In This Issue:

* The Upper Valley Hostel cares for cancer patients in need
* MALS student and Louisiana native works to clean up post-Katrina New Orleans
* Coverage of White River Junction’s Film Festival

And much more!

Photograph by Jessica Carvalho
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Interested in writing for The Quarterly? Email us to join our staff for our next issue! Have something to say? Write a letter to the editor or an opinion article and send it in. Got a suggestion for an article or want to contribute creative work? Drop us a line!

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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR:

As the snow continued to pile up in drifts midway through April, we thought it would never get here. But as I bask in the sun of another balmy afternoon on the Green, I can finally say: throw off your North Face jackets, MALsers, for spring has sprung! As the weather heats up, many of us begin thinking about the arrival of the famed collegiate tradition that is spring break. However, while some students prepared to jet off to relaxing, beach-accessible resorts for their spring breaks, others used their time off from classes to dedicate themselves to a variety of worthy social causes, both in and outside Hanover. In fact, this admirable choice is one many MALs students and faculty make throughout the year, working tirelessly to give back to their communities.

In this issue, we’ve taken a look at just a small sampling of MALsers who are taking the initiative to involve themselves in social activism, help others, and to make the world around them a bit of a better place. Whether it be aiding the relief effort in post-Katrina New Orleans, volunteering their time at a local hostel, or lobbying for support for the disabled, the MAL community is taking action to join humanitarian efforts across the country. Join us as we celebrate their accomplishments, and we hope they inspire you to get involved yourselves!

As always, if you would like to contribute a letter to the editor or an opinion article for our next issue, please send it our way! We are receptive to ideas, suggestions, and submissions of creative work.

That said, we hope you enjoy our latest issue. Happy reading!

Jessica Carvalho
MALs Quarterly Editor-In-Chief

““This has become a fabulous publication. Thank you to everyone who has worked so hard to bring it to a new level.””

““What a difference you have made with the newsletter! It is alive!””

Have something to say? We want to hear it! E-Mail all comments and/or criticism to MALs.Quarterly@dartmouth.edu Subject line: Letters
Thousands Attend Rally for Barack Obama

Jessica Carvalho

With George Bush’s approval rating below 35% and falling daily, it’s no wonder that the 2008 presidential race is at the forefront of many people’s minds, even despite the fact that the election is still over a year away. A large part of this early fervor is the result of a groundswell of support surrounding Illinois Senator Barack Obama. Still a relative newcomer to Washington, Obama made a large splash on the national stage when he gave a rousing speech at the 2004 Democratic National Convention. Since then, he has gone on to write two best-selling books that highlight his idealistic, hard-working nature — *Dreams From My Father* and *The Audacity of Hope* — and has used his

MALs Students Attend Social Activist Films

Amanda Silva

Several MALs students attended the fourth annual White River Independent Film Festival in White River Junction, Vermont from April 21 – 29. The festival featured workshops, auctions, and, of course, independent films. Bill Stetson, member of the Board of Directors for White River Indie Films, introduced the festival as “the most provocatively named series we have,” as many of the films dealt with controversial social themes.

One series, entitled “Black Panthers, Naked Hitchhikers and Naked Warriors: An Evening of Activism & Animation with Roz Payne, John Douglas and Eleanor Lanahan”, was screened at the Hotel Coolidge on the evening of April 26. Featured first was *Naked Warriors*, a short by Douglas, a photographer during the Vietnam War, co-founder of *Newsreel*, and radical activist. The work was a violent, reactive piece against the Homeland Security

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MEET OUR NEAREST MALS STUDENTS!

Two new MALS degree candidates arrived on campus this spring, just in time to catch the last gasps of our harsh New England winter as part of their initiation to Dartmouth life. Representing a diverse array of backgrounds, interests, and goals, their contributions will be a benefit to our program. Join us in welcoming them to MALS!

JIHYE PARK

Jihye’s (pronounced Gee-ya) name means “wisdom” in Korean - an appropriate moniker for someone who loves to learn! A self-described “country girl,” Jihye comes to Dartmouth from Gimhae, Korea, a moderate size city near Pusan. She loves to travel and learn foreign languages, and especially enjoys studying other Asian languages and cultures. While in the MALS program, Jihye plans to concentrate in Globalization, and hopes to learn how to become capable of making small, but meaningful changes in the global community. Meanwhile, she is enjoying life in New Hampshire, which she describes as such a beautiful place, it is beyond her ability to describe it in English. She feels blessed to be here, and cannot wait to get to know the rest of the MALS community!

AMBER MORSE

After graduating from Dartmouth College in 1997, Amber spent time as a volunteer teacher in the Marshall Islands before landing a government contract position there working for the U.S. Army in Environmental Health and Safety. In 2005, she returned to the Upper Valley for a short stint at Stryker Biotech in West Lebanon before going overseas again. Most recently, she could be found in Antarctica, working for Raytheon and the National Science Foundation. Amber has now returned to New Hampshire to study in the MALS program, where she hopes to pursue the Globalization concentration. When not working on environmental issues, Amber can be found running and spending time with her family. She is also a board member of the Windsor Friends of Track Committee and belongs to Old South Church in Windsor, Vermont. After completing her work in MALS, Amber hopes to head abroad again, hopefully working in the Pacific Islands.
Addressing World Hunger

Amanda Silva

Frances Moore Lappé, author of the best-selling *Diet for a Small Planet* and co-founder of the Small Planet Institute, visited Dartmouth on April 30 to discuss her pending publication, *Getting a Grip: Clarity, Creativity and Courage in a World Gone Mad*, as well as her work in battling worldwide hunger. Lappé’s dedication to the issue of global hunger began at an early age, and ultimately led her to drop out of UCLA-Berkeley when she was 26. “Unfortunately, so much of our learning can put blinders on us,” she explained.

At a time when the accepted belief was that hunger existed because overpopulation was overwhelming the Earth’s resources, Lappé saw that “we’re creating the scarcity we are so afraid of.” As she investigated her idea, her research led her to ultimately conclude that “hunger is not caused by a scarcity of food, but by a scarcity of democracy.”

Lappé went on to differentiate the two kinds of democracy she believes human beings operate under, however subconsciously. The first, “thin democracy,” is based on the primus of lack, and a view of humans as innately selfish, competitive, and greedy. “Thin democracy is based on a shabby caricature of us,” she explained. The danger inherent in thin democracy is that we accept it unconsciously, unaware of its effects on our
society. To challenge this, Lappé urged her audience to embrace “living democracy,” which consists of the needs of human beings for fairness, efficacy, empathy and meaning.

Lappé’s discussion also segued into a brief consideration of obesity in America. Lappé shared some alarming statistics with the audience; specifically the fact that obesity-related diseases now cost as much as tobacco-related health crises. According to Lappé, the diversity we see in grocery stores is an illusion, and that only ten corporations control all of our food choices. “As our options get narrower and narrower, Americans get wider and wider.” What we face then is a crisis of poverty and malnutrition. “Our food has become one of the greatest threats to our health,” she warned, citing trans fats and high fructose corn syrup as primary examples. In order to combat this growing crisis, Lappé supports the practice of agro-ecology, which has achieved much success abroad by fostering “food sovereignty:” the ability of a country to feed its own citizens.

Lappé declared that we are at a time in history when the world is getting much better and much worse simultaneously. The environment is at the precipice of irreparable destruction, but more than 800 million people are part of co-operatives worldwide. Some are getting the message, but more needs to be done.

“Everything’s Connected,” the film functions as an examination of the web-like relationships between oil companies, the Middle East, and the U.S. Government. According to Baer, “the purpose of [the film] was to leave a sense of dread.”

The film is loosely based on Baer’s 2002 memoir, See No Evil – The True Story of a Ground Soldier in the CIA’s War on Terrorism. According to Baer, Stephen Soderbergh (executive producer) and actor George Clooney wanted to use the memoir to make a non-fiction-based movie about oil. Baer began by converting his memoir to a screenplay; a difficult task considering the fact that Baer is not a screenwriter. “It’s hard for somebody who does non-fiction to do fiction,” he admitted. Ultimately, he acted as an unpaid consultant to Steve Gaghan (director/writer), accompanying him to the Middle East for a two-month excursion. “Essentially, this movie is a story about that trip,” Baer explained. “My job was to show him what a bizarre place the Middle East is.”

Logistics were difficult, from both financial and security considerations. “We could only go to a finite number of countries,” Kacandes explained. “It was the first time I ever did a film where security

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**Syriana Film Screening**

*E-mail our Events Editor, Amanda Silva, or the MALS Quarterly today!*
Hanover’s Safe Haven
One Organization’s Mission to Support Cancer Patients In Need

by Jessica Carvalho

Photo by Jessica Carvalho.
MALS professor George Demko never thought a painting could change his life. However, a mural he saw on the wall of the Dartmouth Hitchcock Medical Center one day did exactly that. “It was of this older man sitting and a woman standing,” he recalls. “And they were talking about how grateful they were to have a place like this, and I was so moved... I just had to help.” Now Demko can’t say enough about the Upper Valley Hostel, a nonprofit organization for which he volunteers much of his time. “It’s a magical, heartwarming place,” he explains.

The Upper Valley Hostel, tucked away discreetly on South Street in Hanover, often goes unnoticed by many passersby. For the people it serves, however, the Hostel is nothing short of a Godsend. Founded in 1978 by members of the Hanover community, the Hostel provides an affordable place to stay for patients receiving treatment at the Norris Cotton Cancer Center in the DHMC. “When the Center was founded, people began traveling here from quite far away for treatment because of the technology,” explains Hostel executive director Karen Ryan. “But there were many who couldn’t afford the hotels in the area.” The Hostel, however, charges only $15 a night to stay in one of its brightly decorated rooms. “And that’s only if they have the $15,” adds Demko. “We’ll never turn anybody away just because they can’t pay.”

Guests are provided with a bed, access to a homey living room, a kitchen stocked with donated food, a laundry room, and beautiful gardens to help them feel at home. Most provide their own transportation or use Advance Transit to travel to appointments, but on occasion volunteers will offer them rides. However, the most valuable service offered by the Hostel is invisible; the organization’s staff, volunteers, and guests create an immediate support network upon which patients can rely in a time of personal crisis. “You see them supporting each other, offering rides, cooking for each other,” Ryan says. “One of the reasons we like that our building is older and low-tech is that it forces the guests to interact. When they leave, they trade addresses and phone numbers. I had one couple who came back 10 years later to visit and brought a photo album with them of their first stay, which is amazing when you consider that they were having a medical crisis at the time. Yet that is what is so heartwarming about this place, that it still seems like the highlight of these people’s lives. We try to make things as simple as possible for these people; and, as a result, some of their most challenging times also become their most memorable.”

Hostel guests are most often from New England, but the building’s 16 beds and cot have played host to DHMC patients from across the

“When you consider that they were having a medical crisis at the time...that is what is so amazing about this place...that it still seems like the highlight of these people’s lives.”

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Keeping New Orleans On The Map:
MALSS student and Louisiana native Sarah Giarraputo works to help her home rebuild post-Katrina

by Nathaniel Berger

Photos courtesy Sarah Giarraputo.
When Sarah Giarraputo (MAL ‘08) started the 2007 Mardi Gras Marathon, she was already tired. Two weeks after Hurricane Katrina, she had trudged through several feet of water at night just to get to her New Orleans childhood home. There were no sounds of birds or animals as she pushed her big rubber boots through the water towards her front door. There were no streetlights and no house lights. Only the headlights from her family’s 13-passenger rental van illuminated the wreckage. Porch furniture haphazardly mixed with dining room furniture—and not necessarily in the dining room. The eighteenth century grandfather clock, a family heirloom, was covered in white mold. The silver bowls, cups and spoons were filled with polluted water. The floor was water. That was the last time Sarah was in her home.

Before Sarah began the marathon, she had already spent anxious minutes waiting by her cell phone. Four days after Katrina hit, Sarah finally heard from all her family and friends in New Orleans; they were safe. As her friends and family evacuated New Orleans, Sarah—then a New York City high school teacher and head coach of girls soccer—was running her annual soccer camp in upstate New York. As her players trained their bodies to endure a full eighty-minute game, Sarah trained her ears to pick up her cell phone on the first ring. It was the same feeling Sarah had when she waited for friends to call after 9/11.

Before Sarah began the marathon, she had already spent her 2006 winter break gutting houses in the Lower Ninth Ward. She led a group of nine Dartmouth graduate students to New Orleans as part of the Tucker Foundation Education and Service trips. Entering the first house reminded Sarah of entering her own home after the storm. The flooding had sprinkled CDs throughout the house, washed the closet wardrobes in soiled waters and hardened the pages on opened Bibles. “I thought I was going to break down at that moment,” Sarah said, “but working with eight other wonderful grad students pulled me through.” When Sarah and her fellow students had moved all the belongings from the home to the street curb, the heap awaiting the garbage workers was nearly as big as the house. Sarah’s group stripped out all the dry wall, insulation and removed every nail—leaving only the frame.

In addition to gutting houses, Sarah’s group continued on page 19
natural talent as a public speaker to woo crowds both in person and through the mass media with appearances on programs such as *The Oprah Winfrey Show*. The result? Across America, overwhelming numbers of people demanded that he announce his candidacy for President. After consulting with the “two higher powers: God, and my wife,” Obama officially threw his hat into the ring, and has been a runaway hit ever since.

It should come as no surprise, then, that when his campaign announced he’d make a stop at Dartmouth to give a speech on Memorial Day, crowds came out of the woodwork to catch a glimpse of the man who has so successfully captured the hearts of many Americans. The free event was scheduled to begin outside of Rockefeller Center at 1 pm, and by noon, thousands of Dartmouth students, staff, and members of the public snaked up and down North Main Street. When the gates were opened at 1, the crowd morphed into a group of marathon runners as many attendees ran full speed towards the bandstand area in hopes of scoring the best position for viewing Obama’s speech.

Unfortunately, the crowd’s enthusiasm became dampened a bit as the Senator’s arrival was delayed by over an hour and the temperatures for the afternoon soared near one hundred degrees in the unrelenting sunlight. Though Dartmouth’s jazz ensemble and male a capella group, the Dartmouth Aires, valiantly attempted to keep its audience entertained, by 2:15 pm loud chants of “Obama! Obama!” drowned out the music.

Luckily, the Senator chose that moment to finally arrive. After a brief introduction by Representative Paul Hodes (D-New Hampshire), Senator Obama took the stage to overpowering cheers. Obama immediately launched into a rousing hour-long speech consisting of a powerful mix of campaign issues and personal anecdotes, delivered in an oratory style which at times seemed...
Students wait for Senator Obama to arrive.

reminiscent of a Baptist minister. In fact, his innate ability to engage the crowd lived up to his reputation as an enthralling speaker; at times I found myself having difficulty not becoming swept up by his words.

That is not to say, however, that the Senator’s speech lacked substance. Obama touched upon many issues of major concern to the public, including health care. He called for an overhaul of the system which would improve efficiency and promised to guarantee health care to every American by the end of his first term. The Senator also called for the withdrawal of troops from Iraq, citing the mismanagement of the war and the damage to the image of the United States in the international community. He also pulled no punches in attacking the current administration, remarking, “The day this President [Bush] steps down from office, the entire world will breathe a sigh of relief.” However, Obama made certain to recognize the sacrifice made by the U.S. troops.

The Senator also took a tough stance on education, criticizing the No Child Left Behind Act and demanding higher wages for teachers. He also questioned the state of the nation’s economy, saying, “Middle-aged adults should not have to compete with their children for entry-level jobs.” Playing on his status as a relative newcomer to the political world, Obama repeatedly asked the crowd to “turn the page” on past administrations and look to him and his ideas as a fresh start for a country which has lately felt it has been blown off-course.

Despite the obligatory chest-thumping, what made Obama engaging was his ability to come off as both a leader and everyone’s favorite next door neighbor. By seamlessly tying in stories about himself and his experiences into his speech, he allowed the audience to connect with him on a more personal level. However, what remains to be seen is if his likeability factor will translate into votes at the polls in November.
initiatives, featuring graphic depictions of torture, including a beheading. Roz Payne, also a co-founder of Newsreel, admitted to the audience that this was the “first time we’ve seen John Douglas’ work. It takes a bit to recover.”

Her work, What We Want, What We Believe: The Black Panther Party Library, which followed, was a compilation of over 10,000 still photos of the Black Panthers, an archive of footage Payne began organizing onto DVDs four years ago. “I was always attracted to the Black Panther party,” she said. Payne explained that her compilation was not to be watched like a documentary, “It’s really a library. You don’t sit down and watch this. This is not a film.” That said, Payne selected two chapters, “Off the Pig,” and “Mayday,” both original Newsreel films featuring prominent Panthers like Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, and Kathleen Cleaver. The collection was impressive, but lacked titles identifying people and places, a problem Payne identifies as having never imagined that anyone would not know who Huey P. Newton was.

The White River Indie Festival continued early Sunday morning, April 29, with a screening of The Forest for the Trees, a documentary illustrating the highs and lows of eco-activism. Director Bernadine Mellis chronicles the work of her father, civil rights lawyer, Dennis Cunningham, in the case of Earth First and Judy Bari vs. the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Bari was an Earth First activist who fought against the logging industry, specifically the Louisiana-Pacific Corporation. She was unique in her ability to build bridges between the environmental activists and the loggers, and even went so far as to lobby for their jobs. She also renounced the practice of tree spiking, which environmentalists employed in order to destroy the machinery used to cut large trees, but often resulted in unintended injuries.

“The work was a violent, reactive piece against the Homeland Security initiatives, featuring graphic depictions of torture, including a beheading.”

On May 24, 1990, in the middle of her non-violent campaign, Bari’s car exploded from a bomb planted under her driver’s seat. The FBI told the local police and news media that Bari and her companion were transporting the bomb for their own personal use, and that the placement of the bomb ensured that the FBI could not have planted it. Bari was labeled a terrorist and placed under arrest while in surgery. She survived the attack, but died of breast cancer shortly thereafter. The documentary follows the trial, which began on April 8, 2002, and ended with Bari’s unexpected, posthumous victory.

Although unrelated in subject matter, both films were powerful in their messages. The students who attended were moved by the films, and were glad they came out to see them. They hope to return again for the festival next year.
Syriana

was a major issue, a major expense.”

Although the event ran from 7:00 – 10:00, several people lingered long after to speak with Baer and Kacandes directly. When asked what the problem was with current American intelligence, Baer charged that “they don’t pursue the truth anymore, they pursue their careers.” He went on to explain how “policy and intelligence has been outsourced,” citing that the American government spends three times more on contractors than it spends on staff employees. “Our post-9/11 world is increasingly complex, with news reports polarized across party lines, and conspiracy theories ever popular, the truth remains elusive.” Lebanon resident Kevin Crocker, asked Baer where the average American citizen finds non-partisan, reliable news coverage in order decipher how “everything is connected.” Baer responded flatly, “You don’t.”

Muslims In The Media

Amanda Silva

On May 1st, Al-Nur, Dartmouth’s Muslim Student Association, sponsored a presentation by Omer S. Bajwa on the problematic portrayal of Arabs and Muslims in the media. Mr. Bajwa introduced his lecture by asking the audience, “What thoughts and images come to mind when you hear the words Islam and Muslim?” Bajwa encouraged candid responses and got them. Several members of the audience admitted to associating, “terrorist,” “irrational,” and “violent” with the faith and its followers.

Bajwa then endeavored to deconstruct and unpack the mixed images of violence and religiosity by using a powerpoint presentation which highlighted photos taken from mainstream news media. For example, Bajwa explained, pointing to a photo of the Ayatollah Khomeini, that for most Americans the first window to the Middle East was the Iranian Revolution. He drew the audience’s attention to Khomeini’s eyes, and reflected the menacing image against the popular western expression, “the eyes are the windows to the soul.” The photo frightened the American public, forming its negative perspective of the Muslim world.

Bajwa then explored misunderstood and misused terms. Specifically, he focused on the concept of jihad, which is not translated as holy war, and hijab,
a term used to describe the veil worn by Muslim women, which has multiple levels of interpretation. Using these images, as well as photos of Osama bin Laden and Afghani women completely shrouded in burkas, Bajwa set about collapsing the prevalent themes of violence and religion that have often been misinterpreted as one.

Beginning with a brief explanation of Edward Said’s *Orientalism*, the concept of othering, Bajwa moved on to explain the shift from the fear of communism to the fear of Islam. In other words, the “Green Menace” has replaced the “Red Menace.” He asked the audience to consider 1980s cinema, “the bad guys were always Soviets.” Since then, the Soviet enemies have been filtered, substituted by Arab-Muslims.

Bajwa explained the dangers of George Gerbner’s cultivation effect, the “long-term formation of perceptions and beliefs about the world as a result of exposure to the media. Heavy TV viewing (4 hours plus per day) ‘cultivates’ attitudes that are more consistent with the TV world than the real world.”

Arguing that film directors are the most powerful historians of the 20th and 21st centuries, Bajwa screened “Planet of the Arabs,” a 9-minute montage of clips from blockbuster films indicative of the 3-B syndrome, a theory that Arabs and Muslims are portrayed as bombers, belly-dancers and billionaires.

The threat inherent with any form of media is its power to inform and influence the collective cultural imagination. Bajwa identified a bias traceable in broadcasts reporting violence and terrorism. News organizations identify Islamic violence, citing the religion, though the IRA is not referred to as a Catholic terrorist group, and attacking abortion clinics is not labeled Christian violence. New terms have even been created, like Islamic Facism, a rhetorical move Bajwa concedes is brilliant, quoting Socrates who defined rhetoric as the “art of influencing the human soul.”

*“With post-9/11 bias incidents against Muslims increasing, there is a pressing need to recognize that demonization equals dehumanization.”*

According to Bajwa, the solution to combating this unbalanced portrayal of Arabs and Muslims is education. With post-9/11 bias incidents against Muslims increasing, there is a pressing need to recognize that demonization equals dehumanization; an equation which often ends in tragic results, as seen in the cases of both Nazi Germany and today in the Darfur region of the Sudan. “Education is the only real solution because ignorance leads to intolerance and intolerance leads to injustice,” Bajwa said.

Bajwa urged the audience to engage one another in dialectic, and turn Samuel Huntington’s idea of a “clash of civilizations” into a dialogue of civilizations. Besides engaging each other in open dialogue, he asked the audience to resist abuses of power, and struggle together to promote peace and justice.

"With post-9/11 bias incidents against Muslims increasing, there is a pressing need to recognize that demonization equals dehumanization."
Borrowing the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Bajwa concluded his nearly 2-hour presentation with the reminder that, “Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.”

John Kerry Book Signing

Jessica Carvalho

John Kerry, Massachusetts Senator and former Democratic Presidential nominee, was in town this spring to promote his latest book, *This Moment on Earth: Today’s New Environmentalists and Their Vision for the Future*, which he co-authored with his wife, Teresa Heinz Kerry. The book, which follows in the wake of the latest Green trend sparked by fellow Democrat and environmental activist Al Gore, functions as both a warning and as a call to action. The Senator, who has been a lifelong environmentalist, began work on the book in 2004.

About two hundred Dartmouth students, staff, and community members lined up to listen to him speak at the Dartmouth Bookstore in Hanover, where he discussed many of the things he and his wife had discovered when researching the book. Upon discovering some of the toxic agents found in plastic, he and Mrs. Kerry “decided to stop using our Tupperware,” he said. The Senator also discussed some of the current legislation being considered by Congress to cap and reduce greenhouse gases.

Following his talk, the Senator took questions from the audience for almost a half an hour before attendees were allowed to line up for autographs. Although pressed for time, Kerry took a moment to chat with each member of the audience. He also allowed his rarely seen sense of humor to show, even obliging several students who asked him to sign Heinz ketchup bottles.

*Senator Kerry speaks with an audience member during the signing. Photo by Jessica Carvalho.*
country. Many patients are referred to them by the Norris Cotton Center, while others hear about them from cancer support groups and through word of mouth from previous guests. “We have people who will take a handful of brochures home and talk about us to anyone who will listen,” Ryan explains.

The Hostel accomplishes much for being quite small, employing four staff members - two paid employees and two resident managers who receive free housing in apartments upstairs in exchange for their services. “The resident managers are on duty at night and on weekends to care for guests, change the beds, and clean.” But the core of the organization is really the volunteer staff. “It’s our volunteers,” Ryan insists, “that really make all this possible.”

Currently, the organization has a volunteer roster of about 25 people, including Dartmouth students and staff. Volunteers greet guests, answer phones, oversee check-ins and check-outs, and perform tasks which need doing around the Hostel. “When someone sees something that needs doing, people pitch in and it gets done,” Karen explains. “One of the guests saw that our cactus plant needed replacing, and she came down and did that. One of our student volunteers comes in and makes banana bread or muffins once a week, while another volunteer comes every Tuesday with a batch of homemade cookies. It’s the little things people do which makes it really homey for our guests.”

Professor Demko certainly enjoys the time he puts in. Though busy advising his MALS thesis students, teaching classes, working on various projects, and taking care of his family, he still makes an effort to “volunteer when I can.” Although he loves answering the phones and greeting the guests, his favorite task at the Hostel is self-appointed scrounger. “I like to scrounge for things,” he relates. “It’s my kind of job. We’ll need a rolodex or a fax machine and I’ll poke around and try to make it happen. Right now I’m trying to go around to local restaurants and see if we can get free meal tickets for the guests, so they can go out and eat at places like the Canoe Club while they’re staying here. These kinds of things are important when you don’t have a budget to speak of.”
The Upper Valley Hostel is a nonprofit organization with a board of directors, but does not receive outside funding from the medical institution or the American Cancer Society, so it relies almost completely on individual donations. “It’s hard because we only have one fundraiser a year,” Demko explains. “But we scrape by.” Although the $15 guest fees make up about 30% of their budget, “the actual true cost of the room is $41 dollars, so we’re subsidizing most of that,” says Ryan. But despite the financial struggle -- the need for a new vacuum cleaner, or something similar -- the Hostel works hard to provide the best for its guests. Relates Ryan, “We need to continue to listen and address the needs of the guests - the face of medicine is changing and we need to adapt along with it.”

The guests certainly appreciate the hard work the staff puts in. “It’s heartrending to see all these poor people from all over the rural areas be completely moved by this kind of generosity,” says Demko. “Sometimes people forget that there are a lot of older poor people. Most of the programs out there are for children, because everybody loves children. But who loves poor, sick old people? Nobody. They’re often so used to people having the attitude of, ‘You can’t afford it? Too bad.’ that when they come here they are blown away by simple civility and politeness. Some of the comments they leave for us are truly heartwarming.”

So how can the MALs community get involved? “Financial support goes a long way,” says Ryan, “but what we could really use are some more volunteers!” The Upper Valley Hostel would love to have MALs students come help out this summer or at any time during the year, even if the commitment is only a few hours a week. “The energy of the students is wonderful, and we love to have them as a volunteer resource.” Sometimes the fact that student help is constantly changing as student schedules (especially the undergrad D-Plan) shift every ten weeks can be a challenge for the Hostel; but, according to Ryan, the enthusiasm and benefits which Dartmouth volunteers bring to the organization far outweigh any turnover problems. “In fact, I would like to extend an open invitation to anyone who is interested in volunteering to stop by, and I will personally give them a tour of the Hostel,” Ryan states. “I would also love to get together with some graduate students who might be interested in grant-writing projects. I have plenty of ideas and several opportunities if anyone is interested.”

Certainly, the experience of working at the Hostel has touched not only the lives of those they help, but those who work there as well. As a sign says above the entrance to the communal kitchen, “I arrived a stranger, but I am leaving having made some of the best friends of my lifetime.”

If you are interested in becoming a volunteer at the Upper Valley Hostel, please contact Karen Ryan at (603) 643-3277, or stop by the Hostel at 17 South Main Street.

For more information, you can also check out their website: http://uppervalleyhostel.org
Hurricane Katrina

worked closely with Dartmouth professor Quintus Jett on his Gentilly Project. The Gentilly Project is an organizational tool used to map and accelerate the rebuilding process in New Orleans. The Gentilly Project allows anyone to access the status of any property in the Gentilly neighborhood of New Orleans through a website. The website updates if the structure has been demolished, made unlivable, gutted, or re-inhabited.

This is helpful to New Orleans residents, business people, and volunteers. Many people are reluctant to move back to New Orleans because they are unsure of the status of their street or neighborhood; most people do not want to be the first person to return and be the only resident on the street. Businessmen and businesswomen will not open up stores and restaurants if they do not know how many people have returned. Volunteer organizations can use the Gentilly Project to determine where they should focus their efforts.

Professor Jett is working to extend the project to all of New Orleans. Sarah and her fellow students spent days walking through the Gentilly neighborhood investigating the condition of the properties. “Sarah is a joy to work with,” said Abbey Allen (MALS ’08), co-leader of the group with Sarah. “She is passionate, articulate, and caring.”

“Sarah and Abbey were terrific leaders, helping an evolving project run smoothly in spite of all the change happening in and around it,” said Professor Jett, “Sarah was outstanding and a pleasure to work with. She's committed to making a difference in just about anything she does.”

“What made Sarah’s presence especially enjoyable was her personal attachment and passion for New Orleans,” said group member and engineering student Nilanjana Dutt (MALS ’07), “She was also a lot of fun, which is really important!”

Around the ninth mile of the marathon, Sarah ran through Gentilly. As Sarah ran through the neighborhood, she recognized houses that she had mapped for Professor Jett the previous winter. “I looked to my right,” Sarah said, “and told myself, ‘I mapped that house… and that house.’ It was very moving and a nice boost at that point in the marathon.” Some of the houses that were gutted when Sarah worked with Professor Jett in the fall now had inhabitants. Money from the Mardi Gras Marathon went to Habitat for Humanity and other organizations to rebuild New Orleans. As she ran, Sarah
was helping change the Gentilly map.

Before Sarah began the marathon, she had already waited for hours in a makeshift New Orleans municipal building to get her marriage license. Sarah married her husband, Owyn, the March after Katrina hit. They had planned to have a small wedding in New Orleans followed by a big reception in New York City—Owyn’s hometown. After the storm, in an effort to have their friends and family see the situation and inject money into the local economy, they decided to have a big wedding in New Orleans. “It was a great time.” Sarah said, “Everyone had a lot of fun and was really interested in seeing the city.”

Katrina has affected many aspects of Sarah’s life, including her studies in MALs. She changed from the globalization track to the general track so she could focus her independent study and thesis on New Orleans. She also took the Personal Essay course last fall so she could write about New Orleans. “But I only experienced one hundredth of the loss that some people did,” Sarah said. “I was extremely lucky. All of my family and friends are safe. Some people lost everything.”

Sarah finished the marathon in four hours, 43 minutes and 13 seconds, but she is far from done. She moved to New Orleans with her husband Owyn earlier this summer. They hope to stay in New Orleans at least five years and see the city rebuild as they build their own family. He will be attending Loyola Law School this fall. She plans to volunteer and work for a non-profit while completing her MALs thesis. Sarah runs around New Orleans on a regular basis. She plans on running in the Mardi Gras Marathon next year. In fact, she hopes to participate in the marathon until New Orleans recovers.
Welcome to the Writers’ Corner!

I don’t know about the rest of you, but this is by far my favorite time of year. The smell of the first rain, the blossoming flowers, the freshly cut grass, and the feel of the sun on bare toes is enough to inspire anyone to burst into eloquent strains of poetry -- even me, I am not a poet! Something about the warm weather and the feeling of rebirth from winter also inspires activity, because we are so eternally thankful that we can once again participate in our favorite outdoor activities, including biking, running, swimming, walking… and of course, ultimate Frisbee!

Warm weather also inspires creativity, and this issue we have two submissions from Diana Lawrence and Alex Merrill. Diana’s piece, “On Losing the Trees,” is a short essay about a clash between her son’s “Green Mountain education” and a neighbor’s landscaping, while Alex’s short essay deals with the mysterious and often terrifying task of calling an attractive member of the opposite sex for the first time. Whether you feel inspired to save the vegetation in your own backyard, or call that special someone, I hope you enjoy these pieces as much as I did. Have a wonderful break and I hope to see you all around town this summer!

Diana Lawrence
On Losing The Trees
by Diana Lawrence

Our new neighbor, transplanted from New Jersey to Vermont and eager to replicate his suburban experience, engaged in some landscaping this fall. The effort involved removing a row of mature hemlock and pine trees that abutted our property—trees that had hidden both our lazy gardening habits and our compost, and offered privacy and shade. Trees that had lived many decades, towering over our peaceful lot in silence and certitude, doing what trees do in the unobtrusive, haphazard, and stalwart way they do it.

Early on a Monday morning his decision came crawling—backhoes, wood chippers, and chainsaws—complete with Doomsday sound effects and enthusiastic contractors. My son Henry, on the threshold of adolescence and steeped in the ideology of a Green Mountain education, spent that first day watching and sobbing in the window of my home office as the branches sank and the trees were felled. Scattered over the ageless round stones of our fence, they fluttered and dropped to the spongy old carpet of the lawn. Henry saw his rough backyard companions go down like soldiers on the front lines, and he mourned the brutality. Our cat prowled the perimeter, agitated and aloof. The dog paced and panted. But Henry’s
shock grew to anger and conviction, his empathy overwhelmed him, and he had to be heard.

Marching across our lawn with his chin to the sky and his blue eyes narrowed, he confronted our neighbor with an unusual combination of conviction, audacity, and innocence. Twigs snapped, gnats grazed his face, and goldenrod stood witness as he crossed the boundary into enemy territory. Didn’t the neighbor know that animals lived in those trees—chipmunks and squirrels, woodpeckers and robins, owls and hummingbirds? The failure to acknowledge the complex, unspoken interests of a backyard habitat was ignorant, material, and self-centered. Henry’s long smooth fingers clenched and unclenched as he spoke his piece. His lower lip trembled, and a forelock of blond hair moved across his face. He was a tall, growing sapling in his own right.

The neighbor stood surprised but unmoved, leaning against his navy blue Cadillac in a brand new windbreaker and a pair of unsuitable shoes. A man who seemed used to obedience and apathy, his eyes darted to our property looking for resolution. My husband turned his back to them and left them to their encounter. “I guess we’ll just have to agree to disagree,” the neighbor said to Henry.

Later that night, my son howled and sputtered and pounded his pillows as he replayed the conversation to me, inconsolable. “He said they were worthless,” Henry moaned. “Junk trees. Too much shade.” He blew his nose and caught his breath. He thought of the invisible creatures that might have used the trees, the mounds of yellow needles that dropped onto our lawn in October, and the way the birds dotted the evergreen branches, huddled in torpor in the winter and singing for love in the spring. “I never needed them until they were gone,” he said quietly. “I never knew how special they were until I didn’t have them anymore. Why can someone take away the things that matter to you, without your permission, without any thought?”

In the newly sunlit patches of the lawn, Henry ran through the grass kicking his soccer ball and sweating with anger. He enlisted the support of his younger brother, Ethan, and together they scattered the petals of my begonias in the holes where the trees had stood, a cemetery without headstones. “This year for Halloween,” he said, “Ethan and I are going to go as hemlock trees. We’re going to knock on his door and we will be the ghosts of the trees who didn’t want to die.” Called to action by his conscience, standing in the autumn sunlight with his eyes filled with tears and his voice touched by rage, I felt Henry throw down his courage at the feet of authority and discover his independence. In this season of change, change had become unbearable.

Words of My Metal Brother
by Alex Merrill

He gulps down half a glass of IPA as he
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Have a piece of creative writing you would like to share? The Quarterly is always looking for submissions of poetry, prose, or creative essays.

E-mail our Creative Writing Editor, Mikel Runnion, or the MALS Quarterly - subject line: Writer’s Corner
Rejecting Traditional Feminism

Jessica Carvalho

Despite my Clintonian-era liberal ethics in almost all other areas of life, I’m pretty conservative when it comes to families. More to the point, I think mothers, if it is economically viable, should stay home with their kids. Being a Mom and having a career are each, on their own, overwhelming responsibilities, and I think it’s too much to ask of anyone to do both and do both well. However, that’s my personal point of view, one which is heavily influenced by my own upbringing. Since I don’t necessarily condemn anyone who decides to do things differently, why am I sticking my foot in the wasp’s nest at all?

Although I generally steer clear of this issue, it irked me the other day when, with Mother’s Day just around the corner, I came across my housemate’s Women’s Studies newsletter, which addressed the shocking fact that growing numbers of college girls at Ivy League schools planned on dumping their careers once they had kids. The professors writing the newsletter were very concerned, and had no explanation for this shift from the career-minded ideals of the 1970s generation of college women, choosing to place the blame squarely on the “lack of good female mentors in the math, science, and business fields.”

To say my jaw hit the floor would be putting it mildly. Were they serious? The lack of mentors were why women were choosing stay-at-home motherhood? Do they really believe women are still so frightened of male math-geeks that they want to run home and hide under an apron surrounded by infants? Could they possibly be so blind that they couldn’t see why the prevailing attitude towards motherhood has done a 180 within the last generation? The answer to that is pretty straight-forward in my opinion: because these are the daughters of those 1970s working moms. These girls grew up latch-key kids, and guess what - some of them didn’t like it. Now, they don’t want that for their own children. There. Give me a grant and call me an expert.

Now that’s not to say that every kid who grew up with a working Mom has attachment issues and is
signing up for a “Jesus Only Loves Traditional Families” propaganda program. Of course not. But I think it’s probably safe to say that our generation grew up with more working mothers than ever before, and it’s an equally safe bet to say some percentage of the children in those households wished their mother was home more often. Therefore, those kids decided they would stay at home when they became Moms, and now they’re in college scaring the aging bra-burners.

As one of those highly educated college-aged women, I suppose I represent a part of the statistic that has the Women’s Studies departments tying their panties in knots. But let’s face it: I don’t want anybody else raising my kids. Yes, I want a career, and hopefully one successful enough to allow me to have a car that starts every day, a house where I can put holes in the walls wherever I want, and a dog that’s big enough to eat a cat. However, I don’t want to own nothing but business suits and plunge the next 50 years of my life working away while my family grows up without me. In my old age, I could care less how successful my career was, and more about what kind of people I raised and let loose into the world. Is it so evil that women, given the opportunity, might choose to put their kids first?

When I argued this to a friend of mine, he countered with an equally compelling point - so is it okay for Mom to stay home and for Dad to have to work to the extent that he never sees the kids? Of course not. In fact, the expectation that no matter what, men should be driving the economy of the family to the extent that they never get to participate in said family is no more fair than the expectations placed upon women. Unfortunately, many parents, both Moms and Dads, allow work to unnecessarily consume their lives at the expense of their children. It often makes me wonder why such parents bother to have children at all.

As a society, however, we also need to reevaluate what we want - how much the workforce should be allowed to dictate everyone's lives to the point that it creates more problems than comforts. That needs to start with the attitudes of those who influence the latter generations, such as those Women's Studies professors. The feminist line, which makes women like me feel like we're wasting our lives and our brains if we quit jobs to raise children, is exacting as much bigotry as was first created by the status quo telling women they were evil if they DIDN'T stay home. I think we now have been equally educated in both sides, and should be allowed to make our own decisions about which path (or combination of it) we'd like to follow without being condemned. My mother shouldn't have had to work in order to give me the education she did. I don't want society forcing me to choose between a career and my future children.

As one of those highly educated college-aged women, I suppose I represent a part of the statistic that has the Women’s Studies departments tying their panties in knots. But let’s face it: I don’t want anybody else raising my kids.”
have to feel bad that she gave up a career for us. She doesn't regret it, so why should society make her feel like she should?

Metal Brother

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glances up at the bar’s LCD screen above my head with his agile eyes. The two-day old stubble that clings to his face like soft brambles does little to conceal his taut lips and extensile neck. His chin, the shape of a slice of pizza with the tip bitten off, chews on a hapless straw. If it weren’t for the tenderness in his eyes, half forever distant and half intimate, I would imagine he was watching a stock report on the screen behind me. I turn briefly to check the screen above my head, it is a worthless college basketball game that neither of us have any stake in. I turn back to face him. He runs his nimble fingers along his throat as he extends his neck up towards the screen, clearly lost in thought. Eventually his hand makes it down to rub his pot-belly, the contradiction to the rest of his tall, athletic frame. He eyes suddenly turn from the television to me. He seems half-distracted, like the wonders of the universe are coursing uncontrollably through his imagination, but he doesn’t have any idea of what to do with them.

Casually, he comes to realize that I have been trying to ask him a question for the last fifteen seconds, maybe more. After I repeat his name a few more times and realize that he is finally paying attention, I hit him with it. “So, do you think I should give her a call, tonight?” I ask agitatedly. “Which one?” he asks as he glances back up at the television. His question annoys me as I realize that he cannot read my mind like I think he should. I quickly remind myself that, while I am single and he has a fiancée that fills his universe, issues such as these don’t concern him anymore. It’s not like it is eight years ago, when we were in college and hooking up was all that we were concerned with -- both of us. But hadn’t we just talked about this girl an hour ago? “The one that I met at the club last time I was here?” His attention drifts back to me, finally presented with something significant enough to demand it. “You have her number?” He asks. His eyes are now intently on mine, tender curiosity devotedly seeking truth in minutia, providing what assistance they may. “Yeah. I mean, she seemed kind of wasted at the time and she wasn’t that attractive, but she could be a fun girl, don’t you think?” I ask.

It is an impossibly complicated riddle for me, baffling to no end. Yet there is more in the riddle than just the opposite sex (a species forever mysterious and terrifying to me). I pray that in my question, his austere lips and darting eyes, those alien antennae, cannot grasp the gaping lack of self-confidence lurking below my surface. But I think they can, they are far too sensitive not to. He is in the process of getting a

“I pray that in my question, his austere lips and darting eyes, those alien antennae, cannot grasp the lack of self-confidence lurking below my surface.”
PhD in clinical psychology for Christ’s sake. What’s more, he knows I have not yet recovered from the girl that broke my heart so recently and maybe never will. Surely he knows and will craft his response in deference to these issues?

He takes a considerate sip from his beer and leans forward in his chair. His familiar features turn grave, as if addressing vital matters, a strange inversion of his recent nonchalance, and yet I have seen this rapid transition from him a thousand times, so it is almost reassuring. His British accent grows heavier as he answers my question, perhaps a sign of his increased candor. It makes him sound more sophisticated and sincere and he knows it, though he is probably unaware of any change at the present moment.

“Give her a call and invite her out to the club tonight, and tell her to bring her friends so she’ll feel more comfortable. Make it casual,” he says.

With all his attempts at compassionate council, I think I hear some excitement in his voice—the peaks at the end of words, the soft crescendo at the end of his statement. Is there some self-interest involved? Could there be something in it for him? Yet he is happily settled with his fiancé who will come out with us tonight. I must be paranoid. My heart turns back to its own concerns as it often does, though I always try to stop it from ruining everything. After a long pause, I ask him.

“But when, when should I call her?”

I am agitated, so agitated I cannot sit still. His attention has returned to the worthless basketball game, he didn’t hear me. My face flushes with anger -- anger that he isn’t paying attention, anger that he has found happiness and I have not, anger that he knows my problems better than I do and yet cannot solve them for me. And when my anger becomes unbearable, I force myself to attempt to find peace. I tell myself that he is the one that knows me best -- the human being who has shown me the most compassion, the one who sees my future full of happiness when I am blind to it, the one who will be my friend until the end of life. I look up at another LCD television screen above his head and see a different, worthless basketball game. Although I try, I can’t seem to interest myself in the game, so I pretend to care, hoping that my attention will eventually bring enthusiasm. Although I seem to focus with all my being, the game doesn’t take.

So I flip out my cell phone and dial her number, partly a show of machismo, partly as an imitation of his success. Is this how he did it? Is he impressed? She doesn’t answer. I had met her several months ago, so my expectations were low. But I begin to leave a message, just to give it a go. It feels uncomfortable but it’s all I’ve got. I glance over at him. He is immersed in the game. Is he pretending not to listen? Sometimes I just don’t know. “Hey Heather! What’s up? It’s Alex. We met at Crystal a couple of months ago. I was the guy that spilled an entire rum and Coke all over you
when we were dancing, you probably don’t remember. Look, sorry it took so long to call, I’ve been out of town. Anyways, me and my buddies are going to this club tonight and I was wondering if you and your friends wanted to meet up. Give me a call if you’re interested.” I go to hang up the phone, and then think twice. “Oh, my number’s 310-922-4706. Um, uh, later.” I hang up and instantly curse at myself inwardly for the last awkward bit. Shit, shit, shit.

“Now she thinks, ‘I can bring my friends, and worst way, we can always leave.’”

“Nice, man,” he says casually as he takes another gulp from his beer. Apparently he had been listening. His small mouth quivers but maintains its composure despite itself. “You really think so?” I ask, looking for further evidence, searching for sincerity. He pauses to compose his answer. “Yeah, you kept it simple, casual. Now she thinks, ‘I can bring my friends, and worst way, we can always leave.’” His psychologizing has slipped in as it often does in our conversations about women. It is compelling, but makes me suspicious. Why did he put so much thought into his answer? Is it because he reads my insecurity? Is that what I want? “Yeah,” I say sullenly. He leans back in his chair and returns his attention to the game.

I look back to the basketball game above his head. It is a tie game between two schools that I should care about. One is the Alma Mater of my brother. I try again to devote my interest, but all I can think about is the awkward ending to my message. All I can hear is an unending playback loop of my stammering in the answering machine of my mind. I want badly to tell him about it, instinctively believing that it would somehow expurgate the whole experience from my mind, even the need for such inanity. But I know that it would sound weak and he would not know how to respond if I did. So instead I pretend to be interested in the game above his head.

Hours later, drunk beyond comprehension in a bar I can’t remember, I realize that she will never return my call. His earlier words of assistance come tumbling into my mind like miles of therapy. They should reassure me, sooth my dampened temper. I had done everything right. But their warm echoes, once spoken in what was brotherly love, sound indifferent, far away, like words of metal. They stab at me in the darkness like my ode to inadequacy—“um, uh, later.” I order another drink and try to pretend I’m not alone, but I doubt that my ploy is fooling anyone. Though I try not to, I can’t help but imagine him, far away, bedded down for the night with his fiancée. The image chokes me with jealousy, jealousy that I wish would disappear into the night. But I can do nothing but drown in it, trying to imagine the tomorrow that will come soon.

“But their warm echoes, once spoken in what was brotherly love, sound indifferent, far away, like words of metal.”
Photos from the MAL'S Commencement!

by Tyler Harmon and Jessica Carvalho
Alumni Notes
Stay in touch with fellow alums!

Best Wishes Tyler Harmon!

For the past few years, Tyler has been a staple in the MALS office, getting to know students, staying on top of everyone else’s deadlines, organizing the unorganizable, and doing it all with her enthusiasm and winning smile. This summer, Tyler is leaving MALS to pursue the next stage of her life. We wish her the best of luck, and she will be sorely missed!

The Quarterly welcomes our new Alumni Editor: Jim Dao!

Jim will now be in charge of the Alumni Notes section, and will be conducting mini-interviews with Alumni to update you all on how they’re doing! Also, he will publish any updates he receives from all of you, so if you have any news, please send us an e-mail at MALS.Quarterly@dartmouth.edu, subject Line: Alumni.
More Commencement Photos!

by Tyler Harmon and Jessica Carvalho
In Our Next Issue:
MALs goes Green for summer! You’ve heard it all: the dangers of global warming, the rising costs of fossil fuels, the negative impact on the world’s food supplies. . . but what can you do? Find out how MALs students and the greater Dartmouth community are working towards a sustainable lifestyle that benefits us all!