VIEW THE WORLD IN ART AND PHOTOGRAPHY FROM BOSTON, INDONESIA, THE UNITED ARAB EMIRATES AND MORE

GREEK LIFE: THROUGH THE EYES OF AN INTERNATIONAL SORORITY SISTER

TRAVEL TO SPAIN, ECUADOR, SENEGAL AND HONDURAS THROUGH STUDENT STORIES FROM ABROAD
Untitled, Sara Sarfraz

Chinese Watercolors, Yi-Hwa Hanna
A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS...

Upon starting up this publication and trying to gain submissions, we were somewhat taken aback to find that there had never been a lasting publication exclusively put together with a focus on the international community at Tufts, and life abroad. Yet the idea was met with much enthusiasm, and it is with pride that we are able to present to you this newly founded magazine with contributions from our very own Tufts students, from Pakistan to the USA.

Our mission was to create a forum in which the international community could express their ideas, views and creativity through articles, essays, prose, poetry, artwork, and photography.

It is unfortunate, however, that it is our senior year; we say unfortunate since this means we do not have much time in which we can help our publication develop, grow, and establish a permanent place at Tufts. So, we leave it up to you to help us. We hope for Tufts’ International Geographic to live on as a sub-group of the International Club. Those of you interested in joining the editorial and creative boards of the publication, please contact us at IClub@tufts.edu. There will also be a number of volumes coming out per semester, so anyone who missed out on the chance to contribute to this inaugural issue, do not despair.

A big thank you goes out to the International Center, the International Club, the International Orientation Program, the EPIIC program, and the Office of Programs Abroad for their sponsorship and support, and also to our many contributors who managed to play a part in this publication despite it being the summer holidays.

We hope you enjoy this first edition of our publication; Ladies and Gentlemen, we give you: Tufts’ International Geographic.

Sincerely,
Yi-Hwa Hanna & Laura Reed
Co-Editors
Are you an International Undergraduate Student?

Want to learn about Immigration Updates and Upcoming Events? Have questions about housing, travel, taxes or employment?

Come to the INTERNATIONAL CENTER!

Contact us at:
Tel: 617-627-3458
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Front: Gulf of Nicoya, Costa Rica, by Dave Weber
Back, clockwise from top: Winter at Tufts Medford Campus; Sunrise from South Hall, Marina, Newport RI; Street Scene, Newport RI, The Boston Commons; by Yi-Hwa Hanna.

Special thanks to:
The Tufts University International Center
The International Orientation program
The International Club
The EPIIC Program
AND
The Office of Programs Abroad
for their sponsorship and support.
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Silky Black Slip

she said that
sometimes
words can be worn
like a dress on the truth to
seduce a man’s senses
and at that moment
I wished I had her lying
naked in my arms
so I’d know that her love wasn’t
sliding away with her
silky black slip

Jordan Ecker
The Medford Schools Project

By Mauricio Artiñano and Laura Reed

The Medford Public Schools Project is a new project of the Tufts International Club. The idea behind the project is to have the I-Club reach out to local schools to provide them with the opportunity of hosting an international student to speak to their students about the countries that they are from or that they have visited. After several conversations with Arthur Swanson, the Superintendent of the Medford School system, we decided that the best way of doing the project without interfering with teachers’ lesson plans was to provide them with a list of countries that we could have students talk about and teachers could then contact us when they want a student from a particular country.

It’s an opportunity for the kids to ask questions about the country and a way to interact with a person from another country. So far, more than 50 students from 40 different countries are a part of this project. The project will help increase the global and cultural awareness of elementary students. It is also an indirect way of getting them to start thinking about college. Additionally, it will give Tufts students an opportunity to be involved with the Medford community. The first school visit took place at the end of the spring semester to the McGlynn School, Medford; it was a great success. We hope to build on that this year and have many more visits.

To join this project or for more information, please contact the International Club:

Iclub@tufts.edu,

Or visit our website at:

http://asc.tufts.edu/icleub

Welcome to Tufts!

Have you been involved in AIDS work or research? Are you interested in internships, conferences, or just talking to other students who care about the same issues?

Consider the Tufts HIV and AIDS Collaborative. We meet once per month for a free dinner to discuss current issues and ways to get involved.

See our table at the Student Activities Fair, or contact Jeremy (Judah.Sueker@tufts.edu) for more information.

No experience necessary.
Two years ago, I spent a summer studying in Spain for a month not long before my eighteenth birthday. Ah, the joy of study abroad! I remember feeling radiant, blissful and oh-so-European as I walked to school at 9 a.m., in 42 degree Celsius heat, whilst looking at fifteenth-century architecture (passing the drunks, returning home from the previous night). Although a fabulous collection of photographs remains as proof from that trip, some of my most vivid memories actually involve the colorful bunch of characters I met in transit.

I didn’t meet any Spaniards my age when I was in Spain, simply because most (if not 80%...) of the people who are in Salamanca during the summer are tourists. Of course, I interacted with my host family, my teachers, and classmates (except the Americans) in Spanish. But all of my acquaintances were people who also went to Escuela Internacional or random people I’d meet while sightseeing. Yet I had noted that although I had what-have-you acquaintances from Brazilian to Canadians, I had yet to hear Russian (my own language, spoken at home) in Salamanca. Figuring that compatriots wouldn’t really be found in these here Castilian pits, I somewhat felt unique amongst the American masses because people were automatically interested in my background once I mentioned it, and it was always a source of conversation.

The first time I heard Russian during my trip was in an international wildlife sanctuary, when I traveled on a boat through the river Duero (‘Duero’ in Portuguese), which separates Spain from Portugal. The river runs in a lovely hilly area, and splits two sides of the hilly masses so that traveling south, the left one belongs to Spain and the right one is Portugal’s. Miranda do Douro, a tiny tourist enclave on the riverbank, belongs to the state of Portugal, and this was a Saturday opportunity to explore the unique river wildlife sanctuary and stop by the bitty town for a lunch and coffee break.

Imagine my surprise when, on the boat, I hear, in clear (yet nasal) Russian: “Vanny! Look at that phe-no-me-nal water! Take a picture of me in the front!” If I had been an experienced world traveler then (or at least a little bit more cynical), I would have stayed away, but heck: I was in a super exotic place, and what’s more amusing than hearing your own language somewhere as random as that?

I studied the lady. Everything about her screamed, “tourist!” Wild, strawberry blonde curls with dark brown roots bounced on her shoulders, teased to oblivion, and the shocking magenta of her blouse, contrasting the bright white capris, instantly gave her a “screaming-for-center-stage” look. Her LA-styled, $200-something pair of groovy shades and bright pink lipstick completed the impression, against this natural paradise. How could I not have noticed her immediately? She seemed quite well-adjusted, albeit incredibly flamboyant. The woman spoke to a young man I presumed to be a relative - a son, maybe, or nephew - but later, I found out, had no relation to her whatsoever. Apparently she had met him five minutes before.

The weather was beautiful; even though this was two years ago, I clearly remember the silence and the perfect amount of sunny warmth accentuated by a fresh-flowing river, sans the Bostonian steam-room-type moisture. Our tour guide was a handsome Portuguese boy, probably not too much older than I was; he spoke in some barely comprehensible mix of Portuguese, Spanish, and English. El Duero, the river, was home to some sort of special type of bird (or fish? I don’t remember anymore) that was being protected by natural park services. Our guide led us up a narrow stairway etched in the mountain to a hut that overlooked the periphery of the river. We had to be quiet, he said, so as not to disturb the birds in the area, and we could take turns photographing the view. I decided that at that particular moment, life was kinder, and I felt friendly.

“Excuse me,” I whispered to the woman in Russian, keeping with the whole ‘silence’ thing. “I heard you speaking Russian on the boat. Would you mind taking a picture of me?”

You’d think the poor woman had been stranded in this god-forsaken tropical paradise for years without speaking to a compatriot. In most other instances when you’d try to strike up a conversation with a Russian speaker in some odd locale, you’re likely to get blown off or given that “evaluating” look before you can actually proceed with the conversation. But she practically took me for her long-lost daughter. She took one look at me, grabbed my camera, and started screaming.
"Oh-my-God – my Goodness! It’s so wonderful to hear my language! What’s your name? I’m Sveta! (Okay, I’ll be honest with you, I completely forgot her name the second she told me, but I’ll call her Sveta for the purpose of this story.) I introduced myself, politely, all while keeping my voice down - the birds, damn, the birds! She, snapping the photo, hollered at the top of her lungs: "Here you are! Lovely! Wonderful! Oh, it’s so great here! How interesting, don’t you think? Where are you from? I’m from Ukraine! But I live in New York! I went to Spain for six months to live with my brother who founded a business there!" The curls, it seemed, gave an extra bounce with every exclamation that left her pink mouth.

Alas, the peace of this undisturbed natural habitat was being fervently shattered - by fault of mine - by this piercing Brooklyn/Ukrainian accent, in a tongue that must have sounded foreign in all ways imaginable to the other tourists. The guy who Sveta was addressing before, on the boat, gave me a look that clearly said: "Oh, you’re in for the long one if you talk to her in Russian, you naive little midget!" I smiled awkwardly, returned the wherever-I-from-information, and retrieved my camera. But she kept chattering and chattering, spilling her life story there, on top of a mountain, as though she had never seen a Russian person before.

"Shh! ¡Por favor, the birds!!!" the tour guide gave me a look from Hell, but Sveta was oblivious even as those rare white wings fluttered out of the green mesh above us and up to the flat edge of the mountain. She practically glued herself to my side - curls bouncing, shades shining, Russian spilling - and I knew that I’d be stuck with her from then on.

For your information, Sveta wasn’t very old and did not seem characteristically insane, but an older, bracelet-turning-blond, Ukrainian version of Elle Woods in Legally Blonde. She seemed to be in her thirties, maybe; she was unmarried, did not work, and was just all about having a good time by any and all means. Yet having spent six months in Spain, she knew maybe two words of Spanish and was just in general clueless and full of strangely amusing non sequiturs: "Rita, how do you say this? How about that? Isn’t everyone funny here? Gosh, look at that lady’s hair, can you imagine having long hair like that? You know, there’s a Turkish guy on the bus who’s really interesting - I think his relatives must be some kind of Arabian princess. You know, the Spanish, they are such a passionate people! By the way, where did you learn to speak Spanish? Why aren’t they telling us anything important? This tour was a waste of time! I want my money back! Oooh! Look there! It’s so beautiful! Let me take a picture. No, not here - the other way. [and now, in loud English...]: Excuse me! Excuse me! Foto?! Foto?!

"Yes," I would say. "Yes, the water is great! No, I don’t think it’s a waste of money at all." "I learned Spanish in school, and I live with a Spanish family now for a month..." "Really? Wow. No. You don’t say. Uh-huh. Shhh!" I played along, but we must have been a funny sight: her, a wound-up 30-something Ukrainian lady chattering away in a mix of Anglo-Russian slang, and me, a teenager very intent on squeezing every last bit of culture from my first solitary trip to Europe. Her brightness and unruly curls radiated with attention, while I had tried to blend as much as possible, I thought embarrassingly. If I had met her in Boston or in New York or in Russia, we would never have spoken or thought of each other again, I thought. Only the river, in a small, little-known little border spot of Europe, was to blame for such a funny chance meeting.

To cut to the chase: as soon as the guide parked the boat at the foot of Miranda do Douro, I realized I must get away from this woman for at least a little bit if I want to enjoy the humor of her company ever. A lucky break: as we filed into the village, she latched onto some American lady for a brief moment (having discovered that the latter happened to be wearing the same sunglasses) and I took the opportunity to mesh with some English teens.
and go off semi-casually. I had an ice cream, took some photos at the hilltop, and chatted but I didn't see Sveta until the ride back. I thought I was off free by then.

But luckily, I wasn't. Suddenly, it seemed, as if by magic, the entire bus knew I spoke Russian. "Are you the Russian-American girl?" asked the young lady next to me, and we started talking. She was from Turkey, in Spain with her father, and studying to become a Spanish teacher. "I saw you talking to that lady back there. She has already told half the bus that you speak Russian - there are apparently several of you!" As I smiled awkwardly, someone else shouted "Privet!" from the back - a Polish student. "I see you've met the Ukrainian lady!"

I was used to drifting off to nap on bus rides - especially since I was traveling alone - but I was pleasantly surprised. As annoying as the Ukrainian lady had been, she managed to meet and greet everyone on the bus and to tell everyone about everyone else. Not even speaking the same language as most of the tourists, she managed to annoy and yet intrigue everybody at once.

It turned out there was another Russian girl in the back of the bus - a student from Williams College in Massachusetts, who soon came up and introduced herself, once again, via the Ukrainian lady. Soon, I found myself vividly carrying on a semi-fluent conversation in three languages at the same time (Sveta didn't speak Spanish, someone else didn't speak English, etc.), telling about myself, about where I came from, what I was doing there. (My tongue was quite tired that evening.)

"But where did you learn Spanish?" they asked. At home, do you speak Russian?

I told them about my family and interests and about moving to America, the places I had traveled to, and about how I was applying to universities. People from all different stages in life, who had come on this one day trip from all parts of the world: Turkey, Brazil, Russia, America, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, you-name-it. And for that hour-something bus ride, it seemed, nobody cared that I was just a teenager on summer vacation, and the status quo didn't apply. And I felt comfortable telling about myself to people I'd never see again - no matter how much older or younger my listeners were. We were all international. We were all there to learn about others.

The Ukrainian lady kept chattering, sort of scaring people with her loud mannerisms and clinginess, in Russian or in English. But mostly, she forced me to act as translator/interpreter as others joined in. "Oh, tell them I'm from Ukraine," she whispered to me at one point. "But say it in Spanish." People listened to me intently: I felt interesting, a rarity when it is without strings attached.

Yet Sveta wasn't ashamed of being annoying. That wasn't even in her mode of thinking. Somehow - throughout her constant linguistically-challenged socializing, she had managed to somehow befriend the group and make a name for herself - albeit just "the Ukrainian lady." Ironically, unbeknownst to all of us, she brought that bus together - at least for a matter of two hours.

Of course, this story is not meant to be particularly inspiring or homage to Sveta's ever-chattering-type; rather, it's just an account of what was, in the least, an interesting ride. It certainly wasn't the last; and it wasn't the last time I saw the Ukrainian lady, either.

The following weekend, when I once again boarded a bus alone, en route from Salamanca to Portugal (this time, a thirteen-hour drive to Lisbon), I met an interesting group of twenty-somethings. Somehow I wasn't shocked in the slightest when in mid-conversation with my new friends, I heard my name screamed in Russian from the back of the bus.

I also have her on videotape, as she's screaming, "Privet, Ria! Look at that 'klyoviy' [super-cool] VIEW!! at the top of her lungs, in an Anglo-Russo mixture, on the tower of some medieval castle in Lisbon.

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**I-Cruise 2005**

*Setting Sail October 22nd...*
MOKSHA

Moksha is one of Tufts' newest bands, formed by four Tufts freshman this past year. Moksha is made up of Amod Rajbhandari (classical guitar, backing vocals), Jahn Sood (acoustic guitar, lead vocals), Job Mukkanada (bass) and Ryan Coughlin (percussion, trumpet).

Moksha (the Hindi word for a "spiritual breaking point" and Hindu equivalent to Buddhist nirvana and Sufi fana) is an Experimental Acoustic Latin Groove Orchestra focused on fusing flamenco, traditional Cuban, reggae, and contemporary Mexican, Colombian, Spanish, folk and rock grooves to form a unique and eclectic sound.

Jahn Sood, one of the bands' members says of Moksha "...we had a pretty unique experience with the Tufts international community. Even though we (excepting our lead guitarist, Amod, who is from Nepal) are not international students, because we performed music in Spanish, Nepalese, Hindi, and English, we were invited to perform at a number of events sponsored by internationally oriented clubs at Tufts.

We took part in the Parade of Nations and Culture Fest representing the I-club, the Eid festival for the Muslim Students Association, an event for the Tufts South Asian Students Association, and benefits for Pangea and Tufts Tsunami relief fund, and others. As Moksha, we were welcomed as freshman into the international community at Tufts and exposed to many of the cultures represented.”

Want to know more about Moksha? Check out Moksha online: http://selflessdelicacy.tripod.com/folkon/id6.html

Pictured left to right: Ryan Coughlin, Amod Rajbhandari, Jahn Sood, Job Mukkanada
Today, the 9th of August, my country (Singapore), celebrated for the fortieth time, the day the British, and Malaya, gave up on us. This doesn’t really matter, I mean, I missed the fireworks and didn’t quite mind, but we’re all international students and a certain regard for another’s country of origin is decorum – I thought I’d take advantage.

Usually, this decorum provides for a delightful break from having to muster inventive, clever ways to procure the interest of a cute Asian (that means Indian, too) or dangerously good looking European (that does not mean British), student. Accept the fact that you have a defensively greater chance at snagging him/her before your American counterparts – you have a rough two week head start. Even with the jet lag, those are not bad odds. Writing this, I know I’m inviting some terrific indignant responses, all bolstered by declarations of a sheer interest in the world around you, but we all go to Tufts, that kind of enthusiasm applies to everyone. You’re nothing special.

Nothing special. Do not offend the few amongst you who might be offended by the offense of supposing something as offensive as being special just because you are international. Our systems might grumblingly have to learn how to support dinners too early and too short, some of us might not take well to the inevitable winter (there is warmth beyond October in some lands!), and a few would be able to commiserate over travel made stagnant by an inordinate number of security checks thoughtfully composed for us. But really, you’re nothing special.

There will be $600 phone bills to pay, (I do not wish that upon you, but why should you be any different), and a mild risk (if that is an awkward juxtaposition) of being hospitalized. They might even happen twice, trust me. Mock all you like, Tufts does not sound ambulance sirens on the weekends for your pleasure. Mob mentality will bend you to run naked, once a year, in brisk weather, or cause you to succumb to watching transfixed. I ask on the behalf of those who run, that you allow the former to occur, it is far more liberating, and less discomfitting (not for us, you).

So saying, welcome to the international jumbo experience, first-comers and dual-citizenship bearers alike. As a Singaporean, for whom Tufts was college and America, freshman year was dramatic and the stuff of black comedy (yes, BLACK).

Did you know political correctness is the garters on the underpants of the international body’s collective consciousness?

Come to think of it, this riveting and introspective article has recalled the moment I was gladdest of being an International student - my initiation to a distinct manner of greeting. Nothing stirs that heartfelt pride of being an international jumbo more than kissing Europeans.

Uh, I mean *European kiss.

*Being politically correct for once, it is a form of greeting practiced by Latinos, Arabs and Africans, too.
Hello, my name is Laura and I am an international student. You might think that I go clubbing all the time and spend lots of money, or that I smoke, dress in black Gucci or drive a BMW. You might also think that I never go to class and that I am just not interested. You may believe these, or any one of a number of stereotypes that seem to be indelibly associated with the words “international student” to be true. However, I urge you to take another look at the international student community at Tufts. You just might be surprised.

There are 392 undergraduate international students at Tufts that come from such diverse places as China and Costa Rica; Jamaica and Jordan; Taiwan and Turkey. We represent 68 different countries and nations. It is surprising to me that such a diverse group is often lumped into such a narrow stereotypical category. International students at Tufts are a vibrant group of individuals who are involved in both campus life and student organizations.

International students have particularly distinguished themselves in their community service contributions to charitable organizations and events. In addition, international students are

“International students are all over campus, sitting next to you in class. Get to know us. You do not have to be international in order to be interested in other parts of the world. We invite you to come join us.”

known for organizing numerous cultural awareness events and celebrations. We are particularly renowned for those that display our foods and dancing.

Recent examples of community service include the UNICEF booth, staffed by International Club members at last semester’s Kid’s Day event. Throughout this semester, the Thai Club’s effort, through the organization of the Tsunami Relief Fund, has raised about $13,000 through the sale of T-shirt and raffle tickets. Last semester also saw the foundation of the International Club’s “Medford Schools Project,” an initiative that aims to get Tufts international students to come and talk to local children about their respective countries.

On the cultural front, the weekend before Kid’s Day saw the second annual Culture Fest, held in the campus center. The well-attended event showcased Tufts’ diversity, with food and performances representing the different cultural groups on the Tufts campus, many of whose members are international students. Last semester the ASA (Arab Students’ Association) held a lunchtime patio event outside the campus center, which exhibited Arab culture. The International Club also held its annual Parade of Nations event last semester, which is an evening of cultural dancing and fashion.

International students are also members of “Pangea,” Tufts’ global awareness initiative which is active in raising money for the conflict-torn Darfur region of Sudan, and setting up an internship program to send Tufts students to Uganda to work with refugees. Many international students also take part in the EPIC (Education for Public Inquiry and International Citizenship) and TILIP (Tufts Institute for Leadership and International Perspective) programs.

International students are all over campus, sitting next to you in class. Get to know us. The International Club is a cultural, not political organization, that is open to all Tufts students. You do not have to be international in order to be interested in other parts of the world. We invite you to come join us.

*Material in this article previously printed in the Tufts Daily*
CAPE TOWN
By Jessica Berlin

This past January I had the opportunity to travel to Cape Town, South Africa for the Institute for International Mediation and Conflict Resolution Africa Symposium. For three weeks, fifty other students and young professionals from around the world and I discussed, debated and learned about the dynamics of conflict in sub-Saharan Africa while getting a taste of Cape Town life.

Cape Town is arguably the most “European” place on the entire continent. It is highly developed in its central business district, where numerous expensive hotels and waterfront restaurants cater to the thousands of wealthy vacationers and businesspeople who visit the city each year. Despite this, Cape Town’s apartheid history and its legacies are tangible, living presences in the city. Throughout the apartheid era, Cape Town witnessed destruction, oppression, violence and resistance. Robben Island, the infamous prison where Nelson Mandela, Walter Sisulu, Ahmed Kathrada and other leaders of the South African liberation movement were held captive, lies five miles offshore from the city. As such, on 11 February 1990 Mandela was released and made his first address to the nation from the steps of Cape Town City Hall.

Although the system of apartheid is no more, the divisions it enforced in South African society still exist today. Being in Cape Town showed me firsthand the gross economic disparities I had till then merely read about. Within a two block walk downtown, one can go from a street lined with five-star hotels and expensive restaurants to another stinking of urine, the sidewalks covered in garbage scavenged by rats, where homeless people beg for change, the unemployed hawk anything from sunglasses to Q-tips to candy bars, and children tug on the sleeves of passers-by asking for food. I had never in my life seen such poverty as I saw in South Africa. And there is a grave difference between being aware of poverty’s existence in the world and seeing it firsthand, smelling it, standing a foot away from someone and knowing they will drown in it.

Such was my experience in the Langa Township, a sprawling urban slum of makeshift shacks built of garbage on foundations of racism, crime, unemployment, lack of education and disease on the outskirts of Cape Town, home to tens of thousands of black South Africans. I went there with the other IIMCR delegates for what became an extremely thought-provoking, unsettling, hypocritical and humbling afternoon. Led by a resident of Langa, we walked through a small section of the township. Walking between the dilapidated, tiny homes, the first thing I noticed was flies. Flies buzzing around everywhere, reminding me of the urine and feces I could smell without seeing. Litter everywhere. Adults standing or sitting in doorways eyeing us, some with curiosity, others with indifference, bemusement or anger. Kids running up to us, either laughing and waving eagerly – having long ago learned that rich white tourists are easily charmed into giving money by the bright smiles of poor black children – or stopping at a distance, overcome by shyness, fear or some other emotion.

We played, laughed and talked with these wonderful, adorable kids. But ultimately the time came for us to head back to our beautiful university campus, so that we could discuss how to solve Africa’s problems over a big buffet dinner no one would finish. And as I headed back, all I could picture was these kids, excitement over, heading back to their homes where they live with their whole families in a space half the size of my dorm room. Will that girl go to school someday? Will that boy end up in a gang, or as a victim of one? How many of these children’s parents are dead of AIDS? How many of these kids will die of AIDS themselves, or are already in the process thereof?

Such were the questions that ran bitterly through my mind as I returned to UCT, and continued to fester throughout the rest of the symposium, the journey home, and today here at school whenever I see people throw food away, or think I want a bigger room, or complain about homework. My experiences in South Africa, intellectual and otherwise, added further growth to my ever-changing view of the world. They increased my understanding of African conflict dynamics and passion for social justice, and opened my heart to a continent in dire need and its peoples, who demand not to be forgotten.
Photography

Cyclos in Hanoi, Vietnam

Old San Juan, Puerto Rico
Cove in Halong Bay, Vietnam
Clockwise, beginning with panoramic:

- Hutan Negara (National Park), Bali
- Ubud Temple, Bali
- Hutan Negara (National Park), Bali
- Rice Paddies, Northern Bali
- Ubud Temple, Bali
- Ubud Temple, Bali
- Hutan Negara (National Park), Bali
- Ubud Temple, Bali
Mina A’ Salaam Hotel City (The Harbor of Peace), Jumeirah, Dubai

Camel, Hatta Desert, Dubai

The United Arab Emirates

Jewelry Shop, Blue Souk, Sharjah

Beach Sunset, Jumeirah, Dubai

Portrait of H.H. the late Sheikh Zayed Bin Sultan Al Nahyan, Dubai Heritage Village

Wind Tower, Old Sheikh’s Palace, Dubai Heritage Village
Considering that I aspired to be a couch potato over the summer, working ten hours a day in a smaller-than-your-dorm public hospital in rural Honduras was not exactly my idea of a perfect summer. I wondered what heartless soul decided to come up with the concept of an internship. Nonetheless, my advisor insisted I consider the potential it had to quirk up my resume for medical schools, as well as the academic and personal benefits of the experience.

"I realized that I was learning advanced medical practices that were most likely illegal in most parts of the world for a non-medical school student to be learning."

During the first week of my internship I shadowed Dr. Oviedo, a general medicine practitioner who determined that ninety percent of the patients we saw suffered from Dengue Fever. The symptoms for Dengue Fever are bronchitis, diarrhea, vomiting, lack of appetite, and of course, fever. It is one of the top five causes of death in Central America due to its potential to dehydrate the victim at an unbelievable rate. I questioned Dr. Oviedo's moral values many times as he would demand a 24 hour intravenous treatment for every Dengue Fever patient at the cost of a thousand Lempiras, which was more than most rural patients could afford. I remain apprehensive about the doctor's moral values, but am quite certain about the prevalence of the disease given that I too fell ill and required intravenous treatment.

After recuperating I realized that I did not want to face the moral dilemmas of being a general doctor, therefore I grew very excited when I heard that an American Orthopedic Brigade would be visiting the hospital. Dr. Inestroza, a gynecologist and the director of the hospital, solicited me to translate for the orthopedic surgeries that would be taking place during the brigade. He prepared me by allowing me to scrub-in on six live births and three c-sections, teaching me the laws of sterility in an operation room, and literally walking me through the anatomy and reasoning behind every incision he made. He seemed to love his profession and practiced with such delicacy.

Dr. Inestroza taught me how to suture c-sections, pull out placentas, and how to set up a sterile area for operation, among other things. I realized that I was learning advanced medical practices that were most likely illegal in most parts of the world for a non-medical school student to be learning. When I inquired him about the legal guidelines about what he had taught me he just said he was happy to see a Honduran woman attempting to be a member of the medical field, and teaching me what he knew was the least he could do to help.

The thought of a human being yearning for my success as much as I did consumed me and made me realize that, although my initial motives for committing myself to an internship were callous to say the least, I still had a chance to make the best of my experience. Suddenly the personal connections I had made with many of the doctors and the myriad of medical procedures I learned reinforced my desire to become, not just a doctor, but a good doctor like Dr. Inestroza.

Although an internship does quirk up anybody's resume, my advisor was correct in assuring me that it would also be a life altering experience on a personal and academic level. I hope that everything I learned from Dr. Inestroza will stay with me a lifetime, or at least until I become senile. The truth is that the best experience of my college career thus far has not involved books or classrooms, but it has done much more to motivate me in the pursuit of my goals.
Cyprus:
A Case Study of the Failure and Repercussions of NGO’s and Non-State Actors In Conflict Resolution
By Veronica Adamson

24 hours—that is all it takes to reach the farthest corner of the globe. In this era of increasing global contact, political entities can and must, rely on peaceful negotiations to resolve conflict. It is important for us as student of International relations to recognize the successes, as well as the failures of these international bodies, in order to help them say machines for positive change.

Today countries rely increasingly on multi national organizations and NGO’s to resolve their problems, but they rarely take responsibility for the result of these indirect negotiation. The purpose of the third party in this negotiation is to find an end to the conflict, this often leads to a non workable solution which often causes further conflict. The inability of the UN to reunite Cyprus is a prime example of third party failure in negotiating a workable conflict resolution.

History shows that outside efforts to reunify Cyprus, have repeatedly caused each side to develop a more extreme dominating strategy, while digging their feet in deeper.

The most recent attempt of conflict resolution in Cyprus was a high profile UN proposed plan to reunify the island. This attempt is a perfect example of a third party which rushed to find a solution and overlooked critical historical components of the parties involved in the process.

A prominent journalist and academic who has often compared the Palestinian-Israeli conflict to the Cypriot conflict confided that “the biggest mistake of the EU was to invite Greek-Cypriots unconditionally—nowadays what is the motivation of the Greek side for compromise? It is very likely that it will create the next wave of conflict, perhaps violent.”

“The inability of the UN to reunite Cyprus is a prime example of third party failure in negotiating a workable conflict resolution.”

As a member of the EU, even as only one of perhaps 30 EU members, the Greek Republic of Cyprus could single-handedly block Turkeys accession into the EU.
If the Greek Republic of Cyprus were to block Turkey's accession, many Cypriot academics worry that Turkey, who already has troops in Cyprus, “would respond by in some way raising tension in Cyprus using flyovers, checkpoints, arrests in the North, isolated shootings, and accidents of the green line.”
Going Greek as an International Student
By Diler Erdengiz

Coming to the United States, international students are foreign to many components of American culture. To make things more complex, international students not only have to get used to basic American traditions, they also feel the need to adapt to the culture that American universities and colleges harbor. From being informal with professors to going to class in one’s pajamas, there are many things that startle international students. However, they adapt eventually as a part of their human nature. I know I saw nothing wrong with wearing pajamas to my classes after a few months and by the time second semester came around, I was buying more pajama pants than jeans at the mall.

However, there is one thing that international students feel most foreign to and have a hard time getting used to: The Greek System. The reason why the Greek System seems so alien to international students is because it is a deeply rooted American tradition: something which most international students have had no exposure to (besides American movies that stereotype male fraternity members as beer-drinking and unintelligent “frat-boys”). No matter which American or International school you might have attended in country X, the only way to experience this tradition is by attending an American college or university on American soil. Therefore it alienates and shies such students away from being a part of this system. I am saying these things very matter-of-factly for the simple reason that I have experienced these things myself. I see no problem in generalizing my experience because I have observed other international students feeling the way that I had felt at the time.

Of course as an international student, you are not by any means obligated to absorb American culture or traditions. As a matter of fact, you are entitled to keep your way of doing things as much as a person who has grown up in the United States his whole life. However, becoming involved in Greek life is simply too good to pass up. Its rewards are too many to count and once you realize the benefits, you try to make other people see the Greek System the same way you do. In order to do this, it is important to know what the Greek System really is.

“No matter which American or International school you might have attended in country X, the only way to experience this tradition is by attending an American college or university on American soil.”

The Greek System is composed of Fraternities and Sororities which are associations at American college and universities used to facilitate the social and scholastic wellbeing of the members. The reason why it is called the Greek System is because these social groups are designated by the letters of the Greek alphabet. Besides benefiting their members from various social and scholastic advantages, these groups also benefit their communities by adapting philanthropy and often planning events focusing on their cause. In order to become a member of a fraternity or a sorority an individual becomes involved in a process called rush in which fraternities and sororities actively recruit individuals to visit their houses and experience the Greek system and all it has to offer. Any individual is free to drop out of rush if he decides that rushing a fraternity is not really for him. For those who enjoy the experience, they continue on to other processes which enable them to become a part of the fraternity of their choice.
You are probably wondering why you would want to join such a group. In all honesty, everybody has different reasons, ranging from establishing a secure network of life-long friendships to academic motivation and everything in between. To some of you, this might sound sensible but not really your “thing”. To some of you, this might be exactly what you’re looking for. If it is, do not hesitate to try out the rush period. If you decide that you do not want to continue, you can simply stop rushing and continue with your life as usual. It bears no obligation whatsoever.

Before I made the decision to rush a sorority, I felt uneasy since I wasn’t very accustomed to American traditions and I did not want to feel awkward. I also didn’t know if a sorority would be accepting of an international student since my head was full of an accumulation of stereotypes from past years. However, I felt that I had nothing to lose and decided to give it a shot. And I am glad that I did. When I started to visit the houses and get to know various sisters, I realized how friendly and warm they were towards me. When I told them that I was an international student, they were eager to explain everything to me and expressed their delight at getting to know me. At the end of rush, I felt very happy and satisfied and I was glad that I took such a chance. I recall talking to many of my international friends and hearing them express their regrets about not going through rush simply because they had doubts.

Before, I mentioned that different people have different reasons for rushing a fraternity. For me personally, it was the desire to meet different people and have strong bonds with individuals which I normally would have never talked to. As an international student whose immediate family is far away, the idea of establishing close bonds was very appealing as well. Therefore I went ahead and pushed my doubts aside. The result is that I have a whole sorority full of girls who I am comfortably able to call my sisters. To me, that’s worth taking a chance.

Interning at the Australian Mission to the UN during June and July 2005, working in the Economic and Social Council Chamber on behalf of Australia.

Alexandra Liveris,
Class of 2007
The Talibé: Xaleyi Mbedd
By Trevanna Grenfell

When I arrived in Senegal, I was immediately taught how to say 'How are you?' and 'Until the next time' in Wolof, the dominant language of the region. Why were 'Na nga def?' and 'Ba benceen' deemed equally important by my newfound Senegalese tutors? Because the reality of life in Senegal is that one says 'Ba benceen' to a talibé more often than one says 'How are you?' to a friend.

The talibé (Arabic for disciple) are the boys who are in the process of receiving their Koranic education from a marabout, or religious leader. The marabout is intended to give the boys an education in reading, writing, and memorizing the Qur'an in exchange for labour and/or payment from the children's families at the end of their education. This system has corroded to the point where today the streets of Dakar are choked with talibé of all ages and nationalities, all trying to eke money from passersby to give to their marabout. Walking down the street entails facing a constant barrage of soulful eyes, infected feet, and pleading cries of 'Madame... Monsieur...' As a defense mechanism, I was told that if I did not want to give, I should ignore the tomato-paste can being waved at me and say 'ba benceen', putting the issue off until the next time.

This phrase is indicative of an attitude that is prevalent among the Dakarais, many of whom have explained to me that they feel there is a systematic problem concerning the talibé, but that they do not know what to do about it, and therefore do nothing. Sadly, this lack of initiative has led to an exponentially blossoming number of talibé flooding all corners of Dakar. Currently, there are approximately 100,000 talibé in Dakar alone (as estimated by UNICEF). All of these children are trying to beg enough money to feed and clothe themselves, but there is a limit at which the people of Dakar will not or cannot support them. It appears that the city has reached that invisible barrier. Talibé today are frequently malnourished, scarred from beatings, and without any detectable education.

What keeps driving more and more talibé to Dakar, and what can be done to ameliorate their situation?

In order to understand the current influx of talibé to Dakar, one must first understand the roots of Koranic education and the historical and traditional roles of daara in the practice of Senegalese Islam. Islam came to Senegal in approximately the twelfth century, and was disseminated both by forceful and peaceful evangelism.

It is not surprising that Islam took hold in Senegal, since many of the basic principles of the faith were similar to basic principles already present in Senegalese society. Daara appeared in Senegal soon after the advent of Islam. A necessity in a Muslim country, attendance at a daara is an honour, as the best Muslims are traditionally considered to be those who teach the Qur'an. Hence, a West African boy's greatest goal would be to become a marabout himself, and the first step on this career path is to become a talibé.
De-colonization and post-colonial time in Senegal has been marked by economic crises and a resulting urban sprawl. As families have continually found it impossible to feed and educate their children, they have migrated in thousands to Dakar and other cities, hoping to find work of some kind. Alongside this surge of families, Dakar has seen an accompanying surge of daara. Senegalese parents, like parents across the globe, want their children to be educated and fed, and sometimes it seems to them that the only available way to do both of these things is to send their boys to a city daara.

Senegalese traditions and values are what once regulated and supported marabouts and daara. Before colonization, industrialization, and urban sprawl pushed daara to the cities, they existed as an integral part of rural Senegalese communities. Each daara was operated by a marabout who acted as a spiritual leader for his community as well as a teacher of the children, and if the marabout were lax in fulfilling his duties as teacher, it would be evident to the community as a whole, and parents would confront him about their children's poor education.

What shape can reform take today, if the traditional structures have disappeared? In my opinion, the only way to realistically help the talibé is to enact a campaign of increased community responsibility and structural change. If Senegal could return to its traditional social consciousness in which individuals in a community each other accountable for their actions, then daara which taught nothing to their talibé would be unable to exist. Hence, the first step in helping underprivileged talibé must happen at the grassroots level, with communities giving food to talibé, helping parents who do not have the means to feed their children, and supporting properly functioning daara. However, in addition to an increased awareness in the population, the government and the religious brotherhoods must take responsibility for the hundreds of thousands of malnourished children in Dakar before these children grow up to be an even larger and sadder group of resource-less adults. With adequate funding and a general recognition that modern-day talibé are not upholding the standards of true Koranic education, significant changes could and should be made.

**PANGEA NEEDS YOU!!!**

Want to know more about what **YOU** can do to make a difference in the WORLD?

Then **JOIN PANGEA!!!** Please come to our soon to be announced Fall '05' introductory meeting and **find out more**, all are welcome!

For Further Information Please Contact Matthew Benson At mbsbenson@gmail.com
No Fixed Plans
By Dave Weber

“A good traveler has no fixed plans, and is not intent upon arriving.” The words caught my eye as I flipped through the pages of the pocket-sized copy of the Tao Te Ching that my high school advisor had given me for graduation. In an act that even I was aware seemed to clash with the Costa Rican beach that surrounded me, I underlined the passage in red ink and then closed the book and took a minute to consider the quote. I thought about the many experiences I’d had while traveling in the past. They ran the gamut from the summer after seventh grade when I first ate a fried caterpillar at a street market in Zimbabwe to the countless hours I’d spent sitting on my dusty purple backpack in grimy bus depots around Latin America. However, one memory in particular stood out from the rest. I had spent half of the previous summer in Ecuador on a community service/adventure program, and, some time roughly halfway through the trip, I found myself on an excursion into the Andean foothills that remains one of my most vivid traveling experiences.

Our home stay in the small village of Nuevo Porvenir was nearing its end after a little more than two and half weeks. The fruit of my group’s labors was evident in the substantial new salon communal (community center) that sat where there had only been a crude excavation in the sticky orange dirt when we arrived. Looking up at it from the wheelbarrow I had occupied for lack of a more comfortable seat, I examined the building’s facade: a severe composition of cement blocks void of any decoration at all. The windows were nothing more than gaping holes in the masonry, which afforded a shadowy vista of the unaltered, concrete interior. The shiny new cement floor mirrored the cloudy sky overhead as well as any paddle might have. The sound of children, muffled slightly by the humidity, floated down from the schoolyard above and to the left of the worksite. From time to time a child’s head, crowned with a newly painted paper mache mask, would pop over the crest of the embankment and then dip back down as quickly as it had appeared. Those members of my group who had decided to help out at the school were obviously having more fun than the handful of us who stayed at the worksite hoping to get the finishing touches out of the way. Unfortunately, those building tasks that remained to be done had been delayed by missing materials or quarrels among the foremen regarding miniscule details of the design.

“This is going nowhere,” I thought to myself as I started drawing crude figures in the condensation on my water bottle. I had just begun contemplating a short nap in the relatively lavish comfort of my wheelbarrow when Arturo, our group leader, came strolling out of the building towards me. He was wearing the same threadbare, purple and blue tie-dyed t-shirt he’d been wearing for the past week along with an equally worn pair of khaki’s, which were riddled with holes of different shapes and sizes and streaked with orange dirt. He had the same black hair, native features, and bronze complexion of our hosts, but his handmade, full-grain leather, hiking boots gave away his American half. As he approached, I wondered if he’d pick me up and drive me around to awaken me from my boredom. Instead, he asked me if I’d like to go with him to buy paint for a mural. I sat bolt upright and leapt out of the wheelbarrow.

“Absolutely!” I replied. Not only would this trip provide the materials necessary to make progress on what had become a very stagnant project, it also meant the opportunity to make a phone call from the pay phone in Moraspungo. I could practically hear my girlfriend’s voice as I gathered my water bottle, work gloves, and pocketknife and tossed them into my backpack. In the meantime, Arturo had disappeared back into the building in search of someone to drive us. Minutes later he returned with one of the men who had been busy installing the wires for electricity in the rafters.

“This is going nowhere,’ I thought to myself as I started drawing crude figures in the condensation on my water bottle.”

Together we walked down the road to the Pulperia where his car was parked. It was a royal blue Mitsubishi, but, as was the case with many of the cars in Ecuador, it was a model they didn’t sell in the U.S. I tossed my bag through one of the open windows before heading into the store to buy a Coke and a snack. While I waited for Arturo to return from his room in the owner’s house above the store, I sat in the hammock and savored the caustic, bubbly refreshment of the soda.
Long before, perhaps on my trip to Zimbabwe, I had discovered the magic of third world Coca-Cola. It is vastly superior to the beverage bearing the same name in the U.S. Whether this is due to some different ratio in the mixture of syrup and soda water or to the presence of the ingredient to which it owes its name, I don’t really know. Regardless, the fact is that when a person pulls a heavy, worn glass bottle of the dark elixir from an icebox and pops the top off in exchange for about twenty-five cents of your pocket change, you can’t imagine it tasting anything but wonderful. Once your lips touch the bottle it’s almost impossible to take less than three long gulps despite your common sense telling you that it’s gonna burn. You just keep swallowing until it becomes unbearable, at which point you pause to wipe the tears from your eyes and let fly exactly the same “AHhhhh!” that has become the staple of Coca-Cola’s ads.

Once I had finished my soda and cookies, I returned the bottle to the Señora behind the counter and walked back out to the car reenergized and anxious for a change of scenery.

A moment later we were rattling down the dirt road heading toward Moraspungo, the next town up in the provincial hierarchy. The sensation of speed, the breeze in my face as we drove along, brought welcome relief from the standstill boredom of Nuevo Porvenir. For a time, I listened to Arturo’s conversation with the driver as they chatted about recent soccer matches and the building project. Gesturing in my direction, the driver joked about whorehouses in Moraspungo and opportunities too good for me to pass up. I thought about Kelli. A trace of her perfume crept through my memory, as banana trees and stray roosters whizzed past on the side of the road.

At each intersection we passed through, groups of school children stood in clusters waiting for trucks or buses headed towards their homes. The girls wore knee-high black socks, navy skirts and sky-blue blouses buttoned to varying degrees. As we drove past, they invariably stared at me, turned, giggled and then stared again as if to soak up the fleeting image of a redheaded American with their expansive dark eyes. I felt like a rare animal in a circus parade.

Along the way we crossed numerous small bridges, each one consisting of little more than two planks buried in the dirt on either side of a stream. In the U.S., I might have questioned the safety of these crossings, but in Ecuador I felt oddly comfortable each time we rolled across and the planks creaked under the weight of the car. Hibiscus shrubs eight feet tall blossomed at random and Birds of Paradise appeared in the dense roadside foliage, exploding from their stems like open pairs of fluorescent scissors. Traffic gradually increased as we approached Moraspungo. Hulking buses loaded with passengers returning home and trucks carrying cows and pigs cluttered past accompanied by a badly tuned orchestra of terminally worn shock absorbers, rusty metal, and punctured if not nonexistent exhaust pipes.

“Long before, perhaps on my trip to Zimbabwe, I had discovered the magic of third world Coca-Cola. It is vastly superior to the beverage bearing the same name in the U.S. Whether this is due to some different ratio in the mixture of syrup and soda water or to the presence of the ingredient to which it owes its name, I don’t really know.”

Once we reached Moraspungo, our driver dropped us off in front of the hardware store. I immediately ran across the street to the phone company building. Before I even reached the door, my spirits sank. A small red "closed" sign hung behind the dark glass of the storefront. Why the store was closed I had no idea. It was a shade after two in the afternoon and people busied around the street doing errands in all of the other shops. My confusion and disappointment must have been evident as I walked into the hardware store to find Arturo. He was having similar bad luck. Although the store had all of the colors necessary for the interior mural, we could not buy enough of one shade of green paint to cover the whole front façade and it was not at all in the interest of our group to lend the new building a military look by mixing different greens. What should have been a relaxing and productive break from the standstill that gripped the worksite was rapidly becoming an extension of the same phenomenon.

While Arturo worked on a strategy, I checked out the different machetes, which were arranged in short barrels next to the door. They ranged in length from about eight inches to almost two and a half feet. Having watched the men in my village use different machetes for everything from dig-
ging holes for new coffee plants to carefully trimming pieces of lumber at the worksite, there was no souvenir I wanted to bring home more.

I slid one of the large ones back into the bucket and turned to see a small man with a bushy handlebar mustache walk into the store and ask the clerk for some rope. Before pointing him in the right direction, the clerk asked him a question I couldn’t make out perfectly but which seemed to have to do with him giving us a ride somewhere to buy more paint. Arturo explained our predicament and introduced me. He shook our hands and, rope in hand, motioned for us to follow him.

The three of us left the store and walked a block or so down the street to a battered little red pickup truck parked in front of a woodworking shop. The pungent smell of tropical hardwoods wafted out the front door and reminded me of my dad’s workshop in the basement at home. Outside, freshly varnished doors rested against the wall to dry. Our new guide motioned for us to come in and help him. Once inside, I shrank at the sight of the neatly stacked coffins that sat next to the door. The man flexed his muscles and pointed at me. His mustache framed a less than complete set of teeth as he grinned at me. I looked at Arturo and mouthed the words “You’ve got to be joking!” at him. He smiled and shrugged.

A few minutes later, we loaded the last of eight glistening caskets onto the back of the man’s truck and tied them down tightly with the green nylon twine he had just purchased in the hardware store. The man told Arturo to hop into the front seat of the tiny Japanese pickup and pointed me towards the makeshift wooden luggage rack that sat atop the truck’s cab. I smiled and thought to myself “Hell yeah, I could never do this at home.” I looked to Arturo for his approval, which he nodded back at me after what seemed like refreshingly little consideration of the possible consequences.

I stepped up onto the side of the truck bed and paused when a small bumper sticker on the back window caught my eye. It read, “Jesus es mi copilota.” “Well, that’s good to hear,” I thought as I climbed aboard. I had had plenty of hair-raising driving experiences in Latin America before and was accustomed to putting my life into drivers’ hands. Apparently, in this case, I could trust not only my driver, but the Almighty himself to get me from point A to point B safely. The edges of the crate were no more than five inches tall and it couldn’t have been much more than eighteen or twenty inches from front to back.

Sitting there, my heels resting in the groove between the roof and the windshield, I felt like a stagecoach driver. As we rolled out of Mompuno, each lump and pot hole in the road produced a corresponding creak from the coffins stacked behind me.

Bumper sticker aside, I couldn’t help but imagine what it might look like if we crashed, I’d go flying through the air, a flock of soaring coffins trailing only feet behind me. The irony of the situation was almost too much for me to bear and I wondered whether I’d ever tell my mom about it when I got home.

We began climbing up into the mountains, and, looking down from my perch, I saw the earth drop away into an abyss so steeply I couldn’t see the outer edge of the road without hanging my head clear over the side of the truck. I sat on my raincoat for a while in an effort to add an element of civility to my harsh seating arrangement. It was unsuccessful and, as a result, my spine received all the pampering an amateur chiropractor might have provided. I shifted positions often to appease different parts of my body, thus rationing out the bumps more or less evenly. On the brighter side of things, I wasn’t crammed into the cab between Arturo and our pungent driver and I had an uninhibited view of the countryside on all sides.

We passed more groups of schoolchildren, who stared at me even more intently than the previous ones. Apparently, they had never seen a foreigner, never mind a foreigner who appeared to be jockeying a truck full of coffins down their road, his red hair blown into a raging inferno by the wind. One little boy who was playing with a toy car in the ditch by the side of the road stopped what he was doing as we approached.
and stared, mouth agape at me. I smiled and waved as we drew close, at which point he promptly spun around and, leaving his car behind, ran into his house. I imagine he was either convinced he'd seen the Devil himself or that he was so jealous of my barbaric hairdo that he wanted to get to work duplicating it as fast as possible.

After a couple of hours, we passed fewer and fewer people and the road began to climb more steeply. In the fading daylight I saw the soaring peaks of the Andes rise ahead of us in the distance as the valleys fell away behind us in great, wavy sheets of green and brown.

Arturo called out the window and pointed ahead to a small town visible across a valley in the distance. It was our destination and, had we been able to travel as the crow flies, it would probably have taken little more than half an hour to reach. However, our journey was governed by the meandering road, which dipped into and climbed out of valleys following what seemed like a never-ending chain of sweeping curves. When we did arrive I hardly noticed. The dirt road blended into the cobblestone streets of the tiny town, which seemed to appear magically as we rounded a blind curve in the road. The central plaza was similar to most Ecuadorian towns I had seen. A simple white church, built in the Spanish colonial style, served as the anchor for the plaza, bordered on three sides by small shops. We came to a halt in front of one such store and, although thankful for the opportunity to stretch my soundly sleeping legs and explore the nearby bakery, I was disappointed that my time atop the truck had come to an end. Sure enough, nothing catastrophic had happened en route and I had enjoyed the Andean scenery immensely. Positioned in the small cargo box, I had attracted a great amount of attention. I'm sure I was as much of a spectacle to them as they were to me. Perhaps when they saw me, the people we passed had wondered what I was doing there speeding along atop a truckload of coffins.

A year later, as I sat on the beach in Costa Rica, I realized how I might have answered that question, had they asked me. "I'm traveling," I would have said. After all, vacations are about itineraries and carefully planned pleasures, not traveling. Traveling, it seems, is about embracing whatever you come across and, conversely, whatever comes across you.

You Club? I-Club!

The International Club at Tufts University aims to promote foreign culture on the Tufts campus and beyond.

As well as events like the I-Cruise, Intercultural Week, and the Parade of Nations, we also work with groups like UNICEF to support charity. Other exciting new projects of ours include The Medford Schools Project and Tufts International Geographic.

We have exciting new ideas for the upcoming year, and want YOU to help us expand our range of events.

Sign up at the Activities Fair, and come see what we're all about at our first meeting of the year:
Monday, September 12th 2005, 10PM @ Pearson 106

Contact us: IClub@tufts.edu
Website: http://ase.tufts.edu/iclub
A Moment I Will Never Forget

By Sara Sarfraz

I remember looking down from the balcony with my grandfather.
Onto the green grass that seemed eternal, and the flowers that were unspeakably beautiful.
There he stood in a crisp shalwar-chemise.
My jet-black hair flowing with the wind. I leaned on the rim carefully gazing below.
Prudently, so the sight would not overpower me.
My grandfather would open his hand and in it something pleasant—candy.
I would chomp it down, and he would watch me with a warm smile gently spreading across his face.
Placing his finger on his lip, my nana would tease, "Don't tell your mother, you know what she will say."
The pleasant breeze would sweep through again, but this time I could smell the flowers that lay below us.
The trees would rustle and dance.
After a while we both would retire to our rocking chairs on the balcony.
He would be calm and I would be squirming like a worm.
Birds would be chirping with many butterflies fluttering about.
Finally, I would calm down, astounded by the beauty of nature.
The sight was remarkably fairytale like—it was a beautiful poem.
The sun would appear from behind the clouds, peaking through the trees; I would be wrapped in a blanket of heat as we both would sit there rocking back and forth until sunset.

Every summer when the flowers were bloomed and blown, I would return to the warm smile and the sparkling eyes of my grandfather.
Once, again we would repeat the warm days by nature.

In the memory of my grandfather.
A three-day program prior to All-University Orientation, I.O. has been welcoming incoming international students to the Tufts community for over 20 years now. Not only do first-year and transfer international students attend the program, but also international students who are on U.S. visas, U.S. permanent residents, students from Puerto Rico, Guam, and the U.S. Virgin Islands, American students who have been living overseas, and small group of Americans from across the U.S. interested in International Relations and from the Boston area.

I.O. promotes the idea of an intercultural community where members feel connected to one another.

Tufts International Geographic would like to introduce you the 23 upperclassmen selected as this year’s Host Advisors, and would like to thank everyone involved with I.O. since this inaugural issue could not have come out with the support of the program.

First Row (Left to Right): Jasmine Watson (USA - Maine), Kimon Angelopoulos (Greece, Iran & Switzerland), Yi-Hwa Hanna - Coordinator (Taiwan, Lebanon & UAE), Priscilla Alvarez (Puerto Rico & Dominican Republic), Marie Delnord (France, Togo)

Second Row (Hanging Left to Right): Jaime Roua (Puerto Rico), Aaron Rosenberg (USA - New Jersey), Carlo Jacob (Trinidad & Tobago)

Third Row (Left to Right): Mark Sy (Hong Kong & Canada), Laura Reed - Coordinator (Australia), Daniel Beja (Mexico), Cristina Lara (Costa Rica), William Glass (USA & Singapore), Wagatwe Wanjuki (Kenya, Bahamas), Bruti Anteneh (Ethiopia & USA), Yildiz Behar (Turkey), Jessica Tang (Hong Kong), Amanda Sung (Taiwan)

Fourth Row (Left to Right): Sani Karum (Palestine & all over the Middle East), Charles Hotimsky (Belgium & UK), Isidoros Passadis (Greece), Dina Irum (Saudi Arabia & Jordan), Alexander Paunov (Bulgaria)

Not Pictured: Vijayalaxmi Kesavan (Singapore & India), Raul Arroyo-Mendoza (Mexico & USA)
Veronica Adamson is a junior majoring in International Relations. She is an American student and has lived in France for many years.

Mauricio Artiñano is a senior from Costa Rica majoring in International Relations. He is the treasurer of the I-Club, and is a very active member of the Tufts community.

Jessica Berlin is a senior from Seattle, Washington majoring in International Relations and Peace and Justice Studies. She traveled to Cape Town as a member of last year's EPIIC program, “Oil and Water.”

Jordan Ecker is a junior currently studying toward a degree in Physics. He is interested in the sciences, but also hopes to someday publish an anthology of poems. After graduation, he plans to move to South America, live a life as a fisherman, and enjoy every sunset.

Diler Erdengiz is a sophomore from the Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus and she permanently resides in Nicosia, Cyprus. She is an International Relations major and plans on focusing on Peace and Justice Studies in the near future. She is currently a sister in Alpha Phi and hopes that many international students will be encouraged by her experience and decide to take a chance with the Greek system.

Trevanna Grenfell is a senior from Maine and Massachusetts majoring in International Relations and French. She spent the past year living in Dakar, Senegal and doing volunteer work.

Yi-Hwa Hanna is a senior studying French and Economics. She is half Taiwanese, half Lebanese, and was raised in the United Arab Emirates. She coordinated I.O. this year, and is president of the I-Club. She loves art in all its forms and hopes to pursue a career at the crossroads of business and fashion.

Vijaylaxmi Kesavan is a sophomore from Singapore and of Indian ethnicity. She is majoring in International Relations and English (although she is not sure yet). Other than saying the wrong thing, she enjoys writing and performing, and is a member of the I-Club.

Alexandra Liveris is a sophomore from Australia, majoring in International Relations and History. She interned for the summer with the United Nations Economic and Social Council Chamber.

Laura Reed is a senior from Australia, majoring in International Relations and Environmental Sciences. She coordinated I.O. this year, and is vice-president of the I-Club.

Rita Reznikova is a sophomore from Russia majoring in International Relations and minoring in Mass Media/Communications. She studied in Spain the summer before her senior year of high school, and plans to return there for her junior year of college.

Marta Sandres is a junior from Honduras, living in Massachusetts. She is a pre-med student, majoring in Biological Sciences. She spent the summer interning and translating in a Honduran hospital.

Sara Sarfraz is a senior from Pakistan majoring in International Relations and Middle Eastern Studies. Her art expresses ideas developed through living in Saudi Arabia, Pakistan and Oklahoma. She plans to take over the world one day.

Jahn Sood is a sophomore from Massachusetts majoring in International Relations and Religious Studies. He is one of the founding members of Moksha.

Dave Weber is a senior from Massachusetts, majoring in Peace and Justice Studies. He loves to travel, cook, and build furniture. After graduation, he hopes to pursue a career in writing; however, he currently has no fixed plans.

A Special Thank You goes out to Mark Sy for his invaluable suggestion to begin an International Publication, and to Dave Weber for his help editing the magazine.
New England