

COURTYARD
Issue 12 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Editor's Note: A long-term project is being launched...
Table of Contents: EDITORS' NOTE Pg 01, THE BAR & BE Pg 02, NOW AND THEN Pg 03, NEW Pg 04, REINTERPRETING BROWDER Pg 05, EDITOR'S NOTE Pg 06, ARCHITECTURE OF A HOUSE Pg 07, Designing a Hand Pg 08, IN JUNE Pg 09, EDITORIAL BOARD Pg 10, TO DO LIST Pg 11, KOCHI TRIP Pg 12

LENDING A HAND
Architects: Welter, Welter, & Associates
Text: ...to be part and evanescent in...
Image: Architectural rendering of a building with a courtyard.

COURTYARD
Issue 13 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: 10 THINGS I LEARNED FROM COACHING Pg 02, Perceptions Pg 03, Drops of Rain Pg 04, MUSE Pg 05, COACHING Pg 06, ONCE UPON A TIME Pg 07

COURTYARD
Issue 21 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: IN JUNE Pg 09, EDITORIAL BOARD Pg 10, TO DO LIST Pg 11, KOCHI TRIP Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 22 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: December Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, The Home and the World Pg 04, Book Review Pg 05, Split Pg 06

COURTYARD
Issue 10 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: ACORN Pg 02, What's New? Pg 03, Agree to Disagree Pg 04, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 05, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: #rainforest Pg 02, Phenakite Pg 04, Agree to Disagree Pg 05, Architecture of a House Pg 07, Designing a Hand Pg 08

COURTYARD
Issue 10 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: The First Line Pg 02, The Gap Pg 03, Agree to Disagree Pg 04, Review Pg 05, Interview with Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: Palls Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, Meet the New Team Pg 04, To Do List Pg 05, Review Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: #rainforest Pg 02, Phenakite Pg 04, Agree to Disagree Pg 05, Architecture of a House Pg 07, Designing a Hand Pg 08

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

COURTYARD
Issue 11 | Monday, November 16, 2020
Table of Contents: What's New? Pg 02, Agree to Disagree Pg 03, I Would Just Be Ok Pg 04, Goodnotes Pg 12

EDITOR'S NOTE

Newsletters have been synonymous with colleges and universities all over the world. It is quite often a primary student initiative as it is that fundamental platform for student expression and reflection of campus culture.

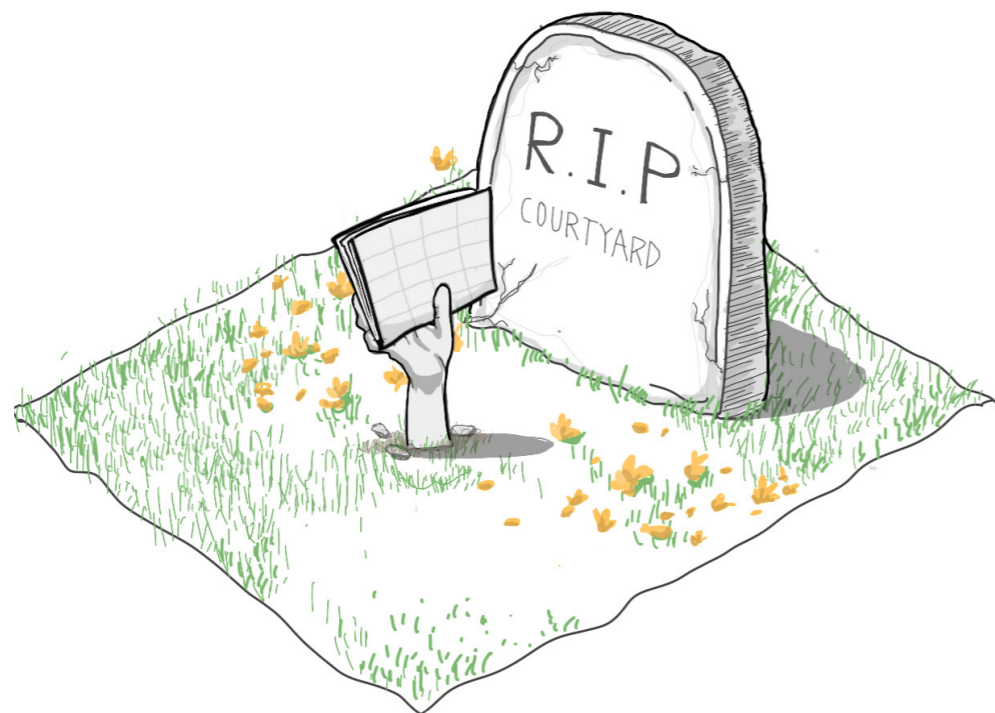
It is this phenomenon that led to the birth of our very own college newsletter- 'Courtyard' by students of the Class of 2020. Between the 8 years of Courtyard then and Courtyard now, and the handing over to new editors in chief and their teams, this newsletter has been through a lot.

Changes in style, character and content curation are among the obvious and necessary transformations in its journey, but like the way every heroic character in every movie has that one traumatic yet life changing moment that sets a new tangent to their character arc, Courtyard had a close call with death. Quoting Asst. Prof. Shreyas Baidur, "...The newsletter is meant to be a student-run body. It belongs to the students. Though many of the clubs on campus were, to some extent, initiated by faculty, the institution has grown old enough to have the mantle taken forward by the students. If students aren't interested in a club begun by faculty, let that club die in peace. The clubs are meant to be a place for students to be free from their overburdening faculties who do not know when to..." And as much as that stung, it was a fact.

Due to a few hitches in functioning, a major setback in campus life after covid, and the general tendency of aversion to reading which is a symptom of a variety of factors and influences that we are subjected to today, Courtyard has struggled. Though not in the throes of death anymore, it is still struggling to find relevance. We, as part of the current editorial team at Courtyard, believe that it still remains that powerful platform. The only change is that it is now in the journey of finding its new meaning and relevance through the current students of WCFA. Active participation through a desire to communicate, share, express and receive, is what is going to shape this new tangent of its character arc.

This issue is a commemoration of the journey of Courtyard- how it started, what it was meant for, and where it is heading. With no specific theme, this issue is a collage of student work. Ranging from articles, poems, illustrations and photographs, there is something here for everyone.

-Disha Dilip



Graphic Credits: Sivani Dirisala

THREADS

WE WEAVE

(AND

KNOTS

I

SEE)

Graphic Credits: M. Raahil

Art has always been a big part of my life. Drawing cartoons as a kid, doodling in the margins of my textbooks, making pieces that sometimes take hours on end, discussing my favorite artists and bands with my friends—art has always been a companion of mine, even if it has sometimes taken the backseat. But to say I knew what to expect from the Kochi Biennale is a fallacy. Despite having such a personal connection with art, it has always been something just a little out of reach, like my fingertips can feel the air around it but never really grasp ahold of it. But here, they finally grazed the surface.

The Kochi-Muziris Biennale, as the name suggests, is an art exhibition held in Fort Kochi once every two years to celebrate, showcase, debate and deliberate on art, experiences and culture from all over the world. It brings artists from all over the world to one place and attempts to connect people with the common thread of art and create a dialogue among artists, curators and the public. I was extremely grateful to be here experiencing this event, even though it often felt out of my depth. But as they say, when the company is good, the journey doesn't seem as daunting. My friends and I were all novices to the world of art, what with our measly knowledge and limited online exposure. Even though art week at class leading up to this visit and our many (many) discussions on the train ride to Kochi had made sure we were somewhat prepared, it still felt like we were pushed into freezing water. It was like a collective moment where all our blindfolds were ripped off and we came to see something we'd never seen before. We discovered all kinds of mediums and artstyles, varied storytelling and statements across the spectrum. We were in a whole new world (without the magic carpet this time).

Another thing I quickly came to realize is that the biennale could only be held in Kochi. I cannot even fathom the idea of it being elsewhere because art is so woven into the veins of Kochi. Each street, house and lamppost even, seemed to be crafted by artistic souls and delicate hands. With its rich history and amalgamation of different cultures and architecture, Fort Kochi is like something an author conjured up to set a quaint quiet story in —The trees grew

"..The question I kept coming back to was if Kochi was a paradise in itself because the biennale was held here, or if the biennale was held here because Kochi was its own pocket dimension."

in such harmony with the surroundings, in ways that you might think god herself designed the place. The waves crashed against the walls of Fort Kochi in tandem with the bustling activity of the people on the streets, the sunlight peeked through just enough for you to see the most alluring colours. The graffiti on the walls juxtaposed perfectly with the posh little cafes. The seagulls flew around the busy fish markets. Cats and dogs ran around playfully and street musicians belted out the most beautiful songs I've ever heard. It was unlike any city I've ever seen. And it was fitting that the biennale be held here in many venues across the city, there is no part of the city you do not wish to go to. The synagogues, the palaces, the galleries, the beaches, the antique shops, I experienced Kochi alongside the biennale. It was impossible to separate the city from the art, similar to how it is difficult to separate the art from the artist. The question I kept coming back to was if Kochi was a paradise in itself because the biennale was held here, or if the biennale was held here because Kochi was its own pocket dimension. In the end it is a paradox that shall remain unanswered. I believe it was just meant to be.

I wasn't just exposed different forms of art, but varied methods of storytelling. Some artworks were making a bold statement like protesters holding up signs in front of the parliament, while some were telling a story like how my grandma regales with tales of her childhood. Some were whispering transparent truths that people pretend they can't see. Some were just placing me in an exact place in that moment of time. Some screamed at me from all sides; I felt like an unmoored ship at sea. Some I could run my eyes over and feel a semblance of peace and understanding like standing in front of the serene sea.

It's astounding how our eyes look at the same things but see things completely differently. Oftentimes I saw the artwork before reading the wall text, the artists' intentions differed completely from my interpretation. My friends and I discussed various artworks and discovered just how diverse our perspectives are. That's what I love about art, I can see something and you can see something else and both us can still be right (or wrong)

Kochi had in store a lot of firsts for me. I often see my friends so far from home, having all kinds of new experiences and feel..left out. Like the tide swept all of them to a place I can't reach, while I stay on the shore. But here in Kochi, it was like the waves came rushing at me from all sides, I lost my footing a few times, but I found I could still stand.

Art swirled all around me, transporting me to different worlds and different times, some which didn't even exist and some so real I felt like was never here but always there. I hope my experience in Kochi has changed how I view the world, I find myself appreciating the rough strokes I make in paper, or how the flowers bloom just right in the trees, or how the sunlight hits just right on a friend's face. I feel like once where I could just see myself as a thread in the infinite tapestry of the universe, I can now see a blurry image of how I tie into everyone else's lives and how they tie into mine. In the end, I think Kochi was exactly that. Eye-opening.

-Aparna
Batch 2022

Issue 28
Mysuru
Monday
01 April 2024

Threads We Weave
03

Moments in Time
04-05

Reviving India's
Architectural Identity
06

Poetic Reverie
09

What's Going On?
10

THE ARRIVAL OF RHEO

It all started because of my sister. Her constant effort of begging and pleading for almost a year was something everyone at the house had noticed and pitied. My dad and I were on her side but the one with the power, the only one who mattered in these kinds of decisions, with unlimited freedom to veto anything, my mom, was strictly against it. Well, we all wanted a dog.

After Dasher, our previous dog, there was this looming absence that we couldn't brush past. I can't speak for the rest of them, but I certainly missed him. I had him when I was two. So even my oldest memory has him in it. Well, I guess you really do get to know the value of something once it's gone. Anyway, his going away hit us really hard. It took us all quite a bit of time to fully recover. All of this happened almost two years back so let's now get to the point.

About a year and a half ago, living in a house inhabited by no non-human creatures, my sister was the one who had the courage to be the first to ask my mom for another dog. None of us had spoken about this topic since Dasher, but we all, especially Mom, knew this was coming. She was prepared. I mean mentally prepared and fixed on the idea that "in this house will either live a dog or me". Every time my sister brought up the "dog topic" my mom's ears would just default into tuning it out. She refused to budge from her stand. Mom never liked the idea of keeping a dog at home, letting it inside the house, cleaning behind it and most importantly, she did not want the family to go through the pain of losing a member again.

Every one of these "dog topic" discussions or rather arguments, began gently, gained a little momentum, escalated too high too quickly and ended with a long shedding of tears. My sister used to come prepared to change my mom's mind; Mom always had her "dog shields" up and let nothing pass through them; my sister read out her long mental list of the benefits of having a dog, while Mom, so conveniently, always played her "I would have to end up taking care of it" card. So in the end, Mom would successfully end the conversation with "We'll think about it later, just not now". This happened every once in a while, about twice a month and was eventually considered a pretty normal and accepted regular event in the house.

As if things weren't already 'not' going her way, life always finds newer and more creative ways to kick you in the guts, doesn't it? My sister experienced one of the most distressing times of her life losing a very close friend. It was a difficult time for her and for all of us who were there to support her. It worried us all, especially my mom. And this is when she comes swooping in like the cliché "villain turned hero" of this story she was always meant to be!

She kept all her personal discomforts and feelings away and decided to do the one thing no one expected her to do. She agreed to get a dog. Everyone celebrated. My sister was on top of the world. She had a new reason to be happy, a new future to look forward to along with a tiny little companion. I, arguably the most expressive of the lot, was jumping around bursting with happiness. We never expected this to happen, but miracles do happen. People change for the people they love.

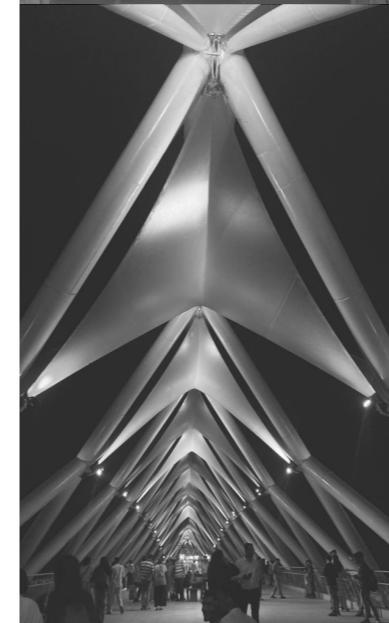
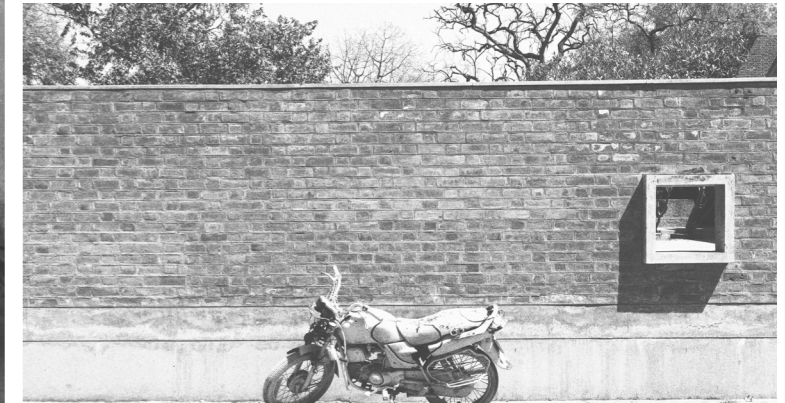
Then came a cute little twenty-five-day-old Labrador puppy into our house as well as our hearts. Out of the top two names to beat - Rheo and Polo, it was decided to name him Rheo.

-Disha Dilip
Batch 2020



Photo Credits: Anirudha R, Amesh G, Ayushi M, Sooraj D

A MOMENT IN TIME



REVIVING INDIA'S ARCHITECTURAL IDENTITY: A CALL FOR RECOGNITION AND INVESTMENT IN THE PROFESSION

To become an architect, one has to put in 5 years of hard work, comparable to a medical student. Yet, it seems that the general public is oblivious to the profession, often lumping it into the "engineer bracket" or, even worse, considering architects as mere individuals who can sketch and provide plans. This is a mentality that needs to change.

When one observes residential construction sites in and around cities, towns, or villages in India, regardless of site conditions, topography, soil, or other constraints, it is common to find a contractor or, at times, a mistry taking the lead in erecting columns wherever they see fit. This leads to unnecessary columns, projections, inefficient floor plans, unappealing spaces, poor consideration for light and ventilation, and so on. Architects can identify these faults and shortcuts that contractors and mistris often take. Unfortunately, this approach ends up costing the client more than expected in both the short and long term, primarily due to the reluctance to pay for architectural and engineering services. Building a new home is an aspiration for many, so investing in an architect's expertise makes financial sense to maximize the value of your money. People marvel at the architectural wonders left by our forefathers- magnificent temples, forts, and palaces that serve as tourist destinations. However, we rarely learn about the individuals behind these creations, often only hearing about the sponsors.

There's a valid point to be made that this is India's decade in the geopolitical realm. This implies that opportunities for architects will increase in the coming years and decades. So, how do we seize these opportunities? It will require a multifaceted approach to raise awareness about the architectural profession. This could involve outreach efforts by the profession, utilizing both traditional and modern media outlets, as well as the government actively encouraging people involved in construction to engage architects and engineers. Schools also play a crucial role; an educational system should provide insight into various professions that contribute to our economy, rather than heavily emphasizing engineering (including computer science) and medicine. The country's progress will necessitate a balance between all professions. The government itself can take a more serious approach to hiring architects with proven skills to execute its building projects. As more parties become involved, the architectural profession will grow, ultimately leading to higher-quality spaces that we interact with daily, whether in our homes, public buildings, institutions, or public squares. As the architectural profession flourishes, as a nation, we should strive to rediscover our unique architectural identity, which appears to have been lost in modern times. Perhaps the key lies in drawing inspiration from the principles and teachings laid down by our master architects. Their work serves as an ongoing experiment in the pursuit of this identity, a pursuit worth undertaking.

-Ar. Anivratha Baggunji
Class of 2022



“ There’s a valid point to be made that this is India’s decade in the geopolitical realm. This implies that opportunities for architects will increase in the coming years and decades. So, how do we seize these opportunities? ”

A LETTER TO LOVE



Graphic Credits: Surabhi S

Dear Love,

I first met you in 2016. Not knowing what our relationship would lead to. Not knowing how important you would become to me, and not knowing the trajectory of my future after that moment.

You passed by almost Like a dream, never to be seen again. The first time we met was for a few seconds, but my love for you was instantaneous, well not love maybe the feeling you get before that. We may have started on the wrong foot, with maybe not the best of impressions, but the moments after that will last a lifetime.

And you know what the sad part of all of this is?

You’re not even real, You’re fictional,

I met you in Books,

Books; It introduced me to this ‘feeling’ called love.

Love is such a scary feeling. I think even the word feeling is so bland to describe it. Love is like spring, the first smell of when all of the flowers bloom. Love is like the moon, always there in the night to light the way when the shadows seem to overpower you. Love is like the sun, it’s raw glow so powerful that it leaves ashes behind.

Yes, we look at other and we want a boyfriend, we see couples and their beautiful relationships desperately wanting to find what they have. But it’s not for the name or for the sake of it.

It’s for the ‘feeling’ The feeling of being loved at the end of the day. Not being loved as a daughter, or a sister or a friend, but as a companion, as a soulmate. That’s what I want. Because at the end of the day I don’t want to feel empty, I don’t want to feel lonely, I want to come back home and realize that I finally have someone who loves me the way I want to be loved.

This letter is to the feeling of ‘Love’ and all those love sick idiots reading books for a temporary experience of this feeling.

Love Always.

-Akshaya
Batch 2021

NEVERLAND

Everybody’s heard the story of Peterpan right? To be a kid forever, never grow old, and not be under society’s watchful eyes.

Neverland is a place where you would have no expectations, no responsibilities, no bills, no mortgage, no college applications, and no stress. Being a kid is the best part of one’s life and Neverland is that place where you can be a kid.

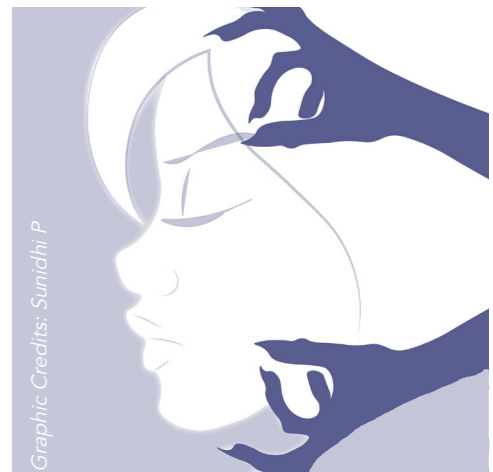
I want to never actually land but instead, keep flying however high it takes me (maybe high enough to go to the second star to the right and straight on till morning).

And I know I won’t ever be a kid again, but I’m hoping my life ahead will be just as happy and stress-free as that in Neverland, hoping I’ll forever get to dream.

And I guess that in the end, Neverland “doesn’t” have to be an actual place. It can be a thing, an emotion, a relationship, comfort. And I want to find my Neverland.

-Akshaya
Batch 2021

Graphic Credits: Sivani D



Graphic Credits: Sunidhi P

The silence of the night, so beautiful
I sit on my balcony letting it all in
The voices in my head grow louder
I focus on the leaves rustling
The bats ogling
The humming of the mosquitoes
My ears start to tingle

Still, the voices in my head only grow louder
More impatient
More terrifying
I sit here in silence negotiating with myself

Slowly the night sets in
I’m trying to get the spark I had back

As the night grows older and softer
The voices dim and I let the night soak in
The silence gets louder and I can finally hear myself think

With a handful of hope and a teardrop down my cheek
I say I got this
I got it in me

I get up only to give up and sleep
And I softly whisper to myself
“It’s alright you rest today.
You need it.
You’ll do it tomorrow if needed.”

-Isra Murali
Batch 2021

SILENCE OF THE NIGHT



Cats and Wildflowers



Cats and Roses



Cats and Potted Plants

A series of three illustrations by Lina Tom (Batch 2019) inspired by the prompt "Cats in the garden" that was released at the beginning of the year by the Instagram page- theydrawandgarden

BLESSING ^{OR} _A CURSE ON POETRY

I don't know if it's a blessing or a curse
 My ability to see beauty in everything
 I don't know if I'm just making it worse
 By not seeing the reality of people and their minds
 Their actions and their sins

Am I protecting myself by hiding all that's unpleasant?
 Or am I just setting myself up for greater misery?

Is it a blessing or a curse?
 To believe that people are better than their bad moments
 Justifying to myself how they can't take onus,
 Of all the hurt they have caused
 How they can only see flaws
 In the world
 In me
 In everything and everyone that only deserves to be loved

But the question is can I trust?
 Can I trust that my love can fix their views?
 Can I trust that my kindness is just enough to help them
 clear their dues?
 Their dues to the higher power that lives above us,
 Their dues to the force that lives within them

I hope their pain doesn't pollute my heart
 I hope my tenderness fills the void in theirs
 I hope my sunshine crawls between their scars and heals
 every part

Every part of them that should never have been scarred
 in the first place
 Every part that drives them to scar parts of me

I don't know if it's a blessing or a curse
 My ability to see beauty in everything
 In everything but myself.

-Muskan Ahmed
 Batch 2022

lines, lines and lines
 subject, pronoun, adjective and a noun.
 lines, more lines and some more.
 do not forget to use anaphora,
 don't let it go waste
 like a Marie biscuit in a tea party.
 talk about something, describe it to me and suffocate me with
 strong metaphors and similes
 and then add another line,
 that need not really rhyme.
 because, what is poetry?
 What is poetry if not mere words,
 that'll make sense to you,
 only if you have poetry inside of you.
 So believe there is poetry, inside of you.
 believe there is poetry all around you.
 There is poetry in the way water flows,
 there's poetry in your mother's kitchen,
 cooker whistles and tinkling bangles.
 there's poetry in the way he talks and there's definitely poetry in
 the way she tucks her hair in.
 Isn't there something
 in the idea believing in something
 so endearing?
 it makes your life
 almost magical
 and extremely poetic.
 There is poetry inside everyone.
 To see the poetry inside of you,
 I'll ask you to believe in magic,
 believe in fairytales and evil stepmothers.
 Believe in true love's kiss,
 believe that it can heal you.
 believe in the stories you hear,
 believe there's hundred plants growing inside you from all the
 seeds you've swallowed.
 believe that babies are dropped by storks.
 believe in tooth fairies, Santa Claus and creatures that live under
 your bed.
 believe in hundred other things,
 feel deeply about hundred things.
 that's exactly how poetry comes out of you.

-Hemamshu
 Batch 2020



Graphic Credits: Sivani D

WHAT'S GOING ON?

Graphic Credits: Ayushi Madan

EVENTS	CENTAUR	GRIFFIN	MANTICORE	TORR
TT SINGLES BOYS	30	40	20	10
TT SINGLES GIRLS	10	30	20	40
TT MIXED DOUBLES	20	30	10	40
CHESS	20	10	30	40
CARROM	10	40	20	30
TOTAL	90	150	100	160

The updated scoreboard for the ongoing annual interhouse sports competitions conducted by the Student Council on weekends across the last two months.



ON THE POD

ON THE POD

We're happy to unveil the new logo for Courtyard's exclusive podcast, **On The Pod**, designed by Arnesh Ghosh from Batch 2019.

On The Pod returns with a new episode this April. Stay tuned! (P.S. if any of you are interested in joining the team, please contact the Editorial Heads.)

Graphic Credits: Arnesh G

WORD SEARCH

F W O R K S H O P D Q V B W V
 W S U S T A I N A B I L I T Y
 B F B U D R A Y T R U O C L W
 Z X R G I E W L Z X L L I G W
 O U I Q Z D L C L Y T K U V K
 L K G B E Y Y I P Z Q R A K A
 N Q P E G O S J B X Y W X S B
 X D C L D R V H Q R Q G V P N
 S H M X E A L Q Z B A M P E T
 G X V Z L U U C H K E R H D X
 A I X M A R G A H G J X Y N Z
 H B V O G L U F Q U U D S F Z
 A D A P T I V E R E U S E R V
 B U R J S X G Q D R O L K W I
 F U D D G A Y E D I G F L P Y

GHAGHRA
LEDGE
UDD GAYE

SUSTAINABILITY
ADAPTIVE REUSE

LIBRARY
WORKSHOP
COURTYARD

Photo Credits: Rayan Khan, Raghav A, Sainiithi



CERAMICS



METAL SCULPTURE



ORIGAMI



PRINT MAKING



WALL MURAL



ILLUSTRATIONS



THEATRE



COMIC ART

29
30
31
MARCH
2024

The intensive 3-day workshops hosted by the **WCFA Accelerator Labs** for students to engage in diverse creative fields and work with expert practitioners.

wcfacourtyard.in

Instagram:@courtyard_wcfa

Email ID: courtyard@wcfa.ac.in



Editor in Chief: Anirudha Rai, Ayushi Madan | Editor: Disha Dilip | Graphic Editor: Aditya K | Assistant Editors: Ananya Diggavi, Fathima Hana, Aparna Acharya | Assistant Graphic Editor: Dirisala Sivani, Sunidhi Patil, Pulakith, Mohammad Rahil | Assistant Layout Editor: Niharika Harinath, Sarthak Goyal | Critic-at-Large : Asst.Prof. Krishnapriya Rajshekar

