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**MALS**

Dartmouth College
6092 W entworth, Room 116
Hanover, NH 03755-3526
(603) 646-3592
(603) 646-3590 (fax)
http://www.dartmouth.edu/~mals/welcome.html

**Program Administration**

Donald E. Pease, Ph.D. Chair
Lauren E. Clarke, Executive Director
Wole Ojurongbe, Administrator
Tyler Harmon, Administrative Assistant

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

Meghan Julian
MALS Quarterly Editor

Cover: From “collage #4 (from hip hop collage series)” by Jennifer Kocsmiersky
Meet Bill Phillips!
By Dave Norman
Photo by Dave Norman

Bill Phillips is the man in the director’s chair for students writing screenplays – and looking to get into the Hollywood game.

Young Bill Phillips dreamed of playing baseball, having the crowd circle around the diamond counting on him, watching him, feeding him their nervous energy. As times change, so do people, but some themes remain: people crowd around Bill’s work, waiting nervously in the dark for the flicker of a projector or the release of a well-written laugh.

The baseball player grew into a playwright – “such as a high school student can be called a playwright,” he explains humbly – who went to Hollywood via Dartmouth. Now home again – to use his words – Bill keeps the reel spinning on both ends teaching MALS courses and working on more screen enterprises.

**Somewhere over the sticky floors and spilled popcorn he caught The Movie Bug.**

“I really didn’t particularly like film growing up,” he said paradoxically. “I was a playwright. I wrote two plays that were performed at a drama festival, one act plays. Molière, Shakespeare, and Bill Phillips. It was a great feeling to have nine hundred people laugh at my comedy. If they’d laughed at a tragedy, I think it would have ended badly.”

From there he joined Dartmouth as a student, a proud freshman member of the class of ’71. “It wasn’t until sophomore year here at Dartmouth that I decided to be a film major. I liked being able to go to the movies and call it work,” and somewhere over the sticky floors and spilled popcorn he caught The Movie Bug. Bill worked hard to secure a Senior Fellowship, which helped him gain the trust of the National Park Service. After graduation, he wrote, directed, and shot a film for them, which, like many early producers’ work, starred many of his friends.

He took that film to California and was accepted to the University of Santa Cruz’s Master of Fine Arts program in Cinema Writing and Production. His work freed him from introductory courses, so he plunged into the heart of writing, producing, and making his own films.

New England drew him home, and he “left LA in 1972, and did what most masters of fine arts do: I got a job at a lumber mill in Maine.” Searching for work more in keeping with his ambitions, he taught the occasional course at Dartmouth before returning to Los Angeles. There he wrote “Pay Dirt,” which became the 1992 Jeff Daniels and Catherine O’Hara comedy There Goes The Neighborhood. “I had a note over my desk that said ‘writers write.’ That kept me going,” he explained. Bill lived and worked under the brown clouds for five years, and narrowly avoided the suburban property ownership trap.

“They pay you well to breathe that bad air,” he said without much romance in his voice. Bill wrote a friend at Dartmouth – Maury Rapf – of his longing for his New England home, his family, and the comparably relaxed eastern lifestyle. The reply heralded an end to the LA chapter in his life, as he bid farewell to the city with a lengthy resume in his pocket and his car pointed towards New Hampshire.

“I was basically a schlepper of cameras, the low man on the DHMC totem pole.”

“I worked for Dartmouth Medical Center,” when he returned to the Upper Valley, “making movies like ‘I am Joe’s Liver.’ I was basically a schlepper of cameras, the low man on the DHMC totem pole.” But the job paid, and he was able to spend time with family...though he never shook the politics of personal space. “Some doctors resented it when you corrected grammatical errors on their script, or when you used dulling spray on a shining bald spot on their heads, or changed the lights. It was touchy dealing with doctors, because of the territoriality. Hollywood’s noth...”

(Phillips continued on page 8)
Walking into class, my cell phone buzzes. Suddenly, instead of discussing the “Return of the Sacred: Fundamentalism and Politics,” I’m walking out into the lobby to advise one of my clients on responding to a new negative television attack ad challenging his moral values.

Like many MALS students, I lead several different lives. I’m an older student – old enough to have finished my undergraduate degree before many of my fellow MALS students were born. I am father to three young children, young enough that their births caused me to miss a couple of MALS classes.

Finally, and the reason I was asked to write this – I own my own political consulting and advertising company. I’ve worked for Democratic candidates running for everything from county judge to the White House, and for progressive causes for the last 20 years. For the last dozen of those years, I’ve written, directed and produced television and radio commercials, at least some of which were those negative ads everyone loves to hate.

I was a partner for most of that time at a political consulting firm in Washington, D.C. But five years ago, with the impending birth of our first child, my wife and I decided we wanted to get away from the Beltway, far away. While I’m not a native, I had lived and worked in New Hampshire before leaving years ago, so I considered this a return home. My Mississippi-born wife had lived and worked in New England, and she’d grown to love the seasons and (relative) lack of humidity.

As if starting a new family and a new business weren’t enough, I decided to resume my long-ago-postponed graduate degree, with my wife’s enthusiastic blessing. My MALS participation has had to be an on-again, off-again kind of involvement. In my business, elections occur most often in even-numbered years, which meant I was more likely to be found at Manchester Airport than Dartmouth Hall in 2002 or 2004. But even in what we in the campaign business call off-years, the odd-numbered years with fewer major elections, my clients often compete with my professors and classmates for my attention.

“Shifting back and forth between the world of practical politics and academia, I’m reminded frequently of how much misunderstanding there exists on each side.”

Shifting back and forth between the world of practical politics and academia, I’m reminded frequently of how much misunderstanding there exists on each side. In some ways, the misunderstanding mirrors the “red” and “blue” states; in other ways, they are exactly the same. But frankly, I have found that the people who run for public office and the people – like me – who help them have become easy targets for folks in Kansas and on campuses. The jokes are often stale; the critiques are often uninformed, unreflective, and unimaginative; and the general attitude is, I firmly believe, destructive.

I believe, and I’d be happy to provide the proper documentation and citations, that a concerted effort in recent years has purposely tried to make government the enemy. It is a dangerous game if you believe in Lincoln’s ideal of government “of the people, by the people and for the people.” And that, in my opinion, is exactly the fundamental belief and motivation of most people who seek office.
and most of those who help them.

I was drawn to politics not as a profession or as a job but as a calling. After 10 years as a journalist, I remembered once hearing Robert F. Kennedy quote Dante: “The hottest places in hell are reserved for those who in times of great moral crises maintain their neutrality.” I moved from my post as an observer to an active participant in the front lines. In one of my first campaigns, I worked to elect the first African-American congressman from Mississippi since Reconstruction. When two dads – one white and one black – brought their sons in the day after that election to see the new congressman to show them just what was possible, I knew I had done the right thing.

I and most of my colleagues of both major parties are advocates for causes and principles in which we passionately believe. That’s been my experience. Some do work only for the money or the power or the prestige (although there’s less of all three than the popular media would have you believe). But usually they are not very effective, nor do they tend to last very long.

There are those who see dangers in the rise of a professional political class or the methods and tactics of modern campaigns. But I don’t believe I have heard a convincing argument yet that political dialogue truly is any coarser or less informed among the broader public than at any other time in our history, or frankly any other time in human history. Machiavelli, after all, pre-dated American political consultants by nearly 500 years, and the human penchant for gossip no doubt dates from the first time one of us walked away and left two others to talk.

Similarly, I think it is easy to see that at least in the aggregate, more Americans participate in politics and have an impact on politics. Turnout is certainly down as a percentage of the electorate, but so is involvement in any number of civic activities, and it can’t all be the fault of James Carville or Karl Rove.

It is equally true that the selection of candidates for major offices is more inclusive now than it was 50 years ago. Instead of party bosses picking candidates – as they did in most cases right up until Truman – voters now play the most important role in creating the nominees and the ultimate officeholders. It’s not necessarily a political comment that that is even truer on the Democratic side, where politics tends to be far less hierarchical. John Kennedy, Jimmy Carter and Bill Clinton would almost certainly not have been the nominees in 1960, 1976 or 1992 under the system that prevailed through the first 150 years of our Republic.

Electronic communication – radio, television and the internet – is the major medium for delivering political information and is largely responsible for destroying the old political boss system by amplifying the effects of the direct primary (in the case of presidential candidates) and the direct election (in the case of U.S. Senators who had been chosen by state legislators up until early in the 20th century).

At the same time, such communication provides access to a larger percentage of potential voters who may have little recourse to other means of information. As recently as 10 years ago, a national literacy study estimated that between one-fifth and one-quarter of voting-age adults were functioning at the lowest rate of literacy, meaning they could not perform such tasks as locating the intersection of two streets on a map or locate two pieces of information in a sports article. While some elitists may raise their eyebrows about the participation of those individuals, our nation fortunately saw the wisdom of removing most obstacles to participation, including literacy tests. If you are a citizen, you have a stake in the direction of the nation, whether you can read or not. But I’m also prepared to argue that such appalling literacy statistics are yet more evidence of why we need more support for public education, not less.

I left Washington in part because I thought it was too easy within that hot-house of politics to lose touch with what political professionals often “average working families.” Many of my colleagues, clients and friends assume the same must be true about graduate school, particularly at a place like Dartmouth. Sometimes they’re right. But most of the time, I find my MALS experience provides me with exactly the opportunity I hoped it would – being able to scrutinize what I think I know. As major league baseball Hall of Fame catcher Yogi Berra once said, “In theory, there is no difference between theory and practice. In practice, there is.”

http://www.nifl.gov/renders/1 intro.htm#C
Our run of sunny days over, we decided to leave Austria to visit our Swiss friends, and hopefully find drier weather. We left Salzburg, driving with the rain, towards Innsbruck, then through the Arlberg Pass. From the roadside sign, Wilkommen ins Liechtenstein, to the Auf Wiedersehen Liechtenstein sign, took all of three minutes before crossing the Swiss border. Overnighting in Chur, my husband Dan and I awoke the next morning only a few hours away from the town of Brig and our friends Walter, Beatrice, and their daughter, Nina.

Driving, still with the rain, to Realp at the head of the Furka Pass, the "Halt" sign in the middle of the road blocked further passage; the pass, closed due to thick fog and heavy rain. The only way to the other side was through the mountain, rather than over it. After purchasing our ticket for the autoverlag, Dan followed other cars onto the flatbed car train, open on the sides, with a rounded canopy overhead. Fully loaded and ready to go, all I could see ahead were lighted car interiors. Moisture-filled clouds hid the mass of rock ahead of us. Having caught on that it would be a dark twenty minutes within the unlit tunnel, we fumbled before finally finding the interior lights of our rental VW. The train, grinding and creeping at first, began moving swiftly, at which point my husband exclaimed how "cool" it was while I tried to manage a case of claustrophobia by filing my nails.

Once on the other side of the tunnel, with the rain still pouring down, we went on as far as Oberwald, following slow-moving traffic into the village center until forced to stop in a long line of cars. What now? In the middle of the road leading to Brig a few minutes away on the other side was a large road sign indicating the road would reopen at 4:00. With no other choice but to wait, we went into the gashof, extra busy during the lunchtime hour. In the cozy, warm atmosphere, guests imbibed in the regional libations of Dole wine and Schnapps. We learned through jovial conversations exchanged between the tables that the road had been closed an entire week due to a lavine. A roadside wall of shale, shallowly fastened by saturated earth, collapsed, fully covering the road.

Our fellow diners started for their waiting cars around 3:00 and so did we, although only to wait some more. The sound of the pelting rain mimicked our heart rates as our impatience grew until traffic started slowly crawling about 4:30. Up ahead one lane had been cleared of the rocks and earth by the still working backhoe and dump truck, matchbox-sized for the mountain road made narrow by an open cliff on the outside and a seamless wall of rock on the inside. Taking turns for each direction of traffic to pass, we stopped, and then crawled, repeating this pattern several times, all the while listening to the sound of each other's holding breaths, a byproduct of our fear of a further avalanche of rock that might slide down at the exact moment of our turn to creep through. Just beyond the lavine we were aghast at the multiple piles of debris dumped wherever possible along the road sides further on, ending with a huge hill of the displaced rock and earth moved to a nearby open field.

Several minutes later, breathing easier, we arrived at our friends' house in Naters, a small village outside Brig. Over more Dole and Schnapps we discussed our journey and caught up on the past couple of years, interrupted only when Walter grabbed for the remote, upped the volume and listened with great concern, while we watched the scenes of damage in the Wallis region caused by the severe rain.

The geography of this reputedly sunny part of Switzerland is rugged, with steep alpine peaks reaching thirteen thousand feet. Located in the southwestern part of Switzerland, Brig lies in a deep, fjord-like valley. Cut through the valley floor are three life lines: the Swiss National Rail, including the famous Glacier Express that starts in St. Moritz and continues on to Zermatt, the home of the Matterhorn; the autobahn; and the Rhone River. Brig, densely clustered on both sides of the Rhone, is connected by several bridges. From the base of the valley networks of mountain roads weave up and around the towering mountains to villages known for their solitude, beautiful views, hiking, and skiing.

We never looked forward to driving up to Unterbäch, one of these mountain villages, and this night was surely no exception. As our evening visit waned, my husband and I began to dread our forthcoming ascent. Although once up there we enjoyed it, we went because Nina's family insisted upon putting us up at a small hotel owned and run by Beatrice's family. They continued to reciprocate for our efforts when we hosted Nina on her first trip to the United States as part of an EF exchange program.

Both of us straining towards the windshield to see through the impenetrable downpour, Dan said "Here goes..." as he threw the shift into second to start the steep climb up the tiny road not much wider than our driveway back home. Normally, the headlights of cars coming around the nearly blind corners make nighttime driving on this road easier than daylight, but there were no headlights in either direction this night. Dan finally
said what I was thinking, “I think we’re the only ones stupid enough to be driving up here tonight. This is pretty treacherous.” I counted out loud each switchback, thirteen in all, as well as watched the clock for the previously-timed seventeen-minute trip to come to an end. Passing “creepy corner”, as we affectionately named the narrowest part of the trek, rock jutting out and overhanging our car, we were almost home free, the village lights in sight up ahead. Once in our room at the Alpenhof, exhausted from the tedium of the day’s drive, we sank into the puffy down-filled bedding.

We were out until an excruciatingly loud foghorn-like siren pealed from the corner of the post office building next to the hotel. Stumbling out of bed to the window, we saw bucketfuls of rain storming down. Until our ears recovered we hadn’t heard the pounding torrents against the roof, walls and windows of our room. It being early October and no snow yet on the summits to absorb the water, rivers of water gushed off the sides of the Bietschhorn in the distance outside our window.

Instead of the regularly scheduled morning shows, the few available television channels, all German-speaking, broadcast news of the increasing devastation. The Rhone was reaching record heights and was predicted to overflow given the forecast of continued rain. Consequently, Swiss military had been called in to sandbag its banks in hopes of minimizing damage in crucial parts of Brig, including near the main train station.

Rushing to go downstairs for breakfast to ask about that god awful siren, the telephone rang.

Hallo, Kathy?
Ah, Morgen Miriam.
Kathy, Die strassen sind gesperrt! Du musst hier im hotel bleiben...

The activity in the small lobby of the thirty-room hotel resembled a Las Vegas casino. A tour bus full of German retirees had pulled in the day before and with several other hotel guests the room was full. Miriam frantically tried to address everyone’s questions and concerns, finally telling Dan and me that the road had washed out in several areas and it might be closed for several days. She reassured us that we were safe in Unterbäch compared to those in the valley threatened by the rushing Rhone.

*******

For the next three days and nights we were confined to the hotel and stranded in Unterbach. Reading books we had brought with us got boring, as did everything else. We were depressed at seeing the catastrophe in the village of Gondo, the last Swiss village before the border of Italy. Located deep within the Simplon Pass, this simple village, magnificently set in the midst of a huge ravine and beautiful in its isolation, had been completely buried by a mudslide.

The fondues and wienschnitzels served in the small hotel restaurant, although tasty, made us feel like stuffed pigs by each day’s end. The hotel’s daily newsletter, Morgenbote, helped me practice my German, but its stories about interesting local sights were a frustrating reminder we couldn’t go see them. Dan’s fascination became looking out the picture windows watching the modern emergency helicopters fight the wind and torrents of rain while ferrying supplies to the mountain villages.

Finally, on day four, the rain reduced to a thankful drizzle. Breakfast had a party atmosphere, the German bus group celebrating with Schnaps. Dan and I, like every other guest, couldn’t wait to walk around outside. The post office, church, and bakery/ café were all closed, but the tiny Primo market was open. We walked every aisle with enthusiasm, greeting the German tourists and every other familiar face from our hotel. Dan and I met up at the checkout counter, showing each other our wares: Calida underwear, Lindt chocolates, Swiss-made herbal lip balm for me, and Caran D’Ache Swiss-made watercolors and paper for Dan. We laughed the 100 meters back to the hotel, embracing the sheer freedom of finally being uncooped, as well as the thought of Dan painting.

Once in our room, Dan excitedly set up his small tray of eight paint colors, brushes and paper. Eyeling the Bietschhorn through the window he let his brush do the talking, the first one showing the sun, another, a bottle of Dole wine, and a third, an attempt at creepy corner that looked more like a Rorschach test. The siren we’d heard four days before blasted again, after which we smelled the diesel of the German tour bus under our window as it pulled away, our Passat not far behind.

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Poetry

The Seed

I wait an age under the earth’s ancient silence. My voice stirs within my walls, wakened by the blessing of the rains.

Made to whisper in an echoless dark, I fear the fading of my song.

I convulse with a soundless scream, but the loam is all embracing, all embracing, until the piercing of the light.

I reach for that light, my broken tones becoming purer with the growing taste of warmth.

Slowly as the birth of clouds, I rise to meet a chanting sky, a vibrant wind, and join my thunderous singing to a chorus of dew and leaves.

By Mariejoy A. San Buenaventura
Sylvia Langford affirms the power of higher education. In the 1960s, she attended college at Fisk University in Nashville, TN. As an African-American, it was “a very tumultuous time to be in school in the South,” she says.

As an undergraduate, she studied mathematics. She was again a minority in a field more popular with male students. She pursued math into graduate school desiring to continue into a Ph.D. program for mathematics. She had dreamed of being a professor. But after two years, feeling less enthusiasm and unsure of her ability, she dropped out.

Yet she never fully left the higher education circle. After several years working with computer systems and nearly a decade as a full-time housewife and mother (she has three children), Langford accepted a position as director for a center supporting the math and computer science department at a local university. When funding for the position ended, she was drawn to the prospect of attending graduate school again. However, the timing was not right. Instead, she became a Family Specialist for the local public school system, honing her skills as an advisor and mentor.

When her husband was offered a position as professor in the Biology Department of Dartmouth College, she returned to work with college students. As is common with counselors and administrators in higher education, she moved between departments for some time. Starting in the Academic Skills Center at Dartmouth, she left for the Dean’s Office and later became the advisor for African-American students. Now she is the Dean of Upperclass Students.

“O ur office provides academic, personal, and social advising to all students beyond the first year,” Langford says. “We are conduits of information, active listeners, sources of encouragement and support.”

She enjoys the challenges of student affairs, advising aspiring students by recounting her own experiences and inviting students to carefully evaluate their choices. Besides meeting with students throughout the day, she also manages task forces and engages in eleven committees, chairing two. She also advises Class Councils, the Paleopitus Senior Society, and the Pi Theta Chapter of Delta Sigma Theta Sorority, Inc.

As an example for strong, motivated students who want to continue to learn throughout life, she makes an excellent choice for Dean of Upperclass Students. She has also been the Class Dean for five graduating classes as well as dean of the class of 2008.

However, despite her continued involvement with guiding students through college, she did not abandon her own pursuit of education. She was reluctant to return to graduate school at first. It had been some time since she held the role as student, and she had abandoned the idea more than once.

Fortunately, she met another strong-willed woman, Barbara Pringle, then Executive Director of the MAL S program, who would entice Langford back to school. “She encouraged, and sometimes pushed, me to consider applying to the MAL S program,” she says. She also felt that returning to graduate school to receive a degree lent convincing and legitimate authority to the students she advised. Each term she enrolled in a new class.

The MAL S program helped her achieve knowledge in areas outstandingly different from those she had previously studied. One of the benefits of the program is the flexibility and independence allowed. “I began by immersing myself in the liberal part of liberal studies and took courses in areas I had never explored – Opera, Philosophy, Oral History.” Through each class, she remembered her students, wanting to apply new skills to her role as class dean.

Her first course, “Adolescent and Language Development,” taught by Professors Marcia Groszek, Claudia Henrion, and Dorothy Wallace. “It was a magical term, though a difficult one because I had a lot of baggage from past experiences to deal with,” says Langford.

Coming full circle and integrating her past experiences in college, her time spent helping students like herself, and her renewed enthusiasm for education, her thesis centered on examples of life in the African-American student body of Dartmouth. She examined “how that community fostered the type of affirming
Entitled “African-American Student Voices: Seeking Community at Dartmouth College,” Langford was advised on her thesis by one of the first people she encountered in the program, Professor Garrod.

Her thesis centered on examples of life in the African-American student body of Dartmouth. She examined “how that community fostered the type of affirming college community that nurtures students to reach their full potential.”

Now, having finally achieved a graduate degree, Langford continues to perform many advisory and directorial duties on campus. Her growth as a student, even after a departure from the classroom, sets an example for all the students she sees.

She has survived and excelled in many levels of academia. Her firsthand accounts are invaluable to her students. She encourages them to write early and read often and not to feel pressured “to answer all the questions in the field [of your thesis].”

“Enjoy your courses!” she exclaims. After all, as she can show you, an education will not just give you a degree, it will also give you a new perspective on life.

(Phillips continued from page 2)

Look for Bill’s tradecraft in this small sampling of his work:

- Summer Solstice (Wrote)
- Christine (Sole screenplay credit)
- Physical Evidence (Wrote)
- El Diablo (Wrote with John Carpenter & Tommy Wallace)
- Rising Son (Sole teleplay credit)
- There Goes the Neighborhood (Wrote/Directed)
- The Beans of Egypt, Maine (Adapted from Carolyn Chute’s novel)
- Jack Reed: A Search for Justice (Co-wrote)
- The Beast (Adapted from R.L. Stine book for IMAX Corp.)

UPCOMING SUMMER SYMPOSIUM SPEAKERS
(All lectures held in Filene Auditorium, Moore Hall, at 4:00 p.m.)

July 27, 2005
Dr. Paula Chakravartty
“Terror and Trade: The Making of White Collar Nationalism in America”

August 3, 2005
Dr. Rob Kroes
“European anti-Americanism: What’s New?”

August 10, 2005
Dr. Paul Bove
“Mind against Faith: Driving the Sacred Back to Earth”

August 17, 2005
Dr. Harold Stahmer
“The Politics of Cultural Despair: the Rise and Dangers of the Neo-Conservative/Religious Right Coalition”

August 24, 2005
Dr. Klaus Milich
“Some Remarks on the Differences between Fundamentalism and Fascism”

Alumni, please verify your information with the Dartmouth Alumni Office:
http://alumni.dartmouth.edu/
The seemingly unending unrest in Iraq as a result of the U.S. led change of the Ba’ath regime in March-April 2003, rose interest among many people to look back at the British occupation for that country at the end of the First World War. The interest is more drawn into mapping out historical parallels between the British experience and the American experience since there are a lot in common, especially in their initial periods. In contemplating the British experience, I find myself more drawn into the way the British picked and installed the first king of modern Iraq, Faysal I.

At the end of World War I, the victorious Britain carved out the modern state of Iraq out of the three Mesopotamian Ottoman Wilayets (provinces) of Baghdad, Basra, and Mosul. Hence, today’s Iraq was referred to as Mesopotamia as it is historically known. It was put under the British rule by the League of Nations’ mandate in 1920, and was proclaimed a constitutional monarchy in 1921. It gained independence in 1932.

However, things were often disheartening for the British expectations in Mesopotamia, at least till the huge oil fields were discovered in Kirkuk in 1927. Before invading it, in the wake of World War I, the British viewed Mesopotamia as the perfect place to start an Arab revolt that would spread to all other Arab Ottoman regions (Greater Syria, Arabia, and Palestine), saving them the trouble of direct intervention against the Ottoman who were allied with Germany. T.S. Lawrence, the well-renown British soldier and author for his exploits in leading the so-called Great Arab Revolt of 1916, noted that Mesopotamia had the strongest Arab independence movement, especially in its wild southern part, Basra. He also pointed out seven out of each ten Arab officers in the Ottoman Army were Mesopotamian organized in the clandestine brotherhood of al-Ahd (The Covenant), which sought Arabs’ independence. However, a revolt against the Ottoman Turks did not happen. When the British approached the nationalist Arabs in Basra to wage a revolt against the Turks, the Basrans declined the British proposal, preferring an autonomous rule under the Ottoman Turks.

Thus, Britain personally went into Mesopotamia upon the outbreak of World War I to secure it from any potential German or Russian influence. Oil was not part of the equation (it was only discovered in 1927).

Thus, Britain personally went into Mesopotamia upon the outbreak of World War I to secure it from any potential German or Russian influence. Oil was not part of the equation (it was only discovered in 1927). Mesopotamia was viewed as a “poor sparsely peopled country.” But it was of vital importance to safeguard Persia’s oil fields and traffic to India. The British military operation main objective was to deprive Ottomans of the Port of Basra. The mission was accomplished successfully. Shortly after, Britain established a civil administration in the Basra, headed by Sir Percy Cox, who later played a great role in the soon-to-be-state of Iraq. The British Expeditionary Force kept moving slowly up north to take over Baghdad and Mosul until they received severe blows near Baghdad in 1915-1916. The Ottoman forces unexpectedly defeated and besieged the British advancing troops in the Iraqi city of Kut, to the south of Baghdad, for five months. The defeat of Kut is still remembered as one of the greatest military catastrophes the British Army ever faced. The British casualties were roughly 40 thousand. Soon enough, however, the British rearranged their troops and advanced successfully towards Baghdad and Mosul. Britain took full control of Iraq in 1918.

Though Iraq was viewed as a poor country and that Britain was so kind and generous to stay to run it, conflicts ensued among the British imperial administrations over the way the country should be run. The Arab Bureau (a small group of British Orientalist adventurers and intelligence officers, including T.S. Lawrence and Gertrude Bell, the first ever female intelligence officer who is widely renowned as the ‘uncrowned queen of Iraq’) wanted to establish an administration with an Arab façade under British guidance; they supported an Arab Hashemite rule. Whereas the India Office wanted to model the country after the British civil rule in India, run mostly by Indian officers in reward for their service in the war, and a few British officers. The latter won the dispute. The Mesopotamian Civil Administration was established in 1919. Sir Arnold Wilson, a strong advocate for the Indian module, was appointed as the British Civil Commissioner.

Nonetheless, within less than two years of mismanagements and continuous eruption of the local revolts, it became impossible for the Mesopotamian Civil Administration to keep functioning, especially after the 1920 revolt.

The revolt had a huge impact on shaping the modern state of Iraq. It is not exaggeration to say that the country still lives...
its consequences. It started in the Lower Euphrates when enraged tribesmen destroyed the railroad track at the request of their Shaykh, who refused to comply with the heavy taxation of the foreign rule. Shortly after, the leading Shi'i cleric, grand Ayatollah Mohammed Taqi ash-Sherazi, issued a fatwa of Jihad. Then it swelled to most of the country with the news of the League of Nations granting a mandate for Britain over Iraq. The revolt went on for three months, costing the British over 2200 dead or wounded soldiers and £40 million. It was only put down by fierce aerial bombardments of the new R.A.F (Royal Air Force) squads. The bombardments were precisely “wholesale slaughter” of Iraqis, as was described by Colonel Gerald Leachmen, the senior British officer who was later slaughtered to the west of Baghdad during the revolt. Though the revolt was put down, the human and financial burdens of Iraq vexed the British people. Evacuation was considered several times. The British considered, too, developing gas bombs that could be used by the R.A.F to deal with the “ungrateful uncivilized tribes.” (Luckily, the British failed to develop the necessary technologies to carry out aerial gas bombardments, though there were some reports that gas artillery shells had been used.)

Hence, the British Government needed a settlement for what Lawrence saw as a “close to disaster” situation in Mesopotamia. That revived the Arab Bureau vision of an Arab administration under the British mandate. This time T.S. Lawrence, Gertrude Bell, and other pro-Hashemite monarchists could not lose their cause to enthrone one of Sheriff Hussein of Mecca’s sons. Lawrence started to write articles in the English newspapers that Britain should end its direct rule to Mesopotamia and grant Arabs the independence they were promised. Gertrude Bell, who was appointed in 1917 as the Oriental Secretary, the high intelligence post in Mesopotamia, made Mesopotamian elites writing letters to the King of England and the Commons demanded dissolving the British Mesopotamian Civil Administration and the return of Sir Percy Cox as a High Commissioner to help them form an interim national government and establish a constitutional monarchy, ruled by one of Sheriff Hussein of Mecca’s sons.

The British government agreed to the ‘Mesopotamian’ demands. Sir Percy Cox arrived in Baghdad in October 1920 as the British High Commissioner. He concluded a hasty agreement with Abdul ar-Rahman al-Kaylani, Naqib (head of the notables) of Baghdad, whereby the latter formed an interim national government working to stabilize the country and to establish a constitutional monarchy.

Now contestation for the throne of Iraq began. Now contestation for the throne of Iraq began. There were many contenders to fill the vacancy, but the rivalry was limited at the end between only two: the Lawrence- and Bell-supported Hashemite emir, Feisal ibn al-Hussein, who won, and the self-imposed Sayyid Talib, Naqib of Basra who lost.

Lawrence and Bell advocated strongly for Feisal among the British and Iraqis as well. Feisal was the man Lawrence made by selecting him over his brothers (sons of Sheriff of Mecca) to lead the so-called Great Arab revolt of 1916, which Lawrence was instructed against the Ottoman Turks. Feisal also was a descendant of Prophet Mohammed. He received his education in Istanbul and served as an officer in the Ottoman Army until the Arab Revolt broke out. In 1919, he was proclaimed King of Syria, but he was expelled in the same year by the French, who held the mandate of Syria according to the Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916 with Britain, which partitioned the ex-Ottoman Arab territories between France and Britain. Feisal left then to live in London. With this record, Lawrence and Bell presented him as the best man to lead and who could be led for Britain’s best interests. Whether he would be viewed a British pawn or not, Feisal saw the Iraqi throne as a suitable substitute for his lost throne of Syria.

There were other things that made Feisal favorable for the British, including his being Sunni, that can go along with the small but dominant Iraqi Sunni community. Moreover, his lack of popularity in Iraq, being an alien, made him totally dependent on the British. He also had good relations with the ex-Mesopotamian Ottoman officers. Some of these officers joined forces with Feisal in the Arab Revolt.

Unlike emir Feisal, Sayyid Talib was a man to lead and not be led. Under the Ottoman rule of Basra, he imposed himself as the de facto ruler of Basra. He advocated decentralizing Arab territories from Istanbul. That put him in great opposition against the Ottoman government, especially after the Young Turks, a Turk nationalist party known officially as the Committee of Union and Progress (CUP), came to power in 1908. Talib was elected to represent Basra for three times in the Turkish Parliament. In 1912, Arab reform movements in Basra elected Talib to head the Freedom and Union Party, an Arab Ottoman party which was founded in Basra as a reaction against “Turkification” polices of the Young Turks. In the first Ottoman parliamentary elections, the party won the seven seats allocated to Basra, defeating the pro-Turks candidates. As a result of Talib’s growing influence over Basra, the Ottoman government reluctantly passed new legislation, granting Basra more autonomous rule, making the city the center of Arab nationalism and independence movements. Talib received more support from the Shaykh of Muhammarah and Shaykh of Kuwait to establish an Arab Confederacy. Muhammarah was until 1925 an oil-rich 39.123 square miles Arab emirate on the northeastern shores of the Persian Gulf, bordering southern Iraq. Later, it was annexed by force to Iran. It is now called ‘Khuzeistan.’

Talib sought cautiously the British support to his cause. As I mentioned earlier, the British thought of Southern Iraq as

(King Making continued on page 22)
Joe Bobrowskas

Born in New Jersey, Joe grew up in Vero Beach, Florida and is quickly developing into a hardy New Englander. A 1988 graduate of Troy University in Alabama, Joe also earned a Master of Education at Augusta State University in Georgia in 1994. After six years in the Undergraduate Office of Admissions at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Joe joined the College Counseling Team at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, where he is also a dorm affiliate with 30 very fun, but often mischievous boys. Before Vanderbilt, Joe worked in undergraduate admissions at the University of Alabama at Birmingham and at Augusta State University in Georgia. He has also spent two summers teaching English at several universities in Bangkok, Thailand.

Hoping to deepen his liberal arts experience, Joe is particularly interested in developing as a writer and is also drawn to studies in both history and culture. An avid hiker, runner, road biker and novice downhill skier, Joe makes an annual New Year’s hike with friends in the White Mountains, and he looks forward to adding cross country skiing to his list of developing winter sports. Finally, a quote by Edward Abbey provides inspiration for both personal and professional endeavors: “May your trails be crooked, winding, lonesome, dangerous, leading to the most amazing view. May your mountains rise into and above the clouds.”

Carrie L. Caouette-DeLallo

Carrie is originally from Pennsylvania but has been in Vermont and out and back again for over twenty years. For just about fifteen years she was a special education teacher in public schools, working primarily with “at-risk” students.

When she first attended college in the seventies she was a painting major. She didn’t paint for a number of years, as she was raising three remarkable daughters. She managed to remain connected to art by way of creating community arts programs for kids. She taught drawing and painting in a variety of places. About four years ago Carrie was offered studio space in a friend’s home and has created a substantial body of work. She has exhibited art in a number of local galleries. Her work is primarily figurative.

Much of Carrie’s background has been in human services. She worked with chronic schizophrenics in institutional settings, with battered women and children, frequently using art as a therapeutic tool. It’s her interest in people that has brought her to MALS. As a creating writing concentrator, she would like to develop her skills as a writer who writes about her impression of the people around her and the world in which we all live.

Carrie left teaching last year to travel 20,000 miles through the United States, Mexico, and Central America. She wanted to go out and “see” people and places she had never been. 9,000 miles of her trip was traveled by motorcycle, a wonderfully intimate way to travel through different countries. She took hundreds of photographs and logged much of her experience in journals that were kept almost daily. She hopes she can transform that experience into a work of art to be shared with others.

Matthew Cheney

Matthew Cheney grew up in a gun shop in central New Hampshire, then fled to New York University’s Tisch School of the Arts, where he was a student in the Dramatic Writing Program for three years before burning out and fleeing to the University of New Hampshire, where he completed a B.A. in English. Tired of flight, he got a job teaching English and theatre at the New Hampton School, where he has worked for the past seven years.

Matt has had fiction and nonfiction published in a disturbingly wide variety of venues, including English Journal, Rain Taxi, Locus, Pindeldyboz, and Failbetter.com. He is a columnist for the online magazine Strange Horizons, attended the Bread Loaf Writers’ Conference, and recently served as a juror for the Fountain Award, sponsored by the Speculative Literature Foundation. He has directed students in productions of plays no sane director would do in high school, including Antigone, Woyzeck, Endgame, and Merrily We Roll Along. As an actor, he recently played Caliban in a production
of The Tempest at the Barnstormers Playhouse in Tamworth, N.H.

Currently on sabbatical from New Hampton School, Matt will be in MALS for the 2005/06 school year, with a concentration that hovers somewhere in the netherworld between Cultural Studies and creative writing.

Bill Diamond

Bill was born in upstate New York with the privilege of having wonderful, nurturing, and dedicated parents. His personality has been molded by their ambition, work ethic, and kindness. Bill is also thankful of their opposite traits. “While they are both self-made through hard work, it would be pertinent to trace my personality to their youth. My mother spent her time reading books while my father enjoyed jumping off bridges on to the top of railroad cars and riding them two towns down.” Bill believes that he has inherited some fearlessness, although he also claims that it was probably best that he chose more of his mother’s path of higher education. Bill graduated from the Millbrook School in 1998 and Syracuse University in 2002.

The March 21, 2002 edition of the Daily Orange reads, “Over the past four years Bill has become the poster boy for Syracuse University Ice Hockey.” In the weeks and months that followed, Bill celebrated his accomplishments and moved forward in life with a feeling of invincibility. In the fall of 2002 he became a history teacher at Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, N.H. At a frenetic pace he has just completed his third year and, needless to say, no longer feels invincible. Bill describes his experience at KUA as both exhilarating and humbling. “The bonds that are created within the community are extraordinary; my experience as a boarding student at the Millbrook School drew me back to this life and I could not imagine greater fulfillment.”

The poster boy analogy of invincibility could have easily come to fruition again this spring, as Bill was honored at the end of the year awards assembly by winning the 1967 Student Council Cup in honor of the faculty member who best exemplifies wisdom, dedication, and humility. He is honored to receive the award, although he believes he has not yet come close to reaching his potential as a teacher. “I have made the choice to enter the MALS program in pursuit of intellectual stimulation that was sometimes hip pocketed during my time as an undergraduate.” Bill enters the MALS program with hope that his studies will allow him to engage his students with deeper insight and an overt passion for his inner love of learning. He has relentless ambition to become a well-rounded model for his students. Bill will remain at KUA this year as a dorm parent and coach while he is enrolled in the MALS program.

Tracy Dustin-Eichler

Originally from New Hampshire, Tracy lives in Woodstock, Vermont with her husband, Rick (also a MALS student), and her dog, Fenway. She enjoys hiking, cooking, and reading. She is employed at the college in Dartmouth Community Services at the Tucker Foundation. As Volunteer Programs Advisor at Tucker, she works with Dartmouth undergraduates engaged in local community services programs and the community partners that support their efforts. Her previous academic work includes a Master’s of Divinity from Harvard University and a B.A. in Theology and Education from Boston College.

Stephen Freeborn

Steve graduated in 2004 from The University of New Hampshire with a Bachelor’s Degree in English, minor in Philosophy. Originally from Calgary, Canada, he made the drastic decision in his second year of college to pick up and move to Paris, France. If asked, he states that he can’t imagine another place that he would rather get lost in. Steve transferred to The American University of Paris where he majored in Comparative Literature. For him, this time spent in Paris proved to be an awakening of sorts. His love of knowledge bloomed during this time, but so did his love for his future wife. In 2003 he made the move to New Hampshire where he married his wife in July of that year.

Steve enters the MALS program at Dartmouth College with an interest in the bridge between world literature and philosophy, particularly how literary theory helps and/or hinders this connection. Steve holds a Master Level Certification in Tutoring from the College Reading and Learning Association and has co-taught a Summer Adult ESOL program at UNH. Currently he is a Special Education Assistant at Newfound Memorial Middle School, but holds the
dream of earning his Ph.D. and teaching at the college level.

Matthew Hill

Originally an Oregon Native, Matt left active duty as a Marine officer in the summer of 1999. He transferred to reserve status and moved to the Sunapee Lakes region to build a house and pursue ski racing in the U.S. and Europe. As the Pro ski circuit slowed down and reserve deployments picked up Matt found he was seeing less and less of his wife and New England home. Following a recent deployment to Iraq, Matt stepped away from increasing active military deployments to pursue graduate studies. “My undergraduate degree in International Studies [University of Oregon 1995] followed a mostly interdisciplinary track and I felt the MALS program offered a similar experience albeit at a higher level.” Matt enjoys outdoor sports, languages and traveling to countries where body armor is not required.

Charlotte Jeffreys

Charlotte has spent most of her life in the wilderness, in all its forms. She grew up in rural Pennsylvania and attended Penn State University, earning a degree in Environmental Resource Management. For over a decade she worked at environmental and outdoor education centers leading backpacking, canoeing, and rock climbing trips as well as teambuilding, ropes course, and ecology lessons. More recently, she has explored the wilderness of modern science in a Molecular Biology lab at Dartmouth. Charlotte is currently using fruit flies to study chromosome segregation disorders that can lead to birth defects, such as Down’s Syndrome, in humans. MALS is an opportunity for her to integrate her experiences in education and science by exploring her new interest in educational neuroscience.

Amber Johnston

Amber Johnston graduated from Union College in 1999 with a B.S. in psychology and anthropology. She conducted her undergraduate research in Fiji, where she studied the effects of Westernization on the treatment of mental illness. She has worked extensively in the psychiatric field, both in psychiatric in-patient units and through community mental health centers.

The love of travel has taken her to Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Thailand, and parts of Europe. She is excited to continue her education in the MALS program.

Justin Kleinheider

Justin Kleinheider is a New Jersey son who calls Cleveland home for now. He earned his B.A. from Kenyon College in 2001. During his junior year at Kenyon, Justin student taught a United States history class at Kensington High School in Philadelphia. The experience at Kensington confirmed his desire to pursue a career in teaching.

After Kenyon, Justin accepted an internship at the Culver Academies, a military boarding school, to teach in the Humanities Program and coach boys' and girls' tennis. After his internship, he traveled to Cleveland to teach at University School, a private, all-boys K-12 school. For the past three years, he has taught Western Civilization I and II, United States Social History, coached boys' JV Tennis, and advised the school newspaper.

After four years of teaching, Justin decided to enhance his teaching abilities by diversifying his academic knowledge throughout the Dartmouth MALS program.

The MALS Quarterly welcomes all original submissions of fiction, nonfiction, poetry, and art work from current MALS students and Alumni.

If you are interested in writing an article about a current or upcoming MALS event, a news piece, a book review, or a student/faculty/alumni profile piece, please blitz your ideas to Mals.Quarterly@dartmouth.edu.
Alexander Merrill

I was born in Randolf, VT, not too far from here, and in my 25 years have almost learned how to spell the name of the town I was born in. I grew up all over Connecticut, and then left for Phillips Exeter in the fall of 1995. After three years there, I attended Kenyon College in Ohio where I studied English, rugby, choral singing and fraternity life. After college, I traveled in Europe for a summer, worked at ESPN for six months, then moved to Los Angeles to get closer to the Laker girls. In my two years in LA, I worked in administration for several companies including Capital Group and MGM.

In MALS, I hope to learn how to become a professional writer and a critical reader in a variety of fields. After MALS, I wish to pursue a career in teaching or administration.

Joy Michelson

Joy Michelson is a National Board Certified teacher of art, graphic design, imaging and media literacy at Rivendell Academy in Orford, NH. She lives with her husband, Keith, an architectural designer/builder, and three-year-old son Peter in Bradford, Vermont in an historic Victorian Main Street property they are restoring (slowly, but surely). Joy completed a B.A. in Art History from the University of Hartford, with a minor in Drawing, and attended the University of Vermont for teacher training.

In 1989 Joy signed on with the University of Toronto’s Near Eastern Department on an archaeological excavation in Egypt, which began a ten-year “side career” as an archaeological illustrator, first for UT and then for the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Though family responsibilities keep Joy from her Egyptian pursuits, she still prepares illustrations for Met publications and has managed to plan two trips to Europe for students and community members from Rivendell. She will guide a group in Italy this year in April.

Sarah Mount

Sarah is a native Floridian who grew up just south of Vermont’s Mettowee Valley. She is pursuing the Dartmouth MALS program to help formulate questions about her curiosities and to grow as a writer, learner, and seeker of life-changing experiences. Some previous endeavors that support this lifelong purpose include working as a river raft guide; participating in a working trades semester for women while learning about carpentry, welding, and electricity; riding her mountain bike from Telluride to Moab through the San Juan mountains; and paddling the Green River while talking pedagogy with other teachers and Outward Bound. She hopes that future life-enriching adventures will include learning Spanish in Latin America and traveling to Thailand.

Sarah is very interested in discussing gender studies, integral psychology, exercise science, and the amazing athleticism of Lance Armstrong. She currently works as a High School Wellness and Outdoor Educator.

Brittany Pye

Although Brittany still considers herself a Vermonter at heart, she finds herself living in New Hampshire six years after entering The University of New Hampshire as an undergraduate. Graduating with her B.A. in English in 2003 brought Brittany to realize that she was not ready to live the world of higher education. She is currently, and very happily, employed at Colby-Sawyer College as a Resident Director. She lives on campus in New London with her dog, Wicket.

Working with undergraduate students has developed into not just an interest but a real passion, and Brittany considers herself extremely lucky to have a career that is in line with her passion. After searching the world of graduate programs for something that would spark her interest and get her back into a classroom, she happened upon MALS by way of a co-worker enrolled in the program. It felt too good to be true and only after being accepted into the program did the reality, and excitement, of it set in.

She hopes that MALS will help her find the intersection of her interest in gender issues and her love of creative writing.
Melissa Shea

Melissa "Missy" Siner Shea is, by her nature, a rural, outdoor dweller. She grew up in a large family in the mountains of central Vermont, where she spent most of her time either playing outside or reading. Despite four years of college in suburban Boston, including a semester in Ireland and a fair bit of travel since, things haven't changed that much; her ten-year-old son and seven-year-old daughter now enjoy the same childhood activities, as do their two dogs. After almost twenty years working in various capacities in the ski industry (which in many ways serves as a metaphor for life), she has become increasingly interested in the concept of effective communication. She intends to combine studies in cognitive science and creative writing, in addition to coursework at Tuck, to lead her to a methodology for quantifying some aspect of effective communication that she could then use to procure meaningful employment. She plans to have fun while doing it.

Feng Shi

After Feng graduated from a law school in China, he worked for half a year for an American international telecommunication company, at a branch in Shanghai. In the spring of 2004, he came to America for the first time to attend a global leadership conference in Indianapolis, IN, and meanwhile visited Indiana University Law School. Since then, Feng showed great interests for graduate study in the U.S. In his mind, China and the United States will be the two most important nations in the 21st century, and he hopes to be a bridge between them.

At MALS, he hopes to study more about globalization, in political, legal, economic, and cultural areas, and the Dartmouth experience will definitely broaden his global horizon and improve his understanding about American society. After he completes the MALS program, Feng plans to pursue a J.D. in an American law school, or to conduct international trade between China and the United States.

Kathleen Sullivan-Bailey

The many and varied roads Kathleen has traveled to finally bring her to the MALS program at Dartmouth, have been exciting as well as challenging. Her academic career began at Champlain College, where she graduated with a Media Communications degree. For a small private college in Burlington, Vermont, Champlain provided her a great foundation and prepared her for a successful, dream-career in TV as an Associate Producer for commercial production and children's programming at an ABC affiliate in South Florida. Although Kathleen enjoyed all aspects of the broadcast industry, she realized that her growth opportunities were limited and ventured into other exciting media fields, such as Public Relations Director for the Southeast Florida chapter of the American Lung Association and Youth Market Director for the American Heart Association for two South Florida counties.

Although it was a difficult decision to leave the warm, tropical weather and lifestyle of Southeast Florida, Kathleen

(Student continued on page 20)

CURRICULUM COMMITTEE DEADLINE!

AUGUST 1, 2005, is the deadline to submit proposals to the Curriculum Committee for projects commencing in the fall term. The following proposals should be submitted at this time:

- Independent Study proposals
- Thesis proposals
- Symposium substitute petitions
- Requests for thesis research funding
Dr. Denise Anthony, Sociologist
By Dave Norman

Dr. Denise Anthony is a sociologist with wide interests: she teaches Dartmouth MALS and undergraduate courses that deal with Social Problems (SOCY 2) and Organizations in Society (SOCY 27), while researching three specific areas. As she explained to MALS Quarterly, these areas are “how groups produce cooperation, trust and social capital; organizational behavior, primarily in health care; and privacy, security and trust issues associated with the use of Information and Communication Technology.”

For MALS, she taught the Summer '04 Norms and Normalization (MALS 341) graduate seminar with Dr. Amy Allen of Dartmouth’s Philosophy Department.

“I had no idea what academia was all about when I went to graduate school.”

With more than a dozen peer-reviewed articles to her credit, and a wide range of authorship credits for book chapters and the like, Dr. Anthony is prodigious in her work. In the last five years, including work she will begin this year, she has worked under nine paid grants and for a host of other academic initiatives. She was a Rockefeller Research Scholar through the Dartmouth Rockefeller Center from 2001 to 2003, and will be an investigator “Estimating Risk in IT Systems” with the ISTS from this July until June of 2007.

These professional accomplishments began in the 1980s when she attended Indiana University of Pennsylvania in Indiana, PA. She graduated in 1990, and continued her education at the University of Connecticut. “I had no idea what academia was all about when I went to graduate school,” she said. “All I knew was that I liked to think about ideas and do research.” During her first year of graduate school I realized that I wanted to be a professor, to teach and do research.” She completed her Master’s degree in 1991, and while working as the Research Director of the Eastern Connecticut Health Outreach (ECHO) Project completed her Ph.D. in 1997.

Dartmouth College beckoned in 1999, and in July she assumed the title of Assistant Professor in the Department of Sociology. She presently works in that capacity, as well as that of Adjunct Assistant Professor of Community and Family Medicine. What lured her to Hanover was the balance the College offers for her professional interests. “I liked the idea of teaching really smart students while having the time and resources to work on my research,” she explained. “Dartmouth seems somewhat unique in striving for excellence in both teaching and research. I really like getting students excited about and involved in research.”

Part of her professional career expanded to reach into the MALS world when last summer she team-taught MALS 341 with Dr. Allen. “I really enjoyed teaching my first MALS course this past summer…. We had very interesting and lively discussions each week, and I learned a lot from the students.” She echoed a popular sentiment among MALS professors, that “It was fun getting to know the MALS students. I also like working with MALS students independently.”

“I'm advising my first MALS thesis this year, and it's been a really wonderful process.”

Moved by the experience, a student recently approached Dr. Anthony for her leadership with a thesis project. “I’m advising my first MALS thesis this year, and it’s been a really wonderful process,” Dr. Anthony reported. She hopes to teach her MALS 341 course with Dr. Allen again. In the interim, students can discuss the possibility of taking one of her undergraduate courses for MALS credit.

With so much in her professional life, Denise still manages to find time to dedicate to her family. Residents of Hanover, she counts among her blessings her husband Steven DuScheid, a product manager at Novell Corp., and her sons. “We have two boys,” she said, “ages 9 and 6.”

Look for Denise Anthony’s classes in the course catalogues, or read more about her at http://www.dartmouth.edu/~socy/faculty/anthony.html.
I have my father’s eyes, temperament and love of books. I have my mother’s physique (or lack there of) and her propensity toward big ideas that rarely come to fruition. I recently discovered, much to my dismay, that I have my Aunt Helen’s spider veins. I’m told I smile like my Uncle David, my mother’s brother, who, at 21, was killed by a drunk driver exactly a week before I was born. I look eerily similar to my grandmother in her senior class picture, even in black and white. My family’s not sure where my straight teeth and clear vision come from, I just count myself lucky.

I am a mishmash of all my relatives but I will not be passing on any of these traits to another generation. Much to my mother’s chagrin, and random strangers’ surprise, I do not want to have children.

As a child I was more likely to play with Legos or blocks than dolls.

Really? you might be thinking right now. I get a lot of that, from family, from friends, from people I’ve just met at cocktail parties. But you’d make such a great Mom, often follows with an ‘it’s such a shame’ shaking of the head. You’ll have them eventually; people I don’t even know try to convince themselves if not me. I just smile, shrug my shoulders and say “you never know” because that seems to ease their concern. It’s also the truth. I can’t say with 100% certainty that I will never have children. I also can’t say with 100% certainty that I will not be kidnapped by aliens because, although highly unlikely, it might happen. You never know.

Apparently, there is something unnatural about a married woman in her procreative prime not wanting to have children. Never? You mean you never want to have kids? It is inconceivable to some. But you and Matt would make great parents. You’re smart, healthy, attractive. (OK, I added the attractive part. Sadly most people don’t include that information). C’mon, never? Oh you will. Trust me, you will. That biological clock’ll get ticking and then babytime. Just you wait. Smile and nod, smile and nod, “You never know.”

Except I do. I’ve known my whole life. I was never into dolls or playing house. I was usually the kindergartner running the store all the five year old “moms” frequented when out doing their errands or the doctor who diagnosed their sick “babies.” Even the few Barbies misguided individuals purchased for me are still in their boxes. Someday I’ll sell them on eBay.

When I was around 10 I did break down and buy a Cabbage Patch doll. With my own money even. I swore up and down that I didn’t want one but when I went with my Mom and my sister to get her one, I had to have her. I spent my life savings of $35 to get Brianna Caryn. She ended up in the closet a week after I got her and remains there to this day. I don’t know what came over me. It’s a good lesson to learn and remember. Impulse doll shopping, my personal metaphor for reproduction, is not a good idea.

As a child I was more likely to play with Legos or blocks than dolls. I built things, I didn’t nurture them. I have a short attention span for things that require my patience than he does, therefore, he would be the one to stay home with a child. Period. My sister called me later that day, “Is there something you need to tell me? Mom thinks you’re having a baby.” I can’t win. On a regular basis I have to remind my mother that the only thing she’ll be getting from us is grandpuppies. (My sister beat us to that as well. More power to her. She says her whole life is poop and “No, don’t eat that”—sometimes at the same time. I do not envy her.) My mother’s only response to my child free decision is “Never say never” and a knowing smile. I was married at about the same age as she was and am now older than she was when she had already had both my sister and I. I don’t know what she thinks she knows in that smile. Apparently grandmothers are not born, they will themselves into existence.
I understand the appeal of being a grandmother. If I could manage to become one while bypassing having my own children I would. It’s one of the reasons I enjoy being an aunt; all the benefits, none of the hassles. When you get sick of the child you just give it back to its parents.

**Apparently grandmothers are not born, they will themselves into existence.**

To me, having a child is like buying a dress that doesn’t fit. If it makes you uncomfortable and you’re never going to wear it, why buy it? I know I’d get bored and frustrated with a child but it’s not like I can just hang it in the closet and hope I can wear it in the future, perhaps when I lose 10 pounds. Instead, I just accept myself for what I am and choose not to buy the ill-fitting dress in the first place. There are plenty of other life options in the store. It’s sad when people don’t realize that. Consider the following case in point.

Awhile ago I met a woman around my age, or perhaps even younger, who told me she only realized she had a choice of whether or not to have children after she had her daughter. “Ironic, isn’t it?” she said with a tad too much spirit and vehemence, trying to convince herself that it was ironic-funny and not ironic-depressing.

“It wasn’t a real urge for kids I was feeling,” she went on, her eyes wide and on the verge of tears, her daughter at her feet in a carrier, “it was programming. I didn’t realize I had a choice in the matter until I had no other choice.” She glanced around guiltily, as if she had committed some of social taboo, speaking of not wanting children in front of her three-month-old.

“Don’t get me wrong,” she added, touching my shoulder, “I love my daughter and I wouldn’t change anything. But everything changes. Everything.” A hint of panic crossed her visage as well as her voice as she listed what everything entailed. “Your career, your finances, your sleep, your time alone, your relationship, your future. Everything.”

Conspiratorially she leaned in and told me she could only googoo and gaga with her child for about an hour a day and then she was over it. She felt relief when the baby took a two hour nap and she could do something, anything, else. Several times she told me she respected my decision not to have kids. She said it not in the PC way people do nowadays, to apologize for asking about my plans for children in the first place. She said it more desperately, as though not only did she respect my decision but she wished it was the one she had made. She wished she had known it was a decision, not a rite of passage that follows the acquisition of a husband and a house.

I had never encountered this regretful attitude before. Maybe she was suffering from lack of sleep or postpartum depression, but I don’t think so. Having a new baby is a joyous occasion, but it doesn’t negate all the other negatives involved, especially if you realize you didn’t make the right decision for you. I’ve found a few other women like myself, some so assured of their decision that they’ve been sterilized before hitting 30. But I’d never interacted with a mother who seemed so disappointed in herself and her decision, especially not one holding a grinning baby. I can’t imagine she is the only one experiencing regret. In today’s world, where you’re supposed to have it all, what happens when you get it and you don’t want it? I’m relieved that I already know what part of “all” I’m willing to give up. Our conversation affirmed my choice. I too could be that mother, caught like a deer in headlights, a baby at my feet. Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

The baby started crying. Her husband stood several feet away, networking and socializing, blissfully unaware that his wife was baring her soul to an almost complete stranger and coming dangerously close to a breakdown. I felt bad for her. But I couldn’t really comfort her. It wasn’t like she ordered the veal but really wished she could have the chicken I ordered instead. This was a decision I couldn’t help her unmake.

Luckily, my husband feels the same way I do. We knew going into the marriage that we didn’t want kids. I had seen him with a few and it wasn’t pretty. Imagine my surprise when he became a doting uncle to our niece Ellie, now two and a half. My husband, who absolutely hates to shop, went to three different toy stores of his own volition to buy her Christmas presents. I never even saw some of them until she opened them because he had wrapped them already. I’m not sure I got a present that Christmas.

At random times he’ll ask me when we are going to see Ellie next. It got to a point where I had to ask him nervously, “Are you sure you don’t want kids? Because you know we’re going to have to have a serious talk if you do.” Thankfully he responded that it was just Ellie he really enjoys and he is happy to return her to her parents after a few hours. Phew, that was close.

I think it is important that everyone make their own reproductive decisions and then respect others’ choices about whether they want kids or not. I know I have to learn this for myself. When I hear that my friends are trying to get pregnant I feel a twinge of disappointment, as if they have become part of “the system.” I imagine this is what hippies felt as their ranks turned slowly into yuppies. No, I say silently to myself, fight the man!

I almost cried when my sister told me she was pregnant. I had to take a few deep breaths before I could muster congratulations. Now I’m completely smitten with Ellie and hoping Heather will have another one, if not for my sake, then for my mother’s, which in the end helps me anyway. Grand-puppies can never equal grandchildren, but they are just fine in my book. Plus, Ellie looks eerily similar to me anyway. Who needs to pass on their traits to another generation when their sister does it for them?
“What would you rather be doing?”
By Kathy Fortin

Recently while on a weekend away with my husband, I met Christine, someone who happened to sit in the Adirondack chair next to me on the porch of the inn overlooking Dixville Notch. Unfolding her life story in the manner perfect strangers often do, I learned within a few minutes that she was 65 years old, recently retired, then moved from Massachusetts to Tennessee with her husband to live closer to their only son. Listening on, I came to know she worked on a doctorate at Harvard, but had not finished her dissertation. Regretfulness was visible in her eyes and in her voice as she proceeded to explain the reasons. Her life had taken a different course…family, a demanding career, and so on.

Likewise, reducing my life story to its encapsulated version, I explained that I left my career after working as a litigation paralegal at one of New Hampshire’s largest law firms for over twenty years, shifting my emphasis to graduate school at Dartmouth while working part-time at a smaller firm. She understood the challenge in making such a big decision at mid life, including the economic ramifications as well as my insecurities surrounding whether I could succeed in an academic setting after almost 25 years, nonetheless at an Ivy League college. At the close of our short conversation, she enthusiastically wished me continued good luck, as I wished her good luck in her retirement. “Maybe even try for a doctorate,” were her parting words to me.

Upon my chance meeting with Christine, I was reminded of how I reached my decision about graduate school. I struggled over many months whether or not to take the initial first steps, paralyzed by the fears of leaving everything secure to me – a good job, good salary, and people who were my friends. “Just apply, first,” my husband Dan would say, “If you get accepted, we’ll take it from there.” After all, it would mean a fairly major life change for both of us.

I knew, as he did, that I couldn’t remain working full-time with demands of fifty plus hours a week, often trial preparation on weekends and evenings, and a firm culture that didn’t lend itself well to flexible time, not to mention the stress of billable hours, time pressures and difficult lawyer personalities. If I was to fulfill my longstanding desire to do graduate work and make it the priority, it would mean the necessity of leaving my job.

Despite the encouragement Dan gave me, I felt shackled by the routine of what I had known for so long. As much as I wanted to make a change and knew exactly what I wanted, I was afraid. “What if I can’t do it,” I would ask myself. Finally, it was something Dan said that got me off the mark. “Will graduate school at Dartmouth be something you regret not doing when you are 70 years old and looking back on your life?” Dan asked.

While away on vacation during the summer of 2002, he would say, “Well, maybe you’ll have a response waiting for you by the time we get home. A small envelope will mean thanks for applying, and a big one, well…. “ Once home, sifting through the crate full of two weeks of mail, he blurted, “Big envelope!”

During the past two and a half years at Dartmouth, I’ve never doubted my decision. I’ve had so many fulfilling experiences in the MALS program, from breakthroughs in my creative writing, owing to each of my professors, to my new friendships and the overall sense of warm community. The demanding course work exceeds what I felt I needed for intellectual stimulation. I refer to each term as a marathon.

Once, while having a melt down at my computer over one of my first research papers, I ran out of the house to flag down Dan while he was on his tractor mowing our small field of hay. “I just can’t do it. This is so hard.” He replied, “Kath, think about it. What would you rather be doing?” Although I may need this reminding in moments of crisis, the answer for me is clear.
Review of The Icarus Girl
By Hannah Silverstein

The Icarus Girl
a novel by Helen Oyeyemi
Nan A. Talese/ Doubleday $23.95

I don’t know about you, but the imaginary friend I had as a child didn’t turn out to be demon spawn. He—a large, preternaturally intelligent German shepherd named Polaris, who made up for all the pets my parents never let me have—lived in my mind if not this physical reality for a brief span of months between second and third grade. At some point I stopped needing him, and he stopped coming when I called.

But in Helen Oyeyemi’s The Icarus Girl, Titiola, or TillyTilly, “is not the kind of imaginary friend that you’d mistakenly sit on.” The less eight-year-old Jessamy Harrison wants this not-quite-of-this-world girl, the more she keeps butting in, like an unwelcome shadow, the spirit of an unborn twin.

British-raised Jess, who has always been a troubled, precocious child, prone to screaming inexplicably and hiding in cupboards, first discovers TillyTilly in her grandfather’s house in Nigeria, where her English father and Nigerian mother have taken her to visit in hopes that exposure to her Yoruba family will have a good effect on Jess’s unpredictable moods.

TillyTilly is the perfect friend: clever, daring, and full of interesting secrets, but there is something uncanny about her. She can break into Jess’s grandfather’s locked study late at night, and run the rides at a closed amusement park on a Sunday afternoon. She doesn’t want grownups to see her, and there are things she doesn’t want Jess to see, either. Sometimes she gets angry, though Jess is never quite sure why. She follows Jess back to England, becoming her surest friend in a cliquish school culture where Jess is too weird to fit in. There she starts to influence Jess’s life—and the lives of Jess’s friends and family—in progressively creepy ways.

Jessamy is a profoundly original character: a smart kid whose perceptions are truly “unadulterated”—unfiltered by adults. Though told in the third person, the narrative hardly wavers from Jess’s sensitive and often perplexed mind and eye, a voice punctuated with the energy of childhood, alert to the rhythms if not the meanings of the language around her. She is full of longing for the power to change her own circumstances, and, childishly, both aware and unaware of the limits of her abilities. Above all she is a reader, and not a passive one:

... some books had bad things happening to characters in what she felt was a completely unnecessary and extremely painful way, especially considering that the situations weren’t even real life, so she had taken to scratching some of the printed text out and adding happier things. So far, Little Women and Frances Hodgson Burnett’s A Little Princess were her most heavily annotated books. (p. 62)

There are many passages of this book that I felt like scratching out for the same reason.

Though The Icarus Girl will probably get shelved with its post-colonial peers (in his study Jess’s grandfather keeps specially commissioned editions of Things Fall Apart and A Dance of the Forests), it is equally influenced by Nigerian folklore, Western psychology, and matter-of-fact surrealism (as opposed to magical realism). It manages to stand above cliché.

This is Helen Oyeyemi’s first novel, and happily the dust-jacket assures us a second is in the works, if the author, a first-year student at Cambridge (yes, she isn’t yet twenty), doesn’t get distracted. I look forward to it. And I’m keeping my fingers crossed that M. Night Shyamalan (Sixth Sense, Unbreakable) will make the movie.

(Students continued from page 15)

eventually returned to New England in order to care for her elderly mother. Although the move afforded her the ability to live closer to other family members and friends, it, too, allowed her the wonderful opportunity to fulfill her childhood dream of attending Smith College.

While at Smith, she was able to explore many, varied interdisciplinary areas of interest as a double-major in American and Women Studies, while maintaining her focus on the visual representation of women. This concentration, fortunately, led her to Trinity College at Oxford University in England during the summer of 2002, where she studied and researched the life and literature of Jane Austen.

Additionally, as a full-time student, Kathleen accomplished three independent, media-related internships to include: Marketing Intern with the Burlington Free Press, Production Assistant with W PBF/ ABC-TV and Education and Programming Intern with Historic Deerfield. While at Dartmouth, she plans to further her research and study in the Cultural Studies program, with an emphasis on cultural communications and women’s representation in culture.
It sounded like a great idea: a little hiking, canoe around a majestic lake in the clouds, and have Sunday lunch with friends. But as with life, the devil was in the details. MALS student Erik Lambert and I, along with around eighteen friends in the Dartmouth Outing Club, hit a trail up Mt. Washington at eight-thirty on the morning of July 17 with high hopes, full day packs...and a canoe leading the way up the trail.

"Wait ‘til you see the guy carrying the motor a mile back... .”

The most hardcore portage routinely undertaken at Dartmouth is this yearly DOC tradition of carrying Schlitz, a full-size aluminum canoe, up 3.4 miles of Mt. Washington to Lake of the Clouds. We paddled a spar and rested it across our shoulders for portaging, one person carrying it at a time, listening with our heads inside the echo-chamber-hull to the scrape of tree limbs and the echoing bangs as it occasionally struck boulders. We rotated portaging duties, some carrying the canoe for a hundred yards or so on slight rises, others humping it shorter distances over steep inclines, loose rocks, and through small streams.

The trail was busy on that clear morning, with families scrambling around the rocks and the occasional college students coming down from dawn hikes to the tree line. We forged ahead with Ben Honig ‘05 guiding the canoe, John Paul Lewicke ‘07 and myself wearing blaze orange personal flotation devices and carrying paddles, and a group of fun-loving, flair-sporting hikers waiting for their turn to carry Schlitz. Near the three mile mark one hiker looked on in bemused awe and asked “Aren’t you guys a little tired already?” I responded, five feet below.

After a hearty hiker’s lunch of humus-and-cucumber pita sandwiches, jelly beans, and a ginormous block of Cabot Extra Sharp Cheddar – the signature cheese of the DOC – we pulled Schlitz from the water and loaded her up on Ben Honig’s back for the final leg of the hike: the last mile, above the tree line and past signs warning that “Mt. Washington has the worst weather in America. Many have died...” and other things we didn’t have time to read as we portaged our canoe steadily towards the summit 6,288 feet above sea level.

We summitted in the early afternoon, and though the clouds were our only view from the official “highest peak in New England,” our sense of accomplishment at a nearly 4,000 foot vertical gain over 4.4 miles—with a canoe—was intense. So too were the stares from other
hikers milling around the Mt. Washington Summit sign waiting their turn for photos while we staged our group picture with Schlitz and Cabin and Trail’s (a division of the DOC) Jolly Dooowah flag.

Schlitz caught a ride down, and Erik and I hiked with the group down a different trail to bring our total mileage for the day to just over ten miles, over two bridges, and across some of the most beautiful mountainside in that part of the state. The pictures we have, the memories we made, prove that there's far more to having fun in MALS than staying home or warming a stool at Murphy's...but we'll be doing that for a while as our knees recover.

(Continued from page 10)

the perfect place to start an Arab revolt against the Ottoman Turks. Though they were afraid of his untamed ambitions, the British viewed Talib as the strongest Arab nationalist to lead such a revolt. Lawrence in his Seven Pillars of Wisdom described Talib as “the young John Wilkes of the Arab movement of held power [in the wild part of southern Iraq] in his unprincipled fingers.” However, unsure of their post-war commitments, Talib declined the British offer, preferring a full autonomous rule for Basra under the Ottoman control. In hopes that they would recognize his cause, Talib put the Ottoman Turks on notice that the British were seeking supporters to start an “Arab revolt.” As a reaction, the British described Talib as a “slippery customer.”

What is interesting about Talib, one now might think of regrettably, was that he did not envisage an independent unified Mesopotamia consists of Baghdad, Basra, and Mosul. Instead, he envisaged an independent southern Iraq confederated with Kuwait and Muhammar. Perhaps, given the present failure of Iraq as a nation-state, the British should have adopted Talib’s vision rather than inventing a hybrid nation of feuding ethnicities.

Upon the breakout of the First World War, Talib was deported to Bombay upon his request. In 1919 he returned again as a strong potential leader to the soon-to-be state of Iraq. He found again fair support among the elites of Baghdad, Basra, and Mosul. In 1920, when the rumors of a non-local Hashemite man would be made a king for Iraq looking in the air, Talib launched ‘Iraq for Iraqis’ propaganda.

Sir Percy Cox returned to Baghdad in 1920 as the high commissioner. The popularity and influence of Talib impressed him to think of settling the throne’s dispute for him. When the interim government was formed, Talib occupied the Minister of Interior post. His potency won him the support of the British Senior Advisor Ministry of Interior, Harry St. John Philby.

With increasing support for Talib’s claim to the throne of Iraq, Bell became very concerned over Feisal’s chances. She started to exert the influence that she enjoyed over Cox to persuade him to recommend Feisal. At the same time, she warned that Talib’s ambitions would not serve the interest of Britain.

The British officially started then to advocate for Feisal. Talib reacted by touring Iraqi cities and tribes denouncing the British attempts to impose an alien king over Iraq’s throne, demanding Iraq to be only for Iraqis. In a dinner he threw for foreign missions, he stated that Britain was biased towards Feisal, and that Iraqis would revolt again to assert their rights. Bell used this occasion to warn that Talib was instigating Iraqis against the British, and might be thinking of putting a plan to assassinate Feisal upon his arrival to Iraq. “He [Talib] is man capable of anything,” Gertrude told her father in one of her letters, adding that he “was already gathering around him the band of cut throats whom he used to employ in Turkish times at Basra; a gentleman who was well known to have killed a Turkish general by Talib’s orders ... he brought up with him from Basra the other day.”

To act quickly, the British held a conference, presided over by Winston Churchill, the Colonial Secretary, in Cairo in March 1921 to decide the future of Iraq. Bell and Lawrence were among the attendees. The decisions were to proclaim Feisal a King of Iraq, and to deport Talib to Ceylon (now Sir Lanka).

Bell personally set up the plot to abduct and deport Talib. In April 1921, Talib was invited to have tea with Sir and Lady Cox. He just stayed for half an hour and left. On his way back, a British force abducted him. He was soon put on a British destroyer and sent to Ceylon. Talib was allowed to return to Iraq after 4 years. But he did not stay for long. He traveled to Europe and met with death in Madrid.

Surprisingly, only Harry St. John Philby, the British Senior Advisor Ministry of Interior, protested against Talib’s deportation. He resigned against Sir Cox’s wishes. He insisted on his resignation and refused any cooperation with British High Commission and the new Iraqi government. After three months from Talib’s deportation, Philby left for Saudi Arabia. In 1926, he worked as an advisor to King Ibn Saud, and converted to Islam in 1930. He stayed in Saudi Arabia until his death.

Feisal’s only true merit to obtain Iraq’s throne was the recommendations of Bell and Lawrence. Set up also by Bell, the Iraqi Interim Government headed by al-Kaylani declared Feisal unanimously King of Iraq on June 1921. A suspiciously yes/no referendum was conducted shortly after and showed 96% support for Feisal. Most Shi’is and Kurds boycotted the referendum.

Feisal died in 1933. In the memory of the Iraqis he lived as the weak alien King. Though he was a ‘slippery customer’ for the British, something Iraqis would not mind, Talib’s vision of independent Basra confederated with Kuwait and Muhammar was much wiser and practical than that the British failed state of Iraq. If he was to be the King, surely he would have been better than Feisal – a powerless alien king.
Critical literacy and learning skills are the foundation to self-liberation and the key to building sustainable learning-orientated communities. In the impoverished regions of the world, educator and activist Paulo Freire in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* advocated a controversial nexus of empowerment between teachers and students. Provocatively, he emphasized the value of a system of learning where all participants thoughtfully coexist in the production, exchange, and reflection of knowledge within the context of a supportive community. The American education critic Jonathan Kozol in *Savage Inequalities* discusses how America’s education system is, in many parts of our country, analogous to developing countries in terms of teacher resources, student safety, social stratification, economic inequality, and future job opportunities. Freire and Kozol record the daunting challenges that exist in education, but both authors offer optimism that dedicated teachers can make a meaningful difference; so long as they remain inspired, realistic, and aware of the macro-level problems that confront their students.

Unconventional Experiences

My personal narrative is useful in understanding the development of my career interests in emancipatory pedagogy. My unconventional journey began at a young age when I was homeschooled by my mother as a strategy for avoiding the educational poverty that surrounded my Midwestern Rustbelt community. My homeschooling environment ignited a voracious appetite for experiential and equitable (non-hierarchical) learning that catapulted me forward in my studies. By age 13, I began college study in Michigan. Having traveled before college and observed many significant inequities, I was attracted to research investigating social stratification, racial discrimination, and social inequalities. In time, given my interests, I found sociology to be a fulfilling undergraduate major at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. In the end, I earned my A.B. with Highest Distinction, Phi Beta Kappa, and a perfect 4.0 grade point average. I graduated as a James B. Angell Scholar.

Growing up in the shadows of the industrially-bankrupted city of Flint, Michigan, my pragmatic resolve to combine scholarship with an actionable social agenda led to my early political involvement within the decaying fibers of America’s rustbelt. After graduating from the University of Michigan, I set my sights on working within the national political system. As a result, my political journey took me to Washington, D.C. As a young Washington prole, I found myself working with Mike McCurry in the White House Press Office. Given this exceptional opportunity, I rapidly developed an acute appreciation for the entangled process of policy development, political triangulation, and partisan negotiations. My time spent in the West Wing

My study at Dartmouth provided me with a thoughtful interdisciplinary program that helped me build a more creative and critical understanding of social, political, economic, and cultural problems.
the executive branch interact. In particular, I learned how partisan conflicts were resolved by the use of the mass media and other communication channels. In this context, I learned to appreciate the art of public speaking and the need for effective, frank communication with public audiences.

While I was supportive of the Democratic party’s national agenda, I grew increasingly disappointed with Washington’s general ineffectiveness in resolving complex conflicts that concern the poor and marginalized minority groups. In particular, Washington is filled with too many narrow policy “solutions” that fail to recognize the complex interconnected origins of many social and economic problems. My political experiences in Washington made me desire an advanced graduate level education that would help me to better understand the social problems that disturbed me. Having secured admission to Yale Law School at age 19, I expected a career in law school to hold promise. However, in the final analysis, I was too young for law school. After deep reflection, I decided to seek out my real passion for graduate study in sociology and politics.

I moved to England in search of an education system that required focused thought and careful self-motivation. My studies at the University of Oxford and the University of Cambridge supported this goal; I concurrently studied at Oxford and Cambridge and lived in England for a total of three years. At Oxford, I secured a depth of specialization in analyzing social stratification and political sociology; and at Cambridge I acquired a rigorous understanding of liberal democratic theories involved in politics. My British studies provided me with an excellent learning experience. I completed a M.Sc. in Sociology at Oxford and a M.Phil. in Sociology and Politics of Modern Society at Cambridge. Due to my accomplishments at Oxford, I was admitted and encouraged to complete a D.Phil. in sociology. However, my graduate studies in sociology and politics implored me to consider how I could best become an effective advocate for disadvantaged communities, such as the ones that I had grown up with in the Midwest.

Because my career goals evolved toward the applied practice of my graduate studies, I returned to the United States and completed an interdisciplinary graduate degree at Stanford University’s School of Education. I used my graduate studies at Stanford to focus on the praxis of education advocacy for disempowered communities. I moved to New York City where I have been teaching for the past four years. The courses that I have been involved with at Harvard include “Race, Class and Poverty in Urban America,” “Representation, Equality, and Democracy,” “The American Presidency,” “Ethics and International Relations,” “American Foreign Policy,” “Mass Culture in Nazi Germany: The Power of Images and Illusions” (a course that discussed how the media and propaganda problematically supported a scheme of malevolence and fascism), and “American Democracy.”

Over the past half decade, I have carved out a unique career of college instruction that has emphasized working with diverse and disadvantaged student communities ranging from ESL and non-traditional students to learning disabled Ivy League undergraduates. My desire to work with diverse student populations has been truly interdisciplinary. In the past five years, I have taught at Queens College, Baruch College, the Pratt Institute, Suffolk University, Emerson College, the University of Massachusetts, Quincy College, Boston University, Boston College, Northeastern University, Emmanuel College, and Bunker Hill Community College. This collage of visiting professorships, adjunct faculty positions, and teaching fellowships that I have held has allowed me to interact with many underprivileged students in diverse classrooms. While my teaching ventures have been extraordinarily diverse, I have consistently attempted to engage my students with creative and analytical thought, exposing them to a careful reading of historical and contemporary literature, and helping to guide their skills in mediating conflicts in their communities using critical pedagogy as a basis for providing enlightenment; a method that Paulo Freire urged in his own years of teaching and activism. 

(Bolger continued on page 28)
In honor of our graduates, the MALS Alumni Council sponsored a Commencement Reception on June 12, held immediately after graduation ceremonies, in the Faculty Lounge at the Hopkins Center.

All photographs courtesy of Maggie Montgomery ’99.
Dr. Phyllis Katz and Lauren Clarke, MALS Executive Director

Tyler Harmon, MALS Administrative Assistant, and Luma Ateya ’07

Robyn Rost ’05 and Judy Chypre ’99

Pavel Bogdan ’05, Dr. Klaus Milich, MALS guests, and Svetlana Olsanskaya ’05
Social activism can take many constructive expressions. Using my experiences in the classroom as the basis for observations about social class conflict, economic inequity, and social injustice, I have presented my research papers on social conflict and educational inequalities at the American Sociological Association for three concurrent years. In Michigan, I have served as a member of the State of Michigan Commission on Death and Dying. This commission was authorized to review the medical, ethical, social, and legal implications of doctor-assisted aid-in-dying in the State of Michigan. The Commission was created by Governor John Engler and the Michigan legislature to investigate issues arising out of Dr. Jack Kevorkian’s controversial activities. Back in Boston, recognizing that we need more ethics in our corporate sector, I have served as a member of Harvard’s Advisory Board on Shareholder Responsibility, where Harvard’s multi-billion dollar investments and shareholder proxy votes are reviewed in terms of ethical concerns. On a related theme of socially responsible investing, I have been an invited speaker at the Green Mountain Summit on Investor Responsibility and I have spoken at the Institutional Investor Summit on Climate Risk at the United Nations.

Continuing to be an active and engaged student of social activism, I have remained an apprentice of knowledge myself. After completing my studies at Stanford, I have continued to maintain a connection to learning in the university environment. In New York, I completed graduate degrees at Columbia (M.S. in Real Estate Development) and Teachers College (M.A. in the Politics of Education). While in the radius of Boston, I benefitted from graduate study at Harvard (M.D.S.S. in Real Estate and Urban Planning), Brown (M.A. in Development Studies), and Boston College (M.A. in Higher Education), and, of course, Dartmouth (MA in Liberal Studies). These academic endeavors have complemented my earlier scholarly explorations at Michigan, Oxford, Cambridge, and Stanford; and underscore my sincere interest in lifetime learning. Indeed, I see a quality education as a process of learning how to ask better, probing questions.

**Dartmouth: An Intellectual Capital**

To be sure, I have enjoyed a Jeffersonian-style education, marked with unique multi-disciplinary experiences. My Dartmouth education provided me with a critical synthesis of these diverse areas. In fact, the MALS pedagogy helped to unite divergent scholarly categories of interest into an interdisciplinary symbiosis of scholarship and learning. The value of having two faculty members, from different academic departments, lead a focused seminar involving generous opportunities for dialogue between all participants is an important example of the brave pedagogy that is an asset of the MALS program. The excellent thematic summer symposiums and dinner discussions with the guest presenters is representative of this incomparable Dartmouth graduate school experience. The flexibility of summer semester study at Dartmouth is another powerful advantage of the program. In my case, I studied in Hanover for the summers between 1999 to 2003, culminating in my 2004 graduation. Now, as an Alumnus of the MALS program, I continue to remain in contact with faculty members and students who mentored and challenged my thinking on a number of complex social problems. Thus, my fondness for Dartmouth continues to grow with time. Indeed, Dartmouth inspires me to be a better teacher.

While there is more to my life’s narrative in terms of my educational background, experience, and goals, I hope that I have effectively explained the origins of my passion for teaching and working with students from diverse backgrounds. I sincerely value the intellectual resources of the Dartmouth MALS program, the specialized and interdisciplinary course offerings, diverse faculty interests, the small cohort size of the MA program, and the extraordinary backgrounds of many of the students. My participation in the program helped navigate me forward in my teaching career. In many ways, the balance of personal and professional experiences of MALS students and faculty members reinvigorates the intimate academic community in a way that would have pleased Paulo Freire.

In the final analysis, my exposure to the world of politics, my interdisciplinary academic background, and my personal history of living around an impoverished Midwest rustbelt town has fostered my passion for seeking to resolve the problems of conflict and promoting the ideals of coexistence. Clearly, my azygous life history contributes to my career goals of building understanding between diverse communities. I continue to believe that one teacher can make a difference. My work in higher education is aimed at squarely addressing some of the unresolved educational inequalities that I have witnessed. The Dartmouth pedagogy that I have experienced has been invaluable in providing sustenance for my life goals. At present, I am serving on the Dartmouth MALS Alumni Council. This is one way that I hope to express my ongoing gratitude to Dartmouth College for the powerful and productive learning experience that occurred in Hanover. It is my hope that Dartmouth will continue to foster innovative and bold learning communities.


At this year’s MALS Alumni Association Luncheon, held on July 13 in the Hayward Lounge of the Hanover Inn, the presenter was Professor Barbara Kreiger, Senior Lecturer in the English Department and Jewish Studies, as well as Adjunct Associate Professor and Chair of the Creative Writing Concentration in the MALS program. Professor Kreiger spoke about her year of research and teaching at the University of Rome, under the auspices of a Fulbright Scholarship. Afterwards, the MALS Annual Alumni Meeting was held and new council members were elected to the MALS Alumni Council.

Photographs by Meghan Julian.