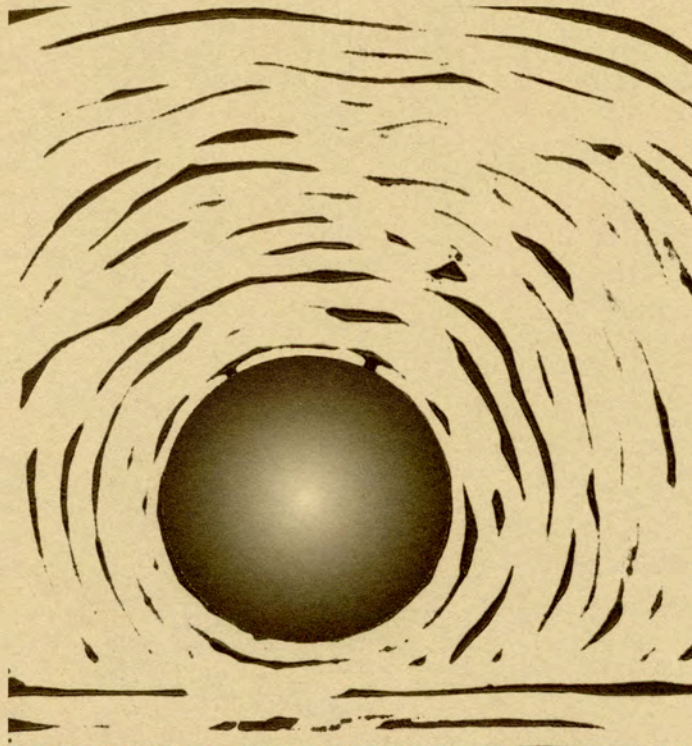
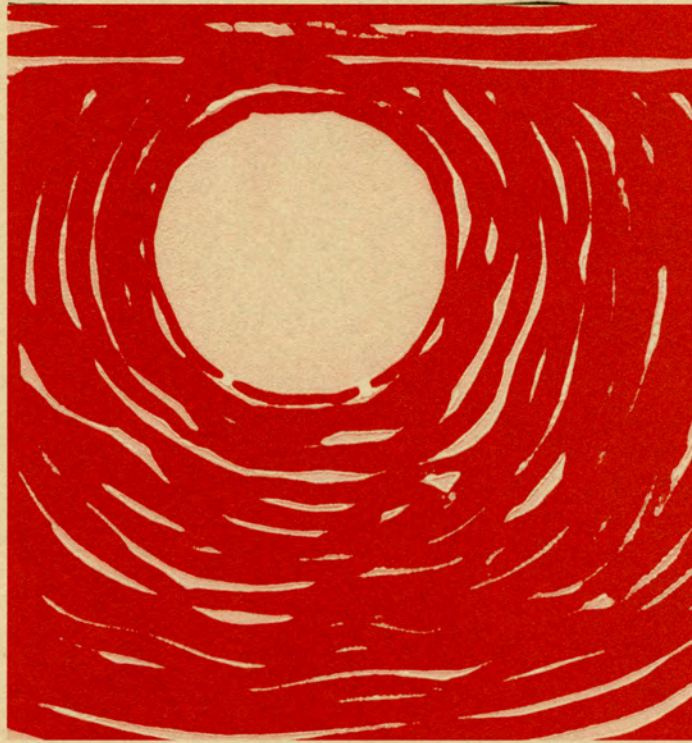


the Aleph

a journal of global perspectives

2







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

II
2003

Table of Contents

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS.....4

MOMENTS I.....6

The Smile of Innocence

Alexandra Kagan

MOMENTS II.....8

Bontida: a journal excerpt

Jeremy Cooney

IMAGES OF EUROPE.....11

Contemplating the Coast, England Rebecca Splain

Awaiting Mass at the Vatican, Rome, Italy Jess Eaton

Millenium Wheel, London, England Nicole Lemperle

First Day of War in Afghanistan, Geneva, Switzerland Julia Haley

A Sketch of York, England Michael Losure

VERSE AND VISION I.....14

The Jetta and the Donkey Karyn Rautenberg

Globalization Trolley in Lisbon, Portugal Karl Brautigam

LA IMAGINATION BILINGUE/THE BILINGUAL IMAGINATION.....16

I: Nia Lutch

II: Michael Wentz

VERSE AND VISION II.....22

Night in the Thar Suprita Kudesia

Flamenco Dancer, Seville, Spain Josh Berry

WORD AND IMAGE25

I: The Life of the Xe Om Driver Patrick Mahoney

Inspiration in Vietnam Andrea Tehan

II: Coming Home Mary Cinadr

WORLD COLORS37

*Alexandra Kagan and Jeremy Cooney with the Residents
of Bontida, Romania*

Dancers, Martinique, Jill Foster

Golden Pavilion Temple, Japan Mollie Johnson

Wedding Presentation, Vietnam Andrea Tehan

Landscape, 2002 (Aix-en-Provence), France Karl Cragolin

ANTECEDENTS I.....42

Reaching for Vesuvius Laura DesRochers

CENTER AND PERIPHERY.....49

Old Catholic Church Patrick Mahoney

View of Paris, France Branco Gugleta

ANTECEDENTS II.....50

Cracking Secrets/Cracking Peanuts Nancy Ta

VERSE AND VISION III.....56

Silent Cries Tanya Khokar

Dagmar Branco Gugleta

JOURNALS OF RESISTANCE.....58

I: October 22, 2001 - A Day of Awakening Heather Hawkins

II: *Contre la guerre* in France Coleen Judge

REFLECTIONS OF U.S.....62

I: Stream of Consciousness Aysegul Duru

II: Stranger in a Strange Land Tanya Khokar

III: Faire zyew chwit pwaw

(Make your eyes cook your peas) Lervan Johnny

IMAGES OF ASIA.....71

Rice Field, Vietnam Andrea Tehan

Himeji Castle, Japan Jenny Moon

Peace Man, Vietnam Patrick Mahoney

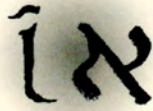
Vietnamese Taxi Drivers Gwynne Decker

Vietnam Temple Patrick Mahoney

SNAPSHOT..... 74

Calzada de los Muertos (Road of the Dead), Teotihuacan

Archeological Site, Mexico Rebecca Seaman



Letter from the Editors

"I saw the Aleph from every point and angle, and in the Aleph I saw the earth and in the earth the Aleph and in the Aleph the earth...I felt infinite wonder..."

Such was the reaction of the main character in Jorge Luis Borges's story, *The Aleph*, following his encounter with the mythical Aleph, described to him as "the only place on earth where all places are – seen from every angle, each standing clear..." Prior to the encounter, as he descends into the cellar of the house on Garay St. belonging to his rival Carlos Argentino Daneri, Borges (the character) feels at once excitement and trepidation, eager yet unnerved by the uncertainty of what awaits. And while the manifestation of the Aleph leaves him awestruck, he despairs of his challenge as a writer, wondering "how, then, can I translate into words the limitless Aleph, which my floundering mind can scarcely encompass?"

Borges's encounter with the Aleph is in many ways analogous to the experiences of those who immerse themselves in a new culture and a new society: anxiety over the unknown, a feeling of bewilderment with that which is different and unfamiliar, and a desire to make sense of the experience and to explain it to others.


I felt infinite wonder...

But how do people convey that which they themselves do not fully understand, particularly to those who do not share similar experiences that can serve as points of reference? Just as Borges faces the daunting task of communicating to his audience what it was like to gaze upon the Aleph and to see all things and all places, students who have participated in a study abroad program often struggle to articulate their cross-cultural experiences to others. They may also struggle to find a receptive audience.

International students are frequently and similarly frustrated in their attempts to share their unique backgrounds and perspectives, as well as by the challenging experience of navigating American society. Three international student essays and several images in this issue eloquently speak to this frustration, and the strong desire to overcome it and initiate a true conversation between cultures.

In this, the second edition of *The Aleph: a journal of global perspectives*, we seek to continue to provide a space for this dialogue among our students and the campus communities in which they reside. We glimpse through their photographs and their artwork, and we read in their essays, their journals, and their poetry, what challenges, captivates and inspires them. We hope that these pages will serve as “windows” through which the reader may begin to build a composite image of students’ experiences abroad and on campus, as they encounter new peoples and new places.

It is our hope that this, the second volume of *The Aleph: a journal of global perspectives*, moves us a little closer to the realization of the true Aleph, the place where all places may be seen from all angles, and the complex relationships that link us all are revealed in sharp contrast.



Moments I

The Smile of Innocence

Roxanna comes running every time she sees the beat-up Volkswagen clamor up the dirt road. Her bright, inquisitive eyes light up as she reaches out to hug her new American friends. She is three feet nine inches tall with a full head of brown hair caked in dirt and decorated with twigs.

At ten years old, Roxanna believes she knows the ways of the world, but in truth she has never left her village. She lives in a small gypsy settlement on the outskirts of Cluj-Napoca, Romania. Bontida is a Romanian village that tolerates the Roma people who live in shacks above the river. Suffering

At ten years old, Roxanna believes she knows the ways of the world, but in truth she has never left her village.

from persecution and oppression, the Roma fled to the village during the communist era. For much of their history, they have not been recognized as a distinct race or culture. In Bontida they are secluded from overt oppression, and Roxanna and other children can play in peace.

The Roma, also known as gypsies, are one of twenty minority groups in Romania who feel mistreated and oppressed by the government. Across Europe gypsies have a reputation as beggars and thieves. Contrary to the popular image, however, only five percent of gypsies still travel in caravans; some have been settled in their current villages for generations while others were forcibly settled under Communist rule.

Roxanna does not yet realize how horrific the plight of the Roma is. Although she receives free schooling from the state until fifth grade, there are no books, paper, or general supplies.

She learns Romanian history from nationalist teachers and is taught how to speak Romanian instead of her native language. What she does not know is that after fifth grade there will be no more schooling to look forward to, and ultimately, nearly nonexistent job opportunities. The majority population is not willing to hire Roma, whom they stereotype as dirty, lazy and criminal.


Roxanna's innocence keeps her happy. She helps her mother harvest the barren fields and herds the chickens into their coop at night. Every morning she and her younger brother trek the mile to and from the river to gather a day's ration of water in an old plastic jug.

She has no material possessions, no toys, not even a picture of her late father who was killed during Ceausescu's reign of terror. She sleeps in her one-room shack with her mother, grandmother, and three brothers and eats two meals of polenta a day. She lives in abject poverty and still smiles. "Life is good if you are alive", she tells me with a toothy grin. "Every day is a good day, some are just better than others."

The Roma culture is in danger of fading in the face of industrialization and modernization. Constant discrimination forces many to emigrate from their homeland to find peace from persecution, and employment. Creating a successful life for themselves often means suppressing their native language and traditions, which are looked down upon by non-Roma, in order to assimilate. This self-rejection distances them from their relatives, who affirm Roma culture but shun material "success".

As a whole, the Roma wish to maintain their authenticity as an ethnic group, while integrating into the social, economic, and political spheres of society. A culture with a strong oral tradition that is beautiful in all respects should be preserved, not treated as a disease. If people are forced to migrate to avoid abuse, will a culture die out as its generations learn western ideals? Or will the Roma people finally be recognized for their rich history and traditions?

Roxanna's situation is one that will not allow her to maintain eternal happiness. She is a beautiful girl with an uncertain future.



Moments II

Bontida a journal excerpt

We met Kathleen in front of a street-side café in urban Cluj. It was a shock to see a 1996 VW Jetta clad with Virginia plates amongst the Fiats and Peugeots that usually dominated the Romanian traffic scene. The vehicle belonged to Kathleen McLaughlin, a photographer on a Fulbright with a strong interest in documenting Roma culture. We found Kathleen at the Ethno-Cultural Diversity Resource Center in Cluj-Napoca, and through her we were able to gain some access into the private world of the Roma.

After a thirty minute drive, the car pulled off the freeway onto a dirt road. The smell of burning garbage and manure enveloped our senses as we drove deeper in the isolated rural surroundings. We entered a small village where the stares of locals went right through us. Across the road, an old woman stopped her wooden cart packed with pumpkins. Kathleen stuck her head out and asked in Romanian if she knew where the Roma lived. Her smile, exposing the few teeth she had, just gazed back at us. No words were spoken, but without hesitation she turned around and headed in the opposite direction. We followed.

After driving in second gear for what seemed like an eternity we entered into a different ward of this rural community, known by locals as "Bontida". The woman stopped her cart and spoke to Kathleen in Romanian - "here you will find gypsies". After parking the car off to the side and equipping ourselves with cameras, pads, pens, and camcorders we headed down the dirt road to the Roma district.

As we drew nearer, we saw small hut-like structures. Heads of women and children poked out of every crevice. The shacks grew in number towards the center of this poor quarter. By this time crowds were drawing around us and children pulled at our jeans. The children were dressed in '80s-style clothing and had dirty faces and thick black hair. The women were dressed in skirts and sweaters. No one was begging for money or attempting to pick-pocket, as many people warned us about, but rather they exhibited only pure curiosity.

The smiles and bright beautiful eyes of the children were eager to gain our attention and they constantly implored us to take photographs of them. Parents were also eager for this opportunity, quickly dressing their children in the best and most colorful clothing they could find and posing them in front of the cameras. Kathleen later explained the importance to the Roma of memory preservation. The value of a photograph is grossly under-appreciated to most. To the Roma a photograph is an invaluable link to memory, and the past.

At first I was puzzled about the obvious absence of men and teenagers. It was later explained to me that they were off seeking employment or begging in the city center. The old women spoke to Kathleen in Romanian about their woes, and how they hoped to provide a better life for their grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mothers brought out what little food they had to offer, mostly vegetables. The old men brought out their pride and joy - their musical instruments. The Roma are renowned for their acute musical sense and exotic improvisations. The music was so upbeat and festive that many of the children danced in hope of gaining more photographic opportunities.

A man who claimed to be a representative of the village wanted to give us a tour. Kathleen acted as translator. He pointed out the appalling conditions of the houses and water/sewage system. He then gave us a detailed plan of how we could set up a foundation to benefit Bontida - including who we could make the checks out to. Later, after talking to Kathleen, we agreed that this tour was a planned ritual for Americans and other foreigners working for aid organizations.

As we rounded yet another row of dilapidated one-room mud houses, a young mother with three children in the front asked us in. She led us into the most sacred and private aspect of Roma life, the home. The structure consisted of two rooms no bigger than a typical college dormitory bedroom, and an out-house in the front yard. The first room was large enough for a gas stove, which served as the main heat source and hearth. The second room was where the family of six ate, slept, and spent their days in the cold winter. There were two couches, and blankets adorned the peeling walls. The floor was made of dirt.

As I stepped out from the home's darkness into the blinding light of Bontida, I was approached by a group of young boys. The quarter representative explained that they felt some relation with me, as my skin color and hair were like theirs. This is because of our shared ethnic heritage, as the Roma and I both have our origins in India. I spent what seemed like ten minutes, but in reality was an hour, dueling sticks with the boys and making dramatic death scenes on the dirt streets. On this day, I had made connections with the children and parents of the quarter in spite of the language barrier.

-Jeremy Cooney



Mothers and Children in Bontida
Jeremy Cooney and Alexandra Kagan

Images of Europe



Contemplating the Coast, England
Rebecca Splain



Awaiting Mass at the Vatican
Rome, Italy Jess Eaton




*Millenium Wheel
London, England
Nicole Lemperle*



*First Day of War in Afghanistan
Geneva, Switzerland
Julia Haley*



A Sketch of York, England
Michael Losure



Verse & Vision I

The Jetta and the Donkey

Coronas and coca-cola ordered side by side with salsa music at *Los Arcos* and ugly techno at Harry's. Listen to Spanish with a French accent. Listen to English with a Mexican accent. Cell phones ring as I sit in the computer lab, my only communication with the people I left behind.

Bicycles offer taxi service in the center, quickly passed by the *colectivos* and odd-shaped taxis. In Acapulco, tourists enjoy the hotel pools, but in Mexican homes, the water in the shower runs out. In Puebla, skateboarders whiz by indigenous women who sit, begging, with their babies on the sidewalk. In Cuernavaca, trucks full of oranges and limes roll by McDonald's and KFC. Don Pollo turned on a *Futbol* game during the Superbowl and then we had Kellogg's Cornflakes for dinner. Rice Krispies for breakfast and coca-cola with the Mexican *comida*. *Las chicas super poderosas* and *La bruja adolescente* are followed by Mexican soap operas.

A man with no legs hands you coupons for a club as you walk down the strip in Acapulco. Mexicans on the street automatically address you in English. So you respond in Spanish...and shock them. The market vendors say, "I give you a good price because you speak Spanish." Some vendors still speak in Spanish when they find out you can, but then clearly give the price in English. All of a sudden they fear we won't understand.

The surfing instructor knows we have boyfriends. And proceeds to ask if we are liberal. The taxi driver politely opens the

door, and then expects a hug from the drunken American. Everything at Acapulco's Paladium is in English, because everyone who has twenty bucks to blow on a club must speak English. Hostesses hand out English menus, but you still have to order in Spanish from the Mexican waitress, employed by the massive and evil Wal-Mart corporation.

Relaxing on a beach in Acapulco, they sell silver from Taxco and sarongs from Indonesia. The little girls sell gum and cigarettes. On the *colectivo*, a *campesino* with his Hershey's bar heads to the hills to work on the farm. On the main drag, a flashy green Jetta flies by. On the sidewalk there's an old man on a donkey, slowly making his way down the same street.

-Karyn Rautenberg



Globalization Trolley in Lisbon, Portugal
Karl Brautigam




La Imagination Bilingue

En ce temps-là, il y avait un fermier s'appellait Jean. Jean était fermier et il habitait seul à Carnac. Il n'avait pas de famille mais il avait des vaches. Jean n'avait pas d'amis. Il vivait en ermite et n'aimait pas parler avec personne. Les gens de la ville pensaient qu'il était très bizarre. Ses jours étaient occupés avec sa ferme et ses vaches. Il parlait aux vaches. C'était sa seule forme de communication verbale. Les vaches étaient sa source d'argent. Il vendait leur lait et le lait de ses vaches avait la réputation d'être le meilleur lait du Carnac. Jean ne tuait jamais ses vaches pour vendre la viande parce qu'il les aimait tant. Elles lui étaient très précieuses.

Un jour, le lait de toutes les vaches est devenu aigre et ça a choqué Jean. Il était furieux et il a hurlé aux vaches. Le jour après, les vaches n'ont pas produit de lait. Jean était furieux encore. Sa vie tournait autour de ses vaches et leur lait. Quand les vaches n'ont pas produit de lait pendant toute une semaine, Jean était complètement fâché. Les personnes de Carnac croyaient que Jean est devenu fou. Il était si exaspéré et gêné par ses vaches qu'il les a transformés en pierre pour les punir. Ça c'est l'histoire des menhirs au nord du bourg de Carnac.

-Nia Lutch



The Bilingual Imagination

Two Histories of Carnac

Inventing stories to explain the standing stones of Carnac is a local pastime in Brittany. Students participating in the Rennes, France program came up with their own explanations for this Rorschach test left by prehistoric humans.

A long time ago, there was a farmer named Jean. Jean was a farmer who lived all alone in Carnac. He didn't have a family but he had a lot of cows. Jean didn't have any friends. He was a hermit and he didn't like to speak to anyone. The people of his village thought he was very strange. His days were occupied with his farm and his cows. He talked to the cows, which was his only form of communication. The cows were his source of money. He sold their milk, which had the reputation of being the best milk in Carnac. Jean never killed his cows to sell for meat because he liked them and they were very precious to him.

One day, the milk from all of his cows became sour, which shocked Jean. He was furious and screamed at the cows. The day after, the cows didn't produce any milk and Jean was furious again. His life revolved around his cows and their milk. When the cows did not produce milk for a week, Jean was completely angry. The people of Carnac thought him mad. He was so exasperated and aggravated by his cows that he transformed them into stones to punish them. This the story of the megaliths found north of the village of Carnac.

-Nia Lutch

Ceci est l'histoire des Mégalithes de Carnac. C'est une histoire des hommes et des femmes. Quand ils parlent la même langue, ce que les hommes disent n'est pas forcément ce que les femmes entendent.

Quand le monde était jeune, il y avait une fille à Carnac. Cette fille était jeune et très jolie. Il y avait sept hommes à Carnac et chaque homme aimait cette fille. Il y avait une grande compétition pour la fille un jour en hiver. Les sept hommes essayaient chacun de faire quelque chose impressionnant pour attirer son attention.

Le premier, il a jonglé.

Le deuxième, il lui a fait une couronne d'or et de diamants.

Le troisième a fait une peinture d'elle.

Le quatrième, parce qu'il était religieux, a tué un agneau pour le sacrifier à Dieu. Le prochain, le cinquième, a mis à mort un grand dragon.

Le sixième a écrit un beau poème.

Le dernier, le septième, a dit « J'ai cherché des étoiles pour vous parce qu'elles ont de la chaleur et de la lumière. Les étoiles sont belles, mais moins belles que vous. »

La fille a choisi le septième.

La fille portait toujours les étoiles dans un sac mais elle ne les montrait jamais. Après dix ans, l'homme lui a demandé « Pourquoi est-ce que tu ne montres jamais tes étoiles ? Elles sont belles et elles me manquent beaucoup. » La fille se fâchait parce qu'elle pensait qu'il pensait qu'elle n'était pas aussi belle que les étoiles. Elle les a jetées par terre et quitté Carnac pour jamais.

Après, l'homme était seul et mort seul. Il était enterré et il a retrouvé les étoiles sous la terre. Il les a remportées avec son esprit au ciel. Il pensait que la beauté des étoiles était pour tout le monde. Là où chaque étoile était arrachée du sol, il reste une petite montée de terre, ses dimensions déterminées par la taille de chacune d'elles.

Ça, c'est les Mégalithes.

-Michael Wentz

This is the story of the Megaliths of Carnac. It is a story of men and women. Although they speak the same language, what men say is not necessarily what women hear.

When the world was young, there was one woman in Carnac. This woman was young and very pretty. There were seven men in Carnac, who all loved this woman. One day in winter, there was a big competition to win the woman's heart. The seven men all tried to do something impressive, trying to attract her attention.

The first, he juggled.

The second, he made her a ring of gold and diamonds.

The third painted a portrait of her.

The fourth, because he was religious, killed a lamb in sacrifice to God.

The fifth killed a dragon, and the sixth wrote a beautiful poem.

The last suitor, the seventh, said, "I got the stars for you because they have warmth and light. The stars are pretty, but not as pretty as you."

The woman chose the seventh suitor.

The woman always carried the stars in a bag but she never showed them. After ten years, the man asked her, "Why do you never show the stars? They are pretty and I miss them very much." The woman was enraged because she thought that he thought she was not as pretty as the stars. She threw them to the ground and left Carnac forever.

After that, the man lived alone, and died alone. When he was buried, he found the stars beneath the earth. He took them with his spirit into the sky. He thought that the beauty of the stars was for everybody. Where each star was pulled out of the ground, there is now a mound of raised earth, its dimensions determined by the size of the star.

These mounds are the Megaliths.


-Michael Wentz



*Two Views of the
Carnac Neolithic
Site*



*Interior of the European
Union Parliament,
Strasbourg, France
Sarah Handler*



Verse and Vision II

Night in the Thar*

The tribal song fills the night
Echoing the rich voice that belts it
She turns and
twists
As the darkness bursts with a twirl of red.
The motion carving the sand in her feet
The dunes rise and fall
Animated, personified
By the sparkling spiraling of her colors
The tinkling of her
silver adorned self
The cold Thar air,
Leaving behind the scorching day,
Becomes the dancer.
As the vibrant lyrics reverberate
Through the sky, sand and me.
-Suprita Kudesia, India

*The Thar, or Great Indian Desert, lies in Rajasthan, the state of kings (*raja/king, sthan/kingdom*) in western India. I relate to this anonymous woman because I come from neighboring Gujarat, where we have very similar folk dances as the one described. The dancer represents a personal journey as I switch from watching to actually dancing to dancing with her. It is for the reader to decide if this is literal or metaphorical.

-S.K.




Flamenco Dancer, Seville, Spain
Josh Berry



*Hanoi Traffic,
Vietnam*
Patrick Mahoney



"My friend and his Xe Om"
Ha



Word and Image I

The Life of the Xe Om Driver

I have always been intrigued by the jobs people have, and by how they do those jobs. In Hanoi I lived as a foreign exchange student in the Bach Koa A2 dormitory of the Hanoi National University Polytechnic School. There, I was surrounded by people at work – mechanics in the street repairing bikes, barbers cutting hair, food vendors with baskets of produce, and people hauling potted plants, lumber and furniture on the back of motorcycles and motorbikes.

While in Hanoi, I took an anthropology class, “Photographing Culture,” that required me to use photography to explore one aspect of Vietnamese culture. I chose to learn about the life of the *xe om* drivers – motorbike taxi drivers – particularly those working in the Bach Khoa outside my dormitory. *Xe oms* (“vehicle” and “to hug”) whip all over the city, passengers straddled on the seat behind the drivers, often clinging onto the driver with both hands. Although I interacted with the drivers across from the dorm, I really did not know what their average day entailed. From my casual observations I knew that they worked long days, without guarantee of finding customers. When not working, they casually lounged on top of their motorbikes, chatting with fellow drivers. The job required the patience to wait – all day if necessary – for customers, and to never leave your spot without someone seated on the back of the bike.

I approached a driver named Ha. Ha works outside the Bach Khoa dorms. During my stay in Hanoi, he became a friend. A friendly man who always greeted me with a smile, Ha affectionately called me “Sumo.” As part of my class project I gave him two disposable cameras and asked him to use one camera

to take photographs of his work and the other to take pictures of his home.

A few days later, Ha returned with the cameras and immediately gave me a lift to the store to have them developed. As we flipped through the pictures, Ha asked for my comments, and I began to develop an understanding of an *xe om* driver's world.



Work Life

Many of Ha's photographs of "work" included his friends, who are an important part of his day. When not busy, an *xe om* driver still interacts with fellow drivers and other nearby business people. The photographs show these friendships.

In one photograph a man looks up at the camera smiling. He is an *xe om* mechanic Ha uses. But they share a much deeper and longer lasting relationship than the 1,000 dong (roughly 6 cents) that Ha pays him to put air in his tires.

A second "work" photograph shows a group of women serving food around a table. As I learned from Ha, the actual focus of this piece is the tobacco pipe which he smokes with his friends when business is slow. While looking at another photo of the same eatery, Ha explains that this is where he eats and





drinks his freshly brewed *bia hoa* (daily beer) with his friends.

A fourth photograph of “work” shows a man sitting on a corner near a group of *xe om* drivers. This is the man who shines Ha’s shoes – a simple luxury. Ha informs me that the shoeshine man, like the mechanic, is his friend.

Home Life

As we looked at the photographs of Ha’s home, his comments indicate both excitement and pride. He makes many spontaneous remarks while showing me these pictures – “very good,” “very pretty” and “very happy” – more than he did when we were looking at the pictures of his work.



The first picture he shows me is of a space that serves as both living room and sleeping quarters, pointing out the curtains that divide the room and provide each family member a little privacy. He then shows me a picture of his children’s beds. He looks at me as he counts the number of children he has – five – and then the number of beds in the photo – five.



Another “home” photograph shows Ha’s son studying a book and using a calculator. He informs me proudly that his son is a student.

However, a photograph of another son elicits a different reaction. He looks at it without showing any sense of pride. Almost as if embarrassed, Ha moves quickly onto another photograph, saying only, “He does not go to school.”



The value Ha places on education was evident even if his own occupation suggests he may not have gone very far in school.

Home is also a place for hobbies and pets. Ha keeps a pet bird – he thinks it is “very beautiful” – in a cage. He also keeps pigeons on the roof. Each pigeon has its own house. The pigeons are pets and an occasional source of food.

We end our conversation about his pictures with a smile.

He drives me back to my dorm, where he once again meets his friends. The other *xe om* drivers look at his pictures intently, occasionally laughing. Once again, I am reminded of the camaraderie so important to Ha's job. I leave him smoking a cigarette with his friends, waiting for a customer.

Even though my limited Vietnamese kept me from having a more involved discussion with Ha, I came away from the



experience with a greater understanding of his life. Being an *xe om* driver in Vietnam can be frustrating and difficult. But being able to support the family he loves and being surrounded by the friends he enjoys make the job worthwhile. The pride Ha shows in his home and family reminds me that a person's identity is not constructed from his job alone.

-Patrick Mahoney





Inspiration in Vietnam
Andrea Tehan

Word and Image II

Coming Home

Fiumicino Airport

I have only flown three times – each time beginning or ending a large chapter of my life. Yet life is not like a chapter book, it is more like a heap of intertwined stanzas. And so, for me, airports signify change. I associate them with bittersweet things, like lemons – bitter in New York, sweet in Naples. Everything happens in slow motion in airports. Heels hit the floor and suitcases on wheels muffle conversations. Noise does not travel here as it normally does, at least not like it did outside my apartment in Rome.



The sound of southern U.S. accents re-established my sense of place.

“You know me, when I get in these liquor stores” says an older woman named Rita who has just met up with her son and daughter-in-law. “I figured you’ve been on those shuttle buses in



Orlando and what have you, but ya know, I'm sittin' here thinkin' 'bout you and following all those signs...." The daughter-in-law, Sandy replies, "Well listen this here is for you and Steve." Rita hands Sandy a bottle of Grappa. "Awww, geez Aunt Rita I was thinkin' I wanted to buy some Grappa! (pronounced with a flat "a") Oh, Steven I think they were insulted that you were worried" Sandy says in a whine.

It's a strange thing to be involuntarily involved in someone else's conversation. You want nothing more than to block it out, yet you pin your ears to hear.

Airport personnel – cakey make-up, over accentuated eyes. Do they melt in the sun? Or freeze when they go outdoors, like Jeff from *Today's Special*? Do their faces hurt from smiling all day? How many boarding passes do they rip in a day? Do they get to go outside for lunch?

Gate 34 Lobby

Awkward teenagers in Totti jerseys. Boys with bad posture listen to their walkmans. Girls braid each other's hair.

The sign reads, "Duty Free Typical Italian Products" and people flock to buy last-minute souvenirs. Americans love free things, even if they're not really free. Sandy buys another bottle of Grappa, "after all it's cheap," she says. The desire to jump on a bargain exceeds any notion of need. Quantity not quality.

The retired couple next to me wears identical, airbrushed Wyoming sweatshirts with hunting scenes on them. By their feet are matching backpacks with San Benedetto water bottles tucked

in the same exterior pocket. The man is on crutches, immersed in Robert Ludlum's *The Cassandra Compact*. The woman writes in a composition notebook. I can just imagine how they eat gelato.

Emotions come in pockets, like smells in a city.

The same people with the Grappa are still carrying on. Sandy turns to her husband and says, "It's duty-free, should I pick up *another* bottle?" Why do we stockpile caricatures of a place, as if they could symbolize our experience? I bet they saw the Pope.

A man with the whitest Avia high-tops I have ever seen takes a seat across from me. I can see the paint from the shoe polish sponge in the seams. I want to stop staring. He may Clorox his laces. But, the shoes are not what distinguishes this

"It's duty-free, should I pick up *another* bottle?" Why do we stockpile caricatures of a place, as if they could symbolize our experience?

man....He wears a Crayola-green baseball hat with a makeshift cargo pocket on the side – possibly to hold Euro change? Americans always have enough pockets. The hat says "ITALIA" on the front in white, underlined in red. The hat isn't on his head, it's on top, and it threatens to fall off every time he turns the pages of his *Sports Illustrated*.

Flight 0003 to Philadelphia

I try to tell myself it's mind over matter. It doesn't work. The drone of the conversation behind me amplifies by the minute. Why didn't I bring earplugs? I scan the United Airways Entertainment System, searching the Music Video section for the loudest song, pressing the volume key until my fingertip turns white. No use. I miss hearing Italian. The pre-recorded Italian safety announcement didn't make the cut. Do they charge

you for the headphones?

“I went over to the Priiiiiice Club and bought one of those big pans of lasagna for Dan and the kids. Ya know, I figured they could have that for supper. Well, wouldn't you know it? They hated it. It was just awful. So ya know what I did? I took it riiiiight back! I wasn't familiar with Price Club's policy at the tiiiiiiiiime. Did you know that they'll take things riiiiight back if you're not satisfied?”



Flight attendants – Do they crave land? What happens if they spill a drink on you?

Concentrating on random things such as this does not distract me. I discover new veins bulging out of my neck. I want to turn around and say, “No I wasn't familiar with Price Club's return policy and if you keep talking I'm sure I will pick up on more helpful facts.” I didn't know sleep deprivation could make me this irritable. I continue to fidget with the entertainment system. Could we still be over the ocean?

“Cathy, are you hungry? I could use a little snack, and I'm awful dry too...Miss, could you bring us some of them there snack mixes and ginger aaales. And also, could you help me with this here T.V. set? I can't get the darn thing to English, it's stuck on German.”

Apparently, it's appropriate to watch T.V. and talk loudly at the same time. And notice that Cathy has said nothing. I am amazed that people can still have a conversation with themselves, complete with the questions, and never think it odd that the other person doesn't respond.

The seemingly infinite eleven hours and twenty-three minutes ends and I ask an elderly couple to watch my luggage and save my spot in the customs line while I use the bathroom. I push through the crowd, dropping a muttered "*scusi*" here and there until I realize that I am no longer in Italy. Later, I order a tuna wrap and say, "*grazie*" as I leave the counter.

As I sit eating my tuna wrap, I notice how loud and dramatic Americans are. The proliferation of obese people seems more evident than ever. Like at the Pantheon, the line for McDonald's stretches out the door.

Aurora, Ohio

Eyelids heavy and feet dragging with wrinkled shirt and snack mix breath. I knock on my Aunt and Uncles' door in Ohio. "Oh Mary, my little world traveler!" I cringe as I realize my traveling days are temporarily over. How would I say this in Italian?

Emotions come in pockets.

The Fairfield Inn that I am staying in is located in the industrial wasteland of America. Streetsboro, Ohio. Streetsboro contains the setting of *Office Space* and the surreal quality of *The Truman Show*. It has a series of chain diners, Bob Evans, Perkins, Rockne's, and Denny's, all with fresh coats of paint and manicured lawns. Unlike in Rome, there are menus at all of them I'm sure. There are even kids' menus, offering such nutritious items as hotdogs and grilled cheese. Here, sidewalks suddenly end, or lead you to an impassable four-lane highway. The town hall looks like a storage warehouse. No history. No potential for a museum. On my scenic run behind the Fairfield Inn, I pass Playtex Inc. and several plastic manufacturers. In Rome, I ran to Villa Borghese and the Spanish Steps.



Aesthetically overfed
to aesthetically starved.

Four days and ten
hours later, I am home.
The only thing that appears
different is the abundance
of billboards. It dawned
on me then that my town
was as aesthetically starved
as Streetsboro, Ohio. It too
had chain restaurants and
flat roads. Yet, because it
was home, it did not bother
me. We remember things
as we want to remember
them. Memory tints the
window of our reality. I
pass Bella Napoli, my fa-

vorite bakery, and say “Beautiful Naples” to myself. The name
John Travolta comes to mind and that too reads differently:
“tra-volta...between time.” That explains how I feel, between
time.

“How was Italy?” How do I answer that? It was great. It
was bad. It was challenging. It was a breeze. It was beautiful. It
was ugly. It was different. It was the same. It was warm. It
was cold.

“It was great,” I reply.

Sometimes that’s all you have the energy to say. “Can you
speak Italian?” “*Un po,*” I answer with a smile as I gaze nervously
at the salt and pepper shakers. “*Sale e pepe*” I say to myself silently.

-Prose, Photography and Artwork by Mary Cinadr





*Alexandra Kagan and Jeremy Cooney with
the residents of Bontida, Romania*



Dancers, Martinique
Jill Foster

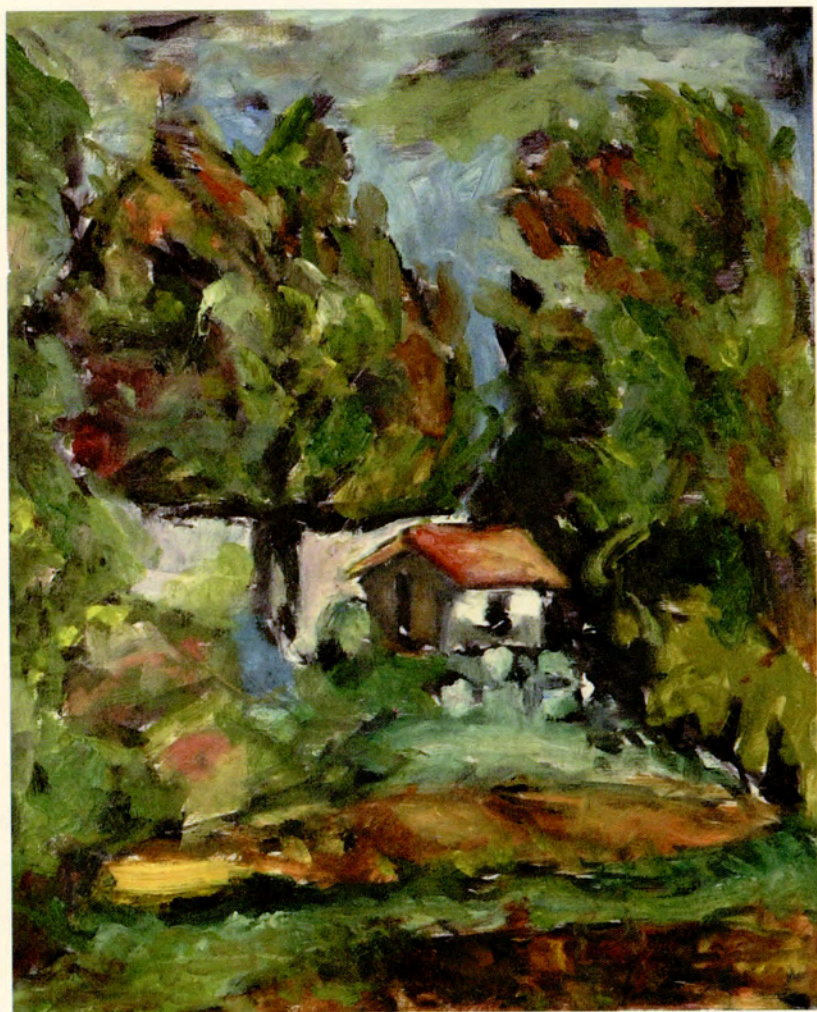
Foster exhibited her artistic impressions of Martinique in her Senior Art Show. *Dancers* depicts one woman with two natures, light skinned and dark. "This issue reflects the issue of identity many Martinicans face with mixed racial background," Foster said.




Golden Pavilion Temple, Japan
Mollie Johnson



*Wedding Presentation,
Vietnam*
Andrea Tehan



Landscape, 2002 (Aix-en-Provence, France)
Karl Cragolin




Artist's Statement

Karl Cragolin

I often found myself wondering around Provence looking for something to paint, trying to find a harmony of just the right things: a tree, stone, mountainside, stream, light or shadow. I would finally be so tired and overwhelmed that I would set up my easel in a comfortable place and begin. I am not that difficult to please; everything out there is beautiful, in one form or another; with the sounds of birds and the warm sun and the mistral that blows across the south of France, I was almost always content. After beginning the painting and after a good deal of looking, I began to discover that the composition moves beyond the initial perception. There are so many things that one does not see at first and that one may never see unless he or she picks up a pencil or brush.

Aix-en-Provence and its surrounding countryside is the land where Cézanne found his inspiration; the essence of this magical place is captured in all of his work. Because I was painting in his land, it always seemed that I would find something in my work and the work of other students that would remind me of him. Were we painting like Cézanne, or had we just begun to discover the richness of the landscape from which he had worked?

My painting style changed while I was there; my marks became lighter as my palette became richer. I painted loosely and tended not to think as much about a solid structure. I always felt such a freedom. Learning to speak another language while interacting with such an amazingly rich and wonderful culture also influenced my work. I felt as though I was in an enormous churning pot, always seeing something new, and always moving on the top of each wave. Painting and learning in this land that I call magical is something that I will never forget. I have found a new home there, a home that I will return to very soon...



Antecedents I

Reaching for Vesuvius

For my senior honors project I am trying to follow the footsteps of Anne Bradford, my great-great-great aunt who studied art in Italy in 1879 – leaving behind her diary as evidence of her experiences. In June of that year she was one of those “good tourists [for which] a trip to Naples and [an] ascent of Vesuvius [are] very much in order.”¹

Anne’s Journal:

Lunidi 2 Ascent of Vesuvius

Started out about 7 ½. The tram to Resina cost ½ franc, and it took over an hour. At the office at 10. Two horses, a guide and a boy for 18 francs. We arrived at the Hermitage at 11, and the guide was anxious to stop for half an hour to feed the horses, but Ma did not approve and we went on to the foot of the cone, tired of riding. From the Village we took a path over rough lava which had the appearance of rocks, and finally came out to the main carriage road, which is very fine and leads to the Hermitage. This is on a green knoll, a nice building with a garden and vineyard, and a church in which we saw sitting the Saint Johannes. There were booths trimmed with flags and flowers for the celebration of the Fete of that Saint. The huge lava streams on either side of Hermitage were perfectly black, of the year 68 and 71 A.D. Occasionally a pink flower nodded its head over the black surface, but no verdure. The weather is a little cloudy – not excessively hot, altogether a favorable day.

At the foot of the cone near some lava blocks we left our

horses with the boy. There were men here, with chairs, and two horses of two travelers who were descending. We pinned up our dresses and started, four men following, at $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12. Sand and rapelli with occasionally some solid lava sticking out which gave a firm foot hold. The guide remarked that Madam would not go to the top. More than halfway up we found a man with *Lacreima Christi*. He had a hole in the mountainside walled with lava and covered over the top with rapelli. The wine was nice and cool, and tastes like cider. 2 francs a bottle. Pretty tired, we took a little lunch with the wine. From here on up there was no projecting lava to help, and the guide gave us a handful of sand to see how hot it was, and afterwards smoke came out of that place. We soon reached the top. The horse broke one of the eggs I had in my pocket to cook in the *cucine del diavolo*. I cooked the remaining egg in the sand.

The Cone was brilliant colors yellow and green and red, surrounded with a bed of black lava. Occasionally a great heat came from the mouth, and it sounded like a great steam engine. White smoke arose, mingled with rings of bright yellow and the deepest blue sky above.

We paid the guide two francs extra to go to see the lava "*quicoule*" and found it very nearby. He wanted four francs. We went onto the black surface which reminds me of the Mer de Glace, and underneath we could see the red fire. Near us an immense piece of black lava rolled off and let out the thick stream of red fire which moved slowly along like molten iron. The guide with the stick got off pieces of the red lava and put pennys in it for us. From here we commenced the descent at 4 o'clock. Madam had the guides by the arm and we came down by the steepest part, going ankle deep and more in the sand. Shoes so full of it that our feet were heavy, reached the bottom at 4:20. We took off our shoes, emptied them, and got on the horses. Two travelers just starting did not envy them.

At the Hermitage my horse helped himself to a pail of water which stood on the well. The guide followed his example and we went on. At the Vineyard which produces the *Lacreima Christi* we stopped and had another half bottle, continued down, by the carriage road and then the short rough way to Resina.

6 ¼ arrived at office. Covered with dust, I found I had rubbed the skin off. The trams here did not go as it was so late, so we walked to Portici a short distance and got a tram. A great festa of Notre Dame del'Arc, the streets filled with people and vehicles with three horses abreast, trimmed with gold and silver harnesses and bells and their mains trimmed with roses and ribbons and rosettes. Some all pink, others all blue, with goat's hair on the harness and lots of white tails flying from all ports. Gentlemen driving and ladies elaborately dressed sitting in the carriages. One in front blowing a horn and all going as though mad or crazy while the people lined the streets sitting in chairs on the sidewalks, all the way to Naples, the Police keeping a road for the carriages. The whole city seemed to be out. Looking back at Vesuvius see a bright spot [sketch here] so our chambermaid says the Festa will last 4 days. Got a cup of tea and retired.

Martedi: 3rd Giugno

Find ourselves very sore. Continually say Ough! as though driving mules. Every spot is lame. Went down to Turners and worked on picture.²



I would like to think that I am like Anne in this passage and unlike the other women of her time. I want to have more courage and resolution than most, but I go through too many tribulations the last day of January 2003. I travel from Rome to Naples in order to take the *Circumvesuviana* train and try to ascend Mount Vesuvius with one of the tour buses that is available nearby the train station. I anticipate few problems as I have independently traveled before to Pompei. But this day the country of Italy decides to live up to its worst stereotypes of



Laura at Pompei, Vesuvius Looming

impenetrably complex public services and indirect people; it tries my patience until I am ready to scream. My handwriting in my journal grows larger the more frustrated I become.

My Journal:

31 January 2003, Friday – Ercolano Station

Woman was mean to me in Naples station – I thought she was asking ‘when’ which seemed stupid, but it was ‘where’ and she started yelling it at me. Then I got so pissed that I started to walk away w/o my ticket and everyone in the line started shouting, ‘Signora! Signora!’ **Argh!** So pissed and mad, but then I got to the track okay, though another train was coming first so I wasn’t sure it was right. But a group of 20 Americans my age made it seem right. So yeah, then I’m on the train thinking I’m going to the same stop as for Pompei, but no. It’s not, so I kind of jump out at the last minute into this small, concrete, sign-less station with stairs leading down in a prison-like way – me still wondering if I’m in the right place. I wait in line 5 minutes to ask where the place is for ‘Vesuvio’ and I don’t understand what the kind, elderly gentleman says, but he points so I hesitantly go out. And

then I follow some of those brown and white signs for tourists, leading to *un'ufficio turistiche*. Fine. I finally see another sign and find the office. There's a guy in the doorway, with a huge bloody scab on his upper lip – not sure if he works there or is just there. In fact, I'm still not really sure. So I make like I want to go in and we look at each other, then I ask him. And he says, 'no, no buses.' Mumbles some other stuff, I get 'there's bad weather on top.' I ask, '*domani*.' 'Maybe.' Which in Italian basically means 'no.' 'Okay.' I ask if I can look online to check if there are cancellations or whatever, he never really answered that question. He handed me a pamphlet and a sheet with times for like 2 days ago. I asked if they were regular, blank look back. 'You try taxi.' Points to near the station. Okay...so I ask how much that could be. 'I don't know, that between you and your taxi.' Thanks a lot...He just kept telling me over and over 'no buses, bad weather on top.' So I go to the taxi stand, no drivers, just taxis. I stand there thinking, begin to write. Eventually I see one drive away, though I never saw him come.

Professor Tinkler calls me back (he was in class when I tried to call for helpful suggestions), tells me to go look in Pompei. So a new mission, I am on the train now.

Boscotrecase Station

SO typical – argh!!! This happened last time when I went to Pompei with Casey. The blue and green lines are the same until one stop, the blue line goes to Pompei Scavi. Okay, fine, and then you look at the stop map on the train car and it looks like you stay on the train because it doesn't look like the blue and green lines run together, it just looks blue. So then you end up in this sketchy, sketchy station, Boscotrecase, that is in the middle of...nowhere. It doesn't even have two tracks. And I had to ask for a key to unlock the bathroom, which has no toilet paper, just basically a low toilet on the ground behind a supply closet. So, yep another page of my journal [gone]. This

talkative old man told me I had to get the key and then I asked about the train and he started enthusiastically gesturing in the direction of Naples and wildly explaining in Italian.

And then Professor Tinkler called me and he had Ally look up info about getting to the top, and indeed they all say Ercolano. Though he still recommended Pompei. If nothing else I will go to the gift shop and buy postcards. Here comes a train. It better go the right way!

It did, and then I had issues getting to the right platform for the right train to Pompei.

Finally I did get to Pompei.

But no go, no anything to the top of Vesuvius today, because of the snow, which is apparently strange.



I guess some experiences are just not meant to be, and so I decide to go hang out in Pompei that afternoon for lack of anything better to do. However, the next weekend I become even more frustrated when I travel to Naples again and Vesuvius is still covered with its uncharacteristic snow. This time I instead go on a guided tour, which is actually good as I see some things I have never seen before. My number of visits to this ancient city, which I have wanted to see since I was a young child, is thus brought to 4.

-Laura DesRochers

(Endnotes)

¹ Foster Rhea Dulles, *Americans Abroad: Two Centuries of Travel* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1964), 33.

² Anne Bradford. Diary, n.p. Pompei, Monday/Tuesday, 2-3 June 1879.



*Peru Triptych: Andes, Route to Machu
Picchu, Quechua Children's Chorus
Addi Almiron*


Center and Periphery



*Old Catholic
Church, Vietnam*
Patrick Mahoney



View of Paris, France
Branco Gugleta, Czech
Republic



Antecedents II

This is my second attempt at writing the history of my family. Over the years I have learned more of the story, and I still struggle to make this history my own. As a first-generation American, I do not want to let the story die, or the details to become fuzzy or faded. I write this first-hand account with the hope it will be preserved and passed down the family line, a record of our family history...

Cracking Secrets/Cracking Peanuts

I grew up in a small rural town, where Asians were a minority. Throughout my childhood, I had to put up with many stereotypical ideas. All my classmates thought I knew karate and could speak Chinese. They would try to “talk” to me in my native tongue, or even go so far as to pull their eyes back when they saw me. One girl from my soccer team even asked me if my family had electricity, running water and a television. What was I? A barbarian? Just because I did not have ancestors from Europe did not mean that I was lacking in everyday conveniences and technologies. I never questioned my differences or tried to understand them. I just tried to fit in, tried to assimilate, never thinking about my past, where I had come from.

One day my sixth grade teacher asked me about my family history: where I was born, where my parents were born, where they came from, and how long we had lived in the United States. These were all questions to which I didn't have answers. I thought to myself, “*He's kind of nosey, isn't he?*” But because he was my teacher, I didn't think to disobey him when he told me to go home and ask my father.

I remember going home that night. I sat across the table from my father as he sliced vegetables. I asked him the same questions my teacher had asked me earlier. The chopping of his knife slowed slightly as he looked up at me, trying to decide whether I was old enough to hear the story. Then, carefully, he answered my questions one-by-one.

The dining room table, the center of the Chinese home. The place where you fill your belly with food, happiness and sorrow. My father told me that the reason the Buddha was so fat was because he had the ability to swallow all of his sorrow. This has become the code of our family's feudal system. We swallow the bad news and only tell people the good.

My father has led a hard life, which he bears in the marks of the grooves around his eyes, in the roughness of his hands. But once he was married and moved out onto his own and then to America, his life got better. Yet the memories of the hard time still haunt him and come up every so often when we are alone. I wonder if things would still be difficult if he were still in Vietnam. Well, I guess you can't wait for the world to come to you, you have to take action as well.

So we sat at the table, eating roasted peanuts. And between the crunching of the shell and the chewing of the peanuts, and then the tongue sloshing to get the peanut chunks out from between the crevices of our teeth, he told me the story of his (our) immigration from Vietnam.

We left on March 10, 1979. By this time, the Communists had taken control of Vietnam. Many people left the country because they saw no future for their lives in Vietnam. My parents thought that life was too unstable. At the same time that living costs increased, they began to make less money. They had to buy everyday items from the black market. The black market existed everywhere, on street corners and in front of people's houses. People just stood in front of their house and waited for someone to come and ask them for something. If they had it, they went back into the house and got it. My father participated in the black market, but he really didn't go into detail about that.

According to him, with the Communist takeover the economy began to collapse and more and more stores went out of business. Few countries (except for the Soviet Union) wanted to do business with Vietnam, and no more money came into the country. More and more people lost their jobs as factories ran out of raw materials to produce goods. The entire economy nearly collapsed because the government had no money.

In Communist Vietnam, the main government, controlled by a small group of people, would tax the provincial heads. The provincial heads would then tax the people. In order to make enough money to pay the taxes to the central government, the provincial heads implemented a boat program. This program would allow people to pay their way onto a boat and escape Vietnam. The main government did not prevent this because that would stop them from receiving the tax money from the local governments.

Originally, seven groups – family and friends - pooled money together to have a boat built. But because the government continued to accept money from other applicants, boats built to seat fifty people comfortably, were packed with 225 bodies (adults and children alike). Before we were ready to leave, my parent's friend, who owned a shipbuilding yard, bought two huge columns of over fifty bamboo rods tied together. The bamboo was attached to either side of the boat to make it float better. Otherwise, the boat would have sunk under the weight of all the bodies. The boat was only 12' long and 5' wide. Most everyone sat on the main deck. However, many people were crammed below the deck of the boat with the engines. People also sat on long wooden benches that were put along the sides of the boat. There was also a sheltered area on top of the deck where other people could sit.

We weren't allowed to bring much with us on the boat. My mother often talks about all of the pictures and beautiful dresses she left behind in Vietnam. We were only able to take gold, jewelry, identification papers and a quilt with us. My mother said that my father's grandmother had made a quilt for my sister that they kept with us until Indonesia, when they figured they could buy a new one in America. My father hid his grandmother's

paper-cutting art of the Chinese character for double happiness - saved from his wedding - in between the pages of a document. He even kept his dog tags from the Vietnam War. My father said that he received special privileges because he served in the war on the American side.

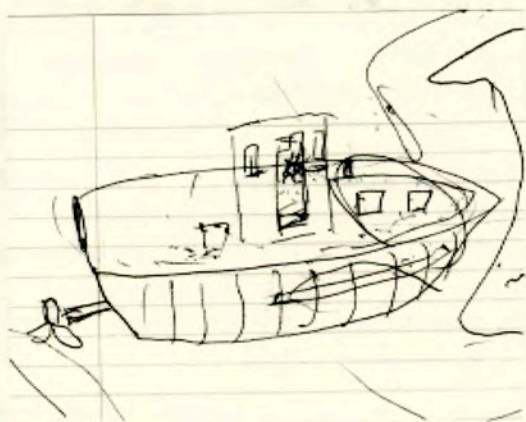
He leaned back into his chair, hands folded behind his head, staring up at the ceiling light. After a long pause of silence he said, "I don't know what would have happened if I wasn't there." Apparently, my father became a "hero" on the boat. I thought he was going to cry. I just sat there patiently, waiting for the story to continue, slowly and painfully.

We hired a man who claimed he was in the Navy and knew everything about boats. But after the first day, his feet became swollen to the point that he could no longer stand. He had lied. So my father took over, "It wasn't planned, it just happened." He managed to navigate and did most of the steering.

I stared at him in awe, "How did you know these things?" He had learned about them from talking to people while he was still in Vietnam. They had explained to him that maps show you how to get from point A to B, compasses told you what direction you were going and that you had to coordinate time and direction based on the speed of the boat. This was the only way to ensure that the boat was traveling in the right direction.

We got onto the boat at 5 pm. By 7 pm the next day, we were out of the Mekong River and into the South China Sea. We had to sail east two hundred miles in order to be considered out of national waters. This was the quietest, but also the most tense, part of the boat journey. Once we got out far enough, we turned southwest, back to land. Had we continued east we would have ended up in the Pacific Ocean, and we didn't have enough supplies or strong enough boat to be able to withstand such a long journey. We did not eat or drink for four days and nights.

We ended up on the shores of Malaysia and were allowed to stay for two days. Forced to sleep outside in a park, we were given food and got some much-needed rest. But, because there were already so many immigrants from Vietnam, the Malaysian authorities had to kick us out. After they took away our compass and maps so that we could not find their way back, the authorities forced us back onto the boat, tugged it to the middle of the ocean and left us. (A year later, Malaysia refused entry to another



A sketch by Nancy's father of the boat

55,000 Vietnamese refugees.) Luckily, my father was watching the Warrior Star of Orion, so that he knew what direction the boat was headed and where we needed to go.

Two days later we came upon Kota Baharu in Indonesia, where we were accepted as refugees. We stayed in an abandoned warehouse for five months. There was a lot of waiting for interviews with foreign delegates. The UN supplied some food, but we still needed to buy alot, and in order to get money we had to sell almost all of what little gold and jewelry we had been able to take with us when we left Vietnam.

Our first interview was with delegates from Australia. We would have agreed to go with them, but they wanted us to leave behind my aunt. We refused and decided to wait for another


offer. On the third interview, American officials accepted us. It was never our intention to go farther than Malaysia. However, our journey took us to Indonesia, Singapore, Hong Kong, Taipei, Seoul, Seattle and finally Los Angeles. It took us less than a half year to come to the United States.

My whole extended family, which had started the journey as one large group, was later divided into two, and then four, smaller groups – making it easier for us to be accepted by foreign countries. We are now scattered everywhere: Australia, Canada and America.

I never knew the details of the events that happened to my family before I was born until I sat down with my father. This conversation was different than any other we had ever had. We were speaking with one another like adults rather than father and daughter. I think he saw that he could trust me, and it has brought us closer.

I think it amazing that my father is a “hero.” My father took over a boat, where people looked to him for hope and inspiration. How had I ever underestimated him when he had saved over two hundred lives? Sitting down with my father, I learned about my past. To know one’s history is to know where one comes from, and where one might go.

-Nancy Ta



Verse and Vision III

Silent cries

She sits there aimlessly, her attire is disheveled and pathetic. She shivers in fear staring at others. She feels vulnerable. Her only protection is a thin, ragged blanket wrapped tightly around her head and body. Her mad hair is scattered wildly on her thin, gaunt face. Her eyes are deep and sullen hiding something, yet, fearing it all. I hear laughter somewhere. It mocks the silent cries of the solitary passenger.

Hands wave wildly. They are screaming. I sense the yearning to escape. I sense injustice.

There are cries of pain. I hear shrieks, loud and horrifying. It echoes. My senses carry me to a room. No. It is a cabin shielded by an old, patched cloth. I see her push as another woman soothes her. I understand that she has been a victim. It is terrifying. The helpless screams have been left behind. I have escaped the abuse. Yet, it is not easy to escape. I am one of them. I am carrying the burden of their cries.

-Tanya Khokar, Pakistan



Dagmar
Branco Gugleta, Czech
Republic

Journal of Resistance I

October 22, 2001 - A Day of Awakening

I joined the Eco Society at the National University of Ireland-Galway as a way of finding something familiar during a semester of many changes. But I realized quickly that this club was a way for me to learn more about Ireland, and the world. I began to realize that the issues concerning our environment and our health pervade every community in every nation. When I first arrived in Galway, I was horrified by the lack of recycling. I investigated, and learned that the local incinerator employed several thousand; many feared recycling would lead to the loss of these precious jobs. Lessons like these open our eyes to the complexity of issues that weigh on many societies. My journal from an experience in Scotland describes another such lesson:

I arrived at Faslane, Scotland, site of a Trident nuclear submarine base, at 5 o'clock this morning. Despite the early hour, there were already almost 400 people engaged in peaceful protests. The submarine base is home to the United Kingdom's "hunter-killer" nuclear submarine fleet. According to the International Court of Justice, these nuclear weapons are in violation of international human rights. While this world is preparing for war, we are preparing for change.






By the time the sun began to rise, there were over 800 people: men and women, children, and elderly people, all actively protesting. Actively protesting. My definition of this term, cultivated in the United States, was very different from that of the Faslane protesters. Today, there was no violence. There was no fighting. There was only music, dancing and singing. It was a celebration in protest of the violence and fighting that has encompassed our world, most overtly on September 11, 2001.

I was surprised to meet so many people from different walks of life. I met several people who lived in the area and worked at Faslane. They were there actively protesting the very institution that paid their bills. I met church officials, Parliament members and professional protesters. I talked with children who were more educated on the issues of international nuclear warfare than most adults.

This day brought a new perspective. The passion behind a peaceful protest can be dramatically effective. For me, and those who share my views, today was a successful and powerful step in celebrating peace.

-Heather Hawkins



Journal of Resistance II

Contre la guerre in France

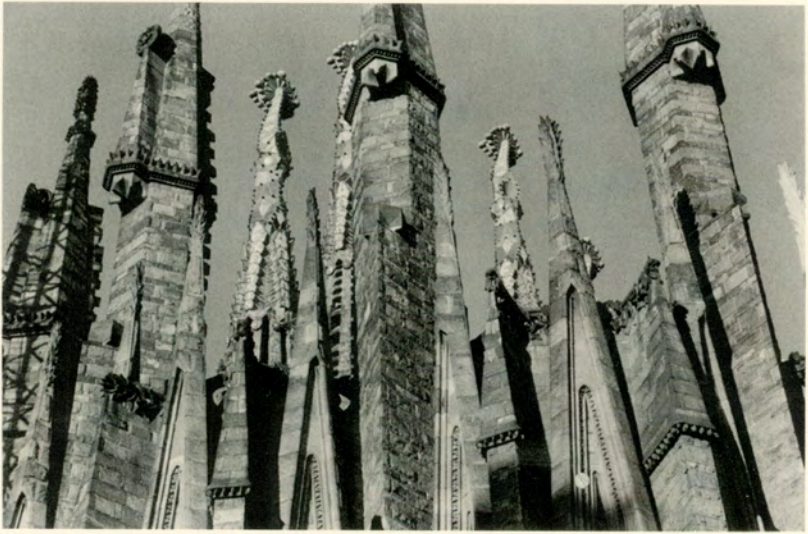
Coleen (Cole) Judge, studying in Avignon, France, is conducting research on student activism in France. "When my host mom introduces me to people, she says in French, 'This is Coleen, who is against the war.' That is how I am introduced, always," Cole wrote. The following is an email she sent back to family and friends after the Paris anti-war march.

At the very start of the protest, a French woman saw me making my sign, *Americains contre la guerre*, and she came over, held my arm, looked me in the eye and said, "You have friends here in France." Throughout the whole day, things went like this. At one point, a man applauded as we walked by. People were so excited to see the group of six of us with our signs. We were welcomed, and I have never seen the French so friendly or nice! People kept taking pictures of us... kind of like a tourist attraction, but in the best way possible.

The British marched under the banner *Make Tea, Not War*. I talked with one man in French who explained how he liked Clinton, but nobody likes Bush... He went on to name all the other presidents he liked... Kennedy (oh, yes yes, we love Kennedy...he had a good face..) and Carter... *Alors*, the French don't seem to be fans of our Republican presidents.

Contrary to what I have heard regarding anti-American sentiment... Americans were embraced and welcomed. We were together with a common cause and that brings a certain respect for one another.


love & peace
cole



Gaudí's Cathedral of the Holy Family in Barcelona, Spain
Julia Haley



Milford Sound, New Zealand
Lisa Nowell



Reflections of U.S. I

Get ready for a real stream of consciousness
(that is fairly newly gained)...

Things we take for granted, like an eraser undoing a mistake: we take the world around us for granted, and just as we mourn at the loss of a sentimental object, I came to understand the importance of color as I spent a semester in “snow-white” Geneva. In no part of my life had I praised four seasons, or different types of music streaming from neighboring windows, and most important of all, I had not been aware of the treasury I had in my possession: diversity.

My perspective of the world still doesn't have bold lines, and it reshapes itself as I learn more about history, read more literature, listen to more music and meet more people. I came to praise diversity in the U.S., the country where I first recognized it and its value in shaping a culture, a people.

The U.S. is the place where I first made fun of people for being one-dimensional due to their lack of a long history; then, I shouted “this is what we call democracy” at peace rallies on its streets, as I discovered my freedoms for the first time, and recognized myself as a human being, and moreover, as a person with a voice. For countless times I have been posed questions about being from Turkey, being “*allllll* the way from Turkey,” and these questions were followed with even more questions beginning with “is it...?”, “are you guys...?”, “is Turkey...?”, and all accompanied with puzzled looks. Where was this place called Turkey, aside from our thanksgiving dinner tables? It was easier when I first arrived in Santa Fe as an exchange student. The September 11th attacks had not happened, and America was still asleep. The paranoia and doubt had not possessed the eyes of the people around me; then, I could freely be an atheist or a

deist. After 9/11, things changed (or did they really?). They did for the most part, but most of what happened was just a surfacing of what had been happening all along. This is neither a criticism of America, nor is it praise. (I try not to judge since I've met Mersault¹, but once again we're all hypocrites, without our own consent.) Besides, this is one country that taught me to talk about these things; in my history classes, for the first time we talked about "why" not "who got which castle."

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Things changed in a lot of different respects, but I can only reflect on my experience. The first time I got asked if I was a Muslim or not, I paused because I wasn't; but, Islam has taken on such negative connotations that the title of "Muslim country" is a burden on developing countries like Turkey, which become the targets of ignorant generalizations.

The first commandment of being an exchange student is to represent your country, and to fight the prejudices about your country even meant saying you were a Muslim for the sake of teaching people that being from a Muslim country didn't mean you had to wear a burka, be a terrorist, be anti-American or a religious fundamentalist. "So what do people in Turkey think of Americans?" Well, what do Americans think of Turkish people? The answer is that simple and at the same instant, complicated.

This is not only an issue about Turkey; it's about the world outside the West, and mainly outside the US because that's where I'm from and where I've spent the most time.

Now war is the concern, and it seems like it's not even a question anymore. Will the 6 million who rallied for peace worldwide on February 15 make a difference? I have embraced Gandhi's words, and strive to be the change I wanted to see in the world; but, are my dreams and hopes only a 21st century version of the Sugarcandy Mountain?



Glasses Branco Gugleta, Czech Republic

How much longer are the children, teenagers, and sadly adults going to learn their geography bit by bit, as they/their country go to war against state after state? War IS terrorism with a bigger budget, and I fear losing the voice I found in this very country; fear losing my friends and my scholarship and provoking hostility in people. I fear not being welcome or understood.

Life is one big paradox, where black and white coexist; but my words are nothing but an irony. It's not a paradox that I found my voice, my freedom, my rights here, and the most important of all, these (almost) two years I've spent in the US have made clear to me who I am, and who I want to be.

Last night, my Jamaican roommate and I sat in front of the computer and started searching for countries that don't require us to apply for tourist visas in order to visit. We were excited as the number of countries exceeded 20, which we were noting on a piece of paper we knew we would hold onto very closely as the map of our very extreme dreams/adventures. The world of a Turkish girl or Jamaican girl isn't a place to plan your journeys with the freedom of an Aquarius: a packed bag beside your door, always ready to leave. Now we both know that we can go to Andorra, and also that Jamaicans and Turks are on

friendly terms, up to 90 days.

But the world has boundaries for these two girls; therefore, so do their dreams. We can't ever choose Morocco as our escape on a moment's thought, and K. can't go to medical school

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here, because she doesn't have \$100,000 put aside for her; and A. fears to tell the schools she's applying to that she really wants to go back to Turkey after she graduates, because she wants to give back to her country. If she says that, will they give her financial aid? Let's be realistic, brain drain is not a result of falling for the beauty of this country, but for the opportunities offered under the circumstances.


It's always hard to start these streams of thought (and maybe they have no beginning) and they are always hard to conclude. What comes between is more important, anyways.

-Aysegül Duru, Turkey



(Footnotes)

¹ Mersault—The central character of Albert Camus' *The Stranger*, a novella that examines issues of guilt, judgment, and capital punishment. Mersault kills an Arab on a beach in Algeria and is sentenced to the guillotine.



Reflections of U.S. II

Stranger in a Strange Land

I am not American. I am a Muslim. I am Brown.

My feelings before coming to America to attend a fairly liberal undergraduate college can be summed up in the following lines: I was apprehensive, nervous, and intimidated. Why was I apprehensive? Because I was going to the US in September, 2002, exactly a year after the 9/11 attacks. Why was I nervous? Because the attacks were led by Muslim activists. Why was I intimidated? Because I am not blonde, and I come from Pakistan, which to many Americans is a poor country somewhere in the Middle East. Correction: Pakistan is in Asia, and is NOT Iraq's neighbor.

So did my fears and suspicions take a practical shape once I came here? Yes and no. I did not experience any discrimination of the kind I was dreading. Instead, my nervousness was taken over by a feeling of surprise at a few incidents that puzzled me exceedingly. You want to know why. Well...read on. Here, follow a set of questions from Americans and my response to them:

First day of college. First orientation party. First boy I introduced myself to. He asked where I was from. I replied. He laughed. He then said "Do you have a gun in your bag. And if you do can I see it?" My response: an aggressive NO, and a conviction never to speak to that boy again for the rest of my four years at college.

Third week. A similar American with similar thinking asked me if I am a terrorist and have undergone military training in Pakistani camps before coming here. My response: "Actually yes and no! The camp I was destined to go to lacked artillery and we are still waiting for the US to send in the supplies". This time there was a conviction on her part never to speak to me again.

Fifth week. I was happy to meet someone who shared a genuine curiosity to learn more about my culture, my people and their way of life. I was most obliged to fill her in until this question followed: "So do they still walk barefoot in your country?" My response: Speechless.


Each day brought in a new question for me. I was surprised and still am to see how many Americans do not have the basic knowledge about other countries and cultures. Initially, I was angry and frustrated for defending my country. But gradually I realized that these questions will not stop. The media in this

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country is responsible for this naivete, broadcasting only the negative aspects of Islam. All Muslims are portrayed as terrorists, living in abject poverty in austere households where parents restrict their children from all access to the Western world. Believe it or not, Bin Laden, Al Qaeda and the Taliban do not represent all Muslims. Did you know that most Muslims do not feel the need for racial segregation, an ideal example of which is "Little Africa", in our very own college cafeteria?

We are living in a globalized world where access to knowledge and communication is available to many, if not all. We are making efforts to seek information and awareness about other nations, cultures, and religions. In this land of opportunity knowledge is accessible to almost everyone. I am thankful and pleased that I made this voyage of learning. A piece of advice to Americans: It is time you start your voyage, too.

-Tanya Khokar, Pakistan



Reflections of U.S. III

Faire zyew chwit pwaw
(Make your eyes cook your peas)

S*bbb! Listen!* Listen, and listen very carefully. As one of the proud daughters of the West Indies, St. Lucia, the Helen of the West, to be exact, I feel it is my duty to let you know my views on a problem that has been plaguing me for quite some time. I have never been one to make the bitter cocoa tea sweet, and I have sweetened enough things in my twenty years. Don't expect me to sweeten this one. I will tell you like it is.

So, one day, I'm giving a prospective student a tour of the campus. His mother, who struck me as a "show off" the minute I met her, recognized that I did not have a pure American accent and asked me where I was from. "I'm from St. Lucia," I replied. "Been there, done that!" she exclaimed. I said to myself, "*madame si out e only sav*" (lady, if you only knew) and laughed quietly in my heart. I wondered if she knew that there was more to my homeland than Sandal's Resort.

The very first question I felt like asking her was whether she had gotten off the cruise ship and done so much as let the pretty white sand engulf her feet, let alone allow her feet to soak in the sea water after walking in the hot sand, to let out an imaginary sssshhhh sound, almost as if the water were urging her not to share their intimate moment with anyone. I wanted to ask her whether she even knew the name of our capital, whether the word *Castries* sounded familiar to her.

Had we had time for more conversation during the tour, I would have felt obliged to ask her whether she even knew what our currency was. She must have purchased a souvenir of some sort.

You see, tourists enjoy the privileges that we, as natives, do not even think of enjoying. I know, you're probably thinking, "Well, it's their money; they ought to get their money's worth." This, I am not going to argue with because I do believe in the saying, "one man sweat, one man eat." However, what I am saying is that as tourists it is important to recognize that you have total access to resources that the natives in your place of visit do not. Some of the people who provide you with services at the hotels where you stay may never be able to take a vacation like you do because they barely make enough money to buy a pound of sugar to sweeten their cocoa tea. Thank God, most people

The local fruit vendors face stiff competition from foreign investors, particularly those from the United States, who want to sell their processed canned food to islands like St. Lucia.

build their own houses from plywood so they don't have to pay rent. Perhaps their entire paycheck would be going to rent. People who can't afford to buy food in the supermarkets generally have land, where they pick a breadfruit, some coconuts, some green bananas and dig some dasheen and yams to feed their families. But, even with that comes a problem. The local fruit vendors face stiff competition from foreign investors, particularly those from the United States, who want to sell their processed canned food to islands like St. Lucia. Therefore, the natives are made to believe that the orange juice with all the preservatives is much better than picking a fresh orange from the tree in the backyard and squeezing it to make some juice, or better yet some green mango Cayennes (a special kind of mango). They are made to believe that the chicken grown overnight using hormones is safer than the domestic fowl that you chase down, behead, dunk in hot water, deplume, and then serve to your six-year old for dinner, and after he or she eats it tell them it was their pet chicken, Jane, just like my aunt told me after I ate my pet pig Shutsy.

Do you think that your hard-earned U.S. dollar is helping the islands out when you pay for your all-inclusive hotel? Think twice about that because the majority of that money goes right back to the U.S. and European shareholders. These gluttonous, selfish, constipated pigs have no consideration for anyone but themselves. Why am I calling them pigs? Have you ever watched pigs when they eat? They devour everything in sight, dirt and all. They don't care if the other pigs around them get food. They think that there's not enough food for everyone and they have to devour everything. The Prime Ministers of some of these islands are not less than hogs either, because they allow these foreign investors to bribe them. Before they see a couple of U.S. dollars, they begin to drool all over themselves like "big old babies."

When you walk along the beaches in the islands, have you ever realized that the only other people who walk on the beaches look like you? It's not because of the stereotype that most natives are money hungry, wanting only to harass tourists

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to buy their products. It's because these beaches have been privatized, thus preventing the natives from also enjoying them. You might think that it is for your own protection because some people will be safe from being robbed or attacked. But let me ask you, how would you feel if you were not able to walk freely in your own land? How would you feel if you were made to feel like an "alien in your own land?" I'm not asking you to start a revolution. Neither am I looking upon those who can afford to take vacations with scorn, because I go on vacations too. All I'm asking is that you "*faire zyw chwit pwaw*" (make your eyes cook your peas). By that I mean: Be observant and mindful. Before you tell me, "Been there, done that!" like the prospective student's mother, at least learn that the capital of St. Lucia is Castries and that we have a culture.

-Lervan Johnny, St. Lucia



Images of Asia



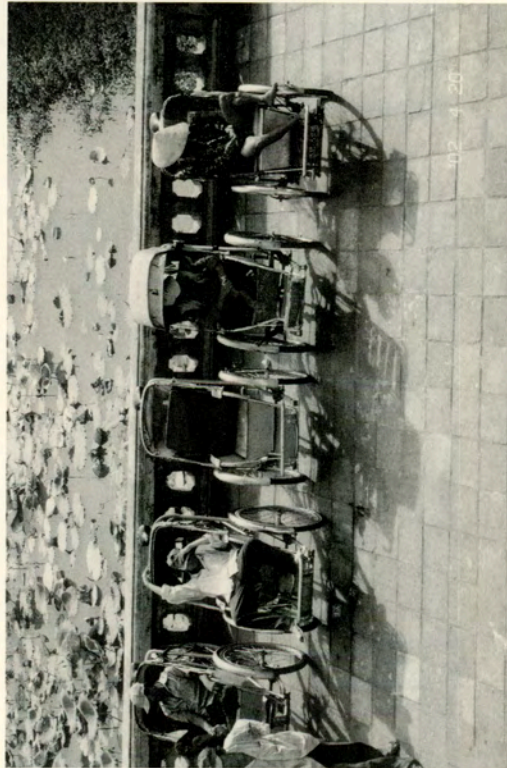
Rice Field, Vietnam
Andrea Tehan



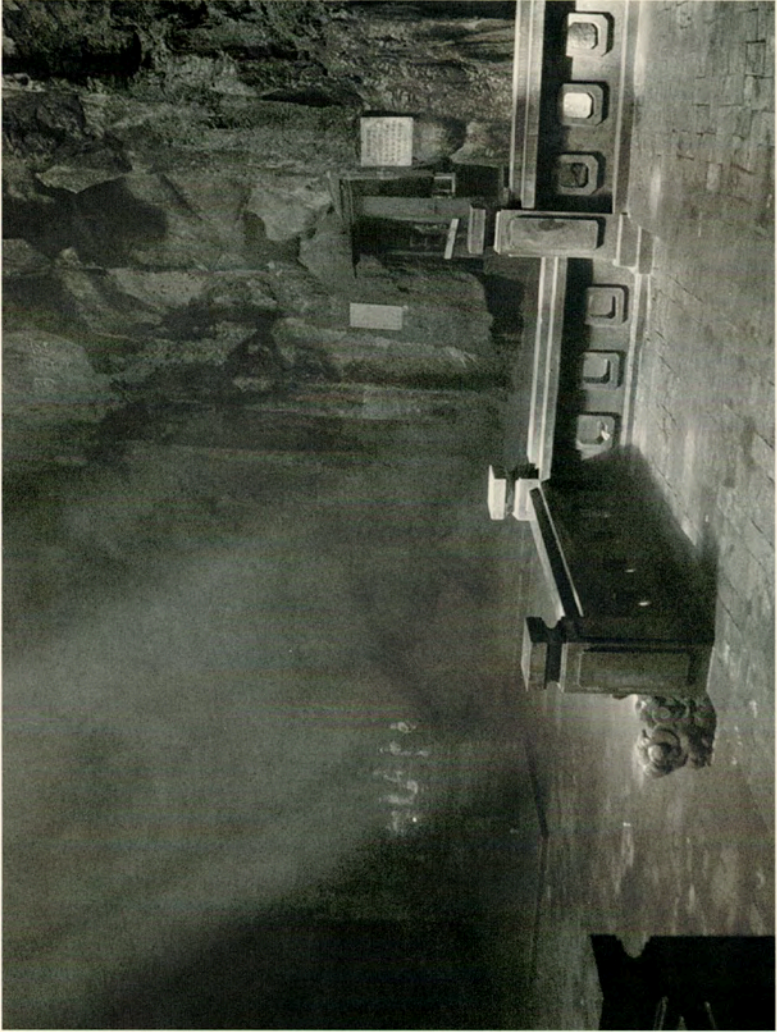
Himeji Castle
Japan
Jenny Moon



Peace Man
Vietnam
Patrick Mahoney



Vietnamese Taxi Drivers
Gwynne Decker



Vietnam Temple
Patrick Mahoney



Snap Shot



*Calzada de los Muertos (Road of the Dead)
Teotihuacan Archeological Site, Mexico
Rebecca Seaman*

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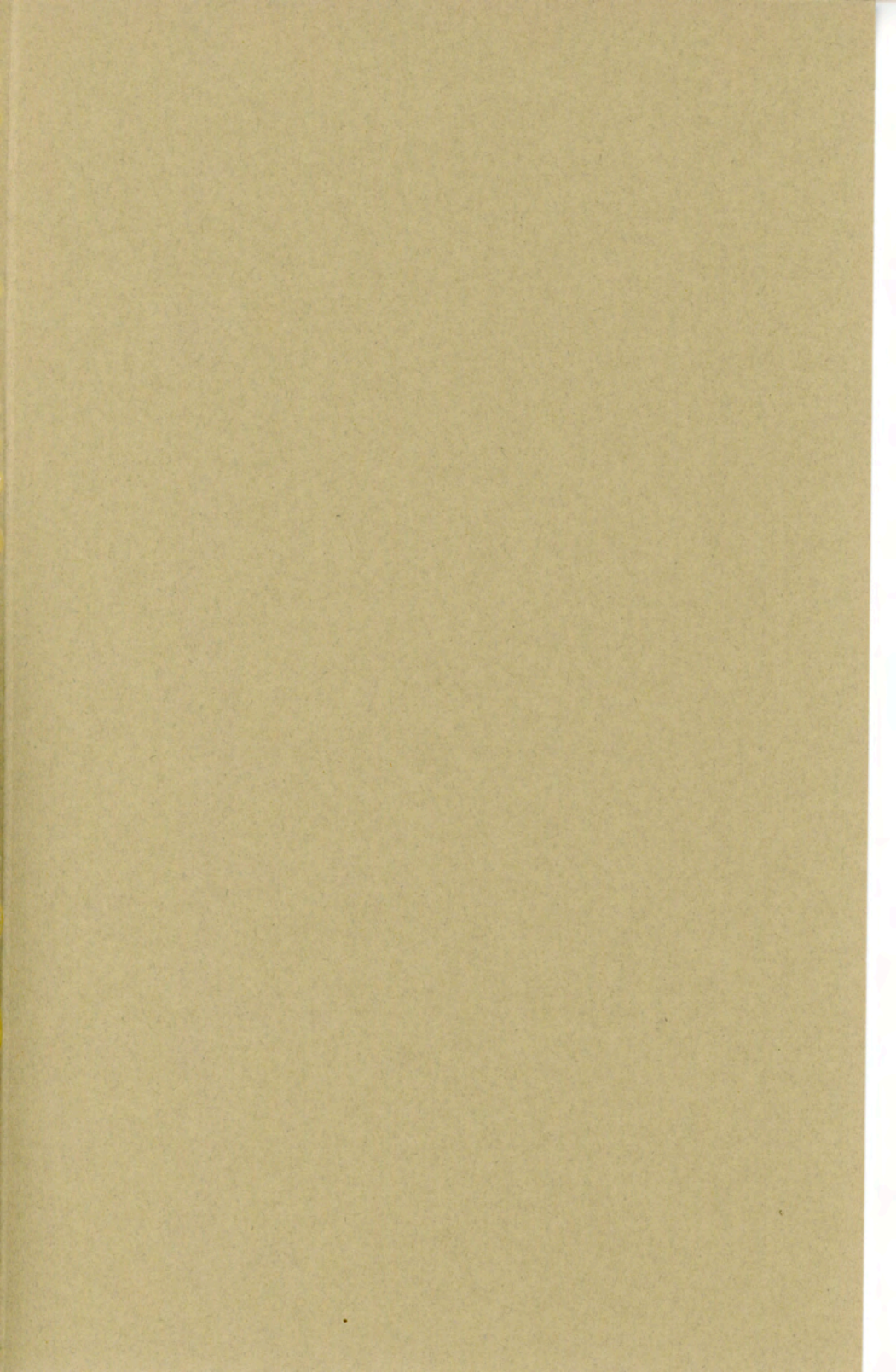
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Thomas D'Agostino, Executive Director
Douglas Reilly, Assistant Director
400 Pulteney Street
Geneva, New York 14456
(315) 781-3788
pge@hws.edu

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Inspiration in Vietnam

Andrea Tehan



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