her phone and the other half fighting for a charger or a powerbank. Works overtime and often is seen crying at the end of any event.

*All figures mentioned are in terms of % attendance

STUDENTS' COUNCIL 2014-2015

PokeDex **INFO** I . T . Type **BACK**



Marketing Secretary
Sayan Saha

64%

"Personal"
Contacts

Sayan is the ultimate marketing guy, who sees marketing in everything. A foodie with an insatiable appetite for all kinds of foods. His attendance in Sponsor meetings is much greater than his attendance in college. Can be spotted while dropping the entrie college home!

PokeDex **INFO** Mech Type **BACK**



Sports Secretary
Kerfegar Dalal

4%

Attention Seeking

Kefe is a cool and relaxed person who only attends college to play Football or to eat at the Canteen. Passionate about Sports, he plays a number of Sports. He is also equally passionate about Free Food and Bad Jokes. Often cries after seeing Chelsea lose.

PokeDex **INFO** Extc Type **BACK**



Jt. Marketing Secretary
Aksh Thakkar

44%

Aksh
Face

Aksh is the winner of one of the most difficult competitions on earth, the Aksh Face Challenge. He is very busy in taking selfies in his patent poses and posting snaps due to his terminal Snapchat addiction. In his free time, is known to do some fantastic marketing work.

PokeDex **INFO** I . T . Type **BACK**



Cultural Secretary
Meet Shah

64%

Art Attack

A man of few words, Meet prefers to let his work do the talking. Keeps a track of every drop of paint, every blade and marker with Insignia. Expert at cost cutting, saves money in unimaginable places. The only requirement to keep Meet working is Jain Food.

PokeDex **INFO** Mech Type **BACK**



Jt. Marketing Secretary
Neha Naikwade

24%

Puppy Face

Hardworking and innocent, Neha strongly reminds of a girl who passed 5th grade and entered Engineering directly. Neha is also a brave girl for not crying when she does not get Bournvita along with her milk. Using these same childlike enthusiasm, she manages to persuade Sponsors into giving the best deal.

*All figures mentioned are in terms of % attendance

STUDENTS' COUNCIL 2014-2015

PokéDex **INFO** Comps Type **BACK**



Jt. Marketing Secretary
Rushika Mangrola

37%

Perfect
Selfie

With an infectious dancing habit and an unstoppable urge to click the perfect selfie, Rushika's enthusiasm is contagious. Spends most of her time posting hearts and emojis on Facebook. With well-placed contacts in every nook and corner, she always manages to extract the best deal out of a Sponsor.

PokéDex **INFO** Comps Type **BACK**



Jt. Sports Secretary
Hetvi Pasad

32%

Mermaid
Mode

The one true dedicated member of the Sports team, Hetvi works on behalf of the other 3 guys of the Sports Team. The number of medals to her name is more than the total medals distributed in Skream. Better known as Somaiya ki Macchli.

PokéDex **INFO** I. T. Type **BACK**



Jt. Cultural Secretary
Tosh Sharma

85%

Coconut Toffee
Attack

Tosh is known for his rotten luck as he keeps running into irritating sponsors, falling into trouble at home and getting a firing from his friends. With an unbreakable spirit and complete dedication, his bad luck cannot stop him.

PokéDex **INFO** Comps Type **BACK**



Jt. Cultural Secretary
Shreya Sawkar

95%

Evil
Laughter Attack

Do not be deceived by her innocent looks. With a combination of a melodious voice that leaves people enchanted and a laughter that makes 90s TV Villains look tame, Shreya is the ultimate package when it comes to talents. So be it making some artwork with Insignia or constantly clocking a 9 pointer, Shreya is your go to person.

PokéDex **INFO** Mech Type **BACK**



Jt. Sports Secretary
Mirav Dedhia

25%

Cupboard
Cleaning

Mirav spends most of his time thinking about Eta cars and Jain Food. In his free time, he worries about Manchester United's struggling form. Multitalented, plays a number of sports. Does not know the names of any of his subjects. Also, does not know the names of anyone in the Council.

*All figures mentioned are in terms of % attendance

STUDENTS' COUNCIL 2014-2015

PokeDex **INFO** **I. T. Type** **BACK**



Public Relations Officer
Yash Bavishi

45%

WhatsApp Broadcasts

Known for his fiery attitude and silky smooth long hair, Yash is the reason why Telephone Operators are not running into losses. The de facto member of Infra, he satisfies every necessary criteria for any Infra member. Favourite word is BC, which stands for Broadcast.

PokeDex **INFO** **Etrx Type** **BACK**



Jt. Public Relations Officer
Siddhant Padave

24%

Symphony Theme Song

Known for his endless ability to talk and randomly sing, Siddhant commands a fan following in FEs like no other. Is more concerned about his hair than his marks. Spends more time in others' classes making announcements than in his own class.

PokeDex **INFO** **Comps Type** **BACK**



Jt. Sports Secretary
Naitik Shah

64%

Walky-Talky chatter

Spends most time attending lectures. Only seen composing mails on Gmail. When handed over a walky-talky, Naitik cannot stop talking on the handset. He also possesses amazing powers to start and wrap up a deal in a very short time.

PokeDex **INFO** **I. T. Type** **BACK**



Treasurer
Niyati Joshi

66%

"Budget nahi hai.."

The fun loving Niyati is a totally different person when it comes to matters of money. A no-nonsense attitude makes sure that not a single penny goes here or there. Also, her standard response to all matters of money is a "NO"!

PokeDex **INFO** **Extc Type** **BACK**



Jt. Public Relations Officer
Tehemton Khairabadi

66%

Tech Speak

Standing at over 6 feet tall, Tem is the perfect example of Complian and Horlicks Overdose. With an ability to speak in Reference Book Level Language, everything said or done by Tem has to involve Motors, LEDs, Laser etc. Handling of anything remotely Technical is done by Tem.

*All figures mentioned are in terms of % attendance

Team Kshitij



TEAM KSHITIJ'15:

(From L to R)

**Utkarsh Thakur, Joohee Shherma, Paritosh Bapat, Menaka Ravi,
Shruti Vakhariya**

TEAM PHOTOGRAPHS BY:

Saish Rohom

Pooja Shivhare

PHOTOGRAPHS BY:

Shutterbugs

MAGAZINE FACULTY-IN-CHARGE:

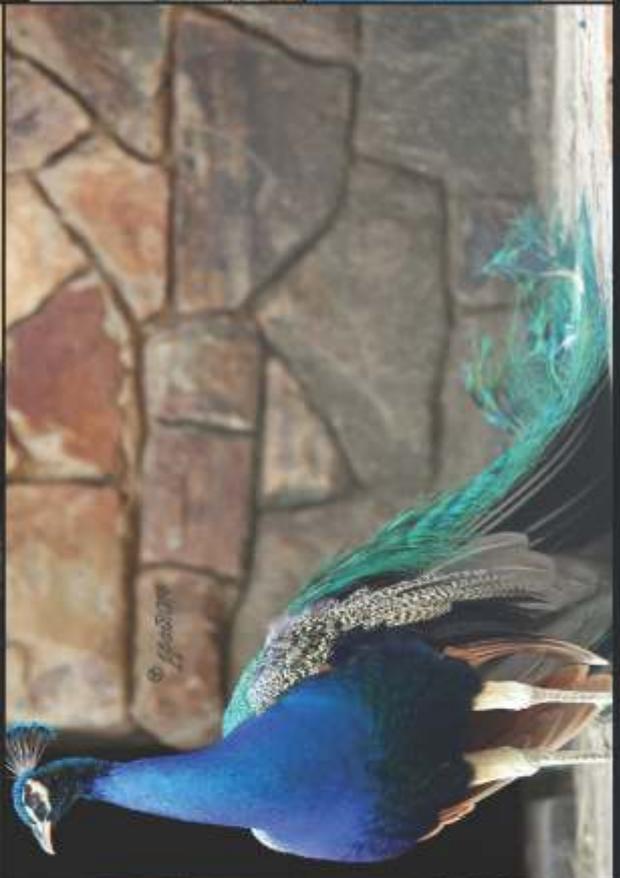
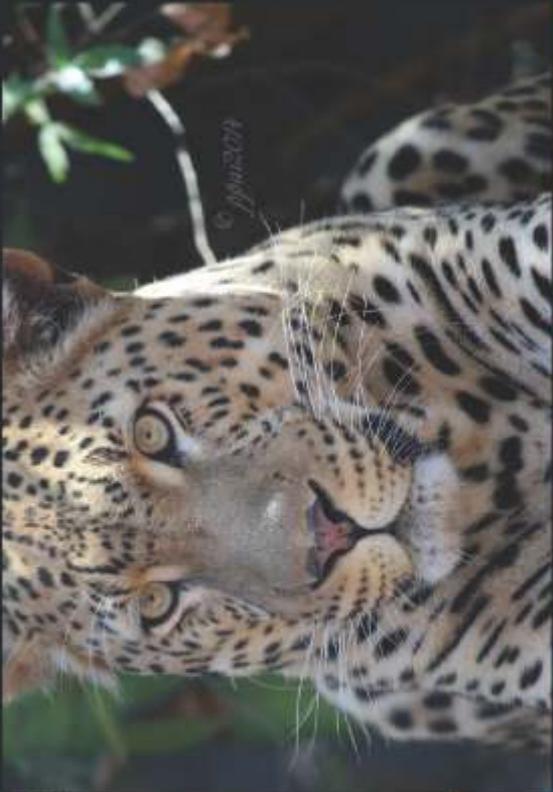
Prof. Sangeeta Nagpure

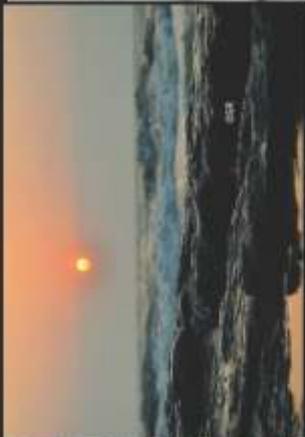
Prof. Anand Bodhale

Martin Scorsese. He will always be Pop Culture. :')

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