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Lines in the Sand – Part II

By Wendy Call

MARCH 24, 2001

MATIAS ROMERO, OAXACA – A brightly painted tour bus lumbered up the fake cobbling of the Barceló Resort's curved driveway. The resort is one of the oldest of the four- and five-star hotels that curl around Tangolunda Bay on Oaxaca's Pacific coast. The bus spit out old, young, slim, plump and in-between women and men, nearly all sunburned, between puffs of refrigerated air. Some stepped off the bus and staggered nearly to a halt, as if the slicing heat had momentarily paralyzed them. Most did not seem any happier than if they had just stepped off a city bus after a long day at work, even though they each were paying $135 a day for all the sun, seafood, satellite TV, mixed drinks, tropical sunsets, nightclub music, air conditioning and breakfast buffets they could consume. In front of the bus, a group of young men in bright white shirts jumped from a bright white truck and hurried large maps of the Bays of Huatulco tourist resort through the hotel lobby and into a large conference room. Inside that room, rows of shiny new chairs were lined up regiment-precise on the green leaves and maroon daffodils of the carpeting. Slowly, Huatulco residents, tourism industry workers and business owners — some in suits and ties, others in shorts and suntans — filled the chairs.

The beachside swimming pool at the Barceló Resort

Congressional representative Jaime Larrábal, a member of the Tourism Committee, convened the meeting on November 10, 2000 to report on Huatulco's growth (or lack of it). On stage, the forces that control the Bays of Huatulco faced the audience. At least 15 representatives of municipal, state and federal government agencies, private industries and local communities sat and stared solemnly. Jorge Sánchez, mayor of Santa Maria Huatulco, the municipality where the Huatulco resort is located, spoke first. He began by mentioning one of his biggest worries: "the huge numbers of young people going to the United States." Later, though, he boiled down Huatulco's problems to just three: stalled construction on the new superhighway from Oaxaca City, the need for cheaper flights from Mexico City and continued conflict over who owns what land. (This is how the ongoing land war in Huatulco is usually discussed: tacked

Maximino Cruz (sitting, left) is visiting his village in Santa Maria Huatulco after nearly two years working in the United States. He plans to return to the U.S.

on to the end of a list of tourism-infrastructure concerns.)

Sánchez touched on two key points that were tied together later in the meeting, when another speaker pointed out that remittances from Mexican workers outside Mexico are about to overtake tourism as the country's second largest source of foreign currency. In spite of the wild popularity of places like Cancun, and the fact that Mexico is the eighth biggest tourist destination in the world, the millions of undocumented Mexican workers in the United States seem to have hit on a more successful strategy for securing foreign currency.[1]

"A white elephant." That is how an architectural commission representative described the entire Bays of Huatulco development to the hundreds assembled in the Barceló conference room. Local FONATUR (National Fund to Promote Tourism) Director Jorge Ayanegui — perhaps unintentionally — affirmed that assertion when he reported that not a single lot was sold for hotel construction in 2000. Another FONATUR representative noted that there are 700 million tourists in the world and Huatulco should be attracting more of them. The Mexican government started FONATUR, part of the Department of Tourism, to increase Mexico's income from foreign visitors. The agency manages six coastal resorts, including the famed Cancun. The land for Huatulco, FONATUR's most recent development, was expropriated from its original residents in 1984.

Tourists are such elusive creatures. Who are they? Generally, anyone who lives in a wintry climate and earns discretionary income. Specifically, anyone who migrates south during "American season" — that cold-weather stretch from Thanksgiving to Easter — to the warm-water beaches that stretch from the Pacific isles to the Caribbean. The job of the battalion on Barceló's stage was to change their migration path, toward Huatulco's string of nine bays.

Rather than making battle plans, the speakers made

The Santa Cruz Huatulco marina on a morning early in "American season"

[1] *Milenio*, February 22, 2001, p. 37.

excuses and demands. One by one, they poured their needs, complaints and wishes into the microphone. The head of the municipal government's agricultural commission wanted low-interest loans to promote production of watermelon, papaya and bananas to feed the tourists. A local fisherman worried that the Huatulco National Park — the first one in the country to include both terrestrial and aquatic ecosystems — would mean a fishing ban in the area. Others wanted a change to the Mexican constitution allow foreign investors to own coastal property without having a Mexican business partner, permission to open casinos, a convention center that could accommodate 24,000 people, better police protection, cell phone coverage in the mountains north of Huatulco, more English-speaking workers. The list grew and grew. Eventually, the ringing cell phones, loud whispers, scattered applause and drone from the microphone melted into an undifferentiated hum around my head. After almost three hours, I crossed the daffodil carpeting and escaped. As I walked down the Barceló's curved driveway, one statement made that afternoon played over and over in my mind: "We don't want this area to be thought of as the Third World."

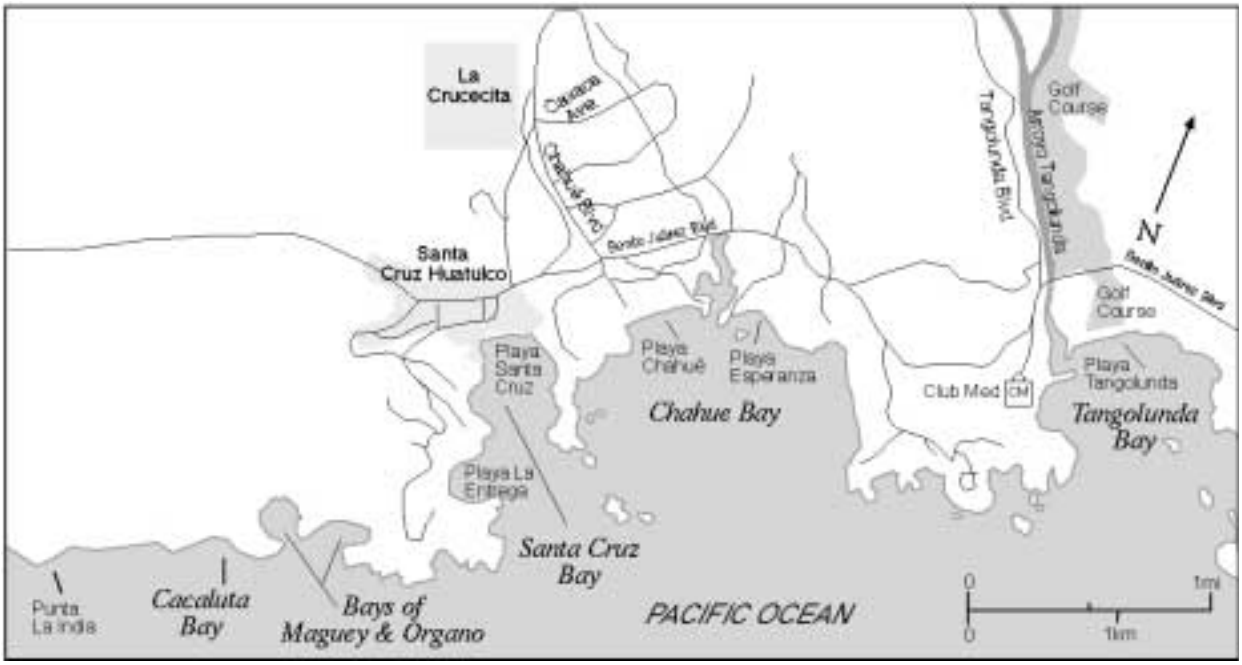
But it *is* the Third World, so to speak.

On August 28, 1996, members of the Revolutionary Popular Army (EPR) launched coordinated attacks in six Mexican states, including Oaxaca. The EPR had appeared just a couple of months earlier in the neighboring state of Guerrero. This was its first violent action outside that state. Most of the EPR's targets were military or police outposts. In Huatulco, however, about 80 guerrilla members armed with assault rifles entered the FONATUR-built town of La Crucecita. Many of them headed for the central plaza. A total of nine people — policemen, military members, guerrillas, and bystanders — died in the attack.[2] La Crucecita was built by the government that this tiny rebel army said it wanted to overthrow. Perhaps more important, Mexico's land-hungry tourist industry was elbowing peasants, the EPR's support base, off their land and out of the way.

Several months after the August uprising, more than 150 indigenous peasants in the nearby Loxicha region were arrested for presumed connections to the EPR. They stayed in jail for nearly four years — most on flimsy evidence — while their wives, mothers and children camped out in front of the government offices in the state capital, demanding their release.[3] In the year after the EPR attack on La Crucecita, Mexican non-governmental organizations documented more 300 incidents of human rights violations by police and military members against

[2] Tom Penick, "EPR Carries out Bloody Attacks on Huatulco and 6 Other Towns," September 8, 1997, www.tomzap.com/epr1.html, and "Ataca el EPR en seis estados," *La Jornada*, August 29, 1996.

[3] "En Oaxaca, *cacería* de 'eperristas,'" *La Jornada*, December 26, 1996. Shortly after President Vicente Fox took office in December 2000, Oaxaca governor José Murat announced he would release the men from prison. As of this writing many have been released, but some remain in jail.



Loxicha residents, including 40 cases of torture.[4]

Before FONATUR arrived, Santa Cruz Huatulco was a year-round community of perhaps 500 people. Many more visited the beach seasonally to fish. Santa Cruz was named for a legendary cross said to have stood on the beach since pre-Columbian times. The name "Huatulco" comes from an indigenous word meaning "where the people worship the wood." Francisco Hernández, who grew up in Santa Cruz, told me, "The Catholics wanted to know why there was a cross here before they arrived." *They* were supposed to the ones bringing Christianity. As the story goes, the European conquistadors concluded it was the work of the devil. They tried, but failed, to destroy the massive cross.

Today, an open-air church sits between the Santa Cruz marina and the beach. The first night that I met Francisco Hernández, after several hours of talking about his work in a cooperative of former fishermen who operate tour boats, he was anxious for me to see this church. Its architectural style recalls the southwestern United States much more than southern Mexico. The pews face the beach and have a waterfront view on both sides of the spare altar. The large wooden cross on the altar has a smaller cross at its center, which is said to be carved from the famous, original cross. When FONATUR expropriated Santa Cruz for the tourist development, the *Huatulqueños* demanded that the church be built on this spot, Hernández explained.

The altar at the Santa Cruz Huatulco church.

Before coming to Huatulco, I had heard about the violence that followed FONATUR's arrival. The directors of two different indigenous rights organizations in Oaxaca had told me that a few Santa Cruz residents who had refused to leave their homes were killed. One had lived right next to where the church now stands. "They killed someone here, didn't they?" I asked Hernández. "One of the people who resisted the longest?"

A gust of ocean wind blew through the sanctuary, and for just a moment I could imagine Santa Cruz Huatulco as a small fishing village of palm huts, not a marina crowded with tour boats and surrounded by stucco buildings with stores selling wetsuits, fried fish and cappuccinos. "Yes, right over here," Hernández said, as he moved to the west side of the church. "They killed him right here." Alfredo Lavariega was shot dead while lying in his hammock, in front of the hut where he still lived in 1989 — long after most of Santa Cruz's residents had left. Next to the church, a large palm tree protrudes from the paving stones. Nearby, two other palm trees bend above the sand, between wooden umbrellas where sunbathers shade themselves. "See those palm trees? He planted those."

An expensive seafood restaurant sits just east of the Santa Cruz Huatulco church. Marina Garcia, a cousin of Francisco Hernández, used to live where the restaurant now stands. Her father, Feliciano Garcia, co-founded the town of Santa Cruz in the late 1950s. Before then, it was a seasonal community. People came to the coast to fish, but lived most of the year in the hills north of the beach, working as farmers. Many indigenous groups, including the Zapotecs, Chatinos, Mixtecs, Aztecs and Chontals, came at various times to harvest

[4] "En la agenda de relator de la ONU, 40 casos de tortura en los Loxichas," *La Jornada*, August 6, 1997.

The palm tree surrounded by pavement was planted by Alfredo Lavariega.

the fruits of the sea. When Alfredo Lavariega was killed, five years after the expropriation, most Santa Cruz residents had already moved from their palm-and-sheet-metal huts on the beach to cinderblock houses in La Crucecita.

Marina and Feliciano Garcia were among them. Before 1984, Marina Garcia had worked in the Santa Cruz general store. The store sold food and household supplies at a reduced price, part of a government program to meet basic needs in poor, rural communities. Today, Garcia still works in a store. At a market stall in La Crucecita, she sells crafts from all over the state of Oaxaca to visitors from all over the world. La Crucecita, which means "the little cross," was built from the ground up in the late 1980s to service the tourist resorts and house many of the displaced *Huatulqueños*. Today, it is the largest population center in the development. FONATUR had intended the waterfront community of Santa Cruz Huatulco to be larger. So far, though, there are more tourist workers and *Huatulqueños* than there are well-heeled newcomers who can afford the real estate prices in the new Santa Cruz.

In many ways, La Crucecita looks like any other colonial-style Mexican town. The central plaza has benches, well-groomed trees and paths leading to the central kiosk. A large church overlooks the plaza. The streets are narrow and built on a grid. The homes are close together, with doors opening right onto the street. I wandered around the town for several hours before I put my finger on exactly what is wrong with La Crucecita. A few things struck me as odd. Unlike most smallish Mexican towns, many of the stores sell things that no one really needs: swimming pool equipment, hundred-dollar coolers, expensive fishing rods. Barbed wire fences, generally seen only near livestock or soldiers, surround several city lots. The streets are named after trees, as in the United States, rather than for important historic figures and dates, as in the rest of

Marina Garcia works at the sewing machine in her tourist shop.

The La Crucecita church, which overlooks the central plaza

Mexico. Still, it was not any of those things that made me feel as if I were far from Mexico. Finally, it occurred to me: La Crucecita is so strange because it is *finished*. There are no stacks of cement blocks waiting to become houses, no forests of rebar jutting from the tops of buildings, waiting to become a new floor.

Since 1987, Feliciano Garcia and his wife have lived in La Crucecita, as have his ten grown children and their families. Most of the time, he lives on the front porch of his tiny cement house. He says the hot, stuffy air inside makes him sick, so he stays outside, where he has a small bed, a table and a radio. People passing by sometimes stop and stare. Nearly blind from cataracts, Feliciano Garcia usually does not notice them. He remembers what Huatulco was like before any of this was here: before the cement houses and prying eyes, before the highway, even before the village of Santa Cruz Huatulco.

Feliciano Garcia, on his front porch

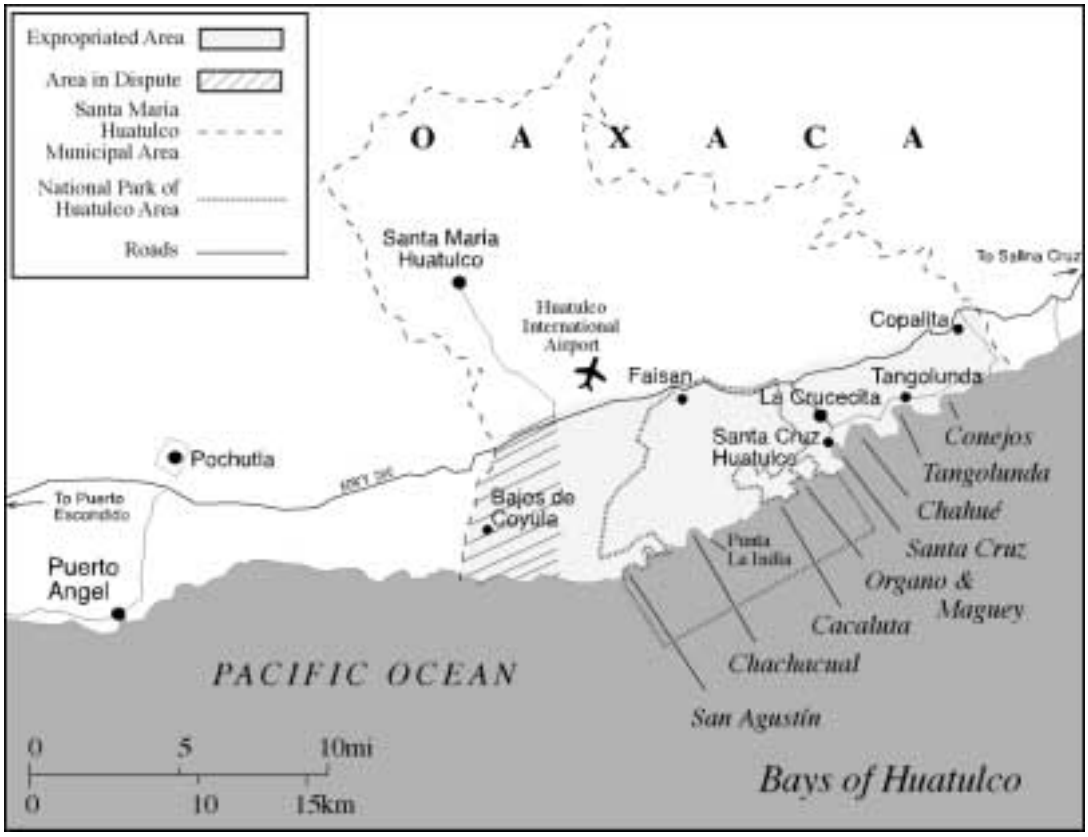
In 1959, Garcia's family was one of 20 that built houses in Santa Cruz Huatulco. "Before that, no one lived in the lowlands. Everyone lived in the mountains," he says. Garcia co-founded a fishing cooperative in Santa Cruz. The seafood was abundant: clams, oysters, lobster, turtle and shark. "We went to Puerto Angel by boat to sell our products. Then we got the money to go to Pochutla to buy what we needed. We went by water. We didn't go by land because we couldn't. We couldn't get across the large rivers and gullies. That's how it was. Then the highway was built and the cars came in." A couple of years after the highway was completed, FONATUR came in, too. Garcia was a farmer as well as a fisherman, cultivating sesame, hibiscus, peanuts and corn on nearly 50 acres of land just a few miles from the beach. It was good quality land and a beautiful location. So much so, FONATUR decided to build its offices there.

Garcia and the other residents of Santa Cruz learned they were losing their land when the governor of Oaxaca visited on May 30, 1984. "Some people said that the governor was coming to expropriate, but we didn't believe them, no. But then, they came. It doesn't matter. Everything comes to an end." He shrugged his shoulders and abruptly changed the subject.

* * *

A sturdy adobe and wood house sits at the far northeastern corner of the 51,380 acres of land FONATUR expropriated in 1984. The day before the meeting at the Barceló resort, Francisco Hernández stopped by this house for a soda and a chat. Approaching the woman who sat on the front porch, he introduced himself by asking who her people were, and telling her about his people. She introduced herself simply as Carmela, after nodding in recognition at some of the names he mentioned. He asked her about the recent government announcement that she and her neighbors must leave their land. It has been more than 16 years since the expropriation, but because of the sluggishness of the resort development FONATUR has not bothered to evict everyone. Carmela

Francisco Hernández, at Carmela's house



told Hernández that she did not want to leave her home, though she seemed somewhat resigned to it. Later in the conversation she said, "I have my chickens, my sheep, my pigs. I am planting papaya trees." This act, planting fruit trees after being told she must leave, was the first hint of concrete resistance that she offered.

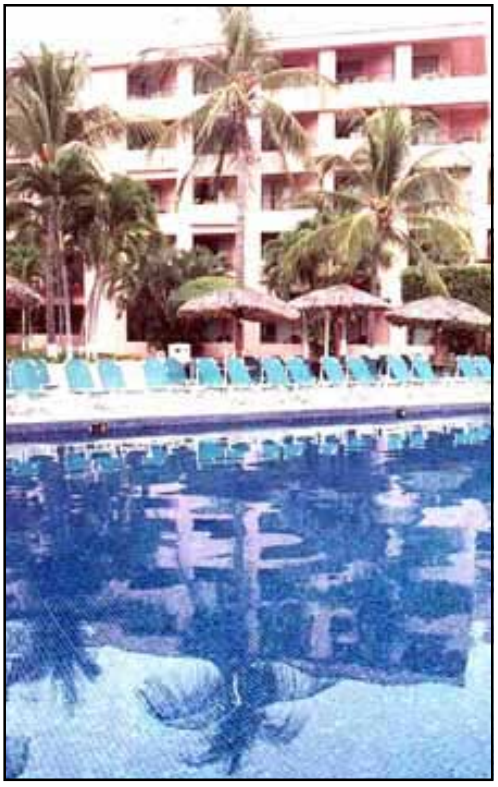
Hernández stepped quickly into the space she opened with her revelation. She did not have to settle for whatever FONATUR's first offer of indemnization was, he told her. He explained what his community, Santa Cruz, had gone through in their struggle with FONATUR. The indemnization of the *Huatulquenos* was not intended to reflect the value of the land they lost, but only the improvements they had made to it: houses, fences, cultivation for crops.[5] By refusing to settle for pittances, many families received much more than FONATUR's first offer.

Carmela's house is within sight of the Copalita River, the primary water source for the entire Bays of Huatulco development. Perhaps that is why it has become so urgent to FONATUR to settle the land conflict with the *Huatulqueños* who still live around the river. FONATUR is turning the coast and the dryland forest that borders it into an oasis of blue swimming pools, green golf courses and freshly scrubbed walkways. The average annual rainfall for Huatulco is about 38 inches, but nearly all of it falls in July, August and September. Some investigators have sounded an alarm: FONATUR did not seriously consider long-term water use in its master plan for the Bays of Huatulco. Right now, the water flowing through the Copalita River is more than adequate, but the end of that cheap, easy supply might be within sight.

A complex combination of development, deforestation, and waste — along with FONATUR's effort to create year-round green in a region with a long dry season — might mean impending crisis. Crop prices have dropped for the peasants who live in and around the dryland forests north of the coast. In desperation, many have abandoned the traditional soil-conservation techniques they used in favor of slash-and-burn agriculture. That shift, combined with illegal timber cutting (primarily for construction in tourism development) reduced forest cover in the region from about 95 percent in the 1950s to less than 50 percent today.[6] "Devastation of the forests has been followed by soil erosion; as a result, the water supply to the Bays of Huatulco tourist development area will be exhausted by the year 2020, unless some regeneration program is implemented," assert forest engineer Carlos Pailles and economist David Barkin in one of many articles they have written on the subject.[7]

I asked Enrique LaClette, who runs both a dive shop

[5] FONATUR Huatulco, "Memorandum que se presenta a la consideración del C. Lic. Carlos Salinas de Gortari, Secretario de Programación y Presupuesto," no date.
[6] David Barkin and Carlos Pailles, "NGO-Community Collaboration for Ecotourism: A Strategy for Sustainable Regional Development in Oaxaca," April 1999, www2.planeta.com/mader.
[7] David Barkin and Carlos Pailles, "Water as an instrument for sustainable regional development," *Arid Lands Newsletter*, Arid Lands Information Center, University of Arizona, No. 44, Fall/Winter 1998.



(above) The water-wasting technique used to water a roadside green area is typical of water use throughout the Bays of Huatulco development. (right) One of several swimming pools at the Barceló resort

and the local environmental organization, about potential water shortages. He looked at me quizzically. "Water is something that we can assume," he said. Even the Director of the Huatulco National Park, David Ortega, could only tell me, "I have heard of some studies showing there are potential problems" with water shortages. Ortega suggested that if the Copalita River is inadequate, they could perhaps draw water from the Coyula River, at the opposite end of the expropriated area. He indicated this may or may not be possible for FONATUR, because "it is not clear what is happening to the community members there."

About 2,000 people live in Bajos de Coyula, in the Coyula River basin. *Bajos*, or "low place," refers to the fact that the Coyula River meets the Pacific Ocean at a deep-sea beach. Walking along the Coyula beach, I could feel the fury with which the waves crashed into the land, sending tremors through the hard-packed sand. Because of this, FONATUR does not plan to fill this beach with four-star hotels, sunbathers and SCUBA divers.

There is some small-scale tourism in Coyula. During the dry season, taxis with talented drivers can manage the trip over the hilly dirt road that connects Bajos de Coyula to the coastal highway. Mexican families come for Christmas and Easter vacations. Local residents sell them baked fish, fresh coconuts and beer. During those weeks, perhaps 50 or 60 vacationers sleep in hammocks hung inside open-air shelters on the beach. The post-and-palm-roof structures are built new every year, because it is easier than trying to construct something that can withstand the rainy season's storms. When it is American season in the hotels of Santa Cruz and Tangolunda, it is still Mexican season in Bajos de Coyula. Foreigners do not visit this beach. FONATUR representatives do not go to Coyula either. The local residents have marked a line across the road at the entrance to their community, a line they have asked FONATUR not to cross.

Nearly every inch of land at Bajos de Coyula is green with life well into the dry season. Palms heavy with coconuts arch overhead. Deep-green stalks of corn grow tall. Papaya trees produce massive fruit. FONATUR recognizes the richness of the soil, the best in the entire municipality. In its master plan, it set aside much of the area's

River meets ocean at the Bajos de Coyula beach.

Doing the washing in the Coyula River

fluvial soils for intensive agriculture to serve the tourist resorts.[8]

A 1985 FONATUR planning map shows a small urbanized area in the center of Bajos de Coyula. FONATUR officials intended to move the residents from the huts and houses scattered across thousands of acres of forest and farmland into cinderblock houses, like those that fill La Crucecita. This urban area has not yet been built. FONATUR might have waited too long. The May 1984 presidential decree mandating the Huatulco expropriation acknowledged that Mexican law (Article 125 of the Agrarian Reform Federal Law) places a time limit on FONATUR's right to the land: "[W]hen five years have passed since this expropriation, if the reason for the expropriation has not been achieved, the National Fund to Promote *Ejidos* [collective farms] can demand the reversion of the land…."[9] That five-year limit has been exceeded more than three times over. Many of Coyula's residents are asking: If FONATUR could allow so many years to pass without taking even the first step toward development, how badly could it need the land, anyway? As the people who live there and work the land, they believe they need it more.

The day that I visited Laurentino Cormona, a farmer and community leader in Bajos de Coyula, he thought for a long time about where we could go to talk. We wandered around Coyula's small downtown area, which has a general store, a few cantinas, a small restaurant, and the houses of the most prosperous residents. As we walked, several buzzards circled overhead. About 160 of the 446 communal landholders in Coyula are members of the non-profit organization Cormona founded to fight the expropriation. Most of the other residents are quietly supportive. Still, there are unfriendly figures in town. Just as my patience began to wear down, Cormona decided on an open-air bar that was closed at mid-day. We pulled a couple of plastic chairs in front of a wobbly wooden table, next to a gleaming jukebox that was locked behind a metal gate. Cormona began his story by telling me about his neighbors' new houses. FONATUR insisted the people of Coyula stop building, because they no longer own the land. Coyula's residents keep building.

A front-page article announcing the Huatulco development in the Oaxaca newspaper on May 30, 1984 quoted the state's governor as saying, "This great project becomes a reality for the people of Oaxaca today, with concrete actions to strengthen their future."[10] Cormona was happy with the future that he had before the expropriation. He refused the small indemnization he was offered by FONATUR for his house and five acres of farmland. He felt that to accept the money was to accept the expropriation, so he said no. For years, Cormona led the fight of Coyula's residents against FONATUR. They refused to leave, instead complaining to the municipal government, the federal Department of Agrarian Reform, and anyone else who would listen to them. They struggled mostly on their own against FONATUR, demanding that they regain legal title to the 8,000 acres they had owned communally. In 1995, they sought the help of the National Union of Agricultural Workers (UNTA) in Mexico City. Cormona says they did this "because we don't have a single lawyer or *licenciado* here," using the term Mexicans use to refer to anyone with a university degree. In 1999, UNTA finally persuaded the Department

A papaya grove in Bajos de Coyula

[8] Beatrice Trueblood, ed, *Los 25 Años del Fondo Nacional de Fomento al Turismo*, 1999, p. 146.
[9] *Diario Oficial*, May 29, 1984, p. 11.
[10] *Noticias*, May 30, 1984, p. 1.

Laurentino Cormona

of Agrarian Reform to come to Bajos de Coyula and complete a census, recording the community's resources "down to the sheep, trees, chickens and turkeys," Cormona said. The census was needed because FONATUR and the community disagreed over how many people lived in Bajos de Coyula and what they had owned in 1984. When I spoke with Jorge Ayanegui of FONATUR, he did not mention Coyula when he listed the communities still in conflict. I told Cormona this, and he said simply, "He has already forgotten about us." I didn't realize he was joking until a small smile passed across his face. Cormona has spent a good portion of the last 16 years making sure that FONATUR does not forget about Bajos de Coyula.

I asked Cormona what he saw for the future. "With God's help, we will succeed," he told me. "We have faith that, in the end, we will get out of this expropriation." He believes that 2001, year 17 of the battle with FONATUR, will be the last one. "So far, things are going well," he told me calmly, as if he were talking about a situation that had lasted just a few weeks or months. "We keep living here, we keep sowing our fields and building houses."

Meanwhile, fellow *Huatulqueño* Francisco Hernández has been learning how to live — even thrive — in the new Huatulco. "The tourist development is really nice, but you have to know how to negotiate really well with the government functionaries," Hernández says. "Huatulco is a very lovely place, both as a tourist area, and also for the people who are from here." In the end, he believes, "Everyone should benefit from Huatulco."

Enrique LaClette insists that the time has come for the Bays of Huatulco. The big hotel companies "don't care about Huatulco yet," but he thinks that will change. Even if it doesn't, he is happy to stay in the place that he adopted as his home 12 years ago. "This is not a place that you are going to get rich, but the quality of life is beautiful." Still, he thinks that the conflicts between the *Huatulqueños* and the newcomers will outlive him. He believes that his children or grandchildren might see the end of it. He wants Huatulco to grow, and yet he fears it. "There will be more people, more concrete, more boats, more everything." Nonetheless, he believes that economic needs sometimes must take precedence over ecological ones. "It is very, very hard. Sometimes you just have to hold your stomach and realize that it is better to protect people than nature." He explained how he feels about these decisions by telling me about a poem by Nezahuacoyotl, an Aztec emperor. It is printed so tiny on Mexico's 100-peso bill that I needed bright sunlight, a good magnifying glass and patience to discern it.

Amo el canto del zenzontle
Pájaro de 400 voces
Amo el color del jade
Y el enervante perfume de las flores
Pero amo más a mi hermano el hombre

I love the singing of the mockingbird,
Bird of four hundred voices.
I love the color of jade
And the overwhelming perfume of the flowers
But I love my brother, the human, more ❑

INSTITUTE OF CURRENT WORLD AFFAIRS

FELLOWS AND THEIR ACTIVITITES

Shelly Renae Browning (March 2001- 2003) • **AUSTRALIA**

A surgeon specializing in ears and hearing, Dr. Browning is studying the approaches of traditional healers among the Aborigines of Australia 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.

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 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 doctoral candidate and mother of a small son, she will be 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.

Gregory Feifer (January 2000 - 2002) • **RUSSIA**

With fluent Russian and a Master's from Harvard, Gregory worked in Moscow as political editor for *Agence France-Presse* and the weekly Russia Journal in 1998-9. He sees Russia's latest failures at economic and political reform as a continuation of failed attempts at Westernization that began with Peter the Great — failures that a long succession of behind-the-scenes elites have used to run Russia behind a mythic facade of "strong rulers" for centuries. He plans to assess the continuation of these cultural underpinnings of Russian governance in the wake of the Gorbachev/Yeltsin succession.

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 M.I.T. 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-American 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 lawyer who formerly dealt with immigration and international-business law in the Washington, DC area, Leena will study the status of women under the "islamization" of Pakistani law that began in the 1980s and continues to this day. Born in Pakistan and immersed in Persian and Urdu literature by her grandfather, she is a Muslim herself and holds a B.A. from North Carolina State University and a J.D. from the University of San Diego.

Jean Benoît Nadeau (December 1998-2000) • **FRANCE**

A French-Canadian journalist and playwright, Jean Benoît 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."

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