

EPISTEME

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(b. 1935)
Sahitya Academy Awardee

JAMIA'S OWN 'PUBLIC SPHERE'

THE WORLD OUTSIDE CLASSES

BY SAMREEN MUSHTAQ

HOW TO AVOID BEING BROKE AT JAMIA

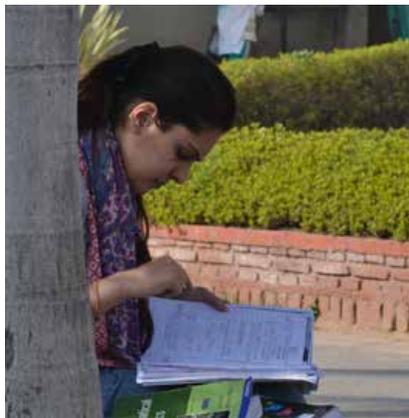
BY R. NITHYA

JAMIA THROUGH LENS

BY IYMON MAJID

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS CORNER

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NOTE FROM THE EDITORIAL TEAM

THIRTY Six years ago, a motley group of students interested in studying political science enrolled themselves for their postgraduate course in Jamia Millia Islamia. It was a modest beginning. But from then on, there has been no looking back. Today, Department of Political Science is the largest in terms of students and courses offered.

The Department offers research programs on all themes of Human Rights, Political Science and Public Administration in addition to three postgraduate courses and a bachelor's course. The research scholars have published their papers in various national and international journals. With an ingenious faculty, the Department has carved a niche for itself and is on a path of scholarly glory.

However, universities are not just institutions where academic culture is cultivated; rather they are replicas of society. Beside, societies always imitate universities. It is a mutual interaction. If a person is interested in reading a scholarly piece, he is also interested in reading a purely human interest story. Most of the times, he will prefer the latter. It is human psyche.

Considering that, we, at the Department of Political Science, thought why can't we tell students their own stories. Stories they will be interested in; stories where they can see their reflections; stories that reveal them; stories that will help them; stories that will change them, of course, for the better.

Thus, EPISTEME was born. A yearly magazine dedicated to the campus life. To be honest, we had a hard time dealing with the name. We wanted a name that conveyed a lot. And at the same time we wanted a name that students could connect with. We had quite a few options to choose from, but in the end, the editorial team decided to go with EPISTEME — the body of ideas that determine the knowledge that is intellectually certain at any particular time.

EPISTEME is so connected to political philosophy right from Plato to Foucault that we, as an editorial team having the discretion to choose, found it apt. As you will see, this first issue talks about Jamia's public sphere which we have as our lead story. You will have a great laugh while reading the Bucket list of Jamia students. Not to mention we have one story on how to tackle financial problems at the university. Moreover, there is a Photo Essay of the campus too.

There are also a few opinion pieces penned down by students. One of the pieces talks about the experience of having spent one year in Jamia.

International students studying in the Department also share their experiences.

We have done our best to have diverse and vibrant stories in our magazine. But as it was the first issue, students didn't seem so enthusiastic. We hope, in future especially next year, we'll have more stories. It is a humble beginning but we expect it to grow. We expect the magazine endeavors to reflect the values and quality of the institution that we all represent.

We dedicate this magazine to our Alma Mater ●

Editorial Team

Ilymon Majid, R. Nithya, Samreen Mushtaq

Editorial Advisor

Mr. Adnan Farooqui

It gives me immense pleasure to announce that the Subject Association of the Department of Political Science, Jamia Millia Islamia, has decided to publish an e-zine. The e-zine I hope, will be a forum for discussion, debate, diversity and creativity. It will encourage both talent and opinion, and will create a vibrant public space for students and faculty alike.

I hereby congratulate the Editorial board as well as the Subject Association for this exemplary endeavor, and wish them all the very best



Mohammad Badrul Alam

(Prof Mohammad Badrul Alam)

Head
Deptt. of Political Science
Jamia Millia Islamia.

THE

WORLD INSIDE

JAMIA MILLIA ISLAMIA



JAMIA'S OWN 'PUBLIC SPHERE' THE WORLD OUTSIDE CLASSES

SAMREEN MUSHTAQ

VISIT any university or college and you'll find students huddled together- in lawns and in corridors, in canteen and outside the library- participating actively in the discussions of national and international matters. They carry themselves with intelligence and confidence as youth should carry. Not just that, they have a world of their own.

This world, in Jamia Millia Islamia, becomes a public sphere in itself. The ultramodern FX-Uth Cafe aka Castro Café is at the forefront of this public sphere. Central canteen, MCRC canteen, engineering canteen and other places provide students a space outside their classrooms. The dingy dusty streets of Batla House and Zakir Nagar also contribute to this public sphere.

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It is 5 pm in the afternoon. At this time, most of the students of the university are in their homes or in hostels. But a good number, mostly the studious and dreamy ones, are still in the university.

For them to satiate the need of a cup of tea, the chai-walla at the locked library gate is a better option than the central canteen. Most of the students are standing, walking with cups in their hands but many are sitting on the ridges segregating the paved roads and the green parks. "Library is nearer from here," says a stu-

dent. Around the chai-walla, a horde of students is sipping tea and chattering. The conversations range from the taste of the tea served to the difficult equations of physics to the new English teacher to the latest trends in clothing.

At one corner of the gate, Abu Bakar Ayoub and Abdul Waqar are sitting, discussing "the vicissitudes of their own lives." They are not frequent visitors to the library. In fact Abu Bakar Ayoub has never seen the interior of the reading room. In his own words, "It is a daredevil's act."

Abu Bakar's only reason for this daredevil act is, "Mass Communication students should be out of Library and more in the

field," he smiles and adds, "but it is a cliché! Abu Bakar is a student of PG diploma in Urdu Mass Media. "Actually we come here to refresh ourselves. It is always good to be here. Drink a cup of tea and then head home," he says.

Waqar says that it is not just a cup of tea but "in class we cannot discuss what we want and when we are at home, it becomes even more difficult." He further adds that today they're discussing their favourite writers- Ibn Safi and Khalid Javed—the two Urdu Novelists from Pakistan. The other writer who frequently occupies their chats is Saadat Hassan Manto. Co-incidentally, the lane leading to Mass Communication and Research

Centre is also known as Saddath Hassan Manto lane.

But literature is discussed by a few. The common topic of discussions is politics and of course studies. A few yards away, two other students from the department of Arabic had bought the tea. Between the sips of the cardamom flavored tea, Azhar-ud-din was looking at his smart phone. Browsing through his facebook account, he suddenly burst into laughter.

The reason was a status update. "BJP to boycott Sushil Kumar Shinde," Azhar read loudly.

His friend Nazir Ahmad laughed too. "What are the comments?" he asked. Azhar, pursuing B.A. Arabic (Honours) didn't answer. Instead he said, "People write absurd things in the comments section." Soon they emptied their disposable tea cups and went inside the old library turned reading room of the university. Though a short conversation, it reflects the intellectual growth of Jamia Millia Islamia where a bizarre statement by a politician is laughed at.

On the same lines, Tawseef Ahmad, an Animation Student says that he loves Jamia for these discussions not just in class but outside the class also. One such place is the MCRC Canteen, "Discussions and debates happen there. Every time. Sometimes even teachers are part of these discussions." However, a question arises; the canteen can be open only up to evening. What after that? To which Tawseef replies, laughingly, "People need rest after that. Enough discussions happen throughout the day."

Tawseef immediately turns serious. "For my UGC-NET exams, I turned to the Library in the evening and was amazed to see so many people here in the evening, even up to 2 am." Thanks to Aftab Hashim, the chai-wallah, students turn the Old Library gate into busy spot. Aftab is in his late twenties and has been coming to the university for the last four years.

With packets of biscuits, traditional snacks and golden colored copper tea Samovar, he takes a position in a corner near the closed library gate at 4 pm every day except on the days when the library is closed. He is helped by his two little brothers; one of them studying in class tenth. Though illiterate, Altaf helps students to keep the candle burning. "My uncle used to bring tea and now he is old. I have taken his place," says Aftab. He is from Banaras, Uttar Pradesh and had migrated to Delhi some 10 years ago.

Both Abu Bakar and Waqar are of the opinion that Jamia has a "public sphere" atmosphere but not a conducive one. Unlike other central universities in Delhi, Jamia does not have a defined "students' point." "With a road bisecting the university into two parts and the residential areas also being very close to university, the public sphere places are also hard to find like we see in JNU," says Waqar. Abu Bakar echoes him and says, "Students often chat in the dhabas and tea shops in the residential areas around university.

From the class lectures and syllabus to the Metro construction going around Jamia to the latest news from sports and politics to latest trends in clothing and the best brands, one can hear students analyzing it all. But girls generally aren't found around the place during evening hours. "I go to the reading room during daytime and have heard it's a really vibrant atmosphere in the evening around the place, but I can't be there, for I have to keep hostel timings in consideration. Also my parents don't allow me to stay out till late hours", voices Sadia, a third year B.A. student.

For Beeney Rajput, a Masters' student in Political Science, at a time when women are highly asserting themselves, it's important that girls form a part of such informal gatherings in universities. "They also need to share their views and not feel left behind. Why should the male narrative alone find its' place in these discussions?" she questions. It is through increased participation,

-she believes, that Jamia's own public sphere can become more vibrant and effective and truly serve the purpose of discussing issues of common interest and forming a sensible public opinion ●



(Samreen Mushtaq is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2013)



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LIFE IN JAMIA

TANVEER HUSSAIN

CAMPUS life is full of memorable moments. It is hard to describe them in adjectives. Students who get admissions in universities in Delhi such as Jamia Millia Islamia, Delhi University or Jawaharlal Nehru University come from diverse socio-economic backgrounds. There are linguistic differences. Food habits differ. Culture and fashion are at variance. And then there are diverse perspectives and aspirations, providing an experience worthwhile for students and professors alike. Everyone has a different story to tell.

Everyday routines and fun-filled occasions make everyone's 'student' life. Waking up just 20 minutes before the first class, shower, then skipping breakfast and sometimes even brushing your teeth; sitting through continuous exhausting lectures to fulfill the 75% mandatory attendance is the morning for the most of the days. Waiting impatiently for lunch break, rushing to hostel mess in the last 15 minutes or spending money in canteen ruefully describes the middle part of the day. In the afternoon, sleeping comfortably in the hostel room till evening or sometimes roaming around the campus waiting to catch a glimpse of the girl you have a crush on. Evenings at Hygienic Café having snacks and tea with friends, gossiping, and sometimes engaging in 'intellectual' discussions. Building body at Jamia Sports Complex, playing games, attending state-of-the art gym; studying 'properly' after 10 p.m. at the Jamia library (as girls are not allowed after 10!); watching movies with occasional facebooking late at night are all part of everyday life at Jamia.

Food is an important issue, rather 'affair' in student life! Some students have to rent rooms off the campus due to non-availability of hostels. Their trauma of cooking

meals in a shared room—stories of trying to skip their turn from cooking—are fodder for gossips on campus!

Students who long for their native food often exaggerate the taste of their cultural cuisine in comparison to the boring hostel food. Some even organize cultural festivals where the food is good but expensive. When the hostel becomes unbearable students flock to conferences and seminars not to gain knowledge but for the sumptuous feast that follows! I tell you students will remain students. Then to fraternize, students will host their temporarily 'kangaal' (penniless) friends by sharing their hostel food (two or three persons sharing food that is meant for only one).

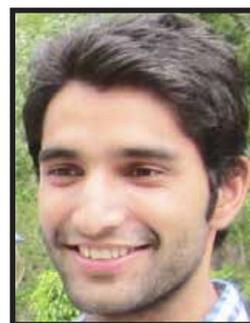
Weekends are mostly spent visiting friends or acquaintances at Delhi University or JNU. The unlucky ones, which is minority, spend their weekends cleaning their rooms and washing clothes while others send their laundry to the dhobi once or twice in a month. Collecting money for birthday celebrations of friends in a way showcases the organizing and leadership skills. (Some even collect money for fake birthdays!) Some effortlessly make and break love relationships, while others curse their fate for being single throughout their student life.

One learns a lot for the first time in life from various experiences and from the people whom one befriends. One becomes aware of different career choices available. Jamia even hosts residential coaching for those who qualify its entrance test to prepare for civil services. While student life at University as a post-graduate student has its enjoyable moments, it also has its downsides. Personally, I miss my friends from Jammu University wherefrom I com-

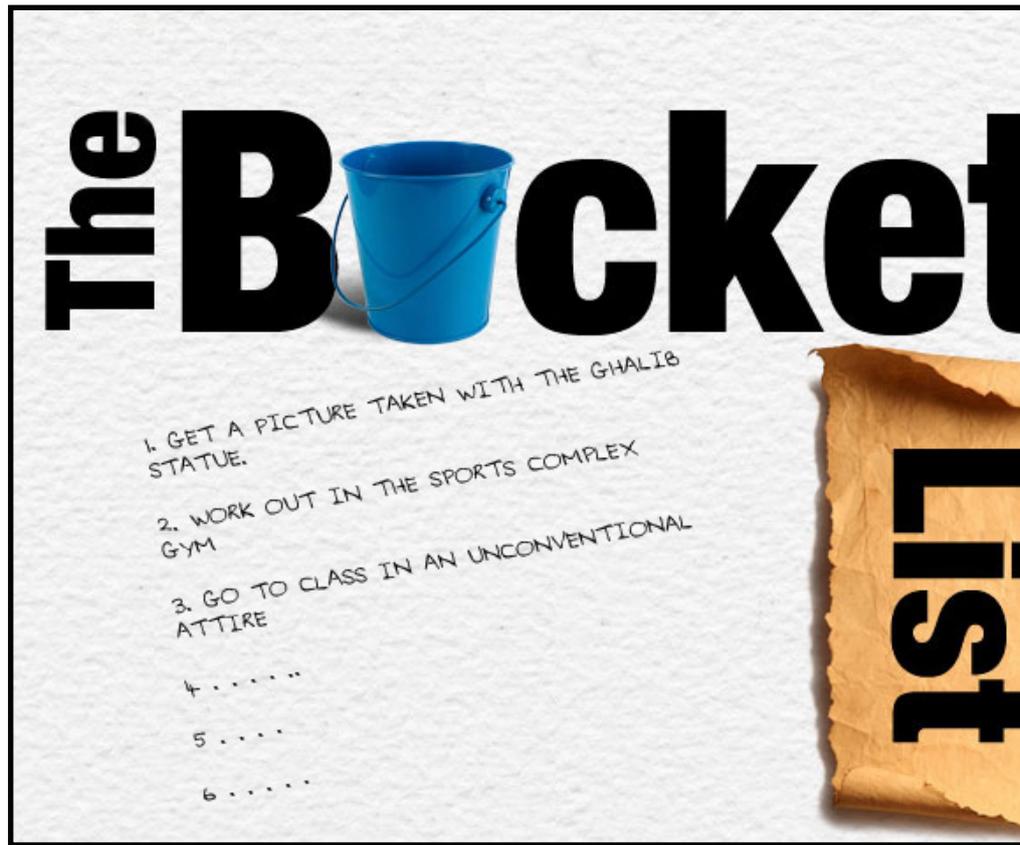
pleted my graduation. During those years in Jammu, we used to study in groups, as friends, we used to teach each other.

When one falls ill, one misses out on proper food, care and most of all love. Above all, mentalities of peers differ and it's rarely that one forms a friend circle that is as close as it was at my college in Jammu. Yet, it is all part of the multi-cultured experiences of my life and I have learnt to work harder and be on my own. The irony of life is that we gain understanding of each other and start building bonds of friendship near the moment of parting. In the past year, I have made good friends among classmates and batch mates. Now that the time has come for us to part, I feel that I will really miss Jamia, the way I miss my college. I am grateful to Jamia for having given me the opportunity to find the strength in me; to discover myself anew through the experiences of my life at Jamia. ●

Sharing Campus for different reasons
Coming together from faraway places
Leaving behind ignorant phases
Gaining knowledge from loved
Professors
We have come here & shall go farther
Forever grateful for the valuable experiences



(Tanveer Hussain is a postgraduate student in the Deptt. of Political Science, Batch of 2013)



WHAT SHOULD BE ON YOUR JAMIA BUCKET LIST?

R. NITHYA



"Kiss the most beautiful girl in the world."

No, that's not one of our suggestions for your bucket list. That is what Jack Nicholson's character, Edward Cole, wanted to do in the movie "The Bucket List." Nevermind, he also

wanted to drive a motorcycle on the Great Wall of China, get a tattoo and go skydiving, among other things. Of course, he (spoiler alert!) dies in the end, but he does get to kiss the most beautiful girl in the world. That is the beauty of bucket lists.

So while people say that it is pretty much of a challenge to gauge the amount of fun they had during college, bucket lists speak for them. To make the most of your college years, make a bucket list right now! And here are a few things we think should be on your list:

1.

Get a picture taken with the Ghalib statue.

After graduating you will not only cherish your times on the lawns near the Ghalib statue, but hey, it would be make a good enough profile picture on Facebook.

2.

Work out in the Sports Complex Gym

Whether you get to flaunt a six-pack or not, hit the Jamia gym at least once during your time at Jamia.

3.

Go to class in an unconventional attire

Pick one from your traditional dresses on Mondays. If you're a girl, put a flower in your hair on lovely Tuesdays. Dress up as if you're going to a party on Wednesdays. For those of you who are really courageous, how about a caveman-look on Thursdays?

4.

Pay cricket on the Bhopal Ground

Organize a Department Sports Day, put on your Gucci sunglasses and feel like a sports star.

5.

Listen to Jamia Radio

Most of you must be aware of Jamia's own radio channel -- Jamia Radio FM 90.4. But how many of us have ever tuned it. Do you even know when to tune in? What programs it airs? Next time you are on campus, try tuning in to 90.4 FM and find out.

6.

Perform on stage at thr Ansari auditorium

Even if your heart is pounding in your chest, and your feet are a little shaky, eye for that spotlight on the stage at the Ansari auditorium. Even if you mess up, at least, you'll get a chance to grab an entire audience for a few minutes. Enjoy your fifteen-minutes of fame.

Bucket lists offer a lot of excitement and rush. College is supposed to be that way. Cliché, indeed. But for as long as you are at Jamia,

Here are a few things some students want to do before they leave Jamia:

"I want to attend a class which is not mine." – Sadia Hussain, B.A. Political Science (Final)

"I want to qualify JRF Net." – Shweta Raghav, M.A. Political Science (Previous)

"I want to be able to speak like a 'tota' (parrot)" – Ilymon Majid, M.A. Political Science (Previous)

"I want to hug everyone in the Department before leaving Jamia." – Meenakshi Tanwar, M.A. Human Rights (Final)

"I would like to speak to all my classmates before I leave." – Vijay Kumar, M.A. Political Science (Final)

"I want to capture the entire campus on my camera." – Pushkar Abbi, M.A. Public Administration (Final)

"I want to propose a girl before I leave Jamia." – Adil Shafi, M.A. Political Science (Final)

"I plan to spend more time at the library before I leave Jamia." – Parul Malik, M.A. Public Administration (Final)

"I want to climb onto Ghalib's shoulders and get a picture taken." – Khalid Jaleel, PhD Political Science.

(R. Nithya is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2013)

INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS' CORNER

// India is a perfect blend of different cultures, religions and lifestyles. Jamia Millia Islamia completely reflects this diversity, which is evident from the fact that students come from different religious and cultural backgrounds to be a part of this prestigious seat of learning. It attracts students not only from all parts of India for pursuing their education here but has also become the abode of many foreign students. Here's a firsthand account of their experiences of being in India by two foreign nationals pursuing their studies in the Department of Political Science.

MY BASKET OF INDIAN EXPECTATIONS

SYUFRA MALINA



It is less than two months before I leave India. A friend of mine asked me, do you feel sad that you're leaving next month? I smiled, and told him that I didn't know. I could have answered in the affirmative that I was sad, but that would have been a lie. I feel neither sad nor happy about it. My feeling is plain flat towards India, which was not the case before.

The idea of India as I perceived it came into my mind in my childhood, long time before Bollywood movies, dubbed to Bahasa Indonesia, flooded Indonesia's entertainment market. Thanks to my mother's fondness of Rabindranath Tagore's poems, my idea of India started with my own imagination from Tagore's poems that my mother

would read out for me. It was calm, serene and full of hopes. The second idea came from an old movie *The City of Joy* which I watched when I was in high school. The calmness and serenity I kept about India till then was disturbed by the depiction of severe poverty in that movie.

And then there was a long gap in my mind about my thoughts for India before I finally found interest in Post-Colonial theories during my Bachelor's degree. I felt that idea of India being framed again and inspired by the spirit of resistance and firmness, the strength being different, from being the "others". I wanted that feeling.

There I chose India, and New Delhi. I picked Human Rights course for my postgraduate degree and packed my expectations to experience the India that I had in mind. I was ready to meet with Indian education system, hoped that my colleagues would be rich in professional experiences. I was totally ready to argue and have intellectual discourses with them. I came to India with a basket full of expectations and ideas.

But like life in many ways, reality differs from

ideas. Coming from a culture where people always greet and smile at each other, even in the street, I had to face disappointment and culture shock since the first day I arrived in New Delhi. From the academic angle, I didn't get to sit together in the class of professionals. I got disappointed, angry, frustrated, and irritated too. I was not alone. About nine to ten foreign students I know in India felt the same. Together with other foreign students, I spent the whole first semester with complaints, until I felt tiresome and realized that I had only wasted time in complaining and it did not make things better for me. I contemplated and opened my mind to the fact that despite people not smiling back at me whenever I smiled at them in public, I always had some stranger in the street help me whenever I needed change to pay to the rickshaw walla. How in the crowded buses, I'd always see passengers helping each other in passing on money and tickets to and from the conductor. How the concept of simplicity was not similar to backwardness. How India valued education more than anything else. From providing affordable education and books to creating an environment that appreciates academic and scientific

thoughts. That even though my classmates are not professionally learned, they are actually dedicated and aim for higher aims in their life.

In India, I also learnt that despite the fact that social and cultural system does not side with the minorities, but the state is there to guarantee their rights being fulfilled.

Having realized that and traveled around

in some other cities besides Delhi, I have realized that the idea of India should not be built from the experience of living in one city alone. To get the idea of India means to dive into the colorful sea and surf on its high and low tides.

I may not feel sad right now, and would still curse the extreme weather in Delhi, and will not be able to tolerate the unhygienic environment, and don't want to get used to noise and behavior in Delhi's street. But I

know that I will miss the dynamics of Delhi, the chai, the voice of vegetable sellers, the mom and pops store, the rickshaw, and overall life in India with unexpected kindness. The basket full of ideas and expectations that I had brought from Indonesia may have been rotten but I won't be going home empty handed. The basket is now full of precious lessons, with which I construct my new idea of India ●

HOW INDIA BECAME A SECOND HOME FOR ME

KELVIN OLUSAMUNI

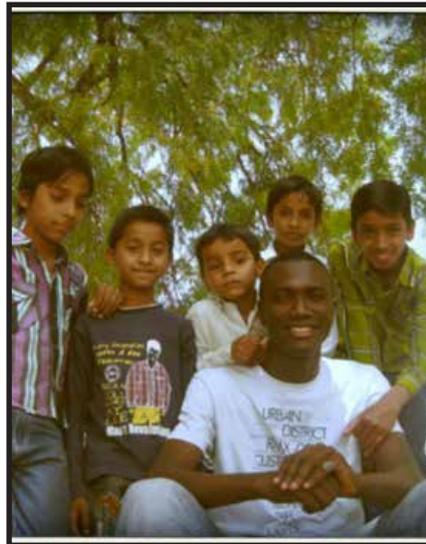
I am Kelvin Olisamuni, a Nigerian, currently studying M.A. Political Science (Previous) at Jamia Millia Islamia University. Coming to India for studies was never on my mind until one Monday morning when my parents popped the question of me studying in India. I smiled immediately and said why not. Later, I googled India like never before! Finally, here I am in this incredible sub-continent.

India is a country with diverse and interesting cultures. People kept on asking me why I chose India for my college. Here is my answer — my parents have so much love and respect for the Indian culture and traditions. That influenced me a lot. Back home in Nigeria, my mom decorated the sitting room with Indian antiques and traditional Indian arts. That is how much my parents love India. Also, I chose India because I wanted a different perspective on life and world politics. And I am so glad I came here.

The Department of Political Science of JMI gave a challenging atmosphere with a lot of work, but exciting at the same time. I vividly remember how I found myself facing a class test on my very first day here. That wasn't cool at all for me at that moment, but it occurred to me that I have to work my brains out!

The Department organizes so many activi-

ties to keep us, the students, on our toes. I also remember the seminar we had during the United States presidential elections — it was very thoughtful of the teachers to bring to the students the happenings in global politics.



Blending into the mainstream in India has been very rewarding. I have been able to learn the various Indian cultures and way of life through various spectrums, especially festivals such as Holi and Diwali. I must say it was not at all easy at the beginning due to cultural and even racial differences. As in, wherever you go, as a foreigner, you are treated with smiles and sometimes with a smirk.

I find one factor in this unique country very encouraging and that is the fighting

and competitive spirit of virtually every Indian. For me, that was just like the hustling nature of my country, Nigeria. Both India and Nigeria are former British colonies. While modern India is taking a new shape in the post liberalization era by engaging in massive industrialization and various economic reforms, Nigeria is still lagging behind in the industrial sector, but has also made reasonable impact in the world by supplying crude oil to the countries in need.

It's been a new experience all together. In the political arena, I find it amusing how political parties go about their rhetoric discourses to garner votes, and also the dynamisms different parties bear on the Indian politics. For me that is worth emulating.

In the future, I would like to see myself as a liberal democrat, an open minded individual with respect for all people around the globe irrespective of who they are. I have come to admire and see this great nation as a home away from home, especially, the Department of Political Science at JMI. I love it here ●

(Syufra Malina is pursuing her Masters in Human Rights and Duties from the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2013. Kelvin Olisamuni is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2014.)

JAMIA IN PICTURES



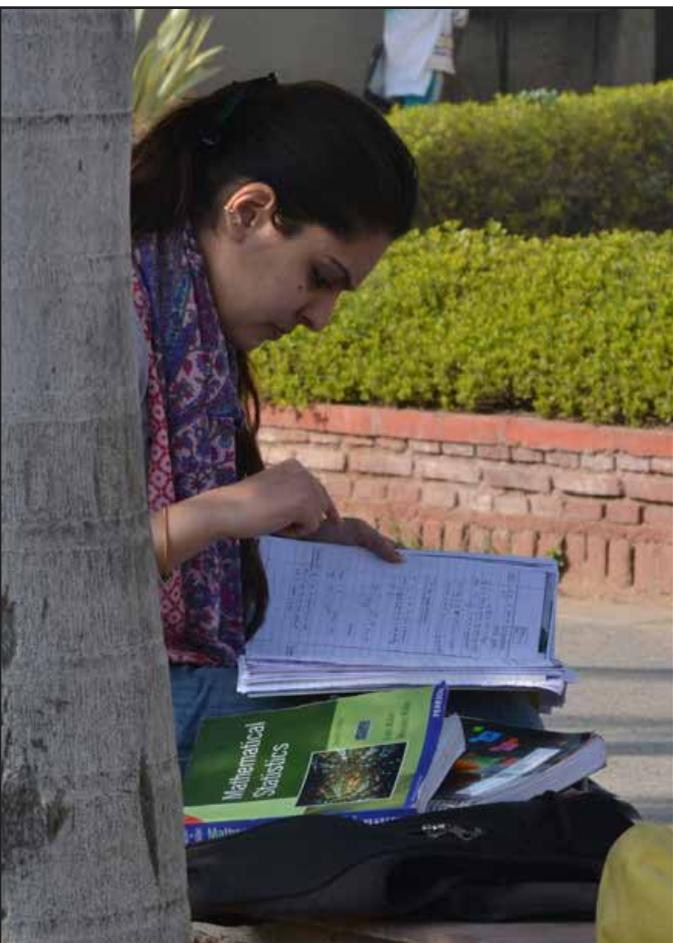
IYMON MAJID

EXCITED and on a high focused and persistent, lonely and on a low, hopeful and joyous, bewildered at times, confused at other times. Sometimes emotions run high, at other times dreams find wings to fly, one loses acquaintances and sometimes find friends – one experiences this entire plethora of feelings in a university.

Life in Jamia is no different. This temple of learning assumes a distinctive niche where students springing from different regions of the country and the world, speaking different languages, having different cultural backgrounds, come together to receive educational enlightenment. Someone has rightly remarked “University is a wonderful opportunity to find out not just much more about the world, but much more about yourself too.”



A PHOTO ESSAY IN AND AROUND
JAMIA MILLIA ISLAMIA







In Jamia, walking through the soothing environs, solitude never gives rise to a feeling of loneliness. Rather, it brings to you a strange sense of calm. You lose yourself in it and you find yourself through it.

What use is a university if it does not have a well-equipped library? For those who love reading, the library is a storehouse of knowledge. Jamia's library and reading rooms are places where one finds absolute calm and quiet.

Except if someone creates a disturbance in between, or a cell phone starts ringing because someone forgot to read the instructions of switching it off, everyone else follows, which is always a fun moment. And then some find a place outside the library also.

From the cosy settings of FX Uth Cafe aka Castro Café...

...to the open air arrangements of the

Central Canteen, you always find food outlets in Jamia as hotspots for vibrant discussions and debates. They form Jamia's own "public sphere". Politics and society, fashion and Bollywood, love stories and break-ups, everything finds a place in these discussions.

The names of halls, gates and departments intrigue you and you want to find the story behind each one. There's Dayaar e Mir Taqi Mir, there's Khayaaban e Ajmal, there's Bab e Qurat ul Ayn Haider, just to name a few.









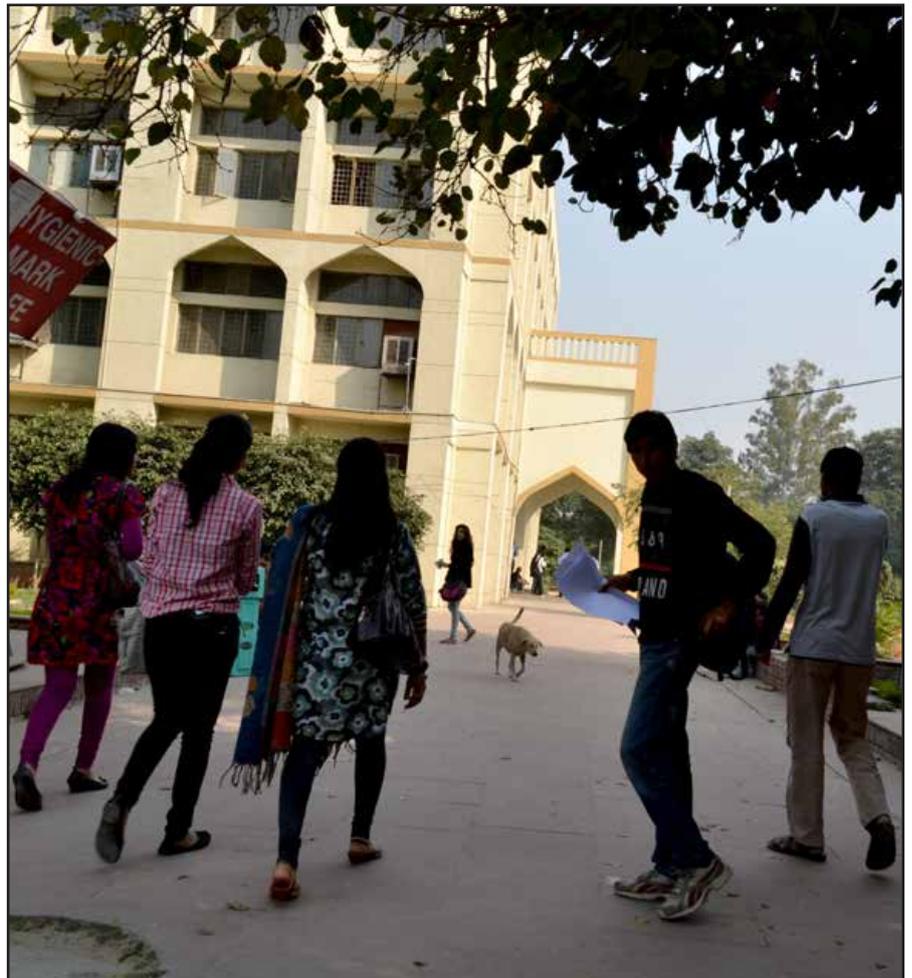
At times, when you walk towards the Department of Political Science, you can't help but wonder why the statue of Ghalib is placed in front of it. Ghalib wasn't a political philosopher or was he? Common sense tells you it must have been the Urdu department at some point of time.

Never mind, there is always a wonderful place to find shade under when the summer sun takes its toll on you.

You always see it welcoming you into its family with open arms, teaching you to fly, helping you get up when you fall, imbuing in you the will to win, the desire to succeed, giving you the strength to overcome.

There is so much that Jamia offers.

Slowly but certainly one thing happens. Before you realize it, you just fall in love with this place. Head over heels! And there's no way you can help it ●



THE STORY SO FAR ...



An experience of a lifetime and a significant milestone is what Jamia is to me."

SAMPURNA DUTTA

A mesmerizing campus bustling with energy. Warm welcoming people and a cordial ambience. That's Jamia for you! It all happened once graduation was over. College was a space so blissful and protected that three years just whizzed past without even realizing and then the big question-what next? The desire to pursue post graduation in the course that I love, political science, brought me to Jamia. The ecstasy of clearing the written exam was soon quashed by the fear of an interview looming over; in my case the first ever in life. Much against my anticipations, the five member panel was friendly and supportive. What's more, I cleared the interview and here I was-officially a student of Jamia Millia Islamia!

The first thing that bowled me over was the systematic and efficient administration. The entire process of admission takes place in the most student friendly, hassle free manner. To top it all, the person responsible for the whole process amuses you with his jovial comic behavior! He is no wonder loved by one and all. If you happen to bear the prevailing stereotypes, you are in for a surprise. This place welcomes and accepts you the way you are. Cultural assimilation prevails here like nowhere else. One of the instances that caught my attention at the earliest was the gracious way people greet one another. It warmed my heart and I soon learnt to do the same.

One thing that you would never want to miss is the food! Often you would be

asked, "Yahan ki biryani khayi?" Once tasted, you can never get over it. Be it the central canteen, Fx, or Engineering Faculty, food here is something worth relishing. Academically, professors don't pressurize us to the point of breakdown. Classroom studies take place in a relaxed manner giving ample time for self study. After all, where else would you have a four day week and enjoy an extended weekend every week?

My stay in Jamia has been enhanced by the numerous people that I have come in terms with. Coming from different parts of the country and the globe, each from a different walk of life, has a story to tell. Experiences that we happened to share introduced me to world views that I didn't even know existed. Sitting in the canteen while sipping on chai, you hear things that make you go, "Aisa bhi hota hai?" From loving batch mates to doting seniors who pamper you silly, you name it and you have it here! Not everyone is as warm and friendly though. A lot of times animosity and negativity exists like anywhere else. But it's all part of life and trust me, these little complications are worth having!

From graduation to post graduation, I have come a long way. Amongst a host of other things, Jamia has taught me to be patient and accepting. Several things here function in a much different way from what I had learnt so far. I had to unlearn several things and relearn them to fit in here. While working for several events in the university, I realized that I

could stretch my limits to an extent that I wasn't aware of earlier. In the process of adapting myself to the work culture here, what I have always retained is my individuality. While respecting viewpoints which are diametrically opposite to mine, I have ensured that my outlook and the principles and convictions that I firmly believe in remain intact. A lot of times, it has backfired but I am not complaining.

It's almost been a year in Jamia. Friendship, bonding, jealousy, competition, success and setbacks, I have had it all. Good, bad, ugly- each of these experiences has taught me something or the other and I'll carry them with me forever. An amazing second year with many more experiences is what I look forward to. While enjoying myself to the fullest and making the most out of the two years of my stay here, I wish to make a mark for myself and do my tiny bits in making this place a little better than what it already is. An experience of a lifetime and a significant milestone is what Jamia is to me ●



(Sampurnaa Dutta is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2014)

HOW TO AVOID BEING BROKE AT JAMIA?

R. NITHYA

If you have been in Jamia for a while, chances are that you have heard or seen your friends, acquaintances and even yourself acting frugal at times. If you are not a native of Delhi, and have come here only for your Bachelors or Masters degree, you would know by now that money is tight and that Delhi is hell of an expensive city.

Though parents might make sure that you keep receiving a steady in-flow of money from home, the real problem is sustaining a respectable lifestyle in that shoe-string budget you are required to live by.

Probably when you were younger, money did not seem like an issue, but now that you are out and about, Gandhis seems to be slipping out of your hands more often than you can afford to. So this new-found adventure of attending and surviving college needs to be paired up with a check on your spending.

A smart financial plan to avoid being broke in Jamia will pay off in the future – the future being the next movie release of your favourite Bollywood star.

Things that could save you from being broke:

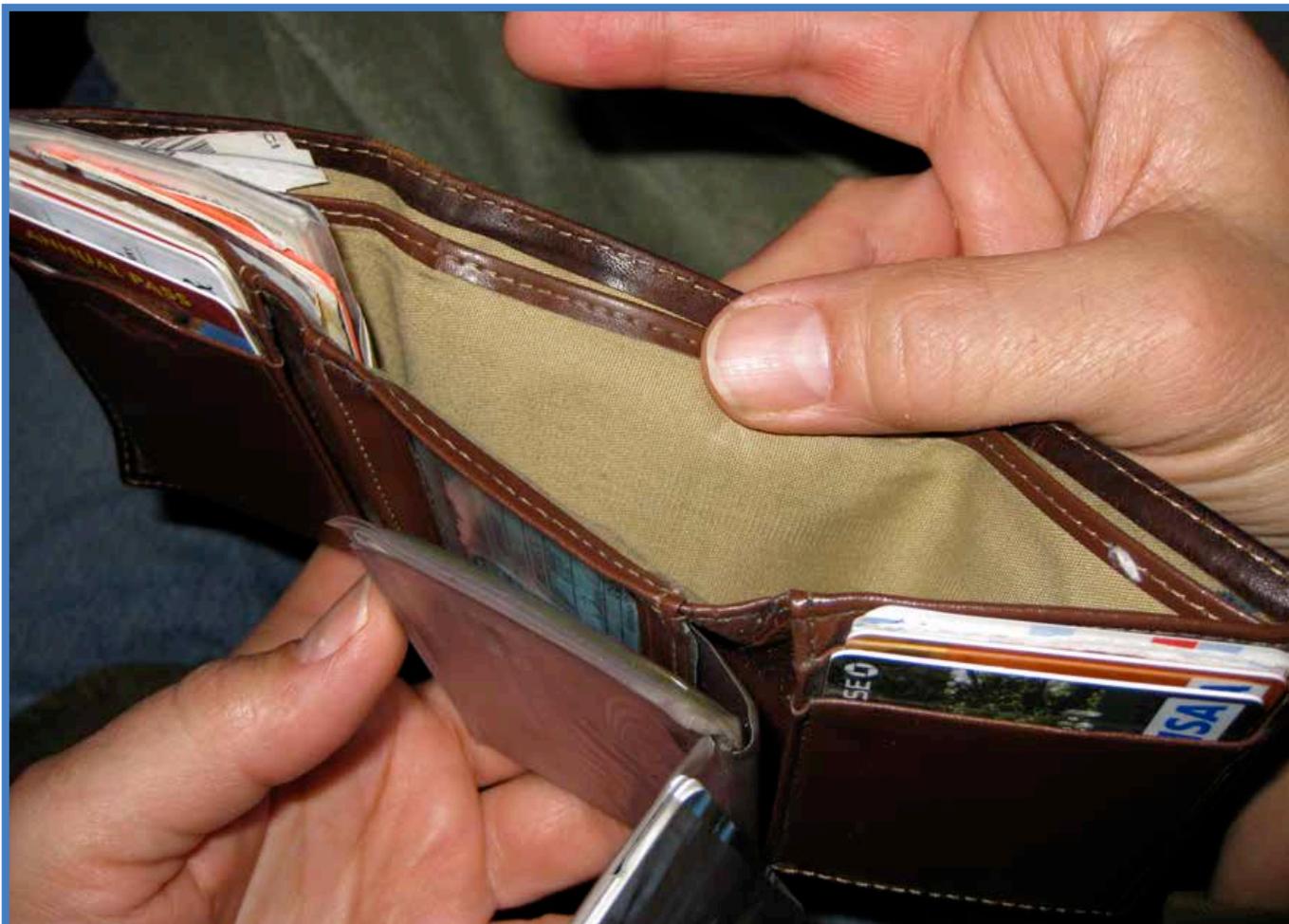
1. Mobile Phone Recharge: Surely, one cannot deny the fact that mobile phones are the Gen Y's bridge for successful relationship building and maintenance. For those of you away from your families, mobile phones become all the more significant. And of course, every now and then, you also like to tell your Facebook friends about how many sleepless nights you have had in the past week or how you would like to be at any place other than the 9:15 a.m. class every morning. Though all mobile service providers are soulless blood-sucking parasites, try to find one of those Friends Packs that suit you the most.

2. House Rent: If you have a family to stay with in the city, you're among the lucky ones. If you got a room at one of Jamia's hostels, you're still lucky (we'll talk about bad hostel food in the next point). But if you're one of those stranded souls left alone to fetch a house for yourself, then look for a roommate to share your flat with. As of now, Jamia department wash-rooms are considered to be the most

popular places to put up notices that say 'Looking for a Roommate.' After all, everybody with a bladder would see it.

3. Food: My sympathies with those who eat at the Jamia hostel mess. Compassionate mothers might shed a tear or two for your thinning weight, but the uncompassionate ones would argue that it is life's hard way of teaching you the value of a good home-cooked meal that you never appreciated before. On days when you cannot stand potatoes floating in cooking oil, turn towards the Central Canteen. If not better food, at least, it offers you more options. FX Cafe, on the other side of the campus, seems to be for the Richie Richs, and they are a bit stingy with the food too. They will rarely fill your plates up and definitely never your bellies. Maggie Point near the Academy of International Studies is a little too far, but do walk the distance when your pocket makes you see cheap noodles as the main course.

4. Travel: Though you might graduate by the time the Delhi Metro starts running through the campus, the DTC bus will serve you all through your years here. Yes, the long queue of students



outside the office in the Proctor's building seems intimidating, but don't lose focus of what you will get: A one-time payment for all your bus travels at least for a semester!

5. Books & Text materials: The Zakir Hussain Central Library is there for a reason. Use it. Get your student's library card made as soon as you join Jamia. In case, you need to buy some books, consider shopping online at Homeshop18 which offers more discount than Flipkart does. On other days, get some friends together and explore Nai Sadak in Old Delhi.

6. Scholarships: Apply for scholarships. Keep an eye out for when the forms are out. Applying for scholarships can be time-consuming, but if you think you deserve one, then it's completely worth a try. Score well in your exams and who knows, if you're lucky to be among the top scorers, you might be monetarily rewarded at the end of the year. Never underestimate the value of a few extra bucks.

Remember, it is important to set your priorities. Perhaps you could skip watching Salman Khan's latest release, and instead invest that money you would have spent on movie tickets in buying a study lamp for your table. Your roommate might appreciate it as well. And just because you believe

you are your parents' favourite kid, doesn't mean you can get away with drilling holes in their pockets. Monitor your ATM usage.

Getting a part-time job is usually not a feasible option, for juggling work and studies is no child's play. If you're considering being an intern

somewhere, remember, even the best internships in this country do not pay.

And if at the end of the month you are left with a little bit of money, treat yourself. After all, you deserve a reward for planning your expenses so carefully ●

(R. Nithya is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2013)



RECORDING LIFE IN 'OTHER' HOME

IYMON MAJID

HOME is the apartment in an old building. Family is friends whom they did not know two years ago. Not even in the wildest of their dreams. But they talk, play, and live together as if they have known each other for ages. They are proud of their bonhomie. Of course, in reality, any University campus is a melting pot of sociability.

"Baradari," they call it.

It is easy to imagine these students, who study at Jamia Millia Islamia, having a great time of their life. When I met them at their apartment in Batla house, there was chaos all around. Just when they had started to cook in the afternoon, one of them realised that the cooking gas cylinder was empty.

As it was a Sunday, they had also planned to clean the apartment after lunch. The empty cylinder was trying to ruin the whole planning. The students had to resist the laziness. It was thus time for them to cajole one to go to the market to get the cylinder refilled. No one was ready.

Iqbal Sonaullah, pursuing M. Phil in the centre for West Asian studies gave in. He volunteered to go to the market. But then came another problem; who will pay? Somehow they managed and Iqbal was out of the apartment. Soon, the other students—Zubair, Faiz, Umair—started to cleanse.

Student life is synonymous to torrential water fights and stark, utilitarian fittings. When these students were cleaning the apartment, both were visible. They had fun. They threw water on each other. They punched and laughed.

And then there was the apartment stuff: two simple desert coolers, a ceiling fan, some blankets, an Almirah, laptops and lots of books and photocopied notes. Surely these days, students have many privileges than must have been the case 30 or 40 years ago. And these privileges directly influence the stay outside home, hundreds of kilometres away.

“Privileges do not minutely affect the stay outside the home,” Iqbal told me while peeling onions. “It is in a way an open prison. Though we think we have freedom, do not have an ever observant eye of parents but the point is we do not have freedom.” Iqbal was pointing to the kitchen chores which the students had to do themselves and the money sent from home.

There is no concealing the fact that much of the time in the student life is consumed in things which students consider paltry. “When I was not in the University hostel and living in a private lodge, most of my time was spent in cleaning the utensils and cooking,” Aamir Latief, a bachelor of architecture in Jamia Millia told me when I met him in his hostel room. He would get only a few hours of studying. It took also took a toll on his academic results. He was angry for not being allotted the hostel.

In hostels, students have more time for study and do not have to do kitchen work. Iqbal echoed Aamir’s views when I raised the question, “Yes, it is right. But at home, look how carefree we are. We don’t even give a damn about our tea cup.” But Iqbal was optimistic. In a way, he said, it is good as students learn a lot of things.

Then when we talked about money, Iqbal again talked of the open prison. Students buy their clothes, books or other things but the amount sent from home is always fixed, “which is not the case at home,” he remarked.

If you ask any student how university budgeting tends to work, the answer will be the same. There are so many commonalities in student life and money is one such. The paltry maintenance loan wheezes into the bank account. It is seldom on time and students often complain that they receive money a few days late. The money is then split to cover the essentials (drinks/clothes/food/drinks). “You feel a little pleased (there’s still some left!)” and then rent knocks on the door like an uninvited guest. Before they know it, there’s

barely a penny left in the students’ bank account.

Vakil Manzoor, a PG Diploma student in the Mass Communication and Research Centre (MCRC), who has a private accommodation, explained it this way, “Either we are bad managers or the money sent from home is less,” over a cup of tea in the MCRC canteen. Students have to buy everything, even water which is not the case at home for most of them. Then there is always other stuff like electricity bills.

Though the residential areas like Batla house, Noor Nagar, Zakir Nagar around Jamia Millia are cheaper than other residential areas in Delhi, students still face the heat of budget. There can be different reasons for it. Parents send a fixed amount which they think is enough as per the expenditures at home. “They always relate it with what we spend at home which is illogical,” said Iqbal.

Whether students spend more or parents send less is a question which will take decades, even centuries, for us to answer. But one thing which can be agreed upon is that it is this pressure which makes student life interesting especially outside hostels. There is a tinge of freedom but there is also a sense of curtailment.

When the budget is strict, the opportunities to enjoy also lessen. Vakil does not remember when was the last time he went to see places in Delhi. Iqbal’s life is between his apartment and university, so is the life of his roommates. But hostellers are lucky in this regard. Aamir told me that he sometimes goes to watch the latest movie.

But when it comes to talking about home, every student has the same story to narrate. It is the story of longing and nostalgia. “Last vacation when I went home, my two neighbours had died. I planned so many times to visit their homes but I felt alienated as if I was a stranger,” Iqbal said and continued, “When I am here, I miss my home. I miss my brother.” Faiz, his room-

-mate had a same story to tell.

Studying outside without the luxuries of home is always tough. It comes with certain sacrifices and most of the times these are conscious decisions by the students. So even when they think life is bleak, they will put a face which makes other three faces smile. They will help another student in the middle of night if he has gastro-intestinal problems. They will lend money to each other. They face life with a big smile. They become innovative and creative.

An innovation of such kind can be seen in Umair’s laptop. It is a video. In the video, Iqbal is playing a harmonium which is actually a laptop. He is moving his hands on the laptop like a professional Harmonium player. His roommate, Zubair, a Ph.D. scholar in the department of politics has big fat books before him and he is acting as a table player. One student—who lives in another apartment—is using the pressure cooker lid as Sitar and is motioning his hands that way. Lastly, Shariq who often comes to the apartment fondly known as ‘Comrade Inn’ is playing Rabab which is actually a two-litre water bottle.

Iqbal is the lead singer of this ‘band’ and is lip-synching a Kashmiri song playing in the background. The song is: Dil ha nunam czhoorey...College Koriye. (My heart was stolen by a college girl.)

The song continues to play. So does the video and the students. They are creating memories ●

(Ilymon Majid is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2014)



JOYS OF NOT LIVING IN JAMIA HOSTEL

BEENY RAJPUT

WHEN I joined Jamia in 2011 for my postgraduation, I did not get hostel to live in. I had to rent a place to stay until hostel accommodations were made available. My initial thoughts were that I could not stay outside; it would be very difficult for me. I was literally cursing myself why I took admission here and how could I manage now. How would I travel alone, how would I live without any security that one gets in a hostel; so many questions troubled my mind. I used to be scared a lot because I had never stayed alone away from my home. In fact, my parents were also not in favour of me living outside; although I tried to convince them, yet deep inside I was afraid myself. At one point, I almost decided to go back and do an MBA from my native place. I even told my parents what I was thinking about. They said I should fill the hostel form first and then decide. I was yet to join classes, but I went to Jamia campus to fill the hostel form. There I met a girl, she asked me about hostel and I saw that she was also worried like me. After discussing

this, she asked me if I was from Jammu and Kashmir. I said yes. With that answer, her expressions changed to that of pure joy. Even I was also very happy when I got to know that we were from the same state. After being in touch on the phone for few days, we decided to live together in a rented room till we got hostel accommodation.

Initially, we faced a lot of problems. We had little space, we had no beds, we would spread mattresses on the floor to sleep, we would be tortured by the presence of cockroaches, and we had to manage the space for all our clothes and books in the same room. It was so different from home, where we would have our own separate rooms, beds, almirahs and everything we needed to live a comfortable life. We then decided to distribute the work as per our convenience. Like my roomie told me that she didn't know how to cook. I told her I knew how to cook, so offered to do it. She said she would clean the utensils. Like this, we distributed every work.

As time passed, I learnt so many things such as activeness, how to manage things with limited money, how to cook different varieties of food, how to care about my health without my parents being there to look after me. Somehow I became more religious than I was back home. And most importantly, I learnt patience; like sometimes I didn't like something my roommate did, but I'd stay quiet. With time, we would talk to each other about such things and suggest to each other ways of improving ourselves. Through that, both of us learned good things from each other.

Delhi was a new city for the both of us. So everywhere we went, we used to go together: to college, to the market, etc. Gradually we got closer and started discussing our families and friends with each other. We were starting to become like family to each other. Whenever I had any problems, first I would talk about it with my roommate and then I'd call up home and talk to my family about it. Whenever any of us got any money from

home, we would decide where to go for shopping or eating, trying a new place every time. Sometimes I would not be in the mood to cook food, so my roommate would pizzas or something like it. On our birthdays, we would decorate the room and get a cake for each other. If one or the both of us would score well in exams, or do well in a class presentation or get extra money from home, we would celebrate it. All these little joys never made us miss home much. I was a much pampered child, I used to go home after every one month but with time I adjusted very happily and did not feel the need to go home regularly. But throughout my time here, I have been annoying my roomie by regularly breaking buckets, coffee mugs and other utensils. Strangely, whenever she would lovingly advise me specifically about being careful, the same day I would

break something else and get a scolding from her. It used to be so funny, even after all the scolding! Someday, this breaking of utensils would reach such a peak that she would jokingly tell me that she plans on killing herself or calling up my parents to tell them to take me back home.

Now as I am about to bid adieu to Jamia, I know I am going to miss every second of this life. How can I forget those days when we would sing together in our room at the top of our voices, despite being terrible singers. How can I forget those sleepless nights when we kept drinking coffee all night and having discussions about studies, about our future plans, about our teachers, about our classmates, and the funniest part, mimicking them. How can I forget those days when we made a timetable to follow for studies and

deleted it every other day because we failed to follow it. How can I forget those nights when we tried on all our dresses just to click pictures together. How can I forget those rainy days when I would make bad pakodas and both of us would still eat them and enjoy them. How can I forget those nights before exams when we would curse ourselves for not studying earlier, and yet would gossip all night and not study.

Now when I look back at the last two years, I see it as a blessing in disguise for me. Maybe I would have never learnt these things in a hostel that I learnt here. Even though I got more freedom than one would get in a hostel, I learned to use that freedom in a good way. I will carry these memories and these lessons with me forever ●

FAREWELL



SAMREEN MUSHTAQ

JAMIA Millia Islamia- The name that has come so close to heart, is so special to memory and so much like a home away from home! Never had I thought that parting from a place where you've spent just two years, out of over twenty years of your life, would be so hard. Bidding adieu to it seems like the toughest thing to do. My heart lies somewhere in those 'silent conversations' of the initial days, somewhere in those 'huddles' outside the canteen, somewhere in those lush green lawns, somewhere in those noisy corridors, somewhere in those serious classes, somewhere in those tears of parting towards the end. Somewhere there's a sense of gratefulness for people who became friends, for teachers who became mentors. Somewhere the place lives in me..somewhere I lose myself to the sense of calm and belongingness it has instilled in me over time. How do I say

goodbye to this place that has taken my heart away? I am about to lose my world of promises. Pain scissoring sweet memories, that's what this hour of separation bears.

As I prepare to walk away, I know I am not leaving empty handed. I have learnt some of the best lessons of my life here. I have found people I can always look up to, people I can depend on. Sitting in front of Gulistaan-e-Ghalib (the building where the Department of Political Science is housed) and writing this, I see my friends and acquaintances pass by me with a smile on their face. How can I not miss all this? How can I leave with any bitter memories?

Sometimes I feel like time rushed away too quickly. Wasn't it just yesterday that I came with my bag of fears and some hope too, wondering how this place would accept

me, worrying if at all it would? And today, I am done with four semesters. Yet everything is so deeply engrained to memory.

No doubt, there's certain insecurity about where to go on from here. Lots of questions about future arise in my mind and are left unanswered. Lots of fears creep in- the major one being the fear of not coming upto expectations. But there's hope too. And don't they say, future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams! Jamia has made me believe, it has made me dream, it has been 'the palace of my dreams'. How could someone not fall in love with this place? I certainly have!

(Samreen Mushtaq is a postgraduate student in the Department of Political Science, Batch of 2013)

BATLA HOUSE

THE IDEAL STOP FOR JAMIA NAGAR'S FOOD LOVERS

SAMREEN MUSHTAQ AND HILAL RATHER

Over and noisy with a huge rush of people, motorcycles and rickshaws blocking ways of walking through the already narrow lanes and by lanes- such is the spectacle that the locality of Batla House, adjoining Jamia Millia Islamia presents. With a population that is predominantly Muslim, the name rings a bell. It is because of the alleged Batla House Encounter of 2008. But there's more to the place than that dark chapter embedded to its history. As you walk amidst a huge rush of people, you can sense that liveliness of the place, a vibrant atmosphere that never seems to be dying down. It fits your vision of "the city that never sleeps", the only difference being that it presents no characteristics of the city, except for its fast life of course. The food served in its small restaurants and roadside stalls is too good to disappoint you. And to add to it and help you in the scorching sun, you get a variety of fruit drinks served at various juice corners.

If you are a foodie with great love for non-vegetarian varieties, you simply cannot miss tasting food at "Purani Dilli", the restaurant right next to the Al-Umar mosque as one walks towards the lane leading to Zakir Nagar. It certainly does remind you of Purani Delhi, of those overcrowded streets and of that yummy food. It is Batla House's

own version of the famous Karim's. 40-year old Barkat, who runs the restaurant, tells you the range of choices they offer. "The restaurant was started around five years ago. We have Mutton Korma, Mutton Nahari, Mutton Haleem, Chicken Tandoori Special, Roganjosh, Shahi Paneer and Dal Makhni amongst other dishes to offer to our customers." Here, one must especially try out Mutton Haleem (a slow cooked dish composed of meat, lentils and spices) and Mutton Nahari (a Mughlai dish of tender cuts of meat stew, including bone marrow, sprinkled with spices), both taste too good to be missed out.

However, for many students of Jamia Millia Islamia, visiting Purani Dilli restaurant cannot be a daily affair. "The food tastes too good, no doubt about that. But it is costly and we as students staying away from home cannot afford to visit it every now and then. It is reserved for the days when we get enough money from home or when we visit in a group to celebrate a special occasion", says Mirza Gowhar, a Masters student in Jamia's Department of Mathematics.

You also cannot miss out the delicacies that Saeed's restaurant, a hundred meters from Purani Dilli restaurant towards Zakir Nagar, has to offer. Owned by 28-year old

Mohammad Zafar from Bihar, the place offers Mughlai cuisine like Malai Tikka, Chicken Tikka, Chicken Roasted and Chicken Achari. Zafar says, "We specialize in Malai Tikka and Chicken Tikka and a significant number of students from Jamia come here for it", which is expected since the students find the price of 90 Rupees



per quarter pretty affordable. Just opposite this place is "Lucknow Galawati", a small restaurant that has been a favourite for kebab lovers for four years now.

As you go on exploring the place, noticing yourself being surrounded by jovial people all the time, you come across shops where beautiful collections of Abayas (the loose over-garment worn by Muslim women) are



sold. You see elegant Abayas hanging in front of a couple of shops. And then you come across shops where wedding dresses are sold, following the latest trends of clothing. From Kurtas and crockery to

from U.P, surprises you as he starts talking to you in fluent English. "I am a management graduate from the Indian Literary School, a sister concern of World Institute of Fashion Designing. I left my job to do something innovative and this is it. I have been here for the last two years." His shop, Blenders 'Drinks That Delight' is famous for Khajoor Shake and Chiko Shake.

Students are often seen around evenings huddled outside the shop, sipping their drinks and discussing a wide range of issues.

Last but not the least, one has to taste the barbecues sold here. Coming to Batla House and not having barbecues is like coming back from Agra without visiting the Taj Mahal. As you reach near Azeem Diary mode Batla House, a 20-year old street vendor named Mohammad Shafiq sells Chicken Tikka and Chicken Roasted at very affordable prices. "I am here from 6pm to 11 pm every day. Besides this, I also work as a DJ in DJ Choice, which is the most famous DJ in Jamia Nagar and adjoining areas," says Shafiq. Each tikka costs 40 Rupees and Mutton Seekh is sold for just 5 Rupees here.



footwear and utensils, from non-vegetarian varieties to Parathas, Lassi and sweets, you find the shops and street stalls of Batla House providing you everything.

As you tire yourself out with exploring the place and plan to walk back to where you came from, you can find a Juice Corner adjacent to Abu Bakr Masjid on your way. The owner, 28-year old Mohammad Bilal



If Old Delhi is too far away for you, Batla House makes for a perfect replacement of the same. It's a place worth being explored.

Batla House, although crowded and dusty, provides food lovers with an amazing opportunity to taste the wide varieties of dishes that the place has to offer. If Old Delhi is too far away for you, Batla House makes for a perfect replacement of the same. It's a place worth being explored •

(Samreen Mushtaq and Hilal Rather are pursuing MA in Political Science)



EPISTEME

A MAGAZINE FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF
POLITICAL SCIENCE JAMIA MILLIA ISLAMIA.
