

## **INDIA JOURNAL**

### **July and August, 2005**

This journal is an account in diary form of my experiences living and teaching in Ahmedabad, India, during the summer of 2005.

#### **Friday, July 1, 2005**

Slept 12 hours and mostly recovered from travel. Door to door was 37 hours. Hours bed to bed 52 ½, though got a few hours on plane between Newark and Paris.

Gujarat state in midst of record rains, flooding. It has now been raining for 7 or 8 days, causing great difficulties for travelers. Tracks flooded, critical since trains primary transportation mode, I am told. Travel to and from Mumbai (Bombay) is largely curtailed. When arrived, electricity off, though restored in an hour or so.

Baggage did not arrive with me. Probably did not make plane at Newark. Flight from Charlotte delayed due to thunderstorms up and down U.S. coast. Where was to have 6 hour layover in Newark, arrived an hour before flight. Hope to have bags on Monday, told here that it usually takes two days for them to catch up to you. Must pick them up at international airport due to customs. Fortunately, all work-related materials for teaching and research came with me, including laptop and flash memory.

So, on Friday, Bibek took me shopping for the necessities. Kind of fun, and a good experience for marketer, to learn something of the local retail environment and practices, which I am told are evolving rapidly. So have some clothes and toiletries, though looking forward to having luggage. Spent several months carefully collecting all that would like to have here, and comfort level would be a little higher with rather than without.

Everyone has been very nice, very solicitous and helpful, beginning with Bibek, and staff of the Management Development Center (MDC), where staying. Haven't had opportunity as yet to obtain Rupees, but everyone very understanding. Obtained telephone card, sent off cleaning. Air conditioning in room works great, got very cold last night, woke up shivering twice, finally turned off. The heat (mid to high 80's during day, high 70's at night) is not so bad as the humidity, so air conditioning more important for drying everything, and it does this very nicely. Room is #45, 2 doors down from Unal's January room, #41, and faces into the courtyard. Have not seen our peacock as yet, but have heard some exotic bird sounds. I will need to do a drawing of what I think they must look like!

Bibek was to have been flying to Mumbai early Friday morning, to consult with a marketing research firm there, but his flight was cancelled due to the weather. Good thing for me. We also stopped by office to meet secretary (Pushpa Hariharan, whose e-mails while still in Boone most helpful, saw office and classroom, and Arindam, as charming and welcoming as ever, now ensconced as chair in marketing.

Today, will go to office and putter. Course is ready. Will collect material shipped previously to Bibek. Will try out flash memory in classroom, print first lecture notes in office, read first of readings, which selected without reading carefully (no time for that!). What is nice about having prepped this course is that MBA students at Appalachian often take CB as an elective (though due to AACSB-influenced curricular changes, that may not be so frequent a future occurrence), and I can now provide them with a more tailored approach, with different readings and assignments. It's all ready to go!

E-mail via AppalCart not working, will try to fix that by communicating back to help desk via new e-mail. Desk, computer to be set up in office on Monday.

### **Saturday, July 2, 2005**

A big first day, but a good one. Made to feel most welcome to this community. Joined at breakfast by member of management faculty. Didn't catch his name, a common occurrence in my first few hours here. Very pleasant. Got Ph.D. from Northwestern. Breakfast was corn flakes, bananas and melon, some sort of rice with a vegetable curry, toast, eggs and tea. There is hot milk for the tea. Very good.

Rain and clouds continue in this record-breaking stretch. Some consider it a blessing because it broke a wicked hot spell. It continues in the 80's, cool relative to what was. Extremely humid but bearable. People cope by standing in doorways. You see a lot of people in doorways.

Picked up by Arindam on way to office. It is a short walk, but took the ride for the chance to visit. Fog on windshield prompted him to tell me this old Indian saw about how on Indian cars the defoggers don't work, but the horns work all too well. Honking is incessant. None of it personal.

At office, had nice conversation with Bibek. Arindam joined us for tea, very good, strong, in china cups from faculty lounge. We went out of faculty lounge to stand and look out over the courtyard – refer back to standing in doorway part above. Large courtyard framed by Louis Kahn structure, massive brick walls punctuated by huge semicircular circular cutouts, lending a sense of monumental scale to the space. People across the way looked small framed in the semicircles – refer again to standing in doorways section above. We were standing in our own semicircle, framed for the viewers on the other side as they were for us.

There was a faculty lunch to celebrate the start of the school year. Dean presided, a very charming woman names Indira, one of the first Indian women to complete a management degree, in 1971. She is retiring in two months to found a new school. I think she will do well. She had us all introduce themselves and when we started at the school. I got a laugh, telling them that I had arrived yesterday morning, and my luggage had arrived this morning. Guess they had been there.

Met one of my students, an academic assistant in OR wanting to add the course. She makes 11. Another of them is an exchange student from Italy. Academic assistants are an interesting rank here. They are salaried employees and also people who are kind of pre-Ph.D types. They assist the faculty in teaching and research, a great resource for them, and it is an opportunity for the academic assistants to try on academic life, and get a leg-up on preparation for a Ph.D. program, should they choose to pursue it. I have been assigned one of these, a very talented and sincere young man named Ankush. Met him this morning as well. Ankush has worked in sales in Mumbai (Bombay), did some interesting visual research that is close to mine (a reason why he was assigned to me), has taught CB, and is teaching himself multivariate statistics. His father is a longtime chemistry professor in a university in his hometown of Bhopal, and his brother is a computer engineer living in Dayton, Ohio. Ankush wants to come to the U.S. to get his Ph.D. He is terrific, half way there. It is going to be hard for me to remember which of us is the professor and which the academic assistant, apart from the fact that he is almost embarrassingly deferential. Needless to say, I think this is going to be a great association, it appears that we may be able to collaborate on some research.

Ankush's prior research has to do with the fact that many package goods companies will introduce packages that are so similar to market share leaders in rural areas, where illiteracy is very high, that consumers who cannot read brand names will often buy a counterfeit brand, thus commoditizing the market, reducing the share of the market leader, and diminishing the value of branding. Companies will also resort to very similar brand names to add to the confusion, using, say, Lifeboy to mimic Lifebuoy. Ankush's prior research shows that only 1 in 10 consumers who mistakenly purchase a counterfeit brand ever realize their mistake. This work is very close to some work that Ray Burke proposed to me a while ago. Ray asked me to create some packages that are shamelessly copy existing competitor packages, which I did, to test the degree to which consumers are offended by this blatantly unscrupulous tactic. We presented some of this at a conference some years ago, but never followed through. Wonder if he would be interested in picking it up again? He has talked recently of starting something new together.

Found out just before lunch that missing luggage had arrived. Ankush came with me to pick up in customs. Bibek thought that having a local person in tow would discourage shenanigans on the part of customs, though he considered shenanigans unlikely. In any case, the soldier at the door only permitted me inside. I was glad that Ankush could spell Bibek in his squiring duties – Bibek is teaching a two-day executive-level marketing course starting tomorrow (Sunday), and needed some time to prepare.

As it turned out, the soldier at the door to customs would not let Ankush through with me. Ankush got to stand in the rain with the soldier while I went through customs. I was served by five individuals, all very nice. There are always too many people to do everything, an indication of the cost of labor here. One of the agents studied my papers for a while, and finally seemed to approve them, at which point a second agent gestured to me, pointed straight up in the air and started walking toward a corner of this large warehouse-like space we occupied. We went up a staircase to a locked room littered with bags. I was told to go find mine. I presume that my ability to do so correctly was the acid test. I brought them downstairs, and they were put through an x-ray machine. There

were some objects that appeared suspicious and I was asked to identify them. I couldn't initially, but then remembered that they were deodorant canisters for Bibek – Red Zone by Old Spice, 6 of them, his favorite, according to Unal – but too late, they opened it. Once the bag was open, this was not what got their attention, however. They zeroed in on my Arches watercolor blocks. I had three, brand new, still in their cellophane and with price tags, apparently rather expensive by their terms at \$16 or \$18 (640 or 720 rupees, even bigger numbers!), because they got out the calculators and started adding. My explanation of what they were confused them, so I opened one and showed them how they worked, that they are each twenty pieces of watercolor paper bound together so that all those beneath serve as a board for the one on top, which is held taught while it is painted upon; and that you then use a razor blade to slice the bindings to remove the top sheet and reveal the next piece of paper, and the process is repeated. One of the men then exclaimed, “Oh, then it is not color?” I eventually realized that they were confused by the word block – they took that to mean this was a block of color, only the pad looked nothing like that. They then asked me about my painting, a good audience. With that, my bags were liberated and we were done.

Back in the room, I was presented with multiple invitations for the evening. Ankush suggested we go see “War of the Worlds” with Tom Cruise. Bibek called inviting me to watch TV with him, his plan being that we alternate between cricket (Britain vs. Australia) and Wimbledon women's finals. The three of us ended up watching cricket, Bibek and Ankush both avidly explaining the game to me. I actually understood a small sliver of it, a very interesting and complex game, rather cerebral in its tactical structure. But who has time? The matches last 5 days.

We decided to go see “War of the Worlds” on Sunday, and the crowd grew. It will be Ankush, Bibek, Sejal, MoMo, Sujoy and me. One must apparently get reservations for popular movies, but not a problem here – English language films apparently don't hold a candle to Bollywood productions in this part of the world. We took our leave of Ankush, and went to the Banerjees for dinner, which was wonderful. Sujoy made an appearance. MoMo came out and was quite voluble, a change from when I last saw her. She showed me her tooth. Six have come out recently. She put it into a stamped, addressed envelope, clearly a variation on our own loose tooth traditions. Don't know where it was being sent.

Found out that Sajel is a Jain. I mentioned the religion because was sitting next to a fellow on the plane - a pharmaceutical manufacturer from Boston – who identified himself as such. An interesting religion, premised on notion of seeking to avoid killing all life forms, down to bacteria. An admirable goal, but Jains must feel so compromised, because it is impossible to live and not destroy life. Wonder how my friend the pharmaceutical manufacturer feels about producing antibiotics?

Came home and unpacked. Big day, punctuated by relief at having bags.

**Sunday, July 3, 2005**

Woke up later than wanted do feeling loggy. Jet lag not entirely vanquished. Sort of wandered through breakfast, got on internet. Went back to room to wait for call from Ankush or Bibek concerning movie, only to be flagged down by Ankush in reception. He had been waiting for me since 1:30. He is going to make a great assistant!

We took a motorized rickshaw to the movie complex two miles away. An interesting machine, the rickshaw, three-wheeled, open to the street and highly customized with interior decoration.

The theater complex was more than that, and huge. Open just three years, it was clearly a place to see and be seen. It was 5 or 6 floors that opened out in a central atrium much like a standard Hyatt. It contained shops, gaming rooms, restaurants, and, at the top a multiplex. As in the early days of theaters in the U.S., I suspect that the air conditioning was a big draw. A lot of people, mostly young people, were lounging at the balcony railing, dressed to be hip. The movie was fun, but seen from India, one of those places where you have to watch what you eat, it felt like a personal parable.

A young boy, about 10, with his older brother, stopped to say hello and shake my hand. I was the only foreigner, a curiosity. Ahmedabad, as big as it is, about 5 ½ million I was told by Ankush, my academic assistant, and a hot location for opportunities, is apparently rather off the beaten path, and does not get many foreigners in general.

Dinner and bed. Still a little to tired to work tonight. Will try to start in early tomorrow. First class in evening, scheduled for 5:45 to 8:15. Still have some prep, since didn't do anything today. Journal entries due to be shorter in future, as get busier.

### **Monday July 4, 2005**

Taught my first class. Went rather well, I think. Now I have a better idea of the students and what they need, a bit of a relief, an unknown that has been taken away. They are very bright, as advertised, in a quick-bright way, but young, and have little experience, a good audience for this course in the way that I have it set up. Too, as I learned from teaching French and Chinese students, foreign students are used to a more autocratic approach, so the American style, that is more relaxed, informal and interactive tends to elicit a lot of gratitude.

Wow, I could get used to this academic assistant stuff. Ankush was there every step of the way. He did all the scut work today, checking out the classroom, arranging for the VCR, checking out the computer and my flash memory, and he was in class taking roll, taking notes, collecting notes, fielding questions, collecting assignment. He will be there for every class. He was very nice about the class, said if I taught it again, I would have 90 students (though I would not trust him to be critical!). He even found out where men's room was for me, and critiqued my lecture. Even beyond that, he wouldn't let me open or unlock a door. And even beyond that, during the day he got my office set up, contacting office people for the computer, contacting airline for my reimbursement due to lost luggage (3500 rupees, about 90 dollars), and so on, and so on. All I had to do

all day was prep the course. And if that isn't enough, there was also an attendant to bring me chai. And Ankush is going to bring me research ideas at the end of the week. Whew!

Ankush's other comment to me was rather left-handed. He said he hoped to have my energy when he was my age.

It was evening when class was done (8:15) and the first time to see the Louis Kahn building in the twilight. Lovely. Will need to attach some pictures (haven't gotten the camera going yet, will do so as soon as have course going).

Those students who spoke, spoke well. Most were a little reticent. Will be interested to see how that changes over time.

Saw a little sun through thin cloud cover for the first time. The floods have receded and could go in the school building through the front door.

Office is very nice, looking into a small courtyard. Directly above Bibek's. Next door is a finance guy who used to work for Rolls Royce in Seattle. (Bibek says he lets everybody he meets know he worked for Rolls Royce within 2 ½ seconds, so behind his back the other faculty refer to him as Rolls Royce Rajendra.) Wall air conditioner works great, especially with Ankush doing all the leg work. Oh, and did I mention that I have a secretary, who took care of clerical stuff today, and there is a wing attendant to fetch water, tea, mail, etc. Unal, are you listening?

Food been quite good so far, enjoying it quite a lot. Not only have I not been sick yet (that is how Bibek introduced me to the class, "This is Larry, he has not been sick yet."), but my stomach problems have disappeared. Same thing happened in January, and stuck with me for a while. Have to figure out why.

9:46. Shower and bed.

### **Monday July 4, 2005**

Another good day, though I had a bit of a relapse at midday, and had to go back to MDC and take a nap before class. Didn't do quite the prep that had hoped, but all went well just the same. Still can't get over the assistance that I have in class, that academic assistant, the technician, the attendant who brings me tea and cookies at break. I definitely have to speak with Unal.

The student are very bright, highly engaged, very nice, very pleasant, I am having fun with them. Find myself still getting settled, and still getting the course off the ground. Last class of the week tomorrow, should be able to get caught up then. Bibek and Sujoy wish to meet tomorrow on research. May have to put them off for a day, if I can. Will also need to get the camera going. As I wander over this campus, begins to feel more and more like Shangri-La. The lawns are a most intense, glowy green after the rains. All the corridors open to the outside, so constantly going in and out, and vistas everywhere.

Had dinner with a businessman who is visiting. Saprio Chaudury. Gave me his card. He told me that he is working with the dean, Indira, to found that new university that I mentioned earlier that she is to run. He says he may be running the executive education program. Says he is going to contact me about coming to the new university. A very nice man, but seems a bit aged out, so don't take him seriously. But he was very nice.

The new school is to be in Puna (sp), an industrial area close to Mumbai, he said. It is to be a private university that combines graduate management with undergraduate liberal arts, what Suprio said was a novel concept in India, which traditionally tracks its students from an early age. He said that India follows the British system in that sense.

Another day of feverish preps, and a bit of a reprieve. Going to get the term project going. We will be doing a positioning study, slightly ambitious, but will be great if it works as I hope. Students will collect survey data of a particular kind, and I will perform multivariate analysis, providing them with maps and pefmap results, which they are to interpret strategically. Ankush will be invaluable for this; I need someone who knows Indian markets for this. Fortunately, he is currently being fascinated with positioning and perceptual maps. He should enjoy.

10:04. Well, to bed. After tomorrow, I can take a breath.

### **Wednesday, July 6, 2005**

Just completed last class for the week, a relief. Planning for a course in a vacuum (as in being 6,000 miles away!), leaves one feeling uncertain if it will work. So far, it would appear that everything is, as they say in Britain, spot on. The students seem very engaged, challenged, excited and appreciative. Got the positioning study, the term project, going tonight, a particularly uncertain part of the design, because it is rather unusual to do this, and do it in the way that I am doing it, in a consumer behavior course. But, if it works, it is much more engaging for the students than a paper, or a case (this is a case school, implemented in association with Harvard Business School), so something different for them. Very hands on, and it is something that appears to be very real and very techy, they like that.

The students really are very good. Tonight, I got into some things at a very high level, that I never considered getting into with anyone else, and they tucked it in quite readily. One may think the better and more advanced the students, the more demanding the teaching. But just the opposite is true. The brighter and more engaged the students, the less work you need to do, and the more they do, because they can. The quantitative stuff I've exposed them to is appreciated because they are mostly all engineers, so they can handle it, yet as engineers their backgrounds are very deterministic, so what I am showing them is new to them.

Another part of why good students are appreciative is something I realized about really talented people when I was in art school. There were some students at the Cleveland Institute of Art that were really good, in the sense that they would constantly do things

that would cause the rest of us to wonder how they did that. Where it came from. They were always the best in all the classes, and their best work was stuff that you had never seen before. So I studied them to try and figure out why they could do the things they did. Eventually I realized (decided?) that a big part of it was not so much a matter of skill, though that was certainly a part of it, but that they saw the possibilities in things when most others rarely did. Once I was walking down the hall with John Baird, who could have been the penultimate of such types, passing the racks where the first year students' paintings were stored. I remember John stopping dead in front of a particularly egregious example, appearing to be quite struck by it in some way that was totally unfathomable to me. He then pulled the painting off the rack and took it with him. I was puzzled, because still upon further examination the best I could say for it was that it was ghastly, a clumsy, dirty-looking thing larded with thick paint. John took it down to printmaking (he was a printmaker), inked it up and pulled a quite beautiful print from it. Straight up. Took him just a few minutes, and there it was. I was amazed. This is when I formulated my "seeing the possibilities" hypothesis. In a similar way, I think really good students, in any discipline, are a pleasure in that they tend to see the possibilities in what you are saying, even when you don't, and they appreciate you for it.

#### **Thursday, July 7**

Another good day. Walked with Bibek this morning, so I have a sense of the campus for the first time. Saw first monkey. They're big! They look like agile people going through the trees and on the walls. Bibek tells me they are aggressive. We also walked past a peacock breeding sanctuary. All the males were on display -- must be that time. Bibek says they are not all that pleasant, either. No petting, I guess.

Another reason why walk was so good was that it took us off campus and down nearby roads. It is very easy to become cloistered in this place. There were many people out walking, a diverse crowd in diverse clothing, very colorful. Walked past a number of research institutes. Bibek says there are a lot of such "boutique" research institutions in Ahmedabad, a relatively high proportion of Ph.D.'s there. A little like RTP, perhaps? Ahmedabad is apparently a traditional and continuing center of the Indian textile industry. They grow a lot of cotton in Gujarat, to the northwest of Ahmedabad. They make a lot of denim for Levi's. I mentioned that they must then be competition for Cone Mills in Greensboro, but Bibek pointed out that Cone actually has joint operations in the area with an Indian firm. Small world.

Also walked through the new campus, which Unal and I saw being constructed last January. Now it is almost complete, very handsome, although the cricket pitch that we had seen is once again torn up for construction purposes. Had some tea with Bibek after, and, this being essentially my first free day since teaching, moved rather lugubriously through the day. Got to office at 11 (workday for most begins at 9:30 or 10, so actually was not all that late). Read a paper in preparation for meeting on research with Bibek and Sujoy tomorrow, took care of odds and ends with Ankush, spent more than an hour discussing his research, which is intriguing, took a nap before dinner. Invited to Indira's house with a couple groups of executive trainees. She lives in the city, right in the thick



of things. Her house is a Louse Kahn look-alike. I suspect there is a big market for those here, given IIM's Kahn campus. We were in the backyard under a tent. Her husband was very nice, very interesting, a physicist who teaches a finance course at IIM on a visiting basis. He may know a little something about randomness, true, but, then, don't we all! Food was wonderful. Have no idea what anything was. A buffet. Started at one end, ate everything in sequence to the other end. I apparently went in the right direction, because the sweets came at the end. Really good. Also had some nice chats with faculty and executives alike. With these little casual meetings and chats every day, my knowledge of India is slowly accreting. Cool.

Am also learning more about this school. It is not just the leading business school in India, but virtually revered. As someone told me today, "Every boy and girl in India from an early age dreams of walking these halls." Probably a bit of exaggeration, but he makes his point. Note these statistics: for 300 places, there are 150,000 applications. So you know I did not misplace my zero's, that's 150,000. The application process is covered by newspapers all over India, and the accepts are announced with accolades. It seems to be a little like making the Olympic team, and about as hard. Of course, virtually everyone who is admitted accepts. Makes me feel like I should have given someone an "A" on their first essay assignment. (They may be smart, but they do not know discourse.)

Did not here about terrorist bombings in London until party. This follows bombing in India two days before. There is speculation that the two are related.

Bibek has asked me to instruct MoMo in watercolor. Wouldn't know how to do that. We are going to paint together, instead. That should be interesting. I believe I mentioned earlier that she has turned garrulous since living in Boone, whether Bibek and Sejal are around or not. Another change is that her spoken English, which had acquired an American (and southern!) accent in Boone now has turned back to an Indian accent.

One more amusing thing about MoMo. She has turned into a Junie B. Jones freak! These are a series of books for girls. Junie B. Jones, the protagonist, is this spunky little girl who does funny things. We bought a set of her books (there are dozens) a while ago, because they are illustrated by Allison Helm, a student of mine at the Cleveland Institute of Art, and ended up giving them to MoMo. Bibek tells me that she not only read those that we gave her, but now has read 22 of them, and has reread all of them 6 or 7 times. And due to MoMo, they have caught on at her school. Junie B. Jones has become a big thing there. Unbeknownst to us, we have spawned a sizable Indian Junie B. Jones following! Whodathunkit? Reminds me of Scott and Drew and broom ball.

Well, to bed. Hopefully, energy revitalized tomorrow, plan to get writing on brand extension paper with Bibek and Shobha. Ankush to look for someone I can hire to do tabbing on learning styles survey. Don't want Ankush to do it, he is too high level, got other plans for him, including giving him time for his own research. It is, I estimate, a full week's work, and I can likely get it done for a hundred dollars here. Also invited to a faculty-student get-together at 4:30. Wonder if they will have food – after this, Appalachian food services will never be the same.

## Friday, July 8

Another good day marking the beginning of my second week in India. It was largely a quiet day as, for the first time, had a chance to begin research. Was to meet with Bibek, but didn't hear from him. This is clearly a common occurrence, since he is often called away by a host of school and consulting obligations. He is not on retreat, as I am! But I made some progress working independently, so was just as well. Will be better prepared when we do sit down.

In the afternoon, a gentleman came into my office inquiring about the word that I had put out concerning some work that I wanted done, namely, the tabbing of 244 surveys. They are long, 150 variables or so apiece, and I estimate that it should take about 40 hours to do. The surveys were collected last fall and spring in Boone, but getting them tabbed back home was going to be a problem, so had JuDee, our administrative assistant, copy them, and I shipped the copies to Bibek in India. The shipping cost \$104, but with the wage differential it should still be considerably cheaper to get the job done here. (That being the case, I am hoping to establish relations that would allow me to "outsource" tabbing for future projects! Another likely benefit is greater speed and accuracy. Bill Baker, a colleague in finance at Appalachian, tells me that tax companies such as H&R Block are sending their more pro forma returns to India for completion, nominally because it is cheaper, but they also find they are getting error reductions of around 30%. Interesting, because accuracy in tabbing is terribly important, and it is hard for me to find the time to do it myself.)

Duredajin (spelled phonetically) works here at IIM in a clerical capacity and he immediately claimed to be the fastest typist in Ahmedabad, and seems to think he can knock off this job incredibly quickly. He showed a little swagger as he told me this. I showed Duredajin the surveys and explained a bit about them and what needed done, but that I had to put together a coding sheet before he could take them. He said he could do the coding sheet, but that it might be better if I did. The fact that he seemed to know what I was talking about boded well for the project. I told him I would do the coding sheet, particularly because I still had to make some decisions about how to code certain variables. I told him I thought the tabbing would take about 40 hours. He said that if I had the coding sheet to him by 10:30 tomorrow (Saturday), that he would have them done by Sunday evening. I cautioned him that accuracy is more important than speed, and I was here for five weeks yet, so no hurry, but he seemed definite about (really rather intent on!) finishing the job by Sunday evening. It seemed to be a point of honor. That fastest-typist-in-Ahmedabad rep is something I think he really wants to hold on to. Maybe he thinks if he sets a record on these surveys, his renown will spread to America. (With my ideas about outsourcing surveys for tabbing, it very well could!). Whoo-boy, now the pressure is on me to get the coding sheet done quickly, which will be a push. I am sure I will have Duredajin's perfect scorn if I don't. What macho types these speed typists are!

I asked Duredajin's fee, he said the usual is 75 rupees an hour (a little less than \$2 an hour). I told him that would be acceptable. If my time estimate is correct, then the whole

job will be less than \$80. If he finishes faster, then the job will be cheaper still. Gotta get that coding sheet done!

Went to my first faculty meeting here. It was a meeting of all the faculty teaching second-year students during this first term. I would say there were about 15 of us, 3 or 4 being visitors. Hooray, they did serve food. Samosas (a ubiquitous snack food, any number of fillings wrapped in a triangular/tetrahedron-like dough and fried), cashews and something rolled into a ball, soaked in honey till wet, and dusted with powdered sugar. And tea, as always. I went for the sugar honey balls, terrific. Meeting didn't start until we finished, a very civilized approach, I thought. As for the faculty meeting, seems they're the same everywhere. It was convened a few weeks into the term (my class started later) to see if the faculty needed anything, or had any complaints or suggestions, an impressively solicitous mode on the part of the administration. Topics included the air conditioning (a big issue when the term falls during monsoon season, but insoluble, since everyone wants different levels of it), the state of the microphones in the larger classrooms (too big, and they fall over like drooping flowers), the color of the chalk (some want yellow over white, some want a lot of colors), the quality of the chalk (dust-free but too hard to show up clearly, or soft but dusty and breakable), the fact that some portion of the classes fail to bring their name cards (a subset of indignant faculty here, this oversight them a sure sign of fecklessness), the timing of the tea that is served to the classrooms (any time at all is fine with me, just so it comes. The professor also gets these little cookies, a wonderful thing. All these whiz kids who were 1 in a kazillion to get into this place, and I'm the one that gets the little cookies! God is surely in his heaven, and all is right with the world!), and the relative merits of blackboards versus whiteboards (both had their proponents). I begged off of commenting on anything, claiming neophyte status (though the chalk really is awfully hard). It was all very congenial, and funny at times, we would all laugh. My only complaint was that they took up the food and tea during the meeting so there was nothing left afterward. That definitely has to be fixed. Will bring it up next meeting, if the chalk talk doesn't run too long.

Later Ankush came by, and we talked for a while. He told me about marriages in India. Seems that, though he is wanting to come to America for a Ph.D., he also feels some pressure from family to stay here, particularly because it appears his brother is not coming back from America. His brother in Dayton really likes America and really wants to raise his kids there. (I would have to say that, having been to Dayton, to really like it there has to be some sort of acid test for truly liking it in America. My hat's off to the guy. We should introduce him at the Super Bowl.) They have also told Ankush that it is time that he start thinking about getting married. Sounds like they are really piling on the pressure. It will be interesting to see what he does. Anyway, this prompted his telling me about Indian wedding ceremonies. He said I was invited (! The order in which they do things seems a little different than ours. He doesn't have a girl yet.) and it does sound like something to behold.

The groom wears a sword and garlands of flowers and rides in on a horse. He actually rides in for more than two kilometers, with guests lining the route, dancing to the latest Bollywood music. The average guest list is 1500, so that leaves plenty of people to line the street. The bride is waiting for the groom at the place where the wedding will take

place, wearing a red sari, and also garlanded with flowers. Among other parts of the ceremony, garlands are traded, the couple is knotted together with a rope, and they walk in unison around a fire 7 times, bride following groom, 3 times in one direction, 4 times in the other. The couple then retires to their own respective houses, and the next day, the bride is delivered to the groom by car, one that is covered in flowers, with the parents inside, and a big show is made by all of the tragedy that befalls them, with weeping and wailing and embraces, now that the daughter is leaving home. Then the bride is delivered to the groom, and they go off.

It was pretty clear by his enthusiastic telling that Ankush was pretty excited by the prospect of having his own wedding (bride still unspecified), so the family would seem to have a pretty good trump card there. Meantime, he is scheduled for the GMATs in October, and he is asking me a lot of questions about American schools. We will see how this plays out.

There is a coffee shop, an outdoor café, on campus! Bibek showed me during our walk yesterday. Ankush and I went over there at the end of the day and had a coffee (mine was a frozen coffee, a wonderful thing in this climate!). Very pleasant. I asked their hours, to be told 8 to 4. It was after 4 when we were there, so I asked about that, and they said, no no, it was 4 the next morning. They are closed for only 4 hours during the day. Great! But I wonder why they bother to close at all?

Had another companion for dinner, J.P. J.P. is an HR guy who is here this week for executive training, and has been talking to me about the current state of affairs in India. He is young and ambitious and is frustrated by the various structures in Indian society that currently retard growth and development, in his view -- from hidebound government bureaucrats who get paid less than a living wage, are often uneducated and don't work very hard, and are susceptible to corrupt practices, in part due to low wages; and banks that are loathe to lend money to anyone, making it hard to get school loans or to raise venture capital. We traded e-mail addresses, and promised to continue our exchange. That would be very interesting, but is one of those things that is not often followed up upon. But, we shall see.

Oh, for the last, I wanted to describe one of the foods served at last night's dinner at Indira's house. They are called water balls. Two people, a boy and a young man, were serving. The boy would take up a rather round ball made of wheat that looked like a profiterole, and broke a hole in it with his thumb. It turns out to be hollow with thin, rather hard walls that hold its shape. The boy then places the ball with the hole in it into a little aluminum pie plate, one that would be good for tarts, and hands it over to the young man, who is ladling broth from a big kettle. The young man ladles liquid into the ball through the broken hole and passes it to a diner. Now, you cannot bite into the ball, because it will spray all over, so you pop into your mouth whole. There is a definite performance component to eating water balls, which makes it a good party food. Festive, but messy if you don't watch it. People didn't take just one, they would stand there and take a whole train of them, popping one after another, so there was a crowd of us milling about the young man with the ladle, each of us a little stooped over, pie plates held under our chins, so as not to water our pants, or our saris, as the case may be. Towards the end

of the evening, when most of the guests had gone back to the bus (Indira hired a bus to bring us to her house from IIM; she lives off campus, in town, a lively neighborhood, though, in India, aren't they all?), and when Bibek, MoMo and I were just taking our leave, my last sight of Indira was her standing all alone in her backyard, under the tent, at the water ball station, downing one water ball right after another. Somehow she looked as if she had had a long day. Water balls as comfort food?

Well, to bed. Duredajin awaits!

### **Sunday, July 10, 2005**

Ankush has been wanting to take me to a local retail area, not far from the movie theater we went to last Sunday, so we are going to do that later this afternoon. Retailing is booming here, growing and changing very rapidly, and this is one of the very new ones. It has a McDonald's! Their burgers are felafel, I am told. So, we will see. Department stores are a brand new thing in India, and the first ones opened up in only the last year or two. They are much smaller than the department stores that we are used to, really the size of a large boutique store, but they are department stores in the sense that they offer comprehensive lines of goods. They are unlike American stores in that they do not fill their spaces with merchandise. The shelves and the cases feel more like museum displays, and this lends a precious quality to even the most mundane items such as toiletries -- this plus the fact that for as long as you are in the store there is someone on your shoulder to assist, and too that there are usually not a lot of other people in the stores with you. They are quiet and softly lit, everything understated -- no "Buy now while supplies last!" signs blaring at you. Walmart is trying to come in here, but so far they haven't been allowed. Restrictions against who can retail and who can't. But, if they do succeed, they will be introducing a very different kind of store here. Anyway, I am meeting Ankush about 6, and we are going to motor rickshaw over to this place, a couple miles away, look around, and come back. Should be interesting.

Visit has been postponed. Ankush hurt his ankle playing table tennis, and it is still painning him. Oh well, another day.

### **Monday, July 11, 2005**

Another good day, though was a bit under the weather this morning. Nothing serious, but got in to the office late. I think maybe just tired and into my last vestiges of adjustment to time, climate, etc. Anyway, feeling more energetic this afternoon than ever on this trip, so probably this morning last residue of travel-related lethargy, but until felt better did not recognize it. A little scary since taught 3 classes in that condition!

Completed fourth class this evening. Tea came right on time, hallelujah! I think things continue to go well. Trip from office to classroom takes Ankush and I across a walking bridge that fronts onto what could be the most spectacular face of this magnificent edifice. And it looks out over an equally breathtaking courtyard, probably the most

spectacular vista. What a pleasure. After that, class is sure to go well. That plus the tea and those little cookies. Frank Lloyd, I believe, referred to architecture as the basis for civilization, a little self-serving, but I do think he has a point. The architecture here is certainly elevating me, and I think it is a common feeling. Makes one feel lighter.

What follows is the rather indelicate entry for this journal, so sensitive readers please be forewarned. It concerns 2 essential topics, spicy food and urinals.

I've spoken constantly of food. It has been really wonderful and I've enjoyed it completely. Some foods have been spicy (often the potato dishes, interestingly enough for a Scotch-Irish sensibility. Potato is called arloo here.). But, a little (or a lot) to my surprise, nothing has been so hot as to be unpleasant, and have downed it all with complete pleasure and equanimity. Or so until lunch today. I gathered up some of what appeared to be an innocuous-looking, rather bland-colored paste. In my mouth, however, it conjured up immediate, vivid images of the Chicago fire. And I have never seen the Chicago fire. I was not born at the time of the Chicago fire. It was absolutely searing. A new executive group had just arrived yesterday, and the dining hall was full of them. These groups typically include some of the country's foremost leaders in industry and government. I wanted to be inconspicuous with my distress, but was finding it hard with liquids of various kinds pouring out of every hole in my head. Except my ears, but they felt like they were about to start. Compounding my problem was my stomach, which promptly launched into an extended and kinetic brace of serial burps, about 1 per second. I would myself have been impressed by the extravagance of my body's auto-response to this heat, except for all the witnesses. Fortunately, no one nearby looked my way (I don't think). I couldn't drink the water. But I had read somewhere, anyway, that it was bread that quelled hot food, not water, since the heat is due to a chemical, not a physical, reaction. Fortunately, at lunch they place a basket of dinner rolls, with butter, on the tables, rather incongruous to me because they smack of standard American dinner fare, and seem out of place. But perfect for my needs now. As calmly as I could manage, I ate all three of them in about a minute. With a fair amount of butter (coats the stomach? Well, let's pretend.). And no one noticed (I don't think). No one tell my gastroenterologist. Dr. Trate has warned me away from nuts and spicy food.

Another funny thing. The urinals in the men's room at school are troughs. Not unlike what we had in the army. That's not the funny part, but must describe to make my point. With these troughs, the male of the species bellies up to a white tiled wall, along the base of which runs a shallow porcelain catch basin. The catch basin is slightly sloped so liquid runs toward a drain at one end. There are moth balls in the drain. One urinates against the tiled wall, the liquid runs down, enters the catch basin and is shunted to the drain. There is a handle and a spigot to chase water down after it. The wall with trough is about 8' or 10' wide, and accommodates three men at once commodiously (ha ha). Perhaps 1 or 2 more after a coffee-intensive faculty meeting (further ha ha).

When Unal and I were here in January, and I needed to use the men's room, I was escorted to one of these by several rather oddly expectant hosts. I was shown to one end of the trough in this particular men's room, where was installed a western-style urinal as you would find in most any public men's room in the west. This one had been bolted

directly into the tiled urinal wall, and the drainage pipe that came out of the bottom simply stopped a couple inches above the trough and emptied out into it -- looking a little like a gutter downspout. Purely cosmetic. It was intimated that they understood that westerners found it uncouth to urinate in troughs, so to accommodate our sensibilities they had provided us (me) with this more conventional receptacle. I was then invited in front of my several rather doting escorts to relieve myself in this western-style basin. I was torn. I wanted to show them that I could perfectly well do without this charade of a convenience and belly up with the best of them, but, then again, they were so very pleased that they could provide me with this (convenience-relief-pleasure-contraption; check one) that I didn't want to disappoint...

## Tuesday, July 12

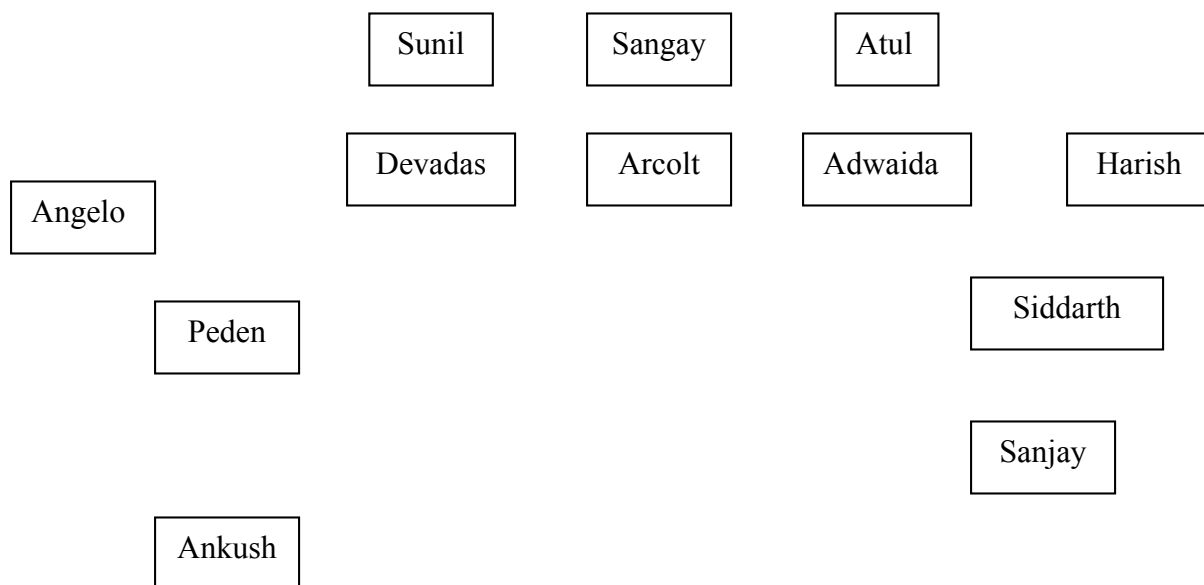
Another good day. Classes over for the week, now time to get on to some other things. Research and so on, before travel starts.

A change of pace at lunch today. They served tomato sandwiches on white bread, cut diagonally without crusts, small, single serving pizzas, and Indian egg rolls. Kind of an Indian mommy meal. Sort of Indian/Chinese/Italian/American-kids-home-for-lunch meal. Fun.

Also fun, worked with Bibek and Arimand on viewbook for an executive education course they are putting together on analytical marketing. Offered opinions on cover design, photo selection.

Added three students to class on an audit basis. They are all academic assistants. Word must be getting around. Bibek should be pleased, he keeps asking if anyone has dropped.

Am beginning to get to know my students now. The ones that are enrolled, my original 11, plus my academic assistant, Ankush, are as follows, positioned according to where they originally sat.



Front

Sangay and Peden are the two women in the group, both Sherpas, from those peoples in northern India that are also who serve as guides for Mount Everest expeditions. As a matter of fact, Peden's last name is Sherpa. This is supposed to be a remote and undeveloped part of India, rife with illiteracy and unassimilated tribes and peoples, and it is therefore remarkable that they are here. By contrast, I am told that the south is almost entirely literate. Sangay looks Chinese, apparently not unusual for northern peoples, who have a lot of Mongol heritage. Sangay is the more voluble, though she frets, worried that she can't do this or that, though she is perfectly capable, doing just fine. She is coming by tomorrow, will need to plump her up. Peden is very quiet, has apparently gone through whole terms without saying a word in any of her classes, including one with Bibek. She has spoken quite a bit in this class, by contrast, and spoken quite well, something of a breakthrough, perhaps.

Angelo is the Italian exchange student, rather quiet but he has spoken some, and talks with me at breaks and after class. His Italian accent is a little thick, and my comprehension is probably hindered by my struggles otherwise to understand my Indian students, who have a variety of accents.

It is always good to have a student who is very good humored about being kidded. Devadas is that one. When things go wrong in some innocuous way, I can point at him and say it's his fault, and everyone laughs, including Devadas. Sunil has been the best so far, picking up on everything, the best essays, voluble, speaking up when things get most quiet, a real contributor to the class and the discussion, a real helper to me from the audience.

Arcolt and Atul are doing airlines for their term project. Ankush in particular had reservations about their doing it, because the airline industry here is in great flux with a lot of new entries, mostly of the low priced variety, and is perhaps not so well formed a market as we would like to have for positioning study. Petitioning us for permission. They understand there is a risk, but unbeknownst to them that I will actually ameliorate it by cushioning their grades. Their intent and their enthusiasm deserves to be accommodated, and they are actually performing a service to the class by bringing another kind of market to the table for final presentations.

Adwaida is a bit of a puzzle, pleasant, doing fine, a bit more detached than the others, a little casual in his approach to the class so far. Almost all of the students are engineers, and Adwaida has his masters in engineering from Rutgers. Harish is rather quiet but intent, and asks really insightful, rather advanced, looking-at-the-question-from-another-angle type questions. Usually asks about things that have not really been researched. Has a real nose for opportunities of that sort.

Siddarth has been rather quiet, involved, doing well, haven't gotten to feel that I know as much about him as some of the others. Sanjay is another academic assistant who is taking the course for credit. As I said, as of tonight, 3 others are joining us on an audit basis. Sanjay is very intent, asking questions at every break and after class, not all that



insightful, but persistent, a little stubborn, which can be a good thing, clearly has his own view of the world. He plans to apply for doctoral programs in marketing in the U.S., and came by to ask my help. Mostly, he wants to know which programs are strong for consumer behavior. That much I can tell him.

The new ones were quite active tonight. Wouldn't you know it, just as I learned everyone's names, 3 more come along! I live in mortal fear of names of three or more syllables, I hate fracturing them with my clumsy tongue. Oh well, in all other ways, the more the merrier. Better discussions. More people to get to know.

To bed. Up early. School has hired a car so I can take all necessary paperwork to Air India office to get reimbursement for lost luggage. Mail is I am told unreliable. Ankush is coming with me. I think they have told him to accompany me whenever I go out, and he is doing a good job of that. They are really looking after me. Diane is I think very pleased about that. She keeps admonishing me, "Don't wander off." She knows me so well. She was so reassured that I would be with Unal on the first trip. Sangay is coming at noon, hands wringing, no doubt.

### **Wednesday, July 13**

Another good day. Went to file paperwork for reimbursement from Air India due to lost luggage (though I do not think it was their fault. Continental was late to Newark due to thunderstorms all along the east coast.). This has become a fairly involved process, what with filling out applications, dredging up and Xeroxing various forms of documentation, etc. Remember too that I cannot Xerox my own stuff here, have to involve others. And they have taken a personal interest in my getting this done, and they all are advising me carefully on how to do it, because the local bureaucracy is apparently unresponsive to some practices. To my mind it is almost not worth the \$90 maximum to go through this (not that \$90 is something that I can automatically dismiss, either), but here \$90 is almost a month's salary for a lot of people that I am interacting with on a daily basis, and who are going out of their way to be very kind to me, and so I do not want to so crass as to be too terribly blithe about this money in front of them. So, I am going to see this through. Ankush and I are going off into the city in search of the right people to talk to in the bowels of Air India. Besides, this trip is getting me off of this campus and back into the city, which is a good thing.

Bibek called someone in Air India to see if I could file this paperwork in the city rather than traipsing out to the airport, found out that we could, and went about finding the name of someone at Air India that we could talk to there. There seems always to be someone at school who knows someone somewhere – they all do a lot of consulting, they are like Harvard that way. So Bibek knew somebody who consults with Air India and got a name and made a call. He gave us the name, hired a car, and sent us downtown to proffer my papers to him. Ankush and I got to the Air India office in downtown Ahmedabad and asked for this person. However, a succession of individuals with whom we spoke to about finding this person swept their arms up dismissively, telling us, "Forget about him, he is just a salesman!" So much for getting a name from the fancy

consulting guy. Then, we heard, “You need to go down to customer relations!” Go down? We were on the ground floor. We didn’t know what that meant, so we stood there puzzled. Another arm flew up and pointed us to a back corner of the room, where we then saw that there was an open door and some stairs. We went down. Halfway was a big suit case with someone’s name on it, abandoned and bereft. Ominous. Customer relations occupied a corner office in the basement. Also not a good sign. Air India clearly was not a company that was, as we preach in basic marketing classes, consumer oriented. The good news was, we had already recovered my luggage, and we were just there for some money, so I felt that I could afford to look at this as an adventure.

The people in customer relations were very nice. They pulled out a little plastic stool and plunked me down on it in the middle of the three or four closely spaced desks packed into this one little windowless office, and served me some very good tea in a nice china cup and saucer, which I sipped while working people stepped carefully around me and Ankush stood and wrangled. I continue to really like this academic assistant thing.

We were advised to go back to the airport. Clearly not one-stop shopping. The supervisor said he could handle it from there, but if he did there would be delays. The list of reasons for this that he began to enumerate was long enough to constitute a significant delay in itself, so we just went to the airport.

At the airport, we ended up in the same office where we got all the forms in the first place, speaking to the same very nice young man that we spoke to at that time. Again I got to sit and watch, while the nice young man from Air India carefully perused my papers. The office was 15’ by 15’ and held 7 workers, 2 supervisors and five subordinates. Only the supervisors had computers. The rest worked in huge ledgers that were stacked behind them while not being worked on, shades of Scrooge and Tiny Tim. One of the clerks was working with scissors and scotch tape. Every once in a while a supervisor would call for a ledger, and it would be brought. He would copy something from it into the computer, and the ledger would go back. They were speaking (I presume) in Hindi, so I don’t know exactly what was going on, but it is not a big stretch to conclude that their systems are not fully computerized, something that I bet will cause them a problem in the new India. One of my groups in consumer behavior has chosen the airline industry for their term project, so I have learned a little something about the Indian airline industry in the last few days, the gist of it being that it is becoming more competitive with a number of new entrants. The new entrants are private. Air India is public, run by the government. I have also learned from my various conversations around this community that what is happening in airlines is currently happening in a number of product categories. Where traditionally it is not unusual in India to see a market leader with as much as 80 or 90% share, with added competition those share levels are dropping quickly, and traditional players need to learn how to operate in a radically different kind of marketplace. This activity bodes well for the future growth and development of India (and could some day contribute to getting people off the streets, I hope), but this also means that the old players will need to evolve quickly. I would venture to guess that if in a very few years Air India has not done away with those ledgers, then they themselves will be done away with. They also need to bring the customer relations guy up from the basement. And find out whose suitcase that is.

Marketing tells me that word of mouth on my course is favorable. It is saying that many of the students who were curious about my class but didn't take it because I was an unknown commodity (a prudent consideration) are now disappointed that they didn't take it. They say that as things stand, if I taught this course again next term, I would have 90. They are paying me a compliment, but would I want to teach a class of 90? But it is nice to know I can teach some smart ones at the graduate level, something that I have not done before.

Over tea in the faculty lounge, I also learned something of the history of Ahmedabad from a colleague. Before Ahmedabad was a city, the area was occupied by mango plantations, the most common fruit in India. To commemorate this fact, the school preserved a big old mango tree when constructing the campus. It is the one that stands in front of the main entrance. I was also told the word for mango in Hindi is something like "ahme," as in Ahmedabad. Given that the back end of the name, "bad," means city, as in Ahmedabad, Hyderabad, and Islamabad, then Ahmedabad roughly translated means "Mango City."

#### **Thursday, July 14**

Another good day. Quiet, in the office, met with Bibek, made some progress on some research, but not much for this journal. Today's entry will therefore will address some reflections. Reflections on attendants.

Here, one has attendants. They are not exclusively yours, you share them. With the exception of Ankush, he's mine (have I mentioned how wonderful a thing it is to have an academic assistant? It's ok, Unal, I plan to reflect on realities later.) But you have them, and they do things for you. That's not quite right. They take over doing the things that you do. This is the same for everyone here, but they are used to this. For me, this is an adjustment. I resisted this at first, for one reason because doing for myself is what I am used to, and secondly due to an egalitarian impulse that says I would be subordinating others if I let others do menial things for me. But to resist is to find resistance yourself. People insist. It is what they do, it is what they are used to. It is their work, and they don't like it if you do for yourself, it incurs bewilderment and distress. It disrupts their rhythms. So, I have attendants. Of course, they cook and clean my clothes and my room. I am used to that when I travel and stay in hotels. But, they take things out of my hands and carry it. They take my umbrella and hold it. They take my keys and open doors. They bring me my tea. Personal space is a little different, as almost any daily activity incorporates some sort of personal interaction.

What is funny to me is how persistent they are. At the Management Development Center (MDC), where I stay, there is a succession of people in and out of the room. You may remember that I said earlier that being in my room, or in my office, is a little like occupying a hospital room, with people trailing in all day. This is so here. First there is the guy with the morning tea. Then the guy with the paper. Then the cleaners. And then the people to mop the floors (you can see that chores are done serially, not all at once, and by different people), then the guy bringing the water, and so on. Each of them

knocks, waits about three seconds, and then the key goes into the lock. You learn to keep on your underwear around here. If you tell someone that the time is not convenient, they smile and go away. But, they are back in five minutes, and another five, and so on. So, you finally just give up and let them in. You just try and stay ready.

Same is true with the office, only more so because you cannot lock the door from the inside. There, it is the sweeper, then the mopper (a different guy), the mail guy, the air conditioner guy, Pushpa, my secretary (Do you have anything for me? No? Would you like that typed? No? Is there anything you need? No? Well, you should call me if there is anything at all), and, of course, Ankush. I kind of feel like a queen bee by the end of the day.

For those who do things for you, all of this seems to me to be about issues of ownership. Ankush appears to me to act as if he feels he owns the unlocking and locking of my doors. If I do it, he acts as if I have taken something from him. He does not get irritated about it, but some of the people with whom I have interacted have at times appeared to.

It is really not personal service that is being provided. Most of this has nothing to do with you, and sometimes you are actually in the way, and people act miffed when anything you might say or do, or don't do, disrupts their flow. That is why I say that they take over doing the things that you do. A lot of it really doesn't have anything to do with your wishes or needs at the time (though I do wish to point out, as I said in yesterday's entry, that people have indeed been very kind to me, and have tried very hard to be helpful, but this is something that somehow goes on at another level than what I am discussing now), it is the work that they do, and they intend to do it, whether you like it or not, whether you want it or not.

Earlier today, I was telling Bibek of these observations, and he was amused, and said that he thinks that what I am experiencing actually goes deeper into the Indian psyche than that. He said that Indians are quite curious, especially concerning the unusual. And I qualify as unusual. So he said that part of this is people nosing into my office and into my room to "see what the white guy does." He says that this nosiness is especially pronounced among Gujaratis. He told me about what happened to Sujoy's girlfriend (Sujoy is on the economics faculty, and is collaborating with us on one of the research projects we are working on). She moved to Ahmedabad from Calcutta to be close to Sujoy, and took an apartment in the city. On the second day, she was awakened by her neighbor, a woman who had let herself into her bedroom to see why she wasn't up yet. A thoroughly innocuous woman, but who took it upon herself to get very involved in her daily affairs, apparently a common local trait. Sujoy's girlfriend has since moved to Delhi.

We shall end this evening with some miscellany. Sangay, my class hand wringer, did finally show up yesterday afternoon. She is the one who feels she cannot complete her consumer journal because her purchases are so mundane. I think I was able to point out to her with some success both that marketers are interested in the most banal things in the world, such as how consumers buy their chapsticks, and that the most routine purchases of the even the most mundane products involve much more elaborated behaviors than she

realizes. I am not sure that I won her to my point of view, but she is going to give it another try.

I have been in contact with my friend Naras Eechambadi, who I originally met at BBDO Advertising in New York, and who is now living in Charlotte. Wanted to let him know that I was currently visiting India. He said something curious. I mentioned that I was at IIM Ahmedabad and that it was so self-contained that, if I did not make a point of leaving the campus, I could be missing India altogether. He responded that, "I agree that IIMA is something of an oasis (or a desert, depending upon your point of view)." Hmm, some undercurrents there. Will be curious to pursue.

The marketing department is going to have a lunch next week welcoming me to the department, and giving me a chance to meet those faculty I haven't yet met. The e-mail that was sent out was entitled "Lunch with Larry." It prompted to consider what it might have said if they knew me as Chip. Chops with Chip. No, Gujarat is vegetarian. Chips with Chip. Dip with Chip. Probably better that I stick with Larry.

Bibek also told me that my students have come to him about wanting me to join them for a picnic. He told them that would be fine. That's very nice. Will need to reassure Diane that I will take all my anti-bug stuff. She has given me insect repellent. Two kinds. I also brought with me an ample portion of L.L. Bean's "BugOff" clothing line, featuring clothes that are impregnated with insect repellent. I have shirts and a baseball cap, all good for 25 washings. And Diane gave me a lot of lavender things – sachets, moisturizers (4 bottles), lavender soap, lavender concentrate -- because lavender is purported to ward off insects. My only concern is that lavender may only work on French insects.

### **Friday, July 15**

Another good day. Ankush is going to the movies tonight. He is going to see a Hindi remake of the Jim Carrey film, "Liar Liar." Boy, I've gotta see that! But, if I had said something, Ankush would have invited me along, and I wanted to spare him that. He's going with friends. But, that gave me a great idea. I am going to buy some Hindi movies on DVD, and bring them back! I saw a couple Bollywood (the name for the Indian film industry) movies on the plane coming over, and they are wild true love, a lot of chest beating, mugging and emoting, a little romance comic book in them. But, an essential ingredient of all Bollywood films, regardless of theme or content or tone, is singing and dancing. So, whatever else is going on in the film, everyone in it stops every once in a while and breaks out with a show-stopping number, Indian style, à la "Whose Line is it Anyway," with chorus lines, elaborate choreography, big sets, the whole shebang. Sometimes the transition from the story is a little jarring, as if the Godfather was remade by Busby Berkeley, and was interwoven with the one by Francis Ford Coppola, and they dressed Marlon Brando like Carmen Miranda for the Busby Berkeley version. Now, who can resist a movie like that?! Anyway, gotta see Liar Liar. Wonder if it's on DVD yet? Will have to ask Ankush. Also, Bibek is a big Bollywood freak, will ask him to give me some essential titles. Maybe I can pick them up tomorrow night when Ankush takes me

for a mall crawl. We are also going to visit a temple or two, one of them being a Hari Krishna temple. That will be interesting – never seen Hari Krishnas outside of American airports; or, for that matter, never seen a Hari Krishna who didn't look like he had really worried parents back in Stamford, CT, or some such.

Bollywood is big industry here, and the stars are big celebrities, and people take a lot of interest in their personal lives, as at home. The bad guy in Octopussy is one of them – I don't mean the boss bad guy, that was Louis Jourdain, but his main enforcer, his muscle, the one in the turban (the stereotypical UberIndian, like John Steed from the Avengers was the stereotypical UberEnglishman), that guy. He appears in the papers here, and by now, his son is also a film star. As I mentioned when going to see War of the Worlds, the Hindi films are attended much more heavily than English films. Each morning I read the Times of India, or the Ahmedabad Times, whichever is delivered to my door, and there is a lot of celebrity dish, lots of celebrity news and gossip. Western glamourati are featured too, people like Brad Pitt (I know he was in the hospital, and that he is now out and recuperating at home, we all hope he is feeling better soon) and Paris Hilton. Local hip scenes (I know, only unhip people use the term hip anymore; what can I say, am ascending rapidly to geezerhood) are also featured in the papers, so we get pictures of Ahmedabad young people, dressed for action, in mid-dance at some disco somewhere, with snappy captions underneath.

All of this is supposed to be juicy, but to a western sensibility, it comes off as rather charmingly prim. For example, a major star here is Ashwariya Rai (sp), who won Miss Universe in 1994, and has since become a major Bollywood figure. She is touted as the most beautiful woman in the world (how do they determine such things? As attractive as she is, there are likely any number of feckless 15 year olds tramping down high school hallways all over the world in places like Columbia, Missouri who would knock socks off by comparison) and may be moving on to bigger things, as she will soon be making her first Hollywood (with an H) film. But, the breathless issue concerning that here is whether she will be kissing anyone onscreen. Kissing on film isn't done here. They show bare midriffs, but no kissing.

There has been a turnover in executives at the Management Development Center (MDS). Remember that this is the seat of executive education for IIMA, so out with the old group, including my friend J.P, and in with the new, every week or several, depending upon the program at hand. This is good, because I keep meeting and conversing with new people, principally at meals. Our conversations cover much of the same ground, the rapidly changing Indian economy and the outlook for the next five years, but there are variations in point of view, which is interesting. For example, three of this new group with whom I had lunch are not as concerned as J.P. was with the institutional impediments, e.g., the government and banks, that are currently seen to be hampering growth and development. These three feel that the underlying economic dynamics of the situation will drive reforms. I rather tend to agree. It would be ingrained cultural and social elements that would retard such reforms, and I believe that underlying economic forces tend to will out over these. I look at culture, for example, to be something of a rulebook that conveniently tells people how they should behave in various social circumstances in order to be appropriate, and to generally get along. When society

changes and the rules no longer work, then culture makes up new rules. A trivial example is, in America, how the rules governing smoking in public have changed since everyone became unequivocally convinced that, or had to finally face up to the fact that, smoking was terrifically bad for you. I think, therefore, that the underlying forces currently driving expansion and change to the Indian economy will ultimately drive cultural and institutional reform, rather than vice versa, that cultural and institutional inertia will not inhibit (for long) economic change and growth. We shall see. J.P. certainly disagrees.

Everybody does seem to agree that there has been dramatic growth and change in the Indian economy over the last five years. For example, it was reported in the papers yesterday that the Indian economy is now 10<sup>th</sup> largest in the world, up from 17<sup>th</sup> a year ago. Granted, dramatic growth here is in part due to the fact that they are starting from a small base, but that is still promising performance.

I don't mean to be sounding like one of those dreadful, condescending trickle-downers here, but we can certainly hope that all this expansion will begin to gather in those poor, pathetic street people soon. However, recent reports also indicate that the income gap is increasing not decreasing. But, that report did not say what that increasing gap is due to. To sound a (relatively) hopeful note, that may mean that income on both ends of the spectrum is increasing, on average, and it is just that the rate of increase on the top end is faster.

I asked my three lunch partners if China is a good model for India. They said no, that China is building itself on the basis of manufacturing, a lot of warehousing, on the creation of a lot of low paying factory jobs. The new India, by contrast, is building on intellectual capital, new technologies, new softwares, etc.

Related to changes in the Indian economy, and hence Indian society, Bibek made an interesting observation. He claimed that India's development is peculiar because, in its present manifestation, we see on the streets an incongruous combination of the very old, in terms of technologies, and the very new, side by side. He says this is not true elsewhere. So, here you see elephants and camel carts sharing the road with the latest cars, women in saris in line to see Tom Cruise in War of the Worlds, and every motorized rickshaw driver can be summoned on his cell phone.

One more interesting point discussed at lunch. It would appear that at any one time in the life of an economy, depending upon particular conditions extant right then, there will be just one of the several business functions that is more crucial than others. For example, in the United States of the 1980's, the financial function was paramount, with mergers and acquisitions happening all over the place, and junk bonds and Michael Milliken (sp) happening. Then, in the 1990's, with prosperity rampant and branding and competition and relative parity in competition ubiquitous, the marketing function ascended (and may still hold sway). With competition rapidly building here, with numerous new entries in many categories, and as the traditional share leaders are losing their dominance, it would appear that production and finance may be giving way to marketing here, too. I am so glad that I went ahead with the positioning study for the term project in my consumer behavior class, because it is basically an exercise in competitive strategy.

As a brief aside concerning the positioning study. My engineer students are wanting to know the mathematics of correspondence analysis. So I am distributing the 1986 Hoffman and Franke article, that introduced the technique to the marketing discipline, to them (with the strict proviso that they understand that choice of technique is and should be a trivial part of the process, that there are several techniques that could have been selected by me, and, if properly executed, would provide the same strategic results. So, therefore, an understanding of the mathematics of correspondence analysis may not lead to any further conceptual understanding.). Can you imagine giving out Hoffman and Franke to our undergraduate classes back home; or, for that matter, to any number of MBA-level consumer behavior classes back home?

Bibek and Arindam were telling me a bit about the history and traditions of that part of India that Bibek and I will be visiting for three days next week. We leave after my Wednesday class, which lets out at 8:15, and get an overnight train for Rajasthan. We have reserved two berths in a sleeper car. Should be fun. There are four such berths to a compartment, or a car, whichever the basic unit is, so we will be sharing with two strangers. Anyway, this is the home of the rajahs, or the princes, according to them, and there are many palaces. (We will be staying in one. It is called Shiv Niwas Palace, in Udasapur. To take a look at it, go the website for the hotel chain that owns it, [hrhindia.com](http://hrhindia.com). From the main page, then click on “HRH Properties, and Shiv Niwas is the first in the list. The palace shown below Shiv Niwas is next door.) Bibek and Arindam tells me that Rajasthan is also the home of the warrior class, and of the moghuls who were the only ones to oppose the British successfully. They are apparently a fierce and proud people. When the British ransacked a place, they would apparently take the women. The women of this district, to prevent that from happening, would, upon imminent defeat, immolate themselves, or throw themselves down a well. Fierce and proud, indeed. The one other thing Bibek told me, to further place our trip in cultural perspective, was that our palace/hotel is located just across a lake from where they filmed Octopussy. There is that strange contrasts thing popping up again, an inadvertent theme for all of tonight’s entry.

As previously stated, this is a magnificent building that IIMA occupies. Referring to the main school building that Louis Kahn designed (many others have been built since based on his style, many attractive in their own right, but it is the main building that is magnificent, and remains the centerpiece of the campus). It is build of local brick, is sculptural in form, and is of monumental scale. But, unfortunately, it is plagued with water damage and is crumbling in many places. They keep patching and repairing, but can hardly keep up with the progression of the damage.

The problem is that the building is made of brick built on an iron superstructure. Local brick is handsome, salmon pink and handmade, but unfortunately is not of high quality and is very porous, not the best surface to expose to monsoon weather. Water passes readily through the brick and rusts the iron superstructure, which expands and in turn bursts the brick façade. You can see many pockets where bricks, or parts of bricks, have sheared away. These pockets look like what I always imagined tooth decay to be. Though they are constantly patching, there are numerous such pockets visible.



There is an old saw about this that runs around the school, sounding just like academics trying to be wags. As previously mentioned, the weather here is one of extremes, highly predictable by our terms, but extreme. Half the year is cool and dry, as it was for us in January, with highs in the 70's, lows in the 50's, and virtually no rain to speak of. The streams and lakes dry up. By contrast, the other half of the year is hot, with maximum temperatures of 130 degrees (can you imagine?) and wet (130 degrees *and* very high humidity – get out of town!).

All of Ahmedabad's rain comes in just a few months. It is these contrasts that so stress this building. Local builders will cover brick with stucco and paint to seal it. The new campus at IIMA, under construction when we saw it in January, now virtually completed, echoes Kahn's motifs but is constructed of reinforced concrete.

Having explained all of this, we are now ready for that old saw. It is said by the faculty that these building problems are due to the fact that, when Louis Kahn designed this building, he took into account the average weather, but not its distribution. My, we academics can be such cutups. Well, it causes a howl in the faculty lounge, at any rate.

Just wrote the final exam. (Am trying to front load everything to allow for the upcoming travel. On the second trip, Bibek has us away for 7 days!) With strong graduate students, the job is a lot easier, because you don't have to give them as much direction. Whereas, with lesser students, you need to structure the exam for them, by giving them more questions, and in effect leading them, with these guys you can give fewer and broader questions, and let them figure out their own way. The one I am giving is going to be a take-home, to allow class time for other assignments (term project presentations), but it would be the same if it were an in-class exam. It is one question that essentially instructs the students to tell me everything they now know about the topic at hand, consumer behavior. But one trait of good students is flexibility, so one can be a little more freewheeling about how one does things. For example, I had a little fun with the manner in which I asked that question, as below. I'm letting you sneak a peek, but don't show it to any of my students. It would not be because it gives them an advantage (it is a take home, after all), but because there is a tendency for good students to work too long and too hard on take homes, so I want to limit the time they have to work on it, to save them from themselves.

**CONSUMER BEHAVIOR  
TAKE HOME FINAL EXAM  
Summer, 2005  
IIM Ahmedabad**

**August 1, 2005**

A space ship has landed on earth. Its occupants are from the far-off planet Utilitee. The Utilitarians, as they call themselves, are a quite rational race. They are galactic traders of great renown, and have come to earth to initiate import-export operations. They have been observing earth for many years, and feel they have acquired a good macro-level understanding of earth's economic systems. However, they are utterly baffled by individual level human consumer behavior. The Utilitarians have asked you to explain it to them, clearly, completely, and in detail. By monitoring earth's communications and entertainment media, they have also acquired a working knowledge of all earth's languages, but have specified that you respond in writing, in English, with a report that is between 10 and 20 pages in length, double-spaced, to be delivered, electronically or as hard copy, to their emissaries here on earth, Ankush and myself, no later than Monday, August 8<sup>th</sup>, 2005. This means you will have about a week. If you have any questions about this assignment, see the emissaries. The Utilitarians thank you.

Larry

With other classes, I might be worried that I'd have students looking for Utilitee on the star charts.

To dinner. Ta.

**Saturday, July 16**

Another good day. Took a constitutional this morning. In other words, took a walk. Same path as Bibek showed me when he took me on his "brisk walk" some days ago. Have been a little too out of sink to do this until now, hope it becomes regular. It is a good tour of the campus. I will not run it, the footing is a little uneven, and I have been having trouble with pulled calf muscles. The track takes me clear around the perimeter of the old campus, and with a detour into the new campus, just being built, it takes about 40 minutes, close to an ideal interval. I take a left out of MDC, going away from the front gate. Go past the school building and take another left into the residential area. From this point one makes constant rights. Past Bibek's house I encounter the perimeter wall, and follow that the rest of the way. The campus is heavily treed, so there is canopy overhead, and beneath it there are yards and gardens and profusions of potted plants. The campus is also a bird sanctuary, so in all the trees, and constantly in the air above them are numerous birds of various species, all of them loud, or so it seems. On this tour, I see the occasional monkey, light gray in color, large and nimble, and usually two or so peacocks. On this morning, I saw one, a handsome male with long plumes and a deep

iridescent blue neck, in the front yard of a woman who had just brought her young cat out. The cats here are long legged, pretty. Peacocks are big, more than a match for the lone, housebound kitty. This kitty looked freaked, stayed close to her owner's legs. I remembered what Bibek said about peacocks being nasty, so this kitty did well to stick close.

The faculty houses are rather uniform, brick and designed according to the Kahn model, set diagonally away from the streets so everyone has a small front yard, most of which have been planted with trees and gardens of various sorts. All of this was according to Kahn's master plan. There is a committee that oversees all future construction to be sure it conforms to Kahn's directives. As a result, all parts of the campus maintain a certain uniformity, and extend the tenor of the main school building.

This being Saturday morning, I saw a number of men washing their cars with cloth and bucket. Faculty work on Saturday (and MoMo is in school) but staff do not. I also passed several campus police, a usual. They tend to congregate on one section of the path that turns to brick and goes through a grove of trees. They smile and say hello. This morning two of them had bamboo walking sticks. A third also gave a salute, which they do on occasion. Their salutes are in the British fashion, with hands held vertically so the fingers point straight up, beside the face and palm forward. They also wear berets.

I walked again through the new campus, accessible by a tunnel running under the crowded streets outside campus. In the silent tunnel, perhaps 50 yards long, it is odd to think of the bustling road over head, surely filled with numerous cars and milling people, and milling dogs and cows, too, for that matter. There is no hint of this below. A cloister? An oasis? A desert?

Running the length of the tunnel on the right hand side are a series of photos and models celebrating the school, its buildings, its founding, and its history. There are pictures of Louis Kahn, and photos and drawings of his building, and a number of photos mostly of ceremonies of some sort or another. I recognize Indira Ghandi in some of them, and feel I should recognize a number of the others.

The new campus is large. It looks as if it will at least double the size of the campus altogether. Like all construction at IIMA, these new buildings echo the motifs of the old campus, though of course they are rendered by another group of architects altogether, and their hand is felt as well. It is a handsome place, feels good to be there. The buildings are clean and spare, modern like the old campus buildings, though they lack the sense of volume and monumental scale of the original building. These also have a certain geometric regularity to them, and arise as a rather uniform series of geometric planes as one walks along the straight concourse that runs directly away from the tunnel for a good distance. The buildings closer to the tunnel are complete, but construction continues further on. The cricket pitch that Unal and I saw being dedicated in January has been reclaimed by the construction people, and it now houses dump trucks and piles of construction materials. I assume that it will go back to being a cricket pitch eventually.

At around noon, Bibek called me at my office and proposed that I accompany Sejal and him on some weekend shopping. They had to pick up some groceries, and Bibek wanted to get some mudflaps and seat covers installed on their new car. MoMo was at school. The grocery store was first, and it was very interesting. Like all the stores or malls that I had been in, it was new, open only a few months. It was a fairly large store with a rather wide assortment of grocery and household items, with a few additional odds and ends; not large by our standards, but huge by Indian standards, whose traditional form of retailing is the little storefront, the small mom-and-pop. The idea of being able to shop for most all your daily needs in one store is a new concept here. The motto of this store, which they had on every wall in English and Gujarat, was “Everything under one roof.”

One sees many more raw ingredients, relative to American store, where, of course, baking is something that belongs to another generation, and cooking altogether is becoming similarly anachronistic. An amazing variety of wheat, rice and lentils were available, displayed both loose in big metal barrels or in bags, the largest holding 100 kilograms. In most Indian homes, bread is baked every day, usually flat breads. This is true at Sejal and Bibek’s house, though they they have a cook who comes and does it. I get fresh bread every day at MDC, as well.

There was also a large and impressive selection of fresh fruits and vegetables in the back. Gujarat being a vegetarian state, there is something of a demand effect and the vegetables are a little more expensive here than other parts of India. Adding to that is that the earth in Ahmedabad is poor (you can tell, it is a fairly light brown in color), so most vegetables are imported, mostly from a region to the south and east. (I guess it is not bad for mangos, however, since all of Ahmedabad was once mango orchards.) But vegetables are currently *very* expensive, however, due to the recent rains and floods. One small melon cost 40 rupees, a dollar, which is almost what I paid for about two weeks worth of cleaning (and I am doing a lot of cleaning, since I wear clothes only once in this climate). A small zucchini cost 150 rupees, almost 4 dollars, an unbelievable extravagance. But I was told that zucchini is very exotic there. Bibek gets one ever once in a while, because MoMo apparently really likes them. Sejal told me that this is a really high end store, that only about a third of the population could afford it. I also saw jaggery, a form of sugar that comes in soft cakes that looked like bee’s wax, and ghee, some particular kind of “purified” butter that comes in cans (Sejal said it has a very distinctive taste), and dishwashing soap that comes in cakes. There was an entire aisle for chocolate, and more than half of it was taken up by Cadbury products of many forms. Sejal told me that the British brought Cadbury products to India very early on, so that Cadbury the name is now synonymous with chocolate itself, to the point that most people know chocolate as Cadbury, just as we call tissues Kleenex. Apparently, most Indians would not even recognize the word chocolate.

We had a quick lunch in a little store front around the corner from Sejal’s office. Sejal is a social worker, a graduate of Gujarat University, a neighbor of IIMA, and, in addition to seeking to help the people of several impoverished rural communities east of Ahmedabad, and campaigns for women’s rights. She taught a course on these topics while at Appalachian. Lunch was some sort of vegetables wrapped in dough and heated,

very good, and cold coffee, also good. The store was called “Upper Crust,” and I suppose it is best described as a bakery. They had a lot of pastries that looked Viennese to me, including something entitled Black Forest Cake. Sejal appeared a little puzzled by this, she thought of them as traditional Indian fare.

While eating, I was watching some women in saris, their mouths and noses covered with a colorful cloth, working in the street through the window, the face covering to ward off the dust and dirt. There were several of them down on their haunches in the inner lane, working in unison and using brushes to sweep away pebbles and loose debris. As they worked they never rose up from their crouch, instead crab walking forward to push the dirt along. Eventually an asphalt machine appeared and put down a layer of asphalt on the newly swept lane. Though they showed incredible stamina (how can they stay down like that for prolonged periods?), that was tough work. I couldn't possibly guess their ages. They looked neither very young nor very old. Bibek pointed out that they were likely women who lived in some agricultural community who would come into the city for work in the off season. There would be nothing for them at this time in their villages. They would typically bring their children with them, gather up various materials from the streets and construct shanties along the side of the road, live there for some months, then head back to the villages during the growing season. Don't know what the kids do while their moms are off building roads.

While Bibek saw to his car at the dealer nearby, Sejal took me to her office. It was in the back of a neighboring building, up an outside staircase. The office was two rooms on the second floor, an outer office occupied by a secretary who was at work that day, and Sejal's inner office, furnished with a table, a book shelf filled mostly with government manuals, and a floor mat for sitting. The secretary had conventional office furniture and a computer. Sejal's area was more spare. There were windows and ceiling fans, no air conditioning. These spaces were much airier and far more pleasant, however, and much less densely packed with people, than the Air India offices that Ankush and I had visited days before. At least here you could see out.

We walked over to the car dealers to find five young men swarming over the car, Bibek not in sight. They were working hard to install the mud guards and the seat covers (which Bibek said were virtually a necessity in India, what with the dust and mud on the roads). Sejal was laughing, because only about two of them could work at any one time. It turned out that several of them were apprentices learning the car trade. Apprentices work for free. They must live at home when an apprentice.

Sejal's brother and his family, his wife (I didn't catch names here, still a common difficulty for me) and four-year old daughter (Milika?) were visiting from Sejal's and his hometown about a hundred kilometers east of Ahmedabad. We went out Saturday night to a new restaurant in town, The New Yorker. There was a replica of the statue of liberty, about 25 feet tall, looked like it was made of plastic, out front. The interior of the place was very modern, metal, glass, halogen lamps, a lot of hard surfaces, and noisy. A lot of families. Fun. Along the back wall was a big tile mosaic of the New York skyline, sort of. However, its most New York-like feature was the young lady and the

policeman (the police wear these very colorful, striped or otherwise patterned cummerbunds under their utility belts, and interesting look. I didn't know that cummerbund was originally an Indian garment and the word Hindi. I have forgotten what Bibek said it means) who minded the front door. She was loathe to let use in. Restaurants are big in Ahmedabad, mostly because there is little else to do on a Saturday night, or so Bibek says, so there was something of a line, but we got in right away because Sejal's brother and family preceded us.

Sejal's brother has his own business making industrial safety equipment, protective clothing, harnesses for window cleaners, like that. He said that they are starting to sell in China and Poland. Sounds like they are doing well. He had interesting stories about their house being recently flooded due to the record rainfalls. Sounded like they avoided really bad damage due mainly to his diligent work all night, with the help of some of his employees. As water levels rose, he kept knocking down outer walls that were trapping water and punching holes in other walls to let it out, to keep the levels down inside the house. He said there were two effects to the flood. At first, the water rose due to huge amounts of rain falling in a very short period. This is when he knocked holes in the wall, to let it out. Then, subsequently, the river rose due to all the rain, and the water came the other way and started to come back through those very same holes. But, he said that the damage wasn't too bad, and it has all been cleaned up.

The food at New Yorker was good. An incredibly eclectic menu – Indian, Mexican, Italian, vegetarian, “New York,” all of which had a definite Indian cast to it. I had Tandoori Paneer Sizzler, which was vegetables over rice with some sort of lentil paste, and paneer. Paneer is cottage cheese formed into cubes, brushed with some sort of barbeque-like sauce and baked. Meat substitute. Was good. Oh, and four French fries were set on top – that was the New York part, I guess. My drink, I forgot the name, was club soda, lemonade and fresh ginger. They advertised it and a page-full of “mocktails” (remember, this is a dry state) as New York-style. Most of them had three or four fruit juices in them, and other stuff, several of them including ice cream and chocolate sauce. A number of them seemed like they might make a good dessert, but did not sound like they would go well with baked cottage cheese. I liked my lemonade.

For most of dinner, the two little girls in our company played under the table, bumping all our legs. Eventually MoMo, as she is wont to do, just collapsed and fell fast asleep between the two women and Malika, who was buzzing with plenty of energy for the two of them. MoMo had had full day of school, then an hour swimming lesson followed by an hour of Tai Kwon Do. She had been up since six, and it was then after 10. At one point, Her eyes practically rolled right back in her head, and she went right over. Bibek carried her to the car, and she didn't stir in the least.

Oh, and I learned that Bibek had indeed been promoted to full professor. He had asked Unal, Eva and I to serve as outside reviewers on his research, which of course we had done, and he thought that he had told us the outcome of the petition process, but he hadn't. So that was good news.

## **Sunday, July 17**

Mostly a quiet day, made some progress on brand extension paper. At 5, went to Bib Bazaar, a less up-scale store than the one went to with Bibek and Sejal. There was some serious crowding, shoulder to shoulder, front to back all the way through. This was more of a discount store a la Walmart, though once again a brand new place, sort of department store in that it carried a wide variety of items, from food and household goods to clothes, sporting equipment and housewares. Again, people found me interesting and I would get stares. Kids would come right up to me and gawk. If I said hello, I would often get a smile and a handshake. I wanted to take pictures of some of the display, but they stopped me. Probably thought I would rat them out to the competition. But I got a couple pics before they caught me.

I also learned how to calculate motorized rickshaw fares. There is a meter beside the driver that shows distance gone in kilometers. Fare is 100 times distance in kilometers divided by 4. For example, if you went 2 kilometers (about the distance we went today), then the fare is  $2 \times 100 / 4$  or 50 rupees, about a buck and a quarter, or a little more than 60 cents a kilometer. There is no tip.

## **Tuesday, July 19, 2005**

Another good day, though a quiet one. Teaching and preparing to teach. But there were some interesting news items. They deliver a paper every morning with tea, either the Times of India, or the Ahmedabad Times. Two local stories that are ongoing have my attention. The first is that some festival or holiday is coming up. It centers around Ganesh, a god, I think, with the body of a rotund man and the head of an elephant. The center of the festivities, it seems, is a procession in which very large Ganesh idols are paraded. The idols are then immersed in some nearby body of water. The idols are generally made of plaster and straw and can be 12 feet high. The police are restricting the sizes permitted this year, however, because they say the idols pollute the water. People are upset.

A second news item, also a dispute, is the case of cows on the road. They get in the way of traffic and people want them off the road. The cow herders have taken exception to this, and have gone to court. However, the judge is someone who hit a cow with his car, and is far from impartial. Sejal offers another side to the issue. Apparently the area in and around Vastrapur, that district of Ahmedabad in which IIMA is, has grown extremely rapidly. Much of paved roads and buildings Bibek tells me were not there five years ago. It is urban sprawl, Indian style. And what was there before? Pastures for cows, tended by herders who have been there for generations, who have all of a sudden been displaced. So, they build the city into this area without making provisions for these people or their animals. So there they are, still there, on the roads, in underpasses, standing on the dividers between traffic, subsisting by eating from dumpsters, etc. And they are unwelcome.

Bibek and Arindam were hosting a gentleman from InfoSystems for lunch. InfoSystems is the first Indian company to be publicly traded on the Nasdaq. He was just back from Salisbury, NC, probably an hour or so from Boone, consulting for Food Lion. Food Lion is headquartered in Salisbury. So, we sat around discussing Food Lion, Lowes Foods, Harris Teeter, Winn Dixie, Krogers. Small world.

While perusing food and retail stores over the weekend, saw a popular brand of snack foods names Uncle Chipps. Thought of Scott and Drew.

Teaching tomorrow evening, then off to Rajasthan by train, leaving tomorrow night at 11. May be incommunicado for a bit, but will have a pen-and-paper journal materials with me, should anything juicy happen. Will transcribe on Saturday or thereafter. Everyone have a good couple days. India Journal Network signing off, temporarily.

### **Sunday, July 24**

India Journal Network back on the air. Back from Udaipur, in Rajasthan, a fascinating trip. We did not travel all that far, about 350 or 400 km north, but it is a new state, and a different culture, so comparison and contrast with what have seen so far lends new perspective. And travel to Delhi and Agra in a week or so to offer more contrast still.

Bibek and I went by train. Sleeper car. These were overnight trains to and from. Left Wednesday after class for an 11:00 pm train. The station was crowded. It provides sleeping areas for many people, so you must weave your way through a virtual carpet of diverse humanity arrayed out in family units looking a little like a giant parkay floor, some spreading themselves out east to west, others north to south. The trains offer several levels of accommodation, the cheapest being bench seats in regular train cars. These are I am told very inexpensive, since the trains are government run and highly subsidized to make trains affordable for everyone. There are a couple levels of sleeper accommodations. We took berths in the highest level, which affords air-conditioned travel in four-berth cabins. Going out, the sleeper car we occupied was perhaps a quarter full, and Bibek and I had a cabin to ourselves. In each there are also toilet facilities of interesting design to western sensibilities, and a separate sink, whose water is of course unavailable to me (we had brought bottled water). Two sheets, a blanket and pillow are provided, and the accommodations were quite comfortable. Bibek and I retired for the night soon after departure. I awoke before he did, around 6 am. It was light, so enjoyed watching the passing landscape, which I found both austere and rather dramatic, quite different than Gujarat. The area is at least semi-arid, with scrubby green vegetation pocking lightly covered bare earth. The area is hilly, and became more so, and greener as we approached Udaipur. The hills are small, perhaps better described as hillocks, but many of them had deep sides, angular profiles, and largely thrust up individually from rather flat surrounding land. A distinctly, though stylistically, rendered, in the 17<sup>th</sup> century court paintings that we saw in the museums of the City Palace, the home of the local Maharanas, in Udaipur. This landscape also held many small huts that served as family homes. These were for farmers whose small plots were clearly delineated by walls surrounding their fields whose size seemed more reminiscent of good sized



suburban backyards than farms. Bibek said that most of them would till the soil by oxen rather than machinery. The overall effect from the train was that this was a landscape in miniature, rather luminous in warm shades running from ochers and golds to that sort of emerald green that I would associate with the earliest vegetation of spring, overlaid by those dark viridian shrubs that pock the far green hills.

I came to learn that Udaipur is a lake city, though the area has suffered drought for two years, and the lake is dry, a disappointment to Bibek. It is also a place with many palaces, a little like an Indian version of Newport Rhode Island. Many or all of these have been turned into luxury hotels run by the HrH group. Ours was one of these, the Shiv Niwas (Shiv-Nee-Vass, with the accent on the last syllable), a very nice place whose main feature was a pool around which we had some lingering breakfasts, one of the best parts of the trip. The Shiv Niwas has 36 rooms, and is the first time in this trip that I have seen other many other westerners. Still, the hotel was rather empty, as this is the offseason. The season runs about 5 months, from September to February, at which time the rates are 2 ½ times what they were for us, and they are for the most part booked. Of all the rich history and culture that this area represents, I found it amusing that the first mention the guides make (it is their hook to get us to hire them) is that Roger Moore stayed at the Shiv Niwas during the filming of Octopussy. But, what can I say, it is one of the first things things I am mentioning, as well! Though our room did not face the lake (Bibek had originally reserved one of these, but thought better of it, what with the lake currently being dry, and lake rooms being more expensive), Shiv Niwas is on the lake shore, looking out over what is called the Lake Palace, which occupies the whole of an island directly off the terrace on which we ate dinner for two nights. We ate tandoori fish, chicken and mutton with an Indian merlot that was quite nice and rather distinctive in flavor.

There were musicians, a father and son, who played classical Indian music. Their instruments were a stringed instrument that the father played with a bow, and the son played a pair of drums that made that distinctive hollow sound that I associate with Indian music. I liked it very much. It sounds wistful to me, like a lamentation. Bibek said that classical Indian music is built upon a 7 note scale like ours (like ours in that it has 7 notes, I do not know how the notes themselves relate), but that according to the rules of classical Indian music, the composer selects some subset of all the notes, say four of them, and then builds the composition using just that, challenging him or herself to achieve as much variation as possible in their usage. Moreover, each raga, as I am told they are called, slowly increased in tempo through the piece and reaches a crescendo at the end. In the imposition of rules of this sort and in the finding of variations on a theme, this sounds a little to me reminiscent of neoclassical forms in western music, as I understand them, when counterpoint was king. Bach would settle upon some underlying theme or structure, and then develop myriad variations upon it, and set it all with some sort of structure. I think the rules between western and Indian classical music must be different, and the instruments, but the idea of working against some constraint is the same.

The lake bed itself was not entirely devoid of water. There were streams running through it, that provided water for the grasses that were growing rather abundantly there. And

there were a number of cows, horses and camels feeding on them, tended in some places by women in colorful saris. Most of these were at such distances that the saris were but pints of color in amongst the herds. In the background were rising hills, larger than those we saw from the train coming into Udaipur, though still not large. There were some monasteries built on the tops of some of the steepest and tallest of these. Some were lit at night, and floated rather high in the sky above the lake. The hills surround the lake region, and form a bowl with it. A wall reminiscent of the Great Wall of China fronts the entrance to the valley that contains Udaipur. It runs from the crest of the hill on one side, down steep slopes, and up to the crest on the other side. This was to deter invaders, of which some later sightseeing showed there were many. When armies were sighted, a cannon was fired.

The first day, I for one was rather tired, a product I think of the travel and having run for the train directly from class. And, too, from sleeping on the train, though I perceived that to be very comfortable and I thought I slept well. So, in the afternoon, we watched some cricket, a sport about which Bibek is obsessive, and has been trying to teach for several years. And, to my amazement, I gained that rudiments that afternoon and could follow the match, and get involved in it, enjoy it, even. The Ashes cup is playing. That is the annual tournament between Australia and England. Its prime feature is that Australia has been the best team in the world for the last 7 or 8 years, and England is apparently better than they have been, to the extent that it was felt that England seriously challenge Australia this year. Australia has won the cup for the last 7 or 8 years. The Ashes cup itself is black, and the ads for the tournament were built around a soot and ashes motif, reminiscent of Edward Gorey. There is apparently a story there, don't know what, Bibek couldn't remember. Probably one side or another in ought four declaring that if they didn't win that year they would burn their underwear right there on the field. Or some such. Anyway, have a long way to go on tactics (i.e., fast bowlers have the advantage when the ball is new and as yet unscuffed) and terminology (i.e, spin bowlers, who have wicked curves), but at least I have the basics. Bibek was rooting for England because he is tired of the Australians always winning, and he wants to see some competition. Alas, England got so far behind rather early that they would had to set all time records to win. So that was that.

At night, before dinner, we attended a light and sound show at the City Palace, the adjoining palace to Shiv Niwas, and the ancestral home of the Maharanas of Mawar, the absolute rulers of this district from the 7<sup>th</sup> century AD until Indian independence on August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1947. There is a current Maharana and a successor, who is in school in Australia, but the post is ceremonial now. The City Palace is now a museum that we toured the next day. The light show was played over the front of the palace and surrounding spaces and structures, and told the story of Mawar and the Maharanas, which was quite dramatic and eventful, many episodes of which are grade school lore for all Indians. Many of these stories involve heroism in battle, the sacrifice of one's life or one's family for the greater good. For example, the most revered Maharana of all is the warrior Pratap, who fought and lost to the Mughal Akbar in the battle of Haldighati in 1576. Forever associated with Pratap is his beloved warrior horse Chetak, who sustained mortal wounds at Haldighati but did not die until carrying Pratap to safety, away from the chasing Mughals. The iconic image of this event is a large painting here in the city castle

showing the valiant Chetak breathing his last, his head in the lap of Pratap. There is another story of a similar sacrifice on behalf of the Maharanas, this concerning the nurse of a then infant Maharana. There was apparently a relative of the baby successor who planned to slay the kid to seize the throne. The nurse got wind of this, sent the baby off to safety, and replaced it with her own baby, also male and of similar age, who was subsequently slain. Naturally, with this sacrifice, she made it into the sound and light show. Anyway, though Mawar is not the only kingdom in India, and Mawar's are not the only Maharanis in India, Pratap is much revered because he is Hindu, and was the last to fall to the Mughals, who I learned are Muslims from Afghanistan. Apparently, Pratap was so well respected by the Mughal Akbar, his foe at Haldigati, that Akbar left Pratap with some portion of his lands even after his defeat, thus permitting succession up to 1947. For a lot of people, Pratap (and Chetok, too, for that matter, represent old India, Hindu India, the followers of Shiva, against the encroachment of foreign invaders, principally the Muslim Mughals. Kind of reminds me of the pride felt by Anglo-Saxons in the face of the Norman Conquest.). The sound and light show was introduced personally with the voice of the current Maharana, and, naturally, this history is very complimentary of his family and its history. It will be interesting when get to Delhi, a more predominantly Muslim city, from where Akbar, Pratap's foe, hailed, to see how this same history is related there. Bibek says they have a sound and light show, too.

The tour of the City Palace the next day was very interesting following upon the brief history of the previous evening. Particularly interesting were the portraits of all the Maharanas from the 7<sup>th</sup> century forward, an apparently unbroken line of male successors. The courts portraits were stylized and followed a certain form rather faithfully, so small variations in man of its features became interesting. All of them were side silhouettes, and the familial resemblance was very strong all the way through. Kind of reminded me of those portraits of the deMedicis.

The ride back was notable because we this time shared our cabin with a couple traveling businessmen. Apparently there aren't flights from Udaipur, a town of 750,000 to Ahmedabad. One of these gentlemen was an engineer, a manufacturer, who worked for a sugar maker, and was visiting plants. The other was a marketer of kitchen utensils and home appliances, and was visiting distributors. Suman, the engineer, was interesting because he talked politics all night. He blames all the world's ills on the Muslims, who are all fanatical in his view and are out to brainwash all of us, which can be done very easily. He wants the U.S. to ferret out all terrorists and exterminate them immediately, which he feels they could easily do if they just had the will, and in general impose much harsher rules of behavior on all peoples in all societies, so we could just get some order. Basically, he wants us all to shape up. He wasn't dour, though, he would also listen, and he was funny, we laughed a lot.

The other guy, the kitchen utensil marketer, I've forgotten his name, was interesting to talk to because his goods, once they leave the hands of his distributors, and through them their sales people, are sold in countless small store fronts, those Indian Mom and Pops of which there literally are countless numbers. In this kind of environment, supply chain management is almost wishful thinking. I say further evidence of this in the motorized rickshaw tour Bibek and I took through old Udaipur, through the very narrow streets that

also contain the primary shop areas and markets of the city. These are lively and colorful places, but the number of tiny storefronts packed one after another in the labyrinthing web of tiny streets is mindboggling, from the standpoint of a salesman seeking representation of his wares therein, and the, have obtained it, seeking to assure that case proceeds flow back in return. Our companion for the evening admitted that there are limitations to the accounting that they could keep of the processes, while they are at the same time utterly dependent upon such grass roots distribution channels, because they currently dominate the Indian market. Being hands on is the ticket. Our marketing friend is on the road 22 days out of each month.

Enough for now. Must sleep. With the polemics of last night, didn't get much sleep then. And it is back to teaching tomorrow. This is India Journal Network saying goodnight, and have a pleasant tomorrow.

### **Monday, July 25**

Was asked to host for lunch a visiting professor, Manoj Agarwal, from SUNY Binghamton. Felt a little strange in my capacity here to be hosting another visitor, let alone one who is Indian and a 1972 graduate of IIMA! Manoj is very nice, originally from Bombay, has been at SUNY Binghamton for many years, a student of Brian Ratchford's at SUNY Buffalo. Is teaching a three-class seminar on discrete choice models. Also presented his work concerning financial measurement of marketing outcomes, based on a model drawn from that 2004 Rust-Lemon-Zeithaml measurement paper. Needless to say, a lot of Chapel Hill connectivity there! And the Triangle in general, seeing as how Kay was at Duke for a couple years. Bibek joined us at lunch after seeing MoMo off to somewhere.

My geography is terrible. Ankush and I were looking at a map of India and he was explaining different regions of India. We are in an area that is largely Hindu. Most of the prime ministers come from the north. And Ahmedabad is just about exactly on the equator. ON the equator! I am spending half my summer ON THE EQUATOR!! Am I crazy?! I didn't know that! Well, that explains the humidity, the dust storms and the monkeys. Should maybe spend half of next winter at the north pole, to kind of average things out.

### **Tuesday, July 26**

Still thinking about being ON THE EQUATOR. Almost more than being 6,000 miles away and in India, this has really struck me. Seems to hold some iconic meaning, likely stemming from grade school geography days. I keep flashing on Miss Niemela, my fourth grade teacher. Must mean something. She put us in the perspective of seeing Pittsburgh, boring old, every day, frigid, chapped lipped, pasty faced Pittsburgh (they must have taught us about the tropics in the dead of winter) as being high up on the globe, on that steep slope that pitches up toward the north pole. And impossibly far down to the south of us, around the very middle of the world like a big belt, was the equator,

and exotic peoples and places. Wow. No chapped lips there. Don't ship captains give prizes for being on the equator? I will have to ask Bibek if he has his. If so, then they must post ship captains in all the hospitals. Must hold a little ceremony for every newborn. "Congratulations, Mahesh Gupta, here is your fruit juicer, normally a 1,600 rupee value, but yours free for being born ON THE EQUATOR!"

In having lunch with Manoj Agarwal yesterday, our visitor from SUNY Binghamton, we got into discussion of arranged marriages. His is one of them. He has been married for a number of years. He described the process. It all begins when the family puts an ad in the paper inviting contact from interested (and qualified) families. These ads are called matrimonials, and they take up a good portion of the Sunday paper. I have cut some out, and bringing them back with me ("Nice Bengali girl, 5' 4" inches, fair and very attractive, Ivy League MBA, in search of Hindu professional, IIT graduate, non-smoker, etc... caste not at issue."). My class tells me that the latter, caste not being an issue, is new wrinkle, signaling cultural shift. Families then talk. Then meet. Then intended betrothed meet and if seems ok, then hitched. Manoj said he and wife met for about 15 minutes before marriage, seemed ok, so hitched. Manoj made a firm argument for arranged marriages being better overall, than independent, romance-driven marriages. Arranged marriages are clearly a more communal process, and easier for family relations. I wanted to ask him about the role of pheromones in all of this, but didn't want to roil the waters. He was already defending a system to me that I was not questioning. Besides, maybe there is a communal pheromone effect. Maybe whole families smell good to each other. Hmm...could be a paper in that.

Darairajan finished tabbing the learning styles data. Took him 45 hours (Ha! I told him it would take 40). At 75 rp an hour, that is 3375 rp. I gave him an even 3500. That is \$87.50. I will be double checking his work, but if proves accurate, we could do some future business – i.e., outsourcing some future tabbing. Shipping him Xeroxes of survey sheets might cost \$50, to arrive in 4-7 days. Total for job would then be \$150 on outside, likely less, depending upon the survey length and how many of them there are. Wouldn't need to return the survey forms. Tabbed data could be e-mailed as an attached Excel spreadsheet. Darairajan is fast, would likely turn around in a week or 2.

This was day of Lunch with Larry. There were 7 of us. Went into Old Ahmedabad, very attractive, to a "heritage building" restaurant in a favored hotel. Across the street is building containing the window screen appearing in IIMA logo. Food was fabulous, all vegetarian. Best thing of all was the coconut water. Have had this several times now, all good, but this was the best. Had a bit of shaved coconut on top, and was mixed with lemon juice and ginger. We each had two. Had a pleasant time, pleasant company. A lot of American schools represented there – Wharton, Texas Austin, Purdue twice, SUNY Buffalo. One guy trained in India. The Wharton guy ordered lunch, did a great job, has good taste. The Wharton guy was at McGill several years before returning to IIMA. Also have invitations for the weekend. My class asked me to dinner Saturday night, a great compliment, for which I am very pleased. They were in turn very pleased when I told them that Indian food would be great, that we could go anywhere they wanted. And Sujoy Chakravarty's mother is visiting from Calcutta, and he has talked of having Bibek,

Sejal and me over. That too is very nice, hope there is not a conflict. Social calendar filling rapidly.

Have learned how to load photos onto computer. Nothing to it. Will do so in morning. Have good one for Fredric Coffey, who always wants “naughty” postcards. Hard to find here (search prior entries under “prim”), so best I can do is photo of stone statue of one of those sinuous, buxom dancing girls so favored in this male-dominated society that you find them adorning temples. A lot of them adorning temples. Not that I really noticed. Had a number of them among the sculpture collection at the City Palace. Fredric asked for naughty postcard last year, too, from rural Ireland. A tall order in these places. Don’t think I will mention future trips to him at all, unless it is to Tijuana. If we didn’t like his restaurant so much... Just kidding, like Fredric quite a lot, and his idea of naughty is quaint naughty. Like Wharton friend, he has good taste. He went to art school, after all!

### **Wednesday, July 27**

Selected Matrimonials from the Sunday Times of India, Ahmedabad, July 17<sup>th</sup>, 2005.

Hindu U.S. citizen, 47/167, bachelor, M. Tech (ITT), computer professional working in USA, pure vegetarian, looking for Hindu bride, pure vegetarian, well educated, fluent in English and willing to stay in USA. Caste, language no bar. Interested persons respond with details and full size photo.

Very handsome, mid 30’s absolutely looks 20’s, MBA undergrad, finance, Ivy League and boarding school educated Sikh (Non-Turbaned), very fair, athletic, cheerful, good looking, optimistic, successful investment banker now owns own consulting company, from well traveled affluent South Delhi family, ex-Navy now business, boy seeks beautiful, educated, compassionate girl in 20’s, early 30’s. Caste/religion no bar. Please e-mail with photo to...

Wanted. An educated, cultured, smart bride for 31/6 feet tall handsome US based doctor with H1 visa from family of academicians in Delhi. Boy visiting Delhi in August. Phone...

Very beautiful and tall bride for ’79 born 6’1” very handsome sporty class 1 gazetted officer. Engg (Central Gov’t). Caste no bar. Bride is the prime consideration. Phone...

Suitable alliances are sought for “Groom,” 27/160, wheatish, highly educated, Hindu Konkanasth Brahmin, only son from a decent & well reputed family with good moral values, into government service (Merchant Navy) earning handsomely, seeks “Bride” from a decent family with good moral values and with good culture. Should be smart, attractive, intelligent and homely in the age group of 20-25 years. If the above profile attracts attention, then contact with bio-data and postcard size photograph (returnable) Mr. Jagdish Narayan Rao (father), Mrs. Kallash Kamari (mother), Mr. Varran Rao (groom), address...

**Thursday, July 28**

Just met my new office neighbor, a new faculty member by the name of Tejas Desai. Turns out he got his Ph.D. from the School of Public Health at Chapel Hill in 2003. A biostatistician. Spent a post-doc at NIH in RTP before starting here in January. Ahmedabad is his hometown, and finds life on this campus “ok,” but seems to miss Chapel Hill and the conveniences of America. He lived in Carrboro, which is indeed a great place to live, particularly for a young person, and we knew some of the same places. Weaver St. Market he mentioned, perhaps a little wistfully. He seemed to enjoy the reminiscences. He started out saying, “These probably weren’t there when you were in Chapel Hill...” Of course, he was presuming on my date of graduation from my geriatric appearance. In fact, he arrived only about a year after we went up the mountain. He knew of Appalachian State.

It’s raining again, heavily. The water is beginning to puddle and collect. It has been dry for a good while. The rain does cool things off. This storm is apparently the upper edge of the rain that is pelting Bombay. Bombay had the heaviest one-day rain in history a day or 2 ago, 40” in 24 hours, and they are flooded. People are dying, transportation is down. People stuck in their offices for days, unable to get home. One guy walked all night to get to his daughter’s school. Can’t imagine life on the streets at this time. The newspaper photos have been spectacular. Ahmedabad does not get nearly the monsoon rain that Bombay does. Our weather here is rather different, less rainy and cooler. However, Bombay being the financial capital, when its systems are screwed up, it tends to screw up the whole country.

To revisit an earlier theme. The dinner rolls they leave out on all the tables at lunch in MDC, in little straw baskets. I continue to be struck by their incongruity. There they are among all the rices and dals and alooos, the curries and yogurt soups, the flat breads and all the other exotic Indian fare, this basket of what is to my sensibilities one of the most standard and banal of all American foods. It is as if Betsy Crocker swooped in just before lunch and, like Santa Clause on Christmas Eve, bestowed on each table a basket of dinner rolls. Each and every day. Even on Chinese-Indian day. And nobody eats them. Well, I do, and at no time more gladly than the day something I ate lit my mouth like a Jupiter rocket. Still, their presence, basket and all, feels like a bit of misbegotten American outreach. Culinary mission work gone awry. Curious.

Got Ankush to take the free consumer survey on Eharmony.com. It is a current example of psychographic profiling, so thought it might be an amusing thing to bring into class, a curious and topical illustration of that kind of consumer research. It would appear that they are in the Indian market, an interesting initiative on their part given the tradition here of arranged marriages. Ankush is in the process now. His father is soliciting young ladies on his behalf even as we speak. Still, he found the exercise interesting. I suggested, even if one does not buy the matching service, it might be good to have his prospective brides complete the survey and submit the profile. He will have only about 15 minutes with his prospective bride to make a decision. She and he will have veto power, though I would imagine that it would be hard to come up with reasons in 15

minutes that would trump the family process. I think he saw some merit in the profiling thing.

### **Friday, July 29**

An addendum to last night's discussion of arranged marriages, particularly with respect to that 15 minutes that the bride and groom get to make a decision. Ankush told me about his brother's betrothal and the manner in which he and his intended (now wife in Dayton) spent that 15 minutes. Ankush's brother was already in Dayton at the time, 2002. His father arranged 6 or 7 candidates from whom he could select. He was a professional employed in America with an H1 visa, a working visa, so that made him hot stuff. He sounds like a rather traditional sort, from Ankush's description, and wanted a wife who would follow him, professionally. Moreover, he liked the USA, so wanted someone willing to relocate there. He rejected one candidate because she had her own professional aspirations. The one with whom he met, his eventual wife, was also a professional, an engineer working for a computer software firm in Mumbai, but didn't like her job all that much and was willing to relocate indefinitely to the USA, even though she had never been there. Ankush was with his brother when they met for their 15 minutes, acting as a – I am not sure what – a second, a best man, an assistant, a facilitator, a mediator, a helper. It doesn't matter if you are 20 or 37, the method is still the same. Father, the arranger, introduces, and sets the ground rules. "Sanjay, this is Gita. There is a coffee shop around the corner. Why don't you kids run there and get acquainted. It's 6:05 now, just be back by 6:20." Ankush's brother had been in the USA for a while by then, and had some other ideas. Having met his wife, he wasn't sure, and wanted more time. Asked if they could hang around with each other for a few days, get to know each other. This was a no go. Dad said that he had to decide then and there. The son asked, what if I can't? Dad said, you have to. The brother's main concern was height. He is 5'7". Traditionally, boys in couples are taller. His intended was also 5'7". So brother had he and his intended back to back, barefooted, with Ankush measuring. Ankush's verdict: she wasn't taller. They got married, went back to Dayton immediately, and are reportedly very happy, with kids. Apparently she likes Dayton. There is a large Hindu community there, with a brand new temple that they are all proud of (I supplied web site in earlier entry, or e-mail, I believe), so she has a lot of companionship and support therein.

Met with a couple reporters today, I believe from a Mumbai newspaper. They are doing a story on IIMA professors who have taught foreign students abroad, and spoke with me as a foreign professor teaching Indian students here. They were mostly interested in differences between American and foreign students, and my thoughts on other professors' views of IIMA students. I actually find more similarities than differences between students, while being very complimentary of students here, and didn't entirely agree with the dissatisfactions expressed by IIMA professors with IIMA students, so I am not sure that I was a big hit.



Bibek and I went shopping. I wanted some note paper for thank you notes, as well as some CD's of Bollywood classics. We went to a bookstore for the tapes, and took a look at the books as well. Harry Potter is everywhere.

Bibek picked me up at the front of the school. When I got to Bibek's new car, a Maruti Swift, very nice, there was a woman in the back seat that I had not met. It turned out to be Sujoy's mother, visiting from Calcutta, who we would be seeing at Sujoy's house on Sunday evening. She was handsome and rather regal. Her first words to me were, "Buckle your seat belt." I buckled. I noticed that she didn't have hers on, but I wasn't going there. She turned out to be a warm and interesting person, and I liked her very much. She lived in the US for most of the 60's. Her husband was a physicist who spent 5 or so years at Columbia, from 1960 to 1965, and then another several years at the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh, from 1965 to 1968, before returning to Pittsburgh. Sounds as if he was a pretty good physicist. In Pittsburgh, they lived on the corner of Forbes and Craig. I told her that we may have passed on the street. We went to a very nice womens' clothing store, where the textiles were beautiful. No surprise, seeing as how this is a center of the textile industry. A lot of silks and cottons. I bought some scarves, and the note paper there. In the bookstore, called the Crossword, I got my CD's. Then we stopped for ice cream in Bibek's favorite ice cream store. It is a chain that began at JuHu Beach, where Unal and I had been in January, and their plant is still there. Bet it's under water at the moment. The ice cream was very good. Had the "Tender Coconut," and the "Chiskoo," the latter a local fruit (not that coconut isn't!). Chiskoo is oval and brown. They had a picture of it on the wall. Bibek told me later that Sujoy's mother is from a very lettered and academic family, that an uncle of hers is a very famous novelist in India, kind of like Dickens. Wow. Sujoy's older brother is also an academic, a full professor in Consumer Sciences at Purdue, where he has been since the 1980's. Consumer Sciences is basically current vernacular for Home Ec, though Bibek says he publishes a lot in high end finance journals. Bibek called Sujoy's mother Mishima (sp), but he told me that is not her name. It means "aunt." There is a tradition for that. Bibek says that most children's parents' male friends are referred to as Uncle, and female friends as Aunt. For instance, MoMo (as Bibek told me, I have never heard her say this) refers to me as "Larry Uncle." It is also apparently an Indian tradition that the Uncle designator follows the name in the above way. Hm. Uncle Chip, Larry Uncle. None of that sounds terribly usual, does it?

### **Saturday, July 30**

More on the Bollywood CD's I bought yesterday, with Bibek and Mishima's (can I call her that?) help. I had asked Bibek to specify some classic Bollywood films that I might have. These are they. The first is Mughal-Eazam, suggested by Mishima. Circa 1960, it is an historical drama, a period piece apparently along the lines of a Cecil B. DeMille-like Hollywood epic of the Elizabeth Taylor era. It tells the story of the Mughal invasion, so it provides me with a little Indian history. And in amongst the slaughtering hordes raining down from Afghanistan will be some Bollywood-style dance numbers. Gotta have that. Can't wait.

Second is Sholay, a newer film (1980's?) starring a young Amitabh Bachchan, who is still a big star here. This was described to me as his "angry young man" era. It is a contemporary remake of the old Sergio Leone western, Once Upon A Time in the West. To remind you of that film, if you don't recall it terribly well, it is a spaghetti western. You will recall Leone as the maker of a series of Clint Eastwood Italian westerns, including The Good, the Bad and the Ugly. Once Upon a Time in the West starred Charles Bronson, Jason Robards, Claudia Cardinale, and Henry Fonda as what could have been the coldest, cruelest, most evil bad guy ever in filmdom. He must have loved doing that. This version is updated to current times, with once again some show-stopping tunes thrown into the mix, clearly a must-see. Bachchan himself has become an Indian institution. Ankush was amazed that I had never heard of him. Bachchan is still making films, has started his own company, does more commercials than Bill Cosby ever dreamed about, and has run for public office successfully. He now sports a white beard, though his thick hair is still jet black. Hmm. Kind of a Scotty dog magnet look.

The last film is quite recent and very successful in America, so less news here. Got it because it is cheaper here than at home. It is Monsoon Wedding, directed by Mira Nair, an Indian woman director who also, even more recently, did the film Vanity Fair, with Reece Witherspoon, which we loved. It mixed elements of period British society and Indian culture in a quite interesting manner. So want to see this also.

Am also hoping to get Lagaan, a fourth film Bibek touted. It is set at a time when Britain was still ruling India, and taxes were being imposed. Lagaan means taxes. The Brit overseeing some given town declared, at the behest of the local Indian leader, that if the Indians could best the British in cricket, then he would not impose the taxes, having declared that no Indian team could beat a British team in cricket. This is the story of a ragtag Indian team learning to play cricket from scratch and taking on the mighty British. The sister of the Brit running the town took umbrage with her brother's declaration, and his attitude, and coached the Indians. Guess who wins. Ankush said the film is showing in management classes as an example of effective leadership on the part of the Indian leading the town.

So much for Movies in the News. To breakfast.

I do not know if this journal is being received. Apparently the school does not have its own server. It pays for space on a server in Mumbai, which is currently under water. There must actually be more than one server, some of which are indeed operational, since I am able to send and receive to some people but not others. I am also trying to confirm my Air India flights to Mumbai and to Heathrow, and reserve seats, which I could not do before I left, but Air India's servers too are under water. They are to have new servers plugged in in a day or so. An incredible amount of systems flow into and out of Mumbai (Ankush claims that Mumbai accounts for 54% of India's GNP, and incredible amount if true), so when Mumbai breaks, all India is affected. Not good to be so dependent upon one place, especially when it's so overtaxed and fragile. My flights are far enough away, most of two weeks, that my travel should not be affected. In any case, international flights get priority. Dinesh Davé, a colleague at Appalachian who is from Ahmedabad, cautioned me to get connections through Mumbai that do not require me to change

terminals, precisely because Mumbai floods frequently during monsoon season, and often shuts down as a result – which I have done. Very prescient on his part.

The place is quiet this Saturday afternoon. India is playing Sri Lanka in cricket, a one day match. A big deal. India got off to a miserable start, which has cast a pall. Last I looked, India had scored 200 runs on 9 outs, far below what one would hope to have to compete. The problem is that this is not only a below-average score, but India is a strong scoring team, but does not have strong bowlers, so prospects for recovery are not good. And Sri Lanka has an astoundingly good spin bowler (he has a congenital wrist condition which actually aids his bowling – unusual flexibility leading to unusual movement in the ball), and everyone knows that spin bowlers only get better in the later innings. So there you have it. We can only hope.

### **Sunday, August 7**

It's been a good week. Between classes and travel, have been unable to report, but back from Agra and Delhi last night, an interesting experience. As they say about India being a very diverse country, each state I have seen so far has certainly had its distinctions.

Last Monday was final lecture class (have final two classes this coming Monday and Tuesday). We took pictures at very beginning, and students then invited me out to dinner afterwards, which was quite touching, and a lot of fun. They were even all there, even Hee Don Shu, our remaining auditor. We took several rickshaws to a nearby place called Tomatos, a Hollywood themed restaurant. Elvis and Marilyn and movie posters all over the walls, and license plates from Kansas, Texas and New Jersey. We are at a long table in one corner of a multilevel dining room filled with half walls for privacy, not far from the kitchen. It feels not unlike Macadoo's in Boone, and some dinners I have had there with students. Funny. But, no beer of course. The food was good, a mix of Indian and what passes in India for American bar food (nachos and the like, with Indian spices, all rather good – as Bibek has said, Indian like there to be a zing left on the tongue). But what was fun was watching the kids, who are clearly good friends (they are second-year students in a class of only 300, with similar interests and therefore curricula, who also are living together in the campus dormitory) and out on the town, which Devadas said they make a point of doing every month or 6 weeks, and having a good time. They ate communally, buying a lot of appetizers and desserts and passing them. It was also common for students with forks and spoons to be circulating and swooping and reaching, taking big gobs of whatever was at hand. I think they all grew up in big families. Of course all of India is like this. As Bibek commented later, you will see the same kind of sharing among strangers on trains. Needless to say, this is what makes living in America so difficult for many Indians, that life here is by contrast so insular in detached. Bibek tells me that Unal feels it, too, and refers to Americans as living in bubbles. Indians tend to feel isolated in America, in an environment that is unresponsive, without affect. Bibek, who likes it in America, and would like to visit Boone again, even feels that time goes slower in America, that the days stretch longer, which I think may be a related effect. I think I may be feeling the converse here in India, with the hands of the clock just flying around the dial.

On Tuesday morning, Bibek and I took a car to the airport, and a Jet Air plane north to Delhi. Plane not filled, Bibek thought due to rain and flood problems that continue to the south of us, in Mumbai, may be responsible for that. It had been a hectic 12 hours, what with class, dinner with the students (we closed Tomatos), packing, and the early flight.

We are staying at the Indian International Center (IIC) in Delhi, a private club to which Bibek has access through IIMA's institutional membership. It is an interesting place, frequented by government officials (bureaucrats to Bibek, enunciated by him with considerable disdain), and all those with whom government officials, to be read as policymakers may consort, including academics, artists of many stripes, and foundation representatives. Concerning the latter, the IIC is surrounded by an interesting array of international foundation, including the Alliance Francais, the Ford Foundation, United Nations and UNICEF. Delhi being the nations capital of course. And, when we passed through downtown, it certainly did look a lot like Washington, with its British architecture, huge long malls and gardens. Delhi has a lot of large and beautifully tended gardens. Bibek said that this was not the interesting part of town, though I think he meant that, though it is interesting in its own right, it is not old Delhi, that part that reveals the true and historic nature of the place. At night, we walked 15 minutes to dinner, to a place called Chillies, a Chinese restaurant. Billy Holiday was playing. We had crispy lamb, pork curry, sole, green tea and ice cream. Good.

The club environment was very interesting. Very British. Again, manicured lawns, hedges, big trees, foot paths over creeks. Stone walls in the guest rooms that made you feel as if you were in Scotland. (The fact that the second test of the Ashes cup in cricket between England and Australia, that same match that Bibek and I watched while in Udaipur, on which I cut my cricket teeth, was on television must certainly have added to this effect. They were playing in London, all in traditional whites.) And there were signs EVERYWHERE asking you to be quiet. Including on the tv's in the rooms. In fact, there were regulations of all sorts that were to be followed. Including no "half pants" anywhere on the premises. Didn't matter which half. (Well, I suspect one half would have caused a bigger stir than the other.) (Turns out Muslims forbid half pants as well at certain holy shrines, so I got to wear a skirt for a while, but that story is for later.) Anyway, back to life at IIC, Bibek seems to find this effect both mildly amusing and mildly galling, saying that there is no one more British than some Indians. As a result, he seemed to have mixed feelings about eating dinner at the club. Though it forces him to consort with "toffee-nosed" Indians and bureaucrats, the club also is very pleasant, has good food, and is cheap. So we ate one night at the club. Bibek recommended the prawn cocktail and lamb with mint sauce, and I do, too. Followed that with fig and honey ice cream and tea. Also had a glass of a rather good glass of Indian white, brand name of Sur. Had a glass of their merlot in Udaipur a couple weeks ago, that was good, too.

A quick aside, really a correction to an early entry that was necessitated by my perusal of a globe in the lobby of the IIC (it is an international center after all). Wanted to check to see if the equator does indeed run through Ahmdabad, as I had been told. My faithful readers can see where this is going. I find that the equator does not run through, actually, any part of India. It passes south of India. What does pass through or near to

Ahmedabad is the Tropic of Cancer or the Tropic of Capricorn, whichever lies north of the equator. (No, I did not peruse the globe long enough to figure this out! If you are so interested, go find your own globe!)

(Gotta break, my watercolor pupils are here. Momo and a friend, Errol's daughter Saachi. Errol I met at dinner at Sujoy's, the guy who taught economics at Columbia. I don't think I mentioned that he is from Goa, which is Portugese. That is, it is a city and a region of India that was settled by Portugese immigrants, in, say, the 1500's. I believe it was Errol's mother who was Portugese. Should have told him about Susie's and my favorite ancestor, the Portugese contortionist who traveled with a circus. On the other hand, if he hadn't liked the story, I don't know how I would have gotten out of it. Ha ha. I'll be back once the Muse has departed!)

Wednesday in Delhi, we went tomb hopping. There are a lot of them there, stemming largely from the 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> centuries, if I remember correctly, all with Muslim influence, because these are the tombs of the Mughals. We started first thing with a walk through Lodi Park, which of course has tombs within it. So we walked through the tombs, smaller and I believe earlier than the Taj Mahal, but nice, made of red sandstone, quarried locally. Some of these will have inlays of white marble, which comes from Rajasthan. Of course, the Taj Mahal is made entirely of white marble, the only such tomb that I saw like that. Bibek pointed out in some of these the charred undersides of the domes. He tells me that these were originally lined with gold encrusted with jewels, but that, before the British left, they applied fire to them to melt them down, and took the riches with them. The tombs in Delhi were a good lead-in to Agra and the Taj Mahal, the most grandiloquent of all. I had seen post-cards of the Taj, but did not have this further context. Each of tombs turned out to be the centerpiece of small villages build around them. The villages are bordered by red sandstone walls. The outer walls are the backsides of small row houses built into the inner perimeter of the wall, whose arched doors face at regular and close intervals (the living spaces are small) into the center of the common space whose focus is the tomb. The villages themselves were square or rectangular, and everything was planned on a rather strict symmetry. The tombs themselves were either octagonal or decagonal (is that right? They had ten regular sides!). They also had great acoustics, all the better for calling. For these visits, it was nice being off season, it kept the crowds down. That, plus it was incredibly human these days, shirts-soaked-through-instantly weather.

Some background, very brief background, all new information for me, the history and geography dunce. There were six main mughals, according to Bibek, that ruled for 250 years or so, or up until the time of the British, who came in the 1700's (I think), and took advantage of the fact that after these great rulers India was returning to some level of disarray. The first was Babar, who was named after that French elephant cartoon character – wait a minute, I have that backward. Second was Humayun, followed by Akbar, the guy who fought with Rana Pratap, the at-that-time current reigning Maharana of Mawar, who we heard so much about in Udaipur, the one with the valiant horse Chetak. Bibek characterized Akbar as the consensus greatest of the Mughal rulers, because he was not only a great warrior, but an able administrator and a compassionate humanitarian. Akbar was followed by Salim, also called Jahangir, then Shah Jahan, who

built the Taj Mahal, then Aurangzeb, who killed his two older brothers and imprisoned his father for 16 years to win the honor (I know some MBA programs who give prizes for that kind of initiative).

On Wednesday, after the Lodi Gardens, we went to the tomb of the second of the above Mughals, Humayun, a great lead-in to Taj Mahal, because it showed a number of the same motifs that led to it. Think of it as a warm-up, in red sandstone with white marble inlay. What of course is the difference between postcards and actual experience is sense of scale. These things are big. They are not simply tombs, but clearly political and power statements intended to extend the power and the sway of the ruling families. Each of the really big tombs have grand concourses acres on a side perhaps fifty feet above the ground. It is from these large bases that the main structures themselves extend. Once accessed these concourses by tall staircases that are steep with high risers, clearly designed to humble the ascender. The builders were clearly from the always-keep-low-chairs-whose-seats-tilt-forward-in-front-of-your-desk-for-your-visitors school. And, once again, once on the concourse, everything about you causes you to feel diminutive. Huge expanses, great vistas, soaring domes, arches and minarets. And the forms are all intricately adorned, delicate, refined and elegant. It was pretty clear that priests would stand in these exalted spaces to call to worship, something more that would reinforce both the position of the ruling family and the church. Co-marketing, we call it today. Adding to a sense of awe and majesty was the fact that all this adornment, intricate carvings and inlays all over absolutely every surface, clearly took many skilled hands numerous years of work, an ostentatious show of wealth, position, refinement and power combined. On the other hand, when visiting with no particular political agenda or social position in mind, one can simply relax and enjoy the beauty of the place. You have to take your shoes off to enter.

Afterwards, we sat under a neem tree. Bibek says that neems are treasured for their shade, but also for medicinal qualities. These are the trees from which those sticks come that are used to clean the teeth. Modern pharmaceutical companies have explored the therapeutic qualities of the neem, which can apparently help with preventing tooth decay and reducing plaque and replacing enamel, or so I was told. Bibek said that there is a brand of toothpaste, called Neem, made from this tree, which you can find in the US, typically at health foods stores, or Whole Foods type outlets. The shade was indeed very pleasant.

Wednesday night, we had dinner with Sujoy's fiancé, Debolina, or Debo, very nice, we all had fun. She has been in Delhi for about six months. She tried to live in Ahmedabad, but couldn't stand the place, so she and Sujoy will be apart for a little while longer as they both consolidate their professional careers. Debo hated the status of women in Ahmedabad. To meet her is to know very quickly that she is not one to defer very quickly. That is apparently accepted in Delhi, which she likes, more readily than Ahmedabad, which is, apparently, a more traditional place. Debo had only been back in India for a little more than a year, having recently earned a Ph.D. in medical sociology (a new discipline for me) at Purdue. She is working for some agency involved in national health issues, and is currently on a task force doing some qualitative research to demonstrate that certain health dynamics are extant among certain social classes, namely,

the lower ones, so that certain kinds of necessary forms may have concrete support. Sorry I cannot be more precise and detailed, she told us, but I simply do not recall. It was interesting. She likes the work. She likes statistics and fitting research puzzles, and she likes that the results of this might actually help someone. She also likes the Grateful Dead. And her driving is something else. She claims that driving in the snow in West Lafayette scared her to death. In all other things behind the wheel, she is fearless. We went to an Italian restaurant, and listened to 60's vintage rock-and-roll in area that clearly had a teeming night life. Wanted to take a picture of the young Indians in the adjoining getting down to some real loud acid rock, but I was frankly too afraid. Our conversation was wide-ranging and fascinating. One such was the sex ratios of Punjabis. Whereas, the normal proportion of female-to-male births is roughly 50-50, with a slight systematic skew toward females, currently for Punjab less than 44% of all births are female. This is due to the common practice in Punjab of female foeticide, practiced there because female children are seen as a liability. Why is that? Dowries. Punjab is a relatively affluent state, and dowries are typically a proportion of wealth and/or income. Women are not a liability among the poor, because all hands are needed equally. Also, it is the affluent who can afford such procedures. An issue that concerns Debo is the prospect of this practice proliferating as India becomes more affluent. And additional if ironic social problem that may occur down the line is what happens to Punjab in the future when there are not enough brides.

Thursday morning, we drove to Agra, a 4 or 5 hour drive. This was fascinating as we went through downtown, suburbs, far suburbs, industrial areas, small towns, rural areas, changing areas, and so on. A real cross section of life in this area of northern India. In the suburbs we saw commuter traffic and commuters. A million buses. Further out were towns with large industries, such as Tata motors, mostly cars or transportation products of other types. In the rural areas, we saw small farms punctuated with small towns, greener than Ahmedabad, but still semi-arid, with nothing but bare earth in the towns. Bibek tells me that the eastern half of India is very different on this score, with much lush greenery and foliage, and most earth is grass-covered. Though we saw the usual array of dogs, cows, mules, with the occasional camel, monkey or elephant, we saw a great many water buffalo. Bibek tells me that most of the milk comes from water buffalo. It is simply the most common, though it is also thought to be healthy. Milk here is also gotten from goats and camels, in addition to cows. Cheese is supposed to be a growing segment. I would suppose that cheese from each of these sources would have its own characteristics. We stopped in a brand new shopping center. It was large, with several levels of stores (they tend to build up here, not out, no doubt due to population density), though most all the store space was not as yet rented, or open, so it was fairly empty of consumers as well. The builders are clearly looking to the future, as a larger number of modern apartment buildings are mushrooming all around it. These new structures, particularly these zippy and trendy new malls, are a real contrast with what you see on the landscape now, tiny store fronts that open up to dusty earth, cows and dumpsters, carts and milling people all around, scenes that look like they have been around for many man years. This overly of commercial modernity in some of its more garish forms is entirely incongruous, and one wonders how these clashing sectors will play themselves out in coming years. This is clearly going to be an awkward transition,

one that may be entirely unwelcome, even to some of those who may need it most, from an economic standpoint.

We saw the Taj Mahal in the early evening of a pretty day. One does not often see bright blue skies at this time of year, too much sun and humidity, but got lucky. We also found that the low light and long shadows were particularly agreeable for viewing this white marble building, which is so sensitive to atmosphere. It is beautiful sight, and the single most beautiful of the tombs that we saw, kind of like their completion. But, I don't have to much to say about it. You need to see it. It is on a river, and the grounds and setting are interesting. I asked Bibek if the Taj Mahal was an important national landmark, or emblematic of other things. He said that it is not so much representative of anything Indian, though Indians are certainly proud of it, but more of personal qualities, principally of the power and endurance of love. The Taj Mahal is thought of as the ultimate gift of love, built as it was for the beloved deceased wife of Shah Jahan. When Shah Jahan was imprisoned for 16 years by his youngest son, and placed in the fort in Agra, across the river from the Taj Mahal, he only asked that he be placed so that he can see the Taj from his cell, a request that was granted. Therefore, it is meaningful to many couples that their picture be taken together at the Taj Mahal.

On Friday, on the way back to Delhi from Agra, we stopped in the government center that Akbar built in Agra. He moved the capital there from Delhi, though he had to move it back 14 years later due to lack of fresh water. With the capital there, the population grew. This is where Bibek and I had to where skirts (there is a name for them, but I do not recall it). We had on our half pants, and they bare the knee (I guess either type of half pant would reveal this, so once again neither would be acceptable; though, if we speculate that a very British Indian club would find one type of half pant more outrageous than the other, I can only imagine how the keepers of a sacred Moslem shrine would feel). Though this was basically a government center, it is also a holy shrine because there is an important mosque on the premises, and is also the tomb of a very important priest, Akbar's priest, and his family. So the skirt to cover the knees, which was a piece of cloth provided us, which we tied like a towel around our middles. And, again, we were barefoot. In the tomb itself, there were those who would lay a scarf across the head of the coffin, and sprinkle it with flowers. There were many layers of these, and the air was very fragrant with the petals. We were told that the scarves were distributed to the poor, so Bibek and I both bought these and laid them. One also received a string that one tied to the window screen of the tomb, there were already many such strings tied there, and made a wish.

I am now back at IIMA, and back to my home base at MDC, having flown last evening back from Delhi. The watercolor lesson with Momo and her friend Saachi was fun. They were turning them out right and left so, rather than doing my own drawing, I found myself shoveling paper and clean water to them, and getting out of the way. What they did was nice, as all kids' stuff tends to be, and we had fun. Another visiting professor, this one from Goa, where Saachi's father is from (the Portugese place referenced earlier in this entry), stopped with great interest, so I offered here some paper and pencil as well, so she drew and we talked as well. Small world. It turns out her brother-in-law is Baba Shiv, who was a doctoral student in marketing at Duke at the time I was at Chapel Hill.



He is now at Stanford, having just gone there from Iowa. They left about 2. Bibek started them off by telling the girls that they paper I was letting them use was very good, so they had to be very careful, and be sure that they painted only good watercolors. This is why economists don't teach art. I ran him out of there and let them go. Their work was great, we had fun, and the paper never went to a better purpose.

Gotta run. Taking the Banerjees to dinner tonight. When back, will be in completion and separation phases. Can't believe it is almost over. Two final classes, some final grading, a bit more shopping, a settling of accounts, and plane leaves Wednesday night, to meet Di in Heathrow Thursday morning. This is India Journal signing off for the evening, and may you have a happy tomorrow.

### **Wednesday, August 10**

It is going to be a bitter-sweet final day. Excited and busy. Still have exams to grade. Will be receiving in my office, as expect a number of individuals will be stopping by. I have made friends here, for which I am greatly pleased and grateful. Of course, final chore will be to pack. I take a car to the airport at 11 pm, for a plane that departs at 3:10 am, Thursday. An hour layover in Bombay, then 9 hours to Heathrow, and Di, to arrive at 11 in the morning. Di will have been there for several hours. In spite of the hour, Bibek, Sejal and Ankush will be accompanying me to airport, a kindness made even more so by the fact that it is Bibek and Sejal's anniversary, and Bibek is himself taking an early morning flight, a consulting trip to Bangalore, I believe. Ankush is becoming downright maudlin. How funny. How to tell him it is a compliment I don't deserve. Very nice fellow.

Wish I could muster some summing up at this time, it seems called for because all of this has been a singular experience for me, made all the more so due to the warmth and friendship of the people of this community and country. But I don't know how to do it. This journal has been nothing more than a reporting of events as they happen, and my immediate impressions of them. A greater perspective is beyond me. One thing that is interesting is to see how one's center shifts over time from that place you come from, far away, to here, where you are. To come to know the rhythms and patterns of other people's days, to even become a part of them. And then to consider that tomorrow these will continue on without me. To know that the guy who has been delivering tea to my door every morning at 6 will still be walking these halls every morning, as will Mahesh, who takes the cleaning, trundling impossibly huge bundles of it to and from on his bicycle, and to know the faces and gestures of those that will be at reception at MDC, and serving tea in the halls of the school, and sweeping the floors with their natural brooms, to Pushpa and Ankush stopping in to see if I need anything, to Bibek calling for coffee, and so on. And to know the rhythm of the streets and the traffic, where, to cross safely you must walk slowly so people are able to steer around you, and the nature of the light in the exceedingly bright and pearlescent August sky. I will know which faculty are likely sitting in the faculty lounge with their cups of tea at 10 in the morning, though their 10 in the morning will soon revert back to being 12:30, just past the previous midnight, for me. And to know how Amidabh Bachchan snaps his fingers on TV to quell muscle

pain in both the young and the old using that topical cream. And to know that Bibek and Arindam will be stopping on occasion through the day, to test the air from that fabulous balcony overlooking Louis Kahn court, laughing wryly about this or that. But, of course, it is these little ways, these little rhythms that I have been here just long enough to get to know, that I will miss. But I will be reassured to know that they are still going on, on this very spot far around on the curvature of the earth, and a little south. Soon I will be in the air, flying directly over Unal's hometown, sad to leave and anxious to be seeing Di, and in a few days, the dogs and cats, and my old office. I have been to new places and made new friends, and learned. To have had this experience is a little like having lived on a line, and then to be taken from it, and then to look back upon it, and realize the world is not a line at all, but that there is a second dimension to the world, and a third. And, if Einstein is to be believed, a fourth. And, if the string theorists are to be believed, a tenth and eleventh. Geometric growth. What could be better. This is India Journal Network, signing off. See you all soon.