

Kalpa 2013

भारतीय विज्ञान शिक्षा एवं अनुसंधान संस्थान, पुणे
Indian Institute of Science Education and Research, Pune



KALPA 2013

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Contents

Acknowledgement
Editorial

Almanac

Foundation Day
To Summer-ise...
Convocation
Halla Bol!
Asian Science Camp
Kreeda Jung
Karavaan'12
Vijyoshi Camp
IISM
Vigyan Mela
Spread the Smile
IPL
Mimamsa'13
New Faculty on the Block
Impressions...
Structures on the Rise!
IISER in news

Nava Rasa

Shringara

First expression
പ്രണയത്തിന്റെ മതം (The religion of love)
पहिलं प्रेम (First love)
অপেক্ষান্তে (At the end of wait)
বৃষ্টি ভেজা রঙিন দুপুর (The elements of a rainbow)
Scientific Love
ती श्रैट (That tryst)
தூங்காத இரவுகள் எழுதிச் சென்ற கவடுகள் (Traces left by sleepless nights)

Karuna

Waiting for dawn
When there is no meaning
2012: ആദ്യമായ്... ഒരു ഓർമ്മയായ്...
मन का आइना (The mirror of the mind)
बंद निगाहें (Through the closed eyes)
The crushed bud
ആ മാത്രയിൽ (In that moment)



Hasya

It's fun to be a Professor

Sleep

গোড় (Walls)

Uncertainty in conjugation

Scientific Love

ঝাড়নি বাঙালী (Badly Bengali)

ଅଢ଼ିକ୍ଷଣ୍ ଅମଝି (Admission Ragale)

Bats that have human faces

Raudra

कुदरत की शिकायत

𑌕𑌚𑌚𑌚 (Eelam)

Bhibhatsa

Dusk

Veera

The Other Indian

कल्पांजली

Pagans

लहर

मन म्हणतंय

Brave enough

Of monkey business and life lessons

The search for myself

Adbhuta

The dancer

Split Seconds

Glimpses of nature's nature

गडांचा राजा: रायगड (King of forts – Raigad)

कुछ यात्र ऐसे श्री

The story of the mountaineers

Just an observation

एक वस्ती (A settlement)

Bhayanaka

Trespassing – a bad habit

The corridors

Legend

Shanta

The Athlete

Sea of tranquillity

An Ode to Batch 2008

Fresh Faces



A half and six billion bodies together.
A half and six billion hearts, they beat.
A flurry of faces in a crowd,
each with a different agenda to meet.
More emotions flash through their hearts,
than one even begins to comprehend.
Some are lovely and naïve,
Some crooked, just pretend
They cry, they laugh, they frown, they weep
But in the end what they do seek
With all their heart, good will
Is bliss and calm and peace and still.



Acknowledgements



“One creates from nothing. If you try to create from something, you’re just changing something. So, in order to create something you first have to be able to create from nothing.”

-Werner Erhard

A million edits, a few thousand requests, hundreds of hours of work, a fortnight of sleeplessness, many a virus laden pen drive and the effort and patience of a few dedicated ones has gone into creating Kalpa 2013 from scratch.

Most importantly, I thank all the contributors for first creating something from nothing.

Changing the something to perfection with the extra comma, a better word or a better font has been the effort of quite a few people. Ably spearheaded by Krishna, Saudamini and Prasenjeet are Abhishek, Arya, Ashwini, Darshini, Aniruddhan, Harsha, Ketan, Nilima, Papia, Pranav, Priyadarshi, Sahana, Shiva, Shruti and Sujoy.

A picture is worth more than a thousand words, they say. Encompassing these words in sketches and photographs has not been an easy task. For the endless discussions, reminders and quite a few trips to the Mendeleev block for the sketches, I thank Harini, Lavanya, and Sukanya. My thanks to Chaitanya, Nisarg, Sharvaree and Vishnu the people behind the lens.

Carrying out the colossal task of putting together all the text and images, designing every single page of this magazine has been possible because of Prasenjeet alone. For his immense patience, dedication and perseverance I can never be more thankful. This edition of Kalpa would never have been possible, if not for him.

Coping up with our ever extending deadlines, erratic work hours and crazy ideas must have been an arduous task for someone new. A token of gratitude to Dr. Richa Rikhy for constantly supporting us and giving us all the freedom to pursue even the whackiest of our ideas. I also thank K. P. Madhu for his invaluable suggestions.

With the ever-changing times at IISER, the one thing that has remained constant is the unflinching support of the director, Dr. K. N. Ganesh, towards this venture. I hope this faith remains unshaken and Kalpa grows by leaps and bounds with every passing year.

Even in this era of pdf's and e-books, no sentiment is comparable to holding a copy of the magazine, the fruit of your toil, in print. For making this possible, we thank Anson Printers.

If anyone has been missed, it is only because the above lines have been written in a sleep deprived state faced with the daunting task of thanking the multitude of people who have made this possible. I assure you, it is purely unintentional.

Thanks again!

Rachana

Editor Unedited

“Chaotic! What were they thinking?” might be the reaction of many, at the first glimpse of the magazine.

Wait, before you push it aside, and just stare at it for a moment longer. A riot of colours, traces starting and ending from nowhere, lost in a long unwinding path. Take a step back, follow the traces, and let your gaze wander, sit back and ponder. In one such moment of quiet, you will find patterns emerging – patterns which only you can see. The colours, you will see, unfold one after another, intertwining without truly mixing. Each one although flowing into the other, still retains its identity.

Unsure of what to expect, walk a few steps further and you will find yourself reminiscing events of the past year in Almanac. Do not write this section off, as a mere compilation of reports, though. More than a recollection of facts, it is a reflection of the hopes, aspirations, triumphs, experiences, ideas and opinions of the students about the activities in IISER. Compiled in here are new additions to this ever-expanding community, too and the impression that IISER has made in the outside world.

Watch your step and be wary of what comes next!

After a walk in this rather well-laid-out park, you will find yourself amidst a city – a city with tumult of expression and thoughts. Find yourself falling in and out of love, sometimes feeling sad, at other times happy. Feel the anger and disgust in the face of injustice; overcome it with a sense of courage. Although you might be amazed or awestruck by what you see, you may also sense fear. Gradually, you are sucked into the midst; the centre of the hurricane and there is no way out. Here, is where you can let go of everything, all emotion, to experience a sense of calm; a sense of peace and freedom.

The sections encompass the essence of each thought, having different manifestations of emotions and expressions; each melting into one of the nine *Rasas*.

Somewhere not very far from this crazy labyrinth is a rather familiar place - somewhere you have been before, or you know you will soon be. A place from where you have to tread new paths. You take a moment and remember the journey that you have such sweet memories of, and all bitterness and tiredness is lost. You remember your first step into the new city, how friendships were forged and new alleys explored. From there you will come out wiser, happier and rather nostalgic. Take this trip down the memory lane in an ode, dedicated to one such caravan to which the year 2008 belonged. Revered by young and old alike, they will be sorely missed.

Now that you have reached the end you will realize that, the trip was worthwhile after all. You will have found the method in the madness. You will know that, what we have created for you is not just a magazine to be stacked in the corner of a bookshelf, but an experience unique to each person. An experience that is open to your interpretation.

Hope you enjoy reading it, even better, relishing it!

Rachana

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ALMANAC

AN ENSEMBLE OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES AT IISER





Foundation Day

By Pallavi Banerjee

It was an occasion the entire IISER family kept checking their calendars for, that which had been marked as a momentous event in the history of our institute and deserved commemoration. It was the 3rd Foundation day of IISER Pune, dated 30th March, 2012. Another year of quality education had been added to the nascent institute's life and there could have been no better way to express jubilation than by organising a full-fledged celebration to honour the day.

The campus was made spotlessly clean and immaculate. Halls, common rooms, corridors, gardens looked spick and span. These, in addition to the little decorations put up, contributed to the festive ambience, suiting the occasion effectively. Considering the significance of the event, this day had been hand-picked to be the day the experimental Physics laboratory, the $\hbar$ block was to be inaugurated. The honours were carried out by Padma Shri Prof. T.V. Ramakrishnan, Chairman, Board of Governors, IISER Pune. This laboratory has been running efficiently so far with no impediments whatsoever.

All were dressed in their best formals. The Multipurpose Hall was the planned venue for the function. The chief guest for the occasion was Padma Bhushan Prof. R. A. Mashelkar who is the Chairman, Board of Governors, IISERs Kolkata and Mohali. He has also received the Shanti Swarup Bhatnagar prize, the Padma Shri, Fellowship of the Royal Society of London, membership to the Scientific Advisory Council to the

Prime Minister and many more laurels. The turnout was extraordinarily large, comprising students from all batches, the administrative staff, the faculty, the Dean, Prof. G. Ambika and not to mention the Director, Prof. K. N. Ganesh. Both Prof. Ramakrishnan and Prof. Mashelkar were welcomed by thunderous applause. The event commenced with a speech by Prof. Ramakrishnan. He spoke in praise of the institute and its system of education with a few well-chosen words. He then went on to talk about his expectations of the institute and how well IISER seems to be gaining ground all over India. He appeared to be a man of few words, but when he spoke, they were worth listening to.

Following this was the much-awaited speech by Prof. Mashelkar which was titled 'Doing and leading science in India - Reflections from a personal journey'. Taking instances from his own experiences, he recounted the journey of science through changing times and how it has arrived to its present form, despite the many failures and breakdowns on its way. He enlightened us on the immense significance of patenting and the importance of thinking through every decision we make regarding our careers in science. The augmentation in the arena of scientific technology, the development of scientific temper and the blossoming future of science were a few of the valuable messages conveyed through his talk. He also reverently mentioned a few of his acquaintances, fellow luminaries in the field of research, who were present in the audience. His talk was so riveting that everyone listened with rapt attention.

Taking instances from his own experiences, he recounted the journey of science through changing times and how it has arrived to its present form, despite the many failures and breakdowns on its way.

Next was the Appreciation Award distribution ceremony wherein the entire IT department and the administrative staff were awarded certificates and mementos. The Great Wall Corporation Services Pvt. Ltd., Shree Kshetrapaleshwar Tourist and Sneh Services were all awarded for their untiring efforts towards security, transportation and house-keeping services. These awardees can never be thanked enough for the pains taken to ensure that every aspect of IISER continues to function smoothly.

Finally, it was time for the unveiling of that one thing all students and faculty had been waiting for - the 6th issue of our annual magazine, Kalpa. The honours of releasing the new issue were done by Prof. Mashelkar. As pointed out by Alisha Pathak (a pivotal figure in the Kalpa team), this new volume was nothing like any of the previous issues. It had been compiled with an assortment of Indian languages strung together. The whole of the Kalpa team was called up on stage and rewarded with 'International Year of Chemistry' mugs for their sincere efforts into keeping the 'Kalpa' tradition alive and going. Along with this, this event also witnessed the release of an educational documentary,



Prof. R. A. Mashelkar during his talk

'Chandra: In Quest of Perspectives', an IISER Pune production. It is a short film directed by filmmaker Nandan Kudhyadi, featuring Dr. Sudarshan Ananth as the narrator. The documentary is based on the life of S. Chandrashekhara and is about his victories, the travails he had to face, and his contributions to the world of science.

Thereafter, Prof. K. N. Ganesh, spoke a few words about our chief guests with deference and a little about the history of IISER and what future plans have been devised to bring about an upswing in the state of the institute. The event was concluded by a vote of thanks by the Registrar, Dr. V. S. Rao.

It was a day which made us all proud to belong to a distinguished institute such as IISER and made us anticipate the wondrous achievements of IISER in the years to come. ■

The Kalpa team with Prof. T. V. Ramakrishnan



To Summer-ise...

There's a 104 days of summer vacation
And August comes along just to end it
So the annual problem for IISER's student population
Is finding a good way to spend it.

Like maybe,
Designing a drug,
Or mutating a fruit fly,
Or discovering a very rare flower.
Proving that a theory cannot exist (Oh no!)
Or extracting DNA over and over.

Solving equations for waves,
Creating models for robots,
Or dissecting a dead monkey's brain.
Finding a new bird,
Watching yeast ferment,
Driving your professor insane.
As you can see, there is a whole lot of stuff you could do
Before college restarts next fall,
So read through Kalpa cause IISER students
Have already done it all.

Yes, undergrads and Phd's students
Have already done it all.

Agrim Saini
2nd year BS-MS
Elevational studies of the biodiversity
of butterflies in Arunachal Pradesh
Dr. Ramana Athreya
IISER, Pune

Aishwary Tukaram Shivgan
2nd year BS-MS
Elevational diversity in the birds of
Arunachal Pradesh
Dr. Ramana Athreya
IISER, Pune

Anur Yadav
2nd year BS-MS
Elevational distribution of *Philautus*

sp. in Arunachal Pradesh
Dr. Ramana Athreya
IISER, Pune

Ashwini Ramesh
2nd year BS-MS
Aerodynamics of moths and estimation
of species richness indices in Eaglenest
Wildlife Sanctuary, Arunachal Pradesh
Dr. Ramana Athreya
IISER, Pune

Ghorpade Smita M.
2nd year BS-MS
Influence of microhabitats on the
biodiversity of ants

Dr. Ramana Athreya
IISER, Pune

Govind Unnikrishnan
2nd year BS-MS
Computational techniques
Dr. M. S. Santhanam
IISER, Pune

H. R. Harsha
2nd year BS-MS
Hidden momentum of an electron
Dr. Shouvik Datta
IISER, Pune

Himanshu Badhani
2nd year BS-MS

Testing a model for cold solar flares Dr. Prasad Subramanian IISER, Pune	Linear algebra and number theory Prof. Dilip Patil IISc, Bangalore	IISER, Pune
Kalyanee Shirlekar 2 nd year BS-MS Elevational variation found in birds of Eaglenest Sanctuary, Arunachal Pradesh Dr. Ramana Athreya IISER, Pune	Shruti Paranjape 2 nd year BS-MS Probability and measure theory Prof. R. L. Karandikar Chennai Mathematical Institute	Arya Thampi 3 rd year BS-MS Magnetic oxide-metal nanocompos- ites: synthesis, characterization and bio-medical applications Dr. Seema Verma IISER, Pune
Kesava Phaneendra Cherukuri 2 nd year BS-MS Glycodendrimer synthesis Prof. Dilip D. Dhavale Garware Research Laboratory, University of Pune	Sohan Sarangi 2 nd year BS-MS Reversible Computation Colin Benjamin NISER, Bhubaneswar	Ayush Nagar 3 rd year BS-MS Plasmonics at nanoscale Dr. Shouvik Datta IISER, Pune
Khushboo Singh 2 nd year BS-MS Elevational study of birds in Arunachal Pradesh Dr. Ramana Athreya IISER, Pune	Sreejith P. Nandan 2 nd year BS-MS Nanocatalysis Dr. C. S. Gopinath NCL, Pune	Dipeshwari Janardhan Shewale 3 rd year BS-MS Molecular phylogeny of sucker mouth barbs of genus <i>Garra</i> from Northern Western Ghats of India Dr. Neelesh Dahanukar IISER, Pune
Nishanth Tirukoti 2 nd year BS-MS Design and synthesis of novel based carbohydrates based helical oligomers Prof. Dilip D. Dhavale University of Pune	Tanmay S. Patankar 2 nd year BS-MS Mathematical methods for study- ing the normal modes of a vibrating membrane Prof. Anil D. Gangal IISER, Pune	Dincy Mariyam 3 rd year BS-MS Dynamics of egg laying by the brood parasitic female <i>Koel</i> (<i>Eudynamis- colopacea</i>) Dr. Suhel Quader NCBS, Bangalore
P. S. Lakshmi 2 nd year BS-MS Reconstituting endocytosis using Streptavidin, and the study of expres- sion in different strains of <i>E. coli</i> under different conditions Dr. Thomas Pucadyil IISER, Pune	Vishnu K. N. 2 nd year BS-MS Moths of Eaglenest Wildlife Sanctu- ary Dr. Ramana Athreya IISER, Pune	K. Hariram 3 rd year BS-MS Secure communication and pattern recognition Dr. R. Ramanujam IMSc, Chennai
Santpur Sai Neha 2 nd year BS-MS Study of excited state proton transfer reaction inside the nano-cavity of reverse micelle Dr. Partha Hazra IISER, Pune	Abhishek Mishra 3 rd year BS-MS Study of some fitness-related larval and adult traits in populations of <i>Drosophila melanogaster</i> selected for faster development Dr. Amitabh Joshi JNCASR, Bangalore	K. Sriram 3 rd year BS-MS Modelling evolution of evolvability Dr. Sutirth Dey IISER, Pune
Saurabh 2 nd year BS-MS Organic chemistry(drug design) Dr. Harinath Chakrapani IISER, Pune	Akshay Y. S. 3 rd year BS-MS Four point correlation functions in N=4 Yang Mills Dr. Sudarshan Ananth IISER, Pune	Krishna Anujan 3 rd year BS-MS Estimation of felid diversity in West- ern Arunachal Pradesh Dr. Ramana Athreya IISER, Pune
Sharvaree Vadgama 2 nd year BS-MS	Anurag Mishra 3 rd year BS-MS Elevational distribution of <i>Philautus</i> <i>sp.</i> in Arunachal Pradesh Dr. Ramana Athreya	Lokesh Pimpale 3 rd year BS-MS Progesterone mediated signal trans- duction pathways in human sperma- tozoa Dr. Deepak Modi

National Institute of Research in Re-
productive Health (NIRRH)

M. Bala Gopal
3rd year BS-MS
Multifunctional fluorescent magnetic
nanoparticles
Dr. Seema Verma
IISER, Pune

Madhusudhan Naik
3rd year BS-MS
Photocatalytic water splitting : Hydro-
gen as a fuel
Dr. Nandini Devi
National Chemical Laboratory, Pune

Mihir Kulkarni
3rd year BS-MS
Study of Belgaum Marathi as a con-
tact language in contact with Kannada
Dr. Sonal Kulkarni
Deccan College, Pune

Neha Bora
3rd year BS-MS
Spatial Prisoner's dilemma in random
modular networks
Dr. Sitabhra Sinha
IMSc, Chennai

Niharika Sane
3rd year BS-MS
Modulation of host chemokine re-
sponses by OmpU in *Vibrio Cholerae*
Dr. Arunika Mukhopadhyay
IISER, Mohali

P Shiva Chidambaram
3rd year BS-MS
Non-linear dynamics and chaos
Prof. R. Sahadevan
RIASM, Madras University

Poortata Lalwani
3rd year BS-MS
Learning and memory in *D. mela-
nogaster* associated with aggression
Dr. Aurnab Ghose
IISER, Pune

Pranav Kumar
3rd year BS-MS
Entanglement and teleportation
Prof. P. K. Panigrahi
IISER, Kolkata

Prarabdha Jagdhane

3rd year BS-MS
Mitochondrial regulation of oogenesis
Dr. Richa Rikhy
IISER, Pune

Pratyush Kumar Mishra
3rd year BS-MS
Synthesis of BODIPY based selective
thiol probe using 'Click Chemistry'
Dr. Pinaki Talukdar
IISER, Pune

Rachana Bhawe
3rd year BS-MS
The effect of social interactions on
the circadian rhythms of *Drosophila
melanogaster*
Dr. V. K. Sharma
JNCASR, Bangalore

Reshma C. Chandrasekharan
3rd year BS-MS
Finding starter vectors for covering
arrays
Dr. Soumen Maity
IISER, Pune

Sangamesh Sarangamath
3rd year BS-MS
Micellisation of cationic surfactants
in water-organic mixed system and in
the presence of electrolytes
Prof. Radha Jayaram
HBCSE, Mumbai (NIUS Chem)

Sukruti Bansal
3rd year BS-MS
Spectral properties of flat spectrum
radio quasars
Dr. Hum Chand
Aryabhatta Research Institute of Ob-
servational Sciences (ARIES), Nainital

Thameez Mohammed K. Y.
3rd year BS-MS
Molecular tools in microbial ecology
and biotechnology
Dr. Anas A.
National Institute of Oceanography,
RC-Cochin

V. Saudamini
3rd year BS-MS
Study of cross resistance in a popu-
lation of *Drosophila melanogaster*
selected for higher resistance against
Pseudomonas entomophila
Dr. N. G. Prasad

IISER, Mohali

Vishnu V. Krishnan
3rd year BS-MS
Oscillation analysis of neutrinos
Prof. D. P. Roy
HBCSE - TIFR, Mumbai

Aashay Patil
4th year BS-MS
First order perturbations in equations
derived from bimetric gravity models
Dr. Luca Amendola
Institute of Theoretical Physics, Uni-
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4th year BS-MS
Winter School on Astronomy and
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Adwiteey Mauriya
4th year BS-MS
Implication of MHD turbulence and
magnetorotational instability in accre-
tion disks
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Indian Institute of Technology, Kan-
pur

Akash Gadekar
4th year BS-MS
Quantum dots
Dr. Arindam Ghosh
IISc, Bangalore

Akash Guru
4th year BS-MS
Synaptic plasticity in *Drosophila*
NMJ
Dr. Robert Kittel
University of Wuerzburg

Amey Apte
4th year BS-MS
STM & ARPES studies of gold &
graphene (DAAD WISE)
Dr. Karsten Horn,
Fritz Haber Institute of the Max
Planck Society, Berlin, Germany.

Ankita Sharma
4th year BS-MS
Theory project on p-adic numbers
Dr. Sanoli Gun
IMSc, Chennai

Anurag Agrawal 4th year BS-MS Solid phase synthesis of peptide nucleic acid oligomers Dr. Ulf Diederichsen Georg-August University of Göttingen Ashok Choudhary 4th year BS-MS Comparison of post-newtonian templates for extreme mass ratio inspirals Dr. Bala Iyer Raman Research Institute, Bangalore Bhavesk Khamesra 4th year BS-MS Geodesic motion in the Schwarzschild Spacetime with a compact dimension Dr. Jutta Kunz University of Oldenburg Brihaspati Kumar Gaurav 4th year BS-MS Study of termite mound soil properties and termite soil preferences Prof. Renee M Borges IISc, Bangalore Digvijay Porwal 4th year BS-MS Towards synthesis of Epiquinamides Dr. R. G. Bhat IISER, Pune Kaniganti Tarun 4th year BS-MS Role of neuropeptides in energy homeostasis in Zebrafish Dr. N. K. Subhedar IISER, Pune Mihir Sheth 4th year BS-MS VSRP Mathematics 2012 Dr. C. S. Rajan TIFR, Mumbai Mohit Dixit 4th year BS-MS 21 cm line at high Redshift(VSRP-2012) Dr. Tirthankar Roy Chaudhary NCRA(TIFR), Pune Monika Dash 4th year BS-MS Microparticle switching using inte-	grated optics Dr. Andrew Bettiol National University of Singapore Nikhil Y. L. K. 4th year BS-MS Organic synthesis Dr. Y. Venkateswarlu IICT, Hyderabad Prashant Bhaskar 4th year BS-MS Synthesis and characterization of zinc oxide nano-rods Dr. Sulabha K. Kulkarni IISER, Pune Rahul Raya 4th year BS-MS NMR spectroscopy Dr. Rajamohanan P. R. NCL Rohit Chikkaraddy 4th year BS-MS Time resolved resonance Raman Spectroscopy of transients Dr. Ireneusz Janik Notre Dame University, USA S. Arun Dixith Reddy 4th year BS-MS Synthesis and studies of water soluble covalent organic cages Prof. Partha Sarathi Mukherjee IISc, Bangalore Sharad Joshi 4th year BS-MS Quantum Computing Using NMR Dr. Anil Kumar IISc, Bangalore Suraj Chawla 4th year BS-MS Calculating the relic abundance of dark matter Dr. Manuel Drees Bonn Universtat, Germany Suryesh Kumar Namdeo 4th year BS-MS Synthesis and characterization of novel Isogarcinol derivatives for Tip60 and p300 HAT inhibition activity Prof. Tapas Kumar Kundu JNCASR, Bangalore	Tanya Kumari 4th year BS-MS Magnetically separable photocatalyst Dr. Satishchandra B. Ogale National Chemical Laboratory, Pune Tirthasree Das 4th year BS-MS Analysis of Vein-HSPG interaction and early expression of Keren using <i>Drosophila</i> as a model system Dr. Amanda Simcox The Ohio State University, USA Ankita Jha 5th year BS-MS Role of genes ani-1 and nmy-2 in seam cell polarity in <i>C. elegans</i> Dr. Hitoshi Sawa National Institute of Genetics, Mishima, Japan Ankur Sharma 5th year BS-MS Muffler designing Dr. Ashish Arora Escorts Agri Machinery, Faridabad Gaurav Prabhakar Sawant 5th year BS-MS Institute of Mathematics and Applications (IMA), Bhubaneswar Gaurav Prabhakar Sawant 5th year BS-MS Eigenvalues of operators with gaps and applications to the Dirac operator TIFR Centre for Applicable Mathematics (CAM), Bangalore Gaurav Prabhakar Sawant 5th year BS-MS TIFR Centre for Applicable Mathematics (CAM), Bangalore Iti Kapoor 5th year BS-MS Synthesis and characterization of potential drug delivery system, Cucurbit[n]uril and investigation of their guest host binding studies. Dr. Werner Nau Jacobs University, Bremen, Germany Kaustubh Deshpande 5th year BS-MS Analytical solution of Jacobi equation in Schwarzschild spacetime
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Dr. Claus Lammerzahl
ZARM, University of Bremen, Germany

Pooja Naik
5th year BS-MS
Analysis of mitochondrial metabolism control on organism development
Dr. Richa Rikhy
IISER, Pune

Siddharth Bharath Iyengar
5th year BS-MS
Caragana versicolor: Facilitation and its effect on a high altitude grassland
Dr. Mahesh Sankaran
NCBS, Bangalore

Sruthi Polali
5th year BS-MS
In vivo application of dynamic holographic optical tweezers in developing Zebrafish embryos
Dr. Cornelia Denz
University of Muenster, Germany

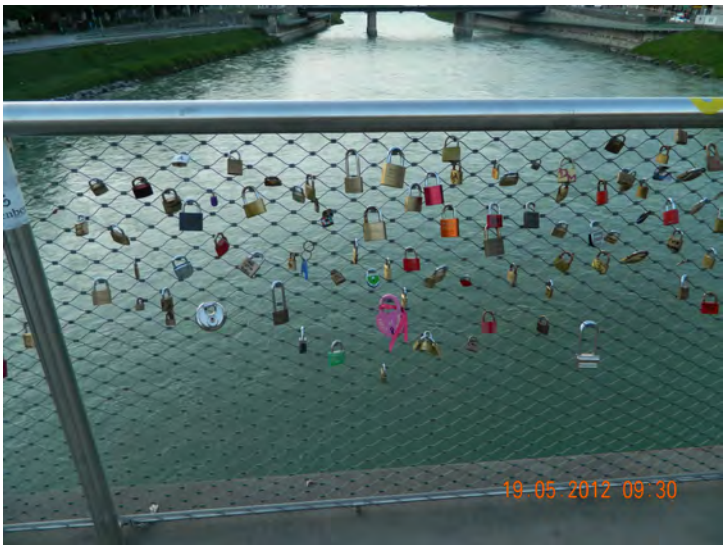
Suhas Gawali
5th year BS-MS
Synthesis and characterization of inhibitor loaded nanoparticles for temporal targeting of PI3K signalling
Dr. Sudipta Basu
IISER, Pune

Sumeet Kumar Singh
5th year BS-MS
The synthesis of Ibuprofen, Baclofen and Gabapentin Prodrug as a potential substrate of PepT1
Dr. Pat Bailey
Keele University, UK

Tushar Sanjay Shrotriya
5th year BS-MS
Supernovae Ib/c progenitors in binary systems
Dr. Robert Izzard
Argelander Institute for Astronomy (University of Bonn)

Vivek Krishna Pradhan
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Efficient certificateless online/offline signature
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Convocation

By Ashwini Ramesh



“The cap-and-gown clad graduates, radiant in the black-yellow combination, marched with glory and grandeur.”

एवं अनुसंधान संस्थान, पुणे
EDUCATION AND RESEARCH (IISER), PUNE





Fourth of August officially went down in history books as the First Convocation of IISER Pune. There arrived the Batch of 2006 and Batch of 2007 bringing in sunshine, smiles and a few rainbow colours washing away the gloomy spells of monsoon that hovered over the campus. It was a jubilant moment for these graduate candidates as they had arrived at yet another milestone in their lives.

Preceding this happy hour, were some of the toughest days they had endured. They had faced trials and tribulations of stepping into the outside world without the degree in the cap. They were the wounded soldiers of the battle between the IISER institutions and the bureaucracy. These events happened due to the NIT Amendment Bill lying in the fetters of the bureaucracy for several years now, waiting to be approved so that all five IISERs could confer degrees to the students leaving its portals. After much speculation, this coveted Declaration of Independence was sanctioned to the IISERs in the summer of 2012 thus allowing the Class of 2011 and 2012 to officially graduate.

IISER Pune left no stone unturned to commemorate these warriors. The vast stretch of land opposite HR-4 was cleared and workers toiled for nearly a fortnight to resurrect a barren field to a magnificent auditorium.

As the sun reached the zenith, students and parents trooped into the Convocation hall. The chairs were draped in beautiful gold and blue satin. The dais was arranged with paraphernalia required for the ceremony and dressed in red carpet that was smoothly rolled-out for a red-carpet welcome for the audience and the grad-

uating students.

Before the ceremony began, a short documentary of IISER Pune was screened. It covered the history IISER and how much it had grown as an institute over the past six years. Following this, the graduating class was ushered into the auditorium. The cap-and-gown clad graduates, radiant in the black-yellow combination marched, with glory and grandeur. A music ensemble employed at the entrance welcomed the battalion with rolling drums and trumpets.

The chief guest Shri Sam Pitroda, Advisor to the Prime Minister of India on Public Information Infrastructure & Innovations, was received by the Senators and Board of Governors and was ushered for robing. The ceremony commenced with the Academic procession led by the Registrar and included all three Deans, members of the Board of Governors, members of the Senate, IISER Pune Director Prof. K.N. Ganesh, Chairman of BoG, Prof. Ramakrishnan and, Shri Sam Pitroda parading into the hall greeted by symphonies of the band and the students, parents and faculty alike. Prof. T. V. Ramakrishnan, Chairman of Board of Governors, then declared the Convocation open.

The Academic committee commenced the presentation of the degrees to the Batch of 2007. As each student walked up to the stage they entered a perpetual state of kalopsia. This was their moment. A few received this with smiles, some with nervous grins and a pinch of awkwardness; but all with a sense of gratification. Every single graduate was met with ear-shattering applause and cheer that lifted their spirits. As they walked away



with their heads up high, they crossed their tassels to the right, a symbol of graduation, beaming with pride.

The ceremony honoured 91 students from the graduating batches of 2006 and 2007. The Committee also conferred honorary awards to three individuals. C. B. Ajit, Class of 2011, was awarded a Gold Medal for maintaining a consistent 10-point-grade average. Mohammad Zuhair M. M. and Surojit Sural, Class of 2012, were also bequeathed with the same honour. Reshmi V., the first PhD student of IISER Pune, who completed her thesis under Prof. G. Ambika was also conferred the Degree of Philosophy by Prof. K. N. Ganesh.

This was followed by Prof. K. N. Ganesh reading out an exhortation to the graduating students and presenting a report of the institute. He addressed the gathering, remarking that it was wonderful to watch his 'children' graduate and was grateful to the Batch of 2006 for joining and believing in him at a time when IISER was just beginning its journey into the world of science. Shri Sam Pitroda then addressed the audience. He narrated to the audience his humble beginnings and how he had patiently climbed the ladder of success over the years. He reminded the young graduates as well as the faculty members that in these times when information is easily accessible, the role of a mentor becomes more relevant than the traditional role of a teacher. He also urged them to aim at bringing about a positive change to the community through their work.

The ceremony concluded with a soulful instrumental rendition of the National Anthem. The fresh graduates rushed towards the green lawns with leaps and bounds

and a loud cheer erupted as the graduation caps were tossed in the air. They were saluted by the audience for the brave face they put forth during the harshest times. It signified the end of an era and the beginning of a new one. Here were the bold few who had hopped off the straight and narrow paths and chosen the winding path. They had experienced the exhilaration of the view from the top, which had left them with several breathtaking moments. They had learnt to appreciate the bounties of life. It also reflected on how IISER had, in its own ways, grown as an institute. Its research and benchmark were set by these pioneers and their growth was intricately interwoven. The time had truly arrived when tomorrow's science begins today.

As proud and overwhelmed parents wiped off tears of joy from their faces on watching their toddlers graduate, the rain-gods had their own subtle ways of showering their benedictions on them! ■



Halla Bol!

By Sahana Srivathsa



Photo: V R Shree Sruti & Vishnu K N

Returning to the hostel after our first day of lectures, gleeful that nothing of any consequence had been taught, we found everyone in a state of great excitement, jabbering away at the top of their voices, incoherently, about T-shirts, songs, ads and dances. All enquiries were directed to 'The Notice Board' downstairs. NOW! Rushing downstairs, weaving our way through the crowd of yet unfamiliar faces, we read the sign proclaiming that all of us 'Facchas' were invited to 'Halla Bol' the day after. Our batch had been split at random into groups and we had to perform either a spoof of a popular movie, a dance or an advertisement for some unusual products. In case this didn't provide our seniors sufficient fodder for entertainment, all of us had been instructed to also wear a specific coloured T-shirt out of a list, with each colour representing an amusing and slightly embarrassing statement which we would have to defend on stage.

The rest of that night and all of the next day were spent in fervent discussions over the pros and cons of different T-shirts and trying to discover our group members' names by poring over the attendance sheet and tracking them down to work on our pieces. Saturday morning, our first of the semester, was greeted with a surprising flurry of nervous activity with everyone sprawled around campus in groups, wracking their brains for appealing story-lines and dance moves. Before we knew, it was time for us to get dressed and head to HR-4. We saw the room packed with seniors eagerly awaiting our displays. Most of our batch mates were wearing green – 'I'll punch the first senior who hits on me' misinterpreting the phrase 'hit on' completely. A surprising number wore purple – 'I have a crush on someone in my batch' though unfortunately no names were revealed that day. A few brave souls dared to wear red – 'I am willing to do anything on stage'. The afternoon began with a melodious rendition of a Mohammed Rafi song by one of our seniors, following which we had to get on-stage and produce some laughs. The spoofs had everyone cracking their sides especially the DDLJ : '*Kya Simran apna fifth year project complete kar payege?*' and 'Sholay'(Chole) adaptations. The adzap groups were creative with their advertisements for dog food and Rajni foot spray. The utter lack of coordination and grace in most of the dances was compensated by the enthusiasm of the dancers and the final dance piece to the tune of '*Khaike Paan Banaras wala*'. It was a huge hit, with the audience de-



manding an encore. Our inhibitions melted away with the whistling, cheering, and bellows of laughter from the audience. Despite making complete fools of ourselves on stage, we thoroughly enjoyed the programme.

The second-year girls aptly welcomed us by singing '*Koi Kahe Kehta Rahe*'. Just when we thought we were done, all those wearing red were called up. We trooped onto the stage anxiously while our batch-mates waited with much anticipation. The room was filled with roars of laughter as we poor souls proposed love to various seniors in every way we could think of. Rewarding us for our efforts, the seniors most generously plied us with scrumptious snacks and refreshing drinks which we fell



upon like a pack of hyenas while laughing over the day's events. With the ice broken, we returned happily, cementing our newly formed bonds of friendship. ■

Janmashtami

10th August 2012

Janmashtami, celebrated to commemorate the birth of Lord Krishna, began with the call for decorations in HR-4. Though Janmashtami fell on a Friday i.e. the 9th of August, we decided to celebrate it leisurely on the following Saturday evening. HR-4 glowed with yellow and orange marigold garlands, while the mess had mango leaves tucked at its door, along with the traditional *kheer* served that afternoon. To keep up with the tradition, IISERites prepared for the highlight of the festival - *dahi handi*, which was set up in the lawn behind HR-4. The men from various batches gathered to form human pyramids in an attempt to break the *handi*. The highlight of this year's competition was the entry of an all-girls' team, who put their best foot forward and even managed to tweak the rope ends of the *handi*. After several failed attempts by the teams, who were met with an encore of hues and cries and cold water, drenching them, it was the men of the 2010 batch who brought cheer and laughter to the impatient faces around, by breaking the *handi*. It was truly a memorable evening, creating plenty of smiles amongst the muddy faces! ■



INDEPENDENCE DAY

15th August 2012

The 63rd Independence Day of our country dawned at IISER Pune with the unfurling of the national flag by our director, which was witnessed by a bunch of enthusiastic first years along with some patriotic seniors around. This was followed by a parade by the security services of the institute which further instilled patriotic feelings in the crowd. The director then spoke about how India has achieved a tremendous number of accom-

plishments in the last sixty years and how we, as citizens of India, have to do our part towards its development. He also mentioned the developments taking place in IISER Pune, and promised that the campus would soon be equipped with all the required facilities. In keeping with tradition, the crowd then dispersed for a scrumptious round of snacks and sweets. ■



Photo : Nisarg Desai

SPICMACAY at IISER Ashwini Bhide Deshpande

20th August 2012

Ashwini Tai's concert was the first of the many memorable performances of the academic year. She is a prominent vocalist of the Jaipur-Atrauli *Gharana* and a disciple of Smt. Manik Bhide. Her melodious voice resonated through the halls of IISER as she sang the evening *raaga Shree* followed by a mixed *raaga* of *Ham-sadhwani* and *Shankara*. She also performed an *abhang*

to the absolute delight of the audience. She then had an interactive session with the audience asking for their interpretation of the *raagas*. As a part of the students' initiative to aim for a greener campus, Ashwini Tai was presented with a sapling. We can say with certainty that more than one soul introspected on the true meaning of music on that day. ■



Asian Science Camp

By Tanmay Patankar

Photos courtesy Shruthi P

The Asian Science Camp is an international conference targeted at budding Asian scientists, and intended to provide a platform for them to interact with globally acclaimed researchers. It is the brain-child of two Nobel Laureates, namely Dr. Yuan Lee and Dr. Masatoshi Koshiba, who were instrumental in starting up the first Asian Science Camp, which was conducted in Taipei, Taiwan in 2007.

It was in early May, just after the end-semester exams, that Varun Prasad, Shruti Paranjape and I received an email from our Dean's office, stating that we had been shortlisted for attending the ASC and urging us to apply. Shortly, all three of us got an email confirming our selection for the Indian delegation at the ASC 2012. Obviously, I was elated to see my name in the delegation of 30 students representing India. The team was diverse and consisted of bright students from various IISERs, IITs, IISc, NISER and other such prestigious institutes.

The camp was held at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Israel from 26th to 31st August, 2012. Our journey began with a preliminary session at HBCSE, Mumbai on 24th August, regarding the camp, and general travel instructions. We headed for the airport at midnight, and arrived at the huge Tel Aviv airport the next day, where our hosts greeted us with great warmth, and escorted us to Jerusalem. We stayed at the Ramada Hotel, a very luxurious hotel situated conveniently near

to the Hebrew University campus. That night, there was an orientation programme, including "speed dating", which is a surprisingly fast way of meeting and getting introduced to people from all over Asia and Oceania.

The next day, the 26th, was when the camp officially started, with some really awesome lectures by reputed scientists, including Nobel Laureates such as Prof. Yuan Lee, Prof. Aaron Ciechanover, Prof. Robert Auman, to name a few. A great thing about the camp was a piece of opera/piano music played just before the beginning of each lecture session, which was really stimulating. After the morning's lectures, all the 250-odd participants assembled together for a photo session. The official opening ceremony of the ASC 2012 was held that very evening. The chief dignitary was the President of Israel, Mr. Simon Peres. He, along with Prof. Lee and Prof. Gutfreund, explained to us the rationale behind the concept of the Asian Science Camp, stressing on the increasing role of scientific research in today's world. They also conveyed to us the importance of international cooperation in the field of science.

The next two days were chock-full of lectures (plenary as well as half-plenary sessions), by leading scientists, from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem as well as from elsewhere. An interesting feature of this programme was the "camps", which basically consisted of five different lectures going on simultaneously, with all the participants divided into five groups, and each student attend-

ing the lecture of his/her choice. Most of the lectures were quite inspiring. Nobel Laureates shared their experience of their school days, their work and answered a myriad of questions regarding their field of research.

The fun part of the camp was the various tours. The first amongst these was a night tour of the old city of Jerusalem, on the 27th. The old city of Jerusalem has immense cultural and religious significance, and has a deep and glorious past underlying it. It was a really educational experience for all of us as we were shown around the city, and later walked on its boundary walls.

The day of 29th August was meant exclusively for tours. In the morning, we revisited the old city of Jerusalem and saw some major tourist attractions, such as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Wailing Wall, and many others. In the afternoon, we were taken to see the commercial city of Tel Aviv. We attended a musical performance called “Mayumana” by an international troupe, “Momentum”, which gave a lively and energetic performance. The day ended with a small party in Tel Aviv, to which all the participants were invited.

The next day, 30th August, was officially the last day of the camp. It began with some great lectures by Nobel Laureates Prof. Kornberg and Prof. Kobayashi, and some camps and half-plenary sessions. Throughout the duration of the camp, we had been working in groups to create a poster depicting some interesting research topic. The posters were presented on this day, in the evening. All the posters were excellent, and each one of them contained an original and innovative idea. The poster making in itself was a wonderful team activity

which brought out the best in everyone. All the teams were multinational, consisting of 7 or 8 students. The judging was done by the referees and the students from the other teams as well. Next was the official closing ceremony, in which the results of the poster making competition were declared. Each participant was given a certificate of participation and a pen-drive as a souvenir. In addition, the “best question awards” were also declared. The closing ceremony ended with some members of different delegations dancing to the tune of songs from their country. The Indian delegation’s group-dance easily took the eye. After the closing ceremony, some delegations started leaving. Later that night, there was a disco-party to celebrate our participation in this great event, in which we really enjoyed ourselves.

The next day was the day of our departure. However, as our flight was scheduled for the evening, we had the morning to spare. As a result, we (the Indian delegation), along with the Nepali and Sri Lankan delegation and all the team leaders, decided to visit the Dead Sea, which is at the boundary between Israel and Jordan. It is the lowest place in the world, and is the saltiest sea on earth. We enjoyed floating in the dense mineral-rich water all morning. This was one of the most fun moments of the camp. We then headed back to Jerusalem, where we said our final goodbyes, and departed for Tel Aviv, on our way back home, taking with us a mosaic of unforgettable memories of Israel, the camp, the great food and the innumerable friends we made there.

This camp will remain one of the most unforgettable events of my life. We learned important lessons of team work, time management and cooperation. We

interacted and collaborated with students from more than 20 countries, including Turkey, Australia, New Zealand, etc. The ASC instilled in me the spirit of collaboration which is of ever-increasing importance in the modern scientific community. We interacted almost on a one-on-one basis with world-famous scientists. All these experiences will indeed help me in the pursuit of knowledge as a scientist and also as a human being. Indeed, the ASC-2012 has given me a lot to be grateful for. ■



Onam

29th AUGUST 2012

“Onashamsagal” was the phrase that floated around all day. Considering the large population of Malayalis at IISER, Onam was celebrated with befitting importance and merriment here. The day began delightfully with the entry to HR-4 welcoming everyone with the traditional flower arrangement, *pookkalam*. The girls were dressed in beautiful sarees and *pattu-pavada*

while the guys kept to the traditional *mundu*. The girls had a special celebration - the modified *tiruvatira kali*, a slow traditional dance which they interspersed with jingle rap. The notice board was decorated with articles in Malayalam and English, highlighting the significance of Onam. ■



Ganesh Chaturthi

19th September 2012

The festival of Lord Ganesha is undoubtedly one of the prime festivals of Maharashtra. We had our own way of celebrating Ganesh chaturthi this year. The days ahead were marked with the traditional *pujas* and prayers. This time around, some of us even made Ganesha idols with clay. The customary decorations were done on campus and this ten-day long festival was a perfect opportunity to gorge on sweets and savouries. ■

Colloquium with Prof. Avinash Khare

22nd August 2012

The first colloquium of the fall semester was delivered by Prof. Avinash Khare. The topic was ‘The Recent Discovery of the Higg’s Particle’. This was a hot topic at the time, as CERN had just stumbled upon the existence of the ‘God Particle’. He addressed the uncertainties and doubts surrounding this topic and its

implications in current science. He started his talk with the standard model of particle physics and ended by explaining about the Higgs Boson, Higgs field and other related topics. The talk left the people buzzing with excitement, wanting to know more. ■

Colloquium^{with}

Prof. Jean-Marc Fontaine

5th September 2012

IISER Pune played host to the Indo-French Symposium in Mathematics during the first week of September. Prof. Jean-Marc Fontaine from the Paris-Sud 11 University, who was a part of the Symposium, presented a talk on 'p-adic numbers', a branch of number theory.

The talk was coated with a heavy French accent and was filled with technicalities, which left many of us perplexed. Even for the mathematically-abled, the theory was very abstract, and the applications of such 'p-adic numbers' were not so clear either. ■

SPICMACAY^{at} IISER

Jayanthi Kumaresh

20th September 2012

This day saw the sounds of the *saraswati veena* enthrall us, as Jayanthi Kumaresh, a disciple of Smt. Padmavathy Ananthagopalan and Dr. S. Balachander, effortlessly rendered the *raagas Shuddha Saveri* and *Dharmavati* in the dimmed light of the multipurpose hall to give the full effect of the evening *raagas*. She was accompanied by Shri Tumkur Ravishankar on the *mridangam* and Shri Tiruchy Krishna on the *ghatam*. The

spectators were captivated by her eagerness to teach as she explained the working of the *veena*, the *ghatam* and the *mridangam* and elaborated on the essence of each *raaga* she played. The highlight of the concert was the scintillating *Tani-avartana*, a sort of *jugalbandi* of the instruments between the *ghatam* and the *mridangam*. She was gifted clay Ganesha idols made by the students of IISER. ■

Photo: Sharvaree



Colloquium with

Prof. Satishchandra Ogale

10th October 2012

The speaker of the week was Prof. Satishchandra Ogale, a senior Scientist at NCL. His work mainly focussed on physical chemistry, material sciences and solar energy. The colloquium he presented was based mainly on nanotechnology and its utilities in harnessing

solar energy for generating electricity. He also discussed the uses of nanotechnology in batteries and superconductors. The colloquium was a real treat for people interested in nanotechnology as it showcased the various applications put forward by the field. ■

Dr. Murali Shastry

17th October 2012

Dr. Shastry has a very long list of credits and prestigious awards to his name, like the Shanti Swaroop Bhatnagar award in Chemistry and holds positions on various advisory boards for the Govt. of India. In his colloquium, he spoke about innovation: the process, dynamics and necessity for developing innovation in India. He talked about various existing innovations like

‘Swach’, which is a low cost water purifier co-developed by him. He narrated to the audience the motivation behind these innovations, how the innovators worked on the ideas and took them to finality. This, truly, was an inspiring colloquium, which introduced the audience to an unconventional approach to science. ■

Dr. Rashneh Pardiwala

31st October 2012

Dr. Pardiwala, an ecologist from the University of Edinburgh, discussed climate change and how sustainable development plans should be changed or modified with the ever-changing climate. Global warming can be an alarming phenomenon for us Indians, due to our primarily agrarian economy and a densely populated

coastline. Hence, it is very important to make changes in the economic development schemes and technology used now, so as to not harm nature any more. The talk was focussed mainly on how climate change affects the world and the innovations that help in sustainable development. ■

KREEDA JUNG

By Adithya Rajagopalan

“Pass it here!”, “Take the shot!”, “Smash it!!” These cries were familiar sounds to the IISERites’ ears during the months of September and October. Yup, Kreed Jung was back, and this time, bigger than ever! People began getting up earlier and shuffling their schedules around to get in some much needed practice before the games began. For the first years it was time to build their reputations, for the others it was time to maintain them. The titles for being crowned champs of Table Tennis, Football, Volleyball, Tug-of-War, Kabaddi and Cyber gaming were all on the line!

Unfortunately, Kabaddi, FIFA and The Age of Empires, were not concluded due to lack of time. Thankfully, the other events were major successes. The Tug-of-War event saw the ladies of IISER showing off their strength. It was the third-year team that finally won the event. Competition on the table tennis front was intense. Several sensational slices and fast smashes later, Sujay Balebail was crowned the TT champ.

The volleyball court near the new hostel was abuzz with activity throughout the season. It was the only event that had teams comprising both boys and girls. The third years’ team Serve-Voirs emerged as winners, beating Team Airborne in a tough contest.

This year, the football tournament had really been given a face-lift, thanks to the availability of a full sized ground to play on! After some agonizingly close fixtures, the team of fifth years ‘Sab ke Baap’ claimed the title, truly living up to their name.

In the virtual arena, the third years Counter Strike team shot, sniped and m  l  ed their way to victory.

With all the events completed, it was time to congratulate the winners, commiserate the losers, and say goodbye to Kreed Jung till next year. ■

Photo by Anup Ingole



KARAVAN '12

By Shrinidhi Mahishi



The metal fans were
in for a heavenly treat
as they all head-
banged like a bunch
of lunatics along with
the bands.

The countdown had begun. Notice boards were brimming with news and updates about Karavaan. The immensely anticipated cultural fest of IISER Pune had arrived. The 2012 edition of Karavaan was set for the 2nd and 3rd of November.

On the 2nd of November, the sun had set, and so was the stage when the inaugural showcase, Ganesh Vandana started. Following this was an evening with a blend of classical music, Bollywood *jhatkas* and *matkas* and renditions of evergreen songs like '*Chura Liya Hai Tumne Jo Dil Ko*'. The *lavani* performance received huge applause and shouts for an encore echoed through the crowd. 'Mad-ads', the first of its kind in Karavaan, portrayed the various uses of 'L 'N D Lungi', in a creative and hilarious manner. There were performances by some of the IISER bands as well.

Meanwhile, the food-stalls presented a wide range of options to choose from (amongst Maggi, *dosas*, pizzas, *golas*, cold drinks, and what not!). The game counter also managed to engage a small but steady proportion of the crowd.

Pronite, by Divine Raaga, a band from Bangalore, was the second show-stealer of the day. With his braces and long locks, the lead vocalist, Buddha, made the crowd go absolutely insane with his voice. The performance included many original compositions as well as Bollywood hits like '*Bheegi Bheegi*'. Sunil, the flautist, was amazing and indeed deserves special mention.

√2 El Dorado, the highly awaited midnight treasure hunt which had more than fifty teams registering, was a disappointment for scores of participants and the organizers when it was called off due to foul play by some of the teams. The crowd melted away with disapprobation.

The next day, the campus was abuzz with more activity. The registration desk for Laser Tag was swarmed by students throughout the day as everybody wanted to get a real Counter-Strike-like feel. Potpourri, which saw a huge number of participants, involved a written preliminary round, a visual round and Shipwreck. The quizzing club of IISER laid out a quiz which presented many hurdles for participants to cross. The couple dance competition however suffered from a lack of participation, with only four pairs taking part in the event. *Antakshari*, the traditional and immensely popular event, was a huge hit. The five finalists were engaged in an intense battle of songs and Bollywood movies only to be crowned the *Antakshari* Kings and Queens.

After lunch, the events resumed with the solo dance competition, Flying Solo, and Dumb Charades which was an exciting and difficult event, for both the organisers as well as the participants. As the sun was nearing the horizon, it was time for another round of the IISER showcase. Two plays were presented by the drama club. The plays, revolving around dark comedy and murder, were cheered by the audience. They were followed by some classical performances like the vocal duets, a *tabla jugalbandi* and an elegant *Kalinga narttana tillana* piece. Some of the other off-beat performances included a contemporary dance ballet, the *Navarasa* piece, and a beautiful juggling show by Dr. Steven Spallone, a faculty member of the Mathematics department of IISER.

Photo: Anurag Mishra



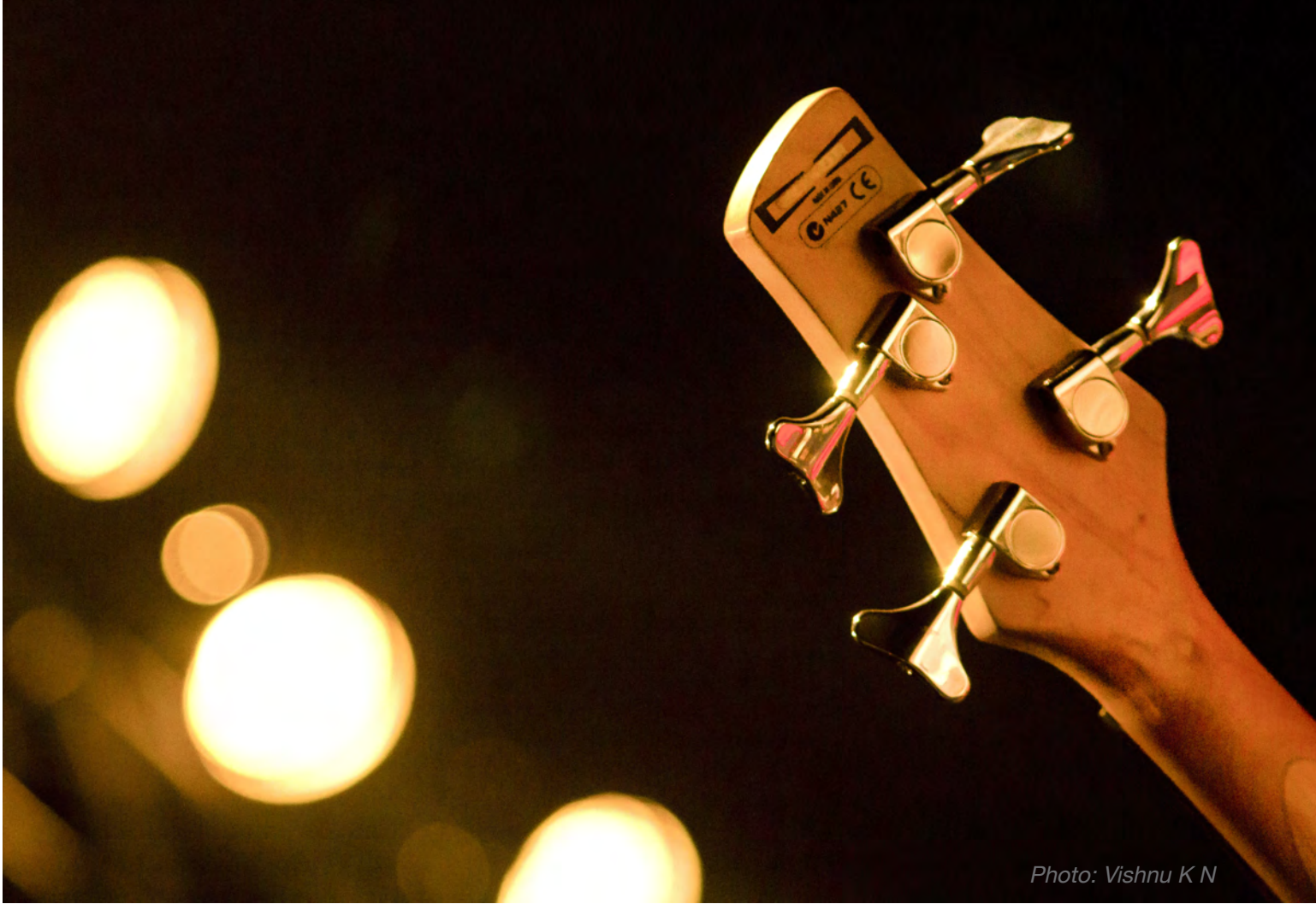


Photo: Vishnu K N



Photo: Anurag Mishra

He awed the audience with his magnificent skills and accuracy, but the performance that stole the audience's hearts was, without doubt, the *Bhangra*, which made the audience get up and dance to the beat along with the performers. The shouts of "en-core" could be heard for a long time.

And last, but surely not the least, was the band wars. The metal fans were in for a heavenly treat as they all head-banged like a bunch of lunatics along with the bands. The time constraint was hugely disappointing to both the bands and the audience as each band was restricted to performing only one song. Nevertheless, it was Last Ride Home, a Mumbai-based band which was crowned the Titan of Rock, while Dystopia finished second, trailing by just two points.

And suddenly, it was over. Months of brain-storming, planning, spending sleepless nights, and all the hard work was worthwhile as this edition of Karavaan, was one of the craziest ever and will remain etched in the memory of IISERites for a long, long time to come. It was a roller-coaster ride, a once-in-a-year chance for the nerds and geeks to come out of their labs, forget their lab-coats and goggles, shed their inhibitions, to let their hair down and enjoy it to the fullest. Kudos to the organising team, for making Karavaan '12 such a wonderful event. ■



Diwali

13th NOVEMBER 2012

Rising to the awaited morning of Diwali, most of us got dressed in traditional clothes and religiously visited the temples. Some others had already started decorating the hostel with flowers and creating a *rangoli* in front of the hostel blocks. Sweets brought by localites and a generous few were distributed in the hostel, constituting a major part of the meal for the day. As the sun went down and the chilly, dark dusk of November set in, people on all floors lit *diyas* that dimly illuminated the entire hostel. Once it was dark, the entire building lit with just the flickering *diyas*, was a beautiful sight to behold. ■



Photo: Vishnu K N

Vijyoshi Camp 2012

By Nilima Walunjkar



Photo: Sumeet Kulkarni

At the end of the first semester, a delegation of twenty-four first-years from IISER Pune, set forth to the 4th Vigyan Jyoti Shibir (Vijyoshi) hosted by the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore from the 1st to 3rd of December.

The arduous bus journey tested the limits of our patience, but our accommodation at the spacious Centenary Guest House (built when IISc completed a hundred years) and the Vijyoshi merchandise we received, left us in good cheer. Those unfortunate souls who registered a tad too late were put in the old IISc hostels, which they described as a 'horrific haunted hospital'.

The next morning, a whirlwind of grey shirts gathered at the majestic J. N. Tata auditorium. KVPY scholars and students from IISERs, NISER and IISc were in attendance. Acquaintances were made and new friendships blossomed.

The camp was kick-started by Professor Balaram, the Director of IISc, followed by talks on chemistry, physics and mathematics. The highlight of the day was Professor

Bert Meijher's novel presentation on the origins of life which kept the audience glued to their seats, despite it being the last lecture of the day. The day concluded with a tutorial in which questions that could not be addressed during the sessions were raised. This was followed by an exhibition of the experiments done in the undergraduate lab at IISc.

Undoubtedly, the best part of the camp was the delicious food at the high tea and special dinner. For the South Indians in our group it had been four, long, unbearable months after which they had tasted authentic *idli* and *dosa*.

The second day featured our Director, Professor K. N. Ganesh's lecture on 'Making Medicines from Nucleic Acids' that left the participants with a new respect for drug designing. The IISER first-years living in Bangalore and not attending the Vijyoshi camp managed, in their own mischievous ways, to gain entry into the auditorium to attend his talk (Shh! It's a secret). In the evening, there was an entertaining cultural programme titled 'Mystic Vibes' performed by Amit Nadig

and troupe, who left the audience spellbound. The French bassists' long locks were discussed throughout dinner.

The final day saw Professor Tom Blundell pepper his lecture with anecdotes from his life. Like a character right out of a Jeffery Archer novel, his accomplishments included learning Chinese opera and learning to play the *veena*. He pondered over his mysterious acceptance into Oxford at the time when he was immensely enjoying himself as part of a jazz band. This was followed by riveting lecture on neuroscience by Professor Vijayalakshmi Ravindranath who even made the "anti-biologists" sit up and listen.

Then, we grabbed our only chance to explore the IISc campus. The sprawling campus with its countless trees, numerous departments, roads and the affable people won our hearts. The colossal library with volumes of books and journals lining the shelves was overwhelming. Sadly, our trip to Bangalore had reached its inevitable end and we parted our separate ways, after one last *dosa*. ■



IISM

By Yagyik Goswami

“It was an April morning when they
told us we should go
As I turn to you, you smiled at me
How could we say no?”

- Robert Plant, Led Zeppelin
(from Achilles Last Stand)

Well, it was in fact deep into Fall 2012 when the first murmurs of an inter-IISER sports meet were spread amidst rain and a little skepticism among the many IISER-ites here at Pune. It took a while for many of us to believe that it might actually happen and initial interest was more along the lines of 'Which sports?' and 'What rules?' and 'Is it still on?' than anything else. The idea of a large contingent from each IISER, brought together for the first time in one campus and thoughts of what that would be like, were a long time taking root. This was big though, and gathered much momentum in a short time, wrapping itself in an air of inevitability. Yes, this was only the first time such an event would grace our calendars, nobody really knew what to expect, but it had to come eventually, right? It was also going to be the first of many. With this much, not many would argue.

Of course, once the idea had set itself came the matter of preparations, a gruelling and thankless task for which, as is often the case, the many owe their thanks to a tireless few. It took much running around to book tickets and procure the various kits and equipment that would be used by the Pune contingent at IISM-2012;

and they were a while coming, yet as November wore on into December, things began to fall into place. Come December 10, as we prepared to leave, everything had arrived as promised and we all boasted a kit of our own to represent our institute in, and a more-than-decent tracksuit, courtesy IISER-Pune, to top it off. Given that our entire party of more than eighty-odd arrived in Kolkata, all set, with minimum fuss, having had a brilliant train-ride, goes on to show that you cannot overstate the importance of the work that goes on behind the scenes to make things happen like clockwork.

“With all the fun to have, to live
the dreams we always had
Oh, the songs to sing, when we
at last return again”

- Robert Plant, Led Zeppelin
(from Achilles Last Stand)

We were among the first to arrive on campus, the majority of us having had a long, eventful bus-ride from the station, and hence, had to wait the better part of the day to get a look at our counterparts. Once they began shipping in though, much sizing-up was done and many plans were re-made and revised, only to be thrown out the window once the events began. While some victories were won by the smallest of margins, in others, those who won did so with authority.

In an annual inter-college event, where students come and go, it hardly happens that any one institute rules any one event for very long. Even in successive years, with the same participants coming together to slug it out all over again, some things will change while others stay the same. Having said that, chances are they'll have a hard time catching Anil this time as well.

While the ultimate aim is of course to win, and while we wish that we had simply won it all (and believe that we could have), each of the five IISERs, and let us not

forget our "cousin" NISER, Bhubaneswar will take many positives back from this pilot, irrespective of their medal tally. The highlight of this is the number of characters that came to the fore over the course of those four days. Across the board, participants showed much heart and desire to come out on top, something that is required to succeed at any level.

Many memories will have been taken back, to be recounted many times unto sheer exaggeration. While some surprised even their closest friends with some great performances, others were found over-eager to embrace victory and made a hash of it, and not just for themselves. The hosts did themselves much credit, in my opinion, by the way they handled the event, something which each succeeding host will look to improve upon. As it so happens, that task has fallen to us now, as, this time around, come December 2013, IISM is happening at Pune.

Here, we aim to dominate. ■

Individual events

300m Running Race
Bronze Medal- Varun K Shetty

Badminton (Girls)
Silver Medal - Deeksha Adil and Prachi A
Bronze Medal- Alisha Pathak and Kalyanee S

Team events

Relay (4x 100m) - Silver Medal
Relay(4x 400m) - Silver Medal

Kho Kho (Boys) - Winners
Basket Ball (Boys) - Winners

Photos: Alisha Pathak



Colloquium^{with}

Prof. Raghu Murtugudde

9th January 2013

Prof. Raghu Murtugudde, Professor at the University of Maryland, USA and recipient of several national and international awards presented the week's colloquium on "Big History: From Big Bang to Cooperative Species". It was mainly based on how humans, as the most cooperative species on Earth can help in keeping the changing climatic conditions from worsening. He used the metaphor that human emotions are like an elephant, roaming around aimlessly, while the human

brain is like the mahout, controlling the elephant and keeping it on track. So if we control the elephant properly, it can do a lot of constructive work, but if we let it go, it can cause a lot of destruction too. He also said that humans should share their intelligence and that will help a lot in the climate change scenario. The talk was really interesting and was also intellectually stimulating for all the audience present. ■

Prof. C J Yajnik

23rd January 2013

Prof. Yajnik is a consultant diabetologist and the Director of the Diabetes unit at KEM Hospital, Pune. In his colloquium, he talked about how Indians have a higher probability of suffering from diabetes than their western counterparts. He went on to explain how the

answer may lie in the amount of nutrition a foetus gets inside its mother's womb. The amount of work that went into this theory was tremendous and simply awe-inspiring. ■

Prof. Ramasubramaniam

30th January 2013

Prof. Ramasubramaniam, the head of IIT-B's Cell for Indian Science and Technology in Sanskrit, where the rediscovery of the works of ancient Indian Scientists is done, delivered a colloquium based on Mathematics, specifically, calculus, that was developed by astronomers in ancient India. The mathematician Madhava derived what is today known as the 'Gregory-Leibniz series' and

several 'better' versions of the same, much before others did. He put them all in Sanskrit compositions. The speaker described the history of Indian Mathematics and the works of Madhava. The colloquium was best understood and enjoyed by people who had some Sanskrit knowledge. Nevertheless, it was a memorable trip down the glorious past of Indian history. ■

SPICMACAY

at IISER

On the eve of India's 63rd Republic Day, the multipurpose hall at HR-4 was astonishingly crammed with people of all ages, waiting patiently for the first notes of the long night to reverberate harmonically through the hall. Four eminent artists, all at the pinnacles of their chosen disciplines, names spoken with reverence in the classical music community throughout the country, all under one roof, delighting the audience in IISER Pune's first ever overnight concert in the new campus, a melodious repast to musical enthusiasts in the city. From the artists' accommodation to the stage decoration, from gifts to publicity, planning such an event requires a great deal of effort on the part of the organisers, even more so, since this was the first event when the reins were officially handed over from the almighty seniors to the first and second years, who handled the overwhelming task with great finesse, making the concert a colossal success.

The long night began with the wondrous music of Dr. N. Rajam's violin. A versatile artist, she is highly proficient in both Hindustani and Carnatic music, and her talent is widely acclaimed in the musical world. The audience was transported to another world by the sublime music that filled the room as her agile fingers danced across the strings producing lovely melodies. The rhythmic beats of Shri Ramdas Palsule, who accompanied her on the *tabla*, created a wonderful contrast to the melancholy vibrations of the violin. The end of her performance left the audience longing for more. Next in line was Pt. Ajay Pohankar, who was accompanied with an entourage of artists. The audience was captivated by his mastery over an assortment of *gharanas*. His performance kept everyone present lively and on their toes.

After a short break, the spectacular and melancholy



notes of flautist Pt. Rupak Kulkarni along with Shri Aditya Kalyanpur on the *tabla* filled the crowd with endless rapture. The sheer enjoyment and bliss, so clearly shining on both the artists' faces, during the 'Saawal-Jaawab' session made the experience all the more enjoyable for those present. He finished with a heart-rending piece and left the hall to a thunderous applause. Smt. Kalapini Komakali, was the final artist, who performed the classic morning *raagas* to suit the ambience in the early hours. Her lovely and powerful voice brought out the intricacies in the Hindustani *raagas* she sang and her performance was the perfect end to a wondrous night.

The artists were all presented with gifts, handmade by the labours of the IISER SPIC MACAY volunteers, and the personal touch was much appreciated by them all. Finally when the last guest had left and the hall and music room restored to their original states, the weary volunteers trudged back to their rooms, hobbling on worn out feet, ready to crash onto their beds, but not before vowing to make the concert an annual event! ■

Photos: Sharvaree



Photo: V Saudamini



भारतीय विज्ञान शिक्षा एवं अनुसंधान संस्थान
INDIAN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE EDUCATION AND RESEARCH

REPUBLICDAY

26th January 2013 was celebrated in our institute beginning with the melodies of the famous artists who performed in an overnight concert on campus. Later in the morning, the Director unfurled the tricolour, which was followed by the traditional parade by the employees of Great Wall Security Services. The Director then delivered a speech quoting the words from Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru's famous Independence Day speech, 'Tryst with Destiny'. Everyone dispersed for tea and snacks with a sense of patriotism instilled in their minds. ■



“

Cricket is one of the things that I am madly in love with. It's not only me; the whole Shaurya '10 team has 15 crazy players who are truly and madly in love with it. The 5th edition of IPL was very special for Shaurya '10 because it was in this IPL that we were crowned Champions of the tournament. This was the second IPL tournament for the Shaurya '10 team.



From all the bitter experiences we had in the last season, we built a team full of hard-working players who were ever-ready to give their best in practice sessions as well as in the match. This is probably the first time in the history of Shaurya '10 that the team members were ready to practise early in the morning. The blistering cold of the winter makes you lazy to get up from the bed and it feels like a punch in your palm when you catch a ball early in the morning. The self-motivation and perspiration of each and every player in the Shaurya '10 team has finally paid off. I, the Captain of the ship, am very proud of my crew members and their effort and support which made it possible for me to navigate Shaurya '10 to the zenith of the tournament.

”

- Vishnu M S
Captain, Shaurya'10



Photo: Nisarg Desai

IPL 2013

By Aniruddhan Gowrisankar



Photo : Vishnu K. N.

India is a country where cricket is a passion for many. The annual cricketing festival of IISER holds testimony to this truth. IISER Premier League, IPL, as it is called, provides the students of IISER with a chance to showcase their cricketing skills. A ground with rough outfield and a temporary pitch might not seem attractive, but when it came to cricket, it was enough to get the people interested. Fifteen teams, full of enthusiasm and energy, would fight it out over a month, packed with action, entertainment, nail-biting finishes and what not! IPL'13 was flagged on 12th January, by our Director, Prof. K. N. Ganesh.

The first match of the tournament saw the defending champions, The Rascals take on the The All-Rounders, and come out on top. The tournament had just started, but the preparation and countless hours of practice put in by every team had started days earlier. The usually silent mornings in the hostel, turned to a bustle, with teams starting early to hit the pitch. Whenever they had time and wherever they could practise, the boys were ready to sweat it out. Such was the atmosphere that even the faculty managed to find some time, in their busy schedules, to practise. All eyes were on the favourites, the defending champs themselves. The Sports Club had the difficult task of running the tournament, starting from organising matches, to preparing the field and providing basic amenities like water and glucose on field. The first-years had to get their hands dirty when it came to the matting on the pitch, marking the bounda-

ries, providing the players with water and glucose and also the scoring.

The league stage went on for three weeks, by the end of which, the number of teams had reduced to eight. The Rascals came on top of the list in the league stage, and looked set to become champions one more time. The quarter-finals were fierce, with all teams going full-steam. The major surprise was the Expendables stunning The Rascals in a tight match which went into the super over. The teams which qualified for the semi-finals were the Expendables, Shaurya, Bio-hazards and The Rebels. An action-packed semi-final between Expendables and The Rebels saw the giant-killers once again come out on top. The other semi-final game was won by a consistent and talented Shaurya, overpowering the Bio-Hazards.

The final of IPL'13 between the Expendables and Shaurya, was on 3rd February. The match started with the Expendables batting first and posting a low score on the board. The match on the other hand was far from over. Shaurya, had a tough time chasing down their target of 99, thanks to some disciplined bowling from the Expendables. In the end, it was déjà vu for the Expendables with Shaurya needing 12 runs from the last over. However, it was Shaurya who saw it through with nerves of steel. At the end of the day, they were the best team that day and were crowned the champions of IPL'13. It was also IISER Pune's Sports Day and certificates for winners of Kreed Jung were distributed on this occasion. ■



Photo : Prasenjeet Kawale



VigyanMela2013

By Shrinidhi Mahishi

The *Vigyan Mela*, a mela organized by the members of Disha, IISER Pune, for kids of Someshwar Wadi and Laman Vasti, was held on the 26th and 27th of January, 2013 in Someshwar Wadi. The aim of the *mela* was to expose the kids to science and fun activities. The children of both *abhyasika* centres came in huge numbers for the *mela*. This was an annual event and many people attended the *mela*, thanks to good publicity strategies.

It started at 10 AM on the 26th, with inauguration by Prof. A. A. Natu from IISER. Next in schedule was a fantastic magic show by Jeetendra Kumar Raghuvir. His show was a huge crowd-puller and everybody, from kids to adults, flocked to the *pandal* to watch his show. This was the toughest time for the volunteers, as they had to manage the large crowd, especially the bunch of super-excited kids. However, it was a very entertaining one hour for everybody as he performed a variety of tricks which the kids had never seen before.

Post-lunch, the kids were divided into two groups. Students in the 6th to 10th standard age group were brought to IISER, while those in the 2nd to 5th had arts and crafts sessions in Someshwar Wadi itself.

An exciting demonstration of different science experiments was conducted by Amrit Kumar, a 4th year student, for the kids who had come to the campus. Since they all had just seen a magic show, the kids felt that everything was magical, until the scientific logic behind the experiments was explained. The hour-and-a-half long session was just superb as it convinced the kids that simple logic is associated with every phenomenon.

Next in line was the 'Best-out-of-waste' competition, where the kids had to make something creative using waste materials like paper cups, tin cans, plastic bottles and thermocol pieces. A spark of creativity was ignited in the kids and all the groups put in a lot of effort to produce something wonderful. A house was the most common model prepared, but there were two groups that thought differently and made a tank and a robot respectively. Both the groups received much praise for their innovation, and were commended for their efforts by the registrar, Dr. V. S. Rao, who had taken the time to come and watch the competition. Although a games session had been scheduled for the kids, the plan was postponed due to lack of time.

Simultaneously, an arts and crafts session was held



for kids of 2nd to 5th standard in Someshwar Wadi. First was the drawing competition, a favourite with the kids. This was followed by a paper-cutting competition where the kids created many unique patterns out of paper, concluding the day's events.

The first session the next day saw four events happening simultaneously. The younger kids had art and *origami* workshops while the elder ones had kite-making and paper-bag making workshops. Volunteers were assigned for each workshop and they helped kids do their respective activities. Next in store, for the afternoon session, was clay-modelling and games. Children made Gana-pati models and different types of animals using clay. The kids, especially the boys, thoroughly enjoyed the games session.

At 5 PM, we held the prize distribution ceremony. Four chief guests were invited, out of which one was an IISER faculty. The children delightedly accepted their hard-earned prizes for the different events.

Overall, the *mela* was a huge success. The kids turned out to be immensely talented and they utilized this opportunity to showcase it exceedingly well. ■

Photo courtesy Anup Ingole



the Spread SMILE

By Nishad Mandlik





Photo: Ravindra P N

“India is an agrarian economy with nearly 70 percent of its population residing in rural areas. However, basic facilities like sanitation and education are undeveloped in rural India.”



India is an agrarian economy with nearly 70 per cent of its population residing in rural areas. However, basic facilities like sanitation and education are undeveloped in rural India. I am not giving you another fact to be stored in your developed brains as this is something we have come across millions of times and even written in Social Science examinations. I am just trying to tell you that even with such a setting, the distribution of wealth and facilities in India are highly skewed towards the urban areas. Let us take a look at education in rural India. The number of dropouts after primary school is very high and if we look at the percentage of rural population pursuing higher education, it is very low. Is it because of a difference in the level of intelligence between the urban and rural populace? Well, this has been disproved by many thinkers and in fact our experience with kids in villages has been quite the opposite. It is not true that students in villages aren't intelligent. We can firmly say that they know a lot more with respect to their local environment and the society around them compared to their pizza and burger-eating, technologically-active urban counterparts. The five-year plan clearly states the government's

resolve to the Right to Education as the nationwide commitment to the future of India. However the Central government's Rashtriya Madhyamik Shiksha Abhiyan remains a woefully inadequate response to remove the bottleneck in secondary education. A far more debilitating shortcoming is the quality and content of the education imparted in our village schools. Apart from the well-recognised fact that the system demands rote learning that impairs a child's creativity, it also attaches little importance to either the local knowledge resources or the specific developmental needs of India's diverse communities.

What students in rural India need is just some exposure to quality educational resources and inspiration towards achieving educational targets. This is perhaps what 'Spread the Smile' is all about: exposing students to educational resources and making them aware of the opportunities that lie ahead in a fun-filled way. It is our aim that such an exposure in a continuous and directed manner would inspire them to seek further education and broaden their outlook towards the society as a whole. To put it in short, the following are the objectives of Spread the Smile:

- To spread the joy of education among children in villages.
- To provide exposure to the fascinating world of science and technology through experimentation and logical inference.
- To provide inspiration to students to undertake higher education as well as help them develop a proactive and creative attitude towards solving various problems associated with their lives.



With the above objectives in mind, we set forth towards ‘Spread the Smile 2013’, choosing six villages viz. Ambavane, Hatve, Kadadhe, Kurunji, Vajeghar and Vetale spread across three *talukas* of Bhor, Rajgurunagar and Velhe in Pune. The educational activities were planned for four weekends in the month of February, having some common themes across weekends: classroom level scientific demonstrations and hands-on activities on Saturday mornings, arts in the afternoons, sports in the evenings, documentary and movie screenings in the late evenings and field level activities on Sunday mornings. More than 90 volunteers

participated in the programme, consisting mostly of IISER undergraduates as well as a few inspired students from other arts, science and engineering institutions spread across Pune.

It was a daunting task, but with brilliant village level coordinators and actively involved volunteers who worked throughout the week to design the specific activities and carry out some of them before departure, we managed to do justice to the carefully planned structure of the programme. The cooperation showed by some administrators and teachers as well as villagers in some villages was extremely helpful and inspiring.



‘Spread the Smile’ is all about: exposing students to educational resources and making them aware of the opportunities that lie ahead in a fun-filled way.

Every Saturday morning, volunteers would go out of the IISER gate filled with enthusiasm and well, with heavy baggage consisting of materials for conducting the various activities. The classroom sessions were intense with scientific toys explaining basic concepts, demonstrations of technology-related works, chemistry and biology demonstrations, mathematics sessions and also a few experiments from the textbooks. A fitting end to the classroom level activities were sessions by IISER and NCL faculty during the last weekend. Field activities included map-making using measured ropes, village history documentation through interaction with villagers, waste management and a nature walk exploring the wild followed by observation of the collected specimens under a microscope. Various arts sessions like painting, *origami*, *bandhani* etc. were conducted. Sports and games were a way for gel-ing with the kids which worked really well. Documentaries related to health issues, innovations as well as interesting movies were also shown.

An Idea Competition was organised to extract innovative ideas related to their life as well as problems faced by students on an individual and societal level. The aim was to understand the issues in a village and to make the students realise that solutions could be obtained by careful thinking and planning. The students along with volunteers and in some cases, some elders tried to implement the solutions thus obtained. The star gazing session at Kurunji using a telescope was a very attractive event and many villagers also joined the students for

this session.

The final weekend was a high point of the entire activity mainly because of the fact that the students knew the volunteers better and were also emotionally attached with them in some cases. The presence of IISER and NCL faculty further inspired the volunteers as well as the students. A quiz competition was organised in Ambavane and exhibitions were arranged by students in other villages which was a showcase of the activities conducted in the previous weekend. A beautiful session explaining the available options for further education was also arranged mainly for ninth and tenth standard students.

It wasn't as straightforward as it looked as problems were plenty, for example the unnecessary interference by a teacher (and fear of leopards!), the lack of sanitation or some miscommunication, to name a few, but the leadership and experience of the fifth-year BS-MS students helped us overcome them.

This may look like an effort to educate rural students, a one-way transfer of knowledge from 'selected' students of a national level institute to students studying in secondary level schools based in villages; but it was quite the opposite. Spread the Smile was a programme that resulted in sharing of ideas, of knowledge and of emotions. It was an attempt to explore rural India (more than 70 percent of our population as we all know) and an effort to learn and understand, with students in rural areas, the problems which we as Indians face in this rapidly changing world. It was an attempt to get out of the cosy and safe cocoons we are enclosed in and experience the reality that lay beyond! ■



SPICMACAY at IISER

Dr. Krishna B Athreya

7th February 2013

The purpose of Dr. Athreya's visit to IISER was to give a series of lectures addressing the various problems in mathematics. But such was his passion for music that he agreed to give an introductory lecture on "The *raagas* in Indian classical music." He started off by comparing the two prominent genres of Indian Classical music – Hindustani and Carnatic and explaining that they are based on the same system of *raagas*. Being a mathematician, he couldn't resist giving a mathematical explanation about how the equations explain the perfection of the *raagas*. He concluded his talk by

encouraging everyone to listen to music on the internet and rediscover the richness of Indian classical music. At the end of the lecture he played a few tunes he thought were the best examples of Indian music, which included a *bhajan* by Pt. Bhimsen Joshi, Mohammed Rafi's "*Man Tarpat Hari Darshan ko*" in *raag Malkauns*, M. S. Subbalakshmi's "*Jo Jo Mukunda*" and a piece by the *sitar* maestro Pt. Ravishankar. Many listeners hummed along as memories of classical music learnt in childhood came flooding back and brought nostalgia with them. ■

Colloquium with

Prof. D Balasubramanian

6th February 2013

That Wednesday, we were incredibly lucky to listen to Prof. D. Balasubramanian (President, Indian Academy of Sciences and Secretary General of the Academy of Sciences for the Developing World (TWAS), Trieste, Italy), who was awarded the Padma Shri in 2002, among various other accolades. His talk was about the human eye, its various parts and their

functions, or loss of function that happens due to age and environmental effects and what we can do about them. Using a model of the human eye, he explained its parts and talked about some recent advances which go on to address some of the defects that creep in, affecting proper vision. Surely, this was a treat for all the IISERites. ■

Prof. Kedar Damle

13th February 2013

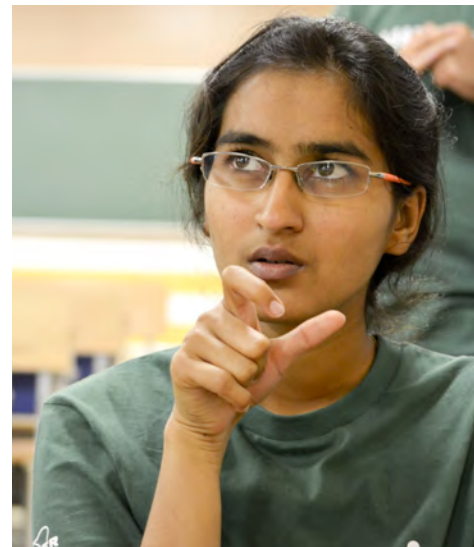
This colloquium was presented by Prof. Kedar Damle from TIFR, Mumbai. He spoke about the phenomenon of geometrically frustrated magnets caused when the geometry of lattice forces exchange interactions to compete with each other. Before going to spin

liquids and its impurity effects, he introduced magnetic moments in insulating solids and electron-electron interaction effects. This talk attracted a lot of aspiring Physicists among others to attend the talk. ■



MIMAMSA 2013





The Spirit Lies within



Mimamsa is the flagship programme of IISER Pune, claimed to be the toughest undergraduate science quiz in India. Its rigorous quizzing rounds different from the conventional ones make it unique. The philosophy of the quiz focuses more on concepts than numerical and knowledge-based approaches. The format involves arguments and counter-arguments, answers given by one team is debated by the other teams, the marks are allotted not only for the correct answer but also for finding flaws in the logical sequence of presentation of answer. The rigour and the complexity makes it a two-day long, toiling event.

This year the event focused on 7 cities: Bangalore, Chennai, Delhi, Kolkata, Mumbai, Hyderabad and Pune. After rigorous rounds of prelims and participants tackling mind-boggling questions, the four

best teams emerged as finalists. The qualifying teams were St. Xavier's (Kolkata), NISER (Bhubaneswar), IISc (Bangalore) and BITS-Pilani (Hyderabad). The final, as per tradition, was scheduled for the third weekend of February i.e. 16-17 February, 2013.

As ever year, after months of preparation and last minute rush, Mimamsa 2013 kicked in. The enthusiasm of the participants and the crowd was stupendous. From the Brief Thought and the Analyser to Deep Thought and the Stepping Stones, the rounds test various abilities of the students: clear thinking, thinking out-of-the-box, and thinking quickly under pressure. The teams were given 2 to 10 minutes each for thinking and answering depending upon the complexity of the questions in the rounds. After a team presented the answer, every other team was given a chance

to add to or challenge the answer or the concept presented by the answering team. Apart from this, there was an Occulomotor round i.e. the buzzer round and the Exposition round where every team had to present a talk on their choice of topic and be prepared to be bombarded with questions from judges, audience and other teams.

The event was intellectually stimulating, the teams competing for the top spot pointing out flaws from the answers and battling with concepts. In the heated battle, IISc, Bangalore was the clear leader but NISER, Bhubaneswar was not ready to give up. There was a close contest for the next spots between BITS-Pilani, Hyderabad and St. Xavier's, Kolkata. Beating other teams in Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics and Biology, IISc, Bangalore turned out victorious followed by NISER, Bhubaneswar, BITS-



The event was intellectually stimulating, the teams competing for the top spot pointing out flaws from the answers and battling with concepts.



Director K. N. Ganesh presenting the Mimamsa rolling trophy to the team from IISc

Pilani, Hyderabad and St. Xavier's, Kolkata.

At the end of the two day long extravaganza, all the teams were completely spent, so were the volunteers who did everything start-

ing from framing the questions, conducting prelims, scoring, to live blogging and everything else. The event was a grand success and all including Dr. Sutirth Dey, the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot,

was pleased with the way the event turned out. At the end, the greatest achievement was how the teams became very close to their 'rivals' and how friendships were sealed over a game of handball. ■



New Faculty on the block



Dr. Suhita Nadkarni

She's fresh, her dressing sense is unique and she's downright cool. This neural networker came, saw and Karavaan-ed!



Dr. Sunil Mukhi

This dynamic culture-lover is the new HOD of the Physics department as of November 2012.

A proficient professor who has won many a heart in the female community of IISER with his hums, haws and hair.



Dr. Collins Assissi



Dr. Angshuman Nag

This young and vibrant faculty is a pleasant addition to the impressive line of interdisciplinarians at IISER



Dr. Krishanpal Karmodiya

This enthusiastic Biologist took over the reins of the BIO 402 course as soon as he stepped in.



Dr. Deepti Gholap

This new addition to the Chemistry faculty has a spectrum of talents up her sleeve.



Dr. Vivek Mohan Mallick

His impact on IISER has rattled our mail-boxes. Math seminar heaven, here we come!



Dr. Steven Spallone

From playing Archimedes on Pi day to juggling for Karavaan, his enthusiasm for life and Mathematics is definitely inspiring.



Dr. Akanksha Chaturvedi

This bundle of joy is reputed for her infectious smile and impeccable memory of all her students' names.



Dr. Mukul Kabir

He is a phenomenally 'magnetic' personality who is a closet cricket fan.



Dr. Jayant Deshpande
(Senior Visiting Faculty)

This systematic senior professor is respected by all his students for his in-depth knowledge and deep voice.



Dr. Kaneenika Sinha

A bright new face in the Math block, she provides us with an edge over our sister institute in Kolkata.

We've forgotten what life in IISER was like before her. She's organised the best colloquia and talk series and was behind the success of Science day 2013.



Sheela Dondre

Working tirelessly behind the scenes, recent additions include:

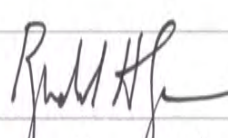
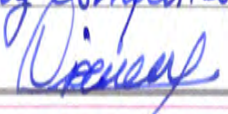
Naresh Sharma
Kaumudi Bhawe
Bhargavi Naik

Avinash Abhale
Bhargavi Naik
Shabnam

Vijay Vitthal
Media Centre:
KP Madhu, Mrs.Nita R

Impressions...

~~Visitors~~ Book

Date	Name & Address	Remarks
1/8/2013	Einichi NEGISHI 根岸 英一 (NOBEL LAUREATE (CHEM 2010))	Pursue your lofty dreams with Eternal Optimism Best wishes, Einichi Negishi Purdue University
1/11/2013	Rudolf H.  Mathematics, Harvard University	A wonderful visit. You are building a great program from the ground up.
5/2/2013	Peter Oppeneer Uppsala University Sweden	It was a delight to see this wonder- ful institute being built up. May it be a blessing to many young scientists in the near future !
13/2/13	Pierre H. DIXNEUF University of RENNES FRANCE	I enjoyed the chemistry in Pune (IT&ER) It improves very fast, doing competition with me !! 



Front Gate

Structures on the Rise!

The homecoming to IISER is now a treat to the eye. The engraved IISER sign, the beautiful path dimly illuminated with lights and large gates opening their arms to welcome students home are a great replacement to the small signboard which one had to squint at in the dark.

It's complete, finally!

Director's Bungalow



Photo : Vishnu K N



New Hostel

The much anticipated Great Migration happened during Fall 2012. After all, one could not resist the idea of a spacious two-bedroom flat, ample storage space and brand new Philips study lamps. This nine-storey hostel currently shelters BS-MS students, PhD students and other research scholars. Other amenities include a common room on every floor with TT tables, on the ground and 8th floors, and a gymnasium, on the ground floor.

Lecture Hall Complex



Photo : Chaitanya Afle

With more than 14 lecture halls, a 500-seater auditorium and several e-classrooms, one could not find a better (or more comfortable) place to do the two things that every IISER-ite truly loves doing – sleeping and learning science.

The complex hosts, 200 seater, 100 seater and 50 seater lecture theatre.

The flood lights are on, and one often finds the IISM champs basking in the glory of the turf in the newly constructed Basketball court near the new hostel. The regular thumping of a basketball and shouts of “Pass it!” can now continue late into the night.

In lieu of hosting IISM in December 2013, the cricket, football, and indoor sporting facilities are being constructed at a fast pace.

Basketball court

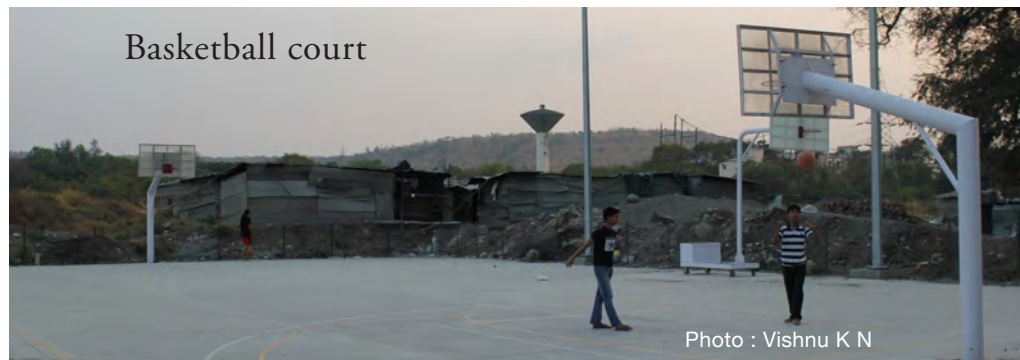


Photo : Vishnu K N

New Cafeteria



Truly, there is no better *karma* than feeding hungry souls in their time of need. Be it the need for an energy drink after sports practice, caffeine to pull an all-nighter or a simple place to hang-out, the new canteen serves a variety of purposes even at the late hours of the night.

This massive block will play host not only to the regular meals of students, but is planned to contain several restaurants which offer a variety of cuisines to their customers.

Mess Block



This sprawling (it's so huge, you can actually get lost in it!) structure will soon house research laboratories and will be the hub of activity in IISER.

Academic Block



Photo : Chaitanya Afle

A spacious parking lot is now functional next to the Mendelev Block. A unique feature of this structure is the array of solar panels enveloping its roof. Now even our parking lots are green!

Parking lot



Photo : Chaitanya Afle

In the May

68

NEWS

नक्षलग्रस्त भागातील मुलांनी गिरवले विज्ञानाचे धडे

पुणे, मा. २० : विज्ञान वर्गातल्या मुलांमध्ये रोझवॉटरच्या वायुमयतून विज्ञानाचे चंद्र प्रतिलिप्याची संपूर्ण उत्तरेनामच्या नक्षलग्रस्त क्षेत्रात विज्ञानातील ५० मुलांमुळे मंगळवारी गिरवले. निमित्त हेच 'विज्ञान विज्ञान शिबिर' या उपक्रमाचे आज प्रवेशी, बचन वनाओ आणि इंडियन इन्स्टिट्यूट ऑफ सायन्स, एन्युकेशन अँड रिसर्च (आयएसए) यांच्या संयुक्त विद्यमान आयोजित या शिबिराचे उद्घाटन आयसएचे संयोजक के. एन. गोरे यांच्या हस्ते झाले. या प्रसंगी आनंद प्रवेशीसह विज्ञान कार्यवाहू प्रा. विवेक पोळे, डॉ. वाडाचे मुख्य कार्यकारी अधिकारी वीरबल्लभ कर्मकर, विज्ञान आक्रम'चे संयोजक योगेश कुलकर्णी, 'बचन वनाओ'चे प्रणीत मिश्र, आयसएचे समन्वयक कोट्युप देवराई आदी उपस्थित होते.



पुणे : इंडियन इन्स्टिट्यूट ऑफ सायन्स, एन्युकेशन अँड रिसर्च'चे मंगळवारी आयोजित विज्ञान शिबिरात ५० मुलांमुळे सहभाग घेतला.

Sulphur dioxide, a pollutant, could aid fight on TB: Experts
Ajay Sukumaran
Monday, May 28, 2012

Sulphur dioxide, pretty notorious as a gaseous pollutant, may potentially have a role in tackling tuberculosis (TB), according to a recent paper by researchers at the Indian Institute of Science Education and Research (IISER), Pune. Their findings, potentially, open the door to the development of various sources of sulphur dioxide in the treatment of the infectious disease that affects millions globally every year.

Experts closer to protecting satellites from coronal ejections

TIMES NEWS NETWORK

Pune: Scientists from a Pune-based institute along with their counterparts from Mexico have, for the first time, understood the travel model of coronal mass ejections (CMEs), which has brought them a step closer to finding ways to protect satellites from the harmful effects of this activity.

The study, a joint effort by Prasad Subramanian from the Indian Institute of Science Education and Research (IISER), Pune, and Alejandro Lara and Andrea Borgazzi from National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM), has been reported in the Geophysical Research Letters, a renowned international journal.

Plasmonics and how to control light

Garima Mishra

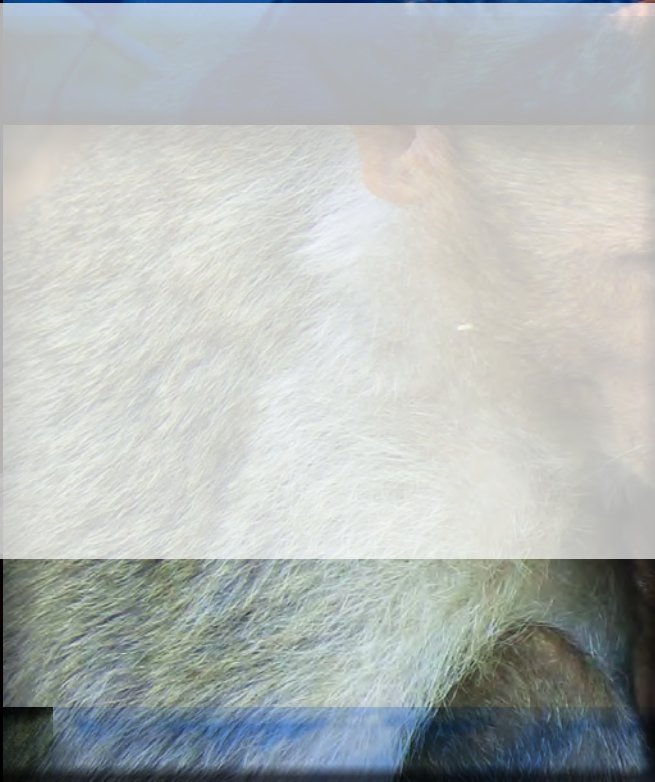
Sun Dec 04 2011, 02:41 hrs

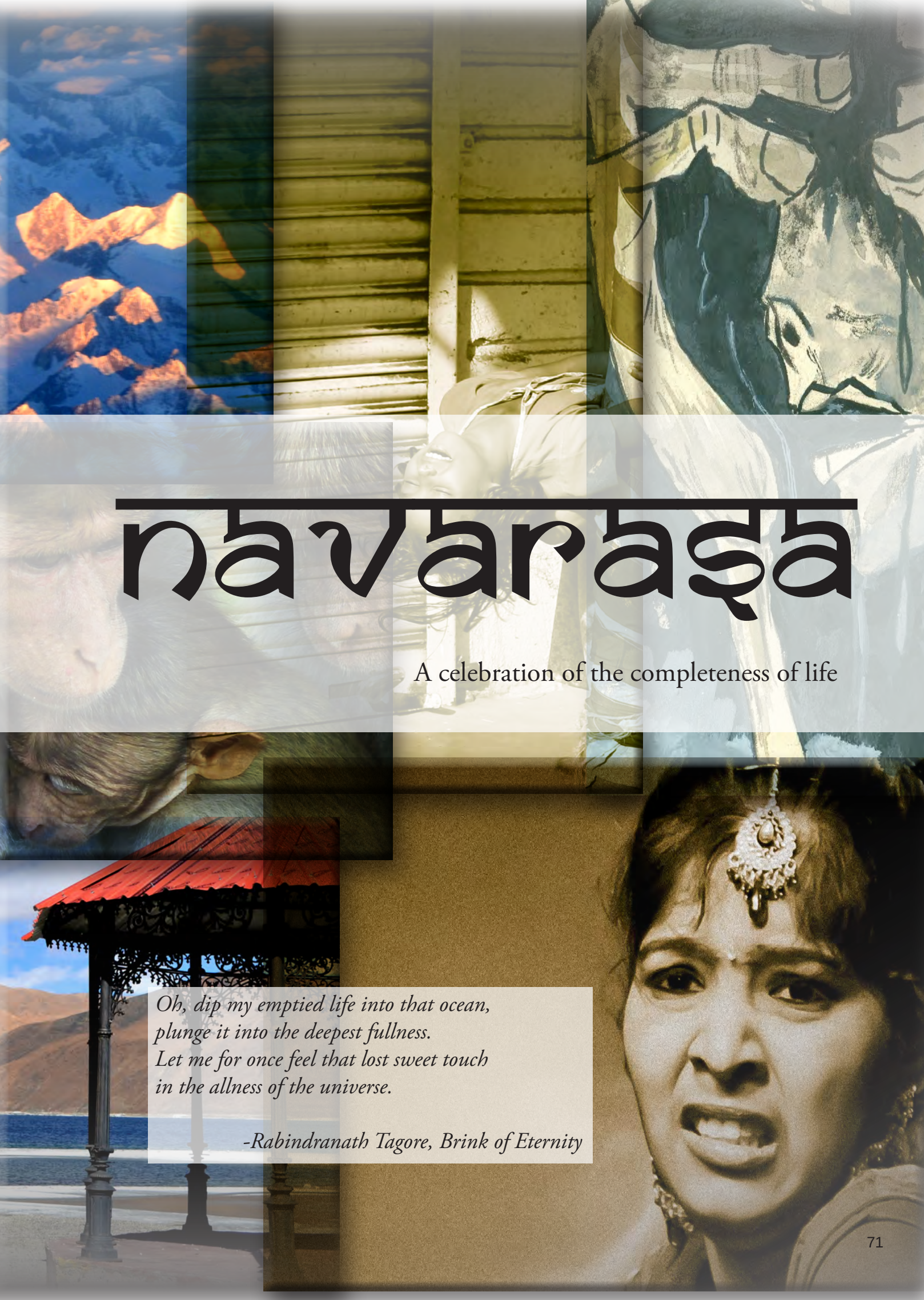
A team of researchers at the Indian Institute of Science Education and Research (IISER), Pune is trying to understand the interaction of light with nanostructures and molecules at micro and nano scales. Their research is based on a rapidly emerging sub-discipline of nanophotonics known as plasmonics. "We are primarily interested in propagation, manipulation and localisation of light at the nanoscale. We achieve this by utilising the properties of surface plasmons, that are the collective oscillations of the free electrons in a metal," said Dr G V Pavan Kumar, Photonics and Spectroscopy Laboratory, Division of Physics and Chemistry, IISER.

In flow of fluids, hints of GenNext solar cells

Ajay Sukumaran Posted online: Saturday, Aug 25, 2012

Understanding the physics of how fluids flow inside a capillary several times thinner than a human hair could help design nanostructures that could possibly play a role in next-generation solar cells and new biomedical applications, according to researchers at the Indian Institute of Science Education and Research (IISER), Pune.





navarasa

A celebration of the completeness of life

*Oh, dip my emptied life into that ocean,
plunge it into the deepest fullness.
Let me for once feel that lost sweet touch
in the allness of the universe.*

-Rabindranath Tagore, Brink of Eternity



shrīngār



“लेकिन जो ये इक बात है
एहसास ही एहसास है
खुशबू सी है जैसे हवा में तैरती
खुशबू, जो बेआवाज़ है
जिसका पता तुमको भी है
जिसकी ख़बर मुझको भी है
दुनिया से भी छुपता नहीं
ये जाने कैसा राज़ है”

जावेद अख़्तर

Love is an eternal mystery with countless incarnations. It manifests, as insignificant, yet as steady as the flame of the *diya*, or as a blazing pyre, as all-consuming passion. A mother scolding her son, or a friend playfully punching another, feeding a stray, or playing footsie under the table, a nurse feeding a wounded soldier, or the waves meeting the shore after a long separation; profound is the language of love.

The First Expression

By Martin Landons

Let me tell you, I have a little secret.
Something I've kept away from you ever since we met.
I know not of what happened and how.
When I think about it, I understand now.
It is all strange, the way we met,
I feel like laughing at this game of fate.
Remember the nights we sat in the green grass, staring at the starry sky,
Trying to create the impossible and letting our imagination fly?
Those were the moments, we talked and dreamed.
When I look back, so promising it seemed.
We talked and listened to things we loved, but not understood
That the God's laws after all, didn't work the way it should.
The times we walked those streets under the moonlight
Remember those fireflies and jasmines we saw that night?
We talked about things of our concern and not.
And now I recall everything that moment had brought.
Your curly hair drifting as the wind passed by
And you, brushing those curls falling on your eyes.
I got lost every time my eyes met yours
And then my heart started singing all unsung lores.

I always knew, I could never get that place in your heart.
May be that's why I never knew you till the last.
The friendship we bore amidst all odds, I let go of that,
Only to listen to my damned foolish heart.
You were always right when you said I knew not about you,
Perhaps you'll know me the way I know you.
That's the secret I never wish you knew.
That somewhere in my heart, I do love you.



പ്രണയത്തിന്റെ മതം

സിദ്ധാർത്ഥ ശിവരാജ

Pranayathinte Matham (The religion of love)

It could have been another sweetly told love story if only there weren't any walls, rather no fear of those boundaries. The walls that stood between their beliefs, desires and lives, got built without their notice. Unable to conquer the fear, the protagonist chooses to love, without ever having to possess her. The poem relates the story of a love with no bounds.

- Sidharth S.

നിന്നെ ഞാൻ പ്രണയിക്കുന്നു...
മതമില്ലാത്ത പച്ചമനുഷ്യന്റെ മതികെട്ട നിദ്രയിൽ,
എനിക്കായ് ഞാനൊഴിച്ചിട്ട സ്വച്ഛതയുടെ കോണിൽ,
ആദ്യമായറിഞ്ഞ അതേ തീവ്രതയോടെ...
പ്രണയിക്കുന്നു നീ എന്നെയും...
പിടിവിട്ടു ചിതറിച്ച് വാക്കുകളിൽ,
നിന്റെ നനുത്ത ഹൃദയമുണ്ടെന്നു
ഞാൻ എന്നേ അറിഞ്ഞതാണ്...
ഭയം, മതിലുകൾ തീർത്ത നശിച്ച ഭയം
എന്നെ, നിന്നെയും
അഭിനയിക്കാനിരുന്ന കോമാളികളാക്കി...
എങ്കിലും നാം പ്രണയിക്കുന്നു
സ്വാർത്ഥതകളില്ലാതെ,
വിദൂരതയെ പ്രണയിക്കും പോലെ...
ഭയം ഗ്രസിക്കാത്ത മനസ്സിന്റെയിടങ്ങളിൽ
നിന്റെ കണ്ണുകളിൽ
ഞാൻ എന്നെ കാണുന്നത് തടയാൻ
മതിലുകൾക്ക് ഒരിക്കലും കഴിയില്ലല്ലോ...

Art : Saket Bagdev

पहिलं प्रेम

व्यंकटेश राजमाने

Pahila Prem (First Love)

This is a short story about the unconditional bond of love. It is about a unique bond between the author and his calf, Manu, whom he took care of in the time of sickness. Notwithstanding a veterinary treatment procedure, the author took it upon himself to nurse her back to health. This compassion evokes a feeling of freedom and above all, love that he feels for Manu, his first love.

– Vyankatesh Rajmane

तो डिसेंबरचा महिना होता. हवेत थोडासा गारवा जाणवत होता. मी अकरावी सायन्स शाखेत शिकत होतो. माझं इंग्रजी तसं थोडं (जास्त) कच्चं असल्यामुळे माझं मन आणि कॉलेजचा क्लास यांची केमिस्ट्री काही जुळत नव्हती. मात्र जीवशास्त्राच्या तासाला मी आवर्जून बसायचो. कारण माने सर, आम्ही त्यांना मास्तर म्हणायचो, ते मराठीतून शिकवायचे. जीवशास्त्राचा तास अगदी हसत खेळत जायचा. असो, एकंदरीत काय माझं कॉलेज-मध्ये काही लक्ष लागत नव्हतं! मग मी आणि माझे मित्र कॉलेजमध्ये 'प्रॉक्झी' मारायला सांगून इचलकरंजीत फिरायला जायचो. संध्याकाळी घरी परतायचो तर चेहऱ्याचे बारा वाजलेले असायचे (तसे माझ्या बाबतीत माझ्या चेहऱ्यावर नेहमीचेच असतात). आजी जवळ बोलवून घ्यायची आणि आईला म्हणायची "पुष्पा, पोरगं आलं बघ दमून, खायला घाल त्याला पार सुकून गेलंय." आणि आईही लगेच लाडू, भडंग वगैरे काहीतरी समोर आणून ठेवायची. मग आजीच्या मांडीवर डोकं ठेवून आमची स्वारी निवांत फराळ करायची. थोड्या वेळाने बाबा घरी यायचे, आणि त्यांच्या आधी त्यांच्या पायताणाचा कुरकुर आवाज! थोडासा सावध होऊन मी 'कॉमेडी एक्सप्रेस' वरून 'आजतक' वर घसरायचो. आणि बातम्या बघण्याची जी सवय आज मला आहे, ती ही माझी घरची संस्कृती. मला तू अभ्यास का करत नाहीस असं आजपर्यंत घरातल्या कुणीही म्हटलेलं नाही.

तो डिसेंबरचा शेवटचा आठवडा चालू होता. कॉलेजची पूर्वपरीक्षा नुकतीच संपली होती. एका संध्याकाळी मी नेहमी प्रमाणे घरी आलो, पाहतो तर काय घरी कोणीच नव्हतं. मग मी टि.व्ही. सुरू करून निवांत पडून राहिलो. थोड्या वेळाने आई आली, तिच्या डोळ्यांत अश्रू होते. मी ते पाहिलं पण थोडं दुर्लक्ष केलं. थोड्या वेळाने आजी आणि बाबा आले. मी टि.व्ही. बंद करून ते काय बोलतात याकडे लक्ष देऊ लागलो. पण घरात निरव शांतता होती. माझा दादा आय.आय.टी. गुवाहाटीला होता. तो रोज रात्री घरी फोन करायचा. त्या रात्री आई दादाबरोबर बोलताना रडू लागली, तिने फक्त एकच वाक्य बोललं, "आपली मंजू आजारी आहे रे!" आता ही मंजू कोण? तर ती आमची चार नंबरची म्हैस! आजी तिला प्रेमाने मंजिरी म्हणते. आमच्या घरात तेरा म्हशी, चार रेडकं, दोन गायी, तीन बैलं, दोन शेळ्या, त्यांची तीन पिल्लं, दोन कुत्री आणि दोन मांजरं असा सर्व लवाजमा आहे. घरात असलेल्या प्रत्येक जनावराला आजीनं एक नाव देऊन ठेवलं आहे. प्रत्येकजण आमची भाषा समजतो आणि नाव घेतल्यावर प्रतिसादही देतो, प्रत्येकाची वेगळी तऱ्हा! आजी नेहमी म्हणते, "बल्या, तुझ्या आईने घराचं गोकुळ केलं बघ अगदी". माझी आई वाणिज्य शाखेची पदवीधर असूनही कधीही घर, शेती आणि जनावरां यांचा तिरस्कार किंवा कंटाळा तिने केला नाही. अगदी अन्नपूर्णा!

रात्र गेली. त्या दिवशी मला लवकर जाग आली. रविवार

होता. बाबा मला म्हणाले, "आईबरोबर गोठ्यात जा, डॉक्टर येतील. काय सांगतात ते बघ, मदत कर...." मी गेलो. डॉक्टर आले. डॉक्टर कुठला तो तर कंपाऊंडर शेडबाळ्या! गावात डॉक्टर नसल्याचा फायदा घेऊन स्वतःच डॉक्टर बनलेला, पण अनुभवी असं लोक म्हणायचे. त्यानं विचारलं, "काय झालंय?". "वैरण खात नाही, आणि पाणी देखील कमी पितेय.." आईनं सांगितलं. त्यानं एक भलंमोठं इंजेक्शन काढलं, आधी कापसाने एक जागा साफ करुन त्यावर सुई पकडून हाताच्या तळव्याने जोरात फक्की मारली! माझ्या पायातला प्राणच गेला. मग सिरिज लावून औषध आत सोडले. हा काय अमानुष प्रकार? त्यांनाही जीव असतो. पण नंतर लक्षात आले की जनावरांची त्वचा जाड असते म्हणून अस्सं! त्यानं सांगितलं की रात्री पर्यंत बरी होईल. गोठ्याची काळजी घेवून आई शेताकडे निघाली. तिचा पाय तिथून निघत नव्हता, पण मीच तिला म्हणालो, मी आहे गोठ्यात तू जा. थोडा वेळ बसल्यानंतर माझ्या एक गोष्ट लक्षात आली की या मंजिरीला चार महिन्यांची रेडी आहे, तिच्या जवळच बांधलेली. तिचं नाव मनु! मी तिच्या जवळ गेलो, पाहतो तर काय ती अगदी निपचीत पडली होती. मी तिला उठवण्याचा प्रयत्न केला, पण निरर्थक! मी घाबरलो. आता काय करायचं? तेवढ्यात तिने कसंबसं अर्धवट डोळे उघडले. हुश्र!!! अजून ती जिवंत आहे.

मी धावत गेलो आणि बादलीतून पाणी आणलं. पण ती उठून उभा राहण्याच्या स्थितीत नव्हती. मग मीच तिची मान माझ्या मांडीवर ठेवली. मग एका हाताने थोडं तोंड उघडून दुसऱ्या हाताने थोडं थोडं पाणी सोडू लागलो. पाणी पिल्यावर थोड्या वेळाने तिने पूर्ण डोळे

उघडले. तिची केविलवाणी नजर बघून माझ्या डोळ्यात पाणी तरळलं. मी तिची मान मांडीवर घेवून तसाच बसून राहिलो. दुपार झाली होती. मला भूक लागली होती. आईने माझ्यासाठी डबा ठेवला होता. एवढ्यात माझ्या लक्षात आलं की मनुनेही काहीच खाल्लेलं नाही. ती साधं कोवळं गवतही खात नव्हती. मी डब्यातलं लोणचं काढलं आणि तिच्या जिभेला लावलं. आता तिच्या तोंडात थोडं पाणी येत होतं. हाच उपाय मी जेव्हा आजारी असायचो आणि खायची इच्छा नसायची तेव्हा आजी करायची. ती तोंड हालवू लागली. मग मी डब्यातली थोडी भाजी भाकरी तोडली आणि तिच्या तोंडात घातली अन् तिनेही मोठ्या प्रयत्नाने ती खाल्ली. असं करता करता तासाभरात एक भाकरी मी तिला चारली. कधी नव्हे तो आज मी इतका आनंदी होतो. मग मी विचार केला, जर मनुला आपण डॉक्टरांना दाखवलं तर ते तिला इंजेक्शन देतील आणि घाबरून मनु जीव सोडून देईल, म्हणून मी मनुला स्वतःच बरी करण्याचा निर्धार केला. पण मला सतत तिच्या सोबत राहणं शक्य नव्हतं. थोडा विचार करुन मी आजारी असल्याचं नाटक करुन घरी थांबायचं ठरवलं. संध्याकाळ झाली होती, आई बाबा शेतातून परत गोठ्याकडे आले. आम्ही सर्वजण गोठ्यातून निघणार इतक्यात मनु उठून उभा राहिली. मला तिची दया आली. मी मंजिरीजवळ जाऊन तिला म्हणालो, "मी तुझ्या मनुला घरी नेऊन बरं करीन आणि परत तुझ्यापाशी आणून सोडीन." तिच्यामध्ये मला विश्वास दिसला. मग मी मनुला उचलून बैलगाडीत ठेवलं आणि घरी घेऊन आलो. आजी मनुला बघून खूष झाली. रात्री मी मनुजवळच जेवायला बसलो आणि परत तिला भाकरी आणि थोडसं कोवळं गवत चारलं. जेवण झाल्यानंतर मी जनावरांच्या मेडिकलमध्ये गेलो. जोशी काका बाबांच्या खास ओळखीचे, त्यांच्याकडून मी टॉनिकची बाटली विकत घेतली. ते मी मनुला पाजण्याचा प्रयत्न केला पण तिने ते बाहेर काढलं. मला कडू असण्याची शक्यता वाटली म्हणून मी त्यात थोडं पाणी आणि साखर मिसळली. आता ती टॉनिक पित होती. तिच्याजवळ बसून बसून मी कधी झोपलो हे मला कळलंच नाही.

सकाळ झाली. मी आजारी असल्याचं नाटक करु लागलो. कॉलेजला दांडी! जेव्हा आई गोठ्याकडे निघाली, तेव्हा मी मनुला उठवलं. मी तिला चालवण्याचा प्रयत्न केला. कशीबशी ती एक किलोमीटरवरच्या गोठ्यापर्यंत चालली. तिला बघून तिची आई मंजिरी खूष झाली. आता ती वैरण खाऊ लागली होती. आता मला कळलं होतं की मनु आजारी असल्यानेच मंजिरीने खाणं पिणं सोडलं होतं. मी मनुला बांधला नाही. ती आज थोडं थोडं गवत खात होती आणि चालतही होती. आज परत तिने माझ्याबरोबर भाकरी खाल्ली. मी कंटाळा घालवण्यासाठी गोठ्यात फिरत होतो, मनुही माझ्या मागे मागे फिरत होती. मी बसलो की बसायची, मी उठलो की उठायची. मी मनुशी गप्पा मारायचो आणि तीही मान हलवून प्रतिसाद द्यायची. असेच दोन दिवस गेलो. आता मी तिला थोडं पळवण्याचा प्रयत्न केला आणि तिही पळू लागली. तिच्यात थोडी ताकद आली होती. आता तिला भाकरी खाण्याची व साखरमिश्रित टॉनिक पिण्याची सवय लागली



होती आणि सर्वात महत्वाचं म्हणजे मला तिची काळजी घेण्याची सवय लागली होती. चार पाच दिवसात दोघी मायलेकी बऱ्या झाल्या.

आता मला बरं होऊन कॉलेजला जाणं भाग होतं. पण मी रात्री मनुला घरी घेऊन येणं आणि भाकरी चारुन टॉनिक पाजणं, तसंच तिला सकाळी पळवत नेणं आणि सर्वात महत्वाचं तिच्याशी गप्पा मारणं कधीही सोडलं नाही. मी जेव्हा कॉलेजमध्ये गेलो तेव्हा सर्व मित्रांनी माझी चौकशी केली, पण मी बरं नसल्याचं खोटंच सांगितलं. पण जेव्हा क्लास सुटल्यावर माने मास्तरांनी विचारलं, तेव्हा मी खरं खरं सांगितलं. ते खळखळून हसले आणि विनोदाने म्हणाले, "राजमाने या वयात असंच होतं, मनु

तुझं पहिलं प्रेम आहे". आता मी ही हसू आवरू शकलो नाही.

आजही आमचं प्रेम जिवंत आहे. आज मनुची शिंगे मोठी झाली आहेत पण मी जवळ गेल्यावर ती फक्त प्रेमाचा स्पर्श करण्याच्याच कामी येतात. आज चार वर्षांनंतर तिने ज्यूनियर मनुला जन्म दिला आहे. तितकीच गोड आणि गोंडस! आजही जेव्हा मी घरी जातो, तेव्हा आम्ही एकत्र जेवण करतो आणि गप्पाही मारतो. जरी मी वर्गातल्या कोणत्याही मुलीशी बोलत नसलो तरीही मनुसमोर शब्द नेहमीच बाहेर पडतात. आमचं प्रेम अनंत आहे, अमर आहे. पहिलं प्रेम!



অপেক্ষান্তে

দেবরাজ রায়

Apekkhaante (At the end of the wait)

It is about waiting for someone not mentally, but physically. However, when that person comes close, the protagonist stops for an unknown reason. She asks him something that changes the whole waiting. What does that person ask? What is the future of this wait?

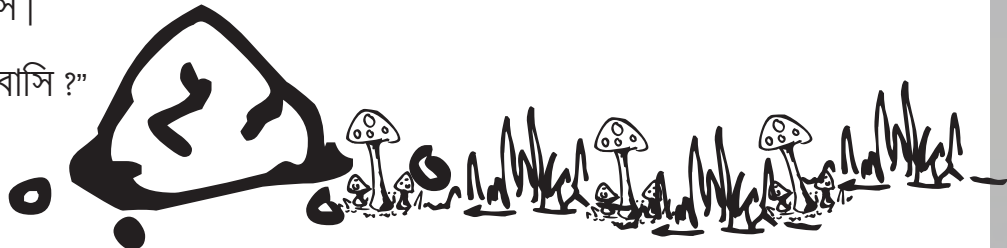
-Debraj Roy

সেদিন এলে তুমি, সাথে তোমার দুঃখের ঝাঁপি নিয়ে,
উন্মুক্ত করলে জগত, অশ্রুর সাগরে ভাসিয়ে।
কিন্তু! আমি কেন? মনে শুধু একটাই জিজ্ঞাসা।
হতাশ মনে কেন জাগাও সেই ব্যর্থ দুরাশা?
তবুও আমি আনন্দিত, উপভোগ করছিলাম তোমার অশ্রুও উষ্ণতা।
শরীর - মনে ছিল একটাই জিজ্ঞাসা,
“বলতে পারো? তোমার অশ্রুর স্বাদ কি নোনতা?”

তুমি কি?
প্রশ্নের উত্তর পাইনি এখনো।
অজস্র স্বপ্নের মাঝে একখানি সত্য।
না অজস্র সত্যের মাঝে একখানি স্বপ্ন।
সেই ভর সন্ধ্যায় তুমি এলে তাই,
তোমার ভেজা ঠোঁটের অন্ধকারে
আমি ডুবে যেতে চাই।
সাথে ছিল ঝাঁঝিপোকাকার ফিসফিসানি,
হৃদয় ভালবাসার আমি কি জানি!!
শুধুই আওড়েছি শরীর ভালবাসার ধারাপাত,
শুধু তুমি আর এক নিঃসঙ্গ ভালবাসার অন্তহীন গিরিখাত,
কিন্তু পারি না ঝাপ দিতে!

কেন?
কিসের সেই বাধা? কোন সে মৃত্যুর ভয়?
অজানা অচেনা এক অচিন শূকনো আলোর ঝলসানিতে
কেন যে কাঁপে হৃদয়!
তুমি এতো কাছে, তবুও সেই আলোকবর্ষের শূন্যতা,
তৃষ্ণার্ত এই হৃদয়ে জমে আছে কত কথা।
হারিয়ে গেছি আমি, তোমার অপেক্ষার আলোয় ভাসতে ভাসতে।
অথচ শুধু তোমাতেই চাই নিজেকে আবার ফিরে পেতে।

এলে শরীরের কাছে,
কিন্তু মনে ভয় তখন আবহমান,
তোমার শরীরের মিষ্টি সুবাসে ভরে ওঠে মনপ্রাণ।
তোমার দুহাতে বন্দী আমার দুগাল,
আর সাথে তোমার সেই মায়াময় হাসি।
সময়কে থামিয়ে করলে সেই প্রশ্ন,
“জানতে চাও আমি কি তোমায় ভালবাসি?”



বৃষ্টি ভেজা রঙিন দুপুর

মণিদীপা

Bristi bheja rongin dupur
(The elements of a rainbow)

The poem is a personification of the Rainbow being seen. Roddur (Sunlight), Bristi (Rain), and Rongin (Colourful), though different in nature, are dear mates. Roddur is a spoilt brat, while Rongin is the painter! Bristi, on the other hand, is the sentimental one, and she flies off quite often to her friend Jhorna (Waterfall) in the far away mountains. On Rongin's birthday there are bright colours everywhere but Bristi isn't around, for she had a fight with Roddur! So Rongin is on his way to find her, throwing his colours all over. Her tears of happiness spreads those colours and she wishes him "Happy birthday" with a lovely smile.

-Manidipa

জানিনা বেরঙ কে,
তবে রঙিন কে তো চিনি,
ওই পাড়া মাতিয়ে বেড়ানো ছেলেটা।
রোদুরের সাথে মিলে দুষ্কৃমি করে খুব ॥

রোদুর খুব দুরন্ত
একলাই পাড়া মাখায় করে রাখে,
রেগে গিয়ে মা তাকে
চিলেকোঠায় বন্দী করে রাখে ॥

রঙিন ভালবাসে আঁকতে
সারাদিন শুধু ক্যানভাস আর রঙ তুলি
সাদা ক্যানভাস তার দুষ্কৃমিতে নীলচে হয়ে যায়।
লাল, হলুদ, সবুজ রঙগুলো
ক্যানভাসে সীমানা হারায় ॥

বৃষ্টিই শুধু এদের মধ্যে উদাসীন
অভিমানিনী যে, বেশী কথা বলেনা।
বেশীদিন থাকেও না পাড়াতে,
মাঝে মাঝেই উধাও হয়ে যায়।
ওই দূরে, শহর ছাড়িয়ে কোনও এক
পাহাড়ের গায়ে,
ঝরনা নামে এক বন্ধু আছে তার,
ঐখানেই চলে যায় সে ॥

আজ রঙিনের জন্মদিন
হইহুলোড়, আড্ডা, মজা চলছে সারাদিন।
সবাই রয়েছে আসরে
অথচ বৃষ্টি নেই এ শহরে,
রোদুরের সাথে ঝগড়াতে,
তাই রঙিন চলেছে
সব রঙগুলো হাতে নিয়ে ॥

বৃষ্টির দেখা পেলেই
ছুড়বে লাল, হলুদ, সবুজ, নীল,
দুই এক পশলা জল নেমে আসবে তার
গাল বেয়ে
চোখ ভরা জলে
বৃষ্টি হবে রঙিন,
হবে শান্ত
মিষ্টি হাসি হেসে বলে উঠবে "শুভ
জন্মদিন" ॥

Scientific Love

By Romak

Sometimes it's in the first sight, but sometimes you got to hang,
And then your life is big, like the theory of big bang.

And soon will begin your synergy,
Only in the nucleus, protons have great energy.

You will have your ups and downs, Caution!
Just like Simple Harmonic Motion.

There will be less love sometimes,
Sometimes more,
But give your best till you are able,
Be the Betelgeuse and not a Cepheid variable.

You got to buy rings and try to fulfil the list,
'Cause it's like the reaction's catalyst.

You will face disagreement, but don't be egoistic,
'Cause only opposite charges attract, according to electrostatic.

And your promises should never break, be together,
'Cause it's so beautiful, the earth and the moon revolving around
each other.

Always love the other a lot,
for then you will be loved for your action,
Like Newton's third law,
every action has an equal and opposite reaction.

And when you hold the hand and hug tight with zero fathom,
It's like hydrogen, ionic and covalent bonding between just two
atoms.

And lastly, love the other with all respect and dignity,
Right from '-'(minus) infinity to '+'(plus) infinity.



ती भेट

विवेक सुरंसे



Art : Darshini Ravishankar

Ti Bhet (That Tryst)

Many a time, due to unavoidable and unanticipated reasons, we have to face separation. But it is unbearable to be separated from one's beloved. This poem depicts the feelings of those who find themselves facing loss.

– Vivek Suranse

ती भेट आहे माझ्या स्मरणात
ते क्षण आहेत आजही दाटून माझ्या मनात

ती सांज कोवळी, कातरवेळ आजही साठवतो मी
तुझे ते सजल नयन आजही आठवतो मी

तुला माहीत होतं, आपण कायमचं दूर जात होतो
गत आयुष्यातील सोनेरी आठवणी आपण परत जगत होतो.

सर्व असं अचानक उत्कट होईल असं वाटलं नव्हतं
आपले मार्ग बदलतील हे कधीच मी जाणलं नव्हतं

दुःख कितीही केलं तरी हे होणं अटळ आहे
प्रश्न पुकच येतो, आता तुझं माझं काय???

या उंबरठ्यावर करू दोघे पुकच प्रण
राहू हृदयात पुकमेकांच्या आजीवन!!!

தூங்காத இரவுகள் எழுதிச் சென்ற சுவடுகள்

சிவசிதம்பரம்

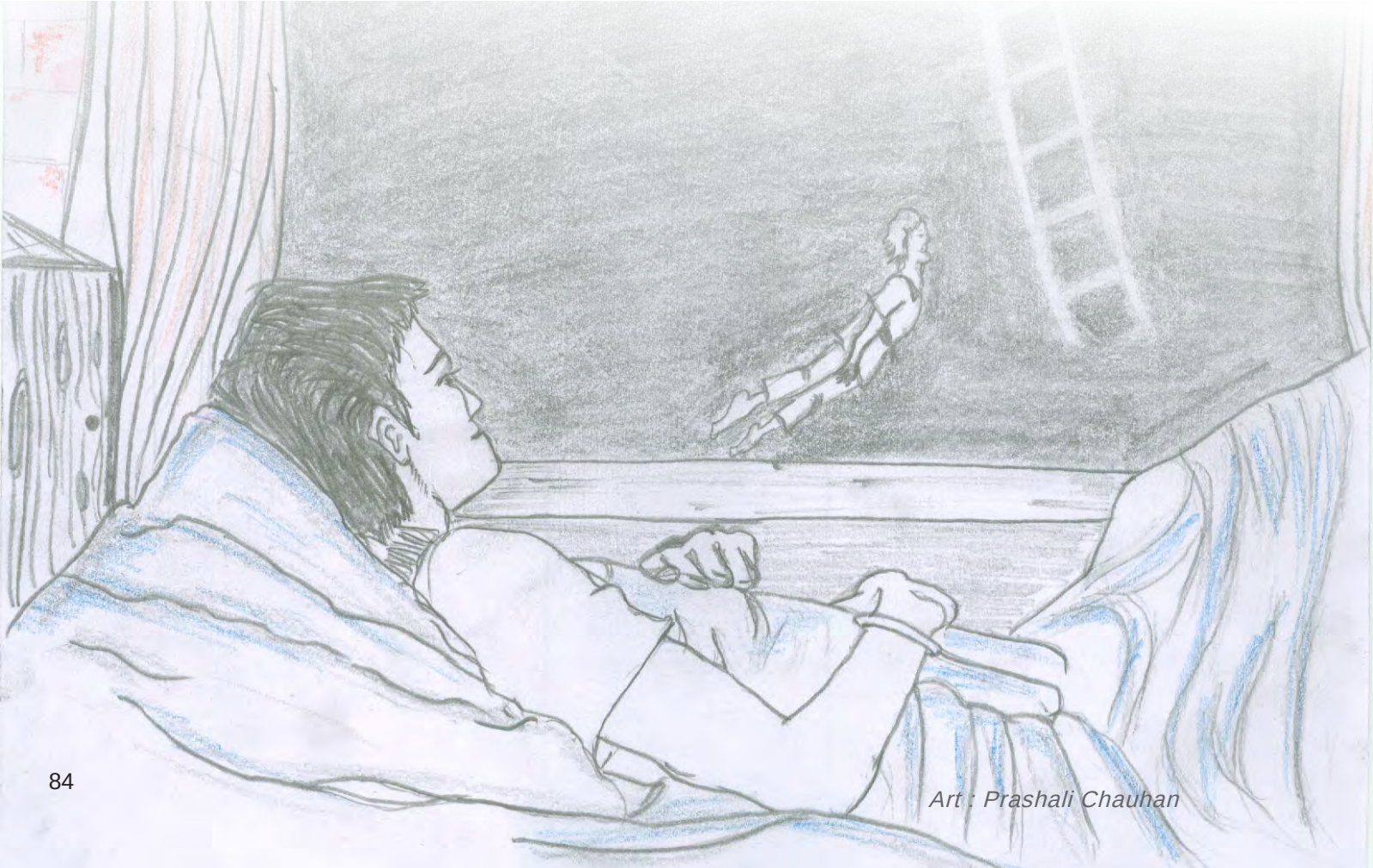
என்ன தான்
அறுசுவை உணவு
சாப்பிட்டாலும்,
வாய் முழுக்க
சுவைப்பதென்னவோ
நீர் தான்.

Thoongaatha iravugal ezhuthi chenra suvadugal
(Traces left by sleepless nights)

This is a tale of the phase of amateurish love with the poetic world, when the ever-observing mind rejoices by recollecting beautiful incidents and experiences of the day, makes umpteen philosophical connections about life, love and the like. It doesn't let the poet sleep when the world sleeps.

- Shiva Chidambaram

காலையில் ஏன் எழப்
பிடிக்கவில்லை?
இமையை விலக்கித்
திரை போடும்
விநோதம் உண்டா
மண்ணுலகில்?



தமிழைத் திருப்பினால் அமிழ்து.
இங்கு, தமிழ் பேசுகிறது அமுது.
அவள் இதழ்கள்.

கால்பந்து அழுதால்
உதைக்காமல்
இருந்துவிடுவோமாஎன்ன?
வாழ்க்கையும் அப்படித்தான்.
அவன் விளையாட்டு,
நாம்பந்துகள்.
விளையாடுபவர்களைக்
கண்டுபிடிக்கும் முயற்சி தான்
நம் அறிவியல் விளையாட்டு.

கண்ணுக்குள் கலைகள் பாடுவாள்,
இதழுக்குள் கவிதை கதைப்பாள்,
மனதில் கிளர்ச்சி விதைப்பாள்,
அவள் காணத்தான் எங்கு கிடைப்பாள்?

நான் முதல் முறை கவிதை எழுதியது உன்னைப் பார்த்த
பின்பு தான் என்று பொய் சொல்ல மாட்டேன். உண்மை
சொல்கிறேன், கேள்.
கவிதை எழுதிவிட்ட திகைப்பில், நானே ஒரு முறையும்
படிக்காமல் இருந்த நேரம் பார்த்து, என் மனதில்
கள்ளத்தனமாய் ஒவியக்கவிதை ஒன்று வரைந்து
சென்றாய் நீ, கண்கள் வழியாய்.
ஆம் பெண்ணே! என் மனதில் பதிந்த முதல் கவிதை நீ தான்.

உருளையையும்
உரிப்பேன் வெங்காயமாய்,
உன் உதட்டின் ஓர்
அசைவில்.
நீ பேசவில்லை
என்றால், வெங்காயம்
கூட அழுதிடுமே, நான்
எம்மாத்திரம்!

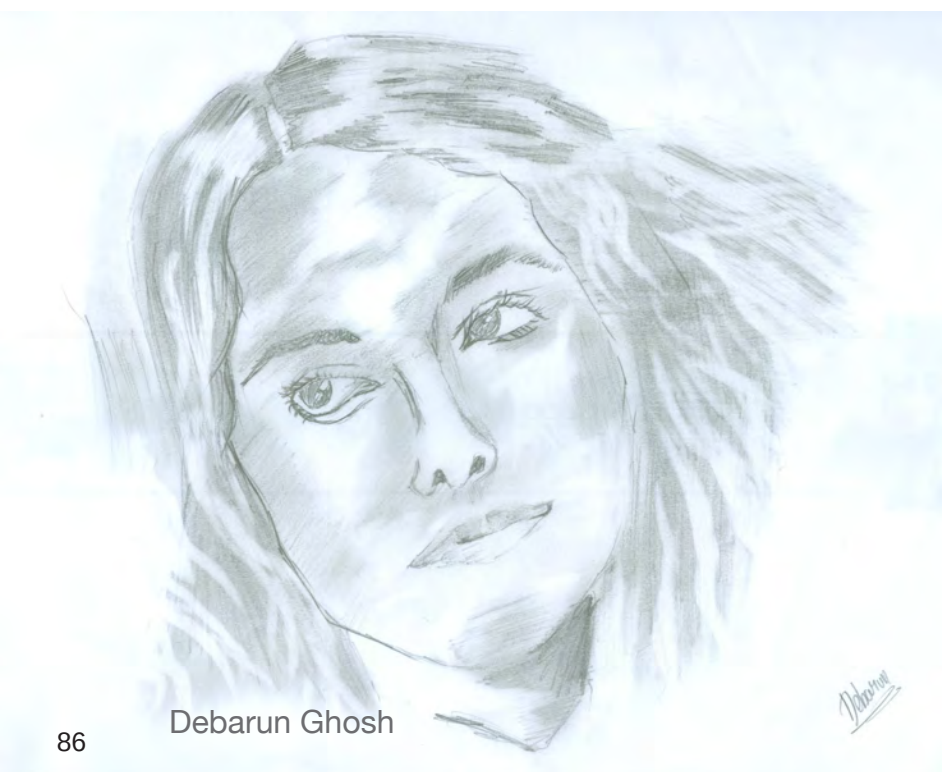
காதலர்களால் திருடப்படாத
கவிதை போலத்தான்,
காதலியிடம் சொல்லாத
காதலும்.



Debarun Ghosh



Amit Vaghmare



Debarun Ghosh



Nisarg Desai



Ravindra P N

karuna

*My tears are like the quiet drift
Of petals from some magic rose;
And all my grief flows from the rift
Of unremembered skies and snows.*

-Dylan Thomas, Clown in the Moon

She sits at the same spot each day, with her head in her hands. Invisible, almost unnoticeable in the dim glow of the lone street lamp. She looks up to slow, approaching footsteps. Her cheeks are tear-stained, her eyes swollen and the grey of her rags has leaked on to her face. She looks at him with her hollow, piercing eyes. He regards her with compassion. In front of him, there lay pathos.



Waiting for dawn

By Asmi



Art : Sukanya Jogdand

Here I am,
Standing far apart from you,
I longed to be with you,
But failed to reach you,
Your thoughts and your mind.

Everyone says, "The face mirrors the mind,"
But yours was hidden,
Like the moon behind the clouds.
Still your eyes seemed to smile?
Yeah, I remember your eyes
Those which mesmerised me
And gave colours to my dreams.

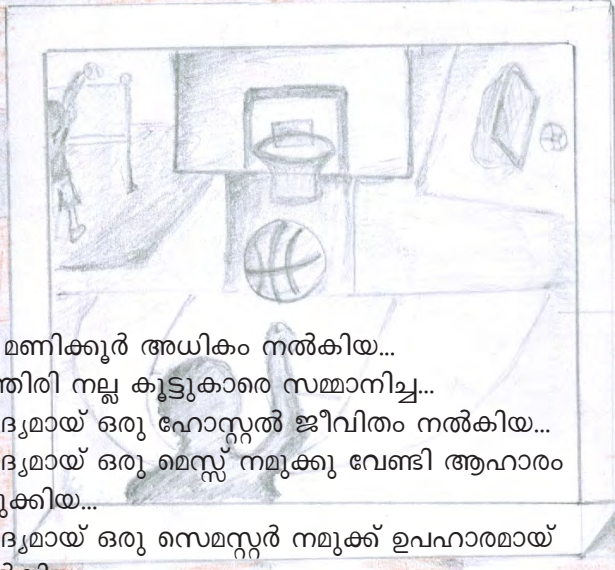
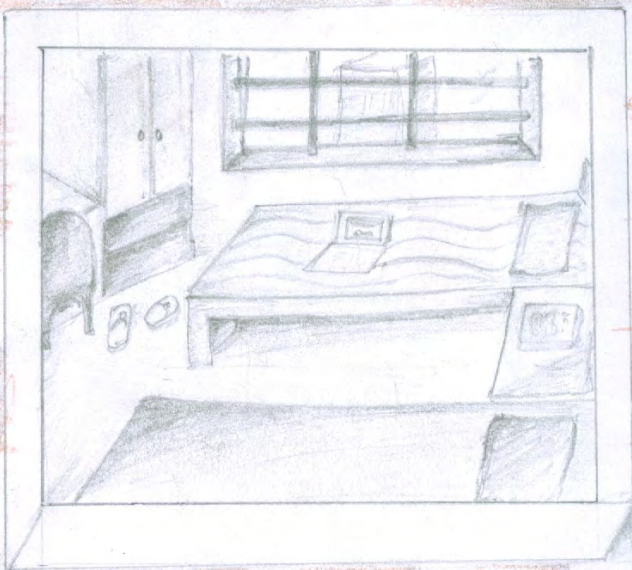
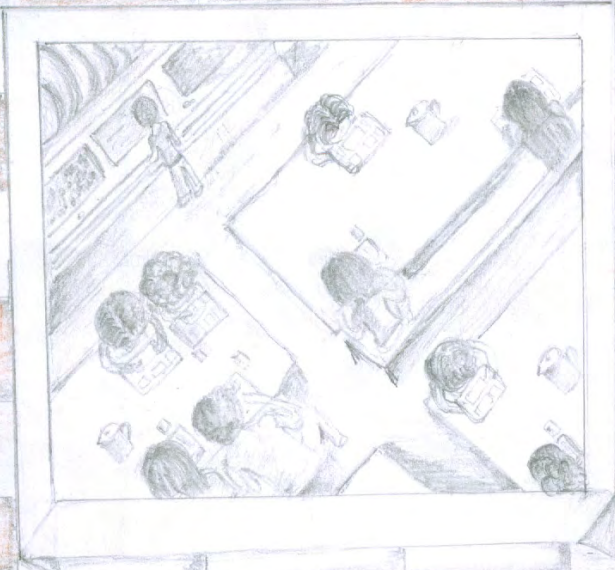
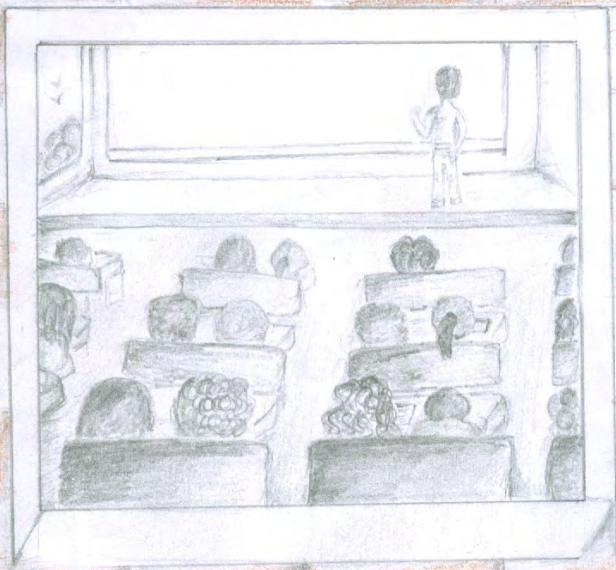
You were like the shadow in twilight,
Which moved apart and disappeared.
But here I am
Waiting for the dawn - for you to return.

When there is no meaning

By Sandesh Bhat J R

Suzanne
wore, not the red scarf
that had survived
the grays and whites
along the snow-glazed pavement,
but a thick, tight rope-
her cheeks lit in a yellow haze,
the sweet scent of an apple blossom-
to free her forever.
And, no matter how we looked
burying her in a sea of metal
scraping deeper
through her skin, her flesh,
the time in her brain,
we found nothing but
a russian doll of a meaning.

Art : Lavanya Lokhande



2012: ആദ്യമായ്... ഒരു ഓർമ്മയായ്...

24 മണിക്കൂർ അധികം നൽകിയ...
ഒത്തിരി നല്ല കൂട്ടുകാരെ സമ്മാനിച്ച...
ആദ്യമായ് ഒരു ഹോസ്റ്റൽ ജീവിതം നൽകിയ...
ആദ്യമായ് ഒരു മെസ്സ് നമുക്കു വേണ്ടി ആഹാരം ഒരുക്കിയ...
ആദ്യമായ് ഒരു സെമസ്റ്റർ നമുക്ക് ഉപഹാരമായ് നൽകിയ...
മറക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചാലും മറക്കാനാകാത്ത ഒരു കൂട്ടം അസ്സൈന്മെന്റും, പ്രസന്റേഷൻസും, എക്സ്പെരിമെന്റും, ഗ്രാഫും, വൈവയും സംഭാവനയായി നൽകിയ...
ചാടിക്കളിക്കാൻ ഒരുപാട് മതിലുകൾ ഒരുക്കിയ...
തമാശയും, പാരയും, ഗൂഡ് നൈറ്റും, സോറിയും കൊണ്ട് നിങ്ങളുടെ ഇൻബോക്സിനെ നിറച്ച...
ജീവിതത്തിലെ പല പദ്ധതികൾക്കും തറക്കല്ലിട്ട...
ഏതാനും ചില ആഗ്രഹങ്ങൾക്കും മോഹങ്ങൾക്കും വിത്തു പാകിയ...
ആശങ്കയുടേയും കിനാവുകളുടേയും പൂക്കൾ കൊണ്ടു നിങ്ങൾ അലങ്കരിച്ച ഉദ്യാനത്തിൽ നിന്നും, ഈ 2012 എന്ന ചിത്രശലഭം വിട പറയുമ്പോൾ, മനസ്സ് ഒന്നു തേങ്ങിയില്ലേ?
മരണമില്ലാത്ത സൗഹൃദത്തിന്റെ മധുരമായ ഓർമ്മകൾ എനിക്കു സമ്മാനിച്ചു.
2012നെ ഒരു ഹൃദയസ്സന്ദനം പോലെ ഞാൻ എന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ സൂക്ഷിക്കുന്നു...
ഇത് നിങ്ങൾക്കായ്... ആദ്യമായ്... 2012 ഒരു ഓർമ്മയായ് എന്നെനിക്കു തോന്നിയ പോൽ...

അശ്വിൻ പ്രദീപ് ടി.

बंद निगाहें

शिशिर

न जाने किन तन्हाइयों में था एक चेहरा खड़ा।
चुप था वो, लेकिन अपने दिल को करता था बयां॥

एक दर्द था शायद, उन बंद निगाहों में।
उस मासूम से चेहरे पे, उस नाज़ुक से दिल में॥

हमने तो देखी न थी, ऐसी सूरत पहले कभी।
हो हमारी नज़रों से दूर, ये न चाहेंगे कभी॥

ऐ खुदा ओ मेरे परवरदिगार, ले ले मुझसे ज़िंदगी ये मेरी।
पर दे दे जहां की सारी खुशियाँ, उस दर्द भरे दिल को अभी॥

फ़ानूस की मूरत भी कभी होगी ना इससे हसीं।
न जाने कब, इन होठों पर आएगी हँसी॥

The Crushed Bud

By Yaikhomba Muatum

O Dusked bud of dawn! Don't dawn the dusk!
Don't december leaving my arms,
Let not my tears dry like April. Don't autumn October!

O leave not my stars of hope moonless!
Why burn thyself when you should september?
The tiny pain has powered your mighty silence. Why?

Didn't my June rains flood your hope,
And wished thee to september spring?
Then why leave me decembering with No New Year?

Thou hoped wide to flower in April,
While you thanked the cool of my November.
Then why deceive my July shine to ever silence?

O shed tears and show you're in pain!
Let me march and january you console,
O speak up! Your February eyes, Oh!

Why december when I hope the August year?
Why do thee night-hard my withering soul?
Why does silence of May power your budding March?

O, don't leave my arms with your decembering look!
Why won't your February hug, hug me?
O tell me! Your February eyes, tell me why?



Art : Lavanya Lokhande

मन का आइना

नवीन कुमार

आखिर मैं इतना क्यों सोचता हूँ,
हर पल, हर वक़्त, हर लम्हा,
तुम्हारे ही ख़यालों में,
चंद उलझे सवालों में,
बस यूँ ही डूबा रहता हूँ।

अब तक ऐसा लगता था,
तुम्हें, तुमसे कहीं ज़्यादा जानता हूँ
लेकिन मुझे क्या पता था,
ऐसा भी दिन आएगा,
उस दिन लगेगा जैसे,
मैं तो तुम्हें जानता ही नहीं।

तुम्हारे चेहरे की ख़ामोशी,
आँखों की मदहोशी,
इक कहानी लिख जाती थी,
पर न जाने आजकल,
कहानी तो बड़ी दूर की बात,
एक शब्द भी न जुटा पाता हूँ
ये सारी बातें जानकर भी मैं इतना क्यों सोचता हूँ।

मेरी ये हालत देखकर,
सब मुझे देवदास से परिभाषित करते हैं,
मेरी ये लाचारी देखकर,
तुम्हें भूल जाने को कहते हैं।

सच तो ये है कि,
चाहकर भी, मैं तुम्हें,
कभी भूल नहीं सकता,
मैं तो तुम्हारा साया हूँ
अपनी काया त्यागे बिना,
साथ छोड़ नहीं सकता।

आखिर तुम क्या चाहती हो,
ये कभी ना समझ पाता हूँ?
मैं तो बस इतना जानता हूँ
तब भी चाहता था, आज भी चाहता हूँ
ये सारी बातें जानकर भी,
आखिर मैं इतना क्यों सोचता हूँ।



ആ മാത്രയിൽ...

ഡിൻസി മറിയം

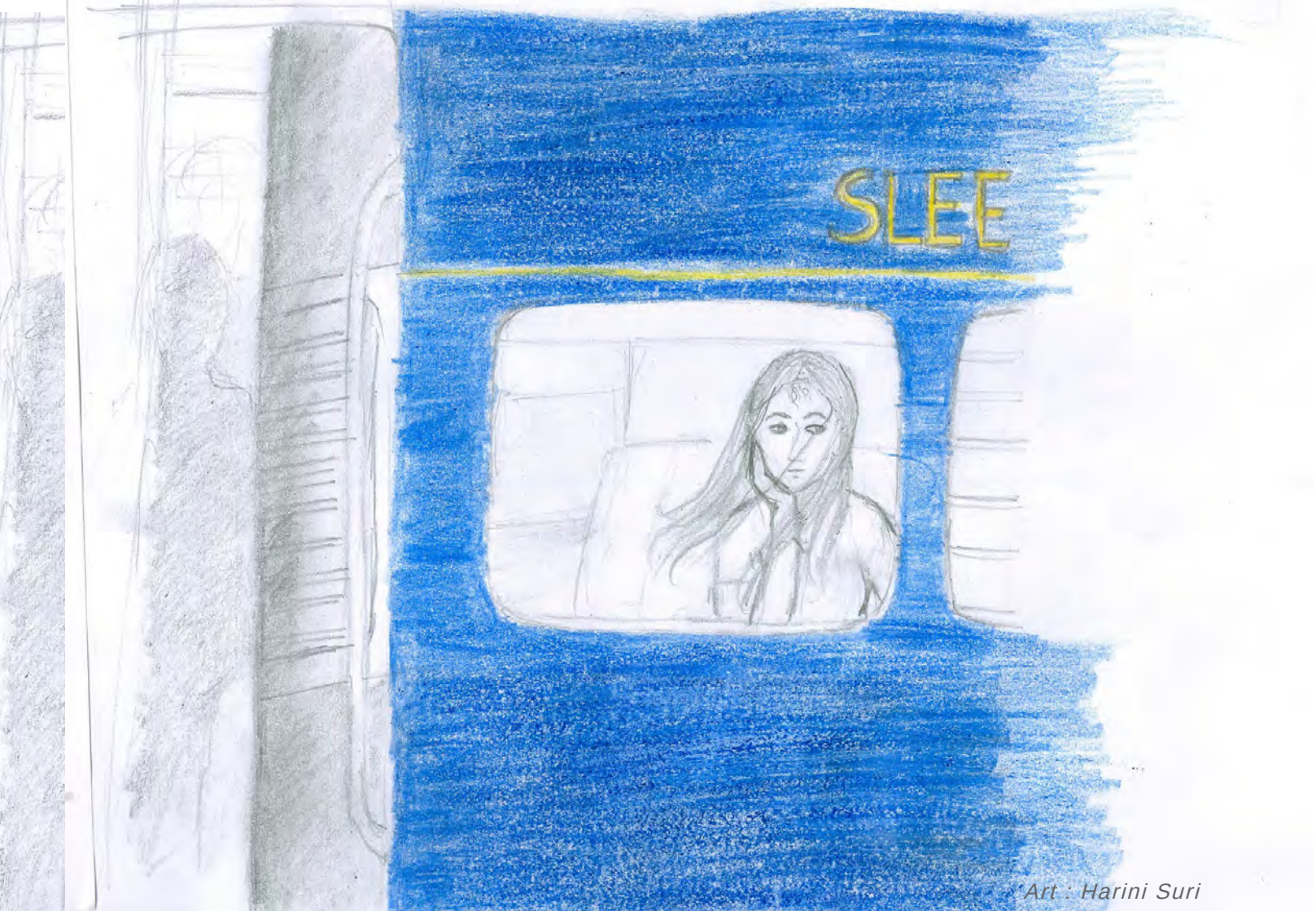
Aa Mathrayil... (In that moment)

Unexpected emotions are expressed in strange situations. This is one such story which follows the train journey of a young lady, where she encounters a stranger. The events following the rendezvous leave her speechless. Is it love, or fear, or compassion, or an amalgamation of many more inexplicable emotions?

- Dincy Mariyam

ഇനി രണ്ടോ മൂന്നോ മണിക്കൂർ മാത്രമേ ഉള്ളൂ നാടെത്താൻ. അവസാനപരീക്ഷയും കഴിഞ്ഞ് ഉച്ചക്കു കയറിയതാണ്. സന്തോഷമാണോ സങ്കടമാണോ എന്നറിയില്ല. എല്ലാവരോടും യാത്രപറയാൻ പറ്റിയില്ല. ട്രെയിൻ വളരെ വേഗത്തിൽ കുതിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയാണ്. അവൾ തുറന്നിട്ട ജനലിലൂടെ പുറത്തു നോക്കിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. പെട്ടെന്ന് അകത്തുനിന്നുണ്ടായ ബഹളത്തിൽ പുറത്തുള്ള കാഴ്ചകളിൽനിന്ന് അവളുടെ ശ്രദ്ധ പതറി. അത്ഭുതത് വരുന്നതുപോലെ അവൾക്കു തോന്നി. ആ കോച്ചിലുണ്ടായിരുന്ന സ്ത്രീകളെല്ലാം ഉച്ചത്തിൽ നിലവിളിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. എന്താണ് സംഭവിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്നത്? ശബ്ദംകേട്ട് ഉറങ്ങിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയായിരുന്ന അവളുടെ സഹപാഠികൾ ഉണർന്നു. ബഹളത്തിനു പിന്നിലുള്ള രഹസ്യം അറിയാൻ ഒരുപാടു സമയമൊന്നും വേണ്ടിവന്നില്ല. അവിടിവിടായി കീറി, അഴുകുപുരണ്ട ഷർട്ടും അത്രയും തന്നെ അഴുകായ പാൻറും പാറിപ്പറക്കുന്ന മുടിയും കൈനിറയെ അപഹരിച്ച പൊന്നും വലഞ്ഞ കൈയിൽ കത്തിയുമായി ആ മനുഷ്യൻ അവളുടെ മുന്നിൽ പ്രത്യക്ഷപ്പെട്ട് തന്റെ കൈവശം ഇരിക്കുന്നവയെല്ലാം നൽകാൻ നിർബന്ധിച്ചപ്പോൾ

അവൾ അയാളുടെ കണ്ണുകളിലേക്കു നോക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. ആ കണ്ണുകളിലെ പ്രകാശം എവിടെയോ കണ്ടുമറന്നതുപോലെ അവൾക്കു തോന്നി. അയാളുടെ തുരുമ്പെടുത്തുതുടങ്ങിയ കത്തി അവളുടെ കഴുത്തിനുനേരെ നീങ്ങിയപ്പോഴും അവളുടെ കണ്ണുകൾ അയാളുടേതിൽ നിന്നു മാറിയില്ല. ഭയന്നുപോയ അവളുടെ കൂട്ടുകാരികൾ അവളുടെ പേരുവിളിച്ചപ്പോഴാണ് സ്വപ്നത്തിൽ നിന്നെന്നപോലെ ഉണർന്നത്. അയാളിൽ പെട്ടെന്നേതോ മാറ്റം വന്നതുപോലെ തോന്നി. അയാളും ആ പേർ ഉരുവിട്ടു. അവളുടെ കഴുത്തിനുനേരെ പിടിച്ചിരുന്ന കത്തിയിൽനിന്ന് അയാളുടെ പിടിവിട്ടു. അത് അവളുടെ മടിയിൽ വീണു. അയാളാകെ വിളറി വെളുത്തു. ഒരു നിമിഷം ഒരു പ്രതിമപോലെ അയാൾ അവിടെ നിന്നു. മദ്ധ്യവയസ്സായ ഒരു സ്ത്രീ അവരുടെ കൈവശം ഉണ്ടായിരുന്ന ബാഗ്കൊണ്ട് അയാളെ പിറകിൽനിന്നാക്രമിച്ചു. മറ്റു സ്ത്രീകളും അവരോടൊപ്പം ചേർന്നു. പെട്ടെന്നുള്ള ആക്രമത്തിൽ അയാൾ താഴെ വീണു. കൂറേ അടി കൊള്ളേണ്ടിവന്നു. തന്റെ സർവശക്തിയുമെടുത്ത് അയാൾ ചാടിയെഴുന്നേറ്റു. പിന്നെ തന്റെ കൈവശമുണ്ടായിരുന്ന എല്ലാം വലിച്ചെറിഞ്ഞിട്ട്



Art : Harini Suri

തന്നെ ആക്രമിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്ന സ്ത്രീകളെ തട്ടിമാറ്റി അയാൾ മുന്നോട്ടുകുതിച്ചു.

തുറന്നുകിടക്കുകയായിരുന്ന വാതിൽക്കൽ അയാൾ ഒരുനിമിഷം നിന്നു. പിന്നെ കണ്ണടച്ച് അയാൾ പുറത്തേക്കെടുത്തുപാടി. തനിക്കെന്താണു സംഭവിച്ചതെന്നറിയാതെ അവളിരുന്നു. കൂട്ടുകാരികളിലൊരാൾ ചൂണ്ടിക്കാട്ടിയപ്പോഴാണ് തന്റെ കഴുത്ത് ചെറുതായി മുറിഞ്ഞതവൾ ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചത്. ഒരു ചേച്ചി ചോദിച്ചു, "കുട്ടി പേടിച്ച്?" ഉത്തരം പറയാൻ ശബ്ദം പുറത്തുവന്നില്ല. ഭയമല്ല, പിന്നെയെന്താണ്? ചില കുഞ്ഞുങ്ങൾ അപ്പോഴും കരയുകയായിരുന്നു. ട്രെയിൻയാത്രയിലെ സുരക്ഷയെക്കുറിച്ചും സ്ത്രീകളുടെ സുരക്ഷയെക്കുറിച്ചുമായിരുന്നു പിന്നീടുള്ള ചർച്ച. ട്രെയിൻ സ്റ്റേഷനെത്തുന്നതുവരെ ചർച്ച നീണ്ടുപോയി.

അവളുടെ അച്ഛൻ സ്റ്റേഷനിൽ കാത്തുനില്ക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. അവൾ "അച്ഛാ" എന്നു വിളിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അയാളുടെ അടുത്തേക്കോടി. കൂട്ടുകാരികളോട് യാത്ര പറഞ്ഞ് അവളെപ്പോലെ യാത്രയായി. വീടേത്തുന്നതുവരെ അവളൊന്നും സംസാരിച്ചില്ല. മകളുടെ പതിവിനു വിപരീതമായ

പെരുമാറ്റം അയാളും ശ്രദ്ധിക്കാതിരുന്നില്ല. ചോദ്യങ്ങൾക്ക് ചുരുങ്ങിയ വാക്കിൽ ഉത്തരം നൽകി അവൾ സംഭാഷണങ്ങളിൽ നിന്ന് ഒളിച്ചോടി. കിടന്നിട്ട് അവൾക്ക് ഉറക്കം വന്നില്ല. അയാളുടെ കണ്ണിൽ കണ്ട തിളക്കം തന്നെ വലിച്ചു മുറുകുന്നതു പോലെ അവൾക്കു തോന്നി. താൻ ഇതിനു മുമ്പ് അയാളെ കണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ടോ? അയാൾ എന്തുകൊണ്ട് തന്നോടങ്ങിനെ പെരുമാറി? എപ്പോഴോ ഉറക്കം അവളെ ആ പിടിമുറക്കത്തിൽ നിന്ന് വിടുവിച്ചു.

അവളുടെ കുഞ്ഞനുജത്തി വന്ന് ചെവിയിൽ ഇക്കിളിയാക്കിയപ്പോഴാണ് ഉറക്കത്തിൽ നിന്നും അവൾ എഴുന്നേറ്റത്. അച്ഛൻ ഉമ്മറത്ത് പത്രം വായിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരിക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. അവൾ അച്ഛന്റെ പുറകിൽ പോയിനിന്ന് പത്രത്തിലേക്കു നോക്കി. "നിര്യാതരായി" എന്ന പേജായിരുന്നു അച്ഛൻ വായിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നത്. ദിവസവും എത്ര എത്ര മരണങ്ങളാണ്! ആ വാർത്ത അവളുടെ ശ്രദ്ധയാകർഷിച്ചു, "അജ്ഞാതൻ ട്രെയിനിൽ നിന്ന് വീണു മരിച്ചു". അതിനു താഴെ എന്താണെഴുതിയിരിക്കുന്നതെന്ന് അവൾ നോക്കിയില്ല. അവൾ അടുക്കളയിലേക്ക് നടന്നു, "അതയാളായിരിക്കല്ലേ..." അവൾ മനസ്സിൽ പറഞ്ഞു.





हस्य

*Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my
darling,
and gladness without measure.*

-Rabindranath Tagore, Light

The wee weird wagtail
whooshed onto the wet
rock.
It waddled along its width,
wagging its wee tail.
It called out to its
comrades cackling
carelessly.
All this clamour crackled in
the calm of the forest.
It laughed, long and loud.
At its merry mates,
At the whole world,
At itself.

It's Fun To Be A Professor

By Steven Spallone

Oh, it's fun to be a professor,
What a wondrous life one can lead,
The folks that I meet, they say "Yes, sir,"
And bring anything that I need.

I wake up when the sun hits this valley,
First check that this dream is a fact,
Do yoga, but can't dilly-dally,
I'd better prepare for my act.

I head down the stairs for my vittles,
Science students are filling the mess,
I have *idli - sambar* with the kiddles,
Then stroll over to Sai to profess.

The city is under construction,
The traffic a stream best uncross'd,
Drivers, they beam with corruption,
Like wolves at a lamb who is lost.

But I know a path through the chaos,
Past *saris* and *dhotis* I glide,
At Sai now the guards say, "OK, boss,"
And cheerfully wave me inside.

Raman Hall holds my audience captive,
A microphone makes my voice boom,
My students, they must be reactive,
Their eyes fixed on me, in this room.

Five and seventy students they focus,
Five and seventy students they strive,
One math prof performs hocus pocus,
One math prof must keep them alive.



Art : Divya Gadkari

At cafés I ponder mathematics,
Drink chai tea and make my head spin,
Trace formulas, rings, and p-adics,
This curious subject I'm in!

If someone in Bonn needs a lemma,
Or a friend in Beijing has a doubt,
Together we'll face this dilemma,
I bet that we'll figure it out.

Let's meet at a conference in Austin,
So we can discuss face-to-face,
We'll find some great talks to get lost in,
And perhaps a new problem to chase.

Back in Pune, our IISER is bustling,
Fancy programmes and speakers abound,
For Mimamsa judges, they're rustling,
And Pi Day is soon coming 'round.

Yes, it's fun to be a professor,
Don't let us fool you with rants,
'Cause, I tell you as a confessor,
I'm glad to have gotten my chance.

Sleep

By P.M.Shreenidhi

Ah! My old friend,
Turned into a new found foe,
I dare to ask, "How are you?"
Cause I can't seem to get much of you.

You used to bring such beautiful dreams,
And some crazy random things.
Now all I see when I greet you is,
Pending assignments and terrifying tests.

I wonder what made our relationship so sour,
Coaching centres and studies? What a bore!
Without you I bear wounds,
Like a drunken wrestler.

Ah! My old friend,
Please wait for ten more months,
I will come rushing into your arms,
ZZZ...ZZZ...ZZZ...ZZZZZZZZ...

*Bet everyone could relate to this when they were
in high school or may be even now.



Art : Lavanya Lokhande

ಗೋಡೆ

ಮುಮುಕ್ಷು

Gode (Walls)

This short satire talks about the futility of the "walls", that separate people, minds and often their hearts. The walls we have created for ourselves that are stopping humanity from reaching greater moral heights.

ಎಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲ ಹೇಳಿ ಗೋಡೆ?

ಮನೆ-ಮನೆಗಳ ಮನ -ಮನಗಳ ಜನರ ನಡುವೆ ನಾವೇ ಸೃಷ್ಟಿಸಿಕೊಂಡ ಈ ತಡೆ?
ಸಿಕ್ಕಿತಲ್ಲವೆ ನಮಗಿದರಿಂದ ನಿರ್ಭೇಡೆ?!

ಹುಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು ಬರೀ ಭಯ , ಅಂಟಿಕೊಂಡಿದ್ದಪನಂಬಿಕೆಯೆಂಬ ಕ್ಷಯ
ಅದಕಲ್ಲವೆ ಮನುಜನಿಗಲ್ಲೆಲ್ಲ ಅಪಜಯ..ಅಪಜಯ?..ಅಪಜಯ!

-Mumukshu

Uncertainty in conjugation

By Sanjay A.

I was trapped all alone in that Quantum Well
Staring at one of those Feynman Diagrams.
When a girl passed across by me
With a velocity not greater than c .

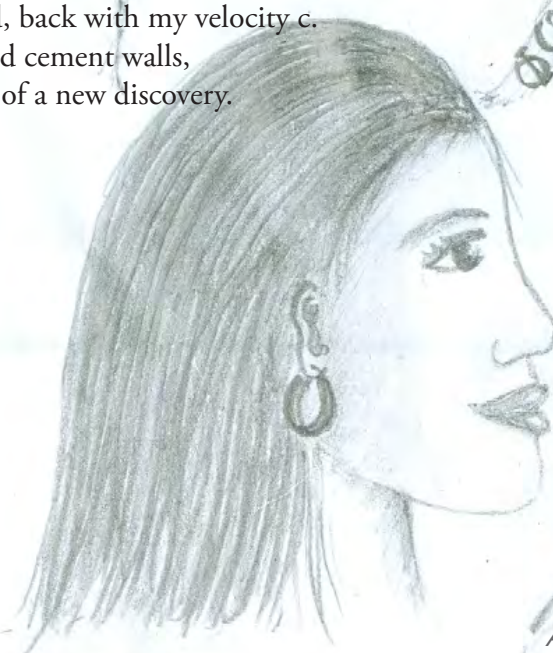
The girl was 'Strange' and yet so 'Charm'ing
She made my heart rattle 'Up' and 'Down'
And a current, in me, passed from 'Top' to 'Bottom'.

Her effect percolated my mind,
Filled me with perturbations of a future, uncertain.
What can a humble particle like me do in such a time?
When her wave function was creating ripples in my heart.

I couldn't stand that jargon of Expectation Values in my mind,
And hence decided to see,
If there exists a non-zero coupling probability.

It later was inferred experimentally
That I am a Boson and she a Fermion,
How, in any superimposed state, together can we be?

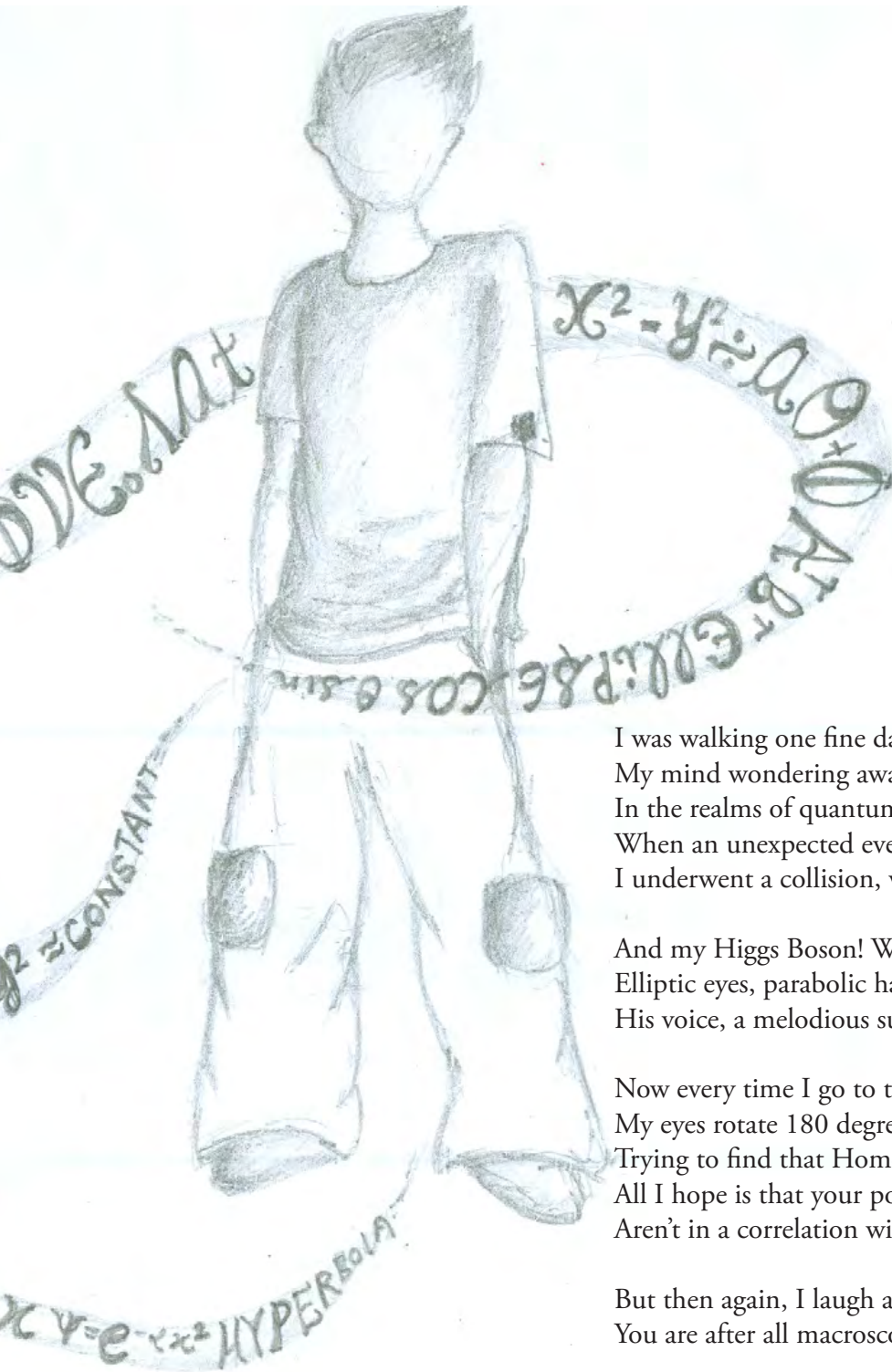
Here I am, but now untrapped, back with my velocity c .
Passing through lead blocks and cement walls,
With hope and determination of a new discovery.



Art : Divya & Arushi

Scientific Love

By Irene Dutta



I was walking one fine day,
My mind wondering away,
In the realms of quantum physics,
When an unexpected event happened,
I underwent a collision, with another *Homo sapien*!

And my Higgs Boson! What a specimen he was!
Elliptic eyes, parabolic hair...
His voice, a melodious superposition of sinusoidal waves.

Now every time I go to that road again,
My eyes rotate 180 degrees,
Trying to find that Homo Sapien's locus.
All I hope is that your position and momentum
Aren't in a correlation with Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle.

But then again, I laugh at my worries,
You are after all macroscopic!

Sapien! You differentiated my heart,
And now,
Every single cell of my brain yearns for you,
Please help me integrate my heart again.

ব্যাডলি বাঙালী !

সৌরভ সরকার

Badly Bangali (Badly Bengali)

The article is a rather satirical take on the people of Kolkata. The author describes the society's rather fast-evolving culture heading to no defined limit. He also alludes to the culture of politics which unsurprisingly, does not seem to evolve at all.

-Sourav Sarkar



Art : Debarun Ghosh

বাঙালীর ইংরেজি চিরকালি ঠাট্টার বিষয়। মুখে রসগোল্লা ভরা উচ্চারণ তো যাবার নয়। তার উপরে মাঝে কি হল, সিপিএম সরকার, প্রাথমিক শিক্ষা থেকে ইংরেজি দিলে হাটিয়ে আমার এক বন্ধু কে বলতে শুনছিলাম, 'এই কনফারেন্স রুম, ইট ইজ হুইচ দিকে?' হাসির খোরাক বটে! বাংলা মিডিয়ামে পড়া, তারপর সারাদিন অঙ্ক কষে আর ইংরেজি রপ্ত করার সময় হয়নি! তা এখন পাড়ায় পাড়ায় ইংরেজি স্কুল, তাতে ডোনেশান দিলে রাস্তার ল্যাম্পপোস্টের ও এডমিশন হবে বইকি! তাই এখন শুনি বাসে ট্রামে, 'যু নো দিস ইলিশ মাছ - ইট'স লাইক- কি গন্ধ! যাক!!' আর ইংরেজি যারা ধরেননি, তাঁরা আর কয়েকদিনের মধ্যেই হিন্দি না ধরে ফেলেন!

হালে নাকি বাংলা ছবির নাম হয়েছে 'আওয়ারা', প্রেমেরগানে 'সজনী' হাটিয়ে 'মাহিয়া' বসানো হয়েছে! শীঘ্রই টলিউডের নাম হতে চলেছে 'বলিউড, টলিগঞ্জ'! তা লোকে হিন্দি বলবে না কেন? আজকাল অভিনেতা অভিনেত্রীরা তো 'দেব' প্রদত্ত প্রতিভা নিয়ে আবির্ভূত হচ্ছেন-এ অবিসংবাদিত সত্য! বঙ্গভাষীর কি ভাগি, এরা আজকাল বিশিষ্ট জনের অনুরোধে স্বামীজির জন্মদিনে, স্বামীজি ও সাজতে শুরু করেছেন! স্বতন্ত্র এক চলচ্চিত্র ঘরানা মাথাচাড়া দিয়ে উঠছে অবশ্য, 'বং' ঘরানা! দুটো চারটে পুরুষমানুষ - সমাজ নিয়ে যারা চিন্তিত: ও কিছু মেয়েমানুষ- শূণ্যস্থান নিয়ে বিচলিত- যাকে বলে 'অলসমূল কাস্ট'! বাংলার চেয়ে ইংরেজিতে কথা হবে বেশি। বিষয়বস্তু-এবস্ট্রাক্ট! ক্যালকাটান ইনটেলেকচুয়ালদের জন্য ফুড ফর থট! ক্যালকাটান ইনটেলেকচুয়াল- যারা প্রত্যহ তাঁদের ইনটেলেক্ট কে চোয়ালে নামিয়ে আলোচনা করেন- রাজনীতি, সমাজের দুর্গতি, শিক্ষা ব্যবস্থা, স্বাস্থ্যপরিষেবা, শচিন তেন্দুলকর অবসর নিচ্ছে, মেয়েদের পোষাক ছোট হচ্ছে, হ্যাড্রন কোলাইডর বড় হচ্ছে... আরো কত কি। বাড়িতে ড্রয়িং রুম; কলেজের-অফিসের ক্যান্টিনে; রেস্টোরাঁতে;

এমনকি বাসে ট্রামে, একেবারে অপরিচিত ব্যক্তির সাথেও; এই সোশালি রেস্পনসিবল ক্যালকাটানরা নিজেদের দৈনিক আলোচনা পর্বটি সেরে ফেলেন! আশ্চর্য্য হয়ে যায়-এত আলোচনা, এত তর্ক, এত এত ইনটেলেকচুয়াল! তাও পশ্চিমবঙ্গের এই দূরবস্থা কেন?

সোশালি রেস্পনসিবল হওয়ার একটি গুরুত্বপূর্ণ পদক্ষেপ 'ছাত্র রাজনীতি'। 'নেতাজি করেছিলেন তাই আমাদেরও করতে হবে! (নেতাজি হয়তো হতে পারব না, তবে কাবুল কান্দাহারে না গিয়েও দাঙ্গা হাসামা করতে পারব বইকি!) নক্সাল, মাওবাদী হতে ভয় করে বড্ড! বাম বা ডাইনে যোগ দিয়ে একটু 'বিল্লব'- এর স্বাদ পেলেই তো হল!' 'কয়েকটা ভারি আইডিয়োলোজি দেখায় আবার! অত আইডিয়োলোজি ফাইডিয়োলোজি (আদৌ অস্তিত্ব আছে কিনা কেজানে সে বস্তুর) নিয়ে পড়াশুনা করতে পারলুম না! মারপিট, মদ, মেয়েমানুষ, গাঁজা, বিড়ি, স্বপ্নের সিঁড়ি; ভাগ্যে থাকলে মাঝখানে একটু ক্ষমতা- আর কিম্বু চাইনে!'

'ছাত্রনেতার অভাব নেই, নেতা নেত্রীর তো সারপ্লাস সাপ্লাই, তাও অধমএরা বুঝে পায়না ভোটটা কাকে দেওয়া যায়! মূর্খের দল!'

'মূর্খের দল কিন্তু ভারী হচ্ছে- বেকার গাধাগুলো, পার্টির ছাপ নাই যাদের পেছনে- ওগুলোর মাথা গরমা গন্ডায় গন্ডায় রুগী জুটছে আজকাল, বলে কিনা হাসপাতালে ডাক্তার নাই আর নার্সিংহোমে যাবার পয়সা নাই। মাস্টারমশায়রা একটু পার্টির কাজে ব্যস্ত তাই ছোকরা ছোকরী গাঁস। মাস্টারও কম যায়না কয়েকটা! পুরুলিয়া না কোথেকে ছৌ-নাছওয়ালা জুটেছে- ওরা নাচবে, মজা পাবে, পয়সাও পাবে; আর তার জন্য সাহায্য করব আমরা? ভারি বাঁদর তো! কেউ বলে কাজ নাই, কেউ বলে কাজ করতে দেয় না। আমরা নাকি বায়ু বিষাইছি, আলো নিভাইছি... উফ... ক্ষেপেছে ত্রে সব?' সময় আছে এখনো, লাগাও এগারো নম্বর!

ಅಡ್ಮಿಷನ್ ರಗಲೆ

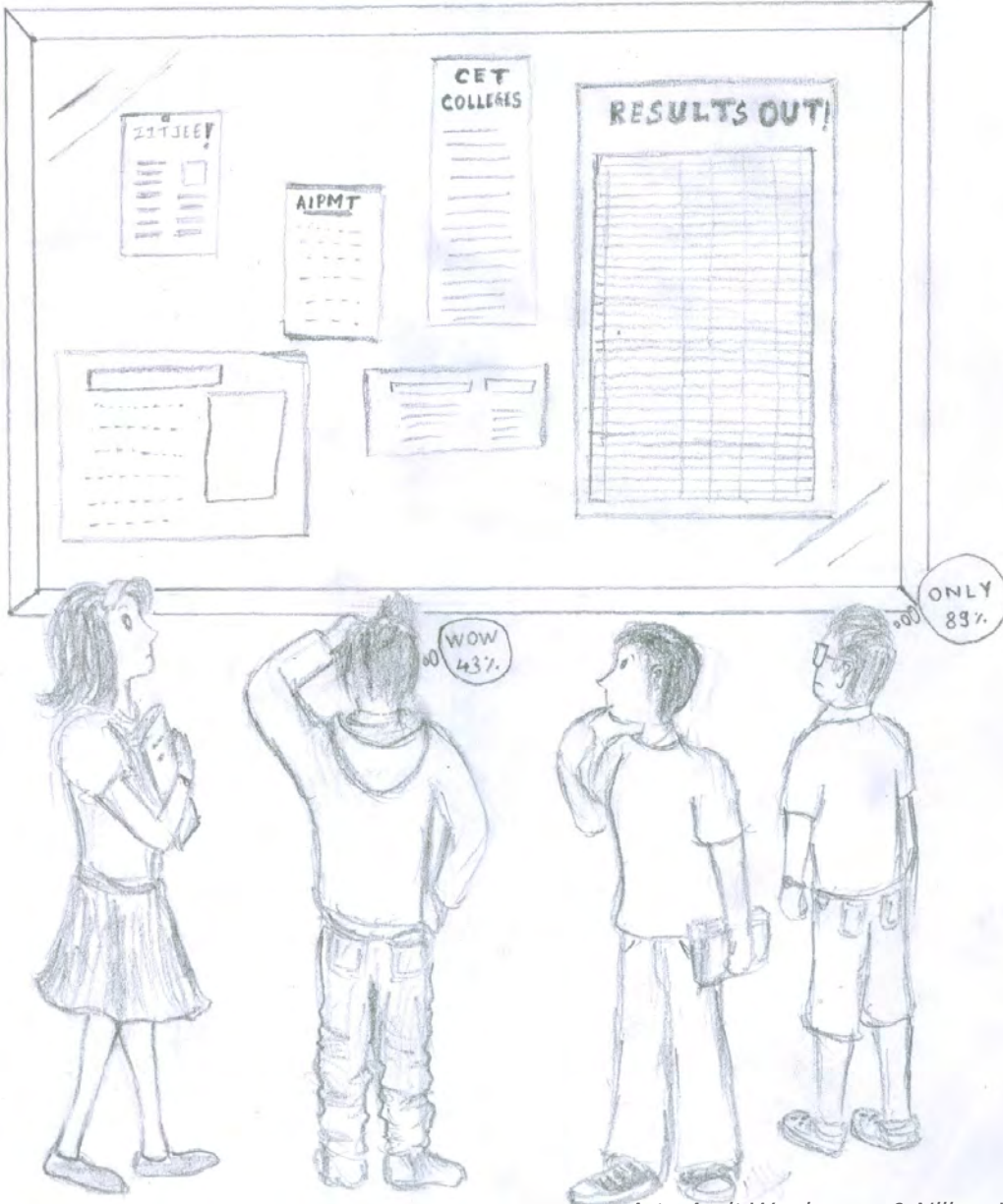
ಮುಮುಕ್ಷು

Admission Ragale (Admission)

This short poem is a satire that ridicules the present education system that reveres marks more than knowledge, the mushrooming coaching institutes and the growing belief that only tuition can help students.

-Mumukshu

ಶುರುವಾಯ್ತು ಕಂಡ್ರೀ ಅಡ್ಮಿಷನ್ ರಗಲೆ
ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಲಿನ್ನು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ ಮ್ಯಾನೇಜ್‌ಮೆಂಟ್‌ನ ಬಾಯಲ್ಲಿ ಬೋಗಲೆ:
ಬೇಕೇನು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಮಗುವಿಗೆ ರಾಜ್ಯದುತ್ತುಪ್ಪ ಪಾಠ
ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲುಂಟು ಮನೆಯದೆಂದೆನಿಸುವ ಊಟ
ಇದೆ ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿ ಎರಡು ಮೂರು 'ಜೆ' ಗಳಿಗೆ ತರಬೇತಿ
ಕಳೆದ ಸಿಇಟಿ ಯ ದೊಡ್ಡ ರಾಂಕುಗಳು ನಮ್ಮವೇ ಮಗು! ಈಗೇನಂತಿ?
ಬಿಡು ಭೀತಿ, ನಮ್ಮಲ್ಲಿರಲಿ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ..
ತೋರುವೆವು ನಿನಗೆ ಕೋಚಿಂಗ್ ನ ನೀತಿ ..
ಎಲ್ಲಿ ತೆಗೆ ನಿನ್ನ ರಶೀತಿ !!!
ಕೇಳಿ ಪೋಷಕರೆ! ಸಾಗರದಂತಿರ್ಪ ಜ್ಞಾನವಂ ಎರೆಯಲಾಗದಾರಿಗೂ ಧಾರೆ
ಸ್ವಾಧ್ಯಾಯವಿಲ್ಲದಿದೊಡೆ ಆಗುವುದು ನಿಮ್ಮ ಕಿಸೆ ಸೂರೆ!
ಕಷ್ಟಪಡದೆ ಸಿಗದು ಕಂದನಿಗೆ ರಾಂಕು..
ಇನ್ನೂ ಹೋಗಲಿಲ್ಲವೆ ನಿಮ್ಮ ಬುದ್ಧಿಗೆ ಕವಿದ ಮಂಕು?
ತಿಳಿದವನೇ ಜಯ ಇದು ವಿದ್ಯೆಯ ನೀತಿ
ಇದ ತಿಳಿಯದಿರೆ ಕಾದಿದೆ ಫಜೀತಿ, ಎಚ್ಚರ ತಪ್ಪಿದರೆ..ಅಧೋಗತಿ..



Art : Amit Waghmare & Nilima Walunjkar



Bats that have Human Faces

By Dincy Mariyam

His wife, wearing an old sari, her hair tied in a bun and a few strands hanging loose on her troubled face, came running to the living room completely vexed. She looked very old for a person who had seen only thirty years of life. He, in his early forties, was reading the newspaper while sipping a hot cup of coffee. There wasn't anything worth reading - more sensational news rather than sensitive news.

His wife said, "A bat has entered the kitchen from nowhere and it is troubling me. Please do something about it!" He wondered, "From nowhere? How is that possible?"

He got up from the sofa and walked towards the kitchen with his wife following him. The kitchen was a perfect mess. He couldn't find the bat. Suddenly, something fast and black flew over him. His wife started running behind it with a broom in hand, trying to hit it. He caught hold of a stick from the corner of the store room and started running behind it as well. The bat put up a good fight for an hour and a half and was finally chased out through the kitchen ventilator. They were really tired. His wife went to get a jug of water. He returned to the living room and sat on the sofa, tired. He remembered the lines of an interesting article he had read in a fortnightly magazine, '...If bats had human faces, they would have been the most interesting mammals to study...' He looked at his long black coat that was hanging and thought, "Who said that there are no bats with

human faces? I think the author forgot about the bats in the law courts," and laughed to himself.

The bat became a regular menace on nights when his wife worked in the kitchen. She tried to trace its path and came up with unique ways everyday to chase it away, but her attempts always went down the drain. One morning his wife came running to the bedroom where her husband was sleeping and woke him up. Her face was brighter than the sun, whose rays lit up the room. She said, still panting, "You should come... outside... there is... just come!" She held his wrist and almost dragged her husband, who was still yawning, to the backyard and pointed excitedly at the electric line on the other side of the road. There was a dead bat hanging from it.

His wife said, "It's that troublesome bat!"

He was surprised, "But how do you know it's the same bat that had been troubling you? It could be any of the other bats around here."

His wife disagreed, "I'm sure this is the same bat. Look at his wicked face." He couldn't find any wickedness on its face. He walked back leaving his wife behind, who was still staring at the dead creature.

After a week, he realized that his wife was right about the bat, because it never troubled them thereafter. A month later, one fine evening, his wife came running to him screaming, 'THE BAT IS BACK!!!'



Darshini



Lavanya Lokhande



Sahana Srivatsa



Sharvaree

Vishnu K.N



raudra

He tiptoed and held the Attitude with poise.
He pulled his hands in and spun a pirouette.
Insolence and injustice; one pirouette,
A glint of crimson in his eyes.
Insult and injury; another pirouette.
His fists clench and he falters...
His right strikes the earth
As the left soars high.
His locks fall askew
Murder in his eyes
An ancient *damaru's*
Monotone resounds.
Beneath His feet,
The earth
Trembles.
Fury.

Art : Lavanya Lokhande
Photo : Caroline Jariwala

कुदरत की शिकायत

अनुराग सुन्दा

आज शिकायत की है कुदरत ने इंसान से,
मुँह मोड़ लिया है इन्सान ने उसकी फ़रियाद से ।
कभी बाढ़ उसका फ़रमान सुनाने आयी,
तो कभी आग की लपटों से ख़बर करायी ।
कुदरत से मज़ाक का इंसान को देना होगा हिसाब ।
बिछा रखी है उसने अब सूखे की बिसात ।
सुनामी भी दस्तक देने आयी उसकी चौखट पर,
पर ख़िकन तक नहीं आयी अभी तक उसके माथे पर ।
अब तो नदियाँ भी ख़ौफ़ खाने लगी हैं इंसान का,
बदल रही है नित नया रास्ता अपनी पहचान का ।
फ़िक्र हो चली है कुदरत को, कब होगी उसकी फ़रियाद स्वीकार,
सुनने लगा है उसको प्रलय का हाहाकार, प्रलय का हाहाकार ।।

ஈழம்..

- நா. ஜோசிந்த

Eelam (Ancient Tamil name for Srilanka)

A refugee's life in any country is bad; worse are people living worse than refugees in their homeland. It is not a matter of shame just for that country, but for the entire human race. The recent civil war in Sri Lanka culminating in the genocide of nearly a lakh Tamils, with more than 40,000 of the original 3,00,000 war survivors still living in squalid detention camps, deprived of vital humanitarian needs, is one such case. This is a glimpse of the historical facts behind the past 'Eelam' and the Eelam that is still a dream.

-N. Jocinth

ஈழம்..

இந்த நூற்றாண்டில் இனப் படுகொலையின் எச்சம். மக்களை ஆடு மாடுகளைப் போல் முள்வேலி முகாம்களில் அடைத்துவைத்த கொடுமை வேறு எந்த நாட்டிலும் நடக்காத ஒன்று. ஆம். தமிழ் மக்கள் உயர்திணையிலிருந்து அஃறிணையாக மாறிப்போன இடம். ஒரு லட்சத்துக்கும் அதிகமான தமிழர்கள் சொந்த நாட்டு இராணுவத்தாலேயே ஈவு இரக்கமின்றி கொலை செய்யப்பட்ட கொலைக்களம்.

ஈழம் பற்றி பேசும் போது சில கருத்துக்களை கண்டிப்பாக முன்வைக்க வேண்டும். ஆனால் அவை அரசியல் சார்ந்த கருத்துக்கள். அவற்றை என்னால் இங்கு பேச முடியாது. பேச தைரியம் இருக்கிறது. ஆனால் கூடவே அச்சமும் இருக்கிறது.

"அச்சமில்லை அச்சமில்லை அச்சமென்ப தில்லையே
இச்சகத்து ளொரெலாம் எதிர்த்துநின்ற போதிலும்"

எனவே மகாகவியிடம் மன்னிப்புக் கோரி தொடர்கிறேன்.

ஈழம் என்று சொன்னவுடன் நம் நினைவுக்கு வருவது என்ன? விடுதலைப்புலிகள், போர், கன்னிவெடி, தற்கொலைப்படை தாக்குதல்..... என்று சொல்லிக்கொண்டே போகலாம். ஆனால் ஒன்று மட்டும் உண்மை. ஈழ வறலாற்றின் பெரும்பாலான பக்கங்கள் இரத்தத்தாலேயே எழுதப்பட்டுள்ளது. தமிழர்களின் இரத்தத்தால். ஈழம் பற்றி பேசுபவர்கள் முக்கியமானதொன்றை மறந்துவிடுகிறார்கள். அல்லது, அது முக்கியமானது இல்லை என்று கருதுகிறார்களா என்றும் தெரியவில்லை. இலங்கையின் பண்டைய தமிழ் பெயர்தான்

ஈழம் என்பது நம்மில் எத்தனை பேருக்குத் தெரியும். அட, இதிலென்ன முக்கியத்துவம் வேண்டியிருக்கு என்று நீங்கள் நினைக்கலாம். ஆனால் முக்கியத்துவம் இருக்கிறது. தமிழ்நாட்டில் உள்ள பழைய செப்புப் பட்டயங்களிலும் கல்வெட்டுகளிலும் இந்திய தீபகற்பத்தின் தென்கோடியில் இருக்கும் அந்த அழகிய தீவை "ஈழம்" என்றே குறிப்பிட்டிருக்கின்றனர். கடல் கடந்து சென்று, தூர கிழக்கு தேசங்களில் புலிக்கொடியைப் பறக்கவிட்டானே ஒரு தமிழ் மன்னன், அவனது பட்டங்களில் "ஈழம் கொண்ட சோழன்" என்ற பட்டமும் ஒன்று. ஆனால் காலப்போக்கில் ஈழம் என்ற சொல்லை நாம், அஃதாவது தமிழ்நாட்டுத் தமிழர்கள் பயன்படுத்துவது குறைந்தது. காரணம் என்னவென்று தெரியவில்லை. காலமும் சரிவரத் தெரியவில்லை. தமிழர்களின், குறிப்பாக சோழர்களின், ஆதிக்கம் அந்தத் தீவில் குறைந்தது கூட காரணமாக இருக்கலாம். எது எப்படியோ, ஈழம் என்ற பெயர் நம்மிடம் இருந்து மெல்ல மெல்ல மறைய ஆரம்பித்தது. ஆனால் நெஞ்சிலே ஈரம் உள்ள தமிழன், ஈழம் என்ற பெயர் மறைந்தால் என்ன, நான் உனக்குப் புதுப்பெயர் சூட்டுகிறேன் என்று அந்தத் தீவிற்குப் புதுப்பெயர் ஒன்றைச் சூட்டினான்.

சிங்களத்தீவு. இதுதான் தமிழன் அதற்குச் சூட்டிய புதுப்பெயர். ஏற்கனவே பழக்கத்தில் இருந்த பெயர்தான். ஆனால் பரவலாக உபயோகப்படுத்தப்படாத சொல். பெரும்பாலான தமிழர்கள் ஈழத்தை மறந்து சிங்களத்தீவு என்று அழைக்க ஆரம்பித்தனர். சாதாரண மக்கள் சொல்வதற்கும், ஒரு வார்த்தை கூறினால் அது அனைத்துத் தமிழர்களையும் அம்பு போல் சென்றடையக் கூடிய வல்லமை உள்ள ஒருவர் சொல்வதற்கும் வித்தியாசம் இருக்கிறது அல்லவா.

அப்படிப்பட்ட வல்லமை உள்ள ஒருவரும்
“சிங்களத்தீவு” என்று கூறினார்.

“சிங்களத் தீவினுக்கோர் பாலம்அமைப்போம்”

மகாகவி அவர்கள் “ஈழத் தீவினுக்கோர்
பாலம்அமைப்போம்” என்று பாடவில்லையே.
சிங்களத்தீவு என்றுதானே பாடினார்.
சிங்களத்தீவு-சிங்களர்கள் வாழும் தீவு.
இன்னும் விளக்கிக் கூற வேண்டும் என்றால்,
சிங்களவர்கள் மட்டும் வாழும் தீவு என்று
மறைமுகமாகக் கூறலாம். இந்தியாவை
இந்தி பேசும் மக்கள் வாழும் நாடு என்று
கூற முடியுமா?? தமிழர்கள் வேண்டுமென்றே
சிங்களத்தீவு என்று அழைக்கவில்லை.
பின் விளைவுகளை அறியாமல் அவ்வாறு
அழைத்தனர்.

எது எப்படியோ, ஆனால் அந்தத் தீவு
தனது புதுப்பெயருக்கேற்றார் போல் ஆட
ஆரம்பித்தது. சுதந்திரம் அடைந்தது முதல்
அந்தத் தீவில் தமிழ் மக்கள் இரண்டாம்
தர குடிமக்களாகவே நடத்தப்பட்டனர்.
வஞ்சிக்கப்பட்ட கல்விமுறை, தமிழர்களுக்கு
எதிரான அரசியல் அமைப்புச்சட்டம், சிங்கள
ஆட்சியாளர்களுக்கு பொழுதுபோகவில்லை
என்றாலோ அல்லது அரசியல் நெருக்கடிகள்
என்றாலோ தமிழர்கள் மீது ஏவப்படும்
வன்முறை. அப்போது ஆரம்பித்த சிறு பொறி,
அமைதி ஊர்வலம், கண்டன ஆர்ப்பாட்டம்,
உண்ணாவிரதம் என்று வளர்ந்துகொண்டே
போய் கடைசியில் உள்நாட்டுப் போர் என்ற
காட்டுத்தீயாக கொளுந்துவிட்டு எரிந்தது. இந்த
காலகட்டத்தில்தான் நாம் மறந்துபோயிருந்த
ஈழம் என்ற சொல் வேறு அர்த்தத்தில்
பரிச்சயமாக ஆரம்பித்தது. தமிழ் ஈழம்.
பிரிவினை. தமிழர்களுக்கு என ஒரு தனி நாடு
என்ற பிரிவினை கோரிக்கை. நிம்மதியாக
வாழ நினைத்தார்கள் தமிழர்கள். நீங்கள்
தமிழர்களா? அப்படியென்றால் நிம்மதியாக
வாழமுடியாது என்றது சிங்கள அரசாங்கம்.
வேறு வழியில்லை.

பிரிவினை என்று முடிவெடுத்தாகிவிட்டது.
அடுத்தது? சண்டைதான். புலிகள் சிங்கள
இராணுவத்தைத் தாக்கினார்கள். இராணுவமும்
திருப்பித் தாக்கியது. ஆனால் அப்பாவி
தமிழ் மக்களைத் தாக்கியது. கண்ணில்
பட்ட தமிழ் மக்களை எல்லாம் கொல்ல
ஆரம்பித்தனர். பெண்கள், குழந்தைகள் என்று
எந்த பேதமும் இல்லாமல் அனைவரையும்
கொன்றனர். கேட்டால் அவர்கள் புலிகள்
என்று கூறினர். போர் என்றால் மக்கள்
சாகத்தான் செய்வார்கள் என்று கூறும் சில
மேதாவிகள் நம் ஊரில் இருக்கிறார்கள்.
போர் என்றால் மக்கள் சாகத்தான்

செய்வார்கள். உண்மைதான். ஆனால் போரில்
ஓர் இனத்தைச் சேர்ந்த மக்கள் மட்டும்
மடிந்தால், அதன் பெயர் இனப் படுகொலை.
இரண்டாம் உலகப்போர் சமயத்தில் ஹிட்லர்
செய்தது இனப் படுகொலை. வங்காளதேசம்
பிரிவினையின் போது பாகிஸ்தான் இராணுவம்
செய்தது இனப் படுகொலை. ஈழத்தில்
நடந்ததும் இனப் படுகொலையே.

1983 ஆம் ஆண்டு. ஈழத் தமிழர்களால் இந்த
ஆண்டை மறக்கவே முடியாது. சிங்கள
ஆட்சியாளர்களின் ஆசியோடு தமிழர்கள்
மீது கட்டவிழ்த்துவிடப்பட்ட வன்முறை
வெறியாட்டம். சிங்கள வெறியர்கள் வீடு
வீடாகச் சென்று தமிழர்களைக் கொல்ல
ஆரம்பித்தனர். கொலை, கொள்ளை,
கற்பழிப்பு, என்று தமிழர்கள் வாழும்
இடங்களில் எல்லாம் வன்முறைத் தீ. கேட்க
நாதியில்லாமல், கடவுளாவது உதவுவார் என்று
கோயிலுக்குச் சென்றவர்களை கோயிலோடு
சேர்த்துத் தீவைத்துக் கொளுத்தினார்கள்.
காவல்துறையும் இராணுவமும் நின்று
வேடிக்கை பார்த்தனர். ஈழ வரலாற்றில் கருப்பு
பக்கங்களாகவும் ஈழத்தமிழர்களின் மனத்தில்
ஆறாத வடுவாகவும் அவை பதிவாகின.
ஆனால் வரலாற்றின் கருப்புப் பக்கங்களையும்
சிங்களவர்கள் அழிக்க நினைத்தனர்.

ஆம். யாழ்ப்பானத்தில் உள்ள சிறப்பு
வாய்ந்த, பல அரிய தமிழ் களஞ்சியங்களை
உள்ளடக்கிய பெருமை வாய்ந்த, ஆசியாவில்
உள்ள மிகப்பெரிய நூலகங்களுள் ஒன்றான
யாழ் நூலகத்தை நெருப்புக்கு இரையாக்கினர்.
“ஓர் இனத்தை அழிக்க வேண்டுமானால்,
அதன் மொழியை மட்டும் அழித்தாலே
போதுமானது”. அதைத்தானே நாங்கள்
செய்கிறோம் என்பதுபோல அவர்கள்
நூலகத்தை கொளுத்தினார்கள். இதோ இன்று
வரை தங்களது இன ஒழிப்பு நடவடிக்கைகளை
தொடர்ந்து அரங்கேற்றிக்கொண்டிருக்கின்றனர்.
தற்போது இறுதிகட்டப் போரில் ஒரு
லட்சத்துக்கும் மேற்பட்ட தமிழர்கள்
கொல்லப்பட்டார்கள். நாம் வேடிக்கை
மட்டுமே பார்த்துக்கொண்டிருந்தோம்.
தமிழர்களின் பகுதிகளில் திட்டமிட்டு சிங்கள
குடியேற்றங்கள் நடத்தப்படுகின்றன. ஊர்களின்
பெயர்கள் சிங்களமயமாக்கப்படுகின்றன
சிங்களத்தீவு என்று அழைத்தோம். இதோ
இன்று சிங்களவர்கள் மட்டும் வாழும் தீவு
என்னும் நிலையை நோக்கி எட்டுக்கால்
பாய்ச்சலில் சென்றுகொண்டிருக்கிறது. நமது
தமிழ்ச் சொந்தங்கள் சொந்த நாட்டிலேயே
அகதிகளாக சுற்றிக்கொண்டிருக்கிறார்கள்.
நான், நீங்கள் என அனைவரும் வேடிக்கை
மட்டுமே பார்த்துக்கொண்டிருக்கிறோம்.....

bhībhātśā

You smile as the laughter of your friends ring in your ears.
You speed up your old, trusty motorbike to get back quickly.
Out of nowhere, the stench of alcohol mixed with vomit hits you. You glance ahead and see a dark figure rolling in sticky wetness. Revulsed and revolted, you cringe and look away.
You discern a fork in the distance. One road takes you down the path of compassion and courage. The other leads home.
The fleeting moment of disgust has passed. Which road would you choose?

Dusk

By Somendra Singh Kharola

After a long day, the labourers lie on a heap of sand.
One of them scratches his groin, another digs his arm deep in the cold sand, while others simply stare at the greying sky.
A stray dog coils itself at a pair of cement-dust feet, kerosene pump-stoves are stoked and lit with loud pops as the slum coughs out a burnt yellow. One of the labourers lights his beedi. A long drag. Shares the beedi. Suddenly, everyone bursts into laughter.

The kerosene stoves burn brighter; their laughs, louder. And soon, the faint glimmer of the slum's fires grows and grows as if it were being fed by their laughter. The fire engulfs the traffic, the street, the block, the city, everyone. And soon everything is charred black, dark as their empty laughing mouths, burnt by the hollow laughter after smoking their last beedi.



Photo : Nisarg Desai



वेदरा

The scene passes by. They have to keep walking. Blaring voices of caution fly like poison darts at them. The road ahead is wide at times, narrow at others, but the fog makes it difficult to see beyond an arm's length. Nettles scathe them as they try hard to keep away from the edge of the cliff. Yet they stride along battling their instincts, fighting their insecurities, finding strength. They feel warm blood surging in their veins as they draw out their swords and charge. The fog lifts. They are free.



*If they snatch my ink and pen,
I should not complain,
For I have dipped my fingers
In the blood of my heart.
I should not complain
Even if they seal my tongue,
For every ring of my chain
Is a tongue ready to speak.*

-Faiz

One of the earliest memories of my childhood is sitting on the balcony of a high-rise apartment in Lakua and catching dragonflies with my dad as the sun went down the horizon. I sat on the same windowsill everyday morning, waving goodbye to all the uncles hurrying to their offices, the aunties hanging clothes by the windows, the vendors and the *doodhwalla* muttering greetings in broken Assamese. Those were the days when my dad worked at ONGC and the oil plunder had well begun in Dispur. Times were bad. I remember mothers praying religiously, one day after another, for the safety of their families. Falling sick was not an option, for the nearest hospital was 40km away. All doors were shut by 8 PM. Who knew which ULFA activist was lurking in the shadows, waiting to take away the young and the old? And who knew what lay ahead – another chilling murder, a rape, a ransom or possibly a child who would fall prey to the evil hands of the puppet master?

I returned 17 years later. By now I had done quite a bit of travelling that had awakened a certain chutzpah in me, and had probably left my mother with a gray hair or two. The scenery had changed. Dispur, enroute to Guwahati, had given birth to more buildings and people. There was a certain humidity in the air more like a nostalgic breeze to me. As I rode the bus I saw more people, entangled telephone-cable wires running over large bill-boards advertising the new fad that had just caught up in town. They seemed to be luring more innocent teenagers to the glitz and glamour of the IIT missionaries. The heaps of garbage and debris of broken buildings added to the pretty sight. As I travelled across the city, it was saddening to delve into the thoughts that crossed my mind. Despite Dispur being the only prime capital in the 2,62,230 km² North-Eastern India, the city was in shambles. If this was the state of affairs in the capital, I wondered what the situation in the rest of the region was. And I had not yet set foot in the land.

I later learned from a traveller-friend, Aboni, that nothing had changed much since we had left. Perhaps the scenery had changed, but not the scenario. It wasn't many years ago that his family of parents and three brother lived in a small city, miles away

from Guwahati. This was the time of the advent of Bodo. It was well known to all the families that if you had two or more sons, you had to sacrifice one to the Bodo family, where he would be trained for the next few years of his life. Aboni, being the eldest, was their family's natural option. But fate had different plans. He ran as far as he could, away from his death trap. Not once, not twice, but thrice he was hauled back in persuasion of joining. Fear had taken full possession of his family, but Aboni retaliated and mauled his family from the societal pressures back to safety into remote corners of Dispur. Time had healed wounds but the fear lurking deep in their hearts had already clouded their insights and judgment about the world.

This is probably one of the million lesser-known stories of the North-East. There are hundreds more, prowling in the dense forests of Arunachal, a few more in the sacred stupas of Lachung and several more at the refugee camps at Reang. Every day, they dread having to hear of another death, another plunder or another child of theirs being frisked away. While the rest of India continues to make progress with well-laid out five year plans safe-guarding their multiple insurance policies, the seven sisters have learnt better for themselves. Insurance is possibly a word they have seldom used. Every insurance policy needs an identity proof. Identity - is what they seek.

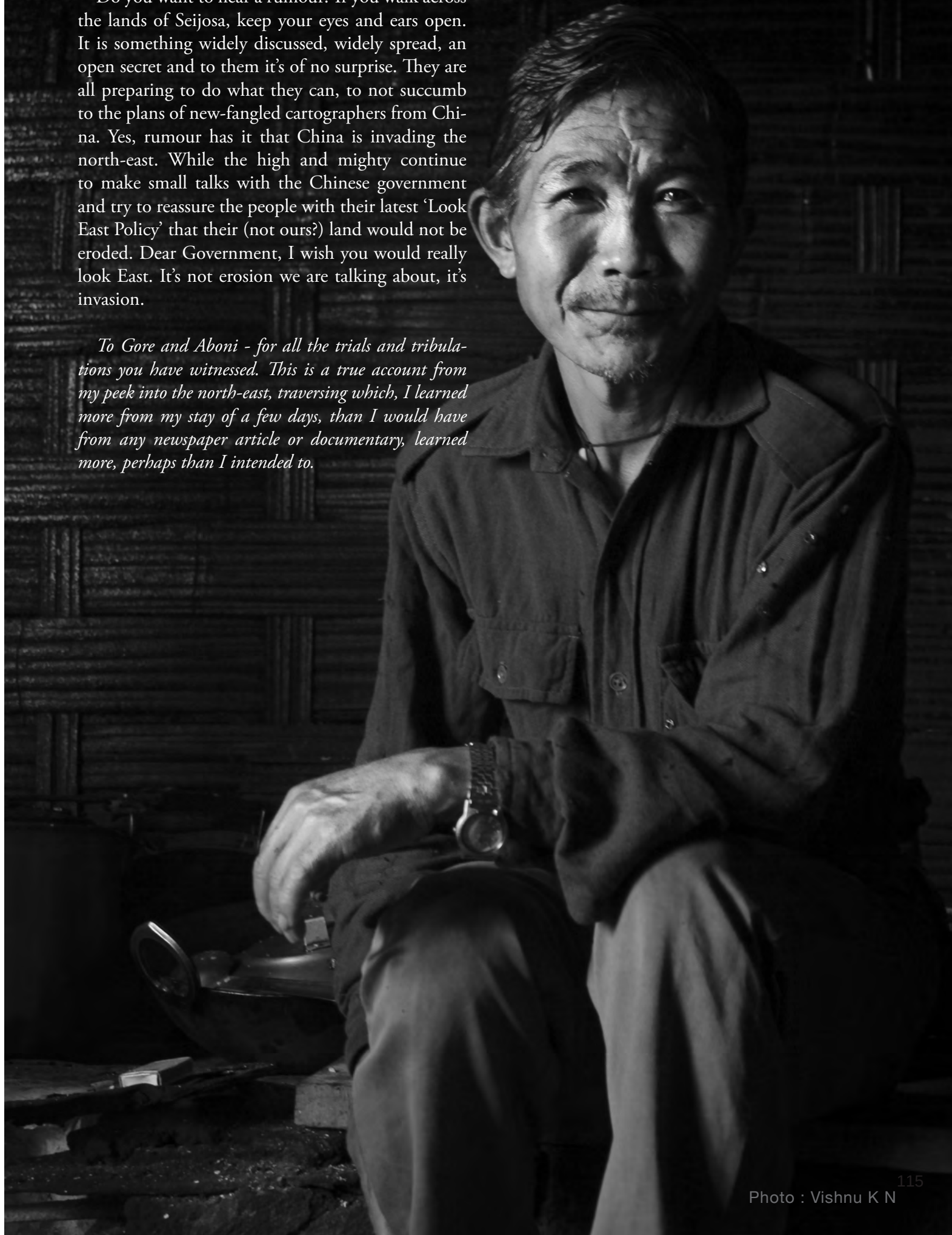
The harsh reality is that, the identity they have been stamped with, is that of a second-class citizen. They are viewed as men and women from the jungles, with faces different from ours, an accent different from just a 'North Indian or South Indian' (as we seem to broadly categorise ourselves), with voodoo charms around their arms, they're met with sneers and glares once they step into the mainland and addressed with nicknames, one harsher than the other. Despite all odds, the countable few, who have broken all boundaries, stepped up against their fears and risen to a higher social or economic class, remain stagnant and have not yet gained social acceptance. They are simply the parvenus of today's India.

In this part of India, jobs last as long as a cricket season, houses are identical to pawns in a game of chess and death wishes to remain merely a whim and

fancy. In this part of India, the land truly is a land of the lesser God.

Do you want to hear a rumour? If you walk across the lands of Seijosa, keep your eyes and ears open. It is something widely discussed, widely spread, an open secret and to them it's of no surprise. They are all preparing to do what they can, to not succumb to the plans of new-fangled cartographers from China. Yes, rumour has it that China is invading the north-east. While the high and mighty continue to make small talks with the Chinese government and try to reassure the people with their latest 'Look East Policy' that their (not ours?) land would not be eroded. Dear Government, I wish you would really look East. It's not erosion we are talking about, it's invasion.

To Gore and Aboni - for all the trials and tribulations you have witnessed. This is a true account from my peek into the north-east, traversing which, I learned more from my stay of a few days, than I would have from any newspaper article or documentary, learned more, perhaps than I intended to.



कल्पांजली

कुमार प्रियदर्शी

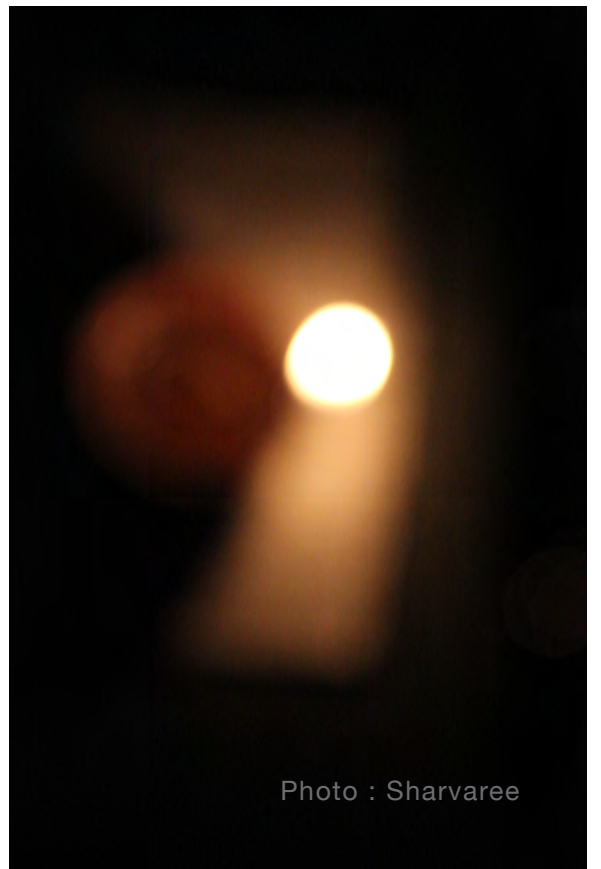
वो तो अजीज दिलखुश थी अपने आप से,
अंजान जो थी हैवानों के मन में छुपे पाप से,
जिंदगी के पेड़ पर नई कोपलें फूट रही थी,
ख्वाहिशें सच होने को मचल रही थी।
ऐसी मचलती जिंदगी टकरा गई खौफनाक मंजर से,
दरिदों ने चीर दिया हवस के खंजर से,
उसने सब झेला, बहादुरी से किया मौत का सामना,
पूरा देश उठ खड़ा हुआ, सबने की उसके जीवन की कामना।

फिर जो हुआ वो भी आम न था,
वो सड़क पर उतरे, जिन्हें अपने काम से आराम न था।
लेकिन सरकारी तंत्र आश्वासनों के ढर्रे पर चलता रहा,
चिलचिलाती टंड और पुलिसिया डंडे से आम आदमी मरता रहा।
जिस घटना ने शर्म को भी शर्मसार कर दिया था,
भावनाओं को अंगार और सरकार को बेजार कर दिया था,
उसने उस धड़कते दिल को थाम दिया,
विज्ञानी दवा और जिंस्मानी दुआओं को नाकाम किया।

लेकिन जो मौत लाखों सोयों को जगा दे,
अंधेरे रास्ते में माटी का दीपक दिखा दे,
वो मृत्यु नहीं, वतन के लिए बलिदान है,
मृत्युशय्या पर पड़े देश के लिए अमृत समान है।
अब जो अलख जली है, वो हमेशा जलती रहे,
दामिनी की यादें सदैव दिलों में पलती रहें,
यही उस जीवन को सच्ची श्रद्धांजली है,
गर भूले तो जो भी किया है, सब तिलांजली है।

चंद वादे भी करने हैं अपनी आत्मा से,
तभी नजर मिला पाओगे परमात्मा से,
कि देंगे आधी आबादी को इज्जत और सम्मान,
तभी सपना साकार होगा मेरा भारत महान।
सच को सच और झूठ को झूठ कहने का रखेंगे साहस,
दबी कुच्चली आवाज को दिलाएंगे ढाढ़स।
उठ खड़े होंगे जब भी होगी सच-झूठ की लड़ाई,
हैवानियत जब भी देगी इंसानियत को दुहाई।

तभी वो मौत बलिदान बन पाएगी,
ये वादा भूले तो वो मर के भी सुकून ना पाएगी,
उसी की तरह कोई और खिलखिलाती कली,
दामिनी की दास्तां को फिर दोहराएगी।



Pagans

By Somendra Singh Kharola

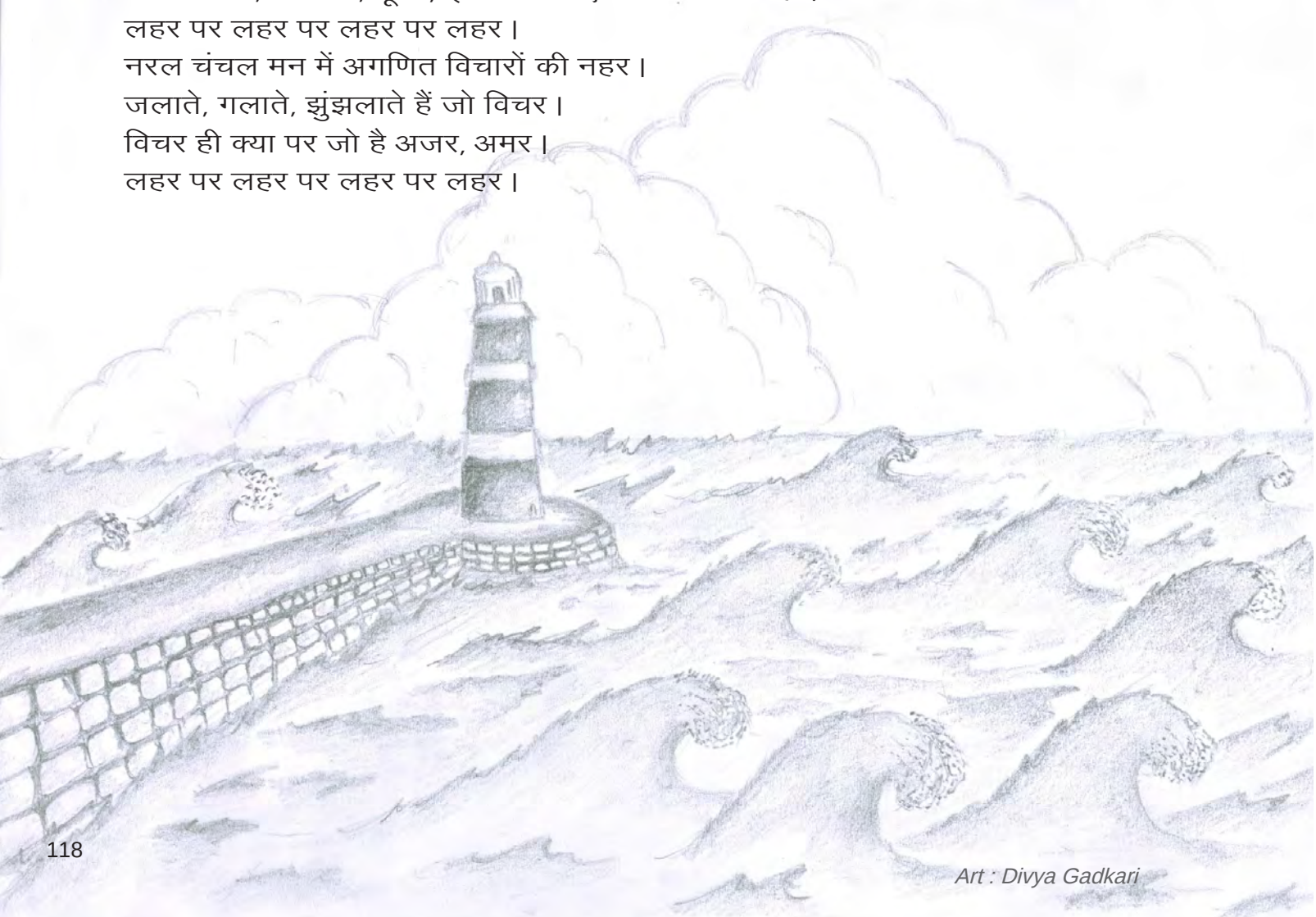
We laughed and high-fived each other as we discussed the relationship between masturbation and athletic prowess. One of us said that a drop of semen costs twenty five litres of blood, another said that the fastest sprinters had their tools curved, and thus extrapolated his success as an athlete by saying that his penis is angled at thirty degrees. Girish said that the *Gita* is an instruction manual that has everything one needs to know about winning a gold medal. Sushil, silent but alert, only munched groundnuts with loud crunches, as he remembered Coach say that Milkha Singh used to vomit blood during practice and that a fistful of groundnuts were his daily staple, *gareeb badaam*. We had started gorging on beef weeks ago, and thought of ways of trapping turtles because we had read an article in a Marathi daily that the black man drinks turtle blood every fortnight. Abhi, the atheist, who once said the ideal sprinter's footfalls are whispers from *Khuda*, bowed down and did a *pranaam*: he tapped his finger on the turf and kissed it. And so we spoke for hours, staring at crows, who swooped for a piece of *roti*, as we laughed and threw words like "genes," "Olympics," "*jeet*," all of us insulated from the traffic and the screams of the real world by the grills of the stadium, and the consolatory shade of the overhead Neem.

All of us,
Pagans,
when spiked up inside the stadium,
Kathuwaas and *Kaafirs*,
when walking outside, head bowed,
with sacred threads of medals noosed around our necks. We
worship the free flight of scavenging crows, not phlegmatic cows,
and are armed with harpoons for the lethargic Turtle
swimming in the depths of a confused *hindu* society.

लहर

शिवसागर

लहर पर लहर पर लहर पर लहर ।
सदियों से चलती जीवन की लहर ।
जलचर, भूचर, चराचर ।
डार्विन का सिद्धांत—जीवन है संघर्ष समर ।
लहर पर लहर पर लहर पर लहर ।
खुले विश्व में वैश्वीकरण की प्रगति की सहर ।
बहने लगी आधुनिकता की हवाएँ पूर्वा पर ।
भारत में भी तो हो रहा है इनका असर ।
पर धर्माधता का अभी भी मच रहा है कहर ।
जिसका उदाहरण है हैदराबादी **MLA** अक्रबर ।
प्रादेशिकता के बंदे राजों की लेनी चाहिए खबर ।
लहर पर लहर पर लहर पर लहर ।
युवाओं में आज के, चाहे हों स्थित गाँव या शहर ।
बह रही है प्यार की; या कर्षण की लहर ।
जीवन ध्येय, संस्कार, मूल्य; इन पर उठाए प्रश्नों का क्या हो ।
लहर पर लहर पर लहर पर लहर ।
नरल चंचल मन में अगणित विचारों की नहर ।
जलाते, गलाते, झुंझलाते हैं जो विचर ।
विचर ही क्या पर जो है अजर, अमर ।
लहर पर लहर पर लहर पर लहर ।



मन म्हणतंय

विवेक सुरंसे

Man Mhantay (The Awakening)

Observing the present scenario, the poet feels sheer dejection. He is tired of the chaos around and wants to initiate a renaissance. This poem urges everyone to welcome the dawn of enlightenment.

-Vivek Suranse

मन म्हणतंय आज एक नवीन गीत गाऊया
कधी न पाहिलेल्या विश्वात जाऊया....
मन म्हणतंय खेळू हास्य धुलीवंदन
पसरवू सर्वत्र आनंदाचे स्पंदन
घेऊ सर्व दुःख हरून इतरांचे
जोडू मना मनात तार भावनांचे
प्रेमाच्या इंद्रधनुने रंगवूया धरा
आनंदरत्नांनी झगमगून टाकू सारा जहां..
पेटवू ज्योत एका नूतन क्रांतीची
फेडू ऋण या आपल्या माय मातीची
चला करूया गजर एका नव्या युद्धाचा
पेटवू मशाली निधाण आपल्या पुरत्या सत्याच्या
होऊ एकजूट आज जनकारणार्थ
तेव्हाच जाणता येईल जीवनाचा खरा अर्थ

Brave Enough

By K. Priyadarshi

You were born brave enough,
But whether you will die the same or not,
Depends on how much chance you take,
Nourished with luck or the destiny you make.

The whole universe tries to distract you,
Makes conspiracies to break you,
But all these will make you rough and tough,
Fighting them you become brave enough.

Just one mere friend, self confidence;
But foes from which you have to build defence,
Enlisted ones are ego and shyness
You should counteract and reach highness.

Be invariant even in adversity,
Face challenges and beat scarcity.
Come up and dig all the life's hard plough,
Show your strength and be brave enough.



Art : Divya Gadkari



OF MONKEY BUSINESS AND LIFE LESSONS

By Ravindra P. N.

Photos : Nisarg Desai & Ravindra

“Yatrigan kripaya dhyan de. Gaadi no 11212, Pune se Mumbai jaanevaali Deccan Queen, platform no 1 se ravaana hone vaali hein” warned a pre-recorded female voice that echoed in the misty but otherwise mostly empty Shivaji Nagar Railway Station. “Hurry up! Let’s get the tickets!” exclaimed Sangam. Nisarg scurried to the counter. We were on a weekend trek to Bhimashankar.

As the train moved slowly, Anil, Nisarg, Sangam and I barely managed to get into a general compartment. It was packed with people, goats, hens and whatnot. It was very difficult to move. Luckily, being skinny, Nisarg and I managed to move through the crowd towards a window. As the train swerved out of Pune, the tender rays of the Sun kissed the skin of the people near the windows. It was a perfect sunrise in the backdrop of hills - much like a kid’s first scenery drawing.

The train snaked across the hills of the Western Ghats, through a few tunnels on the way. One could see kids waving at the passengers as the train passed through the villages. They seemed to enjoy both the sight and the sound of the train. It was a delight to the beholder’s eyes. For those kids, even an old cycle

tire is a prized possession. These sights bore testimony to the ultimate fun and bliss of enjoying even the simple things in life.

As we grow up, we get caught up in the quagmire of monotonous jobs. Obviously, I am not asking you to wave at passengers in trains. I mean, are we digging the wrong places for fun and happiness? We no longer seem to enjoy the so-called ‘simple things’. Is that what makes us grown-ups?

Meanwhile, we reached Karjat. From there, we took an auto to Khandas, a village at the base of Bhimashankar hill. By the time we began trudging up the hill, the Sun looked like an egg yolk on a frying pan. As we continued our trek, we saw a few Macaque monkeys along a cliff on the way. As they seemed quiet and unmindful of our presence, we clicked a few photos.

Suddenly, as if after meticulous planning, the whole group of monkeys attacked us. Sangam and I ran pell-mell while Anil and Nisarg were trying to find a way to escape. A monkey jumped on Nisarg’s bag and scattered its contents. Sangam seemed a little paranoid and was shouting at me to stop running.

He was mad at me for leaving them. Nisarg had lost his rain coat, gifted by his father, in the commotion.

Somehow, all four of us managed to meet near a tree. The Alpha male showing off its extra sharp canines inched towards us. Surrounded, by monkeys in three directions and a steep cliff in the other, we were rendered helpless. We could neither run nor fight. So we decided to open up all the bags and show them that there was nothing left. The Alpha male pulled all the stuff out of the bags and sat with us for a minute, probing a piece of soap. After some time, they lost interest in us and vanished into the canopy.

It resembled a rape scene of a typical Indian movie — scattered clothes, bags, bottles... It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience for all of us - of getting surrounded by monkeys and sharing space and time with the scary Alpha male.

I am sure we have all read many stories of valour in our schools. Some of us even imagine ourselves as the protagonist of the story. Do we really have those

characteristics in us? Can we imbibe them just by being enclosed in the four walls of a classroom? Maybe, if we had stayed together, Nisarg might not have lost his precious rain coat.

I realise that treks are not just aimless trudging in the wilderness. They teach us life lessons. They reveal our inner selves, improve our learning ability and make us mentally strong. Until we are confronted with unexpected situations, we don't quite know what we can and what we can't. It is in such situations that we learn that life is not linear. But, isn't that the beauty of it?

So, *Yatrigan Kripaya dhyan de!* What makes Life worth it, is the journey — the people we meet, places we see, things we learn or unlearn, the joy we find in the simple things. What say, readers? Hellooo...! Anybody there...? Was I that preachy?

PS: Sitting through a boring lecture was the driving force for writing this article. After all, anything can be turned useful. Why not a boring lecture?!



the scene

The Search for Myself

By Vivek Suranse

Something was unusual about me,
I was not as I used to be.
I was not at all normal,
Neither cool nor formal.
I was entrapped in a thick dark valley,
Not merely dejected but melancholy.
My coupled faith and patience had unwound,
In my rain of tears I was drowned.
Here began my true quest,
To find and turn on my best,
That time I began the search for self.
One fine day to find myself,
With commitment and heart afire,
I began to build my own empire.
I gave the face-off all my might.
Just to own the final fight.
But all my efforts boiled down to vain,
I had to suffer defeat and pain.
Dead I lay, silent there,
I returned to the place from where,
I gave up ethics of the rebelling clan,
I lay seized in my own game plan.
Again I marched to win,
This time it was with all within.

Now the times have changed a lot
After many battles fought,
Wiping the scars of bygone pain,
Back I am in a progressive vain
New vistas taking shape,
Provoked thoughts at the door step
I waved a see-off to all disgrace,
FINALLY I found myself,
FINALLY I found myself,
FINALLY I found myself.





द्वीभूता

I am human.
I am, by nature, curious.
I probe, I prod, I question.
I am struck
With wonder.
The wonder of the earth and the stars, the wonder
of the years passed and seconds to come, the
wonder of simplicity and intricacy.
The wonder of what is... and is not.





The Dancer

By Shruti Paranjape

Photo : Shruti P

'*Tam Tam Tam Tam Kitta Taka Ta To Danga Da Ku Ta...*'

I watched as my dance teacher executed her movements perfectly. Slowly, as if unfolding the petals of a delicate flower, the complexity of her steps increased. I marvelled at how she caught the beat beautifully. I stared admiringly at the playfully happy look in her eyes that drew the audience in and seemed to whisper in their ears, "Come. Look. You think that was good? Wait for what's next!"

The navy blue Kancheevaram silk she was draped in, had seemed too rich a colour off-stage. But at the moment, with the stage-lights wrapping her in bright white with a faint tinge of orange, it looked like it had a life of its own. My attention shifted to her jewellery. Perfectly placed. Not even one of the million strings or safety pins visible to the outside world. Stationary, even though her massive body moved with miraculous agility.

I watched her with my mouth wide open. It was a simple piece. One of the first pieces any Bharatanatyam dancer learns – *Pushpanjali* with a *Ganesha Vandana*. Yet she performed it with such finesse that she lifted the difficulty of the piece to a whole new level. It was quite a short piece and she had always managed to leave the audience wanting more after it was done. I knew this time would be no different.

My attention shifted again as anyone's would, to her eyes. They had an unearthly sparkle in them. I glanced briefly at the audience. Were they rapt with attention, caught up in the beauty of the piece? Not quite. I sometimes wonder how people can be so blind.

Realising I was wasting time looking at the audience, I looked back at her. The piece was slowly coming to a close. I looked at her make-up. The skillfully drawn eyes with the black paint flowing, as if of its own volition, along the contours of her eyes; her nose, carefully made to look sharper and more sculpted than it really was; the blush placed strategically so as to give her a most desirable high-cheekbone look.

Someone poked a finger into my ribs and whispered sharply, "Oye! Get on stage!" I snapped out of it and got ready for my entry.

Would I be able to do it? I wondered. Live up to that charm, that grace and that impeccable artistic talent? "No, probably not," the realist in me chimed. That would require me to be the dance, not the dancer. I would have to open myself and give it my all. Somehow, I didn't have the courage to take that jump...

I glanced at my teacher. She had just gotten off stage and was taking a sip of water while instructing the stage manager what track was to be played next. And suddenly, I had faith. Not in God, not in a higher power, not in myself – but in my teacher. Suddenly, I knew. She would guide me till I was ready and she would be the one to wave me goodbye as I threw myself off the cliff and into the dance piece, as a dancer truly should.

With that, the music came on, I stepped into the stage-lights and let myself go.

Split Seconds

By Somendra Singh Kharola

split seconds

Swaying in the bus, the athlete wipes his beady face clean.
He stares at his stopwatch that reads:

10.27,

and laughs softly, as if the *split seconds* and he share a warm joke
others don't understand.

He twirls the display of his watch, trying to catch the lazy gaze
of passengers, but only manages to catch the Sun and mirror
a flash in their eyes that makes them frown and look away. He swings
his head around, lips dry, forgotten *morning toothbrush* breath, clutching
his watch like a child clutching a paper with his first scribble, wanting
the wise elders to read and understand
a mess of curvy lines that, perhaps means love, or something
a lot deeper like the hieroglyphics of an ancient valley. He stands there,
arms locked in an "S," back hunched, tongue flicking out: a hieroglyphic in himself,
whose cipher lies in the clockwork that runs the second hand
so much violence,
for a second's worth of peace,
everyone blind because they blink between ticks.



Art : Lavanya Lokhande



Glimpses of Nature's Nature

By Sukriti Bansal

As soft as the cloud rises,
As soft as the breeze blows,
As soft as the raindrops splatter,
My heart feels the softness of the universal soul.

The music of the drops,
The heavenly thunder of the clouds,
The whiteness of the sky and space,
Transport me to another world.

A white fluffy world
With sweet childhood friends,
We play moving around in circles
Environed everywhere by heaven.

Out of dreams, a world born
With sweetness, tenderness, elixir of bliss divine
Found in the innocence and purity of heart
Of a baby playing with a soft flower.

A dreamworld, my dreamworld
Where the beauty of nature abounds all around
Bliss and joy, the eternal states
To be otherwise, there being no reason.

Where Mamma calls with her gentle call
For a meal cooked, with love, for us all,
And friends so sweet and gentle and lovely
There's no other picture of heaven I could see.

My heart fills with joy and bliss unbounded
That world is so beautiful, I'm still astounded!
Clouds giving out the boasting thunder
Inviting to another world of play and adventure.

The freshness in the washed greenness of the trees
Speaking of the advent of a whole new fresh time,
The posing of the white cloud with the silhouetted mountain
Bringing wondrous images of nebulae in mind!

The slight chill in the breeze
Tingling me within,
And I see another cloud rising
To join our play, here it comes in.

I'm in love. Oh yes! I am in love!
With this life, this world, this beauty,
This grandeur ineffable, I fully give myself to;
There's nowhere else I want to be.

Living in the moment,
Now do I know its beauty
For there's nothing that could surpass
This moment of heaven in its entirety.

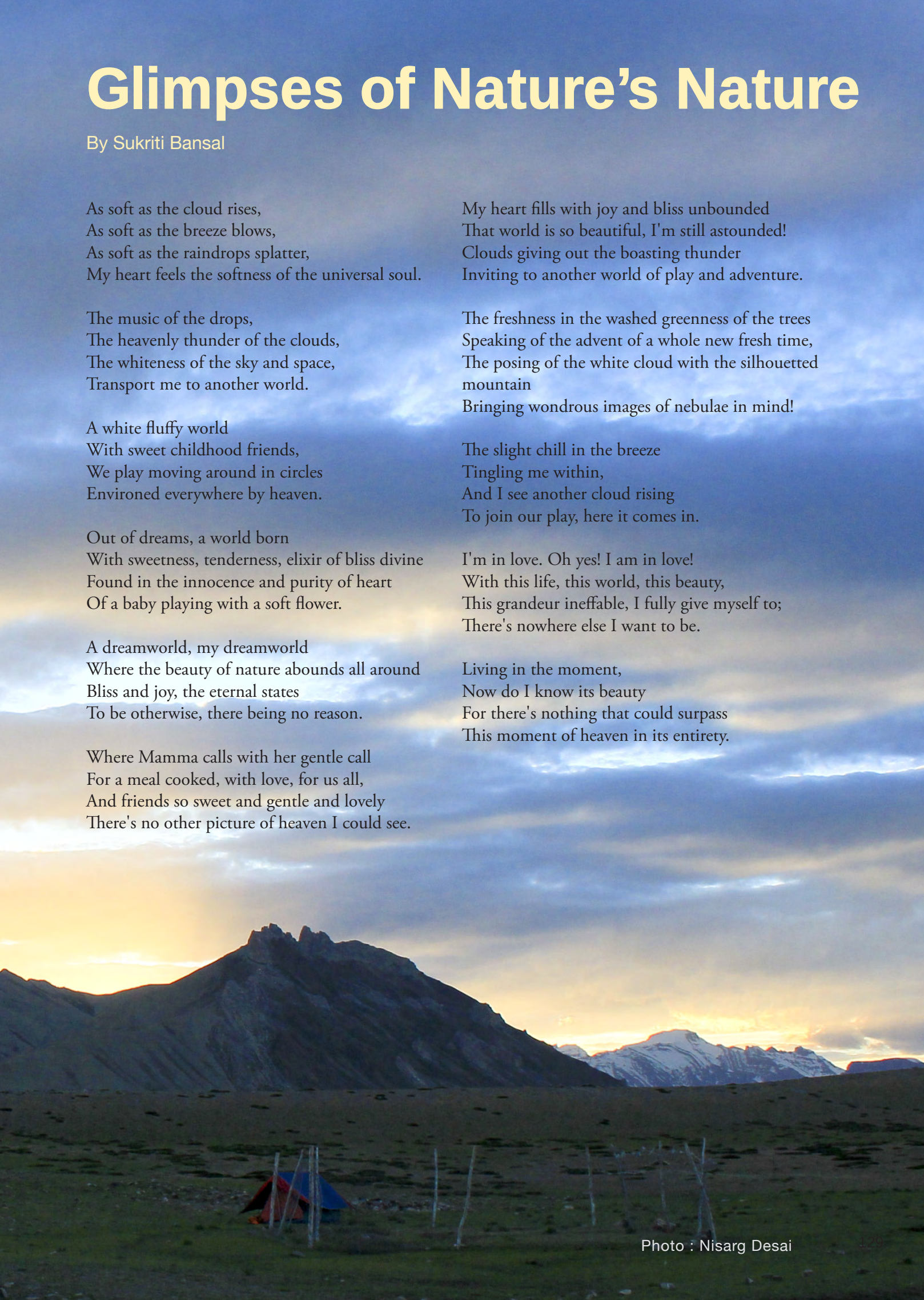


Photo : Nisarg Desai

रायगड

केतन रिकामे

Gadancha Raja: Raigad
(King of Forts: Raigad)

This article is a travel write up. It tells the reader about Raigad- a fort situated in the Sahyadri mountain range which was once the capital of Marathas. The author relates his feelings of inspiration as he revisits the land which the brave warrior Chhatrapati Shivaji had once conquered.

- By Ketan Rikame

रायगड.... छत्रपती शिवरायांच्या स्वराज्याची राजधानी! सह्याद्रीचे निसर्गसौंदर्य आणि मराठ्यांच्या वैभवशाली इतिहासाची साक्ष देणारे अवशेष यांसाठी रायगड प्रसिद्ध आहे.

मी माझ्या कुटुंबियांसोबत या गडाला जानेवारी महिन्यात भेट दिली. रायगडाला जाण्यासाठी पुण्यातल्या माझ्या राहत्या घरापासून साधारणपणे ४ तासांचा रस्ता आहे. निसर्गसौंदर्याने नटलेल्या ताम्हिणी घाटातून हा रस्ता जात असल्याने प्रवास अत्यंत आनंददायी होतो. हिरवागार निसर्ग, खोल दऱ्या, माकडे आणि अनेक पक्ष्यांचा किलबिलाट आमच्या मनात साठवत आणि प्रवासाचा पूर्ण आनंद घेत आम्ही सायंकाळी ५ वाजता रायगडाच्या पायथ्याशी पोहोचलो.

रायगड!... एक अवाढव्य किल्ला, ज्याच्या तीनही बाजू चढण्यास अशक्य अशा कातळांनी वेढलेल्या आहेत... तसेच ह्या गडाच्या आजूबाजूला अनेक गड आहेत त्यामुळे सुरक्षिततेच्या दृष्टीने विचार केल्यास रायगड हीच राजधानीसाठी सर्वोत्कृष्ट जागा आहे.

पायथ्याशी पोहोचताच माझ्या मनात शिवबाची वीरश्री संचारली. मराठ्यांच्या वैभवशाली इतिहासाची साक्ष देणारा तो गड माझी वाट बघत होता. गडावर चढण्यासाठी दोन मार्ग आहेत-पहिला रस्ता पायथ्यांचा आहे आणि दुसरा आहे 'रोप-वे' चा! आमच्याजवळ वेळ कमी असल्याने आम्ही 'रोप-वे' ने जायचे ठरवले. अंदाजे तीन-साडेतीन मिनिटांची 'रोप-वे' ची सफर तुम्हाला रायगडाच्या माथ्यावर 'मेणा दरवाजा' पाशी आणून सोडते. 'रोप-वे'चा प्रवास हा एक अत्यंत रोमांचकारी अनुभव होता. 'रोप-वे'ने जाताना रायगडाचे आणि आजूबाजूच्या परिसराचे विहंगम दृश्य दिसते. मग आम्ही गडावर पोहोचलो.

गडावर जिल्हा परिषद तसेच एम.टी.डी.सी.ची मुक्कामाची सोय आहे. आम्ही डबे खाऊन तेथेच मुक्काम केला. दुसऱ्या दिवशी भल्या पहाटे आवरून आम्ही रायगड भटकण्यास सज्ज झालो.

रायगड अत्यंत सुरक्षित असल्याने त्यावर फारशी आक्रमणे झालीच नाहीत. त्यामुळे रायगडावर मोठ्या प्रमाणावर अवशेष टिकून आहेत. त्यांच्यामुळे आपल्याला तत्कालीन समाजजीवनाचा वेध घेता येतो. रायगडाची रचना लक्षात घेता आपण 'रोप-वे' मार्फत मेणा दरवाजात जातो. शाही स्त्रिया आणि राण्या यांच्यासाठी खास या दरवाजाची रचना केली होती. मेणा दरवाजाच्या डाव्या बाजूला राणी वसा आहे, जेथे राजघराण्यातल्या स्त्रियांची रहाण्याची सोय होती. त्या जवळच पालखी दरवाजा आहे जो खुद्द शिवराय स्वतः वापरत. तेथेच शिवरायांच्या अष्टप्रधान मंडळाचे कार्यालय देखील दिसते.

रायगडावर पाहण्याची सर्वात महत्वाची गोष्ट म्हणजे राजभवन! जेथून राजांनी हिंदवी स्वराज्याचा कारभार चालवला. राजभवनाचे भव्य अवशेष पाहिले असता तत्कालीन वैभवाची, सामर्थ्याची जाणीव होते. ह्याच राजभवनातून इतिहासातल्या महत्त्वाच्या घटनांचे निर्णय शिवरायांनी घेतले. राजभवनात जेथे राजे बसत तेथे आता राजांचे मोठे शिल्प आहे. हे सर्व शिवकालीन वैभव पहाताना मी भारावून गेलो. राजभवनाचे आणखी एक वैशिष्ट्य म्हणजे त्याची अत्यंत हुशारीने केलेली रचना! भवनाच्या एका कोपऱ्यात उभे राहून अगदी हळू आवाजात केलेली कुजबुज देखील राजांच्या बैठकस्थानी स्पष्ट ऐकू येते, तसेच बैठक स्थानापासून केलेले बोलणे भवनात स्पष्ट ऐकू येते! तत्कालीन तंत्रज्ञानाच्या प्रगतीचा हा नमुना पाहून मी थक्क झालो.



रायगड शिवरायांची राजधानी असल्याने गडावर सतत लोकांचा राबता असे. लोकांची पाण्याची गरज लक्षात घेऊन या प्रजाहितदक्ष राजाने गंगा सागर तलावासारखा प्रचंड तलाव बांधला. हा तलाव आजही पाण्याने भरलेला असतो. राजभवनाच्या बाहेरच होळीचा माळ आहे जेथे बरीच मोकळी जागा आहे. गडावर शिरकाई देवीचे मंदिर आहे. शिरकाई देवीला गडाची देवता मानतात. यासोबतच गडावर आपल्याला जगदीश्वराचे मंदिर, शिवरायांची समाधी, महाराजांच्या लाडक्या कुत्र्याची समाधी इत्यादी पाहण्यासारखी स्थळे आहेत. राजधानी म्हटल्यावर बाजारपेठ हवीच! रायगडावर भव्य बाजारपेठ आहे. बाजारपेठेचे वैशिष्ट्य म्हणजे ती एका विशिष्ट उंचीवर बांधलेली आहे, जेणेकरून घोडेस्वार घोड्यावरून न उतरता आरामात बाजारहाट करतील तसेच पादचारी देखील आरामात खरेदी करू शकतील.

रायगडावरचे हे सर्व अवशेष पाहिल्यावर त्या काळचे सिव्हिल इंजिनिरींग अत्यंत प्रगत होते याची खात्री पटते. हे सर्व अवाढव्य बांधकाम ज्या इंजिनिअरने केले त्या व्यक्तीचे नाव होते... हिरोजी इंदोलकर!

हिरोजी इंदोलकरांबाबत एक आख्यायिका आहे. शिवरायांनी हिरोजीला गडाच्या बांधकामाची जबाबदारी दिली. त्यानुसार हिरोजीने अत्यंत तन्मयतेने बांधकाम सुरू

केले. बांधकाम सुरू असतानाच अचानक राजांना काही कारणाने बाहेर जावे लागले. महाराजांच्या अनुपस्थितीत सुद्धा हिरोजीने तेवढ्याच निष्ठेने काम चालू ठेवले. बांधकाम सुरू असताना पैशाची नड भासली तेव्हा हिरोजीने चक्र स्वतःची शेतजमीन आणि मालमत्ता विकून बांधकाम सुरू ठेवले. सरकारी तिजोरी लुटणाऱ्या कर्मचाऱ्यांना पाहिल्यावर हिरोजीच्या कर्तव्यनिष्ठेला सलाम ठोकावासा वाटतो. हिरोजीवर खुश होवून महाराजांनी हिरोजीला बक्षीस देण्याची इच्छा व्यक्त केली, तर हा पठ्या म्हणतो— महाराज, मला काही नको. फक्त गडाच्या प्रवेशद्वारी माझ्या नावाची फरशी बसवावी जेणेकरून मला रोज तुमच्या चरणस्पर्शाचे भाग्य लाभेल. ‘सेवेचे ठायी तत्पर, हिरोजी इंदोलकर’ धन्य ते शिवराय आणि धन्य त्यांचे ते मावळे!

रायगड पाहून झाल्यावर उतरण्यास सुरुवात केली. अंदाजे दीड तासात आम्ही पायथ्याशी पोहोचलो. एका अब्दुत विश्वातून मी बाहेर आलो होतो. पायथ्यापासून पाय निघत नव्हते आणि सोबतच असा अविस्मरणीय अनुभव घेतल्याबद्दल अभिमान वाटत होता, मन अस्वस्थ झाले होते आणि बरेच काही...

सरते शेवटी हा अनुभव जास्तीत जास्त लोकांपर्यंत पोहोचवण्याचा निश्चय करून मी गडावरून परतलो.

कुछ याद ऐसे भी

धन्या मेनन

कितना अंदर है ये रिश्ता
मेरा इन तारों के साथ
टिमटिमाते हैं, चमकते हैं
लगता है जैसे मुस्कुरा रहें हो |

अकबर सूर्य की तीव्र किरणें
जब छिपा देती हैं एक नीली चादर आसमान में |
छिपा देती हैं मेरी नज़रों से इनकी मनोहर मुस्कान,
तब याद करती हूँ इस आत को
कि आएगा अंध्या का वो सुनहरा पल
जो फिर से नज़र में ले आएगा
मेरे इन दोस्तों को |

फिर एक ऐसा पल भी आता है
जब लंछे इंतज़ार के आद
रात होने पर भी
मेघों के घने भंडार
छिपा देती हैं इन्हें, फिर मेरी नज़रों से
तब मन को दिलासा देती हूँ
कि कालवर्षा के उभ मुहूर्त के पश्चात
फिर मिलेंगे मुझसे मेरे ब्यायी मित्र |

आज ना इंतज़ार है मुझे रात का
ना इंतज़ार है मुझे वर्षा के समापन का
छोड़ जो दिया है मेरी आँखों ने मेरा साथ
जिनसे देखती थी मैं उन्हें
मगर गम नहीं है इस आत का ज़रा सा भी मुझे
क्योंकि मन मंदिर में करती हूँ इनके दर्शन
हर पल हर क्षण |



The Story of The Mountaineers

By Sidharth Sivaraj

I'd bet my life, but Moldy was mad
Pausing and gazing, rather too often
Far more than one could bear to see
And thus Himmodern shouted to warn...

"Monk, you seem like a nutter on the loose
Race it is, now bother to climb.
Men are just, in fairy tales,
The first to climb will snatch the whole"

Moldy was mad to remain unheard,
Seemed too bonded with nursing a plant,
Trodden for long by men in herd
Still clutching to life, with hope so deep...

"Pity, old man, for losing your way
To joy of joys that who will deny?"
Marking the words who moved along
Leaving the monk to stretch the twigs.

"Each step done, less yonder the top
Abode of bliss, that glory beholds"
Drumming the chest, he sped the climb
And then he was there, two feet away...

Slowly he rose to face the top
Alas! It was hot, as barren as hell
Where lies the joy, who wandered about
There was none, nor a speck in the air.

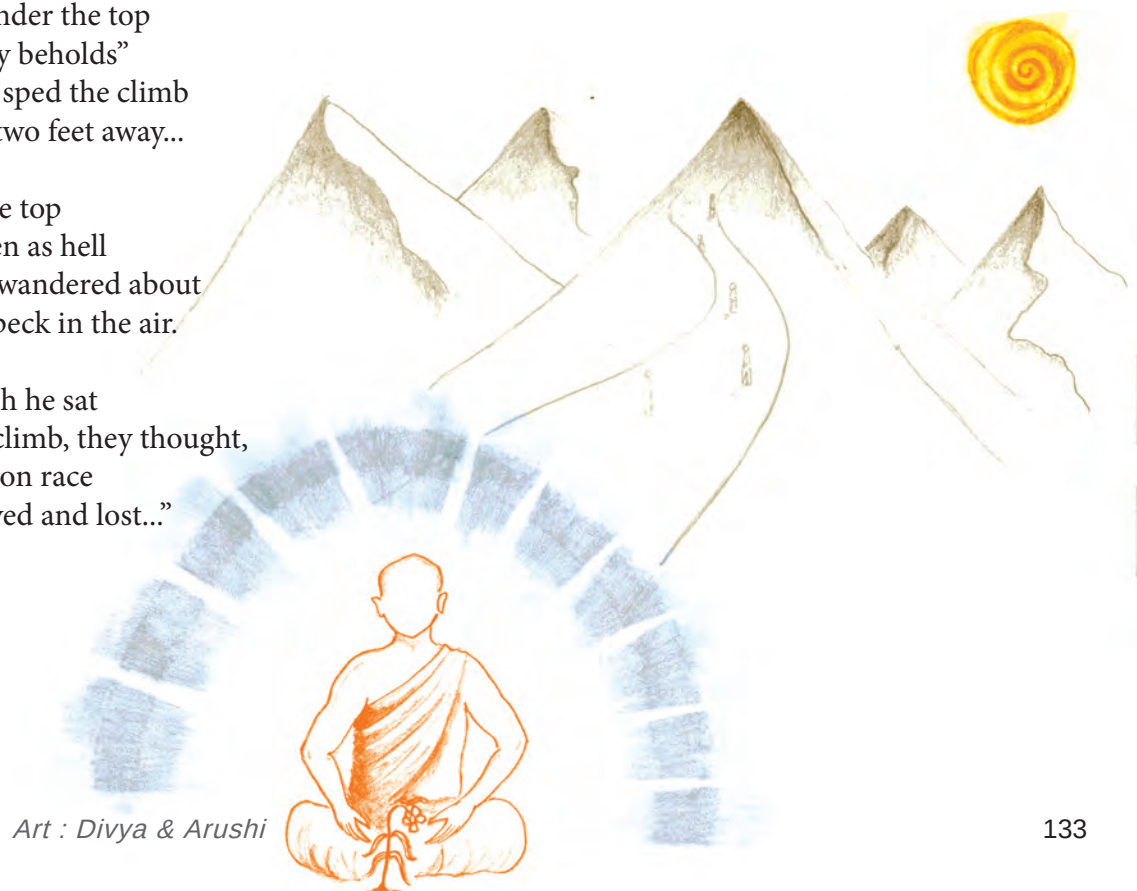
Fuming throne, on which he sat
Like men who won the climb, they thought,
"Envied we are, by herd on race
Yet see what we are, played and lost..."

Then there was breeze, and Moldy rose
Tardy to climb, he was told,
"Someone stole it long before
Now be the king, who failed the life."

Moldy smiled and slowly he spoke,
"You were wrong, and still you are.
Who could steal the joy of joys?
Confined at the top, never it was.

You looked above, when to look around
Now around, when to look deep in,
You shut your eyes, ever so hard
To sole of whole, the soul of yours..."

Baffled to follow the riddles he made
They kneeled to him, with mounting awe
And Moldy smiled, charming the air
Then they knew the joy of joys...



Art : Divya & Arushi

Just an Observation

By Harini Suri

Rising early in the morning, feeling the cool breeze on your face as you splash water to freshen up, you are welcomed by a hot cup of tea with the sweetness of jaggery in it... Indeed all this brings me out of my sleep to look around. And as I do, I start to wonder how beautiful the place is – A modern Indian village!

Taking into account a couple of my visits to various villages of our country along with a few inputs from my friends, I start reflecting upon the villages of our country. Back at school, you are given a description of an Indian village as a place where all your tradition stays alive and people believe and follow it, in spite of it being an under-developed way of living. Are they really like that? I don't think so!

A village is a place where you should be, to learn to live a complete and an efficient life. We, living all our lives in cities and towns, have been obsessed with development, economy, and knowledge. But to highlight the truth, any common man in an Indian village would surely know much more about a number of things than any of us. He might not be able to do high level programming and earn lakhs to fill his pockets, but he surely can tell you how to live happily with minimal needs. He can tell you what pure water smells and tastes like, from where and how food reaches his plate, what a great joy it is to live together with pets and relatives alike and best of all he could tell you what it is to have peaceful sleep at night after the day's hard work, in order to keep us (the city folk) and his people happy!

I remember walking through the roads of one such village... I can see the sun rising and drenching the village in its brightness, giving the village its shine! Sure enough, all our Indian culture lies here, but you find atheists here too. You find such revolutionary ideas in them, that you start fearing a relapse of the revolution of 1857. I realise that all they need is

a spark to pull them into heated debates, which seem much more logical than any that take place within the walls of our lecture hall! And how can I have forgotten their hospitality to every stranger who came to their home – that's just one thing you won't get anywhere else! The food is too good and too homely to ever forget.

Down south, when I talked to a villager, I remember, she told me that she had been a resident of that village for more than 80 years. Having come there when she was 2 years old, with her parents, when the country was in the hands of the British, her family was welcomed by the so-called head of the village to live in his house. I simply couldn't believe her, but many others told me the same. A miracle village of our country, perhaps! She continued with her childhood stories, how her family followed traditions or better still, 'adopted' them from all around, how she enjoyed the *melas* and how she learnt to swim in the well there. She smiled, and I saw the happiness in her eyes, past her wrinkles.

Hardcore in keeping with traditions, the villagers of our country are witness to immense cooperation. If you talk to one of them, you already know about a bunch of them. You can see them, you can feel them with their words and they simply make you realise how they have few worries in life. They have their own principles and ideas about everything and their lives revolve around myths and grandma tales.

I recall the words of one of my companions, who has lived all her life in a village. She believes that every village has its own fragrance. You live there and you know it. Studying in a city right now, she laments her loss. I can see her beaming as she talks about her village but puts on a faithful look when she starts to tell me how she believes the fact that when you sit under a banyan tree and think, the power of your brain increases. When I ask about the development



Art : Lavanya Lokhande

of her village to meet the present needs, she assures me with these words, "No village in our country is backward. Every modern invention and technology has its roots in a village and I can't find one person who can object to that. And what is development? It's just a fancy word to put cities above us. Villages are well-developed, because we know to live happily with what we have and if we need anything more, we take care of it ourselves!"

I would like to close with those inspiring words which have left me in awe every time I think of them. Somewhere in my heart, I am unhappy that I never got a chance to live in a village, but I am glad enough to quote all this to you! Now, enough of my ravings about my experiences; you should visit an Indian village and know how blessed you would feel!

एक वस्ती

रश्मी कुलकर्णी

Ek Vasti (A settlement)

As the author looks out of a window in her office, she observes the daily life of people the surrounding slum areas. It is a world which is close yet so far from where she is. She draws parallels of this vibrant community to the ever-changing nature.

-Rashmi Kulkarni

माझे ऑफिस आहे तिसऱ्या मजल्यावर. त्याच्या खिडकीतून लांबच लांब पसरलेले आकाश दिसते, अगदी टेकडीपर्यंत आणि त्याच्या खाली आमच्या इमारतीला लागूनच आहे एक वस्ती, तशी साधीच. गरीब लोकांची, दोन वेळा जेवून पोट भरणारे असतील. कधी कधी त्या खिडकीत संध्याकाळी उभे राहिले की सारे काही रंगीबेरंगी आहे असे वाटू लागते. त्या वस्तीला एका बाजूला पत्र्याची घरे आहेत एका ओळीत, आणि मग बराचसा भाग तसा ओसाड आहे. तिथे बरीच झाडे-झुडपे, गवत वाढलेले असते. आणि त्या घराच्या मागच्या मागच्या बाजूला मोठ-मोठाली झाडे आहेत. कधी खिडकीतून पाहिले तर ती हिरवीगार झाडे एकदम उठून दिसतात त्या आभाळावर.

त्या ओसाड जागेत एक पाण्याचे टाके आहे आणि मधोमध एक बंद पडलेला 'गुड्स कॅरिअर' वाला ट्रक. त्यात बरेच वाया गेलेले सामान टाकलेले आहे तसेच त्यावर 'आय.पी.एल' च्या 'पुणे वॉरिअर्स' चा झेंडा फडकताना दिसतो. तो ट्रक सोडून काही अंतर मागे वीटा लावलेल्या आहेत, लावलेल्या म्हणण्यापेक्षा जुन्या वीटभट्टीचे अवशेष असल्यासारख्या पडून आहेत. त्यांच्यावर खूप सारे शेवाळ चढलेले असून ऋतुमानानुसार त्याचा रंग बदलतो. ट्रक जवळ एक हातपंप असून जवळच पाण्याची बरीच भांडी भरून ठेवलेली असतात. त्या हातपंपाचा लोक सतत वापर करतात त्यामुळे तेथे वर्दळ असते.

त्या वस्तीची प्राणीसंख्या देखील कमी नाही. एखाद्या पत्र्यावर एक दोन बोके हळूच उडी मारताना किंवा भांडताना दिसतात; त्यांना बघत राहिले तर त्यांच्या सूक्ष्म आणि स्थूल हालचाली कळून येतात. तीन-चार गावरान कुत्री त्या ओसाड जागेत उगीच फिरत असतात. कधी एखादे कुत्रे त्या विटांवर बसलेले असते, पावसाळ्यात तर हिरव्या सिंहासनावर बसल्यासारखे वाटते. कधी कधी तर त्यांच्या भांडणाचा आवाज वरपर्यंत येतो, मग आम्ही खिडकी बंद करतो. मधूनच एखादी गाय पण दिसते. संध्याकाळी एखादी बगळ्यांची माळ तिच्यावरून उडत जाते. पावसाळ्यात तिथली ओसाड जागा अनेक गवती फुलांनी भरून जाते आणि वरून पाहिले की अनेक फुलपाखरे आणि पक्षी त्यावर रुंजी घालताना दिसतात.

त्या वस्तीतल्या मुलांचे खेळ सुद्धा ऋतुनुसार बदलत असतात. उन्हाळा असेल तेव्हा त्या माळरानावर क्रिकेट चालू असते, किंवा ट्रकची चाके काठीने फिरवत मुले फिरत असतात. जेव्हा पावसाळा



सुरु होतो तेव्हा वस्ती रंग पालटते आणि मुले देखील त्यांचे खेळ बदलतात. पावसाळ्यात झडावर सूर पारंब्यांचा खेळ चालू असतो. मुले-मुली उंच उंच झोके घेत असतात; वर त्या आभाळाकडे बघत, किंवा कुठेतरी साचलेला पाण्यात उड्या मारत असतात. कधी मोडलेल्या ट्रकवर पण दिसतात. त्या मुलांचे कपडेसुद्धा फार काही छान असतात असे नाही पण दंगा करताना ती छान वाटतात. त्या हिरव्या सौंदर्यात अजून भरच पडते. त्या वस्तीतल्या बायका पण कधी कधी दुपारी बाहेर बसून गप्पा मारतात



Photo : Chaitanya Afle

किंवा पाण्याच्या टाकीजवळ बसून काहीतरी कुजबूज करत असतात. मध्येच एखादा सण असेल तर तेथून गाण्याच्या रेकॉर्ड्स पण ऐकू येतात.

कधी कंटाळा आला की मी त्या खिडकीत उभी राहते; वरून पाहताना असे वाटते की त्या वस्तीचे स्वतःचे असे एक विश्व आहे, कदाचित ते तिथल्या लोकांना पण माहीत नसेल. तिथे सतत काहीतरी लगबग चालू असते, प्राण्यांची... मुलांची.... बायका-माणसांची.... कुठले ना कुठले आवाज सुरूच असतात, भुंकण्याचे... हसण्याचे... गाण्याचे... आणि निसर्गाच्या लयीचे देखील... वस्तीचे चित्र ऋतूनुसार बदलते. ती पावसाळ्यात जेवढी सुंदर दिसते, तेवढीच उन्हात तापल्यावर सुद्धा दिसते. तिथे एक

लय आहे, तिथली ती ओसाडाची जागा आणि मोठाली झाडे जशी बदलतात तसेच तिथले लोकही बदलतात, ते बदलाला आपलेसे करतात, आणि कदाचित म्हणूनच ती वस्ती कितीही वेळा पाहिली तरी ती नवीनच वाटते, नव्याकोऱ्या अनुभवासारखी.

भले त्या वस्तीतल्या घरांवर डीश-टीव्ही च्या तबकड्या लावल्या असतील, भलेही ती मोठ-मोठ्या इमारतींनी झाकली गेली असेल, पण वरून बघितलेतर सकाळपासून रात्रीपर्यंत रंग बदलणाऱ्या आकाशाचे प्रतिबिंब तिच्यावर पडलेले असते. त्या वस्तीच्यारंगीबेरंगी कोलाजातून निसर्गच लयबद्धपणे दाखवत असतो खूण आपल्या अस्तित्वाची!



Sayali shevate



Abhishek Soni



Omkar Manjerakar

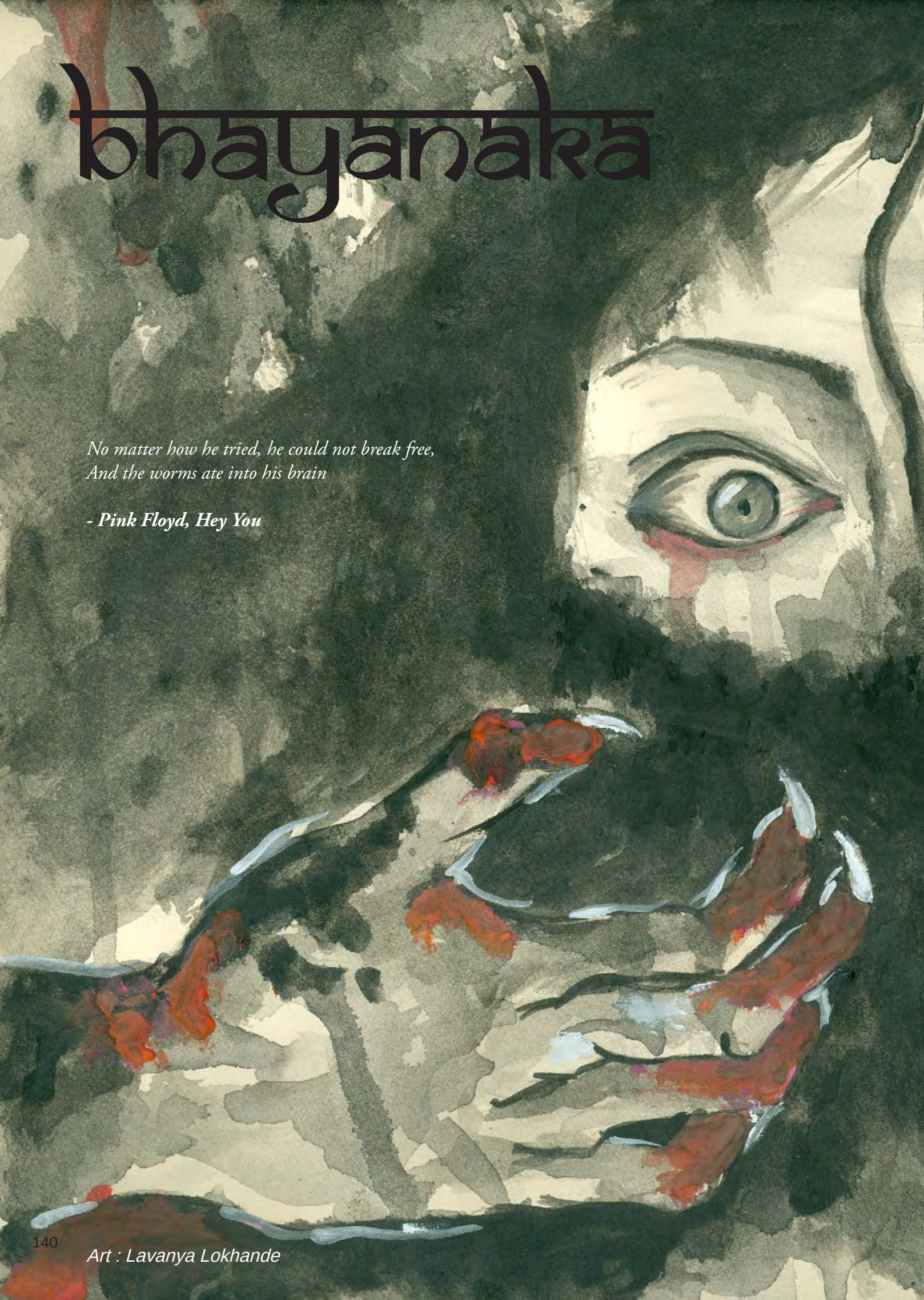




Photos : Nisarg Desai

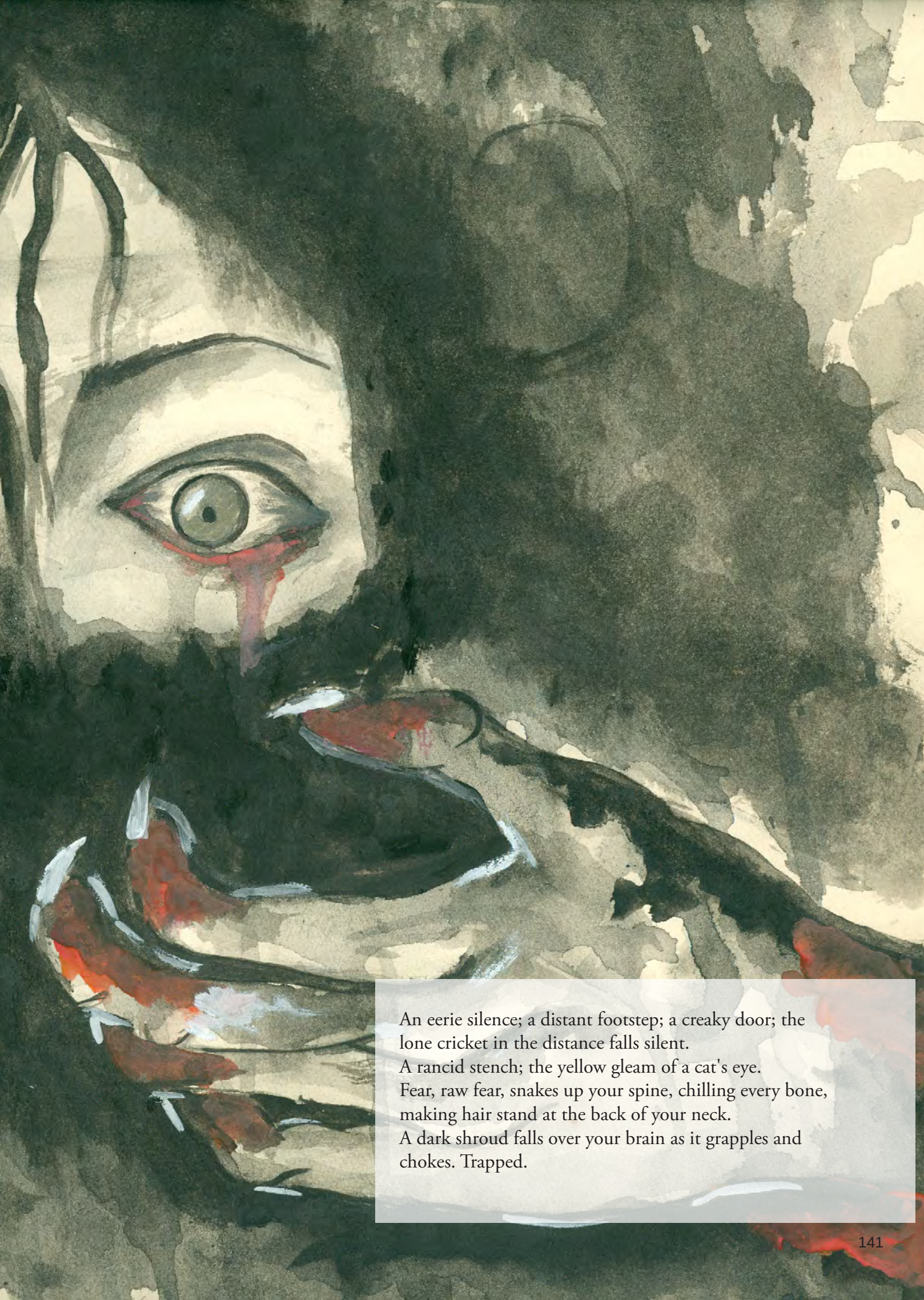


bhayanaka

The background of the page is a dark, textured watercolor painting. It depicts a face with a large, staring eye and a body with several red, bloody wounds. The overall mood is somber and intense.

*No matter how he tried, he could not break free,
And the worms ate into his brain*

- Pink Floyd, Hey You

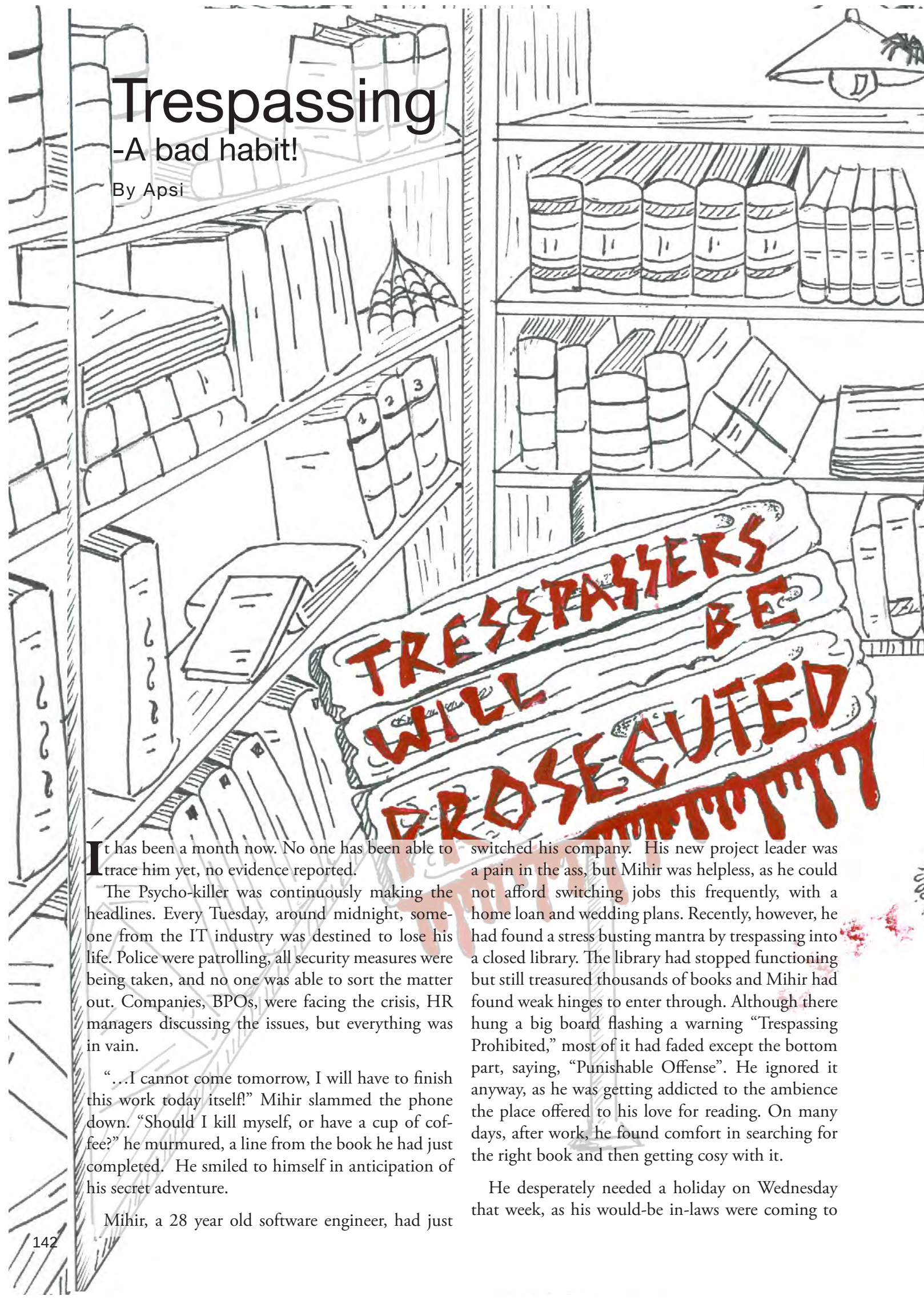


An eerie silence; a distant footstep; a creaky door; the lone cricket in the distance falls silent.
A rancid stench; the yellow gleam of a cat's eye.
Fear, raw fear, snakes up your spine, chilling every bone, making hair stand at the back of your neck.
A dark shroud falls over your brain as it grapples and chokes. Trapped.

Trespassing

-A bad habit!

By Apsi



**TRESPASSERS
WILL
BE PROSECUTED**

It has been a month now. No one has been able to trace him yet, no evidence reported.

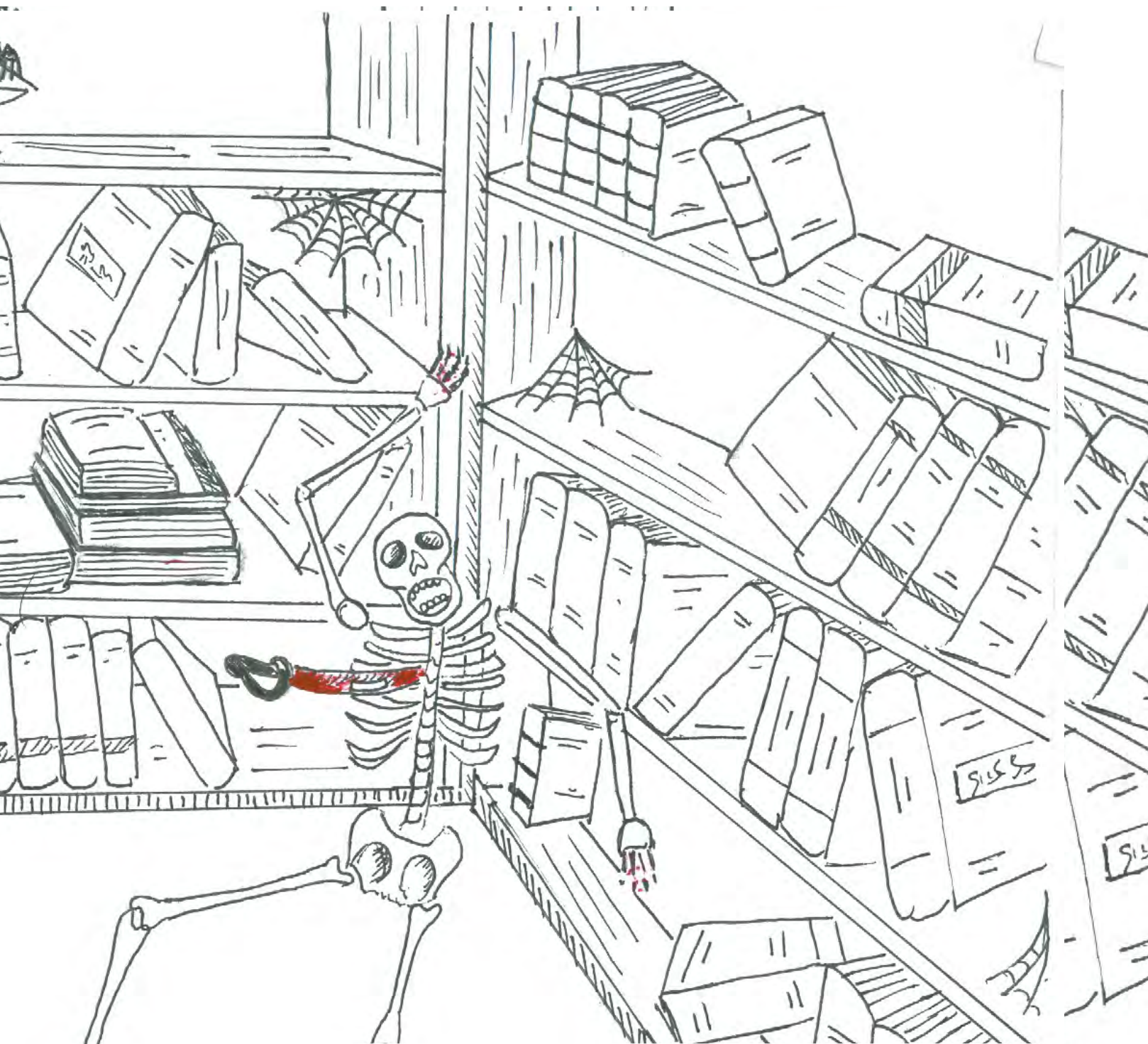
The Psycho-killer was continuously making the headlines. Every Tuesday, around midnight, someone from the IT industry was destined to lose his life. Police were patrolling, all security measures were being taken, and no one was able to sort the matter out. Companies, BPOs, were facing the crisis, HR managers discussing the issues, but everything was in vain.

“...I cannot come tomorrow, I will have to finish this work today itself!” Mihir slammed the phone down. “Should I kill myself, or have a cup of coffee?” he murmured, a line from the book he had just completed. He smiled to himself in anticipation of his secret adventure.

Mihir, a 28 year old software engineer, had just

switched his company. His new project leader was a pain in the ass, but Mihir was helpless, as he could not afford switching jobs this frequently, with a home loan and wedding plans. Recently, however, he had found a stress busting mantra by trespassing into a closed library. The library had stopped functioning but still treasured thousands of books and Mihir had found weak hinges to enter through. Although there hung a big board flashing a warning “Trespassing Prohibited,” most of it had faded except the bottom part, saying, “Punishable Offense”. He ignored it anyway, as he was getting addicted to the ambience the place offered to his love for reading. On many days, after work, he found comfort in searching for the right book and then getting cosy with it.

He desperately needed a holiday on Wednesday that week, as his would-be in-laws were coming to



meet him. He had no other option but to stay back in the office and finish the work in advance.

It was almost 10.30 and Mihir was all alone on his floor. He was almost done with the work. All the cabs were gone. He was thinking of calling someone to pick him up, when his cell got switched off due to low battery. He even shrugged off the idea of visiting the library. He made up his mind and decided to walk down some distance and take a lift from the highway. He was pre-occupied with planning a meeting with his in-laws the next day.

He was walking on the road now. A bike passed by, but the bike was gone before he could ask for a lift. He saw a guy at some distance, he was wearing an I-card same as his. It was weird, no one had been in the lift with him, neither in the lobby, nor when he crossed the compound. Where had this fel-

low come from? The guy was speeding up with every moment. Mihir was suddenly tensed. All the news from the past month, the awareness meetings, everything started running in his mind. Alas! It was Tuesday! He was really scared now. He started looking for someone on the road, in vain. The killer got to him. They started fighting with each other, Mihir was no boy. One was no less than the other. The killer had a sharp knife and Mihir was struggling to keep it away when he heard the patrolling van approach. Now he had to hold the killer just for a few moments more. Suddenly Mihir saw the knife approaching him. In an attempt to push it away, he stabbed the killer. The killer was dead... Mihir was walking with the police, handcuffed, under arrest for the suspicion of being the serial killer. Just then, he remembered where he had spent those bloody Tuesday nights - in the closed library. Trespassing is indeed a bad habit!



The Corridors

By Darshini

As she woke up, a whip of light from the corridor hit her eyes through the vent. She squinted and sat up, blinking quickly. Her roommate lay dead still on her bed across the room. The digital clock on the bedside table flashed the time, glowing like a cat's eyes: 4:00 am.

She needed to go to the restroom. Sighing, sticky from the humidity, and still groggy, she slipped her feet into her sandals, got up and felt her way to the door, trying not to knock anything over or bump into any furniture lest her roommate wake up. Stepping outside, she began shuffling along the corridor.

It was a long shuffle. The light, so bright when it hit her eyes, seemed faint and had a greenish tinge to it, and every other lamp flickered, creating and casting shadows about, making the walls look grimy. There was litter strewn before every dark door, and viscous soda all over the floor, remnants of the previous night's party. Her sandals made sucking noises each time they left the ground, and the echoes of her footsteps off the plaster walls made the small passage seem cavernous. No room was lit and there was no movement anywhere, which was odd. There was always somebody awake at this time.

The bathroom light was on as she turned the corner, and it shone unnaturally brightly

through the small window, like some alien beacon left in a cave. Nervous now, she quickened her steps and clutched at the handle of the door.

It did not open.

The glare from inside was so bright; she had to shut her eyes. She pressed her body against the door, breathing quickly, frantically pulling the handle in any direction it would move: needing to get inside and away from the flickering corridors. Nothing happened.

She swore, and as the short, sharp sound bounced off the walls, the light from the lamps wavered a final time and died. The light from the bathroom illuminated her frightened eyes as her pulse quickened. The only other light came from the elevators from the far corridor, which led to the other floors that had their own bathrooms.

The night was warm and humid, and her nightshirt was soaked, but her hands and neck were cold as she walked stiffly to the elevators, trying to be as silent as possible. 'It's just dark. There's nothing to fear from the dark. I'm not afraid of the dark.' She repeated this over and over in her mind, with her heartbeat resonating in her ears. As the glow from the elevator displays came into view, she tried to stop herself shaking as she sprinted the last few steps and punched the



'up' button. She hugged the wall and rested her head against it.

The blare of the elevator's arrival tune was distorted as it ripped through the silence, making her jump. The second the shiny chrome doors parted, she bolted inside, steadying herself in the clean white light, holding the rail as she faced the wall. She turned to press the button of the next floor, and froze, as her pulse shot up again and breath stilled.

Dark red ooze was spread across the once shiny buttons, falling drop by horrifying drop into a thick, congealed pool on the elevator floor. It was smeared in an urgent, haphazard pattern across the inside of the doors. She screamed, her shrill voice reverberating in the tainted metal chamber. She clutched her face and hyperventilated, not knowing what to do. The elevator blared its eerie arrival note again, and it had hardly opened when she jumped out, still shrieking. She fell, hard, onto something soft, her face touching a wet, sticky surface. Panting, she lifted herself to her knees, and as the lift doors slid shut, dimming the scene, she looked upon what she had fallen against.

From the light of the elevator displays, she saw a corpse, the face painted red with blood, the blank eyes staring upwards, the lips blue, the neck pouring crimson upon the dirty floor. She could hardly believe her eyes as she

saw her mauled classmate lie, unmistakably dead, on the ground.

Terror and panic overwhelmed her, and she ran towards whatever light she saw, tripping and tumbling but moving onwards, all the while yelling as loud as she could. She tripped over an upturned dustbin, and as she looked back, she saw another splayed body.

She ran faster than she had ever run through the dark, hellish corridor, towards the lit bathroom. She threw herself against it, her screams mingled with sobs now, and the door yielded against the pressure as she fell inside. Crying violently, she stayed on the ground, not knowing whether she would be the next victim of whatever horrors were taking place. She stayed down for a long time, her body shaking, her matted hair sticking to her tear-streaked face.

Finally, she got up, and wiping her face with her wet sleeve she walked to the wash basin. She looked into the mirror, and for the final time that night, she froze. Her face was covered in dried blood, and her arms were caked with it. Her white shirt was scarlet, and wet. She gasped, and saw that the inside of her mouth and teeth were all red, too. Now that there was light, she examined her fingernails, and saw bits of flesh under them. She looked up, expressionless, and her eyes rolled upwards as she fell backwards, onto the floor.

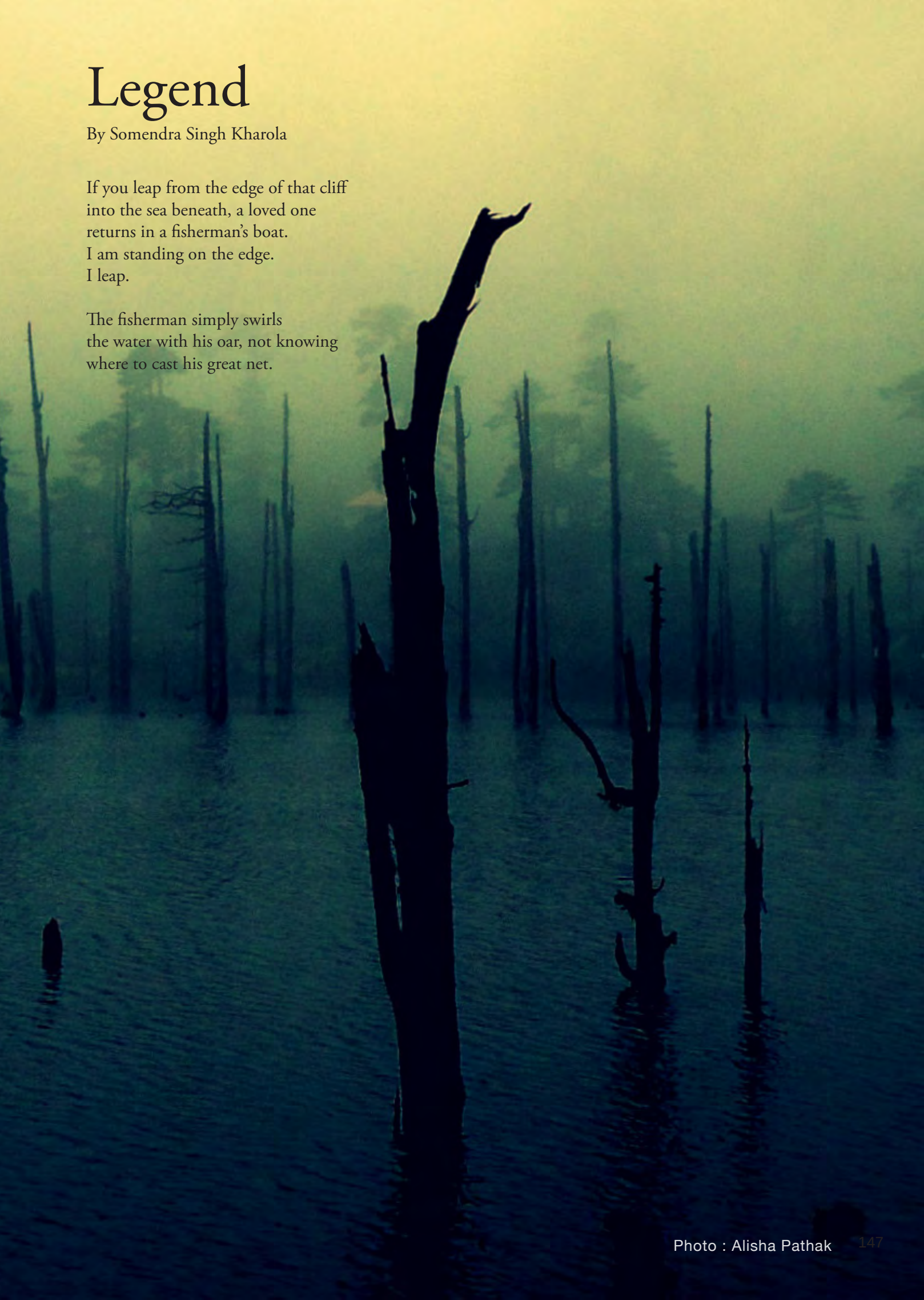


Legend

By Somendra Singh Kharola

If you leap from the edge of that cliff
into the sea beneath, a loved one
returns in a fisherman's boat.
I am standing on the edge.
I leap.

The fisherman simply swirls
the water with his oar, not knowing
where to cast his great net.



“After a storm comes a calm.”

-Matthew Henry

Life is an endless tempest; an onslaught of myriad emotions. The purpose of life is to conquer all emotions in quest of its eye. The eye of the storm is a place of calm. Yet, true tranquility is not attained by merely conquering one's emotions, but by simply letting go. *Shanta* is this state of the absence of the *rasas*. It is the state of nothingness.

Nothingness.



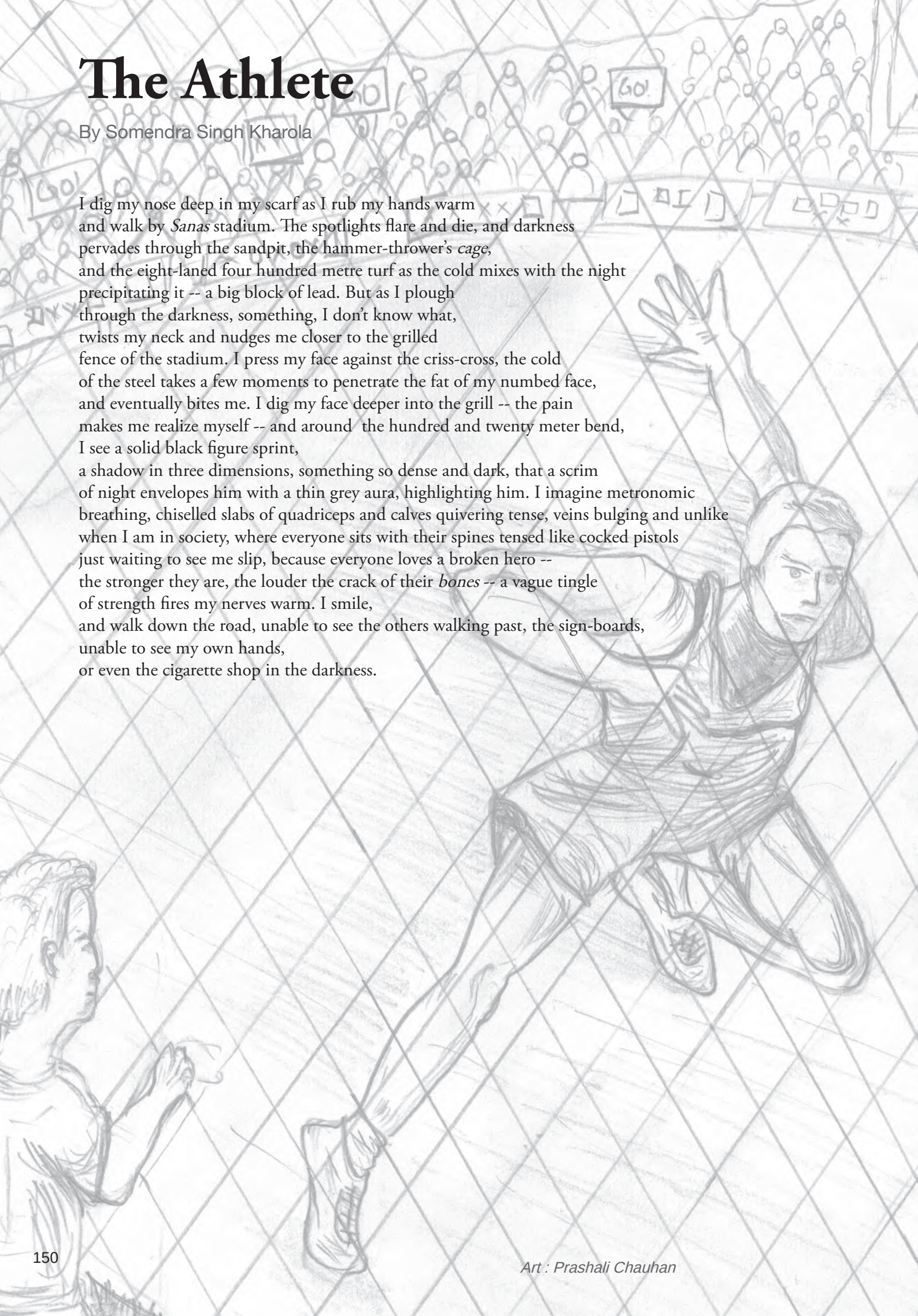
शान्ता



The Athlete

By Somendra Singh Kharola

I dig my nose deep in my scarf as I rub my hands warm and walk by *Sanas* stadium. The spotlights flare and die, and darkness pervades through the sandpit, the hammer-thrower's cage, and the eight-laned four hundred metre turf as the cold mixes with the night precipitating it -- a big block of lead. But as I plough through the darkness, something, I don't know what, twists my neck and nudges me closer to the grilled fence of the stadium. I press my face against the criss-cross, the cold of the steel takes a few moments to penetrate the fat of my numbed face, and eventually bites me. I dig my face deeper into the grill -- the pain makes me realize myself -- and around the hundred and twenty meter bend, I see a solid black figure sprint, a shadow in three dimensions, something so dense and dark, that a scrim of night envelopes him with a thin grey aura, highlighting him. I imagine metronomic breathing, chiselled slabs of quadriceps and calves quivering tense, veins bulging and unlike when I am in society, where everyone sits with their spines tensed like cocked pistols just waiting to see me slip, because everyone loves a broken hero -- the stronger they are, the louder the crack of their *bones* -- a vague tingle of strength fires my nerves warm. I smile, and walk down the road, unable to see the others walking past, the sign-boards, unable to see my own hands, or even the cigarette shop in the darkness.



Sea of Tranquility

By Akash Bahai

I see myself fall,
And yet I don't cry in despair.
For none shall hear my plea for life,
For no one is around to care.

I hear the birds sing their songs,
I hear the slithering winds;
I wish I could be with them,
I wish I had wings.

In retrospect of times happily spent,
Oh! Days which are long gone,
I miss those cherishing moments
Never have I felt more alone.

I lament for what I couldn't do,
Of words left unspoken.
I think of promises not kept,
And hearts I've broken.

Made my mistakes, let everyone down.
I can't, I can't hold on for too long.
Ran my whole life into the ground
I can't, I can't get up and get along.

None of this matters now, the end is nigh,
Soon all shall be forgotten.
None shall remember me,
There will be no requiem.

I'm ready to fade now,
Accepting my fate with equanimity,
I shall now sleep a peaceful sleep,
In the sea of tranquility!







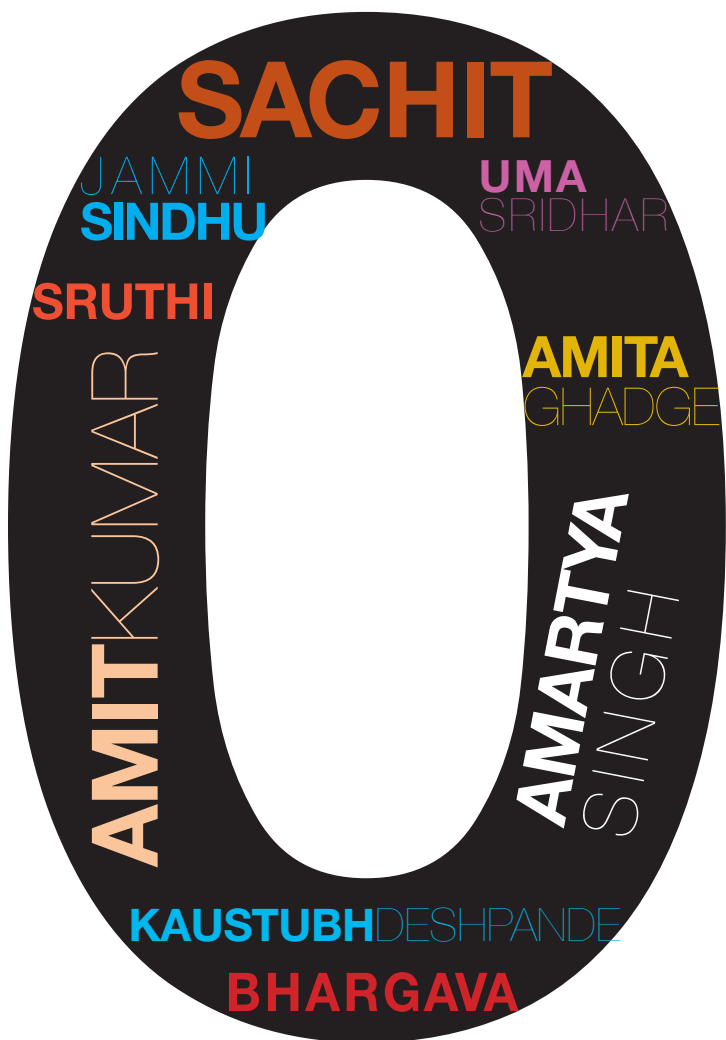
Nagaraj Balasubramaniam



Alisha Pathak

An
Ode
to *Batch*





To see spaces and hear commas

- My experiences with Kalpa.

By Siddharth B. I.



In my first two years in IISER, I was on the editorial board for Kalpa. That period was great fun and great learning. I hope some of you relate to this account of my first year with Kalpa.

Fall 2008*, my first semester in IISER Pune. Things back then looked very different from now, with just around 150 students, less than 20 faculty and a similar number of PhD students. Sometime mid-way through the semester, we got a mail from a senior asking students to apply for selection of editors for Kalpa - the IISER magazine. That's when four of us - Sarthak (2007 batch), Krithika, Roshni and I got to meet Sisir, a very serious looking 3rd year who seemed to live completely out of this world. We each had to prove ourselves by writing a short article on topics he gave us, and then critiquing each others' articles. Thus we were brought into the dubious world of literary creativity at IISER. Sisir was an enigma, massively creative, and able to work in abstract realms we couldn't always comprehend. He was also a hard taskmaster (not a bad thing, considering how lazy we were), and getting appreciation from him would really make my week. He worked very hard to

train us and tried hard to delegate and make us take up responsibility. Ambika ma'am also played a huge part in keeping us on our toes whenever Kalpa work slackened. And the Director of course - the final authority on edits (the ones he saw at least).

For two months we sent out notice after notice to the IISER community, and as the time neared, begged and bribed our friends to send articles. Then started the editing - first a few articles at a time, eventually a flood that required us to get special permission to stay in the computer lab at Sai every day till midnight! Jagruti joined us for Marathi editing and Sumit for Hindi. With a great deal of pushing from Sisir and Ambika ma'am, it all slowly started coming together, and eventually went to print. We three first years actually thought we had done a great job and went home for a well deserved mid-sem break, only to come back and realise that Sisir and

Sarthak had spent the week doing a massive amount of hand, leg and brain work to clear up all the little messes we had left, and fill in the gaps. Then came the endless hours spent with the printer, something Kalpa editors down the years can always look forward to. Our batch came together and actually gave a lot of articles, I think the highest per capita so far (would appreciate if editors have data).

After working for many months, Kalpa went to print; and enough copies made it in time for the Annual Day, when Kalpa was to be released. We all prepared quite eagerly; there wasn't much to do, but we were eager... Sisir gave the editor's speech at the magazine release, a speech that, by all accounts, very few people understood. However, having worked with him for some time, what he said made sense to me, and it was very exhilarating to have a glimpse of the literary world he lived in. Kalpa came out; I felt thrilled that our baby was up and about after so much work, to the extent of being a little over-protective of it. I was quite dismayed, 6 months down the line, to discover it being used as weighing paper in the Biology lab, but am now used to the idea.

The next year, Kalpa happened in a similar way, with a new batch adding its enthusiasm and talent. First experiences imprint a lot stronger on the mind, and so I shall not say much about the second time, save that it was also a lot of hard work and a great experience, and that we didn't delegate as much as we should have. We also realised what it is to take full responsibility; with Sisir gracefully retired, we were continuously discovering how much more work there was to do, all which he had silently done before.

In the years since, Kalpa has grown along with IISER; greater talent, creativity and craziness is manifest in the pages year after year. Every year, there are a few people motivated enough to trouble everyone for Articles (I shall admit that past editors are as bad as anyone in terms of contributing on time). Back in first year, we were very thrilled with all we had done - thought we

put out marvellous prose and poetry, inventive posters, and great art, but the successive editions have definitely humbled us. I am constantly amazed by the writing, drawing and designing talent that shows up year after year. And I'm happy that it's only going to grow as time goes on, and glad that I got to have a hand in making it happen for a short time.

I was quite dismayed, 6 months down the line, to discover it being used as weighing paper in the Biology lab, but am now used to the idea.

As this rambling account comes to a close, let me actually get to the title. Editing dozens of articles usually got me into fights with co-editors about commas. Yes, we'd fight over where the commas should be. Of course, I think I'm right, and she's wrong (still). But an unforeseen consequence of all

that work is that I now catch people who are practising speeches, on where, they have placed their commas. The Kalpa experience has also served to heighten my dislike for Irresponsible Capitalisation and further fed the crazy Grammarician in me. I also dislike extra spaces between words, which makes it very hard to read justified text. And I think font conveys a great deal, which is why it's very irritating to write my whole MS thesis in "12 pt Arial".

I also think that, when you have the time, you should look at some of the older editions of Kalpa in the Faculty Lounge or Library. It will make for quite an interesting read, from the time back when IISER was so different. You will find articles on what the IISER logo means, early life at the institute, pictures of popular faculty playing cricket in the Sai garden, mysterious drawings on hostel walls, and much more. Also, if you are seriously bored and enjoy self-punishment, search for the misplaced punctuation, bad capitalisation and grammatical errors in this article (notice how this conveniently absolves me of all blame for my mistakes, they were intentional!)*.*.

May you all have many more years of reading and contributing to Kalpa! Incidentally, how many of you know where the name came from? A final piece of advice : Beware of Kalpa editors! They are all more than a little crazy! ***

*I marvel at the naming of our semesters. In most of India, Fall happens around the Spring Semester, and Spring somewhere in the summer break.

**But it still was very hard to knowingly put in bad punctuation :) So there isn't much of that around

***Lets see if they edit that out.

"The craziness, we do not deny. With your wishes, we comply."
- Editors, Kalpa '13

Just a Perfect Day

By Krithika Mohan

Awakening to a shrill alarm call booming through my room is not the most pleasing of things. Awakening is a hard thing to do. Yet, we have all been doing it for centuries. At least, most of us. Difficult to deal with initially, but waking up to something is a great feeling. Granted, after you have awakened. The whole day just unfolds in front of you, and is right there for you to go do something you want to. Anything. A walk (yea right!), breakfast (humph! fine), lab (oh thaaat experiment – deliberately ambiguous, you can't make out if it's positive or negative), sleep (mmm). It's actually (quite literally) the time when all your senses are fully receptive. In short, you feel the most when you rise in the morning. It doesn't feel like much, now does it? Apart from a lot of resentment, that is. Awakening is a great thing once you have dealt with the initial hiccup. It then offers immense hope, humour, ambition, and the will to excel. Awakening to me, is like a best friend who puts me through hell, but always means well. I love to awaken every day, as I have done for the past five years (and before!).

The next, most striking thing (after the loud alarm call, of course) is the sunlight. Shining through the curtains, certainly refreshing. A warm glow spreads through the room, and leaves you wishing that the room stays exactly the same throughout the day. Most of our wishes involving constancy of a particularly beautiful natural experience never come true now, do they? The earth continues to rotate, and within no time, it's noon. The sun overhead, extremely intense. It's like someone is sitting on top your head, as literal as that might be. It's a little troubling, but the extraordinary intensity and illumination is worth admiration. I just wish, if only I could imbibe some of that energy, and translate it into excitement, my life may be a tad better. In any case, the noon passes as all good and

bad things do. Noon evolves into a lovely, enjoyable evening conducive to mindless chatter – almost relaxing. All in all, the sunlight, to me, is like a pleasant, agreeable friend.

Awakening to me, is like a best friend who puts me through hell, but always means well. I love to awaken every day, as I have done for the past five years (and before!)

While we have traversed to the pleasant evening, which leads me to hope that night will come very soon and I can say this article is over, an overarching theme stops me. I have to back track (google says the word doesn't exist!). In any case, once I have woken up and seen the sunlight, it leads me to some form of worship. Not the kind we did in the dreaded 'assembly' at school – not knowing the right prayer, lip-syncing even if you knew, shouting it out to be louder than the loudest you can hear – generally, cause chaos! Worship now means deciding what to do with the brand new day ahead, what to achieve, what not to try, and give myself the much needed pep-talk after the previous day's screw-ups. It's like a frank encounter, akin to looking in a mirror and seeing what I can do for myself. I like this time of the day – it's honest, real, and very encouraging to go ahead with the day with the confidence to achieve. Like a confidante, this time of the day gives me comfort and security. (Sounds like I end up achieving a lot per day, but this is about when the aforementioned screw-ups starts accumulating!)

The next phase of my day is running into people. At

breakfast queues (okay, not stood in as many queues as I jumped, wearing a serious, busy expression). But, on most days, it's wonderful meeting people. They always have something to offer – some interesting anecdote, being told about a truly marvellous natural phenomenon (which sort of reminds me why I am doing science), being told about a truly marvellous man-made phenomenon (like how a computer works – which reminds me of how I might not end up doing what I want to so well), some incoherent babble (which I listen to attentively just in case, just in case things suddenly start to make sense. It mostly never does). It feels good to see people helping each other, just out of the goodness in their heart. Also, because they know exactly what they are talking about. Hanging out with people is very enriching, feels very powerful, nothing is insurmountable – always something new to learn, and there is something fundamentally cool about learning from your friends.

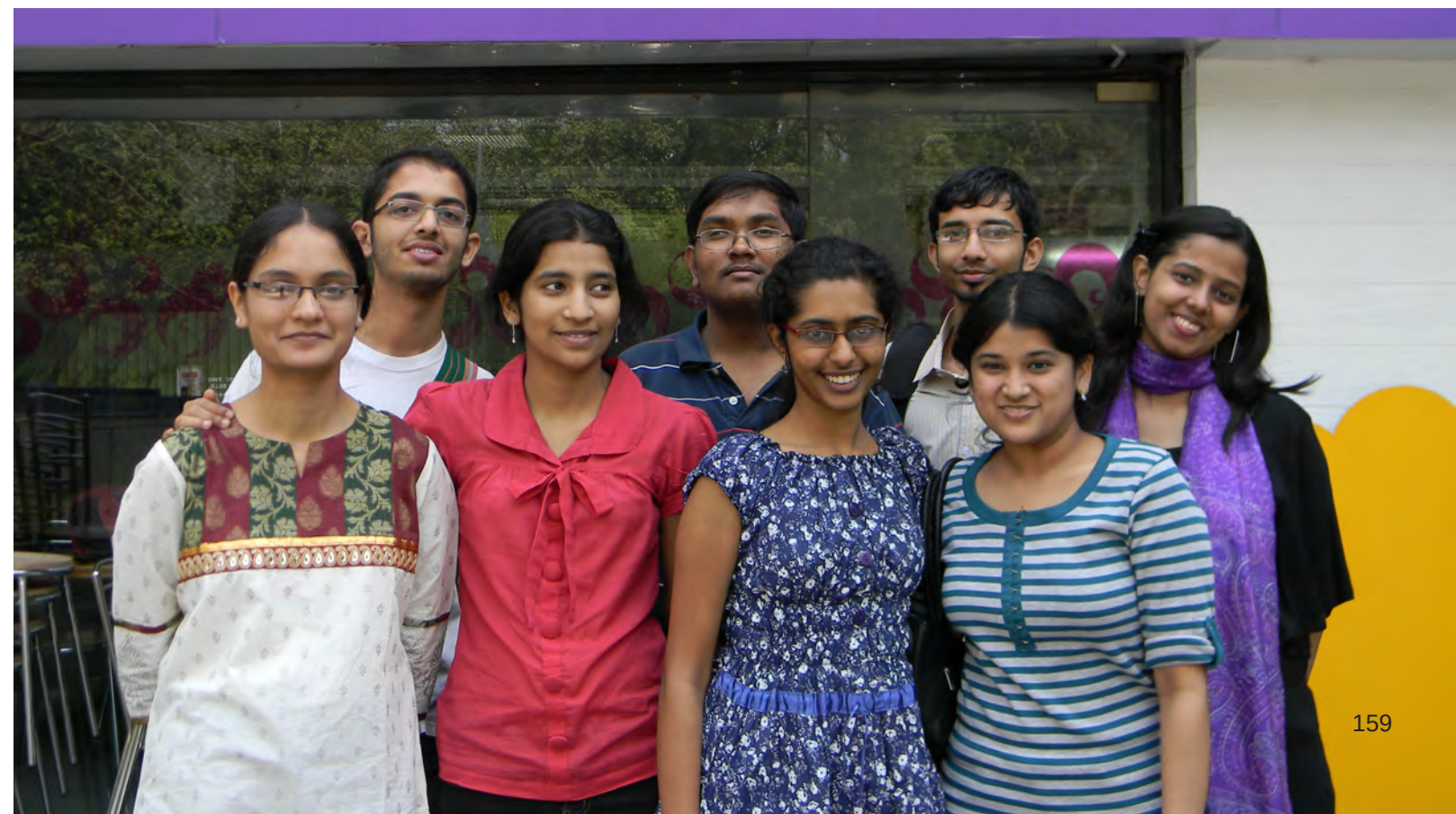
Some work now. Goals set, ideas ready and the work finally begins. Slowly climbing down the ladder of inertia, I get down to business and actually do things. Talking to a lot of people, exchanging ideas and incorporating it in my work. This time of the day is most productive. Real, quantifiable progress happens. On most days. On some days, it's the mindless chatter and smart-aleckism that abounds. Mostly, I realise my dreams (in very small ways) and find meaning in what I do. I am always reminded of being capable of achieving what I set my mind to. It's like a friend saying "You can do it," constantly! You can never get too much of

that, even if it's an obvious jab.

After some socialising and achieving what I want (or at least thinking that something productive has happened), I mostly end up thinking (oh finally! you say?). Thinking about the day's events, contemplating the pros and cons, a side thought on what book I should read at the end of the day, another side thought on what food component have I missed eating for the day? Reminiscing, rationalising – some reward, some regret – reminding me of those thoughtful times spent during vacation atop a mountain, or while staring at the ocean. The ocean is one of my favourites, waves oscillating back and forth, introduces synchrony into my thoughts. But, a small disturbance can cause chaos. And it's enormity – huge, endless expanse – is like a generous person. It's marvellous to just start thinking about such things – it gives me a sense of comfort and intellectual satisfaction (okay, okay, whatever little intellect I possess).

The contemplation phase evolves into one of realisation. The day is finally ending (and finally, so is my article). And it has been meaningful. Some goals realised, some goals redefined – realisation that the day has been perfect indeed. It's this sense of meaning and achievement that makes my day truly perfect. With thoughts of a good day, I snuggle into bed thinking about how perfect the days to come will be!

Thanks to IISER for having made a lot of days perfect!



*Remember a day before today
A day when you were young.
Free to play alone with time
Evening never came.*

*-Richard Wright, Pink Floyd
(Remember a Day)*

A flip through these pages will be like being overcome by a wave of nostalgia. Each of the navarasas creating their own ripples with each dip into the ocean of memory.

So here it is. A scrapbook of snippets, intricately sewn together, beautifully portraying the life that was IISER.

G
a
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v



For all the sides of your nature (some more unsavoury than others), you are still also the person who will pick up a wounded squirrel and take care of it.

– Sachit

Trust GPS to come up with the worst imaginable pun for every statement made! I always thought it was quite amazing the way your mind would have to work to come up with those things! – Bhargava

It was always interesting to see you put your 100 percent into anything you seriously worked for. By that, I mean Plants vs Zombies. – Madhusudhan

Jeeten



Someday, IISER will have a course on Age of Empires with Jeeten Patel as the instructor. – Anirban

The comedian of the batch!

Noaman

I've nothing but respect for this guy. I couldn't ask for a better roomie, friend or fellow prankster. – Anees

"Bas apne laser ki tabiyat theek rakho, phir sab kuch mast."

A wonderful friend and all-in-all a great guy. Miss our prolonged discussions on random topics. Regret the fact that we never really pursued some of the ideas that came out of these sessions. – Amartya



Hardik

Gajji! One of the most sincere and true at heart persons! – Kaustubh

One and only true METHEMETECIEN, since the day one of our admission. – Noaman

One of the most good-hearted persons I ever met – Sruthi

Kaustubh

An inspiration! I was awestruck by his concentration level. – Mihir

You can also judge his awesomeness from the fact that he got an A in a GR course that nearly half the class failed. – Anirban

The stuff you do makes me go "Wow!" and reminds me that giving is important and that giving can and does happen. – Sachit



Tushar

You're a dedicated guy with clear ideas of what you want and how you want to do it, which makes my conscience a lot more active when it comes to working with you. – Siddharth

I found in you a great physicist, and that was reflected in the question-making sessions of Mi-mamsa. – Noaman

Soumitra

I was quite amazed by your passion for Indian classical music, that sprang up seemingly out of nowhere, and the gusto with which you set to learning the sitar! – Bhargava

Anyone can just look at you and tell that you have the 'genius scientist' look about you. – Roshni

I will remember Soumitra as the guy who faintly resembled the lead singer of Red Hot Chili Peppers. – Anirban

Siddharth

I always wonder, how could you speak with your million dollar smile on your face with every one around and how politely? Thank you very much for supporting me in every possible way. – Pranith

“You talk too much.”

You can pretty much do anything you want to – effortlessly and perfectly. never seen one as enterprising and inclusive as thyself. – Krithika

On behalf of the herd : Is it a bird? No. Is it a plane? No. It's IISERMAN! Tadadada...



Pooja

Over the times, I've come to think of Pooja as my cheering charm. There's just something about talking to this girl that always cheers me up! It's probably her sunshiny outlook on life or the way she can always find something to laugh about in any situation. – Roshni

I really admire the way you narrate things. Keep spreading the smile and warmth around always. – Uma

She's the most diligent person I know, meeting every deadline no matter how insane the workload. It's no wonder she's going places. A lover of all things cheesy, chocolatey and colourful, and a persnickety perfectionist to boot, that's Pooja for you. May she never, ever change. – Anirban



Apurv

Apurv, you make the best presentations ever! – Pooja

When I get worked up I sometimes tell myself "Think Apurv, be calm". Your amazing Marathi accent made me determined to learn Marathi. – Sachit

Ravi

Chilled out... and beaten up... describes you very well.

The treks, in which I barely managed to pull myself up, and you would go bounding past like a mountain goat!

First thing that comes to mind... Mafia!

Always up for debate about anything. It, in a way, shows how open-minded he is willing to be about stuff – Madhusudan

Nishant Singh, the one guy who really knew how to show off his Jockeys.

Helpful, funny, a terrible singer, fun to be with and the opener for 'The Ras-cals' – Vasu



Nishant

Shwetha

One person who I am sure has tried out more new things in life than anyone could possibly think of, and that too, in such a casual and natural way! - Sruthi

Swetha! The most absent-minded-professor-ish character you can come across!

Bhagwat, don't teach your murderous practices to your children. - Siddharth



Ankur

A very laid-back (spent virtually the entire 2nd semester on his bed!) and chilled out person.

Probably THE most no-frills, chilled out guy in what remains of our batch. - Ritesh

All the IPLs we won, devising new ways to torture Bhargava in HR-3. It was fun. - Vasu

Krithika

Unbelievable that we bonded over spectroscopy, of all things... But I'm really glad we did. - Pooja

Not having the expressive prowess of yours, I would just say, you have been the best friend. - Jagruti

Always able to see a side to things that I just wouldn't notice and string words together in a simple, yet beautiful way. - Roshni





Bhargava is one of the worthiest person I've seen! - Kaustubh

Bhargava gives a new meaning to "happy-go-lucky." It is hard to find a more care-free person. - Madhusudhan

I have never seen anyone with as much energy and as much appetite as Borg, always up for any sport and more food. He's also probably the only person to ever wear inner wear as headgear. Thankfully, the trend did not catch on. - Anirban

He never says no to his friends for anything. He is a very good organiser, though it doesn't look like it! - Iti



Uma

An earnest person who pretty much knows what she wants and gets what she wants. - Krithika

I'll always think of you as the most calm and subdued person I've ever known.. of course, you are quite the storm when roused! You are so enthusiastic about things that you think are worthwhile! - Roshni

Shreyas

You've had a very eventful time at IISER, breaking more bones than any ten others combined, but you've taken it all with your usual cheer. You're the guys who made Karavaan into what it is now, and it was one amazing effort. - Siddharth

Don't let the German beer go to your head! - Bhargava

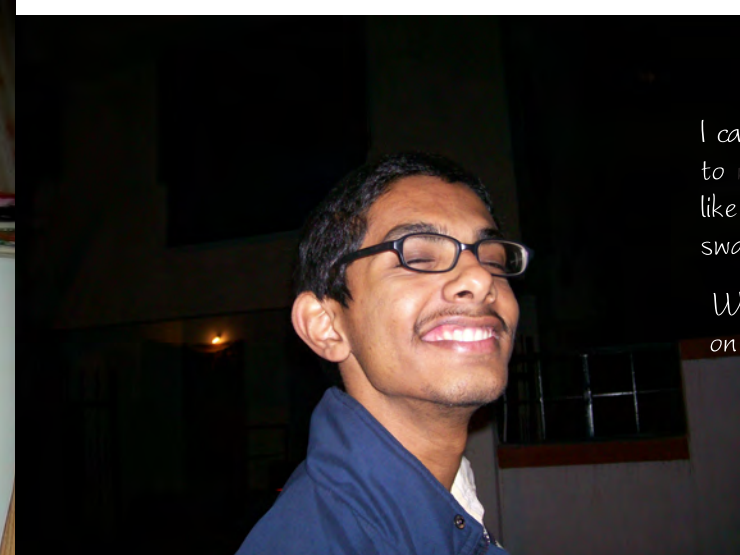
Sumeet

Bapat Singh, Daya, Bobdaya, Bootstrap Babu, Bops, Babu Bapat and still counting....

Only serious guy in our group (his attempts at jokes are terrible). But anyways, a very good friend of mine. - Vasu

Thank you for all the laughter you inspired. - Madhusudhan





I can never get exasperated enough at your ridiculous solutions to my problems. You taught me how to look for joy in little things, like the shining linings of the clouds in the sky or the grass swaying in the breeze. - Roshni

Will always remember all those times you would listen to me talk on something, and then slowly prove me wrong, burst the balloons of my ideas. - Jagruti

Sachit

Jagruti

Very straightforward girl with great ambition. It was the greatest discussing cool neuro stuff with you. - Krithika

I was really surprised by our shared interest in action movies! :P thank you for reminding me about your rock inclinations! - Bhargava

Your few words are carefully spoken, insightful and filled with with inimitable, brilliant dry wit. - Sachit



Amit

My second roomie, cheerful enough to shield me from the 'depression radiation' from Arya. Our favorite game was to raid other rooms at night and seize all the eatables from that room. Most of the time Pranith Simha was at the receiving end - Vasu

Suhas

A master in entertainment. He ensures that no one he is with ever gets bored, even if it means he has to make himself look stupid. - Tushar

Paritosh

When we want stories we come to you, you are a wonderful narrator



She's the craziest, most paranoid, 'Miss Perfect' person I have ever seen! - Sruthi

It's amazing how you don't care about deadlines, but insist on doing a perfect job. You have a habit of kicking-ass - everyone's in everything. - Krithika

Usually you are great fun to chat with, but when you get angry, the only option left to me is to run away. Also, please grant me a fraction of your immense chaotic power, and I shall sacrifice a goat in front of your idol. - Ashwin

And that's how I'll remember you the most...as a super crazy fun version of G. Ambika - Swetha



Roshni

Amita

You were a fun person to talk to, taught me some Marathi and Hindi. It still intrigues me - the way you laughed when I confirmed the spellings of these words. You were totally tickled. - Krithika

Never seen a more chilled out and easy going person ever! she's always ready for having some more fun and always has this nice warm smile on her face! - Sruthi

Deepali

Vasumitra

This guy can get a laugh out of a cow chewing the cud! Always lightens up the moment. - Bhargava

He was the epicentre of our C-wing gang, with an endless stock of hilarious stories. - Anirban

Kumar Vasu mitra Singh!! A guy full of confidence (bhale hi fokat ka :P) - Iti



Harshvardhan

My dad was somehow very impressed on meeting you. I did not deem it wise to keep him informed about your extra-curricular exploits. - Anirban

Always good for a couple of laughs (in the rare moments when awake and moving), one of the few chaps who always wanted to DO something - Bhargava



Shruti

Your slow motion way of doing things is like a master practicing t'ai chi :P. - Sachit

I still remember her perennial confusions while playing cards or in any conversation... your "what"s and cute doubts have always made me feel very happy. - Iti

Travel-mates for sure! We somehow seemed to have a lot of things to roam around together for! - Ramya



Also known as Maharani
(Chamak Challo, Choom-
Rani, and what not...!)

Sometimes we agree on some things, sometimes we disagree a lot more, but it's great how we end up having so much fun!
- Tushar

Ramya

The best thing about you is that you are so independent, and can pretty much do anything really well, by yourself. - Krithika

By looking at you, I get a new perspective towards life. -Iti
One of the most freethinking freethinkers that I know.

I have never seen another girl whom you can trust to keep your secret safe and sound for ages and ages! And its amazing how well she 'figures people out'. - Sruthi



Anup

Truly devoted towards football and a die-hard Messi fan. This guy doesn't eat for three days when Messi plays badly. - Vasu

And those treks... we would probably still be walking in circles if it weren't for your swift Marathi tongue!
- Bhargava



The prim, poised, dainty hair twirler! - Ramya

Behind that silent exterior, you have such energy and enthusiasm.
- Krithika

Her lively smile and chirpy 'Hi!' always cheers you up! - Sruthi

Sindhu

Ankita

Your boisterous nature, rough and ready attitude and sporting qualities gave much colour to my early times at IISER. - Sachit

Being with her always makes you cheerful... She can make friends with absolutely anyone and make herself feel at home anywhere. - Swetha



I'm extremely relieved that you haven't knifed me in all these 5 years. - Siddharth



Ritesh

Playing Counter-strike till dawn!
And birthdays!



Iti

I will never forget those names given by Siddharth which included my name... generous! or stupid! or curious! I!

The phrase 'heart of gold' was invented for Iti! - Roshni

She's kind and friendly, and you just can't help liking her! - Pooja

Iti Kapoor. The target of 90% of the jokes of the '08 batch, but she fights back. Of late, she has developed a very dangerous poison which she spits in response to your jokes. The victim loses all sense of rationality and after gaining consciousness, runs away. Evolution at work, I say. Further studies show that the potency of the venom is at its peak around 12:00 hours. There is some problem with her mental balance as well but rest assured, if you survive these challenges, she is a nice and enjoyable person to be with! - Vasu



T.A.N Ashwin

This guy always said to me "I don't know enough Math!!" Boy, is he modest! - Sruthi

"He likes to prove it, prove it" - Anirban

And he can Move it, Move it! You've not seen him jump out of the bed when sufficiently aggravated - Siddharth

He always had trouble with the notion of authority. That's what made organic chemistry lab a little tolerable. - Madhusudan



Madhusudan is literally a walking encyclopedia. - Anirban

If there is a zen master at IISER, it's Madhusudan. Stoic, composed and almost wise, he is one of the few persons that I miss. Has an almost OCD-ish obsession with facts and details. Also has a knack for cracking the most unexpected jokes at times, which, it would seem, only I get! - Anees

Madhusudan



Rohan

Best roomie ever! - Tushar



Anirban

One of my first roommates at IISER! Although I managed to depress him so much that he shifted to another room! GPS

I always wondered how this guy manages to do well in everything that he lays his hands on!

It's great that you are such a bibliophile, and are so passionately opinionated about completely random things like the quality of earphones. – Pooja



Amartya

The calm one with a ghost of a smile and a twinkle in your eyes. Conversations with you were always eye-opening, and your guitar always enjoyable. – Siddharth

Almost superhumanly calm and wise exterior, now I know he's human, but still more than the rest of us. – Anees

The most reliable person there is. Insightful too. – Madhusudhan

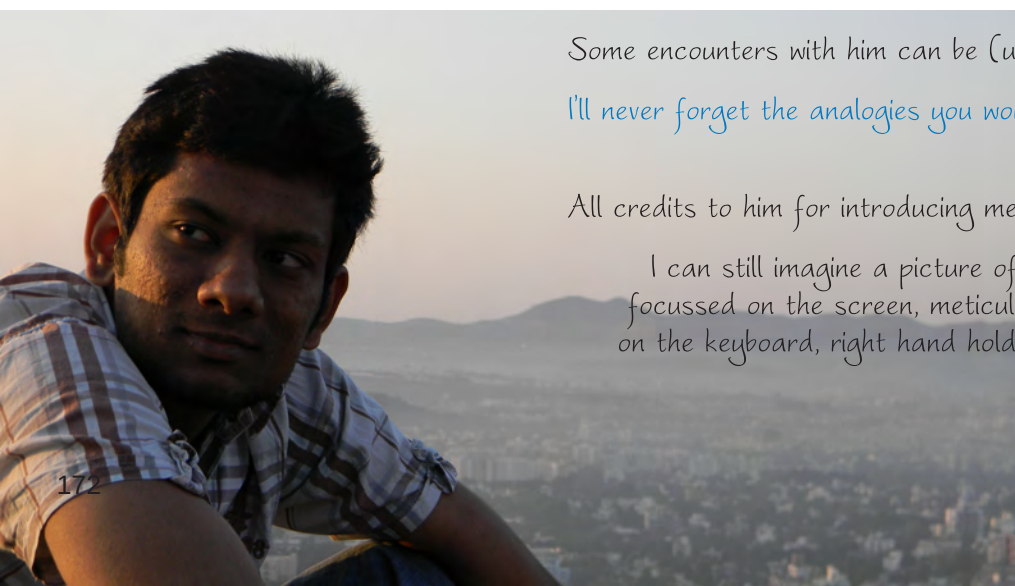
Anees

Some encounters with him can be (unexpectedly) cathartic. – Madhusudan

I'll never forget the analogies you would draw up to counter some point in an argument. – Amartya

All credits to him for introducing me to "proper" metal. – GPS

I can still imagine a picture of him : wrapped in a bed-sheet with eyes focussed on the screen, meticulously observing any movement, left hand on the keyboard, right hand holding a mouse, and with big headphones. – Noaman



The Crazy things they did :

"Noaman and Anees always had a great liking for the dairy whitener I kept for making tea. Once these two polished off my entire month's stock and replaced it with talcum powder. The next time I am making tea, the dairy whitener smells weird, and when I hesitantly taste it, it's completely bitter. And these two idiots are laughing their heads off. Anyway, I got back at them for that one. Poured the same talcum powder down their noses while they were sleeping." - Anirban

Once, people tried to give GPS birthday bumps. 4 people were needed to hold GPS in place and in the end GPS looked in better shape than all 4.

That's because I was always in shape, called "round"... And I remember you people resorting to tickles all over my belly and sides, and commenting "Yaar, ye to atta malne jaisa lag raha ha!!" Fortunately, there's not much of "atta" left now! -GPS

Proposing with a duster and the gal smiled back! - Harshavardhan

"Drying" my cell-phone in a kettle and consequently melting it. Ravis-hankar's birthday was being celebrated in HR3 C-wing by drowning Ravi in the bathtub. Of course, drowning just one person was not enough fun, so yours truly found himself chucked in as well, along with cell-phone. After 2 hours of trying and failing to get it to work, I had the brilliant idea of drying it in this electric kettle I had. Within 5 minutes of heating its body had melted. So for the next few months, I carried around a very oddly shaped piece of equipment. Amazingly enough, the phone still works! - Anirban

My backside still hurts where Ankita swung the cricket bat at me in Dapoli. I hope I left a lasting impression on her forehead too! - Bhargava



I am sorry for the following very poor joke. This was the UG Physics lab where you and Sruthi were the most slowly moving creatures, which makes you thermodynamically very 'cool'. I have no idea why Shouvik sir always said you both kept on jumping around :). Also, admired by Umakant sir, "Only she, in this lab, is the soft spoken person. Other's all have anger on tip of their nose." Good luck to The Lady. - Noaman

In brief, the boys' hostel entry debacle and the subsequent one and a half days spent weeping rivers in front of so many people - from the director to the batch girls around me consoling me, puffy-eyed and carrying a woebegone face like the biggest tragedy of my life had happened! - Ramya

Roshni : The girl who climbs up the hills in the dead of the night because it is awesome to watch the stars! - Swetha

Realizing, with one week left for the end-sems, that I had registered for a semester project in Biology. - Madusudhan

Shreyas Supekar : Gave Prof. Shashidhara a 15 minute lecture on alcoholism. And more importantly he heard it all without saying a word.

Many guys complain about all this science education being useless. Only Pranith was mad enough to actually do something about it.

- Vasu

Of all of us, Pranith is one who has started making a difference to people's lives straight off the bat, and I really respect his heart and guts.

- Siddharth

7th semester, maths tutorial room, me and Anees trying to proceed from equation 2.9 to equation 2.10 for the 20th time. By midnight, the white board is full of equations and, as on the previous 19 occasions, we have lost track of every single term in the equation. Anees Ahmed actually managed to derive equation 2.10. I am not exaggerating when I say that Anees is the most brilliant physicist in our batch. His extreme analogies often took the wind out of any debate, and his arguments were always spot-on.

- Anirban

Shreyas is not the luckiest on the field (nor on the road)... injured several times... but the love for the game trumped all!

- Bhargava

"IISER is the best thing in the world."

- Ankur Paliwal

You'll be REMEMBERED always...

Hard to single out one...but I'll never forget one night in HR2 when Ankur Sharma walked in with his guitar and gave it to me to practice. I thanked him and said I would practice later while I actually planned to sleep. However, he would have none of it, so I picked up the guitar and strummed randomly for a few minutes thinking he would leave in some time. Out came his whip-like words to tell me in no uncertain terms that he did not appreciate my lack of dedication. Stung sharply...the aimlessness disappeared and I started practising more seriously. Minutes turned into hours and slowly the practice transformed from a grind to something which gave me great happiness (and still does)...it was in that period that I fell in love with the guitar, an affair which I hope will last a lifetime.

- Amartya Singh

One of the most respectable gentleman I have ever met in my life... A salute to you, Kaustubh!

- GPS

Kaustubh,

I wish I could learn more from you and your efforts. In many many ways, you're a great inspiration.

- Siddharth

Anup,
From having never touched a football to where you are now. Playing for IISER in every match. Respect!

-Bhargava

Sruthi is one person in the batch who has seen and been with me on the SPIC MACAY journey. When we started back in 2009, we both had no idea where it was going, but it was a wonderful journey together, both of us getting inspired and inspiring each other.

- Siddharth



*So take the photographs, and still frames in your mind
Hang it on a shelf in good health and good time
Tattoos of memories and dead skin on trial
for what it's worth, it was worth all the while.*

*Its something unpredictable but in the end is right
I hope you had the time of your life.*

*-Billie Joe Armstrong, Green Day
(Time of Your Life)*



As the outgoing batch prepares to take flight, it is impossible for the whiff of melancholy to linger on in the air. Infusing the air with fresh enthusiasm and fervour, herds of newcomers storm into our lives. To them, we open our arms and say, “Glad you could join us!”



Fresh Faces

Undergraduate students - Batch 2012



Ph.D. students - Batch 2011-2012



Integrated Ph.D. Students - Batch 2012





We dedicate this edition of Kalpa to the spirit of
the mad scientist in us, to all the kindred spirits
we see ourselves in, to the spirit of IISER, where
everybody knows your name.

"Faculty who have become friends,
friends who have become like family.
And the crazy, crazy rush
Of a kid in the biggest candy store
he has ever seen."
-Sachit

