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ICFAI Law School

ICFAI Foundation for Higher Education

Vol 5, Issue : 6

November 2017

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Editor Note

The technology - especially smartphones - have become a part of individuals irrespective of the age group. It has reached the school and college going students without discernment. Technology have elevated the human capacity to execute and produce knowledge in the respective field. Meanwhile, it is important to note that in the last five years, the users of smartphones have increased consistently due to which the users implicitly face difficulty in learning, locating authentic source, getting addicted to games, and moving towards the life of automation.

The technology is consistently becoming compact and easy to carry. In spite of technologies' commendable achievement in being user friendly and making humans more productive, it quite often fails to attract / channelize the user. The technology keeps the user connected in the virtual space while they are constantly at distance in reality. There are various take on both merits and the demerits of technology. This issue of "The Student" magazine includes some feature of technology. It also encourages the readers to introspect the influence of the technology in day to day life.

Editors

Ashya Sukla, Istiaq Hussain

The Student Magazine



Killer Robots: Future of Warfare.

Istiaq Hussain, 7th Sem, BBA

LLB.

They are here, accept it or not, and they raise many concerns both moral and legal. With no human in control of them, we give them the power to choose and eliminate their targets. Are we ready to give them this power to kill other humans? Are we ready to replicate human judgment? Are we ready for arms race?

Fully autonomous weapons will be capable of selecting targets and using force without any human input or interaction. This would be a step beyond current remote-controlled drones and weapons which always has a “human in the loop”. These fully autonomous weapons will lack most human characteristics of judgment, compassion, and intentionality. These weapons will have a large military advantage, but the risks involved outweigh the benefits. The lack of compassion will make no difference for them between potential enemies and civilians. These will also give irresponsible states or non-state armed groups, machines that could be programmed to indiscriminately kill civilians. With no human in control of them, they will have no notion of the human right to life and the principle of human dignity.

The use of force is only lawful when it is used to protect human life, as a last resort, and the force applied should be proportionate to the threat. It will be impossible to programme a robot to calculate all these principles in combat and they can't be programmed to solve all situations, as during a war many unlikely situations will arise, which can't be dealt without proper judgement and compassion towards your enemy forces. As inanimate machines, they will lack the value and respect for human life and significance of its loss. It is not only legal, economic reasons for which we respect other person rights, but the very reason for it is moral and if we breach that moral restraint on us, by giving machines the power to kill other humans, we won't be far from our inevitable downfall as human civilization.

The next big question which arises is who will be liable for the acts done by fully autonomous weapons? No person who does something wrong should be allowed to escape his liability for his wrongful act, as that would be against the most basic principle of law. Each person should be personally accountable for the wrongful act done by him. Similarly, each state should be made accountable for the wrongful act or war crimes committed by it during the course of a war and should be punished for the same to provide retribution to victims. Though it will be easy to establish liability to a state, it is also important to assign the personal responsibility of these acts. It is important for individuals to be held criminally responsible for unlawful or immoral acts, to not only provide retribution to victims but also to deter such behaviour in future. It also shows that victims' rights have been recognized and the wrong doer is punished for the harm they caused.

Men are held responsible for crimes, not machines. For a crime to be established two basic elements are supposed to be present. There must be an act and mental state i.e., mens rea. It would be impossible to prove mens rea or mental state of robots as they won't have the intentionality to commit a crime. The commanders cannot be held liable for acts of a robot as it would be difficult and almost impossible for them to have knowledge of acts committed by fully autonomous weapons during the course of a war. This would only arise if the autonomous weapon sends some kind of communication before taking the action and selecting targets, then such target would need a human to take the final decision and fall out of fully autonomous weapons scope. It would also be impossible to punish robots as they aren't humans and commanders can escape liability by saying they didn't have control or prior knowledge of robots acts..

Under Civil liability, the victims bring an action for compensation as a remedy for damage suffered by them. It would be difficult for them to bring and maintain a suit against manufacturers and impossible to bring a suit against military personal as most of them are immune under civil law. The manufacturers

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(Thought Balloon)

can claim manufacturing defects and software-based deficits to escape liability under civil law. The last resort would be a strict liability compensation system, which will require victims to only prove harm and not how it occurred. Not all legal systems will be ready to adapt this system and this will only provide compensation to victims and not deter such actions in future. The risks involved changes to be made and conflicts which will arise will be much greater than advantages of fully autonomous weapons.

World's leading AI and robotics experts across the globe are calling on the United Nations to ban the development and use of fully autonomous weapons.

Tesla's CEO, Elon Musk is leading a group of 116 specialists from across 26 countries who are calling for a ban on the use of killer robots. Further, the UN recently voted to begin formal discussions on such weapons and to discuss methods for regulating development and deployment of such killer robots. He has called for pro-active regulations of AI, calling it biggest existential threat.

The founders of International Joint Conference on Artificial Intelligence (IJCAI) has called for a ban of such autonomous weapons under the UN's convention on certain conventional weapons (CCW) brought into force in 1983, which also prohibits chemicals and other lethal weapons. Based on these arguments it is recommended that development of such weapons should be banned before they become reality.





Cybercrime in everyday life.

- Aman Agarwal
1st Sem, BBA LLB

“We’re concerned that people are trading security for convenience...People are doing things on free Wi-Fi that are really alarming”

— Anonymous

In the era of 21st century, the time needed to be spent on the social status of individual is rather invested on cell phones and other digital devices. Vulgarity has touched yet another height in this generation which is often overlooked and neglected. The sources of such obscene posts and ads are yet known and also dangerous. As many a times, people get often confused between adware and spyware. This article, intend to put more light into what the term ‘spyware’ means. A spyware is a software that functions to monitor the users’ activity and reverts information to an unknown party without any prior knowledge.

The aforementioned party may also be called as ‘hackers’. The information sent to the hackers is often misused to decode confidential credentials like credit card, DOB, Aadhaar card, etc. Such leak of information may lead to bankruptcy and various other ill-effects. In the year, 2016, the government had paid billions of dollars to these perpetrators in order to retreat the information they had extracted from the individuals which led the world of IT in a wide scale chaos resulting in the exponential growth of the cyber security.

But this was not the end for the hackers from breaching the IT security. According to a research by Researcher Mathy Vanhoef, from Belgian university KU Leuven, released information on his hack, dubbing it KRACK each and every wifi router that is being currently used in our country have backdoor through which an attacker can enter and stole your information.

Since it took 13 long years to figure this flaw it is unknown the harm that it has done already

These cyber-attacks have radiated their target since quite a few years. As for now, their prime target is energy sector which specializes in digitalization making it a fascinating target for cyber-attacks. This could also lead to the disruption of operations and environmental damage over a large geographical area, city or even a whole country which may turn out to a disastrous situation.

But it did not stand in way of companies entering into the virtual world to increase their production and give a big break. Developing countries like ours are standing on the horizon to boost up the pace of development in almost every rationale possible. The initiative to increase accountability in the country, introduced two years ago has brought about a huge impact on the society. Apps like BHIM, DIGISHALA, M-ADHAAR, etc have made transactions and accountability easier throughout the country. It is also helping India to achieve the deserving position in the world. It's stated to be true that after this initiative was launched, the number of reports based on cybercrime have increased but again these are obstacles that the government and private organizations should be working on to overcome. This can be overcome via updating the softwares and hardware that are still running on old tech based algorithm, using end to end transmission technologies.



Photo Credit: Sarath Chandra, 1st Semester BBA LLB



Journey

Anant Agarwal, 1st Sem, BBA LLB

The journey has begun,
Miles to go ahead.
Stoning my path to success,
With a dream in my head.

But the journey so far,
Is a milestone itself.
With twists and turns of experiences,
Leading me ahead.

May this journey never end.
May there never be a bend.
Cuz I have just begun, With a dream in my head.
I have just begun,
And I have to go ahead.



Farewell, Reyna

- Harsha Chandrasekhar, 1st Sem, BBA LLB.

Dearest,

Farewell. You've been the love of my life, my.... No, no. It doesn't feel right to give you a bunch of attributes and say goodbye. You've always had a flair for dramatics after all.

Sometimes, I try to explain to people the relationship we have (and fail amazingly of course); I try to make them understand, somebody, anybody, they have to, I needed them to. They would listen but they never understood. In the end, they would say, 'It doesn't matter, she's not here anymore' and then with begrudging clarity, my carefully constructed world falls apart like a pile of misplaced Jenga blocks. It rips apart like hurricanes did towns, and crashes like a wineglass on the hardwood floor. All that's left in the end, is a terrible pain in my chest from the wounds that have scarred yet never healed from two years ago.

So today, I will try with all my might to explain to the world the relationship we had. I shall tell them a story and hope that they are as bewitched as you once were with them. If they don't, well you would say I atleast failed trying.

Dad noticed that there was almost nothing that could captivate the attention of his four-year old daughter. Not even his piggy back rides. These days, Harsha seemed to be scowling at everything. One could hardly blame her; she had to share Mother and Dad with her two-year old brother Venkat and Harsha hated sharing. To add to that, he was a sickly child which demanded almost all of Mother's attention. She wished she could have all the attention and praise Little Venkat did. Her relatives rarely played with her anymore; they were too busy Ooh-ing and Aaaw-ing over her brother. She didn't know what this feeling was, this overwhelming need to perform Abra-ca-dabra and make sure he vanishes into thin air (she did try a little too many times with her magic wand, but she never seemed to get the spell right!), I suppose that's the closest a four-year old gets to feeling jealousy. No wonder she scowled all the time. Dad decided he needed to do something and fast.

Harsha was the most excited when Mother announced that they were adding a new member to their family. She could choose whom she wanted (Dad didn't know how else to explain adoption to his little girl), unlike her wicked brother whose sole happiness seemed to lie in her misery. As they were passing by, admiring the beautiful young ones rolling around in their blankets and making cute noises, a pair of golden brown eyes caught Harsha's attention. Those eyes were the most unique and beautiful thing she had ever seen. It was what these romance novels would describe as that heart stopping moment when the protagonist finds her soulmate. Neither looked away. Apparently, Harsha wasn't the only one intrigued; the little bundle of joy scanned her like it had never seen anything more queer. That's how Mother found her, cuddling and caressing a figure wrapped in blankets while it hummed and whined at her daughter.

Two days later, golden brown eyed Baby Reyna was a part of the family. It seemed Harsha was always on a sugar high these days. She couldn't wait for Reyna to grow up. She had a partner now, she had a sister. They could steal all of Venkat's remote cars and transform Barbie's into ugly witches. Even now, she would care for Reyna like no other. She would tell Reyna bedtime stories like Mother once did for her, groom and dress her up for walks. Harsha never scowled anymore.

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As the years passed by, it seemed the girls were joined by the hip. Where Harsha went, Reyna would go. If anyone questioned the curious but shy Reyna's presence, Harsha was there defending her sister and she was not a force to be dealt with. Together they were unconquerable. Mother tried to keep them apart. Climbing trees, chasing cats, digging holes to hide their 'treasure', gods! She was their mother and for the sake of that atleast, she had to make sure they behaved like proper girls! She tried, Oh Christ knows how much she tried. Changed their schedules, made Reyna play more with Venkat, all of that but at the end they would be at the door with their heart-melting grins and disheveled appearances. We all know, the more disheveled their appearance, the crazier their adventure.

It had rained throughout the day. The monsoon rains had left no pot-hole empty with rainwater. At school, Harsha (who was in Grade 5) had hurt herself on the muddy ground during Basketball. Her light blue uniform, now a shade of dirty brown. Scraped knees and a sprained ankle. She was scared of what Mother would say, naturally, she knew a stern scolding was in order. She was walking home with some difficulty; Reyna who was playing with the others saw Harsha and immediately knew something was wrong. She approached her and scanned her from head to toe. One look at her limping figure and sad face confirmed her suspicions. Harsha didn't want Mother to know yet. It's always better to prolong your impending doom, right? Before she could utter a single word, Reyna took off in a sprint. She ran faster than Harsha had ever seen her run. Harsha screamed after her, "Ray! Ray! Slow down! Please Ray! Don't tell Mother! Ray! Stop! Slow down! Ray! Ray!" Not once did Ray (Harsha thought her eyes looked like a Ray of sunshine) slow down or look back, instead she ran faster. Before long, Reyna was dragging a very worried looking Mother along. It was then that Harsha realized that maybe Mother was protective of her. Not annoyed that she ruined her uniform but concerned that she had hurt herself. That was exactly what happened next. Mother cleaned her up, bandaged her ankle, gave her chocolate and kissed her cheeks. All this while, Reyna was with her, holding her hand. That's how they slept that night, holding one another, too scared to let go, and the night after that and every other night. Mother didn't have it in her heart to separate them. She thought, 'So what if they are not proper girls, they are still my daughters!'

Even when if the whole world turned their backs on them, they'll still have each other.' Mother couldn't have been more wrong.

That's how it worked. Harsha messing up and Reyna clearing it. Sometimes they would include Venkat in their plans on Reyna's insistence (Harsha found him too boring, too predictable). They became the closest two souls could ever be. Harsha would come running to Ray for everything. She wasn't weak or dependent but whenever Ray was by her side, it just felt right, like they were undefeatable.

They would play with stolen Beyblades, watch Oswald and Doraemon together, cuddle on thunderstorms. Sooner than later, things changed. Harsha's friends increased. She would sneak out to prank people. This one time, they painted pink hearts on Emmanuel Uncle's Bullet because he would park the bike in the middle of their cricket pitch and smoke. Reyna was there with her then.

The boys no longer played with her. They called her ugly names. Venkat would ask her to fight back but he didn't get it, sometimes you just can't. Reyna did. She would hold her while she cried and later they would bake cupcakes together. After a few days, the boys never bothered her. She was grateful but wondered why. Later, she figured Ray did something, god alone knows what. She was extremely grateful for her sister.

Cuddling soon became pillow fights and work-outs, they still played Ball, but Harsha would read to Reyna her stories and Ray would listen; Ray always listened. They watched F.R.I.E.N.D.S. these days and rarely only the two of them- 'it's called sleepover Mother', Harsha would say. Every serious decision she took, she would do it with Reyna by her side.

Mother couldn't deal with Harsha's mood swings anymore, Dad couldn't see the right in her ways, Venkat was too busy building a social life and Harsha just hated everything. Best friends were just strangers wearing masks. Teachers were just old people criticising everything. Everyone she knew was running a meaningless race and she didn't know if she had to run along with the crowd or stop and get trampled by them. Through all of this, Ray was there. She knew when to get her 'Harry Potter' and when to give her 'The fault in our stars' to read. Ray understood that sometimes Harsha just needed somebody to hold onto. Hence, Ray was there. Through all the bad breakups and the travel journeys, through her first group of true friends

and the pathetic grades, Ray was there. Just like Harsha was there when they diagnosed Reyna with an illness Harsha's 14-year old mind couldn't comprehend, when Mother put Reyna on a diet but she and Venkat would sneak in her favourite candy, while Reyna had to sneak out to meet her Boyfriend and Mother couldn't know, through all of this Harsha was there.

When Harsha went to college and Ray couldn't go, they would try and make as much time for each other as possible. They had been together for fifteen years now, watching each other grow up and being there for one another despite all odds. They had a bucket list, something they promised to complete by their thirties.

Things were never the same after Harsha took the phone call. She was nineteen then. College had been hectic the past few days and she couldn't go home over the weekend. Ray has been visiting the doctor more often than not, but Mother told her it was just a stomach bug. Venkat was crying when he called and all he said was, "*Akka*, it's about Ray." She didn't even wait for him to complete. It was a two-hour drive to the hospital; she reached in less than an hour. When she saw Reyna in the Intensive care unit, it was like her whole world came crashing down in less than a second. All those tubes, those lights, her limp form- it was a living nightmare. 'It was Gastric Torsion, there was never any hope', they said. She didn't know what to say. It didn't sink into her yet. They went on a long drive and played at the beach just the other weekend. How could she suddenly be gone now? There's so much to tell her, there's so much they needed to do. No, she can't just leave. But she did. On August 8, at the age of sixteen, Reyna Purvis was announced dead.

Mother insisted on burying her in their farmhouse, under the lemon tree. It was Ray's favourite place in the world. There were so many people. They had to pause the service when Harsha couldn't hold it in anymore, it was too much for her. Those eyes, that captivated you and showed you a path in life, that looked at you with so much adoration; knowing that you are looking at them for the last time before closing them forever is the hardest and most traumatizing thing ever. Buried those eyes with your own hands, pulled the rope and pushed the casket down. Once and forever.

Harsha wanted her back, she needed her back. She was a part of her future, an entire future that may have been, it just vanished. She altered parts of her life to accommodate Reyna. Everything she did, it was to make her the missing piece, because it mattered that Ray be included in her life and everything she did. What can she do anymore, what fills the missing piece she left for her? Nobody knew.

It's been two years since she lost her soulmate, and the wound healed only to reopen again and again, until it was scarred and never completely healed ever. It's been two years since Death took away Reyna Purvis, the Labrador Retriever. A lost little girl and a golden brown eyed puppy found comfort in each other one day, who have since then become sisters, best friends, soulmates and even more.

.....

So that Dear Ray, was our story. It's been so long Ray. So long since we ran across the fields chasing each other, you with your barks and whines, me with my heaps of laughter. Since we came home all muddy and dripping wet from the rain, you with fur matted to your forehead and tongue rolling out and I with tangled hair and clothes sticking to my body. So long, little sister.


Some days are better than the others. Mother still misses you, sometimes she finds your 'treasures' hidden in the kitchen cabinets, the back garden and at first, she first smiles, then cries her heart out. Venkat's still angry at you. He was never the understanding one, anyways. One of those days, the dinner table just feels incomplete without your noisy slurps and purr's.

This is goodbye Reyna. I've pushed it aside for too long now. No more holding on to the grief, simply smiling at our memories; just like I promised you. I know you are probably pointing this out to your friends in Heaven and saying, "That's my sister! She's doing this for me! You think she would cry for anyone else, huh? She's doing this for me, see how important I am!" I know you are. Know this, you shall never be forgotten or replaced; that part of me shall be reserved for you and only you. Only that I'm letting go.

Someday, when Death comes for me, I shall welcome it with open arms; only because I know that you are waiting for me on the other side. Till then,

Farewell, Reyna.

Yours, Harsha.



Sea of Time.

- Sanchit Halder, 1st Sem, BBA LLB.

Often we stand by the beach,
Staring at the sea of time,
Splashing in it we find respite,
From sun of Burden up high
The waves come by gushing in, with a thousand sounds,
New stories come with it,
And experiences worthwhile.
Majestic is the sea of time
Stretching far and wide,
In it are the soothing yesteryears,
Keeping us alive
Unfathomable is the depth of it,
Swim in it we can't,
Easy it is to perish in it,
Just step in it to drown.

The Medium is the Message

In a culture like ours, long accustomed to splitting and dividing all things as a means of control, it is sometimes a bit of a shock to be reminded that, in operational and practical fact, the medium is the message. This is merely to say that the personal and social consequences of any medium—that is, of any extension of ourselves—result from the new scale that is introduced into our affairs by each extension of ourselves, or by any new technology. Thus, with automation, for example, the new patterns of human association tend to eliminate jobs it is true. That is the negative result. Positively, automation creates roles for people, which is to say depth of involvement in their work and human association that our preceding mechanical technology had destroyed. Many people would be disposed to say that it was not the machine, but what one did with the machine, that was its meaning or message. In terms of the ways in which the machine altered our relations to one another and to ourselves, it mattered not in the least whether it turned out cornflakes or Cadillacs. The restructuring of human work and association was shaped by the technique of fragmentation that is the essence of machine technology. The essence of automation technology is the opposite. It is integral and decentralist in depth, just as the machine was fragmentary, centralist, and superficial in its patterning of human relationships.

The instance of the electric light may prove illuminating in this connection. The electric light is pure information. It is a medium without a message, as it were, unless it is used to spell out some verbal ad or name. This fact, characteristic of all media, means that the “content” of any medium is always another medium. The content of writing is speech, just as the written word is the content of print, and print is the content of the telegraph. If it is asked, “What is the content of speech?,” it is necessary to say, “It is an actual process of thought, which is in itself nonverbal.” An abstract painting represents direct manifestation of creative thought processes as they might appear in computer designs. What we are considering here, however, are the psychic and social consequences of the designs or patterns as they amplify or accelerate existing processes. For the “message” of any medium or technology is the change of scale or pace or pattern that it introduces into human affairs. The railway did not introduce movement or transportation or wheel or road into human society, but it accelerated and enlarged the scale of previous human functions, creating totally new kinds of cities and new kinds of work and leisure. This happened whether the railway functioned in a tropical or a northern environment, and is quite independent of the freight or content of the railway medium. The airplane, on the other hand, by accelerating the rate of transportation, tends to dissolve the railway form of city, politics, and association, quite independently of what the airplane is used for.

Let us return to the electric light. Whether the light is being used for brain surgery or night baseball is a matter of indifference. It could be argued that these activities are in some way the “content” of the electric light, since they could not exist without the electric light. This fact merely underlines the point that “the medium is the message” because it is the medium that shapes and controls the scale and form of human association and action. The con-

tent or uses of such media are as diverse as they are ineffectual in shaping the form of human association. Indeed, it is only too typical that the “content” of any medium blinds us to the character of the medium. It is only today that industries have become aware of the various kinds of business in which they are engaged. When IBM discovered that it was not in the business of making office equipment or business machines, but that it was in the business of processing information, then it began to navigate with clear vision. The General Electric Company makes a considerable portion of its profits from electric light bulbs and lighting systems. It has not yet discovered that, quite as much as A.T.&T., it is in the business of moving information.

The electric light escapes attention as a communication medium just because it has no “content.” And this makes it an invaluable instance of how people fail to study media at all.

For it is not till the electric light is used to spell out some brand name that it is noticed as a medium. Then it is not the light but the “content” (or what is really another medium) that is noticed. The message of the electric light is like the message of electric power in industry, totally radical, pervasive, and decentralized. For electric light and power are separate from their uses, yet they eliminate time and space factors in human association exactly as do radio, telegraph, telephone, and TV, creating involvement in depth.

A fairly complete handbook for studying the extensions of man could be made up from selections from Shakespeare. Some might quibble about whether or not he was referring to TV in these familiar lines from *Romeo and Juliet*:

But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It speaks, and yet says nothing.

In *Othello*, which, as much as *King Lear*, is concerned with the torment of people transformed by illusions, there are these lines that bespeak Shakespeare’s intuition of the transforming powers of new media:

Is there not charms

By which the property of youth and maidhood

May be abus’d? Have you not read Roderigo,

Of some such thing?

In Shakespeare’s *Troilus and Cressida*, which is almost completely devoted to both a psychic and social study of communication, Shakespeare states his awareness that true social and political navigation depend upon anticipating the consequences of innovation:

The providence that’s in a watchful state

Knows almost every grain of Plutus’ gold,

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,

Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

The increasing awareness of the action of media, quite independently of their “content” or programming, was indicated in the annoyed and anonymous stanza:

In modern thought, (if not in fact)

Nothing is that doesn't act,

So that is reckoned wisdom which

Describes the scratch but not the itch.

The same kind of total, configurational awareness that reveals why the medium is socially the message has occurred in the most recent and radical medical theories. In his *Stress of Life*, Hans Selye tells of the dismay of a research colleague on hearing of Selye's theory:

When he saw me thus launched on yet another enraptured description of what I had observed in animals treated with this or that impure, toxic material, he looked at me with desperately sad eyes and said in obvious despair: “But Selye try to realize what you are doing before it is too late! You have now decided to spend your entire life studying the pharmacology of dirt!” (Hans Selye, *The Stress of Life*)

As Selye deals with the total environmental situation in his “stress” theory of disease, so the latest approach to media study considers not only the “content” but the medium and the cultural matrix within which the particular medium operates. The older unawareness of the psychic and social effects of media can be illustrated from almost any of the conventional pronouncements.

In accepting an honorary degree from the University of Notre Dame a few years ago, General David Sarnoff made this statement: “We are too prone to make technological instruments the scapegoats for the sins of those who wield them. The products of modern science are not in themselves good or bad; it is the way they are used that determines their value.” That is the voice of the current somnambulism. Suppose we were to say, “Apple pie is in itself neither good nor bad; it is the way it is used that determines its value.” Or, “The smallpox virus is in itself neither good nor bad; it is the way it is used that determines its value.” Again, “Firearms are in themselves neither good nor bad; it is the way they are used that determines their value.” That is, if the slugs reach the right people firearms are good. If the TV tube fires the right ammunition at the right people it is good. I am not being perverse. There is simply nothing in the Sarnoff statement that will bear scrutiny, for it ignores the nature of the medium, of any and all media, in the true Narcissus style of one hypnotized by the amputation and extension of his own being in a new technical form. General Sarnoff went on to explain his attitude to the technology of print, saying that it was true that print caused much trash to circulate, but it had also disseminated the Bible and the thoughts of seers and philosophers. It has never occurred to General Sarnoff that any technology could do anything but add itself on to what we already are.

Such economists as Robert Theobald, W. W. Rostow, and John Kenneth Galbraith have been explaining for years how it is that “classical economics” cannot explain change or growth. And the paradox of mechanization is that although it is itself the cause of maxi-

mal growth and change, the principle of mechanization excludes the very possibility of growth or the understanding of change. For mechanization is achieved by fragmentation of any process and by putting the fragmented parts in a series. Yet, as David Hume showed in the eighteenth century, there is no principle of causality in a mere sequence. That one thing follows another accounts for nothing. Nothing follows from following, except change. So the greatest of all reversals occurred with electricity, that ended sequence by making things instant. With instant speed the causes of things began to emerge to awareness again, as they had not done with things in sequence and in concatenation accordingly. Instead of asking which came first, the chicken or the egg, it suddenly seemed that a chicken was an egg's idea for getting more eggs.

Just before an airplane breaks the sound barrier, sound waves become visible on the wings of the plane. The sudden visibility of sound just as sound ends is an apt instance of that great pattern of being that reveals new and opposite forms just as the earlier forms reach their peak performance. Mechanization was never so vividly fragmented or sequential as in the birth of the movies, the moment that translated us beyond mechanism into the world of growth and organic interrelation. The movie, by sheer speeding up the mechanical, carried us from the world of sequence and connections into the world of creative configuration and structure. The message of the movie medium is that of transition from lineal connections to configurations. It is the transition that produced the now quite correct observation: "If it works, it's obsolete." When electric speed further takes over from mechanical movie sequences, then the lines of force in structures and in media become loud and clear. We return to the inclusive form of the icon.

To a highly literate and mechanized culture the movie appeared as a world of triumphant illusions and dreams that money could buy. It was at this moment of the movie that cubism occurred and it has been described by E. H. Gombrich (*Art and Illusion*) as "the most radical attempt to stamp out ambiguity and to enforce one reading of the picture—that of a man-made construction, a colored canvas." For cubism substitutes all facets of an object simultaneously for the "point of view" or facet of perspective illusion. Instead of the specialized illusion of the third dimension on canvas, cubism sets up an interplay of planes and contradiction or dramatic conflict of patterns, lights, textures that "drives home the message" by involvement. This is held by many to be an exercise in painting, not in illusion.

In other words, cubism, by giving the inside and outside, the top, bottom, back, and front and the rest, in two dimensions, drops the illusion of perspective in favor of instant sensory awareness of the whole. Cubism, by seizing on instant total awareness, suddenly announced that the medium is the message. Is it not evident that the moment that sequence yields to the simultaneous, one is in the world of the structure and of configuration? Is that not what has happened in physics as in painting, poetry, and in communication? Specialized segments of attention have shifted to total field, and we can now say, "The medium is the message" quite naturally. Before the electric speed and total field, it was not obvious that the medium is the message. The message, it seemed, was the "content," as people used to ask what a painting was about. Yet they never thought to ask what a melody was about, nor

what a house or a dress was about. In such matters, people retained some sense of the whole pattern, of form and function as a unity. But in the electric age this integral idea of structure and configuration has become so prevalent that educational theory has taken up the matter. Instead of working with specialized “problems” in arithmetic, the structural approach now follows the lines of force in the field of number and has small children meditating about number theory and “sets.”

Cardinal Newman said of Napoleon, “He understood the grammar of gunpowder.” Napoleon had paid some attention to other media as well, especially the semaphore telegraph that gave him a great advantage over his enemies. He is on record for saying that “Three hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.”

Alexis de Tocqueville was the first to master the grammar of print and typography. He was thus able to read off the message of coming change in France and America as if he were reading aloud from a text that had been handed to him. In fact, the nineteenth century in France and in America was just such an open book to de Tocqueville because he had learned the grammar of print. So he, also, knew when that grammar did not apply. He was asked why he did not write a book on England, since he knew and admired England. He replied:

One would have to have an unusual degree of philosophical folly to believe oneself able to judge England in six months. A year always seemed to me too short a time in which to appreciate the United States properly, and it is much easier to acquire clear and precise notions about the American Union than about Great Britain. In America all laws derive in a sense from the same line of thought. The whole of society, so to speak, is founded upon a single fact; everything springs from a simple principle. One could compare America to a forest pierced by a multitude of straight roads all converging on the same point. One has only to find the center and everything is revealed at a glance. But in England the paths run criss-cross, and it is only by travelling down each one of them that one can build up a picture of the whole.

De Tocqueville in earlier work on the French Revolution, had explained how it was the printed word that, achieving cultural saturation in the eighteenth century, had homogenized the French nation. Frenchmen were the same kind of people from north to south. The typographic principles of uniformity, continuity, and lineality had overlaid the complexities of ancient feudal and oral society. The Revolution was carried out by the new literati and lawyers.

(the excerpt is taken from the book *The Medium is the Massage: An Inventory of Effects* by Marshall McLuhan, you can find the remaining contents online (open source) or you can get it from the Magazine committee members)

Environment Club



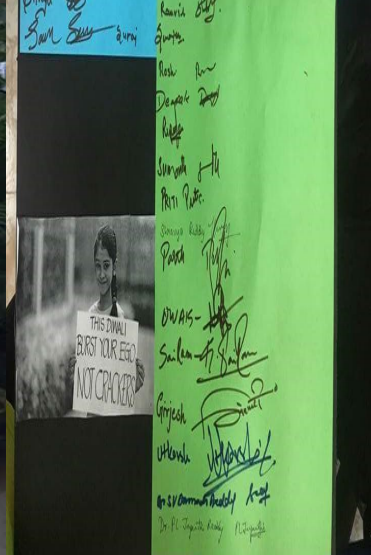
Visit to School

On 11.10.2017 (Wednesday), the members of GAIA visited two local schools; the first one was in Janwada and the second was in Khanapur. The members performed a skit for the students of the schools, highlighting the importance and need for waste management and segregation. After the performance of the skit, the club members also demonstrated the steps involved in making a paper dustbin.

Signature Campaign

On 18.10.2017 (Wednesday), the members carried out a signature campaign within IFHE where they asked people to sign up against bursting crackers on Diwali. It was a successful campaign; over a hundred people signed, including students of IFHE as well as faculty members.





ORPHANAGE VISIT

Literary club members have visited Radha Kishan Balika Bhavan (Orphanage) yesterday, and distributed the children Sweets and Stationary. The children were happy and the management appreciated our kind gesture. Literary Club thanks all the faculty members, students for their generous donation. We look forward for your support in the future Literary Club projects.



Ethnic Day



The Cultural Club have celebrated “Ethnic day” on 8th November 2017. The ILS students and faculties sported traditional clothing on this day, to remember the multiplicity of Indian culture. The event is organized in order to respect and know each others culture.





Conference

The Two day National Conference on “Gender Exfoliation: Legal Dynamics” held on 18th and 19th November 17. The conference was inaugurated by the chief guest Hon’ble Justice Mr M. Seetharama Murthi, Judge, High Court of Judicature, Hydereabad; presided by Prof. J. Mahender Reddy, Vice Chancellor, IFHE. The chief guest addressed the audience with issues pertaining to gender equality in India.



Followed by the inauguration six technical sessions were conducted on 18 & 19th Nov 17. The sessions were chaired by eminent personalities from legal background. Prof. Y. Hargopal Reddy, Advisor, ICFAI Group



chaired the session on “Societal Myths”. Mrs. P. Madhavi Devi, Judicial Member, ITAT, Hyderabad., Mr. B. Ramakotaiah, Accounting Member, ITAT, Hyderabad., Dr Y. Padmavathi, Advocate, High Court of Judicature at

Hyderabad., Prof. Vijayalakshmi, Registrar, IFHE, Hyderabad., Mrs. Viswajanani, Advocate, High Court of Judicature at Hyderabad., are the chairs for other technical sessions.



The Valedictory program saw the presence of Chief Guest Hon'ble Justice Ms T. Rajani and the Guest of Honour Ms Monika Arora.



The event was a great success and ended with a positive note for Gender Justice/ equality/ in academics.

Convergence

One Day Seminar titled “Legal Education and Profession” was conducted on 4th November 2017. Hon’ble Justice Mr Chalameshwar, Supreme Court of India was the chief guest of the event, Presided by Guest of Honor Sri Manan Kumar Mishra, Chairman BCI, Prof. N L Mitra, Former Vice Chancellor of NLSIU., Sri. Venkataramani, Senior Advocate Supreme Court of India. All the student and faculties attended the sessions that the saw the presence of eminent personalities like Justice Shesha Sai; Justice Durga Prasad; Mr. Ram Prasad; Sri. Ramachandra Rao; Justice Yethirajulu Garu; Justice Seethapathy; Mr. Rajkumar; Mr. Rajendra Reddy; Prof. V. Kesava Rao; Prof. Balakrishna Reddy; Sri Vijayanandan Reddy; Mr. T. Vijayakumar Reddy; Mr. Vikram; Mr. Abhiram; Mr. Krishna Grandhi; Mr. Mitra – Grandhi Law Chambers; Mr. Animesh Shah; Mr. Aniketh. Sessions were conducted addressing various issues pertaining to the law profession.



