

REPORT ON:

THE

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF RURAL DEVELOPMENT

NEW DELHI, INDIA

February 5 - 15, 1984

RODRIGO R. CUSTODIO

AMSEF

ICA House - Hong Kong
February 3, 1984

UNTIL I WAS on the plane and well on my way here, I wasn't so sure I would be attending the IERD. I had funding problems to begin with and when finally help came by Telex from California it was not only late but difficult to withdraw owing to the tightened controls placed on the use of dollars. Fortunately, an advance was made for my ticket and this enabled me to leave on schedule.

My effort to get a new passport was just as disquieting. I gave no more thought to the matter after I was assured that I'll get one at least one week before my departure but when I phoned to check on it I was informed that I had another requirement to satisfy. This, I soon learned, had to do with a new memo from the Foreign Ministry requiring all travelling Filipinos to have a deposit of at least P25,000 in a bank.

"Twenty thousand pesos?!" I almost shouted back in disbelief and heard the lady at the other end say: "Yes. Two zero. Twenty thousand pesos. If you have your bank book with you, Mr. Custodio, kindly send or bring it over and we will have your passport this afternoon."

"Now I have a problem," I remember telling the people around me. "I do not know which bank book to present to the Foreign Ministry."

This enabled us to laugh off the outrageous Ministry brainstorm; I could not help feeling discriminated by that unbelievable order; and yet, somehow, there was TWENTY THOUSAND PESOS and three-days ago I got my papers!

Getting a visa, in comparison, was merely a stroll in snobbish Dasmarinas Village where the Indian Embassy is located. They are well aware over there of the Exposition in

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Delhi and were, therefore, not only helpful but kind enough to offer us the use of their library for whatever assistance it might be to us. So, with my entry okayed, all that stood between me and India was the Manila International Airport and the much talked-about goings-on in that place.

Frankly, those pre-departure hassles so conditioned my mind for the unexpected that not even a flight delay or outright cancellation of our trip could have surprised me. I enjoyed even the curiosity of the Airport security men who wanted to know how the Customs people would react to my family name. One of them had a bet that I would breeze through the Inspection Area; he was right. All I was asked was "How are you related to the General?" and I was on my way.

I DID NOT expect Hong Kong to be this cold. I know it is small and congested; I can see it now; yet it still has space for business, people and parks. One can also see that they are moving towards the still forested hills and if there is any fear of China's threatening take-over, one sees it more in the papers but not around here. It sounds more like the predicted collapse of our economy as seen for sometime now by those who want to take over the country.

ICA Hong Kong, unlike Manila, is in a walled-in high-rise apartment with a security system. Fred Estorgio could not figure out. The people, though, are the same: warm, business-like and "programmed". This is not strange as they work with the help of computers some of which, I understand, are going to India with us. Of course they also have the same narrow tables for meals, work and talk. I feel at ease here too -- except for the cold and the unfinished business of getting to Delhi.

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YES, TO DELHI at last. But when I come to think of it, every time I think of Delhi, the same questions come in a mad rush back to my mind:

Why am I going there?

What do I have to share? What, really, are my learnings over the years?

If I have experiences -- there will be so much of it; how can I do all the sharing in so short a time?

What are my expectations? What's expected of me?

How do I handle possible conflicts with delegates from the West, or the so-called Developed World?

Why India...

The question regarding the West is of particular worry to me. I do not believe and have no respect for those journalistic separation of people and am apt to use my own simplified categorization of Conferees into those who know and does not know rural development. I have also the tendency to use very descriptive words that are liable to shock theorists and desk-bound experts. I expect to meet any number of them in Delhi, not to mention nuts who always manage to get into even the most exclusive of gatherings.

Finally, after Delhi, what?

This is of course a question I cannot now answer although how I will fare during the coming ten days is something I can say for certain. I am ready and will not be stepping in any of those discussion rooms unprepared. I'll be in Delhi with more than half a life-time of trying, perfecting, and making ideas work.

Hotel Mehran
Karachi, Pakistan
February 4, 1984

YOU DID NOT hear the announcement then," the British gentleman to my left said when he saw me sit up with a start. "The Delhi airport is fogged in. We are proceeding to Karachi."

I nodded although I could not quite figure out why that should agitate an Indian badly enough to create a disturbance. What's wrong with landing in Karachi, I told myself. We could always proceed to Delhi by road or rail. I saw no problem here except that we won't see much of the countryside traveling in the dark. It was, after all, not yet 1:00 a.m.

I threw the offending Indian an annoyed glance as I settled back in my seat, having at once recognized him as the very same fellow who caused a boarding stir with his demand that his whole family be given the row of middle aisle seats to my right despite the fact that two were already occupied by other passengers. Now he wanted to be flown back to Bangkok -- not Karachi. A real nuisance, I was about to say but it suddenly struck me that Karachi is in Pakistan, not India, and the man's concern became meaningful to me!

The Captain repeated the announcement; apologized for the inconvenience; and assured us of getting to Delhi as soon as visibility in the area improved. He estimated this to be by nine o'clock. Meanwhile, we were to be received and accommodated in Karachi, courtesy of Thai Airways. This did nothing to placate the angry Indian but there was no other choice.

We had no trouble getting clearance for landing but there were truly anxious moments over how the Pakistanis would handle the emergency. Everything had to be left in the hands of the airlines people although many of us could not

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keep the Hindu-Pakistani differences out of our minds. It was, for instance, particularly worrisome being dropped off by airport buses someplace as a result of which we had to hike the considerable distance to the unfinished domestic terminal. We noted too that we were divided but felt better seeing some Indians with us. Not much later uniformed Pakistanis made their reassuring appearance. Some posted themselves in the doorways while others mingled with us. When I checked the entrance through which we came in, one left his group to keep me inside. Buses, he explained in understandable English, were being secured for our transportation to hotels.

Actually, though, it was not just the possible friction between the former compatriots which was bugging me. I think I made sure that I did not lose Marsha in the confusion but finding that we were separated from the other ICA folks raised apprehensions etched in my mind by hellish days in Vietnam and Cambodia. I felt uneasy being left singularly responsible for the well-being of our lady companion, yet if there was to be any problem I knew I wouldn't want to be elsewhere. This mental load stayed with me until we got to this Hotel where the others were waiting for us.

I STOPPED WRITING for a snack at the restaurant but ended waiting for the 7:00 a.m. breakfast. Three hours have gone by so quickly. We were served eggs, toast and butter, plus tea which tasted like coffee. Before we were through -- we had a lot to talk about, that's why -- daylight was upon us.

Karachi began to stir hours earlier, of course. Now, as the sun rose higher, the city to the north lay clearer before us. This is a bustling capital with wide streets, orderly traffic, mushrooming buildings. There are signs of British influences certainly, but the minarets of mosques in the dis-

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tance assert the pre-eminence of local culture. Too bad we we couldn't see more of the place as the weather looks good. In any case it's great getting this bonus side trip to what was once a part of India.

Ashok Yatri Niwas
New Delhi, India

WE HAD NO difficulty getting into this country, thanks to the efficiency of ICA personnel in charge of welcoming us. Airport officials received us with the same cordiality. All that was needed, it seemed, were IERD decals on our luggages and the way was clear. Outside, another group of ICA people quickly set us apart from other passengers by placing multi-colored leis around our necks. I feel awkward being made to go through that part of the ceremony; I don't encourage such medieval practice in my barrios; but I went along with the show to make sure I got in the same bus where the flowered arrivals were being led.

Registration, after the short trip in a properly marked IERD Bus, was just as routine. A filled form, plastic covered name tag, room number, Conference Kit in a beautiful bag and we were in. The only uneasy moment I had was when somebody asked who paid for my registration and I was about to answer, I don't know. Good thing the other person on the table thought: "It must be ICA" and the other grunted.

I AM JOTTING down everything from here on, for my documentation and the report I may have to make when I get home. This won't be easy as I expect every working hour to be full, with my evenings and free times set aside for talks and walks and otherwise figuring out India and the rationale for this IERD.

I don't expect to have any trouble doing my writing

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despite the adjustments I have to make to the amenities of our accommodation. We have a concrete table, no working chair, fixed lights -- with this one I have to write with set for the left-handed as it is to my right built into the wall. To work without bothering my room-mate I have to devise a contraption that minimizes the lamp's glare.

THE EXHIB IT area, the Toshakana Hall of Taj Palace Hotel, is a huge room already sectioned off according to the requirements of participating countries. Ours is in the middle portion, to the right as one comes in. The display panel is more than enough for our materials although, if I can help is, I'd prefer to move to a more obscure location. I want to avoid being sandwiched between delegations that must have come not just with their living room audio-visuals but their book stores and curio shops as well.

The Koreans and taiwanese seem ready to wage full propaganda war with their rivals. They have brochures, books, posters, video machines and tapes. This makes us wonder what the Japanese will do, except that from the airport they were whisked away in Embassy cars and are getting talked about as out there somewhere having an IERD of their own. Which is unfortunate as they won't be able to tell us what they are doing to help their poor.

WE DECIDED to work on our display tonight and set them up tomorrow. We want to give our booth more meaning if not attraction. We also have more pictures that need to be worked into a coherent Philippine presentation that will say: "This is what's happening in our country." It is doubtful that we can show our slides following Management's decision to scrap the plan to have a projector in each booth. The rental cost.

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for the number of machines needed ruled out the advisability of pursuing the idea.

NOW PRESENT to compose the Philippine Delegation are Vicky Aguirang and Fred Estorgio of ICA, Mayor Lando Pabotoy of Project Compassion, John Dalton of an Australian agency doing rural work in Southern Philippines and myself. I have not seen the Labor Ministry man yet. The four of us non-ICA have to team-build to make sure our participation are relevant and helpful. Fred and Visky won't be with us as they are joining the Facilitators' Group.

Started work on 'teaming' by getting Lando to tell me more about his work and Project Compassion. I want to be sure he knows there are other programs; other groups doing some of the things Pro-Com does; and that some old principles and truths about rural development are no longer current. Earlier, I had the the chance to size up John. We spent some time in the mezzanine Carpet and Rug Show; discussing programs and projects; just the two of us or with the well-informed Indian girl who entertained us.

FOOD IS GOOD but mostly very hot. They burn their way in. I don't think I will get used to the scorching dishes up to the end of my stay. Whoever took care of this concern should have arranged for less peppery concoctions. Or they ought to have food for Vegetarians, Non-Vegetarians, and non-Indians.

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Taj Palace
Feb. 5, 1984

A NOTE ADDRESSED to me, obviously written yesterday and slipped under our door (Room 919) says:

Welcome to India,

During the Assembly we will be working in teams. You are in Team 11. There will be an informal gathering over breakfast at 8:30 a.m. tomorrow for our team in the cafe.

Hope to see you then.

Kevin Balm

I was down at the cafe before eight but I did not see Kevin. There was no informal gathering there. Delegates sat and dined mostly by countries. Only ICA people seem to know other nationals. Typical are two American ladies who greet participants by first names. The darker and heavier one in particular; who could smile and extend a hand to a familiar face and engulf everyone else in the warmth of her presence. She only said "Hello" to me when she stopped by to talk with Fred but I never felt left out as she gave an up-date on her work.

The other lady, slimmer and white, doesn't burst in on people as the other one does. You suddenly find her in your table and soon you're engaged in conversation that is at once informative and noticeably like one among old friends. This lady doesn't make acquaintances. She is your acquaintance even before she materializes on the unoccupied seat beside you.

There's nothing sham, too, about those two ladies. May there be more of them here. Nothing "cocktailish" in their behavior. I can readily spot phonies -- those who give you the usual salutation, ask how you are doing, talk about the problems of the world, then drift on to engage others in the same kind of banter. Those two ladies make you feel you are

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in THE Exposition and not in a party.

MENTION MUST be made here of the friendliness of the Hotel Staff (Ashok Yatri Niwas) who used his coins to help me get in touch with the Thai Airways Office. I did not get his name but I remember his face and I will also leave him something from the Philippines.

No report yet on the camera I lost in the Hong Kong - Bangkok flight...

THE POWER HOUSE displays of other delegations made me feel hesitant to put up what we have. Ours is so meagre in comparison and further confounding our problem is the lack of projector for our slides. Good thing we have the enthusiasm that more than compensate for our need for materials. So, with a change of pictures in one board and the addition of captions in another, we finally agreed that we're ready for this afternoon's opening.

There's really no need to worry about our booth, I have to remind myself. We still have the best Exposition materials in us, the experienced field workers. We can talk about our programs and give them the life and dimension no video or printed work could match. We'll be around to explain, answer questions, inter-act or otherwise just be there to make sure the Philippines is represented in the sharing and learning process.

Ashok Yatri Niwas

MIN. SHRI VASANT SATHE, in his inaugural address, mentioned the presence of a "vibration" now filtering down to the grass roots level. It is the spirit of international understanding; of cooperation; of a common concern for the welfare

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of people in the villages.

I did not get the rest of what he had to say. I could not follow him. My mind was on us gathered there at the Vignyan Bhavan. I know of no previous gathering of real rural development workers. I could not help thinking what we could do if, by the whisk of a magic wand, we were tackling the problems of 70% of the world's population, instead of so serious a plight being addressed by those detached and politicized ivory tower dwellers.

This brings me back to the question: Why the IERD?

Surely the organizers knew they cannot bring more than 500 doers from nearly half the countries of the world and expect them to share meaningfully in just ten days. I see something else here. A lot of things. I am not casting any doubt on the intent of the Exposition yet there is, to me, much more to it than merely Sharing Approaches that Work. To me this can be the dry run for the workings of a world body, or a movement, that I think is not only possible but necessary and within the represented organizations' capability to set up.

I don't know. I guess I am getting carried away by the vibrations, the spirit, and the need -- NOW -- to do something about the ills confronting rural folks.

I WAS VERY wrong about how I figured the Exposition would go. I thought it will be a show for delegates and visitors; and we can view displays and talk about programs and exhibits the way it takes place in programs of this nature. Little did I expect that IT will be a fair, a carnival, a sale and a panic-buyers' market put together -- with everyone coming in somehow getting the notion that they can take whatever there's plenty of, could be given away, is loose or not watched.

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It's a booth attendant's nightmare but it is exciting and a lot of fun. It is possibly the only exhibition where people who lost things feel glad about it, or are even proud that they were victimized ahead of the others. It's a mad, mad world down there and the Exposition has just began.

WE DO NOT know what we will do tomorrow without the single copies of our program papers. John suggested that we request whoever got the documents to lend them to us so the Secretariat can make copies for everyone interested. We'll give it a try although I am almost sure the idea won't work...

A YOUNG LADY - who is only a big girl to me - came to our table and, after getting assured that I am the guy she is looking for, introduced herself as Kathleen Rees.

"We'll meet tomorrow," she said. "Team 11. I'm glad you will be with us."

She left before I could say anything. Now I am trying to figure out why she would be glad to have me with them. Equally surprising were my meetings with at least three ICA members who seem to know me. Two had been in the Philippines while one said he read the documentation report on AMSF. So it must be that paper which has preceded me here.

SPENT THE early part of the evening talking shop with other delegates. Went out later with Mona for some fresh air and a close to midnight walk around the block.

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Ashok Yatri Niwas, Delhi
Monday - 6 February 1984

FOR MY ENTRY today, I will begin with what I jotted down in my Journal:

Events of the Day:

Opening Plenary -- with Sir Lindsay
Grouping into Teams & Review of Phase I Findings
Study of assigned Trends & division of Team into Interviewer-Interviewee Sub-Groups
Interviewing/Granting Interviews
Reporting on Learnings

What experiences were uniquely mine today?

The very gratifying feeling of being asked about my program, by so many fellow participants who are truly interested in what I have to say, because of its being "different".

My feeling sorry for a participant whose decision is not to join the Field Trip because she thinks she knows "what's happening in Indian villages" and she "would learn nothing more from them".

What did I learn/share today?

That a SELF-HELP assistance agency like AMSEF can be of immense interest to others in search of approaches that are truly "for the good of people". It was just too bad that I couldn't do better than merely tell them about us and our program as the only write-up on AMSEF and the General Ricarte Project was "picked up" by someone before we could have it reproduced.

The HIGHLIGHTS of the day were:

The grouping into Teams which brought me together with an Australian (Kathleen Rees, our Team Leader), a Scot (Carola Bell), a Ugandan

(Dr. Tom Tuma), an Egyptian (Prof. Kamal Saleh), two Americans (Dr. Bayard Coggeshall & Vann Cunningham), a Zambian (Roger Mwanza whom we affectionately call The Chief), an Indian who is more American than Indian (Kevin Balm), and two other Indians (T. S. Stephen & Omdutt Singh) who are real Indians as Indians go -- in speech, eating habits (anything not hot is not good) as well as in the intensity in which they talk about development and the poor.

Of course I will always consider my taped interview a HIGHLIGHT not just this day but of this Conference. Not all of us will have this opportunity -- and distinction -- I am sure...

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OTHER DELEGATES are interested in AMSF's program, I think, on account of the features that make its approach unique. Given below in bried explanatory statements are some of them:

- o Use of intensive training and continuing information as the tool for getting people's participation and commitment;
- o Starting off with economic projects to enable clients to stand on their own, as fast as they can;
- o AMSF's going into agricultural production using borrowed lands and out-of-school-youth worker-trainees, to demonstrate adaptable farming techniques, and have income for itself;
- o Planning and implementation of Integrated, Comprehensive and Progressive village course of action intended to make the community the center later Cluster Development; and
- o Development of Client and Assistance Agency capability for Self-Help so they can go on with the task of rural uplift and avoid being told what to do by funding/supporting organizations.

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WE COULDN'T TELL whether it was a procession or parade. It is part of the wedding rites here where the groom is brought to the wedding hall riding a decorated white horse. The ride is slow; lighted by kerosene lamps carried on the shoulders of men; accompanied by a brass band playing a loud crazy tune; marked at regular intervals by a pause in the journey during which the dancing friends of the groom go into a spirited stomping, arm-waving number.

We followed the show, first, in the bus bringing us home from Taj then, on foot towards the back of our hotel block from where Mona and John went on without us to see the trip through to the decorated place Mona and I saw last night. "You should have gone with us!" the two were saying when we met them coming home sometime later.

Then we were off on an 11:00 pm trip to Delhi Gate made thrilling by the taxi man's driving in the opposite direction to Delhi Ghant. Retracing his route, we learned that the Gate is not far from our Hotel. In any case the tour was worth it. I don't think there are tourists who will visit an old unlighted place in the dead of night.

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I THINK I have thrown cold water today on the little fire being fanned by delegates who feel discriminated because we are here in "No Star" Ashok while others - "whites in particular" - are in more comfortable circumstances. I can't understand, too, why hotel assignments was made this way (Third Worlders in Ashok, others elsewhere) but discrimination, to me, is not such a big issue. I believe we can always even matters in the Conference Halls.

So, asked how I feel about the cold room, cement bed and the difficulty of sleeping where we are, I said I have

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no complaints.

"I did not come here to sleep," I said when they pressed me for explanation. I feel sorry for those people.

THOSE PEOPLE, the supposed discriminated and possibly unsuspecting and unknowing discriminators, are shattering my Vignyan Bhavan-strengthened dream of a world body of Rural Development Workers. I don't know how anyone can be good in village work when one is that incapable of adjusting to such unheard of luxuries in villages as meals at the Taj, rest in cushioned beds and woolen blankets, and private rooms with toilets and hot bath. It pains me to hear IERD participants complaining about these things.

Which is why I feel sorry for those folks getting nasty answers from me for their silly questions.

They can't help the poor, those who feel unease in the shoes of the disadvantaged.

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Taj Palace - Feb. 7, 1984

WHEN JOHN ASKED what I think of the "Revolt in the Palace" I thought there was a coup here or something. It turned out to be the loud complaints of the Germans against the Conference Managers' "telling participants how to think". It is an insult to our intelligence, they would have us believe, hence the need for a petition that would force Management to "initiate corrective measures".

John patiently took up the issue with the leader of the group, pointing out that "It is too early in the game to say whether or not the method will work." John is for giving the ICA approach a try. If it doesn't work, then that will be the time to call for a change. They discussed this at length with John not knowing how the petitioners reacted to his stand up to the time they broke up.

I was not as diplomatic, I must say. Asked later about my say on the matter, I said the methodology is okay. I am not signing a petition that will merely disrupt proceedings. I made it clear that I can't be made to think along anyone's line against my better judgment. If there is any insult to our intelligence it is when we have to have numbers for a move that anyone of us, alone, can effectively undertake.

There are lots of complainers here of course. They are mostly from groups that are least concerned nor deeply involved in rural development. I suspect them to be from organizations which never go beyond giving alms to the poor and then telling the unfortunate beggars how to spend the money and account for them afterwards. I don't know how these types ever got here in the first place. I have never come across any petition that's as absurd and embarrassing as that one they are trying to get signed.

COMES NOW Dame Miriam Dehl. A number of us can't understand

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all the fuss she is raising about women in rural development. They are not given enough role to play, she says. We doubt, however, that she has taken the trouble to find out whether or not women are willing to play the role she (Dame Dell) has in mind. She is also full of inconsistencies and what I call "old world truths" and "developed country misconceptions".

It is a wonder to us how she can say that tractors "made more work for women in tending the crops"? Or that "more productive planting methods allowed weeds to grow between rows" and thus "increased women's workloads"! Maybe she hasn't heard of seeder/planters, cultivators, weeders and fertilizing devices that are normal accessories of tractors. Perhaps she needs some telling that most of us in the Third World (sic) now use tractors and threshers, and farmers - MEN - are dying of unknown illnesses because of the banned insecticides being literally forced on us by the First World!

I can appreciate anyone's concern for women, especially their having to work two-thirds of the day, yet care has to be exercised in presenting their case particularly in the context of underdeveloped nations. This is because any lack of role or involvement is more socio-cultural than designed or contrived. Which is to say that the problem is more because of their choice there being nothing better to do than play the role of housewives.

I also wonder as do many others whether internationalists like Dame Dell ever heard of one reason for the numerous children poorer people have.... Unemployment because of the Developed Nation's control of indigent country economies hence it is only the role of MOTHER that is left to women - and so their playing of that character to the hilt. - God, what the experts could learn if only they would stay in the villages to "see how the other side really lives".

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That's why I joined the applause when the delegate from Ghana questioned the propriety of always the well-off attending international conferences to talk about the affairs of the disadvantaged. It is an anomaly, really, as it is not the welfare of the poor which are addressed at such high-level forum but the interests of those who pretend to represent them.

This is rather like the shenanigans of those do-gooders who meet to worry about poverty and hunger -- over heaps of food and first class drinks in some posh or exclusive eatery. I was brought to that kind of meeting once and was never invited again because I could not help commenting on the horribly anomalous show.

DAME MIRIAM DELL'S concern also reminds me of the time American feminists sent a query to US-AID, Manila, regarding the advisability of a liberation movement in the Philippines.

"What liberation movement?" The AID man wrote back. Women here in the Philippines has been active even before Magellan came!"

I OVERHEARD three Indians wondering aloud during lunch why the Government did not send participants to the IERD.

"They can learn a lot here," one said, while the others thought there is something in the process as well as the on-going discussions.

"At least they could have assigned an observer to monitor the proceedings," the first one suggested, to which the two commented -- in their language and carried on that way as more people came to the garden.

THERE IS, AFTER all, a petition asking for changes in the

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manner the Conference is being run. The copy got around to me past lunch in which I saw, to my utter disappointment, that a Filipino is among the hundred plus signatories.

I do not know how they propose to achieve the ideal arrangement of providing opportunities for everyone to discuss the design and purpose of every exercise. Ours is such a huge group and time is short. This Conference, I am afraid, had been infiltrated by attention-hungry people who are not the children of their father

THIS IS OUR list of recommended Approach Arenas for viable local economics:

- o More active INVOLVEMENT OF RURAL WOMEN in economic activities;
- o Identification of LOCAL RESOURCES, use of INDIGENOUS TECHNOLOGIES by TRADITIONAL ARTESANS, for the production of MARKETABLE ITEMS;
- o Strengthening LOCAL PARTICIPATION, through organizations such as COOPERATIVES;
- o Emphasis on IMPROVED AGRICULTURE and
- o TRAINING.

Bank of Baroda Staff College
Ahmedabad, Gujarat State

ARRIVED HERE AT 2000 Hours by plane from Delhi. Very routine flight, except for the airpockets someplace and the straying of Roger's luggage. It nearly got left in Jaipur. Then, because the number of the new tag attached to it did not match the Delhi stub Roger had, the bag went around in circles at the local terminal until I moved in and grabbed it. This was followed by much protestation of the porters who insisted it is not Roger's.

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What I did, I was to learn later, was contrary to the Indians' tendency to wait. My action embarrassed them too but I have watched them long enough to know no other luggage was coming, yet they were there not bothering to check with us if one of those few remaining things was ours.

BANK OF BARODA deserves to have a Staff College. It is anyway one of the biggest bank in this country -- "With branches in many places outside India," my informant told me. "Everyone joining the Bank gets trained here. Old ones are also given training regularly." It is a big bank all right, but it is the idea of a Staff College that gets me thinking.

We do not have anything like this in the Philippines. An Asian Institute of Management, yes. Not a school of any bank that I know of. It is always to the United States or London where Filipinos go for professional advancement. Which is probably why our bankers never learned how to service the needs or deal with the problems of rural clients. Not India, if I am to believe what I am hearing. There are trainees here in fact.

India -- not just the IERD -- can teach us a lot!

BUT MAYBE I am also teaching participatory behavior to some people. I remember getting another chance at notoriety today owing to the funny encounter I had with a member of our group who thinks she knows everything. There is nothing else different she would see in the village, it will be a waste of time, so she aint going. Two years she's been doing this ICA exercise, she added, so what was there to learn about poor folks in an Indian village?

"What about you," she asked as we stood to break-up.

TIME FOR CHANGE!

We, the under-signed are concerned for the progress of this event todate.

- * We are the suppliers of initiatives and information, yet we feel that the event is exploiting and manipulating us.
- * There has been no opportunity to discuss the design and purpose of the information-gathering exercise we are involved in.
- * There has been no opportunity to discuss the constraints on rural development outside the organisers' "Keystones and Trends" concept; nor to discuss the exhibits in our own way and time.
- * We do not want the visits, or the remaining events structured this way.

WE CAN CHANGE IT!

- * We wish to have these points addressed in a plenary session in order to change the style and methods of the event.

This petition was signed by 22 persons embracing eight nations.

Copies were circulated and within two hours had attracted over 200 more signatures, covering some 30 nations or more.

The points were discussed in the next plenary session, receiving the approval of the assembly indicated through applause and representatives from the original group of 22 met a management team to discuss the problem. As a result of these negotiations a new programme was designed.

Baroda Bank Dorm
February 8, 1984

THE ENGLISHMEN PULLED up stakes and left a long time but locals will perpetuate their colonial manners and ways. I had a sampling of this when I got out of our room to see a man put his shoes outside his door. On the far end of our floor, outside another college official's quarters, a lowly-looking fellow sat shining shoes. The little guy looked up at me quizzically, then gave me the all-purpose Indian head shake when I picked up his brush to dust my shoes.

What struck me as colonial was the way those shoes are brought out, on time, followed by the door-to-door work of the shine boy. I suspect those Baroda bigwigs go to work with folded umbrellas, speak with stiff upper lips, and act like the sun never sets in their chain of banks. Those men look surly, which is probably why they are good money men.

TIME IS NOT slow in India. The Indians are, when they are not hurried -- but they can be precise! Meal service is a task they do not mess with. My room mate, Kamal, arranged for tea for 6:00 a.m. and the canteen man was at our door at six on the dot. I went down to the second floor dining area at 0700 hours, they were ready.

Breakfast is good. I had a non-vegetarian serving of corn flakes with fresh milk, strong coffee, toasted bread, butter and eggs. I can't quite go for tea which they always serve with milk. It also makes me wary lest they give me coffee with lemon. Yoghurt is definitely out of my list. I can take pints of pasteurized milk but not a sip of it when fermented.

WALKED AROUND Law Garden with Kamal while waiting for the GSRDC man. Chanced on the human-powered, six seat-twelve passenger, kiddie ferris wheel we saw in operation last

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night, I sketched a picture of it. It's something we can make for kids in our planned Montessori in the barrio. We also gathered seeds of ornamental trees and am observing Indian gardeners as I sit here writing. Yes, there's much to learn but our time is being wasted by this waiting game. I understand, too, we'll be going to project sites and back here each day. This means some 300 kilometers of travel and 6 to 8 hours of merely watching the passing scenes.

SPENT A FEW minutes knowing each other before departure: Stephen, T. S. - India, a mass media man, is in Street Theatre; Kamal Saleh - Egypt, a Sociology Professor who looks like a short crop-haired version of Telly Savalas; Bayard Coggeshall, M.D. - USA, is "a friend of ICA trying to get some sense of health linkages in project areas"; Vann Cunningham - USA, of Tennessee Valley Authority, a Social Anthropologist, whatever that means; Omdutt Singh - India, Electronics Engineer, dressed the Indian way and forever carrying a shawl on his shoulder; Carola Bell - Scotland, a Sociologist; Roger Mwanza - Zambia, with the government's Village Industry Service; Parmesh Shah - the GSRDC Project Officer; Kathleen Rees of ICA, Australia; Kevin Balm - the "multi-national" of Bombay; and myself.

Tom, too bad for him, is staying behind on account of a bum stomach. He's having a problem with the food but he believes he will adjust to it.

The GSRDC undertakes wasteland development, or the use of land where water is saline. This is done through the "Area Development Approach". Which means finding out what grows in the place, using seeds from the acclimatized plants, resettling 50 - 60 families in the project site, and providing them with short and long term assistance. Cattle dispersal is the most effective of the assistance program. Sup-

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porting this is the "Intermediate Technology" or the processing of milk and turning them into sweets, in villages with no infrastructure for the immediate delivery of daily produce to established processing plants.

Distribution of the developed wastelands is one of the ultimate goals of the Corporation. They are at present already concerned with the how of doing so in view of government policies to the contrary. Alternative is to sub-lease the lands to selected residents. The policy allows anyway the use of such lands under lease arrangements.

Munjpur

INDIANS, APART from the expressiveness of their heads, have a way of saying things in English. Requested to ask if they have Coca Cola at that junction store where we had refreshments half-way here, Stephen proclaimed: "There is no more in India Coca Cola. It is long ago they stopped!"

Not only Coke but Pepsi as well. So with the rest of the addicting concoctions being passed on as thirst quenchers. What they have here are local soft drinks. They may be cheap imitations of foreign ones but they serve their purpose just as well. India is bravely trying to stand on her own and I think she is doing fine. They are developing and patronizing local products. I don't believe India has the same dollar problems we have.

I DID NOT know India have deserts and camels. I have not seen anything like the Sahara yet, but camels appear to be their number one beast of burden. These 'ships of the desert' are a haughty and condescending lot, what with the way they look at us through those droopy eyes in heads that are always held high. I saw monkeys too on parts of the highway

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where there are good stands of trees. And in one of the roadside villages where we stopped to give way to a train, I had the chance to observe the conversion of cow dung into fuel. Women and children scoop them with their bare hands then pat them into thin cakes that are afterwards laid out in the sun. Dried ones are later piled neatly in ant hill-like mounds. After finishing the job, a woman I was watching scooped some dust, went through the motions of washing with it, then did the final cleaning of her hands by wiping them on her skirt.

Seeing so much cattle and water buffaloes suggests to me, too, why large tracts of land are unproductive. With so many animals grazing and used only for their milk; with sheeps and goats nipping forage up to their roots; even grassy lands can become barren in time especially now that rain doesn't fall as it used to. There are other reasons of course, not the least of which is local customs and traditions.

LUNCH, WHILE not exactly a foreigner's delight, was something for this Journal.

We had it at a Jain Temple Restaurant where, to get in, we had to remove our shoes and leave them outside the building's door. We were given huge metal plates where food were either laid by hand, dropped in, or poured assembly line fashion from containers lugged by the servers. Because no spoon or fork was offered, we had to make do with the teaspoons brought along by Cathy or use our fingers.

It is by no means a known and well-patronized eatery judging by the size of the dining area and the number of people taking lunch even after one o'clock. A reason for its popularity of course is the low cost of meals due, I understand, to the financial contributions of affluent Jains whose

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me was the staple food of the ancient Aztecs and Incas. Yes, amaranth is reputed to be the possible answer to hunger and malnutrition, the crop that could prevent starvation in the year 2000.

Our own organization, AMSF, is quietly testing several varieties of grain amaranth (other varieties are grown for vegetables) for the purpose of studying the culture method, adaptability and comparative production potentials of the seeds sent to us by the Rodale Research Center. Moreover, this almost forgotten wonder plant is drought-resistant, has high protein content, and very high in lysine. It is said that amaranth flour, combined with that of corn, makes for the kind of bread sufficient to provide the nutrient requirement of each person per day.

The Indians' use of amaranth as food after long fasts added to my interest knowing the Aztec and Inca practice of mixing human blood with the grains they eat. Amaranth is an old "religious food" that disappeared as the conquering Spaniards were repelled by the sacrifice of humans associated with the eating of this food. Unfortunately, other topics and and lack of interpreters made it difficult for me to find out its local culture, the processing of the seeds and how and into what it is cooked.

AS STEPHEN would say, "At eight thirty we arrived". This gave us time to go to the Garden for another look at the goings-on over there. The place does not offer only eatables, there are vendors of cottage industry products on the far sidewalks. In places in the quieter end of the Park people slept on high cots. The lighted area looks like bigger versions of similar spots along our route -- except perhaps for those couples in the dark.

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8" x 10" photos appear side by side all over the restaurant's interior. The multi-course meal is typically Indian. I can't tell whether it was vegetarian or not. I was hungry enough to give a good account of myself in there, notwithstanding the ever-present threat of droppings landing on our plates as birds fly in and perch everywhere over us.

THE PLACE WE are in is called the Rural Technology Institute, Gandhinagar Munjpur Demonstration Center. The GSRDC Project is not that exciting because of and except for the huge financial input required to set it up. It is that ambiguous considering the amount that will be needed to replicate the program, if successful, while at the same time it is noteworthy that so ambitious a task can be undertaken by a state corporation in a no-nonsense way. Furthermore, the is big in expense but simple in concept. It is merely an effort to bring up fresh water from deep down saline drought-prone lands and using the same to grow traditional fodder between colling as well as feed-source subabul (*leucaena leucocephala*). Ipil-ipil in Filipino.

It is, in other words, a fresh approach at wasteland utilization, intended to generate income and integrate rural uplift with industrial development, using the area approach or micro-planning methodology. Subabul, the growth of which is a great source of excitement among GSRDC Staff, is not such a wonder to me as those of the same age in my Farm are four times bigger than theirs. Their locally developed tools are common, better suited to their needs, or since improved back home.

But towards the end of our tour, we came to a patch where the low forage plants were intercropped with what I readily recognized as amaranth! This changed the whole color of my day as there before us and surprisingly know only to

Law Garden, Ahmedabad
February 9, 1984

I HAD A VERY interesting talk with a Baroda Bank man while waiting for our ride. Learned from him that co-ops did not work here in the beginning due to the reluctance of farmers to band together and sell all their produce through their associations. Asking for parts of their marketable produce did not get accepted either. What made farmers join was intensive education although, up to now, only Gujarat State had been successful in making the idea work in a large scale.

This state, incidentally, is home to the biggest textile mills in India where they either belong to or are run by cooperatives. After all, "Gandhi was from here," the bank man pointed out. "Here, drinking is prohibited. That's why you don't see liquors in the shops. To drink you must secure permission from the government."

MY CHAT WITH that very friendly Baroda trainee also provided me with answers to and insights on the possibility of change in a seemingly unchangeable country like India.

He moved his head in that typical Indian way when I brought up my observation regarding the dating couples in the park. He said, "It is only in Ahmedabad", as far as he knows, "where members of the opposite sex can show affection openly!" They can get publicly censured or harrassed in many places. "Even in Delhi you don't see this," he went on. "Ahmedabad is permissive. This is a surprise to us."

He doesn't know when or where or how the "change" started. Which is all the more intriguing since Gujarat is not only the state where cooperativism worked, it is also the "driest" (no alcohol/drinking) because of the people's strict adherence to the Mahatma's teachings. I think I will look into this thing in Delhi.

Guest House - Radhanpur
February 9, 1984 - 2

ARRIVED HERE after a 160 km. trip that was marred by our Trekker's hitting a pile of gravel -- fortunately -- due to loss of brakes. We would have plowed down the roadside ditch had there been nothing to stop us. We are in a nice government guest house. This is where we could have stayed except that another group was booked ahead of us. Anyway the GSRDC people could have arranged for our stay in Munjpur or some place in this town. We lost and are losing plenty of time shuttling from and to Ahmedabad each day.

I do not mind the travel as it gives me a better picture of rural India. However, besides the lost opportunity for more exposure to and inter-action with people, I have yet to get used to driving on the wrong side of the road; at break neck speeds; and in single lane highways where drivers seem to enjoy playing chicken all the time. I can see where they have come up with the very fine idea of getting stretches paved for less, but the matter of drivers having to come at each other full tilt and giving way only at the very last minute -- because they want to be on the pavement -- can be hazardous to one's health.

Baroda Dorm, Ahmedabad

THE RADHANPUR Cottage Industry Project is an activity that we would do well to have in the Philippines. It is a cotton-based project; uses second hand machines for turning the balls into strands; employs women in the spinning and thread making operations; and turns out both machine and hand-woven market-oriented products. If we can process cotton the way they do here, I think we will be more successful in getting the plant as an alternative/additional-income crop.

However, the trade-offs in such undertakings should be of concern to development planners and implementors. The

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Radhanpur Cottage Industry makes use of local product (cotton) and employs villagers (women and young girls mostly) but, because income can get that preferable, school-age children forsake education in favor of badly needed cash. This reminds me of the interesting information I got from the young lady in the Carpet and Rug Sale. The best carpet weavers, she said, are young boys and girls whose smaller fingers enable them to tie thousand of knots per square inch of rug. There is, thus, a demand for such able hands in the industry and those kids end up growing with little or no education at all.

THE RECLAMATION Project in Bhilot is similar to that in Munjpur. It has the same basic elements: wasteland, good water, fodder and subabul plus cereal crops that are being tried for the purpose of starting diversification. The project enables workers to earn; provides good fodder for milch cattle owners; serves as a working model for landed people to follow.

GSRDC workers use lots of compost in the fodder fields. If I hadn't known that there are more than 200 million cattle here, I will wonder where they could be getting all that stuff since I am also aware that cow dung are used for fuel and for plastering mud huts. Of course immense quantities of those manure can be turned into fertilizers if more subabul are grown and used for fuel.

I FOUND THE abode of those Bhilot folks rather disagreeable but I had to remind myself quickly that that's what they have because it's all they can afford. It is the best under the circumstance -- dung plastered mud huts -- and since they must have been living in them for years, even generations, they ought to be used to the lack of amenities and smell of their cramped quarters. We have squalid areas too in the Philippines. Everywhere, in fact.

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Bhilot also introduced me to the hand-spun potter's wheel for the first time. They still use the age-old tool for making those clay pots women balance on their heads from wells to their homes. Metal containers are already available of course, although to the poor and practical locally made ones would be the logical choice. I haven't asked but it is also possible that, like their Philippine counterparts, those village people find drinking water stored in clay jars cooler and better tasting.

They were a friendly and persuasive lot, those villagers. Or maybe they did not quite get the message that we were in some hurry to get home. In any case they swarmed in on us and, thus engulfed, moved us from the dusty roadside to the home of the Village Chief deep in the heart of the largest cluster of mud houses. There, seated on cot-like beds cum seats properly covered with blankets for the occasion, we went through the futile exercise of learning from each other while kids ogled and unabashedly tried their English on us.

There was simply no time for order or coherence. They were just as eager to know from us, and because language can be a real barrier in such situations, there were funny moments when all we could do was stare at one another and smile. It did not help surely that we have in the Team two very attractive ladies, Cathy and Carola; a very distinguished-looking Dr. Tuma; and Roger on whom the Team bestowed title Chief hand like the red robe of a Cardinal.

I took advantage of one of those awkward moments to amble off towards an opening between two houses. There I came face to face with what I believe are truly remarkable goats. They are Gujaratis, I was informed by the GSRDC man who followed me. Those jet black, mottle-eared, short muzzled, big hardy-looking animals are native to the state and are ideal

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for milk production. A villager led a friendly doe in my direction and asked through the GSRDC man if I like it. "He said he can give it to you," our interpreter told me.

It's a pity that I can't bring home a pair of those goats although this doesn't mean I won't try at some later time. I think they would be in many ways superior to the European breeds being introduced in the Philippines. Why the insistence on those breeds, by the way, is beyond me. I can only suspect that it is either because of the bias of those foreign-trained experts who eventually had to make the recommendations, or those of donors from countries where the "experts" trained.

ARRIVED AHMEDABAD at eleven, after dinner at Mehsana, a large town along the way. The eateries in front of the Park, though, were still open and in the darker places were couples in cars, scooters, motor rickshaws, or on the grass. They are, as the bank man said, an oddity in India. Perhaps for now. It is change in this tradition-bound country; doubly significant for its departure from strict local code of behavior and its beginning in Gandhi's state no less.

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Law Garden, Ahmedabad
February 10, 1984

I DID NOT learn much from the retired gentlemen I sat with because of their interest in hearing about the Philippines. Either they know someone in Manila, have heard about our political problems, or are eager to know of things common to us. They also talked among themselves about the IERD based, I am sure, on news reaching them via the radio and newspapers. Our impromptu session ended when the English-speaking old gent left in his chauffeur-driven car.

TEAM CONVERSATION on images we captured during our visit to the villages. Cathy is facilitating, with us sitting around on park benches we have rearranged so we can face each other.

Scenes I will remember most include 1) the unproductive lands, 2) the good stands of the "new wonder plant" -- the amaranth, and 3) the intensive use of human labor in the fields and cottage industries projects.

Others remember the following:

- Roger - - - the loose animals, pigs especially; the unexpected attention he got everywhere we went;
- Vann - - - women in their finery against a backdrop of dirt;
- Kevin - - - the open lands;
- Carola - - the land and the dense population.

THIS SESSION on the GSRDC Project, I am sorry to note, is an exercise in pure talk. The info we are trying to get from one another can be found in the document Parmesh promised to give us. I feel we would be more productive if we concerned ourselves with analyzing the wasteland development scheme and coming up with the relevant experiences that will be of help to program implementors. We are also not getting anywhere because our collective thoughts are not here anymore.

WORKED ON OUR Team Report which contains the following:

Agency Journey - GSRDC's story from the time it started to where it is at present;

The Process & Approach - how they intended to carry out their plans and how their objectives were attained; and

Factors for Viability - that which assures the program's success and the improvement of people's quality of life.

I was requested to go with the 3rd Group and the following appear to me to be the factors that will contribute to the viability of the GSRDC Projects:

- o Proper selection of project workers who will be the Project's ultimate beneficiaries;
- o the natural demand for and marketability of fodder and the feed-fuel products from subabul; and
- o the availability of technical assistance after the Projects are turned over to the people.

Dr. Coggeshall was "unanimously commissioned" by the Group to put together our final report. We want to make sure it is written before we fly back to Delhi tomorrow.

LUNCH WAS AT an eatery near the GSRDC Office. Nice place. Good food. We had chicken and shrimps and not much hot stuff for a change.

I could not help noticing, though, the assignment of our drivers to far tables. Same arrangements in the other places where they were with us. Either this is their choice or it is the practice here. This also happen back home but not with drivers who are with me. They get what I get. In fact I always see that they are treated well as my life is

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in their hands when we travel. Otherwise, I do the driving myself.

Baroda Dorm, Ahmedabad

OUR VISIT TO the Gandhi Ashram stirred more discussion among us on the Great Man and his work. Rural development, we believe anyway, is a fight to free people from indifference, illiteracy, poverty, hunger and disease, hence our tendency to look at the efforts of Liberators like Gandhi as similar to ours.

Personally, I have nothing but awe and admiration for the Mahatma. It is not easy to champion the cause of freedom and not many of us are called upon to do so. Frankly, however, it always gets me as tragic setting people free from the domination of foreigners -- only to have them oppressed by their own countrymen. I want to think also that I know the symbolism of Gandhi's spinning wheel and his reversion to the loin cloth. They are acts that are as libertarian as our Filipino heroes' decision to destroy the Spanish cedulas (residence certificates). They dared face the firing squads rather than continue to bow to our colonizers, yet these are, to me, heroisms that may move people but not necessarily get them anywhere.

My intention in leading discussions this way is to get others to look more dispassionately at what we are doing. We have much to learn from history. Rather than be under another foreign power, for instance, a fighter for Filipino independence opted for "A government run like hell by Filipinos..." and that's what we have. The point is, we may be willing to take risks to achieve our end, but what if it does not do that much good to those we sacrificed for?

I think what many of us are saying is that we cannot

go for change without being sure which way we are going. From which, to what, or where? For, in the same manner that we Filipinos, for instance, moved from foreign colonists to dehumanizers of our own kind; our farmers were enabled by land reform to "throw off the yoke of tenancy" only to get into the shackles of usurers and opportunists who were ready to take over from the displaced land owners.

Rural development, therefore, like liberation, is not just a matter of bringing about change.

WE HAD THE chance to play the tourist bit at the Gujarat Handicraft Emporium. We bought what we could with the rupees we had because they couldn't accept dollars after their cashier left. Which was good since we did not have much to spend anyway.

DINNER AT THE Vishala Village Restaurant is a real experience. We met another Team there but decided to go our separate ways.

Vishala's fare looked and tasted like the usual offerings we had in the villages although, now, our plates were dried palm-sized leaves dried and sewn together. Or, perhaps sewn together first then dried. Not that the procedure really mattered. Service has a difference. The waiters doled out food in the village way, except that in Vishala they are dressed in clean whites.

They have sawn wood for tables; placed low above the foot thick earth-dais; on which we ate while squatting on the dais floor with our shoes off. Each dining area is roofed with palm fronds. They are big enough for 10 - 20 people and are located not far from one another on the periphery of the Village. The place resembles a small community. The entrance has a display area for the finished products of a pot-

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ter who was still working on his traditional wheel when we came in. Native objects are used as decors. Outside the dining sheds are high cots on which those who have feasted could relax while waiting for the shows that are part of the complex's offerings.

WE SAW TWO of those entertaining presentations. The puppet show operated by a husband and wife team to which their two-year-old son added extra thrill by grabbing every puppet that dangled past him. While the man worked the foot-tall figures at the same time that he blew rhythmic sounds with the reed in his mouth, the woman did the story telling with accompanying beats on a small drum. We did not have to understand what she was saying. It was a comedy thing anyway so we allowed ourselves to be amused.

The other is a dizzying number in which the lone male performer did his act while turning fast in just one place. First, he spun around with only a sword in each hand which he let go but kept glued to his palms by the speed of his movement. He did this to the beat of drums and chants/songs of musicians in the background. Then he allowed the swords to lower down the sides of his arms, receive two more swords from an assistant and, later, four moreso that at last he was spinning with swords on his palms, arms and neck.

After the half-hour or so of sword handling demonstration, the man gathered the weapons by slowing down, handing the weapons to his assistant without breaking his pivoting movement. The assistant replaced the swords, first with a 1 x 3 meter piece of colored cloth which the performer worked with his hands and mouth into an unmistakably beautiful peacock. The next piece of cloth, same size, was pure white. The man also worked on this as he whirled even faster and in

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no time we were clapping witnesses to the sudden appearance of a life-sized rabbit.

"Fantastic!" we heard Tom say. "But if he doesn't stop soon I'll collapse."

The show made us little kids again and that's probably what we ought to be from time to time. The Vishala showmen knew what to do. We therefore asked our GSRDC hosts what more the Village had to offer and we were sorry to learn that it was already too late for the other numbers. Too bad. I think we all wanted to see a snake charmer. A levitating man. Or at least a fakir resting on his bed of nails.

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Ashok Yatri Niwas
11 February 1984

JAGU, THE GENTLEMAN who did the most to make our stay at the Baroda Dorm as pleasant as possible, personally catered to our needs up to the end. He made sure we were up at four as we requested and minutes later he was back with coffee for me and tea for Kamal. He is another guy who may never know his contribution to the success of the IERD.

SPENT SOME TIME talking with Tom and Roger about what we have to do when we get home. The task of making rural work move faster won't be easy, we agreed. There will always be problems. Funds, number one. Finding the right people for the job is another. We can only say, therefore, that we will do our best and the best thus far has not yet been identified or defined by the Exposition.

A FUNNY THING happened to me on my way to see Tom and Roger downstairs.

The elevator was dark due to power failure and the lone passenger, after commenting on the inconvenience, asked about our Field Trip.

"Very interesting!" I answered, launching at once into my talk on subabul and amaranth, specially how the latter, the food of the ancient Aztecs and Incas, could be the answer to hunger and malnutrition.

"You must have had a nice time," she said, cutting my story short as the elevator slowed to a stop. "By the way," she added, "I am Peggy Lindsay."

TOURED OLD DELHI with Roger and Tom: Very educational trip. I wish we have the time to see more of this country. Indians seem to have a passion for size and grandeur.

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF RURAL DEVELOPMENT

Sunday, 12 February 1984

Today we shared approaches that work!

Events of the Day:

Mass

Opening Plenary - with "few words" from Dame Miriam
Dell

Debriefing of Field Visit Teams

Meeting with Rotarians & Rotary Sponsored Projects
Personnel or Individuals

Air India Dance Presentation

What experiences were uniquely mine today?

Attending mass only for the second time this year.

Playing the role of old wise man to some of the
delegate's tear-jerker presentation.

My short but significant meeting with Mr. Willmon
White of the Rotary Magazine.

Watching the Indian dancers, listening to their
music and studying the meaning and similarity
of their art to ours and that of Cambodia.

Discussing Rural Development with a delegate who
believes in armed revolution as a last resort
for effecting change.

What did I learn/share today?

That a lot of development people -- veterans included --
can still get so deeply affected by the plight of the poor to
the point of pitying them and hating those who has the means
but are not willing to help.

I tried to do something about this by explaining that
pity is the least the poor need from us. We can't and should
not bleed for them. If we want to help, we can always do so
by finding out how they can help themselves first.

I learned that I tangled with a local revolutionary
and got the better of our exchanges!

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The HIGHLIGHTS of the day were:

The Debriefing and Meeting of Field Visit Teams. Both could have been more fruitful were it not for the lack of time for more exhaustive exchanges among members.

My meeting with Mr. Willmon White which can lead to increased Rotary involvement in our program.

The Air India presentation, a much welcome break in our schedule besides giving us glimpses of India that we won't see unless we stay here longer.

The heated discussion on Rural Development that I had with an Indian delegate who started it all by inviting me for a walk so we can take up an issue that came up as a result of the comment I made to the effect that the poor are not without blame for the condition they are in.

He can't accept my point on the ground that people are created equal, hence poverty is the result of the efforts of others to take advantage of the less fortunate. He even went so far as to say that I hurt his feeling, indeed a lot of other Indians' feelings, because of that comment. He had such a strong belief in his reasoning that he can't see the big hole in it. Which is the fact that people are not really born equals as there are others, by his own admission, who can take advantage of their fellowmen.

We rounded three blocks before he would admit to a weakness in his side so it was then that he shifted to my other stand that workers need not waste time in communities where people are not willing to help themselves. His point here is that people must be helped. Agreed. But, again, he insisted that inability to develop is caused by people blocking development so, what do we do when those hindering our work refuse to listen or decide to resist us?

He would have nothing of my suggestion that we avoid such situations or such troubled villages proclaiming that avoiding confrontation is cowardice. I had to insist too, of course, that I can't see things his way and that as long as there are people I can work with I will make development the inducement for change -- rather force change at all costs in order to effect development.

The shifty fellow would also point to the example of Gandhi although at the same time he himself was quick to declare that independence did not bring to India the kind of betterment Gandhi dreamed of. He got so worked up when I

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stuck to my view that change does not necessarily do good to people, so I suggested that we go home and meet again another time.

"You hurt my feeling," he told me again as we neared the gate.

"Don't be too thin," I countered. "You've been hurting my feeling too by insisting that people are equal..."

What was the SIGNIFICANCE of this day
and my experience of it?

- o One is the realization that there are still "bleeders" among us as in the case of the participant who came close to crying as he recounted his visit to a family whose child lay ill "with flies sucking the juice from his eyes and mouth".

I did not mean to be as unfeeling as I must have sounded when I commented to my neighbors on that observation, but I think I only wanted to remind everybody that they use their heads -- rather than their hearts -- when confronted with similar scenes. Inside me, of course, I was saying that that's what happens to workers who doesn't stay with people. If they do, they won't be so shocked by ordinarily ugly village sights.

- o The term "Poorest of the poor" got me out of my self-imposed decision not to speak out so strongly on issues I have such a soft spot for.

I suggested that we refrain from using that phrase as no one, not even the neediest, really wants to be proclaimed the worst off member of a community.

- o New APPROACHES "discovered" by our Group include:

Using cultural events
Importance of the Human element
Gaining trust of local people
Identification of needs by people
Sharing government
Using local leaders
Provision of infra-structures
Keeping pace with community.

Ashok Yatri Niwas, Delhi
Monday - 13 February 1984

HERE'S WHAT I wrote in my Journal today:

Events of the Day;

Opening Plenary, Reporting on Field
Visits, & Intro of INTEREST
Grouping

Discussion on INTEGRATED & COMPRE-
HENSIVE Community Development

Picture-taking of Participating
Country Representatives

Discussion on EDUCATION & SKILLS
TRAINING AT ALL AGES

Preparation of THE BOOK

Dinner at Sheraton

What experiences were uniquely mine today?

My having started, and set off, the very lively discussion on Integrated & Comprehensive CD. I think I did it with my board work which was followed by the others also on butcher paper. It was particularly elating to have our facilitator come and thank me for getting the discussion off to such a good start.

I got the discussion going again this afternoon. I did it with my comment on the "possible negative effects of training" and, later, on "the need to avoid change - like electrification - which only creates more problems for the supposed beneficiaries." As was the case this morning, we also attracted the participation of delegates from other groups/topics and were dealing with the issue long after our time was up.

What did I learn/share today?

That people can get so in love with

their programs, to the extent that they think theirs is the best. The sharing situation open them up, however, and if there is anything that hit them hard it is the beauty of being able to PLAN WITH PEOPLE because one is not bound by the requirements, conditions and "success indicators" of program funders/sponsors.

That people from the so-called developed countries need exposures in the Third World to enable them to understand what development really means.

The HIGHLIGHTS of the day were:

The Field Visit reporting although there was not enough time for everyone to really give more meaningful accounts of their village experience.

The well-joined discussion on Integrated & Comprehensive CD which got me involved in very fruitful exchanges with Third World delegates.

My disagreement with two Developed Country participants over what CHANGE during which delegates from the Third World, Indians specially, did not only take my side but came up with their positions on the negative effects of change -- as in the use of too much fertilizers and chemicals.

The post session talks I had with the more concerned representatives from both worlds during which we agreed that we have a lot to know from as well as about each other.

What was the SIGNIFICANCE of this day and my experience of it?

Easily the most important thing that happened today was the formal proposal of Mr. D. S. Shisodia of the PEOPLES COLLEGE for the Exchange of Technicians with me. His suggestion is that we each send five Techni-

cians, with both of us shouldering the in-country expenses for the 45-day stay of the other's personnel. This would save us a lot of expense as all we have to worry about is the travel to and from the host country.

Other delegates also liked the idea but have to take it up with their respective organizations. Mr. Shisodia can decide fast because he is the head of the College. He is interested in rice production at which, he believes, we have more knowledge and experience.

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I also want to remember this day because of "the sobering feedbacks" Third World delegates believe I gave the First World folks. This had to do with the answer I gave to the searing question: "Are you not trying to hold back the 21st Century from people by campaigning against mechanization and electrification?"

"The 21st Century," I heard myself saying, "is only good for people who are ready to move into it. We cannot and should not force people to make the jump to that time simply because we do not want them to lag behind. I am therefore reiterating that we do not effect change merely for its sake and if we want the poor to enjoy the comforts of the present it should only be after they have been made aware of the trade-offs and demands of a suddenly new and different lifestyle."

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I wish I have the chance to discuss the other topics with the other groups. It will surely be interesting talking rural development with those procedure and method-oriented Europeans.

It would have been fun seeing Lando shake the wits out of those who heard him tell about the variety and number of trees in his farm...

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NORMALLY IT TAKES me all of thirty minutes and two hours to discuss Integrated & Comprehensive CD. This morning we were placed under time limit so, besides going well beyond my FIVE MINUTES, I had to continue talking about it; over lunch, through noon break, and before session was resumed this afternoon. We had another go at the subject before and after dinner although, now, I had to shift from topic to topic in view of the varied interests of each group I find myself seated with. Probably I don't eat fast enough to avoid getting surrounded by people who ask questions then dined as they listened. Or, perhaps, there is simply too much to share -- by and with so many -- that even on the few occasions I sought some remote corner of Darbar Hall a delegate or two still get to where I am. I remember in particular an Asian lady who talks of her program for hours on end and, because she doesn't keep tab of her audience, I had to listen to her presentation a third time today.

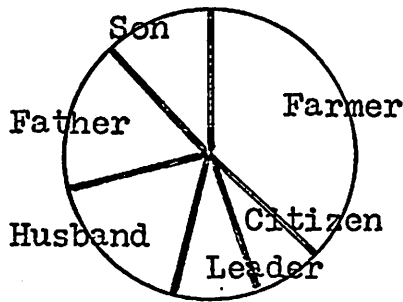
I also remember having some difficulty getting this morning's session started because of participant obsession for procedure and argumentation. Indians especially. First, we bogged down on the issue of how our sharing was to be conducted. Shouldn't someone be assigned to take notes? How about having one who will follow and put the essence of the deliberation on the board? Why not have Management record everything so transcripts can be distributed to everybody? Then, with the how solved by my assurance that I can talk and illustrate at the same time, a pugnacious little Indian kept jumping up to disagree with me or point to a fact that differed with what he had to say. He quieted and sat down only after repeated requests from the others that he do so and wait for his turn. It was a tumultuous start but my board work (on butcher paper, actually) resulted in the others' use of the same method. I lost some listeners but it was nice seeing them sprawled on the floor hurriedly illus-

trating their presentations.

My work, definitely better under less cramped circumstances, follows:

Integration should start with efforts intended to make our clients fully human and whole. This means helping the person identify, and understand, perceived as well as inherent roles; enable him to see the relationships of those roles; and thus play them not as fragments but as integral parts of him.

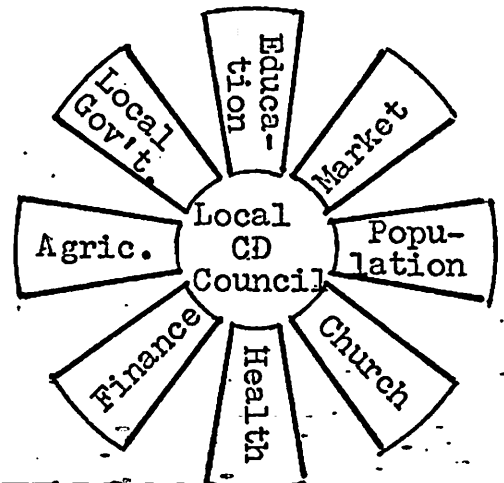
Unless this is achieved, a father will not attend PTA meetings because he has a field to plow. A farmer will not work his land when his child is ill. The local official won't have time for his kids because he is busy taking care of the problems of the community.



An integrated person sees the many sides of him in their entirety and so he tries to give part of himself to each role, participates in as many worthwhile activities as his time and means permit, and thinks not just of his little world but of the bigger and more complex one.

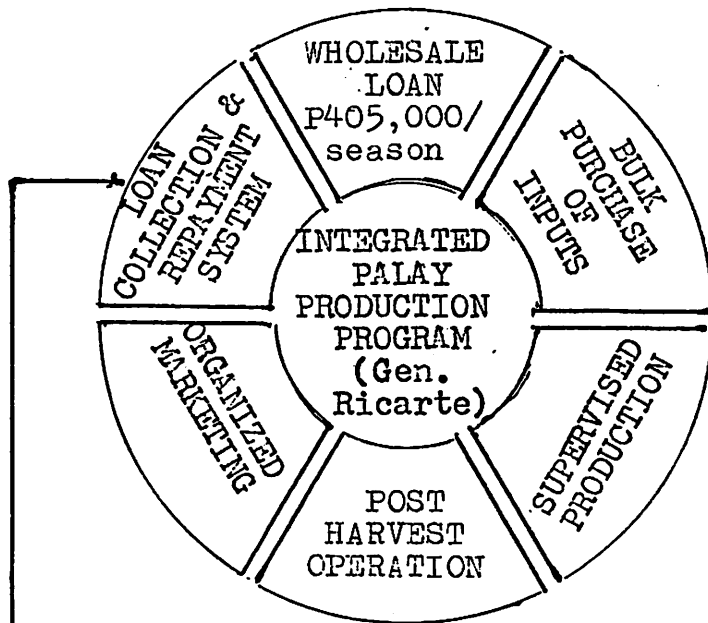
Integrated and comprehensive programming, on the other hand; requires that services be available, organized, and coordinated at levels where they would be of most help to the development efforts of people.

However, lack of such services, or of collaboration among agencies (as is often the case), need not be a block to people's progress. Development beneficiaries and their assisting organizations will do well to build on what they have and do what they can. Rural uplift cannot and should not be slowed down on account of the absence of outside agency assistance or their unwillingness to share what they have.



Next step in the process is the integration of efforts and services necessary for the activity/related activities identified as the basic/anchor project of clients. In the case of Rice Production (as in the example given below), it must have the elements needed for improved harvest and increase in farmers' incomes. The contention here is that it is only when they can undertake their development or provide counterparts for the same that people can charter their own destinies. They can't be too dependent without running the risks of being made guinea pigs or some figures in a funding agency's book.

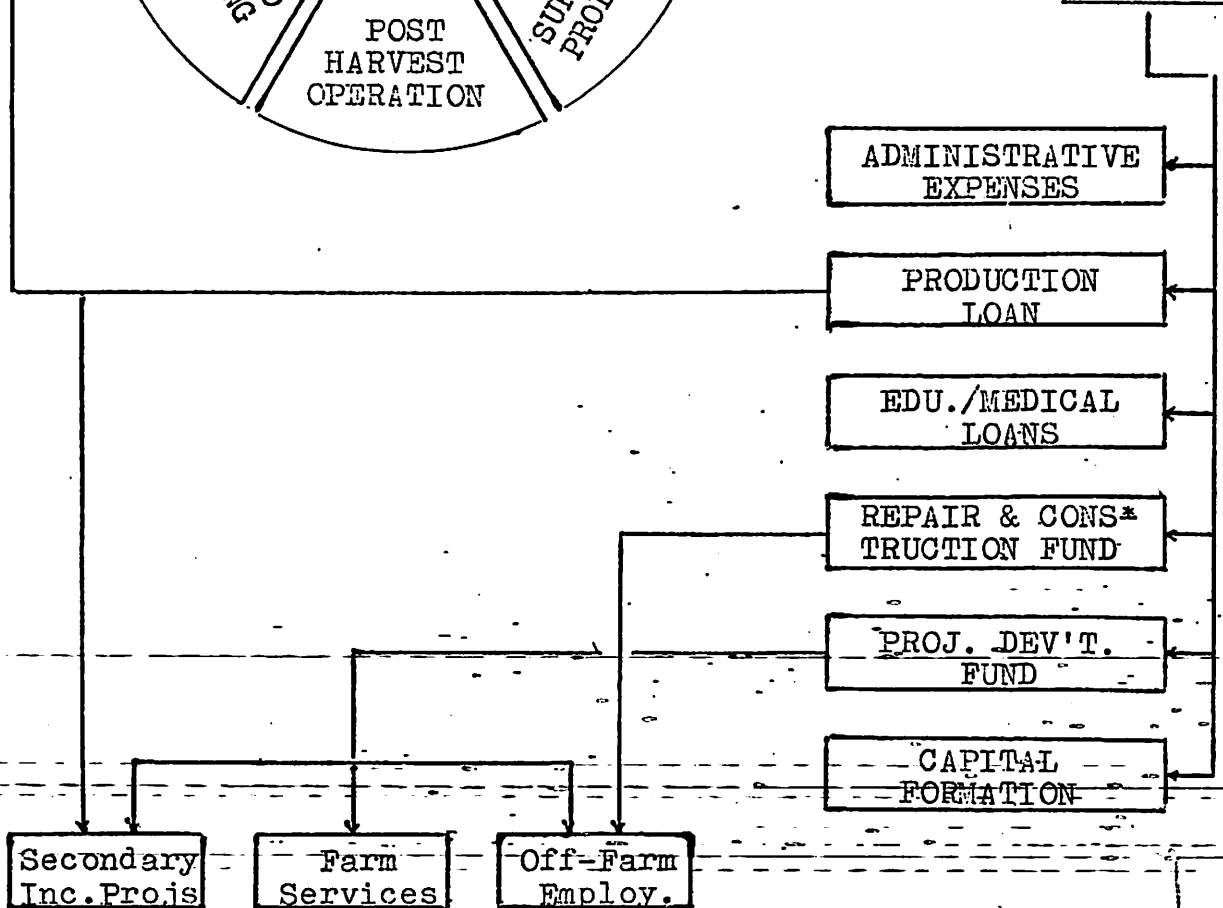
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5% Service Fee
on P405,000 = P20,250

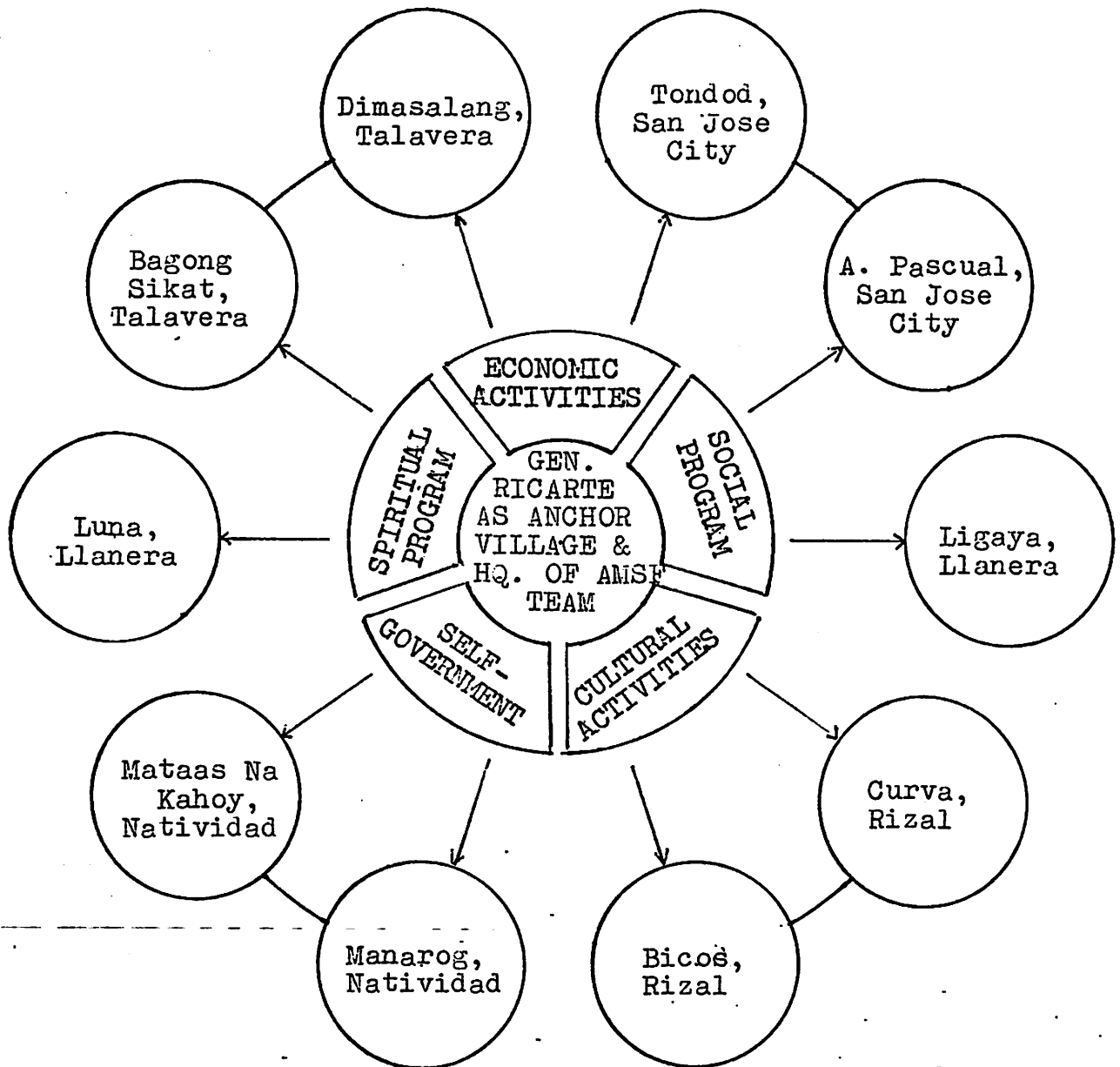
Rebates P100
per hectare x 270 hectares = 27,000

Trading Profit = 54,000
P4.50/50 kg bag
x 12,000 bags = P101,250



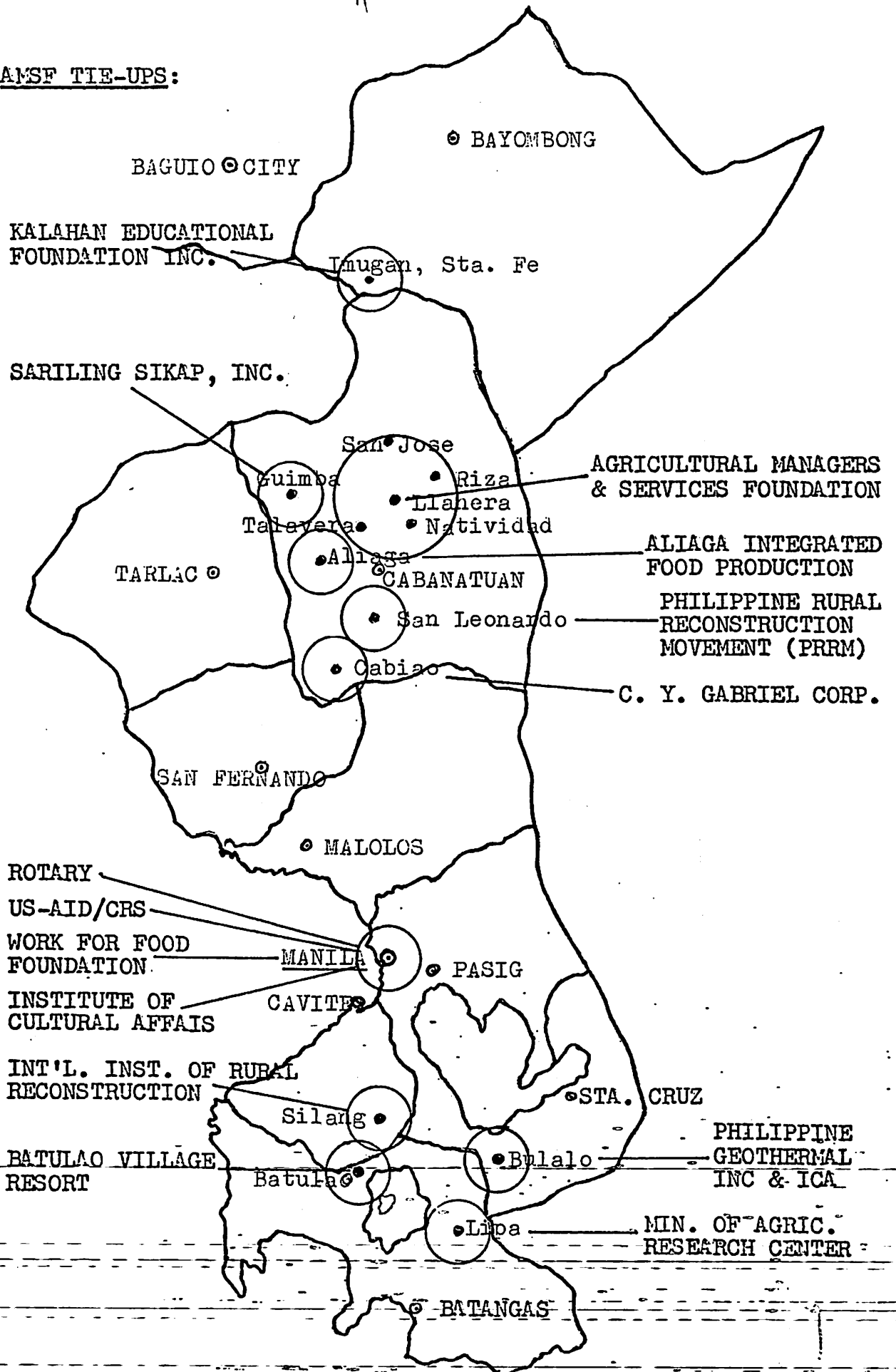
GEN. RICARTE CENTERED:

VILLAGE CLUSTER DEVELOPMENT



Communities should never be developed for itself alone or independent of the others around it. Somehow the developing community must look to its neighbors for opportunities for bilateral development efforts; in trade and commerce, for instance, or the search for solutions to common problems. Time also comes when assisting agencies have to answer the question: "How come only that village is being assisted? What about us?" Then, too, it is often necessary to expand in order to integrate, in the same manner that one can expand by integrating.

AMSF TIE-UPS:



AYN - 14 Feb. 1984

I THINK I placed a damper on the Dutch-led move to use the Conference as a forum for their anti-nuclear campaign. I do not feel sorry for it. They ought to know better. I reacted the way I did because of the irrelevance, untimeliness and stupidity of it all considering the one-sidedness of what they wanted to accomplish.

The slogan they cooked up even stinks. DISARMAMENT FOR DEVELOPMENT reeks not only of bad grass that has passed through a bull's stomach, it has also a fishiness that's not hard to detect in such red-colored efforts. The idea just doesn't make sense at a time when we have more important issues to tackle. Indeed I have doubts about the sincerity or development capability of those misplaced delegates.

They were ready too to applaud the stinking presentation, with the demagogue who did it coming up with the prepared petition in his hands. I felt so offended by the whole show that when the papers got around to me I signed it with this instruction in big bold letters: "SEND THIS TO THE RUSSIANS!"

MR. D. S. SHISODIA, Principal of the Extension Training Centre PEOPLE'S COLLEGE, came to congratulate me for what he said was a good contribution I made yesterday on "Making training relevant and responsive to rural people", and for my "concern for customs and traditions," referring in particular to that part of my input on the use of training in making the old and the young not just relevant but cognisant of of the relationship that must exist between them. All these, he said, are necessary for effective development.

They are also trying to address these issues in the College, Mr. Shisedia reiterated. So with the non-use of chemicals in farming: "I am interested in agriculture," he explained, "because most of our clients are farmers. We hear

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so much about your country's success in rice production. We also grow rice in our place but our technology is poor.

"I will visit the Philippines one day," he promised and again mentioned the possibility of Technician Exchange. This time, though, he was more definite: Five technicians, for at least 45 days, this year.

THE GEOGRAPHIC interchange this morning dealt mainly with what happened here in Delhi; our feelings and comments regarding the Exposition; the learnings we had and how they will affect our work; the images we'll bring home with us. Of the last one, I wrote three:

- o A world where there is a so-called First and Third classification of people only because there are no real opportunities for the two to lessen the gap between them.

Working here with participants from the developed countries enabled me to better see their difficulty in understanding us, and surely they must know now why development is slow -- even rejected -- where we are.

- o A world where we can be a force for development -- and peace -- given the opportunity to share and learn as we did here.

For here we argued and quarreled, not because of who we are or what we stand for, but on account of a common desire to find the best approach for helping improve the lives of less fortunate people.

- o A world of hastened development as a result of inter-agency and inter-national willingness to share technologies and technicians.

I met people who are interested not merely in knowing more about my project but in seeing it, then exchanging workers so we can better learn from each other.

~~WE HAVE LOTS of plans for Phase III although we agreed that the most important one is the proposal for setting up a Cen-~~

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ter for Rural Development. Better yet we decided to call it REGIONAL EXCHANGE CENTER FOR RURAL DEVELOPMENT, to be located in Manila or Kuala Lumpur. The Australian Development Assistance Bureau (ADAB) or some other agency can put up the funds for the Center. We never had the chance to discuss the idea in detail but, to me, it can be all of the following:

- o Repository of information relevant and/or pertaining to rural development;
- o Clearing house where one can get information on rural development; ask the assistance of experts or specialists; or find out where to go in case one is interested in going where one will learn more about what he intends to do or is already doing;
- o A complex with facilities for research, conferences, training, fellowship and for taking in visiting RD Workers;
- o Office for project development, proposal review or preparation, and fund generation or "resourcing".

The Center need not have buildings of its own although this is the ideal, therefore should not be discounted as part of the long term Regional plan. In the meantime, it can simply be an office in Manila with the basic staff and equipment to handle the possible functions mentioned above. Other facilities can be provided by supporting agencies in the network.

A complex in Manila, on the other hand, can be both useful and viable as it can earn from fees and rentals. It is not easy to say how development agencies would feel about being located in the same building but this is an interesting proposition. Of course there will be those who will prefer to be in their own little kingdoms. Those more willing to share, to work and be with others should be helped to do so. It is in fact the intention of my proposal that the

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Center be built around such agencies, that is, start with those that see the need to work together first and grow from there on the basis of the criteria set for acceptance and membership.

The Regional Exchange Center for Rural Development should never be allowed to become a luxurious place for over-paid chairborne experts. It should simply be decent, staffed by people who know how it is to be in the field, and kept in such a way that clients from the villages could come in without feeling out-classed and out of place. If anything must be lavish about the Center, it should be in its Library, Audio-Visual equipment, Documentation and Printing capability, Recording and Filing System (I won't have anything against computers), and the Communication System that is necessary for information dissemination and monitoring function.

With a Center like that, there will be less of the "subabul and amaranth" casenthat I personally experienced. There will be no proliferation of profit-motivated development agencies. Instead, there will be more exchanges of reliable information, technologies, and true development experts as in the manner suggested by Mr. Shisodia.

EVERYONE GOT so engrossed in the day's tasks that nobody remembered today is VALENTINE'S DAY!

TONIGHT'S MULTI-CULTURAL presentation is an affair many of us will long remember. It was a great show, notwithstanding lack of preparation, monotones; two left feet, cultural barriers, separation anxieties, and travel reservation hassles.

As they would say here, "We don't know about the others" but we felt good being given a hearty applause for our brave

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rendition of that deathless Filipino song DAHIL SA'YO and our interpretation of the risky TINIKLING. I can carry a tune when I am feeling good but only the atmosphere of the IERD could get me to take part in a difficult number I have not danced in over thirty years!

But there I was anyway, stepping between those thumping and closing bamboo poles and for a while I was back in those days when dancing was easy because age and problems were still not the pre-occupation of one's mind. So much to do and so little time. I got so carried by night's mood, in fact, that had the Ghanaians invited the audience, I would have gone up the stage and given them a good sampling of how we have taken to the graceful African steps and movement.

SPENT THE rest of the evening, and the early hours of the morning, giving John a chance "to put a handle" on us AMSF people.

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LET US ALSO SHARE THIS APPROACH

DISARMAMENT FOR DEVELOPMENT

Every year 700 billion US \$ are spent for arms. This is a huge loss of energy, raw materials and human resources. Even more it is an enormous danger for human activity and life!

ARMS DO NOT SOLVE PROBLEMS; THEY INCREASE THEM!

Let us fight the increasing defence budgets, and start more research and training in NON-VIOLENT METHODS OF CONFLICT SOLVING!

GANDHI SHOWED ALREADY THAT IT WORKS!

The DUTCH delegates
(The Netherlands)

(The above comment was read to the assembled Conference at its final plenary session, and delegates were invited to indicate their support of this statement of the relationship between resources for development and general national budgets by voluntarily signing sheets circulated among them.)