



Towards a just, equitable, humane and sustainable society...

Dear Readers,

जो कारवां चला था चंद पथिकों के साथ
उसमें आज एक नए बदलाव की बयार है
दो वर्ष के सफ़र में कितने पड़ाव आये
छुआ नए क्षितिज को, मिली राह नयी दिशाएँ
ये अंत एक अध्याय का, पर एक नया आरंभ है
सफ़र वही आज़ादी का, अभिव्यक्ति का नया रंग है
बदलेंगे पथिक चाहे, और बदले क्षितिज दिशाएँ
विचारों की स्वतंत्रता पर आंच भी न आए
वो लक्ष्य न्याय समता का रहेगा कारवां के साथ ही
यह सफ़र रहेगा जारी हमारे जाने के बाद भी

To traverse into new horizons we must rewind to old sunrises.

Karvan has been wielding its way through our minds and hearts for the second year running. Tempered by gusts of cynicism, potholes of despair, palpable anticipation and showers of hope, the Karvan has steadied on and unleashed its agents.

This year as we stand with our fellow travellers, we survey a greater expanse. The shapings of history and the inklings of promise have choreographed their way into these etchings.

This year saw Azim Premji University welcoming its first ever second batch and bidding *phir milenge* to its pioneer, graduating batch- *till we meet again*.

As more people have joined our cause, we hope-still more- to foray out into our motley, multifarious communities and converse with verse.

New passengers joined our editorial team and, buttressed by the support of voices of wisdom, we voyaged into bringing together ideals and experiences, the lyrics and the cynics, the festivities and the menageries of the mental landscape before coming out with this newsletter. And so, this edition of Karvan brings you words from our mentors, topical articles, reflections (on the field and of life, at large), poetry, university events and the twinkling in our agents' eyes.

The adjustment and abandon, the second-guessing and envisioning that swirled into this heady mixture was punctuated by much laughter and tears. Since our first publication, the milieu of momentums can best be described as the confluence of conviction and emotion that continued to brew.

Hopefully, Karvan, too, will continue on into vintage- getting even better with time.

Once again, we welcome you aboard. *Suhana safar !*

-The Editorial Team - Karvan

**The above poem was contributed by Madhulika Jha, M A Edu. 2011-2013*

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It seems like yesterday that we all assembled in the large auditorium to welcome the first ever batch of students to Azim Premji University. But it was actually two full years back, and these months, the four semesters seem to have gone by in a blur. Actually, I am not sure if students were more excited that day or folks like Padma, Manoj, Kumar and others who had made preparations to ensure that the 'pioneering' batch of 2011 were welcomed with memorable warmth. And soon we all settled into a comfortable existence; the students into a learning experience rhythm that might have been different from what they were used to; a campus with its own charm but also with its own expected set of issues that we resolved as we learnt along the way.

The Konappana- Agraphara song rings in my ear every day; the brilliantly creative lyrics of the song that made good humoured fun of the challenges that Messrs. Foucault, Marx and others posed to students disguised as core courses in sociology, philosophy and politics is now part of my life too.

And along the way, things that have warmed my heart forever: (a) The way the batch of 2011 welcomed the "juniors" of 2012 and the spirit with which they included them; (b) the sensitivity and empathy that students spontaneously showed for the evicted folks of Ejipura colony in 2012; (c) the creativity with which the students brought the social purpose of our university into the annual students festival with a simple but meaningful step of inviting small NGOs to display their work at the University; (d) how we all collected in the foyer of PIXEL B, sitting cross legged on the ground having a free and open dialogue with Mr. Premji

But this is not merely a reel of shared memories, it is possibly a good forum to also share some thoughts. For those who have graduated and are stepping into their first job, it is an opportunity to shape for a lifetime an attitude towards work and careers. How we make meaning of our work, how we contribute and how we feel empowered – this will come not from the organization but from how we approach our work and life. The attitude of wanting to learn, the spirit of sharing and team work, the belief that no work is boring or unworthy; that everything I do is a contribution can shape that approach. For the experienced people, they have the opportunity to discard unwanted memories, build what they have learnt here into their work and create a fresh, new path.

And for our students of 2012 who will now don the mantle of "seniors" – when they come back in July 2013, they must also welcome the new batch with warmth, kindness and good cheer; helping them settle into what you know is a period of academic rigour. You may all not be role models for submitting assignments in time but at least from that experience you can advise the newcomers well! Life is so much fun when you are all here and the place is buzzing with your energy. Waiting to welcome you all back after your summer break!

S. Giridhar
Registrar and Chief Operating Officer
Azim Premji University



Messages from the Vanguard

I pursued my post-graduation from the Tata Institute of Social Sciences, Mumbai and almost jumped into action right away in a company called Western India Vegetable Products Limited – an oil mill, a vegetable cooking medium manufacturing factory in rural Maharashtra in 1976. This company was later re-christened Wipro and is today close to a US\$ 8 Billion organization.

The reason I remember that is because today most of you are at the same juncture in your life. There is a big difference though.

You are passing out as the "first batch from Azim Premji University": a university that has designed a program to specially prepare you to go out and make that change. A change that our country so badly needs. I am sure, each one of you are conscious of this fact and are raring to enter the world of action and to understand that world from a new lens and contribute for it to change.

Many professionals stop learning once they get employed. In your case, your employment is your first real learning opportunity. You are bound to be different because you are from Azim Premji University! It is not a run of the mill kind of a University. It is the first of its kind in the country. In fact, it is one of the rarest universities in the world that is purely committed to social change.

If you find that some of the things that you learnt during the past two years are irrelevant in the organization or the set up you work in– please realize that it is because that is the way the world and society exist today – we need to make what we learnt relevant to this world and society. That is where the change is required the most. If you seem to be the only one thinking in a different way – please realize that you are the chosen one to make the change. You will need strong will, a deep understanding of the change required, the courage of conviction, the ability to quietly persuade people to accept that they need change and, above all, specific competencies to contribute to such change in a visible manner.

Currently you may find yourself in the minority. But soon you will be joined by the subsequent batches of students from Azim Premji University. Besides, your persuasive power will create more and more converts as time passes.

Remember, you can influence change only if you develop credibility about yourself. And you can build credibility only if you add visible and perceptible value to people, organizations and society. You can add value only if you have the competence to add such value. Developing such competence by marrying the theory and the reality in the field is probably your first priority.

Do not hesitate to refer to your faculty at Azim Premji University – your coaches, your mentors and your classmates whenever you need additional inputs to meet the challenges in the real-time world. I wish each one of you a very meaningful, exciting and enriching career in whatever you have chosen.

Dileep Ranjekar
Chief Executive Officer
Azim Premji Foundation



Cultural Club

Amidst a fully loaded academic schedule with a packed calendar where we have our noses to the grindstone more often than not – at least that is what we'd like you to believe- we make sure we get the best out of those very few occasions we have to spend time together as a community doing things non-academic.

As part of the cultural club, we made the best of every given opportunity to celebrate special days like Independence Day, Children's Day and Republic day and planned activities and events that would help us unwind as one big family to commemorate the unique spirit of the special days we hold close to our hearts!

Some snippets -

The uniqueness of these celebrations is the fact that we celebrate diversity and in the process come to appreciate the different, unique and commendable talents that many of us bring.

On the 15th of August we had all come to the University ,

irrespective of the fact that it was a holiday and that we desperately needed a break from the academic rigor. We started the day with the flag hoisting and national anthem. Different activities like bottle painting, origami making and clay modeling were enjoyed through the day by students, faculty and even our little ones who partook in the events with much gusto.

Then came Children's Day which we celebrated with the children from the migrant laborer families who live on the campus. We decided to organize a day of fun and

games and

movies for

the children and

treat them to some

sumptuous cake,

juice and snacks. The

children had a blast with a

game of musical chairs and

certainly got the best of us! We

joined them and did some painting,

coloring and paper craft and had such

fun, we felt like children again. The event

ended with an exhibition of all the art work

and painting in the foyer area.

On Republic Day performances were impromptu perfect. Nothing was really planned but spontaneity seized the day, enthraling us in in pride in one another and our histories.

Through all this, one thing is for certain: we will sure miss the first batch who added a unique flavor to all the celebrations, organising and managing with effortless ease. The most endearing part was that they brought with them great extemporaneity. Take for instance the wonderful and happy jamming session we had as the semester came to a close on the 14th of May. At the end of it all we released lovely glow lanterns and danced as we sang. That's the magic of being a part of APU! We wish that, as the years go by, this unique flavor of unity is continued and as the first batch leaves us with fond memories and sublime moments, we look forward to the many more new experiences with the future batch who will join the family!

Any suggestions or questions? You can reach us at

culturalclub@apu.edu.in



Howzat smash?

Recollections from the Sports Club

No sooner than the second academic year had begun and the new batch settled in, did the Sports Club kick off their proceedings with the hosting of the first ever APU Badminton Tournament. Despite the engaging orientation program which lasted two whole weeks, it was the first sporting event of the year which in many ways proved to be the real ice-breaker between the two batches. Held in the month of September, it was preceded by some innovative promotion as well as extensive preparation on the sides of both the students and the faculty. Given the variety of backgrounds the students at APU hail from- and also the diverse age-groups- it was indeed commendable to see the enormous enthusiasm displayed by all the participants who gave it



“None of the good work would have been possible without the cooperation of the entire student community and the presence of the hugely enthusiastic faculty and staff.”

contagious spirit of sports the Club had managed to foster. The distinctive participant base not only helped assert the maxim that age was indeed just a number but also- despite the various hierarchies existing within the classrooms and offices- evinced that the sports field was a singularly even battle-field meant to be taken full advantage of. The unavailability of the badminton courts at the PES campus for the knock-out matches proved to be only a minor hindrance as the Sports Club took it upon itself to arrange better

playing facilities and did an exceptional job organising for the courts at the Wipro precincts, which played host to some exciting matches. The men's finals turned out to be a Foundation-only encounter and the two finalists involved subsequently joined hands to clinch the men's doubles title as well. The students did exceptionally well to bounce back and claimed the women's singles, doubles, and the mixed doubles titles.

The Badminton tournament proved to be one of the highlights of the first semester and it was with great anticipation that the University began to look forward to the next sports event. A jam-packed calendar filled with numerous events and field-works meant the wait had to last till the month of March 2013. The first batch had already managed to conduct a football tourney during the course of their first year and the demands of the majority dictated that time had come for a cricket tournament to be held- a request the Sports Club was only too happy to oblige. Aided by a generous fund provision from the University, new gear was purchased and all the requisite field arrangements made. The hard work soon paid off as a whopping 15 men's teams consisting of members from the Foundation, faculty, staff and, of course the students, along with the heartwarming presence of two women's teams made for two action-packed weekends of cricketing galore. True to the Sports Club slogan of playing hard or not playing at all, the players put in their best efforts and ensured an extremely competitive yet enjoyable tournament was held. The form of certain faculty members, who easily managed to surpass many of the students in terms of performance on the field, induced a sense of pleasant

surprise in everyone watching. All in all, the cricket tournament proved to be a fitting sporting finale managing to enthrall everyone involved in equal measure.

The Sports Club can look back at a successful year with some pride, being able to properly conduct two major tournaments over the course of two semesters (despite the occasional presence of minor hiccups such as the absence of the University's own campus, the difficulties in coordination due to the separate residences of the students and the heavy academic workload). None of this good work would have been possible without the cooperation of the entire student community and the presence of the hugely enthusiastic faculty and staff. As the second year draws to a close, APU will surely look forward to the arrival of a fresh batch and the undertaking of more adventures.

You may contact us at sportsclub@apu.edu.in

पोइट्रि क्लब

इस साल हमने पोइट्रि क्लब में अलग-अलग अनुभवों को जिया। नए सत्र की शुरुआत में हम नए-नए लोगों से मिले और उन्हें जानने का मौका मिला। बहुत सारे नए लोग पोइट्रि क्लब का हिस्सा बने और हर शुक्रवार हमें अलग-अलग तरह की रचनाओं का आनंद लेने का मौका मिला। उन्मुक्त में हमने उन्मुक्त होकर काव्य के नए तरीकों को आजमाया। नीलांजन चौधरी के साथ दो घंटे काव्य रस में डूबे रहे और कविताओं के उपयोग से एक नाट्य प्रस्तुति भी की।

इसके अलावा अप्रैल माह में कवयित्री प्रतिभा नन्दा कुमार के साथ भी मुलाकात की जो कि बहुत ही अच्छा अनुभव रहा। साल के अंत में हुई शाम-ए-गज़ल के तो क्या कहने!!! हमें यकीन है कि एपीयू की ये काव्य सभाएँ आगे भी जारी रहेंगी।

poetryclub@apu.edu.in

Celluloid APU Film Club

A community sharing in the aura of the emotive, preceptive and aesthetic- this is what forms the reels that are spliced together to make Celluloid.

This year, films were screened based on club members' consensus. Movies like *Bol*, *Freedom Writers*, *Train to Pakistan*, *Yes Man*, *Gandhi My Father*, *Pushpak*, *To Kill a Mocking Bird*, *Andaz Apna Apna* etc. were chosen to make for the cinematic suspension of disbelief. On Fridays at 4 PM everyone was reeled into the curtained classroom shrouded in movie mystique.

Join us whenever you're free. Film screenings are free, we only ask that you bring with you a love of the movies.

You can visit our Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/groups/celluloid.apu> or feel free to write to us with your comments, suggestions and feedback at celluloid@apu.edu.in.



Celluloid

Ankita Rajasekharan

M.A. Edu, 2011-2013

Among the many firsts, this year, we celebrated our first university fest -Unmukt. It all started with this itch to be part of what would go down in the history of our university. We wanted to be there to see that happen and take form; we couldn't have missed it!

Why fest?! What kind of fest?! When fest?! For who fest?! Where fest?! These were among some of the many questions we twisted our tongues and thoughts around. Days and meetings after oscillating from 'Yaaay fest!' to 'Urgh fest!' back to 'Yaay fest', Unmukt took form just the way we imagined it and much more.

A sudden buzz was set; a mood began to settle in, a little apprehension, a tiny bit of nervousness and a load of excitement. What used to be an empty foyer took life in ways that never were! At any point of time, one could see a bunch of bobbing heads mixing and playing colour tricks, posters across every inch of wall space, the tick-tack of busy fingers sending out mail after mail, fuming heads squealing and giggling at the same moment! All this amidst the sonorous breeze of soft violin and guitar strings.

One fine morning, what was an event approaching round the corner was bang in our faces. And what bright smiles and grins it brought! The air was filled with ideas on the crazy stuff one could do with soil and farming; the mysticism of Sufi music; the scent of wet clay at the potter's wheel; the thump and beat of the many performances; the sways and twirls of jive; the heavy sinking smell of wet paint at the kitsch corner; the tinkle of beads and metal transforming into jewellery;

the inspired, passionate voices of poets reciting at the poetry session; the fresh and crowded chatter around the food stalls; the thoughtful smirk, laughter and confusion at the scatterdness of the movie jam: All in those same fleeting moments. Joining us in our madness were

this state of being; it was a space to let go, think - unthink, entertain - be entertained and just being amidst all else. The excited participation of the many students, families, friends and others added life and now, nostalgia to what was Unmukt.



many NGO(s) who brought in their experience and life to our space of Unmukt.

Unmukt was a reflection of our university culture: a culture of fluidity beyond boundaries. Individuals here, find themselves in a space that nurtures and encourages varied explorations and interests. It was and is, simply and profoundly, a state of being; which was what the fest was and continues to be. Unmukt was a two day celebration of

The coming together of students, families, and friends merged together to etch Unmukt in our collective memories as the spectacular event that it truly was:

Unmukt today; Unmukt always.

From Ground Zero

Mohammed Matheen L R

M.A. Edu, 2012-2014

The first ever Student Council elections of Azim Premji University were successfully held in April, 2013. It took effort from many stake holders to bring such a body into existence. The student body's deliberation to have such a council was its first formal step. These elections played another significant role of putting structures in place, buttressed by the university administration.

The Election saw several other firsts: many fresh graduates in their twenties voted for the first time in their lives; it was also the first time for many to be proposers, campaigners or plain supporters of any one's candidature.

Nominations reflected a mixed response. Some positions found lone candidature, while some had multiple candidatures. Positions with lone candidatures, it seems, were an expression of consensus on the part of the student body. Democracy leads to a healthy, yet fierce battle. Usually, positions contested by a lone candidate win the title without voting. However, the 'None' option on our ballot papers prevented situations, such as a position being won by a candidate solely because he/she was the only one standing for that post. The 'None' voting option ensured the prevention of an imposed consensus and provided choice.

The constituency notion that was at play during this election



is worth a mention. Academic year and the program of study drew the boundaries for different constituencies. Students belonging to Education program and academic year 2012 formed one constituency. This concept of the constituency prevented candidates representing and the whole student body. In a way, it ensured representation from each section of students in the Student Council. In general elections, we often find one person voting for different positions such as for a local body councilor or a parliament member, with each position holding a different authority and responsibilities. Similarly in these elections different positions like Students' Support, Program Office and many were contested for.

One major aspect missing during these elections was reasonable deliberations, both pre and post nominations. Deliberations prior to nominations with more participants would help find candidates through consensus, while post nominations would aid making selections from a host of candidates.

Both winning and losing candidates have their own significance and roles that are necessary in order to keep democracy functional. Competing contenders and their supporters might have had fierce debate with their counterparts during the run-up to the elections. It is the democratic duty of the winning candidates to represent all; those who supported them as well as those who did not, in an impartial manner.

The Election code for the Students' Council set a clause that a candidate needs to secure a minimum of 40% of the total casted votes to be victorious. This clause triggered a debate amongst us as we compared this to our Parliament and Legislative Assembly electoral system. After becoming aware of the proportional representation systems' existence in different countries, it seemed to me that, we have been ruled by different governments which are *not* inclusive at all. Each party that has formed governments have secured 30-35% of the total votes cast and yet, we call them a government enjoying majority. In reality, however, 60-65% of voters did not vote for them.

When we take into consideration that, on top of this, our nation's President and Upper House members of Parliament are elected based on the propotional representaton votes of the MLAs and MPs, the individual citizen's voting power seems even further restricted. Electing our own Students' Council, thus, allowed me to re-examine our national electoral system and the power of the people and their votes.

How we may better the representation of the vote of each citizen of this country is the question we must now work towards answering.

The International Seminar Philosophy of Education

– an interview with Prakash Iyer

Mukesh Kumar

M.A. Edu, 2012-2014

unfold?

Prakash: Since it was the first seminar of this kind in India, we needed to get a wide range of philosophers from across the world and thinkers about education from other disciplines from across India. This helped to initiate a meaningful dialogue on PoE itself and between PoE and other disciplines. We reached out to both established and young scholars through these seminars. In addition to a call for papers, a structure was built to support young scholars develop papers. These papers were presented in 3 regional seminars and finally culminated in the International Seminar on PoE, in which a larger group of established philosophers from various universities and organizations across the world participated. As mentioned earlier, scholars from various other disciplines from across India also participated in this seminar. A paper by an APU student (Avinash Kumar) was also selected for presentation in the PoE seminar series. The papers for presentation during the seminar series went through a very stringent selection process.

Mukesh: If you look back and reflect on the series, what would like to share with us?

Prakash: Around 450 people participated in the PoE seminar series. We are very glad to see the interest demonstrated by so many people. Over 250 people registered for the seminar and around 150 people stayed through the entire duration of 3 days. We believe that words like “success” are rather inappropriate to use for such events. The 3 days could be judged based on what happens subsequently.

We hope it is helpful to share thoughts, bring up issues, initiate debates and even arguments and that all this in some manner influences the educational discourse.

Mukesh: When are you going to organize next PoE seminar series?

Prakash: We are going to organize PoE seminar series every year. In this way, we intend to work towards building a strong and large community of philosophers of education.

Mukesh: Thanks a lot for sharing your thoughts and we wish the PoE seminar series all the best.

Prakash: Thank you! I wish Karvan all the very best.

Details on the PoE seminar series are available on

<http://www.azimpremjiuniversity.edu.in/PoE>

Mukesh: Hi Prakash, the student magazine 'Karvan' would like to know your experience with organizing the International Seminar on Philosophy of Education (PoE).

Prakash: It was good. Azim Premji University organized its very first PoE seminar series that culminated in the 'International Seminar on Philosophy of Education held from 23rd January to 25th January, 2013. The 3 regional seminars were organized at Dehradun, Puducherry and Jaipur and the International Seminar was organised at Bangalore.

Mukesh: Why was PoE seminar series organized by Azim Premji University?

Prakash: I will give two main reasons for that. One is that there remains a need to examine the question of whether Philosophy of Education is required or not in Indian Educational discourses. Second, if we agree that PoE is required then there is a need to examine the various ways in which PoE is being undertaken currently in India. For a few decades now, PoE has been a part of the curriculum designed for degrees offered in the field of education, especially teacher education. However, a closer examination of such courses in philosophy of education reveal it is being presented as a disconnected chunk of educational theories and



When all is lost with nothing to cement the fallen bricks and shattered spirit, would one dare to dream, to believe, to keep accepting the happenings as fate? When one cannot speak up, will silence stand out, or will it be given resonance by those who recognize rights? From sleeping in homes to being sleepless on the streets, from a life of promised security to not knowing where to go, the slum-dwelling inhabitants forcefully evicted from the Economically Weaker Sections (EWS) quarters by the Government of Karnataka in Ejipura, Bangalore, have come a long way from being betrayed by the authorities through decades of endurance and are now victims of a severe case of human rights' violation. Moved by the demolition of homes and the livelihoods of thousands of people and their countless dreams, music emerged as our medium of reaching out to the people.

Music speaks where voices are silent, and touches lives by infusing the human spirit with strength and courage, creating a unique effect on every individual. Herein resides the beauty of a medium that best resonates with the greatest of human pursuits- unity in diversity. Shahzeb suggested playing music to raise funds for the evicted and though we did not have the strength of numbers nor someone to guide us, something from within said that this was the day to do something special. Spontaneity guided us as we set out in the afternoon with a guitar, a violin, a simple handmade poster stating our purpose, and a great deal of anticipation on 26th January, 2013 – Republic Day. The aim was to collect funds from people visiting Forum mall at Koramangla

and from pedestrians with a kind heart. Little did we know that our initiative would increase manifold from our estimate: from the involvement of APU (already engaged in other fund-raising efforts), to an organization affiliated to a political party, to the authorities of Forum mall, to public support.



Our first meeting with those in charge of Forum mall was disappointing as we did not get permission to play music within the mall premises because no fund raising activities were allowed at the mall, since they could take away their potential of garnering a heavy footfall. Non-governmental Organizations working at Ejipura heard of our initiative and offered to help us acquire permission from the mall authorities. Since we would not be allowed on the same day, we had to leave, but not before being halted by a guard and treated as intruders. Vivek's Showroom, located on a lane in Koramangala, willingly accepted our request to play and for this, we will always be grateful.

Standing on the street at dusk, with a violin case open to the sky, the guitar and violin began to release into the evening air music that was pure, optimistic and joyous. The biggest achievement and most touching gesture was that people trusted us. In a corruption-ridden country where people are profit-driven when raising money for social causes, the belief people had in us was overwhelming and this showed us that humanity is still alive. We collected Rs. 9630 after two continuous hours of playing music.

The next morning, Shahzeb and I proceeded to Garuda mall on Brigade Road where despite repeated efforts and requests, we did not receive permission to play. An attempt to play at a busy turning was ruined by a small street stall owner bringing up the issue of police and problems that could arise. Since we were short of time and the capacity to tolerate rejection, we went to Forum mall and tried to get permission again. Sitting in the Control room, we met people

who listened to us and gave their vocal support, but no permission. They could not question the highest authority and required a proper letter with the university insignia. Raheja Arcade, which was next door, also denied us permission and there did not seem to be a kind spot in Koramangala. The sad reality is that malls, commercial and profit-driven, entertain performances for promotional events that fetch them commissions, but could not give space to a social cause. It is disheartening to see the desire for profit everywhere. Malls uproot thousands of people now destitute and homeless, leaving them with no place to go. We too felt homeless and without a sense of belonging because we found no one welcoming us or giving us a place to play. We are citizens of a country we refer to as free and liberal, endowing all with the right to life and dignity. Where is this right when people are made to leave their homes and evicted out of no wrongdoing? Where is the right to freedom of expression when two individuals are subject to so much questioning and are not freely allowed to stand up for a cause in their unique way? Shahzeb and I went back to Vivek's joined by more friends. The audience sang along as we played and the support was heartening and miraculous. We collected Rs. 14,702 on the second day.

While the last strains of music filled the air, after a final, intense session of music, we proceeded to the site and on seeing a conglomeration in that small and crowded street, felt our purpose. Near a huge ground of demolished land with no traces of life left, bare remains of what were once homes were now small personal belongings of evicted families who were sitting with NGO workers on the street. We played music to lift their spirits beneath the moonlit sky. There was something so tragically beautiful about that place and that magical moment. It was so full of fear and hope amidst the sorrow of having lost homes, livelihoods and protection. As we played, there was an outburst of suppressed emotion- they sang, they cried, they laughed, they were overjoyed, curious and hopeful. One of the most tangible moments of our lives, it stirred our spirits. We encountered every possible emotion, obstacle and joy in our endeavour. Rejection, humiliation, anticipation, hope, frustration, expectation, surrendering, gratitude, joy, acceptance, appreciation, admiration, scepticism, indifference, all of which culminated in motivation in the face of unpredictability. Fundraising is a more than a word, an event, and a step in the elaborate process of a social issue- it is an enactment of what voices fail or fear to utter. Raising money is a lot more than collecting notes and coins. It is about collecting tokens of kindness and dispersing one's own feelings

towards a cause. What you do is a reflection of how you feel towards your cause and how you want the outcome of improvement to be.

It is a wonder that we collected a total of Rs. 24632 in five hours over one weekend. When utilized judiciously, limited resources make an enormous difference. The lesson that we bear testimony to is that it is possible to achieve highly productive results by using limited resources to the best of our ability. We came to Azim Premji University as seekers of life experiences through a combination of fate and the inherent desire to do something different and experience that difference in a life of diversity, beauty and knowledge. The beautiful thought of one mind translated into a journey of lessons, with an effort-laden deed and its positive outcome being the story we treasure. All it takes to metamorphose hope is a recognition of what one loves doing and finding a little space in this big and busy world to make a difference in special ways with what we have.

Special thanks to Shahzeb Yamin.

The views expressed are those of the author. The Editorial Team or the University may not subscribe to them.



APU: एक प्रवास नाविन्याचा -

डॉ.आशिष सूर्यवंशी

एम. ए. (विकास)

२०१२-१४

तुम्हाला इथे सर्व प्रश्नांची उत्तरे मिळतिलच असे नाही, पण आम्ही तुम्हाला इथे 'योग्य' प्रश्न विचारण्यासाठी तयार करू» ओरिएंटेशन च्या दिवसातिल एक महत्वाचा धडा.

१६ जुलै २०१२ ला सुरु झालेला हा नाविन्याचा प्रवास जस जसा दिवसेंदिवस पुढे चालू लागला तसतसा त्यातला नवेपनाचा प्रत्यय क्षणोक्षणी येत गेला आणि येतोय ...

या प्रवासाला या प्रवासाला सुरुवात झाली ती JOIN THE MADNESS या भित्तिपत्रकाने... जणू गेल्या दोन महिन्यात अंतर्मनात व आजुबाजुला चाललेल्या द्वंद्वा वर यानी शिककामोर्ताबच झाल .एडमिशन घेताना घरच्यांनी आधिच वेडा ठरवल होत ,त्यात इथे आपल्यासारखे इतरही (वेडे) बघून जरा हायस वाटल. M.D. करायचा सोडून M.A. काय करतोयेस? या व अशा अनेक भंडावुन सोडणारया प्रश्नाना एकदाचा पूर्णविराम मीळाला होता व मी आलो होतो -नवे उभे ठाकलेले प्रश्न सोडवायला?की विचारायला शिकायला ?

खर तर आयुष्याच्या एक प्रगल्भ वळणावर पुन्हा कॉलेजच्या गुलाबी दिवसांची बरसातच झाली ओरिएंटेशन च्या काळात पहिल्या बैचच्या (ज्याना आम्ही इथे सिनिअर म्हणत नाही !!!) मित्रांनी

ज्या नवनवीन क्लुप्त्यानी आमच स्वागत केल ते खरच स्वत अनुभवल्या शिवाय नाही कळणार !!! theatre activities पासून सुरु झालेल हे ओरिएंटेशन मधेच bangalore hunt, club एक्टिविटीज, इंट्रोडक्शन टू प्रोग्राम्स असे वेगावेगले टप्पे घेत कधी freshers party पर्यंत येउन ठाकल ते कळलच नाही .या काळात आलेल्या उत्साह , जोश ,उन्माद व गॉसिप वर तर ह्या freshers party ने कळसच गाठला . अन मग लगेचच पुढच्या आठवड्यात जसजसे एकामागून एक धक्के बसायला लागले अन university with difference चा प्रत्यय यायला सुरुवात झाली . जसजस शिकवण - इथल्या भाषेत डिस्कशन सुरु झाल तसतस खरा प्रोग्राममधे रंग भरायला सुरुवात झाली अन चर्चा ,वादविवाद यामूळे भर पावसात वर्गातल वातावरण तापायला लागल . इथे एडमिशन घेतल्याचा अभिमान वाटावा अशा किती गोष्टी बाहेरच्याना सांगू अस झालेल. IIT, IIM व जगातल्या प्रतिष्ठित विद्यापीठातून शिकून आलेल्या आमच्या प्राध्यापका बदल सांगाव की शिक्षण क्षेत्रातल्या या अभिनव प्रयोगबद्दल बोलाव . शिक्षकानी प्रश्न विचारावित अनी विद्यार्थ्यानी उत्तरे द्यावीत अश्या पारंपारिक पद्धतीत शिकल्यामूळे इथली विद्यार्थ्यानी वर्गाला सुरुवात करावी व शिक्षकानी उत्तरे द्यावीत या नविन पद्धतीत रुळायला जरा वेळ लागला खरा ...पण नंतर तो इथल्या जीवनाचा एक भागच बनून गेला .

नवनवीन विषयांची झालेली ओळख खरतर डोळे उघडणारीच ठरली . प्रत्येक दिवशी एक नवा विषय ,नवा अर्जंडा,त्यावर मांडलेली मत ,झालेले वादविवाद ,शिक्षकांच समर्पक स्पष्टीकरण अन सरतेशेवटी निष्कर्ष ,नविन काहीतरी शिकण्याचा आनंद देत गेला ...अजुन देतोय . श्रीक्रिश्नानाच स्वातंत्रोत्तर भारतातील राजकारण असो की विकास च microeconomics ,पूर्णदु च

पशुप्रेम असो की चन्दनचा समाजवाद ... प्रत्येक शिक्षकाची शिकवण्याची हातोटी, विषयावरच प्रभुत्व अन सर्वाना समजावून सांगण्याची पद्धत खरच पूर्वीच्या शिक्षणपद्धतीपेक्षा सरसच . मनात उगीचच पूर्वीच्या आणि आताच्या शिक्षणपद्धतीबाबत डाव -उजव येतच राहत.

या सर्वासोबत तोंडी लावायला ओपन कोर्स ही सोबत दिलेले .मग तो स्वताचा शोध लावण्या पासून (evolution-journey of life), पपेट बनवने ते मूवी appreciation ते प्रेमाचा शोध लावण्यासोबत ... खरच इथला हा नाविन्याचा प्रवास संपतच नाही ...प्रत्येक दिवस उगवतो तो काहीतरी नविन माहिती ,नविन प्रश्न घेवुनच ...अन प्रयत्न करतो आमची घोड्यासारखी डोळ्यावर लागलेली झापड उघडविण्याचा ...या दररोजच्या प्रवासात काही स्पीड ब्रेकर ही येतात ...असाइनमेंट , रिस्पांस पेपर , टेस्ट अन टर्म पेपर सारखे ...सुरुवातीला त्याची भीती पण वाटली ...पण आता ते एवढ अंगवळणी पडलय ...की तस काही नसल की चुकल्यासारख वाटत .वर्गातल्या प्रत्येक तासाला नविन काहीतरी विषयाची सुरुवात होते ...मग त्यात नविन कही उपविषय निघतात ...अन शेवटी कधी निष्कर्ष निघतात कधी उत्तरही मिळतात ...पण पुष्कळदा उरतात ते फक्त प्रश्नच !!!

हे प्रश्न नसतात फक्त स्वता चे ,ना सभोवतालच्य वातावरणा चे ...ना कुठल्या जातीचे ना कुठल्या पंथा चे ...ना मनुष्या चे ..ना जनावरां चे .. हे तर प्रश्न असतात आपल्याच उद्याच्या अस्तित्वा चे ..ह्या विश्वाच्या शाश्वतीचे ...

प्रश्नाचा सुरु झालेला हा प्रवास ...दररोज एक नवा अनुभव देतोय ..जगण समृद्ध करतोय ...अन शोध लागतोय एक नाविन्याचा ...की शोध स्वताचा ?

It is amazing how different phases in life bring with them their own epiphanies and highs. I write this relaxed, a tad reflective, breathing easy and aware of all my inhalations and exhalations. This also comes after reading a report in the newspaper this morning that young women are more driven about their careers now than before. They are postponing marriage and motherhood for their goals. This is not a judgement of these decisions but, rather, gives us perspective to see that a woman's life need not be lived in a pre-ordained sequence.

I quit my job after working for 4 years at a local NGO, have embarked on an ambitious journey to study (full time, for 2 years) at APU and aim to, hopefully, emerge at the other end, wiser and more intimidating!

'What?! study at *this* age?' is the average, horrified reaction I get to this (or is it in my head - I can never tell). I know I will have course mates as old as my son. My teachers, I'm sure will be younger than me and alright, I do forget names easily these days. But I must say, I have never been clearer in my head and with that kind of clarity, I bet - to borrow from my teenager's vocabulary - I can 'whoop a few young asses' in my

class.

I think I am done with the harder parts of playing mother: of 'sacrificing my life' (never liked those words and still don't) for the Greater Good, being a stay at home mom for my two scruffy boys

So now for some serious space reclaiming.

There is something to be said about living life in the reverse. It is fun, rewarding and feels incredibly light. It is time to go over a few clichés that no one ever believes in. Age is just a number,



and in the middle of all this trying to eke out a career. My parenting these days is largely restricted to gently requesting them to shave and/or have a bath, now and then, if possible, only if they want to.....

you *are* as old as you believe you are, there *is* life after motherhood and so on. But really Benjamin Button is not just a flippant notion, sister. It is there to be lived and enjoyed.

as strangers and were nervous about what to expect. The very first day, you bowled me over, and as they say ours was a love at first sight. As in any

Dear APU,

Uday Bhanu M.A. Dev, 2011-2013

It's time to say goodbye. But before I do that, through this letter, let me say a big "THANK YOU" and share what you mean to me.

relationship, we had great moments together and also our fair share of issues, but in the end if I look back, in your company I have grown as a person, both

of disbelief with what you were exposing me to. This disbelief soon turned into rage, and I started criticising everything taking an activist's position on every issue. I could see no solutions for the issues around me and I became very cynical in the process. You didn't let me lose hope and helped me find my passion again. Even now I am not sure what development is and there are more questions than answers, but maybe there never can be *right* answers.

With your encouragement, I have done things that I would never have done. I picked up a paint brush, tried my hands at clay modeling. How can I forget the dance for freshers' party. I took to books seriously which has now turned into a passion. I explored Freud, Foucault, Nandy. Experimented with my looks, from kurtas to colourful tees, from kholaruri chappals to fluorescent green floaters. Tried to woo girls (although with not much luck)! On a personal level, I have always dreamt of being in a place like this. I made many friends for life. Each one is a unique specimen in his/her own right. But together we were like a delicious fruit salad, where each fruit brings in its unique flavour. I will miss all my fellow travellers in this 'mad' journey. I will miss the Facebook pagalpan. I will miss the endless arguments we had on the nuclear power issue. I will miss you guys pulling my leg. I will miss the hostel birthday parties. I will miss the trips we had together. I will miss RR, Chandana, Satyas, Ladoos. I will miss Pixel Park. I will miss the kho-kho games. I will miss each and every moment spent with you. Thanks to this letter I got to revisit these beautiful moments. My eyes have turned moist remembering you. It's time to end and finally say good bye.



I am already nostalgic and going down memory lane, right from the outbound trip to these last days: the journey has been amazing.

You took me in when I had nowhere else to go and I was struggling to make sense of my life. Our meeting was accidental. We met

personally and academically.

I came to you with a crude understanding of what development is, believing that only economic growth can solve the problems we see around us. For the first few months there was a sense

With Love,
Eternally Grateful & Always Yours,
Uday Bhanu

ಎಪಿಯುನ ಸವಿನೆನಪುಗಳು

Gurunath Gouda

M.A. Edu, 2011-2013

ನನ್ನ ಪ್ರಥಮ ಸೆಮಿಸ್ಟರ್ ಮೊದಲನೆಯ

ಅಸೈನ್ಮೆಂಟ್ ಸಿಕ್ಕ ಪ್ರತಿಕ್ರಿಯೆ..

ಪ್ಲೇಜರಿಸಮ್..... ಪ್ಲೇಜರಿಸಮ್..... ಪ್ಲೇಜರಿಸಮ್

ಒಂದು ಅಸೈನ್ಮೆಂಟ್ ಮುಗಿತು..... finished ಎನ್ನುವಷ್ಟರಲ್ಲಿ

ಕೆಂಪು ಇರುವೆಗಳಂತೆ ಮೈ ಮೇಲೆ ಬಂದು ಎರಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದ

ಡೆಡ್ಲೈನ್ಗಳು..... ಡೆಡ್ಲೈನ್ಗಳು..... ಡೆಡ್ಲೈನ್ಗಳು.....

ಇಂಥಹ ಉಸಿರುಗಟ್ಟಿಸುವ ಸ್ಥಿತಿಯಲ್ಲಿ

ಹುಮ್ಮಸನ್ನು ಕೊಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಗೆಲೆಯ-ಗೆಲತಿಯರ

ನಗೆ-ಬುಗ್ಗೆಯ ಇ-ಮೈಲ್ಗಳು, ಫೇಸ್ಬುಕ್ ಕಾಮೆಂಟ್ಗಳು

ಅಬ್ದುಲ್ -“ಭೇಜ್ಡಿಯ”

ಪ್ರಗ್ಯಾಳ - “ಐ ಮೀನ್, ಐ ಮೀನ್ ”

ಅವಿನಾಶನ ಸುಂಟರಗಾಳಿಯಂತೆ - “ಪ್ರೆಸೆನ್ಟೇಶನ್”

“ಜಾಫರ್ ಭಾಯಿ ಪರ್ ರಹೇ ಹೈ”- ಎಂದು ಹೇಳುವ ಸುನಿಲ್ ಷಾ

ಕ್ಯಾಟೀರಿನಳ ಅಮೆರಿಕನ್ ಇಂಗ್ಲೀಶ್, ಅದು ಅರ್ಥವಾಗದ

“ಐ ಡಿಡ್ ನಾಟ್ ಅಂಡರ್ಸ್ಟ್ಯಾಂಡ್”- ಅನ್ನುವ ಶೇಹನಾಜ್

ಪಂಚವಿಸ್ ವರ್ಷದವರನ್ನು ನಾಚಿಸುವ

ಚಾಲಿಸ್ ವರ್ಷದ ಏಂಜಲ್- ನೊಮಿತ, ರೀನಾ, ಕಲ್ಪನಾರ

ಹುರುಪು, ಉತ್ಸಾಹ

ಅರ್ಧ ಶತಕ ಬಾರಿಸಿ, ಮತ್ತೆ

ಅಧ್ಯಯನದ ಪಿಚ್ಚಿಗಿಳಿದ ಹೂಮರಸ್ ಅಂಡ್ ಹಾರ್ಮೋನಿಯಸ್ -

ಹರಿನ್

Sweet memories of APU

English Translation of the Kannada poem

For the first assignment of my first semester at APU,
“Plagiarism” “Plagiarism” “Plagiarism” was the feedback I
got.....

As soon as an assignment was “finished”,
another would come knocking.

Never ending deadlines, like an army of red ants attacking
me.

In a stifling situation as such, those uplifting and hilarious
email chains and facebook comments from my dear friends
provided respite.

Abdul’s “bhejdiyaa”, Pragya’s “I mean, I mean”
Avinash’s torrential presentations and Sunil’s teasing
announcements.

Katherine’s American English and a bewildered Shenaaz’s “I
did not understand”.

Enthusiasm and passion shown by the Forty year old angels-
Nomita, Reena and Kalpana,
which put to shame the crowd in their twenties.
Humorous and Harmonious Harin who has got back to the
pitch of Education after finishing half century.....



Shahin Marjan Nanaje

M.A. Edu, 2012-2014

برای فقیر و ثروتمند
ای کاش تو هرگز به من حساب کردن را نمی آموختی
ای کاش تو هرگز به من ریاضی نمی آموختی
آیا این بود همه هدف تو
واقعا شک دارم

همه چیز را اندازه میگیرم
من نابرابری را در زندگی درک کردم
من دانستم فاصله خود با دیگران را
من درک کردم چگونه مقایسه کنم
چگونه رقابت کنم بی آنکه اهمیت دهم
من فهمیدم تفاوت بین کم و زیاد را
من یاد گرفتم که آفریدگار را بازخواست کنم
برای آفرینش نابرابرش

از وقتی که به من ریاضی یاد دادی
من باد گرفتم غصه هایم را اندازه بگیرم
از وقتی که به من ریاضی یاد دادی
سفر غصه های من آغاز شد
همه چیز را اندازه میگیرم حالا من
همه آنچه که میدهم
همه آنچه که میگیرم
از وقتی که به من ریاضی یاد دادی

English translation of the Persian poem

Ever since you taught me Math
I have learnt
to measure my Sorrows.

Ever since I began doing Math
I began
My journey of Troubles.
Now, I measure everything-
All that I give,
All that I receive.

Ever since you taught me Math
I have learnt to measure
all my Grief.
I have understood
The inequality in my life,
I have understood
The distance between me and the other,
I have realized how to compare-
How to compete and not care.
I have understood the difference between less and more.

I have learnt to question the Almighty
For His unequal creation
Of the poor and the mighty.
I wish you had never taught me how to count
I wish you had never taught me this Math
Was this your purpose?
I really doubt.

ଜୀବନ

Amiya Kumar Behara

M.A. Edu, 2012-2014

କିଏ କହେ ଜୀବନ.... ଏକ ଅନୁଭୂତି.....

କିଏ କହେ ପୁଣି...ଏକ ଅଭୁଲ୍ଲାସ୍ତୁତି.....

କାହାପାଇଁ ଖୁସି ତ ପୁଣି...କାହାପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖର
ପାହାଡ଼.....!O!!

କିଏ କୁହେ ଏକ ସପନ...କିଏ କୁହେ ପୁଣି ଭିୟା ଶ୍ରାବଣ...

କାହାପାଇଁ ହସର ଜୁଆର....କାହାପାଇଁ ଲୁହର ସାଗର....

ଜୀବନ ତ ଏକ ମରୁବାଲି....ପୁଣି ଏକ ଶୁଖିଲା ଝଡ଼.....

କାହାପାଇଁ ଖୁସି ତ ପୁଣି କାହାପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖର
ପାହାଡ଼.....!୧!!

ପରଜାପତି ଡେଶା ଝାଡେ ଶୀତର ସକାଳେ...

ତପଳା ବିଜୁଳି ଝଲସେ ମେଘର କୋଳେ....

କି ରୂପ ତାର, କି ସୁନ୍ଦର...

ମନ ମୋହିନିଏ ମୟୂର ଖେଳ...

ଆହା..... ଏ ସୁନ୍ଦର ବନାନୀ...

ଆହା..ଏ ରାଜ ହରିଣୀ...

କାହାପାଇଁ ଫୁଲର ଶେଜ...

କାହାପାଇଁ କଂଟାର ବାଡ଼...

ଜୀବନ ତ ଏକ ଆଶାର ନଦୀ...ପୁଣି ଏକ ମୁକ ପାହାଡ଼...

କିଏ କୁହେ ଏକ ଅନୁଭୂତି...କିଏ କୁହେ ଏକ ଅଭୁଲା ସ୍ମୃତି.....

କାହାପାଇଁ ଖୁସି ତ ପୁଣି କାହାପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖର ପାହାଡ଼.....!!!

Life

English Translation of the Odiya poem

Some see life an experience,
For some, it is an unperishable memory.
For some life is happiness and enjoyment,
For others, life is no less than a hill-
of Sorrows.

Some say it is a dream,
Some describe it as being drenched-
In the rains.
It's a tide of smiles for some,
For others, an ocean of tears.
Life may be a desert or a dry sand storm-
For some it is happiness and enjoyment,
For others, life is no less than hill-
of Sorrows.

Butterflies flutter in the winter morning,
Playful lightning flashes in the clouds' lap.

How beautiful she is!
The captivating dance of the peacock,
The charming jungles and the royal doe.
For some life is a bed of roses,
For some a thorny fence,
Life is a river of hopes and a silent mountain-

For some it's happiness and enjoyment
For others life is no less than hill-
Of sorrows.

فداءً لي يا حبيبي
لدي اللحظات القيّمة
عزماً للارتفاع ونهضة من الهجوع
يا قلبي الغ الصمت
ويا ولي اليك الرجاء...

أيا ألعجب !
دقائق الماضي مديد من أيام الى الأمام
تلك الدقائق تُقْبَلُني بالآلام
ندامةً على الألوان الهمود
أيا ساعاتي التي فقدتُ باكياً...
أيا لبيت تعانقني راجعا وراجيا...
هنا الخاسر والعاشق

أستاذ في الفنون الثمينة. الجامعة عزم برمجي
اليوم وارث الليالي والليل وارث الأيام
فما الميراث هاهنا؟
هل الدقائق الماضي أم الأيام المستقبل

Awakening

English translation of the Arabic poem

Day is heir of night and the nights are the legacy of days
What is inheritance herein?
Is it the last minutes? or future days-

Oh, I wonder!
The minutes of the past are longer than the days ahead
They hug me in painful moments
With the regret of dormancy.
Oh! my time lost in tears,
If you can come back again with hope ...

Here is a loser and a beau
Sacrificed,
My Darling, for the precious moments
I am determined to rise
and awaken from the slumber.

"People. Stories. Awe. "

Ankita Rajasekharan

have definitely experienced growth in me during this course of two years. Skepticism + Fear of unknown (as being part of the pioneering batch) + Confidence + Courage = Beginning of journey in APU. Shimoga Trip + Bangalore walk + Field trips + Field reports + Assignments + More Assignments + Friendly Faculty + Various club activities + Great environment + Juniors + = LIFE at this university.

Abhijeet Bist

This journey has been so enriching for me in every sense - emotionally, culturally, academically... Will deeply cherish all the warm memories I have made here - from our Outbound Trip to our Convocation!

Radhika pai

I loved being here...
- because of the faculty and friends.
- for the culture we created and maintained.

Hum khush hue, yahan aake.

Babita Behera

When the going gets tough, the tough get going - on a rollercoaster ride and when I thought the ride's come to an end, there it is, the journey's just begun! Hail APU.

Reena Johnson

Very colorful life. The different cultures, voices, opinions coming together and flowing towards the sea of perfection but still retaining the essence of diversity. Finally these long cherished memories will find a space in my heart near to those innocent childhood memories.

Felix Varghese

It was really an enlightening course.
BUT I do not know, what I did? M.A.Education or M.A.Journalism or M.A.Tourism (!!!??)

Ankit Shah

THEN: I lived in the world, quite peacefully ... Blissfully Unaware!!
ENTER PIXEL B: Philosophy? It definitely is not logical? Sociology? Leads us nowhere - So what if Marx said Where is the solution?

EXIT PIXEL B: Philosophy? Ah! Maybe... umm... it allows me to reason better, find justification. Sociology? Uhh!! Beginning to look and see, beginning to sense what is around me...

NOW: I live in the world; emerging as a maverick - chaotic and restless...

Did I think education would answer my questions???? It raised many MORE!!
Nomita Wahi Sikand

Parting

I have built perspective,
Now I have changed the way I see the world.

I have built professional relationships,
Now I am not alone for change.
I have equipped myself with tools,
Now I can start the adventure of my life.

I have taken a lot from life,
Now time has come to give back.
Had I not been in APU,
These lines wouldn't have been uttered anywhere else z!!

Yasin

Stint at APU, I would call, one of my best experiences till date. Debates that lasted for hours, sitting through 2-3 hour long lectures with eyes glued to the professor trying not to miss out on even a single word, wild experiences during field trips and the mad cultural shows are some of the many things that I cherish. I can go on... but I have a 3 sentence limitation on this page. In 3 words APU WAS MADNESS!!!!

Madhavi Jayarajan

The APU journey has been very thrilling! I have met such unique specimens (people) in this place! And I guess this variety will remain unique to this space! I have learnt much about development and much more about life. The time I spent with my fellow mates, talking and singing and dancing and this and that, have been the most exciting part of life in APU. I loved it! :)

Meekha Paul.

Lines

from the first graduating batch

My two years here revolved around the following things.....Readings, Assignments, Term papers, Word limit, Submission date, Extensions, Slow Internet, Group work, Practicums, Presentations, Poor food quality at the canteen, Deleting reply all mails, Lost chargers/Covers and Mails Mails Mails and Last but not the least FACEBOOK

Rizwan

I joined APU.
I studied there.
I will leave it one day with tears.

Mohammed Zafar.

सफ़र ए० पी० यू० का

शिमोगा ट्रिप से शुरू हुआ
अपना ए० पी० यू० का किस्सा,
फिर लेक्चर,असाइनमेंट्स
बने जीवन का हिस्सा,
लोगों का मजमा भी अजीब था
कोई उन्नीस साल का ,
तो कोई रिटायरमेंट के करीब था

रीडिंग पे सब कुछ डिपेंड था
बिना पढ़े जाना रोज़ का इवेंट था
कभी पढ़ने बैठो तो नींद सताती थी,
जैसे तैसे नींद भागे तो,
अंथेजी समझ ना आती थी

एक के बाद एक रीडिंग का अम्बार
उसपे प्रैक्टिकम और प्रेसेंटेशन की बौछार
फिलॉसफी से व्हाई, व्हाट, हाउ ढूँढने लगे
सोशियोलॉजी से स्ट्रेटिफिकेशन तलाशने लगे,
एच० डी० एल० टी० की थ्योरी में इस कदर डूब जाते थे
जहाँ कहीं छोटा बच्चा दिखा,
पिआजे, चोम्स्की याद आते थे

सब्मिशन के दिन, कोई और बात न करते थे
बस भेज दिया? भेज दिया? पूछा करते थे
युनिवर्सल ग्रेवी का वो खाना ,
जिसके लिए चौथे माले पे चढ़ के जाना
ना जाने ग्रेवी में क्या डाला जाता था
पनीर और राजमे का एक सा स्वाद आता था

रातों को जागना, क्लास में सोना
डैडलाइन के दिन, सर पकड़ के रोना
बस ऐसा ही कुछ था,अपना यह सफ़र
दिल में है एक जज़्बा, जाते जाते मगर
ए० पी० यू० की यह जिन्दगी ,हम कभी ना भूल पाएंगे
पी० एच० डी० शुरू होने दो, हम फिर पढ़ने आएंगे ॥

अब्दुल कलाम

I explored Freud, Foucault, Nandy.
Experimented with my looks, from kurthas
to colourful tees, from kolhapuri chappals to
fluorescent green floaters. Tried to woo girls,
although with not much luck.

Uday Saini

Questions questions everywhere, not an
answer to be found
Assignments, assessments all the year, a
point yet to be found
Activities, outings, hoi-polloi is what I found
Friends, addas, opening-up- it was sound!

Siddharth Lodha

It was a journey filled with diverse people, diverse
thinking, diverse culture and , yet, there was
convergence.

When we all sat in class on the very first day @ APU,
no one knew that it will become a strong powerful
family :) Who I thought was a professor, turned out to
be my classmate. We all have held each other's hand
at every point of time - from assignment submissions,
to readings and, yes, to partying too. We sat in class
with group chat on, facebook signed in and pretending
we understood everything. We observed professors so
seriously, so that we could imitate them in hostel.
These were the best days of my life.

Nayan Merhotra

Life @ APU : Songy times. Jolly jogs. Midnight
blues. Sun shines bright. So then, songy
times yet again. And in the foreground, a lot of
beautiful green and pink and white eddies too.

Swetha G

She

Sneha Subramaniam

M.A. Edu, 2011-2013

My present is signed with
Resignation.
My past,
Crystallized-
In the sweet molasses
of sticky determination.

What I was has melted
and melded
confined, refined
and defined.
All those selves-
Stored in shelves.

Impromptu layers
Glued together
By the facades of Time-
As if there were a purpose.

Determination?
Or makeshift rustication?
All sewn together
By one steady
Abomination:
She is not I.

She is not I
And won't be seen with mine eye.
She is not I
And won't be battered
by my history's soft whip.
She is not I
And can't choose to defy.
She is not I
And is delirious with doubt
Just to try.

She is not I
And her life may be extinguished
Double-crossed for not being XY.
She is not I.
She was born to die,
With her mother bleeding
By and bye.

She is not I
But she is why I'm here.
Striving for a place,
Where She may be near.
Where He may celebrate her.
Where he may rally his shards of self together and make
A glass menagerie
Reflected
in her I.

A glass menagerie,
Where she may see
The world, her world,
According to She.



Conditioning or mistake ?

Shehnaz

M.A. Edu, 2011-2013



In our first semester, we had four core courses - Human Development; Learning and Teaching (HDLT), Philosophy of Education(POE), Sociology of Education(SOE) and Introduction to Research(ITR). Out of these four courses HDLT was the one which had the heaviest burden of assignments. Every week we were made to submit annotated bibliographies.

While submitting assignments we were required to follow a certain file naming convention. For a reflective note the file name went like

this- Reflective note_Shehnaz_HDLT. It was common across all courses and we were constantly told by our instructors to follow this naming convention. It was required also so the faculty members could save our assignments in their file folders and know which submission belongs to whom.

So, because of the fact that HDLT had highest number of submissions, once I submitted my critique of a research paper for the ITR course and I named it- Critique_Shehnaz_HDLT. I sent

this to my faculty, Rahul Sir. After few days I got feedback for this assignment in which Rahul Sir wrote – “Good effort, although I didn’t understand why the paper has been titled HDLT”. After writing this he had inserted a smiley.

This mistake happened because I think I was somehow conditioned to name my assignment documents like that. Even now we follow same naming convention for different courses but similar a mistake never happened again...

Bhagat Singh: As a thinker

Mohammed Zafar

M.A. Dev, 2011-2013

Introduction:

I have often seen that when a discussion happens about the freedom struggle and the war of independence we remember some names like Mahatma Gandhi, Chandrashekhar Azaad, Bhagat Singh, Subhash Chandra Bose, Ashfaqullah Khan, Lala Hardayal, Sarojini Naidu and many more. Actually, though, the number of people who made sacrifices to join this struggle is innumerable, for it was not only leaders or revolutionaries who partook of this movement.

Some of these people have had the fortune to have gained popularity with the masses because of their work or thoughts. Bhagat Singh is one of such lucky martyr.

But Bhagat Singh and his methods are a contentious topic.

Three years ago I heard from one of my colleagues that Bhagat Singh and his comrades were not on the path of providing productive solutions because they believed in violence. The best way, he said, is non-violence: the way of Mahatma Gandhi, because, as the Mahatma said, "an eye for an eye will make the whole world blind". He added that the work of the righteous should not be done by ill means.

In a newspaper I read an article by a student who termed the Hindustan Socialist Republican Association's (HSRA) members terrorists. In

but, instead, invested in Bhagat Singh's work because it has influenced my own convictions, I write as a reader and perceiver about my take on the much debated thinker.



A shot of the performance based on Bhagat Singh's life and thoughts, staged at Azim Premji University and directed by Zafar.

some textbooks, too, this kind of terminology is used for Bhagat Singh and his comrades. While these examples are not the norm, I still find that there are misconceptions in our society about Bhagat Singh, his comrades and their ideology and thoughts. Since I am not a historian

Bhagat Singh and his thoughts:

In a broader sense, analysing Bhagat's Singh's work and way of working, I find he was a thinker more than a patriot revolutionary. In his life, he tried to learn as much as possible. As he wrote in *Why I am an Atheist*, he realised the importance of 'study' and so read the books and articles of various thinkers like Voltaire, Fourier, Marx, Engels, Lenin, Maxim Gorki, Rousseau, Trotsky, Bakunin, Darwin, Thomas Jefferson, Tagore, Tom Paine, J. S. Mills, John Locke etc. He became well versed about the revolutions in Russia, France and America and from these experiences became influenced by Socialism.

Bhagat Singh was born to a family that was not too affluent but still able to provide an education to their children. From his childhood days he was influenced by the freedom fighters and Jalianwala

Bagh martyrs. At the time of the Non-Cooperation movement he was a follower of Mahatma Gandhi. In Gandhi, he saw a hero of the freedom struggle. Suddenly, however, when Gandhi ji called off the Non-cooperation Movement, Singh's questioning of the great leader began. He became unhappy with this act, because at that time the Non-Cooperation Movement was at a peak and many workers had left

their jobs, teachers had left the schools and students had discontinued their education and joined the movement bandwagon without worrying about their futures. People burnt their clothes and belongings. With all the conviction and sacrifices made, calling off the movement because of the killing of 19 policemen and the torching of a police station in Chauri-Chaura (1922) by the protesters was considered by Bhagat Singh to be an abandonment of the cause by Gandhi ji.

Gandhi ji, however, was very strong willed and as a consequence of violence, suddenly stopped the movement. Bhagat believed the protest in Chauri-Chaura was a peaceful protest until police started firing on protestors and killing farmers. Their death caused an uprising in public and they killed policemen and torched a police station. According to him it was not violence created by the people but it was a reply or counter act by the people to the violent activity of police. (Nayar, 2007)

When he joined Hindustan Republican Association (HRA) and met with Chandrashekhar Azaad, Sukhdev, Rajguru, Battukeshwar Dutt, Shachindra Nath Babu, Ram Prasaad Bismill, Ashfaq, Manmath Nath Gupta, Jaidev Kapoor and other members, he realised that his convictions had found good company. HRA's members were totally against any communal activities. For instance, they used to make Jhatka and Halaal meat in same vessel and Hindus and Muslims both used to eat together (Nayar, 2007). There was a sense of commonality of ideals. Actually they did not believe in the type of secularism which was practiced by Indian National Congress, which seemed to suggest "I am also good and you are also good". This had a nice performative appeal with praying "Ishwar allah tero naam" together but yet divisions were still felt (Gupt 2007). In this case, however, it was the similarities between people that were stressed, rather than the differences. Many of Bhagat's comrades left their religions. Perhaps, it is because of

the divisive nature of religion that Bhagat Singh became in favour of Atheism and, thus, tried to follow this philosophy his whole life.

In 1928, at Feroz Shah Kotla (Delhi) the members of HRA met and there, Bhagat put forward that their aims were not just freedom. Freedom, he averred, is meaningless if power simply moves from the British rulers' hand to the Indian elites, with the continuation of the exploitation of the poor. By an agreement and understanding of these views and cause, with the support of Chandrashekhar Azaad and other comrades, the word Socialist was added to HRA, making it the Hindustan Socialist Republican Association (HSRA). Bhagat thought of a free India where communalism, exploitation in the name of caste and religion would be annihilated, of an India where the exploitation of the poor by the rich would not be in the trajectory of the future. According to him freedom was for everyone, from the farmer to the labourer, and not only for the elites and affluent classes of society.

HSRA decided to protest against the Public Safety & Trade Dispute Bill which the British government wanted to introduce to curtail the rights of Indians. When, on April 8th, 1929 Bhagat and Battukeshwar threw bombs on the Delhi assembly, their aim was not to kill anyone but to show the worth of their movement. They shouted slogans of "long live revolution and long live the proletariat". They didn't try to run away because they wanted to send a message to leaders that they are not 'misguided youths or patriots' but could take responsibility for their actions.

Bhagat Singh was a lover of study and when he was in jail he spent much of his time with those books. According to him every youth needed time to read more and more because study gives them ammunition to face the arguments of the opponent. His ideas

of revolution were not top-down but focused on creating awareness among the working class. He declared that we cannot talk of nationalism to a peasant because for him/ her it hardly matters if the government is under Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru or Lord Irwin. For the country, we must realize that revolution is for them and by them (Mike 2006).

Bhagat Singh had a dream to build a free country where no one would be easy bait for exploitation in the name of tenancy, feudalism and Capitalism. Today, there is a need to understand Bhagat Singh's thoughts, otherwise we will just consider him another brave person who sacrificed his life for our country and forget the thinker that he was and the ideals that he had.

As Bhagat Singh suggested, I too believe, hence, that we may invest in our intelligentsia of history and evolution of thought to do more for our future. May we explore our change, in order to realize it. In this vein, here are some suggested readings on Bhagat Singh for interested people:

- Krantikari Andolan ke Dastawez (Hindi), by Manmathnath Gupta (Samay Publications).
- The Martyr, Bhagat Singh; Experiments in Revolution, by Kuldeep Nayar
- To Make the Deaf Hear, by S Irfan Habib, Three essays Collective Publications.
- Without Fear, by Kuldeep Nayar.
- Bhagat Singh Aur Unke Sathiyon Ke Dastawez (Hindi), by Jagmohan Singh & Chaman Lal (Rajkamal Publication).

In the shade of a dark tree

In the shade of a
Dry tree....

I was young, and grandma
told me,
A story of village,
where moon was bright
Birds tweeted all day.
A Huge dry tree - home
for a sweet singing cuckoo.
And a small hut,
A young boy & a girl,
standing near the tree,
As rain kissed the earth,
They could feel the
warmth of care,
The fragrance of wet
earth..

- Bikash



Poem by Bikashbhandary Chetry
M.A. Edu, 2011 - 2013
Painting by Priya Singh
M.A. Dev, 2012-2014



उदास बापू

शशि भूषण

एम० ए० एजुकेशन

2011-2013

आज बापू का जन्मदिन है
सब खुश हैं, उत्सव मना रहे हैं, पर...
आज बहुत उदास होंगे बापू
अपने बच्चों से नाराज़ होंगे बापू
सोचा नहीं था
लोग ऐसे प्यार करेंगे
मेरे आदर्शों को छोड़,

बस यह त्योहार धरेंगे,
कुछ दीप जलाएँगे,
पर बुझे मन से
मिठाइयाँ भी बाटेंगे ,
पर काले धन से,
सोचा नहीं था लोग ऐसे प्यार करेंगे
दिल से निकाल कर बिठा दिया चौराहे पर
मेरे आदर्शों को टांग दिया दीवारों पर,
मेरे अल्फ़ाज़ अब बस दिखते हैं किताबों में

फिर क्यों बसा रखा है मुझे इन झूठी यादों में,
मेरे अपने ही यूँ व्यवहार करेंगे
सोचा नहीं था लोग ऐसे प्यार करेंगे,
मेरे सपनों का भारत ना जाने कौन लूट रहा है
बांधा था जिसे एकता से
वो बंधन अब टूट रहा है,
ना जाने कौन सा भारत अब तैयार करेंगे
सोचा नहीं था लोग ऐसे प्यार करेंगे।

सफ़र

मृगेंद्र सिंह

एम०ए० डेवलपमेंट

2012-2014

आज फिर वो मुसाफ़िर सफ़र पर निकला
 कुछ सर्द हवा सी चल रही है
 और छाई हुई है कुछ सुस्ती
 कुछ रोज़ गुजर गए थे
 जब हम दोनों खामोश से थे
 ना हुई उधर से ही कुछ पहल
 ना हमने ही कोई जिक्र किया
 लो आज हम फिर हो गए तैयार
 करने को वो मुलाकात जो कबसे टल रही थी
 मेरी नज़र पड़ते ही
 वो कुछ खिलखिला सी गई और शरमा सी गई
 शायद उसको भी मेरी नज़र में आया इश्क़ दिख गया था
 छुपा दिया था उसने फिर सूरज को यहीं कहीं
 मानो कह रही हो
 कि आज कोई नहीं देगा दखल



हम दोनों के दरमियान
 वो हमको बुला रही थी फैलाये दोनों बाहें
 मेरे कानों में कुछ फुसफुसा रही थी
 सुरीली हवा की तरह
 हम भी हो लिए थे उसके
 भूल गए थे सारी परेशानियाँ
 ना रिश्तों की खबर और ना मंज़िल की
 ना ज़माने का ही कोई खयाल था
 लौट कर जब औरों से मुखातिब हुए
 सुनी उनकी दास्तान
 तो लगा कि कुछ अलग ही दास्तान बुन रहे थे हम
 अब अपने यारों की हरकतों को मैं क्या बयाँ करूँ ऐ दोस्त
 कि वो अब भी ढूँढ रहे हैं कहीं किताबों में ज़िन्दगी
 कि वो अब भी ढूँढ रहे हैं कहीं किताबों में ज़िन्दगी।

मौसम के मायने

मधुलिका झा

एम० ए० एजुकेशन

2011-2013

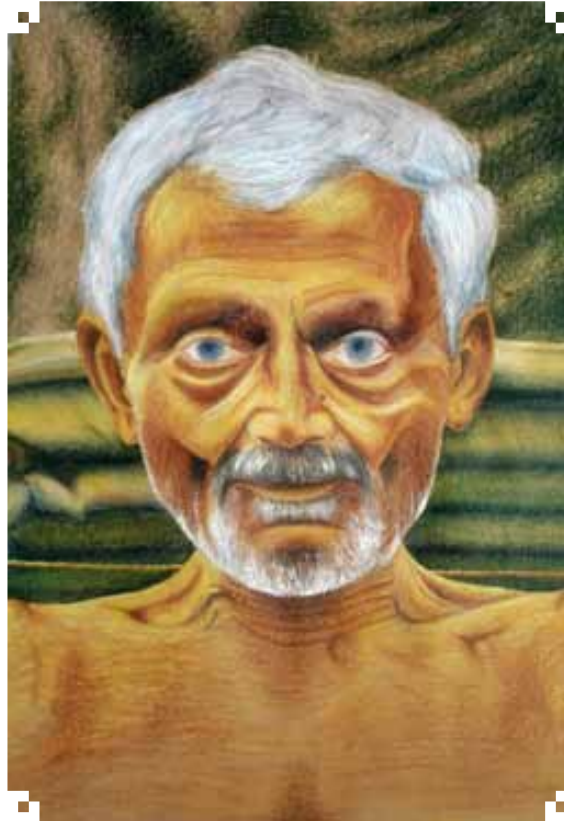
लो फिर सर्दियों का मौसम आ गया
सूखने लगे गर्म कपड़े, कंबल और रज़ाइयाँ धूप में
युवती माँ ने और कसकर लपेट दिया नन्हें को लिहाफ़ में
महक उठी हमारी रसोई तिल, गुड और सोंठ की खुशबू से
गज़क,चिक्की और अदरक वाली चाय की खुशबू फैली है
बाज़ार में,

लो फिर सर्दियों का मौसम आ गया
और...

उन्हें चिंता है अपने घर को सहेजने की
छोटे हो रहे दिन और लंबी ठिठुरती रातों की
उन्होंने डाल लिए पुआल अपनी झोपड़ियों में
और सिल लिया सालों से फटते कपड़ों को,
में भी स्वेटर पहन और कंबल ओढ़ बाहर आई तो पाया
कि खेल रहे हैं कुछ बच्चे नंगे बदन ठंडी रेत पर
एक मज़दूर माँ
हाथ में तसला और पीठ पर बच्चे को लिए चली जा रही थी
ठंड में बर्तन घिसते हाथ फ़ट चुके थे,
हाँ सचमुच फिर सर्दियों का मौसम आ गया था
और...

एक बार फिर मौसम के अर्थ बदल गए थे
किन्हीं दो तबकों के लिए

मौसम को पसंद नापसंद करने का विकल्प है किसी के लिए
और हर मौसम है अज़ाब किसी के लिए
क्या ऐसा कभी होगा कि मौसम के साझे अर्थ होंगे सारे
जहाँ के लिए
सर्दी, गर्मी, बारिश...



This painting is a part of Karvan with the permission of professional artist, Sudhir Pillai. To see more of his work visit: <http://www.saatchionline.com/sudhirpillai>

मनवा तू क्यूँ घबराए है?

आशुतोष सिन्हा व आदित्य सान्याल

एम०ए० डेवलपमेंट

2011-2013

मनवा तू क्यूँ घबराए है?
क्या है जो खोया जाए है?
जब आया था क्या था लाया?
जो लिस यहाँ हुआ जाए है,
मनवा तू क्यूँ अकुलाए है?
किस अगन में झुलसा जाए है?

था जन्मा भी तो नंगा ही
क्या स्वर्ण लपेटे जाएगा?
न कुछ उसका
न कुछ तेरा
क्यूँ फिर तू माथ खपाए है?
मनवा तू क्यूँ घबराए है?
क्यूँ विकल हुआ तू जाए है?

ना लोभ-मोह, ना काम-क्रोध
तू गले लगाने था आया
माया आगोश में जाने को
फिर क्यूँ तू मचला जाए है?

क्यूँ खुद को तू तड़पाये है?
ऐ मनवा तू क्यूँ घबराए है?

लाइफ एट ए०पी०यू०

ऋतिका साह जगाती

एम०ए० डेवलपमेंट

2012-2014

आए थे हम लेकर थोड़ी आस
हॉस्टल से कॉलेज नहीं मिला पास,
तीन किलोमीटर की दूरी
और सुबह-सुबह शुरू होती क्लास।

पहले ही सत्र में पढ़ लिए
फूको, डर्खाइम और असद,
लिखते रहे, लिखते रहे
असाइनमेंट्स और इक्जाम

डराती थी कभी डेडलाइन
तो सेंन्ड का बटन दबाते ही
मिलता था बहुत आराम,
लेते थे हिस्सा
हर प्रोग्राम में

फिर भी क्लास पार्टिसिपेशन को लेकर
रहे परेशान।

होता रहा मैनेज बस ऐसे ही
इवेंट्स और डेडलाइन
देखनी है अगर डाइवर्सिटी में यूनिटी
तो यहाँ आ जाओ सिम्प्ली
गर्व से हम कहते हैं
वी आर द ए० पी०यू० फ़ैमिली।

Finale

- SM

2012-2014

The stones lie sullen, the traveler sighs
Beyond distant hills, a sparrow flies
Its tiny wings struggling to lift
That delicate frame, an unwanted gift
The sun is high, the shadows teasing
An occasional gust, the feeling pleasing
Shifting sands on the blurry horizon

Hollow clouds on a meandering run
A desire to rest, a desire to sleep,
Desires collude, a sanity to keep
Heat and cold disturb him less,
Only buried memories cause him stress
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide,
A crucial moment, it's time to decide,
He has come quite far, yet to be caught,
Many an obstacle he has bravely fought
It is a curse, the eternal run,
It has to end, this sickening burden,
To die in war is to die right,
Should he go back, continue the fight?

But he sees now, his cause is lost,
A long way from home, his journey's cost,
The map is gone, his mind betrays him,
No way back, the future looks grim
He buries the handle, falls on his knees,
It's time to escape, the ultimate release,
The rituals are done, the blade is thrust,
The blood pours, reddening the sandy crust
His hands on his stomach, body on the ground,
Everything is calm, not a single sound,
His sees his past, living a life so blind,
This was the only outcome, death so kind.

टूटता क्यों नहीं रे मन?

रजनीश बहुगुणा

एम. ए. डेवेलपमेंट

2011-2013

युगान्त से स्थिर निस्तब्ध,
बना हुआ प्रस्तर पाखण्ड,
भावना-हीन, दीर्घकाय,
रस विहीन, शुष्क, निरुपाय।
भ्रंश, आहत पर अविचल
जीर्ण-शीर्ण, जर्जर, विकल।
अमृत की अमर धार

सोखता क्यों नहीं रे मन?
टूटता क्यों नहीं रे मन?

अनाहत का सतत प्रहार
आहत करता तार-तार।
खण्डों में बहु विभक्त
पर पाषाण में आसक्त।

अनन्त के प्रहारों से

शून्य की कटारों से
तत्क्षण ज़ार-ज़ार हो
दरकता क्यों नहीं रे मन?
टूटता क्यों नहीं रे मन?

नन्हें कन्धे

अबुल कलाम

एम०ए० एजुकेशन

2011-2013

भैया पेपर ले लो!

हबीबगंज भोपाल बस अड्डे की छोटी सी चाय की दुकान में चाय पीते हुए अचानक मेरे कानों को ये शब्द सुनाई दिए। मैंने पलटकर देखा, एक 8 साल का छोटा सा दुबला पतला लड़का, एक हाथ से अखबार का गट्ठर दबाए मेरी ओर देख रहा है। चाय पीते पीते मैंने उसे जवाब दिया, “नहीं बेटा अखबार नहीं चाहिए।”

“ले लो न भइया दो रुपए का ही है बस” उसने एक हाथ से अखबार मेरी ओर बढ़ाते हुए विनती की। इस बार उसके शब्दों में एक अजीब सा निवेदन था, मैंने एक नजर उसके चेहरे को देखा फिर उसके हाथ से अखबार लेकर अखबार के नाम को पढ़ने की कोशिश करने लगा। शाम को निकलने वाला कोई स्थानीय अखबार था वह, मुझे पेपर पढ़ने की इच्छा तो नहीं थी पर उस बच्चे के चहरे को देखकर सोचा की एक पेपर ले ही लेता हूँ, दो रुपये की ही तो बात है, यह सोचकर मैंने अपनी जेब को टटोलकर चिल्लर ढूँढ़ने की कोशिश की, दुर्भाग्यवश उस वक़्त मेरे पास छुट्टे पैसे नहीं थे।

“छुट्टे पैसे नहीं हैं बेटा रहने दो” मैंने उसे पेपर वापस लौटाते हुए कहा। इस बार वह कुछ न बोला और अखबार वापस लेकर आगे बढ़ गया। मैं उसे वापस जाता हुआ देखता रहा, थोड़ा आगे बढ़कर वह एक चबूतरे पर अखबार रखकर बैठ गया, मैं उसकी ओर ही देख रहा था। उसने अपनी पैंट की जेब से पैसे निकाले और उन्हें गिनने लगा। न जाने क्यों मैं उसकी ओर से अपना ध्यान नहीं हटा पाया, वह बच्चा एक एक कर सिक्के व नोट गिनता जा रहा

था। मुझे अपने पर ग्लानि हुई, मुझे उसे खाली हाथ नहीं लौटाना चाहिए था बल्कि एक अखबार ले लेना चाहिए था। यह सोचकर मैं उठा और उसके नज़दीक पहुँच गया।

“दस रुपये के छुट्टे हैं तुम्हारे पास?” मैंने उसकी ओर देखते हुए पूछा।

मुझे देखते ही उसने अपने पैसे तुरंत अपनी जेब में वापस डाल लिए, जैसे उन पैसों को वह मुझसे छिपाना चाह रहा हो।

दस रुपये के छुट्टे गिनने लगा। मुझे लगा कि एक के बजाए दो अखबार ले लेता हूँ चार रुपये की ही तो बात है। यह सोच कर मैंने कहा “ऐसा करो दो अखबार दे दो और 6 रुपए मुझे लौटा दो।” मेरे हाथ से दस रुपए का नोट लेकर उसने 6 रुपए और दो अखबार मुझे पकड़ा दिए। मैं वहीं उसके बगल बैठकर अखबार पढ़ने लगा, मेरा ध्यान उसकी गतिविधियों में ही लगा रहा, वह फिर से अपने पैसे गिनने लगा।

“तुम्हारा नाम क्या है?” मैंने उससे पूछा।



“दस रुपये के छुट्टे हों तो एक पेपर दे दो।”

उसने हाँ के इशारे में सिर हिलाया और जेब से पैसे निकालकर

“राहुल” उसने पैसे गिनते गिनते मुझे जवाब दिया।

“पढ़ाई करते हो?”

“हाँ”

“किस क्लास में?”

“चौथी कक्षा में सरकारी स्कूल में जाता हूँ। सुबह स्कूल जाता हूँ, शाम को अखबार बेचता हूँ।”

“तुम्हारे घर में और कौन कौन है?”

“मम्मी, बड़ी बहन और एक छोटी बहन है।”

“और पापा?” मैंने पूछा।

“नहीं हैं।” सिक्के गिनते गिनते उसने धीमे से जवाब दिया, मुझे अपने इस सवाल पर आत्मग्लानि हुई मैंने सोचा मुझे यह सवाल नहीं पूछना चाहिए था, मुझे समझ जाना चाहिए था कि अपने घर के सदस्यों के बारे में बताते हुए उसने अपने पिता का नाम क्यों नहीं लिया।

इतनी बातचीत के दौरान वो मुझसे सहज हो गया था। मैंने बातचीत को आगे बढ़ाते हुए उससे पूछा – “बिक जाते हैं सारे पेपर?”

“नहीं पूरे नहीं बिक पाते। कभी आधे, कभी आधे से भी कम, जो बच जाते हैं वो दुकान पे वापस कर देता हूँ।”

“पैसे खुद रखते हो या घर में देते हो?”

“मम्मी को देता हूँ।” उसने बताया कि जितना अखबार बिकता है उस हिसाब से पैसे बनते हैं, एक अखबार पर पचास पैसे मिलते हैं। मैंने अपने मन में सोचा की इतनी दौड़-भाग और जगह जगह पैदल घूम कर ये बच्चा कितने अखबार बेच पाता होगा?

उस छोटे से बच्चे से बातचीत के दौरान मैंने महसूस किया कि

उसका मुझसे बात करने से लेकर हावभाव सब किसी वयस्क कि भांति लग रहा था। बचपन का नटखट अंदाज़ उसके स्वभाव से नदारद था, शायद वक्त से पहले उसके कन्धों पर आए ज़िम्मेदारियों के बोझ के तले उसका बचपन कहीं दब गया था। मासूम बचपन की अल्हड़ता और चुहलपन एक गंभीर चेहरे में बदल गया था। थोड़ी देर वहाँ बैठने के बाद उसने अपने सारे अखबार उठाए और फिर से उन्हें बेचने के लिए एक ओर चल पड़ा।

मैं कुछ देर तक उसके बारे में ही सोचता रहा, राहुल जैसे न जाने और कितने बच्चे हैं जिनका बचपन ज़िम्मेदारियों के बीच खोता जा रहा है। घर में दो जून कि रोटी जुगाड़ने के लिए कभी रेल के डिब्बों में सफाई करता, तो कभी प्लेटफार्म पर बोलतें बेचता, कभी किसी सब्ज़ी के ठेले पर आवाज़ लगाता, तो कभी किसी चाय के होटल पर टेबल साफ करता या फिर बस स्टैंड और सड़कों पर अखबार बेचता, कोई न कोई राहुल रोज़ हमें अपने आसपास नज़र आता है, हम उसे देखते हैं, कभी उस पर अफ़सोस करते हैं, कभी उसपर तरस खा कर या सहानुभूति के दो शब्द बोलकर उसका सामान खरीद लेते हैं, तो कभी हम उन्हें झिड़क कर दूर भगा देते हैं।

हम सभी जानते हैं कि बाल-श्रम एक अपराध कि श्रेणी में आता है, जो व्यक्ति किसी बच्चे से काम कराता है वो कानूनन अपराधी कहलाता है। सच है, किसी बच्चे का बचपन भला काम के बोझ तले क्यों दबे? हमारे देश में बाल-श्रम विरोधी कानून और बाल-संरक्षण से जुड़े ढेरों कानून बच्चों के बचपन की रक्षा का संकल्प उठाते नज़र आते हैं लेकिन सिर्फ़ कागज़ों पर। बाल-श्रम कानून एक बच्चे को होटलों, गैरेज, दुकानों व कारखानों में काम करने से तो रोकता है परंतु उन बच्चों पर आश्रित उनके परिवार के भरण-पोषण की गारंटी नहीं देता है।

वहीं दूसरी ओर, शिक्षा का अधिकार अधिनियम देश में 6 से 14 वर्ष के बच्चों की सम्पूर्ण निःशुल्क शिक्षा की बात करता है। इस अधिनियम के तहत 6 से 14 वर्ष के वे सभी बच्चे जो किन्हीं

कारणों से अपनी पढ़ाई और विद्यालय छोड़ चुके हैं, ऐसे सभी बच्चों के पुनः नामांकन की ज़िम्मेवारी उस क्षेत्र के सरकारी विद्यालय के शिक्षकों व शिक्षा अधिकारियों की होगी। यह अधिनियम इस बात का भी दावा करता है कि यदि कसी क्षेत्र में किसी बच्चे का नाम उस क्षेत्र के दायरे में आने वाले विद्यालय में दर्ज नहीं है तो इसके लिए उस क्षेत्र के शिक्षक व शिक्षा अधिकारी ही दोषी होंगे साथ ही उस बच्चे के अभिभावक भी इस दायरे में आएंगे। इसमें कोई संदेह नहीं की यह प्रावधान हर बच्चे की प्राथमिक शिक्षा सुनिश्चित करने का दावा करता है, परंतु यह भी समझने वाली बात है कि सम्पूर्ण शिक्षा व शिक्षित करने का दावा सिर्फ़ रजिस्टर में नामांकन तक आकर रुक जाता है। होटलों पर काम करने वाले या सड़कों पर अखबार बेचने वाले उन बच्चों के नाम तो विद्यालय रजिस्टर में दर्ज हो जाते हैं किन्तु विद्यालय तथा असली शिक्षा उनसे कोसों दूर ही रहती है। उनके कन्धों पर लदी घर व परिवार कि ज़िम्मेदारियाँ उन्हें विद्यालय कि चहारदीवारी के अंदर कदम रखने से रोकती है, यदि वे विद्यालय जाते भी हैं तो सिर्फ़ नाममात्र के लिए।

ऐसा नहीं है कि ये बच्चे पढ़ने कि इच्छा नहीं रखते बल्कि इन बच्चों के मन में भी पढ़-लिखकर आगे बढ़ने का जज़्बा होता है, वे भी चाहते हैं कि स्कूल यूनिफ़ॉर्म पहन कर रोज़ सवेरे स्कूल जाएँ, दूसरे बच्चों कि तरह खेलें कूदें पर ऐसा नहीं हो पाता। परिवार कि ज़िम्मेदारी, विद्यालय का नीरस वातावरण, शिक्षकों का इन बच्चों के प्रति गैरज़िम्मेदाराना रवैय्या फिर से इन्हें सड़कों पर लाकर छोड़ देता है। जिस उम्र में अन्य बच्चे खेलते कूदते और पढ़ाई करते नज़र आते हैं उसी उम्र में इस तरह के गरीब बच्चे अपने परिवारका पेट पालने के लिए सड़कों पर नज़र आते हैं। ये बच्चे वक्त से पहले अपना बचपन खो देते हैं, न ये मैदान में खेलते नज़र आते हैं न ही किसी मेले में झूला झूलते, हाँ अगर नज़र भी आते हैं तो मिट्टी के खिलौने बेचते, पन्थियाँ बीनते या अखबार बेचते।

What is 'development'?

Nazrul Haque
M.A. Dev, 2011 - 2013



“What is development?” the elderly gentleman asked and I was almost knocked down. Not that I am unfamiliar with the question – this has been a puzzle we are trying to unravel here at APU; but, you must give a man his sanity. Here we are, trekking on Thadiyendamol, a hill in Coorg, huffing and puffing and all sweaty. The road is tough, the weather hot and humid and years of my atrocious lifestyle is beginning to take its toll. Suddenly, we meet this man at a steep uphill section. And we engage him in small talk.

“Where are you from? Azim Premji University? Oh, I’ve never heard of it. What do you do? Education and Development! Are you serious?”

“Why, is there a problem?”

“No, it’s just that I have been pondering over something for quite a while now, and I think you can help me solve it. After all, an old man like me is entitled to his answers.”

“Sure, shoot.”

“Well, the question is quite simple but it has always boggled me. Especially ever since I have come and settled in the hills.”

“Could you please ask the question, Sir? We are in an incredibly bad condition.”

“Hahaha! Alright. My question is - what is ‘development’?”

Looking back, I now realize that the old man’s question referred to two of my most serious misgivings since I came to APU - both not quite comforting. Firstly, I myself am not sure what this ‘development’ actually is. Secondly, I am unsure whether this course – M.A. in Development – is going to be helpful at all. It’s not that we haven’t attempted to answer my first concern. We constantly keep trying, and on some days I have felt that we have almost hit the nail on the head.

Some of the answers we came up with were - Development is providing quality education to everyone. Period. But this further raises the issues of what is quality? And what is education? Another answer revolves around health. Development is when everyone has equal access to good quality public health facilities. Critics of this view would argue, why? What is wrong with our traditional methods of curing? Why is this *modern* health care required? Does this not ‘hospital-ise’ the whole ‘business of health’? Further, what does this business of health actually imply – that you want to make something like health a commercial activity?

Another aspect of development is that every citizen should have access to justice and there must the rule of law. All that is well and good, but what is this concept of ‘justice’? Why do we need the ‘rule of law’? We could solve everything through informal

interactions itself, so why give the state more power? One would then call you an 'anti-developmental'.

Development could also mean that India must be energy rich and that each and every house should have a power connection. While this is a noble thought, one must pause and think, where would that power come from – by exploiting nature? What about the future generations? Wouldn't they need power as well? Arguments for renewable sources of energy like solar power or wind energy are made in response.

We all say agricultural fields must be productive and that every family should have subsistence. But how do we achieve this? By using High Yielding Variety seeds and chemical fertilisers? We could go organic of course, but does everyone own land? Okay, let's tell all the landless people to own livestock.

"Why don't we make policies which are equitable for everyone and everything will be solved?"

"Thank you Sir, but can you first define what is 'equitable'? For whom it is equitable and by which rules of distribution it is equitable? And why did you address your audience as Sir? Why not Madam?"

Are you trying to imply – and I am sure you are – that women can't be a part of such heavy intellectual debates?"

Our third semester actually came with a ray of hope – and I was jubilant that somehow I would return and proudly tell my mother that the big mystery, the biggest of all, is finally solved. And, by us! The semester came with a core subject and someone had the brilliance to name it "*development imagination*"! Sheer music to my ear, I must admit. Because it opened every door to our dilemmas, we were almost saved, we were just reaching nirvana and the moment I heard the word, I uttered to myself – yes, this is it. Well, an average guy like me too can have his eureka moment! This is what I was looking for – that, that, that there is nothing called development, it's only what and how you imagine it, it's all in your mind, my mind, our government's mind! As they say – it's there but not quite there.

I could have grown old, and happily at that, with this wisdom and I was asking for nothing else in my life. I was cheerful (again), was enjoying my weekends and was just having a nice time in Bangalore. And, voooooommm, suddenly our fourth semester came and someone actually had the audacity to introduce a course

named, guess what, *measuring development*! I was about to collapse that day – how can you measure something which you can only imagine? That means my assumption was wrong, there is more to the puzzle and I am not going to my mother with a proud face. In fact, I am actually going nowhere! I am still stuck in that old, foul, smelly thing called development. And that is how I would live the rest of my life – depressed, frustrated, angry and clueless (most probably, jobless too).

But, I am a kind hearted guy and let me finally share how I responded to that very valid question asked by the confused old man – on top of the Thadiyendamol hill of Coorg. I coughed a little bit, asked for some water from him (which he duly shared) and began.

"Well, sir, I can't answer what *is* development. But I am going to tell you what *is NOT* development. Please listen carefully. And by the way, how much further to the peak?"

The focus of my field immersion was the life of tribal communities in Wayanad and their interaction with the world around them. Having been born and brought up in Wayanad, I had interacted with these tribes earlier and this journey helped me reinvent the unnoticed realities as well coloured my previous experience with an academic outlook. Wayanad which means the “Land of paddy fields” rests in the lap of the Western Ghats in the North Eastern part of the Kerala at the tri-junction of Kerala, Karnataka and Tamil Nadu. In the altitude ranging from 700 to 2000 meter above sea level, *Kabani*, the major tributary of the *Kaveri River* along with its rivulets, makes up a beautiful river system in the district. Mountains, pastoral valleys, paddy fields and plantations give a picturesque scene to this natural paradise. It took more than two decades after state reorganization on November 1, 1980 to establish the present format of Wayanad district.

Our motive behind going to Valad village in Wayanad was to understand the contrast between the lives of the *Paniya* and *Kurichya* communities. It's believed that the name *Valad* originated from the word 'Vaal' which means 'sword' in Malayalam. The struggles between different local chieftains to control this place probably led to this name. The first migrants to the Valad are believed to be the *Karinayans* which includes *Paniyas* and *Kurichya*. Valad is a part of the Thavinhall panchayat and around 20% of the population of this panchayat is tribal.

Our interaction with different tribes and other communities led us through different hamlets in Thavinhall Panchayat. These included Palod, Kolichal, Valamadakkal, Edathana, Kuniyil, Karachal, Ambalakkunna, Kodyerikkunnu and Puthoor.

My chosen journey...

Muhammed Asrath
M. A Dev, 2012-2014

The Life of the Paniyas: An Odyssey Between Two Bundles of Betel Leaf and Areca Nut

Paniyas are the single largest tribe in Wayanad. The name Paniya translates to 'workers', and most people from this community work as labourers in agricultural fields. Their suffering starts when they are made bonded labourers to landlords and they are bought and sold along with the plantations. The formal process of this slavery starts in the presence of *Valliyoor Kaav* deity during the 14 day annual festival (Malayalam month Meenam 1 to 14) when these Paniyas are purchased by landlords by giving a bundle of betel leaf and areca nut. This practice is given divine sanction by offering this price to the temple to please the Goddess.

When we notice that their chewing habit of the same betel leaf and areca nut raises anxiety and that they are going to be extinct within 30 years due to a change in life patterns, the full life cycle of enslavement is clear.



Kurichyas: The Rays of Resurgence

The word 'Kurichya' came from two words 'Kuri' and 'Chiyen' that mean the hunted and those who hunt respectively. They were



courageous warriors of Pazhassi Raja and acknowledged as time tested hunters. They are a well settled agricultural community who practice cooperative farming. They are not emerging socially and politically to becoming a part of the mainstream. Claiming equal status with Brahmins and practicing untouchability with other communities, we can see that a kind of superiority complex is rooted in their minds. But lately there has been a drastic change in the customs of the Kurichyas due to their increasing interactions with other communities.

The legendary story of the Kurichyas of the Valad is not complete without mentioning the traditional tribal Vaidyan family. Having a close relationship with nature their treatment of human beings and animals is well known and has even been acknowledged by the government. The family head claims to derive supernatural knowledge beyond the knowledge of medicinal value of the plants and argues his ability to trace missing persons and articles. The new generation of this family still keeps their legacy to integrate the body parts of hunted animals with plants through the teachings transmitted from their parents known as Pooppan and Chachamma,

and this transmission of knowledge continues to take place for subsequent generations.

Some General Notes

Being the sons of the jungle, these tribes are interested in remaining one with nature, where all their needs are met. The Paniyas who occupy the majority of the tribal community are aware of around 265 food items from the jungle along with the season in which they are found. It is fascinating to see that the tribe has come up with preservation methods for each of these items.

Tribes have a wide variety of knowledge about their surroundings and the natural phenomenon that surround them. This knowledge spreads across plants, animals, birds, natural pesticides, climate change, livestock management, soil protection, water management, wildlife protection, etc. I still remember the prediction of an old tribal man who correctly predicted that the monsoon would be delayed by a month.

The majority of tribes are nomadic in nature and believe the joint family system is sacred. In the words of tribal activists the concept of land ownership is beyond their imagination. They believe in nature and find remedies for all their problems from nature. This is also a reason why government schemes were not utilized by this community in their full spirit.

Art and cultural forms are landmarks of every civilization. Tribal art forms are unique in their simplicity, natural tone, and group performance. Their performance of *Thudi*, *Cheeni* and *Chilanga* is very heart-warming but at the same time it's very saddening to

see the tribes themselves forget their folk forms in these days of television and mobile phone addiction. Until two decades ago, *Thudi* was performed each evening in every home. It was believed to be a medium of communication between those alive and dead. The tribal plays of *Vattakkali* (a dancer standing in a circle) and *Kaikottiykali* (clapping while dancing in a circle) are fast disappearing owing to the growing fragmented settlements. Theyyam or Theras are also popular forms performed by the chieftain known as Mooppan.

The impact of modern developmental changes reflect the challenges faced by the ecological systems that tribes are closely related to. The self-sustained village of the 70s is today witnessing a new collapse and degradation of natural resources. The tribes are now moving with the motto that 'Protection is Development'. All the moments in our journey bring us back to the dreams described in K. J. Baby's legendary novel *Mavelimantrum*; the ideal dreamland of tribal communities. K.J. Baby is a pioneer of tribal alternative learning. It inspires me to keep at my journey that many find difficult to make a choice about; this is my chosen journey.



ऋषि वैली स्कूल- कुछ अनछुए पहलू

आसिफ अख्तर

एम० ए० एजुकेशन

2012-2014



अपने सेकेण्ड सेमेस्टर में हम चार लोग ऋषि वैली स्कूल गए। बेंगलूर से मदनापल्ली लगभग 130 किलोमीटर दूर है। मदनापल्ली से करीब 16 किलोमीटर पर 350 हेक्टेयर के कैम्पस में बसा ऋषि वैली स्कूल अपने देश का एक अनोखा बोर्डिंग स्कूल है, 83 साल पहले महान चिंतक जे० कृष्णमूर्ति ने इस स्कूल की शुरुआत की थी। इस अंतराल में स्कूल ने अपनी उपलब्धियों से दुनिया भर के लोगों को आकर्षित किया और इसी आकर्षण के साथ हम लोग भी बेंगलूर से निकल पड़े।

हम बेंगलूर से मदनापल्ली जो की काफी चहल-पहल वाला एक शहर है बस से गए। हम लोगों के आने की सूचना वहाँ के मैनेजर मि० नरसिम्हा ने गेस्ट हाउस के केयर टेकर मि० गोपाल को दी और हम लोग एक निहायत साफ-सुथरे खूबसूरत से गेस्ट हाउस में आ गए। यह लाल ईंट की बनी एक मंजिला इमारत हमारे दो हफ्ते के सफर में हमारा घर रही। मि० गोपाल ने कमरे की चाबी हमें दे दी और दोपहर के खाने के लिये डायनिंग हॉल चलने को कहा। हम लोग तैयार होकर वहां पहुंचे। हर टेबल 10-12 बच्चों और शिक्षकों से भरा हुआ था। रजिस्टर में अपना नाम डालने के बाद हम सब खाना लेकर अभी बैठे ही थे कि एक घंटी की आवाज़ सुनाई दी, एकदम वैसी ही जैसी मंदिर में बजती है और पूरे डायनिंग हॉल में खामोशी छा गयी। घंटी की आवाज़ आते ही हॉल फिर आवाज़ों से गूंज उठा।

सुबह एसेंबली का कार्यक्रम बच्चों के विकास का सशक्त माध्यम है। एसेंबली में पढ़ी जाने वाली विभिन्न प्रार्थनाएँ विद्यार्थी और शिक्षक इस तरह गाते हैं मानो कोई भजन हो। इस प्रार्थना में वाद्य-यंत्रों और मानवीय सुरों का अद्भुत संगम होता है। एसेंबली के समय बच्चे काफी चमत्कृत अंदाज़ में हिन्दी और अंग्रेज़ी में नाटक प्रस्तुत करते हैं। मैंने वहाँ 'नाक कट गयी' और 'जूलियस सीज़र' नामक बेहतरीन नाटक देखे। एसेंबली में तरह-तरह की जानकारीयाँ भी दी जाती हैं। इसमें हर तरह के संगीत का समावेश होता है। इसमें पृथ्वी और समाज से जुड़े कुछ संकटों पर चर्चा भी होती है।



पर प्रकृति कि गोद में बसी इस घाटी में पानी की बहुत कमी है, जल के कई स्रोत सूख चुके हैं। डा० राधा गोपालन ने बताया कि यह ड्राई लैंड है और साल में 50 से० मी० से कम वर्षा होती है। जल-स्तर 500-800 फीट पर है। ऋषि वैली डेवलपमेंट प्रोग्राम के तहत लगभग 5000 हेक्टेयर भूमि को हरा-भरा किया जा रहा है। इन सभी कार्यक्रमों में स्कूल के बच्चों कि भागीदारी होती है।

पक्षियों के स्वर्ग ऋषि वैली में हम पक्षियों को देखने भी गए। शाम को पगडंडियों पर चलते हुए डा० शांताराम के मार्ग- दर्शन में हम लोगों ने दूरबीन से अति-सुंदर अलग-अलग रंगों वाले ड्रोंगो, गोल्डेन ओरियोल , रेड व्हिसकर्ट बुलबुल, पॉन्ड हीरोन, शिकारा, कॉपरस्मिथ बार्बबेट जैसे छोटे-बड़े हर तरह के पक्षियों को देखा। इस पक्षी दर्शन ने हमें सम्मोहित सा कर दिया। अगर हमने यह नहीं देखा होता तो ऐसा लगता जैसे हमने जिन्दगी में कुछ खो दिया हो।

स्कूल में बीस छात्रावास हैं जिन्हें हाउस कहा जाता है। बच्चों के साथ में रहने वाले शिक्षक 'हाउस पेरेंट' कहलाते हैं और वे उन बच्चों के साथ उनके माता-पिता जैसा ही व्यवहार करते हैं। हर हाउस में सौर-ऊर्जा से संचालित पानी गर्म करने की सुविधा है लेकिन पानी के नियंत्रित उपयोग पर बल दिया जाता है। स्कूल में एक भवन स्टडी सेंटर के नाम से विख्यात है। ये बहुत सारी पुस्तकों का घर है। ये अति शांत वातावरण में अवस्थित विश्व भर से एकत्रित कुछ पुस्तकों का अनोखा संग्रह है। इसमें हर प्रकार की पुस्तकें मिलेंगी। फूलों के गमलों से सजे मुख्य द्वार और अध्ययन-कक्ष में रक्खे ताज़े पुष्प इसके परिवेश को और भी जीवंत बनाते हैं।

इस स्कूल में पेड़ों कि लंबी कतारें, फूलों की खुशबू, खेलने के लिए विस्तृत मैदान और पत्थर की चट्टानें बरबस ही अपनी ओर ध्यान आकर्षित करती हैं। डायनिंग हाल में शाम की चाय के साथ स्कूल की बेकरी में बने बिस्कुट और नान की खुशबू भुलाए नहीं भूलती। शिक्षकों और विद्यार्थियों से मिलते, उनकी दिनचर्या समझते, कक्षा और पुस्तकालयमें जाते, बच्चों का टेस्ट लेते 14 दिन कैसे बीत गए पता ही नहीं चला। तारों भरे आकाश और शुद्ध हवा से परिपूर्ण ऋषि वैली स्कूल शैक्षणिक स्वर्ग हैं।

प्रकृति ने कालाहांडी को सुंदरता का अनुपम उपहार दिया है। देश और दुनिया में अपनी विपन्नता के लिए कुख्यात कालाहांडी की घनी और हरी-भरी वादियों और ठंडी हवाओं से ऐसा आभास होता है जैसे ये कोई पहाड़ी स्थल हो। चारों ओर साल, होगनी, आबनूस, गुलमोहर, पलाश और महुआ के ऊँचे और लंबे पेड़ों से पटे घने जंगल,

दूर तक फैली पहाड़ी श्रृंखलाएँ, झरनों का संगीत और घाटी में बहती नदियाँ कहीं से भी इसके विपन्न होने का प्रमाण नहीं देतीं। प्रकृति की इस हरी-भरी चादर की कोख में छिपे कलुषित काले अतीत को ढूँढना आज भी कोई दुष्कर कार्य नहीं है। इस स्थान की दुर्दशा की कहानी अस्सी के दशक से ही दुनिया भर में सुर्खियाँ बटोर रही है, परंतु आज भी कालाहांडी भूख की भयावहता, पीढ़ीगत जड़ता, सामाजिक पिछड़ेपन और भौगोलिक बाध्यताओं की काल कोठरी से उबर नहीं पाया है।



कालाहांडी की कथा

कुमुद कान्त
एम०ए० डेवेलपमेंट
2011-2013

विद्युतीकरण योजना एवं विभिन्न वैश्विक वित्तीय संस्थाओं द्वारा पोषित केंद्र एवं राज्य स्तरीय वनवासी कल्याण योजनाओं का यहाँ पर्याप्त प्रसार है मगर यह भी इस समाज को मुख्यधारा से जोड़ने में असफल रहा है।

वर्तमान में चल रही प्रधानमंत्री ग्रामीण सड़क योजना, मनरेगा एवं विभिन्न

कालाहांडी का करीब चालीस प्रतिशत भाग पहाड़ी श्रृंखलाओं और उस पर बसे घने वनों से आच्छादित है जबकि शेष भाग मैदानी है, जहां वर्षा अपेक्षाकृत कम होती है। भौगोलिक रूप से उड़ीसा राज्य के पश्चिमी हिस्से में स्थित कालाहांडी वनाच्छादित होने के कारण मूल रूप से जन-जातीय समूहों का आवास-क्षेत्र रहा है। बाहरी समाज की उपेक्षा कहें या इस वनवासी समाज की स्वयं की बाध्यता लैपटॉप एवं टेबलेट कम्प्यूटर के इस युग में कालाहांडी का अधिकांश वनवासी समाज श्वेत-श्याम टेलीविजन तो दूर अभी रेडियो युग में भी नहीं पहुँच पाया है।

करीब दो दर्जन गांवों के सघन प्रवास में सरकारी उपेक्षाएँ भी नहीं हैं पर किसी भी सुविधा का उपयोग कैसे करना है उससे यह लोग अनजान हैं। जिला और तहसील केन्द्रों से सैंकड़ों किलोमीटर की दूरी पर मुख्य मार्ग से बहुत दूर पहाड़ियों के पीछे छिपे-बसे गांवों में सभी प्रकार की सरकारी सुविधाएँ, सरकारी एवं गैर-सरकारी संस्थाओं के माध्यम से पहुंचाई जा रही हैं, परंतु स्थानीय जन-समुदाय को इन विकास की योजनाओं से अब भी जोड़ा नहीं जा सका है।

हालांकि राष्ट्रीय सम विकास योजना, स्वजलधारा, राजीव गांधी ग्रामीण

सामुदायिक विकास कार्यक्रमों में पुरुषों की सहभागिता नगण्य है। अन्य पर्वतीय प्रदेशों की भांति यहाँ भी विकास का सारा भार महिलाओं पर ही है। महिलाएँ दोहरी प्रताड़ना का दंश झेल रही हैं, एक ओर जहाँ उन पर घरेलू काम काज का बोझ है तो दूसरी ओर उन्हें पुरुषों के दबाव में सरकारी योजनाओं में मजदूरी करनी पड़ती है जिससे परिवार का भरण-पोषण संभव हो पाता है।

इन गांवों में प्रवास के दौरान सभी स्थानों पर अधिकांशतः महिलाएँ





ही मजदूरी करती देखी गई। सामान्यतया यहाँ के पुरुषों में पारिवारिक ज़िम्मेदारी का नितांत अभाव है, विशेष रूप से संभ्रांत समाज की तरह पारिवारिक अभिभावकत्व एवं महिलाओं एवं बच्चों के प्रति उपेक्षा का भाव यहाँ की गरीबी के मूल कारणों में से एक है। स्थानीय सामुदायिक कार्यकर्ताओं के अनुसार वनवासी समाज में तलाक की प्रवृत्ति भी तुलनात्मक रूप से अधिक है। बाहरी दुनिया के तौर-तरीकों से यह समाज आज भी कोसों दूर है। ऐसा लगता है मानो इनके जीवन में मानवीय विकास की गति सदा के लिए अवरुद्ध हो चुकी है।

आवागमन एवं संचार सुविधाओं का अभाव इस क्षेत्र की रूढ़िवादिता

और पिछड़ेपन को और संबल प्रदान करती है। मोबाइल एवं अन्य दूरसंचार सुविधाओं का यहाँ के समाज में आज भी कोई अस्तित्व नहीं है, यद्यपि गावों में सरकारी योजनाओं के माध्यम से सेटेलाइट फोन, वि-सेट एवं सामुदायिक टेलीविज़न की भी व्यवस्था है, परंतु इन आधुनिक यंत्रों का उपयोग उनके लिए सफ़ेद हाथी के समान है। सड़क, बिजली, सौर-लैम्प, शौचालय जैसी सुविधाओं के बावजूद यहाँ के लोग उनके उपयोग से स्वयं को वंचित रखे हुए हैं। आर्थिक गतिविधियाँ आज भी केवल भोजन संचित करने तक ही सीमित हैं। उजड़ते जंगल और सीमित कृषि पर आधारित इनकी आजीविका दो वक़्त का भोजन जुटाने में भी सक्षम नहीं है। वैसे भूख की समस्या को बीपीएल के राशन ने बहुत हद तक समाप्त कर दिया है। हालांकि सामाजिक कार्यकर्ताओं एवं सरकारी अधिकारियों का मानना है कि बीपीएल के राशन ने इन्हें और भी पंगु बना दिया है। अब ये विभिन्न सरकारी विकास योजनाओं में काम करने विरले ही आते हैं, क्योंकि एक-दो दिन की मजदूरी में इन्हें महीने भर का राशन मिल जाता है। अतः अब इन इलाकों में सड़क, जलमीनार, पुल-पुलिया, विद्यालय एवं विभिन्न सरकारी भवनों का निर्माण या तो अवरुद्ध हो गया है, अथवा महिलाओं पर आश्रित हो गया है।

बाहरी समाज की उपेक्षा का व्यापक प्रभाव यहाँ की शिक्षा-व्यवस्था और स्वास्थ्य सुविधाओं पर पड़ा है। विभिन्न सरकारी योजनाओं में नियुक्त सरकारी सेवक, शिक्षक, स्वास्थ्य कर्मचारियों की उपेक्षा से तमाम सरकारी प्रयास विफलता का शिकार हो रहे हैं। ग्रामीण इलाकों में मलेरिया आज भी विभीषिका के रूप में लोगों पर हावी है जिससे बाहरी लोग यहाँ रात्रि-विश्राम या स्थायी तौर पर रहने से परहेज़ करते हैं।

कई विसंगतियों से त्रस्त कालाहांडी का समाज आज भी पीढ़ी दर पीढ़ी रूढ़िवादी मान्यताओं से स्वयं को जड़ किए हुए हैं। सौर-लैम्प और बिजली की व्यवस्था का इनके जीवन में कोई महत्व नहीं रह गया है, क्योंकि भीतरीगुमा गाँव के कारमू मांझी कहते हैं कि, “साहब सूरज ढलने के बाद हम जागकर क्या करेंगे? हमारा जीवन तो रोज सूरज ढलने के साथ ही समाप्त हो जाता है।” बाज़ार के नाम पर छोटी-मोटी, इक्का-दुक्का दुकानें ही कोई आठ-दस किलोमीटर पर दिखती हैं, जो सामान्यतः मुख्य सड़क के किनारे हैं। दूर-दराज़ में लगने वाले साप्ताहिक हाट ही इनकी सीमित दैनिक आवश्यकता की वस्तुओं की आपूर्ति करते हैं। गाँवों में वस्तु-विनिमय प्रणाली आज भी सामान्य है, जिनमें मुख्य रूप से जंगल से चुनकर लाए गए महुआ के बीज एवं धान के बदले नमक, चीनी, तेल, मसाले जैसे सामानों का विनिमय किया जाता है।

यह विडम्बना भी है और हास्यास्पद भी कि योजना आयोग ने नवीनतम गरीबी दर के आंकड़े लोगों द्वारा स्वास्थ्य और शिक्षा सुविधाओं पर किए गए व्यय के आधार पर जारी किए हैं जिसमें उड़ीसा गरीब राज्यों कि सूची में विगत पाँच वर्षों से पहले स्थान से खिसक कर दसवें स्थान पर आ गया है, परंतु कालाहांडी आज भी अंधकार युग में जीवन जीने को अभिशप्त है, और वर्तमान युवा पीढ़ी भी यथावत उसी जीवनशैली का हिस्सा बनकर पीढ़ीगत जड़ता को ओढ़े हुए है। आनेवाली पीढ़ी को सघन आधुनिक एवं रोजगारपरक शिक्षा व्यवस्था का उपहार देकर ही हम इस सामाजिक जड़ता को समाप्त अथवा खंडित कर सकते हैं।





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We invite contributions in all languages for the forthcoming issues of Karvan and look forward to further broadening our horizons of creative expression.

Please email your contributions/ suggestions/ comments to:
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