



CPGC

Issues 2012

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Front: Women's cooperative group embroidering textiles. Back: Woman harvesting rice in the rice paddy.

I Photos by Priya Gupta BMC '13, *Public Health Internship*, Holy Family Hospital & St. Clare's School, Koderma, India



David Roza '15 carries weeds to compost at his internship with the Weavers' Way Community Programs

CPGC MISSION

The Center for Peace and Global Citizenship (CPGC) advances Haverford's long-standing commitment to peace and social justice through research, education and action. The Center integrates innovative scholarship and responsible civic engagement around contemporary issues of global significance. With its commitment to knowledge as the foundation for effective action, the Center embodies Haverford's scholarly and ethical mission as a premier liberal arts college.

Every summer the CPGC sends several dozen students to sites domestic and abroad to work on projects that speak to its mission. Last summer, the CPGC sent 65 students to 19 different countries, and these are some of their stories.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS

The CPGC's mission of scholarship and social justice inspired us to apply for summer internships. Our internships allowed us to explore different social issues that need to be addressed. We particularly enjoyed meeting people of different backgrounds and becoming a part of a new community. The CPGC summer internship program allowed us to bring real world experience into dialogue with our academic interests and we want to bring these stories back to the college and give others a chance to share their stories. Enjoy!

-Hannah Michelle Brower '13 and Helen Farley '14



RAP GALSEN: HIP HOP ISN'T DEAD

Joseph Mendy cracked his neck, adjusted the orange tongue of his cyan blue hightops, popped the mic a few times, and then began to unreal a dizzying freestyle over a tinny staccato beat. His opponent sat stone-faced before him as Joseph unrolled a virtuosic vitriolic stream of Wolof, his words melding with the DJ's beat and the crowd's whistles. I watched pressed up against a metal crash barrier ringing the contestants for the full two minutes of his allotted time, and when his set was over, contest judges unanimously awarded the round to Joseph. His brother Robert roared with joy and hugged me so hard, my ribs popped. Joseph Mendy had advanced to the final round of a Wolof freestyle rap competition from what had been a pool of 32 contestants, and dozens of people from his neighborhood of Niarry Tally had turned out in force to hear him.

It took me a long three weeks to connect to the hip-hop scene in Dakar. When my friend Robert mentioned off-hand that his brother was competing in a freestyle competition at a weekly festival, I jumped at the chance to go. The Gathering was held on Friday nights at an Olympic pool downtown, and people showed up at 5 PM on the dot swagged out in skinny jeans, blindingly unscuffed sneakers, and designer t-shirts representing shades from the entire Hi-liter spectrum. The Gathering wasn't just a musical but a cultural experience: as much as people came to hear the freestyle rappers and watch the astonishingly acrobatic breakdancers, they also came to be seen.

People stood around the crash barriers encircling the performers and amps the size of refrigerators tightly segmented by their neighborhoods in Dakar—Yoff, Pikine, Mermoz, Niarry Tally and Parcelles.

Maybe I had been too blind to see it or too deaf to hear it, but after I began going to The Gathering I became more and more conscious of the extent to which hip-hop music shapes Senegalese social life. The Senegalese minister of tourism and culture is Youssou N'dour, an internationally-beloved club singer who pioneered the hip-shaking rhythms of mbalax music, and unbeknownst to many, the rapper Akon also hails from Dakar. Senegalese hip-hop is unabashedly political, with rappers criticizing a gamut of social issues from poor drainage in the streets of the banlieues of Dakar to fathers who spend their money on alcohol rather than on their families. To many youth, hip-hop fundamentally represents aspirations of the better life: kids dream of being the voice of their city quarter, and the fame, riches and international acclaim that follow. I began meeting regularly with DJ Naata, a Gambian DJ in my neighborhood of Yoff Layen, and we would pass hours in his tiny record shop listening to underground Senegalese artists thundering out of his enormous speakers. In return for listening to J Cole and the Wu Tang clan on my iPod, he would burn me mixed CDs of Senegalese artists.

Through my work in micro-finance I met the entrepreneurs of Dakar, but through hip hop I came to understand the future generation. I see tremendous promise in hip hop. In Dakar, a city that was just overcoming a turbulent election and polemic social issues over the course of my stay, hip hop was a voice of ultimate democracy. Anyone can rap, any issue is fair game, every neighborhood has their champion to represent them, and all of Dakar comes together out of love for the music.



Sam Gant '13

Major: Political Science and French
Project: *Microfinance Expansion in Senegal*
Organization: Zidisha, Inc.
Dakar, Senegal

I spent this last summer in Dakar, Senegal working as the client relationship manager for Zidisha, an American peer-to-peer microcredit NGO that pairs lenders in developed nations with borrowers in developing nations. I loved the job because it put me in contact with ambitious entrepreneurs who go unrecorded on national economic statistics but work extremely hard to improve their lives and the lives of their families. It was a real privilege to work so closely with people I would never have had an opportunity to meet without this job.



Students smile at their personal success of completing the construction of a wind and earthquake resistant building activity, after their tour of Drexel University's College of Engineering. Haverford college sophomore, Veronica Jimenez-Lu (center), interned at Philadelphia Futures as a teaching assistant.

MOON GLOWS

The moon is full. Cantik sekali.

And though golden lights illuminate the Prambanan temple at its lava rock foundation, the moon's glow lends it a cool, unearthly beauty.

She casts soft rays on the towering monoliths, showering a sweetness that sends waves of unspoken promise, chasing away shadows.

She says,

Tonight, you will see a Kakawin Ramayana from beginning to end.

You will know how Rama fights for Shinta. How he takes her and his kingdom back in a battle that ends in fire.

But only when I am ripe will I show you how Shinta conquers her hero's heart.

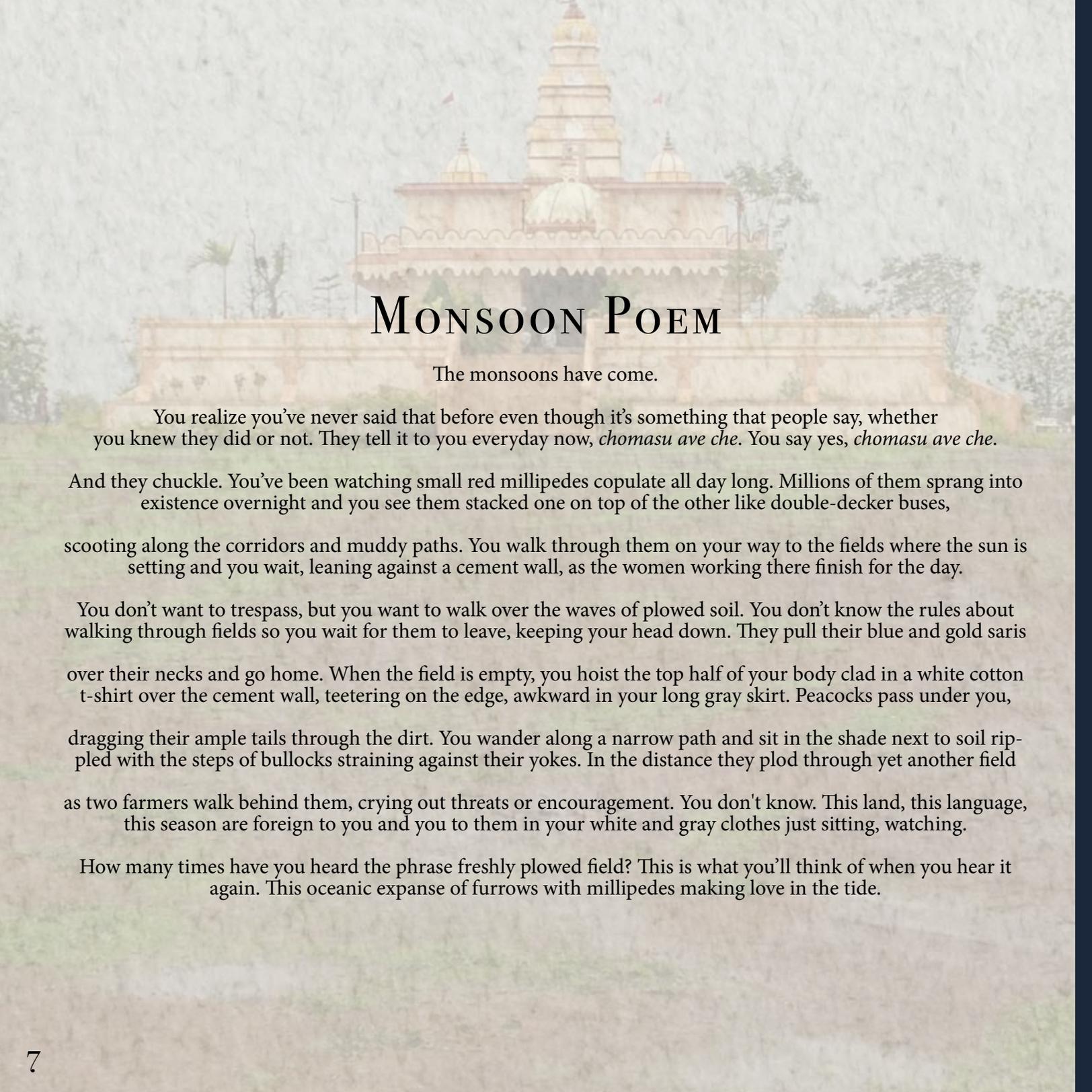
Alia Cynthia Luz BMC '13

Major: Economics
Jogjakarta, Indonesia



My internship in Jogjakarta was, more than a learning experience, a transition phase. In addition to my research on trash management in the city, I also interned for WALHI, Indonesia's largest environmental organization, where I explored the complexities of public service provision in order to ensure the city's environmental quality.

I was immensely thankful for it: this was a time of rediscovering my academic passion for the coming senior year, of uniting the diverse cultures of Paris and Yogya, of retracing my Malay roots and yet realizing how unique my own Filipina identity is, and even simply of tasting the rich spice of Indonesian life and food, reminiscing about the creaminess of cheese and the tang of wine in months past. What a summer.



MONSOON POEM

The monsoons have come.

You realize you've never said that before even though it's something that people say, whether you knew they did or not. They tell it to you everyday now, *chomasu ave che*. You say yes, *chomasu ave che*.

And they chuckle. You've been watching small red millipedes copulate all day long. Millions of them sprang into existence overnight and you see them stacked one on top of the other like double-decker buses, scooting along the corridors and muddy paths. You walk through them on your way to the fields where the sun is setting and you wait, leaning against a cement wall, as the women working there finish for the day.

You don't want to trespass, but you want to walk over the waves of plowed soil. You don't know the rules about walking through fields so you wait for them to leave, keeping your head down. They pull their blue and gold saris over their necks and go home. When the field is empty, you hoist the top half of your body clad in a white cotton t-shirt over the cement wall, teetering on the edge, awkward in your long gray skirt. Peacocks pass under you, dragging their ample tails through the dirt. You wander along a narrow path and sit in the shade next to soil rippled with the steps of bullocks straining against their yokes. In the distance they plod through yet another field as two farmers walk behind them, crying out threats or encouragement. You don't know. This land, this language, this season are foreign to you and you to them in your white and gray clothes just sitting, watching.

How many times have you heard the phrase freshly plowed field? This is what you'll think of when you hear it again. This oceanic expanse of furrows with millipedes making love in the tide.



Olivia Haber-Greenwood '13

Major: Anthropology

Project: *An Investigation into the Many Ramas Portrayed in Television, Theater and Worship*

Organization: Bhasha Research Center
Tejgadh, India

I spent seven weeks in Gujarat, India, during the summer of 2012 doing ethnographic research on tribal versions of the Ramayana, the great Indian epic. I lived at the Adivasi Academy in the rural village of Tejgadh, where I conducted interviews and traveled to attend Ramayana performances. It was a wonderful time of confusion, writing, laughter and delicious food.

HIGH ROCKS FALL SERVICE TRIP 2012

High Rocks is a nonprofit organization that works to educate, empower, and inspire young women in West Virginia. They run programs throughout the year for middle- and high-school girls, including weekly tutoring sessions, college trips, and service-learning overnights. During the summer they run camps where girls can go for two weeks to become part of a caring and tight-knit community, explore the natural world, and take fun classes that push them out of their comfort zones. Every summer, Haverford sends one or two students to High Rocks to participate in the organization's internship program. These students take seminars about the region and about the High Rocks educational philosophy, co-teach classes at camps, help out with other events, and get to both give back to High Rocks and connect their summer experiences with their academic interests through individual and group projects. Working at High Rocks last summer showed me that a small and hopeful community can influence girls and allow them to grow to their fuller potentials.

I led the service-learning trip to High Rocks over fall break, and I found it extremely rewarding to share what I had learned with other Haverford students. As everyone at High Rocks says, the place is somehow magical, and you can watch people grow while they're there. Over the fall break trip, I was able to see this happening in the Haverford students, and I know that they will always carry a piece of High Rocks with them.

-Hannah Michelle Brower '13



“The trip gave me an opportunity to understand the mechanics of a grassroots nonprofit organization geared towards sustainable social change in a way that I would never have been able to do by simply reading a book or attending an isolated lecture.”

-Anrushi Nanavati '16

“Besides the fact that we were lucky enough to wander through Appalachia amid the beautiful fall foliage, we were also lucky enough to spend time with some really amazing people.”
– Fairleigh Barnes ’13



“The seminars and discussions helped us feel very fulfilled even when we were doing work that initially seemed unrelated to the girls, because we understood how the work we were doing was important.”
- Eve Gutman ’15



CATCALLING CULTURE

“¡Hola hermosa!”

I hear, as I walk down the street.

“¡Ey chela! ¿Qué tal?”

As I pass by the catcallers I keep my head down and continue walking, muttering my frustrations under my breath, keeping them to myself. Their calls are eventually lost in the sounds of the city, the honking cars, shouting street vendors, yet the frustration and anger persists. I resent not shouting back at them exactly why I'm so frustrated, but I have been told and I do know deep down that ignoring the attention is the best thing to do. As I continue on my way, I satiate my anger thinking of everything I would say to these men.

After about a month and a half of this scenario repeating itself every day, I was getting pretty exhausted. I knew that I was the one ultimately responsible for feeling angry, that I was the one who was allowing these catcallers to get on my nerves. I began scheming different ways to cope with the anger before heading out and finally decided to take action. It may have been the Alternatives to Violence workshop that I had attended a few months previously or it might have been a reflection of how much I've internalized the Honor Code, while at Haverford College, but ultimately I came to the conclusion that – in order to work through my anger in a proactive and healthy way – I should confront the catcallers. I wanted to do something that would prompt them to think about their actions and about how they might be affecting others.



The “queen” of the trans ladies

The next day I headed out into the street, notebook in hand and pencil behind my ear. I passed by the Universidad de Paulo Freire and heard a man say in English, “Kiss me now, lady!” I cringed in disgust and turned around, saying (in Spanish), “Yeah, ok, let's talk about that actually.” What followed over the next 15 minutes was an incredibly insightful conversation. I told him that I was conducting research on how men behave in the street, and I asked him questions about who he catcalled, how often he catcalled, what types of things he said, why he thought that women reacted in the way that they did, and how he felt and reacted when other men catcalled his mother or girlfriend.



es in Acahualinca leading the rest of the group in the parade.

He told me that he catcalled beautiful women, namely women from the United States and Russia. Apparently he wanted to be an astronaut, which is why he catcalled women from those places. He also mentioned that he was a good catcaller – not to be confused with bad catcallers. I never knew that there was a difference between “good catcallers” and “bad catcallers,” but, according to him, his catcalls were actually polite and quite welcomed in the street. I felt that the issue was slightly more complex than he had argued, as I certainly did not enjoy being told to kiss anybody.

I finally thanked him for his time, avoiding the customary kiss on the cheek that accompanies meeting somebody new. As I continued on my way, I felt better: definitely not happy, but not angry or frustrated either. In the interview, I had essentially reversed the gendered power roles and responded in a positive way. Instead of being submissive and keeping my head down, I had become the dominant face of the interrogator. Yet, beyond switching power roles, the interview gave me a glimpse into the mentalities that men in Nicaragua hold when catcalling women in the street. I learned that the men in the street are not the only ones at fault for taking away women’s agency, but that this is also produced by a certain perception of gender that is structured into their society. The man outside the Universidad de Paulo Freire definitely didn’t know that his comments were upsetting and – on the contrary – thought that by speaking in English and saying something “nice and beautiful,” he was complimenting me. I continued to think about these issues, as I walked down the dusty and noisy city street to work.

Kelsey Bilek '13

Major: Anthropology

Project: Sexual Health Through Empowerment

Organization: Acahualinca Women’s Center
Managua, Nicaragua

I am a senior anthropology major and spent the summer of 2012 working with ProNica at the Acahualinca Women’s Center in Managua, Nicaragua. During my time there, I both interned at the health center and conducted research about societal perceptions surrounding cervical cancer for my senior thesis, which I am writing this year.

SHARING THE PAIN AND SPREADING THE SMILES: MY EXPERIENCE AT FAZL-E-OMAR HOSPITAL

In Fazl-e-Omar Hospital, I was amazed to see the dedication of the doctors and nurses to their professions and to the service of humanity. Since they work for a nonprofit organization, they do not receive as much pay as they would if they worked in other hospitals. On top of that, they have to work long hours and see a huge number of patients. Still, despite the lack of material wealth and comfort of this position, they have a passion for serving humanity. Seeing their dedication has increased my desire to serve humanity through non-profit work as a doctor.

The environment of the hospital was very peaceful; however, there were internal problems that left me restless. One of the problems I observed was the divide between the nurses and doctors. It was perceived negatively if the nurses and doctors were too friendly toward one another, even outside of the hospital setting. It was looked down upon for the doctors to talk too much to the nurses. I thought this was wrong because it is important for a doctor to obtain as much knowledge as possible about different cultures and backgrounds. Learning about diversity helps in the growth process to becoming a sincere and compassionate human being. However, unfortunately, with humans no place can be ideal. Whereas I can learn from these experiences and try to take small steps that may be effective in eliminating these issues in the long run, it is impossible to change everything instantly. I did what I could to help, but accepted that I could only do so much in my position.



Sitting (left) in a clinic of the OPD (outpatient department) of the obstetrics and gynecology wing.

Regardless of the pros and cons of a professional setting, my experience with the patients of Pakistan was very reassuring. Since I am only a pre-medicine student, I was not able to help them as much as I would have liked. However, they appreciated my small gestures and showed this appreciation through gifts. I spent an afternoon with a patient in labor, massaging her back and trying to make her time pass by more easily, after which she gave birth to her first baby boy. The next day when I visited her, she handed me a package of sweets and said she greatly appreciated the time I had given her. I was very surprised by this because it had seemed as though she was unaware of her surroundings during her labor, since she was in tremendous pain. I had felt that nothing I could do would really help her, though I had continued to try. I was extremely happy when the patient acknowledged my efforts and reassured me that I was helpful. The people of Rabwah, including the doctors, nurses, and patients, were very nice and sociable.

The patients and their families were glad to see that I had come from so far away to volunteer at the hospital. Carrying forward the culture of extreme hospitality in Pakistan, one resident of Rabwah gave me two dresses simply because I was a guest in her town. Other patients met me with a smile and recognized me, which was more than enough to make me feel great. My time at the Fazl-e-Omar Hospital offered me a valuable perspective on medical working environments that will continue to shape my life in medicine. I will definitely return to this hospital to help after I become a doctor... as they say in Pakistan: *Insh'Allah* (God willing).

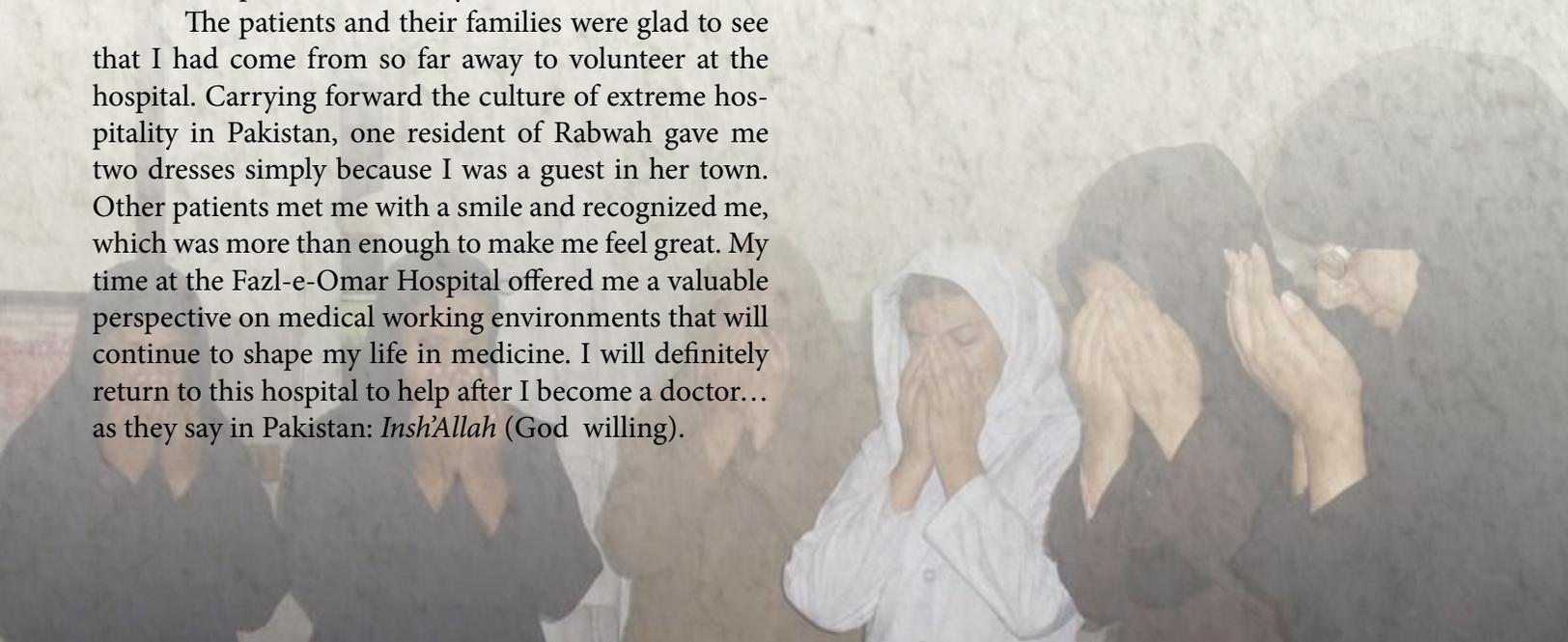
Naila Ijaz '14

Major: Chemistry

Project: Preparation for Motherhood

Organization: Fazl-e-Omar Hospital
Chenab Nagar (Rabwah), Pakistan

I was at the Obstetrics and Gynecology Department of the Fazl-e-Omar Hospital, where in collaboration with the doctors, I spoke to patients about issues they should be aware of, especially during pregnancy. I spoke of healthcare issues prevalent in the area, such as hepatitis, polycystic ovarian syndrome, and vitamin D deficiency, in addition to things that first-time pregnant women should be aware of, such as what to expect in the three trimesters. I shadowed the doctors and nurses, witnessed deliveries and surgeries, and provided emotional support to patients wherever possible.



The nurses and doctors start their day by praying that everything goes well and their patients are cured. This is the Islamic way of doing a silent prayer (hands in front of the face).

