

UM-DAE

Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences



NOVELLUS

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Annual
Edition

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EDITION

Acknowledgement

We are thankful to the Director of our institute, Prof. R. V. Hosur and the Founder-Chairman, Prof. S. M. Chitre for their kind support throughout the journey that is this edition of Novellus. We are also grateful to the entire faculty and administrative staff of CBS. We are aware of the delay in the release of this edition but we hope that it lives up to everybody's expectations. We thank the CBScients for their invaluable articles, stories, photographs, poems and ideas , without which this would not have been possible!

DIRECTOR'S MESSAGE

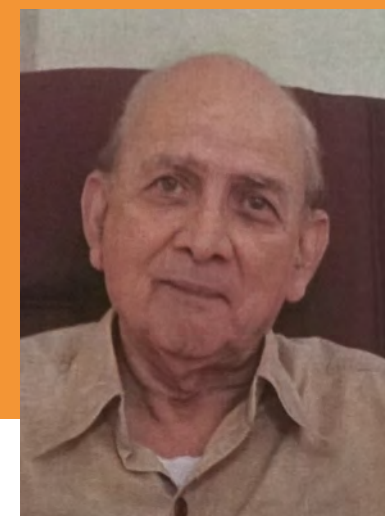


Dear Students,

I am extremely happy to see this wonderful production documenting the various aspects of your life at the Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences (CBS). This keeps us all connected and we will cherish the pleasant memories of your stay with us for ever. Education is not just about class room teaching and learning, but about development of personality as a whole and learning to be a good citizen of the country. Your excellent academic performances at various national and international competitions have made us proud. This magazine showcases the wide variety of extraordinary talent we have at CBS, and this keeps the whole atmosphere highly dynamic and enjoyable for every body. This magazine also shows the great social responsibility you have exhibited in several ways, such as in organization of blood donation camps, social upliftment programs etc. This is, in a sense a tribute to the Centre. Congratulations to the whole team for bringing out such a wonderful document and I wish you all the best in the future.

R. V. Hosur
Director

CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE



It is a matter of immense pride and joy for me to note that Novellus, the CBS Students' magazine, has brought out a second edition - a tradition well worth continuing in a Centre such as ours. I am delighted to see this commendable effort on the part of students.

I should like to convey my warmest greetings and wish you all a flourishing future, in the hope that you will bring credit to CBS which is striving to prepare you for research careers to help build up our national programmes in Science and Technology. Equally, we expect you to contribute to the needs of Society by rendering service to the community.

With all my best wishes,

S. M. Chitre
Chairperson
Academic Board

Editorial

It is a peculiar coincidence, but the might of a tradition lies in the ease of its transferability. It is only when every incoming generation at an institution finds a rite of the earlier generation worth continuing, not just by the influence of the mighty, but an impulse of the interests, that a tradition gains power. This magazine, an epitome of the literary (and otherwise) achievements of the students of this National institute, our own loving CBS, stands here in its second edition as a worthwhile candidate for an experience that is destined to be forged as a tradition. Not by the sheer power of the people holding the steed, but the enthusiasm of the people. It is in that sense from which the title, Novellus, takes inspiration from: fresh, young, innovative, and in some sense, better than the challenges that must be overcome by anything aspiring to be greater than the sum of its components.

If you were brave enough to read past that line, we welcome you to Novellus 2015.

Inside, we hope to present to you a view to the inner world of the CBS community. Scattered inside are the thoughts, ideas, opinions, and literary pursuits of the people from CBS, including inputs from the faculty and staff. Stores and stores of poems, experiences, and ...

But wait, we do not want to spoil the fun for you. So go ahead, explore this product of our toils and your creativity, Novellus.

And yes, we do expect you to find a certain quantity of errors and deficiencies in this edition. Nothing's perfect, but at least those who try have the edge. Keeping that in mind, we send out this open invitation to CBScients to join #TeamNovellus, and make the next edition better than what you're reading. We hope to hear your suggestions and criticisms soon enough.

-Team Novellus

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Nuclear Physics at CBS

Being a research institute and an undergraduate teaching centre, CBS has taken special care to hold up both basic sciences and advanced research with respect to its labs. With this and furtherance editions of the magazine we would explore each lab of CBS (The order of labs are chose randomly in an unprejudiced manner). The lab we explore in this edition is a very active one of CBS- The NUCLEAR PHYSICS Lab. There are a total of 8 international peer-reviewed publications from work done in the laboratory over the past three years, including ones in journals like Physical Review Letters, Physics Letters and Physical Review C. Dr. Tandel has published over 100 papers during his career.

DR. SUJIT TANDEL
UGC Associate Professor



Education:

- Ph.D. in Nuclear Physics, University of Mumbai (1998)
- M.Sc. in Physics, University of Mumbai (1994)
- B.Sc. in Physics, University of Mumbai (1991)

Positions:

- UGC Associate Professor, Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences (2014 -)
- Reader-F, Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences (2011- 2014)
- Scientist, Brookhaven National Laboratory (2009-10)
- Research Scientist and Adjunct Professor, University of Massachusetts Lowell (2006-08)
- Research Associate and Adjunct Professor, University of Massachusetts Lowell (2003-05)
- Lecturer, Department of Physics, University of Mumbai (1998-2002)

Research:

- Heaviest nuclei ($Z \sim 100$) accessible to spectroscopic studies
- Exotic nuclear shapes and excitations at high angular momentum
- Isomeric states in rare-earth and actinide nuclei
- Nuclear model calculations of deformed rare-earth nuclei
- Novel position-sensitive charged particle and gamma-ray detectors in nuclear physics
- Nuclear measurements for medical diagnostic studies
- Rotational and intrinsic excitations in medium-mass nuclei
- Nuclei far from stability with recoil mass separator and gamma detector array



DR. HEMALATHA
Assistant Professor

Educational Qualifications:

- Ph. D. in Physics, Bhabha Atomic Research Centre, Mumbai (2005) Thesis title "Study of Exotic Nclei"
- Master of Science in Physics, Mumbai University (2000)
- Bachelor of Science in Physics, Mumbai University (1998)

Positions:

- Assistant Professor at UM-DAE Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences, Mumbai (June 2010 – Present)
- Faculty at UM-DAE Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences, Mumbai (January 2009 – May 2010)
- Visiting Scientist at IPN-Orsay, France (July 2009)
- Post Doctoral Fellow at Indian Institute of Technology, I.I.T. – Bombay, Mumbai (August 2006 – September 2007)
- Visiting Scientist at Atomic Physics Department, GSI, Darmstadt, Germany (April – July, 2004)

Research Interests:

- Nuclear ground state properties through laser spectroscopy
- Structure and reaction properties of loosely bound nuclei
- p-N elastic scattering studies using optical model

JUNIOR RESEARCH FELLOW: Gholam Wahid

LAB ATTENDANT: Abhay Bakalkar

We have asked Dr. Tandel to explain us the kind of research which is being carried out in his lab and he had all the patience and a perfect way to explain things.

He says research activities in the lab encompass both in-house measurements and development work in addition to data reduction and analysis from basic science measurements at external particle accelerator facilities. Experiments are performed periodically at various accelerator laboratories in India and abroad. In addition, theoretical calculations and simulations relevant for understanding detailed nuclear structure physics aspects are also undertaken.

We were very keen to listen more about the in-house research and we asked him about the same he said the following are the in-house research activities that are being performed or in the process of being implemented:

- a) Low-energy photon measurements for nuclear isomer studies
- b) Development of a conversion-electron spectrometer
- c) Testing and installation of a state-of-the-art digital data acquisition system

In addition, data from various accelerator-based experiments are being analysed and interpreted. The primary thrust areas in terms of advancing our basic science understanding are:

- a) Shape coexistence at high spins in neutron-rich nuclei
- b) Octupole correlations in the actinide region
- c) K isomers and prompt rotational structures in trans-plutonium nuclei

Well that was a lot of nuclear physics for us. We were now curious that why is he trying to get into the nit-gritties of these aspects? He figured out that puzzled expression on our faces and explained that there

are several potential applications of the fundamental research in this area for example, the nuclear isomers hold potential to be used in energy storage devices.

Well being a part of department of physics, CBS, this lab trains a lot of undergraduates of CBS on fundamentals of nuclear physics. Well we asked Dr. Tandel to explain us how is the training in this lab different from any other labs in other universities. We summarize his reply as follows:

The lab holds several distinguished features when it is the undergraduate training. Like:

- a) Innovative and open-ended experiments
- b) Use of research-grade instrumentation
- c) Training in diverse areas not limited to Nuclear Physics

The laboratory has detectors for a variety of radiation, ranging from gamma and x rays, to alpha and beta particles, neutrons, and also cosmic-ray muons. These include inorganic and organic scintillators, high-resolution semiconductor detectors, and gas detectors. A variety of radiation sources, including many calibration standards, have been procured. Energy and slow/fast timing spectroscopy, including coincidence and half-life measurements (spanning the nanoseconds-seconds range) are being performed.

Most experiments are interfaced to computers to enable data collection and subsequent analysis. The training is broad-based encompassing not only Nuclear Physics, but also broader areas like signal processing, and spectrum and data analysis. State-of-the-art software is used for data analysis.

A number of fundamental measurements are performed, with some examples being:

- a) Transition probabilities through half-life and branching ratio measurements
- b) Electromagnetic decay of excited nuclear states through gamma emission and internal conversion
- c) Relative cross sections for different interaction mechanisms of photons with matter

Several classic experiments are demonstrated with some examples being: (a) Cloud chamber for tracks of charged particles (b) Rutherford scattering of alpha particles off a gold foil (c) Magnetic spectrometer for beta particles.

Applications such as x-ray fluorescence (XRF) to determine the precise chemical composition of samples, and studying radiation shielding from the standpoint of radiation safety are also included.

CBS has always believed in interdisciplinary sciences and so does its labs. The lab is also accessible to chemistry students at CBS have also benefited from performing experiments in the Nuclear Physics Laboratory during two of their courses.

By the way Dr. Tandel has described the lab, we could already judge the scope of undergraduates for doing their projects in the lab. But we preferred an expert's opinion. So when we asked Dr. Tandel to elaborate on this aspect he says,

"Undergraduates at CBS can work on many different aspects in the Nuclear Physics laboratory based on their interest and inclination. A variety of topics ranging from experimental measurements in the laboratory to analysis of high statistics, multi-parameter data obtained from experiments performed by the CBS group in India and abroad, and theoretical calculations can be covered."

Then we asked Dr. Tandel who are eligible to do a project in the lab? From the reply we got from him, we believed that CBS' labs not only speak about interdisciplinary science but also strongly believes in it. He said, "Physics students who have completed two or more years of undergraduate education are welcome to explore opportunities for research work in the laboratory. Chemistry/Biology students whose area of work has some overlap with activities in the laboratory are also welcome."

To it he adds, "During the past two years, around 10 students from CBS and elsewhere have worked on various semester and summer projects in the laboratory. Projects have ranged from understanding gamma-ray spectroscopy, measurement of fundamental constants to digital signal processing, and detailed new results on the spectroscopy of neutron-rich nuclei. Long-term projects in this laboratory are most often expected to lead to publications in international peer-reviewed research journals which will offer a springboard to undergraduates in their graduate school applications."

Well that was our attempt to throw some light on the nuclear physics lab. Hope we conveyed something new about the lab.

SHED WHAT IS FAKE

-MAITHREYI RAMAKRISHNAN

Ever bright, busy flyer
Reaching stars is your desire
Journey to infinity
Despite world's enmity

You desperately attempt
To break from gravity's tempt
But your plumage weighs you down
Like a lady's evening gown

It's a mask that hides your face,
That hinders in a thousand ways.
A full heart is all you need
One that's true, one that will lead.

Your plumage - coloured and groomed
Welcome sight for man marooned.
Yet, it is what weighs you down
And makes you have on a frown.

Lose that which is bothersome
For hiding is quite loathsome.

CLEOPATRA

Katherine Rawlins
Junior Research Fellow, Astrophysics

Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt, was an intelligent woman who used her beauty as a tool to achieve her ambitions of ruling the world. She succeeded in part, skilfully charming powerful Romans like Julius Caesar and Mark Antony. But she failed to win over Augustus Caesar. About to be taken as a slave to Rome, she pressed a poisonous asp against her breast and committed suicide. History remembers her as one of the most powerful women in the ancient world.

O Cleopatra! You of beauty ethereal and immortal,
Whose eyes swords of attraction and love slayed many a mortal.
You, whose shapely nose, they say, altered the face of mankind,
The seductive light of your presence shone as to make them blind.

Those who had stood victors now lay lost and defeated,
Placing reputations at the foot of the throne on which you were seated.

O Cleopatra! You of intellect scheming and sharp,
Bewitching all with deftness as one playing the harp,
Hiding beneath a veil, intentions bitter, sour and tart,
Wielding your weapons with utmost strategic art,
Needing neither bosom to hug, nor shoulder to cry on,
Loving, yet never really so; lonely yet never forlorn.

O Cleopatra! Where have beauty and intellect taken you?
You have got, perhaps, what was for long due.

The beauty 'immortal' has fled and shall allure no more.

The sharp intellect has but ripped apart its own core.

It was no success, it was no reward – the glory of years past.

But the kiss did coronate your destiny with misery to last.

RED TINTED BLUE

Aswathi K. Sivan

The little ones of a lost war,
turned around to see the world
Bits of red from their torn flesh,
And the decaying bones of
unhealthy black.
He was petite with unruly hair,
And hollow eyes to burn you alive!
The red sky gleamed in dismay
Too much of this bloodied hell.
His days have been painted blue
With a gush of red
that spilled from his father's spine

Days would pass and they would
paint
With glorified hues of a battle lost
And the majestic red they spilled that
day
For him it turned into faded blue
A red tinted blue he felt
In shades of grey,
the hue of decaying memories
That were once yellow and green
Like a sun burst,
From a burning phoenix
Of his father
And for all that was left of a legacy,
A story painted in red tinted blue.

PhD Placements and Alumni



Quanta 3

1. Mohanish Borana-University of Edinburgh, UK
2. Amit Seta - New Castle University, UK
3. Saranyo Moitra- International School for Advanced Studies, Trieste, Italy
4. Aklant Bhowmick- Carnegie Mellon University, USA
5. Amar Deo Chandra- Max Planck Institute for Gravitational Physics, Hanover, Germany
6. Kriti Gupta- University of Twente, Netherlands
7. Smita Praharaj- University of Kansas, USA
8. Santwana Dubey- GSI, Damstadt, Germany
9. Naveen Kumar- Chennai Mathematical Institute, India.
10. Shilpi Singh- Aalto University School of Science, Finland
11. Navneeta Katyan- Institut de physique nucléaire, Orsay, France
12. Shubhangi Gupta- UGC-JRF at IIT Bombay, Mumbai, India
13. Shashank Markande- TIFR, Mumbai, India
14. Angana Mondal- TIFR, Mumbai, India
15. Gholam Wahid- UM-DAE CBS, Mumbai, India
16. Preeti Sheokand- JNCASR, Bangalore, India
17. Plawan Das- UM-DAE CBS, Mumbai, India
18. Ram Shila- JNU, Delhi, India

Quanta 4

19. Mayank Singh - McGill University, Canada
20. B. Aditya Reddy - University of Geneva, Switzerland
21. B. T. Ashwin K - University of Bonn, Germany
22. Akansha Vishwakarma - DESY, Germany
23. Pooja Chandrakar - Brandeis, USA
24. Prashanth S - University of Kansas
25. Rakvi Shrivastava - Cornell University
26. Nivin Mothi - University of California, Merced
27. Karthika K J - State University of New York, Buffalo
28. Sanoj - Michigan Technological University, USA

Once while gloomy I ventured in to the deep dark corners of the unknown woods, there a great deal of thorns and rugged terrains did I witness. The milieu there did no good to my Flesh. Ohh, if only you had witnessed the admiration the thorns had for my flesh. My Bones did quiver at once, upon the arduous chore it had to support. And the mind mocking me set some tales of jokes apart. Jokes which lacked humour and sustained themselves through nourishment from unadulterated sarcasm.

I then hit the epiphany of becoming the victim of my own oppression. But was it not for the woods, I would be ashes scattered in the wind. The wind that cares less or none about the melancholy of the dust it scatters, cannot be blamed. I stand oppressed, the oppressor this time in flesh and bone, guilty of crime hit by repentance, pain and agony soothes the morbid soul. I laugh nor cry but pale as ice neither become a brook nor swift a river I flow. I ask my desires have I any that matters they tell me "Oh foul a creature you are that which men cannot mend or bond, you are that which encumbers this ground". So I ask it once more upon the twilight hour, "Have I any that matters to ghosts and ghouls?" Then they tell me "Lend ears to the woods full of life, for not all are barren like the creature you are, the dead and rotting deep down the graves have far a better breath than yours." The folks five score years

ago told one wise thing, that men who wander never are lost. So I took upon my soul to enquire the woods, of whom the desires bragged much enough. Only this time I never asked I grieved till my heart quivered. The ever merciful woods spoke "Oh human who is bound by grief, tethered to death and withered by life, what you seek shall be given if strived." I said to the woods, "What use is sound to the deaf, the grief soothes not on riddles that men make, Of men I can understand but of nature I fail, tell me what I seek or mercy me with the true desire of my heart, My mind shall I trust no more I woe I woe." The woods spoke yet once again: "March on the path of righteousness that lay ahead for two straight days. With thirst hunger and humility seek a man whom various sages have sought, A hermit in whom the ancient wisdom of the gods still revive, In deep a cavern his peace rests, great blunders shall you make of the mind and the heart seeking his abode but fear not, no man shall be tempted beyond what he can bear, for this is the truth that time cannot wear." Then I wished the fair woods well, and set deeper in to the path I was shown. The leeches did thrive on my blood, but it was a solace for the soul that thrived me, creatures that never before I saw scurried my bare back. The life of the woods so silent and joyful while light graced, bore a gloom beyond my reason when the moon came nigh. As the creatures of the dark hallowed by his will, crept scurried crawled slimed as they will, arose an abundance of fear that the moon light consoled. I walked with a reason beyond

hunger across faith, also the reason faith is blind. Then thinking of trust which is a vendor of pain, despised in pleasure as cunning a game. I would better be dead than in grief in this deep gloomy forest where life suppresses life only to live. The night as long as it were, forgot the silence that the woods gave my soul the day I ventured seeking to know what to seek? The day did come with the sun and my chest did warm with the heart beneath the ribs. Ohh, merry I felt in heart after the toil the night bore my soul, I saved myself a laughter for the day, Forever a gloomy soul be stale. Then again I toiled and wrenched with havoc in heart many a times, Now hunger and thirst befriended me from the toil the night bore my soul, fresh a fatigue embraced I, with my heart sentenced to sadness and the flesh deprived of food I now wandered without woes. I see still a cave drunk in darkness, and naked in despair, my senses fail and slumber I begot. When the slumber did seize, with it took the wretchedness of my flesh. I then doubted it to be a figment of mind an apparition of an old augment I thought I saw, but here was a man like my own a brethren in flesh and a son of man he was. In every sinew of his saw I serenity I never saw before, Indeed I said to myself "This is God the Lord." The hermit he was whom I thought to be god, said like an angel of god, "I am not the one who you think I am, but I am witness both in soul mind and body to the one who you think I am." I said, "I come in search of you in

life rather than god in exile, I was told by the merry woods to seek the hermit amid the cavern who is the light of hope for the souls intoxicated with grief, I come to you in need of help my heart is sunk in the ocean of grief, My mind is stuck without the sails as ship in the ocean without a breeze, and the soul that intrigues heart just beats without a reason breathing life, And death, not comes even invited but assures of its presence all the worthwhile. I am perplexed of the mysteries of men and women of father and mother, of the infant still born and the youth high in libido. Of Money that men makes and of power that makes men, Of the pleasure in a woman's bosom and the lament in the death of a beloved. Of false and deceit, of the truth less cared about, of hypocrisy that men adore so much and of the celibate monk in the mountains. I cry with curiosity and I grieve with generosity, Like a river in flood murders them whom she has nurtured, my mind murders me slowly and tenderly and I lament for my morrow and the present, I only ask of you to guide?"

The hermit in the cavern said, "As dead seek the grave as moth seeks the lamp as a river seeks the ocean you O dear brethren seek truth." And what is the truth? O wanderer of the woods!!! Says the Hermit, " 'One in all and all in one' is but the truth you seek."

- Maddy

Across the sea of nectar I stand; devoid of directions I stare
The quiescence of this unethical world, I've left far behind there
I walk along the sandbank, suppressing my breath within
And when those dispersed rays, from nowhere, lacerates in
Through the coat of darkness, my legs come to an abrupt halt
Eagerly I look around, ardour pushing up like a thickened malt
In that illusive light, was that you by the horizon?
A feigning indistinct figure, trying to hide itself in shadows
Marking the separation between the worlds: Was that you?
Weary eyes, my palpitating heart, an endless road ahead
Can't you offer me a moment's peace, or your arms widespread?
Exiled, I am in this world, I go on groping for you
With a mitigting flame in my lamp, destination I little knew
An invisible beckoning drives me on, an unexplainable desire
For the one I long for, the one I so greatly admire
If tomorrow I find myself struggling in the mid ocean
Will you be there extending your hand to pull me up the shore?
In the smell of the soil, drenched in the first monsoon rains Or in the
first sun of the winter, the greatest beauty one may see
Arms extended, smile on your lips, will you be there for me?



Suppressed hitherto...

Praneel Samanta
(Quanta 5)



FRESHERS

Novelty or newness has been intriguing to us since Neanderthal times. Hence, when unknown faces, different origins and random conversations swirl to make what is one of the most awaited events in CEBS, we get freshers' party. The fresher's party is the event which exhibits the talent of the latest influx in CEBS every year. It is organized by the second year students who guide the first year students to put up a successful show and showcase their talent to the whole college. It is one of the oldest traditions in CEBS and an introduction of the freshers.



In September 2013, Quanta 7 people put up a brilliant show, starting with a ramp walk with costumes, following which the students of Quanta 7 presented group dances. Some of the students presented Songs which were appreciated by everyone. Then there were skits-drama and ads which were full of “pun (definitely intended)”!! Not to forget performances from the seniors of quanta 4 & 5 who put up one of the most beautiful dances of the evening. This was followed by the DJ night, where almost all the students broke free in what could only be termed as a delightful night of dance and music. The event could not have been successfully done without the dynamic quanta 6 and quanta 7 coming together!

In its' footsteps followed Fresher's 2014, which was full of versatile display of talent by the first year students. As the tradition continued, the fresher's started with the ramp walk, dressed as famous couples. What followed were brilliant skits, soulful music performances and energetic dances by quanta 8. The unexpected power cut could not dampen the spirits of either the juniors or the seniors, who sat through the sweltering weather till the end of the program! The performances by seniors were extremely entertaining and enthralling. It was organised by a joint effort of all the people in quanta 7.

All in all, as one of the most anticipated non-academic events in CBS, both the Freshers' party 2013 and 2014 were successful events.



Fortune

Katherine Rawlins
Junior Research Fellow, Astrophysics

Fortune is a fickle friend, I've heard them often say,
But I know not for myself, he has not come my way.
I search for him with longing eyes, as I do the rain,
But the precious drops of joy still elude my window pane.

I seek him that my pockets may ever be so full,
That I could buy the a cold, some warm wool,
That I could serve the hungry, delicious hot meals,
That I could make the homeless laugh happy peals.

I seek him that I may make an equal world thrive,
That the poor son and his dreams may poverty survive,
That the wind of power may not destroy the sincere flame,
That all may abound – blind, mute or lame.

I seek him that man may revel in such justice and peace,
For me to then turn to every tiny little crease,
Of worry streaking each divine, parental face,
And hem life's rugged edges with fine, comforting lace.

O! Fickle Fortune, you may desert me then,
For I shall be splendid, living on the smiles of men.
My purse may be empty and my money may be spent,
Yet my life would be glory for all that I had lent.

Celebrations @ CBS

As a National Institute, life at CBS is made prodigious with variety of celebrations.

People bring with them the zest and essence of various cultures. Glimpses of traditional fervour from all corners of the country peeps in, creating a sense of unity and enthusiasm amongst the CBScients. It is the rendezvous of the winds of joy from the North, the East, the West and the South. The celebrations bring in memories to cherish forever.

Here at CBS, students try to bring out the true essence of the Indian celebrations – Unity in diversity.

JANMASHTAMI

Monday, September 9th 2013

Lord Krishna's birth is celebrated by relishing and remembering his mischievous ways. Janmashtami is celebrated with dahi-handi, music and colours. Students participated in dahihandi in Groups. Girls and boys formed human towers/pyramids amidst loud music and splashing colours to break the "dahi-handi", getting drenched in the Dahi and the excitement associated with it.



ONAM

Monday, September 16th 2013

Onam is the chief festival of Kerala. It is also the festival of flowers celebrated to welcome the mythical righteous and honest king of the state, Mahabali. The students celebrate it in the traditional way by making eye soothing and colourful floral designs in the ABS premises.

DIWALI
Thursday, October 23rd 2013

Diwali, “the festival of lights” is celebrated to rejoice the victory of Lord Rama. It symbolises the triumph of dharma. Students at CBS celebrated it by adorn- ing CBS with diyas and colourful rangolis. Sweets were distributed amongst all students in the evening. The celebrations end on a high note with crackers and lanterns sparkling with bright lights.



HOLI
Wednesday, March 27th 2014

Holi is probably everyone’s favourite festival at CBS (mostly because some of the faculty refuses to come fearing the joyous splash of colours). There is a frantic yet cheerful sense in the air. Dodging the colours, water balloons and the occasional eggs is a dreadful challenge that haunted ustill the noon. The evenings are spent in the hangover of a day’s fun, while most of us try hard to wash away the colours.



BLOOD DONATION CAMP

A blood donation camp was organised by CBS Health Club on 27th August 2013(Tuesday) from 5pm to 8 pm, conducted by Lokmanya Tilak Municipal General Hospital (Sion Hospital). It was the first time that this kind of camp was held at CBS Campus. 40-50 Cbsci-ents(including 1 or 2 staff members) did participate in this camp. Everyone who donated their blood was given a government issued certificate and a voluntary blood donation card.

SOCIAL UPLIFTMENT PROGRAMME

The Social Upliftment Programme 2013 was aimed at improving the social socio-economic status of the target population comprising mostly of migrant labourers from UP and Bihar who have settled in Mumbai and a small population of permanent residents belonging to the lowest economic classes.

The main motive of the programme was to educate people on:

1. The need for education.
2. The need to become a socially aware, well informed and active citizen.
3. Rights and government schemes that are applicable to the target group.

The programme was held in Kurla (near railway station) on 19th October 2013. A few students from 1st, 2nd and 3rd years participated in this programme. The first stage of the programme included door to door distribution of pamphlets, containig information on relevant government schemes and rights like the RTE, to all the residents of the area. This was followed by an audio visual presentation in the late evening, with due permission from local authorities. The major part of the audience were children below the age of 12 and the many inspiring videos on the need to attend schools were received quite well. The presentation also included topics like education of girls, prevention of child marriage etc. The move towards such a programme started two years back, after realizing the need for us students, who are very fortunate to have been selected to CBS and have financial independence, to help the less fortunate climb up the social ladder. For these last two years, surveys were conducted in a few of Mumbai's slums and discussions were held with the amilies living there. Based on this experience, the 'Social Upliftment Programme' was conceptualized. There is very sincere hope that this social service project will be continued in the coming years as well.

-Ashok Choudhary(3rd year)

Wan·der·lust

/ˈwɒndəlʌst/

(n) a strong or irresistible desire to travel.

FAVORITE TRAVEL

DESTINATION IN &

AROUND MUMBAI

Elephanta caves Marine drive Lonavala
Water kingdom BANDSTAND *Matheran* KARJAT
Aksa Beach **Bandra West** My room HAJI ALI
Phoenix MarketCity Daman and Diu
Sanjay Gandhi National Park South Mumbai
Mahabaleshwar KALINA POST OFFICE
Naigaon Wankhede Stadium **Friend's**
room Flora Fountain Fashion Street
Grant Road Alibaug worli sea face Aarey
colony SEWRI MUDFLATS Panchgani Karnala

The Dream World

-Maddy

Many men there live in farthest lands
Ask the swallow answers the wind
From where to it flows which ways it goes
There huts of hay and doors of wood
Open to guests and saints to beg

Where fowls of air sing with men
And maidens sixteen like birds of love
Reap what men sow in pastures green
Folks old of years have tales to tell
As many tales so many children well

Mountains cold on sunny days
As lambs and sheep's led by men
On pastures green besides the Brook so clean
Out of which liberty herself freely flows
Besides it Peace as lilies grow

Evening come when the sun as gold
Greets the gardens cold and the lovers warm
Such a place as this I pray the lord
Be the whole wide world



One of these days, I find myself boarding a train. It doesn't seem like a formidable task, except that I have to sit in an airy, cold train compartment, looking at people that I do not know. People who may be travelling longer than me; people who may have just started getting cozy in this overcrowded compartment. I respectfully remove the unruly occupants of my reserved seat, much to their discontent. It is one of the coldest days in months, nothing that my mother wasn't cautious about. I was wrapped in three layers of wool, and proper head and arm gear sufficient to help me survive Siberia, although all I had to travel was less than two hundred kilometers in Uttar Pradesh.

Saccharine

It's already getting dark. The grey, foggy lights that reigned the day started giving way to the husky, blurred royal blue of the dark evenings. Maybe I am just imagining those colors. But they do add a bit of color to the dull time I was forced to spend. I try eliminating boredom through my smart phone. A bad plan, for it took merely an hour for it to run out of battery.

So, I ask myself, what shall I do now? There really wasn't much to do. I had a backpack on me, with a notebook inside it that I now dreaded to write in. Long ago, when I was a child, it used to be a record of my journeys. It was just the correct sort of alienation that I needed in those multi-family trips. Now it was just a reminder of the fact that I was travelling alone, without the need of any alienation.

Another good reason for not taking the notebook out was the crowd. Every time I have ever taken that notebook out and lost myself in it, I've been forced to come back to my dull reality by people around me trying to sneak a look of my writings. Maybe it was their mechanism to cope with 'journey boredom', as *She* would fondly call it later.

What shall I do now? I ask myself again, and start looking out of the window. Side lower berths are really a good spot to spend time alone.

It wasn't a new route for me. Nothing appealed to my eyes. However, the bridges were a nice change of scene: imagine seeing green fields and lots of similar houses and roads that lie along the way. Now at the bridges, it's different: all you see is muddy water with a great many number of buffaloes lying idly and people fishing and playing. I loved looking at this imperfect image of water under the bridge.

After a while, my attention shifts to the noises around me. It was easy to figure out the loudest of the noises: the train. I hear along, as the train jiggles. I hear the variety of noises that those mechanical links make, the noises that the train tracks make. The screeching of breaks at stops, and those infinite sounds that the cogs make. I try observing this unusual music.

Of course, the bridges offer me something new. Each one of them are on a mighty river, each one giving a distinct tone to the pre-existing music of the train tracks, moulding the train's voice into their own cast. I listen on, and every time a bridge came, it was Christmas for my bored ears.

There is still light, and my eyes travel on their own, all around the compartment. They're drawn irresistibly to the compartment door, where now stood a woman. She wasn't thin, like those women you see on

TV sets. Not too fat, though. Her face isn't visible from where I sit, but my instincts say there's an air about her that make me think that she would be beautiful. She turns her head to my side for a fleeting second. Enough for me to take a look. She indeed looked good. Eyes, nose and a forehead that is perfectly where it should be. Her clothes didn't seem too well kept.

As I ponder over her beauty, a voice inside me rises. It is one that I haven't heard for a long time. It's a voice asking me to make a move: 'Do anything to impress her' it says. Maybe I could ask her to join me at my berth. But then I was never very good at charming people by talking. I could approach her and offer her my coat, for she seemed shivering.

Shivering, and standing at the door in this cold weather. 'Girls, you know', She told me once, 'they're complicated'. maybe not a very good option.

As I regress back to my imagination, my thoughts deepen. I come back to my senses a bit later, when the next bridge makes a sweet whistle out of the train's music. I turn back to look at the lady, but this time I find her looking back at me instead. Perhaps she noticed my stare, a part of my absentminded thought postures.

Even from this distance, I could notice the shade of red in the white of her eyes. I thank the train to have enough lights on. Maybe it's because of the cold wind. Maybe she had been crying. I try not to be the judge.

She's still looking at me. She seems hurt, probably by my dead stare. Good, homely girls do mind men staring at them. As if slapped by the Gods of ethical behavior, I lower my stare. Alongside, I prepare myself for the storm of gender based comments on my masculinity and gestures of being hurt that may follow.

But they do not come.

She smiles. She smiles again. And again. Her eyes meet mine, again. It was mesmerizing. It was beautiful. It was one of those few times when things seem to work. This girl, this one pretty girl, was smiling at my stares. *'If she smiles when you stare', She had told me once, 'you both know love's there'.*

But the moment passes. The staring continues, and I cannot find an answer to her stare.

She waved to me. I waved back.

I wonder what her name would be; I wonder if she likes Forrest Gump; I wonder how we shall celebrate our first child .

She looked out of the train again, then looks back at me, smiling. Then again out. It seemed as if she wanted to tell me something. I couldn't grasp it.

Out of the blue, as the voices of the train change their notes, I see her crouch low, as if preparing to jump. That saccharine voice of the train over the bridge is mauled as her screams fill the compartment, and her blood, splatters across the windows, sending a speck of fresh blood to my face. I look at the door again. She isn't there anymore. Just some blood over the blue train door.

I would probably never enjoy the sounds of train again.

What shall I do now? A bored voice inside me asks.

-Duttatrey Nath Srivastava





Mumbai. The land of Bollywood, beaches and Bhai log.

The island that witnesses an influx of numerous people every day. The first word that comes to mind is – passion. The energy that flows through the city pulls everything and everyone along with it. The roads are always running, and so are the people. If it was not for the colour of the sky, you cannot tell the day and the night apart! The first thing one remembers noticing about Mumbai is its amazing, indomitable spirit. No matter how furious the rains, nobody and nothing in Mumbai ever stops. As you sit to watch the sunset at Bandstand, you can choose between the channa zor garam or a cappuccino at Barista. There can be nothing better than watching the sun melt into the sea while you

reflect on Life, the Universe and Everything. Ever seen DDLJ at Maratha Mandir? “Arre O Sambal Kitne aadmi the?” Its films like Sholay which went on to become legends and run in the picture halls for years! The city which produced it-aamchi Mumbai!! The city of dreams attracts hundreds of people every day, each of them coming here with a dream of becoming a superstar.

Over the five years you spend here, you end up falling in love with Mumbai over and over...

We requested the students to write up about their memorable experiences in Mumbai. Here's a compilation of what amazed us:



TALES FROM THE CITY OF DREAMS

A quiet January morning. But the Sun has not risen yet, still lying comfortably beneath the blanket of the horizon. A slight vibration in my backpack vied for attention. Seriously, there is nobody who has claims to higher creativity than the man who suggested the “vibration mode” for cell phones. Even in places where a 100 dB ringtone might go unnoticed, say when you are on a platform beside a train with its roaring engine, the vibration you still notice.

“What time is it there?”

“It’s the same time all over India, Daddy.”

“Has the sun risen there?”

“Why?”

“It still hasn’t here. Does it rise first over Bombay or Hyderabad?”

“Wait till sunrise, okay? Don’t move until then. It is quite dangerous.”

Perhaps before I proceed further I should give some context. I’m on a bench at CST, ten minutes after my train had arrived. I stand below the display boards searching for a train to Santacruz. I avoid Kurla as I have deep conflicts with that place. It is still dark outside. Strange people, mostly men, pass about in small numbers. I stand there for fifteen minutes. A guard enters the local beside me. I rally the courage to talk to him. He has started the engine and above the din, cannot hear me. I call out again. What happened next surprised me. After encounters with government employees at every level of the hierarchy, like all Indians, I detest them. There do their duty with an air of Atlas lifting the earth on his shoulders and there is no question of going the extra mile. This man surprises me. He steps on the platform beside me, asks what I want when we are hearing distance. He tells me which platform to get to, when the next train is and how long it takes to get there. It was a small act of kindness. This guy had managed to lift my spirits for the day. I

get an auto. A cheerful fellow, old enough to be my uncle offers to carry my bags to the auto, a distance away. I refuse. The paranoid psycho I am, I imagine him running away with my bags. He inquires about where I am from, what I do in MU, etc. I politely answer. I am amused by his amiability. We arrive at ABS. As I unload my bags, he slyly asks me if he can have my phone number. For a few seconds, I am perplexed. Funny, how opposed to the Indian theory of “revealing attire” reality is. Apparently long, flowing anarkalis ending below the knee are not deterrent enough. Bombay, how you amuse me! An inexplicable concoction of both Beauty and Beast. I have lived in quite a few cities, but none like Mumbai. There is a sense of security as well as alarm. But above all there is freedom here. Mumbai is rather like the Ganges, no constraints whatsoever. Every city has something to make you dislike it. But Bombay, is Utopia. It has the best of the best and the worst of the worst. But still you wouldn’t exchange it for any other comfort in the world.

A city is not its buildings, malls or GDP for that matter. It is the people. Them and only them. You can say Mumbai is too ugly, that there’s too much garbage about, that you feel like a beaver stuck in the waters of a dam that just flooded when monsoon comes, that slums are omnipresent, etc. But it is only here will you see people, common, normal people, just as yourself, reach out to help you in your hour of need. I agree nothing can be perfect. Same with this city. Above, I have mentioned the good and the bad. This city is not too good to be true. It does not show you what it wants you to see. It shows you what it is. As if it is proud of what it is. Not ashamed of what you might think of it. Not embarrassed that you might judge it. It is as free and powerful as the wind. It is its own Mas-

ter. And I love that to a fault. And when I come across bitter experiences, I think of the moon and her proverbial “daag” and console myself. For this is Paradise and I shall not complain.

-PRATHYUSHA SUKUMAR

It was back in early 2013, I was coming out of the CST local platform, trying to think what I was going to do next(I was used to roaming around pointlessly to CST by then). Another local came in and a crowd pushed me ahead, when I felt a firm hand get a grip on my arm. I look at the person. He was an old man. Old as in shaking, bespectacled, walking with a stick type of old. He looked well dressed.

“Ek maddad karoge, beta?” (“Will you do me a favour, son?”), he asked me in a shaky voice.

Now, I should give you a bit of context here: I’m the youngest (and by default, most pampered) child of my parents. So in 2012, when I decided to go faraway to Mumbai to study, they taught me all the wisdom needed for surviving big towns like Mumbai. One of the lessons said: Never trust old strangers in the city. So obviously, my first reaction was panic. I just looked on at him without saying a word. I nodded, not knowing what made me do it. His grip just tightened.

“6 Number wali train leni hai, thoda pahucha doge, beta?” he continued, “Ye saala bheed main ladke dhakka de ke chale jaate hai.” (I want to take the train coming on Platform 6, would you walk me to that? There men going in a haste push me around)

Being a newbie at being a Mumbaikar, and being a guy with a huge range of thriller novels capturing his head, I started imagining all kinds

of stuff: What if he’s a pickpocket? an expert, old kinda pickpocket? what if he presses a knife at my back and asks me to do what he wants? What if he’s with a gang? Would he make me accompany him to Platform five and three Quarters? I walk along with that man. He moved slow, hobbling all his way, trying to keep his distance from me, the grip on my arm firm as before. We started out near the Platform 4, and it took us two minutes to wade through the crowd and reach the edge of platform 6.

Seconds later, he released his grip, took a few seconds to balance himself. Then he turned to me, and said what really moved me, ‘Thank you, beta. Bheed me tere jaise kuch hi achche milte hai’ (Thank you, Son. Only a few in the crowd are as good as you). He patted my cheek in a fatherly manner, his old eyes looked into mine with what I presumed to be gratitude. He turned around slowly, making his way ahead to the train. I went back to my pre-decided destination.

I thought about it a lot. It gave me a smile that went on till I reached back to my hostels. I miss my parents a lot here, so it was good to see someone old look at me like he did. Also, that was the day I realised that even a random, unwillingly done act of kindness can literally, make your day.

But the biggest realisation hit me two days after: in the normal life of this crowded city, there are no thrillers, just stories and just life moving along, and kindness being passed from one to another. It made me feel sad and happy at the same time. I still wonder why.

-DUTTATREY NATH SRIVASTAVA

“There is no love sincerer
than the love of food.”
— GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

KYANI CAFÉ -

What began as an impromptu outing to celebrate the end of the examinations turned into a gastronomic delight. The old parsi interior takes you back to the twentieth century. The food ranges from sandwiches to awesome egg dishes. The non-vegetarians have cause to celebrate with the amazing variety they are offered. People with a sweet tooth (or teeth) are in for a treat with various traditional parsi desserts and an extensive bakery section. And worry not if you eat a lot as it was extremely pocket friendly. Kyani Café can be found near Metro Cinema in Marine Lines.



LIVE TO EAT!!

Be it the corner panipuri or splurging for a Sunday dinner, in our two years here, we have experimented with new places and found our comfort foods. We have hated it, liked it,

loved it and done it all. What follows is a glimpse into our food adventures in Mumbai and what we would love for you to try.

-Shraddha Agrawal & Bhavya Venkatesh



BUSAGO -

This one is for the experimenters. One gets excited seeing the various unpronounceable south-east Asian dishes, but experience told us it was not for everyone. The extensive use of coconut reminds you a little of coastal Indian dishes. Kuakswe, a broth with noodles/ rice and veggies, is a famous dish of Burma that reminds one of Kerala's avial. It is situated right in our backyard, BKC, at a walkable distance. So when you are in the mood to try something new, do stop by.

MAHARAJA BHOG -

This one is for all the vegetarians out there. Bring out the big appetites, skip lunch and head here for the royal treatment. They serve you with so much affection that you almost remember your mummy ke haath ka khana. The variety of food is mind boggling and changes every day, from besan ke gatte to the mouth-watering gajar ka halwa, and the chaas makes you want to dive in and never get out. The meal is unlimited and not too expensive. Maharaja Bhog is at the third floor in Oberoi Mall, Goregaon.

BOMBAY BARBEQUE -

The lesser known cousin of Barbeque Nation, this Pali Hill restaurant amazes you with its sheer variety. Fulfil all of your food whims here as any wish you have is their command. Do save some space for the customised desserts, and put all the thought you want into your choices. We won't judge, we were there for three hours!

MATUNGA'S STALWARTS -

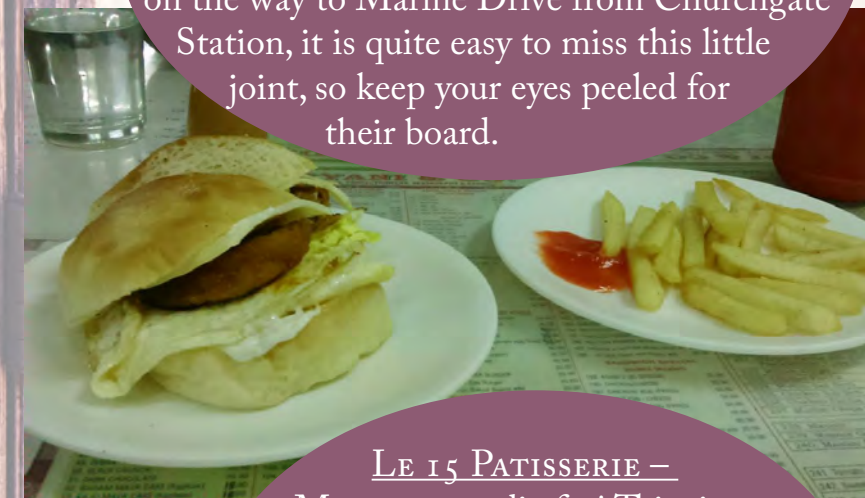
The trio of Café Madras, Hotel Ramashray and Mani's Lunch Home. Be prepared to wait for up to an hour on Sundays, the later it gets the longer the line. But trust us; the food is worth the wait. The aroma of filter coffee never fails to tingle the taste buds as you approach any of the above restaurants. While Ramashray and Café Madras serve the cuisine of coastal Karnataka in Udupi style, Mani's tends towards the flavours from Tamil Nadu. Apart from the usual fare, something new to try would be the Adai at Mani's, the bisibelebath at Ramashray and the decadent Tuppa dosa at Café Madras. Light on the pocket, no matter how much you eat, do check out one of these next time you are in the neighbourhood.

BACHELORR'S -

The only thing that can make an hour of contemplation at Marine Drive better is a chocolate milkshake from this iconic ice cream parlour. Situated in the back of a building on the way to Marine Drive from Churchgate Station, it is quite easy to miss this little joint, so keep your eyes peeled for their board.

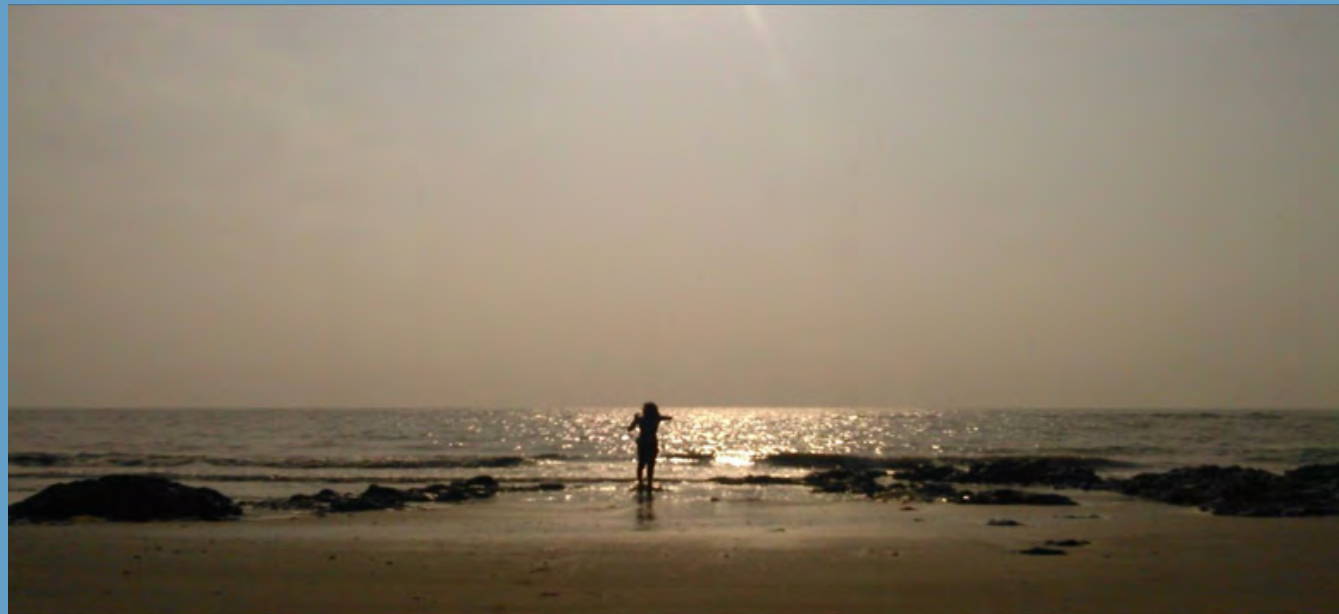
LE 15 PATISSERIE -

Macarons, to die for! This tiny little bakery in one of the lanes of Bandra serves the most amazing macarons, an egg and almond based biscuit sandwich. The flavours and textures transport one into a blissful state. This one is a must try!!



Manori

The hidden beauty



Manori is a beach in the outskirts of the Great Mumbai. It is calm, quiet and secluded. A place that lets you introspect. The sea is shallow and the shore is covered with weathered shells. A picturesque hill covers the beach from one end. The rocks are slippery and sharp. She waits like a complicated woman. It is a place to love and let love. You often spot a couple or two but you wouldn't care less, for you are in a deeper love.

The sunset is majestic. The wind, the tide and a few "gol gappa" vendors. Manori calls out to you. A distant church in the back drop, it is a view to behold. A fishing village with an abundant supply of sea food awaits you. You wouldn't want to miss a night out there!

Go out there and get some wind in your hair!

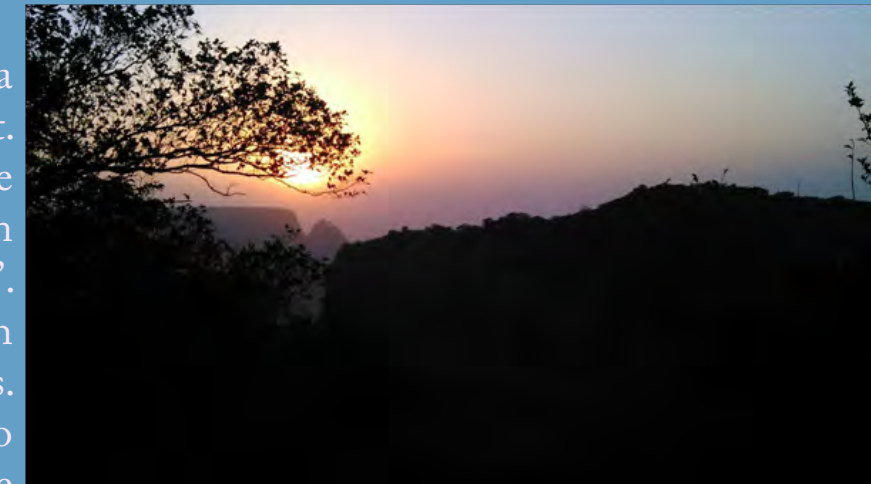
HOW TO REACH: Board a bus from Malad West to Marve Ferry point (plenty of BEST Buses), then board a ferry to Manori. You can either walk or take a bus to Manori beach from the ferry stop. The whole travel expenditure will fall in less than a hundred bucks.



Matheran

'The crown on the forehead'

The smallest hill station of India is located in the Raigad district. It is almost two hours from the hustle of Mumbai. Matheran means "forest on the forehead". The place is adorned with lush green forest and timid waterfalls. It is a haven for all those who want to trek into the wild. The most memorable one was the trekking that took us to the Panorama point. We visited it during the rains. The place was covered with tiny yellow flowers and thick shrubs. White faced monkeys and wild squirrels moved around. The sky was full of cheerful dragonflies. The toy train whistled past us occasionally. And horse owners pestered us to ride with them.



The coronation point crowned our excitement with yellow and violet flowers. Across the valley there were lakes and scattered settlements. The night sky was darker and clearer, constellations shouted their names out. The moon shone brighter and lights from the hills surrounding made the sight happier. It was so cold at night. And the crickets cried out loud, perhaps welcoming us to their kingdom of night. We kept walking in the dark, the shimmering moonlight guiding us.

HOW TO REACH: Take a train to Neral for Rs. 20 from CST or Kurla. Then either trek to the hilltop or take a cab on sharing basis for seventy bucks. Or you can wait to catch the toy train



- ASWATHI K. SIVAN

TREKKING DIARIES

-PRATHYUSHA SUKUMAR

I opened my eyes to mist condensed on the plexi glass window beside me. Doodling on it with my finger, the sights of the outside I saw, made me wish for an eidetic memory. The bus bumbled along the mountain road beside an angry river, sometimes with specks of white water rafters being jangled or in their language, having fun. We were on our way from Chandigarh to Manali and after reaching Mandi, the roads follow along the Beas and Parvati rivers, providing a panorama of sorts for the eyes.

My father, the literary opposite of a nature enthusiast was all but grumpy about me travelling 2000 miles from our hometown in Tamil Nadu to the Lower Himalayas for so called 'time-pass. But he did tag along unwilling to let me go alone to the 'North' (scary as hell to South Indians with daughters, courtesy of media channels giving them countless rapes to ogle at). But now he was staring gleefully out the window at the breath taking mountainous terrain. Never did I hear a complaint again. Silencing Indian parents, only Himachal Pradesh can do that.

After escaping the crowd of taxi driv

"...no picture can ever capture the might of the Himalayas."



ers, hoteliers and what not, who converge on you the minute you step down from the bus, we started towards the local bus stop to reach a nearby village, Seobagh. The bus ride was a true eye opener, it taught me that city dwellers can never truly what the word 'bumpy' means. We rode along clinging to the edge of a narrow road winding on the mountain, perched so precariously that the Beas river down there looked only to eager to have us fall so that she could gulp us into her swirling waters. But truth be told, where's beauty without danger, huh?

'Youth Hostels Association of India welcomes you to The National Himalayan Trekking Expedition – Chanderkhani Pass' read the banner on the entrance of our base camp. I was enrolled after I filled forms, got my admit card and medical certificate verified. To this day, I feel grateful to fate, for not letting my father scrutiny notice as I apprehensively signed on the bottom of the

page which claimed the organisation held no responsibility for physical injury or death of the trekker enroute.

Day 1,2,3, 4.....

Day 5 (Nagroni to NayaTapru via Chanderkhani)

D-Day today. The sky here was dotted with stars and the tingling part was that you could see them sparkle. Unlike in the cities, towns and everywhere. Walking on snow is difficult. Walking at four in the morning, with a torchlight in your hand on snow is a special type of crazy. But I forgot my troubles as I turned my torch on. If you think snow is DeepikaPadukone, then snow in the dark with a torch focussed on it is Scarlett Johansson. Okay, that was lame.

But they did sparkle like diamonds where ever the light hit them. Women obsessing over beauty seems futile when you see such unbeatable beauty. That was the best three hours of my life, it was like following a trail of diamonds. The thought of sunrise made me sad but when it came it was like warm chocolate for a hungry tummy. No picture can ever capture the might of the Himalayas. The endless scaling white peaks, the way their tips turned orange when the sun touched them. All you want to do is stand and watch.

Although havens of beauty, these mountains have claimed a lot of trekkers and mountaineers. 'Cold dessert' is what it's called. No life, no vegetation, no water just endless white. We had to forego watching this when it was time to put the cooling





“Beauty that induces so much pleasure, you are left thinking about it in odd moments...”



glasses on. There is so much solid ice that the glare can make you blind. After that, it was endless trekking through the snows, climbing almost vertical slopes, walking along narrow nooks and crannies and what not. Snow is difficult to walk uphill, downhill and even sideways. And having to walk through an endless canopy of white is unnerving.

But it was truly worth all this trouble when we reached Chanderkhani pass. It is named so because it resembles the moon in shape. And my word, it is a place for the Gods. Beauty that induces so much pleasure, you are left thinking about it in odd moments and finding yourself carried away back there, just as I am now. It was hard though trying to enjoy that beauty and yet try not to lose your step and plummet thousands of feet.

My reverie died when a harsh reality occurred. Hail storms. I never realized tiny cubes of ice pelted at you like that could hurt like that. The other nights the cold had kept me awake with my limbs feeling frozen and the last night I had slept with only a sheet and a blanket between me and the ice, with the ground sloping downwards, giving me a feeling falling head down first. The tiredness overtook me. But we were being urged to walk faster, for people barely make it through hail storms without strong gear. In my hurry, I preferred to walk on earth that had been wet from melting ice rather than on the snow itself. I placed my foot carefully on the earth and began a hurried walk. The unexpected landed on me like a boxer's sucker punch.



The earth on the edge of the path gave way and lo, I went rolling down the mountain. In two seconds I was plummeting down the slope, not on the mountain anymore. My blood turned to ice as I realized what would happen when I hit the ground. I tried to break my fall by desperately clinging at roots, shrubs whatever I could find. My senses went into an overdrive when I sensed I was accelerating. I imagined people finding a squashed mass of flesh and bones the next day.

And then I hit something and stopped. The thing picked me up and carried me back. I have never in my whole life meant so much the ‘Thank You’ I told the guide. Pondering on it, almost days later I realized how brave he had been walking down edge of a rough mountain just to save a girl's life. The rest of the journey was a blur, body overtaking mind and walking all by itself.

DISCOVERING MYSELF

- A Journey

-AJAY C J

Let me introduce myself. I am an Indian.

Last summer I decided to go for a journey, wanting to

1. Visit Khajuraho, meet the sculpture of a drunk lady. Because normal human girls don't talk to me. (The sculpture is a critically acclaimed work among the art people)

2. Visit Varanasi, discover myself, get enlightened, apply for DalaiLamaship, if not selected, become a nanga baba or something.

3. Visit the North east - Assam, Meghalaya - eat momos. Thought I would be very hungry after all the self-discovering.

The train. General compartment. Got a good clean side seat. Very crowded. I have a very thin butt that leaves 70% of the seat vacant, meaning I am destined for eternity to share my seat with some old aunty. Seeing a person eyeing for my seat, I spread my legs. Then put my hand in the remaining space as a last resort to stop him. That did the trick.

That was when another person from behind tapped on my shoulders and asked me to move over. I dream of that day when I will look this person in the eye and with a 'base'y voice say "not this time, punk". Sort

of like Arnold Schwaznegger in Terminator.

Summer is definitely not a good time to travel. I had moved to upper berth and was getting slow cooked like 'kari-meen pollichathu' in a pool of my own sweat. No need to add salt.

KHAJURAH0

If I had known Khajuraho was filled with naked erotic sculptures in action and that the drunk lady happens to be the most decent among them I would have never travelled there. I am a proud Indian who respects his culture, the ways of the society and the democracy. And keeping with our standards, I propose these monstrosities be demolished.

I am quite sure Keats had never seen the Khajuraho when he wrote 'Ode to a Grecian Urn'. The feelings of these statues frozen forever is very..... I wish I could express myself more openly and freely and write down all the pathetic jokes flooding my mind. According to a guide, who is surely not mentally stable, it is this pretentious code of morality that the Khajuraho grandly ridicules. The Khajuraho inspires us to break the shackles of deceit and false culture and follow what the heart really desires. What do I really want in this world of shocking poverty



and gruesome wars...?
I want everyone to be naked.

Naked in thoughts and expressions. Not the obvious not wearing clothes naked. I do not, like some weird dufus, visualise such a world every day, where clothes are banned and wearing clothes or having possession of clothes is punishable to five years in prison and/or 10,000 rupees fine. Pffuu... Such people if they exist should rot in hell.

While in the Lakshman temple, the scorching sun was blinded by the very first monsoon clouds and it began raining, trapping me alone in this space time. I was stripped of my desire to move, to travel and was made to stop and that is when you begin to appreciate beauty. The intricate details in the sculptures and the overall theme of sensuousness that permeates the towering stones blinds you to a state where you feel a telepathic connection between you and the statues. (There is also a possibility that I could have been dehydrated from the heat and was delirious. I did have a conversation with the drunk lady, so I am not very sure.) There is life in those stones and they transcend you. While I was elevated to a trance of superior being, I also had to

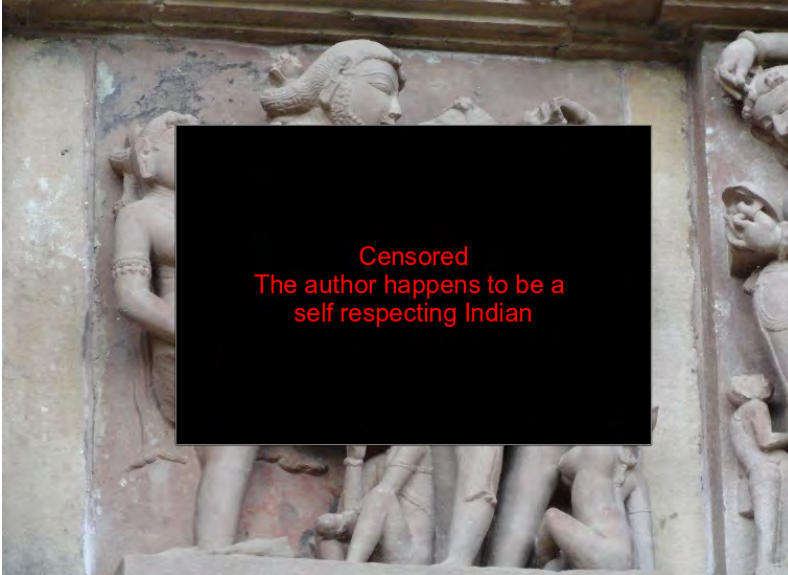
pee urgently. I swear, had my urinary bladder been a bit larger, I would have attained enlightenment.

Wanted to pee, didn't want to get wet. The cave was anyway filled with bat shit and smelled ridiculous. My mind did wander for a moment and I think the Gods weren't very happy about it.

VARANASI

I wanted to find something in Varanasi- the oldest living city, the land of gods and ghosts. There is something deep within the walls of the chawls, the ever burning pyres and the mesmerising chants. In the heat and dust, I searched for that I don't know. By the way, Puri jilebi is not a good breakfast. I wet my feet in the holy waters of the Ganges to find if it could show me. Then washed my feet under a tap because I love my feet. I walked among the holy cows* and holy shit until the sun sailed far into the Ganges (and the babas took out their iPads and began searching for new kundalus in snapdeal.com).





Censored
The author happens to be a
self respecting Indian



Author confused

*The author does not intend any insult to cows. He loves cows. He in fact misses them.

THE END

The Gods were definitely not happy. I could feel it in my stomach. The rest of the journey was marred by very serious food poisoning. And that is just a fancy word for loose motion. Even now, thinking about it, I feel disgusted. It was the first time I discovered that shit is not always monochromatic. Incidentally, this was the only self-discovery I made in the whole journey. Just to make sure I am communicating this properly, there was a rainbow coming out of my bottom. And that is why it is not a good idea to continue describing the next leg of the journey.



FIGHTING THE FIGHT ALONE

-REGIS JOHN

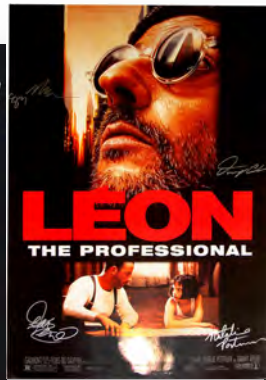
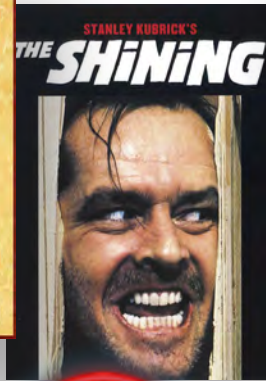
Fighting the fight alone,
Bracing the storms of life;
I stand on this bridge,
Waiting in the dark, searching for a face!
The nights never seem to end-
And there's none I can ever depend.
Many are the trials to bear-
And no one seems to really care.
Still waiting in the dark,
Oh nothing goes right!
Everything's a mess
Oh I've so much to fight!
All my mountains seem to erupt,
While my memories play the pranks;
It all fades the light of my soul-
Ah who likes to be alone!!
I've learned the hard way,
The first to go away,
Are those which we hold-
And this had turned me bold!
But how long, oh how long?
When all your plans have gone away-
And you just can't face another day!
When there's even none left to say, "Don't give up"
Yet I still wait in the darkness, searching for a face!



FOUNDATION DAY

Foundation Day, marking the day our institute first began functioning, was an entertaining event in both 2013 and 2014. 2013 was marked by a special lecture by Dr. Srikumar Banerjee, which was also the event of the release of the first Novellus! This was followed by a musical extravaganza, organised by Dr. Subhojit Sen, who himself enriched the evening with Bengali Rabindra Sangeet and Hindi geet and ghazals. There were also various instrumental and vocal performances by the students. Other faculty performances included a french song by Dr. Shameek Paul and a classical song by Dr. Jayashree Roy.

What followed in 2015 was an exceptional display of art. Deepika Potdar, a professional Bharatanatyam dancer from Sankhya dance creations, graced the occasion with her dance recital. Several performances from CBScients followed, to everyone's delight. So, all in all, it was a great day, truly marking the beginning of our institute.



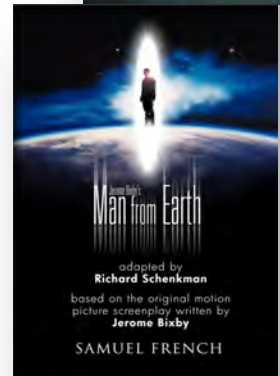
Get busy living, or
get busy dying.

I'm gonna make him an
offer he can't refuse.

We buy things we don't
need, with money we don't
have, to impress people we
don't like.

There is no spoon.

Say what one more time, I dare
you, I double dare you!

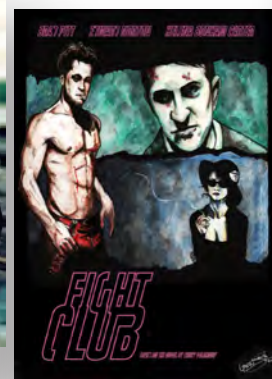


Say hello to my little friend.

Life is not the amount of
breaths that you take, it's the
moments that take your breath
away.

It's not who you are,
it's what you do that
defines you.

The greatest trick the devil
ever pulled was convincing
the world he didn't exist.



JUST ANOTHER PIECE OF MEAT

Those eyes, they lack lustre today
They panic, exposing the dismays within
They dare not look up the sky, to the moon
The one standing as the lone witness to that night.
Lone?
What about the poor body-
Or the ruined soul inside?
What about those ghouls-
Those devils in human forms-
Those fiends who take pleasure
In feeding on the soft core of blooming youth?
And the earth?
On which the helpless unclad body was laid
The earth, that felt those shocks, experienced the pain
Where exactly lies the the deficiency of witnesses?
Maybe thats why-
Today the eyes dare not venture outside
Instead, have found themselves a corner to rot in silence
Everything else still goes in perfect harmony.
This world has seen a lot of such
Nothing affects it anymore.
Days and nights cycle along-
Trees shed off leaves only to gain new ones
But the night these eyes are in
Will never see another sunrise.
Today this world so devoid of love
Seems much more naked that anything else.
Shaken,
These eyes write to 'God'
Asking Him why His world is so?

-Praneel Samanta



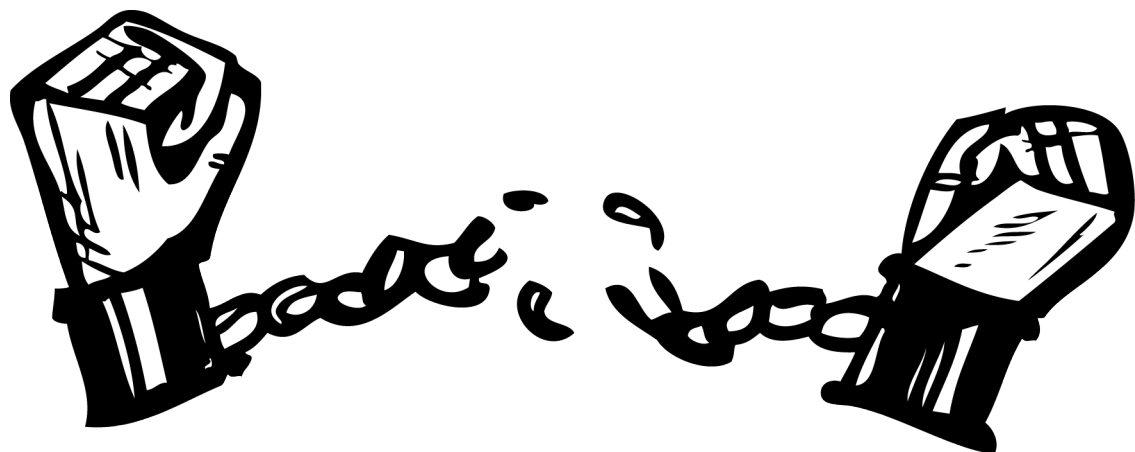
LOST FREEDOM

Poonam Singh
(Quanta 8)

I could see the birds flying in the sky
With no boundaries moving high and high
Free to wander here and there
Nothing to worry, nothing to care
Moving across the country,
spreading the message of harmony and peace
Going across millions of ponds, lakes, valleys and trees
Enjoying every moment having loads of fun
Then pierces a bullet through the gun.

Striking the bird now lies on ground,
Freedom lost not it found,
Looking out of the cage a world so wide,
Nothing for which it could strive.
Chirping stopped and vision bound,
Heartbeat lost and no more sound.

Is this the freedom for which we looked,
We wish if we could
Seeing the condition of birds in cage,
Nothing done for them just turning the page.
Now I find it is easy to feel
Birds fly high with no weal and woes
but for them it is a great deal to fly freely,
As this is the way there LIFE GOES.....



RAGNARÖK

Badminton

Singles(Boys)

Winner : Vamsi (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Abhjith Varma (Quanta 5)

Singles(Girls)

Winner : Akansha

Runner Up : Anushree (Quanta 5)

Double(Boys)

Winner : Vamsi & Somendu(Quanta 5)

Runner-Up : Abhijith Varma & Prateek Garg (Quanta 5)

Doubles(Girls)

Winner : Pinki & Bhavya Venkatesh (Quanta 7)

Runner-Up : Shraddha Agrawal & Sanwardhini Pantawane (Quanta 7)

Doubles(Mixed)

Winner : Vamsi & Anushree (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Bhavya & Upnishad (Quanta 7)

Volleyball (Girls)

Winner : Quanta 4

Runner Up : Quanta 3

Football

Winner : Quanta 5

Runner-Up : Quanta 3

Cricket

Winner : Quanta 4

Runner Up : CBS XI

Basketball

Winner : Quanta 4

Runner Up : Quanta 6

Volleyball (Boys)

Winner : Quanta 4

Runner Up : Quanta 6

Ragnarok 2014: The annual sports fortnight fest for the academic year 2013-2014 of UM-DAE CEBS was organised by students of Quanta 7 and Quanta 6. The events ranged from Chess and Carrom to Cricket and Football. Students, researchers and faculty members across all spheres of science at CBS participated in the events. Events like Chess and Carrom saw some thrilling performance from the participating students. Table tennis and Badminton saw some of the best game seen at CBS in a long time, with Jaw dropping shots becoming a regularly observed phenomenon for the audience. Volleyball, Carrom and other events were also attended by huge crowds that really set the mood up for a super charged game by the competing teams. The event concluded with the Prize distributions Ceremony, and the Closing Ceremony Dinner provided by the Institute. All set for next year, the students of CBS wait with their breaths abated for January 2015, when the next edition of Ragnarok rolls out. The winners for the sports events are as follows:

Table Tennis:

Singles(Boys)

Winner : Prateek Garg (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Aklant (Quanta 3)

Singles(Girls)

Winner : Kaarunya (Quanta 6)

Runner Up : Shraddha Agrawal (Quanta 7)

Doubles(Boys)

Winner : Prateek Garg & Vishal Padwal (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Chaitanya & Vamsi

Doubles(Girls)

Winner : Kaarunya & Aswathi (Quanta 6)

Runner Up : Shraddha Agrawal & Bhavya Venkatesh (Quanta 7)

Doubles(Mixed)

Winner : Chaitanya (Quanta 5) & Kaarunya (Quanta 6)

Runner Up : Nikhil and Anjitha (Quanta 6)

Chess

Winner : Harsha Vardhan Rao(Quanta 6)

Runner Up : Krishnadev N. (Quanta 5)

Carrom

Winner : Aklant Bhowmick & S. Gholam

Wahid (Quanta 3)

Runner Up : Ashok Chowdary & Prateek Garg (Quanta 5)



Badminton

Singles(Boys)

Winner : Somendu Maurya (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Anirudh Pillai (Quanta 6)

Singles(Girls)

Winner : Shraddha Agrawal (Quanta 7)

Runner Up : Bhavya Venkatesh (Quanta 7)

Double(Boys)

Winner : Somendu & Abhijith V (Quanta 5)

Runner-Up : Sanchit & Salman (Quanta 6)

Doubles(Girls)

Winner : Poonam & Anjali (Quanta 8)

Runner-Up : Shraddha & Bhavya (Quanta 7)

Doubles(Mixed)

Winner : Ankush & Divya (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Aron & Shraddha (Quanta 7)



Ragnarok 2015 : Ragnarok this year tested everyone's sporting spirit in the virtual world as well as the real one. Along with the usual sports of cricket, football, badminton, table tennis, basketball, volleyball, carrom and chess, this year also incorporated the strategy games of Counter Strike and Age of Empires. Although some of the games were a little delayed, the others were concluded in nail-biting finales.

The winners of Ragnarok 2015 are :

Table Tennis:

Singles(Boys)

Winner : Abhijith Varma (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Tejas Singar (Quanta 8)

Singles(Girls)

Winner : Shraddha Agrawal (Quanta 7)

Runner Up : Bhavya Venkatesh (Quanta 7)

Doubles(Boys)

Winner : Abhinav & Sunil (Quanta 8)

Runner Up : Chaitanya & Vishal (Quanta 5)

Doubles(Girls)

Winner : Kaarunya & Aswathi (Quanta 6)

Runner Up : Shraddha & Bhavya (Quanta 7)

Doubles (Mixed)

Winner : Poonam & Abhinav (Quanta 8)

Runner Up : Rashmi & Sunil (Quanta 8)

Chess

Winner : Fahid Latheef (Quanta 8)

Runner Up : Pratik Kumbhar (Quanta 3)

Carrom

Winner : Abhijith V & Sumalata (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Salman & Abhishek (Quanta 6)

Age of Empires

Winner : Ajay CJ, Prashant Chauhan, Abhijith Varma and Mohammed Saifullah (Quanta 5)

Runner Up : Harshavardhan Rao, Ankit Kumawat, Rishabh Gupta, Akshay K (Quanta 6)

Counter Strike

Winner : Quanta 6

Runner Up : Quanta 8

Cricket

Winner : Quanta 4

Runner Up : Quanta 5

Basketball

Winner : Quanta 4 & 5

Runner Up : Quanta 8

Volleyball

Girls'

Winner : Senior Girls

Runner Up : Quanta 4





The Day My Sun rose late

Prathyusha Sukumar
(Quanta 7)

8:05 A.M.

A wet, cloudy Tuesday morning.

'Not again', I sighed when I realised that my eyes had swung to the door. I stared at it for a long minute.

I just had enough time to swing my eyes back to the board before Baba sir, who was scribbling a set of formulas on electric field caused at different positions in space by solid and hollow charged spheres, turned on his back and began, in a loud, monotonous and dreary voice, explaining those formulas.

As was his habit, he would pace back and forth in the class when he explained a concept. He began his ritual today, started from the board, crossed the first bench, stopped at the second one where I sat and then his drooling voice died down and he bent towards me.

Wait, did he catch me staring at the door instead of the board? I'm dead. His hand reached over for my notebook on the desk.

'Haven't we finished about fields of charged rings and discs yet?', he asked after scrolling through it.

'No, Sir', I trembled with a squeaky voice.

'Oh, I guess I forgot. I'll do it after I complete spheres. Remind me.'

'Okay, sir'

He straightened up and began walking to the back of the class, his voice again drooling about electric fields.

The moment he had crossed my bench, my eyes went to the door. Again.

'Crap. It has almost become a habit now.' I thought, after tuning out Baba sir's voice from my head.

'That's because you have been doing it for days now' a little voice in my head pitched in.
I checked my watch. '8:20'

I was getting frustrated now. Twenty minutes since class had started. Why doesn't the door

swing open? Why doesn't he come?

Hey, wait a minute. Whom am I waiting for? Whom am I staring at the door for? What am I doing?

'You're waiting for him. Obviously'

Of course not.

Then why are my eyes glued to the door?

The door swung open. one, two, three, four. Four guys barged in sweating, huffy puffy, looking as if they had covered the stairs to our third floor classroom, in a run.

I gave them a quick glance. He wasn't there.

I tried to push him out of my head. I wanted to focus on electric fields. I tuned in Baba's voice.

After half an hour, with the thoughts in my head oscillating between Harsh and electric fields, the class ended.

Baba Sir packed his books and left. Next was Maths class, after ten minutes.

I moved to the back of the class and peeped out of the window. It had been raining. The clouds were hiding the sun. I stretched my hand out through the window and

Pitter, patter. Two tiny, little drops fell onto my outstretched palm.

"Sir's coming", someone yelled as he entered the classroom and shut the door.

I withdrew my hand. The chattering students shuffled back to their seats. I settled down again at the front. Our Maths teacher, short and stocky, threw the door open and walked in. But as he was about to bolt the door, someone stepped from the shadows beyond.

'May I come in, Sir?'

And the sun emerged. He ran his fingers through his raven hair, shook the rain out of it and smiled apologetically at the teacher.

Our teacher grumbled his assent.

The sun stepped in.

He smiled at me and filled my head with light. I outwardly ignored that smile and lowered my head. He sat down on a bench beside me.

"Hello, Miss".

*'You're waiting for him.
Obviously'*

Of course not.

I turned to look at him. At those laughing eyes. The depth and strength in them, that the carelessness on top covered up well, forcing me to give up.

No. I wouldn't forgive him for being late that easily.

I was about to turn away but he smiled brighter. So bright, it broke through my defense. My stubbornness.

It mesmerized me.

My lips, of their own accord, curved into a dazzling smile.

And I gave up.



Jigyasa



Jigyasa is the annual inter-college science quiz organized by the CBScients. Jigyasa tries to emphasize on scientific and out-of-the-box thinking amongst the participating students. It is organized traditionally by the third Year Undergraduates in CBS. Jigyasa has been evolving rapidly each year, reaching out to more and more students since its inception in 2011 by Quanta-3.

For the academic year 2013-14, Jigyasa was organized by Quanta-5, and it was open for students from science, engineering and medical backgrounds. Registrations were done through an online portal, in teams of 2 or 3 students. The efforts made for the promotion of the event were met with a huge response from colleges across Mumbai and Pune.

Jigyasa consisted of 3 rounds, the first of which was a written screening round. Top 10 teams were selected for participating in the next round. The second round consisted of hands-on experiments, demonstrations and scientific puzzles, and it was a huge hit among the participants. 5 teams were selected for the final quiz round, which tested the finalists for quick analytical thinking and scientific aptitude. The whole competition was based only on higher secondary level knowledge of Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics and Biology, since the participants hailed from different subject backgrounds.

The daylong event concluded with an interesting final round attended by teams from Mumbai and Pune. The team from IISER Pune bagged the winner's title. All undergraduates from Quanta-5 were very actively involved in creating the question bank, promoting and organizing the event and correcting the answers. An effort was made to keep all questions, experiments and demonstrations challenging as well as interesting. The whole process of conducting this event was a great learning experience, along with being extremely enjoyable.

Like Einstein once said, "Any fool can know, the point is to understand". This year's Jigyasa, organized by a grand effort of Quanta 6, was aimed exactly at testing the understanding of its participants. Each of the teams participating from the expanse of Pune and Mumbai to compete for their claim to curiosity. The first round was a written examination conducted in 5 centres across Mumbai and Pune. The round required the participants to qualify for three out of four subjects-Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics and Biology. Fighting their way through the fierce competition, Ten teams reached the second round. The second round was held in CBS. It tested people in science, with events such as Experiments, Puzzles and Akinators in each of the four subjects. The top four performing teams- IIT Bombay, ICT,Mumbai, UM-DAE-CBS and St. Xavier's, Mumbai qualified for the final round. The final round had events which tested accuracy under pressure. It had the General Science Awareness round, a Rapid Fire round and the buzzer round. Finally the team from IIT Bombay was declared the winners. The event was sponsored by Mahindra Two Wheelers.



Science Club at CBS:

The Science Club at CBS aims to facilitate science propagation amongst the students of CBS. Alongside, the Club provides a platform for CBScients to present their own talks on the fields they are interested in. In the academic year 2013-2014, the Science Club organised the following events:

The secret life of chaos: A documentary that answers very simple question-How did we get here? This is about series of bizarre and interconnected discoveries that reveals hidden secrets of nature. It is about how order emerges from disorder.

Hawking Paradox:

What if the world was so strange that we could never hope to understand it? And science was wasting its time trying to do so. It sounds like some sort of thing, a mystique might say. But this was a suggestion made three decade ago by the famous scientist Stephen Hawking. This is a story of his most controversial theory and perhaps his greatest mistake.

Hunting the hidden dimensions: This documentary reveals one of the nature's biggest design secret. It is an odd looking shape that you may never heard off, but it is everywhere around you. The jagged repeating form called Fractal. Making the invisible, visible. What mystery did it help unravel?

What is one degree? :

Do you ever wonder about what is temperature? Is temperature a real quantity in nature like mass? If you don't know the answer, well this documentary tries to explain the idea of temperature, the idea of hotter and colder bodies. This documentary investigates secrets of temperature by some basic experiments

The Genius of Charles Darwin:

This documentary series is about perhaps the most powerful idea that has ever occur to the human mind. The idea of evolution by natural selection and the genius who thought of it, Charles Darwin. What Darwin achieved was nothing less than the complete explanation of the complexity and diversity of all life forms and yet it is the simplest idea anyone ever had. Evolution offers far richer and spectacular view of life than any religious story. It is about how Darwin opened up our eyes to the extraordinary reality of our world. This first documentary is about life of Darwin, how he discovered his theory of evolution, what it is and why it matters?

Geometry of 3 manifolds- Curtis McMullen:

This video highlights one of the works of the Gregori Perelman, one of the central conceptual problem in 3 dimensional space, which has confounded mathematicians for about a century. This fundamental problem is in low dimension topology. This video gives a brief tour of shapes and forms to give the glimpses of problem primarily addressed and a hint of its remarkable solution.

Astrophysical Magnetic Fields – Amit Seta (Quanta 3)

Magnetic fields are ubiquitous in nature and play an important role in astrophysical situations. Considering its universal nature, the speaker would try to address following few questions in the talk :-

Q) Why we do not generally worry so much about electric fields,

the companion of magnetic fields, in astrophysical situations ?

Q) What is the mechanism of generation of large scale coherent magnetic fields ? Importance of scales and coherence?

Q) Sustainability of magnetic field and its dissipation?

Q) How helpful they are to astrophysical objects?

Specific example for neutron stars.

BEAUTY, AMBROSIA & IMMORTALITY

- Praneel Samanta (Quanta 5)

Almost everyone in this world dreams to earn millions, somehow, at a single go. Well, here is a chance for you all. These mathematical problems have been standing unsolved for quite some time and solving them can really get you millions in one go. Who knows, maybe YOU are the “Chosen One” for solving them.

Changing Signatures: Long term pulse shape variations in

Pulsars

- Amar Deo Chandra (Quanta 3)

Pulsars are rapidly rotating neutron stars ($P \sim 1.4 \text{ ms} - 8 \text{ s}$), having the size of a small city ($R \sim 10 \text{ km}$) yet containing mass comparable to our Sun. They are ‘dead’ stars, born in supernova explosions. These pulsars emit electromagnetic radiation detected as pulses similar to signals from a lighthouse. These pulses are used to get the integrated profile of the pulsar, which can be treated like the ‘fingerprint’ or the ‘signature’ of the pulsar for a given frequency. Till date, about two thousand pulsars have been discovered, each exhibiting unique ‘signature’. But these signatures may vary with time. The talk discussed correlation between changing signature and spin-down rates for few pulsars.

ASTRONOMY WORKSHOP BY Dr. ANANDA HOTA

The workshop included the following :

Introduction to extra-galactic Radio astronomy using data from GMRT telescope. The main focus was on searching in the NED database and learning Contour maps and to start investigating radio images from our own GMRT telescope, pride of India. GMRT images at 150 MHz (or wavelength of 2 metres) which primarily detects old relativistic plasma ejected by jets from super massive black holes (million to billion times mass of the sun). Also when clusters of galaxies, containing 100-1000 galaxies, collide they create huge shock waves, sub-atomic particles get accelerated in these shock waves and GMRT is best to catch them and further investigate how small to large structures in our Universe evolve with time. Discovery of the exotic galaxy ‘Specs’, using GMRT, is one such example.

A poet's Prophecy

-MADDY

Upon this hour Darkness veils
Darker still the glory to come
While watches stop walls be none
Time lives Clocks remorse

When staffs Turn serpents
Then friends be made foes
And foes not footstool remain
Only Stronger a foe will he remain

A morsel of food not be taken
Without gluttony and fresh a deceit
Hounds be fed from flesh of the dead
The rivers red and the rains be burned

A time sure to come
Of the beggar his bowl be robbed
While lust prevails when is to triumph reign

When men no longer think
Themselves more than mind
Me and mine alone
When the anthem says
Destruction swift sound Preys.

BEAUTY WAKES AT NIGHT

Maithreyi Ramakrishnan

Beauty wakes at night
When the moon peeks out
And stars are in sight

Wind whispers and bustles
Carrying distant song and shout
From lit up castles.

Reflections giggle in the stream
Smiles and laughter spout
And wakefulness is a dream

Beauty wakes at night
When the light fades out
And the horizon is full of might.

ORIS

Along with these activities, A painting exhibition by students and alumni and A Photography and handicraft exhibition were organised. This exhibition was visited by many outsiders and was widely appreciated by students and faculty alike.

Prior to Oris, the art club members made a promotional video 'Art in Motion', which can be found on YouTube, and a collage was made, which went ahead to be popular, both offline and online.

All the artwork created on the two days are kept for viewing in the CBS library and can also be viewed on our official Facebook Page, <https://www.facebook.com/CbsArtClub>.



ORIS is an open art festival held every year as a part of the CBS Art Club activity.

This year, Oris came with a new burst of energy and creativity. It was held on the 15th and 16th of March 2014. To give CBScients creative freedom to come up with ideas of their own, this platform was open to all. All of the materials were provided by the art club.

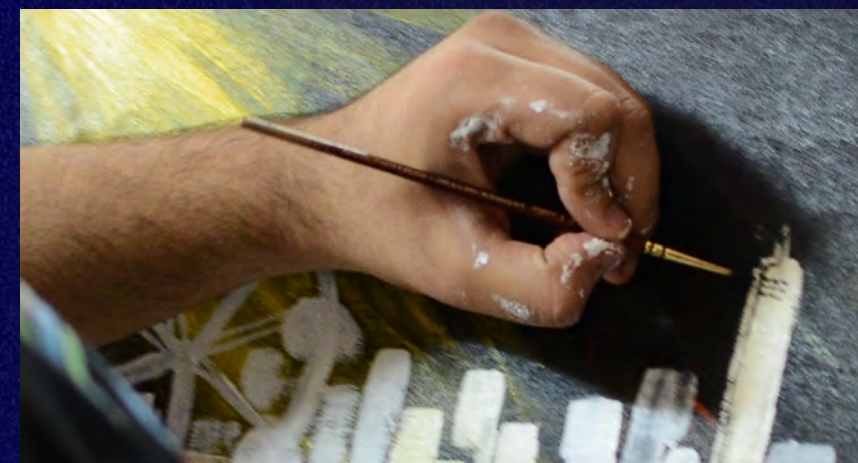
The first day saw an open painting session on paper. It was accompanied by an Origami session by Prof. Nagarajan, where students made everything from hats to planes. The second day was just as eventful. It started with a flower arrangement session, face painting and a continuation of the Origami session. It was followed in the evening with a Debate on 'Emotion versus Rationality'. It was received well with CBScients, as students from all batches attended and debated hotly over the topic.



Amidst

When the ears remembered nothing but the sound of routine
 When the eyes were deprived of joy colours
 When the toes were tired of the mere contact with the ceramic ground
 When the touch lost its sensation
 It came with rhythm, rhyme carefree of time
 And the feet danced and played with the ground
 And the eyes overwhelmed with the colour
 The colour of flowers, paints, and emotions that began to decorate the canvas
 The ears rejoiced the sound of music
 The music which was spreading from classical to hip hop to salsa
 Amidst the night lost in the music, surrounded with colours and lost in emotions
 It came with rhythm, rhyme carefree of time
 Oris stood there casting its spell.

-Sanwardhini Pantawane
 (Quanta 7)



LOVE AT NIGHT

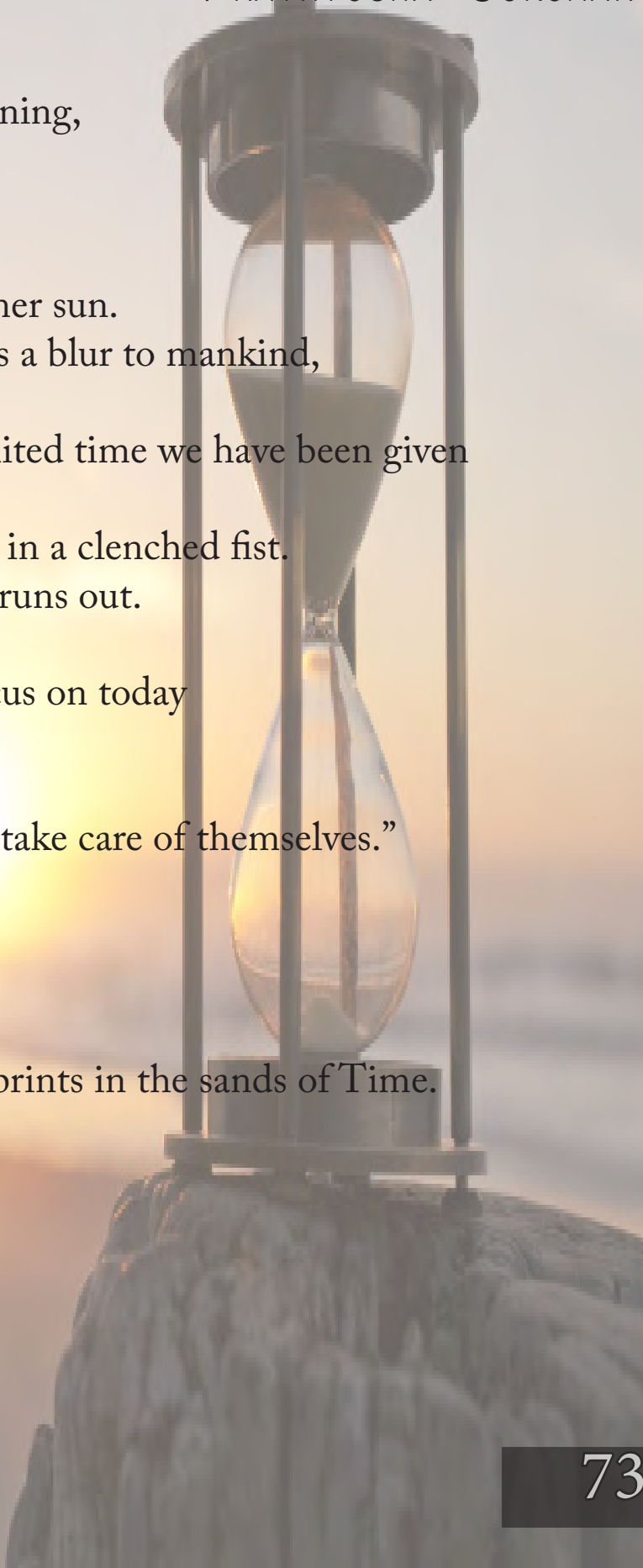
-Aswathi K Sivan

When I speak of love at night,
It's not the lustful moan of a mistress in bed
Love at night - I met on my way,
When I closed my eyes for a while,
She was taken away in death,
I was too young to know them - tears,
Later I knew the depth of the void,
The one ditched in my heart on that silent night
Later I saw my father in tears,
And felt the silence in heart,
Nights would pass and winds too came,
Silent nights did come and go,
But when I closed my eyes this night,
It was the love I felt in the air,
Rising from the void to fill
All the other voids of nights that passed,
Closer I felt and naked too,
Love at night filling the pores,
It wasn't the body at play,
But a lustful mind deprived of love!



Right Now..

PRATHYUSHA SUKUMAR

An hourglass is positioned on the right side of the page, resting on a dark, textured rock. The background is a soft-focus sunset or sunrise over a body of water, with the sun low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow. The hourglass has a dark frame and two glass bulbs, with sand visible inside. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Morning will slip into noon,
And noon will lose itself to the evening,
And evening to night.
Thus a day is gone.
And weeks, months, years and more
Will melt away like ice in the summer sun.
The time between birth and death is a blur to mankind,
Except to the few,
Who have learnt to manage the limited time we have been given
here.
Time will slip away like beach sand in a clenched fist.
So, don't sit and watch as your time runs out.
Give up that procrastination.
Stop thinking about tomorrow; Focus on today
Because as a great man rightly said,
"You take care of the seconds,
The minutes, the days, the years will take care of themselves."
The clock's ticking away,
Buck up,
Start away now.
Right Now.
And leave more than just your footprints in the sands of Time.

GIVE ME YOUR LOVE

-REGIS JOHN

I feel so lost but what can I do!?
I'm left in the silence that tears my
heart,
But you could read my eyes like open
doors,
And find my hands and body's numb!

Faking a smile, lying I'm okay,
Days are passing and clocks are ticking;
All I know, this love is real
Know I try to tell you that I love you
for real.

I'm hurt so bad with a hole in my
heart!
I've missed you for long and I can't
hold on.
How much more this heart can ever
love?
Now I'm dying, Oh dying with the
holes in my heart!

I fight my fights on my own, but now I
feel I can't hold on;
Oh know that you're a part of me,
N you mean the world to me,
But here I am without you.

I fell in love in the worst way!
N I'm so afraid that my end is here.
Oh hold my heart, hold my hand,
Take me to light and drive my fears.

I'll be the one; I'll be your light,

To hold you through fright, so you're
alright.
Oh the colors of true love, the colors of
our dreams,
All we can see, but just take my hand.

I'd tell you things you never ever heard,
Weave your dreams with my gleeful smile;
I see you sitting thinking over, while
I stare at God and search for reasons!

I say the words and I confessed to you,
But still here I am without you,
I met with the painful silence-
And all I heard is nothing!
Oh! I wish I could hear words-
But all I got is nothing!

It's like a fire burning inside,
Oh! How do I find my words!
Only you can call me out, out from this
hell

Still I could see your face, your lips are
moving,
But I don't hear a word.

Read my mind, read my thoughts,
Know my love is like a red, red rose.
You're listening to me, yet I'm crying
here-

There ain't a word in this world to de-
scribe this.

So change your mind and say you're mine,
Give me your love and we'll live forever!

Hostel Diaries

It was late one evening in the ABS garden when volleyball practice was in full swing. And so a long shot came flying from one end, and X ran towards it screaming "It's mine! I'll take it!". And so X did hit it and the ball went flying... in the wrong direction. Bounced once off the ceiling of the building, hit the ground, bounced back and smashed the tubelight into tiny pieces. And so X was left panicking, as we all ran around to clear the evidence of the crime.

- Anonymous

What do you do when you come home from lab at 7:30 in the evening, step out into your balcony to get some fresh air only to find a group of seven snakes wriggling as if to greet you? And you would like to greet them back, but all you can do is scream in sheer terror. And the best part, when you do drag some of the housekeeping staff over there to back up your tale, they have all vanished. So you gather all the advised remedies of turmeric, ginger and garlic, and onions in water and hope that Nag devta does not honour you with a visit later in the evening. And, luckily without needing to call the sapera, they do go away and all is well again.

-Sanwardhini K Pantawane

A:I have something very important to tell you.

B:What? Who is this?

A:It's a great secret. I have never told anyone about this. Not even my parents know.

B:What is it?

A: It's something that will change everyone's lives forever.

B: What is it?!

A:This is very hard for me but... I'm Batman!

B:?!!

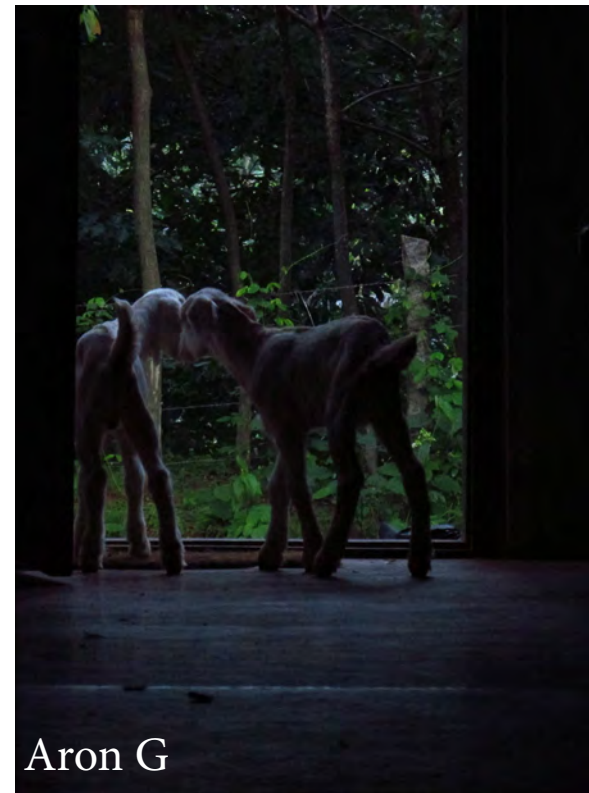
-Anonymous



Prashant Chauhan



Bhavya Venkatesh



Aron G



Dwiti Krushna Das



Aditya Singh

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SHOT AT SIG HT



Krishnadev N



Abhishek Howlader



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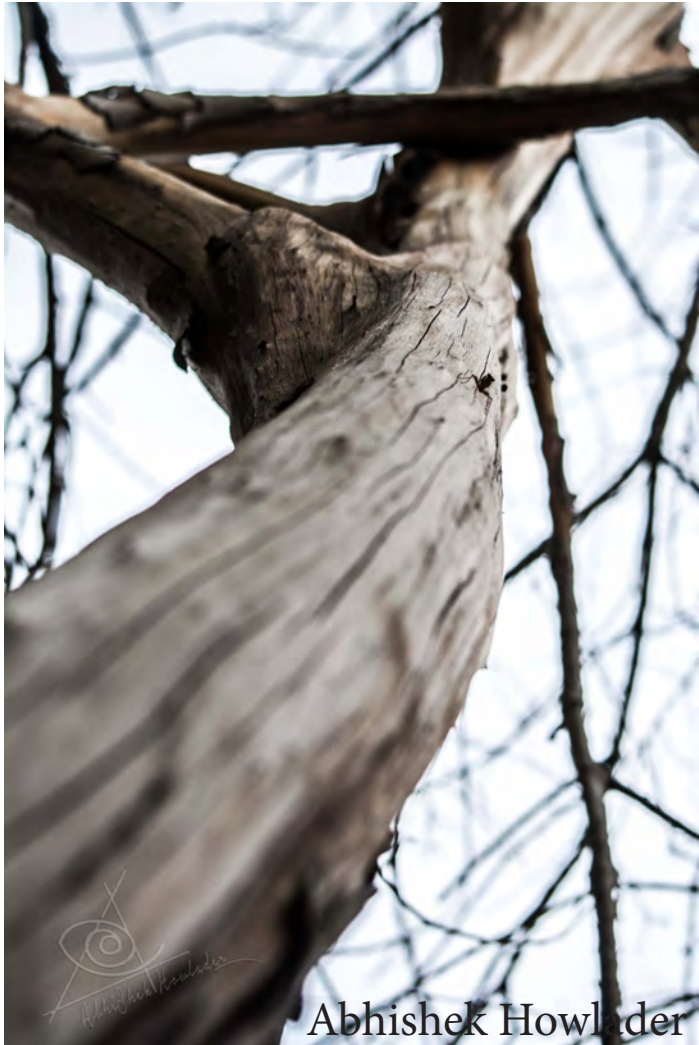
Aditya Singh



Prashant Chauhan



Pinki



Abhishek Howlader



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Abhishek Howlader



Bhavya Venkatesh



Dwiti Krushna Das



BHAVYA



ASWATHI



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HARSH

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CHAITANYA



SHRADDHA



DUTTATREY



ANJITHA



University of Mumbai - Department of Atomic Energy
Centre for Excellence in Basic Sciences

University of Mumbai - Kalina Campus
Santacruz East Mumbai 400 098

w: www.cbs.ac.in
t: +91 22 2652 4983
f: +91 22 2652 4982
e: registrar@cbs.ac.in