



PING!

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Editorial

Ping! is back!

We bring to you a print edition. After more than a year of online articles, Ping! is back to its roots!

What new do we have to offer, you ask? With this new issue of Ping!, we are going to let our work do your talking. We are going to touch on issues that are close to us, yet seem too far. We are going to talk about what each one of us thinks, but hasn't mustered up the courage to say out loud.

We are back, and it's going to be with a bang! We've got something for everyone and it is our sincere hope that you, our reader, have a fun time reading what we have to say.

This issue of Ping! talks about history and identity – our history and identity. Anurag with *Memento*, Dushyant with *Who are We* and Sneha with her *Letter from the Past*. There's also a little something for those who have their eye on the future where Shantanu and Arjun discuss the idea of giving out money for free in our regular feature *Eye to the Future*.

Last but not the least, Cindy wants us to remember to not take ourselves too seriously and raises a few questions of her own.

So what are you waiting for? Head right inside!

Disclaimer

The articles in this magazine are not representative of the views of the institute or the Student Life Committee of IIIT. All views expressed are of the author of the respective article, unless otherwise mentioned. For all articles without author attribution, responsibility lies with the editors.

Memento

Anurag Ghosh

Disconnected - this is the the first thing that comes to my mind when I think about what I hoped college would be like, versus how it turned out to be. When I landed in Hyderabad, I was terribly excited, with the warmest welcome I could ever hope from a very enthusiastic Apex Body. I was soon a part of the college culture: writing the Vayu Freshers skit, getting involved in jolly senior-junior banter, learning the custom of calling seniors Sir and Ma'am and the nervousness of intro-ing to the scary 4th years; it all seems like it happened just yesterday.

And now, in my 4th year, listening to *facche* and *ducche* sharing their woes, I noticed something very striking - that we weren't really passing on what we learnt. This would exclude tips to crack so-and-so interview or how-to-get-that-amazing-internship, of course. New students today have no idea about the dynamics of college life just a while back - no knowledge of how things came to be, how the institute and its community have evolved and changed with time.

The Vindhya Canteen, that decrepit shed, has now been renovated and rechristened as Hi!

IIIT. The abandoned building skeleton gave way to T-Hub. From professors taking attendance occasionally, to following a seating arrangement as a norm. From rock to EDM in Felicity. From the ICPC programming aspirations to the evolving GSoC craze. From *facche* in OBH to them now in Bakul. All of this has happened in the three and a half years I'm here: I don't even know what transpired before. It's heartbreaking to know that there is so much I don't know about the college, present only in the mind of an *unknown senior*.

Things have improved, but some have changed for the worse. The lack of enthusiasm in college events has plummeted to new depths. Recent initiatives, like the "club revival strategies" may look like a game changer, but the momentum requires more to sustain. If the ethos of the initiatives are not clear or communicated properly, it will lose the interest of the community at large. No one will care about it.

Let us look at the *Constitution Drafting Committee* (CDC) for example. The committee

languishes in philosophical discussions, while the promise of a student constitution, as it has for seven years, remains unfulfilled. The newer crop is not aware of the CDC's existence, let alone the ideological foundation that led to its inception. Inductees, selected through an informal, elitist and opaque procedure, come with fresh ideas - yet have no sense of direction. The opacity is the one common theme pervading all of IIIT's bodies.

Ping! itself is another good example. No continuity in its iterations, erratic publication cycles and a lack of aim plagues this magazine/newsletter. Is *Ping!* a mere 'creative platform'? Or is it a 'news source'? Is it both of these, *none* of these or something else entirely? What is the structure and working style of the team? What are the roles of its editors? Does the role change? Is there an enforced editorial policy? Does the editorial policy change? A magazine/newsletter (see, the classification problem is apparent) can't function well without these things sorted out, among other things.

Back to the meta-problem at hand.





When you know that what you are doing won't leave a legacy, you aren't as enthusiastic anymore. It's selfish. It's human. The sense of change for worse or better, has always been the missing ingredient. A sense of apathy creeps in, when there is no sense of legacy, where there is no urgency.

This college-wide disinterest is the manifestation of an Orwellian dystopia; a culture without its own history, a culture without an identity. Where in the Orwellian world, history was perpetually rewritten, here, it's lost for never having been written in the first place.

Some of the apathy can also be attributed to the changing dynamics of the larger society we live in, a society where increasingly, the ends justify the means. A college becomes a black box towards obtaining a degree, and *living* in college becomes a marginal objective. College is largely seen as a service to be availed, with clubs and other structures viewed as auxiliary services and a responsibility of *the other batch mate* and not our own.

Something else that I would like to point out is the big disconnect with our own college alumni. The sense of identity, to be part of a collective, of belonging to an institution, seems to be missing, and a lot of that fault lies on the alumni, current students and college. Where are our college organized 10 year reunions? Where is that speech given in our open air auditorium where the visibly emotional alum asks, "*Yaar, Room No. 210 me abhi kaun rahta hai? Chal khaane chalte hai aaj!*"? Where is that space, where we recount the *bondiyat* of that senior who did something unconventional?

Maybe, creating a sense of history, through documentation of the said history, would start the destruction of apathy. Quoting the editorial from Ping Nov'09, "*Over the years, IIT's newsletter, no matter what its name might be, has sought to remove this one trait which is born out of lack of awareness.*"

It's this legacy which we need to be revive, however, there are couple of things we need to diverge from, as always has been the case.

What we really need is a student-run media body. Now some may ask, we already have a media body comprised of students. A media body *comprised of students*, does not imply in any way that it is *student run*. The institute has reduced its existence to a propaganda spewing machine, where money and the institute's publicity overshadows independence in terms of opinion and thought, be they those which question the institute or herald it?

Now, I don't mean the space should be used to just rant and criticize. It should provide a mechanism to report, to put up uncomfortable questions, to blow the whistle, making sure the cause reaches the audience it deserves. As easy as it might be to place all the blame for any perceived issue on outside parties - faculty, the administration, "environmental" or "cultural" factors - if we are to get anywhere near useful, truthful answers, we need to question ourselves - the student community, and students as individuals - at least as much. The student media team should however, not forget to remember and engrave the events and changes in college that take place for the better. Hopefully, thus, we slowly mould a legacy for our own juniors and thus, our alma mater.

I'm not sure if Ping! could be the media body I envision, but I sure as hell hope that it tries. We should however, start, by salvaging whatever history we have documented, in the form of Echoes, Interface and early editions of Ping!, the various iterations of what I'll call a nascent movement towards a fair student media.



Who Are We?

Dushyant Goel

“

Taking jobs to build up your resume
is the same as
saving up sex for old age.

”

Warren Buffet

Do you believe in God ? Let me tell you why I ask.



'Who are you? What in the hell have you done till now in your life?!' So asked the seniors. These informal “intros”, back in first year, were supposed to be good for us. Looking back, “*Who are you*” was never a question about yourself = the “you” here is about what is valuable enough that it can serve as a placeholder for the self.

We did not say it, but we had something that all of us really valued that we now thought of as our identity. That number. That rank. We held our ranks on our collars. We judged our peers on the basis of what was on theirs. The number was what we believed in. Our rank was “us”.

As those first couple of weeks passed in IIIT, that number didn't suffice. We had to look for something *more*. Something greater. Something that differentiated ourselves from the next person. We pressed that reset button that college gave us. We had the chance to relive parts of our lives and forge our own identities afresh.

We redefined ourselves, first by associating ourselves with our branch. Then house, a club, a skill. Some of us were called *CPro bond*, others were the to-be *dassis*. How can we forget the budding guitarist in every batch? Our identities were starting to be forged. We believed in ourselves and reached out for whatever life offered us, and grabbed it with both hands! The possibilities were innumerable, the options endless and the sky the limit. We were also extremely confused, but confident. We were so audacious that we started asking the big question. What is my purpose?

Role models are good. We all have them. A lot of first years look up to seniors as role models. The seniors are those who *do* things in the campus. They are the ones running the show. But that is not what attracts us to them. It is their sense of purpose and clarity that draws us to them. They all seem to be going somewhere while we are moving in circles.

Among these role models are some of those whose achievements we had learned of and admired before even stepping onto the campus. I am talking about those of GSoC and ICPC fame. I am talking about those that grabbed that 2 crore package at Facebook or Google. Or those that got that PPO at that company somewhere in the US. They are high priest of our microcosm. Their doing, the stuff college legends are made of.

Who coined these legends anyway?

We are unbelievers, initially. We don't believe that we can be them. But there is something magnetic about "the" path that they are on. Or is "a path"?

We want to create ourselves in their image. Role is something one plays and model is idealisation of the reality. We wanted to follow in the footsteps of our role models. We hear the choir mill of society churn out talk of the promised land. We peer our eyes as far as we can see, and before us in the distance is the city on the hill. The path lay before us. All that was left now was the running. We want everything they had and do what they did. We borrow their book, and religiously follow the 10 commandments that come with it.

Who wrote the book anyway?

In them we trust and these great people shepherd us through the ups and downs of our college life. But what forges the strong bond of respect we have for them is that they give us purpose. We work hard, follow the rules and, most importantly, keep faith. After all we want to join our heroes at the Elysium.

It was not easy to follow the rules. But we persisted. By the time we reached 3rd year we had many internships under our belt. We knew our codeforces colour and those of our peers. Yes, Agni and Vayu were still there, just the way they were earlier, but they didn't matter anymore. We got our priorities right, and paid our tithes. The guitar sat in the corner and gathered dust. Events were just to see from the window and wave to them as they passed by. These sacrifices had to be made.

We skipped one class for a contest. What did that *Buddha* teach anyway, right? Assignments are something of a nuisance, we know what we need to focus on. The faculty are like any other incorrigible pagans - they are all philosophy and no pragmatism. Sometimes we wondered why the faculty thinks the way they do. Are they not proud of the alumni. They never try to understand their best students.

Then we skipped the club meet. The attendance is low anyway. Then the day of extracurricular volunteering. This was, in fact, something that we were passionate about, wasn't it? How foolish we were. The enthusiasm that was initially beginning to shape our identities switched itself with a yearning to achieve a certain definition of bondiyat. In this pursuit of bondiyat we gave up the false sense of invincibility we had in our 1st year. We became humbled by reality. The ideals of yesteryears were a distant memory, to think like what we did then is childish.

We became dedicated to our purpose, everything **in life** was to be measured against the yardstick of bondiyat. "What is the use of this in real life?" we found ourself asking. What we didn't think that often is what is meant by "real life" is "

how will it help me get a job/internship?" Somehow the things that don't end up helping us get a job are somehow unreal.

"Who are you? What in the hell have you done till now in your life?!". "Who are you" is not a question about yourself. It is the judgement that awaits us at the end of four years. All our actions small and big are meticulously recorded in the ledger, the almost holy parchment, the resume. What will you have in it when the day of reckoning comes? The investor angels at the gate will see the resume, cross question you thoroughly. But they are impartial judges, showing neither favour nor discrimination. Your success will depend upon how well you followed the rules. Did you do good deeds and fill the resume.

In that moment of truth everything makes sense. You finally have an answer to that question. Resume. I am my resume. This is what I have done in my life till now.

Let's say you have a few words to describe yourself. The words you choose, that *one* phrase is a glimpse into your life that you offer people. It is how you identify yourself. It is your identity. It is "you". The identity of a person is how that person sees themselves. It's their reflection of themselves to the world. It is very personal, yet public. Identity is how you define who you are to society. It is your *raison d'etre*.

It is very difficult to express one's identity in words. Anyone who has tried to make a resume would know. That is why in daily conversation we use shorthand called stereotypes to define ourselves. And sometimes unknowingly these stereotypes creep back into our personality. **Because it's not just you who shapes your identity, but also your perceived identity that shapes you.**

O Resume! Thou holy parchment! Thy beauty of bits and bytes, how I love thee. Thou art unblemished and pure. In prayer I sing for thy glory and through thee I seek redemption.

Now, do you believe in God ?

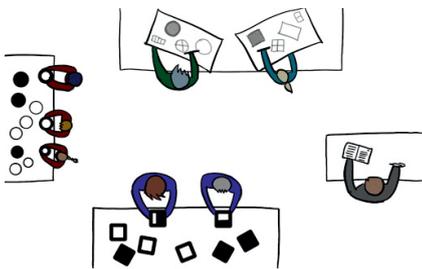
--Eye to the Future--

AFFORDING UNEMPLOYMENT FOR ALL

SHANTANU PRABHAT, ARJUN P

“ The goal of the future is full unemployment, so we can play. That's why we have to destroy the present politico-economic system. ”

Arthur C. Clarke

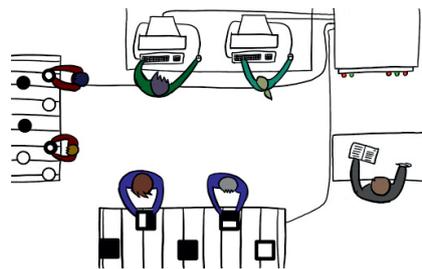


Who doesn't remember Rosie, the all interactive Robot help of the Jetsons, or the humanoid robots from Asimov's *I, Robot*? Every imagination of the future is laced with the compulsory flying cars and an army of robots and intelligent systems at our disposal to do our work. As enthusiasts of Science and Technology, we are filled with our fair share of enthusiasm, curiosity and wonder. But such a utopian future also begets questions of our role and of the path to get to the future from here.

Considering these ambitions, and looking around at today's socioeconomic movements, it would be natural for anyone to raise the question: why are people sceptical about the advancements being made in automation technologies? Why do we see people rallying against this leap to the "future"? What really are the differences between these visions, and how do we address the concerns of the people who don't share the same enthusiasm about these advancements?

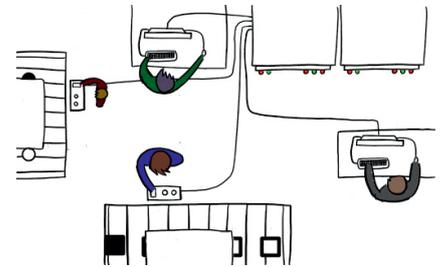
Automation is, essentially, that which seeks to eliminate or reduce

human effort. This is what we saw with the Industrial revolution and the advent of new manufacturing processes, the steam engine, the machine tools and the factory system. The onset of the last century was also marked by the dawn of Fordism: the great movement towards assembly lines, mass production and lowering costs of production. This was exemplified by Ford Motor's Model T. And while the subsequent Great Depression did play a huge diminishing role on the collective enthusiasm for machinery, today we seem to have more than come round. Indeed, we have moved far beyond automating only simple repetitive tasks and jobs which do not require much decision making and cognitive capabilities.



McCann, a Japanese adagency firm, recently hired a robot *AI-CD β* as a creative director which is set to provide creative direction for commercials. Closer home, Prof. CV Jawahar and his students recently published a paper demonstrating the use of machine learning techniques to teach computers to do text based cricket commentary. Even generally, it is not hard to observe the growing trend of

Facebook and several other internet companies employing chatbots as interfaces to communicate with their users.



Not a long time ago, it was predicted that many jobs could not be automated since the corresponding tasks cannot be broken down into a sequence of steps, and involve a high amount of intuition. There was a belief that for such tasks, which involved some know-how or tacit knowledge, the skill could only be acquired from training, in the absence of explicit knowledge. An example of this condition, called Polanyi's paradox after economic philosopher Michael Polanyi, is driving on the road; as it involves quick reflex to unknown situations, multiple tasks which cannot be predicted beforehand, and the instinct of self preservation coming into play, amongst other things. Nevertheless, 2005 saw the DARPA Grand Challenge for autonomous driving of a car in a deserted road for 212 km, with five vehicles successfully completing the race. Recently, the AlphaGo from Google's DeepMind division beat the best human player in the game of Go, which had long been considered the hallmark of human

intuition. Such examples more than demonstrate our present abilities to cross the Polanyi barrier and automate even cognitive tasks with efficiency.

We are now capable of automating large parts of the work done by paralegals, journalists, support representatives and even drivers: jobs that involve interpersonal interaction, critical thinking, analytical skills, and even some degree of creativity. The Polanyi barrier has been breached, and these skills, which were considered "safe" only a few decades ago, can no longer be said to be. One would wonder whether those jobs that Trump wants to take back to the US are even coming back. In fact, manufacturing is already starting to move back to the US from the so-called 'low wage economies'. But it's just the work that's going back — the jobs are gone.

Let's take a step back and think about the implications of this. In some sense, these developments imply that while we might be creating at least as much product as we were before, we are doing it at significantly lower "cost". We no longer need humans to spend their time in order to accomplish these basic manufacturing tasks — we can essentially have machines do all of it for us. Normally, this would be looked at negatively, because those who would otherwise be working at the factory would now be "unemployed". But the same amount of work is still being done! Why are we trying to artificially make humans do work? Is it not the great advantage of technological advancement that humans' lives are made easier? Why is unemployment bad, again?

A simple answer would be that the idea of employment has always been, for the most part, to earn money. Money means purchasing power. Without work, people lose the ability to buy things. This would be catastrophic not only for the middle and working classes, but also for the rich, because when nobody has purchasing power, who will buy their products?

In the face of mass unemployment, and subsequent loss of sources of income for a vast majority of the population, the idea of a sustenance income is being toyed around with. This is something that the Nordic Countries and Netherland have started fiercely debating now. A sustenance income is an unconditional guaranteed income, given to every citizen, every month — no strings attached. And it is this idea that is commonly referred to as a UBI — a Universal Basic Income.

Prima facie, this might look like a radical idea, something perhaps some socialist hippie might propose. But this idea is neither radical nor new — people from across the political spectrum have proposed versions of this. Richard Nixon, an early 'small government' Republican, lobbied for a guaranteed cheque to replace the complex web of social security and bureaucratic welfare system. But that was conditional — determined by whether someone failed to find work, or was unable to work because of disabilities et al. In the 20th century, this was often discussed as paying "social dividends" — paying profits earned from government owned companies back to the public. But this was conditional too — money could only come from 'public companies', and nowhere else. Furthermore, if those companies went into loss, the monthly cheque couldn't come from anywhere.

What is being discussed here is radical in that context, as it is unconditional unlike what we have seen in the past. It does not expect you to be sick or disabled to claim a cheque, and it does not expect the government's holdings to be in good health to fund that cheque. And it comes in the backdrop of a fear of mass unemployment fueled by large scale automation, robbing people of any scope or chance to work at all.

And all this is not just limited to classroom discussions and academic debates. In 2017, Finland goes for a trial run of UBI for a year. Five to ten thousand Finns will receive 500-700 pounds every month. On the other hand, however, Switzerland recently struck down a referendum with almost 77% of people voting against the idea of implementing a universal basic income. These contrasting events in such close proximity give us some interesting insights. The age of automation is near, and people are slowly realising it. But there aren't any clear experimentally validated results on how such an economy would look like. Hence, the Finnish response — they would like to do a trial run and see how it pans out.

The Swiss response, however, is even more interesting and poses questions which a lot of our readers might have in mind. The proposal seemed absurd to the Swiss, and when the question was open for referendum, the public response was highly negative — Free cheque! But why?

A common concern is the the fear of de-incentivising work. If people could get paid for no work, then why would anyone work? For many people, the most important drawback of UBI is that it enables free riders. And therefore it is important to introspect where this reverence for work comes from.

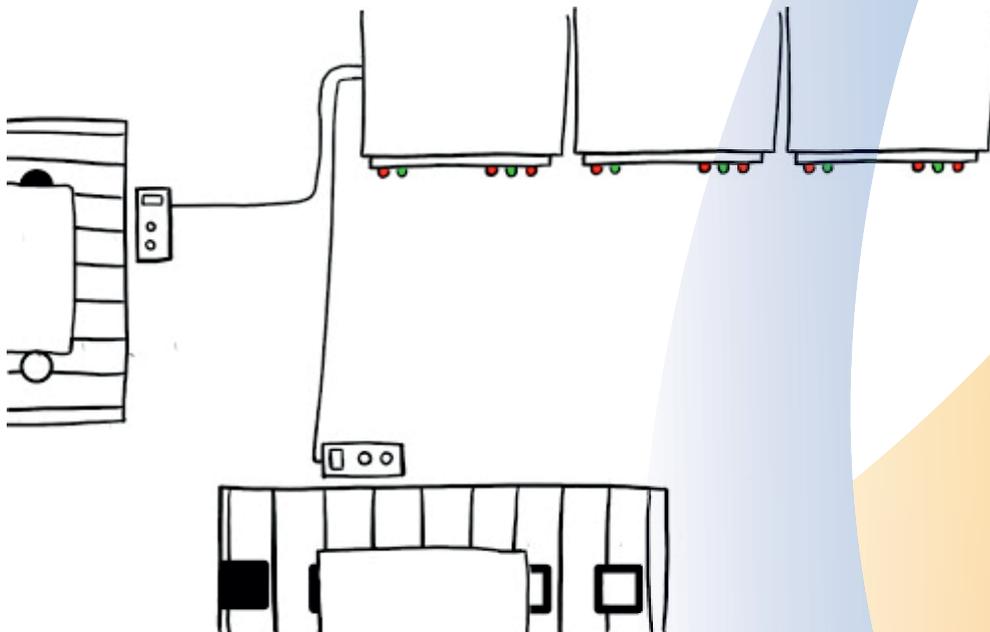
Our modern understanding of work and identity is rooted in a variety of changes that occurred during, or right before, the industrial revolution. The common phrase "work-ethic" comes from a generally loaded term: "Protestant Work Ethic". Calvinism, and other Protestant reform movements, espoused that it was not only membership and service in the Church that was important for salvation — it was also taking "action" that would ultimately lead to salvation. They had the view that work came with moral and spiritual significance. The profits earned from a business should be reinvested and so on, and it is suspected, by some schools of social and economic history, to be the foundation our of

modern day capitalism. Similarly, one could notice how, closer home, the concepts of 'karma' and 'phal' seem to have been co-opted into this industrial and market interpretation.

But will these ideas still be relevant when development and progress can be delinked from sheer labour? Cynics, like some Swiss leaders and voters among others, say that giving fruit without work devalues the status associated with labour. But a mostly automated future invalidates this status. We shouldn't worry about whether or not people are working if all required tasks are being done. We should stop seeing wages in a framework of carrots and sticks. Social hierarchies which are now built on how much one makes and how much one spends will have to be reimaged. We are looking at a massive culture shift.

In addition to distributing the purchasing power among members of a community, UBI can also be seen as a unique opportunity to reform our present industrial system towards one that better promotes freedom and liberty. One could even argue that UBI will take society a step forward in ending the artificial sustenance of some industries. The gutka industry, for instance, can be stopped or boycotted without attacking the livelihoods of the people. Similarly, the people manufacturing firecrackers in Sivakasi can get the choice of going for something else without prioritizing their *livelihood* over their *lives*. It could also incentivise people to pursue things which would otherwise be monetarily risky, such as the performing arts. A UBI is an investment in people's ability to take chances without the constraints of survival, and can therefore also be seen as a step to democratize cultural progress and knowledge production.

It could be a step in the direction of freeing people from an identity built around their profession. An increase in work related activities per day has dissolved people's identities to the tasks they perform. This situation disappears when a person is free to work on what they like, in whatever capacity they like. The industrial labour could be done by the machines, liberating humans from the self imposed drudgery of work allowing them to indulge in creative and explorative endeavours.



Eye to the Future is a feature column dedicated to essays and long-form articles on the contemporary and future impact of technology and scientific progress on the society. This column is brought to you with the assistance of guest editor Tushant Jha.

Call for Pitches : We're looking for contributors with interesting stories to tell and themes to write about, for the next issue of the column *Eye to the Future*, on related topics. Kindly send us your pitches at ping@students.iiit.ac.in by Nov 10, 2016.



IIIT CORPORATE OFFERS

ECHOES

A Letter from the Past

Sneha Nanavati

HI THERE, YOU!

Thanks for stopping by! Now, let me take you on a little walk down the memory lane, all the way back to 1998, when the name of the college was 'Indian Institute of Information Technology', and there were only 50 students to each batch. All the way back to when the college looked like this:

The college magazine had its humble beginnings during these times (in 2002, fourteen years ago, to be precise). Back then, it went by the name 'Echoes', and it had black and white pictures of a very barren IIIT. When we went through the archives of the college magazine, we felt the need to create a column just to remember and celebrate legacy. This column, named 'Echoes' after the very first issue of our magazine, is our way of saying #Throwback. 'Echoes' is our accolade to old memories and forgotten stories. It's a column that gives us a little window-view into the college's past.

Today, we'll be talking about the college library.

The college library is probably the most visited college infrastructure—especially during exams. Who doesn't like those comfy chairs and a nice AC that oozes inspiration and productivity out of us? It is everyone's favorite getaway during assignment deadlines and end semester exams. But what you probably don't know about this library is that it wasn't always in Vindhya.

The library was established 18 years ago on the very first day of college itself, on the 2nd of September, 1998.



The first batch of books were brought in on the 22nd of September. On that day, the senior librarian recorded 175 books in one day, and the number almost doubled by the 28th of September, when we had 345 books in the library. Placed in our current Saranga Hall, it held the capacity to accommodate 100 people. From its very birth, the library used stay open till 12PM. But they had a problem with the logistics, as there was only one librarian : Mr. Sahand he usually left by 5PM. To circumvent this, the institute came up with a 'Student Librarian' program, much like our current TAs system, except it was much less paid - every student earned a mere Rs. 25 for every hour of service he or she rendered to the library. On an average, they worked for around 18 hours in the month and with the money they gathered, they were able to pay their room rents.

The librarian grew so fond of those students and admired their dedication so much that even after eighteen years. He fondly remembers the first batch of student managers including Rupa Krishnan, Uday Kumar, Subarna Sathukan and quotes their name along with their roll numbers. The librarian, Prabhakar Sharma, recalls how the students use to work in shifts after their classes till midnight and always showed utmost honesty and cooperativeness. The library was student run till the year 2002-2003. This kind of setup enabled students to utilize a "Learn and Earn" system via which they were able to aid their hostel and mess fees. Mr. Sharma talks about the proactiveness of student community. He says, 'Students requested for journals, newspaper reading sessions and science magazines and college was more than happy to provide them with material to enhance their knowledge.' He adds that the first few batches of students were very inclined in reading fictional works and research journals.

The library never had one head, it was always run by a 'Council of Chairs' consisting of Prof. C.N. Kaul, Prof. Govindarajulu, Prof. Sangal and more. The first collection of books on Mathematics and Computer Science were brought in by Prof. Kaul and Prof. Rajulu. Mr. Sharma himself was an accountant before he joined IIIT as a librarian.

You can still find the physical records of the first set of books bought by library, there are very well maintained and preserved.

It's always fun to find the hidden facts and stories about the place we belong to and call home. It is even more important to preserve this history and carry it forward with pride for the coming generations to cherish. 'Echoes' is all about collecting these old memories and storing them in a jar, to gift to the future batches. That's it for today, hope you enjoyed this walk. See you with a new story in the next issue!

Yours truly,
Memory Weaver

The Film Syndrome



Subha, Saumya, Keshav



Why do we like sci-fi movies so much? Spaceships? Time Machines? Phasors and Light Sabers? We love them because they give us hope for a future that contains amazing technological inventions and exciting explorations and adventurous battles.

What if the future was completely different from that? What if 500 years from now, the world was completely different from what we thought it would be?

A world where avalanches are not land or snow—but garbage. Where food doesn't come from farmlands, but chemical plants. What if we didn't have water in our pipelines, but Coca-Cola?

What if the president wasn't chosen for his qualifications but for the number of WrestleMania titles he had won? What if the movie that won 8 Oscars was called "Ass"? What if the average person right now, will be the smartest person 500 years from now?

Meet Cpt. Joe "Remarkably Average" Bauers (played by Luke Wilson), who, along with Rita "The Artist" (played by Maya Rudolph) participates in a military funded hibernation experiment designed to preserve them for long periods of time. But due to circumstances, instead of being under for a year, they end up in stasis for 500 years.

When they wake up, they find themselves in the middle of a society where somebody thought it was a good idea to put slot machines in hospital lobbies. They find that humanity has evolved in a strange pattern because *survival of the fittest* doesn't apply anymore. Being moronic is no longer life threatening. The viewer follow along with "Average" Joe and "Artist" Rita as they start to find out they are the smartest people alive and how they are forced to change the world to stay out of prison.

Idiocracy is a satirical comedy that points out the glaring consequences of today's society that allows stupidity to prevail over intelligence. It tiptoes the line between real and absurd in such a fine way you'll find yourself questioning whether you are laughing at the way it has been depicted in the movie or the way it actually is in real life. This is a world where being brainwashed by relentless advertising is not only acceptable, but encouraged, and the degradation of language is the new in-thing. And the scary part was—it could become true. When you see the movie, you'll laugh, and then you'll be horrified, because it will be too real to be funny. Major issues are tackled in a way makes even the most apathetic person think about what is happening in this world.

There are a lot of parallels that can be drawn

between this movie and present day pop culture. The blind love for junk food and finding braindead entertainment humorous have become predominant. Donald Trump can be compared to the dim-witted wrestler turned president. Kudos to the casting director who cast Terry Crews as the President. We couldn't think anyone (except Arnold Schwarzenegger, maybe?) could have brought out the irony in the role and actor. The showcase of the infrastructure in what is a dystopian world was comical and refreshingly not bleak. However, the portrayal of all the elements was exaggerated in such a way that after a point, it is explicit. The plot was in-your-face, which was an irony in itself, considering the theme. The ending was abrupt and catered to the 'happily-ever-after' trope.

In conclusion, the movie was funny, yet jarringly realistic and the screenplay was well-written.

Do try this movie out in light of the upcoming U.S Presidential elections. It's a simple, funny movie without any complicated plotlines. Whether *Idiocracy* is seen as a comedy movie or a documentary five hundred years from now, remains to be seen.



Rating : 5 bites out of 8

P.S. - Remember, the plastic bottle you tossed out today, can lead to an avalanche of garbage tomorrow.

CYNICAL CINDY



All views here are expressed in good humour.

Take them the way they're intended, or don't at all.

~ Cindy

The note on KCIS Symposium on 'AI & Society'* on IIT Hyderabad's Facebook page is the finest example of letting your work speak for itself. It looks like it's written by an infant AI bot learning the alphabet. Do not miss the emboldening of the big names. I am so impressed.

Honourable Mr. Shri Appaji-ji Garu is one of the most respected members of IIT's administration, the person people first approach in the case of any difficulty. Free will may or may not be a thing, but Appaji-ji's destiny was written the day of his naming ceremony.

The Campus Canine Club (Cell?) just used a Joker reference on their website. They must think they're being ironic.

WILL RESURRECT FOR FUNDS: PjN and Jayanti to FC Kohli

One Prof. R, who shall not be named herein, has been pelting kidney stones at students protesting for their water cooler rights.

Why do some professors feel that having a quiz right before a mid semester exam is a good idea?
Who in their right mind would like to get fucked before getting fucked?

The programming club is a symbol of Gandhism in the institute. OJ was cruel, OJ was tyrannical. The programming club embraces its ideals in protest.

People in IIT care more about getting a dog evicted than getting their thesis accepted.

*goo.gl/Mhb0Fr

पद्य इत्यादि



ख्वाइश

लो आज इन बाँहों की सारी तम्मनाए पूरी करने दो,
इन सरसराती हुई आवाजों की सारी ख्वाइशें करने दो

मिले है, इतने दिन बाद आज हम,
मिले है, इतने दिन बाद आज हम,
लो आज मुझे तुम्हारी सारी ख्वाइशें पूरी दो ॥

जितनी भी तुम्हारी चाहत है,
आज मुझे पूरी करने दो,
इन महकती हुई सासों को बाँहों में लिपटने दो,
मिले है, इतने दिन बाद आज हम,
मिले है, इतने दिन बाद आज हम,
लो आज थोड़ी नादानियाँ भी करने दो ॥

आज चाहे लोग देखे या आसमान,
आंधी आये या तूफान,
यह मोहब्बत की घडी नहीं रुकने वाली,
कितना भी छुपा ले, यह चेहरे से मुस्कराहट नहीं हटने
वाली ॥

जिस वक़्त तुम मेरे साथ होती हो,
हर समां महकता है,
इस चाँद के टुकड़े पर,
मेरा दिल बरसता है ॥

अगर तुमको मुझसे कोई शिकायत है,
तो वह भी आज पूरी कर दो,
मिले है इतने दिन बाद आज हम,
मिले है इतने दिन बाद आज हम,
लो आज मुझे तेरी सारी ख्वाइशें पूरी करने दो ॥

Anshul Singhal

आख़िर क्यू?

आख़िर क्यू कई बार,
बात जबां पे आके रुक जाती है,
आख़िर क्यू कुछ कही - अनकही यादें,
मन को इतना विचलित कर जाती है,
क्यू दिल की बात कहने से,
अक्सर डर लगता है,
क्यू ये ख्वाब,
भरी रातो को जगता है?

आख़िर क्यू मन,
खुद के सवालो मे उलझा सा है,
आख़िर कैसे ये जीवन,
किसीकि खयालो से उलझा सा है?
क्यू बात - बात मे,
कल की फ़िक्र सताती है,
क्यू हर बात पे,
बीते लम्हो की याद आती है?

आख़िर क्यू अब दिल को,
सपनो की कोई चाह नहीं होती,
आख़िर कैसे हर सपने से मंज़िल तक,
कोई राह नहीं होती?

क्यू फिर जाने,
मन नये ख्वाब सजाने लगा है,
क्यू कुछ सपनो के टुकड़ो से,
ये अपनी नयी राहे बनाने लगा है?

आख़िर क्यू अक्सर,
दिल रोने को करता है,
आख़िर क्यू अक्सर,
खुद रोने से डरता है?
क्यू जान कर भी बातें अक्सर,

दिल अंजान बनता है,
क्यू खोकर अपना वजूद,
कोई नई पहचान बनता है?

आख़िर क्यू रास्ते ज़िंदगी के,
कुछ आसान नहीं होते,
आख़िर क्यू अब ख्वाबो मे मेरे,
आसमान नहीं होते?

क्यू मै मन की बातें,
जहाँ से कह नहीं पता,
क्यू अक्सर इस जहाँ मे,
खुद को इतना अकेला पाता?

आख़िर क्यू चेहरे के नक्राब,
मुझे साँफ़ दिखते है,
आख़िर क्यू जहाँ मे,
सपनो पे लोग बिकते है?
क्यू चेहरा आज,
मन से ज़्यादा बिकने लगा है,
क्यू जो उसका ना था कभी,
आज उसी का दिखने लगा है?

Vinay Singh

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