

PASSAGE

2016-2017 IMAGES & REFLECTIONS FROM STUDY ABROAD





Hungary
Ronald Trosin

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Note from the Editors:

“Travel isn’t always pretty. It isn’t always comfortable. Sometimes it hurts, it even breaks your heart. But that’s okay. The journey changes you; it should change you. It leaves marks on your memory, on your consciousness, on your heart, and on your body. You take something with you. Hopefully, you leave something good behind.”

-Anthony Bourdain

Pondering the months of memories that were our study abroad, in response to the questions the inquiring souls to whose company you have returned, we often respond with the emotional highs and wonderful sights about which they expect to be told. What they don’t hear in our responses are the unspoken memories that run through our head before we give our response. These memories are not the archetypical response of monuments and discovering cultural heritage and the discovering the wine that the locals drank. Two moving events you should have experienced plus an additional quip thrown in to get a laugh. These memories fall across the spectrum of human emotion. And they are tied to more than just emotion and historical sites. They are tied to the people we experienced these memories with, they remind us of what these people came to mean to us. They remind us of a home that we discovered, briefly and deeply inhabited, and then left. They remind us of the person that we left behind when we embarked for our time abroad, and all the stepping stones that made it so that we are a different person standing now, in front of you.

This year’s edition of *Passage* aims to represent these memories that are passed over when we are asked in passing about our time abroad. The memories that are not adequately fit to the generic structure of beginning-middle-end with a joke for good measure that makes for a crowd-pleasing story. These images, art pieces, and texts represent the events as they are felt in our memory and the memories of the 23 individuals of the Class of 2017 who studied abroad in 14 different countries.

Elizabeth Clevenger '17

Ashley A. Henne '17

Anja Xheka '17

Hannah Kim '17

Rachel Williams '17

Kayla P. Dziadzio '17

Tenley A. Mustonen '17

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Madrid, Spain
Lauren Zehnder



Aegina, Greece
Ashley Henne



Buda Citadel
Ronald Trosin



de sous le pont
Alyse Guenther



Tokyo Imperial Palace
Anh Lam



château du Haut-Koenigsbourg
Alyse Guenther



Caceres, Spain
Samantha Young

It's About Time (Literally)

Alyse Guenther

Today, I changed the battery in my watch. What a hook, right? If that doesn't make the list of "Top Ten Events of Daily Life That Are So In Fact Boring and Unnoteworthy," then it must have been beat out by Turning a Doorknob or Sharpening Your Pencil.

But lucky for us, this incident has a bit of a back story to make it interesting.

As some of my friends know, I have a double time-zone watch. It's a small wrist watch with two small faces, one white, one black. I wore it while studying abroad in Strasbourg France, and I set the faces to tell the time of France and back home in the United States.

It was nice having that reference, whenever I wanted to contact the U.S. or was thinking of home, I would imagine what the day was like across the hours that divided us. Being six hours ahead in France, sometimes the watch saved my mom from many a early morning wake ups. Excited to share good news, I'd often realize that in fact I should wait a few more hours to give a call so as to not wake her up at 4:15 a.m. It was a simple thing that helped me feel connected.

One day, about halfway through my program, I was out walking about the city when I realized that the two times didn't match up. Their hands no longer reflected the inverse of

one another, one of the times was askew. After a bit of inspection, I discovered that the U.S. clock had stopped. Being relieved for convenience sake, I didn't think much of it. But after talking with some of my friends, it seemed pretty poetic. To them, it seemed to stand as a symbol of full immersion. Time had frozen anywhere else and I finally hit a point in my experience where my heart jumped completely in. To put it literally, I wasn't putting my time into the United States

anymore. To put it more like how I see it, my attention wasn't divided, France was becoming home. After mentioning it to my host family, Jean-Paul (my host Dad) recommended I go to a little watch shop near the cathedral where I could get it fixed. He said it wouldn't cost much, it was only a five-minute walk to centre ville. I never did go. I didn't mind.

Fast forward two months and 1,161 miles later, I'm sitting in my truck in the super market parking lot. I'm looking like a grumpy old man as I scrunch my face in concentration, placing a teeny tiny battery to nuzzle in by two teeny tiny gears. After snapping the back cover into place and seeing the secondhand ticking, I without hesitation look at France's time to balance them out again, six hours behind.

Then it hit me. Maybe a bit more



significantly than it should have, but all the same it hit me. The poetry of it all included this moment, too.

To put it quite literally, to return back to the U.S., to restart my time here, I had to reference France. To put it otherwise, my here is nothing without my there.

And in that short possibly too abstract moment, I felt a lot more okay.

That thought symbolized to me how, now, being back to where I used to be, I am no longer who I used to be. I may be back where I grew up, where I grew and became who I was, though I'm

not all only here anymore. A part of me, a part of me that now makes me me, was grown in France, and to be who I am now here, I have to base myself from the new me I found there. My here is nothing without my there, even if there is no longer my here.

I know, it's a lot of heres and theres and mes. A lot of places and people and conceptual significance.

Or maybe, in the end, the battery in my watch just died. And, like any other typical daily task of life, it needed to be replaced.

But I've never been one to take things literally.



Chiang Mai, Thailand
Emily Deal



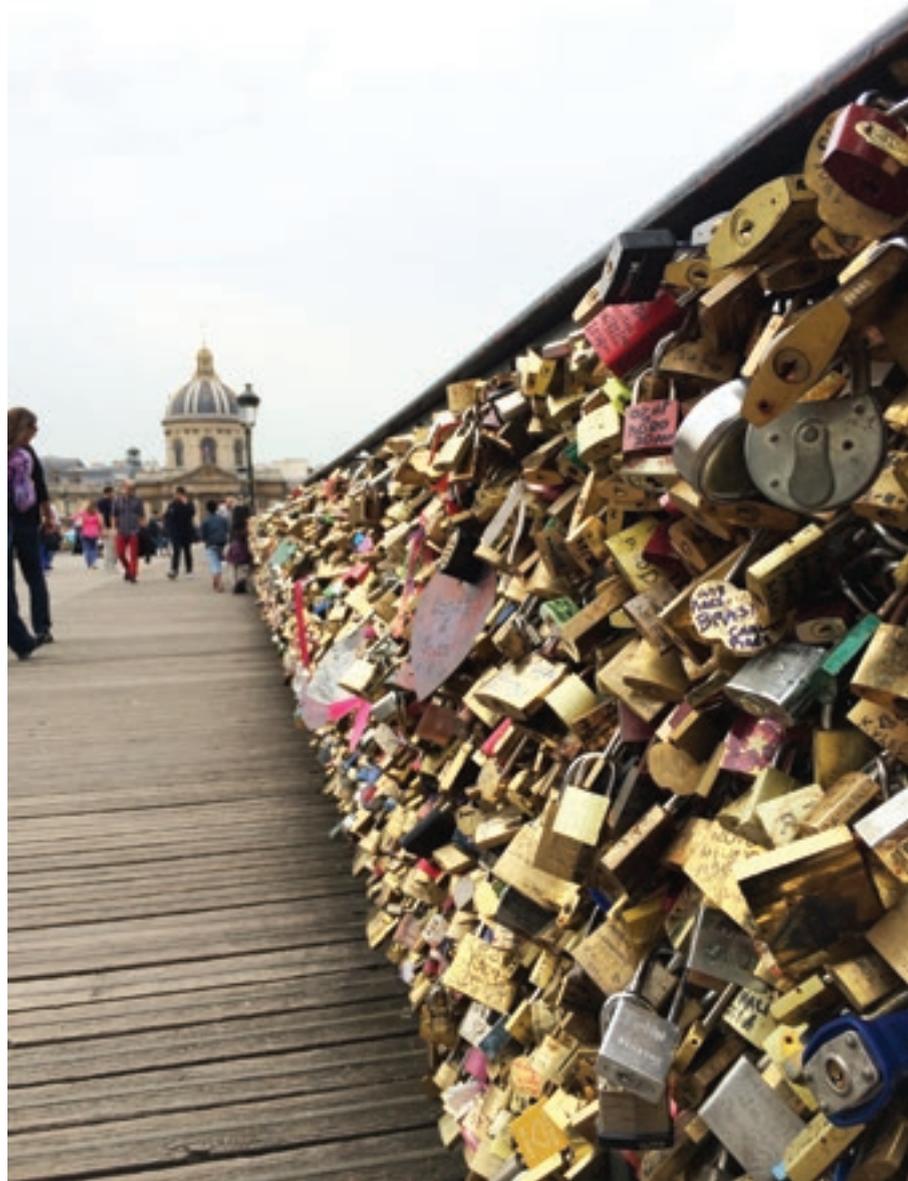
Chiang Mai, Thailand
John Clark



Maracas
Kennedy Boulton



Rentrant de l'école
Alyse Guenther



Paris, France
Ashley Henne



Howth Cliffs, Dublin, Ireland
Ashley Henne



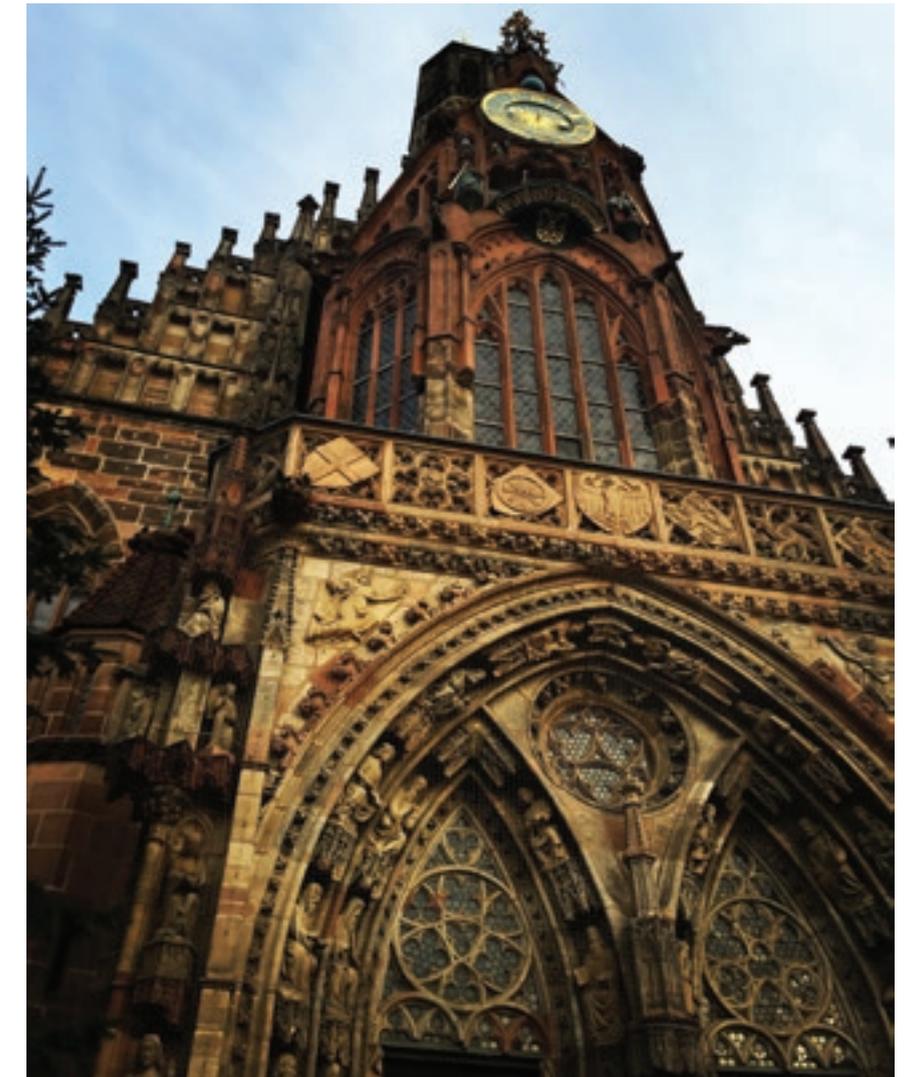
Heidelberg, Germany
Hannah Kim



View of Mt. Nuptse, Nepal
Hannah Cooperrider



Crete, Greece
Ashley Henne



Nurnberg, Germany
Ashley Henne



Perth, Australia
Amelia Chronis



Town of Lukla, Nepal (10,000 ft)
Hannah Cooperrider



Sicily, Italy
Elizabeth Clevenger



View of Varanasi from the Ganga River
Claudia Greening



Philadelphia City Hall
Daichi Hirakawa

On the Nose Camille Wood

Rome has been presented on cardstock, thousands of times over. Snapshots of the city rotate on wire racks like Gyro meat, tantalizing passersby with these decadent images. These images, however, neglect to capture the blistering heat of the city. Taking in the Colosseum under the siesta sun, one cannot help but liken this ancient ruin to flatbread crackling in some fire-burning oven. The molten heat warps the columns of massive oval, until its outline appears to squiggle in the furious heart.

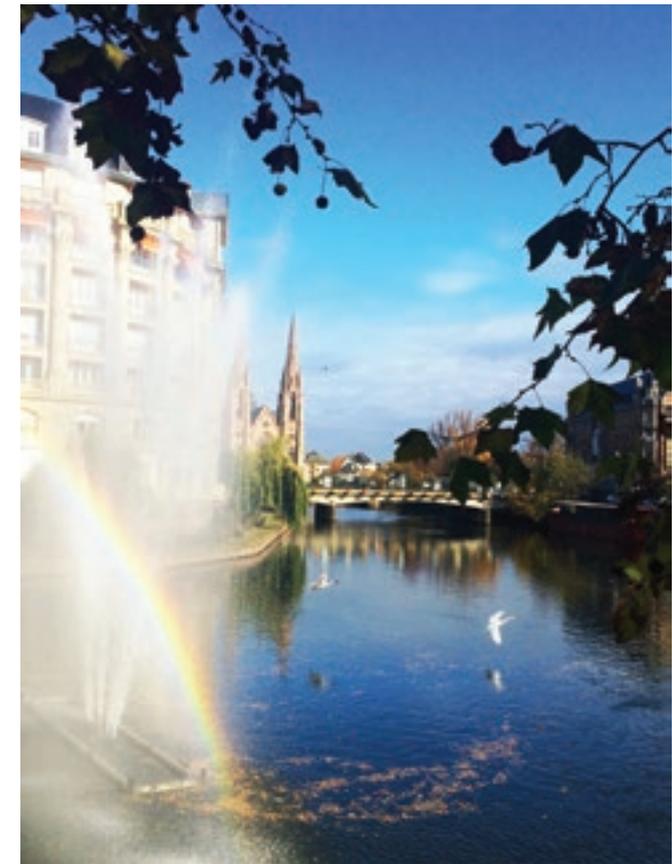
Escaping the direct wrath of the afternoon, I duck down Trastevere. The street is lined with garage-doors tattooed with scrawling graffiti. In between the cobblestones, bottle caps and cigarette butts squirm in the heat like bacteria cultures, writhing and multiplying in their cobblestone petri dish. The heat dissipates some under the canopy of trees lining the block; however, one simply must walk from beneath this shadowy awning to be reminded of the heat juggernaut. Darting insect-quick between the pockets of shade and sun, I notice curious faucets dappling the street corners. The fountains look like a Doctor Seuss sketch cast in iron. They stand three-feet tall and have the build of a rook from a chess board. Three-quarters up the structure's base, a faucet extends downward like a trunk. These fountains are referred to by the locals as "nasone," due to their resemblance to a large nose. The first Nasoni were erected in 1874, and provided clean water for Romans. Each Nasone was marked with the seal, "S.P.Q.R." meaning "Senatus Populus Que Romanus" (The Senate and the People of Rome). The seal certified that the water was

approved by the Roman government also earning it the title "l'acqua del sindaco" (the mayor's water).

Unfortunately, the first time I encountered a Nasone, I was not aware of its history. Perhaps it was the initially vivid, nasal imagery or the perpetual allergen-drip of the fountain that led me to believe such street mucus was strictly for the dogs. Observing the end of the comet of water flowing from the nasone, I can see it plunge into street splattering next to the likes of chewed gum and shattered glass. I keep passing the crystal threads of water, spewing from the Nasoni. However, as the scorch intensifies and my water bottle depletes block by block, I begin to look at each Nasone's water with the gaze of a stalking predator. My tongue stiffens like a compass arrow pointing due-Nasone, but my head keeps my curious tongue locked in a dental prison. "Lucky dogs," I think.

The heat wave rides in with the mid-afternoon tide, each hot breath of air lapping over the first, and piling up over Trastevere. Unscrewing my water-bottle, I tip it back to my lips ready to slug down the lukewarm liquid. Instead, inside the sweaty barrel of the bottle is nothing more than a few condensing drips of water clinging to the wall. I look over in desperation to a Nasone; its crystalline water tantalizing me. "Don't look at me like that," I think looking at the wry fountain. I want to taste the water. I really do, in the way that a lion really wants a taste of gazelle-flambé. The only thing restraining me from slurping straight from the cascading stream is my fears of contamination. I have a melodramatic vision of me taking one sip of the water and immediately crumpling to the floor clutching my throat like a Disney villain at the hour of their demise. It's not like I was facing scooping water from a rust-colored river with a shoe-cup, but somehow I could not shake such germly thoughts looking at the Nasone. My hesitation prompts a slight Cindy-Lou-Who-like chirp. I spin around to see a young, Italian girl. She wears a look of furrowed impatience. I realize I am blocking her from the Nasone. I skirt to the left and watch her. Plugging the main stream from the facet, the water's trajectory is diverted to a small blowhole atop the faucet dispensing the stream in a tight-arch. She gulps from the little arch of water. She walks away wiping the extra water from her mouth with the back of her palm. Clearly, she knows. I quickly assume her place, and take a swig of glacial water.

¹ On the history of the Nasoni see <https://lolamma.wordpress.com/2010/03/03/rome-drinking-fountains/>



comme la magique
Alyse Guenther



Chiang Mai, Thailand
John Clark



Pisa, Italy
Elizabeth Clevenger



Italy
Maxine Brown

Después de dos meses
Samantha Young

And it's crazy to think
I've been here two months already
because I still feel like a stranger
when I sit on my assumed seat
on my adopted sofa
in a house that will probably never feel like home.
And I am still self-appointed Outsider
walking familiar streets
on sidewalks broken as my Spanish
clanking protests and requests to be "fixed" "repaired" "corrected"
red lines dashed across papers
because autumn here means rain
but I miss the fall of leaves
orange like the sunsets of my childhood
dipping into lake I can't find locked inland
yellow like this bedroom that's only ever mine when I'm in it
but the wifi is weak and so am I
so I shuffle back to cradle throw pillow
and nurse silence into toddling timid
sentences fractured and imperfect and utterly off.

Love Park, Philadelphia
Daichi Hirakawa



des moments de réfléchir
Alyse Guenther



Athenian Statue
Ronald Trosin



Japanese Garden, Tokyo
Anh Lam



Les marchés de Noël
Alyse Guenther

Haiku

Sarah Schmitt

The small difference
between sheep poop and goose poop:
Scotland or England.



Cuerno Principal
Valentin Frank



Italy
Maxine Brown



Aberdeen, Scotland
Emily Levy



la vue
Alyse Guenther

note, et en trois mots, à la de

MONNET

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Passage is a Kalamazoo College publication which contains writing and photography by students who have participated in the study abroad experience. The magazine circulates to students and their parents, alumni, friends of the College, prospective students and members of the Kalamazoo College community. It is meant to act as an inspiration for current and prospective students to study abroad or away as well as a means of reflection for students who have already participated.



Everest Base Camp
Hannah Cooperrider



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