

Live encounters

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Free online magazine from village earth

Guest Editorial

Jemma Purdey

Woman, Mother, Writer

Dear Editor,

Thank you very much for your generous offer to promote my book in your very Gandhian publication, *Live Encounters*.

You bring the world together within its colorful pages of truth, peace and understanding across borders.

Congrats to you and your team!

And God bless!

Peter Gonsalves

author of Khadi: Gandhi's Mega Symbol of Subversion
Salesian Pontifical University
Vatican, Rome, Italy

October 27, 2012

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Live Encounters is a not-for-profit free online magazine that was started in 2009 in Bali, Indonesia. It showcases some of the best writing from around the world. Civil and human rights activists, animal rights activists, poets, writers, journalists, social workers and more have contributed their time and knowledge for the benefit of the readers of the magazine.

We are appealing for donations to pay for the administrative and technical aspects of the publication. Please help spread the free distribution of knowledge with any amount that you feel you want to give for this just cause.

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Om Shanti Shanti Shanti Om

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Publisher/Editor

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Guest Editorial

Jemma Purdey *Woman, Mother and Writer*

Purdey is an Adjunct Fellow in the School of Political and Social Inquiry, Monash University. She is author of *From Vienna to Yogyakarta: The life of Herb Feith*, UNSW Press, Sydney, 2011; *Anti-Chinese violence in Indonesia, 1996-1999*, NUS Publishing, Singapore, 2006 and editor of *Knowing Indonesia: Intersections of self, discipline and nation*, Monash Publishing, Clayton, 2012. She is a chair of the Board of the Indonesia Resources and Information Program, which publishes the magazine, *Inside Indonesia*.



One Dollar For Music

Raoul Wijffels *in an exclusive interview*

OneDollarForMusic aims to contribute to the establishment of a sustainable infrastructure for creative development and the reinforcement of the cultural identity in underprivileged areas of the world. Since 2007, the organization has successfully executed several projects for the youth in Indonesia. With a holistic approach to youth development, OneDollarForMusic promotes music as a peaceful tool to enhance personal and social balance and encourages young people to create and to express their own music. www.onedollarformusic.com



Photo Gallery - Bali

Jill Gocher

Bali based international photographer has spent her life exploring and enjoying Asian cultures. Her work has appeared in National Geographic, Time, International Herald Tribune, Asia Spa, Discovery, Silver Kris and many more. Her books - Asia's legendary Hotels, Periplus, Bali- Island of Light -Marshall Cavendish, Indonesia - Islands of the Imagination. Periplus, Australia - the land down under - Times Editions, Singapore, Indonesia - the last paradise - Times Editions. She has held exhibitions in Singapore, Kathmandu, and Bali. Email: jillgocher@gmail.com



Beering and fearing in Khajuraho

Harish Nambiar

Nambiar is a journalist with Reuters in Mumbai. He has been a mainstream English journalist in India since 1990, having begun his career with the Times of India group. He has worked with the Indian Express, CNBC, and The Telegraph, Kolkata. In the course of his career as a reporter he has covered the 1992-93 communal riots and the serial blasts in Bombay. He has been responsible for several exposés in his stint as an investigative reporter with the Indian Express, specializing in economic offences, including the union housing scam. <http://www.sagepub.in> email: amharish@gmail.com



Book Review: Jeffrey Winters' Oligarchy

Marcus Mietzner *Reprinted by Special Permission of Jemma Purdey Inside Indonesia*

On graduating with an MA degree from Goethe University (Frankfurt), Mietzner moved to the ANU to obtain a PhD. During fieldwork for a thesis on the Indonesian military, he began working for USAID in Jakarta – an engagement that would last for over seven years. After this he completed his PhD in 2005. Since 2008 he is a lecturer at the ANU. His research has primarily focused on political parties in democratic Indonesia. [ANU College of Asia and the Pacific](http://www.anu.edu.au)



Dr. Navina Jafa, author of Performing Heritage: Art of Exhibit Walks in a Live Encounter

Jafa is the Director of Indian Cultural Heritage Research, a pool of researchers looking at creating dossiers on the cultural heritage of South Asia. She is also a lead consultant with the Asian Heritage Foundation and a Heritage Consultant by the Shahjahanabad Redevelopment Corporation, Government of India. Her work has been recently reviewed in the Financial Times as "Gatekeeper of the Spectacular!" Jafa continues to perform Kathak as a concert artist. www.sagepub.in www.navinajafa.net



Fadedgenes - Excerpt One

From a work in progress book by Mark Ulyseas

Ulyseas has served time in Advertising as copywriter and creative director selling people things they didn't need, a ghost writer for some years, columnist of a newspaper, a free lance journalist and photographer. All this took up nearly three decades. End 2009 he created Live Encounters for the free sharing of knowledge hoping that the 'humane' in humanity still remained albeit scattered around the globe. This has become a celebration of Life by people of village earth. www.marculyseas.wordpress.com www.coroflot.com/markulyseas



Pastel ab Hmas

Richard Ganulin

Richard Ganulin is Brooklyn born Jewish civil rights lawyer in Cincinnati, Ohio, USA. He represents children with disabilities and their families who have claims against school districts and the State of Ohio for failure to properly provide needed developmental and educational services. Richard's law degree is from George Washington University and his Master's degree is from Harvard University. When Richard is not studying and advocating the law he is cooking and eating.



I Hate Deadlines

Arjun Bagga

After flitting through myriad experiences from running a bakery to gambling in stocks for 18 years, Arjun was eventually chased out of Ahmedabad. He says "There seemed but one option. Armed with an unreserved ticket, a pack of cigarettes and cheap whisky, I landed in Mumbai. Here I drank, smoked, spending days doing odd jobs and nights in bars and dark alleys. One crazy night, I picked up a pen..." There began his journey. Fueled by insane energy, Arjun channels this passion that swirls into his thoughts and words. The stuff that makes great films.



Art in Food

Enrico Wahl's Food Art with photography by Mark Ulyseas

Wahl is Executive Chef at The Oberoi, Bali. He says, "Without passion it is almost impossible to create nice food. It starts with sourcing the right products with the best quality and trained staff (for a commercial kitchen). Sometimes things fail. One must have the motivation and passion to start again and again. A Chef is an artist for he or she continually works towards perfecting food in terms of ingredients, color, texture, taste and presentation. Every meal becomes a work of art by the Chef."



So when Ernest, my son, asked me to consider what I have achieved by my writing I was confronted by my own position in the business of writing and representing histories, including some of the darkest acts humanity enacts on itself. What, indeed, was the point of writing this all down – the lives of others, the politics of others, the histories of other places?

Jemma Purdey
Woman, Mother, Writer

‘What have you achieved by writing this book?’ The question came at the end of a discussion with a year 1 class about writing, editing and revising narratives. The questioner was my own six year old son, with whom I had never really talked about my work including the two books I have published since he was born. It was simply a great question to ask a writer, who is indeed so often caught up in the process, in the depths of the research and in working and re-working the prose, with barely a moment or perhaps more accurately, the courage, to consider the wider purpose or outcomes that may emerge from all of it.

The books I showed to the year 1s share some common themes. They are both about Indonesia, especially its politics; but of most interest to the year 1 children, and a subject about which they became most animated, was that these are stories are about people who are different, who might be considered ‘outsiders’ within the communities in which they live. For a group of twenty or so Australian children, an understanding of difference – cultural, religious, ethnic – does not require great effort. For many of them their parents or grandparents had come from another country before settling in Australia. Moreover, this class of six and seven year olds were familiar with the terms refugees, asylum seekers and migrants having read [Anh Do’s](#) great children’s book about his experience as a Vietnamese child refugee coming to Australia in the 1970s, [The Little Refugee](#), and from listening to their parents’ conversations about Australia’s ‘boat people problem’. I was impressed not only by their awareness of these themes, about which many adult Australians would be entirely ignorant, but also of the careful thought they gave to the issues. In particular the empathy they could employ in order to better understand the quite serious and major themes in my books (anti-Chinese violence, racism, the Holocaust, forced displacement).

So when Ernest, my son, asked me to consider what I have achieved by my writing I was confronted by my own position in the business of writing and representing histories, including some of the darkest acts humanity enacts on itself. What, indeed, was the point of writing this all down – the lives of others, the politics of others, the histories of other places? As so often is the case, it is the questioning of children, which forces us to boil our intentions, motives and actions down to their essence. **‘Well, now the book is there anyone can go to the library and take it from the shelf and read a story about another person, another place and another time. You can begin to imagine the lives of others and how the world works. This book might lead you to want to read another book and then another.’**

Too rarely are academics and journalists – as purveyors of ‘knowledge’ – called on to consider the impact of their work beyond the required ‘outputs’ demanded in their increasingly competitive and commercially driven workplaces. One of the books I showed to the year 1 class, is a **biography about a man, [Herb Feith](#)**, who, although an academic and ‘expert’ of world renown in his field, more or less chose to forgo a path of promotion and acclaim, to commit to a life of peace activism and knowledge-sharing. It was far from a selfless decision though – **he viewed his self-worth through what he could do for others, the difference he made in the lives of his Indonesian, East Timorese and Burmese friends, rather than in material gain.** The only regret he perhaps may have had and I know his colleagues had, was that he did not write more so his teaching and great experience and intellect could reach an even wider audience.

Who knows how he would have viewed the social media revolution we are experiencing today – but I predict he would have been utterly energised and enthused by its possibilities of communicating ideas across national borders and between peoples wherever they are. I like to imagine that uninhibited by the constraints and peer-revisions of writing for the academy [Herb Feith](#) would have been a prolific blogger.

The opportunity for individuals to contribute ideas and opinions and to reach a potential worldwide audience is revolutionary, but at the same time it is essential that ‘expert’ opinion and knowledge is present. Universities and publishers have seen this coming and often require their experts and authors to write blogs and so forth. **But the crucial, and arguably more difficult thing, is to achieve a balance between writing the books that will line the library (real or virtual) shelves and the short ideas pieces that fill a blog and inspire conversation and further exploration.**

I was lucky enough to be invited to work with the year 1s as they revised and edited the narratives they had written in their literacy workshop. They were funny, exciting and dynamic stories full of adventure, catastrophe and not always (but sometimes) happy endings. At that moment they too were writers, with the power to imagine other places, people and events and to take me, their audience, along for the ride.

Jemma Purdey
Melbourne, December 2012



This is a follow-up interview with Raoul Wijffels, a Dutch national residing in Bali, who set up OneDollarForMusic because he felt *“that the hidden and un-used musical skills in Indonesia needed such an organization to nurture it and bring it to maturity through a comprehensive...a holistic approach”*. **The first interview appeared in Live Encounters March-April 2010.**



Raoul Wijffels founder of **One Dollar For Music** in an interview with Mark Ulyseas

“Indonesia has a strong tradition in the fields of art and culture. Of the innumerable original, region-based styles, much has been preserved. Dancing, music, theatre, woodcarving, painting, precious metal work and textile treatment form the visible proof of a very creative cultural potential in the society. In the strong social structures of families and life in the villages, children learn to know their culture and qualify themselves automatically with traditional creative skills from a very young age.

In modern times however, a lot has changed. The Indonesian economy nowadays is heavily influenced by globalization. As a result, the traditional balance of working for food, the security of family life and cultural activities has drastically changed to incorporate changes within society. The Indonesian youngster nowadays must aim towards influential elements such as television, Internet, tourists and investors.

As a result, authentic musical and cultural processes are being suppressed or unnoticed. And in combination with a shortage of facilities and guidance, the development of self-esteem and identity among Indonesian youth is restricted and the huge potential of creative young talent remains hidden and un-used.” - **Raoul**



What is OneDollarForMusic and how has it progressed since our last interview in the March-April 2010 issue of Live Encounters?

OneDollarForMusic is a not-for-profit organization works in developing countries, organizing creative and cultural projects for youth. Our foundation draws attention to the value of creative and cultural development, through active collaboration with schools, communities and NGOs.

OneDollarForMusic was established in 2007, and thus far our focus has been implementing several successful projects in Indonesia. As we are currently based on the island of Bali, the majority of our programs have focused on Balinese musicians. To date we have trained 32 music teachers/coaches to competent qualification. We have created music programs at 46 schools, and have released 4 full-length CD albums, featuring compositions by young Indonesian composers. We have also compiled a 40-minute documentary, and have reached over 5.000 young people with workshops, enjoying more than 15.000 attendees at annual festivals and events.

Education through “extended vision” teaching is the core of OneDollarForMusic. Since the last interview we established a music academy, where talented musicians can attend intensive training sessions to improve their professional skills. The same building serves as a music school where amateur musicians can attend private music lessons on various instruments.

It is alleged that funds collected by many Yayasan (charities) for development of youth activities are misused. How is onedollarformusic different?

Well, indeed there is a friction there and this is a complicated challenge. Unfortunately, many great social initiatives are hindered by instabilities in the country and, as a result, well-intentioned initiatives often don't meet a professional managing standard. Integrity and transparency are fundamental commitments at ODFM. I have never encountered so much creative potential as I find here in Indonesia. It is an honor to work here with these people. Everyone must give, put in, and contribute toward the common community goal of shared enrichment. Only taking or receiving can never work in the long run, and it goes without saying this includes the ‘nuts and bolts’ running



of any organization. Our focus is quality in all aspects, and this starts at the management level, right down to trainings, programs for youth and the one-on-one, individual music lesson.

What are the programs being run by ODFM?

To give a little history of our foundation's programs, in 2007 we ran a regional event called ‘Young Elastic Band’. This featured performances of ‘cross-cultural compositions’ (traditional and modern) by 28 young musicians and dancers, ages 12-18.

Then, from 2008-2010, we featured a provincial program called ‘Young Sounds of Bali’. Young participants created compositions based on sounds from the environment, eventually performing their work for a live audience. We engaged over 1,000 participants, who were able to reach 15,000 audience members and released 3 CD albums with the work from young artists. This was an exciting success for us.

In 2011, we ran a project called ‘Young Sounds of Indonesia.’ This was our first national project, where we offered educational tuition on the creative power of youth, for schools and various youth communities.

During the process, we created jobs for 18 unemployed musicians. That project involved more than 1,500 participants. We also ran a neat project in 2011, featuring music workshops and performances for street children, in cooperation with the British International School in Jakarta.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dGYSRhT_M0Y

One of our most exciting successes has been nurturing and growing through the years with the Balinese group ‘Nosstress’. Recently, the Malaysian government supported a project where Nosstress provided workshops, discussions and performances for youth in Malaysia and Singapore.

<http://www.nosstress.com/media/kita-ft-sandrayati-fay.html>

Currently, our biggest project to date, called Young Global Composers, is gathering momentum. It is a web-based, musical creative exchange program for youth, set to be launched worldwide in 2013.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y-mFyNqaFwU>



You had mentioned in the previous interview that you worked with The Netherlands Embassy in Indonesia. Could you share with the readers what you do? And why?

The past four years we have been mainly supported by the Culture & Development Fund, managed by the Embassy of the Kingdom of the Netherlands in Jakarta. The fund has a very similar objective as OneDollarForMusic: to strengthen the infrastructure of artistic and cultural development in Indonesia. It is a real pleasure to share ideas and to discuss the needs and possibilities together with people who have the same vision and experience. The team behind the Culture & Development Fund is very professional and deeply concerned about the cultural movements in Indonesia, and through recent years we have formed a strong partnership.

Raoul could you kindly give us a glimpse of your life and work.

I first visited Indonesia in 2006. I was teaching at the Conservatory in Rotterdam. I came specifically to research the creative musical conditions in Indonesia. In addition to learning about the deep and rich traditional Balinese music culture, I soon discovered a huge creative potential here, and an extraordinarily large number of talented young Indonesian musicians. Surprisingly, I found there is generally little recognition by parents, schools or authorities for the value of this potential amongst today's youth.

Together with an open-minded and talented group of young Indonesian musicians, we established OneDollarForMusic in 2007. Since then our journey as a foundation has been full of musical adventure, cross-cultural challenges, undeniable community success, individual triumphs, and an overall collective warm sigh of relief. The feeling is: something real, something true, with creative community vision...is finally happening here for the youth in Bali. For me, it remains a real honor to be involved with these inspiring young artists here on this magical island. Beneath the constant touristic-bent, necessarily compromised performing arts in commercial public venues, there lies the hidden potential for an amazing, underground surge of original, modern Balinese/Indonesian music. The potential is awesome, and we are happy to be an active, grass roots part of movement in this direction.



We cannot predict how far things will develop, but I am confident that, with our experience and momentum already built up in Indonesia, we will be in a good position to support other youth-based organizations, in other developing countries, helping to strengthen their cultural infrastructure. I don't think it is right to let culture take a back seat position in society or in education programs. We should never forget that expressions of culture and arts are means to sustaining development and economic progress. It is through culture and the arts that we find meaning to our existence, which in turn improves social balance in communities. OneDollarForMusic actively promotes this holistic community philosophy and we are happy to share ideas about "developing culture and the arts" with other NGOs globally.

What is your message to the readers of Live Encounters?

Whether you are in the field of music, or any other creative discipline: go inside yourself and pay attention to what truly resonates artistically for you. Create from that source.

Here in Bali, the traditional musical culture - always tied in with active, living religious life - remains at the core of most modern Balinese musicians. Therefore, when we are writing modern, 'western' styles of music here in Indonesia, why not incorporate traditional instruments, rhythms and melodies? I often encourage this 'traditionally-inclusive' creative component here, for the healthy development of modern music in Indonesia.

In this way we continue to celebrate the colorful cultural resources that are unique to this part of the world, and also to creatively develop them! So, instead of the current widespread habit of 'mimicking' western artists and bands, something new and multi-cultural emerges. In this way, we move toward a healthy creative synthesis, featuring both traditional and modern influences.

After all, we are one world, with many diverse and colorful cultural voices. The journey is to find one's unique, individual voice, whilst also consciously contributing to the larger human choir.

For the readers who like to know more or want to share ideas or discuss possibilities to cooperate with us, please don't hesitate to send us an email

Kintamani – A ceremony for life

The festival is Odalan, a celebratory festival which takes place in each of Bali's ten thousand or more temples each six months, or to be more precise, every 210 days. This festival is taking place in the mountain hamlet of Kintamani, which perches high on the caldera of a still very much active, volcano.

Photographing a ceremony as crowded as this one, is an interesting challenge. People are everywhere - processions, groups, dancers, priests, and their assistants, children and onlookers, all crowd into your lens. I see the challenge is to extract from this unformed canvas, to portray vignettes, to distill, to find the essence, whether it is in a flower, a face or a little cameo scene that is being enacted in the midst of the quiet chaos surrounding.... It is so easy to simply photograph a crowd, to show the abundance of people present, but to extract from that scene to find your own personal vision, takes time.



Jill Gocher Photographer, Bali, Indonesia
Pics © Jill Gocher











Beering and fearing in Khajuraho

Harish Nambiar

The temples are an exhilarating exhibition of sculpture and architecture rebutting the idea of medieval art being overburdened by formalism. It helped that the Chandela kings, who oversaw the construction of the temple complex, have a breathtakingly alternative history of being born of sin.

Legend says they are descendants of Hemvati, a fair maiden seduced by the Moon. The temples are the fulfillment of the Moon's promise that the child born of the out-of-wedlock union and ITS descendants will be remembered by the world.

Khajuraho temples have that off-mainstream exuberance of the prodigal. The sculptures of breathtaking beauty in the art of living; curvaceous maidens caught in the act of self-worshipping make-up, coquettish behavior and the spiritual abandon of wild love-making and above all, dry wit and fun of monkeys watching men and women making out, or the slyness of the mocking sculptor who subverts a classical series of elephant heads with one that is distracted by the erotic act sculpted in the next panel.

I did not see enough date trees to be able to imagine the place as a land full of them once, the justification for the name of the place itself. But on the walls of the temple you see the artistic use of the double entendre. Khajuraho is said to come from Khajurvahaka, the carrier of dates. But, those who watch closely, will see several of the voluptuous maidens on the walls of the temples with a scorpion on THE thigh. This is because khajuravahaka can also mean scorpion bearer and for a creatively naughty artist, it is a theme worth giving form to. Some of the more alluring surasundaris are shown undressing to remove the scorpion that has been sneaking rather alarmingly close.



After six years of a job that curtailed extended travels, I exhaled long when I finally booked my train ticket to Satna in Madhya Pradesh. I had been to Khajuraho in the late nineties on a whim, with a young friend. That trip took me eventually, with another friend, to Patna, Motihari and Raxaul before crossing over to Birganj in Nepal and then Kathmandu, all places that beaded up like drunken geographical bubbles at the rim of my glass where freedom from another job was chortling up noiselessly in silent celebration.

I decided Khajuraho was a place worth landing up at again. And the only useful bit of that earlier journey that I remembered 15 years later was that the nearest railway station to Khajuraho was Satna.

Of course, a kind fellow passenger disabused me of any pride in memory I might have fancied when he told me the train I had chosen took a longer route. Outside Satna station, I had two hours to kill for the next bus to Khajuraho and at the end of the journey I found out it was a clean 4-hour journey by bus, not the 45 minute ride with the breeze in your face as I remembered it.

The last time, I had hopped into a Jeep from Satna on its return journey after it had delivered newspapers to Khajuraho, with a German collegian who rushed into the bushes clutching his satchel when the Jeep stopped mid-way for tea, and a Japanese visualizer from Tokyo in a tattered T-shirt who spoke not a jot of English and most possessively hugged a Lonely Planet in his language.

On reaching Satna we all hit a bar, shared a couple of beers. The German explained, on his own, that an instinctive top-of-the-bus ride to Bikaner and an over-supply of Bhang had messed up his tummy. The Japanese said he had left his job for a 9-month backpacking tour, and after India he would cross over, to Afghanistan and then Iran.

Cut to 2012, and just outside the centre of town, I snapped out of my reverie when the bus stopped a little ahead of a fork where another road joined the mainline. The local bus stopped, spewing out a few people. Among those who got down were two teenage girls in school uniforms. Their bodies in their uniforms suggested early womanhood and so definitely in senior school. Both were barefoot. In the fading twilight they walked into the tree canopy of the main road into the temple town.

In 1997, the road was one bumpy, jerky ride and there were not many school children in uniforms that I remember seeing in Khajuraho of the time. This time the road from Satna has been nearly silk smooth. The barefoot schoolgirls were evidence that there was higher education a little away from the town.



When I got off the bus with my heavy backpack and a satchel with my laptop, a solicitous, elderly man said he would take me to the hotel. Like a seasoned tourist I asked him the rate, which sounded just about right, so handed him the backpack. As soon as he had taken it, an older man landed up saying he was cheaper. He was a cycle rickshaw man. Regret hit me hard because I had thought I would hire cycle rickshaws and pay them more than the fare. Besides, Khajuraho was a small village that we had covered on bicycles the last time round, much like Pondicherry.

A little after I had checked into the hotel with Wi-fi and “under Italian management”, my cell phone rang with alarming news from the world I had left behind, but stayed wired to. I had to deliver a piece on political corruption. The next two days were spent burning the phone lines talking to people to update myself on the latest corruption scandal.

The two days inside the hotel also helped me shape my travel strategy. I’d stay in the places for a little more than the sights alone. I wanted to watch the town, its folks and the tourists. I ventured out once in a while to walk around town. The hotel was off the celebrated western group of temples. An entire mini Thamel had sprung up around it with flashy dress and textile shops, curios and several restaurants with open seating on the first floor that looked out into the temple complex across the road.

There were very many more hotels than before. Almost all of them were clean, cheap and all with negotiable rates. Some of the older establishments screamed in garish lettering their credentials about “Italian chef trained in Rome.”

Many of the kiosks, which too had bred like rabbits around the place, sold memory cards instead of film rolls. Pan shops seemed to have established their own nobility with their lights, ostentation and display of foreign brands. Even the sellers of cheap curios, who displayed their wares on the pavement, had moved up to displays on handcarts.

There was a marked increase in the number of curio and antique shops with city-slick facia and some with glass doors with Visa and Mastercard stickers. When a few walks had exposed the net worth of my buying power in the more ardent sellers of illustrated Kamasutra books, I was able to move around without the attention of hecklers.

The food at the hotel was the same stew with different ingredients. That is true of nearly most eating places there. Two I found which served what they advertised: the 60-year-old Madras Coffee House, and the Agarwal restaurant that served essentially basic vegetarian North Indian food.



A family from Salem runs the Madras Coffee House. When I walked, in I saw a young woman peeling shallots on the floor, immediately establishing its credibility as a south Indian restaurant. I asked its owner how he managed to keep up the supplies of the small onions essential for peninsular cuisine. He told me that whenever they went to Salem, where they still had relatives and an ancestral house, he would ship 50-60 kilos to Khajuraho along with as many coconuts. He then dribbled a fair-length story of woe about the amount he would have to pay if he attempted more, how the coconuts would go bad beyond a point and other troubles about having to bribe the railway and transporters to ship his essential groceries.

“Coconuts can last long if I manage to keep the coir around the nut, but that would increase the bulk of my cargo and exponentially, the price of transportation.”

The auto man who dropped me to my hotel had asked for my cellphone number. He’d call every day, asking if I wanted to go to nearby picnic spots and that he would be available. After the first day, he’d just call and cut the line. I suspect he was confirming if I’d call back. I would, and he feasted on his phone savings for a few days.

One day, about my third day in town, I got tired of refusing and said I would like to go to Raneh Falls. By the time I had breakfast and reached the hotel he was there with another auto rickshaw.

“Sir, this is my son. He will come with you”

So that day I have 19-year-old Kailash driving me to Raneh Falls, a 20-km ride along a fairly nice road winding through Bundelkhand villages to Panna Tiger Reserve’s buffer zone. There I pay 120 rupees as entry fee for me and the vehicle that includes a free guide. I discover six local men were trained to be authorized guides and a third of the fees I paid go to the guides.

My own guide, the knowledgeable Bharghav, meets me at the railed pathway that looks out into a spectacularly coloured rocky ravine. It was as if Michel Angelo had chipped away the volcanic rock bed into an installation that held deep green waters of the river Karnavati, later renamed bloodlessly as Ken, in bowls hewn into the rocks along the pathway of the river. The guide explained that in October the river was not swollen and therefore the sight was a minimalist sculpture of geographic landscaping.

The railings and paved pathway along the edge of the gorge were built because once a family from Chattarpur was swept away, and another time, a Spanish tourist group was stranded on a small peak as the water rose suddenly when the dam at Katni opened its sluice gates.



The railings and paved pathway along the edge of the gorge were built because once a family from Chattarpur was swept away, and another time, a Spanish tourist group was stranded on a small peak as the water rose suddenly when the dam at Katni opened its sluice gates.

At a distance was a rockface over which water may or may not be flowing down to the naked eye watching from the cemented, railed pathway at the edge of the river. The guide told me and a young Bengali couple with their small girl in tow, that the falls look most spectacular during the rains, when the river is roaring furiously.

“Those black rocks are dolomite, the rock is said to be a Dyke volcano formation, and these reddish ones are granite. Those bits of shiny specks you see in the rocks, that is quartz.”

The sun is relentless at the time. We eventually move towards the forest department’s modest cement structure where they serve tea, cool drinks and sell World Wildlife Fund T-shirts.

Forest officials run the kiosk with three price bands for the T-shirts. The cheapest, bad-quality ones are between 150-200 rupees each. The best quality one is 700 rupees, but that has no children’s sizes. Then, there is a Veblen T-shirt at a whopping 1,650 rupees apiece; a day’s double-bed room rent in one of the better-appointed hotels of the Madhya Pradesh Tourism. That is because Satya Paul designs them for WWF.

I see nobody buy anything there. Though, it is also true that there just aren’t enough bodies to buy.

The Bengali family with the child leave and Bharghav asks if I would like a longish walk along the edge of the river. I agree and he takes me along a rocky and jagged edge of the jade green river that is almost as placid as a lake, 60 metres below. Bharghav is a keen guide and he tells me ‘if you look carefully you can see fish in the water’.

I do and am surprised to actually be able see small schools of fish gliding in the river water. It is so amazing; I decide to check if my camera too has as good a vision. It does. I have pictures of fish swimming in the water taken from an automatic 60 metres above the water.

After walking around for more than three hours in the sun it’s time to head back and I suggest to Kailash, the auto driver, that I would like to have a beer. He stops as soon as we are in Khajuraho, outside what he calls a dhaba. There are four poles with multicoloured triangular flags suggesting hotel stars, but this is no star hotel. Neither is it a dhaba with a name. It is outside a building full of shuttered shops that are yet to be occupied, with a few with curtains for shutters.



Kailash goes to the Dhaba run behind the building and lands up with a young boy, Chottu. He soon gets me the beer which costs exactly what it costs at Khajuraho's only wine shop run by the state government. We have lunch inside one of the shops with the curtains pulled up. The open air restaurants in town charge you a clean premium of 70 rupees for beer, though there is no licensed bar in town except those attached to the expensive five star hotels and one to a three star MP Tourism hotel. The beer is made available by sending the hotel waiter to this single shop, and served at a huge premium, which is entirely the restaurant owner's profit. Kailash tells me his brother is a drunkard and does not care about his family. He and his father take care of his brother's family. So I ask him how his brother could afford to drink daily and am told he has money for that.

"He is a lapka"

Lapka-ing is the biggest employment opportunity in Khajuraho, a town of 25,000 people. And what it means is heckling tourists to sell them anything from hotels TO curios or transportation vehicles. The commission feeds Kailash's elder brother's drinking habit.

In 1997 I had gathered that Khajuraho was the second-most visited tourist monument in India after the Taj Mahal and already had a few top-end luxury hotels and an airport. This time around, the town had a railway station and was much better connected. It got a lot of tourists from Varanasi.

That evening I finally went for the Sound and Light show. The show attempts to use the western temples' landscape for its narrative but it was a right royal pain because many people seated on the lawns in the dark were busy flashing cameras to catch far-off temples bathed in coloured lights. I hope the officials ban photos in the dark when the Sound and Light show is on.

The next morning I finally decided to go to the set of temples that had bewitched me so much. I was surprised that I could hire an audio guide at the site, allowing me to tour the temples at my own pace. The Khajuraho temples remain an odd sideshow to the mainstream dynastic history of India. Between 900-1150 a series of temples built in a hidden, date-palm infested village is perhaps the biggest challenge from medieval India that debunks Orson Well's riposte about long-time peace begetting only cuckoo clocks. The temples are an exhilarating exhibition of sculpture and architecture rebutting the idea of medieval art being overburdened by formalism. It helped that the Chandela kings, who oversaw the construction of the temple complex, have a breathtakingly alternative history of being born of sin.



Legend says they are descendants of Hemvati, a fair maiden seduced by the Moon. The temples are the fulfillment of the Moon's promise that the child born of the out-of-wedlock union and ITS descendants will be remembered by the world. Khajuraho temples have that off-mainstream exuberance of the prodigal. The sculptures of breathtaking beauty in the art of living; curvaceous maidens caught in the act of self-worshipping make-up, coquettish behavior and the spiritual abandon of wild love-making and above all, dry wit and fun of monkeys watching men and women making out, or the slyness of the mocking sculptor who subverts a classical series of elephant heads with one that is distracted by the erotic act sculpted in the next panel.

I did not see enough date trees to be able to imagine the place as a land full of them once, the justification for the name of the place itself. But on the walls of the temple you see the artistic use of the double entendre. Khajuraho is said to come from Khajurvahaka, the carrier of dates. But, those who watch closely, will see several of the voluptuous maidens on the walls of the temples with a scorpion on THE thigh. This is because khajuravahaka can also mean scorpion bearer and for a creatively naughty artist, it is a theme worth giving form to. Some of the more alluring surasundaris are shown undressing to remove the scorpion that has been sneaking rather alarmingly close.

Architechurally, the mortise and tenon joints used for putting together the stones required great precision. The columns and architraves were built with megaliths that weighed up to 20 tons without any binding mortar agent to fuse them together.

As I went around the complex, now with manicured lawns, benches and paved pathway, I was surprised at the difference in the crowd of visitors. In 1997, Vikram Sah and I went around each temple as if it WERE our property. Occasionally, we'd see an old Causasian couple or two admiring and photographing the sculpture. And then, suddenly there was a bus-load or two of young collegians that invaded the grounds. The army broke up into smaller groups and several of these groups would rush towards the old couples and insist on being photographed with them. They gracefully obliged, to be sure, but I am not certain if, even after 15 years, they understood why these local college kids treated them as Michael Jackson.

The Indian visitor's profile has changed. I saw several couples with small children in tow being dragged around by an over-enthusiastic husband with the camera. The children lost interest soon enough, because the sculptures seemed uniform to untrained eyes. The wives, after they were pointed out some of the erotic and godly figures, decided that it was merely the man's version of making pornography holy by calling it art and religion. Or so I thought of the Telugu couple with a child and a very bored wife outside the Chitragupta temple.

The world heritage site is a great place to study the effects of liberalized India and the advantages and disadvantages of the process.

But, among the foreign tourists, I saw young couples. Caucasian and Japanese. They lingered, took romantic photographs and eventually headed home.

Later, I attended a show of Bundelkhandi folk dances at the MP Tourism facility. Then, I was told, there was a grander show at Kanderiya Art Centre for four times the charge. I landed there too. It was a medley of various folk dances from India, better outfits for dancers, the stage had shifting stage-lights and the theatre itself was air-conditioned.

I landed up at the office of the regional head of MP tourism to see if I could get some insights into the way the economy of the town was doing. He had a local reporter with him. I was served tea and the reporter was deputed to answer my questions.

The tourists arrivals do increase, but they are modest and low-figure; fairly stable. The state government's tourism department does the most important development work. Have the locals benefited? Well, it is a season-oriented economy.

Near the latest excavated temple, the Beejmandal, I break my cycling journey at a tea stall extension to the road of a regular house. As the young man there prepares my tea he asks me where I am from. Initial ice-breaking over, I ask him if there was a college in Khajuraho.

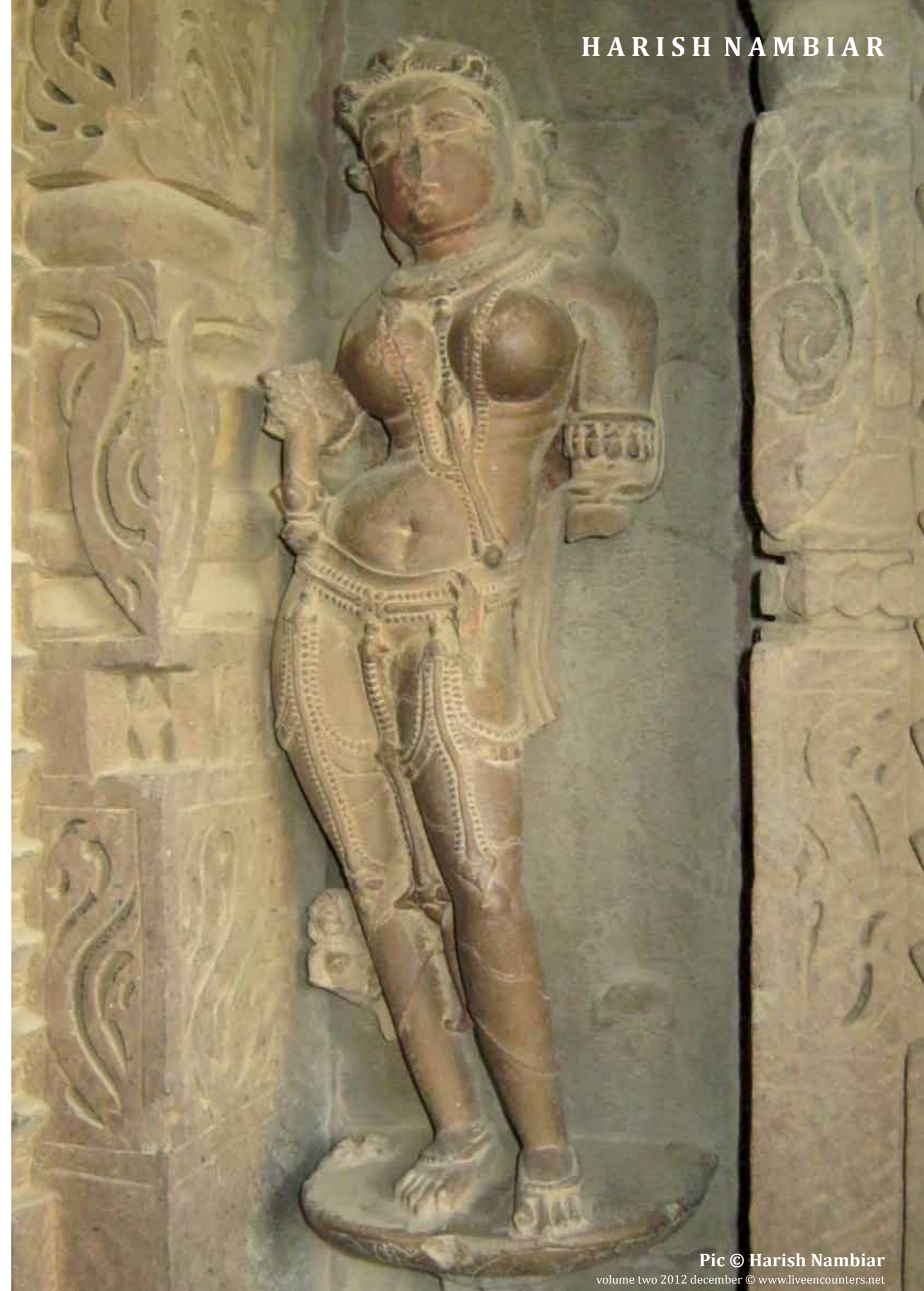
"Only a private college. For college you have to go to Rajnagar."

His house and stall is off a small local road that leads to the Chaturbhuja temple. The price of land is very good. 'It costs 30 lakh per acre and we have five acres', he tells me.

The world heritage site is a great place to study the effects of liberalized India and the advantages and disadvantages of the process. Those who have capital and the lakhs, the bounty hunters, have cornered the services industry in tourist-warmed Khajuraho. The edge from the tourism-sparked culture industry is now with private moneybags with better infrastructure to sell at four times the price. I even suspected that some of the dancers were common to the tourism board folk dance programme and the Kandariya Arts Complex.

But the best food in town is still sold by those who vend on handcarts parked just outside the cordoned off crossroads that abut the Western Group of Temples. Boiled gram and eggs with Bundelkhandi rough ground masala and rock salt. They put up their stalls at the edge from the government liquor shop. The locals buy the cheapest country liquor and buy these goodies.

And yes, Khajuraho's best biriyani too is homemade AND sold at a handcart.





OLIGARCHY

Jeffrey A. Winters

CAMBRIDGE

Jeffrey Winters' Oligarchy is an epic work of comparative political insight but has little that is new to add to the study of Indonesia's politics - Marcus Mietzner

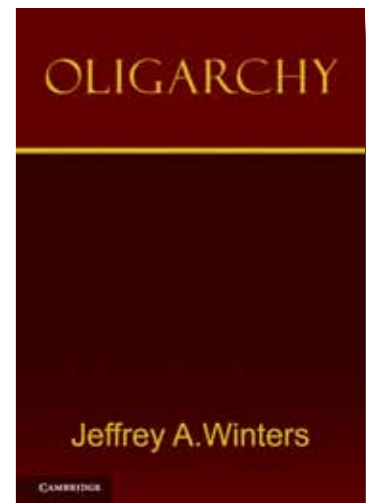
Reprinted by special permission of Jemma Purdey, Inside Indonesia

Mostly known for his previous writings on Indonesia's political economy, Jeffrey Winters has produced a significant and insightful book that goes well beyond the boundaries of the Indonesian archipelago. Indeed, to call his work a remarkable piece of comparative political science research would be an understatement. Rather, Winters delivers an all-encompassing account of the role of oligarchs in world history, drawing from examples that date back to Ancient Greece.

An engaging writer and not afraid to make broad (and sometimes sweeping) statements, Winters proposes provocative explanations for the continued material inequality in modern democratic politics. In its expansive scope, Winters' study succeeds: it highlights one of the least reflected-upon deficiencies of Western democracies, and emphasises how oligarchs (defined as 'actors who command and control massive concentrations of material resources that can be employed to defend or enhance their personal wealth and exclusive social position') are able to coexist with the democracies of the 21st century.

For Winters, there are fundamentally four types of oligarchy: to begin with, warring oligarchies are dominated by armed oligarchs who defend their wealth with the help of private armies. In such a system, oligarchs generally fight one another, leading to high levels of institutional fragmentation. In ruling oligarchies, by contrast, leading oligarchs still compete but they reach a compromise about some form of collective supremacy over the rest of society.

Sultanistic oligarchies, for their part, are presided over by an individual oligarch, who sits at the top of a patronage pyramid and controls the ambitions of all other oligarchs. Importantly, Winters portrays Suharto's Indonesia as such a sultanistic oligarchy. According to Winters, Suharto's oligarchic hegemony only crumbled when his children's expanding business interests posed a direct threat to the property and wealth of other oligarchs.



Finally, civil oligarchies are those that contain the actions of oligarchs through the rule of law. To be sure, the rule of law is also in the interest of oligarchs – it protects their property rights and allows them to dispense with the necessity of defending their wealth through the use of armed militias. Winters’ main examples in this category are the United States and Singapore.

The case of Indonesia

Winters’ comparative and historical reflections are astute, and his description of the New Order as a sultanistic oligarchy is persuasive – despite not being entirely new. Other authors – such as Edward Aspinall – had already applied the concept of sultanism (which is derived from Juan Linz’ and Alfred Stepan’s writings on regime types) to the case of Suharto’s Indonesia, and neo-Marxist scholars around Richard Robison had illuminated the role of the oligarchy in the New Order polity as early as the mid-1980s. Winters has cleverly merged these two approaches, but his discussion of that period does not disclose new material or theoretical interpretations that could dramatically change scholarly accounts of Suharto’s rule. Rather, it is Winters’ classification of the post-Suharto state that is the most novel, but arguably also least sustainable section of the book as far as political analyses of Indonesia are concerned.

In Winters’ typology, post-authoritarian Indonesia is an ‘untamed ruling oligarchy’. According to his analysis, Indonesia’s democratisation allowed the country’s oligarchs to shake off the shackles that Suharto had put on them. Instead of being curtailed by increasing transparency, electoral competitiveness and a myriad of new social forces, Indonesian oligarchs used the absence of a ‘sultan’ to establish control over a political system marked by weak legal institutions. Thus, while Indonesian oligarchs are ‘fully disarmed’, they ‘use their material power resources for wealth and property defence in a political economy overflowing with threats and uncertainties’. Although it is easy to agree with Winters’ assessment that oligarchs have assumed a strong position in post-Suharto politics, he provides little evidence for his claim that they are in fact ‘ruling’ the polity. Indeed, given that much of the field research for his book was done in Indonesia, Winters’ section on the ‘untamed ruling oligarchy’ in contemporary Indonesia is surprisingly thin – both empirically and analytically.

Sadly, we learn very little about the power constellation in the country’s post-authoritarian politics, and not much is revealed about who the oligarchs are and how exactly they exercise their ‘rule’. Apart from offering a somewhat simplistic dichotomy between Chinese and pribumi (indigenous) oligarchs, Winters provides no map of oligarchic politics in Indonesia’s democracy – something that would have been extraordinarily useful. This absence is compounded by the fact that Winters calls his interviewees ‘Oligarch A’ or ‘Oligarch I’, even if and when they simply confirm trends or patterns already widely reported in the press.

Winters’ fixation on oligarchic rule has two serious implications for his characterisation of post-Suharto Indonesia. First, it leads him to miss the nuances of political contestation in the new, democratic polity. Political parties, Muslim groups, labour unions, NGOs, media organisations, local movements – they are only touched upon insofar they have come under the influence of oligarchic interests as well. And while some of them have indeed been infiltrated in such ways, others haven’t, and others again have witnessed internal struggles between oligarchic and non-oligarchic forces. None of this complexity is conveyed in Winters’ account. There is also very little recognition of the continuing (and, according to some observers, widening) ideological divide between Indonesians who want to maintain the pluralistic foundations of the state and those that aim for a more formal role of Islam in state organisation. Ideology, as a whole, seems to be entirely absent from Winters’ analysis – an omission that is consequential even in the discussion of modern polities in the West, but is particularly visible in a Muslim democracy such as Indonesia’s.

Second, and related to the point above, Winters’ near-universal categories produce very rough and thus often inaccurate characterisations of key politicians and events. For instance, with oligarchs described as Indonesia’s ruling class, Winters succumbs to the temptation of calling almost every prominent political leader an oligarch. Interestingly, he seems rather uncomfortable with such a broad sweep himself, leading him to invent the category of ‘middle oligarch’. But Winters’ main case study in this regard – Akbar Tanjung – is unconvincing. It is true that Akbar, the chairman of Golkar in the early post-Suharto period, is personally wealthy, allowing him to cover some of the costs of his political operations. But far more important for Akbar’s strength in Golkar has been his decades-long involvement with the party’s grassroots, committees and organisational bodies. In turn, this popularity convinced wealthy sponsors to provide Akbar with donations, which further consolidated his position in Golkar. Akbar’s categorisation as a ‘middle oligarch’ therefore brushes over several layers of types of politicians and their complicated interaction. In today’s Indonesia, around half of the chairpersons of political parties belong to the type of well-connected and long-time party activist that Akbar represents – they are neither ‘full’ nor ‘middle’ oligarchs on Winters’ analytical spectrum.

Of course, Winters did not intend to write a detailed book on the Indonesian oligarchy and its role in post-Suharto politics. His ambition was much more far-reaching: to present a study on the almost timeless structures of oligarchic dominance in world history. Therefore, like most other comparative, context-transcending and universalist writings, Winters’ book makes no apologies for sacrificing factual precision on the altar of groundbreaking theory-building. There is no doubt that Winters’ book succeeds in the latter field in an impressive manner: comparativist political scientists and theorists will find his contribution highly stimulating and innovative. The community of Indonesianists, on the other hand, will discover plenty of material in this important book that deserves critical questioning.



Dr. Navina Jafa

*Director Indian Cultural Heritage Research & author of
Performing Heritage: Art of Exhibit Walks
in conversation with Mark Ulyseas*

“The cultural activist factors the element of culture in various fields by reading heritagescapes through multiple perspectives. Heritage through the medium of heritage walks performs, and attempts to make culture functional. Unfortunately, Heritage is limited to be usually seen as built heritage represented in buildings and monuments or as intangible heritage defined in as performing arts.

What is important to understand Heritage is a genetic flowing mindset expressed as flowing traditions. Traditions which from the past influence the present and future and those invented in present will affect the future as well. For example, in a walk on Hinduism I present even new invented gods such as *Googleshwar* (*Google-Ishwar which means Google God*). Hinduism as a manifestation of a social order, world view presents million of Gods as ideas by which human beings order themselves. The internet search engine becomes a defining tool by which man in recent times locates his reality and his thirst for information.”

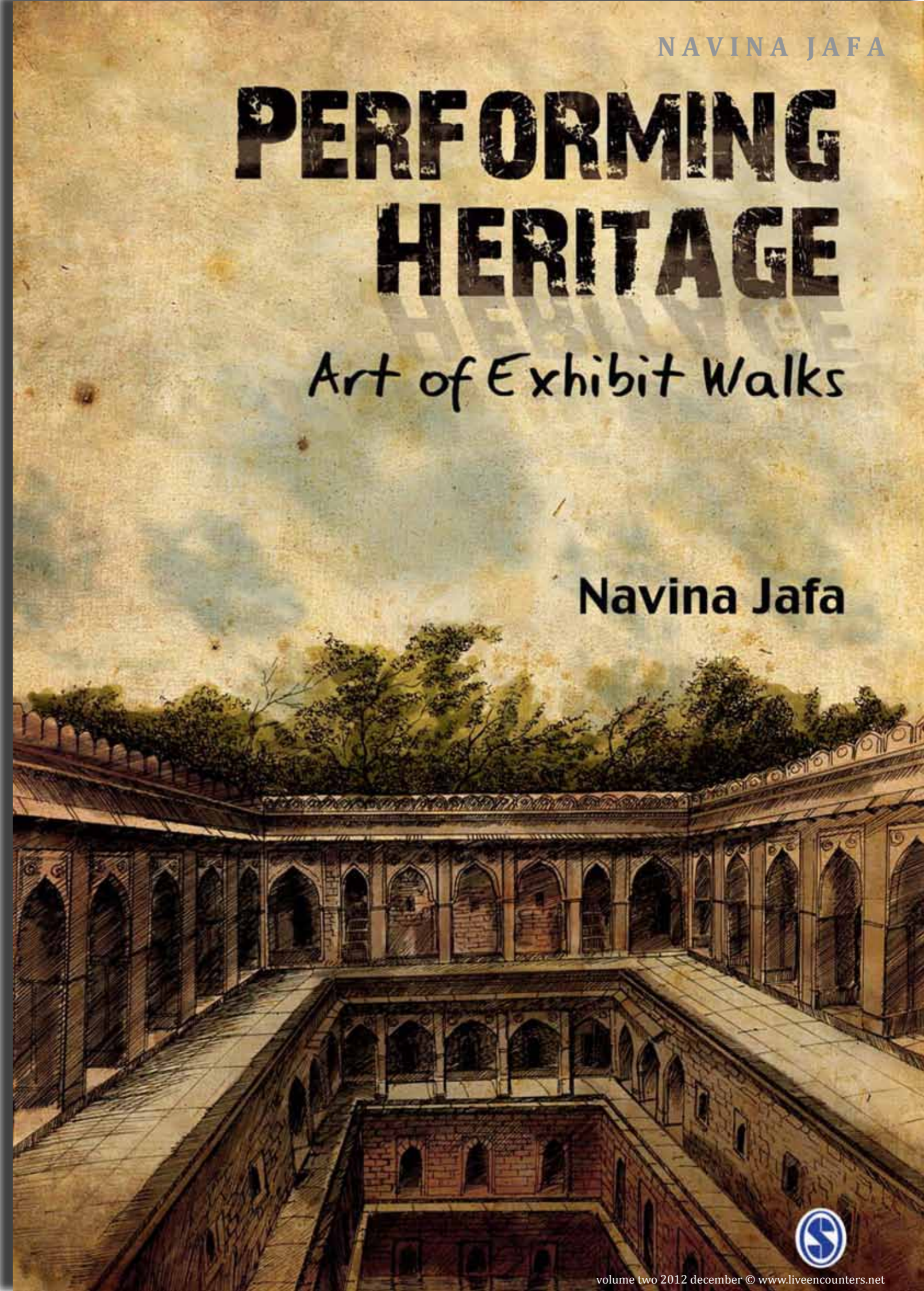
- Navina

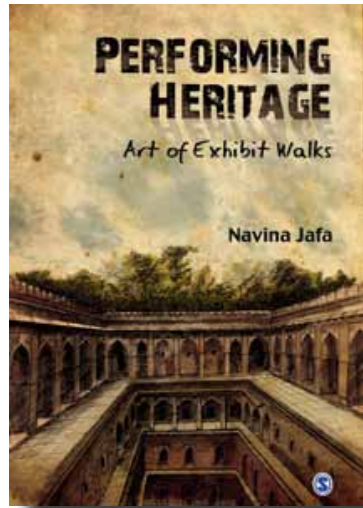
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PERFORMING HERITAGE

Art of Exhibit Walks

Navina Jafa





What is a cultural activist?

It is important to understand the implication of the word Heritage in the outset. Heritage the word spells a stagnant nature of inherited traditions; whereas the Sanskrit word *parampara* connotes flowing traditions. Culture is about civilizational identity that has a dynamic hydraulic nature. Ignoring cultural specifics in economic, social development, an imbalance may lead to conflict. A cultural activist plays the role of bringing about the importance of cultural specifics in all sectors of human endeavor either in order to prevent conflict, imbalances or to assist finding solutions. It is indeed important that as part of the role of cultural activist lie the importance of pedagogy of heritage. These cultural specifics also assist in locating the local identity within the fast changing and omniscient global identity. Through the means of formulating workshops on Heritage/ Parampara education or by means of creating Heritage events and exhibitions such as heritage walks for Corporate for students, for diplomats, for economists the cultural activist creates a stage for deliberating debates on the importance of civilizational identity.

In the book I have used therefore a provocative term for the cultural activist – ‘cultural broker’. As a cultural broker you play the role of brokering the cultural ethos, complexities, multiple dimensions and layers in the frames that you present in a heritage walk. I call this as the art of exhibit walk. The walk acquires a title, a trail there are various stops where the presenter stands and adds to the story line. The frames of the heritage trail provide the illustrations.

The cultural activist factors the element of culture in various fields by reading heritagescapes through multiple perspectives. Heritage through the medium of heritage walks performs, and attempts to make culture functional. Unfortunately, Heritage is limited to be usually seen as built heritage represented in buildings and monuments or as intangible heritage defined in as performing arts. What is important to understand Heritage is a genetic flowing mindset expressed as flowing traditions. Traditions which from the past influence the present and future and those invented in present will affect the future as well. For example, in a walk on Hinduism I present even new invented gods such as *Googleshwar* (*Google-Ishwar which means Google God*). Hinduism as a manifestation of a social order, world view presents million of Gods as ideas by which human beings order themselves. The internet search engine becomes a defining tool by which man in recent times locates his reality and his thirst for information.

What is a heritage walk and how does it differ from a tourist guide?

A heritage Walks is a technically designed exhibit with a title. The title provides a focus on which a narrative is created and the heritage landscape is interpreted. Any monument or heritagescape such as an area of a traditional bazaar or a riverfront has various canvases/frames. If there is title then the presenter weaves an entire lecture. The study leader is a special kind of guide who is a public academician, onsite manager, dramatic presenter. The most challenging qualification

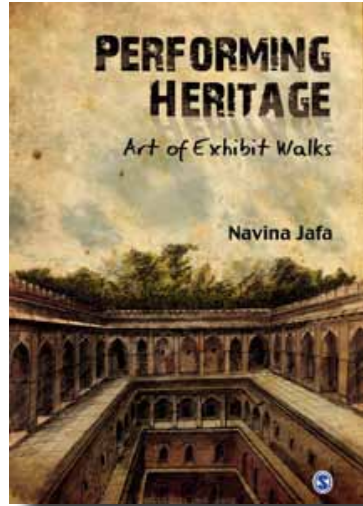
of such a professional is the needs to be proficient on multiple subjects and constantly do research. For example – when presenting a walk for professionals engaged in conflict transformation the presenter needs to understand the technicalities and theories of conflict, of tools of transformation. She would then need to consider and choose the heritagescape that becomes a stage and a frame within which she presents her argument and weaves with history. Categories of heritage- cultural, natural and digital heritage, further the cultural heritage as intangible and tangible are all considered as part of cultural representation through the medium of heritage walk exhibit. . Any discerning tourist can be a good audience. Thus the exhibit walks are different from mere tour guided tours. They inevitably incorporate the leisure and educational/ pedagogical principal. The educational principal aims to fulfill the professional principal in which the audience is engaged. A touristic guided tour the main ruling principal is the pleasure principle ruling over the educational aspect.

Why are heritage walks important for visitors to India, as well as, Indians?

India is an experience. It is also a space that projects human development in all stages. A civilization 5,000 years and a young nation of about 60 odd years India not only presents a chaotic impression on visitors but also contradictions in various ways. For example, while you are told to dress conservatively as a visitor you encounter women bathing in the Ganges with their sarees clinging appearing to be much more revealing than the obvious bikini. Heritage walks as lectures on site are an important entry point to comprehend the rubric as complex as India. The frame presented in an exhibit walk drives the audience to create a synergized understanding of a particular topic, issue or field of engagement.

For Indians heritage walks are platform where one can critically think and experience the contradictions of living in a space that has an ancient civilizational mindset and the living is within a global fast moving space. How do you resolve these contradictions? How is it possible to become aware of cultural gaps? For example on one hand a heritage walk in the cremation ground of Varanasi depicts the work culture of cremation specialists, the narrative is about rituals associated with Hindu cremation, but then there is also the fact that the cremation specialists are contacted on mobiles. People ring them and book places to be cremated, special offerings are made ready by the specialists via internet communication. Heritage Walks are not quantitative but qualitative experiences about a country. The book although refers to Delhi as a case study the value of the work has global application.

For both the Indians and foreigners heritage walks as lived experiences of India become an important tool. When visiting various places in India for work a Heritage walk is a unique activity to be incorporated to make sense of the ground reality of a place. I remember [Dr. Kissinger](#) telling me that he wished he had seen India the way he did walking and riding on a rickshaw in Old Delhi during the month of Ramadan. Unfortunately, all his visits were confined to boardrooms. In fact, there have been large numbers of corporate, embassies, organizations such as United Nations



who make it a point to include a heritage walk as part of experiential learning for both outsiders and Indians.

On the other hand, university groups such as groups from **SAIS**, **John Hopkins** studying International relations have admitted Heritage Walks as part of studying international relations. Teachers involved in South Asian studies from **Simon Fraser University**, Canada too have used these experiences as hands on activity. Financial Groups such as **Editors of Financial Times London**, **JCB**, Performance Theatre Conference, **YPO** groups found this an absolute essential activity to extend their in the field understanding of their engagement.

For Indians who seem to have lost touch in their local identity, heritage walks I have seen become essential for them to appreciate their local identity. The formation of the new Indian Nation also brought with it for example new concepts of democracy, equality. Some of these new concepts clash with traditional local identities such as the fact that Indian mindset is about hierarchies not equalities. Hence, although liberal democracy is fundamentally owned by citizens of India and is expressed by the freedom to worship, speak, the political democracy expressed in equality is stunted. Politicians have ridden on creating inequalities by favoring one or the class or caste to manipulate power.

Heritage walks attempts to build the consciousness about the under developed comprehension about the genetically inherited local identity.

Hence for both the foreigner and the Indian, heritage walks is both essential and fascinating.

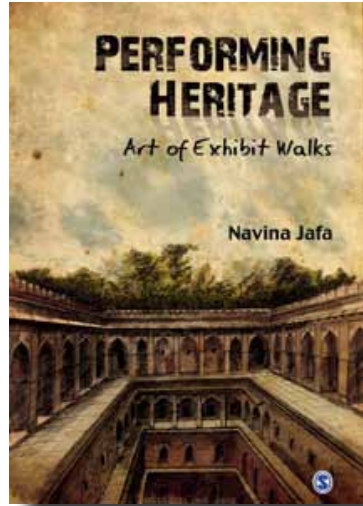
Please share with the readers a glimpse of your life and work.

As an academician working in public space it becomes challenging to reach out to a large variety of people engaged in a variety of fields. I usually ask for the profile of individuals and groups, then suggest a walking exhibit. The main objective is to make heritage functional to the person experiencing the **Parampara** from his specific mindset. From sociological, economic, anthropological, security, defense, political and environmental perspectives I try to bring various perspectives into the narrative. For example, I curated a walk that for **Governor General of New Zealand Dr. Anand Satyananand** was in the Red Fort of Delhi. Coming from a legal background, my objective was to create a narrative that will bring out the legal heritage of the heritagescape.

I started with the scale of justice depicted in one of the perforated screens in the Fort. The narrative then built in facts of various trials during the freedom struggle, the fact that the location was used as a prison and much more. Similarly, for a group of learned Environmental professors from **Melbourne University** I suggested a walk to present step wells as modes of traditional water harvesting system.



From Left to Right : **Mr Vivek Mehra**, MD and CEO, SAGE India, **Smt Sheila Dikshit**, Hon'ble Chief Minister of Delhi, Government of India, **Dr Navina Jafa**, author, **Mr William Dalrymple**, Acclaimed Writer and Historian and **Janab Mirza Arif**, Poet at the release of "Performing Heritage" in New Delhi



My work has meant that I am constantly challenged to work on various heritage landscapes and read them in an innovative manner. From children to adults all need to be captivated by not only the facts but also the presentation. My training as a dancer has come much in use. I continue to perform, I trained as a dancer for over two decades. That rigorous training of capturing the audience has come in use while presenting heritage; however, for me each walking exhibit is choreography; it is also diplomacy, and it provides me a platform to be provocative. For example, I presented for a group of young university students a walk on transgender in their 15th century cemetery and place of worship. The walk was on basic human rights with regard to the ostracized community.

In this walk it was important to have tradition representative and that is what I did. Debates on their functionality, denial of health services and education were included in the discussion along with various community rituals. Inclusion of community representatives provides the extra dimension of making heritage dynamic and contemporary against monuments that are silent witness to changing environment and making of new histories. The contesting aspect of the lectures in the walking exhibit as I designed and executed them was to tailor the narrative in a manner that could be understood by all aged people, from a variety of cultural mindset. The task was and remains a trail and rather overwhelming. The factor that helped me to overcome this was the object of shamelessness that comes when you are performer.

My dance guru taught me that when you are performing (which you do when choreographing and presenting the lecture on site) is to perceive that the audience in front of you knows less than you. It is similar to stage fright and the only way to deal with it is to take it by its neck and stand up to perform without fright. So when I was told that **Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice** had only 25 minutes at Humayun's tomb a 16th century Mughal tomb, a world Heritage site I timed myself in a manner that the entire presentation of the story of the monument as a monument of peace and public diplomacy was deliberated in that specified time. I had her in the car with all the onsite logistical formalities in 23 minutes. The one thing I realized that such presentations require you to think on your feet.

Local sensibilities and sensitivities is another element that I felt were an important element, and hence community participation remains an integral part of the presentations. This needs a constant communication link with the people who are major stakeholders in the heritage that is presented. For example, on many an occasion while presenting a Sufi shrine (mystical Islamic center) in Delhi I often end the walking exhibit with a Sufi song recital where the presentation is done by traditional singers living in the premises of the shrine and I act as the interpreter.

In my view this seminal inclusion of the community functions to make these tradition bearers proud of their own heritage. Indeed one aspect of this inclusion is to pay for their services which are what makes them sustainable. Normally, my personal rapport with community representatives has made the experiences more realistic.

The journey to present civilizational understanding through heritage walks itself is a contested space. For example, on one occasion I took a group of 30 conflict transformation professionals from Pakistan and India to first a Sufi shrine and then to a Hindu temple. After the walk I realized for several of Muslims it was their first visit to a Hindu temple and vice versa for several Hindus a first visit to a Islamic heritagescape. The presentation was not merely a historical narrative but it was important that I bring in the work of the Nobel awardee **Dr. Amartya Sen** on culture and identity in my narrative. Most of the audience comprised of teachers who taught history of India and Pakistan. Through this walk they experienced spaces which comprised of common concerns while on the other hand issues that were distinct to each religious center. It appeared that the walking Exhibits emerged as tools for trust building.

Despite doing this work for over two decades, the trail of the exercise was to prove that this service was an academic engagement and there was difference between the work generated through a walking exhibit and a mere tour.

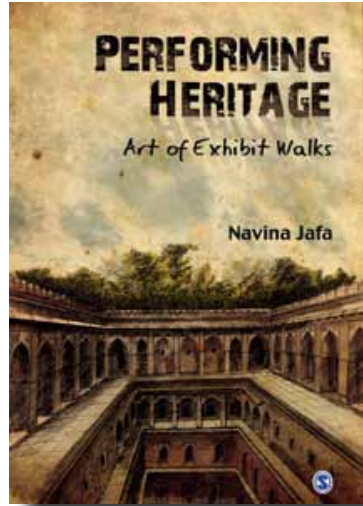
Why did you write *Performing Heritage: Art of Exhibit Walks*? Kindly give us a detailed overview of your book?

The book is a tool kit that can be universally applied to other countries and global cities. First there is the chapter on debating heritage, where I define the word the word heritage and suggest the Sanskrit word **Parampara** as a more appropriate and dynamic term to define civilizational identity. Secondly, taking off from this I define Heritage walks as a living exhibit and contrast it to exhibits curated in closed galleries. The walking exhibit in contrast is in an open dynamic environment. Even monuments I mention do not live a stagnant atmosphere. The environment of their existence change and so does the manner in which audiences perceive them.

For example, the great Taj Mahal built as a rauza (shrine) incorporated as part of its ambience both the river heritage of Yamuna and the neighborhood that grew in front of it called the Taj-Ganj. Both these environments provided a holistic character to the building. With time, as the identity of the Taj changes from a protected monument, to a national, then to world heritage and finally to a wonder of the world; it gets isolated from the city in which it lives and the immediate environment in which it existed that is the river front and the TajGanj neighborhood.

The book proceeds to bring in nuances of creating living exhibits and contrasts the art of heritage walks with that of creating festivals, parades etc.

Next, the book describes the art of designing and executing walking exhibits by introducing a methodology, as well as the manner to research and create narratives to provide titles and focus, to choose trails. The next chapter describes the manner to graduate from becoming a simple guide to becoming an academic study leader and therefore a public well-grounded academician.



The book then proceeds to the economics of emerging as public academician who does not necessarily have institutional support for either providing legitimacy or for bringing in regular income. The chapter on economics of heritage walk explores ways and means to make it an economically viable profession. Finally, the book speaks about the functionality and importance of the profession as part of cultural professionalism in the form of cultural broker, as a cultural diplomat one who strategizes the understanding of soft power and enhances cultural diplomacy. The book is very much a part of personal experiences since the work has been drawn from my own ground hands on experience of more than two decades.

What are you working on now?

I am presently working on two or three projects that I hope to acquire more experience and then pen them down as books. My first assignment is that of a heritage educator in two public organizations. I am a part-time consultant with **Shahjahanabad Redevelopment Corporation**, government of Delhi where I am building heritage walks and other fascinating heritage events for various citizen groups in Delhi. For example I put together a link program between inter-generations called **Dadi Poti ki kahani**, that is, Grandmother/granddaughter storytelling traditions in the environment of monuments called the tomb of Grandmother Grand Daughter. The event saw several resident welfare associations from nearby neighborhood and school children participate.

My other work on Heritage and Pedagogy has seen me involved with the Central Board on Secondary Education the primary organization in India. I have assisted in introducing Heritage education through an interactive website soon to be launched and am now the chief conveynor on Heritage education to prepare a text book on the same. The challenge here is that India has such a wide range of local cultural identities and natural heritage.

Lastly, I am working with several organizations involved in development programs and arguing the use of factoring in cultural inputs and cultural specifics in these programs to prevent imbalances in development policies and programs. These include my work with **WISCOMP** (women in conflict transformation), a small NGO founded by HH Dalai Lama.

I build heritage walks as trust building exercises during their seminars even as hard diplomatic issues are discussed. I am also speaking with other social development NGOs to bring the use of traditional performing arts as means of development communication. I taught a paper at the **Brandeis University** on performance and development and the model that I developed is what I am trying to broker. For example I am speaking with the **Ganga Action Committee** to coopt the use of a dance drama on cleaning of rivers and make traditional classical dance more contemporary and make the dance form more functional to present day societal needs. These events then hopefully emerge as platforms of dialogue with people and produce cultural democracy in action.

What is your message to the readers of Live Encounters?

Culture is a more powerful bomb than a nuclear bomb and politicians are the only community who has used it as ways to manipulate people. If there is a way to increase democratic participation it is to factor in cultural specifics in socio-economic projects. Maybe it is one way to fill the blank pages on peace in the world.



From Left to Right: **Mr Rajeev Sethi**, Eminent Scenographer and Designer, **Mr Shigeru Aoyagi**, Director & UNESCO Representative (Bhutan, India, Maldives & Sri Lanka), **Smt Sheila Dikshit**, Hon'ble Chief Minister of Delhi, Government of India and **Dr Navina Jafa**, author at the release of "Performing Heritage" in New Delhi.



Faded Genes

Excerpt One

from a work in progress book by Mark Ulyseas

This is a soliloquy by a boy from mixed parentage grappling with living on the edge of all sensibilities and often crossing the fine line that divides sanity and insanity.

Faded Genes is the kaleidoscope of a mislaid life. The myriad faces of the past. The haunting of people gone by. The instances of sudden madness and the sheer will to live. Or, lack of it. There are no sequences here, only images. Like a kaleidoscope, changing colours and shapes every time it is moved.

The episodes are real. The places are real. If this monologue was fiction it would have been a lot easier to write without the pain and anguish of living and having lost. The friends and relatives that I speak of have been placed either six feet under or lost in the bylanes of my mind flooded by the surging waters of the monsoon.

The narration is a candid recollection of the truth of living life shuttling between parents, cities, women, and the odd lie. It is the spirit in the Welsh mountains that finally brings one peace.

I owe a debt to my parents for giving life to me.

It came from nowhere that urgency to do something in life. Advertising, the bastard child of marketing...that was what I wanted to do. So I joined a small agency as a studio assistant. The dark room brought back memories of wanton teenage lust. But it didn't last more than a few seconds. Then the chemical odours kicked in; the smell of boiled eggs under a blanket on a cold winter night. It really wasn't much different in the office. It was musty, dingy, and poorly lit with the smell of Aqua Velva and talcum powder. The women I worked with were constantly powdering their faces with talcum powder to look fairer.

A client of the agency decided to launch sunbathing oil...tan oil. Enormous sums were spent plugging the product on B & W TV (that's what we had in those days) and the B & W print media. It was a total flop. It was a surprise to the client and the agency!

Pankaj was the media manager who spent most of the day talking on the phone and rubbing his crotch. Later I heard that on his wedding night he was carried off to hospital for emergency surgery. You could probably guess what he was doing.

Bored with the small agency I shifted to a bigger one. Here the creative juices flowed and so did those from the loins. Great times working late, no computers then or cell phones. Many nights were spent working on product launches and shagging Sheila, the boss, who would begin every Monday morning meeting with the words, *"Communication is like masturbation. You just have to go on and on till you find the right spot. From then on it's like having learnt to cycle, you never forget. So find the spot or you are out of a job."*

Advertising had its moments. It brought about a change in me and gave me a perspective to life I did not have before. I had grown to like the work I was doing. Selling people products and services they didn't need...creating desires that never existed before. We used sensual images of women to sell everything from soft drinks to water pumps. There was no difference between a prostitute and a copywriter. I had to sell myself, short of letting my pants down for the client. The depths of sincere depravity to which I had sunk were enlightening. The only solace from the grinding desperation to meet deadlines was my copy of Andre Gide's *"Fruits of the Earth"*.

To keep the family and profession apart was a messy job... truth often being the casualty of indifference. Unmarried then, I would carry home samples of products I would need to *"understand"* prior to working on the creative. Nuts, bolts, cement, curtain rings and condoms. At that time I was living with my elder sister. Her young son Harish was quite intrigued by the samples and would often question me about their uses. One day I arrived home to deadly silence. Silence at dinner. Silence. It was only later that I came to know that Harish had worn a condom while having a bath. Presumably on one of our question and answer sessions I had told him that the condom was used for waterproofing, sort of like a raincoat. He was just trying out the product.

At that time in India the market for fairness creams was growing very fast...if you were fair complexioned, you'd get the man of your dreams. Today these creams have reached nether regions...fairness creams for private parts. Brown skins move aside...the bleach brigade is coming to town.

Sometimes, sampling a product can be hazardous. A Chinese restaurateur walked into the agency one day with a small budget for the launch of his restaurant called "*Mings*". We were invited to the restaurant's makeshift kitchen to get a taste of things to come. In the rush to reach on time, I forgot to tell the boss about my allergy to seafood. The lunch went well and I went to the local hospital.

The first rule in advertising, sample the products on unsuspecting consumers, not on oneself.

There were two books that I kept close to me... both regulators of reality. Salvador Dali's "*Diary of Genius*" wherein he speaks of abdominal rumblings, discharges and wind elimination by Brass Trumpet. And Lenny Bruce's "*How to talk dirty and influence people*". I lost them on the way but not the life they contained within.

Jack's "*On the Road*" opened my eyes to a brand new world of structure less living. No rules. No barricades. Nothing. Just the sheer delight of travelling without a care. It kept me from settling down... from committing myself to a formal relationship either in love or business. The former didn't hurt, but the later ruined my work ethic. No complaints. Down the road I had desperately searched out the feeling that I once had. Nothing. Just the wind in my gut.

Age does strange things to us. It plays with our minds, bodies and souls... never leaving anything untouched or unchanged. It is pitiful to see people dye their hair, re arrange their face or pretend with clothing to be younger than they really are...a grim tale of hilarity that seeks to transcend the essence of living life to the fullest without the frayed edges of time.

I remember dad had this peculiar habit of putting peroxide on his side burns to whiten them. He wanted to look older than he was to charm the ladies on the tennis court. It always worked much to Mom's irritation.

When we are young, we are in a hurry to grow up. When we are old we want to be young again. The parody of life, there's never a time when we are content to be what we are...living in the moment. Constant and yet ageing. Cosmetics, health foods and life-styles camouflage the pathetic yearning to live forever unchanged in an aging body.

Advertising taught me one thing. People are suckers. Give them what they want. Let them hear what they want to hear. And leave the rest to packaging and design.

At that time in India the market for fairness creams was growing very fast...if you were fair complexioned, you'd get the man of your dreams. Today these creams have reached nether regions... fairness creams for private parts. Brown skins move aside...the bleach brigade is coming to town.

"Communication is like masturbation. You just have to go on and on till you find the right spot. From then on it's like having learnt to cycle, you never forget. So find the spot or you are out of a job," - Sheila, my boss in the agency.

Nothing was constant, only time. It was constant in change. Everyone I knew soon split for other agencies and I too left for greener pastures. Nothing was green. It was brown and floated to the top. The dream job I thought I had was a mirage. It was no more than a sad tale of drudgery. Take the morning train to work. Get your arse kicked every day. Come home in the evening and get into the saddle with the latest girl friend. Over eat after that. Take Eno salts. Burp. Get back into bed. Curl up and dream of the next day's deadlines.

The train journey to work was the only entertainment of the day. People were stuck together by sheer weight of numbers...beggars belting out soulful numbers on harmoniums...the frantic tinkling of bells as some plebs sang bhajans to the pictures of gods strung on the bars of the windows. The bhajans were soothing. It was a balm that took away the pain of yesterdays and gave me strength to meet the day before me.

Occasionally the train would be held up as someone, who had tried to cross the tracks, had been run over. People bleeding from where arms or legs were cut off by the wheels of the train and lying on the platform on filthy stretchers writhing in pain; was a sight so common that I thought it humorous. It reminded me of the story of the leper who lost both hands in a card game. Hah! Hah! Hah! *Marquis* would have been proud of me. Sadism was one release valve I needed to get through the motions of living.

The train journey back home was bleak...dim lights and the air heavy with perspiration. The faces of the commuters resembled that of wooden dolls grotesquely carved with ill-fitting clothes drenched in sweat, smelling of Paan, tobacco and cheap aromas.

This cycle of self flagellation did not last long. In a fit of mindless anxiety I left the city and settled down to a quiet existence in a small room in Matheran, a hill station not far from Bombay. The month I lived there brought me back to a reality I was accustomed to... the fine art of living a lie devoid of all considerations.

To be continued...



Pastel ab Hmas

by Richard Ganulin

I am a half-Sephardic and half-Ashkenazic life-long eater. I grew up with my mother (now called "Nona" by her grandchildren) often reminiscing about, and sometimes cooking, Sephardic pies characterized by Greek cheeses, eggs, spinach, and potatoes. I am, at a minimum, a culinary Jew and enjoy reading about, vicariously experiencing, cooking, and eating the foods of Jews from around the world.

If you have cooked pies similar to this recipe then you know how simple, tasty, and exotic they are. A savory pie makes a somewhat special presentation to guests not familiar with the style. A savory pie is part of a hearty meal for your own family. The magnificent Gil Marks makes Sephardic cooking easy and Iraqi Jew Rivka Goldman shared tastes of her Jewish community. I combined them into this dish.

Ingredients (for crust):

- 1/2 cup lukewarm water, 1/2 cup extra virgin olive oil, one teaspoon salt, 2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
- In medium bowl, combine water, oil, and salt, gradually stir in the flour until it creates dough. Cover and let stand at room temperature for 30 minutes.

Ingredients (for filling):

- Two tablespoons extra virgin olive oil
- One cup chopped onions
- Three cups cooked chickpeas
- One cup red (or purple) raisins
- One cup chopped tomatoes (canned)
- One tablespoon curry powder, one teaspoon garlic powder, one teaspoon sweet paprika, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon cayenne (more or less to taste), 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper
- 1/2 cup toasted pine nuts (or toasted slivered almonds since pine nuts can be pricey)
- 1/2 cup chopped cilantro (chopped parsley or basil if you are a cilantro-hater)
- Three eggs
- One tablespoon sesame seeds

Note - for vegan version eliminate eggs from filling and use a vegan wash for the top of the crust.

Saute onions in the oil until lightly colored. Add chickpeas and raisins. Saute five more minutes. Add tomatoes and all spices. Saute another five minutes. Roughly mash the filling by hand or pulse a few times in processor. Chunky is good. Allow to cool. While cooling, preheat oven to 375 F. Add toasted pine nuts, cilantro and two beaten eggs to filling. Lightly grease a nine-inch diameter (by about two-inch height) pie pan. Roll out 2/3 of the dough and fit it into the bottom and sides of the pie pan. (When dough is rolled out it may have to be dusted with flour.) Spoon in the filling. Roll out the other 1/3 of dough and place over the filling. Crimp the edges to seal. Poke several holes in the top of the pie crust. Brush top of crust with the third beaten egg. Sprinkle with sesame seeds. Bake pie for about 40 minutes or until properly browned. Cool for a couple hours prior to serving.



i hate deadlines

Government made a decent offer but the farmers refused
Oh really!
They raised their offer
Farmers lunged “let us be”

Damn, is that true?
Give me a chance
Let me speak

“Farmers, my brothers, sell your land
You have no choice but
Hang yourself to a rope or raise a gun. Don’t
Let me be your inspiration
As I would sell anything
My underwear, my socks, my neighbour’s wife
That is all I am left with”

My speech had an effect
On the authorities it seems
“An apartment on your farm land for free”
Not a single eyelid winked
Farmers like to make out in the open, I believe
Damn...I so envy that
I’m game
In the car, on the beach, moonlit night
But then hush hush job unlike countryside
Cops and hooligans alike, how many can I fight?
I am getting old now and I got to keep myself fit for prime time
Millions die of hunger in my country
Let them eat, I am on liquid diet
Prescribed by a celeb dietician, so cute!

Fine, fine...
Let the pest eat rotting grain in the open yards
All you need is a reason to blame our politicians
How do you expect them to build storage overnight?
They are busy grooming Rahul baba but he messes up
Every time he stands before the mike
Haven’t they asked Wal-Mart and Carrefour to march in?
With Dollars and Euros and insight

Rise above petty thoughts
you don't appreciate, take all for granted
air and water, they never levied upon us

contaminated?

YOU FOOL,
we are immune
virus, bugs, worms, fertilized crops,
toxin, venom, carbide gas
only 30 get crushed under trains ever day
Don’t you read public messages?
Politicians are clueless
they did their job ardently
To make us aware
with cheap posters
Glued in the stinking public toilets
but we just don't go there
We like it in the open
Ah, now you get it!

You need not question our politicians
doubt their selfless act
Ask the Indian cricket team
if you don’t believe me

Can I see it?
Can I see a civil war closing in?

Really!

God help me please
Hold that war
Don’t be unfair
You see, I am on diet, and I have waited quite a while
Arnab promised a special coverage on me, Prime time
Alright...alright, I will let that pass

One picture in page 3 will do
Please

Art in Food

by Executive Chef
Enrico Wahl

Photography by Mark Ulyseas

“Without passion it is almost impossible to create nice food.

It starts with sourcing the right products with the best quality and trained staff *(you cannot do things alone in a commercial kitchen)*.

Sometimes things fail.

One must have the motivation and passion to start again and again. A Chef is an artist for he or she continually works towards perfecting food in terms of ingredients, color, texture, taste and presentation.

Every meal becomes a work of art by the Chef.”

- **Enrico**



Enrico Wahl, Executive Chef, The Oberoi, Bali, Indonesia
Pic © Mark Ulyseas



Home made goat cheese mozzarella, cherry tomato confit, tomato dust and kemangi basil blossoms. Pic © Mark Ulyseas



Searred venison loin, trapped truffled celeriac mousline, roasted baby beet, olive niac.
Pic © Mark Ulyseas



Scallop rassam with tabasco caviar. Pic © Mark Ulyseas



Worcestershire glazed barramundi, caramelized salsify, puffed red rice, fresh horse radish.
Pic © Mark Ulyseas



Deconstructed cuttle fish in smoked warm chicken jelly and glass of kir royal molekular
Pic © Mark Ulyseas



Live encounters

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