

Kārvā 2017

The background of the entire page is a vibrant, abstract composition of green splatters and blotches of varying shades, from light lime to deep forest green. These splatters are scattered across the white background, creating a textured, organic feel. In the center, the title 'कारवाँ' is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

कारवाँ

साफर हौसलों और संभावनाओं का
मंच विचारों और मीमांसा का
संवाद, बदलाव और विकल्प का
पहल, उम्मीद और संकल्प का

कुमार गौरव

From the editors

Hello Reader!

Amidst the dives all of us take in the thoughts of others, unknown to us, certain voices take birth within each one of us, wanting to come alive, breathe, be noticed and heard.

Karvaan, since its inception in 2012, has aimed to leave pages blank for these voices and thoughts, musings and feelings, struggles and troubles, or maybe, just anything which we create as co-travellers, to be inked. This ink is coloured, of varying densities, and stains the surface it traces itself on. Infused with these emerging voices, it takes a life of its own. It joins others often or sometimes prefers to stay on the edge. The confluence is a sight to behold, mirroring the life in all of us. The pages of Karvaan are then the evidence of its existence in the world.

With this year's Karvaan the team has attempted to fabricate this confluence on the pages for everyone of us to witness. The nibs have broken, the pots have been found empty and we definitely did run out of paper. Page by page we found in front of us a canvas dyed with collisions and reconciliations, exhaustions and exhilarations.

With ink-stains on our hands, we present to you, Karvaan 2017.

Special thanks to Benazir Nazeem Navaz, Gayatri N, Ramchender Giri, Riya Gupta, Suhasini Pandey, Vani Valson and Prasad sir for lending us a helping hand at our most trying times.



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The Editorial Team would like to thank all contributors, supporters, members of the University faculty and administration for their contribution in bringing out the 6th edition of *Karvaan*. A special thanks to Kinnari Pandya for her support.

You can email your suggestions, comments and contributions to editorialclub@apu.edu.in.

You can also check out our Facebook page at <https://m.facebook.com/Karvaan-APU-798040726967836/>

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Notes



ANURAG BEHAR
VICE-CHANCELLOR

Every year as I start writing for Karvaan, the beauty and the many resonances of that word strike me deeply. A big part of that comes from having grown up in the syncretic culture of the beautiful city of Bhopal, which brought us together, erasing all imaginary and real boundaries.

Language was at the heart of this. The words of Hindustani, our language in Bhopal, are like embers, which in a moment can set you afire, and in the other soothe you with their warm glow.

Karvaan, like many words of this language, glows not only with its literal meaning, but with the cultural and philosophical.

It invokes, unstoppably, lines that sear and inspire. Majrooh's lines inspire as few can...

मैं अकेला ही चला था जानिब-ए-मंज़िल मगर
लोग साथ आते गये कारवाँ बनता गया

I started alone towards the destination, but people kept joining along the way, to form the Karvaan.

I find, these lines that the word invokes, especially and directly relevant for all of us. The three interrelated aspects that make these lines so deeply resonant are...

First, we have a purpose, a destination.....a worthy place to go to. The idea of a better world, a better society, a more just, equitable, humane and sustainable world. It is this worthy destination that energises.

Second, if we start walking towards this destination, we will get strength.....because people will join us, the Karvaan will come together. So we must not have a fear of starting alone.

Third, it is this walking towards the destination, working towards it, which really is at the heart of the formation of the Karvaan.

Let me end with an emphasis on the third point. The Karvaan will gather if we chart out a path, we do something real, we develop and construct something. A karvaan doesn't gather by critiquing and criticising.

So go out and walk, contribute and develop, towards justice, equity and humaneness, and the Karvaan will gather.

Wish you the very best.



MANOJ P
REGISTRAR

Deeply personal narratives, soothing and rebellious poems, farewell notes, great photographs, stories about love, hate, travelogues from the field, and what not! From the very first edition Karvaan has been multilingual, filled with different perspectives, creative, reflective of the diversity among students. May be that's why last year the students aptly called it a Kaleidoscope!

Karvaan has been a student initiative end to end. That it has come out year after year, better every year, is fantastic. The editorial team of students should be proud of this.

Every time I get a copy of Karvaan, I am reminded of my own college days in a very personal way. The WhatsApp groups have not managed to do that! Such a magazine is one to cherish for a long time to come and I hope that the editorial team ensures that the mantle is passed on with the same spirit and enthusiasm as in the past.

Karvaan comes out at a crucial time and that's why this message. Most of the 2015 batch students have just started their work, the first time for many of them. As you start working, remember that all of what you learnt at the University may not be directly useful in the short term, but be certain that all of it will be, in the long term. But recognise that these alone will just not be enough and there will be many work situations where your personal attributes will matter more; your sincerity of engagement, ability to relate to people, tenacity etc.

To the just arrived batch, I think they have enough advice already!



ASHOK SIRCAR
DIRECTOR, SCHOOL OF DEVELOPMENT

Dear Students,

I extend a hearty welcome to you all into the MA Development Programme. Like your senior batch students for past six years, you have a very exciting two years' journey ahead of you.

In this note, I am going to elaborate on three things that will help you to get the most out of these two years.

I will start by re-iterating that MA Development at Azim Premji University is a very demanding programme, which expects the students to devote 100% of their attention and focus. The students can expect to undergo a strong multi-dimensional, multi-disciplinary understanding of what constitutes 'development', complemented by a similar strong push towards 'what can be done' individually and collectively about it. You will have to engage in serious academic reading and writing, and develop a regular habit for it. You will also have to engage in equally serious field practice components of the MA Programme to understand, reflect, analyse the lived realities of people and communities. Engaging would mean asking questions, imagining alternatives, interacting with all kinds of people, and developing the confidence of experimentation. At the core of all these is to create a planned academic and social calendar for yourself for next two years.

The university will offer you a non-hierarchical, informal and caring ambience. The faculty here is easily accessible in person and on email; university also has taken care to establish basic processes for your academic and psycho-social care which include a medical room with a doctor, a 24x7 ambulance, a counsellor, an English language support class, various sports and games and multiple cultural activities. At the same time, the university would like from you, very responsible and ethical behaviour at all times. The student community here is very diverse in many different ways, and every kind of student has a legitimate and equal space in this university. The university believes that this diversity is not a pleasant accident or a surprise, but a necessary ingredient to build an inclusive community of learners. Therefore, recognising and appreciating this diversity on your part will go a long way to build the desired university culture.

This programme, for most of you, is a preparation to start your working life. You can draw upon the excellent works many of your seniors are doing in multiple thematic and geographical areas. The university alumni have developed a reputation of being strong reflective practitioners, who are not limited to their ability to good execution of work, but are fearless in questioning the status quo. The University alumni are working in 22 states, mostly in districts and sub district levels, and are engaged in activism, policy, building alternatives, trying out new experiments, and implementing essential programmes to improve human well-being. Many of them are working on issues of education, public health, livelihoods, sustainability, governance, women's empowerment, tribal issues, etc. The university alumni office has concrete information of many such exciting and insightful works. I encourage you to be in touch with them.

Finally, I would say that you are at the cusp of a very exciting and may be life-changing journey. This journey is yours; the university, the faculty, the staff and everyone else is there to extend their assistance, but as a responsible adult, you will have to chart your own path!



ROHIT DHANKAR
DIRECTOR, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

Dear Students,

Each one of you come to the university with a huge repertoire of knowledge, values, attitudes, beliefs and skills; in other words, a whole worldview. *And most importantly, you come with a tremendous intellectual potential and strength of character to re-examine that whole worldview.*

We all learn continuously throughout our lives. And this continuous learning cumulatively forms us as human beings. It is a great boon of nature bestowed upon us. Much that we learn unintentionally in course of life is correct and very valuable. And the same is true of much that we learn through our studies in schools and colleges. But much in what we learn spontaneously in the course of life as well as through studies in schools and colleges (and university!) also stands in need of more rigorous re-examination; and may even be wrong!

How often and how many of us think that intelligence is something innate, that people are born intelligent or dumb? On the other hand how often and how many of us think that through education you can shape human beings in whatever manner you like? Is there a contradiction between these two assumptions? How prevalent is the idea that competitiveness is necessary for success in the society? And do we notice that cooperation is a must if we are to have a society at all? How to choose between the two? We all are convinced that universalisation of education is an absolute must. But what do we mean by education? Why do we think that it is necessary? We all the time repeat that quality of education in our schools is not satisfactory; but what do we mean by 'quality of education'? Is getting more marks synonymous with quality? Is getting admission in IITs or IIMs the measure of quality of education? We often take education as a process that enhances job opportunities; but is that all to education? Does it do anything else to an individual that may be more fundamental and more important than enhancing job opportunities? We all want success and to lead a good life. But what do we mean by success? What kind of life is good life? And how can education help in that?

The university is a place that gives you opportunities to enhance your repertoire of knowledge and skills. But more importantly it is a place that tries to urge you to re-examine your knowledge, belief systems and values. Its main job is not to give you more information but to help you learn how to get or generate more information, how to transform that information into life changing knowledge, and how to examine the truth and worth of any piece of knowledge. Its main job is to help you figure out what to do with the knowledge you get here.

But that requires a lot of hard work and courage. Many people think that the height of courage is the courage to question oneself. University provides you with that opportunity in caring guidance of your teachers. Those of you who are passing out, we hope to have helped re-examine your understanding. And those of you who are with us, it would be a good idea to make the most of the opportunity, and work hard.

With best wishes,
Rohit



SUDHIR KRISHNASWAMY
DIRECTOR, SCHOOL OF POLICY & GOVERNANCE

Dear Students,

Many congratulations to the outgoing batch and a warm welcome to the incoming students of batch 2017-19, on behalf of the School of Policy and Governance (SPG). We look forward to an exciting journey of higher education with you.

As you are already aware, all our post-graduation programmes have been specially designed to prepare you as critical, reflective practitioners in your chosen field. Our programmes are grounded in a combination of social, scientific and humanistic inquiry while remaining sensitive to the demands of practical reasoning and sophisticated decision-making in a complex social and institutional environment. The programmes demand serious academic commitment and utmost inquisitiveness on your part.

The School of Policy and Governance offers two post-graduate programmes – Masters in Public Policy and Governance (MPG) and Masters in Law (LLM). We also run research programmes on issues such as Legal Systems Reforms, Law and Justice, Constitutional Law, Accountability and Corruption, Land Governance and Public Sector Reforms. Our teaching and research programmes have an integrated and new innovative approach to responding to the challenges of engagement with public affairs and law in India.

We have had a great experience with all our previous batches of students and their serious engagement with our teaching and research programmes has been mutually rewarding. We hope that you too will have a fulfilling time with us and we look forward to working with you to realise the university's goal of contributing to build a just, equitable, humane and sustainable society.



VENU NARAYAN
DIRECTOR, SCHOOL OF LIBERAL STUDIES

It is with some surprise that many of us in the School of Liberal Studies look back and wonder that two years have flashed by after we started the undergraduate programme in 2015. Another year, and the first batch of our students will graduate. I am sure that many of them are already wondering about future directions, whether to choose to work or to study further and may even be a bit anxious about what awaits them.

I have no doubt in my mind that our students will find interesting and creative future avenues. And I am sure the faculty share that view. Our students have all, irrespective of their backgrounds and interests, made tremendous strides in intellectual and personal maturity. In the class rooms, in the laboratories, through their writing, they continue to pleasantly surprise us. A large number of them have chosen to study, in addition to their majors, Education, Development and Sustainability related courses as part of their minor focus. We hope to see many of them in our own postgraduate programmes in the coming years.

A new batch of 127 students have just joined. As usual they are an energetic bunch, getting used to the UG campus and busy establishing and discovering new friendships and interests. The classes started on the 31st of July after an intense orientation programme. As always, the faculty conducted and coordinated the orientation sessions. The intent of the orientation programme is to introduce the students to the goals and values of the university and the undergraduate programme. And also to emphasise to the students that we consider education as a larger preparation for life than merely a passport to a career. This calls upon students not just to learn subjects and acquire skills but also to focus on the values and commitments that help build just and humane social environments that they will be part of in the future. This coming together of the personal and social in creative ways is what is likely to build a society that lives up to the dreams that found voice in our constitution.

With a new cohort, we have a full complement of over 325 students in the programme. If the teacher education programme starts next year, we will have at least 50 more students joining that too. The two hostels where these students stay are buzzing. For us educators this is a very familiar but always exciting phase. So here is to the new year and all its discoveries!

Rendezvous with Aravind anna



ಅರವಿಂದ್: ಕನ್ನಡದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳಲಾ? ರೈಟ್. (Aravind) : Shall I speak in Kannada? right!

"ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಹೋಗಿರೋ ಸ್ಪೂಡೆಂಟ್ಸ್, ಅಂದರೆ ಈಗ ಎಷ್ಟೋ ಸ್ಪೂಡೆಂಟ್ಸ್ ಬರ್ತಾರೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿ, ರಿಟರ್ನ್ ಬಂದಾಗ ಅವರನ್ನ ನೋಡಿದಾಗ ನಮಗೂ ಖುಷಿ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ. ಓಲ್ಡ್ ಸ್ಪೂಡೆಂಟ್ ಇವು, ಅಂತ. ಅವರು ಬಂದಾಗ ನಾನು ಕೇಳೋನಿ ಎಲ್ಲಿಂದೀರಾ ? ಏನು ಮಾಡುತ್ತೀರಾ ಅಂತ ? ಅವು, ಕೇಳಿದಾಗ ಅಂದರೆ ನನಗೆ ಗೊತ್ತಿರೋ ಥರ, ಕೆಲವರು ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿರೋ ಜಾಬ್ ನಲ್ಲಿ 'satisfaction' ಇದೆ ಅಂತಾರೆ, ಕೆಲವರು ಇಲ್ಲ ಅಂತಾರೆ. ಯಾಕೆ ಅಂತ ಕೇಳಿದ್ರೆ ? ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಶಿಸ್ತು ಓದಿಸಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅದು ನಾಲ್ಕು ಜನದ ಮಧ್ಯೆ ನಡೆಯೋದಿಲ್ಲ, ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗಿದೀಯೋ ಹಾಗೆ ನಡೆಯುತ್ತೆ, ಅದು ಅವರಿಗೆ ಸೇಟ್ ಆಗೋದಿಲ್ಲ. ಇನ್ನೊಂದು ಏನು ಅಂದ್ರೆ middle class ಕೆಳಗಡೆ ಇರೋ ಅಂತವು, ಅವರ ಜೊತೆ ನೇ ಬೆರತು ಹೋಗಿಬಿಡುತ್ತಾರೆ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಇಷ್ಟು ಕಷ್ಟಪಟ್ಟಿದ್ದು "no use" ಆಗಿಬಿಡುತ್ತೆ. ಒಂದು ಸ್ಟ್ಯಾಂಡರ್ಡ್ ನಲ್ಲಿ ಇರೋ ಅಂತವು, ಸೇಟ್ ಆಗಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂದ್ರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಕಡೆ ಹೋಗ್ತಾರೆ. ಅಂತವು, ನಮ್ಮ ಹತ್ರ ಬಂದು ಏನು ಇಲ್ಲ ನಮಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಸೇಟ್ ಆಗಿಲ್ಲ

ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಬೇರೆಕಡೆ ಹೋದ್ದಿ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳ್ತಾರೆ'. ನನಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ 'satisfaction' ಆಗಿಲ್ಲ ಇನ್ನೊಂದ್ ಕಡೆ ಹೋದೆ, ಅಲ್ಲೂ ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲ ಈಗ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಪರವಾಗಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳ್ತಾರೆ. ಅದಕ್ಕೆ ಅವಾಗ ನನಗೆ ಅನ್ನಿಸುತ್ತೆ ಪಾಪ ಇವರು ಮಾಡುತಿರುವುದೇ ಬಡವರಿಗೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಒಂದು ಮಾಡಬೇಕು, ಬಡವರಿಗೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಎಷ್ಟು 'training' ಕೊಟ್ಟಿರೂ ಅವರು ಈಚೆಕಡೆ ಹೋಗಿ ಅದನ್ನ ಮಾಡಕ್ಕೆ ಆಗಿಲ್ಲವಲ್ಲಾ ಅಂತ ಅನ್ನಿಸುತ್ತೆ. ಸರಿ ನಾನು ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿದೆ, ಇರೋರು ಅವರು ಎಷ್ಟು salary ಕೊಡುತ್ತಾರೋ ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ 'satisfaction' ಆಗಿ ಆವರಜೊತೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಇವರೂ ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಆದರೆ ಇಲ್ಲದವರು ಆವರಜೊತೆ ಹೋಗಕ್ಕೆ ಆಗಿಲ್ಲ, ಇದನ್ನ ನಾನು ಯೋಚನೆ ಮಾಡಿದೆ. ನಾನು ಬರುವವರನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಕೇಳಿ, ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕಿದ job ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದೀರ ಅಥವಾ ಬೇರೆ job ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದೀರ ಅಂತ? ಕೆಲವರು ಹೌದು ಅದ್ರಲ್ಲೇ ಮಾಡ್ತಿದೀವಿ ಅಂತಾರೆ, ಹೇಗಿದೆ ನಿಮಗೆ ಅಂತ ಕೇಳಿ, ಕೆಲವರು ಏನೋ life ಹೋಗುತ್ತಿದೆ ನಾನು adjust ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಹೋಗ್ತಿದೀವಿ ಅಂತಾರೆ, ಇನ್ನ ಕೆಲವರು ನನಗೆ ಅಲ್ಲಿ adjust ಆಗಲಿಲ್ಲಾ ಬೇರೆಕಡೆ ನಾನೇ ಸ್ವಂತ ಹುಡುಕಿ ಮಾಡುತಿದ್ದೇನೆ, NGO ಸುಮಾರುಕಡೆ ಎನ್ನುವರು. ನನಗೆ ಈರೀತಿ ಹೇಳಲು ಯಾರ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಆಗಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ ಏನೋ ನೀವು ಕೇಳಿದಿರಿ ನಾನು ನನ್ನ ಅಭಿಪ್ರಾಯ ಹೇಳಿದೀನಿ.

" The students who pass out from here, there are many who have passed out come back and visit the place. We are happy when we see them, we recognize them as old students. I ask them when they come, How are you? What are you doing? They tell me as far as I remember, some are satisfied with their jobs and some are not. The reason for their dissatisfaction arises because, in here (university) they have been taught in a principled manner, those principles do not hold good with people in the world out there, the rules are different there and things work accordingly. That is the cause of their dis-satisfaction. Another thing is students from lower middle class and poor get entangled with the people out there. All the Hard Work and learning from here becomes of no use. Students who have economic stability can change jobs if they are not satisfied with the one they get, they come and tell me 'nothing, I did not like the work so I took an another job. I was not satisfied with the job so I changed once, I was not satisfied there too so I changed again, its fine here'. Then I begin to feel ' the purpose of the university to empower the poor and uplift them, no matter how much of training is given in here the poor cannot achieve what they really want to once they get into the real world'. Later, I think, people who have some economic backing get satisfied with the salary offered to them and become one among the rest in the world but the poor ones are unable to do that. Hence, I ask every old student I meet " Are you still in the same job you got from campus or have you changed? Some say they still work at the same place, so I ask how is it there? They reply 'Life has to move on' I have got 'adjusted' to it now. Others say 'I dint like the work there so I searched for a job myself in NGO's and other places.

Aravind: No one had asked my opinion anytime, I have given my thoughts as you asked them.

ಸಂದರ್ಶಕ : ಬೇರೆ ಏನಾದ್ರೂ ಹೇಳೋದಿದಿಯ ?

(Interviewer): Anything else you would like to tell us?

ಅರವಿಂದ್ : ಇಲ್ಲಾ, ಬೇರೆ ಏನೂ ಇಲ್ಲ .

(Aravind): No, Nothing else.

ಸಂದರ್ಶಕ : canteen ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಏನಾದ್ರೂ, ಅಥವಾ students' behavior ?

(Interviewer): Anything about Canteen or Students' behavior?

ಅರವಿಂದ್ : Canteen ಬಗ್ಗೆ ಏನೂಇಲ್ಲ, ನಮ್ಮ Azim Premji University students ಏನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿರ್ಲಿ ಇಲ್ವೇಇರಲಿ ನಮಗೆ ಹೇಳ್ತಾರೆ . ನಮಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ತಪ್ಪು ಇದಿಯೋ ನಾವು ಅದುನ್ನು ತಿದ್ದೋತೀವಿ ಇದು ನಮಗೆ ಒಂದು plus point. ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿಯೇ ಇದ್ದರೆ "ಭಾಯ್! ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿದೆ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳ್ತಾರೆ".

(Aravind): Nothing about canteen. Our Azim Premji University students tell us what ever is good or bad. Where ever we can correct we do, that's a plus for us. If something is good they tell me "Bro, it was good".

ಸಂದರ್ಶಕ : ನಿಮಗೆ ಈ ಕೆಲಸ ಹೇಗಿದೆ ?

(Interviewer): Do you like this job?

ಅರವಿಂದ್: OK . hard work ಇದೆ, ಒಂದ್ time ನಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲ್ಸಾನೆ ಇರೋಲ್ಲ , last ರಜದಲ್ಲಿ ಆರಾಮಾಗಿ ಇದ್ದೀ ಈವಾಗ full ಕೆಲಸ ಆಗಿದೆ . ಇನ್ನೊಂದ್ ನಮಗೆ labor problem ಇರುತ್ತೆ , ರಜಾದಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ maintain ಮಾಡಬೇಕೋ ಹಾಗೆ ಈಗಲೂ ಮಾಡಬೇಕು , ನಮಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ tension ಅಂದ್ರೆ labor tension .

(Aravind): It's OK. There is a lot of Hard work. Sometimes there is little work like during last vacation , now there is lot of work. Another challenge is that of labor. We need to employ the same number of people during vacations and peak duration. Hence, Labor is a big tension for us.

ಸಂದರ್ಶಕ : ಈಗ ಹೊಸ **students** ಬರುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅವರಿಗೆ ಏನಾದ್ರು **message** ?

(Interviewer): Any message for the new batch of students who are coming in now?

ಅರವಿಂದ್ : ಅವರೂ ಅಷ್ಟೇ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಳುವುದನ್ನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಿ ತಲೆಲಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡು ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೋದಮೇಲೂ ಅದನ್ನು ಮಾಡಲಿ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳಿ ನಿ .ಬಡವರು **adjust** ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಂಡ್ ಹೋಗ್ಬೇಕಾಗುತ್ತೆ .

(Aravind): They should remember everything that is taught in here and make good use of it once they pass out and go from here. Poor may have to still adjust and move ahead.

ಸಂದರ್ಶಕ : ಎಲ್ಲರಿಗೂ ಅದೇ ಕಷ್ಟನಾ ?

(Interviewer): Is that a challenge for all?

ಅರವಿಂದ್: ಹೌದು ಅದೇ ಕಷ್ಟ . ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಇಷ್ಟು ಓದಿದರೂ ನನ್ನ **life** ಪ್ರಯೋಜನ ಇಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ಹೇಳುವರು. ಅವರ ಮನೇಲು ತುಂಬಾ ಕಷ್ಟ ಇರುತ್ತೆ ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಓದಿದರೂ ಮತ್ತೆ ಹಿಂದೆ ಹೋಗೋಕ್ಕೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಇರೋಲ್ಲ **farming** ಮಾಡ್ಕೊ , ಆಗಲ್ಲ . ಅವರಿಗೆ ಬೇಕಿರೋ ಕೆಲಸ ಎಲ್ಲಿದಿಯೊ ಹುಡುಕಲು ಸಮಯ ಇಲ್ಲ , **loan** ಮಾಡಿಬಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ ಅದನ್ನು **repay** ಮಾಡಬೇಕು , ಅಂತವರು ಬಂದಾಗ ನಮಗೆ ಬೇಜಾರು ಆಗುತ್ತೆ . ಇಲ್ಲಿ ಯೂನಿವರ್ಸಿಟಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಹಣ ಖರ್ಚುಮಾಡಿ ಏನು ಆಗ್ತಿಲ್ಲ ಅಂತ ಬೇಜಾರ್ ಆಗುತ್ತೆ .ಈಗ ಜನ ಬೇರೆಯವರ ಮಾತು ಕೇಳೋಲ್ಲ ಅವರ ಮಾತು ಅವರೇ ಕೇಳೋಲ್ಲ . ಹಣ ವಿರುವವ ನನಗೆ ಇದು ಬೇಡ ಬೇರೆ ಮಾಡುವೆ ಅನ್ನುವನು ಬೇರೆ ಹತ್ತು ಕಡೆ ಹುಡುಕಿ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿ ಸರಿಯೋ ಅಲ್ಲಿ ಮಾಡುವನು ಪಾಪ ಬಡವ ಏನುಮಾಡಬೇಕು. **adjust** ಮಾಡ್ಕೊಂಡ್ ಹೋಗ್ಬೇಕು **life** , ಅವನು ಚೆನ್ನಾಗಾದಾಗ ಅವನ ಆಸೆನೇರವೇರಿಸಿಕೊಳ್ಳಬಹುದು.

(Aravind): Yes, it is tough. People tell me whatever they learnt here is hard to implement outside. They will have difficult circumstances at their homes and they won't like to go back after getting educated here. What can they do back there, can they do farming? No, that's not possible. They can't take time to find a job they like, they will have loans to repay. I feel sad when I talk to such students. In spite of this university spending so much, there is only little the poor can do. Of late no one listens to any advice, they don't many a times stick to their own decisions. People with money think "I don't like this job, I will find one I will like even if it means they need to search in 10 different places they will find something they like, the poor can't afford that, they have to adjust, that is life.

Someday when poor get stable they can realise their wishes.

Transcribed and translated by
Ramchander Giri
MA Education, 2016-18

Life on campus

Undergraduate Programme

BIO CLUB

Deepika Pradeep, BSc Biology,
2016–2019

The Biology Club aims to generate interest in biology, and to provide food for thought for anyone who's curious to understand more about research in biology, careers in biology, and the scientific approach in general. We invite speakers from various fields to relate their experiences, and provide a platform for students to present on their work at Azim Premji University, their internships, or anything they're excited to share. We also screen documentaries, discuss academic papers, talk about the role of biology in society, and try to show people who are not necessarily involved in biology what a wonderful science it is. We hope, in these ways, to broaden our perspective on what biology can be.

These are the things we do:

- 1) Talks by External Speakers
- 2) Student Presentations
- 3) Bio@SLS: Discussion/Reflections on the Biology Programme at SLS
- 4) Discussion of Careers in Biology and Post-graduate Opportunities
- 5) Frontiers and Pioneers: Documentaries/Discussions about the latest/pioneering discoveries and scientists



6) Biology and Society:
Examining the relationship of biology to society

7) Internships and Outreach

This semester we had some truly exciting Bio Club sessions. There were several engaging talks by students: Divvy on induced pluripotency (an area of stem cell research); Vijeta on the effects of plastic ingestion on ruminants; Nishant Panicker on the technical aspects of Sanger sequencing, a method of DNA sequencing; Abitha on schizophrenia; Punya on synaesthesia; and Anushka on following a troop of lion-tailed macaques in the Western Ghats. Our faculty member Stefi gave the Bio Club a brilliant talk on bioethics.

We also had some wonderful talks by guest speakers. Shabari Rao of Srishti School of Art, Design and Technology held an interactive session on the intersection of dance and biology. Dr Dinesh Rao talked to us about predator-prey interactions between

jumping spiders and tephritid flies from the perspective of visual ecology. Additionally, we had a talk by Professor Srivatsan R. on computational biology and bioinformatics, and talks on cognitive science and mathematics by Dr. Rajesh Kasturirangan.

We also had some sessions intended to help students think about their futures in biology. Faculty from the Institute of Bioinformatics and Applied Biotechnology (IBAB) talked to us about bioinformatics; Professor M. S. Sriram gave a talk on entrepreneurship. Faculty members and students also held conversations in Bio Club on careers and internships.

Bio Club also screened documentaries and lectures that we found inspiring. We watched a public lecture by Iain Couzin on complex, coordinated natural systems, and an episode of the BBC series “Planet Earth”- both breathtaking representations of the beauty of the natural world.

BOLLYWOOD & CONTEMPORARY DANCE



Joita Das, BA Combined Humanities, 2016–2019

Over the past couple of years Bollywood music has taken India by storm. Even in cities like Kolkata and Bangalore, where one could argue the presence of the booming Bollywood industry is not as strong as in say, Delhi or Mumbai, it is still not uncommon to walk into a small, cosy, local restaurant and hear loud, upbeat Bollywood music blaring out of the speakers.

Increasingly, Bollywood is not just music youngsters listen or jam to, but it has become an integral cultural symbol and a national pride! While it is true that every region in India boasts its own unique rhythms and sounds, I think it is not a stretch to say that Bollywood music and dance has spread far and wide across the globe, reaching places as far as the US and Europe and has integrated, blended and sometimes, even taken inspiration from places outside of India.

Here, at Azim Premji University, we celebrate this phenomenon! While the club started out as a way to unwind after a long, stressful day of college, by the end of the year, the Bollywood Club had been putting

up regular performances and even flash-mob events in front of the whole college! Twice a week, the moment the hour hand on the clock struck five, ten girls gathered in one of the classrooms, ready to let the heavy drum beats and loud, fiery trumpets guide our bodies as we swayed, twirled and danced our way up, down and across the classroom! (Needless to say, we received quite a number of angry glances from students studying next door!).

As weeks wore on, we moved away from the more traditional Bollywood style dancing and began to incorporate elements of hip-hop and contemporary dance in our routines, as well. Honey Singh seemed to be a class favourite and although not many of us had had previous dancing experience, all the sessions proved to be challenging, yet exciting!

As for next year, we are not quite sure what direction this club will take, but as long as there are enthusiastic and committed dancers, we see no reason why the sounds of the heavy drums and loud trumpets should not be heard echoing across the corridors and through the walls of our campus.

CREATIVE WRITING CLUB

Prahlad Saldanha, BSc Biology, 2015-2018

During the first semester, the creative writing club was not much more than a space where writers in Azim Premji University had the opportunity to meet once a week and share their work with their peers. People brought in stories, poems and even blog posts to share.

The interpretations of their work by their peers and the possible improvement which could be made to the pieces of writing were

discussed. On some occasions there were prompts which people tried to base their creative writing around such as the painting "The Scream" and "The Persistence of Time." Sometimes people did activities such as analysing the beginnings of stories to see how intriguing those beginnings were and try to write a beginning of a story of their own which was also intriguing.

The second semester of the creative writing club had more of a goal in mind. The goal was the writing of a silent screenplay

The Shallow Song

Our love was a shallow song
A marriage of symphonies so cold
It numbed the hearts of souls
A tune so hollow, it was
An embodiment of every bad story
You've ever been told.

Our love was a futile rhythm
A chain of devastating distress
It clobbered the cords of hearts
A vibration so offbeat, it was
A tarnished embroidery of my
Every muddle, every little transgress.

Our love was frenetic melody
A rhapsody of feelings so strong
It annihilated the musings of minds
I lived in its sacrilege, drowning
In its treacle waves, even though
Our love was just a shallow song.

Anora Lobo
BA Economics, 2016-2019

My First and Only Love

My first and only
love, my cat Napoleon:
He scratched visitors, sometimes
puked garden lizards and brought
me
beautiful birds,
all dead.
We lived happily together
my Napoleon and I,
sharing a pad for many years,
without a quarrel.
Late last night
I ran over him
and sent him away this morning
with the wet waste.

S.V.
Faculty member
School of Liberal Studies

which could be filmed through the CCTV cameras around college! The screenplay was about an Eye which came to college oneday and began creeping people out. The screenplay was a collective piece of writing by the regular members of the creative writing club during the second semester. Apart for writing for the screenplay, some truly coruscating pictures were drawn to illustrate the club's collective visions.

The third semester of the creative writing club, the one we are now in, has brought us an ezine which has contributions from a great many people who have contributed articles of writing that is diverse (and exceptional). The idea behind calling the ezine "The Shallow Song" was that the "The Shallow Song" poem in the magazine would serve to be the title creative piece of writing of the ezine in the same way music albums have title songs.

What is it that dress you are wearing?
Of what sentimental fabric have you woven it,
or of which whirling needles chose you to sew?
Is it a uniform of the wearer in that human parade,
or a form of fancy concealment in any processions?
And those, the ever-glittering ornaments-
Is the dress not heavy enough already, alas!
Every entitlement entails extra entities to carry,
But you seem a tedious skeleton, weary of acts.
Meanwhile, I met with your neighbour,
Capering was he on the shores of ship's harbour,
he was incessantly wet,
I believed it was caused as on shores it was ever-

raining.
He sings in silence, your fellow, he sang truths.
He sings that his skies are evenly dark,
have you known that it is your clothes that darken his
skies?
He sings that in his shores it always rains,
have you known it is your melting tears that are his
raindrops?
Meanwhile, I met with your neighbour,
in his funeral,
He was, as his truths say, suffocated to death,
by your ever-glittering ornaments.

Abhishek Matta
BA Combined Humanities, 2016-2019

THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

Soyra Gune, BA Economics, 2016–2019

The International Relations club provides a platform for students to debate, discuss and learn about issues in the international sphere. The club tried to focus on issues normally ignored by the international community. The club does this through student led presentations, guest speakers and films.

The club is run primarily by three students (Soyra, Sudarshan and Advait) who make up the core committee but input from our faculty advisor Tarangini and other regular student attendees is always welcome.

THE FILM CLUB

Nirica Srinivasan, BA Combined Humanities, 2016–2019

The Film Club of the undergraduate campus is a community for people who love to watch movies and talk about them. Every week, we screen a film that's chosen in collaboration with the student body. For two hours every Friday, a group of students (and sometimes faculty members as well) meet to watch a film and discuss its various aspects - its cinematic elements, our favourite moments, and how it made us feel. The aim of the Film Club is to create a space where those of us who love movies can talk about them together, whether our conversation is about

nuances of filmmaking or simply whether we liked the experience or not. In this past year, the Film Club screened over fifteen films, from filmmakers all around the world. Some of the films screened were Masaan (2015), a Hindi drama about small-town India that touches upon various social issues; 3-Iron (2004), a Korean romance, in a session hosted by faculty member Srinivas S.V; and Zodiac (2007), a critically acclaimed thriller based on the real-life Zodiac killer. From regional languages to stop-motion animation, the Film Club tries to expose the student body to a variety of films that we can all enjoy, and learn from, together.

CELLULOID CLUB

Celluloid club has changed a lot over the years. What started with doing some random screenings on Fridays to organizing the film festival 'Cinemaनामा' for first time, it has been quite a journey.

Last year, apart from regular Friday screenings, a two day long film festival named 'Cinemaनामा' was organized in month of September. The objective was of putting the entire framework of watching films in a changed setting, unlike any other spaces such as theatre, and channelizing the message that a film should convey to the larger audience through panel discussions, workshops, exhibitions to establish the connections between development-discourse-dimension. We believe this will establish a deeper relation with the film and its makers.

Divided into four sections, the festival saw around 14 films and documentaries getting screened. The sections were divided as 'obituary', 'death zone', 'from



the others' and 'campus creation'. While Obituary was dedicated to Abbas Kiarostami, 'the death zone' consisted films like Phoom Shang, Ram ke Naam, Red ant dream, En dino muzaffarnagar. 'From the others' section had films from a particular organization, which was engaged in the effort of alternative screening perception for a long

time. 'Campus creation' section, as its name suggests, focused on creational understanding of films of people who are in campuses currently.

Many panel discussions around films were conducted throughout the year which include screening and discussion on International Women's day, Ambedkar week etc. This year a small workshop named 'Watching the circus' was conducted in Unmukt.

Also, external collectives, working to strengthen the screening culture like 'Dhenuki cinema project' and new media platforms like 'Dalit Camera', were invited from time to time for discussions with students. The Friday screenings were also tied up by a monthly theme.

Celluloid club is looking forward for its second 'Cinemaनामा' and other events around screenings or discussions, in continuation to last year.

DEBATING DEVELOPMENT

'Debating Development Initiative' is an open-informal space which was formed with the objective to discuss the contemporary development issues-events and to create a space for dialogues, discussions and constructive debate among the larger student body who are otherwise divided into various schools, sections and classes.

It continued with organising a series named as 'Dialogues on Kashmir' like last year. The series was aimed to initiate conversations on Kashmir in the university space and to familiarise the students with the multi-faceted realities of the conflict that the mainstream media has failed to capture. This series was started with screening of INSHALLAH, FOOTBALL, a film directed by Ashvin Kumar about the difficulty of having a dream in an invisible war. The screening was followed by discussion amongst the audience which included students as well as faculty.

The next event in the series was 'Growing up in

Kashmir'. In this event two journalists and two Azim Premji University students from Kashmir shared their experience of growing up in the region. A Question and Answer round followed with those journalists and students. The very personal anecdotal accounts narrated by them helped to create a picture of the events happening in Kashmir.

In continuation of these two events the third one was screening of a documentary, titled 'Khoon Diy Baarav', and discussion with its director. The movie enters the vexed political scenario in Kashmir through the lives of families of the victims of enforced disappearances. A non-sequential account of personal narratives and reminiscences ruptured by violence, undermined by erasure and over-ridden by official documents that challenge truth. The open discussion session with the director Iffat Fatima was one of the most powerful session of the whole series.

EPIKEY



If you are a Potterhead, you surely know what 'Episkey' means. Episkey essentially refers to a spell that heals minor ailments in the Harry Potter

series. Rampant use of medicines for minor ailments over traditional healing methods inspired few yoga, meditation, and grandma's recipes' enthusiasts to start a club that revives and promotes traditional healing methods.

This young club started in 2016. The main focus of Episkey is to equip everyone with self-healing methods for minor ailments and on promoting physical and mental well-being. We derive our knowledge from common home remedies, acupuncture, yoga asanas, various forms of meditation, and therapeutic dance.

In the past year, the club has conducted Yoga, Meditation and Zumba sessions at the postgraduate campus and would continue to do so in the coming semesters. We also look forward to an increased focus on mental health by conducting various activities in collaboration with the Counselling Centre, Music Club, and Sports Club at the university.

The club aims at empowering everyone to heal themselves of minor ailments as we believe that each of us can do so.

ESPERANTO KLUBO



The Esperanto Club is a group of people who come together every week and learn 'ESPERANTO', an International Auxiliary Language (IAL), which means it is a planned language which was deliberately created by Ludwik

Lejzer Zamenhof in 1887. It belongs to no one and everyone at the same time. The intention is to create a more equal, tolerant and communicable world. The word 'esperanto' means - 'the one who hopes'.

The club members learn the language through various mediums- mobile application Duolingo, online learning websites, Facebook and Whatsapp groups- to name some of them. The club members are in contact

with the other Esperanto speakers. Those in Bangalore have a monthly rendezvous in Cubbon Park under the trees for tea and chat.

Experiences of Esperantists

Sanil (MA Development, 2016–18): Learning a language through experiencing it. The Esperanto club is one of those language clubs where you not only learn a language but, you also learn the meaning of the words in other languages. This is the beauty of being a part of the Esperanto club. Esperanto as a language is one the easiest to learn. One can make out the similarities with their mother tongues fairly easily. If there are more people involved in learning the language and also the club then, the interest goes on building. For me, the historical origins of languages and its connection to our own modern languages is one unique thing which I have come to like in the club. If you are really involved in the club, then it will create an interest in the languages of the world.

Kirti Krishna Ratnoo (MA Education, 2016–2018): I heard about Esperanto first time in the university. I first got attracted towards the language because of its way of speaking. It was more like Spanish or Italian. I always liked the way people speak these languages. I missed the Student Club Orientation, so asked my friend about what all clubs we are having. She spoke very less about Esperanto club but when she said, its a planned language, my curiosity was at its peak to know more about how somebody can plan or build a language! So, I decided to be a part of Esperanto Club. In our first Club meeting Prof. Giridhar Rao spoke about this language and its philosophy. The very part I like about the language is that it's not property of any cultural group. So, nobody can claim Esperanto as their language and there is nothing like Esperanto is first language of any nation or person. Another thing



The very part I like about the language is that it's not property of any cultural group. So, nobody can claim Esperanto as their language and there is nothing like Esperanto is first language of any nation or person.

—Kirti Krishna Ratnoo

is the simplicity and certainty of the language. The language is designed in a way that anybody can learn it easily. Not only this, I found the language very logical. When I was learning Esperanto I was constantly in touch with Hindi, English and Marwadi. After coming to Azim Premji University, there was no opportunity to speak Marwadi. But while learning Esperanto I was also speaking Marwadi in my head. I was easily using Hindi, English or Marwadi to make a sentence in Esperanto. So while learning a new language I was also getting connected with other languages which I have learned. Learning Esperanto is easy and fun!

Ridhima Garg (MA Education, 2016–2018): I joined the club with the intention of fulfilling my long held desire to learn a third language. I thought this would

be something new and other than the regular academic course I would engage with, in the masters program. Little did I know then that the language would open up the possibility to communicate with the world. I became aware of the larger community of people from all over the world connected by Esperanto. People could overcome the barriers our native languages put for us in the way of communicating with anyone not belonging to our known language community. I also became more sensitive towards the impact and importance of the languages. What was taken for granted earlier, now became mysterious and a matter of inquiry for me. I know I am taking baby steps, but I am determined to learn the language.

KAAPI AUR CHARCHA

Richen Thakur, MA Development, 2016–18

A student-driven initiative wherein we are free to invite guests to talk to our student community. The agenda is set by us and the arrangements are done by us. The university offers support in terms of the kaapi and snacks, and a minimal support for covering our guests' conveyance and stay. In certain exceptional cases, pick-up and drop from the airport and stay arrangements are taken care of by the university. This was seen in last year's session with Professor Naela Qadri Baloch, from Balochistan.

The true challenge in organising an event such as this is not so much in making sure that your guests agree to come, but that your student community shows up. Having organised a few sessions last year we realised that mobilising people is not that easy, the component of crowd notwithstanding. Even with a campus full of people working towards social change, it can become tough to comprehend the component ingredients in event management

that turn into assured crowd-pullers. In time, a helplessness of reality too dawns on you.

There are times when you have an amazing speaker or change maker out there but because of poor timing or some other incomprehensible reason, you aren't able to draw a big enough crowd. With the help of your friends you realise that this is a learning for life, things do not always work out the way you expect them to. If one is to work in the development sector, which for me involves education, policy making, and law, the sooner one comes across this realisation the better. Nonetheless, it is a true lover that has the heart to go on. You can be a lover of equality for all genders, a wholesome education, a fair and just legal system, clean water for all, or a non-anthropocentric policy making for instance, but you have to have love. So, find out what is it that you love and bring it to us on this campus, through Kaapi Aur Charchaa. Together, we can find a way.

MUSIC CLUB

A bunch of music lovers got together last year to revive the music club. Amidst the hectic and busy life at the University, we started the club again with the hope to unite people on the basis of 'love of music', binding people across different courses, from different parts of India, encouraging them to share music which is close to their heart. We started off meeting in small gatherings, singing songs we were familiar with and grew up singing and listening to. Often our jamming sessions would become livelier with the beats of tabla and jambe or sublime with the sweet notes of guitar and flute. Jamming on Fridays became a routine of sorts and often passersby would pause to tap their feet to one song but wouldn't succeed at moving on and away from the charming spell that music casts on anyone who has an ear for it forcing them to stay for one more song and then one more again...

Such informal and impromptu gatherings which often compelled us all to stay back on the campus till late in the evening to sing our hearts out soon turned



into enthusiastic and focused rehearsals for occasions such as Christmas, Republic Day and our annual festival Unmukt!

The group explored songs in various languages, songs that spoke of social issues we grappled with during our classes and on the field and songs that reminded us of undying hope for a better tomorrow. Each of us enjoyed music we had not heard before, in languages we didn't speak and

understand and were grateful for the diversity within the club members.

Often our rehearsals would include one of us translating a Malayalam song to others, explaining the essence of a Bengali song so that we all sang it in the right spirit and even explaining the basic rules of Indian classical music to those who weren't trained but loved music nevertheless.

PAHAL



As the name suggests, 'Pahal' is an 'initiative' to reach out to those in need, empower them and help them improve their ways of living. Pahal believes in devoted and selfless service and encourages students to step forward to voluntarily serve the communities in need. Under this initiative students have worked with communities residing in slums, construction sites, old age homes, patients in cancer hospitals and mental health centres.

In the last academic year, 'Pahal' has successfully organised two blood donation camps, various 'Joy of Giving' donation drives and a painting competition inviting children from Vimochana Nagar slum in huge numbers. The volunteers of 'Pahal' also visit Vimochana Nagar and the nearby construction site regularly and work with the community there, especially with children. The club is planning to start a learning centre at the construction site soon.

The club also fosters leadership skills in its enthusiastic and energetic volunteers. It is a remarkable platform for the students of this university to go out on the field, interact with different communities and work for their welfare, in which they can also pitch their ideas and opinions developed during the academic learning and come up with innovative and creative plans to work along with different communities towards better living.



Pahal' has successfully organised two blood donation camps, various 'Joy of Giving' donation drives and a painting competition inviting children from Vimochana Nagar slum in huge numbers.

POETRY CLUB

Poetry club is a small space with infinite threads of hums, words, verses, quotes, poems, dohas, songs, music and so much more.

The club was formed with the objective to bring together and provide a space to those who love poetry or are interested in it. One need not be a poet to be a part of the club has been the motto of the club since its inception.

Like every other year, this year also poetry club organised poetry reciting events from time to time where students as well as faculty sat together to share their favorite poems and original piece of poetry.

This year, the club plans to introduce theme-based poetry sessions and hopes to see the first Poetry Festival come alive in the Azim Premji University campus.

SPORTS CLUB



We are a student-run club, open for all. It gives you opportunity of being a part to enhance your knowledge and skill in your favourite sport to a greater degree through organised practice and activity. Sports Club also provides ways to strengthen your leadership skill and build positive interpersonal relationships. Outside of the classrooms and the corridors, all students,

administration staff and working people of Azim Premji University can benefit from the incredibly diverse population that has been brought together through the shared desires of bringing a change in the society.

The sports club offers volunteering opportunities for students too. We plan sports activities and healthy competitions. Anyone can come forward in organising

and can ask for help from us in conducting them.

You don't have to be an expert in conducting or playing. All of us have played different sports in our childhood or school and college days. Bring them here and play again! You are most welcome to share your interests with us. Every suggestion makes the club more efficient. At the beginning of the year we create an event

list to organise different events. Not only sports but we ask people to come and share the sports activities which they have engaged in before. Also, there are sports and games enthusiasts professors, alumni, students, staff and many others who are not very good with playing games, they come and sit next to basketball court and share their stories related to sports which they have played but left now. Sports Club also gives platform for sharing inspiring stories.

We get lots of support from IMF team, Professors, alumnus, and administration office in the form of guidance, organizing visits, tournament planning. Last year we have started connecting UG and PG campus students through sports events too.

Sports Club stands for promoting inclusive play. There are always attempts for making mixed teams and playing for the fun and enjoyment of the sport and game. Highlights of the events organized during 2016-17.

Basketball tournament in third week of August was the first one of the academic year which acted as the ice breaker between students of UG and PG. In finals, it was clash between PG First years and Second years. But it had to pause because of rain and officials declared it a draw.

Volleyball tournament was won by administration-staff team in exuberant fashion. No team could

match their flexible spiking and fast smashing.

For Cricket, being cricket, there were two tournaments organized. One leather ball tournament at Anil Kumble Cricket Ground in which faculty team won the match against Second year PG Team. At point when Students team was looking promising while chasing for target in 2nd inning, once couple wickets were taken by Faculty team it was like a free fall for students' team batting lineup. And Faculty emerged winners first time in five years.

Energetic and sporty participation by three teams from PG Campus and Two from UG Campus made Tennis Ball Cricket Tournament at UG Campus a success while having fun on Good Friday. Every participant did enjoy all four thrilling games played between five enthusiastic teams till the end. We believe it was great opportunity utilized by UG and PG students to interact with each other besides playing your favorite and loving game. Hearty Congratulations went to UG Team A on winning and Azim Premji University Blasters on being Runner Up in the Tennis Ball Cricket Tournament, organized by the university Sports Club and UG Sports Committee together. We hope it'll help in initiating more interactive Sports events in future.

In Unmukt-2017, proactive Sports club was back again with organizing traditional games

like Tug of War and Lagori and Basketball, Frisbee within two days in the joyful atmosphere of the annual fest of the university.

Confident UG Team of Frisbee was challenged by first time playing PG team. Though match was eventually won by UG team but it was greatly contested in second half, which saw great efforts from both sides.

Traditional games as Logori and Tug of war took PG students by surprise which made them reminiscent of childhood days. Smiles, fights for ball hitting (or NOT hitting) the other player were on court. Though it was same court of basketball, but games were different.

Just before Main Event of Unmukt 2017, last event of the year become the continuation of final between PG First year Vs. PG Second years, on Basketball court. It was a thrilling match which was dominated by the PG second year team in first half, took U-turn and was contested by the PG First Year team in second half. After score was tied in the last 5 seconds, PG First years went on to shoot one free throw and missed a second one on smart play to secure the rebound only to keep the lead to win the exciting match. The win set the atmosphere for the beginning of final day evening events of UNMUKT-2017.



Sports enthusiasts speak

खेल के बारे में मेरी प्रतिक्रिया / विचार

Shakoor Khan (MA Education, 2016-18)

मैं अपने जीवन में खेल को बहुत महत्व देता हूँ. क्योंकि बिना खेल के जीवन अधूरा है. जिस दिन मैं कोई खेल नहीं खेलता हूँ तो मुझे ऐसा लगता की मैंने आज कुछ छोड़ दिया. मैं Azim Premji university को धन्यवाद देना चाहता हूँ की यहाँ पढ़ने के साथ-साथ खेल को भी महत्व दिया जाता है. मैं पिछले एक वर्ष अनुभव आपके साथ साझा कर रहा हूँ.

यहाँ कई सारे क्लब होते हैं जिसमे एक sports क्लब है, sports क्लब यहाँ बहुत ही सक्रिय रहता है. ये समय-समय पर टूर्नामेंट आयोजित करवाते हैं. जिसमे क्रिकेट, वोलिबाल और बास्केटबाल ऐसे कई तरह के खेल होते हैं. यहाँ की सबसे अच्छी बात यह रहती है की आपके साथ प्रोफेसर भी खेल में भाग लेते हैं. जनवरी में एक क्रिकेट प्रतियोगिता होती है जिसमे एक टीम प्रोफेसरो की होती है और दो टीम सेकंड इयर वालो की होती हैं, और एक टीम फर्स्ट इयर वाले छात्रों की होती हैं. कुछ समय पहले हम अपने UG College में क्रिकेट प्रतियोगिता खेली थी. जो हमने इस प्रतियोगिता को बहुत अच्छी तरह से एन्जॉय किया. जब इस प्रकार का वातावरण आपको मिलता है तो बहुत अच्छा लगता है. फिर से एक बार मैं दिल से sports क्लब धन्यवाद देना चाहता हूँ, जो हर समय किसी भी काम के लिए सक्रिय रहता है.

Nitesh Rathore (MA Development, 2016-18)

What are you doing in Azim Premji University?

Ohh! I am pursuing post-graduation.

Do you play a game?

What!! Game?

Ab bachche thode hi na hain, hum khelne ke liye...(Now we are not child, so playing any outdoor game is not suitable to our age).

Though we are keenly interested in playing games, we think what other people will think about us if we play games in front of them. They may laugh at us and blah blah.

This is how we usually think and we kill the child which is inside us. After high school, I literally have not played. I feel that I missed the opportunity to nurture a sportsperson which is living inside me.

After I joined the university my life changed drastically. During orientation I heard about the Sports Club. So I registered my name into Sports Club. Sports Club people used to play basketball in court. I used to watch them every day. I felt to go and join them, but that never happened in 1 st semester. I never played any game. But in 2nd semester, I decided to play Basketball.

One day I was sitting beside the basketball court, and one guy was playing basketball alone. He called me to join. I told him that I don't know how to play it. Then he asked, "don't you want to learn?" I said, "yes! Of course". Then he gave me basketball and he taught me from the beginning. Then I used to play basketball with him. He is a member of Sports Club. Everyday Sports Club team come on ground and they play various games like cricket, football, basketball, table tennis etc. And I also used to join them. This how the sports club supported me a lot and University also provided sports kit.

THEATRE SOCIETY



The presence of the Theatre Society of Azim Premji University was visible in campus from the first day of the last academic year. It started with the workshop which saw student participation in large numbers. The workshop focused on body movements and use of the body in theatre.

Soon after the workshop, work on two productions - '30 Days in September' and 'Carnival: the fest of bodies' was started. With the former being staged in university and then in Delhi, the later one was performed in Hyderabad and Bangalore. '30 Days in September', which deals with the issue of child sexual abuse, was also performed in International conference on early childhood in Bangalore. 'Carnival: the fest of bodies', which revolves around the violence that takes place on bodies, was performed in Atta Galatta, Bangalore.

Like previous year, small performances were put up by the society which included some



protest and poetic performances. These were done on various occasions and events like on the Rohith Vemula Remembrance Day or in memory of Dabholkar-Kalburgi-Pansare. Apart from stage shows, small performances were taken to crowded areas of Bangalore.

'They do not move and other misunderstandings', which was a

play based on Samuel Beckett's 'Waiting for the Godot' was also staged.

Many things are planned for upcoming year but focus will be on performances in the campus and various areas of Bengaluru. Also, we will be inviting other theatre societies to come and perform in the campus.

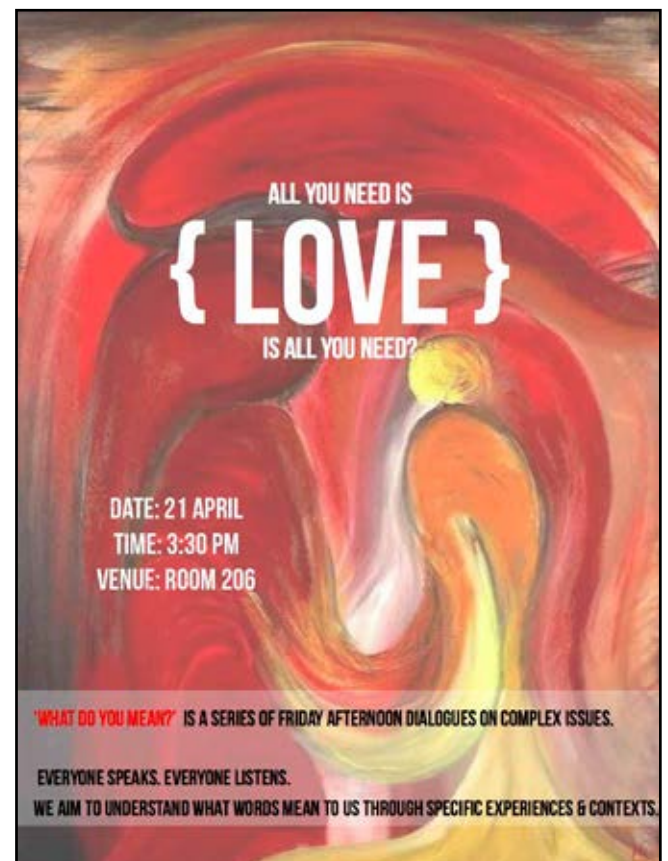
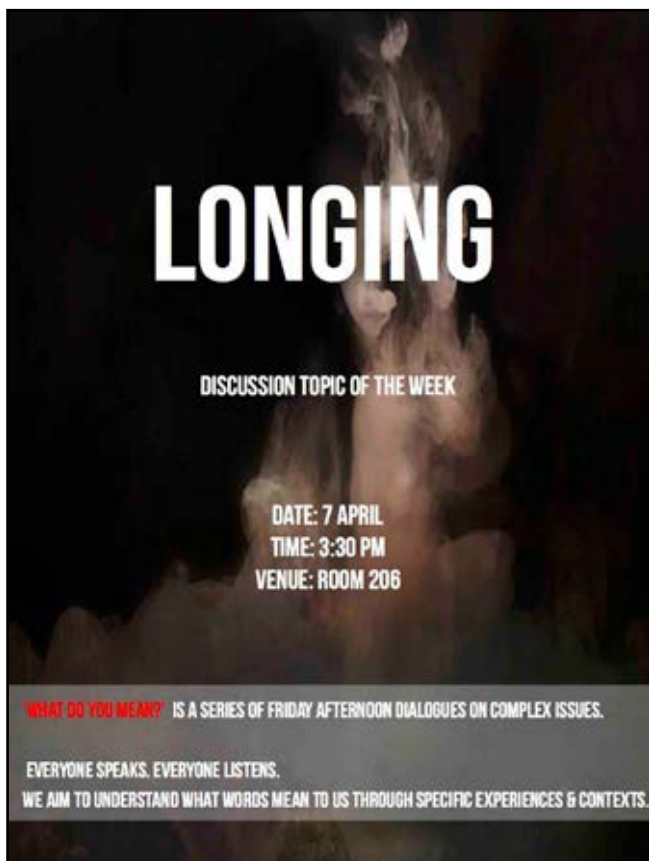
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

A Friday Afternoon Dialogue Series

Longing, Consent, Love - aren't these concepts that are abstract, complex and confusing for most of us?

And then there are also concepts and ideas that irritate us or bother us as much as they baffle us. Dialogue about abstract and complex ideas and concepts in order to gain a richer understanding by patiently engaging with others and learning to understand another's perspective is what led Sanhita Gadre and Arushi Kumar to conceptualise a dialogue series.

The series provides a space, every Friday afternoon, to select a topic and pose a simple question to ourselves - *What do I mean by x?* (where x is a concept). The idea is to respond to this question by drawing from our understanding which has developed through our experiences, reflection and observations in the society. This often leads to more questions related to the issue that enriches the dialogue and people's understanding of the issue. One is free to make use of scenes from films, anecdotes to elaborate on the issues. Usually, a faculty member moderates the session and helps consolidate at the end of the session.



Events - UG



**Charming
appearances on
the occasion of
Onam**



**Colours of
Ethnic Day 2016**



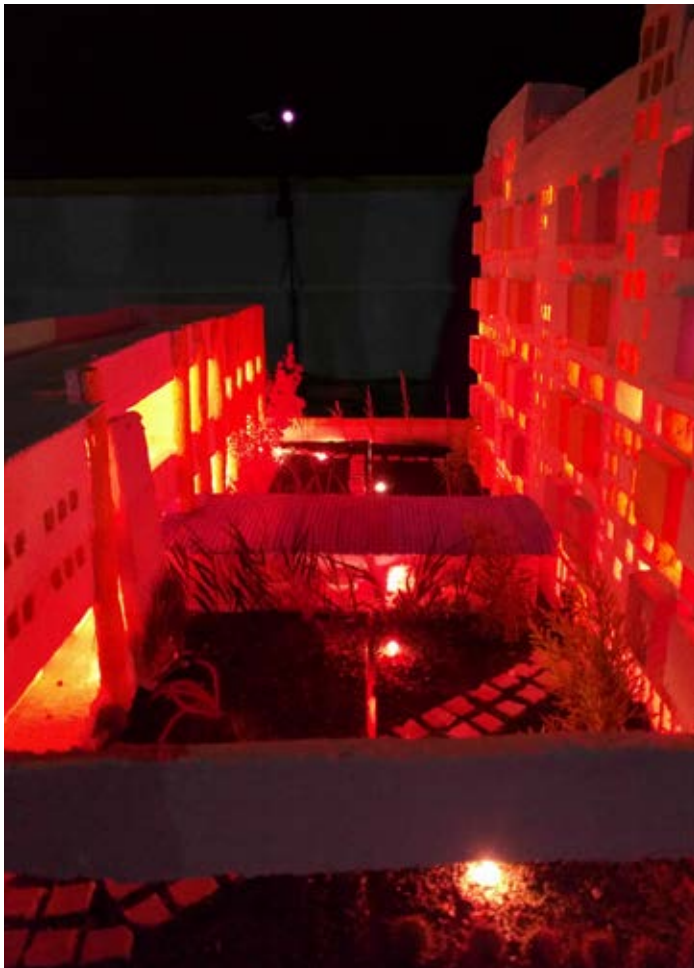
**Colours of
Ethnic Day 2016**



**Diwali
Celebrations**

**Students
performing at
Unmukt 2016**





**A miniature of
UG residences**



**A top angle view
of students in
the playground**



**Tie and dye
event at UG
residences**



**Tie and dye
event at UG
residences**



Marathon run by students of UG



Students after winning the marathon run at Decathlon



An exciting basketball match between UG and PG students of Azim Premji University

Prep talk before the game of Frisbee





**Mural
Workshop**



**Students in
Djembe Crx**

**Students
in the
early
morning
class of
silambam
Crx**



**Students
practising guitar**



**Students in
woodwork Crx**



**Students in
yoga Crx**



**Students of Art
and science in
nature Crx**

Events - PG



Orientation presentations





**Freshers'
Party**





Garba and Durga pooja celebrations



Onam celebrations

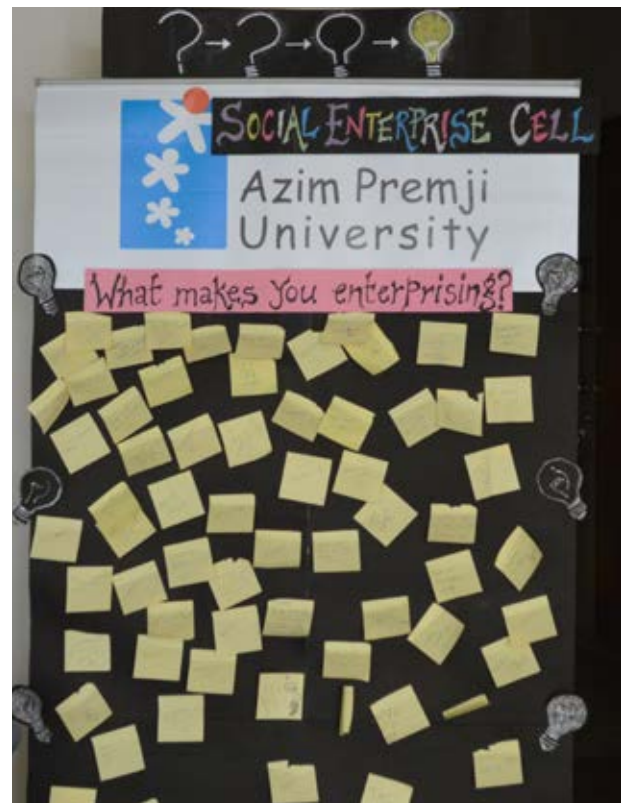


**Farewell
celebrations**





Social Enterprise Idea Challenge





Republic Day



Unmukt celebration





Volleyball match



Reading aloud books, poems and the like on World Book Day



World Book Day



Art Mela



**Faculty at
Convocation**

Sweet victory at last!



Faculty team's first victory in 5 years of annual faculty-student cricket league

Five years is a long time to wait, but the wait only made the victory – at last! – that much sweeter. It is the delightful task of this unofficial chronicler of the annual Faculty-Student Cricket Match to recount the tale of Saturday's win and record it for posterity.

January 21st. 2017 – let us note the date. It was a cool and cloudy day, such a mercy. Last year the sun had beaten down mercilessly on our brave heroes, adding substantially to the trials of the game. Unfortunately, we have no other data to note – for example, the scores of all matches past. It would

have been nice to do a detailed analysis of runs scored, overs played, wides and byes, fours and sixes and whatnot. Maybe a table or two to support the story. It could have been done: when asked, one of the regular faculty team members offered helpfully “I can cook up any data you want”. But we don't want to stoop so low - that is not the spirit of this account. So sticking to the facts – the faculty team won by many runs and several wickets, and we're not counting.

By the time this reporter reached the field, the match

had been underway for over an hour. The faculty team was batting, and even though they were four wickets down, morale was high. Even fairly severe injury could not hold down the indomitable spirit of erstwhile Ranjhi player Prasad, who showed sterling character by continuing to bat albeit with a runner. As the commentator pointed out (yes, the students once again had organized a speaker system), runners are no longer allowed by the MCC - but the MCC we are not. The game proceeded with great camaraderie. The usual appeals by the students' team of LBW interrupted play every so often, but the Umpire remained unmoved – and the allegation by the commentators that the Umpire was turning a blind eye in the hopes of improving his grades is probably completely unfounded. Sharad Sure distinguished himself by hitting the only six for the faculty team; and Vishnu distinguished himself with his staying power (he stayed on for a good 12 overs). 'Ambuja Cement jaise mazboot – Vishnupad sir deewar ke jaise field pe tike rahe'. These names are mentioned only to add human interest to this story – for the record, the entire faculty team pulled together and played a marvelous game, not to mention conducted themselves with great dignity and poise.

**At which point the crowd went wild,
all was jubilation – and yes, this time
there were 6 whole spectators rooting
for the faculty team, which counts as a
crowd!**

The students got off to a flying start, scoring 50 runs in very short order. But there was a breakthrough when Rahul De got the first wicket, and after that there was a rapid decline in their fortunes. Somewhere around the 15th over, when the score was 80+ for 6 wickets, hope began to burgeon in the collective breast of the faculty. There was a scent of victory in the air. Although we had come close even in the past, we had never been this close. As the 7th wicket fell when the score was still 90+, the scent became a smell; and very soon progressed to a stink and finally a stench (quite literally – the breeze was definitely blowing over some sewage). Voices of moderation (mine) begged them not to count their chickens before they were hatched, but went unheeded. Our own Lord Harris (aka Purnendu Kavoori) had brought a balloon in anticipation of a favorable outcome, which unfortunately got blown away and burst in the frenzy following the fall of the 10th wicket. At which point the crowd went wild, all

was jubilation – and yes, this time there were 6 whole spectators rooting for the faculty team, which counts as a crowd!

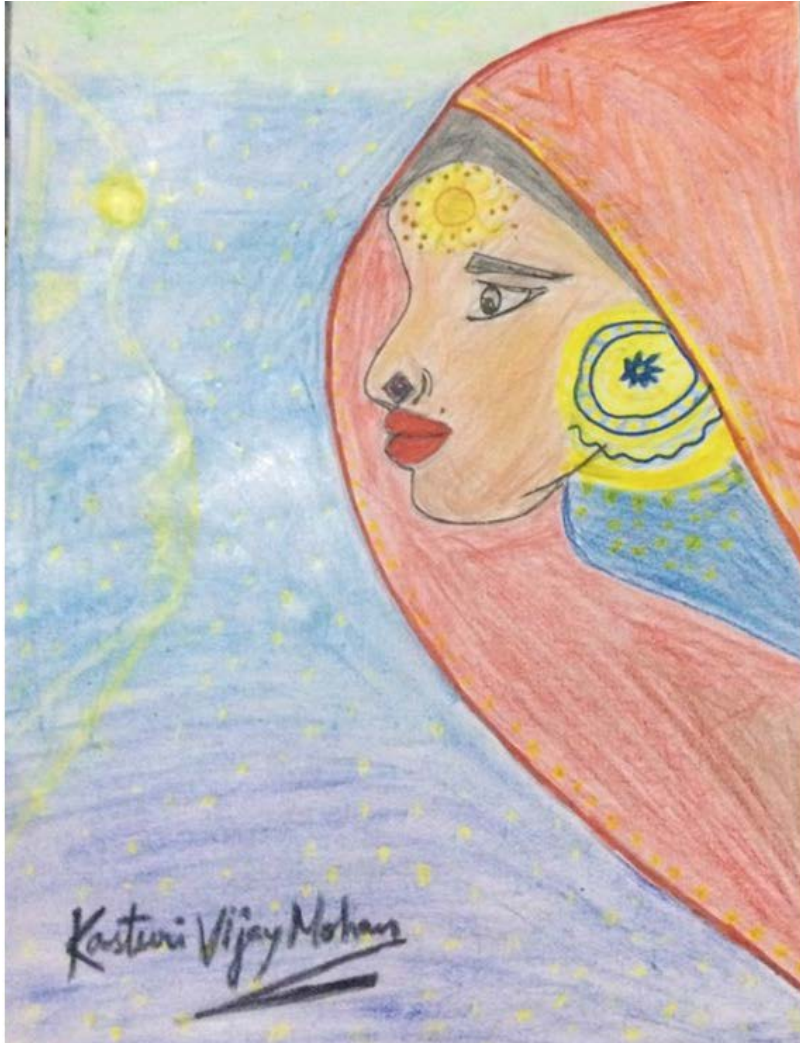
As always, there were new things to be learned. For example, sledging is apparently the use of unseemly language by one player to a player of the opposite team (for those like myself who are unfamiliar with the term). Also, the girl in the large billboard overlooking the campus who is benignly marketing Ayush products to all of us is apparently Tamanna Bhatia, Tamil film star. And, finally, winning is its own reward, there is no need for a trophy or prize of any kind. Just the memory of it will sustain the team until next time – and, who knows, inspire them to a repeat performance!

Best wishes,

Shreelata

Musings

Beauty



*Beauty is not in the sunshine or the full moon.
Beauty is not in round eyes or long hair.
Beauty is not in fair tone or skinny frame.
Beauty is in the eyes that see and the mind which
accepts that beauty lies within.*

**Kasturi Kandalam
BA Economics, 2016-19**



To Sun & Moon

Days have not just passed by,
I have lived the moments.
Covered with the warmth of sun,
Calmed by the energy of moon
I have created my own stars.
I have lost it, I have won it,
But nothing made me fall back.
I have seen a newer phase,
I have seen a stronger phase
Becoming a dream come true.
But what was the magic of dreams?
It is the warmth of the sun
and the calm of the moon.

Sahasini Pandey
MA Education, 2016-18

ಸೂರ್ಯ ಮತ್ತು ಕೋಳಿ



ಒಂದಾನೊಂದು ಕಾಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನದ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಬೇಜಾರಾಯಿತು. ಸೂರ್ಯ ಸೀದಾ ಹೋಗಿ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಇತ್ತು. ಆ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಶಾಖೆ ದುಪ್ಪಟ್ಟಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಮೇಲಿನ ಗುಹೆಯೊಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿತ್ತೆಂದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ದೇಶದಿಂದ ನೆಲವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಂಡವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆ ರೈತನಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತ," ನಾನಿನ್ನು ಈ ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜನರು ಆ ಊರಿನ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಬೆಟ್ಟ, ಕೆಲಸ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗದೇ ಉದಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ತನಗೆ ಗುಡ್ಡ, ಹಸಿರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಮುಗಿಬಿದ್ದು ಹೋಯಿತು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡ ತಾನೇ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡ.

ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ರೈತನು ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡುವುದನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿ ಮರುದಿನ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಆ ಊರಿನ ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆ ಎಂದರೆ ಆ ಸೂರ್ಯ ನಿಗೆ ಬೈಯಲು ಮುಂದಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ ರೈತನು ಎದ್ದು ಹೊಲಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟುವ ಸೂರ್ಯ. ಸೂರ್ಯ - "ಹೇ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಯಾಕೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗಿ() ಕುಳಿತ. ಆದರೆ, ಆ ದಿನ ಎಷ್ಟು ಉದಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸೂರ್ಯಾಸ್ತವನ್ನು ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವೆ? ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತಾದರೂ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರುವುದೇ ಒಂದು ಬಾರಿಯಾದರೂ ನೋಡಲೇಬೇಕು ನೋಡಿ ಹೊಗಳುತ್ತಾರೆ ಎಂದು ಜಂಭ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲೆಡೆ ಕತ್ತಲು. ಮನೆಯಿಂದ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದವರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವನು ಬಂದಿರೆಯೇ? ನೀನಂತೂ ಮಹಾನ್ ಆಲಸಿ ಹೊರಗೆ ಬಂದು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ತನ್ನಂತೆಯೇ ಹೊಲದ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಮೂಡುವಾಗ ಬಾನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡುವ ಕೂತಿರುತ್ತೀಯೆ. ನನ್ನನ್ನಾದರೂ ಸಿದ್ಧರಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಆದರೆ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಕೆಂಪು, ಕೇಸರಿ ಬಣ್ಣ, ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಬೆರಗು ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡಲು ಬಿಡು. ಹೋಗು, ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಬಾರದೆ ಎಲ್ಲೆಡೆ ಕತ್ತಲು. ಬೆಳಕಿಲ್ಲದೇ ಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ದೂರ ಹೋಗು. ನನ್ನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬರಬೇಡ. ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನೋಡಲು ಬರುವ ಜನರನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಖುಷಿ ಏನು ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಮತ್ತು ಗರ್ವ. ಈ ಊರನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗು." ಎಂದು ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಯಾರೋ ಒಬ್ಬ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಹೀಗೆ ದಿನ ಕಳೆದಿತ್ತು..... ಬಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ "ಸೂರ್ಯ ಬೇಜಾರಾಗಿ ಗುಹೆಯೊಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ರೈತನೊಬ್ಬ ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಮತ್ತು ಅದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಕೂತಿದ್ದಾನೆ" ಅಂತ ಕೂಗಿ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಬೇಗನೆ ಎದ್ದು, ತನ್ನ ಹೊಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲಸ

ಹೀಗೆ ದಿನ ಕಳೆದಿತ್ತು.....

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ರೈತನೊಬ್ಬ ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ಬೇಗನೆ ಎದ್ದು, ತನ್ನ ಹೊಲದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೆಲಸ

ಪ್ರಾರಂಭಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಮಧ್ಯಾಹ್ನದ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಬೇಜಾರಾಯಿತು. ಸೂರ್ಯ ಸೀದಾ ಹೋಗಿ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಇತ್ತು. ಆ ಹಳ್ಳಿ ಎಷ್ಟು ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಶಾಖೆ ದುಪ್ಪಟ್ಟಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಮೇಲಿನ ಗುಹೆಯೊಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಸುಂದರವಾಗಿತ್ತೆಂದರೆ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆ ದೇಶದಿಂದ ನೆಲವೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಂಡವಾಗಿತ್ತು. ಆ ರೈತನಿಗೆ ಕುಳಿತ," ನಾನಿನ್ನು ಈ ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಜನರು ಆ ಊರಿನ ಸುಂದರವಾದ ಬೆಟ್ಟ, ಕೆಲಸ ಮುಂದುವರಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಾಗದೇ ಉದಯವಾಗುವುದಿಲ್ಲ" ಎಂದು ತನಗೆ ಗುಡ್ಡ, ಹಸಿರನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಮುಗಿಬಿದ್ದು ಹೋಯಿತು. ಇದರಿಂದ ಕೋಪಗೊಂಡ ತಾನೇ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಂಡ.

ರೈತನು ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡುವುದನ್ನು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸಿ ಮರುದಿನ ಬೆಳಿಗ್ಗೆ ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ನಮ್ಮ ಆ ಊರಿನ ಪ್ರಮುಖ ಆಕರ್ಷಣೆ ಎಂದರೆ ಆ ಸೂರ್ಯ ನಿಗೆ ಬೈಯಲು ಮುಂದಾಗುತ್ತಾನೆ ರೈತನು ಎದ್ದು ಹೊಲಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಊರಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಹುಟ್ಟುವ ಸೂರ್ಯ. ಸೂರ್ಯ - "ಹೇ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಯಾಕೆ ಇಷ್ಟು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಸಿದ್ಧನಾಗಿ() ಕುಳಿತ. ಆದರೆ, ಆ ದಿನ ಎಷ್ಟು ಉದಯ ಮತ್ತು ಸೂರ್ಯಾಸ್ತವನ್ನು ಉರಿಯುತ್ತಿರುವೆ? ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಹೊತ್ತಾದರೂ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಬರುವುದೇ ಒಂದು ಬಾರಿಯಾದರೂ ನೋಡಲೇಬೇಕು ನೋಡಿ ಹೊಗಳುತ್ತಾರೆ ಎಂದು ಜಂಭ ಇಲ್ಲ. ಎಲ್ಲೆಡೆ ಕತ್ತಲು. ಮನೆಯಿಂದ ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದವರು ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದರು. ಅವನು ಬಂದಿರೆಯೇ? ನೀನಂತೂ ಮಹಾನ್ ಆಲಸಿ ಹೊರಗೆ ಬಂದು ನೋಡಿದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ತನ್ನಂತೆಯೇ ಹೊಲದ ಕೆಲಸಕ್ಕೆ ಹೋಗಲು ಮೂಡುವಾಗ ಬಾನಲ್ಲಿ ಮೂಡುವ ಕೂತಿರುತ್ತೀಯೆ. ನನ್ನನ್ನಾದರೂ ಸಿದ್ಧರಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾರೆ ಆದರೆ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಕೆಂಪು, ಕೇಸರಿ ಬಣ್ಣ, ಎಲ್ಲರನ್ನು ಬೆರಗು ಕೆಲಸಮಾಡಲು ಬಿಡು. ಹೋಗು, ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಬಾರದೆ ಎಲ್ಲೆಡೆ ಕತ್ತಲು. ಬೆಳಕಿಲ್ಲದೇ ಗೊಳಿಸುತ್ತಿತ್ತು. ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ದೂರ ಹೋಗು. ನನ್ನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬರಬೇಡ. ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ನೋಡಲು ಬರುವ ಜನರನ್ನು ಕಂಡು ಖುಷಿ ಏನು ಮಾಡಬೇಕೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಮತ್ತು ಗರ್ವ. ಈ ಊರನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗು." ಎಂದು ನಿಂತಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಯಾರೋ ಒಬ್ಬ ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಹೀಗೆ ದಿನ ಕಳೆದಿತ್ತು..... ಬಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಇದರಿಂದ ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ತುಂಬಾ "ಸೂರ್ಯ ಬೇಜಾರಾಗಿ ಗುಹೆಯೊಂದರಲ್ಲಿ ಒಂದು ದಿನ ರೈತನೊಬ್ಬ ಎಂದಿನಂತೆ ಸಿಟ್ಟು ಮತ್ತು ಅದಕ್ಕಿಂತ ಹೆಚ್ಚಾಗಿ ಕೂತಿದ್ದಾನೆ" ಅಂತ ಕೂಗಿ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಬೇಜಾರಾಗಿದೆ ಎಂದೊಡನೆ ಆದರೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು ಹೊರತರಲಾರದೆ ನಮ್ಮ ರೈತನಿಗೆ ಅವನು ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ದನವೂ ಸಪ್ಪೆ ಮುಖ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾ ವಾಪಸು ಬೈದು, ಕಲ್ಲು ಎಸೆದ್ದದ್ದು ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಬಂದಿತು. ರೈತನ ನಿಯತ್ತಿನ ನಾಯಿ ನೆನಪಿಗೆ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ತನ್ನಿಂದಲೇ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಬೇಜಾರಾಗಿರುವುದು ಎಂದು ತಿಳಿದು ಅವನಿಗೂ ಬೇಜಾರಾಯಿತು. ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು ಹೇಗಾದರೂ ಮಾಡಿ ಗುಹೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊರತರಬೇಕೆಂದು ಯೋಚಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಸೂರ್ಯನಿದ್ದ ಗುಹೆಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬರುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ಅವನಿಗೆ ಸಣ್ಣ ಅಳುವ ದನಿ ಕೇಳಿ ಬರುತ್ತದೆ. ರೈತನು "ಸೂರ್ಯ ನನ್ನದು ತಪ್ಪಾಯಿತು, ದಯವಿಟ್ಟು ಕ್ಷಮಿಸು. ನೀನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ಕೆಲಸ ಮಾಡಲಾಗುತ್ತಿಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮ ಮೇಲೆ ದಯ ತೋರು. ಈ ಗುಹೆಯಿಂದ ಹೊರ ಬಾ. ನೀನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ತುಂಬಾ ಕಷ್ಟವಾಗುತ್ತಿದೆ." ಎಂದು ಗೋಗರಿಯುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಆದರೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ತುಂಬ ದುಃಖ ವಾಗಿರುತ್ತದೆ. ಅವನು ಅಳುತ್ತಾ "ನೀನಿಲ್ಲದ ಹೋಗು, ನಾನು ಇನ್ನು ಮುಂದೆ ಯಾವುದೇ ಕಾರಣಕ್ಕೂ ಇಲ್ಲಿಂದ ಹೊರ ಬರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ. ಹೋಗು" ಎಂದು ಕಳಿಸಿಬಿಡುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಸಪ್ಪೆ ಮುಖ ಹಾಕಿ ಬಂದ ರೈತನನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ಅವನು ಸಾಕಿದ ದನ ಅವನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಬಂದು ವಿಚಾರಿಸಿತು. ರೈತನು ಆದಲ್ಲಾ ವಿಷಯವನ್ನು ತಿಳಿಸುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಕಥೆ ಕೇಳಿದ ಆ ದನ ರೈತನಿಗೆ ಧೈರ್ಯ ಹೇಳಿ, ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಮಾತಾಡಲು ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಕಡೆಗೆ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯಿಡುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಯಿತು.

ಆದರೆ ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು ಹೊರತರಲಾರದೆ ದನವೂ ಸಪ್ಪೆ ಮುಖ ಹಾಕುತ್ತಾ ವಾಪಸು ಬಂದಿತು. ರೈತನ ನಿಯತ್ತಿನ ನಾಯಿ ತನ್ನ ಮಾಲೀಕನ ಮುಖ ನೋಡಲಾರದೆ ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಮೇಲೆ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಹಾರುತ್ತಾ, ನೆಗೆಯುತ್ತಾ, ಬೌಗುಡುತ್ತಾ ಸೂರ್ಯನ ಹತ್ತಿರ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಆದರೆ ಅದು ಸೋತು, ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ, ಕುಂಟುತ್ತಾ ಕುಂಟುತ್ತಾ ಬಂತು. ನಂತರದ ಸರದಿ ಅವನ ಮನೆಯಲ್ಲಿದ್ದ ಕತ್ತೆಯದ್ದು. ಕತ್ತೆಯು ತುಂಬಾ ಆಲಸಿ, ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಸಾಕುಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳ ಒತ್ತಾಯಕ್ಕೆ ಮಣಿದು, ಆ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಬೆಟ್ಟದ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೋಗುತ್ತದೆ. ಆದರೆ ಅರ್ಧ ದಾರಿಯಿಂದ ವಾಪಾಸಾಯಿತು. ಕೊನೆಯ ಸರದಿ ಪುಟ್ಟರಾಜ ಕೋಳಿಯದ್ದು. ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಹೇಗೋ ಮಾಡಿ ಗುಹೆಯ ಹತ್ತಿರ ತಲುಪುತ್ತದೆ. "ಸೂರ್ಯ, ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ನೀರು ಕೊಡಯ್ಯ, ದಾಹ. ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಏನೂ ಕಾಣುವುದಿಲ್ಲ, ಎಷ್ಟು ಸಲ ಬಿದ್ದೆ ಗೊತ್ತಾ?" ಎಂದಿತು. ಸೂರ್ಯ ನಿಗೆ ಈ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಕೋಳಿ ತನ್ನನ್ನು ನೋಡಲು ಇಷ್ಟೆಲ್ಲಾ ಕಷ್ಟ ಪಟ್ಟು ಬಂತಲ್ಲಾ ಎಂದು ರೋದನೆ ಪಟ್ಟು, "ಏ ಮರಿ, ಏನು ನಿನ್ನ ಹೆಸರು" ಎಂದು ಸೂರ್ಯ ನಯವಾಗಿ ಕೇಳಿದ. ಇದಕ್ಕೆ ಉತ್ತರ ಕೊಟ್ಟು ಕೋಳಿಯು ಒಂದು ಹೊಸ ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಯನ್ನು ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಕೇಳಿತು. ಹೀಗೆ ಉತ್ತರ, ಪ್ರಶ್ನೆಗಳ ನಡುವಲ್ಲಿ ಇವರಿಬ್ಬರಿಗೂ ಒಳ್ಳೆಯ ಸ್ನೇಹ ಬೆಳೆಯಿತು. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಹೊತ್ತಿಗೆ ಕೋಳಿ ಹೇಳಿತು" ಸೂರ್ಯ ನಾನು

ವಾಪಸು ಹೋಗಬೇಕು. ಈ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಮೆಲ್ಲ ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ ಹೋಗಬೇಕು. ನಾನಿನ್ನು ಬರುತ್ತೇನೆ.

"ನಿನಗೆ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಣದೆ ಏನೂ ಮಾಡಲು ತೋಚಿದೇ ಇದ್ದಲ್ಲಿ ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಕೂಗಿ ಕರೆ. ನಾನು ಬರುತ್ತೇನೆ" ಎಂದು ಸೂರ್ಯ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಕೋಳಿಯು ಕುಂಟುತ್ತಾ ಕುಂಟುತ್ತಾ ಕತ್ತಲಲ್ಲಿ ಮುಂದೆ ಸಾಗಿತ್ತು .

ರೈತ, ದನ, ನಾಯಿ ಎಲ್ಲಾ ಪ್ರಾಣಿಗಳು ಕೋಳಿಯನ್ನು ಕಾತರದಿಂದ ಕಾಯುತ್ತಿದ್ದವು.

ಕೋಳಿಯನ್ನು ನೋಡಿದ್ದೆ ತಡ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ "ಏನಾಯಿತು?" ಎಂದು ಕೇಳಿದರು.

ಕೋಳಿಯು ಮನೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಹೋಗಿ "ಕೊ. ಕೊ.ಕೊ" ಎಂದು ಕೂಗಿತು. ಆಗ

ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಮೆಲ್ಲ ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ ಎದ್ದು ಹೊರ ಬರುತ್ತಾನೆ. ಮೆಲ್ಲಗೆ ಎದ್ದು ಬಂದ

ಸೂರ್ಯನ ನೋಡಿ ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಖುಷಿಯಿಂದ ಹಾಡಿ ಕುಣಿಯುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಸೂರ್ಯನನ್ನು

ಹೊಗಳುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಸೂರ್ಯನು ಊರಿನ ಜನರನ್ನು ನೋಡಿ ತುಂಬ ಖುಷಿ ಪಡುತ್ತಾನೆ.

ಕೋಳಿ ಸೂರ್ಯನಿಗೆ ಧನ್ಯವಾದ ಹೇಳುತ್ತದೆ. ಹೀಗಾಗಿಯೇ ಅಂದಿನಿಂದ, ಪ್ರತಿ ದಿನ

ಬೆಳಗ್ಗೆ ಕೋಳಿ ಕರೆದ ಮೇಲೆ ಸೂರ್ಯ ಹೊರಬರುವುದು ವಾಡಿಕೆಯಾಯಿತು.

ಮೂಲ: ಕಂಚನ್ ಮೌರ್ಯಾ, ಎಂ ಎ ಎಡುಕೇಷನ್, ೨೦೧೬-೨೦೧೮

Translated and adapted by
Gagan Kumar
MA Education, 2016-18

Aesthetic



I love you,
Not because of your beauty,
Not because of your honesty,
Not because of your eroticism,
It happens only unconditionally.
Because if there is a reason for love,
It's not a love, something else.
I don't know if my love was unconditional or not,
But I know I don't understand the reason behind it.
I fear expressing my love to you,
Because I have lots of love for you, that's why
I fear expressing it
Where there is love, definitely there is fear!
Because everyone fears which they don't understand.

I am ready to give love to who will complete me,
I mean, I am ready to do everything, anytime, in any situation, for you.
It's not caring, serving or sacrificing for you,
It is love for you.
I don't know if you complete me or not,
But I definitely complete you with lots of love,
Because my actions come only through love!

I have heard so many times,
True love never ends,
I don't know if my love is true or not,
But my love will end only with me,
That much love I will give you in our life.

Rajavolu Yagna Veera Narayana
MA Education, 2016-18

Bangalore Rains



My first day in Bangalore and I was showered upon by the spontaneous rains.

As I ran for cover, the pouring rain felt cold against my skin.

sinking down into the pores, chills ran through my body while an overwhelming warmth comforted me.

I wondered was the city welcoming me?

Cut to today.

The sky turned to a darker shade of blue, the smell of burning wood and wet mud surrounded me with nostalgia.

It's raining again!

It's raining but this time, I don't want to run.

I go stand under the sky and let myself get drenched with every drop of rain.

I stand till I'm soaking wet and my body starts smelling of this city and its memories get imprinted on my skin, and I wonder again, if this city will remember me when I'm gone.

I wonder if it will still embrace me.

Jhalak Jain
MA Education, 2015-17



உணர்வுகளும் ஓட்டைவீடும்

உடைந்த ஓடுகள்
துசியடைந்த தூண்கள்
இடையே
மறந்த கதைகள்
மறைந்த உணர்வுகள்
ஊரில் வித்த துவீட்டையல்ல
உணர்வுகளை, நினைவுகளை

Sriniti Sri
BSc Science, 2016-19

Nurture Hope

What life this? Full of scare!
Anger rules, greed's in the air.
We run fast but get nowhere;
When fair is foul, foul is fair.

We talked about structure;
In class, we discussed agency.
Social change may hurt;
Yet, let's get it with urgency.

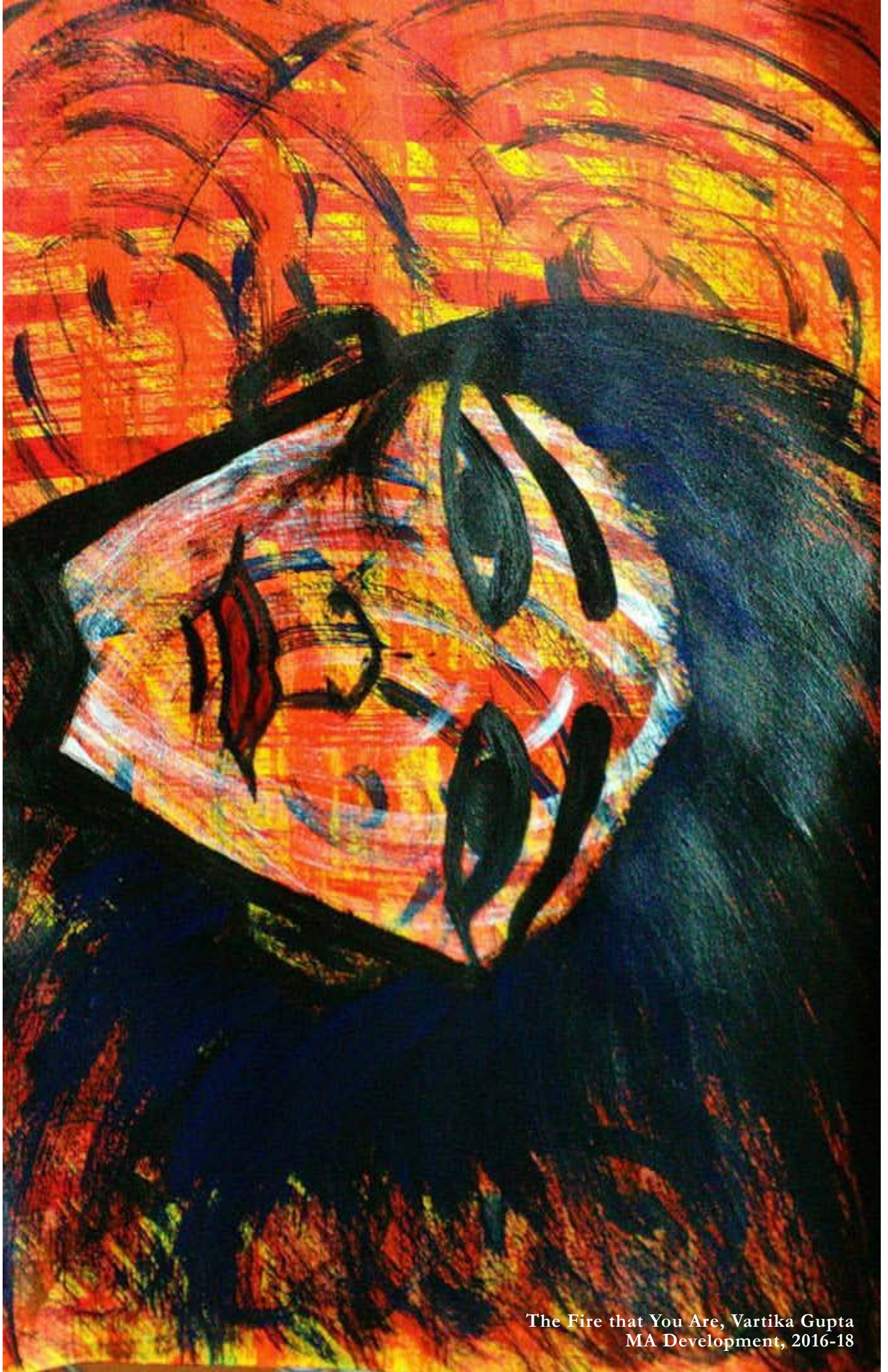
Many of us clueless, asked -
'What to do, where to start?'
Advise the fat and rich or
Help the poor become smart?

State rides the structure,
The rich drive the people.
What lackeys to power call
A flood, is actually a trickle.

So, by the truth of the poor
Would we dare to stand?
Can telling truth to power
Be celebrated in our land?

Wipe tears from every eye;
Gift courage to every wish.
May the unwanted dare spite
Fear, death, pain and anguish.

Bhupendra Yadav
Faculty member
School of Education



The Fire that You Are, Vartika Gupta
MA Development, 2016-18

Unnoticed

Less complicated.

Low expectations.

Respects personal space.

The fact that she cares goes unnoticed.

Ripped jean.

Rebellious tee.

A burning sixth finger.

Her voice on women's safety goes unnoticed.

Hefty arms.

Heavy in contrast to her partner.

Her ability to dance goes unnoticed.

Tomboy looks.

Beer person.

'Bro' and 'Dude'.

The girl in her goes unnoticed.

Some sarcasm.

A few happy emoticons.

A comic slang.

His sadness goes unnoticed.

"Cannot able to".

"What is their (there) in grammar?"

His amazing observation on something goes unnoticed.

Inexpressive.

Tendency to wait for a comfortable aura to touch him before he opens up.

His multitude of emotions goes unnoticed.

The truth that you revealed a truth so that it leads someone in distress to uncover a bigger truth, all for a greater good, goes unnoticed.

What is seen is not what is noticed as what is heard is not what is absorbed.

Problem: The audience has a choice, to notice or not to.

Solution: The victim has a choice, to care or not to.

Gayatri Narsimhan
MA Education, 2016-18

Oblivigation

A girl is screaming somewhere tonight.
Dear God, what a horrible word is 'excision'.
There's a war for God's sake,
in multiple places,
and I don't know the half of it.
One afternoon, I'll be walking on M.G. Road
eating waffles,
as someone on the other side of the world
suffers.
Throat knifed by sobs.
Heck, someone on this side of the world. Maybe
the next street.
And I will still not be wrong to celebrate my
birthday. Or something.

They do it too, when they can celebrate.

Silly mortal child, do you think you are so grown
up?

Connecting yourself in strands of pity
to every Other on this planet
that you may share their pain in infinitesimals,
and make it okay?

How can I be happy? How can I not?

I give up.

I will go to M.G. Road, I will eat waffles.

Shall I watch The Grave of the Fireflies
to compensate?

One sad movie, per waffle.

Deepika Pradeep
BSc Science, 2016-19



What happens to the Dreams Deferred by Ekta Dhankar
MA Education, 2015-17

बस इतना-सा ही है संसार?



Photo credit: Koundinya Dhulipalla, MA Development, 2015-17

हम जब कहीं जाते हैं तो अपना नजरिया साथ लेकर चलते हैं। उस नजरिए में हमारी सोच, पूर्वाग्रह और धारणाएं होती हैं। यह नजरिया हमारे अनुभवों से बना होता है। पर बदलाव तो समय का नियम है। हम सभी समय के साथ बदलते हैं- हमारे विचार, हमारी धारणाएं बदलती हैं। शायद इसी बदलाव से हमारा विकास होता है, नहीं तो हम केवल बड़े हो रहे होते बढ़ नहीं पाते। ये बदलते अनुभव ही तो हैं जिनसे हम बढ़ते हैं, हमारा नजरिया बदलता है। हमारे पुराने ख्याल, विचार, धारणाएं टूटती हैं और हम अपनी कमियों, सीमाओं और वहमों से अवगत हो पाते हैं। हमारे सामने विकल्पों और संभावनाओं का नया संसार खुलता है जिनसे हम अब तक बिल्कुल अनभिज्ञ थे। निष्ठा, समर्पण और कुशलता के नए मायने और स्तर गढ़ने लगते हैं। ऐसे कई अवसर आते हैं जो हमें चुनौती देते हैं। हम खुद को संदेह के घेरे में सवालों का पीछा करते हुए पाते हैं। हमें मालूम होता है कि हमने अक्सर दूसरों के नजर को अपने चश्मे से देखने की गुस्ताखी की। हमारे अपने बारे में

जितने अहंकार होते हैं सब क्षण भर में आडम्बर बन जाते हैं। फंतासी के आसमान से वास्तविकता की जो जमीन है हम खुद को इस दूरी को मापते हुए पाते हैं। हमारा हाल “बस इतना-सा ही है संसार” के उस चिड़िया की तरह होता है जिसके हर अगले चरण में उसे अपनी वैचारिक सीमाओं का आभास होता है। पर हर बार जब वो एक चरण से निकल कर दूसरे में जाती है तो उसे ही अंतिम सत्य और सर्वस्व मान कर बैठ जाती है। क्या उसे भी अपनी सीमाओं से अवगत होने पर, धारणाओं के टूटने पर उतनी ही शून्यता का आभास होता होगा जितना हमें होता है? क्या पता, शायद उसे भी होता हो! एक जीवन में अनुभवों के इतने चरणों से गुजरने के बाद क्या हमें इतना सजग नहीं होना चाहिए कि हम क्षितिज देखकर यह ना मान लें कि यह अम्बर से समंदर का मिलन नहीं है? क्या हमें अपने मन के दरवाजों को हर चमत्कृत कर देने वाले एहसासों के लिए खुले नहीं रखना चाहिए?

Kumar Gaurav
MA Education, 2016-18

Again “विद्यालय” एक अद्भुत व अनोखा अनुभव

“कौन कहता है बचपन लौट कर नहीं आता, अरे बचपन तो वो बला का नाम है जो कभी न जाता.”

बचपन की यादों से जुड़ा पहलू कुछ इस तरह सामने आया की क्या था वो जो मैंने पाया और क्या है

यह जो यहाँ देख पाया - सुनाता हूँ यह दास्ताँ जहाँ मैं सब गहराई से जान पाया.

बाड़मेर जिले का एक छोटा सा ब्लाक जिसे शिव नाम से जाना जाता है, वहीं की एक गुमनाम बस्ती जो अक्सर “धडियाँ” कहलाया करती है

बस वहाँ के इस हसीन रवैये ने मानो मेरे दिल-ओ-दिमाग पर “पत्थर की लकीर” रुपी रचना रच डाली हो.

आइये सुनाता हूँ उस हसीन रवैये की कहानी मेरे उन दिनों के कुछ अनुभव की जुबानी!!!!

था वो हसीन रवैया उन स्कूल जाते नन्हे बच्चों का कुछ इस तरह... जो न कभी सोचा होगा मैंने अपनी जिंदगी में इस तरह.

जहाँ न था कोई निर्मित रास्ता व रोड और न ही कही पानी का नामो-निशान, चिलचिलाती धूप से उबलती रेत लगती मानो पानी भरा समुद्री समां.

जहाँ बिन चप्पल गर्म रेत के ठीलो पर छलांग मारते स्कूल आते थे बच्चे.

जहाँ बिजली तो सिर्फ लड़कियों के नाम हुआ करते हैं.



जहाँ सिंगल टीचर के समक्ष चहकता है हर कक्षा का बच्चा.

जहाँ रिसोर्सेस के नाम पर थे टूटे खिड़की और फाटक, कुर्शी-टेबल तो दूर फटी टाट-फट्टी पर गुनगुनाता था हर एक पाठक.

जहाँ स्कूल यूनिफार्म ही बच्चों के २४*७ कपड़े हुआ करते हैं. जिनके छेदों से सूरज दादा अपनी तेज़ किरणों से शरीर स्याह किया करते थे.

..... क्या यही है वो पहलू जिसे मैं हसीन कह रहा था..... न न कभी नहीं बिलकुल नहीं, न ही कभी हो सकता था. बल्कि हसीन पहलू तो तब सामने आया जब मेरे एक सवाल का जबाब मैंने कुछ इस तरह पाया - इतना सब कुछ बच्चो तुम कैसे कर पाते हो चलो तुम तो यह बताओ सब “स्कूल क्यों आते हो?” “सर जी अगर हम स्कूल आएंगे तो पढ़ लिख पाएँगे.”

दोस्तों इस एक लाइन ने कुछ यूँ कर डाला, मेरे दिल पर एक याद रुपी हसीन पल रच डाला.

I don't know what they actually aspire or mean to be “पढ़ लिख जायेंगे”

पर इस कर्मठ लगन, स्नेहशीलता और आस को देखकर लगता है की “ यह तारे आसमां में ज़रूर झिलमिलाएँगे”.

Mohsin Shah
MA Education, 2015-17

Worth the Words

*Somewhere under the night sky sitting in
front of lights,
remembering those soundless nights,
and those endless fights.*

*The drops of grief on my face made me
awake,
made me realize I am far away from the
lake,
the lake of happiness, the lake of relief,
which drowned my emotions and my belief.*

*Those situations with people made me feel,
this is a part of life, with which you have to
deal.*

*No one is there to help you out, go on and
have the zeal to fight.*

*A blank mind with a pen in hand,
a diary in front and a heavy heart,
my feelings come out this way,
make me feel I am worth saying these
words.*

Manaswi Shroti
BSc Physics, 2016-2019



Pratik Pawar
BSc Physics, 2016-19

Human Dalit



Elements of the world, they tell me who am I,
They tell me to shut up,
To close my eyes,
To not listen,
To not question,
To work and work
And work and die.

I was born a Dalit,
This thought never hit,
Only when as a little girl,
I went to draw water from the village well,
Not for the first time, I witnessed hell,
They beat me up,
Told me that I am a garbage lump,
They asked me go skin the dead animals,
And asked me to clean their 'mal',

I was alone, I couldn't do anything
But for how long?
I am fed up now,
I can't do this,

So I prepared a list,
I asked myself, do I hate the world?
Only because I am not heard,
And that I am not free as a bird,
I decided,
I decided to absorb the rage the world has against
me,

Became aware of the human inside me,
In order for me to be, who I want to be,

I put on a turban,
I opened my eyes,
I gathered people,
I gathered humans,
And tried to speak,
To the world, I radiated the color of a Dalit,
I won't lie, I am feeling scared,
But I won't back off,
Not anymore,
The transformation is still not done,

I was born a Dalit,
I will die as a human.

Vartika Gupta
MA Development, 2016-18

The Clown of Aleppo

Children clung to him like bees
His nectar was his chalky white smile
Eyes white and red, and a hat so colorful
They could spot him even from a mile

His parents had named him Rahim
But to the children he was the clown of Aleppo
He was a blessing despite the future that seemed
grim
His little guards were ever-ready to say hello

Then came the fateful day
The flames from the blast welcomed him into its
embrace
He had no time to say goodbye
He was a victim of this godforsaken arms race

The news spread faster than the fire
The children's happiness had taken an extended
leave
The town became quiet again
The perpetrators however had no inclination to
grieve

His parents had named him Rahim
But etched in their hearts forever, he was the
clown of Aleppo
He smiled from the heavens, passed on his
blessings
His little guards would see him in their dreams
now and say hello

Neha Mohanty
MA Development, 2016-18



Pratik Pawar
BSc Physics, 2016-19

This time, has killed
all my senses.
I neither want to take
nor give anything.
I have tied my gaze down
and my hands tight.
Kept myself hid from light
and longed for night.
From this crazily mad people
I slipped away like a wind.
Now like withered leaf, only
to the soil I belong.

Anonymous

समृद्धि

उस सुहावने-सुनहले प्रभात का उमंग,
प्रकाश की हल्की-हल्की किरणों की उमंग,
समीर के हल्के-हल्के झोंकों की सादगी,
मानो माँ की गोद में खेलने जैसा था।

वो खेत-खलिहान की महक,
बाग-बगीचे की चहक,
जीवन का सार समझने जैसा था।

आज हम आधुनिकीकरण के दौर में,
आधुनिकीकरण की अभिधारणा,
तथाकथित कुलीन बुद्धिजीवी लोग इसका समृद्धि से नाता जोड़ना,

फिर माँ सामान प्रकृति से नाता तोड़ना,
अब तो मानो लगता है, नरक में जाने जैसा है।

किसी समय, सूरज की किरणों में चहकना,
आज ऊँची-ऊँची इमारतों के बीच सूरज का न दिखाना,

मानो सकारात्मकता खो जाने जैसा है,
इस दुनिया के रंग मंच पे अपने आप को रंगना,
प्रकृति, स्त्री और पुरुष एक नयी विभूति में रंग जाना,

प्रकृति से मानव का रिश्ता टूट जाने जैसा है।
क्या आज हम समृद्ध है या फिर पहले थे?

Sujeet Kumar
MA Development, 2016-18

अँखियों के झरोखे से

आज की सुबह मेरे लिए कुछ जल्दी हो गयी थी
शहर घूमने के सपनों के साथ पूरी रात मैं सो जो न
सकी थी
निकलते सूरज के साथ ७ बजे मैं भी साथ में हो ली
मौसम मस्ताना हो रहा था, मेरा नादान दिल किरणों
की अठखेलियों में खो रहा था
मुस्कुराते मुस्कुराते मैं चली जा रही थी, नैनीताल की
सर्द हवाओं का मजा लिये जा रही थी
महसूस कर रही थी मैं गरम जैकेट को चीरकर मेरी
बदन से टकराती बर्फीली हवाओं को इस ठण्ड में
किटकिटाते दांतों के बीच से निकलती आहों को
प्रदूषित मेट्रो शहर की हवा से मीलों दूर, इस शुद्ध हवा
को मैं अपने नथुनों में भरी जा रही थी
अपने पहाड़ फिर से चढ़ने के अहसास को जिए जा
रही थी
अपनी ही धुन में खोई मैं बीच शहर में आ पहुंची,
वाहन, दुकान और सजीवों से भरी मुख्य बाज़ार में जा
मिली
अचानक दिल में कुछ अलग दिखने की चाह उमड़ी,
और भीड़ को चीरती हुई मैं मुख्यधारा से अलग हो
सुनसान गली में जाने के लिए संघर्षरत हो पड़ी
तभी सहसा इंसानी घेरे आती तेज आवाजों ने मेरी
नज़र खींची, और मैं वापस उस भीड़ में शामिल हो
चली
नज़रों से नज़रें मिलाकर मैंने भी झाँका
देखा तो नाली के अन्दर कोई मरणासन्न पड़ा है
धीरे धीरे वहाँ चहलकदमी बढ़ने लगी
वो इंसानी आवाज़ें तेज और तेज होती चली गयी
मुझ जैसे दसियों युवा आपस में खुसफुसाने लगे
तभी कुछ कर्णभेदी बड़े निष्कर्ष सुनाने लगे
इस हाड़ कंपकपाती ठण्ड ने इक जान ले ली

शायद फिर किसी भूखे - नंगे ने अपनी सांसें छोड़ दी
हाय ये निष्ठुर सर्दी बड़ा सताती है
रजाई के बीच फंसे होते हैं हम, फिर भी हमें कंपकपाती
है
तभी इक वृद्ध उस वार्तालाप से निकल कुछ आगे सरके
उस लाश की तरफ थोड़ा झुके
उस मृत को गहराई से जांचा, थोड़ा रुके फिर बोले
ये औरत है, अभी मरी नहीं है, अपितु गहरी निद्रा में
पड़ी है
ये बात सुन सबके होंठों पर हंसी फूट पड़ी
ऐसा माहौल दिखा जैसे अंधे के हाथ कोई बटेर हो लगी
तभी पीछे से इक आवाज टकराई
.....अरे ये तो वो पगली है, जो सड़कों पर रोज बेसुध
घूमती फिरती है
और ठण्ड से बचने के रोज नये रास्ते खोजती रहती है
“आज इस पगली ने अच्छा तरीका निकाला
बू मारते नाले की आढ़ में खुद को छुपा डाला
भले ही कीचड़ से भरा है, पर इसे कुछ राहत तो देगा
और उसके चीथड़ों से ढके बदन को भी छुपा लेगा”
थोड़ी देर के लिए ठहरी मैं, फिर अपना रास्ता बनाने
के लिए जूझने लगी
कुछ ही पलों में इस गहमागहमी से मैं दूर निकल आयी
अबकी बार मेरी मुस्कान इक कसक के साथ आयी
वो पगली मेरे दिमाग में एक कोना बना के छा गयी
आज भी याद आती है वो.....
वो पगली और सर्द हवा से जूझते वो चीथड़े.....

Shweta Joshi
MA Education, 2016-18

Age Matters a Lot for Mother

4 Years of age: My mummy can do anything.
8 Years of age: My mummy knows a lot, a whole lot.
12 Years of age: My mother doesn't really know anything.
14 Years of age: Naturally mother doesn't know that.
16 Years of age: Mother, she's hopelessly old fashioned.
18 Years of age: That old woman, she's way out of date!
25 Years of age: Well, she might know a little bit about it.
35 Years of age: Before we decide. Let's get mom's opinion.
45 Years of age: "Wonder what mom would have thought about it!"
65 Years of age: "Wish I could talk it over with mom once more"

Mathew George
MA Development, 2015-17

ഗവേഷണം

അസ്ഥികൾ ഉറക്കുന്ന തീച്ചുകളിൽ,
ശൂശാനങ്ങളിൽ നവഭാരതം ഗവേഷണം നടത്തുന്നു.

പുതുപുലരിക്ക് വേണ്ടി പണ്ടു ജീവൻ
കൊടുത്തവരുടെ അസ്ഥികൾ തരം തിരിക്കണം,
പാക്ക് ചെയ്യണം, അവസാനം രാജ്യദ്രോഹിയെന്ന്
മുദ്രകുത്തി പാകിസ്താനിലേക്കയക്കണം.

ബ്രിട്ടീഷുകാരന്റെ വിഴുപ്പുനക്കികളുടെ ധീരതയെ
ചരിത്രമാക്കണം. ശൂലങ്ങളിൽ, ഗോമതാവിന്റെ
കൊമ്പുകളിൽ കോർത്ത അസ്ഥികളെ പകരം
നിറക്കണം.

കഥകളിലെ മുതുമുതുമ്പി വന്നി കണ്ടെത്തി
കൊലയാളികളെ അനശ്വരമാക്കണം...

ഗളിവറുടെ യാത്രയിലെ പോലെ കാഷ്ഠത്തിൽ
ഗവേഷണം നടത്തി രാജ്യസ്നേഹാത്മകം
കണ്ടെത്തണം. അതെ ആധുനിക ഇന്ത്യ
ഗവേഷണത്തിലാണു എങ്ങിനെ പുറകോട്ട്
നടക്കണമെന്നതിൽ...

Mohammad Ashik
MA Development, 2016-18

What to Choose - Love OR Food?

I once read in one of the Osho Quarterly magazine that people become obsessed with food only when they lose the capacity to love. And this statement definitely didn't come as a shocking one to me. I just read it curiously as I always had some similar thoughts. All my life I compared myself with others on almost all basis- be it physical, mental, social or academic. This comparison came quite naturally to me but there was one difference that I had always noticed- food!

Is this making any sense? It will.

When a baby gets birth, his/her first contact with the world is the mother's breast. This is his/her entry into the world and the breast becomes the symbol for him/her of two things: food and love. Whenever the mother is loving, her breast is available and whenever the mother is unloving, her breast is not available. Food and love, this way become associated. It becomes so unconsciously rooted that you repeat it your whole life.

If the child knows that the mother loves him/her, he/she will not drink too much, because he/she knows, he/she is secure; whenever he/she needs the mother her breast will be available. If the child is insecure and feels that next time the mother may not be available, he/she will start eating too much.

The point is simple. Whenever there is love, there is a sense of security and a kind of fulfillment and the child never becomes obsessed with food. If love is not there, there is insecurity, fear, and a kind of emptiness, and the child stuffs that emptiness with food.

For the same reasons, for the people of the West, weight is becoming more and more of a problem as mothers are not ready to give their breasts to their children. Because there is this fear of losing the shape and making the woman look old has gripped the mind of women so deeply that they are afraid to give their breasts to their children. And they are creating an obsession about food in the child unknowingly.

These above lines are simply taken from the magazine. But the message these lines convey seems familiar to me at least as I have myself observed this applying it on many and on myself as well. This was actually taught by my father as well.

All of this has helped, in ways, me to grow as a human being to be able to expand the boundaries of love and share that freely and unconditionally. What I feel is that there is high need for the new generation like ours to learn the love. And this lack of love is the basic cause of

gaining weight as proved above rightly. One can definitely lose his/her weight by doing a lot of trainings and going on a strict diet but sooner or later he/she will start gaining weight. The root cause is still there. There is need to tackle the root cause- the lack of love as it is missing somewhere in the life.

But the happy news out of this is that this obsession with food is nothing of a problem but just a symptom. Love is the real problem- love more. And if you love more, you will be loved more. And I am happy to be leaner, and not obsessed with the food.

I do hope that we learn love by sharing and caring for each other such that this love for food could be taken under control to not get obsessed with it. The quote- we live for food is definitely not to be taken seriously. All we need is LOVE.

Reference:

OSHO Magazine, March 2016.

Ankit
MA Development, 2016-18

Thinking further



Symbolise your thoughts
Ekta Dhankar, MA Education, 2015-17

A Sex Worker's Plea



Painting by Komal V

Open me up for the world to see,
And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
Free from being treated like a burden,
Free from a life where food is uncertain,
Free from poverty which bleeds me dry,
Free from a situation which forced me to break down
and cry.
Free from a husband who beat me sore,
Free from a house to run, oh what a chore,
Free from a belly bursting with his seed,
Free from producing more mouths to feed.
Open me up for the world to see,
And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
I did not bring this upon myself,

I had to escape the hell I was in or I would lose myself.
You ask me was this the only way?
I answer in assertion as this was a brighter day...
I was 14 when I first felt the pain,
Today, this job leaves me everything to gain.
When he touched me there, it felt so wrong,
And every time hence, I'd wonder for how long?
Open me up for the world to see,
And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
Never liked it at first, neither do I now,
But it's a job I have which keeps me grounded and how.
I don't answer to a boss who eats into my pay,
And yet, everybody looks at me as though I'm prey.

I want to stop but nobody would take me back,
 I'm a whore now, just with a large money sack.
 Who needs them now? I have my own.
 They have seen me yearn and they've seen me grown.
 Open me up for the world to see,
 And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
 They look at me funny, as though I've gone astray,
 How do I explain to them that I'm happier this way?
 I make the calls and get to decide,
 Who lays on top and who gets to ride?
 My rates are set and so are my hours,
 How different am I from perks your corporates shower?
 It's a hard job and I labour for money,
 Stop the ridicule and making this funny.
 Open me up for the world to see,
 And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
 Every time a man touched me, I felt this itch,
 As time wore on, I realised it would make me rich.
 I remember those days when I wanted to scream,
 Now, it feels like it was all just a bad dream.
 Stop judging me because of what I do,
 Just try and empathise and let me live as I do.
 I have a deal when I sleep with no husbands or fathers,
 Only men who are single and have certain disorders.
 Open me up for the world to see,
 And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
 You think that you know me and yet you don't see,
 The troubles I've gone through and what makes me 'ME'.
 Imagine a girl of 14 set out on her own,
 With nothing but a baby on her hip to call her own.
 I chose this way out of my own pain and misery,
 Yet, everyone is still trying to make me free.
 What do you want to make me be?
 A decent woman, a wife, a mother of three?
 Open me up for the world to see,
 And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
 I don't need your pity, I don't need no alms,

I'm fine working this way, honestly with no qualms.
 I work by my rules, isn't that nice?
 I pay for my own wheat, vegetables and rice.
 No husband to steal my wages or bow down to,
 I use a stool when I can't reach those heights I want to.
 My girl is almost 14 and I don't want her to be,
 Anything she doesn't want to, take it from me.
 Open me up for the world to see,
 And still I'll scream, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"
 Did you know I pay taxes? No labour is tax free.
 There's hard work that goes into what makes me 'ME'.
 The next time you see a sex worker on the street,
 Just remember this simple sex worker's plea...
 We do what we do because it pays
 Why not make it legitimate, all of these lays?
 Why should I switch jobs and become what you want me to be?
 I'm a sex worker and I swear, "I'm free! I'm free! I'm free!"

This piece of creative expression was something I did for a class I'm doing on Social Interventions in India. It hopes to capture the feelings of a sex worker and how they actually might like being employed in the same but are forced to take up other jobs as they feel what they do isn't legitimate.

Anjali Mariam Paul
MA Development, 2015-17

निर्गुण/विदेसिया भोजपुरीया गीत: सेक्स वर्कर महिला पर

दोहा:

नियम आइल कानूनआइल, तबो न मिलल मान-सम्मान!
दुःख में जिंदगी कटत बडूए, दिखे कौनो ओर अ छोर!!
घर के मारल समाज से निकलल, अब नाही छोड़ब अधिकार!
अब समय देरी होता, भटकत- भटकत इहाँ - उहाँ!!

गीत:

एकत औरत हम रहली, दुसरे दलित रे रहली अरे लोगवा रे,
तीसरे गरीबी/मजबूरीसे देहिया बेचेली ए राम, अरे लोगवा रे!! 2
काम करे गईली रे बेहरी, इज्जत गईली रे उहवी अरे लोगवा रे,
इतनो में जमनवा नहीं रुके ननु ए राम, अरे लोगवा रे!! 2
झेलत झेलत हम दुखवा, खो दिहली आपन रे सुखवा अरे लोगवा रे,
इतनो में मिलेला नहीं सम्मान ननु ए राम, अरे लोगवा रे!! 2
एकत औरत हम रहली, दुसरे दलित रे रहली अरे लोगवा रे,
तीसरे गरीबी/मजबूरीसे देहिया बेचेली ए राम!! 2
इज्जत मोरी लुट रे गईले, समाज मोरी छुट रे गईले अरे लोगवा रे,
अब नाही सहब अत्याचार ननु ए राम, अरे लोगवा रे!! 2
जौना रे समाजवा में, अति दुःख पवली हम अरे लोगवा रे,
उहे रे समाजवा से इंसाफ मांगी ननु ए राम, अरे लोगवा रे!! 2
की अब नाही छोड़ब, आपन अधिकार ननु ए राम, अरे लोगवा रे!! 2
एकत औरत हम रहली, दुसरे दलित रे रहली अरे लोगवा रे,
तीसरे गरीबी/मजबूरीसे देहिया बेचेली ए राम!! 2

There are many types of work and workers that have received different level of dignity and honor in the society. Lots of rules and regulation are there in our society to regulate work and workers. Here I would like to focus on the sex-workers that is a burning topic in this contemporary world, especially in India on which we need to think more and more. I have written a Bhojpuri NirgunGeet (a kind of song which is sung in UP and Bihar to express the pain) which narrates their story.

In this song, the sex worker woman says, "I am a woman who is considered historically, socially and culturally backward in the society, I am exploited and suppressed, like an untouchable. I am left poor and in distress. I trade my body, because I do not have anything else.

Exploited in the society, her honor too was looted by the people, when she stepped out of her house to earn for. Bearing the pain again and again, she has forgotten her existence as a human being. Deprived of her respect, she feels that she has no place in this society.

Now, aware of her distresses, supported by the people

committed to the cause of empowerment this sex-worker will no more tolerate the injustice to herself, she will rise for her rights.

Ganauri Vishwakarma
MA Development, 2015-17

कृषिप्रधान भारत? अन माया शेतकरी बाप...!!

“हे! हे! अबे हे रे जांभा, चाल न बावा कावून असा करून रायला, एवढे दोन मुळ्ळण झाले कि घरीच जाऊ ना.” मे महिना सुरु. त्यात दुपारचे साडेबारा वाजले अन ऊन एवढं मरणाचं कि जसं महादेवाच्या पिंडीवर दुधाचा अभिषेक, तसे अंगावरून घामाचे लोट जात होते. अश्यात मी अन माया बाप दोघ जन वावरात काम करतहोतो, माय घरच्या कामाधंद्याले मांग सारून डोकशावर पाण्याची घागर अन घागरीवर कांदा, ठेचा अन पापळाचा खुळा बांधलेली शिदोरीघेऊन वावराच्या रस्त्यान थापा टाकत आपल्या धन्याला व पोटच्या मन्याला कवा जेऊ घालतो या कायजीन तिच्या पायाखालची वाट मागे सारत वावराच्याधुन्यावर उभं राहून कपाळावरहात देऊन मोठ्यान

हाक मारली, “यावं धनी झाडाखाली, भाकर आणली म्या! घ्यावा खावून” हि हाक कानावर पडली कि अंगातला सारा थकवा वाऱ्या सारखा पळून जायचा.

बापानं बैलचाऱ्यासाठी धुन्यावर सोडले. मंग, मी, माय अन माया बाप तीघजन आंब्याच्या झाडाखाली जेवायले बसलो. तेवढ्यात आय बाबाले म्हणाली, “अव धनी तुमाले माईत आहे का?, मांगल्यावर्षी आपुन इरीसाठी फारम भरला होताना, तर सरपंचाच्या वसरीत चार-पाच जन गप्पा मारत होते, म्या असं ऐकलं कि, फरसावरच्या सदाशिव पाटील यायचा नंबर लागला त्यायले इर भेटणार आहे.” तेवढ्यात बापम्हणतो, “आपुन भी पुढच्यावर्षी सावकाराजवळून पैसे व्याजानं घेऊ

आण सरपंचाले देऊ आण म्हणू कि आमचा बी नंबर लाव इरीसाठी.” म्या बोललो बाबा आपुन आपल्या वावरत ईर खंदल्यावर ओलिताची पराटी पेरू. आई म्हणली यालेत काही नाही बापा पराटीच दिसते जिकडेतिकडे बाबू त्याले खर्च किती लागते तुले माहित आहे का? आपल्यासारख्याले झोपावनार नाही लेका, आपुन फक्त ओलिताच सोयाबीन अण तूरच पेरू. सस्तात-मस्त. मी कोमिजलेलं तोंड करून म्हटलं, “बाबा पायला का माया विरोधी पक्षा!”. बाबा हसून म्हणाले, “बाबू तुया मतानंच घेऊ आपुन”. गोष्टीगोष्टीत दुपारची संध्याकाय कवा झाली काही समजलंच नाही.

दिवसानंतर दिवस, महिन्यानंतर महिने



व वर्षानंतर वर्ष निघत जातात आणि आता मी तर थोडीथोडी पुस्तकी भाषा सुद्धा लिहायला शिकलो. अश्यातच बहीण वयात येते व गावातील लोकांकडून टोमणे मारले जातात, मुलगी मोठी झाली भाऊ कधी करता तीच लग्न, का सोडता तिले देवाले. अश्यातच बाबा संबंधितांना कळवतात आणि बहिनीले पाहायला शेजारच्या गावचे पाहुणे येतात. मुलाला ताई पसंत येते व ताईला सुद्धा मुलगा आवडतो.

मुलावाल्यांचा फोन आला, म्हणाले, मुलाच्या जावायाने मुलगी पहायची रायली ते बघतील व नंतर आपण बोलणी पुढे सरकवू. जुडण्यासारखंच होत. ताई मोठी व मी लहान ती मला सारखी बेण्या-बेण्या म्हणायची पण आता तिला बघायला आलेला मुलगाच बेना होता म्हणून मी सुद्धा तिला चिडवण्याची कुठलीही संधी सोडली नाही. कधीकधी तर ताई एवढी चिडायची कि स्वयंपाकाचं बेलन घेऊन

मागे पळत सुटायची.

त्या दिवसाचा गुरुवार होता. सायंकाळी फोन आला. बाबा फोनवर बोलले लगेच त्यांच्या चेहऱ्यावर स्मितहास्य दिसले व लगेच बाबा उद्गारले, “उद्या बेण्या येणार जावयासोबत.” ताई सुद्धा गालातल्यागालात हसली. आम्ही सर्वजण उद्याच्या तयारीला लागलो. मी बाजारात भाजीपाला आणण्यासाठी गेलो. दुसऱ्या दिवशी पाहुणे रस्त्याने आहेत कळताच मी आणि रामा पाण्याची, बादली, टावेल व साबण घेऊन दारात उभा. रामा हळूच बोलला ते शाली लेका काल मायाकडे पाहून हासली. आपलं कधी जमेल बे लगीन? तेवढ्यातच गाडीचा आवाज आला व आमची चर्चा संपली.

दिवस मजेदार गेला. शेवटी मुलाच्या जावायाने हुंड्याचा विषय काढला, मुलाकडे १० एकर शेती आहे ओलिताची देऊन टाका मग ३ लाख हुंडा. तडजोडीनंतर गोष्ट १ लाख ५१

हजारात आटोपली. सर्वजण आनंदात गप्पा मारत होते पण एकच माणूस घराच्या कोपऱ्यात चुपचाप बसलेला होता तो म्हणजे माया बाप. लग्न जोमात पार पडलं. स्वयंपाक उरपूर झाला. फक्त वांग्याच्या भाजीत मीठ थोडं जास्त झालं होतं ! गावातून ट्रक भरून आंदन पण गेलं. ताई खुश आई खुश! पण तरीपण मला एका व्यक्तीच्या चेहऱ्यावरच हास्य खोटं दिसत होतं आणि तो म्हणजे माया बाप. यावर्षी आम्ही आमच्या शेतात सोयाबीन व तूर पेरली सुरुवातीला पाऊस सुद्धा जोरात होता रिमझिमत्या पावसान पिकं डोलायला लागली.

आमचं घर साधं- सुधं कौलाचं! पाउस आला पूर्ण गळायचं. मग आम्ही घरात ग्लास, वाट्या टोपले घेऊन बसायचो. कधीकधी हा पाउस रात्री आला कि वान्धाच म्हणा! पण तरीही पाऊस आवडायचा कारण तो माझ्या शेतामाऊलीला खुश करायचा. आणि

हो मी तिला शेतमाऊली म्हणायचो, कारण बाबा प्रत्येक पेरणी अगोदर प्रार्थना म्हणायचे, "परमेश्वरा, पांडुरंगा विठ्ठला, आयुष्यात खूप खस्ता खाल्ल्या कधी पिकलं कधी पिकलं नाही या शेत माऊलीसाठी कितीदा गहाण राहिलो पण कधी कोणाच बुडवलं नाही. यंदाची पेरणी सुद्धा तुलाच अर्पण करतो. मग आई नारळ फोडायची आणि प्रसाद खाल्ल्यावर बाबा हे म्हणून बैलाना आज्ञा द्यायचे आणि बैल तुरुतुरु चालायला लागायचे.

अचानकच काही दिवसांनी आई आजारी पडली. आई, बाबा, मी आणि काका ऑटोने दवाखान्याकडे निघालो. काका म्हणाले प्रायवेट दवाखान्यातच घेऊन जाऊ मग, तसही सरकारी मध्ये सोयीसुविधा नाहीत आणि लोक काय म्हणतील सरकारी दवाखान्यात नेले तर. आई तिच्या दोन मुलींसोबत भेटायला आली. बाबाने मला घरी पाठवलं आणि सांगितलं कि शेताच्या बांधावरचा पालक उपटून बाजारात विकायला ने. मी घेऊन गेलो, आज थोडी गर्दी कमीच! तेवढ्यात एक माणूस सूट-बुटावर व त्याची बायको कारमधून खाली उतरले व माझ्याजवळ आले. मी एवढे स्वस्त विकून सुद्धा ते माझ्यासोबत भाव कमीजास्त करत बसले, पण मला काही कळलेच नाही. बाबांना मी दुसऱ्या दिवशी शाळेची फी भरायला पैसे मागितले तर बाबा चक्क माझ्यावर ओरडलेच! मला थोड कळायला लागलं आणि आजकाल तर आमच्या घरी पाहुणेसुद्धा यायला लागले; पण ते येत होते बाबांनी लग्नासाठी, आजारासाठी, शिक्षणासाठी व पेरणीसाठी व्याजानी काढलेले पैसे मागायला. यावर्षी सोयाबीन तर नैसर्गिक आपत्तीमुळे नेस्तनाबूत झाले. राहिली ती तूर! जिला बाजारभाव नाही

व सोबतच शेतकरी संप आणि त्यात सुद्धा नुकसान शेतकऱ्यांचेच !

संध्याकाळी सर्वजन आले व चुपचाप बसले. मी निराश कारण बाबांनी मला शाळेच्या फी साठी पैसे दिले नाहीत. आई आजारी. आई शांत व दुःखी, कारण तिचा नवरा म्हणतो तिला मुलगा होऊ शकत नाही, पण सर्वात निराश होता तो म्हणजे माझा बाप!

मी लिहायला वाचायला लागलो आणि सोबतच माझ्या मनात प्रश्न पडायला लागले कि माझा बाप बिचारा रात्र-दिवस, उन्हा-तान्हात घाम गाळतो, शेतीसाठी झटतो, कष्ट करतो तरीही तो दुःखी का आहे? व जर जगातल्या कुठल्याही कंपनीला त्याच्या प्रोडक्टची किंमत ठरवायचा अधिकार असेल तर माझ्या बापाला त्याच्या शेतीतल्या प्रोडक्टची किंमत ठरवण्याचा अधिकार का नाही? माझ्या ८०४६ बापांनी महाराष्ट्रात आत्महत्या केली त्याला जबाबदार कोण? आणि आजही हे सरकार माझे अजून बाप मरू नयेत व माझ्या बापांची समस्या सोडवण्यापेक्षा शिवाजी, बाबासाहेब यांच्या पुतळ्यासाठी हजारो करोड का खर्च करते व माझ्या बापांच्या भावनांशी खेळून त्यांना गप्प बसवते. खरंच ते दोघं जर जिवंत असते तर त्यांनी हे पुतळे स्वीकारले असते का? माझ्या बापानी जेवढ्या विठ्ठलाच्या वाऱ्या केल्या, तेवढ्याच मुंबईच्या सुद्धा केल्या. पण या दोघांपैकी एकाने सुद्धा त्याची हाक का नाही ऐकली? आणि आज सुद्धा त्याला जाती, धर्म, पंथ, परंपरा याच्या बंधनात गुंतवून ज्यांना आलू कुठे लागतो हे कळत नाही ते शेतकऱ्यांचे नेते कसे बनतात? नोकरवर्ग, आमदार, आणि खासदार हे लोक देशसेवा करतात असे सांगून त्यांना निवृत्ती वेतन दिले जाते, मग माझ्या बापानी एवढी वर्ष या देशाला

अन्न खाऊ घातले याचा अर्थ सेवा नाही तर मग त्याने झकमारी केली का? त्याला का निवृत्ती वेतन मिळू नये? माझा बाप जेव्हा आत्महत्या करतो तेव्हा हे लोक म्हणतात कि शेतकरी दारू पितो, आळशी आहेत, मुलीच्या लग्नात हुंडा जास्त देतो, बँकेकडून पैसे न घेता साहुकाराकडून घेतो यासारख्या कारणामुळे त्याला आत्महत्या करावी अशी कारणे सांगून शेवटी शेतकऱ्यालाच जबाबदार ठरवतात पण हे लोक कधी स्वीकारत का नाहीत कि यांच्या बँका फक्त मल्ल्यासारख्या लोकांनाच कर्ज देतात आणि शेतकऱ्याला फक्त आशेवरच ठेवतात? हे तर फक्त आठच तास काम करतात पण माझ्या बापाची वेळ ठरलेलीच नाही, हे त्यांना कधी कळणार?

आणि प्रश्न उरतो तो म्हणजे "आमचे अच्छे दिन कधी येणार?" भारत जरी स्वतंत्र झाला तरी माझा बाप गुलामीत का? का तो रडतोय? का तो आत्महत्या करतो? आणि बरेच काही का तो करतो?? शेवटी काय सांगू कळत नाही. आता तुम्हीच सांगा...

Vrushabh Kakad
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Power Structure

'बाप के सामने जुबान चलाता है.', 'तेरी जुबान लंबी होती जा रही है'. 'बेटा जब बड़े बात कर रहे हों तो छोटे नहीं बोला करते' या ऐसी ही कुछ बातें जिन्हें बोलकर हमें चुप रहने पर मजबूर किया जाता है। 'तहज़ीब भूल गये हो क्या', 'अपने बाँस से या बड़ों से ऐसे बात करते हो', 'घरवालों ने कुछ नहीं सिखाया।' और घरवाले भी बचपन से हमें संस्कारी होने, बड़ों का आदर करने की शिक्षा देना शुरू कर देते हैं। और तो और हमारी किताबों में भी यही सिखाया जाता है। बड़ों को आप कहकर बाद करो, उन्हें नाम से नहीं बुलाओ, तहज़ीब मतलब नाम के बाद जी लगाना इत्यादि।

अभी कुछ दिन पहले मैंने एक इंटरव्यू देखा जिसमें दो छात्र जो हार्वर्ड यूनिवर्सिटी से थे। वो दोनों बता रहे थे कि वहाँ पर अध्यापक को नाम से ही बुलाया जाता है और उनसे बातचीत करने की, उनके सामने अपनी बात रखने की आज़ादी भी है। खैर, ये तो मैंने यहाँ भी कई जगह देखा है और अपनी अज़ीम प्रेमजी यूनिवर्सिटी में भी ऐसा ही है। ये बात और है कि अभी भी कई छात्र इन औपचारिकताओं से बाहर नहीं आ पा रहे हैं। उन्हें लगता है कि अध्यापकों के सम्मान में कोई कमी न आ जाए।

हाँ, तो हम बात कर रहे थे, बड़ों का आदर करने की। ये तो सिर्फ़ एक उदाहरण था कि कैसे ये बड़े छोटे का भेद हटाकर बातचीत करने का लोकतांत्रिक तरीका अपनाया

जा सकता है। दूसरी बात यह भी आपको अजीब लग रही होगी मुझे बड़ों को इज़्ज़त या सम्मान देने में दिक्कत क्या है। नहीं भी होती शायद, पर हमारे अध्यापक जो हमें समाजशास्त्र पढ़ा रहे हैं, उन्होंने जब सत्ताधारी ढाँचे के बारे में पढ़ाया तो लगा कि हमारे समाज में बहुत से वर्ग हैं और इन वर्गों में जिनपे सत्ता है लोग उसी की सुनते हैं और जी हज़ूरी बजाते हैं। अब जब इन बातों पे सोचने लगी तो लगा कि बहुत झोल है हमारे समाज में। अपनी ज़िंदगी में बहुत सारी बातें परेशान करने लगीं जहाँ मुझे बोलने की आज़ादी नहीं मिली वही सब बोलकर जिनके उदाहरण ऊपर वाले खंड में दिए हैं मैंने। मान कचोटने लगा कि कैसे हम किसी भी इंसान से उसके विचार रखने की आज़ादी का खंडन करते हैं। बड़ों का आदर करने के नाम पर उसे एक वर्ग से और अलग कर दिया जाता है। जानती हूँ, आपको ये बात अटपटी लग सकती है पर लड़के चाहे किसी भी उम्र के हों उन्हें कहीं ना कहीं इसकी छूट मिल भी जाती है पर हम लड़कियों को ऐसे आदर और सम्मान करने के ढाँचे में ढाला जाता है की बोलना ही किसी के अनादर करने का कारण बन जाता है। मैं इस बहस में तो नहीं जाना चाहती कि लड़कों और लड़कियों को किस तरह की छूट मिलती है, बस चाहती हूँ तो इतना कि सिर्फ़ किसी के बड़े होने या बाँस होने से हमारी बोलने की आज़ादी खो जाती है, सम्मान के चक्रव्यूह में

फँसकर। हमारे विचार अंदर ही अंदर सिमट जाते हैं और हम बोलना ही भूल जाते हैं। सोचे की क्या सम्मान देना ज़रूरी है या बातचीत का लोकतांत्रिक वातावरण जहाँ हम अपनी बात रख सकें। आदर करने की भी बहुत पैमाने हो सकते हैं, मैं वहाँ भी अपनी बातचीत का रुख नहीं मोड़ना चाहती, पर सोचके देखें कि किसी को 'आप' बोलने से या सम्मान देने से तुम अपने आप को कहाँ कहाँ पर बँधा हुआ सा महसूस करते हो।

दो बातें जोड़ना चाहूँगी, पहली 'पावर ओवर' और दूसरी 'पावर टू'। पुराने जमाने से चली रही रीति है की राजा का बेटा राजा और मजदूर का बेटा मजदूर, कब तक हम समाज में इस तरह की रीतियों को बढ़ावा देते रहेंगे। और दूसरा तरीका भी है जिसमें हम किसी व्यक्ति को सत्ता तब देते हैं जब वह इसके काबिल हो, उसमें कुछ ऐसे गुण हों हमारा मार्ग दर्शन करने के काबिल हो।

धन्यवाद!

आज के लिए इतना ही। मिलते हैं अपने अगले लेख में।

सोचेंगे तो रास्ते मिल ही जाएँगे।

Meera
MA Education, 2016-18

क्या अभिभावकों की स्कूलों में भागीदारी ना होने के लिए शिक्षक भी ज़िम्मेदार हैं?



विद्यालय एक ऐसी जगह है जहाँ हर समुदाय से बच्चे आते हैं और एक औपचारिक शिक्षा ग्रहण करते हैं, जिससे वो अपने समुदाय की संस्कृति और काम को सीखते हुए जोड़ते हैं और अपनी दक्षता में सुधार करते हुए सीखते हैं। हम अक्सर ये बोलते हैं की बच्चों में शिक्षक ज्ञान निर्माण करते हैं, लेकिन असल में शिक्षक बच्चों में पहले से विद्यमान ज्ञान को एक रूप, एक ढाँचे में पिरोते हैं, कुछ गतिविधियों के माध्यम से, कुछ नवाचारों से और कुछ अपने अनुभवों को क्रियान्वित करके। आज मैं ऐसे ही कुछ शिक्षकों को धन्यवाद कहना चाहता हूँ और उनके द्वारा किये जा रहे सकारात्मक प्रयासों के बारे में चर्चा करना चाहता हूँ।

बच्चों में विकास के लिए सिर्फ विद्यालय ही नहीं बल्कि उनके अभिभावक भी एक अभिन्न अंग हैं, जो

बच्चों द्वारा स्कूलों में की जा रही गतिविधियों को देखते हैं, उनके संग खेलते हैं और बच्चों से एक दोस्त का रिश्ता भी साथ साथ गढ़ते जाते हैं। अक्सर हम सुनते हैं कि अभिभावकों का स्कूल के प्रति कोई योगदान नहीं होता है, और वो स्कूल तो आते हैं लेकिन बस पंद्रह से बीस मिनट रुक कर अपने काम पर चले जाते हैं। यह सत्य है, जिसका परिणाम होता है कि बच्चों में उत्साह की कमी होती है और वो अपने आप को एक अकेला सा महसूस करते हैं जब एक अन्य बच्चे के अभिभावक स्कूल आते हैं और शिक्षकों से मिलते हैं, परंतु उनके अभिभावक नहीं आते।

लगभग एक साल पूर्व एक शोध छोटे स्तर पर मैंने किया था, जिसमें तीन तरह के स्कूल लिए गये थे, एक स्कूल जो किसी शहर से लगभग पचास किलोमीटर दूर

एक गाँव में था, दूसरा स्कूल जो की उसी शहर से कुछ दस किलोमीटर के भीतर था, और तीसरा जो उसी शहर में था। इस शोध में यह देखने की कोशिश की गई थी कि क्या अभिभावकों के स्कूल में न जाने से बच्चों के उत्साह में कमी आती है? जो स्कूल दूर गाँव में था, उसमें कभी कभार एक-दो अभिभावक स्कूल पर आते जाते थे जिसका कारण उनमें विद्यालय और समाज की समझ में कमी थी। वो अभिभावक विद्यालय को एक फैक्ट्री के रूप में देखते थे, कि उन्होंने अपने बच्चों को स्कूल भेज दिया मतलब उनका काम खतम हो गया, और वे अपने काम पर चले गए। तो परिणाम कुछ यूँ था कि उस स्कूल का नामांकन कम था और बच्चों में उत्साह की कमी थी। दूसरा स्कूल जो दस किलोमीटर के भीतर था और गाँव में ही था, उनसे बच्चों की उपस्थिति, उनके पहनावे कहीं ज्यादा बेहतर थे, क्योंकि वहाँ अभिभावक सप्ताह में एक दो बार बारी बारी से स्कूल में चले जाते थे, और वहाँ शिक्षक से बातचीत करते थे अपने बच्चों के भविष्य और उनकी पढ़ाई के बारे में। तीसरा स्कूल जो कि शहर के बीच में था, वहाँ अभिभावक अपने बच्चों को एक तो लेने और उनको स्कूल छोड़ने आते थे, साथ ही साथ वो स्कूल की शिक्षिकाओं से रूबरू भी होते थे अपने बच्चे की प्रगति के बारे में। यह सभी स्कूल उत्तराखंड राज्य के अल्मोड़ा जिले में आते हैं।

ऊपर किये गए शोध से पता चलता है कि अभिभावकों को जोड़ने में, उनके स्कूल में निरंतर न आने के लिए एक तरह से स्कूल के शिक्षक भी जिम्मेदार होते हैं। क्योंकि, हमारे समाज में शिक्षा की तरफ झुकाव तो हुआ है लेकिन हमारे अभिभावकों को शिक्षा के प्रति बच्चों के सहयोग और उनके भविष्य को बेहतर बनाने की समझ पूर्ण रूप से नहीं है ऐसा हम कह सकते हैं। लेकिन शिक्षक एक ऐसा व्यक्ति होता है, समाज में, जो एक बच्चे को बखूबी समझता है। उन्होंने बच्चों के सीखने सिखाने और उनके भविष्य को एक राह दिखाने के लिए एक खास तरह की पढ़ाई की होती है, जो कि उन्हें आम जनता से अलग पेश करती है।

इसलिए इन अभिभावकों को जोड़ने और स्कूल में निरंतर आकर अपने बच्चों के बारे में बात चीत करना आवश्यक होता है, जिसके लिए शिक्षकों को कुछ अथक प्रयास करने पड़ेंगे। जैसे शिक्षक-अभिभावक मीटिंग में कुछ रोचक गतिविधियाँ करना, अभिभावक जिन पेशों



अभिभावक अपने बच्चों के साथ

में हैं उसके बारे में बच्चों के सामने रूबरू होना और उन्हें बताना। क्योंकि अभिभावक भी चाहते हैं कि यदि हम स्कूल जाएँ तो स्कूल में उनकी इज्जत हो, उनके साथ एक अच्छा व्यवहार किया जाए, उनके बच्चों ने जो सीखा है उसकी सराहना की जाए, और शिक्षक उनसे बच्चों की प्रगति के बारे में और क्या किया जा सकता है उसपर एक सटीक ढंग से बात की जाये। साथ ही साथ यदि अभिभावकों को कोई चीज़ नहीं आती है तो ये शिक्षक की ज़िम्मेदारी है कि अभिभावकों को सिखाएं जिससे वो घर पर अपने बच्चों को सपोर्ट कर पायें।

कुछ इसी तरह दिल्ली के एक स्कूल में समर कैम्प में शिक्षिकाओं द्वारा ऐसे प्रयास किये जा रहे हैं जिसमें अभिभावक भी रुचि ले रहे हैं और पहली मीटिंग से दूसरी मीटिंग में उनकी भागीदारी भी बढ़ रही है।

इस स्कूल में अभिभावक जब आते हैं तो उनको सादर कुर्सियाँ दी जाती हैं, शिक्षिका एक एक कर उनकी उपस्थिति दर्ज करती हैं उनके समक्ष आकर, अभिभावकों को अभिवादन के साथ साथ उनको पानी पेश किया जाता है, अभिभावकों को उनके बच्चों के संग बीतने को कहा जाता है, कुछ एक विषय पर उनको अपने बच्चों के साथ चित्र बनाने को कहा जाता है लेकिन शर्त ये होती है कि आधा अभिभावक बनायेंगे और आधा बच्चा। उनके साथ कुछ खेल खेले जाते हैं, जैसे म्यूजिकल चेयर, गाना गाते हैं, कहानी सुनते हैं बच्चों को, बच्चों के संग नाटक और डांस करते हैं और किसी एक महत्वपूर्ण विषय पर उनसे बच्चों के समक्ष

बोलने को कहा जाता हैं।

इन सब गतिविधियों से अभिभावक खुश हुए, जिसका परिणाम यह रहा की पिछले सप्ताह शनिवार के ही दिन एक मीटिंग रखी गई थी जिसमे कुल 12 अभिभावकों ने भाग लिया था, और इस सप्ताह की मीटिंग में 15 अभिभावक आये थे जो तकरीबन 2 घंटे बच्चों के साथ स्कूल में समय बिताये, शिक्षिकाओं एवं SMC के अध्यक्ष से बात चीत भी की।

यहाँ महत्व पूर्ण बात यह है कि जब भी अभिभावक स्कूल में आयें तो बच्चों के द्वारा किये गए कार्यों की प्रदर्शनी की जाए और उनसे भी सुझाव माँगा जाए, अभिभावकों को बच्चों के साथ खेलने और कुछ गतिविधियों के द्वारा मीटिंग को रोचक बनाया जाए, क्योंकि हर एक अभिभावक स्कूल में क्या हो रहा है उनके बच्चे कितना पढ़ रहे हैं या गतिविधियों में भाग ले रहे हैं, और शिक्षक कितना बच्चों को सिखा रहे हैं यह देखना चाहते हैं। और जब यह सब होता देखते हैं तो उनको भी उत्साह आता है कि हमारे बच्चे एक ऐसे

स्कूल में पढ़ रहे हैं जहाँ शिक्षक और शिक्षिकाएं हमारे बच्चों को अपने बच्चों की तरह व्यवहार करते हैं और उन्हें सिखाते हैं।

यदि कुछ इन्ही प्रयासों को स्कूलों द्वारा शुरू किया जाए तो ऐसा प्रतीत होता है कि स्कूल में अभिभावकों की भागीदारी की समस्या कुछ हद तक समाप्त कर सकते हैं। लेकिन इसमें एक महत्वपूर्ण बात यह ध्यान रखने योग्य है कि उस स्कूल की लीडरशिप अच्छी होनी चाहिए, कि प्रिंसिपल या हेड टीचर अपने शिक्षकों को एक मंच प्रदान करें जिससे शिक्षक अपनी कक्षा में दबाव महसूस न कर सकें, और जो शिक्षक अपनी कक्षा में या स्कूल में पूर्ण रूप से बेहतर बनाने और बच्चों को सीखने के लिए प्रतिबद्ध हो उनको सम्मानित किया जाए स्कूल स्तर पर, गाँव स्तर पर और उस क्षेत्र स्तर पर। जिससे उन शिक्षकों का उत्साह बना रहे और बच्चों को सीखने-सिखाने का सिलसिला नवाचार के माध्यम से आगे बढ़ता रहे।

Santosh Verma
MA Education, 2015-17



Debating Ambedkar and Feminism in the University

*She was told...
that she is a bad omen...
...like a bloody sanitary pad...
which is used...
but hated...with disgust.
Her unkempt hair,
A torn piece of cloth,
meagrely covering her body.
Her roughened hands...
Her cracked heels...
Her wrinkled face
which overplays her age,
has hardly any voice,
to tell her saga of years and years.
of how they lived,
In countless insults and fears...
or how they died day after day...
...as living corpses.
She was a dirt...
She was a filth...
and in this sacred country...
She is called a Dalit.*

(Excerpt from the poem 'She was told' by Aruna Gogulamanda)

Aruna's poem on the lived experience of a Dalit woman, which underscores the humiliating conditions of their everyday life was one of the starting points (along with other Dalit autobiographies) for the Ambedkar Feminism Study and Struggle Alliance in August 2016 at the School of Liberal Studies in Azim Premji University. We began with the aim of engaging with the intersecting questions of caste and gender in the Indian society, especially the responses from Dalit thinkers in theory and art. Annihilation of Caste by Dr. B.R. Ambedkar was the primary text that we close read throughout the year, while engaging with many interesting books, talks

and conversations of Dalit writers including Bama, Dr Vivek Kumar, Jignesh Mevani and Dr R.S. Praveen Kumar. The talks by Jignesh Mevani and Dr R.S. Praveen Kumar at the UG campus were extremely popular as it invigorated the students and faculty with great enthusiasm and critical questions.

While doing a close sentence-by-sentence reading of Annihilation of Caste, the group understood the keen insights of Babasaheb Ambedkar about caste and gender hierarchy in the Indian society. Ambedkar, who himself had the lived experience of humiliation and exclusion right from the childhood, fought the caste system both conceptually and politically throughout his life. He conceptualized caste as a rigid form of graded hierarchy where each jati is placed as a superior and inferior in relation to other jatis. This intricate gradation among people leads to a complete fragmentation of India's society and polity, which can't be brought together under the identity of Hindu or Indian by religious nationalism. He argued that even though all religions in India practice caste in their everyday life, it is Hinduism which legitimizes it through their religious texts. Thus, it is impossible to reform the religion which is principally against equality and fraternity of all human beings, especially lower castes, women and other religions. One can argue that the construction of Hinduism in the image of Semitic religions having a central text defining religious principles may not be the best way to understand religious practices in India. However, from his own experience as well as community's experience, Ambedkar was certain that caste discrimination is extremely potent and vicious in the 20th century, suffocating opportunities of accessing education, employment and politics of the lowest castes and women.

In the reading group, we attempted to put this understanding of caste and gender by Ambedkar to the

contemporary social problems that we are facing in India today. Invited guest speakers as well as discussions on contemporary articles and interviews used the space of the Ambedkar-Feminism group to understand, dialogue, and engage with the complexity of socio-political reality in India. As the group was a diverse mix of students and faculty, we got to hear about each other's stories and struggles, and how Ambedkarite thought helps us in making sense of our experiences through empowering theorization. Ambedkar's strongest emphasis was upon Education and Politics as elucidated in his famous slogan – "Educate, Agitate and Organize". This also forms the foundations of our study circle on Ambedkar and Feminism at the university.

Another interesting event of the year happened during the week of Ambedkar's 126th birth anniversary celebrations from April 10th to 14th 2017. Here, the students and faculty of the reading group at SLS collaborated with the postgraduate students who organised the Ambedkar Week at the PES Campus of the university. There were quite a few interesting guest speakers who were invited to speak about the Legacy of Ambedkar in which the members of the reading group also participated. It became a platform which provided the chance for postgraduate students and faculty to engage with undergraduate students and faculty, something which regrettably doesn't happen too frequently. We had thought-provoking conversations that continue to sustain well after the event and have developed foundations for longer collaborations. In the coming years, we want to grow from this humble start and work with each other to develop our thoughts and actions, guided by Ambedkarite and Feminist principles.

Asim Siddiqui
Faculty member
School of Liberal Studies

In the Alleys of CMR

I wonder how Sachin Tendulkar must feel when he gets out of that tunnel on the cricket field as the opening batsman. Coming out of this shelter tunnel to a light where thousands of people are looking at him clad in that blue uniform, cheering “Sachiin...Sachin..clap clap clap..”. I think I have an idea how it must feel, but in a different way because I feel like that when I pass the small lane adjacent to Metropolis Women’s Hostel and reach the backdoor and push it open. (To get the most overwhelming response 9-10am or 7-9.30pm is the best time) There is no cheering; instead you will be generously scanned by a minimum of 25-30 men at the shop bang opposite our door with their eyes fixated on you as if they knew you were going to come out. But eventually you get use to it and CMR grows on you. You start feeling comfortable even among those gazes measuring the length of your shorts that your hands keep reaching out to to pull them a centimetre down (like that would make a huge difference on the amount of attention), or the way people look while you smoke a cigarette that makes you feel either you are a chimney giving out so much smoke or maybe you are holding the cigarette wrong or maybe they can see fire instead of smoke coming out of your mouth, or the way some of us tactfully ignore someone staring the souls out of our chest like the person is nothing but a streetlight or a branch of a tree. While all these things have happened before (Tree staring, measuring eye tape etc) it is something about CMR that it special. Sorry! Forgot to clarify- CMR being Chikkathogur Main Road, our hostel backroad.

It’s special because inside the hostel many of us feel free to wear anything, walk anyhow, not think of how we look which might not be the case even at our own homes and we tend to extend this space of being what we want to CMR and this extension which seems completely normal to women in hostel is a problem to everyone outside and perhaps some of us even inside the hostel. It is the classroom sessions on being empowered, challenging boundaries, speaking your mind that we embody gradually without even realizing that it exudes when we step out in CMR. On the contrary rarely has anyone told me in my home to be free, speak your mind, believe in your being and to not to degrade your existence by constantly altering it as you swap different spaces.

Eventually you feel like you can just occupy some more space around you, take your knee stuck to your other knee little away, swing your hands on that chair next to you, may be talk a little louder than you always do and even sometimes let someone else crunch their body and make way to the coffee counter while you stand there not conscious of how much space you are occupying. These little luxuries that we dare to grab might have various consequences like people abusing you, passing sexual remarks at you, touching you inappropriately etc.

The last GBM(General Body Meeting) on Harassment issues was a meeting where all this anguish came out in a fairly constructive way. Why should we expect someone to help us out when this has been happening

for the past 20 years of the existence of most women in the hostel? Is it something new? Would we raise these concerns if we were at home? Should we expect at all? Can’t we just deal with it on our own? Wasn’t this whole GBM a pointless exercise? So much for an issue which is legally considered a crime, so much for a concern that EVERYBODY knows about, so many questions about an instance which has been happening for decades and yet we don’t know what is to be done- or should it require an action at all. I don’t wish to raise the rhetoric but rhetoric is useful to bring out absurdity at times. It’s only fair to say that it is a complex issue and needs different ways of tackling it simultaneously. Recognizing that it happens EVERYDAY is the first step even if this feels normal, and even after years of protests, campaigns, changing laws, sadly it still remains the first step. Sustained individual and institutional responses to support people who want to talk about it, want to complain, or lodge an FIR, is perhaps the next step. How far this step will prove to be revolutionary is another thing but it is nevertheless important.

During this one year few of our hostel fellows mustered the courage to file an FIR against the harassment they faced and we are proud because filing a complaint does not just entail physically going to the Police station but an exhaustive mental workout. Constantly questioning oneself, if you are ‘over-reacting’, and if that is not enough one has to struggle to find support from peers and family to make a complaint. Does this mean that filing a complaint is the final victory? Of course not! But it is a significant one which needs to be acknowledged.

So what is my point? My point is that it’s important that we be outraged at instances of sexual harassment and sexual assault against women or anyone but it is crucial that we do not see these instances happening out of the blue and see it as an escalation of the everyday normalised harassment that women face because there are norms that need to be followed in every space and when we transgress those we are violently reminded that we are not suppose to do so. This could be the Bakery guy not allowing women to smoke in his shop, or the tea stall vendor telling you that he does not want to be involved if he saw you being harassed. Sometimes there are unsaid rules that everyone follows and sometimes there is a Mico Mama who is a God-Father and sometimes you don’t know who it is that you are offending by going out, laughing, talking loudly, smoking, wearing shorts, arguing, fighting and sometimes by just existing in that space. Hence, solidarity and anger cannot be just an OTP- One time password, it’s a long process and requires you to be there each time, listening, supporting, speaking, crying, shouting and sometimes by just showing up!

Sanjana Santosh
MA Development, 2015-17

Self Harm is Serious



More people take to self-harm than we think. I used to harm myself too, because of my confidence issues that were worsened by continual cyber-bullying that I did not know how to escape from. My weak point is in my art, because despite putting my heart and soul into it, I feel it does not come out well, and my cyber bully used to continually insult any art I uploaded to make me feel worse about myself. I used to stay up nights crying and scratched myself with my mechanical pencil, telling myself I am worth nothing. I have friends as well, who have taken to self-harm, and I have seen the scars on their hands that they have given themselves. It is not a cry for attention, for any of you who think so. You cannot even tell that people have harmed themselves unless they tell you they have, and often proceed to roll up their sleeves and turn their hands to show you all the hidden cuts and scars. It is not an attempt at suicide either, though it can be potentially dangerous. It is just a catharsis of negative emotions that make a person hurt themselves physically to distract from the emotional pain. That was what it was for me, at least. That and thinking of my existence as ugly and useless and abusing myself for being that way. I decided to write this piece because, very recently, a person told me I was anyhow “not that invested in art” to talk of harming myself because of it. Make note, people,

for now others have a right to decide how invested you are in something and then go on to judge whether you are dedicated enough to hurt yourself over it or not. To anyone who has ever harmed themselves, or feel like doing so, or do harm themselves, please DO NOT let idiots like this get to you. DO NOT let people trivialise your pain and your suffering, and do not let worthless jerks be the cause of your emotional distress. It is not worth it. If you are really depressed, seek professional help. I used to hesitate as well, too scared of what others would think, but counselling has helped me a lot! Mental health and physical health are equally important, and going for counselling is no different than going to a doctor when you are sick. I have tried to keep this short and I hope it is helpful, but this is my plea to everyone to never trivialise mental illness and self-harm. Please take it seriously, and if you can help people who need it, even if it is yourself, then do so! It is a lot better to keep smiling than to keep on crying!

Ila Ramachandran
Faculty member
School of Liberal Studies

Reflections



Azim Premji University: A Dream Come True...



Azim Premji University, this might just be the name of a university for others but for me it was a dream since two years. My journey of Azim Premji University started from the day I first thought to be at this university, and I did everything I could to be here. Finally, I was sitting in the university classroom on 11th July 2016. My journey so far has been wonderful if I see it from what all I have learnt. The last one year has given me important insights into things which we usually ignore by thinking that this is everywhere and what we could possibly do to change it and we get busy into managing our own things. This journey wasn't that easy for me, I did face many challenges which made me think that I should probably give up as I wasn't able to understand things. Things were difficult as the shift from being a science graduate to a Humanities student was not that easy as I thought it to be. It took me a great amount of time to understand things, to think and see things from a different lens. And this would have been even more difficult if I wouldn't have had such a supporting faculties, classmates and roommates. Coming to Bangalore was a big change for me and my family, as it is a big deal in a village that a girl went out to study. This is the first time I am living in a hostel and this was also a reason to worry about but I am happy that I got friends who are always there to support and care. The facilities provided to us made my life a bit easy here. Talking about academics, I had to work very hard to make sense of things. And this would have been impossible without the support of the faculties and my Mentor. The space which is given to us is very helpful in the time of stress. Faculties are always there to listen to our problems, to help us. The peer support team, Counselling support, our Mentors and activities of different clubs definitely help a lot. There is different kind of energy present in the campus and the

diversity here is definitely one of the reason for it. Be it in the classroom or outside of it, diversity of thoughts, ways of doing things etc, really helped me a lot in many ways, be it in the academics or personal issues. And I guess this is what we are here for, to learn from each other. If I were to explain my journey so far, I would say one word "Change", I changed in many ways, my way of thinking on issues have improved and I try to see the other side of the story too, I do not stand for the wrong and this is the most important change that came in me because of my learning here. Few months ago, I was really worried asking myself, what am I doing here? What am I learning? Did I make the right decision to come here? But all my questions were answered by myself only when I went home and faced a situation. It happens that we see something wrong happening in front of us but we do not interfere to stop it or to just oppose it because we have seen it happening always and are too afraid to speak in front of our elders and this was the case with me. But this time when I saw it happening, I opposed it and I opposed the authoritative figure in my family. Though I wasn't able to stop it but I was happy that at least I tried and stood up against the wrong. And this courage is given to me by the university, which I would never let go. This journey so far has been filled with many memories, lessons, learnings and changes and I am all set to discover what is there for me in the coming semester.

Pooja Vishnoi
MA Education, 2016-2018

Rewinding a Year Spent at Azim Premji University

This is an experience I had long cherished, getting back to college and spending time with young and energetic people. After spending a decade in cocooned corporate world, the craving for getting to do something that means more to the heart than just to fill the pocket is no surprise. Having gone through crucial phase of "taking a plunge" out of working career, the anxious phase of getting used to university student days looked like a mountain to climb although the mental preparation was at its absolute best.

The first few days settled most of my nerves. The orientation proved to be the fresh breeze of life I was always craving. We got indulged in looking at different view points on exciting topics like sustainability, childhood, environment and what not. The classroom was a mix of people from all over the country with varied academic background and exciting life stories to pepper the experience. Two weeks of solid foundation for two years of intense learning and fun was in place.

The first semester started with lectures on topics totally alien to a science and engineering student. The days were physically demanding with early morning start, long intense discourses and travel through the city in bike. Keeping myself awake was the first hurdle to cross. It did not take long for the long list of assignments and assessments to come to the fore, the challenges of student life seemed to surmount the desire of getting back to school. It was the support of class full of cheerful and extremely helpful friends combined with knowledgeable and understanding

professors that helped me wade through this extremely challenging days.

The student immersion to a remote village threw light into the reality on ground. I entered this programme with intentions to make a difference in domain of education, the experience during immersion made my resolve stronger and engage deeper in this journey. The intensity of topics, involved class discussions made the classes more enjoyable and slowly but surely I was getting a grip of things.

Spending time to get indulged in Art, Theater, Music during open courses acted as a stress reliever every week. Friday, it is time to get 'Gyan' from experts in the sector. Each of the colloquiums acted as Eye openers and created many 'Aha' moments leading to further reflections.

With family demands I failed to explore plethora of activities as part of student clubs that run every week and serve as a perfect week end act. I made a promise to explore these possibilities in the semesters ahead.

The overall experience of spending time with fantastic classmates, extremely knowledgeable, deeply involved and humane professors is life changing for sure. Any iota of doubt I had when I made this plunge is now cleared and road for a life changing journey lies ahead for me to be explored.

Ramchender Giri
MA Education, 2016-18

The Logical Heart

I taught my girls to 'Compare and Contrast' before taking decisions. They had to truly understand what they were really going to choose before saying yes. They learnt the concept and showed me how they would 'critically', 'logically' and 'rationally' decide their best options and I would congratulate them, feeling proud about the fact that they were learning something that truly was a part of me.

I then sat down to do the same when I had to choose between Delhi (my home for all my years), Bombay (the city I always wanted to live in) and Bangalore. I made my columns, my girls reminded me, "Didi, pros and con!". It was obvious, Bombay was my choice.

The thing I forgot to teach all those 89 girls was that even the most important decisions are taken by the heart. A piece of my heart was in Bangalore and even though it wasn't logical I found myself on a train to this city on the 4th of July, 2016.

Matters of the heart never seem to work just that way though and soon I lost that piece somewhere in the traffic jams, rains, 25 assignments, Unmukt, Farewell, elections and living away from home for the first time. The city returned that piece to me in a year and I didn't have to be here anymore. It was time to leave.

That's when I sat down to 'Compare and Contrast' again and found pieces of my heart now in the many crevices of Azim Premji University. It was in the faces I see, the hugs I get enveloped in, the microwave chai in the room, the late-night conversations, the terrace, the questions, the 6th floor sofas, the basketball court. It was in the walks and dinners. And so 'logically' - "Didi, you are going back to Bangalore?" No bacha, I'm going back to the university.

Vani Valson
MA Education, 2016-18

Fear of English

A letter for first years fresh from my experience:

With many aspirations we start a new life. The expectation is not much, but we take the challenge. Now there is a new world around you. You are surrounded with soulful people. But here you are unaware and unfamiliar with a new challenge: the challenge of English.

English a global language, a language for the “elite”. And a challenge for the “non-elite”. Very soon you will discover who all the elite in this context are. Elites are those who can speak English fluently, who can write English perfectly.

Who are you? What is your stand?

You are the one who will nominate yourself for the English language support class at Azim Premji University and also drop the class within one month. Your enthusiasm and active participation may not find success in this class. By that time you will have the readings of your regular course: core and additional, and pressure to finish the readings.

You are one who googles for translation, but Google translation can't give you the correct meaning. Still you can manage with the available meaning. Later on you will accustom yourself with how to read a reading, rather how to skim through it or even how to skip it.

You are one who keeps silent in class and the teacher asks to listen to your thoughts: “especially those all who haven't spoken.” You are the one who thinks I don't understand anything. But one day your one example will make others think that you do think. You are not a mere listener. Speak out.

You don't limit yourself, don't curse yourself for this. Not knowing English is not a crime. Anyway you are an MA student, you know English but you also fear English. Correctness of grammar, sentence formation make you worry. You are stuck with translation, as you think in a native language. Thinking in the native language is not a crime. Children learn best in their mother tongue and this is a proven thing (not going into language politics).

You are the one who struggles a lot to find words while you write your assignments. But you will get external support/feedback from your faculty. Grab that opportunity. This environment will help you to learn English, as well as this university will build your social perspective. But don't stop yourself from thinking in your native language; you might be better in articulating some theory in your mother tongue.

Don't feel shy to speak, share, communicate, comment, critique or argue. No one in your class will judge you on the basis of your English. Just keep this thing in mind that we are here to learn the core theory and philosophy. English is just working as the medium. Thinking needs a language. But language can't be a barrier to thinking. So, don't underestimate the power of your inner self.

Subhra Sen
MA Education, 2016–2018

Modern Temple



A public library is like a modern temple. They bring light in the minds of individuals. If somebody asks me that in the era of the Internet why we should go to the library and devote time, why should we park ourselves in the library in the first place, since online era provides everything easily on a topic online, I would be quite pleased to answer those questions. I have my observations and experiences in which I have discovered the astonishments of spending time in the library religiously for exploring the truth about the world in general and myself in particular.

Why do we go to Temple, Masjid, and Church? Either to request God to fulfill our wishes or to find peace. In this 21st century if there is something which can fulfill our wishes it is education. Without education we are a doomed society and nothing. University without library is just like Education without a teacher/classroom. How much classrooms are important for teaching, equivalently libraries are important for studies. In fact you will feel this sensation there if you devote your time for exploring doubts which you have in your mind. I would rather believe that our Temple, Masjid and Church, etc. at some time may exploit you. There are middlemen in these places,

who claim themselves messengers of the god. But, you don't find such in library. There is no middle man. In fact, what you have are books, and books are the middlemen and they will take us to the truth and peace. If you are in dearth of peace and searching for it, please do visit the library.

Further, there are millions of silent scholars sitting in the library waiting for the reader to come, talk with them and enter into conversation with them. Hold on, you might be wondering to whom I may be referring? They are books, written by scholars, researchers, academics, intellectuals, specialist, sages and dons. Some of them are new, many of them are old. Many of them feel lonely and some of them feel lucky, because they have something very interesting for you. Many of them can be borrowed and some of them cannot be borrowed. Many of them are fat and some of them are thin. Many of them make you sorrowful and some of them give hope for a change. Some of them have family and many of them are alone. Some of them have the privilege to sit in good position and many of them do not have that. And while many of them are colorful, some of them are beautiful. Oh, how can one miss the

They are books written by scholars, researchers, academics, intellectuals, specialist, sages and dons. Some of them are new, many of them are old. Many of them feel lonely and some of them feel lucky, because they have something very interesting for you. Many of them can be borrowed and some of them cannot be borrowed. Many of them are fat and some of them are thin. Many of them make you sorrowful and some of them give hope for a change.

place which is a great, excellent and beautiful place for study?

So, this is my request to you all my dear fellow comrades that we are 'Prisoners of myopia', living in darkness. To liberate yourself from the misery, to know who you are, what you experienced and what you have endured, it is the beautiful and the right place to explore. Personally I have been exploring and enjoying. And I still love to spend most of my time in this modern temple.

Sachinkumar Rathod
MPG, 2015-17

Art and Experience



गुरुवार खरं तर खूप busy schedule चा! पहिल्या semester मध्ये, Morning ८:४० पासून continue classes; मध्ये फक्त १०-१५ मिनिटांची विश्रांती. पण तरीही हा दिवस आवडीचा वाटायचा आणि त्याला कारणही तसंच होतं; ते म्हणजे "Art and experience" चा open course!

Reading करून जाणं किंवा तासभर प्रोफेसरांचं lecture ऐकणं, असा कोणताही प्रकार ह्यात नव्हता; त्याहीपेक्षा मोठी गंमत म्हणजे pencil, brush, colours, drawing sheet हे सगळं सामान क्लास मध्येच मिळायचं, त्यामुळे एखाद्या विसरभोव्याला pencil किंवा colour box विसरला म्हणून चाचपडत बसण्याची आवश्यकता नव्हती.

प्रत्येक जण काही कां-कू न करता आपापल्या परीने चित्र काढण्यात किंवा clay work करण्यात गुंतलेला असायचा. असा म्हणतात की, लहान मुलांना मातीत खेळायला, ओल्या मातीला ओबड-धोबड आकार द्यायला खूप आवडतं, पण मी अनुभवलं की, ते फक्त लहान मुलांपुरतंच मर्यादित नव्हतं तर आम्ही मोठी मुलं सुद्धा तेवढ्याच आवडीनं मातीला आकार द्यायचा आनंद लुटत होतो.

Competition ची भावना मनाला न शिवता; बेलन, चाकू अशा सगळ्या गोष्टी एकमेकांना देऊन-घेऊन सगळे तल्लीन होऊन नवीन आकार साकारत. वस्तूंकडे बघण्याचा नवीन दृष्टिकोन, horizon, vanishing point, वस्तूंचा अनुपात पेन्सिलीने मोजणे, बाउल, चेहरे अशाच काही वस्तू मातीपासून



कशा बनवायच्या इ. गोष्टी मी ह्या course मधून शिकले.

हे सगळं शिकत असताना मी एक गोष्ट note केली, ती म्हणजे आमचे प्रोफेसर "कौस्तुब रॉय" प्रत्येकाला प्रोत्साहित करत; लहान मुलांसारखे आम्ही - Sir, is it okay?, "सर, ये थोडा बिगड गया, अब कैसे बनाऊ?" असे करत असायचो आणि सर तितक्याच आवडीने प्रत्येकाचं work बघायचे; कधी प्रशंसा करायचे तर कधी सुधारणा सूचवायचे. सरांचा studio, जो नेहमी बंद असतो, तो बघण्याचा अनुभव तर फारच छानच होता.

"Art and experience" class; APU मधील अनेक सुखद अनुभवांपैकी एक!!!!

Pratibha Babhare
MA Education, 2016-18

Village Chap in the University



Photo credit: Vrushabh Kakad, MA Education, 2016-18

What is “development”? I don’t know. Does it have any definition? I don’t know. A village having concrete roads, public transport facilities, educational institutions, electricity, hospitals, and markets. Can we say this is a ‘developed’ village?

For me “development” is not a final destination where we want to land, but development is a process. It’s a continuous journey, which a family, a village, a city, a state, and a country has to experience every time whether it is today, tomorrow or in the coming future. I don’t see any difference between my village and Bangalore city, when I see both the places through the lens of sustainable development. I am saying this, because both need development but in very different ways. Therefore I think there is no any particular definition of development, because it varies from place to place.

Being a village boy, I have a very fascinating experience of rural life. Having a kuccha house near a big rocky hill and a banyan tree was always an advantage for me. In winter, climb the hill for sun bath and in the summer lie under the tree. On the other hand, getting up early in the morning with a natural alarm of cocks and chirping of birds on the banyan tree. Livestock is a very important part of almost every house. Having livestock in my house gave me the chance of playing the role of a shepherd also.

Last year in 2016 when I started my journey to Azim Premji University from Ranchi district (Jharkhand) to Bangalore it was my longest journey ever had, of 35 hours, in a train. And after the registration was done in the MA Development programme I too became a part of this University. Initially when the class started my mind was stuck like a bike in traffic of knowledge, but slowly I

started understanding the topics of my subjects with the help of my professors and friends. Slowly unconsciously I started liking all the subjects but the degree to which I liked each subject was different. But the information from all the subjects slowly started accumulating into my mind. Later it became an asset for me which helped me to connect all the dots and see the bigger picture of my surrounding and of the real world.

Now when I look back to my village map, I can easily point out and feel the social stratification including that of caste and class. There are many groups of maholla based on caste. Even now the Scheduled Caste community does the traditional work. They play instruments like dhol, tabla in marriages. Women are asked to wash utensils, to clean the tables at different occasions in upper caste houses. It clearly shows the roots of the practice of caste. Before joining the University I had never get into this kind of deep thinking, but this has become possible only because of my Sociology and Social Intervention classes and the way the curriculum is designed. Now I can also easily trek about Common Property Resources like rocky mountains, banyan trees, grazing areas and forests because of the subjects taught here, like Ecology and Development, Skill for Development etc.

Eventually, “The program of Development” has sprouted the seeds within me of reasoning, critically thinking about small issues and relating them with the bigger map by connecting all the dots, which are helping me in everyday life. Finally, I am happy and satisfied being in this university.

Shrawan Kumar
MA Development, 2016-18

Alumni speak

A Rewarding Journey Uphill



Travelled all the way from Madurai for a two-year program. It was a big risky decision which I made in my life when my wife was carrying our first baby. I came to the university with the mind that, if it suits I can continue if it does not suit, let me quit and continue my previous job. It was surprising to know that many people left their high-paying jobs and chose social space as their future career. Thus, the crowd was a mix of those in their late 30s and 40s, and some who just got out of their under graduate program. They engaged in different interests (geography, economy, social and linguistic) and the army comprised of people from J&K to Madurai. The single factor that threaded them together was that they were guided by a passion towards building a better society.

The welcome note for the batch was organized and a panel discussion was also arranged. Few faculty and students talked about the life at the university for the first year students. Finally the Man of the Field Mr. Peri, (with a long kadhi kurta and jolna bag) came and shared his experience from North East Karnataka. It was a representation of what is happening in the field (at the foundation). It made my mind to freeze there in the campus, “Yes, we have come to the right place, we can stay here”. If we didn’t listen to him we wouldn’t know whether we would have continued or not (in Azim Premji University) who quit our job and took the two year program which is serious and academically rigorous in nature.

The next two years went at lightening pace with variety of academic

engagements starting from readings, assignments of varying nature – like film making, travelogue, on-field assignments, preparing materials and story cards for minority languages, reading aloud and arranging story festivals for children, regular two-year school visits, travelling to field institute for doing field research, teaching in and after school children’s program (for two months) for our own understanding of subject pedagogy, staying at an alternative school for two weeks to understand their vision of schooling and how they are integrating subjects and transacting the curriculum which they conceived and agreed upon and also conduct a small level research based on the way in which teaching learning happening for a particular subject not to mention the 40 – 60 GB of course and course aligned



material (I just checked my folder size and this is after deleting and organizing files). When you read the course material and come to class it will be an wonderful session if you not read the paper it will not be a participatory and you will be a mere spectator (passive observer). It was fun and at the same time enriching experience when people will be contesting social theories with their own personal experience it is similar debate between structure and agency.

It was a two year journey of theory and practice. Normally in many

institutes and university, they have few faculties who can think out of the box and come from multidisciplinary background but in Azim Premji University most of them are of this kind that's why it stands alone in alumni's mind forever. This university is unique because as an institution it thinks like an out of the box academic institution and provides all the facilities and exposure to students. Since it is a university it has the flexibility and placid system to approve or disapprove or grant a program for study so it is convenient to offer liberal programs to students

or professionals who want to come to social space with some balancing academic and practice. Almost for all my course I have done field work (I think except PoE). Which helped me to develop a holistic understanding.

When I started my practice it was a chosen and deliberate decision to start with APF which aligned with my personal vision on education, society and social change. When we graduate out of a program and started practicing we found that there is a big gap between the course and the practice. That's customizing the strategies and approach which suits in the area (geography, local culture...) in which you work. We may have studied many approaches and research papers which succeeded in other parts of the country or world, in education domain or teacher professional development in particular. But when it come to a teacher's classroom you have to customize based on that particular classroom's needs. Here, you have to understand the teacher, the pupils, the head teacher, the local educational administrative officers, the community and many more...

So as a practitioner, we need to be very humble and patient before we started reacting or working in given situation. We have to initially observe

Thamarai Selvan
MA Education, 2013-15



how things in the field work and how can we contribute to the team or organization better. If we keep that in mind and start working it will give us a great pleasure when we are in the social field. But if we start looking and theorizing and begin critiquing things with an ideal state and critically looking at everything, it will become a danger for us as well as for the organization.

So as a graduate of the university we need to think twice before making a statement or generalizing things or making a judgement. This kind of a behavior will draw people's attention too, and they will begin to listen to us. This way, we can make constructive changes, easily. It is a great four (2+2) year journey which I am continuing (from university) at our foundation.

To get in touch write to:

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Working as a resource person in second language at Puducherry DI, Azim Premji Foundation.

Thamarai Selvan
MA Education, 2013-15

That Girl

To the friendships I never had,
to the friends who never stayed,
To the people who never met me,
To the ones whose will was free.
I don't have a problem if I was lesser known,
Cause all of them don't have my friendship sworn.
You can think of me as a slut or cunt,
But you cannot bring me down however hard you hunt.

(to the girl who drummed her way from red light area in Mumbai to music institute in US)

Divya Mishra
MA Education, 2013-15

Looking through the Lens



Bikash Bhandari
MA Education, 2011-13





হুকাহুয়া

আমি সেই মেঘ, যে মেঘে বৃষ্টি হয় না।
আমি সেই মেয়ে, যার গর্ভে কিছু সৃষ্টি হয় না।।
ব্যর্থ জীবনের ব্যর্থতা সপ্তশীতের কঞ্চল ঢাকা,
শরীরের ভাষার গরম স্পর্শে গলিত হয় হৃদয়ের
চামড়া।

ওরা হিংস্র মানুষ- ওদের চোখ বন্ধ,
ওদের হাত লম্বা, ওদের কণ্ঠে চিনতে না পারার গান।
ওরা কারা?

ওরা কখন Social, কখন Formal।
ওদের ডাক খোঁজ আছে, ওরা বিকৃত সত্যের
কাণ্ডারি।

ভুলকে করে ঠিক, সত্যকে করে মিথ্যা।

ওরা যে নতুন দলে সামিল,
তবুও যারা রোজ বদলায়- এ দল- ও দল
পাল্টে ফেলে মুখ গুলি, রঙ গুলি,
Logo গুলি, চিন্তার বুলি গুলি।।

ওরা যে ধান্দা করে খায়,
দরকার পড়লে ছিঁড়ে খুবলে নেয়।
ওদের পেশা 'খবর' বিক্রি করা,
ওদের নেশা নারীর নারীরত্ন কে খণ্ডিত, বিকৃত করে
বিকিয়ে দেওয়া।

বোম্বে হোক বা দিল্লী,
ওদের চোখ ছুটে যায়।
নারীর চোখ-মুখ কালো পট্টিতে ঢেকে
এক সুরে ডাক দেয়...

হুকাহুয়া
জানিয়ে দেয়- ক্যায়া ক্যায়া নেহি হুয়া।।



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