



THE EYE





THE EYE

SEPTEMBER 2020

മുഖക്കുറിപ്പ്

പ്രിയപ്പെട്ടവരേ,

ഓണത്തോടനുബന്ധിച്ച് പുറത്തിറങ്ങുന്ന 'ദി ഐ' ലക്കം ദർശന കുടുംബാംഗങ്ങളുടെ സൃഷ്ടികൾ ഉൾപ്പെടുത്തിക്കൊണ്ടാവണം എന്ന് പത്രാധിപസമിതി തീരുമാനിച്ചത് നാമെല്ലാവരും വീടുകളിലേക്ക് അടഞ്ഞുപോയ ഒരു അവസ്ഥയിൽ ആണ്. കുടുംബാംഗങ്ങളുടെ സർഗാത്മകമായ സൃഷ്ടികൾ ക്ഷണിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അഭ്യർത്ഥന നൽകുമ്പോൾ സത്യത്തിൽ പ്രതീക്ഷകൾ അധികമൊന്നും ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ല. എന്നാൽ എല്ലാ മുൻധാരണകളേയും തെറ്റിച്ചുകൊണ്ടാണ് പ്രതികരണങ്ങൾ ലഭിച്ചത്.

ഏറ്റവും സന്തോഷിപ്പിക്കുന്ന കാര്യം പുതിയ തലമുറ തികഞ്ഞ ജാഗ്രതയോടെയും വിശകലനബുദ്ധിയോടെയും ചുറ്റുപാടുകളെ വീക്ഷിക്കുന്നു എന്നുള്ള അറിവാണ്. പുരോഗമനപരമായ ചിന്തകൾക്ക് തുടർച്ച ഉണ്ടാവുക എന്നതും മാറുന്ന ഭാവുകത്വത്തിനനുസരിച്ച് സ്വയം പുതുക്കിക്കൊണ്ടിരിക്കുന്ന ഒരു സംഘമായി അത് നിലനിന്നു പോവുക എന്നതും വളരെ പ്രധാനമാണ്. അത്തരത്തിൽ വലിയ സന്തോഷം നൽകുന്ന ഒന്നാണ് ഈ പ്രത്യേക പതിപ്പിന് ദർശന കുടുംബാംഗങ്ങളിൽ നിന്ന് ലഭിച്ച പ്രതികരണം. ആ ആവേശത്തോടെ, അത്യധികം ആഹ്ലാദത്തോടെ, ഈ പ്രസാധനവുമായി സഹകരിച്ച എല്ലാവരേയും അഭിവാദ്യം ചെയ്യുന്നു.

വളരെയധികം ആകലമായ ഈ കാലത്ത് ദർശനയുടെ കൂട്ടായ്മ ഒരുപാട് സുരക്ഷിതത്വം തരുന്ന ഒരു അഭയകേന്ദ്രമാണ്. അത് കൂടുതൽ വലുതും ശക്തവും ആവുക എന്നത് നമ്മുടെ മുന്നോട്ടുള്ള ജീവിതത്തിന്റെ പ്രതീക്ഷയും സ്വപ്നവുമാണ്.

ആ സ്വപ്നങ്ങളും പ്രതീക്ഷകളുമാണ് ഈ ലക്കം ചേർത്തെടുക്കാൻ ഉപയോഗിച്ച അടിസ്ഥാനവർണങ്ങൾ.

ഏവർക്കും നിറപ്പകിട്ടുള്ള ദിവസങ്ങൾ ആശംസിക്കുന്നു..

സന്ദേഹം
പത്രാധിപസമിതി





SEPTEMBER 2020

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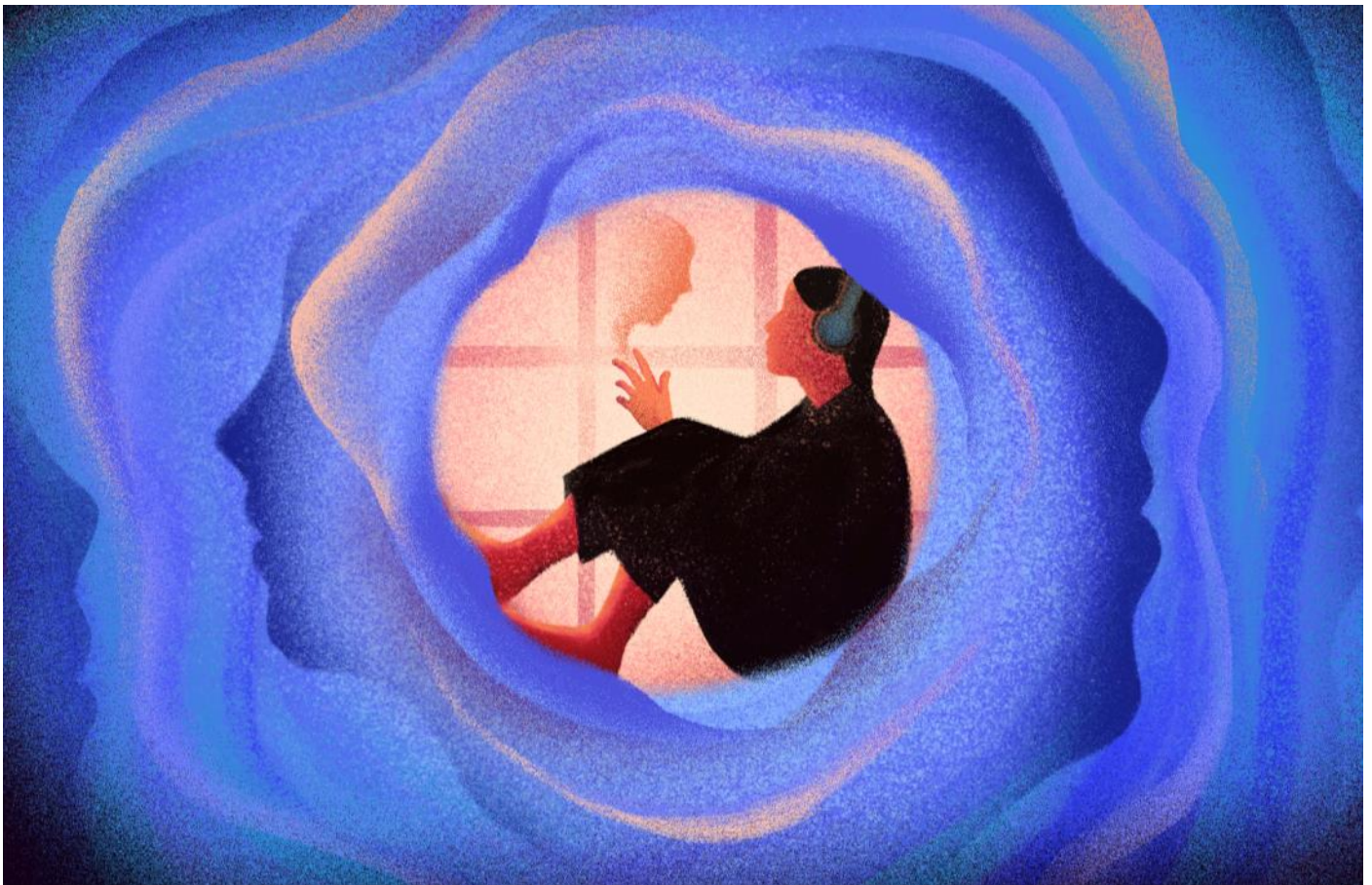
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മുഖചിത്രം

Lockdown activity By Nanditha Ajith

ഈ ദിവസങ്ങളിൽ

വീട്ടിൽ അടഞ്ഞുമുടിയിരുന്ന് പാട്ടു കേട്ടു
പല തലമുറകളിലെ ദർശന കുടുംബങ്ങൾക്ക്
സമർപ്പിക്കുന്നു..



Feral Notes App Pieces

Akheela Sherif

Maybe a lot of people that write would call themselves passionate people, but for the most part of my life, anger was my only emotion. I had read too much at one age and too little at the time I was assigned bucketloads to read. I thought my anger was righteous, that it was affectionate. But with everything that was happening, politically, while I was in college, at one point, there was only anger in me and I was looking for catharsis.

As an angry person looking for catharsis, I started writing bad poetry in my note's app – a sentence that probably runs true for most people today. When bad poetry wasn't enough, I moved on to ranting. The misogyny of the old men that ran my hostel, the blindness and political neutrality (if such a thing even exists) of most of my female peers angered me.

After the high tide of my anger had subsided, there was some home sickness for the world I grew up in, only for that too to be replaced by my deep love for Kochi.

It is with utmost cringe that I edit and even look at these pieces from ages ago, I see a reflection of a younger, pettier, sillier version of myself. It took a lot to hold myself back from editing out some of the melodramatic lines in these, I guess to publish is to feel the pain of laying all this bare, so, maybe we're all masochistic to a degree.



21st October, 2019

Growing up in a lot of places, I think I lost some of the sense of we attach to places and their significance. I'm not blind to the charms of having a definitive idea of a place when I think of 'home'. I think I'm just more immune to the pressure of feeling like you have to belong somewhere. I do everything everywhere. Maybe that's why I'm always twisting my ankle – because I am living in a bubble, because I'm crossing so many things off in my head

while I'm also crossing the road. Is that good? It's an atrocious amount to narcissism to assume that no one else has ever done this but maybe you'll let me claim that I do it more than they do?

12th December, 2020

First, they came for the Kashmiris, and I did not speak out—

Because I was not a Kashmiri

Then they came for the immigrants, and I did not speak out—

Because I was not an immigrant

Then they came for the Muslims, and I did not speak out—

Because I was not a Muslim.

Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.

(Adapted from Martin Niemöller's 'First they came for the Socialists')



15th March, 2020

Although I have dipped into the deep end of the atheism pool and religious is the last thing I would call myself, when you say "Damn all religions," I find it a little hard to agree.

Keeping obvious reasons like religious art and poetry aside, there is something else that religion does for



people. If you have it in you to accept the morbid reality that existence is meaningless, we will all eventually be rust and stardust, I applaud you. You're someone after my own taste.

But for the average Joe who hasn't identified with any major global socio-political movement, what is life but an endless cycle of a 9 to 5 job and laundry and grocery

shopping and Netflixing? What is life to someone that never stood around thinking much about anything?

If you removed religion from this equation, you have a vacuum. Ethics is easier to explain to the majority using the idea of God. Not everyone cares to sit around thinking about the ethics of day to day conduct.

People have an emotional need to identify, to belong to something greater than themselves to satisfy their dream of never ceasing to exist. In the absence of religion, it could be a nationalist group of cow huggers that fill the void in people's thoughts.

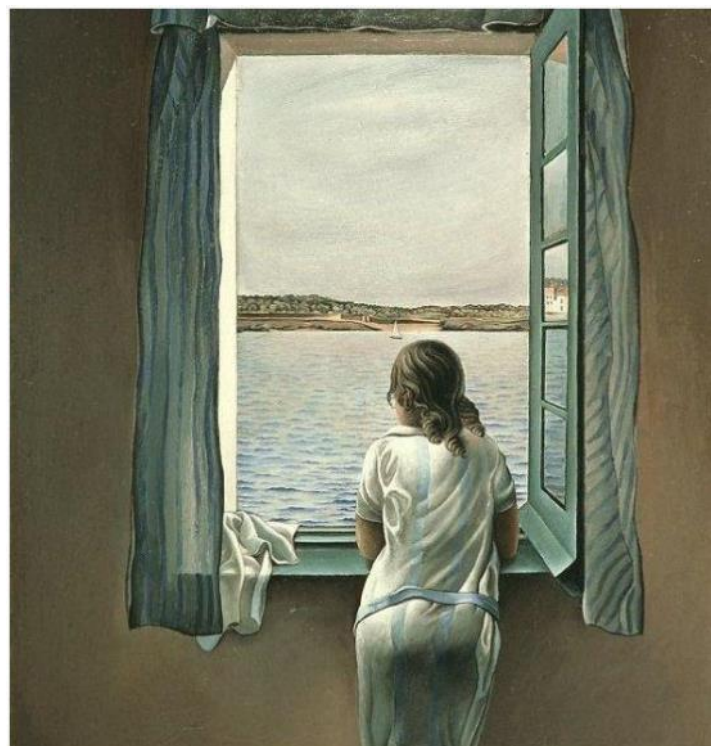
Sure, the nationalist group of cow huggers is religious as well but there is a difference between religion and religious extremism. A potential for extremism is not exclusive to religion.

Until such time as scientific thought gains enough traction for people to find purpose elsewhere and understand ethics differently, my humble request is that you, my dear activist, do not deny the average Joe their brief respite and purpose in life because I worry about the harsher powers that will take hold in their mind in the vacuum we leave behind.

16th March, 2020

It's standard practise in most circles to only engage with standard content on any side and criticise only media and actions worth criticising. I'm going to ignore that for a minute and dive into this whole Big Boss stuff that's happening.

There is a book called 1984 by George Orwell. It shows dystopian Britain in a fu-



BIG BROTHER



IS WATCHING YOU

ture where it is called Oceania. The citizens of Oceania are under constant surveillance of "the party" headed by a character called Big Brother. It is this aspect of constant surveillance that the show calls to attention when naming itself Big Brother. The fact that all Indian adaptations changed it to Big Boss – a meaningless title is in itself annoying to me because Orwell is essential reading for the times we live in (our own saffron laced Big Brother is nothing short of a dystopian nightmare).

While reality television is rife for opportunity to conduct social experiments and propel society towards real positive change, all this is often ignored for baseless gossip mongering and petty fights among grown adults instead.

I saw a post about the Big Brother contestants in Germany having no idea what is happening in the world with COVID-19. I have no idea if it's the same with the Malayali contestants but all this is such a waste!

Imagine a show where contestants are carefully hand-picked social activists, people from the Adivasi community, queer women, transgender and other minority groups and then depicted what the human condition in isolation is like. Imagine the clash of interesting minds and how amazing that would be to witness. Not to mention all the groups that would get a massive platform to express themselves in.

There is no market for this sort of thing – yet! This is a media company with the resources to mould the taste of their viewership. The fact that they instead chose to pander to the public's baser desires is just irresponsibility.

People do not have an inherent want for this rubbish. Don't you dare tell me that is hu-

man nature. Life imitates art. No section is born with an inherent want for trashy television. They watch this because giant media companies give them nothing better.

22nd March, 2020

A complete collapse of systems is at our feet.

The confinement is starting to get suffocating. In the middle of a crisis, know that there is such a thing as a coping mechanism. Catharsis, if you will.

Anne Frank, scared for her life, crammed into an annexe with 8 others did not primarily write about Hitler or the rise of German Nationalism.

While civic responsibility dictates that you spread information about this particular crisis, you're wrong to suggest that humanity spend every waking moment on this crisis and this one alone.

You could. Everyone will not be able to.

As thoughts get heavier and I feel the familiar knot in my throat, I don't find peace kneeling in front of a deity and begging salvation. But I know enough not to bring down those that find peace that way (as long as they do it in isolation). So, I don't criticise the memelords making memes, the painters painting and the writers writing. There is nothing Em-



peror Nero-esque about seeking sanctuary. Even those expressions of vanity cause no harm as long as they are done in isolation.

While ensuring that there is life after the virus, do not take away from people everything worth living for.

9th April, 2020

I'm really starting to feel a shift in reality. Slowly the people outside start blurring into bokeh, far away points of light I can justly barely feel the warmth of. Almost unreal, like underdeveloped plot points weaving and crisscrossing in the distance.

My words have started shedding the layers of filters I'd carefully placed them in. They're more my own and less the adopted voices of those around me that bounced about in my head.

On occasion I wake up, still clothed in the warmth of a dream about sitting through a lecture and running to practise sessions. And I realise that I'd rather dream of those things than live the pain of some parts of it all over again.

There is a tranquillity to being locked away like this. To slow paced, sleepy days lived on my own chaotic schedules. To dead groups chats and thriving discussions on art. To puppy love and solidified affections.

26th April, 2020

Most days I just want to be the target audience for something that's not pink, shiny or overtly sexualised.

15th June, 2020

Who are we if we're not jumping out of bed and falling to our phones to reread last night's debates?

The rush of blood making a little dizzying



What convinced people to show affection in frail, passive tones instead of violently loving and living like we're all meant to be? I will never understand the kids that let things rush past them without bothering to say a word. Those kids that rush to buy material gifts to express affection, what bland lives memorising birthdays and anniversaries and never having the freedom to shout.

The emotionless existence is not maturity or refinement -- it's just a lack of imagination.

I'd rather tumble down and tear my ankles a couple of times because I know that we'd be laughing when it came time to cut my stitches out.

Undated

Feminism is an umbrella movement. It is therefore not otherworldly to think that some parts of it end up propelling activists' worst instincts and raging about pointless causes like "manspreading" and eventually painting with period blood. The existence of these fringe weirdos is not exclusive to feminism. Every movement has its embarrassments.

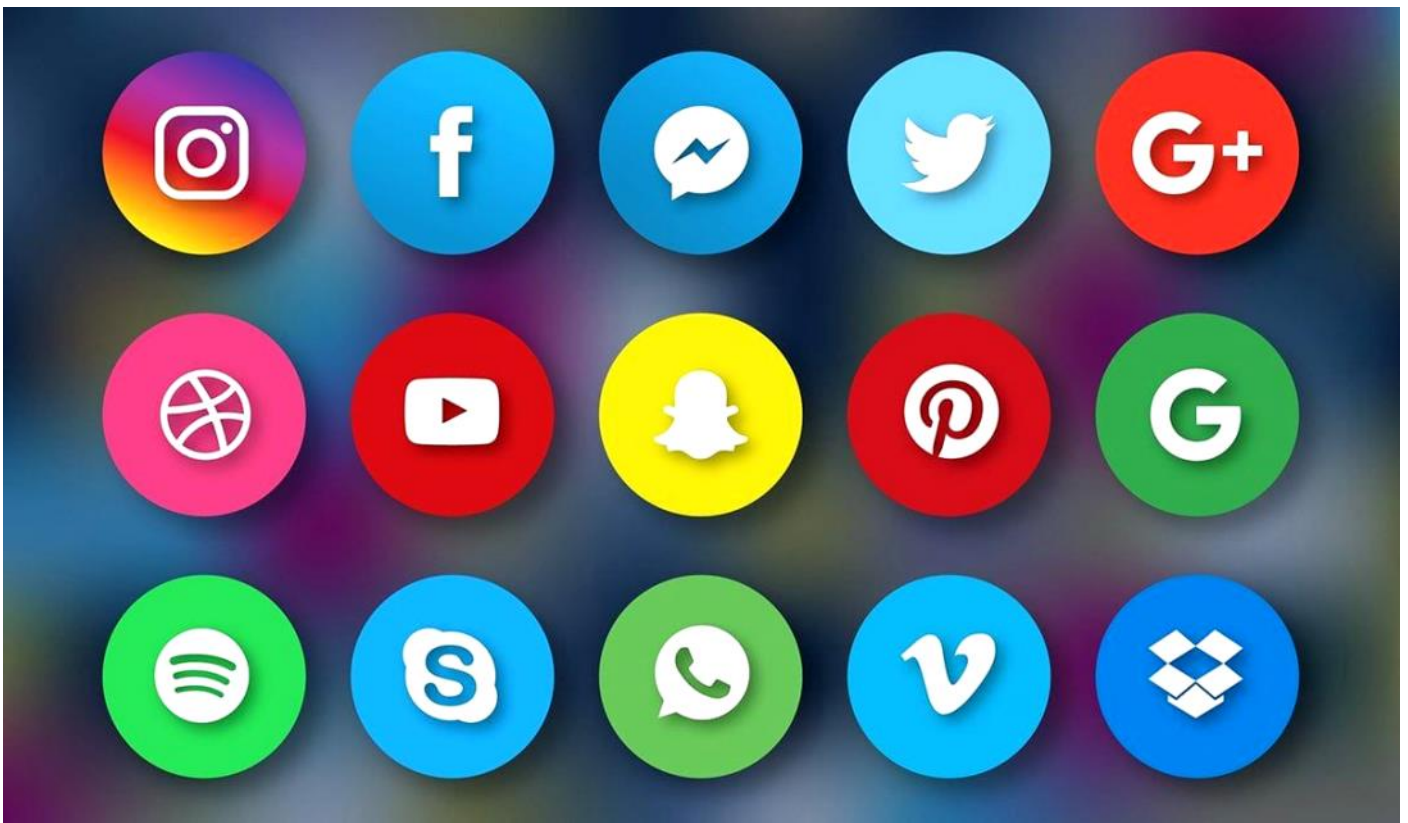
But here's the thing. These are all people that are trying to rethink years of what they have been taught to change the world for the better. And those people, will make mistakes. You can't rewire an entire belief system without running into a few hitches along the way.

That being said, it is not worthwhile to convince every troll or angry voice on either side of the gender politics debate - something I learned the hard way. There is no reason why you should be so unbelievably outraged at a foolish twiteratti who has no clue what they're implying. It is your integrity that is called into question when you engage with and give publicity to such petty causes.

Ask yourself – are you proportionately angry at systematic misogyny? Do you burst with anger when you hear about the glass ceiling effect or the wage gap? Do you get just as angry when you hear about female genital mutilation in some parts of the world?

Let's put aside the celebrity pandering rubbish. Point out the flaws in Gloria Steinem's lectures, Oliver Thorn's gender political philosophy or Natalie Wynn's debates. Talk about issues that matter. Not issues that crave cheap publicity.





FILTER ALGORITHMS OF SOCIAL MEDIA

Sethu Pradeep

You disagree with the Citizenship Amendment Act? You must be congri or a com-mie. Oh, you don't want women entering the Sabarimala Temple? You must be a sanghi. Gone are the days when your opinions about politics and culture were not automatically assumed to be functions of your political identity. Everyone and everything is categorized into neatly labelled ideological categories, and the people and groups slotted into one category must behave in the same manner as others in the category. Welcome to the new and wonderful world of identity politics.

The start of identity politics was innocuous enough, it was what helped interest groups advocate for the better treatment of those that belonged to oppressed groups like the LGBTQIA+ community and racial and religious minorities. But in the past few years, this idea has mutated into a hideous monster that threatens to undermine one of the foundations of representative democracy: open public dialogue.

As of 2020, more than 370 million Indians have access to Social Media, and this has played no small part in the rise of identity politics. There are two main characteristics of most Social Media that are primary contributors: the first is the creation of filter bubbles where individual users rarely encounter information that conflicts with their world view and the second is the fact that Social Media has turned all of its users into content creators without necessarily educating them about the ramifications.

Internet activist Eli Roth describes filter bubbles as the intellectual isolation that occurs when websites make use of algorithms to selectively assume the information a us-

er would want to see and give the information to the user according to the assumption. Beneath the veneer of “connecting people”, social media platforms have one primary purpose: drive advertising revenue. This revenue can be driven higher by making users spend more time on these websites, which subsequently can be ensured by selectively displaying information that the user is most likely to feel comfortable or familiar with. This selective displaying of information creates echo chambers where people are only connected with like-minded individuals and organisations, effectively cutting off communication with sources that could potentially educate them and help them make better decisions just because an algorithm makes some arbitrary choices based revenue generation.



While affecting the consumer of news, this also affects the creators: they can no longer follow the same old editorial policies which primarily focused on the responsibility of media towards society, now, they also need to ensure that they create and publish news in a manner that is likely to get more “clicks and shares online”, sometimes unfortunately skewing the editorial slant towards the sensational in the process.

Social media has also turned every user into a content creator. With the status updates and links, you post on facebook, the tweets and retweets you make on twitter, you are effectively permanently displaying your views and opinions on the internet. While this has helped democratize civic discourse this has also had a flip side: it has begun to take away your right to change your opinion.

This public record of their views makes it harder for people to change their opinion due to fears of being labelled a hypocrite. For example, if a person has a history of sharing posts in support of a political party, they are unlikely to change their opinion about the same when confronted with conflicting information, rather, they are more likely to vehemently double down on their views to avoid being called out for the information they have shared in the past.

The first problem of filter bubbles is especially difficult to tackle; you cannot ask social media sites to not focus on revenue and profits, that would go against their very business model. One potential solution, however, could be to create legislation that calls for the algorithms that these sites use to be made open source. This would result in these sites and the processes they use to display information to become more transparent: and therefore open to public scrutiny and more accountable.

The second problem may seem simpler in theory but could prove to be insurmountable in practice: we will have to constantly remind ourselves that we are all humans and therefore susceptible to mistakes. Changing your opinions over time is not a sign of weakness, it is a sign of strength.



മുഖപടം

അനിത റഫീക്ക്

കഴിച്ച മുടും മുഖമുദുത്തുമാറ്റുക
മുഖപടം മാറ്റിയെടുത്തുകൊള്ളുക.

കടൽ പരപ്പിനെത്തിരഞ്ഞു പോകയാൽ
തടവറക്കുള്ളിലടച്ച കണ്ണുകൾ
ഉടഞ്ഞുപോകും മുഖമുദുത്തു കൊള്ളുക.
പെടാത്ത കാഴ്ചകൾ
പിടഞ്ഞെഴുന്നേൽക്കാം
കെടാത്ത നാളുമായ്
എരിഞ്ഞുയർന്നേൽക്കാം.

പരയും മുമ്പായി പിടഞ്ഞൊടുങ്ങിയ
തണുത്ത നാവിനെ പുറത്തെടുക്കുക.

പുകഞ്ഞ ചിന്തകൾ
ഉണർന്നെഴുന്നേൽക്കാം
പുതിയൊരീണമായ്
തിരയടിച്ചേക്കാം

ചികഞ്ഞു നോക്കുക
ഏദയത്തിൽ കാണാം
വെളുത്ത തോടുകൾ
പകുത്തു നോക്കുക.

കറുത്ത പക്ഷികൾ
ചിറകുകൾ കടഞ്ഞു-
യർന്നു പോയേക്കാം.
വിടർന്നേക്കാം
സൂര്യകിരണമേൽക്കയാൽ
ചുവന്നമൊട്ടുകൾ
കടൽക്കിനാവുകൾ
മുഖം മറച്ചെന്നെ കഴിച്ച മുടുക.

നഖക്ഷതങ്ങളാൽ
വ്രണിതമാകയാൽ
പുഴുവരിക്കും
മുഖമുദുത്തു മുടുക.
മുഖം മറച്ചെന്നെക്കഴിച്ച മുടുക..!



With chaos and hellfire breaking loose
She was tapped in a world
not of her choice
In screeching shrieks and awful mourns
Was somewhere lost her angel voice

She felt her soul writhe in pain
As darkness crept inside of her
She let malice tear into her heart
Plunging in times deepest coffer

Her halo wilt and now grew horns
Atop her scarring, cold-set face
Her wings of white now blazing black
With the shadow of a malignant gaze

The fire demolished inside out
As she strayed straight into the inferno
When twisting tongues engulfing her
Left a broken self; nowhere to go

Spread putrid stench of burning flesh
Hid inner sense of cold contempt
The monster now that became of her
Held perpetual wait for another prey

The temptation of momentary bliss
Luring the unassuming child
With a bogus daze of ecstasy
Hiding dangers bond fide!

Incendiary

Niranjana Naveen

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Onto the ground she serenaded
Glowing in her mystique veil
Amidst the vice of a crippling world
She was an aura; soft. Surreal

She stepped on the rugged,
dried-down earth
Filled with thorns and sharp, cold hail
Her delicate features bleeding warm
Her halo growing ever, so pale

She trudged along through icy blasts
In cloth and skin with open slits
Losing divinity day after day
To towering peaks and bottomless pits





കിരീടം

ഗീത കെ

യന്ത്രയുമച്ചുരുൾ മുടി ഭ്രതലം
അന്ത്യശ്വാസം വലിക്കാൻ തുടങ്ങവേ,
മർത്യ സ്വാർത്ഥതയ്ക്കന്ത്യം കുറിക്കുവാൻ
മുന്നിലെത്തി കിരീടാണുവായി നീ..!

ഇന്നലെവരെയെങ്ങും നിറഞ്ഞവ -
യെത്ര ഭീതിദശബ്ദങ്ങൾ കാഴ്ചകൾ..!
ഇന്നു ഞാനറിയുന്നേറെ നന്മകൾ
മുന്നിലെത്തുന്നു അതുതക്കൊഴുതായ്..!

എന്റെ വീടിന്റെ ചുറ്റിലും കേൾക്കായ്
വീണ്ടുമിരിക്കിക്കൊഞ്ചലിൻ വീണകൾ .
കളകളപ്പാട്ടു വറ്റും പുഴകളിൽ
കളിർമഴത്തുള്ളി വീഴുന്ന സാന്ത്വനം..!

മൊട്ടയാഴ്ചിരുന്ന കുന്നിൻ നെറുകയിൽ
ചേർത്തുവയ്ക്കുന്ന പച്ചിലത്തൊപ്പികൾ
വിണ്ടു കീറിയ പൊയ്ക്ക തന്നുള്ളിലും
വെണ്മലർമൊട്ടു വിരിയിച്ച മാധവം.
കാറ്റിലാടുന്നചില്ല തൻ മർമ്മരം
ദൂരെ നിർഭയം മേയ്ക്കും മൃഗങ്ങളും.
കൊച്ചുതുമ്പിയും തുമ്പക്കിനാക്കളും
അൻപിലെത്തുന്നു കൺചിമ്മി മുന്നിലായ്!

മർത്യർ മുണ്ഡിതയാക്കിയോരമ്മയെ
മണ്ണിലപ്സരസാക്ഷവാനല്ലയോ
വന്നുപൊന്നൊളി ചിന്നം കണങ്ങളാൽ
നൽക്കിരീടമൊന്നേന്തി നീ ഭ്രമിയിൽ..!

അമ്മ തന്നെയാണവനിയെന്നറിയണം..!
അമ്മയെ നാം മറക്കാതിരിക്കണം..!
മർത്യർ മാത്രമല്ലെല്ലാകണങ്ങളും
മണ്ണിതിന്നവകാശിയെന്നോർക്കണം..!

ചങ്ങലക്കണ്ണി പൊട്ടിച്ചിടാമിനി
നമ്മതൻ കണ്ണി പൊട്ടാതിരിക്കുവാൻ..!



ബൃഹശാല

രമ്യ ഗിരീഷ്

(4th Std, ചേവായൂർ എ.യു.പി.സ്കൂൾ)

“ബന്ധുര കാഞ്ചനക്കൂട്ടിലാണെങ്കിലും ബന്ധനം ബന്ധനം തന്നെ പാരിൽ”- വള്ളത്തോൾ

“എന്താലേ... ഒന്നര മാസമായി വീട്ടിൽ തന്നെ യിരിക്കുന്നു, പുറത്തിറങ്ങാനേ പറ്റുന്നില്ല” അമ്മ യോട് സങ്കടത്തോടെ രമ്യ പറഞ്ഞു.

“എന്തിനാപ്പോ പുറത്തിറങ്ങണെ ?” അമ്മയുടെ ദേഷ്യത്തോടെയുള്ള ചോദ്യം

രാത്രിയാണെങ്കിൽ പോലും അച്ഛന്റെയും അമ്മ യുടെയും കൂടെ കാറിൽ ടൗണിൽ പോകാറുള്ള തോർത്തു രമ്യ. ആഴ്ചയിൽ രണ്ടു ദിവസമെങ്കിലും ടൗണിൽ പോയി ഐസ്ക്രീം കഴിക്കും. മിക്ക

വാറും ഫോക്കസ് മാളിൽ പോകും. ചിലപ്പോൾ ചിക്കനും കഴിക്കും.

അങ്ങനെ പുറത്തിറങ്ങിയ ദിവസങ്ങളിലൊന്നി ലാണ് വീട്ടിൽ വെച്ചിരിക്കുന്ന അക്വേറിയത്തി ലിടാൻ കുറെ അലങ്കാര മത്സ്യങ്ങളെ വാങ്ങി യത്. അവയെ വാങ്ങാൻ പോയ കടയിൽ കൂട്ടി ലടച്ച കുറെ കിളികളുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. കണ്ട പ്പോൾ കൌതുകം തോന്നി അവൾക്ക്.

തിരിച്ചു കാറിൽ കയറിയപ്പോൾ അവൾ അച്ഛ നോട് ചോദിച്ചു “എന്തിനാണച്ഛാ കിളികളെ കൂട്ടിലടച്ചിരിക്കുന്നത്? കട അടച്ചാൽ കിളി കൾക്ക് പേടിയാവുമല്ലോ ?” അവളുടെ കൊച്ചു മനസ്സിൽ ഇങ്ങനെ പല ചോദ്യങ്ങളുണ്ടാ യിരുന്നു.

“രമ്യ.... നീ മിണ്ടാതിരിക്ക” അമ്മയുടെ ശാസ ന. “കുറെ മണ്ടൻ ചോദ്യങ്ങൾ” അമ്മ പരിഹ



സിച്ച്.

“ഈ തിരക്കൊന്നു കഴിഞ്ഞൊട്ടെ എന്നിട്ട് ഉത്തരം പറയാം” അച്ഛന്റെ ആശ്വാസ വാക്ക്.

ടൌണിലെ തിരക്കുള്ള നിരത്ത് കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ അച്ഛൻ പറഞ്ഞു- “ഇനി ചോദിച്ചു തുടങ്ങിക്കോ...”

ഒറ്റ ശ്വാസത്തിൽ നേരത്തെ ചോദിച്ചത് രമ്യ ആവർത്തിച്ചു.

“ഇനി എന്തെങ്കിലും ഉണ്ടോ?” അച്ഛന്റെ ചോദ്യം

“ഉണ്ടല്ലോ... അച്ഛാ, കിളികളെ കൂട്ടിലടച്ചാൽ അവർക്ക് സങ്കടാവുലൈ? അവർക്ക് കളിക്കാൻ പറ്റോ?”

“തീർന്നോ” അച്ഛന്റെ ചോദ്യം

“ഉം.....” അവൾ തല കലുക്കി.

“ശരി. നിൻറെ അവസാനത്തെ ചോദ്യത്തിന് ആദ്യം ഉത്തരം” അച്ഛൻ പറഞ്ഞു. ഒരു മറുചോദ്യമായിരുന്നു വന്നത്. “നിന്നെ കുറേ നേരത്തേക്ക് ഒരു മുറിയിലോ കൂട്ടിലോ അടച്ചിട്ടാലോ? നിനക്കു എന്തു തോന്നും, സങ്കടം സന്തോഷം?”

കിണങ്ങിക്കിണങ്ങി അവൾ മറുപടി പറഞ്ഞു

“സങ്കടം..അല്ലാതെ സന്തോഷം തോന്നോ?”

“അപ്പോ പിന്നെ കിളികൾക്കും സങ്കടമല്ലേ തോന്നൂ ? നിനക്കു രാത്രി ഒറ്റക്കിരിക്കാൻ പേടിയല്ലേ? അത് പോലെ കിളികൾക്കും പേടി തോന്നും” അച്ഛന്റെ മറുപടി.

അപ്പോഴേക്കും വീട്ടിലെത്തിയിരുന്നു. പുറത്തു നിന്നു ഭക്ഷണം കഴിച്ചതു കൊണ്ട് വേഗം ഉറങ്ങാൻ കിടന്നു.

ഈ കാര്യം ഓർത്തുകൊണ്ടു അടുക്കളയിലുള്ള അമ്മയോട് രമ്യ ചോദിച്ചു “അമ്മ മൃഗശാല കണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ടോ?”

“ഉണ്ട് മോളെ...” അമ്മയുടെ മറുപടി. കളിക്കാൻ പോയ അച്ഛന്റെ വരവ് ഇത് കേട്ടു കൊണ്ടായിരുന്നു.

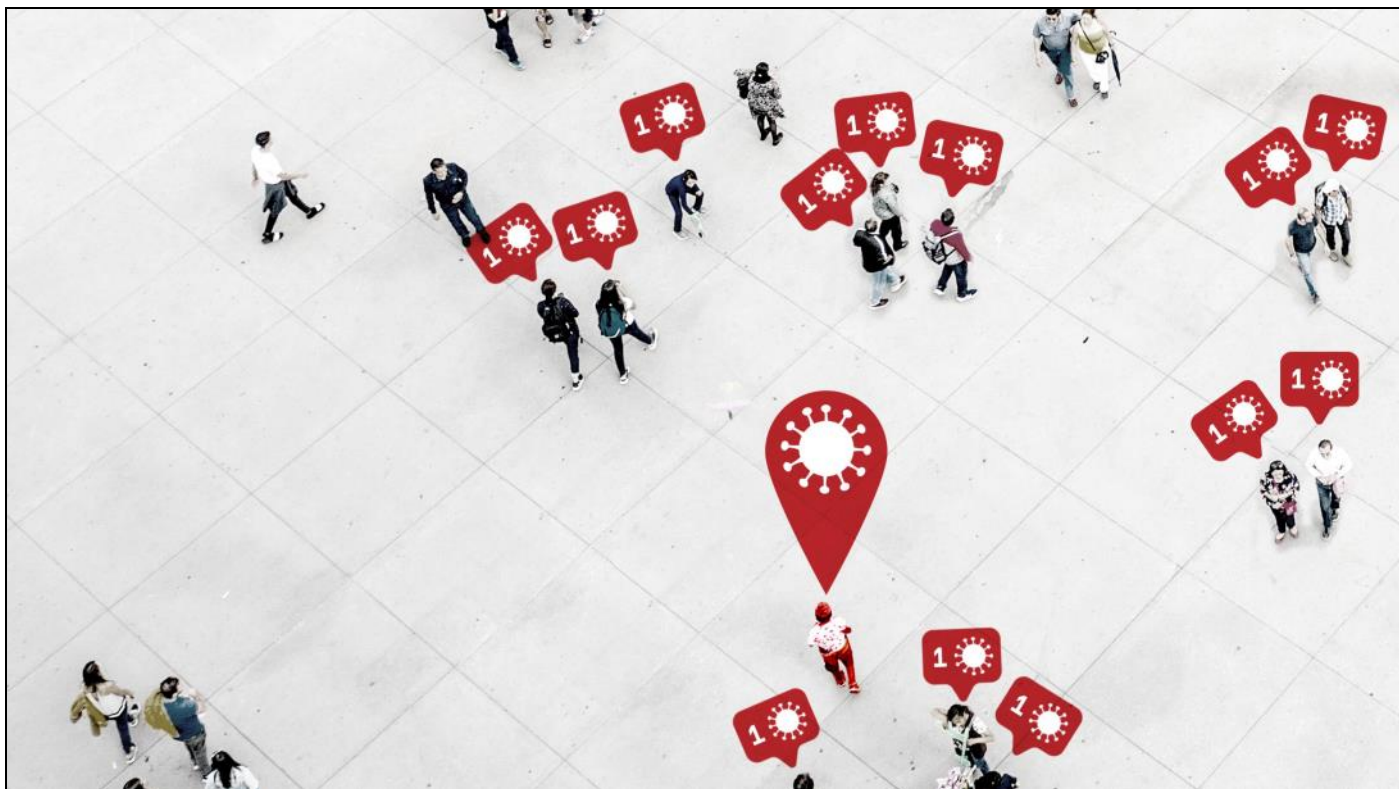
“അവിടെ മൃഗങ്ങൾ കൂട്ടിലാണല്ലേ..? നമ്മൾ കൂട്ടിലടച്ച മൃഗങ്ങളെ കണ്ടു രസിക്കാനാണല്ലേ അവിടെ പോകുന്നത്”- അവൾ ചോദിച്ചു.

“ഉം...” അമ്മ മൂളി.

“ഇപ്പോൾ കോവിഡ്19 കാരണം നമ്മളല്ലേ കൂട്ടിലടയ്ക്കപ്പെട്ടിരിക്കുന്നത്.. പക്ഷികളും മൃഗങ്ങളുമൊക്കെ നമ്മളെ കണ്ടു രസിക്കുന്നുണ്ടായിരിക്കും അല്ലേ...?”

അവളുടെ കുസൃതിച്ചോദ്യം കേട്ടു അച്ഛനും അമ്മയും പൊട്ടി ചിരിച്ചു.





Covid -19's Big Brother: Impact of Corona Virus on Data and Individual Privacy in India

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“Data is the pollution problem of the information age, and protecting privacy is the environmental challenge” (Schneier, 2015, p.169). The existence and need of the right to privacy has been recognised worldwide. This was evident in India as well, as the right to privacy was recognised as intrinsically linked to the right to life. However, with the advent of the digital age, previously established conceptions of privacy have been shattered. In the physical world, there existed physical boundaries such as the confines of one’s home that helped to protect one’s privacy. Moreover, the limits and scope of one’s privacy was well defined. However, in the cyberspace, these boundaries are blurred. This is because of the interconnected nature of this new platform. This problem is further compounded by the collection of data about individuals by governments and companies online.

In this context, the need to balance the scope of this individual right with larger notions of public safety and welfare has been an issue of much debate. Recent regulations such as the General Data Protection Regulation (GDPR) of the European Union seemed to be setting the tone for a global move towards increased individual privacy. However, this tide has been upset by the unexpected and unprecedented impact of the coronavirus. The most recent strain of the coronavirus causes the disease COVID-19 which has spiralled into a global pandemic. It is highly infectious and there exists no vaccine that can

prevent the spread of this disease. Several global leaders, including Nicole Romain, the spokesperson of the EU's Fundamental Rights Agency, have spoken about the importance of certain measures that might abridge individual's right to privacy during these times (Nicholas, 2020). This report will explore the impact of COVID-19 on data and individual privacy, with specific reference to the country of India.



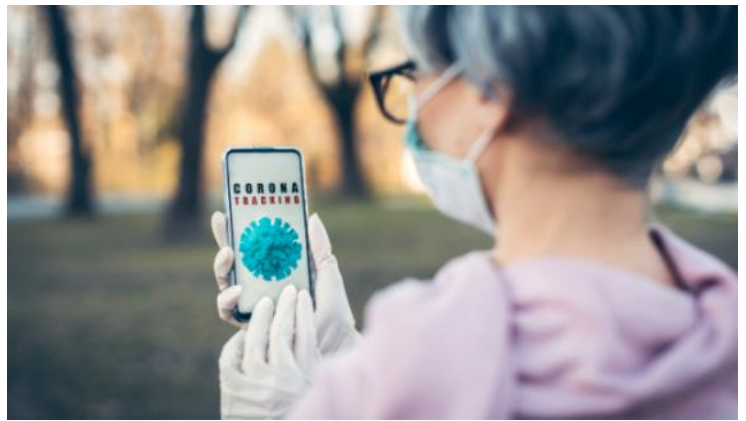
On April 2, 2020, the National Informatics Centre under the Ministry of Electronics & Information Technology (MeitY) in India launched the AarogyaSetu application to trace and analyse the movement of users to effectively identify potentially infected persons. It does so through the use of Bluetooth and GPS technology. Such contact tracing applications are common across the world, with countries like China, South Korea, Israel and Singapore, to name a few, effectively employing these applications to curb the spread of the virus.

However, as soon as the application was released, there were widespread concerns about its use because of the vague privacy policy and consequent privacy implications of the same. In response to these questions, the MeitY released the Aarogya Setu Data Access and Knowledge Sharing Protocol, 2020 on May 11, 2020. A close analysis of this protocol reveals several legal and technical loopholes that can cause serious privacy concerns.

First and foremost, with regard to the collection of data, Paragraph 5(b) of the Protocol states that only such data will be collected that “is necessary and proportionate to formulate or implement appropriate health responses” (Ministry of Electronics and Information Technology, 2020, p.2). The scope of the term “appropriate health responses” is defined under Paragraph 2 and includes a large number of government activities. The definition is extremely broad, employing terms like “prevention and management of the COVID-19 pandemic” and “performance of statistical analysis” (p.1). The vague nature of this purpose facilitates the excessive collection of data as it is easy to justify it under the aforementioned broad and ill-defined purpose (*Summary and Analysis of “Aarogya Setu Data Access and Knowledge Sharing Protocol, 2020”*, 2020).

Once collected, the Protocol, in Paragraph 5(d) and 5(e), mention the storage and data retention policies. Data collected is stored locally on the mobile phone of the user unless such data is necessary for formulating and implementing appropriate health responses. In that case, the data gets uploaded to the server (Ministry of Electronics and Information Technology, 2020, p.2). Once again, this clause suffers from the broad and ambiguous definition given to the phrase “appropriate health responses”. However, it is pertinent to note and appreciate the fact that of the 96 million users of the app, only 12,000 users (0.1%) had their data uploaded to the server (“Aarogya Setu data only shared with government officials directly involved in Covid-19 interventions, ‘highly encrypted’, says NITI Aayog CEO”, 2020). This shows that the government has been prudent in this regard. However, the scope for misuse of this section cannot be ignored.

The data retention policy, however, does not include such flaws of ambiguity. Paragraph 5(e) of the Protocol limits the number of days that different types of data can be stored and also prescribes the permanent deletion of this data upon expiry of that period (Ministry of Electronics and Information Technology, 2020, p.2).



The Protocol, in Paragraph 5(f) mentions that the data collected “shall be securely stored by the NIC” (p.2). However, the storage protocol of the Indian government has been questioned and criticised by several leading experts in the intelligence sector. These experts include Pukhraj Singh, a cyber threat intelligence expert, who was involved in the detection of the breach at the Kudankulam Nuclear Power Plant as well as two former intelligence officers who have held senior positions in the National Intelligence Grid (Natgrid) and the National Technical Research Organisation (NTRO) (Dasgupta, 2020). This data may be exploited by individual hackers who can steal valuable information about a person’s medical records or by the government of a foreign state who can use the demographic data to their advantage. The inadequate explanation concerning the protection of the collected data is also a matter of grave concern.

The Protocol proceeds to elaborate upon the different agencies that will have access to the data collected. In Paragraph 6(b), the Protocol says that the data shared will be “deidentified data”, that is, all the data collected about a person will be given a unique digital ID and there will be no indication to their identity (Ministry of Electronics and Information Technology, 2020, p.3). However, the NIC makes use of a static digital ID, rather than a dynamic digital ID, for this purpose. This can easily be matched with other identifiers to reveal the identity of a person (*Summary and Analysis of “Aarogya Setu Data Access and Knowledge Sharing Protocol, 2020”*, 2020).

Therefore, much of the controversy surrounding AarogyaSetu revolves around ambiguously worded clauses in the Protocol and poor data protection practices. Another important factor that must be considered, however, is the future implications of this data





collection. As explained in the Joint Statement published by more than 100 NGOs across the world on April, 2, 2020, any extension of surveillance powers must be time-bound and use of any collected data must only be for the purpose of combatting the global pandemic (Amnesty International, 2020).

This is a form of violation of one's privacy that is easily understood. According to a report published by the Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights, the different forms of violations of privacy in the digital age include search and seizure of digital property, profiling of marginalised groups, biometric dangers, censorship and business surveillance (Goldstein et al., 2018, p.2-3). The danger posed by applications like AarogyaSetu lies in the potential for profiling of marginalised groups and the biometric dangers associated with the application. However, it is also necessary to consider such forms of violation of privacy as censorship during the global pandemic.

During this period, the government has cracked down on the spread of "fake news" in the country. As of April 29, 2020, there were 640 cases registered against persons under the Epidemic Diseases Act, 1897, various provisions of the Indian Penal Code and the Disaster Management Act, 2005, for allegedly spreading "fake news" about the coronavirus ("Police crackdown on Covid-19 'misinformation', activists concerned", 2020). It is definitely necessary to keep a check on the spread of such news as it is extremely likely that such news can lead to spread of communal hatred (Zubair, 2020). However, the process followed by the authorities in India is problematic and a gross violation of privacy because of the nature of the term "fake news". This term is undefined in India, which can lead to the misuse of the same to avenge personal and political vendettas. As Pratik Sinha, the founder of a fact-checking website AltNews points out, messages on social media often receive thousands of forwards. However, only one or two people get arrested and he says that there is almost always a political slant to such arrests (Dore, 2020). This has led to the arrest of several activists who are critical of the government's response to

coronavirus. Apart from this, the government has also been accused of using the cover of coronavirus to execute a string of arrests against protesters and activists as well (“More Than 300 Activists, Scholars Condemn Arrests, Harassment of Anti-CAA Protesters”, 2020).

Extensive monitoring of social media platforms to identify and consequently censor information sets a dangerous precedent. It is not the necessity of combatting the spread of “fake news”, but the subjectivity of the very term that is being questioned. Therefore, most of the concern around this form of violation of privacy revolves around the future implications of present action. The question of whether states will use the example of this time period to expand censorship laws is one which is in hot debate, with several writers of the view that this will indeed be the case (Meyer, 2020).

The biggest implication for data and individual privacy during COVID-19 is that it opens up to governments different methods and avenues to increase surveillance and control over the digital lives of citizens. Once these capabilities become evident, it is easier for these governments to manufacture use case scenarios in the future (Hutchinson, 2020). The most evident example of this is the increased surveillance that Americans have been placed under post the terrorist attacks of 11 September, 2001. That particular crisis served as an entry point for more pervasive and invasive forms of snooping by the government (Singer and Sang-Hun, 2020). A similar example is evident in Israel as well. During the 1948 War of Independence, several restrictions on the press and on individual liberties were placed as a temporary measure. However, 70 years later, long after independence was won, many of these restrictions continue to be in place (Harari, 2020).

Yuval Noah Harari, a historian, voiced this concern too :

“Even when infections from coronavirus are down to zero, some data-hungry governments could argue they needed to keep the biometric surveillance systems in place because they fear a second wave of coronavirus, or because there is a new Ebola strain evolving in central Africa, or because...you get the idea” (2020).

As citizens, it is our duty to remain vigilant and aware of the data that is being collected and the use that it is being put to. The possibility for misuse of personal data as well as the innumerable examples of it must serve as a constant reminder to us to both be cognizant of the data we give others access to, and the policies of that entity with regard to use of this data. Thus, the impact of COVID-19 on data and individual privacy can potentially be chilling and far-reaching, with the potential for misuse of certain ambiguous

clauses and the possibility of this event acting as a precedent. It is imperative that we remember the warning of Yuval Noah Harari and ensure that this does not become the norm.

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മുടില്ലാത്താളി

അനീഷാ ജറാൾഡ്

പരിണാമത്തിന്റെ
 പ്രകാശവേശങ്ങൾക്കിപ്പുറം
 പ്രപഞ്ചത്തിന്റെ ഇങ്ങേക്കരയിൽ
 ചരിത്രത്തിലേയ്ക്ക് വേരുകളാഴിയും
 ഭാവിയിലേയ്ക്ക് ചില്ലുകൾ നീർത്തിയും
 ഒരു അരയാൽ വൃക്ഷം;

അധിനിവേശത്തിന്റെ
 ജ്വലനപാതങ്ങളെ
 അതിജീവിച്ച മഹാവൃക്ഷം ...

അതിന്റെ ഇലകളിൽ
 ഉണ്ണിക്കണ്ണൻ
 ഇടയ്ക്കിടെ ഉറങ്ങാനെത്തും ...
 ഭ്രമിയിലേക്ക് പെയ്യിരങ്ങിയ
 വേരുകളിൽ
 ഒരു ക്രൂശിത രൂപം
 കരുണയോടെ തെളിഞ്ഞു നിൽക്കും..
 അതിന്റെ ഇലയനക്കങ്ങളിൽ
 ഒരു ബാങ്കുവിളിയൊച്ച മർമ്മരമാകും...

ഒരിയ്ക്കൽ
 വടക്കുനിന്നെത്തിയ
 കഴുകന്റെ കാലിൽപ്പറ്റി
 ഒരു വള്ളിച്ചെടി

അരയാൽ കൊമ്പിൽ
 തങ്ങിയിരുന്ന ...

സ്നേഹം നടിച്ചു
 കള്ളം വിതച്ചു
 ആ വള്ളിച്ചെടി
 അരയാലിനെ
 പറ്റി വളർന്നു
 വിഡ്ഢിത്തത്തിന്റെ വിത്തുകളെറിഞ്ഞ്
 പാരമ്പര്യത്തെ കൂട്ടുപിടിച്ച്
 അത്

അരയാൽക്കൊമ്പിൽ
 ഇഴഞ്ഞു നടന്നു...

ഒടുവിലൊരു നാൾ
 മുടിയോളം പടർന്നുപിടിച്ച്
 ഉടലാകെ ചുറ്റിവരിഞ്ഞ്
 അത് അരയാലിനോട്
 ചോദിച്ചു;

" ആ രേഖയെവിടെ...?"
 " രേഖയോ...!!!! "

അരയാലിന്റെ ആശ്ചര്യത്തിൽ
 വള്ളിച്ചെടി നാവുചുഴറ്റി...



"അതെ രേഖ തന്നെ...
 ഈ മണ്ണിൽ വേരുകളാഴ്ന്നാൻ
 നിനക്കുള്ള അവകാശത്തിന്റെ
 ഈ വാനിൽ ചില്ലി വിടർത്താൻ
 നിനക്കുള്ള സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ..... "

"അത് ചോദിക്കാൻ നീയാരാ!!???"

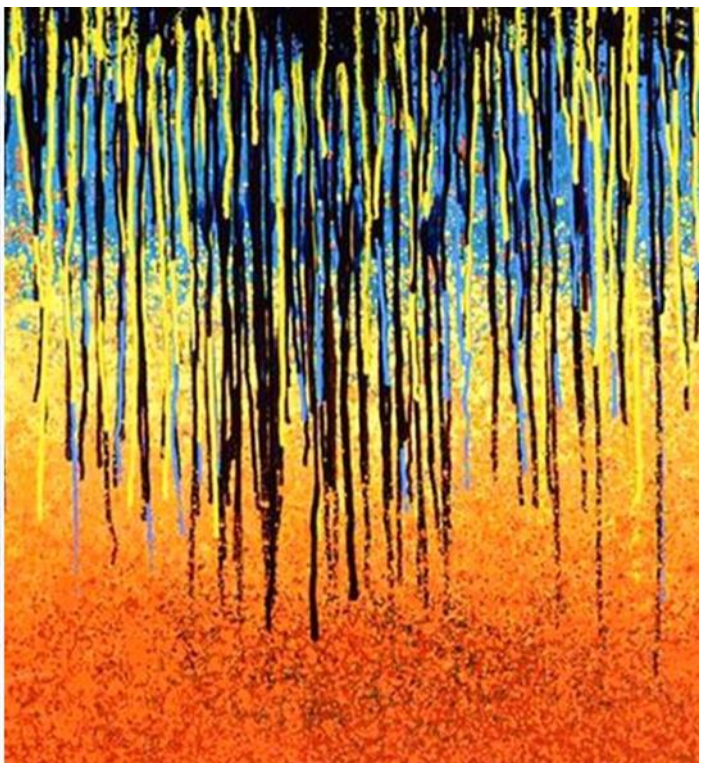
"ഞാനോ....
 ഞാനൊരു മുടില്ലാത്താളി..."
 വള്ളിച്ചെടി അലരിച്ചിരിച്ചു..
 "വേരുകളുടെ
 ചരിത്രമില്ലെങ്കിലും
 സമരവേവുകളുടെ ഇലപാകമില്ലെങ്കിലും
 ഒറ്റിക്കൊടുത്തും
 നക്കിത്തുടച്ചും
 ഊറ്റിക്കുടിച്ചും
 സ്വയം സേവിച്ച് സേവിച്ച്
 ഇതുവരെയെത്തിയത്
 എനിക്കു മാത്രമായി ...
 എന്റേതു മാത്രമായി..
 ഇടമൊരുക്കാൻ തന്നെയാണ് "

വള്ളിച്ചെടി ചിരിച്ചു..
 പഞ്ചഗവ്യത്തിനും ഗോമൂത്രത്തിനുമപ്പുറം



കളകൾ മാത്രം ഇല്ലാതാക്കുന്ന
 പുതിയ കാലത്തെ
 കളനാശിനികളെക്കുറിച്ചറിയാതെ...

സഹനകലയുടെ .
 ഒടുവിലത്തെ ചുവടും വച്ചു
 പൊതു ജനം
 അതേ കളനാശിനിയായ്
 സ്വയം മാറിയതറിയാതെ,
 വള്ളിച്ചെടി പിന്നെയും ചിരിച്ചു...
 ഒടുവിലത്തെ ചിരി....



Forget, forgot, forgotten the past

*Tanaz Fathima, Bsc forensic science
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Dubai*

Childhood and the ravages of time
I believed in magic
I can't remember why
Didn't you feel the high
We promised that we'd ride
Till the day we die

Maybe it's a feverish dream
Rushing through the night
Frozen smiles
Screaming at the stormy lights
The buzz of music
The wind in our hair
But all we have now are
Broken friendships and relationships
No more stories to tell
I hate it here

Innocence broken
Why do all good things end?
Take me back to the beginning

When smiles were real
And thrust came easy
Take me back home
Where everything was safe
And I was free

Whole life was spent searching
For the most sacred treasure: JOY

Never we realized
That the secret was to slow down

We kept on running
Scared to be left behind

Lived in pain
Pretending to be perfect

Always fell in line
Never taking the plunge

And we thought we were mad
But we were the only sane ones

We never dared to dream
Because dreamers never survived

Whole life we strived to survive
So we lived. But were never alive.





രണ്ടു കവിതകൾ

അക്ഷയ് ശങ്കർ. കെ.എസ്

മഹാമാരി

ഞാൻ ഒരു ദു:സ്വപ്നമാണ്,
 മരണത്താൽ വരിഞ്ഞുമുറുക്കുന്ന
 ഒരു സ്വപ്നം.
 ഞാൻ ഒരു ഉപദേശമാണ്,
 അശ്രദ്ധ വിനയാകുമെന്ന
 ഒരു ഉപദേശം.
 ഞാൻ ഒരു സന്ദേശമാണ്,
 വലിയവൻ എന്ന് അഹങ്കരിക്കപ്പെട്ടവനുള്ള
 ഒരു സന്ദേശം.
 ഞാൻ ഒരു ഓർമ്മപ്പെടുത്തലാണ്,
 ജീവനാണ് വലുതെന്ന
 ഒരു ഓർമ്മപ്പെടുത്തൽ.



ഒരു..തീ

മകളേ ഉറങ്ങിയോ
 നിനക്കൊരു ശോക ഗാനം
 ചൊല്ലിത്തരാം ഞാൻ

ഇവിടെ ഒരു തീ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നു..
 അബലയായ ഒരു തീ..
 കത്തുന്ന വേദന ചങ്കിൽ പിടിച്ച്
 പടരുവാൻ വെമ്പുന്ന ഒരു തീ..
 നിന്നെ ഒതുക്കുവാൻ ഒരു വനം
 നാല് ചില്ല മുറിച്ചിട്ട്
 ഹോമകണ്ഡം ഒരുക്കുന്നു..
 ഇത് മാത്രമാണ് ലോകമെന്ന്
 ആ വനം നിന്നെ പഠിപ്പിച്ചു..
 അവിടെ, ഒരു വനം പുരുഷനും,
 ഒരു തീ സ്ത്രീയും ആവുന്നു..
 ചില്ലുകളിലേക്ക് പടരുവാൻ നീ
 ആഗ്രഹിക്കുമ്പോൾ
 എണ്ണയും നെല്ലും തന്നവൻ
 നിന്നെ ശാന്തയാകുന്നു..
 ആയിരം വനത്തെ ചുട്ടെരിക്കാൻ
 കെല്പുള്ള തീയേ,
 അവന്റെ കാലിനടിയിലെ തളക്കപ്പൊത്ത
 തടവറയിലെ അംശം മാത്രമാണ് നീ..
 ഇന്നവൻ നിന്നെ ദൈവമാക്കും,
 പൂജിക്കും, സന്തോഷിപ്പിക്കും.
 മഴയാകുന്ന ബീജം സ്പർശിച്ചാൽ
 അവൻ നീ
 അബലയായ ഒരു തീ മാത്രം.

മകളേ ഓർക്കുക
 ഇന്നൊരുതീ
 ആളിപടർന്നാൽ
 നാളെയേവനും
 ഒരു കോശം മാത്രം

താഴിട്ട ലോകവും, പിന്നെ നമ്മളും...

സൗഭാഗ്യ നമോ

ഭീതിയുടെ നിശബ്ദ മരവിപ്പിൽ
ഭ്രമിയെ ബന്ധിച്ച്
താഴെവരാനു വിരമിക്കാതെ
കിരീടധാരിയാമൊരു വൈറസ്
സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യത്തിന്റെ ചെങ്കോൽ
അടിയറ വെച്ച്
സ്വയമേ തീർത്ത തടവറയ്ക്കുള്ളിൽ
ഉത്തരം തേടും ചോദ്യചിഹ്നങ്ങളായ്
മനുഷ്യർ ..
പോയകാലത്തിലെ ഉന്മാദ ചിത്രങ്ങൾ
സ്വപ്നശകലങ്ങളായ്
മിന്നിമറയെ
നിദ്രയെ കാത്ത് നിദ്രാവിഹീനരായവർ ...
വിജയമന്ത്രങ്ങൾ ചൊല്ലിപ്പിറച്ചവർ
പരാജയത്തിന്റെ സമുദ്രപ്പരപ്പിൽ
ഈ നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ട തോണിയുടെ
വിരയലറിയുന്നു ..
പുറംകാഴ്ചകൾ ജാലകത്തിരശ്മീലകളിൽ
നിഴലായ് മറഞ്ഞൊടുങ്ങുന്നു.
ഘടികാരസൂചികൊപ്പം നടന്നും
പിടഞ്ഞും പാഞ്ഞവർ
സമയമറിയാതെ ഉണ്ടുറങ്ങുന്നു.
ചങ്ങലയ്ക്കുള്ളിൽ ചതഞ്ഞൊടുങ്ങും
ചലനവേഗങ്ങൾ ,
വെയിലുറങ്ങും പാതകളിൽ കുതിച്ചോടും
ഗതകാലത്തിന്റെ നെടുവീർപ്പുകൾ ..
ആരോ വിതച്ച വിളവിനായ്
കാത്ത് മുഷിഞ്ഞവർ
മണ്ണിന്റെ നഷ്ടസ്വപ്നങ്ങളിൽ
വേർപായ് പെയ്യിറങ്ങി
പുതുമണ്ണിൻ ഗന്ധം കൊയ്തെടുക്കുന്നു .
വിമാനച്ചിരകളുടെ ഭാരമില്ലാതെ

മേഘത്തൊട്ടിലിൽ താരാട്ട് മുളം -
ആകാശത്തിൻ നിർവൃതി..
കാലചക്രം വിഷപ്പല്ലാഴിയ മുറിവുകൾ
വെൺനൂലാൽ തുന്നിച്ചേർത്തു
സാന്ത്വനപുതപ്പായ് ഓസോൺ പാളികൾ..
ദേവാലയത്തിന്റെ വാതിൽ പൂട്ടി
പുറത്തിറങ്ങിയ ദൈവം
അതിജീവനക്കാഴ്ചകൾ കണ്ട്
പുഞ്ചിരിക്കുന്നു
അടച്ചുപൂട്ടിയ ജീവിതം നിസ്സഹായമായ്
നിലവിളിക്കുമ്പോഴും
പ്രതീക്ഷകളുടെ വാതിൽ തുറന്നിട്ട്
നീയും ഞാനും നമ്മളാവുന്നു
അകലത്തിനെ അടുപ്പത്തിന്റെ ഇഴകളാൽ
ചേർത്ത് വെച്ച്
ചരിത്രത്താളിൽ പുതിയ
അക്ഷരങ്ങളുകൾക്ക് പുനർജനിക്കാൻ .





രാജമലയുടെ കണ്ണിർ

ഹസീന മൊയ്തൂട്ടി

മണ്ണിലെത്ര നിലവിളികൾ
 ഞെരിഞ്ഞമർന്നു?
 രാജമലയുടെ കണ്ണിര
 പെയ്തു തുടർന്നങ്ങിനെ
 മലയിറങ്ങി കലം കുത്തി
 ചോരാതെ വറ്റാതെ
 പലഗതിയിലൊഴുകി വന്ന
 തീരാത്ത നോവൂനീർ
 ഒടുവിലിവിടവും പുഴയായ്
 എന്റെ വീടുമെന്റെ നാടും
 കണ്ണുവെട്ടാതെയിമ ചിമ്മാതെ
 കയറുന്ന പുഴയുടെ
 അതിരളന്നോരോരുത്തരും
 വൻമാരിയും പേമാരിയും

ഉള്ളു തകർത്തപ്പോൾ
 കണ്ണു നനയാതെ പറയുവാനാകില്ലി
 കണ്ണി ചേർത്തുന
 സ്നേഹവായിന്റെ കാഴ്ചകൾ!
 അകന്നിരുന്നോരും
 അകത്തിരുന്നോരും
 അകത്തളം വിട്ടു
 അണിചേർന്നു നിന്നതി
 നാടിന്റെ , നന്മയുടെ കാഴ്ചകൾ!

ആൾരൂപ സ്നേഹത്തിന്റെ
 സാന്ത്വനക്കണ്ണികളാവാനായിരം
 ആവേശത്തോടെത്തൂന്നു !
 മുറിവേറ്റ ഹൃദയങ്ങൾക്കും
 ജീവനും കാവൽ നിൽക്കാൻ
 സന്നദ്ധരാവുന്നു
 തകർന്ന ജീവിതങ്ങൾക്കു
 മിടിപ്പിന്റെ താളം നൽകാൻ
 തങ്ങൾക്കാകമാറവർ
 ചെയ്യുന്നു നിരദാനം..

നീറുന്ന സങ്കടപ്പെണ്ണിനൊടുവിലായ്
 ഒരാകാശപ്പറവയും വീണുപോയ്
 ദൂരന്തദിനത്തിന്റെ ദാരണാന്ത്യത്തിൽ
 പൊലിഞ്ഞ കിനാക്കളായ്..!



ലൂസിഡ് ഡ്രീം

ആതിര തോമസ്

MBBS Final year, അമല ഇൻസ്റ്റിറ്റ്യൂട്ട് ഓഫ് മെഡിക്കൽ സയൻസസ്

പീപ്പിൾസ് റിപ്പബ്ലിക് ഓഫ് ചൈനയുടെയും നദീതട നഗരമായ വുഹാനിലെ ജനനിബിഡമായ മത്സ്യ മാർക്കറ്റുകൾ പതിവുമാനം പുതച്ചു. പരിണാമത്തിന്റെ വേദനകൾ മറന്ന് ഒരു പരിക്രമണകാലത്തിന്റെ ദൈർഘ്യത്തിനൊത്ത നിദ്രയിലേക്ക് പ്രകൃതി കണ്ണടച്ചു. സ്വപ്നകാരന്റെ തിരക്കഥക്കൊപ്പം ചലിക്കുന്ന 'ലൂസിഡ് ഡ്രീം' എന്ന പ്രതിഭാസത്തിൽ നിദ്ര അഭയം തേടി. സ്വപ്ന കഥാപാത്രങ്ങളും പരിസ്ഥിതിയും ആഖ്യാനങ്ങളുമൊക്കെ കാണുന്നയാളുടെ നിയന്ത്രണത്തിലാവുന്ന 'സ്പഷ്ട സ്വപ്നം' എന്ന സാധ്യതയിലേക്ക് പ്രകൃതി അതിവേഗം ഓടിയിറങ്ങി.

ഒരു കറുത്ത നദി ചൈനയിലെ ലുവോജിയ, ഷേഷ്യാൻ മലനിരകൾക്കിടയിൽ നിന്ന് ഉത്ഭവിച്ചു. സ്വന്തം ഇച്ഛകളുടെ കടിഞ്ഞാൺ ഉറപ്പിച്ച കിനാവുകളുടെ വൈചിത്ര്യത്തിൽ പ്രകൃതി ഇമകളനക്കി, വീണ്ടും നിദ്രയുടേയും സ്വപ്നങ്ങളുടേയും തുടർച്ചകളിലേക്കിറങ്ങി. കറുത്ത നദി അതിർത്തികൾ ലംഘിച്ചു, കൈവഴികൾ പിരിഞ്ഞു, മനുഷ്യനിർമ്മിത വർണ്ണ വർഗ വിവേചനങ്ങൾ മറന്നു. സാമ്പാ താളങ്ങളും സ്വാതന്ത്ര്യ പ്രതിമയും കടന്ന് സിന്ധിന്റെ തീരങ്ങൾ പുൽകി. ബ്രസീലിലേക്കും അമേരിക്കയിലേക്കും ഇന്ത്യയിലേക്കും അത് പരന്നൊഴുകി. അതിരുകൾ നിർണയിക്കാനാവാത്ത ആ സ്പഷ്ട സ്വപ്നത്തിൽ പൂഴ അതിരുകളില്ലാതെതന്നെ ഒഴുകി.

നിയന്ത്രിത സ്വപ്നത്തിലെ നിർദ്ദിഷ്ട കഥാപാത്രങ്ങൾ മനുഷ്യരായിരുന്നു. അവർക്കെല്ലാം

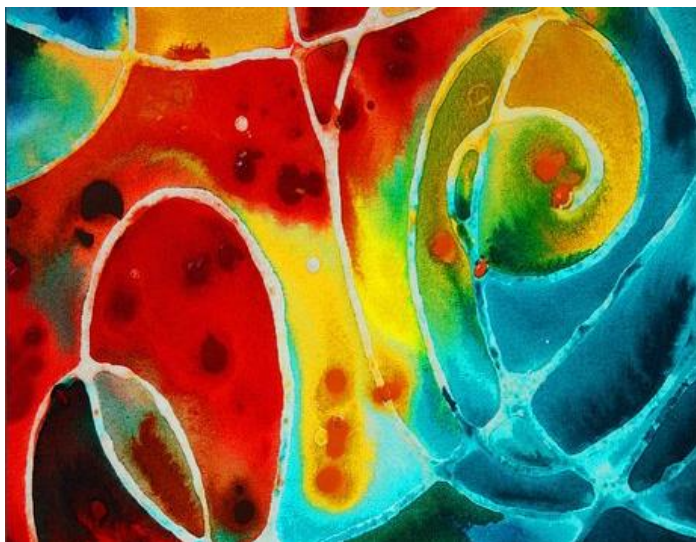




വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടു. സ്വപ്നം കാണുന്ന പ്രകൃതിയുടെ ഇച്ഛക്കനുസരിച്ച് മാത്രം അവർ സ്വതന്ത്രരാക്കപ്പെട്ടു. ഏറ്റവും ചെറിയ ലോകങ്ങളിൽ വലിയ വേഷങ്ങൾ ആടി തുടങ്ങി. മുഖാവരണങ്ങൾ അണിഞ്ഞു. അനാഥമായലഞ്ഞ പുഞ്ചിരികൾ മാസ്കുകൾക്കുള്ളിലൊളിച്ചു, ഛായമൊഴിഞ്ഞ ചുണ്ടുകൾ അവയിലൊതുങ്ങിക്കൂടി. ഒരിക്കൽ അത്രമേൽ സാധാരണമായിരുന്നവയിൽ നിന്നെല്ലാം അകലങ്ങളിലേക്കകന്നു. ആറടി അകലങ്ങളിൽ നിന്നവർ കൈകൾ വീശി. തീവ്ര ദുഃഖങ്ങളിലെല്ലാം കരങ്ങൾ പിന്നിലേക്ക് വളച്ച് സ്വയം ആലിംഗനം ചെയ്തു. കരിഞ്ഞ അസ്ഥികൾ മന്ത്രവാക്യങ്ങളുടെ പിൻബലമില്ലാതെ പരലോകം തേടിയലഞ്ഞു. വേദനയുടെ ഭ്രമികകളായി കരങ്ങളിൽ പറ്റിപ്പിടിച്ച ദുഃഖങ്ങളെ അവർ കഴുകിക്കൊണ്ടേയിരുന്നു. കഥാപാത്രങ്ങൾക്കെല്ലാം വേഷങ്ങൾ വിരസമായി. നിദ്ര അവസാനിക്കുമ്പോൾ സ്വപ്നങ്ങളുടെ കെട്ടഴിച്ച് സ്വതന്ത്രരാവാൻ കാത്തിരുന്നു. പക്ഷേ പ്രകൃതിയുടെ നിദ്ര പ്രവചനാതീതമായി ദീർഘമായി ഗാഢമായി തുടർന്നു.

അതിരുകൾ വരക്കാതെ കഥ മാത്രം നിശ്ചയിക്കപ്പെട്ട ലൂസിഡ് ഡ്രീമിൽ നിന്ന് മോചിക്കപ്പെടാൻ മനുഷ്യരാശി വഴികൾ തേടി. മറ്റൊരു സ്വപ്നം കാണുക എന്ന പുതിയ പാതയിൽ പരിഹാരം കണ്ടെത്തി. മോഹഭംഗങ്ങളുടെ പോക്കുവെയിൽ വീഴ്ന്ന സൂര്യൻ മറഞ്ഞൊരു സന്ധ്യക്ക് അവർ ഒരുമിച്ചു നിദ്രപുണ്ടു. സ്വപ്നത്തിനുള്ളിലെ സ്വപ്നം എന്ന അതിസങ്കീർണ്ണതയിലേക്കിറങ്ങി. നിയന്ത്രണ വിധേയമായ ആ സ്വപ്നത്തിലേക്കിറങ്ങി ജീവിച്ച് അതിനെ 'നൂനോർമൽ' എന്ന് വിളിച്ചു.

പ്രകൃതിയുടെ സ്പഷ്ട സ്വപ്നത്തിലെ കറുത്ത നദി അവിടെയും ചാലുകീറി ഒഴുകുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നെങ്കിലും അവിടെ ഭാവന വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടില്ല. വായനയും സംഗീതവും പ്രത്യാശയും വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടില്ല. സ്നേഹവും വിശ്വാസവും വിശ്വസ്തതയും വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടില്ല. വെയിലും വസന്തവും മഞ്ഞുകാലങ്ങളും വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടില്ല. മുഖാവരണങ്ങൾ മറക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ച പുഞ്ചിരി അധരങ്ങളിൽ നിന്ന് കൺകോണിലെ ചുളിവുകളിലേക്കു നടത്തിയ വിപ്ലവ യാത്രകൾ വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടില്ല. ആഘോഷങ്ങൾക്കും ആചാരങ്ങൾക്കുമപ്പുറം വീടുകളിലേക്ക്, വേരുകളിലേക്ക് മടക്കി അയക്കുന്ന ഓണക്കാലവും വിലക്കപ്പെട്ടില്ല.



Caught

Sharath Nambiar

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I had children, I cried
They used to flock all around me
And tell me stories of their loves and hates
I taught them all I knew
Of the world, but I was mistaken

I know nothing of the wide eyed mites
around me
I chided them for their mistakes
Showed them how to accept not being okay
But I never knew, I was the fly caught in
their web

With time they flew away
And I, forgotten, was left to my thoughts
I grew sick and distant and clod
Unable to love myself,
unable to fight the end
I wonder
If I hadn't died that night
Would my kids have come
to see me take flight
I doubt they would even know
who I am now
Forgotten and left
To my thoughts
Till the end





Dispossessed - Painting by Reyna Rafique



Saturday Night Dead

Malvika Nair

Research Scholar, JNU, New Delhi

It was a Saturday, the 6th of August 2005, the day Jose was found dead in his hostel room. They say he was murdered and that the cause of death was poisoning by cyanide. People die mysteriously all the time, so I don't know why this case drew so many eyeballs. Did they ever consider that it could also have been a suicide? His sweetheart Nina had left him (about an year ago) and perhaps he just never got over it. And that's just one of the reasons I can come up with off the top of my head.

Not that I knew him well. He was a batch mate and an acquaintance, can't really call him my *friend*. In fact, he just had two friends as far as we know- Pratik and Maya who were his classmates and who also were dating each other, which meant that Jose was mostly by himself: usually in his room, if not at class. People who knew him well say that he was intelligent and that he loved good cinema. I had never met him before we enrolled for our Master's in 2005 (I in Psychology and he in Biotechnology) in the same university and also signed up for the same film studies class on the side. That was one of the few times we actually talked before, you know, his death. Always in a group, we'd grab a *chai* after class and talk about the movies we were currently watching and would share reviews and recommendations. I still remember one particularly ingenious interpretation of his in which he talked about the closing scene of Satyajit Ray's *Charulata* where the estranged protagonists (Bhupati and Charu) approach each other and almost touch each other. He compared it with the concept of the limits in Mathematics where a value tends to infinity but never really fully achieves it. His comparison was beautiful and I sometimes find my mind wandering back to that evening when he shared this. Anyway why do I bring all this up, you ask? Because you see I'm one of the suspects of his 'murder'.

About a week before his death, they say that Jose got in to a minor altercation with the Hostel caretaker. Apparently some cash had gone missing from his room (a single room where he stayed alone) and the caretaker brushed it off lightly instead of helping Jose find the cash or the culprit/s. Eye witnesses say that Jose grabbed him by the collar and went in to punch the poor fellow except that he missed and hit the wall instead. It



was probably a lot of money or perhaps Jose was really drunk. I chuckle now as I tell you this- how important these seemingly insignificant details such as this scuffle seem after a death. Maybe the caretaker had this incident as a motive to plot his death? If at all he was murdered, that is. All I heard was that two days later, they shook hands, hugged it out and Jose bought him a bottle of scotch to apologize. Funny thing is that the caretaker never drinks. And Jose's money hasn't been found till date. Or so they say. I don't know. It was Lilly, my girlfriend who told me all about this altercation later. I had been too busy those days to keep up with the campus gossip because I'd been thinking about her birthday present. Lilly being Lilly would have been too upset if I got her something "not *special* (read expensive) enough". She was the most difficult person to shop for. I remembered an ad I saw that morning about a good condition second-hand Vespa on sale in the campus and I was toying with the idea of getting it for her. Anyway she was about to start working soon and she'd need a means of transport to ferry herself around. And although the asking price was a bit high, I figured that perhaps I could bargain a bit. I called the number the next day. The seller's name wasn't mentioned in the ad and imagine my surprise when I called and it turned out to be Jose, our "victim"! He told me that I could swing by that evening and check the scooter out. I in turn, half-jokingly asked him to knock a few thousands off the price he had asked. He laughed and said that we could discuss that later.

Notes from the Investigation:

After questioning the suspect one **Mr Benny Emmanuel**, the following has been noted:

1. The suspect's claim that he visited the victim at approx. 2115 hrs. has been verified by the hostel security guards and at least two other residents of the same floor as the victim and as the suspect later.
2. The purpose of the visit was to make the payment for a scooter that he was buying from the victim.
3. The suspect remained in the victim's room for at least 30 min.
4. After completing the payment and exchanging the necessary documents, the suspect claims to have left the hostel building at approx. 2145 hrs. (which is yet to be verified.)
5. The suspect did not find anything out of place or odd throughout his interaction with the victim between 2115 to 2145 hrs.

I loved Nina. I really did. I was not even twenty when I met her but I'd planned that I'd marry her someday. I knew she loved me just as much. I know you don't want to hear the details but let me just say that it broke my heart when one fine day she announced that she was leaving me. It was a dagger to my heart. My friends later found out that she got together with a guy she met at some wedding in her hometown- it was a Jose, this Jose, "our" Jose as I found out after I came here to this campus. So swiftly and mercilessly she moved on and away. But, I swear I didn't murder him over this. Nina wasn't worth it. Anyway I've forgotten her now, now that I have Lilly. And Jose and Nina too parted ways long back. Serves them right. In any case why should any of it affect me? Why would it after all...

Notes from the Investigation:

After questioning the suspect **Mr Benny Emmanuel**, the security guards of the victim's hostel and other residents:

1. It has been found that the suspect did not in fact exit the hostel building at 2145 hrs. (as claimed earlier) because the two guards who noted his entry did not note his exit. Their shift ended at 2230 hours and at least till their departure, the suspect was within the building.
2. This fact is also supported by the accounts of two other residents of the same floor as the victim. He was last seen near the victim's room around 2215 hrs.
3. The victim and the suspect had shared and drunk a half-filled bottle of rum to "celebrate their successful transaction". This alcohol was not procured by the suspect.*

One of the glasses bore traces of cyanide.

Perhaps a month before the death, Lilly couldn't stop talking about a new guy who had joined their Drama club. He had apparently worked with Ratna Pathak Shah and Naseeruddin Shah. He was also a member of the fiery local protest theatre group "Theevandi" (Malayalam for "Steam Engine") too. His eyes were his striking feature, she'd rave, and that he could convey every emotion from joy to fury, from eagerness to frustration, just with his eyes. He was more skilled than the instructor himself and was effortlessly the centre of everyone's attention. Most of all, Lilly's. The very first day she met him, as she described this enigmatic stranger's actions and graceful movements, even though she didn't name him I knew exactly who she was talking about. Because that was just how that bastard was. When a couple of days later, they exchanged numbers (although just in the capacity of friends) I had to bite my tongue to keep myself from screaming out. It was like with Nina all over again. I just couldn't face a betrayal a second time.

Transcript of a part of the final questioning:

-You enter the victim's room at 2115 hrs. Please tell me one more time the sequence of events that happened next.

- Yeah...so I entered around nine fifteen pm. He was reading something. He motioned me to sit on the chair near his bed. He asked me how I was and we had a short conversation. I opened my bag to hand over the amount as we had agreed. He took the bundle of notes and counted it carefully. He handed me the papers of the vehicle. He said we ought to drink to celebrate this occasion. I refused since I had to meet someone in ten minutes. Anyway, it was my girlfriend's birthday the next day so I still had some things left to buy and do. But he insisted and I gave in. We drank a peg each...

-Did you buy the drink?

-What do you mean? Do you think I only bought it and later refused to drink?

-Then?

-He said he had a bottle of rum that he couldn't finish last night. He absolutely insisted that I drink with him.





-And what about the glasses you drank from? Please be patient with us since we are fairly sure it was either the alcohol or the glasses that was poisoned.

-What would I know? He offered the alcohol, he had the glasses, and he forced me to drink!

-We believe you.

- (*Shouts*) **DON'T ASK ME HOW COME I DIDN'T DIE AND HE DID. BECAUSE I HAVE NO F.. IDEA.**

- Are you sure the glasses you drank from were his? Because they seemed new and still had their price tags on at their bottom. Almost as if they were a gift.

-Oh god. Yes. Yes. Yes. The glasses were his, the drink was his. I don't know if it

was a creepy gift at all.

-We also later found out that those glasses were similar to the ones stocked by a shop on campus, which you had visited hours earlier. And from where we know you too bought a set of similar glasses.

-What? Okay, I went a few days ago. I went a few days ago to buy and gift those glasses to my girlfriend. Do you want me to bring her to testify? Because I can.

-That won't be necessary. Let's go back to your sequence of events. You drank or rather, were forced to drink with Jose. Then?

- I didn't even finish my peg when another friend who lives in the same hostel called me up. I thanked Jose for everything and left immediately. Well before 10 pm. That's all.

-Jose didn't ask you to stay?

-No.

-So you just got up and left?

-Yes. I got up and left.

-Were you in a hurry to leave?

-Not really, no. I was just going to meet my other friend, that's all.

-Walk us through it. You get your friend's call, then?

-Then I get up from where I'm sitting. I put my peg down. I told him I needed to leave. He smiled but didn't stop me. We shook hands and I left.

-And there was nothing odd about this?

-No. What can be odd about a simple handshake or a goodbye?

-Jose's right hand was injured. Anyway, you took your new scooter's keys?

-Yes, along with the papers.

-Can you show us the papers and the keys?

-I don't have them here. I must have left them at my room.

-But we got the keys from Benny's room? And the scooter was still there.

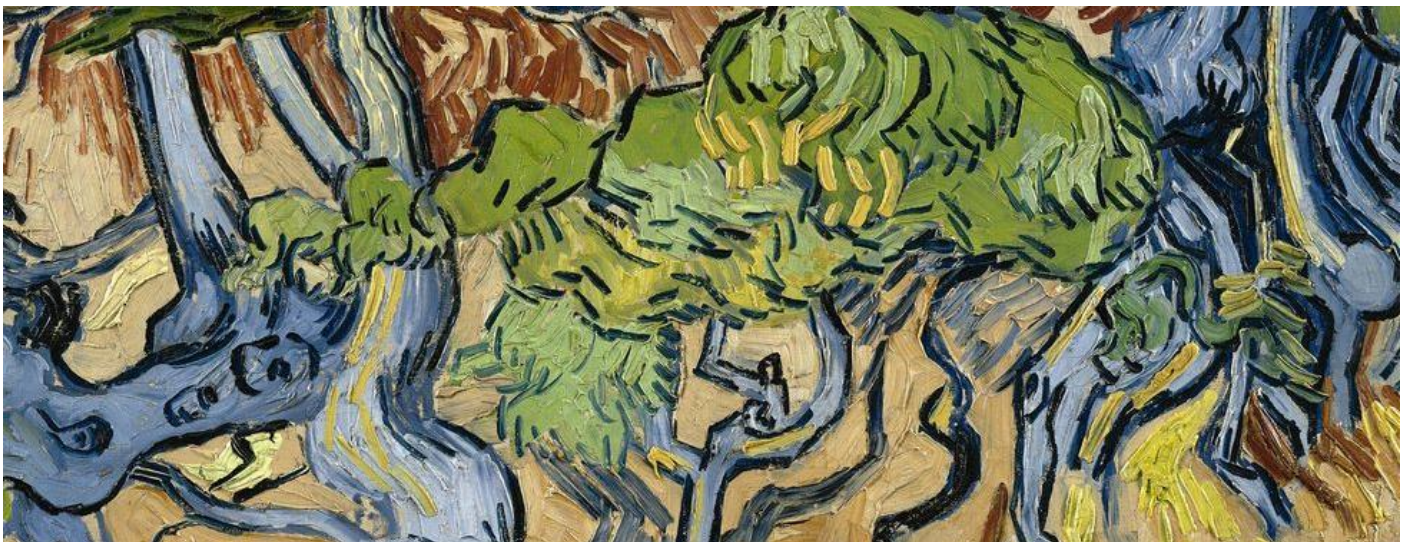
-Oh! I'm sorry. I had told him that I would come back to get it. I forgot.

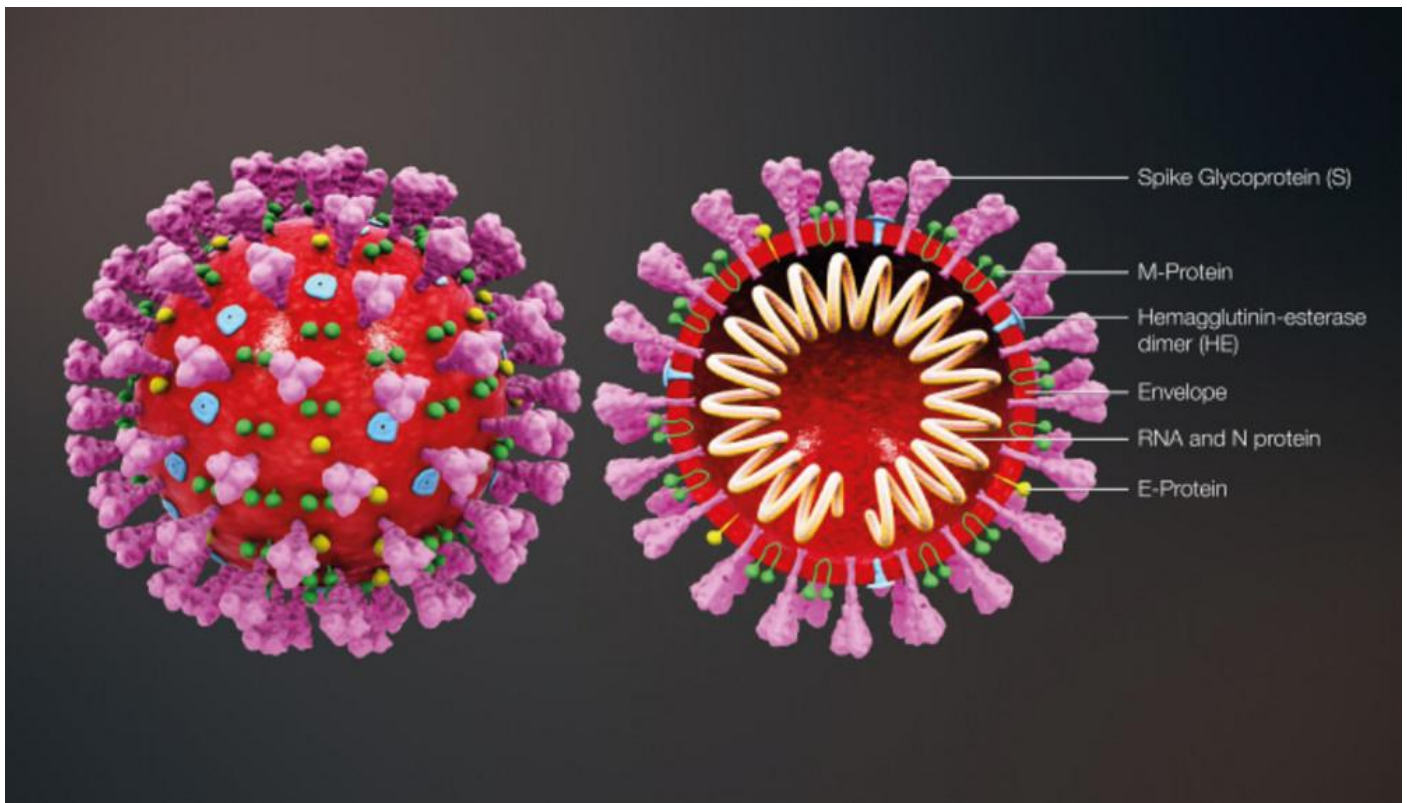
-Mr Benny, I think you did leave in a hurry after all. But you went there to get it to gifting your companion Lilly on her birthday which was the very next day as you suggested?

-I can't believe this. Okay, so actually the very next day her mother slipped and fell down the stairs and we had to rush to her hometown...and it skipped my mind...

-Next day? Means on her birthday? Okay. But you couldn't have known about it on the previous day, right...

After a week, on the 13th of August 2005 they charged me guilty of Jose Valiyaparambil's murder and sentenced me to life imprisonment. They claimed to have found traces of cyanide in my bag as well as other possessions. How could I have proven that it wasn't me? Mind you, now nobody was on my side. Not even Lilly. She even went on to testify against me. Even after his death, the scoundrel won and I lost. But I don't mind. I have no regrets about what I did or didn't do on the 6th of August, 2005. At least I sleep well at night these days...





Virus

Jaijith Krishna Jothikrishnan

What is a Virus?

A virus is genetic material contained within an organic particle that invades living cells and uses their host's metabolic processes to produce a new generation of viral particles. The way they do this varies. Some insert their genetic material into the host's DNA, where it can sit in wait until it's translated at a later date. As the host cell replicates itself, it can make new viruses. Viruses can also burst their host cell as they expand in numbers, in what's called a lytic cycle of reproduction.

The word virus comes from a Latin word describing poisonous liquids. This is because early forms of isolating and imaging microbes couldn't capture such tiny particles. Virus sizes vary from the extremely minuscule - 17 nanometer wide Porcine Circovirus, for example - to monsters that challenge the very definition of 'virus', such as the 2.3 micrometer Tupan virus. Also, they come in a range of complexities, containing different proteins or surrounded by an array of shells and envelopes to assist in their infection and reproduction of just about every species across every kingdom of life.

Size and kinds of viruses

Viruses can be encoded in a variety of ways. Rotaviruses are based on a double strand of RNA, for example. Coronaviruses have a single strand of RNA, which is 'positive sense', as in it can be translated directly into new proteins. Influenza has negative sense RNA, meaning it needs an extra transcribing step before it can make proteins. Smallpox and herpes viruses are examples of DNA viruses, which force the host to transcribe its ge-

nome into RNA on entry. Sizes of these genomes also vary. Some of the largest can be over a million base pairs long. On the other hand, an RNA virus that infects bacteria, called MS2, has barely 3,500 base pairs.

Virus: a living or a non-living being

‘Virions’ are the inactive particles that move through the environment, which we don’t tend to think of as alive. Only once they’re part of a cell do viruses take on living characteristics of their own, borrowing the host’s biochemistry to reproduce. As such, it’s more accurate to think of viruses as part of the continuum between chemistry and biology, one that isn’t clearly divided into living and non-living.

Types of Viruses

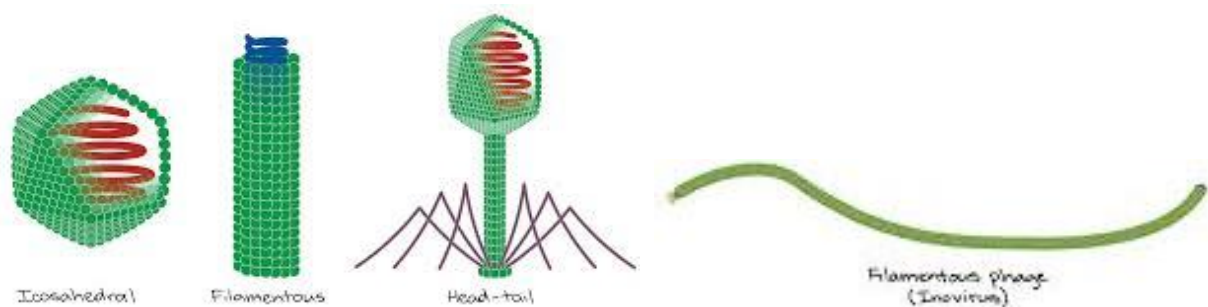
Viruses can be classified mainly on the basis of :

It’s shape

Types of Nucleic Acid

On the basis of its shape

Viruses come in many shapes and sizes, but these are consistent and distinct for each viral family. In general, the shapes of viruses are classified into four groups: filamentous, isometric (or icosahedral), enveloped, and head and tail. Filamentous viruses are long and cylindrical. Many plant viruses are filamentous, including TMV (tobacco mosaic virus). Isometric viruses have shapes that are roughly spherical, such as poliovirus or herpesviruses. Enveloped viruses have membranes surrounding capsids. Animal viruses, such as HIV, are frequently enveloped. Head and tail viruses infect bacteria. They have a head that is similar to icosahedral viruses and a tail shape like filamentous viruses.



On the basis of the types of nucleic acid

Unlike nearly all living organisms that use DNA as their genetic material, viruses may use either DNA or RNA. The virus core contains the genome or total genetic content of the virus. Viral genomes tend to be small, containing only those genes that encode proteins that the virus cannot obtain from the host cell. This genetic material may be single- or double-stranded. It may also be linear or circular. While most viruses contain a single nucleic acid, others have genomes that have several, called segments.

In DNA viruses, the viral DNA directs the host cell’s replication proteins to synthesize new copies of the viral genome and to transcribe and translate that genome into viral pro-

teins. DNA viruses cause human diseases, such as chickenpox, hepatitis B, and some venereal diseases, like herpes and genital warts.

RNA viruses contain only RNA as their genetic material. To replicate their genomes in the host cell, the RNA viruses encode enzymes that can replicate RNA into DNA, which cannot be done by the host cell. These RNA polymerase enzymes are more likely to make copying errors than DNA polymerases and, therefore, often make mistakes during transcription. For this reason, mutations in RNA viruses occur more frequently than in DNA viruses. This causes them to change and adapt more rapidly to their host. Human diseases caused by RNA viruses include hepatitis C, measles, and rabies.

The current situation

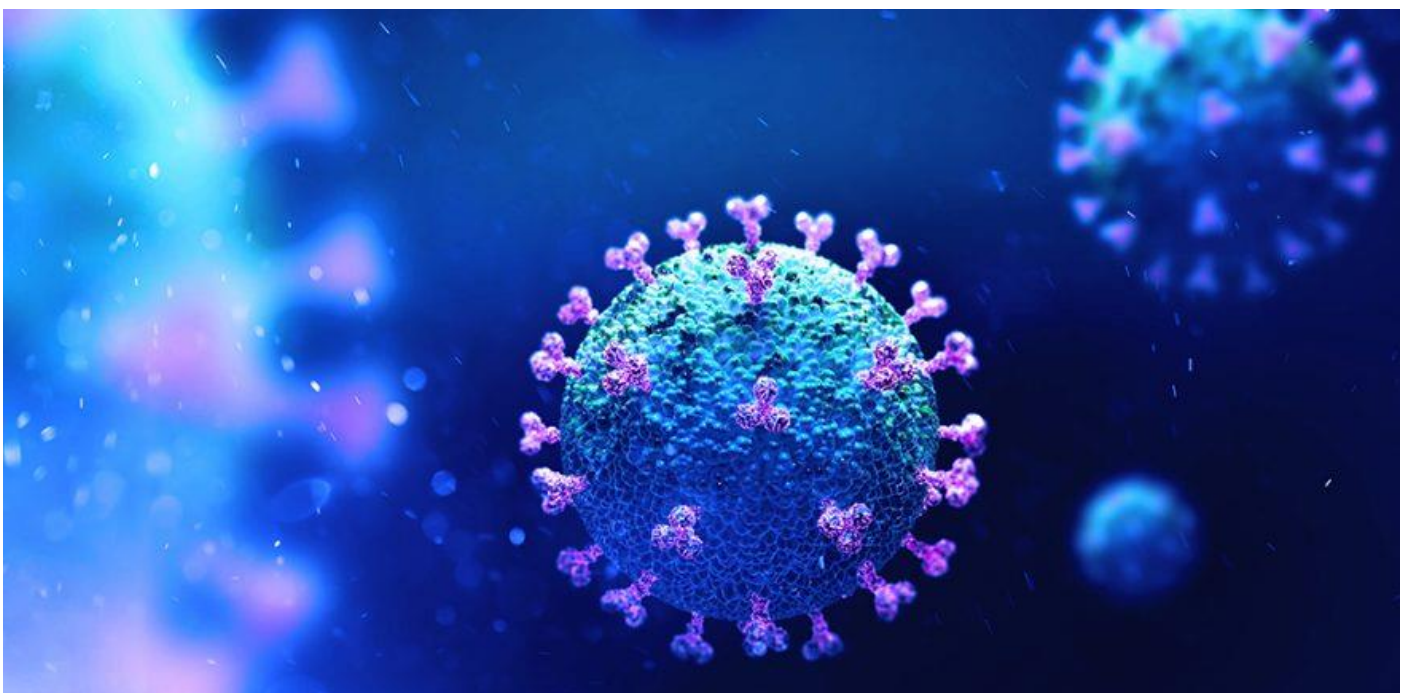
Coronavirus disease (COVID-19) is an infectious disease caused by a newly discovered coronavirus. Most people who fall sick with COVID-19 will experience mild to moderate symptoms and recover without special treatment. The virus that causes COVID-19 is mainly transmitted through droplets generated when an infected person coughs, sneezes, or exhales. These droplets are too heavy to hang in the air, and quickly fall on floors or surfaces. You can be infected by breathing in the virus if you are within close proximity of someone who has COVID-19, or by touching a contaminated surface and then your eyes, nose or mouth. COVID-19 affects different people in different ways. Most infected people will develop mild to moderate illness and recover without hospitalization.

Most common symptoms (less severe):

- fever
- dry cough
- tiredness

Less common symptoms (more severe):

- aches and pains





- sore throat
- diarrhoea
- conjunctivitis
- headache
- loss of taste or smell
- a rash on skin, or discolouration of fingers or toes

The difference between COVID-19 and coronavirus?

Both these terms are used interchangeably and hence, it's very common to get confused between the two terms. What you need to know is that even though both of these are related to each other, they are not exactly the same. Different viruses, and the resulting diseases they cause are given specific names.

Coronavirus refers to a family of viruses which are responsible for the spread of illness-causing viruses (some of which can even be deadly) such as MERSA, SARS, common cold. The word coronavirus is originated from the Latin word "corona", which means "crown". The name has been given to the virus because it appear crown-shaped when looked at under an electron microscope. The viruses are zoonotic, which means they are transmitted between animals and people. SARS-CoV was transferred from civet cats to humans and MERS-CoV from dromedary camels. In comparison to this, COVID-19 is the name given to the type of coronavirus identified recently and was traced back to a wet market in Wuhan, China.

How to protect ourselves from COVID-19?

You can reduce your chances of being infected or spreading COVID-19 by taking some simple precautions:

- Regularly and thoroughly clean your hands with an alcohol-based hand rub or wash them with soap and water.

Reason: Washing your hands with soap and water or using alcohol-based hand rub kills viruses that may be on your hands.

Maintain at least 1 metre distance between yourself and others.

Reason: When someone coughs, sneezes, or speaks they spray small liquid droplets from their nose or mouth which may contain virus. If you are too close, you can breathe in the droplets, including the COVID-19 virus if the person has the disease.

Avoid going to crowded places.

Reason: Where people come together in crowds, you are more likely to come into close contact with someone that has COVID-19 and it is more difficult to maintain physical distance of 1 metre.

Avoid touching eyes, nose and mouth.

Reason: Hands touch many surfaces and can pick up viruses. Once contaminated, hands can transfer the virus to your eyes, nose or mouth. From there, the virus can enter your body and infect you.

Make sure you, and the people around you, follow good respiratory hygiene. This means covering your mouth and nose with your bent elbow or tissue when you cough or sneeze. Then dispose of the used tissue immediately and wash your hands.

Reason: Droplets spread virus. By following good respiratory hygiene, you protect the people around you from viruses such as cold, flu and COVID-19.

Stay home and self-isolate even with minor symptoms such as cough, headache, mild fever, until you recover. Have someone bring you supplies. If you need to leave your house, wear a mask to avoid infecting others.

Reason: Avoiding contact with others will protect them from possible COVID-19 and other viruses.

If you have a fever, cough and difficulty breathing, seek medical attention, but call by telephone in advance if possible and follow the directions of your local health authority.

Reason: National and local authorities will have the most up to date information on the situation in your area. Calling in advance will allow your health care provider to quickly direct you to the right health facility. This will also protect you and help prevent spread of viruses and other infections.

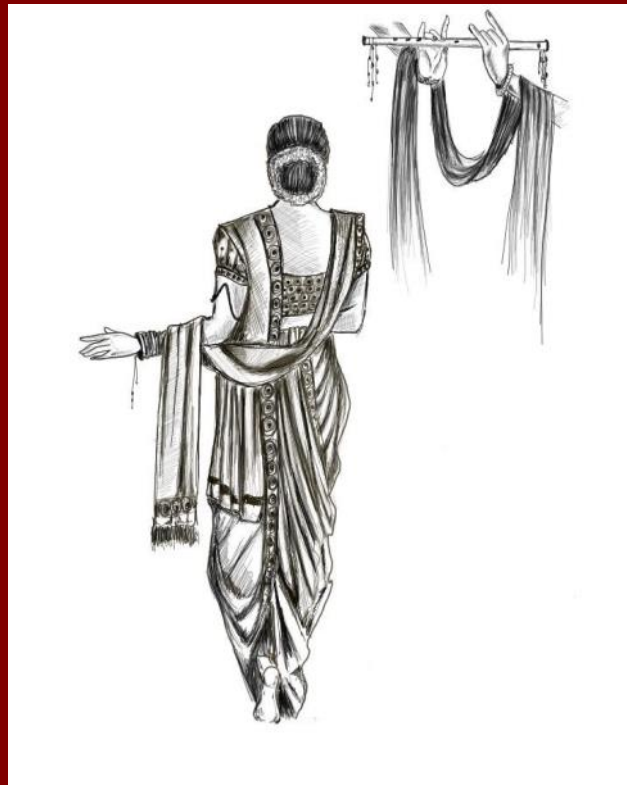
Keep up to date on the latest information from trusted sources, such as WHO or your local and national health authorities.

Reason: Local and national authorities are best placed to advise on what people in your area should be doing to protect themselves.





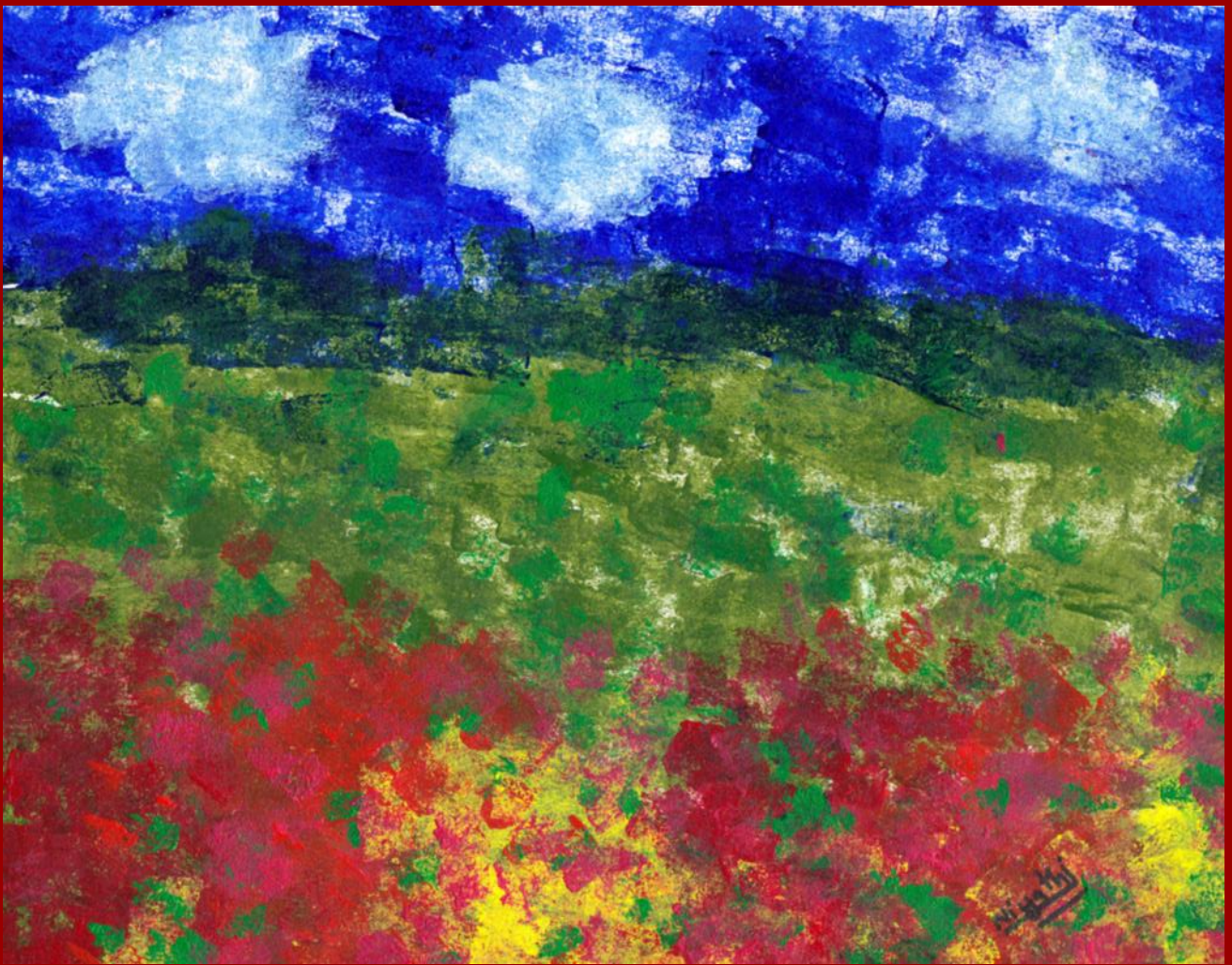
Collage by Aysha Nishin
Left : FRIDA, Right: BAAGH



Digital Art - Athira Arun



Dancing girl - Painting by Shobha S Kulkarni



Hope - Niyathi Biju



Digital art - Athira Arun



Acrylic work - Sreelakshmi



Pencil sketch - Sreelakshmi



Painting - Jayitha Indukumar



Origami - Gayathri Indukumar



Ink on Paper - Nanditha Ajith



Digital art - Hana Kabeer



Water colour - Parvathy G Krishnan

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*Right: Shobha S. Kulkarni, QS, ECC, Dubai ,
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With Best wishes to All Darsana Family Members

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