

# SILIENCE

SEPTEMBER 2019



# EDITORIAL

With a drizzle outside the window and a cancelled holiday up ahead, we stare at our computer screens, remembering the past week, which was tiring but fun, and was full of new interactions. What was challenging was also something that taught us the art of management and teamwork amidst which we were struck with the word SILENCE.

Silience, is the kind of unnoticed excellence that carries on around you every day, which would be renowned masterpieces if only they'd been appraised by the general public, who assume that brilliance is a rare quality, accidentally overlooking buried jewels that may not be flawless but are still somehow perfect.

The idea resonates with the ethos of the Magazine Board, where giving first year students an opportunity, is a must.

With opportunity we learn to take responsibility and we would like to thank both our secretaries for having enough faith in us for making us a part of this. Not to forget our fellow joint secretaries who helped us whenever we needed them and Dr Sanjiv M Sansgiri for guiding us throughout this process. A good share of credit goes to the first year students who showed a lot of enthusiasm and eagerness to participate in the activities conducted by the Magazine Board. Without their contribution the e magazine would have been just a concept.

The perfect way to end this editorial would be applauding Larry King for saying, "Write. Rewrite. When not writing or rewriting, read. I know of no shortcuts."

Shubham, Aravind, Abhilash and Sehej

# Ah Well Here We Go Again

Rashi Kundalia

Is it just me, or our generation is actually more down than ever. We no longer make shows of flying cars or E.T. but of fallen kingdoms, apocalypses and on struggle for mere survival. It might seem that this generation has a lot of problems with almost everything around them, but it is also true that now, people aren't alone, no problem goes unheard. We listen, understand, adapt and overcome issues. Here differences are welcome and celebrated .Yet some of us build walls around themselves in order to protect themselves, not realising how much damage they might cause to them and their loved ones.

One cannot compare the hardships faced by one person to someone else's as the magnitude of tolerance for each individual is different. What people need to realise is that just because your hardship might not sound as big of a deal as others, it does not make your struggle any less. Everyone's way of coping is different. One should always remember that if there's darkness then there's light too. It's just a matter of time or maybe even a small effort reaching out to someone who can help and can make you feel comfortable in your own skin. The world is full of happiness and hardships. Afterall its just a matter of perspective, of how you see it and how you take on the challenge and emerge as a better version of yourself.

# EYES & SMILES

Aanchal

Yes eyes and smiles can be misleading  
Those luminous eyes can hide  
the most ominous of spaces  
Or they can be so replete  
that they can gladden farmers  
They can conceal exhilarating epiphanies behind smiles,  
or they can deep it all in a blink.  
They can cross continents in imaginations &  
create epic splendours  
Or can be so clueless at times  
They can witness fading sunlight in cries  
or can find peace in twinkling black.  
And those gracefully carved lips can flinch back & forth in fear  
or they can be as soothing as chirping of birds in winters.  
They can even hide the worst of intentions  
and can sizzle flares so sinful  
that can burn bridges & devastate cities.  
Tears do not convey pain  
And smiles do not portray happiness.  
It's all the fabrication we make to survive.  
Something old & familiar to this world,  
where you're a barren canvas  
on which you fantasize grass.  
And the brush belongs not to you but the world.  
Where you reap chances of a good life,  
And deceive the world in the process.  
With smiles and eyes.

# MIRROR

Aanchal

Hello Mirror,I want you to clarify some of my doubts or existential crisis you may say.

What do you see in my face?

Do I look confident enough to stand up stronger than the one who never falls, just like a phoenix?

Do I look vulnerable when all I want is to be loved back or I don't fear the idea of being vulnerable at all?

Do I look like I'm afraid of reality and seek comfort in my phantoms or I'm the practical one?

Do I look committed to my dreams more than my comfort zone?

Do I look fearful of the judgements of the world or I'm as fearless as Leonidas Of Sparta?

Do I look like I'm ready to accept all my flaws and know who I really am or am I still not certain?

Do I have the sense to perceive my worth or do I underestimate myself always?

Maybe I look like me? I reflect me?

But who exactly is this me? Maybe you could tell me

Maybe you could solve this Million-Dollar puzzle?

Maybe?

# ONE SECOND

Shambhavi

Sitting on my seat  
as the wind blew.  
My eyes met hers,  
wind in her hair, credulous curiosity in her eyes.  
As she searched the nameless faces for familiarity.  
linked a tear,  
already missing the world  
she had left behind,  
fearing the unknown; as we all do  
she was similar, yet unique  
lost in her world, lost in 'our' world  
her shoulders crouched a little;  
Her heart longed for warmth  
as the snowy air gave her the shivers,  
New to the place  
she wouldn't have expected such harsh weather;  
I thought to myself  
but this is how it works  
future is a mystery that  
human wreck their brains after,  
Alas! We hardly ever get it right  
she rubbed her hands touching them to her cheeks  
thinking warmth was all she needed,  
so wrong, so oblivious. she blinked away.  
and this was all I could comprehend,  
how we mortals put our happiness at stake;  
for the time to come  
forgetting now is all we will ever really have.

# STATUS

Aashna Vaid

Now clarity is bliss,  
And the brain is numb,  
Walls of work, what's this,  
Tipsy but no rum.  
I've promises to keep,  
Promised the mentor,  
Promised the self,  
Promises of victory,  
Promises of pelf.  
Broken as a biscuit,  
Upright, yet to bleed,  
Proud to have found,  
My tribe,  
My creed.  
Be stable, be calm ,be composed ,  
If you worry you die-die,  
Keep alive your spectre to toast,  
Toast the quitter bye-bye.

# Together We Can

Aarya Jha

Let us just imagine a world where everyone is treated equal. Can you imagine it? Can you imagine yourself living in it? A world where people are not judged whether they are black or white. Where just the thought matters and not the caste. Surely you just say that it's possible and you imagine it all fine. But do you really try not to differentiate between people? Do you not consider your caste above all? Do you not have a grudge above all? Do you not have a grudge towards a specific group of people just per the reason that they are not like you? It seems all fine when you look at it from here but when you see it from the outside as a whole it just seems like a fish market. No one wants to adjust with the other and everyone seems to hold a grudge with someone. We should try to eradicate this. We try to make a better place to live for us and for others. Only then it would be a happy place as a whole. Then we would really feel belonged to whatever place we go. Only then it would not seem as fish market but a bazaar of bliss. Only then we would be stronger as a group nation. Only then we will actually leave a mark on Earth.

# CRESCENDO

Navneet Das

On the evening of Fresher's, the newcomers of the Army Institute of Technology witnessed the grandeur and beauty of the event organised by the senior students of the Institution. Crescendo, a much-anticipated event, was organised for the first-year students wearing formal attire to give them a warm welcome to the college life. The very purpose of Fresher's is to welcome the new students in a friendly atmosphere, to support and define their creativity that helps them to boost their confidence. The event started with newcomers coming on the stage showcasing their talents. Some of them were singing beautifully while others were giving an energetic dance performance. There was a stand-up comedy act too, which left everyone in the audience in fits of laughter. Moments later, selected participants were given certain tasks to perform and from these pool of participants Mr. and Miss Fresher were supposed to be chosen. The program continued with wondrous performances given by the seniors. They gave melodious and exhilarating singing performance especially the official SE band of the institution, The Outlaws, gave an electrifying performance. The AIT Feet-Tappers made the audience stand up on their feet by giving an outstanding performance on modern Bollywood songs.

Previous year's Mr. Fresher blew minds of the witnessing spectators by giving a hair raising performance in beat-boxing. Towards the end, the Mr. and Miss Fresher were crowned and a JAM was hosted where both seniors and the newcomers together tapped their feet on fast tracks of Bollywood songs which made the event memorable. The enthusiasm of the newcomers boosted the atmosphere already full of emotions and this made the Fresher's night unforgettable. Fresher's is an important event in the struggling life of a student. It is the day when seniors and juniors bond. Seniors play a crucial role in their juniors' life because they shape and define their character for later life. They actively teach, care for and support their juniors and guide them towards a successful life.



# CULTURAL AAKRITI

Aashna Vaid

“Aakriti showed me of how much time we really have in hand!” Says Priya. “The stage was huge and my experience was one of a kind” says Rahul. Aakriti by its name was the tool used to carve out the artist in children who once only thought of PCM. With a plethora of events like debates, plays and dance performances, this Aakriti too became a benchmark in hundreds of lives. Speaking of BCJ events; BCJ was an abject example of personality development. By first hand experience, it was a provider of personal standing as an individual in a country.

Hindi as well as English BCJ gave importance to opinions and became a source of voluntary stress but something worth try. While events like JAM and moods stimulated creativity and enthusiasm, debates and extempores help in furnishing a stance and confidence to back ones opinion. This event made the first years bond with the warmest of all seniors. Choreography and folk were dance events with a display of coordination at its best. The teamwork, the dazzle, the swagger, the hard work was all appreciated alongside relentless beat drops and human pyramids. It was the event which was awaited by the entire college. Folk was colourful and fun for the audience. It gave us a cultural insight into our country through typical steps and never ending ‘thumkas’.

Khopcha events like poster making and rangoli making were like opportunities to fulfil childhood fantasies. The opportunity to use some other's paint and colour with full freedom and no absolute compulsion to clean up. A chance to run colours and gaudy glitter, to express love, war and how truth is bitter, to draw our country and check which shoes will fit her. LIMS was a special event for the first year students. They could contribute in a system involving a full fledged band. For many, music also was a de - stressor at the time of practices. Also, this event gave artists and music lovers to meet. Theatre through mute plays and street plays were too an artistic outlet for a lot of people. Bare minimum props and the least amount of apparatus could yet support fascinating performances, moving messages and all of our attention. The minutes on stage that we all could steal were true minutes of freedom which shall be remembered and longed for.

Aakriti will be held every year and it will make sure its hangover makes us wait again. It will again break barriers amongst freshers and make new bonds of friendship. It will always remain the first advent in college life of AITians.



# INDOOR SPORTS AAKRITI

Shambhavi

The indoor Sports Aakriti started with an inauguration ceremony held in the badminton court at 2:00 pm on August 31 and with the inauguration began all the different sports activities that were to test one's skills as well as their spirit. The participants had been preparing for the various events for a long time, managing everything along with the hustle surrounding the cultural Aakriti. Isha Tyagi a participant said that " Though it was hard and extremely exhausting managing everything together, but all this juggling feels completely worth it when you are on the court performing your best".

Sports not only checks how well you know the game but at the same time puts your will power and determination to test. In fact sports and games can be considered as one of the most integral elements for the development of a person. Thus inarguably proving the significance of sports Aakriti in the monotonous lives of us college going students. The indoor sports Aakriti comprised of four sporting events i.e. badminton, squash, table tennis and chess. In badminton a feather decides the winner but it requires a lot of practice to master control over it. Singles, doubles as well as mixed doubles badminton matches were played in the tournament. No matter how many walls enclose you the ball should come back once mad hit you! Well, that's how you master squash. Want to win? Easy, squash them!

Another very interesting game that we experienced during indoor sports aakriti was table tennis. Though it's played with a light racquet and a light ball but it surely requires some heavy moves to get a winning edge. With all the wrist movements that are required our participants surely practiced a lot for putting up such closely contested matches in front of us. Marcel Duchamp once said "I have come to the personal conclusion that while all artists are not chess players, all chess players are artists." and all the spectators sitting there with their eyes fixed on every move couldn't agree more. Though the game was being played on the board but the moves were such that they could crush the opponents mind thus turning out to be a thrilling experience for the players as well as the audience. This exhilarating competition came to an end with it's final matches that were held on 4th September. The entire experience was extremely enriching not only for the participants but also the entire organization committee as well the keen audience that cheered to keep everyone's spirits high. The indoor sports akriti instilled values of teamwork, hardwork and grit determination in all. So this experience will keep all of us waiting for another year to come out on the court and prove our mettle.



# JANMASHTAMI

Pranav S

Janmashtami! Celebrating the birth of Lord Krishna, the same Krishna who once defeated Kaliya, the same Krishna who lifted the Govardhan Hill just by his finger, the same Krishna who gave advice to Arjun, thus giving birth to The Bhagwat Geeta. Janmashtami is all about Krishna, the eighth avataar of Lord Vishnu. Janmashtami consists of 2 sanskrit words, Janm means birth and Ashtami means eight. Combining them Janmashtami translates to 'birth on the eighth day'. It is said that Lord Krishna was born on the eighth day of Shraavana, according to the Hindu Lunar calendar. Shraavana overlaps with the August/September on the Gregorian Calendar. Isn't it a pretty weird coincidence with the number eight? Krishna was the eighth avataar of Lord Vishnu, born on the eighth day of Shraavana, which overlaps on the eighth month i.e, August on the Gregorian Calendar.

We, in AIT too had a celebration regarding Janmashtami. Every single student was told to report to the Raman Theatre at 10:30 on the night of August 24. We had a lot of bhajanas and everyone, even the audience participated in it. The sweet sound of the hymns chanted by everyone was resonating within the heart and soul of every single living being. A really strong aura of positive energy was created, just like

Tolstoy

Krishna's flute eliminates the evil vibes to replace them with a sweet and calm tune of his flute. At the stroke of midnight, the statue of Baby Krishna was placed in a cradle and everyone was allowed to swing the cradle, one by one and then the prasad was distributed among them. It was a really amazing night, a pious night in which everyone sung in one sound, one tune, the tune from their heart. This night actually made me think about a few things..Krishna was born in a world of chaos and destruction. He was born to eliminate the evil and bring good back to the world. His stories of how he triumphed over various evils are popular throughout the whole world. Be it Putni or Kaliya, nobody stood a chance against him. So I had a couple of questions in my mind. Why can't we be like him? Why isn't he an inspiration for us?

You might be thinking why is he asking such questions? Just enjoy the stories and move on, and that is where you are wrong. Krishna's world and our world, is not that different. We need a Krishna among us. A Krishna that can bring back peace and stability. A Krishna that can defeat the Kaliyas, who are slithering underneath our various rivers, polluting them. A Krishna that can lift up various Govardhans, to give shelter to the ones who does not have a roof over their heads. But where is this Krishna? Why hasn't he arrived yet? Well that is because he is sleeping, he is sleeping inside our heart.

# TREE PLANTATION

Soumyadeep

The usual case with most transcendental, profound seeming experiences is that they underwhelm you when you get down to it. The act of giving life is an exception to this. As the first years jostled, cheered while planting the trees and pestered the seniors about its maintenance one could guess that they knew what they were doing. Or perhaps it was the weather that brought on the bravado. It was dark and stormy dawn when the FEs set out to plant a couple of dozen trees with hope of saving the planet. The first step to their new, responsible adult life baptised by the fickle Pune rains.

The first years started uncomplainingly from their hostels with their years-old jackets and their Allen and Resonance umbrellas promising each other the glamorous life of branded attire when they become seniors. Then, they roamed around with their little plants in hand looking for ditches as the seniors attempted to find enough holes for them all. It was a crowded, confusing, wonderful, wet mess of wandering around an unfamiliar, large green spaces looking for crevices while people warn you about large fines should you make a wrong turn.

It was, in short, how college should begin. As is customary for any large gathering, it didn't have the quiet, slow demise the authorities might be hoping for. The newly inducted degenerates got together in front of the gym and found that they have been divided not just in their hostels but in their messes as well. Curious about who got the better deal, they decided to change things a bit. And so they went to see about the question of their equality. It was, perhaps, how everything should end.



# VISTAS



