

#TRENDING

From Blueprint to Reality

India's First 3D-Printed Villa stuns the Internet.



In a groundbreaking innovation that has taken the real estate and construction industries by storm, India's first-ever 3D-printed villa has been unveiled in Pune. The revolutionary structure, designed and built using advanced 3D-printing technology, has left the internet awestruck, sparking conversations about the future of housing in India.

A Technological Marvel in Construction

The villa, located in Pune, has been created using state-of-the-art 3D construction printing technology, which drastically reduces building time, material wastage, and costs. Spearheaded by a pioneering Indian startup in collaboration with engineers and architects, this project marks a significant leap towards sustainable and efficient housing solutions in the

country. Unlike traditional construction methods, which involve bricklaying, cement mixing, and extended labor-intensive processes, 3D printing enables the villa's walls to be printed layer by layer using a specially formulated concrete mix. This technique ensures structural integrity while allowing for rapid construction, completing the villa in just a few weeks instead of months.

Features of the 3D-Printed Villa

The villa boasts a sleek, modern design with an emphasis on sustainability and innovation. Some of its key highlights include:

- **Eco-Friendly Materials:** The concrete mix used for printing is designed to be sustainable, reducing carbon footprint and construction waste.
- **Rapid Construction:** Traditional homes can take several months to complete, but this villa was built in a fraction of

the time, thanks to automated 3D printing technology.

- **Customizable Designs:** Unlike conventional construction, 3D printing allows for intricate and customizable architectural designs, making each home unique and tailored to specific needs.
- **Energy Efficiency:** The structure is optimized for energy conservation, integrating smart lighting and ventilation systems.

The Internet Reacts

As soon as images and videos of the 3D-printed villa surfaced online, social media platforms buzzed with admiration and curiosity. Tech enthusiasts, architects, and real estate experts lauded the project as a game-changer for India's housing sector. Many expressed excitement over the potential affordability and efficiency that 3D-printed homes could bring to the market, especially in a

country where rapid urbanization demands innovative housing solutions. "This is the future of housing! Imagine being able to print homes for the underprivileged in record time," commented one Twitter user. "India is stepping into a new era of sustainable and smart construction. This could be the beginning of a housing revolution," posted another.

Future Prospects of 3D-Printed Homes in India

The successful execution of India's first 3D-printed villa paves the way for larger-scale projects in the near future. Experts believe that this technology could be instrumental in addressing India's affordable housing crisis by providing quick, cost-

effective, and durable housing solutions. Additionally, with rising concerns over environmental sustainability, 3D printing in construction could help reduce material wastage and carbon emissions, making it a preferred choice for future real estate developments.



The Night Stardom Performed, Old Tried Young, And Cinema Forgot to Show Up



Bollywood descended like a meteor, loud, glittering, and slightly offbeat. IIFA 2025 gave us abs, auto-tune, and actors lip-syncing to their own youth. Jaipur got the party, we got the Instagram reels. And somewhere beneath the sequins, cinema quietly asked, "Remember me?" A reflective, slightly unhinged, absolutely honest take on IIFA Jaipur 2025!



Shailaza Singh
Published Author,
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One evening after the dust settled, after the confetti had been swept up and the stage lights had dimmed, I did something I hadn't done in years. I turned on the television. I wasn't watching the news or a streaming platform. No. I was

watching *Kuch Kuch Hota Hai*. And I remembered. I remembered a time when Shah Rukh Khan looked like Shah Rukh Khan. When Salman Khan looked like someone who still believed in trees, not protein shakes. When Madhuri Dixit danced like poetry and didn't need to lip-sync to her own nostalgia.

I remembered Bollywood, not this botoxed, brand-partnered, algorithm-chasing version of itself, but the messy, magical, melo-dramatic beast I fell in love with.

And that's when it hit me. IIFA had just happened in Jaipur. And I was still trying to recover.

Stardust and Steerage: The Real Audience Experience

Let me start from the ground level because that's exactly where we were. While the gold-class ticket holders and influencers bathed in proximity to stardom, the rest of us, the so-called silver class, watched from a Titanic-style steerage zone, peering at the giant screens like hopeful extras in

someone else's movie. The stage was a galaxy away. The sound was decent, if you enjoy delayed reactions and tinny treble. And the plastic tumbler, yes, the 100 water tumbler, became a symbol of our place in this cinematic caste system. The fries? 250. Loaded only in price. Not potato!

The Actors Who Danced (Or Didn't)

Now let's talk about the dancing. Who says the stars danced?

In reality, they posed, twirled, did a dramatic half-spin, and exited stage left. The background dancers did the actual lifting, figuratively, and occasionally, quite literally. The stars came on, wiggled a bit, pointed skyward, struck a pose, exited, and returned after a waistcoat change to do it all over again.

Some in the audience whispered that they saw a body double perform Shah Rukh's hook steps during his sequences. I could barely distinguish the body from where I was sitting, double or otherwise. It was all a flicker of nostalgia wrapped in glitter and exhaustion. Are star awards only about song and dance? Has it all become so choreographed that spontaneity and storytelling have quietly exited the stage, right?

The True Story of the Awards

Kartik Aaryan took home the Best Actor award for *Bhool Bhulaiyaa 3*, a performance that was, in the kindest words, energetic and crowd-friendly. Meanwhile, Sparsh Srivastava of *Laapataa Ladies*, who delivered a performance rooted in subtlety, heartbreak, and humanity, wasn't even in contention.

Why?

Perhaps because Kartik also co-hosted the evening with Karan Johar and needed a proper thank-you note in the form of a trophy. Perhaps because subtle storytelling doesn't trend as easily on social media as dancing in *sherwanis*. This is not to belittle Kartik Aaryan's charm, but to wonder, when did awards become compensations rather than recognitions?

#IIFA 2025

Lip Sync of the Undead

Madhuri Dixit appeared, sequins sparkling, lips moving to an old number she once made legendary.

Except it felt like a hologram. A beautifully preserved relic going through the motions. A living icon, caught in an echo of her own applause.

Shah Rukh tried to recreate the magic too. But this wasn't *DDLJ* or *Kal Ho Naa Ho*. This was a man battling time with a dumbbell in one hand and a legacy in the other.

They weren't just trying to look youthful. They were clinging to an image that had already moved on, like fashion trends and exes we don't speak of.

And yet, I felt sad. Not because they aged, but because they weren't allowed to.

Nostalgia With a Ring Light

Shah Rukh Khan and Madhuri Dixit, once lightning in a bottle, now seemed like elegant holograms of their younger selves, beautifully preserved, but ever so slightly disconnected.

This isn't a criticism of aging. Aging is glorious. But pretending not to age? Exhausting for everyone. There was a time when stardom grew with the audience. Today, it's held hostage by marketing calendars and six-pack schedules.

Where Was the Cinema?

Amid all the smoke machines, abs, and backup dancers, one thing was quietly missing, the cinema itself.

We didn't see a montage celebrating *Laapataa Ladies*, *12th Fail*, or *RRR*'s global victory lap.

There was no love letter to storytelling. No tribute to screenwriters. Not even a quiet nod to the films that made us think, cry, or change.

Instead, we cheered for songs that already had a billion views on YouTube.

It felt like watching a wedding sangee on a corporate budget, with no actual wedding.

Yes, they did run montages each time the nominations were announced, but they were just names. No heart. No frames that reminded us why we fell in love with cinema in the first place.

There was a technical awards segment on the previous day, hosted by Abhishek Banerjee, Aparshakti Khurana, and Vijay Varma. But it was riddled with cringe comedy, timing issues, and synchronization gaffes that had the audience groaning louder than laughing.

And that's where we missed the cinema the most, not just as content, but as craft.

Marketing Over Memory

Somewhere along the way, stardom became a business model, not a story. There was a time when Dilip Kumar said in an interview, "There are so many toys in the shop. Either you take them out one by one and last for years, or you dump them all at once and be done."

I think we're in the age of dumping all the toys. Amitabh Bachchan, bless him, evolved. From angry young man to KBC host to the wise man of the people, he kept reinventing. He didn't hide from his years. He used them. His journey moved from Jhoti to living rooms in Moradabad and Sambhal. And he never looked like a caricature of himself.

Meanwhile, IIFA seems stuck in a loop of trying to sell nostalgia in gold-plated wrappers.

Celebration or Commercial?

To the city's credit, Jaipur hosted an event of massive scale and spirit. The energy was undeniable. For tourism, for visibility, for the local economy, it was a grand moment. The coordination and cultural representation, though limited in some aspects, still offered the city a brief starring role on the global stage.

But for those of us who came as fans, not buyers, it was also a moment of reckoning.

Are we watching art, or advertising?

Are we celebrating cinema, or staging brand placements with backup dancers?

Are we still in love, or are we holding on to an illusion of what love used to be?

Local Talent: A Token Afterthought

Rajasthani artists, cultural custodians of one of India's richest heritages, were given a grand total of 8 minutes of stage time.

You heard that right. 8 minutes.

Apparently, that's the value of folk art in a Bollywood spreadsheet.

The Jaipur Lens

And what about Jaipur? The city shimmered. Hotels were overbooked, streets were scrubbed clean, and every autorickshaw driver had a theory on which actor stayed where.

But it also felt like the city was playing host to a party it couldn't fully attend. Locals watched from afar, cheered from behind barricades, and waved at cars with tinted windows. This wasn't just an event, it was a mirror to our aspirations and our exclusions.

Jaipur looked beautiful. But was it seen?

The Weight of Stardom (and Ozempic)

Even the controversies were glamorous. Karan Johar's rapid weight loss had the internet whispering Ozempic louder than his designer label. Sonu Nigam questioned the credibility of the awards. The nominations felt more like brand campaigns than acknowledgments of art. It wasn't an awards show, it was a *marketing gala* in movie drag.

The Influence of Influencers

Once upon a time, an 'influencer' was someone who shaped cinema, culture, and conversation. Today, they're more likely to be someone who once reviewed moisturizers and now finds themselves strutting the green carpet with a rented designer clutch and 34K followers, 90% of whom are bots.

IIFA 2025 had more ring lights than real light, more vloggers than veterans. Micro-celebrities captured more footage of themselves reacting to the event than the event itself.

You could hear it in the rehearsed gasps, "OMG guys, Shah Rukh just looked in my direction. I think."

No one blinked at the irony of filming their 'authentic reactions' in three takes.

This wasn't just an awards night, it was a content creation festival.

The Final Take

Maybe, IIFA Jaipur wasn't a celebration. Maybe, it was a mirror.

Not just for the stars, but for us too. For those of us who still watch TV and wait for stories that move us. For those of us who still believe in magic, but now see the wires holding up the illusion.

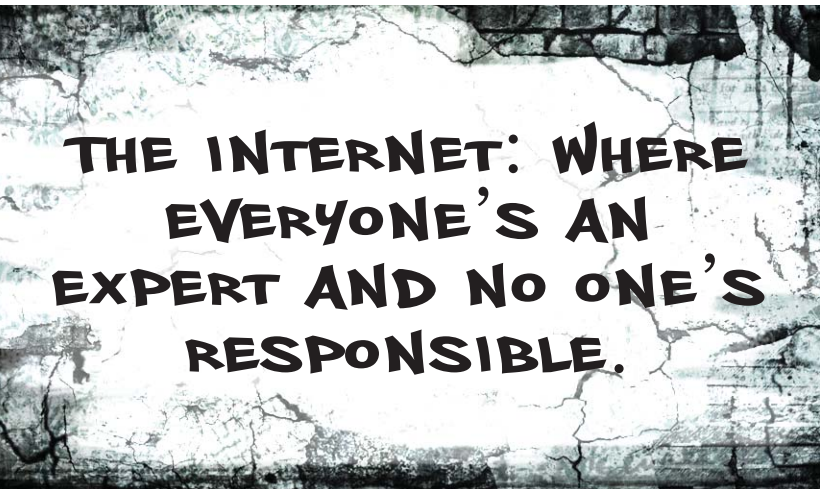
And maybe, that's okay.

Because once the stardust settles, you begin to see the real stage. And sometimes, the truth is far more entertaining.

And maybe, the real award goes to us, for still hoping that cinema remembers how to feel, not just perform.

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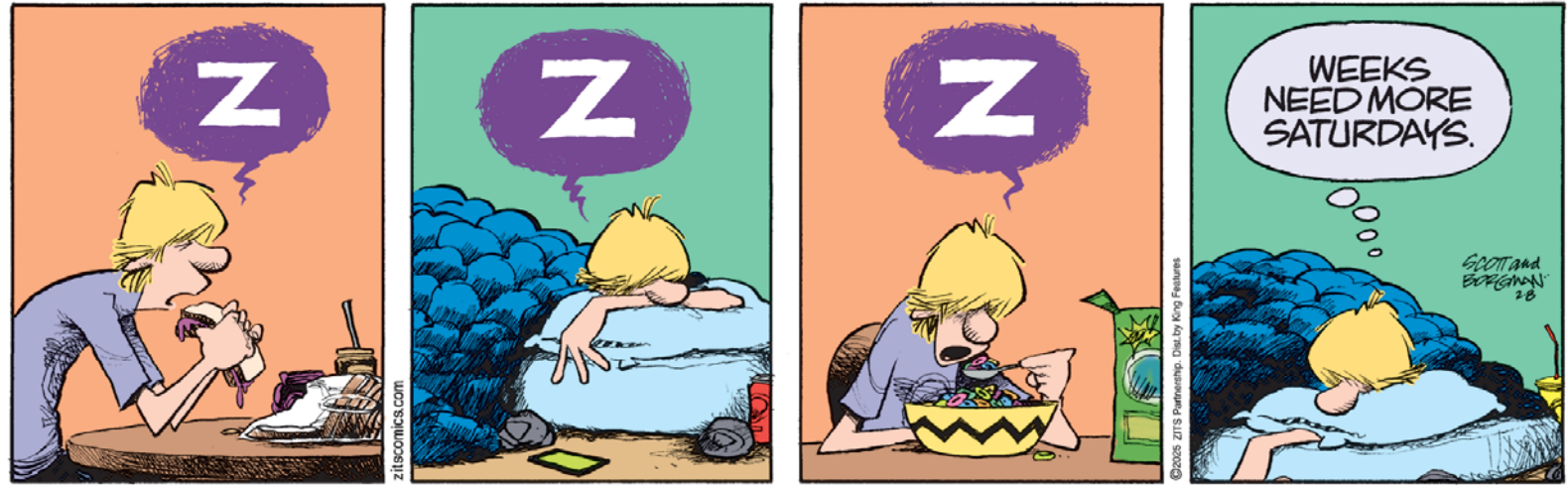
THE WALL



BABY BLUES



ZITS



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman