

Chapter 7 Power

The problem is ignorance.
Ignorance!
It would be better if they starved –
Let them starve to death.
Then they'll learn.

World Food Program Official
Mpwapwa, Tanzania, December 1999¹

This chapter examines the power relations that underlie interactions among Malangali residents, their government, and the development aid organizations at work in the division. Power dynamics are crucial to the experience of the development endeavor, as they influence how programs are conceived by development agents and received by rural Africans. Power as perceived and exerted, however, remains rare in analyses of development programs, despite several provocative recent volumes that bring considerations of power to the places and processes of which international aid so often forms a part (Moore and Schmitz 1995, Crush 1995, Gupta and Ferguson 1997b). In this chapter I explore the micropolitics of aid in an effort to contribute to a fuller understanding of the interactions of the processes known as development. I ask three questions:

1) What set of relations exist that enables Concern to define the problems of Malangali

¹ These comments were made in a conversation at a private dinner, with three of the speaker's World Food Program colleagues also in attendance. The man who expressed these views is a Tanzanian, educated at the University of Dar es Salaam, with years of experience with international aid. He repeated essentially the same comments twice in the course of about half an hour.

residents, and to undertake aid activities with relative certitude?

2) What set of relations exist that allow Malangali residents to be configured as inadequate in almost every aspect of their lives, and for them to accept this analysis with relative equanimity?

3) How is an aid organization and the idea of development accorded the legitimacy that permits the activities such organizations undertake?

In the pages that follow I detail ways in which power is expressed in the international aid endeavor. I find that this sort of power, distinct from interpersonal power machinations, is rarely a consequence of intent. Rather, power dynamics adhere to the social structure of aid. Eric Wolf distinguishes as “structural power” a definition that is useful for understanding the development encounter: “the power manifest in relationships that not only operates within settings and domains but also organizes and orchestrates the settings themselves, and that specifies the direction and distribution of energy flows” (Wolf 1999: 5). Development aid is essentially about two things: ideas and money. The power dynamics of aid therefore hinge on the authority vested in money and the authority vested in ideas. While in many cases control of money translates into control over ideas, it is significant that power in the aid interaction often arises from systems of authoritative knowledge to which money is tangential.

Elaborating on Foucault, Ferguson demonstrates that power is diffuse in the aid interaction, that it is exercised in small expressions instead of blatant authoritarianism, and that the exercise of power may be divorced from its goals. He explores the instrument effects of aid in Lesotho, showing how aid programs bring rural people under increased

state control without finally accomplishing the felt objectives of improving the living conditions of rural residents. I propose to use Ferguson as a model by which to seek the interstices at which we can locate the diffusion of power. Ferguson asked two essential questions: how do development agents conceive of a rural African society, and how do members of that society conceive of themselves? In this chapter I also find necessary two additional questions: how do members of a rural African society conceive of development agents, and how do development agents conceive of themselves? In answering these questions, which requires an almost textual approach to interactions in which demonstrations of power occur, I am somewhat in disagreement with Ferguson. He “considers the expansion and entrenchment of state power to be the principal effect – indeed, what ‘development’ projects in Lesotho are chiefly about” (Ferguson 1990: 255). In this chapter I suggest that development projects are *about* many things to many people, with state or bureaucratic power being only one among them. It is in this amalgam of understandings and effects that the conceptual apparatus of development establishes and maintains its grip over rural Africans.

What is important in these pages is the demonstration not that some are strong and some are weak, but from wherein strength and weakness lie. People make decisions based on their understandings of power relations, usually without the necessity of power actually being exerted.² Examples of this could be drawn from all walks of life; for

² Power in Malangali is by and large divorced from force, though not from compulsion. Thus, while a small police presence in Malangali is sometimes called upon to arrest people who egregiously disrupt development activities, for example by stealing pipes from the water system, aid activities rarely involve overt requirements that people act against their will. (In the most famous effort at Tanzanian induced rural development, the *Ujamaa* settlements of the 1970s, area residents apparently moved to central villages when instructed to do so,

instance, if a teacher asks a student to erase the blackboard, neither party needs be explicit about why one must accede to the request of the other. In international aid, the players bring their several layers of understanding to the encounter. I argue that, at the most basic level, aid agencies are able to operate in areas like Malangali because they are granted the authority to do so: they are granted this authority by rural residents, by governments, and by their own employees and supporters. More than the subtle economic rationality that underlies decisions about adopting cropping or tree-planting or water-use regimes, implicit in the social understandings beneath gender programs and charitable donations, the dynamics of assumptions about power add a dimension to all aspects of the aid encounter that greatly affects the outcomes of the interactions. This chapter tells the story of how a basic concord arises from the discordant experiences of people as they interact with the politics of aid in rural Tanzania.

without soldiers arriving to order them out of their homes at gunpoint as happened elsewhere.) Compulsion exists in the form of fines that people have to pay if, for example, they fail to participate in communal work activity or if they do not bring their children for vaccinations. There is an important distinction here between this form of compulsion and physical force: area residents who incur fines almost always agree with the right of the government, sometimes acting in conjunction with an aid agency, to impose such fines. This power does not arise as much from the semi-automatic rifles that police officers casually sling over their shoulders as it derives from a widespread social concordance about the structure of authority.

I know of only one case in which a fine was hotly debated by its recipient and his neighbors. The man, a Jehovah's Witness, refused to pay a mandatory 100/= (16 cents) "contribution" in association with the annual carrying of the Freedom Torch around Tanzania. He argued that his religion prohibited what amounted to worship of such images. His village administrator scurried to the divisional secretary, who did not want any problems while he prepared for the visit of the President. He became irate and ordered the man to pay the tax. When he refused, the Malangali police arrested him and two compatriots. After much discussion, the local police chief decided that instead of keeping them in jail, it would be better to bring the men to the District Commissioner's office in Mafinga, about 70 kilometers distant, the next time they could arrange transport with a Concern car going that way. When they were brought before him, the Commissioner lectured the men about civic duty, but was rebutted with the Biblical story of Shem, an appeal to religious duty and the official national position of freedom and harmony for all religions. They were eventually told to get out of the Commissioner's office and the fines were dropped, but they had to pay for their own bus fares home, about 1000/= each. Most of the protagonist's neighbors thought he had been foolhardy because the confrontation cost him so much more than just paying the initial tax, but several admired that he stood for his principles.

The chapter begins and ends with scenes in which the Malangali Water Supply Scheme (MWSS) is intertwined with local and international power politics. The first scene depicts a meeting at which participants discussed the system's "handover" to local control; the last scene is that of the official handover itself. Several political tensions were evident in the first meeting, which was not in itself a spectacular event. At issue for everyone was not just the survival of the water system, but who would bear responsibility for it. Present were representatives of the three key groups: rural residents, the international aid agency, and the national government. All three groups hoped to assume as little responsibility as possible for themselves, but all three had vested interests in seeing the system survive. What agenda the meeting would follow, and which group would ultimately prevail in determining the direction of future events, was a reflection of the power dynamics that underlie the development endeavor in Tanzania.

In this first scene, the village representatives were asserting that the MWSS had to continue supplying parts and expertise to keep water flowing through the pipes. Concern representatives, on the other hand, argued that the village should be running the system itself by collecting taxes to pay for the parts and expertise. The representatives of the national government were in agreement with Concern, though not, I argue in this chapter, because they believed Concern's theory that rural residents could actually maintain the system on their own. While the Concern staff who appeared in this scene were privately optimistic about the chances for the program to work after the handover, the government staff, though hopeful that the Concern theory would prove correct, were privately cynical. Rather, the government had no resources of its own; given their

inability to persuade the aid program to continue funding the MWSS, the only hope they had of meeting their assigned task of keeping the water flowing was to inveigle the local residents to supply the resources. Yet the village residents had some hope of getting continued help from either Concern or the government. These latter two groups had, after all, invested considerable time and money in the water scheme, and spoke of something called “sustainability.” Perhaps, it seemed the village residents were suggesting during the meeting, some position could be negotiated between total aid and total independence for the MWSS. The decision, which as we saw in Chapter 4 revolved around European, non-empirical ideas of sustainability, had already been taken in Dublin: continued support would not be available, and in this case the decisive power lay in the purse.

It was about 4:00 on a January afternoon in 1996 when we convened under the mango tree at the center of Tambalang’ombe village. Thirteen of us sat in a circle on chairs and benches that were brought out from the village office. The village of Tambalang’ombe was represented by 7 people, including the village secretary and village chairman, and the chairs of the three subvillages (one of whom was female); some of these, and the remaining residents present (including one more woman), were members of the village water committee. Of the 5 other men, two were officials from the divisional level, men of relatively high government authority given the circumstances of the meeting. The remaining 3 men were Concern employees: Bwashehe, who was the Community Development (CD) worker responsible for social aspects of the water program; Chalamila, who was head of CD for the division; and Shija, the chief water

engineer for the MWSS.

The village secretary gave the opening oratory. He welcomed the visiting officials, who would give the residents advice about how to fix the problems with their water pipes. Then he introduced the Divisional Executive Officer, calling him “DEO,” an acronym of honor. The DEO began on a sour note. “Friday we came here, there wasn’t even a soul here. We’ve come to talk about certain things about water in this area. For various reasons this program still cannot run itself. Problems exist. Today let’s try to explain what the problems are.”³

The village representatives began to tell some of their problems. One of the women explained that it still cost a lot to buy buckets for hauling water, but that people were very appreciative when the pipes were working. The chairman of Idimilichuma subvillage spoke of problems with some of the pipes, and the chair of the water committee told of the problems that made a couple of the distribution taps inoperative. Chalamila, ever the diplomat, tried to steer the conversation toward what could be done to solve these problems, but talk quickly diverted to financial matters.

When all the money in the water committee’s bank account and in petty cash was totaled, and recent expenditures deducted, they found they had 37,600/= (\$63) available to them. Chalamila asked the village secretary, “You’ve gathered 50,000/= (\$83) since 1994. But your budget is for 120,000/= (\$200). Why haven’t you gathered more money?”

³ Quotations in this scene are mostly from synchronic fieldnotes. The notes are on-the-fly English translations of Swahili speech; I translated at least one word incorrectly at the time around which an early part of the conversation hinged, so had to clarify the gist of that portion later.

The secretary answered, “Troubles,” and everyone began to talk at once. One of the women said that people refuse to pay unless the water is working. The visiting officials then turned to the village secretary, telling him that it was essential he collect the tax so the village could pay for the engineers who would come and fix the problems with the pipes. “But the problems with the main line are different,” the secretary objected, “it is the responsibility of the Water Program to fix the main line.”

The DEO broke in. “All the pipes within the borders of this village are the wealth of this area. What is this “main line” or not “main line”? The Water Program is leaving, you have to take responsibility for all the pipes, not just the plastic pipes to the distribution taps!” Then he brought the conversation back to the uncollected water tax. “Why hasn’t the village collected the 400/= (66 cents) from each household? First you collected only 200/= (33 cents) in 1994, then you collected nothing in 1995.”

The secretary said that they couldn’t collect taxes in 1995 because of the October election, but the DEO responded that they had a full two months after the election. The secretary changed the subject, saying that the village did not have spare parts and needed to be supplied with them. Shija objected, “We have the spares at Ibangi. You just have to buy them from us when you need them. That’s why you have to collect the water contribution.” After a little more discussion of the immediate need to fix a pipe that had been burst for several weeks, Shija showed samples of the parts that were needed to solve the problem, which cost about 10,000/= . The committee agreed to pay with the cash they had on hand, and Shija said the work would happen the next morning.

The visiting officials then returned to the topic of the water tax. One official

suggested, “If the citizens say they don’t have the money, explain why they have to pay to support the water system, get them to agree to pay.”

The DEO launched into a stern lecture, a public humiliation of the village secretary. He was angry that the secretary had failed to collect the taxes, and he was angry that he had not found the money in the petty cash fund earlier so the pipe could be fixed sooner. Now he was going to have to write a report on each village for his superiors at the district level, he would have to report back all these problems for this village. He sat down rigidly, a tight grimace on his face.

It fell to Chalamila to put an optimistic spin on the day’s meeting. He gave a little speech: “It is the policy of the government that citizens should depend on themselves for water. The Water Program came to help build the water system, but now it is crucial for the village to be able to keep things going. If people don’t want to pay for it, village government has to make sure they do, because every year there will be expenses for pipes and engineering expertise. So the first work is, pay the water fees... Finally, because we don’t have cooperation, the system gets destroyed. If we can’t get the funds raised and people to be involved to pay the 100,000/= or more, the water system cannot function. But right now Mr. Bwashehe and I are still here. We are available now to help work through any problems so that the water can work. But these problems need to be resolved if the water is going to continue to be available.”

The water supply program is one example of how a particular European conceptual schema about African village activities, as outlined by Danish consultants in the late 1970s, came to be enforced through the power relations embedded in the development

process. How did Concern come to have the right to design and implement the MWSS – and the rest of their projects – as they felt appropriate? Why did they continue to hold the authority to direct the way the projects would come to their end? The next two sections address the set of relations that enabled Concern to define the problems of Malangali residents and to undertake with relative confidence the activities they chose to pursue.

Powerfulness

In the previous chapter I discussed at length the images of European expertise and African ignorance that inform why individuals contribute to overseas charities. The theme of presumed European knowledgeability – either scientific expertise in areas such as agriculture and forestry, or social expertise in areas such as gender relations and community development of the water program – is also, I have demonstrated, at the core of how projects come into existence in places like Malangali. Now I propose that, along with the possession of such forms of knowledge, relations of power exist within development interactions that validate this expertise and enable its enforcement. Individual donors, governments, aid agency employees, and even residents of places like Malangali must all agree at some level with the authority of the aid agency to define what problems exist and what activities will be sanctioned to combat those problems. In this section I propose that structural relations among development actors vest the power to act authoritatively – that relations of power give non-residents the presumed authoritative knowledge to define the problems facing Malangali, as well as the confidence to pursue the solutions they devise.

In the relationship between development funders and the people of Malangali, there is no actual locus of authority. Things happen in Isimikinyi because of decisions made in Dublin and London and Washington, but not because of any relationship between people in Isimikinyi and people handling their funds. The people in Dublin, Dar or Brussels do not particularly care to exert power, to force anyone in Isimikinyi to do anything. In fact, they perceive their actions as beneficent provision of opportunity, not authoritarian invocation of power relations. Yet this power relationship exists, and not just because the entire local Concern organization falls into a tizzy in advance of any visit by development tourists from headquarters, the World Bank, or the E.C. Things happen in Isimikinyi because of decisions made by bureaucrats in London who have never even *considered* going to Tanzania, for whom the notion that they are powerful figures would seem peculiar at best.

In May 1992 I met in London with Graham Bashford, the man at the ODA Tanzania desk who made decisions about what funds would be given to Concern for its work in Malangali.⁴ He did so with no knowledge of local conditions. It would be impossible for him to know anything about Malangali. The reports he read are standard compendia of development jargon. They spoke of local situations in terms of shortfalls in materials, in terms of trees cut down and trees planted, malnutrition numbers and projected health benefits of the horticulture program, agricultural outputs and the yield increases projected for project efforts. The report was cut and pasted every year from

⁴ For a more detailed and fascinating “partial ethnography” of people involved in development in London in the early 1990s, including staff at the ODA, see Kaufmann 1997.

previous years' reports and proposals. Each of these reports was written in the same format as reports for all other Concern project areas, whether Mozambique, Cambodia, or Haiti. In style, language, even in content, there is little difference between any of these Concern reports and reports from any other NGO that solicits funds from the ODA for international development work. What mattered to Bashford was the apparent viability of the program in terms of ability to reach stated targets, and budgetary considerations. Was the project viable? Did it meet ODA interests and criteria as stated? Was the budget realistic for that part of the world, and did we have the money available? If the answer was yes, the project proposal went in the bin to be funded, checks were disbursed, and Malangali got a water program or an agriculture program or a gender component to their forestry project.

What was the relationship between this man and the people of Malangali? They did not have any conception that he existed, and he did not really know that they existed. Yet the decisions Bashford made could be the difference between having piped water nearby or having only broken pipes. What struck me in our interview was that *he did not realize he held this power*. He is a high school graduate who took his civil service exam and was posted to the ODA. He goes to work at 9am, he comes home at 5, and when he gets home he worries about living his life. He feels that the work he is doing is useful, but he himself could just as likely have ended up working a similar desk job in the revenue department or the national water authority. He seemed puzzled by my questions. To him, steeped in development reports, Africa is a depressing continent of poverty and misery, a backwater that he has no desire ever to visit. (He did enjoy his one big trip

abroad, a three week junket to the South Pacific.) Why should he know or care about Africa or Africans?⁵

There was no human relationship between him and the people in Malangali. What existed was a structural relationship. There must be a person who handles Tanzanian development project funds for the ODA. There must be Tanzanians who receive these funds. He fell into the former slot, they into the latter. In the politics of representation, they play the role of the impoverished African. The pictures in the Concern brochures did not reach Bashford's desk, but he gave me similar pictures in glossy productions about Britain's Overseas Aid. How and why these people are represented in these ways was of no interest to this man. He believed that they were as they were represented to be, and that was good enough for him – his job was to process their paperwork, as he would process the paperwork of others if he had landed at the National Health Insurance. His immediate superiors similarly did not have a political agenda for their representations of Africans, they had little reason to believe that things were other than as they were shown to be. Only when we reach senior levels of the ODA, when the organization has to justify its existence to the British public and their parliament, do these representations really take on political significance. But even here, the people believe the propaganda they produce. Africans are impoverished because they face the sorts of problems discussed in the previous chapters; it is the job of Europeans in positions of responsibility to employ the latest knowledge to help them through their predicament.

⁵ One thing we discussed at length was the preference ODA had to move its employees from desk to desk, region to region. Six years later, Graham Bashford is with the Central and Southern Europe desk. The ODA has changed its acronym to DfID (sic).

To zero in on the relationship between aid officials and Malangali residents, I sought out Ian Porter, the World Bank's Resident Representative in Tanzania from 1987 to 1992. When we met in Washington in December 1992, he had recently begun a new assignment as Division Chief for Operations and Human Resources in West Africa. Prior to his time in Tanzania, he had spent two years working as a planning officer for the Malawi government in the early 1970s. After that he returned to England for a Masters degree in economics, and then worked with the World Bank in Asia for more than a decade. Unlike Bashford, Porter came to his job through an interest in Africa, and had spent much of the early part of his career positioning himself for responsible positions that would enable him to return there. His work in Tanzania, based in well-appointed offices in one of the few buildings in Dar es Salaam with more than ten stories, took him on tours of development projects in rural areas from time to time. He was not only aware that a relationship existed between himself and a rural Tanzanian populace, he met many people affected by his decisions, and he did his job with them in mind.

Porter explained that his job was to work with governments to design policies that would ultimately benefit the country's people.⁶ He said, "I think we have to accept that, given where these African economies got to, getting out of the mess that they were in was going to be very, and is very, difficult. Irrespective of whether the Bank is involved or not involved, if decisions are going to be taken that will really reverse the deterioration of the economy, then in many cases they're going to be very tough decisions and the impact of

⁶ This interview was recorded in Ian Porter's 6th floor corner office at World Bank headquarters in Washington, DC, December 8, 1992. Quotations are edited for clarity from the transcription.

those decisions is going to be relatively slow in producing results. So from a political perspective, you have a very tough message to put across, which is that we need to take a lot of measures and we're not really going to see as much benefit from these measures for some number of years. I personally think that's just the reality of the situation and has nothing to do with what governments or the Bank are saying or doing.

“But I think that the worrying thing for a lot of us in the Bank was that, in the initial phases of a lot of these adjustment programs, there was really no ownership of the program, very little commitment to the program on the part of most people in the government. It was in a sense a very coercive process in which the Bank and the donor communities as a whole were saying, you know, if you do A-B-C you'll get this much, if you don't do A-B-C you won't get anything. What I, what we've been trying to do in the case of Tanzania over the last few years is to change that situation into one in which there is much more commitment to the program and ownership of the program on the part of Tanzanians. Rather than the Bank proposing and the government reacting, the government proposes and we react.”

Porter was fully prepared to acknowledge the coercive power behind international lending – to a point.⁷ From his perspective, the Bank's basis in economic science gives it

⁷ World Bank employees know that, in the words of its current president, James Wolfensohn, “externally-voiced criticism of the Bank [is] an indication of a desire to find alternative employment,” (Caufield 1996: 312), so it is difficult to know to what extent my interviews with Bank officials represented carefully phrased rehearsals of press office memos. Many Bank officials clearly believe the rhetoric they espouse; those who disagree often leave, as Caufield reports happened in 1994 with one long-term employee who expressed serious reservations about Bank activities when he and I met for lunch in 1992 (p. 224). Caufield's *Masters of Illusion* details many of the ways that the Bank “has the power of the money it can lend and the power of its sway over other lenders [and] exercises that power to an extraordinary degree” (pp. 193-4); her Chapter 12 also shows how the Bank is often a de facto policy instrument of shareholder governments, especially the United States.

authoritative knowledge. He said, “Farmers are rational people that respond to incentives and to the environment in which they are working, and they want to maximize the productivity of their family and incomes.... From an economist’s perspective, when you get in there and really understand what the constraints are and what the objectives are of farmers and the context of those kind of constraints, then you can understand in a rational way why they’re doing the things they are doing.”⁸ He saw his role as being an advocate for the poorest. “I think if we organize ourselves well we have the capacity to help strengthen governments and institutions within governments and some private sector institutions that in turn would then be able to improve standards of living for ordinary people.” Note the conceptual demarcation he made: he had to use the coercive power of the Bank to force the Tanzanian government to act for the good of its people. He did not see the Bank as engaged in a relationship of power vis a vis ordinary rural residents, despite acknowledging that power was integral to international aid. In our discussion he did not once suggest that the power the Bank exerted on governments like Tanzania would in turn result in power that the government would have to exert upon its citizens. “What we’re really trying to accomplish with this assistance,” he said, “is to help build up capacity for the institutions in country that will be able to provide extension services to farmers better than is now being provided, construct and maintain roads better than is now being done.”

Porter’s vision that the power relations between Europe and Africa, at least in the

⁸ This statement in many ways corresponds with my own thesis of Malangali residents as development consumers. Where my analysis diverges from that of the World Bank is in the assessment of what opportunities and constraints rural residents face, and how they arrange their lives to deal with them.

case of the World Bank, is limited to altruistic persuasion/ coercion by donors of governments was belied by many interactions that occurred during my field research. One notable event brought World Bank representatives Donald Sunguvia and Kalidas Sengupta to Malangali division for a review of projects they were financing. This “Farmers’ Field Day,” held near the village of Nyololo Shuleni, had an impressive array of official guests. In addition to the men from the World Bank were high officials of IFAD, district and local government, and Concern. What transpired revealed several layers of the development onion: the Bank representative Sunguvia dispensing his views about how farmers should be acting; the Tanzanian officials from IFAD and district headquarters who owed deference to visitors from the Bank and expected it from divisional staff and area residents; the extension staff who both understood Sunguvia’s lecture and had some feel for the problems faced by area farmers; and the farmers themselves who would be subject to the mandates that would be laid down when Sunguvia returned to Dar es Salaam and Sengupta to Washington and effected policy based on their interpretations of their experience in the field.

The field day took place in late March 1996, amid the lush greenery from three months of rain.⁹ When I arrived in the Concern truck after 9 a.m. with Kinkopella, the

⁹ This scene is from notes written in English during the event. Although I kept to the sidelines, my presence may have altered some of what was said. Particularly, I was noticed immediately by Sunguvia, a Tanzanian with advanced training in economics. Once he had sussed out that I was from a reputed American university, he directed many of his comments in my direction. I do not know whether some of the display he made of his extensive economic knowledge was therefore aimed at me, or whether he wished to make a point to others present by appearing to engage in a dialogue with me. Most of his speech was a rapid-fire Swahili monologue in any case, peppered with English terms that I distinguish with italic. As Haugerud discusses, “such [code-]switches leave ample opportunity to shade meanings differently for different segments of a heterogeneous audience (Haugerud 1995: 64).

government agriculturalist who headed Concern's farming projects for Malangali division, three official vehicles with IFAD and district staff were already assembled. One king-cab Mitsubishi pick-up was stenciled with the blue IFAD logo and the phrase "IFAD/ SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS EXTENSION AND RURAL FINANCIAL SERVICES PROJECT MUFINDI DISTRICT," while a shiny Land Rover with the IFAD logo blared Zairean pop music in all directions from megaphones on the roof. From time to time the music was interrupted by announcements summoning farmers from the surrounding hills to come join us at the Oxenization Training Center for an exhibition. About forty local residents showed up by the time the proceedings began. A local official introduced Juma Kinkopella of Concern, who then had the job of welcoming all the guests from district level. After we all stood and introduced ourselves, an official I did not know began explaining the various parts of an oxen plough.

The main purpose of the day was to promote farming with oxen. I am unclear exactly what the purpose of the Oxenization Training Center is, because area residents seem to me to be fully convinced of the benefits of oxen farming. As discussed on page 110, fields can be prepared with oxen ploughs in a fraction of the time that it takes to till by hoe. Most farmers in Malangali would prefer to use oxen to clear as much of their land as possible, since it means they can farm more land more quickly for a given amount of effort. They are constrained by the cost of keeping the cattle and the cost of the equipment. While women can own cattle, oxen ploughing seems to be the exclusive provenance of men, what I posit to be a combination of many factors including notions of propriety, high capital costs and the tremendous physical labor involved. The basic

plough costs 60,000/= , about \$100. For men who can raise the capital, a plough is a good investment, since they can earn money tilling fields for others. Many of those with less capital or without the physical ability to drive a plough still find it worthwhile to pay someone to till some of their land with cattle. During a day I spent with a blacksmith in the remote village of Ipilimo I pumped the bellows as he expertly forged a new blade for one plough and repaired a complex part on another, work he did on a regular basis. Although the use of oxen is firmly entrenched within the wider cattle and farming economy of Malangali, almost all the officials present at the field day acted as though the farmers were completely ignorant of what the project represented.¹⁰

While we were being shown a weeder for oxen to pull, which cost 80,000/= (\$133), two more cars arrived sporting the IFAD decal. The official delegation of World Bank and IFAD officials stepped out of their muscular new Land Cruiser. After all the district officials shook hands with all the new visitors, most of the guests went into an office. I remained outside in the crowd to watch the demonstration of the district livestock officer, who began talking about the long term savings that could be realized by vaccinating cattle. When he pulled out a long pair of castration pliers, I thought it time to move indoors.

Inside the office, the local staff were being grilled about the numbers of farmers the center had trained each year since 1979 and the money it had spent. The center, one of

¹⁰ The only person I heard suggest that area farmers knew how to farm with oxen was Eva, the agricultural extension officer for the village who I discuss later in this chapter. When an official from the district headquarters asked, "How many of you farm with cows?" he was answered with silence. As he stared at the crowd, Eva called out, "We all farm with cows!" A few area residents nodded in quiet assent.

three in Iringa region, was originally funded by the E.C., and trained about 100 farmers a year during that time. After the project was “handed over” to the government (which meant, as best I could determine, a complete withdrawal of funds) the numbers dropped to about 5 per year. A grant of World Bank funds administered by IFAD in Mbeya (some 250 kilometers away) led to an average of twenty six farmers trained during the two years before this field day. Sengupta, who needed a translator, was not impressed that the Bank’s funds were training so few farmers.¹¹ He was somewhat placated, however, when he was told that costs were rising to cover transport because the center had started training uncounted numbers of farmers in remote villages. “Outreach is much better,” he intoned sagely.

We all moved to another room, a large space that had many different iron tools for oxen farming lined up against the wall. Some of the tools looked like they had never been used, still painted in crisp Deere green. The visitors demanded prices for each tool. One, called the “Ariana tool bar,” is adjustable to perform several different functions. Sunguvia asked if it was useful. When the director of the center replied that it is not readily available and farmers find it too heavy, Sunguvia began a lecture in Swahili. “Farmers in other places find this tool useful. This is a very important tool, we should not disregard it.

¹¹ The annual funds for oxenization in Iringa region were 2,500,000/= (about \$4200), distributed over three centers. The amount available for the Malangali center was thus less than \$1400. It is not irrelevant (though certainly not original among studies of development) to point out that the cost of flying Sengupta to Tanzania first class from Washington, as quoted by one major airline, is \$10,691.64 – he would have been entitled under Bank policy to fly first class on any trip more than 9 hours from Washington (Caufield 1996: 188-9) – and business class is \$7,575.64. The cost of lodging him in the Dar es Salaam Sheraton was at least \$180 per night (suites run as high as \$500), not including food and transport, and exclusive of his salary and per diems. Such costs are often billed to the loans that must eventually be repaid by the Tanzanian government through levies on the citizens. Noteworthy is how sanctimonious Sengupta was about ensuring the oxenization center was not wasting World Bank money.

Why do we always look first at *the constraints*, that it is in *low supply*, when we should be looking at the advantages? We moved from the digging stick to the hand hoe, now from the hand hoe to the tool bar. This is progress! This is what we need!”

We moved along to look at the 80,000/= weeder. When Sunguvia asked if it was popular equipment, he was told no. When he asked if weeding was a problem, he was told yes. “If weeding is a problem, then farmers shouldn’t find 80,000/= too much! If they compare it to the labor time, the costs of hand weeding... Don’t say it is too expensive until you’ve analyzed *the benefits and the costs*.” He compared estimates that it would take seven days to weed a field by hand that could be done with the ox weeder in three to five hours. “You never think about it! Get someone to do these simple calculations, then you’ll be convinced. How often do the blades need to be changed? When you calculate the costs, if it is five years, you *discount* it every five years... Is the *efficiency* of this one the same as this one? People don’t do things that are in their own interests because they say they are *too expensive*. Like, to vaccinate a chicken, which only costs 1/3 of an egg and the chicken stays healthy and lays many more eggs. But people don’t do the calculations, they only see it as an out-of-pocket expense!” He frowned and shook his head, and continued his lecture as we continued our tour of the facility.

When we went outside to look at the cattle crush, Sunguvia renewed his tirade about cost/ benefit analysis. Administrators over the decades have faced many frustrations in getting cattle vaccinated against the diseases that chronically threaten the East African livestock population. Among reasons that vaccinations have never been entirely successful have been the timely availability of medicines, the technologies of vaccination,

the difficulties of reaching herders in remote rural areas, and of course the reluctance of many cattle owners to having their herds counted for tax purposes. The cattle crush, in which animals are corralled into a tight enclosure in which they can be sprayed, given shots, or castrated, was being touted as an inexpensive alternative to dip tanks. Though the extension staff grumbled that the costs of constructing a crush, including cement, were far too high for most villages, let alone private farmers, the Bank representative thought the investment reasonable.

Sunguvia wrapped up by talking about the IFAD program that loaned enough fertilizer to select farmers to apply to one acre of maize. “This is a *normal review mission* for IFAD,” he said. Although the review team could not visit all four regions in the program, nor every district in a region, nor every participating village in a district, they had learned things from their visit to Malangali and the site they visited the previous day. He injected a positive note. “*Findings*: since December at the beginning of planting season, the pilot is on track. We will see in June, July, what the repayment rate is... Read our report, and then if you don’t agree with it, let us know. Farmers want to know, why do you only loan me money to fund one acre? Because we are trying to reach *the poorest of the poor*. One acre at a time, we can work on poverty alleviation. Poverty eradication, that is too much. There is so much money spent on extension, and when you add up the figures at the end of five years, you find the costs outweigh the benefits... Somebody said 60% of soil erosion in Tanzania is caused by agriculture. I think he’s right. Look at the hills, there is so much

erosion.¹² Extension, seriously, we are not there.”

With that, the visitors said their goodbyes. Sunguvia made a point of taking me aside and inviting me to visit him at his World Bank office in Dar es Salaam, and then he and his companions climbed into their vehicles and drove away. The district officials and Concern staff retired to the center’s office, where the director brought out sodas that had been chilling in a bucket of warm water. “He was very negative,” said one of the extension workers, to general assent. Kinkopella said, “He knew all the problems and had all the solutions.” Eva added, “The target group is the poorest of the poor, how can they afford 80,000/= for a weeder?... How many farmers can have something like this?”¹³

We returned to the large room with the iron implements. About 100 area residents were sitting on benches looking at a thirteen inch television that was playing a video about proper farming methods. Someone held a microphone next to the television. A wire from the mike led to the car with the rooftop speakers, which was backed against a window in order to project sound into the room. The residents had been spared Sunguvia’s lecture, instead being treated to various demonstrations of farming techniques. Few people paid any notice to the TV, which remained inaudible among the sociable

¹² Sunguvia’s complaint about erosion echoes the theme from Chapter 3 that development planners assume environmental degradation in Malangali without looking around. From where we sat there was no obvious visible erosion. We were in fact in the most fertile part of the division, which was abundantly obvious at that time of year and was born out by aerial photos and interviews with residents. The car that brought him would have passed through one area of severe erosion, where road construction through the forest scrub exposed poor soil that regularly degraded the road surface.

¹³ Regrettably, my notes fail to indicate whether she said the phrase “the poorest of the poor” in English or Swahili. Swahili speakers often distinguish between *fukara*, who are the poorest, and *maskini*, who are merely poor. Both of these words came up frequently in conversations about Concern and government development objectives. “The poorest of the poor,” said in English, is a mantra that appears in development literature and is also sometimes injected into Swahili conversations among the cognoscenti.

conversation. Interest returned when the videos ended and we went outside to castrate a bull. Once the excitement was over, area residents drifted off to their homes, and those of us who had come from afar got back into our respective vehicles and were driven home.

Powerlessness

In the previous section, the people of Malangali appear only as shadow characters, the nameless poor in whose name development programs are made to operate. The relations of power between the people in positions to make decisions – Bashford, Porter, Sunguvia, Concern Dublin staff discussed in previous chapters – and the people affected are almost invisible, though, I argue, tangible nonetheless. Malangali residents are, in the imaginations of the people making decisions about them in the abstract, incapable of caring for themselves – that is, their problems arise from their ignorance and lack of capability, rather than from overarching structures that actively perpetuate their poverty. It is this assumed incapacity that mandates the exercise by development agencies of authoritative knowledge.

The structure of power looks somewhat different when we examine the relations between Malangali residents and the development agents who work with them. People working for aid projects on the ground must engage area residents as more than allegorical representatives of the rural poor; they interact with real people who they nevertheless must consider as inadequate if they are to believe they have jobs to do. In this section I explore this relationship, looking both to the ways that the educated African staff of Concern assume the mantel of expertise and the power of authority, and to the ways that area residents have come to accept the legitimacy of African and European experts to

make suggestions to them about how they should conduct their lives. I argue that, rather than resisting much development activity, they accept with relative equanimity the proposition that their lives are in many respects inadequate. While they do not embrace every scheme that development agents put forward, the relative power that they ascribe to those responsible for enacting development precepts is what gives aid organizations the social position to ply their trade.

What follows may be controversial. I propose that three factors tied in with conceptions of power shade the way the people and ideas associated with development are received: education, ethnicity, and race. I see no constant value assigned to ethnicity – it serves as a marker of difference, but does not establish hierarchical expectations – except this: people who are notably ethnic, that is who live in their natal rural areas and speak their mother tongues, often conceive of themselves as less sophisticated and capable, as lacking in development. Education does demarcate a hierarchy, with more educated people seen as more worthy of respect. The most controversial aspect of this section is the argument that race too is a marker of value, with Malangali residents repeatedly asserting that white people are smarter, have created a better world for themselves, and therefore are important to listen and defer to. The implication of these three factors is that rural Malangali residents, in agreement with much European development thought, constitute themselves in many respects as inferior and backward.¹⁴

¹⁴ Angeliqe Haugerud, in private communication, suggests that these opinions may be “at least in part a strategic pose, a dominant onstage discourse” voiced to me as a white person, and that there is a possibility I was not privy to other offstage discourses about Europeans. James Scott, also in private communication, also suggests that these views could be “a largely situational phenomenon, even strategic, deriving from the obvious disparities in power, wealth, and knowledge.” These alternative interpretations may be correct, but they present a

The extension staff with whom I watched Sunguvia's performance in the last scene are the link between people and programs. It is these Tanzanian women and men with whom farmers are most likely to come into regular contact with the development objectives of the state and outside organizations. Malangali is perhaps unusual because of the large number of extension staff working in the division. Neighboring divisions like Sadani, without the resource support of an organization like Concern, have many fewer extension agents with much less organization and fewer clear objectives. Although Malangali may be unusual, the extensive support that Concern has given to the extension system provides an opportunity to look at a situation that approaches the development planners' theoretical ideal. Throughout the country the Tanzanian government hires extension agents – in Malangali, for agriculture, horticulture, forestry, health, community development, livestock, and natural resources. Other areas may also have other specialists, such as minerals or fisheries, and not all areas have, for example, a dedicated horticulturist. Malangali even had a beekeeper extension worker in the late 1980s. These many job categories represent a conceptual regimentation of rural activities. Each activity is perceived as discrete and individually manageable – and markedly deficient.

("Education" involves a separate set of government agencies working in the same locations and often dispensing similar messages through the schools, but usually working with a different subset of the population than the extension staff. Buchert (1994: 160-61), conversely, suggests that many school programs, especially for adults, fall short

methodological paradox: the only way to prove or disprove them is for a member of the educated elite to be present at conversations that would not occur were a member of the educated elite to be present. Personally, I hope that such a counter-narrative exists to the sections that follow.

because they use general texts, from the 1970s, that are not relevant for the particular economic and agricultural opportunities available to residents of given localities.) The same household may receive advice from extension workers in each of the sectors addressed locally, while other households may remain at the peripheries of all the active extension circles.

Education Education is highly valued in Tanzania, and extremely hard to come by. While primary school is widely available (though becoming prohibitively expensive as a result of Structural Adjustment), only about one in twenty-five students who finish their primary education can get a seat in secondary school (see footnote, page 177). Opportunities for post-secondary education are even more dear. Most Form 4 graduates, the equivalent of about 10th grade in the US, are unable to continue with their schooling. Tanzanian secondary students all sit for a national exam at the end of Form 4. Based on scores from those tests, the government assigns those who pass to particular schools for further education. The extension staff are usually people who have received some post-secondary education in a specialization of the government's choosing.¹⁵ Extension staff usually scored lower on their exams than secondary teachers, and perhaps expressed a preference for extension over training to be primary teachers. As students they spend 2 or 3 years in a diploma program, then serve their time in the National

¹⁵ The highest scorers have the option of continuing through Forms 5 and 6, after which those with money can continue to University if they pass the Form 6 exam. Other students are assigned to teacher training programs, or to training programs for specific extension fields. For example Mr. Loti, the physics teacher at Malangali Secondary School, had a science concentration in his secondary studies, but was not able to continue to University. He was appointed to a training program for physics teachers, and will probably continue with this job for his entire life. That he does not like either physics or teaching is immaterial. This is the job the government assigned him, and his only other career option is to return to the north and herd cattle with his father.

Service. The government then assigns graduates to job openings anywhere in the country. All rural residents know how hard it is to cause a child to be educated (a peculiar verb construct in English, Swahili employs not one but two verbs in frequent use: *kusomesha* and *kuelimisha*), how hard both parents and child must have worked to secure the diploma; education is “rightly considered by the wide population to be the most important means of social mobility and an access card to wider social opportunities” (Buchert 1994: 107).

Education denotes status and prestige in part because it is attainable to an elite within every community. Staff may consider themselves and be considered intellectually superior to the “peasants” among whom they work, but these non-educated people are inherently similar to their own parents and siblings. Of course, people may note that the superior position of extension staff is in part due to individual luck during the examination process, but few dispute that respect is due to both the lucky and the smart. Rural residents refer to the trained rural development personnel not as “extension workers,” which is how they are discussed in English-language government and aid agency documents, but as “experts,” *wataalam*. Notably, extension staff use the same word to describe themselves.¹⁶

Although extension staff usually come from families similar to those in Malangali, they often speak of uneducated rural residents in language similar to the European constructions of the African farmer. It is a contention of this dissertation that these

¹⁶ In English, the term “development expert” usually refers to a university-educated expatriate who jets around the world dispensing wisdom about problems in places like Malangali. As with Swahili, the use of the term in English has not-so-subtle connotations of superiority.

sentiments, presented in codifying government and Concern documents such as those detailed in earlier chapters, are often serious misreadings of the situations faced by Malangali residents. It is interesting, therefore, that within the process of becoming educated the staff must replace some of what they know about rural Tanzanian life. They do not entirely discard the knowledge with which they grew up, instead having multiple roles as implementers of externally-designed programs and insiders knowledgeable about local lives and strategies. When acting in their official capacities, however, my observations in many situations show that they preference the scriptures of their education and their employers.¹⁷ Education sets development staff apart both through the higher status it accords and through the way it initiates its members into a particular realm of thinking about rural Tanzanians.

Ethnicity¹⁸ Ethnicity is an important marker by which people categorize themselves and others, but the ways it is invoked are ambiguous and shifting. For this discussion it is important to note that two main ethnic groups live intermingled in Malangali division, the Wahehe and the Wabena. Their languages are very similar, the practices they consider traditional differ in only a few respects, and their histories point toward a common ancestor (Lucas 1997, Redmayne 1961, Mumford 1930, Culwick and

¹⁷ In many instances the extension staff may know that area residents simply will not follow a particular extension message, often because the message itself is inappropriate. In such cases, I have witnessed extension workers modify the message to be palatable to the people they are working among, but report back to their superiors that they have delivered the message as the superiors intended the message to be received. I do not mean to suggest that the ways educated “experts” assimilate their local and their book knowledge is anything but complex.

¹⁸ The concept herein referred to as “ethnicity,” *kabila* in Swahili, is usually translated as “tribe.” *Kabila* are generally distinguished by a common mother tongue, of which Tanzania has more than 120.

Culwick 1935). Bena are considered as immigrants to the area, many families having moved from the more solidly Bena areas to the south at various points in the past 50 years. Intermarriage is common, with ethnic identity normally adhering to the father's line. Tension between the groups does not exist. Stereotypes about the ethnic groups, however, are well known and frequently mentioned. Although people usually agree that the stereotypes break down upon individual inspection, Hehe are said to drink more and work less than their Bena brethren.¹⁹ On the other hand, people point to many powerful Hehe figures, both historical and contemporary, including the last king to resist German colonization and his grandson, a famous speaker of the Tanzanian parliament. The discourse on ethnicity in Malangali is anything but unified.

On one aspect related to ethnicity, however, area residents seem to be in agreement. Those who live "on the farm" (*shambani*), especially those in "traditional" housing (mud walls and thatch roofs, of which each ethnic group holds a particular

¹⁹ Many self-identified Hehe subscribe to this view of their group as lazy drunks. In a phenomenon I call ethnicity as excuse, I propose that people sometimes invoke the negative stereotypes of their own ethnic group as a way to get away with behavior that is generally seen as undesirable – and for which members of other ethnic groups, who may engage in the behavior at similar rates, must bear individual responsibility for violating social norms. Thus a Hehe or an Irishman can drink the night away and then plead ethnic predisposition, while a Bena or a Jew would have to fess up to a personal weakness; conversely, a Chagga or a Jew can engage in miserly business tactics and rationalize it as within their nature, while someone who identifies as Maasai or Irish would have to come up with some other explanation for stingy pursuit of the bottom line. Ethnic markers, even those seen as negative, arise from an interplay of external and internal attribution.

In the WIS research we sought to determine whether there was any discernable difference between how Hehe and Bena residents interacted with program messages – many extension staff proposed that Bena would have adopted more of the Concern program – and found absolutely no correlation. (Granted, we did not have data that was thorough enough to subject to rigorous statistical tests; we simply eyeballed ethnic identity in relation to other factors, such as tree planting or vegetable gardening, and saw that the numbers were essentially the same.) When I discussed ethnicity with area residents, they would usually end up pointing to just as many hard-working Hehe or drunken Bena as vice versa. If, however, I arrived at someone's house at 8:30 in the morning to find a drinking party well underway, I could expect to be told that such was the Hehe way, if indeed the majority in attendance were Hehe.

architecture as authentic) who speak the mother tongue, often assert that they have not progressed as far as their more cosmopolitan, less notably ethnic relatives. Language here is key. People refer to their mother tongue, whether Hehe, Bena, or Chagga, as *kilugha*, “the little language.”²⁰ While some elders speak *kilugha* exclusively, most adults are comfortable in both Swahili and their mother tongue.²¹ In house after house, though children are able to follow discussions in *kilugha*, they are encouraged to speak only Swahili. Thus, Ernesti Kidenya, a boy in second grade, speaks only Swahili while his grandmother speaks only Bena, but the two communicate perfectly and even share a bed. Mama Jema, who is raising toddlers of her own and of her eldest daughter, explained that she wants the children to succeed in school and to get jobs away from the farm. She therefore has them speak only Swahili, which she says is the language of progress. The children follow their parents’ cues, shunning *kilugha* even when playing among themselves. Area residents are certainly not seeking to abandon entirely their ethnic identities, but they do seek to play down or eliminate certain associations with a past they see as retrogressive and intertwined with ethnicity and rurality.²²

²⁰ *Ki* is the diminutive prefix that, when placed in front of nouns from certain classes usually indicates a smaller or lesser version of the normal item, such as *lugha*, language. *Ki* is also the generic prefix to indicate that the noun in question is a language, so that *Kihehe* is the Hehe language and *Kifaransa* is the French language. I translate the *ki* in *kilugha* as a diminutive, not as a replicator, because people never use any term other than simply *lugha* when speaking of major languages like Swahili, Arabic, or English.

²¹ The ways people in Malangali move around among languages are many and fascinating. They are also beyond the scope of this work. Similar issues are given insightful treatment in Susan Cook’s 1999 dissertation about language and identity in a South African “homeland.”

²² The findings of Maddox and Giblin (1996: 2-3) support this contention. They write, “In the political discussions which take place in rural homesteads, markets and schools, not to mention in the bars and offices of the cities, one often encounters an implicit distinction between national institutions, which are assumed to be able to effect change and improvement, and the villages, ‘clans’ or ‘tribes’ of the countryside, which are regarded as obstacles to development and progress.”

Most Malangali expert staff are distinguished from area residents by their membership in ethnic groups from other parts of the country. Educated staff in the mid 1990s, including teachers and hospital personnel, came from at least 30 different ethnic groups. At least a dozen self-identified Chagga families alone lived in Mwilavila, including the Concern Program Coordinator, a community development worker, an agriculture extension worker, several teachers, a nurse, and police officers.²³ These Chagga celebrated holidays together and relied on each other for mutual support and favors. Staff were also labeled among area residents by ethnicity; a common response to a question about whether a household had been visited by Silayo, an agriculture extension worker, for example, might be, “Oh, that Chagga woman?” No enmity came with such labels – Silayo was likely to be sent home from farm visits with small gifts of eggs or vegetables. The only sign of interethnic antagonism that I witnessed came when one speaker at a campaign rally implied that voters in the 1995 election should be careful of selecting Mrema, the opposition leader who is Chagga, lest he later withhold opportunities from other groups. Everyone understood the coding of the speech, but ethnicity did not end up being a factor in why people later said they voted one way or another.²⁴ As with Hehe

²³ Chagga are the primary ethnic group around Mt. Kilimanjaro. Fertile land, coffee farming opportunities, and convenient location along trade routes to the interior all contributed to early prosperity for their region. Subsequent educational opportunities meant that many who called themselves Chagga were prepared to occupy government and business positions after independence. Many Chagga speakers today find that opportunities are better away from Kilimanjaro, where land is expensive and many employment niches are already filled. (Falk Moore 1986). When ethnic Chagga resident in Malangali would meet, they would usually exchange greetings warmly in Kichagga, then converse in Swahili. Their children have no facility in any language but Swahili.

²⁴ Mrema and the local NCCR parliamentary candidate got about 40% of the vote in Malangali Division in these first multiparty elections. The governing CCM party had much stronger local organization and many people who have been loyal supporters for their entire lives.

and Bena identity, people have ambivalent feelings about membership in other ethnic groups.

I suggest that membership in an external ethnic group might confer membership in a wider group that figures high in national rhetoric and to which many aspire: a pan-Tanzanian identity that is less locally cloistered, more cosmopolitan. Experts from other groups are not “one of us;” they are uncomfortably integrated into the local social fabric. Yet they are worthy of respect, both because of their education and, I submit, because they transcend the local – they embody *maendeleo*, progress and development. An example is Mr. Loti, the physics teacher who has lived in Mwilavila for about a decade. He has children with an Isimikinyi woman with whom he has lived for about eight years. They had a church wedding in 1996. The many speeches at the wedding reception were about welcoming this man from far away into local society. Within the disavowals of difference lay many reaffirmations of his rhetorically deposed outsider status. People were happy to welcome him into the community, happy that a local daughter was marrying a man with status and a salary. At the same time, they repeatedly noted how difficult it was for someone from another group to truly become an insider. The result was that they did not wholeheartedly embrace Mr. Loti as an individual – but by building “modern” houses, raising their children to speak only Swahili, and consuming those development messages they find appropriate, they have embraced a vision of progress that he represents.

While the pan-Tanzanian identity of the expert staff may accord them and their messages more respect among Malangali residents, it may also contribute to a degree of scorn many educated workers hold for local farmers. I many times have heard disparaging

remarks from staff about the ignorance of area residents, often in conjunction with references to their ethnicity. Jokes about ethnicity are frequent and biting, with Shirima, who is Chagga and Program Coordinator for Concern, among the most aggressive jokers. Veiled ethnic prejudices combine with the higher status the extension staff feel from their education and position as salaried experts. It is not unfair to suggest they see themselves as a breed apart from the farmers around them. The sense of superiority many exhibit corresponds to the respect they are granted by area residents, with the result that they assume positions of power beyond what might arise just from their job descriptions.

Examples of the powerful positions in which expert staff found themselves cropped up regularly during my field research. In some cases the power clearly derived from the control that the staff held over resources, but in other cases the crucial fact was the social agreement about who was entitled to deference. Local authorities often appeared before Concern personnel as supplicants for aid activities within their villages, such as repairs to the water system. In such cases who controlled the resources was paramount, so that a respected elder would have to humbly beseech a younger expert with no base of local support for the items necessary to achieve some village objective. At other times, though, resources were not directly at issue. Chairs would be provided for educated staff at functions where everyone else sat on the ground, or seats made available inside a jalopy for a staffer's wife. Opinions would be sought out, or provided unsolicited, on subjects that did not at all pertain to a worker's expertise, often at village meetings to which the worker would be invited as *mgeni rasmi*, the guest of honor. I would often find visits to the homes of extension staff interrupted by people coming to ask for their advice about schooling for

their children or accomplishing some business or personal objective. Expert staff, through education and cosmopolitan experience having shed the backward rural associations of ethnicness, are powerful people in Malangali. The positions of social authority that they are accorded are integrally tied to the ways that area residents receive development messages and notions of progress.

Race While African development staff differ from most local residents in education and ethnicity, the expatriates with whom aid is always associated also differ by dint of race. In this section I detail the attributes people project onto race in the aid interaction.²⁵ I propose that people assign to color not only difference but also value. Some of my most impassioned arguments with Tanzanians have been about the subject of race. The viewpoints many Malangali residents have expressed to me are, frankly, frankly racist. They argue that whites ought to be accorded the respect and authority necessary to undertake development initiatives because they have proven themselves more capable and more clever. Many – but by no means all – expatriates working in Tanzanian aid share this perspective to some degree. Through this popular viewpoint, in which whites have resources to dispense as aid because their inherent abilities have generated surfeit and expertise, Malangali residents are constituted as inferior and expatriates are vested the legitimacy to interject themselves as locally powerful.

Many of the scenes presented in this dissertation are “Eureka!” moments, occasions when something was made apparent to me that I had not previously noticed. The

²⁵ Race, as Jonathan Marks shows well (1996), is a scientifically meaningless term. Here I employ his argument that race is socially meaningful inasmuch as people ascribe meaning to it and act accordingly.

discussions I report in this section are quite the opposite. People began brandishing their theories of race before me almost the day I arrived. I resisted giving credence to their notions, resisted even writing them in my journal for many months. It was only the steady drumroll of such conversations that accreted into my forcing myself to write down and take seriously the arguments that follow. The notion that many Malangali residents agree with, are in fact active proponents of, racist theories of white supremacy ought not sit well with people who have a basis for refuting the underlying premises. Yet I feel it important to present this notion, because it helps explain why area residents can constitute themselves as inadequate. Although people reject many aid schemes handily upon examination, they are willing to entertain most new aid initiatives until they prove preposterous – in no small part, I argue, because such initiatives are associated with attributes of whiteness to which people assign a positive value.

A conversation in 1998 with Mama Rehema was not unusual, except in the detail she gave to her theories. I began by asking her a version of the questions with which I open this chapter, questions that I had already puzzled over in earlier drafts. She replied first by expounding how people initially came to have different roles, an explanation steeped in her Lutheran catechism. The Tower of Babel, she said, was a situation in which people of all kinds mixed and chaos ensued. It was proved at Babel that different people were better at different things, and that everyone was better off when they specialized in what they were good at. Black people, she continued, were good at farming, while white people were better at things like science and business. When Babel fell apart, everybody went their own ways. White people went to Europe and developed

themselves, while black people went to Africa and stayed just as they were. Then white people started coming to Africa, because their scientific knowledge was needed. “We get better yields today,” she said, “because whites were able to figure out what fertilizers to apply and how to best farm the fields. Would we have ever developed the science to make fertilizer? No, they even had to bring in the fertilizers they were already using in Europe, then use their science to see which ones were the best for our fields.”

Before the whites came, she continued, Tanzanians had no education, and therefore no chance at progress. Whites built the schools, taught the teachers, brought the books. Even carpentry was an import. Jesus was a carpenter 2000 years ago, but when, she asks, did we start to use hammer and nails? Religion, too, was something that white people taught. She asks, without white missionaries bringing the Bible, would we ever have learned the true word of God?

Whites are superior not just in knowledge, Mama Rehema went on, but also in values. “Look what happens when an African gets a cow,” she instructed me. “Africans prefer to count their cows. Even if a man’s herd grows to 3000 cows, he’ll live in a mud shack and wear rags. If he just sold one cow, he could live well, take care of his needs. Does he? No! He won’t even part with one cow, even though some of his herd will die of disease anyway. Whites know how to invest, they would sell half their cows and start a business. If we did this ourselves, we would have development.”

On another day, in 1996, I flagged a ride on the main road to get back to Malangali after some business in Iringa town. For the next 90 minutes I talked with the chatty young entrepreneur who had stopped for me. He would not have stopped for a

black hitchhiker, he told me, because once a woman he gave a ride to nicked his wallet. He had a business commissioning crafts from African artisans and selling them for tremendous markups to Europeans. He had been to Europe several times, and had extensive dealings with Europeans in Dar-es-Salaam. He asserted that whites are smarter than Africans. I objected that I knew plenty of stupid whites, but before I could develop my argument through the example of Ronald Reagan, he laid out his own case. Sure there are whites who are not so smart, he said, but only about 50%. The other 50% are very smart. Among Africans, you have some very smart people, but only about one in 100. The other 99, he said, are either average or stupid. His evidence was that people choose to live in the villages, drink, and farm. He asks, why don't they go out and start businesses like him? But in Europe, look at all the businesses. People learn how to profit, he asserted, not because they have more opportunities at education or capital, but because they have better mental capacities to take advantage of these opportunities.

These sentiments were echoed in various forms by countless people I talked with. People note that white people's material things are better, be they watches, shoes, seeds, or furniture – a view that is reinforced for those who see the ever-more-common movies that show the glamour in which many are led to assume all white people live. White people are also said to have better habits. I have been to dozens of meetings where latecomers were chastised for their sloth, and the punctuality of the white man held up as the model for all to emulate. Also to be emulated are white knowledgeability, religiosity, and honesty. The construction of my house provides a case study for the later value. The many tasks involved several contractors for providing bricks, digging, building, roofing,

plastering, and more. Each time I entered into negotiations, my friends and advisors went to extraordinary lengths to make sure that I would not be cheated: all estimates were surreptitiously triple-checked to ensure they were in line with what African residents would pay, and all work would be completed before payments were made. Although the contractors were all found through networks of friends and neighbors, I was repeatedly told that no man was to be trusted implicitly. Except me. Nobody ever doubted that I would pay what I promised when I promised to pay it. Why was I, only a couple of years resident in the area, to be trusted when lifelong residents were not? Simply, in their long experience in Malangali, whites have been shown to be scrupulously honest.

Whites have also shown themselves to be especially capable when they choose to do something locally. The major local institutions, the Malangali Secondary School and the Catholic and Lutheran churches, represent significant accomplishments of white initiative. When I argue that these were all built with the sweat of local labor, area residents turn the point around; we have the physical ability, I am told, but we did not accomplish large tasks without the spark and organization of the foreigner. The water system is further evidence, not only of whites' technological capability, but also of their ability to succeed where the Tanzanian government had proved an abject failure. People regularly came to me for advice on everything from gems to gastritis, often hoping I as a white man could get their problems quickly resolved. When, sitting with some friends over tea one afternoon, I sarcastically promised to get some problems with the water system fixed the next day, everyone smiled that the problem was finally being placed in the right hands. I went on that I would build a bridge that the village had long been

seeking, because I was white. Only a couple of people caught on that I was teasing. Because I was white, I continued, I would pave the road to Mbalamaziwa, I would build a factory and provide jobs for everyone, I would supply everyone with fertilizer. Finally, I crescendoed, I would bring electricity, because I am white! We all writhed with laughter, but the absurdity of the pronouncement made something clear: were a white person to make such promises seriously, they would be taken seriously.

I do not propose that whites as individuals are the object of special veneration. Quite the contrary, individual Europeans are often seen as physically weak, bossy, demanding, irrational, stingy, uncaring, selfish, petty, and aloof. Whites in Tanzania have many of the qualities of children, unable to take care of such basic tasks as cooking, farming, and caring for their young. Many cannot even learn Swahili, which (unlike English, a language everyone knows to require much cleverness) any child can master. With a few notable exceptions (including some Concern employees), most whites I know in Tanzania end up living in separate spheres, regardless of intention. They become involved in overseas work for reasons similar to the charitable urges that motivate giving to international aid (and also out of a quest for adventure), and often with similarly little solid knowledge about the people they will meet. The experiences many Europeans have, living in expatriate enclaves, speaking only with people they can understand linguistically and because of a similar background, do little to cause them to respect local residents. Many show scorn for Tanzanian citizens, voicing impressions, as did some Belgian aid employees, that Africans are untrustworthy, lazy, slow, inefficient, illogical, and undependable. The interaction between black and white is therefore filled with mutual

prejudice, and sometimes even mutual hostility. Yet the ways that race is essentialized by both African and European end up elevating the actions proposed by whites to positions of preeminence. Whites are, most agree, different and alien – and power resides in that difference.

“Good morning, teacher,” children call out to any white person they see. “Gooda munnin teech,” their younger siblings shout. The cry echoes down the street, perhaps down every footpath in Tanzania. The shout is raised the moment a white person is spotted, much like the tourist call upon spotting wild game on a safari, and can continue until the white person disappears from sight. Bolder youth shout out: “Give me one hundred.” Of all that children might have thought to shout at the often not-so-uncommon spotting of a European, around the country they have settled on these two. Teacher or money tree. Bearer of instruction or bearer of resources. Not a day went by when I was not approached by someone for a handout. The English that students learn in primary school is the most rudimentary: “table,” “food,” and for advanced students “this is a house.” Yet in 1992 children called to the passing white person, “Giva me ten.” During the next several years, even on remote mountainsides, that figure climbed with inflation.

What, then, do Europeans want in a place like Malangali? The people I talked with were puzzled – sometimes by having to address the question, sometimes by the answers they groped for. With missionaries it is easy; they want to save souls for Jesus. The missionaries make no bones about this goal, and when they have a convert they are quick to teach them to go save more of their brethren. Development agency personnel are not so easy to figure out. Most people do not spend much time worrying about it.

Expatriates *are*. They are part of the landscape, as much a fact of life in Tanzania as baboons and rain, and similarly imponderable. Whites are in a place like Malangali because that is what they do. They come to teach or bring resources, then they go home to their world of wealth.

Although Europeans are tangential to the social order, the work they do continues to have effects. Unlike baboons, whites must be listened to. As shown in previous chapters, people have many reasons for not doing everything development personnel tell them they ought, but the whites are always given an audience. Given that they are undeniably aliens to whom no social allegiance exists, why does anyone bother to pay any attention to them?²⁶ The association of whites with values and goods that many people find desirable provides some of the answer.

Authority and legitimacy

I further suggest that Europeans have a legitimacy of authority irrespective of color that corresponds to models that have long been culturally transmitted through much of Tanzania. To understand why whites are given the time of day in rural Tanzania, and thus why organizations such as Concern are able to have the effects they do, we must examine Tanzanian concepts and exertions of power today and in the past. I argue that in Tanzania legitimacy of authority comes from the ability to deliver the goods. As long as

²⁶ Parker Shipton's discussion of loans in Western Kenya (1992) has analogs in Malangali. He describes how people institute complex loan arrangements among kin and friends. The farther outside of the individual's sphere of affinity and social sanction, the less hurriedly the loan will be repaid. The consequence is that people feel neither a social incentive nor a compelling need to repay debts to government or international bodies. While lack of allegiance helps explain why aid seldom has the consequences intended, however, it leaves open the question of why people are willing to accept the interventions of outsiders to begin with.

development organizations bring resources into their areas, they are acting in ways – however irrational – that grant them the legitimacy to continue.

Steven Feierman details in *Peasant Intellectuals* a history of power in the northern Usambara mountains that explains elements common to many Tanzanian societies. In his discussion Feierman discusses the relations of various Shambaa kings with their citizens and the emerging central state. Usambara residents had specific criteria that led them to accept or reject particular rulers and their regimes. Feierman highlights a striking image: “in earlier years... the women spent the day cultivating the famous chief’s farm. As they walked home, hoes on their shoulders, they were drenched to the skin with wonderful rain, the chief’s reward for their labors” (Feierman 1990: 245). People are content with a regime if it can ensure stability, whether steady rains or steady markets. A ruler who is not able to produce elemental prosperity is not doing his job (gendered pronoun intentional) and should be replaced. A despot is tolerable as long as conditions remain generally okay. Legitimacy is harmony: a good ruler brings good times, and good times indicate appropriate leadership.²⁷

Tanzanians do not define good times by cornucopia, but rather by stability. The government is not responsible for individual welfare, but instead for creating the conditions in which people can secure their own well-being. Part of this is an

²⁷ This observation is not unique to Tanzania. Despite daily news stories alleging that President Bill Clinton was a womanizing liar, his job approval ratings continued to climb. The Washington press corps were astounded that few people would call for the President’s scalp. The economy, however, was producing more jobs, lower inflation, and higher stock market levels than ever before. Television interviews with average citizens repeatedly showed that people had no propensity for moral outrage against a leader presiding over such robust prosperity.

environment free of violent tension. In this people credit the CCM government, and especially Nyerere, for the elimination of interethnic competition, and for regional peace as a result of the decisive war in Uganda. Second are conditions in which crops can thrive, meaning adequate rainfall and markets. Finally people look to the additional resources government can bring to enhance material conditions.

Interesting to me is that most people in Malangali do not hold the central government responsible for the material decline in their living standards about which they complain. The sudden expense of health care and lack of medicines in the 1990s, the price rises in school fees and fertilizer, the elimination of the state price supports for grain, none of these topics of daily discussion are blamed on President Mkapa or his predecessors. I asked interviewees about their reasons for supporting CCM in the 1995 elections. Their reasons had to do with peace, with satisfaction that the party is doing the best it can, or with loyalty to the organization that brought them through independence. A substantial minority did vote for the opposition, complaining about economic conditions and a party that has not made them better off in 30 years. Yet even these voters did not complain about the sorts of things, including financial shenanigans, that would have Americans calling for impeachment.

The Hehe kingdom was united through a system of tribute. Subjects paid tribute to their chiefs through gifts (often livestock) or service, and chiefs paid tribute to the king with cattle or the service of local men. A ruler who produced good conditions received large amounts of tribute, while the withdrawal of tribute signaled a vote of no confidence in the administration. The shifting alliances of groups in and around the Hehe kingdom

in the time before colonialism were symbolized by these tributary relationships. Malangali was at the borders of the Hehe territory.²⁸ A strong king could demand tribute, and would receive it when his power was sufficient. A weak king could not extract tribute from the farther reaches. In an assuredly oversimplified picture of political dynamics, kings were weak when times were bad and subjects refused to send soldiers (what Feierman calls resistance (1990: 50)), and were conversely strong when times were good and subjects were eager to support their central benefactor. I knew all this because of book learning, but did not think the ethno-histories had much relevance in contemporary political culture. I was quite surprised, therefore, by the activities surrounding the December 1996 visit of President Mkapa to Malangali.

President Mkapa traveled as far as Ihowanza village, where he had three orders of business. First he cut the ribbon on the “completed” water system, then he opened a new building for the local CCM chapter, and finally he opened a store and restaurant for the women’s group. Were I writing a piece of fiction about this dissertation topic, I could not have dreamed a better scene: The Irish country director for Concern, just out of his car from Dar-es-Salaam, stood in a small group with two other whites from the city offices and a couple of senior African staff. The director read a short speech in English welcoming the president, explained the history of the NGO and its close cooperation with the government, and expressed gratitude to the president for the honor of his attention. The president then read a speech where he thanked the Europeans for their help, exhorted the

²⁸ Walsh (1984: 36-52) presents perhaps the clearest history of tribute relationships and shifting politics from the near-precolonial era through the 1916 British defeat of the Germans, for the region around Malangali where allegiances to Sangu, Hehe, and Bena leaders were the subject of intense rivalry, and often open warfare.

few people within earshot to produce such projects even without outside help, and filled an orange bucket with water the engineer had spent days ensuring would flow.

Meanwhile dark pregnant storm clouds massed overhead, though, despite my wishes for the perfect narrative event, on this day they did not unload their moisture to begin the farming season.

The president's motorcade left Malangali in a haze of dust and continued on to Mafinga town (70 kilometers, on the main highway). There he greeted an assembly of important people from each division in Mufindi District. Government officials from village chairmen on up, as well as government staff such as extension workers, had been trucked in for the event. Before his visit every citizen had been required to contribute 200/= for the 30,000,000/= (\$50,000) expense of a three day presidential trip to Iringa Region. Now there were speeches extolling the president and his government. He was thanked for the attention he was affording the people of Iringa and the caring he displayed by honoring them with a visit. Then he was given gifts. Each division presented him with a cow, except Malangali. Because Malangali had received the special honor of the president coming all the way to our remote villages, we gave him two cows. (As with all local taxes, I paid my "contribution.") People were excited to learn that we had trumped all the other divisions, though disappointed that the gifts did not get mentioned in the newspapers the following day, copies of the which reached us in less than a week. I asked Yuster about the gifts. Did he receive such gifts wherever he went? Of course, people would be certain to contribute. What did he do with these cows? He has a private herd that he will use when he retires, and sometimes he gives a cow to be

slaughtered on a great occasion, she answered. I do not know if this is actually true, but it is what people say. When I objected that in the United States political figures cannot accept gifts more expensive than a necktie, Yuster suggested our system is the peculiar one. The president deserves gratitude if he leads his country well.

A Fergusonian analysis of the presidential visit would suggest that the ceremony neatly encapsulates the state's use of the NGO to extend its reach to the most remote corners of its territory. The state in this case offers the NGO minor recognition for its work, then is in a position to exert more control over its people with the water system it now runs. To use the terminology of intellectual discourse about Tanzania, such a program enables the state to "capture the peasantry" (Hyden 1980, Kimambo 1990) I have an alternative interpretation, with which I conclude this chapter.

Austerity and the abdication of authority

The Tanzanian government, like most in the non-prosperous world, has high ideals and higher debts. Even those governments such as Tanzania that genuinely wish to see their ideals translated into action are largely unable to do so because of their financial straits. Without IMF support these governments have no way of getting money on the international market. They therefore have little choice but to follow the strictures of the Breton Woods institutions. The leaders of both leading national parties struck surprisingly similar chords in our interviews. Both spoke with frustration at the debt burden that cripples government initiative, but both also spoke of the inevitable need to bring policies in line with the external mandates. Their overall goals remain the ones originally expressed by Nyerere – prosperity through self-reliance. Though the IMF mandates are restrictive, leaders are able

to speak of the new policies as though they are alternative paths toward the same destination.

Little about Tanzania's structural adjustment is unique, which is exactly the point for a blanket policy designed in Washington for impoverished debtor nations. State-run industries are being privatized, marketing boards dismantled, price supports and subsidies removed. "Social spending," the great evil of Reagan's America, is a target for large cuts, which in Tanzania affects the health and education "sectors." Government employees have been sacked by the tens of thousands, including members of all the extension services active in Malangali. Revenue collection has been slated to increase, including new fees for many government services such as education, and new or raised license fees for everything from water to bicycles to home-brew clubs to small kiosks. All of these policies have been underway for several years, with repercussions noticeable in many aspects of village conditions. Austerity is the government's only option.

Into this situation of belts tightened beyond the last notch enter outside development agencies. Once an agency is matched to an area, it officially works in close cooperation with local and regional government in implementation of national goals. In practice the agency that brings the resources makes most decisions about how those resources are to be used. For Concern and Danida, most practical budget decisions are made at the Iringa offices in consultation with local managers and overseas directives. Government is given the option to approve the proposals or reject the aid. I have never seen project proposals that are rejected by government, though I have witnessed involvement of regional administrators that can only be called cosmetic. Once an outside

agency has been granted government permission to work in an area, it is able to proceed with almost complete autonomy, provided it does not antagonize important people and that it greases the right wheels.²⁹

Beneath the rhetoric of agency/ government cooperation, then, lies a system of autonomous zones of administration. These zones can be conceptual, such as health care in Iringa Region, or they can be more territorial, such as Concern activities in Malangali and Ismani divisions. In territories such as Malangali, the agency took on responsibilities that went far beyond mere assistance. Concern called village meetings, they formed committees, they requisitioned “participatory” communal labor (for digging ditches for pipes, fixing roads, building edifices) and hired day laborers, they delivered handouts (seeds, seedlings, school supplies, cash for attending meetings), they built schools and dispensaries, they assisted in taxing, policing (especially with transporting officers on investigations), they even came through in emergencies with petrol, transport, or material goods. They set policy, both priorities for action and methods for achieving goals. Although both Concern and government would deny it, the agency became quasi-governmental. The government ceded vast chunks of its functions to Concern. I suggest that austerity has forced the formerly activist government to abrogate its responsibilities

²⁹ In 1992 I visited the offices of one bilateral aid project in northern Tanzania at which a Tanzanian civil servant described for me just how insidious a development project can be. He told of one time when representatives of a corporation that builds tractors arrived at his office. They suggested that he write a request for five new tractors as part of an aid request from the Tanzanian government to their home government; he was assured that their government would approve the grant. When he objected that the project did not need new tractors, and in fact already had too many from that company, he was persuaded to reconsider. His inducement was a three week study tour to the donor country. The company made their sale, the cost of the tractors was included in the budget with which the donor country brags to the world of its generosity, home-country workers and shareholders for that corporation benefitted, and five new tractors sit rusting in a storage shed in the northern highlands.

throughout much of the Tanzanian countryside. (Inefficiency, corruption, and occasional incompetence have also affected the government's ability to do its job.) The government does not use development agencies to capture a peasantry it has not yet reached. Rather, it gives up control over areas where it is well established, in tacit admission that it is unable to accomplish on its own the objectives it has promised – and that individual civil servants mostly believe in. Because the government has no resources of its own and is prohibited by the IMF from the sorts of expenditures that outside agencies engage in, it gives over governmental control to those parties that show by the resources they commit that they are able to assume it. These decisions on a national level are a strategy to minimize the government's impotence, not to expand its power.

To make my case I refer briefly to Malangali and its neighboring division Sadani. Concern was active in Malangali for a decade while Sadani remained without much outside attention. Consequently extension services and staff were minimal or non-existent throughout most of Sadani division, though division residents seemed as ready as people in Malangali to evaluate any new projects funded by outsiders that might be imminent.³⁰ Both divisions share the same district and regional government. Mufindi district only has six divisions, so in theory the fact that Malangali was under the auspices of Concern meant more district resources could be directed toward Sadani. During the decade from 1985, however, the district government hardly even had the money for petrol for the district commissioner to visit the villages. The commissioner was not waiting for

³⁰ See page 215 for a discussion around a spring in Sadani, where two women waiting in line to collect water speculated casually that the presence of two people from afar, including one white man, might signal a water development project to come.

some external savior to come do for Sadani what Concern did for Malangali, he simply had no ability to implement any of the sorts of projects administered by the NGO. Conversely, in Malangali he got out of the way of the program. On his occasional visits he would stop at the program office, where he would be respectfully received and updated on local activities. He did not as far as I could tell try to direct the program activities other than to ask that he be kept apprised of important developments. On the other hand, he ran meetings where he extolled the work of the program and urged village governments to work toward the goals that Concern delineated. In Mufindi district, the only way for government to achieve the semblance of governance was to abdicate many of its duties.

The situation was reversing itself in June 1998. Concern's pullout from Malangali left many skilled extension workers without resources or a structure to carry out their work. Meanwhile, Danida was completing plans to expand its environmental development projects to Sadani Division. The Danida package resembles the Concern program, except with an emphasis on watershed management. In anticipation of the Danida activity, many former Concern extension staff had been moved to Mafinga and placed on ice. They were about to move to Sadani and begin doing almost the same work they used to do in Malangali, which meanwhile is left with neither their extension expertise nor a government capable of working toward government development objectives.

Rural residents expressed no confusion about why Concern should take its quasi-governmental role. The agency had the resources and the willingness to use them. Legitimate authority devolves on the body that shows it can produce results – first

stability, then minimal conditions for prosperity. Concern demonstrated that it could administer both. It was therefore accorded the respect of legitimate authority. Nobody questioned the agency's close association with aspects of policing or taxation, nor its mandatory labor requirements, just as nobody questioned its right to bring in expensive pipes or to fix bridges or pay staff salaries or provide advice. As long as the agency was willing to take on governmental responsibility, both government and area residents were willing to vest that authority in them.

The many layers of power and authority that influence what ends up happening in the development interaction in places like Malangali are so complex as to be almost unseeable, yet I argue they are real. Unlike the conceptual links that cause Concern planners, for example, to pay more attention to the abstract writings of academics *about* African women than to the voices of Malangali women themselves, the people discussed in this chapter have real interpersonal connections about which most remain unaware. Within these connections, no one individual has the authority to make all decisions. The decisions that each person makes, however, are constrained by the people vested with greater power at higher rungs within the development machinery. Ian Porter during his years heading the World Bank mission in Dar, for example, could essentially control the level of spending that the Tanzanian government could devote to social services; Howard Dalzell in Dublin could not influence Porter's decision, but could decide how much of Concern's resources would be directed toward providing the social services in Malangali that the World Bank was insuring would not be available through public funds; Paul Murphy in Iringa could decide how the budget that Dublin decided would be available for

Malangali would be allocated among specific projects; the various program managers could decide how much of their time and emphasis they would devote toward delivering various extension messages among those proposed by Iringa. Malangali residents, configured as backward and ignorant through an analysis that permeates all levels of the development apparatus, have no power to contribute to any of these decisions. Their limited power, whether or not to accept the small initiatives made available to them, is the subject of the next chapter.