

the **Aleph**

a journal of global perspectives

It is the place where, without admixture
or confusion, all the places of the world,
seen from every angle, coexist.

Jorge Luis Borges

I

2002



the Aleph

a journal of global perspectives

Under the step, toward the right, I saw a small iridescent sphere of almost unbearable brightness. At first I thought it was spinning; then I realized that the movement was an illusion produced by the dizzying spectacles inside it. The Aleph was probably two or three centimeters in diameter, but universal space was contained inside it, with no diminution in size. Each thing (the glass surface of a mirror, let us say) was infinite things, because I could clearly see it from every point in the cosmos.

-Jorge Luis Borges

I
2002

Table of Contents

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS.....4

MOMENTS.....6

I: Sunrise in the Amazon Vanessa Berman
Sunset in Sorrento, Italy Catherine O'Reilly

II: Finding the Ocean Melissa Scott

VERSE AND VISION I.....12

Untitled Michael V. Daly

Galway Bay Michael V. Daly

IRISH IMAGES.....14

Near Kylemore Abbey John Thompson

Giant's Causeway Kate Benson

Connemara Girl John Thompson

BILINGUAL REFLECTIONS/RÉFLECTIONS BILINGUES.....16

I: My Life with Food/Ma Vie avec la nourriture Katie Doling

French Characters Stacey Potkin

Me and Jeanny in Martinique Kristen Clarkson

II: A Stay in Martinique/Un Séjour en Martinique Kristen Clarkson

VERSE AND VISION II.....28

The La Jablesse Lervan Johnny, St. Lucia

ITALIAN IMAGES.....30

Statue in Rome Aaron Seliger

Cityscape Nadia Kinderman

Capezanno Monte Keara Watson

Il Duomo, Firenze Keara Watson

WORD AND IMAGE.....34

I: Salvador: Black Pride and Tourism Arcely Ruiz

Siena, Italy Keara Watson

Grand Mosque at Touba, Senegal Sylvia Krajniak

Canal in Brugge, Belgium Michael Losure

Roma (Gypsy) Musician in Granada, Spain Edward Rodriguez
Tropical Flora from Martinique Jill Foster

II: Reflecting Ecuador: Mary's Journal Mary Cinadr

ASIAN IMAGES.....48

Shanghai Street Scene, China Elizabeth Agor

Bedagul, Indonesia Jeff O'Neil

Prayer Flags in Tibet, China Casey Post

Silk Factory, India Natalie Sabuda

VERSE AND VISION III.....52

Two Poems on the Australian Rainforest Lee Stirling

Circular Greenhouse, Australia Terri Hilton

Routeburn Trail, New Zealand Terri Hilton

REFLECTIONS OF RESISTANCE.....55

I: A Stone's Throw Away in Northern Ireland Jamie Northrup

Bloody Sunday Mural, Northern Ireland Kate Benson

Free Derry Mural, Northern Ireland Ryan Keating

II: Looking for Resistance in Salvador Renee E. Rinaldi

CENTER AND PERIPHERY.....61

Calvi, Corsica Catherine O'Reilly

Notre Dame de Paris Christine De Gersdorf

VERSE AND VISION IV.....62

Flamenco Dancer in Seville Leah Nero

An Invitation to Spain Leah Nero

Flamenco Clapping Leah Nero

AFRICAN IMAGES.....65

Madagascan Caravan Emily Barton

Fish Market, Joal, Senegal Hannah Scaife, Melissa Scott, Greg Freeman

Nairobi School, Kenya Robby Olazagosti

LESSONS.....68

I: Senegal: A Lesson in Community Melissa Scott

II: Things Gained, Things Lost Lauren Selchick

VERSE AND VISION: CODA.....73

Like a Sweet Julie Mango Lervan Johnny, St. Lucia



Letter from the Editors

In his short story “The Aleph” (1945), Argentine fantasist Jorge Luis Borges writes of “a place where, without admixture or confusion, all the places of the world, seen from every angle, coexist.” Through an encounter with the mythical Aleph, the narrator of the story, a writer, is able to see all things from all perspectives, yet faces the daunting task of conveying this experience to his readers. In many ways this encounter raises more questions than it answers, a reflection perhaps of the challenge confronting those seeking to make sense in the mid-1940s of a world emerging from years of conflict and disorder.

Despite recurring proclamations that a “new world order” is at hand, the increasing entropy visible in global affairs and the troubling atmosphere of the present day suggests that the world is as difficult to comprehend at the advent of the twenty-first century as it was for Borges and his contemporaries in the aftermath of two world wars. In this sense, our affinity with Borges derives from his quest for understanding. The Aleph, as he conceived it, represents clarity. The world is bewildering; we seek the connections between things that appear disparate.

To this end, we present the first edition of *The Aleph: a journal of global perspectives*. A product of the collaboration between Hobart and William Smith Colleges and Union College, this journal reflects the wealth of international ex-

perience among students at both institutions and will serve as a creative outlet through which they may express themselves and the encounters that have contributed to their worldviews. For those who have participated in a study abroad program, this is an opportunity to reflect upon an encounter with a culture different from their own. Such reflection can facilitate the transition into life “at home” and serves to more fully integrate the learning experience abroad into the student’s academic program on campus. For international students or those with particular ties to other cultures and societies, *The Aleph* will provide a space in which they may explore some facet of their experience in the United States or raise our awareness of what life is like in other parts of the world.

For all concerned, *The Aleph* will serve as a forum that will enable us to draw together unique and disparate perspectives, to juxtapose them and to explore their connections, and to begin to construct the wider worldview implied in Borges’ story. In much the same way as Borges imagined a vision that encompasses all perspectives, we hope that this journal will encourage the reader to see “the earth in the Aleph and Aleph in the earth.”

A final note on the Aleph. While the mythical point was a creation of the verdant mind of Borges, the word itself refers to the first letter of all the Semitic alphabets, from ancient Sumerian, one of the first written languages, to modern Arabic and Hebrew (illustrated above, respectively). It is the hope of the editors that this, the common beginning point for two languages whose speakers are locked in one of the most protracted conflicts of our times, inspires the reader to think about the common heritage – and fate – that we all ultimately share.

Moments I

Sunrise in the Amazon

It is 5:15 in the morning on the Rio Negro in the Amazon. While the rest of the world lies sleeping in their beds unconscious, I am floating in a boat in the middle of a river watching as the sun rises over the horizon, brightening the sky with its rays of pinks, yellows, and oranges. It eases its way up, slowly at first and then once the tip of the sun hits what is visible to the eye at the horizon, the sun rapidly rises into the sky. The sky is magnificent as the world around it appears still.

I watch carefully as nature takes its course to begin a new day. The peacefulness and serenity of nature at its best, untouched by humans, brought a new meaning to my experiences in the jungle. The only sounds were the innocent chirping of birds and the fish jumping into the air and splashing as they hit the water.

The ten minutes of sunrise flew by, exemplifying to me what the jungle truly symbolizes. The problem is that often the peacefulness and serenity of nature is overlooked by humans because of glamour and the need to live “on the edge”. The idea of catching an alligator and holding it in your hands or meeting a native Indian is often much more appealing than taking a walking tour to identify different types of trees.

Within the first hour of our arrival at the Araiu Jungle Hotel, we were introduced to our guide who was responsible for scheduling our days to be packed with activities. Our days were filled with walks through the jungle, alligator hunts, Piranha fishing, and visits to Indian reservations. The only unplanned option available to us was watching the sunrise, and ultimately the average person would prefer to sleep rather than watch the sunrise. To most people, watching the sunrise equates simply to losing sleep. What is there to see? The sun rises and it sets.

During the jungle walks, instead of sitting down and catching the moment where nature works its magic, we trudged through the forest as our guide quickly scraped off barks of trees to show their various functions. I quickly went through the motions hoping to leave the jungle as quickly as possible because I was hot and bored. These

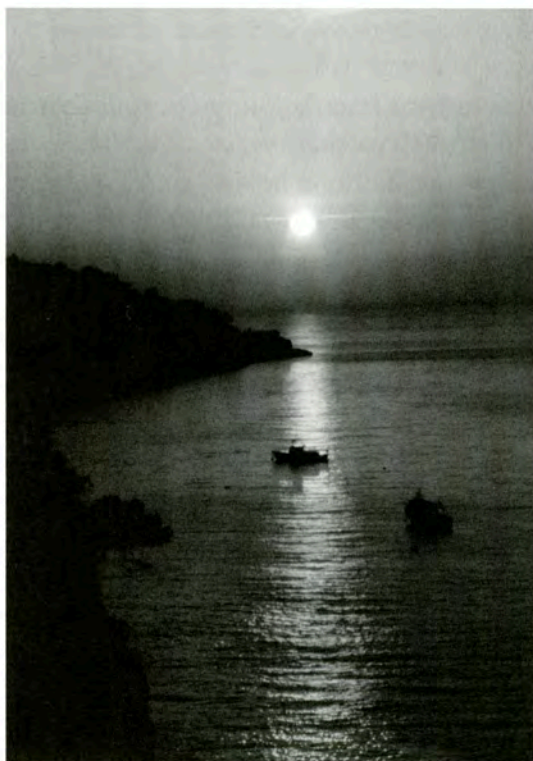
Often the peacefulness and serenity of nature is overlooked by humans because of glamour and the need to live “on the edge”.

thoughts consumed my mind. I missed so much because I, like so many others, searched only for new forms of excitement. I was looking for the amazing story to tell my friends and unless it was “exciting” and “eventful,” I was unsatisfied. When I talk about my trip to the Amazon I wanted people to envy me for the crazy things I did, not for the beauty I saw with my very own eyes.

I began to realize that I have an ethic of living on the edge, which is not necessarily a bad thing. But more importantly, it is necessary in life sometimes to take yourself out of the situation you are used to and just look around.

To me the sunrise represents everything the jungle and nature stands for. The image that lingers in my mind is the sun breaking over the horizon with the sight of birds gracefully gliding through the sky. Nature with its full beauty right before my eyes, untouched by humans. The calmness of the water and the silence of the world belonged to me at that moment as I sat and quietly watched the sun come up. I was the only person in the world.

-Vanessa Berman



Sunset in Sorrento, Italy
Catherine O'Reilly

Moments II

Finding the Ocean

Life is full of those defining moments where something strikes your inner core to the point where you know that it left a permanent change. People experience things, see things, even taste things that are so profound that that particular moment is forever filed away into their personality, no matter how big or small. One such moment came for me when I was out on a walk in Dakar, Senegal. I had been at my homestay alone all afternoon, so to fight off potential homesickness, I decided to wander around Yoff, a fishing village in Dakar.

My walk began as they usually did; the usual stares, the catcalls in two new languages that I now understood—all things that I had come to accept and that no longer bothered me. Milling around streets that I had never seen before in my time there, I was lured to the sound of the ocean in the distance. Thinking that I would perhaps discover a new beach, I followed my nose to the smell of salty breeze. The houses had become more and more run-down, to the point where there were just empty stone or wood structures that added a new meaning to putting a roof over a family's head. There also began to be stone walls along the dirt road, which was not common in Dakar and made me feel as if I was walking in a maze. I made a right turn in my maze, and

discovered a little girl kicking an old rusty can in the sand. "Bonjour," she beamed at me from her dirt-streaked face.

"Nanga'def," I responded back to her in Wolof, which surprised and delighted her into another beautiful smile. It was about then that I suddenly felt a change in atmosphere. I wasn't sure exactly why, but the girl, and the can, and the stone walls, and the dirt all seemed strangely out of context. The girl had been playing near a curve in the road,

This was their home. This was their food.
This was their life. And I was all of a sudden
overcome with a sense of not belonging.

and I rounded that curve, then stopped completely in my tracks. In fact, I think I froze mid-stride, and didn't move a muscle for at least a full minute. My nose was assaulted by a pungent, smoky smell that mixed with the ocean breeze to blow into my face. I *had* found the ocean; in fact, it was about 150 meters ahead of me. And I *had* found a new beach, only I didn't plan on going swimming anymore. On the beach rose the largest mound of garbage I think I have ever seen before.

Seagulls and other various birds were circling on top of the mound, alternately plunging and diving their beaks into the rancid mush. There were children climbing on all sides of it, scavenging for food and whatever other useful items that could be salvaged. There were women, babies slung across their backs, boiling water and creating fires all around the garbage heap. And then I saw the shacks...the same shacks that I had seen all over Dakar, the same shacks that many Senegalese live in. Only these shacks' oceanfront property included one huge pile of waste as the doormat. This was their home. This was their food. This was their life. And I was all of a sudden overcome with a sense of not

belonging. I was gripped with a fear that someone on that beach would see me and be angry that I had stumbled upon their world. I had seen a lot in my life, and yet I still had no context within which to understand the scene in front of me. For reasons that I still cannot fully understand, I stood paralyzed in the dirt, absorbed a scene as alien to me as if it were not even on this planet, and ran away, hoping the entire time that no one had seen me. All I knew was that I was not supposed to be there, that I had ignorantly invaded a space I had no knowledge of...and all I could do was run away.

When I returned home, and was breathlessly writing in my journal, I couldn't come to grips with the feeling that had overcome my body. Senegal had *always* been a sensory experience: both the most atrocious and the most beautiful. So all I could do then, as now, was to file it away into one of those life experiences that was forever etched into my memory...and the learning process continues.

-Melissa Scott

Verse & Vision I

Untitled

He drinks alone.
Pausing only long
enough to shift
slightly in the
high-backed stool.
Or smile politely
at the young
hussy working the
bar.

Who cares, nicely I think,
To pretend that
His drink(ing) matters.

-Michael V. Daly
Galway, Ireland

*With apologies to Seamus Heaney's "Casualty"



Galway Bay, Ireland
Michael V. Daly

Irish Images



Near Kylemore Abbey
John Thompson

Giant's Causeway
Northern Ireland
Kate Benson



Connemara Girl
John Thompson

Bilingual Reflections I

My Life with Food

Eat to live or live to eat? My mind changes every day. With each new experience, my attitude towards food becomes an adaptation of the life I am in the midst of leading. However, throughout all these various alterations of my life, I have taken a distinct and ritualistic pleasure in appreciating the moment where I can concentrate on the time I have devoted solely to eating.

During my childhood, eating referred to dinner with my family, and breakfast on Sunday when my dad would make pancakes generously topped with fruit and chocolate. As I grew up, meals transitioned into dinners after my tennis matches, which usually instilled a near-starvation in me. I had every desire to eat, but at the same time, I was incredibly impatient to finish the meal so that I could eradicate the homework that threatened to ruin the rest of the night. This partial desire, partial nuisance caused meals to become a burden to me, something essential but bothersome. Nevertheless, when I went away to college, meals took on the role of socializing, and I unconsciously began to appreciate them.

Réflexions Bilingues I

Ma Vie avec la nourriture

Manger pour vivre ou vivre pour manger ? Chaque jour, je change d'avis. En plus, avec toute nouvelle expérience que je fais, mon attitude envers la nourriture devient une adaptation de la vie que je suis en train de mener. Cependant, après chaque partie de ma vie, je vis toujours pour le moment où je peux seulement me concentrer sur manger et apprécier ce moment-là.

Pendant mon enfance, manger voulait dire le dîner avec ma famille, et le petit déjeuner le dimanche où mon père faisait de belles crêpes pleines de fruit et de chocolat. Comme j'ai grandi, le repas a été transformé en dîner après les matches de tennis que me rendaient tellement affamée. J'avais tout envie de manger, mais en même temps, j'étais si impatiente de finir pour faire disparaître mes devoirs qui menaçaient le reste de la nuit. Le repas, donc, est devenu un fardeau; quelque chose d'essentiel mais vraiment gênant. Néanmoins, quand je suis allée à l'université, j'avais besoin de manger chaque repas avec quelqu'un, car je ne voulais pas être seule, et j'ai commencé à apprécier le repas.

After that, my appreciation became a procedure: a time to relax, contemplate, reflect on anything that was occupying my thoughts. I looked forward to eating dinner, not only because of the food, but because I truly believed myself worthy of an hour allocated just for the meal. However, I began to think that this time was my time, a time to be alone, and I no longer wanted to eat with my friends. I enjoyed eating alone, while reading, watching the news, or just relishing the food I was eating.

When I went to France, I knew that the French adored eating, and they commonly spent at least an hour doing so. I was dreading it. I had become accustomed to eating alone, as I found solace in thinking about my day, my life, or something that bothered me, and I did not want this unwelcome interruption that presented itself in the form of conversation. That does not imply that I never ate with

When I went to France, I knew that the French adored eating, and they commonly spent at least an hour doing so. I was dreading it.

my friends; I had to eat with someone on occasion or else they would assume there was a problem. But when I was alone for dinner by chance, I was just as satisfied, even pleased.

As I said, I learned something from everything that I have done. In France, I surprised myself by realizing that I actually enjoyed eating with my French family, that in truth, I could not wait to set the table and begin our “family discussions.” Meals took on a whole new meaning for me. Instead of representing an isolated time-spot, they symbolized eating balanced and nutritional food. I stopped eating between meals because I realized how that diminished the weight of the meal. I valued the hours that I spent at

Dès là, mon appréciation est devenue un pèlerinage: c'est mon temps à moi, pour me reposer, pour contempler, pour réfléchir à n'importe quoi. J'avais vraiment envie chaque jour de manger le dîner, non parce que je voulais mettre n'importe quoi dans ma bouche, mais parce que je me croyais méritoire d'une heure dévouée au repas. Cependant, j'ai commencé à penser que ce temps était le temps juste pour moi, et je ne voulais plus manger avec mes amis. J'aimais bien manger seule, en lisant, en regardant les infos, ou juste en appréciant ce que je mangeais.

Quand je suis allée en France je savais que les Français aiment bien manger, et passer au moins une heure ensemble pour le repas. J'avais peur. J'étais toujours si accoutumée à manger seule, parce que je prends une importance à être seule pour songer à mon jour, à ma vie, à quelque chose qui me gêne, et je ne voulais pas cette interruption importune

Quand je suis allée en France je savais que les Français aiment bien manger, et passer au moins une heure ensemble pour le repas. J'avais peur.

qui allait se présenter en forme d'une longue conversation. Cela ne veut pas dire que je ne mangeais jamais avec mes amis; bien sûr il faut manger avec quelqu'un, ou on peut croire qu'il y a un problème. Mais quand j'étais seule pour le dîner par hasard, j'étais tout à fait contente, même heureuse.

Comme j'ai dit, j'ai appris quelque chose de chaque expérience qu'il y a eue. En France, je me suis étonnée en me rendant compte que j'aimais bien manger avec ma famille française, qu'en vérité, j'attendais avec impatience le moment où je pouvais mettre la table et bavarder un peu. En plus, le repas est devenu quelque chose d'autre pour moi; ce n'était plus le temps d'être seule, c'était la nourriture magnifique et équilibrée. Je ne voulais pas manger entre les repas, parce

the table with my family, and I was not going to destroy them by eating the oh-so-customary snack.

After I returned to the United States, my family was shocked to find out that I actually embraced the opportunity to try something new. I never realized that I was so close-minded before about trying something I was not familiar with, but apparently I was. My time in France refined my perspective on an entirety of issues, but as far as food is concerned, I now place a great significance on meals, on eating with my close friends, and on food in general. I almost never eat alone now, and when that does occur, instead of being happy at the prospect, I feel lonely. I attach an importance to meals, and I anticipate dinner throughout the whole day, but not because of the food necessarily. That precious hour that I allotted to contemplating and thinking about my own issues has now become the time that I can contemplate and think among my friends and family.



French Characters
Stacey Potkin

que cela voulait dire diminuer la jouissance du repas. J'aimais bien vivre pour les heures que j'ai passées à table avec ma famille, et je n'allais pas le détruire en mangeant aux heures autres que celles des repas.

Après être rentrée chez moi aux Etats-Unis, ma famille était choquée de savoir que j'embrassais l'opportunité de goûter quelque chose que je ne connaissait pas. Je ne me suis pas rendue compte que je ne voulais pas essayer quelque chose de nouveau auparavant, mais apparemment, c'était comme ça. Mon séjour en France m'a beaucoup changée, mais en ce qui concerne la nourriture, je mets maintenant de la valeur sur les repas, sur manger avec intimes, et sur la nourriture en général. Je ne mange presque jamais seule, et quand ça se passe, au lieu d'être heureuse, je me sens un peu isolée. J'apprécie peut-être trop le repas, et j'anticipe le dîner toute la journée, non seulement cause de la nourriture, mais du temps que je pourrai passer parmi mes amis et ma famille.

-Katie Doling



Me and Jeanny in Martinique
Kristen Clarkson

Bilingual Reflections II

A Stay in Martinique

My trip to Martinique was absolutely perfect. The island was magnificent ... the beaches, the ocean, the flowers, the mountains, the sun, the fruits and vegetables growing from the trees, the boats, everything! The people were especially welcoming and patient. It was definitely very interesting to be within the white minority for the first time in my life, an experience from which I profited enormously. My French has improved and my understanding of the culture of Martinique has grown. I am so happy and thankful to have had this opportunity, and I thank everyone who has helped make it an unforgettable one.

My family in Martinique was affectionate, kind, and warm. I couldn't have asked for a better family. Jeanny Dondin, the mother, is a beautiful woman. She is very young at heart, always smiling and laughing. Jeanny works very hard Monday through Friday as an assistant to the director of the Housing Projects. Each morning before work, she prepared us breakfast – usually including some fresh fruit juice, fruits, cereals, bread with jam, and a small dessert (cake, cookies, candies, or mints). Sometimes there would be warm *pains au chocolat* waiting for us. Yum, yum! For dinner, she prepared huge meals with ham, pork, tuna, trout, or shrimp. Her vegetable and meat soups were excellent. There were side dishes of salads, cucumbers with sauce, cabbage,

Réflexions Bilingues II

Un Séjour en Martinique

Mon voyage en Martinique était absolument merveilleux. L'île était magnifique ... les plages, la mer, les fleurs, les montagnes et les pitons, le soleil, les fruits et les légumes mûrissant sur les arbres, les bateaux, tant de choses! Les gens étaient surtout accueillants et patients. Il était sans doute très intéressant d'être dans la minorité blanche pour la première fois de ma vie, et j'en profitais énormément. Mon français s'est beaucoup amélioré et ma compréhension de la culture martiniquaise a cru. Je suis tellement contente et reconnaissante d'avoir eu cette occasion, et je remercie tout le monde qui m'a aidé à faire cette expérience inoubliable.

Ma famille en Martinique était très affectueuse, gentille, et chaleureuse. Je ne pouvais pas espérer une meilleure famille. Jeanny Dondin, la mère, est une belle femme. Elle est très jeune d'esprit, toujours souriante et riante. Jeanne travaille très dur du lundi au vendredi comme assistant du directeur des HLM. Quand même, elle nous préparait chaque matin le petit déjeuner - d'habitude du jus de fruit frais, des fruits, des céréales, du pain avec de la confiture, et un petit dessert (du gâteau, des biscuits, des bonbons, des menthes, etc.). Quelques fois il y avait des pains au chocolat chauds qui nous attendaient. Miam! Miam! Pour le dîner, elle préparait un grand repas: de la dinde, du poisson, du jambon, du porc, de la truite, et des crevettes. Ses soupes

mushrooms, and onions. Every night she served something different and tried to incorporate a specialty from the island such as exotic fruits, spices, jams, and desserts. I tried to copy down some of her recipes, however the cooking measurements were not equivalent to ours and I couldn't find all the ingredients here in the United States. And furthermore, I cannot cook!

Jeanny shared with us many of her thoughts and opinions. She spoke of the problem of identity in Martinique and the difficulties of describing a mixed population. For example, she has Chinese, white, and black roots. Her husband is Caribbean, white, and black. Jeanny has chosen to identify herself as Martinican, not simply as 'black'. According to her, Martinique has a fairly new, mixed population, with people of all different backgrounds to the extent that it is impossible to speak of a single culture or race. She spoke of the integration of populations on the island, as opposed to in the United States where populations tend to separate according to their color. For example, she noted that white and black populations tend to live apart from each other in the United States.

Jeanny spoke of the role of women in Martinique. In the past, women were beaten, assaulted, and scorned, and they remained silent. They were not taught how to drive and had to stay at home with their children. Jeanny's grandmother didn't know how to drive. Since then, women have begun to speak out and take action. They have become more respected and have been given control in society. Currently, there is a women's movement called "The Union of Women in Martinique" that fights against violence within families and aids battered women.

Families in Martinique try to stay together. Jeanny has a huge family that lives very close by and with whom she frequently keeps in touch. She said that it was rare to

concombres avec sauce, du chou, des carrots, des champignons, et des oignons. Tous les soirs, elle servait quelque chose de différent, et elle essayait d'incorporer une spécialité de l'île comme des fruits exotiques, des épices, des confitures, et des desserts. J'ai essayé de copier quelques recettes martiniquaises, mais les mesures ne sont pas équivalentes, et nous n'avons pas tous les ingrédients aux États-Unis. En plus, je ne suis pas une bonne cuisinière!

Jeanny a partagé avec nous beaucoup de ses pensées et de ses opinions. Elle a parlé du problème de l'identité en Martinique et des difficultés de décrire une population mixte. Par exemple, elle a des racines chinoises, blanches, et noires. Son mari est caraïbe, blanc, et noir. Jeanny a choisi s'identifier comme martiniquaise, pas comme noire. Selon elle, la Martinique a une très nouvelle population mixte, et les peuples venaient de tant d'origines différentes qu'il est impossible de parler d'une seule culture. Elle a dit que tout le monde s'est intégré et que les gens habitent ensemble par opposition aux États-Unis où les populations tendent à se séparer selon la couleur de leur peau.

Jeanny a parlé aussi du rôle des femmes en Martinique. Auparavant, les femmes étaient battues, violentées, et méprisées, mais elles restaient silencieuses. Elles ne pouvaient pas conduire et donc elles restaient à la maison avec leurs enfants. La grand-mère de Jeanny ne sait pas conduire. Dès lors, les femmes ont commencé à parler à haute voix et à prendre des actions. Maintenant, elles sont plus respectées et ont plus de contrôle. Il y a un mouvement de femmes qui s'appelle <<L'Union des femmes de la Martinique.>> C'est une lutte contre la violence dans la famille, notamment une aide pour les femmes battues.

Les familles en Martinique essayaient de rester ensemble. Jeanny a une grande famille qui habite dans son

send grandparents and older individuals into retirement homes. In Martinique there is much respect for elders.

The majority of children in Martinique have a great deal of respect for their parents. Parents expect their children to be generous, polite, and respectful. They want them to be healthy and eat fruits, vegetables, and proteins. Jeanny quoted Montaigne as saying that it is necessary “to have a healthy mind, in a healthy body.” Furthermore, children must have an open mind to everyday experiences and challenges.

I asked Jeanny what she thought were the most important things in her life. She said that her primary focus is on her children and to see that they are provided with a good education. Furthermore, she mentioned the importance of meeting other people of different countries, of traveling, and of discovering new cultures. In fact, she stayed with a family in Keene, New Hampshire for six months. She loved meeting new people, trying different dishes, and perfecting her English. I couldn't believe that of all the states, she chose to come to New Hampshire (my home state)! Finally, she spoke of helping others and donating to those less fortunate. She enjoys volunteering and is always willing to give a part of herself, never expecting anything in return.

Jeanny also had a few words of advice. She spoke of being true and believing in one's self, of not worrying about what others say or do, and of being a leader as opposed to a follower. Finally, she reminded us to do what made us happy and to live a simple life without the clutter of materialism.

voisinage, et on en voyait les membres presque tous les jours. Elle a dit qu'il est rare d'envoyer les grands-parents et les personnes plus vieilles en maisons de retraite. Il y a beaucoup de respect pour les personnes âgées.

La majorité des enfants en Martinique ont beaucoup de respect pour leurs parents. Les parents attendent de leurs enfants à ce qu'ils soient généreux, polis, et respectueux. Ils veulent qu'ils soient en bonne santé et qu'ils mangent des fruits, des légumes, et des protéines y compris de la viande et du poisson. Jeanny m'a donné une citation: elle a dit qu'il faut avoir <<un esprit sain, dans un corps sain (dixit Montaigne).>> En plus, les enfants doivent avoir l'esprit ouvert.

J'ai demandé à Jeanny ce qu'elle pensait être les choses les plus importantes dans sa vie. Elle a dit que ses enfants étaient l'aspect le plus important et qu'elle veut leur donner une bonne éducation. En puis, elle a mentionné l'importance de rencontrer des personnes des pays différents, de voyager, et de découvrir une autre culture. En effet, elle est restée avec une famille d'accueil à Keene, New Hampshire pendant 6 mois. Elle a aimé rencontrer des gens, essayer des plats inconnus, et perfectionner son anglais. De tous les états des Etats-Unis elle a choisi de visiter New Hampshire (chez moi)! Finalement, elle a exprimé le besoin et l'importance d'aider et de faire don aux autres qui sont moins heureux. Elle aime s'engager. Elle donne sans attendre quelque chose en retour.

Jeanny a eu aussi des mots de conseil. Elle a parlé d'être vrai et de croire en soi-même, de ne pas faire attention à ce que les autres disent ou font, de ne pas être un suivant. Fais ce qui vous rend heureux. Elle nous a encouragé de vivre une vie simple, disant que la vie n'est pas faite de matérialisme.

-Kristen Clarkson

Verse & Vision II

The La Jablesse

My grandmother always said: "*Ti mamai pas jemen allez
enba bwa a pas cor ou.*"

Granma never tell me why you know, she just kept on
telling me: "never go in the woods all alone."

Mummy said never question granma because she know
better tan us all

For with old age comes wisdom

Wisdom was something granma didn't run out of

Anybody who know every herb in the bush

And knows exactly what it cures has to be one of the wisest
on earth.

But enough chat...let me tell you what happened when I
disobey my granma

It was mid-day one Sunday and the sun was up high in the
sky

The grown-ups went to the garden

While we children played on the road

Eating sweet oranges, jelly coconuts and of course some
mangoes.

I cannot tell you from where my aunt Tia appeared

But I saw her and followed her.

Yeah, I followed her deep in the woods

Then all of a sudden, my aunt Tia was gone.

I found myself walking for hours and hours
My mission, to find a way to get to my home
As I walked I said to my legs: “*Ca ou jwen chebe*”
Because I knew that if the sun disappeared
I would have to forget about walking let alone finding my
way home.

The La Jablesse made me see an old man cooking food
Her intention was to never let me see daylight again.

*Bondye vweye un sain sonti en ciel ban mwen
Pour aide mwen jewen chimen calle mwen.
Sain un jwen mwen avec pourte mwen assou manche calle
mwen*

Three days went by and I didn't eat or talk.
Granma took me to a priest and he prayed on my head.
I had so many sleepless nights after that
And I had to have company everywhere I went.
My dreams were filled with terror
As I saw the figure of my doom
She had one human foot and of course one cow-foot
And she could turn into you auntie
And you'll follow her like a fool.
And she's not greedy you know for gives you plenty of food
Poul Bwa and *Zandoli* cuisine
But mind you she cannot take just any child you know
If you're not *Magote* then, poor jab for you.

-Lervan Johnny, St. Lucia

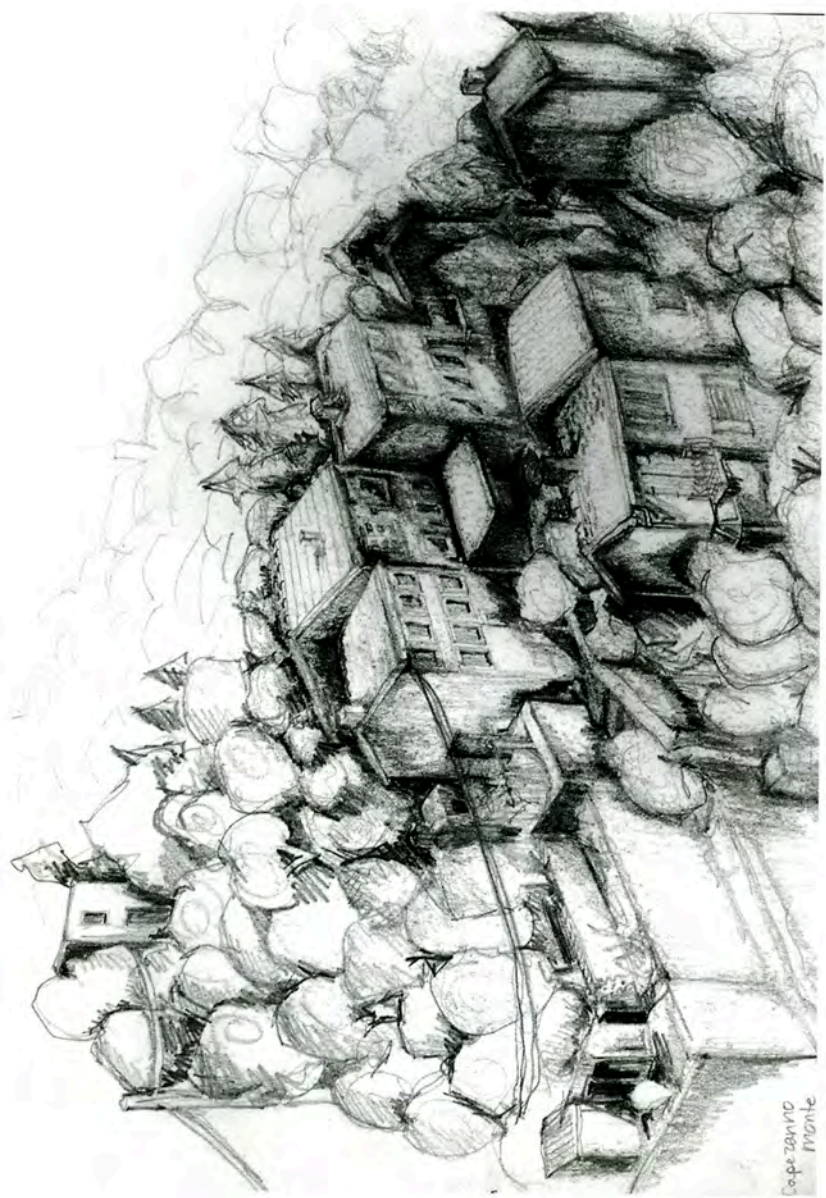
Italian Images



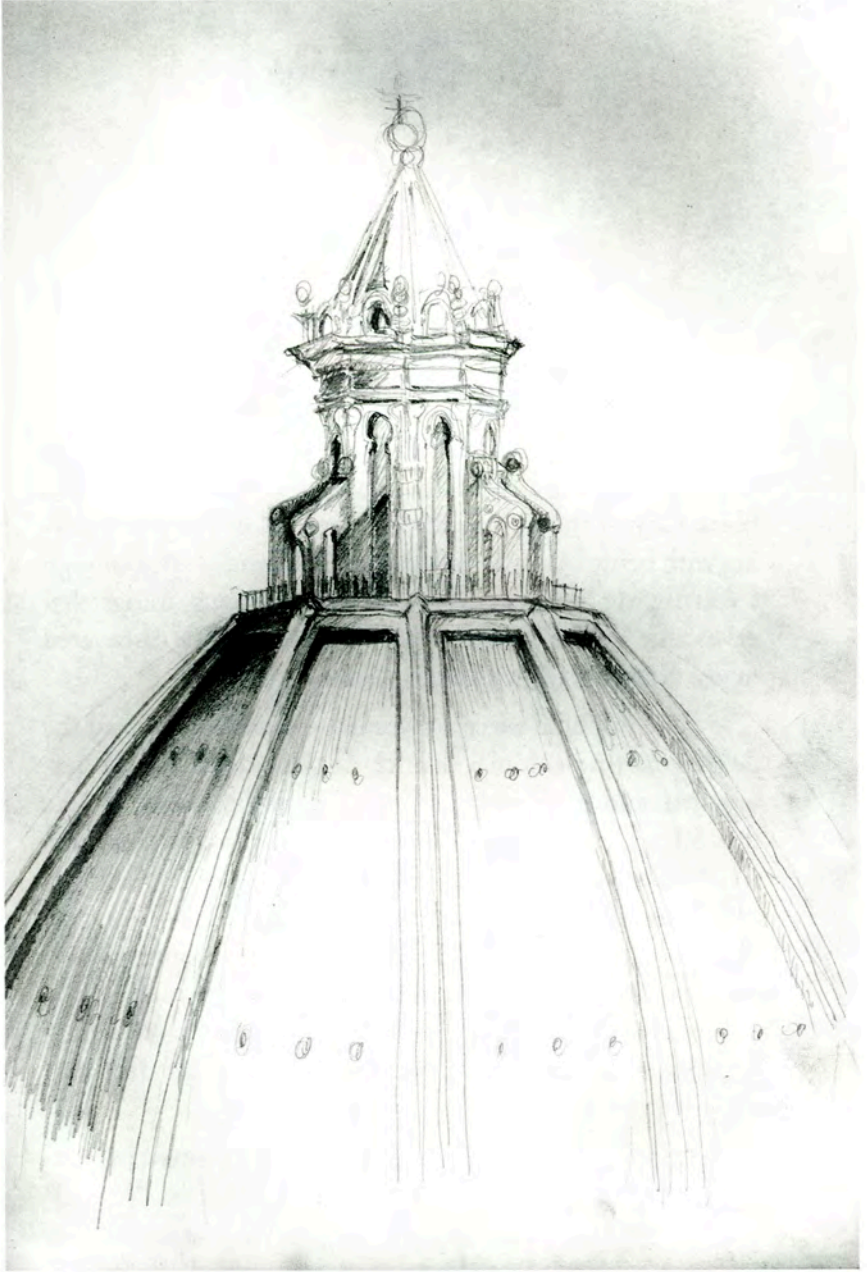
Statue in Rome
Aaron Seliger



Cityscape
Nadia Kinderman



Capezanno Monte Keara Watson



Il Duomo, Firenze Keara Watson

Word & Image I

Salvador: Black Pride and Tourism

When driving to our hotel in Salvador, Bahia, on November 18th, the first thing that I noticed was the many billboards that read *Cidade Negra*, Black City. I thought to myself, they believe that identifying with being black is not a shame, it's a pride. Sure enough I was right! In Salvador, there were so many things that gave value to black identity and black pride. We discovered many examples of this in the places we visited.

One example was that women – especially around the *Pelourinho* (the colonial district) in Salvador City, the restaurants, and the *Terreiro de Jesus* (the public square) – were dressed as “typical” Bahianas. A typical Bahiana dresses in a white hoop skirt, blouse, head wrap, and a colored belt tied around her waist. The women at the *Terreiro de Jesus* were dressed like this for the purpose of tourism. People pay one *real* to take a picture of them. Also, the women at the *Pelourinho* were dressed like this because they were selling traditional Bahiana dishes or enticing people to shop at a store.

Another example of the value of black culture as a tourist commodity was in the paintings, whether of “typical” Bahianas selling food or braiding hair, or portraits of women and men with big lips. I saw such stereotyped characteris-

tics of black people. Other items for sale that presumably reflected the value of black identity were hats with beaded dreads attached to the back of them and various items that had the colors red, green, yellow – often identified with Africa.

The music of Bahia has legitimate and distinctive African influences. The musical group Olodum must be the pride of Bahia because their music is very good. That was evident when we went to their concert on November 20th, National Black Pride (*Zumbi*) Day. Everyone was dancing and trying their best to repeat the steps illustrated by Olodum's instructors.

I thought to myself,
they believe that
identifying with be-
ing black is not a
shame, it's a pride.



*Macumbeiras Preparing for Ceremony,
Salvador de Bahia*

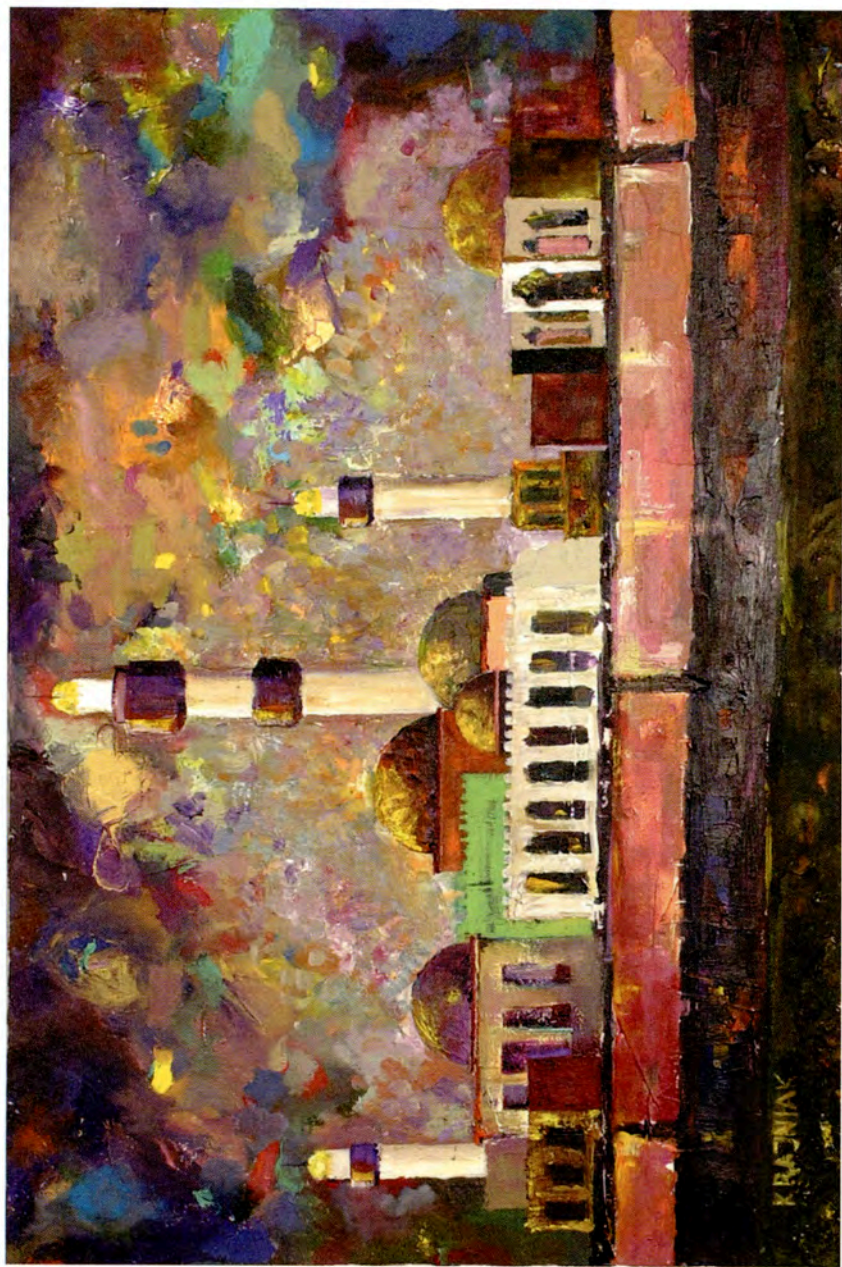
African influence--and pride--was also visible in Salvador's religion. We visited a slave church that still has masses where drums are played during the mass. In addition, *Candomblé* (a West African religion) is incorporated into the traditional mass at this church. Acceptance of African traditions, especially of West African religion, is extremely rare in the formal Catholic religion. However, at the same former slave church, there was an altar for Anastasia, a female slave who always talked back to her slave master. For this, he put a muzzle on her mouth. Anastasia was recognized for being strong and non-submissive but not as a saint.

Black pride is very strong in Salvador, Bahia, even though it is also marketed for tourists. Based on what I observed in Salvador, that pride will live forever.

-Areceley Ruiz



Siena, Italy
Keara Watson



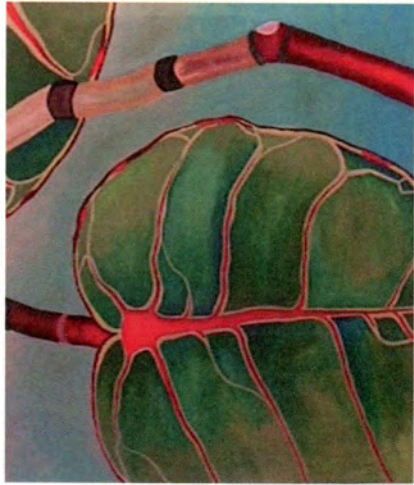
Grand Mosque at Touba, Senegal Sylvia Krajniak



Canal in Brugge, Belgium Michael Losure



Roma (Gypsy) Musician in Granada, Spain
Edward Rodriguez



*Tropical Flora from
Martinique*
Jill Foster

Word & Image II

Reflecting Ecuador: Mary's Journal

Editors' Note: In Ecuador, Mary Cinadr used the camera lens and the journal pen to make sense of her experiences. The following words and images were chosen from her journals.

In South America I was the happiest and the saddest that I have ever been. It was this fluent juxtaposition of emotions that kept me writing. I wrote out of necessity—to make sense, to understand, to feel. Writing provided permanence to the fleeting moments that came and went without warning—the moments that make traveling what it is.

But I soon became frustrated with my choppy story fragments. My heart would race as I pounded the computer with details of each day. My entries, like my experiences, were not coherent. How could I weave a page together when each day was a book in itself?

Mounting frustration finally unraveled the realization that it was *not* my duty to write about everything. Moreover, my desire to do so was paralyzing me. As William Zinsser says, you must “distill the important from the immaterial.” Each day was a sensory overload—a man selling

Tupperware in the median of a highway, dead dogs lying in the street, livers for sale on blue plastic tarps, children carrying children, speeding taxis, small guards with anxious Rottweilers, and passengers jumping off of moving buses. How could I make all of these strange sights familiar? I had to trace back my steps to my first impressions.



Language connects us and disconnects us. It opens the world and reminds us of all that we don't know.

The smell of hotdogs and wet grass brings to mind Yankee games and reading on my front porch on a spring morning. But I am far from home. A man, clad in yellow, white, and red peddles an ice cream cart on the back of his bike. Exhaust, horns, car alarms and children playing. A crippled old man glares at me. Like a startled horse his wild eyes meet mine. "*Who are you! Who are you!*" he screams. I ask myself the same question. An ominous exhaust spews out of the light blue Popular buses—the ones we were told to avoid. It hovers in the air and then hits the ground. I return to my host family's house and brace myself for the prison of my language.

The usual sounds accompany my walk to class. The milk truck playing *Donde Leche?* Car alarms, loud mufflers and dogs yapping on rooftops. The traffic on El Centro won't stop for me so I wait on the curb, body tense, ready for the daily rush of bolting in between cars on a four-lane road. A police officer in a black suit and black beret, and carrying a semi-automatic, makes eye contact with me. Prime-time crime documentaries race through my mind. I see no other *gringos*; my body pulses with fear. He puts out his hand; the traffic stops. With that, he waves me across and gives me a military smile. Later, I ask my family if that was typical. They laugh uncontrollably.



Everywhere we go in Ecuador, we are served by someone else. I don't know if I will ever get used to this. Graceful workers serve us silently. We take seconds of the lunch that our guides haul around and prepare for us on the side of the Napo River. They never get firsts. We *gringos* are accustomed to excess. We expect excess. Anything short of excess is not enough.

Today I
saw a war.

A war to
sell.

A war to
eat.

A war to
live.



Some morbid fascination kept me looking at the vendors in the aisles. Looking at the whites of their eyes, sunken yet unmistakably alive, at their bare feet, worn and strong. At various pitches they echo, *“helado, helado,” “pan, pan... cinco centimos,” “naranjillas, dies por treinta centimos...”* And then more walked on the bus. They each had a different product. Newspapers, chips, kabobs, gum, pens, newspapers. Their monotone sales pitch echoing the gnawing pain in their stomachs. There is always some limited resource that creates the “haves” and the “have nots.” But who controls that resource? Does access to that resource hinge on how hard you work, or how honest you are?

I sip yet another cup of *Coca Chau*. Can it be that I am living with this family, laughing, smiling, and speaking their language? Diego comes in dressed in his business attire and sits down. He reaches for an unchipped mug. I sip out of my chipped mug. I've found a place, about 1 inch long, that has no chips. I turn my mug awkwardly, as my pointer finger strains to stay in the handle, and I sip slowly. My legs are straddling the legs of the table, my arms slung on my place mat... I feel big. Nora sits beside me, scanning the table to be sure she hasn't forgotten anything. Diego rolls up his sleeves and digs in, breathing heavily as usual. What is it like for them to live with me? I wonder if they ever tire of serving me hot chocolate and bread or of trying to understand my improper Spanish.

Businessmen peer out of rusted-out Fiats and Toyotas to see that rare specimen. A tall, white girl with a bright blue backpack walking in the rain. The weight of their eyes pushes mine to the concrete. I reach the school and unlatch the rusty iron doors.

I didn't realize how much I missed Charlie until I saw him at the *Escuela San Francisco* today. He was sitting proper in his seat with his little uniform on, raising his hand patiently to answer every question. I could see the child in him, but I could also see the old man. A boy whose life happened too fast, too hard. He works with such determination, his spirit is determined to learn, his body to survive.

It's hard to go from teaching poor Ecuadoran children to my own class, where I am surrounded by a number of people whose idea of traveling to a Third World country involves staying in high-end hostels, and buying indigenous handbags and cheap silver. One can travel here two ways. I am sorry to admit that I have been on both sides...the consuming Westerner, unable to give up luxuries, and the naïve girl trying to help the poor and find her calling. I am torn. I am torn because I desire things, but at the same time I see the utter perverseness of a world in which I could be picking out an amber ring while a child lies in the street, unclothed and hungry.

There is
something
s a c r e d
about the
ordinary.



When I went to the Equator, I remember wanting, almost willing myself to feel something extraordinary. I expected some type of awe-inspired revelation, some feeling of "I will never forget this for as long as I live." These feelings I expected did not come to me at the Equator or the Napo River. Nor did they come to me in the Galapagos Islands, or the Basilica. It was almost as if the wonder of these places had been prostituted by tourists. These powerful feelings came over me like a wave of clarity when a child with a baby on her back ran out into traffic to bring me the pen that I had dropped. They came to me when I watched a church-full of people swarm around a priest to receive communion.



There are the sights that you are told you have to see before you leave, and there are the everyday acts of people that provide a window into culture and character. We connect to people, not things. We look at things and we react to them, we talk to people and we respond to them. Maybe we respond with emotions that will not be clarified, or separated, until we return home, or maybe never. Maybe we feel guilty, or grateful, confused, or at ease. The point is we *feel* it. We feel it because it is uninhibited and unparalleled. We feel it because our routine is gone, our habits, our comforts, our world. The beauty of travel lies not in what it gives, but in what it takes away.

-Mary Cinadr

Asian Images



Shanghai Street Scene, China
Elizabeth Agor



Bedagul, Indonesia
Jeff O'Neil



Prayer Flags in Tibet, China
Casey Post



Silk Factory, India Natalie Sabuda

Verse and Vision III

Two Poems on the Australian Rainforest

Poem One (from a European settler)

Mist in the air hangs low,
Hilltops clawing for sky.
No clouds above doth go,
To rain as name implies.

Through the forest I walk,
Sprawling canvas of green.
Never stopping to talk,
Of this strange forest scene.

Liannes drooping their loops,
Motionless do they swing.
A gnarly hangman's noose,
Birds oblivious, sing.

The sun on high now sits,
This my watch tells me so.
But the eyes, as though tricked,
Take in only shadow.

Bushfire in the distance,
Wispy smoke up the slopes.
As figs choke insistent,
Their victims, tendrils grope.

Oh, the life in this place,
Silent struggle rages.
Unfolding, is the race,
A book's turning pages.

Poem Two (from an Aborigine)

Enclave of deep green,
In a land brown and dry,
Set high amidst the hills,
To overlook fields far below.

Encased in your embrace I stand,
And close my eyes but to hear,
The heartbeat and the lifeblood pulse,
Every fern and ancient tree.

Towering, woody sentinels immemorial,
Their time, how do they pass?
By squeaking tree talk, gestures with leaves,
And making friends with birds and vines.

Sun on its daily arc, cruises overhead,
Slowly trickling through the cover,
To pepper the floor with rays of golden brilliance.
Kaleidoscope, twirling beneath this scene.

White waterfalls whisk my worries away to valleys
where smoke wisps rise.
At lookouts, my horizons explode from the view.
With night, a sea of blinding stars, I come to see,
That this place has rejuvenated my soul.

-Lee Stirling

Circular Greenhouse, Queensland, Australia



Routeburn Trail, New Zealand



-Terri Hilton

Reflections of Resistance I

A Stone's Throw Away in Northern Ireland

Where do people in revolt get rocks? It struck me as odd that any time I had read about, seen on television, or heard about skirmishes between the two sides of a conflict, there always seemed to be an abundance of rocks.

This was the question on my mind as the ferry pulled into Belfast Harbour, near the end of my semester abroad. The program, based in Scotland, focused on religion as a source of stability and conflict in British society, hence the trip to Northern Ireland.

As we drove through the streets of Unionist (Pro-British, Protestant) Belfast, I was shocked by the apparent lack of stone Cairns or rubble heaps. The same thing struck me the next day, as we did a tour of Republican (Catholic) neighborhoods. I started getting wild ideas that maybe there were businessmen who followed upheaval around the world, setting up rock shops that sold the various types of rocks needed in the struggle against oppression: rocks for riots, rocks for breaking windows, rocks for a rock fight. The *Rock Shop* probably sells bottles as well, especially in Derry, a city in Northern Ireland where roughly 20,000 bottles get hurled from the Catholic stronghold of Bogside every July 12th to protest a Unionist march.

On the last day of our visit to Northern Ireland I had my first rock sighting. Our bus drove by a school, where the night before children had been throwing rocks at passing cars.

I saw more than just rocks. I saw a broken-down neighborhood that was poor and dirty. I saw, in the distance, the 20-foot-high steel wall used to separate the two communities of Catholics and Protestants. I saw barbed wire surrounding the police station and I saw the school with steel bars over the windows of shattered glass - like so many shattered lives touched by this conflict.

By the time our trip was over my question had been answered. There was no *Rock Shop*. Rather, the children

I saw a broken-down neighborhood that was poor and dirty. I saw, in the distance, the 20-foot-high steel wall used to separate the two communities of Catholics and Protestants.

from each community collect stones from streams, the many bombed-out buildings, and the broken streets.

The answer raised more questions. The forces that drive a person to lash out against a soldier armed with an automatic weapon or even a tank with a mere rock must be incredible. The people who fight the British Government are not stupid - rather, they are people with such faith that their cause is right that, if a rock is the only weapon with which to win freedom, then they will try to win it with that rock. To be in Northern Ireland and see a police station with 14-foot walls, the armored cars, and the barbed wire is to feel some of the pressure that drives the rebellion.

When I picked up a rock as a child I wondered how many skips I would get. Now when I pick up a rock I feel the suffocating closeness of tanks and soldiers.

—Jamie Northrup



Bloody Sunday Mural
Northern Ireland
Kate Benson



*Free Derry Mural
Northern Ireland
Ryan Keating*

Reflections of Resistance II

Looking for Resistance in Salvador

Throughout history, people who have been oppressed have found ways to subvert and resist their oppressors. Forms of Afro-Brazilian resistance can be seen throughout Brazil, if you only take the time to look. Bahia, being the heart of Afro-Brazilian culture, was an interesting place to look for signs of resistance.

Perhaps the most obvious form of resistance is present in the varieties and extent of *capoeira*, a colorful martial art performed to music, that one can find in Bahia. Originally, *capoeira* was a form of slave resistance to Portuguese control, and it was used not only as a tactic to subvert the system of slavery but also as a space within which blacks could maintain their own culture.

The Catholic Church offers many examples of black resistance. When examining the faces carved into many of the altars, I noticed the expressions were often sad or angry. Our guide explained that slave labor was often used to carve altars. Slaves would carve their own emotions to give voice to their feelings and to symbolize their struggle. They were forced to construct altars in churches they could only attend if they sat in the back. They used the carved expressions as a way of rebelling against slavery, exhibiting their emotions toward the church's approval, and use, of slave labor.

In many churches, especially slave churches, the symbols carved into the altar are often subtly African. We saw this with an Altar carved with cowry shells in an Ouro Preto

While Africans were forced to convert to Catholicism, they were able at the same time to resist and maintain their own religious beliefs.

church. In Bahia and Ouro Preto, we saw how the heavy baroque churches had carvings in the altars that resembled the facial markings of many African tribes. While Africans were forced to convert to Catholicism, they were able at the same time to resist and maintain their own religious beliefs. Another example of cultural resistance was how blacks synchronized the African *Orixás* (personal spirits) they believed in with Catholic saints. Most blacks never completely converted. Instead, they created the façade that they worshiped Catholic saints when in fact they continued to worship their traditional *Orixás*. The West African religion of *Candomblé* continues to resist the Catholic-Anglo ideals of religion and religious practices.

There are many ways that resistance has played a role in Brazilian history; blacks subverted the system of slavery, while the people as a whole resisted the Portuguese crown. There are many examples throughout the country that depict how resistance has shaped the Brazil of today.

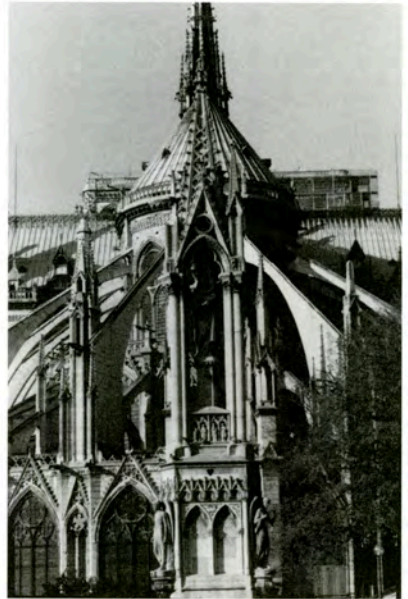
-Renee E. Rinaldi

Center and Periphery



Calvi, Corsica
Catherine O'Reilly

Notre Dame de Paris
Christine De
Gersdorf



Verse and Vision IV



Flamenco Dancer in Seville
Leah Nero

An Invitation to Spain

Our bus winds up the leisurely slope,
Conquering the Vegas of Andalucía,
And Bob Dylan sings back up to my mind,
To be without a home, like a complete unknown,
A loose, and rolling, piedra.

Spring is new here, it's January.
But the wheat is new, grabbing ahold
Of a little ruddy soil, and pushing for sky.
I like to think of all those grains filling tummies,
A wholesome life ahead.

Higher up it is olive trees domain,
Row after row after row,
An endless infantry in the sun,
Of gnarled short old trunks
And fans of silvery green leaves.

Little earthen roads wind through sparingly,
But I wonder if you can get there at all,
For it looks like heaven,
(Where you would need an invitation),
Or a verdant dream perhaps.

Poor little Vermont, so far away,
Nobody knows you here, not your name,
Nor how your blankets of snow used
To tuck me in silently.

There is something about seeing the kilometers pass,
That makes the mind travel, stray away,
And I wish that someone knew me here
So I could turn, and ask them,
If they remember too.

But the fact that they don't know and can't remember,
Makes what I treasure a source of secret,
Silvery-green inner light,
That I can be a little selfish without knowing

What it was to ride Jan on a summer afternoon,
So much delight in a little lady across the road,
How my father is funny, and how we are alike,
How I'll always be my mother's little one,
And how she'll always be bigger than me,
And how my sister knows my story for me,
And what we can say in a glance,
How my love loves life and me so well...

Today all you near and dear
Are scattered between home and heaven.
But you are here too...
Close your eyes and take my hand,
You are my giant amongst the olive grove,
And I am making you smile.

-Leah Nero



Flamenco Clapping
Leah Nero

African Images



Madagascan Caravan
Emily Barton



Fish Market, Joal, Senegal
Hannah Scaife, Melissa
Scott, Greg Freeman



Nairobi School, Kenya, Robby Olazagosti

Lessons I

Senegal: A Lesson in Community

My first vivid memory of Senegal was during the night of my arrival. As I stood out on the tiny balcony of the guesthouse where I was to stay until I met my host family, I was struck by the size of the moon. It was so close that I felt like my head would have smacked right up against it if I could lean out further, and with this newfound visibility I could see all the craters and chasms more closely. The sky was a deep purple color, littered with lines of clothes flapping on the balconies of neighboring homes...my nose was accosted with strong odors that I could not quite place, and in the background of it all, there was the loud chantings of the Koranic prayer that was broadcasted over loudspeakers around the entire city, "*Alhumdoulilay, Alhumdoulilay,*" and for one split second I had no idea where I was. I felt as if I could not have possibly been only an eight-hour plane ride away from New York; was I on the same planet anymore?

Yes, I was. I was in Dakar, Senegal, which is on the westernmost tip of Africa. My four-month stay there taught me that not only was I obviously still on the same planet, but that I also was in a country of extremes. Where there was extreme poverty, there was also tropical beauty. Where there was a toothless man, there was still a beaming smile. And in a place where there was not enough food, not enough

money, and a million people in a tiny compact area, there was the beautiful bond that held them all together: community.

Dakar has an influx of ethnicities and languages, mainly due to the rural Senegalese families who migrate to this large city in search of work. In the face of this influx, Senegalese society has a sense of community that encompasses all their people, regardless of their ethnic backgrounds. Of course, there is *recognition* of the differences between the myriad

Each person considers everyone else to be their brother or sister, aunt or uncle, depending on their age.

ethnicities in Senegal, yet this recognition generally does not interfere with the larger sense of community inherent in the Senegalese mentality. To an outsider, or a westerner, this definition of community could be viewed as extreme, since the common western experience is harshly divided among ethnic lines, not to mention race and class lines. In fact, I don't believe that I have ever witnessed a community in this sense before, but I must admit it was very attractive and welcoming.

Each person considers everyone else to be their brother or sister, aunt or uncle, depending on their age. At first, it was very confusing to distinguish who was a part of which family, because family, in Senegal, was defined differently. A Senegalese family could include friends, servants, neighbors, co-workers, and even acquaintances. Even I, as a white American, have been considered a 'sister' to people I have met on the street. I remember having a conversation with an elderly woman on the street while she was trying to sell me a *bindi* (necklace). When I began speaking one of the native languages, Wolof, she was overjoyed that I was not

merely a tourist, but someone who actually took time to learn her culture. We joked around for about 20 minutes, and I ended up buying that *bindi*. After all, she was now my self-proclaimed grandmother, and it would be insulting not to help family!

One of the most amazing things I experienced was watching large communities come together, for no particular reason other than to celebrate life, and to celebrate happiness. All genders and all ages would come outside

The Senegalese sense of community is the bread that sustains their souls when there is no bread to satisfy their hunger.

and play drums; laughing, singing, and dancing away all the toils of the day. To participate in such gatherings has been one of the most exhilarating experiences of my life. I joined the circle, I danced with the women and even the young children, and for one brief moment I was part of their community. We were joined by the common celebration of life, and all of its hardships disappeared as the sweat ran down our faces.

The Senegalese sense of community is the bread that sustains their souls when there is no bread to satisfy their hunger. They dance with their neighbors; they give any extra money they might have to extended family they may have never met. And here we are in America, where some of us don't even know our neighbors' names.

-Melissa Scott

Lessons II

Things Gained, Things Lost

When I first arrived in Salvador, we went to the *Pelourinho*. It was around 9pm and I was disturbed at what I saw. I was overwhelmed by the dark, crowded, filthy streets. As we walked down the cobblestone streets, the smell of urine and garbage surrounded me as small, barefoot, black children tugged at my sleeves begging for food and money. I could not believe the level of poverty. I had seen poverty in many of the other places we had traveled, but this seemed worse to me. Maybe that was because it was nighttime and hot, as well as my first impression. In any case, I definitely changed my mind about Salvador over the next several days.

Later on our first night in Salvador, we went to a small club to dance and meet the people who make Bahia, Bahia. We were the only white people in there, yet I immediately felt good vibes when we entered. People smiled at me and I felt as though they welcomed my presence. I could feel the beat of the drums in my chest and couldn't help but join the others in their dancing and excitement. People of all ages were dancing together, but at the same time, it seemed as though they were dancing with themselves. The atmosphere had a feeling of relaxation and freedom. Two little girls approached me and grabbed my hands to dance while a young

guy also tried to teach me how to move my feet like he did.

I truly enjoyed the friendly and open nature of the people. We stayed six more days in Bahia and now as we all sit in the airport waiting to leave, I am already missing the

I am not looking forward to the coldness of Americans, but in two days I will confront my reality.

Bahia I have grown to adore. It was a very short stay but I feel as if Salvador, in particular, and Brazil, in general, are such a part of me now. I felt comfortable and almost at home in Bahia during the last few days of our stay there.

The beaches, the water, the sounds, and yes, even the smells are familiar to me now. When I wake up tomorrow morning in São Paulo, I will think of Bahia. I met so many friendly, loving and down-to-earth people that I wonder how I will be able to interact with Americans. I believe that I am in for a major culture shock in the U.S. Salvador is a big place yet also in some sense a very small one: we ran into many familiar faces day after day. I am not looking forward to the coldness of Americans, but in two days I will confront my reality.

I have learned that an American can be placed in Bahia and become part of that culture. Will I now be able to do the same thing again in my own culture?

-Lauren Selchick

Verse and Vision: Coda

Like a Sweet Julie Mango

Shhhh

Listen

I will tell you a little story, but don't tell a soul

I am the daughter of the Helen of the West,
beautiful St. Lucia

Unknown to many but sweet as a Julie mango to the
fruits of her womb

238 sq. miles in area, slender but simply
a beauty of splendor

Ask me more...I'll tell you.

Her sisters Martinique, Barbados and St. Vincent fight the
fair Helen for the crown of beauty.

Of course the battle is tied and they're all winners because
the mother of these beauties
has done an outstanding job.

But wait, I have more to tell you about fair Helen

I don't want to let not a drop from that juicy Julie mango
fall to the ground.

I want you to take a taste of it all.

Her breasts stand majestic and they can be seen from the
sky, Gros Piton and Petit Piton
are the names they have earned.

The world's only drive-in volcano is located in the South
While visiting take a bath in the hot mineral
sulfuric springs.

The Diamond falls are a sight to see, women I tell you
these falls are really a sight to see.

Her immaculate shores invite loads of visitors each year
Some come to go swimming and snorkeling
Others just sit on her lap and get tanned.

There's much much much more to say about fair Helen
but I have another secret,
remember, don't tell a soul

Fair Helen throws *fetes*

Yes, plenty of *fetes*

Si ou aimer dance mizi

visite Ste. Lucie

Assou Square takes the first three days of January

Now it's *Assou sab* so you swim while you *fete*

Cricket is on in January as well, so if you're a sports fan
then this one is for you.

Calypso competitions also start up the year,

as preparations are made for even more bacchanal

In February, fair Helen celebrates her birthday

Don't forget the day now, 22nd of February

Then in May marks the date of African Liberation Day, of
course the mother of fair

Helen has to get her all her dues

For all you jazz fans, jazz festival is in May

Then comes the days of all the bacchanal you can handle,
Jour Ouver and *Carnaval*

dominate the sunny month of May

So, go jump up and down and ride with the band, see the
costumes displayed and the
revelers at play.

In August we celebrate physical freedom from slavery, as
Emancipation Day takes a spot
on the calendar

As a token of appreciation for all the *banja*, yams, fig and
dasheen, Market Vendors Feast is celebrated each August
La Rose Festival, one of the two flower festivals takes place
in August, stay tuned and

you'll know when *La Margarite* is commemorated

Then comes a big day in November

Jounen Kweyol is the day to eat till stomach say

mwen pasa pwen encore

Come taste the green figs and saltfish, the crab callaloo,
the farine and avocado

And the dumpling and green plantain bouillon

Drink some coconut water to cleanse up your system.

If you still want to sample some more West Indian
cuisine, International Food Fair takes
place in November.

All Lucians unite and celebrate the accomplishments of
fair Helen, on national day
which comes in December.

I'm glad that I shared my little secret with you, now I give
you permission to go tell a friend.

But listen, don't tell them a Jamaican or Puerto Rican
shared this secret with you

Tell them a St. Lucian princess, a daughter of Miss Helen
of the West.

And if they still want to know more, I'll make time to tell
them, let me tell you...I will make time to tell them.

-Lervan Johnny, St. Lucia

The Aleph: a journal of global perspectives

No. 1, 2002

Thomas D'Agostino & Douglas Reilly, Editors

Layout by Douglas Reilly

Printed by Syracuse Lithographing

The Editors would like to thank the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, the Provost's Office at Hobart and William Smith Colleges and the Office of Academic Affairs at Union College. Melissa Roberts generously provided use of *The Herald* computers and Bahar and Leila Davary advised us on the calligraphy that appears before the letter from the editors. We would also like to thank the International Cultural Assistants, whose work is integral to the success of the Partnership for Global Education. Our appreciation and admiration go out to the many professors who helped us locate talented student work, and to the contributing students themselves, who shared their worldviews so eloquently in the form of poetry, prose, photography and art.

To submit your work for the next issue of *The Aleph*, please contact the Editors.

The Aleph: a journal of global perspectives, is published by:

THE HOBART AND WILLIAM SMITH COLLEGES AND
UNION COLLEGE PARTNERSHIP FOR GLOBAL EDUCATION

Thomas D'Agostino, Executive Director

Douglas Reilly, Assistant Director

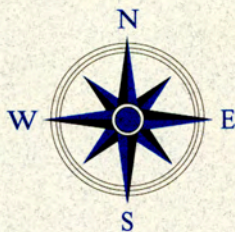
400 Pulteney Street

Geneva, New York 14456

(315) 781-3788

pge@hws.edu

© *The Partnership for Global Education*, 2002



THE HOBART AND WILLIAM SMITH COLLEGES AND
UNION COLLEGE PARTNERSHIP FOR GLOBAL EDUCATION

400 Pulteney Street, Geneva, New York 14456

(315) 781-3788 pge@hws.edu