

connections are, if anything, assiduously avoided.

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Look closely at her, observe her again. She walks down the dirt road, balancing a huge basket on her head, a baby on her hip. Or she exits from her office building after hours, having worked late. Or she moves through the early summer morning, to draw and haul water from the well, or just because it's a lovely day and she runs for exercise. There are footsteps behind her, a man's footsteps. She fears. She has reason to fear. *She does not feel the same way if she hears a woman's footsteps behind her.*

Now look closely at him. He hurries through the airport to catch his plane. Or he pedals his bicycle, basket laden with books, to the university. Or he mounts the steps to his embassy on official business. Or he snaps a fresh roll of film into his camera and starts out on assignment. Suddenly there are footsteps behind him. Heavy, rapid. A man's footsteps. In the split second before he turns around, he knows he's afraid. He tells