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## Message from the Issue Editor



Dear Readers,

Picturesque is an aesthetic ideal which was part of the

Romantic sensibility

of the eighteenth century. It is also a way of framing the landscape. It is about the

landscape which is often improved to make it more beautiful. Picturesque can be used both in language and to describe something which is pretty, especially in a way that looks old fashioned;

in language, it is the producing of strong mental images using unusual words.

The picturesque has often been considered as a safe middle ground, mediating between the sublime and the beautiful. However, the

picturesque has got to do more with other aspects besides the “beautiful” and the

“sublime”. First, it has a strong ideology of money and property. In the novel *Pride and Prejudice* by Jane Austen, money and power play a very important role. It is visible in the beginning of the novel itself



in the scene where Mr. Bingley and Darcy enters the ballroom where all attention are on Darcy especially when they get to know that he had an income of “ten thousand a year”.

Secondly, landscape also plays a very important role and helps in the economic development of the people. It is

about people who can afford to own vast tract of lands which can be transformed into a landscape. It is also economic in the sense that it involves people moving from one rural setting to urban and industrial setting which will make them independent. This also led to a class division, with the rich farmers often having a stake in industries, making them not dependent solely on land revenue. According to Frederick Morgan, there was a shift from benevolent patriotism to contempt for the poor.

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When we talk about the picturesque, William Gilpin's work is of importance. His work primarily focuses on the wild, on forest scenery. This can be seen as an attempt to transform the wild forest into a subject of description and an object of aesthetics. The forest in its natural state is beautiful and some pleasing quality of the forest is illustrated by artists of that period. In their paintings, the artist should be able to capture the irregularities and make it look as though nature has been improved. This is what many want to do—admire the irregularities of nature but not wanting to experience it first-hand. An example of the rustic landscape is portrayed so beautifully in “Tintern Abbey” by William Wordsworth:

*Do I behold these steps and lofty cliffs,  
Which on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.*

Thirdly, women, the female and the feminine also have a role to play in the picturesque. In Austen's novels, women are often portrayed as property or acquisitions. Women are supposed to have more “delicate passions”, finer “taste of ornaments of life, of dress, equipage and the ordinary decencies of behaviour” as seen in *Pride and Prejudice*. Women gave the everyday mundane duties a kind of connection to the aesthetic domain. In *Emma*, there is a passage where Mr Elton is all praise for Emma's



feminine qualities and says, “Is not this room rich with specimen of your landscape and flowers! And has not Mrs. Weston some inimitable figure pieces in her drawing room at Randalls?”

Another aspect of the picturesque is the role of ruins. The ruins were first added to the landscape as an aesthetic device to talk about the declining English culture. Ruins represent a return to the state of nature. They are also means of showing how man cannot stop the natural process. Ruins are also an act of interpretation and serve the purpose of recreating history in the imagination. In the “Ruined Cottage” by Wordsworth, the landscape is used to convey human, political, social emotions. However poor Margaret is, she is ever generous to share what she has with the “old man”. This also reflects the hospitality of the agrarian class. Sadly, man wanted to assert ownership by populating the landscape with man-made objects. Landscape is beautiful when there are no threats. This is also related to the question of class because only the affluent people from the developed countries can go as tourists to third world countries and the flow of tourism is unidirectional-only from the west. The improvement of estate in



landscape is about social mobility. Attitude towards improvement is about social mobility. It has to be progressive and so the improver has to have a significant role. Improvement is placed against tradition, preservation and continuity of culture. It is also about ownership which again is about adopting cultural values. Therefore, there is more to the concept of the picturesque than simply having a strong relationship with the land.

**Temsurenla Ozukum**  
Assistant Professor  
Department of English  
ICFAI University Nagaland

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# Campus News

**BoG Meeting:** The 16<sup>th</sup> Board of Governors (BoG) and Board of Management (BoM) meetings were conducted in the university campus on the 21<sup>st</sup> of January 2016. Board of Governors attended the meeting through video conferencing from various ICFAI locations in the country.



**ICFAI Fest 2016:** The university conducted its annual literary event, *ICFAI Fest 2016* during the third week of January 2016. The event was carried out in two parts.



University and sports during the The event The



*Literary Activities* were conducted between the 25<sup>th</sup> and the 27<sup>th</sup> of the month while the *Sports Activities* were held between the 28<sup>th</sup> and 30<sup>th</sup>.

The Literary Activity comprised of competitions such as *Singing, Extempore, Story Writing, Product*



*Marketing, Spelling Bee, Dancing, Debate, Poetry Writing, and Quiz Competition*, respectively. Photos: Tato Swu, BCA 6<sup>th</sup> Semester & Tapasya Photography Team

The *Sports Activities* included various indoor as well as outdoor games, such as, *Carrom, Table Tennis, Chess, Volleyball, Shot-put, Badminton, Long Jump, Race, Football, Tunnel War, Cricket, etc.*

Students as well as faculties and staff enthusiastically and actively participated in the festival.



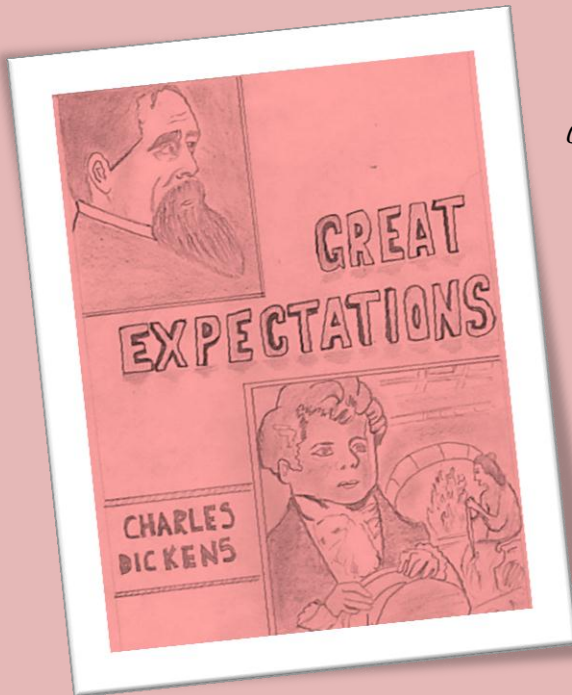
**Internal Examinations:** The *C1 (first internal)* examinations for the on-going semester of the university commenced from the 1<sup>st</sup> of February 2016.

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# Great Expectations (A Graphic Novel) – Part 9

Ms. Temsurenla Ozukum, Assistant Professor, Dept. of English

This graphic novel is the outcome of a class project which was conducted as part of the internal assessment for a course titled '*Fiction from Richardson to Hardy*' in the MA (English) class. For this project, the class was divided into eight groups and was assigned different tasks based on the text "*Great Expectations*" by the Victorian novelist, Charles Dickens.



One of the groups was assigned to create a comic book based on fifteen important incidents found in the novel. They were very creative and delivered a presentation using these comic panels involving events and incidents which Pip, the protagonist undergoes and overcomes as he attains adulthood.

Here is a short summary of the novel:

Great Expectations is the coming of age story about Philip Pirrip, otherwise known as Pip. The novel is narrated by Pip, a young orphan who seeks to become a gentleman in order to earn the love of the beautiful but cold hearted Estella. Estella has been adopted by the rich but strange lady Miss Havisham to seek revenge on men. With the help from a mysterious benefactor, Pip leaves his country home in Kent for London to become a fine young gentleman. In the process, he distances himself from the coarse life and upbringing of which Estella has made him ashamed. Eventually, Pip redeems himself and the novel ends with Pip as a matured and chastened individual.

This is the tenth installment in the series.



## Incident 10: The unexpected visitor.

One night... Pip in his 23<sup>rd</sup> year.



Pip recognises the man as the convict he met in the cemetery when he was young. He allows him to stay with him.



They engage in a conversation.



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**Z**ako slowly pushed open the door of his old room, now a room where things he used to play with as a young boy are kept. He slowly walked past the things, touching and feeling them all. Everything that was there in the room was filled with memories about when he was young and free before life took away all his innocence.

He came across an old picture of him taken along with his parents when he was four years old. It was dusty and as he tried to wipe the dust off the picture, tears rolled down his cheeks and landed on the picture. His eyes betrayed him and his knees went weak. He sat down and cried.



Zako is from a rich family. He is the only son of his parents, and being the only son he was dearly loved and pampered by his parents, so much so that he was spoiled brat. By the age of nineteen, Zako indulged himself in alcohol and started taking drugs and soon he became an addict.

By the age of twenty five, he was no longer the same person. He was no longer the loving and responsible son. He was aggressive and was becoming intolerable towards his parents and everyone. Every day he threatened his parents and each day they gave into his treats. He was living yet he was dead. Zako was very promising son. The plans his parents nurtured for him were all stumbling



down before them. He sold out all his things and even those things which belonged to his parents for very less amount of money to feed the demon of addiction in him.

Zako, now in his thirty first year of his life, sat crying. He didn't realize what he has lost until today. He lost both his parents. He was all alone, left with



nothing. He looked at the image of his father and remembered how as a child, his father used to carry him to bed, how his mother used to tell him stories from the Bible.

He missed them, he knew he was loved. But, it was all a silhouette now. He watched him grew apart from himself, wishing he could turn the hands of time, wishing he as ten again. Zako took his last breath on the twenty eight of September, 2010, hugging his world, the picture of him with his parents.

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# A Prayer

Longpozem Jamir, MA (Eng.) 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

*"Start the children off where they should go, and  
when they are old they should not turn from it."*

*Proverbs 22:6*

The peon rang the bell made of old Jeep wheel, all the hostellers gathered for the morning meal. Everyone started with their meal but one plate still remained on the serving table. Our cook Bahadur inquired about the missing person. Along, from the corner, with his left hand on his plate and right hand busy with his expensive Sony mobile phone, tells that his roommate Nchumthung is not feeling well.

Everyone after their meal got ready for their classes. Nchumthung and Along were roommates from BA 1<sup>st</sup> year. Nchumthung murmured from his bed "Along, your body spray is too strong. It makes me dizzy." Along replied "If you don't want to smell then you need to wake up." And, Along left for his class.

The hostel was very silent and Nchumthung was still on his bed feeling very ill, dizzy and weak. Someone knocked his room door. Nchumthung with his weak and small voice asked, "Who is there?" A voice from outside replied, "It's Nchumbemo" "How are you feeling brother" "Can I come in please?"



Nchumthung – "Stop asking too many questions. You can come in. Your voice irritates me."

Nchumbemo goes inside and touches Nchumthung's forehead and exclaims "Brother, you are very sick. What can I do for you?" Nchumthung replied back "I want to be left alone and your voice is too noisy."

Nchumbemo left with lots of doubt and dissatisfaction towards his room, saying "Okay! Okay! Fine, I am leaving."

Nchumbemo and Nchumthung were from the same community but they hardly spoke during their two years of staying together in the same hostel. Nchumbemo was from a poor family and felt uneasy to mingle with rich kids in their hostel. And, Nchumthung hardly talks even with his rich roommate Along.

Nchumbemo returned again to Nchumthung's room after an hour, called out with many questions from the door. Nchumbemo entered with a cup with steam coming out of it and with an old newspaper rapping something roughly. Nchumthung asked "Why didn't you go to class? To torture

me with your irritating voice.” Nchumbemo replied “I have laundry problem. I have only one pair of shoes and it still wet.” Nchumthung asked “were you outside when it rained yesterday?” Nchumbemo replied back. “Yes! And we both missed our class because of that rain, isn’t it?” Nchumthung added “Yes, evil rain of November.” Nchumbemo continued “Okay, then drink this soup. I mixed it with local herbal medicinal powder. My mom says it is a very good medicine.”

Nchumbemo nursed Nchumthung just like a mother to her infant child. He opened the window and let the sun come through, cleaned the messy room and changed the wet towel in Nchumthung’s forehead. Nchumbemo asked “Brother, how are you now? My mom says always pray when you are in pain and suffering. Shall we pray together?”

Nchumthung, with confusion replied back “Okay”.

They both closed their eyes. Nchumbemo prayed for his friend full heartedly while Nchumthung with his melting heart uttered nothing but recalled his misdeeds toward his fellow and poor



friend. He had never received that kind of care and love from anyone and he never expected the same from anyone. As a young boy the love and care from his parents irritated him.

Within a few minutes after the prayer, Nchumthung felt relief. His headache and dizziness were gone.

Nchumthung with a grateful heart started thanking his friend saying that he thanks him more than twenty times. Nchumbemo replied “Now, you are irritating me with your thank you. I you want to thank someone then, thank my mom. She is the one who teaches me everything and she is the only reason for me being here today.” Nchumthung questioned “What kind of mom do you have?”

Nchumbemo replied “My mom tried to raise me up teaching all the good word and she prays for me every day. And I know, she is now praying for me. Even if I don’t have a father, she has raised me up by herself.” Nchumthung exclaimed “Waaah! What a mother you have. I envy you now!”

[Note: This article won a position in the *Story Writing competition* of the *ICFAI Fest 2016* event held during January 2016.]

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# Immortal

R. Roubilu Chakhesang, BBA 4<sup>th</sup> Semester

For thou shall come,

And thou shall go,

But thou want to go on forever.

Though thou is mortal

And immortality, a mere illusion;

Yet thy desire to have a pill of everlasting,

Is another illusion in the lust of illusion,

And yet, thou desire to be immortal.

Thy desire to see the future

As the world revolve in constant motion,

Reflects thy desire to mimic the same.

To witness the generation pass by forever

And still remain unaware of the future,

Post this awakening.

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# Photo-Synthesis



## “Suburbia”

Contributed by: R Bhuyan

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