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Being Social

-By Dr. Malay Patel | Assistant Dean, UWSL



Given the present scenario where a huge amount of information about an individual is available in the public domain, one cannot afford to be careless about the content which he or she might be putting on the social network. This growing threat would make corporations more sensitive and alert to scrutinize those who have social network footprints which may ultimately jeopardize the image of the company.

Basis of this write-up is taken from the Harvard Business Review case study 'We Googled You', where Fred Western is facing dilemma of making a decision whether to hire Mimi Brewster for his China operation, especially after when Virginia Flanders, VP-HR did some Googling, where she found Mimi's involvement into protests against WTO and China's treatment of a rebellious journalist through some online posts. The issue of being careless

on social network is contemporary to the amount of engagement that a student is having in various online groups.

There is a need of a proper course for students of premier institutes like IIMs and IITs to make them aware about a potential threat to their career, a threat that they would casually create for themselves. The amount of focus that an IIM or IIT student gets at the time of recruitment is tremendous and hence makes it difficult for the organizations to keep control on the social networking background that he or she may bring along with themselves to the work.

Recently, almost on daily basis we saw some person being set under criminal charges for putting content, which is inflammatory to the scenario. Media, in such situation would not only show who the person is but also would reveal his association with any organization. Though,

from outside it may not appear a huge problem as the company can easily shun the responsibility by calling it a personal opinion, but imagine a scenario where company itself is trying hard to operate in a rigid or not a very supportive environment, like in the case study. In such a situation, those who want to create problem for that company, will have a free hit to score maximum.

The best remedy is to train your bowler, not to cross the crease even if it is about the social network; even if it is entirely a matter of personal choice. Here the institution's role is very important as any attempt by company to educate their incoming employees about behavior on social network may be considered as a regimented move, therefore registering great amount of discontent among them. It may appear as an intrusion into their private and social life. If the same thing is taught as a part of curriculum, there are possibilities of having better response and thus leading to an effective result.

Another perspective for students is that, many companies nowadays utilize social networking for talent acquisition. Nobody would want to narrow down the employability chances just because of something that they posted on Facebook or other social media sites.

Industry will have to convince educators to put some thoughts on it. The concerns of government may possibly lead to some stringent laws for social networking and would become obligatory for the industry to make employees comply with those laws. However, when we talk about today where no concrete guideline is available, it makes this issue completely reliant upon government's disposition and later on their uncertain decision. A company cannot afford this kind of uncertainty.

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2 Coutu, D. (2007). We Googled You. Harvard Business Review - Case Study.

3 Oracle. (2012). Social Recruiting Guide: How to Effectively Use Social Networks.

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No more Martyrs, Please

-By Ronakk Tijoriwala, Sem 2, USLM



Chanting slogans 'Bharat Mata ki Jai' and 'Vande Mataram', a strong contingent of over 500 people (student, faculty and staff) from Karnavati University took part in a peace walk on February 18 (Monday) to pay their homage to the martyrs of Pulwama terrorist.

The 5-km peace walk took off from Adalaj crossroads on Sarkhej-Gandhinagar Highway sharp at 9:05 am and reached the university campus at around 10 am.

The contingent - holding placards remembering the martyrs and condemning the terrorist attack, among others - gathered under the National Flag in the campus near main gate and started sloganeering in thunderous tone. A two-minute of silence was observed in memory of the lost army souls in the terrorist attack. And the peace walk concluded with the national Anthem.

Students, teachers and staffs from all the five constituent colleges of KU-Karnavati School of Dentistry (KSD), Unitedworld Institute of Design (UID), Unitedworld School of Business (UWSB), Unitedworld School of Law and Unitedworld School of Liberal Arts & Mass Communications (USLM) walked shoulder to shoulder showcasing their unflinching commitment and solidarity to martyrs family.

The rage and anger was omnipresent while the contingent was raising the slogans and it was not without reason if one looks back at the Pulwama incident that ripped off lives of 44 soldiers.

The underlying feeling can be understood when UWSB Administration-Director Kishore Bhanushali minced no words while expressing his rage, anger and concern and echoed the PM Narendra Modi stand on terrorism.

"Now the time for talk is over and the perpetrators of the ghastly act should be replied in the only manner they understand," Bhanushali said.

On the one side they were mourning the death of sons of the soil then on the other hand they were paying their last respects and homage to lost lives. However, revenge was written all along.

"My heart goes to the family and kin of the martyrs of the Pulwama attack. Our martyrs may rest in peace. But now is the time to send the perpetrators to the hell and nothing less," said Sandeep Nagotra, Assistant Professor, UWSL.

The peace walk contingent not only caught the attention of the people passing by and working in the nearby areas but also attracted the nearby villagers and walked along with other till the very end.

USLM Additional-Director Preeti Das was not behind in vetting her anger against the perpetrators of the Pulwama attack and lives lost. However, she was more concerned about the incident being coloured in politics and polarizing people.

"Acts like these often end up being politicised and end up polarising people. Marches such as these are gestures asking all to keep the anger and not the hatred," Preeti said.

UID-Administration officer Chirag Rayka, who was part of the peace march, was not behind putting his anger and rage over the Pulwama attack.

"My heart bleeds when a devout son of soil lost his life in such incident. I pay my last respects to our lost brethren. But this is enough," Chirag said.

"Now I want concrete action from government in the manner the terror attack perpetrators understands. And no more martyrs, please," further adding he said.

Dental (KSD) final-year student Ishan Aghera was in a state of shock when he first heard about the incident. The 20-year-old young and dynamic student was one of the many students who kept the decibel high while sloganeering.

"Respecting the selfless sacrifices of CRPF jawans in the Pulwama attack and standing united as a nation, we the students and staff of KU are with Indian defence in spirit and word," Ishan said.

"Moreover, raising slogan in support of the martyrs and against the perpetrators can be understood. But the value of a lost life and its impact on their family goes beyond anyone's comprehension. Let's isolate the perpetrators of the attack on the international level and make them understand terrorism will take them nowhere," he added.

The Somnambulist

-By Aritra Sarkar, Univation



The faintest echoes of the gushing wind reverberated through the forest trees and orchestrated a hypnotic melody like the moonlight sonata!

The hollow sound resonated through the halls, like a hushed voice, calling me by my name. It had a somnolent effect that made me sleepy, yet I started walking towards it like a somnambulist.

The empty hallways engulfed in darkness now seem brighter, inviting me towards the uncanny sound.

The grandeur of this mansion can be observed in the congruous blend of modernity and traditional design elements that people from far away used to come and experience every day.

Sadly, now, the spider web on the ceilings, pale walls, unclean floors, and rusty and broken crystal chandeliers only give subtle cues of that long-forgotten history.

The mansion is quite big for me alone, but not enough for me to hide from all the dead people I see every night. People called me insane, locked me in a room. The door couldn't stop the dead to enter the room though. And when they couldn't reach me, they hushed in my ear. They conspired something. I tried to hear but alas, they didn't want me to know.

Tonight's different though, the sound is coming from the outside where the forest starts.

Harry, the cook of the house, once told me the forest has many secrets hidden in the mist. The pet cemetery, not much far from the mansion, is a place people avoid after dark. Many people went missing, rumor has it!!

"Can't we visit it tonight", I asked Harry... Harry frowned, didn't reply.

"Harry!! I want to visit that place at night, will you help me, please?"

Harry nodded his head in disapproval, "No madam, I can't. That place is cursed! People go either insane or missing."

I smirked, "huh, that's what superstitious people say. You are not like them, are you?"

"No madam, you have your ways of persuading me! But this is something I really want you to stop pondering."

"I want to see the ghosts of the pet cemetery", I chuckled. "And I order you to accompany me!"

"Yes mistress", Harry answered helplessly.

"We go tonight! It will be like an adventurous

quest! Ghosts are not less than treasures, isn't it? Hard to find one!"

Harry is the son of our oldest maid, Mrs. Smith. We are of the same age and grew up together like siblings. He is a partner in crime, a brother, a protector.

My grandparents took care of me after my parents died in a car accident. So, except them, I only have Harry whom I can call family. And he was always there with me after my grandparents expired last winter.

But, days have passed, I didn't see Harry! He probably went to visit his family on the mainland. But why didn't he return!!

I reached the main gate, the rusty grills made a screeching sound that broke the silence of this gloomy night.

An owl was hooting nearby, making the night even more ominous.

I started running towards the forest. Is the sound coming from the direction where, I believe, I visited that dreaded pet cemetery? Is it just the sound of the blowing wind through the woods or is someone crying? It is possibly the latter, I murmured.

Near the pet cemetery, I saw a silhouette, a man wearing a hat, kneeling down before a grave, sobbing.

I wearily strolled towards him. "What happened?", I asked.

The stranger looked at me and like he saw a ghost, uttered, "Oh my god", in a baffling tone. "It's you?", the stranger, an aged man, asked me.

I recognized the voice, I heard it somewhere, but I don't know the person in front of me.

"Do I know you?", I asked the teary-eyed man. "It's me, Harry!!"

I was stunned by his answer, I started thinking, How is this possible? I saw him a few days ago. We came here at the same spot to visit the pet cemetery together along with our dog Barky.

"What kind of a cruel joke is this?", I shouted in anger.

The Somnambulist

-By Aritra Sarkar, Univation

"We found the dead body of our pet dog near the pond, never found you. As if you vanished into thin air!", said the stranger.

"Do you remember anything?"
 "How come you didn't age a bit? You are wearing the same dress as the night you went missing."
 "People thought, maybe, I killed you"
 "Am I hallucinating?"
 "It must be the medicines", the stranger was asking all these frantically.

Now I started observing him a little more closely. Grey hair, wrinkles, but still looks similar, it's obviously Harry. But how is this even possible? And Barky died? I saw her sometimes. But she doesn't come to me now!

"We searched for you for more than a month, then we gave up!"
 People said it is the cursed pet cemetery that took you, Cassandra."

"I returned home and I couldn't find you, Harry. It's been probably a week."

"A week? Its been 20 years Cassandra", Harry shouted.

"You are not a dream, you have probably become one of them. The ghosts of the pet cemetery."

"No, I stay in the mansion alone now. Please come and join me, Harry!
 The silence in that big mansion is killing me. I want to be with you like we used to be. Please don't leave me here Harry."

Suddenly, the figure vanished in front of my eyes!!
 "HARRY!!", I shouted, in a muffled voice.

The cemetery is playing with my mind. I saw Harry last week. We came here last week. Who was that aged man pretending to be Harry?

And what happened to Barky?
 I need to find her!
 First, I need to check near the pond. Its where everything happened, the stranger said.

"Barky...Barky...where are you!"
 I rushed through the bushes and bamboo trees. The pond is near.
 Thank god it's a full moon tonight. I can see

clearly.

The pond has a long history of people drowning. And people spread many rumors that just like the cemetery, the pond houses many evil spirits.

Suddenly, I heard Barky.
 "Barky..come on boy..here...here.."

I followed the barking sounds...
 People warned that I should not go near this pond after dark. But I'm fearless tonight. I have to find out the truth.

Again I started thinking about that stranger. Who was he? Why would he impersonate Harry?

I suddenly fell down and started rolling towards the pond..as if the water is attracting me. It wants to drown me tonight.

I tried to clasp the nearby creeping plants, grab the branches of the small trees, but all in vain.

The water is engulfing me. I'm drowning.
 C a n ' t
 breathe...ahhhh...ahhhh...help...Harryyyyyyyyyy...!!

"I'm here, Cassandra!", said Harry, while trying to restrain me.
 To my utter surprise, I woke up in my room!!
 I recognized Harry but who are these other people? A doctor, a nurse and a father from the nearby church.

"Thank you for saving me, Harry. I saw an aged man and he was pretending to be you, Harry."

"Calm down Cassandra. It was just a nightmare! There's nothing to worry about. You will be alright", said Harry.

Harry whispered something into the doctor's ears. The nurse approached me with an injection, "Cassandra, you will be fine! Just relax and take rest."

Everyone started leaving. Harry bade goodbye to everyone. The father blessed Harry before leaving.

Harry came near me and whispered, "That night when we went to visit the cemetery, the dog died. And you became 'insane' just like the 'rumors'. People say the ghosts of the pet

cemetery drove you crazy!
 These injections will make sure that the nightmares become your reality!
 The doctor will have his share so that you remain like this while I enjoy the riches- the mansion, the property, and the assets.
 And one day I will transfer you to an asylum. Enjoy your last few days here, Cassandra."

Harry's frosty demeanor and the greed in his eyes was enough to make me remember what happened that night. Harry gave me an injection while we were on our way to the pet cemetery. He locked me down in my room. I became a prisoner in my own house.
 Tears welled up in my eyes. I started feeling sleepy..the hypnotic sound of the gushing wind started calling me by my name again. I have to visit the pet cemetery. I have to find Barky.

"Where is Barky", I yelled.

"You killed it, in a rage of insanity, people say so!"

"No, I didn't, I can't."

"But I'm not so sure about your grandparents though", Harry smirked.

"What did you do? What did you do??"

My voice echoed through the empty hallways!

Can Stories Tell Themselves?

-By **Sambit Kumar Pradhan**, Asst. Professor, Visual Communication, UID



“Wait! Don’t jump! Please...”

“Words, are our most powerful source of magic.”

-J K Rowling, Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

I sometimes pause without realizing and marvel at the sheer ingenuity of languages. They are perhaps the most enduring, adaptable and collaborative of all human innovations. Their sheer numbers across the world stand testament to the immense capacity of the human mind. Since their origin they have taken a life of their own. They evolve, they adapt, they amalgamate and lend themselves to media beyond just the verbal and the written. And like any other life forms only the fittest have survived. One of the major reasons for that I like to believe is that those languages had good stories to tell.

Apart from music, stories are perhaps the most universal levellers for our species. Everyone loves a good story. Knowledge is absorbed the

fastest when served within a good story. While we might not find enough time for them in our rushing lives these days, we all yearn to; whether we admit it or not. They were the primal modes of education. They have been the modes of communication across cultures, ethnicities and generations. They entertained, informed, enthralled and inspired. And they also have been instruments of propaganda on one end and on the other hand they have had the power to bring about revolutionary changes. And they still continue to do so. Having said this, a story has no value if it is not told and retold.

Born first out of one’s experience or creativity, a story too needs to be nourished and nurtured. A story grows when it is shared. Every time it is told, it takes on a little something of its teller. And as it is told and retold over and over, far and wide it gradually sinks its roots deeper within and often across cultures, societies and humanity itself. It spreads out its branches which sometimes flower and even bear new fruits. And these fruits seed more stories and over time, an entire ecosystem of stories begins to flourish. All this,

only if a story is told. Retold.

Stories can perhaps form by themselves but they cannot tell themselves. They need us. So, if you have a story you must tell it. You owe it to your story. It is your responsibility. Otherwise, it will decay and fall into rot; a pernicious decay which could cause harm without you even realizing it. Telling a story not only gives new life to the story but also brings one catharsis and makes space for positivity to fill in, especially if the story is a tough one to tell. Such stories when shared have the power to heal, inspire forgiveness, bring people together and be the triggers of constructive change.

Do you have a story?
Tell it. Now!

“...let me jump with you. We’ll swim together.”

Dressing Up For Your Dream Job

-By Kunj Ganatra, Trainer-Language & Soft Skills, Unitedworld School of Business

UWSB had a great placement season last semester and still continues as we reached a century last month, with more than a 100 students already placed with renowned corporate, pan India and overseas. The placement team, along with the faculties, has worked hard all year long to provide the best training but in the end, it all depends on the students how well they bat when on the pitch with a thousand pairs of eyes observing from a 360 degree angle.

Our corporate world revolves around much more than the degree certificates you carry in a file. Of course those matter the most but with the new age methods of interview rounds, one is expected to be well dressed every single minute. You never know when you receive a telephone call saying they are video calling you in the next 5 minutes for your dream job profile and those 5 mins are also allotted so you can find a disturbance-free zone with good internet connectivity. So what exactly does it mean with being interview-ready all the time?

Let's decode what comes under formals and casual dressing that can be part of your wardrobe staple for fresher's:

Suits: if you are appearing for a senior profile job in an official environment like an office or any company premises

Blazers: if you are appearing for a senior profile job but meeting your interviewer in a cafe or over coffee at a club



Formal trousers and shirt: job profiles for all levels; suitable for all premises. A well ironed pair of pants and full sleeved shirt (preferably plain color) never fails to impress



Kurta and straight pants: for girls who are not very comfortable wearing pants & shirt. Also, if you are appearing for a teaching job or a profile in hospitality

Dark colored Straight Simple Denims and Plain Block-colored Collared tee when meeting the interviewer very informally at their residence, for a media house as a freelance, a writer with the publisher at a cafe or any informal situation.

What needs to be strictly avoided at a fresher level:

Ragged or narrow jeans and round neck/v-neck tees: Definitely a no-no. Reserve those for your relaxed weekends and fun night outs with friends unless you want a job as a disc jockey or a sales expert at a funky clothing showroom

Anarkali and heavy dupatta dresses: Simple A-line dresses would still be OK for a banking job or as a sales staff; the heavy dresses and flowy anarkalis shall have to wait for personal



occasions at home and not the workplace... the interviewer is looking for an employee and not a light bulb who can light the entire office

Bright prints and colours: These aren't your fancy Diwali dinners. An interviewer needs to listen to your answers and not count the number or colors and prints on your clothes, it's a total loss of concentration

Metals: Golds and Silvers: Well, include bronze as well... no medal shiny metal colors in clothes please! Keep your Diwali wardrobe away until the celebration time

Remember, it takes only 30 seconds to scan a candidate and 31st second to reject the person from their appearance.

Following all these tips is going to help you as a fresher, but certainly not going to fetch you the job for which you shall be asked to answer questions with confidence and trust your knowledge and degrees. It's like a great commercial movie... the script, the acting as well as the production and packaging has to be great to make it reach the 100 crore club.

[Student Corner]

Hip Hop–The Celebration of Grievances

–By Agrya Srivastava
Semester-2, USLM



Humble Beginnings

The world is a place that is always bustling with activities. The variety of events happening at the same time, simultaneously, without external overlapping, is astounding. Though these activities are mostly developmental on a wholesome level, there is no harm in saying that there have also been instances where the results have been more or less negative and have propagated unintended oppression and classic alienation of promised rights. This, or maybe that some were just born with problems up to their neck.

Wherever there has been problems, some or the other form of relief, where it be folktales to calm villagers who's villages were razed, or the gospels that were sung to give people hope in besieged kingdoms, or the use of theatre to spread awareness, or the use cotton picking equipment by African slaves of the Caribbean to create a rhythm to put their grievances into words which will be sung for generations to honour the fight their freedom. As one can see, these methods of expressing one's grievances have existed since the beginning of time. The newest such movement that has emerged, is Hip Hop.

Hip hop, in its purest form, is essentially anything one perceives. Anyone facing grievances, hip hop is everything from a tool of expression to a

support system. In complete purity, hip hop has no one objective meaning and function, but it means a lot of different things for different individuals.

Hip Hop, a movement that saw its rise alongside the white punk bands of the 80s, shared a common motive; to speak against the system. The only clear difference was that the punks were speaking against the system to get out of the suburbs and to gain attention through political edginess, while the hip hop movement sought to speak about systematic oppression, mainly of the African-American community in the United States.

Emerging from the factual roots to blues music, and America's raging disco fever, the innovative techniques of spurring poetry with a rhythmic flow, and cultural unity, Hip Hop became not just the America's black culture's prodigal son, but also the voice towards the unjust practices happening in the society.

With time, specifically in the '80s, Hip Hop seeped into the African-American gang culture, and became an integral part of the same. Those mildly affiliated with gang activities, or not, were faced with police brutality at an alarming rate. Thus, for groups like the NWA, Hip Hop became a way to voice out the issues faced by the members of the black community on a daily basis. The NWA, a group

consisting of Ice Cube, Doctor Dre, Eazy-E, MC Ren, and DJ Yella, released various songs on these issues; their album "straight outta Compton" of 1982 was a hit in the black community and talked about how 'they were gangsters and should not be messed with', their single "dopeman" talked about the drug culture in the American ghettos, their hit songs (arguably the best) "fuck the police" talked about how common police brutality was for the blacks in America and about how they aren't scared to fight the law even if that means a prison sentence as long as their people live without fear.

The same period saw the rise of many other Hip Hop artists, or "rappers" (rap stands for 'Rhythmic Alternative Poetry', meaning "reciting a poem with rhythm"). Some popular names were Tupac Shakur, Notorious B.I.G, Marshall "Eminem" Mathers III, Run-D.M.C., Rakim, and many more, all of them changing lives and being icons for generations to come.

A lot of times, rappers affiliated with various gangs used Hip Hop to bring peace and soothe inter gang relations. One of the most famous case was of Tech N9ne (member of the blood gang) making songs with a rapper from a rival gang, 'the crips'. Thus, for gang members, Hip Hip served as a way to smoothen gang relations to end gang violence.



[Student Corner]



Cultural Changes and Mainstreaming-

The game was changed in multiple ways with the debut of Eminem's hit album 'Slim Shady', which took the whole nation by storm, due to a very important factor that is usually overlooked; he was white. Marshall, unlike his professional counterparts, talked about issues like domestic abuse, broken family relations, drug abuse and withdrawal, and many more. The reason all these were important because the majority of the American population could relate to something common. This sparked an era of 'white rap', which put it in the mainstream light for one's own viewing pleasure. So far, Eminem holds many awards, including a Grammy, for his excellence in the field of music and the cultural, rightly-timed shift in the Hip Hop scene of the states, without which one could say goodbye to the popular culture.

Enter 2005, the Hip Hop trend went dormant for a significant time, due to the popularity of pop, and later house and dance music. Though there were some, like Lil Wayne and T-pain who managed to stay relevant, the rise didn't happen again till 2013.

This was a new chapter in the saga of Hip Hop. New rappers, like 21 Savage, Tyler the Creator, Denzel Curry, and many more emerged into the rap scene. A new trend of having stage names that began with the word 'lil' emerged. A plethora of new rapper, Lil Uzi Vert, Lil Yachty, Lil Pump, Lil Peep, and many more came into the spotlight. The new age rap is heavily critiqued, as it generally talks about material wealth and sexualizes the whole of the female gender. But one should understand that Hip Hop is not just about rapping.

However, there are still some people who continue to represent the same values of Hip Hop which were present in the Gen-Zero rappers. Rappers like Bobby 'Logic' Tarantino talk about suicide, gay acceptance, Trump's controversial immigration policies, corporate mental hammering, the misuse of rap culture, exploitation, and much more. J.Cole, another such individual, is an icon in the lyrical Hip Hop scene.

Today, rap has marginally separated itself from the genre of rap, and has been divided into three major types; lyrical, mumble, and melodic, all three subtypes being majorly self explanatory.

[Student Corner]



Subcontinental Whispers

Coming to the Indian Subcontinent, there has been a strong emergence of Hip Hop and a constant rise of the same. The reasons were simple; unconditional poverty, mass systematic exploitation, rising economic and social inequality, cultural negligence, and much more.

The origins of Hip Hop culture in India were of two types; rap music inspired directly from the black culture of the states, and the rap-pop hybrid brought by Punjabi NRIs. Early Indian Hip Hop was associated with the Punjabi culture, due to various reasons. Artists like Mika Singh, Honey Singh and many others sparked the movement and soon became commercial. In no time, the Bollywoodization of the Punjabi styled Hip Hop took place and these artists became commercial undisputedly. The Bollywood songs of and around the year 2010 were made up of mainly three elements; Punjabi rap music, standard issue Bollywoodized words, and English rap in while appropriating the ghetto black culture of the states. The release of songs like "isey kehte hai hip hop" by Honey Singh, which talks about him becoming famous, fantasizing about bringing home a Grammy award, taking names of western Hip Hop artists. For him, this is hip hop, and one can't nullify his claims, as Hip Hop is

open to the question of subjectivity. For him, Hip Hop meant showing off your achievements and talking about future goals.

In the midst of 2015, the streets of Bombay saw the rise of another form of hip hop, which would eventually take the country by storm, so much so that Bollywood would invest in songs to be made exclusively from this genre for various hit movies, and going as far as to making a movie upon it; Gully Hip Hop. This started from the biggest slum in the world; Dharavi.

Dharavi, a slum in Bombay, or rightly put, the slum of Bombay, has seen countless struggles, hardships, conflicts, and its fair share of regional disequilibrium. Even though this was the case, the community has always soared through these backlashes through an uncommon display of unity, regardless the gender, creed, caste, and most importantly, religion. Born from the ashes of the fallen and the grace of the united, the gen-X "Dharavites" struggle with one or the other problems, but have acquired the strength and knowledge necessary to counter the same.

Enter; Hip Hop crews. The face of Dharavi was regionally changed forever with the creation of crews of various artists who did their part in glorifying and celebrating their struggles and of those who came before. These crews have everything from graffiti artists, EmCees, B-Boys,

Beatboxers, DJs, Freestylers, and Rappers, each serving a unique and important function of their own. Some of the first to pop up were "7Bantaiz" and "Doperdelics". Today, Dharavi has about 7-10 known Hip Hop crews, and countless others on the rise. These crews meet, compete, battle and overall try to enjoy off the endorphins being released by the ever such happening event that celebrates the truest and the purest form of Indian Hip Hop.



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