# Table of Contents

## Alumni Profiles

2  Keeping Up with the Jones’ Director  
   Neil Byrne  
7  The Early Years  
   Barbara Blough, as told to Dave Norman

## Creative Writing

5  Mermaid  
   Justin Carrino  
17  I Don’t  
   Craig M. Tiede  
17  [untitled]  
   Matt Duques  
18  Reflections on Rwanda, Alisha Laramee

## Faculty Profiles

3  Meet Dr. Amy Allen  
   Dave Norman  
13  Meet Dr. Phyllis Katz  
   Dave Norman  
26  Barbara Kreiger  
   Joan Kersey ’96

## MALS Today

9  How to Get Published  
   Alisha Laramee  
10  Tyler Harmon: A Former Jet Mechanic with a Passion for Travel  
   Michael Beahan ’97  
12  Oral History: To Fill the Silences  
   Meghan Julian  
15  MALS Pals Pack a Punch at Quiz Night  
   Marin Sardy  
16  The Curse II: Quiz Night, Divine Wrath, and (Who Else?) the Sox  
   Marin Sardy  
19  Bridging Dartmouth Through Rediscovery  
   Erik Lambert  
23  Once a Panther, Always a Panther  
   Ryan Ulrich  
25  Humanity Rules at the Poster Session  
   Vernita Irvin

## In This Issue

11  Spring 2005 New Students  
27  The Subtle Implications of the Fab Five  
   Kylo-Patrick Hart  
29  2005 Thesis Abstracts  
35  MALS 2005 Spring Social

## Student Profiles

4  Nermina Zildzo ’05, Art Historian & Filmmaker  
   Nancy Silliman ’95, MALS ’96  
21  Far From Home  
   Laura Rollison

## Program Administration

Donald E. Pease, Ph.D. Chair  
Wole Ojurongbe, Administrator  
Tyler Harmon, Administrative Assistant

Special thanks to all our contributors for their patience, effort, creativity, and, most importantly, their time.

Minerva Garcia  
Meghan Julian  
MALS Quarterly Editors

Cover Photograph by Thomas Neeley
World traveler, marathon runner, outdoorsman, creative writer, archivist, director of the Jones Media Center, MALS alumnus… these are just a few of the ways a person can describe Michael J. Beahan.

Michael came to Dartmouth in 1992 after working as the Director of Media Services at Princeton University. In addition to the job opportunity, Michael was attracted to Dartmouth for other reasons. After living in suburban Philadelphia, Dartmouth’s rural location “sounded like a great place… with a lot of outdoor activities.” The MALS program also helped draw Michael to the Upper Valley. He had taken graduate courses at Princeton, but said one of the “appealing aspects of Dartmouth was the MALS program – it was great – I could get a master’s degree going part-time and working full-time.”

One of the “appealing aspects of Dartmouth was the MALS program - it was great - I could get a master’s degree going part-time and working full-time.”

During his MALS career, Michael focused on creative writing, working with Don Pease, Barbara Krieger and Allen Lelchuk, among other professors. Michael’s thesis was a non-fiction “New Yorker type” profile of Richard Landis, an outdoorsman and modern day renaissance man. Though he completed his MALS degree in June of 1997, Michael has continued to be proactive in the Dartmouth community, and especially with MALS, serving as president of the MALS Alumni Council since 1999. He is also the Vice Chair of the Arts and Sciences Graduate Alumni Association, and was a member of the War and Peace Studies Steering Committee.

Michael also contributes to the MALS and greater Dartmouth communities through his work as director of the Jones Media Center. He managed the program that designed, built and incorporated SMART technology into the College’s classrooms, to which he gives his MALS classes credit for allowing him to get into the classrooms and meet faculty and students. Michael says his MALS classes allowed him to see “what it was like for people teaching, the spaces, and what they were interested in using,” which enabled him to effectively integrate technology into Dartmouth’s classrooms.

While many students only utilize the opportunity to check out DVDs from the Jones Media Center’s extensive film collection, it is a complete multimedia center that is able to provide numerous services to students and faculty. Besides its DVD and VHS collection, it also holds microform and numerous other technological formats. Much of the equipment is state of the art, but the Jones Media Center is also capable of playing outdated media recordings. For example, it has two wire players, as well as wire recordings of notable people, such as Robert Frost. Some of Jones Media Center’s more advanced equipment includes firewire hard drives, still cameras, digital camcorders and accessories, all of which are available for student use via a loan program. Moreover, the Jones Media Center offers both individual assistance to patrons and workshops every Tuesday for people interested in improving their technological capabilities.

In addition to overseeing the various services offered by the Jones Media Center, as the Director, Michael performs various other duties. For example, he has assisted a PBS documentary film crew in finding rare footage of José Clemente Orozco working on “An Epic of American Civilization,” the frescoes in Baker Library. He has also discovered some of the library’s valuable, but forgotten, holdings. Michael recently found recordings of a series of lectures given by Michel Foucault at Dartmouth. Foucault’s lectures had been recorded (Continued on page 28)
Meet Dr. Amy Allen
By Dave Norman

Dr. Amy Allen brings life to the classroom, and a studied perspective on philosophy and women’s issues to the MALS experience.

Dr. Amy Allen brings a strong philosophical background to bear on her women’s studies and philosophy classes for Dartmouth’s Philosophy Department and the MALS program. She is an Associate Professor of Philosophy and Women’s and Gender Studies, with professional interests in Contemporary Continental Philosophy and Social and Political Theory as well. If you detect a note of flair in her classroom presence, it comes from her study of theater at New York University’s Tisch School of the Arts and her involvement in community theater with the Parish Players. Combined, her classroom presence and professional background deliver captivating commentary on the interrelationships of gender, politics, and sexuality in modern life.

Flair in her classroom presence comes from her study of theater at the Tisch School of the Arts.

After a year pursuing acting at the Tisch School of Arts, Amy transferred to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, where she developed her interest in philosophy into a university degree. Taking the encouragement of a professor, she pursued her Ph.D. directly. “If he hadn’t suggested to me that I should consider graduate school,” she joked with MALS Quarterly, “I would have ended up a lawyer.” She worked during her schooling at “several lousy waitressing jobs,” but her true professional love has always been academia.

Her feet first traversed the hallowed Dartmouth Green in 1995, when she came to campus for a summer conference. “I loved it,” she said, “the college, the beauty of the natural setting, everything.” Two years later a position for Visiting Professor of Philosophy came available and she applied for it straightaway. “When, much to my surprise, I was offered the position, I accepted it immediately, and the rest is history.”

Dr. Allen taught her first MALS course seven years later: “Norms and Normalization: The Theory and Practice of Social Control,” a team-taught course with Denise Anthony of the Sociology department. She smiles at the memory, saying “it was a great experience. It was such a pleasure getting to know the MALS students, who come from such varied and interesting backgrounds.” Several students approached Dr. Allen with their theses and independent studies, affording her the opportunity to work one-on-one with the MALS student community.

“Working with students to help them define a thesis project and work through the various stages necessary to complete a thesis is one of the most rewarding and challenging aspects of my association with MALS,” she said. “The process - from defining a topic to completing the thesis - can be daunting... It is a challenge to help them work through that, but so rewarding when they have been successful at it.”


On top of her classes, advisory roles with students, and work on her second book, Dr. Allen finds time to work with the Parish Players theater group in Thetford, Vermont. “I’ve done some performing and some production work,” she explained, “and also served on the board of directors for a while (two years). It has been a lot of fun, and a great way to get to know people in the upper valley beyond the world of Dartmouth.” With her time at a premium, she has had to withdraw slightly from the Parish Players’ schedule to focus on her work, and life as a mother.

Married to Chris Leazier, Amy is the mother of Clark (age 8), Oliver (5), and Isabelle (2 1/2). They live in Norwich, from where she and Chris each commute across the river to campus. Chris works as the assistant women’s basketball coach for the Dartmouth Big Green Basketball team.
Nermina Zildzo, a native of Sarajevo, Bosnia, first came to the United States in 1995, to attend an International Conference on Violence Against Women. A former curator of the National Museum in Sarajevo, she entered the MALS program to "learn new skills in order to save her old skills as an art historian." Nermina, who graduates this June, produced a documentary film for her MALS thesis entitled: "Forget Sarajevo," which is a depiction of the Bosnian War (1992-1995) and its aftermath.

Nermina’s film was her “attempt to interrupt the vicious circle of loss - and ultimately, the loss of curiosity. It is also an attempt to regain some measure of control in my life by taking a camera in my hand - instead of dying in front of it, as we Bosnians, unfortunately, did for years.”

“We art historians worked feverishly to save Bosnia’s art treasures, imagining that we could prevent the destruction of our culture - of us,” she narrates in her film. Nermina used inserts in her film from a combination of artists’ works, including “Un jour dans la mort de Sarajevo” (“A Day in the Death of Sarajevo”) by Bernard-Henry Levy, as well as some personal video footage of journalist Vally Diallo, to illustrate life in Sarajevo under siege at the start of the war in 1992.

Nermina also interviewed Bosnian artists Alma Suljevic, who still lives in Sarajevo, and also Kemal Hadzic, a colleague of hers from Sarajevo now living in Arizona. In Nermina’s MALS thesis proposal she writes about the interview with Suljevic: “Fragments of our conversations mirror the different parts of my struggle in post-war reality.” She “identifies with Suljevic’s courageous statement related to her art performance, Holy Warrior, especially when Suljevic declares: ‘I don’t want to be a victim - I want to be a subject ... I want in any possible way, with everything I think, feel and know to confront the world.’”

Nermina, who works at Dartmouth Baker Berry Circulation Desk, courageously continues to confront the world and its reality. She states that her ambition for the future is to produce a video archive on Bosnian Refugees. It is evident that her producing her powerful film, as a testimony to the ravages of war, is only the beginning as she continues her career not only as an art historian who has honed her skills in the MALS Program, but also as a respected filmmaker.
You sit cross-legged on the scratchy brown carpeting in the apartment you are now told is home. The milk in the red bowl resting in the crotch of your plaid pajama pants slowly turns brown as the coating from the Count Chocula melts. You are waiting for just the right shade for maximum flavor. This patience is new, something that wouldn’t have happened a year ago. On the television, Archibald Asparagus is screeching about some boring Bible lesson, but it’s seven-fifty-five, so he’ll be quiet soon.

Next, the Zoid Blitz team will continue its battle for domination. You are taking full advantage of the only time each week you have control over the apartment.

Down the hall, a shower starts up, and you hear water running through the pipes in the wall. Your mom is the only other person in the apartment. The guy that came in with her after the babysitter put you to bed left before the sun came up. You’ve never met him, although you know his first name: Chet. Chet the Cheetah. She thinks you’re still a sound sleeper; you’ll keep it to yourself. You like to lie on your back and count the pale green stars on your bedroom ceiling. Fifty-three. You can hear everything in this place. It isn’t like the old house with its yard and basement, a thousand different corners to build forts and play make believe.

“Morning, tiger. I see you already got breakfast,” she says, messing the sandy hair on your evading head as she heads into the kitchen. “That stuff is so bad for you,” she mutters.

The battle starts to heat up, with the Zabers team conspiring with a new robot they’re paying to be on their side. Even so, you’re pretty sure none of the other Zoids are going to beat the Blitz team this week either.

“Katie said you were good last night. Did you have fun?”

A shrug. The ugly metal sound comes from the kitchen as she grinds the coffee. As usual, she looks a bit worn out, black eye circles matching the stuff she is pouring into the paper filter. You try to remember the long ponytail she used to have, but can’t really picture it. She is wearing the blue plush robe he gave to her that last Christmas. Her bright red nails blend in with the coffee mug she’s pouring cream into.

“Chatty, huh? Well, after that show you need to get dressed. Your dad said he would be here at nine-thirty to pick you up. You going out on the water today?”

“Yeah.” The robot dogs head toward their final battle. The cereal is ready.

You live with your mom on the outskirts of Jacksonville, in a town called Baldwin. Your dad lives on Atlantic Blvd. in the city. Last year, you all lived together in Palm Valley.

That was in a big house near the beach, the only house you ever knew in your seven years. Your mom was always around when you walked home from the school down the street. You pretended to look at your workbook while she spread peanut butter on celery sticks. Your dad was working on the computer, checking something from overseas when you woke up for Saturday morning cartoons. And you stuffed yourself with Count Chocula and listened to the clack-clack-clack from the den. You didn’t hear Mom leaving for work after the babysitter came in the morning. You didn’t have to listen for the beep of the horn on Saturdays when Dad came to get you.

But you still had to get dressed after the Zoids, because that was the day you went on the water in your dad’s boat. It isn’t as big as Jimmy’s, but it is bigger than Billy’s. It has a loud motor, and a radio that plays CDs. Really cool stripes on the side look like the fire that comes out of a dragon’s mouth. After cartoons, you and Mom and Dad would go out on the boat. She’d make tuna fish sandwiches, and you’d get to have soda and potato chips.

The best part about Jacksonville isn’t the ocean. Lots of places have those. There’s one near Grandma in South Carolina, and another near Uncle Bob in California. But only Jacksonville also has lots of waterways. They’re kind of like rivers, but cooler. They have trees all around, and are bright blue and green, and you can pretend you’re going down the Nile. And, best of all, they have manatees.

Manatees are big, weird-looking fish. Dad always says they’re mammals like you, but they swim in the water, so they’re fish. They have way too much skin and cute little scrunch-up faces and weigh like a thousand pounds. Mom told you once that when pirates first saw them they thought they were mermaids, but you don’t believe her. How could anybody mistake a big lump of gray for Princess Ariel? Anyway, they spend all day just sort of floating around and eating underwater grass and sleeping. Dad always drives slow in the waterways ‘cause the boat can kill them, and there aren’t many left.

You would go out on the water and watch the manatees and eat and swim. Mom put on her bathing suit and slept in the sun to get a tan. And then in the afternoon, if you were lucky and there was one floating nearby, Dad pulled up
the boat and let you take a ride.

Mom always complained, but Dad winked and let you anyway. Don't grab on, he'd say, let it get away if it wants to. And you'd gently jump and flop forward, putting your arms across its big wide back and your face against its slimy gray skin, feeling a strong ripple as you settled in. Most of the time it would just keep floating awhile, and then finally go under. Sometimes, you would slide off and bob in your bright orange life jacket, looking at its strange face until Dad grabbed you out of the water. And you would all go home and eat hot dogs from the grill.

This was before Christmas, when they started fighting louder; before February, when you all moved to different places.

The good Zoid team wins again, so you head to the bathroom. After letting the water run for long enough not to get yelled at, you pull on your blue jeans and T-shirt, and are placing your swim stuff in a backpack when you hear the beep outside. Mom insists on giving you a kiss on the cheek, and tells you to be good. You pass by scary Mrs. Dahl smoking on the stairs before bursting out the door. The small blue car is sitting there, as it is almost every Saturday morning. Today, however, you see someone else inside. Dad waves as he opens the door. Sitting next to him is the blonde that you met a few weeks ago: Ashley. She's his new friend, and he said she wanted to get to know you.

"Hey, kiddo. You have everything?" Dad gets out of the car and gives you a hug and messes your hair. "You remember Ashley, right?"

A shrug.

"It's nice to see you again," she says loudly and slowly in a high voice. Ashley Asparagus. "I'm so looking forward to seeing you swim. Your dad says you're a champion in the making."

You hand off your backpack as you scramble into the back seat. It is firm and tall and covered in black leather, and your legs make cool sounds when they stick to it. As you put on the seat belt, you see your mom talking on the phone through the kitchen window.

The drive to the boat lasts much longer than before. During the ride, Ashley and Dad ask you questions about school and stuff. It is almost over for the year, and you aren't sure what you're doing this summer. You tell them about how your first game of Little League went. You hit a home run, but dropped a fly ball. Dad promises to get you a pair of those sunglasses that flip down, and plays that tape you like, with the silly songs about the Sergeant and his Band.

Eventually, the McDonald's with the playground appears on your left, so you're pretty close. Your dad circles around the big parking lot, then finally settles in the space you first saw. You enjoy the sound the wooden planks make when you run ahead of the adults - clack-clack-clack. The boat is still parked in the same spot; you stare at the strips of fire for the first time since last year. They aren't as cool as you remember.

Ashley and Dad sit in the comfy front seats as you stretch out on the backbench. Every once in a while, she looks back at you and smiles, and you almost stick your tongue out, but you chicken out. The boat slowly floats through the waterways; you look up at the tangle of trees, pretending you're an explorer in Africa. Eventually, it stops in a little corner where there isn't anybody else, and Dad cuts the motor.

You grab a sandwich and head to the back. You look behind the boat as they quietly eat in the front seats, wishing you really were in Africa. In the distance, you see a seagull swoop down to grab a fish near the surface.

After a while, Dad turns on the engine and starts forward again. You can feel eyes looking back at you every once in a while, but do not give them the satisfaction of turning around.

"Hey, kiddo, you see that? Come on, look over here."

A mass of gray flesh is just ahead of the boat. It is a really big one, and looks to be sleeping. It isn't unusual for them to be floating, but you thought they slept under water.

"You want to go for a ride for old time's sake?"

Sighing, you know he has you. Tuna you can leave, but a manatee ride is something else. You silently get up, and put the life jacket over your brown lotioned skin. Ashley and your Dad smirk at each other. He helps you up onto the side of the boat, and you softly jump.

As soon as your feet touch the back you feel it give, the wall of tight muscle replaced with a breakable layer of goo, and you feel yourself falling through. It takes a second to realize where your body is,
The Early Years

By Barbara Blough, as told to Dave Norman

Barbara Blough ’74 was a Naval Officer and a pioneering MALS student who went on to serve Dartmouth with distinction. This is her story of the early days of our program, and what one determined person can do with a MALS degree...told in her own words.

Barbara Blough is the retired Director, and founder, of Alumni Affairs for Dartmouth Medical School. She began her relations with Dartmouth as a Master of Arts in Liberal Studies student in 1972. One of only a few female students on campus, she was the only female student who had Naval Officer written in her application. She embraced the opportunities advisors and professors offered and graduated in 1974. Barbara currently lives in Hanover and works in the Development Office. This is her MALS success story, in her own words.

At the time that I applied, MALS was a new program being promoted as a master’s degree program for teachers, with summer offerings that would allow a candidate to earn the degree over three summer terms.

**This was the opportunity I’d been hoping for: a chance to stretch my mind.**

I did not fit that mold. I was an English major with no interest in teaching, a former Naval Officer with talents but no career path, and a full-time mom who had spent the past several years in volunteer work and part-time jobs. But I was aching for the intellectual stimulation of a formal course of study at Dartmouth. It was also clear that my children were getting old enough that I could soon start thinking about getting a full-time job I could sink my teeth into.

At that time, Dartmouth’s graduate programs were oriented to the sciences and I was a humanities person through and through. The MALS program, however, allowed you to design your own program, including upper level humanities courses within the undergraduate curriculum. (A grade of B or above was necessary to receive credit for the undergraduate courses.)

This was the opportunity I’d been hoping for: a chance to stretch my mind, to sharpen my cognitive skills, and, in effect, to prepare myself for getting back into the serious job market. And, I must admit, my simple love of learning, which I’ve had all my life, was a powerful lure. (It still is – I continue to take wonderful, thought-provoking courses every semester through the ILEAD program.)

Getting accepted into the MALS program was not difficult in those early years: an interview, an undergraduate transcript, and a letter or two of recommendation was about it. I designed a comprehensive humanities program weaving together courses in literature, drama, creative arts, philosophy, social and political theory, and, as a requirement for my thesis, a fairly basic math course to learn how to use the huge, new computer located at (the recently demolished) Kiewit.

A word about the Kiewit experience - we’re talking here about the dark ages before personal computers. Data was stored on the “main frame” and retrieval was complicated: it was necessary to physically go to Kiewit, wait your turn for a station, and then write a program to search for whatever information you wanted. While math, computers, and technology in general are like foreign languages to me, I was astounded to find that, thanks to the Math 5 course, I could actually do the manipulations needed to get and analyze data.

Most MALS students at that time were teachers, artists, or writers who attended classes and met the degree requirements in three summers of intensive work. I believe that most came from New England and took up residence in Hanover (but not necessarily on campus) each summer.
I was one of a small group of Hanover area women free to take courses throughout the school year, a circumstance that threw us into the all-male classes of regular undergraduates. At times they did not know what to make of us — older women with experiences and opinions! But Dartmouth, inching towards full co-education, already had a number of female transfer and exchange students on campus and, except for a few “not ready for prime-time” male students, we had little actual hostility to contend with…just an occasional snicker or snide comment on papers we graded for each other.

In my memory, the courses were wonderful — even the huge, team-taught, and primarily lecture courses — because the professors were so accessible and they brought in some fabulous speakers. For a course covering the Communist takeover in China, for instance, we were able to hear from a Chinese peasant woman who had experienced the surrender of her village to the Communists.

And, as a Hanover resident of some years standing, I knew many of my professors before I entered their classrooms. They were familiar either as social friends or as parents of my kids’ friends or even, in some cases, because I had taught their kids how to ski through the Ford Sayre Ski Program. While that familiarity made it easier for me to participate in discussions, I wasn’t always convinced that they saw me as a serious student rather than just a townie looking for diversion.

My thesis advisor was Professor Alan Gaylord, the Henry Winkley Professor of Anglo-Saxon and English Language and Literature, a scholar of all he surveys, a delightfully generous and witty man, and a stickler of some repute. With his help, I chose as my thesis topic an historical overview and assessment of the A Better Chance (ABC) program, a social and educational effort to alleviate the problems of unequal opportunity. ABC seeks out promising students who would otherwise be frustrated by the conditions of discrimination and poverty in their immediate surroundings and places them in private and public secondary schools which encourage academic excellence. Hanover High School was at that time a participating public school and I had been a volunteer and committee member of the organization for several years. Writing about a program I loved and believed in was a joy and the completed thesis gave me both satisfaction for the work I’d put into it and added confidence to go on to the next phase of my life.

“My dream job was within walking distance of my home…the opportunity to create and establish a comprehensive DMS alumni program.”

With my thesis accepted and my course requirements reached, I was able to receive the MALs degree in two years and begin the search for a meaningful and satisfying job. The Hanover area job market in 1974 did not extend much beyond the College and the Medical Center but, as it turned out, my dream job was within walking distance of my home.

I was initially hired by Dartmouth Medical School to write fund-raising proposals...not exactly what I was looking for. But within a year I was given the opportunity to create and establish a comprehensive DMS alumni program. The next several years were like a whirlwind: I acquired a staff of one assistant and a shared secretary, and together we developed a volunteer alumni organization offering the usual array of alumni events, published a new DMS Alumni Magazine (eventually renamed Dartmouth Medicine), and initiated what the Medical School needed most: an annual fund directed to alumni, parents, faculty and friends.

I could not have asked for a more exciting and rewarding job. It was the challenge I had been looking for when I enrolled in MALs and, to my mind, illustrates the range of possibilities that are out there for graduates of this wonderful, flexible, self-directed program.

(Mermaid’’ cont’d from page 6)

as you’re surrounded by a mass of bone and slime, which has gotten into your open mouth and eyes. It tastes salty and makes you gag. As soon as you get into the clearer water below, the jacket pulls you back into the slime. You try to yell, but can’t get a sound out between chokes. You feel a firm yank on your shoulder that brings you back to the boat.

“Jesus fucking Christ.”

You are covered in slime, your eyes and mouth burning. Your Dad tosses you over the far side of the boat and follows you into the water. You feel his hands all over your body, tousling your hair and rubbing your skin to get all the sticky little bits off.

“O.K., stop, Dad, stop.”

He looks you in the eyes, as you take mouthfuls of water, spitting them out to get rid of the taste. You bob and he treads, looking at each other, not knowing what comes next. You notice Ashley’s loud screeching. You can tell that Dad is trying to decide what comes next. You’re as clean as you’re getting in this water, and there isn’t anybody else around.

“Ashley, shut up! You’re not helping.”

After he helps you up the ladder, your dad quickly starts the engine and retraces the route to the dock. You stare behind you at the rotted corpse, split in two by the force of your jump. Birds start to circle, looking for food.

That night, after the emergency room and the shots and Mom yelling at Dad, you sit in bed counting green stars and wishing you could have a cookout.
On a Friday afternoon in late April, Larry Olmsted, a MALS student, and Professor Brock Brower, who teaches a MALS course entitled Periodical Journalism each fall term, spoke to students and alumni on the art and business of publishing. Both Olmsted and Brower are professional writers, whose combined experiences include periodical, journal, newspaper, and book publications.

Olmsted first thought of doing a presentation about publishing tricks of the trade and his personal experience after spending several hours of his free time conducting one-on-one informational sessions with his peers in the MALS program. In classes students focused their attention on the skill of writing and how to improve, but there remained few opportunities to learn about how to publish or sell their work. Though some students prefer writing for writing’s sake, many others hope to use the writing concentration as part of a future career.

“How to Get Published
By Alisha Laramee

Olmsted has been a freelance writer for various mainstream periodicals and newspapers, such as Playboy, Latitudes, and Golf Magazine for over ten years. “Being a best-selling novelist is like wanting to be a rock star someday,” Olmsted said, “but just because you might not ever be Bon Jovi, do you stop playing music?” According to Olmsted, odds are most people who write will never be famous, but people who want to freelance can be published; it’s just a matter of knowing how and where to send your work.

Professor Brower also spoke about his extensive experience working with book publishers. Brower has published six books, including four novels, the latest of which is Blue Dog, Green River. Brower explained that writers who are looking to publish their first book of non-fiction should begin by writing periodical articles. It’s important to build a track record and establish a reputation through smaller publications. Brower jokingly admitted that he has never successfully queried any periodical. His most important advice was to write for your favorite magazine. “The reason you’re reading it, is also the reason you should be writing for it,” he concluded.

Olmsted began writing over ten years ago after selling his New England telecommunications installation business. “I started to become bored with my business, and so instead of working, I’d sit at my desk and write. I ended up writing a novel, which never sold, but I loved writing it,” Olmsted recalls. “I always thought I had a gift for writing, but had never pursued it.” For a period of over a year Olmsted sent out query letters to book publishers, but no one bought his work. Then for a few months he tried selling articles to magazines, but that too didn’t work out. It wasn’t until he did a little networking (one of Olmsted’s 11 Golden Rules) with an editor at a cocktail party one night that he learned one of the first and most important rules of getting published – propose new ideas. Olmsted pitched a story about scuba diving in the northeast, a pitch the editor had never received; the rest is history.

In Brower’s and Olmsted’s late April talk, the latter presented 11 Golden Rules that he believes are the most important things to consider when trying to sell one’s writing. The rules are: 1. Choose the Right Market; 2. Have a New Idea; 3. Avoid Competition; 4. Use Contacts; 5. Stalk the Editors (nicely, of course); 6. Follow the Editor’s Career; 7. Use Personal Experience and Connections; 8. Network; 9. Deliver What You Promise – And More; 10. Establishing a Rapport with One Magazine Is Better than a Casual Acquaintance with Many; 11. Use Catchphrases and Titles.

Olmsted also spoke about query letters, the topic students most often ask him to talk about. The query letter, or the pitch, must always include three things: why your idea is great; why your idea is great for that particular magazine; and why you’re the perfect person to write it, or what makes you qualified. Olmsted referenced The Writer’s Market, citing it as a helpful resource for things like: format, Dos & Don’ts, and example letters. Olmsted encouraged students who mentioned Dartmouth might bring credibility – especially if they’ve never been published.

When asked how MALS has influenced his career, Olmsted spoke to the value of peer feedback. “I used to get defensive when an editor made a comment about my writing, but now, because of my classmates, I realize how helpful feedback can be, and that there’s always room to improve.”

Both Olmsted and Brower agreed that the only way to get published is to be always writing and that any writing you do will make you a better writer each time.
Tyler Harmon: A Former Jet Mechanic with a Passion for Travel
By Michael Beahan ‘97

The summer after Tyler Harmon graduated from Mt. Desert Island High School in Maine, she surprised her friends and family and joined the Navy.

“I had been admitted to New England College and even had been assigned roommates,” Harmon said. But when a friend asked if she wanted to accompany her on a trip to a military recruiting center in Bangor, she took her up on it. Within weeks the friend enlisted in the Air Force and Harmon was sworn into the Navy.

“My family was shocked, but I saw it as an opportunity to be more independent and to travel,” said Harmon, who grew up in a small community near Bar Harbor.

The following January the 19 year old was in boot camp at the Great Lakes (“Great Mistakes”) Naval Recruit Training Command in Illinois. After eight weeks of basic training she was shipped to Tennessee to study jet theory. She then trained in the airman apprentice program in Pensacola, Florida, before being assigned to a squadron of EA-6B “Prowler” jets at the Naval Air Station Whidbey Island, Washington. “I scored high on the mechanical aptitude tests,” she confided, “and I’ve always loved jets.”

At Whidbey Island, Harmon began working in the engine repair shop before being promoted to petty officer and becoming a “plane captain.” In that position she was responsible for fueling, launching and doing minor repairs on the Prowlers, the twin-engine Navy workhorse whose primary mission is electronic countermeasures - “jamming enemy radar.”

As part of her training, Harmon spent a total of six months at sea, on five different aircraft carriers. “We called it a carrier detachment - dets,” she said. Her adventures included being catapulted off a carrier in an S-3 Viking from the USS Stennis and landing back on dry land at the Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Florida. “I also went on many shore dets too,” she said. From Cold Lake, Canada to El Centro, California, and Norfolk, Virginia. “We were always traveling in the training command.”

She was often one of 200 women among 2,000 men on these detachments. “This was in the early days of women going to sea,” Harmon said, “and the accommodations - especially the ‘heads’ - weren’t quite ready for us yet.”

Harmon was on track to become a manager of the plane captains when she suffered a serious injury while working on the flight line. A pilot in a hurry to take off asked her to remove an external fuel tank that he thought was empty. Without time to confirm how much fuel was in the tank, Harmon unfastened it from the Prowler’s fuselage, only to discover that it still contained almost 1,500 pounds of fuel. Once unhinged, the heavy cylinder plummeted to the ground, landing on Harmon’s left ankle and crushing it. “It swelled up like a football,” Harmon said of her injured ankle. It was two weeks before the medical staff could operate and pin it back together. After additional surgeries and home rest in Washington, she was sent home to Maine for almost two months to recuperate. “I was on light duty for another six months, then limited duty until the end of my tour,” she noted.

The injury also caused her to miss her six-month deployment aboard the USS Abraham Lincoln. When she returned to duty she was assigned to the tool room. “I worked my way back to doing ‘turn quals’ - maintenance checks - on the Prowlers, which included starting and running the engines,” she said.

When it became apparent that she wasn’t going to see much more of the world aboard a Navy ship, Harmon decided to save up her “leave” time over the next two years and travel on her own. By the end of her four-year tour of duty she had accrued 60 days of leave time. She found (Continued on page 11)
To those who know her well, Liz’s enrollment in the MALS program could hardly be considered a surprise. As a 30 year old single mother of three, she returned to college to improve her market-ability in the business world. After only one semester she discovered an intense love of learning and a desire for a more rewarding career in education. This led to a desire to share her love of learning with others. After obtaining her B.A. in History and Secondary Education from Johnson State College in 2001, she began teaching for a small, rural high school in western Vermont. The choice proved to be one of the best ones she ever made.

The learning, however, did not stop there. Since graduating, Liz has taken a variety of graduate level history and education courses to improve her teaching practice, and, more importantly, for the sheer fun of learning. When the application for the James Madison Foundation Fellowship appeared in her mailbox, she decided to apply. After being chosen as the 2004 Vermont fellow she applied to the MALS program. She explains, “I find the small community and interdisciplinary approach extremely appealing.” Liz will undoubtedly attack her program with her usual enthusiasm, bringing back many new ideas to share with her own students.

Njihia Mbitiru is from Nairobi, Kenya. He graduated with a B.A. in English from Western Carolina University. He also attended the 2004 Clarion Workshop for Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers at MSU in East Lansing, Michigan, and became a Spartan by default. He was therefore pleased with the performance of his alma mater this past March. His interests are in writing, linguistics, philosophy, music, history, literary theory, art, and soccer. He hopes to advance his understanding in at least one of the aforementioned fields while at Dartmouth.

Harmon graduated from the University of Maine in May 2004 and joined the MALS staff in November as the administrative assistant, replacing Bev Mazzilli, who retired. She has just finished processing applications for 57 new students who will begin their MALS careers during the summer and fall terms. “I really enjoy interacting with the students and having the opportunity to learn new things through the MALS symposia and other series sponsored by the department.”

Her passion for travel is undiminished. Her most recent trip was to Ireland, and, with a new set of luggage she received for Christmas, she hopes to be off on a trip to Thailand before too long. That will be number 18 on her life list of countries she plans to visit.
1948 was a momentous year. President Truman signed the Marshall Plan. The World Health Organization was established by the U.N. Israel was declared an independent state. And oral history was identified as a discipline unto itself.

Twenty-three MALS students signed up for the spring Oral History class, taught by Professors Myrna Katz Frommer and Harvey Frommer, to learn what made oral history so distinct from the general study of history. After all, aren’t all sources originally oral?

In the first class, the Professors Frommer asked us to define oral history. People gave varying definitions: it was a recording of impressions of the past; it was memories fading that were too precious to be lost; it was the way to supplement – or correct – the historical accounts found in textbooks.

Or perhaps it was to fill the many silences in history. Oral history is personal. It allows for individual, unofficial voices, the voices rarely heard in books and articles. Oral history explains that interviewing your neighbor’s grandmother about her experiences on the homefront during World War II is a laudable enterprise. Textbooks are skeletons; oral histories are ligaments, organs, and skin.

By our third class, we were critiquing oral histories like pros. We analyzed our first book, Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman, by Merle Miller, according to the paradigm of medium, message, and massage, as articulated by Marshall McLuhan. The Professors Frommer were serious about the syllabus’s goal of “exploring the theoretical implications, practical applications, and literary dimensions of oral history.”

They explained that the medium was the form the data took (book, film, recording, etc.). The message was just that – the data or subject matter of the interviews. The massage was the effect that the medium or the message has or does not have on the reader or listener.

And through reading and discussion, we came to understand that more than the average history textbooks were oral histories creative works. The interviewer must transcribe hours of taped conversations, and then select from the interviews those segments most pertinent to his or her theme.

Amy Fortier, a MALS student of several terms, thoughtfully remarked upon how well the oral history class complemented the MALS program “in that it bridges the purely academic and fact-based part of the program with the creative writing portion. What the class does is brings to life the history many of us slept through in high school and makes it dynamic. Everyone likes a good story and, as they say, the truth is stranger than fiction.”

Oral history can, of course, address any issue at any time in history. In the class being taught this term, Professors Myrna and Harvey Frommer chose books whose pivotal event was WWII. The aforementioned book by Miller is on the list, as are Voices of Freedom: An Oral History of the Civil Rights Movement from the 1950s through the 1980s, by Henry Hampton and Steve Fayer; It Happened in Manhattan: An Oral History of Life in the City During the Mid-Twentieth Century, by Myrna Katz and Harvey Frommer; and The Good War: An Oral History of World War Two, by Studs Terkel, one of America’s preeminent oral historians.

The Good War stunned me. I had somehow assumed WWII was different from other wars – more just, more reasoned, more everything. But as I read the wrenching accounts of nurses and wives, the wounded and the decorated, mostly Americans, but Japanese and Germans, too, I felt overwhelmed. I had rarely thought of WWII as it was experienced by each single person. I do not suppose I had thought of many events in history as they were experienced by individuals.

Fortier seemed to feel the same way. “I now find myself wondering about the back stories of strangers, family members, and friends,” she said. “I had never really given this genre much thought before but now will most likely do an oral history thesis.”

Several other classmates have expressed interest in an independent study in oral history, if not a potential thesis in it. We will have practice in the art this term – our main assignment is to interview six to twelve people and compile an oral history of twenty-five to thirty pages. The length of the project seemed a bit intimidating at first, but then I realized that a single interview of an hour or so could yield ten pages.

Learning about oral history is not limited to those enrolled in the course. Roughly three times a year, the Frommers organize an Oral History Circle, which takes place in people’s homes or in various locations on the Dartmouth campus. Past and present oral history students, the Frommers themselves, and anyone interested in oral history are invited to attend an event that is a combination potluck and discussion. The seventh Oral History Circle took place in the open area in Rocky on May 7th, with a nice crowd in attendance— including children and dogs.
Meet Dr. Phyllis Katz
By Dave Norman

Dr. Phyllis Katz is a lifelong student, a MALs professor, and a dedicated proponent of the humanities.

To be a good professor, one must first be a good student. Academic life offers rich opportunities for learning, spiritual growth, and the gift of sharing knowledge and experience with kindred spirits. MALs professor Dr. Phyllis Katz is a poet and a scholar, an advisor and a student, learning as much from the MALs students as she teaches in her courses. A classical philologist with a specialty in literature, she is adept in poetry and serves as a trusted resource in the Dartmouth graduate community.

She discovered a rewarding balance of learning and teaching early in life at Wellesley College. “From Wellesley,” she says, “I learned that education and learning would always be a central part of my life, either formally or informally, and that I had an obligation to use my education wisely.” After college she took a position with the National Geographic Society in Washington, D.C., as an editorial correspondent. She met Arnold Katz, married, and moved to Boston, where she worked as an editorial secretary at the Allyn and Bacon Publishing Company. The halls of learning called her, though, and she launched a triumphant return to academia in 1960.

“We moved to London for a year and I began graduate work in the Classics,” she says, explaining that the move led her back into the world of learning and teaching where she felt so comfortable. Her Master’s in Greek was conferred by the University of California, Los Angeles, and she pressed onwards to her Ph.D. in the Classics from Columbia. From so much learning, she had a lot to give, and she began touching the lives of students in 1963 as a professor “in various college and university classics departments in Chicago and New York.”

Her work garnered her several awards from the National Endowment for the Humanities, including a Teacher-Scholar Fellowship.

Empowered through education and college teaching, and eager to give back a measure of the inspiration she gained, Dr. Katz taught courses in English and the Classics at the high school level for fifteen years. Her work garnered her several awards from the National Endowment for the Humanities, including a summer research grant, a grant to mentor a high school student’s research project, and a Teacher-Scholar Fellowship. The Fellowship paid her to spend a year pursuing a research project built upon the theme “Decline and Fall.” As a member of the Classical Association of New England, she had friends and contacts throughout the northeast...including Dartmouth.

“I came to know the members of the Dartmouth Classics Department through the Classical Association of New England,” she explains. “When I received the NEH grant, I asked if I could be a resident scholar in the Classics Department.”
The department welcomed her, and she developed a keen interest on working with Dartmouth. After another year of teaching high school, as required by her NEH fellowship, she came to Dartmouth as a part-time Classics professor. She and her husband Dr. Arnold Katz, a cardiologist, moved to Norwich, Vermont, where they currently make their home.

During their marriage, now in its forty-sixth year, Phyllis and Arnold reared four children, and now have eight grandchildren, in a truly global family: her son and his Taiwanese wife live in Taipei, her middle daughter married an English gentleman, and her youngest daughter and her husband adopted children from Guatemala.

"Poetry, always an interest, has become a passion for me," she explains. "I love the challenge of crafting a poem."

The Katzs' Norwich home, for all its connections to the world at large, is a quiet place in the peaceful countryside where Phyllis avidly watches birds and has access to many hiking trails. Two Springer Spaniels, Telemachus (Max) and Peisistratus (Pi), enliven their home with woofs and muddy paws. From this comfortable setting, Phyllis writes poetry, having fallen in love with the written word – and the challenge of this art form – years before.

"Poetry, always an interest, has become a passion for me," she explains. "I love the challenge of crafting a poem. I've been a participant at two Frost Place Festivals and am currently studying in a local poetry seminar. Out of the first poetry class I taught with Donald Sheehan, a group of us formed a poetry workshop now known as 'Still Puddle Poets' from its location at a former student's house in Hanover. The workshop is now in its 10th year, with several original MALS members. Some of her fondest experiences at Dartmouth involved team-taught courses with Professor Sheehan."

"He was an extraordinary teacher and colleague. Since his retirement, I miss teaching with him."

"My teaching has been an integral part of a rich and rewarding intellectual and emotional life shared with my husband, children, and grandchildren," she explains. "Much of that has to do with the mutual benefit of teaching in MALS, where she learns from and is stimulated by the students the program attracts. "I've found great challenge and reward in teaching students whose backgrounds were different, be it culturally or economically, and seeing their progress and success. An additional appeal of MALS students is the diversity in age and experience."

The MALS program is a great resource for Dartmouth and its graduate students, "providing wonderful access to other ways of thinking and knowing," she says. "The program's great strength lies in its dedication to diversity in its student body and in its curriculum. I am continually learning from my students!" She sees her role within this community as "supporting the students as their teacher, advocate and friend."

She pointed out a particular strength of the program: team teaching, which offered her the opportunity of working with Professor Sheehan and Professor Gaposchkin, while challenging herself to envision courses with perspectives outside her focus. "Team-teaching has been very rewarding – thinking through a course with someone from another discipline is invaluable." For her part, she brings a nurturing perspective to her instruction of philosophy.

"I try to shape the program by the way I teach, the way I respond to the students with whom I interact." Much of that interaction comes with her work on students' theses. One student explored Greek iconography, an area of special interest to Dr. Katz. Others request her to be their first-reader for collections of poetry or scholarly research. "I've also been second or third reader on a variety of projects that opened new vistas for me," she explained, adding that it is quite satisfying to help students succeed.

Dr. Katz taught "Odysseys: The Exploration of Exterior & Interior Journeys" this past Spring term. Look for her upcoming courses in both the MALS and undergraduate catalogues.

I rose at dawn
and went to sniff
the blueberry dew of
morning's sky
and the dogs began
to dance, catching
the wind of joy
inside the bell
of my voice-
seeing me running
to greet you
with petals of sun
in my heart-
tasting the smell
of you again
in moon born
apple trees
branches glimmering
with welcome
white in the dawn

Phyllis B. Katz
MALS Pals Pack a Punch at Quiz Night
by Marin Sardy

The back room of Murphy’s On The Green, recently the new home of the Dartmouth graduate community’s monthly Quiz Night, is exactly the kind of place you would put a bunch of Ivy League students in a trivia competition if you were making a movie about it. The lighting is dim, the tables are too close together, and the walls are embedded with dark wooden shelves full of old leather-bound volumes. It’s just seedy enough to be a college hangout, and just incongruously intellectual enough to be Ivy. And although nobody’s making a movie about us, on the first Thursday of every month Dartmouth’s MALS students get to make ourselves known. We fill our tables with pitchers and platters of whatever looks good, stash our jackets under our benches, gaze for inspiration at the wall plaques that commemorate particularly devoted alumni and faculty - and lately, MALS teams have dominated both first and second place. For us it’s a chance to show the science-dominated grad world, including Quiz Night founder and M.D./Ph.D. candidate Vivianne Tawfik, that we know a thing or two.

Tawfik, who has been hosting the event since March of 2004, agrees that seeing the same teams keep coming back makes it more fun. She was inspired to organize the event by her younger sister, who spent a year abroad in England and “was always telling me how Trivia Nights are huge over there.” Since then, Tawfik has been joined by DHMC employee John Goetz and MALS’s own Ryan Ulrich. Through their combined efforts as organizers, announcers, and judges, the event has evolved in just over a year from an informal operation in the basement of 5 Olde Nugget Alley - where waitresses ignored us and the fire-code-wary bouncer often denied us entry - to a competitive and challenging tournament in a venue that officially supports our presence.

Quiz Night now comes complete with dedicated contestants, door prizes, gift certificates for winners, and beverage specials for everyone. Among the most significant changes, Tawfik credits “expert trivia writer” Goetz for raising the bar by asking unique and difficult questions. And any regular knows that Ulrich’s charisma adds a certain inimitable flair to the proceedings.

Yet however the specifics may change, Quiz Night consistently remains popular among MALS pals. Whether we go to take the prize money, or simply to meet other grad students, it seems clear that the event’s blend of competition and comradery suits us well. It provides a platform where the interdisciplinary nature of our studies becomes our biggest asset, in a setting that can be as challenging or relaxing as we make it. In a way, Quiz Night has become not only an outlet for, but also an informal tribute to, that odd combination of smarts and eccentricity that makes MALS, well, MALS.
The Curse II: Quiz Night, Divine Wrath, and (Who Else?) the Sox  

by Marin Sardy

I’ll tell you what this has to do with the Red Sox: For over six months I have been a committed member of a team of MALS students who can never seem to take the title at Quiz Night. We are the perennial second-place finishers – the Red Sox of the Dartmouth graduate studies world. Like the Sox, we’re a motley crowd – a hodgepodge of creative writers, cultural theorists, and the occasional engineer. Like the Sox, our ability to consistently almost win often seems to defy both chance and logic. We’ve lost to great teams and to teams that just got lucky, with a strong lineup and with a lousy one, due to stupid mistakes, poor strategy, second-guessing, and for no reason at all. And like the Sox, we have a rival team we love to hate, mostly because they’re the most like us – except that they always win. They’re another gang of MALSers, the team most commonly referred to as The Dantes, and we wish we could believe that they’re all that stands in our way. But we can’t, because last month when they didn’t show up to play, some random unknown team beat us anyway.

We have argued about answers, pounded the table, and sulked shamelessly.

The psychological strain on my fellow team members is beginning to show. We have argued about answers, pounded the table, and sulked shamelessly. We even call upon whatever supernatural forces are available – by praying to God or Gaia, tallying our karma, or, most recently, giving ourselves the team name Pease’s Patch in an attempt to invoke the uncanny intellectual powers of MALS’s Number One.

Of course, none of this has worked. It doesn’t help either that the only person I know from the rival team, Neil Byrne, couldn’t care less whether or not The Dantes win. “I just show up and talk to friends the whole time,” he says. “Justin and Ian answer all the questions.” Even worse, his attitude carries me back to the days when I didn’t care about winning – before a slight craving for the grand prize grew into an excruciating thirst.

So, like any proper Sox fan would, I’ve developed a few theories about the causes of our defeat – and after much analysis (and true to Sox-fan form) I have concluded that it’s all my fault. Here’s why: I owe the Sox a ration of suffering. I became a Sox fan painlessly last year, during the week they defeated the Yankees to win the Pennant, and a week before they won the World Series. A newcomer to New England, I got sucked into the drama of The Curse, and before I knew it, I was chanting Who’s your papi? and watching a scrappy guy at the back of the lineup hit one homer after another. I also found it amusing to plumb the bizarre psychic depths of the inferiority complexes, loyalties, and gambling addiction-type obsessions that comprise Sox-fandom.

Quiz Night has brought that pleasure trip to a grinding halt – and turned me into the loyal addict with a complex that I never quite was. I am finally beginning to understand what every other Sox fan already knows: that it’s about being willing to suffer for the ones you love. But haven’t I suffered enough? Isn’t it clear by now that I’ve got what it takes? I mean, I’ve never done anything unforgivable like trading the Babe to the Yankees.

Unfortunately, the sad truth is also that my pain is beside the point. The point – which I have come to believe every Sox fan must also know – is much more selfish than the rhetoric suggests. And although I may avoid facing it, I live it every month. Even when I’m cranky, exhausted, stressed, or just feeling antisocial, I still drag myself to Quiz Night – and ultimately I do it for one simple reason: I can’t stand the thought of not being there on the night my team wins.
I Don't
By Craig M. Tiede

Why people would ever want to marry is beyond me. I understand the appeal of love, commitment, companionship and tax breaks. It's marriage that vexes me.

As a gay man, marriage was once something I didn't need to think about. And I was relieved. But the recent glut of gay weddings means it's only a matter of time before friends and family begin asking me when, after more than eleven years together, I'll finally make Christian an honest man. To them, it's entirely beside the point that I'm more interested in finally making Christian a man who puts his dirty dishes into the dishwasher.

More than half of all marriages end in divorce.
So why is marriage a fraternity gays and lesbians are clamoring to join?
Especially when we had an out, simply by being out?

Wedded bliss seems to me like the fraternity everyone is expected to pledge. Me, I've never been one for hazing. Consider the wedding itself: pledges stand before friends and family members, recite the fraternity's oath, and then drink themselves into oblivion. Later, they find themselves naked and thinking, "Did I want to get in this badly?" Often, the answer is no.

More than half of all marriages end in divorce. So why is marriage a fraternity gays and lesbians are clamoring to join? Especially when we had an out, simply by being out?

The answer is that marriage offers more than 1000 federal benefits and protections, currently available only to opposite-sex couples. Thus, marriage is more than just a creepy public act of conformity. It's also a blueprint for a governmentally-sanctioned adult life. Marriage, the federal program, is discriminatory and unfair, but not only to gays and lesbians, to any American uninterested in marrying just one partner of the opposite sex.

Opponents of same-sex marriage argue that expanding marriage's definition will put it at risk. If marriage is at risk, it's not because gays and lesbians are screwing it up. Haven't Americans watched enough "Queer Eye" to know it's the gays who fix things? Hence, I offer my "Queer Plan for the Marriage Ban": Ban all marriages, not just the same-sex ones.

The government should get out of the marriage business. People wanting to affirm their love and monogamous commitment in front of friends and family members, however unnatural that desire might appear to some, should be able to do so. But let their love, commitment and companionship be the reward.

All the money from those tax breaks that the government would have otherwise bestowed on happily married couples can be used to build schools, feed the homeless or insure the uninsured. If not, I'm certain everyone, gay, straight, coupled, tripled and single, will happily take their equal share.

There are many, even within the gay community, who think it is the government's role to raise a glass of champagne and confer rights alongside the rites when people in love say "I do."

I don't.
Reflections on Rwanda
By Alisha Laramee

Writing has always been the way I respond to my life’s experiences. Until recently, personal journals satisfied my need to write and record what I felt or did. These days I have a need and desire to reach a larger audience.

Through my MALS writing courses I’ve begun the long process of bridging my past with the art and skill of writing; for me this means crafting essays and poems. This requires more self-examination and honesty, but more importantly it requires finding the genre that will best explain, show, and act as a vehicle for civic engagement.

One of my most moving life experiences happened while living in East Africa five years ago. During a vacation, if one can call it that, I went to Rwanda. I had read extensively on the 1994 genocide, but wasn’t sure what the country would be like six years later. Ironically, most of the books and guidebooks described Rwanda as being about the same size as Vermont, only in Rwanda almost a million people died in less than three months. I tried to imagine the same type of thing happening in Vermont, where I grew up, and of course had no visual capacity to imagine such a thing.

During my travels in Rwanda I spent part of an afternoon at a memorial site for Tutsi victims. Nothing prepared me for what I saw – what I smelled. There was no interpretive information, so before leaving, I approached the guards hoping to understand more. Though I speak French, commonly spoken throughout Rwanda, the guards spoke only Kinyarwanda, and I did not. Since I wasn’t able to ask any questions, for me, the victims were voiceless.

Three years after visiting Rwanda I was teaching at a small college in northern Vermont. There, during an early spring bike ride on a muddy fourth-class road, I came across a dead boar. Apparently, as I learned later, it had escaped from a wild game park.

The smell of the boar instantly brought me back to Rwanda.

This poem came of these two experiences; it is also my attempt to bring the issue of genocide to the forefront of our conscience, given that today, as I write this, genocide is occurring in the Darfur region of the Sudan. I hope that my images and words can speak for those who do not (and did not) have the capability to get their message to a larger audience.

For more information and/or to contribute to action against the atrocity in Darfur, please see: www.genocideinterventionfund.org

Prey
Vermont, 2004/ Rwanda, 2000

Before I saw it, I smelled it. The bloated boar had already grown too big for its dark purple and blue skin, stretched tight over the swollen space. White maggots ate paths in and out of the eye sockets. The rotting body’s weight muzzled the long snout shut. I tried pushing it over with my foot; the way perhaps a Hutu did to see if his victims were dead. The smell of any rotting animal is the same. In an abandoned school building I saw 500 Tutsis, dusted in lime, slowly rotting into memory. Their bodies reduced to shriveled skin over bones– some broken, some missing. I could barely determine their sex: length of a femur, scraps of faded clothing, clumps of hair, shreds of a cotton skirt still clinging to a woman’s hip bone. I imagined the day her neighbor dragged her outside her home, just as her daughter, returning from getting water, watched the machete drop on her mother’s skull. Like chopping wood. 500 pieces. I don’t know how else to describe it. But my gaze couldn’t raise their remains, nor lift the fetid flesh of the blackening boar whose bullet slowly lurched toward the earth.
Bridging Dartmouth Through Rediscovery

By Erik Lambert

Hanover is more magnetic than most college towns. It is not uncommon for Dartmouth undergraduates to call Hanover home, even after one term, or move into the surrounding Upper Valley after graduation. Nor is it peculiar to find enthusiastic graduate students, even when they can count the restaurants in town on one hand.

"Hanover feels like home for me because I had so many learning and growing experiences here," says Monique Roy, a current MALS student who also graduated from Dartmouth in 2000. She is not alone. MALS presently enrolls twenty-two students who finished their undergraduate work at Dartmouth. There are many reasons students gravitate back to this green and white campus, but Monique’s motivations to rediscover Dartmouth have been the people and the intellectual development she has shared with them.

Monique, a native of Madawaska in Northern Maine, first came to campus and thought that “Dartmouth was like a big city.” She found the campus liberal and progressive compared to her hometown. And, although immediately falling in love with Dartmouth, Monique experienced culture shock. The jump into an actively academic world propelled her desire to involve herself in the community and have experiences she had never considered, such as playing rugby, taking “life changing courses,” and working for Dining Services.

Another MALS student and Dartmouth graduate, Karen Liot, also found herself attracted to Hanover when she arrived as a freshman. Although used to the rural setting of the Hamptons on Long Island, where Karen grew up, she did not consider Hanover a metropolis as Monique did. But she did consider it a womb of culture and a thriving center for her studies in political science and education. Karen’s exposure to this “environment of intellectual challenge,” as she labels her experience, gave her a craving to see, hear, and live vivaciously. Two years into school, Karen left for New York City to take some time away.

By the fall of 2000, Karen had an eighteen month old daughter, Marina, and was back in Hanover with more focus, dedication, and appreciation. “I felt a bit directionless early on in my Dartmouth career,” Karen says. “I didn’t know exactly why I was here, what I was supposed to be doing. In some ways, you could even call it an identity crisis. The birth of Marina while I was away really helped me become more focused. I came back to Dartmouth with a real sense of purpose, and I was a much better student, not taking for granted the amazing opportunity I had to study at this institution.” Karen graduated in 2002 and began MALS that autumn.

After graduating in 2000, Monique took opportunities through Dartmouth to TA for a Language Study Abroad program in France and work at the Moosilauke Ravine Lodge. She became afraid of the question: “You’re never going to leave Dartmouth, are you?” But after working for the Lodge, she did. The White Mountain School in Bethlehem, New Hampshire, hired Monique to teach French full-time and coach various sports. After three years of teaching, Monique says, “going back to school just came to me. I looked at many options at other schools, but I still settled on MALS.”

Although both Karen and Monique embraced their undergraduate experiences, they were glad to take time off and return with different, wiser perspectives. “My four years away gave me sufficient distance,” says Monique. “It has actually been more of a pleasure to rediscover Dartmouth and the Upper Valley as a grad student and older member of the community.”
Other students have entered MALS immediately after graduating from Dartmouth and experienced other benefits. John Teti, who is working currently on his MALS thesis in Japan, notes that “the best thing about going straight into MALS was that some of my friends were still on campus, although I didn’t let that keep me from making new friends.” John took on MALS because he liked the open curriculum and still had a desire to study. The only lifestyle change that John remembers is a good one: he “had to adjust a little to the more laid-back, communal atmosphere of MALS.”

But for Karen and Monique, time away was a valuable tool for understanding themselves and how they wanted to interact with the community. Karen remembers her return, for her “eyes were wide open to the things I loved and didn’t love.” She began a more honest relationship with the college. “I took time to renegotiate who I am on campus,” says Monique, but such a statement is fitting for Karen as well – especially now that she also works in Rockefeller on Dartmouth’s Public Impact initiative.

“I had a vision that Dartmouth can be an even better place than it already is,” Karen says. She is making that vision happen. Public Impact supports the civic and political commitments of students and aids them in choosing careers that result in common good. As a Ward Three Lebanon City Councillor, Karen also brings professional political knowledge to Public Impact and to MALS, which she plans to continue part-time. Although modest in saying it, Karen sees herself as “a good bridge or ambassador to the rest of campus.”

Monique is also well-connected to the college after residing five years in Hanoi. She is an invaluable resource for all students, and she enjoys acting as a “bridge [for] the two worlds – undergrad and grad – due to my job as a Graduate Advisor and the ties I’ve maintained to groups on campus.” As a Graduate Advisor and the ties I’ve maintained to groups on campus, she can provide to new MALS students, such diversity goes beyond their expectations and is a huge asset of the program.

Monique, Karen, John and the other students have entered MALS immediately after graduating from Dartmouth and experienced other benefits. John Teti, who is working currently on his MALS thesis in Japan, notes that “the best thing about going straight into MALS was that some of my friends were still on campus, although I didn’t let that keep me from making new friends.” John took on MALS because he liked the open curriculum and still had a desire to study. The only lifestyle change that John remembers is a good one: he “had to adjust a little to the more laid-back, communal atmosphere of MALS.”

But for Karen and Monique, time away was a valuable tool for understanding themselves and how they wanted to interact with the community. Karen remembers her return, for her “eyes were wide open to the things I loved and didn’t love.” She began a more honest relationship with the college. “I took time to renegotiate who I am on campus,” says Monique, but such a statement is fitting for Karen as well – especially now that she also works in Rockefeller on Dartmouth’s Public Impact initiative.

“I had a vision that Dartmouth can be an even better place than it already is,” Karen says. She is making that vision happen. Public Impact supports the civic and political commitments of students and aids them in choosing careers that result in common good. As a Ward Three Lebanon City Councillor, Karen also brings professional political knowledge to Public Impact and to MALS, which she plans to continue part-time. Although modest in saying it, Karen sees herself as “a good bridge or ambassador to the rest of campus.”

Monique is also well-connected to the college after residing five years in Hanoi. She is an invaluable resource for all students, and she enjoys acting as a “bridge [for] the two worlds – undergrad and grad – due to my job as a Graduate Advisor and the ties I’ve maintained to groups on campus.” As a Graduate Advisor and the ties I’ve maintained to groups on campus, she can provide to new MALS students, such diversity goes beyond their expectations and is a huge asset of the program.

Even more vital to the program, however, is Monique’s knowledge and the confidence she can provide to new MALS students. “As a grad student,” she notes, “the way to figure things out is by talking to others.” Monique, Karen, John and the nineteen other Dartmouth graduates provide insight to newer students concerning the unspoken tidbits necessary to operate at Dartmouth. The unique acronymic vernacular on campus can be especially vexing – for new and old students alike.

Although these students may increase awareness and ease transitions, John relays a difference that is impossible to teach or prepare for: “It is strange to come into the MALS program and suddenly be confronted with a much more diverse group of people in terms of life experiences... it takes a while to adjust to all those perspectives.” For most incoming MALS students, such diversity goes beyond their expectations and is a huge asset of the program.

Furthermore, Karen notes, “MALS is a sounding board for different ideas. A lot of education at Dartmouth is not in the classroom. The formal and informal one-on-one interactions are unique to Dartmouth – it is a special place.” MALS allowed her and Monique to take classes they never had time for during their undergraduate education. Although neither of them expected to continue on to a Ph.D. when they entered the program, both Karen and Monique now see MALS as a wonderful catalyst to more school.

“The epiphany moment came when I spoke at a panel on speech and social responsibility,” recalls John. “I was the only grad student on a panel of four, with the rest being undergrads. I don’t have a problem with public speaking, but this time I was scared. Would they take me seriously as a graduate student? Or would I be ignored because I wasn’t part of their sphere? To make a long story short, nobody cared that I was a grad student. I was a member of the Dartmouth community, and that was all that mattered.” We have Karen and Monique to thank.
In September I attended a conference called the British Isles Family History Society of Greater Ottawa in Canada. The purpose of my trip was for research and I was looking to meet three key people whose information might be beneficial to the MALS thesis topic I was beginning to write. In the late 1800s and early 1900s, 100,000 orphan children from England were shipped to Canada by emigration agents hoping to find them homes in the rural, pioneering farm communities. The average age of a British orphan was ten years old. The stories of what happened to these orphan children are so controversial that Canadian and English history books make no mention of their exodus.

As overcrowding in the cities occurred en masse due to the industrial revolution in Britain, social services were non-existent and the poor were left in the hands of the local parishes. Religious zealots, evangelists and social reformers offered solace in groups organizing by food and shelter in return for religious education. Although the parishes organized workhouses to shelter the poor, families were usually separated upon entrance and the conditions were prison-like. Emigration, a source of relief that was always looked upon favorably by the British to help popularize the colonies, was considered an option for the many vagrant children living in the streets - as Charles Dickens so well describes in his stories of London’s East End during these times. In 1870 a Scottish Quaker by the name of Annie Macpherson decided to take Canada up on its offer to take her orphans. She shipped one hundred boys to Montreal and within a week’s time had them settled on farms and in homes where they could be useful. From that point on until the mid 1920s, over fifty agencies from England were allowed to house, train, and ship orphans to Canada. These children were called home children.

I was excited to be meeting up with people at the BIFHSGO conference because they were familiar with the techniques of tracing one’s ancestral heritage from this particular time period and they were passionate about the topic of home children. Recently, possible because of the rising interest in heritage studies on college campuses or because of the accessibility of the internet, databases have spawned more opportunities to access unusual information, i.e., census records, shipping lists, workhouse records, and, more specifically, an agent’s visiting report from a distribution home that held the orphan before he or she was placed in a home.

I like Canada and have visited the country numerous times in the past. Going to Ottawa gave me a chance to see the historical parliament buildings built along the Riviere des Otaoais. Isabel, my thirteen year old daughter, came on the trip with me. Isabel was born in England and her father is from Leeds. She has been back numerous times visiting her vast family of cousins, aunts and uncles. Being somewhat precocious about her English heritage, she considers herself well-versed in traveling overseas and in knowing the English people. Attending a conference at the Library of National Archives in Ottawa researching English orphans was a subject that offered her another chance to exhibit her knowledge of England. Plus, it was a girls’ weekend away.

Two years ago our family went on a summer vacation to Prince Edward Island, visiting the northwestern coast, staying in a remote village called Tignish. We had a week of watching golden summer sunsets, walking the long, red, unoccupied, sandy beaches, and marveling at the acres of corn, potatoes, and watercress exhibiting their natural color in the summer sun. We also made friends with a few of the local families living in the village. During our visit, we went to Cavendish, where Lucy Montgomery Ward once lived and wrote her popular book, Anne of Green Gables. In the story Anne is an orphan (from Nova Scotia) who goes to live with a farmer and his sister. It was during this journey to Cavendish that I saw a sign in front of a long driveway that read Center for Home Children. I kick myself now for never going down that driveway when I saw the sign, but it was late in the day and we had a two-hour drive ahead of us, so I didn’t insist. However, soon after our return to Tignish, it was coincidental that we began listening to a broadcast on the CVC Radio out of Vancouver reading a story written about a home child. Every day for three days we gathered around the radio at 1:00 o’clock and listened to a story about an eleven year old girl and her seven year old brother who, orphaned in Liverpool, England, were sent to live in Canada. The story of these two home children was wrought with separation, hardship, and loneliness. Eventually, over time, the two siblings were reunited. I have discovered, since hearing this fictional story of Jean Little’s on the radio, that reality happy endings for home children were not common.
In the fall I started my fourth semester at Dartmouth, taking Brock Brower’s Periodical Journalism class. While discussing topics of interest, I told Brock about my interest in home children. Having a knack for good story ideas, he enthusiastically suggested I write my independent study topic on home children. I soon learned that there was nothing in the libraries at Dartmouth on home children and there was nothing coming up on Worldcat. Canadian studies had nothing to offer and no one seemed to know the term home children or anything about this piece of history. Finally, through a published thesis written by a Canadian Professor at the University of Waterloo, I began to uncover the hidden story about English orphans and Canadian home children.

During the 1980s I worked in the music business in London. In July 1985 Bob Geldorf organized Band Aid and produced the Live Aid concerts to raise money for the starving children in Ethiopia. The band I was working for, the Thompson Twins, performed and donated to the cause along with Phil Collins, Sting, Eric Clapton, Peter Gabriel, and numerous other rock stars. Each band voiced their anguish for the cause. Simultaneously, Bob had organized another Live Aid concert in Philadelphia starring more popular music artists – in fact, Phil Collins jumped on the Concorde after his performance at Wembley to play with Eric Clapton in Philadelphia. Phil was waived through customs and immigration and was provided with a private helicopter to make the event in time. On that occasion, I remember that the musicians in Philadelphia were not televised during their pleas for aid. Once the musicians performed, the television stations cut to regular commercials. In contrast, England’s Live Aid became an emotional journey taken on by the young people helping Bob send aid to Ethiopia, whereas in the States, it was just another rock concert. As a result of his noble efforts to help the African children, Bob was knighted for his work.

In the late 1800s there was another type of Bob Geldorf, only this man’s name was Thomas Barnardo. The industrial age brought a wide division amongst the rich and the poor and relief was only found through the local parishes. Because families were usually large and children were meant to help provide, many children were destitute, scrambling for themselves on the streets of Britain’s industrialized cities. Thomas Barnardo, a young Quaker from Ireland who came to London to study medicine, was struck by the number of vagrant children in the ghetto of East London. Giving up his dream to work as a missionary in China, he founded the first “home” for vagrant children in East London. With an “ever-open door,” Barnardo raised the necessary funds to house the many “street Arabs,” offering them shelter, employment, and placing them in foster homes. He wrote about his work and published before and after photographs of the orphans to show their improvement under his care. He directed theatrical productions for audiences to see what the children were learning in the Barnardo Homes. After opening seven homes around London, but as far away as the Isle of Jersey, Barnardo turned to the Canadian government for help in placing out his orphans with rural, farm families. Over the next 40 years, his organization was responsible for sending 80,000 orphan children to Canada.

Bob Geldorf isn’t the only pop star that has helped the needy and Barnardo wasn’t the only religious crusader shipping children overseas. By 1880 there were fifty different agencies sending children to Canada. To name a few: William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army; William Quarrier, a Scottish Quaker living in Glasgow; John Midlemore, a doctor from Birmingham; Maria Rye, a social reformer from London; and Father Nugent, a Catholic Priest from Liverpool. Canada wasn’t the only country eager to receive shipments of orphans. Children were also being sent to Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

"Home child," by Canadian standards, was considered a derogatory term. The children that were shipped over and placed out in homes were looked upon by Canadians more as indentured labor than an addition to the family.

My research trip to Canada allowed me to get up close and personal with archivists and researchers who had firsthand experiences with home children. The National Library of Canada has a vast network of archives that are open to the public for viewing. Although the Barnardo records are housed there, the main office for the charity in England has closed their records to the public. Citing ("Far From Home cont’d on page 24")
When you meet Charlotte Hill O’Neal it takes a moment to find the 18 year old girl who fled to Algeria as a political exile in 1970. The bright yellows in Charlotte’s traditional dress, made from African textiles of interwoven geometric patterns, betray the images of tight-fitting berets and dark sunglasses associated with the Black Panthers in the 1960s. But as she begins to trace the course of events that have shaped her life over the last three decades there is an intensity and passion in the way she talks that opens a door, and you find yourself looking at the face of young Charlotte Hill the Black Panther, Charlotte, the rouge in exile.

Charlotte O’Neal is living between two worlds: Tanzania, where she and her husband have made their home since 1972, and America. But she wouldn’t describe it like that. She would tell you that she is a woman of the world, a citizen of all cultures, and that’s probably truer. Still, she is a long way from the Kansas City streets of her youth. Away from the family which she left behind, and her children who moved there from Tanzania to find their American roots. But Kansas City was where her thoughts wandered during a recent lecture co-sponsored by the MALS department.

Charlotte O’Neal, an artist, poet, and writer who has exhibited her work both in Africa and America since 1987, grew up in Kansas City as a child of the 1960s. A contemporary of the turbulent social movements of that era - civil rights, women’s liberation, black empowerment - Charlotte was surrounded by the fabric of a national coming of age.

In 1968, anxious to become involved, she became the youngest member of the Kansas City School of Human Dignity at age 17. Speaking at local churches, community centers and schools, Charlotte taught the importance of black history and instilled in many African Americans a connection with their past that had been displaced by the unrest of the times. Through her work in the local community Charlotte gained experience teaching and empowering others, but she was driven to search out stronger voices of activism, people who used the weight of their words as weapons, and their actions as a testament to their resolve.

So it must have been that one day in 1969 Charlotte Hill got tired of just looking at the newspaper clippings taped to her wall of Pete O’Neal, the founder of the Kansas City chapter of the Black Panther Party and the man whom Charlotte would later marry. At age 18, she joined the Black Panthers and became an active participant in the movement as a member of the young group of rebels who communicated with the public over the media’s airways and understood black pride, and sometimes used violence in its defense.

For Charlotte, being with the Black Panthers helped to fulfill a personal mission to address the needs of the people in her community. “Being a Black Panther taught me how to work,” Charlotte said during her lecture at Dartmouth College in April. “And it was so much more than what was televised. We opened the first free medical clinic in Kansas City - Bobby Hutton Medical Clinic. We fed 750 children a day, and we started a bus program so families could visit their loved ones in prison.” For Charlotte the Black Panthers’ community service and charity work stood out from the background of clashes with police, and guns, and fulfilled a need to help positively transform her surroundings. Unfortunately it was the latter - the guns - which lead to her husband Pete O’Neal’s arrest by A.T.F. agents in late 1969, and would become the eventual reason Charlotte and Pete fled to Algeria a year later.

Pete O’Neal was the militantly outspoken founder of the Kansas City chapter of the Black Panther Party; Charlotte O’Neal was the civil-rights activist and teacher. In 1970 both found themselves stepping off a plane into the unbearable
Then, in 1972, they moved to Tanzania, away from the frontlines of the liberation movement to the frontier of homesteading.

In 1972, they moved to Tanzania, away from the frontlines of the liberation movement to the frontier of homesteading. Over the next two decades they turned their small homestead of 4 acres near the base of Mount Meru, in Isambeni, into a cultural and education center for rural villagers and the community of nearby Arusha. In 1991, they founded The United African Alliance Community Center (UAACC). The organization works with Tanzanians to teach them English, computer skills, and HIV/AIDS awareness. The Center also sponsors an international exchange program for inner city youth and college students from the U.S. to visit Tanzania, contribute to the UAACC’s community projects, and help with teaching and health awareness. “It’s always enjoyable when we host youth visiting from all over the world and when we work with youth born and raised in Tanzania. It is always energizing and a continuing learning experience and helps to keep my antennae tuned in to what it means to be young and growing up in the uncertain future of today’s world.”

Charlotte is also a resident artist at the UAACC and instructs students in the basics of quilting techniques, drawing and painting, tie-dye, batik, papier-mâché, woodcarving and cement casting. The program is called “Empowerment through the Arts” and it enables local Tanzanians to express themselves creatively and learn skills used in trade and traditional professions, and by working artists. Charlotte’s work teaching younger generations about art has been built around the idea of exposing youth to new experiences. Comfort zones are built around experiences,” she says, “surrounding us like layers of tightly packed onion skin. The future artists and art lovers in our communities will have to be exposed at an early age if viable comfort zones in the art world are to be realized."

Students and community members of the Upper Valley got an opportunity to be exposed to some of the artwork of the UAACC’s resident artists and students, as well as a number of Charlotte’s own pieces, in an exhibit set up by the UAACC and the MALS department. Charlotte’s artwork has been recognized internationally for its unique beauty and heartfelt message. The works combine papier-mâché sculpture, acrylic painting, and quilting to form vivid multi-media compositions. The exhibit, which was hosted at the Norwich Town Hall in April, presented works from over a dozen UAACC students, and included a showing of “A Panther in Africa,” the PBS documentary about Charlotte and Pete O’Neal’s life and work in Africa.

The exhibit also allowed students and community members to talk with Charlotte and to learn about the life of Tanzanians. The vivid images of the young African artists and the story of Charlotte and Pete’s thirty years in Tanzania helped draw connections for many in attendance between the world of their daily lives and the aspirations that they want to live up to. Being in Africa for thirty years has given Charlotte an opportunity to live up to her aspirations to teach and help others, and to make connections of her own - to connect with her African heritage and the people of her new homeland, and it is something she wears as a badge of honor. “It makes me feel like the wild woman that I am.”

Isabel fared well. She easily fell under the wing of a librarian archivist who showed her how to run one of the many booths at the convention selling research material. Isabel worked for a few hours each day while I raced from lecture to lecture. One sunny afternoon we slipped out to have a walk through the local outdoor market. W e took pictures of the parliament buildings, the river, and met a Chinese couple who showed Isabel how to write her name on a piece of rice. She wears it around her neck on special occasions. We decided that the Canadians we met at the conference are interesting people. There is a good possibility they might be English.
Humanity Rules at the Poster Session
by Vernita Irvin

On Wednesday, April 6, 2005, the Graduate Studies Office continued its tradition of recognizing outstanding graduate students with its annual Arts and Sciences Graduate Poster Session. Designed as a forum for graduate students and post-docs to display and present their scholarly work to the Dartmouth Community, the catered event culminated with awards for the top three presenters.

Because of the heavily scientific nature of poster sessions in academia, humanities students in programs such as MALS and Comparative Literature are rarely represented. Often these programs fail to promote the advantages of this Grad Appreciation Week affair, citing the edge science programs have over the humanities in creating heavily stylized banners that promote ongoing research. Some also argue that such highly specialized competitions have little tolerance for the subjective and artistic representations of humanities work, and therefore fail to accurately judge our efforts.

Well, this year, one MALS student decided to challenge that self-fulfilling prophecy by competing among the best of them with a project that proved once and for all that humanities theses are indeed as scholarly, socially valuable and competitive as the sciences. Through her poster, entitled “Flow, Layering, and Ruptures in Line: A written and visual analysis of hip hop culture,” Jennifer Kocsmiersky (MALS ’06), became one of the first humanities students to represent liberal studies at the Top of the Hop.

Promoting a spectrum of gyrating figures, undulating black lines and in-depth text describing the breaks and fluidity that are the basis of the hip hop phenomenon, Jennifer’s poster brought a breath of fresh air to the session, not only for its original themes, but because unlike the thirty-two other competitors, who relied on computer-generated scans of brain waves, DNA and weather patterns, Jennifer’s poster was an original, hand-made product brought to life via an intricate fusion of charcoal, pastels, markers, sticky dots and lamination. “Producing the poster was a bigger challenge than I expected,” Jennifer said, “and even my advisor, Jerry (Gerald Auten, Studio Art), said, ‘I had no idea how you were going to do this’.”

The 3’x5’ poster (which to the delight of all, hung vertically instead of the traditionally horizontal, thereby forcing the eye to actually read and explore its curves), took three days to create and included quotes from internationally known hip hop scholar Tricia Rose, and cultural

Jennifer Kocsmiersky ‘06

Through her poster, entitled “Flow, Layering, and Ruptures in Line: A written and visual analysis of hip hop culture,” Jennifer Kocsmiersky (MALS ’06), became one of the first humanities students to represent liberal studies at the Top of the Hop.
Jennifer's initiative, talent and drive.

Vigil-Malek (MALS ’06), were inspired poster session, and many, such as Kiara dentists and alumni were on hand at the A core group of faculty and MALS stu- poster, but also provide some interesting to take advantage of the visual aspect of a "D installation," said Jennifer. "I wanted was meant to be a taste of my thesis in 2- Jennifer's poster works to convey the theme of hip hop as a culture of "breaks" with specific parts and four key elements: b-boying/girling, graffiti, emceeing, and deejaying.

Jennifer’s poster works to convey the theme of hip hop as a culture of "breaks" with specific parts and four key elements: b-boying/girling, graffiti, emceeing, and deejaying.

Jennifer’s poster works to convey the theme of hip hop as a culture of "breaks" with specific parts and four key elements: b-boying/girling, graffiti, emceeing, and deejaying. "The most time consuming part was trying to find a photocopy place that would let me photocopy my drawn images onto laminating paper," said Jennifer.

"Ideally we ought to have our own unique forum for displaying and articulating the type of work that we do."

Also on hand was Monique Roy (MALS ’07), who said of the endeavor: "Jenn’s poster provided a nice ‘humanities touch’ to the grad student poster event. [It] was refreshing; a visual treat that represented a different mode of thinking from many of the other presentations. For me, primarily a student of the humanities, the event on the whole gave me lots of new ideas about subjects I rarely am exposed to."

While she did not win the competition this year, many of the judges noted Jen- nifer’s creativity and strength in an other- wise silent arena and they hoped that more humanities students will follow her lead and get involved. When asked how she felt about forging a new trail for humanities grad, Jennifer was optimistic. "I was glad to be the gritty-ghetto ‘other’ in a sea of glossy conference posters," she said, adding that, "in the end, it was a helpful activity because I got more ideas for my installation and I got to share and ‘test’ my ideas with others."

Photographs by Kerry Landers.

Faculty Profile

Barbara Kreiger
By Joan Kersey ’96

We learn by experience. My experience tells me that the measure of a teacher can be calculated by his or her ability to understand the individual needs of each student. Barbara Kreiger is that kind of teacher. She is highly valued as a thesis advisor and teacher by MALS and undergraduate students alike. She seems always to know what the student writer needs in order to improve and grow.

As summer term begins, MALS welcomes Barbara back from a year studying and teaching in Rome. Professor Kreiger, recipient of a Fulbright Scholarship, has been living in Rome doing research on her own projects and teaching graduate students at the Tor Vergata campus of the University of Rome.

She is a senior lecturer in the English Department and in the Jewish Studies Department, and adjunct associate pro- fessor and chair of the Creative Writing Concentration in the MALS program. For a number of summers, she has taught memoir or travel writing at the Alumni College.

Barbara will give a presentation of her impressions of Rome at the annual MALS Alumni Association Luncheon on W ednesday, July 13th, at the Hanover Inn. Reservations for the luncheon may be made by calling the MALS office.

Kreiger’s area of focus is nonfiction crea- tive writing. For nineteen years, she has taught courses in the MALS program. She is the author of The Dead Sea: Myth, History and Politics and Divine Expectations An American Woman in Twentieth-Century Palestine. She has also written the intro- duction for reissues of travel classics by Freya Stark (Baghdad Sketches) and Alex- ander Kinglake (Eothen).
The Subtle Implications of the Fab Five
By Kylo-Patrick Hart

Kylo-Patrick Hart’s essay “We’re Here, We’re Queer - and We’re Better Than You: The Representational Superiority of Gay Men to Heterosexuals on Queer Eye for the Straight Guy,” originally published in The Journal of Men’s Studies, has been identified as one of the key contributions within the field of men’s studies from the past three decades. It is being reprinted in Routledge’s five-volume set Men and Masculinities: Critical Concepts in Sociology, which will contain 90 landmark research articles and be released in 2006. The essay was originally written in summer 2003 as Hart’s term paper in MALS 318: Cultural Studies, taught by Donald Pease and Klaus Milich.

In my essay “We’re Here, We’re Queer - and We’re Better Than You,” I argue that, contrary to my initial expectations, Bravo’s reality series Queer Eye for the Straight Guy offers audience members the most positive representation of gay men on U.S. television that has even been available to them.

Throughout U.S. television history to date, gay men have continuously been represented, explicitly and implicitly, as individuals who are always already inferior to heterosexuals by virtue of their sexual orientation. Refreshingly, Queer Eye for the Straight Guy – the makeover program that features five gay men improving the lives of a different schlubby straight man each week – reverses that representational trend by consistently communicating, in implicit ways, that gay men may actually be superior to heterosexuals.

Each episode of Queer Eye for the Straight Guy features the “Fab Five” – Ted Allen (who specializes in food and wine), Kyan Douglas (grooming), Thom Felicia (interior decorating), Carson Kressley (fashion), and Jai Rodriguez (culture) – swooping into the life of a hapless heterosexual man in search of style as an important event in his life approaches. The Fab Five’s goal is not to turn the straight guy gay, but rather to infuse him with wisdom about fashion and style, matters that heterosexual men are typically presumed not to have mastered.

However, the resulting (albeit inaccurate) perception that this series likely feminizes gay men in relation to straight men contributes substantially to its radically subversive potential.

On its surface, the show may not appear to offer a more positive representation of gay men than those of the past because, admittedly, its premise embraces the longstanding stereotype that gay men possess a natural flair for style that straight people typically lack. However, the resulting (albeit inaccurate) perception that this series likely feminizes gay men in relation to straight men contributes substantially to its radically subversive potential: it appears to offer only non-threatening depictions of gay men to heterosexual viewers while simultaneously bombarding them with images that implicitly suggest that gay men are actually superior, rather than inferior, to heterosexuals.

The most noteworthy way that Queer Eye for the Straight Guy accomplishes this feat is by encoding the Fab Five as a band of (gay) superheroes who help “save the life” of an unkempt heterosexual man with the need to acquire style – fast! Doing so is something that his heterosexual male friends, as well as his heterosexual girlfriend or wife (if he has one), are clearly unable to accomplish. In part, the five gay experts appear to possess “super powers” in their respective areas of expertise because the show presents them as being simply regular gay guys, rather than the leading experts in their fields that they actually are (e.g., Thom is the founder of one of the top 100 design companies in the United States, Kyan works regularly as a colorist on high-profile television and magazine projects, etc.).

Far more importantly, the most impressive way that the show encodes the Fab Five as a band of superheroes is that it condenses the extensive work they do with the straight guy into what appears, on screen, to occur in less than a 24-hour period (in reality, the five experts spend approximately four days working with each straight subject). As such, it appears that the gay Fab Five, unlike their heterosexual counterparts, are able to complete a wide range of impressive tasks – from providing shopping and culinary lessons to repainting entire home interiors in just a matter of hours – at a superhuman pace. From a representational standpoint, appearing to complete several days’ worth of work entirely between sunup and sundown on a single day is at least the equivalent of being able to leap tall buildings in a single bound; in the process, it enhances the perceived status of gay men in the eyes of mere mortals (i.e., the show’s heterosexual viewers).

Additional aspects of Queer Eye for the Straight Guy further enable the show to work its representational “magic.” For starters, although Queer Eye is not the first reality-television program to feature gay men, it represents the first time that gay men are in the majority, rather than the minority, on a reality television program. In addition, the Fab Five con-
stantly poke fun at gay stereotypes to reveal how ridiculous they tend to be, and they regularly use humor as well as the sense of touch to show straight guys that there is no reason to be afraid of gay guys. “The show [is based on] the concept that five gay men are able to look at themselves, make fun of themselves, look at the straight guy, make fun of him, and then turn that around and bring it together; that’s the heart of the show,” explained David Collins, Queer Eye’s executive producer, in an August 2003 interview on National Public Radio’s All Things Considered. “It’s about the fact that gay guys and straight guys may do things a little different in the bedroom, but in the end, they’re just men.” Or perhaps, sometimes, superhuman beings.

("Jones’ Director" cont’d from page 1)
November 1980, when he was the Montgomery Fellow, but they had been stored away and virtually forgotten until now. The Foucault lectures are currently being restored, and will soon be available to the Dartmouth community once again.

Despite his innumerable contributions to MALS and Dartmouth, Michael has hopes to do even more to improve the learning experience for students. For instance, Michael has traveled to Cuba to assist his wife, who is working on a photography project there. While helping her he began looking into setting up an exchange program for MALS students with Casa de Las Americas, a cultural organization in Havana. According to Michael, Casa de Las Americas is “very well known...[and] brings in people from all over Latin America, including scholars studying literature, cultural studies and music...it’d be a great place to do a program.” Since visiting Cuba, Michael has been working with Don Pease and Lauren Clarke to evaluate the possibilities of an exchange program.

Michael explained that Dartmouth has a license through the government to allow faculty and students doing research to go to Cuba, thus removing a major obstacle to the realization of such a program. Clearly, a Cuban cultural exchange program would give MALS yet another unique program to add to its curriculum and benefit students.

Michael’s contributions have made him an indispensable member of the MALS program and an inspiration to both current students and alumni. Among other lessons, Michael’s example illustrates the importance of getting involved and exploring the many possibilities available at Dartmouth. So, next time you find yourself at the Jones Media Center, whether asking for help with a technical project or just checking out a movie, make sure to take a moment and say hi.
“The Premises of the Emergence of Musicals in Russian Culture”
By Pavel Bogdan

The American musical has evolved over the last two centuries into what today has become one of the most popular theatrical genres. It took many years for the art form to become what is known today as a purely American “Broadway Musical.” In recent years a surprising rise of interest towards the Broadway Musical has been noticed in Russia. This phenomenon is unique to Russian culture, and therefore it deserves special attention. The primary purpose of the project is to define the premises of the musical becoming so highly popular in Russia, i.e., to identify the historical, political and social context within which this art form emerged and developed in Russian culture.

The work is divided into three main parts. The first part introduces the topic, outlines the main concerns and questions of the authors and presents the discourse on Russian cultural development. The following part elaborates on the historical development of Russian-American political relations that influenced the cultural exchange between the countries during three successive periods: that preceding the collapse of the Soviet Union (“perestroika”), post-collapse period and nowadays. The third part of the project focuses on the development of Russian musical theatre within the same historical framework but emphasizing the influence of social and cultural factors. Finally, the study draws conclusions and speculates on the prospective of the evolution of the musical within contemporary Russian culture.

“Belabored Existence, Recursive Presence; the Politics of Guestworkers in America”
By Robin Catmur

The squall over U.S. immigration reform rages in political, economic, social and cultural arenas. Election year politics have brought immigration even more into the limelight, with both Senator Kerry and President Bush speaking critically of the immigration system. Adding to the controversy are non-traditional migration flows which now lead seasonal workers to more remote communities where job opportunities are more plentiful, the community more welcoming, and employment network flows more easily established and maintained.

Within this context, a small island off the coast of New England serves as a case study for my research. The seasonal workforce on the island has changed over the last decade from almost exclusively U.S. citizen college students and local island residents to including a significant percentage of non-U.S. citizen seasonal workers.

The scope of the inquiry is complex, including U.S. labor force concerns, community services impacts, and the resolution of macrostructurally defined ‘temporariness’ or even ‘illegality’ with the push to assimilate to community norms and standards, alongside the omnipresent drive to preserve the traditional, pristine nature of the community. These new receiving communities historically lack the experience and resources to deal with migrating and temporary labor forces and need relevant research, data, and resources to effectively handle new problems and conditions, as do the seasonal workers who are re-locating there. In addition, the stories and experiences that come out of local communities hosting foreign laborers can serve to expand community and national perspectives on immigration policies.

“Environmental and Chemical Management in Higher Education”
By Michael D. Cimis

Academic research and development is an important educational tool and funding this work is a national priority. Academic research facilities have significant environmental impacts but scholarship in this field is limited. This thesis aims to provide practitioners and policy makers a better understanding of environmental management initiatives in academic research organizations. The central research question is this: are academic research institutions efficiently allocating resources toward improving environmental performance? A number of sub-questions will be evaluated in looking at this issue: 1) How are academic research organizations allocating environmental protection resources and why? 2) Have goals or the ideal state been identified? 3) How does one measure performance toward these goals?
A survey instrument was designed and sent to environmental health and safety (EHS) departments at 150 of the largest research institutions in the U.S. The survey provides a picture of current resource allocation and management activities across a spectrum of organizations. A case study of hazardous chemical management at Dartmouth College is provided to illustrate motivations and challenges that guide this allocation strategy.

The results show that environmental health and safety departments in research organizations consider regulatory pressure and risk management to be primary objectives. Resource efficiency is subordinated and is not a core management activity within these groups. Organizations are implementing formal environmental management systems, designating sustainability staff and producing voluntary environmental reports in encouraging numbers. These holistic approaches to environmental impact assessment have the potential to improve environmental performance. Literature in the field suggests, however, that goals and measurements have yet to be defined to drive this progress.

With persistent budget pressures and limited resources, efficient allocation is essential. I conclude this work by presenting goals and a measurement framework to improve environmental performance. This is offered as a starting point for further work refining metrics and goals that foster diversity in the practice of environmental management while driving performance beyond compliance and toward sustainability.

"Lexical Leaps and Counter-Colonial Conversations: Contemporary Keys into 'A Key into the Language of America'"
By Matthew Duques

My thesis begins by analyzing Roger Williams' dictionary of the Narragansett language entitled, "A Key into the Language of America." This lexicon, as I note, is not simply word lists and grammar lessons. It is a work of staged, fragmented stories, complex cross-cultural conversations and polemic poetry. Fascinatingly, it is a text where narratives reveal moments of intersubjective possibility as the Narragansett culture shapes Williams. Yet the Narragansett culture and language allow Williams to produce a new Christian colonial discourse, in which he castigates his neighbors and wins favor with England. As a result, what is conversely possible in his dictionary repeatedly turns into an allegorical objectification of Native peoples, turning a radical text into a re-figured colonial directive. This sense of Williams’ "Key" takes me three hundred fifty years forward into an analysis of two contemporary avant-garde poetry collections: Rosmarie Waldrop's "A Key into the Language of America" and James Thomas Stevens/Aronhiotas (Mohawk) "Tokinish." I ask what happens when the Narragansett language, stories and poetry of Williams' dictionary appear in contemporary poetry. What new conversations are possible? For Waldrop, I analyze her formal re-creation in terms of the way she fashions her ambivalence, as a German-American woman, to both the colonized and the colonizer. For Stevens, as a Native American man, I interpret his very distinct collection, by way of its trope of the island as a body to re-figure colonialism in erotic terms. Both collections bring me to the dictionary and so their form and content as subjects of discussion place colonial ideologies into the present world, where we often forget they still exist and shape our lives.

Abstract for "Every Grin Don't Mean Smile."
By Katharine Fisher Britton

A frantic mother searches for her missing son amidst the haunted, former rice plantations of South Carolina's Low Country.

A telephone call wakes Cama Davis from a deep, drug-induced slumber. There's been an accident: a fire on the fishing boat Been-yah. Her soon-to-be ex-husband Jack and young son Tate were aboard when it happened. Jack's body has been recovered; Tate's has not. Tate is presumed dead by everyone except Cama, who rushes to South Carolina to search for him.

Memories of her traumatic past have haunted Cama's sleep for years. As she searches, resisting the belief that her son is dead, her days become haunted as well.

She begins to confuse fantasy and fact, desperate to wake from a nightmare she knows in her heart she is living, not dreaming.

Cama searches along the beach at Pawley's Island, amidst the choking undergrowth that has reclaimed land once forced into rice cultivation on nearby Lachicotte plantation, and on the back streets of local towns. She meets several Gullah women, who share with her their stories of haints, hags, and plat-eyes. The area is rich in legend and ghost lore, like that of the famous Gray Man of Pawley's Is-
land, who has been seen before every major hurricane. As her search becomes more desperate, he appears to Cama. In fact, he appears to be watching her.

Cama continues to lose her tenuous grip on reality as she pursues her dream of finding Tate alive. Like the shifting sands of the nearby dunes, no one and nothing are quite as they appear.

“The Impact of a Changing Governance System on the Print Media in Russia, 1986-2002: Case Study of Moskovskiy Komsomolets and Izvestiia”
By Tatiana Glushkova

After the disintegration of the Soviet Union, the demise of state/party monopoly over the information and the communications media represents a major shift in the history of Russia. The phenomenon of the media market regulated mainly by free competition, previously unfamiliar to the Russian audience, has finally become a reality, making Russian media adjust to political transformation and find new ways and forms of existence. The purpose of this project is to analyze the changes that occurred in the Russian print media under the influence of democratization and “openness” (glasnost), in order to understand the positive and negative effects of the democratization process, and define the role of print media in contemporary Russian society.

This thesis project consists of five parts. The first part of the project represents the conceptual framework of research, elaborating on the role and problems of media within totalitarian and democratic environment. The second part explains the methodology of the work, and details of content analysis utilized in the project. The third part provides historical and theoretical perspective of the Russian media during the Soviet and post-Soviet periods. Consequently, the fourth part focuses on the analysis of the change of information content, using the front pages of two Russian socio-political newspapers 'Moskovskiy Komsomolets' and 'Izvesiia' for the period between 1986 and 2002 as a sample. Finally, the study comments on the results of analysis and draws conclusions about the current situation in the Russian print media market.

“Who Knows God's Ways?”
by Maria T. Graham

My thesis is primarily an oral history of ten Catholic nuns. They were living together in a convent in County Limerick, Ireland, when I interviewed them in November 2002. The project includes their reminiscences, beginning with girlhood in the 1920s and 30s and their early years as nuns. It follows their struggle to deal with massive upheavals in religious life during the turbulent 60s and 70s. It closes with their thoughts on retiring and facing the end, for themselves and their way of life.

The stories of these women cover eight decades and illuminate the larger role nuns played in Irish society during that time. Their personal journeys reflect that of the Catholic Church, an organization whose unique power and prestige has been declining. As the total number of nuns decreases, and the remaining nuns get older, these sisters bear witness to what may be the end of Catholic religious orders.

Through their words, I have concluded that most nuns believe women can live exemplary Christian lives without entering religious life. They accept that there are other ways of working for social justice, without conforming to historical precedent and submitting to the control of the church's hierarchy.

"So Completely Ugly"
By Vernita Irvin

This thesis is a fictional novel that explores the prominence of deviant behavior in modern Hollywood. Entitled "So Completely Ugly," this thesis will draw from my experiences as a career executive secretary at both Paramount Pictures and Walt Disney Studios from 1991-2001. There will be fifteen chapters, each depicting the life of my fictional main character, Neal E. Boden, a mega pulp fiction novelist whose appetites force him to navigate the sexual, substance and financial temptations embedded within "the industry." As this is an intentional pulp fiction, I hope to mimic the thematic structures of classic pulp fictions like "Another Country" and "Last Exit to Brooklyn."
Racial passing, most commonly African Americans consciously choosing to live their lives as whites, is a subject that has pervaded our country’s social and literary consciousness since the nineteenth century. Because passing is only successful when African Americans who have none of the stereotypically assigned black physical features can pass as white, the act of passing depends upon the belief of a visual racial truth accepted by the majority of the populace. This connection between race and the visual realm reaches deeply into literature, scientific photography and fine art. Through its abundant use of visual imagery, Nella Larsen’s 1929 novella Passing provides insight into the motivations as well as outcomes for passers, following the lives of two women who choose to pass in different ways during the Harlem Renaissance. Artist Adrian Piper’s work chronicles the life of a light-skinned African-American woman living in a world obsessed with visible racial classification and challenges her viewers to question their own cultural and gendered categories and convictions. Larsen’s novel and the artwork of Piper and her contemporaries prove that the connection between race and the visual remains strong, but can be inverted to dispel the notion of identifiable racial difference.

The current perception of an urban renewal comes as the product of successes of reworking local government in response to the financial challenges facing cities in the 1970s. Following the property tax revolts that stripped local governments of as much as half their revenues, resource-strapped local governments began entering into local governance coalitions with the private sector in order to spur development in stagnating cities. However, the growth of local governance promoted increasing local fragmentation not only of government services in terms of accountability and legitimacy, but also of increasingly diverse and pluralistic local communities. Current means of looking at poverty in the U.S. – through disadvantage analysis and the underclass debate – subscribe to the pervasive Durkheimian hegemony evident in European social exclusion discourse that views paid works as a means to social inclusion and ignores the status of the working poor. To better inform debate about the effects of local governance coalitions, a shift to social exclusion analysis will better inform U.S. policy discourse. In Washington, D.C., the popularization of local governance coalitions continues to lead the city’s current renaissance. However, social exclusion remains high in the District, particularly among residents in Southeast Washington and Anacostia. This exclusion is rooted in the historical development of the district, beginning with the original planning, reinforced by a tradition of segregation and a denial of citizenship rights, and promised in proposals for development as recent as the current Anacostia Waterfront Initiative.

The buzz surrounding Mel Gibson's The Passion of The Christ has captivated audiences and cultural critics around the world. This specifically traditionalist Catholic representation of Jesus' Passion has been heralded by many Christian fundamentalists, while raising Jewish fears of an increase in anti-Semitic viewpoints. The American interfaith community of Jews and Christians have opened discussions in a public forum to analyze the roots of anti-Semitism and the threat this movie may bring to Jewish communities here and abroad. In order to establish the severity of these fears, a historical review of Christian anti-Semitic theology, the tradition of Passion plays, the use of drama as ritual, and the violence committed against Jews will be examined with René Girard's theory of collective violence. Girard's anthropological theories explain the scapegoating of Jews, but his theological solution to the problem of violence on an individual and communal level fails to show itself in the historical record and weakens his conservative framework in evaluating the Gospels. Yet many other liberal and conservative proposed solutions to Christian anti-Semitism do not address the fundamentalist literalist interpretations of the Gospels. In conclusion, this project will evaluate the current perspectives of Christian, Jewish, and secular viewpoints on the film and interfaith relations, and suggest commonalities between conservatives, liberals, and moderates that may help to explain this phenomenon and prevent the further spread of attacks on Jews and Christians.
Prior to 1869, when the first shipload of children was sent to Canada, there is evidence that Britain began sending children overseas in 1618 when a boat load of boys, taken off the streets of London, was sent to Richmond, Virginia to work on tobacco plantations. By the 1880s the influx of children to the colonies became a regular business, spawning contracts with shipping and railroad companies with agencies specifically formed to train and place orphan children in homes throughout Canada. Due to the controversy surrounding child emigration, it reached its peak in the 1920s and reluctantly began to subside as a result of government intervention and societal awareness. By the end of WWII most juvenile emigration schemes had ended.

It was difficult for the British government not to be in favor of emigration for children, and the provinces were keen to receive children for the purposes of labor and domestic service. Britain found emigration useful, a convenient way to empty their burgeoning workhouses, orphanages, and asylums. The industrial revolution had brought unforeseen overcrowding issues to the cities as workers were being encouraged to leave their small farms and villages and supply the demand for urban labor. As a result, cities like London, Liverpool, and Birmingham, for example, had devised no formal housing regulations. A disarray of accommodations created slum-like conditions including multiple families living together in small quarters, squatters in public parks, and two-tiered living arrangements whereby people, unknown to each other, would literally rent a bed share alternatively, sleeping while another was out. Because of the squalor and lack of support for poor families in urban areas, the local governing boards allowed religious zealots, social reformers, philanthropists and other extraneous organizations to train and ship vagrant children, averaging the age of 10, to places like Canada where they were placed onto farms as domestic servants or farm workers. Luckier ones were adopted into families and treated well. Emigration of children became controversial when it was discovered that many of the children who were being sent overseas were sometimes taken without permission from existing relatives. Also, the agencies were not being held accountable for the children once the children were placed. Labeled “home children,” orphans were left defenseless if the agreement between the caregiver and the agent was not acknowledged. Britain shipped over 100,000 children to Canada, between 1869 and 1933. During that time the Children’s Aid Society in New York, Boston, and Chicago was shipping children out of the city by train to the pioneering West. Based on Christianity, deeply rooted in the pastoral dream, evangelists and social reformers in America were advising orphanages to find suitable homes for children in the open, rural country west of the Mississippi. Controversy arose here as well, due to questions of accountability and suitable care.

The discourse of information compiled on the subject of orphans is vast. The philosophy of child rearing today has obviously changed since the days of emigration; however, examining the similar, unnerving, and educational journey of a home child and an orphan train rider exposes hidden prejudices, reflects societal awareness, and opens a new dialogue of thought on the long-term effects of fostering and care.

In 1997 the Hartford Whalers professional hockey team moved from Hartford, Connecticut, to Raleigh, North Carolina. This thesis is an oral history narrative of the team’s move from Hartford to Raleigh. This thesis is primarily concerned with the impact that the move had on two cities - Hartford and Raleigh - and secondarily concerned with the team’s temporary home - Greensboro, North Carolina. Numerous original interviews were conducted with politicians, newspaper columnists, fans, players, franchise employees, and community leaders. In cases when key individuals declined to be interviewed or were exceedingly difficult to interview, their voices were included by using quotations from outside sources.

Over the course of this oral history, interviewees touch on a number of key issues related to relocation of a sports franchise and the effect of a major league franchise on a city. These issues include: the cultural context that exists between a city and a professional sports team; cultural differences between the American Northeast and the American South; the nature of modern-day sports as a reflection of the transient lifestyle in 21st century America; the link between a region’s economy and a team’s success; fan bases, political fortunes and city images as they relate to professional sports, and sports as a major American industry.

The oral history concludes with the prospects for professional hockey in Hartford and Raleigh, and with reflections on how a professional sport team impacts a city. Leagues and franchises have impacted municipalities in ways that they probably do not fully realize. Cities build hopes for the future around their teams, and those same hopes are crushed when a team leaves a city. And the roots of a team do not run nearly as deep as they did in the past, at least not for most cities.
"Ladies and Gentlemen: Forgotten Spaces, Public Memory, and the Artistic Process"
An artist's book by Anna Schuleit

In this thesis I piece together bits and pieces of institutional life and history through image and writing, fragments of forgotten spaces, memories, lost presences, former use, and unremembered function. The untouched condition of institutional architecture, its architectural decay and personal narratives have moved and inspired my work for years, including a more hidden side of my own life of which this thesis is also an exploration, finally, and in disguise of the larger topic. The thesis is created in conversation with my findings: the people whose stories are recorded, the buildings documented in sketches and photographs, and found objects and documents from attics and archives. This work of "visual archeology" becomes the basis for my next installation project using the chairs of the past as a means for storytelling. At the end of this journey lies an artist's book manuscript of one edition and a website at www.ladiesngentlemen.org.

"Critical Analysis of the Genocide Concept Under International Law: A Darfur Case Study"
By Svetlana A. Sotskova

The progress of preventing and punishing genocide depends fundamentally on the clarity of the concept. The primary question of this thesis is how to define genocide and apply the definition in practice. The purpose of this work is to bring together both the theory of genocide and a case study in order to (1) analyse the adequacy of various definitions of genocide as defined in law and in social science for the classification of situations as genocide; (2) to contrast the application of the term genocide in science, politics and mass media; and (3) to apply the above to a specific case study in order to emphasise the strengths and weaknesses of the aforementioned definitions.

This thesis is divided into three parts. The first part attempts to provide the perspective on the evolution of the term genocide in international law and evaluates the applicability of the legal concept today. In the second part, the thesis provides an overview of the social scientists' debate about the conceptual dimensions of genocide and a number of advanced definitions. Using the Darfur case as an example, the third part focus on the relevance of the main theoretical and practical insights to the Darfur crisis. Finally, this study comments generally about the results of the analysis and suggests new possibilities for further conceptual and practical research.

"Wild Harvest and Other Stories"
By Jonathan Steiner

My stories are about simple people in simple situations: an uncomfortable Christmas party, a golf trip with friends, buying a snowplow or sailing on the ocean. Even though the characters are simple, their conversations are often lively and the stories catch the characters in a moment of change. Beneath the surface there is usually an undercurrent that lampoons religion or questions the history we have been taught.

This first story in my thesis, The Yankee Swap, brings my love of astronomy and history on a collision course with Christmas. A young social studies teacher attending his first holiday party learns the disturbing truth about his new peers and finds out about his own history in the process. The second story, Four, is a golf story born out of too many golf trips to too many places with too many people. When there's nothing to do but play golf, drink, and play more golf for days on end, it's easy to overdose on companions' idiosyncrasies. Wild Harvest, the novella of this collection, follows the life of Jeff Richardson, a New Englander who moves to St. Croix to start his life over after a heart attack, divorce and depression. The warm sun and healthy living help him forge a new future, but his past will not let him go so easily. This story is also part two of my first novella: The Last Cruise Ship in St. Croix.

"Vera, Nadezhda, Ljubov"
By Maya Tszo

My thesis is a creative project, a short video named "Vera, Nadezhda, Ljubov" (Faith, Hope, Love). I wanted to show Russia and its people in a special way, the way Russia never shows itself to foreigners. Because I was born and grew up in Russia, this was to be a view from deep inside it. At the same time, I have an understanding of the Western, American reality. Another important point is that this is a music video and I considered the problem of music and picture synchronization of primary importance. In the paper I put
When beginning my MALS thesis, to investigate how Charles Eastman's From the Deep Woods into Civilization manifests Native American manhood, I escaped into the world of autobiography. Especially valuable to me is the work of James O'neal, and in this spirit I recognize the extent to which the writing that I have done about someone else's "life-writing," is in and of itself an expression of my Self. Interestingly I began this project by casting a rather wide net in the spring of 2004, and fortunately for me Klaus Milich and Vera Palmer helped me to "extract" the best things stuck in my net! In the beginning, I had no real knowledge of Charles Alexander Eastman, except that he had gone to Dartmouth (like myself) and had been part of a Sioux tribe (like my father's mother), but really I had no idea how his adolescence would strikingly parallel that of my father, nor how other elements of his life might resemble my own. Strangely, these marks of "coincidence" or commonality did not bind me to the subject of Charles Eastman as much as the actual writing, critiquing, and yes, discovering of Eastman's manhood through my thesis project. In working closely with the text, informed by a myriad of literary theory frameworks and cultural studies approaches, I uncovered the complexity of Charles Eastman's own journey to selfhood through autobiographical writing, and I found myself caught in a similar paradox. Freed and trapped by my own writing how might I be "discovered" by readers? Was I, too, somehow embedded within my critique of Eastman's work? I suppose these questions are "natural" given my initial interests in autobiography in the first place, which in no small part stem from a project I did in Klaus Milich's course: "Theories of Postmodernism;" an opportunity that allowed me to criticize Saint Augustine's use of confessions to narrate the story of himself. And within the Augustinian narrative using theories from: Roland Barthes, Jacques Derrida, Paul De Man, Irving Howe, Jonathan Culler, and Jurgen Habermas, I found "proof" of God's existence in a text, if for a brief moment. In Eastman I find fleeting insights, too, and however brief they may appear the strength of the light they shine on issues of canonicity, identity politics, and literary criticism are not to be discounted. I am a rather optimistic cultural studies writer after all. But sanguinely aside, as Eastman's life and his work disconnect and reconnect throughout a reading of the text, who he becomes through his own "life-writing" is someone familiar, someone like me, someone who is caught between "borderlands" - finding/constructing an identity that is never fixed and always floating, and certainly provocative and telling. Yet despite the discomfort of ambiguity or perhaps even Eastman's careful ambivalence (to use Matt Duques' phrasing), I cannot help but think that he and I share a certain feeling of acceptance. That is how identity is made, unmade, and remade, because we ought to have a large part in the making, as both writers and readers. My approach to this project stems from my concern to become a part of the pervasive dialogue in contemporary international critical theory. Working within "American" literary and Cultural Studies I seek to accelerate critical interest in gender, specifically masculinity studies, while reading Native American "autobiographical" texts. I thank all MALS faculty and friends at Dartmouth who assisted me in working on this project, and of course my parents, whose very existence has made this possible.

"Reading the World to Read the Word: How a Dartmouth College Volunteer Teaching Program Achieves what U.S. Aid Does Not." Documentary Film*: Ri-belle

By David Yorio

My thesis considers how a small liberal arts college in New England influences development in the Marshall Islands more effectively than millions of dollars of external aid. Working directly with the Marshallese the Dartmouth Volunteer Teaching Program proves that change can be effective at the individual level and shows how large financial investments - which have created economic and developmental dependency - have failed the people of this country. Through a Freirean theoretical framework I consider how the program illuminates the importance of a dialogical education that seeks as its end to liberate. By doing so the thesis explores education as a cultural action and highlights the contrast between education forms that treat the educatee as object rather than subject. To truly begin the process of education - in the Freirean sense - one must develop a consciousness of one's self. This consciousness is developed through a dialogical process of naming the world - reading the world to read the word. In both my written thesis and the documentary film we see how personal interest and the human touch helps to develop an education system that can work toward creating sustainable development for the future of these islanders.

* Selected to the New York Independent International Film and Video Festival 2005.
The MALS Spring Social was held on Friday, May 6, at the Dartmouth Outing Club. Alumni and current students blew up balloons, ate salmon kabob and mini cheesecakes, drank our beverages of choice, and talked. Oh, how we talked! A terrific time was had by all, and we’re looking forward to the summer events with great anticipation.

All photographs courtesy of Maggie Montgomery ’99.
Please join us for the annual MALS Alumni Association Luncheon, Presentation and Meeting. Current MALS students and faculty are welcome! Our guest presenter this year will be:

**Barbara Kreiger,** Senior Lecturer in the English Department and Jewish Studies, Adjunct Associate Professor and Chair of the Creative Writing Concentration in the MALS program.

Professor Kreiger has just returned from a Fulbright Scholarship year of research and teaching at the University of Rome.

**Luncheon Buffet & Presentation from 12 Noon—2:00 p.m., Wednesday, July 13, 2005**

**Hayward Lounge, Hanover Inn**

**MALS Alumni:** $15  **MALS Students & Faculty:** Free

The annual MALS Alumni Meeting will follow the luncheon and presentation and include election of officers and a discussion of upcoming plans.

**MALS Summer Symposium, Fundamentalism & Politics, to follow at 4:00 p.m. in Filene Auditorium, Moore Hall**

Please RSVP by July 5, 2005

MALS Program Office 603-646-3592
e-mail: MALS.Program@Dartmouth.EDU