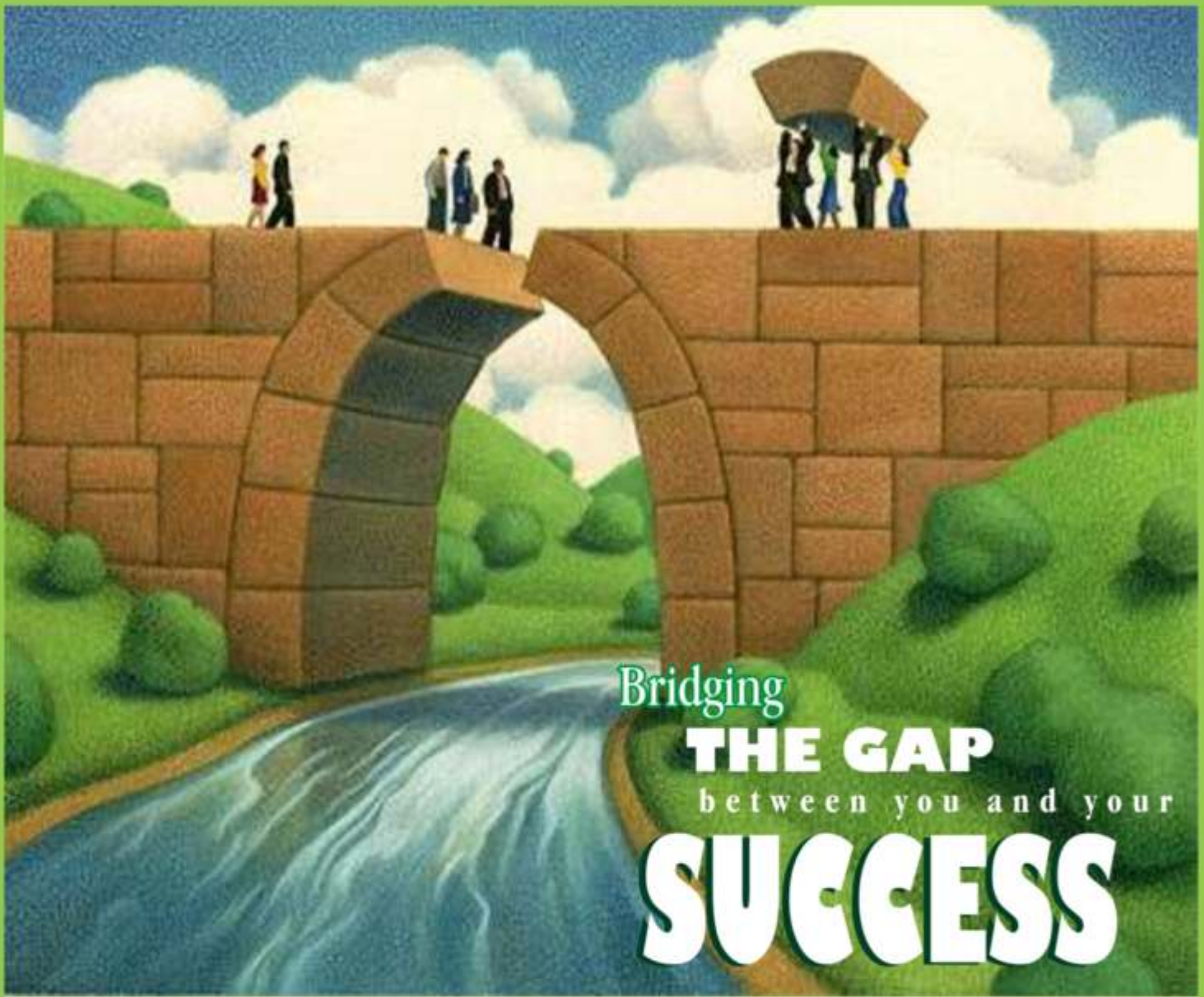


*Watch Out*

*15*

*Glorious Years*



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**Lakshya** is a natural consequence of the IIT day's friendship of its four co-founders, who shared their passion to inspire and empower people. In education, they saw the power to revolutionize the way a whole generation thinks and the attitudes they inculcate and this brought them to this field. Our founding team and the other members of our core team all follow this philosophy and believe in this power of education. All we look for in any individual, who shares a Lakshya with us, is his commitment towards our common goal that is to empower individuals and make them thought leaders.

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Regular Features	
Purple Cow	2
Verbatim	2
Sci-Tech	3
Editorial	3
News Notes	4
Special Economic Zone	10
Face-Off	10
Mostly Harmless	20
WORC	21
Almost Famous	25
Rank	25
Cartoon Strip	26



## RISE OF SECTIONS 08

*Enthu is in the air*

## THE ORPHANED SIBLING 22

*The Tale of Two Cities*

## PHANTASMAGORIA

The 20th of July is not the biggest day of any calendar year. Far from it. Even the usually brimming Wikipedia only mentions the demise of some Armenian warlord and a German composer in its list of events that took place on that history forsaken day. Among other obscure things, it also happens to be the day yours truly stepped into this planet.

Birthdays were never a big thing in my family, being firm believers in the age-old philosophy that there was little to celebrate about the fact that you were a year older but not a tad wiser. One of the few birthdays I have any memories of is my fifteenth. For one thing, it was the first time my birthday did not coincide with the summer vacations- a welcome change from previous ones spent watching *Junoon* and *Imtihaan* with my grandparents. But my most vivid memory of that night remains a short sermon I received from my neighbour, a man I'll forever know only as 'Doctor Uncle'. "Celebrate, son," he told me, "for this is the end of a chapter. And the beginning of another."

With this issue, Watch Out turns fifteen. Anniversaries are celebrated with numbing regularity by magazines, including, obviously, this one. But we hope we've departed from this solipsistic tradition by looking outward as well as in, focusing on the tumultuous period with which the magazine's life span has coincided. Drawing the borders of history is, to some degree, arbitrary, but it's safe to say that these last fifteen years have marked an era of unusual change in Roorkee. The *insti* was, in short, reborn. Many of the bones remain in place—the buildings, the roads, even the old University Canteen isn't quite gone yet—but nearly everything else about the place has changed. The *insti* was renamed, the library was shifted, Kasturba was born, WiFi arrived, deans have come and gone, and through it all, Watch Out has endured, playing our part, however small, as the voice of the average IITian sipping the last drops of *doodh patti* in one of the many forgotten corners of the *insti*.

From the A3 placard on the walls of the Govind Bhawan Mess to the 28 page issue you now hold (with 8 pages in colour, I'm tempted to add), it has been one long journey. This issue, we look back at the fifteen years that were. Moments long past are fondly remembered. Names that faded away from the column to the left aeons ago return for a grand homecoming of sorts. Amidst it all, we spare a thought for wheezy 'Doctor Uncle' and the prescient words he uttered five years ago. As egocentric as it might seem, allow us this one indulgence. It's our birthday after all.

Cheers!

-Ed

The village that was Roorkee was transforming. Mammoth structures filled spaces which were once the Shire. The twin towers, the

**THE  
PURPLE  
COW**



latest addition to Roorkee's skyline, were definitely the crowning glory. But PC was sceptical. He didn't believe in change. Change was evil. Deciding to investigate the matter, he ventured onto the construction site. What followed was beyond comprehension. A scream pierced the air - "PC!" were the last words he heard before a cast-iron rod landed neatly on the centre of his head. All went black. Slowly, he got up. His eyes burned. Everything seemed normal, yet something was amiss. His head was sore but there was no point pulling at anything - the radioactive water of Roorkee had long rendered him bald. Assuming all was fine, PC soon forgot about the incident. But the blackouts followed....

A Week Later: Some learned person told PC that he had a class but PC couldn't remember a thing. Putting on a few clothes, he rushed out of his *bhawan* only to realise that he had forgotten where the first lecture was. This thing was becoming a habit, by Jove!

A Month Later: The alarm rang loudly. Slowly, PC arose to his full height, which was a modest 4' 4". Everything went blank again. Going past the mirror, he stopped... he stared. A grotesque figure was looking back at him, with hundreds of messages written on its body. Right at the centre was the word "PC". For a while he couldn't understand it but slowly and steadily, an inexplicable anger rose within him. Shouting like a madman, he ripped his roomie's clothes to shreds (simultaneously thanking the *Dhobhi* for his earlier contributions to the deed). Rummaging his mind, keen to find out who that unparalleled moron was, he realised that the only thing he remembered was that he had something to avenge.

Wandering aimlessly he heard someone yell "PC". That inexplicable, illogical outburst of anger went off again as he landed a full-blooded punch on the poor caller's chin, who recovered quick enough to respond with an equally powerful one. Our one pack hero wasn't much of a boxer himself, but his task was further complicated by another badly timed blackout due to which he forgot why he was fighting in the first place. The other guy, unfortunately, did not and continued bashing him up. A few blank moments and a black eye later he realised that something was terribly wrong. It seemed wherever he went, people yelled "PC" and that irritated and enraged him. Then out of nowhere, a beautiful maiden descended and enquired, "Hi PC! What happened?" This shock severely paralysed PC's mental faculties. Shaken, it took him a while to realise that 'PC' was, in fact, his name.

# Verbatim



*2008 saw the number of IITs increase from 7 to 15. Come July, our campus will house two instis in the place of one. But how prepared are we to have a Mandi in Roorkee? WONA probes into the subject by taking the views of the Director of IIT Roorkee, Dr. S C Saxena.*

What is the current status of IIT Himachal Pradesh?

IIT Himachal Pradesh will be located near the town of Mandi. A land of about 500 acres has been finalised for the purpose. Even the foundation stone was laid earlier this year. A degree college near Mandi has agreed to give their buildings and premises for housing students and staff temporarily, till the campus is ready. Academic session will begin in 2009-2010.

How many students will it have?

The new IIT will have a total of 120 students studying Computer Science, Electrical and Mechanical engineering. Over time, the strength will keep increasing.

What about IIT Himachal Pradesh's administration and faculty?

Right now, IIT Roorkee administrates their working. I am their Director too and our Deans are also their Deans. An IIT HP cell will soon be set up, after which some people will be completely dedicated to IIT HP. For some time, decisions may be taken from here as well as there. Advertisements for IIT HP faculty will be out soon.

Will the new entrants study initially in Roorkee?

We have no problems with the new students studying here till IIT Mandi is set up. We have enough vacant rooms along with the two new hostels and 120 is not a large number. If they stay here initially, our faculty will teach them. In case the new entrants stay at Mandi, we are ready to offer any kind of help. We might temporarily send a couple of professors there if needed.

What are your expectations from the new IIT Mandi?

Just as a father wants his son to outperform him, I hope IIT HP becomes a world class technical institution. As soon as things are ready and matured enough, they will be independent. Even after that, we would be happy to help IIT HP whenever required.





# Sci Tech

## Hydroponics

Ever wondered why plants can't grow in mid – air? Or why they can't grow while drifting aimlessly in water?

Well, the answer is 'They can!'

Explanation: Hydroponics. Hydroponics is a technology for growing plants in nutrient solutions (water containing fertilizers and other essential minerals such as magnesium salts) with or without the use of a solid medium (sand, gravel, or sawdust) to provide mechanical support. This ingenious method of plant breeding is highly productive, conservative of water and land, and protective of the environment. Since regulating the aerial and root environment is of paramount concern, production of such plants takes place inside enclosures designed to control air and root temperatures, light, water, plant nutrition and adverse climate.

This technology is all the more relevant today with NASA's quest of "Greening the Red Planet". Once warm and wet, Mars is today a frozen wasteland, with very feeble hopes of survival for living creatures. But there is still hope; Hydroponics enables scientists to play God by instilling life in hostile environs. Growing primitive plant forms on Mars will make it easier for the scientists to study the evolution of life forms on not only our planet but others in the solar system.

Hydroponics is also gaining importance in the light of the grim conjectures being made for our planet. The cultivable land available for plant breeding is dwindling as a result of desertification, land erosion degradation. This technology offers an alternative solution to plant breeding which has its inherent advantages, and it may just be the savior our mother earth is looking for.

In the end, looking ahead, this technology is poised to be a major solution to many of our present day issues such as low food reserves, increase in fallow and decrease in crop productivity.

Go green... the 'different' way!

## Evasion is better than cure

Problems shape our existence as we know it. Overcoming these hurdles gives life its direction. To start with, ever wondered why you visit the canteen as frequently as you do? Ah yes, the answer stares at us right in the face: the misery we face in the mess. The canteen system thrives on the unsatisfactory quality of the mess food. This problem can be further elaborated as follows: The mess food, more often than not, is nearly inedible. Students don't mind spending extra bucks as long as they feel reassured about surviving another night. The answer to this predicament is probably to bring it up with the concerned authorities. The solution, though obvious, is too arduous. An easier solution is to avoid eating at the mess altogether. This predisposition of ours to find an easy way out has led to the concept of "Alternate and Parallel Solutions".

Thousands of industries have sprung up purely on the shortcomings of other existing ones. As a matter of fact, it is illustrated across a spectrum of our daily activities. We find a similar methodology being adopted to mitigate the rampant electricity crisis. Power cuts have haunted the world for decades and yet, rather than striving to eradicate that problem, R&D funds were shifted to develop a backup to hold fort while the power's out. This gave birth to a multibillion dollar industry known to us all as 'inverters'. It employs millions and also supports various supplementary industries like lead batteries, casing etc.

Ironical as the prevalence of this concept might appear, it reveals an alternative perspective. Instead of focusing on the moral justification of this parasitic existence, what is required is the utilization of the situation in order to reap maximum benefits. Thinking out of the box has struck gold time and again. Often the practical way out is not the elimination of the problem but mainly its utilization to one's own advantage. The recession, for instance, isn't the bad, bad boogeyman it might seem. It has its obscure advantages. Only a few realize that times like these often prove conducive to low- risk start-ups. Economically languid times like these can allow them to gain the experience, while formulating their strategies and aspirations.

In conclusion, every situation can be perceived in complementary ways: either it can be looked at as a problem or as an opportunity. The decision lies with us. The silver lining, though hard to perceive, is worth the effort hands down. As for those who dare to think laterally, there lie virgin goldmines unclaimed as yet.... Let the gold rush begin!

### Mordern Hair



### Style

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# NEWS NOTES



## Crests and troughs in equal measure: CULSOC Week



Swaranjali Cultural Week's first event, Swaranjali, matched IITR's traditions by starting half an hour late. It was based on the theme of patriotism, perhaps inspired by the recent terror attacks across the country. The show drew many a yawn from the audience, even though some of the performances, like 'Mera Rang De' by Pathikrit and Pawan and 'Ae Mere Watan Ke' by Soumya Mohan, were rendered well. A good crowd turned up initially but gradually dwindled out as the event

proceeded, with only a handful of people remaining by the end. All in all, the event didn't live up to the standards it has set for itself in terms of performances and the audience turnout.

**Waltz**  
8th February witnessed what was arguably the best rendition by the Choreography and Dance section till date. Despite the bad compering and a few average performances, the event managed to attract a huge crowd with the Hangar packed to capacity. The best performances of the night

were the solo on 'Masakkali' by Digvijay Singh and a duet by Milan Gupta and Toshi Sharma, choreographed by Milan Gupta himself.

**Drams**  
The dramatics section presented a Hindi adaptation of Arthur Miller's famous play "The death of a salesman". The play was staged in the O.P. Jain auditorium for two consecutive days and witnessed packed audiences on both days. The play was smoothly presented and well coordinated. The translation and adaptation

suffered from some inconsistencies- the lead character's obsession with the American dream, which formed the backbone of the original, was sadly lost. Nevertheless, the audience was thoroughly impressed, which could be gauged from the fact that many were ready to stand for the entire duration of the play. Though Swati Kaushik's (Arch IV) performance was the best by a fair distance Karanpreet(P&II), also drew thunderous applause from the audience owing to the unusual nature of his role.

INTER IIT	<b>GOLD</b>	Ashish Arpit (III Year, Meta) : Hammer throw, Shot-put, Discus throw
	<b>SILVER</b>	Volleyball Team ; Apurv Sharma (III Year, Meta): Discus Throw
	<b>BRONZE</b>	Vikalp Yadav (III Year, Mech): Weight Lifting



Virasat:  
Let our culture  
be known

Culsoc Week:  
A Mixed Bag

Kipaspa:  
IPR @ IITR

## VIRASAT: Culture comes alive at DoMS & O P Jain



The much-hyped flagship event of SPIC-MACAY, Virasat 09, kicked off on the 30<sup>th</sup> of January. The event, which continued for two days, saw a plethora of renowned artists showcasing their art. The first performance, by famous Qawwali singer Qadar Niazi, witnessed a good audience with a homogeneous mix of students and faculty members. The artist gave versatile renditions,

including Sufiyana songs and Folk bhajans. The event continued till the 1st of Feb with various other performances, but dwindling audiences. This included a colorful display by the *langas* from Rajasthan who left the audience spellbound with their music and their unconventional instruments. There was also an Uttarakhand folk dance by the Nandlal Bharti group who, through their

distinctive dance style brought out the entire culture and lifestyle of the state of Uttarakhand. Their ability to express day to day events with striking liveliness was appreciated by those watching. The fest also had the screening of movies by legendary directors such as Satyajit Ray and Shyam Benegal. Although the last-minute change in venue and the movie itself left many confused, the screening of Parash Pathar (by Satyajit Ray) a satirical movie on the desires of man, was well received.

Other events such as a Rangoli competition, an interschool quiz as well as a main quiz event Quizz India (which was won by Abhishek Sundar and MVR Murty of the Electrical Dept.) also drew decent crowds. The fest ended with Satvik Veena exponent Salil Bhatt entertaining the audience with a splendid rendition.

## KIPASPA: International Conference

The IPR cell organised an international conference from 29<sup>th</sup> to 31<sup>st</sup> January. It primarily dealt with the issues of generation, valuation, protection and exploitation of intellectual property (IP). This conference was an attempt towards assessment of the existing framework and addressing the concern of the Asia-Pacific region keeping in mind its socio-economic and cultural framework. Delegates from round the globe assembled to present their research papers and presentations, which mainly focused on the areas of advanced materials, food and agriculture, biotechnology and IT. The icing on the cake was the suprisingly delicious food. Though not a crowd-puller, KIPASPA was certainly a grand success.

### CHANGE OF GUARD

Administration	Prof. S.C. Jain	Saharanpur Campus	Prof. I.M. Mishra
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## Srishti: Celebrating 50 years

## Constuction: IIT Roorkee *Reality Check*

## Smart Card: IITR goes Hi Tech

### Srishti celebrates Golden Jubilee

Though a cultural fest, Srishti started off as an exhibition in 1958. Since then, it has slowly transformed and several other events have been introduced. This year, being the golden jubilee, it was carried out on a scale grander than ever. Though a success overall, the event had its share of lacunae.

Though most sketches were repetitions from last year's exhibition, the Fine Arts exhibition was worth a visit. There was also a children's category which saw good participation from Roorkee School for the Deaf. New additions included origami, chalk-carving, wire modelling and ceramic clay modelling, among others. Philately section had put up a decent display of rare stamps, coins and random collectibles though the emphasis seemed to be on

presentation rather than the stamps themselves. Meanwhile, in Robotics, several interesting models were on display like the gap detector. In Web Designing, a software model of the Hobbies Club was made. The Photography section also attracted a large number of entries, with photographs divided into ten different categories. The Star Gazing section organized a paper presentation and a quiz, which received good participation although the models made were not exactly state of the art. In electronics too there were innovative and useful projects like the fastest finger first. The Gardening Section had a variety of flora on display, although some reckon the blooms simply sprung out of nowhere days before Srishti.

#### Few Notable Events at Srishti '09

Robo Workshop	Electrocution
Robo Mania	Paper Bridge
Face Painting	A-Q Quiz
Wall Painting	Telescope Workshop
Pic Hunt	Hacking Workshop
Bouquet Making	Forex
Cracken	Rolling the Reels

### Construction @ IIT Roorkee



This semester has seen a spurt in construction all across the campus. A lecture complex - like the ones that exist in other IITs - is coming up next to DoMS. Construction of a multistoried building for Biotechnology has also begun. A boys hostel next to Cautley Bhawan of ground plus seven stories with a capacity to house 650 students will be ready by July this year. Construction of

another boys hostel with a capacity of 650 is on near AHEC and it is planned to be completed by July next year. A girls' hostel with a capacity of 800 is also proposed near the NCC grounds. Most of these contracts have been given to National Buildings Construction Corporation Limited (NBCC). According to the plan, most of the construction activity is expected to get over by end of 2010.

#### Smart Card



One card to rule them all  
The much hyped and talked about Smart Card is finally here. Though the scope of such a card is unclear, it is presumably a substitute for the identity cards and library cards. The rumour mill has it that the cards might also be used to monitor attendance in class rooms and late permissions for girls in their hostels.



## SPORTS

Spornado:  
Management  
with Sports

## Spornado: IITR emerges victorious

The Inaugural Ceremony on 15th January, 2009 was graced by the presence of the Chief Guest, Prof N K Goel, Dean of Students Welfare. Spornado widened its base this year with the inclusion of IIT Kanpur and IIT Kharagpur. The first game to kick off was the cricket match between IIT Roorkee and IIT Kanpur. The match saw a brilliant innings from IIT Roorkee batsmen propel their team to a match winning score of 140 runs. Backed by their indomitable bowlers, IITR walked away with a handsome 65 run victory.

In another sports event, IIT Delhi enthralled the audiences with their 3-0 clean sweep in the squash

matches against IIT Kharagpur.

The four days of the event witnessed many nail-biting games. There was fierce competition amongst the strong contingents from the different institutes. With the overall championship at stake, the event saw many enrapturing moments and spellbinding performances in the concluding days. IIT Roorkee and IIT Delhi had head-on clashes in the final matches of 8 out of the 10 sports events. IIT Roorkee emerged as the overall Champions after defeating IIT Delhi in 7 finals and lifted the SPORNADO'09 trophy. The event concluded on the 18<sup>th</sup> of January, with a grand closing ceremony.



## SNIPPETS

**NSS ACTIVITIES:** This semester saw NSS working in full swing. The blood donation camp helped in collecting 270 units of blood while the guilt-driven drive for reducing food wastage in Messes yielded substantial results. This was in addition to the practice of promoting paper bags and teaching slum children. Ruraisle, a case study competition based on the village Kaliyar, to be held during Cognizance is the next noble endeavour up NSS's sleeves.

**STIFKI :** STIFKI organized its fifth and sixth seminars earlier this semester. While the former dealt with Civil (Prof. Indu Mehrotra) and Biotech Engineering (Prof. Ritu Barthwal, Dr. Pravindra Kumar and Dr. A.K. Sharma), the latter focused on Electrical (Prof. H.O. Gupta and Prof. R.P. Maheshwari) and Electronics (Dr. S. Dasgupta). The common platform provided by STIFKI to the students and faculty alike gives some hope to the research interests and prospects at IIT Roorkee.

**STRIKE:** Yet another strike by the non faculty staff saw the college practicals coming to a standstill. One could hear the slogans and speeches by the outside the institute main building. While the non faculty staff sweated it out in the after noon sun, the students were happy to take a bonus afternoon nap.

**EDC Events:** After a rather long hiatus the Entrepreneurship Development Cell organized a Business Quiz, a Case Study Competition and a Workshop from 20th to 22nd February. While the Business Quiz saw decent participation, albeit from the traditional Lit crowd, the case study competition was unable to attract junta. The Workshop on 'How to Write a Business Plan' held at the Bose Auditorium by Dr. D. K. Nauriyal followed last year's tradition and witnessed a good turnout. This time round, though, the presentation was followed by an on-the-spot Executive Summary writing as well. The Workshop served as a prelude to Arth '09 - the EDC organized annual business plan competition to be held in April. With the impending recession, the entrepreneurial trend has picked up pace at IIT Roorkee with startups in almost every year.

After the gruelling preparations that culminate into a grand finale - the JEEs, only the victorious make it to their dream IITs. Out of these chosen few, most of us arrive with elaborate plans and dreams for the four years that are to follow. Eventually, though, weighed down by complacency, the very desire to act gets stifled. No wonder then that we usually find the campus in various states of slumber, be it the classroom or the various offices.

It does come as a refreshing surprise, then, when the snores are replaced with the buzz of busy-bees running around the campus. In quite a drastic departure from tradition, cells in IITR have actually started working and the campus is abuzz with activities. The *Alpahar* roundabout, the centre of the campus, may well be considered an effective Geiger meter of the level of activity in the campus; the life size flexes on all sides bearing testimony to the fact. Nearly every other cell on campus is organizing a fest - a fact exemplified by the fact that even 4 pages don't seem to suffice for our News Notes section lately.

Though several reasons may be attributed to this phenomenon, most people agree that this was on the cards. As Shirish Verma, B.Tech II Meta, puts it, "This upsurge has been on ever since UoR became an IIT. The biggest cause is the fact that net is available to all students, allowing them to stay in touch, participate in intra IIT events etc."

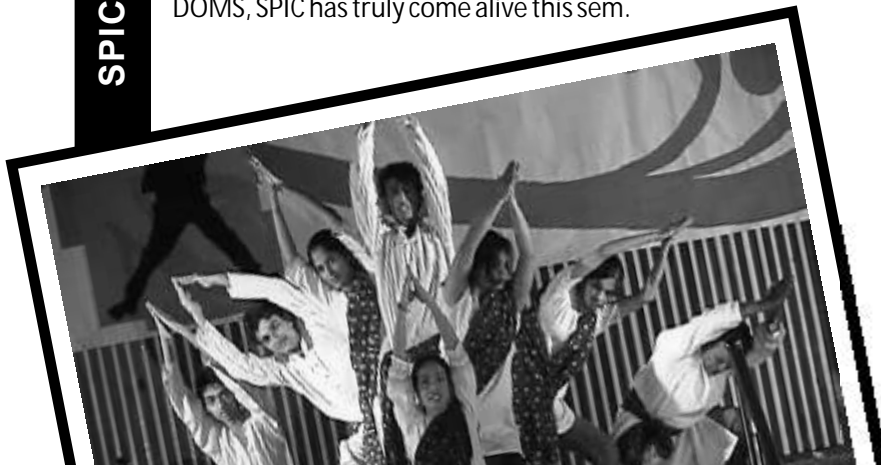
Among the cells that have gone into an overdrive, perhaps the most notable name is that of IMG. The transformation of Channel I from a compulsory registration and lecture download forum to a site where you can actually spend more than a minute has surely got the campus junta interested. Their work is being appreciated not only by us, but is also receiving international acclaim (IITR's website has been ranked 52nd- above 3 other IIT's). As per Luv Rastogi, secy IMG, "IMG has always been working for the institute website, though our priority now is to make it as student oriented as possible. Several add-ons have been started on channel-i and many more are to follow. And though people often blame us, we are not responsible for slow net speeds or any password thefts."

Any list of sections active on campus would be incomplete without SPICMACAY. The level of the performances can frankly be described as top-notch. With internationally acclaimed singers and musicians performing in our very own DOMS, SPIC has truly come alive this sem.

*There was a time when every section on campus was either farzi or inactive. Thoms and Cogni apart, there were fewer than a dozen events to look forward to in an entire semester. Half the sections in CulSoc came alive only for a couple of weeks in a year. The other half was PM and LitSec. The Hobbies Club was a sham. IMG fired more people than it recruited. All the NSS ever did was send naive first-years on an insti wide garbage collecting mission. As far as EDC goes, the lesser said the better.*

*Suddenly, things seem to have taken a turn for the better. New sections are springing up every other day. Three fests have already been held this sem, and we're not even past the halfway mark. Where was this enthu all along? WONA investigates...*

## RISE OF SECTIONS





EDC

In Rohit Kumar, Secy SPIC's words, "Organizing Virasat was a dream come true. In the future, we hope to organize Virasat again every year with more events in it. We would like to have a National SpicMacay Convention here in Roorkee. We are even trying to get Shubha Mudgal over for a concert." Let's hope they aren't trying to pull off another Farhan Akhtar.

The seemingly exponential growth notwithstanding, the people on the campus are craving for more. After all when compared to world class institutions like MIT, NUS or even our compatriot IITB, we lag pretty far behind. As Ambesh, Electrical 3rd year feels, "More technical groups should start on campus. Furthermore, existing groups like SAE, IEEE need to be more active."

CULSOC

Keeping with the trend, CulSoc too organized its very own fest, the 'CulSoc' week, which ran to packed houses, often forcing late-comers to return home owing to the lack of seats. (As one Barney Stinson put it, people seem to have way too much free time.) We talked to Dr. M.J. Nigam about this present state of near-hysteria and its probable effects on students' academics. This is what he has to say: "A student who is good at studies is also active in other spheres of life. Such students are capable of managing their time judiciously. I find that students watch too many movies, surf the net aimlessly and sleep late at night. Rather, they can devote some time to cultural sections and end up doing something more constructive."

NSS

It's also good to know that people are working not only for their own upliftment but also for that of the society. NSS is finally doing what it was meant to do all these years. As Nagareddy secy, NSS puts it, "The situation right now is that despite the huge contingent of students enrolled in NSS, we are falling short of work force. With out latest initiatives, *Nirmaan* and *Eduslum*, we are teaching workers' children as well as a few who beg in Civil Lines." And the best part is yet to come; they have started a team which would work on improving the hygiene and quality of the messes.

ECO CLUB

Elsewhere, there are people who have actually taken Cogni's motto to heart. On the 19<sup>th</sup> of February this year, the Eco-Club was started with the aim of creating a sustainable campus and on the 28<sup>th</sup>, they had organized their first conference. Other plans, in

STIFKI

the words of the co-founder, Amey Mandhan, include, "reducing electricity consumption on campus, by starting competitions and rewarding wings that consume the least power."

Apart from providing a platform for cultural activities, these sections can help in academics as well. Take Stifki, for instance, which is aiding students in getting the all elusive B.Tech project. "The main advantage is that, students get to choose the prof under whom they want to work," says Ashish Sharma, Meta 4th Year. Their future plans not only include organizing workshops on specific softwares like Matlab (to be conducted by students) and developing STIFKI online, but also include inviting industry professionals to interact with students and offer live projects.

IPR

Did you know that IITR is probably the only IIT to have an active and functional IPR cell? (For the uninitiated, IPR stands for Intellectual Property Rights.) The cell, apart from engaging itself in IP protection, has extended its working domains to encouraging IP generation. Rahul Gupta, EC 4th year tells us, "Recently, KIPASPA, an international conference on knowledge sharing, was held in IITR, which was attended by profs from all over the world." The cell has also been instrumental in bringing the Government of India's Technopreneur program to the campus. Under this plan, the Government offers funds ranging from Rs. 17000 to 45 lacs for any technical initiative.

CINEMATICS

That is not the end of the story- there are plenty of cells which are still in their infancy. The Cinematics Section started off amidst much pomp and show, with most junta feverishly hoping it would replace the now-defunct Cinema Club. As Prof. A.J.Mishra puts it, "In a small town like Roorkee where we are deprived of a proper cinema hall, a cinematics section in the campus would definitely be refreshing." They are already planning to have their own 'Cinematics Week'. Many others like Youthzilla and PDM have already kicked off and many more are still in the pipeline. Gaurav Verma, B.Arch 2nd year, sums it up quite aptly, "After all this, one definitely feels the need for a separate Dean of Extra-Curriculars."

In the end, one just hopes that the coming first year doesn't succumb to the exhaustion of facing so many interviews.



# Special Economic Zone Back in Black

Throughout the global economic order, operating outside the legal, legitimate channels, there exists a secondary or parallel economy. This parallel economy consists of all activities and transactions that are either illegal or go unreported in order to save on taxes. In India, the parallel economy is unparalleled and by many '*guesstimates*' it is allegedly a few times bigger than the legitimate economy.

All of us have sometime or the other contributed to this parallel economy and that does not necessarily mean smuggling goods across the border. After all, more than ninety percent of the campus uses pirated software! Black money laundering in India, is a constantly evolving art. As the earnings are unreported, they are therefore untaxed, resulting in the direct tax collection of \$45.32 billion being a fraction of what it ought to be. Figures by experts show that the amount of this undeclared income ranges from 5% to a monstrous 20% of the gross domestic product.

Despite all these negative aspects of black money, it has proven to be a boon for the Indian financial sector in an unexpected way. In spite of the crash in share prices of real estate companies, India has no financial sector crisis or mortgage crisis. The reason is simple. There is a very huge amount of black money in Indian real estate market. A considerably large portion, often half, of almost all home purchases is paid in black money. Suppose a person buys a home for rupees 40 lakhs, he quotes just 15 to 20 lakhs to the registrar in order to save on taxes and then takes the loan available for this registered cost which may come out to be around 12 lakhs. So even if the prices dip, the said person will still be interested in repaying the loan in order to save his unquoted investment. This therefore eliminates the probability of loans not being recovered and chances of big Indian financial institutions crashing. A situation similar to this led to the sub-prime crisis in USA which ultimately led to the global collapse and the fall in placements that we are witnessing now. Ironically, rather than formal contracts or legal processes, black money enforces loan discipline in India far more efficiently. After all, suffering is a great leveller.

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## Are there too many rules in our hostels?

Having fun is a part of college life but there is a proper time and a place for everything. It is a fundamental right of a human being to enjoy some personal space. But it is also his / her duty to respect another's privacy. Creating a nuisance like playing loud music, football and in general, creating a 'racket' at odd hours is not everybody's idea of fun! Games like cricket and football are not meant to be played in confined spaces. For that matter, even loud rock music is not meant for hostel confines. We have plenty of grounds like ABN, NCC, LBS etc. at our disposal to play without any restriction. There is a very slim chance that any attempt to resolve the conflict through dialogue would lead to anything other than a brawl. Hence it becomes crucial for the authorities to intervene in order to restore order. I do not agree that the students need to be given more authority to resolve such issues because the transparency in exercising these powers will be called into question. These rules have been made so that the Bhawan inmates do not suffer to satiate the whims and fancies of few boisterous students.

College life, besides academics, is essentially fun-centric. Be it the crazy head banging competitions or the nocturnal football exhibition-matches, the idea is just to have a good time. Sometimes, one's notion of

### FACE OFF



Chaitanya  
III Year, Mech



Abhisheak Nagar  
IV Year, Mech

fun may be irksome to an unassuming neighbour. But, people need to realize that these "trespassers of privacy" aren't doing this with malicious intentions. One merely has to let these guys know that their ruckus is spilling over to the adjacent wing. Mutual cooperation is the only way out. The rules are too rigid, and at times, obsolete. Involving the authorities is a rather drastic measure. Student representatives should be given more powers to resolve the Bhawan issues as they will see the problem from a student's perspective. I do not dispute the significance of privacy, but one has to be sensitive to the fact that he/she resides with five hundred other people. Being accommodating towards others is essential.



The main building stands in all its splendour as a silent sentinel guarding the vast green acres surrounding it. As I walk up Amod Path, haggard and fatigued, I watch the dazzling white amidst the green expanses to my left with awe and pride. In stark contrast, small tenements and trees cover the right side of the road. Trudging along towards Kranti Chowk, I notice the unusually quiet locales. All work on campus has hit a dead-end as part of yet another strike. Only Swagat remains in its usual chirpiness, being the favourite (and only) hangout spot for the Roorkee junta. I make a bee-line to the eat-out to grab my favourite Chai-Pakoda. By now, my mind was juggling the various options I had – a game of cricket perhaps? I return to the Cautley grounds, one of the two lonely hostels far from the remaining civilization; there were no nets to practice anyway! The glorious days of the insti are numbered. Change is essential at the University of Roorkee... But all that is part of the past; it was 15 years ago. Much has changed since then, but I persist. **My name is Watch Out.**

Few years back, I do not remember how many there was a mad guy and a Sardar. They dreamt of starting something on their own. They arranged money from the Bhawan fund through political connections and published a news letter. The Bhawan Warden insisted on an unusual name for the newsletter- like "Watch Out". Man! The first issue got distributed like hot cakes in spite of the fact that the printing of the issue was so pathetic that some of the text was not legible even with a magnifying glass. The hurdles were many - getting money, getting a team, getting it printed, getting spellings right, getting news... Nevertheless, the two never lost hope. They had never imagined that it would go on to enthral readers fifteen years hence. And they are indebted to each and everyone who contributed in making the magazine what it is now.

Harjeet Singh Khanduja  
Founder, WatchOut



Fifteen years. The latter third in my own time. Watch Out has certainly grown. I would love to tell you, dear reader, tales of the fondest incidents I associate with the organization, but I daresay this is no eulogy. Instead, I will tell you what I think of the magazine, and what it means, in my humble opinion, to our institution.

Every pinnacle of human achievement begins quite meekly. And not all heights are scaled within a day, or even, perhaps, a lifetime. This magazine- and it wasn't always a magazine- is such a work in progress. I can claim, through my long stint at Roorkee, to have been able to observe that evolution. From hopeless articles and terribly drawn doodles to decent writing and legible caricatures- I certainly think the magazine has improved, if viewed objectively.

Five years ago, the team of Watch Out wouldn't dream of questioning the administration about financial aspects of the institute. Demands for LP extension for the girls would barely be audible in the meetings, let alone in front of a rather baleful DOSW. Today, the LP thing hasn't changed much, but well, the magazine has certainly mustered the courage in other matters which are less defensible by sophistry and the ultimate response: "Tu iske saath aisa kya kaam karega jo tu dus baje se pehle nahi kar sakta?"

A rogue piece of paper, a wall magazine, an elitist piece of utter junk, a 'spice magazine', a news magazine- each set of minds, each generation chipped away that much more at this priceless work. Today, I believe it strives (believe me, it's bloody hard work) to be a voice of the student fraternity. Not all things can be said or done as whimsically as any of us would want, but the effort is perennial. Wifi, mixed hostels, registration process changes- each step a small cause for celebration.

The greatest cause for celebration though, as for all things, has been the junta. The team, the general polity of the institute- everyone. How the team has grown. Great names have been associated with this team over the years- names that will no doubt do the institute proud in due time. Great minds have been brought together to discuss such awe inspiring things as the necessity of Bhawan Days or why some sections of Cul Soc exist at all. Great minds from without have been roused, and debates ensued about the performances of our dear Bhaand (forgive this old gun his nostalgic nuances) or of that hopeless Thomso. Each contact set off sparks of change. A little change, perhaps, in the grand scheme of things, but from the perspective of one Ed-in-C, worth remembering forever.

It is thus from the deep crevices of memory, dear reader, that I proclaim to be immensely proud of what the current team is doing. It is from that freeze frame of sepia that I wish this new set of kids a great deal of luck and courage. For I see them now as starting a new lap, familiar but ever so distinct and ever the better- another turn, as one beloved friend once put it, in the eternal wheel of time.

P. Tejo Nikhas  
Ed-in-Chief '07

Pallav Roxy  
Chief News Coord. '06

There was this day, a pleasant one as such, when I was told to write about the Thomso participation. The article was supposed to be published the very same day in what was then called "Thomso Times". I strived to get the correct and high profile words to match those of the writing *gurus* of WONA, but I realized I could never do so. With neither a superhuman vocabulary nor a good old Thesaurus by my side, I ended up handing out a really stupid and dumb article that day. The following morning, while leaving for the NSS office, I had my mind made up about submitting a superb article for the issue. But again, what I ended up penning down was something that looked innocently *kiddish* back then.

That day I knew what I disliked the most about being in WONA. I disliked writing on pre-decided topics. I used to loathe it actually. Why should I be bound to write about a certain person or a story that I don't care about? The chains of the topic and conditionality of being humorous used to jail my thoughts down to earth and I never found a way out to get whacky ideas to jot down.

Talk about irony, this is what I am still doing. The current WONAites asked me to send them an article. The article was to be added for this, the 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary issue. I was seriously considering lifting something off my blog, but pat came the reply: "Oh! Actually we thought something related to WONA or IITR would look good. You see, as alumni, what you guys think about all of it now... twit twit - blah blah!" Phew. Why in the name of sweet Lord do I have to write about the past? But yeah, the so-called self proclaimed tradition, this is how it happens, you see- it has been so for years and one shouldn't change it for one's own sake.

Anyway, in conclusion, I still don't know why I wrote this. I do know it is not world class or what we used to call 'Watch Out type'. But then, I never was the Watch Out type but somehow I have still bonded with the lot. It has now become something I cannot give away or cut myself loose from. It was all fun- the meetings, the formatting sessions, the *chapos*, the *bakar*... the only thing I used to loathe was to write about something predetermined and plotted. I still loathe it.

I will not start my banter with the clichéd, "I vividly remember..." crap because I don't. One of the few things I do remember is that when the WONA Intro talk took place, I was asleep in my room and was told by a mate to write something if I wanted to attend the 'interview' the next day. The title read, "The grass is greener on the other side," and I somehow related the Green Goblin to it. That article would never get me a place on the Editorial Board. I could never sketch, so Design was ruled out as well. Roorkee isn't a very happening place and getting the News Bureau some news meant Yellow Journalism. Moral conflict, anyone? As for the Web Cell, the last time I coded some graphics with an intent to make the darn thing resemble a solar system, I ended up with ten concentric circles changing colors not unlike a disco light. That left me with Finance, about which I'd heard malevolent rumors even before the intro-talk. It had a reputation of devouring everything: grades, time and, most importantly, your self-respect.

Still, I took a chance at everything. The Ed-in-C was merrily making a fool of me by asking me what was in the palm of his hand, which eventually turned out to be nothing more than a grain of rice. I suppose he was having his revenge for putting him through the "Shades of Green and The Goblin". For the Design Cell, I had painstakingly drawn the best circle of my life, all for a bicycle tyre, in 10 minutes, when I had been asked to draw a man on a cycle. I never got to the man. The Web Coordinator was as clueless as me. Instead of testing software skills, he asked me to solve stupid puzzles- the kind where you move discs here and there in minimum steps and all that. I was making no headway then and was seriously considering bribing my way in by offering a bun panga. I never did, so that went out of the window as well. As far as the News Bureau goes, I knew my calling the moment I blurted, "North, East, West, South" to the question – "What is 'News' to you?"

After the 'character-building' experience, I had started to walk back when I was halted by the Chairman. He asked me to give Finance a shot. I looked at him, then I looked at the Finance interview desk and then I looked at him again. I could feel an inexplicable negative energy flowing around that desk. The two men behind it, one fair and one dark, looked akin to Devil Incarnates. The Dark Lord and his apprentice. And then the apprentice started talking. He talked, he talked, he talked some more and he talked even more. So much did he talk that I don't remember a word of what he said. The Dark Lord, for his part, smiled most pleasantly, asked me to go back ten paces and walk back to the seat again. Strange activity, I thought. He then gestured towards his feet, which I saw, were inside a pair of sandals that must have been at least 500 years old. He, most leisurely, took them off and handed them to me. That was the first moment of bravado that I had experienced all day. I had to fight a huge urge to use those sandals as weapons and the faces of the two as targets and then run for my life. I decided otherwise, faced with instructions from the Dark Lord to sell those sandals to him. And so I did, claiming they had a long illustrious legacy of dukes, warlords and even Hollywood stars. They deserved more than his smelly feet; they were worthy of a place in a museum.

At long last, I walked out. Drained emotionally, mentally and physically, I slept till 12 the following day. In the evening, the results were out. Apprehensive, I walked to the mess, initially ignoring the notice board in my greed for an extra gulab jamun. I took a look at it after dinner. Slowly, my eyes skeptically scanned one section after another. Quite a painful feeling, I tell you. And then I saw it, my name on the list– "Rachit Jaiwant- Finance Coordinator" Sigh! The dark lord and the apprentice had come, as had the others, to 'congratulate' us. Thankfully, they didn't seem that scary any more. Why? I had to wait an entire year for the answer. One of my juniors asked me after the same ritual the following year– "Rachit, you seemed a Devil incarnate, what's your problem man?" I only smiled. Life indeed can come a full circle. In my case, it did in just a year.

Rachit Jaiwant  
Chief Finance  
Coord. '06

## What they said about us:

"You are too awesome." - Barney Stinson

"We should hang out." - Po from Kung Fu Panda

"Let there be light." - God while creating Watch Out

"Tu cheez badi hai mast mast." - Akshay Kumar

"Brilliant, this magazine is." - Master Yoda

"D'oh." - Homer Simpson

"Ende ille paun" - Rajnikanth (For translation, refer Barney Stinson)

"Yes, Watch Out can." - Barack Hussein Obama II

"Watch Out is lame. NOT." - Borat

"My preciousssss." - Gollum

"Watch Out will rule the world 527 years from now." - Nostradamus 526 years ago.

"You're gonna have to trust this." - Jack Bauer

"Chatri hotee hain kholne ke liye, chadar hotee hain orne ke liye aur Watch Out hotee hai fodne ke liye." - Kanti Shah

"P.S I love Watch Out." - some chick-lit writer.



*Keerthi Pachavan  
Ed-in-Chief '05*

I went back to Roorkee a couple of months ago, my first trip since I last peered out of the front seat of that Tata Sumo with four years worth of everything stuffed in behind me. I was on the phone even before the car zipped past the institute gates – I have left, I shouted into the crackling phone. I'm coming, I announced.

I went back, in a Shatabdi this time. There would be no jostling for space on UP Roadways buses, instead there was Appy served in tetrapak. I opened up my laptop, there was little else to do. I wasn't on the window seat – there were no squealing babies I could observe, or crazy old people with multi coloured turbans that the Rajasthan Roadways buses specialized in. I leaned past the gentleman on the left to catch some familiar names as they whizzed past just as the train slowed down at the railway crossing at Sakhoti Tanda. Four years ago, it would have been hot as hell; buses would have lined up on both sides and scores of dark-faced kids would have appeared out of the sugarcane fields, clambering on board, thrusting pink guavas in our faces as we waited in our sweltering seats for a nonexistent train to pass.

After reaching the Roorkee railway station, that somehow reminded me of Malgudi, I hopped onto a cycle rickshaw, hugged my laptop bag close to my chest, and proceeded to gape at everything in the manner of a true son returning home. The canal was dry, they had commissioned some sort of annual cleaning and water had been stopped at Haridwar. Depressing multicolored polythene bags lay on the canal bed. Many moons ago, we had sat on its banks searching for inspiration to meet a publishing deadline – it was crunch time, a final proof of Watch Out was due in the morning. I kept glancing back in hope; the canal had always been swift and dark and cold. I still couldn't believe they had picked this precise weekend to clean the damn thing.

Roorkee is the beautiful utter chaos of a town deep inside the heartland. There are screeching buses on the road and a million dazed looking cows hanging around in the middle, forming an obstacle course on National Highway 58. And pan stains on the walls and BJP flags streaming across narrow gullies and blaring Shiv bhajans to the tune of the latest Reshammiya special. The campus is always quiet though, a small universe by itself in the center of this crazy far-out town I called home for so long. The rickshaw trundles past the gates, there are trees swaying on both sides now, and there's the haunted church on my left and the rickshaw guy is pedalling a bit harder and S-42, Azad Bhawan is right around the corner, and there's three years of my life staring down on me from my balcony and I smile back.

They have jazzed up the place now. Mathew takes me around showing me the new swanky buildings that have come up and there is wireless internet all around and lots of good things seem to be happening which make me feel very happy. The Govind Bhawan canteen chap has now relocated to Ganga Bhawan but he still makes a killer 'toast bhujia' and 'coke shikanji', which is great too.

This is a rushed trip, and there are treats and midnight chat sessions but its morning soon and it's time to go. I shake hands as warmly as I can, everyone had been terribly nice to me and there was always someone who would stand in line for me at Nescafe to get my coffee.

I sleep on my way back. Unlike the last time I was leaving Roorkee, there are no phone calls of impending arrival, no real anything waiting for me at the end of the journey. Perhaps, all that remains is another end slowly drawing up over the horizon. Ahmedabad closes in a couple of months from now. The wheel of time turns one more circle.

## What they actually said:

"I congratulate Watch Out on entering their 11th year on campus. Watch Out has been doing a very good job, showing an honest and realistic picture of things. With the constitution of Board of Students' Publication in near future, I am sure WONA will be consolidated all the more. I wish you all the very best for achieving many such land marks in future."

- Prof. Ranvir Singh, Dean of Students' Welfare, 2004

(From Watch Out Archives, Vol. XIX, No.2)

"I congratulate you on bringing out yet another good issue of the magazine (Aug-Sept 04). It is pleasing to see students exploiting their talents in creative work like this."

- Dr. Nagendra Kumar, Asst. Professor, Dept. of Humanities and Social Sciences

(From Watch Out Archives, Vol. XIX, No.1)

I'm probably expected to write something *sentimental* here, about how my three years in Watch Out were full of memories that I'll always cherish and how I'm reminded of Bryan Adams singing '*those were the best days of my life*'. However, I'll not delve into that because it would amount to me taking the role of Captain Obvious and also because I'd rather not highlight my gross ineptitude at that kind of writing. So I'll share with you an incident that happened during my third year.

It was the day of the Watch Out interviews. As always, we'd done our share of running around RPM and RK Jain, for that elusive early date for the interviews in a bid to say "Muhahaha" to other groups on campus. So, every thing was in place for the auditioning of people. Or so I thought. As it turned out, the same day, a cousin of mine was getting married. Now, I couldn't have cared less about the wedding if my mom, apparently, hadn't been so close to my cousin's family. So, there I was, being subjected to intense emotional blackmailing for three consecutive days from my mom. As you would expect, it was the usual trickery that worked: how she'd promised everyone in their family that I'd turn up and how I would let her down in front of the whole fraternity if I didn't.

Hence, I made a slight change in plans. I would leave late at night, reach Delhi early morning, attend the ceremony, stuff myself with the eight-course meal that was to follow, scoot over to ISBT, catch a bus to Roorkee and be back by eight-ish. The plan didn't get off to such a promising start, though. After managing to grab hold of the only available seat in a shady looking private bus with dim orange-and-red-and-blue neon lights, a pleasant surprise welcomed me in the form of a co-passenger snoring his lungs off. Half an hour later, the late night show of *Patthar ke Sanam* began on the television that almost appeared out of nowhere. That being that, I somehow managed to survive through the journey and reached Delhi at the break of dawn. This was followed by the usual meeting up with Mom and relatives and getting ready for the ceremony, which was to be held in a *gurudwara* in Greater Kailash.

Needless to say, the gathering comprised of highly impressive (an earnest attempt to tone down my real opinion) women, whom I'd heard of in wedding-related fairy tales recited by my friends. Finally, I was surrounded by a swarm of highly impressive (again, same thing) women whose average beauty was a few orders of magnitude more than what I'd seen in Roorkee. It was natural then, for my mind to wander and think furiously of *intro* one-liners, conversation topics and in one case, the *awesomeness* of the female form of life. But hang on, wasn't I supposed to be back to Roorkee in a few hours, interviewing innocent first yearites, asking audacious questions to throw them off? My first impulse was to call Tejo, tell him that I'd quit Watch Out, effective from that instant. However, better sense prevailed and I decided, rather sullenly, to stick to the original plan. I know you don't go to weddings for trying your luck at highly impressive women (a blatant lie, that), but hey, maybe those were 'happy hours' in God's court of justice. In hindsight, that was the correct decision, because you don't stand much of a chance of befriending members from the opposite sex if you possess the social skills of a raccoon. Anyhow, the disappointment was made up for by the aforementioned eight-course meal with more kinds of *Paneer* than there are countries in the world.

Finally, the time came for the goodbyes and the see-you-arounds and also for sadly closing the door on a much-awaited social interaction session. I picked up my bags, went to the bus terminal and started my journey back. I was keen to come back for a couple of reasons. Firstly, I'd missed the previous year's interviews to a similar social obligation. So I wasn't around when Lefty and co. were picked up. Hence, I was in no mood to miss it this time around. Plus, I feared that if Tejo happened to be experiencing one of his routine mood swings that night, well, then God bless us.

As you would expect, the bus found a way of getting stuck in traffic, true to Murphy's theory and got delayed by an hour or so. This was followed by a series of phone calls, coaxing people out of their laziness and some threatening-with-dire-consequences. In a moment of genius, Tejo and I had decided to send that wonderfully reliable trio of Pulkit, Shubham (of the kelvinator fame) and DJ (of the pink cellphone fame) to SB to conduct the interviews, hence I was all the more eager to get back as soon as possible. Ultimately, I did make it back without being too late and we managed to pick a pretty nice bunch of people (political correctness is the 'in' thing these days).

All said and done, I'd definitely say that the magazine has progressed during my five years in Roorkee.

The overall look, the kind of articles etc are much better than what we could come up with. On the personal front also, I feel there's been an improvement. The bonding between the current lot is really nice to see and it's a piece that was missing in the years gone by. It's a matter of pride for me to have been a part of Watch Out, and I wish I'd be writing something like this for the silver and golden jubilee of the magazine as well!



Mohmet Akhija  
Chairman '07

Sidharth Gupta  
Chairman '05

Every year when we went to Rajendra Bhawan to introduce Watch Out to the dreamy eyed (read gullible) fachchas we gloated about how we are this honest, unbiased, bold campus journalist, and how we proudly embraced the institutional adversaries that arose out of being so. But let no words be minced - we had way too many of these 'proud' occasions – occasions when the Chairman's and the Ed's degrees have come under threat in the DOSW's office, occasions when WONA wished it qualified for chapter 11 and didn't have to pay the printer!

So this first scandal happened when WONA suddenly decided that we need to be liberators of Sarojini Bhawan. We concluded that SB inmates had had enough and that they deserved to have Watch Out as their voice against everything that was apparently wrong in SB – bad food, poor facilities and of course the inhuman LP timings! Obviously the choice of this topic was not the problem. After all such topics have been the bread and butter of Watch Out (because we are an "independent students' news magazine" duh!) The problem was the caricature that went along with the article of this girl in swanky red. Soon enough the issue copies were distributed and the panegyrics for the designers gave way to brickbats for the Chairman and the Editor-in-Chief. We were summoned by people who had authority over us, which at that time seemed to include almost everyone on campus – SB warden, DOSW, Proctor, and even SB inmates! "When did the girls on campus ever want to wear such clothes?" Did we say that in the article? "Who are you to decide that girls should be allowed to come back late to the hostel?" The dignity of SB, we were told, had been offended. It took us some forty two thousand apologies to finally have the issue buried and forgotten.

In another epoch-making incident, financial crisis hit Watch Out before it hit the rest of the world. There is a simple rule that Watch Out follows in getting its copies printed – give the printer a CMYK version of all colour pages. There is second simple rule that this gentleman called Murphy propounded– if something can go wrong it will. There is a third rule too– the second rule supersedes the first rule. To save the trouble of understanding jargon suffice to say

that we goofed up on some technical details and the printing of one issue got royally screwed up. This meant that the advertisements were not legible. This meant that the advertisers had no reason to pay us. This meant that we were screwed. Why? Take a guess. Of course, because we are an "independent students' news magazine" which means we have no money but that that we get from the advertisers. Basically we had no money! We entered the printer's place at 6:00 PM, came out at 10:00 PM. The deal was done– half the screw-up was because of the printer (he printed the mag after all!) so we pay only half the total amount due. Of course even half the amount meant that the Chairman and the CFC would not visit Jewels, Divine, Snack Point or even Govind Canteen for the rest of the semester.

Being all by yourself as a magazine comes at a cost. Would working for Watch Out have been easier without these PIAs? Well, may be. Would working for Watch Out have been fun without these PIAs? No ways. Would Watch Out be Watch Out without these PIAs? Are you kidding me? We are an "independent students' news magazine"!



### Thomason's Ghost Writes... (From the pages of Watch Out- November, 2001)

For those who came in late, I'm the ghost of Thomason. Walking through the walls that echo with voices long lost, I suddenly came across two young 'bonds' (that's what you call them these days, isn't it?) *bakaring* away to glory on the Senate Steps. "If only I'd joined a year later," I heard one of them say, "I'd be an IITian too."

The words fell on me like a pile of boulders. Suddenly, I could see the sharp edge of the surgeon's knife all poised to cut the umbilical cord that had connected the present to the past. Lost to the eternally immature present would be the nutrition it needs to build up itself. What would be left would be a birthmark- a reminder of something that had been just a passing phase. I wandered around helplessly, suddenly feeling sorry for myself. Here I was, thinking I had refused entry into the pearly gates for the sake of my very own 'university'. The very lads whom I had taught swimming here were now planning to drown me. And all this because they were getting a new pool and I reminded them of the old one. The new coat of paint was covering beneath it the stretch marks that had been gained in delivering a new batch of engineers to world year after year for 153 years. But no one seems to be noticing that. Instead, the sparkle and shine have had such a hypnotic effect that I don't matter any more- anything for a new image, right?

I am not one of those who frown at the very mention of change. If that is what time demands, so be it. All I'll say is: 'Don't cut your roots off and put them in a museum- you'll need them to spread out and go further... that is the rule of the jungle.'





Earlier this month, some friends of mine and I went to Amritsar over a weekend. It was a motley group- Shrey and Midha from Electrical, Khandu from CSE, Yours Truly from Meta (applause) and 2 ancient 5<sup>+</sup> year beings- Moh and Tejo. We tagged along Udit too, but that's another story. Like another trip I undertook in August last year, I'd deemed this one too sacred to write about, till now. Perhaps that was because I realized that there was something even more sacrosanct- the reason why we'd all become good enough friends to plan and execute this 'Elders Trip'. If you're reading this particular issue and have not realized what that reason is, I'd suggest that you, in the delightful words of 3 of the most beautiful women on the planet, stop stop stop.

I met all these guys, and many others I'd be writing about, or ought to be writing about in this column, back in my first year. Tejo had actually taken my first Watch Out interview, after which we spent hours discussing how, even in the days they'd bought Eric Djemba-Djemba and Kleberon (who?), Man U were still the greatest football team. The first meeting, the miserable excuse for the first chapo (ice tea at Nesci, I ask you?) were formalities that soon followed suit. The rest, as they say, is history. Now specially, as it seems so long ago.

As we were digging into copious amounts of chicken at a Ludhiana *Dhaba* that was doing its modest best to give the mighty *Baadshah* a run for its money, a glint of someone's thick glasses sent me on a jaunt down memory lane. I remembered an even thicker pair of glasses, sported by a face with an unreadable enigmatic expression, being told to stop cracking his jokes as we walked towards Divine. "Stop, Vinu. I'm fed up." "If you're fed up, you shouldn't be coming with us to eat," was the retort! A Phantasmagoria (admit it Dela, you stole that word), and I was in Sarthak's *grihasti* of a room, putting finishing touches to *our* issue, arguably the best ever. We were going over the 'Thank God it's Bhawan Day' cartoon strip, when someone had the bright idea of giving the sorry figure in the strip a goatee. Some moments later, we decided that someone's face had to come off a bit if the face-off design was to be a hit. Some more mad moments followed and it occurred to us that a bubble over the dialog box in the Chairman's message wouldn't be too remiss either. Good times, indeed.

Playing Dumb Charades the next night, my mind found itself on a bus to Rishikesh, indulging in the same game, albeit with rather 'different' movies. Sunky's face swam into view, his thumbs-up sign sporting hand smacking his other palm in the undecipherable display of God-still-doesn't-know-what, and I allowed myself a silent smile as 'Oye Mallab Mallab Oye' was being enacted in the present. The following day, I arrived late to class, not very unusually, and in the process of making a surreptitious entrance, caught sight of Sripriya and made a mental note to tell her about this legen-wait for it-dary trip. At the same time, a coincidence struck me, and I was back at Senate Steps, and the same formidable lady was sternly declaring 'eight means eight' while first-, second- and third-yearites cowered alike in fear.

These snippets of the unexplained whims of nostalgia form but, not even the tip of the metaphorical iceberg that has finally sunk the 3-year old memorable journey of my much-loved Titanic. And all those to whom this issue is so very special might have, in the course of this column, taken their own nostalgic jaunts, to haunts more special perhaps than mine could ever be. 3 incredible years are the reason why I still have a WONA shortcut on my taskbar and why despite its taking 255 MB on my jam-packed comp, I refuse to delete CorelDraw, knowing fully well that I'll never keep my fingers crossed for it not to crash again. 3 years, and hopefully more, of fast friendship are the reason why Khandu and Shrey are still on my speed dial list and WONA numbers are some of the only numbers I have by heart. 3 years, mentally captured through a myopic lens, are why, ever-so-often when I'm ensconced in the comfortable confines of my ground floor room, I find myself flipping through pictures of DK writing his tute, of Tejo accepting his light-saber and cursing Amogh for missing out one person who's picture I'd have liked to have. 3 years of filling the glass of Cola-Shikanji are the reason why, even after emptying that glass, on that all-too familiar walk from Ravindra to Cautley, my eyes stray inadvertently to a particular spot opposite the library. Occasionally, the optimist in me is rewarded, and I find, that all hunger and laziness notwithstanding, my legs lead me to some familiar faces sitting on the steps that shall forever be my stairway to heaven. The baton has been passed, the legacy lives on but somehow somehow, in however partial or ghostly a manner, I attempt to take my place among them, stare at the trees, knit my brows, laugh aloud and re-live those cherished 3 magical years of my life.

Happy anniversary, guys. And thanks.

Every revolution was first a thought in one man's mind, every reform was once a private opinion, every custom was once an eccentricity, every idea was once an absurdity. The story of Watch Out is no different. -

Devinder Paul Singh  
Chairman 2000-01

Unfortunately God didn't have a magazine to record the whole process of evolution for us to look back and enjoy. It's pretty disappointing that we hardly have a clue on what got us here. IITR was more fortunate.

Vivek Pradeep  
Ed-in-Chief 2003-04

# Watch Out Graffiti

I feel the first few years are the most challenging for something like Watch Out [do not take me wrong- I know you guys would have a different set of challenges altogether, but at that time we were setting up new to give money as they were not sure of any benefit... on the other hand authorities were not sure if this would be used against their interests and wanted to monitor it... were even ready to provide aid if bought under their Umbrella]. We had a great passion for Watch Out and our hearts still beat for it.

Akashdeep, Chairman  
WatchOut 1997-98

Wona is a cumulative effort of many batches. Whether a person has lasted his full term or not is immaterial for his effort stays and your effort is your best identity.

Ashish Verma  
Chairman, 2000-01

Pagan, your brain is so totally crawling like Will Smith in Alien's goo/turd. This ain't an ordinary secret, it is power that I discovered and now bestow upon you. Use it well, become the shepherd of lost souls.

Dhruv Joshi (while handing over the baton to the next batch)  
Finance Coordinator  
2006-07



One thing that really gets my goat is this new trend of handing out completely arbit nicknames to just about anybody. Here I am - a completely sane, normal, *seedha saadha* person who just wants to write a nice column, and what do these people at the magazine end up calling me? Yup.. You know it. The Purple Cow! Often I cry myself to sleep at the thought of the injustice meted out to me.

And it's not just me. A confidential survey recently confirmed something that I knew all along. People are just not happy with what other people call them. Which begs the question- why do we, in fact, have nicknames? One theory, of course, is pure phonetics. Yes! 'Paddy' is infinitely easier to pronounce than, say, Pandey (name changed on request, and promise of a *chapo*.) But think, should we compromise on our names just to save on some mere jaw movements?

Then there are those mysterious sounding 'initial' nicknames. KK, RJ, DD, JK.. I don't know about you but these sort of names always throw up a picture in my mind of a bushy, moustached, suited, booted, Hindi film villain. "*JK saab ka phone hai. Maal leke dock pe milna.*" Some people put a completely new spin on the entire concept of 'pet' names. *Choocha, Kutte, Saand*... Sadly, these animal nicknames are becoming all the more common nowadays, provoking mass unrest in the animal world who, unlike us, don't take their names flippantly. Reports of dog bites have been increasing from Govind Bhawan. Beware!

Sometimes when I am in the mood and let other people speak for a change, they point out that nicknames are easier to remember and identify. Gadzooks... forsooth. There are three 'Bond's and two 'Psycho's in my class, leading to no end of confusion. Admitted, everyone's definition of 'Bond' and 'Psycho' may differ, but hell! At least call them Bond1, Bond2....

If it comes to nicknames *bongs* (Bengalis, *babu moshai*... got it?) are perhaps the biggest culprits. Every bong is called something so totally and completely devoid of any type of sense that it actually ceases to be funny. '*Tito, Bumbum, Tiptup, Tatar*...' These bongs need to be stopped. NOW! Nicknames can be quite brutally honest too. If you are slightly 'healthy' (?) you are nothing but *mote*. A little bit of skin showing at the temples... *abbey ganje*. There are also some, which deal with, ahem... other parts of the body, but we won't be touching on them here. (They are, as they say, 'beyond the scope' of this article.)

Talking of going beyond scopes, I have just run out of space so here I am wrapping up with something important: MOO!

## Blast from the Past

Above- The very first article by the Purple Cow  
(Issue: Aug-Sep 2003)

Below - The now extinct Hindi Article  
(Issue: Oct-Nov 2004)

Two of our favourite articles from the days of yore.

इन Watch Out वालों से मैं तंग आ चुका हूँ। जब कभी भी इन्हें Campus के विषय में कुछ मसालेदार, कुछ हटक लिखना होता है, तो शिकार बनता हूँ मैं - E&C Tower। क्या-क्या नहीं कहा गया है मेरे बारे में? मेरे आस्तित्व पर सवाल उठाए गए। Watch Out ही नहीं, बाकी जनता भी मेरी मौज लेने से नहीं चूकती। Ragging में Seniors मेरी ओर इशारा करके Juniors से पूछते हैं "जानते हो ये क्या है?" और फिर शरारत की हँसी के साथ खुद ही जवाब देते हैं, "ये है ....." छी ! छी ! आगे कहते हुए भी शर्म आती है। भूल जाते हैं लोग कि इस दो मंजिले 'जया बच्चन' Campus का हीरो एक मात्र सात मंजिला 'अमिताभ बच्चन' हूँ। भूल जाते हैं वो दिन जब Air Show देखने के लिए भीड़ की भीड़ में ही कंधे पर सवार हुई थी। पर वो कहावत तो सुनी ही होगी "कंधे पर बिठाओं तो कान में ... "। वही हुआ। कम्बख्तों ने Watch Out में Air Show को मेरी ही बलि चढ़ा दी। Plane मुझमें ऐसा घुसता दिखाया मानो Pilot के पिताजी का खेत हो।

अरे मर गये हमें मारने वाले। आखिरकार आय मेरे पास ही अपनी पत्रिका के लिए मेरे अनमोल अनुभव माँगने। भाइयों, बहिनो व अन्य मामला यह है कि जिस ऊँचाई पर मैं खड़ा हूँ वहाँ से सब कुछ दिखता है। जो हों सब कुछ। जब आप अल्पाहार पर समोसा - कोक हजम कर बिना पैसे दिये कट लेते हैं। जब आप अपनी उनके साथ Lover's Lane का सबसे सुनसान कोना टटोलते हैं। जब आप अपनी उनके साथ टूलते हुए किसी और की उनको ताड़ते हैं। ऐसे हर मौक पर आपकी हर हरकत पर एक नजर रहती है ... नजर E&C Tower की। बड़े मजेदार नज़ारे देखने को मिलते हैं मेरे कद से। एक किस्सा बताता हूँ। उस दिन सुबह के 6 बजे होगे जब मैंने बाबूलाल और जग मोहन को Swimming Pool के आसपास ताँका झाँकी करते देखा। कारण तो आप समझ ही गए होगे। पर उनकी फूटी किस्मत जाली में से झाँका तो एक हट्टा कट्टा साँवला शरीर हाथ में डंडा लिए दिखा। कोच ने उन्हें बुरी तरह धो डाला। अब जाहिर है बाबूलाल ने बताया होगा कि साईकिल से गिर गये थे इसलिए आँख काली नीली है। पर आपको हर हरकत हर कदम पर रहती है एक नजर ... नजर E&C Tower की।

और सुनिए। रामलाल, हरिप्रसाद और सोमू उस दिन बड़े खुश थे। उनके रात के खाने का बर्दिया जुगाड़ हो गया था। तीनों सजे धजे, इत्र छिड़का, जेब में इक्यावन रूपये के लिफाफे रखे और चल दिए। रविन्द्र लॉज में आज एक शादी थी। किसकी, किसे पता? किसे परवाह? सहज ढंग से खाया पिया और तृप्त होकर लौटे। FMP कामयाब रही। Emergency लिफाफों की जरूरत नहीं पड़ी। किसी ने नहीं देखा। वाकई? देखा हुआ देखा। एक नजर ने .... सबसे तेज़ नजर ने ... नजर E&C Tower की।

खैर अब बस .... Watch Out... Time Out! बोलो सियावर राम चन्द्र की जय और कट लो। पर हों अगली बार हमारे बारे में कुछ बकने से पहले सोच लेना, हर वकत, हर कदम, हर हरकत, एक नजर तुम्हारे ऊपर है। नजर E&C Tower की।





Jan 8th 2009-: It takes a lot of courage to say 'no', but it sure takes a lot more to survive the onslaught of a dozen hungry young men. A terrible lunch and a gruelling prac later, one could literally hear our stomachs growling. Contrary to Einstein's belief, God decided to play dice and yours truly was randomly chosen as the person to host a *chapo*. With a resolve of steel, I stood firm that I would have nothing to do with it, but when your wallet is hanging in mid air, you can do just about nothing. Without a solemn face, I agreed but not before taking *kanjoos-ism* to new heights by fixing a budget. Smartly, I somehow managed to avert their gazes towards *Alpahar*- the Promised Land for us ordinary folks with double-digit bank balances. I was soon forced to eat my words, though, as the gluttons started devouring anything and everything available. My mind was left doing more math than it had ever done in a TS. But the force was with me, as *Alpahar* suddenly ran out of food and my batch-mates could do nothing but mouth some *gaalis*. The bill wasn't as bad as I had expected, but I still decided to file for bankruptcy hoping that the feds would bail me out.

Jan 27th 2009-: Having blissfully slept away most of the previous weeks, I knew it was time for action and decided to attend the very first class of the week-the dreaded electronics lecture. Bitterly chilly January mornings don't really facilitate waking up early and as always, I reached the class at 8:15. The distant view of the classroom was a frightening, though not altogether unexpected, sight- a handful of *ghissus* perched on the front benches, staring in anticipation at the prof's grim eyes. An hour's worth of precious attendance beckoned; I decided to give entering the class a brave shot. "Do you know what time it is? Does your father own this place? Don't you have even a tiny bit of respect for the teacher?" - such rhetorical questions were thrown head-first at me by the unimaginative prof. Unflustered, I looked at him with a straight face, being a firm believer in the old adage, 'speech is silver, silence with a touch of fake regret, is golden. The students inside yawned and stretched their muscles, relishing this short break from the otherwise mundane monologue. His wrathful banter carried on for another five more minutes. It wasn't altogether fruitless, though, probably dispirited by the scant attendance, the prof seemed willing to let me enter with a warning. Thanking my stars, I proceeded towards the back benches but before I could settle down, the saintly decorum was shattered by an evergreen Kishore Kumar song emanating from my cell-phone. The essence of the melody was obviously lost on the old man-his eyes looked livid and his eyeballs ready to pop out of their sockets. Cursing Airtel for its incessant promotional calls, I switched off my phone amidst amused looks from my brethren. One flick of the prof's arms directed me out of the room, my hard earned entry now rendered futile, I proceeded towards *Alpahaar* to spend an hour that could have been better utilized within the heavenly confines of my blanket.

Feb 15th 2009-: The world was conspiring against us and everything was going wrong. We were caught by the guard at the gate while trying to sneak out of the Bhawan. We planned to embark on an adventurous journey to Rishikesh for a night (an everyday occurrence for guys, but an adventure for the fairer sex). So we geared up, convinced our parents and there we were, all set and excited about our 'night out'. Just when we thought we had almost made it, two of us were cornered by the guard, who somehow figured out that we were up to something. He 'politely' asked us to talk to the matron and also to the chief warden who was there in the bhawan for the first time in months, (now that's how lucky we were that day) and even tried to inform them himself. With that, we all filed back into the bhawan, our enthusiasm dampened and our spirits low. The trip got postponed because of us, much to the annoyance of the guys. Later we all enjoyed the trip but the only hitch was that we returned a 'little' past the curfew time (about a couple of hours). We had prepared well for the 'interrogation' (making excuses as far fetched as Thomso, which had ended a quarter of a year ago) but lo and behold, our luck was improving because that day it wasn't her at the desk. Our worries resurfaced the next day during attendance, but this time too our good fortune did not fail us for it was the end of the month so a new register came to our timely rescue. Thus our trip though etched in our memories was erased forever from the records of Kasturba Bhawan. Talk about contrasting fortunes!

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Realizing that the grievances of students could only be addressed effectively by the students themselves, the administration introduced elections and the SAC. Decades hence, have petty politics and groupism taken over our election system? How effectively has the SAC narrowed the communication gap between the administration and the students? WONA finds out...

## The President Speaks...

“

I think there are two sides to the story. While it is true that SAC members are cut off from those in their constituency, students don't approach SAC members either. It was with this problem in mind that the DOSW put up the notice asking students to approach him with their problems. It was decided that, based on the mails he received, a list would be forwarded to SAC. There is no hard and fast rule prohibiting non-SAC members from attending our meetings- if any student has any grievances, he can convey it through us either at our meetings or directly to the concerned councillor. The problem is that they don't, resulting in the communication gap that exists today.

Groupism is inevitable in any form of politics; as are the so-called 'kingmakers'. One change I would like to see is a more agenda-based approach to elections. In BITS Pilani, there is an open-house question hour where students question candidates on key issues before the elections. Here people vote simply for personal reasons; ideas and issues hardly matter. That is one change I'd certainly like to see- a system where elections that are above petty politics and rather a clash of ideas and policies, though I'm not really sure if such a system can ever be achieved.

Another obstacle the SAC is currently facing is the absence of a body to monitor whether or not the resolutions passed by the SAC are being implemented. For example, the SAC ordered the construction of public toilets around the insti two years ago. Nothing has been done till date. The way I look at it, the problem we must address is not whether or not SAC is functioning properly- our focus must be on the implementation of the resolutions passed by the SAC.

”

Neeraj Agarwal  
SAC President

Q. Is SAC cut off from the students?



Q. Is groupism an integral part of SAC elections?



Q. Do backdoor entries to SAC exist?



Q. Is there enough transparency in SAC?



Q. Do 'kingmakers' dominate SAC elections?



# THE ORPHANED SIBLING



*The guards reluctantly open the gates for us. We take a few tentative steps into the unknown terrain that lay ahead. An eerie silence surrounds us. It was only 7 PM, but the campus was pitch dark. The phrases uttered and heard were familiar – 'Chapo', 'Ghissu' and 'Bakar' littered the sentences spoken – but the territory was unfamiliar, alien. We had reached the insti's UP base. The board before us read – 'Indian Institute of Technology, Roorkee – Saharanpur Campus'.*

1.5 hours of bus journey and 10 minutes of tempo travel found us at the gates of our 'sister' campus. The lighting was so poor that it took us a while to identify the gate and then, once we'd gained entry, to identify, not just the hostels, but the road itself. This omnipresent gloom was only amplified by the total absence of mobile life-form on the roads (even though 'Rave', the *other* Cultural Fest of IIT Roorkee, was only a week away). But luckily, this all-pervading dullness did lift after our first few strides into the campus.

## THE CAMPUS

The IIT Roorkee – Saharanpur campus (will be referred to as only 'Saharanpur' henceforth) has one mammoth hostel – 'Malviya Bhawan', the boys' hostel comprising of 10 blocks and 2 blocks forming the girls' lodgings. The Saharanpur campus paradoxically evoked a sense of pity as well as joy in us. With 80 boys and just 4 girls inducted into the 2009 batch, and with only 20 girls on campus, we pitied their plight even while we silently rejoiced and thanked God for our better fortune. Apart from the two hostel blocks, the 25 acre campus, which houses three departments (Paper and Pulp, Polymer Technology and Process Engineering with MBA), also has a library (functioning until 6 p.m.), a central auditorium and some basic sports facilities.

The campus is all but self-contained when it comes to most student necessities. The city, merely by virtue of its size, easily satiates those needs which are not fulfilled within the campus limits. But the fact remains that Saharanpur lags us by a fair distance; Wi-Fi being introduced only last year bearing testimony to the fact. Nevertheless, it seems the institute is finally doing something to improve the Saharanpur campus's plight. 'Absolute equality' definitely seems to be the ultimate goal. The two campuses of IIT Roorkee (Noida not yet counting as one) already have a lot in common. In fact, the courses offered to the first years are the same in both places, which aids the Saharanpur to Roorkee – Branch Changes.

Here, it would be factually wrong to state that people at Saharanpur are dying to get to Roorkee through BCs. In fact, it is quite the contrary. As stated by a bunch of Saharanpur freshers, "Saharanpur is amazing! There's no reason why one shouldn't like it here. We are a small community and it makes us all the more attached." That is the irony of the story really- on one hand, we were pitying our brethren, while on the other, they somehow chose to look at the positive side of every drawback.



## CAMPUS LIFE

The student community in Saharanpur is small and united. The UoR traditions are still strong with ragging still at a legendary high – though the standards, it seems, have dropped over the last few years. The result: a highly amalgamated people with seniors acting as mentors ('father'-figures) for their juniors. The 'fresher's party' features high on the list of celebrated festivals on campus along with Lohri. "These festivals are a great platform for interaction as all the 300 people on campus are drawn together during these events", says Rupalika IIInd year P&P.

The fests definitely are the most happening things in DPT but somehow the euphoria fails to meet the eyes of the average trespasser. Braving the poor light and the omnipresent canines, we went around looking for harbingers of the fest that was to take place the following week. Two notices and a few dancers notwithstanding, we found little. No hoardings, no flexes, not even the weird mascots that are all around us during the run-up to Thomso or Cogni. Then again, perhaps the campus of 300-odd students never felt the need for any of these. Moreover, Rave's record speaks for itself, roping in big names that even Cogni couldn't manage. The Rave-Thomso rivalry isn't new either. The very reason Rave was first organized was as a mark of protest against the alienation that DPT students faced. The existence of two cultural fests for the two 'halves' of the same college summarizes the graveness of the situation at hand. DPT students have to pay Rs 150 at the time of registration for Thomso- an exercise that is usually meant for students from other colleges. "Despite all the rivalry, the two fests bring out the best in each other," says Abhishek Chaturvedi, Biotech IIIrd year and Convener – Thomso 2008. Apart from fests, student groups on campus like sections for Choreo, Drams, Electronics, Music and Photography exist. None of these sections are related to their counterparts in Roorkee, though.



In fact, SPIC MACAY is possibly the only group active on both campuses. Then again, that maybe due to the fact that their responsibilities are not limited to the insti alone but to the entire region. The biannual magazine of Saharanpur – 'Renaissance' is managed by the freshers and sophomores. The entire 4 years of a DPTian in a nutshell: "In the first year, we submit entries for Renaissance; In the second, we manage it; 'Rave' is of utmost importance in our third year and in our final year – placements take up most of our time" summarizes Ashwin, 1st year, Process Engineering.

## ACADEMICS

DPT, it seems, has it easy when it comes to placements and internships. With 100% placement records year after year (this year doesn't count) and 100% foreign interns (Roorkee to Saharanpur – Branch Changes, anyone?), their foreheads seem to be a lot less lined and wrinkled. IIT Roorkee however doesn't seem to play fair when it comes to acads and syllabi. The first years all study the same subjects (as us) and the faculty for these courses are usually the professors of the DPT campus. Only a few departments like HS have visiting faculty from Roorkee. All other courses are taken by the professors residing at the Saharanpur campus. Though this is not necessarily a problem, the hindrance appears while floating institute electives. Whilst all branches in the main campus have access to same institute electives (which are floated in lots), DPT doesn't share this privilege of Roorkeeites. They have altogether a different set of electives due to logistic encumbrance.

## PROBLEMS FACED

The logistical difficulties do not end there. In fact the effects of the 50 odd kilometres which separate our two campuses are alarming! Some of the common grievances faced by students at Saharanpur can mostly be attributed to hurdles in travelling and transport. "The students have to travel to the Roorkee campus for practice sessions (sports), placements, big events like Thomso and Cogni and for viewing centrally corrected answer scripts, among other reasons," say Rupika Chatterjee and Shweta Kalla, both IIInd year, Paper and Pulp.

Common sense suggests a dedicated bus service connecting Saharanpur with Roorkee. Then again, maybe this 'sense' is not so common. The idea has popped up in SAC time and again but has never materialized. This sad truth only becomes graver due to the absence of a provision for reimbursement of travel charges! So, even representing IIT Roorkee in the prestigious Inter-IIT Sports Meet only comes at a price. Travelling difficulties also mean lack of communication. Karan, IVth year, Paper and Pulp, says, "The communication problems are immense. In fact, there was a time when placement notices arrived on campus after the interview date! At least now, with Channel I (dot 7) and Wi-Fi, the online notice boards are accessible." This shocking and unpleasant revelation is only but an indication of the abysmal state of communication. It's not surprising then, that they look forward to the inauguration of the Noida placement campus more desperately than us.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE

The unfair advantage enjoyed by the counterparts in Roorkee is bemoaned by one and all. DPT students are a long way away from equality and little is being done to bridge this great divide. In all our fests- Cognizance, Thomso or Srishti, DPT students are conspicuous by their absence.

While there is no denying that the current scenario is grossly unfair, that wasn't the purpose of this story. The lessons to be learnt lie elsewhere. The numerous grievances notwithstanding, the inmates of DPT Saharanpur are proud of their institute. When we criticized the poor lighting in the institute, a student justified it, saying it made the campus atmosphere a lot more romantic. They feel that it is best that they stay apart especially since this brings them closer to each other. It has helped them develop a culture of their own; one in which Cyber Cafes are used purely for gaming purposes, one in which mess food is not just tolerated but enjoyed as well and one where Sunday afternoons are spent lunching with a Prof's family.

The next time you whine about the *bun pangas* in your canteen and set off for the one in the neighbouring bhawan, spare a thought for our mates fifty kilometres away who have but one cafeteria in the entire campus and yet, are proud of their institute and all that it has given them.

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# Almost Famous

*Almost Famous is a misnomer here. After all, we're talking about the Cogni co-convener, former Tennis Secy and the ex-Chief-Ed of Kshitij. yet, Naman Jhamaria claims he'd rather be remembered as a ghissu. Read on...*

WONA: First things first- your first crush on campus.

NamJham: I had a crush on a batch-mate (*blushes*), who incidentally was a member of WONA.

*(Male or female?)*

WONA: What's the craziest thing you've done on campus?

NamJham: I got rounded up by cops while drinking on the banks of the Solani at midnight with a friend.

*(See previous comment)*

WONA: Is it true that you tried to break into SB by paying the watchman ten bucks?

NamJham: I paid him twenty, actually (*smiles sheepishly*). Can't blame a guy for trying, can you?

*(True, but twenty bucks? What did you think he was- the low self esteem watchman?)*

WONA: What's your favourite hangout spot?

NamJham: Library- I just love the sofas there! Wouldn't mind sleeping there all day. On the other hand, the *ghissu* that I am, I do love ghissing in the library.

*(Have ghissus become the cool guys all of a sudden?)*

WONA: What is the strangest gift you've received?

NamJham: My wing-mates gifted me a belt for my birthday this year. (*Smiling awkwardly, pulling up his pants*) I usually wear loose pants, which.. err.. reveal... umm... more than they should.

*(Err... Never mind the loose pants. Ummm.. aren't you supposed to be wearing something inside them?)*

WONA: Any regrets?

NamJham: I have experienced most things this campus had to offer (*duh!*). I always wanted to be a part of the Music Section, though. I even auditioned for 'Nth degree', only to be shown the door unceremoniously. Moreover, I always wanted to start a blog to reveal some of the lesser known details of my life.

*(Hang on a second. Wasn't the belt gifted to you to tell you that you already revealed more than you should?)*

WONA: And finally, your thoughts on WONA?

NamJham: Earlier, the level of WONA was on a low but the present batch is doing a brilliant job. (*Nice try. We will still print the part about your revealingly-low jeans, though.*)



*The long line outside SB during its Bhawan Day never has failed to convey the magnitude of desperation among the male folk of our insti. Year after year, we see eager men dressed impeccably, flashing away their passes (to God's own country) and beaming away as if they just achieved their life's goal. We, at Watch Out, present to you methods for alternate access; techniques applicable throughout the year – Bhawan Day or not.*

## Tickets to the Holy Land

1. Pole Vault – A sure shot method to gain access into the impregnable fortress that is SB. But Statutory Warning – No one knows what lies beyond those walls and legend has it that a 10 metre wide moat full of crocodiles forms a second line of defence. Time your jump well or a backside punctured by a number of glass pieces is sure to result.

2. Hide in the bathrooms and never get out – A Bhawan Day invitation is the only prerequisite here and thus it qualifies as the simplest method – Once inside, stay inside. Though it may not be the most pleasant of dwellings, it's supposedly worth the wait. Opportunity knocks only once a year; so grab your bathroom when you have the chance.

3. Dress up as an SB inmate (No one will notice the difference anyway) – Cross-dressing is the way to go for the lesser brave and the slightly shameless (and for the 'happy' – in which case we wonder why you would want to get into SB?!). With a swing of the hips, this technique is certain to succeed if you can do the Sonam Kapoor-in-Masakali walk. Being clean shaven may act as an added benefit.

4. Do a Tarzan from the top of the water tower – Swinging into SB from life-threatening heights without safety equipment might seem insane. But if James Bond can do it, so can every man who turned up for the SB Bhawan Day in a tuxedo!

5. Get the Guard *talli* – Now comes the time when the bottle you have kept in the upper left corner shelf of your room comes handy. This method is sure-'shot', literally. Carry a few extra bottles along, just in case. SB inmates do have a

# Frusti '09

Srishti celebrated its golden jubilee this year. Rumours are rife that it managed more sponsorship than Thomso and Cogni combined. The story in the insti, though, is quite the contrary.



# The Good, the Bad and the J\*ggi

Life and times of committed people on campus!





# The Misadventures of Prakriti and Urja

How Prakriti and Urja got wild, got high and got a life!



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