

ISS, NEW DELHI - RITINJALI - 5WARAJ

IRSHAAD

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SUSTAINABILITY HANDBOOK AFFECTING ALTERNATIVE DEVELOPMENT

An effort of the International Summer School, New Delhi - Batch of 2016

Editor: Carlotta Fanton

Coeditors: Eve Gregory, Gurdeep Mall, Amberlyne Kensington, Md. Tanvir Habib, Ishaan Chabra, Team 5waraj

Design and Layout: 5waraj

Photographs: Alfonzo Morales, Khalid Jaleel, among others.



The International Summer School, New Delhi is an intensive academic programme that brings together students from all over the world as they study and interact with one another over the course of a summer in India's national capital. Its purpose is to promote international goodwill and cultural understanding at the level of young minds as they learn about India and its role in the twenty first century.

Over its past three sessions, the programme has had representation from countries such as Japan, Mexico, South Africa, USA, China, Syria, Australia, Turkey, Italy, Morocco, Germany, Iran, Turkmenistan, UK, Colombia, Iraq, Bhutan, Tajikistan, Fiji, Yemen, Nigeria, Nepal, Norway, Sri Lanka, Palestine, Afghanistan and Indonesia apart from India itself.

Many of these participants are or have been students at some of the top institutions of the world with which the ISS has formal collaborations and/or arrangements in place, with the University of California, the University of Oxford, the University of Tokyo, National University of Singapore, the University of Adelaide, the Royal University of Bhutan, the University of Colima and the University of Queensland being just a few among them. Entities such as the India-Bhutan Foundation provide generous assistance to the ISS by way of logistical support.



Ritinjali works for education, opportunity, and learning as a means to awareness, such that learning may lead to an access to a better life. Its mission is to provide holistic education towards nurturing empowered, responsible citizens, capable of not only providing for themselves, but also of contributing actively to their local communities through enterprise, awareness and self-induced social responsibility.

Ritinjali strongly believes that education is the most powerful engine of social change enhancing the opportunities open to each individual. Over the last 20 years, Ritinjali has been working through a variety of initiatives and with varied community groups in many educational and development related endeavors. While based in Delhi, Ritinjali's efforts have reached areas as far-flung as Rajasthan, Tripura, Meghalaya, Gujarat, Orissa, Karaikal, Kargil, Leh, Bihar and Uttaranchal.

Its work with the government schools of Delhi and Rajasthan complements its mission of providing quality education to all through the rejuvenation of the government schooling system. As far as universal literacy is concerned, Ritinjali is providing holistic education to the marginalized children in three slum clusters in the National Capital Region. Ritinjali's Second Chance School in Mahipalpur, New Delhi - a school for urban deprived young adults who did not get their first chance, providing vocational training, apprenticeship and entrepreneurship development programs as well as schooling through the National Open School system - is an attempt to mainstream the alienated youth in our society.

CENTRE FOR
ESCALATION
OF PEACE | CEP

The CEP takes the view that peace is not just the absence of war. Peace cannot be taken for granted; constant effort is required to enhance it as an anchor in a sea of rapid and far reaching strategic and socio-economic change. As such, peace must not merely be sustained, but escalated through various strategies & tactics akin to the pursuit of victory during war.

With that in mind, the CEP intends to create platforms and establish programs which encourage the free exchange of ideas across borders, with a distinct focus on empowering young minds. Its dialogues and activities revolve around three 'pillars of calmness', namely (i) Youth and Education; (ii) Trade & Sustainable Development; and (iii) Society and Culture.

The CEP has brought together under its banner a number of existing organisations and initiatives which have been working towards the overarching objective of escalating peace. Since 2013, CEP has convened Track 2/1.5 activities under the banner of The Thimphu Seminars which is its engagement with Bhutan. These Track 2 dialogues are currently being held every six months at a bilateral level between Bhutan and India. CEP also played a pivotal role in establishing the International Summer School, New Delhi (ISS).



5waraj is committed to presenting culture not as a fixed, old-versus-new phenomenon that may be chosen or rejected, but a logical response to a local, geo-climatic context, which is just as valid today as it was a few millennia ago.

The intent is to have people see the beauty, simplicity and, in India's context, plurality of their culture and to give them the opportunity to know, love and value it. And, to have them understand that living

by the five pillars of culture (Dialects, Diets, Dresses, Dwellings, and Dances & Songs)TM is the simplest, yet deepest form of sustainable development.

5waraj seeks to revive ancient secrets and traditional, sustainable knowledge systems hidden among our local, rural and tribal communities, across this great country, and further across the world. It also aims to revive the role of family, relationships, and informal learning, often considered outside the domain of "schooling" (and its physical environment), in a child's journey of education.

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Editorial

WORDS: **MR. GURDEEP MALL**PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

The idea of Rajasthan invokes different images for different people; for some, it conjures magical images of Kings, camels and vibrant clothes; for others, the sweet fragrance of the soils after the heavy monsoon rains, and for some, the hauntingly beautiful sounds of the earthy folk music. These were certainly the images that we all discussed on the fifteen-hour journey from Delhi to Ram Ganj Mandi; but in so discussing Rajasthan, we all fell into the trap of othering and exoticising Rajasthan in a way which would ultimately pose as an obstacle to our purpose of interacting with and understanding the people in and around Jhalawar.

Indeed, the underlying theme which runs through the articles in this magazine is the idea of perception - and with articles being written in many languages, we hope that you will be able to appreciate the beauty of human interaction. Being able to translate to and from Hindi, I had an amazing insight into the interactions that took place and was able to witness how human communication is able to transcend the boundaries of language, culture and nationality. We had the good fortune of meeting many people, who welcomed us into their homes and gave us endless cups of chai whilst kindly telling us everything that we wanted to know about. Whilst translating, I learnt so much about women, local customs, marriage and religion, amongst many other things. Though the thing that I could not help but notice was that the people we met were keen to emphasise the similarities, rather than the differences - and it is this unity in diversity that makes India so incredible.

When 30 students from 20 different countries descended upon a small town in the Hadoti region of eastern Rajasthan, the plan was to teach either in Government



1. ISS 2016: The participants at the Amer Fort in the city of Jaipur.

2. Tutors & pupils: Students of the government school pose with the ISS participants



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...the people we met were keen to emphasise the similarities, rather than the differences- and it is this unity in diversity that makes India so incredible.

schools (in the villages of Banya and Bagher) or in the Pallavan school run by Ritinjali. It was slightly concerning when none of us had any idea as to what we could hope to expect; however, from my experience of volunteering in the government schools, these concerns were completely unfounded. With a few Hindi speakers and simple hand-gestures, there were no difficulties in communicating with the students - and we were able to talk to them and conduct activities. My personal class-room highlight was when one of the students asked the girls of 8th standard in Banya to draw and talk about their mothers; I was touched by how such a simple activity could reveal so much about a society, about the girls' perceptions of themselves and of others and about their aspirations for the future.

During my breaks from translating for the other students, I was able to have some remarkable interactions with people; the one which stands out from the rest was my conversation with a group of women who were packing produce for the market. I told them that my grandmother had spent the first two years of her marriage in Rajasthan and always talks about the beautiful songs that she would hear during weddings in her neighbourhood. At this point, they suggested that they could sing a song which I could record and show her upon returning to the UK, I was touched by this gesture and felt so connected to my Grandmother's history as I stood there and listened to their beautiful earthy voices as they sang in the Hadoti language.

As you leaf through the pages of this magazine, which has been lovingly put together by the ISS 2016 students, I hope you will enjoy reading about wide and varied experiences that our students have had over the past few days.

Solamente cuidamos aquellos que amamos

Y solo se ama aquello que se conoce

WORDS: MR. ALFONSO MORALES SÁNCHEZ

PHOTOS: MR. ALFONSO MORALES SÁNCHEZ

SYNOPSIS: This article explores the significance of preserving historical memory in Jhalawar, commenting on the importance of the specific meaning of an artefact as a recorder of history, rather than a physical object in itself. In this sense, oral memory and tradition have a stronger impact in life community in Jhalawar than other forms of communication, and it's for this reason that history in Jhalawar is still very much alive and breathing.

Preservar, conservar, resguardar...La importancia de mantener vivo el legado histórico de las civilizaciones comenzó a ser objeto de reflexiones hacia finales de la década de los años 70 tras el aclamado discurso del embajador

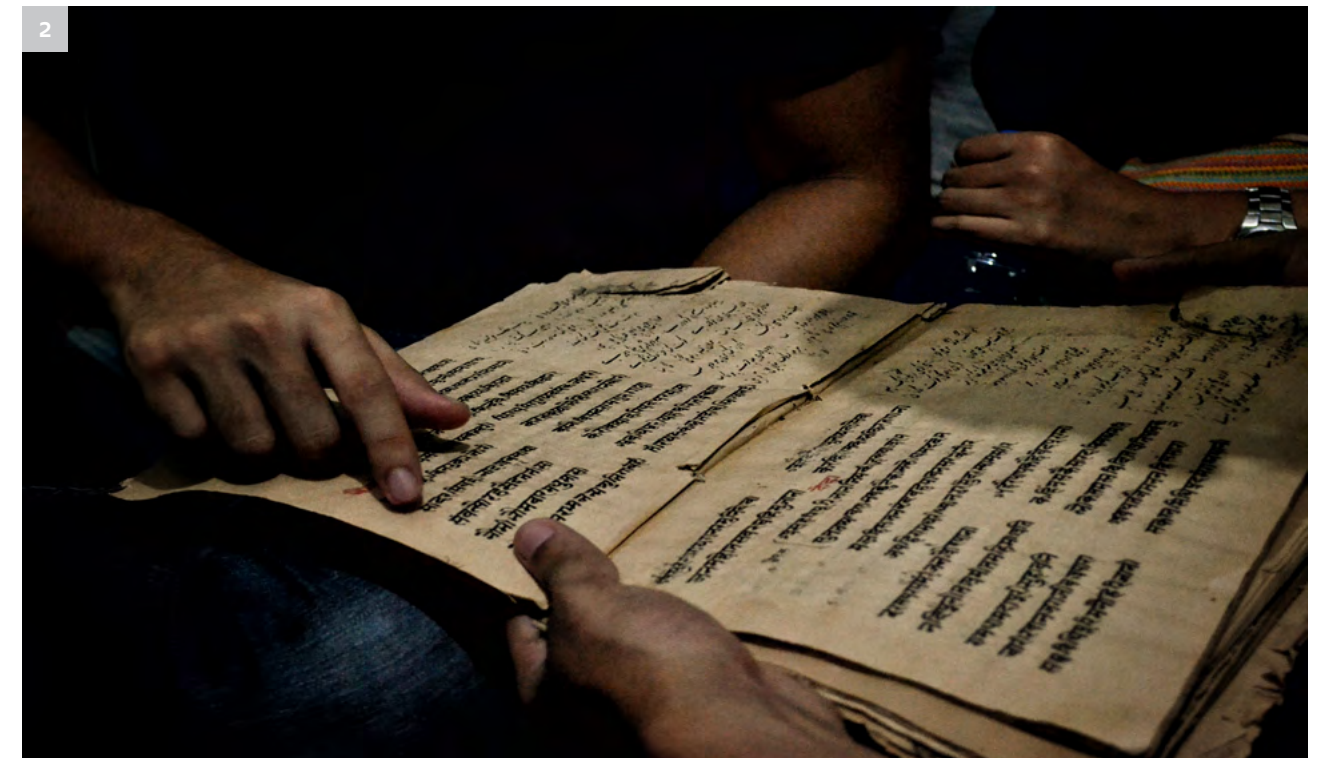
maltés Arvid Pardo. Aunque las palabras del diplomático pretendían un marco de responsabilidades para los Estados sobre el fondo marino y los recursos que en él se encuentran, sus ideas trascendieron a las creaciones artísticas de las antiguas civilizaciones, los templos y los lugares de culto, así como ciertas áreas naturales.

Con el esfuerzo de organismos especializados en materia educativa y cultural, la lista del Patrimonio Histórico de la Humanidad de la UNESCO logró identificar los sitios arqueológicos de mayor valor artístico así como los espacios naturales con la mayor diversidad biológica cuya responsabilidad quedan bajo la tutela de las instituciones estatales capaces de asumir la tarea.



1. Preserving historical memory: Statue of Shiva

2. Messages through time: Reading ancient scriptures at Amit Sharma's place



Cabe preguntarse, ¿Cuáles son los criterios del Estado para distinguir aquellos objetos que deben ser conservados de los que no? Son suficientes los esfuerzos de las instituciones nacionales para lograr su correcta preservación? ¿Cómo interactúa el Estado con las comunidades indígenas en la reapropiación de sus identidades?

En Jhalawar, una ciudad ubicada en el oeste del estado indio de Rajasthan, la comunidad se organiza para mantener la memoria histórica a través del esfuerzo colectivo. Historiadores y académicos, personas de importante renombre para los pobladores, se resisten a entregar a las instancias federales los tesoros encontrados en la región. Además de reflejar un antiguo conflicto político entre la centralizada administración de India durante los primeros años de vida independiente y las regiones que integran el territorio nacional, la desconfianza de los pobladores nos invita a reflexionar la tradición oral como medio de transmisión del significado de los objetos considerados como culturalmente valiosos.

Esta pequeña comunidad de estudiosos de las tradiciones rajasthanies resguarda celosamente en una casa particular algunos

objetos de incalculable valor como estatuillas de Shiva, monedas de oro de la época mogol, y algunos poemas y volúmenes antiguos escritos en sánscrito sin ningún medio especializado para su preservación. Estas reliquias, expuestas a la humedad del ambiente y al calor típico de la región, se degradan día a día y con ellas la posibilidad de ser admiradas por otros. Expuestas en un pequeño anaquel con una ventana de vidrio corrediza, las piezas arqueológicas son pasadas de mano en mano entre los guardianes del recinto a los visitantes que con curiosidad nos hemos aproximado a conocer el pasado que encierra esta región de India. "Queremos que escuchen nuestras tradiciones de la voz de quien conoce. Lleven con ustedes algo de nosotros, de la historia de Jhalawar, para que el mundo conozca quiénes somos"

“

"We want you to hear our traditions from the voice of one who knows. Carry with you some, from the history of Jhalawar, so that the world knows who we are"

Los pobladores de Jhalawar confían en la oralidad como el medio idóneo para alcanzar la difusión de su cultura en el mundo de la misma manera en que han confiado a cada extraño poner sus manos en los objetos que atesoran. No existe medio mas eficaz para vivir su cultura que sentirla. Aunque han existido propuestas para la entrega de los objetos al museo de sitio de la region, los pobladores aseguran que en ese lugar serán otros y no ellos los que cuenten las historias que pocos conocen. Puede alcanzar la misma intimidad el relato del arqueólogo a la explicación de una placa de museo? La labor museística formal, si se nos permite el termino, cobra sentido cuando sus piezas en exhibición han sido adquiridas por la voluntad de sus poseedores originarios y no por medio de la fuerza y el saqueo.

Para los amantes de a historia y el arte puede ser un atentado contra la memoria histórica porque nuestro sentido de la eternidad nos dice que los bienes, aquello que podemos palpar, debe estar ahi tanto como nos sea posible. Pero quien ama lo que vive, para aquel que ama la historia de sus abuelos y los que le precedieron, la eternidad esta en las palabras, en la imaginación y en el compartir.

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...for the one who loves the history of his grandfathers and those who preceded him, eternity is in the words, in the imagination and sharing.



3. Vibrant palettes: A women sitting on the entrance to her house

4. Nature meets technology: Rains washing the city of Jhalawar

BIOGRAPHY: Gustavo Alfonso Morales Sánchez. B.A. in Law (Escuela Libre de Derecho de Puebla). I'm studying International Relations at the Political and Social Sciences Faculty, National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM). Associate professor at the Political and Social Sciences Faculty, National Autonomous University of Mexico. Research fellow at El Colegio de México (Open Government Initiatives - OGP). Interested in multicultural education, urban development and Mexican foreign policy. I came to India to face contrasts, to understand how a multicultural country works, to discover the challenges Indians foreign policy take in the region and share ideas with a multidisciplinary team from different countries. In the end I found more questions than answers but still found a little piece of wisdom in every person that touch my heart.



Ako sa India: Isang personal na repleksyon

WORDS: **MS. AMBERLYNE ADAO ANGELES**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

SYNOPSIS: The article is about how I came here and some of my most memorable experiences in India. I've shared how I will miss the food, the most memorable place that I've visited which is the Taj Mahal and the people, my program co-participants and the children I met in the fieldwork experience.

Babala: Hindi sapat ang maikling sanaysay na ito at ang aking mga salita upang ilahad ang lahat ng nangyari sa akin sa loob ng mahigit na isang buwan kong pananatili sa bansang ito. Subalit, sa abot ng aking makakaya ay aking ilalahad at ibabahagi ang aking mga naranasan at natutunan.

Mula sa isang linggong puno ng pagmamadali sa paghahanda sa pag alis ay nakarating ako sa bansang ito. Ang katotohanang ako ngayon ay nandito na at sa katunayan ay malapit ng umalis ay sadyang hindi pa rin kapani-paniwala. Talaga namang isa itong biyaya at katuparan ng Kanyang mga salita at pangakong sa akin ay binitawan.

Isa sa mga hahanap-hanapin ko sa aking pag-uwi ay ang mga pagkaing bago sa aking panlasa na natikman ko dito. Natutunan ko na ring sa wakas ay kumain ng sibuyas at ng maaanghang na pagkain. Sakatunayan, hindi lang naman sila basta maanghang, dahil ginagamitan ng samu't-saring pampalasa ang mga lutuin dito.

Napakapalad na aking mapuntahan at masipat ang mga lugar na aming binisita. Mga istrukturang itinatag matagal na panahon na ang nakararaan. Sa lahat ng sikat na lugar na dinarayo ng mga turista na aming pinuntahan, masasabi kong ang Taj Mahal ang pinaka-hindi ko malilimutan.



Naaalala ko pa, dalawang taon na rin ang nakalipas, ng magising ako isang umaga na may imahe ng Taj Mahal sa aking gunita. Ako ay lubos na nagtaka ngunit sa huli ay piniling manampalataya na ang imahe ay galing sa Ama. Hanggang sa dumating ang oportunidad na makapunta at makapag aral ng libre dito sa India.

Nasabi ko na ang tungkol sa mga pagkain at mga lugar. Ang pinakamalaki kong tagumpay at babaunin sa karanasang ito ay ang mga taong aking nakilala at nakasalamuha. Una

1. Stunning: The magnificent Taj Mahal, Agra.



sa lahat ang mga taong aking nakasama sa programang ito. Iba't-ibang lahi, lengguwahe, pinagmulan at paraan man ng pamumuhay ay hindi naging hadlang sa amin para maging magkakaibigan at para na ring isang pamilya kahit pa nga ba sandaling panahon lamang kung tutuusin ang aming pinagsamahan. Lahat kami ngayon ay babaunin ang mga karanasang naranasan naming ng sama-sama sa aming pag-uwi at pagbalik sa kanya-kanya naming mga buhay.

Maraming tao ang aking nakilala at nakasalamuha ngunit ang pinakatumatak sa kanilang lahat ay ang mga estudyanteng aking nakilala sa aming pagbisita sa mga paaralan. Dalawang oras sa dalawang araw ko lamang sila nakasama ay naka ukit na sila ng puwang sa aking puso. Yung tipong magtitinginan lang kayo, ngingitian mo lang sila ay magkakaroon na kayo ng koneksyon na hindi kailangang ipaliwanag gamit ang mga salita.

Sila ang dahilan kung bakit ako muli ay umaasa at nag aasam na makabalik baling araw. Hindi sapat ang oras at panahon para makilala ng lubos ang India. Sabi nga sa isang sikat na kwento sa bansang ito, isang parte pa lamang ng elepante ang aking kayang ipali-

wanag.

Taos puso ang aking pasasalamat sa Ama, sa Kanya lahat ng pagpupuri at karangalan sa pagbibigay sa akin ng oportunidad na ito. Kailanman sa aking buhay ay hindi ko ito makakalimutan.

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They are the reason why I was expecting again and hoping to return someday.

BIOGRAPHY: Amberlyne Adao Angeles is a 21 year old Filipina who lives for Jesus, whose greatest desire is to travel and is passionate for taking the gospel to the nations. She's a Speech Communication Major and Journalism minor at the University of the Philippines Baguio.

2. Strike a pose: Students from the visits to schools.

EYES LIKE A MIRROR

WORDS: **MS. CARLOTTA FANTON**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



1. Onions, onions everywhere: Group of women sorting out onions at a packing plant.

As a literature student, I have written several essays focused on deconstructing the idea of the East as an ideological, more than geographical, space for the Othering and dehumanising of differences in races and cultures. Yet this deconstruction process always happened within the boundaries of the familiar for me, who had never travelled outside Europe before visiting India. I became nervous about the possibility of suddenly adopting the “Western Idiot” mind-set—a category coined in Jhalawar—and experiencing India through the same framework I had devoted a lot of intellectual effort in exposing and criticising. To avoid the trap, I decided to erase the “I” as much as possible

as to try and incorporate the perspectives of the local people I would interact with. When pairs of eyes meet, they reflect information back to each other with a mirroring effect, un gioco di specchi. In my fieldwork activities in Rajasthan I have attempted to recover and include in my perceptions the experiences of those who otherwise would be seen as “looked at”, rather than “looking with”.

Despite my good intentions, this type of experience seemed an unrealistic goal at the beginning. It was one particular episode that awoke this sense of perspectives in me. We were visiting Khadi Gram Udyog, where we learnt about plants used in Ayurveda, amongst other things. Dentro una struttura industriale usata per la produzione di arance



durante la stagione, a group of women was sorting out onions, separating the good from the rotten ones, and we started a conversation with them. Most questions focused on aspects of their work such as their working hours and wages, or inquired about the women's families and daily routine. At the end, the women thanked us for coming a long way to visit them, at a time when travelling can be quite expensive. It was heart-warming and thought-provoking, per me innanzitutto, ma sono certa, a giudicare dalle espressioni di chi mi stava intorno, che le emozioni fossero condivise da più di qualcuno. The same moment of interaction could inspire very different responses. Though this is not something that I was unfamiliar with, at that time and in that situation it suddenly became tangible and real. I wanted to go beyond my limited experience and access the "I/eye" of others.

While in the house of Sarita at Patpadia village, one of the parents of the Pallavan School children, I wondered what she was thinking, after agreeing to host a group of students who barged in with their notebooks, full of enthusiasm and curiosity, pronti a registrare ogni sua sillaba. When, after responding to our numerous questions, she spontaneously told us about her successful inter-caste marriage, the interaction stopped being an interview and became a two-way conversation. Gli elementi che dapprima mi apparivano tentativi un po' forzati di stabilire un dialogo diedero spazio alla condivisione di ricordi ed esperienze, e venne a crearsi una qualche intimità che, almeno in quel momento, sembrava coinvolgere entrambe le parti e sovvertire i ruoli di intervistatore e intervistato.

The opportunity of visiting the Jhalawar area and talking to a few of its inhabitants has helped me a lot to understand the power of perspective in determining the quality and significance of experiences. In the end,

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...it is unimaginable to escape one's own self-centredness in relating to people and events, but it is possible to decentralise points of view, to change focus.

it is unimaginable to escape one's own self-centredness in relating to people and events, but it is possible to decentralise points of view, to change focus. In Flemish Renaissance painting, multiple focal points were used, and this technique allowed the artists to draw attention on several details at one time. This, to me, is the meaning of diversity. This is the ultimate significance of my week in Jhalawar.

BIOGRAPHY: Italian citizen, literature graduate, musical lover. I have lived in Italy, Ireland and the United Kingdom. India has entered my life in many different shapes and forms over the last year, and I decided to visit the country to learn more about its diverse and rich culture.

1. The family that prays together: Children of Pallavan school singing their morning prayer



SONA

WORDS: **MS. EVE FRANCES GREGORY**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



When I considered which topic I would write about for this article, the most obvious thing that came to my mind was women and gender relations. Wondering about the sinister implications of the need for women's only carriages on the underground and a separate unit of the police dedicated solely to the protection of women, whilst experiencing discomfort in Delhi noticing the stares and scrutiny of men. I was simultaneously struck by the singularly powerful women that we met there through our lectures and "special interactions" as well as the strong and vocal feminist movement not just present in JNU but across the city. As such, it is clear that the treatment, standing, and lives of women in Delhi should not have their complexities distilled into any sweeping generalizations or summarizations. Similarly, the experience of the women in Jhalawar should not be treated as such, particularly when the time for research and framework of this article are so limited. Yet, I wish to pay tribute to the women that I have met in here, and their stories of work, education, and motherhood. This article, therefore, recounts a meeting with a woman, Sona, that we met in the Village of Munderi, who showed us kindness and understanding.

The village had a wide path leading into it from the main road, and although the ground was coated in thin layer of mud the village was clean and unblemished by the usual mounds of rubbish and discarded plastic seen in Jhalawar and Delhi, something later commented on by a girl in the village as a source of pride. The houses were mostly greyish stone, though some were painted in a glorious pale blue that lit up the walkway. So as to avoid the flooding from the rains, the houses on either side of us were slightly elevated. A small group of us wished to speak to mothers from the village and were led to a room through a large courtyard in which women, dressed in a mélange of vibrant coloured saris, sat washing dishes, whilst others

were rolling out roti. The room had a raised platform on one side which covered more than half the space, and on the other a bed frame, on which we sat. Whilst we were specifically speaking to one mother, Sona, who sat with her baby, Divya, on the platform, the room was crowded, with a few young girls clustered around her, and the rest, who were mostly elderly, poked their heads in through either door. Sona wore a red Kurtha embroidered with pink and green flowers, blue baggy pajamas, and her hair parted to the side and in a plait at down her back, her head was crowned by the Sindoor which signified her marriage to her husband. We began with

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"Here we do not have much, but we have big hearts."

questions about the food she eats, how that food is made, and whether children are fed differently to adults, before turning to ask about her hopes and aspirations for herself, her children, and her village. She spoke of wanting to educate her children in a private school, and hoping to be able to save enough to do so. She suggested that whilst the government school would teach her children what they needed to know, it would be uninspiring and monotonous. The private school, on the other hand, would teach through means more than just a textbook, and she felt this might make them more enthusiastic about learning. "Children need more than just to be told", she said. She informed us that Munderi was not the village that she lived in now, but was where she grew up. She now lived with her husband nearby, but had come back to talk to us. Intermittently, whilst speaking with us, she fed her child. I asked about what stories she told her children and she recited one for me. "There was a very greedy man who had a Hen that lays golden Eggs. The

more eggs she laid the greedier the man became. He went to the market and bought the most special and finest grain to feed her, in the hopes of making her produce more eggs, but found instead that she became lazy and idle from her overfeeding, and ceased producing eggs at all. One shouldn't help others if your ultimate aim is to help yourself." She told us that in the rainy season all the women return to the villages of their birth and sing, dance and tell similar stories with the other women. It is a celebration of womanhood. We briefly began discussing Rajasthan's traditional clothing, when she stopped us and asked whether we wanted to see her clothes. She walked us across the road and took us into a larger house, through a small corridor and into the adjacent room. She set out on her bed two Saris, one in sunset orange, and another in in deep turquoise both fixed with sequins and plastic jewels. We passed them around and examined them. Then taking out her wedding Sari, along with pictures from her wedding, she passed them to us. She explained that because many of the local people are poor, they cannot afford to have lavish weddings individually, but instead have mass weddings of twenty or thirty people who pool their resources in order to fund a more extravagant ceremony. She showed us photos of her husband putting the Sindoor on her head, of her uncle and cousin giving her away, and her hand tied to her husbands in a red cloth to signify their union. Sona asked if I wanted to try on her wedding Sari. It wasn't the traditional colour of red, but a deep purple colour, transparent and with a velvet border, the skirt was a light green. She said that a Bollywood movie had come out at the time of her marriage in which a bride had worn a Sari of this colour, and she wanted her dress to be just as fashionable. Each piece was also embroidered with golden thread, and patterned with golden flowers. She, and two other women dressed me. Firstly they helped me get in the skirt before beginning on the Sari, which they wrapped around my waist over my shoulder and then head. Sona then offered her various jewelries for me to try on, beginning with bangles, a necklace, a bindi, a tikka (head jewelry), a Vanki (arm ornament), Oddiyanam (waist ornament), and finally lipstick. After we had finished this process, she offered her baby shower Sari to another student and helped her try it on too. She said that she wanted us to wear them because she thought it would be inter-

esting, but more importantly fun for us to do something we'd never otherwise be able to do, and she wanted to share that with us. I had imagined that she was showing them to us to teach us about her culture, and it hadn't occurred to me that she really did it for our enjoyment. It stuck me the kindness of sharing something so personal with strangers because she thought it would make us happy. Later she asked whether I wanted to take home one of her Sari's saying, "Here we do not have much, but we have big hearts." This was evidently true.

1. Eve of the wedding: Eve dressed in Sona's wedding attire



1. Picture Perfect: Nature provides a lush green backdrop for striking a pose.

Lost in Diversity

WORDS: **MS. GJIANNE VERA LIT ROSAL**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

The past five weeks of my life had been a blur. I cannot describe the thrill and excitement I felt when I received the news that I was accepted as one of the recipients of the prestigious India- ASEAN Goodwill Scholarship grant for participation in International Summer School 2016 in New Delhi. Upon arrival, I was overwhelmed by the sights and sounds of India. I felt so fortunate and blessed to be included among the elite group of students taking part in the program. I felt so welcome and secure, absorbing everything around me as if I am in a different world. Ah, summer school is glorious! Right from the start, all of the students blend in to a new circle of friends and acquaintances, anxious to know each other and surprised how much

all of us have in common rather than differences. Indeed the world grew smaller as smiles and friendship became a common language throwing the so called communication barrier out of the door. The faculty staff were so regal and at the same time friendly to everybody. The classroom lessons and discussions were actively anticipated by which each one was given an opportunity to voice out their opinions on the matter at hand. The field trips were fascinating, you can feel the excitement from all of us. Each trip outside the campus was treated as an adventure of a lifetime. All of us look forward to learn more about Incredible India, this ancient land of diverse culture and tradition, her wonderful people and colorful history. I was astonished by the beauty and magnificence of Taj Ma-



hal and other tourist spots that we visited. India is truly an amazing experience where East meets West, where a delicate balance is stuck between the modern and the new with regards to traditions, customs and belief. It is a jigsaw puzzle, consisting of peoples of every faith and religion, living together to create a unique and colorful mosaic.

I've always dreamed of travelling to another country and learning about the life of its locals through actual interactions. But most of the time, it remained just a thought. By attending ISS 2016, I have not only been able to do just that but also gain so much more with India's diversity. Thank you, #IncredibleIndia for letting me experience your country. I will definitely cherish all the remaining days I have and learn as much as I can about your myriad of cultures. This opportunity has given us more cultural knowledge and experiences while building friendships from all over the world.

Shukriya! Mujhko India pasand hai !!

(Thank you! I love India !!)

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It is a jigsaw puzzle, consisting of peoples of every faith and religion, living together to create a unique and colorful mosaic.

BIOGRAPHY: Gjanne Vera Rosal
University of the Philippines Rural High School
Los Baños, Laguna, Philippines
Loves to get to know new people

2. Representative Sample: The diverse ISS 2016 group.



1. Smiles across miles: Smiling faces of students with the proud volunteers of ISS

'Revisiting' INDIA

WORDS: **MR. ISHAAN CHHABRA**

PHOTOS: **MR. ISHAAN CHHABRA**

"Seek not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity."

-Mahatma Gandhi

To fill you in a bit with my background, I am a typical 'Dilli Wala Ladka' (Delhi Boy). I have been in Delhi since my childhood till the end of high school. I went to Modern School, Barakhamba Road, which is a private high school situated in central Delhi. Currently I am studying for my undergraduate degree in Actuarial Science from the University Of California, Santa Barbara.

While I was applying to this program through my university, I was often poked by others about the oxymoronic nature of studying abroad in my own home city. Initially, I was highly skeptical as to what more

there is to learn about my own city, where I had spent my entire childhood, but I've to admit that I was proven wrong. I have been introduced to the 'Real India', much more than what I could have learnt otherwise. Brought up in Delhi, I was only exposed to the urban side of India but being part of this program I was also able to experience as well as empathize with what is known as the Rural or Real India.

As part of this program, we visited the small town of Jhalawar in Rajasthan where we volunteered at various government and private schools to teach the children. This ex-



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Music is a critical part of the lives of people of Rajasthan as it helps recreate them and elevate their spirits.



"The future of tomorrow depends on what you do today."

-Mahatma Gandhi

2. **Truly:** Incredible India!

perience opened up newer horizons of perception about India. We were exposed to the problems faced by the people of this region. For Instance while interviewing a few of the villagers, they revealed to us that the government promised them reimbursement for building sanitized restrooms but after the villagers managed to build the restrooms,

they never got any reimbursement from the government due to the procrastination of respective government officials. The problem, which has its roots in the corrupt practices of the respective government officials, has resulted in a situation where a lot of villagers are in debt. They borrowed money from the local money lenders to build these restrooms. Also they the government promised them financial support to build tube wells for clean water but it has been 4 years since and they haven't received any support yet. The corrupt government officials blocked the money and thus hindered the development of these villages.

I am a big fan of this format of ISS wherein we have a different lecturer for mostly every lecture of ours and the interactive nature of the lectures. I would specially like to point out the Politics lecture by Suhasini Haider on 'India and its Neighborhood' which according to my opinion was highly productive as she made use of the diverse group of young students in order to gain their perspective about the global political matters and of those concerning India.

I would also like to mention the role of music in the lives of people here. Music is a critical part of the lives of people of Rajasthan as it helps recreate them and elevate their spirits. The Rajasthani Music is an amalgamation of the music from its two neighboring states and the Sindh region in Pakistan added with its own distinct features. We were extremely lucky to have been able to visit Rajasthan in the period of monsoon as it is central to most of the traditional folk songs of this area. We visited a small city called Jhalawar which falls under the Hadoti district. We also happened to visit the "Kendriya Vidyalya Music School" in Rajasthan which turned out to be a mesmerizing experience in a very unique sense.

I consider myself as highly privileged to have been able to attend such an interactive program, which due to its diverse nature helped me widen my perceptions on India. It has also bought to my attention the fact that it is not only India which has problems as a country but also all the developing countries that face similar hindrances in their development and/or sustenance. Thus, it is only through enhancing our knowledge and empathizing with the entire globe that the youth would be able to better the world we live in today.

ラジャスターン州、 ジャワハラル

WORDS: **MR. KENSUKE IZUMI**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



1. **Gentle beasts:** Man herding his buffaloes

SYNOPSIS: This article is about the affect of Hinduism on the construction of houses, and the difference between rich people's houses and poor people's houses.

The importance of avoiding pollution in Hinduism finds expression in the layout and distribution of rooms in houses, and we see evidence of Hinduism in the many pictures of Hindu Gods and the blue color of the walls.

そこで僕は軒かの民家を訪ねる機会を得た。
1軒目のお宅は村の長を務める女性とその夫、さらに2世帯の息子夫婦、計9人の住むかなり広めの住宅だ。
玄関から入るとまずは夫婦用の寝室兼共用空間が広がっている。
息子夫婦専用の部屋、客室、モダンなキッチンなど裕福な家庭であるだ





けに日本のそれと比べても遜色ない設備が整っているが、家族揃っての食事や夕食後の会話などはすべてこの夫婦の寝室で行われる。食事用のテーブルはなく、食事を囲うようにして床に座って食事を楽しむのがインド流だ。トイレは家の外に併設されており、その理由を尋ねるとトイレは人間の排泄物、穢れに関するものなので生活の場から遠ざけているのだという。全体的にこの家の設備に満足している様子だったので、特にこの家での生活で気に入っていることを聞いてみたところ「子どもと一緒に過ごせることが一番嬉しい」とはにかみながら答えてくれた。物的な充足についての答えを期待していた僕はなんだか恥ずかしくなってしまった。

二軒目はBagherという村の長を務める女性の家へ。壁面を青く塗られた住宅の連なる色彩豊かな美しい村だ。インドにおける青の色彩はカースト制における僧侶の階級、バラモンを表し、また猛暑の続くインドにおいて建物の温度の上昇を防ぐために使われているのだとデリーでの講義で学んだことを思い出した。彼女の家に向かう途中、整然と2列に並んだ人々が向かい側から近づいてきた。その姿が見えるやいなや騒然する案内役の人々。早く脇の家に入るよう僕らを促した。近づいてきた一行を見ると、布で囲まれた物体を棒に担いで奉じていた。葬式の列だったのだ。インドにおける死に対する忌みを感じた瞬間だった。家の造りは中庭式の2階建てであり、外壁が青、内壁がピンクで塗ら



"I am happiest that I can spend time with my child", He answered me in any case.

BIOGRAPHY: My name is Kensuke Izumi.

I'm from Japan.

I'm a third year college student at the University of Tokyo and study Urban Planning. I'm on the way to travel around the world and now I'm enjoying my stay in India.

2. Shy stone shelter: Women standing at the doorway

3. Warding off the evil eye: Door decorated with religious motifs



れている。。十分な日光と風を建物内に供給することができるため、インドでの伝統建築はその多くがこの中庭式を採用している。この家のトイレは内部にあったが、それでも家の片隅、言われなければ気づかないような目立たないところに設置してあった。そしてその帰り道、何人もの村人がおれの家も見ろと仕切りに勧めてくるので一軒のお宅を見学することになった。そこはそれまでに見学させてもらっていた2軒の家とは全く異なっていた。赤煉瓦を積み重ねて住居を囲う壁とし、何本もの木をクロスさせて作られた門が唯一の入り口となっている。入り口を抜けると8畳ほどの屋外スペースがあり、体を洗うための場所と炊事・食事を行うための小屋が脇に建てられている。体を洗う場所、といっても単にスペースが設けてあるだけなので、バケツや洗面器が置かれていなければ誰もそれとは気づかないだろう。小屋は木々の枝を重ねるようにして作られており、雨よけだろうかその周りを布やビニールシートなど統一性のない素材で覆ってある。「ここがおれの家だ。」そうやって案内する青年の顔は誇りに満ちていた。

今も力強く生活に根付くヒンドゥー教の精神、そして貧富の差を感じさせられた住宅見学。人々は家の内部にそれぞれの信仰する神様を飾り、排泄物や死など穢れを表すものをできるだけ遠ざけようとする。そしてカースト制における身分を表した壁面の青。これだけ宗教、一つの考え方が徹底して住居空間の場で実践されている国はそうないのだろう。力強く手を振り続ける村人たちを背に次の目的地へと向かう僕の脳裏には、物的な欠如をものともせず自らの住居に誇りを持つ青年の笑顔が焼き付いていた。

SHORTAGE OF TEACHERS in Rural India

WORDS: **MR. KUNZANG DORJI**PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

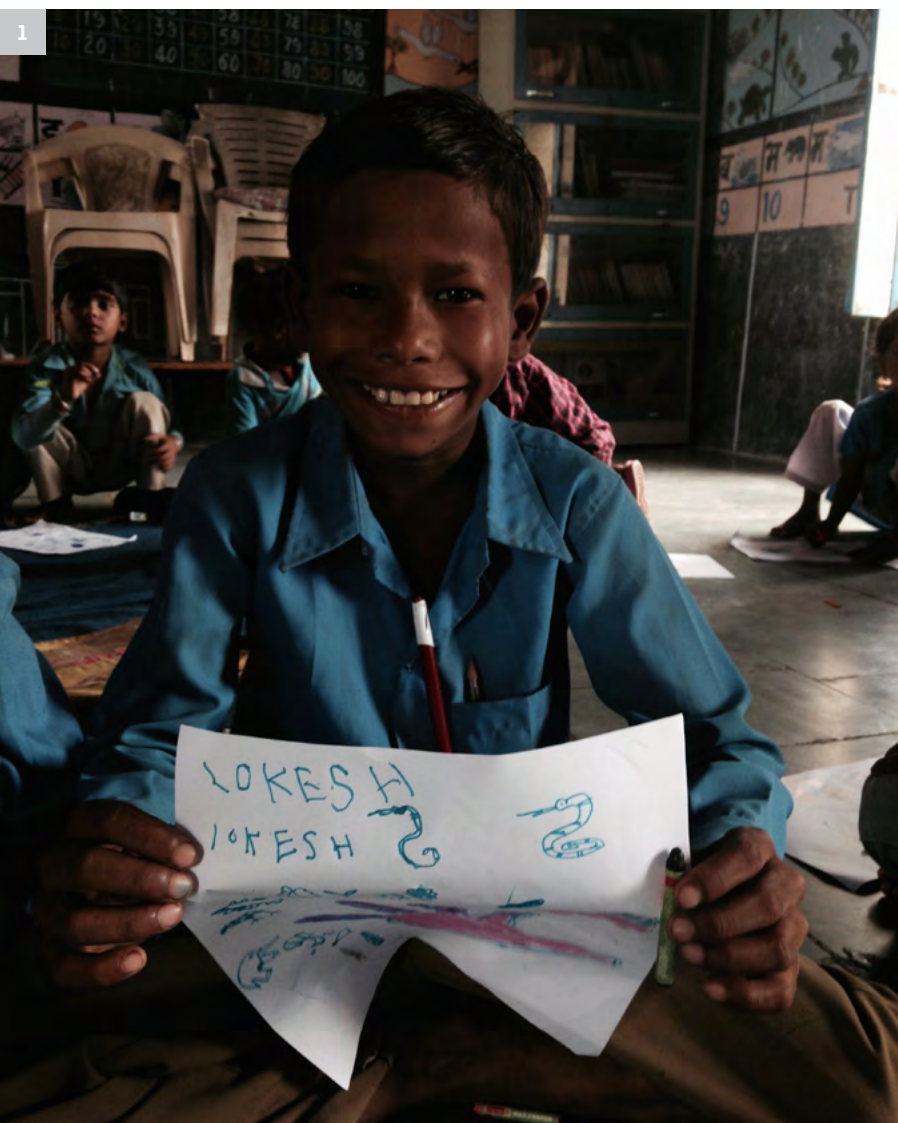
Teaching is considered a noble profession. These days though it seems like it lost its nobility. It is now a profession that nobody likes to join.

The state of Rajasthan has two types of premier teacher training colleges, B.Ed and STC. Despite two college institution producing hundreds of teachers every year, the shortage still exists. There are numerous factors responsible for the shortage of teachers in the country. Some of these factors include

low wage, burdensome job with extra responsibilities, unequal distribution of teachers, less opportunities for career growth and the job itself has become less attractive.

The decrease in the number of teachers is largely due to the low wages given to them both in the public and private sector especially in the later the payment is lower, says Asif Khan, a teacher from a public primary school. The general pay revision was challenged by increase in market prices for all commodities and the payment commission is regulated every 10 years. This makes the job less attractive. When the question of ambition was asked to students, they aspire only to be farmers, not teachers. The general pay revision did not help the teachers in any way. The teachers are the only section of civil servants that depend fully on dry salary specifically in Pallavan Schools.

How the people perceive teachers and what they do is quite skewed. The teachers have to work tirelessly from Monday to Saturday. On Saturdays they are supposed to work only for half of the day, but most of the time other extra-curricular activities keep the teachers occupied beyond the time. Teachers have to even work during national holidays even if it falls on Sundays. To write a few examples, Mahatma Gandhi's birthday celebration on 2nd of October, the Independence Day of India on 15th of August and the Republic Day of India on 26th of January. Besides the above mentioned sacrifices, teachers have to spend their time at home in planning lessons. In school days, teachers leave home by 8 in the morning and return by 3 pm. Mastab, a teacher from Pallavan says that teachers in the schools do not have privacy even at their homes. A scouting activity must go on in schools to achieve Indian



1. Accomplished: A student happily showing his work.

2. Helping hands: Author helping the students.

3. Art for community sake: Students working in a group.



It is high time for the Ministry to explore and implement steps to make teaching attractive and retain experienced, capable and dedicated teachers.

Scouts Association's hopes and aspirations where teachers are supposed to take an active role besides teaching.

The unequal distribution of teachers is also a key factor that contributes to the shortage of teachers. The schools best know how many teachers are needed for their school. The schools prioritize and send teacher requisitions to Rajasthan Public Service Commission, who assigns the portfolio. The teachers who served for three to five years in rural posting move to urban schools. The teachers whose first posting was in the urban schools dislike remote posting. Thus, urban schools have more teachers than the far flung schools.

Another factor that discourages the people from joining the teaching profession is the minimal opportunities for career growth. The ministry and the government can't afford to send most of the teachers abroad for further trainings. Only few capable and lucky ones have the opportunity to travel abroad for their professional up gradation. The people in other government sector, right after the completion of their proba-

tion period are sent abroad for training. The Education Ministry lacks funds to afford in-state training and conduct professional development programmes, says Asif Khan. If the ministry can afford to send teachers for short-term and long-term courses, only then can more people have interest in the profession. This strategy may help improve the quality of education and prove right the words of His Majesty, The King of Bhutan- "If education succeeds, nothing will fail in our country. Education failing, nothing will succeed." Therefore, I feel teachers should be given opportunities to travel outside for exposure and more than that for professional growth so that they can sow the good seed in younger generation.

These days teaching has become less attractive to young minds. I feel this is another factor that keeps the teacher shortage continuing. Reno, a zoology teacher says that teachers are seen to be changing careers after completion of ten years practicing. It is high time for the Ministry to explore and implement steps to make teaching attractive and retain experienced, capable and dedicated teachers.

The factors: low wage, the burdensome job with extra responsibilities, unequal teacher distribution, less opportunities for professional development and less attractive profession are contributing to teacher shortages in schools. The jobseekers know how "Noble" is teaching profession. If the Ministry and the Government fail to attract capable and qualified people into teaching, the schools will continue with teacher shortage. The Ministry will have only the teachers not by choice but by chance and outdated.



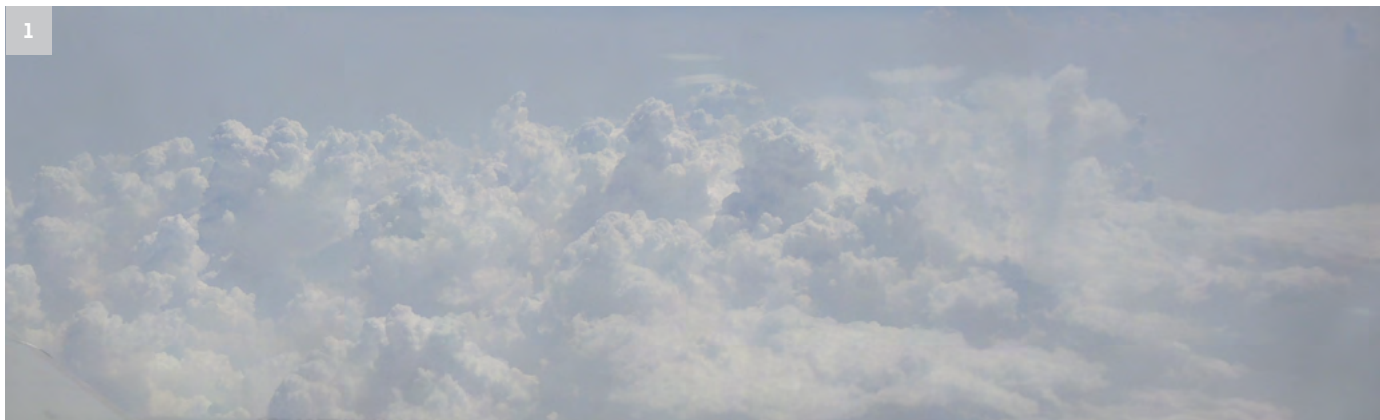
གཉིད་ལམ། རང་སྤང་སྒྲིབ།

WORDS: **MR. KUNZANG DORJI** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



དངས་ཉལ་བའི་པའི་གཉིད་ལམ་ནང།
ང་གཉིད་ལམ་མི་ཐོང་དུ་འཐོང་འཐོང་།
དུ་གཉིས་བསྐྱེད་དང་བཙུག་འཐོང་།
དེ་སྤང་སྒྲིབ་གཏང་ན་བཙུག་ཅིག་འདྲག།
དེ་སྤྱི་སྤྱི་ཐེན་ན་འཕྲུབ་དགོ་བདེ།
དེ་སྤྱི་ན་སྤྱི་འབྲུང་ཉན་ན་ཉན་པའོ།
ཁྱོད་ཆོས་གྲོགས་སྤྲུལ་གྱི་དོན་དུ་རྩོམ།
སྤྱི་མེད་བྱ་སྤྲད་ཅུར་ཅུ་ནང་།
ས་རྩ་གར་ལུངས་པར་སྤྱོད་སར་འཐོང་།
ས་འདི་ཁར་བལྟ་ན་རེ་རོང་མེད།
ལུལ་ག་ར་ལྷགས་ཁང་གང་ནས་འདྲག།
ཏ་རེ་ཐང་ནས་གནམ་ལ་བལྟ་ན།
ཆོ་བཟང་དཀར་ལྷ་ཁྱ་ཆེས་ཆེས།
རྩ་ལུལ་དེའི་གནམ་ལ་བལྟ་ན།
མཁུ་ཐལ་སྤྱབ་སྤྱ་དཀར་འཐོང་བ་དགོན།
གནས་སྤྱ་དཀར་མེན་འདྲག་ས་ཁར་བལྟ་ན།
གནམ་བསྐྱ་ནས་དཀར་མ་ས་ཁར་འཕལ།
གཞོང་ག་ར་དཀར་མའི་གང་ནས་འདྲག།
མར་འགྲོ་མི་བརྩ་དང་ཡར་འོང་མི་སྤྱོད།
ནོར་སེམས་ཅན་མེན་པར་འཁྲལ་འཁོར་མས།
བྱ་བྱ་ཅུང་མེན་པར་གནམ་འཁྲལ་མས།

གངས་མེད་པའི་མི་རིགས་སྤྱ་ཆོགས་འཛོམས།
ལ་ལུ་ནི་ཆོང་དང་ལ་ལུ་ནི་ལྷང་མི་འདྲག།
གཉིད་ལམ་ནི་གཉིད་ལམ་གཞན་དང་མ་འདྲམ་འཐོང་།
སྤྲུལ་དགོན་མཆོག་སྤྱི་བོར་སྤྲུལ་སྤྱི་གི།
མཁུ་སྤྱི་བཙུག་རྒྱང་མཐེལ་ཕྱང་ལྷ་འབདན།
རང་གདོང་ཁའི་ལྷ་ལྷོང་དུས་བཀོདན།
གཉིད་ལམ་ནི་དངོས་སྤྱ་འབྲུང་བ་མིན་ཟེར་རོ།
གཉིད་ནང་ལྷ་འབྱི་བའི་སྤྱོ་ཟེ་ནང་།
ནོར་བ་དང་འཛོལ་ཡོད་དེས་རྟེག་མིན།
ཁྱོད་སྤྱི་མི་མཁུ་སྤྱ་ཕྱན་པོ་མོ་ཡིས།
ཐུགས་བྱམས་དགོངས་ཞིག་ཨ་ཁོ་རེ།
སྤྱི་མེད་བྱ་སྤྲད་ཅུར་ཅུ་ནང་།
ས་རྩ་གར་ལུངས་པར་སྤྱོད་སར་འཐོང་།
ས་འདི་ཁར་བལྟ་ན་རེ་རོང་མེད།
ལུལ་ག་ར་ལྷགས་ཁང་གང་ནས་འདྲག།
ཏ་རེ་ཐང་ནས་གནམ་ལ་བལྟ་ན།
ཆོ་བཟང་དཀར་ལྷ་ཁྱ་ཆེས་ཆེས།
རྩ་ལུལ་དེའི་གནམ་ལ་བལྟ་ན།
མཁུ་ཐལ་སྤྱབ་སྤྱ་དཀར་འཐོང་བ་དགོན།
གནས་སྤྱ་དཀར་མེན་འདྲག་ས་ཁར་བལྟ་ན།
གནམ་བསྐྱ་ནས་དཀར་མ་ས་ཁར་འཕལ།



གཞོང་ག་ར་དཀར་མའི་གང་ནས་འདྲག།
མར་འགྲོ་མི་བརྩ་དང་ཡར་འོང་མི་སྤྱོད།
ནོར་སེམས་ཅན་མེན་པར་འཁྲལ་འཁོར་མས།
བྱ་བྱ་ཅུང་མེན་པར་གནམ་འཁྲལ་མས།
གངས་མེད་པའི་མི་རིགས་སྤྱ་ཆོགས་འཛོམས།
ལ་ལུ་ནི་ཆོང་དང་ལ་ལུ་ནི་ལྷང་མི་འདྲག།
གཉིད་ལམ་ནི་གཉིད་ལམ་གཞན་དང་མ་འདྲམ་འཐོང་།
སྤྲུལ་དགོན་མཆོག་སྤྱི་བོར་སྤྲུལ་སྤྱི་གི།
མཁུ་སྤྱི་བཙུག་རྒྱང་མཐེལ་ཕྱང་ལྷ་འབདན།
རང་གདོང་ཁའི་ལྷ་ལྷོང་དུས་བཀོདན།
གཉིད་ལམ་ནི་དངོས་སྤྱ་འབྲུང་བ་མིན་ཟེར་རོ།
གཉིད་ནང་ལྷ་འབྱི་བའི་སྤྱོ་ཟེ་ནང་།
ནོར་བ་དང་འཛོལ་ཡོད་དེས་རྟེག་མིན།
ཁྱོད་སྤྱི་མི་མཁུ་སྤྱ་ཕྱན་པོ་མོ་ཡིས།
ཐུགས་བྱམས་དགོངས་ཞིག་ཨ་ཁོ་རེ།

མཁུ་སྤྱི་གི།
ལ་དཔལ་ལྷན་འབྲུག་པའི་བྱ་ཅོང་།
ངེ་མིང་ལྷ་ལྷན་བཟང་དོ་རྩེ་ཟེར།
དུང་སྤྱོད་ཐོ་མིང་ཅན་ཤེས་རབ་སྤེ།
ཆོས་ཡོན་ཏན་སྤྱང་སའི་སྤྱོད་ལྷ་ཡིན།
སྤྲུལ་དགོན་མཆོག་ཆོས་སྤྱངས་སྤྱབས་དགོན།
གོངས་སྤྱོད་སྤྱོད་པ་མའི་བཀའ་དྲིན།
བྱ་རང་གི་བསོད་སྤྱོད་བསོན་ནམས།
ས་རྩ་ལུལ་སྤྱོར་བའི་ལོ་རྩལ་རྟེགས།

1. A common cover:
Drifting through the clouds

2. Old meets new:
Akshardham Temple

BIOGRAPHY: I am Kuenzang Dorji from Bhutan, currently pursuing Bachelor of Arts in Political Science and Sociology at Sherubtse College.



GALLERY

Participants at Gagron Fort at Jhalawar:
Among the most impenetrable forts of India



Rock-cut Bhuddhist Caves at Kolvi





View from the Bhuddhist Caves at Kolvi



Future dreams in Rural Jhalawar

WORDS: **MR. LASSE JACOBSEN** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



What do you want to do when you grow up? This common question implies a privileged starting point: That you have an individual free choice among several educational or occupational possibilities. It is highly appealing to be able to choose and shape one's own life from a variety of possible paths. In rural Jhalawar, as in many other less developed parts of the world, the options are limited. When families have been illiterate farmers for generations, the children of these families are not very likely to become doctors or lawyers. So what dreams for the future are to be found among the youth of rural Jhalawar?

Do they want to move away or to stay in the villages? Are they aspiring towards social mobility or do they follow in the footsteps of their families? These questions are discussed drawing on empirical examples from personal interviews conducted in villages in the province of Jhalawar, Rajasthan.

While interviewing a relatively well-off elderly couple in their house, a 13 years old boy from the neighbour house came to serve tea. He was from a very poor family, but he has been empowered with help from the couple. Years ago, they had supported the boy's father so he could get an education, which eventually led to a good job, and likewise they support the boy today. He dreams

about a career in the military, and because of the support from the neighbours, it is not an unrealistic aspiration. By the way, the boy's family is Hindu, whereas the elderly couple are Muslims, but that is solely a personal matter and not a dividing factor in the village. The boy walked in the house as if it was his own, and a close personal relation between them was clearly observable. This is a sign of a strong sense of community in the villages, where people care for family and neighbours alike. In general, all the interviewees had strong ties to their villages, and they only wanted to leave the villages if education or better job possibilities demanded them to do so.



This is a sign of a strong sense of community in the villages, where people care for family and neighbours alike.

The boy had been lucky compared to many other young people of the villages who simply do not have the resources to be able to shape their own lives. For instance, I interviewed the 18 years old girl Daapu Prajapati who wanted to become a housewife. On the face of it, this may seem unambitious for a young girl with a whole life ahead of her. She must have better options? Not necessarily. She had dropped her studies two years ago because her mother had passed away, so she had to take care of the family instead. She did not choose to drop her studies. She had to. No family can survive without somebody who takes care of the basic household chores. These circumstances certainly reduce her life opportunities. She cannot autonomously choose her own path of life, but is rather subject to a social environment that does not leave much possibility for social mobility. Yet, Daapu had hope for the future. Besides being a housewife, she wants a husband who loves her, she wants two children (preferably girls) and she is curious to explore other places with her family. Her dreams of the future are not pointing towards prestigious or well-paid jobs, but they are realistic and within reach. Daapu did not seem to be an unhappy girl. She had many friends around her, her eyes were smiling, and she was full of hope. She did not focus on her lack of possibilities. Rather, she seemed happy with the existence of possibility.



1. Proud Grandparents: An elderly couple.
2. Pastel blues and bright smiles: Girls of the village.

Another interviewee is 22 years old Bablu who is a mason living in a small village together with his family and wife who are all farmers. He wants to stay in the village, because he is satisfied with his life there. He may not have many other options within reach, but he is thankful for what he has. His hope for the future is not about a personal career, but about a stable and happy family life in the village.

The aim of this essay is not to romanticise life in rural Jhalawar. Many people are living under very poor living conditions. They have to work hard just in order to cover their basic needs. And they are vulnerable if family members fall sick or pass away. For instance, Daapu mentioned that if somebody fell sick in her village, they could not afford to go to a doctor (with an actual degree) in Jaipur. Instead, they would go to the local, uneducated 'doctor', rely on the prayers of the other villagers and ultimately lie down to die. It is thus certain that better materialistic living conditions would make life easier, safer and happier for the people of the villages.

However, this essay suggests that poor materialistic living conditions do not necessarily equal unhappy lives. Even though most families are farmers and do not earn much more than what covers their basic needs, they do not perceive themselves as poor people. They have been living like this for generations, and their lives first become 'poor' when one makes an economic comparison to life in developed countries. One of the immaterial advantages of the rural villages mentioned here is the strong sense of local community where villagers help those



in need - family or neighbours alike.

Concluding on this stream of consciousness from rural Jhalawar, the level of development is still so low that economic development certainly will improve the lives of the villagers. Yet one must remember not to equal less wealth with unhappiness. When I will think back to the lives I saw in the villages of Jhalawar, I will remember the poor living conditions, but I will also remember the strong communities and the many smiles of the families living there.

BIOGRAPHY: I am a 22 years old political science student from Copenhagen, Denmark. I am interested in politics, society and especially concerned with inequality. I wanted to explore India because it's different from my home country in almost every aspect. It is a huge and highly diverse developing country, and I think that much societal insight lies in understanding such a huge contrast.

3. Shades of togetherness: Women sitting outside a house.

4. Boys: Children having fun on a temple courtyard.



4



How Does The Local Community Work?

WORDS: **MR. MASASHI NIINOMI** PHOTOS: **MR. MASASHI NIINOMI**



Did I come to a zoo? This is what I thought when I came to Jhalawar. There are so many animals on the streets that we have to exercise great caution not to run over them while driving. Although a lot of plastic products are scattered everywhere, the fact is not hidden that modernization is gradually taking place here. So what is the local community like in this district where pure nature and modernization coexist?

On July 27, we had an opportunity to visit Patpadia Village. When I happened to ask one of the dwellers "What is your favorite part about this village?" He answered, "Everyone knows everyone, so we can help each other in order to grow together." I asked the same question to some other people in this district and surprisingly enough, they answered in a similar manner. They still have a mutual support system which is ceasing to exist in cities of the developed countries.

How is this mutual support system organized?

The head of the village plays a big role. He is elected through voting and serves a term lasting 5 years. He organizes not only his own village but also some other surrounding vil-

lages. Local government legally approves this system and he is in charge of negotiating with the administrator of his district. When I asked him why he was chosen as the boss, he answered with a hint of sarcasm, "Because I'm good at wrestling. Whoever is good at wrestling is respected in this district." This is how things are in this district. Obviously enough, he has a good personality which attracts people surrounding him leading to his election as the head.

“They still have a mutual support system which is ceasing to exist in cities of the developed countries.

During the interviews, I often heard it being said that "What counts are not personal interests of each individual rather the collective interests of the community as a whole." This statement was given when they spoke about arranged marriage. The point of this statement is that you can rarely reject an arranged marriage because they place higher value on your role in your community than on your personal likings. They said whoever doesn't choose to get married - in fact there are only a few who don't get married - will be ignored in the society and when you cannot give birth to a child after the marriage, you will be assigned as 'another woman' in order to have a child.

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“What counts are not personal interests of each individual, but rather the collective interests of the community as a whole.”

In my personal opinion, however, the statement that “what counts is not personal interests but collective interests” holds true for other cases as well. In another village, the head is a Muslim, despite most of the other dwellers being of Hindu religion. They celebrate both Islamic and Hindu festivals together. In Islamic festivals, Muslims are even allowed to eat cows which are sacred for the Hindu religion. They are tolerant of each others' religion and are struggling to get on a collective community.

Since the framework of communities is changing due to modernization and social factors, it is still unknown which traditions are able to sustain and which disappear but we can still learn a lot from their way of treating each other.

1. A common Indian phenomenon: This is a picture of one of the families in Patpadia Village. Their family lives with uncle's family so they have 11 people in this house.

BIOGRAPHY: I'm Masashi Niinomi - 新家雅士 - from Japan. I'm a second year student in the University of Tokyo and currently studying law. Indian people are so friendly that they ask me a selfie whenever there is an opportunity. I love this country and hope more people get to know India.



"Girls Just Want to Have Fundamental Rights" Education in Jhalawar

WORDS: **MS. MELISSA GISELLE JAUREGUI AND MS. YESENIA NAVA**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

The topic of women's education is a nuanced discussion in which multiple factors involving the perpetuation of gender norms and the navigation of economic mobility play important roles. Nevertheless, we from the Western world can be quick to assume that those living in rural towns in the other side of the world, especially the women, are deprived of a quality education. We live in a world where the unfortunate reality is that many women will never receive the opportunity to learn to read or write, but that does not mean that progress doesn't exist or is not occurring at the moment. For the last couple of days, we have had the pleasure of meeting and speaking with several young women of different years in the Pallavan private school of Jhalawar and several townswomen from the neighboring villages. From speaking with them, we have learned about some of their aspirations and how they view their futures, both of which are shaped by the unique qualities of Jhalawar.

Shikha is fifteen years old and she has been attending Pallavan since year four. She is young, ambitious, and loves English literature. Her literary passions include fiction and poetry and she would like to someday travel to South Africa. Her quiet disposition is juxtaposed with the ambitiousness of her goals to reveal that she is a young woman with strong determination.

When we asked Shikha where her studies will take her beyond Pallavan, she expressed her hopes to attend a university in Jaipur or Delhi. Her personal goal is to receive the No-

bel Prize for English Literature. There was no hesitation in Shikha's voice when she spoke of leaving her town in the Indian countryside to pursue a career where her English works will make her famous.

Yukti, a 10th grader at the same school as Shikha, wishes to pursue a career in the sciences and one day become a doctor. She wants to stay in the area because she already



1. Wide eyed wonder: A young student at the school.





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feels that her town is developing and she wants to be a part of that process.

Interviewed alongside their male classmates, we sensed that Shikha and Yukti both expressed a more visible desire to improve their community and indirectly improve the lives of their fellow townspeople, women and men. Shikha hopes to aid the public of Jhalawar through social welfare once her studies are complete, while Yukti wants to specialize in the care of people with autism. Their career goals are a product of the private education they have received and it is indicative of the power education can have in promoting more elaborate aspirations.

The majority of the mothers we interviewed during our stay in Jhalawar were housewives. Some had received a 12th grade level of education, but did not extend their studies beyond this point. Of the five moth-

ers we spoke to with children in the Pallavan school system, only one was employed outside of the home as a nurse.

Regardless of their own levels of education and occupational status, each one expressed a desire for their children to succeed academically. They recognize the privilege their children have in pursuing education and they all expressed their willingness to support their children's dreams.

All the women we have spoken with have expressed their deep appreciation for their education and the town itself. Although not the most financially affluent of areas, Jhalawar is rich in community support. People want to see others succeed. It is a characteristic of those who have succeeded despite adversity.

Although it isn't in many parts of the world, education is a fundamental right. It is the gateway to many possibilities and no one should be deprived of the opportunity to learn and expand their mind. India still continues to face many economic hindrances despite its bustling business sector. The young women in the Pallavan school are privileged enough to be receiving a private education in a rural town and all we can hope for now is that their dreams do indeed come true.

2. Foot loose and fancy free: The future generation.

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...both expressed a more visible desire to improve their community and indirectly improve the lives of their fellow townspeople, women and men.

BIOGRAPHY:

Melissa Jauregui is a student at the University of California, Santa Barbara. She is an English Literature major and is about to spend the following year studying in Thailand. She likes to spend her spare time running long distances and watching reruns of Sex and the City.

Yesenia Nava is a student at the University of California, Santa Barbara. She is an Environmental Studies major and is about to spend the following year studying in Barbados. She likes to spend her free time playing with her three dogs and re-reading the Harry Potter series.

PENGALAMAN SAYA

WORDS: **MR. MUGILAN A/L R. ARUMUKUM**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



1. Tigers: Students gathered in the corridor, outside the class rooms.

Hari ini bermula sesi pengajaran bagi kami di sekolah kerajaan, swasta dan pra sekolah. Saya ditempatkan bersama tiga orang sahabat saya iaitu Charlotta, Vee dan Juanna. Kami memang tidak bersabar untuk mengajar pelajar-pelajar kerana seperti dinyatakan kami berempat ditempatkan di Pra Sekolah dimana bersama pelajar berumur 4,5,6 tahun.

Pada pukul 8 pagi, kami bertolak ke sekolah yang bernama Pallavan. Perkara pertama yang membuat saya teruja ialah sambutan

mereka. Mereka menyambut ketibaan kami seperti salah seorang ahli keluarga mereka. Terdapat 6 cikgu yang bertugas di sana. Kami cuma berinteraksi bersama mereka tentang sekolah tersebut dan waktu persekolahan bagi pengetahuan kami sementara menunggu ketibaan para pelajar. Kami berempat bermula untuk bermain dengan pelajar yang ada disana dengan bahan permainan yang kami bawa ke sekolah itu. Selain itu, kami juga menari bersama cikgu-cikgu dan pelajar dengan lagu kegemaran mereka dan ia dikatakan sebagai warming up kepada mereka setiap



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hari. Setelah selesai menari, semua pelajar beratur mengikut kelas masing-masing dan terdapat 7 barisan untuk menyanyikan lagu kebangsaan mereka. Walaupun mereka kecil tetapi mereka tetap menyanyi lagu kebangsaan dengan bersemangat.

Selepas menyanyi lagu, mereka bergerak ke kelas masing-masing bagi memulakan sesi pembelajaran mereka. Sebelum kelas bermula, mereka makan buah-buahan dan sayur-sayuran yang dibekalkan dari rumah ke sekolah. Seterusnya, kelas saya bermula dan saya memperkenalkan diri saya dan mereka juga memperkenalkan diri mereka dengan perasan malu. Kelas saya mempunyai 28 pelajar dan 1 cikgu. Bagi slot pertama, saya mengajar mereka suku kata dan saya menanyakan soalan berdasarkan pengajaran saya. Selepas beberapa jam kemudian, tibalah masa untuk mereka makan makanan tengahari yang dibawa dari rumah. Sebahagian besar, pelajar-pelajar membawa makanan iaitu paratha, kari dhal dan biskut manakala cikgu pula membawa sejenis kacang dan papadam bagi mereka. Walaupun mereka tidak berkenalan dengan kami sebegitu rapat tapi mereka sanggup berkongsi makanan mereka bersama kami. Saya berasa gembira dan ber-

syukur kerana kami mendapat cikgu-cikgu yang baik hati sepertinya. Akhirnya, selepas mereka makan berakhirilah masa kami bersama mereka pada hari pertama di sekolah.

Perut kami berbunyi kerana kelaparan. Kami telah bergerak ke sebuah Hotel untuk makanan tengahari bersama sahabat kami daripada berlainan sekolah. Selama 1 jam, kami mengambil rehat sebelum diteruskan aktiviti yang seterusnya. Aktiviti tersebut ialah melawat Istana Raja Rajasthan yang terletak di Rajasthan. Kami berasa bangga kerana tidak semua penduduk atau pelancong dibenarkan masuk ke Istana tersebut tetapi kami telah dibenarkan oleh Raja tersebut untuk dilawati. Kami bertuah dan mengkaji Istana tersebut. Secara ringkas, tempat itu amat cantik dan dijaga dengan baik sehingga sekarang. Apabila selesai sudah kami melawat Istana tersebut, kami dijamu teh dan biskut di sebuah rumah bersebelahan Istana tersebut. Akhirnya, selesai sudah hari pertama kami bersama di sekolah dan tempat bersejarah itu. Kami bergerak balik ke hotel untuk makan malam dan sesi berkongsi pengalaman bagi hari ini.

Hari kedua kami telah bermula den-



2. Gaaarliiic: I along with two of my best friends Peh and Alfanso visiting a place where workers were cleaning onions, freshly picked from the garden.

3. Hind sight: While playing on the school ground

gan aman. Seperti biasa selepas sarapan pagi, kami bergerak ke sekolah masing-masing bagi sesi pengajaran kami. Selepas tiba di sekolah kami juga menjemput pelajar-pelajar kami dengan perasaan gembira dan memulakan hari kedua seperti hari pertama dengan tarian, nyanyian lagu kebangsaan dan doa mereka.

Selepas itu, bermula kelas yang kedua bagi saya. Hari ini saya telah mengajar mereka bahasa Inggeris dengan memperkenalkan suku kata. Walaupun mereka tidak sebegitu mahir dalam bahasa Inggeris tetapi mereka Berjaya untuk belajar tanpa perasaan putus asa. Sehubungan itu, saya telah melukis beberapa gambar mengenai suku kata bagi mengingatkan mereka. Seperti mana saya andaikan seperti itu mereka berinterak. Mereka Berjaya menghafal dan mengulangi suku kata selepas 1 jam. Saya berasa bersyukur kerana apa yang diajarkan itu tetap dalam ingatan mereka walaupun mereka baru 3 dan 4 tahun.

Tibalah masa kami pula untuk menjamu selera di hotel selepas sesi pengaja-

ran di sekolah. Kami tidak bersabar untuk makanan tengahari kerana makanan yang dihidangkan amat sedap diamakan. Selepas menjamu selera, kami telah bersedia untuk melawat sebuah kampung dimana mempunyai tanaman herba, bunga dan sebagainya. Seperti mana diberitahu, kebun tersebut baru sahaja beroperasi selama setahun dan didapati banyak bunga dan tanaman herba. Selepas kami melawat tempat tersebut kami dijamu teh di sebuah bilik. Kami ini memang tak suka duduk diam oleh itu, saya bersama dua orang sahabat saya iaitu Peh dan Alfanso melawat sebuah tempat dimana terdapat pekerja membersihkan bawang merah yang baru dipetik dari kebun tersebut. Mereka berasa gembira dan bersenyuman lebar apabila melihat kami.

Dalam masa itu juga, terdapat satu perkara yang mencabar kami iaitu makan bawang merah yang dipetik itu di depan mereka. Kami pun tidak menolak permintaan mereka oleh itu kami berdua iaitu saya dan Alfanso makan bawang merah tersebut walaupun mata kami berair. Kami memang berasa gembira dan tercari-cari air untuk diminum kerana begitu rasanya bawang merah itu.

Selepas itu, kami juga bertolak balik ke hotel kerana cuaca tidak mengizinkan. Beberapa jam kemudian selepas membersihkan diri, kami melawat ke kelas muzik di sebuah tempat ibadat. Kami ke sana bertujuan mempelajari muzik tradisional mereka. Persembahan mereka amat membuat kami tersentuh kerana salah seorang pemain muzik tersebut buta. Beliau dikatakan berminat dalam bidang muzik daripada kecil lagi. Melalui kelas muzik tersebut kami telah mempelajari cara untuk bermain peralatan muzik tersebut. Setelah selesai kelas tersebut kami pun balik ke hotel untuk makan malam.

Hari ketiga kami bermula tanpa kelas di sekolah. Hari ini kami akan melawat beberapa tempat sejarah dan berpengetahuan. Selepas mengambil sarapan pagi, kami telah melawat ke sebuah kampung yang berbeza dan menemui ramah salah sebuah keluarga. Pemandangan kampung tersebut amat cantik dan aman dengan kebun kehijauan. Kami juga mendapat banyak ilmu pengetahuan tentang kampung, kebudayaan mereka dan sebagainya.

Selepas sesi menemui ramah, kami bergerak ke hotel untuk makanan tengahari. Tempat yang kedua yang akan dilawati oleh kami

selepas makanan tengahari ialah Goverment Museum Garh Palace, Jhalawar. Terdapat banyak pengetahuan dalam museum tersebut. Selepas beberapa jam di tempat tersebut kami bergerak ke hotel untuk bersedia bagi tarian tradisional Rajasthan. Beberapa jam kemudian tibalah masa kami untuk menyaksikan tarian tradisional mereka. Lagu mereka semua amat sedap didengar dan kami telah bersuka ria dengan persembahan tersebut. Selesai persembahan, kami juga menari bersama mereka dan mengisi masa kami bersama mereka.

Dengan keletihan, kami menjamu makan malam dengan perasaan gembira bersama mereka semua. Hari ini kami telah mengisi masa kami dengan sepenuhnya dengan pelbagai aktiviti. Tibalah masa kami untuk balik ke bilik masing-masing untuk tidur.

Hari ini hari Keempat kami, seperti biasa kami ke sekolah dan menjalankan tanggungjawab kami dengan mengajar mereka Hindi. Walaupun tidak mahir dalam bahasa hindi tetapi saya berjaya juga mengajar mereka yang saya pelajari. Selepas waktu persekolahan, kami ke Hotel untuk makanan tengahari seperti biasa. Selepas itu, kami bergerak ke Kota untuk menyaksikan bagaimana mereka menenun baki kain sari untuk kegunaan sebagai cadar dan sebagainya. Selepas beberapa jam di situ, kami pun balik untuk berehat dan sambutan hari terakhir kami bagi keesokan hari.

Hari ini hari terakhir kami di sekolah masing-masing bersama pelajar-pelajar. Saya berasa amat tersentuh dengan penghargaan mereka. Cikgu-cikgu tersebut memberi kami penghormatan dengan budaya mereka iaitu memberi bunga kepada kami dan merahmati kehadiran kami. Saya juga sebagai wakil Malaysia dan wakil Majlis Kelab Bell Belia Tamil Malaysia memberi sedikit penghargaan kepada mereka dan sekolah tersebut. Selepas majlis tersebut, kami bergerak ke hotel untuk makanan tengahari dengan perasaan sedih.

BIOGRAPHY: Hello, my name is Mugilan A/L R. Arumukum. I am 19 years old and studying at Smk Seri Pagi For Malaysia Higher School Certificate. I thank ISS For This Program.

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Thank you for the unforgettable journey of love and happiness.

Selesai sudah makanan tengahari, kami balik ke Hotel kami untuk berehat dan selesaikan powerpoint kami. Kami bersedia untuk persembahan tradisional bagi perempuan yang dibawa oleh kumpulan yang sama pada hari ketiga. Kami telah berasa bersyukur atas kehadiran mereka bagi mempersembahkan tarian mereka.

Selepas selesai persembahan itu, kami diminta memberi sedikit penghargaan kepada mereka atas persembahan mereka. Akhirnya, kami bergerak untuk makan malam bersama tetamu khas dan sahabat kami. Demikianlah pengalaman saya dalam 5 hari ini di Rajasthan.

Conclusion:

I really enjoyed the entire fieldwork and I have learned a lot of things about the cultural aspects of the society in India. Thank you for the unforgettable journey of love and happiness. I did my part of good work through 5WARAJ and I hope that my work will have a good impact on the society.

Mugilan Arumukum



1. Om Mani Padme Hum: Refugio Tibetano en la India

WORDS: **MS. NANCY ALEXANDRA RODRIGUEZ SALAS**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

Viajar te hace evolucionar.

India

#En la mirada de una Mexicana



los musulmanes es común usar primero el papel sanitario y después limpiar con agua. Una amiga me decía que hacen uso de los dos métodos de limpieza para estar más puros al momento de orar. La reacción a lo desconocido es lo que le da sabor a la exploración. Aún me sigo cuestionando las infinitas formas de hacer uso de estas herramientas, que para un occidental son algo totalmente nuevo.

En México, tenemos la creencia que alguien te puede hacer "ojo", esto quiere decir que a través de la mirada o el contacto con un desconocido se pueden transmitir energías que a su vez podrían hacerte un mal. Por esta razón, las madres o abuelas usan hilos rojos que hacen bolita y colocan en la frente de los niños, también se hace uso de pulseras del mismo color. En India, imagina que te encuentras niños con el mismo patrón, es decir, esa protección es expresada a través de delinear la parte inferior de los ojos de los menores. Mi curiosidad me invitó a cuestionar ¿Por qué? La razón es la misma que en México, misma práctica, diferente método.

Imagina esta escena en donde estas en medio del tráfico de Delhi (usando un "Tuk-Tuk"), y de repente te das cuenta que vas en el camino incorrecto y le indicas al conductor la ruta a seguir. Tu sorpresa ocurre

Viajar a lugares desconocidos te da la oportunidad de expandir y echar atrás paradigmas, mitos y tabús; y también te enseña que el verdadero tesoro se encuentra en ti, se encuentra en tu identidad. ¿Me acompañas a explorar India?

Imagina una escena en donde necesitas hacer uso del sanitario y lo único que encuentras es una llave (en su mayoría tienen mangueras). Un dato curioso es que para

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At that moment I understood that the best moment to live is the one that life allows you, the one that flows, the one that arrives when it has to arrive.



2. Flush out: Baño Tradicional
3. Auspiciously lined: Delineado Ojo Niños



cuando el conductor se regresa en sentido contrario, si, por la misma ruta. Sin el más mínimo respeto por las señales de tráfico, los carros van y vienen, el claxon no deja de sonar, el calor, el olor y la contaminación sus ingredientes invitados. Al final de esta travesía, siempre se tiene la certeza que llegarás a tu destino. Puedes concluir que a pesar de lo mal que suene, los conductores saben que existen reglas de orden dentro del desorden.

Una vez le pregunte a un amigo si creía que la luna o el sol se verían diferentes desde la India, y su respuesta fue que nosotros le damos el sentido y que es igual en todos lados. Mi teoría era opuesta, y el Bangla Sahib me ayudó a reafirmarla. Recuerdo esta imagen en mi mente en donde se dibujaba un atardecer de miles de colores, y en donde el cielo era su lienzo, y alrededor de ella se formaba un punto imponente lleno de color y brillantez, y sobre él pizcas de lluvia cristalina que reflejaban la esencia de la pintura. En ese momento comprendí que el mejor momento para vivir es aquel que la vida te permite, aquel que fluye, aquel que llega cuando tiene que llegar.

Aquí mis interpretaciones sobre las cuatro leyes de la espiritualidad de la India.



4. Let's line up: Auto Tuk-Tuk
5. The painted canvas: Templo Bangla Sahib Gurudwara
6. Wonder women: Damas trabajando en una granja

- Las personas que llegan a nosotros son tesoros escondidos. Es una invitación a depositar y tomar la esencia de lo valioso, de lo trascendente.
 - Lo que sucede es el resultado de la "causalidad", y no casualidad.
 - El momento correcto es cuando le permites a la vida que sea la protagonista y es esta la que te invita a ser el invitado de honor en la obra.
 - Cuando algo termina, termina. Pero también, algo nuevo empieza.
- Y si, los caminos de la vida no son como yo pensaba, no son como los imaginaba, son ¡INCREÍBLES! Incredible India!



BIOGRAPHY: Hola! My name is Nancy, a 26 years old Mexican Traveler. I have lived my whole life in Cancun and decided to quit my job to travel the world. I worked for 4 years in the same company and got unevaluable professional experience, but through this time I realized that I was looking for something more, and traveling was the answer. I'm still looking for my purpose in life, and so far I love the idea of becoming a teacher to help children and adults who haven't any chance to attend school or had the opportunity to get basic education, but still need to be educated. Oh, BTW, the paths of life...they are not what I used to hope, believe or imagine. They are Incredible!

Trees in JHALAWAR

WORDS: **MS. PAKJIRA THAMMANUTHAM** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



Jhalawar is a town in the countryside of the state of Rajasthan. It is similar to the countryside in Thailand. However, in Jhalawar, the air is in a better condition because there are many more trees. In Jhalawar everyone can see trees everywhere. There are big trees such as the neem tree, peepal tree and banyan tree. The villagers worship the big tree in the temple and some trees outside the temple. They believe that gods reside in those trees. The students of the local schools study about how to use trees in their home and at the school, they also learn about saving trees.



1

1. *Vachellia nilotica*: Babul tree in the hostel

2. *Ficus benghalensis*: Banyan tree in the village



2



3

3. *Azadirachta indica*: Neem tree in the village

4. *Ficus religiosa*: Pipal tree in the school

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The students of the local schools study about how to use trees in their home and at the school, they also learn about saving trees.

BIOGRAPHY: My name is Pakjira. I am from Thailand. I study Pali-Sanskrit major and I also study hindi. I want to know and see India by myself so I went to India and participated this program. It is the best time to have the experience in India and learn about India with good friends from other countries.



4

ལྷ་པ་རེ་དང་ལྷགས་སྤྲུལ་རེ།

WORDS: **MS. PHUB DEM** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



SYNOPSIS: India is a developing country and highly progressed in developing activities, still then they preserve and promote the cultures. Jhalawar is a village under Rajasthan state that preserves its unique culture from generation to generation from many other unique cultures. The way they welcome the guest and their beliefs in things are more unique and it reminds me of my

country i.e. Bhutan. When we visit the places and homes, the people welcome us warmly with all beautiful things. And secondly the beliefs in nature, especially the trees and worshiping of animals are also very similarly to my country. I got good opportunity to explore the cultural differences between my country and India, especially Jhalawar, so I am grateful to India and ISS. Thanks.



1



2

རྒྱ་གར་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་འདི་ ཡར་རྒྱས་འགྲོ་བའི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་གཅིག་ མི་ཉན་ལས་ ཡར་རྒྱས་གོང་འཕེལ་གྱིས་ལྷ་ལྷ་བརྒྱུ་བྱ་སྤྲུལ་ མི་གཅིག་མིན་ཅུང་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་འདི་ནང་ལྷ་དར་ཏེ་ཡོད་པའི་ ལས་སྤྲུལ་བཟང་པོ་ཚུ་མ་ཉན་པར་ལུང་ཕྱོགས་གར་ནང་ ལྷ་ལག་ལེན་འཕེལ་སྤྲུལ་རང་ཡོད་པའི་ནང་ལས་ ར་ཇས་ཐན་(Rajasthan) མངའ་སྡེ་ལྷ་ཡོད་པའི་ གཡུས་རྫོང་ལ་མར་(Jhalawar) འདི་ལས་སྤྲུལ་གྱི་ཕྱོགས་ པའི་གཡུས་ཚན་གཅིག་མིན་མས། དེ་གི་ནང་ལས་ཡང་ ལུང་ཕྱོགས་གཞན་དང་ མ་འདྲ་བའི་ ལས་སྤྲུལ་ཁྱད་པར་ཅན་ལེ་གཡོད་པའི་ནང་ལས་ དང་པ་ཕྱི་ཁར་ ལས་མགྲོན་མ་འོང་པའི་སྐབས་བསྟ་བ་འབད་ཐངས། གཉིས་པ་ལུ་རང་བཞིན་ གནས་སྤངས་ལྷ་ཡོད་ཆེས་བསྐྱེད་ཐངས་ ཚུ་ལུ་ཁྱད་པར་སྤྲུལ་འབད་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ འབྲུག་ཆེས་ལུན་གྱི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་འདི་དང་ཡང་ འབྲེལ་བ་ཡོད་པའི་ཁར་ ཁྱད་པར་ ཡང་སྤྲུལ་འབད་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ འདི་ཚུ་གི་སྤོར་ལས་ལྷ་ནི་མིན།

དེ་ཡང་ དང་པར་ཕྱི་ཁར་ལས་མགྲོན་མ་འོང་པའི་སྐབས་སུ་ བསྟ་བ་འབད་ ཐངས་དེ་འབད་བ་ཅིན་ ཁྱིམ་ནང་མིན་ཅུང་ སྤོབ་གྲ་ནང་མིན་ཅུང་ མགྲོན་མ་ འདི་ཁྱིམ་ནང་སྤྲོད་ཅིག་ དང་པར་དབྱེལ་ལྷ་ཚོགས་དམར་པོ་དང་ཆུ་ སྤྲུལ་བཟེ་དེ་དག། དེ་ལས་ཨོལ་སྒོག་ཁར་མེ་རྟོག་གི་བཟོ་དེ་ཡོད་པའི་བྱི་ཕ་ཚུ་ བཏགས་སྤྲུལ་འདྲུག་ འདི་ཚུ་འབད་བའི་སྐབས་ལྷ་ཡང་ལས་ལྷགས་དང་འབྲེལ་ སྤྲུལ་ དང་པར་ཚོགས་འདི་ཁྱིམ་འདི་ནང་གི་ཨམ་སྤྲུ་འདི་གིས་དབྱེས་ དེ་ལས་མེ་ རྟོག་གི་བྱི་ཕ་དེ་ ཁྱིམ་དང་གྱི་བཟོ་ཅན་འདི་གྱི་བཏགས་སྤྲུལ་འདྲུག། དེ་ཚུ་ལུ་ བསྟ་བ་ཅིན་ད་རང་གྱི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་ནང་ཡོད་པའི་མགྲོན་མ་བསྟ་ལེན་འབད་ཐངས་ ཚུ་སྤོར་རང་མིན་མས། དེ་ཡང་འབྲུག་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་ནང་འབད་བ་ཅིན་ མགྲོན་མ་

ཆེ་ཆུང་ག་བཟུམ་ཅིག་ཅུང་ཁྱིམ་དང་ཡིག་ཆང་ སྤོབ་གྲ་ བཞེས་འཛོམས་ག་ཅིག་ བཟུམ་ཅིག་ནང་འོང་ཅུང་ དང་པར་གསོལ་ར་དངས་ཏེ་བསྟ་བ་འབད་མ་མིན། མིན་ཅུང་འབྲུག་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་འདི་ཡང་ལས་སྤྲུལ་གྱི་ཕྱོགས་པའི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་ཅིག་ མིན་པ་ལས་ སྤྲུལ་ལེ་ལྷ་ཆེས་ལྷགས་ལེ་དང་ལུང་པ་ལེ་ལྷ་ལྷགས་སྤྲུལ་ལེ་ཟེར་ སྤྲུལ་དོ་བཟུམ་ ལུང་ཕྱོགས་ལེ་ལྷ་སྤྲུལ་ལེ་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ ཐར་ཕྱོགས་རྫོང་ཁག་ཚུ་ ནང་འབད་བ་ཅིན་ མགྲོན་མ་སྤྲོད་ཅིག་ཆང་དངས་སྤྲུལ་ཡོད་པ་དང་ གཡུག་ རྟོར་བཞེན་སྤྲོད་མི་ཚུ་གི་ མིན་དང་ར་ཅས་དར་ཆོག་བསྟུལ་སྤྲུལ་ཡང་ཡོད།

གཉིས་པ་ལུ་ར་ལ་མར་(Jhalawar) གི་གཡུས་ཚན་འདི་ས་ཆགས་ཉན་པར་ དགའ་རྟོག་ཏོ་ཅིག་ནང་ལྷ་ཆགས་ཏེ་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ དཔེ་གཏམ་ལས་ཡང་ སྤྲོད་ ར་ནམ་ཁའི་བྱ་ཡང་འཁོར་ཟེར་སྤྲུལ་དོ་བཟུམ་ མཐའ་འཁོར་ལྷ་ཤིང་དང་མེ་ རྟོག་ བྱེད་རིགས་དང་སེམས་ཅན་སྤྲུལ་ཆོག་ཆོག་འཁོར་སྤྲུལ་ཉན་པར་བའི་གཡུས་ ཚན་ཅིག་མིན་མས། འདི་གི་ནང་ལས་ཡང་ གཡུས་ཚན་འདི་ནང་སྤྲོད་མི་ མི་ སེར་ཚུ་ལས་རྒྱ་འབྲེས་དང་ཐ་དམ་ཆོག་ལྷ་ཡོད་ཆེ་སྤྲུལ་ཡོད་པ་ལས་ སེམས་ཅན་ ཐུགས་ཅད་པ་མ་ཡིན་ པ་མ་ཐུགས་ཅད་དྲིན་ཆེན་ལྷ་ཟེར་དོ་བཟུམ་ རང་ བཞིན་གནས་སྤངས་དང་སེམས་ཅན་ལྷ་ཡོད་ཆེས་སྤྲུལ་འདྲུག། དཔེར་ན་ བྱང་ཆུབ་ཤིང་ལྷ་ཨམ་སྤྲུ་ཚུ་གི་ཁོང་རང་གི་སྤྲོད་པ་ཚུ་གི་དོན་ལས་ བསྟུལ་པ་ བདུན་གྱི་ནང་ལྷ་སྤྲད་པ་འདི་གིས་མི་ཆེས་རང་རྩེན་འབྲུང་མ་བཅུག་ཟེར་སྤྲོད་ ལས་ཚུ་བཏབ་མིན་མས། དེ་མ་ཆད་གཡུས་ཚན་འདི་ནང་ལྷ་འཁོར་སྤྲུལ་ཡོད་པའི་ སེམས་ཅན་གར་ལྷ་ཡོད་ཆེས་ཡོད་པའི་ནང་ལས་ བ་དང་སྤྲང་འདི་ཁོང་ཚུ་གི་ ལྷ་བཟུམ་ཅིག་འབད་བཞེས་ལས་ལྷགས་སྤྲུལ་འབད་མ་མིན་མས། དེ་བཟུམ་

1. The mighty Gagrion Fort: Lake near a public school close to the fort
2. "The Guest is god": Girl putting *tika* while welcoming the author to a school



3. Worshipping the guest: A typical welcoming ceremony includes garlands of Marigold and a *tilak* (in picture), the red mark on the forehead.

འབད་རང་ མི་མནོ་རིགས་མི་ཅིག་ གྲུ་འཕྱར་རིགས་མི་ཅིག་ཟེར་སྐབ་སྤྱོད་ཡོད་
 རྟོ་བཟུམ་ འབྲུག་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་འདི་ཡང་ཆོས་ཀྱི་སྤྱོད་པ་དར་བའི་རྒྱལ་ཁབ་གཅིག་
 འབད་ཕྱ་ལས་ལས་རྒྱ་འབྲས་ལུ་ཡོད་ཆོས་ཡོད་ནི་འདི་གི་ ཁོང་བཟུམ་འབད་
 རང་ རང་བཞིན་གནས་སྐབས་དང་མཉམས་ཅན་ཚུ་ལུ་དང་པ་སྤྱོད་འབད་རང་
 ཡོད། དེ་ཡང་ ཤིང་ལ་ལྟ་ཅིག་ ལྷ་ཤིང་ འདྲེ་ཤིང་དང་རྩྭ་ལྷ་ གནས་རྩྭ་དང་ལྷ་
 རྩྭ་ཟེར་དབྱེ་བ་བྱེད་དེ་དང་པ་བསྐྱེད་སྤྱོད་ཡོད་པ་མིན། འདི་བཟུམ་འབད་རང་
 མཉམས་ཅན་ཚུ་ལུ་འབད་བ་ཅིན་ མཉམས་ཅན་ག་ར་ཕམ་མིན་མ་ཤེས་པ་ལས་ ག་ར་
 ལུ་བརྟེན་བ་བྱིན་མིན།

ད་མཇུག་རང་གུ་མོ་ང་རང་གྱི་བཀའ་དྲིན་དགའ་ཆོར་ནི་

༩ ཆོས་བྱང་རྒྱ་གར་ཡུལ་གྱི་རྩ་གཞུང་དང་།
 གྲུ་བྲག་རང་ལ་ཐར་ལམ་སྤྱོད་པའི་སྤྱོད་།
 འབྲལ་ཕྱགས་གཉིས་སྤྱ་ཕན་པའི་བསྐྱེད་རྩྭ་གས་ཀྱི།
 གདམས་བསྐྱེད་སྤྱོད་བས་སྤྱོད་གཞུང་གས་པས་འབད་།

ཤེས་བྱ་ཡོན་ཏན་ཀྱན་ལ་མཁས་པ་མེད།
 སྤྱོད་སྤྱོད་ལ་ཡང་མཁས་པ་མ་འཆིས་པས།
 བདག་གིས་བྲིས་པས་འབྲི་རྩྭ་འདི་ལ།
 བཟོད་གསལ་བཞེས་པར་བདག་གིས་སྤྱར་བྱ་བལྟལ།

BIOGRAPHY: I am Phub Dem studying Bhutanese and Himalayan studies under Royal University of Bhutan and I am from Bhutan.

Women in Jhalawar: Existence of Empowerment

WORDS: **MS. SHARMIN AKTER SHITOL**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

Being in India has been a fascinating experience for me. My experience in India has been greatly supplemented by the natural beauty of Jhalawar and the simplicity of the people who reside there. As a part of my volunteering experience, I visited the Pallavan School. There I have seen so many female teachers. This incident has drawn my attention to the fact that some women in Jhala-

war are self- dependent and contribute to the economy of the country. In addition, I have realized that most women are aware of the importance of education and want their children to acquire higher education in future. Their thoughts about marriage have also astonished me. When one of my male interviewee claimed that women must marry, his wife said that a woman can have a happy



1. Hospitality of generations: Tea and snacks at a family home in Jhalawar, with Janusa Sangma (senior associate, Ritinjali - seated fourth from left)



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However, both women and men are ostracized if they do not get married after a certain age.

2. Powerful Voices:

A lady at the village, expressing and sharing her views about life in the village.

life without a husband. She mentioned that the criteria for a good husband must include respect for women. The grandmother in that house feels so happy that her granddaughters are pursuing education. One interesting fact in the first interview was that women in the higher caste can hardly divorce their husband, whereas women in the lower caste can easily get along with another spouse if they want. However, both women and men are ostracized if they do not get married after a certain age. Contrary to the women, the unmarried man can repair his reputation if he joins a religious profession.

In the second interview, I came across a widow mother who has raised her two sons on her own. She has also sent them to pursue their own education. When both of her sons secured jobs in the police force, she forgot all the hardships and sleepless nights that she has spent. She also mentioned that the other people of the community were helpful throughout her struggle. As a result, great co-operation can be seen among the people of the village. She mentioned that the status of women has changed a lot and appears to be keeping pace with the modern time. She said that women of the village previously had to cover their face as well as use the palanquin while travelling. Sitting and talking with men was also uncommon. On the other hand, I saw that her daughter-in-law refused to sit with us as her husband was standing. She sat only when her husband sat.

Both of the observations testify to the fact that society is changing along with time. Things that were unthinkable a few years back are now considered normal. I believe that women's empowerment in Jhalawar will have a positive trend as in other parts of India. I have also come across the claim that girls in Jhalawar feel safer as the whole community behaves like a family. My observations have also supported the claim.

BIOGRAPHY: Sharmin Akter Shitol, Bangladesh

I am studying Public Health at Asian University for Women. I like travelling and reading novel. My unquenchable thirst for learning about new things has brought me to India.



The paradoxical reality of Arranged Marriages in Jhalawar

WORDS: **MS. TAN SZE ENG**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



1. Three generations:
Women of the family.



The Western world tends to see arranged marriages as an infringement on human rights and freedom. Well, how can we blame them? Just Google "arranged marriages" and all you will see is a whole list of articles criticizing it. Although there are certain downsides to marriages where the couples only meet for the first time during the wedding ceremony, it is not as extensive as Western perspectives seem to imply online. However, does it mean that it should be accepted as a positive thing?

Through the multiple interviews and ex-

posure to locals who are mainly married through their parents' arrangement, I have realised that there are certain dilemmas for and against arranged marriages.

In societies that practice arranged marriages, it is accepted that marriage does not necessarily imply love. Although it is good and married couples are encouraged to love each other, it is not a necessary ingredient for marriage. What matters the most for parents when selecting potential in-laws, is social standing and financial stability. Parents with more variety to choose from, often are very meticulous about the character of

the men that they marry their daughters to, because they, too, like us, love their children a lot and would not want to see them in an abusive marriage.

Arranged marriage and the refusal to accept love marriages are not because parents love their children less in this part of the world. It is because they love them and want to personally make sure that their child's future is positive.

What I found interesting about arranged marriages is that it does not correlate to lower respect for women. Many men whom I spoke to mentioned respect for women as a sign of an honorable man. Many fathers mentioned that they would want their daughters to marry someone who respects women.

However, there is a strange paradox here: A woman who mentioned that her husband respects women, said this despite him having obvious expectations that the wife should be subservient to the husband. This, to his wife and to many other Indian women interviewed, is considered a man who respects women. Maybe the empowerment of women here are only under the umbrella of men's expectations, and the women are not very conscious of it. Or maybe they just have different ideals of respect for women here.

So now that we have covered the attitudes of people towards arranged marriages and how potential partners are often selected, how do marriages end, if they ever do?. In Jhalawar, couples are legally allowed to divorce but communities often exert a lot of pressure on the couples to stay together. Bad marriages are often seen as a lack of understanding between the couple. Although I am not sure that the couple will be pressured to stay together even in an abusive relationship, I personally feel that this makes marriages more permanent; there is little to no way that one can get out from their marriage. Combined with the Western view that women often are the victims of abusive relationships, men who are abused in arranged marriages have little say and have close to no chance for expressing themselves. They become the biggest victims in this situation.

Married women in Jhalawar generally have no anger against arranged marriages because they have been socialised to accept that marriage and this still remains something that is out of their control. It is something that is decided by their parents and it

is only natural that they accept it. Despite having little differences in the satisfaction of a love marriage and an arranged marriage in general (Myers, 2005), some women do not believe in love marriages. A girl whom I interviewed even compared love marriages to the likes of a hate crime. I can understand why; marriages in this part of the world is a family affair. It would be selfish for one to marry purely for love, without considering the compatibility of families. In a collectivist society such as India, community exerts a lot of social pressure on the people to focus on their family and friends' needs instead of theirs when it comes to marriages.

The acceptance of arranged marriages in this part of the country is so strong that I felt like I was the abnormal one for having westernized ideas of marrying only for love. Although it is not as bad as it seems when propagated by Western media, arranged

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Many men whom I spoke to mentioned respect for women as a sign of an honorable man.

marriages are still unacceptable to me personally. This is only because there is lack of choice. Most men and women, both, have no say in whom they want to marry. Even if they are able to reject one suitor chosen by their parents, they are not able to choose to marry the one that they really love. In the end, all I have to say is that people should be allowed to choose whether they want a love marriage or arranged marriage. Whether it's a bad marriage or a good one, I firmly believe that everyone should be allowed to make their own mistakes, just like how people make their own successes.

Reference:

Myers, J.E (2005) Marriage Satisfaction and Wellness in India and the United States: A Preliminary Comparison of Arranged Marriages and Marriages of Choice. Journal of Counseling and Development. 83(2), 183-190.

BIOGRAPHY: I'm Sze Eng, 21, currently a Psychology and Political Science student in Singapore Management University. I enjoy reading, music and I google everything: Did you know that cashew nuts grow out of apples?

Miss Independent(S) of Jhalawar: Cases of Education and Empowerment Among Women

WORDS: **MS. TAMIL ALAGI**

PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**



1. **Victory of the future:** Junior class at Pallavan school.



The case of female empowerment has been a major topic of concern in recent times. As for myself, I have been curious to learn more about the situation of female education in India and how it plays a role in empowering women. I came to Jhalawar as a foreigner with a foreigner's perspective. To be honest, I thought that students in Jhalawar would not be as open-minded as I would expect them to be due to the location of the area and partly due to my unfamiliarity. However, they proved me wrong, especially the female students. I learnt the harsh truth that it was, in fact, me who was guilty of being narrow-minded. One of the female students that I had interviewed, Shikha (11th standard), spoke about her aspirations of becoming a writer. This was a rather interesting conversation as the ambition of becoming a writer among female students is not too common. When we asked her if she would leave Jhalawar to pursue her ambition, she responded by saying that she would definitely leave India and "go to a country where her work would be recognized". At the age of 15, she was determined about her goal and she had already begun working hard for it by choosing relevant subjects in school. Shikha's aspirations were inspiring for me as she made me realize that girls in Jhalawar have no issue in having big dreams and they are firm about their decisions. "The bird is powered by its own life and by its motivation" were some of APJ Abdul Kalam's wise words. In this case, girls like Shikha are empowered by their mo-

tivation that helps to shape their lives.

Jhalawar's girls have also enabled me to realize that they are trying to break the existing barriers for themselves. For instance, one of the girls that we interviewed, Yukti (10th standard), was enthusiastic about her subjects such as Maths and Biology. There has always been this common misconception that boys were more inclined to do science/math-related subjects while girls would choose humanities-related subjects. This misconception is common in most parts of the world, thus girls like Yukti would be great examples in trying to resist such illusions. Her ambition was to become a doctor and help the poor, which was a noble aim for someone of her age. Apart from the students, we also interviewed some parents and one common observation made was that most of the mothers were housewives. The status of being a housewife is not an uncommon feature in the Indian society. Therefore, when girls like Yukti and Shikha take a step further to create amazing ambitions for themselves; they do not restrict themselves to the familiar world



Many men whom I spoke to mentioned respect for women as a sign of an honorable man.

of being a housewife in the future. With due respect, I admire the noble work of being a housewife but with education, I am sure that these girls would want to put their knowledge to good use and achieve great success in their future while maintaining a good family. Among all the parents interviewed, they generally agree that their female daughters should be educated and this was rather optimistic as these parents are encouraging their kids to educate themselves and hope to see a bright future for their children.

Apart from the perspectives of the girls and parents, I was curious to know about the opinions of male students and parents. Their opinions were generally positive as the men were optimistic about the idea of females achieving great careers. One of the parents, whose daughter is in kindergarten, mentioned that although it is too early to decide about her future now, he would want his daughter to be a lawyer. In addition, one



of the male students from Pallavan school, Shrey (10th standard) replied that he would like a girl who would be well-educated and firm with her ideas when asked about what does he look for in a girl. These are well-thought opinions and it made me understand that even though India is assumed to be a patriarchal society, not all men harbour thoughts that allow them to dominate women or to prevent women from achieving success.

However, it is also crucial to look at the challenges faced by women in Jhalawar regarding education. As mentioned above, getting education in the present and having aspirations for the future may seem to be hopeful but the challenges are numerous. It

may be feasible to educate a girl but in some cases, it may be challenging for her to attain a good career due to various reasons such as family pressure, the need to get married etc. One of the ladies that we interviewed, Smिता, was happily married with a child. When asked about her educational background, she said that she had a B.A. in Hindi and that she had applied for a teaching job and had even passed the training but declined the offer as it would be too far to travel to the college to teach and she was tied down by her responsibilities. She did not seem upset about it but the fact that she could have utilised her knowledge for better use made me realise that getting a girl educated may not be sufficient enough for her to realise her dreams. One has to provide women with sufficient opportunities and freedom for them to work towards their goals. One common observation made from the interviews with the parents would be that they had already decided that their daughters would go through arranged marriage. This had already been decided when their kids are still very young while their future aspirations remains undecided. Even though these parents have been positive about their daughters' education, this observation proves how marriage and family life has priority over the girls' aspirations. This only goes to demonstrate the point that "women in India have more responsibility than power."

"The whole purpose of education is to turn mirrors into windows." Education provides girls and everyone else to create windows for themselves which would enable them to receive opportunities to see and experience the world with a different perspective. Therefore, girls in Jhalawar are taking steps to attain this experience and more could be done to empower them and provide various opportunities. My experience in Jhalawar has definitely made me look at such situations with a different perspective, one that is shaped by the underlying issues that surround the girls and by observing the nature of their thoughts.

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3. Sydney J. Harris, http://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/topics/topic_education.html, accessed on 29th July 2016.

BIOGRAPHY: My name is Tamil Alagi and I am from the National University of Singapore. I am pursuing a major in Political Science and a minor in South Asian studies. I had always wanted to experience the culture and lifestyle of Indians in India and learn more about the issues that concern them. The ISS opportunity is a great one as it enabled me to interact with various different kinds of people in India and the sights I got to witness have been truly mesmerizing.



2 & 3. The House colours: Students of Pallavan.

Some Reflections on the Sanitation Question

WORDS: **MR. TANVIR HABIB** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

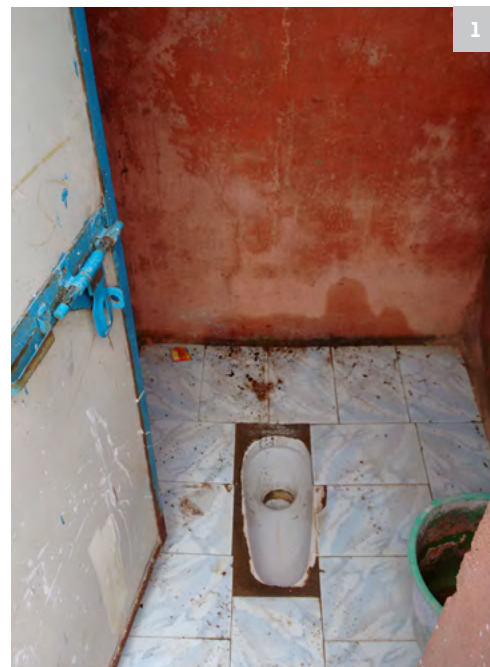
Introduction:

One of the principal problems causing health related issues in India seems to be the toilet question. A big and diverse country of more than a billion people and the apparent lack of access to toilets of more than half that population seems quite awkward. Therefore, the question of what the real situation is, requires an outlook that is open to the complexities of this diverse country. Any value laden or preconceived notion of what India is would be completely detrimental towards this goal.

The interviews and informal interactions that were taken for the purpose of this article reveal the real social cleavages of Indian society. The interviews, conducted of children and elders alike, neither prove the argument that there has been no sanitation related progress nor that sanitation is perfectly moving towards an improvement.

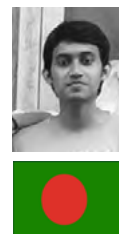
Access to Information:

The inquiries revealed that a lot of children and elders had access to sanitation information from their schools, television and sometimes from the Village Council itself. A lot of children had the ideas of basic sanitation but as for the practices they performed, they varied across family conditions. For a lot of people sanitation is an extra burden on their incomes and most of them are from poor backgrounds. When asked about the practice of sanitation their answers were overwhelmingly positive. Yet it seemed that something was missing. How could it be that sanitation was perfectly fine yet children fell victim to diseases? Then the question of which locality they belonged to also came forward. Affluent localities had differing experiences than poorer localities. So the next phase of interviews conducted in a poorer locality revealed several interesting features. Children and adults showed an increasing understanding of sanitation practices. But



1. 'Orissa Pan': Term used to define an Indian toilet seat

2. Food for free: Students eat their mid-day meal



3. Sustainable Technologies: A hand-pump for pumping out underground water.

when asked about why the situation was not improving at a faster pace despite exposure to information about sanitation and better awareness, the adults stated that their practices reflected the social reality. When wives have to go long distance for collecting water, having a proper toilet at home (which requires more water than open defecating) seemed too much of a hassle to be preoccupied with.

As for the case of water, none of the students or adults said that they drank boiled water. Instead, all of them drank "tubewell" water, or water that had not been treated. This represents a challenge in itself for the sanitation question to be effectively solved. The poor families can't afford to buy extra fuel for boiling water. The Government should take the initiative of setting up water treatment plants so as to allow poorer people's access to safe drinking water.

The Politics:

The interviews at a school with the Village Chief at first seemed to indicate that everything is fine regarding sanitation, but then some people started to come and discuss with us their opinions (infront of the chief, and anonymously) of the actions that were being taken to improve sanitation. Under the Clean India program the government of India has created various schemes. One of which is to reimburse poor people after they have built a toilet with their own money. One of the villagers told us that he built a washroom at his home two years ago and still hasn't received any government reimbursement. When asked about their profession it became clear that they were mostly seasonal day laborers and that they mainly undertook the washroom construction at their respective homes because they thought that government would reimburse them

Therefore, the question of what the real situation is requires an outlook that is open to the complexities of this diverse country.

quickly and that it might be more than what they initially paid for it. Further informal interactions revealed that they had taken loans from local moneylenders to facilitate the construction of toilets at their respective houses. They informed us that their toilets had tanks on top of them to facilitate better toilet facilities but there is acute shortage of water in their village so they can't use the toilets. They further informed us that their wives had to go more than one kilometer to collect drinking water and hence having a proper toilet at their house is an extra trouble for her.

There were clear lack of village hospital facilities. The people of the village stated that there was a government hospital but doctors of that hospital seldom came to their villages and preferred private practice. There was no facility for delivery of children and in even the most normal cases they had to go to adjacent localities for medical treatment. Children had to walk extra 2 kilometers to come to school because the direct road connecting school to the children's localities has not yet been finished in the last 10 years. And on the way they'd face snatchers and sometimes accidents. So the lack of infrastructure facilities not only hampered the imparting of education but also the sanitation issue. This problem rested solely on the political authority to solve. The continuous letters sent from the village council to solve this issue didn't receive any audience. The villagers complained that there was no deep tubewell in their locality. As no proper water pipeline is present, during monsoon season when the whole area is inundated and all the tubewells would be infected by the germs and render the fresh drinking waters undrinkable, they have to shift temporarily or face the water borne diseases that come with floods. All these could be solved effectively if the political authorities took proper actions.

In another locality the sanitation issue was really good. The village council had worked really hard to ensure that people had access to better drinking water and sanitation facilities. Most of the houses visited had proper washroom facilities and the village had good water supply system. There were quite a few deep tube wells from where people could collect water. The cases of open defecating were also low. The harmony among the villagers and the village council was seen to be



4. Blurring boundaries: Students and participants posing on the school ground.

present and the interpersonal relationships and close kinships helped the village to overcome their sanitation issues.

Conclusion:

The truth of rural India is something that can't be understood without first having a solid knowledge of the complex social structures that are reproduced through varied social practices. The marriage of caste, religion and politics has added a new dimension to this. In order to deal with the issues of sanitation for all Indians it must be the pertinent that these issues are also simultaneously addressed. Sanitation should not be seen simply as a health or developmental necessity but also as a habit among the people. Once a holistic approach, coupled with good and effective governance practices, is taken and necessary investments are being made, it will not take long to solve this issue. Whether the ruling elites have any imperatives in addressing the underlying social causes remains the most important question requiring a concrete answer. As for now, all we can do is hope for the best.

BIOGRAPHY: I'm 22 years old. I study International Relations at the University of Dhaka. I love meeting with new people, interaction with children and to learn about new perspectives. I believe that stereotypical or overarching generalizations never benefit in generating sound knowledge about any particular society and because of this reason I came to India to have a firsthand experience about this diverse country.



1. Girl power: The confident future of Jhalawar.

Families Grow, But Fields Don't: The Agriculture Life of Harighar

WORDS: **MR. TIMOTHY JOSEPH GONZAGA HENARES** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

Introduction: "We are here?" I exclaimed as our arrival was sooner than expected. After a fifteen minute ride from the Gavad Talad hostel at the city center of Jhalawar to the outskirts of the city, the team of student volunteers including myself arrives at Harighar village. The sun was blocked by the clouds and the atmosphere cold. It seemed like it was going to rain anytime soon. We crossed the opposite side of the road and entered through a narrow passage with houses the size of small rooms from left to right. The road rigid with rocks and dirt; and the community could not help but stare at us foreigners, new to this place.

After settling down in a random person's house and given our assigned groups and translators, we walked a little further and moved into one blue house. Entering felt like a cave that was full of stone. "Hindi ko mapati na amo ni ang balay nila" (I could not believe this is their house (I thought to

myself. As one young lady puts down a mat over a stone bed, all four of us sat down and prepared to listen to what would be an interview I did not expect.)

Fields/Food: The documentation began with four ladies explaining to us how marriage works in their village. It takes eight to fifteen days, no dowry is being used, and both families pooling money to help each other out. When the conversation went deeper, the question of wages between man and women was raised. "Men and women have the same wage when working at the field," replied Amir, a laborer of 40 years old. They work hand-in-hand through planting, toiling, and irrigating their agriculture of Rabi and Kharif. But when it comes to masonry or building houses, the wages differ. An example they cited per day, 200 rupees for a man, and 150 rupees for a woman. The reason being is that men have more strength to do the heavy work. Unfortunately, both occupations are still not enough to buy food,



chickpea flour being their staple.

Food/Education: I then ask, “Why not just focus on their crops as food? Why do they still need to buy chickpea flour?” He responded that it would not be enough for a whole family and other factors like shelter, education, and clothing also factor in. “Families grow, but fields don’t,” he ended. Nonetheless, they keep some of what they reap and sell the rest to earn upkeep. When it is time to sell, they head to the city proper of Jhalawar at the Jhalar Papan market. When they exchange their wheat, it is either for *sabzi* (vegetables), money to buy clothes, or to put their children into one of the government run schools in the district.

The children also help take care of the cattle. From a day’s worth of school, the child moves to the field to assist their fathers: “Children will take food for their fathers”. Things then become emotional. He continues teary-eyed, “When the father fails to sup-

port since he works all day in the field and is exhausted, his child brings water to the field for the father.” For the child, half of his mind is exhausted in studies, the other half from laboring in the field. The child becomes so tired that he drops school because the family cannot support his education.

Water: “From 6 a.m., we go for the hand pump and wait at the most 12 hours to fetch water. There are only two hand pumps available in one village.” The children sometimes do the work, together with the mothers, because husbands work. “How many people are there in the village?” Usually 800-900. If the hand pumps do not work, they walk another four kilometers to fetch water from the ground. Every day they need 500 liters for the cattle, cooking, etc. Around 25,000

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“From 6am, we go for the hand pump and wait at the most 12 hours to fetch water.

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2. Man and beast: A farmer going to his farm.

3. Canine smiles: Nature- man's best friend.

liters every day for the whole village. Carrying the load on the head and under various weather conditions have caused injuries on their head such as fainting. Cattle die sometimes. You could imagine what happens during summer.

Government: “Does the government help?” All shake their heads, “No.” There are many projects in India, but those in higher positions abuse their power. For their village, the government officials promise water tanks and pumps during election season, but fail to follow-up what was written on sand. “They feed onto the temptation of the people that is alcohol or bribery.”

Conclusion: This results in a domino effect, the lack of water could not sustain the cattle so the family has to sell them and instead of using cow dung which is very good for the soil, they use artificial manure which have no minerals and cause sickness to the people in the family/community. And if they get sick? There is a hospital at the center. They usually borrow motorbikes if they do not have any mode of transportation from their neighbors and give it a full tank. If the situation is grave, they call an ambulance. “It take 2-3 hours.” They also resort to Jadhi Bootiyan or old men who know magic. As we ended the interview and had a few pictures, barish (rain) began pouring. Remembering what one of the elders said that rain kills their crops, I knew the season of survival for these people is just beginning.

BIOGRAPHY:

Timothy Joseph Henares

Manila Philippines

De la Salle University

Timothy Joseph Henares is 20 years old hailing from Bacolod, Philippines.

He is currently an undergraduate student taking International Studies at De La Salle University. He loves reading books, traveling around the world, and watching monkeys interact.

ສສນເຄື່ອງນຸ່ງຖືຂອງຊາວເມືອງ Jhalawar

(Color of Jhalawar's Garment)

WORDS: **MR. VEE SIBOUATHONG**PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

1. Hand-made: A woman weaving cloth for a garment.

2. Photo: Traditional attire of the ancient warriors in Jhalawar.



Jhalawar's garments are very colorful such as: vivid reds, pinks and greens splash across the desert breaking the monotony of the yellow sands; colored stones and tinsels splash their brilliant hues challenging the flaming sun; silver and brass Jewellery tinkle and clink complementing the ancient folk songs drifting across. The native costumes and dresses of Jhalawar are a spectacular combination of cultural lineage and weather proof designing.

Women's Dresses:

Almost all of the women dress in sarees or ghaghra cholis. Sarees made from either cotton or silk and are generally embroidered. Colored stones and silken threads are used to create beautiful floral patterns and traditional motifs and enhance the rich look of the saree. Depending on the economic ampleness of the family, the embroidery or zari work may be done with golden and silver threads and semi-precious gems may re-

place the showy colored stones. Tie and Dye, Bandhani and block printed textiles are the common choice.

However in the rural nooks of the state, the women are still given to wearing long or short flowing and frilly skirts. Ghagras for daily use and Lehengas for more formal occasions are the norm. These are matched with blouses such as Kanchli or Kunchuki or Choli depending on the blouse length. The skirts are tied tightly around the waist and have a flaring width at their base. The Ghagras are generally short extending up to the calf while the Lehengas are longer and reach up to the ankles. The more formal occasions and prosperous households dictate increased width and more number of folds

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...silver and brass Jewellery tinkle and clink complementing the ancient folk songs rifting across.

or pleats in the skirts. These Ghagras and Lehengas are also embroidered and decorated much in the same style as sarees are.

Men's Attire:

A dhoti is very popular, it's a long white cloth skillfully worn around the waist and draped to form gracefully loose breeches. An Angrakhi or a Jhari is a jacket like garment worn to cover the upper body. The Angrakhi may be short frock styled known as 'kamari angarakha' or long knee length garments. A shawl or Dhabla compliments the men's attire.

The headgears of men are special and spectacular. Pencha, Sela, Saafa, Potia and

Pagri are all an assortment of headgears sported by the men of the city. The Pagri is the most famous among these. It is usually 82 feet long and an 8 inch wide piece of cloth. It is used as a turban and the style of wearing it is influenced by the region, the climatic and socio economic status of the wearer.

Modern Tastes:

Modern tastes of the younger generations are governed by urban and western fashion trends. While the women fall prey to the lures of Salwar suits and western wear. Men seek the casual comfort of shirts, t-shirts, trousers and jeans as well.

Nowadays, people in Jhalawar are still devout to their religion (Hinduism) that helps their dress remain in the traditional way. Not only most women still wear Saree and Lehanga, but also most men wear Dhoti and headdress as well. I think that Jhalawar is a very interesting city because they have preserved a very old culture such as architecture, food, music, dance and garment that are really beautiful, colorful and amazing. In addition, Jhalawar also has a lot of interesting and noticeable places. Even though it's not a tourist place but it's a place which all of us need to visit.

BIOGRAPHY:

VEE SIBOUATHONG
Political Sciences
National University of Laos
Lao Youth Union
Vientiane Capital, Lao PDR

Studies at De La Salle University. He loves reading books, traveling around the world, and watching monkeys interact.



看不见家啦哇

WORDS: **MS. WONG YI TING**PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

SYNOPSIS:

As we embark on this journey to discover Jhalawar, visiting different places in an attempt to understand the livelihoods of the locals, there was a sense of familiarity and at the same time, unfamiliarity, a glass door that was not open for us. This article will hence be discussing the learnings and take-aways via an interview with Mr. Mothanlal Swami and Ms. Switha.

与德里道别，来到了家啦哇，也慢慢地踏进了另一个印度。眼前的一幕却与想象的有分别。幽绿的草原，路上的牛，屋上的猴，门前的狗，感受到了另一种平静与和谐——人与大自然之间的一种默契。

到了历史人的家，看见了百年宝物，到了回教堂，听见了美妙歌颂，到了音乐学校，享受了当地的歌舞，到了种植园，闻到了到了织布小屋，体验了的艰辛去了几个地方，了解到了当地的艺术，文化。

但是这一刻的我（们）依然对这个地方很陌生。不知从何说起，感觉距离非常遥远。是因为我们住的地方太疏远了吗？还是因为每天乘搭的车子太豪华？在这城市里，游客是非常罕见的所以从车里向外看，见到的都是一脸的好奇心。

为了更了解当地的生活作息，之间也安排了一些采访。以下我将尝试把在这短短的五天内所学到的写出来。

原以为所谓的农村就是每户每家都依靠着对方，在一起的时间也比城市来的多。但是在采访所了解到的却不一样，虽然是同住在农村，除了一年三次聚在一起庆祝不同的节日，一大部分的生活都是在自己的家。电视，冰箱，冷气这一家统统都有，也因为设施俱全，少了这个必要和邻居见面。说是农村，但感觉到的却是非常城市化。

父亲MOTHANLAL SWAMI与儿子的老婆SWITHA。父亲今年八十四岁了从小到大都是住着的，有着三个儿子，五个女儿，他是家里的一家之主。



主。现在是和一个儿子同住，拥有着一块田，种植黄豆，麦和橙子。手下也有六到七为员工帮他打理农田。也可能是因为这样，心里也开始起了疑心，这户人家是否是个外列？虽然说已经到了农村但感觉他们的生活什么都不缺。也就因为这样，心里的无奈也渐渐的出现因为最终感觉还是无法接近和更了解当地的农民。还是因为自己子来之前已经有preconceived notion所以当现时和脑海里的画面不搭，自己也乱了。

同住在一起的孙子现今九岁，在PALLAVAN 私人学校上课。最惊讶的是星期一到星期天，他每天都必须补习两个小时。原以为补习是个非常城市化的现象，居然能在这里看到。父母亲对他的期望也因此能感受到。妈妈也拿出了一本相册，里面的照片都是在庆祝九岁生日的时候拍的，非常华丽，非常破费。如果孩子是个女儿，她会受到同样的待遇吗？

妈妈说着说着也提到了自己的爱情。二十九岁的她说到丈夫非常羞涩。



“

...felt a different calm and harmony - between man and nature a tacit understanding.

1. Traditions: Mothanlal Swami & his daughter-in-law Switha.

2. Down the memory lane: Birthday album of the grandson.

BIOGRAPHY: Wong Yi Ting, business student from Singapore Management University.

FOOD

WORDS: **MS. YUKI IMANARI** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

インドの食は多様性で知られており、人は地域ごとにその特性を反映した全く違う料理を食べている。暑い地域であるラジャスタンでは身体の熱を効率よく外に排出するために辛い料理が好まれる。農園を訪問した時に頂いた揚げパンは攻撃的なほどに辛く、口がしびれるような感覚が長時間続いた。地元の住民は「外国人には食べられないだろうね。でも辛い物を求める気持ちは私たちの間に遺伝的に受け継がれていて、子供でも大人と同じ辛いものを食べるんだ」と笑った。

彼らの食生活は驚くほどシンプルだ。主食は基本的に三食ともチャパティで、コメは手に入るがあまり好まない。人口の9割以上がベジタリアンであるため、朝は主食のみ、昼と夜は主食とともに豆のカレーと野菜の炒めものを食べるというのが一般的だ。このメニューは毎日ほぼ変わらず、外食をすることもない。日本の感覚からすると子供好みの料理は少ないように感じたが、地元の子供に聞いてみると野菜炒めが好評のようだ。また、地

BIOGRAPHY: I am Yuki Imanari, from Japan. I am studying law at the University of Tokyo. During my stay in Rajasthan, I had the opportunity to communicate with local people and learn about their dietary habits. Almost all of them are vegetarians and their dietary habits are really simple. A typical meal in Jhalawar consists of chapati along with dal, which is a lentil curry, and an assortment of mixed vegetables.

元の住民との会話で強く感じたのは伝統に対する誇りだ。彼らは自分たちの食文化を愛しており、外のを積極的に受容しようとはしない。

彼らの食習慣はあまりに簡素で栄養的に理想的なものには思えないし、無批判に伝統文化を称賛して現代文化を劣ったものとする気にはなれない。しかし、常に変化にさらされ、流行を追い求め続ける日本の消費者である私には確固たるものを持っている彼らの生き方がうらやましくも思えた。(今成由季 東京大学法学部4年)



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They love their food culture and they do not actively accept outside things.

1. Time to eat: Children eating traditional Rajasthani meal of rice and mixed vegetables for school lunch.



1

KEMBARA KOTA RAJASTHAN

WORDS: **MS. ZUHAYRA SOFEA NAZRI** PHOTOS: **PARTICIPANTS**

SYNOPSIS:

Never in my wildest dreams would I have ever begun to imagine that this ISS could be such a rewarding experience. It gave me a lot of experience and knowledge that I could use for myself, the community around me and as a material for future references.

I have met a lot of people through ISS who I have never met before. Its fun and we learn new things every day. I also learnt about friendship there. That is the main thing I valued the most. Even though at first none of us knew each other but we tend to become not just friends but a big family. I realized that it does not matter where you are from or what your background is all about, you just need to find common things between each other to create a beautiful friendship.

Next, another experience that I gained while being in India is being a minority- which is me a Muslim girl wearing a hijab in a non Islamic society. I observed how people look at me and how my hijab was constantly questioned.

Being here and experiencing a different culture, a different lifestyle and a different language has changed my perception of life. My whole experience so far has been so amazing. Being put outside of your comfort zone is a scary thing but I've realised now that really it is just an opportunity to try new things.

ISS is a very big step for me as a rover scout. It's eye-opening to realize that doing even small things can have a big impact on others and shown me that I can make a difference. Volunteering became not only something I had to do but something I enjoyed doing. I get to help out the community and help other people when they need it.

Fulfilling a kid's wish is one of the most joyous feelings you get to experience. Our

days volunteering were simple and a nice routine for the children and us. Our schedule was to teach them from 9-11:00pm every day. The class consisted of children who did not have any opportunity to go to school. This turned out to be my favorite class of all. We then would begin class with "CIRCLE TIME". We would all get in a circle and each of them need to introduced themselves. It was your turn and you could only speak when you had the bear in your hands. After circle time depending on the day we teach them English, meditation, games and taking care of their hygiene. These kids were always so happy and in good spirits to learn. Sadly the 4 days came and went very fast. It's now been two days since our time volunteering in UPS Banya and GUPS Baghar was finished and you know what we miss the most? We miss the children...

I loved everything about the volunteering and discovered that giving children the gift of knowledge is one of the most amazing things one can do for another.

1. Seeing the world through new eyes: Conversation with the women of the village.



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SEBELUM menjejakkan kaki ke India, saya banyak mendengar kisah dan pengalaman rakan - rakan mengenainya. Rata-rata mereka yang pernah berkunjung ke sana tidak begitu suka dan tidak mahu mengulangi percutian ke India buat kali kedua.

Pelbagai tanggapan yang saya dengar.

Pertama sekali, ini bukannya karangan Bahasa Melayu tetapi sekadar berkongsi pengalaman selama 42 hari di bumi India ini. Berpeluang merasa untuk berpuasa dan juga menyambut Hari Kemenangan (Hari Raya Aidiilfitri) di perantauan. Belum pernah lagi raya tak dapat cium peluk keluarga. Penerbangan Marlindo Airways OD 205 pada petang 25 Jun 2016, sudah cukup membuatkan KLIA dibasahi dengan air mata. Kami tiba pada 9.05 malam di Indira Gandhi Airport DEL dengan kejutan beratus rakyat India bersesak di sekitar airport dan teriakan serta adegan tarik menarik para pemandu teksi. Di saat itu baru aku tahu bertapa Incredible nya India.

Dijemput oleh wakil pihak pengajur International Summer School New Delhi, Acting Coordinator, Mr Khalid Jaleel dan juga 2 orang Program Officer Charlie Hamra,

Australia & Juwariya Sami, New Delhi yang merupakan pelajar internship di sini. Pertemuan pertama yang mesra dari mereka meringankan sedikit rasa nak balik tu. Kami menginap di Vishwa Yuvak Kendra "International Youth Centre", Chanakyapuri di New Delhi bersama 40 orang peserta yang lain dari 20 negara. Disapa lembut oleh negara jiran, Singapore. Keutuhan hubungan antarabangsa yang utuh negara ASEAN merapatkan lagi jurang kekosongan yang ada. Dari pertemuan pertama sehingga ke penghujung program kami mengharungi detik susah senang bersama.

Tetapi aku hanya fokuskan pengalaman aku di Kota Rajasthan.

Kami dibawa ke mana mana menaiki van mini yang hanya boleh memuatkan 8 orang penumpang sahaja. Van nya agak sempit, bocor merata rata tapi boleh dikatakan selesai. Di sepanjang perjalanan itu, apa yang dapat dilihat ialah mengenai keadaan jalan rayanya. Ia tidaklah sebaik dan terurus seperti di negara kita. Jika dibandingkan dengan lebuhraya kita ibarat langit dan bumi.

Yang paling mengerikan bila ada kender-



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aan yang dipandu melawan arus di atas jalan secara tiba-tiba dari depan. Namun itu adalah biasa bagi mereka. Pun begitu sepanjang perjalanan kami, cara pemanduan yang agak berbahaya tetapi aku tidak melihat sebarang kemalangan jalan raya di sana. Bunyi hon yang kedengaran pada setiap minit perjalanan bukan lagi asing bagi mereka, tetapi bingit bagi kita sebagai pelancong. Bunyi hon adalah perkara biasa bagi pemandu di India. Pemandu teksi menentang maut di sepanjang jalan ke pusat kota. Semua ibarat harmonisasi musik alam. Pemandu teksi, tuk tuk, bau kotoran, lalat, menjadi saksi saya, yang sedang membangun kenangan baru di Rajasthan.

Tidak kurang hebat cabarannya. Pelbagai dugaan kami hadapi, kalau setakat diare, gastrik dah menjadi kebiasaan dan rutin dalam kehidupan kami. Suhu cuaca panas yang tinggi serta peralihan cuaca monsoon selama 42 hari tak cukup bagi kami untuk membiasakan diri.

Bahkan muncul keraguan untuk terus disini, sanggupkah saya menghadapi udara yang seperti ini?

Meluangkan baki 2 minggu di Kota Rajasthan, misi sukarelawan membantu mengajar anak-anak India di sekolah sekitar kawasan perkampungan yang sangat daif. Yang menarik dari India adalah pendidikannya. Walaupun dilanda kesusahan masyarakat India sangat menilai pendidikan. Sesi temubual yang dijalankan di Perkampungan Harigath membuka mata aku terhadap erti bersyukur. Pelukan kepedihan yang melanda mereka tidak dapat ku ungkapkan dengan kata-kata.

Hampir separuh warganya hidup susah. Petani dan peniaga di tepi-tepi jalan terus bekerja keras menyambung hidup. Mereka mandi di pinggir jalan tanpa rasa segan dan silu. Mereka juga buang air besar di mana saja. Inilah kota tua yang dipenuhi kotoran manusia dan binatang sekaligus. Lalat berterbangan dan hinggap di makanan-makanan. Tapi, warga India sudah sebat dengannya.

Being here and experiencing a different culture, a different lifestyle and a different language has changed my perception of life. My whole experience so far has been so amazing. Being put outside of your comfort zone can be a scary thing but I've realized now that it is an opportunity to try new things and change one's perception. Thank you ISS, Incredible India!

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2. No walls: A man standing in the courtyard of his house, immediately adjacent to his neighbour's house.

3. True colors: A student colouring in school.

4. Aged and fit: An old lady getting water from the well. The daily life in villages involves physical activities that keep people active well into old age.

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Being here and experiencing a different culture, a different lifestyle and a different language has changed my perception of life.

BIOGRAPHY: My name is Zuhayra Sofea Nazri. I'm from Negeri Sembilan, Malaysia. Major in Banking, Universiti Teknologi Mara (UiTM) Campus Segamat, Johor. India a country with over 1 BILLION faces... and a country I may never understand. I got the chance to thoroughly experience the culture, society of India and it turned out to be one of the highlights of my trip around the world.

The Possibility of SELF-RESPLENDANCE

WORDS: MR. GAURAV SHOREY

PHOTOS: MS. ENYA DANIELA RAMIREZ CASTILLO

The word 'svaraj' loosely translates to 'self-rule', but that isn't quite what it means...

We live in a world far from achieving the state of 'Svaraj' or self-resplendence.

For the uninitiated, Self-resplendence refers to a state of being so grounded and rooted in oneself, so at-peace with oneself, so at-home with who one is, that one glows from within.

Sound familiar? Yes - it is common to portray most holy beings with a halo around their head - but did you ever think that was possible for everyone?

What if people discovered that their local DIALECTS were perfect for them to live in harmony with their climate, their surroundings, their people and cultures, and their local economies? And that their local dialects offered many more opportunities for local livelihoods than the competition-ridden mainstream?

What if people discovered that the DIETS that they followed locally helped them live in harmony with their local climatic conditions and also made them resilient towards dealing with their environment, and that too in a sustainable agricultural manner?

What if people discovered that their local DRESSES - the way they are woven, stitched and pieced together, are perfect to have them feel comfortable in their local environment? And they do so sustainably?

What if people found that their local DWELLINGS complement their local climate and social structures, and the modern dwelling and settlements rely on splintered societies, nuclear families, migration and unlimited growth?

What if people discovered that their traditional DANCES & SONGS transmitted priceless education through lyrics and music, that also allowed entire communities to thrive in harmony with nature, over millennia?

Thus the effort that the participants of ISS 2015 put in, and thus, this publication.





'The Sleeping Beauty' at Gagron Fort, Jhalawar

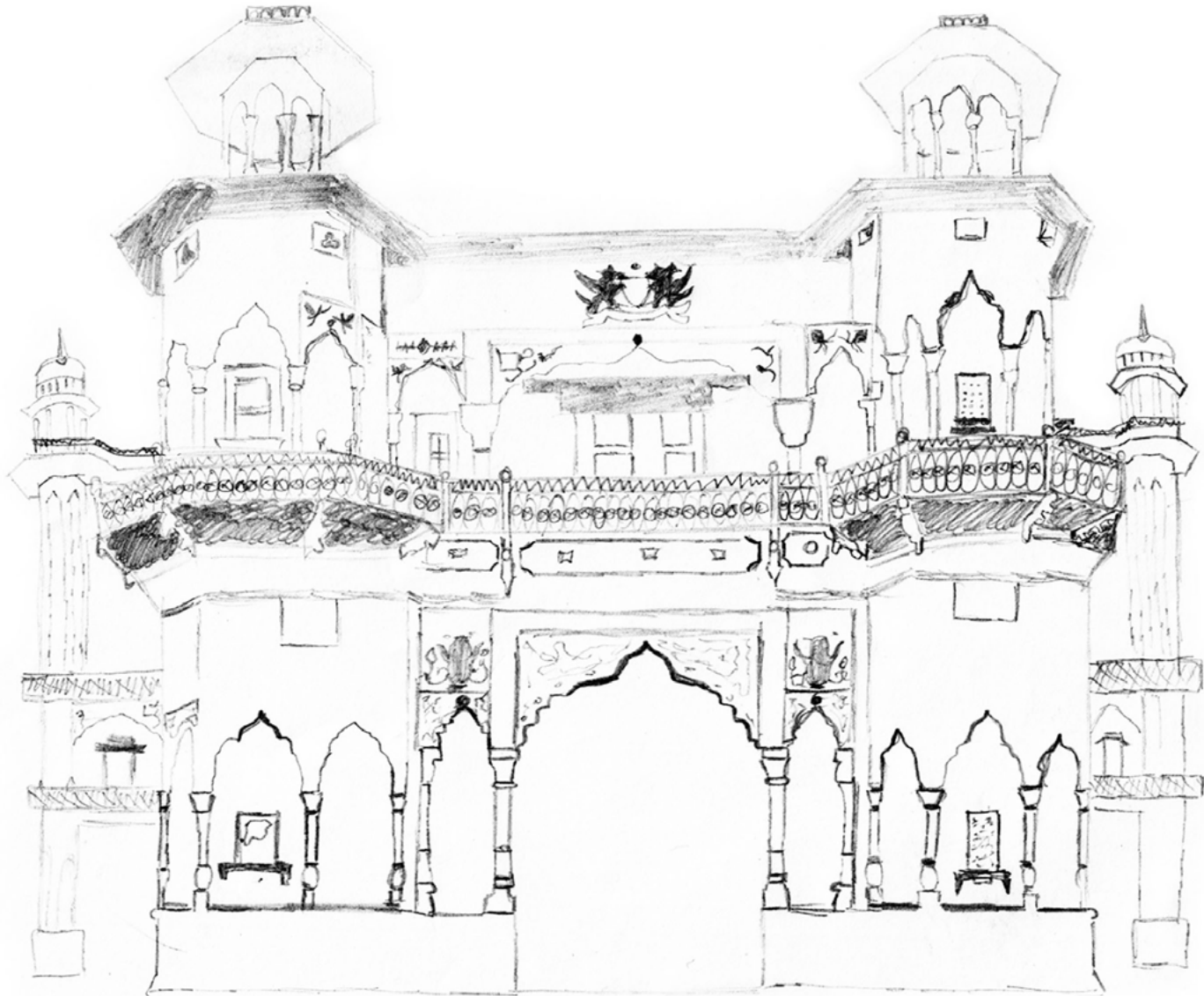


Fun at volunteering

A visit to the Jhalawar Library

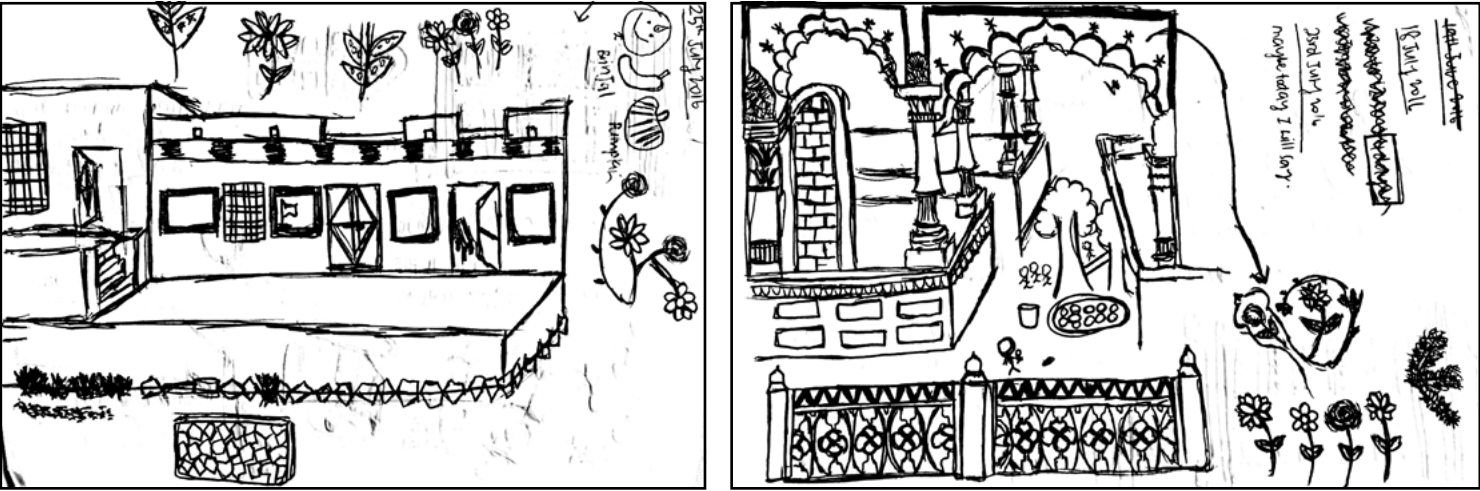


Canal full of lotus plants at the Royal grounds



Sketch by: MUGILAN ARUMUKUM, MALAYSIA

Sketches by: AW PEY LING, SINGAPORE



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CALENDAR of EVENTS

ISS JULY 2016



Red Fort, New Delhi

2nd July, 2016

The first tour of Delhi was scheduled on 2nd July. The day was jam packed with destinations to cover. Started the day with a visit to the Red Fort. Next was India Gate, after which they headed for Humayun's Tomb. The last destination for the evening was the Lotus Temple which looked beautiful at the sun set.



India Gate, New Delhi



Lotus Temple, New Delhi



9th July, 2016

The second tour of Delhi was scheduled on 9th July. The students went to see the Qutub Minar. At 73 metres, it is the tallest brick minaret in the world and second highest minar in India after Fateh Burj at Punjab, India

Qutub Minar, New Delhi

14th July, 2016

After the lecture of Prof. Ranjani Mazumdar on Cinema and Politics in India, the participants had lunch, and headed to the Supreme Court of India.



Supreme Court, New Delhi



16th July, 2016

On Saturday, 16th July, the participants were taken to witness one of the seven wonders of the world - The Taj Mahal. Built by Shahjahan, the structure was constructed in memory of his beloved Mumtaz Mahal.

Taj Mahal, Agra



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AUTHORED BY THE PARTICIPANTS OF ISS 2016

FOR CONTACTS/QUERIES OR FOR COPIES OF THIS PUBLICATION PLEASE WRITE TO : sanchaaran@5waraj.in

