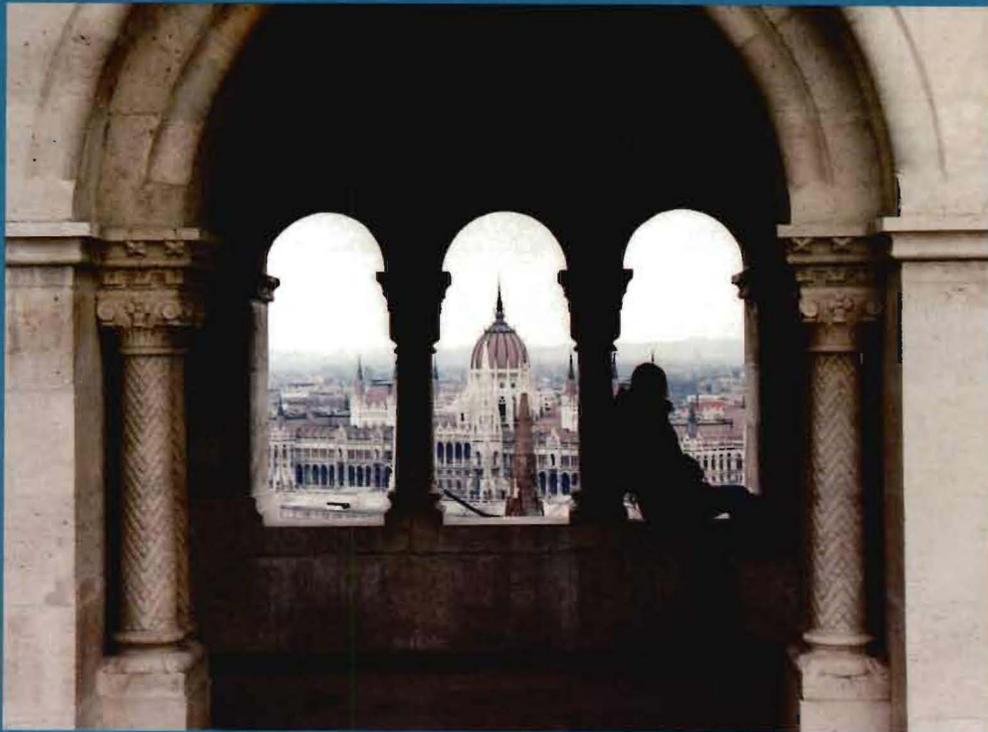


1997 · Volume 7

KALAMAZOO COLLEGE



The Study Abroad Magazine

the atlas

The Atlas

The Study Abroad Magazine
of Kalamazoo College
1997
Volume 7

Study Abroad at Kalamazoo College is a window of opportunity for the students who partake of the experience. While on Study Abroad, students attempt to fit into ways of life different from their own. In doing this, they meet new cultures, make new friends, and learn new languages. The opportunities for growth bloom through their experiences and are reflected in their lives. The College's extensive Study Abroad program has equipped more than 85 percent of its graduates in the past 35 years to open new doors within themselves.

The Atlas is a Kalamazoo College publication containing works and photography by students who have participated in the Study Abroad experience and by visiting international students who view their time at Kalamazoo as Study Abroad. 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 drawings for consideration.

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Window to the world

Julie Kliman '98 looks out one of the arches from Castle Hill to the Parliament below in Budapest, Hungary.

Michelle Janssens
Madrid, Spain

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Memories of the Day I Left My Home

It was the loud crowing of my mother's large rooster that finally woke me up from the deep slumber that I had fallen into just before day break. The golden rays of the sun penetrated through the cracks in my wooden hut, brightening up the little room where I lay and that I had known as home for the best part of my life. It was by all means a bright day.

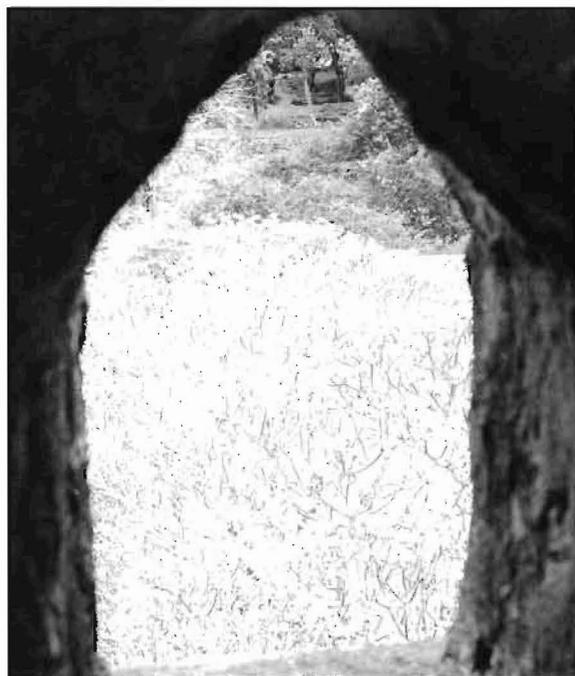
Through the partly open window, I could clearly see the breathtaking snow-covered peak of Mt. Kenya to the east of my home. I told myself I would have to learn to live without this favorite view. For today was the big day that everybody in my village had talked about so much and waited for anxiously. A person from their village was going to famous America, a thing only wished for but never before experienced.

A quick glance around the room revealed the two packed suitcases on the floor, ready with my clothes. I had stayed up nearly the whole night to put this together, with my weeping sisters to give me a hand. What was I supposed to carry with me? What would one need in that far-off land that was rumored to be the home of everything?

My mother had insisted on me carrying presentable clothes, not that "baggy trouser that you always put on and that makes you look like a rogue." In her mind, I needed a suit and a matching tie in order to be declared fit for travel to civilized America. You see, the old woman grew up during the days of British colonization when the terms "Lady" and "Gentleman" had more to do with physical appearances than anything else. To my sisters, who have grown up in independent Kenya and know a thing or two about fashion trends, there was no question of me even packing my suits. To them, what I needed was a "Chicago Bulls" cap to match my baggy jeans acquired during my days at the University of Nairobi.

Most moving, however, was my dear grandmother's suggestion with which I was expected to comply. (I am sad to say she has now joined the ranks of my other ancestors in the world of the spirits. May they accept her and

give her peace). The old woman, typical of the African tradition, had traveled a long distance from her distant home to come and bid me good-bye. Along with her, she had brought our entire clan. You see, to my people, a child is the product of a whole clan and not just a family. As they say among my people, "A child is not a pot," meaning you can't own a child the way you would own a cooking pot. Back to the old gracious woman: she brought me a live chicken, its legs held together with a piece of string to prevent its escape. In her own words, "Whoever heard of a person visiting other people far off with empty hands?" I had to carry this chicken to present to my friends when I reached America. Along with her gift came a host of presents from the eager clansmen, including cooked traditional food from some of the women, who believed a person traveling so far away needed something to eat on the way.



A room with a view

The field of green and white can be seen through this window on one side of Fort Jesus, a Portuguese-built fort in Mombasa, Kenya.

Will Adams
Nairobi, Kenya

Outside my hut, everyone was up and about. The voices of my family mingled with those of the many neighbors who would never miss the chance to see one of their own on his big day of travel to the land widely believed to be somewhere near heaven. Their voices reached me clearly as I stood by my little window gazing out to the peak of Mt. Kenya, a thing I would not do for many months to come.

I remembered my old friend Kariuki's joke a day ago. He had made me promise to write to him immediately, and tell him whether it is true that in America everything is so advanced that people are fed and clothed by machines.

Everyone from my village who could walk came to the airport that day. Leading the column was my grandmother who, being the eldest, had the strongest say in the group. Luckily enough, surrounded by such a huge group of people, I could not see the quizzing stares of the accustomed travelers who could not figure out what the scene was all about. Who could ever tell them that when my village sends one of their own to discover new territory, they give him or her a farewell worth remembering so that they will come back home someday?

The drama was not over. The old woman, (God bless her soul), now insisted I was just a young man who could not be dumped at an airport and left alone. She insisted she had to take me directly to the hands of the pilot who, as is typical with bus drivers where I come from, would be given specific instructions on where to take me, and warned if I ever got lost, he would be answerable. It took the intervention of my father and learned uncle and of a sympathetic ticket clerk to convince the woman that I would be alright.

As the big Israel Airline plane taxied for take-off, I strained to look out of the tiny windows to the fast-fading and unforgettable picture of my people lined up at the viewing bay, waving almost hysterically. I waved back from within the captivity of my belted seat, though I was sure no one could see me. The image of the tear-stained faces of my sisters as they hugged me were fresh in my mind. More so was the sad

image of the girl who loved me pressing her photo into my hands and whispering, "Always look at that and remember someone loves you and will always wait for you." I put on the earphones, and sat back to surf the similar and boring music channels on offer. Has anyone ever told these people that there is also African music? I found myself wondering.

My mind wandered to the days when, as a small boy, I used to spend everyday with my friends building castles in the air and dreaming about America. To us, all planes that we saw up in the air were headed to America. Between rounds of learning how to ride my friend's father's bicycle—which we quietly took when the man was away and wiped off all tire marks on the ground near his home before returning it to the house undiscovered—we conjured up images of what it would feel like to be in a plane and to go to America. And here I was, doing both of them, as if in a scene from one of my favorite dreams.

I arrived at O'Hare airport in Chicago, a day after my birthday, which I had celebrated silently somewhere in the air between Tel Aviv, Israel, and Montreal, Canada. Immediately, I felt a sense of loss. A few minutes later, trying to claim my baggage, my loss was confirmed. Like my birthday, my luggage was lost somewhere between Tel Aviv and Chicago.

But like they say in the slopes of Mt. Kenya where I was born and raised, "It takes only one plate of food to fill up a whole year's hunger." Before long, I was so absorbed in mainstream America—rushing to "manage my time"—to even sense the loss that I once felt. I wrote back to my friend Kariuki and to my family. No, people in America are not fed and clothed by machines. But America is a totally different place from my native Kenya. I wrote about the people, about the many cultures, and about my experiences—some as amusing as an American soap opera and some as strange as the tale of St. Claus and his chariot. But that is an entirely different story. Someday.

Henry Kiragu Wambui,
International Student from Kenya



Afternoon in the plaza

An old man feeds the pigeons in Granada, Spain.

Megan Readler
Madrid, Spain

Luz Celestial, Oscuro Encantador

Aquí bailan las sombras
¿Lo has notado?
Se unen en una tierna anticipación
Con la pasión encarada de unos bailarines del Tango,
Sus ojos fijados en una mirada porcelana.
Mueven con una precisión predeterminada
Por un laberinto de callejones estrechos y paredes restrictivas.
Y en la Ciudad Antigua en mediodía
Se desarrolla una aventura amorosa
Entre luz y oscuridad,
La noche y el día.

Jane Woolsey
Cáceres, Spain

Day of Departure

Saturday, August 31, 1996

I probably just experienced the saddest farewell that I have ever had, knowing that I am going to be so many miles away. And at the same time, it was wonderful to feel so much love through the tears between us. My heart aches knowing that I won't be able to share my experiences directly with my family as they occur.

I stepped onto a very small (we are talking tiny) plane of four passengers. We were spread throughout the plane which was so small that every seat was a window seat. I was the last one seated in 7A behind the others while tears streamed down my cheeks. I grasped onto my petite initialed handkerchief as I slowly watched my family disappear behind me through the tainted glass. I was sobbing ... sobbing, happy to know that the dreaded good-bye was finally over ... but also sobbing, wishing that I could have held on with a hug for just a bit longer. Between the gasps of air and the wipes of tears, I heard a muzzled cry in front of me. However, it wasn't a cry of sadness, but a cry of fear. Six-year-old Freddie. A boy so precious who was on his way to visit his father (by himself) in Mississippi. I unbuckled my belt and jumped up to sit next to him in hopes that I could provide comfort. We introduced ourselves and became each other's scapegoat of our sadness and our fears. He wore my denim shirt to stay warm; he spoke of the Power Rangers to distract his nervousness, and he asked to sit on my lap. His smile, his honesty, and his innocence helped me realize again the purpose of my trip and the entire meaning of study abroad.

There was some reason that we were both there together today. He was flying to Mississippi and I to New York. I am thankful that I heard the muzzled cry. I am thankful for his hugs that he gave me while we looked out the window as we realized that we were the giants over the little ants below.

The power that kids create and spread is so amazing. I will always remember my new-found friend: six-year-old Freddie on his way to Mississippi.

Susie Anderson
Madrid, Spain

Traces of Monet

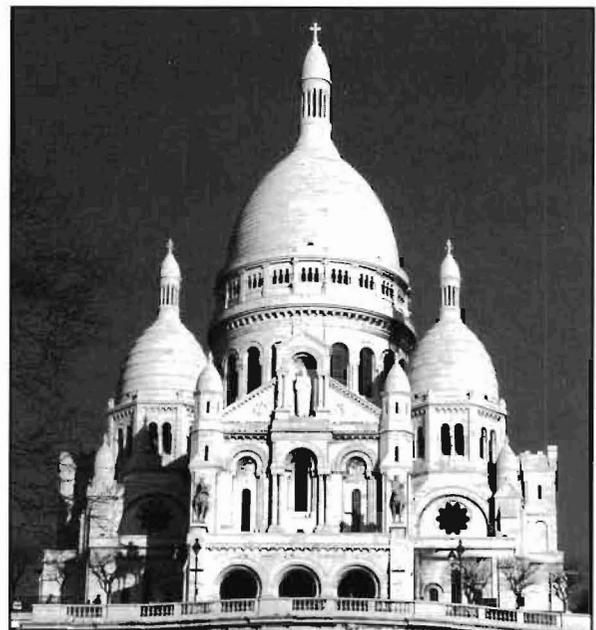
Fingertips of blue foam sea
prints of finger pinks and pale
orange-red sun
mingle-mangle landscapes
breathe in a touch of life.

I wonder what he thought
crime of the art
prisoner of the light,
trying to free his self and his structure.

Leaving an impression
spirit and science
wherever he stroked
his

golden
violet
midnight
sunsets emblazoned forever
on memories and skies.

Angela Jousma
Aix-en-Provence, France



Christmas day above the city of Paris
Le Sacré-Coeur, or The Sacred Heart, shines when wet.

Erica Houglund
Lancaster, England



December at the Summer Palace

A peaceful bridge and pagoda scene on the shore of Kunming Lake at the Summer Palace in Beijing, China.

Monica Tay
Beijing, China

On the Life of a Young Chinese Family

Journal Entry: January 17, 1997

She talked about how when she and her husband were first married they didn't have a house of their own, so they lived separately. After their son was born, her husband stayed in Beijing to work while she and the child went south where she worked with the baby always strapped to her back. When their daughter was born, they were finally able to secure a room of their own. However, because they both had to work, the two-month-old baby was sent to live with the father's parents in the southern countryside. They didn't see her again until she was two years old and the child didn't recognize her own parents ... you'd never know it today—they're such a closely knit family and they have a whole two-room apartment now...

Jacqueline Chevalier
Beijing, China

The Roman Forum

The colors are mixing together again.
Perhaps I am looking at the world too hard as I tend to do.
Squinting in an effort to understand,
Only making it worse, narrowing vision.
Shutting out into the darkness
What I should let come into the light.
One would think that somewhere
Amongst these ruins where the
Ancients walked,
Great souls roamed,
And incredible minds wandered,
I would find answers,
But perhaps they, too, lie dormant in the dust.

Jane Woolsey
Cáceres, Spain

Seco

Estoy seco
Como la tierra
Seco por el vacío aquí
Sin vida, sin nada
Lleno de los pensamientos de otros sitios,
 otras cosas,
 otras personas
Que no tienen ningunas raíces aquí

Voy solitario, desolado, triste,
 buscando
Hasta que yo encuentre la vida
 llena, vibrante, verdadera

Christopher McPeak
Cáceres, Spain



The heart of Rome

The Coliseum is a continuing symbol of the Roman Empire.

Laurel Fitzhugh
Erlangen, Germany

Americans? Where?

Watching other Americans travel through Europe showed me exactly why Europeans don't like American tourists. For the most part, they are rude, obnoxious, and expect everyone to speak English. While traveling, my friends and I made an effort to not fit into that stereotype.

One afternoon in Prague, while waiting for our friends in a Metro stop, Beckie and I decided we were tired of looking like Americans. The main way to not look like an American is to not speak English. So we spoke Spanish instead. Now, any native Spanish-speaker would have known that Spanish was not our first language, but anyone who didn't speak Spanish most likely wouldn't.

While we were chatting, a woman approached us, sat down on the bench next to me, and offered us some nuts out of the package she had. She said, "*Para las españolas.*" For the Spanish women. We thanked her for the nuts and told her that we weren't actually Spanish, we were just studying in Spain and we liked speaking the language. That did not bother her. She was just very pleased to have someone with whom to speak Spanish since not many people in Prague do. We talked with her for a while, and she told us about how she learned Spanish in school and how her only opportunity to go to a Spanish-speaking country was to go to Cuba since, after all, it was during the Cold War. She was a very interesting person and we conversed until her train arrived and she had to leave.

Beckie and I left that experience feeling very good about ourselves. First, because someone thought our Spanish was so good we must have been from Spain. Second, because we had the chance to talk to a local person from Prague with whom we wouldn't have had the chance to speak otherwise. And third, the woman we talked to obviously seemed pleased that she could still speak Spanish and also left the experience feeling good about herself. It simply shows that trying not to stick out or be obvious and trying to blend just a little bit more can lead to a wonderful, enjoyable, memorable experience.

Andrea Dakin
Cáceres, Spain



In awe and wonder

A little Spanish boy dressed in the garb of one of the Madrid soccer teams.

Susie Anderson
Madrid, Spain

Memories of Winter

For heaven's sake is this "manna" from above
falling down so terribly all over me ...?

First,

on my head, oh my neatly braided hair!

Then,

on my bosom, God! I'm like a piece of ice cream.

Again,

on my hands, my fingers are numb!

I try to lift my feet, but look! I'm sliding, I'm sliding, I can't trust my shoes ... I slid
and finally I fall in this deep huge freezer they call "snow."

Sometimes it comes in flakes and I say, "How pretty,"
but sometimes it showers down like rain and I say, "How terrible."

Dear me, will these ice cubes ever disappear?

Day after day, I pray it will just disappear, but boy! It was always there ...

melting off for a day or two, but coming right back ...

whispering, "My dear, it is winter. This is Michigan. You either love it or leave it!"

There are times when I think I love it, though.

Never have I thought of a substance so cold, so pure, so immaculate ...

spreading through the almost decayed grass of autumn

one would think of it as a popular bed, a bed so comfortably fixed beneath the lower ceilings of
Trowbridge dorm. A bed where one could choose to rest after a whole day of worries. A bed
which would revive your dying spirit.

But ... oh, what a bed so cold, so terrible on this blizzard Saturday morning.

Now I stand at the door of DeWaters dorm peeping, waiting,
feeling terribly upset to set my feet outside.

I look at my watch, the minute hand goes tick ... tick ... tick

I have an appointment at 12:00 and I've just got to go.

But, dear me, I feel like I'm going to freeze.

Should I step out in this cold, freezing, white stuff called "snow?"

Should I wear my gloves and give it a try?

Wish I could fly ... wish I had wings like a dove.

I'll fly to the hills and be at rest!

Josephine M. Amadu
International Student from Sierra Leone

Journals from Russia

January 1, 1997

New Year's was great! I read Stephen King's *Insomnia* for three hours, got dressed-up like everyone else, and at eleven-thirty at night Galina, my host mother, told me that dinner was ready. I was introduced to the guests: a young couple my age or younger, an older woman in her fifties, and a woman in her thirties. I sat by the end of the table next to the grandma and the couple. The two daughters sat at the opposite end of the table. The family had saved up money for this important festive holiday, and other special occasions every year, as do many Russian families. They use this money to splurge on foods and dishes that they don't prepare on a regular basis. Therefore, there was an expensive bottle of vodka, Martini, and strong wine along with six different salads: two made with fish, one with shredded beets. There was cabbage salad (which is basically shredded cabbage doused with vegetable oil), meat, and sliced peppers and cucumbers. It was quite good. Although, I really didn't want to eat the fish salad because there are usually always minute bones to pick through. A surprise with every bite!

We all had a shot glass and a regular glass. There were candles on the table and a center piece of flowers. The New Year's tree was by the TV, which was on. Russian New Year's trees are *very small* and a bit wispy. Especially compared to the Christmas trees in the U.S.

We had a great time! The host father made sure that I was always served. Especially when my glass was empty. There were two men at the party so by the end of the evening they had finished the bottle of vodka. None of the women had any vodka, although, by four in the morning the host father did offer it to me. I declined the offer.

During the meal, the other host mother, Nina (I have two host mothers who are sisters) told me that anyone who wants to can write their wishes for the next year on a piece of their napkin. At midnight we would put the piece of napkin into the candle flame and let it burn. So we did. Many flaming napkins ended up in glasses of champagne which we drank at midnight (I blew my napkin out before it burned me, hence mine didn't end up in my glass of champagne).

The meal was great! We toasted many times to the New Year. After a while we had cooked meat and potatoes. I was stuffed by then, because the grandma made sure that I had enough of almost everything on the table, especially since there were going to be a lot of leftovers.

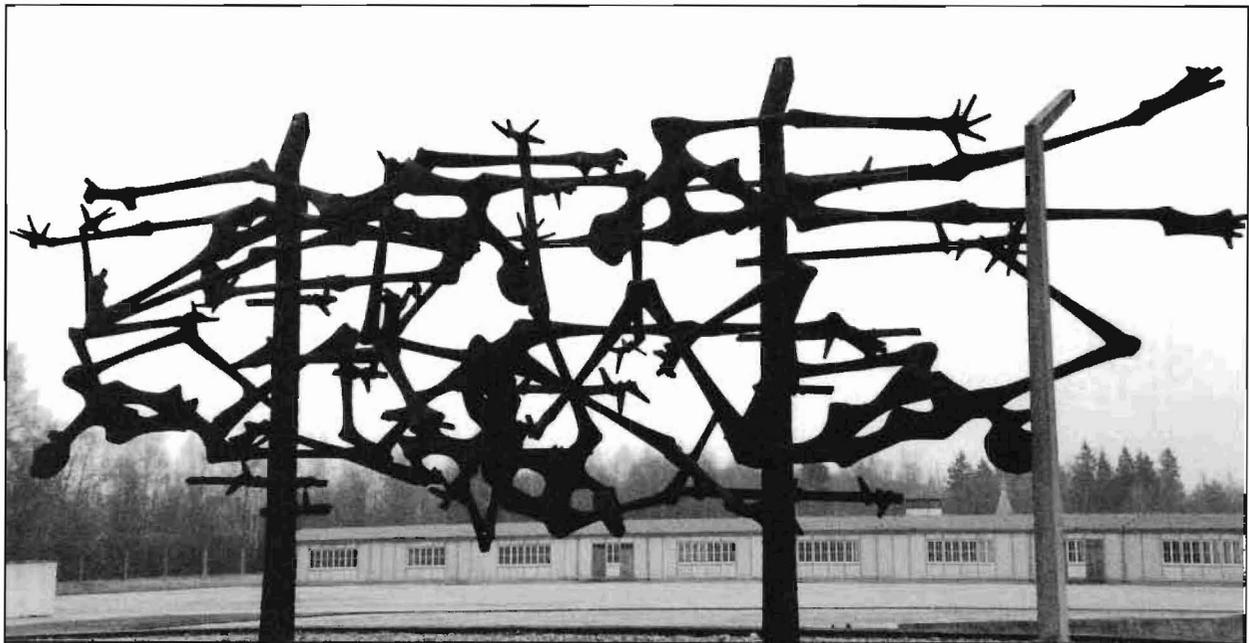
After a few more toasts, we had ice cream. The husband of the young couple offered me a mandarin orange. Soon people decided to take a walk outside and the table was partially cleared. One of the guests danced with everyone who entered the room, even me. I helped out with the dishes and by four in the morning the host father, grandmother, and the older guest were having a conversation about how their lives were in Russia before 1991. I only wish that I knew more Russian to follow more of what they were saying. At any rate, the host father came over to me and asked if I had bought any Russian artist stamps for my family, and if I collected stamps. I said "yes." He told me that he collected stamps and asked me if I wanted to see them. I said sure, but he just sat down and I never saw them. I guess that he was a bit drunk, which I already knew. By five-fifty-five in the morning I was dancing with him after the table was taken down. He spun me around a few times with the onlookers cheering and singing. I really hadn't expected to end up dancing with my host father whom I rarely saw, because he was always working. I went to bed after that. Of course, it was six in the morning.

Moscow, Russia, Early November, 1996

We left Thursday evening for the eight-hour ride to Moscow. We had a tour the same morning we arrived. Red Square was the highlight. It isn't really red, of course, more of a dark gray. The overcast day dulled the colors of Saint Basil's Cathedral. The group dispersed, and I found myself reflecting upon a previous trip to Russia, six years ago, when it was a Communist country. That day was bright and sunny.

I had to visit GUM again, Russia's largest department store. It had changed *drastically* from 1991: it had become clean, smoke-free, Western, ritzy, and expensive. There were many restaurants. Bright advertisements and a beautiful water fountain. It was amazing! An astonishing sight to see! A gross contrast to 1991 before the coup. At that time, it was falling apart, smoky, dirty, only Russian stores, and many storefronts were empty. There was only one Western store, *United Colors of Benetton*, which only certain people were allowed to enter, because the door locked behind everyone who entered. The only way to get in was to wait until someone left the store. I freaked out when I boarded the tour bus. No one had any concept of what I had just witnessed. The change was dramatic.

Stephanie Wooster
St. Petersburg, Russia



Forever frozen

This metal statue stands outside of Dachau, Germany, a well-known World War II concentration camp.

Joseph E. Lee
Madrid, Spain



Intricacies

Sunlight captures life in motion.

Will Adams
Nairobi, Kenya

Untitled

I walked twenty minutes every day to school, most days at seven-thirty in the morning. At first it was torture. Then I started noticing...

- ... that just before the sun rises in the winter, if you look closely, you can see the ice covering the trees
and in the last light of the dawn it looks as fragile as crystal;
- ... that forcing yourself to walk slower forces you to think slower;
- ... that the *patisserie* windows look the spiffiest in the morning;
- ... that most families still buy their bread fresh every morning;
- ... that the beggar woman gets up even earlier than I do;
- ... that it doesn't rain every day in Strasbourg;
- ... that the leaves turn the same color in Strasbourg as they do in Kalamazoo;
- ... that bikes move faster than cars during rush hour;
- ... that the time between seven-thirty and eight in the morning wasn't necessarily meant for sleeping.

Allison Cole
Strasbourg, France

Untitled

Weak.

I feel so weak.

I feel like I have been spinning out of control
ever since the last night in Lamu.

There are moments of

Serenity

that allow me to pull myself together but
then it all falls out and I fall back into the

madness.

I can't stand, speak, scream, cry.

I can't breathe, feel, think, or express.

I am surrounded by constant, relentless

beauty

and all I can do is spin.

I want to put my feet on firm ground

so that I can take the time to

look, listen, learn.

Matatus, boats, planes, and trains.

A constant, driving force.

Pushing me, Pulling me.

Beating me down, lifting me up.

I want to stand but I can't.

I want to stretch my legs but I remain

cramped.

I can't think, feel, or express.

All I know is a constant

buzzing, rocking, swaying, humming

that leaves me alone,

desolate.

When does it stop?

When does the relentless motion cease
and the emotions return?

I am caught between a drive to
see, feel, live everything

and a survival instinct screaming to
withdraw and close.

I am tired.

I am weak.

I want to give, but I'm on

empty.

I want to refuel,

but I don't know how.

So I sit. Dry and Parched.

And wait for the rains to return.

To beat down on me long and hard.

Softening my skin and seeping down
deep into my roots.

Rejuvenating

Delicious

I'm on the edge

and so I wait

For the rain to come, the tide to rise,
and the water to carry me on.

Barrie Short
Nairobi, Kenya



Male bonding

Two lions stretch out in the afternoon sun in Maasai Mara, Kenya.

Sara Baynton
Jerusalem, Israel



Singing for supper

Two boys in Lisbon sing for money or food.

Marvi Lacar
Madrid, Spain

Wednesday, October 23, 1996

Hola ... Just wanted to jot down a few notes. The other night I truly felt like I was part of the family. It wasn't the first time, but for some reason it just keeps feeling stronger and stronger. Maqui and I were preparing our dinner and everyone else was in the living room. Paco and Cristina were screaming up a storm. A brother and sister fighting over the car ... it happens at every age, I guess. So Maqui and I joked around about the argument and decided to eat in the kitchen rather than the *sala*. Afterwards Paco and Cristina each went to their rooms, and Maqui and I finished our homework in front of the TV. My host mom and I then stayed up late to watch a second movie while she shared stories of her friends. It's neat to be able to see and experience such a development in our relationship.

Today, I realized I needed to be more relaxed about my surroundings. I have been so used to ignoring people trying to get my attention saying, "*Bonita, bonita,*" that I have completely ruled out that someone might just be asking for help. Today I was on the bus and I ignored a gentleman. Only later did I realize that he was just asking for help. Once I realized what was going on I apologized to him and also to the woman that ended up helping him. The whole bus ride home I thought that it happened for a reason. And it truly opened my eyes. The whole event made me feel more relaxed in general.

Well, I was right, it did happen for a reason. I was in a bookstore tonight when an elderly man stopped me to help him with some English. After this afternoon's experience I stepped aside, figured out what was going on, and gladly assisted him with some information. He was such a gentle and caring man. And I am not sure that I ever would have found that out if I didn't experience what I did earlier today on the bus. It is amazing how perceptions and little gestures can be changed and molded to study abroad.

It's useful to keep your eyes open, but if you take the time to focus and look a little deeper, you may be surprised at the treasures you can find. I'll remember the treasure I found today.

Susie Anderson
Madrid, Spain

Water Reading

That was Epigraphy 101
charcoal in the fingernails,
wax casts, water reading. The last
was the most elusive.

Take a casually last carved a few
thousand years ago—letters rubbed
down like stumps of bitten fingernails. Smear
a little charcoal in, and bits of baseball players on a cereal box.

Or when it's so bad nothing works, and every
letter means microscopes and weak acid bath,
then maybe it's time for water reading.

Crossing my legs Indian style
on the lab bench I mix
soot with water
like a Japanese calligrapher. Just an eyedropper-
full trickling down the marble, every pore
of the stone whispering suggestions to it
where to go—and maybe it pauses
and you've got an alpha,
or maybe it's just a lambda. You have
to trust the water, rely on where
it's been. Maybe it's been there before, maybe
that water will wash your bones.

Justin Breese
Athens, Greece



The City of Canals

A scene from the Rialto bridge in Venice, Italy.

Beth Wittmann
Macerata, Italy

memory dries and slips like sand

Aberdeen. I'm cold remembering your windstorms
flying in off the North Sea, howling up over cliffs
howling like some mad animal through cobblestone
roads of my Balgownie Village.

Old Scot at the pub, his voice cracks like Autumn,
If ya drink enough whiskey, lass, the sea w' swalla ya.
He's on shot number four, maybe just one more, or two.
Aye.

A sign on the wall reads Robert the Bruce slept here and
We drink in silence. I light his pipe with my matches
before I stumble home and
I never walk the sea alone.

I never walk the sea alone. Scotland,
When we sailed Loch Ness we laughed at your stories,
never taking our eyes off the water.

The River Dee whispers murderous secrets, they say.
If that river could talk, they say.

Feel like drowning? Something about celtic pictish warrior
scots, vikings and saxons and irish and bloody-english,
duncan malcolm macbeth mary-queen-of wallace wallace wallace
something about that royal mile, or the way your trains sweep
over sunrise hills with abbeys and backyard castles, something,
I don't remember, I can't keep the flood of stories,
I can't keep all your stories. Can't
keep them alive, not from so far away, not from so far.
Scotland,

if I leave I won't be able to get your taste out of my mouth, or
your windpipe songs out of my head, your northern lights
out of my eyes, Scotland,
Your waters haunt me still.

Sharalynn Cromer
Aberdeen, Scotland

Knowing

An idea rearranges itself
On the edge of pain,
Breathing heavily into the
Humility of a crushed sky.
A wave of laughter is held back
In the moment after we
Shut our eyes
And walk.

Amanda Lichtenstein
Nairobi, Kenya



Reflections of Scotland

The Castle Stalker, with mountains in the background, reflects dimly on the lake.

Heather Booton
St. Petersburg, Russia

Aquí y Allí

Large bodies of water
thick with salt and fish
lie powerful between us.
Miles of land
dry and flat,
lush and rolling,
separate our lives.
We live each day uniquely.
Our patterns differ.
Daily you cradle a dying mother
and drink coffee from a mug.
I ride the Metro feeling suffocated
and speak in a different tongue.
Yet, you claim we are together,
juntos, living as one
in separate time zones.
You accompany me past
the musicians in the Underground.
And I sit in Starbucks
watching you sip coffee and smoke cigars.

Michelle Janssens
Madrid, Spain

Ndoto

First, there were the sweet
 chocolate chips,
All wrapped up in *kangas*—soft,
Melting on their mothers' backs,
Under the fierce sun,
Into peaceful Sleep.

Then there were coconut-milk
 dreams.
Samaki on our fingertips
Tamarind on our lips
We feasted in Sleep.
Under a sky packed with Knowing,
We held our mouths open wide
And savored each falling star
One by one.

There was also the braiding of the hair
When laughter got all tangled up
With night and Heat and
Little hands.
Tugging and Pulling and lids falling heavy,
Curry powder settled
Chutney sauce stirred
Coconuts were squeezed.
We took a warm bath
In God's water.

The sleep-spit of Mariamu
Dripped down onto my bare shoulder.
Her eyes were shut in front of mine;
Her fingers curled up around my own.
I sat still and watched her sleep on my lap,
Her breath heavy and promising.
She shifted and sighed and slept
In the space between
Night

and

Day.

Amanda Lichtenstein
Nairobi, Kenya



At Mama Riziki's House—Takaungn

Amanda Lichtenstein gets her hair braided by a member of her homestay family.

Nina Lichtenstein

Adiós, Mi Niña

My return trip starts at about two o'clock in the morning. I kiss Mari good-bye—"Adiós, mi niña"—and slip into the cab. "A la estación ferrocarril." The streets of Cáceres are completely empty. The streetlights flash yellow. We pass the *biblioteca*, and turn onto a street normally teeming with traffic, but which at this hour seems half asleep.

We run alongside the *Parque Canovas*, past the *Avenida Virgen de la Montaña* with its *Plaza de Los Conquistadores* at one end and its *Parque del Príncipe* at the other. I spent six months walking up and down that street—to the cinema that showed mostly American films dubbed in Spanish; to *La Abadía*, site of our infamous Thanksgiving dinner; to the *peluquería*, where my host brother gave me my first European-style Caesar-like haircut with patches of red dye; to the mountain on the hottest day of the year during the hour of the siesta. All good memories. I forget them more and more as time goes on.

We slip past *La Cruz de Los Caídos* and shuttle down to the station. This is the second time I've left from this platform—the first time at Christmas was only temporary, a European trekking adventure. I feel my memories slipping away from me like the lights of the *pueblos* I can barely discern out of the train window that reflects my image.

The same image is reflected one day, an overnight delay, and a free hotel stay later in the little window that looks out over the propeller engine of my St. Louis-to-South Bend puddle-jumper.

The afternoon sun illuminates a fluffy white quilt that covers the patch-like land and I pray for good weather so my plane can touch down safely. "When are we supposed to get there?" I ask my traveling companions from St. Louis. "We're supposed to arrive at five-thirty."

I check my watch—the thing I lived by while traveling in Spain, the thing that, according to my host-niece, earned me points because of its Mickey Mouse design—I reset it over Newfoundland. It's four-thirty. The cabin pressure changes and a new hope explodes in my stomach. "Is there a time change? What time are we on?"

"It's almost five. Why? Are you meeting someone?"

I sigh. The four people in the seats near me lean forward to hear my story above the raucous thrumming of the propellers. "I've been studying in Spain for the past six months." A barrage of questions erupt from the woman seated directly behind me. "Where in Spain? Did you have fun? What did you study?"

As the plane passes over downtown South Bend to loop around to the airport I tell the attentive group about my studies in a small town in western Spain, where I had the most wonderful time.

The plane taxis to a stop and the flight attendant lowers the fold-in stairs. The man closest to the door motions to me. "You first." I smile and thank him as the midwinter air freezes my lungs and my ears in my descent. "Welcome home."

I grab my bag from the little cart on the runway and head inside where my Mom and Dad are waiting for me, but I feel like a part of my life has quietly slipped away. "Adiós, mi niña. Adiós."

Rebecca Craft
Cáceres, Spain

Contributors

Will Adams '98, a psychology major/ history minor studied both psychology and history for nine months in Nairobi, Kenya. He also traveled to Tanzania, South Africa, and "The Island of the Spices," Zanzibar. *Photos: pages 4, 14, 24*

Susie Anderson '98, a psychology/Spanish double major, spent six months in Madrid, Spain. She says her host-family was excellent and made her study abroad amazing. *Journals: pages 7, 16; Photo: page 10*

Josephine M. Amadu, an International Student from Sierra Leone, studies sociology/anthropology at "K." She received her BA in English and sociology from Fourah Bay College, University of Sierra Leone in 1996. Josephine writes for fun, but intends to be a serious writer in the future. Her poem reflects her shocking climactic experience during the snow-biting months of winter. *Poem: page 11*

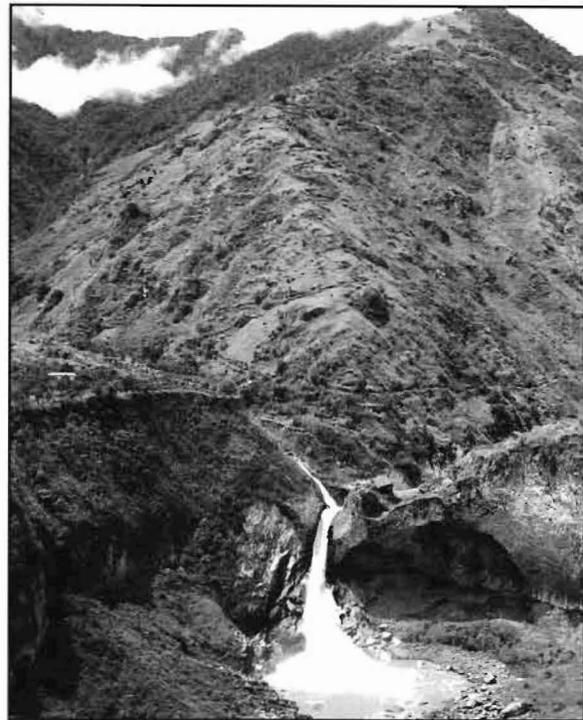
Amy Baldwin '98, associate editor, spent six months in Madrid, Spain.

Sara Baynton '98 spent nine months in Jerusalem, Israel. *Photo: page 15*

Heather Booton '98 is an economics major, who spent four months in Russia studying Russian language and culture last fall. She wants to go back there some time to work, if possible. While there she learned a great many lessons about all the things in life that we sometimes take for granted. *Photo: page 19*

Justin Breese '98 is an English major with a love of classical literature and history. He traveled to Athens, Greece, to study the relics of antiquity but rapidly became fascinated by the juxtaposition of ancient and modern cultures. Temporarily setting down the study of the ancient Greek in favor of the modern dialect, Justin focused on becoming an anthropologist of both the past and present, exploring the connections he found in his writing. *Poem: page 17*

Jacqueline Chevalier '98 was an associate editor. "Suddenly, I've leaped to the position of a senior with the end of my undergraduate education in sight. Nearly a year ago, I entered a bit of a time warp, as a junior going to China for my study abroad. There, I spent six months studying Chinese, looking at life pass by in the form of thousands upon thousands of beautiful and elusive characters, relying on an ancient bike as my sole transportation like all my Chinese counterparts, and calling myself by my Chinese name, Xie Jialing instead of the name given to me by my parents, Jacqueline Chevalier." *Journal: page 8*



Nature's bounty

Ecuador is filled with beautiful scenes, like this one of a waterfall outside of *Los Baños*.

Megan Salyer
Quito, Ecuador

Allison Cole '98 spent September 1996 through February 1997 in Strasbourg, France. While there she studied French, history, art history, culture, civilization, and media and communication. At "K" she is majoring in biology and is planning on entering medical school next year. She would love to return to France someday, if not to live, at least to travel. Of all the things she misses, she misses the bread the most. *Prose: page 14*

Rebecca Craft '98, editor and Spanish major with a concentration in Western European Studies—Spain, spent six stupendous months in Cáceres, Spain, where she learned all the slang and a little bit about life, too. She will go back there someday. *Prose: page 21*

Sharalynn Cromer '98 lived in Aberdeen, Scotland for six months. She studied African and Celtic history at the University. She enjoyed watching the sea, hanging out at the local pub, and traveling on the island. Sharalynn is a proud believer in the Loch Ness Monster. Ask to see photos. *Poem: page 18*

Andrea Dakin '98, an associate editor, is a psychology major with a minor in Spanish and a concentration in Women's Studies. She studied Spanish and other Spanish-related items in Cáceres, Spain. Her experiences in train and traveling taught her a great deal about survival and what things are actually worth the effort of panicking, but mostly they taught her that the next time she goes traveling for three and a half weeks, she wants to do it with first class train tickets and less luggage. *Prose: page 10*

Laurel Fitzhugh '98 spent the Fall and Winter of her junior year in Erlangen, Germany. It was an unbelievable experience. She thinks the discoveries one makes while in an environment that constantly tests your patience, determination, and endurance are invaluable. She is an economics major and women's studies concentrator. *Photo: page 9*

Andrea Gilman '98, an HDSR major, spent six months in Bonn, Germany. *Photo: page 23*

Elizabeth Haas '98, associate editor, went to Cambridge, England, for study abroad and studied English literature.

Erica Houglund '98 spent six months at Lancaster University in Northwest England. She studied sociology, political science, and law relating to women's studies. In her free time she enjoyed spending evenings with her mates in the campus pubs, playing British pool, and picking up Brit-slang. The highlight of her time abroad, however, was spending Christmas in Paris and New Year's in London. *Photo: page 7*

Michelle Janssens '98, an English major/Spanish minor, spent six months of her life deep in the heart of Madrid, Spain. Amid the rush of traffic, she has emerged in one piece, carrying memories of *el metro* and that uncontrollable urge to break into *el baile flamenco* at a moment's notice. *Poem: page 19; Photo: cover, page 1*

Angela Jousma '98 is a French major with a minor in history, hoping to one day be able to explain existentialism to ninth and tenth grade French students. After six months in Aix-en-Provence, France, Cezanne's shadow and Aix's violet skies still live in her dreams. *Poem: page 7*

Lizzie Kostielney '98, an English/theatre double major and associate editor, did not go on study abroad, but visited her friends and traveled extensively throughout Europe with them over Christmas. Her favorite place in Europe is Beano, Italy, right next to Cadroipo, where Sting once played live.

Marvi Lacar '98 studied at the Universidad de Nebrija in Madrid, Spain for the fall '96 and winter '97. *Photo: page 16*

Joseph E. Lee '98 is eternally grateful for some of the most valuable times of his life, spent in Spain and Europe. He is studying business and economics, while minoring in mathematics. Hopefully, one day this combination will earn him enough income to return to Europe. Currently, he finds himself reminiscing of the all the memories, back in the day in Spain. *Photo: page 13*

Amanda Leigh Lichtenstein '98, an English literature major, lived and studied in Nairobi, Kenya, for six months. *Poems: pages 18, 20; Nina Lichtenstein, photo: page 20*

Christopher McPeak '98, a health science/religion double major, spent six months in Cáceres, Spain. *Poem: page 9*

Megan Readler '98 spent the seven most fabulous months of her life living and learning in Madrid, Spain. "During these mere seven months I learned more about not only the culture of Spain but that of my own country and existence. It is virtually impossible for me to put into words the experience that I gained living and traveling throughout Europe." *Photo: page 6*

Megan Salyer '98 spent six months in Quito, Ecuador. *Photo: page 22*



Our lady of Paris

Notre Dame, site of the fictional Hunchback Quasimodo, rises over the trees in Paris, France.

Andrea Gilman
Bonn, Germany

Barrie Short '98 studied abroad in Nairobi, Kenya, for six months. Barrie is a sociology major and a political science minor. She is hoping to return to Kenya to do her SIP in intercultural training this fall, *kwa sababu Kenya ni sawa hasa!* Poem: page 15

Monica Tay '98 is a history/East Asian studies major, and was in China for six months. She visited Beijing, Shanghai, Putuoshan, Inner Mongolia, and Hong Kong, and some day she wants to help liberate Tibet. Photo: page 8

Henry Kiragu Wambuii, an International Student from Nyeri, Kenya, earned his BA in African literature and political science at the University of Nairobi. Prose: page 4

Beth Wittmann '98 spent six months in Macerata, Italy. Photo: page 17

Jane Woolsey '98 studied for six months in Cáceres, Spain, at the Facultad de Filosofía y Letras in the Universidad de Extremadura. She attended (yes, every day) classes in Spanish literature, history, language, and culture, and a course in French (where she learned to say useful phrases such as “I’m in the swimming pool”). She wrote for *The Atlas* because, even if sometimes she misses out on participating, she is an active observer of life. Poems: pages 6, 9

Stephanie Wooster '98 lived in St. Petersburg, Russia, for six months. She participated in a four month semester program, where she studied Russian language, culture, and literature. Stephanie is an art major/Russian minor who is intrigued by the field of Russian art and had the opportunity to pursue personal exploration in Russian art and artists. She extended her stay in Russia for two extra months after the semester to teach Russian high school students American English and culture. Journals: page 12



River of dreams

Editor's note: This is what study abroad should be: students laughing and learning, experiencing and enjoying. There can be nothing more exciting than learning about a different culture, as these students are doing while boating down the middle of a river in Africa. In this magazine, I have tried to take a bit from everywhere, to share everyone's experiences with everyone else. Those who go on study abroad will remember it forever as an adventure into the unknown where one might come out scraped and bruised, but challenged and more aware than ever. I hope everyone takes advantage of this opportunity for growth.

Photo by Will Adams—Nairobi, Kenya
Copy by Rebecca Craft—Cáceres, Spain

