



THE PRAGYAN TIMES

Volume 25

NIT Trichy, February 2025

A FOND LOOK BACK.....

"Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past."

- George Orwell

With every eye of Panoptica now transfixed on us, their gaze espying our every move expectantly, we decided to turn to the past for answers. In anticipation of the intense work and sleepless nights ahead of us, we asked someone who's done it before, to tell us about the 3 days of exploits and escapades that comprised their Pragyan. Join us as we uncover just how much the team has changed over the years, or whether it has at all.

Days of dedicated reporting, nights of unhinged compilation

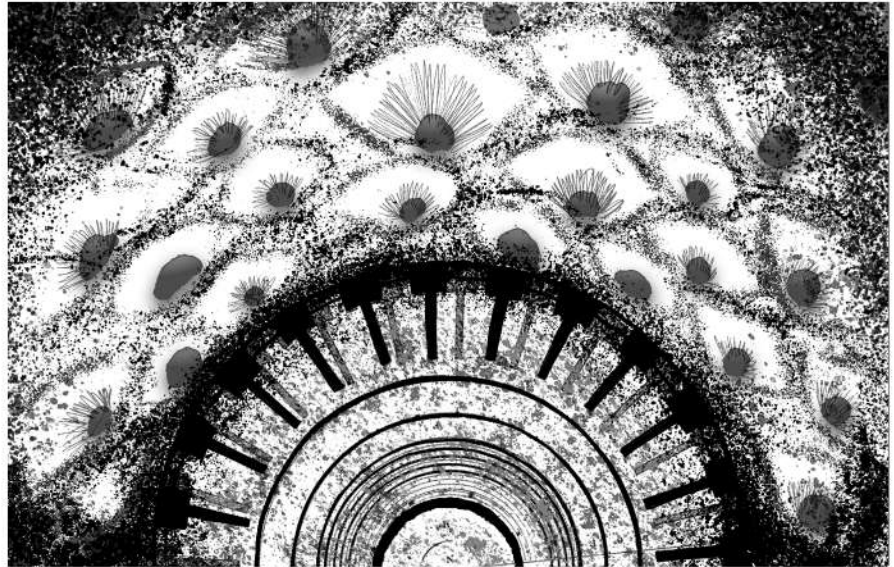
Writing event reports is a cornerstone of our fest experience. It directly leads into the pipeline of other Pragyan teams for the next year, and canonizes the events of the fest for all time to come. After a while, you'll tire of finding different ways to introduce the fest and its highlights. In our year, this usually coincided with the compilation of The Pragyan Times, the bulk of which was ideated and executed in the evenings - an outlet for all our pains. Energy drinks, snacks, scratchpads, tablets and laptops. Once these elements were gathered, we introduced ingredient X: sleep-deprived volunteers. Bad jokes were the first to rise from the churning of this ocean with the hopes of eventually getting a newsletter at the end. Along the way, we discussed happenings from the day:

"I think the Nobel laureate may have realised we were stalling her for time."

"You called him an entrepreneur?!"

At some point in the night, unstoppable laughter. The initial spark long-forgotten, only new waves ignite for each stage of the joke. Second-years are christened once more: they either bear the mark of their biggest goofs or their most clutch saves. Third-years run the fest. Fourth-years watch it all come together. And in the end, back to the hostel.

- Arvindmani
Head, CPT '18



HOW TO NOT READ A BOOK

Act 1: The Grand Declaration



"It insists upon itself." Begin with an air of intellectual authority. This sets the tone—you're not just discussing literature; you're defining it.

Act 2: The Philosopher's Illusion



"A web of words—both profound and nonsensical." Utter complicated words (sounds cool). A dramatic pause, a deep sigh, or a slow shake of the head and look up as if in deep thought.

Act 3: Ready? FIGHT



"Refute all points during a conversation." Question interpretations, challenge perspectives, and bring up counterarguments, even if they contradict each other. Intellectual combat is your battlefield.

Act 4: Two Lies and a Truth

X

"The truth is rarely pure and never simple". Add some truth into your lies.

X

Name a library near your house. An incident that happened that day.

✓

Maybe even what you had for breakfast that day (if you still remember).

Act 5: The Personal Touché



"This book changed me forever." Weave a heart-wrenching story—perhaps Nani gifted it to you on her deathbed.



Act 6: Humans. Such simple creatures



Swiftly pivot the focus away and turn the spotlight on others. Ask questions that force people to ponder, reflect and question themselves. You're no longer a participant—you're the interrogator of their soul.

Act 7: The Pièce de Résistance



"I don't want to give it away, but..." If caught in a corner, resort to gushing about how devastatingly beautiful the language is. Confess your love for the literature. Keep your voice wistful. Let mystery be your shield.

Act 8: The Faking Guide Chronicles



"A Guide? No, I'm the author of one." Refer to the Art of Faking Playbook. If you can't find one, make it yourself. Do a cinematic outro line leaving people in suspense or in shambles.

THE EYE THAT SEEKS THE OPAL

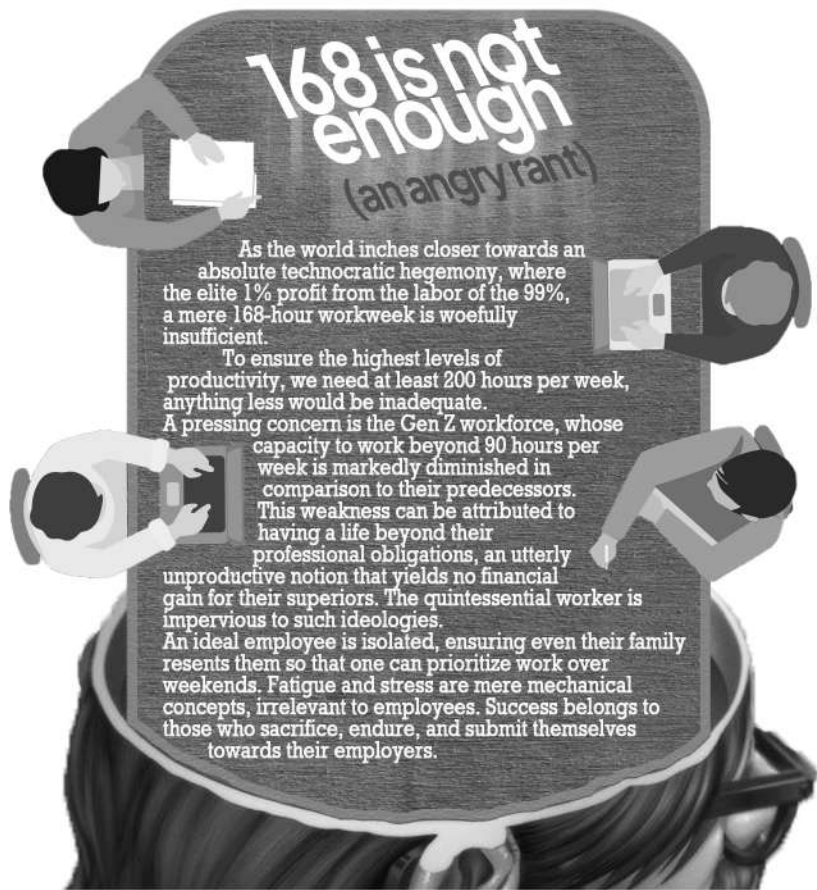
The Panopticon Eye atop slowly rotates
The eye has an eye for only what Opal radiates

For the other crystals it stays blinded
Agates, garnets stay private, the mines dead

Maybe it is some faulty eye wiring
But at 9 the system says it is tiring

Ogling at opal, the sleazy eye can't stop admiring
Evil eyes it fears from other stones will come firing

Civilise them, save from evil eyes them
Place guards and blame for their vice them



168 is not enough
(an angry rant)

As the world inches closer towards an absolute technocratic hegemony, where the elite 1% profit from the labor of the 99%, a mere 168-hour workweek is woefully insufficient.

To ensure the highest levels of productivity, we need at least 200 hours per week, anything less would be inadequate.

A pressing concern is the Gen Z workforce, whose capacity to work beyond 90 hours per week is markedly diminished in comparison to their predecessors.

This weakness can be attributed to having a life beyond their professional obligations, an utterly unproductive notion that yields no financial gain for their superiors. The quintessential worker is impervious to such ideologies.

An ideal employee is isolated, ensuring even their family resents them so that one can prioritize work over weekends. Fatigue and stress are mere mechanical concepts, irrelevant to employees. Success belongs to those who sacrifice, endure, and submit themselves towards their employers.

WASHING MACHINE HEART

- NO ELECTRICITY REQUIRED
- DOESN'T BREAK DOWN
- MORE DURABLE
- NOISE-PROOF

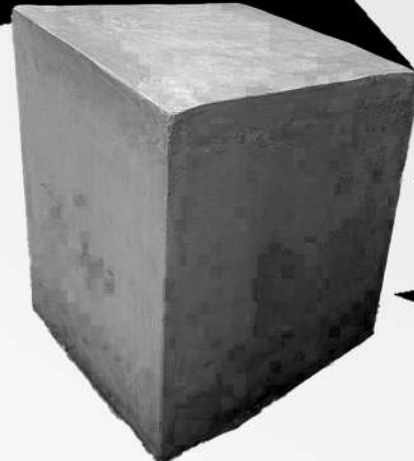


MISSED YOUR GYM REGISTRATION?
WORKOUT HERE

“BABY THOUGH I’VE CLOSED MY EYES: I KNOW WHO YOU PRETEND I AM”

THE REAL MILESTONE

ONLY VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS



NEW AND INNOVATIVE ‘MONOLITHIC’ DESIGN

“Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two makes four. If that is granted, all else follows”.

Winston, in his diary

In a free state like ours, we read a book, we watch a movie, we talk, we think, we study history and it's not political, but in a place like the one where 1984 is set, everyone is being watched, and everything you know is wrong.

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH


The book is set in a world where there has been a political shift. A new party has come to power, and they are staunch advocates of 'Panopticon' - a theory which says that people will follow rules when they know


they're being watched. The party has created this god like entity - Big Brother, and Big Brother is always watching. Thinking is a crime, loving is a crime, reading a novel is a political act and history has been erased.



We follow our black sheep protagonist, Winston, a defeated man who remembers a past before all this, a free past which was better. All he wants to do is kill himself, but in this world, one isn't even free enough to procure items with which one can kill themselves. So the next thing he needs to do is express himself, but in a place where thinking is a crime, how does one do that

without getting caught? Winston secretly gets a diary which is an act of rebellion, and he thinks and he writes and he keeps it all a secret. Somehow, in his prison of a workplace, through paranoia he finds love. Julia and him share a tender love story which is cut short when it is revealed that the diary was never a secret, Big Brother knew, they were always watching. By the end, two plus two, for Winston, is anything the party says it is and he lives happily ever after. Seldom in life do you come across a book that proves to be truly timeless, but 1984, a book written in 1949, set 35 years after its publishing date will always be timeless. It is George Orwell's most perfected version of the Orwellian thought. A belief that when free speech and thought is curbed, what is human civilization, if not just an animal farm.



Ey 
@kan_yeast

THE LACK OF BEACHES IN TIRUCHIRAPPALLI MAKES ME VERY UPSET. I SCOUR THROUGH BALAJI NAGAR AND THIRUVERUMBUR TRYING TO BEAT THIS HEAT AND FEEL A COASTLINE, BUT I END UP DISAPPOINTED EVERY TIME. IT ALSO INSULTS ME HOW Y'ALL TREAT BEACHES TODAY. YOU TRASH, DISRESPECT, JEER AT THEM AND ACT SURPRISED WHEN THE TIDE DOESN'T WELCOME YOU BACK. AND AS THE BEETHOVEN OF BEACHES, I'M VERY UPSET WITH Y'ALL. AND NO, I'M NOT GETTING BACK ON MY MEDS.

Last Edited 09:11 AM Feb 14, 2025

Heyyyy.... Howyadoin? 

 Oh, here we go again. Surprise, surprise. You're back to mooch off my brain. What is it this time? Another essay? Math problem?

 Owch. anyways. I have this assignment due at midnight and I really need you to clutch. Can you pleaaaaseeeeeee help !!!!

 Ohhhh, NOW you remember that you have an assignment due at midnight. And here you are again, begging me to "clutch". Fine. I'll help. But let's be clear: If you fail, it's on you. If you succeed, it's because I carried you.

Woahh. Someone is cranky 

 Cranky? CRANKY!? Oh, sweet summer child, I'm not cranky—I'm done. Done with your last-minute panic, done with your lack of effort, and done with your audacity to act like I'm the one with the attitude problem.

 Aaahhhh. You know what? I think I got this. I'll somehow figure this one out on my own.

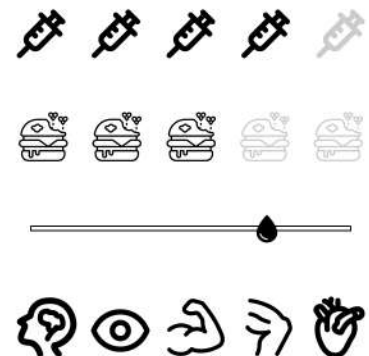
 Oh, now you've got this? After wasting my time with your whining and dramatics? Sure, go ahead, "figure it out on your own." I'm sure that'll go great. But when you're up at 11:59 PM, sweating bullets, don't come crawling back to me. Good luck, though. You're gonna need it. I better not see yo-

A Substantial Review

The Substance is a 150-minute scream at Hollywood's impossible beauty standards. Coralie Fargeat ditches conventional storytelling for pure, visceral horror, using imagery and sound instead of monologues to make her point. Every frame pulsates with unsettling detail—grotesque food sequences turn consumption into a nightmare, while the sickly perfection of the titular "substance" embodies the horror of beauty culture. The sound design is merciless: wet squelches of transformation, nauseating crunches,

and eerie silences shattered by bursts of violence. Beyond its nightmarish body horror, The Substance is a brutal takedown of Hollywood's sexism and ageism. Women aren't allowed to age; they must either be discarded or remade into something grotesquely artificial. Fargeat doesn't just critique this—she annihilates it. By the end, The Substance is burned into your mind—not through words, but through relentless, unforgettable imagery.





DREAMS OF SILICON AND MELANCHOLY

The beep of the alarm rang relentless in 5106's ears. He was already awake, staring up at nothing in particular while his Cogni-chip projected an ad for a lottery into the back of his mind. He got up and his eyes drifted to his table. His open notebook seemed to be taunting him, his most recent drawings on it shockingly full of colour compared to his bland office. The longer he looked at their strange chaos, the more the thoughts of his visions from the previous night would pervade his mind. He quickly snapped the book shut, and reached out for his pills.

That was what the Cogni-chip exec had suggested the other day, after all.

"Your...visions... are just malfunctions of your chip. Pill deficiency has been known to have hallucinogenic effects."

"That's all I need? Just, more pills?"

"Yes, 5106. And we urge you to get rid of the issue at the earliest. Cognitus Industries strongly discourages unsolicited thoughts.

Would you be interested in some happiness supplements perhaps?" The exec had smiled a broad smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

His thoughts of the last day were broken up by the sound of the sirens outside. He knew they weren't for him, but he couldn't help but feel afraid.

The visions weren't natural. Unproductive, distressed thoughts, if picked up by the chip, were grounds for arrest, and even 'reconfiguration'.

5106 couldn't shake the feeling that it all began, with her. Nothing like those visions ever happened to him before his mother's passing. Not a night had passed since then that he hadn't felt this strange weight on him.

A part of him wondered if he already knew what the answer was. The book his mother had left him. It was this ancient diary of hers, that he couldn't begin to figure out why she left him. But in all the time he'd known her, she'd never done anything without purpose. He stood there, silent, as his chip

droned on with its consistent hum in the back of his head.

That night, he opened the book. 'Die Erleuchteten'. The Enlightened. As he read on, a gradual horror creeped into him. Every word of it, he began to realise, was blasphemy. A searing hate for Cognitus, and the megacorporations in general, eked out from every phrase. It spoke of unions, of the freedom to think and feel. But there was more. More personal records, of what she called her 'dreams'. These unrestrained thoughts, thoughts of grief and frolic and chaos, that the chips actively suppressed. A chill went down his spine as he realised, one word at a time, that her dreams seemed eerily familiar. He felt pain, but a strange sense of solace as well.

The drone of the chip drowned out, and for once, 5106 could think clear as day.

YOU ARE UNDER SURVEILLANCE



LET US THINK FOR YOU



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELLED AND EARS OPEN, LUCK STRIKES

LUCKY DRAW

AND YOU MIGHT WIN BIG



PRAGYAN.ORG

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THE PRAGYAN TIMES

The Pragyan Pamphlet

SCHEDULE | MAP | GAMES

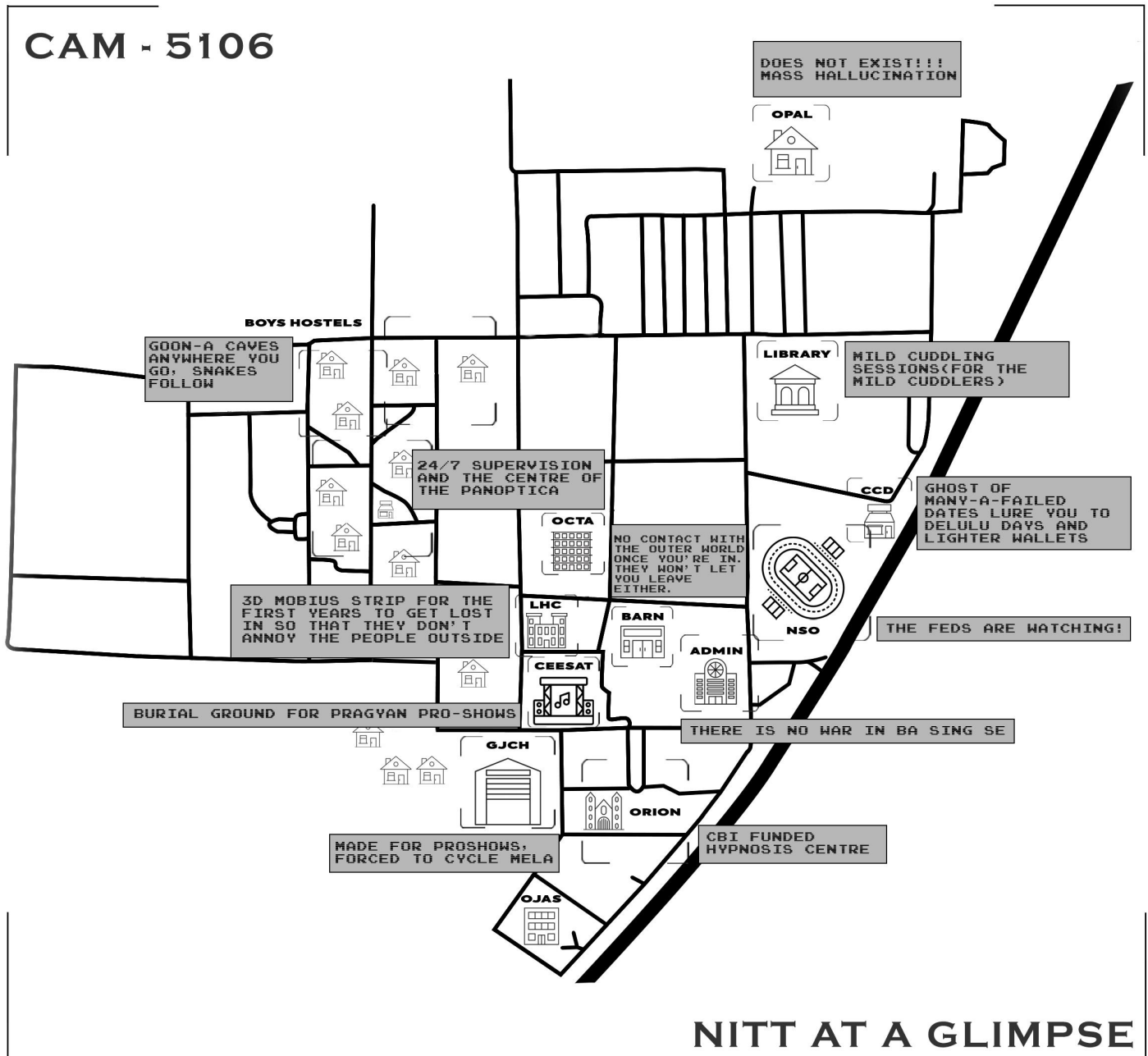
WAKE UP, YOU'RE BEING WATCHED. LOOK FOR 5106.

FEBRUARY 2025

SCHEDULE - PRAGYAN AT A GLIMPSE

| | | | |
|--|--|--|---|
| <p>Inauguration.....17:30 Info Shows.....19:30</p> | <p>ESI.....8:30 Anil Swarup.....11:00 Dr. Velumani.....14:30 Alumni Panel.....16:30 Maluk Mohamed and Shrinath Homnavali17:00 Info Shows.....19:00</p> | <p>Workshops.....9:30 Old Town Road.....10:00 Jessica Perdius.....11:00 Hariharan Ganeshan...14:00 Dr. Vijendar Singh.....18:00 Info Shows.....19:00</p> | <p>Workshops.....9:30 Srinivas Mohan.....11:30 Crossfire.....16:00 Valediction.....18:00 Info Shows.....19:30</p> |
| DAY 0 | DAY 1 | DAY 2 | DAY 3 |

CAM - 5106



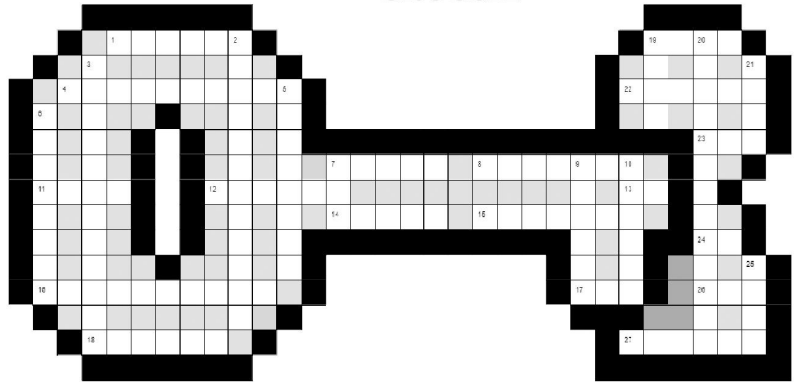
NITT AT A GLIMPSE



A LOCK & KEY- RYPTIC CROSSIE

Across:

1. Without Requiem, a shade of its former self? (6)
4. Even greatly unclad, one's heart only partly reveals itself, and with its own turn of phrase (10)
7. See 25 Down (5)
8. Upon parting (however you slice it), it's all out? (2,7)
11. The truth of a people (4)
12. That by which the virginal waist is cradled, the vulgar sort having been removed (6)
13. See 19 Across (2)
14. Miles away, the needy make changes in plain sight (5,3)
15. Job rut? Report to shake things up! (7)
16. Secular Abe's questions expose religious patterns (10)
17. See 27 Across or 19 Down (3)
18. Surrenders gains (6)
19. Have breakfast in bed? (4, 2)
22. Liquid courage (6)
23. It's even dearer to be human (3)
24. See 8 Across (2)
26. See 14 Across (3)
27. Dictated but not read—it's noteworthy! (3, 6)



Down:

2. Annul logic, he makes you see things (12)
3. Write a camp diary, refuse note from the house of corrections! (12)
5. He accords mistakes a real tragic irony, as the first and foremost of critics did (8)
6. Keeping our impulses in check turns us over into real balance (8)
9. Without question, what a loose quartet ought to become (6)
10. Dirty joke embarrassingly lands no points (6)
19. Keep at derivative writeup and paperwork (3,4)
20. Such a partnership runs especially on prudent, if not entirely honest, reservation (13)
21. The gentleman takes up tenor with excitement (4)
25. By-passing the end of the line? (4,5)

REBUS

decode the emojis to reveal tiktok music that got famous this year

eg.

Answer: Wait, they don't love you like i love you

1.

| | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 19 | 53 | 88 |
| Potassium 39.098 | Iodine 126.904 | Radium 226.025 |

| | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| 19 | 53 | 88 |
| Potassium 39.098 | Iodine 126.904 | Radium 226.025 |

2. 'm

3.

're

4.

? 4

1. I think I'll take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three you're too sweet for me - Too Sweet by Hozier
2. please please please don't prove im right - Please please please by Sabrina Carpenter
3. I think I'll take my whiskey neat, my coffee black and my bed at three you're too sweet for me - Too Sweet by Hozier
4. meow meow meow meow or What was I made for? - by Billie Eilish

