

# ICWA LETTERS

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SUBSAHARAN AFRICA

*Marc Michaelson is a Fellow of the Institute studying nation-building and national destruction in the Horn of Africa.*

## Religious Threads: An Airport, A Mini-Bus and Epiphany

ADDIS ABABA, Ethiopia

February 1998

By Marc Michaelson

### THE AIRPORT

Arriving in Addis Ababa's Bole airport is a refreshingly unsettling experience.

All of the systems — passport control, baggage, customs — operate with a level of efficiency and professionalism disarming to the seasoned Africa traveler. There are no aggressive porters, no corrupt low-level bureaucrats, no hawkers, no harassers. There is a distinctive lack of mayhem and anarchy, no repetitious paperwork, no inane procedures, no purposeless roadblocks.

For a country that had been mired in civil war for decades and armed to the teeth by both superpower patrons during the cold war, there is also a conspicuous absence of military personnel and hardware. Knowing that airports are strategic, and fearing the occasional *coups d'état*, most African governments maintain



*The author and two news friends atop the Ntoto Hills, just north of Addis Ababa, Ethiopia's capital city*

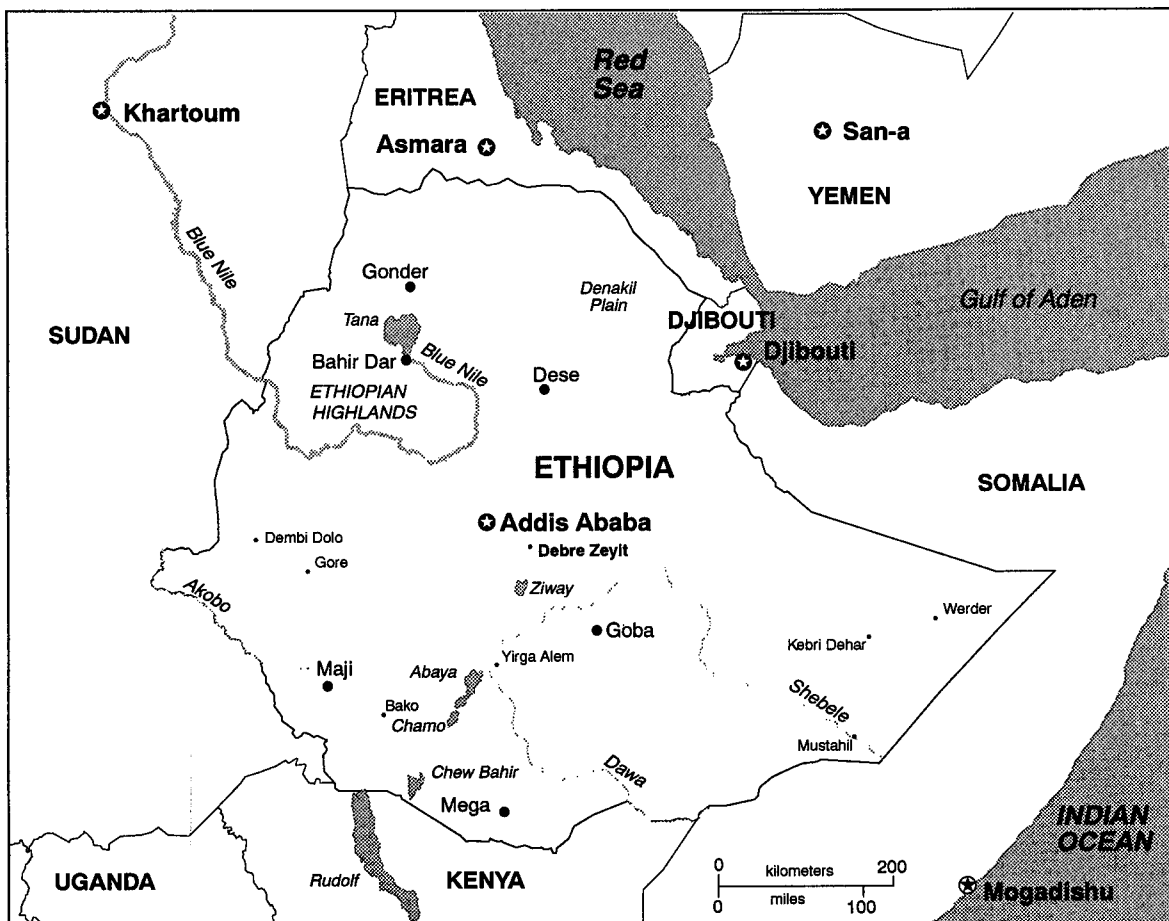
## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

### From Marc Michaelson's Fellowship application:

"For those interested in peace and development, there are many lessons to be learned in the Horn of Africa. The region has it all: ethnic conflict, religious fundamentalism and clan violence on the one hand, and new democracy, egalitarian development and blossoming multi-ethnic governance on the other. There is hope and optimism for the future in Eritrea and Ethiopia, and despair and hopelessness in Sudan and Somalia.

"There are wondrous success stories and dire tragedies. There are heroic examples of local people coping with adversity and an equal number of instances of self-destructive behavior. There are stories of international military forces building orphanages, and international relief agencies exacerbating violence... As an ICWA Fellow living in this important area of the world, I would hope to gain insight into the dynamic processes of war and peace, relief and development, and share these encounters with colleagues in the USA and the Horn itself."

With a Political Science B.A. from Tufts and an M.A. in International Peace Studies from Notre Dame, Marc worked as a Peace Corps conservation engineer in The Gambia from 1990 to 1992 and returned there as a program manager for Save the Children from 1994 until he applied for his fellowship in 1996. He has specialized in the areas of development education, natural-resource management, microenterprise development and community health. Fluent in French and the Mandinka language of West Africa, he began an intensive study of Ethiopia's Amharic before leaving on his fellowship and plans to study Tigrinya when he moves to Eritrea.



a highly visible military presence at their national airfields. Bole airport is patrolled by a few sparsely posted soldiers with old Russian machine guns slung over their shoulders. They seem casual and relaxed but firm — equally comfortable answering the questions of a bewildered newcomer like myself and then turning to sternly halt someone who had mistakenly gone out the “in” door.

As a *ferenji* (white person) traveling in Africa, I’ve become accustomed to bracing myself as I approach bureaucrats. There are two typical scenarios: I am either greeted with undue reverence or undue derision, depending on the whims and historical-psychological complexes of the *functionnaire du jour*. I find both scenarios equally uncomfortable, although the former certainly makes for speedier navigation through the bureaucracy.

As I approached the woman at the customs/currency control area, I nervously prepared myself. I was ready to explain my laptop computer, portable printer, and any other potentially contentious devices she could dredge up in my luggage. I bowed slightly and greeted her with the customary “*T’ena yistilling*” (Good health), and then waited for her response. Very businesslike, she repeated my greeting and calmly demanded “Passport please.” She examined it carefully, and then looked up at me without even the slightest hint of a smile and said, “*Ato Marc*, do you accept the lord Jesus Christ as your Father and Savior?”

Yowsa! She had caught me totally off-guard. Why couldn’t she have just made me explain the technical specifications of my micro-cassette recorder...in Amharic? So, I stuttered, laughed a little uncomfortably and answered with the most intelligent-sounding “Uhhh.....welllll.....ummmm” I could muster.

Needless to say, that was the wrong answer. She launched into a lecture on the virtues of Christ. Regaining my composure, I replied that I could be Muslim, Hindu or Buddhist (obscuring my Jewish identity). She ignored my latest response, continued her religious so-

liloquy for another minute, smiled, stamped my forms and then sent me through.

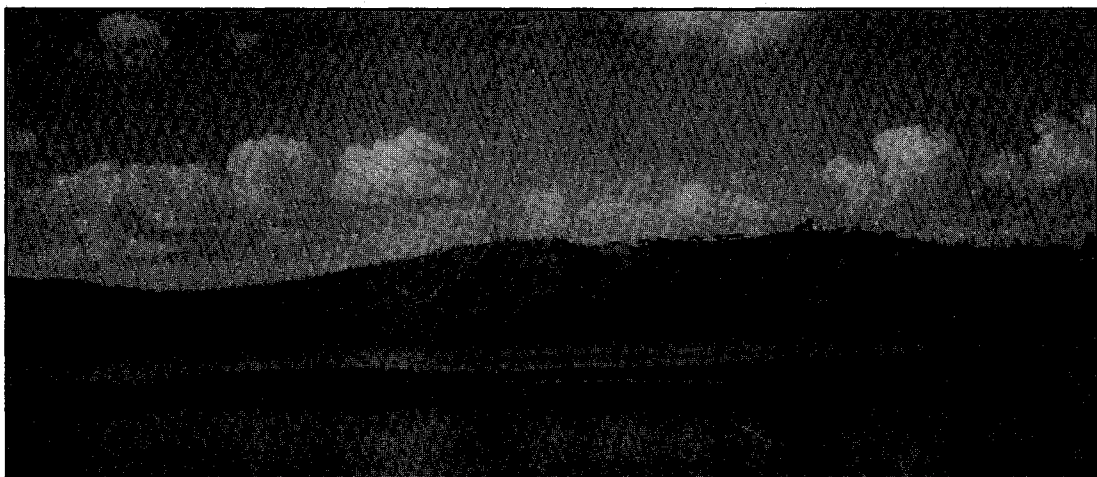
With the exception of my personal aero-evangelist, I was dealt with like everyone else; no special treatment — positive or negative. No officials embarrassingly dragged me past the long line of Ethiopians in customs; neither did they examine my documents with an electron microscope and make me sit and wait for eons as everyone else passed. At Bole I was treated as no more and no less than an Ethiopian; a pleasant surprise that made me feel welcome in my new home.

## THE NEW FLOWER

Translated from Amharic, *Addis Ababa* means New Flower. And, in a very real sense, the capital of Ethiopia has been blossoming. New buildings are sprouting from garbage-strewn street, and new businesses are opening like leaves courting the sun. The heavy traffic, punctuated by the noxious exhaust of old, fuel-inefficient trucks and mini-buses, spouts the polluted scent of a new economic spring dawning.

The smell of developing-world hustle and bustle is an assault on the nasal passages. The rot of open sewers flows past well-stocked fruit and vegetable stands. Wind-blown dust and diesel fumes invade fragrant gardens of rose bushes and eucalyptus trees. Walking down the street, passersby are enticed by the sour smells of *injera* (flat bread made from fermented batter or *tef*, the Ethiopian staple), aging Ethiopian spiced butter, pungent *berbere* (a powdered mixture of red pepper, spices and other ingredients including garlic, onions, ginger, cloves, nutmeg, cardamom, fennel seed, and coriander) and freshly baked bread. But then, passing a massive open rubbish heap beside the road, it is necessary to breath through the mouth to avoid gagging. This combination of stench and sweet smells is the ultimate olfactory confusion, but one that is telling of the current state of Addis Ababa.

Life in this capital is a series of dichotomies revealing



*Addis Ababa neighborhood directly behind the Hilton Hotel*

a complex reality since the end of the country's civil war in 1991. It is a place where pitiful poverty and conspicuous wealth exist alongside one another, often in adjoining neighborhoods, but scarcely meet. It is the capital of an intensely proud people who were never successfully colonized<sup>1</sup> and yet the street corners are patrolled by an army of beggars by day and prostitutes by night. It is a city deluged by international agencies delivering charitable development programs while the government, steeped in the ideology of a hard-fought liberation struggle, professes militant self-reliance. Addis Ababa is a run-down, dirty, smelly city, but one that is dynamic, thriving and alive.

While much has changed in recent years, Ethiopia remains a country deeply rooted in history and tradition. Religion has been a formidable and persistent force in Ethiopian life through the ages, and large communities of all three major western religions — Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—have made their homes in the country.

No religion, however, is as influential and all-pervasive as Christianity. The evangelizing customs official was not an anomaly. Ethiopians were among the earliest converts to Christianity in the 4th century, and religion continues to play a prominent role at all levels of society. In the past, entry in the civil service was contingent on two major litmus tests, one linguistic (Amharic) and one religious (Ethiopian Orthodox Church).

That is slowly changing, but in Addis Ababa the icons of Christianity remain ubiquitous. Colorful images of Jesus and Mary, hand-written Amharic religious inscriptions and elaborate crosses grace both private and public spaces. They hang everywhere from the walls of homes, hotels and restaurants to the mirrors, dashboards and bumpers of taxis.

As I was soon to discover, whether it is at the airport or on the mini-bus, the church is ever-present.

## ON THE ROAD FROM DEBRE ZEYIT

Debre Zeyit is a small town lying 50 km south of Addis Ababa. The trip takes one hour by public mini-bus and costs three birr (40 cents). On a recent Sunday, I made this trek to visit the crater lakes and escape the fast pace of the big city.

Leaving Addis Ababa presented its own logistical challenges. In the morning, with my stock of local currency on the wane, I went to the Hilton Hotel, hoping for relief from the trusty agents of American Express — to no avail. In Africa, credit cards are often worth little more than the plastic of which they are made. In Ethiopia, foreign currency is extremely tightly controlled; agents are

forbidden to accept credit cards for cash advances or as guarantees to cash dollar checks on American banks. The logic of these restrictions is puzzling, particularly since the government has gone to great lengths to liberalize the economy and devalue the currency. These efforts have been so successful that the exchange rate on the black market is now identical to the bank rate and World Bank President James Wolfensohn recently visited Addis heaping praise.

But I digress. Frazzled by my personal cash-flow problems (I had only 100 birr (about \$15) in my pocket), I plodded on. Walking down from the Hilton to Meskal Square, I noticed a policeman diverting traffic away from the City Center. I could hear the whizzing of souped-up engines, and continued until I stumbled upon an Ethiopian variation on the Indy 500. Little Fiats painted in vibrant colors sped around a track composed of the major arteries of the City Center. This is the equivalent of shutting down Washington DC's Pennsylvania Ave., Constitution Ave, and 16th Street for a local road race. It struck me as comical, but the crowd roared with enthusiasm, cheering their favorites. Later in the week, I sat in a mini-bus which took 45 minutes to crawl one mile during a similar diversion. It was rush hour, and peak Addis traffic was stopped to make way for a bike race between a team of Swedes and Ethiopians.

I watched the car race for a few minutes, then looped through the grounds of two downtown hotels, and eventually reached the mini-bus park. The mini-bus ride turned out to be an adventure in itself. Public transportation on this continent abides by a strict but simple mathematical equation:

$$(\text{vehicle capacity}) \times 150\% = \# \text{ of passengers}$$

As such, our mid-sized mini-bus, built to transport a maximum of 30 people comfortably, was stuffed with 45 people before departing. I was unlucky enough to arrive just as it was reaching over-capacity, and thus was banished to the dreaded back seat, where an extra couple of unfortunate souls are always squeezed in. Riding in the back seat of a mini-bus in these parts is the quickest way to get to know eight people intimately (or gain empathy for the plight of sardines).

The outgoing trip to Debre Zeyit was relatively uneventful, providing you ignored the repeated near-collisions with the steady flow of buses and trucks headed for Addis. The town itself was also rather unremarkable, although the lakes (Hora and Bishoftu) provided a scenic backdrop for munching on a plate of *tibs* (sautéed meat) and swigging a cold drink. It was the return trip, however, that was most entertaining, as a musical and religious competition erupted.

1 The Italians attempted to colonize Ethiopia but were defeated in 1896 at the Battle of Adowa. They were, however, able to control Eritrea from 1889-1941. During the heyday of fascist rule in Italy, Mussolini was able to use overwhelming force to push into Ethiopia and occupy Addis Ababa for 5 years (1936-41). This brief period, however, scarcely constituted colonial rule.



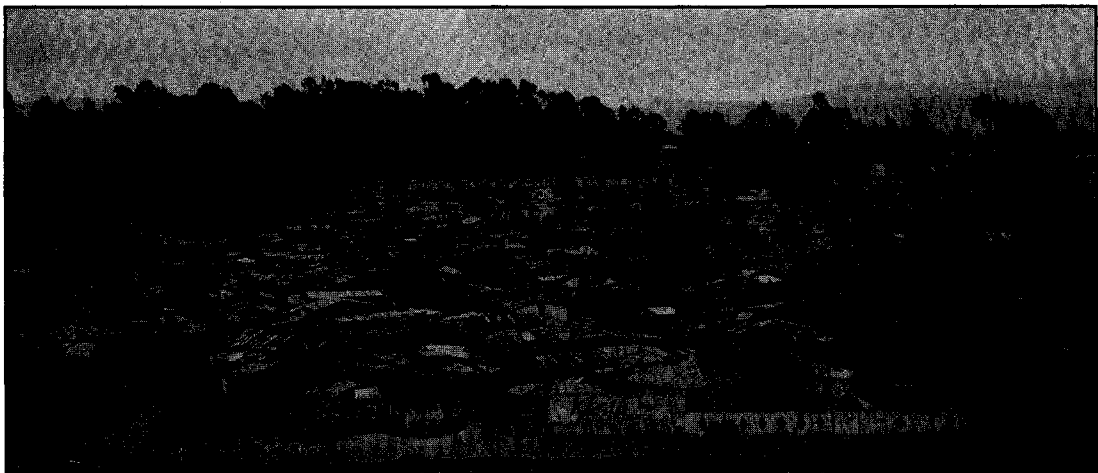
*Car #23 races through Meskal Square. Partially visible on the left is an old revolutionary arch, a faded remnant of Mengistu Haile Mariam's communist regime.*

Having secured a more choice seat on this trip, somewhere in the middle, I relaxed and gazed out the window to enjoy the bright orange sunset reflecting off the surrounding, bald-headed hilltops. The driver's assistant, a ragged teenager with a booming voice (to attract potential roadside passengers), deftly collected fares and returned change. A traditional Amharic love song by Aster Aweke oozed peacefully from the bus's cassette deck.

Gradually, a crescendo of singing emanated from the back of the bus. At first it was indistinct, but eventually it became clear that a small group of people were playing their own cassette and singing along. My neighbors looked over their shoulders and grumbled. Apparently,

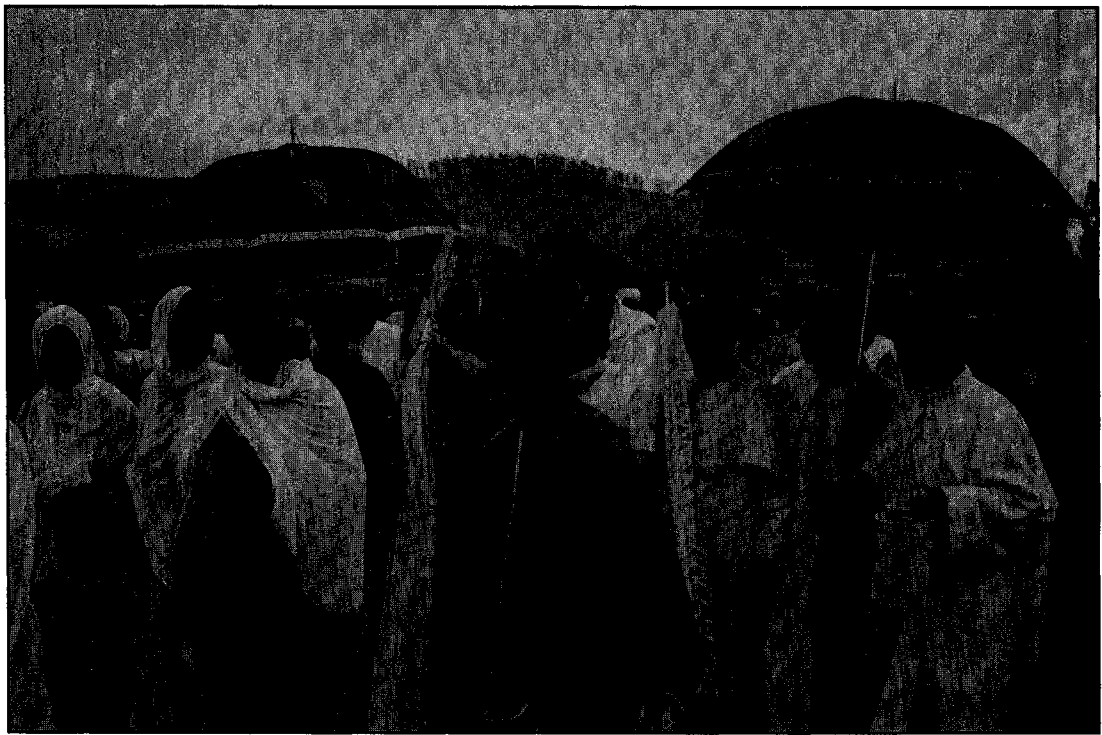
some eight Pentecostals were singing songs of godly praise and trying to drown out the mini-bus's devilish sound system. Their volume steadily increased until they were nearly shouting, and the tension and frustration of the other passengers increased as well. A few insults were launched toward the back, but the driver eventually relented and turned off Aster's inaudible musings.

By this time we had reached the midway point of our journey, and with the score *Pentecostals 1, Everyone Else 0*, the former triumphantly continued to bark out in song. After another 10 minutes or so, however, the Pentecostals showed signs of fatigue. Their glory and praise became raspy, slower and considerably muted. The driver sensed



*Lake Hora in Debre Zeyit*





*Priests and others on the timket procession*

the opening and turned his cassette back on, this time with the volume at maximum pitch. The exhausted Pentecostals seemed unable to respond in kind, and smiles lifted the lips of those sitting around me. *Pentecostals 1, Everyone Else (captained by the driver) 1.*

As we approached the outskirts of Addis Ababa, harmony and equilibrium was reached. The dueling had ceased—the Pentecostals quietly sung their songs in muted tones and the driver reduced the volume on his cassette player. The two songs merged beautifully, creating a natural harmony. Peace had returned by the time I reached my destination. I called out “*werrajalle*” (there is someone getting down), stumbled through the aisle between my crammed-in compatriots, and descended.

## **TIMKET: THE EPIPHANY**

*Timket*, the Ethiopian Orthodox Church’s celebration of the Epiphany, is imbued with profound historical and spiritual significance. Among the holiest days of the year, *timket* commemorates the baptism of Jesus in the River Jordan. The festival is a web of traditions, interwoven from the country’s unique religious heritage and celebrated in a way that reflects the distinctive nature and personality of the Ethiopian people.

On *timket* eve, throngs of people flock to their local church to witness the removal of the *tabot* (holy slab) by the high priests. These *tabots* are replicas of the Ark of the

Covenant, and signify the close linkages between Judaism and Christianity within Ethiopian historical myths.

As the story is told, Queen Sheba visited King Solomon in Jerusalem, and upon returning to Ethiopia, bore his son, whom she named Menelik. Once Menelik matured into a young man, she sent him to meet his father. The King was immediately smitten with his newfound son, and after some time decided to send him back to Ethiopia with the first-born sons of his most esteemed advisors. Unbeknownst to Menelik, some of these young men stole the Ark of the Covenant and brought it with them. The Holy Ark was thus transplanted to Ethiopia, where many Ethiopians believe it remains to this day.<sup>2</sup>

The *tabots* are brought to a nearby water source where they are kept by the priests overnight. People dance and sing all night long, as prelude for their ceremonial baptism in the morning. At that time the high priests bless the water and in *Janmeda*, Addis Ababa’s modern urban variation on the baptism, the gathered masses are sprayed by huge hoses.

Thousands of people gathered at *Janmeda* on the morning of January 18th for this grand event. The crowd transcended class and ethnicity as Ethiopians of all types and stripes assembled to pay homage to the Father. Colorfully-clad priests in gold-embroidered robes, shielded from the sun by brilliant decorative umbrellas,

2. While Ethiopians speak about the Ark’s presence in Ethiopia as historical fact, it is extremely difficult to find historians who agree. The evidence is foggy at best. For those interested in an engaging account of one investigative reporter’s search for the Ark (which, incidentally, repeatedly brought him back to Ethiopia), see Graham Hancock, *The Sign and the Seal*, New York: Touchstone, 1992.

led the procession to return the *tabots* to their resting places in the church. Some followed the procession, while others remained at *Janmeda*'s huge open field to witness and participate in the side shows.

A crowd gathered around a team of dirty teenagers performing flips, twists and other acrobatics. In the distance, a group of men circled and began singing and dancing with long thin poles painted with yellow and blue stripes.

A number of mini-microenterprises also sprang into operation. Souvenirs and fruit were peddled. Enterprising youngsters set up a series of little gambling operations. One resembled roulette, a game in which the house wins 50 cents of every 80 cents bet (paying the winner three to one on his ten-cent wager). Another game was a coin toss, paying a premium if your coin landed clearly within any of the small circles drawn on a frayed piece of cardboard. A few boys gave 10 cent bike rides, pushing around little girls and boys for a few minutes, weaving in and around the crowd.

Elsewhere a group of bystanders formed around a defeated crew of pickpockets being interrogated by police. Throughout the day the police were noticeably present and alert, sitting perched on top of walls, monitoring the crowd and ready to intervene. For the most part, the crowd was reserved and orderly, in typical Ethiopian style, and the police weren't needed. There was an atmosphere of joy and celebration, but little spontaneity and none of the possessed dancing and singing with reckless abandon often found in West Africa.

After the *Janmeda* affair some friends and I inched our

way through molasses-like traffic, a thick mixture of vehicles and people that slowly oozed down the city's major thoroughfares. We headed for the home of a friend for *timket* lunch, and an afternoon of Ethiopian treats. We ate *doro wot*, a fiery, deep-red stew containing chicken and hard-boiled eggs. After a brief intermission, our friend Almaz treated us to a traditional coffee ceremony.

First she roasted the raw beans in a blackened pan over a small charcoal-burning, locally-made hibachi. Once the beans had popped and blackened, she brought the pan around the room, encouraging us to absorb the aroma. A Pakistani friend then pounded the beans in a mini mortar and pestle, and Almaz transferred the rich, coarse powder into a brown-clay coffee pot. As it boiled, she removed a few burning embers and tossed upon them a few shards of local incense, filling the room with a deeply fragrant smoke. The coffee was then poured into small porcelain cups with heaps of sugar, and passed around for each of us to savor.

As per tradition, more water was then added to the pot, and the process repeated for second and third servings. This coffee ceremony is a long, drawn-out process; for those with the patience to sit, chat and indulge the senses for an hour or two, it is an eminently enjoyable. It is an extremely relaxing and stress-relieving cultural event, repeated daily in the vast majority of households around the country. In my years in The Gambia, we practiced a nearly identical ritual, substituting Chinese green tea for the coffee, boiling it slowly and methodically three times. The physical, social and psychological benefits of such traditions seem to me quite evident, and I wonder how the well-being of Americans could be influenced if Starbucks were to add an hour-long "Ethiopian



*A young boy (at left) attracts wagers to his mini-roulette game.*



Almaz roasting coffee beans

Coffee Ceremony" to their menu of lattes and mochas.

All of this is not to say that the *timket* afternoon festivities were devoid of vices. Yes, Ethiopians like their coffee, but they also like their whiskey. In between rounds of java, we were encouraged to drink a little White Horse Whiskey. For connoisseurs unfamiliar with this brand, suffice it to say, 'it ain't Black Label.'

We were also given wads of *khat* (pronounced "chat"), a local leaf that is a mild stimulant, to chew. Granted, I am an amateur on the *khat* scene, but the only sensation I felt was the unsavory taste that accompanied having a clump of green leaves in my mouth for a half hour. Having had enough of the *khat* experiment, I discreetly (well, not exactly discreetly) excused myself from the house and went around the corner to spit it out in the garden.

Soon afterward we left Almaz, thanking her profusely for her generosity and hospitality. I returned to my house and rested for an hour because my first *timket* was not yet over; in the evening I was invited to a party in honor of

a recently wed couple. Christmas and *timket* are high season for weddings in Ethiopia. Daily I have seen wedding convoys flashing their lights and honking their horns, parading through Addis.

The wedding celebration that night honored an Ethiopian couple who have been living in the United States. They appeared to both be in their 30's, and the bride stood a good 6 inches taller than her new husband. Marrying shorter men appeared to be a female family tradition, for the mother and sister towered over their spouses as well.

The party was held in a large rectangular hall, which on regular work days serves as the cafeteria of a local engineering company.

Relatives greeted the guests outside the door, and we were ushered to seats at long tables spanning the entire length of the room. There were four of these tables squished into the hall, and the guests were crammed in, conjuring memories of mini-buses and mathematical equations. Bottles of drinks were scattered on the tables: *tala* (a home made barley beer), *tej* (honey wine), and soft drinks.

The crowd itself was notably older, indicating that this party was targeted more at the parents' contemporaries than at the couple itself. Nearly all of the men wore sports jackets and ties, while the women were stylistically split; about half wore traditional white robes and sashes and the rest were garbed in western-style dresses.

Once we were all seated, the guests of honor entered with their wedding party in tow and carefully made their way to the far end of the room. They sat on couches and easy chairs laid out on a raised platform decorated with white streamers and flowers. Across from them, a four-piece band played traditional Amharic love songs, and next to the small dance floor stood a well-stocked buffet of more than 30 bowls of local dishes. Most interesting to me was the cow carcass that hung next to the buffet. Ethiopians like their coffee and they like their whiskey, but they love their raw beef. It is the equivalent of an American roast beef or turkey, with the small exception that this meat is Raw, with a capital R.

The tables were called in order, and I approached the buffet (and the cow) with some trepidation. Still, I was determined to try everything, and ready to put my gastrointestinal system to the test. I unrolled a piece of *injera* on my plate and began heaping upon it small amounts of unidentified (until later) sauces, meats, and vegetables. I enjoyed the sweet and sour stomach, but wasn't thrilled with the raw meat in two styles, raw *kitfo* (ground beef with spiced butter) and the slab of raw steak served with





*A traditionally-clad Amharic dancer shakes her shoulders.*

a spicy red pepper dipping sauce. I'm pleased to report that my stomach survived that culinary experience. It wasn't until a full two weeks later that my digestive system surrendered, but that is another, more ugly story.

After dinner the band picked up the pace and two dancers, a male and a female, dressed in traditional Amharic white cotton gowns with bright, elaborately designed sashes, began working the room. They started at the head table, rhythmically undulating their shoulders at a rapid pace, beckoning the married couple to join them. Then they moved around to other tables, displaying their impressive skills and agility. Eventually, they made their way to the little dance floor (about 10 feet square), shaking their shoulders; the couple and their immediate families joined the fun. All the while, the remaining half of the cow carcass hung on a hook just a few feet behind them.

I am not sure how, nor how late, the night ended. Often such parties rage until the wee hours of the night. We took leave around 10 p.m. and headed home, weary from an exhausting, yet deeply enjoyable, day of *timket* festivities. □



*The newlyweds look on as the father of the bride gives a toast. The cow carcass hangs in the background.*

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## 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]

**Christopher P. Ball.** An economist, Chris Ball holds a B.A. from the University of Alabama in Huntsville and attended the 1992 International Summer School at the London School of Economics. He studied Hungarian for two years in Budapest while serving as Project Director for the Hungarian Atlantic Council. As an Institute Fellow, he is studying and writing about Hungarian minorities in the former Soviet-bloc nations of East and Central Europe. [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]

**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]

**Randi Movich.** The current John Miller Musser Memorial Forest & Society Fellow, Randi is spending two years in Guinea, West Africa, studying and writing about the ways in which indigenous women use forest resources for reproductive health. With a B.A. in biology from the University of California at Santa Cruz and a Master of Science degree in Forest Resources from the University of Idaho, Randi is building on two years' experience as a Peace Corps agroforestry extension agent in the same region of Guinea where she will be living as a Fellow with her husband, Jeff Fields — also the holder of an Idaho Master's in Forest Resources. [sub-SAHARA]

**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 Duiyun. Previously a specialist on Asian and Chinese affairs for the Washington consulting firm of Andrae, 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]

**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. [sub-SAHARA]

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