

ATTACHMENT

Mr. Chopra asked the class what the hell was going on. The class of course giggled. "You there!" he said to me, "What is the problem?" I got up. She also had to get up. The class roared with laughter. You see, it was because she was attached to me. Like being siamese twins, if you follow me. Twins since morning. I mean, there I was and there she was... clutching my elbow. So if I sat she had to sit, if I ran she had to run, if I went to class she had to go to class.

Live twins I said, and that's how it was,

We had been in the same bus in the morning and the bus swayed. She clutched my elbow for support and after a while her hand was still there clutching my elbow.

I looked at her.

She looked at me. She was embarrassed. "I am sorry....." She said.

"Oh, that's fine!" I asked, "but....."

"I am sorry. My fingers seem to have gone to sleep. Can you help me?" She asked. She was very nervous.

I tried to help her. In fact we both tried to pry her fingers loose. They wouldn't come loose. Like glued, if you understand.....like rivets. They just clutched.....however much we tried to unclutch them.

"Well..." She started panicking.

"I am sorry. It seems as if we are stuck". I said.

"Don't say that.....do something....." She started weeping.

I looked at my watch. 9.15.

My God. If I don't watch it I'll miss Mr Chopra's class.

"Look....." I said, "...suppose we postpone this problem for a little while. I mean, like I have a class....

The boys had a whole lot of fun, but Mr. Chopra, said, "I request you to leave my class..."

"Sir", I said, "I mean... If you let me explain..."

"What explanation can you offer, when she still clutches your arm?" he roared.

"You see... that's how it is. We are sort of attached you know... it happened in the bus..."

"Enough is enough!" he yelled, "I don't want your love life... out! Out I say!"

"It is'nt like love or anything.." I went on humbly but he silently pointed to the doorway, so out we went escorted by three dozen cat calls.

She broke down again I helped wipe her eyes. Her left arm and my right arm were free. Suddenly she broke in to laughter:

"How silly I must look with one fat hairy arm and one slender smooth arm....." She giggled,

"Hey man that's neat." I laughed with her. "One hairy fat arm and one smooth slender one...one long nailed and smooth and one short and stub by..... one with bangles, one with cuff-links.....ha... ha ha ha....."

We laughed for a while. It was cool you know rather crazy... but cool all the same.

We went off to a coffee place to decide what to do.

We got into a bus. Ah, the same one... it was coming back on a return trip. We found seats. People kept turning around and staring. But we were cool. Not swinging really... but just cool.

After the bus went a way, her hand moved... I mean the one that remained clutched, attached. It moved. First the fingers. Then the wrist. Then the hand fell off. She looked at me. I looked at her. "Well..." she said. "Yes..." I said.

But we were not cool any more. She said ciao and got up and got off.

I felt it had been crazy, but cool. Now that she had gone, I remembered we hadn't even bothered to get to know each other's name. May be she'll remember. May be I shall too. It was not OK.....you understand? Not hanging loose... Like it was a bit lonely on the seat all alone...A crazy thing it was... being attached that way.

—VELAN PARI

"OUR TALES"

How strange! How have I suddenly reached college?

I see Amit walking towards me he waves. I wave back.

We talk animatedly. I cannot recollect about what, but we talk.

And then here I am, suddenly among a group of boys and girls laughing and chatting.

Every body seems to be in hysterics, laughing for no particular reason. They are all happy.

I am among them too, laughing but I feel strange, something seems to have changed.

I wonder if the others think so too. Canteen.

How are we in the canteen? We didn't walk! But there is no missing those familiar benches and tables. But if I can remember..... seldom have we seen girls sitting at the same table with boys, but here, they are.

How strange!

Amit and I decide to go to a movie and somewhere through the movie, when everybody is silent, except the actor on the screen, I hear the starting of a car.

How odd? How am I hearing cars being started in an auditorium.

The noise of the accelerating car grows louder and with it I hear somebody flushing the toilet. I wake up!

I know now, why I found everything strange. I was dreaming.

I dress up and leave for college, and as I enter the college compound, I see a few boys walking towards me.

I know them, they are in my class.

Perhaps they'll wish me today? I want to wish them first, I want to break the ice, but I restrain myself.

It might seem too forward if a girl wishes first.

But they just walk past sniggering and staring!

Very normal indeed, but I feel let down, perhaps I am being unduly affected by my dream.

I walk past Amit and all the other boys and girls I saw in my dream, they stare at me, blankly.

I attend classes and am back home.

—KESHAV ANAND

AN IDEOLOGICAL CHANGE

Co-education implies the education of both the sexes (Male & Female) at the same institution, so that they may grow both in mind and heart. The spirit of collectivism will take the place of individualism for profound ideological unity and of an equally profound emotional concord. My experience as a student and teacher gives different shapes to this term, co-education at different times. When I was a student at Delhi University, a few years ago the proportion of girls was small. The degree of mutual understanding was very low and the girls were not participating in any programme of the faculty. Moreover, both of them used to see each other with suspicious eyes.

But my experience, at present, really makes me understand that the times have changed. Girls are in open competition in all fields with the boys. As a teacher I feel that free mixing of the boys and girls must be eminent in the college for the proper understanding of each other. The atmosphere absolutely depends on this factor. At present girls and boys are participating in all sorts of activities. In some of the cases, the girls have proved better than the boys in planning and organising the activities of the particular society. By nature the girls are hardworking, sincere and painstaking. Their technique of handling things, is unique. At present the boys don't look at the girls with suspicious eyes. Ultimately if the girls are given a chance to speak out, don't you think it will provide us a grater insight into their relationship? It well!

Mixing of the boys with the girls, is criticised by some of my colleagues in the college. They feel that only study can provide healthy atmosphere in the working of the college. This sort of fanciful thinking is absolutely wrong. Education not only means studying lessons, but learning so many other things also. At home, the girls cannot be free with their family members. This restricts their ability to learn. As soon as the boys and girls study and talk together, they may learn many new things within a short period. They can talk about their problems more freely with us.

The boys' and girls' common rooms are different. Why should there be such demarcation? Let there be only one room. Here is the point: Boys naturally want to mix with the girls and we don't allow them this natural right.

Keeping these things in mind, I personally feel that co-education is a must in the circumstances of the day. If the boys and girls understand each other at this stage of learning they can in the future show their full creativity in different fields. Possibly before college they may not be considered mature enough to understand many things. But if co-education persists in the colleges in a proper manner, it will provide more and more maturity and better citizens.

M. P. GUPTA

LOVE'S PRISONER

Thy beauty is my being's breath,
Thy majesty my fond pride's death;
Where'er thou art, my sweetest flair,
All life's felicity is there.

Loving thy loveliness divine,
Thy smile more potent far than wine,
All languid as thy slumberous eye
Intoxicated here do I lie.

Ah, but thy finger-tips to kiss—
That were a more than earthly bliss,
Which to achieve were greater gain
Than monarch o'er both worlds to reign.

Anguished I yearn thy lips to touch;
Was ever heart's distraction such?
A heart held firm and motionless:
A prisoner of thy scented tresses.

Thy mouth, huntsman of my mind,
Plots with thy locks my heart to bind,
And how shall time unspring the share
That keeps me fast and fettered there?

POEMS

BEREFT OF HONOUR (AFTER MY GREAT BETRAYAL OF HER)

Before thy face to stand I do not dare
Nor have the strength to live apart from thee;
Of my own self I can indeed despair,
But not of thee, ah no, not utterly.
An inward fire hath long consumed me,
And still my burning I may not declare:
I likened thee unto a cedar-tree
And now my load of shame I cannot bear.

Though thou art far (& yet near), yet will I suffer this
So much I said, but cannot make it good;
At least, bestow on me thy promised kiss,
I do not dare demand so great a bliss,
Seek not of Jagan patient fortitude:
He was not with this quality endured.

T. E. JAGANNATHAN

Do you remember
We walked together
Where the surf meets the sand
Do you remember
We dared not look behind
To see our footsteps all awash

—VELAN PARI

'OUT OF THE CURTAINS'

"BHAGAT SINGH boys — etch ! They're outrageous...of course, there are the good ones, but generally the whole lot of em are absolute limits!"

Whatever may be the reasons for Renu Datta's misanthropy, 'male-chauvinism' could scarcely be one. For she belongs to the typical lower-middle class: unpretentious, down-to-earth and ruthlessly straightforward—definitely not the sort to stand 'male supremacy' anywhere. But what apparently pains her most about our boys, is their "lecherous behaviour," which at times makes her "regret having joined a coed college."

The Renu Dattas of our college are generally products of Govt. Schools, where girls remained religiously segregated from boys. "We stayed behind a curtain of ignorance, where to us, boys were objects of curiosity...an illusion! We wanted to know about them.....why they behaved this way or that? Now of course, we know," smiles Chetna Chaudhry.

But for girls like Suman Rastogi and Veena Gulati, college came to them as a rude shock. "Boys scream at each other here, make passes at girls, are downright rude, ill-mannered and nasty. In fact seeing all this we seriously thought of migrating to some Girls college."

Chetna Chaudhry however, attempts to delineate "the well-behaved public school boys from the salacious Government school types." The former, she claims are "well-bred in an excellent environment which they try to maintain in this college. They try to mix with girls, try to understand them, and not indulge in eve-teasing, womanising or such subversive activities of Government School boys."

Perhaps this recessive behaviour could be a reflection of a frustrating curiosity to know about the opposite sex—which ultimately gives way to a crazy animalistic behavior in boys. The crux of the problem, as Renu Datta admits is "divergence of views.....while boys aim at 'hooking' relationships, girls are content with mere companionships."

Nevertheless, as Chetna states, relationship or companionship "does not necessarily mean meeting physically at restaurants, cinemas or discotheques - what is vitally important is the satisfaction of the inert curiosity of the sexes." A consequential love-trip or affair should, however not lead to wedlock, warns Renu Datta, as both the boy and the girl "float in an oblivion" when no "rational decision can be made". Strangely enough, both Renu and Chetna favoured arranged marriages "as parents are better judges."

Perhaps it is this unquestionable and devoted reliance on parental advice that typify girls of this back ground. Then, is their attitude towards the boys also influenced by parents? "No," replies Nandini Malhotra emphatically, "Parents are all for mixing with the sexes: but what counts most is the behaviour of boys towards girls and vice versa." In fact "parents have nothing to say in such matters. "Or, if they do does it still matter?" smiles Chetna.

PUNDAREEK. BASU.

AILMENT COLLAGE

We walked around the college to talk to boys about how coeducation works in B.S.C. We discovered that coeducation here, is an acute ailment. We are giving below, a collage of remarks, which together describe the ailment called coeducation :-

THE UNSEEN AND UNSEEABLE :

"Where are the chicks, yaar?"

"Look don't ask me to think of coeducation! I can only imagine about it. You can only imagine something that doesn't exist. You cannot think about it."

"Girls are like an oasis in this desert."

FRUSTRATION :

"All we have is the 'Chirag Dilli' stock."

"Can't they even talk to us? Can't they go to movies with us?"

"Coeducation exists only in the files of our office. I have looked for it elsewhere. I don't find it. I am sick!"

"The few girls that go out with you..... they see your pockets only... not your hearts!"

"In our school we had girls! But now we find ourselves surrounded by unknown complexes!"

ANGER :

"Either the girls change their attitude towards us or we change this college!"

"Why do these cats look at us as if we are all mere dogs."

"Height of frustration, Yaar!"

"Please drop this topic! It ruins the taste in my tongue."

"I am a nice fellow! Good personality! But what have I got to face!! Not one girl! It is useless to just talk about it!"

"Three years! Dammit! Three and I am a Sanyasi!"

At the end of it all this we felt sad for everyone. We hope all this will pass. We wish to see all our friends smiling and gay. Better times are bound to come!

DEEPAK RAJ

GLIMPSES

Hi folks, welcome back to the college hope you all enjoyed your vacations.

First things first, congrats to Mr. Sumer Chand Prashar who gave a yet another music programme on the AIR, on 21st Oct. '75.

Our Cricketers have qualified for the second round in the Inter-College meet. They walloped A.R.S.D. college by 198 runs. We also played Telefunken Club. The students and teachers combined to beat them by 5 wickets.

(See Page 6)

SPECIAL FEATURE

A CHEMICAL SCIENTIST AS VICE-CHANCELLOR

(An interview with Professor R. C. Mehrotra)

In a world increasingly politicised it is indeed reassuring to see the Ministry of Education investing the future of a problem-infested University of Delhi with an overtly academic appointment. Professor Ram C. Mehrotra was offered the V. Cship of Rajasthan and of Allahabad but 'resisted the pressure' to be seduced away from his 'first love, teaching'. When however, Delhi lost its V.C. to the UPSC, the sagacious and persistent teacher-politician Professor Nurul Hasan convinced the chemical scientist to take the administrative plunge.

'The Doc' is a scholar of proven brilliance starting his college career in 1941. His qualifications today run into three lines! He has about 400 research papers and international conference convenership to his credit. Among the several badges of honour he wears is the coveted S.S. Bhatnagar Award, Place of Honour at the Chemical Society of London, and Chairmanship of the International Coordination Chemistry Conferences at Vienna and Moscow.

Keen to investigate how such a brilliant scientist was faring in the massive 100,000 strong laboratory of Delhi University, we interviewed the First Teacher in what is certainly not his natural habitat, the desk and file-dominated V-C office!

What strikes one immediately on entering is the soothing, edifying blue colour tones of the setting and this impression is confirmed when a gentle yet warm handshake greets you and you settle down directly opposite. Your mind suddenly flashes across the four-page brief biographical sketch which the indefatigable Hasya Sahab has just handed you and you wonder if a non-descript teacher interviewer will 'survive' the interview.

And then the Scholar-Administrator smiles winningly and asks colloquially, 'And how are my fellow-teachers in Bhagat Singh?'

And suddenly you realise you are in mind-level contact with a fellow-pedagogue whose humility and persuasiveness stuns you. And he shocks you further when, in talking of a teacher, he uses the rather literary metaphor of a plant and gardener to describe the student-teacher relationship. He admits lack of sufficient tools in a nascent nation—'one can't have everything'—but points to the inner satisfaction of the gardener: he constantly rejuvenates himself in contact with his 'new' plants, stays young this way, and has the pride of a creator when he sees his products flourish, in this case as successful citizens. In this, the teacher has the most noble calling for he provides the nation with its future citizens.

And here there is a rider. The student is, psychologically speaking, at his most impressionable and sensitive age and any viciousness or evil intent on the part of the teacher would either destroy the plant or

prevent its growth. "It is my endeavour," averred Professor Mehrotra, "to re-academize the University in a big way. Decisions shall be taken on purely academic and intellectual bases. Political compromises bring only temporary peace—academic solutions in an academic world are not only desirable but necessary."

What about the consequences of the political investments of the past, if any?

"It is necessary to channelize all energies into healthy, positive activity. I would welcome any teacher, student or karamchhari whose interest are primarily educational to meet me with suggestions and ideas for the betterment of the University. Even negative elements can be persuaded that the world of fruitful endeavour is a better world, provided you yourself are deeply convinced of what you say. The national leadership has given new and meaningful direction to our future and it is up to us to discipline and to devote ourselves to the tremendous task of nation building.

"Of one thing I am certain: enlightened protest in orderly fashion is indispensable to a democracy. Our Prime Minister has constantly asserted this, too. But destructive and nihilistic actions are not only anti-national, they are self-defeating. I am happy that, by and large, the teacher and student communities of Delhi University are positive, genuine and capable in thought and belief. But what is needed are action-oriented principles".

And Results is what that the 'Doc' believes in his tenure that the revised scales have been expeditiously implemented, the Joint Student-Teacher Committee scheme has been vigorously reintroduced in a new dynamic form, that the UGC has finally accepted and implemented the Health Scheme proposals. The V-C had personally followed-up the Scheme "for I do not believe in working under pressure and, besides, the welfare of my fellow teachers is of great importance to me."

The teacher refrain was sustained through the interview. And it was not mere Lip-service of a V.C. Professor Mehrotra made it abundantly clear that he has "no political ambitions whatsoever" and that his only aim in life is to serve the hallowed Cause of Education through precepts of simplicity and devotion. "I accepted this post principally because I have immense faith in the inherent goodness of the teaching community and a deep love for youth. I felt one could contribute in more ways to the flowering of minds as chief administrator than as chemical scientist alone. And, than, Delhi University was a challenge and I love challenges!"

The demands of Vice-Chancellorship would not give the teacher in him much scope for further fulfilment. . . .

But there I was mistaken. It is pleasantly shocking to know that the 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. working V-C still guides a dozen research scholars beginning at 4.30 in the morning. And this he still considers his "most satisfying hours". In his veins the true blood of the teacher flows.

And what of the New India ?

With surprising candour and straight forwardness The Doc talked rather regretfully of the lack of freedom from things foreign. "Perhaps nowhere in the world is there such a premium on foreign ideas and articles." One may absorb and assimilate from different cultures but "one's own identity must be preserved." We still live in the shackles of regionalism and plagia-

rism, from science to education to everyday life, and what is needed is self-confidence and faith in our own capacities. "For there is no problem, that we Indians have put our minds and hearts to, over the centuries, which we have not solved." He referred to Gandhiji's famous metaphor of letting "the winds of the world blow through my windows but let me not be swept off my feet," which is the theses of American educationists John Dewey and Alfred North Whitehead.

Having been fed so much food for thought I realized I had cut into the V-C's lunch hour and he gentleman that he is, had not protested. Thanking Professor Mehrotra rather apologetically, I got up to leave. And then I read a sticker on the desk : *If you have nothing to do, don't do it here.*

SYDNEY ROBEIRO

(Contd. from page 3) *Glimpses*

Mr. Dhingra and Mr. R.M Singh have gone on leave; the former to complete his Ph. D and the latter for his N.C.C. Officer Training to Purandar.

We welcome Mr. Pravir Vohra and Mr Joginder Khachi (Economics Deptt.) to our midst.

We express our condolences over the untimely demise of Miss Reena Sandhu, a former lecturer in English. Those connected with Yuva Vani would be familiar with her name as she was a producer there. Incidentally, Miss Sandhu was also a member of the Delhi State Women's Cricket Team.

—Ed

Dear Ed,

Is there any limit to madness in Talk (reference K.A's letter September issue) If there is none, kindly add this bit too—

A worthless youngman born in Tashkent always
Leased out his wife for the rent;
But as she got older
The landlord grew colder
And they finished their years in a tent.

Yours etc.

ARUN SHANKARAN KUTTY

DEAR ED :

Here is something for your Co-education issue :

She walked in the room,
Leaving me like an unmarried groom;
I met her in a precarious circumstance,
I did not know where to make my stance.
Her lips moved in a covetous manner,
Sending forth words like a critical planner,
She was funny,
And I know not whether she cared for Sunny,
Joking about father and nun,
Discussing marriage for fun,
But I must say she is funny,
Let's go spend some money.

Yours etc

SUNIL NIGAM

FOCUS NEXT TIME :

SPORTS IN B.S.C.

PLEASE SEND IN ANYTHING RELEVANT