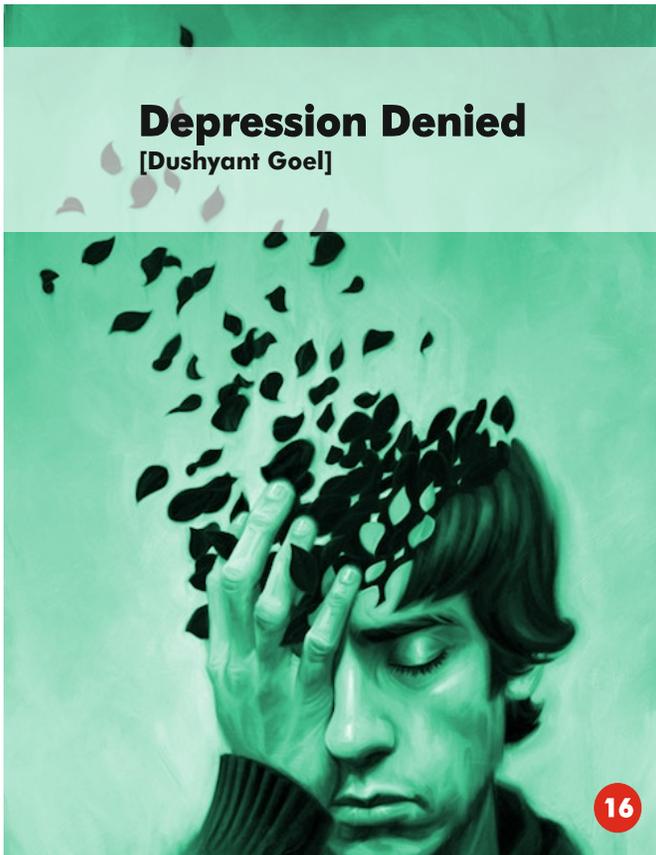


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NOVEMBER 2017

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Vindhya Canteen during IIIT Unplugged  
Photo by Siddharth Gaur

Articles in the magazine are not representative of the views of the Student Life Committee of IIIT Hyderabad.

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And don't forget to visit our website at [ping.iiit.ac.in](http://ping.iiit.ac.in)

# EDITORIALS

## Induction Schedule and Club Activities

A new schedule was implemented for the UG1 students this semester, wherein, for the first 3 weeks, they had HSS and Human Values classes, among other related workshops, and no core courses. This 3-week duration was termed as the “induction” period, and the core courses only started following this period. This also eventually led to the postponement of the academic schedule for the UG1 students, where their mid semester exams were conducted separately, and there was a general mismatch in their schedule and the schedule for the rest of UG.

While the merits and demerits of the induction schedule are debatable, the general mismatch in schedule has been a deterrent to club activities in the college. While earlier these activities would be scheduled so as to not intervene with exams, achieving this has been more difficult with two different schedules in place. This has led to either the clubs conducting fewer activities, or a lower participation from students.

The extra curricular culture at IIT has grown well in the past few years, and we hope that there can soon be a resolution to the predicament at hand, before this growth is curtailed.

## Trial Run for Biometric Attendance

After the circulation of an email regarding “trial run for biometric attendance”, issues were raised by a fourth year student regarding privacy concerns over this. An open session was held to address these issues, and a proposal for a formal policy has also been suggested.

We believe that technology does not exist in isolation and has vast social implications, and we cannot blindly move forward with all the technological advancements as they come. As students of an institute with a good number of humanities courses in our curriculum, and a course offering “Social Science Perspective on Human-Computer Interaction”, and considering the avid science-fiction culture here (“Black Mirror” and the like), it is only expected that we keep an eye out for potentially dangerous technologies. The Ping column “Eye to the Future” is dedicated to exploring the social concerns associated with upcoming technologies as well.

We hope that we, as a research community, move forward considering the ethics and social implications of what we do.

## Use of mass mailing lists

Lately, mailing lists seem to have become a much more common platform for discussions over many matters, some trivial and some very crucial. While important discussions have taken place in the past over mailing lists, such matters have usually been brought to resolution only in meetings or open sessions.

This might be considered as an indication towards a shift in preference to using mailing lists as a platform for discussions, but we believe that this shift may not be for the better. Based on recently circulated emails, a glaring concern regarding mailing etiquettes seems to have emerged. Employing hostile tones, threats, sarcastic jabs at one another, and passive-aggressive comments seem to be easier resorts when sitting behind a screen and not facing the person or audience that is being addressed. More often than not, discussions over mailing lists have been trivialised due to this. While there have emails from the Director, as well as a mailing list moderator, we join them in requesting the entire college community, student or faculty, to not let serious matters be trivialised thus, and to go for better platforms for resolving these matters.

While the “Cynical Cindy” column of this issue has satirized these events, we do believe that this is a serious matter to be looked into. □



Rohan Reddy

# Commentary on Disciplinary Committee Decisions

Arjun P

*The file that is being referred to in this article was circulated in an email by Appaji.*

The apparent prevalence of academic malpractice in IIT is very concerning, though it is not a problem confined to our institute alone. To be convinced of this, we need only look at Insight's Senior Survey, where 53% of final-year students in IIT-B admitted to having committed malpractices in the past.

An e-mail was recently circulated with an enumeration of disciplinary cases and the corresponding consequences. Firstly, we would like to applaud the decision to make this public – more transparency in such matters is very welcome, and we also understand and support the motive to discourage further such incidents. However, the document is afflicted by inconsistency and ambiguity



First of all, the decisions made have several concerning aspects. For example, it seems extremely harsh to penalize 50% of the marks of an exam just for writing after the bell. Also, it seems that an F grade has been given for bringing an additional sheet to the the exam. Now, it is unclear what this exactly means. Let us assume the most reasonable interpretation, that it was a sheet containing notes. But that raises another question: why were the students who brought handwritten slips given Fs for

*all the courses of the semester? We fail to see a difference between the two cases that warrants such a difference in the disciplinary outcome. So it seems that something is wrong here, irrespective of how one chooses to interpret the case description.*

Another issue is that talking to each other during the exam apparently attracts a penalty of a grade drop. This is in contrary to the decisions for all other exam-related malpractices, which either have straight Fs in courses or reduced a percentage of the exam score – therefore, for minor malpractices that don't warrant an F, the punishment is tempered (or magnified) by the exam's weight in the overall grade of the course. The more the exam matters, the worse the punishment is. Except, apparently, if you talk during the exam. In that case it's a grade drop – totally independent of the pattern followed in every other case of cheating in exams! If you write past the bell, it is a 50% reduction in marks. Most instances of copying are given a 0 in the exam, or F in one or more courses. But for talking, it is a grade drop? Why is it that the consequences for talking in an exam are independent of how important the exam is, when that is the pattern that has been followed in *all other cases?*

Speaking of inconsistencies in decisions, something else that we find troubling is that a person found copying from his phone in the exam was given an F in the course; a person repeatedly caught copying from their phone had to repeat three courses; but an even higher punishment – an F in every course of the semester – is apparently reserved for those who brought handwritten notes to the exam hall. Evidently, bringing handwritten slips is considered to be a far worse transgression than copying from a phone. Why this is so is beyond me. In general, there seems to be very poor cohesion between the committee's decisions in different cases. The notion of common law seems to be totally lost on them. Different cases of cheating having similar severity seem to have wildly varying severity of consequences. Not only that, but even the *parameters* of punishment seem to vary – sometimes the weightage of the exam affects the punishment, and sometimes it doesn't, in what seems to be a totally arbitrary fashion. There is seemingly no overarching policy in place. Not only that, but it

Doesn't even seem like there are any general working rules being followed here.

Apart from the decisions themselves, the document is not presented in the most optimal manner. In other words, the document isn't very well written. In many situations, it is difficult to make conclusions without more details in the case description. For example, what is meant by saying that a student added four additional sheets to the answer booklet? Again, let us assume that they were pre-written sheets; then it again seems absurd to get an F in all courses of a semester for bringing handwritten slips when bringing four whole sheets gets you an F in that single course. The point here is that those who brought handwritten slips seem to have been given disproportionately worse punishments compared to other similar offences.

The issues pointed out so far have mostly been mismatches in punishments between cases, and unclear case descriptions. These are bad, no doubt, but the Byzantine policy for Proxy Attendance is a whole different story. The person giving attendance gets three grade drops in the course in which they have the lowest grade. Note that getting an F is much worse than getting a D – the course will have to be repeated, and no credits are earned. Apparently the committee has decided (for some reason) that giving proxy attendance when you have at least a B- in all the courses in which you don't have an F is a far lesser offense than doing the same thing when you have a C, C-, or D in some course. Yes, it is quite a strange and convoluted criterion. We are unable to contrive a thought process that could formulate such a set of criteria. The punishment need not just fit the crime,

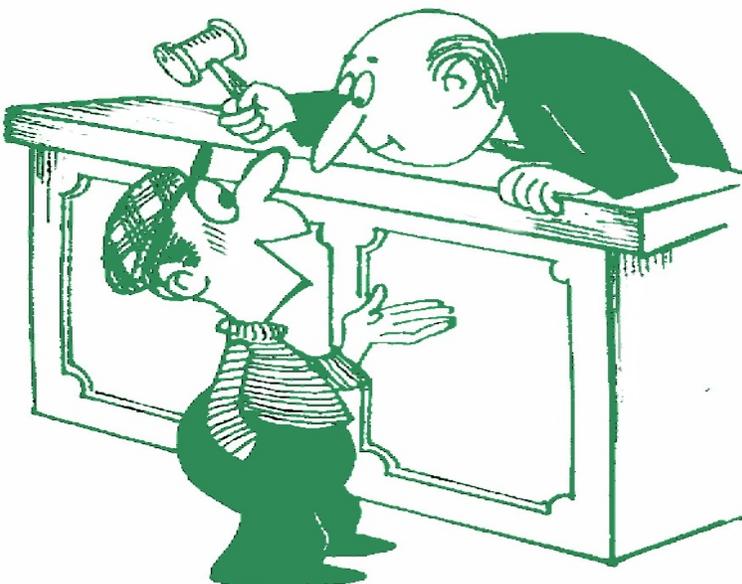
apparently – it depends also on the precise configuration of grades you have in the current semester.

While writing the article “On The Wrong Side of DisCo” published in the April '17 issue of Ping, we discovered that the institute deals with these disciplinary cases on a case-by-case basis, and the final punishment depends on how the student presents his case, a “personalised punishment”, if you will. Firstly, it would be very helpful if this was included in the document itself. However, in this case, it becomes fruitless to read punishments removed from their context. The purpose of circulating such a document should be to make it clear that certain offences attract certain punishments. However, we are unable to derive any such information from the document as it is due to a lack of information on the variables involved in the decision-making process.

However, having pointed this out, we still strongly believe that some of the inconsistencies in punishment are beyond what can be explained by this. Does the institute take precedence into consideration at all? Are there any basic working rules that are followed, or are these “personalised punishments” simply dependent on how they feel about each student and case?

In conclusion, we'd like to reiterate that while deterring malpractice is vital, more thought should be given to having common standards for decisions on similar offenses. If not that, then at least, some basic working rules, so that the discrepancy between punishments for similar offences does not grow too large. Most importantly, It would be good to consider what the parameters of the punishment are – what factors temper or magnify the effects of the decision, and are they the intended parameters? Should those parameters change the severity of the decision?

It would also be worthwhile to have more clarity in conveying these decisions to the community. The document is filled with ambiguity, making it difficult to understand the exact nature and circumstances of the misconduct. As a result, reading the document proves to be an unenlightening activity. Perhaps a more descriptive document could help us achieve better clarity. This would help all of us move towards better academic standards and transparency. □



# Bollywoodized Freshers

Shreedhar Manek

“The Freshers is the guilty pleasure of students of our institute – our Bollywood, our yearly dose of public celebration of mediocrity, repetition and sexism”

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that most Bollywood movies are garbage. Directors churn out the same bullshit year after year and get away with it because there is no incentive for change. The audience laps up anything that comes their way and the studios are happy as long as that continues. This works out conveniently since it keeps the entire fraternity happy – the directors who skipped film school, the actors that have come in through nepotism, the producers hoping to make a quick buck, and of course, the moviegoers waiting to catch a glimpse of Salman’s abs.

But there are some of us, most of us here in IIIT, in fact, who have had the privilege to look beyond the wall at better, greater things. Every time there is a new episode of Game of Thrones that gets leaked, DC++ comes alive with people trying to get their hands on a 1080p episode as early as possible. In addition to the ultra popular Game of Thrones, though, there’s also the LitClub holding discussion sessions on the filming techniques of Dunkirk. And there is another lesser known niche that religiously meets up once every week in order to watch a fringe movie that you and I probably have never heard of. of us here in IIIT, in fact, who have had the privilege to look beyond the wall at better, greater things. Every time there is a new episode of Game of Thrones that gets leaked, DC++ comes alive with people trying to get their hands on a 1080p episode as early as possible. In addition to the ultra popular Game of Thrones, though, there’s also the LitClub holding discussion sessions on the filming techniques of Dunkirk. And there is another lesser known niche that religiously meets up once every week in order to watch a fringe movie that you and I probably have never heard of.

Theatre, like film, is a powerful form of art. Abhivyakti showcases students’ talent every year and their plays are enjoyed by the community en masse. The auditorium is filled to its maximum capacity and the participants’ talent is given its due respect and recognition.

There is no dearth of students trying their best to bring out quality art in their own ways, be it movies, theatre or simply by discussion of the same. But there is an event that takes place every year – you know what I’m talking about since it’s in the title – the Freshers, that doesn’t and hasn’t made an attempt to up the ante with respect to its content. The Freshers is the guilty pleasure of students of our institute – our Bollywood, our yearly dose of public celebration of mediocrity, repetition and sexism.



Jeevan Chowdhary

Just like Bollywood, our Freshers seems to be fascinated with the idea of a girl meeting a boy. But only more so, because ours is an engineering institute, and girls are scarce here, aren’t they? If you didn’t know about the aforementioned assertion, you certainly shall after attending a Freshers event because ‘yaha ladki hai he nahi yaar’ is perhaps the most recurring theme in every Freshers – one that all the houses partake and revel in.

“A guy seeking a girl” is a typical theme for the Bollywoodized Freshers at IIIT.

Set in our very own institute, once the protagonist of the skit has finished lamenting about the lack of girls (and often the extent of their misery after arriving in IIIT), what usually follows are not-so-subtle jokes involving immature wordplay and puns about sex, masturbation, and couples on campus that only Pahlaj Nihalani would manage to overlook. I have been told that some houses have resorted to self-censorship this year because of multiple judges walking out of the event in the past, but stopping there would be missing the point.

To make it very clear, I do not think that vulgarity or the general immaturity in jokes are in themselves a problem. A guy lamenting about not having enough potential mates on campus isn’t vulgar, and no

amount of self-censorship can change a skit that has a plot beginning in such a way. What is required is not self-censorship but self-reformation in a manner that can open up avenues for students to express themselves in more ways than the same, bland resort to carnal fascination. We need students to wrack their brains and come up with something more than the same rehashed plot and same unoriginal rehashed jokes. This is not for the viewers, not so that some judges can feel better about the event that they have been invited to judge, but so that the students can themselves use the Freshers as an event that genuinely pushes them to collaborate in order to come up with something new and use the event as an outlet for not just their first twenty days on campus, but for the entire span of their lives.

There are some who feel that the Freshers fits where it is, because everyone likes bakchodi (bc). Everyone likes, and wants, bc. Bc is a way to involve everyone because it's universally liked. This is, however, an

assumption that may not be based in reality. Game of Thrones, Westworld and Nolan being more popular on campus than Kya Kool Hai Hum and Salman Khan does indicate contrary to the assumption. The Freshers, in its attempt to involve everyone, alienates a large part of the community, and the participants' expectations are quashed with the feeble skit that is eventually displayed.

As a fourth year, I consider myself very much part of the community that puts up the same Freshers every year, which makes me feel that this is my last chance to make the point that I have. Criticism from within is essential in order to reform, as opposed to criticism from outside, which leads to censorship.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that most Bollywood movies are garbage. But we cannot immediately change that. What we can change, however, is the quality and content of the events that we have in our own institute. Let's do it!



Students participate in the Gender Workshop.

IIIT Social Media Team

# Understanding Privacy

## Case in Point: Aadhar

Ameya Prabhu

Indian Government; the government established after 150 years in a British imperial administrative culture gave rise to most important ideas in oppressive modern statism with eminent figures like Keynes, Macaulay among others. It is tragic that even after gaining freedom from the oppressive British, the government merely chose to inherit the colonial legacy. What false hope did the government have? Did it imagine that by systems engineered for colonial purposes, bureaucracy and central planning, it would become anything but a world leader at erosion of the individual liberty and privacy in the hands of an omniscient state?

Reports about Indian bulk surveillance have recently begun to trickle in. One such report [1] states that “It is now known that there are at least two surveillance regimes in India, in uncertain stages of preparation: the Central Monitoring System (CMS), which provides for the collection of telephony metadata by tapping into the telecommunications’ companies records; and Netra, a dragnet surveillance system that detects and sweeps up electronic communication that uses certain keywords. These programs, wide in their reach and scope, have dubious statutory backing.” They also, very clearly, impinge upon basic fundamental rights” - effectively creating a (cyber) police raj. Interestingly, the report creates parallels between surveillance of our government and the british colonial oppressors in the time of the freedom struggle. “Our founding fathers,” it observes, “were thoroughly opposed to a Police Raj as our history of the struggle for freedom has borne eloquent testimony to it.”

Recently, the government passed the Aadhaar Act (2016). It was tabled as a money bill, and according to Jean Dreze, a development economist, designed to bypass parliamentary procedures. It is widely conjectured to be one of the greatest tools of mass surveillance in India. Aadhaar is an all-purpose identification tool, to make your life transparent to the state with details of your railway bookings, phone call records, financial transactions, and possibly even more - will be accessible to the government, which has shown ominous propensity to control, or try to control, our thoughts and actions in the past – without invoking any special powers. In the context of these developments, we introspect the

right to privacy and discuss the legal and constitutional implications of the Aadhaar Act, an introspection long overdue.

Study IQ



### Fundamentals of Privacy

#### What is Right to Privacy?

The concept of right to privacy is said to be integral to guaranteeing the right to life and liberty – defined as “the inviolability of a person as an aspect of their right to self-determination” in one of the most influential essays in the history of American law, written as early as 1890. Over the next century, it evolved to Alan Westin’s oft-cited definition – “the claim of individuals, groups, or institutions to determine for themselves when, how, and to what extent information about them is communicated to others.” It is popularly known as the right “to be left alone”. Right to Privacy is an internationally accepted fundamental right in 21st century.

#### Why is Right to Privacy important?

The question is not why privacy, but rather why not? We need to change this line of thought. Nobody needs to justify why they ‘need’ a right. A presumption in the favour of liberty must be endorsed – placing the burden of proof on the party interfering.

#### “Coercion, not privacy needs legitimizing.”

An analogy in favor of privacy opposed to coercion follows from a seemingly implicit assumption – the right to life. Imagine yourself being held at the gunpoint, asked to justify why you should be allowed to live? It’s pretty hard to come up with an answer. For instance, it’s impossible to measure a life’s worth

and similarly, it's impossible to attach worth or utility to the notion of privacy. The opposite question is however much more important. What entitles the other party to deny someone their life? We must be able to preserve our basic fundamental rights, *ipso facto*; questioning the legitimacy of the law proposed.

*But, what do you have to hide?*

Culturally, Indians deeply lack a notion of privacy in their daily lives, where almost every part of one's life is open to family, community, village or society. In the context of marriages, it's not uncommon for relatives to ask how much is being spent on a wedding, or when a couple plans to have children. Indian children are expected not to shut their bedroom doors. It is deplorable that it is still fairly common in IIIT-H for people to give their debit card pins/important passwords among other things to others, not just peek into others chats but ask about details of that personal conversation. Ironically, we don't even consider such intrusion for seeking personal and private information as "interference" or "breach of privacy". The reason given- "Are you doing something immoral? If not, what do you have to hide?"

### **"What is private need not be secret"**

The concept of "privacy" is often conflated with "secrecy", even though the former is a distinct and much richer concept. It's no secret what happens inside a bathroom, but we nevertheless close the door for the want of privacy. We cherish private spaces to do and be as we like, free from the gaze of others, and not because something immoral or illegal is transpiring inside. The "nothing to hide" argument makes an inappropriate judgement about the kinds of information people want to hide.

*Right to Privacy – Fundamental or Not?*

A human right is a natural right enjoyed by every human being by the virtue of their being alive. The Right to Privacy is a part of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in UN which India has signed, which states that "No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation. Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.

Fortunately, the Aadhar case has been instrumental in enkindling a serious debate on privacy. To give a taste of state callousness on the issue of privacy, the Attorney General of India remarked, "Citizens do

*not have the fundamental right to privacy."* In defence, petitioners argued that it is not to be conferred but merely recognized as a part of right to life and liberty, guaranteed to every citizen. They say that the right to privacy, in consonance with International Covenants, should find place in *opinio juris*, i.e. India's state practice in the context of international law. This line of reasoning finds credence through the idea of "respect for international law" that is laid down in Article 51(c).

We feel that these points make a strong case for right to privacy and are amused that the question – "Is right to privacy is a fundamental right?" is still being debated in the Supreme Court. This is the sorry state of affairs in India.

### **Privacy in the context of Aadhar**

The Aadhaar (Targeted Delivery of Financial and Other Subsidies, Benefits and Services) Act, 2016, as the name suggests is aimed as an all-encompassing panacea for the problem of leakages, corruption in government welfare programmes, all forms of tax evasion along with other forms of crimes, providing a platform to perform any and all activities from banking, KYC, etc to linking all recorded activities to a unique biometric identification.

The state is responsible and is expected to formulate policies, provide services, incorporate welfare schemes and take initiatives for the well being and the betterment of its citizens and the larger society. In light of this, it argues that it's necessary to impose certain regulatory measures which aid in implementing such policies. In return, it expects individuals to cooperate in the same. Driving licenses, passports among others can be seen in this context. So, why is Aadhar invasive and a driving license is not?

To answer this fundamental question, we need to understand the notion of proportionality or balance between state laws and fundamental rights, specifically situated in the context of right to life. The Constitution enshrines the clause "No person shall be deprived of his life or personal liberty except according to procedure established by law". Initially, it seems to imply that if the state has established a certain procedure through law which deprives a person of her life, personal liberty or any other fundamental rights, then such an action is permissible.

However, this does not legalize unchecked power that the State may bestow itself under the garb of

procedural propriety. A constitutionally permissible limitation of a fundamental right is only acceptable if, among other things, the measures undertaken are rationally connected to very limited spheres directed specifically for the fulfillment of that purpose. As Justice Sikri says in simple terms, a law that limits fundamental right(s) is only permissible, if there is a proper relation ('proportionality stricto sensu' or 'balancing') between achieving the proper purpose and preventing the limitation to a fundamental right.

Hence the crucial question generally asked by the court is whether a state interest is of such paramount importance as would justify an infringement of the fundamental rights, and does it act in a very narrow sphere to achieve a very specific purpose - not affecting any other sphere of citizens life. Driving licenses can thus be viewed legitimate in the context of privacy. They act as a regulatory measure to allow/deny a specific activity (driving) on Indian roads to ensure enhanced safety of Indian citizens. It's a good example of a regulation stipulating narrowly-tailored exceptions to a fundamental right, in service of a compelling state interest.

The Aadhar Act, viewed in the same context is the very **antithesis of a "narrowly-tailored" law.**

The other point to ponder, even more outrageous than the apparent omniscience of the act, is the irrevocability of the act of parting with your biometric information. As petitioners have argued, this irrevocability makes even the most voluntary and benign form of the act unreasonable as it implies a **permanent waiver of fundamental rights.**

The argument presented is that giving away your biometric data is a one time decision that has far reaching repercussions. Biometrics is an integral part of individual's identity, and is extremely sensitive in nature as it can never be changed. Giving away an irrevocable piece of your identity has the potential to amount to permanent identity theft.

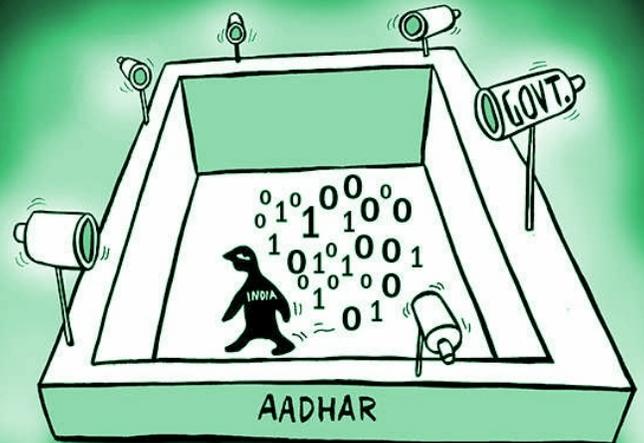
You may think – *who would bother stealing identities of people?* Merely stating one possible aftermath of the theft are the financial implications. It is a big industry, primarily because the trail is often untraceable. First, the victim's bank accounts and credit cards are accessed and used illegally. The thief can withdraw money or max out credit cards. Second, the victim's identity is used to take on loans and get new credit cards. Such incidents are all too common. Imagine what will happen if the identity theft is permanent!

To emphasize, consider a thought experiment to give an insight into permanent waivers of fundamental rights – voluntary enslavement. Imagine a person approached you, the court, asking to voluntarily become a slave, with full consent and knowledge of what he/she has to lose, in return for some gains, monetary or otherwise.

Would you as a judge in the court – in principle – allow this to happen? When we say "in principle", we assume that the case is genuine and that there is no cheating, extortion, or consent under duress involved.

No, right? This happens so in real life too. This form of enslavement is prohibited, and this experiment helps us understand why. Voluntary enslavement is a one-time choice in a manner that no further choice in the matter is possible. It is not possible to gain back liberty once anyone becomes a slave. *The consent cannot be taken back.* This is not in consonance with our ideas about autonomy after that one decision, which is something that human beings must be in a position to exercise at all times.

Feminismindia.com



**“One does not exercise their liberty by simply giving up their liberty”**

It is thus clear that the right to liberty, life and privacy must be possessed at all times, for it is a fundamental right of any person – deeming any permanent wager unreasonable.

### Conclusion

I write this article as a reminder, warning and a wake-up call to all of the fellow IITians, the future creators of technologies that people use.

creators of technologies that people use. The Aadhar Act was not the first and will not be the last. A new DNA profiling bill will perhaps soon be tabled before the Parliament. Technology is the next bastion for the government to utilize to exploit privacy and further its colonial ambitions. The only hope is for the citizens to stand up for their right to privacy against oppressive regimes including but not limited to mass surveillance, data mining, and DNA profiling. As Gary Marx says, "...a thread running through all totalitarian systems from the prison to the authoritarian state is lack of respect for the individual's right to control information about the self. It has been said that the mark of a civilization can be seen in how it treats its prisoners; it might also be seen in how it treats personal privacy."

**Note:** This article was written prior to the 9:0 ruling in favor of "Right to Privacy". India is known to be a place where notions of privacy fail to find strong grounds for sensitivity, both culturally or historically,

unlike countries like Germany. Hence the decision came as a pleasant surprise to us. We welcome the decision as a big victory for the people. We hope it will lead to pushbacks against spying and mass surveillance regimes by the government and set an example for other countries to follow. ▣

#### References:

[1] Bhatia, Gautam, State Surveillance and the Right to Privacy in India: A Constitutional Biography (May 12, 2015). (2014) 26(2) National Law School of India Review 127. Available at SSRN: <https://ssrn.com/abstract=2605317>

This article is part of the column 'Eye to the Future' that is dedicated to long form articles based on contemporary and future impact of technology and scientific progress on society. This column is brought with the help and assistance of guest editor Anurag Ghosh.

**Call for pitches:** Interested in contributing to this column? Shoot an email to [ping@students.iiit.ac.in](mailto:ping@students.iiit.ac.in) with your pitch for the column.



The GPU cluster at IIIT, named after Ada Lovelace

Deepanshu Jain

# Coupling Decoupling

**Disclaimer:** This article is a satire. All characters and events are purely a work of fiction. All familiar statements are mere exaggerations. Resemblances are purely coincidental. Views and opinions in the article are made up and are intended for laughs. They do not represent the writers' or editors' views. The article also contains coarse language, possibly seen by some as distasteful. Reader discretion is advised beyond this point.

Atreyee Ghosal, Neelesh Agrawal, Vanalata Bulusu



The article is not as rosy as this picture.

Clock strikes 12 and it's time for Cinderella to leave, but it works the other way round at IIIT; here the "party" starts at 12! If you decide to go out on a stroll, or for WiFi (for the poor LANless souls), or to grab coffee, you're bound to have walked past at least one of those girl-boy pairs. Or just pairs. Seems as if after a long, hard day of "work", somehow 12 has become the appointed hour for the secret-not-so-secret rendezvous.

Come to the dark side, they say. Well, for those who like to come in the dark side, a popular place seems to be the foreboding academic buildings after dark. Perhaps the appeal of studying academics in the light and bodies after dark? Others like a nice romantic shag under the stars. And one wonders what secrets the benches at IIIT's quieter road intersections hold – or rather, what secrets innocent pedestrians and drivers passing there have pretended to ignore.

And then again, gay couples are particularly privileged in this college. While the rest of them shiver and shudder under the cold and the mosquitoes, IIIT's rainbow couples can enjoy the intimate, if rather cramped, comforts of a warm room. After all, what happens in the hostel stays in the hostel.

Hdwallpapersave.com

On the other hand, sometimes frustration just boils over. Or you just want to proclaim your love and the accompanying sounds to everyone within a ten-metre radius. We wondered what our college's involuntary voyeurs had to say about it, so we conducted a series of candid interviews with a representative population of students.

There were some significant outlooks on PDA in college:

"Hell no! I'm also here."

Ah, the frustration of being (un)willing third wheel (or, perhaps, cog in the wheel?).

"Munh tod do saalo ka."

Ah, the violent frustration of being the third wheel.

"I avoid the dark places, I prefer to stay in the light."

That's what Luke said. "I'll never join the dark side!"

"Sometimes, when I'm sitting in the workspace, frustrated over the assignments, it's a good distraction to watch people do their stuff."

Did we say unwilling voyeurs? Our apologies.

"I have recorded videos of people making out." You better be careful in those open spaces now, couples!

And then there were views on other matters.

"Why wouldn't the senior girls date any of the junior guys?"

Maybe they're looking not to intimidate you.

"These deluded couples; oh look, they're gonna hold hands now. (*sarcastically*) How cute!" A wiser voice... or the grumpy old man?

"The girls in this college are so high-headed

thanks to the fucked-up sex ratio; they'll lead you on as long as it's convenient and then find another prospect to lead on."  
The poor unrequited lover.

The gender ratio on this campus. Bemoaned by feminists, heterosexual men and lesbian women alike, the 1:7 ratio of girls to boys provides a supply bottleneck – or does it? A popular complaint on this campus is that the working class have seized the means of production, and consumer complaints abound in plenty. Although, given the sheer number of single ladies on this campus, we wonder if perhaps our lady-lovers could benefit from broadening their horizons.

"We were always so discreet about our relationships; my roommate might as well have had been fucking for 2 years, and I wouldn't even have found out!" An old voice from UG2K13 recalls. "And look at these kids, making out for all to see (and record?) at 2 fucking PM, as I walk towards class."

UG2K15 seems to hold the record for most sexually active people, while UG2K14 was called the "tharki" batch. UG2K16, on the other hand, are known to "shoot for the stars". We wonder if they use 'sir' and 'ma'am' in the bedroom too?



Rohan Reddy

If you set out for a stroll at night, you're bound to come across a couple on one of these benches.

Based on our entirely non-scientific sociological evaluation of the demographics in the college, we came up with the following social classes based on romantic fulfillments in the college.

1. The couples; pretty much well known to us all – they're dating and they can be found on those benches, and other dark spots.
2. The pseudo-couples; perhaps the most interesting class in the college. These are the "couples" who are a couple for all practical purposes, but wouldn't ever admit that they are. These are the funniest, most awkward group, and if not for them, who would we make fun

of?!

3. The single people who would make up about 69% (they wish) of the population.



Namit Sawhney

The single people of this college carry a different set of tags:

1. The indifferent complacents, well who gives a fuck. #SingleForever Poor lonely souls, I'd say.
2. The heartbroken complacents, "I was in a relationship once..." Well, sad.
3. The cribbers, constantly whining about the lack of a love life but with the lack of real balls to ask him/her out.
4. The wallflowers, they see and they hear everything, but do not partake (or do they?).
5. The attention whores, they're so desperate, they'll go out with everyone, but end up with none (and this isn't gender-specific!)

The ones in the center are the pseudos taking a nice romantic walk ("but it's just a walk!"), the ones on the bench are the couple, and the ones behind the pseudos, are Jedi Knights (cos they're celibate!)

On a serious note: while IIIT-Hyderabad has a comparatively open-minded attitude with regards to love and romance, we still believe that our culture could be more open with regards to love, sex and romance. The stigma around openly being a couple, the unhealthy predatory attitudes of some parts of the male population with regards to women, and our 'don't-ask-don't-tell' view towards LGB couples – these are all aspects that we as a student body could work on. After all, wouldn't we want to be known as the college where students work hard and party harder? □

**Note:** This article was written in April 2017, and hence might not reflect the latest trends that may have emerged in college this semester.

# And It Was All Yellow

## A Tribute to the Yellow Box

Shantanu Prabhat

Sweat trickles down my cheeks as I lay on my bed on a hot Sunday afternoon. There was only so much a poor fan could do. Between my inner struggle to either resume watching the *Seinfeld* episode or to pay some heed to my pending assignment, I instead decide to rush and get something to munch on. When has a hungry stomach ever made any progress on a task?

As I fend for my footwear, I prepare myself to make a quick dash. Time saved now, is time spent savouring the munchies later.

Getting down three floors in the same breath I am greeted by what is the most cheerful face in this sultry afternoon in OBH. For the uninitiated (women folk, new entrants, old oblivious people) – I am standing, facing a little corner store available to OBH residents. A legitimate source of envy of other hostels. This little yellow cubicle close to the entrance of the hostel was delightfully named as – *yellow box*.

*Yellow box* was often manned by a very pleasant woman and occasionally by one of her family member. You would find her reading the newspaper, trying to solve a crossword or two while in the store.



Ping 2013

Every fellow who walked into the box was spoilt for choice. It stocked chips, chocolates, candies and cookies. You could also grab refrigerated packed juices, milk and ice-cream. The shelf overflowed with umpteen varieties of Haldiram packets, Lays and wafers. Imagine, all this at your immediate disposal. It was difficult to not get allured by all of it. Once you made the pick and the difficult decision of what you would carry back in your room, you pay for your items. Usually some wafers, a drink and a chocolate to go by. She pulls out her bunch of notes from the drawer, and innocently returns an extra note or two. You notice the extra change and remind her not to be careless with her accounts. After all, you care for the survival of box. She gives a sheepish smile over the exchange. When hundred hungry guys come to your store at all times trying to buy a thing or two, it's human to miscalculate.

*Yellow Box* realised the demography it was serving. College going folks aren't the most financially healthy people and are in some divinely caused – perpetual broke state. She would often let people purchase items on credit. She trusted the community, albeit naively and wouldn't keep a record of the credit by the student. It warmed our heart to hear that they wouldn't suffer any loss from offering such an option, and more often than not would get the money in a couple of days. There was a mutual, amicable interdependence between the OBH residents and the box. The survival of both dependent on each other. (Noticed why OBH has been gloomy lately?)

After making my purchase, I bid adieu to the kind lady. I thank the stars that this lifeline was a part of OBH and just three floors down from my room. Loaded with ammunition, I aim to beat the heat and the assignment. I sneak into my room, hiding it from my wingmates waiting to devour if they catch a glimpse of it. I rest myself on my chair as I struggle with the same question. I say, just one episode and open my packet of chips. What could go wrong?

Reflecting on these episodes from my early years at college, I can't begin to fathom the instrumental role the box played in our lives. It wasn't just a convenience store. It was a lifeline. It grew on us, and to certain degree of certainty they got accustomed to our faces too. One would pass by the box – half expecting to see her inside, humming

to some song on the radio. The timings when the box was operational were etched in our conscious. It was familiarity and it was ease. This familiarity bred comfort.

But this familiarity, ease and comfort were severed when *Yellow Box* chose to move out of OBH and shut down their operations this year. There is no woman sitting, inside handling the accounts anymore. The ice cream fridge lies abandoned. There is just a sticker of Post Noon that is noticeable on the box. It now just remains as a yellow cubicle. Empty and without a purpose.

This sudden withdrawal came without announcement. There wasn't much fanfare about the whole issue until they had already moved out. I think the desire for another such store, and the naive hope that they could return lingers on most of us. No one stocked up snacks in campus better than *Yellow Box* did. Nowhere was the simple economic

<https://www.facebook.com/pg/palashivivas.obh>



act of purchase, supplemented by the pleasant nature of the store keepers. It is indeed a great loss, and a misfortune to see it become a part of the institute's heritage and history rather than continue to be. □



OBH has been much gloomier since the Yellow Box closed

Rohan Reddy

# What I Would Risk for Love AND Money

Shreedhar Manek

Depending on the genre, some movies are more difficult to make than others. Comedies and horrors are the most difficult. But the viewer looks beyond the faults in these, because there are bad comedies and bad horrors all around. Expectations are low to begin with, so ultimately, it doesn't matter.

Bound (1996) is a film, written and directed by the Wachowskis, the directors of the famed Matrix movies. True to the image one holds for them, even though this was their first film, it is different. Spanning multiple genres, from crime, thriller, neo noir and even comedy to some extent, It begins from a not very unusual setting and ends in a mess – in a good way.

Bound is a movie about a heist that with each progressing scene has the viewer hooked, gushing with adrenalin, awaiting keenly the next scene, guessing and trying to out-think the characters, sometimes cursing their short sightedness, other times admiring their foresight.

The two main characters are Corky and Violet, two women who fall in love and decide to steal from the latter's husband, who happens to be in the mafia. Bound is a low budget film which primarily relies on the skills of the actors and the limited change in setting that the studio could afford to tell a simple, yet engaging story.

Gina Gershon and Jennifer Tilly, who play Corky And Violet respectively, display an onscreen passion, with their words, with their sex, with their desperation for something more, and convert this passion to a plan that is ultimately the plot of this film. Their characters are vulnerable yet strong, limited in background, yet sufficiently well fleshed out.

Caesar, the husband, is played by Joe Pantoliano who you may recognize to be Teddy from Christopher Nolan's "Memento". He plays a very believable character, and does it the justice that it deserves. The manner in which he pulls off his character's eccentricities, I might be stretching a bit here, reminded me of Anthony Hopkins's Hannibal. Joe plays a regular Mafia guy and skillfully turns him into a crazy, psychopathic character, with an Italian-American accent that is just right, lending a bit of hilarity to the otherwise heated scenes.

Women are not known to be treated very well in the Mafia. It is common to portray the men in the Mafia as sugar daddies for an attractive woman, whose only job is to pleasure the man who is paying her bills. This story of a woman who is married to a man in the Mafia, coupled with that of a very visibly lesbian woman, who in that time would have been looked down upon for just her appearance, is in addition to being the story of an entertaining heist, with its unexpected twists and gasp inducing turns, a story of the persecuted coming together and rebelling against those in power, lest they forget that there still are those who do not fear them. □

## Bound (1996)

Written And Directed By: **The Wachowskis**  
Run Time : **109 minutes**

IMDb : **7.4/10**

Rotten Tomatoes : **92% (Fresh)**



# I See You, I Feel You

Mahathi Vempati

**A**s a teenager, you know this feeling all too well. Wherever you go and whatever you do, you feel people's eyes burning down your skin, looking, judging. You're forever comparing yourself with those around you in every single aspect, warping reality to make yourself look hopeless in your head all the time. And those around you don't help to stop it, because, well, they are doing the same. You're never good enough.

Meet Leonardo. He sort of feels this way too. And the fact that he is blind does not help matters. And for him, some people seem to make it their job to actively remind him of his disability every single day, in cruel ways. His rebellious streak lands him in his further trouble, his determination to be able to do anything that non-blind people can do. It sometimes feels he is trying to be unreasonable.

"You, alone in the dark?"

"Mom, it's always dark for me."

And in this setting, someone comes along who

changes Leonardo's life forever. Gabriel, the new kid in school is an interesting person. For one, he doesn't seem to be able to make sweeping judgements everyone else could make with such ease about people around them. He keeps forgetting that Leonardo is blind, and even when he finally does get the hang of it, he has the natural ability to be able to separate the blindness from Leonardo's personality itself, just like no one would decide someone was dumb if they wore a band-aid on their leg. And he thinks the cute, flirty girl in school is just a cute, flirty girl. Not a desperate slut.

Leonardo's and Gabriel's friendship keeps growing, much to Giovanna's, Leonardo's best (only) friend's dismay. They do things Leonardo never imagined he would ever do, they dance, go to the movies, and "watch" the eclipse. The viewers are in for a treat as the passion flows off the screen.

The Way He Looks is a simple, innocent film that will hit you right in the feels. Watch it for an hour and a half of a warm, slightly happy feeling as you are transported into Leonardo's life with Guilherme Lobo's brilliant acting and the absorbing soundtrack. The fact that the movie deals with disability and homosexuality by itself make for an interesting watch, but what stayed with me after was the refreshing mix of innocence and maturity in the Gabriel character. And yes, his crinkly smile, and soft, gentle curls. □

**Note:** I suggest watching the film in the original language, Portuguese with subtitles. Emotions can't really be ported properly into another language!



## The Way He Looks (2014)

Written And Directed By: **Daniel Ribeiro**  
Run Time : **96 minutes**

IMDb : **8/10**  
Rotten Tomatoes : **92% (Fresh)**

# Depression Denied

Dushyant Goel

There is a common misunderstanding regarding what is nihilism and what is just plain depression.

Albert Camus, Sartre, and Emile Cioran, prominent nihilists of the 20th and 21st century, wrote extensively and broodingly on the more darker side of the human psyche. They expounded on matters like death, suicide, addiction, prisons, pessimism among other things.

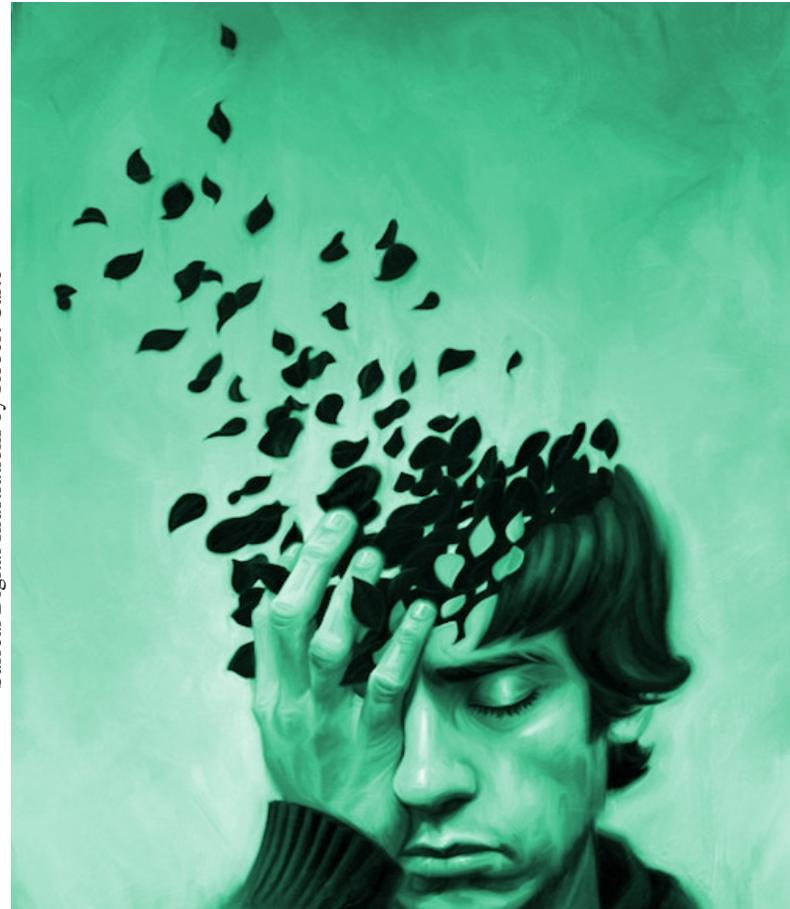
One can picture these philosophers at a cafe in a Parisian arrondissement, as the city goes about its activities. They would spend their days just staring out at the overcast sky in concentrated meditation. Their activities would include working on their treatises, travelling, giving lectures and attending conferences. That they were particularly motivated is attested by the fact that they continued their often morbid investigations for the larger part of their adult lives. A career in philosophy involves a very vigorous routine of criticism, creativity and wit, as well as empathy for the multitudes within us.

It is quite a different life from the one lived by students we label “nihilist” in general parlance. It is almost taken to be synonymous with depression. To misidentify as philosophers, students who are simply facing depression is doubly troubling. Firstly, it confuses work of considerable intellectual effort with a pathological condition; secondly and more alarmingly, it helps us to brush aside students – students that we have failed to help – as mere ‘eccentrics’ and ‘misfits’. This labelling has a cleansing effect on our minds, as it pushes these uncomfortable examples out of our collective consciousness.

I do not want to sound shrill blaming the system itself. Personal failings, such as poor life choices and an inclination towards instant gratification play a huge part in why some students fall into depression. But how the failings of a twenty-something human are punished by, corrected, or finally vindicated by the community, and the institutions that make this community play a significant part. Some might say that it makes all the difference.

Depressed students need not be intellectuals. We

should not burden them with such heavy responsibilities. Most of us can hardly manage the ones we have. What is needed is understanding, support and a good shrink. To pronounce them nihilist is akin to brushing them aside and sweeping the problem under the rug by changing its name. A bug does not a feature become.



Surreal Digital Illustrations by Robert Carte

To put it out in words, a lack of motivation to live is not the same as a motivation to study the lack of living. One is depression, the other philosophy. Our ability to not recognise depression and mental illness in our community when clear indication is available is as much a denial of reality as that playing out in the mind of the “student-nihilist-philosopher”.

Let us not live in denial. Let us call out depression by its name. I have done that. It is liberating.

## TL;DR

People mix the two, nihilism and depression. The thrust of the article is depression is denied and depressed people are called nihilist, in part because it is easier to live with that as a society. □

# Not All Drinks Are Created Equal

Anurag Ghosh

I hadn't actually planned on getting drunk that day. But the events of the week made it a somewhat inevitable occurrence. Vijay and Ashutosh, my friends and classmates, hadn't had the best of review tests. Meanwhile, the fight with my flatmates Akhil, Harsh and Piyush had escalated to new levels.

It wasn't my fault. At least, that's how I saw it, and still do. Piyush was a philanderer, something that I found revolting, but that wasn't the straw that broke the camel's back. I sure did respect his charisma, in a twisted way. He knew what words to spin and how, and could get any girl weak at her knees.

However, he was also an abuser. I'm sure his escapades with the female housemate who had recently moved downstairs must have left clues for his girlfriend to find out. He would regularly abuse his girlfriend for questioning him, and accuse her of cheating instead. Even now, I sometimes wonder if he was a sociopath.

The night before, when I was just heading off to sleep, I received a call from Neha.

"Heyyyy", I groggily asked.

"Can you ask Piyush to talk to me? I haven't talked to him in two hours and I'll kill myself if I don't talk to him! I really really love him and I can't live without him. He is really angry at me and has told me he wants to break up with me and he screamed at me in the evening," she slurred. She seemed to have

been sobbing for some time now, and desperation was the overpowering sentiment. maybe myself. I banged the door repeatedly and screamed, "Piyush! This is your problem, you take care of it!" He opened the door and, to my extreme frustration, just stood there, looking at me as if he was clueless.

It was dumbstruck. "What?", was all I could muster.

"He is not talking to me. I will slit my wrists, and write his name on the wall. I can't live without him." She continued to repeat garbled variations of this sentence as I lay frozen and whispered, "It'll be okay." I'm still not sure who I was saying that to.

After two minutes of shocked paralysis, I sprung into action, threw open my door, and barged towards Piyush's, all the while trying to calm her down – or was clueless.

"Neha, please don't call on this number again. Piyush will take your call right now," I slammed my phone and looked at Piyush expectantly. He beamed a gleeful smile back at me before taking the call and closing the door on me.

What led me to question my sanity was the fact that my other flatmates behaved normally with him after this incident. I, on the other hand, just had no words for him after that. Later, I would think of Neha sometimes, and wonder why she would want be in such an abusive relationship. Maybe she was just looking for comfort and companionship in some of her most arduous years.

Anyways, Vijay and Ashutosh, both were mates in school back home, just like Akhil and Harsh. Ashutosh was a senior, but he dropped a year. The three of us were brought closer by various things that were happening in our surroundings. At some point in the course of our conversations we decided that it was time to start drinking. Ashutosh, the most experienced of the three of us, decided that we needed to relax at a bar and have our first beers. So we haggled with the autowallahs and sped off to our destination.

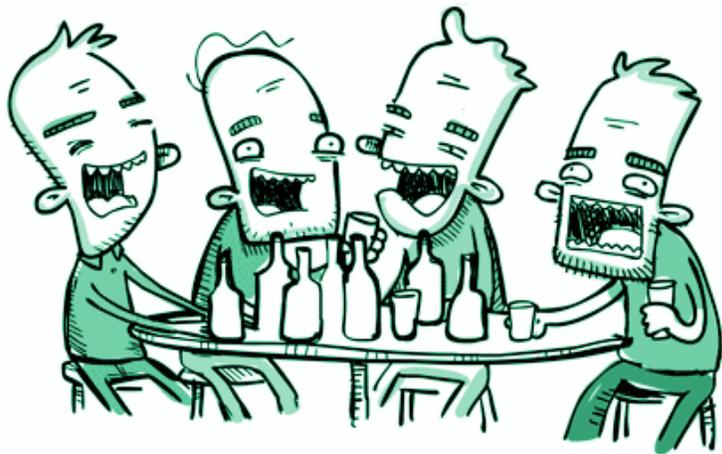
Classes in Kota coaching centres are gruelling, the



tests degrading and demoralizing. Vijay was dealing with his exam woes while Ashutosh was having his own issues with studies. I'm not sure what I was doing then — I had been acing tests without really attending classes.

Kota is also plagued by an institutional caste system among the students, though not on religious or regional lines. It was formulated by the coaching centres to push students to do "better". Students would be allocated batches and teachers according to their ranks.

The top batches were akin to the brahmins, while the lowest batches were treated akin to the untouchables, considered to be good for nothing, the sinners, the smokers, the drinkers, the gamers and the womanizers, even when they really were some of the most brilliant people I knew. I had seen every imaginable talent, from dancing to singing; from writing to debating; interests in topics ranging from economics to social work. Yet they were *unlucky*; they lacked the the knack of seeing mathematical patterns that the JEE wanted. Although some of the people in top batches had seemingly normal lives, they were the exceptions, not the norm. It seemed to me that the norm in the top batches was to be a studious robot who had finished the course twice before enrolling. The people in the not-top batches, who were not as prepared, were destroyed by their insecurities as they tried to climb up this insidious social ladder. I was in a top batch, mostly through good pattern recognition skills and strategy, and managed to scrape a place on this ladder and stay afloat.



Many would give up midway through the ordeal. Some, being unable to withstand it, would try to escape, and even death seemed like an escape to an unfortunate minority. Some more would see through the false aura of life at IITs that emanated from every aspect of this town, the facade of this

billion dollar industry, and dream of a more normal life. A minority of them would buy the dream, work for it and do well. Others would get sucked into vices of various kinds, and it wasn't as if I wasn't up for those vices either, as I would discover after stepping inside Chanda Bar.

The bar wasn't the most tasteful of places. It was lit with garish pink lights, and its bluish-purple plastered walls were adorned with posters of scantily clad models. I knew about Kingfisher beer, but the Budweisers and the Heinekens looked interestingly appetizing. Also on display were bottles of *Smirnoff* vodka and *Black Dog* whiskey, which I was wary of.

The tables were dirty and stained with god-knows-what, hogged by people who couldn't care less about what was around them. They seemed to have been there since eternity, drinking away their problems. Their eyes, fixated on something far away from this dingy place, seemed like a bad omen. Others were talking loudly and crassly to each other. The bar didn't seem like the friendliest of places, unlike what we were used to seeing in American TV shows. C'mon! A guy can dream about his first drink being at a respectable joint, rather than some dingy bar. However, it was the only bar we knew about; the other option was to buy drinks from the wine shop.

Vijay didn't seem very comfortable with the place either. Ashutosh, the occasional drinker, was at ease though, and ordered Budweiser for us. "Foster's is stronger, Buds will suit you guys well", he explained as he suavely asked the waiter to get our drinks and accompaniments.

It was eerily similar to our usual outings, except for the drinks. We'd usually meet around 7, wander towards the mess and spontaneously decide to get something *nicer* to eat. Bankrolled by our parent's monies and hopes, we'd be off in search of the day's variety to be bought from the small selection of restaurants and large selection of street food Kota had to offer. The kulchas from the roadside seller, in front of Allen coaching center, were our firm favorites. Also well etched in our minds was the cold coffee from a nearby joint. We'd usually walk back, smoking a cigarette or two, and reach our places just around 10, when our landlords would lock up their homes. The cigarettes helped calm our nerves and concentrate as we tried to grapple with our fast and transient lives.

We usually talked about Kota and studies.

Sometimes we talked about acquaintances who were living nearby, other times about some girl one of us was crushing on – things one would expect from 17-year-olds.

For instance, our hot topic for about a fortnight was the girl who lived in front of Ashutosh's house. We caught glimpses of her throughout the summer, but we never got to know what her name was. She looked pale and her hair was brown. She had slender arms and a round face. Ashutosh found her to be pretty cute, but me and Vijay weren't into her. Apparently, there were two guys that would come and get her flowers and the girl would occasionally smile and flirt back. On one fateful day, they saw each other and went berserk. The fight reached the Road in front of Ashutosh's house, from where he had a view akin to that from a watchtower. The police was called to separate them. To add more spice, the next day, a third guy climbed the pipes to her room around 11pm and left around 5am. Ashutosh wasn't the happiest witness, but what could he do anyways? He was the hapless neighbor spying on the girl next door.

"Bhaiya! Here are your Budweisers and Paneer Tikka!", the waiter laid out the dishes in front of us.

"Somik, this is it. Your first drink," I thought to myself as I exchanged reluctant smiles with my comrades. I hadn't really made up my mind about drinking till then. My family had already furthered the "normal" Indian tradition of not discussing taboo issues, so it wasn't as if I'd get any inputs from them other than a lecture about how it was a bad thing to indulge in.

It seemed like an iconic moment in my life. A moment that I might recall years later, having ruined my life. I thought of the good life that I might be throwing away. The *sanskaari* idea of a good boy

played in my head. In my *sinful* stories, I was usually a spectator to the madness around me. Would I be creating my own from now on? I took a swill expectantly.

Pungent. Bitter. Yuck. I knew it wasn't supposed to taste very good, but it sure was unlike anything I had ever had. I looked at Vijay, who seemed to share my concerns. I was afraid to ask Ashutosh if something was wrong with my beer. *I was afraid of looking stupid.* Vijay's face had a similar expression. Both of us sipped it quietly. Ashutosh, however, seemed to be enjoying his beer. I wondered, "How in the name of god?!"

We then started chatting and I started savoring the tikkas while drinking my first pint. A second pint followed the first. Then came the third, and so on. Somehow, I stopped minding the taste of the beer and the garish scenes started fusing with the loud music to create a surprisingly nice cocoon around me. I felt a little loose, and a burden seemed to leave me behind. It was unexpected. I was almost never tense, but a voice at the back of my head would nag me like I was about to do something wrong all the damn time. It seemed to have quietened down inside my cocoon, and I couldn't seem to care enough.

"1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6... 7...!", I slurred, counting the fan's rotations as I lay on my bed. We reached home after having more than a couple of beers. The ceiling fan seemed still, and it felt like I was the one swirling. Despite the occasional nauseating feeling, I actually started to enjoy the rhythm, and the imagery in my head seemed to prance and dance. I don't know when I closed my eyes. It could have been an hour, but it could just as easily have been two minutes. I had lost all sense of time. It was the best sleep I'd had in months. □



# Cynical Cindy

**Disclaimer:** The views and opinions expressed in this article are those of Cindy and do not reflect the position of the SLC or the editorial team. These are only intended for laughs, and meant to be taken in good humour. You are warned to proceed with caution, as some statements may be too heavy on the imagination. Reader discretion is advised.



Sahithi Chedalavada

Found this in my inbox:

Dear all,

This is regarding pooping activities of students on the campus. There have been multiple instances of them not flushing the toilets properly. It is disgusting when we enter the toilets to discover traces of someone else's brown matter remaining.

I'm attaching some pictures for everyone's enjoyment. The pictures are from the academic buildings, hostel buildings, and every other place that the humans of the campus deem fit to dirty. :-)

Thanks and Regards,  
Identity to be revealed on the Facebook group, Life@IIIT-H



Dogs pooping or not, the existence of mass mailing lists is surely a shit show.

**Note:** The attached pictures have not been published due to the content being too graphic.

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Back Cover: Alley near the canteen  
Photo by Sushant Reddy

