

V.A.U.L.T

September 9, 2014

Vernacular About University's Lively Tales

Issue #2

Shuru '14

Shuru '14 was a sight to behold. It was crazy, dramatic, engaging and had oodles of entertainment. Savvy individuals came forth and showcased their fine talents for us spectators to marvel. The crowd was so engaging and enthusiastic, it set this show apart.



Green walk

The current global population is 7.2 billion and the Earth's total resources are available for only 2 billion people*. With statistics as grisly as these, the nascent SRM Environment Club (SEC) has embarked on a journey to help attain sustainability. The theme for their first event was Awareness.



Articles

Writing is anything that goes outside the bounds of normal professional .Expressing the once views through pen is more powerful than any other form.

"It's none of their business that you have to learn to write. Let them think you were born that way"



**PICTURE
PERFECT**

Capture The Memory - Share The Experience

Picture Perfect

Photography, as a powerful medium of expression and communication, offers an infinite variety of perception interpretation and execution.

V . A . U . L . T

Shuru Roadshow



Shuru is the event that officially welcomes the freshers into the SRM fold by giving them an opportunity to not only showcase their talents but also to interact, compete and learn.

One month into the beginning of the academic year, the preparations for Shuru start in full force. And 2014 was no different. What was different was the way Shuru '14 was publicized. So on the evening of 9 August, everyone on campus saw a red tractor rolling down the streets of SRM. If not the enthusiasm of the people hooting atop the vehicle then the anomalous vehicle itself had heads turning from one end to the other. After traversing the entire campus, they ended their journey at Java where the remaining event took place.



No prizes for guessing that the entire crowd present in Java immediately assembled around the group performing in the roadshow. Yashabh Abbas took the mic and explained about the event and its subcategories and what to expect from it. After this, there ensued a round of public interaction. The enthusiastic freshers of 2014, as expected, were very participative. Of course, like most other events and roadshows of SRM, this one too would not have been complete without a singing performance by Vimal which enthralled all the people present there as usual. In conclusion, the roadshow was a huge success and secured the promise of an even more successful Shuru '14 too.



"If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him"



SHURU'14

Shuru '14 was a sight to behold. It was crazy, dramatic, engaging and had oodles of entertainment. Savvy individuals came forth and showcased their fine talents for us spectators to marvel. The crowd was so engaging and enthusiastic, it set this show apart. Vice Chancellor (In - Charge), Dr. T. P. Ganesan and Dr. P. K. A. Muneeswaran, the Director (CASM) (OFD) were the dignitaries for this event. They stressed on the necessity to develop the finer aspects of character through arts and participation. With a roaring applause from the audience, Shuru kicked off with the Solo Dance performances. The dance convener Aishwarya mesmerized us with her grace and dexterity. We got lost in her fast paced rhythm and found the immediate need to pick our jaws up.

"Dance, when you're broken open. Dance, if you've torn the bandage off. Dance in the middle of the fighting. Dance in your blood. Dance when you're perfectly free."

-Rumi

The line-up of dancers awed us one after the other. Each dancer was unique but their passion, exultation and energy were constant. Looking at them smile as they performed intricate and complex moves, raised the level of their artistry. We could wax lyrical about how

amazing it was watching each of these individuals perform, but we're keeping this short and describing what we loved about these performances. With a mix of fun, attitude, rad moves and awesome song selection, these seventeen individuals stupefied us. The smooth masked dancer interpreting the lyrics of Apologize, giving us the feels. Crazy dancers with crazy style and attitude, who you can imagine dancing for movies. The Boyfriend dancer who danced right out of Glee. Lil Wayne impersonator whose performance was electric and akin to a contortionist. The desi boys were performers with hit song selections and were a blast to watch. "Cinema/Shiela ki Jawani" performer was so much fun! He was a true performer and we couldn't get enough.

The winner Tujhe Bhula Diya was unforgettable. His performance left us awestruck. Give him brownie points for his air time. Now, the women were a different ball game. They were classical, sensual and had so much character. From classical to breakdancing the women flipped switches so quickly in their performances, we had a great time watching them groove. We kept Bleeding Love for these performers with killer smiles, elegance and hypnotic moves. "Tum hi ho bandu" was classically interpreted and it blew our minds. The classical dancers matched taal for taal, impressing the crowd with their finesse.

The Short Shoot segment of the show was poignant and beautiful. Three 100 (frame? Specification) short films transcended the language barrier and brought to light overlooked social issues. These masterpieces depicted so much emotion and were magnificently made.

"Mike check anyone?"

Give some love to the music club! With their charming rendition of Ed Sheeran's Give Me Love by the music club the melodious segment of the event commenced. Talented musicians and power vocals, these individuals let it go and showed us what they got.

"If I were not a physicist, I would probably be a musician. I often think in music. I live my daydreams in music. I see my life in terms of music."

— Albert Einstein

If the age old adage that imitation is a form of flattery holds any truth, the Tamil entertainer for the day was a master flatterer churning out one impeccable impersonation after another of the country's famous superstars - Shah Rukh Khan, Rajnikanth, Kamal Hassan to name a few.

Next up was the group mime. They choose to depict a wide spectrum of social issues starting with religious discontent and disparity, sending the message that our creator is one, only referenced by various different names. Next they moved on to a more pressing topic for current times - rape.

"Love Speaks to the hearth like a mime to a mute"

— Jarod Kintz

It was heartening to watch how despite the absence of any dialogue, they skillfully captured the apathy that public casts on rape victims, and how the gawk and stare and make an issue but never work towards punishing the guilty. And as soon as the next big issue comes up, they flock to it without giving a second thought to the victim. Their brilliant performance was applauded by a well deserved standing ovation

by the audience and it left an indelible mark on the minds of those watching. Dispensing the somber mood set by the mime, a first year student performed a little magic show. Our in-house Harry Potter had quite a few neat tricks up his sleeve. He made sticks and tables levitate. Pulled out a seemingly never ending ribbon from a hat. Swallowed a sword. Played with rings. And pretty much demonstrated every standard magician move in the book short of pulling a rabbit or pigeon out of his hat.

When the Sports club came on to introduce themselves, they took a rather unusual approach. A representative of the club took the stage and flexed every well chiseled muscle gluing every pair of female eyes to the stage. His performance audience, mostly the ladies.

concluded with a violent eruption of hoots from the audience. The group dance category was inaugurated by none other than our very own DNA who brought to stage their usual effortless style and truckloads of passion and talent. After them, the fresher groups took the stage one by one. Amongst themselves, 7 Dancers, Fresh Steppers, Peace, Dangerous Divas, Crew 10 and Atomizer housed a plethora of dancing talent. They sent foots tapping and hands clapping as they filled the room with energy.

The aero modeling club came on stage next to showcase their aero model. The model, a copter, could not only fly but also housed a camera. As it was made to traverse the entire length of the auditorium, it hovered over eager faces waiting to be captured by the camera. The hosts decided to indulge the audience in a Mexican wave. The copter followed the rising and falling hands recording the wave. The model was a clear depiction of the fact that innovation and creativity are the major pillars of the education imparted in SRM.

Considering their immense popularity, it was no surprise that DNA were called onto the stage one more time, giving the audience the "once more" they've always demanded. After DNA, Alter Ego followed suit both in terms of talent and energy.



V . A . U . L . T

“GREEN WALK”**“Be the change that you wish to see in the world”**

The current global population is 7.2 billion and the Earth's total resources are available for only 2 billion people*. With statistics as grisly as these, the nascent SRM Environment Club (SEC) has embarked on a journey to help attain sustainability. The theme for their first event was Awareness.

Now, for the most part, people are insensitive and lazy towards any cause concerning the environment. We have too much to worry about, too many things to do, too much to accomplish to spare a few thoughts about the gradual degradation of the one thing that has made and continues to make our daily existence possible. Teenagers and young people of today have an especially frivolous attitude towards the environment. We have all the energy and the passion and the drive but rarely direct in the general direction of environment protection programs. This is what makes this group of youngsters different. The SRM Environment Club, with its passionate and driven members and their genuine concern for the environment, successfully orchestrated this event which was one of its kind in SRM. A major credit to their success goes to the novel approach they took to spread their message. Instead of ladling out insipid sermons that fall flat on most people's ears, they organized a walk with dancing, drums et al. As this light brigade took to the street, some of the participants began dancing like there was no tomorrow. The rhythmic beating of the drum attracted every pair of ears in the vicinity. And if this didn't fetch enough attention already, their six mascots - Green Warrior, Pot Girl, Pot Man, Plastic Man, Paper Man and Tree Man with their eccentric costumes instantly got eyeballs turning.

“Earth provides enough to satisfy every man's needs, but not every man's greed.”

— Mahatma Gandhi

The question was, why did this group of young people decide to sacrifice their evening to this cause? What was their reason for participating in the walk? We asked around and got a whole bunch of interesting answers:

"We have to save the world from pollution"

"To let people know that the environment is significant to us"

"To help spread awareness about environmental degradation"

Apart from above generic answers, there were also some fun answers :

A very chipper Pot Girl said, "Because the environment needs us" and then also slid in a comment about being totally open for taking selfies in her Pot Girl glory.

Shruthi kept her answer succinct by stating simply that she was an environmentalist.

Sinduja's answer was a little more elaborate, "I'm doing this walk because I love trees.

And because I get to paint my face. And because I get to gather this energetic crowd"

For more serious answers we turned to the brains of the event. Danny sir who was pointed out as the 'culprit' behind the organization of this event stated that there were close to twenty thousand people in SRM but very little awareness about environmental issues in this formidable population. He believed that this event would educate our little world away from the world here about the concerns for the environment and lead to the betterment of its condition in the giant scheme of events.

“It is horrifying that we have to fight our own government to save the environment.”

— Ansel Adams

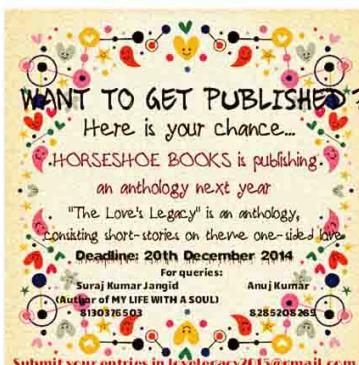
The rally dispersed at SRM's Tech Park, where there was a small program set up by the SEC for the students. In collaboration with the SEC, the music club produced two beautiful renditions of old Bollywood songs. Satrangi from Dil Se was a tribute to the beautiful colors the natural landscape is always painted with. And Gulabi Aankhen, as they put it was for our mother nature's eyes and as the witty singer slowly slipped in, "also our lovers".

This was followed by a violin supported performance of Michael Jackson's Heal The World. Namita and Vedika added an opera-esque feel to the soiree filling it with soulful music.

The poignant play by the Drama Club stressed on the importance of Environmental Education in every student's life.

A frenzied and busy convener, Alisha finally found time to give closing words for the event. "Dude it's the environment" she stated matter-of-fact-ly. She posed a potent question: "We're thankful and indebted to our mothers till the day we die, isn't it? Then why the disregard for mother nature who has nurtured and provided for us in a similar manner?" Spreading awareness and restoring a semblance of respect for our was the main motive behind orchestrating the event, she stated in conclusion. Satyaki Ganguly adeptly described his peers by stating that we have short attention spans and these short attention spans have to be concentrated on the cause of the environment because we're responsible for its deterioration. Small steps towards a big change was the vision he held.

The SEC believes in awareness. They believe in change. They believe in themselves to ignite a change, and their belief is what shall catalyze a revolution towards a greener future. With the SEC motto- Collaborate, Care and Conserve, we believe that they can spark a change.



chance
to
get
publish

LAST MONTH WINNING PAINTINGS



LAST MONTH WINNING ARTICLES

Confusion

I remember the day he hit me. How the back of his hand had struck my cheek. The sting of the slap, how my eyes has glazed over from the pain, my brain short circuiting and only later, registering the shock and the hurt. I was twelve. Over the course of the years, both of us played a twisted game of hide and seek, when he was intoxicated. I ran, he chased. I hid, he sought. And when he found me, he celebrated by punishing me. I had become the most effective medium for him to channel all his frustration and hurt against the world. For someone else's fault, I paid the price.

My mother was a mute witness. She'd open her mouth and receive a punch to the jaw for her efforts to stop him. Everyday, we'd serve as his punching bags. He'd take out all his frustrations out on us, but mostly, me. My child body bore the scars of an adults temper.

While kids my age sought to escape school, stay at home and play, I craved the opposite. My sole means of refuge was school. There, he couldn't hurt me.

There, atleast for a little while, I was safe from the clenched fists and leather boots. I didn't have to look over my shoulder, I didn't have to run and hide inside the closets. Academia was my safe place.

Nobody at school knew of the situation at home, or if they did, they chose to ignore it. He was a powerful man, nobody messed with him. And he never marked me visibly. If there was a lone scar, or a very prominent bruise, it was chalked up to my clumsiness, what with kids being kids and all that.

It's been 14 years, since this nightmare started and today, it has finally ended. He passed away today morning, his life taken away by the alcohol he was so addicted to. But the feeling of relief or freedom eludes me. Suddenly, when I see his body in front of me, I don't remember the monster that wrecked our domestic happiness for more than a decade, with violence. I see the man he was before that. The man who people thought he was, the man who'd disappeared somewhere in middle, lost to the world and all those dear to him.

I saw the man who would give me rides on his shoulder, who called his 'jaan', the one who dropped me to school in the morning, making sure to wipe off any lingering traces of my milk moustache. That man, who no matter where he was, would make time to attend all my recitals in school, the one who took me bowling and taught me how to bat. The one, who would cut my hair when it grew to long, and buy ice cream for me later. The one, who even after a long day, would tuck me in and say, 'Goodnight, bud. I love you'.

Suddenly, I saw my dad, rather than the man he'd become after the war. My father was a soldier in the Kargil War who was taken as prisoner of war, and released two years later. Since the war ended, he retired and then our nightmare, which we imagined had ended with his release, started.

Today, as his body lies in front of me, and people I've never met before come and console me, all I fell is confused. Confused whether to feel relieved that our daily torture has now ended, or grief, for the father I knew was now definitely lost to me. I do not know what to fell, but somewhere in the region of my heart, there's an ache. It's been there since 14 years, and it has intensified more now.

-Archana Ramesh

About V.A.U.L.T

V.A.U.L.T-Vernacular About University Lively Tails is cultural newspaper associated with DSA (Directorate of student affairs). This paper completely focus on the cultural side of the university. Students are free to publish their articles, photographs, poems etc. Mail your article to articles.vw@gmail.com

To be or not to be, that is the question

Beep Beep Beep.

My alarm has just rung in a new day for me. Groggily, I wake up and acknowledge the start of another day. Realizing that I have to make it to class in less than an hour I make haste. The rest of the hour is a blur, and I find myself in class, surrounded by my class mates, all of us looking forward to a weekend that in our eyes at least, was very well deserved.

Bored and restless as I was for a good portion of the day, I let my mind wander into a world that was far from the world that my professor was taking us into. Just then the following lines from Shakespeare's timeless play, Hamlet, come to my mind:

"To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?"

In my opinion, a potent question is being addressed here. Very clearly, Hamlet is torn between the decision to either endure all the torture that an unbearable situation has inflicted on him, or to just end his life, thereby ending his suffering. This, I then related to the difficulty of being good. Now this is a thought that has made its home in my mind for almost a month now. I roll my eyes as I entertain these thoughts for the umpteenth time.

Is being 'good' really difficult? What does it even mean?

It is common perception that, being good is being 'all smiles'. Smile no matter what you think or how you feel about the person or situation in question. While this approach is safe and diplomatic, it is definitely not fool-proof. It won't take a genius to spot the chink in your armor for the entire act to fall apart like a house of cards.

My deliberation brings me to the notion that, 'being good' is nothing but being yourself. There is good in being genuine, compassionate, empathetic. Out of the goodness of our hearts, we tend to reach out to all those who need a helping hand and more often than not, a shoulder to cry on (or at least we are expected to behave in this manner).

This thought makes us feel great about ourselves. Being of help to anyone, gives us a sense of achievement. Just hearing the sentence, "You made my day", makes one smile from ear to ear.

But why is there a difficulty in being good? From all the virtues that are inculcated in us by our beloved parents, isn't it only natural to be good to people? Why are there days when, you feel that your good demeanor is just a medium for certain people to get to their goals?

The only thing stopping us, is our fear of the unknown. An inexplicable uncertainty of all that's yet to unfold.

Before we know it, this fear creates a wall that has been built by laying brick after brick of skepticism and cynicism, all in the pursuit of keeping 'suspicious' elements at bay. Here, my thoughts and Hamlet's are in resonance. Although the Prince is contemplating life- to live or not to live; we're both torn between the decision to either continue building the wall and endure every form of 'outrageous fortune' or to just break the wall in the pursuit of being freed.

-Atulya Satishkumar

Contact us:

B.SriNikhilesh - +91 8754514717

(Convener Press and Documentation Club)

Metta Shivani - +91 9962938894

(Co-Convener Press and Documentation Club)