Passage

2001-2002

images and reflections of study abroad
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When living in an environment that is not our own, we walk the path of the "other." We learn what it is like to be outside our culture, outside our tradition, and outside the accepted patterns of our daily life. When we can embrace this state of being, we experience a transition; we evolve in some way. As our perspective changes we feel a little less outside, a little more able to feel at home no matter where we go.

The study abroad program encourages such transitions and this year's Passage reflects the immense growth that students undergo. Much of the prose, poetry, and photography within walk the path of the outsider. Many move from this stage to welcome a full immersion in what is different. All in some way help dig up the richness of culture that permeates our world.

I'd like to thank everyone who made the magazine happen this year, especially my staff who helped create something out of nothing and who were there for every step of the process.

Tamara Matthews
editor-in-chief
An ascetic Saddhu (holy man) contemplates existence near a Shiva temple in Pashupati, Nepal.

Larissa Brezden
Samsara–The Cycle

In Lhasa, on stolen ground,
An endless current of devotees circles the Jokhang.
A Tibetan woman whose age is worn
As turquoise pendulum earlobes,
Counts prayer beads as she passes.
A child's scissor legs stumble after his mother's footsteps,
Prayer wheels clatter through the smoldering incense,
And everything above ground is revolving color.

But watch the line where earth meets man--
They're running ridges into the ground beneath their
Feet in Chinese tennis shoes,
Drilling paths around
And in reverence for the Sacred.
Clockwise, they spin--
The steady shuffle of plastic dress shoes
Becomes a prayer whose pressure
Smoothes the cobblestone to a mirror
In which the faces of ancestors
Flash in shadows and in light.
And when I look down into the stones directly,
Lines and ancient features appear--
The brief expression
Recedes into dusty pallor,
The falling and rising
Of breath and life.

Larissa Brezden
Kathmandu, Nepal
A woman and child somewhere between Ougadounga and Katari on a trek through the Terai jungle in Nepal.

Larissa Brezden
Henry Ford’s Nightmare

Public transportation in Denmark is amazing. In five minutes, I can walk to a bus that will take me to another bus or train that will bring me within five minutes of wherever I want to be. It's terrific. People here ride bikes everywhere, too, and there are bike lanes on the roads.

At home, I go through at least one tank of gas a week, so do each of my parents. Here, a family has one car, and they go through a tank of gas in a month. Almost all the power is wind power. The entire country uses one tenth of the nonrenewable resources that the Detroit area uses in one year (each having roughly the same population).

As a result, the air is clean and people are healthy, mostly because everyone walks or bikes at least a little every day. There is talk that after the new metro system is finished, the city could be car-free by 2010.

A car-free city. Let's entertain, for just one second, what would happen if we made Detroit a car-free city. The hospitals would see a ton of broken bones as people attempt to learn how to ride bikes again. Rather than walk to the nearest bus stop people would stay home and rebel, because (gasp!) heaven forbid anyone should have to walk more than twenty feet to somewhere other than their driveway each day. Delivery boys would become tycoons, not just for pizzas, but for groceries as well. The result: Americans would become even lazier than they already are. Better stick to cars—at least we get that workout going across the parking-lot every day.

Try explaining to a Dane that there are literally no buses, no trains, and no metro in a city the size of Detroit. Say you don't go anywhere without driving. They will just stare blankly. Talk about the people at the mall who insist on driving up and down the aisles for a half hour just to get a close parking space, or the people who drive across campus to go to class. Their lips will tremble in confusion as they picture a country full of lazy bums.

Stephanie Bonne
Copenhagen, Denmark

Bikes outside the central train station, Amsterdam. The white bikes are municipal property that any citizen can ride and leave on the street for another citizen to use.

Thea Liberty Nichols
Missing Winter

I missed winter this year.
I missed it because I spent its months in a city that never turned white.
I'm not saying it wasn't cold, and I'm not saying the rain didn't knead me into the color of chimney smoke.
I'm not saying any of these things.
I merely mean to say that the trees never bent with the weight of white.
They never knew how guiltless it feels to be pushed down - dejected, but enchanting.

Bill Malatinsky
Strasbourg, France

The air in Prague is filled with music. Here, a man plays accordion for the foot traffic across the Charles Bridge.

Stephanie Bonne
Hopeful Education

Moja
My dreams were shattered when a herd of elephants and giraffes didn’t gather around the plane to greet me.

Mbili
No one was there to greet me. I stood and watched as everyone else was whisked away by their new families—headed home to finally get some sleep.

Tatu
Getting some sleep was never a problem in my home. In fact, there was nothing to keep me awake. No one ever talked. Solitaire lost its excitement quickly. The TV never worked and when it did we didn’t have electricity.

Nne
We didn’t have electricity! What could be worse then having no electricity?

Tano
Having no running water!

Sita
No running water is the epitome of primitive living conditions. Everyday the maid brought the water from its mysterious source, heated it on the kerosene stove, and told me my bath was ready. A bucket of scalding hot water is hardly my idea of a bath. Was I supposed to sit in it, splash it around, dump it on my head? I never knew what was expected of me.

Saba
I never knew what was expected of me. My mother left for weeks on end. Linda was only 13 years old, the maid could hardly take care of herself, and I was there to learn. Maybe my mother thought I was there to learn how to take care of someone else’s child. Her child was incorrigible—a typical 13 year old girl.

Nane
Joyce was not a typical 13 year old girl. I asked her age; she said she couldn’t be sure. I asked where she lived—she pointed to a one room shanty that she shared with her parents and twin brother. She asked me questions, wanting to learn all she could. She begged me to take her to the States when I left. All I could promise her was a copy of the picture I took of us together.

Tisa
All I could promise her was a copy of the picture I took of us together. I couldn’t give her anything more. I couldn’t take her out of the slum, take away the street kid that was embedded in her. She was going to rise above her impoverished conditions on her own.

Kumi
I had to do it on my own. I had to go to the slum every day on my own. Ride the matatu, walk through the tightly constructed housing, survive the penetrating stares, and arrive at the school to teach the eager street children their lessons in math, science, and English. I loved those kids.

Kumi na moja
I loved those kids. They were the ones I feared on the street, though. The ones who ate from the enormous garbage pile down the street, begged for money, mugged tourists. But they were happy. Nothing could diminish their spirit.

Kumi na mbili
The spirit of Kenya is kind, but its reality is harsh.

Kumi na tatu
As I stepped onto the plane, the harsh reality that I was leaving behind a generation of children who would never know the United States existed was too much for me to handle. All I could do to keep from crying was to remember that, although they had no shoes, they daily went to the mud hut hoping to change their lives through education.

Kumi na nne
Education changes your life.

Jennifer Perry
Nairobi, Kenya
Tisa was a copy of the picture I took of
her. I couldn’t give her anything more. I couldn’t take away the street kid that was
going to rise above her on her own.

Kumi was a problem. I had to go to the slum every day, get the matatu, walk through the tight
crowds, survive the penetrating stares, and teach the eager street children science, and English. I loved those kids, but I had to go to the slum every day. It was the ones I feared on the street, begging for money, mugged and happy. Nothing could diminish my love for them, but its reality is harsh.

Kumi na moja were the ones I feared on the street, begging for money, mugged and happy. Nothing could diminish my love for them, but its reality is harsh.

Kumi na tatu plane, the harsh reality that I was surrounded by a generation of children who would never exist. It was too much for me to keep from crying was to remember that they had no shoes, they daily went to
change their lives through education, and I loved them. Nothing could diminish my love for them, but its reality is harsh.

Kumi na nne

Jennifer Perry
Nairobi, Kenya

A giraffe at the Nairobi Giraffe Center searches for food. Visitors sometimes hold food in their teeth, and the giraffes will swipe it away with their long blue tongues. This quick giraffe “kiss” leaves the feeder slimy.

Mitch Blink
The inscription on the bars of this gate—roughly translated “work makes [you] free”—was the darkly ironic message that greeted all incoming prisoners to KZ Dachau, the Nazi death camp in Dachau, Germany.

Michael Gouin

Little Senseless Poem

Little senseless poem.  
Cold flat black striped iron poem.  
A greeting.  

ARBEIT MACHT FREI.  

Murder.  
Murder. Murder.  
Murder. Murder. Murder.  

The children  
dart in and out of bushes.  
Shrines bound with razor wire,  
sniper towers and  
multi-denominational churches.  
A red barn  
with doors flung wide.  
Rows of toothless, brick mouths  
with their jaws pried open  
and stuffed with candles.  
Tiny lights suspended  
in the fleshy, wood-fired  
halitosis of the past.  
Bodies stacked to the sky  
by the cord.  
Butterflies, fanfare, and sunshine.  
And me  
with my disposable camera.  

Jackbooted poem.  

‘Work will set you free.’  

Michael Gouin  
Strasbourg, France
**Senseless Poem**

Little senseless poem.
Cold flat black striped iron poem.
A greeting.

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Jackbooted poem.

'Work will set you free.'

**Michael Gouin**
Strasbourg, France

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**Stonelight**

The stones of the temple mount are as old as the hills from which they came.
The white Jerusalem stone glistens in the heat of the Middle Eastern sun at noonday.
The eerie brightness is blinding, not revealing the way I thought it would. I thought the light would direct my path and the stones would house some divine enlightened wisdom that would give me direction in life. Instead, this white sunlight reflects off the buildings and confuses my eyeballs and I can’t understand how I can find meaning in life with all this light!

**Jesse Steed**
Jerusalem, Israel
Change

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

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

She did not know me, but she named me gringa.
(A woman who walks with her legs wide open and her purse sewed up.)

What's more,
She named me North American,
And I could feel the hot syllables of hate
Scribbled across my back as I
Walked and walked and
Pretended and pretended
To feel nothing,

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

Jennie Toner
Quito, Ecuador
Three young girls during the carnival in Pisac, a small town in Peru near the city of Cuzco.

Jorin Bossen
Yong He Gong

It is 4:30 in the morning and Dan Buck and I walk down the streets of Beijing with the dark wind blowing through our bones. Beijing’s winter is almost unbearable, a dry cold penetrates every part of your body. It is 4:30 and we walk alone, it is the only time that everyone else is sleeping in the city of thirteen million. By five we arrive at the back gates of the Yong He Gong, Tibetan Lama Temple. A monk greets us and we follow him in silence towards the meditation temple. A thin carpet is rolled out on the concrete floor for us, and we sit down in a half-lotus position as all the other monks file in silently, one by one, wearing burgundy robes and yellow hats. My breath rises in the cold with the chants of the monks. The monks’ chants come from deep inside of them, originating from their soul and then vibrating from the back of their lungs in a melodic rhythm, constantly changing, fluctuating in tones from a deep reverb to a high pitched hum, all tied mysteriously together. I am taken away by their voices and my breath until one monk brings me back with a cup of warm butter yak tea. The tea flows through my blood and warms up my whole body. As my body warms, my eyes open and I can feel the rays of the rising sun, and I realize why I came to China.

Two boys play in an alley in Beijing, China.

Noah Derman
with the dark wind blowing through your body. It is 4:30 and we walk
five we arrive at the back gates
ence towards the meditation tem­
us position as all the other monks
in the cold with the chants of the
and then vibrating from the back
reverb to a high pitched hum,
e monk brings me back with a cup
body. As my body warms, my eyes

Language
Sometimes when I was in China I wanted
to tell people so much, yet so much was not in my
vocabulary, so instead I would just smile.

One in the Same
This three-year-old girl asked me if I was a
wai ren, a person from a different world or an alien.
I said I'm from America.

Names
In China, most of the time people address
each other with familial names like ge ge, older
brother; di di, younger brother; mi mi, younger sis­
ter; jie jie, older sister; lao ye, grandfather; shu shu,
uncle; fu fu, aunt.
When I was there I got called ge ge, older
brother; shu shu, uncle; lao peng you, old friend;
kong zi, Confucius; Sun Wu Kong, monkey king;
Lao wai, old whitey; and Yang Zi, goat.

Oh Yeah
My roommate, Guan Han Fu, wanted me to
come to meet his family in An Shan, which is a ten
hour train ride from Beijing. On my way there, I met
this guy who had a very petite frame and large
glasses with nicely parted hair wearing a business
suit. He knew one phrase in English: “oohh
yeeahh.” He would say it like a 50s swinger,
extending the “yeah” and lowering the pitch of his
voice. He asked me many questions: Ni zai beijing
xue xi duo chang shi jian? Ni jue de zhong guo ren
zen me yang? Ni de ma ma xiang ni? Ta rang ni lai
zhong ma? I would answer him: Yi ban lai shuo
zhong guo ren hen you yi—generally speaking all
the Chinese people I have met have been really
friendly and open; my mom does miss me but she
is glad I am studying here. He then would repeat
my answer and add an “oh yeah” to the end: Ni de
ma ma xiang ni, oohh yeeeaahh.
The patron saint of Franconia and Marienberg fortress, Würzburg, Germany.

Erika Hildebrandt
The sun shines through the clouds behind an eastern orthodox cross on top of one of four peaks on St. Isaac's Cathedral in St. Petersburg, Russia.

**Stephanie Bonne**
29 Sept 00—we’re traveling to Leipzig and then onto Meissen
The sun is angled as if it’s four o’clock. I know it’s just the drags of summer memories though. In fall, in winter, the sun travels faster, lighter—each beam must be savored. My body’s stuck in summer still—I want to believe that it’s late afternoon simply by the shadows. How can I slip into a fall/winter body/nature harmony? I should spend more time outside... look at the changing leaves and then the drip of leaves, acorns. Feel the cycle turning once again towards shorter days, an indrawn breath, a collective gathering towards the internal worlds, a settling, a bit of resignation. A few more moments to anticipate the final burst of joie de vivre. The country-side is a dream. The sun’s particular angle frosts the treetops with a longing glimmer and the more distant hills fade into a soft dark, as if the thinnest layers of fog have descended vertically from the sky, between us.

17 Jan 01
It’s after four in the afternoon and the golden hour is gone. Sun’s already sneaking away. My room was deliciously filled with light only half an hour ago—it was way too short.
I got my hair cut today. Walked into City Hair, asking “Brauchen Sie noch Modelle?” expecting to have to make an appointment, but no... in five or so minutes a girl came out, washed my hair, and then away we went. I was kind of nervous and couldn’t really explain how I wanted it. So with minimal direction she went to work: Noch kuerzer? -Ja, bitte.

05 May 01
Definitely not surprising that I just slept a solid twelve hours, that I still have sleep in my eyes and they are blurry/bleary, that the sky is overcast for the first time in a week. Yesterday was the first time it had really rained in a while, too. The sky was blemished with a single huge rain cloud—all around it, clean sky peered through, revealing the sinking sun that was floating in a cloak of pearly rose. So the light in the sky was pretty bizarre... a smothered sunset, its glory fairly muted by the dominating rain cloud. And then suddenly, without any warning, before I’d even taken one hundred steps, the sky opened up and all the lakes of heaven were allowed to drop from above. I pulled the hood of my cardigan up, not that it would do much good, and continued my plodding, contemplative pace.
I passed a Biergarten and the eaters and drinkers were jolly with outbursts of laughter. The pounding rain on the canvas tents sheltering their plates and heads made them talk louder, sending merry words flying back and forth across the tables. Kids ran zig-zag among the benches, daring each other to step out under the downpour and shrieking gleefully when they did. At the edge of the street I stood for a minute. The faint but still virulent sun was shining (despite its cloak) directly onto the street, illuminating from a low angle the smashing of every drop onto the pavement and the subsequent splashing up around it. With millions of these smash/splashes, rhythmically in sync as the downpour got minutely stronger or weaker, it was an incredible sight. A low-lit aural, visual symphony of tiny explosions.
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Further down the street a couple in their mid-30s came out of Comet and reared back out at the chaos being let out from the sky, bizarre looks on their faces that clearly said, "I’m sure as hell not going out in that." Their simultaneous hesitation was hilarious. A much younger couple approached, feet slapping bare on the sidewalk, t-shirts and shorts soaked to saturation. In contrast to the gentleman and his wife on the steps of the grocery, this pair was obviously revel­ing in the rain—grins on their faces and an exchanged greeting as we passed each other.

Jessica Hayosh
Erlangen, Germany

View through the gate of the Herrenhausen Gardens, Hanover, Germany.

Erika Hildebrandt
I Thought French Was Bad

Danish is the most ridiculous language in the world. Our professor doesn't understand why we can't hear the difference between "a" and "ae" (both of which are pronounced "ay," one being slightly deeper in tone than the other).

So we are learning the past tense. The past tense of "to take" is "tog," pronounced "toe," like on your foot. Train is the same word. The number two is "to," also pronounced "toe." So, "I took two trains" sounds like "Yay toe toe toe," and the Danes understand this. I could be here twenty years and still not understand Danish.

Stephanie Bonne
Copenhagen, Denmark

60 Kilometers

I mean to walk in through this place.

When the car horns of the city and the crying donkeys of the night

have been buried in the Greek National Guard

I am startled by the absence of the city

by the quiet that tames the chaos

This expanse of desert 60 kilometers east of the Egyptian-Libyan border is a smooth flow of dunes, rising periodically interrupted by small bands of fossilized sea shells set into the sand.

I climb amongst them, fingers of an age when sand was covered by ocean, the habitat of sharks and starfish. This is where time to die, choked by still air, charcoal intense sun. It makes its gravest children wait for the coyotes to appear, gnaw its bones clean. I too here for an encounter with mortality

to stand amongst eternity, empty the demons from my pockets and let them shrivel in dry sand, hard

Michelle Wal
Cairo, Egypt

Greek National Guard in front of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Athens, Greece.

Thea Liberty Nichols
60 Kilometers East

I mean to walk in through this silence.
When the car horns of the city
and the crying donkeys of the oasis
have been buried in the Great Sand Sea,
I am startled by the absence of sound,
by the quiet that tames the chaos.

This expanse of desert 60 kilometers
east of the Egyptian-Libyan border
is a smooth flow of dunes, rising
and falling like the Mediterranean tide,
periodically interrupted by small mountains
of fossilized sea shells set into stone.

I climb amongst them, finger these relics
of an age when sand was covered
by ocean, the habitat of shark and sponge
and starfish. This is where time comes
to die, choked by still air, charred under
intense sun. It makes its grave here,
waits for the coyotes to appear at night,
gnaw its bones clean. I too have come
here for an encounter with mortality,
to stand amongst eternity, empty
the demons from my pockets, watch
them shrivel in dry sand, harden into stone.

Michelle Wallon
Cairo, Egypt

A man and his camel on the beach in Monastir, Tunisia.
Erika Hildebrandt
Reflection on the Brink of Biwako: Sunset

South wind, blowing past
Bamboo tents hung with
Daikon and red radish—
Dusky sand grinds into my jacket
Bottles litter my feet.
Waves, sit here and pursue,
Holding secrets.
Silent riders on bicycles
Flow past this beach road.
Floating words come and skim,
Whispering to the shore,
Unassuming smiles.

The sky burns,
Striped and bracketed,
Pale gray between purple and blue rips,
Yellow-breath hazes,
Deep rose and fading orange sighs,
White sliver of sun,
Parting from me.

Feel the waves
Smiling, waiting at your feet.
Tell me—I’m struggling
Away from home and everything,
Give me an answer...

Listen—
The faint water’s glimmer
Replies:
Fret not,
Watch me
Trace these smiles
And these words fall—
Kokoro.

Cherish, and see
With your eyes, calm.
I will give you moments.
Can you hear?
Sounds of waving water
Within your mind.

Upon thin smile
Of wave, a white crane alights,
skims, lands. Porchards fly.

I, watch.
I understand.
The moon falls open
We know each other
Forever now, forever now.

Sabrina Savra
Hikone, Japan
It, these smiles these words fall into your mind.

A thin smile above, a white crane alights, lands. Porchards fly.

now each other now, forever now.


A birds-eye view of the Twelve Apostles along Australia’s ancient coast.

Alfred Hart
On Saturday evening we went with a College group to have the evil spirit removed. First, the Yachaq told our group to strip all the members of their pants and other clothing if that's going to be a problem." Liza took up her pant legs. The Yachaq spread some incense over the coals, the scent of which spread over the room. There were a lot of repetitions of Christian elements.

After the prayer, she put on a traditional dance uniform. She did this three times. Then she chanted, put the alcohol and smoke flame were sent toward them, sadness and illness was removed.

After that part of the ceremony, she took a small sword, touched it to their heads, threw alcohol at them, getting it all over their bodies. She blew cigarette smoke in circular motion over them. She spewed alcohol and smoke over them. She did this with three sets of her hands and laughed and said, "It's good to let these items rub them all over the volunteers."

The Yachaq put some flowers and herbs in a bag. She put all that stuff in her mouth, chewed it and rubbed them all over the volunteers' faces, chests, arms, and legs. She made them hold a big piece of brightly colored rock around, chanting. So that the magic would return, she instructed the volunteers to pound fish, onions, or pork lard for three minutes.

Kate Lee

Dawn Ash
Quito, Ecuador
A Different Kind of Clean

On Saturday evening we had a ceremonial cleansing, a limpia. Two volunteers were chosen from the Kalamazoo College group to have the evil spirits cleansed from their souls by the Yachaq, the one with knowledge, the one who heals. 

First, the Yachaq told our volunteers to take off their shirts and rub a candle all over their bodies. The Yachaq then told the volunteers to strip all the way down to their underwear. One of our volunteers said, "I'm not wearing any, I wonder if that's going to be a problem." Laughing, we communicated this to the Yachaq, who allowed our volunteer merely to roll up her pant legs. The Yachaq sprinkled incense over some burning coals and made the volunteers stand with their legs spread over the coals, the scented smoke drifting up and around their legs. Then she went into a corner and said a prayer. There were a lot of repetitions of "Jesucristo" and "Espíritu Santo," evidently a common combination of traditional and Christian elements.

After the prayer, she put some alcoholic beverage in her mouth and spewed it out over the diagnostic candles. She did this three times. Then she lit the two candles in one of her hands and took the bottle of alcohol in the other. The Yachaq chanted, put the alcohol in her mouth, and spewed it towards our volunteers through the candle flames. Balls of flame were sent toward them, singeing their arm hair.

After that part of the ceremony, she brought out a small sword, touched it to their heads and spewed more alcohol at them, getting it all over their faces. Then she blew cigarette smoke in circular patterns around them. She spewed alcohol and smoked on bundles of fresh herbs, and then beat our volunteers all over with them. She did this with three sets of herb bundles. The Yachaq laughed and said, "It's good to be curandero [one who cures] because you can hit the whole world." She then spewed and smoked on a pair of hamburger buns and rubbed them all over the volunteers, and did the same thing with a pair of eggs. When she finished with each of these items her husband took them outside.

The Yachaq put some flowers, powder, and oil in the volunteers' hands and made them rub it on their faces, chests, arms, and legs. She turned them around, put all that stuff in her mouth, chewed it, and spewed it on their backs. She turned them around again and did the same thing to their faces and their sides. Their bodies shone with the oil and were flecked with pink petals. Then she made them hold a big piece of obsidian on their heads. She spit more flowers on them and rubbed the rock around, chanting. So that the evil spirits could not return, she instructed the volunteers: "Don't bathe or eat fish, onions, or pork lard for three days."

Dawn Ashley
Quito, Ecuador

A Yachaq from Ilumán, Ecuador takes a rest from performing a "limpia," or cleansing ceremony.
Sunset in the Bush

I just expected to see a typical sunset as I walked along a dirt road in the outback colored red

like no color Crayola ever created, deep earthy red mixed with burnt orange, a red that doesn't fade from sun exposure

and stains like rust. I walked across the road to a skeleton of a building painted: Gateway to Alice Springs.

It was the first "house" built by the white man for the Aborigines, built with no doors or ceiling or windows and only the red dirt for a floor. It was the middle step in their attempted metamorphosis. Transforming them from "natives" to "civilized," from nouns to adjectives that fit the norm, not the individual. They thought it would make the Aborigines feel more at "home." Night started enveloping the day like a pupil dilating over a large blue eye starting in the center and growing over the iris until it's all black. The white men attempted to lay claim by putting up concrete walls, sectioning off the nature from the human. I walked inside, through one of the door-less gateways there was a shallow pit of ashes in the center. The sun melted into the landscape burning the trees on the horizon black leaving the straggly gum trees silhouetted on a sky almost as red as the dirt.

I imagined the ashes in the pit were from a single log Aborigines burned before moving their fire further off the side of the road, closer to home.

Mirages danced over the horizon like flames until the sky blackened to match the trees, taking everything with it, the trees, the dirt, the Gateway to Alice Springs, the walls, the pit, the road, me, blending everything to black.

I turned around from the outback faced the road and kept walking. A single street lamp illuminated the road brick red. Bugs the size of my fist flew to the light burning their wings in the heat of the bulb. Night had stolen all of the heat of the day, no humidity blanket was left covering the black barren landscape, only dry air chilled with darkness. A small light the size of a flashlight lit up a sign: Laverton Golf Course, fifty feet off the road. It didn't illuminate the dirt fairways or the red greens or the fine print: Bring your own green to tee. The deep croaking of toads beat regularly with every fourth step, crickets strummed a steady chirp in double time, my feet kept moving me forward toward the lights of mining station. As I neared, the beat of the toads grew faint, the chirping crickets put away.
in the pit were from their bows. My feet were the only percussion as I entered the light. I looked down at my sandals glowing in the fluorescence, my skin appeared green like over-ripened limes, my hair as yellow as the tip of a flame. I turned back and ran away from the artificial light intruding in on night, ran until the pupils of my eyes shrunk to dots in the morning sun and the land again turned red.

Allison Scheurer
Perth, Australia

An impressive dawn at Uluru (Ayres Rock) in Australia’s Red Center.

Patty Harris
The way I re-member it...

To live 10,000 feet above sea level is a strange thing. In Quito, Pinchincha, the volcano, looms over the city, and every morning she lounges there, waiting to be recognized, a slumbering dragon. She is as integral to the land as any river or mountain.

In Quito spring is all year.

The equatorial sun burns hot above the people who live there. Fruit trees grow languidly in every yard. On the corners, Indigenas sell oranges, then mangoes, then guanabana, moving easily from fruit to fruit with the changing seasons.

In Ecuador people wait for one another patiently, arriving at least twenty minutes late to everything; right now is ten minutes from now. They do not think of this as waiting. Time is not razor sharp, rather it slips easily through open fingers.

As an alien in this land I found that after two months I could breathe the air much easier (air is decidedly thinner 10,000 feet above sea level). I did not get angry when life moved slow. I was no longer such an "impatient American," tapping my foot and checking my schedule. I walked at least five miles everyday. My legs became solid like two strong pillars. My face glowed from the constant sunlight. My stomach no longer revolted after every meal. I bought street food; chocle con queso (corn with cheese) and chifles (fried bananas.) I became accustomed to the politeness, the waiting, the respect that people showed one another.

My tongue was heavy with the things I could not say in correct Spanish and thick in my mouth with waiting to speak.

When I think of Ecuador I can hear my host mother saying gently, "Ahhh, hija mia." ("Ahhh, my daughter.") I think of my host sister comforting me, saying, "No lloro, Jennie, no lloro." ("Don't cry, Jennie, don't cry.")

I can smell pork and patacones frying. I hear the indigenous Andean wood instruments being played in the tourist quarter for money. When I think of Ecuador, my chest jumps up to attention and my feet want to salsa. I want to eat ceviche and seafood.

Of course. I did not appreciate these things until much later, until now.

Returning to American Consumer Capitalist Culture is a strange trip.
ano, looms over the city, and is as integral to the land as the fruit to fruit with the changing color of the season. On the corner, right now is less a birth, rather it slips easily through the facade.

I became accustomed to waiting in my mouth with waiting to eat. My legs became solid (air is decidedly thinner here than in New York.) I became accustomed to things being played in the touristy feet want to salsa. I want to...

Jennie Toner
Quito, Ecuador

When I first came back I did not want to be in Ecuador but I no longer fit in in the States. Everything seemed too easy: the language, the shopping malls, the money.

Still sometimes
nine months later
people seem to be rushing.

The air is too thick. My legs are not as strong and my face is getting paler and paler as the sun comes less and less often with the arrival of Michigan winter.

I know I do not belong there, but neither do I belong in the North America I left a year and a half ago.

America and I, we have changed for one another, grown apart.

Patience, respect, politeness: these are what Ecuador taught me.

I know what is important now.

Living is important now, living. Not rushing to the end.

Remembering to live while I am waiting, Remembering to breathe while I am living.

---

A Tibetan pilgrim and his daughter in Tingri (near Mt. Everest), Tibet.

Larissa Brezden
A formal introduction to Australia’s wildlife at Caversham Wildlife Park.

Alfred Hart
an itemized list

an itemized list
of boxes to pack
and to send away.

a list of things
lent out to friends:
be sure to get them back.

a list of things
that can be left behind
and things that can be taken
if an extra suitcase appears.

and if an extra suitcase does appear,
how would I pack it?
neatly, everything meticulously washed,
rolled, organized into neat columns?
breakables protected
between the cushions of my clothes?

a list of things that I would like to do,
people I would like to say goodbye to,
and people I have an obligation
to say goodbye to, although
I don’t feel like it.
I would rather slip out of the country
unnoticed,
only to get a random note one day,
asking where I am:
did I leave without saying goodbye?

and I know, even though I wish everything
to be clean, neat, and carefully rolled
so I know where everything stands when I unpack,
my worldly possessions for the past year
are going to be thrown into my luggage,
clothes wrinkled
in the rush of leaving.

Susanne Bertucco
Wollongong, Australia
Contributors

Dawn Ashley is a Mathematics major who studied abroad in Quito, Ecuador. The highlights of her experience include a wonderful relationship with her host family.

Susanne Bertucco is an English major with writing emphasis and an Art minor. She studied abroad in Wollongong, Australia for one year.

Mitch Blink says that going to Nairobi was an incredible shock. He learned a lot about the world and himself during his stay in Kenya, and wouldn't change the experience for anything.

Stephanie Bonne is a Health Science and Psychology major who studied Medical Practice and Policy in Copenhagen, Denmark. Her program had a study tour to Russia, where she was able to visit St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Estonia.

Jorin Bossen is an Art and Art History major. He went to Quito, Ecuador for study abroad. He is glad he had the opportunity to eat a guinea pig and would like to visit Ecuador again.

Larissa Brezden is a Health Science and English double major with a deep affinity for eastern medicine and Tibetan Buddhism. She dedicates her work to her Tibetan host family, who made her experience in Kathmandu, Nepal, unforgettable.

Noah Derman is an English major and a non-traditional student. A non-traditional student, Michael Gouin is a 32-year-old junior with an emphasis in the European Union and the Pacific. A non-traditional student, Michael Gouin is a 32-year-old junior with an emphasis in the European Union and the Pacific.

Martina Forgwe, a Political Science major, studied abroad in the Eastern Province.

Michael Gouin is a 32-year-old junior with an emphasis in the European Union and the Pacific.

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Catherine (Kate) Lee is a senior History major. Catherine (Kate) Lee is a senior History major.

Rebecca Littman-Smith is an Art major.

Bill Malatinsky went to Strasbourg, where they called Box, Pox, and Tox. Bill Malatinsky went to Strasbourg, where they called Box, Pox, and Tox.

Thea Liberty Nichols, Art and Art History major. Thea Liberty Nichols, Art and Art History major.

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Jennifer Perry is an English major. Jennifer Perry is an English major.

Sabrina Savra is an English major. Sabrina Savra is an English major.

Michelle Wallon is a Sociology/Antropology major.
Noah Derman is an English major and Chinese minor who studied in Beijing, China and loved it a lot.

Martina Forgwe, a Political Science major, went to Nairobi, Kenya on study abroad. Her photo contribution came from a trip to Kitui in Eastern Province.

Michael Gouin is a 32-year-old junior English/Writing major and French minor who plans to pursue a master's degree in Library science. A non-traditional student, Michael spent three wonderfully challenging and fulfilling months studying French language and culture, and the European Union at l'Universite de Marc Bloc in Strasbourg, France.

Patty Harris is a senior Sociology/Anthropology and Religion double major. She studied abroad in Perth, Australia for six months and backpacked for two months.

Alfred Hart is a senior Biology major, Bio-Psychology minor, with an Environmental Studies concentration. He studied abroad in Perth, Australia for six months and backpacked with Patty.

Jessica Hayosh is a senior German Language/Literature major and spent eleven months in Erlangen alternately venturing out in the town and writing in her journal.

Erika Hildebrandt is majoring in International Area Studies and German. She spent an exciting twelve months enjoying life in Erlangen.

Catherine (Kate) Lee is a senior Human Development and Social Relations major with a concentration in public policy and urban affairs who studied in Beijing, China. She completed her ICRP through volunteering at the Beijing Chaoyang center for children with mental disabilities.

Rebecca Littman-Smith is an Art major with an Anthropology minor who went to Nairobi, Kenya for six months.

Bill Malatinsky went to Strasbourg, France. He played on a French basketball team for his ICRP. His travel companions and himself were called Box, Pox, and Tox. Palermo in Sicily and Prague in the Czech Republic were two of his favorite cities in Europe.

Thea Liberty Nichols, Art and Art History major, English minor, went to Strasbourg, France. As the capitol of Europe, Strasbourg is centrally located within Western Europe. A modern city, complete with tramlines and Contemporary Art Museums, it also retains elements of its rich history, such as cobblestone squares and signature one-towered Gothic cathedral.

Jennifer Perry is an English major who studied in Nairobi, Kenya. During her time there, she spent two months teaching street children English, Math, and Science. Despite their hard lives, their contagious enthusiasm for life was inspirational.

Sabrina Savra is an English major with an Art minor who went to Hikone, Japan for six months. Her experience was fun, and she often meditated many things at the calm lake Biwa shore, both silly and serious.

Allison Scheurer went to Perth, Western Australia for study abroad and loved every minute of it. She is a Biology major here at K and has always loved the ocean, so Australia’s reefs kept her below the water for a good portion of her trip.

Lindsay Selvig, a Psychology major, spent an incredible six months living in Chiang Mai Thailand and studying sustainable development. Working with Non-Governmental Organizations and living in rural villages were highlights of her time abroad.

Jesse Steed, French major, Frisbee Golf minor, studied abroad in Jerusalem Israel. The stress of the conflicts there provided many chances to learn about the diversity of ideas dividing the small country.

Jennie Toner is an English major who went to Quito Ecuador. For her, study abroad was a very intense crucible period in her life. The emotions she felt, the relationships she forged, and the things she witnessed have changed her forever.

Michelle Wallon is a Sociology/Anthropology major who went to Cairo, Egypt with the purpose of studying Archeology.
Passage Editorial Board

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Front cover photo by Kate Lee: Lama Temple at Spring Festival, Beijing, China.
Title page photo by Larissa Brezden: A porter friend on the road to Chailsa (literal translation: "Rainbow Place"), a village in the Everest Region, Nepal.
Photo on facing page by Rebecca Littman-Smith: Gedi Ruins near Watamu, Kenya.
Back cover artwork by Rebecca Littman-Smith: Carring, Mt. Kenya, acrylic on canvas.

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