

ICWA LETTERS

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Jean Benoît Nadeau is a Fellow of the Institute studying "the resistance of the French to the trend of economic and cultural globalization."

The World is their *Terroir*

PARIS, France

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By Jean Benoît Nadeau

"Do you know, Jean Benoît, why the French make great salads?"

It was one of those simple, unforgettable questions, that you can spend months formulating and years researching. Lu and Peter Martin (he the director of the Crane-Rogers Foundation), were visiting Paris on their way to Ethiopia. We were having a lively discussion at a restaurant about the fact that the quality of the cuisine is so consistently high in France, even in the humblest joint serving the simplest food.

"Maybe because they care, Lu, but this doesn't say *why* they care. They are obsessed with ingredients. I have yet to see a head of iceberg lettuce in France. They beat their own mayonnaise, they make their own vinegar."

In a way, I had the ingredients for a journey into French eating habits. Tell me what you eat and I'll tell you who you are. From the start, I knew that this topic would open an interesting window on French identity. What I did not suspect was that window would be so broad and give me much more: a world view. Indeed, some answers to Lu's question can even be found at the European Commission in Brussels and at the World Trade Organisation in Geneva (see accompanying text). But as all good cooks would say: having the ingredients of an answer doesn't make the answer.

The mayonnaise began to set, so to say, a month after that dinner, when my wife Julie and I visited the *Salon de l'agriculture de Paris* (Paris Farm Show) in early March. As a matter of fact, I was not going there to find why the French make great salads at all, but to get insights on Europe. At the time, the Franco-German quarrel on subsidies to farmers threatened to derail the entire budget-planning of the European Union. The issue, which made front-page news, even attracted a protest march of 30,000 farmers in Brussels. I expected insights, and some blood: Environment Minister Dominique Voynet, who held the view that subsidies had to be reduced, had been physically threatened at the Salon the day before by some angry peasants who yelled that they "would do her" and "get her hide for this."

Like any good North American, I was expecting to visit a traditional Fair à l'Américaine: big, with plenty of cows, pigs, tractors, machinery, merry-go-rounds, candy floss and fries. Indeed, it was big: two square kilometers in four interior halls. I saw the biggest cows I had ever seen. "Like a wall of meat!" Julie exclaimed. Surprise number one: visitors walked on red carpets, not straw. Surprise number two: The sophisticated machinery had been transferred to a very remote suburb of Paris. Instead, two halls out of four were dedicated to local and regional cuisine, not machines.

It was so odd that Julie and I thought for a few minutes that we had lost our way and entered some Food Salon. Could they possibly sell steaks, sausages and meat next to the live cattle? And pâté next to the ducks? Then

we got the hang of it and we proceeded to get nearly sick going from one stand to another tasting *cidre*, wine, desserts, *saucisson* and *tartiflette* (a sort of savory Savoy potato stew boiled in cream and gratinéed with Reblochon cheese). As it turned out, the salon was a celebration of this extraordinary garden called France, where olives, basil and wheat grow next to deer, boars and bulls, between glaciers and three seas.

The mere fact that a *Salon de l'agriculture* is a celebration of cuisine explains, implicitly, why the French make great salads (and great *tartiflette* to boot). Eating and cooking are a dialogue between nature and culture, both lyrically and physically. Cuisine (or rather cooking) is not only a type of detached food process but rather an extension of the land. By analogy, one may say that French cuisine is to agriculture what the car industry has been to the steel industry: a natural prolongation, a system of value-adding that did not come out of the blue.

Stop the violins! Am I not sounding too idyllic? After all, French agrobusiness is the most aggressive in the world, the most productive, the most mechanized, and has no reason to envy anyone else. With an output of 500 billion francs per year (U.S.\$90 billion), it is the top industry of the country. And it's an industry patently getting Americanized. French grocery stores are stacked with sliced bread, canned food and industrial cookies. And the French pizza market is now a slugging match between #1 Pizza Hut and #2 Speed Rabbit Pizza (French despite the name).

Yet, the French still seek and find the countryside even in the whirlwind of industrialization. In the land of Pasteur, the French still consume masses of raw-milk cheese. When you look carefully, you find traces of a country life persisting. Supermarkets maybe everywhere, but they account for only 11 percent of bread sales and 40 percent of the meat sold to consumers, according to a 1989 INSEE study. The rest comes from the local baker and the local butcher. You can find strawberries in January, but the French are intensely conscious of seasonality. On the street the other day, I overheard the fishmonger explain to a client: "Mussels in May are not as full as in January."

French chefs, even though they give their names to



Salon de l'agriculture de Paris. *A celebration of French produce and productivity, where machines gives way to cuisine.*

lines of frozen foods, still supply their restaurants from the best small producers and may even grow their own vegetables. When traveling to the countryside, the French bring back local eggs, bread, meat or whatever suits their fancy. Hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen go hunting every fall for the joy of eating their prey. For the French, a cook maybe an artist, the butcher is regarded as a craftsman and a peasant (as they call farmers) an artisan. They hold in particularly high esteem those small-time producers that refuse to become big and simply want to produce the best onion, the best poultry, the best wine. And they are willing to pay for it: as much as 60FF a kilo (U.S.\$10) for a red-label chicken that is guaranteed to have run and been fed true grain.

Visiting that little area North of Lyon called le Beaujolais, Julie and I came across a retired sports physician who invited us to a neighboring winery that happened to be holding a private wine and pâté *dégustation*

(tasting) offered by half a dozen small producers — among others, one from Champagne and one from Château-Neuf-du-Pape. I was most interested in the *foie-gras* maker.

“How do you actually force-feed those ducks?” I asked.

“We don’t force that much, actually. You know, even when they are not force-fed, ducks gorge themselves with food for the migration. We found that the best time to kill them is in the morning when the food from the day before has been digested and their liver is larded with fat, ready for action.”

“Is it not interesting!” exclaimed the physician, who was listening. “This is exactly the same principle I used to feed my marathon runners.”

They exchanged tips and insights for about an hour. The physician left with a few quarts of duck-liver pâté and the maker left with new perspective on *foie gras*.

“The way the French think of food is anchored in a very strong rural identity, essentially imaginary when

you consider that only three or four percent live off the land nowadays. But it does characterize their relationship to food,” says Claude Fischler, a sociologist and research director at the CNRS, the *Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique* (National Center for Scientific Research). In his book, *L’omnivore*¹ - a pun mixing *homme* (man) and omnivorous, Fischler explains that taste is as much a product of biology as of society. The French seek more than sustenance and taste in choosing and preparing food — such elements as social relations, culture, geography and history. They comprehend the world through food; it speaks to them and they speak to it, so to say. Food is their cosmos. “Naturally, in an age of industrialization, people want to be reassured about what they eat. The Americans took the techno-scientific approach: they analyze the content of whatever down to the last molecule and publish a nutritional guideline. The French want to know the origin of the thing. They seek authenticity before purity, hence the labels of origins that we use here.”

Two notions are important: *le terroir* and *le pays*. *Pays*, for the French, may mean country, but it originally meant land. Parisians of rural extraction will often refer to the place where they were born as their *pays*, their land. The



Tartiflette of Savoie in the making. This potato stew is boiled in cream and covered with grated Reblochon cheese. Excellent with cider. An authentic recipe of the French terroir.

¹ Claude Fischler, *L’omnivore*, Editions Odile Jacob, 1990, revised 1993, 440 pages. This highly readable book is a fascinating account of our fantasies and neuroses toward food, starting with fundamental questions like What is taste?



Paella at the Feria in Arles. Foreign influences are everywhere. International brandnames are obtrusive but not as popular as homemade stuff, on the whole.

content of this land, in terms of customs, tastes, culinary habits and particularisms is *le terroir*, imperfectly translated as “grassroots.”

I have observed the behavior of the French in the hiking club to which I belong. After assessing from what *pays* I come from, the next concern is to learn about Canadian specialities. Most of them have never been to North America and they were disconcerted to realize that Quebeckers are not big consumers of moose, caribou or beaver, although they were deeply interested when I mentioned fiddlehead-fern sprouts, wild garlic and a sort of sherry called caribou. But they were deeply puzzled that there exists no distilled maple-syrup liquor — it was agreed it would make a better liquor than wine or *eau-de-vie*.

However naive, those questions made me realize that the French apprehend the world, theirs and those outside, through food. North Americans, in contrast to the French, are sharply detached if not divorced from their *terroir*. The link to the produce of the land is stronger (or rather, less weak) in Quebec, New England and Canadian Atlantic provinces like Newfoundland. What those places have in common is that they were settled a few centuries before industrialization and have grown some

culinary grassroots. However, dishes like corn on the cob, steamed squash and wild turkey have simply become folklore, which is a shame in the eyes of the French. At best, they are regarded as popular staples without interest. It is symptomatic that you find very few North American restaurants offering these specialities even in season, whereas, when you come to think of it, what is French cuisine but the refinement of the produce of the land?

A week after the *Salon de l'agriculture*, it was Julie's birthday and we celebrated with a meal at a nice Marais restaurant, *Le Dôme*, offering the typically robust French cuisine. One of the six courses was *pigeonneau* (young pigeon).

“It's game, right?” I asked the waiter.

“Yes,” he said, lifting his fingers as to imitate a gun. “*Ça vole... Poc! Dans l'assiette* [It flies... Pow! Into the plate].”

The gesture struck me because no waiter in North America, except perhaps a hick, would dare suggest a link between the living thing and the food. It reminded me of my first supper in France when I ate my first

andouillette de Troyes (pork tripe, stuffed veal and pork stomach). My big surprise was the strong taste of pig, to which I was unaccustomed.

The anecdote doesn't surprise Jean-Vincent Pfirsch, sociologist and researcher at the *Institut Européen des Sciences du Goût et des Comportements Alimentaires* (European Institute on Taste Science and Eating Behaviour), who compared French and German eating habits.² He used a unique test-group: the Franco-German Brigade, which includes an equal number of young Germans and French who eat German and French cuisines in alternance. "The French want to recognize the living thing and even know the past of what they have in their plate. They want their steak to bleed and the oyster to be alive, they want to eat the rabbit's head.

In contrast, the Germans want the animal product to be reified, that is transformed into a thing, like sausage, or very cooked, or boiled."

Have you ever seen the beautiful eyelashes of a



Proximity. In Arles, butchers fight for the carcasses of the bulls after the corrida and the public is looking for the head that proves the origin of the meat.

skinned kid hanging upside down from a hook in the window of a butcher's shop? The notion is not so offensive if you consider that a kid is just, after all, a baby goat. In early April, it is a regular sight in my neighborhood, around avenue St.-Ouen, which enjoys a particu-

lar concentration of butcher shops, some of them besieged on Saturdays. The chicken still has its head and legs — you can tell if the chicken has indeed lived outside a cage by the shape of the foot. And the butcher will often have a picture of the cow being butchered. The French don't have special words for food. They call a snail a snail. *Boeuf* is the generic work describing cattle, on foot and in the plate. *Porc*, and even *cochon*, is the generic term for pork, both in the piggery and in the plate. Just imagine calling for snails in a restaurant (in English). When the French refer to escargots they mean just that: snails.

Cooking in France is not a mere food process. It's an art form as legitimate and as demanding as playing the piano or painting, and the humblest cook will try to be *à la hauteur*,



Calling a snail a snail. L'escargot de la Butte specializes in escargots and other produce of the terroir. The French don't have special words to designate staple.

² Jean-Vincent Pfirsch, *La saveur des sociétés: Sociologie des goûts alimentaires en France et en Allemagne*, Presses universitaires de Rennes, Rennes, 1997, 206 pages – ISBN: 2-86847-236-2. A benchmark study of remarkable precision of what constitute's French taste compared to German. His strongest argument is that eating habits change much more rapidly than the means of distributing food.



Swan song. Hikers from the Touring-Club d'Ile-de-France consider supper. Will it be swan?...

.. Or shouldn't we be creative and invent Duck Trafalgar.



up to it. And those who do not run a restaurant, even if they can barely fry an egg or toss a salad, are likely to make their own vinegar or age their cheese themselves to taste.

I will never forget a meal Julie and I had in a little countryside restaurant called *Le Bar de la Mairie* (City hall bar) in Massignac, a village in the Charente area west of Limoges. From the outside, it looked like a nondescript burger joint. Inside, the decor was in keeping: the TV was playing loud, young bums-to-be were playing pool; older bums were getting drunk at the table; soccer trophies decorated the place. But what a *gueuleton*! It took us three hours to make our way through the six-course, 120 FF meal. And the cook came to explain to us how he kills his pig and 20 ducks once a year to make his confits and wakes up an hour before dawn every morning in September to pick the best *cèpes*, a variety of mushrooms.

Cuisine is the democratic art *par excellence*, analogous to soccer, which shares the characteristic of not costing

much to practice if you are willing to play the game. Jean-Vincent Pfirsch found that whereas German menus are compartmented by class, it is not the case in France. While hiking, I listened with fascination to a discussion between a dentist and a sheet-metal worker who were arguing about the best time to pick *morilles* (another type of mushroom) or how long snails must be left to sweat before they are turned into escargots. The discussion was not conclusive. When Hervé This defended his Ph.D thesis in chemistry, 400 people attended. It helped that he was associate editor at *Science et vie*. But it was the topic that attracted the crowd: molecular gastronomy. His findings are described in a splendid book,³ *Les secrets de la casserole* (The secrets of the cooking pot), where he explains some mysteries of science such as why mayonnaise sets and how an egg actually cooks.

So this is why the salad is so good in France: expectations are high, and so is the capacity to appreciate it. Taste is taught to toddlers from the cradle. Consider this add for Nestlé's chunky baby food heard on TV last March: "Feed your baby well and improve its sense of taste!"

³ Hervé This, *Les Secrets de la casserole*. Paris, Editions Belin, 1995, 222p. ISBN: 2-7011-1585-x An immensely interesting book written by a gourmand and a scientist. You will not cook an egg the same way and you will finally understand why the tea drips along the side of the teapot – interestingly enough for the very same reason that a plane takes off, by virtue of the Bernoulli effect.

A NEW CONCEPT OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

The French mentality toward food and the fixation on *terroir* sprouted into an original legal concept, the AOC, short for *Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée*, a label guaranteeing the origin of the produce. This concept, a totally new type of intellectual property, is now recognized by the World Trade Organisation and by the European Commission (directive 2081/92).

But what is the *Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée* exactly? The concept, akin to a collective trademark, is attached to an area and to specifications about the methods of production. A Roquefort, for instance, can only be made in a certain area, of milk from a certain type of goat fed in a special way, milked as prescribed and the cheese can only be made using one approved method. The AOC label is legal recognition that a certain heritage in know-how and *terroir* can actually modify the taste of a product. This type of label must not be confused with a trademark: McDonald's owns the name Big Mac and will allow a franchisee to reproduce it for a fee, but *Camembert de Normandie* cannot be produced in New Zealand. It is attached to the land. This doesn't apply to cheddar, originally from the town of Cheddar, England, but now a generic name. The AOC label doesn't refer either to organic food, another type of label, but an organic food could also be labelled AOC.

Half of France's wine production, worth 74 billion francs, carries an AOC and about 16 percent of its cheese worth 11 billion. The value of other agricultural products enjoying the AOC label, like *Noix de Grenoble*, is about 1 billion francs, which is very little in comparison to a total agricultural output of 500 billion francs. But this doesn't give the whole picture because the AOC label adds value. In all, 133,000 farms produce AOC products. The wine labeled AOC may account for half of the volume, but adds up to 80 percent of the value. This means that each litre of AOC wine fetches four times the value of non AOC products! French peasants are just beginning to realize the potential: in 1997, there were only 12 AOC labels for produce other than wine and cheese, like *Taureau de Camargue*, a special type of beef produced in the Rhone river delta. At present, 25 requests for the AOC label are in the pipeline, like *Oignons de Cévennes*, a typical sweet onion, and *agneau de pré salé* (salty prairie lamb), a savory meat that acquired a particular taste because the lambs graze a particular vegetation salted by sea spray.

The AOC label first appeared in France at the begin-

ning of the 20th century as a means of protecting the French against the French. A small American plant louse called phylloxera had almost completely destroyed European wine vines in the 1870s. It took some 20 to 30 years to rebuild the stock.⁴ Meanwhile, industrialists produced artificial wines by fermenting water, sugar and colorant. This *piquette* was no match for real wine when production was resumed, except that the makers of industrial wine kept calling their *piquette* Beaujolais and Chablis and Bordeaux, competing against the real stuff. Riots broke out in southern France between employees of the wineries and *piquette* factories. In 1905, the government created a first law against forgery. In 1919 the AOC label was introduced. In 1955, the law was extended to cheese — although a law protected Roquefort as early as 1925. This law was extended again in 1990 to all farm produce. Two other countries followed suit in the 1930s, Italy and Spain, with DOP (*Denominazione di Origine Protetta*) and DO (*Denominacion de Origen*), although, unlike the French, they never created a special institute.

Since 1935, the law has been managed by the *Institut National d'Appellation d'Origine* (INAO), which employs 236 people and has a budget of 92 million francs. They determine whether a produce deserves the label or not, they inspect those that have been recognized and defend producers abroad. INAO is now involved in 400 litigations in 140 countries, including the United States, which never signed the international treaty regarding labels on wine and spirits. "INAO is not ahead of French consumers, who recognize many more types of small production than we do," says Christian Bichet, agronomist at the Quality Policy Unit of the Agriculture Department. "The AOC is simply a legal recognition of consumer expectations."

Although the AOC label for wine has been recognized internationally for more than half a century, its extension to other produce has been decried as protectionist humbug. Indeed, it goes against the grain of a purely market-oriented approach, where produce is sampled and homogenized according to measurable quality standards. Yet the promoters of AOC have a point: if it is true for wine, why not for the rest? After all, there are things a machine cannot detect: only hogs can detect the smell of a truffle through the soil. "You may argue that beef is the same whatever you feed it as long as you meet quality standards, but that in itself is a cultural judgment that depends on values that the French don't adhere to," says Claude Fischler, the

⁴ Phylloxera ate the root of the vine. Scientists found out that if you used the roots of American vines, which resist the phylloxera, and grafted branches of European vines to it, the new vine resisted phylloxera but had the quality of European vines.



Jean-Gilles Chasseley and his wife Christiane live off their 13-hectare vineyard in Chatillon d'Auzergue, in the Beaujolais. They also make a rarity: white Beaujolais. AOC, naturally.

research director at the CNRS and author of *L'omnivore*.

It took France five years to convince the European Commission and the World Trade Organization of the validity of the concept, with the support of Italy and Spain. Nordic European countries were originally against it, but they actually bought in as a result of a political deal. The French argument was particularly inventive. AOC labels are often associated with the least productive farmlands, which would be abandoned as a result of heavy industrialization. But the wonderful legal gadget called the AOC adds value to production that would be otherwise non-profitable. The increase in value allows peasants to hold to their land. Says Christian Bichet, "European countries saw the merit of the formula in terms of local and regional planning."

France's partners bought this argument. It held that produce labelled AOC, except for wine and cheese, were still marginal products both in value and volume. In addition, other European countries are not forced to adopt the measure internally, although they have to recognize

and protect their partners' AOC labels. The French have been allowed to keep the letters AOC, although for all other European produce, the label is AOP - *Appellation d'Origine Protégée*. Other countries have begun making good use of it: the British have now 25 AOP products, like Stilton cheese.

So the French are not alone now in battling the Americans, and the notion is progressively being extended to other produce. The notion is in fact almost nonexistent in the U.S., although the country is a member of the World Trade Organization. "We attack American counterfeiters in U.S. courts on grounds of unfair competition," says Christian Bechet. "We have obtained from the Supreme Court that Beaujolais is not a generic term. Beaujolais is from le Beaujolais and Gamay-Beaujolais had to be called something else." Other litigation will follow regarding the use of words like Palette, Hermitage, Cognac, Pommard and Provence. American legislators have not yet ruled on the issue of AOC labels, but someone, somewhere, someday will want an AOC label on State-of-Washington wines or New Hampshire Maple Syrup.

SIDE BAR 2:

THE RITUAL OF EATING

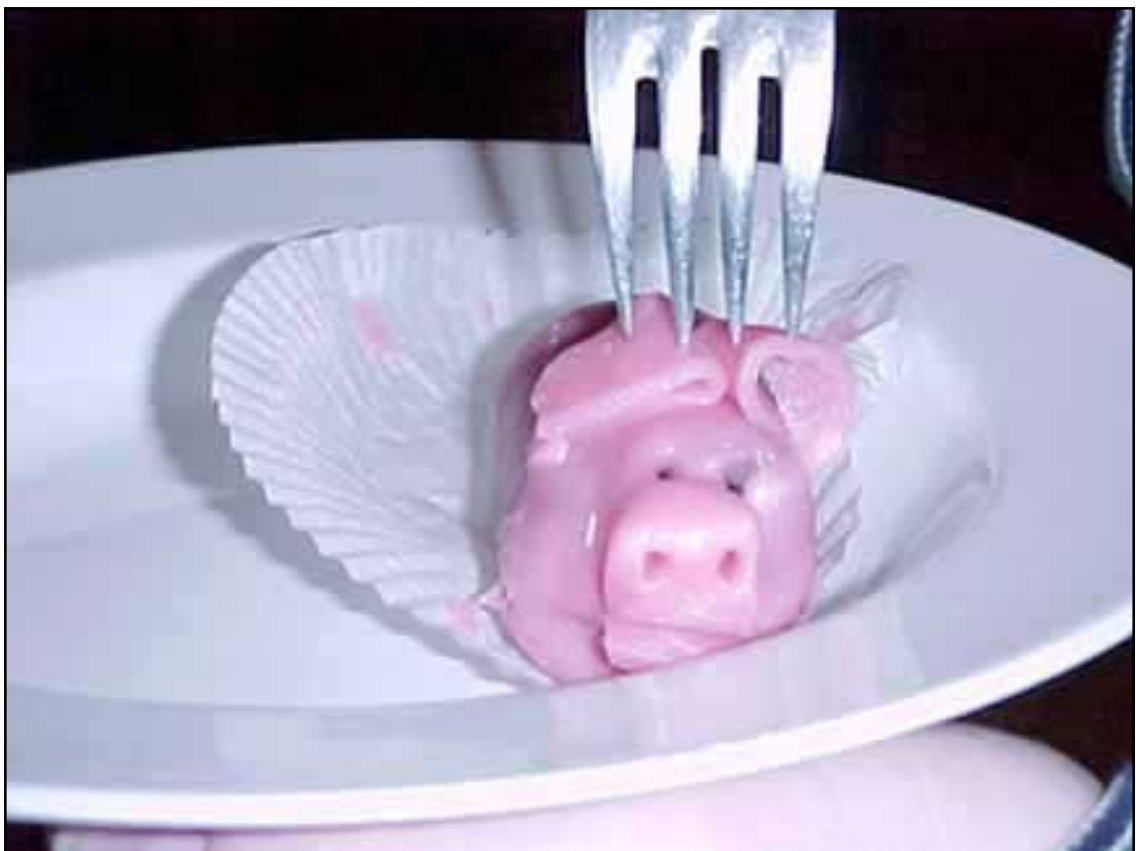
During a lively supper with a group of friends, we were comparing the eating habits of French and Quebeckers when I noticed the label on the bottle of St-Yorre water. It said: Collect 40 St-Yorre labels and win a *bloc de foie gras*." This is the great contradiction of French culture: the juxtaposition of purity with the fattest thing on earth. And nobody blinks an eye.

For the past ten years, North American nutritionists have pondered over this great mystery of dietetics, the so-called French Paradox by which the French enjoy a lower incidence of cardiovascular problems and live longer lives than Americans in spite of the fact that they eat *foie gras*, cheese for dessert and smoke between courses. The most absurd theories have been "demonstrated" by chickenarian scientists to the effect that drinking wine or olive oil is good. In my opinion, these theories are all wrong because they approach food from the mere angle of functionality, and neglect the social dimension of it. What distinguishes the French and Americans is not their diet, I contend, but the way they eat, socially

speaking. The central notion is *convivialité* at the table, which doesn't have the sense of festive gathering, but of social intercourse.

- Eating is socially protected — the expression is from sociologist and researcher Claude Fischler. It is not polite to eat outside of mealtime, in particular while performing other tasks, for instance listening to a teacher. In *L'omnivore*, Fischler notes that the typical American will come in contact with food 20 times a day, far fewer than a French person, although he doesn't give a figure for the latter. The French don't nibble. Coke machines are found everywhere in the Métro, but I have not seen many people buy from them, save myself. At home the same rule applies. Nobody grazes and everyone eats at the table at the same time. It may sound awfully traditional, but that's the way it is.

- Eating well doesn't mean eating a lot. It means eating in diversity and quality. In addition, the French



Lard of the Pies. A generation of nutritionists is investigating the French Paradox. Why so few cardiovascular problems and so much fat, cholesterol and cigarettes? While they look for the answer let's relax, have a glass of wine and slice the foie gras.

have a strong notion that a meal must be structured, with an entrée, main course and a cheese (or a dessert). And fruits are still consumed in lieu of deserts. As a consequence during a 24-hour period, 56 percent of the French have achieved maximal nutritional diversity, while only 34 percent of Americans reach it, according to a study by *l'Observatoire des Consommations Alimentaires*.⁵ Eating is not about functionality or filling a hole.⁶

- They don't tolerate Prohibitionists. In four months in France, I have yet to encounter a sanctimonious chickenarian or a vegetarian or an organicarian, or any type of dogmatic Diet Aryan who preaches at the table about the evils of meat, sauces and fat. Lecturing people about food is not considered polite, especially at the table. It's not that the French are leaner or fatter, or less obsessed with their figures, but they never voice their neuroses at the table. Hence the *foie gras* and the St-Yorre.

- They take their time. The French do spend less time eating nowadays than 20 years ago, and not everyone has the time to stop, but the ideal, stopping and eating, is respected whenever possible. Four people out of five still lunch at home. The French may show up at work around 9:30 a.m. and take an hour or more to eat, but they finish working between six and eight in the evening. This is why their Epicurian dining habits haven't prevented them from producing the 4th biggest GDP in the world — all 60 million of them. □



Convivialité. The French have a strong sense that eating is social, if not collective by nature, and they have a strong sense of proprieties, even during the annual picnic of the Paris Spelunking Club in an underground quarry in a suburb of Paris.



Speed Rabbit Pizza. The #2 of French pizza closes in the afternoon. Who would want pizza at 4 p.m. anyway?

⁵ In *Consommations et modes de vie*, published by Centre de recherche pour l'étude et l'observation des conditions de vie. January 30, 1999.

⁶ Levenstein, Harvey, *Paradox of plenty, A Social History of Eating in Modern America*. New York, Oxford University Press, 1993, 337 p.

INSTITUTE FELLOWS AND THEIR ACTIVITIES

Adam Smith Albion. A former research associate at the Institute for EastWest Studies at Prague in the Czech Republic, Adam is studying and writing about the republics of Central Asia, and their importance as actors within and without 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]**

Shelly Renae Browning. A surgeon specializing in ears and hearing, Dr. Browning is studying the approaches of traditional healers among the Aborigines of Australia and the indigenous peoples of Vanuatu to hearing loss and ear problems. She won her B.S. in Chemistry at the University of the South, studied physician/patient relationships in China and Australia on a Thomas J. Watson Fellowship and won her M.D. at Emory University in Atlanta. Before her ICWA fellowship, she was a Fellow in Skull-Base Surgery in Montreal at McGill University's Department of Otolaryngology. **[SOUTH ASIA]**

Chenoa Egawa. An enrolled member of the Lummi Indian Nation, Chenoa is spending two years living among mesoAmerican Indians, studying successful and not-so-successful cooperative organizations designed to help the Indians market their manufactures, agricultural products and crafts without relying on middlemen. A former trade specialist for the American Indian Trade and Development Council of the Pacific Northwest, Chenoa's B.A. is in International Business and Spanish from the University of Washington in Seattle. **[THE AMERICAS]**

Paige Evans. A playwright and former Literary Manager of the Manhattan Theatre Club in New York City, Paige is looking at Cuba through the lens of its performing arts. With a History/Literature B.A. from Harvard, she has served as counselor at the Buckhorn Children's Center in Buckhorn, Kentucky (1983-84), as Arts Editor of the International Courier in Rome, Italy (1985-86), and as an adjunct professor teaching a course in Contemporary American Playwrights at New York University. She joined the Manhattan Theatre Club in 1990. **[THE AMERICAS]**

Whitney Mason. A freelance print and television journalist, Whit began his career by founding a newspaper called The Siberian Review in Novosibirsk in 1991, then worked as an editor of the Vladivostok News and wrote for *Asiaweek* magazine in Hong Kong. In 1995 he switched to radio- and video-journalism, working in Bosnia and Korea for CBS. As an ICWA Fellow, he is studying and writing about Turkey's role as nexus between East and West, and between traditional and secular Islam. **[EUROPE/RUSSIA]**

Marc Michaelson. A program manager for Save the Children in The Gambia, Marc has moved across Africa to the Horn, there to assess nation-building in Eritrea and Ethiopia, and (conditions permitting) availing and unavailing humanitarian efforts in northern Somalia and southern Sudan. With a B.A. in political science from Tufts, a year of non-degree study at the London School of Economics and a Master's in International Peace Studies from Notre Dame, he describes his postgraduate years as "seven years' experience in international development programming and peace research." **[sub-SAHARA]**

Jean Benoit Nadeau. A French-Canadian journalist and playwright, Jean Benoit studied drama at the National Theater School in Montreal, then received a B.A. from McGill University in Political Science and History. The holder of several Canadian magazine and investigative-journalism awards, he is spending his ICWA-fellowship years in France studying "the resistance of the French to the trend of economic and cultural globalization." **[EUROPE/RUSSIA]**

Susan Sterner. A staff photographer for the Associated Press in Los Angeles, Susan received her B.A. in International Studies and Cultural Anthropology at Emory University and a Master's in Latin American Studies at Vanderbilt. AP gave her a wide-ranging beat, with assignments in Haiti, Mexico and along the U.S.-Mexican border; in 1998 she was a co-nominee for a Pulitzer Prize for a series on child labor. Her fellowship topic: the lives and status of Brazilian women. **[THE AMERICAS]**

Tyrone Turner. A photojournalist (Black Star) whose work has appeared in many U.S. newspapers and magazines, Tyrone holds a Master's degree in Government and Latin American politics from Georgetown University and has produced international photo-essays on such topics as Rwandan genocide and mining in Indonesia (the latter nominated for a Pulitzer). As an ICWA Fellow he is writing and photographing Brazilian youth and their lives in rural and urban settings. **[THE AMERICAS]**

Daniel B. Wright. A sinologist with a Master's Degree in International Relations from the Nitze School of Advanced International Studies of the Johns Hopkins University, Dan's fellowship immerses him in southwest China's Guizhou Province, where he, his journalist-wife Shou Guowei, and their two children (Margaret and Jon) will base themselves for two years in the city of Duyun. Previously a specialist on Asian and Chinese affairs for the Washington consulting firm of Andraee, Vick & Associates, Dan also studied Chinese literature at Beijing University and holds a Master of Divinity degree from Fuller Theological Seminary of Pasadena, California. **[EAST ASIA]**

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