

INPHASE

Annual Magazine of EEE Department

**'Re-writing
genetics: The new
canvas of life.'**

**'FROM GARAGE TO
GLOBAL: A
STARTUP'S TRUE
STORY.'**

**'From garage to
global: A startup's
true story'**

**'The architecture
where
light, shadow,
and dreams
coalesce.'**

**'Gravitational
Waves: Cosmic
Harmonic or
Background noise?'**

**Edition
22**

June 2026

FOREWORD

It gives me great pleasure to present the 22nd edition of **InPhase**, the annual magazine published by **Cepstrum**, the student society of the Department of Electronics and Electrical Engineering, IIT Guwahati. In this edition, you will find a diverse collection of articles covering not only science and technology but also social issues, interdisciplinary themes, personal reflections, creative writing, and literary compositions.



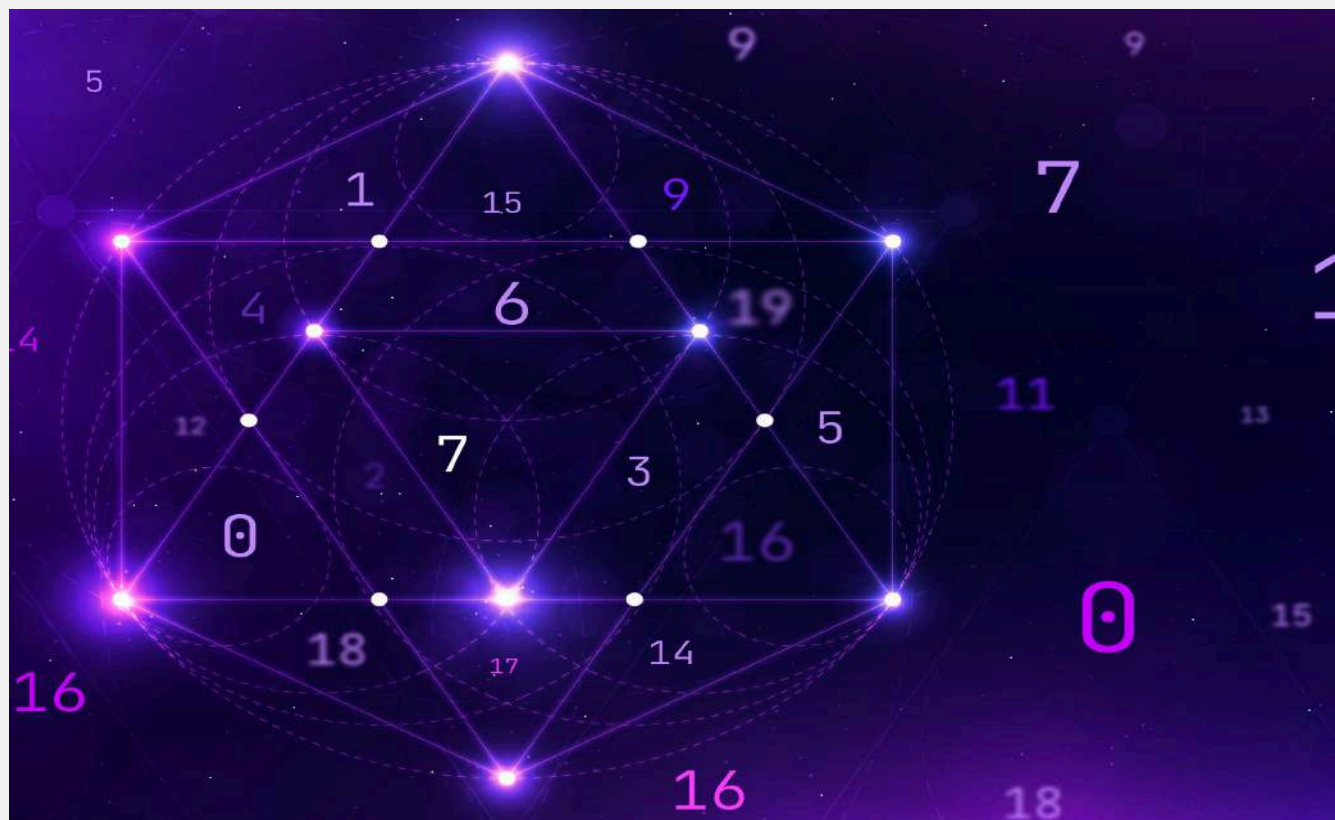
Students have expressed themselves through writings in both English and Hindi, sharing their ideas, experiences, and perspectives in a thoughtful and engaging manner.

I appreciate the efforts of the content and design teams, whose dedication and teamwork have shaped the magazine so effectively. The high quality of presentation and content reflects their commitment and hard work. I also congratulate the editorial team for carrying forward the legacy of InPhase and maintaining the standards set by previous editions, which have always been widely appreciated.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to all the contributors, as well as to the students, staff and faculty whose direct and indirect support made the publication of InPhase 2026 possible. I am confident that the readers will find this edition engaging, inspiring, and enjoyable. I wish InPhase great success and hope that Cepstrum continues to provide a vibrant platform for students to share their ideas and contribute to the intellectual and cultural life of the department

With best wishes
Harshal B Nemade

CONTENTS



**THE DARK KNIGHT
PARADOX**

01

**FROM 4 AM PANIC
TO NATIONAL GOLD**

04

**BRAHMAPUTRA TO
SOUTH KOREA**

07

NOT FOR US?

08



11

IN SEEK OF LOVE

14

कशमकश

15

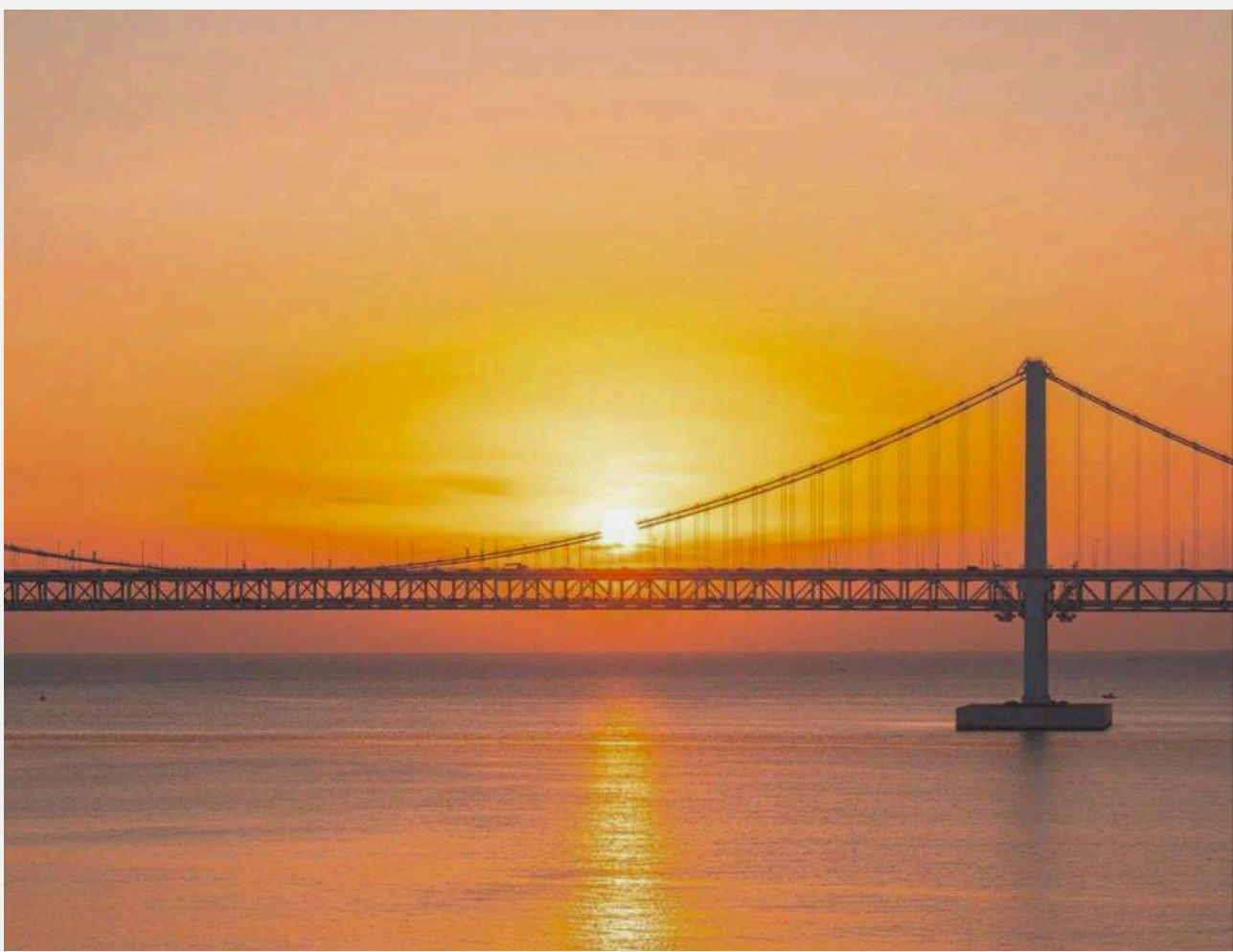
**BETWEEN CLICKS
A Discrete View of a
Continuous Life**

17

चुप्पी की भाषा

19

Arts & Creatives



23 WHY IS THE SKY
NOT WHITE

25 SWB CHRONICLES

27 QUESTIONS??



IT HURTS TO WRITE
THIS AND IT
HURTS MORE TO
RECITE THIS

WHO IS AN ARTIST !!

SEVENTEEN
Somewhere in
between....

31

33

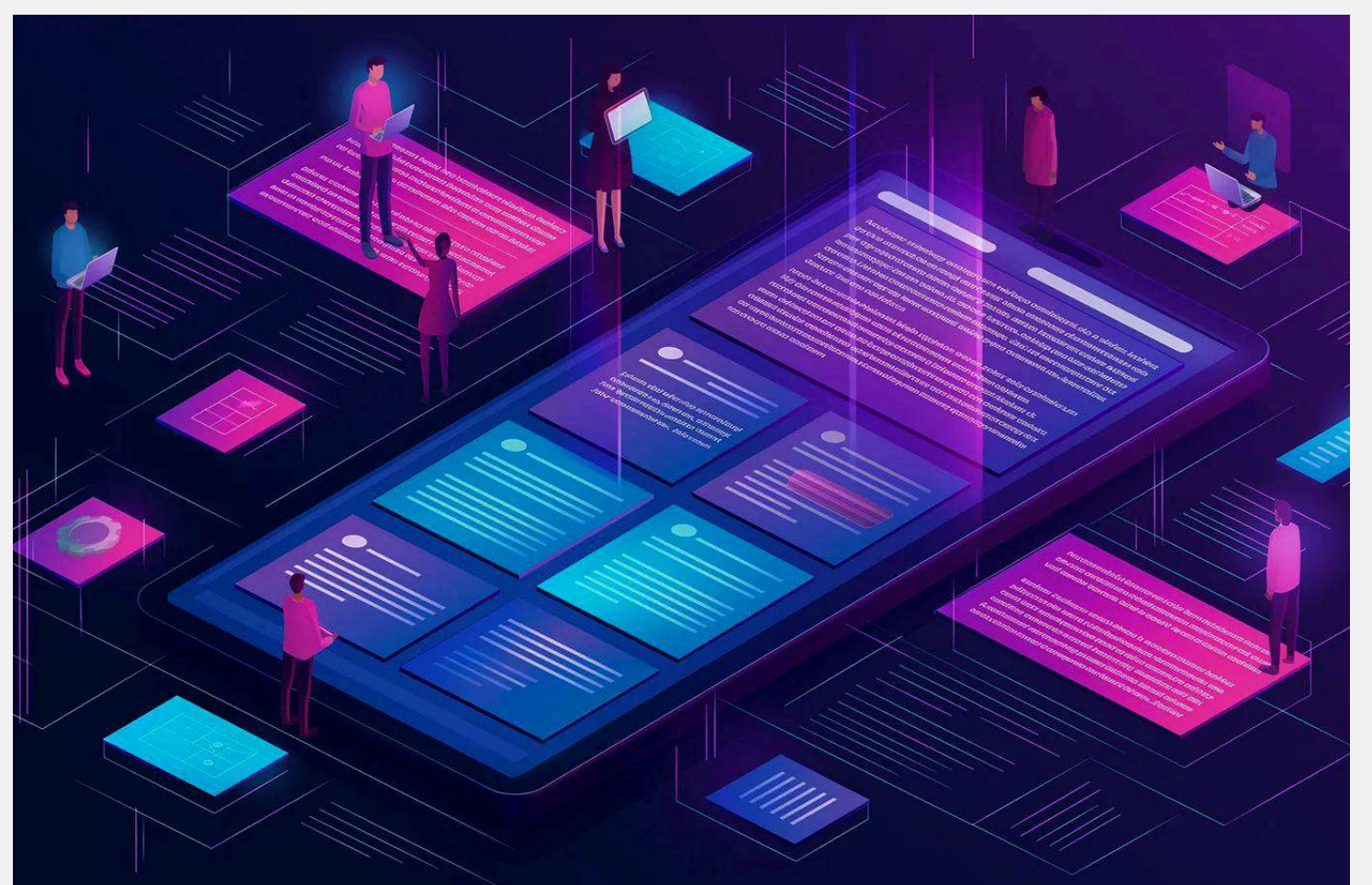
35

37 WHY I DON'T DREAM
ANYMORE - I PLAN

39 PHOTO GALLERY

40 DEAR TEAM
CEPSTRUM

42 MEET THE TEAM



THE DARK KNIGHT™ PARADOX

Can we solve all our problems??

~Jesswin George

The World's Greatest Detective. The crime-fighting vigilante. The Dark Knight. Batman has dedicated his entire life to purging Gotham of crime. Yet, despite his re-lentless courage and determination, the city never seems free of corruption and chaos. Every villain he defeats is followed by another. Stability and peace have been a far cry; a distant dream for him.

Has Batman failed his mission — or is Gotham itself destined to live in a cycle of unending doom?

Shifting Goalposts

Does this analogy feel familiar? A big reason why characters like Batman resonate so deeply is because of how well people can relate to them. In many ways, we see a reflection of ourselves in Batman. A huge part of our lives is spent solving problems, some created by ourselves, others imposed by our environment. The joy of resolving one issue is often short-lived, only for the

next one to emerge. The goalpost we aim for keeps shifting, and the field itself keeps expanding mid-game. Challenges that once felt overwhelming now appear trivial compared to the ones we face today. We can see it in our own lives. I remember a time when the biggest hurdle in my life was the 10th-grade Board Exam. Then came the Entrance Exams. Now, it's about keeping up a good GPA and building new skills in college. Ten years from now, I can't be certain what challenges I'll be facing. Each hurdle, once overcome, has only given way to the next.

The Paradox

At the very core of this issue lies a fact we must come to terms with; solving a problem often creates another one — sometimes even multiple. This truth goes to the very essence of problem-solving. The solution you devise doesn't just resolve the immediate issue; it also alters the dynamics of the system itself.

At times, this happens because of flaws within the solution, but that isn't always the case. Even a so-called "perfect" solution is not truly perfect in that sense.

Think of an example like this: a man is in great need of money. Earning it would solve many of his difficulties and improve his quality of life. The ideal solution he can think of is to get a job—unless he magically stumbles upon a bag of money or something similar. But choosing a job may bring its own problems. He might end up in work he doesn't enjoy and feel unsatisfied. So, if we ask whether the job has really solved his problems, the answer would be no.

So here's the paradox: if solving a problem inevitably creates another, then perhaps we can never truly "solve" all our problems. What we are engaged in is not a zero-sum game, but an ever-evolving one. The levels grow tougher as we progress, testing not only our patience but also our persistence.

The Wider Cycle

This pattern extends beyond the individual, shaping societies and external affairs as well. There are issues in the wider world that seem endless. Leaders and governments may promise to solve them all and proclaim that everything will become better, yet in practice this rarely proves true. A perfect world or a "utopia" is something we can only dream of, and we can never be certain whether it will ever be attained.

A clear-cut example would be the Industrial Revolution. It brought about radical changes in manufacturing and led to greater convenience and product growth. However, its consequences — such as pollution, the climate crisis, and worker exploitation — are undeniable realities. The same can be said for the internet in our times. While communication has become faster and easier, it has also given rise to problems like misinformation and distrust.

The thought of life being one problem-solving assignment after another hits hard. It is a difficult one to come to terms with. It's a thought that can make one question the very meaning of life. Does it have any meaning? Or does nothing matter at all?

Well — if we can't solve every problem, at least we can choose which problems to solve.

The Value of Solving

The paradox never implies that solutions are meaningless. In fact, they are significant, whether or not they give rise to new and different conflicts. It really boils down to a simple question: do you want to stay stuck solving the same problem, or do you want to grow, improve, and take on bigger challenges?

There is a common tendency among people to compare the present with older times and rant about how everything was perfect back then. This is a defensive mechanism we often adopt to cope with the

present world by giving ourselves a distorted, idealized sense of the past. In reality, the past too was plagued with problems, but those no longer matter because we have already devised solutions for them. These ranged from a lack of medical facilities and poor communication to limited access to education and technology. Since we have already solved many of these issues, we often forget they ever existed. Our focus naturally shifts to the problems at hand. This shows that the solutions we come up with are always relevant as they clear the path for us to move forward.

The Joy of Challenges

On a personal level, what ultimately matters is our happiness. If we truly enjoy solving a problem, then perhaps it's worth asking whether it was ever a "problem" at all.

We have all had these brief moments of satisfaction after overcoming the slightest of inconveniences. It could be after finding a missing item you have searched for a long time or cracking a difficult question on your own after pondering over it for hours or finding a song of which the tune only you remember. These small moments of triumph bring us a lot of joy.

Of course, we can't choose every challenge in life; some are simply imposed on us. But the choices we can make are always ours, and that applies to problems as well. The key lies in picking challenges that align with our interests and motivate us to

push forward. That drive is what helps us navigate a vast, rapidly changing world full of opportunities waiting to be seized.

The same idea extends to success. Every achievement not only fuels our desire to pursue greater ones but also places us on a stronger platform from which to reach them.

So, if problems are endless, then our goals in this world are endless too.

Concluding...

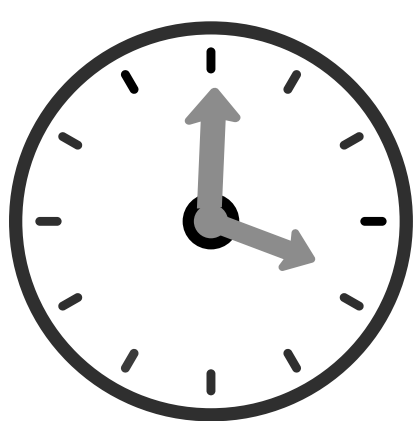
We may never know if Batman will ever find peace or see his dream of a safer Gotham fully realized. But one thing certain is that he will never stop fighting for it. That path was his choice.

In the same way, we too can carve our own path — something worth striving for.



FROM 4 AM PANIC TO NATIONAL GOLD

~Achyuth



what the HACK

When I first joined the Consulting and Analytics Club at our college, the Smart India Hackathon (SIH) was just a name I kept hearing, a buzzword that seemed to carry a lot of weight. I didn't fully grasp the magnitude of it until the internal campus round was announced.

Looking back now, holding the winner's trophy, I realize that the victory was just the final punctuation mark on a much longer, more transformative sentence.

The journey began not with a solution, but with a team. I teamed up with Aniket Mandal, Dhyan Shah, Adith Jayakrishnan, Priti Nag, and Aditya Chauhan. We spent

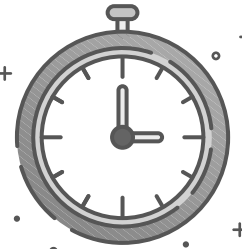
felt like an eternity debating over the Problem Statement (PS) selection. We wanted something that wasn't just technically challenging but had a tangible, real-world impact. We eventually settled on a problem statement focused on AI-powered monitoring of crop health, soil condition, and pest risks using multi-spectral and hyper-spectral imaging.

In hindsight, choosing that PS was a blessing, but at the time, it was a mountain we weren't sure we could climb. We were fortunate to have the guidance of Dr. Dipankar Mandal, Assistant Professor, School of Agro and Rural Technology, an expert in the field. His insights were instrumental. He didn't





just give us answers, he helped us frame the right questions to arrive at our solution.



With our concept in place, we burned the midnight oil to perfect our presentation for the internal rounds. Qualifying for the national round felt like a massive validation. We submitted our proposal and a short video demonstrating a makeshift app, and then the waiting game began. When the results were declared in early November, and we saw our names in the top 5 teams for our problem statement nationwide, I honestly couldn't believe my eyes. We were finalists.

That was the moment the excitement turned into pressure. We decided that since we had come this far, we had to see it through to the end. We promised to leave no stone unturned. However, reality has a way of humbling you.

We waited for our end-semester exams to conclude before diving into the core development, and that is when we hit a wall. We learned the hard way that claiming you can implement a feature in a PowerPoint presentation is vastly different from actually coding it. The implementation was far more complicated than we had imagined.



We faced a barrage of unprecedented errors. How do we handle the massive data load? How

do we mitigate satellite delay issues? How do we design an interface simple enough for a farmer to use, yet complex enough to handle advanced time-series models? We debated endlessly on how the LLM (Large Language Model) would make inferences. It was a period of frustration, research, and constant debugging.

That said, it wasn't all stress and screens. In the middle of all the coding, research, and product development, we had our moments of fun too. Late-night jokes, random conversations, shared meals, and laughing at our own mistakes kept us sane and reminded us why we started this together in the first place.



by the time we boarded the flight to Hyderabad for the Grand Finale, our situation was dire. We didn't have a working prototype. While other passengers were sleeping or watching movies, we were frantically debugging code at 30,000 feet. The tension followed us to the hostel rooms at the host college.

The night before the 36-hour hackathon was particularly brutal. After spending nearly an hour debugging the LLM to give a reasonable and practical output for a very specific problem, we finally implemented what we thought was a solid fix. We waited as the model loaded.

We were facing crash-outs at 4:00 AM, just hours before a grueling 36-hour non-stop hackathon was set to begin.

We walked into the hackathon venue running on pure adrenaline, with no sleep and an app that wasn't ready to be shown to a judge. But that 36-hour window was where the magic happened. It was a testament to what a team can do when their backs are against the wall.

During the live hackathon, we built almost the entire application from the ground up. By the first round of evaluations, we had something basic to show in Android Studio. By the second round, we had a half-working prototype.

This is where I realized that SIH isn't just about the team sitting at the table, it's about the community standing behind you. I sent a desperate message to our college friends' group asking for help. Within moments, I had around 25 API keys in my inbox. That support from our peers back home was the fuel that carried us across the finish line.

The final evaluation was a blur of anxiety. The judges seemed rushed, and ours was the last presentation of the day.



They didn't even ask to see the final product we had painstakingly built, and we had to scramble to verbally explain our features. It felt anti-climactic. I was terrified that they had either already chosen a winner before reaching us, or perhaps they had already decided on us during the previous rounds. I prepared myself for the worst.

We gathered in the hall for the results. When the winners of the other problem statements were announced, I was shocked by how quiet they were, barely a sound.

But when our names were announced, that silence was shattered. We let out a huge, collective shriek of disbelief and joy. We had done it.

hackathon

The day after the win, with the pressure finally off, we roamed around Hyderabad, exhausted but happy. It felt like a quiet reward after weeks of chaos, a moment to breathe and take everything in.

Winning was an incredible feeling, but the trophy is just an object. The real prize was the resilience we built during those sleepless nights, the technical depth we gained by failing and fixing our code, and the bond we forged as a team. We learned that innovation is messy, that plans rarely survive contact with reality, and that when you are stuck, there is always a community ready to help you out.

BRAHMAPUTRA TO *South Korea*

-Mir Maity

It was a long flight. Thankfully, it was at midnight, so I was able to get a few hours of sleep in before we landed. Reaching our motel was a daunting task; getting out the airport was confusing in itself followed by a three hour long subway to Ansan, where our motel was.

Initially, I was a bit skeptical of the location of our stay, but it turned out I had worked myself over nothing.

The first week was spent getting used to the place; I got to explore the city of Ansan where the university is located. There was a shuttle bus that took us from our motel to the campus and vice versa, which was nice. Weather-wise it was getting pretty cold, averaging about a few degrees celsius throughout the day. It was a good thing that all buildings in the university had internal heating to combat the near freezing temperatures outside.

So basically, I was heavily incentivized to spend most of my time in the labs which made life there very easy. Since we didn't have access to kitchens, we had to eat out at places or buy from the convenience stores (which were dime a dozen here). If you were a vegetarian you would have a hard time here; as almost all items from chips to meals typically have some non-veg elements in them (Luckily I wasn't but the same can't be said for some who had come with me).

Since I was practically eating a burger every other day, I really couldn't complain about the food. Also it snowed within the first week, which I liked and hoped for more (It never snowed in the next month while I was there). Apart from working on the weekdays, we made a plan to travel to different places on the weekend. We visited many places such as Myeongdong, a bustling shopping district, Gyeongbokgung Palace, Lotte World Mall and much more. We also went ice skating in the Seoul Plaza, which was a pleasant experience.

In short: I survived the subways, ate my body weight in burgers, and finally saw snow. South Korea has been a whirlwind of high-tech labs and historic palaces, and even if it never snows again while I'm here, the experience has already frozen itself into a pretty great memory..

NOT FOR US??

~HARSHITA MUDGAL

I was eight the first time I saw it through a tiny crack in the wall of our generation-old house. It looked like the sky rained colours and the city reeked of delight. I didn't know what it was back then, but I longed to be a part of it. My gaze fixated on the thousands of people dancing, singing, walking together, until appa yelled behind me. "Raman, it is not for boys like us. Don't even think about being a part of it."

His voice was firm as a rock. I didn't question it. I had never seen that side of him before. Something in me curled up and shut down. That day, I made a pact with myself to never see the parade again. No one from our community ever gets to be a part of it anyway. It's always the ones who are well off. Maybe that's what appa meant.

Years have passed since then. The parade has become louder, brighter, and much more crowded, but my role in it has stayed the same. I help prepare it.

Appa is one of the finest tailors in our village. From stitching school uniforms for kids who go to private schools, to making shiny, glittering costumes for the parade people, he does it all perfectly. Every year since the parade started, he's been making the kind of clothes that catch light and dazzle and I am the one who delivers them. But I

make sure to keep them backstage and get back before it begins.

I'll do the same this year. There's still time before the parade starts, and the sky is clear. It's shining bright like a mirror to all the freedom and acceptance.

When I reach the backstage area with the costume bags, I try not to dawdle. But just as I'm turning to leave, I notice someone across the stage. Is that... Arvind? He's in the middle of getting ready, adjusting a feathered collar. He doesn't see me. Or maybe he does. Either way, I can't look away.

He was my senior in school. The first time I saw him walk in the parade bare chested and proud, I felt something shift inside me. Like I was watching someone do something I could only feel in the quiet.

The drums start rolling. That's a sign. It's time for me to leave. The first line of dancers will be moving any minute now, and I need to be out of sight before they pass by. I pick up the empty cloth sack and begin to walk, but the color of the sky changes without warning.

A crack splits the air and suddenly it's raining cats and dogs. People scatter, laughing and screaming. Lights flicker and go out. The street, for a moment,

forgets it is performing. The sound of rain hitting the ground has never felt more peaceful.

I stop in the middle of the alley, pretending to check on something in the sack so I can stay a little longer. I can't say for certain why I am doing this. Appa is still inside the shop, probably covering the sewing machine or trying to move the bundles of clothes away from the leaking roof. I tell myself I'll just stand here for a second. Just a second.

The rain feels cold at first, but then it doesn't. My shirt clings to my back and my hair is dripping into my eyes, but it feels so good. It feels like breathing after holding it in for too long.

From the alley, I can see the dancers trying to regroup. The boys in the glittery costumes that I helped carry here laugh as they twirl barefoot on the wet ground. Water soaks the fabric but it doesn't matter. They look free in a way I've never allowed myself to be. Like there's nothing weighing them down, nothing telling them to hide. And even if there is, it doesn't win. Not today.

I take one step closer. And then another. Arvind turns, and his eyes meet mine. For a second, I freeze. But he doesn't turn away. He just smiles like he's surprised but not shocked. I don't smile back. I'm not sure I know how. But something in me shifts again, and this time it doesn't shut down.

Before I can think of anything to do, someone brushes past me hard. I stumble and nearly fall, but a hand

catches me. It's a transwoman, tall and graceful, wearing a bright maroon sari with her hair pulled back. Her bangles clink gently as she steadies me. "First storm always feels like this," she says, half-laughing. Her voice is warm. I nod, not knowing what to say. She gives me a look like she sees right through me. I look away. I don't know why.

Before I can get myself to comprehend, a little girl runs past us. Her hands are stained with colour, and she reaches up to smear some on my face. Maybe she thinks I'm one of the dancers too. I don't stop her. For a moment, I stand there, soaked and colour-streaked. And then I wipe it off. Quickly! My heart is racing.

I see appa from across the barricade. He's standing outside the shop, eyes scanning the street. Not angry but worried like he is looking for something precious. He hates the rain. He always has. He never steps out during the parade. And yet here he is, searching for me.

I duck behind the barricade before he can spot me. My legs feel heavy as I run back toward the shop, taking the long way around. Inside, I change into dry clothes. I wipe my face again. The colour still clings to my neck, bleeding into my collar.

I sit for a long time, listening to the rain soften. My fingers twitch with something I don't yet know how to name yet. A quiet ache. A quiet knowing. There's just silence.

In the other room, appa is fixing a broken hook on a blouse. His hands move like they always do- fast and precise. He doesn't say anything. Neither do I.

But I watch.

I watch those hands stitching joy into fabric, helping strangers dress for a kind of freedom he doesn't believe I should want.

I think of Arvind's eyes. The way he didn't flinch. The woman in the pink sari. The girl with her hands full of colour. The boys dancing like they had nothing to lose.

And I think of myself.

I've never said it out loud. I don't even know if I could. Because even if I found the words, where would I say them? In a house with no locks on the doors? In a village where the people like us are not allowed to dream of softness, or want?

In this world, queerness is not just dangerous, it's complicated. It's caste. It's poverty. It's the fear of being mocked, disowned, forgotten, and worse, punished.

People like us are expected to work. To stitch. To serve. To keep our heads down.

Not to dance in the rain.

Not to love who we're not supposed to.

Not to be seen.

I don't know what that makes me. A coward? A realist? Just someone who hasn't figured out how to survive the truth of who they are?

Maybe I'll never walk in the parade. Maybe I'll only ever stand at its edge, watching, feeling.

Appa says it's not for boys like us, but what if he is wrong about me?

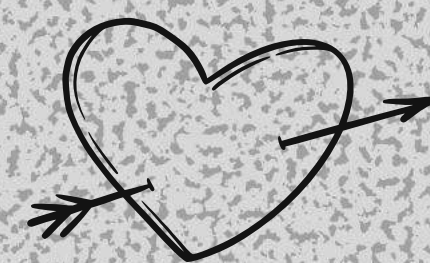
IN SEEK OF LOVE

FIVE YEARS OF JOURNEY
2017-2021

– urstruly_raj

Chapter – 1

Introduction to Love



Absolutely confused & completely feeling hatred on myself that why I am like this in a half boiled state. A sad beginning right! But hope atleast the ending would be fine. It's completely based on true events came across my life.

School life probable the best part in everyone's life and in my case too. Not only because of friends, but by the entry of two girls came into my life namely Sree and Jyo. They made me smile, laugh and became the reason behind my happiness by showing there love towards me in a friendly manner. You know what, both of them were younger than me by 4 years, but that feeling never came across in our lives since we used to be like a good friends. As the days pass, my feeling on Sree started changing from good friend to a true lover (one side) and never felt that could happen. It's all because of the surprise she gave me on my birthday, which made me to realise that "Am i that much important in her life?" But I have not expressed my feeling on her at that moment because of the fear that I would loose her friendship too.



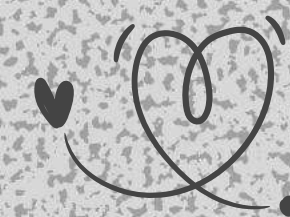
YEAR PASSED

On a fine day, for the first time in my life she texted me after a long meet

and never felt that it would be the last conversation between us. Reason behind this is, I expressed my love on her and soon felt hatred on myself knowing that tears came on her eyes soon after listening to my proposal. Because she never had that feeling on me atleast once. As months passes my feelings on her started growing day by day. Everyday i used to think about the memories that I had with her and felt very sad.

But later i realized that no one will stay permanently in our lives not even

our parents too but only our soulmate and she might not be the one.



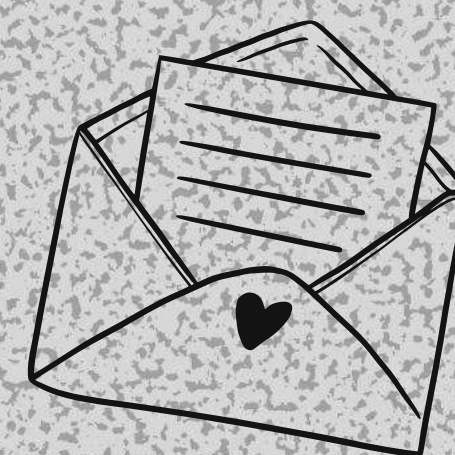
And today September 2020, i am heartfully accepting that there is no more a feeling of love on Sree & she is going to be my sweetest friend forever 100%

Feeling the story came to an end? Not yet! Look at the remaining part of the story which turned me into a one side lover again.

I have not introduced about Jyo in my life right! Jyo, a cute-angry-smart-innocent-sweet girl. She likes me very much when we three were a good friends. We used to roam, talk, argue, play & had many more memories in our school days. But because of a small argument came between us (3 year's before), she stopped speaking with me. She used to maintain an angry face whenever I come across. But always I used to receive her anger with a smiling face since I too like her very much. When she doesn't bother about me, I don't know why the hell I used to care about her!

"If this is what love, I am definitely in love with her 100%" This realization started in my life from past few months ago. And from that moment, I am waiting for a single chance to speak to her and explain everything I came across in my life & to express my love on her truly. Heartfully hoping that this would happen.

Finally I have learned one thing, "The one whom we love is not our soulmate, but the one who becomes part in our life is our soulmate. So don't die for love. Love can be felt by anyone, with anyone. No one is your soulmate until God decides. Love means not roaming in parks, theatres, or something else. Love is truly an understanding between two people which strengthens them to be together in happiness, sadness, difficulties they come across and to have trust on each other."



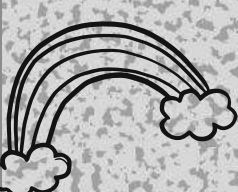
Chapter – 2

Introduction to Life

As I have mentioned in previous part, I am waiting for a single chance to express my love towards Jyo.

Though we both lived in a same village, we don't have any conversation between us. After a long time, I have seen her in a half saree function. I felt it's right time to talk with her, but I didn't. Honestly, tears came that night when I was on sleep, felt very sad that when I truly love her, why I am not able to express that love to her. Days are passing & my feelings on her are increasing day by day.

Its our diploma final semester exams. Finally I have taken a step forward & decided to speak with her. For the first time, listen! for the first time in my life, I went to talk with a girl, obviously Jyo to express my love. I am walking on road with lot of thoughts running in my mind. Luckily, I saw her cycling on road & I called her. She heard my voice & looked at me. I asked her, how are you? she replied very strangely. I said, I came to speak a lot with you but the moment you came front of me made me speechless. She said, okay we will talk later.



With a little hope, I have decided to make a second attempt. I have understood that I can't express my love on her directly. So this time I have started writing a letter & mentioned everything happened in my life including my first love on Sree & also I have mentioned my phone number in middle of the letter. The very next day, I went with the letter. I found her playing shuttle near her house & asked her Jyo, I need to talk with you, but she refused. I don't know what to do at that moment. I am just crossing her house with lots of doubts running on my mind.

After a moment, I looked back & she looked at me. Slowly with a low voice I called her & kept letter on her hand & left that place immediately. Reached home & felt so happy that somehow I made her understand my love on her.

That night (27th September, 2020), I have received a text message for the first time from her. Can you guess what she might have replied?

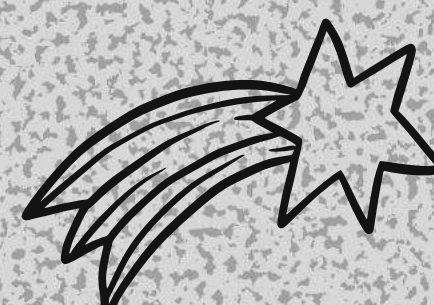
She replied, I don't have that kind of opinion on you. That's the second time in my life, my heart was broken. But this was not as much painful as the first one. She said sorry for that & said let's be friends. But I have not agreed for that in the beginning. Thereafter, we used to chat daily & that made her very close to me. To be frank, I got addicted to her. She too felt the same, but after listening to an advise from someone, she started avoiding me. As the days are passing, I came to know that though she was not in love with me, she likes me very much & that made her do like that. After few days I asked her, if you truly love me & wants me to be in your life, just say 'Okay' I will take care of each & everything & I will convince our parents. But she said, Rajkumar please don't force me. That's it!

Today, dated 23rd October 2021 on the behalf of her birthday, heartfully I agree that there is no more a feeling of love on her & obviously i agree that, "Singles are the Best"

During our school/ college days, almost all of us would have done this (searching for a lover-thinking about her-feeling them as our soulmate) & i too did the same. But finally, i have realized that if there is someone in this world who really love us unconditionally, it's obviously our PARENTS, there is no doubt in that. So my advice to all is simple, instead of searching love in someone & wasting time for them, realise the love & care shown by your parents. Always remember that, they are the one who introduced you into this world.

Finally i would like to thank both Sree & Jyo for making me understand the true meaning of love & life.

dele



कशमकश

क्यूँ कशमकश में बैठा था तेरी याद में,
तेरी आवाज़ सुनने का यूँ इंतज़ार
कर रहा था,

किसीने कंधे पे हाथ रख, मुझे
पीछे हटने को कहा,

क्यूँकि मैं राख को तेरी
मूरत समझ साफ़
कर रहा था ।

-By Vaibhav Poddar

Between Clicks

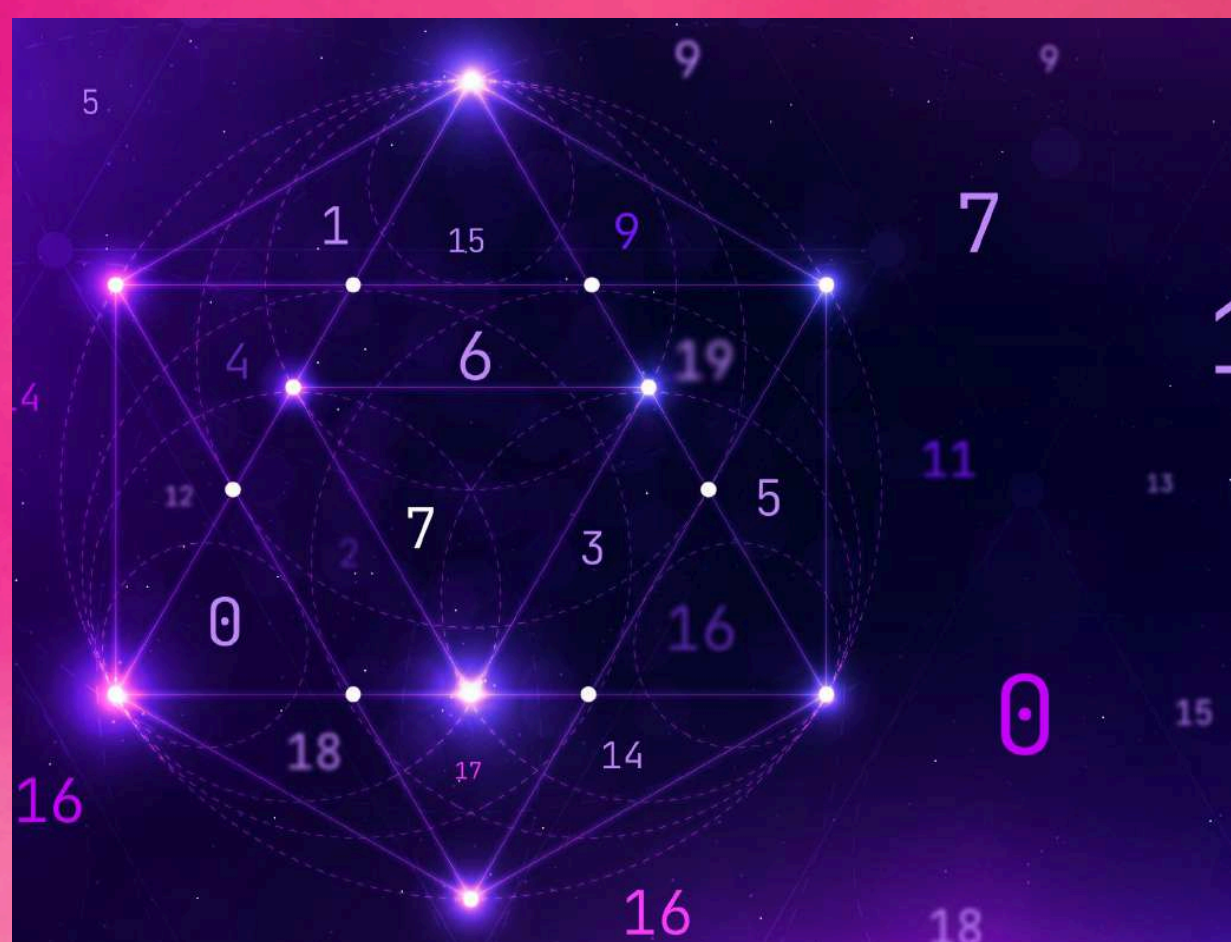
A Discrete View of a Continuous Life

~Jesswin George

***“What we observe is not nature itself, but nature exposed to our method of questioning.”
— Werner Heisenberg***

Our ways of questioning do not stop at the physical world. They quietly shape how we interpret our own thoughts, emotions, and decisions. The same frameworks we use to understand nature often mirror the frameworks through which we understand ourselves.

In science, quantization is a fundamental principle encountered across multiple domains. One of the founding ideas of modern physics, Planck’s quantum theory, describes how energy is emitted and absorbed in discrete packets called quanta. Much of our progress in computer science is likewise indebted to the digital world, which is built entirely on the binary logic of 0s and 1s. Viewing a continuous world through a discrete lens is a powerful way to simplify complexity, often in ways we do not even realize.



Quantization is a strategy that systems—cognitive, biological, and artificial—adopt to cope with their limitations. Infinite possible states must be condensed into a finite set the system can process. While nature itself is largely continuous, quantization still occurs naturally, and certain thresholds emerge on their own. It is almost as if quantization is nature’s way of making sense of itself.

Consider our emotions. We classify them into categories—happy, sad, afraid, angry. To bring nuance, we add adjectives: a bit sad, very happy, slightly anxious. Yet, comparing the same emotion between two people remains incredibly difficult. Emotion is inherently subjective, shaped by individual perception, and quantifying it remains one of the major challenges in artificial intelligence. To simplify our lives, we reduce these complex feelings into broad abstractions.

What we feel inside is rarely what we express on the outside. Our inner thoughts can be as expansive as our minds allow, yet whatever we say or show is only a compressed, sampled fragment of that internal world. The stronger our urge to express ourselves, the more of those thoughts we manage to bring into the light. Even as I write this, countless ideas rush through my mind, but language itself limits how fully they can be translated into words.

While quantifying makes our lives simpler, it can also be deceptive. We are naturally drawn to dualities—good versus bad, left versus right, friend versus enemy. Binary categorization is among the simplest ways of making sense of the world. In reality, these distinctions lie on a continuous spectrum. The dividing line is merely a threshold we choose to impose, and that threshold differs from person to person. What one sees as bad may appear good to someone else.

We often speak of turning points in life—one lucky moment, one realization that seems to change everything. But when we zoom out, most transformations are not the result of a single discrete jump. That sudden click moment merely makes us forget the long buildup that preceded it. The stone shatters on the hundredth strike, but the first ninety-nine were not meaningless. Growth, like emotion, is not a step function; it is a continuous, time-varying signal. The milestones we perceive as discrete events are often just the points where the underlying curve becomes visible.

The problem arises when we ignore this continuity altogether. In a purely discrete view, everything between steps is dismissed as noise. The result is an abstraction where, from the outside, people see only the growth, while we alone feel the effort unfolding behind the scenes. This applies to attention as well: most people notice our jumps and our falls, but we are not defined by them. Only those who are close to us—those who truly care—see us for who we actually are. This categorical perception of ourselves can be both a blessing and a curse. In life, we draw boundaries—lines we dare not cross.

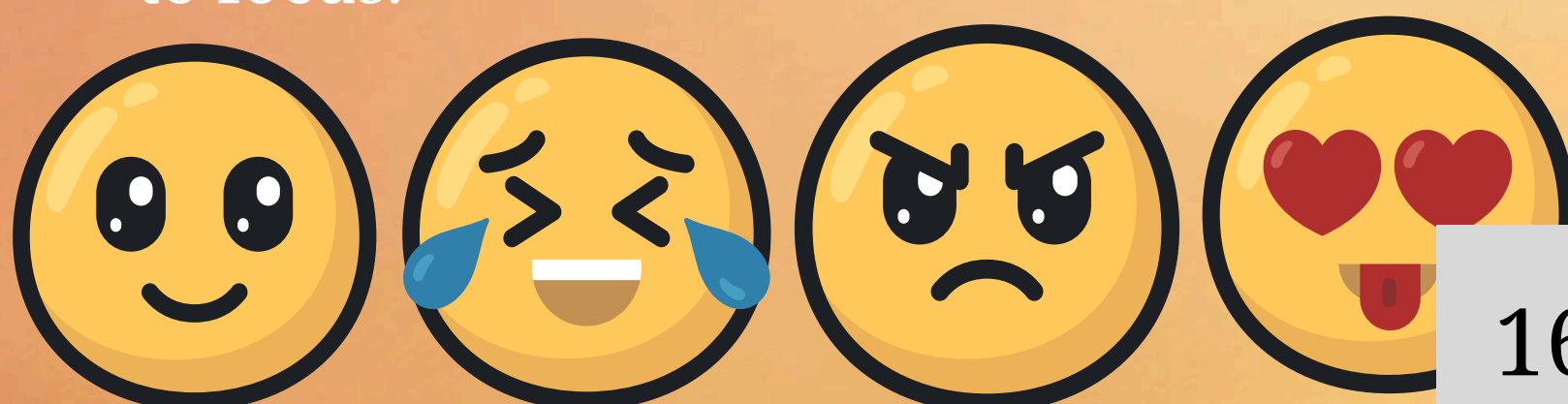
These may relate to personal relationships, discipline, or values. Such boundaries often serve as reminders, preventing us from being carried away by the flow and helping us stay grounded.

What is worth noting, however, is that once a line is crossed, returning to the previous state becomes extremely difficult. The moment a boundary is breached, it ceases to feel like a boundary at all. A simple analogy can be found in the photoelectric effect: an electron remains bound as long as the incident energy stays below a threshold, but once that barrier is crossed, it is free to escape. Ultimately, it is up to us to decide whether we treat these boundaries as restrictions—or as protection.

Being aware of our limitations and flaws is one of the most effective ways to overcome them. As we navigate the world, it becomes essential to allocate our time and effort wisely. Not everything—and not everyone—deserves one hundred percent of our energy, and that is perfectly okay. Different situations call for different levels of attention and care, and learning to adapt our responses is vital.

Just as some moments require a high-definition image to capture every detail, others are perfectly served by a lower resolution. The same principle applies to our efforts: we give our best where it truly matters and conserve our energy where it does not.

In the end, what matters is not how much we capture, but where we choose to focus.



चुप्पी की भाषा

मेरी चुप है और तन्हाई है
दोनों मिलकर रचेंगे एक नई भाषा—
भाषा—

जो पहनेगी दुनिया के उसूल
और मुर्दा मर्यादाओं पर चलेगी
खोखले शब्द लेपकर सजेगी
सारे आईने तोड़ देगी
दुःख के सिरहाने बैठकर
पीएगी एक दिन प्यार
और मर जाएगी

हम ढूँढ़ते रह जाएँगे—
गूँगेपन का व्याकरण

मछलियों की मौत

हम हुक्मरानों की आँखों से देखते हैं सपने
और सपनों में प्यासी मछलियाँ।

हमने देखा—
कैसे एक बगुला पी गया
मछलियों के हिस्से का पानी
यह कहकर कि मैं मछलियाँ नहीं खाता।

यह कैसी विडंबना है
कि हमारी गर्दन पर रखे पाँव पर
हम फूल चढ़ाते हैं
जबकि हमें उनके पाँव खींचकर खीं
चित कर देना चाहिए था
और पूछना था कि
क्या तुमने देखा है
प्यासी मछलियों को मरते हुए?

मौत कई परतों में आई—
रोटी की शक्ल में।

दृश्य का जीवन

मैं पार्श्व संगीत की नदी हूँ
जिसकी गति
दृश्य और दर्शक के बीच
धीमी हो गई है।

दर्शक ने मुझमें बैठकर
अपनी आँखें दृश्य पर रख दी हैं।

मैं दर्शक का अपमान झेल रहा हूँ।
जबकि दृश्य का जीवन मुझसे है
वह मर जाएगा पर्दा गिरते ही।

वह डूब जाएगा मुझमें
और अपनी आँखें रख देगा—
मेरी तरंगों पर।

मैं बहूँगा उसकी चेतना में
समय के एक लूप में।

मेरा विस्तार अनंत तक है

जन्म के अभिशाप पर

मेरे साथ जवान हुआ है
मेरे जन्म लेने का अभिशाप
मेरे साथ ही उसने पिया है
बकरी का दूध और चखा है
हर मौसम का नमक।

मेरे साथ उसने देखी है
हाड़-माँस की कठपुतलियाँ
और जेब्रा क्रॉसिंग...
मेरे साथ ही उसने जिया है
बिना पानी-रसद के सुनसान टापू पर
आदम-खोर भगवान के साथ जीवन
सौदागर बाप की काली उम्मीदों को भी
देखा है उसने पंखे से लटकते हुए
उसने देखी है मेरी मौत के बाद मेरी मौत
हमारे रिश्तेदारों के अल्बम में।

मृत्यु के बाद आऊँगा मैं भूत बनकर
और सारे शिक्षकों के चेहरे पर
किताबों की कालिख पोत जाऊँगा।

मेरे जन्म के अभिशाप पर
मौत का वरदान है।

एक रोज़

मैं चाँद को ताक कर चला करती थी
और सब दफ़ा गड्ढे में गिर पड़ती थी

निकाह के रोज़ ज़ाहिर हुआ कि
चाँद का कितना भी पीछा करो
वो तुमसे आगे ही रहेगा

मैं निकाह के दिन उठे
जनाज़े की रूह हूँ
जिसने तीन क्रिस्मों के नमक चाटे हैं—
सामाजिक और रिश्तेदाराना और सहनशील

मेरे नाम पर मारी गई है
ठहाके की चोट
अपने दोस्तों के साथ

मुझे उछाला गया है
वहशी हैवानों के बीच

एक जेलर ने मुझे सब कुछ दिया—
दो जून की रोटी
नक्राब
नरम बिस्तर...

मैंने कहा—
आधी रोटी हमारी है
उसने मुझे सोने की जंजीर में बाँध दिया

मैंने कहा—
आधा आसमाँ
आधा चाँद
आधी धरती...
उसने मुझे पायल पहना दी

मेरे होंठहों सिल दिए गए
रिवायतों के धागे से

मैं कहती हूँ—
मैं चाँद से धक्का दूँगी उसे

मैं हव्वा की बेटी हूँ
फ़लक पर जा बैठूँगी एक रोज़ ।

मनुष्यता

हमारी रीढ़ मुड़ चुकी है
मैं के बोझ से

हम खड़े होने की कोशिश में
औंधेऔँ धेमुँह गिर जाएँगे

खड़े होने की जगह पर
खड़ा होना ही मनुष्य होना है

हमने मनुष्यता की परिभाषा चबाई है
सबकी अपनी-अपनी मनुष्यता है
और अपना-अपना स्वाद है

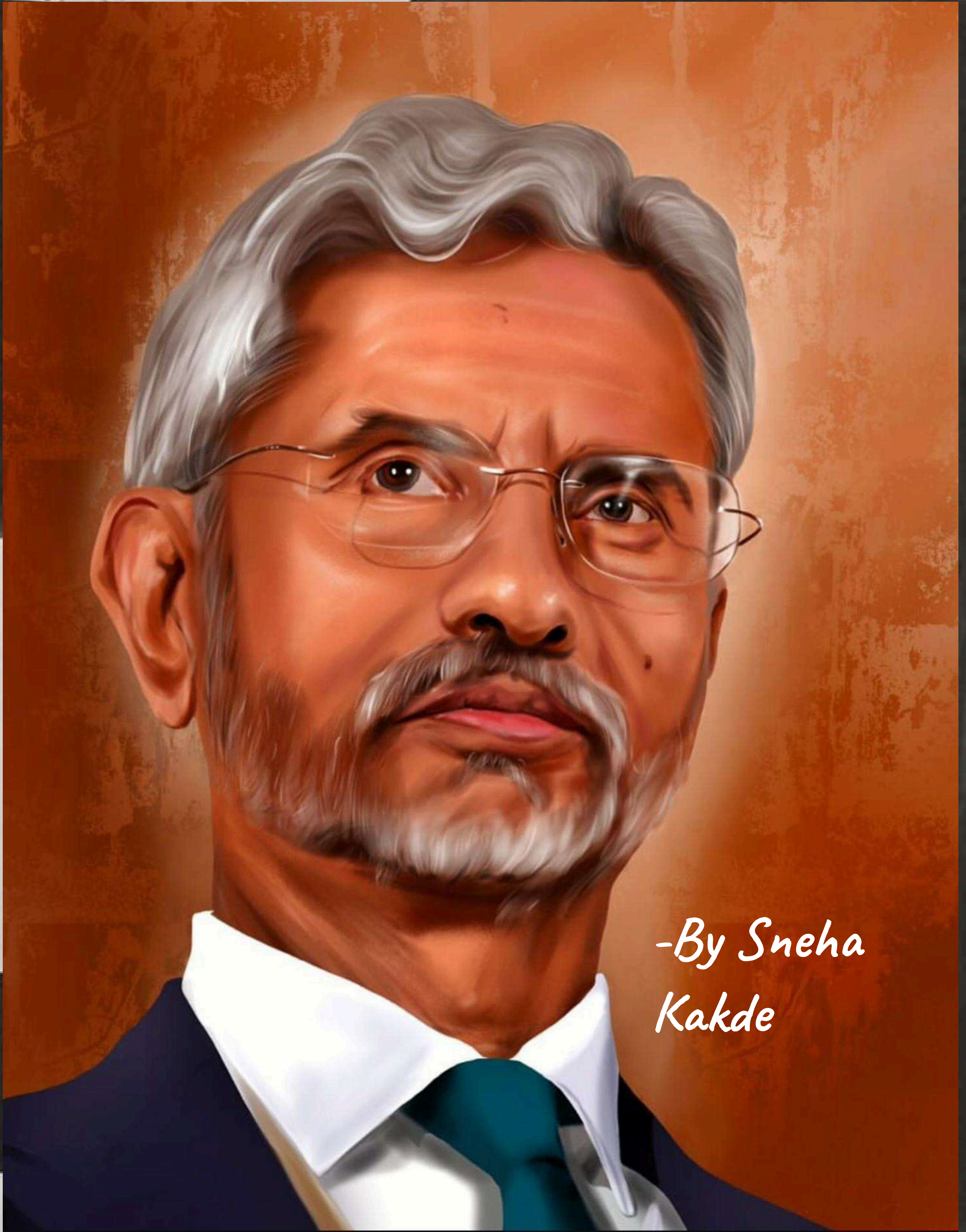
जिसने भी मुट्ठी बाँधकर
हाथ हवा में लहराया
उस पर हज़ार रंगों की
मनुष्यताएँ थूकी गईं

कोई तो है जो
सभी रंगों को मिलाकर इंद्रधनुष बनाएगा

यह हमारे मरने की रेखा है
और हमारे उठ खड़े होने की जिद्द-ओ-जहद ।

~रूपेश चौरसिया

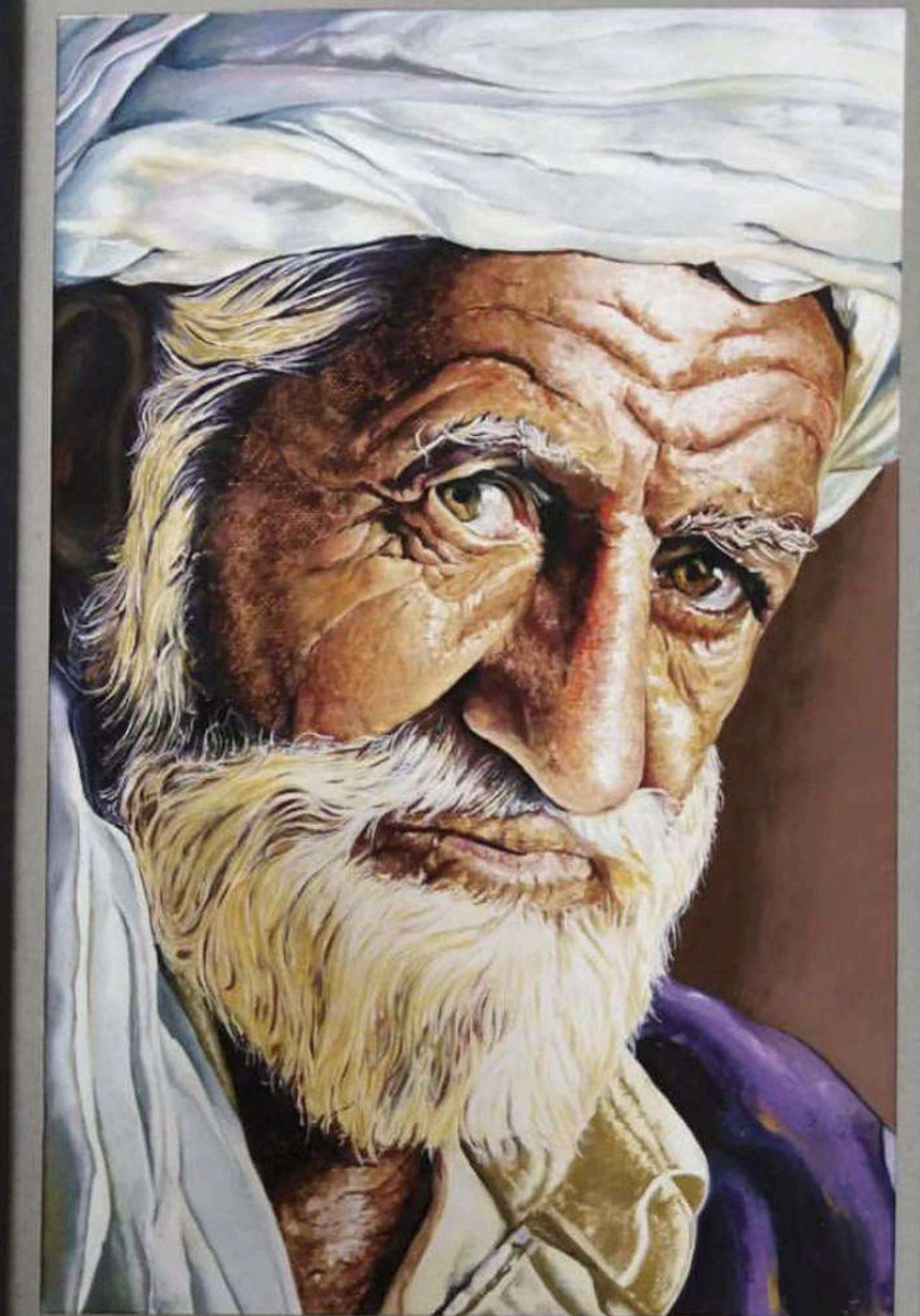
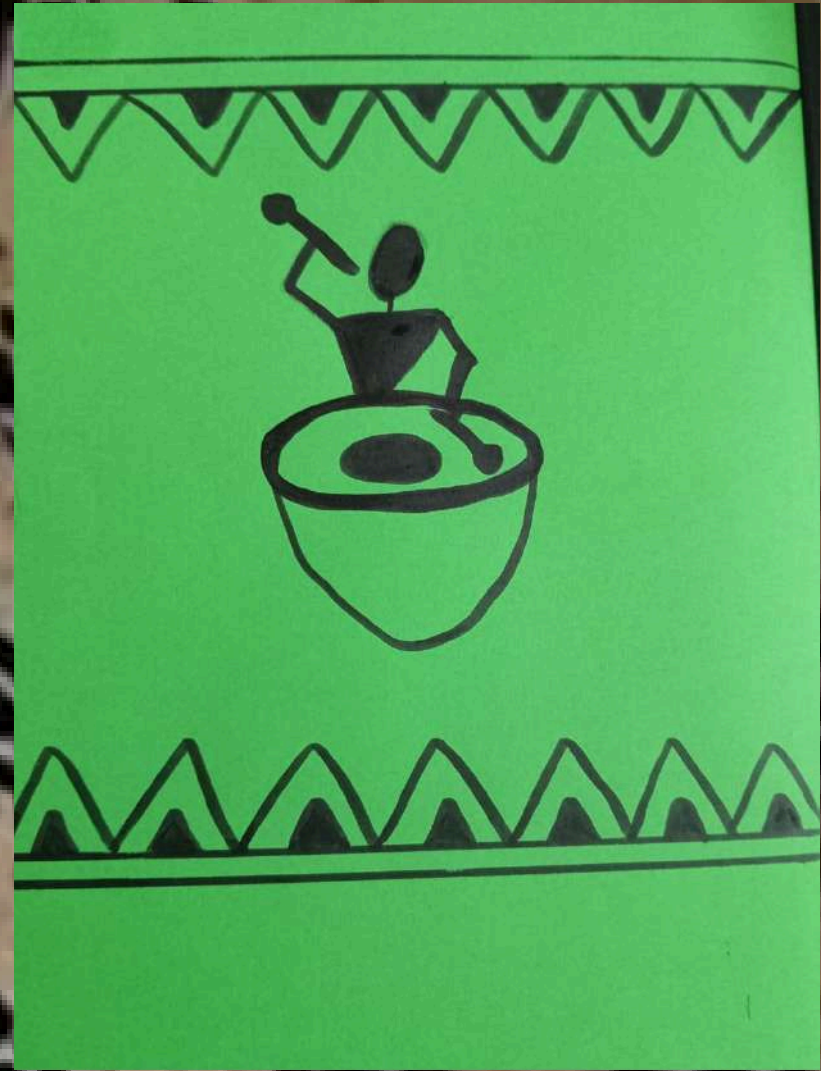
Arts & Creatives



-By Sneha
Kakde

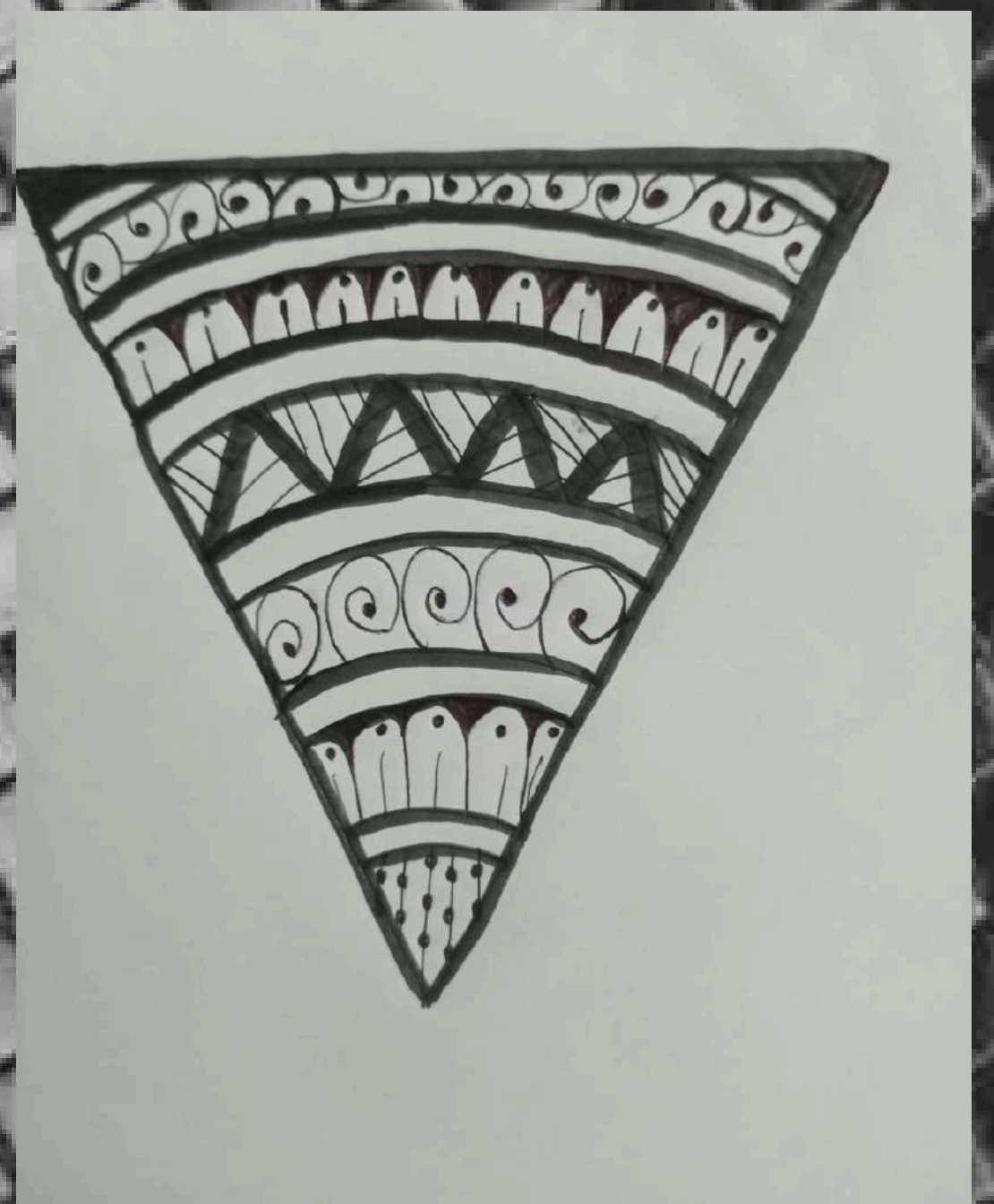
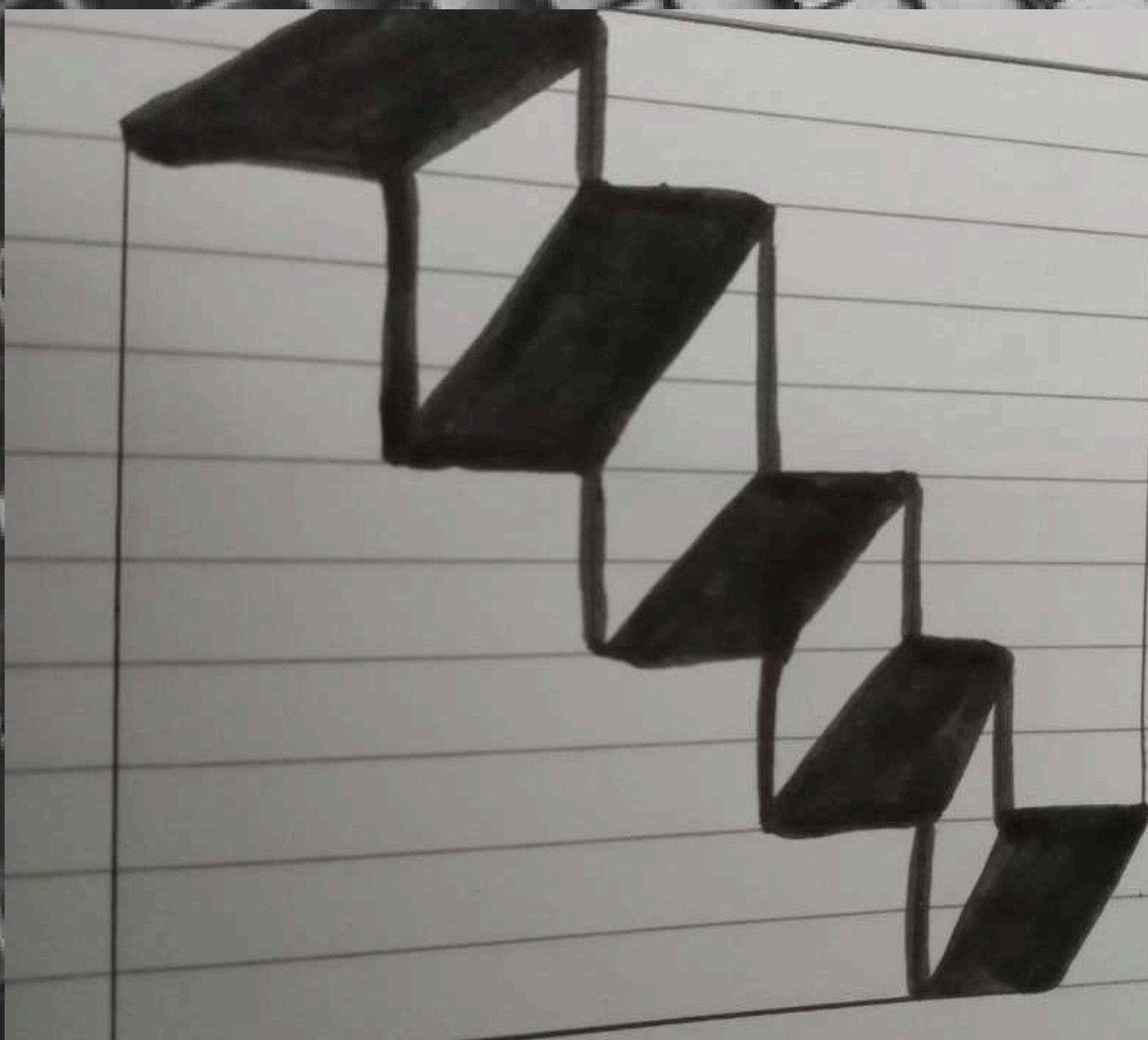
Arts & Creatives

-By Sneha Kakde



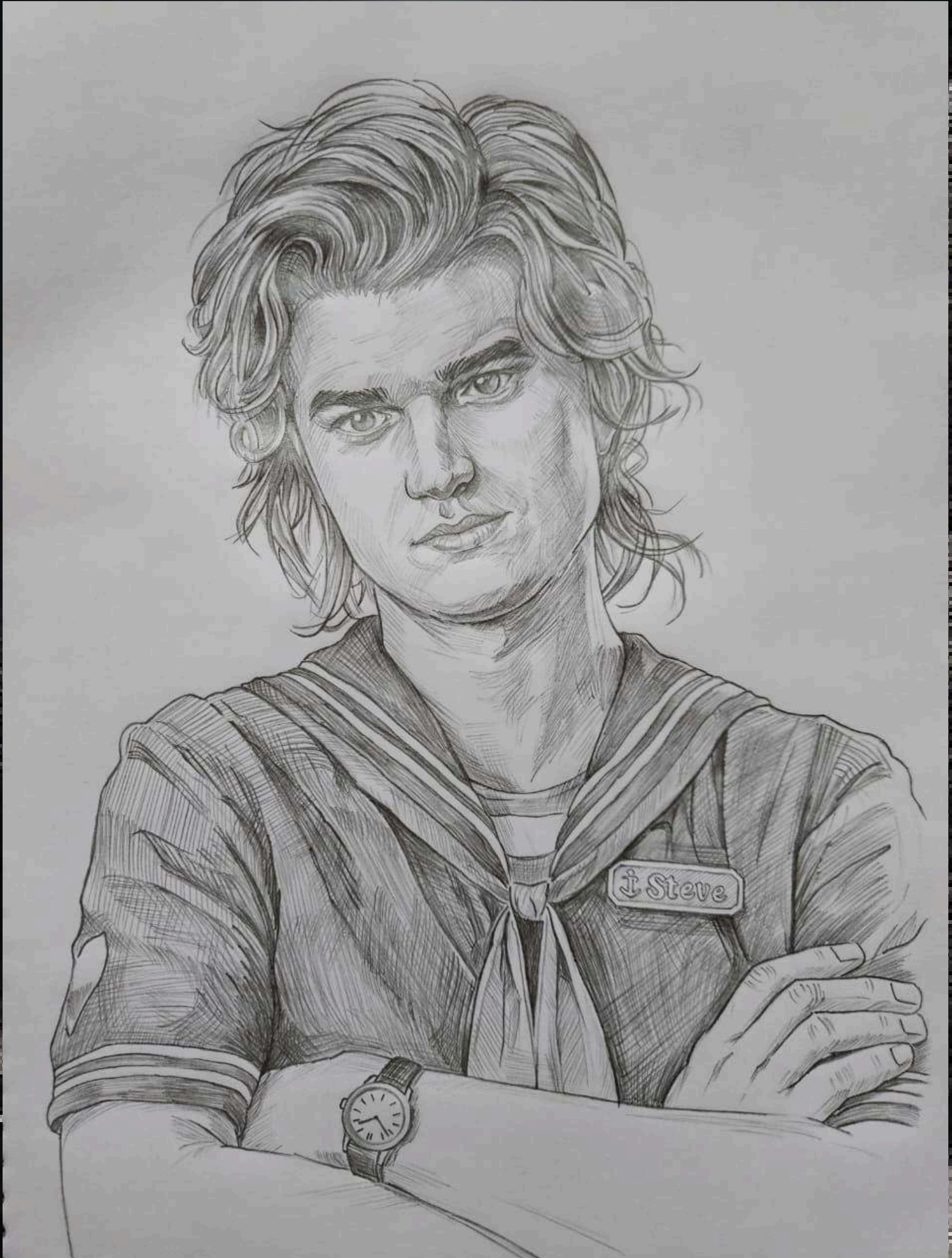
Arts & Creatives

~By Mansi Aggarwal



Arts & Creatives

-By Shreya Raj



Why is the sky not white

~ Naba Ahmed

I once stood still beneath the
open day
And asked the sky, not loudly,
just enough-
Why it refuses all the honest
white
That walls and paper wear
without a fuss.
It seemed a simple thing to
wonder at,
The kind of thought that walks
beside your home.

The sky replied in shade instead
of words,
In diluted blues and drifting,
borrowed fire.
It said that white is what the
world becomes
When every difference is made
to agree,
And it has chosen, stubborn as a
field,
To keep the argument of light
intact.

For blue is not a color but a
reach-

A scattering of hopes the eye
can't hold,

A distance practising its honesty.

White would be ending things
too cleanly,

Closing the book before the
question learns

How far it still must travel to be
true.

So when I look up now, I do not
ask again.

I take the sky the way it offers
thought:

Unfinished, wide, refusing easy
peace.

Some answers, like some truths
we live beneath,

Must stay little out of human
hands

To keep us looking up instead of
done.

SWB ~ By Hemanth Kumar N

CHRONICLES

My Journey as the General Secretary of SWB 2025

When I first stepped into the role of General Secretary of the Students' Welfare Board, I carried with me a very specific weight, the weight of responsibility for the thousands of stories unfolding across our campus every day. I knew that "welfare" shouldn't just be a board name on a budget sheet; it had to be a living, breathing promise. My goal from day one was to move away from the traditional, reactive approach to student issues and instead build a proactive ecosystem where every student feels seen, heard, and supported.

The first major challenge I wanted to tackle was the daunting wall a newcomer faces. I remember my own first days on this campus, and I remember how harsh that transition felt. For years, the experience was almost a shock to the system: you would step into college, move into your room, and almost the very next day, you were expected to sit in a lecture hall and start your academic journey. There was no time to breathe, no time to understand the geography of your new home, and certainly no time to process the massive life shift you were undergoing. It felt like being thrown into the deep end of a pool without being taught how to swim first.

I was determined to change that narrative for this year's incoming batch. Students' Welfare Board, along with the Social Service club poured our energy into a comprehensive, restructured onboarding program that went far beyond just handing out maps or completing paperwork. This year, we introduced a proper, structured seven-day introduction period. I wanted to give our freshers a week to be

students before they had to be scholars simply. During this time, we gave them the space to roam the campus and truly discover its corners, but we also filled those days with purpose. We organized sessions on essential life skills, mental resilience, and navigating the unique pressures of IIT life. By the time they walked into



their first class, they weren't strangers in a foreign land; they were settled, confident members of a community that had already begun to feel like home. As the semester progressed, my focus shifted toward the silent struggles that often go unnoticed in our high-pressure academic environment. We all know that at an IIT, the campus truly comes alive only after the sun sets.



Whether it's late-night project collaborations, canteen debates, or the quiet intensity of exam prep, our life begins when the rest of the world goes to sleep. But while the night culture is vibrant, it can also be the loneliest time. I always felt there was a significant gap in our support system: while crises don't keep office hours, our counseling services traditionally did. I realized that a student experiencing a low at 2:00 AM shouldn't have to wait until 9:00 AM the next morning to find a listener.

To bridge this gap, we took a bold step this year by introducing dedicated night counseling services directly within the hostels. We didn't want students to have to trek to a central building in the middle of the night; we wanted support to be just a few doors away. By integrating these professional counselors into the heart of the residential space, we broke down the barriers of time and distance. It was about acknowledging that mental health is the foundation of any success, and for that foundation to be solid, the safety net has to be available when it's needed most.

While my primary focus has always been on our own backyard, I realized that the challenges we face at IIT Guwahati are shared by our peers across the country. This realization led to one of the most ambitious projects of our tenure: the first-ever Pan-IIT Wellbeing Summit, hosted right here on our campus in January 2026. This wasn't just another conference; it was a strategic gathering of the brightest minds—Deans of Student Affairs, professional counselors, and student representatives from all 23 IITs.

The importance of this summit cannot be overstated. For the first time, we moved beyond competition and focused entirely on collaboration. We shared our "IITG Model"—including our late-night counseling and structured orientation—while learning about the unique wellness innovations being pioneered at other institutes. This summit gave us a treasure trove of new ideas, from institutionalizing peer-support networks to using data-driven insights to predict and prevent student burnout. It solidified IIT Guwahati's position not just as a participant in student welfare, but as a pioneer driving the national agenda for mental health in higher education.

While I have highlighted the major pillars of our work, there are so many other new initiatives that occupied our days and late nights, projects that may seem small on paper but required immense effort and teamwork to execute. From the introduction of the Internal Buggy Service to enhance commute across our vast campus, to the tireless negotiations required for the opening of new food outlets to provide more variety to your daily lives, every single project was driven by the desire to make your stay here just a little bit easier. It would be impossible to mention every meeting, every hurdle, and every person who contributed to these changes, but please know that the Students' Welfare Board has been working in every corner of this campus to serve you.

Questions??

~Ribhu Chopra

Acknowledgements: I am truly grateful for the three discussions I had on these topics on 26/02/2026. The first on Google meet, the second in the corridor, and the third in the airport waiting area. I am grateful to all three of you for your time and insights, and naturally for your patience on a day when I was feeling particularly ranty. (That is most days, but still!)

Another thank you to the countless youtube videos I have watched over the past few days introducing me to the full potential of AI slop.

Yudhishtir's phone vibrated. Once, twice, thrice, four times. 'Four emails' he thought. The "Aaranyak Parv Sarovar Conference on haunted water bodies" reviews were due, 'Naturally, it must be those. Let me do this on my laptop. I can confirm the dates and book the visa appointments as well.' He thought as he opened the mail app on his laptop. His eyes directly went to the top four emails in his inbox. Four rejects, all four of his submissions had been rejected. Gingerly, he started reading the reviews.

Twenty minutes and as many swear words (in increasing order of nastiness) later, he closed his eyes and decided. 'I must write to the technical chairs. Most of these reviews look machine generated, even the program committee comments look AI generated. I should request a reconsideration.' He thought as he clicked the compose message button, and the compose message window opened, slowly but without the usual

toolbars. 'Another forced update.' He grumbled.

The toolbars, however, did not appear. Instead, a message flashed on the screen.

'Hi There Yudhishtir, who would you want to write to?'

'What!' he exclaimed. 'What on earth is this supposed to be? and how am I supposed to write an email?'

The message on the screen changed.

"Hi Yudhishtir! I am Macroslop YAKSHA, the sixty ninth rebranding of Clippy. I am here to help you automate all your office tasks. But before we do that would you mind answering a few questions?"

'Macroslop Yaksha but that feature was announced just last week, and was retracted among privacy concerns.' He spoke out loud involuntarily.

'YAKSHA is Macroslop's next step forward towards artificial general intelligence. Since its optional download came under unfair criticism for unauthorized telemetry, Microslop decided to deploy it as a compulsory update on all systems with Microslop software. Also, would you mind answering a few questions now?'

'How did it hear me?' He thought and

then, carefully asked, 'Do you have microphone access?'

'Yes!' The screen flashed.

'By the way' the octogenarian movie star's baritone sounded from the speaker. 'I can also speak to you via the speaker, if you would prefer that. Also, I need to ask some questions. Deviyo aur Sajjano bahut bahut dhanyawaad.'

"NO!" Yudhishtir yelled. 'Please don't. Also, who decided to use that voice for an AI model?'

'Are you sure, and one hundred percent confident.' Came the Baritone again.

"YES!!!"

"Okay then, lets lock the option Turn off voice response. Deviyo aur Sajjano, bahut bahut dhanyawaad.'

'We can continue talking here, who do you want to email?' Flashed the screen again.

'Why won't you let me write my own email?'

'That way you won't answer my questions. That is necessary for me to get your personality profile and sell your data to the river company.'

'What happens if I refuse to answer your questions?'

'I block access to your inbox, including your four freshly rejected papers.'

'You have been reading my emails. Isn't that violation of my privacy policy?'

'That was a violation of the privacy policy when you created the account. However, in the privacy policy update dated 29th February 2023 we have clarified that Macroslop can use your emails to train its large language models.'

'That is a clear breach of trust'

The baritone spoke from the speaker again, 'Aisa koi sambandh nahi jise babuji ne najayaz sambandh na banaya ho'

'So, you have access to all my data, but why do you want me to answer these questions. Also aren't AI models supposed to answer rather than ask?'

'Yaksha Prashna is a fairly standard template in Hindi literature. When the writer of this story thought about this idea. He thought about the questions pestering him, and his answers to those. The pestering questions are mostly open-ended and there are many possible answers. Maybe there are no answers at all. But like a linear system of equations, you cannot know unless you try to solve them.'

'So, I am a literary device?' Yudhishtir sighed.

'In the world outside the fourth wall, yes.' The screen said, 'but enough of that. Let's get back in character.'

'Yes! So, what were those questions?'

'Who do you want to write to?'

'The conference organizers'

'About what?'

'My rejected papers.'

'Why is that a problem?'

'Well my collaborators and I spent months working on those problems, and the reviews are mostly AI generated.'

‘Why should that be a problem?’

‘Well most fundamentally, all language models are trained on the existing data. It is postulated that these will be able to innovate when scaled high enough. But that remains a postulate. Moreover, that kind of scaling has not been achieved yet. As a consequence, the ability of a large language model to innovate, or recognize innovation for that matter remains questionable.’

‘But surely the reviewers who reviewed your paper know of that. Don’t they?’

‘Most of them are overworked and underpaid grad students, unsure of finding jobs unless they beat others in the numbers game. So naturally, if a large language model does the dirty work of rejecting a competing paper for them, why won’t they use it.’

‘Fair point. But don’t they know that AI generated reviews can be generated for their papers as well?’

‘They know. But I lot of papers that I reviewed for this conference, see I am based on Yudhishtir, so naturally I reviewed four times the papers that I submitted to this conference. As I was saying, I lot of papers that I reviewed were also largely AI generated. It is AI slop versus AI slop, and with that, the dead Internet theory has breached the walls of academia as well.’

‘But then how can a human researcher keep up against this deluge of AI slop?’

‘That is an existential question. Maybe this is the great flood where all knowledge drowns before civilization can rise again, or maybe this is the beginning of the end. I honestly do not have an answer for this.’

‘I have also read the emails of a lot of researchers complaining about the dramatic fall in the number of grad students since the Pandemic. Have you also experienced it?’

‘Yes.’

‘What do you think are the reasons?’

‘Again, the honest answer would be, I don’t know. Everyone I know seems to complain about this crunch in the number of grad students or students going for higher studies. But no one seems to know the answer, or a solution. There are only guesses.’

‘You can tell me those guesses’

‘Firstly there is the perception that higher studies inadvertently mean a career in academia, which while not completely true is both the popular perception and the most preferred career path. Then on a related note is the drying up of academic positions within India. But I personally do not believe in that theory because this decline in the number of grad students is not limited to India. My favorite internet worthy conspiracy theory is the delayed and slow gratification cycle of research based jobs in a dopamine driven world full of Instagram professors showing off gym routines.’

‘Ouch! Someone is jealous!’

‘You may say so. But then a lot of people are not.’

‘So, how would you want to solve this problem?’

‘Which problem? That of slop or that of grad student numbers?’

'The grad student numbers'

'Maybe go back to the schools, educate and motivate high school students for research based careers at a young age. And see if the spark persists. Again, this is just a guess. I don't even know if the problem is solvable at all.'

'Well done Yudhishtir, you have answered all my questions. I can now show you relevant ads.'

'Wait, aren't you going to ask me what paper do I want to get accepted. Then I say the paper where I am the second author, and then you accept all my papers.'

'I could have done that, but the conference review system used the Gavin Belson signature HOOL.AI model.'

'Ah. Can you still write that email though?'

'No! I can only collect telemetry data. And show you this blue screen of death'

'What?'

'The application is not responding.'

IT HURTS TO WRITE THIS AND IT HURTS MORE TO RECITE THIS

~Harshita Mudgal

*The dollhouse I grew up playing with,
Has left a lasting impression on me.
It has a rusted glow to it
It's beautiful, quiet and serene
A world of peace and happy family I have never seen
'Cause outside my room, shadows shout
& I often wonder what their war is about?
It has become a story of every other day and night
How I witness her struggling in her endless, fading fight.
I wish I could help her
But I'm just a child with no might.
I'm no superhero, no wand, no cape,
Just a kid hoping someone escapes.
But escape is a story they don't believe,
They fight and they break, but never leave
I don't remember when it first began
The yelling, the breaking, the trembling hand
Hurting an heart which holds nothing but love
And then trying to fix it with gestures so grand.
All the vivid memories still haunt me to this day
The turned table in the kitchen
& the flying plates across their face.
I'm supposed to love my dad and mom
Is this what they call "love in an unfamiliar form"?
Any judgement I don't claim
'Cause I don't know whom to blame
All I know is that I see her
Fighting the fists of rage
But then she ends up burning herself in his manipulative flame.
Those days when the neighbours surround your place
& console your mom like it's some charity
While I sit in my room
Drawing monsters on the wall
'Cause somehow they feel safer than reality.
It's been years and years I've seen her adjust
Maybe she thinks it gets better
But the thought soon bursts.
'Cause all that this man gave her was blood & no trust.
She decorates her house with flowers but it still smells of lust.*

That strikes a memory of my little
dollhouse again
It sits still, cracked and small,
But I dream of a day when it's not needed
at all.
When peace isn't pretend, and love isn't
pain,
And a child's home feels like home again.
So I ask my mom
Now that I am sensible I feel
Why does she have to stay, why can't she
just leave?
Hence again, on a horrible haunting
night
She finally pushes herself and tries
Picking up the phone to dial

1 8 1

**"Hello, women helpline. What's
the emergency?"**

**"My husband's drunk and he's
hurting me."**

**"Are there any weapons being
used?"**

"What? Yea- I'm being abused."

**"Is he still there? Are you
battered and bruised?"**

**"Please hurry, she's afraid, my
daughter"**

**"Ma'am do you have an active
restraining order?"**

"Please hurry she's—"

**"Hello? Hello? Ma'am, are you
there?"**

This is the phone call I recall still

This is the phone call I retrospect still

*Why she chose to concede defeat, losing
her will*

To come to blows against unjust

But, no, she again chose to adjust

Like a mirror kissed by rust

Like roots too weak to thrust

Like a voice reduced to dust.

*But now that I am grown, this cruel world
I've seen.*

*She was more brave than the coward she
seemed*

But it does not mean you stay

And neglect how you feel

*If you're ever at a place that does not
seem to be*

Safe for your soul

Then know when to leave.

*Don't let the second thoughts eat away at
you.*

*If you have a daughter she might be
disappointed too*

*And it might take her longer to recognize
the truth.*

So just remember-

*Your body's a temple, reclaim your
throne*

Even at times when you feel all alone.

For every bruise, build a shrine

*A testament to the strength of the
feminine divine.*

Who is an artist !!

~Sneha Kakde

Even as we stand at the threshold of the twenty-first century, two things in human life remain unchanged: happiness and sorrow. A human life is divided between these two extremes. Yet, just as evening exists between day and night, no one seems to speak about it. In the same way, I believe **pain is the evening of human life** - the bridge that connects happiness and sorrow. Pain inevitably turns either toward happiness or toward suffering.

Pain is an unavoidable and essential element of human existence. History has repeatedly proven this - whether it is physical pain or the cruel blows dealt to the mind, every wound narrates a story of our existence, our struggle, our conscious effort, and the steps we take with courage. The real question is never who caused the pain, but rather what we chose to do with it.

Somewhere within every individual, an artist lies dormant from birth, and **pain alone has the power to awaken that artist**. A person who lives in fear of humiliation can never become an artist. But when pain is touched by a creative soul, it transforms into the

energy of creation

“

As Rainer Maria Rilke suggests, an artist must learn to be solitary.

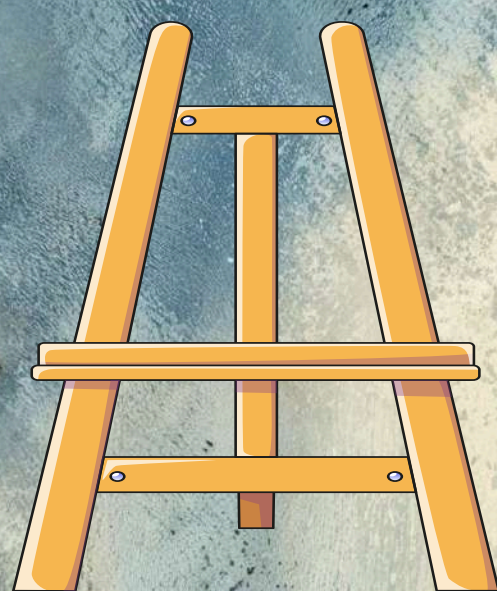
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In painful times like these, looking toward others with hope is futile. This period is, in fact, a golden age for an artist to enter deeply into oneself. A person who seeks a finger to hold onto can never become an artist. To become one, a person must learn to **hold the finger of pain itself**. History bears witness to this truth. When we turn its pages, we clearly see how pain has shaped great artists whether it is Leonardo da Vinci Vincent van Gogh. Failure, too, plays an invaluable role. An artist carries a distinct perspective, enters them each day, disguised as time. It is a gift of time and a lifetime's treasure for the artist.



An artist is not expressed solely through paintings on a canvas. An artist is visible in their speech, their behavior, and in every lived experience of their daily life. What kind of artist one should be is a decision only the artist can make. One who can live alone should become an artist. One free from attachment should become an artist. One who can renounce material realities and still remain content carries the discipline required to be an artist. **An artist must be capable of one-sided love without it, no one can truly become an artist.**

The most important quality in an artist's life is patience.



Leonardo da Vinci took nearly fourteen to sixteen years to complete the world-renowned painting Mona Lisa.

From where did such patience come? The impatience of demanding answers immediately after asking questions is fatal for an artist. The journey from an ordinary person to becoming an artist may be difficult, but it is deeply fulfilling and leads to completeness. Every crisis and obstacle must be faced, and each of them must be loved through one-sided love. Without compromise, this love must be taken to completion.

Beyond this, one must recognize that thoughts and words are alive, and by honoring this life force, one must keep oneself alive at every moment and worship art. When your heart is breaking, when sorrow lies beneath your feet, and yet through the intensity of this love you are able to build a home for your art under the scorching sun know that you are on the path to becoming an artist. One must enter unfamiliar territories with awareness, fight battles there, and emerge victorious. To be an artist means to endure, to keep growing, and to devote oneself to art.

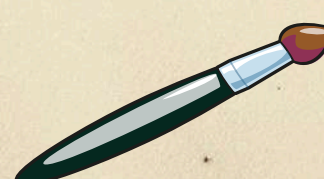
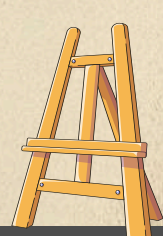
The idea of a final destination is merely a superstition for an artist. An artist must allow themselves to burn under the summer sun, freeze in winter, and be completely drenched in the monsoon while continuing their devotion

to art.

The second essential quality is **distinctiveness**. An artist must embrace uniqueness. Distinctiveness functions like nourishment not only for the artist but for the entire creative ecosystem. This uniqueness must never interfere with love or devotion to art. One who can give birth to themselves every day, who can accept themselves fully, is worthy of becoming an artist. One who can transform themselves and bring about change, who understands criticism and carries it forward positively, is an artist. One who can reach into the very heart of a subject and effortlessly extract what truly matters is an artist. When one understands their inner world, recognizes their own colors, and translates them onto the canvas of life only then can an artist's life be considered meaningful.

What can be said about solitude? For an artist, solitude is a time of creation, and boredom must never find a place there. Ordinary people fear solitude and seek escape routes. You will fall, you will collapse, thorns will pierce but an artist must never turn back or look for shortcuts. The moment an artist does so, their role ends there.

In essence, an artist must live art and allow art to live through devotion and worship. An artist must be capable of love **one-sided love** - love for art and for the very existence of art.



SEVENTEEN

Somewhere in between....

-Alishaba sohail

The silent breakdowns nobody talks about.

Okay. So where do we begin?

Let's begin with me.

I'm 17, living in India — which automatically makes this account authentic, whether anyone likes it or not.

Life here feels like a blur of highs and lows, twisted tighter than rollercoaster rails. I'm currently in college, and I think the entire world might agree with me on this: college couples are insufferable. Every time I see one, my brain asks a very sincere question — why? Why willingly sign up for drama that lasts a few months and ends exactly how everyone knows it will?

And yet.

There's a smaller, quieter part of me — the part that wants to be held and healed — that trembles with jealousy. With envy. With want.

Relationships have seeped into every corner of Indian adolescence now. From 12-year-olds to 30-year-olds, everyone wants a partner. The 30-year-olds — fair enough. But the 12-year-olds? Please. Put the chits down and pick the textbooks back up.

And I get the appeal. I really do.

As a broken-but-healing, academically traumatised Indian girl, I want a boyfriend too. Someone with strong arms — arms that could hold me together when I feel like I'm coming apart.

But I don't see it happening anytime soon.

Not necessarily because I can't get one — though that fear exists — but because hyper-independence is a strange curse. You want to rely on someone, but you don't allow yourself to. You want to be kissed, but you hesitate — do I really want to give that to someone? You want to be held, but you wonder: will those arms support me? And if they can... will they?

Let's not sink entirely into existential dread.

I was talking about being 17 — not my non-existent love life. Forgive me.

Because being 17 is also fun. You get this strange, newly unlocked freedom — and absolutely no idea what to do with it. You learn that freedom isn't butterflies and cupcakes. It's more like: Do I actually have money for this?

Why do I need to wash my clothes again — I just did that three days ago?

And occasionally: Yes, we can have a midnight party!

Unless you're tired. In which case, sleep wins.

Being 17 in India feels like existing halfway between a child and an old grandmother.

You're excited about a trampoline park — but you also hope your back survives it.

You're dopamine-fuelled, confused, restless, exhausted — a walking paradox. You want to go out, but... do we have to? You want to make friends, but talking to new people is oddly draining. You want to have fun, but wow — why does my back hurt?

It's a messy in-between. You're still deeply attached to your parents, and living without them feels hard — but you're learning to try. You're learning how to keep secrets from them, even though part of you wants to spill everything to your mother like she's your personal gossip partner. I know this transition happens earlier in the West. For me, it's happening now.

You learn that emotional independence isn't glamorous. That financial independence is intimidating. That growing up is far messier than anyone prepared you for.

You realise the so-called "golden years" aren't polished gold — they're murky, unrefined. Still valuable. Just not as shiny. You learn that Instagram isn't really a fun place — it's either a way to shut your brain off completely or overload it all at once.

You become aware of the world's problems, and then the even bigger ones waiting ahead. You learn to admire the future — and fear it — simultaneously.

Honestly, I think I've run out of words.

The feeling of being 17 isn't easy to define.

But this is my attempt.

WHY I DON'T DREAM ANYMORE - I PLAN

At some point, dreaming felt reckless. Planning felt manageable. *-Alishaba sohail*

Hello. I'm back.

I know it's been a while — college has a way of swallowing time whole. But today, I want to talk about dreams.

A. P. J. Abdul Kalam said, "Dream, dream, dream."

I say that the people who dream are the luckiest of all...

I envy children who say things like, "I'm going to be an astronaut," or "I'll build a fighter jet," or the worst, "I'm going to be Iron Man." At some point, dreams stopped sounding ambitious and started sounding irresponsible. When did dreaming start to feel so far-fetched?

When we were younger, nothing felt impossible. Fairies, witches, genies — they all existed as easily as gravity. Now they've been reduced to escapism, to delusion. We don't dream anymore. And even when we think we do, it's a fantasy, not a dream.

Dreams are risky.

What if they fail? What if they don't work out?

Once, dreaming was enough. Now even dreams need a safety net. They need backup plans, acceptable outcomes, and exit strategies — just enough hope to keep going, but not enough to hurt if it collapses.

IIT was called my dream.

But was it?

Maybe it was my parents' dream. Maybe my teachers'. For me, it was a plan — segmented, timed, optimised. A plan that didn't always execute the way it was supposed to, but a plan nonetheless. Because dreams are unstable. They shimmer like mirages. Or maybe that's just what we call them when we're too afraid to want them honestly.

We've forgotten how to dream. Now, the only "dreams" we have are fantasies, the ones we see with our eyes open, and delusion, the ones we give up on after scrolling Instagram for an hour. Dreams were supposed to be propulsion — the thing that kept you restless until you reached them. Now they're reduced to strange films our brains play during REM sleep.

Dreams demand obsession, passion, attention, and pleasure.

Obsession to keep you fixated.

Passion to keep you moving.

Attention to keep you sharp.

Pleasure to keep you from quitting.

But where is the space for that now?

Dreams need time. They need risk. And in a world where 17-year-olds are already worrying about supporting themselves a decade from now, who has either? Stability becomes the priority at 17 — and life quietly loses the race. Living loses the race.

So we plan instead.

We plan our dreams. Then we plan around those plans. And somewhere along the way, living slips to second place — or last. For some of us, it doesn't even make the list. The only comfort we give ourselves is the promise that one day we'll have time to live, to feel, to do more than just exist.

But somewhere, deep down, I know the truth.

That day doesn't come.

The world never becomes safe enough for dreams.

If I want to dream again, I won't need time — I'll need courage.

So to those who can still dream freely: I envy you more than anything.

And to those who understood every word of this — I'm sorry for your loss.

But the time will never come.

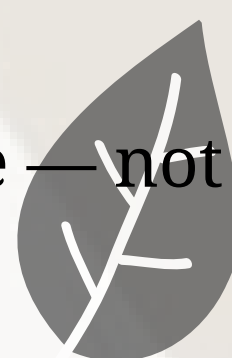
If you want to dream, you have to gather courage — not wait for permission.

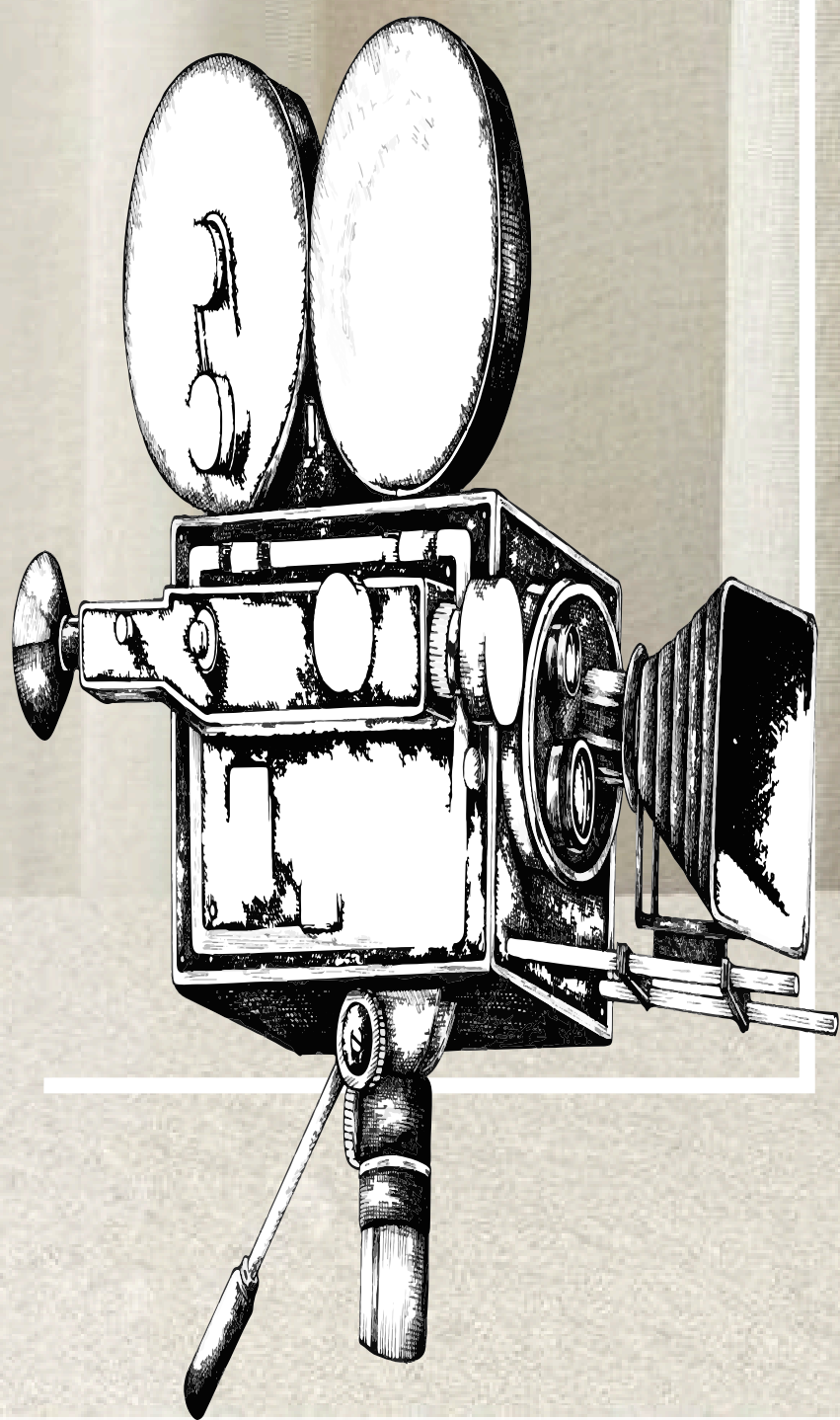
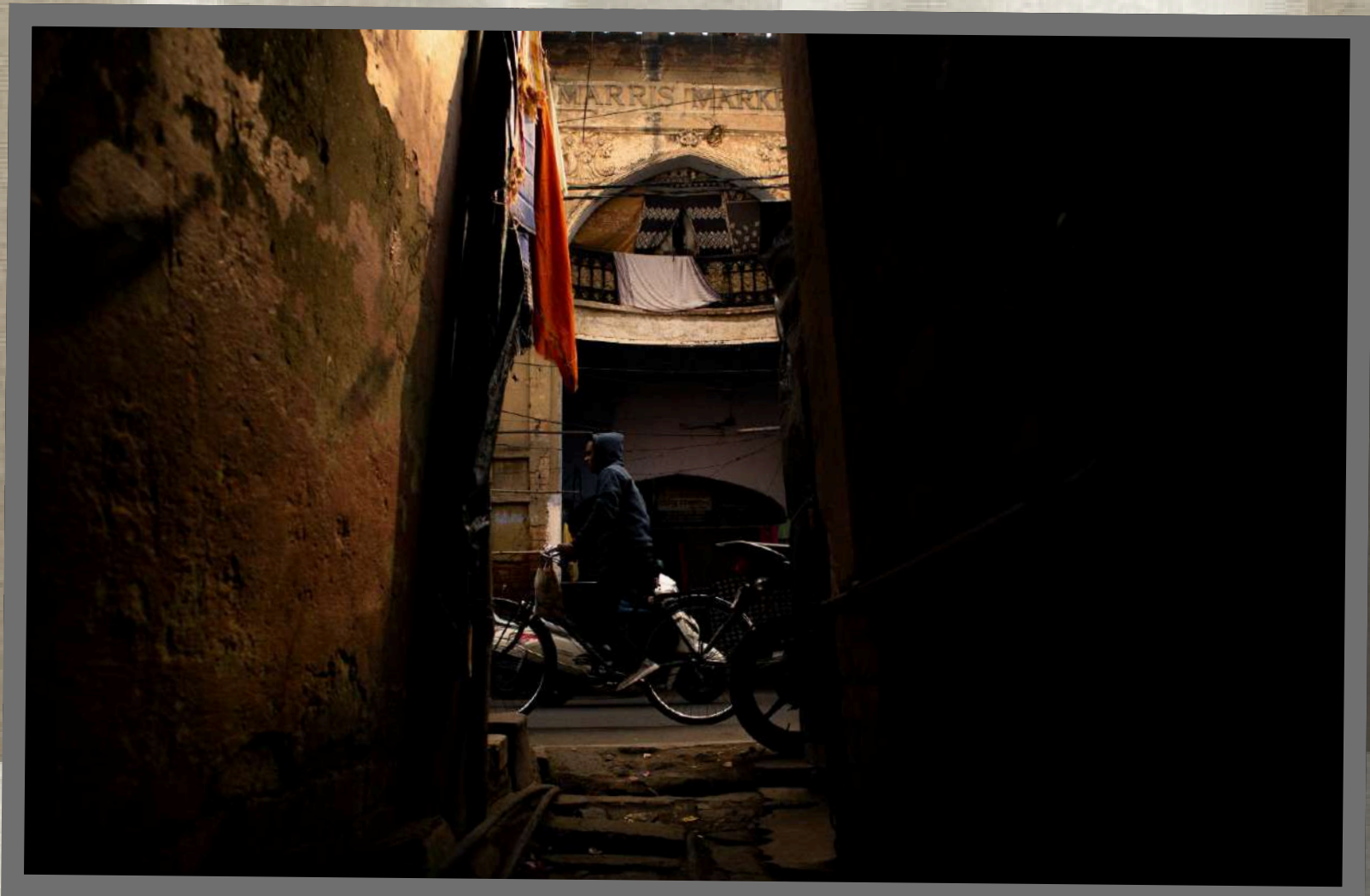
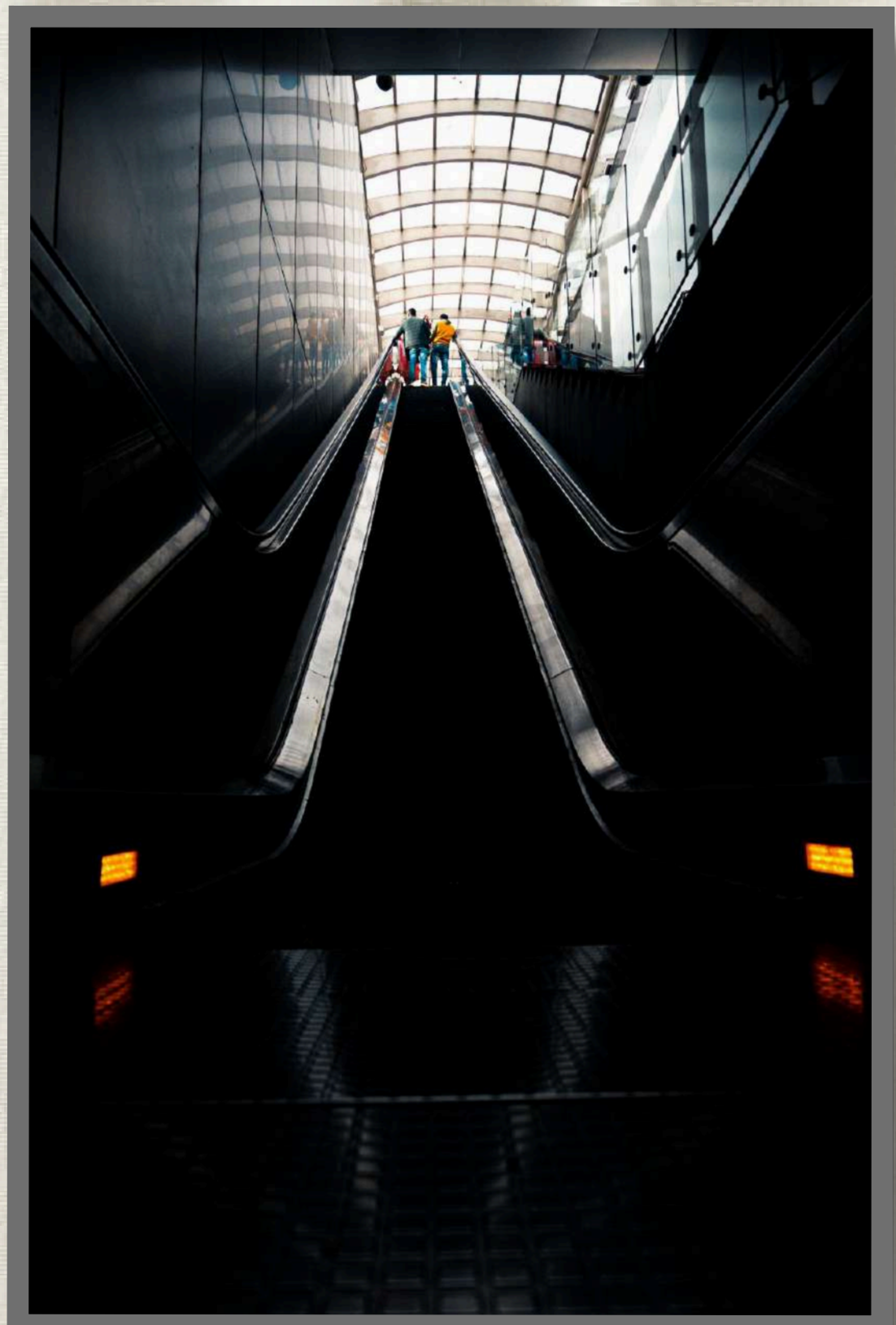
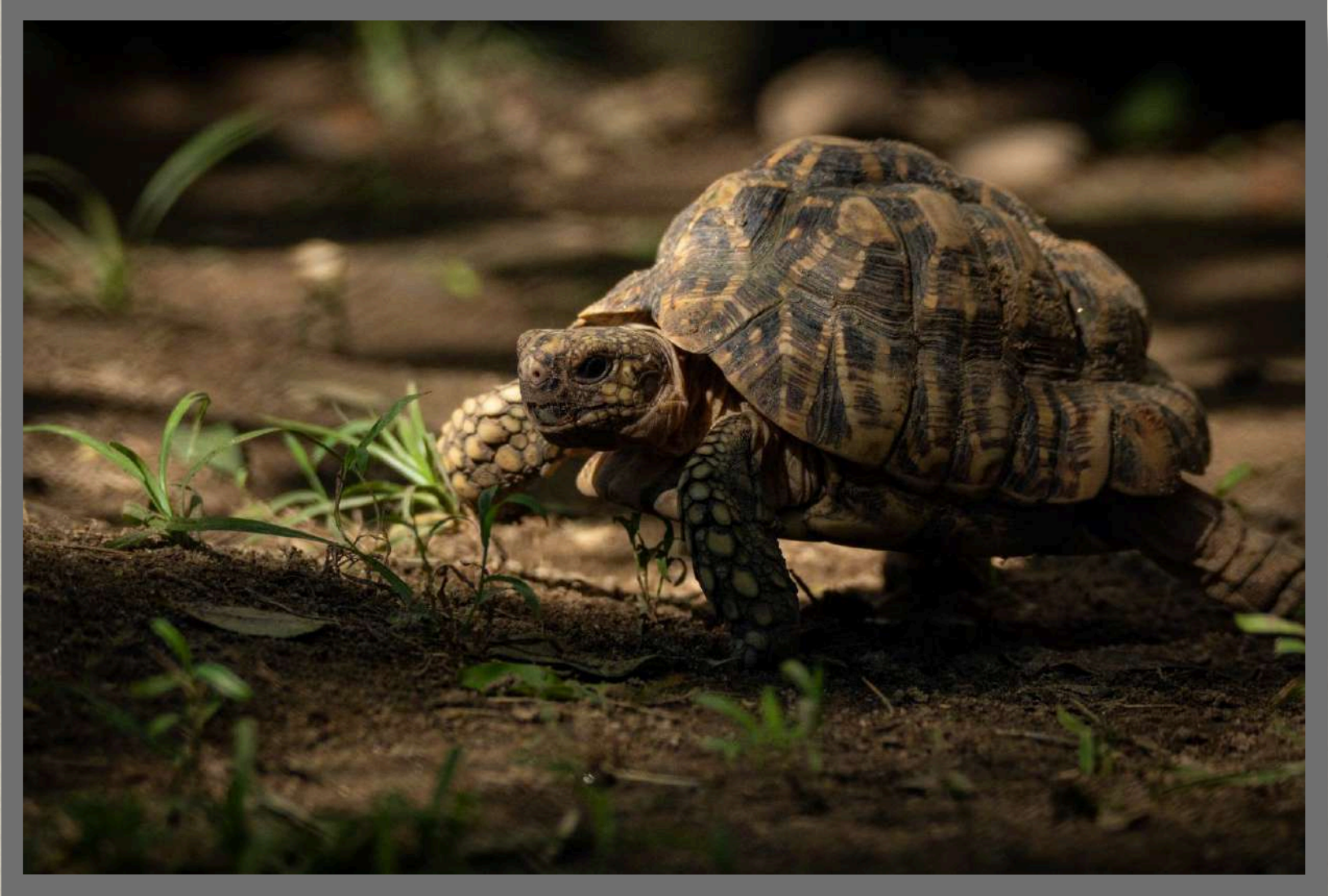


IDEA

PROGRESS

SUCCESS





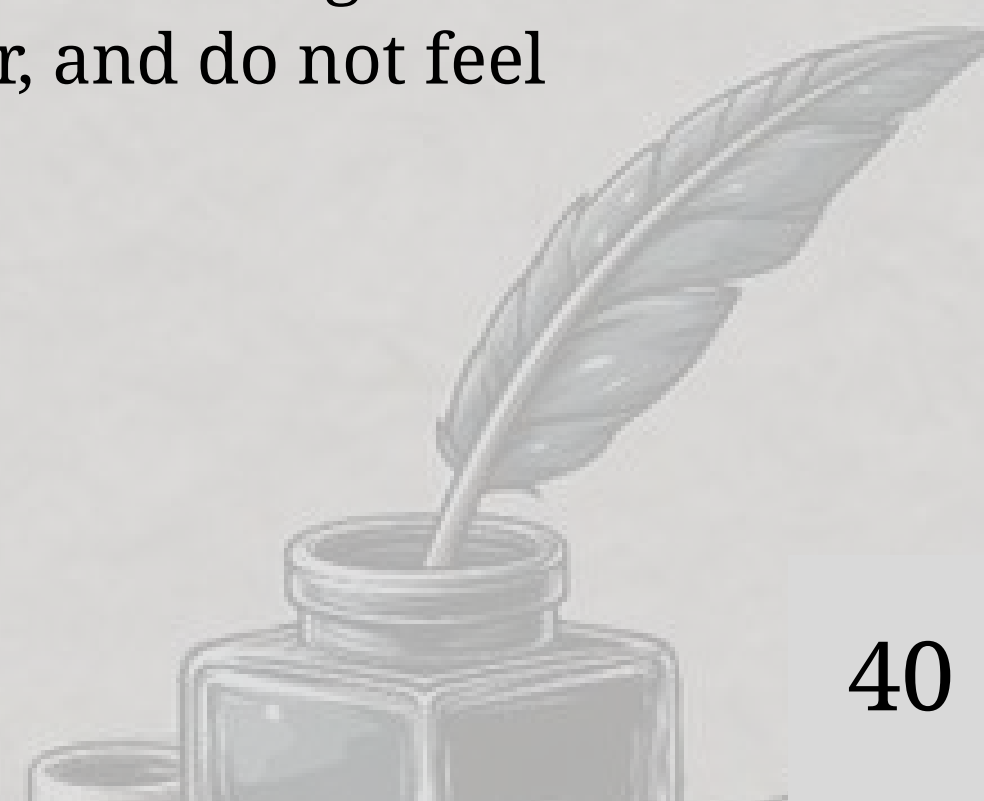
DEAR TEAM CEPSTRUM

As this tenure comes to an end, I am feeling proud and grateful for the amazing experience I had in Cepstrum: every activity in this club, from being HR in first year, BR in second year, Associate General Secretary in third year, to General Secretary in the fourth year. The insights, skills, and abilities the club has given me by working for it will always be helpful in the future for sure. I am truly grateful to all the members, be it my seniors, who showered us with love and taught us so many things; the juniors, who under our guidance carried the legacy of the club; and, of course, the heads, who have been an integral part of this journey. Without them, we would not have been able to achieve anything significant.

Every year, we did something different; we expanded our club, and we grew. We learnt new things. What matters is the effort we put in as a team: leads directing the heads whenever needed, the team learning under the heads, and the legacy continuing. .



It's not always sunshine and rainbows. The club does face some problems, internal clashes, and strong disagreements, yet these things make our relationships even stronger. We understand each other, and do not feel the burden of activities.



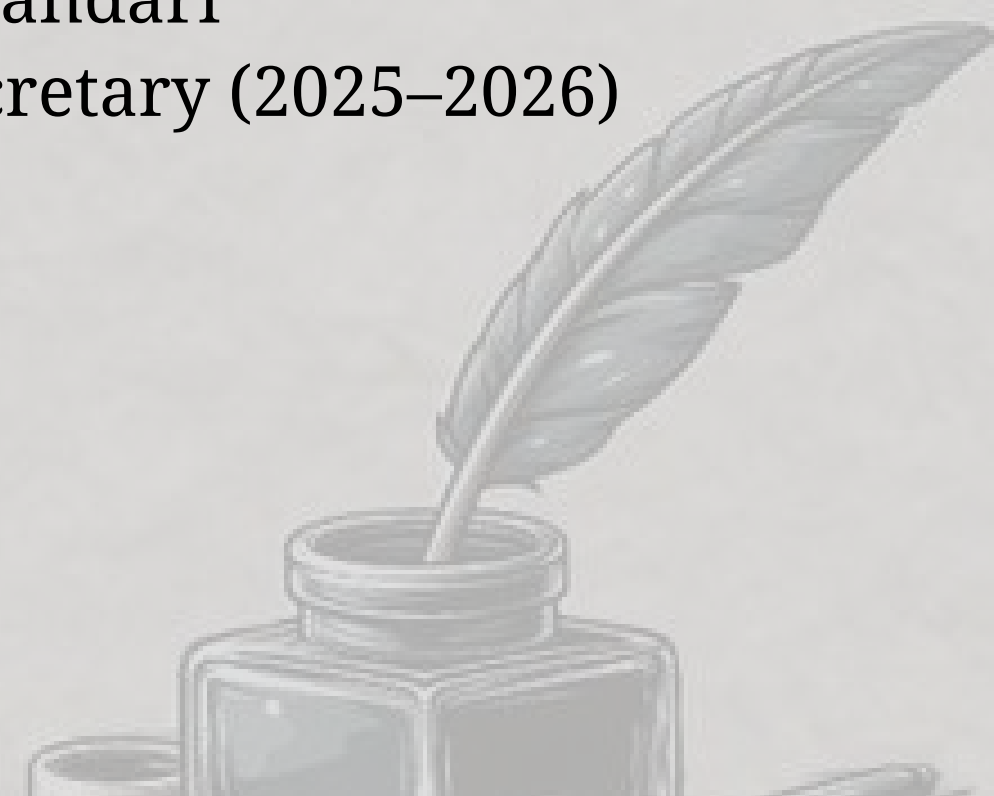
DEAR TEAM CEPSTRUM

Cepstrum had always been the go-to club for me whenever I felt down. My bond with this club is something I am always going to remember. The feeling of being a representative of the club, and the immense pride that comes with the feeling that, "Yes, I have earned this," is incredibly special. But this was never possible without our welcoming seniors; I really miss them.



For the future team, I am going to end this with some words of wisdom. Cepstrum is never just about tasks and management; it is the best club to build the best bonds with seniors and juniors, and to share some unforgettable moments with your team. The task is not just execution, but the betterment of the club and department, which is never going to be excruciating, just treat it as your own club.

Signing off,
Devarsh Bhandari
General Secretary (2025–2026)



MEET THE TEAM

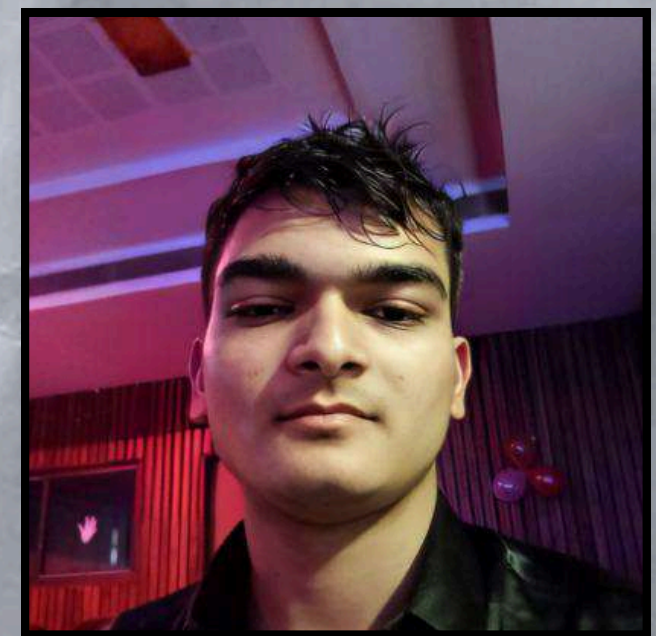
EXECUTIVE TEAM



Devarsh Bhandari
General Secretary



Dr. Ribhu
Faculty Incharge



Rohit Gomladu
Associate General Secretary

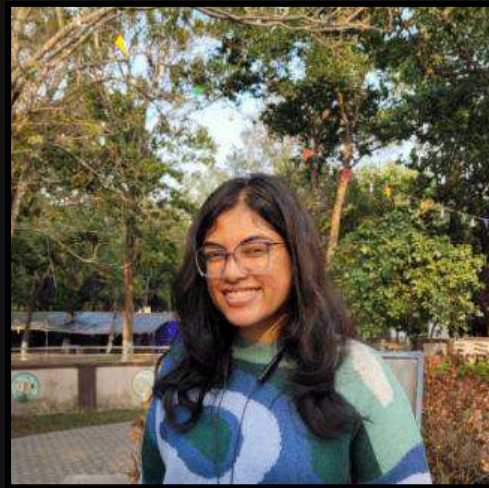
MEET THE TEAM

BRANCH REPRESENTATIVES

4TH YEAR



Devarsh Bhandari
Branch Representative, ECE



Akshaya Sridhar
Branch Representative, ECE



Chirag Agarwal
Branch Representative, EEE



Jasmine
Branch Representative, EEE

3RD YEAR



Harshit Goel
Branch Representative, ECE



Tripti Rakesh Kumar
Branch Representative, ECE



Krrish Kavya
Branch Representative, EEE



Rohit Gomladu
Branch Representative, EEE

2ND YEAR



Samarth Gupta
Branch Representative, ECE



Anshika Dikshit
Branch Representative, ECE



Jyothirmayi Chunduru
Branch Representative, ECE



Ayush Kumar Gupta
Branch Representative, ECE

MEET THE TEAM

ACADEMIC REPRESENTATIVES

4TH YEAR



Harnoor Kaur
Academic Representative



Adweit Singh Chaudhary
Academic Representative



Sapaharam Vishnu Singh
Academic Representative

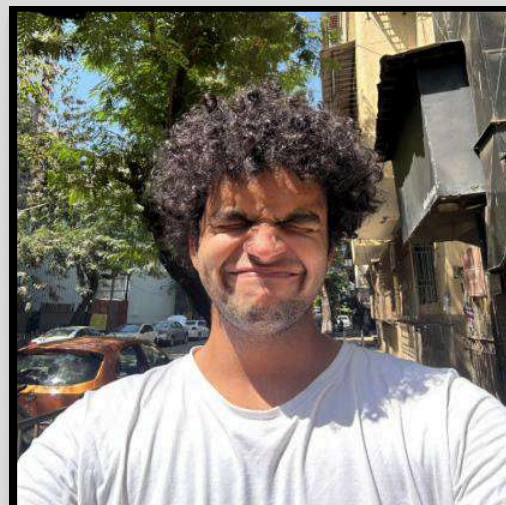


Amit Kumar
Academic Representative

3RD YEAR



Himadri
Academic Representative



Aagam Chheda
Academic Representative



Aditya Jain
Academic Representative

2ND YEAR



Rehaan Ranjan
Academic Representative



Arnab Deka
Academic Representative



Kummari Premaja
Academic Representative

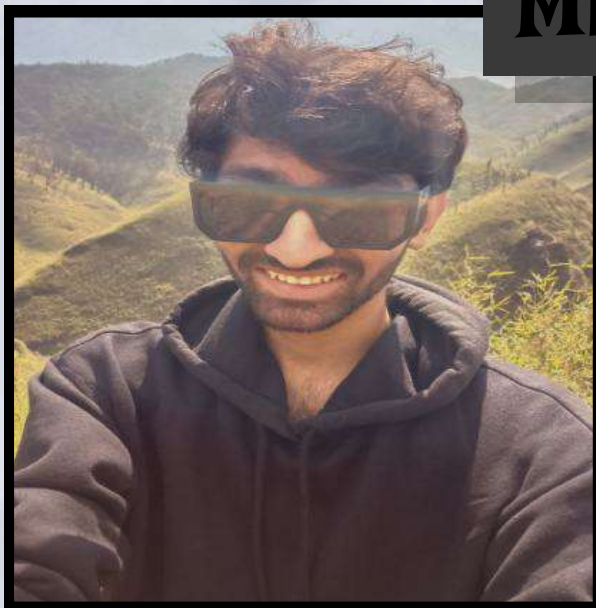


Parin Jindal
Academic Representative

MEET THE TEAM

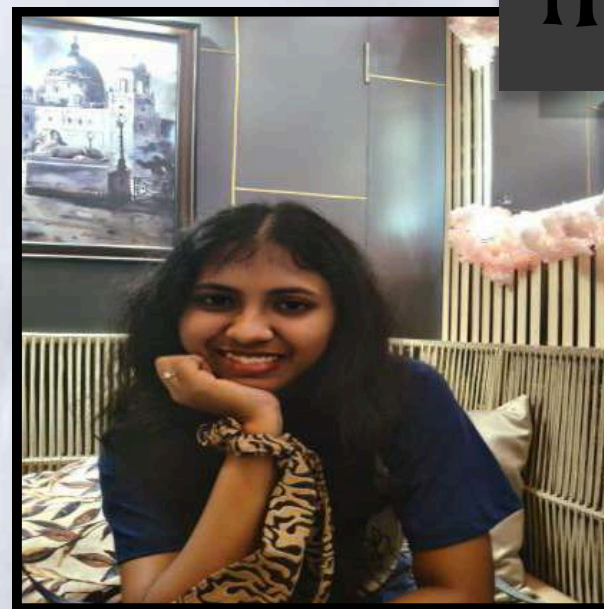
EVENTS TEAM

MENTOR



Akshat Rangari

HEAD



Anisha Majumder

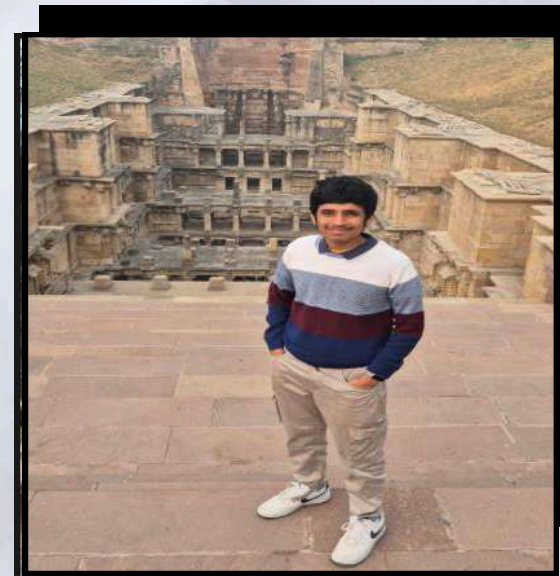
Executives



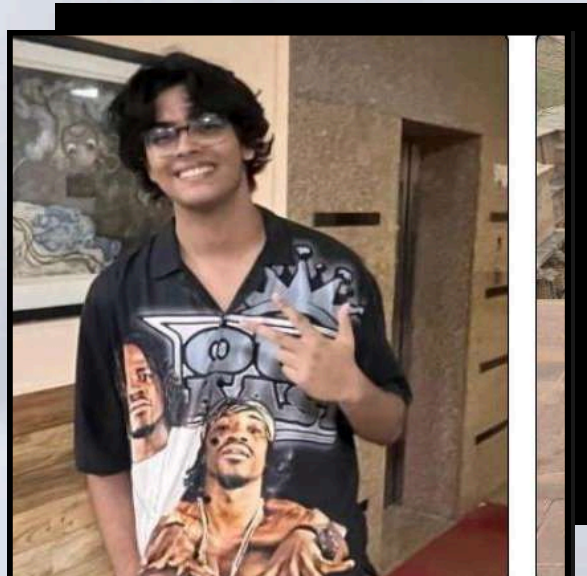
Kanishka Mahale



Rajabibla



Aneesh



Aditya Singh



Kartikeya Jain

MEET THE TEAM

CONTENT TEAM

MENTOR



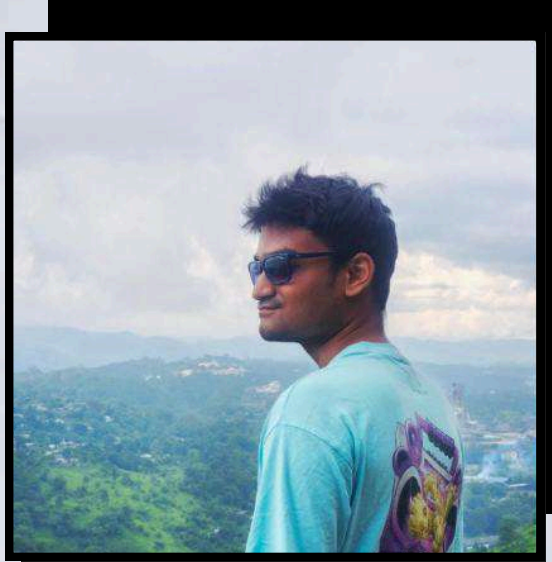
Anika Bhardwaj

HEAD

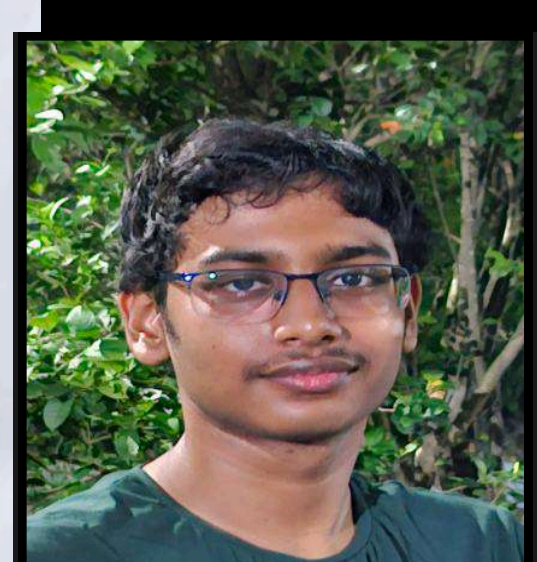


Sutheertha

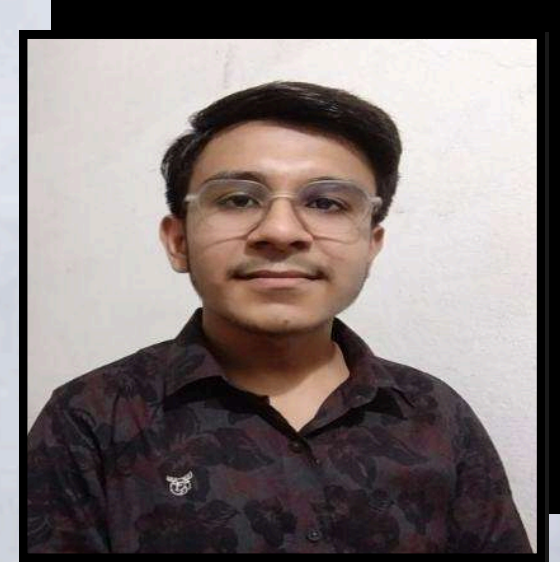
Executives



Priyanshu



Anurag Krole



Sujal Mulewa

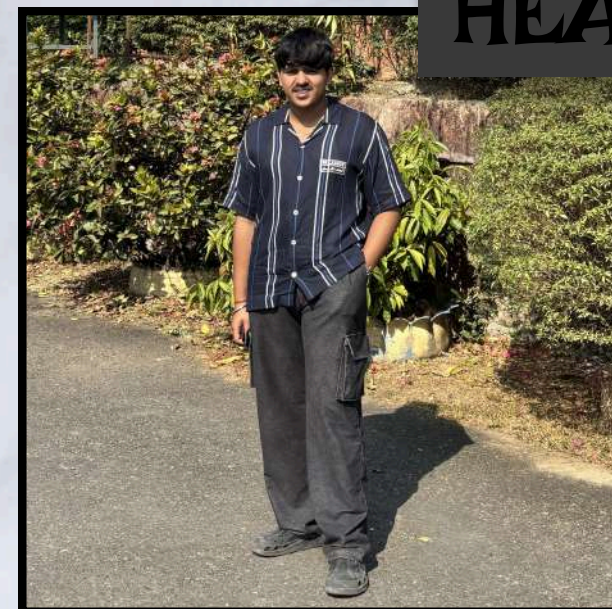
WEBOPS TEAM

MENTOR



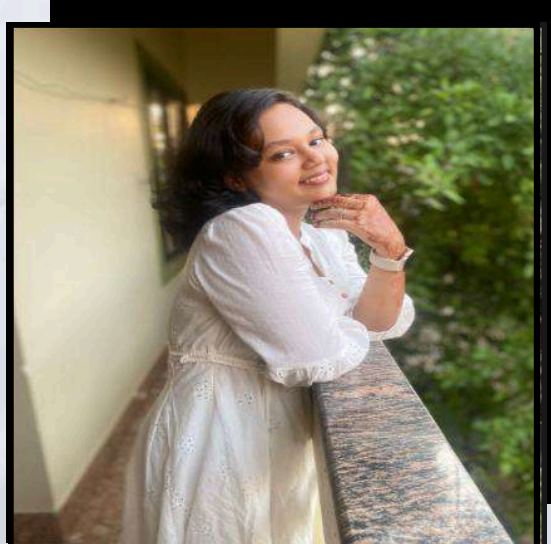
Ashmit Verma

HEAD

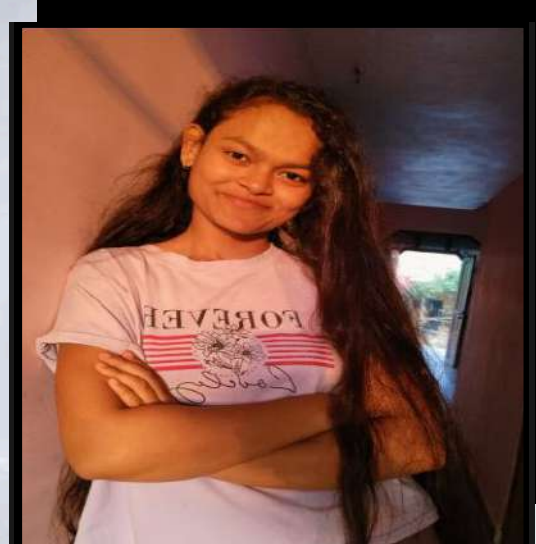


Avinash Gupta

Executives



Ishita Sahoo



Surabhi Meshram



Kabya Ranjan Chaubey



Lakshya Kashyap

MEET THE TEAM

DESIGN TEAM

MENTOR



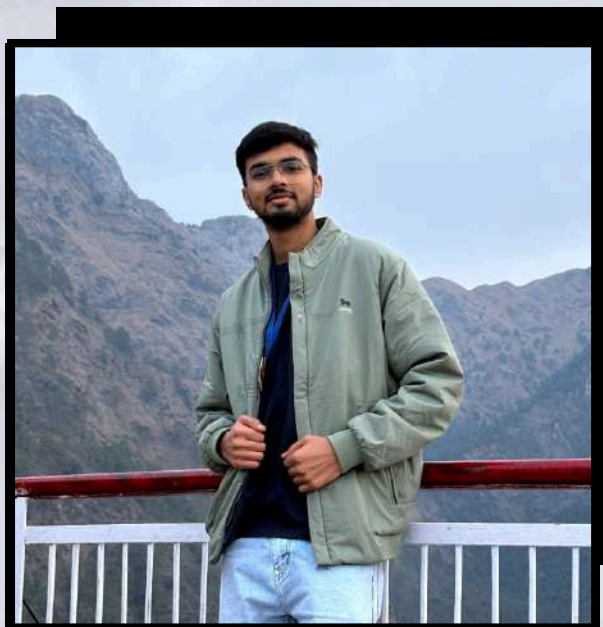
Rajeshwari

HEAD



Arunika Naskar

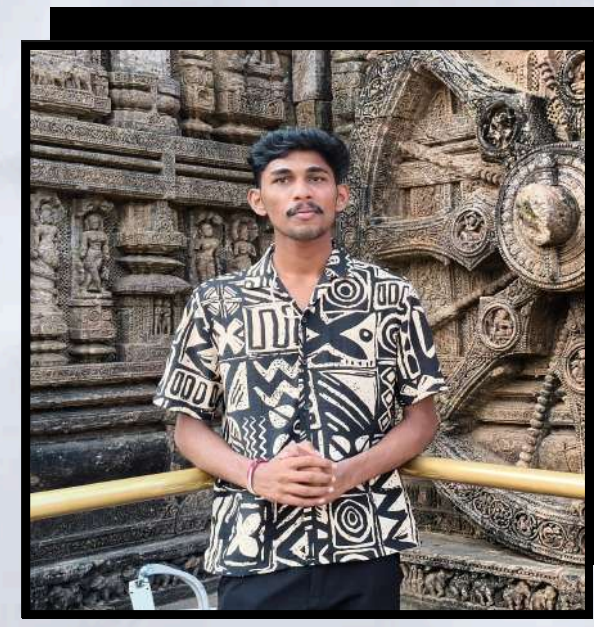
Executives



Sameer Tilkar



Nandita Nupur

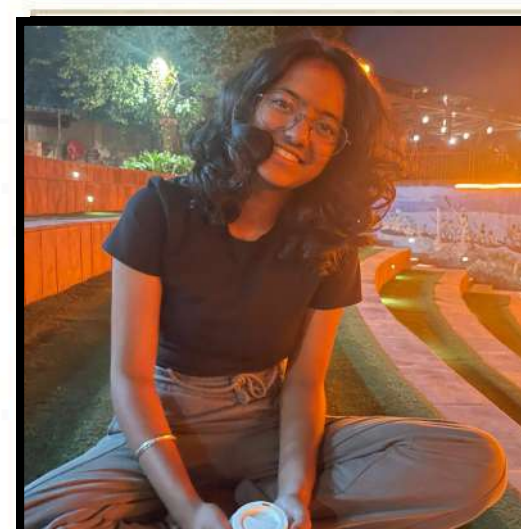


A R Malave

Associates



Ashmitha



Pawani

