

Contents

Message from Vice - Chancellor- Prof. B B Bhattacharya

Message from Vice - Chancellor- Prof. Sudhir K Sopory

Alumni Memories

Programme Details

Organizing committee

तोकग्युगुः फो'फो | कुः
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERSITY

नई दिल्ली-110067
New Delhi-110067, India

Professor B.B. Bhattacharya
Vice-Chancellor


October 29, 2010

MESSAGE

I am glad that Alumni Affairs and Placement Cell of the University is organizing JNU Alumni Week from November 15 to 20, 2010 at JNU Campus. It gives me satisfaction and happiness watching the growing number of the Alumni year after year and participating in its initiatives from far and wide with equal zeal. The get-togethers of this nature not only provide an opportunity for face-to-face interaction on each other's well being but also acts as a barometer to understand various nuances of far reaching changes taking place in all walks of life, particularly in the area of higher education and challenges that it faces today.

Due to increasing deficit in budgetary support, now some of the great universities across the world are also turning towards their valued alumni to make a mark in their developmental initiatives. The alumni of these universities on their part have volunteered to help immensely in pursuits of excellence in many ways. I am sure, JNU alumni, aware of these developments, is already conscious of their role and potential to make a mark in sustaining the importance of JNU as a prestigious institution of national importance and taking it forward to a still higher level.

I congratulate the organizers as well as participating members of the alumni for coming all the way to their alma matter and remembering it always. I also wish the success of this get together for the third successive year.


(B.B. Bhattacharya)

तोकग्यक्य उगः फो'फो | क्य;
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERSITY

नई दिल्ली-110067
New Delhi-110067, India

Professor Sudhir K. Sopory
Vice-Chancellor

March 7, 2011

MESSAGE

I am happy to learn that the Alumni Affairs Committee of Jawaharlal Nehru University is bringing out a Souvenir **AAJ 2010** on the occasion of annual Alumni Week held during November 9-13, 2010. The Alumni Affairs Committee has been very vibrant during the last 2-3 years and has been organizing Alumni Week every year.

It is a matter of great satisfaction that the Committee is putting its best efforts to promote better links between JNU and its alumni and has a data base of around 5000 names. I am sure that in the years to come, the data base will grow further.

I send my good wishes for the success of **AAJ 2010** and appreciate the efforts of the members of the Committee.



(SUDHIR K. SOPORY)

ftn xh dk gjk fgLI k gS t; u; w

अजय ब्रह्मात्मज

भारतीय भाषा केन्द्र 1980-86

हम कहीं भी जा रहे होते हैं और रास्ते में आ जाता है जेएनयू... चौबीस साल पहले जेएनयू कैम्पस छोड़ने के बाद भी यह स्थिति बनी हुई है। साल में दो दफे तो जेएनयू आना-जाना हो ही जाता है। बाज़ दफा सिर्फ वहां की बिल्डिंगों, होस्टल, कैंटीन, गंगा ढाबा, कमल कॉम्प्लेक्स या लाइब्रेरी को ही पता चल पाता है कि हम आए थे और अगली यात्रा तक के लिए वहां की हवा अपनी सांसों में भर ले गए। देखा, दिल में उतारा और भारी कदमों से लौट आए। ठीक वैसे ही जैसे कि कोई अपने घर से निकलता है बार-बार लौटने के लिए। मेरे कदम तो खुद-ब-खुद मुड़ जाते हैं जेएनयू की तरफ। और कुछ नहीं तो एक चक्कर ही लगा लो। सुन लो अपनी आवाज, जो कैंपस के कोनों-अंतरों में आज भी फंसी हुई है। पहुंचते ही गूंजती है और याद आ जाते हैं हवा में उछलते हाथ और तने चेहरे। मेस में चलने वाली देर रात की बहसें। यूनियन की जीबीएम.. जोश में चलता जुलूस.... वह लड़ाकू चाहत आज भी जिंदा है। तभी तो गाहे-बगाहे झड़प हो जाती है सभी से।

तीस साल पहले जून के महीने में अमिताभ बच्चन (मेरा दोस्त, जिसे फिल्मी अमिताभ बच्चन की वजह से अपना नाम बदलकर सिर्फ अमिताभ करना पड़ा) और चंद्र प्रकाश झा उर्फ सुमन के साथ गंगा हॉस्टल के कमरे में घुसते हुए कहां एहसास था कि यह कैंपस मेरी सोच-समझ और दुनिया को इस कदर रोशन कर देगा। उसके पहले भी किताब और क्लास के बारह संगत और आवारगी में जिंदगी के सबक मिले थे, लेकिन उसे दिशा और सारगर्भित दिशा मिली जेएनयू में। मालूम नहीं, अब क्या हाल है। तब कोई आपकी अज्ञानता पर हंसता नहीं था। वाया दरभंगा सहरसा जिले से आए मुझ और जिज्ञासु के सवालों के जवाब कोई भी दे देता था। हर शख्स सोच और जिंदगी का अगला पन्ना पढ़ कर सुनाने के लिए बेताब नजर आता था यह खुली किताब थी। कुछ पूछने के लिए कभी एक्सक्यूज भी कह कर इजाजत नहीं लेनी पड़ती थी। आप बेझिझक सीनियर के कंधे पर हाथ रखकर उसे सलाह दे सकते थे और किसी जूनियर के सवाल से सीख सकते थे। सभी साथी थे और कुछ कामरेड...

सड़क पर बाएं चलना तो भारत में जन्म लेते ही आदमी सीख लेता है, लेकिन जिंदगी में



वामपंथ की दीक्षा जेएनयू में मिली थी। कोई क्लास नहीं लगता था, प्रवचन और लेक्चर नहीं होता था और न ही कोई ट्रेनिंग.... बस सोहबत, संगत और चाय की चुस्कियों के बीच वाम विचारों ने बिहार के पिछड़े और जड़ इलाके से आए मुझ जैसे स्वप्नजीवियों के मानसिक धरातल को कुरेदा, ऐसे बीज बोए कि मौसमों के बदलने और साल दर साल बीतने के बाद भी सोच की फसल लहलहाती रहती है। जेएनयू की संगत, साथ और समझ ने इतना मजबूत बना दिया कि हर परिस्थिति हारती गई। हम जहां भी रहे, सिर उठा कर विजयी मुद्रा में मुस्कराते रहे। वह संबल, वह आत्मबल और हर समस्या का निश्चल हल जेएनयू के दोस्तों ने ही सिखाया।

उन दोस्तों में कुछ आज भी साथ हैं। कुछ से मुलाकात होती है, तो कुछ से सिर्फ बात होती है। सोशल नेटवर्किंग के इस दौर में दूर-दराज के दोस्तों से चैट-कमेंट और स्टेट्स के जरिए हाल-समाचार मिलता रहता है। सभी एक-दूसरे से अद्भुत जुड़ाव महसूस करते हैं। इसमें कृत्रिमता और बनावट नहीं है। अद्भुत पारदर्शी साफगोई है, जो मुझे अभी तक किसी और इंस्टीट्यूट या कैंपस के स्टूडेंट में नहीं दिखाई पड़ी। वैचारिक और राजनीतिक भिन्नता के बावजूद हमारा लगाव किसी फेविकोल से ज्यादा मजबूत... जेएनयू जोड़ता है और जोड़ के निशान नहीं रहने देता। जिंदगी के समुद्र में तैरते हुए अलग होने पर भी हम सभी जुड़े रहते हैं और कोई अनायास या जबरदस्ती का खिंचाव भी महसूस नहीं होता। सभी आजाद हैं, लेकिन वक्-जरूरत पड़ने पर जेएनयू के रिश्ते की डोर पकड़ कर कहीं भी पहुंच सकते हैं। यह रिश्ता... यह दोस्ती.. यह हमदर्दी... यह सहभागिता अटूट और निरंतर है।

जेएनयू में बीते सालों पर कुछ भी कैसे लिखा जा सकता है। मेरे लिए तो वे साल बीते ही नहीं, क्योंकि हम सभी आज भी अपने दैनंदिन जीवन में उन सालों को जीते हैं। वे पल हमारी जिंदगी का हरा हिस्सा हैं। आक्सीजन मिलता है वहां से ... यह अजीब सी बात लग सकती है, लेकिन जेएनयू वहां के छात्रों की जिंदा सच्चाई है।

कोई चाहे तो रिसर्च कर सकता है। यह मेरा दावा है कि यह देश-दुनिया आज जैसी है, वैसी नहीं रहती... अगर जेएनयू न होता। यह दुनिया कुछ और बदतर और बदहाल होती। हम ने इसकी बदसूरती कम की है और आज भी हम सभी जिंदगी, समाज और दुनिया को तरतीब देने में लगे हैं। यह सिर्फ और सिर्फ जेएनयू का ही परिणाम है कि उम्मीद अभी तक जिंदा है, क्योंकि हम सभी के दिल सिर्फ अपने लिए आज भी नहीं धड़क रहे हैं।

(फिलहाल मुंबई में दैनिक जागरण के फिल्म प्रभारी)

The “Stone” in the Midst of all: Close Encounters of another Kind in JNU

Amit Baishya

Centre of Linguistics & English, SLL & CS

I will deploy a familiar representational device in this essay, self-conscious, to be sure, of the irony inherent in its all-too-obvious fictionality. The “I” referred to in my “story” is both my-self and the self that is no-longer. I prefer to look at the “I” that unfolds through the deployment of this device in this narrative as sharing an elective affinity with a statement made by the narrator of Nehru's *Discovery of India* it “represents rather some past self of mine which has already joined that long succession of other selves that existed for a while and faded away” (xiv). With that caveat in place, I venture to suggest that most of us are familiar with this representational device having encountered it in numerous autobiographies, biographies, bildungsromans and biopics. I am referring to the device of the “turning point” in the act of telling of an individual tale. The “turning point” is one among a multiplicity of representational devices that facilitate, to employ a sharp insight of Hannah Arendt in a slightly different way, the disclosure of a “who” in contradistinction to the “what” somebody is. This “who,” Arendt continues, appears “closely and unmistakably to others, (but) remains hidden from the person himself, like the daimon in Greek religion which accompanies each man throughout his life, always looking at his shoulder from behind and thus visible to only those he encounters” (*The Human Condition*, 180). The (modern) representational device of the “turning point” in an individual story is one way of rendering the daimon visible: it transforms one's self into an other, thereby facilitating the process of watching one's story the emergence of the “who” unfold before one's eyes, albeit from a distance.

Why preface a short article on one's alma mater with a reference to an “obscure” figure from an “archaic” and ostensibly unrelated era? Two reasons. First, I take the theme for this commemorative issue “JNU: a Way of Life” very seriously, without any sense of irony. JNU has been a “way of life” for me in ways that I have never experienced in any other educational institution that I have had the privilege to attend as a student or a teacher. Second, JNU, for me, was a “turning point” in many different ways. As a “turning point” JNU helps me concretize multiple manifestations of my daimon in the process of telling my tale. Resonances of this turning point still reverberate in the current avatars of my self on a day-to-day basis. I fashion my “story” as a neat division into two phases: a pre-JNU period and post-JNU period(s). My stay at JNU (I was an M.A. candidate from 2001-03) marks a fold and a break with almost everything that went before in my “story.” I can even recall the precise “turning point.” I am a literary scholar by profession now, and thoroughly enjoy the activities of teaching, writing and practicing critical thinking. When I joined JNU with a bachelor's degree in English literature, I was totally caught in the discourse of literature



and culture being a representation of the best that had been thought and said in the world. My skills at critical thinking were negligible. A singular incident, which I still remember distinctly, shook me out of this stupor. It was probably around my second week in JNU and we were discussing Raja Rao's novel *Kanthapura* in a class. I remember being repelled by the overweening presence of politics in that text, reasoning like a “well-bred” elitist that politics and culture were twains that could never meet. I recall dispensing a “prescription” for postcolonial writers in the class why couldn't they write like Kafka (I just gave a random example)? After all, Kafka's “universality” stemmed precisely from the fact that he avoided “politics” altogether, I said. Immediately, I was challenged by my peers and the professor. Example after example was provided by everyone about how Kafka's writings were intense engagements with the culture and politics of his time. Assailed from all sides, I found my shaky defenses crumbling. Needless to add perhaps, I was routed and my daimon was ruthlessly exposed to the harsh light of the public. But such public exposure, while temporarily humiliating, also became the spur for scrutinizing one's unexamined notions of self from a different standpoint. I went back that evening to my room in Narmada hostel and thought long and hard about what I had learnt (or rather, not learnt) till that point. I experienced a shattering, but at the same time exciting, sensation: I had to unlearn everything I thought I knew till that point. I subjected myself to what I initially thought was a form of “torture” exposing myself and my views to the scrutiny of the public gaze in the classroom and beyond (JNU is one of the few places where you can do that, in a healthy manner, outside the bounds of the classroom as well). This taught me a crucial lesson that I treasure to this day. I realized that “education” was not a process of learning per se, but of unlearning what the self holds to be “normal” or “natural.” In my teaching, I apply this lesson and tell my students that unlearning what we think we know often allows new objects to come into the range of vision. In effect, the daimon that shadows our every move materializes before our eyes once this process of unlearning is initiated. This dictum has become a “way of life” for me one of the myriad ways in which JNU has woven its textures around my present.

One other aspect I really appreciated about my educational experience in JNU was that I was able to strengthen my literary base with courses taken outside my department. This interdisciplinary experience was another huge advantage of being a student at the M.A. level at JNU, as opposed to other universities in India. I came in touch with other “publics” and got to know how they approached epistemological questions that emerged from their respective disciplinary locations. The fact that border-crossing scholarship was even conceivable was an entirely new experience. When I arrived in the U.S. for my graduate studies I saw that my interdisciplinary training was a huge advantage and set me apart from my peers.

Finally, can one ever forget the camaraderie in the hostels, the festive atmosphere during election times, the passionate political debates, the cosmopolitan nature of the campus, and those late night trips to Ganga Dhaba or PSR rock? These interactions with the diverse population in JNU made you realize that scholarship was not something to be confined to classrooms and academic conferences. Your work belonged to the world; you did it because you believed that it could impact the world here and now. Frankly, I haven't felt that feeling with the same intensity after I left JNU. Whenever I revisit the campus, the same old thrill courses through my veins when I see the posters with slogans pasted on the walls, the large notices that announce that such and such a speaker would be addressing a

contemporary issue in a hostel's dining room, and the long and passionate debates about politics and theory over weak and excessively sweet cups of tea served in the numerous dhabas across campus. This is a past self of mine that has now been sloughed off, but among my numerous past selves this particular one shines with a peculiarly intense luminosity. Nostalgia, Billy Collins writes, is akin to “letting my memory rush over them (the moments of the past) like water/ rushing over the stones on the bottom of a stream.” Memory imbues them with a rosy hue, while the moments themselves remain static, like frozen snapshots of time. Nostalgia impels us to look back at these comforting images of the past while we move inexorably forward in time. Sometimes though, these images from the past become an activator for movement in the present. In my “story,” my memories and the lessons gleaned from these memories of JNU perform such a function they do not fix my gaze on the frozen past, but enables me to bracket my present course of action from those that preceded it. And since I invoked “stones,” I think it would be apposite to close this “story” with an invocation of another famous image from Yeats' “Easter 1916”:

The rider, the birds that range
 From cloud to tumbling cloud,
 Minute by minute they change;
 A shadow of cloud on the stream
 Changes minute by minute;
 A horse-hoof slides on the brim,
 And a horse plashes within it;
 The long-legged moor-hens dive,
 And hens to moor-cocks call;
 Minute by minute they live:
 The stone's in the midst of all.

Indeed, as I bracket and try to understand the numerous daimons that shadow me “minute by minute,” the “turning point” that JNU was remains like the “stone in the midst of all.”
 Step by Step: The Memory Stick of JNU life
 Birendra Suna

Step 1: The Brain Factory

“Which factory you are working in, and what is your salary?”

That was the first question asked by my senior friend when I returned to my home town Umerkote and went to meet all friends at Pendrani Mandir, after completing Master of Arts in Sociology at Centre for the Study of Social Systems. Probably the best place for meeting young men and women is a temple, church or college. But for me, college has already been in my memory. And temple may be the only right choice for me, it was Sunday.



The temple is known as Pendrani Mandir and it's quite famous in undivided Koraput Bolangir Kalahandi (KBK).

I was about to answer his question, all of sudden I found a person spoke on my behalf, he was non-other than my Langatia jaar (childhood friend Soraj), who started answering briefly the story of JNU that I had narrated to him through post cards and phone calls. (My senior posed the right question, was not his fault, as it was the assumption of my home town people (in the 1990s) that if you left the town it meant either you were migrating to Gujarat to work in a spinning factory or handloom factory, Delhi for any small scale factory work or plumbing, or Bangalore as a construction worker. The total sense was you were going to work in a factory).

“Bhaina (elder brother), his (Birendra) salary is hand-to-mouth but the “factory” is big one called Jawaharlal Nehru University. It only produces brain for India”, answered Soraj.

I smiled and was truly satisfied with his answer, and took a long breath. “JNU, a brain producing factory.”

Step 2: Welcome by JNU

For me the rhythm of JNU life started in mid-1999, when I cleared the entrance examination for MA programme in Sociology. Ganesh (whom I knew when I arrived New Delhi in the month of August and stayed in RK Puram), and I started walking from R.K. Puram to JNU. My curiosity was increasing and time and again, I kept asking him,

“Ganesh Bhai, how far do we need to go? Are we nearer?”

The curiosity aggravates when you are about to experience physically the things which you have only experienced in dreams, and my inquisitiveness was obvious because I had seen JNU in the prospectus with only one picture on the cover page, and practically, I was going to step into the “brain factory”. And Ganesh smiled at my curiosity (though he was not part of JNU, he knew much about JNU through Hindi newspapers). We reached JNU north gate. What I saw was two cement pillars (about 4 meters height) attached to an iron fence, I felt that it was the entry gate and also realized that they might have been standing since early 1970s here to welcome new entrants every year (nature of law- every things grows until certain height, weight and one day it has to expires, likewise, the cement gate has became marble gate and it height has increased (about 12 meters) within 10 years of my staying in JNU. We kept on walking from North gate to till Administrative Building. And registration formalities have been completed. I took a lungful of breath, now I am member of joint family of JNU. (Accommodate in JNU Student Union dormitory for 6 months and with the status of Third Roommate in 236 Narmada Hostel, one of the notorious hostels those days).

Step 4: the Brain makers

Staying in the JNU student union dormitory and coming to class sharp 9 AM was too tough a job, because the two halls were packed with 60 students from different programs and Centres. And just 2 bath rooms and 4 toilets (one was always kept closed). But there was no other option, it was TK Oommen's class and he was the guru of punctuality in JNU.

So I had to rush to Narmada Hostel, have a quick bath and hold the bread and omelet from the Narmada mess, and started rushing towards CSSS. If you are late for his lecture it means you missed lots of things. If you want learn about foundation and founder of sociology then you need to be on time with dedication. And I was late for the first lecture of T.K. Oommen. Just peeped through the door of room number 103 and found that he was already inside.

“Do you think this is Priya Cinema hall?”

(No answer, I just bowed my head and waited for his next word)

“Come in and occupy your seat, like a bourgeoisie”. When his lecture was over for that day and he left the class room, I asked Sudhir. “Please tell me what sir taught in the first fifteen minutes?”

“Actually he is the teacher who deals with Karl Marx's 'Das Capital'. When you peeped through the door, he was telling us about 'Das Capital and the terms proletariat and bourgeoisie. So he used the term bourgeoisie, because you were late for his lecture”, Sudhir replied my query.

(We had good laugh on it including all classmates and they used to call me bourgeoisie until the semester was over).

Step 5: Struggled with the Kadipakada

Since I am from Orissa, our food habit was different from North India. I started managing with the Rajma Chawal, Roti and Daal, I had to struggle with “Kadipakada” as it is not part of our diet, but gradually the relation was developed, and at the end of the first semester, I was acquainted with the Kadipakada. And with the help of Kadipakada, I became the best athlete of JNU in 2000.

Step 6: Part of student organization

I was never been a part of any student organisation in my college, for me these student groups seemed pretty useless, always these groups think that they can do better work for the society and my thoughts were different, that I could work more efficiently if worked individually. One day I was having tea with Dr. Rama Nath Nayak at the Library Canteen, and a young man came (now MP from INC, who has contested elections in JNU but never occupied JNU Student Union Office) and greeted Rama Bhai and whispered a aapna admi hai kya? (does he belong to our community?), Rama bhai introduced me to the man and started explaining about student organizations, and what he was doing, and



tempted me to join NSUI. When he left, I asked Rama bhai, “What is Apna Admi?” He said “India lives in unity in diversity, in the same way JNU does as well”

JNU has been, still is and will be in hearts of everyone those who has passed out with excellent degree, (occupying seats in the Indian parliament to drop out or expelled under GSCASH or un-natural, not-permissible JNU culture). The boyfriend and girlfriend who met after 12 years of separation with each other kids, miss PSR. Or the room partner who hung a curtain in the middle of the room in Naramada Hostel to maintain privacy or the person who suffered a lot because of room partner's unnatural behavior. Or that IAS girl friend who invited an unsuccessful boyfriend and said, “Let's forget the past events and start a new life, you take care of yourself, my engagement with Harish (an IAS) is on Monday blah blah.”

That's JNU: pleasure, gratification, agony, anguish, heartbreak, happiness, events, arguments, thrashing each other sometimes ideologically and sometimes physically.

Step 9: JNU a role Model India

JNU has stayed alive through so many difficulties and tensions. It is unprecedented luck that neither political changes, nor aggressive personal aspirations were able to destroy our JNU culture which is one of the unique models in India. Its inspiration and cultural values connect not only in South Asia but also world as whole. The commitments what JNUties adhere to in their heart become an important part for the world as whole. JNU, I salute you from the bottom of my heart.

Post-Doctoral Fellow, Institute of Sociology, Albert-Ludwigs University, Freiburg, Germany

HknyS HkVds vk i gpk t\$ u; w

गंगा सहाय मीणा

जेएनयू और यहां के अनुभवों के बारे में पांच सौ या हजार शब्दों में लिखना असंभव है क्योंकि मेरे सुख-दुख और जीवन के सबसे बड़े परिवर्तनों का बाहर आना जेएनयू में घटित हुआ है। जेएनयू आने के बाद तो विद्यार्थियों के अनुभवों में काफी समानता होती है इसलिए मैं यहां सिर्फ अपने जेएनयू आने की प्रक्रिया के बारे में लिखूंगा।

मैं जेएनयू 2001 में आया। ऐसे ही चलता-फिरता। डीयू गया था एम.ए. हिन्दी का फॉर्म भरने, लेकिन देर से पहुंचा इसलिए भर नहीं पाया। सोचा क्यों न इस जेएनयू नाम के कॉलेज को देख लिया जाए। भैया के कहने पर जेएनयू प्रवेश परीक्षा तो दे दी थी लेकिन अभी तक मेरा खयाल था कि ये कोई प्राइवेट 'कालेज' है क्योंकि राजस्थान (जहां का मैं रहने वाला हूं और जहां से मैंने बी.ए. तक की पढ़ाई की है) में सरकारी कॉलेजों के नाम के आगे 'राजकीय' लिखा होता है। पूछताछ कर जेएनयू आने के लिए मोरी गेट से 621 नंबर की बस (उन दिनों 615 के अलावा 621 भी पूर्वांचल तक आती थी) में बैठा। कंडक्टर ने पूछा, 'कहां जाना है?', तो मेरा जवाब था, 'जेएनयू जाना है'। कंडक्टर ने फिर पूछा, 'जेएनयू में कहां उतरना है,' मैंने कहा, 'जेएनयू उतरना है।' तब तक मैंने सोचा भी नहीं था कि एक यूनिवर्सिटी में भी कई (सात) बस स्टॉप हो सकते हैं। अंततः मैंने कह दिया कि वहां उतार दीजिएगा जहां ऑफिस है। कंडक्टर ने मुझे एड-ब्लॉक वाले बस स्टैंड पर उतार दिया। वह 10 जुलाई के आसपास का दिन था। प्रशासनिक भवन में घुसते ही देखा की प्रवेश परीक्षा के परिणामों की सूचियां लगी हुई थी। एम.ए. हिन्दी की सूची में सबसे ऊपर मेरा नाम लिखा हुआ था। मुझे अच्छा लगा लेकिन कुछ खास या ऐतिहासिक नहीं। मुझे नहीं पता था कि वो पल मेरी जिंदगी बदलने वाला पल साबित होगा।

मैंने अंदर जाकर (जहां प्रवेश शाखा लिखा था) एक सक्रिय दिख रहे व्यक्ति (श्री टेक चंदानी, उनका नाम काफी बाद में पता चला) से कहा, 'सर, बाहर लिस्ट में मेरा नाम है।' उन्होंने खुशी और स्वागत के अंदाज में कहा, 'बहुत बधाई हो, 15 से 22 तारीख के बीच 12 फोटो और अपने दस्तावेज लेकर प्रवेश के लिए आ जाना।' 'ठीक है' कहकर मैं सहज भाव से वापस अपने भैया के कमरे पर (बदरपुर बार्डर) चला गया। जेएनयू की प्रवेश सूची में अपना नाम देखना उस



वक्त मेरे दिमाग में कोई उत्तेजना पैदा नहीं कर सका, इसकी दो वजहें थीं— पहला, जेएनयू की प्रवेश परीक्षा देने और परिणाम आने के बीच (7 जून, 2001 को) मेरे पिताजी का निधन हो गया था। उन दिनों मैं जेएनयू (एम.ए.), दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय (बी.एड.) आदि की प्रवेश परीक्षाएँ देने दिल्ली आया हुआ था, इस वजह से आखिरी समय में पिताजी के पास नहीं था। दूसरी वजह यह थी कि मैं तब तक जेएनयू के बारे में कुछ जानता नहीं था। उस वक्त मेरे लिए जेएनयू किसी सामान्य कॉलेज या यूनिवर्सिटी से कुछ ज्यादा नहीं था। लिस्ट में नाम देखने के बाद मैं गांव गया। जहां मुझे मेरे गांव के एक व्यक्ति (जो जेएनयू में पढ़ चुके हैं) और उनके भाई (जो राजस्थान प्रशासनिक सेवा में हैं) ने कहा कि जेएनयू अच्छी यूनिवर्सिटी नहीं है। अगर नौकरी लगनी है तो जेएनयू मत जाओ। वहां तुम्हें कभी 'ए' ग्रेड नहीं मिलेगा। मैंने अपनी बी.ए. तक की पढ़ाई गांव और समीपवर्ती कस्बे गंगापुर सिटी से की। बी.ए. में वहां कक्षाओं का चलन न होने की वजह से उन दिनों मैं सालभर गांव में गाय-भैंस चराता था। सिर्फ फॉर्म भरने और परीक्षा देने कॉलेज जाता था।

इस तरह मेरा जेएनयू आना किसी जुनून या लंबी तैयारी का नतीजा नहीं था। बल्कि सारी परिस्थितियां प्रतिकूल थीं। मेरे चयन का पत्र भी आज तक मेरे घर तक नहीं पहुंचा। उस दिन अनायास ही जेएनयू नहीं आया होता और लिस्ट में अपना नाम नहीं देखा होता तो शायद मुझे पता भी नहीं चल पाता कि मेरा यहां चयन भी हुआ है। जेएनयू में मेरा कोई जानकार भी नहीं पढ़ता था जो मुझे बताता कि मेरा चयन हुआ है। ऐसी स्थितियों में भी पता नहीं क्या सोचकर मैं जेएनयू आ गया। शायद ये मेरे फूफाजी की प्रेरणा से हुआ। एक मेरे फूफाजी ही थे (उन दिनों वे कैंसर से पीड़ित थे और कुछ समय बाद गुजर गए) जिन्होंने मुझे जेएनयू प्रवेश परीक्षा में पास होने पर बधाई दी। शायद तब मेरे परिवार और समस्त रिश्तेदारों में केवल उन्हीं ने जेएनयू का नाम सुना था। मुझे मेरे अनपढ़ किसान मां-बाप ने खेती और मजदूरी करके पढ़ाया। वे आगे की पढ़ाई और जेएनयू के बारे में तो नहीं जानते थे लेकिन मेरे पिताजी की मुझे लेक्चरर बनाने की हार्दिक इच्छा थी। काश, उनको दो महीने की जिंदगी और मिली होती तो मैं उन्हें जेएनयू लाता। अपना सपना पूरा होने की शुरुआत वे अपनी आंखों से देख पाते।

जेएनयू एक द्वीप है। दुनिया से कटे होने के कारण द्वीप की अपनी जीवन-शैली है। लेकिन मुश्किल यह है कि दुनिया में वापस जाने पर वह जीवन-शैली चलती नहीं और आदमी विफल हो जाता है। जेएनयू के बारे में लिखते वक्त यहां की राजनीति पर टिप्पणी करना जरूरी है। लेकिन तीन साल से चुनाव नहीं हो पाए हैं। अब यहां डी-पॉलिटाइजेशन की प्रक्रिया चल रही है जो जेएनयू के चरित्र को पूरी तरह बदल सकती है।

उन सीमाओं के बावजूद जेएनयू मेरी सर्वाधिक चहेती जगह है। जेएनयू आने से पहले मैं अपनी कल्पना में आदर्श विश्वविद्यालय की जैसी छवि बनाता रहता था, जेएनयू लगभग वैसा ही है। व्यक्तित्व के विकास के लिए इतने अवसर देने वाली शायद ही कोई दूसरी जगह होगी। धार्मिक, सामाजिक, आर्थिक और लैंगिक आधार पर अधिकतम संभव समानता जेएनयू में देखी जा सकती है। अध्यापकों और विद्यार्थियों के बीच न्यूनतम हाइरारकी भी जेएनयू की निजी विशेषता है। एम.

ए. के आरंभिक दिनों में संकोची स्वभाव की वजह से थोड़ी मुश्किल आई, लेकिन धीरे-धीरे सब सामान्य हो गया। पहली बार पढ़ाई का मतलब ही जेएनयू में समझ में आया। एम.ए. में अच्छे ग्रेड और पहले प्रयास में हुए जे.आर.एफ. (क्लास में भी सबसे पहले, दिसंबर 2002) ने मुझे आत्मविश्वास से भर दिया। उसके बाद दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय और पांडिचेरी विश्वविद्यालय के रास्ते अध्यापन के लिए जेएनयू पहुंचने तक मैंने मुड़कर नहीं देखा।

संपर्क— सहायक प्रोफेसर, भारतीय भाषा केन्द्र, जेएनयू, नई दिल्ली-67



My Feelings About JNU Life

DK Panigrahi

I am a former student of JNU. I joined JNU in 1986 for the M.Phil/Ph.D. Programme of Study in the Centre for the Study of Social Systems. I completed my M.Phil in 1988 and was awarded Ph.D. in 2002. Before joining JNU as a student, I had interacted with many Jnuites during the period from 1984 to 1986 as a frequent visitor to my bosom friend, Prof. Bijaya Kumar Behera, Assam Central University, Silchar, who was then boarder of Sutlej Hostel. He introduced me to Prof. Avijit Pathak who was then his senior friend. Gradually and gradually Prof. Avijit Pathak became my Guru from whom I learnt a lot how to keep patience and overcome emotional instability to make my weaknesses into strength. JNU made me a professor and a freelance writer and made my life vibrant and so different from that of a rural boy. I am indebted to JNU and grateful to my JNU friends, Professors, staff and all the individuals who had directly and indirectly made me a man and helped me in my crisis, adversary and tragedy. God creates men and circumstances mould them and environment makes a man. JNU environment really makes a man. One who was in JNU or is in JNU or will be in JNU, may be rich or poor, can live in any situation as a decent human being. This is my feeling.

An addiction called JNU

Deepika Sahu

In 2008 August, as I was standing on the steps of the International Guest house in JNU, I could hear somebody strumming the guitar and singing John Lennon's 'Imagine'. The song flowing gently from a distance on that muggy evening brought back a thousand splendid memories of my own JNU years even as tears welled up in my eyes. JNU is not just a university where you come for a degree. JNU is a world which can change your life for ever if you are open to embrace it in the true spirit.

When a senior journalist friend of mine asked recently “When did you join JNU?” I told him, “The year Tiananmen massacre happened”. He found my answer funny. But that's how I see the beginning.

After spending soporific years in Orissa, getting into JNU was a liberating experience. It was for the first time I was staying away from home. The bougainvillea laced red brick structure at the first meeting looked enchanting, enticing and quite alluring too. There was an intense desire within me to soak in the atmosphere that smelt of liberal outlook, unbiased attitude and most importantly a heaven for women.

And for the first time, learning was not just limited to classrooms. The hostel mess which gave us our staple meals thrice a day turned into a place for intellectual discourse on varied subjects post dinner. Ordinary meals turned into gourmet meals thanks to the stack of pamphlets on various national and international issues kept in the hostel dining hall. And before I could even realise, within two months of joining JNU, there I was contesting the elections for the post of councillor, School of International Studies (SIS). Well, I still continue to be the only person from my family who has ever contested an election. More than winning the election, the lessons learnt from the process have stayed with me even after two decades. Fighting an election without a single penny was like biting a slice of heaven. As a newcomer, I had my first taste of endless election debates on Cuba, China, and Soviet Union which went on till the wee hours. It took me some time to understand it all but nevertheless I soaked it all, revelled in it.

There's a classroom everywhere in JNU, the last range of the Aravallis. From the Ganga dhaba, Jhelum lawns to the Social Sciences Auditorium, there was always something new to learn, something to cherish for all years to come. From Dalai Lama, George Fernandes to late comrade Vinod Mishra, I enjoyed their speeches and the question-answer sessions. The doors were always open for an alternate view. Even without a murmur, JNU always gently made ways for letting a thousand flowers bloom in their own ways. I



effortlessly moved away from polyester salwar kameez to cotton kurtas and the love for cottons has only become more intense over the years. From a class obsessed society in Orissa, I moved to a whole new world where I learnt to respect people for what they are rather than where they come from. The bhaiyas in the hostel mess became guardian angels who always gave me extra servings of potatoes from the sabzi and lovingly also called me “aloowali madam.” Camaraderie became the new word in my dictionary. Subconsciously I learnt to embrace values of love, dignity and compassion sans any caste, class and religion.

It's difficult not to fall in love when you are a part of this beautiful campus. So there I was soaking in the beauty of love with a guy who (true to JNU's reputation of being left bastion) believed in changing the lives of millions through an armed revolution. We belonged to two different political worlds. Yet that never took away the elegance of the relationship.

I consider my JNU years more special than many others because in those years we were witness to the disintegration of Soviet Union, the fall of the Berlin Wall, the Mandal Commission report and most importantly the demolition of Babri Masjid in 1992. Those historic events which happened outside the campus created ripples within JNU and needless to say, all those absorbing discourses and debates I participated and listened to changed the way I perceived India, identity and much more.

Today it's a different story. I have moved away from JNU where I discovered love, tenderness, political understanding and a larger vision of the world outside. Today I have found love and companionship in people I have met at work in different cities or through a mutual friend or at an art workshop. And they all have opened their doors to let me be a part of their world. Without seeing bougainvillea laced red brick structure on the last range of Aravallis. Without having an inkling of how I looked in those days.

I am married to somebody who is an outsider to that intimate world called JNU. I have also mellowed down a bit from my student days. And at the end of the day, I am still very happy and content without owning that LCD television or that swanky car. I am happy listening to the same old songs of John Lennon, Bob Dylan and Cat Stevens which filled up my top floor room in Ganga hostel. And on days when I feel low, I still pick up a collection of Pablo Neruda's poems from my bookshelf which brings back a smile on my face. My best friend is the same guy whom I loved intensely and could not marry for different reasons. And we still argue for hours on the phone on issues relating to gender and identity in contemporary India. Well, could it have ever ended in this beautiful way had I not been a part of that wonderful world called JNU? I think, it would not have been. Thank you, JNU.

Janus-like
Franson Manjali
Centre of Linguistics & English

From the very beginning JNU has seemed to me to have something to do with Janus, not only in how the name sounds, but also in its content. Janus is the Roman god of gates and doors (ianua), beginnings and endings, and hence represented with a double-faced head, each looking in opposite directions. He was worshipped, we are told, at the beginning of the harvest time, planting, marriage, birth, and other types of beginnings, especially the beginnings of important events in a person's life. Janus also represents the transition between primitive life and civilization, between the countryside and the city, peace and war, and the growing-up of young people. JNU, for me, was always like Janus, double faced, a gate or a door, or threshold, looking in opposite directions, always with hope and aspiration.

I joined an M.A. program in Linguistics at JNU, rather uncertainly, after a brief and not quite happy stint in journalism. Though I had very little pre-awareness of the field of linguistics, I knew that I was shutting the door behind me to the field of mass communication, and opening out towards the study of the basis of communication, that is, language. But then the vista of linguistics turned out to be much more than what I had assumed. But that is another story. One of the things that I remember from my early acquaintance with this rather yet-unknown field is the title of a series of publications from a little-known Dutch publisher, Mouton. The series was called *Janua Linguarum*, suggesting perhaps a double-faced god of language. Language, eventually, I learnt is double-faced in multiple ways. Firstly, it has both sound (form) and meaning. Then, it has both a psychological (currently, people prefer to say, 'cognitive') side and a social-cultural side, though it can never be either the one or the other alone. From my first engagement with the field of linguistics, I have always chosen to stand at the threshold of meaning, somewhat double-faced, trying to understand the cognitive and cultural sides of this ubiquitous phenomenon called 'meaning' or 'sense.' The Janus of sense, I have learnt, has no easy stoppages, eager on its way to incorporate even wider concerns, such as the aesthetic and the ethical, and so on.

JNU was for me a Janus in a yet different sense. Having come from a far distant corner of the country, namely the city of Calicut, historic though it may have been, JNU never failed to open my eyes to the wider world. Through the Janus (of JNU), one ceaselessly gazed at two different and contrasting worlds. One, the world that one came from, and all that surrounded it. The other, a distant world that one wanted to expose oneself to. In



other words, at one end, the world of the teeming millions of Indians from different regions who lived on one side of the threshold, towards which the Janus of JNU turned its perceptive and benign eyes, and at the other end, the rest of the larger world, from which the Janus refused to shift its focused eyes. Thus the Janus the JNU was (and perhaps still is) has remained double-faced looking simultaneously at the millions of people that subsist on the landmass of India, and at the rest of the world, in peace or conflict, perhaps in askance, perhaps with curiosity, but certainly with undiminished perplexity. To me, this was JNU's main contribution, and this is what has made up my existence in the last thirty years and more. And I wonder if there is any other university in our world currently, which can continue to play this Janus-like role. I sense that this is unlikely. At least from my experience of having been in universities abroad, I have not come across any.

Of course, it is hard to remain double-faced, and it is hard for others to face a Janus, and that perhaps is the challenge that confronts the present-day Janus that stands at the new threshold of globalization. Even while beginning to gaze at the emerging global world, this Janus remains riveted on the many local worlds that it refuses to leave behind, and which refuse to let it go. But then Janus, we ought to tell ourselves, can only remain transfixed and vigilant at his eternal task.

School of Language, Literature and Culture Studies

Life in JNU

G Venkat Raman

Any university from a personal standpoint has to be judged by two parameters. One, what is the awe and respect it commands from its alumni. Second, as universities and other educational institutions are places which are not only meant to impart bookish knowledge but educate its students and prepare them for future challenges in life, one needs to judge universities from the kind of larger off-class learning environment it has to offer to its students.

On both the above counts Jawaharlal Nehru University occupies a very special place in the hearts of its alumni. In one way, one considers it a very uniquely democratic place which spoils its students with a number of choices to pick from. If one wanted to do serious research and wants to pursue his/her doctoral studies abroad it provided you an ideal opportunity to do so. Similarly if one wanted to pursue civil services as a career, countless seniors who have made it through previous batches provide the desired inspiration to crack one of the toughest exams in India. If one wanted to opt for politics as a career then one got adequate exposure to learn the tricks of the trade with the JNUSU elections, Hostel Elections. If one wanted to do nothing after getting into JNU and preferred to relax and always chat away to glory in Ganga Dhaba JNU provided the most conducive environment to do that as well. It is because of this single most unique feature that it commands a tremendous degree of allegiance from all its alumni. May be it is because of this reason that the moment one enters campus premises one gets the feeling 'I belong to this place and this place belongs to me'. It is also because of this reason that JNUites are alleged to be obsessed with JNU. When two or three Alumni bump into each other all the other affiliations are forgotten and a bond is struck- a JNU bond which makes them completely oblivious of their surroundings. At such occasions the abhorrence JNUites attract towards themselves from non JNUites gives a different kind of kick to the former. Here one can't help but mention another unique thing. Whenever ex-JNU students after getting married meet each other in parties and reunions non JNU wives tend to make similar complaints about their JNU husbands. Most often complaints happen to be of similar nature. JNU has such an influence on its students that they consciously or unconsciously tend to internalize the 'collective conscience' of JNU.

One of the most important functions of education is to make the students more modern in their thinking. Being modern involves, among different things, the ability to question things, to debate and discuss and then accept the final outcomes. In a way it involves questioning the status quo for it's only through this that one arrives at the truth. JNU's off class learning provides a very healthy environment of discussions and debates



through which viewpoints are shared. The fact that it is a temple of learning for students from all hues and colors in terms of language, region, caste and community one feels that one is living the 'unity in diversity' phenomena.

At a personal level I owe my success in whatever I have done to JNU. Provided the student is decently meritorious, the teachers here look after their students as if they are part of their family and the teacher-student relationship gradually gets transformed to relationship between colleagues and friends and one can say an extended family in the long run. To such selfless teachers and encouraging teachers I bow in gratitude. Hardly anywhere else can one come across such a dedicated group of teachers. JNU also has given me wonderful friends with whom I continue to be in touch. In most of the cases these friendships started on a note to which I was not familiar and I for one think JNU friendships (at least among boys) seem to follow different rules. The more your immediate circle pulls your legs the more you get irritated but it is these mutual leg pulling which toughens one up and allows one to undergo a smooth transition from 'boys to men'.

Finally one can't help but say a few words about JNU as regards the opportunities it provides and in a way it is a great leveler. As a student of Political Science I read before coming to JNU in courses of Indian Government and Politics about how the Indian democracy functions and how the Indian welfare state provides 'equality of opportunity' to its citizens. But in JNU I have seen and felt the pulse of our welfare state. There were and am sure even now are scores of students (including me) who come to JNU for higher education from very modest backgrounds. I personally and am sure many others went to JNU with high aspirations and JNU has not let down anyone. All its alumni owe their professional success to a considerable extent to JNU. Let's bow in gratitude to our alma mater.

Assistant Professor, General Management, IIM, Kozhikode

My Days in JNU: 2003-2010

Gadadhara Mohapatra

Within the urban space of the National Capital of India, here is the centre for learning and best practices, so called the Jawaharlal Nehru University in South Delhi. The campus life of the JNUites, the academic community, researcher scholars and staff has evolved over the years since the early seventies with a deep sense of academic commitment, shared learning and understanding and the unending quest for knowledge. Unlike the city life in Delhi which is highly characterized by relative absence of intimate personal acquaintanceship and the segmentalization of human relations; the JNUites still feel a sense of belonging to one family i.e., the JNU family. This is the right time for its members to get together to celebrate the event by the warm welcome and call of Alumni Association of JNU.

JNU as an institution of higher learning not only provides a platform for the students just to come here for their academic careers; it is a green field for evolving a true sense of democratic and political ethos and culture which could be replicated in many parts of the country. Many scholars, who came from the remotest parts of the country with modest social backgrounds, having experienced the structural inequalities and mass poverty, emerged as the true political leaders, social scientists, civil servants, social activists etc. in the country over the last 35 years. In true sense, JNU represents a microcosm of the Indian nation, where there is larger intersection of ideas and innovative approaches coming from a wide range of scholars all over the country.

I got an opportunity to have upward mobility from a rural part of Orissa to the temple of learning and modern education located in the city of Delhi and got admission in JNU as a student in an M.A programme in 2003, with lots of hopes and aspirations to learn from the vibrant university academic environment. The first semester was the phase of coping with the new academic environment and a diverse group of classmates, teachers from all over India and abroad as well. I tried to become familiar with the semester pattern of JNU which was quite new for me and also the lectures of the encyclopedic minds and eminent sociologists and social scientists, about whose intellectual contribution I had read a little bit during my undergraduate studies in sociology honors.

It was for the first time that I learnt how class presentations could be made through PowerPoint slide show, instructed by Prof. Anand Kumar for the course on Polity and Society in India. This gave us a new perspective how technology plays a significant role in transforming human thought into expression. It's the best means of communication and certainly an empowering tool.



In the classical Marxian tradition as under Communism where everyone would be able “to hunt in the morning, fish in the afternoon, rear cattle in the evening and criticize after dinner”, we used to go to attend Susan madam's class at nine o'clock, and the interesting methodology class of Pathak Sir and other classes; go to the library in the afternoon and attend public talks at Sutlej, Periyar and Tapti hostels after dinner. Here was the platform to meet the leaders from extreme left to extreme right, intellectuals and social activists who are in their respective field of specialization. This enriched my experience in understanding the various issues and challenges before the nation. When two years of MA ended, we hardly knew any location of the city except the 615 bus route from Poorvanchal hostel to Minto Road, and New Delhi railway station. But these were the most important and formative years of our student career.

The dhaba culture of JNU is the reflection of Habermasian notion of public sphere, where a deliberate form of democracy is in practice in the form of open dialogues, discussions which continues from morning to evening and till late night. It provides the platform to have small group interaction with scholars across diverse linguistic and regional, disciplinary background. I still remember, when my classmates and friends used to gather at Ganga and Godavari dhaba for discussing the development challenges facing India. My friends often asked me 'Are you part of the problem, or part of the solution?' All issues, economic, social, cultural and regional aspects were part of the debate and finally we used to come up to a certain level of consensus through innovative solutions.

Though a series of events happened within the seven years of my study in JNU, I became more familiar with them when I started writing issue-based articles in defense of democracy in Nepal, and my classmates used to argue with me: 'Do you think that Nepal can really restore democracy and promote development for its marginalized sections? Look, here is the case of India, there are several limits and fault lines of the democratic governance, even after sixty years Indian democracy is still in its infancy.' I was encouraged by my friend and classmate, Dines Parsain from Nepal who used to encourage me while I started first writing for a small journal called Third Concept: an International Journal of Ideas. Similarly, I was encouraged by a friend of mine while I was writing an issue based article in 2006 on Reservations: Practice and Rationale in the context of the implementation of OBC reservation and the ongoing protest all over the country. My classmates always provided fuel for thought. When I wrote the article on reservation, some of my friends said whether or not we favoured OBC reservation, we should think and write something on such a controversial issue.

The final stage of my stay at JNU was a creative period of writing and exploration of poverty dynamics and chronic poverty related issues, and this was the period of struggling with my theoretical framework and data based analysis, but I guess that was part of a PhD process. It was beyond my imagination, that I could give a final touch to the thesis work and submit a well-written thesis before time and join the post-doctoral programme at University of Freiburg. I am deeply grateful to Prof. Anand Kumar for his prolific guidance, immense inspiration at every stage of my thesis. When I look back the campus life at JNU, though it has passed, it's quite fresh in my memory.

Post Doctoral Fellow at Institute of Sociology, University of Freiburg, Germany

From Someone Who Just Left

Iman Ghosh

Centre for English Studies, SLL & CS

I have drawn up a list of things that you are rendered incapable of and of the things that you have become specifically capable of (as in a super-capability that you cannot help but acquire) because you have lived in and 'lived' JNU:

1. You do not will not take walks or at least, like to take walks, in sharp contrast to the lovely, relaxed, aimless, frequent, drunk or sober walks that you willingly took along the Ring Road or other shady (used in filled-with-shade sense) paths because the roads elsewhere are too disgusting, covered with spit, with no saving grace of greenery or yellow amaltas and the co-walkers, who are neither fresh young faces or old portly professorly figures, will fail to add to the entire aesthetic/healthy/high experience that walking once was. You will also not want to walk because of countless other etc etc etc reasons, all attributable to your stint in JNU. Walks, alas, are just not possible anymore.
2. The most dominant super-capability that you acquire in JNU is the grand ability to THEORISE, and how. For example, as soon as I wrote down the point 1, I thought what could be the Freudian/ Lacanian/ Marxian/ etcetera-ian reason behind my deference of taking a walk that does not occur in JNU. Of course, I can write a paper on this interesting phenomenon and insist emphatically that it is a very significant piece of work and I would be totally supported by the people around. Bottom-line, we are ruined for life we do not meet anything or anyone that we cannot or do not theorise.
3. Since point 2 was obvious, I will now try to make a point that is or should be very startling. Once in JNU, you are rendered with the super-capability to understand or sometimes even speak in Bengali, much like the ghostly Monjulika in Bhool Bhulaiyya. This point is not applicable for those who can speak or understand the language because they really are Bengalis. Why or how this happens is something I would rather not elaborate. Let it remain one of those inscrutable mysteries of nature.
4. A very important super-capability that a JNUite discovers in him/her self, probably after sitting for seven hours in Tapti Dhaba (that repository of all worldly and other-worldly wisdom) is the ability to confer life (shattering), landscape (changing), and the importance of terms like 'anda bhujia', 'maggi', 'special chai' (by which is meant that it belongs only to another 'special' category of inedibility in the real 'other' world). For the number of years that you stay here, these food items sustain you and see you through the finished-at-eight-in-the-morning-term papers in short, they are like manna in the desert.



5. The biggest super-capability that one acquires here is undoubtedly and unambiguously the ability to take baths with one-fourth bucket of water in the dry months of March-April. The ones who live in Hostels which come before T-Point and Tapti Dhaba stand better chances with the acquirement of this super-capability, and the intricacies of this ability do not require elaboration.
6. Now to come to the super-capability which gives any JNUite a definite edge in the job market- the ability to TYPE and how. Whenever I am in a public place with my laptop or in a cyber café, I definitely manage to make few heads turns, such is my typing speed and gusto, all thanks to the papers that had to be typed with the fastest possible speed in order to ensure that I was able to sit for the final exam the next morning. I feel I can make a very good typist with a fat pay-cheque.
7. As it always happens in JNU, the super-capabilities far outnumber the incapacibilities. Anyway, to get back to the forgotten/ ignored business, once in JNU, you lose all ability or will or need to 'prepare in advance.' Critics may laugh and detractors may snicker, but the best work is the one that is produced on the last minute. This has been proven in CES, JNU so many times that they will give us a patent any day now. If in doubt, come to me, or to anyone who has written even a single paper in JNU. To write too many lines on this is to dilute the importance of the subject in hand.
8. Lastly, once you have been in JNU, you lose all ability to even consider that any other place can be better than JNU. At times, you may sit in some dhaba and give muft ka gyaan on how you would much rather live in such and such place but in the heart of your heart, you know what you know. The yard-stick, alas, is made!

I can keep writing on this subject endlessly because of the particular subject-matter and also, as a JNUite, I can write on any subject endlessly and I am not kidding, but I guess I should be sending off the paper now, because if I don't, I will have missed the deadline.

Prejudice and Pride
Joie Chatterjee
Centre for English Studies, SLL & CS

It is a truth universally acknowledged that the day you want to wake up early, the alarm clock must malfunction. However little known the feelings or views of such an alarm clock owner may be, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of everything in the universe that they all conspire to make the alarm defunct.

“I have borrowed a clock from Madhura! I have mine. I have already put an alarm on both. My roommate had her ringing sharp at seven everyday. I have also put an alarm on my phone. Don't worry Ma, I'll definitely wake up in time for the presentation,” I told my mother over the phone.

“You sure I won't have to call you?” she asked me in a rather skeptical tone, “It is your first ever presentation in JNU.”

“Yeah, I know! But I have grown up Ma! You don't have to worry. I have it all planned out,” I assured her.

“So, let's hear your plan?”

“I wake up at seven, iron my silk salwar-kameez...”

“Why not do it today?”

“Because that's what everyone does! Then I take a bath, go for breakfast, go to Hill Top to take a print out of the presentation...”

“You haven't yet taken a print of the paper you are going to read?”

“Ma, chill! It's on *Pride and Prejudice*. I have read it a thousand times. I have nearly finished writing the paper...”

“You proudly say, nearly finished? You should have finished it ages ago...”

“But I'm doing this presentation with Jhinuk and Sujay, and they gave me this book just an hour back...”

“What! You will read that now?”

“Ma, you don't have to freak out! I've grown up now, and I know exactly what I am doing! I stay alone in Delhi, I can manage. Don't worry. This is the way things happen in JNU!”

“Such prejudice! JNU is the best in India, and you take it so casually? You must



have got through by fluke. You don't deserve such..."

"Ma, I'll call you later, bye."

I switched off my phone. I couldn't take her lecturing me anymore. She, wondering about me on a silent Kolkata night, would never understand this life where people write their exams in their hostel rooms, consulting books, or where people go out at twelve in the night to celebrate a friend's birthday. I shook my head and turned to the white blazing screen of my laptop, I did indeed have to finish the paper. I had all the points listed, all I needed to do was write them out neatly. It was around ten o' clock in the night. I had ample time.

Suddenly everything around me went black and the screen glowed eerily. It took me a moment to realize that there had been a black out. But within half an hour, the laptop gave me a low-battery signal. Scared that whatever I had written may be lost, I saved the document and switched off the laptop. I switched on my phone, to find a host of messages awaiting me. Before I could read them, the phone started buzzing. "Oy, you idiot! What are you doing in the dark, come out to 24x7! We are having a party!" screamed someone into the phone, who exactly I couldn't make out, though the call belonged to Ved, someone who didn't have a presentation the next day. Lest I be left out of everything, I surrendered my fate to the darkness and proceeded to the eternally open cafeteria, aptly named 24x7. After all, what could an impromptu party in the dark, at midnight be of? Chai surely, I thought. I'd be back before the lights returned anyways...

"Expect the unexpected", a senior had said, "is the motto of life in JNU!" He was a long haired guy who looked more like a local hoodlum than a PhD scholar that was unexpected enough! But I realized later on, during many occasions that I should have taken him more seriously, like when I realized that the party at 24x7 was not a harmless chai party but a booze party!

"I have a presentation tomorrow at 9 o'clock, I can't drink!" I protested. "I don't have rum! Only wine please!" I said. No one listened and handed me a glass of rum and coke. Since I had never had that potion before I felt tempted and took a sip and then a sip too many. By the time I reached my hostel, I was quite dizzy. I couldn't keep my eyes open, and had completely forgotten about the presentation. I blissfully slept off.

I was skating in the snow with a real live snowman. Life couldn't have been better, when a horrible ring-tone disrupted my dream. I could see the paint peeling off the walls, my room mate doing her puja while the snow disappeared.

"Got the print out?" said, a fresh crisp voice, on the phone.

"Ma?" I asked groggily.

"You aren't up yet? You have a presentation in twenty-five minutes!" she shouted into the phone. That was enough to wake me up. Shocked, I sat up and said, "I'll talk to you later, Ma. Thanks!" I had to do something but I didn't know what! Battling a bad headache, I popped in a paracetamol, wondering why the alarm clocks didn't work. Then suddenly my roommate sweetly revealed the mystery, "You up? You came in so late last night, I felt sorry waking you up. So I was doing everything silently. I even switched off the alarms that

were ringing.” I felt like murdering her right then, but I knew I had more important matters to deal with right then- my unfinished paper and my attendance in class. It was then fifteen minutes to nine, I had to rush.

It was only when I was out of the hostel that I realized that I had not taken any reference material or even the unfinished paper. So I hurried back to collect the books and my laptop- I would read out directly from there, I thought. Again, when I was getting down the stairs did I realize that not only was I wearing clothes from the night before but I had also forgotten to brush my teeth! But I had no time for hygiene, so I didn't slow my pace. It was ten minutes to nine, and the distance from my hostel to class was at least twenty minutes long! I started running.

Of the many students who were making their way to their respective classes, no one stared at me. It was a rather normal sight in JNU, at ten minutes to nine. I looked at the watch. I had covered a five-minute distance in three minutes, if I tried hard, I could make it in time. Then I could worry about the presentation.

Suddenly, a car honked behind me. I didn't have the time to turn and see who it was, so I shifted, making way for the car. The honking continued. Rather irritated at the driver, I looked behind to see it was none other than Sir himself! He too was going for class and he enquired if I would care for a lift. I looked up, and thanked god!

His calm aura contrasted mine. I felt ashamed. “I'm so sorry sir!” I said, not looking at him directly. “What are you sorry for, Joie?” asked Sir. “I haven't finished writing the paper, I just have the points. I think I messed it up. I am so sorry, sir, this is my first presentation ever. But the lights went out and I... It was my prejudice that made me take things lightly; it was my pride that made me feel that I could ride on that belief...” I choked myself.

“Calm down!” he said “As long as you have the points, it is fine, for merely read-out presentations are dry. If you had paid more attention you would know that after all three of you have presented, I would like you to incorporate all the points discussed today in your paper. Only then can you submit to me a written document.” From that day forth I renounced atheism.

“Prejudice and Pride” I said, nervously, as many hostile eyes stared at me, “Are umm... is our hubris, for which we would pay if Shakespeare wrote our destiny but would still get a 'happily ever after' bestowed on us if Austen wrote ours!” Laughter broke out. The atmosphere became friendlier. “I understand it even better now, as I have my own



little story of my prejudice and my pride.” Sir understood what I was hinting at, and asked me to narrate my story of before I began my presentation.

“So, what exactly was JNU like?” asked my cousin, a few years later. I wondered for some time, then merely shook my head. I didn't have an exact word suitable enough to explain it.

My Days at JNU: 1990-1992

Madhuri Nair-Suresh

The second year under-grad class (1987-90) of Sociology Honours in Venky (Sri Venkateshwara College) was in a tizzy. They were the first batch to graduate in a year and elaborate plans to 'check out' JNU as the future post-grad campsite was underway. A friend conveniently provided an elder sister staying at GANGA who was promptly hired as the campus guide. The distance between Venky and JNU was eagerly covered in two ram shackled DTC buses and we all had our first glimpse of the essence which to this day still runs in our veins. What did we see?

Riotous and spectacularly blooming bougainvilleas, a long winding uphill road, red brick hostels plastered with posters and too many seniors in unkempt Khadi kurtas and jeans looking sufficiently intelligent and vague plus a towering library. The decision was made for us. JNU it was and we were all going to write our entrance exams.

That under- grad batch got divided between DSE, IIMC and JNU. The first semester was overwhelming for the three girls that are Neelima Rao, Anamika Sharma and me. Coping mechanisms were not fully in place and we did not come as smartly packaged as today's Gen Next. Days were spent figuring out the Library (no we didn't have computers then!). Cell phones were not even 'imagined'- may have drawn vitriolic comments on hegemony and imperialism from seniors and a call for a boycott.

Theory classes on Durkheim and Pathak sir's Freudian psychoanalysis used to take an Air India Flight above my head. Got only a B+ in the exam. Ah! Sir divine retribution-today, my students sleep in my theory class! But I do know id from ego thanks to you sir! We soon became one less from the original 3 when Anamika dropped out of the course.

The trip to Banaras with Dr Nandu Ram and Dr Anand Kumar is vivid. I still recount the story of 'The Dom Raja of Manikarnika Ghat' to my students and it still ensures a spell bound class in 2010 in IT city Bangalore. Who can ever forget Dr Patricia Uberoi's calendar art displays in class! Dr Yogendra Singh, Dr T.K Oomen, Dr Panini, Dr Gandhi, Dr J.S Uberoi and Dr Dipankar Gupta thank you sirs for a lot memorable classes. Whatever we are is because of teachers like you.

Other memories-Aha what about romances? A lot of eyelids were batted in the dhabas, the library, Dholpur house, in front of Ganga and Godavari hostels, the Parthasarathy rocks. Holi and hostel nites and welcome and farewell parties bring on great



memories. Candle light protests, spotting Nilgais and Peacocks, incessant intellectual arguments at the kiosks, milk tea, Student Union election debates. Well, in those times friends actually spoke to each other and not through cell phones sitting next to each other.

Friends always had a few tricks up their sleeves especially during Holi. We had grandly announced that we were going to visit all our professors at home and asked them to keep boxes of sweets ready to eat as and when we gate crashed with Gulaal. They happily obliged. But we timed it wrongly! We visited the hostel rooms of a few very hospitable friends first- Bhang, sweets and midday sunshine- The rest was blissful sleep for 2 whole days and a group of very mystified Professors!!

What I learnt from JNU- Nobody took a class on the things I learnt here but learn we did. We learnt to behave like responsible adults- there used to be no moral policing by any wardens in the hostels. We learnt to spend a great part of our free hours in the library- it is wholly a JNU culture. Everybody around did- we simply followed. I still do it in Christ University. We used to invite dynamic speakers to the hostel mess and a young Mr. Ramachandra Guha was among them.

The Mandal Commission backlash affected JNU and was eventful in the campus. We saw visits by Mr. Sitaram Yechury and Mr. Ram Vilas Paswan. The campus went still for a month or so. A lot of the former spirit died then. However, great institutions always have a few historical vacillations. Their greatness and solidity lies in such upheavals.

I have not been to JNU in the past 14 yrs and may not recognize the changes wrought by time. But like they say the more things change the more they may remain the same.

Assistant Professor, Department of Sociology, Christ University, Bangalore.

My JNU Time
N K Ranjan
Centre of Linguistics & English (1994-2005)

I was in awe of its huge lush-green and wild campus. It had dense green areas, natural water reservoirs, rivulets and caves, and ancient rocks. Besides, I found the whole atmosphere quite fundamental, i.e. never putting a pressure on anybody to stay tight. It made us feel generous with its enormity. It inspired us to rise to excellence, spread care and warmth, and grow with society. It gave me, particularly, a power to empathize that helped me understand everything around me.

The campus was quite active. Unknowingly and, at times, unwillingly too, I was made to realize and understand the crises of my times. I was lucky. Various students' associations used to invite the experienced to campus for post-dinner talks. There were various ways within campus to connect to the reality of our existence various independent political, cultural and other associations co-existed respecting others' independence.

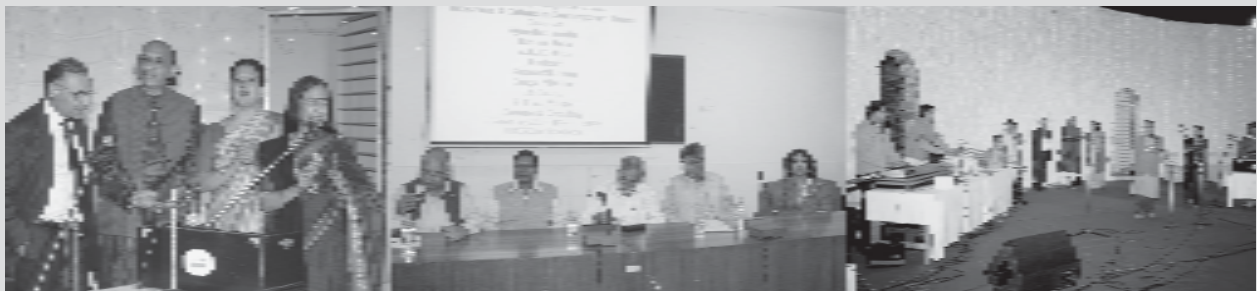
I realize that education is not what we learn in academic programmes, but it is much more than and, probably, beyond those programmes. Somebody had said that education is the residue we are left with after we forget everything learnt in school. JNU has been helping its students in achieving education in that very sense. This education, in my case, has been interfering with my learning, inspiring me to become a thinking being and enforcing a vision in me, which considers service to society an achievement. This education has given us, my friends admit, an ability and, moreover, a courage to explore our potential and understand the responsibility towards our existence.

The Influence

I got friends to cherish throughout my life. Though, I am not in touch with many of them, they will remain a part of my life. JNU gave me a life-time friend too my wife. All my professors, seniors and juniors have changed the way I used to think. There was a guard who always offered me water whenever I visited the Dean's office in the afternoon to check my name in the list of students who were allotted hostels. I still remember his kind face. Later, I stopped by him many times to share my life. The regularity of Rawatji, office-in-charge of my Centre, has always amazed me.

The Place and the Celebration

I used to walk on its ring road on moonlit nights (and also on some no-electricity nights). I remember having gone to its caves on winter and sunny Sundays with packed lunches from the hostel mess. Evenings at the PSR were a delight. JNUSU presidential



debate getting conducted at Jhelum lawns till the wee hours of morning was our all-time favorite and indicative of the seriousness of our awareness. Festivals like Holi, Deepavali, Eid, Christmas, etc., were always campus celebrations. Generally, a morning cup of tea from mess was a great sit-together time with friends. We used to sit in one of our rooms and enjoy that. In winter, we used to share the responsibility of bringing tea from the mess. In some mornings, I used to travel to other hostels too for having tea with my friends. We always liked a post-dinner late night tea at Ganga Dhaba. Leisurely strolls to the Dhaba in foggy nights were a pleasure trip. Tea was overall our staple drink irrespective of the month or the time.

In summer afternoons, my roommate used to invite me for dahi-jalebi at a nearby DDA market. Initially I enjoyed that feast thoroughly. Numerous community feasts and food festivals gave me a taste of our regional and international delicacies. Very interestingly, our school canteens on campus served us various specific regional dishes, e.g. Babu served delicacies from Kerala in SIS on Saturdays. We used to quote in fun: 'our Library canteen is the only canteen with a generous library facility. At a point of time, this canteen and the library were in the same building.

Almost a decade-long journey in a university called JNU is enough to change a soul. I too changed, I must profess.

Assistant Secretary, Editorial Board, Curator, Accountancy Museum of India, ICAI

JNU A Guide to Life

Nandini Saha

MA, Centre for Linguistics & English, 1991-93

Education's *raison d' être* would be the dispensation of knowledge not only for its pedagogical intent. Also it would not be an overstatement to note that over the years JNU has evolved its own code of education. An education akin to the principle, to quote from Alfred North Whitehead's 1916 essay on "The Aims of Education", that there should only be "one subject-matter for Education and that is Life in all its manifestations". That is exactly what JNU does or, on a more personal note, did for me. When the girl from a small town arrived alone in the free world of JNU, in the corridors of SL/CLE (as it used to be known then), eyes brimming with a fear of the unknown, she was granted more freedom than she could even dream of wanting. She was spoilt for choice. For the first time in her life she did not want freedom, she wanted restraint. Desire for fetters was for the obvious reason that it was extremely unnerving to be offered so much choice. What was one supposed to do? She had been used to being told what had to be done and not left on her own to decide for herself. It was when she was all of twenty one years old (that late in life!) that she was doing everything alone and that too in a place and city she had never even set eyes on before. The liberty was not only to choose what you wanted to study, a far call from having been drilled in set syllabi throughout, but in all matters of regular life on campus from covering the cupboard with fluorescent wall paper to brighten the hostel room to buying veggies for a salad to spice up the dinner plate in the Ganga Hostel mess!

It might be odd to have started on such a personal note but I assume that there will be some members of the JNU Alumni whose stories might echo the one am relating here. What is unique about JNU and its ways is the training in life's ways that it offers along with its academic grooming. It teaches its scholars to deal with the quotidian reality, to be able to combat the materialistic world and still be able to follow one's goals, live for one's dreams and respect the human values fast losing its worth in contemporary times. Having journeyed a few years in life I realize what it is that makes JNU so special. It is a training that has kept my spirit alive through the vicissitudes of life. It has taught me to strive on and never let go. It taught me to love myself. The taste for unhindered growth that JNU instilled in me left me craving for more knowledge and helped develop my unique identity. I have only much later realized how I managed to pull through when I fell upon 'the thorns of life' and bled. When I left JNU I did not realize that I had gained a family, a family with all my teachers as members who were to stay with me through my years of strife. The edification here inculcates in its students perseverance, duty and reverence, 'receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling'.



The academic instruction here brings out the best in every individual student who enters the red-bricked walls of the Academic Complex. We were initiated into the kaleidoscopic domain of literary study at CLE. For very many years in my teaching career, now fifteen years old, most texts in the syllabi whether of drama (thanks to Prof GJV's courses), fiction (MM's & HCN's courses), texts of literary criticism and theory (KK & Loomba's courses) or the ubiquitous quest for the importance of the study and teaching of English in India (thanks to SKS), I had read all at the Postgraduate level itself. When we had burnt the midnight lamp in our rooms during our MA days in JNU, to read up on all texts either in the course or for presentations, little did I realize its practical and scholastic utility. With a jolt we had been dropped in the whirlpool of Osbornes, Tendulkars, Feildings, Sternes, Macaulays, Ghoshes, Ezekiels, Aristotle & Plato to Belsey, Barthes and Lacan. While the impact left us gasping for breath, the two year rigorous academic regimentation has proved to be my oxygen ever since I left the campus. The initiation thus received has rendered the strength to tread the untrodden paths of the maze of Indian academia.

I still wonder what my teachers did at JNU to make me fall in love with academics and also instill in me all that gave me such a sound start in my career as a tutor of literature. It is incredible how all students have been equally groomed in a fashion that has aided to bring out the best in them. As a teacher myself I strive hard to achieve what I received at JNU and think have managed fairly well. Of course it is my students alone who could vouch for my training rather than my coworkers who continue to be caught unawares of the capabilities of an unassuming presence. We the Jnu-ites have been taught to leave an imprint on the shores of life, not to merely follow those of others. The indoctrination of the disciples of this academic cult is conspicuous in the contemporaneous global scenario. I cannot disavow my indebtedness to this protean training myself.

Associate Professor at the Department of English, Jadavpur University, Kolkata

My life at JNU

Nasser JY Sholi

After I have spent almost six years at JNU, my university life, it is high time to speak about it. I still remember very well the first day I reached JNU. It was 14th August, 1999. It was a very hot summer and especially for me coming from Palestine, where the temperature never exceeded 29°C. I could arrange my accommodation for myself at Brahmaputra hostel. It was 8 PM, and students started going to the mess for dinner. I went there and took my food as everyone else did. Oh my God what was this? Why so spicy? I realized later that this food would be served during my whole study period. The next day, my second day at JNU, I did my registration and went to class. At that time I could understand nothing of what was being said in the class. I did not know whether it was my fault or teachers' fault. Since then I worked hard in my studies, and I think I got along well with my Indian friends and my labmates. University life has changed me and improved me a lot, so I haven't regretted coming to this university. The most important thing I learnt here is that there are many other meaningful things besides studying. In fact, taking part in them is just another kind of study, because I also learnt a lot from those experiences. To begin with, I participated in the foreign students' union and many other kinds of social work. I started celebrating festivals with my Indian friends especially the colorful festival Holi. I realized how life is simple and there's nothing to worry about. The smile on my friends' faces, going to drink tea (chai) at med campus, learning a lot about diverse Indian culture and speaking about my own culture has added a strong feeling and passion towards Indian culture and to the JNU community.

Every life has its roses and thorns. Though it is kind of hard and sad, I still enjoy and feel grateful to my university life. Till this day, I feel I belong to this university and my friends always say, your English is Indian English and let me say, I m proud of it.

National Agriculture Research Center, Palestine



Navneet Sahai Bedar

जवाहर लाल नेहरू विश्वविद्यालय में मैं लगभग 9 वर्ष रहा। इस दौरान बहुत से खट्टे मीठे अनुभव रहे। उन अनुभवों की असंख्य छवियां मौजूद हैं जहन में लेकिन जगह के अभाव में मैं दो का ही जिक्र करूंगा।

पहला अनुभव कैम्पस की एक ऐसी छवि देता है जो लगभग अनूठी सी है और दूसरे में राजनैतिक सरगर्मी तो थी लेकिन अब पुराने होने के नाते उन्हें ढंकते हुए उसे एक आम लेकिन बेहद खास किस्म की संवेदना के साथ प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास किया गया है।

,d

बात सन् 1995 के आस पास की है, एक दिन सोमवार की सुबह एस.बी.आई. की एक्सटेंशन ब्रांच में पैसे निकालने पहुंचा तो देखा लम्बी कतार लगी हुई है। उन दिनों सोमवारों को यही हाल हो जाया करता था। एक्सटेंशन ब्रांच में दो कर्मी ही बैठते थे। सूटकेस में पैसे लेकर वे लगभग दस बजे वहां पहुंचते थे लेकिन कतार सुबह नौ बजे से ही लगना शुरू हो जाती थी। बैंक कर्मियों के आते-आते तो ये कतार कभी कभी कावेरी हॉस्टल के गेट तक पहुंच जाती थी। सो कुछ इसी तरह एक दिन जब मैं वहां पहुंचा तो कतार काफी लम्बी थी और नीलगिरि ढाबे तक पहुंच चुकी थी। मैं भी इनमें हो गया और जब बैंक के अंदर पहुंचा तो देखा कि बैंक काउंटर के पीछे एक ही कर्मी काम कर रहा था। ये कम्प्यूटरहीन युग था। उस कर्मी को ही पे-इन या विद्दाल फार्म चैक करने थे पैसे लेने या देने थे और रजिस्टर में इन्ट्री भी करनी थी। इतने सारे कामों को वह अकेले कर रहा था। तभी मेरी नजर उस काउंटर पर पड़ी। देखा बैंक कर्मी ने सौ के नोट का एक बंडल खोल कर काउंटर पर रख दिया। लेकिन क्यों, ये मेरी समझ में तब आया जब अगले छात्र ने स्वयं विद्दाल स्लिप पर भरी रकम उस गड्डी में से निकाल ली। ये क्रम आगे भी चलता रहा। जब मेरा नम्बर आया तो मुझसे रहा नहीं गया और मैंने पूछ लिया कि भाई साहब, आप इस तरह से क्यों कर रहे हैं, अगर किसी ने एक नोट भी गलती से निकाल लिया तो, साहब ने इत्मीनान से जवाब दिया पिछले तीन दिनों से मैं अकेला ही काम कर रहा हूं और ये गलती 2 बार हो चुकी है और दोनों ने पैसे वापस कर दिए। और जेएनयू के छात्रों को मैं आपसे ज्यादा जानता हूँ।

अभी कुछ साल पहले जब मैं जेएनयू गया तो देखा कि बैंक के बाहर एक गनमैन खड़ा है। पता नहीं किसकी सुरक्षा के लिए उसे तैनात किया गया था...

nks

यै घटना सन् 1997 की है। मैं सतलज छात्रावास में रहता था और 7 मार्च को सतलज का हॉस्टल-डे था। सभी तैयारियां थी और लोगों में जबरदस्त उत्साह था। शाम हुई उत्सव शुरू हुआ। देर रात तक झेलम लॉन्स में ऑरकेस्ट्रा भी बुलाया गया था। उस ऑरकेस्ट्रा में लड़कियों को नाचने के लिए भी बुलाया गया था। ये बात मेरे समेत अनेक लोगों को खटकी, जब अति हो

गई जब कुछ लोगों ने उनके नाचने पर सीटियां बजाना शुरू कर दिया। विरोध किया गया। अपने साथ रहने वालों से झगड़ा किया। थोड़ी हाथापाई भी हुई। बवाल बढ़ा और सतलज के खिलाफ एक आंदोलन सा छिड़ गया। पैम्फलेटबाजी भी हुई। सबके तर्क सामने आए। इस बीच एक बेहद भद्दा बेनाम पैम्फलेट आया जिसने सतलज छात्रावास के छात्रों को बैकफट पर आने पर मजबूर कर दिया। पैम्फलेट में भदेस भाषा में छात्राओं के लिए टिप्पणियां की गई थीं।

8 मार्च को ये पैम्फलेट आया था और इसी दिन महिला दिवस भी मनाया जाता है। समूचे कैम्पस की छात्राओं ने इसके विरोध में मशाल जलूस निकाला। सतलज के छात्रों ने भी इस पैम्फलेट का विरोध करना चाहा था लेकिन वे पहले से ही टारगेटेड थे सो तय किया गया कि हॉस्टल के गेट के अन्दर ही रहकर बैनर विरोध जता दिया जाएगा। इस उद्देश्य से सतलज के सारे छात्र (उनको छोड़कर जो पहले से ही हॉस्टल डे के कार्यक्रम के विरोध में थे) हास्टल के गेट पर जुलूस की प्रतीक्षा करने लगे। विरोध जुलूस कुछ ज्यादा लम्बा हो गया। छात्रावासियों का धैर्य जवाब दे गया और वे मुख्य मार्ग की ओर मोड़ तक आ गए। उनको वापस भेजने की नवोदित नेताओं की हर कोशिश नाकाम हुई। वे वहीं डट गये और उधर से जुलूस आगे बढ़ आया और झेलम हॉस्टल जाने के लिए रास्ता मांगा। इस पर सतलज वासियों ने मांग रखी कि पहले पिछले दिन एक लड़की द्वारा प्रयुक्त अभद्र भाषा के लिए माफी मांगे। दोनों पक्ष अड़ गए। धरना शुरू हो गया। रात 9 बजे शुरू हुआ धरना रात 1 बजे तक चलता रहा। प्रशासन के अधिकारी आकर समझाइश करने की कोशिश करके चले गए। धरना चलता रहा। 3 बज गए। अधिकांश लोग उठकर जाने लगे, कुछ जिद्दी जीव बैठे रहे। इसी बीच एक छात्र ने उठकर कह दिया कि अगर किसी को ठेस लगी है तो उसके लिए माफी। इस पर बवाल हो गया। सतलज के छात्रों को तो वापस जाने का सुनहरा मौका मिल गया। लेकिन मजा तो तब आया जब उन्हें रोक लिया और कहा कि कोई माफी वाफी नहीं मांगी गई है। आप लोग अपना धरना जारी रखें और हम भी अपना धरना जारी रखेंगे।

शायद ये स्पिरिट जिसमें ये बात कही गई हास्यास्पद लगे लेकिन अगर देखें तो ये वो भावना थी जिसमें हम अधिकार के लिए खुद भी जोखिम उठाने के लिए तैयार हैं। ऐसा कहने वाले तो आपको खूब मिलेंगे लेकिन रात के तीन बजे धरने पर अपने विरोधियों को साथ बैठाने की ये कोशिश शायद कहीं और न मिले।

Trainer, Bharti Foundation, Majari Road, Neemrana, Alwar



Through the heydays of globalization, JNU metamorphosed and so did I

Navneet Anand, 1990-99

It seems like it was a fairytale that ended just yesterday. For it is hard to fathom that one tiny bit of existence could expose me to such diverse facets of life. From agony to ecstasy, anxiety to gusto, dullness, admiration, apathy, jealousy, perseverance, fortitude, competitiveness, love, compassion, frustration, I have lived it all and much more. A rarity. As I sit down reminiscing my days in JNU, my mind gets frozen, heart wheezes and fingers turn stiff on the keyboards. Memories cast a thick smoke over them all.

By the time I was out of JNU in 1999, after completing a decade, and carrying coveted degrees of MA, MPhil and PhD in Sociology, I had been transformed into a modern species ready to ride the rough and tumble of the world. The innocence of August 1990, my first days at JNU, got bruised through the whirlpool of JNU's academic and social experiences. The anxiety of fulfilling my father's desire of getting into the elite civil services and subsequent failures through the years had given way to a steely resolve to chart my own path in life. JNU matchless training was always going to be handy.

The waves of Mandalisation, Liberalisation and Globalisation all interspersing with my heydays in JNU ensured that I got a chance to look beyond conventional career options. My father, himself an English professor, was keen I too turn into an academic but I felt little inclination. JNU had given little by way of a professional skill-set to enable me to get out in the market and stand the job queues services sector was booming through the 1990s and there were jobs aplenty in banks, airlines, call centres. My interests lay elsewhere.

Media sector too witnessed an unprecedented growth through the 1990s but the seeds for this were sown in mid 1990s. A string of MNCs were trying to reach out to the bulky Indian middle class consumers segment and they needed newer media platforms for this we lived with banta (lemonade) till good part of the 1990s. The government which had zealously guarded the broadcasting sector since independence was freeing it from its clutches of strict controls from 2 channels in 1992 when I completed my MA the number had grown to over 100 by the time I was giving finishing touches to my PhD thesis on media in 1999. Media giants such as Rupert Murdoch had realized the huge potential of media and his company News Corporation made a quiet entry by acquiring Star TV in 1993. The otherwise deserted hostels' common room began to buzz and cricket telecasts were major hits in late 1990s. Hostel wardens who till yesterday lived amid quiet environs suddenly woke up to raucous cheers from mess area. Along with the economy, 1990s was ushering in many changes at JNU as well.

My entry into media too was designed. I did not have a professional degree to flaunt but certainly had a splash of subdued arrogance coming as I was from one of Asia's best institutions and it helped. I joined journalism in 1996 I was so ecstatic getting the first offer letter that hot April Tuesday, also a friend's birthday and over the years worked with some of the best brands: The Indian Express, The Times of India, The Pioneer. I was certainly not a roaring success but I did practice journalism of a different hue only a JNUiite can boast of. A compulsive researcher, I spent hours finding facts for a story I still do and

my blogs bear a testimony to this and churned out some good pieces.

After spending over a decade and being a witness to phenomenal transformation of media sector I have decided to move on and now work with an Indian Fortune 500 company. In my present assignment many think I hold an MBA degree and get a little puzzled when I say I have a doctorate in Sociology. "What relevance it has," is the common refrain. Earlier in journalism many arm-chair condescending editors dismissed my job applications saying "Doctor you are overqualified". By now I have an air of my own and don't even reckon such sardonic remarks but those who are willing to listen I tell them this.

JNU may have little to offer by way of a professional degree but the kind of training it imparts turns us all into numero uno in every field we go. First, JNU's emphasis on inter-disciplinary approach imbues enough confidence in us to chart even unknown terrains. I was editing a hardcore technology magazine PC World once and skeptics would gaspingly say a Sociology doctorate managing a tech publication. Fact is they could only talk. I could do it.

JNU also gives us amazing endurance and ability to adapt to any situation. The varied experiences that it offers from spending the midnight oils to completing lengthy research papers to strategizing in hostel elections, mulling means on proposing a classmate turned heartthrob to confabulating with friends at Ganga Dhaba on how to get the best scholarship or getting poetic at the sight and sound of peacocks at scenic Parthasarthy turns JNU into distinct institution. It also nurtures a vibrant culture, resembling a melting pot of diverse ethnic, political and cultural groups, giving a taste of a small India within India.

I can go on, but thanks to the discipline that Professor Anand Kumar imparted in me, I will have to stop at 1000 words. But not before I have acknowledged some of the greatest influences at JNU. First was surely Prof Kumar's and one which has grown in significance every day of last 18 years. It thrives. The second was a friend's, which after blossoming for first 8, got trampled by the trivial vicissitudes of life. It lingers on in memories. JNU has this beauty it leaves ever-lasting imprints in life.

Navneet can be contacted at anandnavneet@gmail.com.
His blogposts: navneet-anand.blogspot.com, indianpollitics.blogspot.com



My JNU Life

Niladri Ranjan Dash

I came to JNU in 1978 after graduating from Ravenshaw College, Cuttack, Orissa, and joined CSR/D/SSS for my M.A in Geography. I could successfully complete my M.A (1980), M. Phil (1982) and continued my doctoral research under Late Prof. Aijazuddin Ahmad. My Ph.D. thesis was, of course, submitted after I joined lectureship at the M. S. University of Baroda, and the Degree was obtained in 1993. I was extremely fortunate to have great teachers, like Prof. Moonis Raza, Prof. G. S. Bhalla, Prof. Chadda, Prof. M. H. Qureshi, Madam Atiya Habib (whom we affectionately called Atiyapa), Madam Nangia, Dr. Amitab Kundu, Dr. Aslam Mehmood, Dr. Sivaswami and Dr. Harjit Singh. We were 28 students, who finally completed the Degree. My class was a mini-India. Except for some of the north eastern states and Gujarat (where I finally landed up and settled down), all the states of India had representation in my class. There were many seniors and juniors (it is of course, a fact that there was no feeling of senior or junior in JNU), who inspired me in many different ways. I am in touch with many of them. My personality, both academic and personal was greatly transformed during my stay and interaction with teachers and friends, who were different different from what I had experienced during my school and college days. I could learn to sing songs in Punjabi, Haryanvi, Bhojpuri, Bangali, Assamese, Chhattisgarhi, Telugu and Garhwali. We had a group called "Pratidwani", in which we learnt and sang folk and revolutionary songs. I also learnt to act in Mumbai-style one act plays, like 'Itihas Chakra' and 'Ek tha gadha - urph aladdin khan', etc. which were performed at the two open air theatres of JNU. My days at JNU were the golden days of my life and what I am today is 50 % due to my parents and 50% due to JNU. I salute my alma mater and my teachers.

Department of Geography, Faculty of Science, MS University of Baroda

A Campus Trough to Leave

Paolienlal Haokip

I joined JNU in the summer of 1995, to pursue an MA in Politics with specialisation in International Studies (PIS) at the School of International Studies, and left it in 2003. One of my first impressions about the campus is the high egalitarian ethos which is a rarity in India except for the Hills in Manipur where I come from and some tribal pockets in the country. There were no visible class distinctions. The rich and poor are indistinguishably enmeshed in jeans and kurta/kameez/t-shirts or salwar kameez or jeans and T-shirts for the resilient gender.

Into my first semester, I was already impressed to note that this beautiful egalitarian culture in the campus was to a large measure attributable to the vibrant political orientation which, at that time, and for decades prior to that period, was dominated and sustained by firmly rooted leftist students' units who set into motion the highest ideals of egalitarian society inside the JNU campus. That made me sign up for membership of the All India Students Association (AISA), a core leftist unit within which Laal Salaam (Red Salute-signifying revolutionary salute) is the norm of greeting each other. I also contested the SIS councillorship from the party, but was defeated by the Free Thinkers party, which ruled the roost at SIS then. But it gave us, the panel from our party, great satisfaction that the margin of their victory was the smallest in a long time. I miss the election season marches where Laal Salaam used to echo from hostel walls and the rocks in the campus. Though our panel lost, AISA won the JNUSU elections with the slain Chandrasekhar as president for two continuous terms.

The Ganga Dabha, the favorite haunt of every JNUite is easily the most irreplaceable memory of any JNUite. The endless cups of tea, the endless chatter on topics ranging from term paper datelines to American hegemony in world affairs and Salman Rushdie down to tribal literature are un-erasable treasures of the mind.

The front section of Priya Cinema Hall every Friday used to be packed with JNUites. Even the rich kids would prefer these rows, as it gave a warm feeling of being in the flock. The walks around the administrative building, the jungle exploration to the caves, the sightings of beautiful peacocks and Nilgai are fond memories to treasure.

The enriching to not-so-enriching lectures were a luxury for the knowledge hungry mind which I realised is a scarce thing to come by at other points in one's life, unless one is into core academic pursuits and profession. There were Shashi Tharoor, Arundhati Roys, Mani Shankar Aiyars, JN Dixits and score more to choose to hear from within the campus.



There were student couples in corners, deeply in love and oblivious of all the happenings around for those precious moments. In short, JNU was a place where love, life and learning do the Samba in perfect harmony.

On the flip-side, JNU is a trap of comfort where the temptation to stay on often delays further progress in life for some. And it is never easy to venture on in life and leave the campus after you have tasted the way of life in JNU. This is a cinch.

Under Secretary, Lok Sabha Secretariat, Parliament of India

t; u; &Kku dk fuey | krk

पशुपति शर्मा

जेएनयू से एमए (हिन्दी) और एम फिल (हिन्दी), साल 2002 से 2006

साल 2002 की बात है। जेएनयू की प्रवेश परीक्षा देकर मैं दैनिक भास्कर, जयपुर में नौकरी करने चला गया था। मुझे उम्मीद कम ही थी कि जेएनयू जैसे प्रतिष्ठित संस्थान में मैं हिन्दी एमए की प्रवेश परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण कर सकूंगा। मन में इस भय की अपनी वजहें भी थीं। मैंने इससे पहले हिन्दी को बतौर विषय रख कर पढ़ाई नहीं की थी। स्नातक (प्रतिष्ठा, भौतिकी) कर रखा था और माखनलाल चतुर्वेदी पत्रकारिता विश्वविद्यालय से संचार एवं जनसम्पर्क में मास्टर्स कर चुका था। दिल्ली विश्वविद्यालय ने ये कहकर एमए (हिन्दी) में प्रवेश देने से इंकार कर दिया था कि मैंने हिन्दी को बतौर विषय रखकर पढ़ाई नहीं की। बहरहाल, जेएनयू में ऐसा कोई प्रतिबंध नहीं था और मैंने प्रवेश परीक्षा देने का फैसला किया।

जेएनयू में दाखिले से पहले ही मुझे यहां की संस्कृति की झलक मिल गई। सीनियर्स की ओर से दाखिले की तैयारी के लिए क्लासेस ली जा रही थी। बिना किसी शुल्क के ये मौका हर किसी के लिए उपलब्ध था। इसके साथ ही रहने का मुफ्त इंतजाम था। किसी छात्र को इससे ज्यादा क्या चाहिए, मैंने भी यही रहकर तैयारियां कीं। हिन्दी के सीनियर्स ने महज 10 से 15 दिनों में प्रवेश परीक्षा की ऐसी तैयारी करवाई कि मेरी सारी झिझक खत्म हो गई। भरोसे के साथ परीक्षा दी और रिजल्ट आ गया।

मैं जयपुर में था, जब मुझे ये खबर मिली कि मेरा चयन हो गया। यकीन नहीं हो रहा था कि वाकई मैं अपने मनचाहे विश्वविद्यालय में दाखिले की हरी झंडी पा चुका हूं। इस समय तक पत्रकारिता में मैंने दो साल गुजार दिए थे। कई वरिष्ठ साथियों ने मुझे नौकरी छोड़कर जेएनयू जाने से रोकना भी चाहा, लेकिन मैं कहां मानने वाला था। उस समय कुछ लोगों ने मुझे ये सलाह भी दी कि अगर जेएनयू जा रहे हो तो यूपीएससी को अपना लक्ष्य बनाकर जाओ, वरना पत्रकारिता में ही अपना करियर बनाओ। मैं इस सबसे बेपरवाह जेएनयू में प्रवेश को लेकर रोमांचित था। यूपीएससी मेरा तब भी सपना नहीं था और कभी मेरे मन में उस तरफ कोई झुकाव हुआ भी नहीं। मैंने कभी यूपीएससी की परीक्षा नहीं दी।



एडमिशन लेने पहुंचा तो एड ब्लॉक पर मदद के लिए तैयार जत्था। एसएफआई के एक साथी ने मेरा एडमिशन अपने जिम्मे ले लिया। इसके बाद तो मुझे कोई परेशानी नहीं हुई। मैं अकेला ही एडमिशन लेने आया था, पापा पूर्णिया में थे। समय के साथ स्मृतियों में उस साथी का नाम धुंधला हो गया लेकिन चेहरा अब भी दिल में बसा है। उन्होंने भाग-दौड़कर मेरा पूरा काम करवाया। मेरे पास उस वक्त माइग्रेशन सर्टिफिकेट नहीं था तो उसका हल भी सुझाया। एडमिशन के साथ ही हॉस्टल के लिए भी आवेदन करवा दिया।

एडमिशन लेने के बाद मैं एक बार फिर जयपुर लौट गया। मैं एक आद महीने की नौकरी कर कुछ पैसे जमा कर लेना चाहता था ताकि आगे मुझे कोई दिक्कत नहीं हो। इसमें जपयुर सेंटरल डेस्क के इंचार्ज देवप्रिय अवस्थी जी का पूरा सहयोग मिला। आखिर में अगस्त महीने के मध्यम की किसी तारीख को मैंने अपना डेरा-डंडा समेटा और जेएनयू आ पहुंचा।

कैंपस पहुंचा तो क्लास जाने से पहले डर था कि कहीं रैगिंग तो नहीं होगी। रैगिंग को लेकर एक अनजाना सा डर मन में बैठा था। मन में डर और संशय के घालमेल के साथ स्कूल ऑफ लैंग्वेज, लिटरेचर एंड कल्चरल स्टडीज में दाखिल हुआ। मेरा सामना शायद गंगा सहाय मीणा सर से ही हुआ। उन्हें मेरे बारे में तब तक थोड़ी जानकारी मिल चुकी थी। उन्होंने मुझसे एक दो सवाल किए और मेरी क्लास का रास्ता बता दिया। मुझे लगा सस्ते में छूट गया लेकिन ये तो जेएनयू की संस्कृति थी, जूनियर्स के साथ प्यार, सहयोग और भाईचारे की। मुझे बाद में पता चला कि यहां तो रैगिंग नाम की चिड़िया दूर-दूर तक नहीं चिंचियाती।

क्लासेस शुरू हो गईं। उर्दू में काफी पिछड़ चुका था, जिसे मैं कभी मेकअप नहीं कर पाया। भारतीय भाषा केन्द्र में ये एक बेहद अच्छी परंपरा है कि यहां उर्दू के छात्रों को हिंदी और हिंदी के छात्रों को उर्दू पढ़ाई जाती है। आगे के कुछ दिनों में बड़ी मेहनत कर मैंने परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण करने लायक उर्दू सीखी। शिक्षकों में वीर भारत तलवार और पुरुषोत्तम अग्रवाल का काफी भय था।

तलवार जी की क्लास में छात्र आते या कुछ पूछते डरते थे। ऐसा ही कुछ आलम पुरुषोत्तम अग्रवाल जी की क्लास में भी था। पहले कुछ दिनों तक उनकी बौद्धिकता आतंकित करती रही। इन दोनों शिक्षकों की क्लास शुरू होते ही कमरा बंद होता तो फिर किसी की अंदर दाखिल होने की हिम्मत नहीं होती।

हमें तलवार जी, पुरुषोत्तम अग्रवाल और मैनेजर पांडेय सर की क्लासेस का बेसब्री से इंतजार रहता। गाहे बगाहे अपने से सीनियर्स या फिर जूनियर्स की क्लास (इन शिक्षकों की) में प्रवेश के मौके तलाश ही लेते। जेएनयू में ऐसी कोई रोक-टोक है भी नहीं। सेमेस्टर में वक्त कैसे बीतता पता ही नहीं लगता। क्लास टेस्ट, टर्म पेपर और फिर सेमिनार। रही सही कसर एंड सेमेस्टर एग्जाम से पूरी हो जाती। 4 महीने में आप खुद ही सोचिए आपको सांस लेने की फुर्सत कहां मिल पाती है। सबसे मजा आता सेमिनार में। हर पेपर पढ़ने के बाद सवालियों की बौछार लग

जाती। ऐसे-ऐसे सवाल कि पेपर प्रस्तुत करने वाले छात्र के पसीने छूट जाते। इन मौकों पर हमारे शिक्षक पीठ पर होते, अगर मामला हाथ से निकलता नजर आता तो वो जिज्ञासाएं शांत करते।

मुझे शुरुआत में कुछ दिन टेफलास में गुजारने पड़े थे। कमरा एलॉट हुआ नहीं तो मैंने टेफलास के एक बेड पर डेरा डाल लिया था। नहाने-धोने की कुछ दिक्कतें होतीं, लेकिन सब कुछ नया-नया था सो अच्छा भी लगता। बचपन से हॉस्टल में रहने की वजह से मुझे ये परेशानियां बहुत मामूली सी जान पड़ती। इसी दौरान हमें सीनियर्स का न्यौता मिला— फ्रेशर वेलकम पार्टी में आना है। छात्रों के बीच हर कोई इस खास शाम को कुछ प्रस्तुति देकर यादगार बनाना चाहता था। इस सिलसिले में मीटिंग हुई। मैंने प्रस्ताव रखा कि क्यों न एक कविता कोलाज प्रस्तुत किया जाए। 'आधे अंधेर समय में' के नाम से एक स्क्रिप्ट मेरे पास थी, जिसकी प्रस्तुति मैं पहले भी कर चुका था। फ्रेशर वेलकम पार्टी के लिहाज से ये काफी गंभीर प्रस्तुति थी लेकिन सूरज कुमार ने इस पर हामी भर दी।

मैं, सूरज, अमित, कमलेश, अमरजीत मौर्य, सुधा और सुषमा— 7 लोगों की टीम इस प्रस्तुति के पूर्वाभ्यास में जुट गई। हम सभी में अपरिचय की रेखाएं थीं और उसी बीच सभी को एक सूत्र में पिरोकर प्रस्तुति देनी थी। मैं इस प्रस्तुति को डिजाइन कर रहा था और 6 लोग मंच पर थे। इसी दौरान कई बार गर्ल्स हॉस्टल जाने की नौबत आई तो हममें से ज्यादातर की घिग्घी बंध गई। हम सभी यूपी और बिहार के शहरों से आए थे और गर्ल्स हॉस्टल के आसपास मंडराने में हमें शर्म सी आती थी। सूरज हममें सबसे ज्यादा बोल्ड थे और वो ही ये मोर्चा संभालते। रिहर्सल के दौरान भी ये झिझक आड़े आई लेकिन महज दो दिनों में ही सब फासले पट गए।

सुबह से रात तक हमारे जेहन में बस यही प्रस्तुति घूम रही थी। संवाद याद करने में सब जुटे हुए थे। इसके अलावा कंपाजिशन भी याद करने का टोटा था। ज्यादातर साथियों को थियेटर का अनुभव नहीं था। नाच-कूद से सब थक जाते लेकिन हौसला था कि अच्छे से करना है, सो लगे रहे। प्रस्तुति की तारीख नजदीक आई थी धड़कने बढ़ गई। हमने दुपट्टों का प्रॉपर्टी के तौर पर अच्छा खासा इस्तेमाल किया था। फ्रेशर्स वेलकम के मंच पर इससे पहले हलकी फुलकी प्रस्तुतियां हुई थीं, लेकिन हम कविता कोलाज प्रस्तुत करने जा रहे थे— छितो-छितो डांग छितो।



उद्घोषणा के साथ ही मेरी धड़कने तेज हो गई। हमने जैसे ही दुपट्टे मंच पर सजाए, एक दो 'कॉलेजिया कमेंट' भी आए। मुझे डर लगा कहीं प्रस्तुति के दौरान ऐसा हुआ तो मुश्किल हो जाएगी। नाटक शुरू हुआ तो मानो ऑडिटोरियम में सन्नाटा पसर गया। हर कोई बड़े ध्यान से कविताओं को महसूस करने में जुटा था। साथियों ने एक-आध जगहों पर संवाद भूले भी लेकिन उतनी ही खूबसूरती से उन्हें पाट भी दिया। नाटक खत्म हुआ तो तालियों की गड़गड़ाहट से हॉल गूँज उठा। हमारी मेहनत सार्थक हुई। सीनियर साथियों ने दिल खोलकर प्रशंसा की। इसी प्रस्तुति के बाद निशांत दा (यादव) से मुलाकात हुई। उन्होंने भी हमारा हौंसला बढ़ाया और कहा कि काफी सालों बाद सीआईएल में ऐसी प्रस्तुति हुई है।

इसके बाद नाटकों को लेकर साथियों में मेरी सहज स्वीकृति बन गई। अरुण के साथ मैंने एक प्रहसन किया— हम बिहार में चुनाव लड़ रहे हैं। ये प्रस्तुति भी दो साल बाद एक फ्रेशर वेलकम कार्यक्रम में ही की गई। बाद के दिनों में जब मैं एमफिल कर रहा था और ब्रह्मपुत्र में शिपट हो गया था— दो नाटक किए। शिरीष के साथ मैंने 'मोचीराम' की काव्य प्रस्तुति की। इसके कुछ दिनों बाद जनवरी 2006 में हमने 'गुलबकावली' की प्रस्तुति की। इस नाटक में मैं, शिरीष और सुधा निकेतन रंजनी ऑन स्टेज थे जबकि बैक स्टेज में हमेशा की तरह सूरज, सुषमा और बाकी साथियों का साथ मिला। इस दौरान सुभाष जी और मृत्युंजय ने भी हमारी मदद की।

तलवार सर के साथ एमफिल करना भी खट्टी मीठी स्मृतियों से भरा हुआ है। एमए के बाद एमफिल में लटकता हुआ मैं मेरिट लिस्ट के अंतिम पायदान पर रहा। जब गाइड सेसेक्शन की बारी आई तो तलवार जी के अलावा मेरे जेहन में कोई नाम नहीं आया। साथियों ने कहा भी कि उनके जैसा टफ गाइड लेकर आप मुसीबत में पड़ सकते हैं। कुछ मामलों में किसी की बात नहीं मानता और ये भी ऐसा ही मसला था। उनके साथ काम शुरू हुआ। इसी दौरान बिना किसी को बताए मैंने नौकरी पकड़ ली। एक आध बार उन्होंने मुझे बुलाया। मैं समय से नहीं जा सका। बस फिर क्या था—संदेशा मिल गया— पशुपति से कहा गाइड बदल लो।

मेरे तो होश उड़ गए। तलवार जी के सामने सफाई देना भी आसान नहीं था। मेरे तो समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि मैं कैसे उन्हें मनाऊं। खैर सबसे पहले मैंने नौकरी छोड़ी और फिर उन्हें एक पत्र लिखा। उनका मन पसीज गया और गाड़ी आगे चल पड़ी। आज मैं इस बात से बेहद खुश हूँ कि मुझे उनका काफी स्नेह मिला हालांकि ये और बात है कि अपने सिद्धान्तों की वजह से उन्होंने मुझे एमफिल के बाद पीएचडी जारी रखने से रोका। उन्होंने मुझे साफ-साफ कहा कि नौकरी और शोध साथ-साथ नहीं चल सकते, तुम पीएचडी छोड़ दो। यहां एक बार फिर मैंने बिना किसी सेकेंड थॉट के उनके आदेश का पालन किया। वरना लोगों से ये बात छिपी नहीं है कि दिल्ली में नौकरी करते हुए भी शोध का काम होता है और कई साथी अपनी लगन और मेहनत से ये मुमकिन कर दिखाते हैं।

जेएनयू कैंपस में रहते हुए मैंने बिना किसी राजनीतिक संगठन, सांस्कृतिक संगठन का

सदस्य बने जितने अनुभव बटोरने थे बटोरे। किसी एक धारा में शामिल नहीं होने की वजह से मैं बहुत ज्यादा सक्रिय नहीं हो पाया, लेकिन हां अपनी निजी सत्ता को कायम रखते हुए इस सबका करीब से साक्षी रहा। वर्ल्ड सोशल फोरम में जेएनयू के जत्थे के साथ मैं भी शरीक हुआ और मुंबई भी पहुंचा। उस दौरान पैदल मार्च भी किया और नारे भी लगाए। इसी तरह के एक-आध प्रदर्शन में मैं जंतर मंतर तक मार्च भी किया, लेकिन हां बहुत सोच-विचार कर किसी संगठन का हिस्सा नहीं बन पाया। एक पत्रकार होने के नाते मुझे कभी इसकी बहुत ज्यादा जरूरत भी महसूस नहीं हुई। जेएनयू में रहते हुए एक और वाक्या मुझे याद आ रहा है— वो है कि एक पत्रिका प्रकाशन का। सीआई एल के छात्रों ने मिलकर एक पत्रिका की योजना बनाई। संजयजी की अगुआई में साल 2002 के आखिर में या फिर साल 2003 की शुरुआत में एक अंक निकला। अफसोस कि ये अंक आगे जारी नहीं रह पाया। साथियों ने इसका स्वागत तो बड़ी गर्मजोशी से किया लेकिन प्रतिबद्धता की कमी की वजह से इस पत्रिका का सतत प्रकाशन मुमकिन नहीं हो पाया। जेएनयू जैसी जगह में, जहां हर छोटी बड़ी घटना पर पर्चे निकल आते हैं वहां एक निष्पक्ष पत्रिका की अहमियत भी है और जरूरत भी, लेकिन अभी तक ये स्पेश खाली है। गाहे-बगाहे प्रकाशन होते हैं लेकिन आंतरिक सर्कुलेशन के लिए एक पत्रिका हर पखवाड़े या मासिक आए तो और भी अच्छा हो। राजनीतिक सक्रियता के इस माहौल में हालांकि इस पत्रिका का संपादन काफी कुशलता से करना होगा, वरना एकतरफा हो जाने का खतरा बना रहेगा। एक ऐसी ही वेबसाइट भी डिजाइन की जा सकती है जिसमें जेएनयू के छात्रों के लेख, वहां की गतिविधियों का रोजनामचा हो। अब मैं जेएनयू का हिस्सा हूं भी और नहीं भी। एमफिल के बाद पीएचडी की पढ़ाई जारी नहीं रख सका, लेकिन अभी तक मैंने नाम कटवाकर अपने सर्टिफिकेट नहीं लिए हैं। अब सुना है कि सेंटर ऑफ सोशल साइंसेज में मीडिया स्टडीज का सेंटर खुल रहा है। हो सकता है बीते कल के बाद आने वाले कल में मैं फिर जेएनयू के जीवंत माहौल का हिस्सा बन जाऊं। खुदा करे मेरा सोचा सच हो और जेएनयू में एक नई पारी का मौका मिले।

संप्रति— न्यूज 24 में एसोसिएट सीनियर प्रोड्यूसर के पद पर कार्यरत।



Six Poems

Ranu Uniyal

Time

(For those who have loved and lost in JNU)

It was a million moons
That had been with us
Whenever we made love
On the famous Jhelum lawns

It was a million suns
That stood by us
As we said goodbye
On a triple six stop

Now battered and stumped
I look away from dreams
That have no face
Age without adventure.

Gulping the clouds
Not knowing where to
Keep one moon
And perhaps one sun.

Onlooker

A story killed itself on the pavement
of a six fifteen bus stop.
Screaming and raving with the worn out contours
this went on for hours .
The story came out in the newspaper
in bold headlines of the capital.
She read it and passed it on to her roommate
who quietly swallowed the tiny details.

He leaned his head on a tired window sill.
The birds were the only witness
to a clumsy affair with nothing left.
The tear kept coming back as his fabulous companion.

The story chose not to disperse.
Drawing smiles from strangers but no well wishers
it came back to its roots of origin.
Defeated but relentless it caught on me.

If

If we were to write again
After a span of two decades
Would it still be the same
You shy yet so full of emotion
I all eyes hungry for that raw smile
It hurt and did not heal...

If ever we would write
Would there still be silences
Echoing our unfinished pauses
Or would we let it slip
Like hands adept at hiding
The tremors inside the coat...
Just imagine how often we wanted to write
How many times we did talk of
The weather, the books, the friends
The strikes and the GBMs
What was tacitly unwritten and put behind
Would we have the courage to write of now

Afterword

Love let us put behind us
All that we feel is best left aside
Let us make the most of what we never
Could put aside
Between you and I
Love alone survives...

Deception of a dream

Nothing to stop us
we are on our way.
The leaves red with sunset folded
in seams and we sat together. Hands apart.
Did you not wait to dissolve the distance?
One last chance,
and it will be gone. I asked myself.



Though it was dark and you could not feel my tears
I swallowed them, smiled at you.
Said with a catch in my throat
which again you did not hear
I have loved none, but you
and will never do.
Let's go back. It's chilly up here.

They are showing ET at Chanakya
an hour to go or we'll be late for the show.
This is all you said
whilst I finding myself heavy with love
soft and blue inside,
impossible to hold, gazed at the moon.

His answer this will not do.
Embracing. Melting. Dissolving.
Did you not hear my scream, crashing the wind
wanting to reach you
somewhere in the muffled dark?
Or is it true they managed to lift you
to safety? Away from me.
Away from the deception of a dream.

The Library

I am off to down-campus
You bounced with a smirk
Loud enough for me to hear
And I restless and hungry
Snuggled my paws
To those books
Which I knew with a feline certainty
Would smell
Only of you.

Delhi is not for burning!

On the Jhelum Lawns
it was Shrawan humming his guitar
and Dileep raunchy with mischief
howled Caste no bar, Colour no bar,
Sex baar baar! In and out of moods
Shanne Mian hugged his words and we
climbed those haughty baritones
as if cliffs or no cliffs the mountains
would hear our slogans of despair
how the world was changing
and the lovers had no tryst

with hopes or dreams
newspapers spoke of endless strikes,
of relentless killings, of muted lives
some of us joined the peace march to Janpath 10
while the rest busied themselves with the mains in June
in the midst of it all was our Rahul
who just disappeared without a trace
betrayed by the hushed silence of his
one and only slogan
Delhi is not for Burning!!



Way of Life

Ritoo M. Jerath

The JNU way of life is...
to study and struggle,
to be concerned,
to care,
to inquire,
to understand,
to be involved,
to argue,
to see everyone as equal,
to acknowledge how privileged you are,
to feel a sense of belonging,
to not fear to be different,
to accept difference,
to gossip over cups of tea and cigarettes.

JNU is
where day is night and night is day,
where classes mean discussion and debate,
where empty classrooms means it's pujo,
where rocks can only mean Parthasarthy,
where GD is Ganga dhaba and KC is the shopping centre,
where GBMs are slated for 9:00 am and begin at 9:00 pm.

JNU is
a place where the strangest people connect,
a home away from home,
a place you never want to leave and when you leave, you keep wanting to come back,
a place where you feel secure and protected,
an island,
heaven on earth,
calm,
peaceful,
green,
gorgeous.

The JNU way is my way,
your way,
our way.

Shirish Shinde

Centre for German Studies, SLL & CS, 1987-89

I stepped out for the first time from the comforts of my home in 1987. Though I was matured enough and had already done my graduation, I was a little nervous. I didn't know what was kept in store for me in a metro like Delhi. As I boarded Jhelum Express from Pune, I had a hope that I would find a new way in my life, which I did.

My stay in JNU taught me to be independent. It equipped me with ideas and a view to not only change my life but that of others. I don't know how far I have achieved that, but it certainly made me strong to survive without compromising on my principals. It gave me enough intellectual strength to take on any challenge in my professional life.

It was also my first exposure to Marxists and campus politics. With due respect to my then teachers and fellow students who shared that ideology, I must say they never imposed their views on me. I had complete freedom to express my views. I learnt the democratic values in my class and outside.

Initially, I was quite overwhelmed by the syllabus and term papers and presentations and did not know whether I would survive. My classmates were a class apart. Being an average student, I really had a tough time to match their brilliance. But fortunately, they were all very supportive. I must thank my then teachers Pramod Talgeri, Anil Bhatti, Rakha Kamat, Rajendra Dengale, Madhu Sahani, Srishail Sasalatti, Badal Sarkar, Pranjali Bandhu, Rainer Lotz and Schreiner Mellis (I remember them all to date) for their constant efforts to encourage me and appreciate my small achievements.

My batchmates Jayashree Joshi, Yamah, Rosy Singh, Meera Menezes, Leena Kasbekar and Jyoti Shukla, among others have gone in all directions. Though I am in touch with a few of them, I am sure rest of them must be doing well wherever they are.

I also thank my other friends Murthy, Natrajan, Narendra Rana, Anant Kumar, Vishwamitra Singh, Nilanjan Sengupta, Rajesh Kharat, Milind Brahme, Yogin Joshi, Mahesh Patil and Mukund Lele for their support during my stay there.

The academic atmosphere in JNU was conducive for a person of my socio-economic background. The education, hostel facilities were subsidised, which sounds alien in this age where people have opened shops of education. I feel it even more so as I have experienced



it while seeking admission for my daughter in primary school. Living in the capital of the country in itself is a privilege. We got to know many towering personalities from politics, academics and culture. We listened to them, learnt a lot from them. Even their presence was so inspiring that an average person like me aspired to follow their ideals. A few renowned names I distinctly remember are Bhisham Sahni, Zakir Hussain, VP Singh and Vasant Sathe.

My exposure to different regional cultures of India in JNU helped me prepare for my future life. It taught me how to respect others' values and language. You can really experience the unity in diversity of the great Indian culture on the campus. Debates and discussions on various topics of national and international importance and related to the campus made me aware of various issues.

I am a small journalist. My achievements are quite insignificant in comparison to what my contemporaries have achieved. But I must say I am happy with what I am. And I owe it to what I studied in JNU.

A last few words before I conclude this humble tribute to my alma mater. During my stay in the hostel, I saw for the first time peacocks roaming around freely. Then I realised that it is an abode of Devi Saraswati. She blesses you. If your efforts are sincere and if you put to use whatever knowledge you gain for the common good of all, you will always be successful in your life. That is JNU, a way of life!

Chief copy editor, DNA, Pune

Those were the days my friend... Squadron Leader Sushmita Sahay (Retd)

Special milk coffee from Ganga dhaba, a wave at that familiar face from SIS, a grin here and a pat there, and thus we would weave our way to the roadside pavement to sip from our mugs and embark on yet another round of de-mystifying the Lacan-Foucault-Freud(s) of this world. We talk of the profanities called money, fashion, and nationalism!!! And our wayward eyes follow the suave fellow who just committed the cardinal sin of driving his Honda City in, to drop his girlfriend/sister. Collective sly sigh and we pretend to ignore his 'bourgeoisie' presence outside Ganga.

Ganga. My north eastern room-mate, Bengali best friend, Mallu neighbour whose "endho?" still resonates in the cellars of my mind .The stubborn stray dog that has sniffed a friend in me, to my utter dislike and has taken permanent residence outside my room. No amount of insult gets him going and my stories have travelled far and wide. Animal activists in the hostel have started showing the way to my door to all other cats, kittens, monkeys, crows etc. I receive a call letter in my letter-box, only that it is addressed to some hapless guy in IIT Roorkee, staying at Ganga Hostel, same room no. Hats off to the postal department for achieving such feats! I turn the true Samaritan. I redirect it to the fellow with a PS from me. Next fortnight I receive a deo-drenched hunk from Roorkee, wanting me to celebrate his job and share his life!! No! I am not married to him. So much like the movies.

Movies. Friday night and dinners are being gobbled in. It has to be the first day first show at Priya. The great walk through the staff quarters, along the wall, across to Vasant Vihar begins and there you find another JNU comrade at the counter, flanking the glass window with all his might as the chapatti-curry meals have not been able to redefine his built much! We queue up behind him; don't let a single IITian sneak in, and the prized front row tickets are all ours. Now, we brace up for the grand 100 mts sprint to the rear seats of the front rows! The budget is Rupees 20/- each and we manage popcorn as well. It's a midnight jaunt back to the hostel, as no. 615 plies on that route.

No.-615. The grand omnibus to and fro New Delhi Railway station-binding our destinies to its stops! We shop, eat, live, see boyfriends and seek jobs on its serpentine route. Every



ride is a carnival (edited memories, no doubt!) be it to Sarojini nagar market and I block for railway reservation or Janpath, Teen Murti Bhawan, museum, or our favourite next door haunt-Munirka!!! The bus was like a warm shawl on a cool Delhi night, a placebo for the usually lost souls of JNU. A little less in SL.

SL-CLE; my Mecca. I, a Bihari from a puritan Carmelite college in Patna enter the haloed façade to be greeted by revolutionary classes on Indian Writings in English! A gentleman walks in, perches on one of our tables, has a paper cup of coffee in one hand and half a cigarette in another (this was pre-ban days for that stylish appendage) and opens the class to discussions on how the Indian woman is coming out of the closet/corset to celebrate her sexuality. My heart stops for a nano-second and I avoid meeting the professor's eyes I certainly don't want to be butchered first. Oh! But there are responses galore-why! The men in my class are talking the most. Wow! Welcome to modern India. I tut-tut the poor old nuns at my college. I am here to stay, come what may.

Phulan Devi came. It was a riot of political celebrities during JNUSU elections. I was also water cannoned when we marched to the PM's residence in protest of the brutal killing of our JNUSU president in Bihar. I saw Sushma Swaraj in action. We also bought matinee tickets in black (three times the rate) for the movie 'Border' at Chanakya!! And found them to be morning show ones only after the black-marketer had vanished. My friends and I did whatever it took to be labelled the true JNU student. We browsed at Bookworm at CP-as though our library couldn't slake our thirst!

I made several friends. Boys outnumbering girls. I got invited to almost every hostel for their hostel night. My friends are now academicians, bureaucrats and corporate honchos. But these friends came to the railway station to put me on the train during vacations, mailed my letters for me from the JNU post-office, stood by for me at the health centre as I got tested for malaria, queued up for me at Priya, got goodies and tucks from home for me and rejoiced in my every success. (Oh! I nearly missed the long eating sessions at SSS canteen-the appams, vadas and shakes and our perpetual adda out there.) We most certainly remember sitting on Parthasarthy rock at night looking awestruck at the underbellies of the international jet-liners and wondering which of them will finally carry us abroad.

Myriad anecdotes, wonderful days! Recounting them brings in more memories rushing in and the lingering taste of lost pleasures. My Khadi Bhawan kurta, jeans, and kolhapuri chappals and a gigantic attitude made me the zaniest person around and no designer gloss touched my indomitable spirit. The Indian Air Force uniform beckoned and JNU became an indelible chapter in my life.

Living Life...JNU Size

Swati Pal

Long nights. That's the first thing that comes to my mind when I think of JNU. Long nights....I was a habitual early to bed and early to rise person and the first week at JNU seemed terribly strange...I would wake up at 5 am and find the hostel eerily silent...a far cry from what it was like when I would switch off the lights and cover my head with a sheet to shut out the noise...of chatter, laughter, vehicles...airplanes.....

Oh and the airplanes...I thought I would never get used to them...there were times I would actually duck even inside the room, they flew so low and seemed to almost sweep off the hostel rooftop...the hostel here being Ganga.....

But what did I begin with? Yes...long nights (that's what talking about JNU does...you just about catch your breath with one memorywhen the next surges to the fore....).So, there I was with my fauji background where lights were switched off in the early hours of the night and one woke to the cawing of crows...and I would be up and about, bathed and readyand so very alone!!! It was just a matter of a few weeks before I had converted to the new religion. And so I would go trotting off with my flask after dinner to fill it up with tea from the dhaba and between cups of tea, friends dropping by for a quick and sometimes not so quick chat and brief walks on Jhelum lawns or sitting around on the stone blocks at Ganga dhaba...would work my way through the night...poring over class notes for KK, reading plays endlessly for GJV, figuring out and crying over texts handed by the ghost-who- walked and working on those term papers.....

Term papers. Class presentations. The first few. Were simply. Nightmares. I remember being frightfully nervous. It was like being in love (or so some poet's tell!!!)...I had no appetite...no sleep...and thought oh so constantly about 'the use of one room in post World War II drama' among other such what appeared then to be radical, meaningful and of course, 'original' subjects! My first presentation was on Arden, the playwright and gosh! I broke out into guess what, chicken pox right after the presentation...yes, can I hear the usual joke on being chicken about a class presentation?! Well, let me tell you I was so valiant...it was like being in this fencing duel...handling those questions that the class was expected to ask...I believe I did okay and of course I felt like I had won the Pulitzer!!!! That was the first time. After about three such wrestling bouts, I found I had become an expert! I could come up with an idea almost by magic and then with some manipulation of texts, find that it was QED....so easy after all!!! But one laboured nonetheless....the profs were



consistently merciless about shoddy thoughtless work....and well, let me confess after the brave words I have just penned, that I never quite conquered the fluttering in my heart before a class presentation...no, not even during my MPhil days after four semesters of MA....

Waiting. That's the other thing one did at JNU. Waiting to sit in that tiny but delicious eatery at Kamal Complex, Keechas.... Waiting for 615.... Waiting for someone to finish using the bathroom...Waiting for the waterWaiting for a letter / phone call from home.....Waiting for someone to produce some tuck....Waiting for some money to fall miraculously into one's hands..... Waiting for summer or winter or rainWaiting for term to endwaiting at the bank extension counter where it seemed as if the entire population had conspired and decided to turn up at the time one went....Waiting at the telephone booth for the guy ahead to terminate his simply irrelevant conversation (others always had these useless chats)...oh what a lot of waiting it was!

Hunger. And so subsequently, food. It was like the HCF that bound all of us. We were perpetually hungry. And food was never far from our thoughts. We ate everything. Drank everything. And if I have my facts right, some even inhaled everything! Greasy puris at the chai wallah at Kamal Complex.... Apple shake, for god's sake, APPLE shake? ...divine bun anda... its kin, boiled anda...glucose biscuits dipped in chai.... Maggi in thermos flasks...sometimes even raw.....we were such efficient scavengers, our eagle eyes and trained noses would never miss parcels of food that would arrive from home for some poor fellow hostel mate...there was this one time where we were wicked enough to eat up an entire box of pastries sent by a pining young man from a neighbouring hostel to the Saira Banu of our class and then loftily send the empty box back saying that her Highness was obliged but regretted her inability to reciprocate feelings!!! Yes, we were! EVIL. And hungry.

Elections. What a time it was! The presidential and other debates! The hooting and cheering. The endless leaflets and fantastically artistic handmade posters. The canvassing for votes . The heated arguments over and between candidates that sometimes got a tad violent. The marches, the sloganeering, the welcome interruptions during class by would be candidates. And then election day . Carnival time! What nail chewing , tense puffing of cigarettes, the all night vigil to hear the results(our destiny seemed dependent on who would form the union), the walk back to the hostel in the morning with jubilant or desultory spirits depending on whether whom you supported had won....oh, it was a time indeed! And I can hardly believe that it's not the same any more...JNU and without these elections? I can't digest the fact.

I could go on. For after all, there was so much more to what constituted the JNU way of life. For me and for all the countless others for whom the content of this bit of writing would be so very familiar. Sometimes when I make my way to JNU and catch a strain of '...we shall fight, we shall win... ho ho...' I find my lips curving into a smile for memories rush in of a way of life that was and in my heart, still is....

Tks u; w dh ; kn ea rhu dfork, a

उनीता सच्चिदानन्द
¼ d½

तब का जेएनयू
एक कैन्टीन थी जिसमें सभी आते थे
शिक्षक छात्र कर्मचारी बाहर के दोस्त
छात्र कोई ऐसा न था जिसे राजनीति में दिलचस्पी न हो
सभी किसी न किसी दल के मेम्बर होते
एस.एफ.आई., फ्री थिंकर, ए.आई. एस.एफ.

सभी देश विदेश की खबरें कैन्टीन में मिल जाती
यहां कोई एलीट या गरीब न था
यहां सब बराबर थे
कोई हिन्दी बोलता तो कोई अंग्रेजी

फैशन कुछ न था कोई कुछ भी पहन लेता था
बस कपड़े का थैला कंधे में लटकता रहे
सिगरेट का धुआं और चाय के प्याले के बीच
जोरों से होती थी बहसें

कैन्टीन में सभी बैठते थे इसका मतलब यह नहीं कि
क्लास नहीं जाते थे
क्लास में सभी आते थे
लाइब्रेरी में जाओ तो बैठने को जगह न होती

फिर एक अलग ही बात थी जे.एन.यू. के चुनावों में
सारे दलों के हर रोज भाषण होते



आज सतलुज में तो कल गोदावरी
आज एस. एफ. आई. तो कल फ्री थिंकर
भाषण स्थल पर भी सभी होते

भाषण सभी उम्मीदवारों को देने होते
उसके बाद प्रश्नोत्तरी
जो ऐसी वैसी न थी
पूछने वालों को सब याद रहता
किस साल किसने क्या कहा, क्या किया
उत्तर देने वाले भी कम न थे
हाजिर जवाबी में उनका जवाब न होता
ज्यादातर बहसों में चलतीं।
रात के तीन-तीन बजे तक चलतीं
किंतु कोई उठ कर न जाता
मजबूरी न थी उनकी वहां बैठने की
माहौल ऐसा बंधता जो उनको बांधे रखता

बस का किराया न बढ़ने दिया छात्रों ने
कीमतें बढ़तीं तो सड़क पर आ जाते नारे
अन्याय समाज पर होता देख तिलमिला उठते सभी

मेस स्ट्राइक हो या बस स्ट्राइक
खुद ही चलाने लगते मेस भी बस भी

सभी कार्यक्रमों में सभी की भागीदारी
दूर थी उनसे दुनियादारी
उनकी दुनिया यहीं
सभी एक दूसरे को जानते
इतना कि कभी कमी महसूस न हुई घर की
घर जाना होता मजबूरन
अगर गए भी तो लौटने की होती बेताबी
जे.एन.यू. में आकर सब भूल जाते अपनी परेशानी

लायब्रेरी के बाहर चाय पीने निकलते दोस्त
कैंटीन में बैठे दोस्त
नारे लगाते दोस्त

वोट मांगते दोस्त
पोस्टर बनाते दोस्त
आज भी याद है, याद आते हैं
अलग थे उनके विषय
अलग भी उनकी राजनैतिक विचारधारा
किंतु मक्सद एक
सामाजिक न्याय सामाजिक बदलाव

नारे भाषण पोस्टर बहस चाय ने ऐसी
नस्ल बनाई की सभी जगह पर वो
आज ऊँचाइयों की बुलंदियों पर हैं।

१/११/११
^muhirk eʃi l at ; pksjku^

‘उनीता मैं संजय चौहान’
अरे तो तुम हो वही चौहान!
कैसे हो? मुद्दत हुई मिले,
मेरा भी तुम्हें सलाम
हैरानी है कि तुम्हें याद है
टपना

तकिया कलाम ‘उनीता मैं संजय चौहान’
Ji vahi hoon’ mumbai mein hoon,
Filmon ki script likhane ka kaam hai.
Aur aapas mein ek doosare se milane ka tarika kaise bhool sakata hoon...
Aise hi to hum milate the.
Kahan ho, how is sachhidanand...
Vaise jnu walon se
Unki biwi ya husband ke baare mein poochane se dar lagta hai...
Shaadi usi se ki?/



Ab bhi saath ho?

Vagerah Vagerah.... You know...

बिल्कुल सही कह रहे हो ?

मैं तो कई बार ऐसी गलती कर चुकी हूं पूछ के
और अक्सर उनकी पत्नियाँ वह न होती, जो हम जानते थे
इसलिए कईयों ने तो पास आना ही बंद कर दिया।
कि कहीं पोल न खुल जाए।

सची ठीक हैं

जे. एन. यू. में पढ़ाता है

तुम फेब 2010 में 'जे. एन. यू. एल्युमिनाए मीट' में क्यों नहीं आए?

सब हमारे वक्त के लोग थे।

मैं इस बार उन तमाम लोगों से मिली

जो उस वक्त मिलने की बहुत कोशिश करते थे।

किसी जनाब से, कोई जोशी था, थोड़ा लंगडा के चलता था

मैं समझी तुम हो और उससे मैंने कहा,

क्या तुम वो तो नहीं जो कहता था:

मैं.... हूं

और रविवार में काम करता हूं

उसने कुछ समझा नहीं लेकिन सची आया और कहा

'अरे यह वह नहीं जिसको तुम ढूँढ रही हो'

लेकिन कितना अच्छा हुआ कि तुमने खुद मुझे ढूँढ लिया

Nahin alumni mein aana nahin hua ...

Abhi shaayad phir November ka plan hai ...

Lekin freelance kaam mein time ka bada chakkar hota hai ...

Log aapka time tay karate hain

Jnu jaoonga to sachi se zaroor miloonga...

Tum kahaan ho?

Kya karti ho?

रहने का ठिकाना जे.एन.यू. सची के साथ

काम दि.वि. में जापानी पढ़ाने का

आजकल किस स्क्रिप्ट पर काम कर रहे हो ?

दिल्ली में आजकल गेम्स की वजह से ट्रैफिक बढ़ गया है

लेकिन दिल्ली बहुत सुंदर हो गई है

तुम जे.एन.यू. कब से नहीं आए?

जे.एन.यू. भी अब बहुत सुंदर लगता है
केवल प्रकृति के वातावरण के ख्याल से
वैसा वातावरण अब कहां जे.एन.यू. में!

My film "Pan Singh Tomar"

(Directed by Tigmanshu Dhulia, produced by UTV is going to be premiered at Abu Dhabi film fest.

मुझे विश्वास था।

ये नस्ल ही अलग है जेएनयू की
जो करते कुछ अनोखा हैं और पहुँचते हैं
ऊँचाई की बुलंदियों पर
मुबारक हो।

(संजय चौहान एवं उनीता सच्चिदानन्द का फेस बुक वार्तालाप सितम्बर कविता बनी 1.10.2010)

¼hu½

eñ c¼k¼ g¼s x¼z

अरे तुम वही उनीता तो नहीं, जो थी जेएनयू में एक उनीता धस्मान
हां हो वही हूं और तुम वो संध्या तो नहीं, जो थी हिंदी विभाग में
और मेरी प्रिय दोस्त कमला नौटियाल के साथ रहती थी हर वक्त

हां हां, वही हूं

लेकिन तुमने ये क्या हुलिया बना रखा है

तुम बहुत बदल गई हो।

शक्ल से तो मुश्किल था पहचानना।

क्या हो गया?

इतनी भी उम्र नहीं हुई भई!

कौन कहेगा यह वही उनीता है।



क्या बात कर रही हो।
फेस बुक की प्रोफाइल पिकचर देख कर मेरे कई विद्यार्थियों ने लिखा:
सेंसे, बड़ी कूल लग रही हैं आप?
शायद वक्त का तकाजा है
और तुम मिली भी तो नहीं तब से
जेएनयू छोड़ा तुमने जबसे!
खैर, जन्म दिन मुबारक

सुनो संध्या यार
तुमने कहा
मैं बूढ़ी हो गई
लेकिन हो सकता है तुम भी हो गई होगी बूढ़ी
क्योंकि प्रोफाइल पर तो दिखता है तुम्हारा आधा ही चेहरा

शुक्रिया उनीता
राज न खुल जाए इसलिए ही तो मैंने दिखाया आधा चेहरा
जब बेटा 22 साल की हो गयी हो
तो हम बूढ़े ही कहे जाएंगे ना!
खैर अब बताओ कि तुम जेएनयू में पढ़ रही हो
या अभी भी हो मारुति में?
मारुति जॉइन कर लिया था तुमने तब
तुम्हारे पति (अगर मुझे ठीक नाम याद है सच्चिदानंद थियेटर में रुचि थी जिनकी काफी)
क्या जेएनयू में पढ़ा रहे हैं?
बच्चे कितने बढ़े हो गए?
कमला का कोई सम्पर्क नम्बर मिले तो देना
सुना है अपने समय के बहुत लोग पढ़ा रहे हैं वहां
याद आता है जेएनयू
याद आते हैं वे दिन

I d; k vks muhrk dk Qd cpl okrkkyki
, d vxLr l srhl fl rEcj] 2010
dfork cuh 1-10-2010
muhrk l fPpnkuIn

Freedom: A Way of Life

Urmila Dasgupta

Freedom is what I learnt from JNU. Not much of literature. Which is all very well and really feels wonderful while you are in JNU but doesn't go down so well with the rest of the world outside of JNU! They just don't get it, the freedom of responsibility I mean. When you are allowed to roam the streets at any time of the day and night, safely, quite safely, then it is your responsibility to ensure that the roads remain safe. For you and others. Right? Well yes in a way but also wrong. I mean when I was in JNU, in four years in a fully residential campus, I faced an incident of sexual harassment only once and that from an outsider. A fat middle aged businessman in a dirty battered Alto tried to pick me up on the road a little way from my hostel. All I needed to do is look at the nearby paan shop where a group of JNU boys were gathered as usual, and some of them started walking towards me. Of course that's all it needed to get the fatso to stamp on the pedal and get out of there as fast as he could. After all JNU has the dubious distinction of burning Saif Ali Khan's car for some similar behavior. This is of course an extreme case and is not really anything to do with the soul that I was mentioning. See when there is really no rule whatsoever to enforce attendance in class and you are merely morally bound to attend them all. And really no one forces you to attend but just expects you to, then somehow you just end up going anyway. You don't think about bunking much. You just attend as that is the done thing, you know. Besides the classes were always such fun! I mean here you could with all good will rip into a fellow human being and not only sharpen your analytical skills while doing so but enhance your articulateness massively and somehow make the best of friends with him or her. So you became more intelligent, more critical, and sharper while all you were doing was only reading literature like you always loved to do, and chatting with friends and once in a while with your professor at the back of the class. So you see you never ratted on your class and never cheated and always group studied. So all you did while supposedly studying was make great friends. It wasn't till many years later when you were in an international conference with people from all over the world in some ancient western university like Oxford or Columbia that you realized that you had somehow imbibed a great education, that you knew more about literature than many others in the know so to speak, and could actually dance in circles around them all without much of an effort at all. And while most people were shamming it anyway, you could sham it way better than them. After all they said you could see the skyline of Manhattan from JNU hostels.

But I think we were probably the first batch who started bunking classes, in MPhil that is. But not to sit in the canteen and indulge in more group studies if one is to understand



by it the more nefarious version of the phrase, but to earn money! We were absolutely sure that we had to move away from the left oriented lifestyle though not left intellectualism. We weren't looking only for research grants to finish our PhDs. We were impatient to start earning salaries. Whatever salaries came our way, so we became ad hoc lecturers, junior copyeditors, PR executives and content writers for small web sites. And joined in the sudden consumerism of foreign brands in modish shops in the posh Vasant Vihar nearby. But we still insisted on paying a measly Rs 7 to watch movies in the newly opened PVR Priya as special student concessions for JNU. And when the reel of a movie proved to be faulty we were the loudest in protesting and succeeded in getting our money back. Idealism started taking a backseat though the abilities, the skills and the critical acumen that JNU gave us, we used with great dexterity wherever we went. Though one may of course argue that the end does not always justify the means and our end was hardly upholding left ideology in everyday life or taking communist ideology to the grassroots to help improve the life of peasants. We were certainly not taking the torch forward that had been lit by JNU alumni and burnt steadily through the seventies and eighties. And even maybe the nineties but the new millennium had certainly seen a distinct tarnishing of the flame.

So the freedom of the soul has probably got a little denuded now and sadly the process probably started while we were still at JNU. Actually we counted ourselves lucky, that after spending our best years there and learning the best we were ever going to learn, we got out before we got too used to the life in the hostels, to be able to start afresh and enter new spheres. Because it was imperative that we learn afresh. Remember the pay cheque and the dollar beckoned. Whether we chose the path of foreign academia or India inc to earn the big bucks, we were all more or less focused, though some less vocally so, to try our level best to make it big. Or is it make it large now? We scattered to Columbia, Oxford, IBM, Microsoft, Penguin and Harper Collins. And it wasn't till India started shining that we looked back. Or are we a reason why it is shining in the first place. Let us hope that we may somehow manage to get away with such a facetious argument. Given the grand betrayal.

Love, JNU Alumni of the batch of 2003 M.Phil

TKÉ, uÉ; %egt vudko ugha ykdra dk n'ku

डा. वसीम अख्तर

जेएनयू के अनुभव लिखने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ। समझ नहीं आता कि अनुभवों के बिखरे संसार को किस तरह एक जगह इकट्ठा करूँ। हॉस्टल के रूम और मेस से लेकर एड ब्लॉक और लाइब्रेरी होते हुए स्कूल बिल्डिंग तो कभी ढाबा, के.सी., टेफला और पीएसआर की चढ़ाई का चित्र आँखों के सामने किसी चलचित्र की भांति घूम रहा है। जेएनयू में पहला दिन, क्लासमेट्स से परिचय, पहली क्लास, कांपते हाथों से पहली बार सेमीनार पेपर पढ़ना, थरथराते होंठों से प्रश्नों के उत्तर देना, एंडसेम के लिए दिन-दिन भर लाइब्रेरी में बैठे रहना और लाइब्रेरी के पीछे चट्टानों पर बैठकर हाथों में चाय के प्याले लिए दोस्तों के संग घंटों देश और दुनिया की चर्चाओं और परिचर्चाओं में दिमाग खपाना, कभी खाने की गुणवत्ता के लिए तो कभी मेस बिल और हॉस्टल में सैनिटेशन के लिए हो हंगामा करना और कभी एड ब्लॉक पर धरना-प्रदर्शन में शामिल होना वगैरह किसी भी छात्र के अनुभव संसार में एक नया अध्याय जोड़ने के लिए काफी होता है। 9.30 बजे के समय को तो शायद ही कोई छात्र भूल सकता है। दुनिया में अलग-अलग हिस्सों में इस समय पर चाहे जो भी होता हो। लेकिन जेएनयू में यह समय किसी पब्लिक मीटिंग या टॉर्च लाइट प्रोसेशन का होता है। इस बात को समझना बाहर वालों के लिए कठिन हो सकता है कि इतनी सारी एक्टिविटीज किस तरह से संभव होता है। लेकिन मैं अपने अनुभव के आधार पर इस बात का श्रेय इस विश्वविद्यालय के प्रोग्रेसिव और डेमोक्रेटिक वातावरण को देता हूँ। एक ऐसा वातावरण जो यहां की कम्यूनिटी लाइफ को ठोस आधार प्रदान करता है। यहां के छात्र-छात्राओं को उस दुनिया के बारे में अवगत करता है, जहाँ मानवीय मूल्यों, श्रेष्ठ परम्पराओं और विचारों का सम्मान होता है, जहाँ हक और इंसाफ के लिए आवाज बुलंद करने का हौसला मिलता है। सबसे पहले झेलम हॉस्टल की बात करूंगा। 1998 में जब मैं जेएनयू आया तो उस समय यहाँ हॉस्टल की समस्या चल रही थी। इस समस्या के समाधान के लिए स्टूडेंट्स के लिए स्टूडेंट्स आर्गनाइजेशन एड ब्लॉक पर लगातार धरना प्रदर्शन कर रहे थे। रात में मेस टेबल पर पैम्फलेट्स आ जाते थे। बताना चाहता हूँ कि पैम्फलेट्स की परम्परा इस विश्वविद्यालय में ऐसी रही है जैसे दाल में नमक।



जिस दिन डिनर के समय पैम्फलेट्स नहीं आते उस दिन भोजन में कमी सी महसूस होती है। दरअसल छात्र-छात्राओं के एक हाथ में भोजन का निवाला होता है तो दूसरे हाथ में पैम्फलेट होता है। कितना खाना है या कितना खाया से ज्यादा महत्वपूर्ण पैम्फलेट पढ़ना होता है। फिर मेस टेबल पर अगली सुबह, दोपहर और शाम बहस का न खत्म होने वाला सिलसिला। कहना चाहता हूं पैम्फलेट्स निश्चित तौर पर हमें वाह्य जगत से जोड़ने में महत्वपूर्ण भूमिका निभाते हैं। किसी समाचार पत्र की तरह। लेकिन ये महज समाचार पत्र नहीं होते थे बल्कि छात्र-छात्राओं की संवेदना को जगाने का सशक्त माध्यम भी होते थे।

पैम्फलेट के माध्यम से छात्र समुदाय तक न सिर्फ देश दुनिया की अद्यतन सूचनाएं आसानी से पहुंच जाती हैं बल्कि जेएनयू में छपने वाले पैम्फलेट्स समकालीन राजनीतिक, सामाजिक और आर्थिक घटनाक्रम के प्रति छात्र-छात्राओं को सेन्सटाइज करने में भी महत्वपूर्ण होते हैं। पैम्फलेट्स की परम्परा हमें कई बार इतिहास में थोड़ा पीछे भी ले जाती हैं। आजादी से पहले की उस परंपरा से जोड़ती हैं जिसकी बुनियाद खुदीराम बोस, भगत सिंह और लाजपत जैसों के हाथों पड़ी थी। 1947 में भारत के आजाद होने के बाद आज 21वीं सदी के दूसरे दशक तक का सफर ढेर-सारे राजनीतिक उतार-चढ़ाव और सामाजिक, तकनीकी और सांस्कृतिक बदलावों से भरा पड़ा है। भूमण्डलीकरण और इससे जनित मानवीय जीवन की चुनौतियां भी बढ़ी हैं। संचार और तकनीकी क्रांति ने हमारे लिए नित नई मशीनें और माध्यम पैदा किये हैं, जिनका उपयोग आज पूरा विश्व कर रहा है। बदलते-बदलते हम आज इतना बदल चुके हैं कि हमारे हाथ से कलम फिसल सा गया है। कलम का सिपाही अब हम अपने बच्चों को कलम पकड़ना नहीं सिखाते। हमारी उंगलियां कम्प्यूटर के की बोर्ड और मोबाइल के बटन पर थिरकती हैं। निश्चित तौर पर विद्युतीय तारों और संकेतों द्वारा अध्ययन-अध्यापन के क्षेत्र में भी असानियां पैदा हुई हैं। लेकिन यह भी सत्य है कि इसने लेखन की परंपरागत विधियों से खिलवाड़ भी किया है। क्षण भर में किसी संदेश को एक महाद्वीप से दूसरे महाद्वीप तक पहुंचाना संभव है। लेकिन संवेदनाओं के टूटते-बिखरते संसार को बचाना मुश्किल होता जा रहा है। इस संदर्भ में जेएनयू के पैम्फलेट्स महज छात्र समुदाय के राजनीतिक सोच की अभिव्यक्ति भर नहीं होते बल्कि एक संवेदनायुक्त और संवादयुक्त समाज के निर्माण और विकास के सशक्त माध्यम होते हैं। यदि देखा जाय तो तेजी से बदलते वैश्विक परिस्थितियों में एक अहम चुनौती बढ़ती हुई संवादहीनता और संवेदनहीनता है।

जेएनयू के असाइनमेन्ट्स यहां के छात्र-छात्राओं को हॉस्टल से स्कूल और स्कूल से लाइब्रेरी तक खूब दौड़ाते हैं। लाइब्रेरी में बैठकर असाइनमेन्ट्स को पूरा करना कठिन कार्य होता है। लेकिन पैम्फलेट्स इस कठिन कार्य को आसान बनाने में मददगार होते हैं। पढ़ने की आदत हो या लिखने की कला दोनों ही दृष्टि से पैम्फलेट्स हमारी सहायता करते हैं। पैम्फलेट्स से जुड़ी एक रोचक बात जो इस वक्त याद आ रही है, बताता हूं। जब मैं 1998 ई. में पहली बार एक असाइनमेन्ट (टर्म पेपर) लिख रहा था तो मेरे एक सीनियर ने बताया कि “वो तो पैम्फलेट्स के पीछे के खाली हिस्से पर ही अपना असाइनमेन्ट्स लिख लिया करते हैं।” मैंने हैरानी से उनसे पूछा कि ‘फिर फेयर करते होंगे।’ उन्होंने बताया कि “नहीं पैम्फलेट्स पर ही फेयर करते हैं।” कहना

चाहता हूँ कि जेएनयू से पहले और न ही बात में अब तक कोई ऐसी जगह देखी जहां इतनी अद्भुत बातें होती हों। इसे विश्वविद्यालय में व्याप्त आर्थिक विविधता का नाम दिया जाना चाहिए। जिसकी वजह से गरीब घरों से आने वाले छात्र-छात्राओं द्वारा पैम्फलेट्स के उपयोग पर टीचर्स नाराज नहीं बल्कि खुश होते हैं। और इससे कहीं अधिक खुशी की बात इस तरह की तरकीबों की खोज कर विभिन्न वस्तुओं की उपयोगिता को बढ़ाने पर होती है।

हॉस्टल और कैन्टीन से लेकर एड ब्लॉक, लाइब्रेरी और हर जगह हाथों से बनाए गए पोस्टर अनायास ही हमारा ध्यान अपनी ओर आकर्षित करते हैं। ये पोस्टर आम पोस्टर नहीं होते थे। पोस्टरों के तीन पक्षों पर ध्यान दिलाना चाहता हूँ, जिसके प्रभाव से शायद ही कोई अछूता रहता है। पहला यह कि संवाद करते ये पोस्टर छात्र-छात्राओं में देश-दुनिया की समस्याओं के प्रति बौद्धिकसमझदारी विकसित करते हैं। दूसरा यह कि इन पोस्टरों में जो रचनात्मकता होती है वह किसी प्रेस से छपी पोस्टर में मिलना मुश्किल है। तीसरा यह कि पोस्टर वर्कशाप उन छात्र-छात्राओं की रचनात्मक प्रतिभा को उभारने का अवसर प्रदान करता है जो अबतक किन्हीं कारणों से वंति रह गए होते हैं।

वर्कशाप सिर्फ पोस्टरों के ही नहीं होते हैं बल्कि इस विश्वविद्यालय में ड्रामा क्लब, म्यूजिक क्लब, लिट्रेरी क्लब और वर्कशाप भी हुआ करते हैं। ये वर्कशाप भी नये-पुराने विद्यार्थियों में एक हेल्दी संवाद स्थापित करते हैं। दिलचस्प बात यह है कि इन क्लबों का प्रतिनिधित्व लोकतांत्रिक तरीके से चुने गए प्रतिनिधि ही करते हैं। किसी विश्वविद्यालय में ऐसी छोटी-छोटी लोकतांत्रिक संस्थाओं का आस्तित्व सिर्फ औपचारिकता नहीं होती बल्कि इन संस्थाओं के तत्वाधान में समय-समय पर आयोजित होने वाले कार्यक्रमों में छात्र-छात्राओं और टीचर्स की बड़ी संख्या में उपस्थिति संवाद की डोर को और मजबूत करती है।

सच कहूँ तो जेएनयू की न केवल भौगोलिक स्थिति विलक्षण है बल्कि इस विश्वविद्यालय की ढेरों परंपराएं अपने आप में अद्भुत हैं, जो देश और दुनिया को आइना दिखाते हैं। इस विश्वविद्यालय की लोकतांत्रिक परंपरा देश और दुनिया के समक्ष आदर्श प्रस्तुत करते हैं। संविधान की प्रस्तावना में उल्लिखित समानता, स्वतंत्रता, न्याय, पंथनिरपेक्षता और समाजवाद की मूल भावना यहाँ के शैक्षिक और सामुदायिक जीवन का अभिन्न अंग है। इस विश्वविद्यालय में सीनियर



और जूनियर स्टूडेंट्स में कोई भेद नहीं। कम से कम मैं जितने समय तक यहां छात्र रहा तब तक किसी की रैगिंग नहीं देखी। बी.ए., एम.ए., एम.फिल. और पीएच.डी. हर कोर्स में पढ़ने वाले छात्र-छात्रा एक साथ भोजन करते हुए, बात करते हुए और योजनाएं बनाते हुए देखे जा सकते हैं। आपस में इस तरह का साहचर्य सीखने के नए अवसर प्रदान करता है न कि सीखने-सिखाने की प्रक्रिया में किसी तरह की बाधा उत्पन्न करता है। गौरतलब है कि इलाहाबाद, बी.एच.यू., ए.एम.यू. और डी.यू. इस मामले में बिल्कुल अलग है। बहरहाल झेलम मेस की एक छोटी सी घटना का जिक्र करूंगा। मैं अभी नवान्तुक छात्र था। भोजन करने के पश्चात वाटर कूलर में ही हाथ धोने लगा। मुझे यह पता नहीं था कि इस टैंक का प्रयोजन पानी पीना था न कि हाथ धोना। हॉस्टल के एक सीनियर ने मुझे बताया कि हाथ वाश बेसिन में धोते हैं। मुझे उनकी बातें बुरी नहीं लगीं। मैंने सीखा कि पानी पीने की जगह कुल्ली नहीं करते। इससे कहीं अधिक यह सीखा कि किसी भी गलत बात को रोकने के लिए हौंसले की जरूरत होती है।

जाति, धर्म और समुदाय भारतीय समाज के विशिष्ट लक्षण हैं। अरावली की श्रेणियों, जिसे दिल्ली रीज़ कहा जाता है, पर अवस्थित इस विश्वविद्यालय में भेदभाव के संस्थागत ढांचे नहीं हैं जिस प्रकार से हमारी सामाजिक व्यवस्था में पाए जाते हैं। समानता महज छात्रों-छात्रों और छात्राओं-छात्राओं तक सीमित नहीं बल्कि रात्रि के दो बजे जेएनयू की कटीली झाड़ियों से होकर हॉस्टल से लाइब्रेरी और स्कूल ऑफ लाइफ साइंसेज तक लड़कियों का बेरोक-टोक, बेखौफ आना-जाना स्वतंत्रता और समानता का आदर्श प्रस्तुत करता है। इसी संदर्भ में "" भी प्रासंगिक हो जाता है। ज्ञात हो कि सुप्रीम कोर्ट के निर्देशानुसार "" जैसी संस्था की स्थापना देशव्यापी स्तर पर करना सरकार का लक्ष्य है लेकिन जेएनयू को छोड़कर शायद ही कोई स्थान या संस्थान ऐसा है जहाँ लिंग आधारित भेदभाव और शोषण को रोकने के लिए व्यक्ति को सेंसटाइज करने जैसी कोई युक्ति प्रभावी ढंग से लागू है। किसी भी समाज या समुदाय में हर तरह के लोगों का होना लाजमी है। सो जेएनयू भी इस विविधता का गवाह है। बात उस समय की है जब मैं झेलम हॉस्टल का प्रेसीडेन्ट चुना गया था। हॉस्टल प्रेसीडेन्ट की तमाम जिम्मेदारियों में एक अहम काम Annual Hostel Day Celebration (हॉस्टल नाइट) को सफलतापूर्वक सम्पन्न कराना होता है। जेएनयू प्रशासन पिछले कई वर्षों से इस प्रयास में था कि सभी हॉस्टल्स को मिलाकर एक समेकित कार्यक्रम हो। इसके पीछे प्रशासन की सबसे बड़ी दलील लड़कियों को Tease करने (छेड़ने) की बढ़ती हुई घटनाएं थीं। इस विषय पर सभी छात्रावासों के अध्यक्ष और छात्र संघ तथा डीन के बीच मीटिंग हुई और नतीजा यह निकला कि सभी प्रतिनिधि मिलकर Self Vigilance कि Team बनाएंगे और इस तरह की घटनाओं को होने से रोकने में प्रशासन की मदद करेंगे। हम सभी ने हॉस्टल नाइट का व्यक्तिगत सुख त्यागकर इस बात को साबित किया कि सेक्सुअल हारासमेंट को रोकने के लिए किसी सामाजिक समागम को समाप्त नहीं किया जाना चाहिए। बल्कि ऐसे आयोजनों को और उत्साह से करके यह संदेश देना चाहिए सामाजिक समागम लोगों को जोड़ने के लिए होता है न कि तोड़ने के लिए। वैसे भी हमें पढ़ाई पूरी करने के बाद एक बार फिर उसी समाज में वापस जाना है जहाँ सेक्सुअल हारासमेंट की घटनाएं बड़े पैमाने पर घटित होती हैं। इसलिए छात्र-छात्राओं को सेन्सटाइज करना ही देश और समाज के दीर्घकालिक हित में है।

वर्ष 1991 भारत में आर्थिक सुधारों के नाम रहा तो 1992 बाबरी मस्जिद के विध्वंस के कारण इतिहास में दर्ज हुआ। इन वर्षों में मैं इलाहाबाद में सी.ए.वी. इण्टर कॉलेज में छात्र था। इसी दौरान मैंने सुना था कि जेएनयू से पढ़ाई करने के बाद 10000–15000 तक की नौकरी तुरंत मिल जाती है। रोजगार हर हाल में जरूरी है। 1986 की नई शिक्षा नीति में भी व्यवसायपरक शिक्षा के प्रसार पर जोर दिया गया है और नई आर्थिक नीतियों के चलते शिक्षा में निजी क्षेत्र का हस्तक्षेप बढ़ा है। पिछले बीस बरस में व्यवसाय के नए अवसर अवश्य सृजित हुए हैं लेकिन आर्थिक सुधारों से जनित शिक्षा के बाजारीकरण के अनुभव हमें ये भी बताते हैं कि फिस्कल डिफीसिट को संभालने में शिक्षा की मूल भावना और उद्देश्यों की अवहेलना भी हुई है। बेलगाम फीस वृद्धि और सेल्फ फाइनेंसिंग कोर्सेज के कारण आम छात्र शिक्षा के अनेक अवसरों से वंचित हैं।

मौजूदा परिस्थितियों में जेएनयू जैसे विश्वविद्यालय का आस्तित्व उम्मीद की किरण दिखाता है। इस विश्वविद्यालय की एडमिशन पॉलिशी और लोकतांत्रिक परंपरा कुछ ऐसी है कि यहाँ समाज के हर तबके और हर वर्ग के छात्र-छात्रा अपनी योग्यता के आधार पर प्रवेश पाते हैं। यहाँ छात्र-छात्रा विश्वविद्यालय में उपलब्ध संसाधनों तक लिंग, जाति, धर्म या क्षेत्र के आधार पर होने वाले भेदभाव के बिना ही अपनी पहुंच रखते हैं। निजी तौर पर मैं कह सकता हूँ कि मैंने जेएनयू को इसके उच्च शिक्षा की गुणात्मक विशेषताओं से ही नहीं बल्कि इससे कहीं अधिक इसकी लोकतांत्रिक परंपराओं के कारण समझ पाता हूँ। दरअसल यह विश्वविद्यालय शिक्षा का बेहतर माहौल तो देता ही है साथ में आगामी जीवन के लिए ऐसी लीडरशिप के बीज तत्व तैयार करता है जो अन्य विश्वविद्यालय में अप्राप्य हैं। मूलाधिकारों की बात हो या फिर मूल कर्तव्यों की या भारत के कल्याणकारी राज्य होने की, संविधान के हर उपबन्ध को यहाँ व्यवहार रूप में देखा, समझा और महसूस किया जा सकता है।

कल्याणकारी राज्य से एक बात याद आई। 1998–2000 के समय में जेएनयू का डीन कार्यालय “डीन ऑफ स्टूडेंट्स वेलफेयर” कहलाता था। लेकिन बाद के समय में ‘वेलफेयर’ शब्द तिराहित कर दिया गया। और डीन कार्यालय “डीन ऑफ स्टूडेंट्स” बन कर रह गया। मेरे कहने का अर्थ यह है कि शायद ऐसा नए आर्थिक सुधारों के दबाव में हुआ हो। इसी तरह पिछले तीन-चार बरसों में कैम्पस सुन्दरीकरण और मरम्मत के नाम पर विनिर्माण के जो काम हुए और किए जा रहे हैं, उनमें भी वेलफेयर कम बल्कि विकास के नए प्रतिमानों को छूने की कोशिश अधिक दिखती है। शायद सादगीयुक्त कूर्ता और झोले में सुन्दरता देखने-परखने वाले छात्रों की



पहचान ही मिटती जा रही है। इनफार्मेशन-टेक्नोलॉजी की घूप-छाँ में जवान होती नयी पीढ़ी जेएनयू को नए आयाम दे रही है।

जाहिर है प्रगतिशील और बुद्धिजीवियों का विश्वविद्यालय जेएनयू भी आज भूमण्डलीकरण जनित चुनौतियों से दो-चार है। जिन छात्र आंदोलनों के बल पर देश के युवा नाज करते थे, ऊर्जा प्राप्त करते थे, आज वहाँ भी छात्र संघ पर प्रतिबंध है। 2007 में NDTV की रिपोर्ट की रिपोर्टर अमृता प्रधान ने जब मुझसे लिंगदोह कमीशन की संस्तुतियों के जेएनयू में लागू करने की संभावना के बारे में मेरे विचार जानने चाहे थे तो उस समय मैंने कहा था कि संभव है, देश के दूसरे विश्वविद्यालयों में इस कमीशन की संस्तुतियों के अनुरूप छात्र संघों के चुनाव होने लगे। लेकिन जेएनयू के छात्र संघ के कार्यप्रणाली और कार्यशैली को देखते इसे लागू करना संभव नहीं होगा। तीन-चार बरस बाद अब सोचता हूँ कि मैं कितना गलत था। लिंगदोह की संस्तुतियों के अनुरूप चुनाव कराना तो दूर की बात यहाँ तो पूरा का पूरा छात्र संघ ही प्रतिबंधित है। इसे मैं ट्रेजडी कहूँगा। एक ऐसी ट्रेजडी जो सिर्फ जेएनयू की नहीं बल्कि समूचे देश के विश्वविद्यालयों की ट्रेजडी है।

जेएनयू की मौजूदा स्थिति चिन्ताजनक और निराशाजनक है जरूर लेकिन प्रोफसर आनंद कुमार की बातों पर यकीन करें तो जब सारे रास्ते बंद हो एक हों तो ऐसे में इतिहास में थोड़ा पीछे देखना चाहिए। वहीं से नयी ऊर्जा और स्फूर्ति प्राप्त होती है। इस संदर्भ में सन् 2005 का नेस्ले आउटलेट के खिलाफ छात्र आंदोलन हमें रास्ता दिखाता प्रतीत होता है कि किस तरह इस देश में तेजी से बढ़ते कॉरपोरेट प्रभाव को धूल चटाया जाए। याद आते हैं वो दिन जब कैम्पस के छात्र बिना वैचारिक और राजनीतिक भेदभाव के बड़ी तादाद में नेस्ले आउटलेट के विरोध में चल रहे आंदोलन का हिस्सा बने थे। और कारपोरेट वर्ल्ड को संदेश दिया था कि हम उत्पाद का उपेभाग करेंगे न कि उपभोक्तावादी संस्कृति का अनुकरण करेंगे। नेस्ले को अपना आउटलेट हटाना पड़ा था। जेएनयू सीख देता है कि किस प्रकार वैश्विक संदर्भों में कॉरपोरेट विश्व द्वारा प्रायोजित उपभोक्तावादी संस्कृति से खुद को अक्षुण्य रखते हुए विकास की नई मंजिलों तक पहुंच जाए।

बहरहाल ये घटनाएं मेरे लिए इसलिए खास हैं क्योंकि राजनीतिक रूप से अलग-अलग खेमों में बंटे छात्र समुदाय का कॉमन इश्यूज के लिए कॉमन प्लेटफार्म पर आना जेएनयू की विलक्षण विशेषता रही है। इस बात का मैं दावे के साथ इसलिए भी लिख पा रहा हूँ क्योंकि मैंने चंदू पर बनी फिल्म में देखा था कि चंदू के लिए आंदोलनरत्न छात्र-छात्राओं में वो चेहरे भी शामिल थे जो उनसे राजनीतिक सहमति नहीं रखते थे।

मैं समझता हूँ कि झेलम छात्रावास और इसके तत्वाधान में आयोजित होने वाले चाट महासम्मेलन के जिक्र के बिना मेरे अनुभव का यह हिस्सा अधूरा रहेगा। जेएनयू विशेषकर झेलम मेस की ढेर सारी चर्चाओं-परिचर्चाओं में एक प्रमुख विषय चाट परंपरा का होता है। जिसका अभिप्राय अपनी विद्वतापूर्ण बातों को पूरे विस्तार से कहने से है। प्रवेश के समय जब कोई छात्र हॉस्टल में आता है और यदि कम समय में ही छात्रावासियों के साथ घुल-मिल जाता है तो पुराने

छात्रावासी यह कहते नहीं थकते हैं कि डीन ऑफिस में बैठे श्री गुलाटी इनकी चाट क्षमताओं को देखते हुए ही पेरियार, कावेरी या अन्य छात्रावास के आग्रह को ठुकराकर इन्हें झेलम भेजा है। झेलम छात्रावास की कुछ शब्दावलियां जो याद रह गयीं हैं। किसी नवागन्तुक के लिए आपस में छात्र कुछ इस लहजे में बात करते हैं “आज ही गिरे हैं” (यानि आज ही आए हैं), “कहाँ विलुप्त हो गए थे सर” (अर्थात कहाँ चले गए थे) वगैरह। झेलमवासी इन शब्दावलियों को चाट भाषा का नाम देते हैं। चाट भाषा जाकर जुड़ती है होली की पूर्व संध्या पर आयोजित होने वाले चाट महासम्मेलन से। वरिष्ठ छात्रों से पता चलता है कि चाट महासम्मेलन की परंपरा आज से करीब एक दशक पूर्व शुरू हुई थी। इस परंपरा की स्थापना का श्रेय भारतीय भाषा केन्द्र के शोध छात्र डा. हरिओम का है जो संप्रति कानपुर के जिलाधिकारी हैं। धन्य हो डा. साहब, बीड़ी-सिगरेट और गंगा ढाबा का नशा क्या पहले से ही कम था!, जो यहाँ के छात्र समुदाय को चाट महासम्मेलन का वार्षिक नशा पकड़ा दिया। प्रत्येक वर्ष होने वाले इस आयोजन में मुझे 1999 में एक दर्शक छात्र के रूप में भाग लेने का मौका मिला। झेलम मेस दर्शकों से खचाखच भरा था। प्रोफेसर पुरुषोत्तम अग्रवाल मुख्य अतिथि की कुर्सी को शुशोभित कर रहे थे। गद्य और काव्य में रुचि रखने वाले अपनी रचनात्मक क्षमताओं का भरपूर प्रदर्शन कर रहे थे। लेकिन झेलम के निवासी कवि हृदय भरत प्रसाद त्रिपाठी को मंच से उतरना पड़ा था। पी.एच.डी. पूरा करने के बाद भरत जी को उत्तरपूर्व में लैक्चरशिप का पद मिला लेकिन शोध छात्र रहते वो कभी मंच से अपनी कविताओं का वाचन नहीं कर सके। 1999 के चाट सम्मेलन की एक मजेदार बात यह भी है कि सभी छात्र-छात्रा चाट महानुभावों को सुन और देखकर आनंदित हो रहे थे। लेकिन सैकड़ों की भीड़ (जो बढ़ते-बढ़ते अब हजारों में लगती है) में मुख्य अतिथि अग्रवाल सर का चेहरा क्रोध से फटा जान पड़ता था। सम्मेलन की समाप्ति पर उन्होंने छात्रों के लिए दो शब्द में ढेरों उपदेश दिए थे। सतलज छात्रावास के वार्डेन और भारतीय भाषा केन्द्र में लैक्चरर होने के बाद भी उन्हें देर तक देखने की तमन्ना एन.डी.टी.वी. पर ही पूरी होती थी। संघ लोक सेवा आयोग के सदस्य मनोनित होने के बाद यह अवसर भी जाता रहा है।

चाट सम्मेलन का आने वाले दिनों में इतना विस्तार हुआ कि यह आयोजन चाट सम्मेलन से महासम्मेलन कहा जाने लगा। इसका आयोजन झेलम हॉस्टल के मेस से बाहर बैडमिन्टन कोर्ट पर होने लगा। 2004-05 में जब मैं हॉस्टल प्रेसीडेन्ट था, उस वर्ष इसका आयोजन हॉस्टल के अन्दर अवस्थित उस गड्ढे में हुआ जिसकी गड्ढे के रूप में कोई उपयोगिता नहीं थी। इसी वर्ष



इस गड्ढे को चाटलीला मैदान कहा गया। इसी वर्ष पहली बार झेलम चाट सम्मेलन का मीडिया वालों ने लाइव कवरेज भी किया।

बहरहाल झेलम मेस और बैडमिन्टन कोर्ट से होता हुआ यह महासम्मेलन झेलन लॉन तक पहुंच चुका है। जेएनयू में इस तरह के आयोजन की सफलता यही है कि यह आयोजन देश के किसी भी हिस्से में होने वाली होली की हुड़दंग से अलग होता है। किसी पर व्यक्तिगत छींटाकशी से दूर यह महासम्मेलन हास्य के गुब्बारो में संवेदना के इन्द्रधनुषीय रंग लिए होता है।

संप्रति मैं जेएनयू के फिल्टर वाटर और झेलम के स्वादिष्ट भोजन से दूर पूर्वांचल के गाजीपुर जिला के ग्रामीण क्षेत्र के बाल हृदय की गहराइयों को समझने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ। जेएनयू से भौगोलिक दूरी है जरूर लेकिन खुशी और सन्तुष्टि इस बात की है कि जेएनयू के अनुभव पग-पग पर काम आते हैं। फेसबुक पर जब गंगा के माध्यम से अनुभव लिखने की सूचना मिली तो यादें ताजा हो उठीं। अब जबकि यादों को शब्दों और वाक्यों के माध्यम से लिखने की कोशिश कर रहा हूँ तो ऐसा महसूस कर रहा हूँ कि ढेर सारे चट्टान, चट्टानों पर स्थित ढाबे, ओपेन थिएटर, कटीली झाड़ियों वाले पेड़-पौधे विशेषकर अमलताश के फूल, सतलज से कावेरी के बीच के अजीब खुशबू वाले वृक्ष, ढेरों पगडंडियां और लाल रंग की इमारतें और इन पगडंडियों तथा इमारतों में घूमते फिरते प्रगतिशील विचारों की श्रृंखला, टीचर्स का दोस्ताना व्यवहार, 9.30 बजे की गंगा ढाबा से ताप्ती तक के जुलूस, थेसिस जमा करने का प्रेसर और हिलटॉप की चढ़ाई, 615 से मुनिरका, बेर सराय, वसंत विहार और सरोजनी मार्केट की यात्रा वगैरह चित्र यहीं कहीं आस-पास ही बिखरे हैं। ये चित्र मुझे एक विश्वविद्यालय की भौगोलिक अवस्थिति और शिक्षण व्यवस्था की तस्वीर नहीं दिखाते बल्कि लोकतांत्रिक व्यवस्था का दर्शन कराते हैं।

Alumni Association of JNU 2010
Panel discussions, Music, felicitation and dinner
15 - 20 November 2010

Date & Time	Venue	Topics	
November 15th 4-5.30 p.m.	SIS Committee Room	Globalisation and Emerging Countries	<p>Speaker : Prof. Chintamani Mahapatra Prof. S. N. Malakar Prof. Christopher S. Raj Prof. K. P. Vijyalaxmi</p> <p>Moderator: Prof. H. S. Prabhakar</p>
November 16th 4-5.30 p.m.	SIS Committee Room	Science, Technology & Education	<p>Speaker : Dr. Jatinder Peters, Director, GM (HR) & Head Coordinator, ONGC Dr. Narender Singh (Genetic Engineering of Yeast to Produce Heart - Healthy Mega three Oil)</p> <p>Moderator: Prof. Neera Bhalla Sarin, Andrew Lynn, Dr. D.K.Lobiyal</p>
November 17th 4-5.30 p.m.	SIS Committee Room	Understanding Indian Society Today: Challenges & Opportunities	<p>Speakers : Peter D Souza Prof. Purushottam Agarwal Dr. Ranjana Kumari Ajit Pandey</p> <p>Moderator: Dr. Vivek Kumar</p>
November 18th 4-5.30 p.m.	SLL & CS Committee Room	Understanding Indian Society Today: Challenges & Opportunities	<p>Speakers : Dr. Rizwan Qaisar, Historian Dr. Vivek Kumar, Sociologist Dr. Ranjana Kumari, Political Scientist</p> <p>Moderator: Prof. Anand Kumar</p>
November 19 4-5.30 p.m.	SLL & CS Committee Room	Literature & Culture in Contemporary Times	<p>Speaker: Quaisher Shamim (Literary Critic & Cultural) Hemant Joshi (Media Critic) V.K. Kartika (Communication & Book Expert) Durga Pandit Gupta (Poet & Critic)</p> <p>Moderator: Prof. GJV Prasad, Dr. Devendra Chaubey</p>
November 20th 6:00pm onwards	PSR	Cultural Evening & Dinner	<p>Poetry Session: Bishnu Mahapatra Gobind Prasad Jitendra Srivastav Anjana Baxi</p> <p>Cultural Evening : Prof. K. P. Vijyalaxmi Prof. Priyadarsi Mukherji Prof. Sabaree Mitra Sh. A. K. Roy Sh. Amit Cowshish</p> <p>Moderator: Prof. Manjushree Chauhan, Dr. Khwaja Ekramuddin, Dr. Devendra Chaubey</p>

Alumni Association of JNU AAJ 2009
Panel discussions, Kavi Sammelan, Mushaira, Music and dinner
9 - 13 November 2009

Date & Time	Venue	Event	Panelists
November 9 3-5:00 p.m.	SSS Auditorium	The Economic Situation of India and the World Today: Trends and Possibilities Coordinator	Chair: Prof. B. B. Bhattacharya, Vice Chancellor, JNU Moderator: Dr. A. Prabhakar, Research Director Public Action Discussion: Dr. Santosh Mehrotra, Planning Commission Dr. Amiya Chandra, Govt. of NCT Delhi
November 10 3-5:00 p.m.	SSS Auditorium	Science, in the new Millennium: A JNU perspective	Prof Alok Bhattacharya, SLS-JNU Prof Subir Das, JNCASR, Bangalore Dr. A.P. Dimri, Environmental Expert, JNU Prof. D. Raghunadan, President Delhi Science Forum Moderator: Neera Bhalla Sarin
November 11 3-5:00 p.m.	SSS Auditorium	Transition in Higher Education in India: Issues, Challenges and Opportunities	Keynote: Prof. Yashpal, Chancellor, JNU Prof. Amitabh Mattoo, Ex. Vice Chancellor, Jammu University Prof. Arun Kumar, Economist, JNU Shri. Subodh Malakar, President, JNUTA Shri. Sandeep Singh, President, JNUSU Prof. O.P. Mishra, Pro. Vice Chancellor, IGNOU Chair: Prof. R. K. Kala, Vice Chancellor Central University of Gujarat Moderator: Vivek Kumar
November 12 3-5:00 p.m.	SSS Auditorium	Indian Democracy on Trial: Politics, Governance, People Representative and Poverty	Chair: Dr. George Mathew, Director, ISS Dr. Shakeel Ahmad Khan, Vice Chairman, Nehru Yuva Kendra Shri Prasenjit Bose, CPI (M) Shri Sudheendra Bhadoria, SAFPI Shri Ahsutosh, Managing Editor, IBN7 Ms. Kavita Krishnan, CPI (ML) Liberation Ms. Anjana Prakash, SP Shri Udit Raj, Justice Party Dr. Chandrabhan Prasad, Writer Dr. Ajit Jha, Lok Rajniti Manch Moderator: Dr. Rizwan Qaiser, Deptt. Of History, JMI
November 13 3-5:00 p.m.	Parthasarthy Rocks	Kavi Sammelan, Mushaira, Music & Songs, Dinner	Coordinator: Manjushree Chauhan, S.A. Hasan Khwaja Ekramuddin, Davendra Choubey

Alumni Association of JNU Aaj 2008
Panel discussions, Music, felicitation and dinner
5 to 8 November 2008

Date & Time	Venue	Event	Panelists
November 5 11:30 a.m.	SSS Auditorium	Discussion on "India's Foreign Policy: Available Options"	Chair: Prof. Anuradhay Chenoy Panelists: Dr. B.R. Muthu Kumar IFS Mr. Anand Sahay, Senior Journalist Dr. Sujit Dutta, IDSA Prof. Brahimia Chellaney Dr. Prabir Purkayasta
November 5 5.00 p.m.	SSS Auditorium	Science, Technology & Education	Chair: Ved Pratap Vaidik Panelists: Sohail Hashmi Udhay Shankar N. R. Mohanty Uday Prakash Pankaj Singh Shamsul Islam Susan Viswanathan Shambu Nath Singh Hemant Joshi Moderator: Devendra Choubey
November 6 11:30 a.m.	SSS Auditorium	Understanding Indian Society Today: Challenges & Opportunities	Chair: Prof. Pushpesh Pant Panelists: Prakash Karat, General Secretary, CPI (M) D.P. Tripathi, General Secretary, NCP Digvijay Singh M.P. Moderator: Dr. Rizwan Qaiser
November 6 5.00 p.m.	SSS Auditorium	Discussion on "Challenges of Education in India today"	Keynote address: Prof. P.N. Srivastava, Ex Vice Chancellor, JNU Chair: Prof. Sukhadeo Thorat, Chairperson, UGC Panelists: Prof. Amitabh Matoo, Vice Chancellor, Jammu University Prof. Shanta Sinha, Chairperson, National Commission for Children Ms. Poonam Natarajan, Director, ADI Prof. Chandra Bhusan, IGNOU Prof. Kamal Mitra Chenoy, President, JNUTA Prof. Avijit Pathak, Sociology Moderator: Prof Geetha B. Nambissan
November 7 5.00 p.m.	SIS Committee Room	Discussion on "Crisis Economy"	Panelists: Prof. G.K. Chadha, Economic Advisor to PM Mr. Sitaram Yechury M.P. Prof. Asha Kapur mehta, IIPA Mr. T.K. Arun, Resident Editor, The Economic Times Mr. Vivek Bharati, Executive Director, Pepsico India Moderator: Dr. A. Prabaharan, Director, Public Action
November 8 11:30 a.m.	SSS Auditorium	Discussion on "Media Needs self Regulation or State Control"	Chairs: Mr. Rahul Jalali Panelists: P.R. Char Mr. Amit Sengupta Mr. N.R. Mohanty Ms. Ranjana Kumari Performances by: *Mr. Madangopal Singh *Muthu Kumar *Manoj Pant *K.P. Vijayalakshmi *Manjushree Chauhan *Amit Cowshish
November 8 8:00 p.m.	Parthasarthy Open Air Theatre	Music, Felicitation and Dinner	Event Co-ordinator: Sabaree Mitraanjana Kumari

**AAJ 2010
Organizing Committee**

Anand Kumar
H S Prabhakar
Neera Bhalla Sarin
D K Lobiyal
Sabaree Mitra
G J V Prasad
Manjushree Chauhan
Devendra Choubey
Khwaja Ekramuddin
Poonam S. Kudaisya
Chinmay Basu
Bhawani Singh Meena
Asheesh Kumar
Ashish Kumar Das
Ishwar C. Naik
Kiran Sharma
Manish Tiwari
N R Mohanty
Navneet Anand
Rizwan Qaiser
Vivek Kumar
Andrew Lynn
Ritu Nidhi

Patrons

Prof. Yashpal
Prof. B B Bhattacharya
Prof. S. K. Sopory
Prof. Ramadhikari Kumar
Prof. Sudha Pai
Prof. V. K. Jain
Dr. S. Chandrasekaran

With Best Support From

Anil Bajaj
Nirupa
Vijay Singh Rathore
Biswajeet Das
Santosh
Wafa Hamid
Lakshmi Menon
Sami Ahmad Khan
Mridula Mukherji
Ranjana Kumari
Jatinder Peter
UGC Academic College
Pondicherry University
Kashmir University
Babasaheb Bhimrao Ambedkar
University - Lucknow

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERISTY

The University conducts Entrance Examination in the middle of May every year for admission to various full-time programmes of study at various Centres spread all over India and in Kathmandu (Nepal).

CATEGORY 'A' - ADMISSION THROUGH ENTRANCE EXAMINATION:

M.Phil/Ph.D. in International Politics, International Organisation, Diplomacy and Disarmament, Political Geography; International Legal Studies; International Trade & Development; South Asian, Central Asian, Southeast Asian & Southwest Pacific Studies; Chinese, Japanese and Korean Studies; West Asian, North African and Sub-Saharan African Studies; Canadian, United States & Latin American Studies; European Studies; and Russian & Central Asian Studies, French, German, Arabic, Russian, Chinese, Persian, Hindi, Urdu, Hindi Translation, English, Linguistics, Spanish and Japanese, Economic Studies and Planning; Historical Studies; Political Studies; Regional Development (Geography, Economics, Population Studies); Social Systems (Sociology); Educational Studies (Psychology, Sociology, Economics and History of Education); Social Medicine and Community Health; Studies in Science Policy and Philosophy, Life Sciences, Environmental Sciences, Arts & Aesthetics, Sanskrit Studies, and Law and Governance. **M.Phil/Ph.D. and M.Tech/Ph.D.** in Computer and Systems Sciences. **Pre-Ph.D./Ph.D.** in Physical Sciences, Chemical Sciences, Mathematical Sciences, Biotechnology, Computational Biology & Bioinformatics and Molecular Medicine. **MPH/Ph.D.** Master of Public Health. **M.Phil** in Portuguese. **M.Tech.** in Computational and Systems Biology. Master of Computer Applications (**MCA**). **M.A.** in Politics (with specialisation in International Relations). Economics (with specialisation in the World Economy), Geography, History, Economics, Political Science, Sociology, English, Linguistics, Sanskrit, Hindi, Urdu, Persian, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, French, German, Russian, Spanish and Arts & Aesthetics. **M.Sc.** in Life Sciences, Environmental Sciences and Physics. **B.A. (Hons)** in Persian, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese, Korean, French, German, Russian and Spanish (with entry points to both 1st and 2nd year).

CATEGORY 'B' - DIRECT ADMISSION TO PH.D. PROGRAMME: The University admits a limited number of candidates directly to Ph.D. programme on the basis of their performance in viva voce examination (without Entrance Examination) both in Monsoon and Winter Semesters in all Schools/Centres. In addition direct admission to Ph.D. is also offered in Centre for comparative Politics and Political Theory, Adult Education, Women's Studies and Study of Discrimination and Exclusion.

CATEGORY 'C' - JRF HOLDERS: The University also admits a limited number of candidates to M.Phil./Ph.D. and Pre-Ph.D./Ph.D programmes who have qualified a National Test entitling them to a JRF in Schools of Life Sciences, Physical Sciences, Environmental Sciences, Computer & Systems Sciences, Information Technology and Biotechnology without appearing in the Entrance Examination.

FOREIGN NATIONALS: Every year foreign nationals are admitted to various programmes of study under the following categories (a) Self-financing Students (i) through Entrance Examination (ii) through 'In Absentia" (b) Under the Cultural Exchange Fellowship Programme of Govt. of India. (c) As Casual Students to audit the courses (not leading to award of any degree) **Foreign nationals seeking admission in any of the categories under (a) and (b) above will have to satisfy the minimum eligibility criteria for admission to the various programmes of study as prescribed by the University.**

RESERVATION OF SEATS: University provides reservation to candidates belonging to SC, ST, OBC and PH categories as per norms prescribed for the purpose.

HOW TO APPLY: For details regarding availability of Application Form for admission to various programmes of study and other detailed information, the candidates may refer to JNU website: <http://www.jnu.ac.in>

DIGITAL CITIZENSHIP

@UNIVERSITY OF KASHMIR

BREAKING BARRIERS

to e-governance

The Directorate of IT & Support Services

A Central Resource for capitalizing the enormous opportunities associated with Information Technology.

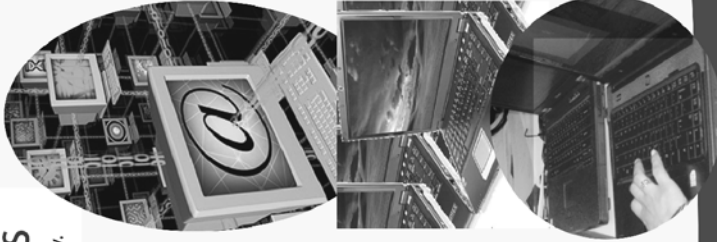
Main objectives:

- Achieve excellence in three areas of Information Technology viz, Multimedia Systems, Software Development & DBMS
- Bridge the gap between Academics & Industry through the establishment of Advanced Centre of Information Technology which shall also include development of the support structure necessary for the development of the IT Industry.
- Provide IT support to the local conventional Industry by establishing Computer Aided Designing Centre
- Implement & Manage e-governance in the University System and provide support to other Organizations in the e-governance plans.

Reaching out to the community

Main Features of the Project

- In each College one Information Centre is being established which includes Connectivity & Manpower
- Each University Department/Centre is also provided the requisite Infrastructure
- Establishment of Data Centre.
- Online Services for Students, Colleges/ Departments, Paper Setters, Evaluators & others involved in the System.
- Entire Software Solutions are being developed in-house.



Vision into Action

Establishment of a Software Development Unit for developing in-house e-governance solutions for different activities. .

Following three solutions developed in the past 6 months

- Student Registration System for automation of the entire Registration system of the University.
- Work Flow Management for automating the process of Receipt & Dispatch of Files in the University.
- e-ofce which is an e-governance solution for most of the daily activities like distribution of Circulars, Notices, Results, Meetings etc.

KU Vision: Innovation with Excellence

UNIVERSITY OF KASHMIR



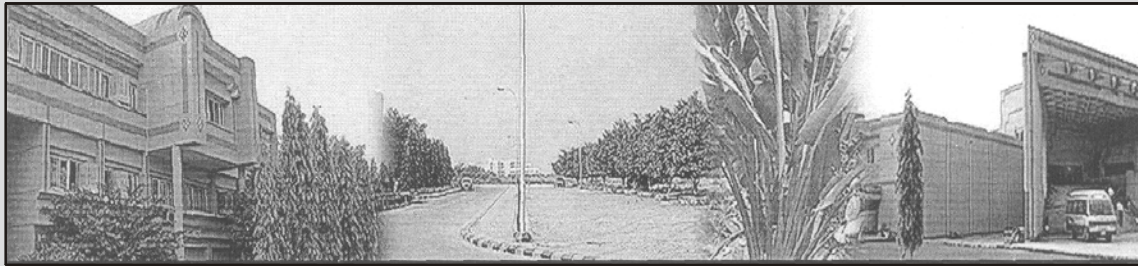
A fresh look at energy.

At ONGC, we believe, that enhanced productivity doesn't have to come at the cost of Mother Earth's well-being. Which is why, we offset carbon emissions with set timelines. ONGC leads the way when it comes to achieving carbon neutrality within the energy sector. In an effort to do so, we've become the first PSU to receive Emission Reduction Certificates from the United Nations. Achievements of this sort, coupled with growth, makes us the undisputed leader in our business. And as the leader, admittedly, it feels a little lonely at the top. However, these days, with us earning 10,722 carbon credits, the spot looks refreshingly green.





BABASAHEB BHIMRAO AMBEDKAR UNIVERSITY
(A Central University)
LUCKNOW



Devoted to Excellence in Higher Education & Research

“A University dedicated to teaching and research in frontier and Interdisciplinary areas of science, technology, rural crafts and humanities for social and economic upliftment...”

Established in 1996 as a Central University by the Act of Parliament No. 53 of 1994 in a sprawling campus of 250 acres, the University is running full time postgraduate courses and Ph. D. programmes in Economics, History, Political Science, Sociology, Applied Animal Science, Applied Plant Science, Biotechnology, Environmental Science, Environmental Microbiology, Human Development and Family Studies, Computer Science, Information Technology, Library and Information Science, Mass Communication and Journalism, Human Rights and Law.

Fellowship is also available for Ph.D. scholars.

Six new Courses from the current Academic session have also started i.e. Applied Physics, Applied Chemistry, Applied Mathematics, Applied Statistics, Pharmaceutical Science and Rural Management.

Equipped with Central Library, Laboratories, Administrative Block Complex, University Hostels for Boys and Girls, Guest House, Residences for Staff, Central Instrumentation Facility, Computer Centre, Remedial Coaching Academy, Information and Guidance Bureau, Placement Cell, SC/ ST Cell, Sports Facilities, Day Care Centre and other state-of-the-art infrastructure.

Vidya Vihar, Rae Bareli Road, Lucknow-226025

Phone-91-522-2440822, Telfax: 91-522-2440821 CABLE: Babversity

Website: www.bbauindia.org

With best compliment from :

**JAWAHAR BOOK CENTRE
JAWAHAR BOOKS
JAWAHAR PUBLISHERS & DISTRIBUTORS**

Forty Years of Service in the (JNU Campus)

- Making of Modern India

Near Central Library, J.N.U. Campus

Ashok Majumdar

Mobile: 09313785602 Phone: 011-65923351

With best compliment from :

**MUGHAL DARBAR
RESTAURANT**

JNU

With best compliment from :



Offset Printing, Screen Printing, Graphic Designing, Logo Designing
B/W & Colour Printout, B/W & Colour Photostat, Smart Card
Flex, All Binding, Gift Items & General Supplier

COMPLETE UNIT OF SCREEN AND OFFSET PRINTING

Office: 62/4D & 61-C, Ber Sarai, Opp. JNU Old Campus, New Delhi-110016 INDIA
Tel.: +91-11-26966878 Mob: 9818225720, 9717994747 Fax : +91-11-26562314

E-mail: shivshakti@gmail.com

UGC-ACADEMIC STAFF COLLEGE
JAWAHARLAL NEHRU UNIVERSITY
New Delhi-110 067

Schedule of Refresher & Orientation Courses 2010-2011

Sl. No.	Courses	Duration	
1.	12th Refresher Course in Biotechnology	26 July 2010	20 August 2010
2	41st Refresher Course in Economics	26 July 2010	20 August 2010
3	13th Refresher Course in Computer Sciences & Information Technolog	30 August 2010	24 September 2010
4	30th Refresher Course in History	30 August 2010	24 September 2010
5	71st Orientation Course	27 September 2010	22 October 2010
6	4th Principals' Workshop	08 November 2010	10 November 2010
7	72nd Orientation Course	08 November 2010	03 December 2010
8	2nd Refresher Course in Foreign Languages	03 January 2011	28 January 2011
9	2nd Academic Administrators' Workshop'	10 January 2011	14 January 2011
10	16th Refresher Course in Life Sciences	03 January 2011	28 January 2011
11	10th Refresher Course in Physics	31 January 2011	25 February 2011
12	73rd Orientation Course	31 January 2011	25 February 2011
13	42nd Refresher Course in Economics	28 February 2011	25 March 2011
14	33rd Refresher Course in Sociology	28 February 2011	25 March 2011
15	74th Orientation Course	28 February 2011	25 March 2011
16	16 th Refresher Course in Environmental Sciences	04 April 2011	29 April 2011
17	38th Refresher Course in Political Science	04 April 2011	29 April 2011
18	75th Orientation Course	04 April 2011	29 April 2011

- JNU, ASC provides Hostel and Mess facilities to all outstation teachers
- Please submit your application atleast 60 days before the start of a course so that we have sufficient time to correspond with you
- For further details visit <http://www.jnu.ac.in/ASC> OR call at 011-267 2566, 011-2674 2532
- University/College Officers upto the level of Section Officer are eligible to apply.

rdi

Research & Development Initiative

Profoundly influenced by academic research in JNU, a group of JNU alumni established Research and Development Initiative (RDI) in 1999 with an objective of providing quality consultancy and research inputs to organizations involved in grassroots development & welfare of poor.

RDI welcomes young professionals and senior academicians to join hands with US in our endeavor to professionalize social development sector in India. We will look forward to your cooperation and support.

Research & Development Initiative

N-9-A, Lower Ground Floor, Kalkaji
New Delhi-110019

Ph.: 011-41668025 / 26 / 27

Email: research@rdidelhi.com

Website : www.rdiindia.org



With best compliment from :

Nehru Memorial Museum and Library

Teen Murti House, New Delhi

Select NMML Publications

- ✍ Selection Works of Motilal Nehru: Ravinder Kumar & Panigarhi, D.N., Vol. I-VII, 1919-1931, Vikas Publications, New Delhi
- ✍ Jayaprakash Narayan Selected Works: Bimal Prasad, Vol. I-X (1929-1979), Manohar Publications, New Delhi
- ✍ Jawaharlal Nehru: A Bibliography, Vikas Publications
- ✍ Indian Foreign Policy: The Indira Gandhi Years: A. K. Damodaran and U.S. Bajpai, Radiant Publishers, New Delhi
- ✍ Indian Foreign Policy: The Nehru Years: B. R. Nanda, Radiant Publishers, New Delhi
- ✍ Jawaharlal Nehru Correspondence, 1903-47: A Catalogue, Vikas Publications, New Delhi
- ✍ Jawaharlal Nehru on Science and Society: Baldev Singh, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, New Delhi
- ✍ Between Two Fires: Towards an Understanding of Jawaharlal Nehru's Foreign Policy, Vol. I-II, Nehru's Foreign Policy, Orient Longman, New Delhi
- ✍ Jawaharlal Nehru: A Communicator and Democratic Leader: A. K. Damodaran and U.S. Bajpai, Radiant Publishers, New Delhi
- ✍ Indian National Congress: A Reconstruction: Iqbal Singh, Vol. I-II (1885-1923), Manohar Publications, New Delhi
- ✍ Gender and Nation, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, New Delhi
- ✍ NMML Manuscript: An Introduction, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, New Delhi

For complete list of NMML publications, cost and their availability
Please contact: 23015333; email: programmenmml@gmail.com

Latest Publications

- ✍ Development State And The Dalit Question in Madhya Pradesh Congress Response: Sudha Pai, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library & Routledge Taylor & Francis Group, First edition: 2010 Price: Rs. 995/-, Available at: Routledge India Laison, 912, Tolstoy House, 15-17 Tolstoy Marg, New Delhi
- ✍ The Birds at Teen Murti House: Ranjit Lal, Jaya Iyer & Ayushman Chowdhary, Text & Photographs by Ranjit Lal; Designed by Anjora Noronha; Illustrations by Anita Mahato (Rs. 30/-, First edition 2010, PP. 84, Available at NMML, Teen Murti House, New Delhi - 110 011, Phone: 23015333, email: programmenmml@gmail.com)

Forthcoming Publications

- ✍ Interrogating States Recorganisation: Culture, Identity And Politics: Sudha Pai & Asha Sarangi, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library & Routledge Taylor & Francis Group (First edition: 2010)
- ✍ Selection of Books on Mahatama Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru and the Indian freedom struggle are available at the Museum Souvenir Shop, Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, Teen Murti House, New Delhi-110 011

CSR



Vision: A humane and equitable society where gender justice is realized.

Mission: To restructure gender relations through research, development, counseling, capacity building, networking & advocacy.

CSR has nearly two and a half decades of experience in research issues concerning underprivileged areas of society, restructuring gender relations and empowering women.

We work broadly in four areas:

- Direct intervention at the community level
- Knowledge and capacity building for all sectors of society
- Policy level interventions
- Action-oriented research

Over the years, CSR has focused its attention on women: the task of protecting their rights, empowering them, and understanding issues from a gender perspective.

Contact Us:

Centre for Social Research

2, Nelson Mandela Marg, Vasant Kunj, New Delhi - 110070

Phone: 91-11-26899998, 91-11-26125583 Fax: 91-11-26137823

www.csrindia.org Email address: info@csrindia.org

