



BENGALURU
DR. B. R. AMBEDKAR
SCHOOL OF
ECONOMICS

A Unitary University, Govt. of Karnataka

VEAR 2021 | ISSUE 1

BASE

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS MAGAZINE





ABOUT BASE

BASE University will make its presence felt in the country as one of the finest training institutions in Economics and compete with the best in the country. BASE will not only set a new model in teaching and research in economics but shall also assist the Government of Karnataka and Union Government of India in policy formulations, to inform them through research the effectiveness of the policies. BASE would focus on imparting holistic knowledge in the discipline of economics by providing an understanding of other social sciences disciplines such as political sciences, sociology, philosophy, ethics etc. The teaching and training will focus on freedom to think and allow freely the new currents in economics and allied social sciences.

Message from the Vice Chancellor



"There is no doubt that creativity is the most important human resource of all. Without creativity, there would be no progress, and we would be forever repeating the same patterns."- Edward de Bono

I wish to congratulate the BASE Magazine committee for coming out with an electronic edition of the first University Magazine in the year 2020-21. In these challenging times of pandemic, we envision this step as the hope towards a positive academic future. The magazine brightens the imaginations of students swaying from observations to abstractions.

I congratulate the students and magazine editors for using various mediums of expression to present their ideas. I appreciate every student who shared the joy of participation in co-curricular and extra-curricular activities along with their commitment to curriculum during their virtual classes. The very first student magazine of BASE explores the economic and social realms of the unprecedented period and also enables us to expect an optimistic time ahead.

~ N. R. Bhanumurthy
Vice Chancellor, BASE University

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Disclaimer

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Any views are not intended to malign any religion, ethnic group, club, organization, company or individual.

TO BE AWARE



IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL HEALTH AWARENESS

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

TESS KURIAN: From Kanakkary, love s philosophy, and Asian literature. Currently into manga and variants.

High body temperature, chills, headache, muscle aches, shivering are the typical symptoms of fever. Throbbing pain in the lower abdomen during the shark week – a symptom of Dysmenorrhea.

The discomforts of the body are easily spotted, recognized, and treated. The same is not true for mental health issues. First of all, we often have no clue. Unlike physical ailments, mental illness does not gain attention. Very little is taught in schools, and there is plenty of stigmas to discourage any conversation we would like to have about it.

Not knowing can be dangerous. Whoever said, "Ignorance is bliss" did not have this in their mind. Not understanding what is going on can be pretty unnerving, whether it is you who is suffering or the ones around you. You could be anguished by an ailment affecting the mind. But, you have no way of knowing what's happening or how to make it go away. If it is one of your loved ones that are unwell and you have no way of helping them out. Lack of awareness leads to the misattribution of symptoms to laziness, sadness, or fatigue. It becomes difficult to diagnose and seek help.

Mental health is often neglected, especially when financial resources are limited. Therapy is not cheap, and not everyone can afford it. In trying to make the two ends meet, mental



illness is often showed deep into an abyss. When the demons crawl out, ready to devour the person whole, the ill person is called names, robbed of dignity, and even chained up. There are enough quacks and magic healers who provide services of superstition, that are at the zenith of insensibility. That is why public health care should take mental health seriously. Mental health sub-unit under Primary Health Centres can do wonders in our country.

Mental health disorders can negatively affect a person's all-around welfare, hurt productivity, dampen ambition, and will to live. To quote John Nash Jr., "Though I had success in my research both when I was mad and when I was not, eventually I felt that my work would be better respected if I thought and acted like a 'normal' person."

It is crucial to engage in training programs that make workplaces better suited for the various nuances of human existence.



According to the World Health Organization, violence, persistent socio-economic pressures, and sexual violence are risk to mental health. Poor mental health is also associated with rapid social change, stressful work conditions, gender discrimination, social exclusion, unhealthy lifestyle, physical ill-health, and human rights violations. These can be tackled effectively through a community-based approach. In case of mental health issues that have their root in the biology of a person, but the surrounding can play a significant role in recovery. Only an aware and compassionate society can help tackle the feelings of isolation and pessimism that comes with mental disorders.





WHY NOT KIND?

By: Suveda

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Suveda Bobbili a third year student from Hyderabad emphasizes on being kind .

It is generally said that broken hearts are the ones that generate the strongest of art. Well, if you ask me, it comes from strong souls who can churn out the pain and take out words when it seems that the void is unbearable. But isn't that the thing about art? While everyone else is seeing a spark from afar, very few know it's this raging fire inside that creates a light that seems like a twinkle to everyone.

For instance, when I think of Charlie Chaplin, three adjectives pop up in my head - funny, happy, and cheerful. I assume most readers will think up words similar to these, but the fact is that he had none of these in his life.

He had an alcoholic father who abandoned his family when Charlie was just one year old. He, alongside his stepbrother who was subsequently shipped off to an orphan boarding school, would sometimes dance on the streets to make ends meet. When he was 14, his mom was admitted to a psychological asylum. Yet, he made each one of us laugh, and his life is what I would call a perfect example of an oxymoron.

Vincent Van Gogh, perhaps the most noticeable name throughout the entire existence of western art, committed suicide by shooting himself. The Dutch craftsman had a similar story, from being cast out by the community for loving a prostitute to psychotic attacks, chronic delusions, and finally a bipolar condition.

Perhaps we all are artists like these in a way or two. Camouflaging pain, agony, and sorrow with a beautiful smile, or art, and sometimes a game. Sometimes at work to impress the boss, and sometimes back home so that people whom we cherish sleep well, not having to worry about us.

Amidst all this chaos, a smile to a stranger, or helping an old lady with her bags could mean plenty to them and yet cost you nothing. So maybe, next time you see someone just walking past the road, SMILE, or just crinkle your eyes, and let your mask do the magic. Why not make your heart the most beautiful thing about you, among many other man-made norms of beauty?



The Windows In My Head

By: Ann Mary John

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Ann Mary John is a 3rd-year student of BASE-U. She tries pouring down her insecurities into words, and sometimes they look poetic.

I wish we have a home, where the large windows open
 To a stream, trees, birds, wilderness
 And a window on the opposite side,
 To the bustling city and its lights
 The ambiverts here need it
 An utterance of our being the city might demand
 A noisy weeping mess
 While in the woods behind, can we hide,
 Get lost, be invisible and
 I will guide you through the darkness that leads finally home-
 The neutral point, calm, grey
 What holds us together when
 We only see things crumbling down;
 The fireplace, love
 Will be my warmth, light, surrounding you
 And if you don't find me one day,
 Don't look
 The city might have dissolved me in its cocktail,
 Or the woods might have fed me an overdose of silence
 Maybe I succumbed despite the struggle, But I will in the end rest
 All the weight and thoughts beyond me
 Past the world, I go, to peace to joy
 The change will I notice?
 Well, how does it matter
 Into tranquillity,
 I fall
 And that's all I want

ऋtmBऋhra

Prosaic kept surreptitious. not.
Hedonists bonded to blindness to the other side of the
coin. Evanescent Ephemeral Empty Aether
Emulation a Sagacity?
z million water pots reflect the sun, don't fall for the
Halo effect.
For you wanna shine like the sun, you have to burn like
the sun. Opium of the masses? Your version, not poison?
What do you fancy? Anachronistic. not. Prerogative.
Hopaloo Kangaroo boogaloo What does the fox say?
Every dog has its day.
Rome wasn't built with hay in a day so as to say but
there's a way. mice play while the cat's away.
Fortune favours the brave? Ignorance is ssilB.
Unda Da Influence Broda. ocb to ocb.
Od OG . Dreams Shiv G. Pot? not.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Aashish N B is a 3rd-year student here. He says he's not trying to convey
"AThesiihsska*ayi*" to "aylaviaK". He enjoys metal music., hardcore, and
EDM.

2 AM

When today I'm 18, I'm done with meeting more than 18 people, thinking of
eliminating my existence eighteen times, imagining eighteen different
forms of the future.

I say I'm done with it.

Today at 2 am my phone is somewhere out of my reach, the knife, the
black coffee, the 2 am friend, the trekking pole disappeared into space.

Unlike me, the sun has decided to binge sleep in the moonlight because I
didn't.

If there was a movement called "nonliving ism", the papers of my diary,
my favorite song, balls, punching bag would have raised a revolution
labeling me the "2 am oppressor".

Unlike my toothbrush, watch, water, they feel they were never part of my
life.

Today black coffee is muttering and mourning in front of the papers of my
diary, favorite song, and knife, telling them, "we are nothing but tools of
escapism."

The paper's forehead creased a little as he replied, "I wish to run back to
my hometown, I'm tired of her emotional domestic violence with her blue
pen and blue crap poetry at 2 am"

Hearing this, the 2 am favorite song playlist roared in anger, "she turns
me up like she will murder me and her poor phone by throwing us
towards the windowpane, last time she was hearing me, I warned like
always that she is harming her ears!

But this 18-year-old walks with her feet thumping the ground, hands
marching away as if pointed punches of the Korean army, ignoring
anything the world says."

"Are we just frustration venting machines?" Asked the black coffee. "It's
been months dear friends, she just won't let me kiss the sugar.

She wants the whole damn house butter for her 2 am hourly sadism
routine.

She takes a sip if me in as if gulping all the criticism she and her body has
ever received." WHAT SHALL WE DO? echoed the non-livings.

"BREAK APART TO LET HER HANDLE HER GODDAMN PHASE HERSELF "

"YES, YES" roared the non-livings in unison.

Tonight at 2 am I stepped into the room with nothing but myself, my non-livings had revolted against my being. Tonight I'm nothing but healthy and breathing

I am nothing but a body, a breath on which a few people were dependent upon. Nothing but responsible for whatever I do.

I guess that's pretty much what I was meant to be.

A body, a breath, 3 people, and a responsibility to let those three sleep at 2 am.

My escapism, it feels was nothing but all the free time I could afford at an odd hour. My sadism was everything my brain wasn't meant for,

I needed food when I was hungry

Needed to save my ass from accidents in life. Rest everything I ever thought was,

18 wrong people,

18 wrong future plans,

18 wrong places I ventured upon, 18 years wasted,

18 hours I didn't sleep,

18 mins I spent writing this poem.~The 2 am person

About the author:

Tiyakshie Negi hailing from Uttarakhand is a second-year student in Bengaluru Dr. BR Ambedkar School of Economics University, who is up for adventure any time and always testing her limitations.

THINGS THAT MAKE US

Shruti Sur

"Life couldn't possibly be more unfair to me than it is now." – this is what we all feel when we are disappointed, hurt or when we feel defeated.

How beautiful is life? How disappointing is it? What are the things that give us satisfaction, what makes us happy?

Can we measure our worth or how happy we are?

We all have been through the worst at some point or another. What way we define our worst defines who we are. Your worst may be the best for someone else. Your best shot might have been the worst for someone out there.

At some point in our life, we all have wanted to hold on to something, nonetheless at other points we have learned to let go.

Letting go taught us exactly what holding on didn't mean.

I have heard some people talk about destiny, I have heard a few more talk about fate, I have met atheists I have seen the stories in epics and to say I have explored many more things.

But precisely what surprises me every day is to see people out there who decide their fate, they fight to change their destiny, they redefine their own life.

Those are one of the worst-best, best-worst kind of people I have ever come across. They fear nothing.

Of all people is a sole believer of what ought to be and what might be. Two confusing states of who we are, what are we looking for

Talking about these questions precisely reminds me of the fact that society at every point in our life remind you to begin with 'how will you survive? ', 'what will you do when you grow up? ', 'you can do nothing if you don't have good grades! ', 'work hard', 'don't be useless',these are some of the few very commonly uninvited comments that most of us face, there are times in life when you are giving your best shot... But somehow you fail.

What next? YOU FEEL TERRIBLE, DEFEATED, AND DISHEARTENED.

Why?

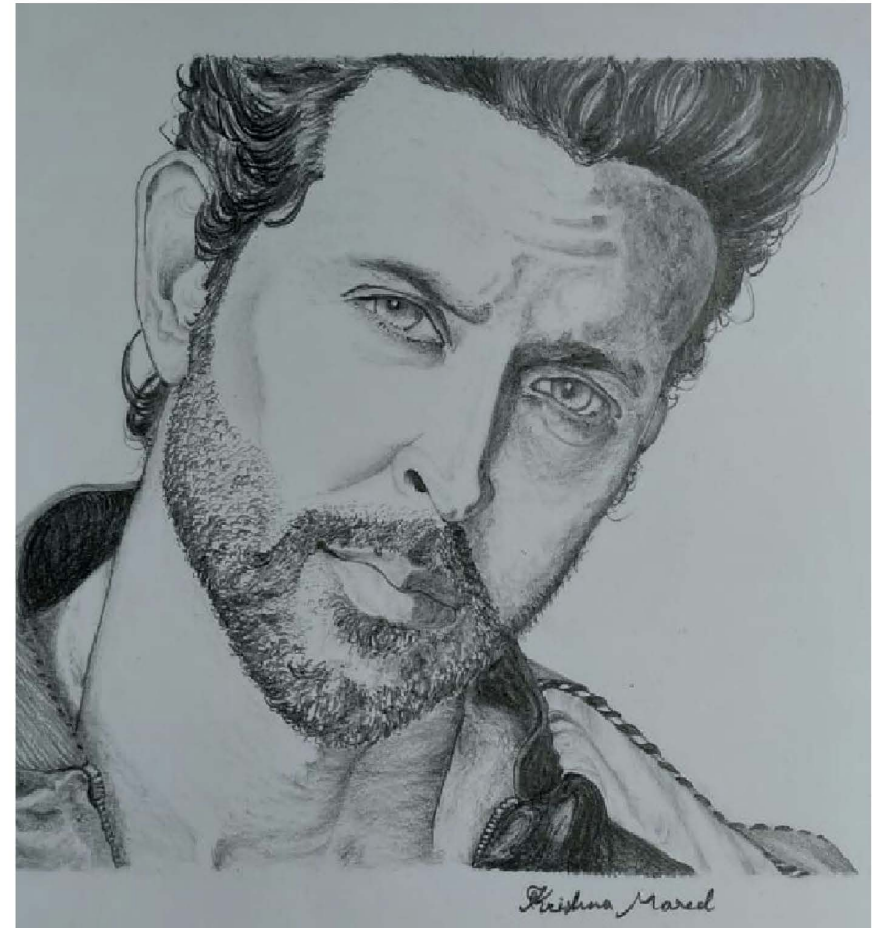
It's mostly because you were trying to prove a point to others, not yourself. Think about it. You know I'm right.
You don't feel defeated or you don't lose hope when you are fighting to prove a point to yourself.

Mostly, we forget to satiate our self...we forget to fulfill our own needs. In this society, Orthodox thinking has made us all paranoid..
You suffer from paranoia, in the attempt to fulfill the insatiable dreams of others. Yes, I agree life is unfair, everyone is mean...but so are you.
Make yourself happy first, keep your mind healthy, it's important to think about consequences, but at the very same time you also need to stay in your right minds instead of wandering about unnecessary possibilities...

"It's just life, it will be over even before you know it..."

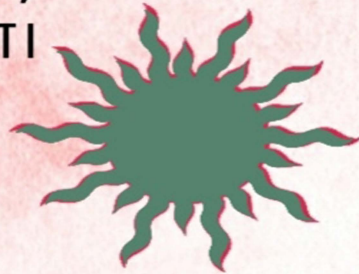
Live your life. Live it to the fullest.

enjoy
the little things
in your
life



" करोना "

करोना ओ करोना
तुमने सबको सीखा दिया,
ज़िंदगी के सही मायने,
भागदौड़ वाली जिंदगी,
माँल, होटलों वाली जिंदगी,
सब है क्षणमात्र,
करोना ओ करोना
तुमने सबको मिला दिया,
जो बिछड़ गए थे सारे,
तुमने मिलाया अपने-अपने परिवारो से,
अपने अंदर छुपे हुए कलाकारो से,
दोस्तों से, रिस्तादारो से,
जो बिचड़ गए थे सारे,
उस भागदौड़ भरी जिंदगी मे,
मै तुम्हारी आभारी हूँ करोना,
तुमने हम सबको मिला दिया।



ಕರೆಂಟು ಓ ಕರೆಂಟು

ಕರೆಂಟು ಓ ಕರೆಂಟು
ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೀ ಅಬ್ಬೆಂಟು
ಹಾಗಾದರೆ ಹಳ್ಳಿಯ ವೀದ್ಯಾರ್ಥಿಗಳ ಬಾಳು ಸೀಮೆಂಟು
ಸೂಚಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಓದುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ಕನಪೊಸಮಂಟ
ಕ್ಯಾಂಡಲ್ ತರುವುದಕ್ಕೆ ನೋ ಇನ್ಸ್ಟಾಲ್ಮೆಂಟ್
ಕರೆಂಟು ಓ ಕರೆಂಟು
ನಾಟೌನಗೆ ಸಟಲಮಂಟ್
ಆಗ ನಾನು ಟೌನ್ಸ್ಲಿ ಪರ್ಮನೆಂಟ್
ನಾ ಬಂದೆ ಎಂದು ನೀನು ಅಳಬೇಡ ಅಸೆಂಟು
ನೀನು ಹಳ್ಳಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಯಾವಾಗಲೂ ಪ್ರೆಸೆಂಟು
ಕರೆಂಟು ಓ ಕರೆಂಟು



MY FATHER'S BLACK MONEY

'Dumela', 'Sawubona', Hello...

Oh! The pitter-patter raindrops falling from the sky; when it rains, my mouth murmurs "pula". In India, we call it Varsha or just rain, but in the land where my childhood and memories lie, the home of the Kalahari Desert, it is called 'pula'. Pula is used for currency as well as rain, blessings from the Supreme Being 'Modimo'. At the end of the National Anthem, 'Fatshe leno la Rona', all my schoolmates shout "pula", the way Indians say "Jai Hind".

Here, I unravel the beautiful mysteries and wonderful experiences I've collected in the little wallet of my mind. At times, all I just do - close my eyes and sit, all the memories come flooding back to me. I go through all my treasured school books, recollecting my teachers' handwriting, the paper I stuck with my friend's borrowed bo- stick, my bench-mate, our everyday homework, trying to re-live those moments of bliss. I took my first baby steps in a different continent in the southern hemisphere, where the Tropic of Capricorn passes through. As a baby, I loved keeping a fruit basket on my head like a crown and my parents used to call

me- Queen of Angola- How funny!

Botswana is one of the richest African countries, with a GDP growth exceeding the 6%-7% target. It has the fourth-highest gross national income per capita of 18000 USD, vis-à-vis 7500 Dollars India. The country is also rated as the least corrupt in Africa. All its riches can be seen in the picture-perfect roads ornamented with lavish gardens and lawns, ranches, and big malls. The country is world-renowned for its diamonds, gold,

diverse wildlife and ecotourism, safaris, not to mention, it's lovely people and their vibrant welcoming culture.

Botswana is the best place for diamond shopping. The second and third largest diamonds in the world were unearthed from the Karowe mine. I remember Prince Harry came to our school and spoke to all of us in 2010. Again, in 2017 he returned to buy the diamond for his engagement ring to Meghan Markle.



Going to school was always a celebration. At 6:30 in the morning, our classes would begin. Whether it was 2°C or 41°C, we all enjoyed being there on time. We used to eat breakfast at school. During summer, we were provided fruit juice and sandwiches and during the harsh winters, it was hot chocolate. Still, my mouth waters with the taste of them. Our teachers served us food which we used to relish. I still crave the papa (mealie meal) and morogo (stewed African spinach). The school used to have a tuck- shop from where we bought pies and cakes for 5 pulas each. Most of the days, there used to be a food stall, where the teachers would sell cakes to raise money for various charity works.

All of us were much disciplined because of our Principal Dr. Charema. He was a very tall gentleman, almost 6 feet 5 inches and well built. Our class teacher used to tell us that if we resort to misbehaving, she would send us to Dr. Charema who will cut our leg and replace it with a size 9 feet. Even in our dreams, we used to think of walking around in small bodies with gigantic feet.

The beauty pageant at our school was a decorated annual event and I wanted to try my luck. Among all the black beauties and white beauties, this colored beauty won the title. My first catwalk on a stage. I paraded the entire day with my sash and crown. Hurray!



There was a very smart boy in my class, who always used to top in "engineering". If anyone wanted to fix or repair something, our go-to person would be Mandumey -nicknamed 'Operation Mandumey'. Well, if there is anything to be fixed in my house, my parents shout Operation Mandumey- I know it is my turn to do some repair.

It is the little things that always make a difference. Discipline was the most important quality I learned. We never broke rules, never littered, and were taught to be responsible from a very young age itself. The school

was not just about studying what was there in textbooks. It was much more than that- preparing us for the life ahead. I learned to make basic robots, electrical work, a little bit of carpentry, agriculture, and trade. An unforgettable experience was our school trip to the 'Matsieng' footprints (footprints of the first ancestor of Botswana). For Batswanas, their forefather is not 'Adam', it is 'Matsieng'. He climbed out of a water hole, followed by his animals and his people, where they left their footprints. It is a very famous archaeological site. Another school trip was to Mokolodi nature reserve, where I was the first student (so brave) to touch a tamed 'black mamba', the most poisonous and agile snake in the world. Its skin felt very smooth as though it was loose on its body. My classmates followed my example and were soon in line to touch it. We had a campfire where we toasted marshmallows and made amazing braai - barbecue. All of us were expert chefs since we had to learn Home Economics (Home Science). I tried my hands at making knots in the long boerewors sausage that would grill on the stand.

As of 6th graders, we had to show our talents in business by selling commodities and attracting customers. In the Great Hall, we opened our stalls. I decided to take a very easy shortcut! There was a Gujarati aunty who lived next door and her samosas were too yummy. I bought 50 samosas from her for 4 pula each and sold it at my stall for 7 pula each and made a profit of 150 pula. By the end of the day, I was richer by 1500



Indian rupees. Hahaha!!! Unfortunately, I was bankrupt soon as I sponsored Russian pies for all my friends. End of my business' tale - my tryst with money. Mrs. D'Graff, my Design, and Technology teacher, a very pretty Greek lady, ordered two dozen samosas from me. The next day, I delivered them and she gave me so many beautiful hand-knitted mittens, a crochet kit, and chocolates. I was overjoyed.

Major news that brought pride and cheers to the country was when my senior at school, Emma Wareus became the first runner up in the Miss World Pageant. It was a grand welcome celebration at school and I was one of the cheerleaders. Meeting the president of a country seems impossible but I was so fortunate. Being a dancer, I got the chance to perform in the Parliament house of Botswana for

Commonwealth Day. All of us sat in front of BTV for the evening news for the telecast of my dance. A well-treasured memory till today.

Soccer and Rugby are the most favorite games of all Africans. When the FIFA World Cup was held in Soccer City, Johannesburg, I recollect everything from the preparations, the adrenaline rush, and the happiness of all the people. It was a very special time of our lives and all of us wore the South African T-shirt to school as a sign of pride. The shrieking sound of Vuvuzela- the long horn blown by fans - still rings deep in my ears.

I love the outdoors! At school, I participated in throw ball, tennis, swimming, and cross- country race. My friends were very strong and athletic and they would win most of the time. Thatho, my friend used to kick the soccer ball and it would fly off, whizzing over my head and I would stand open-mouthed, wondering how strong her tiny legs were. I started eating boiled eggs since then, believing it was the secret of Thatho's super strength. Somehow, when I came to India, all of that strenuous practice came in handy and I became the school basketball captain. Resilience and accepting failure would pay off later.

During the lockdown nowadays, I remember how carefully the students were treated if they got injured. We were advised not to touch blood with our bare hands due to a large number of HIV/AIDS cases. HIV used to



claim so many valuable lives, so people were always careful. Another disease that the country used to keep in check was the foot and mouth disease. It used to affect the cattle, wild and domestic, especially cloven-hoofed animals. Due to this, while traveling, at every checkpoint we had to get out of the car and walk over mats soaked in slaked lime and the car would also go over it. It was a very strict practice. The country made sure that their cattle were well protected.

Summer from September to February was our favorite time of the year. All the peach and apricot trees bore fruits in our garden. In school, it was almost customary for all the African kids to shave their heads. When I was in grade one, I forced my parents to take me to the salon to shave my head. My father felt so sad to see me egg-headed, that he shaved his head in solidarity with his firstborn. That long, braided, and beaded African hair

always was a riddle for me. For my friends, it was a ceremony, going to the salon to relax their hair and decorate it with beautiful beads. I always wanted to braid my hair in the rasta style or get those dreadlocks or rainbow-colored extensions. At times my friends tried to do amateur rasta work, but could never succeed in doing so with the desired result. A waste of so many bottles of Dark and Lovely hair relaxer! No matter where ever you are under the African sun, you always experience a lot of warmth, everlasting bonds, and a feeling of homeliness. I used to enjoy with my little friends – playing 'tomati-so', peekaboo, hula hooping, and playing several games with the skipping rope. We used to compete in creating melodious tunes with the 'recorder' a kind of flute and marimba as though we were 'Mozarts'.

I used to come back from school at one in the afternoon and stay with my nanny- her name was Precious. She used to bake me fresh scones and muffins. I loved those hot scones with butter and home-made marmalade. I still miss her very much. At times, when she couldn't make it on time, I used to phone my father at his office and ask him to come and tuck me in the quilt as it used to slip away and I was too small to cover myself. My dad was forced to drive back home so many times, just to keep me warm. Oh! Winter was so cold. Every winter morning, I used to see the water in our bird-bath frozen to soft ice panes.

A haunting memory- It was a hot summer afternoon and all of us switched on the AC and went for a siesta. After a while, there was a loud banging on our door. We quickly got up and saw the security guard in utmost panic. He told us that one girl, who came to visit a neighbor, fell into the swimming pool- a very deep one. We all rushed to the pool. I was very good at swimming and because we can lift any weight underwater, I was confident about saving her. By the time we reached, another neighbor who was a doctor from Congo had already jumped into the pool and lifted her, and was trying to resuscitate her. There was a puddle of cornflakes and milk there, which she had eaten for her breakfast. All his attempts and our prayers were in vain. She was in eternal sleep and we cried and cried.

Our nerve-wracking encounters with wild animals cannot be ignored! Traveling in Africa means to travel through its thick forests. You cannot find any human being after you leave the city. We can see wild elephants crossing the roads with their calves, lions and cubs, buffalos, rhinos,

innumerable giraffes, zebras, baboons, kudus, impalas, and ostriches. We traveled across countries by car and visited one of the seven wonders of the world- the great and mighty Victoria Falls, "Mosi-oa-Tunya- the smoke that thunders". You cannot qualify to be a true African if you have not travelled to see the Okavango Delta, Chobe, Moremi, Nxai Pan, Tsodilo Hills, the Victoria Falls, the Great Karoos, and the far-stretching Kalahari. I travelled to Malawi, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Namibia, and South Africa. We have so many curios from all these countries in our house in Bengaluru – little treasures that make me feel nostalgic. Watching National Geographic Channel is like a homecoming experience for me since most of its stories are from Botswana.

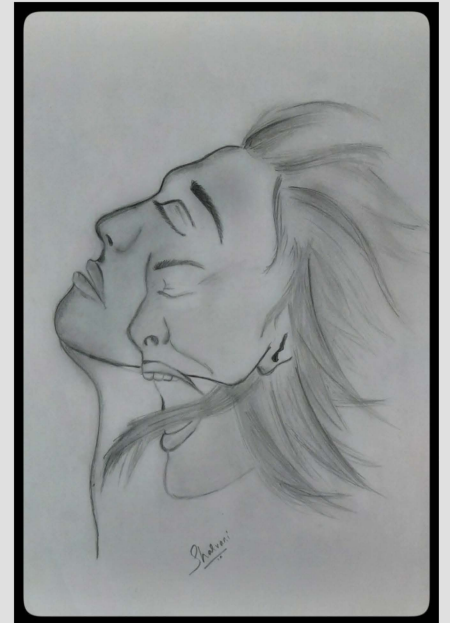
As I completed grade 6, my parents decided that it was time for my sister and me to learn the Indian way of life. I had to cope with the extreme sadness of leaving the place I spent all my childhood in. I still remember the crying faces of all my dear friends, and teachers at the farewell. My dance teacher's sorrow cannot be forgotten. My dad sold the house we grew up in and with all the black money from the Dark Continent, we came to India.

Now, here I am, proud to be a part of both African and Indian civilizations!
The tale of my African life and my father's black money unraveled.
Tsamaya sentle! Go well, stay well! – Wherever you are.

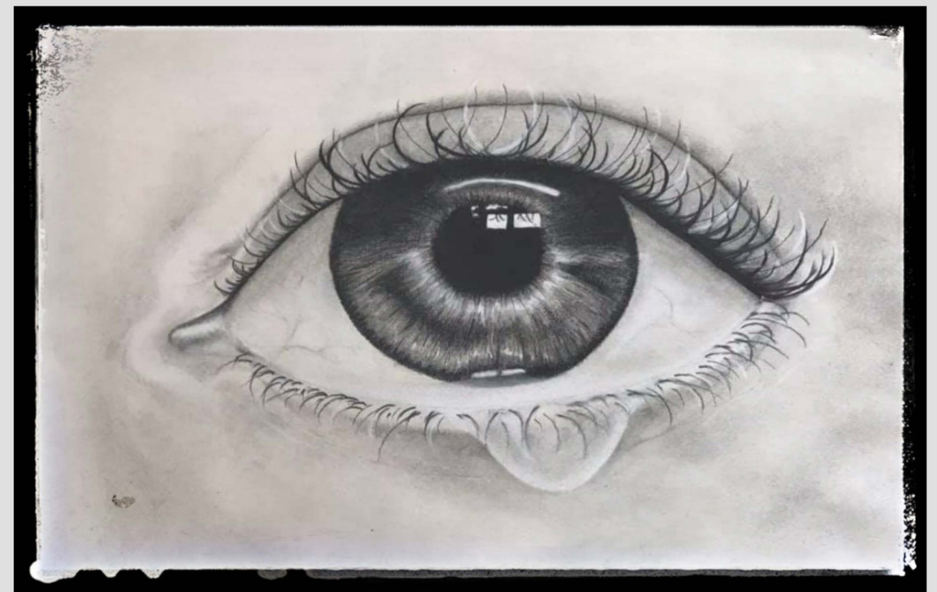
ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Meera Mohan is a 3rd year BSc (Hons.) Student of BASE University. She is a senior grade Bharatanatyam dancer and has been practicing this art form since the age of 3. She is a trained singer in Indian classical and western music. An ardent basketball player, blogger, and writer in French and English languages, Meera has done modelling for various advertisements. Her hobbies include painting, swimming, decoupage, and videography. She loves travelling and adventures. Bonne lecture à tous!

ARTIST Corner



- Sharvani



AGRA

prospective
productions



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Patiala



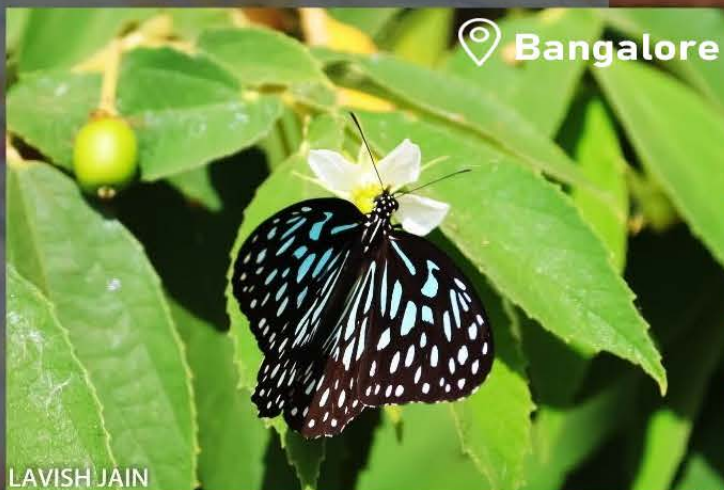
Patiala



Shimla

LAVISH JAIN

Bangalore



LAVISH JAIN



Patiala



Patiala

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:-

LAVISH JAIN



📍 Gokarna



📍 Tumkur



📍 China



📍 Hyderabad



📍 Gokarna



📍 Bangalore

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TEJAS CHANDRA



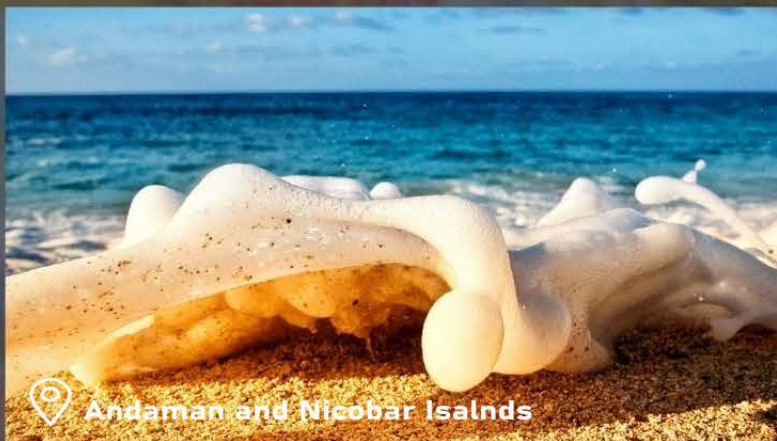
📍 Laddakh



📍 Bangalore



📍 Bangalore



📍 Andaman and Nicobar Islands



📍 Jhansi

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:-
NAMAN GOVIL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY:-
BHARATH KANTH

ERROR 404

By: Anonymous

I have identified as a woman till date because I find solace in my femininity, I would impulsively cut my hair short, be the only girl to play cricket or football with all the boys of my station instead of hanging out with the girls, sitting with my legs spread and not crossed in the middle of the day, nothing traditionally feminine about it, nothing feminine about how I recklessly tucked my shirt in or wore boxers the entire day, nothing feminine about the language I spoke - delicacy and I have never been familiar acquaintances as she craved me and I shunned her - but MY femininity was and is still my home, somewhere on the map I couldn't visit, a little cottage by the stream and snow-capped mountains that were coloured in different pastels, unconventional, but it was mine.

Then there were days, I never called it my masculinity, I did masculine things and called it a part of my femininity, challenging my guy friends in heavyweight lifting, building my biceps and triceps, stealing my father's g-shocks that didn't sit still, and look pretty on my wrist.

But you see one might say these aren't masculine things, women do these things too and that's where it all came crumbling down to me.

The lines between the two binaries were blurred with my feminism because I stopped assigning gender identities to things and somewhere along the way I might have stopped seeing myself as one too.



I don't hate my body, I don't feel dysphoric, it's like there's this box I'm in? I don't hate that box it's just that I've been in it too long that I might have become the box myself.

I didn't want this box to define me, let alone contain me, I never liked boxes, I never hated my box but I never desired the other either, I just didn't want to be another box for you to check - on a list of binaries

Makes sense?

I loathe boxes, they suffocate me, confine, restrict, hold me back.

People would ask me what it meant for me to be a woman and I'd say things which had nothing to do with gender, they were just things about me, things... and that's where it hit me, long after it should have, I just want to be.

I love dresses, I love heels, I love makeup, but I also love baggy shorts, I love cargos and collared shirts and corduroy and leather jackets but I don't feel like putting them in boxes, things I - do, like, love.

Why should I put them under a label? Why is my skirt effeminate and my vest manly? They just are.

I just am. Me.

A whole person.

Not a boy, not a girl, not the best of both worlds. I'm the world in myself. We should be able to live without identities constantly waging a war against constructs, a rebellion when we all just want to exist.

Where our being is not up for debate where we are not doing this to challenge the constructs but at the end of the

day we all know who we are.
And guess what, we can live with that as long as we are.

Where our being is not up for debate where we are not
doing this to challenge the constructs but at the end of the
day we all know we are.
And guess what, we can live with that as long as we are.

GENDER NOT FOUND

oops!

404. That's an error.

The Aha Moment!

By: Abhipsa Acharya

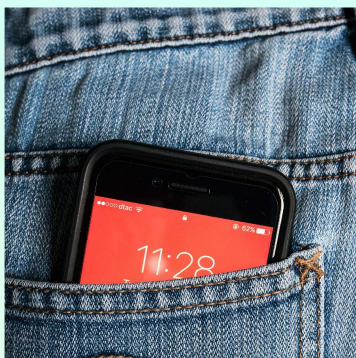


The incandescent delight in the eyes of a woman in discovering a pocket in her dress is a sight to contemplate. But should it be such a euphoric moment? Isn't a pocket very normal thing in clothes irrespective of gender? When you have to just carry only your phone isn't it comfortable to just slide it into your pocket rather than carrying an entire handbag for the same? Unfortunately, women mostly do not have that privilege!

Women of all age groups are the ones who have dominated the market in the fashion and apparel industry since time immemorial. But one thing that is nettlesome for a woman buying clothes for herself is the lack of pockets in the outfit, which is a very common thing in men's clothing. Feminine clothes are usually without pockets or have extremely small or just decorative pockets which are useless. This creates difficulty for a woman to carry her belongings without a handbag. An article published by a fashion brand called Kirrin Finch claims that by measuring both men's and women's jean pockets it was found that on average, the pockets in women's jeans are 48% shorter and 6.5% narrower than men's pockets. The sad part is the minimum essential need for pockets is still preferred for aesthetics over function.

Centuries ago there wasn't much difference between male and female clothing when everyone carried their belongings in small pouches around their waist. It was only 400 years ago that pockets were sewn into male garments excluding female garments. In the early 1800s, slimmer silhouettes came into style,

so women no longer could wear pockets under clothes but had to wear pouches over clothes and their pockets got much smaller. It was just another way to deprive women of power. Something that started as a form of gender inequality in the 18th century for not allowing women in general to carry money, keys, or other belongings that might give them some independence and empowerment scintillates even today in the fashion industry. Back then this had incited a movement for more utilitarian clothing for women including the formation of The Rationalist Dress Society in 1891. Its mission was to lobby against corsets and other restrictive clothing based on pulchritude and push for more comfortable and utilitarian options for women. But it wasn't until World War-II that women got pockets and that was only because they were working jobs previously done by men.



Time and again pockets have been a part of women's clothing. In the early 2000s, skinny jeans came into style. Since this look required slimmer, more form-fitting clothing, adding bigger pockets would add more fabric to the front of the pants and it would lose its slim fit. Hence, women's pockets became rare in the fashion industry. It is believed that pockets would make a woman look paunchy and that would deteriorate the silhouette of a woman.

The introduction of the pocket poses a danger to the handbag industry. The global handbag industry in the year 2020 stands at 51.89 Billion USD. Adding pockets to women's clothing may lead to a decline in its revenue. Albeit all of that the progressive and accommodating world has seen changes in recent times where some shops have started segregation based on products rather than gender. Women comfort-oriented businesses are pushing the market forward as a beacon of hope that might show that not far are those days when women get to choose garments as per their needs and not just the trending fashion.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

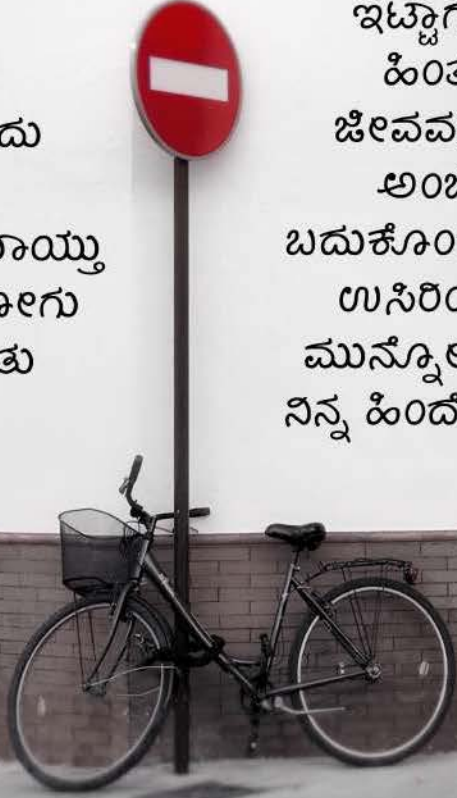
Abhipsa Acharya from Bhubaneswar, Odisha is a Third Year student of Bengaluru Dr. B R Ambedkar School of Economics University. In this article, she describes a very common yet un contemplated problem in women's clothing.

ಕೆಲೆಳ್ ಮಿತ್ರನೇ, ಕೆಲೆಳ್

- Suhas KR

ಕೆಲೆಳ್ ಮಿತ್ರನೇ,
ಒಳಗೊಂದು,
ಹೊರಗೊಂದು
ನುಡಿದಾತ ಬೇರೊಂದು
ಜಗದ ಜೀವನದಲಿ
ಮಸಣವೇ ಮನೆಯಾಯ್ತು
ಒಳಗಿಂದ ಹೊರಹೋಗು
ಹೊರಗಿಂದ ಒಳಗರಿತು
ಶ್ವಾಸದ ಜೀವನವ
ನಿನ್ನಲ್ಲಿ ನಲೆ ಬದುಕು

ಕೆಲೆಳ್ ಮಿತ್ರನೇ, ಕೆಲೆಳ್
ಇಟ್ಟಾಗ ಒಂದ್ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆ
ಹಿಂತೆಗೆದ ಎರಡೆಜ್ಜೆ
ಜೀವವನ್ ಜೀವಿಸದೆ
ಅಂಜಿದ ಶವವಾದ
ಬದುಕೊಂದು ಉಸಿರಂತೆ
ಉಸಿರಿಂದ ಬದುಕಂತೆ
ಮುನ್ನೋಡ ನಡೆನೀನು
ನಿನ್ನ ಹಿಂದೆ ಬದುಕೇನು?



ಲೇಖಕರ ಕುರಿತು:

ತೃತೀಯ ವರ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ಓದುತ್ತಿರುವ ಸುಹಾಸ್ ಕೆ. ಆರ್ ಅವರು, ಜೀವನದ
ಎರುಪೇರುಗಳನ್ನು ಹಾಗೂ ಅದರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಬದಲಾಗುವ ಭಾವನೆಗಳನ್ನು
ಈ ಕವನದಲ್ಲಿ ವರ್ಣಿಸಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಇವರು ಸಾಹಿತ್ಯ, ಕ್ರೀಡೆ ಮತ್ತು
ಸಾಂಸ್ಕೃತಿಕ ರಂಗದಲ್ಲಿ ಕೂಡ ವಿಶೇಷ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ಹೊಂದಿದ್ದಾರೆ.

ಹೊರಟೆನು ನಿನ್ನ ಮನೆಯ ವಿಳಾಸವ ಬಿಡಿದು...

- Nidhi C

ಹೊರಟೆನು ನಿನ್ನ ಮನೆಯ ವಿಳಾಸವ ಬಿಡಿದು...
ದಾರಿಯೂ ನಿನ್ನ ಹೆಜ್ಜೆಯ ಗುರುತನ್ನು ತೋರಿಸಿದೆ...
ತಿರುವುಗಳು ನಿನ್ನ ನಾಮಫಲಕವ ಬಿಡಿದು
"ಇತ್ತೀಕೆ ಹೋದೆಯು" ಎಂದು ಸಂಭ್ರಮಿಸಿ ಹೇಳುತ್ತಿವೆ...
ಸಂಧ್ಯಾ ಗಾಳಿ ಬಿಡಿತು ನೀನಿದ್ದ ದಿಕ್ಕಿನಲ್ಲಿ...
ಮನೆಯ ಛಾವಣಿಯಿಂದ ಕರೆಯಿತು ನಿನ್ನ ಧ್ವನಿಯು...



Half Smiling

By: Debashrita Dwivedy

The golden sun, dense like a lion's mane;
Shines. Half smiling.
As I look with my eyes almost shut,
At the weaving of gulmohar trees, I see
Under the shade of one such tree
Hiding from the prying eyes, a couple,
A young man and a young woman
Bathing in hues of orange and scarlet flowers
And the sky, in its eggplant bloom
Barely under the cloudy blanket
Almost inviting, almost seducing.
I look at the world around, standing still
The world caught in between
The conflicts of a woman and a man,
Standing still, as if only for this minute.
A mother and a father, husband, and wife.
Brother and a sister, Ma'am/Sir
Mrs./Mr., he/she, her/his, so much more!
Oh, so much harmony in that conflict!
And at the edge of the same world,
A ship drowns in a sea. Silently.
In a sea of should be and should not be
But that ship has a separate sky of its own
And a weather game of its own.
Both treasured, rarely shared.
A drizzle one minute and sunshine in the next
But I heard they have a constant Rainbow.

I notice raindrops on the glass
Look, a drizzle! Baby droplets growing up.
And it was so sunny the previous minute!
I wipe the window to see a little better
I see a faint Rainbow at the edge of the sky,
So faint, you wouldn't know if it was rising
Or fading away. But half smiling, surely.
My eyes go over to the gulmohar tree again
Sorry I was mistaken, enveloped in its shadows
Were a young man and a young man.
Just then someone compels me to look away .
As if a gingham of the Gulmohar petals
Studded with little pieces of the sun rays
Walked up to me and tapped on my window.
But the traffic lights turn green, almost deliberately.
I sense the restlessness of the cars behind ;
The conflicted world was up and running
again.
Thus, I drive away without turning back.
And I keep driving, caught up in the
Same old Man-Woman conflict.
Only this time, I wonder,
What is a woman? What is a man?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Debashrita Dwivedy, a 2nd-year student of our university, conveys her ideas about the LGBTQ+ community and their lives through this cascade of words weaved into a piece of poetry.

ನಾನು ಅವನಲ್ಲ, ಅವಳು...

- Nidhi C

ಹುಡುಗರ ಉಡುಪು ತೊಡಲು ನನಗೊಂಥರ ಕಸಿವಿಸಿ
ಹುಡುಗಿಯರ ಉಡುಪು ಎಂದರೆ ಎಲ್ಲಿಲ್ಲದ ಮೋಹ
ಹುಡುಗರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಮಾತನಾಡಲು ಸಹ ನಾಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ನನಗೆ
ಹುಡುಗಿಯರೊಂದಿಗೆ ಸ್ನೇಹ ಬೆಳೆಸುವ ಹಂಬಲ

ಅವರಂತೆಯೇ ನನಗೂ ಲಂಗ - ರವಿಕೆ ತೊಡುವ ಆಸೆ
ಹಣೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಕುಂಕುಮ, ಕೈಗಳಿಗೆ ಬಳೆ ತೊಡುವ ಆಸೆ
ಉದ್ದನೆಯ ಕೂದಲು ಎಂದರೆ ಪಂಚಪ್ರಾಣ
ಕಾಲ್ಗಿಜ್ಜೆ, ಜುಂಕಿ, ಮಾರಿ ಹಾಕಲು ಮನಸೆಳೆಯುತ್ತಿದೆ

ನನ್ನಾಸೆಯ ಹೇಳಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಯಾರೂ ಇಲ್ಲ
ಅಪ್ಪ- ಅಮ್ಮನಿಗೆ ನನ್ನ ನಡತೆಯ ಮೇಲೆ ಸಂಶಯ
ಸಿಂಗಾರ ಮಾಡಿಕೊಂಡು ಎಲ್ಲರದರು ಹೋಗಲೇ?
ಅಥವಾ ನನ್ನಾಸೆಯನ್ನೆಲ್ಲ ಕಟ್ಟಿ ಮೂಲೆಗುಂಪಾಗಲೇ?

ಇಲ್ಲ ಅದಾಗದು ನನ್ನದೂ ಒಂದು ಜೀವನ
ಅದನ್ನು ಜೀವಿಸುವ ಹಕ್ಕು ನನಗಿಲ್ಲವೇ?
ನನ್ನ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಯ ಸತ್ಯವನ್ನು ಹೇಳಿ
ಮುಂದೇನಾಗುತ್ತದೆಂದು ನೋಡಿಯೇ ತೀರುತ್ತೇನೆ

ಅಯ್ಯೋ ನನ್ನ ಹೆತ್ತವರಿಗೆ ನಾನು ಬೇಡವಾಗಿ ಹೋದೆ
ಈಗ ನನ್ನವರು ಯಾರು? ಎಲ್ಲಿಗೆ ಹೋಗಲಿ ಹೇಗೆ ಬದುಕಲಿ?
ಕಷ್ಟವಾದರೂ ತೊಂದರೆ ಇಲ್ಲ
ನನ್ನಿಷ್ಟದಂತೆ ಬದುಕುವೆನೆಂಬ ಗಟ್ಟಿ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನದು

ನನ್ನಂತೆ ಇರುವವರಷ್ಟೇ ನನ್ನವರು
ಸಮಾಜಕ್ಕಷ್ಟೇ ಅಲ್ಲದೆ ಹೆತ್ತವರಿಗೂ ಬೇಡವಾದವರು
ಕೆಲಸ ಹುಡುಕಿದರೆ ನಮ್ಮಂತವರಿಗೆ ಕೆಲಸ ಕೊಡುವವರು ಯಾರಿಲ್ಲಿ?
ತಮ್ಮ ಸಂಕಷ್ಟವನ್ನು ಹಸಿವಿನ ಹೊಟ್ಟೆ ತಾನೆ ಹೇಗೆ ಬಲ್ಲಿತು?

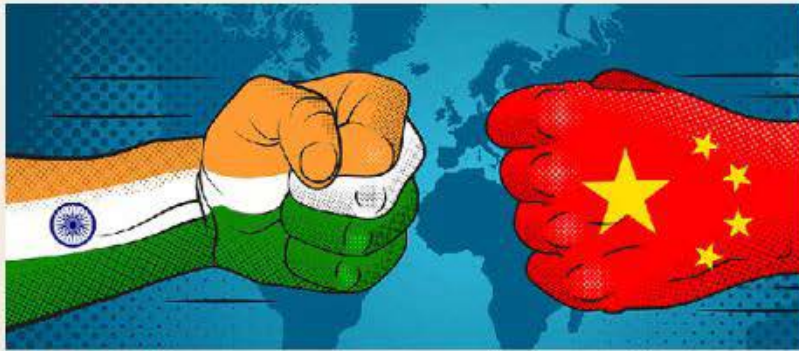
ಅಪ್ಪನ ಆಸೆಗೆ ಓದಿದ ವಿದ್ಯೆ ನಿರುಪಯೋಗಿ
ಕೊನೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನಮಗುಳಿದಿರುವುದು ಎರಡೇ ದಾರಿ
ಕೈಚಾಚಿ ಅಥವಾ ಮೈ ಮಾರು
ಅರಿಯದ ಬದಲಾವಣೆಗೆ ಏತಕೆ ನನಗೀತರ ಶಿಕ್ಷೆ?

ನಾನು ಅವನಲ್ಲ ಅವಳು
ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಬೇಡವಾದವಳು
ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಗೌರವ ಬಯಸುತ್ತ
ಕೊನೆ ಉಸಿರೆಳೆದವಳು...

ಲೇಖಕರ ಕುರಿತು:

ನಿಧಿ .ಸಿ, ದ್ವಿತೀಯ ವರ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಸಂಗ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದು, ಚಿಕ್ಕಮಗಳೂರಿನವರಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ.
ಹಾಡು, ಯಕ್ಷಗಾನ, ನಾಟಕ ಮತ್ತಿತರ ರಂಗಭೂಮಿ ಕಲೆಗಳಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ
ಹೊಂದಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರ ಈ ಬರಹದ ಮೂಲಕ, ಮಂಗಳಮುಖಿಯರ ಜೀವನ,
ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮಾತು, ಮತ್ತವರ ವೇದನೆಗಳನ್ನು ವ್ಯಕ್ತಪಡಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ.





Indian Ban on China - Does it make a difference to China's Economy?

By: Moho Ray Chaudhary

It is in no way, shape, or form an exaggerated stage to call the year 2020 as a horrible year by the instances that have come to pass for India. As evident from the present conditions, India is now fighting a two-front conundrum- while on one front, we have the Covid-19 pandemic, an unmitigated disaster which created chaos all over the country, taking the death toll to 22,687, on the other front, we have the escalating India-China tensions due to one of the deadly clashes that took place on June 15th and claimed the lives of 20 Indian soldiers. This has made matters even worse which has resulted in a huge impact on India's economy. Unemployment is on the rise due to the ongoing lockdown and due to this, crime rates have also increased. As the country struggles to fight this double pandemic, there is poverty, starvation, and hunger everywhere.

India's trade imbalance with China tumbled to \$48.66 billion out of 2019-20 under the decrease in imports from the adjoining country..- export to China in the year remained at \$16.6 billion and imports totaled \$65.26 billion. The import/export imbalance remained at \$53.56 billion every 2018-19 and \$63 billion in 2017-18.

The main imports from China include clocks and watches, musical instruments, toys, sports goods, furniture, mattresses, plastics, electrical machinery, electronic equipment (45%), chemicals, iron and steel items (20%), fertilizers, mineral fuel, and metals.

oppo

China accounts for about 14% of India's imports and is a major supplier for sectors like mobile phones, telecom (25%), power, plastic toys (90%), automobile (30%), and critical pharma ingredients like even the drug Hydroxychloroquine which is being distributed by the government of India.

FDI from China in India has plunged to \$163.78 million every 2019-20 from \$229 million earlier. India had gotten \$350.22 million in FDI from China in 2017-18 and \$277.25 million in 2016-17.

During the period from April 2000 to March 2020, India attracted FDI worth \$2.38 billion from China.

Top areas that saw the most extreme FDI from China during April 2000-March 2020 are automobile (\$987.35 million), metallurgical (\$199.28 million), electrical equipment (\$185.33 million), services (\$170.18 million), and electronics (\$151.56 million).

It has been five years since India has declared the "Made in India" initiative but lack of political will or hypocrisy has done just the opposite. Instead of decreasing FDI India has steadily increased its imports from China.



The Government of India calls for "Atmanirbhar Bharat". What steps has the government taken to be self-sufficient? India's Research and Development stands at 0.6 % to 0.7% of India's GDP i.e \$127 billion whereas China spends 2.12 % of its GDP i.e \$ 280 billion.

So how does India plan to substitute the imports from China? Simply putting a ban on Chinese apps can in no way affect China's economy, nor does it help India, an arbitrary political decision for the popularity it seems.

China exports only 2-3 % of its total exports to India while India's exports account for 18% of its total exports. So do we have any substitute country for these exports?

As Xi Jinping of China has already unleashed its dragons of rage, India needs to buckle up and release its knights before the scenario becomes worse. Chinese funding to Indian tech start-ups is nearly \$ 4 billion.

Chinese Multinational Companies like Alibaba group and its investments are : Big Basket (\$250 million); PayTm (\$ 550 million) ; Zomato (\$ 200 million) ; Snapdeal (\$ 700 million) . Other Chinese conglomerate Tencent Holdings controls Byjus (\$ 50 million) ; Dream -11 (\$ 150 million); Flipkart (\$ 300 million) ; Hike Messenger (\$ 150 million) ; OLA (\$ 500 million); Swiggy (\$ 500 million). They have donated nearly Rs. 50 cr. in the PM care fund. By the way, China also handled the Sardar Patel project, and the Nagpur Metro project is underway.

India's smartphone market consists of 70 % Chinese phones, namely Xiaomi, Vivo, Realme, Oppo thus, giving them full access to a vast amount of data. India needs tougher privacy and data protection regulation measures to prevent Chinese-origin products from abusing their access to Indian consumers. When it comes to the healthcare sector, especially the Indian pharma industry, India imports 80% of raw materials,

also known as APIs (Active pharmaceutical ingredients) from China whereas China's pharmaceutical sector remains closed to India's exports. Even for life-saving drugs like heparin, China accounts for about half of the world's production. The pharmaceutical industry's heavy dependency on China's imports should end. The government should provide adequate infrastructure support to this industry.

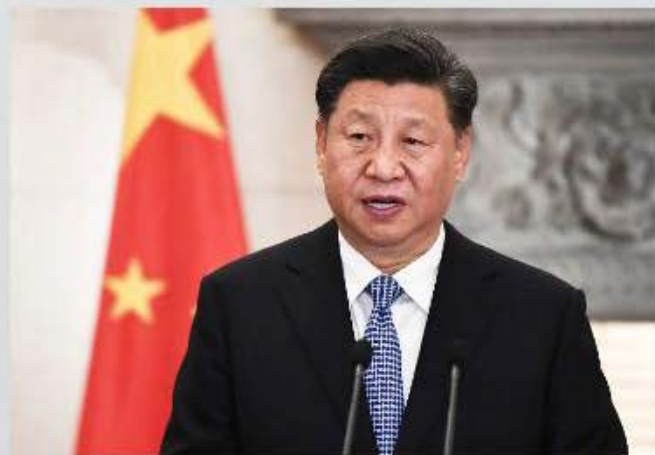
Anti-dumping duties should be made more effective and make them more in line with current domestic production costs. The workforce of the Directorate of Revenue Intelligence needs to be augmented to check the illegal imports and smuggling. The import of finished goods should be taxed at a higher rate and raw materials at the lowest to boost domestic production. This will also help in the enhancement and upliftment of micro, small, and medium enterprises. Also, certain sectors are lagging due to a lack of infrastructure. Some of them, being labor-intensive and employment-intensive industries like the textile and garments industry, leather and footwear industry, gems and jewelry, and the handicraft industry. These industries should be special focus attention centers as they are small-scale industries and offer employment opportunities both for self-employment and jobs across diverse geographies.

Just beating China on grounds of military might where by the way also China leads or global trade won't do. An examination of the two nations shows that China has a yearly budget spending plan of \$179 billion in contrast with India's just below \$67 billion. The time for military warfare is over. War is fought on trade and commerce fronts now.

The system of collaboration with the opposition as to the India-China relationship in the previous twenty years has been demolished in the wake of the clash in Ladakh's Galway Valley and China's attempt to coerce India through massive military deployment in Aksai Chin.

Former Prime Minister Manmohan Singh in December 2006 said that developing countries India and China can each seek after their separate aspirations regardless of an inescapable rivalry. "My view is that the world is large enough to accommodate the development ambitions of both countries," Singh told Japan's Yomiuri Shimbun newspaper.

That was the Hu Jintao era in China. Fourteen years later, Hu's next in line, President Xi Jinping clearly doesn't believe in either cooperation or competition. Xi has ambition and has long abandoned the widely-quoted 24-character dictum of Deng Xiaoping, who told the Chinese Communist Party, "Observe calmly; secure our position; cope with affairs calmly; hide our capacities and bide our time; be good at maintaining a low profile, and never claim leadership." Xi, instead, feels China's time has to claim global leadership has come. "What's more, to accomplish this, he wouldn't fret utilizing a blend of compulsion, prompting, and brinkmanship."



Regardless of how the current border issue with India gets settled, it is hard to conceive of the India-China relationship getting back to the old ordinary that we found in the first 19 years of this century. Admittedly, the power differential has grown. Beijing has been utilizing this period to make advances both into the Indian market as New Delhi took its eyes off the ball. The two-sided trade imbalance has developed alarmingly; India's impact in South Asia presently needs to progressively contend with China's

inducement-laden policies in smaller countries in the neighborhood. China resolved to open new fronts across the globe, India should draw exercises from nations with alike issues. It is imperative that China has a question with Japan in the East China Sea, and is secured regional contestation with Vietnam, Philippines, and Indonesia in the South China Sea, other than border issues with India. In every one of these cases, China utilizes a similar strategy: Make a case, build up some sort of a presence, pull out, and afterward refer to that point of reference in future exchanges in addition along with summoning some dubious chronicled reference and phenomenally delivering antiquated guides to support its cases.

In this background, India should devise another technique to manage Xi's China. This will have to be multi-pronged and calibrated. It ought to incorporate approaches to limit the predominance of Chinese items and crude materials, forestall Chinese tech giants like ZTE and Huawei from acquiring sections into projects under the public safety network, and breaking point Chinese interest in Indian unicorns and new businesses. A few steps with respect to this are now noticeable and should begin showing results down the line. Notwithstanding, India should make gradually, in case these actions hurt Indian substances in the short-term.

"On the military-vital front, New Delhi is as yet attempting to figure out the prompt justification of China's exceptional demonstration of solidarity in Aksai Chin.". Various theories have been advanced. One is that the People's Liberation Army (PLA) is testing its own military deployment and mobilization effectiveness; another is that it is a message to India, warning it against any alignment with the United States (US). It very well maybe a blend of the two, yet there is likewise a probability of PLA carrying out a drawn-out procedure of two stages forward, one stage in reverse, wherein it tests the reaction of others to an abrupt emergency, reestablishes the state of affairs bet, and attacks again with a bigger power to bargain the last blow.". The Indian military should be ready in — land, air, water, and space/digital for a far greater conflict not long from now.

New Delhi should survey the current condition cautiously and afterward attempt a complete audit of its essential way to deal with China in the defense and international strategy. While there is no way except to confront China, Indian policymakers should concoct a great methodology that looks to draw in Beijing at the highest politico-military level, even as it builds capabilities that serve as a credible deterrence against a China determined to become the most dominant world power by 2049 which is one of its stated aims. If that is the case, India should be even-minded and viable, considering the truth that in managing China, it remains solitary, regardless of which partnerships and groupings it becomes a part of. Quad (India, Australia, US, and Japan), Quad plus three, the Bay of Bengal, the China-Pakistan Economic Corridor, and the One Belt One Road are prime for obtaining access to vital natural resources in Eurasia, including Central Asia, the Middle East, and Asiatic Russia. To match up with the Chinese scale of investment and trade, India needs to restructure its economy by implementing its current infrastructure schemes, such as the international

North-South TTransport Corridor and multi-modal link projects, on alternative corridors like the Initiative for Multi-Sectoral Technical and Economic Cooperation (BIMSTEC), and the Solar Alliance which are good diplomatic platforms to work with. Second, India will need a plan to better enforce agreements with energy and resource exporting trading partners, taking advantage of India's increasingly rising market size.



In any case, the world's longest and most challenging line between India and China should be settled from both sides. And India should not expect any kind of assistance.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Moho Ray Chaudhuri says she's managing in Second Year and loves to go out for short trips and true to her genes, being a Bengali, loves fish and chicken. The article talks about the changes in the Chinese economy post the latest decision of India on banning the country's good.

ನಮ್ಮ BASE ಕುಟುಂಬ

-Nethra

ವೇಷಗಳು ಬೇರೆ,
ಭಾಷೆಗಳು ಬೇರೆ,
ಈ ಬೇರೆ ಬೇರೆಗಳ ಬೇರುಗಳು ಬೆರೆತು , ಒಂದಾಗಿ ,
ಜ್ಞಾನದ ದೀಪವನ್ನು ಬೆಳಗಲು ಸಜ್ಜಾಗಿರುವ ಈ
ಕುಟುಂಬ,
ನಮ್ಮ BASE ಕುಟುಂಬ..!!!

ಮನಸ್ಸುಗಳು, ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮಾತುಗಳು...

-Nethra

ಮನಸ್ಸುಗಳು, ಮನಸ್ಸಿನ ಮಾತುಗಳು...
ನೀನಿಲ್ಲದ ಆ ಕ್ಷಣಗಳು..
ನಿನ್ನ ಮಾತುಗಳೆಲ್ಲದ ಆ ತಡರಾತ್ರಿಗಳು..
ಯಾರಿಗೂ ಹೇಳಲಾಗದ ಆ ದುಃಖಗಳು..
ಬಿಡಿಸಲಾಗದ ಒಗಟಾದ ಆ ಮುನಿಸುಗಳು..
ನಿನಗಾಗಿಯೇ ಬರೆಯಬೇಕೆನ್ನಿಸುವ
ಆ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಕವನಗಳು..
ನನಗಾಗಿಯೇ ಬರೆದಂತಿರುವ ಆ ಭಾವಗೀತೆಗಳು..
.....ಕಡೆಗೂ ಬಂದೆ ಬರಬಹುದು
ಎಂಬ ಊಹೆಗಳ ಮಾಡುತ್ತ
ನಿದ್ದೆಗೆ ಜಾರುವ ದಿಟ್ಟ ನಿರ್ಧಾರಗಳು..!!!

ಲೇಖಕರ ಕುರಿತು:

ನೇತ್ರಾವತಿ, ದ್ವಿತೀಯ ವರ್ಷದಲ್ಲಿ ವ್ಯಾಸಂಗ ಮಾಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದು,
ಕುಂದಾನಗರಿ ಬೆಳಗಾವಿನವರಾಗಿದ್ದಾರೆ. ಭಾಯಾಗ್ರಹಣ, ಪುಟ್ಟ
ಬರವಣಿಗೆ, ಚಿತ್ರಕಲೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ಆಸಕ್ತಿ ಹೊಂದಿರುತ್ತಾರೆ. ಅವರು ಈ ಕವನದ
ಮೂಲಕ, ಒಂದು ಒಡೆದುಹೋದ ಹೃದಯದ ಅಳಲನ್ನು ವಿಶ್ಲೇಷಿಸುತ್ತಾರೆ

Time Freeze



*Let time freeze forever
Let the pendulum stop its sway
For there are moments to embellish and
scars to heal
Moments that become memories and scars
that cannot be reversed For there are tough
decisions to make
And opinions that remain to be reconsid-
ered.*

*Let time freeze forever
Let there be silence of remorse.
Let the unheard voices of mother nature be
heard As the flickering green leaves sway
Conversations are heard in whispers Conver-
sations on greed, the greatest curse of all
and human stupidity, at its worst
Let the songs of the olden days be heard As
the barks grow around the trunks
Let the words of the lost language be heard
Let humanity realize that a lot remains to
be done.*

~ Moho Ray Chaudhari

Class of 2020

"I suppose in the end, the whole of life becomes an act of letting go, but what always hurts the most is not taking a moment to say goodbye." — who knew of all the movies on earth we would connect to a dialogue from the movie with just a little guy and his tiger.

I don't think we'll ever be ready to see new faces strolling down the corridor, petting Tagaru, or even stealing our papad. As cliché, as it might sound these two years with all of you, have been nothing less than a roller coaster ride and nothing will beat the comfort of seeing your familiar faces laughing out loudly and walking on corridors. We have no clue how college without you would be.

Two years ago I wouldn't take more than a few seconds to smirk at you if you had told me I would miss this place and these people while I was busy cribbing about missing home, but while I write this sitting in my room I have lived for most of my life, I fear I am having second thoughts.

From skipping mess food to eat Maggi, struggling to wake up early and weep about it, pulling all-nighters the day before exams, fighting who's turn it is to wash the plate we all grew so close.

I'm not sure how well these three years fit with your idea of college but the birthdays, freshers, ethnic days, and of course holi were worth it with a pocket full of lessons and a bag full of memories and nothing could make up for the time we lost together.

While the sauntering time will camouflage gloom, with a teacup in a hand poised us shall wait.

Y'ALL WILL BE MISSED

Class of 2020



Happenings at BASE

Savouring God's Own Country at BASE with Onam

With beautiful Pookalam or the flower carpet, Students and teachers dressed in Kasavu sarees and mund brightened the entire campus for Onam. Onam, the harvesting festival of Kerala that marks the home-coming of the mythical demon king, Mahabali was celebrated by the students and teachers of BASE with immense enthusiasm. The celebration began with the traditional dance of Onam, Thiruvathira.

Students dancing to the soulful music giving the idea of how fascinating the rest of the celebration was going to be. After the dance, it was time for the rest of the recreational activities planned. Vadam Vali or the tug-of-war tested both the strength and integrity of the teams. The final years thrashed their juniors fair and square to end up winning a bunch of bananas. The next game on the list was Bun Kadi. While the players struggled to win, it was a treat to watch. And the best thing! Both winners and losers get to eat their buns! The final game was the candle race which was entertaining for both players as well as the viewers. Towards the end students and teachers posed for the cameras to preserve the memories of this day for the longest possible time. Finally, everyone shook a leg to a bunch of party songs to mark the end of the celebrations. Onam created for itself a special place in the hearts of every student and we look forward to the celebrations of Onam in the coming year.



The Night of Lights



On the night of 27th October 2019, BASE was lit up to celebrate Diwali. Traditional attire, diyas, and candles painted a beautiful picture across the mess hall where the celebrations took place. Although only a small student body was present, the enthusiasm, excitement, and fervour with which each one took part in the celebrations completely transformed the atmosphere and brought in the festive vibes. Professor Rafi made the event more memorable and joyful by taking part in the celebrations with the same intensity.

It was indeed the festival of lights as the students welcomed the night by lighting diyas in the mess hall. Here, their creative side unfolded as they created captivating patterns with lamps, awestruck by their radiance which lit up the dark mess hall.

Being environmentally aware is a notion that is deeply rooted in every BASE-ian and hence the students celebrated Green-Diwali without the use of any firecrackers. In today's digital age photography and videography have become an integral part of all events and naturally followed the lighting of lamps.

Dance and music are synonymous with Diwali celebration and there isn't a better way to finish off a celebration. The students at BASE will surely attest to this fact. All the students danced to their heart's content, courtesy of the several DJ's at BASE, which brought an end to the celebration.

The following quote perfectly summarises BASE-ian Diwali –

"Diwali is all about removing the darkness of ignorance within us and replacing it with the light of hope and knowledge instead."

Divided by States, United by BASE

A common feature of several universities in India is the presence of students from several races and ethnicities, from the whitecaps in Kashmir to the hot sandy beaches in the Malabar, from the Rann of Kutch in the West to the Seven Sisters in the East. Much like these universities, BASE boasts a culturally diverse student body who come from different backgrounds, even when they speak the same language and live in the same state. To celebrate the diversity among the students and teachers, we organized an Ethnic Day in October, which was greeted with much fanfare and joy.



On that day, young men and women dressed up in traditional attire from their hometowns, with the girls wearing lehengas and traditional sarees while their male counterparts sported Mundus, sherwanis, and even jeweled turbans. The faculty participated with the same level of enthusiasm, as they dropped regular office wear and donned outfits from their hometowns. Various cultural programs were held, each representative of various cultural habits of the many regions of India, and the students were overwhelmed.



It was truly a memorable day for the BASE family. It allowed the students and the faculty to cool off from the daily hustle of classes and take part in several events that strengthened the existing bonds and made us closer than before. At the end of the day, we learn about the multi-cultural heritage which belongs to every one of us and to respect every culture and tradition, handed down to us from our ancestors. We feel stronger and prouder to maintain such unity amidst such striking diversity.

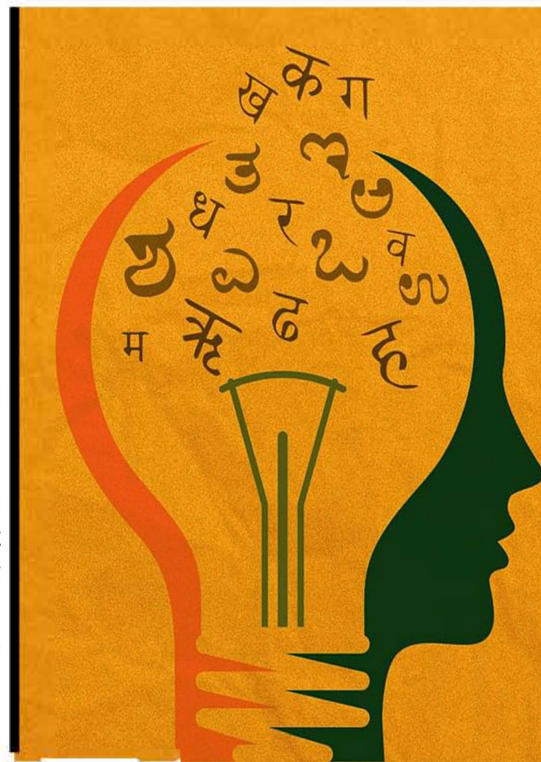
The ethnic day was an endeavour to bring alive the simple expression of unity in diversity, that holds together the multitudes of outlooks, lifestyles, and tradition which reflect the ethnicity of our country, India. With a mix of all the traditions, the theme truly came alive and was at its very best.



HIGHER EDUCATION AS ENVISAGED BY THE NATIONAL EDUCATION POLICY 2020

The Central Government has whipped out several reforms in various fields to ensure the growth of the country in key sectors laid down by the Sustainable Development Goals or SDGs. One among these is the National Education Policy drafted in 2020 which proposes a radical change in the methods of imparting education to the youth of India. The Policy focuses on breaking down the current system and replacing it with better institutions and regulatory bodies in both primary and higher education. As a result, it envisages India as one of the largest and most diverse nations in delivering education in several fields by 2030.

A sizable proportion of the NEP talks about changes required in the higher education institutions of this country. The key facets of these changes can be expressed in two words - "multidisciplinary" and "flexibility". Multidisciplinary is used a massive 44 times in the higher education part of the initial draft. The major takeaway from this is that the government wants to ensure that universities diversify themselves into teaching various fields so that graduates are honed in not just their field of expertise but are also capable of being innovative and socially active to ensure their place as citizens and not just office workers. The second keyword, "flexibility", is about providing students with the independence of choosing their preferred course of study in different universities by letting them choose whenever and however they wish to finish the course.



The initial sections of the policy cover the aspect of primary education and the subsequent section regarding higher education has been broken down into the following sections - 9 gives a brief overview of the current higher education system and the need for structural changes; 10 and 11 describe how and what changes will be made in institutions respectively; 12 and 13 refer to the participants in higher education that is students and teachers; 14 talks about the inclusion of diverse social groups; 15 and 16 provide an outlook on two new policy measures on teacher training and vocational training; 16 also speaks about the growth and development of research and the final two sections mention the reorganization of regulatory bodies and governments.

As per the policy, higher education institutions (HEIs) are to deliver quality education in various fields while maintaining a socially and culturally diverse student body. These institutions should

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break free from monotonous and rigid teaching and seek to teach a flavor of subjects to their students. An example of this is premier institutions such as IITs including more arts and humanities-based courses so that future engineers are well equipped with soft skills and are socially aware to contribute back to society in the future. Regulatory bodies would also be divided to maintain the integrity and discourage the overlapping of norms. More specifically, an umbrella body called the Higher Education Commission of India (HECI) would govern independent bodies performing specific functions such as Regulation, Accreditation, Funding, and Academic Standard Setting. The setting up of a National Research Fund to encourage research in premier institutions is also a vital element in developing world-class scientists and researchers.

Being a student myself, I find these norms to be a big jump in the right direction to improve the level of education in this country. Too often it is seen that low-quality colleges pump out a huge number of graduates of which only a small percentage are employable. Making educational institutions accountable for the quality of education they deliver and improving it is a good step. Another element is the inclusion of liberal arts and humanities which is essential in preventing students from becoming one dimensional. The third positive for me would be vocational training. It would help expand a large section of the economy if it can be encouraged that activities such as carpentry or manufacturing (especially those of inventory goods and not finished products) are relevant subjects.

However, a few points of concern arise, from different peer groups. What the NEP entails is dismantling the current system and replacing it with supposedly better establishments in a very short period. Instead, why not focus on improving the current standards and enacting such policies in existing institutions. Such a revamp would require crores of public spending as well as diligence from



officials and educators in adapting to these norms. Another concern is regarding the multidisciplinary approach – professional courses such as MBBS and B. Tech. should ideally focus on core subjects only. What can be changed are the non-credit courses which add unnecessary workload to these students.

Overall, the NEP is a good long-term solution to improve the standard of education in this country but modern-day problems require quick and efficient solutions that maintain the integrity of existing institutions and their students.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

SAPTORSHI PAHARI is a third-year student at BASE, who is curious about macroeconomic policies and is intrigued by behavioral economics, thus he seeks to find a connection between the two. This article analyses the recent NEP and how it will impact higher education in the years to come.



By: Karteek Rao

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THE STRUGGLE OF THE INDIAN TELECOM INDUSTRY

The Indian Telecom Industry currently is the second largest of its kind in the world, with around 1.3bn subscribers and creating a total economic value of \$217.4bn. Started by the British East India Company in the 1850s, the industry saw rapid growth in the early 2000s (due to liberalization in the 1990s), witnessing several players entering the market. Barriers to entry were low, all they needed was to be a deep-pocketed brand and come up with an offering loaded with offers, discounts, and affordable tariffs. But this growth was not for long and the market saturated quickly with the same tariffs across all the competitors. Everything was going fine until another major giant entered the sector and disrupted everything.

It was Reliance JIO that entered the telecom sector in India like a savage. Jio started its business by offering free 4G data and unlimited calls to all its subscribers, for 3 continuous quarters! Although this was seen as a futile exercise by many, since it was unclear if the “freeloaders” would still want to continue with Jio when it starts paid services, Jio has left no stones unturned to grab the market share from its competitors. Jio started its paid services by offering the world's cheapest mobile data, with 1GB costing just ₹3-₹4. Before this, the average cost of 1GB data in India was ₹225. Competitors cried foul and accused Jio of predatory pricing. But according to Competition Law, this case cannot be considered as predatory pricing since Jio had neither a significant consumer base nor a big share in total revenue. Eventually, everyone was forced to launch cheaper data plans leading to a cut-throat

tariff war, exhibiting implicit collusion. iii Slowly, all the players lost their market share to Jio. With increasing adjusted gross revenue (AGR), soon everyone was floating in the debt.

The debt burdens made most of the players either exit the market (Aircel, Telenor) or merge with their competitors (Airtel & Tata Docomo; Vodafone & Idea). Currently, there are only 3 major companies in this sector – Bharti Airtel, Reliance Jio Infocomm, and Vodafone-Idea Ltd. State-run BSNL-MTNL also has a share, but a very small one.

This situation puts a very important question amongst us – the Telecom industry is headed towards which market structure? Some argue that soon it will be a duopoly between Airtel and Jio. Others believe that Vodafone-Idea will make a sharp comeback, as indicated by a recent swift



uptrend in its stock prices. According to me, this industry will be best run when its market structure would be that of oligopoly (3 or more competitors), while still maintaining a monopolistic competition. Both points require more explanation.

MONOPOLISTIC COMPETITION –

All the telecom players seem to give their customers the same service, but is this true? Actually no. In today's world, the canvas of telecom companies is much wider. They do not just provide us with mobile data and telephony services, along with them come a whole host of

other features/services like entertainment (JioTV, JioCinema, Airtel XStream, Vodafone Play), healthcare (JioHealthHub), mobile payment services (JioMoney, Airtel Payments), etc. These companies have even started outsourcing services of other companies for their customers, like a subscription of OTT platforms (Jio – Disney+ Hotstar VIP; Airtel – Zee5/Amazon Prime Video & Netflix; Vodafone-Idea – Netflix), etc. Such extra offerings also include services like VoLTE and VoWiFi which enhance the quality of voice calls.

Earlier, companies had only one front to fight on – telecom services. But Jio with its arrival opened this whole new front of offering freebies. Vodafone-Idea and Airtel were forced to offer some services as well to

retain their existing customers. This was, of course, a perfect example of implicit collusion. Such addition of services is great for customers and benefits the companies as they are hard-pressed to find new ways edging ahead of the competition in fulfilling customer satisfaction, thus inculcating brand loyalty.

Thus, the services offered by the telecom companies fall into the category of monopolistic competition. These are quite similar but are not perfect substitutes for one another and the consumer chooses the service that he thinks best suits him.

OLIGOPOLY –

The fierce competition and price war in India's telecom sector have claimed many victims, and it is about to claim another struggling survivor – Vodafone-Idea Ltd. The Supreme Court upheld the Department of Telecommunications' (DoT) decision on adjusted gross revenue (AGR) in October last year. Of the current players, Vodafone-Idea is most affected by this judgment, with a due amount of about ₹53,000 crores, while the total dues of Bharti Airtel are about ₹42,000 crores. With continuously rising AGR and low average revenue per user (ARPU) of ₹109, Vodafone-Idea may not be able to stand in the Indian markets, said Vodafone Plc's CEO Nick Read. Even if its ARPU is more than doubled to ₹238, it will still need at least 20 years to pay back the debt.

In such conditions, it is obvious for someone to assume that soon the Indian telecom sector will be dominated by a duopoly of Jio and Airtel. With over a billion subscribers, that would be a disaster for both the companies as well as the consumers. No company at present has the infrastructure to support this capacity satisfactorily. From the consumer's perspective, hefty discounts and offers would vanish quickly if this happens. The exit of Vodafone-Idea would be bad from the perspective of investments and jobs as well.

Therefore, for healthy competition in India's telecom industry, at least 3 private players and a PSU must thrive to absorb India's ever-increasing demand for telecom services and to provide consumers plenty of options to choose from. The Supreme Court has taken cognizance of these situations and is trying to mend things. It has mandated that state-run firms are not required to pay AGR dues, thus promoting BSNL-MTNL in the race. It has also asked the private players to deposit a "reasonable amount" of AGR dues and submit their financial statements of the last 10 years so that the government can audit these and plan a proper 20-year paying window.



In this situation, the government has followed a “deaf” approach towards the companies as well as their regulator TRAI. TRAI had suggested the government long back to provide relief to the companies by cutting the Spectrum usage charge (SUC) and Universal Service Obligation Fund (USOF), but their appeal has been ignored several times^{viii}.

A recent tariff hike of about 35-50% has increased the ARPUs of telcos reasonably. The EBITDA of Vodafone-Idea has been projected to triple by 2021, while Airtel's EBITDA rose 15-20% last fiscal year. The Telecom industry has also seen a lot of investment proposals from companies like Facebook, Google, and Amazon, thus boosting the growth rate. Jio has been the preferred choice for many investors. These developments in the industry exhibit a promising future ahead.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:-

Naman A Govil is a Third Year student at Bengaluru Dr. BR Ambedkar School of Economics University. He is deeply interested in the field of finance, and the current developments in this field. In this article, he tries to dig a little deeper into the Indian Telecom Sector and tries to find a suitable market structure for the same.

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