

# *The Atlas*

1998 • Volume 8



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# The Atlas

The Study Abroad Magazine  
of Kalamazoo College  
1998  
Volume 8

Last spring in a speech delivered to students returning from study abroad, Kalamazoo College President James Jones said that the most vivid memories graduates treasure are their international experiences. Undoubtedly, study abroad continues to have a great impact on Kalamazoo College students today. The great response *The Atlas* staff has received this year from students wishing to contribute to the magazine attests to that.

*The Atlas* is a publication of Kalamazoo College that features student writing and photography drawn from their study abroad experiences. The magazine reaches students and their parents as well as alumnae, friends of the College, prospective students and current members of the college community. Students are invited to submit original prose, poetry, photography and drawings for consideration. Faculty members from the English Department and the Center for International Programs supervise its production. Funding for *The Atlas* comes from administrative offices, alumnae and friends of Kalamazoo College.

Many students, I think, as well as myself have found it difficult to summarize our experiences on study abroad for friends and family who did not travel with us. I cannot even summarize the content of this magazine due to the great variety of work it contains. Each work represents only a small segment of each student's enormous experience, but perhaps a summary may be derived from the magazine as a whole.

Antonie Boessenkool  
*The Atlas* Editor

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Cover photo: When the tide is in, the Itsukushima Shrine in Miyajima, Japan appears to be floating in the air. It is said to be one of the most beautiful sites in all of Japan. Photo by Amanda Pritts

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*Darcy Schonfeld on a trip to Mombasa, Kenya. Photo by Michael Kellogg*

## Exchanges

My parents taught my family the importance of cultural awareness and the benefits of international study—from tracing the cultural roots of our lineage and last names to deciphering the wonderful intricacies of word and language origin. The house I grew up in, stuck in the middle of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, was always considered a cultural mecca from the viewpoint of our neighbors. Whenever my brothers and sisters get together today we still refer to our house as the Honeycomb Hideout, since people were constantly coming and going through windows and sliding patio doors. I grew up with a new exchange student almost every year before leaving for college. It was mainly through my experiences with them combined with my own months spent abroad that I learned to be open to different customs, religions and belief systems.

I can remember Jihad, a student from Lebanon, preparing baklava in the kitchen one moment and later trying to contact his parents back home during the civil wars and unrest dividing the land and even his family. I was very young then, so I didn't fully understand what was so upsetting. Jihad stayed with us for a very long time and was very good to me. We think of him whenever we eat out at Arzis, the local Lebanese restaurant (even though no one makes baklava like Jihad).

After Jihad left, Andre from Brazil came for three months and was followed by David, a very friendly Peruvian. David used to drag me out on 20 mile-long bike rides.

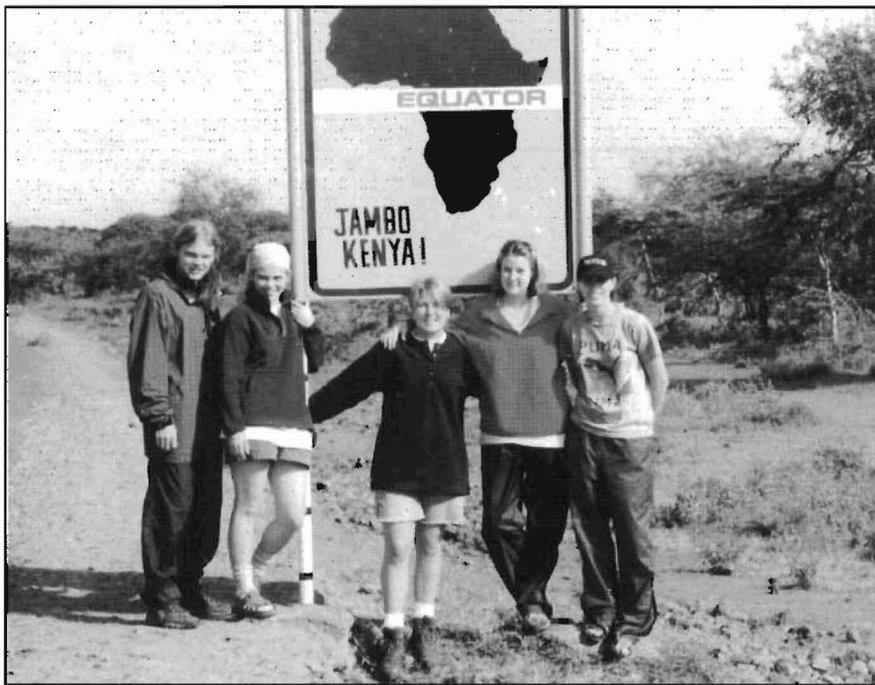
Our international traffic slowed until my first year

of high school when Mark came to study from England. He stayed for a year, went to my high school with me and loved to frequent Louisiana State University bars. A much more subdued Englishman named Garreth trailed Mark and also stayed for a year. I cannot possibly recount the many traditions and worldly stories I collected from those guys. They were treated like family members, given the same privileges and chores. Their pictures help line the hallways of the Honeycomb Hideout, and most of them continue to keep in touch.

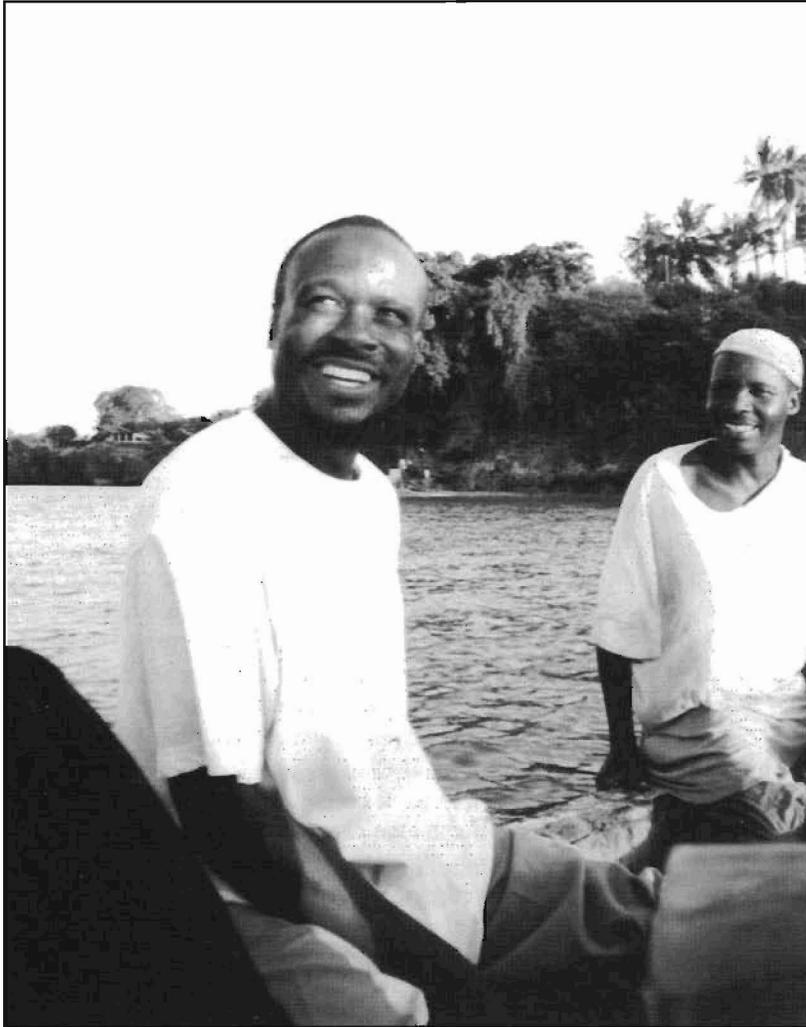
My family has always been unique because of our open-door policy. But more importantly, having such a multicultural fabric wrapped around me as a child sparked my own desire to study abroad and see what it would be like to fill the role of a Jihad or a Garreth for awhile.

When I began shopping for colleges I had three requirements: my future school had to have a program that would allow me to study in Kenya, have a good academic reputation and be located far away from the southern states. I wanted to escape the south for awhile because I was tired of seeing the rebel flags pinned up in dormitory windows and stuck on truck bumpers—even though during my first visit to Kalamazoo, Michigan, I saw the same rebel flag, only stretched across an even larger window. Some symbols of a nation's past struggle will be found whenever one takes a good look around. I chose Kalamazoo College because it fulfilled my criteria. I was then accepted into the Kenya long-term program and spent six months there.

I lived in Kenya from September 17, 1997 through March 15, 1998. I celebrated my 21st birthday with my host family instead of the one I was born into. I finally got to experience first hand how wonderful yet draining host relationships can be, how everyone must adjust and sacrifice some of his or her own personal idiosyncrasies for these relationships to work. It was especially difficult to adjust to the cultural variants that color Kenyan society and affected my family. There are over 40 different ethnic groups within the boundaries of Kenya alone, from the Kikuyu to the Kalenjin. One of the first lessons my host mother taught me was enmeshed in the words, "We're not Kenyan, we're Luo." She made me aware that although ethnic culture and the concept of extended family are ideals and values most of her countrymen and women embrace, the country as a whole



*Kalamazoo College students stand on the equator in Kenya. Photo courtesy of Emily Crawford*



Mohammed "Hemedi" Hemed, a Kiswahili teacher, takes Kalamazoo students on a tour of his home in Takaungu, Kenya. Photo by Cari Pattison

does not have one unified voice urging nationalism (Kenya has only been independent since 1973). My host mom then began instructing me on how to greet in dholuo rather than in what I was learning in Kiswahili classes. In fact, my host family's pride for its own culture prompted me to develop a research project focusing on the Luo. I began interviewing and observing my family and their Luo friends to discover how and why their culture had changed and to confront stereotypes and gender roles. I soon discovered the cultural delineation of rural versus urban within the Luo people—how sometimes Luos raised in or living in remote villages are different from those residing in major cities like Nairobi and how more and more Luos are flocking to faster-paced cities and abandoning their roots.

I think I learned more about life and culture in 181 days in Africa than in all of my years of formal edu-

cation. I participated in events, like a Maasai circumcision dance, that most people can only read about in select issues of *National Geographic* magazine. I developed communal ties and group skills from living with my host family. I had the opportunity see the flamingos of Lake Nakuru, Maasai Maras elephants and lions and the water buffalo that aggressively circle the trails of Mt. Kenya. I rafted the Nile in Uganda and looked down at the world from the Aberdare Mountains. And all of those events help define cross-cultural awareness for me.

Becoming culturally aware means picking up on the things books and professors can't always tell you. You must acquire a street sense in order to survive and learn the common ins and outs of daily living that tourists aren't privy to. Instructors, group coordinators and government officials can warn you off the alleys at night, but they seldom alert you to crimes committed during the day. No one can summarize an entire nation's unofficial street code of mob justice, Swahili lingo and *matatu* (minibus) routes in some succinct pocket guide for you to browse the week before or en route to that country. And why would you want to read about a culture's delicacies when you can gather them up for yourself and later pour them into a more meticulous journal? I'm a happier woman know-

ing that in the one week I spent in a tiny Muslim village named Takaungu (about 45 minutes north of Mombassa), I discovered that you don't greet or eat with your left hand and that many progressive Muslim women don't mind being veiled. Breaking into a new culture is like being given a multifaceted gift—just when you think you've unearthed the final surprise, several new ones pop up for you to explore.

Allison McGough  
Nairobi, Kenya

## Roots

My first impulse as I wander among the Swiss people of Zurich is to lose myself inside their city, in between the various watch shops and golden street lamps. I debate throwing my remaining plane tickets into the conveniently placed waste bins that guard each street corner. Candle-lit restaurants beckon seductively in the coming dusk. Women in high leather boots laugh through draping furs. I am brown in comparison to their snowy pale skin; my shoes are scuffed from the twisting Nairobi streets. I walk, not wanting to look back at the family I left in Kenya; I walk, not wanting to look forward to the family I left in the States six months ago. I prefer Switzerland, the "neutral" country where I have no family and no name. It is a relief to have no one approach me on the street, to find no one cares who I am or how I talk. I wish I could walk for days, memorizing the names: Bahnhofstrasse, Langstrasse, Hohlstrasse. I would drink coffee on the bridge and gaze without any sort of longing at the snowy peaks. In Zurich I am anonymous, just another traveler passing through, only my Americanness speaking for itself. In some cases anonymity is the luxury of the traveler. Unnoticed and alone I drift at the pace of those passing by, immune to their desires and preoccupations and free to harvest my own.

In Nairobi, anonymity as a traveler is not easily obtained due to the amount of revenue the tourism industry brings to the country each year. Too many people depend on foreign dollars to make a living for the traveler to walk the streets unnoticed. And, of course, if you have light skin or "American" features, blending is not an option. A Kenyan cabdriver explained to me once as we sat in a traffic jam on the Uhuru ("peace" in Kiswahili) Highway the three kinds of tourists in Kenya. The "rough ones" were usually the Germans, the Australians, the Swedes and Austrians who slept in hostels, carried worn canvas backpacks, hiked the intimidating Mount Kenya, drank a cup of Kenyan coffee and departed for the next destination without ever learning the cursory "hello" in Kiswahili. "This," the man explained as he patiently waved a truck past, "was very rude." Next to the "dirty ones" were the safari travelers, the wealthy Europeans and Asians who travel to Kenya on two-week vacations to "see the animals." After sighting the "big five:" lion, cape buffalo, el-

ephant, cheetah and rhinoceros, they pack their dusty trunks and fly Swiss Air back to Europe or Asia. "The third traveler is the most rare," said the cabdriver as we finally picked up speed; "he will learn our language, eat at our restaurants, ride the *matatus* (minibus) and cabs."

Once Kenyans discover this type of traveler, they will answer any question asked in even the most halting Kiswahili. They appreciate the attempt and respect you for even trying. Unlike most of us, many Kenyans experience what it is like to be anonymous, in their own country. In Kenya it seems that the tables are often reversed; the traveler becomes the attraction, and the native people become anonymous, at the mercy of telephoto lenses and video cameras.

As much as I enjoyed my temporary namelessness in Zurich, I departed from the land of down comforters and feather pillows on a chilly Monday morning. Ears popping and ringing to Boston, where I switched flights, I arrived at Detroit's Metro Airport almost deaf, shouting to the customs officer that no, I did not have any drugs or fruit or anything else for God's sake. At home I forced down leftover lasagna at the kitchen table as my sister chattered away and mom watched me out of the corner of her blue eyes. I wondered what Wambui was making for dinner, if Charles had done well on his exam. I imagined I was back home washing my clothes in the sun, the blue bucket between my knees. I rubbed the fabric of my *kanga* (skirt) over and over, twisting out the dirt, burning blisters into my knuckles. I knew looking in the mirror later that night that pieces of the identity I had formed during my stay in Nairobi were at risk of be-



*Emily Crawford's host family in Takaungu, Kenya poses for a portrait. Photo by Emily Crawford*

ing washed away by another identity which I found everywhere I looked: in ancient trophies on the shelves, books read to pieces on the bookshelf, mail from friends, framed pictures on the desk, my face looking back at me in the foggy bathroom mirror. I closed my eyes and wished I could disappear or dissolve until I found the right me.

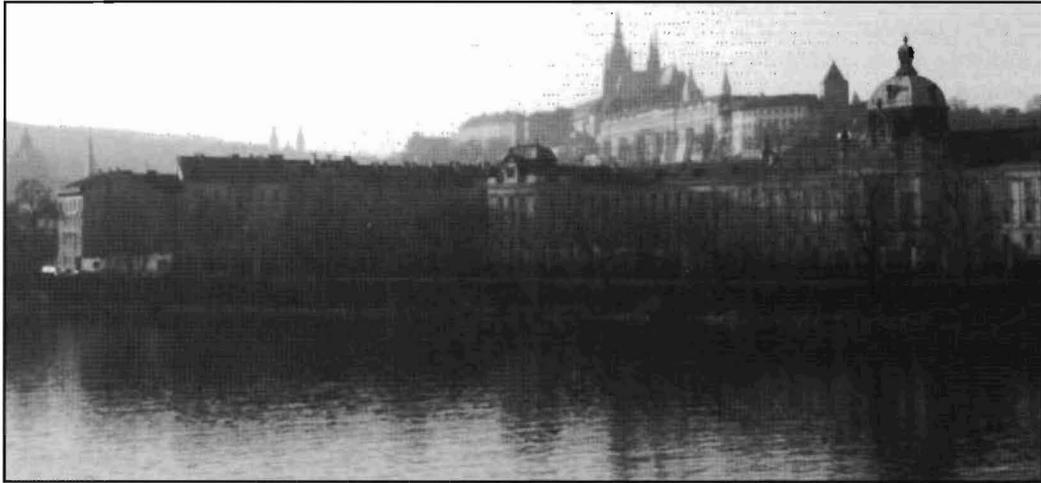
I write in a faded pink house near Westnedge Avenue. A park separates the boulevard from the house, providing a large lawn for the dog, Odin, and ample shade from the Kalamazoo sun. I have decided, after receiving an offer to work in Washington D.C., to remain in this small town for the summer. The thought of packing my things and boarding an airplane made my bones ache and heart sink. I want to create an environment to call home, a place without years of personal history, a place I can unpack myself.

The trees on the park are over a century old. They stand tall, their hefty limbs barely tossing in the breeze. Protected from lumbermen and powerlines, they have grown through the decades, their life-giving roots pushing deeper and deeper into the earth. I marvel at the longevity of the trees and wonder who they will shade when our generation is long passed. My soul desires a taste of what the park trees have mastered, the process of developing and expanding roots. The desire for anonymity has passed. I want something to anchor me in the crowd; I no longer wish to bob along invisible, trapped in a place that is not mine. In order to return to distant countries and continue with my life in this park, I must regain my sense of balance and give myself the opportunity to grow roots in home soil. Without roots I am nothing; without roots I lack the strength to discover who I am. The trees tell me in the rustling of the branches that pushing through earth and rock is never easy. If I listen close enough, the trees tell me their secrets and encourage me to dig deeper.



*Kalamazoo students explored the rural town of Machakos, Kenya with the help of these young guides. Photo by Cari Pattison*

Emily Crawford  
Nairobi, Kenya



*The unique architecture of Prague, in the Czech Republic, is serenely reflected in the Vltava River.  
Photo by Tom Pool*

## The Importance of Encouragement: A Compilation

During my three-month stay in Madrid, Spain, I often longed for home. Because of this I began to record various pieces of advice and words of encouragement in a journal. Although most of the authors are unknown to me, this compilation helped me maintain a positive outlook during the occasional hopeless situation. The following are several of the more significant entries that helped me overcome the challenges of a study abroad experience.

“Courage is the essence of the creative spirit, the vital force of the human heart.”

-Joan Curtis

“Be gentle with yourself today ... take very good care of your soul.”

“You must go outside the house to see the moon.”

“A big, hearty laugh can shake a few worries loose.”

“Change, while sometimes frightening, is a necessary part of existence.  
Life without change would hold little opportunity for growth.”

“Happiness is an option, not a given.”

“Each day will bring its own unique experience. Enjoy them all.”

-Erin Stump

“It is through our trials rather than our triumphs that we are made strong.”

“With every difficulty comes an opportunity.”

Erin Stump  
Madrid, Spain

## Walking Home

So dark is not the forest path,  
illuminated by star-wove sky.  
Yet raced my thoughts as I prepared  
the road less traveled by.

So high is not the mountain crest,  
an anthill equal height.  
But screamed my legs as I prepared  
ascending the summit tonight.

As prehistoric monsters have,  
so buried in the tar,  
slowly I submerged myself  
in realm M.Valdemar.

And visions of the Great House falling,  
or Smaug on dragon wing,  
Began to gain the paramount  
for fear of what they bring.

My breath it came in quickened gasps,  
my heart it shifted gear.  
And as I passed a wizened tree  
the plant began to leer.

"Enough," I cried to wicked brain  
"I will this madness stop!"  
But all around the goblins danced  
and Orcs prepared to chop.

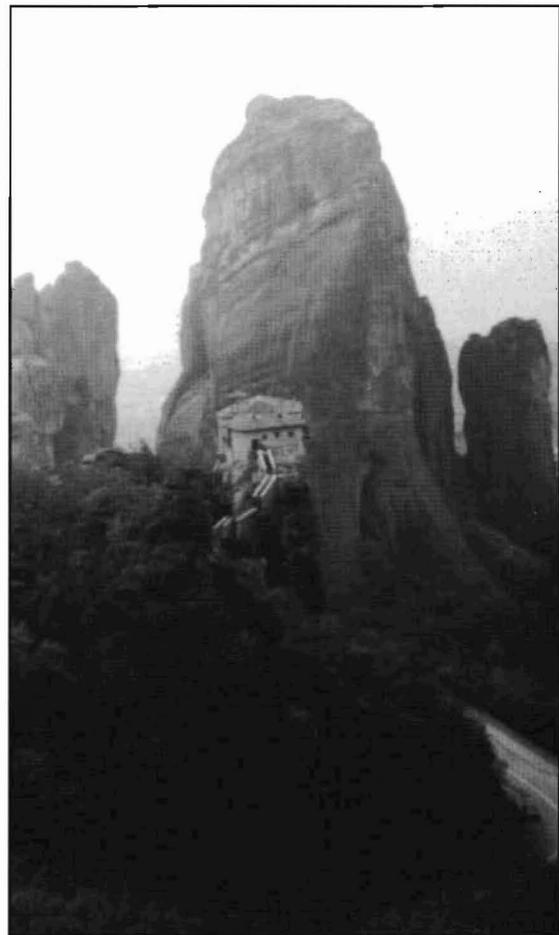
I tore on through the thick black muck,  
blood pounding through the vein.  
Thus desperate I spied the summit near  
and hoped to live again.

Vaulting the last hundred yards  
I dove into the light.  
Praised god for my salvation  
and cursed the devil night.

And while I stood there breathing hard  
rejoicing in my life,  
unnoticed a shadowed moved  
and rose to plunge the knife.

David Brockington  
Erlangen, Germany

*The monastery of Roussanou in Meteora, Greece is nearly one thousand years old, yet nuns still live there today. The surrounding area is known for its unusual rock formations. Photo by Jacquelyn Pursel*



# London

## Tasting

The sour exhaust  
                                inches down my throat  
to that hollow circle  
                                where my neck and shoulders  
  almost meet.  
My tongue is coated in flakes of poison  
                                embedded in its grooves and valleys  
  and corners in between.  
The passing cars are tense  
                                and hot for action.  
I want to throw myself in front of them  
                                make them look up and see  
the white clouds  
                                just  
  barely  
  touching  
  the tips  
of soot-covered buildings.

## Touching

                                a passing breeze  
  tickles my hot skin  
trapped in the blackness  
  of sophistication  
and apprehension  
                                waiting for the coming kiss  
  with ambivalence  
                                i hold the railing  
  to the balcony  
and feel the empty space  
  darting from the cool concrete

## Listening

                                Below the altar  
  of a small  
dark  
                                church  
                                floats the notes of Pachelbel  
  slipping over raindrops  
  outside.  
I am buried in a warm crypt  
                                of angels' wings  
  and violin strings.



*A quiet canal in Venice, Italy. Photo by Erin Dawson*

**Watching**

I see London waiting  
 mice on the tracks frozen with fear  
     knowing death is speeding towards them  
     with a whistle of triumph  
 pre-dawn buses crammed two layers thick  
     with drugged-out midnight revelers  
     straggling home  
 preteen girls decked out in skin-tight clothes  
     teetering past anxious men  
     leering under Arabic signs  
     with brown eyes wide  
     and just a hint of drool on lower lip  
 tourists with eyes wide mouths open hands clutching  
     purses back-packs fanny packs  
     holding the sum of weekly checks saved for years  
     and rolls of film—each one a Kodak moment  
     with a stuffed-in-a-scrapbook-on-the-top-shelf fate  
 businessmen in pressed suits with Guinness pints in hand  
     with posh accents smooth smiles money in the bank  
     out of university and right into the office  
     raising another glass  
 taking cabs home to empty darkness of lonely flats  
     hundreds and thousands within millions  
     bumping off cars  
 buildings  
 street lights  
 each other  
 waiting

**Inhaling**

The spicy onions  
     of a hot dog cart  
     and the sharp stench  
     of vomited alcohol  
     sting my nose  
 with the same intensity.  
 Once again I am just another  
     Angel-On-High  
     F  
     A  
     L  
     L  
     E  
     N      to the dry dirt.  
 A rank body  
     on the curb  
     of the lonely London night  
     waiting for the bus home.



*Three Kalamazoo students sit in an abandoned train station outside of Ancey, France. Photo by Theresa Possley*

Vanessa Greene  
 London, England

## Learning the Language of an English-Speaking Country

OK ... I'll admit it. I went to Scotland so I wouldn't have to learn a foreign language. Sure, I took three quarters of a language to fulfill my distributionals, but I can handle conjugating strange verbs in Kalamazoo. I was terrified of actually having to *learn* another language and then having to put that foreign tongue into practice thousands of miles from my home. What if I forgot the word for "bathroom" or "emergency" or "penicillin"? It could get ugly. So, I decided to go to *Scotland*—land of my ancestors and, generally, an English-speaking country.

Now, some of you might be wondering, what does he mean by "generally"? Well, learning the Scottish dialect isn't as easy as you may think. It's the accent that does it. University students are easy to understand: good, clean diction, regular volume, and they're used to international students. It's the normal, working folk of Aberdeen that I sometimes had a problem with.

One day, I was standing in line at our local Chinese/Fish & Chips shop (an amazing place where they will batter-fry anything, including hamburgers or *Mars* bars) with my flatmate Kenny. Suddenly, an old man and two middle-aged women asked, "Are you a Yank?" and started taunting me with low, guttural noises and odd hand-gestures. I couldn't make out a single word they were saying. I asked Kenny what was going on and he said, "Oh, they're just having a bit of fun with you because we destroyed the States

at the Ryder's Cup today." I said, "Oh," and waited five minutes before I asked Kenny what the Ryder Cup was. I guess it's some kind of golf thing. Kenny still doesn't believe that I didn't know what it was and I still wonder exactly what those three Scottish people were calling me.

Aberdeen might not seem that different from your home at first, but Scotland is a strange and wonderful foreign land and you've got to be ready for anything ... anything, I tell you. So, if you ever have the desire to visit the far-superior country to England's north, here are some tips that might help your assimilation go a bit easier:

1. Don't call the Scottish "European." They don't see themselves as a part of Europe. Oh, and REALLY don't call them "English." It is a matter of principle. Call them "Scottish" or "Scots" or you can even get away with "British."

2. No Scottish pub is actually known by its real name. The name on the sign above the door is a mere formality for the Scots. The "King's Street Mill" is the "Bobbin" and the "Red Lion" is the "Beastie." The University of Aberdeen even has its own student bar in the main dormitory hall. It's called "The Hillhead Bar," but everyone calls it "The Moon" because it has absolutely no atmosphere.

3. Go to a football game while you're there. It's so much fun. You sit in your team's section and everyone just goes crazy. The best part is that you spend the entire game singing these horribly offensive songs about the opposing team and their fans. This isn't "Sha-na-na-na, sha-na-na-na, hey, hey, hey, goodbye!" These songs are designed to make the opposing teams run home to their mamas, covered in terrified tears. Oh, and don't worry about drunken football riots because alcohol has been banned from the games for about ten years. Apparently, when the Scots have had a few, they're much more likely to burn down the stadium.

4. There are a few words you should know. "Snog" means kiss. "Shag" means ... more than kissing. "Pants" means underpants over there, so try and call your pants "trousers" once you get there. The word "fanny" is ... a very embarrassing term, so never, EVER tell a woman to "move her fanny" in Scotland. You'll get slapped.

5. If you want to fit in at the university, tell everyone that you loved *Trainspotting* and you just can't get enough of ambient/house/techno music. They're two things that every Scottish student has in common.



One morning, Kalamazoo College student Erin Dawson woke up to the sounds of an Austrian band warming up outside of the youth hostel she was staying at in Berlin, Germany. Photo by Erin Dawson

Tom Burns  
Edinburgh, Scotland

## Spring Scene in London

Ten thousand rosebushes grow in a round garden in the center of Regent's Park. The tough plants drop anchors into the earth in tight rows. The stems twist around each other or double back on themselves. Some of the old ones grip trellises as tightly as if they formed them and sprout thorns at eye level which are as big as your thumb.

That Sunday morning we arrived in the park early to smell the flowers as they opened. She wore the clothes that I remember her in most often: a long skirt of brown diamonds, quartered by blue lines, and a black jacket belted at the waist and one of her many pairs of black shoes. He wore dark blue Levis. They had faded across the knee and upper thigh. These are the stress points in a student's life of walking and sitting. He had on his red leather walking shoes and green striped socks.

We walked past children playing on the grass. The sun shone in our faces and in the faces or on the backs of other groups of friends, couples and families. People walked towards us and away from us.

Often, she stopped to dip her nose into the flowers. She bent at the waist and kept her back very straight. She brought her face very close to the flowers without touching them.

At these times, he and I stopped as well. He spoke in a steady and deliberate way and often paused to choose his words.

Each of the rosebeds in Regent's Park displays a name on a small metal sign: "Golden Sunrise," "Passion," "Princess Anne." Each bed produces flowers of a different color from those of its neighbors, although all of the roses in a single bed produce the same color of flower. No two beds share a name.

I had to borrow money to buy breakfast, and we carried our coffee and croissants to a table outside of the cafeteria. We shared the space with two men and a woman. They were Mediterranean and had tanned skin and shiny black hair. The woman's curled back over the shoulders of her blouse. They laughed and spoke rapidly. One of the men put his hand on the woman's arm.

Several tables away, a woman with brown hair and a blossom-printed dress leaned forward to light a cigarette for an octogenarian in a wheelchair. This frail woman filled her mouth with smoke and blinked. She carefully put the cigarette in the ashtray.

We left the park at noon through a gap in the hedgerow that surrounds it. On the busy street outside, we slid in a shifting pattern around the sidewalk-strollers and through the body of bus-waiters that congregated around the red and white London Transport signs. We changed formation without thinking and shouted above the noise of the cars.

In all of London, I only found one building scarred from the Blitz. A perforated metal sign is bolted at a height of ten feet to the brick on the deserted back wall of the Brit-



*The famous Big Ben in London symbolizes the state-  
liness of England's capital city. Photo by Natalie  
Shepherd*

ish Library of Political and Economic Science. A notice below informed me that the frozen gash was inflicted by shrapnel during the bombings of 1942.

The bus ground and growled to the curb. It wheezed, and the doors flapped open. The driver sat at the controls above. He took a pound and put ten pence in the small dish under his glass window. A little machine next to him rattled out tickets for us to take. We climbed to the top floor and sat in the front.

A mother with two young boys sat in front of us. She pointed out the window at a famous landmark. "That is the British Museum," she explained to the younger child.

We climbed down the stairs through the flapping doors when the bus stopped near the dormitory. A small green square nearby frames a statue of Mohandas Gandhi. The breeze blew and pink cherry blossoms drifted down around us.

Michael Haedicke  
London, England

## Und wie war's in Bonn?

*Während ich auf Deinen Straßen gehe, ziehen mich Deine Gebäude heran.  
Jede Kurve und jeden Schatten kann ich tatsächlich berühren.  
Ich bin intrigiert, und blauer Himmel rahmt alles ein.*

*Da drüben spritzt das Wasser des Rheins gegen jene uralten Steine.  
Die Kähne, die dieser grossartige Fluß trägt, scheinen wie Spielzeuge,  
oder vielleicht wie Käfer, durch das Fenster meines alten Zimmers.  
In der Ferne, während ich auf der Kennedybrücke stehe,  
sehe ich die Gipfel der Siebengebirge, wenn ich sorgfältig danach blicke.*

*Für so eine kleine Stadt hast Du fast alles, was ich eigentlich will.  
Du hast zwar noch Fehler, aber ich erinnere mich kaum daran.  
Mit Strassenbahn, Bus, und U-Bahn konnte ich überall hinfahren,  
aber zu Fuß war oft die beste Wahl.  
Wie toll wäre es, wenn ich durch die Innenstadt, die Altstadt, den Hofgarten,  
und auf der Poppelsdorfer Allee noch einmal gehen könnte.*

*Es gibt so viele Sachen, die ich nicht gemacht habe, oder die ich einfach  
nicht machen konnte, während jener kurzen Monate.  
Die Zeit wählt jedoch für uns und führt uns auf nur einen Pfad.*

*Die Realität, daß jenes Leben vorbei ist, ist sehr schwierig anzuerkennen.  
Das Leben geht weiter, aber jetzt ist es anders.  
Jetzt gibt es mehr Auswahl, mehr Pfade und Richtungen.  
Es gibt allerdings weniger Sicherheit, aber mehr Möglichkeit.  
Meine Lust auf Erforschung ist viel grösser als sie jemals gewesen ist,  
und ich muß mich bei Dir dafür bedanken.*

*Ich weiß nicht, wann ich zurückkehre, mein Freund, aber es muß sein.*

*Ach vergiß es. Bin schon unterwegs!*



*One of the many barges that travel  
the Rhine River past Bonn, Ger-  
many. Photo by Jason Reed*



*A wintry view of Poppelsdorfer Lane in Bonn, Germany. Photo by Jason Reed*

## So how was Bonn?

As I walk down your streets, the buildings draw me near.  
I can actually feel every bend and every shadow.  
I am intrigued, and blue sky frames all I see.

Over there splashes Rhine water against those ancient stones.  
The barges, carried by this legendary waterway, seem like toys,  
    or maybe floating beetles, through the window of my old room.  
In the distance, from the sidewalk of the Kennedy Bridge,  
    I can even see the tops of the Siebengebirge Mountains.

For such a small town, you've got almost everything I want.  
Sure, you have flaws, but I hardly remember them.  
By streetcar, bus and subway, I could get to wherever I wanted,  
    but by foot was often the best choice.  
How I'd love another stroll through Downtown, Oldtown,  
    the Hofgarten and along Poppelsdorfer Lane.

There are so many things I didn't do,  
    or that I simply couldn't, in those short months.  
Time, however, makes choices for us and moves us down only one path.

The reality that my life there is over is hard to recognize.  
Life has to move on, but now things are different.  
Now there are more choices, more paths and directions.  
There's less security, but more possibility.  
My desire to explore is far greater now than it ever has been,  
    and I owe much of this to you.

I don't know when I'll return, my friend, but it has to be.

Ah, forget it. I'm on my way!

Jason Reed  
Bonn, Germany



*The spiral staircase in the Museo Vaticano in Vatican City leads visitors to the crown jewels of the Renaissance, including the Sistine Chapel. Photo by Jennifer Getting*

## *Pensée*<sup>1</sup>

Brown pushes yellow, bursts through;  
red American blister blood triumphs  
over white American socks.  
Winding roads, missed buses—  
Looking for the words, the right apartment building,  
Finding myself in the gardens.

Jennifer Getting  
Caen, France

## Dachau

He asked me to go, to see the gates  
Open—his dream.  
Inside the crematorium a man  
videotaping the ashes—  
I'm outside, feeling life  
and hard ground rush  
through my stomach,  
burst my eardrums.  
I lean over the trash can,  
history spasming in my gut.  
The woman from New Jersey  
rubs my back gently.  
"The world learned a lesson, dear."  
And did I learn too?  
I learned  
to call myself beloved, Grandpa.  
To feel myself beloved on the earth.

Jennifer Getting  
Caen, France

<sup>1</sup> Thought

## Last Night

Oh-so-cool, they see  
your walk, not headed directly toward us,  
your *americanas*,<sup>1</sup> with  
your hands in those tight jeans  
of yours, Levi's of course.  
I look up and see  
your curls before anything else, and  
your green eyes, even though  
you're looking down.  
Your friends down on the bench are watching  
your approach.  
I've been waiting for it all  
my life. But do you know that?  
Your composure tonight tells  
me you do.  
You're afraid that you'll never get  
your chance if you don't ask now. It's  
my last night here for a very long time.  
You're going to miss me? Me too.  
Your *piso*?<sup>2</sup> Which is it? I ask. We were there today.  
You're kidding. We had the wrong one.  
You're lucky we ran into you then. What  
are you doing tomorrow? *Nos quedamos*.<sup>3</sup>  
Your hands,  
your hug, tell me  
we're happy.

Rebecca Lair  
Cáceres, Spain

*An old man reads his newspaper while  
relaxing in the sun at the Arroyo de la  
Luz near Cáceres, Spain. Photo by  
Christine Dragisic*



<sup>1</sup> Americans  
<sup>2</sup> apartment  
<sup>3</sup> We set a date.

## Untitled

One of the most amazing experiences I had on study abroad was being able to swim in the Dead Sea. I remember looking at a social studies book when I was in fourth grade and seeing a picture of a woman floating in the Dead Sea with salt all around her. Ever since then I've wanted to go to Israel and do it myself.

The whole thing was pretty incredible. When my friend and I got there, he had no problem just jumping in the water, and there he was floating in the Dead Sea. I, on the other hand, had a little more trouble. So why, you might ask, was I hesitant to fulfill my fourth-grade dream? The only thing holding me back was that the water was absolutely freeeeezing. I know this may seem like a ridiculous reason, but I hate being cold with a passion. I stuck my toe in and maybe waded to my knees; meanwhile, my friend is calling me a chicken and pestering me to take the plunge. As if that wasn't enough, a German couple began harassing me, so I had a good portion of the beach watching me as I stubbornly refused to get in the water.

As I was standing there, feeling like a total fool, I began to think how lucky I was to be in Israel, debating over whether or not I was going to swim in the Dead Sea. This thought was enough to overcome the cold, and into the water I went. The experience was so bizarre. It's hard to explain, but you can actually sit on the water. The water is so thick with salt that you can lean back just like you're lounging on a float at the beach. Another surprise was that the salt was so thick you could see the separation in the water. It's the same effect you get when you mix oil and water.

Anyway, when hypothermia began to set in, I got out of the water much more proud of myself than before. I had just floated in the Dead Sea!

Leigh Ann Sayen  
Cairo, Egypt



*This chaotic traffic scene is nothing new to the inhabitants of Africa's largest city, Cairo, Egypt. Photo by Antonie Boessenkool*

## Song

*Pain riche*,<sup>1</sup> *kinkeliba*,<sup>2</sup> mefloquine.

The days and weeks are punctuated by meals and medicaments,  
founded on thought and conversations,  
held up by a brittle thread  
I call prayer.

When it is your insides who turn against you, what are you to do?

“*Madame*,” *la main etendue*.<sup>3</sup>

“*Hey, demal. jeexne*.”<sup>4</sup> My would-be pretender, this time  
a Catholic named Jean. He is pleased that I pretend to be  
Christian.

“*Jeexul dara*.”<sup>5</sup> A hungry, thin *talibe*,<sup>6</sup> age 10.

“*Jeexne cette fois-ci. Nge baal mi*.”<sup>7</sup> Me, the lost one, wandering  
at age 21.

Letters, another means of punctuation.

It is their writers who are keeping track, counting backwards,  
chiseling time and planting gardens for the homecoming.

When your thoughts are not trustworthy, what are you to do?

“Mother, plant your garden. I am coming home.”

Words are sharp, and I am learning too much about life.  
*ay fan yii*,<sup>8</sup> it hurts.

Saturdays: *marche, cuisine, dejeuner, attayah*.<sup>9</sup>

The girls.

These are the only ones I can trust—sisters, ages 5 to 24,  
they are more solid than I, strong out of necessity.

*Yalla, dimbele me. jangal me, me am dollee, me am soul*.<sup>11</sup>

*Que Dieu fasse que j'apprenne de mes soeurs, que moi, aussi,  
sois formee dans les flammes, la chaleur ne parte jamais*.<sup>12</sup>

Amy Schaus  
Dakar, Senegal

<sup>1</sup> a rich bread

<sup>2</sup> an herbal tea grain in Senegal

<sup>3</sup> “Madame,” the hand stretched out.

<sup>4</sup> “Hey, go on. It’s over (I have nothing).”

<sup>5</sup> “It’s not over at all (you do have money).”

<sup>6</sup> child

<sup>7</sup> “It’s done this time. Forgive me.”

<sup>8</sup> some days

<sup>9</sup> market, kitchen, lunch

<sup>10</sup> a series of three glasses of strong green tea, each one progressively sweeter  
and weaker

<sup>11</sup> God, help me. Teach me to have strength.

<sup>12</sup> May God help me to learn from my sisters that I too may be formed in the  
flames, the heat that never leaves.

## Hidden Corners of the Khan

Although I didn't get to see all the places I wanted to while studying in Egypt, I did go back to one place time and time again—the Khan el Khalili Market in Cairo. There I could buy anything at all for almost any price depending on how long I was willing to stand and bargain.

My second visit to the Khan was for a journalism class at the American University in Cairo. My assignment—to write about the prayer-bead trade at the market. Armed with obscure directions from a professor and accompanied by an Egyptian friend and her father, I began my search for craftsmen who made and sold the beads in loops of 33 or 99 representing the 99 names of God.

We climbed a narrow stairway to the second level of Khan el Khalili. This level is the part of the market that most people, especially tourists, don't see. Up there, another world exists, separate from the market below. People live and work there, in small-framed rooms built side-by-side, each forming the walls for the next. These are hidden

places I would never have seen had I not ventured up an unmarked staircase with my friends that day.

Up there, small corridors wound into each other and into dark spaces where we couldn't see our next steps, even though it was the middle of the day. There were tiny living spaces and dusty workshops with craftsmen bent over small tables making one-of-a-kind pieces that would be sold downstairs. Only someone who worked there would know the way from one place to the next. I, on the other hand, couldn't find any order in that dark confusion.

A boy no older than 15 saw us. My friend's father told him whom we were looking for. He led us through a dark passage, and we literally stumbled into a workman's shop at the end. It was a small, dusty room with cement walls. The only light came in through two windows with ancient-looking bars instead of glass.

The man working over his table stopped and welcomed us without hesitation as the boy, his apprentice I later learned, shyly stood in a corner next to him. He immediately began to show us his work, and it was only halfway through our conversation that I learned his name was Mosaad Ali. Mosaad had been making prayer beads since he was a child, he said, smiling. "For 42 years!"

He and his apprentice showed us how they made the beads that would later be strung into sets of 33 or 99 on which the 99 names of God are counted off. These names are recited during prayer. Mosaad explained only the business and craft end of the trade, leaving out its religious and spiritual context. He talked about making a living while he showed us how he crafted the beads.

His apprentice had a piece of gold wire in his mouth. He stuck the end of the wire in the holes which were drilled in the bead by Mosaad. With his other hand, he clipped the end of the wire, leaving a gold dot on the black bead. He worked so fast that at first I couldn't even tell how he was doing it.

Then I watched Mosaad as he deftly put many, many holes in one small bead. He rolled the bead expertly through the fingers of one hand and brought the drill down on the one centimeter space between his fingers with the other. In a matter of seconds, he had put 200 holes in diamond-shaped patches on a small bead.

In the days when prayer beads were hand-drilled, Mosaad explained, craftsmen only put eight or nine holes on a side. Mosaad had the tool they used lying on the table next to the electric drill, but he said he never drilled beads by hand.

Mosaad learned how to craft prayer beads in a trade school. It's not a family thing, he stressed. After trade school, he became an apprentice himself. He was then



*A workman in the Khan el Khalili market in Cairo, Egypt fashions prayer beads for sale in the shop below. Photo by Antonie Boessenkool*

hired by the owner of the shop where I met him. This owner, Hassan Orabi, inherited the shop and other stores in the Khan from his grandfather. Hassan worked only with gold and didn't know anything about making beads, said Mosaad, laughing at the man's lack of skill. So Mosaad made the beads and took on his own apprentice.

Germans came to Egypt and stole his idea of using an electric drill to make beads, Mosaad said. They improved on the machine and sold it there. Today, he said, many people make prayer beads in their homes because it is easy and the machines are cheap. They even come to him to buy the unfinished stones. It doesn't take skill anymore like it did when the beads were handmade, he said.

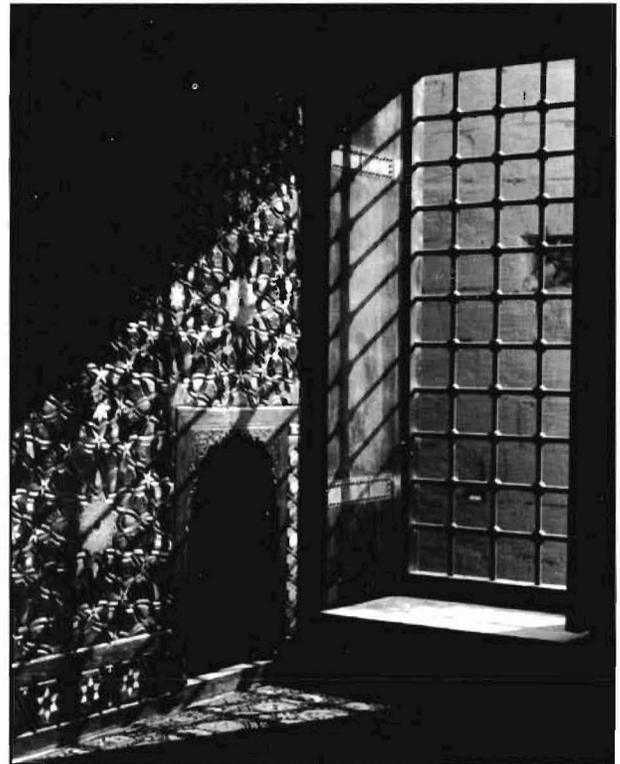
Yet Mosaad Ali had much pride in his own work. The president of Syria, Hafez el Assad, bought prayer beads from him, and a number of embassies asked him to make the three-layered stone that he designed in the colors of their country flags.

In addition to selling his work in a shop on the ground level of the Khan, Mosaad took his work abroad. He sold prayer beads to other Arabs who then sold the beads to Arabs living abroad in places like Canada. But, Mosaad said, he had to travel to Saudi Arabia himself to sell the work. Otherwise the Syrians would undersell him and try to push him out of the market.

Mosaad showed us the materials he used—wood, ivory, a bright orange plastic-like substance and various stones, some imported from Germany. He also brought a cow horn out of a plastic bag, and the prize centerpiece of his collection was a rhinoceros horn. Beads made from a rhino's horn are very expensive, he explained. A string of these beads could cost from 1,000 to 2,000 American dollars. Unfortunately, he couldn't use that piece because termites had eaten away at it, he said, pointing to the pitiful holes in the beautiful dark grey horn.

Mosaad Ali told me his nickname after we had talked for awhile. It was "Ruseya," meaning "to knock heads with someone." He got this name from being a bully as a kid, but he was smiling when he told me this. This seems hard to believe, I remember thinking, coming from a man who spends his days crafting delicate prayer beads. He seemed glad that we came. He shook my hand, and we stepped out of his shop and back into the noisy Khan.

Antonie Boessenkool  
Cairo, Egypt



*Sunlight slants through a window and illuminates the Islamic woodwork in the Mosque of Qaitbay in Cairo, Egypt. Photo by Antonie Boessenkool*

## Lovely Day

These new days of morning and breeze and gold and blue remind me of when we first came to Kenya; I hope against hope that El Niño leaves for good. The bus was calm and sparsely filled today, due to the fare increase, I suppose. When I walked up Loita Street and checked through the *Time* magazine to see if it was worth 150 shillings this week, I had a peculiar sense of *place* here. I am no longer visitor or victim or veneer, but one of the *wananchi* (people). A sense of serenity exists. That's what it is, Kangi; you asked about serenity, from the prayer on the wall.

It's refusing to walk through the crowd as a swarm of faceless bodies, refusing to be pushed or slowed by the masses. It's wading through the waters of the city and heading in a direction, though not necessarily the most direct route. It's stopping and sharing some cake and dignity and eye contact when you see one who needs it. It's buying a newspaper because the guy on the corner is nice and earnest and you want to support the locals. And then you really read this paper like you live here, and you relate to the article about bus fares because you ride them too, and then you share the paper with the two guys who courteously ask, on the benches in the square. It's going to the post office and not minding when the clerk sticks the stamps on so haphazardly.

It's waking up after four hours of sleep but not being tired and drinking a lot of water to activate your body for the day. Then it's going to the kiosk with very clean hair and buying four eggs and dairy milk, knowing exactly how long it will take to make brownies. They never turn out the same, because there aren't any measuring cups here, but they're always satisfactory. It's wearing sandals and liking it, even the dirty toes.

Serenity. When you know that not everything's right with the world or with you but that you have some kind of place and some sort of peace: a place and a peace that enable you to start telling what is and what isn't as it should be, to begin affirming that you know some whys and hows and prayers and others you don't yet know. But you can seek on and smile at trouser styles and dodge cars with confidence and notice random roosters and,

by nothing but grace,  
write in the shade, facing the light.

Cari Pattison  
Nairobi, Kenya



*Tamara Pryor and Christina Fleming learn the Swahili chacacha dance at Christina's host family's home in Nairobi, Kenya. Photo by Cari Pattison*

## Fruit Sellers in Nairobi

Hello, reliable friends.  
I pass by every day, needing the fill-up of fruit  
But also your strength and smiles  
Your sisterhood, your solidarity  
Your everyday presence.

Thanks for washing my apple,  
For not cheating me,  
For having fresh goods,  
For being all around  
Where people want and buy and eat  
fruit.

I see your kids around you,  
Family, kin and friends  
Carrying the boxes,  
Hiding from the rain.  
It must be exhausting,  
But you don't look tired.  
Except you over there by Hall 12,  
who sleep.

With kerchiefs around your heads,  
Water to wash the produce,  
A bag to send it off easily,  
You offer color and cheer  
And Vitamin C.

You are the ones to bid me farewell  
from the University  
The ones to keep me healthy  
after Slimnastics  
The ones to supply a spare apple  
for the parking boy  
The ones to say, "Try this! And this!"  
The ones who tell me what's sweet  
and know me, my name, already.  
You miss me when I don't come,  
Though hundreds pass by,  
even other whites.

There is a humble heartiness about you,  
A scattered-about organization of your work,  
But these are perishable items—  
You ask me to pray that you'll find a job.  
It might not be outside, or as colorful,  
Or as familial, or as varied or as ripe.  
Would you want it anyway?  
"Work is work," you might say,  
And there are mouths to feed.

If they had fruit sellers in Jesus's day  
I bet he would've sat and talked with them  
And laughed and wept  
And had dinner at their houses in the slums.

One named Lillian carries God's Book of Life  
In a plastic sack.  
She knows God and knows  
His fruits, too.  
She knows that's what has both  
The juicy sweet color  
And the solid sustenance.

When I heard they took you  
to the cell  
Just for lack of a license,  
I was indignant.  
What's the point?  
An honest, resourceful woman  
Must ask permission to try  
to live?

You never mind giving back change  
And you're ever giving  
And in my mind,  
I'm changing.

So what will I take for the road today?  
Something to hold and savor  
Besides the fruit—  
Your handshake,  
And both of us singing  
God bless you's  
As we all pack up and move out,

Chewing the Fruit of the Spirit and sucking on the seeds.

Cari Pattison  
Nairobi, Kenya

## Images of Colonialism

Does Senegal really belong to the Senegalese? And if not, then what does? This is a question I ponder throughout my days in Senegal.

“You know, Wolof isn’t really a language. It’s just a dialect. French is a real language,” states a Senegalese woman, reprimanding her son for stating the contrary. A certain hollowness rests in my stomach as she firmly announces this conviction, something which has been drilled into her head throughout the years of French presence in Senegal.

I glide down the aisles of the snazzy Leader Price supermarket, gazing at the cans of Nescafe, Nesquik, Nestle everything, all for only five dollars a can. Of course the average Senegalese can afford this exorbitantly taxed price with an average income of eight hundred dollars per year. But Nescafe is essential to everyday life in Senegal, as the innumerable Nestle billboards dictate every couple hundred feet along the major streets of Dakar.

I walk into a patisserie in downtown Dakar, eyeing the savory croissants and decadent eclairs. I glance around at the clientele—mostly expatriate. Staring hungrily at me through the window, a raggedly dressed *talibe* (child) begs for alms as I purchase my delectable pastry. Guilt, amongst numerous other vague feelings, seizes my mind.

It is a cold December morning. I walk the streets of Paris, looking for some sign of Senegal; surely a minute amount of reciprocity must exist. Senegal cannot escape France. She is omnipresent in almost every aspect of Senegalese life, especially in the great metropolis of Dakar. But to my eyes, Senegal is absent from France. As I drift past the Eiffel Tower, I overhear a couple of souvenir vendors speaking Wolof, shivering as they rearrange their trinkets—the sole representation of Senegal I find during my days in Paris.

I am in Charles de Gaulle Airport, approaching the passport control. The Senegalese woman in front of me is receiving the third degree from the customs official: how long does she plan to stay, what is the purpose of her visit, what are her plans, what is her itinerary, where will she stay, she must be aware that she cannot stay longer than her two-week visa permits. After the 15 minute interrogation, the exasperated woman is allowed to pass through. I hand the customs official my passport. She briefly glances at it, quickly waves me through and wishes me a happy holiday in France.

“The poor savages out in the bush, they don’t even know French. They will go nowhere in life; they have nothing,” a Senegalese acquaintance sighs as we watch the news, an exposé on the interior of the country. Afterwards, she informs me that the primary reason she was able to go somewhere in this Senegalese life is due to her great command of the French language, a necessity for survival.

A shopping spree in downtown Dakar. First, the plentiful bookstore where a book averages \$20. A Senegalese



*Lisa Rotondo takes part in a naming ceremony for one of the members of her host family in Dakar, Senegal. Photo courtesy of Lisa Rotondo*

woman dusts the shelves and sweeps the floor, but it’s the cold Lebanese cashier who accepts my cash. Second, the chic boutique where the latest designer brand dress costs only \$100. A French saleswoman eyes me suspiciously, asking if she can help. Finally, a snack at the ice cream parlor. A Senegalese woman smiles and takes my order, but she cannot handle the money. She quickly gives my cash to the Lebanese woman who hovers over the register.

The whole city is abuzz, anticipating Clinton’s monumental visit. Upon arriving, Clinton phones Chirac (the French President), just to give him an overview of his visit to Senegal and what he intends to accomplish. Disgusted, a Senegalese colleague spits out, “Why does Clinton have to discuss his plans with Chirac? Why should it matter to France what Clinton’s seeking in Senegal? This is 1998, not 1958! I thought that we were independent.”

Sarah Goralewski  
Dakar, Senegal

## Mangy Fii Rekk (I am here only)

The African sun blazed hot on our sunburned faces as we stood amongst the women and children of the small village. My fellow adventurer, Shana, and I had arisen early that morning, five weeks into our time in Senegal, to see the sun rise and to explore the road leading away from downtown Saint Louis and its university. Eight kilometers out, a group of women stirring some concoction of goat skins and what appeared to be dirty water attracted our attention by yelling, “*Toubab! Toubab!*” (white person) at us. As we made our way down an incline to where they were situated, the women immediately took advantage of the opportunity to show us their stuff—our white faces and heavy backpacks betraying our sure ignorance of their task.

The babble of Wolof and Pulaar, the languages indigenous to the area, crescendoed to a forte as we watched them pound stakes into the circumference of animal hides on the parched, burr-infested clearing. One woman, after finishing her pile of skins, came over and pointed at my camera bag, releasing a string of noise out of which I deciphered as “*man ak yow*” (me and you) and “*appareil*” (camera) with my rather weak language skills. I gave my camera to Shana and stood next to my new-found friends.

Everyone in the vicinity, woman and child, simultaneously gravitated toward us and stood, some holding up their skins, others putting their arms around me. My new friend grabbed the water bottle hanging over my shoulder and gleefully held it out in front of her, toward the camera, as if it were the focus of the picture. After the shutter snapped, they wanted another, and another and another. Each picture involved more people rearranging themselves closer to me, more timid hands touching me, more rancid skins dangling in front of my face. The air crackled with laughter at our feeble attempts at Wolof.

Bathed in my own salty sweat, with blisters on my feet and a peeling, sun-scorched back, the culture clash unfolding before my eyes left me overwhelmed. We Americans were living the typical fantastic stereotype in the African countryside as romanticized by Hollywood. It was just the experience about which friends and family love to hear. These Senegalese were also living through us a stereotype of the *toubab*, *toubabs* with too many clothes and too much baggage and expensive equipment. I looked over at Shana; our eyes widened in a sense of wonder and confusion and fear as these women and children tugged on our bodies.

The few hours we spent in this tiny village outside of Saint Louis provided us with a reference point from which we could assess the rest of our experiences in urban Senegal. Dakar, the capital and home base of our program, is a city caught between two worlds—one of development as defined by *90210* and *X-Files* and one of traditional African experiences that are widely misunderstood and misinterpreted by Western culture. It remains not only a far cry from the tech-

nological advancement of American cities but also worlds away from the seemingly simple complexity of the Senegalese countryside. Although I spent only a short time with these women and their goat skins, this visit to a not-quite-rural village is a continual reminder of the intricacy of our world and our inability to evaluate and understand it fully.

Melissa McSwegin  
Dakar, Senegal



A Muslim woman wears traditional dress in Cairo, Egypt.  
Photo by Andrew Terranella

## And He Came from a Land Down Under

The following is my attempt at summarizing my last five months in Australia. I've included some journal entries and some of the other thoughts and reflections I had while spending time in the outback. I do apologize if it begins to be a little too muddled. However, the last year has been anything but ordered!

My Individual Cultural Research Project (ICRP) was not simply my time commuting to the Department of Conservation and Land Management (CALM) office in Freo each day or just diving Western Australia's Ningaloo reef for my month of research. My cultural project began the day I decided to extend my study abroad experience and turn it into my Senior Individualized Project (SIP) while staying down under on my own! My ICRP was filled with last minute visa extensions and flight changes, finding enough classes to take just three days before the semester started and learning to operate an underwater video camera and dig a hole in the ground for my own personal outback dunny (outhouse). School took a back burner as I learned to truly live in Australia.

Journal entry: This is really going to be weird to stay in Australia. It really hasn't sunken in yet and I'm not sure it ever will. I think staying here is going to be a tremendous growing experience.

The SIP is going really well. I've been really involved in the planning, going through some incredible satellite photos of Ningaloo Reef and the coast—wow! It's odd getting to do something so important. Jennie (my supervisor) is really supportive. She seems to have more con-

fidence in me than I do. Aussies have high expectations, and this project pushes me to new levels. Two weeks ago I had no idea where Point Cloates was, and now I can show it to you and describe the coral reef around it too! They're going to train me on the underwater video camera and have me do some of the filming. What a crazy SIP—How bizarre!

The one thing I've noticed is how deserted it is up here—more so than anywhere else I'll probably ever go. My coworkers were joking at lunch last week that since we won't be able to use the radio or phone, we'll have to bring in the trained CALM kangaroo, pop a note in its pouch and send it off for help. I think they were just joking?!?

Anyhow, the outback is shaping up nicely—scuba, underwater video, camping, the stars, the ant and mice plagues, the wind, "grandma" Judith (our 66-year-old cook!). I'm really looking forward to this experience.

Journal entry: And so it begins! Day two in the bush and boy is this going to be a bloody brilliant month! The drive up yesterday was excellent. The scenery is beautiful. We drove through the night and it was like going through a war zone—'roos everywhere, feral goats, foxes, sheep, emu, cattle—never had to dodge so many animals in my life! Like Noah's Ark! We all seemed to talk heaps of politics, and I had a great discussion with Ian about this and that. I am gonna pick up a lot of "ockerisms"—cubba, sepo—dinkum!

Everyone I work with is great. They poke fun at me for being a yank—Ian calls yanks sepops (WWII nick-

*These rock formations in Victoria, Australia called Twelve Apostles can be seen from Great Ocean Road which winds along the side of the continent. Photo by Rebecca Vollenweider*



name, short for septic tanks). Ian keeps saying everyone needs to “serve” me since I’m from a dominating superpower and am just a great person for being American—all in good fun!

Journal entry: One thing that I have (fortunately) become used to is the fact that Aussies are very in-your-face and abruptly honest with you. I am just not sure there is a better way to describe it. Back in December I found myself feeling like every conversation was a confrontation. But soon I began to really enjoy the frankness and realized it was much better than simply keeping things that we were really thinking to ourselves. I think that is why I have enjoyed working in an Aussie environment so much. People are so honest with each other that it helps me grow in criticism and keep an open mind about things.

Some culture notes: CALM isn’t viewed too highly up here. Mike didn’t even want to go into the pub the first night he was here because he was wearing a CALM shirt. The locals, fisherman, etc., pretty much run amok. There’s not enough rangers to control them or fine them; there are no fishing licenses to raise money. Getting the community involved is the only way to manage these waters, and right now the community just isn’t involved.

Journal entry: Well, it’s been a long day, but I wanted to get a little something in here. Monday was incredible—I had the day off and went out in the boat with Pete and Mel. We swam with manta rays, saw heaps of turtles and even a dugong! Just a brilliant afternoon snorkeling and seeing the sites and hearing about the politics of

Coral Bay. The manta rays were incredible and I hope the pickies turn out!

The past two days diving have gone well and I’m really confident in my diving/snorkeling, so that’s good. I’m a little leery about swimming out in murky boat channels infested with Tiger sharks; but, hey, everyone needs a little adventure.

In between dives I was getting to see Australia and Australians for who they really are. They’re not too keen on change. The fact that they rarely fine people and don’t even have people pay for fishing licenses seems rather silly to me. They complain how there is no money to support rangers and conserve parks, but that’s what licenses generate and are there for. So many fishermen commented on how poor the fish stocks were year after year. It never seemed to dawn on them that they were overfishing the area and ruining the environment by damaging coral with their boats. It’s not that people are stupid; they just don’t understand. Education is the best policy. With so much of Australia being cut off from the city centers, the communities must learn to take care of their land and waters. Even fishing licenses can’t pay for enough rangers and programs to cover all of Western Australia. However, if everyone is taking care of their own backyard and taking care of it properly, then real results can be seen.

Journal entry: Day two of “can-it” week. Yesterday it was just too windy; today it’s the wind and the rain proving yet again that even science can’t win against Mother Nature. It has been interesting to see my Aussie friends react—beer o’clock gets pushed up, and the pub comes into view. Last night everyone was trying to save the world through discussion (down with the feral cats!). They picked my brain for the American view and I cautiously answered. I don’t want to sound like my Yankee view is superior. It’s often not! I definitely find that I view the Aussies differently than most American tourists do. As I told them last night, I had them placed on this idyllic pedestal. Over the past ten months (wow, ten months!) I’ve let them show me the way down. They wholeheartedly agreed.

One of the most important things I learned in Australia was always to continue to keep an open mind—open to other people, places, ideas and adventures. My whole Australian experience was me keeping an open mind. I had always wanted to see the land of OZ, but I wasn’t prepared for the incredible year I had. I also wasn’t prepared for the people and places I saw. I had no idea they existed in Australia. And while deciding to stay was one of, scratch that, is the most difficult decision I’ve ever made, it has been the greatest choose-your-own-adventure story possible.

Jeffrey Myers  
Perth, Australia



*Kalamazoo students studying in Perth, Australia embrace study abroad by wrapping themselves in Australia’s flag. Photo courtesy of Kristy Lockwitz*



For the last twenty minutes, she has refused to acknowledge my presence. I have called out in my harsh voice that I know she cannot ignore:

I am here, You are here;  
Look up, Look around; Notice me,  
Notice all this while you still can.

There: Mt. Kiera,  
rising sharp and rough-hewn from the gingerbread-gothic of the conservatory roof;  
See these bottle-green fragments of glass, suspended from the twigs of eucalypts—all  
that remains of the drunken-summer sunlight  
of a lazy afternoon.

She brushed a defiant wisp of salt-sticky hair behind a pinkening ear, shifting on her haunches to sink even deeper into the warmth radiating from the blue rock below her. It was lodged with two others to form a natural bridge and dam across the slick, greeny waters of a sluggish creek that rolled and poked its way through duckweed and cattails, surrounded by canna lilies and the hidden lives of chortle-voiced moorhens.

Look at me, I said,  
and all that I, along with my kangaroo brother, represent:  
this land,  
this place,  
these people ...

Living within this watched pot  
where time is measured in sun exposure  
and shades of red,  
the surf report  
or the daily summer storm;  
life simmers, but does not bother with a boil.

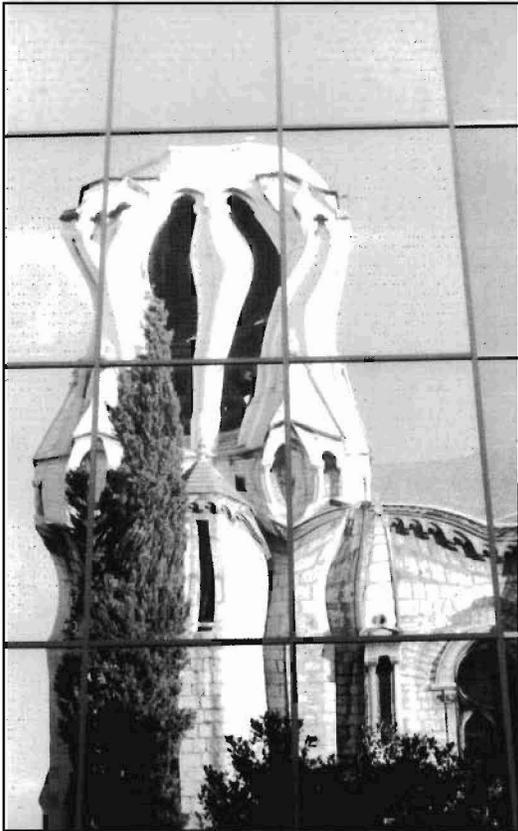
She had been sitting on this rock, staring into the dammed-off waters at the top of the creek for twenty minutes now, watching the distorted images of clouds wavering past and scooping up tiny, transparent minnows from their tepid bath. Her neck was hot and dusty with fine-grained sea salt; her eyes were hot and dry when she gathered the hem of her skirt and rose ponderously. It was four o'clock, and she needed mangoes and an onion. Her eyes searched the trees for the raspy-voiced cockatoo she had heard, but he was no longer there. The sun hung low behind the silhouette of Mt. Kiera, singing bell-clear through the leaves of trees, as she padded along the scaly, basking skin of concrete to the fruit market, in the afternoon.

Rebecca Vollenweider  
Wollongong, Australia

## An Unforgettable Day

“Watch out for that barbed wire!” No sooner had I muttered this warning to Antonie than I was lying flat on my back with a two-inch, bone-deep gash on my left-middle finger. Though the city remained quite warm throughout the winter, it was now very obvious to me that snow and ice (very slick ice!) had managed to gain a foothold in the picturesque mountains that surround Clermont-Ferrand.

Hansel and Gretel themselves would’ve had no trouble following the dark red trail that I left as we trudged two kilometers back to the mountain road where we had begun our afternoon hike. Once there, a kind French woman took pity on me, as I flailed about pathetically, and picked us up in her Isuzu Trooper. She drove far out of her way, taking us nearly 20 miles to the nearest hospital emergency room. Though I never even learned her name, I am eternally grateful to her for saving me a great deal of pain—and plasma!



*The Church of Notre Dame in Nice, France is reflected on the windows of more modern buildings. Photo by Jennifer Combes*

In France, I was to discover, a laid-back attitude finds its way even as far as the hospital emergency room. My groaning of “*Je suis Américain, et je me suis coupé le doigt très profondément*” (I am an American, and I have cut my finger very deeply) was met by the response “*Tant pis pour vous, mais tout le monde ne peut pas être français*” (roughly translated: Too bad for you, but not everyone can be French)! Even in my wretched condition, I was able to share a few chuckles with the comical nurse and her hospital cronies. The humor having passed, I found myself whisked to a back room with the greatest of efficiency. There I was examined, told that there would be significant stitching involved (as I had guessed) and instructed to soak my hand in a bowl of iodine for 15 minutes or so. As I waited, I listened to the staff of doctors and nurses through the closed door. They were laughing, gossiping and really enjoying their work. As two-and-a-half hours passed, my fears of abandonment were allayed only by a friendly janitor who appeared periodically to empty biohazard containers and assure me that someone would be in right away.

Finally, after three hours of patient waiting (which included two unauthorized trips to relieve myself and to let Antonie, who didn’t speak a word of French, know that I was still alive), a young doctor appeared in the room. She was extremely friendly, allowing me to address her as “*tu*” rather than the formal “*vous*.” She explained that this would be her very first time working with sutures! I’m not sure which of us was more afraid, but I did my best to “stretch” the truth and convince her that I was in no pain, thus allowing both of us to calm down a little. The entire operation, which involved ten stitches, a whole carton of compresses and about a liter of anesthesia, was complete in no less than one and one half hours. I thanked her wholeheartedly, which, I think, was a great boost to her confidence. It had been a rough afternoon. Fortunately, my host mom’s incredible cooking and a few glasses of finger-soothing French wine were rewards for my bravery and stamina (and consolation for my clumsiness in allowing all of this to happen in the first place).

As I look back on this experience, I can’t help but break into an ear-biting grin. After all, where else but in Clermont-Ferrand could I enjoy breathtaking mountain views with a friend, relish in the kindness of strangers, help a young medical intern through her first “real-gore” experience and satisfy my stomach to no end—all in the same day. I would never dream of removing the large, unsightly scar that now adorns my finger, as it will serve to forever remind me of just how wonderful *la belle vie* (the beautiful life), all barbed wire aside, can really be.

Brian Soderholm  
Clermont-Ferrand, France

## St. Petersburg

You will always belong to Peter  
the gentleman tyrant  
whose hands sculpted your majestic skeleton  
but forgot your soul,  
leaving you empty and weeping for life,  
your tears collecting in the great Neva  
and washing out to sea.

Your buildings,  
the tombstones of those who fell to your fetal swamp,  
brilliant yellow, December sun,  
expanding outwards  
like roots desperate for rich earth.

Your canals,  
pulsing blue veins flowing from the gulf  
until November when they succumb to the ice  
and stand motionless.

I have been with you in the darkness  
which is your winter afternoon,  
and searched for warmth in your crowded streets.

Watching my breath leave my body  
and finding beauty in the crystals that form on the bus window.  
I have seen the profiles of Grandfather Lenin and Papa Stalin  
reflected in the hungry eyes of your old,  
and tasted the pride with which the young speak of your suffering.

I have touched the mortar holes  
in the pillars of St. Isaac's.

The smooth marble ripped open by war.  
A reminder of the rubble that you once were,  
a symbol of your resurrection.

I have fallen in love with you at sunrise,  
blessed by the silver and gold of your silhouette,  
and cursed you as you let that brilliance slip away,  
and whisper softly to me,  
goodbye.

Rebecca Lillie  
St. Petersburg, Russia



*An ice-covered canal in St. Petersburg, Russia leads to the Church of the Spilt Blood.  
Photo by Rebecca Lillie*

## Rose

|                   |                                 |                       |   |                  |        |
|-------------------|---------------------------------|-----------------------|---|------------------|--------|
| 心<br>は<br>バラ<br>色 | わ<br>ら<br>っ<br>て<br>あ<br>ん<br>ん | き<br>に<br>な<br>ら<br>ぬ | い<br>っ<br>し<br>ょ<br>に<br>あ<br>る<br>け<br>ば | 雨<br>ふ<br>り<br>も | 薔<br>薇 |
| ウインディ ベイン         |                                 |                       |   |                  |        |

Rain falls but  
Together walk (if)  
Does not bother  
Smiling walk  
Heart/mind/soul rose color

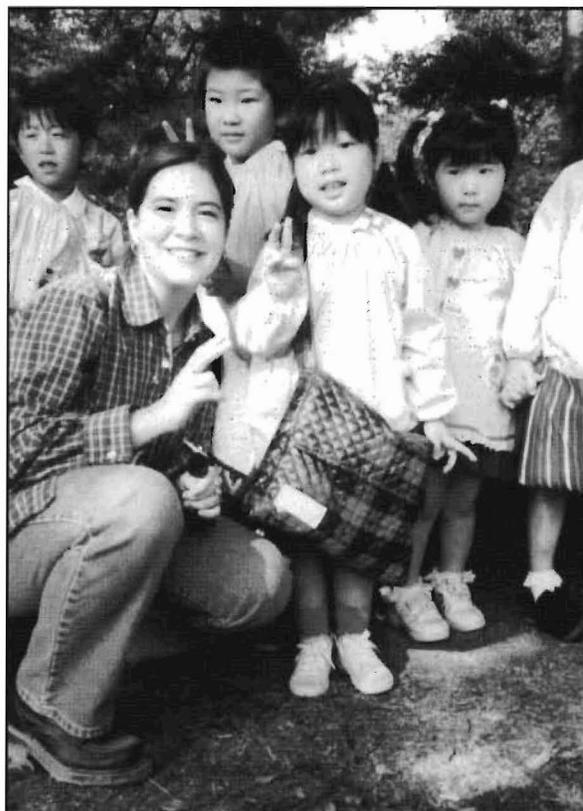
I wrote this poem in the traditional Japanese poetic style called *waka*. It's about an evening in the spring of 1998 when my best friend, whom I had met in Japan, and I were walking home after going out for dinner. It was only about seven o'clock at night, but the sky was dark from the rain, which fell delightfully around us as we huddled under our single umbrella. This poem shows the sentiments the two of us felt as we walked along, laughing and happy to be together. The last line is an allusion to nature, which is a typical facet of *waka* poetry. It describes how, in my heart and

mind, it seemed like roses were blooming.

The reference to rain and to the color of roses are typical references to nature. *Waka* poetry is marked by references to nature such as these. It is also characterized by subtle or somewhat unclear subjects about which the poet evokes pictures, emotions and ideas.

Wendy Bain  
Waseda, Japan

*Amanda Pritts meets some young future peacemakers in Kanazawa, Japan. Photo courtesy of Amanda Pritts*



## Freiburg, Germany, August 16, 1997

I was shaking when I said goodbye to my host family. My host parents met my host brother and me at the Freiburg train station that blistering Saturday afternoon. They held hands, smiled and were dressed in a skirt and slacks (Germans, I learned, are more fashion conscious than Americans). We stood in a small circle and I crossed my arms and stared down at my feet. As the train pulled up and people moved hurriedly around me, I tried to thank my family above all the commotion. All the German I had mastered slipped my mind. How could I thank them for taking me in and treating me as their own daughter?

The summer flashed through my mind. I remembered sitting in the dining room, looking at a map and asking my host mother personal questions about how she and Jochen had met. She had smiled timidly. They were so in love; they seemed as if they were 20. They would dance in the dining room at midnight and trip over their feet and laugh. They would always sit together in the living room watching TV when I crept in late from the beer garden.

I remembered having Sunday afternoon tea and cake with the grandparents. Grandfather said, "I love Americans!" I would sit with the men on the couch and watch the Tour de France, secretly rooting for the Americans. Grandmother died the week after I left.

I remembered biking with Jochen through the Black Forest. We took our bikes up on a train, a sort of cattle cart, and sat on the hard floor with other bikers. I put my palms on the floor to avoid sliding down. We biked to the highest lake in the Black Forest. I huffed and puffed and my legs burned. The trees loomed over the secluded water and we soaked in the beauty and tranquility of nature. We stopped at a restaurant in the middle of the woods and had typical Black Forest food. The valleys lay below us, with cottage-like houses, grazing cattle and little calves. I was in the heavens. I had tears streaming down my face as I came down the mountain at 40 miles an hour, my helmet secured, down twisting roads, through the most beautiful part of the world I had ever seen. I remembered playing chess with my younger brother, Kai, every day, and I never won a game.

I remembered my ears throbbing when I went to the techno clubs with my older brother, Arnd. His dancing made me laugh as he bent over and swung his arm or moved his arms mechanically. He said that he could get any drug he wanted but had never tried them. He said, "Maybe someday," and I hardened my face. He laughed at my defiance. He asked me if I laughed as much with the American men, and I just laughed.

All of Arnd's friends were fascinated with my accent. Whenever I saw any of them, they would kiss me on both cheeks, and I always blushed.

The morning I left, I had woken up with a feeling of anticipation, the feeling I always get when I'm about to experience change. My emotions were blurred with how quickly the coo-coo clocks, placed strategically around the house, ticked. Each clock rang at a different time, each with a different pitch, but we never

knew what the exact time was.

I climbed out of bed and walked barefoot on the wooden floor to my private balcony. I pulled the cord to bring up the heavy wooden blinds, which consumed all light, and let the sun in. The air felt heavy and the forest closer than usual. I thought, "I could get lost in the blackness, running and running, and no one would ever know." I slipped on a pair of socks Traudel had given me, to avoid being reprimanded again (although it was summer) and walked down the steps. "*Guten Morgen*," (Good morning) I called, hoping someone would hear me. "Oh, Erin," Traudel said, emerging from the basement. She smiled at me with her head cocked and her eyes soft and deep. Arnd sat at the kitchen table, a roll with butter and chocolate in one hand and paper spread out in front of him, his long, skinny legs crossed. "Hi Erin," he said, without looking up. I knew I would get full attention after the paper was read.

I grabbed a placemat out of the drawer, a cup for rich, German coffee and a plate. My mouth watered for my last German breakfast: strawberry jam; fresh, moist bread; chocolate and unsalted butter; granola and yogurt. I ran my rolls through the electric yellow bread cutter (which had sliced my thumb two weeks before) and ran the faucet for water (they thought I was weird—water without bubbles was too bland!).

The rest of the morning flew by. We took several pictures in the backyard, where we always ate dinner, where I juggled my soccer ball, where Traudel tended the garden and hung up the laundry with wooden clips. I smiled in my pajamas—the blue Beaumont shirt and gray Miami of Ohio shorts, to my dismay (Jochen said, "But this is really you"), and the forest framed my happiness. Back upstairs, I emptied the bathroom of my presence. I sat on my suitcase and zipped it shut, and Arnd sat in the pink chair in my room, smiling comically. My parents disappeared into town on Strassenbahn 1-Landwasser. "We'll meet you at the train station," they said.

Arnd and I finally left the house after playfully wrestling and chasing each other. I almost forgot my Swiss chocolate from the fridge. We jumped in his little red car with the broken window after lugging my life outside. How heavy my life can be.

Several minutes, or seconds, I stood on the platform, trying to breathe evenly as Margie waved at me from the train. They handed me a soft wrapped present—"So you have a souvenir, you won't forget Freiburg." They were giving more to me? I embraced and kissed each of them on both cheeks. My host brother said, "I'm used to you; I'm going to miss you. You feel like my real sister." My host father said, "Goodbye, our third child." My host mother had tears in her eyes. When I boarded the train and waved through the window, they never took their eyes off me. I tried to smile, yet I realized that I had to let go of one of the most amazing experiences of my life, and I sat down on my suitcase and sobbed.

Erin Killian  
Bonn, Germany

## Ambivalence

I can't think any more  
what has this country done to me  
when can I go home  
can I stay longer to discover the better parts  
can I leave today and go back to safety, to showers,  
to clean streets and sweet-smelling hallways.  
Not before I get a Tusker T-Shirt ...

Now that I have claimed my prize,  
my T-Shirt,  
what keeps me here?

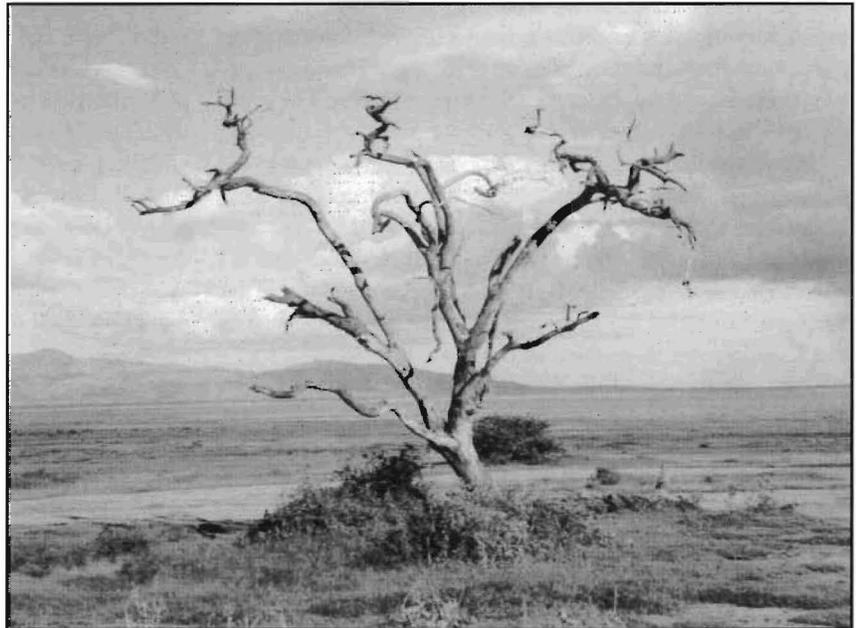
I try to envision the romantic reasons:

coffee fields, mind-blowingly green as they sparkle in the morning mist  
Wamitha, only 22 but already an old woman, opening the gate every day  
and putting her hand on my chest after the accident  
the coast—

equatorial sun on my face, but decorated with the same gaudy colors  
as the prostitutes who drive us off the dance floor.

I think of the dreaded plane ride  
to find that it is the only reason I don't leave right away.  
It's also the only reason I can't stay here forever  
in this place that has touched my soul.

Gretchen Mollers  
Nairobi, Kenya



*A lone tree spreads its  
branches to the sky on the  
grasslands of the Serengeti.  
Photo by Emily Crawford*

## The Driver

Today has been the most incredible day. As I stood on the sidewalk figuring out how I was going to parade down this busy side street in Madrid, accompanied only by my awkward suitcase and two backpacks, a white taxi pulled up, and a short Spanish man emerged from the driver's side. "*Buenos dias guapa, adónde vas?*" (Hello girl, where are you going?). His voice was strong yet gentle as he approached me. I explained that I needed to go to the Barajas Airport and that I was very glad he came when he did. He joked about how large my suitcase was, saying only an American would travel with so much. I laughed, saying that he was probably right and slid into the cab through the door he was holding open for me.

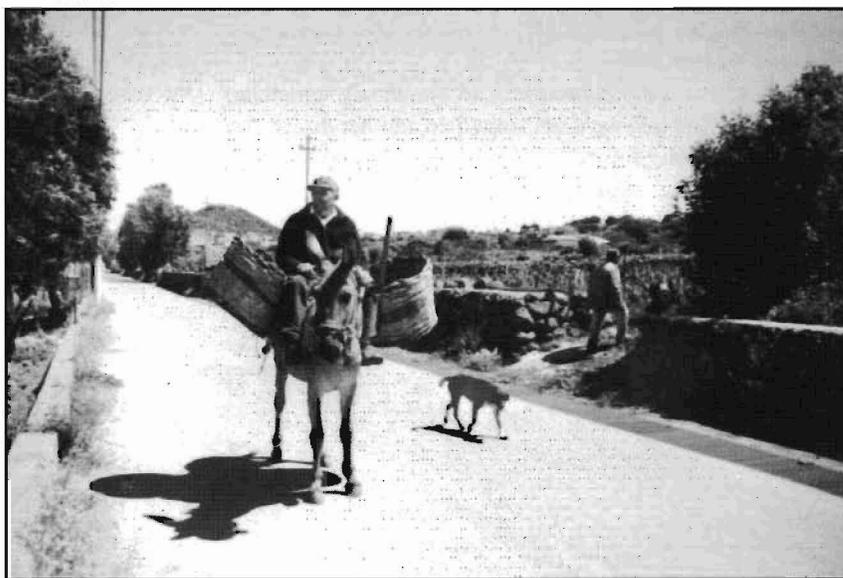
We talked the whole way to the airport about what I had been doing in Spain and why I was by myself. I explained that I had been living with a family and attending the University of Extremadura. He became especially elated by this and explained that he was from Extremadura and that he supposed we had much in common. A minute or so passed without any conversation, and I found myself caught in a teary daze, watching the beautiful city of Madrid pass me by. He asked me if I was sad and told me about a girl that he drove to the airport last month who cried the whole way. I looked at him in the mirror and our eyes met. I said I didn't know, with a smile that must have shown my feelings. He said that I looked like I was sad, but not too much. He asked if I understood what he meant, and I said that I supposed so. He turned the music up, saying that this was *his* music, and began singing. His serenade was followed by his list of Clinton jokes. I laughed and truly meant it, understanding the true reasoning and mind set behind them all.

He then gave me one of the highest compliments I have ever received—"*Eres extremeña, sabes?*" (You are an Extremaduran, you know?). He said that any American who could follow his sense of humor had a good understanding of what it means to be "*un Extremeño.*" I thanked him, and a tear rolled down my cheek. He apologized for making me sad, but I felt the weirdest sense of happiness ever. I realized that I had become part of another culture and really felt what being Spanish means. I explained that I was not sad, simply happy that I had the opportunity to learn about the culture and gain a family in Spain.

We continued talking about different things I liked to do in Cáceres that I never did, or could do, in the United States. The conversation consisted of many similarities between us, smiles, and teary eyes, on my part. Sooner than I realized, we were arriving at the airport. I helped him get my oversized suitcase out of the trunk and put my larger backpack on. I handed him the money for the ride saying, "*Gracias, por todo.*" (Thanks for everything). He gave me two kisses on the cheek saying, "*Adiós, mi guapa. Regresarás pronto. Eres española.*" (Goodbye. You will return soon. You are Spanish). He winked, got in the cab, waved and pulled away.

I didn't even know his name and wouldn't be able to pick him out in a crowd, but his voice will forever stay imprinted in my memory, and his eyes will forever be imprinted in my soul. For some reason he could look deep into it, making me realize how blessed I've been to have experienced Spain the way I did. He reminded me that I am a part of Spain, and Spain is a part of me.

Jennifer Kite  
Cáceres, Spain



*On the Italian island of Ustica, northwest of Sicily, a farmer rides his mule down a dusty street. Photo by Angela Hearn*

## Reflection

I remember that last night, my last night, when you and I stayed up late together. A cab was coming at 5 a.m. to take me to the airport so I could make my 7 a.m. flight home. The thought of sleep had crossed our minds. I knew that not sleeping before flying from Bonn, Germany to Detroit would just augment jetlag, but the final consensus was to spend every last moment together in as close to a conscious state as possible. So we sat in your room with music on, chatting like always, not wanting to address the impending event. And while we waited to hear the obtrusive, alarm-like sound of your room buzzer signaling the cab's arrival, memories of the times we'd spent together were whirling in my head like snowflakes in a blizzard.

From the first time I met you, I felt a familiarity between us, something that made me think I already knew you, that we were already friends and this was just a reunion. As our relationship grew, I realized we were both asking the same questions, both searching for something, but we didn't know what. So naturally we started searching together.

I thought of how we always sat in those two chairs of yours, listening to the music that made us shiver as we listened, the music that enveloped us and through which we felt things that we'd never before imagined, the music that made us feel bigger than life and smaller than a speck of dust at the same time. I remember how we'd both close our eyes and slowly sway to the succulent sounds, and then, when we heard that one part, you'd let out a short half-laugh, half-yelp, and I'd just smile.

And at some point one of us would say something about life or God and we'd get started on another discussion of one of those "big subjects." When you've found someone who thinks in the same way, someone who has the same ideas and perspectives, it's like talking to a reflection of your own soul, except it's even better because this reflection shows

you things which you've never before considered and invites you to do the same for it. When I gazed into the water, you were who I saw among the ripples.

When the buzzer finally did ring, it was suddenly all happening too fast. Do I have everything? "Yes, I need to go to the airport. Yeah, just a minute." I desperately wanted to stay and at the same time couldn't stay another second. I looked at you and couldn't speak. So you said something, and then I said something. I don't really remember what because too many things were running through my thoughts just then, and I wanted to say them all, but there was no time. We shared a last hug, and that was it. Now I was going "home."

I do remember the last thing you said as I was getting into the cab, and how you looked the last second that I saw you. And I remember how I just sort of stared at the surreal night road as the cab pulled away and how my legs kept twitching during the entire ride to the airport. I remember not being able to think because I didn't know what to think about. At that moment, your memory was fresh in my mind, but soon it became distant and dull. I knew that, and it was what made me feel the most sad.

One thing that I learned from living at Lennestrasse 3, Room 13m, besides the value of true friendship, is that the world is large and full of wondrous people, places, cultures and sights. If you aren't careful, you can get lost in it. But it's not so big that two human beings can't retain a bond across an ocean. *Jochen, wir sehen uns wieder* (Jochen, we'll see each other again).

Matthew Lund  
Bonn, Germany

*Russians demonstrate in the Palace Square in St. Petersburg, Russia on the 80th anniversary of the Communist Revolution. Photo by Rebecca Lillie*



# Contributors

## Wendy Bain

A Human Development and Social Relations major, Wendy has minors in both Japanese and French. She spent ten months living with a family in Tokyo, Japan while attending Waseda University. She had an incredible experience, fell in love with the people she met and the country and plans to return after graduation to study or work in her "second home." *Poetry, page 32*

## Antonie Boessenkool

Antonie, an English major, studied journalism for six months in Cairo, Egypt. Eating, sleeping and breathing *The Atlas* has only augmented her interest in being an international journalist. *Photos and prose, pages 18, 20, 21*

## David Brockington

*Als letztes mal das er in Deutschland war* (the last time he was in Germany), Brock (who does have a real name) had a wonderful time walking around in his *Lederhosen*, singing popular songs from the Volkstümliches Hitparade and not showing solidarity with the 4,000 striking German students in Erlangen, Germany. He is a Music/English/Education major and hopes to learn a language someday. *Poetry, page 9*

## Tom Burns

An English major from Detroit Rock City, Tom spent his study abroad in Aberdeen, Scotland where he learned that absolutely nothing about haggis is good. After he gets his English degree, Tom plans to marry "K" alum Annie Martin and eventually surpass Harrison Ford as America's favorite action hero. *Prose, page 12*

## Jennifer Combes

A Psychology major with an International Area Studies concentration, Jenn spent six months in Madrid, Spain. After having worked on *The Atlas* staff as an associate editor she plans to amaze the world of psychology with her brilliant and well-written Senior Individualized Project. *Photo, page 30*

## Emily Crawford

If she ever figures out why she has to do a Portfolio and how to write a "creative, personal, nonfiction Senior Individualized Project" (what?) Emily will graduate with a major in English. Making dinner with her sister, Wambui, and traveling throughout the country were the best parts of her stay in Nairobi, Kenya. When she was not dancing to reggae, Emily worked as an associate editor for *The Atlas*. *Photos and prose, pages 4, 6, 34*

## Erin Dawson

Erin returned to "K" after spending six months in Erlangen, Germany. She's a Health Sciences major/Music minor, and she plans to become a pediatrician. *Photos, pages 10, 12*

## Christine Dragisic

Chris is a senior International Area Studies/Spanish double major with an International Commerce minor. She spent nine months in Cáceres, Spain and loved every minute. Currently Chris is looking for someone to pay her to travel. *Photo, page 17*

## Nanda Filkin

A Biology major with a concentration in Environmental Sciences, Nanda studied in Strasbourg, France where she met new friends and learned more about the world and herself. Her future plans include traveling to Europe again and being outside as much as possible. *Photo, page 38*

## Jennifer Getting

Jennifer spent her study abroad in Caen, France but took several extended weekend trips to other parts of Europe. She braved the German border police and a corrupt Spanish train station and lived for three days in Paris on 35 francs. Along the way, Jennifer learned a little about art history, quite a lot of French and a whole lot about friendship. *Poetry and photo, page 16*

## Sarah Goralewski

Sarah studied in Senegal, traveled to Gambia and spent Christmas in Paris, France. She loved Senegalese food, especially peanut stew. Sarah also learned from her experience that she does not want to enter the Peace Corps after graduation. *Prose, page 24*

## Vanessa Greene

Vanessa is a junior English/Spanish double major who completed her Career Development in London, England. She is currently on study abroad in Cáceres, Spain. *Poetry, page 10*

## Michael Haedicke

Michael Haedicke has a major in Sociology and a minor in Political Society. He studied abroad for nine months at the London School of Economics, where he took classes on nationalism and religious cults. In the future, he plans to graduate and work as an expatriate journalist, perhaps. *Prose, page 13*

**Angela Hearn**

Angie is a senior English major who spent nine months in Cáceres, Spain. During her stay she fell in love with the people and culture; it was a truly remarkable experience. Angie hopes to work in Europe after graduation. *Photo, page 35*

**Michael Kellogg**

Mike, a senior Music major, spent six months in Nairobi, Kenya. “Kenya taught me that life is chaos ... and chaos is good ... life is good. WOO HOO!” *Photos, pages 3, 40*

**Erin Killian**

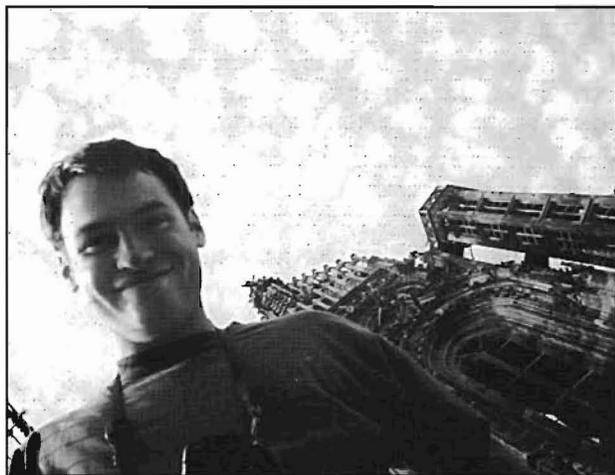
Erin is an English major. She studied in Bonn, Germany for three months. *Prose, page 33*

**Jennifer Kite**

During her study abroad, Jenny lived with a family in Cáceres, Spain. She had two host sisters and one brother (as well as a mother and father). The small, yet lively, city and the laid-back culture were exactly what Jenny needed at that point in her life. She gained a true appreciation and understanding of Spanish culture and now is a proud “member” of a Spanish family. She’ll return to Spain soon. *Prose, page 35*

**Rebecca Lair**

A Spanish/Religion double major, Becky spent her entire junior year studying in Cáceres, Spain. Her experiences there compelled her to write her Senior Individualized Project on the people she met, the changes she underwent and her inability to readjust to life back in the United States. She plans to return to Cáceres. *Poetry, page 17*



Adam Allington “tears it up” in front of the Strasbourg Cathedral in Strasbourg, France. *Photo by Nanda Filkin*

**Becky Lillie**

Becky is a senior Anthropology major who spent four months in Russia and another three months traveling throughout Europe. *Poetry and photos, pages 31, 36*

**Kristy Lockwitz**

Kristy is a Biology and Psychology double major who studied in Perth, Australia for six months. She also traveled the west coast of the continent extensively during her stay. *Photo, page 27*

**Matthew Lund**

Matt is a Music major who spent six months in Bonn, Germany. *Prose, page 36*

**Cecelia Marsh**

A senior History major, Celia spent a semester in Rome, Italy dodging *motorinos*. Her impression of Rome: “Beautiful, but poorly planned.” *Photo, page 28*

**Allison McGough**

Allison is a spicy southern woman from Louisiana. She is an English major and studied abroad in Nairobi, Kenya. At some point, she hopes to return to Africa, abandon her life as a human and join a herd of wild elephants. *Prose, page 4*

**Melissa McSwegin**

A senior Human Development and Social Relations major with a concentration in African Studies, Melissa spent 11 months living with a family in Dakar, Senegal. Although it was the best year of her life, it has served only to confuse her about her future plans. Melissa looks forward to the opportunity to travel again. *Prose, page 25*

**Gretchen Mollers**

As she is better known in Kenya, “Groovy Gretchen” formed a lifelong bond with her amazing host family. After whitewater rafting on the Nile River, she returned to “K” to continue with her Music major and be associate editor of *The Atlas* which is ever so much more exciting. *Poetry, page 34*

**Jeffrey Myers**

A senior Biology major, Jeff had the incredible opportunity to spend a year in the land down under—Australia. There he was able to work on his Senior Individualized Project which involved scuba diving and living in the outback. *Prose, page 26*

**Cari Pattison**

Cari is an English major/Studio Art minor and studied/explored/discovered Nairobi, Kenya for six months. She truly savors her time on “K” College’s campus, but that trans-

forming half-year away was worth every minute! *Inshala* (God willing), Cari plans to return to her third home in the year 2000 for a year-long internship at Nairobi Chapel Nondenominational Church. *Photos and poetry, pages 5, 7, 22, 23*

#### **Thomas Pool**

During his study abroad, Tom traveled all over central and eastern Europe, but one of the most memorable experiences took place in his “home” country of Denmark. Each day as he walked to class, shop owners would wave and bike couriers would give familiar words of recognition. Countless details of Tom’s morning journeys through Copenhagen will forever be fossilized in his brain, bringing a smile to his face as he remembers his short but amazing stay in Denmark. *Photo, page 8*

#### **Theresa Possley**

Theresa “studied” in Strasbourg, France where she learned, among other things, how to make paper houses from her nine-year-old host sister. *Photo, page 11*

#### **Amanda Pritts**

Amanda taught English to both professors and children in Nagoya Gakuin, Japan. She came closer to her dream of being in the Olympics by traveling to Nagano, Japan to see the Winter Olympics. *Photos, cover and pages 1, 32*

#### **Jacquelyn Pursel**

An Art History major and Classics minor, Jacqui studied in Greece and hopes to return in the future. *Photo, page 9*

#### **Jason Reed**

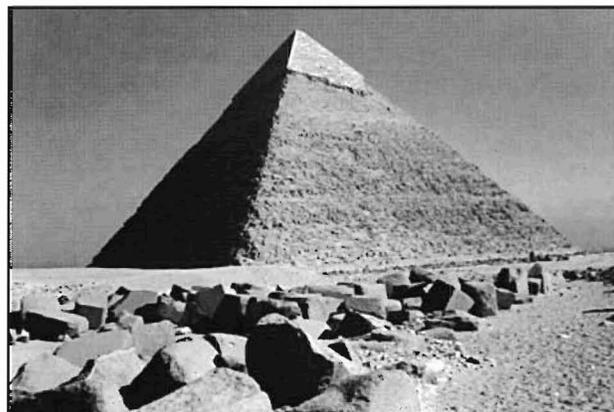
Most of Jason Reed’s six-and-a-half glorious months in Europe were spent in Bonn, Germany as a student at the “Uni” there. Rather than furthering his study of Biology, he developed advanced social skills and a love for free-spiritedness and all the privileges associated therewith—weekend trips, time to hang out, take photographs or just sit and watch. Back in Kalamazoo, Jason was an associate editor for *The Atlas*. *Poetry and photos, pages 14, 15*

#### **Lisa Rotondo**

Lisa is a Psychology/Health Science double major. She studied in Dakar, Senegal for nine months. *Photo, page 24*

#### **Leigh Ann Sayen**

Leigh Ann studied in Cairo, Egypt for six months and traveled in the Middle East for two months after her program concluded. She plans to study law after graduation. *Prose, page 18*



*One of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World, the Pyramid of Chephren stands tall against the Egyptian sky in Giza. Photo by Andrew Terranella*

#### **Natalie Shepherd**

Natalie is an English major who spent her time abroad in Bonn, Germany. Back in Kalamazoo, she was an associate editor for *The Atlas*. *Photo, page 13*

#### **Brian Soderholm**

Brian studied abroad in Clermont-Ferrand, France. He is pursuing double majors in Economics and International Area Studies. After graduation he plans to pursue an MBA and become an entrepreneur. *Prose, page 30*

#### **Erin Stump**

A senior Political Science major/Psychology minor, Erin studied in Madrid, Spain and had the best experience of her life there. *Prose, page 8*

#### **Andrew Terranella**

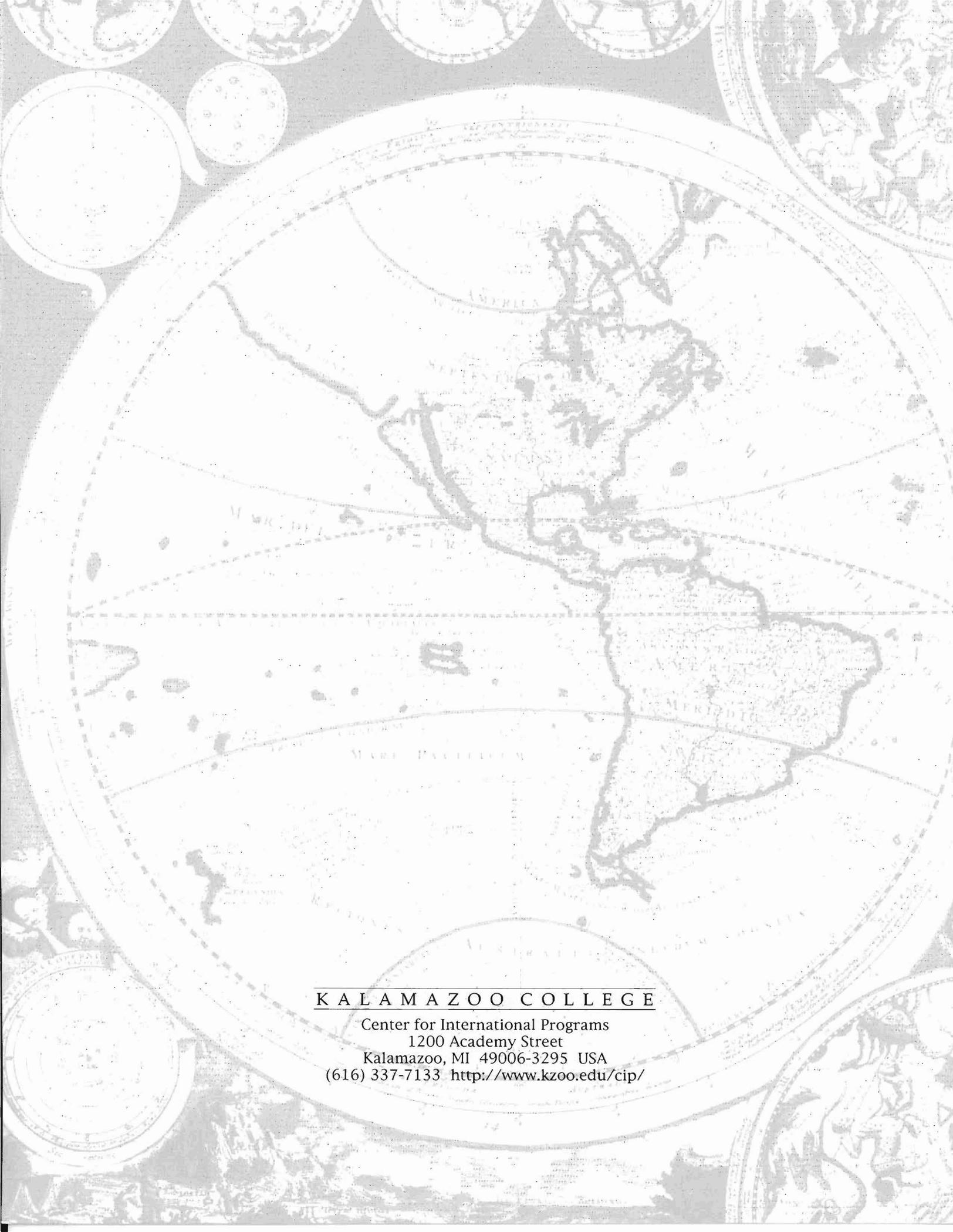
Andrew is a Biology major who spent his time abroad in Cairo, Egypt. He intends to start medical school after graduation. *Photo, page 25, 39*

#### **Rebecca Vollenweider**

Becky is a senior English major who went to Wollongong, Australia and did not want to come back. *Photo and poetry, pages 26, 28*

*Overleaf: Fighting hard to get their Land Rover out of a pothole in Machakos, Kenya, Kalamazoo College students learn there’s more to study abroad than what’s written in the guidebook. Photo courtesy of Michael Kellogg*





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