

## A Letter from "The Travellers"

By Jennifer Hitch  
Contributing

Above the Croft door is a sign that reads, "St. Andrews at Brunnenburg." It reminds us that we are still, as Neal Bushoven likes to put it, "in college." It reminds us that Bill and Martha will grade our Freud papers, that we'd better get to work on our Argo projects for Sizzo, and that Mary is still waiting for the day when we all can recite the lines from Dante. Sometimes it's easy to forget.

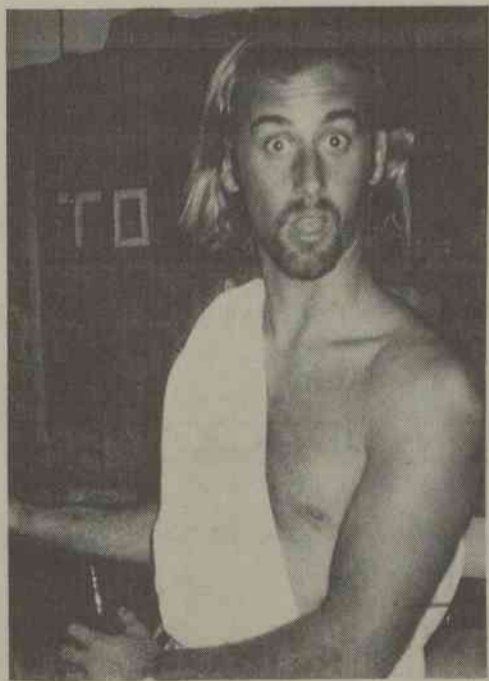
It's especially easy to forget when you are half way around the world. And we have been. Between the 14 of us we have been to Innsbruck, the Italian Rivera, Florence, Verona, Bologna, Sienna, Ferrara, Morocco, the Alps, London, Greece, Geneva, Pisa, Venice, Rome, and Pompeii. That's a lot of hours on trains and ferries. That's a lot of hours to discover what you are made of.

Each Brunnenburg group develops its own personality. Mary has dubbed us "The Travellers." That makes it difficult to describe our time here. Ask any prior or present Brunnenburger why she or he chose the semester here and you will inevitably hear, "for the typical Brunnenburg experience." It doesn't exist. But then again, that's not really what we mean. What we mean is personal. The Brunnenburg experience is all about persons. It is about placing a person in a foreign environment, without the conveniences of familiarity, and challenging that person intellectually, physically, and culturally. It is about taking a diverse group of people and finding out what it takes to build a functioning community. It is about going back to the origins whether they be of poetry, agroarchaeology, philosophy, or psychology. Pound says that we must always go back to the source. Brunnenburg is definitely a source.

Because our time here has been so well-travelled, it makes it almost impossible to characterize it in one article. I could describe our nights around the campfires trying to remember the words to "Homeward Bound," or our fighting over the last of Brigitte's cooking, or our conversations at Sunday tea with Mary. But what tells the story better are the individual voices. Only Amy can tell you about her adoptive grandparents. Only Margaret can tell you about driving through Medina. Only part of us can tell you about Opus 1. It is these personal stories that we have shared with each other that have added to the knowledge, humor, and history of our Brunnenburg experience. And it is these stories that we can't wait to share with you.

And you would be happy for the smell of that place  
And never tired of being there, either alone  
Or accompanied.

EP Cantos XX



## Cultures in Collision

By Kim Hallin and  
Margaret Rada  
Contributing

Stepping off the ferry onto the African continent, two naive yet curious American women eager to have a totally different Fall Break experience, we recognized that all of our expectations would soon be exceeded. As Jamey Donaldson, John Cox, and the two of us began walking toward Tangier, the warm air was filled with a rich combination of stenches - leather, lamb, hash, excrement. Foreign voices attacked from every direction, commanding us, inviting us, threatening us, tempting us. We were allowed no time to stop and collect ourselves, but quickly hustled along by the momentum of those around us. The donkey cart taxis, camel-ridden beaches, guides de tourisme officiel (all named Mohammed), and bombardment of Arabic and French overwhelmed, yet whetted our appetites for the adventure to come.

As two free-thinking, strong-willed women, we were frustrated by our lack of independence in Morocco. Physical threats toward women are a reality that cannot be ignored in this country, and any urges to venture out too far on our own had to be stifled. Although we were grateful for the security John and Jamey provided, as well as their sensitivity to our position, the

subordinate role was trying. We were willing to make the sacrifice however, in order to safely experience as many aspects of Moroccan culture as possible.

We were first aware that our undeniable femininity would prevent us from escaping treatment as objects within minutes of our arrival. This realization hit when John was approached and indiscretely offered 4,000 camels for "the lovely American ladies." Fortunately John had previously travelled in Arab countries and knew how to tactfully refuse. He later found an offer of 40,000 camels and two carpet shops in Ourazazate considerably more tempting. Much to Margaret's dismay, John displayed an interest to the shopkeeper, insisting on proof of the camel's existence! When it became obvious that such proof could not be produced, John begrudgingly left the shop with Margaret in tow.

Experiences such as these are just a few of the many examples of ways in which we had to adapt to a very different role as females. Adjusting our clothing so that we did not expose too much of our bodies (i.e. no shorts), being a complete minority in small, desert towns where women did not play roles visible to outsiders, and having to

completely ignore stares, whistles, and comments (that were usually more than enough to provoke a response) were other necessary ameliorations and behavior (we realized they were primarily threats issued by people with a different conception of sexuality and gender roles), there was a sense of violation of the freedom and personal rights to which we are accustomed.

Playing word games and singing off-key Eagles as we toured the country in our cramped, rental Renault 4, running over an old Muslim woman in the Medina of Marrakesh (ask Margaret for details!), bread, cheese, and water interspersed with mint tea and Tangene, all combine as integral components of this venture. Though the bombardment of our senses and specific individual experiences will long remain in each of our minds. The most unforgettable aspect of the journey has to be the personal insight we gained about the roles of women in different societies. Realizing that our own culture is far from perfect, never again will we be able to take for granted the freedom and opportunity we experience as American women. Morocco was indeed a different - yet stimulating, challenging, and educational Fall Break Experience.



## A History Lesson from Berlin

By Jennifer Hitch  
Contributing

October 5, 1990; two days after German Reunification, I found myself sitting in an Irish pub talking with American soldiers about the changes in Berlin. They were all ready to tell me how the American troops repeatedly beat the French at war games, and how the British troops always ended up fighting with the locals. But that really wasn't what I was after. I wanted to know what it was like to see history change before your eyes. Mark, a psychology graduate from Michigan University, had been living in Berlin for the past year and he had seen all the stages in the removal of the wall. You would think that they would've been celebrating at the wall. Instead, on October 4th, there was fighting and looting and tear gas at the Brandenburg Gate. The picture Mark painted was a sad one: The East Berliners flooding into the West with a loss of pride and the West Berliners all snarling at their new visitors who crowded their streets and threatened their jobs. "There's not much for us to do anymore," he said. "We used to have a toy city where we practiced maneuvers, you know. We'd get out the guns, attack the U-bahn. Then the Russians would get out their guns and we'd sit and stare at each other. We'd talk sometimes. Now the government has sold our

city to make housing for the East Berliners."

The next day I walked with Kim Hallin and Diane Healy to the Brandenburg Gate. We walked past the merchant and over to where the Wall used to stand. Suddenly it struck me as being real. A year ago I had sat in Winston-Salem main lounge listening to a lecture sponsored by the History Club on the possibilities of a German Reunification. Then, I had received it as interesting speculation. And now, I was walking across a field where the barrier used to stand. I was in the unified Germany. I had watched history come to pass. I thought of the millions of attempts at crossing that line. For me, it was all so terribly easy. As we crossed over into the back streets of East Berlin we saw the contrast from the bright lights of the West. The walls were riddled with bullet holes. There was a flag folded in the shape of a hung soldier in protest. There was the Haus am Check Point Charlie, the museum that houses the stories of those people on both sides of the Wall. The stories were heart-breaking. For me, it was a timely lesson. It reminded me that we are never as isolated as we think. We are all the benefactors of history.

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