

ICWA LETTERS

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DBW-16
EAST ASIA

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Somewhere Between Here and There

GUIZHOU, China

February, 1999

Mr. Peter Bird Martin
Executive Director
Institute of Current World Affairs
4 West Wheelock Street
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Dear Peter:

Ultimately, people provide the most authentic windows through which to view a society different from one's own. I have increasingly appreciated the extraordinary opportunity an ICWA fellowship offers to become acquainted with those people — young and old, poor and rich, weak and powerful — usually one individual at a time; and through those relationships to learn.

Beyond most ICWA Newsletters — the fruit of that discovery — and the handful of people I have come to know well, there are also the serendipitous (and sometimes not so serendipitous) encounters experienced somewhere between here and there that fill the fellowship with delight, dismay, increased understanding and memories that will last a lifetime. But most odds-and-ends meetings never make print.

To highlight a few of these more unusual encounters and as a way to tease out some of the more subtle textures of life in China, this report recalls a few of those unexpected yet unforgettable meetings.

Perfected in the Dark

Canary yellow is the color of Spring in Guizhou Province. Terraced mountain fields glow with waist-deep rapeseed blossoms, announcing its return.

During our first Spring in Guizhou, my family traveled with a China Central Television (CCTV) film crew to a remote (seven hours by four-wheel-drive jeep) and very poor Miao ethnic-minority village. The occasion was Fish Killing Festival [*sha yu jie*], one of the largest community events of the year.

During the one-day celebration, all 3,000 villagers gather at the river: men spear fish, stunned by ingested herbal poison placed upstream in the river, that float helplessly toward them; women, dressed in delicate embroidery and colorful batik, prepare picnic munchies and hope for charcoaled fish; kids leap from rock to rock and skip stones; and unmarried boys and girls peer at each other shyly through the crowds that gather along the riverbank.

After receiving the village welcome of singing, dancing, firecrackers and

the requisite sip of their homemade rice wine, we gathered in the village courtyard to rest. As we sat and the locals milled around us, I noticed a young man, dressed in a navy-blue “Mao jacket,” as he was led through the activity by an elderly man. The young man was obviously blind. Led by one hand, the young man covered his face with the other; he looked as though his eyes were in pain, as if he had just been let out into the light after a long time in the dark.

His guide released him. Now on his own, the young man stooped to the pavement, reaching to feel the ground as if it would tell him where he was. He squatted and buried his head in his hands. Villagers flowed around him, not paying any attention.

My wife, Guowei, walked over, leaned down and spoke quietly into his ear. The young man did not respond. Perhaps he did not understand Mandarin. Perhaps he was deaf. We wanted to encourage him in some way but felt helpless.

A few minutes later something happened that I will never forget. Completely on his own, the young man stood up — erect as an opera tenor — and began to sing. And did he sing! He had the voice of an angel. Quite suddenly, he became a man of confidence, exercising a God-given gift perfected in the dark. The CCTV camera wheeled around toward him; the crowd encircled him. They were now his audience, and so would be the rest of the country when the program aired on nationwide television.

At the end of each song everyone applauded. The young blind man, beaming with joy, continued to sing.

Caught in a Vegetable Patch

Long trips away from my family are never easy. In order to enter the deeper realities of Guizhou Province, however, they are sometimes necessary. Needless to say, by the end of such a trip I am always eager to burst through the door of our home and hug my family.

At the conclusion of one two-week trip, I attempted to complete a six-hour bus ride, another two-hour bus ride, a two-hour minivan ride and a five-hour train ride — all public transportation on rural mountain roads — in one day. Had the connections worked and had there been no breakdowns, I could have made it. Alas, I missed the last train to Duyun by 45 minutes and had to spend the night *en route*.

The bus experienced its second breakdown just three hours into the first leg of the trip.

As is common practice, when the bus stopped some of the men slipped into a roadside field to urinate while the

women sat on the bus and looked the other way.

Initially, I did not follow. But on second thought, I wasn't sure how much longer it would be until our next stop and it is embarrassing to ask a long-distance bus driver to stop for just one person. So about one minute after the men headed for the field, I jumped out of the bus and walked toward the half-dozen guys who stood fanned out alongside the road.

My timing was not good. Just after I began my business a man started shouting from a porch set back about 30 meters from the road. He then stormed down the hill toward us.

The other guys, finishing, zipped up and trotted back to the shelter of the bus.

Me? I was left stranded in what must have been the old man's vegetable patch. Normally, I would have figured a way to get myself together and seek refuge with the others.

Today was different. I was so exasperated by the delay and the realization that I would most likely not make it home the same day I decided to just take my time. I didn't even look up. All I heard was this man, hopping-mad and hollering as he rushed towards me, cursing in a dialect I could not understand. Actually, I could understand about every sixth word: *waiguoren* [foreigner].

While he yelped from just a few feet away, I casually finished up, straightened my pants and turned toward the bus, pretending not even to notice the angry man.

He blocked my path and continued to snap.

“Old man, yelling is not good for your health. Why don't you return to your porch?” I calmly replied.

Intensified barking: “*Waiguoren ... *^\$%#\$^% ... waiguoren ... ^%\$#^#!*”

“Speak to the people. Take your case to the masses,” I said without expression, sarcastically using outdated revolutionary language and pointing to the busload of fellow travelers.

Fortunately, my comrades came to my defense. Though the old man remained upset, he slowly ran out of steam and retreated to his porch.

As our bus finally continued on its way, I reminded myself, timing is everything.

Sacred Heart

Our nighttime arrival in the riverside town of Maotai began the low point of my 150-mile hike along the Long

March trail.¹ At dusk a fierce electrical storm had caught us with no place to hide. The wind and rain mocked our weatherproof gear, leaving us sopping wet. We straggled into Maotai hours after dark. Hunger, emotional exhaustion and the physical misery of having hiked 65 miles in just over two days caught up with us.

We proceeded according to our original plan: after a half-day break in Maotai we transferred north by bus to pick up the trail where the Red Army had circled back into Guizhou Province (at Maotai the Communists crossed the Chishui River and fled into Sichuan Province).

Although it was nice to be off our feet, the four-hour bus ride did not provide much relief. The vehicle we rode on was a long-distance sleeper bus equipped with double-decker beds in place of chairs. These buses transport people from the country's interior to the coast and can frequently be seen crawling through Guizhou's mountain roads. I nursed a tender-to-the-touch ankle and my hiking companion spent a good portion of the trip vomiting out his window.

Between drifting in and out of sleep and praying for strength and encouragement, I wondered what in the world I had gotten myself into. The fact that we still had over 80 miles to walk afforded no encouragement.

By the time we arrived at our destination, a small township where the Long March picks back up heading east, we were both dejected. We got off the bus and hobbled to a street-side restaurant we had been told rented rooms. We dropped our packs in our quarters — I was too exhausted to think much of the pigsty that was directly below our room — and came back out front where noodles were being prepared. I slumped on a bench, pulled the lid of my baseball cap down over my forehead, leaned my head back against the wall and shut my eyes.

“What am I doing this for?” I silently protested. “I’m too old for this. I’ve got a family I could be enjoying right now instead of limping through these mountains.”

After a few minutes of wallowing in self-pity, I opened my eyes. Guess who was staring at me? Jesus.

Pasted on the far wall of the restaurant, a life-size portrait of Jesus gazed right at me. On Jesus' chest was the symbol of the sacred heart [a bleeding heart encircled by a crown of thorns].

Once again, I closed my eyes.²

“If only it was made of candy,” I said, but not aloud.

The Cultural Revolution (1966-1976) was full of extremes incomprehensible even to those who experienced this tragic period of recent history. Its excesses seared almost every individual touched by the ten-year-long nightmare.

Not long ago a local woman in her 30s recalled the price she paid for something said to a friend when she was a child. Both of them were just three years old at the time, living in a tight-knit factory community. It was the height of the Cultural Revolution.

Xiao Chen, like any child, loved candy. One day, as she and her friend played, they happened across an eight-inch-tall, white-plaster statue of Chairman Mao Zedong — the family idol.

“If only it was made of candy,” Xiao Chen said as she caressed the statue, licking her lips. “I’d start by nibbling his head and then work my way all the way down, finishing him off at his feet.”

Xiao Chen's friend's grandmother overheard the yummy comment. The next morning, *da zi bao* [literally: large character posters] showed up pasted on the walls outside the family home, denouncing them as counter-revolutionary. How could a mere child speak this way against the great helmsman? Surely, the family was to blame.

From then on, village children were forbidden to play with little Xiao Chen. She dared not go outside.

Years later, when she entered school, the principal called her to his office to speak with her and remind Xiao Chen of her problem.

Xiao Chen recalls that her personality changed: from a playful, outgoing child to a withdrawn introvert.

I never asked Xiao Chen, but for some reason, I doubt she likes candy.

Monster Hog

Memorable encounters are not always with people.

The first time I had to go to the bathroom during a four-day visit with a village family in Guizhou's mountains, a friend led me outdoors to a ramshackle shed

¹ The town of Maotai is famous for its distillery, cherished by the late Premier Zhou Enlai who, when he and the Red Army passed through the riverside town in 1935, had used the fiery spirits as ointment on his sore muscles. For a full account of my hike along the Long March trail, see “A Walk into the Past” (DBW-10).

² The restaurant owner told me that more than 100 years before, Jesuit missionaries from France shared the news of Jesus Christ with them and helped the community build a cathedral.

raised on stilts over an open pit. He unlatched a rickety door that opened onto a five-by-seven-foot platform made of sturdy but uneven sticks. “Don’t mind the pig,” he said and pulled the door shut behind me.

The latrine did not bother me a bit; my problem weighed about 300 pounds, was nearly as long as I am tall and occupied about half the bathroom. Let’s just say the sleeping giant wrecked my concentration.

The swine was not something out of the movie “Babe”; this was a monster hog. Too fat and probably too lazy to stand up, it lay stretched out, its head now blocking the door. What to do? The door opened to the inside.

I jiggled the door against his snout. He growled in his sleep, but didn’t budge. I shook the door a bit harder. He grumbled in protest and shifted his head just long enough for me to slip through the narrow opening.

When nature called the next day I found my friend sleeping in his favorite position: snout against the inside of door. But when you got to go, you got to go. I banged the door against his snout and with a low roar, the behemoth allowed the door to open wide enough for me to enter.

When I wrapped up business, I turned to leave. You guessed it, Mr. Bacon had returned to his slumber.

I jiggled the door and said, “good piggy.” No luck.

So trying to exude confidence — they say animals can smell when you’re scared — I jerked the door. With an angry roar, the hog went for my ankle. I jerked the door again and leapt out.

He didn’t draw blood, but I swear the hog tried to bite me.

After calming myself down I returned to the village house, acting as if nothing had happened.

I’d like to believe the hog was anti-foreign; I think he could sense that I was just plain scared of him.

From then on, I would slip into the nearby woods and relieve myself in peace. But every time I walked back past the shed, I’d jar the hog’s snout with the door — and grin.

And What Do You Do for a Living?

Children are often the best ambassadors. They certainly bring people together.

On the popular boat ride along picturesque Li River in Guilin, Guangxi Zhuang Autonomous Region, my family and I sat among other families and enjoyed the unusual limestone-karst landscape. We oohed and aahed

as the guide announced over the loudspeaker the names of the conically-shaped mountain peaks that seem to pop out of otherwise level farmland — Paint Brush Hill, Cock-Fighting Hills, Mural Hill.

As the cruise continued, my daughter Margaret became friendly with a little girl her age, who sat with her parents directly across from us. I struck up a conversation with the girl’s father. They looked like a pleasant family.

“Where you from?” I asked.

“Guangzhou. We came to Guilin on a three-day tour-package vacation.”

“And what do you do for a living?”

“I’m involved in trade between Guangzhou and Hong Kong. I travel a good bit to Hong Kong.”

“What do you trade?”

“Mainly cars — *ben zi che* [Mercedes-Benz].”

“Those are very nice.”

“Yes, and expensive. Up until recently I could do ten cars a year and earn about U.S.\$10,000 a car. Business has slowed down.”

I soon realized that this family man, the father of a cute little girl and an attractive wife, was a smuggler. He spoke of his illicit business as though it was a 9-to-5 office job.

At about the same time business had slowed down for the young father, Beijing — led by Premier Zhu Rongji — launched a crackdown that targeted goods moving in and out of the country without customs clearance.

The high point of Zhu’s dragnet was December 1998, when the Public Security Minister in charge of enforcing border security, Li Jizhou, was arrested for engaging in smuggling while acting in an official position to suppress it. The highest-ranking security official to be arrested since China’s revolution in 1949, Li had served as a deputy chief of the State Council’s top anti-smuggling agency and was vice minister for public security.

Li Jizhou’s arrest and a special forces initiative set up in January 1999 are but a public expression of the severity of China’s smuggling problem.

Indeed, it is big business — to the tune of U.S.\$30 billion a year.³

Sky-high duties and tariffs on certain goods — like

³ Associated Press, 8 January 1999.

Mercedes-Benz cars — fuel the lucrative smuggling industry; customs officials face considerable temptation from the big-money benefits of illegal entrepreneurship; and countless ports and villages along China's lengthy coast have long relied on smuggling for their livelihood.

Still, Zhu Rongji has pleaded with China's customs forces to act as an "iron wall" to safeguard China's economy. The problem is that many — even the guys that have nice families and go to Guilin for the weekend — place personal interests above the law and their country.

Northwest Airlines, Flight No. 88: Beijing to Detroit

During my return trip to participate in the Institute of Current World Affairs' China Symposium last December, I encountered another kind of illegal trade. I had always heard about human smuggling, but had never encountered it until I boarded Northwest Airlines, flight no. 88, Beijing non-stop to Detroit.

The one-inch-long fingernail that extended from each of the young man's pinkies indicated that he did not do manual labor. I shifted my legs and he squeezed past me to take his window seat, leaving an empty space between us.

The teenager nervously looked around. I assumed it was his first flight. He did not speak English.

"Where you headed?"

"Detroit."

"Is that your final destination?"

"I have an uncle in New York. I'll call him after I arrive in Detroit."

We were among the first to board the plane.

After a few minutes a spunky elderly woman sat down between us, wearing over-size sunglasses and a straw sun hat. A retiree from Sarasota, Florida, she was part of a tour group that had traveled to Beijing for a one-week vacation — "U.S.\$1,000, airfare, hotel, everything included."

Twenty other Floridian retirees settled into our section of the plane.

"I've had a wonderful life," she volunteered in an effusive, New York City accent.

"I grew up in Brazil and immigrated to the U.S. when I was 20 years old. I spent a lifetime in New York City theaters — legitimate theaters — as a showgirl. In the Institute of Current World Affairs

1950s, my picture was even in *Life* magazine. Oh, I've had it good."

A Chinese teenager on his own, who didn't speak English, a 70-year-old showgirl named Maju and a fellow with the Institute of Current World Affairs ..., even before I knew the details of what would happen on the flight, I couldn't help but laugh to myself over this fascinating threesome.

We buckled up for takeoff.

About one hour after we were in the air, the attendants passed out customs forms.

I switched seats with Maju to help our non-English-speaking companion fill out his card.

"Date of birth?"

"October 10, 1982."

"Before you write it in, let me see your passport to make sure it is the same as what is recorded officially."

"What's a passport?" he stared at me blankly.

"A passport? You know, what you used to go through customs at the airport in Beijing."

"Customs?"

"Didn't you go through long lines where they stamped all kinds of things? Do you have any documents?"

He just looked at me, sincerely clueless.

"How did you get on the plane?"

"I just followed everybody else."

"Do you have a ticket?"

He showed me a ticket stub. It had a Chinese name on it different than his own.

"How did you purchase your ticket?"

"My parents paid a man in my hometown in Fujian Province. Everything else was taken care of."

The boy realized that something was wrong. He grew quiet.

"I don't think they will let you enter America if you don't have a passport," I said.

After a long pause, he bleated out, "Uncle, can you take me into America? Uncle, are they going to send me

back to China?" He then buried his head on his tray table and began to cry.

Maju, a grandmother herself, noticed the boy's distress.

"Here, let me switch seats with you," she said to me as she began stroking the boy's head.

"Everything's going to be just fine young man, you're going to be o.k.," Maju tried to soothe him with words he could not understand. The boy remained a motionless pile on the tray table, arms over his head.

"The airplane has a Chinese auntie [the Chinese-speaking flight attendant] that can help you," I said. "The most important thing is to be honest and direct with whatever she asks you."

Word quickly got around among the delegation of retirees.

"He can come to my place in Sarasota. He didn't look like he'd never hurt nobody," Maju told her friends in raspy Brooklyn twang.

"Mother him a bit, Maju" said a voice from the row behind us. "He must be scared."

"That's so sad," another said. "Why does he want to leave China anyway? He looks like a nice boy."

I slipped out of my seat and down the aisle to speak with the head attendant.

"We've had three of them in the last two weeks," the stout, no-nonsense career flight attendant said. "They'll send him right back on the next plane."

Ten hours later, Maju continued to stroke the young man's head, telling him he would be fine. At one point, she forced him to eat. Minutes before landing, Maju even took the boy's picture.

The plane pulled up to the gate and the translator-attendant led the 16-year-old boy to a security official, walkie-talkie in hand, and another translator.

As we deboarded, the group of retirees and I took heart in the fact that it is better the boy was discovered than him winding up on the streets of Detroit, alone, with no money and unable to speak English.

"He's a doll, I would have kept him if I could," were Maju's last words as we parted.

One week after the incident while in Washington, D.C., I spoke with a man from Fujian Province who runs a Chinese fast-food restaurant in the northeast section of

Washington, D.C. I told him the situation and he did not seem surprised. He informed me that the young boy's parents, probably rural residents, would have had to pay about U.S.\$40,000 for the services of getting him smuggled on to a U.S.-bound flight. The restaurant owner added that if the boy is under 18 years old the U.S. will not send him home; he would be placed in a foster-care situation. I wonder if the boy's parents knew that when they said good-bye to him.

Every Ten Years

"How is the laid-off worker situation here?" I asked the taxi driver as he drove me to the airport in Nanjing. The 55-year-old, factory-worker-turned-driver told me things were not good.

"At the end of every decade our country has problems," he said with no emotion.

"What do you mean?"

"Look at our history, it's very clear. Once we get through the troubles of the end of a decade, things are fine, then we slowly build back to a different set of problems at the end of the next decade. Look at the last six decades:

"End of 1930s: Japanese invasion, then things improved with the united front in the early 1940s.

"End of 1940s: civil war, then things picked up in the early 1950s with revolution and liberation.

"End of 1950s: Great Leap Forward and famine, then the economy revived a bit in 1962.

"End of 1960s: Cultural Revolution, then things calmed in the early 1970s.

"End of 1970s: political struggle with Hua Guofeng, then Deng Xiaoping rose to power and the reform era began.

"End of the 1980s: June 4, 1989, then Deng made his trip south in 1992."

The taxi driver's eyes left the road long enough to glance at me. "What year is it this year?" he asked rhetorically.

"1998."

"Just wait and see; we're preparing ourselves mentally."

Certainly, China's history is not a fatalistic wheel. The fact, however, that the laid-off worker and his buddies

sit around discussing history this way fascinates me.

Matthew

The child was a pitiable mess when she found him. Filthy-gray skin and clothes, bare feet, the little boy of about seven had been living on the streets for who knows how long. Add to that, he appeared to be mentally retarded. Fear and cold — November nights in Duyun can be frigid — created an almost crazed look in his eyes.

Yet he seemed happy to be found. The child yelped with excitement, out of control, as the Chinese friend who discovered him carried him through our door.

Jon, my two-year-old son, and Margaret, my three-year-old daughter, just stared in silence.

What to do with a discarded, frightened and helpless little boy?

My wife Guowei and her friend bathed him. Neighbors donated a bag of used clothes.

Clean and dressed in a fresh outfit, the little guy was famished. Guowei and her friend prepared rice and soup for him. He ate out of a green plastic bowl, happily screeching as he ate. We assumed he could not talk because he was retarded, yet he seemed to understand us.

We called him Ma tai [Matthew].

After he finished eating, I carried Matthew into our guest room, laid him on the bed and covered him with a blanket. But he was restless; he wouldn't stay down.

It crossed my mind to let him keep a bowl of rice with him in the room. It did the trick. He lay down, pulled the

blanket over his head and immediately fell sleep.

Because the room had a window that opened to the hallway, I could occasionally peek in on him to make sure he was resting. As long as he clutched the green plastic bowl in one hand he could sleep.

The seven-year-old woke up several hours later, hungry and screeching like a monkey. Again, he was out of control. We brought him out to the kitchen and fed him.

Tummy now full, I took him back to his room and shut the door. Night had come; it was dark. He was obviously exhausted and now, bowl in hand, seemed calm and ready to sleep.

Despairing over this child's life and future, I was reminded of a formative experience the great champion of the poor, Saint Francis of Assisi had long before 'Saint' was placed in front of his name. During his youth, Francis felt tremendous repulsion toward lepers and other cast-aways. One day, when passing a disfigured leper on the road, he was touched to the heart by guilt over his negative feelings toward the leper and the realization that Jesus loved all poor people, including lepers. Francis turned around, found the leper and kissed him.

I tucked in little Matthew, ...and kissed him goodnight.

As I reflect on the encounters recalled above I realize that these chance meetings reveal as much about myself as they do about the society I have come to observe. Encounters, after all, are a two-way street.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dan' with a stylized flourish above the 'n'.



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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]

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

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

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

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

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

Jean Benoît Nadeau. 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." [EUROPE/RUSSIA]

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

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

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