Passage
2002-2003
Images and Reflections of Study Abroad

Kalamazoo College
Center for International Programs
1200 Academy Street Kalamazoo Michigan 49006 USA
“Let him that would move the world, first move himself.”
Socrates
“We shall not cease from exploration  
And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time”  
T.S. Eliot
# Table of Contents

Letter from the Editors 4

**Tic-Tac-Toe in Thai Village**, Laura Nixon 5

*A Higher Calling*, Adrienne Goloda 6

Sénégalése Wedding Reception, Clara Berridge 7

*Strong for Home*, Nania Lee 8

City Center of Madrid, Chris Sanker 9

*Dukha*, Nate Michon 10

Women Doing Puja, Ian Bomberowitz 11

Dragon Fountain, Hamo Field 11

*Requiem Aeternam*, Lynnette Polcyn 12

Berlin Wall, Lynnette Polcyn 13

*Heaven on Earth*, Elizabeth Eule 14

Rooftops in Croatia, Elizabeth Eule 14

Venice Carnival, Adrienne Field 15

*Cada Momento*, Elizabeth Davis-Mintun 16

*All I Could do was Thank Him*, Sue Semaan 18

Morning in a Thai Village, Josh Montai 19

*Through the Eyes*, Kistine Carolan 21
Christmas Eve, Sean Mann

Xi’an Shopping, Nate Michon

Temple Restoration, Nate Michon

Sunday October 27, 2001, Abbe Will

Children at Play, Laura Nixon

La Vela Ixtapeca, Anne Petroliunas

Tar at Pitch Lake, Morgan Campbell

Bangkok Tonight, Laura Nixon

Women in Bou-Bous, Clara Berridge

Moviestar, Jean LaViolette

Atlas Stone Monument, Jean LaViolette

Eiffel Tower at Night, Demetri Inempolidis

Change, Jennie Toner

Sisters in Lago San Pablo, Merilee Valentino

El Caballero Disfrazado, Anne Petroliunas

The Army Corps of Engineers Visits Kilimanjaro, Jeff Richardson

Elephant Rocks, Jessica Western
Letter from the Editors

Finding just the right moment to encapsulate a study abroad experience is nearly impossible. There are thousands of memories, both joyous and painful, of people, places and times that linger in our minds still today. This year’s Passage contributors are filled with such memories…here is just a sample.

The world changed before our eyes on September 11, 2001. Many of us watched from strange, new countries while many more watched from back at home, wondering if they still could go abroad. For those of us overseas, home never felt so far away. The WTC tragedy changed our view of the world. Perhaps, it made the world seem a little less safe but it made our experience that much more valuable.

We would like to thank everyone who made this magazine possible, including our staff, the CIP, our contributors, and those that made our time abroad unforgettable.

Jessica Western and Jean LaViolette
Co-Editors
Lynn Larson plays tic-tac-toe with Es in Northeast Thailand

Laura Nixon
Chiang Mai, Thailand
A Higher Calling

Call him
“La hi la hi la kha I la la”

Call his name
Live him
Him only.

C’est la plus grand nom de Dieu.
The highest calling.
It pleases him
Most.
Falling from the tongues of angels
From the tongue
of Cheikh Ibra Fall.

Mo Dieuk Fall mo Moudiou yarama
From the head of Fall
From the mouth of Allah.

The first and the last.

You must call him
“La hi la hi la kha I la la”

Adrienne Goloda
Dakar, Sénégal
Sénégalaise Wedding Reception

Clara Berridge
Dakar, Sénégal
Strong for Home

Just a day after my plane had landed, I dropped two coins onto a dirty white towel that was spread out before the woman who was always draped in black, the one who stood on the corner of Carrera de San Jerónimo and Calle Mayor, the one whose hulking upper body leaned heavily on her dry, wooden cane. She shook and swayed.

I saw her the next day, still covered in black, using her change to buy some better luck from a man selling lottery tickets that he hung around his neck. The man leaned against the window of a famous meat shop. Not just a shop, but a museum of ham. Fatty red and brown legs of dry ham hung in the store window behind him as he leaned, half asleep, breathing deeply from underneath his mustache.

That ticket salesman woke up later that afternoon, picked something chewy out of his teeth, and then walked to the bread store down the winding street that led to Puerta del Sol, the bread store that covers the smell of shallow sewers with sugary powder and cream-filled glaze topping, fried in fat. He took a handful of coins out of his small change holder and bought a thick, black coffee and something that left white powder in his black mustache. As he walked out the door of the sweet store, he raised his dark hand in a goodbye to the baker behind the counter, who wore all white and showed stained, overlapping teeth when he smiled.

Two days later, I saw that baker with bad teeth holding a small girl’s hand, probably his daughter’s, laughing jajájá and waiting for a big red bus to pass by in the direction of Plaza de Cibiles, the plaza with the stone-faced female chariot rider. They held hands tightly and rushed across the street, running to the store that sold soft gummy candy. The baker pulled five gold coins with holes punched in their middles out of his pocket and they made spinning, clinking noises all over the counter as he dropped them one by one as his little girl stuck her fingers in a bin of soft, O-shaped gummies that were light green on one side and dark green on the other. The teenage girl behind the counter had black hair with an unnatural magenta hue, and she picked up each coin and then waved goodbye to the bad teeth and the little girl, yelling Hasta luego, poquita.
That same night, I saw the girl with magenta in her hair stumbling out of our favorite bar at Alónso Martínez, and some change fell out of her small, round purse. I saw four gold coins hit the ground and two rolled just far enough to escape down into the sewer.

* 

About six days later, I sat on a swaying subway car with the hood of my gray sweatshirt pulled over my head and a chewed piece of bubblegum sitting beside me. I had a crinkled newspaper blanketed over my lap. According to my poor translation, the Spanish journalist in the paper said that George W. Bush was too baby of a president for such a colossal tragedy. I think they meant too inexperienced, not too timid or too innocent. I hung my head down and crunched the newspaper in my hands, hoping to choke it or interrupt it mid-sentence. I stared at the thin ring of coffee on the bottom of the McDonald’s cup in my other hand, and then heard heavy footsteps approach me on my right, followed by small thuds in that same cup. Two dirty gold coins with pictures of the king, Juan Carlos I, looked back at me like a pair of eyes.

I called my mother that night before I lay down in my tiny bed, and told her that after just eleven days, I missed home.

“Make everywhere your home,” she told me, “and then be strong for home.”

Nania Lee
Madrid, Spain

A busy side street near the city center of Madrid, Spain

Chris Sanker
Madrid, Spain
Dukha

I lived an entire week living as a monk in Eigenji, a temple nestled in a small, remote mountain town. It was one of the stricter Zen temples. I would wake up at 4 in the morning, walking around in sandals with below freezing temperatures outside. I endured the monotony of being told to sweep the same area of the floor sometimes three times a day.

My thighs did not have the flexibility to go fully into the half lotus position. I, however, would still participate in the two consecutive hours of zazen meditation in the morning, while I could feel snot drip down my face. My legs were doubly numb from the cold and the length of time that I was trying to stay close to the half lotus. One morning, my legs even started shaking inexplicably.

I learned the complexity of their meal structure—the exact way to make each fold of cloth, an exact place to set each bowl, to take the food, to eat, and to wash my bowl at the end. We cleared the bowls by saving a piece of lettuce or spinach, and after having steaming water poured in my bowl, I had to use my chopsticks to hold the piece of lettuce and scrub my bowl with it. Nobody, however, told me the hand signal that meant stop pouring. So, on the first day, I was a little surprised when they expected me to drink that entire bowl of steaming water as the other men waited for me to finish. I gulped it all down and tears started pouring from my eyes and my tongue had begun to bleed.

Nate Michon
Hikone, Japan
Women doing Puja in a temple in the state of Maharashtra

Ian Bomberowitz
Pune, India

Dragon Fountain at the Kyomizudera Temple, Kyoto, Japan

Hamo Field
Kyoto, Japan
Requiem Aeternam

Gaspings. Biz and I are in a desperate search for an Internet café. I am embarrassed at the sound of our broken German clanging loudly through the ancient city like a foghorn sounded sporadically by a six-year-old. Someone points the way.

Sighs of relief.

We look at a sign and pay the amount displayed. I try not to talk or draw attention to my horribly dissonant rendition of the German language. But, despite our efforts at anonymity, the cashier has noticed us anyway. He opens his mouth and I listen to his German as if it were the melodic base line of a choral requiem. He is speaking to us. He is asking us if we are Americans.

We say yes, a little too cheerfully.

His voice again, still singing bass, “Something-something- Do Re Mi- your country-something-lala- terrem- bombed.” The intonation in his words begins to remind me of a teacher reprimanding a class of students who cannot provide the correct answer to a simple question. There is an interesting smirk on his face, which I at first take to be mockery—but later understand that it was a quizzical fascination with us girls who weren’t terrified or surprised at the news like we should have been.

Neither of us understands him correctly. So, practicing a move I have perfected through years of German classes—when I haven’t understood what the teacher is saying—I smile brightly and nod. “Oh, really? Ok,” is my keen reply, and I swivel my head back to the glowing monitor to end the conversation without conveying my stupidity.

Holding my breath while the keyboard click!-clacks! harshly. We type as fast as we can to get all the emails written in our 30-minute time limit. In one email to my best friend I write cryptically, “Either German humor is really weird or my German is really bad—some guy just told us the White House was bombed.”

We leave with an enthusiastic “Bye!” to the clerk, who only stares back hollowly.

Making our way back to the train station. We stop at a gas station to buy some German chocolate. Browsing the collection of Milka and Ritter Sport; I hear the crinkle of the wrapper as I grab my selection. But then the crinkle sounds more like a crash, and it seems as though my chocolate is screaming.

Confused, I look up to see a television screen shoved in between the cigarettes above the counter—footage of the World Trade Center on fire, over and over again, a plane crashing into it. I don’t know how long I stand like that, fixated.

Footsteps. We walk to the train station. We board the train and listen to the steady rhythm of steel upon the tracks. My brand new German cell phone squawks an unfamiliar ring, and I must answer it and know that all the people around me can hear. It is one of our group’s German tutors,
telling us to go home and lie low, in case there is suddenly hostility toward Americans. I confirm that I have understood and hang up. Dozens of pairs of German eyes stare at my English-speaking lips, questioning, interrogating me.

We gather around a single television set and watch intently. Schroeder declares his sympathy—unity. All pronounce the same. Sympathy and horror. There are prayer services and candlelight vigils. Moments of silence are observed around the world and in our university in Erlangen.

And I am still there, months later, to experience the shift in the world’s perspective. The once saddened and quiet tone of the German news reporters becomes wary and critical. Our president is suggesting war, retaliation. Schröder’s voice on television declares he will not sacrifice German troops to support an invasion.

I strive for a balance in my thoughts.

I am back in my homeland again. Six months after the attack. There are flags everywhere. There are signs and bumper stickers: United we Stand, My Country, Do or Die. I wonder how thin the line is between the positive gathering of a nation and blind patriotism. Bush still pushing for war. Songs on the radio singing about how America is willing to fight....

And all I can think of is the German cashier in the Internet café, whose voice sang out to me like the bass line of a choral requiem. I am weakened. The requiem plays unceasingly in my head and I cannot make it stop.

Lynnette Polcyn
Erlangen, Germany

A remaining section of the Berlin Wall in Berlin, Germany

Abbe Will
Erlangen, Germany
Heaven On Earth

As the sun’s rays shine upon me, I imagine a different world. A world of chaos, violence, terror and civil war. Stone laid streets, swarming with uniformed soldiers, sporting every imaginable piece of destructive machinery. Booms, explosions, landmines—fear, depression, consequences. I walk the city wall, the shingled rooftops dull in their war weathered state.

The houses, one upon the next, screaming with people; kids playing, mothers hanging laundry, fathers absently at work. I turn, and the crystal blue sea stares me down. Lined with lush, green mountains and unexploded landmines, the tranquility contrasts vastly to this country’s rich history. Dubrovnik, Croatia is not simply a haven for former Yugoslavs who succeeded in their quest and fight for independence ten years ago, but an earthed Paradise.

Elizabeth Eule
Erlangen, Germany
Early morning at Carnival in Venice, Italy

Adrienne Field
Strasbourg, France
Cada momento (Each moment)

I.
Feeling the raindrops’ unremitting patter.
Moisture frizzes my unruly hair and seals this t-shirt to my flesh.
Cold stone towers above me in a medieval village:
*Patrimonio de la humanidad, mi cuidad de Cáceres.*

She slices onions for our paella and I am crying.
We inhale the vapors of frying olive oil and garlic, our breath mingling with the hissing chorus on the stove.

I pass the fruteria on my way to my piso, a blond haired lady smiles and draws me in. She points to green olives and offers me a taste. I suck the pit, attempting to savor the flavors lingering on my tongue.

II.
A brush of lips on each cheek and a firm shake of this hand. Crushed ice melts away, floating in our Sangria, while Shakira howls through the dimness of the smoky bar.

Voices speak English words through my telephone and I long to run home, to the country I know with the people that I can understand. The click of the connection and a knocking on the bedroom door. *Mi madre española* stands with a glass of hot milk and honey. She kneels to place it carefully on my bedside table before she closes the door behind her.
Syrupy warmth swirls down my throat and soon I drift into dreams.

She walks ahead of me in tight beige slacks, her ass swaying to the rhythm of the clicks of her heels. I quietly match the cadence of her steps.
Your brown curls intertwine with mine; your voice lingers in the spaces between us, your fingers, my fingers, your sorrow, my tears, our laughter, our salve, as we chatter through the night, sheltered in this pueblo.

He laughs at the planner I clutch carefully in my hand and punches me in the arm playfully. *El momento*—the most important thing you’ll ever have to remember. In it lives everything you need. He tells me to stop looking to tomorrow for meaning and says that instead I must come closer, talk to him on these steps while the sun is still high and warm.

III.
I celebrate this tongue that dances with sounds and unfolds new worlds of meaning.

I climb slowly, ascending the mountain to reach the small chapel up-top, where la virgen de la montaña lends her compassionate ear to the broken and bemused. I come for other reasons. The sky begins to darken. I kick my legs over the long winding stone wall near the sacred ornate doors. I sit alone and watch the towers of the ancient pueblo gradually turn to silhouettes.

I myself become a shadow—an observer of remnants from days lived ages before.

You may close your doors and never hear the whistling of the storms through palm leaves. You may not dance with gypsies, may not discern the pulse of flamenco. But you will feel their touch in this air, in this brown terrain and in the olive groves. In each of us resides the spirit of *la fiesta y la tristeza*.

You will hear the response from the sheep in *el campo*, And from the saffron in your paella. All gestures call out us each moment, and we reply—intentionally or not.

Elizabeth Davis-Mintun  
Cáceres, Spain
A quiet morning in a Thai village

Josh Mothei
Chiang Mai, Thailand
All I Could Do Was Thank Him

“I am searching for the graves of Abboud and Souheil Nasrallah. I believe they died sometime in the early 1970’s.”

To my surprise he replied, “Oh yes! I know them very well. Follow me right this way.” I looked at him in disbelief.

“Are you sure? It is just that easy? They are right here?” He glanced back at me over his shoulder and assured me that they were there.

“Are you family?” he asked.

“Yes.” I answered with great joy. “They are my grandfather and my uncle.”

We walked not more than a hundred feet and the right. Through a maze of humble people that have lived their lives, I respectfully tried to avoid stepping over their resting places. I looked up and there stood a large limestone tomb: FAMILLE NASRALLAH. My heart stopped. My eyes searched around a quiet place where William Ponty, the Governor-General of all of French West Africa, and Nadra Filifili, perhaps the most noted and successful Lebanses businessman in Sénégal, laid to rest. They are buried among the most famous in the history of this land, I thought to myself.

It was freezing cold outside but my body was hot with adrenaline. My eyes filled with tears and my nose started to run. I looked up into the cloudy sky. It was the first time in months that it had not been so blindingly bright outside. I think it felt like it was even starting to snow – well…slush, half snow-half rain. On a day that I thought was impossible to have in Sénégal, I asked myself Why today? Of all the days, the weather today is the complete opposite of what it is usually like.

I knew it was God. On this rare day in Sénégal, I knew that God had planned this rare experience for me and all I could do was thank Him.

Sue Semaan
Dakar, Sénégal
Through the Eyes

I am alone in my section of seats. Trees, mountains, and lakes whirl by the window. There is the low groan of metal on track as the train moves along. A slow and screeching halt and then varied dialects and the murmur of bustling movement pierce the calm. I watch as she ushers the boy on with the luggage in her right hand and a baby cradled in her free arm. She slowly searches for the right seat and then glances over me before she sits down to my left. I help her organize her things as the train picks up speed. She thanks me in English, with a small accent. I hadn’t said anything yet and it surprises me, as it always does, when I realize how obviously American I am to everyone else.

She becomes situated just as her son begins to fidget. His small brown fingers continuously brush away the shiny black hair that falls over his eyes. I begin to talk to the mother, learning that she is from Spain, living there now with her husband, but that she’s not really from Spain because her father is from the Netherlands and her mother is from Spain but they raised her in Switzerland near her grandparents. She speaks Spanish, Dutch and Swiss-German and picked up English along the way. She understands some French, too. Impressed as I always am by such a varied background, I continue to ask her questions. I ask mostly because she doesn’t seem to mind a little friendly dialogue and because I have a penchant for accents.

Her son asks incessant questions in Spanish. She splits her attention between us. He asks about frogs, about the gray table in front of him, about the sky, and, finally, about me. I had not thought that his attention had been focused on the light conversation between his mother and me. She muses at his questions, her eyes reflecting the connection between them, before she answers his demands about this person beside her. He asks why I speak differently, why I look differently, where I am from and why don’t I live in Spain. She translates the questions for me, but not, at first, the answers. I watch the little boy watching me. His dark brown eyes shift over me as he takes in what she is saying. Each answer spurs another question as well as another curious and confused glance my way.

During my travels in Europe, I encountered many individuals from different countries and slowly placed them into evolving schemas of what, exactly, the world ‘out there’ was composed. I listened, intrigued, to foreign tongues tripping excitably during what was probably routine conversation. I would listen, trying to conceive, in light of the subtle facial expressions and tones available, the possible subject. I would stand in front of looming buildings with slit eyes, letting a sense of my smallness wash over me in the face of history, its varied peoples, and its advances and trespasses upon human endeavors towards ‘good,’ truth
and love. I took the standard pictures of standard historical markers. I even re-evaluated some of my preconceived notions.

I have faced my version of adventure in paragliding in my favorite city of Interlochen, Switzerland. I also learned from a sophisticated, intelligent and somewhat inspiring teacher in Strasbourg just how ignorant I was of the rest of the world’s politics. And how ignorant I was of my own country’s political dealings with the rest of the world as well. He had learned eight languages, as a hobby he said, taught in three different countries, and, while, he was born and lived his first twenty years in America, now identified himself as European. Aside from academics, he showed me, through his own life, just how much possibility lay ‘out there,’ indeed, that no identity is fixed.

And I did this all by train, or tram, or some other method of mass transportation that successfully got me around. After all I had seen, and after regurgitating most of it to my anxious mother across the sea, here I was on a train back to France from Switzerland. And here sat a small child. In his world, I was the new, the strange, the something to be understood. I was the one being sized up, categorized and put in my place. I had left my hometown to become a little bit more ‘cultured.’ I envisioned becoming a much more ‘aware’ adult. Instead, I cam back a fidgeting child, gawking with excitement, at all the new questions that are awaiting answers.

Kistine Carolan
Strasbourg, France

Sean Mann
Athens, Greece


**Xi'an Shopping**

Although I never really liked bargaining with the street vendors in China, I had become accustomed to it by my third week there. That was a useful skill in the city of Xi’an while traveling through the Muslim District where the streets were lined with little shops. In searching for a souvenir for my little brother, I came across a jade dragon that I was sure he would like. A young boy, probably about 6-8 years old, who spoke exceptionally good English for that age, approached me to ask if I was interested in buying anything. I showed him the dragon I was interested in and he gave me a first price which seemed reasonable, even for the already low prices in China. With the already low price and the fact that the little kid was just so adorable, I didn’t feel the desire to bargain with him at all. My pause prompted him to call for his father though. After consultation with the boy, the father wrote down a price on paper as was common there, expecting me to write down my counter offer. The boy looked so excited about dealing with the sale, I lowered it only slightly. He looked at my offer briefly before writing down an amount directly between the two numbers and waited in anticipation as I looked at the sheet. His face was so cute, that I couldn’t help but say yes.

The father took the dragon to package while I waited with the young boy. He began to ask me about soccer and the World Cup, telling me that he enjoyed watching the U.S. team very much and who his favorite players were. We talked about the World Cup for a while, until I realized his father had been watching us behind my back. When he went to offer me my purchase, he paused and asked me what I thought of some of the large painted scrolls, hanging on the wall beside me. I told him they were very nice, but didn’t expect to make another purchase at the time. He said, however, that because his son seemed to like me so much, he would offer it to me for a very good price. When he made his offer I recognized it was 3 to 4 times lower than other shops had offered for painting that were not even that large and accepted the offer while trying to express my gratitude and surprise.

Since some of my friends had entered the shop, I figured I would wait for them to look at the items while I talked to the boy a little longer. I ended up buying some fancy bookmarks for what was probably a little close to prices I would pay in America while walking around the store again with the little boy, but it made him so happy and, I mean, how much is a couple dollars to me anyway? The boy then offered me the chair behind the register to sit in while I waited for my friends to finish their shopping. He left and I began talking with the father for a while. He thanked me for being kind to his son and explained how some of the tourists could be very rude
to him. I also learned the boy was studying English several hours every day, how he had been working with his father for a couple of years now, and how the boy would, in the beginning, accept offers that were sometimes lower than it cost to acquire the articles in the first place. His father looked very proud with his son’s progress though, in both English and sales.

When the boy returned, he looked very excited as he handed me a jade necklace and told me it was a gift. I thanked him several times and then he asked me if we were friends. I told him, “of course,” and (although I’m not sure if he was completely culturally familiar with it) gave him a hug.

Nate Michon
Hikone, Japan
Lanu tribe children play in their village in Northeastern Thailand

Laura Nixon
Chiang Mai, Thailand
Sunday October 27, 2001

I was on the bus coming home one afternoon and I noticed a young father with his daughter, who couldn’t have been older than six, and about five of her friends. The children were running all over the bus, laughing and screaming as we drove up the hill toward Waldkranchenhaus.

All at once, the daughter called attention to the large heart on the window, which had been drawn in the thick layer of dust form outside. Within the heard stood boldly: L O V E.

To those of us inside the bus, the word was of course backwards and the children became very curious about that fact. The father explained to them that the drawing had been done in the dirt on the outside of the bus and from there they could read the word the right way.

This was apparently really cool for the kids to learn and they talked excitedly of this enlightenment. Next, the children began to pronounce the foreign word on the window, “l-o-f-a,” repeating it slowly and with varying inflection. Again, the father saw a need to explain. He told the young ones that the word is pronounced “love,” with a ‘va’ sound rather than an ‘eff’ sound, even though the letter ‘v’ in German is pronounced ‘eff.’ The father continued with, “das heist Liebe auf Englisch” (that means love in English).

The children thought about this concept and then spoke the foreign word again, first with its correct pronunciation and then back to the German, comparing the different sounds. As we all exited the bus at the final Haltestelle, I overheard the children asking if they might cross to the other side of the street in order to see the dirt drawing in its correct form.

Abbe Will
Erlangen, Germany
La Vela Ixtapeca in Oaxaca, México

Anne Petroliunas
Oaxaca, México

A man stands in tar at Pitch Lake in Trinidad

Morgan Campbell
Trinidad
it’s beauty salon:

for women who don’t want
to be beaten
to have their pay docked
to lose their job

if they don’t look pretty
for their pimps
for their johns
for the american soldiers

I decide to have my make-up done
in this place
in this chair
in their presence

just so I can
feel our faces blur
feel the distance fold
feel the air of desperation

and I realize we are wearing it
for the same men
for the same reasons
for the same promise

and I can’t believe I found honesty
in deprivation
in prostitution
in Thailand

it’s a beauty salon
and its there
and its here
and now I know it.

Laura Nixon
Chiang Mai, Thailand
As we scaled the hill, Giovanni yelled back that if I looked far enough along the seashore, I could see the tiny harbor of Portofino, today’s destination. Portofino is a tiny celebrity harbor tucked in-between high cliffs where the rich and famous dock their yachts. He continued to explain that if I looked further down the coast, though not by far, I could see the enchanting miniature country of Monte Carlo and just a little further, the Cote d’Azur of France. All these great places within a two-hour drive.

We passed the discothèque where Princess Isabella would arrive by yacht from Monte Carlo on a Friday night, a medieval castle built in the 14th century A.D., the romantic, fabled village of Rapello, the church of Santa Maria di Ligurre, and so much more. All the sights began to blend together like a dream. Sitting on the back of that BMW motorcycle, winding up-and-down, through and along curving roads over the steep rocky cliffs before the sea, I felt enchanted. Perhaps this is how Audrey Hepburn felt on that little motorino, racing through the streets of Rome – lighthearted, confident, beautiful, and free.

As we passed through quaint seaside villages, people who glanced at us saw a well-dressed Italian man driving the sleek, black motorcycle with the mysterious girl in the red linen skirt behind him. Perhaps they thought nothing of it, but I felt like a moviestar. This daydream seemed so perfect; it must have been scripted. The rainstorm and sunshine pre-set, the outfits planned, all these extras in this elaborate film. But no longer was I standing in the background; I was centerstage. Everything seemed so unimportant and yet so right when I was speeding along with the wind in my hair.

Jean LaViolette
Rome, Italy

A stone monument of Atlas in Cinque Terra, Italy

Jean LaViolette
Rome, Italy
The Eiffel Tower at night in Paris, France

Demetri Inempolidis
Clermont-Ferrand, France
Change

I passed an indigenous woman in the street today,
And I did not know her name,
But I named her indigenous,
And her soul flew out from behind her eyes to curse me.

I did not give her the quarter and three cents I had in my pocket,
Because I knew she would hate me,
Whether or not I gave her the money.
   (And I knew I would hate myself, whether
   or not I gave her the money.)

She did not know me, but she named me gringa.
   (A woman who walks with her legs wide
   open and her purse sewed up.)
What’s more,
She named me North American,
And I could feel the hot syllables of hate
Scribbled across my back as I
Walked and walked and
Pretended and pretended
To feel nothing.

And the change in my pocket whispered angrily
against my thigh.

Jennie Toner
Quito, Ecuador
Winning author,
Maynard Owen Williams Memorial Award 01-02
Girls in Lago San Pablo, Ecuador
Merilee Valentino
Quito, Ecuador

El Caballero Disfrazado in Oaxaca, Mexico
Ann Petroliuñas
Oaxaca, México
The Army Corps of Engineers visits Kilimanjaro

The altitude made us giddy, but now Jess was tired from our laughing. She was sleeping beside me in the tent, but I lay awake, peering through the open flap at the rain and the mist. The ground was bare mud, and the water was beginning to run towards the tent, under the rain fly.

At first, I did it to keep us dry. I turned onto my side and rested my head on the edge of the opening against the half-mesh of the unzipped zipper. I reached my hand out into the dry air, protected by the rain fly, and examined the stones, finding a sharp, pointed one. I did not want to stand up or leave the tent, afraid of waking Jess, so I would only build as far as I could reach. I took the rock and etched a shallow line in the sand, starting from the wet mud where the water collected, through the dry sand protected by the rain fly, to the corner of the tent where it would join the rest of the rain slowly rushing downhill. The trough filled, slowly, and I was happy. I was the watchman and protector keeping silent watch over my domain.

I began to feel pride in my creation. The rain flowed slowly through the groove and away from the tent. I decided to add a few tributaries in case the rain picked up and water began seeping from other directions. The rain did not pick up, and I felt pity for the dry streams. I had felt something poking me gently beneath the tent, and reached below to pull out a skinny twig. I could use it to fill the tributaries, bringing in water that did not endanger our dryness. With the tributaries flowing, I was happy again. My little system was working perfectly.

The river needed more, though. I found a short, stubby piece of wood and dug out a lake. I added pebbles to make rapids. I dropped in longer twigs to make a dam, and then it happened. The water began to overflow its banks. I panicked and built levies. The levies broke, and the flood ensued. I removed the dam, but it was too late. The river had changed its course, permanently, and the tent was directly in its path. I panicked again.

"Jess, Jess, wake up. The flood is here!"
"What?" she said in half-sleep. "What’s wrong?"
"The flood Jess! The tent is flooding."

She raised her head gently from the ground and looked over my body. She saw the small trickle of water and small puddle building against the lip of the tent. Pushing me aside, she crawled to my side of the tent, and with one swipe of her hand, wiped away my creation. Jess went back to sleep and I stared, silently, back into the rain.

Jeff Richardson
Nairobi, Kenya
Elephant Rocks on the southeast coast of Western Australia

Jessica Western
Perth, Australia
Contributors

Ian Bomberowitz is a philosophy major who studied in Pune, India. Next year he will be attending the University of St. Andrews to pursue graduate studies in philosophy.

Morgan Campbell is an English major who studied in Trinidad of the West Indies and Strasbourg, France. She describes both as amazing experiences.

Kistine Carolan is a psychology major who studied in Strasbourg, France. She was thrilled to have been surrounded by the French language and to have had the opportunity to glimpse various cultures of Europe through travel. After taking a year off, Kistine plans to attend graduate school to study the psychology of religion.

Clara Berridge is studying sociology. She was attracted to Dakar, Sénégal as a study abroad site by its languages, live music, and vibrant West African culture. Her most memorable experience was shopping for a goat for five hours in preparation for the Tabaski celebration. Clara plans to explore the realm of non-profit publishing after graduation.

Elizabeth Davis-Minun is a sociology/anthropology major. She chose to go to Cáceres, Spain for its small community character. Elizabeth will travel to Belfast immediately after graduation as an intern with a Peace center. She will then begin graduate school at the University of Bradford, England in international peace and reconciliation studies.

Elizabeth Eule studies German and went to Erlangen in order to enhance her language skills. She plans either to continue on to school in social work at the University of Michigan, or to teach in Hawaii. She is hoping for the latter.

Hamo Field is an international area studies major with an emphasis in East Asia studies. He studied in Kyoto, Japan to further his Japanese skills. Hamo learned about Japan’s history through travel. After graduation he hopes to study Spanish in Mexico before attending graduate school.

Adrienne Field will graduate with a Human Development and Social Relations major. She went to Strasbourg, France and enjoyed traveling throughout Europe. Adrienne plans to work in Museum Administration after graduation.

Adrienne Goloda is an English major with an emphasis in creative writing. She studied in Dakar, Sénégal. Adrienne’s plan upon graduation is to stay out of reality for as long as possible.

Demetri Inempolidis studies economics and business. He spent six months in Clermont-Ferrand, France, to further his French language skills. He enjoyed the French culture, especially meeting new people and trying new foods and wines from France. After graduation he plans to pursue a masters in accounting.

Jean LaViolette is an English major with a creative writing emphasis. She went to Rome, Italy to experience Italian culture and learn a beautiful, new language. She fell in love with the Italian people, food, fashion, and lifestyle. Jean returned to Italy on a grant to complete her creative non-fiction SIP. She plans to delay being serious with life for a year by working abroad in Europe.

Nania Lee studies English with an emphasis in creative writing. She would readily return to Madrid, Spain, where she experienced life in the big city and formed lasting relationships with her host family, as well as the other students in Madrid. She would like to earn an MFA in creative writing and is considering work in the field of publishing.

Sean Mann is a history and physics major who went to Athens, Greece for his interest in Classics and the contemporary history of the Eastern Mediterranean. He would go back to Greece in a heart beat. Sean’s plan is to attend graduate school in international affairs and to begin a career in the foreign service.
Nathan Michon is a religion major and studied abroad in Hikone, Japan. He went to Japan to pursue an interest in Eastern Culture. He gained a lot from living with a host family and participating in their traditions but had difficulties as a vegetarian who couldn’t read the labels. He plans to either go back to Japan to teach for a year or go to graduate school.

Joshua Monthei is a sociology major and went to Chiang Mai, Thailand. He choose Thailand because he wanted to be challenged in a new culture. Through K’s sustainable development program, he learned about ways that people can make the world more livable. After graduation he hopes to work on urban issues with a NGO.

Laura Nixon is a human development and social relations major with a women’s studies concentration. She went to Chiang Mai, Thailand and learned about human rights through service-learning with Thai people. Laura plans to work with a women’s non-profit organization before going to graduate school in law, women’s studies, or sociology.

Ann Petrolunas studies human development and social relations. She chose to go to Oaxaca, México for study abroad to experience a non-European culture. While there, she acquired a second family. Ann will return to Oaxaca this summer before moving to Chicago to work in an alternative high school.

Lynnette Polcyn is an English major who studied in Erlangen, Germany in order to experience first hand the country she had studied since high school. Being in Europe gave her an alternate, non-American perspective that has helped her to become more socially aware. Lynnette has already returned to Germany for work on her SIP, but plans to intern in a German theatre before continuing on to graduate studies in dramaturgy in Frankfurt.

Jeff Richardson is a biology and English major with an emphasis in creative writing. He studied in Nairobi, Kenya where everything seemed to click into place after the first five months. His final month in Kenya was incredible and given the opportunity, he would return. Jeff is pursuing an MFA in creative writing.

Chris Sanker studies biology and went to Madrid, Spain where he gained a greater sense of the diversity of world cultures. Chris plans to work for a year before attending graduate school in one of the biological sciences.

Sue Semaan is a theatre arts major who went to Dakar, Sénégal. In Senegal, she expanded her knowledge of sustainable development theories as well as her understanding of cultural differences. Sue plans to work in arts administration.

Merilee Valentino is an English major with a secondary education certification. She studied in Quito, Ecuador to improve her Spanish and to explore different regions of South America. Merilee has already returned to Ecuador since study abroad. Merilee hopes to teach for a few years before attending law school.

Jessica Western is a biology major and art minor who studied in Perth, Australia. While she was there she was able to meet heaps of interesting people and see some of the most amazing landscapes in the world. After graduation, she plans to spend a year doing an internship in biology before going to graduate school.

Abbe Will studies economics and went to Erlangen, Germany. He was raised speaking the German dialect of his ancestors and was able to satisfy his curiosity about the country where his family originates. Abbe will take a year off before pursuing a degree in economics.
Passage Editorial Board

Jean LaViolette, co-editor-in-chief
Jessica Western, co-editor-in-chief
Clara Berridge, associate editor
Elizabeth Davis-Mintun, associate editor
Jonathan Fazzola, associate editor
Nania Lee, associate editor

Special thanks to....

The Center for International Programs, including our supervisor Narda McClendon. Also, we would like to thank Lisa Darling, Director of Publications, for all her help and advice.

Front cover photo by Ian Bomberowitz: Dancing Girls in Mehrangarh Fort in Jodhpur, India
Title page photo by Ann Petroliunas: La Mujer de los Alebrijes in Oaxaca, Mexico
Inside back cover photo: Merilee Valentino: Matadors in the Plaza de Torros in Quito, Ecuador
Back cover photo by Jessica Western: Rice Terraces in Bali, Indonesia

Support for the publication of Passage is provided by the Maynard Owen Williams Fund of Kalamazoo College, honoring the memory of Maynard Owen Williams, a 1910 graduate of “K” whose career in journalism allowed him a lifetime of international study and travel and who as foreign editor of National Geographic published more than 2,250 pages of his own writings and photography. Additional support is provided by the Center for International Programs.

Passage is a Kalamazoo College publication containing 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. Students are invited to submit prose, poetry, photography and artwork for consideration.

© 2003 by the individual authors and photographers. All rights reserved.
“Let him that would move the world, first move himself.”

Socrates
KALAMAZOO COLLEGE
Center For International Programs
1200 Academy Street Kalamazoo Michigan 49006 USA

PASSAGE
2002-2003
IMAGES AND REFLECTIONS OF STUDY ABROAD