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Three Trabzon Tales

BY ADAM SMITH ALBION

TRABZON, Turkey

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ALI, THE DRONE

It all began one summer evening. Trabzon was shutting up shop for the day. From my balcony I could see the shutters being drawn down, crates of oranges stacked, fish-carts trundled away, and the whole class of *esnaf* — Turkey's industrious, busy-bee middle stratum — packing up to pray at mosque and go home. The evening call to prayer had already echoed around the city. The muezzins' voices are artificially pumped up through loudspeakers and ring at ear-splitting volume through this conservative, religious, moral town. As everyone knows, decibels are the proper measure of faith, and the amplifiers attached to the minarets have been turned up since the Islamist Welfare Party took control of Trabzon's town hall. Soaring above the din are the Pontic Mountains, emerald-green and lush. They looked grand with the sun, aloft but losing altitude fast, crashing down on them. Glinting at their feet, the Black Sea was changing in the light into a somber, impossibly vast zinc disk — when the telephone rang.

I wished it would stop but it didn't so I dragged myself indoors off the balcony and answered it. It was Mustafa. He was a neighborhood estate agent, always eager to show off his knowledge of American sports over tea in his office. I liked him well enough although we had no interests in common, and certainly not American sports. I noted at once the apologetic tone to his voice.

"My wife's nephew Temel was driving the car. We don't know how bad it is yet. They went over the side into the water. The other boy was killed. We're going to the hospital now."

"I'm very sorry. *Geçmiş olsun* — may he recover quickly."

"Thank you. I'm very sorry to ask this favor, Adam, forgive me. Do you remember my wife's brother-in-law Ali?"

"Of course."

"He doesn't know yet. He really should be at the hospital too. He is family after all, whatever else he may be. But I can't reach him."

"Don't you have his telephone number?"

"His wife has gone to Bayburt for the week to visit her mother with the baby. So Ali is — do you understand me? — Ali is *not* at home."

I understood perfectly, and I was a little angry. "What do you

Adam Albion is an Institute Fellow writing about Turkey's regional role and growing importance in the Black Sea and the former Soviet bloc. He is based in the port city of Trabzon, on the Black Sea.

expect me to do about it? Burst in and drag him out of bed?"

"Please — it's an emergency."

"Call Ümit."

"I would if I could, but you know he can't do it, Adam. He's at home with *his* family. He can't be seen going in *there*."

In other words Ümit, Ali's partner in the jewelry store, had a position and a reputation to maintain and I didn't. If Ümit was very sensitive to public opinion, he probably avoided the streets leading down to Trabzon port altogether. But I was a foreigner and an infidel and single, and in Mustafa's eyes those attributes qualified me for this sticky job. Outsiders were simply immune to the social risks of going in *there*. In fact, if anything, my reputation might be enhanced. The way the men at the local teahouse saw it, someone like me had no business *not* going in *there*. I had been teased countless times for being timid or perhaps even not healthy. Come to think of it, one of the jokers always offering to show me the ropes was Ali.

At last I gave in to Mustafa, not with good grace. I was sorry for the interruption when the telephone rang. Now I resented the commission that came with it. I wrote down the name of the hospital and hung up. I didn't hurry. It was a short ride by *dolmus* to my destination.

Ali made no secret of where he was to be found, at least not from anyone who knew him from our local, the Fisilti Teahouse. The name Fisilti, meaning "Whisper," was a mad fancy on the part of the owner because nobody whispered anything there. Ali, as anybody would tell you, had completely lost his head to Natashas. "Natashas" is the collective term for the Russian and Georgian prostitutes who flooded across the border when the USSR broke up. Ali was not the first or only man to have been thunderstruck by the sight of miniskirts in Trabzon, until then a sleepy town in Turkey's far north-eastern corner. But he had lost his shame and discussed his addiction with his friends uninhibitedly. They clicked their tongues behind his back but you noticed that they drank in his talk with their tea greedily enough. One time, the plastic pieces for a game of Fifty-One were being mixed on the table and Ali was invited to join. "You play Fifty-One," he said with a big grin. "I prefer Thirty-One" — a reference to the slang for masturbation. Everyone licked their lips at Ali's salacious darning, giggled and repeated the joke for a week. That is, when they weren't nodding gravely and playing Cato over his immoral conduct.

Ali's marriage had been an arranged one and his wife was *örtülü*, "covered." She dressed prudently — maybe prudishly — and never appeared bare-headed in public. Ali, on the other hand, was not at all pious or

conservative, drank *raki* regularly and said he was just learning to live. I suppose the smell of Natashas in his nostrils was a heady mix of sex and freedom. Whenever his wife returned to her village Ali moved into the Yesil Yurt ("Green Country") Hotel. In the last four years it has gone totally to seed. Not to mince words, Ali lived in a brothel.

I entered the door not looking to left or right and mounted the narrow stairs to the Yesil Yurt restaurant-bar, pushing past skirts, belts, busts, hands, lips. The room was wrapped in a blue narcotic haze, dotted with girls in bright clothes that caught the eye like landing lights shining through fog. I had hoped very much to find Ali at one of the booths so I would be spared the hotel corridors, but he wasn't there. The clerk at the desk, misunderstanding what I was asking for, pressed a room key into my hand. Finally he told me the number of Ali's regular room. It was half-way down a shoddy and shadily-populated hallway. I could hear the television on inside as I knocked at his door.

"Ooo, who is this? Welcome! *Buyurun* — come in!"

Ali was fully dressed and unruffled. He could have been greeting me in his own home.

"No, I can't. I have a message for you from Mustafa..."

"Come in, have a drink with us."

The "us" brought me up short. "No, you come out..." I said.

"Look who's come to visit us," he shouted inside. "This is my friend Adam. He's an American. *Amerikanelts, ponimayesh?* This is Yelena. That's better now, come in, come in."

I tried not to look at anything. I remember the woman's hand as I shook it, but not her face. I remember her naked foot as she returned to the bed to watch television, but not what she was wearing. Ali was pouring out *raki*. He pushed me into a chair.

"No," I said, "I won't drink it. And I'm not staying. There's been an accident."

"You must! Take it. Drink!" He drank his and smacked his lips. "Lion's water," he said with satisfaction. I put my glass on the floor.

"Your nephew Temel was in a car accident this evening. I don't know if it's serious but it probably is because he went off the road into the water. I promised Mustafa to give you the message. He's at the hospital. I'm leaving."

Ali was giving me a watery grin. It meant he had passed the point where the *raki* was still fortifying him and was now on the downslide to muddled oblivion.

He wasn't as young as I'd thought, especially around the eyes. There were deep crow's-feet and all the wrinkles that come from too much staring at the sun in Saudi Arabia, where he had slaved for years as a construction worker to save up the money he was now throwing away. He didn't seem too affected by my message. I realized I didn't care a hang anyway so I prepared to go. As I stood up he said, "Did it happen on the *Tanjant*?"

The *Tanjant* was a newly-built road by the sea with sharp curves that had claimed more than a few lives. "Yes, I think it was," I said.

"Oh my God, Temel," he exclaimed suddenly. "What was he doing driving there? I always knew that road was too dangerous. Didn't I always say that?"

It was true — I recalled him saying it on numerous occasions. It didn't help anything, but if his foreknowledge somehow made him complicit in the disaster I felt a touch of sympathy for him. I gave him the name of the hospital on my way out. Night had fallen and I made my way home in the dark.

I left Trabzon for two months having heard nothing further, not even if Ali did go to the hospital. I forgot all about him until I got back in September and his name was mentioned.

"What happened to Ali?" I asked.

"Don't you know? He lives at home again. The police arrested his woman down the coast about a month ago. They were searching for drugs and apparently she was carrying a lot of hashish smuggled in from Georgia. Ali tried to intervene with the authorities but they wouldn't listen to him. They cut off her hair and deported her."

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, that's what they say happened."

I was astonished at the news. Not because the police cut off his woman's hair — I already knew about that malicious form of punishment, resorted to occasionally. The surprise was that there was *one*. *One* Natasha. His woman. The police had cut off his woman's hair and sent her home. And Ali went back to his covered, headscarved wife.

ANNE

She is Mother and I am Her Baby Animal. At least that is what we call one another — *Anne* and *yavrum*. Biologically, Necmiye is the mother of my landlord Yilmaz. Yilmaz, however, is responsible for a wife and child and is no baby animal any more. I, on the other hand — far from home, mysteriously unmarried and bereft of any visible family support — am patently in need of looking after. She scrubs and cleans, cooks and

does the dishes, ferrets out my clothes from secret places and washes them from tops to smalls before I can stop her. If she were a lioness, I would be the most licked-over cub in the whole pride.

I gave *Anne* a key to the apartment so she can come and go. When I am at home she moves around as silent as a ghost. This is a feat of levitation for a woman weighing 170 pounds with the frame of an ox. Her arms are the size of my legs, her hips the width of my shoulders, and her eyes are on a level with my chest. At the moment we are stocking up on vegetables for winter before the prices go up, and this week I saw her throw a 60-pound bag of onions up the stairs. She is a pious and conservative woman. She always wears a *ye-meni* or cotton kerchief over her head and a purple *car-saf* or loose robe over her clothes if she is going out, and looks cute as a button. She has a broad, good-natured face that lights up like a girl's if you tell her she looks nice.

She was born fifty-two years ago in a village in the Black Sea Mountains near Gumushane, where she was married off at the age of 15 as a *kuma*, or second wife. The Oxford Turkish-English Dictionary entry for *kuma* reads "obsolete." Although multiple marriages are illegal in Turkey, to say they are obsolete is secularist wishful thinking. *Anne* had a religious, *imam* wedding that was never reported to the state. Her three children were registered as the first wife's. The civil servant who was writing all this down must have considered the first wife a *Wunderkind* of parturition who could pull off biological miracles, since she was having children of her own the whole time. Thus my landlord and his two siblings are, strictly speaking, bastards.

Anne can read, but admits she hasn't practiced enough since school to do it with ease or pleasure. Yesterday when I was getting rid of some old books she asked if she could have them. "It didn't occur to me you'd like to read them," I apologized. "No, *yavrum*," she said, "for my grandchild to play with. See? He can tear up the paper. Or he can take his colored pencils and scribble over the pages." This plan was certainly better than throwing the books away... but doesn't it convey the wrong message to a child?

Her eldest son moved to Holland as an immigrant worker and this event has brought home to her that there is an "abroad." She understands that I am a foreigner, an American even, but hasn't explored the idea very deeply. She knows I'm not from "here," because I don't have any family around. It is clear that I am different in dress and appearance, but she seems to tolerate this as a kind of deliberate perversion on my part, as if I were a Turkish eccentric. My speech is accented and at times faulty, as she recognizes. She occasionally chips in help when I flounder, but has not fundamentally grasped why Turkish should not be my native language. (Yet she is aware, however superficially, that the Koran was originally written in Arabic and that Muhammed was not Turkish. I give her full marks for

such penetration. It puts her ahead at least of some groups I could mention who resist learning foreign languages on the grounds that English was good enough for Jesus Christ.) She is not conscious of having ever heard of Washington or New York. She definitely shook her head "no" over London, Paris, Moscow or Athens. But when I am introduced to her lady friends, she is proud to know the answer to the all-important Turkish question, "Where was he born?" "This is my *Ameriyavrum*," she tells them: "He's *Floridali*." They probably imagine it's outside Istanbul.

Anne has taken to doing her noon-time (*ikindi*) prayers in the room I use as a library, perhaps because it offers a fine view of the sea. She perceives I'm not Muslim, even though she may be cloudy as to what other options there are. Once, when I was unaware she was in the house, I walked in on her accidentally. She was on her knees in mid-worship. I was backing out when I stopped and tentatively asked, "What direction are you praying?"

"*Ka-a-ba*," she said, stressing every syllable for my benefit. "We Muslims pray towards the *ka-a-ba*."

I thought for a moment. "You're praying the wrong way, *Anne*."

"No, *yavrum*," she said, gesturing at the wall she was facing. "Mec-ca, Mec-ca."

"But that's not Mecca. You're making a mistake."

She lifted her chin, raised her eyebrows and clicked her tongue, the Turkish for "No, *yavrum*."

I dropped onto my knees beside her. "You're turned towards the west," I said, "but you should be turned south. That's where Mecca is. Like this." First I demonstrated the proper orientation with my face pressed onto the carpet. Then I even tried to pull that mass of woman with me, which I should have known was futile. Squatting on those enormous haunches, she might as well have been the world's sweetest-tempered circus elephant — patient, friendly, attentive, but utterly unmovable.

I had hung a large map on the wall and when I remembered it I jumped to it for aid. "You are praying parallel to the sea — look, you can see the water out the window," I pointed. "But that's wrong. This is Trabzon here, and this is Mecca. So it's clear you should be facing exactly away from the sea, like this." Anne watched me again from the floor with that steady, distant smile that one associates with statues of the Buddha. Her benign gaze brought me back to my senses. She had no conception of a map whatsoever.

She had fixed on that spot and wasn't budging, I suppose, because the blank wall reminded her of the front of a mosque where the *mihrab* is, the niche indicating the direction to Mecca. My arguments were ex-

hausted. I could only sigh, "Well, I wish I could make you believe me."

Her sense of my distress got her to her feet. She looked at me with uncomprehending but genuine compassion. For a moment we gazed together out the window in silence. Then she pointed out to sea and said, "Which way's that?"

"That's north — that's Russia."

"Russia? *Rusya*, *ya*... All right, which way's that?"

"That's east — Japan, China, Asia. Actually that's the Georgian border just over there. You know, Georgia? Abchazia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Chechnya..."

"Chechnya? You mean the place where they've been killing Muslim babies?"

Poor Anne was shaken. She was disturbed. I, however, was speechless with surprise. I could not have been more amazed if my cat had started talking to me. The great capitals of the world were all ciphers to her but she certainly knew about Chechnya. "Yes," I said slowly and deliberately, "the place where they've been killing Muslim babies."

"And which way's that?" she asked, with a new hint of anxiety in her voice.

"That's west. That's Europe. That's the Balkans, where the Serbs live."

"Serbs? You mean Bosnia?"

"Yes, Bosnia. That's the direction you were praying before."

"But the Serbs are killing Muslims in Bosnia."

"Yes."

"*Ya vah vah*... And which way's this again?"

"That's the Russians, the ones who are responsible for the slaughter in Chechnya."

"Allah, Allah..."

I saw my opportunity and seized it. "You see, that's why you have to pray towards the south. That's where Mecca is, the source of Islamic goodness. Then you'll be facing in the same direction as all the other pious Muslims."

That evening when I came home Anne was waiting for me. She kissed me. "I asked Yilmaz about what direction I should pray and he said you're absolutely right," she said. "Thank you, *yavrum*. You're a good boy. Now come into the kitchen. I made an eggplant kebab for you."

THE RISING LINE

Near the waterfront promenade, not far from the fairground shut up for the winter and the stark silhouette of the ferris wheel, there is my hermit spot, my midnight retreat. I mean an outcrop of jumbled rocks in the sea that make a mini-promontory. By jumping from one to the other I can reach the end and sit isolated with only the water around me. One night when the waves were black as soot and the sea was inky and cold I was there, wrapped in a leather jacket. I was watching the night flight from Istanbul arrive. The line of windows illuminated in the sky was so clear that I could make out every one, strung out like yellow beads.

A small fishing boat went past my outpost carrying two men in woolen caps. They had hung a lantern off the front. It swung as they motored along in the dark, like an angler fish trawling the deep. The noise of their engine came and went amidst the sliding of the sea, and they seemed to chug past in slow motion... It was quiet again. Then I saw the coast guard ship was out too, churning up waves that slapped at my feet. What was there to patrol for along these coasts? Smugglers, terrorists, immigrants, asylum-seekers? Caucasian mafia? Georgian and Armenian drug-dealers? Entrepreneurial Russian soldiers-turned-gun-runners? All the above? Perhaps, but not so close to shore. They, like the fishermen, were making their way home and heading for the dock.

I heard voices before I could place where they were coming from. Another little skiff was approaching, this one without a light. Three dark shapes were inside. There was nothing about it to attract my attention. A breeze was blowing and I sucked at it gratefully, enjoying the clean salt taste. Nothing clears the mind or restores one's vigor like sea air. I noticed the skiff again. It should have passed my vantage-point by now, following the other boats. Instead, it was changing course. It turned abruptly towards me and shut off its motor.

What midnight subterfuge was this? I had seen them; they had not yet seen me. I scuttled behind a rock and crouched down. I listened. They were very near. They had come right in: only the rock separated the boat from me. Their voices were low. There was a rapid exchange of views. The boat was brought even closer. Glass

objects clinked together. Something hollow like boxes were knocked about.

"Not that one — hand me the big one."

"All right..."

Then there was a glugging sound of something being sunk under water. My curiosity could hold out no longer. I rose and intoned, "Good evening."

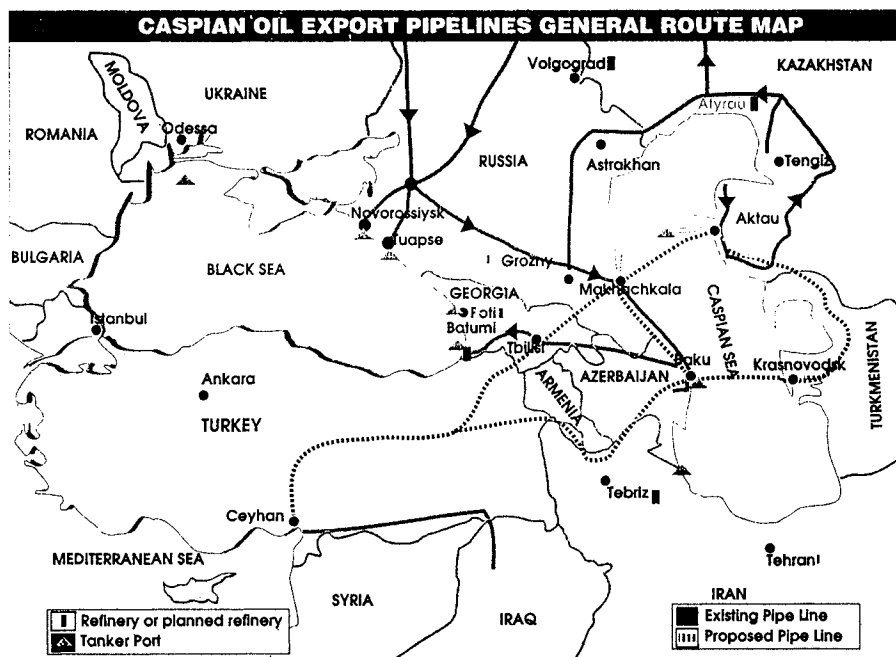
The boat was bumping against the rock beneath me. They were three young people, the girl wearing an anorak, the boys in flannel shirts and windcheaters. Everyone was momentarily frozen in surprise. One boy was holding the tiller. The other was leaning over the side, submerging a plastic container to fill with water. The girl was watching over his shoulder. We must have made a strange tableau. I was a little sorry now if I'd scared them. The boy at the tiller collected himself first and returned, "Good evening."

I introduced myself, explaining how I came to be there. We all relaxed. I even admitted I had half hoped they were bandits or pirates.

"Well, we're the next best thing," laughed the second boy. "We're students at the Black Sea Technical University. Do you know the oceanographical faculty, at Sürmene?"

"I've heard of it."

"We're doing a term project on Black Sea pollution. These containers are for collecting sewage samples." He indicated the small plastic tank in his hand and some



jam-jars in the bow of the boat. "We're stopping at a few different points to compare effluence. For instance, there's a raw sewage pipe running under these rocks."

"Raw? You mean untreated? Right here where I've been sitting?"

He nodded. He scooped the container out of the water, shook off his hand and screwed on the top. His name was Özcan, the girl was Meltem. Their pilot was Ayhan. Meltem hung back, like all Turkish women meeting a male stranger.

The thought of sewage bubbling up around us made me shift nervously from leg to leg. "Isn't it late to be working?" I asked.

"It's my father's boat. He just came in from fishing. We're borrowing it," said Ayhan. "Hey, do you want to come aboard?"

"Why not?"

So I became their passenger. Ayhan started up the engine and turned the prow towards the fish market dock, not far from my house. I put my hand on their water samples. "What do expect to find when you analyze these?" I asked Özcan.

"Oh, fertilizer residues, phosphates, nitrates. Stuff, you know. Metals, maybe, but not too much because there's almost no industry here. The bad stuff like masses of copper or chromium or zinc comes down the Danube and the Russian rivers — the Don, the Dniester. The Dnieper's terrible. But the Danube's the worst."

"Is the Black Sea really dirty, then?"

"Ninety percent dead."

"What are you talking about? It's full of fish. I ate one for lunch today."

"Only along the coast. A tiny strip. There are only five kinds of fish left anyway. There used to be about thirty."

"Twenty-six," Meltem said, definitively.

These were the days when Azerbaijan's petroleum deposits dominated the news. The deliberations of the consortium developing the oilfields were reported daily. The key question was whether the oil would travel to the West by land or sea. Turkey wanted a pipeline across its territory. At stake was a share of the profits, geostrategic importance, and environmental security. The Turks' position was that the danger of spills made supertanker traffic too risky. But the latest announcement by the consortium underscored the importance of tankers until the millennium at least. How did my friends greet the news?

"It's playing with fire," Meltem burst out, as if her

feelings had been rising up and couldn't be capped any longer. "They even want to build a refinery in Trabzon. Marvellous! Why not a nuclear reactor? Doesn't anybody understand that more pollution is suicide? The Black Sea is completely unstable. It could blow up at any minute."

The boys laughed. "You're such an alarmist, Meltem."

"Blow up?" I said, thinking I hadn't quite grasped an idiom.

"Blow up — explode. It's an enormous time-bomb." She ignored her companions' skepticism, almost contemptuous of their little whoops and derisive chuckles. If I had thought her a passive Turkish woman on first sight, I had certainly misjudged her. I asked if she would say more, and if I could take notes. "Write it down? Why not? People should know. The Black Sea's like a cauldron full of inflammable chemicals. It's two kilometers deep but nothing can live below 150 meters because there's no oxygen. Below that line the water's saturated with hydrogen sulfide and methane."

"You mean there's that much pollution?"

"Not man-made. The chemicals were locked up there during the last ice age. I'm telling you, the balance is very fragile. Are we respecting that balance? No. Sewage pipes, land erosion from overbuilding and about 300 rivers are pouring man-made pollution in. Result: bacteria are multiplying in the dirt. Result: bacteria are eating up all the oxygen. Result: the line dividing the oxygenated water and the poisonous water is rising towards the surface all the time, about 10 centimeters a year. Mix in some big oil spills and it will accelerate. Throw the whole system too far out of equilibrium, and that line could rise and rise, and..."

"And...?"

"A colossal explosion."*

"Boom," said Özcan.

The boys sniggered. Who was willing to contemplate such a Doomsday scenario? The Black Sea basin transformed into a mephitic pit of fire and brimstone? Sulfurous clouds ignited in the sky, noxious emissions liberated from the deep — was this Earth, or Venus? What planet was Meltem living on? They mocked her science, and maybe they were right to do so. She, however, was not reacting to their sniping. Meltem set her face against the breeze and kept her chin up. Rather like the sibyl at Delphi, she had drawn her inspiration from those vapors rising from the Earth, breathed them in, delivered her message and fallen silent. I saw the dock coming up and the end to this extraordinary interview. I applied to Meltem to answer a final question. So were we all done for, I wanted to know? Any chance to avert disaster?

"Education. Less energy consumption. Cleaner technologies. But most of all, *less people*. It's the mad creation of more and more people that's responsible for increasing consumption and endless pollution. Turkey doesn't have a chance of getting cleaned up — and neither does anywhere else — as long as the population rate spirals out of control. It's the number of people growing and growing — that's what I'm afraid of."

"I know what you are," I said. "You're not smugglers. You're environmental warriors."

"And our boat is the Rainbow Warrior," said Özcan cheerfully.

"No, the Garbage Warrior," Ayhan retorted from the tiller.

"No, the Large Family Warrior," said Meltem quietly.

I got off at the dock, thanked them for the lift and said good-bye. Along the sidewalk I began noticing the people. Inside the city gate of old Trebizond their number grew. There was nowhere I could sit isolated and ponder alone on what I had heard. My thoughts were full of a world awash in a sea of people, rising inexorably like Meltem's poisonous line 150 meters below the surface. I could go back to being a hermit on my rocks. There the sea was still inky and cold. But the waves were black as soot. □

Current Fellows & Their Activities

Cheng Li. An Assistant Professor of Government at Hamilton College in Clinton, NY, Cheng Li is studying the growth of technocracy and its impact on the economy of the southeastern coast of China. He began his academic life by earning a Medical Degree from Jing An Medical School in Shanghai, but then did graduate work in Asian Studies and Political Science in the United States, with an M.A. from Berkeley in 1987 and a Ph.D. from Princeton in 1992. [EAST ASIA]

Adam Albion. A former research associate at the Institute for EastWest Studies at Prague in the Czech Republic, Adam is spending two years studying and writing about Turkey's regional role and growing importance as an actor in the Balkans, the Middle East and the former Soviet bloc. A Harvard graduate (1988; History), Adam has completed the first year of a two-year M. Litt. degree in Russian/East European history and languages at Oxford University. [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

Cynthia Caron. With a Masters degree in Forest Science from the Yale School of Forestry and Environment, Cynthia is spending two years in South Asia as ICWA's first John Miller Musser Memorial Forest & Society Fellow. She is studying and writing about the impact of forest-preservation projects on the lives (and land-tenure) of indigenous peoples and local farmers who live on their fringes. Her fellowship includes stays in Bhutan, India and Sri Lanka. [SOUTH ASIA/Forest & Society]

Hisham Ahmed. Born blind in the Palestinian Dheisheh Refugee Camp near Bethlehem, Hisham finished his A-levels with the fifth highest score out of 13,000 students throughout Israel. He received a B.A. in political science on a scholarship from Illinois State University and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of California in Santa Barbara. Back in East Jerusalem and still blind, Hisham plans to gather oral histories from a broad selection of Palestinians to produce a "Portrait of Palestine" at this crucial point in Middle Eastern history. [MIDEAST/N. AFRICA]

Sharon Griffin. A feature writer and contributing columnist on African affairs at the *San Diego Union-Tribune*, Sharon is spending two years in southern Africa studying Zulu and the KwaZulu kingdom and writing about the role of non-governmental organizations as fulfillment centers for national needs in developing countries where governments are still feeling their way toward effective administration. She plans to travel and live in Namibia and Zimbabwe as well as South Africa. [sub-SAHARA]

Pramila Jayapal. Born in India, Pramila left when she was four and went through primary and secondary education in Indonesia. She graduated from Georgetown University in 1986 and won an M.B.A. from the Kellogg School of Management in Evanston, Illinois in 1990. She has worked as a corporate analyst for PaineWebber and an accounts manager for the world's leading producer of cardiac defibrillators, but most recently managed a \$7 million developing-country revolving-loan fund for the Program for Appropriate Technology in Health (PATH) in Seattle. Pramila is spending two years in India tracing her roots and studying social issues involving religion, the status of women, population and AIDS. [SOUTH ASIA]

William F. Foote. Formerly a financial analyst with Lehman Brothers' Emerging Markets Group, Willy Foote is examining the economic substructure of Mexico and the impact of free-market reforms on Mexico's people, society and politics. Willy holds a Bachelor's degree from Yale University (history), a Master's from the London School of Economics (Development Economics; Latin America) and studied Basque history in San Sebastian, Spain. He carried out intensive Spanish-language studies in Guatemala in 1990 and then worked as a copy editor and Reporter for the Buenos Aires Herald from 1990 to 1992. [THE AMERICAS]

Teresa C. Yates. A former member of the American Civil Liberties Union's national task force on the workplace, Teresa is spending two years in South Africa observing and reporting on the efforts of the Mandela government to reform the national land-tenure system. A Vassar graduate with a *juris doctor* from the University of Cincinnati College of Law, Teresa had an internship at the Centre for Applied Legal Studies in Johannesburg in 1991 and 1992, studying the feasibility of including social and economic rights in the new South African constitution. While with the ACLU, she also conducted a Seminar on Women in the Law at Fordham Law School in New York. [sub-SAHARA]

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Executive Director	Peter Bird Martin
Program Administrator	Gary L. Hansen
Letters Coordinator	Ellen Kozak

Phone: (603) 643-5548
Fax: (603) 643-9599
E-Mail: ICWA@valley.net

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