ICWA
LETTERS

Institute of Current World Affairs
The Crane-Rogers Foundation
Four West Wheelock Street
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755 U.S.A.

JGW-3
SOUTH ASIA

James Workman is a Donors' Fellow of the Institute studying the use, misuse, accretion and depletion of fresh-water supplies in southern Africa.

Smuggling for the San:
Water as a Weapon in the Central Kalahari

By James G. Workman

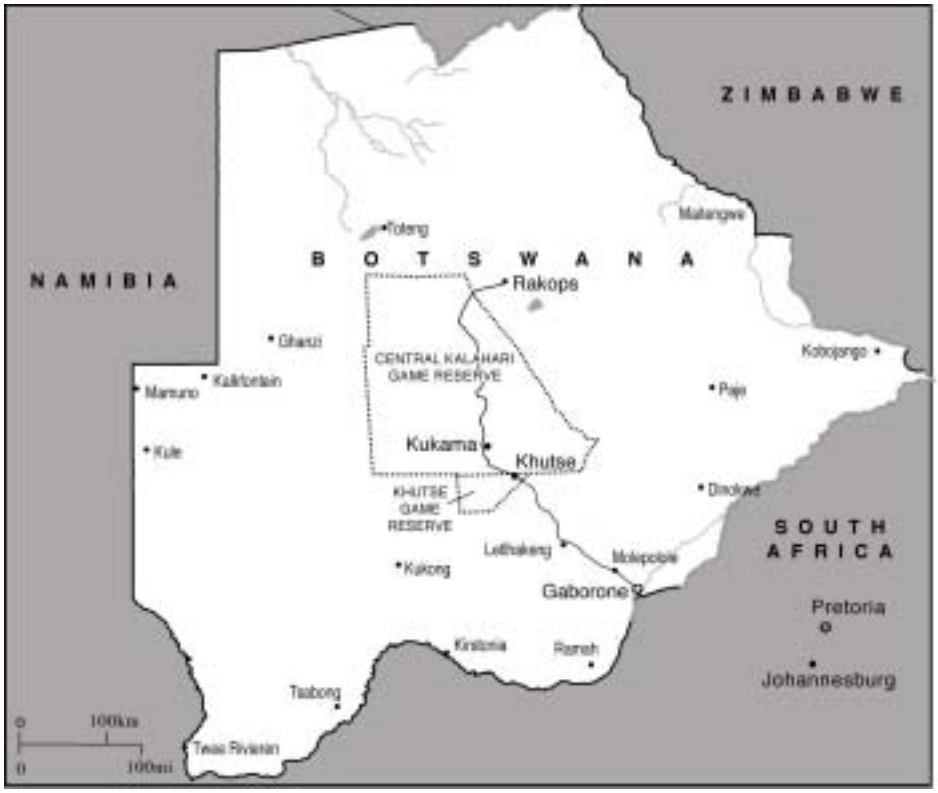
MAY 1, 2002

I. Wednesday, 3:41 p.m., March 27

I am nervously approaching the southern entrance into Botswana's Central Kalahari Game Reserve (CKGR), one of the most remote, unspoiled and inhospitable landscapes on the continent. Less than 160 millimeters of rain falls per year. Which means only the most tenacious residents can call this thirstland 'home': thorny acacia scrub, tsama melon, gemsbok, brown hyena, blue wildebeest, lion, jackal, red ants, scorpion, barking gecko… and the quiet hitchhiker riding next to me with seat belt and hands folded across his lap.

When asked at the gate I will say I am a tourist and he a stranger. That's our rehearsed story. More accurately, I am a food and water and medicine smuggler and he a BaKgalagadi or 'Bushman' dissident. We met two days ago through human-rights lawyers in Gaborone. His name is Amolang Segwetsane, age 40, and common-law husband to Gobodise Chetwelo. Ten days ago when she grew sick he left his ancestral home in the centuries-old settlement of Gugamma (Kukama) inside the Reserve to walk, ride horseback and hitch rides two days through semi-desert to seek medical help and support in the nation's capital.

Though Botswana has arguably the best-qualified public services in Africa,



Amolang had to avoid all health clinics, police, game wardens or civil servants. His government had become his enemy; it not only refused aid but also actively worked against him. Six weeks earlier state officials entered the CKGR, cut off water supplies, dismantled bore-hole wells and pumps, then emptied and removed stored water containers in a last-ditch, final-solution effort to force Segwetsane — and all like-minded Bushmen — off and out of their native homeland forever.

Whether the state has the authority to do so remains an open question, to be decided in an emergency class-action lawsuit. A San leader, Roy Sesana, is seeking to have the courts declare the forced removals illegal and restore land tenure and services. But the government has postponed the hearing, leaving Bushmen in limbo. Those who remain risk dying of thirst; those who depart surrender their way of life. Wishing away the controversy, the Ministry of Local Government Permanent Secretary Eric Molale claims "There is no need to be arguing on the unconstitutionality of the termination of the [San water] services. There is no reason to be calling for their reinstatement as there are no people to be served."

That's not exactly true. Though it forcibly relocated 2,200 Basarwa to reservations, several dozen still refuse to budge. They can't envision life away from the Kalahari. Segwetsane, his wife and son remain among that handful. He says, "I want to stay in Gugamma until I die, and be buried in my ancestral land where my father was born. If forced to go away, we will not have left freely."

* * *

We pass a crude green sign indicating the entrance at 'Khutse,' which means 'place where you can kneel down to drink.' If only it were still that easy. Whether due to water scarcity caused by climate change, or a younger generation's relying on a government as much as on clouds, or a water table sucked down low by the boreholes of surrounding cattle ranches and towns, the Bushman settlements had grown increasingly dependent on outside water deliveries.

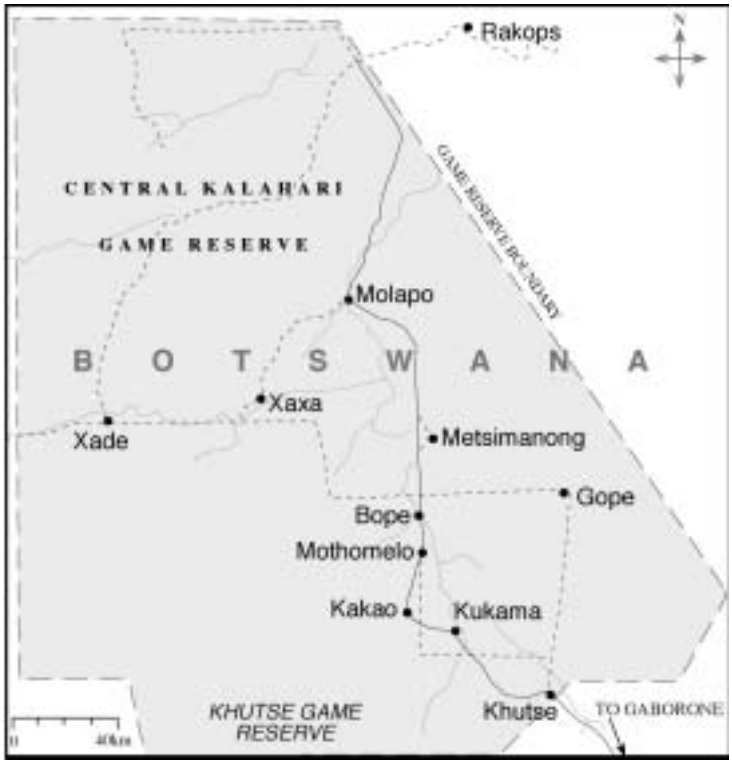
But Segwetsane seems confident that he can still seek and find enough water for his family indefinitely. Doing so in the past has enabled these BaKgalagadi and San tribes to remain the last free remnants of an adaptable hunter-gatherer race that once spanned Southern Africa. Over centuries Europeans shoved this race north and east while Bantu cattle owners shoved them south and west. Segwetsane's ancestors could claim the dry Kalahari mainly because no one else could stand it, use it, or want it.

Now the government wants their communal land rights in the CKGR too, although it remains unclear exactly why. Some suspect they want to make room for the growth of tourism, cattle ranching or diamond mining — the three pillars of Botswana's economy.

Against this triumvirate, San attorney Glyn Williams has been leaked documentation that states how and why the CKGR was conceived 40 years ago. It was set aside uniquely and expressly for the use of the San (who have lived here for 30,000 years) and BaKgalagadi (like Segwetsane's ancestors, who have adapted for 300-400 years) and only secondarily to preserve enough game and vegetation for them to continue to hunt and gather. As such, it is the only reserve in Africa where mankind hunts as he has since prehistory.

Confronted by its own documents, the Botswana government justifies its forced removals with unconvincing and contradictory claims. In affidavits it says services were too expensive at $4 per person per day (it has since ignored all private and European Union offers to cover costs). It argues hunters and wildlife are incompatible (wildlife diversity and game levels are increasing across the board). It claims to seek 'economic empowerment and development' (for a people whose life expectancy is twice the national average and who have almost entirely avoided the HIV virus that afflicts nearly a third of the population outside). It says 'people must give way for developments of national importance' but fails to state what those developments are. It vociferously denies diamonds as its motive (even though the Bushmen never mention this issue themselves). Kimberlite pipes, indicating diamonds, have been discovered near Gope in the Reserve, but the government says extraction would not be economically viable.

For several days, as Williams read off these claims



Segwetsane & Letswane with spears

and had them translated for the San and BaKgalagadi plaintiffs, I tried to imagine their perspective. Left alone over the centuries, they had little or no need of lawyers, courts or outside government. This is not to say they are more or less virtuous than other peoples or lack any of the seven vices in their individual temperament. But rather than sue, they have developed other means of coping or self-regulation. One is an ego-ridding Trance Dance rarely revealed to outsiders. Another is bonding through gift exchange and shared work. But perhaps their most useful day-to-day tool is laughter. More than an admirable trait, humor becomes a crucial survival mechanism for a close-knit community faced with scarcity and shrinking frontiers.

As Williams reads the government's shifting claims the Bushmen remain subdued and shake their heads quietly. Then he raises a seventh accusation: "That the Basarwa want to become agriculturalists — raising crops and cattle in the CKGR." They wait for the translation. There is a pause as they register this idea — both ecologically impossible and culturally ridiculous — then burst into spontaneous and infectious laughter, meeting each others eyes with open faces and wide smiles.

* * *

But that playful, childlike quality can invite paternal instincts or patronizing attitudes from outsiders and Botswana officials alike. One must guard against 'helping' them on the assumption of 'knowing what is best for them.' Several tourists I met seemed upset to find Bushmen wearing tattered Western clothes, or listening to the radio, or using currency — unlike the heroes in *The Gods Must Be Crazy* or coffee-table picture books. Likewise, some officials grew angry that Bushmen still continue to favor their own language (80 dialects survive among three mutually unintelligible families), or hunt, scavenge and gather or resist what one calls the 'fruits and benefits of civilization.'

My own sense is that diamonds, tourism and cattle may factor in, but the real motive behind the government's forced removals of (and the international sympathy with) the Bushmen is simple ideological prejudice, or racism. The same aspect that continues to fascinate romantically inclined Westerners like me — a unique culture that adapts to the limits of land and water rather than adapting the land and water to itself — seems to embarrass and breed contempt in Botswana's leaders and many of its citizens as being 'backward' and 'primitive.' In a chilling comparison, Local Government Minister Margaret Nasha told television viewers: "You know the issue of Basarwa, sometimes I equate it to the elephants. We once had the same problem with elephants when we wanted to cull, and people said no."

And so the week I arrive in Africa hoping to learn how these people live with so little water I learn water is being used against them as a weapon of last resort. Arriving in Gaborone, I listen to Bushmen describe the water-delivery vehicles growing random, scarce, then trickling to a stop. They tell me how in late January, government workers dismantled the borehole pump and destroyed existing supplies of water, pouring it into the sand and then driving off for the last time. Since then, they have been trying to make every drop and grain last. No one knows how long they can hold out. Time has a different pace and context for the San; in his affidavit a Gwi Bushman named Mohame Belesa marks an event by describing the phase and position of the moon.

* * *

I lurch up at the CKGR entry gate and turn off the engine. Segwetsane wanders off to rejoin me later. My heart is beating fast. I am sweating profusely, but not from the heat. I worry they will link us as associates and keep us both out. I worry they will inspect the vehicle and uncover our 'contraband,' perhaps leading to my arrest or deportation.

I did not come to Botswana with plans to become a

smuggler; it simply felt as if I had no choice. Other options appeared closed off. Human-rights lawyers in Cape Town and Gaborone were preparing for court. Pressure groups like Survival International were mounting international vigils and media campaigns from offices overseas. Regional NGOs like First People of the Kalahari (FPK) and the Working Group on Indigenous Minorities in Southern Africa (WIMSA) were trying to negotiate but were kept under close surveillance and blocked out. All these tactics were tightening the screws and the case building against the government was, if not airtight, then more-or-less watertight.

But there remained the practical issue of those remaining within the CKGR. The government has not only isolated them from others but cut others off from them. In late February, at a joint press conference, Nasha and Foreign Affair minister Mompati Merafhe explicitly "rejected any and all outside assistance for the Basarwa," and "disclosed that they would resent any undue foreign intervention." As I prepared to break this senseless blockade I realized that their resentment would include me.

Earlier this morning in Gaborone, Mathambo Ngakaeaja of WIMSA helped me load the Land Rover, hiding the goods beneath my dirty laundry (the smell of which should discourage any inspector). He and San leader Roy Sesana had been turned back at the gate when they tried to bring in food and water to their families a few weeks earlier. His own 4-wheel-drive vehicle drove at night head-on into a cow; it could not be repaired in time to make another attempt.

"You sure you're okay with this?" he asks me.

"No one's forcing me."

"Have you been in the desert before?"

"No. But I've got a good map. Where am I going?"

He instructed me to drop a third of the supplies in Gugamma, along with Segwetsane, and two-thirds in Metsimonong, farther to the north.

We look at the map. There are eight settlements, including Gope, Kakao, Mothomelo, Bape, Xade and Molapo.

"What about the people in these other settlements?" I ask.

He looks at me. "There are no people left in those other settlements."

* * *

I find the CKGR official not mean or suspicious as I had built him up to be. Just bored. He glances over at the Land Rover, writes down my vehicle registration number, collects a fee. "And how long will you be in the Reserve?" he asks.

"Four to eight days."

"Do you have enough food and fuel and water for that time?"

Loaded in my backpack, suitcase, duffel and four black garbage bags I had concealed 10 huge 25-kilogram sacks of mealie maize, 15 sacks of sugar, 50 liters of water, 40 liters of evaporated milk, 40 packets of soup, 30 boxes of tea. Plus my own stuff. "I think so."

"And your first night will be spent —?"

"Somewhere around Gugamma."

He shakes his head, and clears his throat. "Em, you can't go there."

I panic, heart beating. "Why not?"

"It's too late. You won't make it before sunset. Besides, there's nothing there."

I think of my passenger's waiting family and neighbors and think: *Don't be too sure.* I hop in and start the engine. In three hours, just as the setting sun turns orange red, I will make my first drop. I will watch Segwetsane movingly but dispassionately reunite with his wife, son and neighbor, Letswane. As my stove fails, they will quietly bring me fire to cook with and accept my smuggled goods with grace. I won't be able to speak their language but we will communicate with gestures and smiles and a hopeful dance, as I tap out a rhythm with a wooden spoon on a cast iron pot. They will pose for my camera dressed in western clothes, yet bearing spears that, unlike those sold in Cape Town antique shops, have shafts polished smooth by a human grip and sharpened blades lacking rust. While I may be breaking Botswana's law or policy nothing I have done before feels as right or as important as what I am attempting right now.

Once past the gate, Segwetsane hops back in. We drive on for a few kilometers in silence then I face him. He flashes a smile and gives a jubilant thumbs-up gesture. We laugh out loud with the windows down like boys again with life unfolding immediately ahead of us. As I shift gears I imagine foolishly that the official was my biggest danger to overcome.

II.

Thursday, March 28, 5:19 p.m.

Yesterday I felt mildly heroic. Today the extent of my doltishness grows clear. Some 109 kilometers back, the dirt road gave way to fine sand. Deep sand. Two and a half million square kilometers of tire-grabbing sand that

drags the V8 to a crawl. I engaged diff-locks, which combined with afternoon sun to push the engine temperature gauge into the red zone. Surrounding the narrow road the sandveld scrub vegetation — Bastard umbrella thorn, Blackthorn, Trumpet thorn — clawed and scratched the windows and doors. Fifteen kilometers out of Gugamma the sand grew deeper, and the bouncing, lurching road dislodged the jerry cans strapped to the roof. In the rearview side mirror I saw one hang off by a strap and start leaking gasoline down the right side of the vehicle. After 27 kilometers a door handle jiggled loose, sucking sand inside the vehicle. From 36 kilometers onward, grass seeds clogged the radiator and had to be scraped clear; grass stems wedged against the exhaust, posing a fire risk. At 49 kilometers the muffler broke loose and dragged until I wrapped it up with a wire hanger. As I bogged down in the hot loose sand I let some of the air out of the tires to increase traction. Where this failed, I wedged the BBQ grill under the wheel.

Two Costa Rican friends christened my Land Rover 'Rocinante' (Spanish for 'ass-backwards') after the sway-back steed that carried Don Quixote on his unlikely windmill-tilts. An apt comparison, it fit the idiocy of the modern knight-errant mounted behind the wheel.

I am cursing myself, and my unprepared haste. As things worsen, I realize I have begun talking to myself, which is not by itself unusual. What's unnerving is that I have begun to answer back. A lively discussion ensues over the existential merit and intelligence of what I am doing. Deep doubts cloud my earlier moral certainty. Am I replacing government services with private handouts? Am I making things worse? Are these people even still Bushmen? Who am I really doing this for, them or me? If they can live without water why should they depend on the government? The exotic, mystical, vast, open wild spaces of yesterday now seem but a godforsaken wasteland.

My conversation intensifies as I drive into some of the vacant San villages. Empty rings outline where occupied huts once stood. Oil drums and cans are left behind near charred pits where tended fires once cooked wild meat. A small goat or donkey corral has been bulldozed. So recently lived in, the ghost towns do not feel dead, or even past. Not yet. The wildlife hasn't reclaimed space long occupied by man. Still, a heaviness remains in Kikao and Mothomelo and I don't linger. There is no laughter here.

Returning to the vehicle after walking around Mothomelo I try to put petrol from the leaky jerry can in Rocinante's belly. But something is awry. While unscrewing the fuel tank the lid erupts in a geyser of hot unleaded gasoline spewing into my face, burning my eyes. Reeling and staggering about, temporarily blind, it strikes me how stupidly alone I am in the middle of the desert. I lose: 20 liters of fuel onto the sand, two liters of water on my face and two hours of late morning time trying to get reoriented.

Speeding up doesn't help. I come to another depressing empty village where a water tank has been disconnected, and drive in an arc to pick up the road, following what seem to be fresh tire tracks of another vehicle ahead. After 30 km I come to a marker, the same one I passed in the opposite direction two hours earlier. I scream, realizing I have been driving over my own tracks, burning up petrol that, so far from gas stations, I can no longer afford to lose.

Two hours before sunset I pass a second sign at an intersection, and 200 yards later the engine gasps and dies. I try to restart it. It turns over and over but does not catch. The battery is fine. I open the hood and see the air filter pipe has come unhooked, sucking up sand dust into the system. If clogged, that explains the fuel tank pressure. I try to clear them, but lack tools. The wind blows through the thorn trees. Insects hum. I resign myself to being stuck in the middle of nowhere and try not to panic, but the outlook is bleak. I'm going nowhere. I've got enough food and water but my one-man smuggling operation will fail if the CKGR officials must rescue me, whenever that may be. Options are limited. The lions and hyena I saw earlier will soon rise and start hunting. I build a fire, roast a lamb chop, and drown my misery in a bottle of warm wine.

3:53 a.m.

As an owl watches from a nearby branch, I take out paper and write in the full moonlight: Survival Rule #1: You can't help others by putting yourself in reckless danger, as I have. I make an impressive list of everything I forgot to bring. I make a plan to walk on to the Basarwa settlement in the morning, and start to write a note that says "Sorry to inconvenience you, but whoever finds this car will find its owner on the road ahead, or eaten by lions, and if they don't, to please tell my family that…" but the note starts to sound like a last will and testament and I crumple the paper.

Then, out in the night I hear engines miles away. I rush back to the intersection, wave down a caravan going a different direction, and press them into service. Trouble-shooting with their tools we remove tubes and trace the point where fuel is not reaching the engine. We prime the carburetor with fuel from a jerry can, cup hands over other intakes and force it to suck air through tubes into pistons and with a mighty, smoky explosion the engine clears all the gunk out in a roar. I too roar maniacally and want to embrace them, but this is not what one does with strangers. So I give them my last bottle of wine instead. They drive off. I have a breakfast of apples, biltong and peanuts, and wait for the sun to rise before I continue onward.

III.

Friday, 11:49 am, March 29

After four hours driving I arrive in what must be

Metsimanong, where most of the remaining Bushmen die-hards supposedly remain. But there is no one. As instructed I call out for a man named 'Moeti,' yet find only a springbok and two ostrich among some vacant hut ruins. Am I too late? Has this village been abandoned as well? Is there no one left? I keep calling out but my words are carried off by the wind. I start to suspect that they too have given up and left the CKGR, making my journey here utterly pointless.

Distributing supplies to huts

Then I come across a boy lying next to his fire by a hut. My relief and smile matches his own. Soon a woman emerges from the bush, and two more. I follow them to a group of huts hidden over a hill. Two other women emerge. Then a man walks up. They seem to appear out of the wind; thin but poised and dressed in ragged western garb. We converge under a tree in a clearing and begin to unload the bulk of the supplies.

The boy is Moagi Makate, 15, and I am impressed not only at his youth but that he speaks passing English. He translates to the others who I am, the news I have learned, where I am coming from and with whom I met earlier. There were 344 people in the village, he says. Now 18 remain. They have no medicine. Their radios have been confiscated by the government, which also emptied their water onto the ground.

Moagi

After we divide up the food and supplies, I stay and talk with those who have the time. Moagi likes to hunt; his face brightens as he describes the process. "With dogs, burros, horses we surround the gemsbok or springbok or kudu and kill it with our spears. We can swap the meat if we need to. But now the government does not give us papers to hunt animal as we have hunted for centuries."

He shows the pan where water fills up but the rainfalls are dwindling in frequency. The dry season is here. I urge them to hang on for two more weeks, and say that their case is strong and that I think they will win in court. He translates this but they show no signs of either joy or despair.

I meet Nar Bapalo, whose wife was taken to a resettlement camp months earlier while he was away hunting. He has heard nothing of her for weeks. Nar was born in the village and has lived here all his life. I ask him his age and by way of answer he checks his jacket pocket for a paper with his birth date but cannot find it. "We will not go," he says, as Moagi translates. "We will not become farmers. If they return we will sit here. If they kill us, then they will kill.

"This is their home, our home," continues Moagi. "We are the first people in Africa. We will stay. If they take away the water we will stay. We go only by force, whether they force us on trucks to make room for diamonds or oil."

Moagi senses a future, however shaky, in the foreign visitors who take an interest in their hunting and culture. He talks loosely of a scenario where the tribe replaces government with tourism as its source of services

and contact, while the Bushmen retain ownership of land and of place and of identity even as that outward manifestation of identity changes over time. "If the government comes again with water we won't drink it," he vows. "We want tourists to come and help; we can trade. To see you and trade animals and water and clothes."

While talking about the government's forced resettlements, Nar asks where I am from. I tell him America, across the ocean that he has never seen. "And your government," he asks, "does it push the first peoples off their ancestral land?"

I pause, then answer that Yes it has, even in the not so distant past. I think of the Northwest, of Yellowstone, Yosemite, Blue Ridge, Grand Canyon — all my favorite wild parks, refuges and forests that I have hiked and camped. In all these places, with the possible exception of the Everglades and parts of the Mojave, the government has pushed off the native peoples to make room for the priorities — recreational, agricultural or mineral — of wealthier peoples.

Nar Bapalo

I tell him that is why his culture and fight is of interest to Europe and America. And to me. That his refusal to move makes an outcome possible that is too late in my own country. I try to encourage him as much as I can, and offer solidarity, but he only looks thoughtful and nods. He says quietly that he had heard that governments elsewhere like America pushed aside First Peoples but did not know it was true until now.

I watch the daily activity resume, herding goats and gathering some native vegetation: *moretiwa motsotsogane*, a wild fruit that grows on trees, or *maroz* and *serow segwere*, which grow on the ground. These provide water as well as nutrients. Still, I make quick calculations and decide to leave them with half of my own food and water supply; they can use it longer and more efficiently than I. As I prepare to depart I ask Nar and Moagi how to say "thank you" in their native dialect.

It sounds like "!X'e Qwa Kaine Gk'ho." I practice it a few times softly, to avoid embarrassment, but Nar shakes his head with a smile. Through Moagi, he tells me and shows me that the last guttural click must come like a strong cough, deep from the chest, so that you know the expression comes from the heart.

Herding goats to water

I practice again louder and climb into the driver's seat. I turn the key and Rocinante belches to a noisy, muffler-less start. I have just under half a tank of gas, 15 liters of water, and 193 kilometers to go before reaching the bleak outpost of Rakops where some San have been relocated. The roads are supposed to improve further north. I'm fairly sure I can make it in two nights. I put it in gear.

Over the engine, I lean out the window, take a deep breath, and shout "X'e Qwa Kaine Gk'ho!" at the top of my lungs. Joined by a woman, they wave and laugh at my attempt. I head north out through the enclosure gate and glance in the rearview mirror. They are still laughing. ❑

Refusing to Leave

INSTITUTE OF CURRENT WORLD AFFAIRS

Fellows and their Activities

Wendy Call (May 2000 - 2002) • **MEXICO**
A "Healthy Societies" Fellow, Wendy is spending two years in Mexico's Isthmus of Tehuantepec, immersed in contradictory trends: an attempt to industrialize and "develop" land along a proposed Caribbean-to-Pacific containerized railway, and the desire of indigenous peoples to preserve their way of life and some of Mexico's last remaining old-growth forests. With a B.A. in Biology from Oberlin, Wendy has worked as a communications coordinator for Grassroots International and national campaign director for Infact, a corporate accountability organization.

Martha Farmelo (April 2001- 2003) • **ARGENTINA**
A Georgetown graduate (major: psychology; minor, Spanish) with a Master's in Public Affairs from the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton, Martha is the Institute's Suzanne Ecke McColl Fellow studying gender issues in Argentina. Married to an Argentine economist and mother of a small son, she is focusing on both genders, which is immensely important in a land of Italo/Latino machismo. Martha has been involved with Latin America all her professional life, having worked with Catholic Relief Services and the Inter-American Development Bank in Costa Rica, with Human Rights Watch in Ecuador and the Inter-American Foundation in El Salvador, Uruguay and at the UN World Conference on Women in Beijing.

Curt Gabrielson (December 2000 - 2002) • **EAST TIMOR**
With a Missouri farm background and an MIT degree in physics, Curt is spending two years in East Timor, watching the new nation create an education system of its own out of the ashes of the Indonesian system. Since finishing MIT in 1993, Curt has focused on delivering inexpensive and culturally relevant hands-on science education to minority and low-income students. Based at the Teacher Institute of the Exploratorium in San Francisco, he has worked with youth and teachers in Beijing, Tibet, and the Mexican agricultural town of Watsonville, California.

Peter Keller (March 2000 - 2002) • **CHILE**
Public affairs officer at Redwood National Park and a park planner at Yosemite National Park before his fellowship, Peter holds a B.S. in Recreation Resource Management from the University of Montana and a Masters in Environmental Law from the Vermont Law School. As a John Miller Musser Memorial Forest & Society Fellow, he is spending two years in Chile and Argentina comparing the operations of parks and forest reserves controlled by the Chilean and Argentine governments to those controlled by private persons and non-governmental organizations.

Leena Khan (April 2001-2003) • **PAKISTAN**
A U.S. lawyer previously focused on immigration law, Leena is looking at the wide-ranging strategies adopted by the women's movement in Pakistan, starting from the earliest days in the nationalist struggle for independence, to present. She is exploring the myths and realities of women living under Muslim laws in Pakistan through women's experiences of identity, religion, law and customs, and the implications on activism. Born in Pakistan and immersed in Persian and Urdu literature by her grandfather, she was raised in the States and holds a B.A. from North Carolina State University and a J.D. from the University of San Diego.

Andrew D. Rice (May 2002 - 2004) • **UGANDA**
A former staff writer for the *New York Observer* and a reporter for the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and the Washington Bureau of *Newsday*, Andrew will be spending two years in Uganda, watching, waiting and reporting the possibility that the much-anticipated "African Renaissance" might begin with the administration of President Yoweri Musevene. Andrew won a B.A. in Government from Georgetown (minor: Theology) in 1997 after having spent a semester at Charles University in Prague, where he served as an intern for *Velvet* magazine and later traveled, experienced and wrote about the conflict in the Balkans.

James G. Workman (January 2002 - 2004) • **SOUTH AFRICA**
A policy strategist on national restoration initiatives for Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt from 1998 to 2000, Jamie is an ICWA Donors' Fellow looking at southern African nations (South Africa, Botswana, Mozambique, Zambia and, maybe, Zimbabwe) through their utilization and conservation of fresh-water supplies. A Yale graduate (History; 1990) who spent his junior year at Oxford, Jamie won a journalism fellowship at the Poynter Institute for Media Studies and wrote for the *New Republic* and *Washington Business Journal* before his six years with Babbitt. Since then he has served as a Senior Advisor for the World Commission on Dams in Cape Town, South Africa.

ICWA Letters **(ISSN 1083-429X)** are published by the Institute of Current World Affairs Inc., a 501(c)(3) exempt operating foundation incorporated in New York State with offices located at 4 West Wheelock Street, Hanover, NH 03755. The letters are provided free of charge to members of ICWA and are available to libraries and professional researchers by subscription.

Phone: (603) 643-5548
E-Mail: ICWA@valley.net
Fax: (603) 643-9599
Web Site: www.icwa.org

Author: Workman, James G
Title: ICWA Letters - Sub-Saharan Africa
ISSN: 1083-429X
Imprint: Institute of Current World Affairs, Hanover, NH
Material Type: Serial
Language: English
Frequency: Monthly
Other Regions: East Asia;Mideast/North Africa; South Asia; Europe/Russia; The Americas

Institute Fellows are chosen on the basis of character, previous experience and promise. They are young professionals funded to spend a minimum of two years carrying out self-designed programs of study and writing outside the United States. The Fellows are required to report their findings and experiences from the field once a month. They can write on any subject, as formally or informally as they wish. The result is a unique form of reporting, analysis and periodic assessment of international events and issues.