

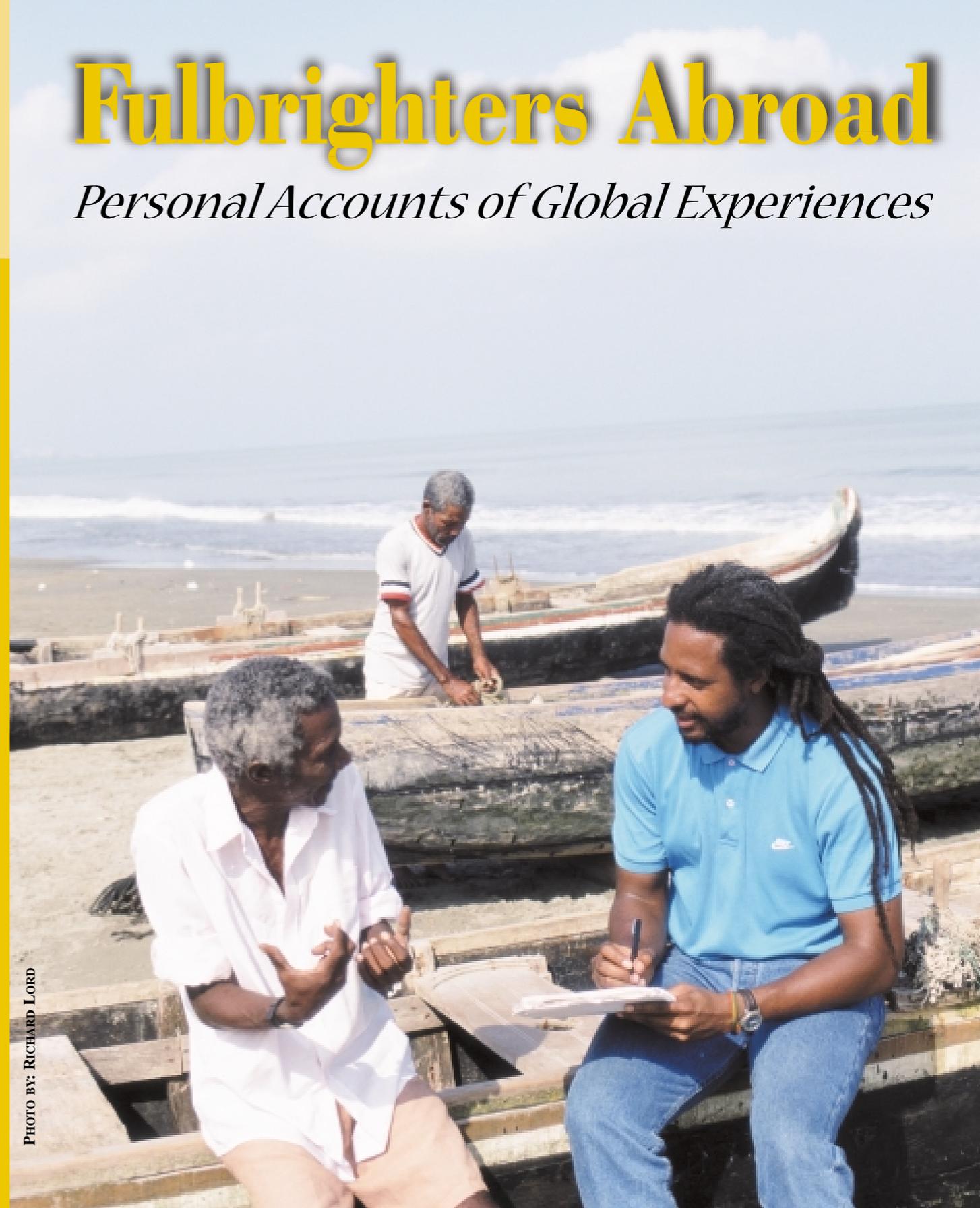
FULBRIGHT

Fulbrighters Abroad

Personal Accounts of Global Experiences

The Fulbright Program
301 4th Street, SW, Room 202
Washington, DC 20547

PHOTO BY: RICHARD LORD





“Educational exchange can turn nations into people, contributing as no other form of communication can to the humanizing of international relations.”

[J. William Fulbright - Speech to the Council on International Educational Exchange]



Fulbright Faces



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Project Coordinator: John O. Hishmeh

About This Collection

Reports and studies of many kinds have been written on the Fulbright program. However, the most vivid reports must be those of the participants themselves—their own story of what they did; what they saw and learned; what new insights they gained into a foreign culture and people and what new perspectives on their own country they developed; and what new friends and intellectual contacts they cultivated.

The following are excerpts taken from the personal accounts of American Fulbright Grantees. Many of these entries were gathered from the personal emails and letters I received from Fulbrighters while they were abroad. Most of these stories, poems, essays, journal entries, and even recipes are unedited by us in Washington, DC. The power of a personal account can often exceed the most carefully drafted position paper. This collection is intended to provide the reader with feedback on the intense impact of the Fulbright program. The opinions and views expressed within these pages are those of the grantees and I cannot think of a better way to describe the Fulbright program than through the words of actual “Fulbrighters” themselves.

I believe that when you read through this entire collection you will understand the richness and diversity of the Fulbright experience.

Keith Geiger
Director
Office of Academic Programs

RYAN LOUIE

HELLO, OR “KON’NICHIWA” FROM JAPAN! MY NAME IS Ryan, and I’m one of this year’s Fulbright fellows. I am conducting research in the field of biochemistry, and combining this with a program of language, culture, traveling, and fun!

I received your letter in the mail—thank you very much! Living in a foreign country, it’s always nice to find mail in the box! Yes, I would be very happy to share my experiences with the community back home. The fact is, even till this very day, and ever onwards, I feel so very fortunate and thankful to Fulbright to receive this wonderful year here in Japan. It’s a tremendously fun and enlightening experience—to be totally immersed in a culture and society that I previously only daydreamed about living in. It’s truly a 24-hour classroom, everytime I step outside my door. The Japanese language and history that I studied at UC Berkeley in California comes alive immediately. I like to challenge myself to go out there to try something new, whether it’s using a new Japanese phrase, eating a wildly different appetizer, or wandering into new territory that wasn’t really described in my tourist maps.

Currently, I am conducting biochemistry research here at the Biosignal Research Center of Kobe University. My project is to study the properties and function of a particular protein molecule called “Protein Kinase B,” or affectionately “PKB” for short. This protein acts as a central controlling point in cells, directing the traffic of information and chemical signals being sent in all directions. PKB might be likened to one of Tokyo’s subway stations—points in the city where lines of trains, traffic, and people pass by to get to where they need to go. Everyone needs to get to the right places, and get there on time. Similarly, in order for the cell to be healthy, PKB must take in all the lines of information, and transmit this information to other proteins in the

cell, to keep things chugging along. PKB controls many functions, such as sugar metabolism, the synthesis of proteins, and also the ability to block programmed cell death, or “apoptosis”. Thus, cells with active PKB are able to live longer. It’s believed that some cancers may involve malfunctioning PKB, allowing the cells to live longer, and grow uncontrollably.

As for lab culture, it’s very interesting! In general, it seems to me that Japanese scientists are super-duper “majime,” or dilligent! People arrive early in the morning, and leave very late. One time, as I was leaving the laboratory at around midnight after a long experiment, one assistant professor arrives, assuring me that he’s ready to go all the way until 10 a.m. the next morning!! People work hard, but they also know how to enjoy themselves. The lab acts like a family, as we eat together (Japanese people eat fast!), go to “nomikai” drinking parties together, and help each other on overall laboratory research projects. I really do feel a sense of “groupism,” quite unique from the laboratory culture and philosophy back home in the States.

On my free time, I enjoy pursuing one of my hobbies which I started when I was a student at Berkeley: I compose and perform chemistry rap music. I think of rhymes, and then combine it with rap music melodies to produce a wacky fusion of science research and lyrical rhythms and beats! It’s been really fun, and I’ve recently performed this chemistry rap here in Japan on several occasions. I rap in English and in Japanese, putting to use all those good technical biochemistry Japanese terms that I’ve learned: like “protein” is called “tan-paku-shitsu,” and “phosphorylation” is called “rin-san-ka!” Doing the experiment on stage, grabbing the microphone, and getting down to the rap has been a great way to share my personal version of

American culture with my friends here in Japan and from around the world! Last month, I performed chemistry rap at the Osaka Earth Voice '98 International Music Festival. I had an absolute blast! Along with fellow foreign students who performed things like Korean traditional drums, Brazilian also, Saudi Arabian love ballads, German dance, I shared a little about science in a fun way. I like to carry my message not only about rap as an American culture, but also about rap as a form of expression that anyone can use and enjoy. I like to leave ideas open, because I believe that's how we can learn new things. People have stereotypes about what science is about, and they have stereotypes about what rap is about. When you mix the two together, people don't really know what to expect, and you start off with an open mind. That's when I invite people and "welcome them to the world of chemistry rap:" "Kagaku Rappu no sekai e yookoso!!!" Here at Kobe University, I have met some fellow hip hop and rap fans, and we now are practicing some dance moves. Dance is our next big challenge. Rhymes and music are OK, but it's even better if you can express the rap Visually!

Oh, I guess I should return to my original topic—sorry for wandering off! Everytime I type emails, there always seems to be so much to talk about—and even that is only a glimpse of this experience here in Japan. I feel really lucky to be able to be here and see it for myself.

I would be very happy to share my experience with people back home—whether it's about comparing the laboratory cultures of the US and in labs overseas, whether it's about conveying science and ideas through wacky chem rap, or whether it's about making discoveries about other people and discoveries about oneself in a new home away from home. I'd be very glad to help out in any way that I can. And if there are any rap or music or science fans out there, or people who just want to see some wacky rap, I'll send out copies of my rap video taped here in Japan! Music is the language that unites the world.

Thanks again for your letter, and thank you to the folks at USIA and Fulbright and to everyone who believes in learning more about yourself by learning about others.

American Fulbrighter in Chile

DAWNE ASHTON

IT'S TIME TO WRITE ABOUT MY EXPERIENCES AND TRAVELS as it is raining and 3/4 of town is without electricity. That results in very limited services in stores and banks, if open. Chile is experiencing a drought from La Niña and supposedly a connected power shortage.

I had guests again and took advantage of company to make a weekend trip on the "Carretera Austral" (southern highway). That is traveling south out of Puerto Montt by land around beaches, across fiords and almost always on a dirt and gravel road. A Fulbrighter's mother and uncle

from California were visiting her in Santiago and came to Puerto Montt and stayed with me most of a week. I do enjoy traveling alone but enjoy even more having companionship. Our destination was Hornopiren, a town about 125 miles south but five hours away at the speed we traveled. The Greyhound-like bus south was full and even the aisles were stuffed with people as we began the ride. I hate to disappoint my niece who has a certain image of South American buses, but no animals rode with us. Many men were traveling home for the weekend or to new fishing waters and boats. The majority of the



stops were at fishing sites (too small to be called villages). As the day warmed it became apparent that the sky was not only clear and bright but summery in its feel as the Antarctic winds we had experienced for three days faded.

At the biggest fiord, Seno Reloncavi, we, bus and passengers, boarded a large ferry. The crossing was about 30 minutes of crystalline sea with fragrant air blowing over the gentle whitecaps until we reached the far cliffs and the bus began to traverse the road sliced into the rocks. Way below in the water edge we saw many fish farms. The majority are for raising salmon. When we went inland and across a peninsula the vegetation increased to its tropical look of lushness. The

bamboo, giant ferns and mammoth castor bean plants were below the unique small leafed Coigue and giant Alerce trees. I continue to be in awe at the year-round greenness of this temperate rain forest. It must be my past experience of so much dryness in the Golden State that leaves me so impressed here. As we neared our destination the scenery became spectacular with the partially snowcapped rugged Andes and two conical volcanos dominating the sky view before us. We arrived at mid-day so we had ample time to explore and hike.

The town of Hornopiren has about 2,000 inhabitants spread along the river and fiord shores. Most homes are wood and shingled and have a comfortable size yard for gardening, but grass grows thickly everywhere else. The central plaza was exceptionally pleasant with benches and wide walkways between gardens. A new dark mauvy-pink Catholic church fills one side of the plaza. Inside it is stunning with a modern natural pine-like wood slat finish. Hornopiren means snow oven. Quite literally the community sits at the base of a semi-circle of mountains that usually have heavy snow and reflect the bright sunlight into the village keeping it warmer than any other nearby town. Its inhabitants were very friendly and extremely helpful. Some of the homes were very old-aged and mossed-over

structures while others were painted warm, friendly colors. One young man working on a new house that is almost finished, invited us in to examine his handy work. It was good-sized with two-tone stripes of reddish Alerce and pine toned planks on the walls. He even posed for a photo with his kids and house.

After a comfortable good night's sleep I looked out my window in the early morning to see heavy mists rising off the mud flats where the fiord was the evening before. The tide had gone out and the broad expanse of mud and grass that remained made it very clear that this fiord was connected to the ocean and not a lake. Some people were out on the mud collecting mussels and just enjoying the walk. That inspired us to venture out into the middle of the fiord where a river flows toward the sea. There were several small streams to ford and many times I sank into

the boggy mud. When I was on more solid sand I found the view was captivating in every direction. After my last adventure of rafting I could picture finding quick-sand but was happy on returning to the knoll by the road that this was a simple walk around the sea water bottom.

This second day dawned as warm and sparkly as the previous one. It was hard to believe that in this cold rainy part of Chile that my weekend jaunt took place in perfect weather. It was Sunday and at noon I attended enough of the mass at the mauvy church to see the community take sacrament and hear the priest thank and plead concerning the church finances. The pews were all full and the music was charmingly sung to the strums of a guitar. A small girl and several dogs waited on the steps of the church for the service to end. It capped a picturesque stay in an exceptionally beautiful corner of the world.

American Fulbrighter in Portugal

DWAYNE BALL

HOW CAN I ORGANIZE MY THOUGHTS ABOUT SUCH A complex experience? It requires the best from someone to live abroad and be heavily involved with the lives of students, faculty and citizens of the country and to emerge at the end of it with a feeling of success. I enjoyed the challenge. One cannot approach living abroad with too many preconceptions or fixed attitudes, because after all, the purpose of living abroad should be to challenge one's concepts and attitudes. At the end of it, enough has changed about my view of the world that organizing it is quite a little task.

Observations on teaching and students

I arrived the morning that classes began, and my contact on the faculty kindly took me in hand, and with the help of the staff, began to arrange administrative details for my lectures. The secretary found me a classroom, and the computer

staff set me up with the computer and projector in the classroom. At 2:00, when the class was to start, I was at the front of the 90-seat auditorium, Power Point slides at the ready, dry-erase marker in hand, heart racing, ready to lecture. However, I was completely alone. You could have heard a cricket chirp in there. Did I have no students at all? Was I going to deliver 10 weeks of lectures to an empty classroom?

One has to remember, in these circumstances, not to act too much like an American. As I was pondering the potential for an unequivocal disaster, a kindly faculty member poked his head in the door, recognized the problem, and went out in the hall and spoke to students who were conversing and smoking there. Aha! It appeared that the students were milling around the building, looking for the classroom. They began to file in, and after 15 or 20 minutes of desultory conversation with the early

arrivals, I started the lecture. Students continued to file in and out during the lecture, giving it somewhat the character of a train station as well as a classroom. It appeared that I had in the neighborhood of 25 or 30 students, which was about what I had been told to expect. Over the next few weeks, I found them eager for the material, with often varied and fascinating work backgrounds, and a delight with which to converse.

It wasn't until the third week that I obtained a class roster. "Don't be frightened," said the faculty member who gave it to me. "You have 96 students." I couldn't help but laugh. Where were they all? It appeared that many had jobs which required their presence elsewhere, two or three lived on the Portuguese islands of the Azores, and perhaps a dozen didn't speak English at all (primarily students from the former Portuguese African possessions of Mozambique and Angola) and therefore would not have found the lectures of any use. Eventually, the class settled down to an enrollment of 78, although classroom attendance rarely exceeded 35. Furthermore, I had not only undergraduate and masters-level students, but 4 Ph.D. students as well. The other faculty were as surprised as I was by the enrollment. Why were so many students taking the class, whether they could attend lectures or not? It appeared that the topic area (market research) was perceived to be highly valuable, and the opportunity to hear another perspective from across the ocean was perceived to be more valuable yet. In the presence of fine teachers already on the faculty of the Institute, I considered that this unexpected popularity reflected a faith in my knowledge and skills that called for my best efforts.

How to deal with so many students who could not speak English or not attend class? First, I spent two days each week putting everything on Power Point slides, perhaps 100 slides per week or more. The computer staff of the Institute, who were excellent and prompt, put the presentation on the Web so that the students could access it from the computers available in the Institute or their companies. Even those who didn't speak English could find

someone to translate the slides. Second, I used group projects for 75% of the class grade. In practice, this meant that non-English speakers would team with ones who were fluent, and students with time conflicts would team with ones who could attend class. Finally, the final exam—multiple choice—was translated into Portuguese by the heroic efforts of one of the Ph.D. students, to whom I shall be forever grateful.

I got a lot of help from several of the students, usually the ones who spoke English well. They would take me aside and say, "You know, it would be very helpful to us if you would speak slower," or, "We aren't sure what you mean when you ask for this kind of report, can you provide an example?" It took a little courage to do that, I suppose, and I respected those students who would do it. Because of their help, I was able to be much more effective as a teacher. The Portuguese will cheerfully admit that they don't have quite the same concept of time as Americans. In fact, I imagine that we Americans look—well, to use a Freudian concept—a bit anal-compulsive to them when it comes to punctuality. I didn't start class until 15 minutes after the hour, and students would continue to wander in for the duration. When I took a "10-minute break" during the 3-hour lecture, the students would go out to the little canteen in the building and have coffee, pastries, and conversation. Needless to say, our 10-minute breaks stretched to 25. An American would be tempted to take this as a kind of insult, but no such thing was intended by the students. They work hard when the occasion requires it, but there is simply a different pace to the occasion. And, given the excellence of the pastries, coffee, and conversation, one can understand it. In any case, the work the students turned in often reflected a great deal of effort on their parts, a willingness to go independently into literature I had not specifically assigned, and a strong desire to measure up to the standards I set.

In general, the students were well-prepared and hardworking, but required a lot of flexibility from me as a teacher. It was all to the good.

VIRGINIA LOUISE TYLER

I HAD THE FLU OVER CHRISTMAS, BUT I MANAGED TO drop off some very small presents for my teacher Joseph and his wife and kids at the bronze casting village before I got too sick. When I got better and saw them again, I asked them what they usually did for the holiday. “Nothing,” they said, “We don’t have money this time of year.” (The tourist season, May through August, is their prosperous time.) So I decided they needed one small party, just for Joseph and his friends and family.

I asked Joseph and Julie, his (first) wife, what to get for a traditional New Year’s party. I was thinking of beer, sodas, and some liquor, the usual New Year’s stuff. But they eat real food for New Year’s. They asked for rice, canned tomatoes (the fresh ones here are incredible—they always taste like our home grown ones in August—but they have to be mixed with canned tomato paste so that the sauce looks deep red, another subtlety in Ghanaian cooking that I was totally oblivious to), a half gallon of palm oil (of course), spices, beef bouillon, and a chicken. A live chicken. They told me I could get a frozen one, but I know what they really want is one of those huge brown squawking birds I see women carrying on their heads (about a dozen to a wash tub, with a net over it) in the Kumasi market. So I’m going to be brave and face a chicken. I have to go to the market tomorrow, buy one of the noisy birds, and carry it—along with the other groceries—on the tro-tro that goes to the village. (A tro-tro is a minivan, a lot like the Ford Windstar that my sister drives her two small children around in, except that it’s filled with 16 adult passengers, all sitting shoulder to shoulder, the women with kids on their laps.) So try to imagine me holding a chicken upside down by the feet, hoping it won’t escape, with groceries on my lap, riding to a village with no electricity or running water

where we will cook the bird over a charcoal stove the size of a small hat box.

Don’t even ask me about killing the chicken — I’m hoping they will do that for me. I am not excited about plucking it, either. And I refuse to eat grilled chicken feet like the ones I have seen in the market. Ever wonder what they do with all the chicken parts we don’t use in the U.S.? Well, I will find out. They use everything here. One of their staples is fish head soup, a food that even I have said “no” to. (And I will pull the furry hide off grilled goat meat and then eat it. But fish heads? No.)

The reason why I am writing about all this is that I have found a new term for the unexpected expectations of life. I call them “the chickens of reality.” I don’t really resent a chicken as if it were an unavoidable obligation. Joseph and Julie would have let me get away with just bringing a frozen bird, and they would have been very polite about it. But I want to get the chicken for them, even though it’s a bit more than I thought I was getting into at first and a little intimidating. But I can do it. I’m just glad I don’t have to catch the chicken—I just don’t have that much competence. I tried to catch a chicken once so I could draw feathers, and I just ended up chasing them clumsily and looking foolish. And they were very contented and mellow birds, not any wild, untamed, foaming-at-the-mouth market chickens. So the “chickens of reality” are a challenge. But at least now I have a name for them.

Ghana Journal 1-2-99

How to Prepare Ghanaian Sauce with Chicken

Recipe for authentic Ghanaian Sauce with Chicken (*feeds 6 adults and about a dozen small running children*)

- 1 red hen (about 3-4 lbs., 10,000 cedis)
- 1 liter palm oil for cooking
(Frytol or Dinor brand)
- 9 small tomatos
- 6 small cans tomato paste
(approx. 4 oz. each)
- 2 medium onions
- 10 very small Ghanaian red peppers
- 2 cups green beans
- 2 beef bouillon cubes
- 1-2 Tablespoons curry powder
- 1-2 Tablespoons Ghanaian 'mixed spices'
(includes ginger, black pepper, anise)
- 1 Tablespoon salt, or to taste

Pour palm oil into a small frying pan until it is half full. (No skimping.) Fry all boiled chicken parts until they are crispy brown. Set fried chicken aside in covered pot. Save oil in a second pot; later you will combine it with the rest of the liter of palm oil to make the sauce.

To prepare the sauce, wash and remove the stems from 10 small Ghanaian red peppers. Crush them in an *opotoyuah*, an unglazed red earthenware bowl about as big around as a large dinner plate and slightly deeper than the saucer for a flowerpot. The tool for crushing is called a *tapoli*, a small wooden tool shaped like an hourglass, approximately 3 x 3 x 5 inches, that fits neatly into the palm of the hand. Crush the peppers by rhythmically rocking the *tapoli* over them in the *opotoyuah*.

At this point you may hear the laughter of small children who have been doing this since they were three and can't believe a grown white woman has never crushed peppers before. Eleven-year-old Sylvia shows how to crush the pepper. She is her mother's cooking assistant. Julia, her mother, supervises from her little stool next to the stove, which is a squat, steel thing welded into an

odd shape about the size of a hat box. From here she directs, orders, encourages, scolds, stirs, fries, and stokes the fire. Small children buzz around her like bees around clover. "You will always have kids around you," I said. "Thank you," she beamed, as if I had blessed her. (I was actually wondering how she could take so much chaos all day. I was wearing out after an hour and a half.) Julia pours half of a 15-pound bag of rice into a pot and cooks it. She sets it aside and covers it with a black 'polythene' shopping bag which shrinks and curls into a frightening shape when it hits the heat of the rice. The fried chicken parts are in a pan lid.

It is now time to make the sauce. Traditional Ghanaian food is a high fat, high cholesterol affair, as most visitors find out quickly. It's not quite polite, then, to stare dumbfounded as the cook pours all of the leftover frying oil along with the rest of the liter of oil into the stew pot. This is the base for the sauce. You next add the chopped onions and bouillon, allowing them to fry and crackle noisily as you contemplate an early death from heart failure. Dice the tomatos. Fresh tomatos, ripened in the sun like American tomatos in August, are the basis for the most beautiful flavors in Ghanaian food. But they do not make the sauce look "red" enough, so you must add 3 to 6 cans of tomato paste made from pale pink tomatoes raised in a British greenhouse in mid-October. Ghanaian cooking has certain rules you simply cannot violate.

Finally she piles in the chicken and allows everything to simmer for 30 minutes. While the sauce simmers Julia arranges the tables in the same sunny area that the kids are playing in, just in front of Joseph's house. Everyone sits down to huge mounds of rice topped with a couple of unidentifiable chicken parts on top and a coca-cola or beer. This is a Ghanaian feast. We all eat "plenty, plenty."

GLOBAL IMAGES

Fulbright scholar from the People's Republic of China during a site visit at a water treatment facility in Washington, D.C. International Fulbrighters from over 85 countries were recently brought to the nation's capital for a conference on the environment.



Multinational participants at the University of Michigan's "Making of U.S. Foreign Policy" Summer Institute-1998. The multi-disciplinary Summer Institutes are sponsored by the Study of the U.S. Program, a component of Fulbright and the Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs.

KHIDIR W. HILU

I ARRIVED IN RABAT ON FEBRUARY 25, 1999 AND THE NEXT day, I went to Agadir, University of Ibnou Zohr, where my headquarters was located at the College of Sciences. After arriving in the afternoon, I met Dr. B and was located in a comfortable place. I started working the next day at 8:15, fighting the jet-lag, and continued the same schedule throughout the stay. We worked intensively and quite often stay beyond 6 p.m. The results of this intensive work have been quite rewarding, as the molecular genetic diversity laboratory of Dr. B is established and operational. Below are the details of my contributions and the results of the visit.

First, I arrived in Morocco with valuable supplies for molecular biology work that included enzymes, primers, buffers, etc. The paper work for buying and transporting the material was time-consuming. All the supplies had to be kept frozen for three days during the trip, which was a considerable challenge. But, the effort was successful and the material arrived in good condition. Dr. B refunded me for the price of the supplies; nonetheless, it resulted in extensive savings of thousands of dollars for her laboratory should she have had to purchase it from here, not to mention the time and effort that it would have taken.

Our objective first was to set up the equipment of the laboratory and make sure that they are operational. Time was also spent on the training for the use of the equipment. Once that goal was achieved, the next goal was to prepare all the reagents and buffers needed for the molecular work. Meanwhile, I was providing the practical and theoretical backgrounds on the details of the molecular approaches and procedures.

The next step was to work on the DNA extraction, which was no easy task under the conditions available here and the type of plants to be studied. It took a number of trials and fine-tuning. But again,

the effort was very successful and DNA of good quality was obtained. Now the doors are open for the students to continue the extraction of the samples of argan, thuya and the other plant species they want to study in their overall research program and postgraduate degrees.

The final step in the project was to set up the DNA amplification procedure with the polymerase chain reaction (PCR) method. The PCR method uses extremely small amount of DNA to amplify certain parts of the genes. The method tends to be sensitive to different experimental factors. This part has also been successful. The positive results of the PCR method not only told us that the lab is fully operational, but also indicated that the supplies I brought with me have arrived in excellent condition.

Therefore, the project I proposed for the Fulbright program has been accomplished with complete success. The laboratory of Dr. B is fully operational for DNA extraction, PCR amplification and the study of genetic diversity and genomic relationships using amplified DNA product. Example of the latter is the RAPD method. We are currently working on a good draft of a manuscript in which we are combining the result of the 1996 Fulbright visit of Dr. B to my laboratory and the current work in her laboratory. We anticipate that we would submit the manuscript for publication this year.

In conclusion, I am extremely pleased with the success of the visit and the achievements made during these six weeks. In fact, I feel that we have accomplished most of the objectives proposed for the Fulbright scholarship. The visit has been also rewarding to me as I had the chance to transfer technology to Morocco, learn about scientists and students in the University of Ibnou Zohr, and experience this wonderful culture and heritage. I thank the Fulbright program for making all this possible.

KENDALL TAYLOR

MY EXPERIENCE HERE AT NANKAI UNIVERSITY IN TIENJIN at the Institute of Historical Studies has been extremely positive. My colleagues are congenial, supportive and appreciative of all my efforts. In addition to my courses, my activities have been very diverse—from organizing an historic preservation symposium, to creating walking tours of the former European concession areas, to rewriting the city of Tienjin’s tourist guide. I’ve also been fortunate enough to present lectures for the Fulbright Speakers Program in Chinese cities as far north as Hohhot, capital of Inner Mongolia, and south as Guangzhou, capital of Guangdong Province. In May, I’ll participate in an American Studies conference in Ulan Batar where I’ll be giving a lecture on the fabrication of the American cowboy.

“I am sure there are Fulbrighters out there for whom the experience was not life-transforming. I, however, have never met any.”

Throughout this semester and last, I’ve been taking photos and writing about my experiences. My first Fulbright lecture away from Nankai University in Tienjin was in Hohhot the capital of Inner Mongolia. I went there by hard sleeper on the train, (which took about 15 hours) and as we crossed into the Mongolian plateau, I looked out the window and saw a caravan of men and animals making their way along a low mountain ridge and thought I’d been transported back to the 15th century. A poor city compared to Tienjin (which is booming), and with limited resources, everything in Hohhot appeared two

notches down. The amount and quality of goods was inferior to what is on the market here in Tienjin, buildings were in disrepair and for the first time since I’ve been in China—people came up to me on the street begging. I was warned repeatedly to “hold on to my purse,” the door to my guest room in the “foreign experts building” had three locks and a peephole, and more than once I had a funny feeling that if I let down my guard I would be approached by somebody on the street. But nothing ever happened and I was probably safer than I would have been in Washington, D.C.

Inner Mongolia Polytechnic University was clearly thrilled to have a Fulbrighter lecture and very gracious—walking me through the tiny lanes of the fascinating old city and taking me out for Mongolian hot pot. But the best thing were the Mongolian students themselves who sang me Mongolian grassland songs (in absolutely beautiful voices) and came to my room afterwards to talk candidly about what was on their minds and in their souls. They don’t see foreigners very often and more than a hundred attended each of the three lectures I gave. During a question and answer period, one of them actually asked me if it was true that “Monica Lewinsky was a spy for the KGB?” (How do you answer that!)

I’ve given a lot of lectures since, but this one stands out in my mind and, I believe, is not that untypical for the Fulbright experience. Before coming here, I was reading though Fulbright materials and came across a former grantee talking about his experience. What he said was something like: “I am sure there are Fulbrighters out there for whom the experience was not life-transforming. I, however, have never met any.” At the time I thought it was an exaggeration; now I know it is not.

EDWARD PRADOS



EDWARD PRADOS BEGAN HIS RESEARCH ON YEMEN'S wooden-boat industry in 1994 when he was a Fulbright Scholar. Recently he has returned to Yemen to document the boat-builders' ability to adapt to new conditions. He hopes to preserve their time-tested product for a time when the craftsmen may no longer exist. His form of "preventative archaeology" involves extensive electronic cataloguing of precise measurements and practices of the boat-building industry. This work will allow future builders to benefit from the traditional artistry of these craftsmen. Research for this project is financed by a grant from the American Institute of Yemeni Studies.

Mr. Prados, the son of an American diplomat, lived in Yemen as a child. Two decades later, as an American Fulbrighter, he was drawn to the rich culture of traditional Yemeni boat builders. "If and when these boats disappear, Yemen will



not only lose the ships, but all of the traditional culture that goes along with them," says Mr. Prados. Now he has returned to Yemen to continue his work, to preserve this tradition.

KOREN BELL

AS A FULBRIGHTER EXPLORING “CIVIL SOCIETY AND Political Change in Chile: 1973-present,” I am working at ECLAC (the UN’s Economic Commission for Latin America and the Caribbean) with an expert on social capital. As it turns out, this has been an especially exciting time to be here: not only does the Pinochet situ-

ation have deep implications for my research, but it just turns out that the UNDP (the UN’s Development Program) 1999 Human Development Report for Chile will focus on “Social Capital and Citizenship.” So....as it now stands, my Fulbright research will be formally incorporated into the 1999 UN Report for Chile.

This year has already been an unforgettable one for my personal and intellectual development, and I trust that it will help me make a more meaningful professional contribution in future years.

In short, I am very, very enthusiastic about my particular Fulbright experience and the Fulbright opportunity in general, and I would be more than happy to share my experience with any and all who are interested once back in the US.

This year has already been an unforgettable one for my personal and intellectual development, and I trust that it will help me make a more meaningful professional contribution in future years.

JAMES BRASFIELD

I’M A FULBRIGHTER TEACHING AMERICAN LITERATURE AT Yuri Fedkovych State University of Chernivtsi. This is my second Fulbright to Ukraine. I taught the 1993-94 academic year at The National University of Kyiv-Mohyla Academy. On my first fellowship, I began translations of poems by the Ukrainian dissident, Oleh Lysheha. The project will reach its conclusion in fall 1999, with our collaborative translation of *The Selected Poems of Oleh Lysheha*, published by The Harvard Ukrainian Research Institute, Harvard University Press.

will be the first time poets and writers of Ukraine can live to old age and a national literature begin to shape the culture. And their books need to be published and distributed throughout Ukraine, beyond a few major cities. Anthologies of modern and contemporary Ukrainian literature are needed desperately in the schools and universities.

At the State University here, students know very little about modern or contemporary Ukrainian literature. Indeed, up until the recent independence of Ukraine, poets and writers, such as Vasyl Stus, nominated for a Nobel Prize, were destroyed. Now

After nearly a decade of independence, Ukraine remains in a difficult economic struggle and I believe the strain of this long pace has begun to wear down and through the patience of the people. A new generation, who were children in 1991, is emerging now from the universities, knowing little of the last thirty years leading up to independence—how recently Ukrainian intellectuals were destroyed by the Soviets. Who were

these brilliant Ukrainians and what vision did they have for Ukraine? What *was* the journey? All to say, only literature of those times and of now can help shape the perspective for the *why* of this painful journey toward democracy.

What a special moment for the 95, fourth-year students attending my three lectures on literary translation when Oleh Lysheha came on the final day to recite his poems and talk to them and answer their questions. It was their first poetry reading, the first time they had ever seen a major writer. The format was simple. I gave a biographical introduction (when he was their age, Lysheha's exile to Buryatia), then some remarks about the process of "Collaborative Translation," the final lecture. Then Lysheha recited his poems and I read the English translations. The students are all in the English Department and listened intently to Lysheha and to the English versions—those transformations.

They were quiet after his first poem, weighing this unknown experience. Then after the second there was spontaneous applause and applause followed each subsequent recitation. During the question

and answer period, students had similar questions as American students after poetry readings: "When did you begin writing poems?" There were questions about his free verse and questions for me, such as how English-language readers could understand Lysheha's imagery of trees, roots, shadow, snow, moon, smoke, meadow, etc. The answer of course was easy and my American literature students, all members of the translation class, understood the linkages of American and Ukrainian literature and that the essays and poems of Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman are not finally a foreign literature.

At the end of the presentation there was enthusiastic applause and students came up to speak with Lysheha. It was an event waiting to happen. There is a quote by Paul Bowles that goes something like "It all depends on who comes along." The Fulbright program provided the opportunity. The applause was for Lysheha. For me, along with the pleasure of having the event succeed, a student stopped me when I was leaving and said, "We will miss you when you are gone." Such a moment encapsulates the value of the Fulbright program for foreign countries and for the Fulbrighter.

American Fulbrighter in Uganda

DANIEL J. COOK

THE STORIES LISTED BELOW ARE MY EXPERIENCES DURING my stay in Kampala, Uganda as part of a Fulbright Fellowship. I hope you enjoy them. Take care!

Greetings from Uganda! How are things back home? All is well here and my work is moving along. Teaching is becoming a lot of fun although it takes time to prepare lesson plans but I am glad I have this opportunity. I finished finding aids for Yusufu Bumatu and Ezera Kabali over the weekend. I attempted to train Mr. Kiyita on this aspect of archival work but I think it is going to take a little more time. However, we were both

excited because the collections are very nice and contain a wealth of historical data. Now my next goal is to persuade the library to let students actually use these collections within the archives. They have no problem with me organizing them, training Mr. Kiyita and my other work but there definitely exists a strong resistance to allow the public access to the materials within the archives. This stems from some past experiences and the sad fact that theft from the library is so prevalent. What is the use of having a rich archive filled with a wealth of information if no one can use it? I will try to stay positive. I will let you know what happens.

Now I will explain some of the Ugandan English I am learning in everyday communications. Besides Luganda and other dialects from differing tribes, there exists a distinct Ugandan usage of the English language. Below is an example of an expression I now use on a daily basis.

“50/50”—This is a common response to most of the questions listed above. When you respond with 50/50 it means you are 50% good and 50% bad or just fine. When I respond with the 50/50 expression the person usually starts laughing because they are surprised that a muzungu [white man.non-native] uses their Ugandan English. Also, you can change the numbers depending on your mood. For example, if I am a little more happy than sad, I would respond with 60/40 or 70/40. It is an interesting response and I have no ideas how it evolved or where it came from. I will try to find out.

Besides using these few Ugandan English phrases, there is a distinct manner of speaking in which you take on the Ugandan accent to communicate. When I first arrived I heard my American housemate and my Asian friends talk like this and thought it was insulting. However, later I discovered after discussions with the Ugandans I know that they actually appreciate it if you speak with the Ugandan accent. I guess the British do not much have much of a problem communicating with Ugandans because their accent is similar but when they converse with Americans and Canadians our accents make our English very difficult for them to understand. This way of talking, which I am fluent in now, sounds like a mix of an Indian accent and a British accent. I use it a lot when I am bargaining for prices in the market or at the Old Taxi Park or asking for directions. At first it felt strange, but now I am automatically changing without even thinking about it.

Elections were held on Sunday and we still do not know who is the new mayor of Kampala. They went pretty safe and that is because the mil-

itary and riot police were in full force at the election sites. They were expecting violence because one candidate was predicting a bloody election. I only saw one huge fight between two mobs of people as I was walking by the Old Taxi Park on Sunday where the park substituted for a polling station for the day. We were supposed to know the results of the elections last night but there is no word yet. People are starting to complain and tensions are rising. We will find out in a few days. It is between Ssebagala and Birrigwa. I personally think that Ssebagala will win because he has the full support of the people who are not rich, not professionals, not in the university. However, many argue that these people will not vote so he will not get in but I think he still will.

Well, Ssebagala has become the new mayor of Kampala, I found this out this morning and most people at the library and university do not seem very happy at all. On the other hand, most of the taxi drivers and people outside of the university seem very excited. I know that Mr. Kiyita was a huge supporter of Ssebagala and he is just ecstatic. I am happy for him that his candidate got elected and I guess time will tell if it was a good decision. In the meantime, he has already announced that he will be in the city center this coming Saturday to start a huge city clean up. This was one of his major campaign promises. He has invited all citizens of Kampala to come and partake in the cleanup. I must go to see what really happens. I find it good foreshadowing because an election was conducted, the people voted, and the person they wanted has been elected. It all took place in a rather peaceful environment at least so far. Today on my way home I have noticed platoons of UPDF Military Police positioned all over the hill close to my home where they never usually are. I hope it is just a precaution. Yesterday I was frightened because on my way home, the city center was just out of control in my opinion. This was before the people knew Ssebagala had won the election and many of his supporters were blowing their whistles, singing songs, and getting rowdy

throughout the city center and in front of his opponent's campaign headquarters. It was a little scary but I quickly made it to my taxi and I was fine.

I just have found these last couple of days a very good learning experience and something that I am happy I was able to observe. Politics in Uganda are taken so seriously and it is just amazing how they're so connected with the future of this country. It is widely known that Ssebagala is a multi-party supporter who represents many of

the ideas of the DP or Democratic Party. The rumor is that this election was not based on religious or tribalism, but on politics. You had one member which was Birrigwa who has National Resistance Movement support and then you have Ssebagala who is a Democratic Party member and multi-party supporter.

I think that this is all this week for Uganda stories. I need to get back to my work which seems never ending. It is busy but it feels good. Take care.

American Fulbrighter in Vietnam

GREG H. LINDSEY



WE ARRIVED IN NHA TRANG IN GOOD SHAPE ON February 2. We were met by two members of the International Relations Department, and taken to the dormitory. We began looking for a place to live the second day after our arrival. Our choice of housing was complicated by the fact that the university is six or seven kilometers from the

main municipal beach where both Cathy and I thought the kids would enjoy living most. We looked at a number of houses, but for a variety of reasons none worked out, and then Tet [a Vietnamese national holiday] arrived which shut down everything for several days. Now, after Tet, we've decided to live in a new dormitory that

houses graduate students, teachers, and other visitors. We think it will work out well. We've rented an extra room for a sitting room and have rented a piano so our children can continue to practice. Staying on campus will enable us to integrate much better into the university community and we think that will have big dividends. If we stayed off-campus, we might relax by the sea more, but we certainly would interact with faculty and students less. Our primary goal is to be useful here at the university, and we can take a taxi to the sea when we want to recreate.

The university essentially has been closed since we've arrived. The semester ended before Tet, and during Tet everything, including the Internet store where we use email, has been closed. The university has a number of computers, but, as nearly as I can tell, only a couple of them are set up for email and the Internet. Although I could receive email through an address here at the university, all messages are printed by secretarial staff and then delivered. I think it would be somewhat of an imposition to use it frequently, especially in the manner we are accustomed to,

and so we've mainly gone to the Internet store where we pay for time on-line. We hope, now that we've settled in a room, to obtain our own telephone and email. We've been told that this may occur this week.

I also have met several researchers from the Oceanographic Institute that is across town. They are engaged in a series of interesting projects, and I'm confident we'll meet and talk many times during our stay here.

I am the first American to come to the Fisheries University, but the University has had exchanges with Australians, Canadians, and Danes, among others. As far as we can tell, ours are the first western children, particularly American children, that most people ever have seen in person, let alone met. The children are growing used to being the object of stares.

Everyone has been very welcoming and very helpful. We're enjoying our stay very much.

American Fulbrighter in the United Kingdom

JUSTIN KASTNER

I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THE RECENT FULBRIGHT FORUM which was conducted at both the U.S. Embassy and at Westminster. In addition to meeting Ambassador Lader and Baroness Blackstone (UK Minister for Education and Employment), I had the unique pleasure of meeting a Member of Parliament who was good friends with Senator Pat Roberts (one of my senators, as I am from Kansas). MP Eric Forth and I visited at length about his district just outside London, and I shared some more Kansas/Senator Roberts stories with him. Cheesey it may seem, but I also gave him my State of Kansas lapel pin and told him to wear it the next time he saw Senator

Roberts. As you can tell, chance meetings like this have made my and my wife's time in London wonderful. The Fulbright Commission and my university, South Bank University, have made my wife and I feel very welcome.

My studies at South Bank are progressing well. I am learning a lot about the food safety standards being applied to foods in the UK and the EU. The public health and international trade implications for agriculture regulation are tremendous, and I hope one day to share what I've learned with U.S. institutions—including the great state of Kansas!

S. K. BALLAL

THE FULBRIGHT BROCHURES TOLD ME THAT THERE ARE snakes in India. I “knew” then that they meant the cobras and the snake charmers. Boy, was I wrong! The campus of Bharatidasan University is 17 km outside of the city of Tiruchirapalli in Tamil Nadu, India. The campus was built about fifteen years ago by clearing 1,000 acres of scrub forest, and they forgot to tell the snakes that the students were coming! The snakes let you know that they belong here. The campus with cobras, Russels vipers, and krates aplenty, becomes resplendent with the spread wings of peacocks in the afternoon and flocks and flocks of white “kokku” birds in the morning. I don’t venture out much before sunrise or after sunset; I stay at the guest house lobby to enjoy the beautiful scenery at dusk from where I could see the poisonous snakes slithering across the driveway. Somebody asked me “What kinds

were they?” This American is too smart to get close enough to check out their taxonomy!

My lectures at Bharatidasan University (Department of Biotechnology) are on Cell and Molecular Biology. My audience is mostly students working on their Master’s degrees. The faculty members don’t attend these lectures. On any given day, almost 90% of the attendees are women, and everyone of them has determination, intellectual strength, and, more than anything else, a sense of purpose. I was invited by neighboring colleges for special lectures, which I gladly accepted. The civic organizations, such as LIONS and ROTARY, received my standard slide presentation on “My Home and My Work.” Most Indians have a genuine love for America, to which we Americans are not reciprocating enough.

AARON DREW JEFFERSON

MY WORK HERE IN GHANA IS GOING WELL AND EXCEPT FOR the occasional malaria attack, life is grand. My research is focused around a number of traditional shrines around the city of Kumasi and in other areas of Ghana. After getting settled into Ghanaian life, which took some time, I began to explore some of the shrines and proverbial imagery as well as the architectural symbolism associated with them. I have now spent close to four months in the country and have seen a good deal of the country and area around Kumasi. I have been working first hand with one of the traditional priests associated with a shrine in the city of Kumasi. The paintings and other art works I have been producing are progressing in an interesting way and I am pleased with their development. I am currently working on getting

a show together in Accra for some time in the spring. For a time while I was looking for housing I was staying with a professor, but after some time I managed to find a small flat that has been working out quite well.

Traveling around the country has proven a wonderful experience, I have traveled in tro-tros with 30 people, by bus, hitched in cars and big trucks. I have slept under the stars in the north in Bolga, walked in the tops of trees in Kakun Nature Park, walked the halls of the old slave castles in Elminal and Cape Coast and traveled the distance of the largest man-made lake in the world, the Volta. I am constantly amazed with the country and people of Ghana. I have found a wonderful dialog with many interesting artists and crafts people.

Although most of the time spent here in Ghana has been wonderful, there also have been some trying times. All in all everything that has taken place in my life since I arrived in Ghana has been a grand

experience. I am having a show at the National Gallery of Ghana, in Accra opening on the 17th of June and running through the 11th of July.

American Fulbrighter in Mexico

BRUCE SHARKEY

THE PURPOSE OF MY FULBRIGHT TO MEXICO WAS TWO-FOLD: Teach landscape architecture to graduate architecture students at two prominent Mexican universities (Universidad Autonoma de Nuevo Leon, Monterrey and Universidad Autonoma de Guadalajara); and investigate—through field research—the gardens designed by the Mexican architect Luis Barragón and the relation between their architecture and regional context. The following provides an overview of my Fulbright-sponsored teaching and research activities in Mexico as well as some of my personal experiences during 1998.

Mexico City, June 9, 1998:

Sitting at a desk by a second story, 1930-something art-deco window, I am looking out onto Calle Montes de Oca in Mexico City. The desk is in the office of a classmate from Berkeley who practices landscape architecture and architecture in Mexico. It is late in the day, almost 7:00 pm. Dark clouds are forming in the sky overhead. The sudden darkness signals rain within an hour, probably a little drizzle at first followed by a downpour measured in buckets. This is the routine on most spring and summer days in Mexico City. Rain is badly needed for it has been unseasonably dry in Central Mexico this year. The lush, green countryside that I remember on previous trips when traveling south to

Cuernavaca or east toward the Gulf Coast and Veracruz is now all shades of brown and yellow. In other regions, the mountains look as if they were devastated by fire. Actually, many thousands of acres of forest have fallen recently to fire with thousands of more acres devastated earlier in the year in the southern state of Chiapas. Some hillsides are still smoldering while winds send great clouds of smoke to overlay the cities to the North.



Baton Rouge, LA , February, 1999:

Mexico City was my base during the last months of my Fulbright grant. I had an extraordinary time. Each day was filled visiting new and familiar sites while experiencing the rich culture that flourishes in this, one of the

most populous cities in the world. Each day I visited several residential or urban landscape projects.

For example, one day I had appointments to visit two projects by the architect Luis Barragón. The first was a convent he designed in the late 1950s for the order of “Las Capuchinas.” This order of nuns originated in Italy and is associated with the Franciscan monks, followers of Saint Francis of Assisi.

By that association they—both the nuns and monks—have an interest in nature and ecology.

“Las Capuchinas” is a small convent, or at least the part I was allowed to visit. The small patio designed by Barragón is one of the most moving, spiritual spaces I have ever experienced. The patio is an exquisite outdoor space surrounded by tall walls painted white. On one side of the patio was a simple fountain—something like a farm water trough. In its still waters I found a great many gardenias floating on the surface. The fragrance together with the splashes of sunlight from above and the song of several birds perched in the flowering bougainvillea vines enhanced what would have been already a spectacular experience.

The opportunity to teach and conduct field research in Mexico was valuable both professionally and personally. I experienced and learned a great deal at a time in my life when I wanted to get back into a learning mode. With the support of Fulbright, I had the chance of seeing and photographing some of the most exciting urban and landscape design projects one could imagine existing anywhere in the world. The Mexican architects, artists, cooks, and even bus drivers operate at an exceptionally high level of inventiveness.

I have personally experienced, on several occasions some very creative—if not brilliant—maneuvering of public buses that would be an extreme challenge to re-create in words. My command of Spanish improved. I became more proficient and at ease with the words and grammar I had acquired over the years traveling to Mexico, Costa Rica, and Latin America. I only spoke Spanish, including to the several Mexican friends

I knew previously in the States. They and I were more comfortable with this arrangement although at times it required an incredible discipline on my part to carry on our conversations and not slip back into the easier mode—for me—of speaking English.



The rich and varied culture of Mexico has its rewards to the persistent and open-minded traveler. I had the opportunity to live and establish a routine in three very different regions of Mexico. In each I met and became close friends of professionals, students, and everyday people—such as shopkeepers or the circle of

people that were a part of my daily routine. There are several invitations to return both to teach classes and to just visit. I hope to be able to do both some time soon.

I was fortunate to be selected for a Fulbright Fellowship. The fellowship made it possible to introduce two groups of graduate architectural students to the landscape architecture discipline. I also developed a graduate landscape architectural curriculum for both universities I taught at during my stay. There will be opportunities for long-term involvement as these programs become a reality. The Fulbright also made it possible for me to gain privileged access to several important built works of the Mexican architect Luis Barragón. Access permission came through the assistance of the United States Embassy and U.S. Information Service’s field office in Mexico City.

MAGGIE LEE HUCKABEE

I AM A DOCTORAL STUDENT STUDYING NEUROPHYSIOLOGY in Vienna, Austria. The experience of living and working abroad has been invaluable both professionally and personally. I am very grateful.

Certainly, the esteem of the Fulbright Grant and the research that is funded through receipt of this award will open many doors for me academically and pro-

It has been said that the students in the Fulbright Program were responsible for its success. I would also like to add that those involved in administration of the program contribute greatly to its success.

fessionally. I am honored to be studying under the leading researcher in my area. This will allow me to develop research skills that will place me in a highly competitive position for future research appoint-

ments. My academic preparation in the United States prepared me well to pursue this work, but the application of that preparation has been optimally completed in this highly specialized laboratory.

Secondly, the personal gains of living abroad have been enormous. Having grown up in a military family, I was accustomed to moving but always within a fairly homogenous culture. What has been very remarkable to me here is that even though the superficial cultural issues, or customs, may be quite different, the underlying characteristics of people are the same in any location. I have found the people here to be helpful, friendly and as curious about me as I am about them. Living in such a small country as Austria, other countries such as the Czech Republic and Hungary are but a half-day trip away and present remarkable excursions into differing quality of life and customs.

It has been said that the students in the Fulbright Program were responsible for its success. I would also like to add that those involved in administration of the program contribute greatly to its success.

ALLEN TAYLOR

SINCE COMING HERE, I HAVE FINISHED A BOOK "Nutritional and Environmental Influences on Vision," and two scientific papers. I have given seminars at this University, in a Conference at Hadassah Medical Center, at Ben Gurion University in Ber Sheva, and I have seminars scheduled at Tel Hashomer Hospital and at the Technion.

My laboratory project involves associating the activity of a specific gene, called the Ataxia Telangiectasia gene with the progress of cell

cycle. This is important because children with the disease Ataxia Telangiectasia get cancer at very young ages and then they die by 20 years of age. Perhaps even more important are the many analogies between the work that I am doing here and the many age-related projects which comprise the bulk of our efforts in my home laboratory. To this end I have learned how to clone genes and express them in bacteria and soon I will determine their function with relationship to the disease process.

The science I am learning here will be useful for years to come. I am also helping this laboratory to gain approaches to questions of their interest. We will shortly form a consortium of about 5 laboratories and we will apply for NIH funding to continue our collaborative efforts.

In about a month I will be teaching in a special course regarding aging and oxidative stress. The enrollment for the course is over 90 students.

American Fulbrighter in Taiwan

JEANNIE WOODS

I AM A SENIOR FULBRIGHTER, TEACHING ACTING AND Stage Directing at the National Institute of the Arts (N.I.A.) in Taipei, Taiwan. I have been here since September 1998 and have had an absolutely marvelous Fulbright experience. In addition to teaching, I am also seeing a great deal of live theatre—both classical and contemporary. This experience has been quite enriching and will lead to lectures and a new course in Asian Theatre (which I shall teach when I return to the States.)

In my classes, and also in some of the guest lectures I am doing around Taiwan, I speak with the aid of a translator. This experience has benefited me in several ways, but mostly it has made me keenly aware of how I formulate my ideas and express them. I have learned to be more direct, more specific, and clearer in how I express myself. I feel this will greatly enhance my teaching when I return to Winthrop University, my home institution.

I am also directing a cross-cultural theatre production at the N.I.A.—I am staging American playwright David Ives' evening of one-acts called *All in the Timing* with a cast that includes myself and another Senior Fulbright Lecturer and a former Junior Fulbrighter, as well as actors from Taiwan. For the production I am collaborating with a talented team of eight design students who will create the sets, lights, costumes, and sound for the production.

The best part of the experience, though, is certainly getting to know the people in Taiwan. My husband and I live on campus, with no other native English speakers. Our new friends here have invited us into their homes to share their holidays and celebrations, and guided us through the markets, temples, and cultural sights here. In other words, we have had the special experience of getting into the culture, not just residing alongside it—which is often the casual tourist's experience. We've learned to appreciate our differences and to celebrate our common feelings and beliefs. The Fulbright experience is incredibly enriching. It enlarges one's understanding of the world in a way nothing else can.

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GLOBAL IMAGES

Harriet Mayor Fulbright is surrounded by Fulbright Scholars at a recent enrichment seminar held in Washington, D.C. The Fulbright program organizes various events for international students, scholars, and teachers where Mrs. Fulbright is a frequent speaker.



Latin American Fulbright alumni in Panama exploring ecological sites as part of a program in environmental economics.

JOHN A. MOORE, JR.

INDEED, I AM FINDING MY FULBRIGHT EXPERIENCE IN Finland thus far interesting, exciting and enlightening. My colleagues here at the University of Tampere are helpful and encouraging. I very much look forward to the next months.

I am teaching two courses—a lecture course, “Issues in American Government and Politics,” and a seminar, “American Intellectual History.” My early impressions of the students are quite positive. I’m intending to continue my research and writing here on a long-term project dealing with the American founding generation’s views and conduct of foreign affairs. In this regard, I will give a presentation at the North American Studies Conference this Spring in Tampere on

the Founders and the development of modern International Law. Additionally, I am completing a book on American Presidents and the United Nations, which I am co-authoring with a colleague in the states. The completed manuscript is now being copyedited in New York, and I will need to do some final work on it while I’m in Finland. I plan to use some of the research for this latter book in composing a paper to give at the American Studies conference in Tartu, Estonia in mid-April. Finally, I am scheduled to deliver a number of talks, in various locations in Finland, and in nearby countries.

Thus, I’m busy, but certainly happy! The experience continues to be very positive.

MARTHA McPHAIL

(excerpt from home university newsletter)

AFTER THE WAR IN EL SALVADOR

WHEN PRESIDENT CLINTON VISITED EL SALVADOR MARCH 8-10, seven years after the peace accords were signed which ended a costly 12-year civil conflict, Martha McPhail (A.B., 1968; M.S.L.S., 1971) was watching the activities. “All the country turned its attention to President Clinton, grateful for his support for their development in education, business, and trade. After so many years of war, the Salvadoran people have put those divisions behind them, and are working together to build a new El Salvador. They really appreciate the support and goodwill of the American people.”

McPhail, an academic librarian on the faculty of San Diego State University in California, was

selected as a Fulbright Scholar and is spending January through June working, teaching, and researching in El Salvador. “Principally I am identifying rare or scarce Salvadoran imprints not held in other library collections and therefore unknown to Latin American scholars and students. I am cataloging these and adding them to the Salvadoran National Bibliography which will eventually be published.” McPhail is based at the private research library, La Biblioteca Dr. Manuel Gallardo in Santa Tecla just outside San Salvador.

The Fulbright Scholarship allows McPhail the opportunity to immerse herself in the life, language, and culture of a Central American country, while she shares her knowledge and expertise with Salvadoran colleagues. “It’s a challenge to live and work outside one’s comfortable acade-

mic setting, but it's very rewarding. This will benefit my own university as I reinforce my ability to communicate in Spanish, seek out new sources for library acquisitions, and meet local authors, artists, researchers, and educators."

In addition to her own work, McPhail has assisted two U.S. scholars with their research in El Salvador. "I've found unpublished material on Claudia Lars, El Salvador's most famous female author, for use by a scholar of Central American women's literature."

Several professional library associations have invited McPhail to give presentations and work-

shops, and she is enjoying the interchange with her Salvadoran colleagues. "I am impressed with their dedication and high degree of professionalism. When I visited here ten years ago during the height of the war, my colleagues continued to provide library services to their students and patrons even when bombings would cut their electricity and cause untold difficulties. They persevered, and now are advancing rapidly in our changing technological environment. I am very pleased to contribute a small part to their development."

American Fulbrighter in Nigeria

CLIFF MISSEN

I HAVE WILDLY ENJOYED MY Fulbright experience and wish to encourage my computer-nerd colleagues to contribute their talents to the growth of digital communication technologies in Africa and the developing world.

Thanks in part to the efforts of the USIS people here in Nigeria, I've been able to criss-cross the country doing "Internet Evangelism" and speaking to thousands about the digital world. I've been on television talk shows and in newspapers, featured at conferences and invited to consult at several major universities. (Iowa City is going to seem tame after this...<grin>)

I've been asked by the Nigerian Universities Commission to work with them to develop a



linkage project between my university and the 36 federal universities in order to develop their computer networking expertise. I, of course, have no idea where to start on a project of such magnitude, but I'm honored to be asked.

Our Arrival in Kano

We've been here for two weeks and already it's starting to feel like home. Yesterday I drove home from work, contemplating a vexing computer problem, and soon found myself in our driveway without once marveling at the beauty of Jos or cringing at the recklessness of the life along the road...

Our introduction to Nigeria was stark and wonderful. We flew into Kano on KLM airlines.

Compared to Northwest's cross-Atlantic accommodations, KLM's planes were spacious and the flight crew cheerful and generous. Michael and Jacob spent 15 minutes in the pilot's cabin, watching the great dunes of the Sahara roll by below and we plied them with yogurt and water in our last minutes of life in a Western venue. As we descended onto the airstrip, we were met by a uniquely African retinue of men lugging machetes, women donning headloads, and children with bundles of sticks atop their heads standing alongside the runway. Shielding their eyes from the sun's glare, they watched as the great silver bird, whose mechanisms and interiors they would never understand, roared its triumph over the air.

Minutes later we emerged from our cocoon of modernity into the bright African sunlight. Given my experience in Liberia, my lungs and senses were ready for the blast of heady scents and heavy air. I watched the boys to see their reaction. They had raced from the plane ahead of us and when we caught up to them, standing at the open door atop the stairway, they were surveying the perimeter with the keen expectation of a child at the entrance to a theme park. They were unfettered by the assault on their senses. I knew then: we were in the right place at the right time. We pleaded with them to stay close to us and to hold onto their bags at all costs.

Outside, the airport was littered with broken airships, rusting conveyances, and buildings with



This is my son Jake with a big sword in his hand. (A manly-man sort of thing, my wife was scared half to death. She thought he was going to cut the shopkeepers to pieces.)

faded paint and broken edges. Inside, the terminal was dark and noisy. The concrete walls were dingy and smoke-stained. The ceiling was low, dark, and falling apart in many places. Single fluorescent bulbs burned, almost vainly, from a half dozen corners. One ceiling fan amongst dozens turned at a ferocious speed. The windows onto the airstrip had long since lost their transparency to the smoke, dust, and insect-laden spider webs. We drew the kids close and begged them not to wander.

Yet the building contained a vibrancy I find difficult to locate outside of Africa. The disembarking passengers pressed into a noisy clutch against the single plywood and steel-barred immigration booth. Men and women in several types of uniforms wandered around us asking to see our papers and passing our credentials forward. In the clamor I distinctly heard a half-dozen languages, mostly spoken in exaggerated volume and pitch. Over the waist-high wooden wall that separated the passengers from their greeters, people wailed welcomes, urged instructions for expediting customs, or called full-throatedly for their party. I saw two people holding signs that read, "Missen." One was a tall, white, elderly, almost mid-Westernly man. The other a smallish, black, intense Nigerian. The white man stood aloof and confident, holding his sign high and looking above and beyond the writhing crowd. The Nigerian scanned the scattering of tall, white noisy Europeans fiercely. His eyes met mine and

his face broke into a radiant smile before he bent into a surprising bow. I took his extended hand and we greeted each other effusively. He was from the university and others were watching for the packages, he said. He then motioned back to the immigration queue and urged me to move through it quickly. I caught the eye of the white man. He smiled warmly and gave a small, understated nod. I returned to the melee.

We had brought 34 large boxes—eight of which were our personal belongings and the rest filled with computers, software, and books. When the boxes started pouring into the baggage claim area, the half dozen representatives from the University of Jos sprung into action. Some worked with the baggage handlers to insure that our boxes were stacked somewhat carefully into a single pile. We counted and recounted boxes. The simple math seemed to stump everyone.

The white man who greeted us introduced himself. He was with a local mission group and his primary responsibility was assisting travelers with negotiating their way past customs. He was calm and amiable and entirely comfortable in the hubbub. No one, it seemed, paid him much attention.

The other expeditors attached themselves to various customs agents. In every corner, it seems, I saw a customs agent and an expeditor negotiat-

ing before a curious flock of baggage handlers, junior customs agents, and onlookers. Occasionally one agent would approach another and, like a wrestling tag team, they would switch expeditors and restart negotiations. Every so often one of the junior officers would detach from his or her group and approach me in search of documents or receipts which had long ago been handed over to one customs agent or another. At one point we were asked to open a couple of boxes for inspection. Styrofoam peanuts scattered across the floor as the customs agent dug into the first box. She pulled the first object out of its plastic wrapper. It was a used 5.25-inch floppy disk drive. She held it high and turned it over and over in the air. She looked at me for an explanation. I started to explain that it was an outdated but occasionally useful component for storing data on a magnetic disk. One of the university expeditors blurted forcefully, "Computer." The agent accepted this and returned the drive to the box.

In the end I'm sure money passed hands somewhere, but I did not see it. It was determined, in large public voices, that all the equipment we brought was used (not actually true) and therefore exempt from duties. It took some time for all the customs agents to agree to this, but eventually we were given the signal to go.

American Fulbrighter in Norway

SUE BENNETT

I HAVE INDEED FOUND MY FULBRIGHT EXPERIENCE "EXCITING and enlightening." Since my position is rather unusual, I thought I might share some of my highlights with you.

I am the Roving Scholar in Norway, which means that I travel all over Norway visiting upper secondary schools and conducting seminars for the

teachers and students. Since my speciality is American literature, I have been offering fifteen different seminar topics on such diverse subjects as "How to Teach Writing about American Poetry," "Approaches to Teaching African-American Literature," and "Women's Awakening in American Literature." The seminars have been quite successful, and I have had many offers to

return for a second time. I am on the road 4-5 days a week, visiting a different school almost every weekday.

Of course, such a schedule is demanding, but the opportunity to see so much of the country and meet so many different Norwegians is incredible. I think I must be one of the most fortunate people in the world. My Fulbright scholarship has truly opened my eyes to a cultural and educational experience that I could not have received any other way.

Last week, I visited the Longyearbyen school in the Svalbard Islands. After the seminar was over, my host drove me out to her “hytte” (rustic cabin) on the edge of the water. When we got out of the car, she loaded her gun and strapped it on her back. In this part of Norway, people never leave the outskirts of the settlement without a loaded gun because of the “ice bears” (polar bears). Since killing a polar bear is illegal, the gun is used for scaring the bear away. Only in extreme circumstances is one supposed to actually shoot the bear. I was sort of wondering how the authorities would define “extreme.” At any rate, we didn’t run into any bears, but I thought it rather fascinating that the possibility was just a fact of life there. The landscape was absolutely unbelievable—like being on another planet. Glaciers, pack ice, snow-covered mountains, no visible vegetation whatsoever—everything shimmering in the ghost-like light of a day where the sun never clears the horizon. In addition, the people were incredibly warm and friendly, perhaps to compensate for the frigid climate!

In January, I visited Kautokeino, a Sami settlement in Finnmark. The school is one of the most important educational centers for the Sami peo-

ple in Norway. I was amazed at the similarities between the Sami and some of our Native Americans—especially the Plains Indians around Texas and New Mexico where I’m from. I really formed a bond with my host there; in fact, she has invited me back to experience their Easter celebration—pleasure, not business this time! When I was there in January, it was dark and cold. The advantage of this season, though, is that the Northern Lights are a common occurrence. This is what I saw:

I was walking back to my hotel from a birthday party of one of the teachers. She had shown me a shortcut on a snowmobile path that lead through some bushes. It was quiet—the kind of quiet that only occurs in snow-covered country. The air was frosty and the only sound was my breathing and the snow crunching under my boots. I had the same feeling that I get when I camp out—that connection with nature that seems so elusive in the city. Anyway, I just happened to look up at the stars and there it was: the most incredible light show I’ve ever seen. The sky was swirling with a greenish-white light of barely transparent cloudy material. It would swoop and dip, steady itself, and then swirl to another part of the sky. Sometimes I could see patches of strange shapes in between the fog-like streaks. I was craning my neck trying to see the entire sky at once, not wanting to miss anything. I don’t know how long I stood there, feeling more closely a part of the universe than I’ve ever felt, but my nose and ears had become numb. I decided I might be on the verge of frostbite and reluctantly walked on to my hotel room.

KELLY AMIS

I AM HAPPY TO HAVE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE WITH you my experience so far as a Fulbright grant recipient. This year is truly turning out to be one of the best of my life.

As a graduate student at Stanford's School of Education studying policy analysis, I became intrigued by the idea of bringing choice to the American school system. At Stanford, the professors were unanimously opposed to any type of school choice for the U.S., particularly if private schools were included (and religious schools were unthinkable). Nonetheless I thought there might be some merit to the idea of school choice for the U.S. (I previously had taught school in South Central L.A. so, unlike some "choice" proponents, my motivation is in finding ways to expand opportunities for typically disadvantaged students—and has much less to do with tax-related or market theory arguments). Anyway, I applied for the Fulbright grant so I could go to a country where school choice is widespread and had been implemented for quite a while, so I could see for myself what I thought of it.

Since I have been here, I have met with the national teachers union president, an ex-School Superintendent of New South Wales, and a variety of respected education policy professors and researchers. My next trip will be to Canberra to meet with government officials in the Dept. of Education. I am working each day at the Australian Council for Educational Research which kindly offered me a fellowship (office space, computer, etc.) if I could get the Fulbright funding, I couldn't ask for better contacts and resources.

Personally, having a year to pursue my own research is the greatest luxury in the world, and I don't want to squander a second of it. I feel

very honored to have been chosen for this unique experience of being financially supported to improve myself and expand my knowledge. I'm not sure yet what I'll conclude from my research in terms of whether school choice is a viable and desirable option for the U.S. education system, but I know what I learn this year will propel me forward, boost my creativity in thinking about education reform, and provide me with fresh objectivity.

On a different note, I have learned an enormous amount about Australia and its place in global affairs. My last job before coming here was as a Legislative Aide for Foreign Relations to Sen. Dianne Feinstein. Having spent so much time looking at global issues from a strong U.S.-centric perspective, it is very interesting to view the world from "down under." How Australians consider global crises and make their decisions in foreign affairs reflects their culture and history, so I am learning an enormous amount about them by actively following these issues. Needless to say, I am learning a lot about Southeast Asia at the same time.

I have already traveled to the northern Territory, New South Wales, and Tasmania (I live in Melbourne, Victoria) and made friends with people from all over. Having traveled and lived abroad before (although never for this length of time), I am well aware of the stereotypes and misconceptions much of the world has about the U.S. I am also aware that Americans are not always the most gracious travelers and that some of the stereotypes are pretty valid. I'd like to think that while I'm the greatest advocate for the U.S., I also understand how it is viewed by the rest of the world (one new friend actually told me she is glad she met me, because before meeting me she assumed she would hate all Americans and is now forced to rethink it!).

In my mind, there is no “best” culture—all ways of life are equally valid and there is something to learn from each one. I love meeting new people and learning about different cultures. My experience living in Australia is adding new ideas and values to my life, and I do recognize how excellent and lucky that is.

I didn’t intend this e-mail to be so long, but on the other hand I could go on and on. The Fulbright Program is valuable, I believe, for developing stronger ties with other nations and increasing understanding and friendship

between Americans and those from other countries. The many cross-cultural personal relationships formed because of Fulbright programs must be making a positive difference in many ways. I could write a treatise on my view that cultural misunderstandings lead to most international conflicts and crises, but I’ll save that for another time. Or I could write about how much the U.S. could learn from the rest of the world if it took the time! But I’ll save that too.

American Fulbrighter in France

KARA DORSO

I’M WRITING THIS LETTER TODAY BECAUSE I FEEL COMPELLED to tell you how you have changed my life, how you have given me the opportunity to be a better person and challenged every inch of my mind and spirit. Even though we have never met or talked to one another I consider you my friends because you gave me the means and the ways of realizing my dream in life.

When I was starting my job search a year and a half ago, I promised myself a few things. The first was to find a job which interested me. The second was to find a job where I learned at least one thing new everyday. The third thing was to find a job where at least once a year I would change someone’s life for the better. On May 30th, as I walked out of the gates of Georges Brassens with tears in my eyes, I realized I could not have asked for a more perfect experience than my Fulbright Teaching Assistantship in Villeneuve-le-roi in France.

I had students come up to me and say, “I never knew I had it in me to succeed because everyone in my [family] always told me I was a failure. You made me think learning was fun. I wish you could stay forever.” My personal favorite was, “You’re like a superstar. Everyone wants to be with you. They want to share your happiness.”

I never knew I had it in me to be a teacher, to share my ideas with others, to be their friend when they felt they were alone. Now I do. I can’t thank you enough for giving me the ability to pass that feeling of “you can do anything” to my students.

You really have touched the lives of so many others. I’m grateful I got to share in an experience that promotes such a wonderful mission.

LISA YOUNG LARANCE

THANK YOU FOR YOUR LETTER OF DECEMBER 15. IT IS MY sincere pleasure to share my experiences of the past six months. I am on a Fulbright scholarship in Bangladesh to research how Grameen Bank membership enables poor women to build social capital—or the networks of trust and information exchange that enable collaboration and cooperation for mutual benefit.

Receiving the Fulbright provided me with the time and resources necessary to accomplish goals I had only dreamed of. In the past six

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months I have done my best to immerse myself in the daily lives of rural Bangladeshi women. We have walked side-by-side to turn the drying rice with our bare feet, stood together in the union level election line in anticipation of free election outcomes, and shared many meals. Through these experiences, that will continue through May, I explain and re-explain that there is validity in the details of their daily lives that can help citizens around the world rebuild tattered communities. They have trusted me with stories of how membership in a rural bank has taken them from the village margins into the community's social fabric. As they share their thoughts and dreams with me I am able to convey that we may come from opposite sides of the world but we share the same hopes for our children, families, and villages. The wealth of their experiences has provided a framework for the rest of my career in community development and social welfare practice.

Fulbright has provided me with the personal and professional experience that is pivotal to the rest of my life. From this time forward, I will work toward illuminating innovative approaches to community development—work that will be in the reflection of rural Bangladeshi women whose courage is changing the world.

GLOBAL IMAGES



American Fulbrighters in Nigeria celebrate the 53rd anniversary of the Fulbright Program. With 51 binational Fulbright commissions and exchanges in approximately 140 countries, the Fulbright Program is frequently recognized and commemorated abroad.



Advising staff at the U.S. Advising Center in Moscow, Russia. The Advising and Student Services Branch supports a network of educational advising centers located in nearly every country of the world.

KRISTINA GRAY

ENGLISH BOOKS ARE GREATLY APPRECIATED IN UKRAINE

I am fortunate to have some ESL teaching friends and colleagues back in Virginia, Minnesota and Colorado who helped by collecting used or publishers' copies of textbooks in writing, reading, speaking and listening for all levels. There were over 700 of these books which I brought over to donate to several universities throughout Kiev and other outlying areas.

The administrators at Kiev State Linguistic University felt they should share some of this collection with others in the western part of Ukraine. I was told it felt like they were playing Santa Claus—if only I could have seen the happy looks on the faces (of the recipients) as they graciously received their books.

I had already witnessed the teachers' look of pleasure and surprise at the quality of books which my friends from the States were willing to part with. This happened early last fall when I gave a majority of the textbooks to teachers at the Linguistic University. After that, I gave lectures on phonetics and learning styles and teaching styles to some very appreciative audiences.

ABOUT MY UKRAINIAN STUDENTS

We had a great time throughout the fall semester working on phonetics and pronunciation of American English. I would use games like Consonant Bingo or Vowel Flash Cards with minimal pairs along with Jazz Chants by Carolyn Graham. But it was fun especially at the end when we had a Christmas party in each of the classrooms.

I very much enjoyed working with my second year students while one of my first year classes surprised me. At first they had appeared very slow by com-

parison but they were all heart and did their assignments about as well as the second year students. I had had another first year class whose chemistry was such that they needed to be doing something and hands-on exercises otherwise I would lose their attention. They were the twitters, the talkative ones who really needed to know exactly what they were doing and what was going on. They were not shy to state their objections when they didn't like or understand an assignment. My fourth class was another first year group who were very young and they were earnest in their work as well. Overall, their attendance was very good and I felt it was a privilege to be working with such individuals.

ABOUT THE UKRAINIAN TEACHERS

I have also given lectures at the America House which is a wonderful resource center heavily used by many Ukrainian teachers. This is sponsored by USIA and is mainly for the teachers in Kiev but those who can travel in from the outlying area try to get there as well to check out videos, textbooks and handouts about American culture and government. There is a great desire to learn more about our American culture and about how our system of democracy works. I use many of the materials available at the America House along with the Ukrainian teachers. I know I can express my thanks for them for the funding that is provided by these USIA-sponsored programs.

It was just before Christmas that I gave a lecture where I introduced Christmas songs and carols to many Ukrainian teachers. They were eager to learn and sing about 20 or so with me. After I was finished and while I was collecting my songsheets I had copied on our own copier at home, I was prevailed upon by a presumed "enthusiastic" teacher.

I can only guess that she liked what I had taught about because her tone of voice indicated other-

wise when she said, “You upset us, we want song-sheets of our own.” It was smoothed over with the person in charge of America House acquiescing to her request and making copies for those interested teachers on the copier there. I was a bit befuddled how she would go back to her students to teach the music without the notes but perhaps the words in the songs were interesting enough.

More recently after another talk I gave about American English pronunciation at the America House, a teacher asked during the question and answer period why I didn’t know R.P. (Received Pronunciation is considered the most proper of all British dialects.) I didn’t know what to tell her, I was flabbergasted by her intended dig. Fortunately, there was another British gentleman in the audience who admitted that he did not use R.P.

I believe it is something the older Ukrainian teachers are proud of, to sound more British. However, I see the trend changing, there are so many more opportunities available for Ukrainian teachers and students to go to the U.S. through USIA sponsored programs. Interestingly enough, the America House services are free to ALL, while the other libraries set up for teachers of English in Kiev are not. The students are interested in learning American English pronunciation and I am happy to teach it to them.

In conclusion, there is much more I could write about in reflecting on my time spent in Ukraine. My husband and I have never been happier than in our both being able to teach here to eager students and enthusiastic teachers. We count it a great blessing.

American Fulbrighter in Thailand

GIL BANE

I SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS IN THAILAND AND IT WAS A unique and wonderful experience and I hope that I can find an avenue to return to Asia or some other region of the world for future experiences. I am still getting daily email messages from associates and friends in Thailand and received over 50 Christmas cards, mostly asking me to return.

You might be interested in some of the notes I took during my Fulbright sojourn in Thailand this summer that follow. A few of my experiences that I wrote home about and which I would like to share with you are abstracted below:

In HatYai the Prince of Songkla University gave me a wonderful apartment in a four-building complex with about fifty apartments in each building. The apartment has four balconies, two facing the apartments across the street and the rear balconies face the broad valley and foothills of the Hat Yai region. The immediate area around

the apartment is treed with many squawking birds, vociferous frogs, screeching cicadas and assorted other night sounds that scream a cacophony throughout most of the night. In my morning walk around the campus I find scores of flattened frogs, large tropical insects and great black scorpions. On occasion a snake or two. Just a few days ago there was a two-meter long black Siamese cobra killed by one of the watchmen in front of our building. After a few pictures, I put it in a plastic bag for him and he took it away, presumably for dinner.

Mainly, since I’ve been here I have been writing proposals and editing manuscripts in the marine science area. The big proposal for many millions of dollars is a consortium of the three big Thai universities—Prince of Songkla, Kasetsart and Chulilornkorn. Their goal is to work with industry and the government to solve fishery problems and to provide graduate training for their own students

both at home and abroad. I am also helping staff get into foreign universities for Ph.D. work, giving seminars and preparing lectures for a major graduate course in fisheries management that starts this week. I also teach in the laboratory of the fisheries biology course and am giving several guest lectures in oceanography and marine biology. Some of the classes have 40- 50 students.

On the subject of students, during the second week of school, the students had a faculty appreciation day on Thursday. This is done by faculties or as we in the U.S. would call them Colleges of the University. As PSU is a science-oriented university there are faculties of: medicine, pharmacy, dentistry, nursing, engineering, agro industries, biological sciences, physics, business management and natural resources (where I am located). I attended that faculty appreciation day of natural sciences (marine science, animal science, earth science, agriculture, economics, and a few others).

Several hundred students sat kneeling in a large opening to the outside covered area. The faculty sat at the other end face to face with them. In the middle was a small altar, the picture of the King and candles. Opposite the altar, kneeling on a mat, was a ten-piece student combo of native instruments including one piece that was a cross between a piano and a guitar. It was called a crocodile as it was very elongated and shaped roughly like a crocodile. Students had written special musical pieces that they played for the faculty; others had composed poems that they read or stories telling how important the faculty were in their lives and futures.

This was not a new ceremony and students from the first years of elementary education have similar respect days. At the beginning of the ceremony they ushered in the faculty and for some strange reason I had to sit on a sofa in the front row between the dean and assistant dean. I argued that I should be in the rear, but it was to no avail.

The dean started the ceremony by lighting the candles and incense and praying to Buddha. Then the

singing, chanting and reciting began. When that ended students came from another room with elaborate floral wreaths that they had made by themselves. They came out in groups of four on their knees and went to the altar to pray, then they came to the front row and presented us with flowers. About 50 were presented to us. It looked like a miniature rose parade of local flowers such as orchids, jasmine and others. As I sat in the front pew I had to receive one of each of the student gifts and a bow of respect. Then we passed the flowers to the rear of the faculty so that everyone could see them. Eventually the flowers ended up on tables for judging and a prize was awarded for the best one. The next part of the ceremony was presentations of awards for the best students academically. Each

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department in the faculty gave one or more awards, as did the dean. There were other awards that I couldn't decipher, but later learned that one was to a student who found a very valuable piece of lost property and returned it to its owner.

The final part of the ceremony was the bonding of the students to the faculty. This had begun a few days before when hundreds of knotted cords were tied and sent to a monastery to be blessed. The cords were then given to the faculty. The still-kneeling students made their way to the faculty in small organized groups. The faculty members then tied the knotted cord around the students' wrists and wished them great academic success. Some students felt that with multiple cords their chances for academic success were better. Some also felt that a cord presented by a farang (foreigner) brought more luck so I had to keep restocking my supply of cords. When the student line ended, one of the

associate deans tied one of the cords on me with the wish that I would retain enough stamina to do all the tasks they have planned for me. Thus ended a nice appreciation ceremony that the faculty really deserved.

The faculty are most hospitable and they visit me continuously. This afternoon several came in after work with foods. They must think that since I don't speak Thai, I can't order food. I sure have them fooled. Two brought bowls of fruit, two brought containers of cashews, one brought chocolate covered nuts and one brought a loaf of nut bread that she had baked the night before. If I eat everything they give me I would be like Gulliver in the land of Lilliput.

On weekends, someone always invites me to go places.... Marketing, shopping, to the Costco-like Makro store, on trips to waterfalls, hot springs, the beach, or out to dinner. Tomorrow there is a spe-

cial occasion... a funeral wake. It is for the mother of one of the Aquaculture technicians. She lives about 90 miles away and the entire department will go. Everyone is expected to give an envelope (with \$3/4) to help pay for food or the services of a brilliant orange-clad monk who prays for her soul. The following day will be the cremation ceremony. I would like to attend that too, but I meet my graduate students for a fisheries management lecture at that time. It seems like the Moslems bury their dead but the Buddhists cremate. Then they blow half the ashes to the wind and send the other half to the temple for salvation.

I had many other experiences while on the Fulbright program in Thailand that I will never forget. I loved the people and contributed greatly to their education, according to what people told me. I really would like to return to that area or someplace else where I can make a positive contribution.

American Fulbrighter in Lithuania

LINDA MAXEY

I TAUGHT MARIMBA AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN Vilnius and was assigned to give two 45-minute private lessons to eight students each week for a total of 12 contact hours per week. In addition, I offered to do a weekly master class, which was open to all percussionists in the area, and occasionally students from other disciplines attended as well. My students were free to observe each other's lessons, and it was not unusual to have five or six extra students in the room.



My primary teaching objective was to help each student reach his maximum potential in the allotted time. Comments made by professional percussionists and the Academy administrators indicate that we exceeded expectation. A second goal was to improve the image of the percussion students personally as well as within the Academy. Given the circumstances of their learning conditions, it is not surprising that they were held in low esteem. They are now viewed

differently. For the first time a marimba student was invited to give a special performance before a Turkish delegation. Normally this honor would have been offered only to a voice, piano or string student. For the first time the administration heard the students play as a percussion ensemble, and they have invited this ensemble to participate in an international conductor's workshop to be held at the Academy next year. The percussion ensemble was invited to perform at a music festival in Siauliai, and the Rector provided transportation and financial support for this.

It was a special honor to be accepted by the Lithuanian people and to be invited into their

homes. Vilnius is an international city and I met many people from other countries as well. I felt that the relationship with my students reached a deeper level of communication with each successive month. By the end of the semester they were sharing with me personal stories, including their families' lives under the Soviet occupation.

The Fulbright program is a valuable public relations outreach for the US government and has lasting benefits as Fulbrighters maintain contact with people and programs that were special to them during their residency.

THE HUBERT H. HUMPHREY FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM

(Excerpts from the “Humphrey Fellows 20th Anniversary Report”)



“You Cannot Appreciate the Value of a Situation Until You Experience It”

AMAL AL KAZIM

Head, Outpatient Department,

Al Amal Substance Abuse Treatment Hospital, Saudi Arabia

(The Johns Hopkins University)

THE CONCEPT OF “HOST FAMILY” FOR EXAMPLE. WHAT AN idea! You are received, treated, and helped by a family who “adopts” you even though you are an adult, not a child. It is intended mainly to help overcome a feeling of loneliness. But I think, in reality, it is much more. It gives you a sense of belonging which is primordial for the feeling of security, which in its turn is essential for personal stability and productivity. How would you feel if, when arriving at your new home, you found at your door a basket full of fruit with a loving letter attached? I felt like flying.

Also, an event such as the “Washington Seminar” is truly unique. It gives us the opportunity to narrow the world into one small place. The genius of

this meeting is that unlike many international conferences, this one is not primarily political. Its members are professionals who, motivated by their love for their countries, have achieved such a high quality of service that they have been awarded the wonderful Humphrey Fellowship.

How hard it is to be far from our families, our work, and our countries. But if it is to learn more skills that will enable us to offer better service once back in our home countries, it is worth the temporary and productive pain.

THE HUBERT H. HUMPHREY FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM

(Excerpts from the "Humphrey Fellows 20th Anniversary Report")



“Realizing the Dream of Cultural Dialogue”

BASSAM NASSER

*Project Coordinator for the National Democratic Institute
for International Affairs, Gaza-Palestinian National Authority
(University of Minnesota)*

ONE VISIT TO A MINNESOTA SCHOOL MADE ME CURIOUS about meeting students from other schools. By the end of my Humphrey year, I can say that I have visited more than seven schools and made more than 30 presentations to American students between the ages of nine and 80. After each visit I became interested in giving more of these talks and I have not rejected one single request.

Each presentation I made was very different from the last one. My audience varied from an elementary school to a university class for senior citizens, and included every type of student in between. The young children asked me about my childhood and the games I played when I was their age; the political science students at the university rained me with hundreds of questions about the political situation in the Middle East; and the senior citizens asked about family structure in the Arab society. I led each of these groups on a journey through Palestinian history, geography, culture, society, education and always, my family life.

I have learned many things through these visits. Teachers and students showed me the hospitality of the American people and I learned from them about the American way of life. The students showed me that they were not just listening to the words I was saying, they were dreaming of visiting and experiencing the society that I brought into their class this year.

In each of the visits, I felt that I was part of the dream of cultural dialogue and one of those who works to build bridges between the different nations of the world. I think that many of the students who attended my presentation will continue to have contact with someone from my country or even with me after this year. Many of the students I met asked me to write their names in Arabic on cards. They told me that they will always keep these cards as a reminder of their time with me.

THE HUBERT H. HUMPHREY FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM

(Excerpts from the "Humphrey Fellows 20th Anniversary Report")



***Marlin Democrat* Treats Nigerian Fellow to Texas-style Hospitality**

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MOST HUMPHREY FELLOWS CHOOSE LARGE CORPORATIONS for their professional affiliations, and of course, they travel by air. But this Humphrey Fellow chose to work at a small-town newspaper, and drive through 13 states for seven days just to get there. The nervously intrepid driver, armed only with driving directions printed from the "Expedia.msn.com" website, flashed through the massive American highways and quirky interchanges holding his hard-earned U.S. driver's license in his mouth, so to speak.

Each state has a welcome center. The attitudes were as different as the vegetation. In Virginia, the visitor is treated like a mildly irritating necessity while in the deep South, from Mississippi to Texas, the caller is treated with dictatorial hospi-

tality—the receptionists foist on you cups of coffee, soda, brochures. In Kentucky, a local Baptist church welcomed all visitors to the welcome center with donuts and coffee.

Choosing a small town not only provided a challengingly honest picture of the United States many do not know, it gave the Fellow a huge sense of adventure, welcome, even fame. The week I arrived, I made the front page of the paper, *The Marlin Democrat*. The day I went to the post office, the lady at the counter told me the country I came from, the hotel I stayed in, and how long I had been in town.

But it was also to be a baptism of fire. The following week, the building housing the newspa-

per on Fortune Street was burnt down. I was to learn what to do as a journalist when the newspaper was literally on fire, an experience *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* hardly ever makes available to its interns.

Texas is the land of cows, and cowboys. The publisher of my paper was better known as the region's rodeo star than as a journalist. He also taught me about the rodeo. It seemed simple to me. A crazy guy sits on a crazy bull, which tries to toss the crazy guy into the wind to break his back and be cheered by the crazy crowd. That, I was to learn, was what broke the affable publisher's nose.

The newspaper is read by practically everyone. Each day, the paper carries under its masthead, in turn, the name of one of its subscribers. On December 9, 1998, it was *Marlin, Texas: Home of Cornell Jones*. This is a veritable public service newspaper. The reporters or publisher sit in many council meetings. Police communication is broadcast on the radiophone live at the newsroom. This enables the reporters to reach scenes of crime or trouble with incredible speed.

Marlin has little social life, hardly any bars. Those who want nightclubs, for example, must go to Waco, an hour away. Everybody knows Waco—the land of David Koresh and the Branch Davidians. Sadly, that is the only way to locate

Marlin. You say, Marlin, near Waco. There are many drive-ins where people eat chicken and loads of sausage, the specialty of the area, before nine p.m, when the town nods in sleep.

Another day I was invited to lunch by a charming, old country doctor whose candor could produce an ouch. He refused to let me buy the lunch and told me not to feel guilty that “I decided to feed you, instead of fixing my car.” And he says he has eaten a rattlesnake, a donkey and a horse. But I suspect that he said that to make what he probably construed to be the African tribesman sitting across from him feel comfortable.

Wearing a beige cowboy hat given to me by a colleague at *The Democrat*, I left Marlin, its courteous people, the alliterative, hot Mexican food, the sulking cows and rustic gates, the many drive-ins and the burgeoning friendships.

Although on my round-trip I drove through Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky (without its fried chicken), Ohio, West Virginia, and the hazardously winding roads of mountainous Pennsylvania, I cannot claim to know these places. Except, of course, good old Texas and its fitful weather: burning now and freezing next. As they say here, if you don't like the weather in Texas, wait a minute.

Fulbright Program in Brief

The U.S. Government's international educational exchange program, widely known as the Fulbright Program, is designed, in the words of legislation updated in 1961, "to increase mutual understanding between the people of the United States and the people of other countries..."

History

The Fulbright Program was established in 1946 under legislation introduced by former Senator J. William Fulbright of Arkansas. The Program was administered by the Department of State until 1978, when these functions were transferred to the U.S. Information Agency. Under the oversight of the Presidentially appointed J. William Fulbright Scholarship Board, the program celebrated its 50th anniversary in 1996. As of October, 1999, the Fulbright Program will return to the U.S. Department of State.

Approximately 220,000 "Fulbrighters," 82,000 from the United States and 138,000 from abroad, have participated in the Program since 1946. Approximately 4,200 new grants are awarded annually.

The Fulbright Alumni included Nobel and Pulitzer Prize winners, governors and senators, ambassadors and artists, prime ministers and heads of state, professors and scientists, Supreme Court justices and CEOs.

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