



"Your paintings have that pleasantness still, peaceful nature, but it will come."

"You don't eat non-veg, what? That is a brahmanical outlook."

"People in my art are poor, hungry, bony, brazen, they are in pain."

"I changed my surname."

A friend: "You are not a good dalit."

My mother: "Who is a dalit? Who are dalits? Are you a dalit?"

"I am doing my internship on the topic of caste discrimination and atrocities done based on caste." Mother is visibly in bad mood.

"Didn't you get any other topic?"

"I could have, but I wanted to know about this".

I was aware she would object to me working on this, I was apprehensive to tell her about it, but had to.

"It is only all talks, all this social work, they just cry that injustice is being done but never do anything about it, caste discrimination is a thing of the past, it isn't practised anymore."

"No, it still exists, there have been books written on this, films made. Only because you don't see it doesn't mean it doesn't happen even now."

"I never saw caste discrimination in my life."

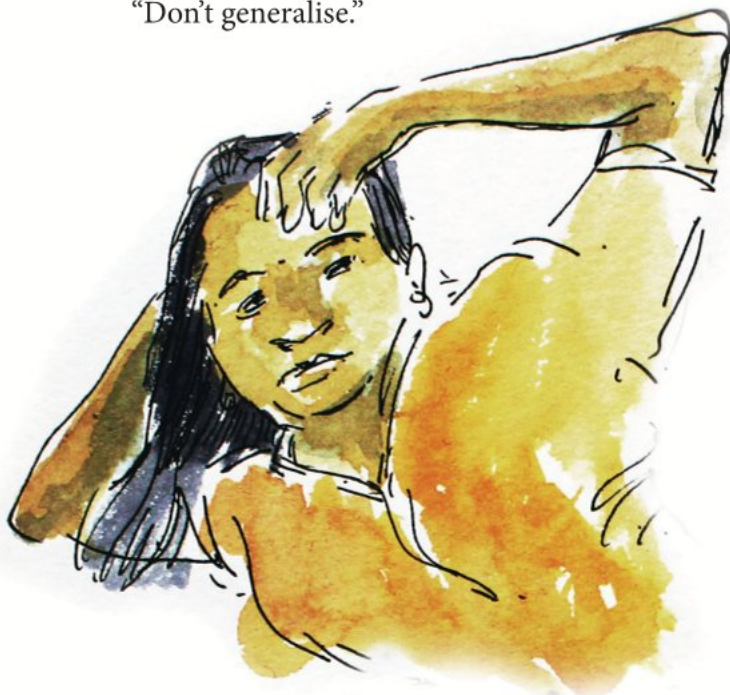
"There is none here in Mumbai and back in village we used to stay in a Boudh colony, so there was no discrimination. My school was Buddhist, Mahesh went to Central school, even he didn't face anything. Maybe Mai faced it, but I didn't."

After a pause - "So what is this internship about? What are you going to do?"

"There have been cases of violence based on caste based discrimination, we will visit those families, talk to them and I will sketch them, know more about how caste plays a role in society."

"All these people trying to help others is a big farce. You should look for yourself, study hard, be in a position in society and then educate the community so it progresses. Not just talk about it, 99% of people in this field do all this only for money,"

"Don't generalise."



“They say hindu dharma is wrong and come back to vihars and do the same thing.” “Did you face anything while growing up? You stayed with a lot of people of other castes, Vaidya aunty took care of you, Shanti aunty did, where did we see it, tell me?”

“Yes, but discrimination exists even now, you cannot just shut your eyes and say it isn’t there. I can give you links to real life stories of how people and kids face discrimination based on their caste. I understand that we should do something instead of only talk, but to do I need to understand what it is first. And that is what I am doing. I can’t just start doing something without understanding the problem.”

“These people only go about shouting about big injustices and do absolutely nothing about it. Since when did you get involved in all this? Who put this in your head?”

“Do you think somebody influenced me?”

“Yes, you were not like this before.”

“I am changing, yes, and we all are influenced by many things, you are influenced by Flipkart, Amazon deals, TV commercials. What we do with that influence is what matters.” “Yes but education is the only way out.” I agreed.

Dada was looking on, in midst of working on his laptop, then he fell asleep and started snoring. Monsoon, our cat had long been sleeping as he does when any argument happens in the house. He got up, stretched and cuddled up near Dada, as we discussed ahead.





Mummy said, "Clinging to a law does not help anything. You have to fight on your own, not taking any terms. There was an enquiry on me in office. People asked to take refuge of this act. I said this is an office matter, I don't consider myself a dalit and I won't take refuge in such acts."

"This is a general evil, it isn't related to any caste, there are many cases within castes too."

I said, "Yes but some evils are born out of primary reason being caste."

"They accept that they cannot do anything and then cling to Law to help them."

A patient of hers, told her story once: her husband used to get drunk and beat her, one day she could not take it, she burnt his feet, pouring kerosene and lighting them up, he never abused her after that. She said, we as persons should not bow down to oppression, we should stand up and claim our selves.

I said, "Do you think this is right?"

She said, "I mean we should take responsibility and control and not wail in front of law." I said, "Not many even have the confidence you have and not many will think of violent means to get back. They are afraid and law provides them a way. In case of domestic violence, a complaint is needed so that the perpetrator does not do it the next time on another person."

She said, "Yes, but sometimes complaining makes it worse, you should complain if it is necessary but you should also take hold of your life. The person should be strong and vocal and not submit to any oppression."

I said, "Women can only think of this when they are independent, but you can't use this as a reason with a lady who is facing domestic violence, you can't say- you should have been independent financially and should have had education to not face this day. Education is needed and people have to be independent to take actions and to even think like you, but those who are not there yet, they need a support system to get out of it."

But she had a point.

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1. Nothing can make a person see an end i.e. feel a certain way, other than himself.
2. Legislative reason cannot make a person change his end. Only an equivalent counter moral end can, which has to be given a priori.
3. A person will not change a thing unless he considers his duty to do so i.e. an end which is also a duty.

An end which is also a duty: Our own perfection and happiness of others.

It cannot be a duty to have a moral feeling, it can only be cultivated. If a person can see truth he is capable of seeing morality, no special sense is needed there.

It cannot be a duty to have a conscience i.e. to be aware of our moral duties. To cultivate an alignment with the conscience is what is needed. This can happen if a man is in command over himself. If he can see with neutrality and to see this there needs to exist a version in himself, of himself which is ideal, through which he can compare his present state.

The less a man can be physically forced, and the more he can be morally forced (by the mere idea of duty), so much the freer he is.

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- Immanuel Kant, Metaphysics of Ethics

“Hullo, we have reached,”
- “Where are you?”
“Below Priya apartments.”
- “I can’t see you, can you come towards the road,”
“We are near the staircase, coming.”

Shravan Udage waved at us.

या, आई घरी नाही आहे.
कामावर आहे, थोड्या वेळात येईल,
आपण घरी जाऊया. इथे -

(Mother isn’t there, she is on work, will join in sometime, let’s head towards home.)

A narrow path between two bungalows opening into a field, we take a right to see a hut slapped across a wall that divides the gated society from the field. The society was the same Priya apartments in which we were expecting to see him when we had called.

I felt a heaviness in me as I walked towards the home. Even before a word could be spoken, there was a clash evident in the reality we saw and what we hoped for. I felt an embarrassment that was not echoed even remotely by Shravan. He was very humble but not embarrassed.

After keeping our bags in Shravan’s home, we went to a nearby home for freshening up, the household seemed wealthy, it felt slightly dizzying to traverse such extremes of livelihood in such a short span, each accepting the other.

Shravan’s mother, Kalinda Bai joined us there and we walked back to their home, she said “There is lot of wind here, because it is so open” smiling, as we took a right.



Some kittens scattered, as we made space to sit. Shravan ran to ask someone to turn on electricity and came back, a CFL lit.

Shravan asks his mother to speak, she hesitates, he says, "Say what you know, I will help". So we start, going over the details, very painfully, and with broken pauses. Joined by the police officer who is on duty. Some more friends join in and go out as we continue, in the shade, while outside it is blazing hot. Vinod looks on. Manik was the eldest, then Vinod and then Shravan. On the day they took Manik, Vinod suffered an attack and collapsed outside their home, he listens attentively as his mother talks.



She sits there, a clock behind her, matching the colour of her saree, broken, disaligned. There is a hollowness in her eyes, a love drilled in her eyes, looking for its object, searching for it. I see in her eyes, the eyes of my mother. Her husband is mentally unstable, similar to Vinod. After hearing about Manik's death, her husband had more severe attacks and she decided to not stay with him and she and her two sons live here.



She says rubbing her hands in nervousness, as if making her own self understand, she says,
“ फासी दयायला पाहिजे होती . ”

The ground on which the hut stands was issued for a school which was never built. For Rs. 500 per month, they get electricity and water from Priya apartments. There are some plants growing in the space in front of the house, of Papaya, Aloo vadi, Jamun, Mirchi, Limbu and many more.

Asked on what they will do next, Shravan says they will go away from this place, with a fixed and decided voice, once they have enough money, they will go. They are waiting for the compensation and job promised by the government.



In due time, we moved to her kitchen as she prepared tea for us. Kitchen covered one corner of the room. She was telling us about the chaha gaalni(चहा गाळणी), once she filtered out oil from it mindlessly, after that it is difficult to use it for filtering tea. She chuckled as she said this. A very kind face. Apurva had cold, she said, she should boil water and put haldi in it and have it, that will cure your cold. Then she pour black tea for us, which readily went through the गाळणी. She said, all this takes a toll on her, a rage of thoughts running through her head. Before this she never felt such sadness on anyone's death, maybe it was God's will to make her feel all this now. She cannot stop thinking, about what happened, about Manik.



A cat comes and sits by her, looking at her, another mother, who has fed her three kittens and is hungry now. Kalindabai talks to her and she replies in deepest understanding. The cat naps as we talk.





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[4:] But to object to this kind of liberty is to perpetuate slavery. For slavery does not merely mean a legalized form of subjection. It means a state of society in which some men are forced to accept from others the purposes which control their conduct. This condition obtains even where there is no slavery in the legal sense. It is found where, as in the Caste System, some persons are compelled to carry on certain prescribed callings which are not of their choice.

[5:] Any objection to equality? This has obviously been the most contentious part of the slogan of the French Revolution. The objections to equality may be sound, and one may have to admit that all men are not equal. But what of that? Equality may be a fiction, but nonetheless one must accept it as the governing principle. A man's power is dependent upon (1) physical heredity; (2) social inheritance or endowment in the form of parental care, education, accumulation of scientific knowledge, everything which enables him to be more efficient than the savage; and finally, (3) on his own efforts. In all these three respects men are undoubtedly unequal. But the question is, shall we treat them as unequal because they are unequal? This is a question which the opponents of equality must answer.

[6:] From the standpoint of the individualist, it may be just to treat men unequally so far as their efforts are unequal. It may be desirable to give as much incentive as possible to the full development of everyone's powers. But what would happen if men were treated as unequally as they are unequal in the first two respects? It is obvious that those individuals also in whose favour there is birth, education, family name, business connections, and inherited wealth, would be selected in the race. But selection under such circumstances would not be a selection of the able. It would be the selection of the privileged. The reason, therefore, which requires that in the third respect [of those described in the paragraph above] we should treat men unequally, demands that in the first two respects we should treat men as equally as possible.

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- Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar

Rekha. 20 years old. Her world is silent. She sits at the back of the room with her brother on one side and her cousin sister on the other, playing a game on a mobile phone. She is happy and she has forgotten, no trace in her eyes, there is but happiness that dances in them which is joined in by her smile. She looks at her mother who is tensed, talking something, she doesn't know or knows but doesn't want to know. She is back in her game. She is very elegant, I didn't seem to believe she was mentally ill.



Her mother looks back at her with affection and protection, which Rekha even in her ignorance, acknowledges. Her mother looks at us, her eyes have a determination, a blazing question, not painted with the feeling of victimhood, but with a determination to make that question visible. She talks so boldly, that the surroundings around her quiver. The house around us, a humble and plain house transforms into something strong, it is built by this woman who is claiming herself in this space and in this time. She looks at us, saying something as her brows flinch, there is pain but not at the mercy of the world. Then when the words slid by, we hang on, one two seconds still, holding onto her gaze, that pierces through us and neither asks nor answers but stays with the echo they cause. Then reality colours in and we are back.



She has the power and humility only love can afford and grant. She has a look that she cannot and would not fear, the confidence only a person who has stood up can have. I gazed around the room, there was a lady at the door, listening to her very keenly, with compressed eyebrows and fingers to her lips, she felt the pain as the woman was reciting, she plugged in reactions which we were too decent to blurt out. On her right, against the wall sat Rekha's father, he didn't utter a single word, all the while we were there, he sat looking at Rekha's mother, with a complex look, with his hands frozen and a book in it, I didn't ask which book. Both her parents worked as paid labourers, under no scheme, they scurry away their finances, and feed their children, wanting to educate them. At any cost, in fact cost doesn't even feature in this decision.

As we pass around our city and pass people on a construction site or opening up a gutter, do we think of them as people with feelings, hopes, kids? Or as just another body amongst the great squirming mass. I was sitting here, in a construction worker's home, in a small room but I saw them a human. I felt their angst and pain and the cost of asserting justice in a land pest-ed with money and favours. It is the same around us too, we have accepted it, what a tragedy. We have accepted it so much that sitting here, the word 'rape' cannot make us shiver, the mind goes blank after that word, but the mother refused to leave it blank, she told us, that they took her kid to the fields, were beating her to death when a man heard them, that is when they fled, she was unable speak, see, hear. Disoriented. Bleeding. Can you imagine, losing your beliefs in an incident, losing the fragility of trust that we function on every day? To be betrayed so powerfully by life? She sneaked a glance at her child, and continued, what would be dwelling in her heart while saying all this, I cannot imagine. She said her daughter was so frightened, she used to lock both doors, check multiple times and only then would sleep. She and her husband would let Rekha do it, wouldn't question or stop her.

She says, her daughter breaks down in every four to five days. An unbearable pain swells up in her head, which didn't use to happen before this incident. Rekha cannot bear talking about it. While entering the house, Rupali Tai had told us to not expect Rekha to sit with us during the interview, she cannot bear to hear about the incident.

Her mother said she could have taken this ahead if only she had had education, if she could read and understand. She is dependent now. On people around her. Even though she doesn't know how to read or write, she says, she has a human sense.

There were kids cluttering up to peep in my sketchbook, chattering, giggling. Then someone would scold them and they would run off, only to return and start piling up again. For such a grim reality, the atmosphere was flooded with innocence of kids. There was a lady who stood by the door, selling gajra(a garland of flowers that women pin up in their hair), all women in the room, broke the conversation, were putting up gajras silently, some enjoying the scent and Rekha's sister helping her with tying the gajra. Everyone helping each other. No words were spoken in those few moments, no class, no past, no future. Smiles, scents, flowers and a human happiness.

There were threats to her, Rekha's mother continued, from unknown people, even women asking her to step down, claiming the incident has happened, it is over, now what can be done. She said she will take it forward, anyhow, anyway. So that this should not happen again, the women who say all this, if the same thing would happen to them, would make them kill themselves wondering how could they have said this- to ask another girl forget a crime and live on as if nothing happened. The crime was done by people of another caste as Ruplai Tai mentioned, crimes against a different caste are more heinous and gruesome.

Rekha's mother said she felt the pain, she saw and she heard, her kid screaming in pain, her kid not coping with the very life that the mother gave her. How does she stop talking about this and putting ahead a crime that is not only done by two people, but a crime of a society, every mindset, every inaction adding up to it. Rape as a crime, why is it seen as a crime against a girl? It is a violation of another human being, it is so low, so beastly, where you cannot see the pain in someone's eyes or their screams mean nothing to you. A society where rape is so common, what does this say about the society? About you? That we have accepted it. The one who suffers does suffer anyhow, but where does it end? Where does the boundary close off? What went into the mind of a person to plan a rape with his friends on a mentally ill and a handicapped girl? And she is in front of me, smiling, with gajra in her hair, and shine in her eyes. I won't say she has beaten her culprits, that is delusional. I am saying life will exist and will be happy and sad whatever. But does that mean such gruesomeness should exist. Let's start by sowing humanity in our very hearts, to not reduce another being to an object who has to serve us, but as a creation, as beautiful as we are, as creations of the same abode. Can we light up the humanity in us, and see in its light, everything around us?

It is needless to ask of a saint the caste to which he belongs;
For the priest, the warrior, the tradesman, and all the
thirty-six castes, alike are seeking for God.
It is but folly to ask what the caste of a saint may be;
The barber has sought God, the washerwoman, and the carpenter-
Even Raidas was a seeker after God.
The Rishi Swapacha was a tanner by caste.
Hindus and Moslems alike have achieved that End,
where remains no mark of distinction.
- Kabir



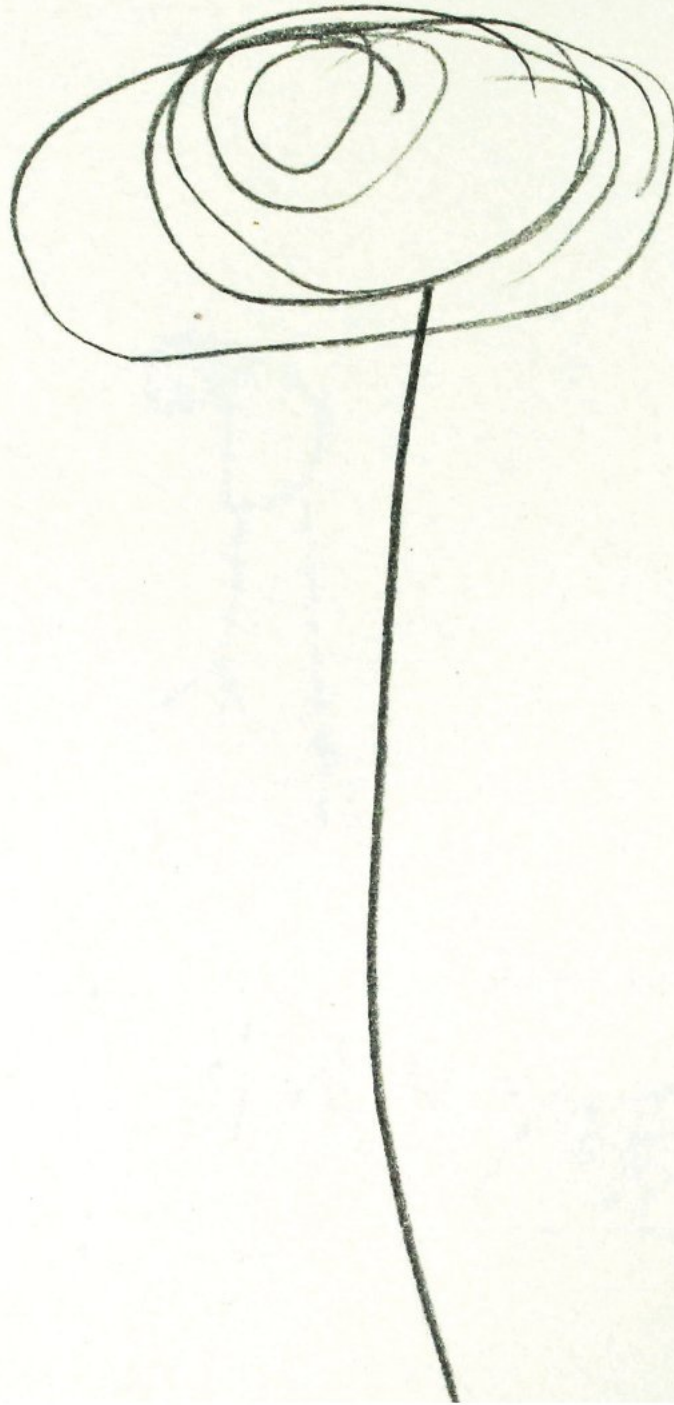
Charya, was watching T.V. when we entered her house, She was searching for the T.V. remote. Very shy and just smiles when you ask her anything, her mother keeps telling her to reply but she smiles sheepishly and looks at the T.V.

“Charya T.V. band karna”

“Nai..na”

“Awaaz kami kar magh”

“Haan, tar haa area Ambedkarite aahe...”



We slept for some time at Charya's home. Meanwhile, she had sketched in my book, very respectfully I thought, not drawing over my sketches but drawing each sketch on a new page.

Her mother added an A to her name, it means wheel. Charya means wheel. She is very energetic, running and jumping around, a baby comes from the neighbouring house, her cousin sister, she plays with her. We go to the other case. An alleged love affair.

Talking to a friend, "The more I see, the more I realise I cannot do much, I can only make little contributions and hope that someone may help too. They are as little as waving back at kids in trains, feeding kittens who have just lost their mother, it is a very sad world, but I realised instead of grand schemes, a momentary peace, which is in my hands, goes a long way too. Coming out of the fervour of 'changing the world' mode, such an ego crusher.

And when I talk to people, I realise they don't need big promises, they are happy to talk, to share their thoughts. Many a times they just want to share their thoughts with a person who won't judge, with a stranger. Everyone is so tormented here, so confused that just to be listened to is the hardest thing to get."

“

[9:] It seems to me that the question is not whether a community lives or dies; the question is on what plane does it live. There are different modes of survival. But not all are equally honourable. For an individual as well as for a society, there is a gulf between merely living, and living worthily. To fight in a battle and to live in glory is one mode. To beat a retreat, to surrender, and to live the life of a captive is also a mode of survival. It is useless for a Hindu to take comfort in the fact that he and his people have survived. What he must consider is, what is the quality of their survival. If he does that, I am sure he will cease to take pride in the mere fact of survival. A Hindu's life has been a life of continuous defeat, and what appears to him to be life everlasting is not living everlastingly, but is really a life which is perishing everlastingly. It is a mode of survival of which every right-minded Hindu who is not afraid to own up to the truth will feel ashamed.

I do not know whether you draw a distinction between principles and rules. But I do. Not only do I make a distinction, but I say that this distinction is real and important. Rules are practical; they are habitual ways of doing things according to prescription. But principles are intellectual; they are useful methods of judging things. Rules seek to tell an agent just what course of action to pursue. Principles do not prescribe a specific course of action. Rules, like cooking recipes, do tell just what to do and how to do it. A principle, such as that of justice, supplies a main heading by reference to which he is to consider the bearings of his desires and purposes; it guides him in his thinking by suggesting to him the important consideration which he should bear in mind. This difference between rules and principles makes the acts done in pursuit of them different in quality and in content. Doing what is said to be good by virtue of a rule, and doing good in the light of a principle, are two different things. The principle may be wrong, but the act is conscious and responsible. The rule may be right, but the act is mechanical. A religious act may not be a correct act, but must at least be a responsible act. To permit of this responsibility, Religion must mainly be a matter of principles only. It cannot be a matter of rules. The moment it degenerates into rules, it ceases to be Religion, as it kills the responsibility which is the essence of a truly religious act.

The principle which makes little of the present act of living and growing, naturally looks upon the present as empty and upon the future as remote. Such a principle is inimical to progress, and is a hindrance to a strong and a steady current of life.

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- Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar

We took autos from Charya's home to the next place. Rohan's grandmother navigated. We stood across a house, a hut, with a grassy patch in front. We entered, it was dark, some light shining through the crevices in the roof. A young lady at the stove, making chapatis, a kid sitting next to her. A girl, little older than the kid gaping back at us. Grandma took the kid and sat with us.

A kitten tied near the bed kept meowing. We sat in darkness, with some light spilling through the roof, on which someone asked, does it not drip through this roof in rains, to which Grandma says it doesn't. She told us about Rohan's murder, he was allegedly in love with a girl from a higher caste. The murder was planned and executed near a water-fall nearby, they took him in a car in the pretense of a trip, got him drunk and killed him with a sickle. No one was arrested.



We were waiting for Rohan's mother to arrive, she came after a while. A very stern face and muscular hands, with the day's work as a labourer. She pulled out a heap of documents which had newspaper clippings, case paper and everything related to this. In a corner, it also had Rohan's passbook. 26-04-1987 it read. Didi who was making chapatis was her daughter-in-law, Rohan's brother's wife. She had been burnt by the stove she was working with, her scars peeping through her pink dupatta carefully held to hide them. She was pregnant with a third child. She didn't speak at all, arranged a mattress outside the house, as there was no light inside.

We settled outside their home on a mat, four of us, she and the boy's grandma in front and the small girl. It was around seven, light fading out quickly. She spread out newspaper articles and case papers of the trial in



front of us, asked us to read, asked what are we going to do with this.

“We want to understand the role of caste in our society. “

“There have been many people like you who have come, they just come and go. There is no profit or loss to us. They take this and show it around and we sit here only complaining. I get tension when I show this stuff. There is no use of this. Don't get angry but I don't see how all this helps us. “

“We are students, we are here to study and put forth in public that this is what happens still



and how can we stop this.”

“But what has been stopped for us What has been done? We show all this, you read it and then it is done for good. Is there any use to this.”

“But even still there are many cases that happen, it hasn't stopped. And there are still ongoing cases. “

“Will you open this case? Will you?”

“We cannot say that as of now,”

“Haan, then what is the use of all this.”

“We don't want to give you any false hope. We are being truthful, we get it that many have come, and we won't lie but we will try in our capacity.”



"Let's say not our case, but will you ensure punishment for other cases?"

"But we can try, right?"

"What will you do after taking all this?"

"We won't take this from you, this will remain with you" (pointing at the document).

"I don't mean these documents, but what will you do about this information?"

"We are trying to show this through various mediums. She through sketching, me through writing, through photography, Kaaku it is that some people don't even know such things exist, they think it doesn't. So we want to show that this happens, and small kids in cities don't know about this and are not aware, we didn't know about this. Now that you have asked this question, we will think, we don't know the answer, we are still learning. "

"We are coming here for the first time and these questions are being asked for the first time, this same question which came up in the morning as well."

"Now many have gone like you, they didn't do anything for us. Then isn't it natural that we say all this to you."

"Yes, you are right."

"Its been eight years, many have come, taken photos, asked questions and went. We say this to everyone and there is no benefit to us at all. And it is only God that will look upon us."

"But when we share this, there are people who might be interested and then there can be policies made."

"We have taken this to Delhi, they just took money and wrote the case as they wanted. So isn't the government also unfair?"



“खरयाचं खोटं, आणि लबाड्याचं तोंड मोठं.”

“Make false of truth and the cheater’s mouth is loud.”

“Through what we are doing here, there might be no direct outcome, but when we write about this and people read it, they can see around them if this happens, people who face this can be encouraged to speak out.”

“Now you have seen all this, if you take a note of what I am saying, then we will feel good. And if you just take this and show it as your report, then what is the use of all this? If through you writing, they are punished or some fine is levied on them, then there is some output, but what aim you have at your disposal, you only watch and go and say it out and it’s done. And the higher authorities will again send someone to watch and write, so is there any use to this?”

Silence. Sound of kids, birds chirping, sounds of dusk.

“Is there any use?”

“No.”

“No, please answer, I am asking you this question.”

“No there is a benefit to you that we went here and here and we give this information to our boss. And he thinks okay you went and then another chapter begins.”

“We want to show this, we are learning.”

“Show this all you want, but I have only one thing to say, you take this ahead, click photos, read, but can you do at least something small as a ruppee or athanna back for us? Can you? Or can you not?”

“No we cannot. This has no monetary benefits for us. We are using our own money to come here.”



“I am not talking about money, but who has done this should be punished.”

“Now we don’t know about all this till now, talking to you, we go ahead and we can affect policies and social work. They can introduce policies of government in future. Or some organisations can be formed.”

“Its been 8 years but no decision has been passed till now. Tension yeta na. They took money around 2-4 lakhs and just twisted the case suiting



themselves and if someone like you would have responded for me, the court would have listened to me. Now my son is gone, what do I give them? How do I rain money on them.”

“When did you leave for work in the morning?”

“Around 8.”

“Is it near or far?”

“It is far, which work is near.”

“Do you take tiffin with you” - “Yes.”

“Means you work for 8 hours
We were thinking if we should have come to your workplace. We didn’t know when you would come back.”

“Yes, It took me longer to come today, but take all this I don’t mean to say don’t take, but let us also use your work. If you are coming from abroad, let us use something from you as well.”

“Now the strikes that you said happened in the initial days, because of that complaint was filed right? And it did bring to light that there is discrimination based on caste. And similarly when many collect together, then there is some impact. How many mouths can be silenced by money? So if we speak this case can be reopened.”

“If I myself give two applications in the court, it will be reopened. But what is the use when there is no support and our son is no more. The result will again be on their side, we don’t have any support.”

“But isn’t anything happening on this case?”

“Because the accused have the support of a political leader.”

“There were many strikes and protests but still. The people who organised the protest took our stamps on a form, went to some samaj mandir and then never helped us. We only had three people in our house to testify, if we had four, the case could have stood a chance.”

“They didn’t notify us of the case closing. I didn’t even bother to take the receipt. I can fight with them, I can go to high court, but why do we have to fall in that trap again? Is anyone there with us? Even if I pay Rs. 2000, this case will be opened, people told me but why should I run around and for what? Do I look at my job or at the high court? Will the high court listen to



me? My son has gone and my husband has gone. I earn with all the time I have, so why should I reopen the case and fight for nothing? Do whatever you think is right from your end.”

“We will have to plan it out, make a group, have lawyers, it will take a lot of effort. It won't stop there, it will only start.”

“All the five accused stay in Phaltan?”

“Yes all of them stay in Laxminagar. Their names are there in the report.”

<Let's not give any false hopes. Let's figure it out first. >

“What we are saying is, we will come back and meet you, let's look at this in a positive way, we know some advocates, we can't revert what has happened, but we can push for justice. The five should not be left unpunished. At least you will be at peace that they are in jail.”

We all knew we had no answer to her questions, we were there to study, talk for one hour or so, click photos, sketch, ask some uncomfortable questions, be silent when they cried, look at the village and kids and come back. Light had dimmed, and as she asked her questions facing silence. There was a firecracker that went up in the air and as the sparks flew out there was black-gray cloud left behind, smaller than the expanse of the sparks but visible for a long time and it dissolved much slower in the evening sky than the sparks.

Silent murmurs, We should go its 7.30 and it will be late. Yes, yes.



“

Reason and morality are the two most powerful weapons in the armoury of a reformer. To deprive him of the use of these weapons is to disable him for action. How are you going to break up Caste, if people are not free to consider whether it accords with reason? How are you going to break up Caste, if people are not free to consider whether it accords with morality? The wall built around Caste is impregnable, and the material of which it is built contains none of the combustible stuff of reason and morality.

”

- Dr. Babasaheb Ambedkar



by Amruta Rokade

Under the guidance of Sudharak Olwe(Padma Shri Awardee)

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