

ICWA LETTERS

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Southeast Asia

Curt Gabrielson, a science teacher and an Institute Fellow, is observing the re-establishment of education in East Timor.

Life from the Land, Part I

By Curt Gabrielson

APRIL 1, 2002

BAUCAU, East Timor – Last month I gave a four-day training session to physics teachers in the district of Ermera in central East Timor. Ermera having nothing resembling a hotel, I was put up in the house of the main teacher's aunt and uncle. I chatted quite a bit with the uncle, Agustinho, in the evenings. He has had an eventful life of 60-odd years, being first a soldier for the Portuguese, then a student at a seminary, then a "Catechist" or lay-priest with the Catholic Church. In recent years his sons and daughters have been quite successful and he has retired comfortably, still performing occasional religious services for the community.

Agustinho told me that on top of everything he has ever been, he has been a farmer. He said agriculture is always first. While he has no problem making ends meet today, he still maintains an enormous garden, several fruit trees, and insists on his family working their fields. "Where would we be without agriculture?" he asked me, and went on to tell stories of terror and woe about people who were too lazy to farm their land.

I had heard this line before, but from someone who had successfully abandoned subsistence agriculture: my grandma. As a child in Iowa, her family raised virtually everything they needed on their land, and sold the extra in order to buy a few consumer goods. She told me how she and grandpa started to do well with modern farming after World War II. Income from corn and soybeans was so good they were able to buy many of their own machines instead of sharing with various neighbors. Soon they realized that they no longer needed income from their livestock, and that they could put in more row crops if they got rid of the animals. She told of the great trepidation they felt selling first the milk cows, then the laying hens, finally the hogs. Even though their profits made it clear that they should put all their time and energy into cash crops, they did so very warily. And always they maintained an enormous garden.

My friend Silverio of Bukoli still subsists on his land alone. I have been farming with him once a month or so for some time now, and have learned quite a bit about how the subsistence-farming scheme works. I think it is important to understand, since somewhere between one-third and one-half the world's population still lives this way. For those of us who don't ignore the lives of those who do, requires a large amount of arrogance and ignorance. After all, for most of the thousands of years of recorded human history, nearly all of us lived by subsistence agriculture.¹

I introduced Silverio and his family in my newsletter #10 of October 2001. The village of Bukoli is strewn along the Dili-Baucau road for several winding kilometers. Fields are etched out of the jungle and terraced into the side hills of the limestone plateau of Baucau. Around 2,000 people call Bukoli home, and only a handful have jobs or businesses of any size. Most gain their life from the land,

¹The many peoples throughout the world still living without livestock or fields, hunting and gathering their nourishment, should not be ignored either. To live in this way requires an even greater knowledge of and respect for the land. It also requires a lot of virgin land, a resource near extinction.

and sell their excess in the markets of Baucau to gain a bit of cash for consumer goods like flip-flops, used clothing, sugar, batteries, paper and pens, kerosene, transportation, tools and household wares.

Upon investigating this situation up close, I found my ignorance to be staggering. Though I grew up on a working farm, I am quite sure I would be unable to satisfactorily feed even myself from the lands of Bukoli, let alone a family. Granted, this is the tropics, a very foreign environment to me, but upon further consideration, I question my ability to subsist even off our old farm in Missouri.

So, what does it mean to take everything you need from the land? Silverio has been cluing me in on this slowly for the past several months.² It is not something to be taken lightly, nor can it be compressed into a few written pages. The necessary knowledge is profoundly broad, and just the bits of information required would fill an encyclopedia set. With the warning that I'll only make a tiny scratch in the surface, I'll describe here some of what I've learned.

All our lives come from the land, through some path or other. Silverio can point to exactly which land parcels his family's life comes from. He has two main plots, and his mother has another. As none of his land is fit for rice, he gets rice off another family's land for a fee paid in work, produce and money. In addition, various trees growing around his residential side hill are his to harvest from. His staples are rice, corn and cassava.

Corn I know something about, having raised both sweet corn (for people) and "field" corn



(Above) Silverio modeling the technique: Left hand yanks, right hand jousts. (Right) A patch of corn after weeding. A terrace is visible to the left and a small cassava plant in the right foreground.



(Left and Below) The digging-stick I used to weed Silverio's corn. One tip is pointed and the other a narrow spade.



² Needless to say, Silverio has thought this entire "research project" of mine a bit absurd. He chuckles on and on at my silly questions that even his youngest kids know the answers to, and his wife and he joke often about the idea of a foreigner laboring in their fields.

(for animals) back in Missouri. January in Bukoli was time to get the weeds out of the corn. The corn was from knee-to chest-high, and some of the weeds were too. I followed Silverio up the hill to his high ground, first prepared only three years ago. It was a short hike on a reasonable trail and we arrived in only 15 minutes. I estimated the size of this collection of his fields to be about two acres, but estimation is hard, in that the terraced fields are each very small, from the size of a bed to the size of a large living room in the US. The terraces are girded up with rocks taken from the fields themselves, and I can't imagine the work it must have taken to change this particular side hill from a random, brush-covered slope to the present step-terraces. Many rocks still jut out of each field, with both corn and weeds growing out of holes in these rocks.

We walked up with one machete and a digging stick, a metal-tipped wooden rod with one pointy end and one narrow spade-like end. I figured he'd produce another machete and we'd whack away at the weeds like I used to do in the soybean fields of Missouri. No, he produced another digging stick from its hiding place near the field and we walked up terraces to where he'd stopped the previous day. Still confused as to how we'd get the weeds out, I told him he'd have to start first, and I'd study his technique.

He was more than obliging. Squatting down in his bare feet, he began to grab handfuls of weeds with his left hand and joust the spade end of the digging stick at the dirt surrounding the roots of these weeds. If he did it just right, the handful of weeds would come up easily and he'd lay it aside and grab another handful.

It hit me like a coconut from a tall tree: every bit of grass and weed extracted from that field would be directly uprooted by hand. A very calloused hand in the case of Silverio's, and a soon very blistered hand in the case of mine.

I was reminded of a friend in Hawaii, who set his mower so low it was virtually plowing his lawn. But sure enough, a few days later the grass was thriving again. I realized that cutting weeds off above the ground in this lush land of unstoppable vegetation was a ridiculous waste of time.

Corn stalks rose up sporadically from each field, and

the space between the corn stalks was quite clogged with weeds, mostly a sturdy grass. One of the first problems I encountered was how to avoid pulling the more feeble cornstalks, in that their structure and color is very similar to the grass. In Missouri we plant corn at a concentration far higher than Silverio did. The shade from the fast-growing corn then helps stop weeds from taking over. Why didn't he plant more corn? I asked and he explained (as usual) that this is the way it works best — plant any more and they don't get very big. Empirically they have found the optimum concentration for growth on this rocky soil.

The next problem was that various vegetables had been planted among the corn. Well, which are the vegetables and which are the weeds? The advice came trickling in and I tried to learn quickly, but also ended up hiding some accidentally-pulled vegetables under the



Florentina and two of her kids in the lunch shelter.

pulled weeds. I felt quite a bit of pressure, because maybe the string-bean plant I just pulled would make up crucial nutrients for one of Silverio's kids in a few months, but he was very relaxed. He would laugh hysterically when I'd carefully weed around another weed.

A third category of plant in the field was a big bushy variety, which Silverio would later feed to his pigs. There was added incentive to leave this one — it gave me burning welts like the smartweed of my childhood when I'd try to pull it. I've no idea how he transported it back to his pigs, but perhaps his hands were calloused enough to be immune to the poison.

I had trouble just assuming the correct position in the field. My squat action was curtailed around age three when my parents began to provide chairs for me, so now

squatting is a labor in itself. Silverio, on the other hand, continued to squat as he rested from the weeding work, his well-developed squatting mechanism still in good repair at age 46. As you can imagine, I was stiff and sore after less than an hour, but had offered to help him all day. The sun burnt down, and I spent a bit of additional time very carefully weeding the patches that happened to be in the shade of the two small palm trees growing in the center of the field.

Silverio: "I'll get the parts near the rocks at the terrace walls."

Me: "Why?"

Silverio: "Scorpions live in the rocks."

Me: "Ok."

When I could ignore my aches and pains, I could get into a rhythm familiar to that of other work I have done and leave my mind free to think about other things. Silverio and I chatted back and forth when we were working close together, and I pleasantly recalled chatting to my dad and brother back on the farm in the midst of a long labor.

At lunchtime Silverio's wife Florentina came up with three of the kids from the lower field where they had been working. They carried pots of rice gruel and vegetables — a sumptuous feast after three hours of weeding. I felt well looked-after but got the feeling they don't always eat so well in the field, and noticed that the kids were very adept at gleaning ratty fruits, berries and nuts from the surrounding bush. During our lunch break I sat very still in the shade of the little shelter and ate slowly.

We put in two more hours after lunch before I had to go catch my bus back to Baucau. It got somewhat depressing by the end. The two of us (him doing the lion's share) hadn't finished anywhere near even one-quarter of the two acres in our five hours of work. He said he'd probably end up leaving the areas where the corn was the worst and the weeds were the thickest. In a couple of months when the corn was harvested and the rain had subsided he'd clear the weeds and focus on an assortment of other vegetables for this field.

The pointy end of the digging stick is used to plant corn and other crops — spike a hole in the ground and drop a seed or two in the hole. It is an ideal method for rough and rocky terrain. While weeding corn with Silverio, I felt I was doing ancient work. The methods we used have been used here for several thousand years. Metal has not always been so readily available on the island of Timor, but in pre-metal times, the method was likely very much the same, with the digging stick's stone or shell tips needing to be replaced more often.

Corn, on the other hand, has been here less than 500 years, along with all New-World crops: tomatoes, chilies, sweet potatoes and various squashes and beans. Like our distant ancestors every place in the world, Timor's

early residents were limited to producing the foods that had been developed nearby. Today the diet of Silverio and his family is limited to the foods that can be grown in their climate and soil, and that have successfully made the trip from similar places around the globe.

Rice has been on Timor for thousands of years, grown in areas of the island with plenty of water. For half the year Bukoli's slopes support rushing streams that water several side-hill splotches of fertile rice fields. Originally these fields had to have been cleared from the dense forest, but no one remembers when that happened. Silverio has been working them since his childhood days.

I showed up in mid-March to work a day with Silverio, knowing I was setting myself up for the back-breaking work of planting rice — I had seen roadside farmers doing so for several weeks. His family was thrilled when I showed up in the morning and fed me a breakfast of rice and vegetables before leading me merrily up to the field. The rice we ate was harvested last July from the fields I would work. The goal was thus set clearly in my mind: food for the year.

Unlike my day in the corn, on this day all children were left behind and I sensed a certain urgency in the march to the field. I was told that there would be a large team working today, and when we arrived there were already several people in the paddy. Food and bags were dropped in the shelter house near the fields and we descended into the mud.

Paddy fields spread out across the side hill, edged on all sides by the bushy transition between field and forest. Fields below those where we were to work had been planted two weeks previously and now held sprigs of bright, even, green rice plants. It was good to see some solid evidence that the process I was to take part in would actually produce results.

Across the way a couple of pre-teen boys were singing a plodding, heave-ho sort of tune that periodically rose and fell in volume and tone. As they sang they were driving a small herd of water buffalo (with long, sharp horns) back and forth across a small field. This is the local method of tilling the paddy, and our fields had been buffaloes a few days before. I could see that the buffalo would stomp the weeds down, but it seemed to me they would also hard-pack the ground making it even more difficult for plants to take root. On the contrary, when I first stepped into our field my foot sank a good ten inches in gloriously soft and oozing mud made loose by bovine hooves. Water appeared to be the key — the buffalo were allowed in the field only when the water had entered, thus making their stomping a mixing rather than packing process.

Another bit of preparation had been made in the weeks before our work: planting the seedlings. In the

game of calorie production and consumption, rice beats wheat in that people directly boil the kernels straight out of the hulls. I realized this in riceless western China, where the women have amazing forearm strength from the daily kneading of dough for noodles or bread. But wheat beats rice at planting time because you can just sprinkle it over the prepared surface and it grows. Rice grows, too, when sprinkled over the ground, but it grows too close together, producing poor, random yields. Thus, it is sprinkled in small, fertile nursery paddies, then a few weeks later uprooted and transplanted, less densely but more uniformly, into other fields. This laborious transplanting was our work.

The uprooted seedlings are called *hare-oan* (pronounced “Hah-reh Oh-ahn,” roll your r) in Tetum, East Timor’s lingua franca, meaning “rice-offspring.”³ The order of the day was really quite simple: all remaining weeds were to be stomped into the muck, then all *hare-oan* uprooted from the nursery paddy and planted again in a more or less even distribution throughout the paddies.

The first thing I noticed was that the men all went to the stomping and the women to the planting. I considered joining the men for only an instant. Silverio had made the 15-minute trek over rock and jungle to the field without any footwear, and I could see that my tender pink feet were no match for those hearty weeds. I cast my lot with the women.

There were 12 women and I. Three worked in a high field yanking out *hare-oan*, bundling them up, tying them with a few loose *hare-oan* and delivering them to the paddies where we were planting. Nine were my companions in the muck. All day long they chattered back and forth and egged me on.

I had to watch for quite a while to get the gist. The bundle of *hare-oan* is held in the left hand. The right hand takes two or three or four individual seedlings and stuffs them, roots-first, down into the mud — over and over and over again. It was incredible how complex an action it was. Unlike jousting weeds with my digging stick, I made very little progress in my rice-planting technique throughout the day.

There were so many variables! The mud was far from uniform, as was the water depth. If you jam the *hare-oan* in the ground too hard, you risk damaging the roots, but if you don’t jam hard enough, they’ll fall over into the mud and suffocate. The *hare-oan* were also not uniform, and I learned from watching others that if they were small you should stick more in at one stuffing; if they were larger, fewer. Then there was the distance between the plants. I tried to match my planting density to that of the women around me,

but tended to pause and question each placement.

I explained to them that I had no experience, but they just gave bland encouragement. I received exactly one tip in the course of the whole day. Silverio’s wife Florentina, my closest planting companion, told me to plant my *hare-oan* more *dodok*. I knew *dodok* to mean mushy, like a fruit gone bad, but I couldn’t figure out the relation to planting rice. She didn’t say it again, so I either corrected unconsciously, or she wrote me off as a loss.

It was easy to write me off. The other women were literally planting circles around me. I’d be locked in concentration on the spot right in front of me, slowly backing up as I carefully thrust each *hare-oan* into the mud, only to hear someone scream, “Watch your back!” and find that the women on either side of me had completely hemmed me in, and I was tramping on already planted rice. They thought this was hysterical, and soon I accepted that my contribution for the day would be more entertainment than production.

The women’s speed was bewildering. I could hear the women on either side of me planting — plock, plock, plock — so I could calculate how much faster they were going than I was. On average, they were planting five to my one.

Florentina called out a compliment once: “He’s already learned to plant rice!”

Another woman responded: “Every child in Timor knows how to plant rice!”

Aside from the singing of birds and buffalo boys, the dominant sounds were the plock-plock of hands thrusting into mud, and the gushing of water from one step terrace to the next. The men always kept just ahead of the women in stomping weeds, and also managed the water level in each field. More water could be channeled in from above, or a hole could be punched through the terrace at any point to lower the water level. The *hare-oan* needed to be watered but not drowned.

The aroma of manure and mud coming from the paddy brought back vivid, happy memories of the stagnant creeks and farm ponds of my childhood. The view was equally moving. Above the tips of the jungle below us, Wetar, the next island to the north of Timor, was visible far away over the glassy waters of the Wetar Strait. I pictured people there planting rice on the same sort of terraced fields, looking back at us, and wondered about communication between Bukoli and Wetar down through the ages. Had anyone in Bukoli ever been to Wetar? Would the language be discernable? Had there ever been a trade between the islands? Did Wetar produce treasures or bear fruits unknown to Timor? I found no answers

³ Rice has three names in Tetum, suggesting its importance to the culture. *Hare* is rice while it is in the field. After harvesting, it is *foos* (Fohs), until the hull has been removed and it has been cooked, at which time it is *etu* (Eh-too).



knowing that lunch was close at hand. The others, however, stayed in the paddy, getting rapidly soaked.

A family I later learned were the landowners fed me, and only after persistent shouting by this crew were the others coaxed back to the shelter. Again, I could relate: back on the farm in Missouri everyone on the job had an unspoken duty of proving themselves worthy, pulling their weight, doing their share. As a child, I was coached with both carrot and stick, and I learned to relish the light compliments I could achieve by doing a particularly good job, or more than my share.

This group worked together regularly, and I could see a similar dynamic among them. The youngest was still in elementary school and the oldest was Silverio's mother, Maria Ana, about 70. It is no exaggeration to say that both this girl and the old woman planted far more rice than I. For rest, Silverio's mother sat on a terrace, got out her tiny mortar and pestle and endlessly hammered betel nuts to suck on, together with lime powder she kept close by in the plastic wrap from a pack

among those I worked with. Wetar seemed approximately as far away as the moon.

The women urged me to tell stories or sing, but I was having so much trouble just planting that I declined. They talked mostly in Waimo'a, Bukoli's native language, so when I heard Tetum I knew it was for me. They asked me about rice-planting in the US. I confessed that I had never seen the vast rice fields of central California, but felt sure that it was all done by machine. They ood and ahed and pondered when Bukoli could reach that level of technology.

By noon my back was killing me and I began to get head rushes every time I stood up to look for another bunch of *hare-oan*. Once I got out my camera as an excuse to rest a bit, and took some photos. When the rain finally burst forth from clouds that had been building (but not shading) all morning, I conspicuously grabbed my camera and pussyfooted my way joyfully back to the shelter,

of instant noodles.

The group is a social and economic entity. They obviously get along great together, and also carry out various self-education programs. I found it hard to figure out the details of their economic arrangement. None had land fit for rice, and for that reason they worked this land and paid a fee to the landowners. But some families had more than one worker in the fields that day, and some families were larger than others. No one I asked spoke clearly about the method they used to divide labor and product. I did learn that they sometimes hire out as paid labor. A couple of weeks prior to my visit they had received \$30 for planting a neighbor's rice fields. Around 12 of them had labored the better part of three days for that wage.

I also learned that, if the weather is decent at all, Bukoli's product is plenty. At harvest, Silverio's group will sell the extra rice for cash, and divide that among

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(Above) The terraced fields where we spent the day planting rice. Paddies here are larger and have better soil than other fields. (Right) Men stomping weeds into the mud. They said that if weeds were covered with mud, they would die and rot in the paddy. I was skeptical, but other paddies planted earlier were completely weedless. They used the poles to poke holes in the paddy walls and to patch up other holes. Silverio is at right. (Bottom, left) Silverio's mother and her partner extracting the hare-oan and placing them in bundles on the terrace. The field to the right is still filled with hare-oan rice seedlings. (Bottom, right) Florentina in the posture she held throughout the day.





(Above) This picture captures the whole process: the girl in the foreground is bringing hare-oan; in the midground women are transplanting them; and men are stomping weeds in the background. Thus we proceeded, slowly through the paddies. (Left) A field we just planted, with a field planted two weeks ago in the background. (Bottom, right) This girl was the main runner of hare-oan from the high nursery field to the fields we planted. She trotted like a cat back and forth across the terraces all day distributing heavy bunches of seedlings. (Bottom, left) The merry crew, minus Silverio and his mother.



themselves as well. My neighbor back in Baucau listened to this arrangement and shook his head at the complexity of it. He said many people together certainly work the fields faster, but there are always complications when it is time to divide the profits. He prefers to farm his own fields. Silverio said many people in Bukoli do farm their own fields, but that other working groups exist as well.

After a hearty lunch of bean soup over rice, and a hasty group photo, we headed back to the paddy. The rain had slowed to a dribble. I still had another couple of hours before I had to catch my bus home. Somewhat renewed, and soothed by the cool mud and tepid water on my feet, I began again jabbing in *hare-oan* with a passion.

From time to time we heard the putt-putt of a single-cylinder walk-behind diesel tractor on a far away field. The fields we were farming were separated by vertical terraces between two and five feet high. I could not see how a tractor could go from one to the next. Also, the only labor a tractor could perform would be the tilling and stomping now done by the feet of buffalo and men. Complex machinery for transplanting seedlings has yet to arrive in East Timor.

I recently asked my father when his family first got a tractor. It was 1945, and by 1950 or so all their farm machinery had been changed from animal-drawn to tractor-drawn. The economy at that time was good enough that profits could be made to purchase petroleum to power tractors. Production, as well as farmers' standards of living, rose into the 1970s.

When I told my fellow workers of machinery doing all the work in the US, I felt it necessary to add that farmers in the US work hard, too. I recalled to them long days and exhausting jobs, my body sore from work on our farm. But the work we did was directed primarily at our machines; the machines then worked the land. Only in rare cases did we walk the fields: removing the few weeds herbicides failed to kill in a soybean field, or picking up bales of straw after a tractor had cut, raked and baled them. Our agriculture was dependent entirely on the petroleum we poured into the tanks of our tractors.

Upon returning exhausted to Baucau, I found our home-electricity to be off for the fifth day in a row. Apparently some hard-to-get part had gone bad in the power plant. I craved the light and convenience I get from that diesel-powered electricity. I also realized that my friends in Bukoli hadn't used a drop of petroleum in the process

of planting their rice, and in fact, wood for cooking was the only energy they had consumed that day outside their own bodies' metabolism. (The buffalo that stomped the field would have had to stomp somewhere that day anyway, so nothing was consumed there.)

Everyone here wants a tractor. Certainly a tractor could save labor, but it is unclear to me how a tractor would improve production. Tractors have various disadvantages I can envision. It seems that if the neighbor who paid Silverio's group to plant his rice had had a tractor, perhaps he would not have needed the group's labor and the group would not have received the payment. Tractors also need large paths to get around, and that would require chopping down more of the jungle.

I speculate that increased production in Bukoli's corn and rice fields could be achieved by fine-tuning the whole process, increasing artificially-produced fertilizers, and perhaps by implementing better rice hybrids. On the other hand, the process is already quite finely tuned, and people have little money for fertilizer or buying special seeds.⁴ In addition, Bukoli's market for selling excess product is limited, so it doesn't necessarily pay to produce more. In the end, the portion of yield necessary for a year's consumption is by far the most important.

But that leaves Bukoli squarely in the middle of the subsistence-farming category. In that category, one can't travel far, can't afford much external education, can't connect to the communication systems of the world, can't build up much of an insurance policy to prepare for health problems or natural disasters and can't participate at any significant level in the global economy. I'm sure you'll agree that these are most reasonable desires. They are basic requirements for my life. I pointed out in my newsletter #10 of October 2001 that the residents of Bukoli do want these things, and intend to get them.

Most of these changes will be based on finding markets for Bukoli to sell its products. Several organizations and the national government are working to open paths for villagers to market their goods. It is a long road though, transportation itself being a real trick in East Timor. In the meantime, Bukoli will concentrate on producing enough for itself.

Fields are only one place Silverio and his neighbors gain sustenance. In next month's newsletter, I'll introduce some of the many products Silverio's family harvests from trees, as well as the last of the staple crops, cassava. □

⁴ Many other very real drawbacks exist to "modern" methods. Modern hybrids can adversely affect the local species, and often have problems doing battle with local bugs and weeds. Everyone knows the problems with agricultural chemicals; the fields we worked that day all drain into Bukoli's water supply.

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 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.

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 Museveni. 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) • **Southern 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.

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