

Extract from Tower Lessons.

I climb the Tower most days, no matter the weather. I learn many things up here, mainly because the Tower looks over a startling and disturbing divide between two profoundly different realities. Westwards is wildness, 100million years old, vegetation thick and lush, vibrant and life bearing, mysterious, under assault but not defeated yet. And eastwards I face the crumbling edges of civilization. Each day I contemplate the various forces that have shaped this landscape: the English and their colonial enterprise to open up mountain areas for plantation, extraction and summer dwelling, the State of Kerala's Land Reforms which led to the Migrations and the End of Aboriginal Waynad, and now the effects of Globalization, American Imperialism and the final Pillage. I see poisons and pesticides flow through the valleys, into rice fields, up into people's bodies. Sometimes I think I see the cyclical nature of human history if I look back far enough, over great sweeps of time.