

International Agenda



Magazine of the Schoolcraft College International Institute (SCI)

Volume 13, Number 1 Winter 2014

The Caribbean: Bougainvillea and Barbed Wire



Concertina wire safeguards this otherwise gorgeous compound in Haiti, the poorest country in the Western hemisphere. The richest 10% of Haitians receive a total of 48% of the nation's income, while the poorest 10% receive less than 1% of the income.

Photo by Christopher Cavaliere, a professional photographer in Farmington Hills, MI, who participated in humanitarian trips to Haiti in 2011 and 2013.

See pages 13-28 for coverage of Schoolcraft College's year-long Focus Caribbean project.

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p. 3

International Agenda

Published once per semester by
the International Institute (SCII)

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Archives are available at the SCII website,
<http://www.schoolcraft.edu/department-areas/international-institute/international-agenda>

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SCII Meeting Schedule

International Institute meetings are open to all who want to learn or to help out. New folks are always welcome. Meetings are generally on Fridays at 12 – 2 pm in the Liberal Arts Building. Upcoming meetings are as follows:

- February 14, 2014 (LA-200)
- March 21, 2014 (LA-200)
- May 2, 2014 (LA-200).

GlobalEYEzers, a group affiliated with SCII, meets each semester to discuss current events relevant to international/ intercultural issues. Faculty and staff, as well as students and members of the community, are invited to participate. Meetings are generally on Fridays at 11am – 12noon in the Liberal Arts Building. The next meeting is as follows:

- March 21, 2014 (LA-200).

For more information, contact Mark Huston at mhuston@schoolcraft.edu or 734-462-4400 x5673.

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International Institute (SCII)

Schoolcraft College
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<http://www.schoolcraft.edu/department-areas/international-institute/>

The mission of the Schoolcraft College International Institute is to coordinate cross-cultural learning opportunities for students, faculty, staff, and the community. The Institute strives to enhance the international content of coursework, programs, and other College activities so participants better appreciate both the diversities and commonalities among world cultures, and better understand the global forces shaping people's lives.

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Students!



Enter the Winter 2014
International Agenda Writing
and Artwork Contest

First Prize: \$200 Scholarship
Second Prize: \$150 Scholarship

...in each of the two categories, writing and artwork.

Four winning entries from Fall 2013 have
been published in this issue of the magazine!

*Faculty mentors of the winners receive \$25 gift cards.
All funds are provided by the Schoolcraft College Foundation.*

Deadline: March 31, 2014

Guidelines:

1. Students (or their faculty mentors) may enter essays, research papers, persuasive writing, creative writing, poetry, or 2D or 3D artwork suitable for publication in *International Agenda*.
2. Works may deal with any topic of international or cross-cultural interest.
3. Submit a digital version of the writing or artwork as an e-mail attachment to the address below.
4. Submissions will be judged by a panel of faculty and staff volunteers based on content, originality, and aesthetics.
5. Entrants will be asked to sign a form affirming that the work is their own and permitting it to be used in the magazine.

Complete rules and entry forms can be obtained from the Editor:

Randy Schwartz
rschwart@schoolcraft.edu
 tel. 734-462-4400 ext. 5290
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Whether you're an on-campus or off-campus reader, we urge you to take out a free e-mail or postal subscription. This will ensure that you continue to receive the magazine twice a year, and will also strengthen your link with Schoolcraft College and its International Institute.

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Discover Europe, June 16-27, 2014

This 12-day educational tour is offered to all Schoolcraft College students, faculty, and staff, as well as to your families and friends. It is not sponsored by the College, but is organized by Foreign Languages Prof. Anita Süess Kaushik and led by Explorica.

- Paris
- French Riviera
- Monaco
- Provence: Avignon, Nîmes, Pont du Gard
- Collioure
- Barcelona
- Zaragoza
- Madrid
- Toledo.

COST:

- Travelers under 23 years: \$3,640
- Travelers 23 and above: \$4,120

Includes round-trip airfare, all transportation, sightseeing tours and admission to all sites, all hotels (with private bathroom), complete European breakfast and dinner daily, full-time bilingual tour director.

All-inclusive insurance available. (Schedule, itinerary, and prices are subject to change.)

- For more information, visit <http://www.anitasuess.com> or call 734-462-4400 ext. 5668 or e-mail asuess@schoolcraft.edu
- Deadline to sign up without a late fee: March 6, 2014.



Study and Explore Italy, June 14-25, 2014

This 12-day educational tour is offered to all Schoolcraft College students who register for the 3-credit-hour course Humanities 203 (Art and Music in Western Civilization: Field Study— Italy) in the Spring 2014 term. Dr. James Nissen is the Professor and Tour Leader.

- Venice
- Florence
- Rome
- Assisi
- Ravenna.

HUM 203 is a humanistic study of the arts, culture, and history in concentrated form through field study. The course includes art forms and functional styles of historical periods as they relate to universal principles. It includes studies in Italian history, culture, and geography, and concludes with the 10-day stay in Italy to facilitate a live, first-hand encounter with Italian arts and culture.

TRIP COST:

- Approximately \$4,000 (exact fee depends on number of participants). Includes round-trip airfare, all transportation, admission to all sites, hotel accommodations, breakfast daily at hotel, two dinners, and comprehensive travel insurance.

(Schedule, itinerary, and prices are subject to change.)

- For more information, contact the Liberal Arts Division at 734-462-4435.

HER

by Haley Babij

This unaccommodating woman is not a suitable wife
 Starving moths and dust clouds puff out of Her
 dowry chests, they are not heavy enough –
 Her endowments have been exaggerated, how ruinous
 An investment! No refunds or exchanges? Burn Her
 Wedding sari; she is a candlestick-bride, one of many.
 Don't worry about the smoke alarm, terrorist screams –
 You can't hear anything over the hissing oil.
 Her face is dripping down itself, kerosene sweat
 Melting Her features together like smeared paint.

In other countries bare and destitute, Her
 Exotic desert flowers are repulsive.
 Her inner-thigh petals are sheared flat
 Not resculpted, a Hollywood shrub, but
 Sliced off and sewn shut forever –
 Crudely stitched, a monster mouth
 that will never, ever scream again.
 The tight pea of nerves, Her pearl – gone.
 Castrated with iron hooks, it was
 Ripped and gutted, dangling fish eye
 Blinded in its socket like a dead bulb.
 There is no light, no light for Her
 In that awful place which is everywhere.

And here
 Her verses get smaller
 and smaller, is she
 allowed to talk at all?
 Just another Jane Doe
 raped
 by the rich boy's friends
 raped
 by the media –
 she's gone viral, Her
 horror is sensational.
 Another she, most of us, we
 keep silent, questioning
 if she didn't say no or
 if we finally will
 make it

Stop
 and
 make them

Listen

to
 Her.

Schoolcraft student Haley Babij of Canton, MI, is a Writing Fellow and studying to be a professional writer. Her poem was awarded a first-place \$200 scholarship prize in the Fall 2013 International Agenda Writing and Art Contest. Haley wrote about the work:

This poem is divided into three stanzas, each addressing a different country and aspect of violence against women. The first stanza regards bride burnings in India; the second, female circumcision, predominantly practiced in Africa. The third stanza is more Western-focused, commenting on rape and the media. In this piece, the aesthetic form of the verses shrinks to reflect content. Stylistically, "Her" is always capitalized—not as a deification of women but rather as a reference to the collective female gender. In loose contrast, "she" is used to refer to any individual woman rather than this collective.



Indian women and men demonstrate in condemnation of the hideous gang-rape in New Delhi in December 2012. — Photo by Getty Images

Japanese-English School Brings Bilingual Education to Livonia

by a team of writers at Hinoki

Just a mile east of the main Schoolcraft College campus, a bold experiment in bilingual education is taking place. Hinoki International School, a dual-immersion Japanese-English elementary school, enrolls 135 students in grades K-3, currently including children with roots in Japan, Brazil, Turkey, and Senegal. Every week, these students spend half of their classroom hours learning everything from math to music in Japanese, and the other half learning these same subjects in English.

Founded in 2010, Hinoki International is the brainchild of Ted Delphia, a former high-school English and math teacher, and his wife, Mitsuyo Delphia, a kindergarten teacher from Japan, who live in Livonia with their three bilingual children. After successfully launching a Japanese-immersion preschool, Himawari Preschool, in space leased from the Livonia Public Schools, the Delphias decided to expand the educational opportunities available to families with older students interested in becoming bilingual in Japanese and English.



A scene at the Aki Matsuri (Fall Festival) celebration, held last October 4 at Hinoki International School in Livonia.

In a unique collaborative arrangement involving Eastern Michigan University and the Michigan Japanese Bilingual Education Foundation, Hinoki was authorized as a charter school by Livonia Public Schools in 2010. Its mission is “to provide Japanese and American students with an opportunity to learn from each other, and become bilingual, bicultural, globally-minded individuals.” The cur-

riculum is based on the standards of both the Michigan Department of Education and Japan’s Ministry of Education. It is one of fewer than a dozen Japanese-English dual-immersion schools in the U.S., and the only one in Michigan.

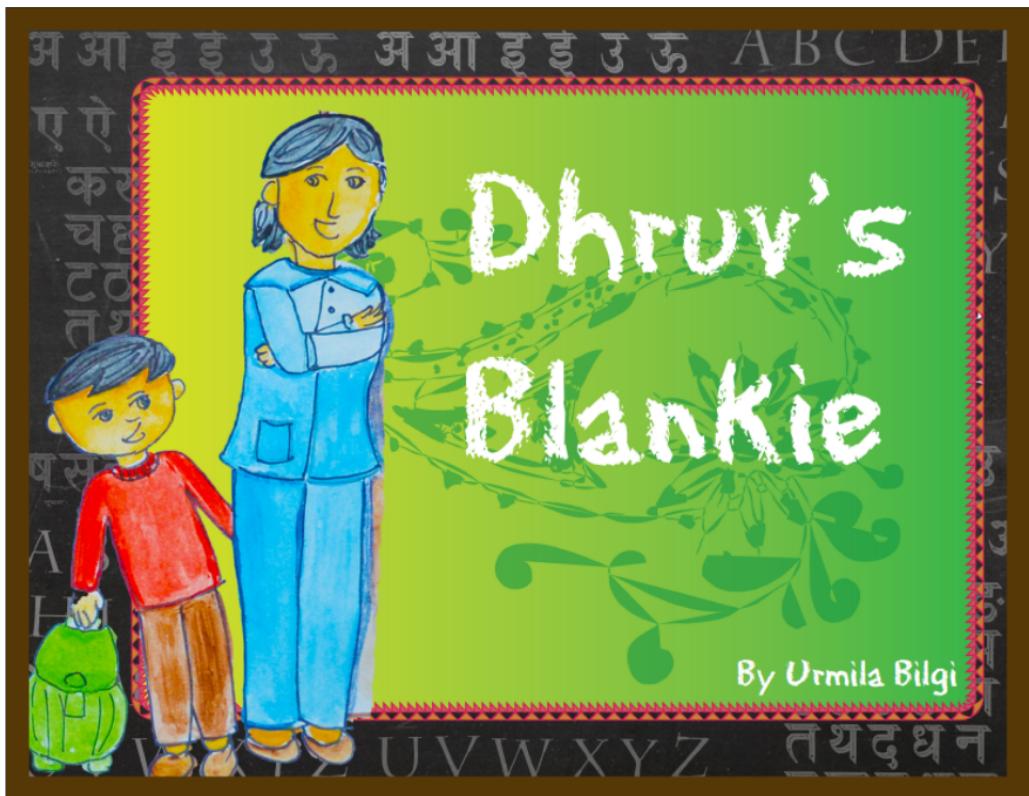
Hinoki students attend school for six hours a day, 200 days a year, using a special “year-round” calendar similar to the school year in Japan. In addition to academic subjects, Hinoki students also engage in cultural activities built around holidays and traditions from Japan and the U.S. Principal Ted Delphia notes that, “Students bring their own languages and cultures from home into the classroom and work together to help one another learn.” Hinoki PTO President and parent of twin first-graders,

Rebecca Lenk of Canton, notes that the students in her daughters’ classes “all look different, speak different languages, and come from different areas.... This is their peer group and they do not know any different.... It can’t help but influence the way they look at the world.” Hinoki School Board President and parent of a first-grader and second-grader, Anne Hooghart of Ypsilanti, notes that, “In our global economy, there is more and more need for international and intercultural understanding. Hinoki provides the opportunity for students to learn about other languages and cultures when their brains are most receptive and ready.”

Hinoki International School’s music program is exploring the possibility of having Hinoki students demonstrate their bilingual singing skills at Schoolcraft’s Multicultural Fair this April.

For more information, contact Mr. Ted Delphia by e-mail at t.delphia@hinoki-school.org or by telephone at 734-422-5931.

Indian Student Creates Book about Growing Up in the West



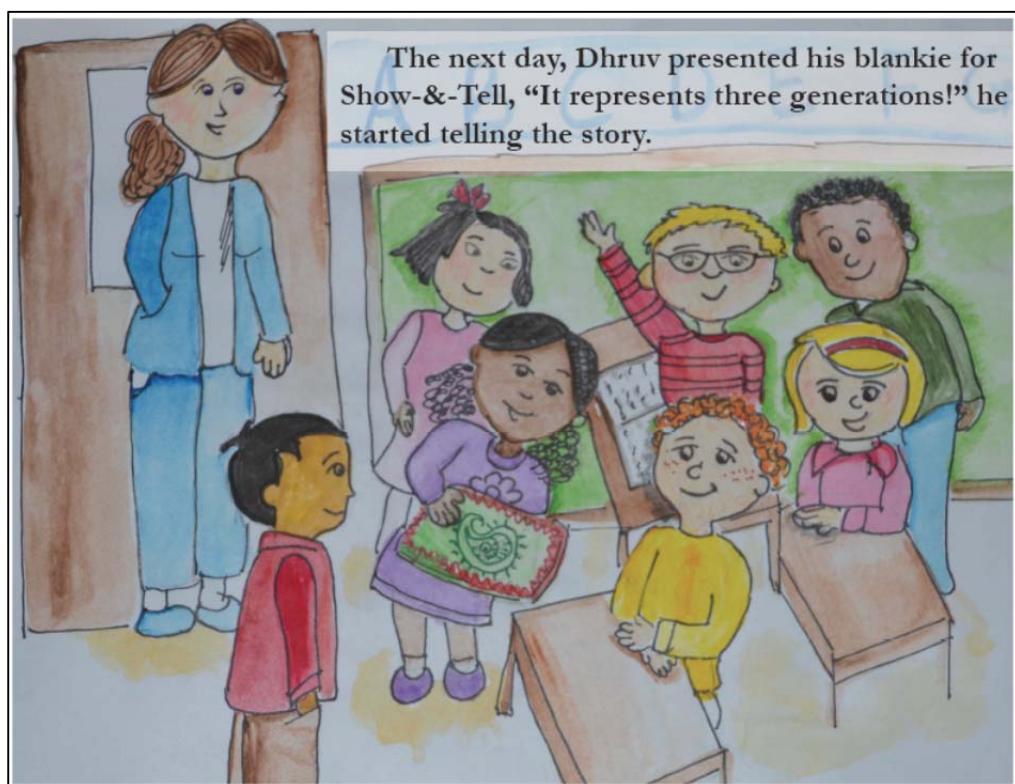
What you see here is the cover and a sample page from *Dhruv's Blankie*, a full-color picture book for children created by Urmila Bilgi of Novi, MI. The book won the first-place \$200 scholarship prize in the artwork category of the Fall 2013 *International Agenda* Writing and Art Contest.

Urmila and her husband, Aneesh, came to the U.S. in 2007 from the state of Maharashtra, in south India. After settling here, she completed a master's degree in English literature at Eastern Michigan Univ. with a concentration in Children's Literature. During her stay at Schoolcraft, she has been an award-winning Assistant Layout Editor at *The Connection*, where she also wrote a long-running column, "Pages from the Diary of an Immigrant". There, she reflected on her gradual acculturation in the U.S., including the process of relaxing some of her Hindu Brahmin observances.

Urmila is pursuing a post-associate certificate in graphic design at Schoolcraft. She and Aneesh are expecting a child in early January, and she is taking 2014 off from school.

Urmila wrote about her picture book:

As immigrant parents in the States, we often blame our kids for not embracing our native culture. However, we ourselves seldom lead them to discovering the true beauty of our culture through meaningful, touching experiences about their legacy. This book aims to portray these subtleties. Dhruv thinks that only fancy blankets from the stores have amazing stories associated with them, until he realizes a well-kept secret by his mother. This book is dedicated to all the children who fight to find their place in this diverse world.



Abandonment and Neglect of Safe Areas

by Maren Giordano

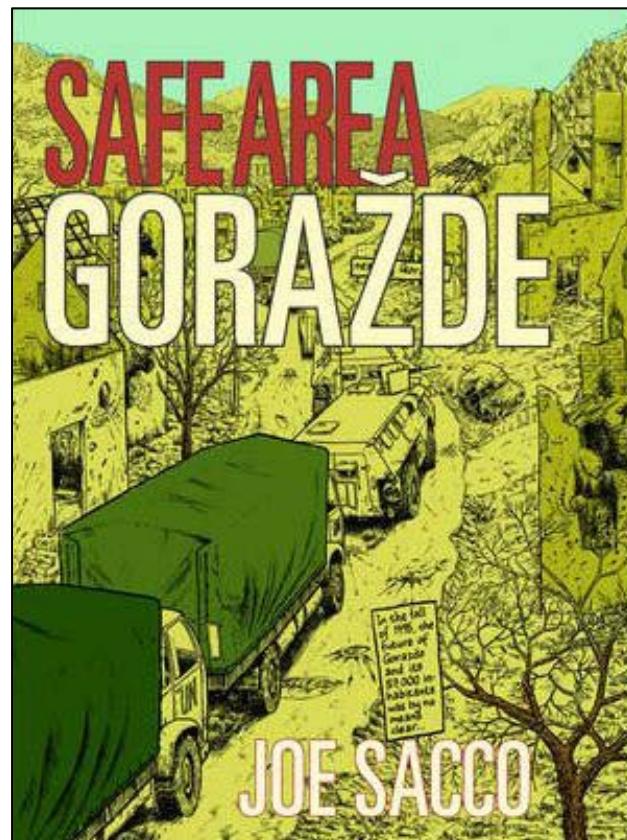
Schoolcraft College student Genevieve "Maren" Giordano wrote this review as an assignment in a section of Humanities 212 (Mass Media and Popular Culture) taught by Prof. Helen Ditoras in Fall 2013. The piece won the second-place \$150 prize in the writing category of that semester's International Agenda contest for students. Maren lives in Garden City, MI, and is pursuing an associate degree in Fine Arts.

Joe Sacco,
Safe Area Goražde: The War in Eastern Bosnia, 1992-95
 Fantagraphics, 2000
 240 pages

"...the U.N. extended safe area status to other Bosnian enclaves, including Goražde. But the U.N. had yet to work out what the concept meant", writes Joe Sacco in his graphic novel, *Safe Area Goražde* (p. 148). Sacco describes his experience in visiting a Muslim enclave during the Bosnian war of 1991-1995. This heartbreakingly vivid sequential narrative is based on real testimonies of the residents of Goražde, a supposed "safe area" designated by the U.N. where Bosnian Muslims were able to take refuge to avoid the ethnic cleansing carried out by the Serbian army.

Throughout the course of the graphic novel, Sacco shows that Goražde is anything but protected, as is demonstrated by the ridiculing of the U.N. and the U.S. who are able to and are responsible for protecting the residents of such enclaves, but instead turn a blind eye to what is actually going on. This sense of abandonment and neglect serves as one of the major themes of the narrative itself.

One of the primary villains in the novel is the U.N., which Sacco depicts as an incompetent organization that had the power to prevent a lot of deaths but that lacked the willpower to stand up to the Serbs. While most of the western world's media attention was focused on Sarajevo to the west, the Serbs were slowly but surely taking over every city in the east. This was in direct defiance of U.N.-designated "safe areas", cities with predominantly Muslim populations that were supposed to be immune from attack. These "safe" areas were completely abandoned by the authorities who had promised to watch over them, despite being some of the most dangerous places on Earth. The entire world seemed to ignore the brutalities going on there—the destruction of towns, the massacre of men, raping of women, and the murder and neglect of the children. The residents had nowhere to go, had no hope, and little or no access to basic necessities, while the Serbs had tanks and automatic weapons. It was simply no contest, in a war driven by an inexplicable and overpowering hatred for those who were contrasting.

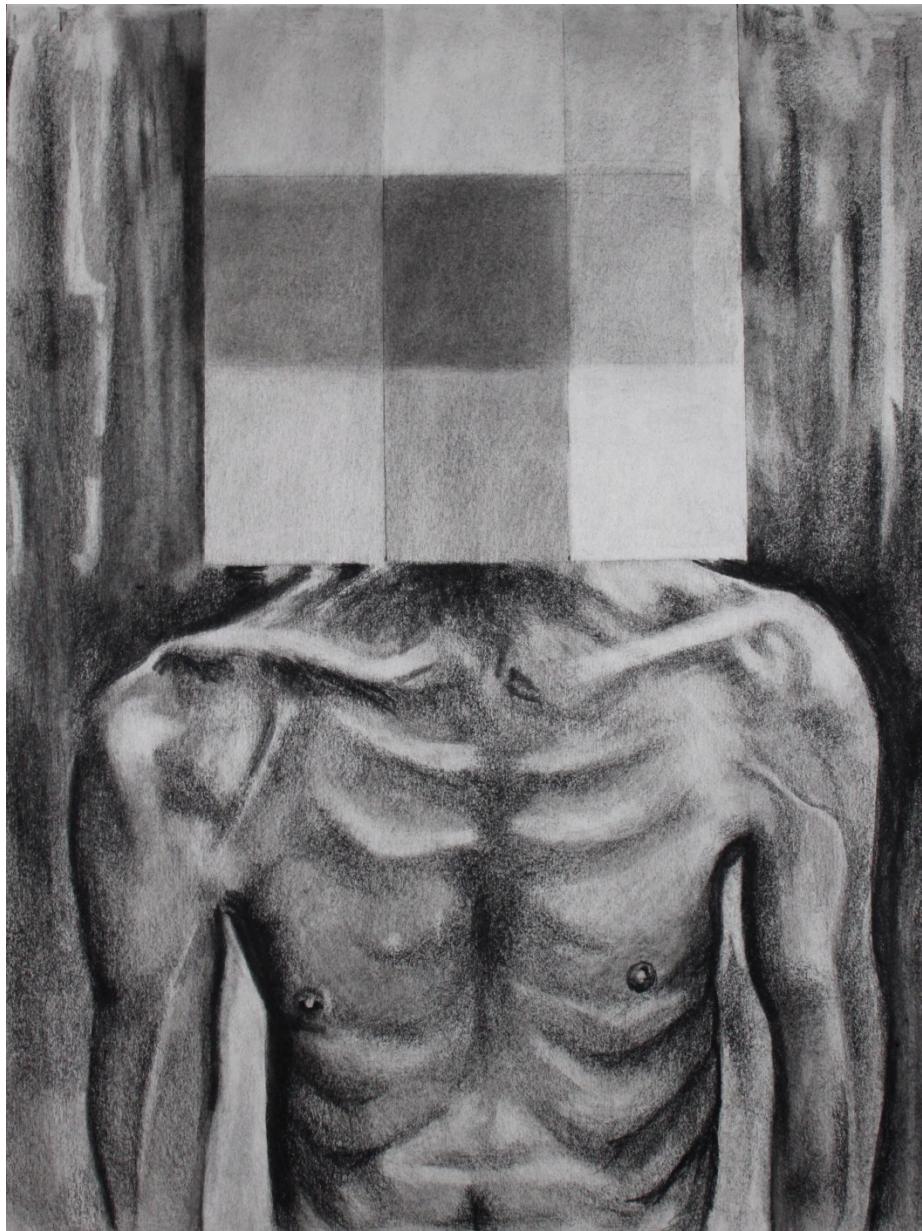


Sacco's illustrations of the safe area's residents are incredibly powerful, using detailed facial expressions to make the characters and their stories come to life. The depiction of the scarred landscape, littered with bodies and bloodied citizens, takes one aback. Explosions and tanks roam free like animals released from some sort of zoo, and people are hungry, cold, and alone. From faces devoid of any emotion because they've become desensitized from all of the brutality, to the absolutely heartbreaking faces of terror you can feel piercing at your very core, Joe Sacco wants us to feel this wartime as those who lived through it had felt it. By the end of *Safe Area Goražde* one is left seething, yet gasping for air, and you question how anyone could be treated the way these people were.

Safe Area Goražde is unique and brilliant in its own right, due in part to Joe Sacco understanding what most journalists do not: in times of human tragedy, there is no way to tell what really happened using a couple of video clips or a single recording. Sacco absorbed himself head first into the community, yet maintained his outsider role to get at the "real" truth: the stories that are both uplifting as well as absolutely horrifying. Sacco's constant readiness to confront evil and his skill in illustrating human resilience in sequential narrative form make him a completely unique artist, one whose work is both accessible as well as necessary.

Throughout the graphic novel, Sacco avoids moralizing and admonition, even in the face of one of the most inexcusable atrocities and the most disgraceful neglect by the international community. *Safe Area Goražde* is not an argument or an exposition; rather, it is a window into the souls of those affected by this appalling war, and the looming desolation they must have felt from the rest of the world. •

S * * * * * (Starving)



Schoolcraft College student Julian Gamboa of Canton, MI, created this arresting artwork and title, which won the second-place \$150 prize in the art category of the Fall 2013 International Agenda contest. Julian, who is majoring in Fine Arts (Illustration), explained: “We live in a culture where people are more offended by ‘bad’ words and middle fingers than they are by famine and starvation.”

One of the contest judges called the work “shocking and evocative” because it shows “a man, obviously starving, his face ‘pixelated’ and rendered anonymous by a tech-savvy world short on human kindness.”

Take a Survey and Win a Prize!



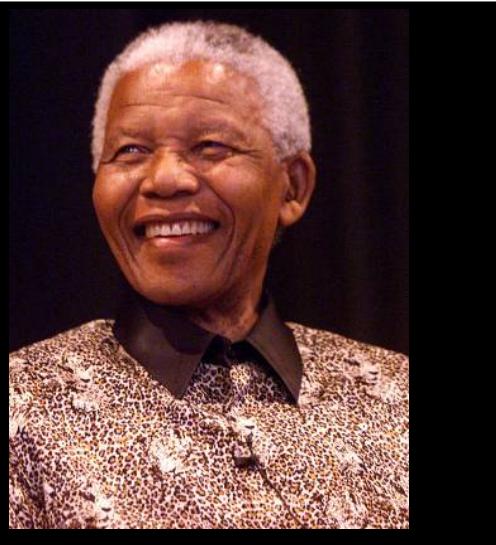
After looking through these pages, kindly complete a brief online survey about *International Agenda* by April 3. The survey collects feedback about this issue. At the conclusion of the survey, if you are 18 years or older you can opt to be entered into a prize drawing for a \$100 Amazon.com gift card.

The survey can be accessed at this URL:
<https://www.surveymonkey.com/s/DQ7253C>

Nelson Mandela, the Greatest Black Man of the 20th Century

by Ron Stockton

Ronald R. Stockton is a Professor of Political Science at the University of Michigan-Dearborn. He has devoted much of his career to the study of Arab-American demographics and political behavior, about which he spoke here at Schoolcraft in October 2004.



My wife Jane and I had two encounters with Nelson Mandela. Neither was a close encounter, but both were memorable.

The first was in 1965. We were teaching in Kenya, young, no children, and apparently with little common sense. We got the crazy idea of driving down to Cape Town during our six-week Winter break. With two friends, one British, one American, we set off in our ancient VW Beetle with its 110,000 miles of punishing Kenya road experience.

The timing was awful. This was just a month after Ian Smith of Southern Rhodesia had rejected a transition to majority rule and had proclaimed a Unilateral Declaration of Independence (UDI) for that white-ruled British colony. The U.S. Embassy told us the situation was unstable and we should not go, but we ignored them. The UDI had prompted an international boycott, which had the unintended result of cutting off Zambia, Rhodesia's northern neighbor, from its oil supply. The British and other countries began running petrol convoys from Dar es Salaam, through Tanzania, to Lusaka. These convoys ran along the Great North Road, which was originally meant to go from Cape Town to Cairo (although it stopped somewhere in East Africa). The dirt roads—barely able to handle normal traffic, much less waves of heavy-duty lorries—were quickly demolished as a result. By the end of the first day, we had lost all four of our hubcaps. The situation did not improve until we got well into Zambia itself.

Given the oil embargo, the roads were not the only problem. We were also concerned about running out of petrol. We decided to take a five-gallon gas can with us in the car, just in case. It sat in the front, between the knees of the person riding shotgun. I shudder when I think back on this. If we had rolled or crashed that car, it would have become an inferno. Fortunately, everything was okay, and we never crashed nor encountered the feared petrol shortage.

Catching Sight of Robben Island

This trip, which was only 18 inches on the map, turned out to be 7,000 miles on the road. We drove constantly, only

twice spending more than one night in the same place. We averaged around 250 miles a day, with me doing almost all of the driving. One of those two-night stops was in Cape Town. This is a wonderful city, straddling the Indian and Atlantic Oceans. Table Mountain rises sharply out of the ocean for a thousand feet and looms above the city. We took the cable car to the top.

As we stood on top of that mountain on that sunny day, we could see Robben Island, a small barren pile of rocks four miles out into the Atlantic Ocean. The Rivonia trial the previous year had found Nelson Mandela and nine fellow ANC defendants guilty of trying to overthrow the white apartheid regime. Mandela had delivered a defiant speech in response to his conviction, acknowledging his activities and affirming his goals, and acknowledging the fact that he was facing a possible death sentence:

This is the struggle of the African people, inspired by their own suffering and experience. It is a struggle for the right to live. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society, in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunity. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and achieve. But, if needs be, my Lord, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.



The young activist lawyer.

The accused had been given life sentences and sent to that desolate place. Standing on that most beautiful mountain peak, it gave Jane and me pause to realize that this great heroic man was down there breaking rocks or doing whatever it was that prisoners did on Robben Island.

Twenty-seven years after his incarceration, Mandela emerged from prison in 1990 as a triumphant hero. As we watched his release on television that Sunday morning we were thrilled. No one had seen any image of him since his imprisonment. His black hair had turned white, but his back was straight and he was as determined as ever to create a multi-racial South Africa with a constitutional democracy. Releasing him and decriminalizing the ANC was an implicit commitment to create a majority-rule political system.

The inevitable “all races” election occurred in 1994 and Mandela became President of the “New” South Africa, as it was called. Very quickly he was the premier world leader, a notch above everyone else. His political instincts were perfect, and he had an inner strength that made him unshakable.

I am of that school of political analysis that sees leaders as an outgrowth of the power structures that produce them. Their personal qualities are important, but the structures of power are often so strong that the outcomes would not be much different if someone else had been chosen. With Mandela, however, the models went out the window. I had taught a class on South Africa for some time and had always predicted (along with Nadine Gordimer in her wonderful novel *July's People*) that the white population would never negotiate and the Republic would go up in flames, with enormous human suffering. Mandela and Bishop Desmond Tutu made sure that did not happen. They were indispensable men in the salvation of their country.

Filling Tiger Stadium

Our second encounter with Mandela was when he visited Detroit in 1990. He was an international hero, but not every stop on his American trip went smoothly.

Ted Koppel’s *Nightline* held a Town Hall forum. Koppel gave the right of the first question to a prominent Jewish leader who said that while American Jews had always supported the liberation movement, they were concerned that Mandela had received Colonel Khadafi.



On Feb. 11, 1990, Mandela walks free from prison (with Winnie)

Mandela did not mention the elephant in the room: that Israel, with winks and nods from the Reagan Administration, had helped South Africa evade the arms embargo. (Congressman Howard Wolpe of Michigan, Chair of the African Affairs Subcommittee, had played a major role in getting the Israelis to stop that transfer.) He looked straight ahead throughout the whole interview, never making eye-contact with Koppel. To say that Koppel was disoriented would be an understatement. To the question, Mandela responded with his firm but non-confrontational style. “There are people who think their enemies should be our

enemies.” [Stunned silence.] Then he continued. “When we were struggling for our freedom, there were countries that helped us. We will not forget them.”

Mandela had been friendly to South African Jews (noting once that several had made a “particularly outstanding contribution” to the liberation movement, which was true—names such as Slovo, Suzman, and Fischer stand out). On the other hand, he had been critical of Israel, saying that they would never be

secure if they clung to “narrow chauvinistic interests”. For a man who had spent his life fighting white domination of his country, there was no authentic alternative to this position. He had also met with Yasser Arafat, then the demonized head of the PLO. Mandela had said to Arafat at their Lusaka meeting, “We live under a unique form of colonialism.” The common form was that settler populations had come into the land and become indigenous. I saw this as a very positive statement, that the settler populations must be accepted, but the Israeli government of Mr. Shamir saw such a comparison as a serious threat. Now, to Koppel, Mandela called Arafat a “comrade in arms”. Only his enormous stature saved him from being savaged for his integrity.

An even worse situation was in Miami, where he was snubbed because he had greeted Castro and made friendly comments about him. City officials would not even welcome Mandela at the airport. He was received by a group of community leaders.

Given these incidents, his triumphant reception in Detroit was a welcome relief. Mandela had been razor-focused on this trip. He was asked once if he had anything to say about the treatment of Black people or Native Americans

continued on next page

Nelson Mandela*continued from page 11*

in this country. He said that after he was retired, he might have something to say but he was here to establish strong relations with America and to encourage American investments in South Africa, not to comment on contentious domestic politics.

In Detroit, the only place big enough to host him was Tiger Stadium. There was no way that Jane and I were going to miss that event, in spite of the traffic jams. We went down early, paid our \$10.00 and got our seats. Everyone was there: Mayor Coleman Young, UAW President Owen Bieber, Aretha Franklin and Stevie Wonder, and Isaiah Thomas. Jesse Jackson was in the audience. When he walked in, all eyes turned to look. He had a proud, majestic manner, towering a head above those with him.

Mandela arrived with his strikingly beautiful wife Winnie, the Mother of the Revolution, as she was called. This was before she betrayed him with another man and he divorced her. On that night, they looked like the Power Couple to end all power couples. During the decades when he had been in prison, Winnie had defiantly stood up for Nelson and spoken the words he could not speak. Now Mandela delivered a speech designed to inspire and please. He did not mention how the Americans had tipped off the South African secret police as to his location back in 1962 and had enabled them to arrest him. (President Clinton officially apologized for this later, as did the U.S. Congress in a resolution sponsored by John Conyers.) He did not mention that the Reagan administration had permitted Israel to transfer American weapons to South Africa to undercut the arms embargo. Instead, he said that the prisoners had been aware of the divestment movements on American campuses and knew that the American people were with them. I was pleased with that comment since I had been active in the pro-boycott International Defense and Aid Fund, an ANC support group banned in South Africa. I had published an article in the ANC-linked journal *Transafrica*, and had once even spoken to the UM Regents urging them to sell university stocks in companies that traded with or had facilities in South Africa. One of the Regents explained to me that their investments were building up the Black middle class and heading off a bloody revolution. I knew that was a



Mandela speaks in Tiger Stadium on June 28, 1990

foolish observation on several levels but was grateful that he did not pat me on the head, which was the spirit of his response.

That evening, Mandela also said that the prisoners on Robben Island had been encouraged by the music of Motown. He even quoted a song from Marvin Gaye: "Brother, brother, there's far too many of you dying. Mother, mother, there's far too many of you crying." Whatever the reality of life on Robben Island, on that wonderful evening, everything he said received loud cheers.

As Jane and I walked out, we were stopped by a reporter from a local Black radio station. I would like to think that we were chosen because we looked wise and insightful but it might also have been an effort to

find a conventional-looking white couple to say something for the record.

Jane spoke first: "Twenty-seven years ago we stood on top of Table Mountain and looked out into the Atlantic Ocean. We saw Robben Island and realized that Nelson Mandela was there in a cell, serving a life sentence. Now he is a free man and he is here in triumph."

I was stunned at the eloquence of her statement. If I had spent an hour thinking about it, I could not have come up with anything so powerful. I could see no reason to continue the interview and started to walk away but then the microphone was pushed in my direction. I just mumbled a few words: "Nelson Mandela is the greatest Black man of the 20th Century and as a white person I am proud to be here to honor him."

As we walked away, Jane said to me, "I know what that was. That was a sound bite."

Of course, she was right. The radio station ignored her eloquence and replayed my short comment over and over during the next day. At times, life is just not fair. •

The Caribbean: Bougainvillea and Barbed Wire

"In August 2013, I followed a team of Baptist pastors who went to Haiti to train Haitian pastors", Chris Cavaliere, a local photographer, recently recounted to *International Agenda*. "This photo with the barbed wire captures the essence of Haiti", he continued (see his photo on our front cover). "Beauty and pain intertwined. In the U.S. we live in a world of conspicuous consumption. In Haiti people who manage to accumulate wealth go through great lengths to hide and protect what they have."

Indeed, 'beauty and pain intertwined' is a theme common to the whole Caribbean region. For centuries these gorgeous, fertile, sun-drenched spots of land were reduced to slave plantations, producing sugar, cotton, coffee, and bananas to please foreign tastes. Today, beneath the bright, shiny veneer cultivated for tourists is the persistent poverty and oppression on which it is based. Every now and then the reality bursts out to international attention, as it did in January 2010 when an earthquake killed, in a single stroke, well over 100,000 people in Haiti. Since then, nearly 700,000 Haitians have been engulfed by an epidemic of cholera, considered a "disease of poverty"; the U.S. hasn't had an outbreak of it since 1911.

Throughout 2014, students, instructors, and staff at Schoolcraft College will be taking steps to understand the people, history, and culture of the Caribbean. For a decade, since calendar year 2004, the International Institute has been organizing such campus-wide, year-long programming on selected cultural regions, including East Asia, South Asia, the Middle East, Africa, North America, Latin America, and Russia and its Environs. These focus efforts have not only been hugely educational but also a fun, exciting way to put more global awareness up on the "radar screens" of people on campus and in the surrounding communities.

Why Study the Caribbean?

To become more aware of world cultures and of forces acting on a global scale, the Caribbean makes an unusually fertile and fascinating focus of study.

First, this is an extremely multicultural region in and of itself. The influences of indigenous, African, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, British, Dutch, Danish, South Asian, and North American cultures are all packed into one basin, rubbing shoulders with one another and fruitfully cross-fertilizing. Consider the rich diversity of genres of music that have been born on these islands: *son, salsa, conga, mambo, rumba, cumbia, cha-cha-chá, merengue, kadans, kompa, gwo ka, zouk, bolero cubano, trova, canción, bachata, junkanoo, goombay, kaseko, calypso, steelpan, ripsaw, rake-and-scrape, reggae, dub, soca, songo, chutney* and other Indo-Caribbean music, Afro-Cuban jazz, *timba, reggaeton*, ...



Meridith Kohut/ New York Times 22 December 2013

Neighborhoods of shacks surround the industrial park in a Haitian free-trade zone called Codevi. Workers at the BKI factory there earn only 72¢ an hour making camouflage uniforms for the U.S. military—a rate that is below Haiti's minimum wage and is illegal.

Second, the Caribbean presents a searing legacy of colonialism and racial divisions that might or might not be overcome. From the earliest years of their arrival, the Europeans drew the islands into a triangular trade in sugar, rum, and African slaves—a phenomenon explored in a number of articles in this issue. This was a key engine in the emergence of capitalism and globalization; its massive effects are felt right up to the present day, for example in conflict on the island of Hispaniola (see pp. 18-21).

The U.S. seizure of Cuba and Puerto Rico in the Spanish-American War (1898), and Puerto Rico's continuing status as a virtual neo-colony, remind us that our own country has played an important modern role as both a "liberator" and strongman in the Caribbean. It has often done so by supporting its own surrogate strongmen, such as Batista in Cuba, Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, and Duvalier in Haiti. A Jonathan Demme documentary, "The Agronomist" (2003), depicts the years in which Radio Haiti defied the Duvalier dictatorship even after its host was assassinated. The recent movie "Chico and Rita" (2010), a tale of two musicians from Havana struggling to "make it" in New York in the late 1940s and early 1950s, reflects how the flow of people from these islands northward to New York, Miami, and other U.S. cities has formed an important part of the American cultural fabric and the vexing problems of immigration and assimilation.

Finally, the Caribbean is a crucible for studying the effects of global economic development and its social impact. While the hard-working people of these islands yearn to break out of entrenched poverty, they cannot—in their millions—as long as their national economies remain bent to the will of the industrialized nations, their development twisted to serve resort tourism and to churn out cash crops and cheap clothing. Columbia University anthropologist Steven Gregory, in his landmark ethnographic study *The Devil behind the Mirror: Globalization and Politics in the Dominican Republic* (2006), showed that the processes of transnational development that are

continued on next page

Caribbean

continued from page 13

playing out in the region actually enforce and further reproduce inequalities of race, class, and gender. We see this in the small farmers of rice or coffee who are ruined when their islands are flooded with cheaper goods produced in advanced countries; in the women and men who labor in sweatshops at serf-like wages to make our clothes; in the desperate people who literally prostitute themselves to foreign tourists in order to make ends meet for one more day.

How You Can Participate

Faculty, students, and other readers can participate in the Focus Caribbean project in a variety of ways.

First, we urge you—all readers—who might have your own knowledge of or experience in the Caribbean to send us an idea, letter, photo, or article for the next issue of this magazine, or else volunteer to be a campus speaker or help out in other ways.

Second, instructors can integrate topics relevant to the region directly into their coursework by developing ideas and materials for classroom presentations, course readings and assignments, student projects, etc. For example, this past Fall instructor Suzanne Stichler prepared her Spanish 101 students for this year's Focus project by assigning each of them to research and write a short paper in English on any of several suggested topics about Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic. (An example is reprinted on pages 20-21.) Among the topics chosen by students were these:

- the diversity of life forms in the El Yunque rainforest of Puerto Rico, part of the U.S. National Forest system
- the migration of Puerto Ricans to the U.S.
- Finca Vigia, Ernest Hemingway's estate just outside Havana, Cuba
- the controversy surrounding the U.S. military base in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and the detention and treatment of prisoners there
- the Cuban missile crisis and the Bay of Pigs invasion during Pres. Kennedy's term
- the history of conflict between Haitians and Dominicans on the island of Hispaniola.

Integrating the Caribbean into disciplines like geography and history is a snap, but instructors in other disciplines can also be creative. For instance:

- Students in language and literature classes could be exposed to writers such as José Martí, Marcus Garvey, C. L. R. James, Aimé Césaire, Derek Walcott, Jamaica Kincaid, Julia Alvarez, Reinaldo Arenas, Junot Díaz, and Edwidge Danticat.
- In music courses, students could study one or more of the traditional or modern genres of popular music from the islands, as mentioned earlier.
- Nursing and service-learning students could investigate and even help combat key public health problems in the region. Many non-governmental and charitable organizations focus

their work specifically on assisting health care in Haiti, including the Haiti Nursing Foundation (<http://haitinursing.org/>), based in Ann Arbor, MI; the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (<http://www.ihmsisters.org/www/home.asp>), based in Monroe, MI; and Partners in Health (<http://www.pihi.org>), based in Boston, MA.

- Culinary arts students—need we say more?

Third, several events related to the Caribbean are scheduled in our local area in the coming months:

- on Mar. 14, a joint concert by two bands that fuse Cuban folk music and jazz, the Alfredo Rodríguez Trio and the Pedrito Martinez Group, part of the University Musical Society series in Ann Arbor
- on Mar. 21, Mauricio Font speaks at the Univ. of Michigan on "The Reform Process in Cuba: Context and Prospects"
- on Mar. 22, a screening and discussion of the film "Marcus Garvey: Look For Me in the Whirlwind", part of the Liberation Film Series at the Charles H. Wright Museum of African American History in Detroit
- on Apr. 3-13, "Marisol", the Obie Award-winning magical-realist drama by Puerto Rican/New York playwright José Rivera, hits the stage at the Arthur Miller Theatre in Ann Arbor
- on the first weekend of August, a Puerto Rican Family Festival (Fiesta Boricua) is scheduled in Clark Park, Detroit. For further information, call Consuela Lopez at 313-718-1772.

For more details on these events, see the listings in the Multicultural Calendar on pp. 37-40.

Other events are scheduled right here on the Schoolcraft College campus. Focus Series Coordinator Helen Ditouras has played the lead role in organizing a year-long series of special events for the general public, touching on a variety of topics related to the region. Plans for this Winter include:

- Univ. of Michigan Prof. Fernando Arenas gives a talk on how contemporary Portuguese film and literature portrays Afro-Caribbean people
- local photographer Chris Cavaliere exhibits some of the photos from his 2011 and 2013 trips to Haiti (see pp. 15-17 for a small preview)
- there will be a one-day festival of Caribbean films (such as "Chico and Rita", "The Agronomist", and "In the Time of Butterflies") along with a dance party led by the Latin Student Dance Association.

Watch for a detailed schedule of these events on the SCII website and on campus bulletin boards. The entire faculty is urged to recommend this series to students as an excellent way to gather insight and information. Some instructors might want to bring an entire class to a given talk, film, or exhibit (contact Helen at 734-462-4400 extn. 5647 or hditoura@schoolcraft.edu); others might want to fold these into extra-credit opportunities for selected students. Friends, family, and members of the community are also cordially invited to attend. These speakers, films, and other events have been very popular and stimulating;

continued on page 21

Seeing Haiti from the Back of a Pickup Truck

by Chris Cavaliere

The photos and recollections on our front cover and on these three pages are selected from hundreds taken by Chris on two trips to Haiti in 2011 and 2013. The owner of Christopher Cavaliere Photography in Farmington Hills, MI, he frequently volunteers to accompany and assist missionaries on trips to Third World countries.

Watch for Chris's photo exhibit and presentation about Haiti, scheduled here on campus in late March/ early April in conjunction with the Multicultural Fair and the Focus Caribbean project.



This lorry is hauling plantains to market. The fellow on the rear might be the attendant—or he might just be hitching a ride.

I am always amazed at the ingenuity of the people of Haiti. They make do with whatever is available to them, including this old two-wheel trailer.



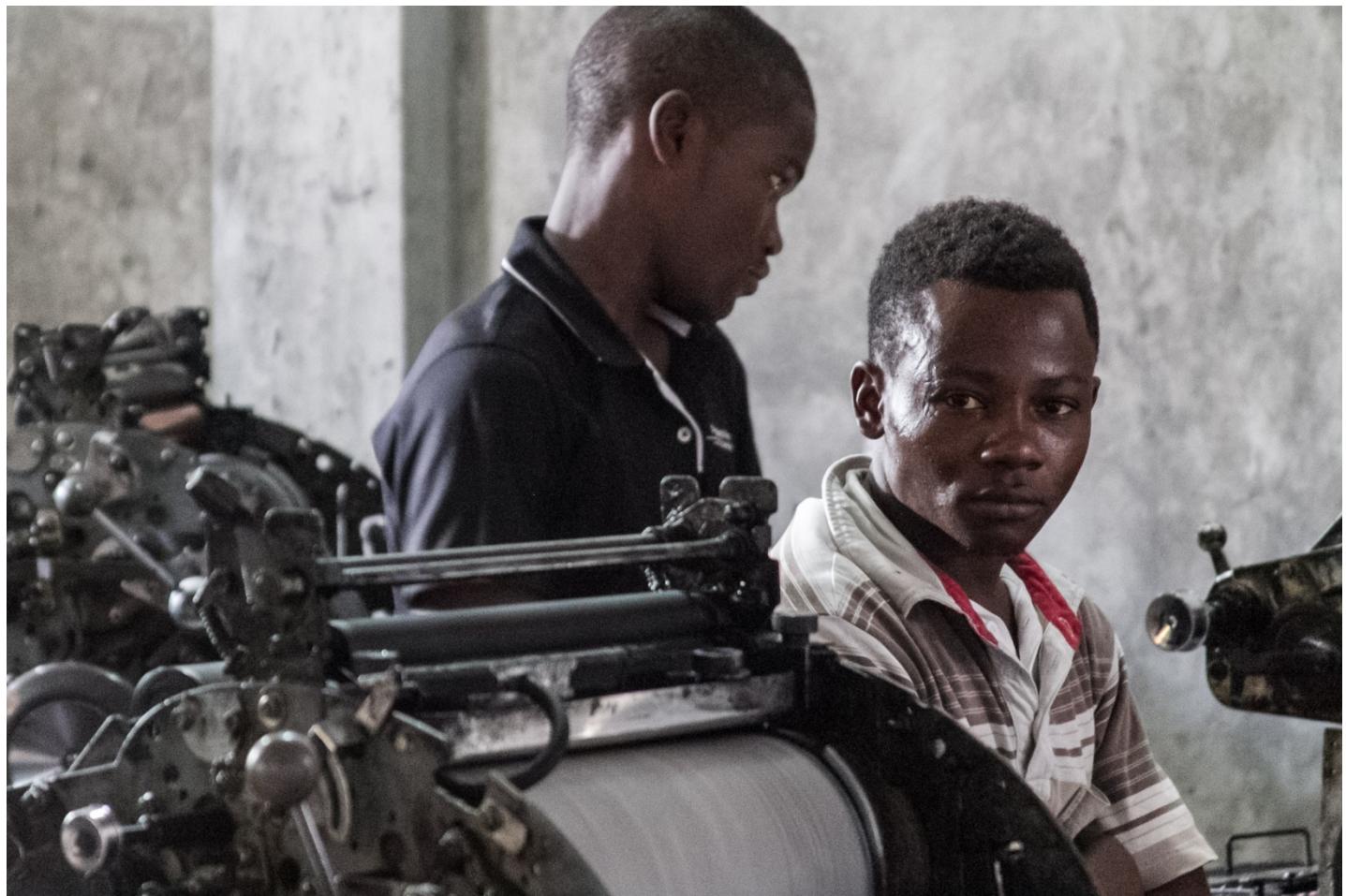
Haiti*continued from page 15*

A desperate encampment about 18 months after the devastating earthquake of January 2010.



It is surprising how many people in Haiti still commute by donkey, a mode of travel that has been in existence for millennia!

At a church that we visited, this young girl was one of a group of children who were patiently waiting for their parents.



One day we visited a facility that prints materials for books. These young men work the printing presses that are probably older than their fathers. It is very hot and noisy work.

Haitian Migrants: *The Oppressed of the Oppressed*

Last September, the Dominican Republic declared that children of undocumented Haitian migrants would no longer have any citizenship rights there. About 668,000 people in the nation are of Haitian origin! People who've considered themselves Dominicans—some of them actually born in the country decades ago—were suddenly thrown into legal limbo, and many of them began to flee.

It was the latest cruel stroke in a long history of tension between Haiti and the Dominican Republic, two countries that occupy adjoining pieces of one island, Hispaniola. Historically, Haitians are predominantly of African origin and speak French Creole, while Dominicans are predominantly of Hispanic origin and speak Spanish. Both groups have suffered centuries of poverty and oppression, rooted in the days when the island was virtually one huge sugar plantation serving foreign interests. But today the Haitians, especially, are victims of *superexploitation*, while the Dominicans benefit from soaring tourism and the largest economy in the entire region of Central America and the Caribbean. Haitian migrants form the bottom rung of Dominican labor and the backbone of the economy, working as cane and banana cutters, hotel maids, construction workers, and the like—but are herded into slums and squalid camps, and routinely subjected to racist slurs about what they eat and the color of their skin.

The hyper-nationalist Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo, who governed from 1930 until his assassination in 1961, was perhaps the most vicious perpetrator of pogroms against the Haitians. Historians report that he was obsessed with “whitening” the island, wore makeup to lighten his own skin (he was one-quarter Haitian), and was responsible for the deaths of 50,000 Haitians and Dominicans during his rule.

The poem “Parsley” reprinted here evokes an incident from October 1937, when Trujillo ordered the wholesale massacre of Haitian cane workers in the border areas. To identify those who were Haitians, machete-wielding Dominican soldiers demanded that each worker pronounce the word *perejil* (Spanish for “parsley”); the Spanish “r” is very difficult for French speakers. As a result, between 10,000 and 25,000 workers were exterminated in the course of a few weeks.

For more information on this matter, see Eleanor Orick’s article, “One Island, Two Worlds” on pages 20–21. The 1994 historical novel *In the Time of the Butterflies* by Julia Alvarez, and a 2001 movie version with the same title, are based on the story of four sisters who risked their lives in a secret plot to overthrow Trujillo.

—RKS

Parsley

by Rita Dove

1. The Cane Fields

There is a parrot imitating spring
in the palace, its feathers parsley green.
Out of the swamp the cane appears

to haunt us, and we cut it down. El General
searches for a word; he is all the world
there is. Like a parrot imitating spring,

we lie down screaming as rain punches through
and we come up green. We cannot speak an R—
out of the swamp, the cane appears

and then the mountain we call in whispers *Katalina*.
The children gnaw their teeth to arrowheads.
There is a parrot imitating spring.

El General has found his word: *perejil*.
Who says it, lives. He laughs, teeth shining
out of the swamp. The cane appears

in our dreams, lashed by wind and streaming.
And we lie down. For every drop of blood
there is a parrot imitating spring.
Out of the swamp the cane appears.



Rita Dove was the first African-American to be named U.S. Poet Laureate (1993-1995). She was born in 1952 in Akron, OH, where her father was a research chemist at Goodyear. Since 1989 she has been a professor of English at the Univ. of Virginia.

The poem “Parsley” is from her collection *Museum* (Carnegie-Mellon Univ. Press, 1983).

2. The Palace

The word the general's chosen is parsley.
It is fall, when thoughts turn
to love and death; the general thinks
of his mother, how she died in the fall
and he planted her walking cane at the grave
and it flowered, each spring stolidly forming
four-star blossoms. The general

pulls on his boots, he stomps to
her room in the palace, the one without
curtains, the one with a parrot
in a brass ring. As he paces he wonders
Who can I kill today. And for a moment
the little knot of screams
is still. The parrot, who has traveled

all the way from Australia in an ivory
cage, is, coy as a widow, practising
spring. Ever since the morning
his mother collapsed in the kitchen
while baking skull-shaped candies
for the Day of the Dead, the general
has hated sweets. He orders pastries
brought up for the bird; they arrive

dusted with sugar on a bed of lace.
The knot in his throat starts to twitch;
he sees his boots the first day in battle
splashed with mud and urine
as a soldier falls at his feet amazed—
how stupid he looked—at the sound
of artillery. *I never thought it would sing*
the soldier said, and died. Now

the general sees the fields of sugar
cane, lashed by rain and streaming.
He sees his mother's smile, the teeth
gnawed to arrowheads. He hears
the Haitians sing without R's
as they swing the great machetes:
Katalina, they sing, *Katalina*,

mi madle, mi amol en muelte. God knows
his mother was no stupid woman; she
could roll an R like a queen. Even
a parrot can roll an R! In the bare room
the bright feathers arch in a parody
of greenery, as the last pale crumbs
disappear under the blackened tongue. Someone

calls out his name in a voice
so like his mother's, a startled tear
splashes the tip of his right boot.

My mother, my love in death.

The general remembers the tiny green sprigs
men of his village wore in their capes
to honor the birth of a son. He will
order many, this time, to be killed

for a single, beautiful word.

A sugar worker
cuts cane in the
Barahona area of
the Dominican
Republic.

Sean Smith/
The Guardian (UK)



Hispaniola

One Island, Two Worlds

by Elanor Orick



Schoolcraft student Elanor Orick of Canton, MI, wrote this research paper as an assignment in Spanish 101 last Fall taught by Suzanne Stichler. Elanor works full-time as a paraprofessional at Burger School for Students with Autism (part of Garden City Public Schools), and is preparing to transfer to Michigan State Univ. to study veterinary science.

Imagine you are standing on an island; on one side you see a beautiful vacation spot full of Spanish-speaking natives and littered with tourists. On the other side you see rough, mountainous land labeled as “a place of disaster, poverty, and suffering, populated by desperate people trying to escape” (Dubois, p. 3). This describes the island of Hispaniola, where both the Dominican Republic and Haiti reside. Although they are located on the same island, they are two different worlds.

The island of Hispaniola is a Caribbean island that was originally inhabited by the Taino. These indigenous natives were virtually annihilated by the Spanish settlers when conquered by Christopher Columbus in 1492, according to the CIA *World Factbook*. In 1697 the island changed yet again when Spain acknowledged French rule over the western part of the island. This third of the island controlled by French dominion became Haiti in 1804. The rest of the island, at that time known as Santo Domingo, would try to gain independence in 1821 but would be overtaken by the Haitians and forced to live under their rule for 22 years. Finally in 1844 Santo Domingo gained its independence and became the Dominican Republic.

It is not just a difference in language or location on the island that separates these people. A large part of it is their disdain for each other. It is said that most upper-class and middle-class Dominicans look down on Haitians. A woman is quoted as saying, “The poor Haitians are like animals. All they can afford to eat are tins of sardines and a little rice” (Wucker, p. vii).

One of the largest issues is immigration from Haiti to the Dominican Republic. Many leave Haiti because of the high unemployment and political instability. But when Haitians arrive in the DR, they are not in any way treated as they would be if they were Dominicans. Even when the Dominican Republic was being rocked with civil revolt in 1965, the Haitians were still being worked in the fields like slaves (Silver).

Not only does the Dominican Republic show some prejudice against the Haitians, but it has also now denied citizenship to many of the people born in the Dominican Republic who have Haitian descent. On September 23, 2013, the Constitutional Court decided that anyone born in the Dominican but of Haitian descent, from 1929 to the present day, will be stripped of their nationality. This leaves many children stateless. An advocate from Refugees International, Melanie Teff, said:

Without access to an identity card it is extremely hard to survive in the Dominican Republic. ... The hundreds of thousands of people affected by this judgment will lose access to public services and could even be deported to Haiti. Many Dominicans of Haitian descent have never been to Haiti and have no links there, so they will likely be unable to access Haitian citizenship and could be rendered stateless (Refugees International).

Sonia Pierre, an activist for the human rights of Haitian migrants, described:

the case of a nine-year-old girl, of Haitian descent, who was raped, tortured, and killed last month. The murderer was set free in this case, because the prosecutors in that district said that the girl didn't exist. She didn't exist because she didn't have a birth certificate. And this is what they are doing with thousands of us, those of us who used to exist. We are being erased as human beings (Martin).

The Dominican Republic has made a decision that harms thousands of Dominicans of Haitian descent, and this only adds to the animosity between the people.

Sonia Pierre stands out in the history of the struggle for the people of Haitian descent in the Dominican Republic. She began a rough life in 1963 when she was born in a migrant worker camp; her parents were of Haitian descent. At the early age of 13, Sonia started her battle against the discrimination of Dominicans of Haitian descent when she organized a protest composed of sugar cane workers. She was arrested for the protest; however, she did gain enough public attention that the demands for better shelter, pay, and tools were met. This was only the beginning of her battles. In 1983 she founded MUDHA, the Movement of Haitian-Dominican Women. This organization advocates the tolerance of difference in people, and organizes seminars and conferences to raise awareness.

Sonia was at it again in 2005 when petitioning the Inter-American Court of Human Rights (IACtHR) involving the case Yean and Bosico v. Dominican Republic. In this case, two children of Haitian descent were denied Dominican birth certificates, even after the IACtHR ordered the Dominican Republic to provide them. The Dominican Supreme Court ruled that the Haitian workers were to be seen as “in transit” and therefore their children were not entitled to citizenship. Although Sonia fought hard, it was one battle she could not win.

In 2002, Sonia Pierre was recognized and honored with the UNESCO Prize for Human Rights Education. She also received the Human Rights Ginetta Sagan Fund Award from Amnesty International in 2003, and in 2006 she was presented with the annual Human Rights Award from the Robert F. Kennedy Center for Justice and Human Rights. In 2009, after speaking out about a Haitian man in the Dominican Republic being beheaded by a group of Dominicans, Sonia's house burned down the night she released a statement. While the exact cause was not discovered, there was much suspicion of arson. Unfortunately

the world lost this powerful woman in December 2011 to a heart attack. While she is no longer here, her legacy and devout efforts for her people will forever remain a part of the island of Hispaniola's history.

While there are good people in this world, like Sonia, too many people believe that there is nothing to be done to help out these warring people. If nothing is done to help end the animosity between the Haitians and Dominicans, thousands of more people will be harmed.

Just having the knowledge of what is happening in Haiti and the Dominican Republic is helping, however. Spreading awareness is a simple way to teach the world about the truth of the island of Hispaniola. We need more people in this world willing to fight for the rights of the people being stepped on by governments and being overlooked by other countries. We need more people like Sonia Pierre, and hopefully one day these two warring worlds can become one peaceful island.

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Caribbean

continued from page 14

for example, a mixture of students, instructors, and community members, 31 people in all, attended the Sep. 16 screening of "The World is Big and Salvation Lurks Around the Corner", part of our Focus series last Fall.

Other resources available on campus include:

- Bradner Library has a wide variety of published sources on the region. The staff will be happy to introduce you and your students to them.
- Bradner Librarian Wayne Pricer has compiled webliographies (listings of choice websites) on relevant topics such as "Latin America", "Haiti Earthquake", and "Immigration". Access them at <http://www.schoolcraft.edu/department-areas/learning-support-services/library/resources/webliography/>.
- As in the past, the campus GlobalEYEzers group invites instructors, staff, students, and community members to participate in lunchtime discussions about current events and issues in a global context, with ethnic food provided. See page 2 for details.

Let us know how you and your colleagues bring some global and multicultural perspective into your coursework this year!



Jason Henry / New York Times 8 April 2012

The Chinese government is spending billions of dollars to construct what will be one of the Caribbean region's largest mega-resorts, the 1,000-acre Baha Mar in the Bahamas.

Schoolcraft Student's Quilt Evokes Her Afro-Cuban Heritage

by Mirta C. Buckley



When Mirta was still a little girl in Havana, her father, Leonard Wignall, took her and her older sister Sonia and left the country, flying to Jamaica and eventually to New York City. Lenny, who didn't approve of the Castro regime that had recently come to power, left behind a small business as a master leather craftsman and also his wife, who refused to leave Cuba. In New York, Mirta did well in school and graduated from the Fashion Institute of Technology. She married an engineer at Ford and moved to Detroit, where she earned a BFA at Wayne State Univ. in 1981. She's a longtime member of the Alumni Assn. Board of Directors of WSU's Honors College, and a kindergarten teacher at Victory Learning Center in Southfield, MI. To teach art and design at the college level, Mirta is augmenting her skills by taking Computer Graphics Technology courses at Schoolcraft.



"The Lady in the Water" is my first quilt. I created it as a heritage piece to express to my children and grandchildren our culture, and to give views of my country, Cuba, which I had to leave on December 31, 1959. The lady in the quilt symbolizes Cuba, surrounded by the waters of the Caribbean. There are scenes of our island's palm trees, and other symbols important to Cubans. These symbols, like the lighthouse and even the African fabric of the lady's dress, show how Cubans touch other nations. The lady jumping in the water is also a summary of our life of joy back in Cuba.



Sugar Barons of Barbados

by Steven L. Berg (SC Depts. of History and English)

Andrea Stuart,
Sugar in the Blood:
A Family's Story of Slavery and Empire
 Knopf, 2013
 384 pages

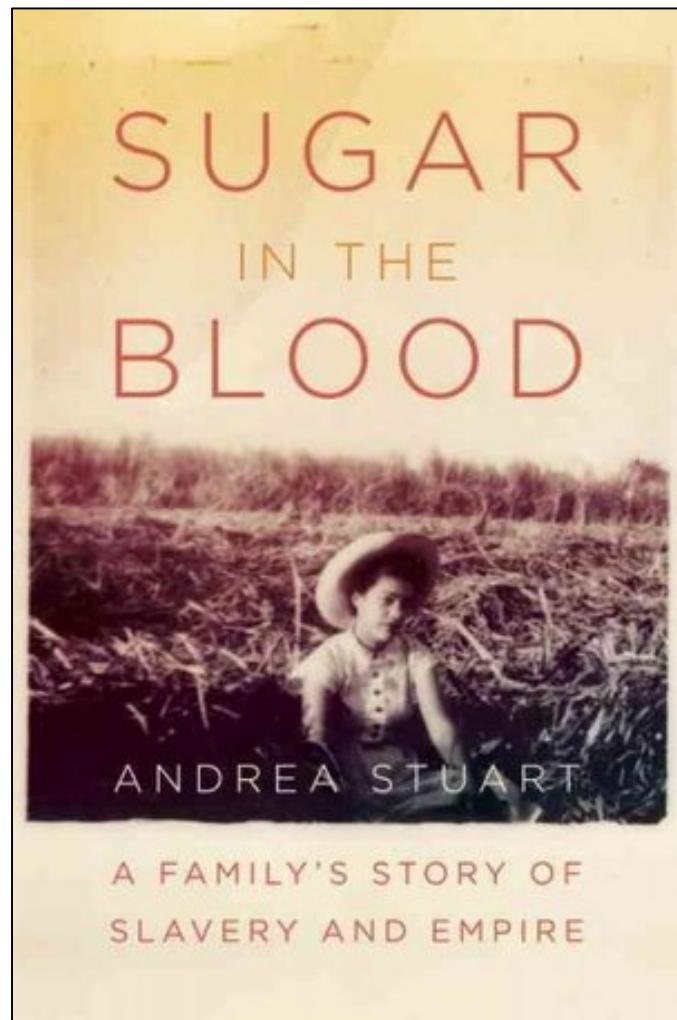
The narrative of the book is organized around a particular genealogy of the Ashby family, my maternal ancestors. It begins with my first identifiable ancestor and continues to the present day.

—Andrea Stuart

Sugar in the Blood grew out of Andrea Stuart's genealogical research. Her eighth great-grandfather, George Ashby (c. 1620-1676), emigrated from England to Barbados in the late 1630s. In England, he worked as a blacksmith. In Barbados, he bought nine acres in St. Philip Parish and became a plantation owner. From this small stake, which was not even large enough to allow George to vote, his descendant Robert Cooper Ashby (1776-1839) became one of the largest plantation owners on the island. It was from one of Robert's slave families that Andrea Stuart descended.

In her introduction, Stuart correctly identifies a problem with most genealogies, that "it yields the skeleton, not the body" (p. 3). While pursuing my own genealogical research, I have never understood how individuals could be content with a family tree that includes only the dates of births, marriages, and deaths, the type of list that Stuart rightly includes in the beginning of her book. I understand her "triumphant" feeling when she was able to have an unbroken family tree dating back to 1620. I also understand the "sense of anticlimax" that overwhelmed once she completed the skeleton, as well as her desire to put flesh on the bones of her Ahnentafel Report, the chart of her pedigree.

Although I have been writing biographical sketches of the Liberacki-Wilcox-Berg ancestors, I am not sure how I would summarize the story of my family. But Stuart had the exciting realization that a narrative of George Ashby and his descendants was "a story of migration, settlement, survival, slavery and the making of the Atlantic world" (p. 3). It had the potential to be an exciting story that would provide a unique glimpse into the settlement of Barbados, sugar, and slaves.



The Skeleton, Not the Body

Unfortunately, that promise of a living, breathing story was not realized. In the first section of *Sugar in the Blood*, Stuart labors under the not unexpected dearth of primary and secondary source materials about George Ashby. He simply was not prominent enough to have made much impact on the historical record. This is no more Stuart's fault than it is my fault that I can only trace one branch of my family back to my second great-grandfather, whom I know even less about than does Stuart about her eighth great-grandfather.

The problem is that Stuart spends too much time on international relations and other issues at the expense of her ancestors. For example, in a section on piracy, five times more text is devoted to an extensive biographical sketch of Sir Henry Morgan than is devoted to how piracy impacted the planter class of which George Ashby was a member.

Even when Stuart has primary sources at her disposal, she relies more on speculation than research. For example, based on the tone of the introductory paragraph in George Ashby's will, she concludes that he "had always been or had become a religious man." She further speculates that "there

continued on next page

Barbados*continued from page 23*

are tantalizing indications that he had become a Quaker”, in part because he referred to two individuals as “friends” which is “the term used by the Quakers to describe themselves and their brethren” (p. 116).

What Stuart does not realize is that the opening paragraph of English wills of that time typically bequeathed the testator’s soul to God. Larry Gragg, in his *The Quaker Community on Barbados*, reports (p. 34) that of the 516 wills written by Barbados settlers through 1660, about 90% have a devotional clause. Furthermore, as Gragg explains, Quaker wills typically avoided “‘pagan’ dates” (Gragg, p. 60). As such, a Quaker would have dated his will as the third day of the eighth month instead of George’s date of “this third day of October.” Faithful Quakers “refused to be buried in the consecrated ground of the state [Anglican] church” and frequently made provisions in their wills to be buried on their plantations or in Quaker cemeteries (Gragg, p. 98), a request not made by Ashby. Although she cites a book and an article written by Gragg, Stuart does not consult his study of Quakers while speculating on George’s will and other potential Quaker connections of her ancestors.

I have a special appreciation for the devotional clauses in Anglican wills because my 12th great-grandfather, William Tracy (1460-1531), decided to make a theological and ultimately political point in the devotional portion of his will when he affirmed his reformed faith. When his will was probated, he was declared a heretic, his body was ordered dug up and removed from consecrated ground, and—in a fit of enthusiasm—was then burned at the stake.

However, it was not due to my genealogical research that I was bothered by Stuart’s speculation throughout *Sugar in the Blood*. It is due to my work as an interdisciplinary trained historian that I am bothered by individuals who are content to speculate without then taking the time to investigate. Hunches and feelings do not make good history. In terms of George Ashby, they do not even make for a good story.

An Empire of Privilege

Had I not made a commitment to a colleague to review *Sugar in the Blood*, I would have stopped reading before I had finished the first section. This would have been a mistake because, when writing about her ancestor Robert Cooper Ashby, Stuart is at her best. Born in 1776, Robert Ashby was the third great-grandson of George Ashby. He was “the member of the Ashby clan who would really transform the family’s fortunes” (p. 131).

While setting the scene for the second part of her book on “The Plantocrat”, Stuart does a better job of establishing the world in which Robert lived than she did in writing about George’s world. Robert Cooper Ashby married into the socially more prominent Burke family, and he would eventually run the family plantation known as the Burkes. *Plantocracy* is the term for a ruling order composed primarily of plantation owners, and this certainly applies to Robert Ashby and his peers. As a result of his social promi-

nence, Stuart had a richer historical record than she had when writing about her earlier ancestor and, overall, she uses those records well. Instead of focusing on the world stage, she is able to set the socio-cultural context of Barbados during the late 18th and early 19th Centuries while keeping the focus on the Ashby family.

Robert Cooper Ashby was a prominent slave owner whom Stuart acknowledges must have treated his slaves in the same barbaric fashion as did other Barbadian slave owners. Many who have studied the horrors of American slavery might not realize that the treatment of slaves in Barbados was even much worse than in the American South. Stuart provides the evidence in excruciating detail.

Robert, like other Barbadian plantocrats, practiced a learned helplessness. “It was a point of honour in plantation society that no menial activity was undertaken by anyone but a slave, so Robert Cooper and his contemporaries would do as little for themselves as was humanly possible” (p. 161), such as swatting flies, picking up bits of wool that had fallen on the floor, or fetching a glass of tamarind water that was on the other side of the room.

Robert was also an adulterer who raised four separate families—one with his wife, and three with slave mistresses—and had additional children with other slave women. Like other plantocrats, he realized that his wife could not leave him, that his neighbors would not condemn him because they were having affairs of their own, and that there were not legal repercussions for his activities because “in Barbados a man could not be accused of ‘raping’ his slave because the slave was property and therefore had no legal rights” (p. 188). Sukey Ann, one of his mistresses, was approximately 14 years old when he began a family with her—the same age as one of his sons by his wife.

What might surprise most readers is that, at the time of his death, Robert bequeathed most of his estate to his slave mistress Mary Ann and her children. He also left a home and six apprentice laborers to his baby son Samuel. His wife and the son he had with her had died years earlier.

The narrative of Robert’s life is a narrative of a changing Barbados, and Stuart tells the story well. She gives insight into a plantation system that too many people know only through cultural mythology and dry history texts. By using the life of her ancestor, Stuart puts flesh on the skeleton of the historical record.

The Past is Never Dead

In the final section of *Sugar in the Blood*, Stuart considers “The Legacy”, an issue which I have often contemplated in my own genealogical work. What have my ancestors handed down from generation to generation, and how has that legacy shaped my life? It has been fascinating to uncover evidence of how things I value were valued by my ancestors, especially in terms of education and community service.

Five years after Robert Ashby’s death, in accordance with the terms of his will, the Burkes plantation was sold and the proceeds were divided among his heirs. But his great-grandson,

the descendant of his union with an unknown slave, returns to plantation life with the purchase of Plumgrove. Stuart writes, "It is interesting to speculate on why both my great-grandfathers would want, so to speak, to return to the scene of the crime by purchasing sugar plantations" (p. 279).

Fortunately, as she did when considering the life of Robert Ashby, Stuart does not take a simplistic approach to her speculations before concluding that "The intensity of the relationship that its inhabitants had with this land [Plumgrove] is proof that we are made by the places we love, just as we make them" (p. 280). Maybe he did not clear Plumgrove, but George Ashby's legacy in clearing the land for his nine-acre plantation turned into the legacy of giving his descendants a sense of place. While he could not have imagined that his African descendants would become plantation owners themselves or that when he purchased his first slave he might have African descendants, his legacy was passed from generation to generation as an eventual gift to his eighth great-granddaughter, Andrea Stuart.

My own pedigree does not support Stuart's conclusion that family legacy is an intense sense of place, that we are made by the places we love. However, not all families share the same legacy, and Stuart's contribution to an understanding of the history of Barbados is her genealogy and her family's legacy.

Stuart's book is one of those publications that would be twice as good were it half as long. Were I her editor, I would have encouraged her to write a book about Robert Cooper Ashby in which she incorporated his ancestors and descendants. Although I was disappointed with much of Stuart's book because it did not live up to its promise of tracing her genealogy from George Ashby to the present, I have a better understanding of Barbadian history because I read *Sugar in the Blood*. •

April MIIIE Conference in Columbus



The Schoolcraft College International Institute cordially invites you to join us at the upcoming 21st Annual Conference of the Midwest Institute for International/ Intercultural Education (MIIIE). The conference will be held at Columbus State Community College in Columbus, OH. This gathering will draw faculty participants from throughout the Midwest and beyond.

For more information, contact Helen Ditouras, our MIIIE representative, at 734-462-4400 extn. 5647, or hditoura@schoolcraft.edu. You'll also be able to download the registration forms and other information at <http://www.miiie.org>.

Kudos

Schoolcraft student **Ryan Bardusch**, who is contemplating majoring in East Asian Studies, won the "Best Paper" award for 2013 from the Midwest Political Science Association (MPSA) in the Two-Year College category. His research paper, "A Wounded Karabakh", investigated the conflict in Nagorno-Karabakh and its role in the growing instability of the Caucasus region. The paper was a course project in Political Science 209 (International Relations) taught in Winter 2013 by Prof. **Marjorie Nanian**, who nominated the paper for the award. In conjunction with the "Focus: Russia and Its Environs" project at Schoolcraft, Prof. Nanian had assigned the students to research problems of human rights and political conflict in the region. Another of Ryan's papers in that course, "Moldova Struggles with Human Trafficking", was published in the Fall 2013 issue of *International Agenda*.

Congratulations also to the **Asian Student Cultural Association**, its faculty advisor **Anna Maheshwari** (English), and **Todd Stowell** (Student Activities Office), who led in organizing Schoolcraft's seventh annual Navratri Garba/Bhangra celebration. Over 500 people purchased tickets to enjoy the event on Saturday, Oct. 19 from 7 pm – 12 midnight in the VisTaTech Center. There was a catered dinner by **Taste of India Suvai Restaurant** (Ann Arbor), authentic music, costume, and dance, and a marketplace. The featured performers were the members of **Sammvad**, an orchestra that plays music for such Indian dances as *garba*, *bhangra*, *dandia*, and *raas*. The Hindu Navratri festival is traditionally a nine-day event celebrating the goddess Durga at the beginning of Autumn.

Last year, the **Coins to Change** service-learning project at Schoolcraft College further advanced its fundraising work to help build a middle school for AIDS orphans in the village of Nyaka, Uganda. On Nov. 20, activist and author **Twesigye Jackson Kaguri**, who heads the Nyaka AIDS Orphans Project, spoke again to students on campus here and shared his vision of freeing these orphans from a cycle of poverty. Prof. **Anna Maheshwari** (English), founder and director of Coins to Change, reports that approximately \$18,000 has been raised by the Schoolcraft community so far in the two-year effort to change coins into real change in Africa. She hopes to have the full \$25,000 goal met by this April. To learn more or to help out, e-mail amaheshw@schoolcraft.edu or call 734-462-4400 ext. 5296, or visit <http://www.nyakaschool.org/>.

Kudos to the **Native American Cultural Club**, which on Oct. 30 sponsored another successful annual celebration of the Mexican *Dia de los Muertos* (Day of the Dead) festival. Packing a classroom in the Liberal Arts Bldg., the event included a potluck supper, a traditional *ofrenda*, and a screening of the PBS-TV documentary "Food for the Ancestors", which explores aspects of the day through its food customs. Instructors **Sumita Chaudhery** (English), **Helen Ditouras** (English), and **Marjorie Nanian** (Political Science) brought students from their classes to the event. Faculty advisors for the club are Profs. **Karen Schaumann-Beltrán** (Sociology and Anthropology) and **Mark Harris** (English).

Unbreakable Rebellion: The Maroons of Jamaica

by Yma Johnson



Yma Johnson is an independent writer based in Ann Arbor, MI, where she was born and raised. She has a bachelor's degree in psychology from the Univ. of Michigan, and is currently pursuing a master's degree in creative writing at Eastern Michigan Univ. During 1996-2000 she worked as a writer and editor at the San Juan Star (Puerto Rico), and her writing has also appeared in such publications as the Ann Arbor Observer and Michigan Today. Yma's parents, Marian and Lemuel Johnson, were born in tiny villages on the outskirts of Freetown, Sierra Leone, which Yma has visited a number of times. Her father, Lemuel Johnson, Ph.D. (1941-2002), was employed for more than three decades at UM as professor of English literature and director of the Center for Afroamerican and African Studies.

I am a descendent of mutinous and rebellious slaves, a descendant of Maroon peoples. Across the Caribbean and South America, in Haiti and the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico and Brazil, Suriname and Cuba, wherever there was slavery there was uprising and revolt. Wherever enslaved Africans escaped, there were maroons who carved out communities and fought for survival. Many small bands died out, felled by disease and starvation; they are alive now only in dust and memory. But others, against incalculable odds, took root and grew. The Maroons of Jamaica are one such group of rebels.

"Maroon" comes from the Spanish word *cimarron*, meaning fugitive, wild, or untamed. I first learned about my Jamaican ancestors from my father, a poet, professor, and *cimarron* spirit in his own right. They arose out of a power vacuum during the 17th Century when Britain and Spain were fighting for control of Jamaica. Badly outnumbered, the Spanish freed their slaves, armed them to fight, and then fled to Cuba. In 1655 the British seized control of the island, and during their transition to power their slaves fled from Clarendon Parish. The runaways known as the Leeward Maroons joined Arawak Indians in the mountainous interior of the island. They survived by subsistence farming, raising hogs, and hunting in Cockpit country, a verdant tangle of jungle cut through with peaks, caves, and ravines. The mountainous terrain made penetrating Maroon settlements difficult and in some cases impossible. A second community, the Windward Maroons, settled in the equally impenetrable Blue Mountains.

Both groups staged periodic raids on plantations to steal guns, ammunition, and supplies and to enlarge their ranks with runaway slaves. These clashes became known as the First Maroon War and lasted from 1665 to 1738. They strengthened their advantage by communicating over distances using a cow horn called the *abeng*. In 1673, some 200 slaves revolted in St. Ann Parish. In 1690, a group of about 400 slaves led by Cudjoe staged a massive revolt on Sutton's Plantation in Clarendon Parish and joined the Leeward Maroons.

Cudjoe, also called Captain Cudjoe, was born in the Akan region of Ghana and belonged to the Coromantee peoples. Most Maroons were African-born and came from the Coromantee and Ashanti, fierce warriors in their homeland. Cudjoe's fame spread and a group of fugitives known as the Cottawoods marched to join him. Slaves from Madagascar who survived a shipwreck off the coast of Jamaica, and others who escaped from their owners shortly after being purchased, also joined the Leeward group. According to the British General Williamson, it was commonly said that "the British rules Jamaica by day and Captain Cudjoe by night."

Nanny, also known as Queen Nanny or Granny Nanny, is one of Jamaica's national heroes and led the Windward Maroons. She was a member of the Ashanti people and, like Cudjoe, was born in the Akan region of Ghana. Nanny was a practitioner of Obeah, an African-based religion that involves extensive knowledge of healing and medicinal herbs. In addition to being a healer, she was a political and spiritual leader. Nanny is also credited with being a master tactician and guerilla warrior.

Freedom, Recapture, and Exile

In an unprecedented acknowledgment of defeat, on March 1, 1738 British Governor Sir Edward Trelawny signed a treaty with the Maroons, who totaled about 1000, granting them autonomy and the right to their freedom forever. They were also given 2500 acres of land and their five main towns (Accompong, Scots Hall, Trelawny Town, Nanny Town, and Mountain Top) under their own chief, with a British superintendent. In exchange, the Maroons agreed to return runaway slaves to their owners at two dollars a head and to help the British fight foreign invaders.

The fugitive clause caused tremendous animosity between the self-governing and enslaved blacks, and contributed to the start of the Second Maroon War in 1795. This conflict occurred only among the 500 or so Trelawny Maroons; the 900 blacks in the Blue Mountains were not involved. The conflict began with an incident in which two Maroons were caught stealing pigs and



flogged as punishment. The slave who carried out the whipping was a former runaway who had been returned by one of the thieves. Outraged, the Maroons sent a delegation to the British protesting their treatment. But the representatives were imprisoned, igniting a bloody five-month battle. The Maroons surrendered in December 1795 and signed a treaty that required them to beg on their knees for the King's forgiveness, return all fugitive slaves, and be relocated elsewhere in Jamaica. They were given until January 1, 1796 to fulfill the terms.

The Maroons, questioning British integrity, did not arrive until mid-March and were accused of breaching the peace. British authorities imprisoned all 543 of the Trelawny Maroons and exiled them to Halifax, Nova Scotia. Three ships—the Dover, the Anne, and the Mary—sailed for Canada on June 26, 1796. In 1800, the British government shipped them further to Freetown, in Sierra Leone on the western coast of Africa, thereby creating the first settlement of repatriated slaves.

If people ask where I am from, who my people are, I say we are Creoles from Sierra Leone. Over the course of 200 years we have evolved into one people, but we came from three different groups of repatriated African slaves:

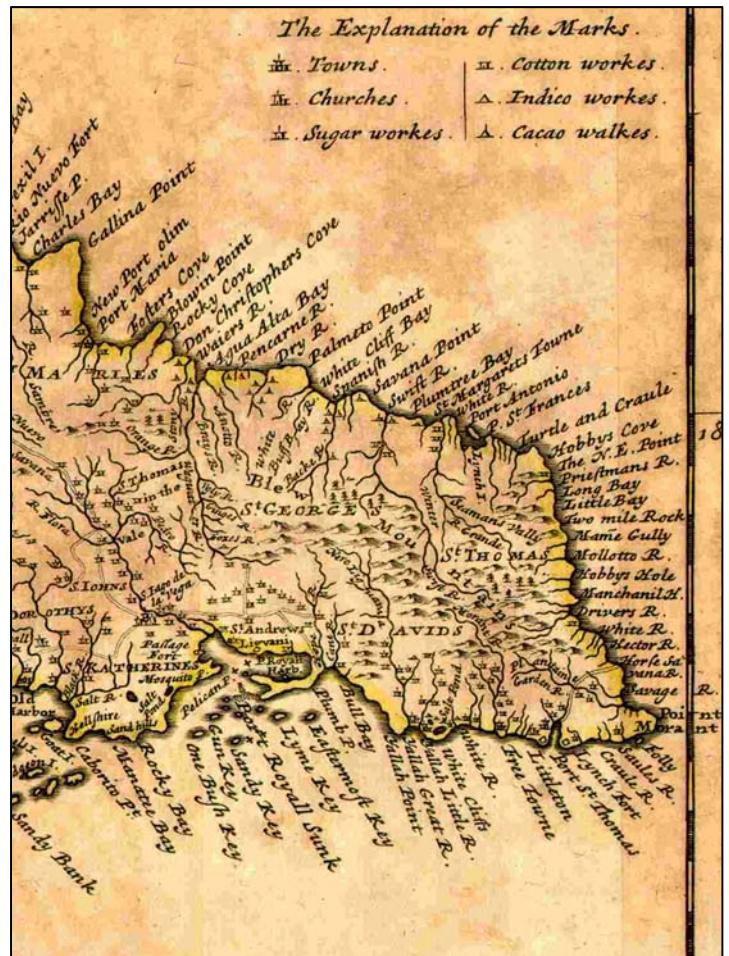
- The Black Loyalists were former slaves who fought alongside the British during the Revolutionary War. They were promised freedom if the crown pacified its rebellious

colonies, but when Britain lost the war they were sent to Halifax. Then, in the 1790s, King George formed the Sierra Leone Company and 1198 blacks were relocated from Nova Scotia to Freetown.

- The free Maroons seized by British authorities in Jamaica were exiled to Freetown in 1800, as described above.
- A third group, called the Recaptives, came from slave ships intercepted off the coast of Africa by the British Royal Navy after the British outlawed the slave trade (although not slavery itself) in 1808. The would-be slaves were sent to Freetown, where they joined the Maroons and the Loyalists.

The Jamaicans did not adjust well to life in Sierra Leone, and by 1841 about 90% of them had returned to Jamaica to work on sugarcane and other plantations where field hands were desperately needed. However, vestiges of Maroon culture remain in Sierra Leone. St John's Maroon Church, built in 1820, still stands in central Freetown. Its congregation proudly claims ancestry from the Trelawny Maroons who remained in Sierra Leone.

"Unbreakable"—that's how my father described our ancestors. The Maroons have one of the most incredible legacies in the history of slave rebellions. Their tenacity, force of will, and ruthless adherence to a single goal is nothing less than miraculous. If the motive is right, the odds don't matter.



Inna Calabash

by Lorna Goodison



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used with permission.

Lorna G. Goodison, a leading Jamaican poet, is the Lemuel A. Johnson Collegiate Professor of English and Afroamerican and African Studies at the Univ. of Michigan. She was born in Kingston in 1947, and grew up with eight brothers and sisters. There were also family visits to her mother's ancestral home in Harvey River, a village in the Jamaican parish of Hanover. Prof. Goodison, who is also an accomplished painter, still spends much of her time in Jamaica.

The poem "Inna Calabash" is from the collection, *To Us, All Flowers Are Roses: Poems by Lorna Goodison* (Univ. of Illinois Press, 1995).



Univ. of Michigan

Inna calabash
Inna calabash
tell them that the baby
that count in them census already
Inna calabash

One slave child
that count already
while it inside my belly
tell them that the baby
Inna calabash.

She show me
Quasheba show me one day
when I faint in the field of cane

When I cry and say
Why I can't be like missus
siddown and plait sand
and throw stone after breeze.

Quasheba show me
how the calabash contained
for a slave gal like me
a little soft life and ease.

Pick a big calabash
bore both ends she say
shake out the gray pulp belly.
Run a string through both ends
and tie it across your belly.

Drop the little shift frock
make outta Massa
coarse oznaburg cloth
over your calabash belly

Nothing Massa like
like more slave pickney
to grow into big slave
to serve slavery.

You will get rest
when you have belly.
When you rest enough
just take it off.

Say you fall
say you lose baby.
Quasheba show me
all I need to know.
Inna calabash.

CHILE: 40 Years After the Coup

text and photos by
Kathy Rentenbach



Kathy Rentenbach is a nurse practitioner in Ann Arbor, MI. Since 2000 she has made frequent trips to Mexico, Cuba, and Central and South America. Originally from Southeastern Michigan, she holds degrees in English and Nursing from the Univ. of Michigan. Kathy worked as a women's health nurse practitioner in Portland, OR, in the 1990s and 2000s, and is now employed by the UM School of Nursing in Women's Health Research. She continues to pursue an interest in the Spanish language and Latin American history.

In September 2013, I traveled to Santiago, the capital of Chile, to participate in a march commemorating the 40th anniversary of the overthrow of elected President Salvador Allende. The military coup of Sep. 11, 1973, in which Pres. Allende died, ushered in the long dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet that lasted until 1990.

I went to Chile as a member of a delegation from SOA Watch (www.soaw.org), an organization that works to shut down the Western Hemispheric Institute for Security Cooperation (WHINSEC) based at Fort Benning, GA. This notorious "school" within the U.S. military, founded in 1946 and formerly known as the School of the Americas, has trained many of the Latin American despots of the past four decades, including:

- 1 out of 7 members of the command staff of the Chilean DINA (Dirección de Inteligencia Nacional—the secret police)
- the Haitian Army colonels Gambetta Hypolle and Franck Romain, implicated in massacres in Gonava (1987) and Port-au-Prince (1988), respectively.

The march, some 60,000 people strong, began in downtown Santiago. This large banner of Pres. Allende calls for truth and justice for the victims of the dictatorship: "The People are the Future, Allende Lives On in the Chilean Heart. Until Victory, Always!"



We marched with AFEP (the Association of Victims of Political Executions) and carried placards bearing pictures and names of the disappeared and the executed. There are 40,000 victims officially recognized, more than 3,000 killed, and some 1200 who have never been found.

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Chile *continued from page 29*

The march led to the General Cemetery three miles from downtown Santiago. Patio 29, shown here, is a part where the executed were hurriedly buried anonymously, sometimes 2-3 to a grave. This spot, with its rusted iron crosses, will never be changed; it is now preserved as a National Monument. Elsewhere in the cemetery is a huge Memorial of the Detained, Disappeared and Executed, where thousands of names are engraved in marble—Allende's at the center.



A nuestros amados hijos ("to our beloved children"): One couple had placed this gravestone, left, for their three sons lost to the Pinochet dictatorship. Eduardo and Rafael were assassinated on March 29, 1985; they are now remembered every March 29 on "The Day of the Youth Combatant". Pablo went into exile in 1985 but returned to Chile to join the MIR, a leftist revolutionary movement, only to be assassinated in 1988. Three policemen have been sentenced to 7-9 years of imprisonment in the first two sons' deaths.

At right, the crypt of Victor Jara in a wall in the National Cemetery is a popular place of homage. Jara was a well-known folk singer and theater director who was kidnapped in 1973, held in the National Stadium concentration camp with thousands of others, tortured and executed. By chance, his body was found and buried. His British-born wife, Joan Jara, and their children were allowed to return to England, although England refused asylum to Chileans who were not UK nationals. Elsewhere, in the nearby port city of Valparaiso, our group saw *La Esmeralda*, a four-masted training ship of the Chilean navy that the dictatorship used as a torture and detention center.



This is the grave of Orlando Letelier, who was killed in a car bombing in Washington, DC, in 1976 with his aid, Ronni Moffitt. Letelier, who had been Allende's ambassador to the United States, was a leading opponent of Pinochet; at the time of his death, he was in exile working in the U.S. It was found that his assassination was carried out by DINA agents as part of Operation Condor. His gravestone reads, *Yo nací Chileno, soy Chileno, y moriré Chileno* ("I was born a Chilean, I am a Chilean, and I will die a Chilean").

We also visited other sites of political and historical interest related to the coup and the years of the dictatorship. This mural in northern Santiago is in the former *población* (shantytown) of La Pinocha, which had strongly supported Allende. It depicts Carlos Farina, who, at age 13, was one of the youngest victims to be disappeared. During the Pinochet years, this neighborhood organized soup kitchens to feed the unemployed.



Another mural in La Pinocha portrays Chilean laborers and a beloved union leader, Clotario Blest (1899-1990). Blest organized several powerful unions and, in the 1950s, with poets Pablo Neruda and Gabriela Mistral, he chaired the National Committee for Peace. He refused to leave Chile when the military dictatorship came to power, and vowed not to cut his beard until there was a return to democracy. When the dictatorship fell in 1990, it's said that he only trimmed his beard, as he didn't fully agree with the new government's version of democracy.

We met Hugo Melinao and Elizabeth Antilef, right, Mapuche activists from the Araucania region of southern Chile. The indigenous Mapuche people are demanding their ancestral lands, now controlled by huge paper and forestry interests (lumber is fast becoming Chile's #2 export). Hugo's brother, Rodrigo Melinao, 26, was a land activist murdered in August 2013 for alleged "terrorism". The Mapuche live under state repression with a constant police presence, and are accused under the anti-terrorism laws originally passed under the Pinochet dictatorship.



Austin, Texas: A Multicultural Getaway

by Helen Ditouras Gordy (SC Dept. of English)

Over the Memorial Day weekend last May, in conjunction with the annual NISOD conference, I traveled to Austin, Texas, with my father, Vasilios Ditouras, and my friend and colleague, Elzbieta Rybicka.

It was a novel experience for several reasons. My father and I had never traveled without the rest of our family, and neither of us had ever visited Austin. In addition, even though I had spent so many years in school, I had skipped my undergraduate and graduate commencements. And so my father, who spent a lifetime supporting my academic endeavors, ironically had never witnessed any ceremonial honor bestowed upon me. Although he is always eager to announce to anyone who will listen that his eldest daughter is a professor, I'm certain that my job and everything else it entailed was nothing more than an abstract concept. In his homeland of Greece my father, like his father before him, had been a shepherd, which was seen as a decent way to make a living. After immigrating to Canada in 1970, he was fortunate to have found employment in the automotive industry for decades. Though he dreamed of attending a four-year college himself, the language barrier and the need to provide for our family were challenging obstacles.

Therefore, for my father to join me for a weekend of honorable recognition at the 35th annual NISOD Conference on Teaching and Leadership Excellence in Austin was a memorable first for both of us.

But despite our wonderful experience at NISOD, and the tremendous privilege for Elzbieta and me to receive NISOD awards, the account below is not about the conference, or about academia for that matter. Our real journey involved a cultural awakening, touring the lively city streets of Austin.

I didn't know what to expect when we first arrived, except that I'd received two insider tidbits about Austin. My best friend, Lisa, a Palestinian-Canadian, had lived in several Texas cities with her military spouse, a Saudi-Brooklynite she met while teaching in Texas. Having lived for years in both Houston and San Antonio amidst a sizeable Latino



Me and Dad

community, her only comment about Austin was, "It's a really nice city but much less diverse than the rest of Texas." The second insight came from friend and colleague Alec Thomson (Political Science), who assured me that Austin is a terrific city in spite of its motto: "Keep Austin Weird".

Culture Shock—In a Good Way

As we drove from the airport toward downtown Austin, I couldn't help but notice the Mexican signposts all around me. Lining the streets were Mexican grocers, *taquerias*, *cantinas*, and hair salons, among other small businesses. As we approached our hotel, I carefully noted the Spanish street names: San Jacinto, Brazos, Cesar Chavez, etc. I was pleasantly surprised to feel the warmth of a distinctly ethnic presence, which seemed in opposition to what I had imagined about the city.

By the time we had settled into the hotel, the hunger pangs began and along with that, a familiar fret. As an enthusiastic cultural explorer, I had tasted my fair share of ethnic cuisines, ranging from Asian, Latin, and Indian to European, Mediterranean, and more recently African, fare. But my father is the antithesis: he's used to eating only Eastern European food, in particular, Greek, and can be stressful and picky to dine with. I was determined to take him to a vibrant and seemingly authentic Mexican restaurant, Casa Chapala, across the street from our hotel. It took a little coaxing, but since he was tired and famished, his defeat came effortlessly.

We entered the restaurant and were quickly seated. Our waitress, a bubbly, young, red-headed gal, offered us drinks, listing a long string of Mexican beers in her melodious Spanish accent. Overwhelmed and puzzled, in his thick Greek accent my father replied, "Corona?" I could see his growing exasperation as we pored over the menu. In a final *coup de grace*, I encouraged him to order the chicken *fajitas*. "What is that?" he retorted. I described the dish and he nodded in half-hearted approval. Confident in my victory, I eagerly ordered for myself the chicken *mole*—a traditional dish consisting of stewed chicken in a sauce tinged with cocoa, among many other ingredients.

I could hardly contain my excitement: here I was, in a Mexican restaurant, about to indulge in one of my favorite cuisines! That my father was in a bona fide state of culture shock just added to the atmosphere of anticipation. Nonetheless, our meal was delicious, and for all of his reluctance, my father genuinely enjoyed Casa Chapala.

Seeking Out Latin Arts

The next day, by late morning what had begun as typical balmy Texas weather had quickly turned sticky, bordering on oppressive. Yet we had only a few hours left before the awards ceremony, and there was still so much to see.

We walked a bit of the Lady Bird Lake trail, a lovely, picturesque hike, and made it all the way to East 11th Street, toward the State Capitol, a famous tourist destination. Again we stumbled upon numerous Latino points of interest. La Peña, a studio and shop that was unfortunately closed at the

time, offers Austin residents the full spectrum of traditional and contemporary Latino art, and thereby also supports artistic development and provides exposure to emerging local artists. The Mexic-Arte Museum did not open until noon, but I made a mental note to find my way back there before the day ended. Along with the herd of tourists scattered along the green lawn of the State Capitol, my father and I took several pictures of that notable building and the various monuments. There was a commemorative staging of Spanish Tejanos and their contributions to Texas history, and a series of plaques describing the history of Tejanos and the current presence and role of Mexican Americans.

By the time we arrived back to the hotel, my father was tuckered out from touring and walking, and the stifling heat was beginning to rage. While he retired for an afternoon *siesta*, I made my way back down to the concierge, Liz, a lively and knowledgeable young lady who schooled me on Austin and its various districts. She spoke with regret of the former Rosewood neighborhood which, prior to its gentrification, had been home to a historically prominent Black community. She explained that it had been transformed into a ‘hipster’ area lined with trendy establishments and an emergent urban-gardening culture: fads that she claimed were of much interest to affluent white residents, but meant little to the Black populace of the area.

Liz went on to outline on the map the Mexican enclave along Cesar Chavez Street. She described the various grocers, restaurants, and shops that cater to the Mexican population of Austin. These include boutiques that sell dresses and other paraphernalia central to the *quinceañera*—the coming-of-age birthday celebration that young Latin women throughout the Americas observe when they turn 15.

Apart from the Chavez quarter, Liz spoke highly of the Emma S. Barrientos Mexican American Cultural Center, minutes away from the hotel. I was disappointed to read that the center is closed on Sundays, especially because I was hoping to catch a fascinating exhibit, *La Casita Blanca*, which included a collaborative community installation. Featured was a representation of an actual house in Austin that had been used for sex trafficking and exploitation. “At least eight immigrants were being held captive in the house at the time of the police investigation; rooms undecorated and unfurnished except for the bare mattress on the floor. These captives had nothing and survived under conditions of clear isolation and abuse, used as material for the economic gain of their captors” (Mexican American Cultural Center). The artists urged the public to visit the display and show their concern for the victims by adding items and other pieces to the installation that they believed could be of help to the survivors.

Since visiting the center wasn’t an option, I bid Liz farewell and caught a taxi to the Mexic-Arte. The museum was hosting two different, promising exhibitions, “Masked: Changing Identities” and “Unmasked: *Lucha Libre*”. As I walked through the doors of the museum, I looked around me in wonder. Five minutes into the showcase and I knew I was in for a treat.

The first exhibit featured intricate, colorful masks (recent acquisitions from the Patricia and Carmine De Vivi Mexican Mask Collection) as well as selected works from the museum’s permanent collection. According to the catalogue, on display were numerous Modern Mexican regional masks and their “varied uses in folkloric narratives, religious practices, regional pageantry, and popular art. With the hybridization of indigenous rituals and Spanish colonial practices, the regional mask facilitated the ongoing shift and negotiation of cultural identities in Mexico.” While I browsed through all of the magnificent masks that embellished the walls, a few especially caught my attention. The Dance of the Malinche, for example, described the role of Malinche, a key figure in the history of the conquest of Mexico. For some, “Malinche represented a traitorous figure in Mexican history, aiding the Spanish in their conquest of Mexico” (Mexic-Arte). Yet for others,

Malinche became recognized as the mother of the “*mestizo* or mixed-race people of the Americas” (Mexic-Arte).



Mask of La Malinche

Another incredible series of masks depicted the versatile role of the devil. In Mexico, “devils appear throughout multiple dance dramas and morality plays, representing an overarching archetype of the Christian devil, evil, or danger” (Mexic-Arte). The images associated with the devil figure in Mexico were first introduced by Spanish priests, and often contrasted with the “anthropomorphic and even zoomorphorphic” indigenous representations. The multihued masks are thus intriguing amalgamations of two different visions of the devil.



Devil Mask

The second noteworthy exhibit at Mexic-Arte was a pop-cultural display of masks commemorating *Lucha Libre*, the masked sport of freestyle fighting prominent in Mexican

continued on next page

Austin*continued from page 33*

culture. "Founded in Mexico City in 1933, this wrestling tradition quickly gained popularity in Mexico creating iconic masked, Herculean figures; the *luchador* mask constructs a veil of secrecy and promotes the mysterious fantasy of each figure that brandishes a mask, catapulting their role as quasi-superhero" (Mexic-Arte). What fascinated me most about this display was the multiple ways in which the



exhibit, I knew them only as two of the more goofy wrestlers in my son's action-figure collection.

Even though I was past the point of exhaustion, I left the museum thrilled and on foot. I wanted to savor the images I was fortunate to view. As a token of my visit to Mexic-Arte, I purchased a ceramic *Dia de los Muertos* (Day of the Dead) skull from the gift shop to add to my multiculturally adorned office. Having visited Mexico itself several times, this was one more piece of memorabilia I eagerly added to my humble collection.

Even the Bats are from Mexico

Before our weekend came to a bittersweet end, around 9:00 pm my father and I made one last stop: the infamous Congress Avenue Bridge, where we planned to witness the world's largest bat colony fly over Lady Bird Lake. According to Bat Conservation International, the bats under this bridge are "Mexican free-tailed bats that migrate each spring from central Mexico to various roosting sites throughout the Southwestern U.S." (batcon.org). Over 750,000 bats call Austin home, and hundreds of people line the bridge nightly to catch a glimpse of them. Talk about La Cultura: even the bats in Austin are Mexican! Like the hundreds of other spectators, my father and I waited patiently



luchador figure permeates the various aspects of Mexican identity, including cinema, pop culture, and even contemporary Chicano art. I was also able to trace the cultural importance and historical legacy of two modern-day American WWE superstars: Rey Mysterio and Sincara. Prior to this

for the winged creatures to make their mark. And several minutes later, to our amazement, the colony of bats began to encircle us in a furious, dark, whirlwind.

My weekend in Austin was more than I ever expected. It's always a pleasure to go sightseeing and explore uncharted territories, but the delightful satisfaction of being recognized for the work you do (and love), all wrapped in a getaway package, is overwhelmingly wonderful. I truly fell in love with the unexpectedly diasporic culture of Austin and the friendly people I encountered every step of the way. But in addition, when the dust has settled, the years have passed, and my father is no longer around to bear witness, this weekend will be a perfect memory to cherish. •

Summer Ethnic Festivals in Southeastern Michigan

Early April: Dance for Mother Earth PowWow. Crisler Arena, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor. <http://www.umich.edu/~powwow>.

Last weekend of May: Ya'ssoo Greek Festival. Saint Nicholas Greek Orthodox Church, Ann Arbor. www.annarborgreekfestival.org.

Memorial Day weekend: St. Mary's Polish Festival. St. Mary's Orchard Lake campus. <http://www.stmaryspolishcountryfair.com>.

First Saturday in June: African American Downtown Festival. E. Ann Street & N. 4th Avenue, Ann Arbor. <http://clpfestival.wix.com/a2africanamerican downtown festival>.

Early or mid-June: Chaldean Festival. Southfield Civic Center. Ikalou@chaldeanchamber.com.

Mid-June: Dearborn Arab International Festival. Warren Avenue between Schaefer and Wyoming Avenues, Dearborn. <http://www.americanarab.com>.

Mid-June: Carousel of the Nations multicultural festival. Riverfront Festival Plaza, Windsor. <http://www.windsorontario.worldweb.com/Events/Festivals>.

Second weekend of July: American-Polish Festival. American Polish Century Club, Sterling Heights. <http://www.americanpolishfestival.com>.

Late July: Arab and Chaldean Festival. Hart Plaza, Detroit. <http://www.arabandchaldeanfestival.com>.

First weekend of August: Puerto Rican Family Festival (Fiesta Boricua). Clark Park, Detroit. Information: Consuela Lopez at 313-718-1772.

Mid-August: African World Festival. Hart Plaza, Detroit. <http://thewright.org/african-world-festival>.

Global Workplaces: *The Future is Now*

by Randy Schwartz (SC Dept. of Mathematics)

Last May, I had the opportunity to visit a major facility of Verizon Communications, the telephone giant. The headquarters of its Verizon Business Global division are located in largely rural Ashburn, VA, and even given that name, it is globalized to a degree that I'd never imagined. I thought it worthwhile to share here what I learned.

My "tour guide" at the facility—let's call her Aisha—is an IT worker there and a dear friend of mine. She's a Muslim who studied computing here in the U.S. after immigrating from her native India decades ago.

There are about 4,000 employees at this single facility, and most of them are highly skilled Indian-born people like Aisha. Many of them hold H-1B visas, which are granted to foreign workers in "specialty occupations" who are admitted to the U.S. based on their professional education and skills. These are temporary, non-immigrant visas, so the holders are often willing to work for a little bit less than industry-standard salaries. Nonetheless, the Verizon workers are very highly paid, and apparently very satisfied. Aisha tells me that she'd be happy to work the rest of her career at Verizon. She lives in a nice new housing community only a 5- or 10-minute drive from work, and most of the other residents there are Indian, as well.

Life at a Globally-Distributed Workplace

Verizon Business Global is part of a *globally-distributed workplace*, which enables people to collaborate across vast distances. This development is made possible by the ability to transmit information at high speed and high bandwidth, the same technology that Verizon and its rivals are engaged in selling to customers. It makes whole new types of business collaboration possible, and spares the time and money that would otherwise be needed for employee travel.

The Verizon facility is located in Ashburn, a recently-rural, now rapidly-developing new exurb of the greater Washington area. The complex consists of about 10 large, modern, identical-looking multi-story buildings. The buildings are named A, B, C, etc., reflecting the lack of inherent functional distinctions among them. Each building is a honeycomb of individual cubicles, with a workstation apiece. Each floor has a pair of kitchens situated at opposite ends, for the workers to fix meals or eat snacks. Each building also has a prayer room for use by observant employees.

There is complete flex-time: no one is ever checked as to whether they work a certain number of hours each day or week, as long as they're getting their work done. If you want to stay home for a day or a half-day to take care of a sick child, catch up on the laundry, or receive a furniture delivery, that's fine. If you want to work late on a weekday, or work



Verizon Business Global, in largely rural Ashburn, VA, is part of a globally-distributed workplace. Most of the employees here are Indian-born IT professionals.

on weekends, that's fine, too. The traditional workplace relied on direct interaction among employees; everyone had to row at the same time. But distributed work is purely information-based, obviating the need for people to be tethered to one another. As a result, productivity and morale tend to improve.

What kind of work does Aisha do? It is highly technical and deadline-oriented, but isn't done in "real time". She's in the department that is charged with using SAP, a popular German-origin software package, to generate management reports concerning the tens of thousands of contracts that Verizon maintains at any given time with telecom (landline) customers. She has come to know this software "inside and out". Her expertise is relied upon both in-house and externally.

Colleagues Across the Ocean

The most striking thing about the organization of work at Verizon Business is that departments are organized electronically, not spatially. As an employee, you likely have nothing to do with the workers in any cubicle near you. Instead, your co-workers—those with whom you most closely interact—might be located in other cities, other continents.

Aisha has about 6-7 colleagues in her department, some located in India, others in Texas or elsewhere in the U.S. Each week, Aisha summarizes her activities in a report that she zaps off to her supervisor, who happens to be a Vietnamese immigrant in the Philadelphia area. Department meetings are done by teleconferencing. A worker might never come face-to-face with others in the same department, or even know what they look like unless she scopes out their Facebook pages. (Skyping on the job is not allowed.)

Of course, even as popular as SAP is today, no software package reigns supreme forever. And Verizon's current strategy in managing telecom contracts might one day be supplanted by a new approach. In that case, I assume that the relevant departments would be reconfigured to adjust to the new paradigm. If so, one could venture to conclude that it's the nature of this new mode of global high-tech work that it is organized in a functional, modular, and contingent way, *not only at the cubicle and building level* but at the department and division level as well.

New at Our Neighboring Schools

Last year, the **University of Michigan-Dearborn** established a new minor in Geography within its Dept. of Social Sciences. The minor consists of two prerequisite courses, a required course in geographic techniques, and at least nine credit hours of geography electives. To much controversy, a prestigious Geography Department at the University of Michigan-Ann Arbor was eliminated in 1982, part of a nationwide trend. Since then, however, globalization's impact and acceleration—and, as a result, awareness of geography's importance within academia—have intensified. Barry Wauldrone, a UM-Dearborn geography lecturer who has also taught at Schoolcraft, explained it this way for a UM reporter: "How are we supposed to be the leaders of the global economy when we don't know where anything is on the globe? With international trade, you have to understand other cultures to effectively deal with people and form human relationships. Knowledge of our physical geography and natural resources helps us understand where things come from and how they get here. All of this comes together to make somebody a better decision maker, and ultimately, what we need are more informed decision makers." For more information on the new program, visit <http://www.casl.umd.umich.edu/695720/>.

Wayne State University Law School Professor Peter Hammer was recently appointed to the Board of Directors of the Center for Khmer Studies, located in Wat Damnak in Siem Reap, Cambodia. Prof. Hammer has done grassroots work for justice and human rights in Cambodia since 1993. He is chairman of the Life and Hope Association, a nonprofit NGO that educates and cares for disadvantaged women and children in Siem Reap, and which is located in the same *wat* (temple complex) as CKS.

Lawrence Technological University recently signed a memorandum of understanding with Bahçeşehir University, a 15-year-old private educational institution in Istanbul, Turkey. The agreement clears the way for student and faculty exchanges and the development of joint degree and certificate programs. LTU has academic partnership agreements with more than 30 universities around the world, including in Germany, China, Brazil, and other countries.

The **University of Michigan-Dearborn** College of Business recently forged a partnership with Vellore Institute of Technology (VIT), a leading private university in the state of Tamil Nadu, India, with a focus on engineering. This school year at UM-D, 18 graduate students from VIT are pursuing a one-year master's program in business analytics, finance, or supply chain management; a second year will be spent back home enrolled in a program at VIT. When completed, the students will be awarded two master's degrees, one from each school.

Charles Beatty-Medina and Melissa Rinehart, who are Prof. of History at the **University of Toledo** and Professor of

Anthropology at **Miami University of Ohio–Middletown**, respectively, are the editors of a collection of research essays, *Contested Territories: Native Americans and Non-Natives in the Lower Great Lakes, 1700-1850* (Michigan State Univ. Press, 2012). Using ethnohistorical methodologies, the seven essays examine how the cultural dynamics of the region shifted rapidly as European settlers moved westward and intersected with Native Americans. In native communities, there were changes both in worldviews and in forms of resistance and self-determination.

Bruce M. Conforth, a lecturer in American Culture at the **University of Michigan** in Ann Arbor, recently published *African American Folksong and American Cultural Politics: The Lawrence Gellert Story* (Scarecrow Press, 2013). Between the World Wars, partly in conjunction with the Federal Writers' Project, Gellert amassed a vast collection of recordings of African-American folk music and oral literature. The American Left immediately adopted the protest songs as the voice of the "true American proletariat". Conforth, who grew up during the folk/blues revival of the 1960s as experienced in New York City's Greenwich Village, was the first Curator of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum.

Beth Tompkins Bates, Emerita Prof. of Africana Studies at **Wayne State University**, recently published *The Making of Black Detroit in the Age of Henry Ford* (Univ. of North Carolina Press, 2012). The book shows how Ford helped kindle the civil rights movement in Detroit without intending to do so. After Ford hired thousands of African Americans, many newly arrived from the South, the workers came to realize that Ford's anti-union "American Plan" didn't allow them full access to the American Dream. Along with the rise of the KKK and unfair housing practices, this eroded their loyalty and they sought empowerment through an activist agenda.

Joe T. Darden and Richard W. Thomas, who are Prof. of Geography and Emeritus Prof. of History at **Michigan State University**, respectively, have written *Detroit: Race Riots, Racial Conflicts, and Efforts to Bridge the Racial Divide* (Michigan State Univ. Press, 2013). The work explores roots of social inequality in the city and suburbs, and expands upon the black-white dynamic to address the more recent influx of Middle Eastern, Hispanic, and Asian populations. Unique among books on the subject, it pays special attention to post-1967 social and political developments in the city.

Richard Tillinghast, a poet, literary critic, and Emeritus Prof. of English at the **University of Michigan** in Ann Arbor, recently published *An Armchair Traveller's History of Istanbul: City of Forgetting and Remembering* (Haus Publishing, 2013). The book is an insightful, intimate guide to the tapestry of cultures, neighborhoods, and ideas that have shaped this city over time. The author first visited it in the early 1960s as editor-in-chief of the *Let's Go* travel guide, and has watched Istanbul evolve ever since. Tillinghast, a Memphis native who now lives in Ireland, gave a reading of his poetry at Schoolcraft College in 2001. His gripping poem "The World Is" was reprinted in *International Agenda* (Sep. 2006).

It's a Multicultural World— Right in Our Backyard!

See also the schedule of Summer ethnic festivals (page 34).

Oct. 25, 2013 – Apr. 27, 2014: “Foto Europa: 1840 to Present”. This exhibition features works of art from some of Europe’s most well-known artists and photographers, including Julia Margaret Cameron, Eugène Atget, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Robert Frank, Christian Boltanski, and Gerhard Richter, among others. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more info, call 313-833-7900 or see <http://www.dia.org/>.



From the Foto Europa exhibit: British author and art critic Elizabeth Rigby poses for this photo by David Octavius Hill, c. 1844. The Hill & Adamson studio in Edinburgh produced the world's first substantial corpus of self-consciously artistic photography.

Nov. 8, 2013 – Feb. 9, 2014: “Arts of the Middle East Uprisings”, a multimedia exhibit including photos of graffiti and street art, original cartoons, video and audio samples inspired by the Arab Spring. Arab-American National Museum, 13624 Michigan Ave., Dearborn. For more info, call 313-582-2266 or see <http://www.arabamericanmuseum.org/>.

Nov. 16, 2012 – Jan. 15, 2014: “Little Syria, NY: An Immigrant Community’s Life & Legacy”. This exhibit tells the story of a now-vanished Arab community in Lower Manhattan. Arab-American National Museum, 13624 Michigan Ave., Dearborn. For more info, call 313-582-2266 or see <http://www.arabamericanmuseum.org>.

Nov. 30, 2013 – Apr. 13, 2014: “Fragments from the Past: Islamic Art from the Collection of the Kelsey Museum of Archaeology”. Featuring vessels, architectural fragments, furniture, and other artifacts from the eighth to the nineteenth century and reflecting the brilliant diversity of the cultural traditions of Islam. Univ. of Michigan Museum of Art, 525 S. State St., Ann Arbor. For more info, call 734-764-0395 or see <http://www.umma.umich.edu/>.

Jan. 5 - May 4, 2014: “Nazi Persecution of Homosexuals”. This exhibit chronicles how the Nazi campaign against homosexuality targeted the more than one million German men who, the state asserted, carried a “degeneracy” that threatened the “disciplined masculinity” of the fatherland. Holocaust Memorial Center, 28123 Orchard Lake Road, Farmington Hills. For more info, see <http://www.holocaustcenter.org/>.

Jan. 9 – Mar. 16, 2014: “My Occasion of Sin”, Michigan premiere of the play by Monica Bauer. Two young girls, one Black, one white, a jazz drummer and an accordion player musically unite during the 1969 Omaha race riot. Detroit Repertory Theatre, 13103 Woodrow Wilson, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-868-1347 or e-mail DetRepTh@aol.com or see the website <http://detroitreptheatre.com/>.

Jan. 20 – Apr. 20, 2014: “Point of View: African American Masters from the Elliot and Kimberly Perry Collection”. This exhibit is divided into three sections: “The ‘New Negro’ Artists”, “The ‘Negro Renaissance’ Generation”, and “Realism and New Realities”. It features works by modern masters such as Henry Ossawa Tanner, Eldzier Cortor, Elizabeth Catlett, James Van Der Zee, and many others. Charles H. Wright Museum of African American History, 315 East Warren Ave., Detroit. For more info, call 313-494-5800 or see <http://www.thewright.org/>.

Jan. 24 – May 4, 2014: “Love & Play: A Pair of Paintings by Fragonard”. Playful and romantic in the Rococo style, Jean-Honoré Fragonard’s companion pieces “Blind-Man’s Buff” and the “The See-Saw” are reunited for the first time in 25 years. Gallery 28, Toledo Museum of Art, 2445 Monroe St., Toledo. For more info, call 419-255-8000 or see <http://www.toledomuseum.org>.

Jan. 25, 2014: Two local celebrations of Makara Sankranti, a traditional Hindu festival marking the arrival of Spring in South Asia. Authentic Indian music, dance, contests, and food are available for the general public.

- Organized by Ann Arbor Marathi Mandal. 4:30 pm. Towsley Auditorium, Washtenaw Community College, 4800 East Huron River Dr., Ann Arbor. For details and prices, call 313-598-3306 or 248-946-9267 or e-mail eventmanager@a2mm.org.
- Organized by Detroit Telugu Association. 5-11 pm. Novi High School, 24062 Taft Road, Novi. For details and prices, see www.detroittelugu.org.

Jan. 25, 2014: Free screening of “Tahrir Monologues”. Director Ahmed Abdallah and Egypt’s Qabila TV filmed live performances to create this film version of the stage play of the same name, a project for collecting and presenting real stories of individuals’ experiences in the democratic uprising centered in Cairo’s Tahrir Square. 7 pm. Lower Level Auditorium, Arab-American National Museum, 13624 Michigan Ave., Dearborn. For more info, call 313-582-2266 or visit the museum website, <http://www.arabamericanmuseum.org/>.

Jan. 27 – Apr. 27, 2014: “Besa: A Code of Honor”. This exhibit tells about the Muslim Albanian Righteous Among the Nations, a people who not only went out of their way to provide assistance to Jews under the threat of fascism, but even competed with each other for the privilege—making Albania the only European country where there were more Jews by the end of World War 2 than beforehand. Holoc-

continued on next page

Multicultural Calendar *continued from page 37*

caust Memorial Center, 28123 Orchard Lake Road, Farmington Hills. For more info, see <http://www.holocaustcenter.org/>.

Feb. 4, 2014: Concert by George Kahumoku Jr. and Ledward Kaapana, masters of the Hawaiian slack key guitar. Accompanied by two *hula* dancers. 8 pm. The Ark, 316 S. Main Street, Ann Arbor. For more info, call 734-761-1800 or see <http://www.theark.org/>.

Feb. 6-9, 2014: Shen Yun 2014. Reviving 5,000 years of Chinese civilization, this extravaganza includes classical, ethnic, and folk dance as well as orchestral accompaniment and soloists. Detroit Opera House, 1526 Broadway, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 888-880-4110 or see the website <http://www.detshows.com> or <http://www.michiganopera.org/>.

Feb. 7-16, 2014: Play, "In the Red and Brown Water". As a girl, Oya must choose between her dream of being a star athlete and caring for her mother. As a woman, she's torn between the man she lives with and the man she can't live without. This fusion of contemporary African-American culture and elements from Yoruba mythology is an inspiring story about how our choices make us who we are. Bonstelle Theatre, 3424 Woodward Ave., Wayne State University, Detroit. For more info, call 313-577-2972 or see <http://bonstelle.com>.

Feb. 11, 2014: Concert by Carlos Núñez, the undisputed master of the *gaita*, the bagpipes of Galicia in northern Spain. 8 pm. The Ark, 316 S. Main Street, Ann Arbor. For more info, call 734-761-1800 or see <http://www.theark.org/>.

Feb. 13, 2014: A free concert of Hindustani classical music. Featuring Pandit Sanjoy Bandopadhyay, an internationally recognized *sitar* player at the Rabindra Bharati University in Kolkata, India; and *tabla* player Pandit Samir Chatterjee. Organized by the Univ. of Michigan Center for World Performance Studies as part of the Winter 2014 UM Theme Semester, *India in the World*. 7:30 - 9:30 pm. Apse, Univ. of Michigan Museum of Art, 525 S. State St., Ann Arbor. [Note: Prof. Sanjoy Bandopadhyay will also give a musicology lecture, "Improvisation on the *Sitar*: Traditional Knowledge and Free Expression", on Feb. 14 at 5-6:30 pm at 506 Burton Memorial Tower, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor.] For more info, call 734-936-2777.

Feb. 13 – May 11, 2014: "The Art of the Louvre's Tuileries Garden". This glorious major exhibition explores the art, design, and evolution of Paris's famed Tuileries, presenting more than 100 paintings, photos, drawings, and sculptures by some of the most acclaimed European and American artists from the 17th-20th Centuries. Canaday Gallery, Toledo Museum of Art, 2445 Monroe St., Toledo. For more info, call 419-255-8000 or see <http://www.toledomuseum.org>.

Feb. 14, 2014: "Hijabi Monologues". Student Activities at the University of Michigan-Dearborn presents a full-length performance of this collection of stories portraying the experiences of American Muslim women. 6-9 pm. Venue to be decided; for more details, e-mail hijabimonologuesumd@gmail.com.

University Musical Society

Diverse cultures are reflected in the following selections from the UMS season, scheduled at various venues in Ann Arbor. For info and tickets, call 734-764-2538 or see <http://www.ums.org/>.

Feb. 7, 2014: One Night in Bamako (Malian music)

Feb. 14-15, 2014: Compagnie Käfig (Afro-Brazilian dance)

Feb. 19-22, 2014: "Théâtre des Bouffes du Nord: The Suit" (play set in South Africa)

Mar. 14, 2014: Alfredo Rodríguez Trio and Pedrito Martinez Group (Cuban)

Mar. 21, 2014: Asif Ali Khan (qawwali music of Pakistan)



Feb. 14-15, 2014: Presentations by To Sangana, the Wayne State University African Dance company. Featuring an African village of mini-workshops, a drum jam session, African/hip-hop dance, African food, and a make-and-take craft class. Allesee Dance Theatre, 4841 Cass Ave., Wayne State University, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-577-2972 or see <http://theatre.wayne.edu/ourshows.php>.

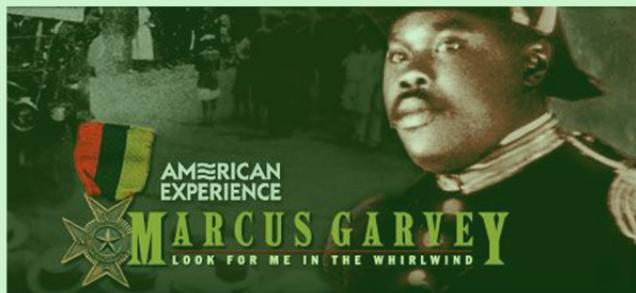
Feb. 14-16, 2014: Dance Theatre of Harlem. Detroit Opera House, 1526 Broadway, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-961-3500 or see <http://www.michiganopera.org/>.

Feb. 15, 2014: A free Indonesian *gamelan* performance. The ensemble of drums, gongs, and metallophones will be performing Javanese classical music and dance under the direction of famous Javanese musician and puppeteer Midiyanto. Organized by the Univ. of Michigan School of Music, Theatre & Dance. 8 pm. Walgreen Drama Center, Stamps Auditorium (North Campus), 1226 Murfin Ave., Ann Arbor. For more info, call 734-936-2777 or e-mail cwps.information@umich.edu.

Feb. 18, 2014: Concert by Malian guitarist Habib Koité, one of Africa's most popular and recognized musicians, who comes from a noble line of Khassonké *griots*. 8 pm. The Ark, 316 S. Main Street, Ann Arbor. For more info, call 734-761-1800 or see <http://www.theark.org/>.

Liberation Film Series

Begun in Sep. 2012, this film series aims to educate the community and its youth about the real world and the Black people—many unknown—who have struggled, globally, to make it better. A speaker-led interpretation and Q&A session follows each film. The events occur one Saturday a month, at 2-6 pm in the General Motors Theater, Charles H. Wright Museum of African American History, 315 E. Warren Ave., Detroit. For more info, call 313-494-5800 or see <http://www.thewright.org/liberation-film-series>.



January 18, 2014:

"The FBI's War on Black America"
"Assata Shakur – Autobiography Documentary"

February 22, 2014:

"Ida B. Wells: A Passion for Justice"

March 22, 2014:

"Marcus Garvey: Look For Me in the Whirlwind"

April 12, 2014:

"Lumumba"

May 17, 2014:

"Brother Minister: The Assassination of Malcolm X"

June 14, 2014:

"Scottsboro: An American Tragedy"

Feb. 22, 2014: Second annual Motor City Bhangra Competition. An Indian dance contest featuring more than a dozen of the best *bhangra* teams from North America. Organized by Pind Productions. Ford Performance Arts Theatre, 15801 Michigan Ave, Dearborn. For info and tickets, call Gary Khehra at 734-968-4125 or e-mail bhangra@motorcitybhangra.com or visit the website <http://www.motorcitybhangra.net>.

Mar. 4-9, 2014: "Porgy and Bess". A new staging of the Gershwin's operatic story of African-Americans in Charleston, SC, in the early 1920s. Detroit Opera House, 1526 Broadway, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-961-3500 or see <http://www.michiganopera.org>.

Mar. 9 – Jun. 1, 2014: "Samurai: Beyond the Sword". This exhibit is a rare opportunity to experience the world of the Japanese Samurai. Broadening the stereotype of the warrior, it explores the role of the military arts and the importance of Samurai engagement in the cultural, spiritual, and art worlds of their time. Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Avenue, Detroit. For more info, call 313-833-7900 or see <http://www.dia.org>.

Mar. 16, 2014: "Brundibár", a children's opera by Czech Jewish composer Hans Krásá with a libretto by Adolf Hoffmeister, originally performed by the children of Theresienstadt concentration camp in Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia. A sort of fairytale in which the evil, mustachioed organ grinder Brundibár represents Hitler. 2:30 pm. Detroit Opera House, 1526 Broadway, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-961-3500 or see <http://www.michiganopera.org/>.

Mar. 21, 2014: "The Reform Process in Cuba: Context and Prospects", a talk by Mauricio Font, Director of the Bildner Center for Western Hemisphere Studies and Professor of Sociology at the CUNY Graduate Center. Co-sponsored by the Women of Color in the Academy Project and the Center for the Education of Women, and hosted by the Univ. of Michigan Dept. of American Culture. 4 pm. Room 3512, Haven Hall, 505 S. State St., Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor. For more info, contact Prof. Silvia Pedraza at pedraza@umich.edu.

Mar. 27 – May 18, 2014: "Brother of All", world premiere of the play by Jim Henry. A mystery about three men infused with Cherokee legend and loyalty. Detroit Repertory Theatre, 13103 Woodrow Wilson, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-868-1347 or e-mail DetRepTh@aol.com or see <http://detroitreptheatre.com/>.

Apr. 3, 2014: 13th annual Multicultural Fair, a vibrant celebration of the international cultures on our campus. 10 am – 3 pm. DiPonio Room, VisTaTech Center, Schoolcraft College, 18600 Haggerty Road, Livonia. For more info, contact Josselyn Moore at jmoore@schoolcraft.edu.



Nuyorican
playwright
José Rivera

Apr. 3-13, 2014: "Marisol", a magical-realist drama by José Rivera, a playwright who was born in Puerto Rico and grew up in New York. In the play, which won the 1993 Obie Award, a young Latina copy-editor in Manhattan has her life turned upside-down when a guardian angel tells her that God has become senile and a celestial civil war is about to commence in the streets of Brooklyn. Presented by the Univ. of Michigan Dept. of Theatre & Drama. Walgreen Drama Center, Arthur Miller Theatre (North Campus), 1226 Murfin Ave., Ann Arbor. For details and tickets, see <http://www.music.umich.edu/>.

Multicultural Calendar *continued from page 39*

Apr. 17-20, 2014: "Les Misérables". A new production of the musical by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg, based on Victor Hugo's epic 1862 novel of hope and redemption, revolution and romance. Presented by the Univ. of Michigan Dept. of Musical Theatre. Power Center, Univ. of Michigan, 121 Fletcher St., Ann Arbor. For info and tickets, see <http://www.music.umich.edu/>.

Apr. 27 – May 7, 2014: 16th annual Lenore Marwil Jewish Film Festival. Organized by the Jewish Community Center of Detroit. Berman Center for the Performing Arts, 6600 W. Maple Rd., West Bloomfield. For more info, call Shari Lebo at 248-432-5453 or e-mail slebo@jccdet.org or see <http://www.jccdet.org>.

May 10-18, 2014: "Turandot". Puccini's final opera, set in ancient Peking, tells the story of the beautiful Princess Turandot, who resolves to let no man possess her and decrees that any suitor must answer three riddles or die. Detroit Opera House, 1526 Broadway, Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-961-3500 or see <http://www.michiganopera.org/>.

Jun. 4-8, 2014: Cinetopia International Film Festival. Various venues in Ann Arbor. For more info, see <http://www.cinetopiafestival.org/>.

Early- or mid-Jul. 2014: 22nd annual Concert of Colors, metro Detroit's free, multi-day diversity festival bringing together the area's communities and ethnic groups. Musical acts from around the world, ethnic food and merchandise, musician-led workshops, a Forum on Community, Culture & Race, and a large children's tent. Organized by the Arab Community Center for Economic and Social Services (ACCESS) and partners. For more info, see <http://www.concertofcolors.com>.

Sankofa Film Series

The University of Michigan-Dearborn is screening this series of diverse documentaries on famous American writers of color. Refreshments and free admission and parking are provided; following each film there will be a discussion facilitated by local experts. Programs are on the third Friday of the month at 6:15-9 pm at the Univ. of Michigan Detroit Center, 3663 Woodward Ave., Detroit. For more information, call 313-593-3584.

Feb. 21, 2014:
"Lucille Clifton and Sonia Sanchez: Good Women"

Mar. 21, 2014:
"James Baldwin: The Price of the Ticket"

Apr. 18, 2014:
"Zora Neale Hurston: Jump at the Sun"

Detroit Film Theatre

Among the films in the forthcoming DFT season, the following were made (and/or set) in the regions indicated. This venue is located at the John R. Street entrance to the Detroit Institute of Arts, 5200 Woodward Ave., Detroit. For details and tickets, call 313-833-4005 or see <http://www.dia.org/detroitfilmtheatre/14/DFT.aspx>.

- Jan. 17-25, 2014:
"The Great Beauty" (Italy, 2013)
- Jan. 18, 2014:
"Port of Shadows" (France, 1938)
- Feb. 21- Mar. 2, 2014:
"The Selfish Giant" (England, 2013)
- Feb. 22, 2014:
"Princess Mononoke" (Japanese animé, 1997)
- Feb. 28- Mar. 9, 2014:
"Bethlehem" (Israel, 2013)
- Mar. 7-9, 2014:
"The Rocket" (Laos, 2013)
- Mar. 28-30, 2014:
"Child's Pose" (Romania, 2013)



In "Child's Pose", Luminita Gheorghiu gives a riveting performance as a steely, well-to-do Bucharest architect determined to keep her 30-something deadbeat son out of jail after a deadly car crash.

- Mar. 28 – Apr. 6, 2014:
"In Bloom" (Republic of Georgia, 2013)
- Mar. 29, 2014:
"Nausicaa of the Valley of the Wind" (Japanese animé, 1997)
- Apr. 4-13, 2014:
"Cousin Jules" (France, 1973)
- Apr. 5, 2014:
"The Sword of Doom" (Japan, 1965)
- Apr. 12, 2014:
"13 Assassins" (Japan, 2009)
- Apr. 18, 2014:
"A Story of Floating Weeds" (Japan, 1934)
- Apr. 18-26, 2014:
"Exhibition" (UK, 2013)
- Apr. 19, 2014:
"Yojimbo" (Japan, 1961)
- Apr. 25-27, 2014:
"Faust" (Germany, 2011)
- Apr. 27, 2014:
"The Last of the Unjust" (Theresienstadt, 2013)
- May 30, 2014:
"The Twilight Samurai" (Japan, 2004)