



Frau Gupta
Vandana Shiva - Crusader
against evils of Globalisation
Down Memory Lane
Suffering in Vein
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The Way of All Flesh

The party really was a great success. The food was great - the tandoori chicken was so good that I knew I would dream about it for months. The beer was chilled and flowed as if the Rhine itself was in spate. I had spent the early part of the evening expounding my philosophy of life to an apparently appreciative audience. As the evening mellowed, I found myself in a rather interesting discussion with a retired bureaucrat on how to solve all the problems facing our country. Noticing suddenly that my plate was empty and knowing fully well that profound discussions need to be fuelled generously, I interrupted my friend to say that I must get a few more pieces of the chicken before it all disappeared. "Certainly", said he, "But I did not know you were a carnivore!" Carnivore! As I tottered towards the tables, I realized that I was losing my appetite for more chicken. Somehow, being called a carnivore had soured things up. I kept imagining myself as this dirty old T-Rex lumbering towards its kill, slobbering and drooling over it before gulping it down. Things just weren't the same anymore! Maneka Gandhi suddenly seemed to have a point in babbling about "vegetarian khana achcha hai!" After all, who would want to be a non-vegetarian if that led to being called a dirty carnivore! The table neatly labeled "Deserts" beckoned, but Sanjay was a broken man not up to trying those goodies anymore. Not even if the ice creams had exotic flavors like Thar, Sahara or Takla Makaan.



Galaxy The Inter-Hall
Competition



Dr. M.S. Muthana is No
More



Seeing the Sights in
Delhi

I remember the trauma I went through for the sake of mutton curry and fish fries as a new kid in school. The teacher who was obviously a rabid vegetarian used to hold me up as an example of how low you could get if you succumbed to the pleasures of eating flesh. Her description of my food preferences made me feel as if I was just barely above the lowliest cannibals who ever went for fried missionaries and similar delicacies in the jungles of untamed Africa. I was even scared to open my tiffin box at school - who knows what I might find in there! The egg sandwiches and hamburgers that my mother lovingly packed for her little bundle of joy used to scare me to death. I had to eat the stuff to stave off the pangs of hunger but did so furtively behind the bushes in the schoolyard. From a fun loving kid, justly famous for the enthusiasm with which he waded into his kebabs and biriyani, I became a recluse who toyed idly with his food at home. My father finally noticed this one day and got me to confess the reasons for my new-found love for "ghaas-phoos". We had a heart-to-heart, father-and-son chat about this where he explained to me the secrets of evolution that would have made Darwin and Huxley proud. His logic was simplicity itself. "Look at all the animals who are vegetarians - cows, elephants, hippos and all. if God wanted us to be strict vegetarians, He would have certainly given us the stomach for it." Armed with his logic, I propounded this theory the next time the teacher launched herself on her diatribe against meat-eaters. This was somewhat unfortunate as the teacher in question did look as if she could have given those vegetarian animals a run for their money. Although I got a thorough scolding for being rude, the topic of vegetarianism never reared its ugly head in class again. I also went back to my good old meat-guzzling ways to the delight of my parents.

Nevertheless, I am again a worried man these days. I hear that the government is now contemplating a campaign to label foods properly. As part of this effort, they will also force packaged foods to declare themselves to be vegetarian or non-vegetarian using a color code - red for non-vegetarian, green for vegetarian food. This may be an underhand method to condition us into thinking of "red for danger" and "green for good". Maybe the day is not far off when people like me will have to wear a false beard and moustache to go buy our favorite bacon and sausages. In the meantime, I hear that some of the grocers in the city are a worried lot as well - they cannot make up their mind as to whether the atta they sell should be declared vegetarian or non-vegetarian. If they ask me, I would vote for a "red" label as the insects in there decidedly add a fair amount of unwanted protein to the otherwise vegetarian atta!

S.K.Bose

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