

Diversity at Mason

The Fulbright Experience



Edited by

Sandarshi Gunawardena

Karen Rosenblum

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A GEORGE MASON PUBLICATION ON DIVERSITY
FROM THE DIVERSITY RESEARCH GROUP AND THE OFFICES OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

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The Fulbright Experience

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June 2008

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Cover: This statue of the Chinese philosopher and educator Confucius was donated to the university in April 2008 by the Hong Kong Confucian Academy, China. The statue symbolizes Mason's commitment to international education and exchange. Photo by Evan Cantwell.

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FOREWORD

THE DIVERSITY RESEARCH GROUP consists of administrative and instructional faculty who have been meeting once a semester since Spring 2004. It includes participants from Institutional Assessment, Institutional Research, a variety of offices in University Life, the Student Media Group, the Writing Center, and faculty from Anthropology, Education, English, Psychology, Public and International Affairs, and Sociology. The group has come together not out of any formal directive but from a shared interest in the topic.

And the topic? Each meeting begins with the same reminder: George Mason is a highly diverse institution, and it is diverse in unusual ways. It is also marked by remarkable levels of collaboration across instructional, student affairs, and institutional support sectors. What better location from which to consider the impact of diversity on higher education? Over the years, members of the group have presented papers, panels, and workshops at professional meetings, published research findings, and shared information with one another—much of that made possible by support from the Offices of University Life.

A year after its establishment, the group began a series of pilot efforts to examine the nature and implications of diversity at Mason. Those efforts produced the first two volumes in the *Diversity at Mason* series—*Student Reflections* (June, 2006) and *Valuing Written Accents: Non-native Students Talk about Identity, Academic Writing, and Meeting Teachers' Expectations* (June, 2007).

This third volume in the series offers reflections from some of the Mason students and faculty who have been named Fulbright Scholars and who, in that capacity, have studied, taught, and conducted research abroad and at Mason. The inspiration for this volume came from two sources: the university's receipt of the Institute of International Education's award for internationalizing the campus and a set of visual panels on the Mason Fulbright Experience organized by Sandarshi Gunawardena, Assistant Director of International Programs and Services, for the university's 2007 Celebration of International Education. The essays included in this volume illustrate the impact that the opportunity to study or teach abroad can have not only on par-

ticipants, but also on their scholarship, students, and university. The insights the essays provide are thoughtful and sometimes deeply moving. I hope you enjoy them.

Karen Rosenblum
Department of Sociology and Anthropology
Convener, Diversity Research Group

PREFACE

The shaping of attitudes is, or ought to be, the primary objective of our foreign policy.... If there is any key to survival and security in the nuclear age, it probably does not lie in new and improved international peace-keeping organizations, nor in elaborate schemes for disarmament, which has proven historically to be of the most intractable of international problems, but in the personal attitudes of people and their leaders, in their willingness to place at least some of the common requirements of humanity over the conflicting aspirations of nations and ideologies.... Encouraging habits of practical cooperation...[through] cultural and educational exchanges... are probably the most rewarding of all forms of international cooperation.

Senator J. William Fulbright
The Arrogance of Power, 1966

PROPELLED BY HIS ASPIRATIONS for a “peaceful community of nations” and a world imbued with more tolerance and understanding, in 1946 Senator J. William Fulbright’s vision gave birth to the Fulbright program, an international exchange that provides a variety of educational opportunities for people of the United States and people of other countries. The Fulbright program has offered opportunities for students, scholars, and future leaders of the United States and over 155 countries around the world to engage in scholarly activities and pursue academic goals. Moreover, in this process it has afforded them the chance to immerse themselves in the social and cultural milieu of these countries and gain a deeper understanding of the people and their beliefs and values, thereby shaping their own and those of the people around them when they return to their home countries. It has helped build bridges of life-long friendship and has forged connections for scholarly activities that have lasted beyond the Fulbright tenure.

In 1991, while a graduate student in Sri Lanka, I had the tremendous good fortune of being awarded a Fulbright scholarship to pursue graduate studies in the United States. I was one of three very privi-

leged students who were hand-picked not only to study in the United States but to be ambassadors from Sri Lanka. Immersed in the ideals of its creator, the Fulbright program imbued in me a greater purpose beyond the attainment of a graduate degree. My Fulbright experience was a life changing experience. It gave me my first opportunity to study abroad and took me to places, intertwined me with people, afforded me rich experiences, and exposed me to thoughts and ideas that I could only have dreamt of. I recall my late father echoing the thoughts of Senator Fulbright as he bid me adieu at the airport on the day I was leaving the shores of Sri Lanka to begin my Fulbright journey. “It is not just a scholarship, it is your opportunity to make a difference”; and it is just this that the Fulbright afforded me. Of course I completed my graduate degree in architecture successfully. But the more subliminal and enduring experiences, the deeper learning that came from sharing and learning cross-culturally that was cultivated during these years, have had a lasting impression. It is this belief in the deeper purpose of international education and exchange that has shaped my outlook—to be challenged to straddle two careers, two countries, and multiple realities, and to relish the wonder and richness of sharing and learning from the diversity of humanity.

This volume is a collection of personal accounts from students and scholars at Mason who, like me, have meandered through this wonderful Fulbright journey at various junctures in their lives. These are but a handful of the stories of the in-bound and out-bound Fulbright scholars currently at Mason—their voices perhaps echo some of the stories of the others. The collection stems from a visual panel presented during the Celebration of International Education held during International Week in 2007, in which Fulbrighters briefly described the impact of that experience on their lives. The great richness of those accounts was powerful testimony, inspiring awe and hope and drenched with so much potential. The stories presented here are an intermingling of accounts of in-bound foreign students who had their Fulbright years in the United States and out-bound Americans who went across the world as ambassadors. They all had an academic mission to accomplish, be it teaching, research, or studying. But underlying these activities are their personal encounters with other cultures, and the challenges, transformations, and connections that occurred through these encounters.

These essays are thematically organized around four major threads. In the first grouping, “Reorienting,” Nguyen Manh Hung, Jeffrey Stewart, David Haines, Elizabeth Chong, and Ronald Rotunda each describe the manner in which their own conceptions and values about their country and its place in the world, and in turn their own place in the world, were challenged and reconfigured. In the second group, titled “Changing,” David Kravitz, Lawrence Butler, Beth Bullard, Burcu Borhan, and Harold Linton describe the many—and often profound—personal and professional transformations that occurred during their Fulbright experience. These stories illustrate the power of sometimes uncomfortable encounters to forge new views and values and a greater appreciation for what is different. In the third group of essays, “Teaching,” Rosemarie Zagarrri, Marion Deshmukh, Karen Rosenblum, and Steven Copley consider their experience of cross-cultural teaching and scholarship, and how these have stimulated new ways to think and engage students. The final group of essays speaks to the lasting impressions and ties that are formed by the Fulbright experience. Titled “Reminiscing,” in these final essays Rex Wade, Hazel McFerson, Saravanan Muthaiyah, and Kevin McCrohan remember the friendships and professional affiliations that have been fostered and that overcome the boundaries of place and time.

This collection of stories is far more than nostalgic recollection. It is a profound window onto the lasting quality of impressions; the forming of understanding, empathy, and tolerance amongst people; the appreciation of one’s own identity; the blurring of boundaries between self and other; the shaping of values and beliefs; and the creation of connections and cooperation that stretch beyond the limits of academic exchange.

Sandarshi Gunawardena
Office of International Programs and Services

I

REORIENTING

Nguyen Manh Hung
Public and International Affairs

LEAVING AND RETURNING:
UNITED STATES, 1960-65 AND VIETNAM, 2006

MINE IS A RARE CASE of being a two-directional Fulbrighter. I came to the United States in 1960 as a graduate student from Vietnam under a Fulbright scholarship. Half a lifetime later, in 2006, I returned to Vietnam as an American professor. Between my two Fulbrights, I had gone through the best time of my life as well as the worst, and I had witnessed tremendous change in the two countries.

When I left Saigon in 1960, Vietnam was a divided country and South Vietnam was mostly at peace. I came to the United States as a young man full of hope and aspirations; America was prosperous and powerful, its people optimistic and gentle, and jobs were plentiful for those with a college education. There were Kennedy, idealism, and the call for a New Frontier. In 1965, when I returned to Vietnam upon graduation, the war had begun to escalate. Vietnam had become a battlefield between the “free world” and the communist bloc, a test case for Kennedy’s counter-insurgency warfare and nation-building against Khrushchev’s “wars of national liberation.”

The experiment failed. I left for the United States in 1975 as a refugee, defeated and saddened by the Vietnam experience, and found an America reeling from Watergate and the defeat in South Vietnam. The American people were divided, the government was distrusted, and the nation was suffering from an oil crisis and a mild recession. While I was away, America had achieved a peaceful revolution in terms of racial and gender equality. The number of community colleges had exploded. My alma mater—the University of Virginia—had gone co-ed, coats and ties had been replaced by jeans and T-shirts. Political

correctness was becoming part of contemporary values. Yet, for a refugee who was given a second chance to resume my teaching career and to rebuild my shattered life, America was still the land of opportunity and the home of the free. As I returned to the United States in 1975, Vietnam was about to be reunified, the end of the war ushering in a period of economic hardship and political suffering. There were “socialist transformation,” “reeducation camps,” and the “boat people.” Vietnam and the United States were enemies and would soon confront each other over the war in Cambodia.

With my second Fulbright award in 2006, I returned to Vietnam, to a different country. Thirty-one years had passed since I left. I had left Saigon on the last day of the war, when it was the capital of South Vietnam. When I returned, I landed in Hanoi, the capital of a united Vietnam. The country was at peace, twenty years of economic reforms had resulted in rapid growth, and a new generation of Vietnamese born after the war was changing the face of the society. Vietnam and the United States had normalized their diplomatic relations; American soldiers returned to Vietnam not to fight, but to build friendship. The Fulbright office in Hanoi was headed by a Vietnamese, not by an American official as in Saigon during the war. In the summer of this Fulbright, Vietnam was busily preparing for the much anticipated visit of the leader of its former enemy, President George W. Bush, and Vietnamese youth were eager to embrace American culture and lifestyle.

In the 1960s I had come to the United States to study International Relations. My years in the United States shaped my career, my outlook, and my life. I acquired new knowledge and made some lifelong friendships. Upon my return to Vietnam after my graduation, I became a professor of International Relations. The education acquired in my first Fulbright helped me write a book on International Relations, the first text of its kind in the Vietnamese language. To my surprise and sadness, it is still the only text in Vietnamese on International Relations. It has been used as a reference book by many professors at both Hanoi National University and the National University of Ho Chi Minh City who are teaching International Relations for the first time. Vietnam is a communist country ruled by an authoritarian government, and International Studies is a very new and sensitive field of study that has only been recently allowed by the authorities. My book was xeroxed for personal use, but not sold in book shops.

I have a fond memory of the Institute of International Education (IIE) and the Council for the International Exchange of Scholars (CIES), which were involved in both of my Fulbright experiences. The IIE arranged for me to be picked up when I first landed in the strange and wonderful land of my youthful dream, the United States of America. But once in school, my only “official” contact was the university’s sympathetic and supportive foreign student adviser; there was no arrangement for the six selected Fulbright students from Vietnam to get together before departure or to remain in touch once they were in the United States. There was no way I could know how to keep in touch with all the other Fulbright grantees that had come to the United States that year.

My second Fulbright experience was different. No one came to the airport to pick me up when I returned to Vietnam as a Fulbright professor—perhaps because we were now treated as experienced adult travelers—but the Fulbright program in Vietnam was larger and better organized. A few days after I arrived in Hanoi, I was invited to a reception for all former and current Fulbright scholars from both countries—Vietnam and the United States—where I could see for myself the excitement of the new grantees and the pride of former recipients of Fulbright scholarships from Vietnam. There were periodic orientation meetings at universities outside of Hanoi for all the current American Fulbright scholars, so that they could exchange experiences, share their concerns with officials from the embassy’s Fulbright office, and get in touch with Vietnamese students. The cell phone, the internet, the small number of grantees who all came from one country, and good organization helped create a better bond among the American Fulbright scholars in Vietnam and between them and the officials in the embassy’s Fulbright office. It was through this kind of networking that I learned about my group.

My group in 2006 included a few professors and a larger number of graduate students working on their M.A or Ph.D. theses. It was a quite diverse group. The professors had their personal connections and their set opinions about Vietnam and its political system. The students seemed to have experienced more problems than the professors. Of the students, two were Vietnamese-Americans, and they appeared to be less susceptible to the manipulations of the host country. One young, idealistic Vietnamese-American student was involved with helping the shoe-shine boys while pursuing his own research; he was

disappointed, frustrated, and left the program before his term ended. Everyone, myself included, had serious problems with accessing information on Vietnam, partly due to bureaucratic inertia, and also partly due to the secretive nature of the political system and the fear of responsibility. The process of getting permission to access information was excruciatingly slow and, in the end, one might not get the information that one needed. The Ph.D. candidates complained about official manipulation and shared with us their reactions to that. Some of the younger American students had gone “native.” One worked closely with a local party group, adopted a Vietnamese name, performed with the group, sang “revolutionary” songs that most Vietnamese no longer cared for, and eventually married a local Vietnamese and gave birth to a child. Another had parents leaving the United States for Vietnam “because they could not stand the Bush administration.”

Different people operate under different circumstances; I had my own peculiar situation. Before 1975, in addition to my academic career, I had been a member of the government of the Republic of [South] Vietnam. Had I failed to escape from Saigon on the last day of the war, I would have been accused by the victors of owing a “blood debt” to the people, incarcerated in a “reeducation camp,” humiliated, likely tortured, and possibly died like a number of my friends. But by 2006, Vietnam was a different country. It had undergone twenty years of reform, opened itself to the world, sought friendship and support from the United States and reconciliation with overseas Vietnamese, especially those living in America. I was received in Vietnam as a respectable scholar perceived to be fair and knowledgeable about both Vietnam and the United States and as a potential bridge between the two countries and peoples, including Vietnamese-Americans. I also had a chance to return to my village, visit the tombs of my ancestors and, after more than half-a-century of war and ideological conflict, reconnect with and be embraced by my relatives who had fought on the other side of the tragic war.

My language capability and my understanding of both Vietnamese and American cultures and societies gave me clear advantage in conducting research and interacting with Vietnamese colleagues and students. I was invited to give a few seminars to faculty and graduate students at both Hanoi National University and the National University of Ho Chi Minh City and to brief the Prime Minister’s Research Group. It was a privilege and pleasure to lecture an audience—faculty, stu-

dents, and high officials—who were eager to learn new knowledge and to know more about the United States. The trust I gained and the personal connections I made gave me access to sources and views that could not be obtained under normal circumstances. While most of my important interviews were off-the-record, they provided me with precious information and a background that helped me have a better understanding of the current situation and made me a better teacher when I returned to George Mason University. The Fulbright award gave me an opportunity to learn new things, to make new friends, to share knowledge, to feel useful, and to be able to be part of the program's mission, which is to promote mutual understanding and friendship between countries and peoples.

Working and traveling between two countries has helped me have a deeper appreciation of what this country has provided me. During one of my lectures, a Vietnamese student asked me what I valued most in the United States. I told him, for me, it was political freedom and access to information and that, once you had them, you would not want to live in any country where they were lacking. The day I left Hanoi airport, about thirty travelers, staying in no clear lines, were shoving one another to compete for the attention of one airline official at the ticket counter. The evening I arrived in the United States, about two hundred people were standing in one single line, patiently winding their way to five immigration counters; the process was orderly and smooth. As the taxi driver drove me out of the airport into the four-lane highway past big buildings and vast open space, I felt a sense of order, peace, and freedom, things that many young Americans take for granted.

Jeffrey C. Stewart
History and Art History

THE PUBLIC SPHERE:
ITALY, 2003

IN RETROSPECT, it is hard to remember anything negative about spending the winter and spring of 2003 in Rome. The weather was wonderful, especially compared to Fairfax, Virginia, and the city was a marvelous concatenation of delights, noises, and epiphanies—like a magic carpet ride back to a time before shopping malls, superhighways, and planned obsolescence. My students at the University of Rome III were great, if much fewer in number than I had anticipated; as a teacher of an undergraduate and two graduate classes, I was surprised to find that the total number I taught came to only eleven.

My teaching, no less than my living, in Rome was a surprise in other ways as well—to realize that American Studies was taught only as part of a language program that began with English and only eventually, and somewhat divertingly, ended up teaching American literature, history, and culture. What made it so much fun to teach in Rome was that Italians did not take American civilization too seriously. America is a fascinating artifact, a feared super-power, but mainly a curiosity, a diversion, a fantasy, to be indulged, surely, and to be teased, of course, but, like everything else, to be put aside, eventually, for something else. What I lost in Rome was that sense Americans carry around with them or have narrated to them by others, the idea that America is the only good place on earth and you better agree with that. No, in Rome, in Italy, you realize that everyone does not believe that, and no one will punish you if you start not to believe it yourself. That was refreshing, because the best part of being a Fulbright Professor in Rome was that I was allowed to not take myself too seriously, and for once, I reveled in the freedom that allowed me.

Of course, there was much that was very serious: sitting in Rome watching Colin Powell mislead the UN about the presence of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq was one of the saddest of things that I witnessed. More fun was to amble outside of my tiny apartment near the Coliseum and see Italians demonstrating against the war almost every day of the week. That demonstrating allowed them to skip the after-

noon portion of their work was, of course, an important motivation. But the incessant demonstrations showed something else, something much more important—how much the Romans loved and enjoyed one another publicly, how they reveled in the Habermasian public sphere in ways and at levels of ecstasy unseen in America. Roman public exuberance showed me that Romans really love one another, love their city, and love being in close public proximity to one another—riding on cars, draping them with peace flags, yelling slogans to one another with a joy of living seldom if ever witnessed in America.

When I returned to America, the absence of public expressions of joy was even more obvious than I could have imagined. When I returned in the summer of 2003, still months away from admitting the folly that the nation had allowed itself to fall into, people wore hard, bitter feelings on their faces, behind which lay a coiled, bitter anger that seemed to say, “I will leap out and pummel anyone who accuses us Americans of having been fools.”

Perhaps the hardest thing of all about that Fulbright year for me was coming back and teaching that fall. Teaching itself was not hard, and of course, for someone who never mastered Italian, it was nice to be back in a school where I understood what everyone was saying. But that was also the catch: I could not avoid hearing what I was hearing. Especially in one graduate seminar on American Minds, I was astounded at how defensive, hostile, and mentally barricaded my students were in response to criticism of any American policies, in the past or present. It was as if students were ready to be attacked, and wanted to beat their tormentors to the punch. Students knew the truth. They just didn’t want to hear it. That class made me long to be back in Rome, where criticism of Americanism was not only the norm, but also not taken too seriously. In a sense, Rome knew the Americans had lied to the world in that UN meeting. But the Romans accepted it, because, having been the first Western super-power, they knew what super-powers always do.

My Fulbright semester, therefore, exposed me to a kind of wisdom that the United States has yet to develop—a kind of self-acceptance in the tragedy that accompanies all ambitions to world domination. After all, the Romans dominated the world much longer than we have, paid the price for their vainglory, and then learned to love life after the game was up. Life goes on, the Romans seemed to want to tell us, even after the power and the glory is gone. In that sense, perhaps, the

Fulbright was a key moment in my maturation. It taught me that no matter where you are, you are always an American; it is just easier to be one in some places than in others.

David W. Haines
Sociology and Anthropology

REASSESSMENT:

WESTERN EUROPE, 1987-88 AND SOUTH KOREA, 2004

I HAVE BEEN VERY FORTUNATE to receive two Fulbright grants of my own (a regional research grant in Western Europe in 1987-88 and a senior lecturing grant in South Korea in 2004) and also to be a “Fulbright spouse” on my wife’s lecturing award in Japan in 2006. My Fulbright experiences thus span two decades and two continents, and the opportunity to reflect on them is both pleasure and challenge. For myself, I would note three crucial effects of these Fulbright experiences: an appreciation of the unexpected places visited, a reconsideration of my own country from new and foreign vantage points, and a more inchoate adjustment to the varied possibilities of a global society—and what that would mean.

The most obvious effect of these Fulbright experiences was the exposure to new cultures, languages, places, and ideas. One of the great virtues of the Fulbright program is its intent to take people to new places, not to the places they might otherwise go. My first Fulbright was to a set of countries (England, France, and the Netherlands) that I had never even visited. Coming from rather extensive time in Asia, especially Japan and Vietnam, Europe was a new and strange frontier. Here was a wonderful place where picking up a newspaper was a way to begin language exposure not—as it is in Asia—the last step on a long, long journey. My second Fulbright was in Asia, yet it was to a country I had only very briefly visited. Korea was the missing piece in my understanding of East Asia. Again the Fulbright program had taken me to the unknown rather than to the known, to the gap in my knowledge, not to something I already knew. The Fulbright program has thus been a very good teacher indeed. It has not only sent me abroad, but sent me to places where I didn’t know what I was doing.

One of the great benefits of such ignorance is that it leaves much room for self-improvement.

The second effect of these Fulbright experiences has been a keener sense of what the United States is all about. That is partially a matter of personal reflection but also that, as a *de facto* good will ambassador, one must respond fairly and honestly when people ask about the United States. There are both negative and positive aspects of this reassessment. On the negative side, the United States often behaves rather badly on the international stage and that can be excruciatingly embarrassing. When I was in Korea in 2004, for example, U.S. officials were in the throes of their virulent campaign against North Korea. That might not have been so bad except for the quite imperious tone of U.S. officials on the subject. Didn't they know that Seoul is ground zero for any North Korean attack? Didn't they know that many Koreans really care about reunification? I was mortified.

On the more positive side, I was in a Korea that had become perhaps the most successful case of rapid economic modernization that has ever been seen—outdoing even the oft-lauded Japanese case. Furthermore, Korea's economic modernization had been matched by a quite extraordinary leap from military dictatorship to very genuine democracy—indeed a democracy with occasional free-for-alls in the National Assembly. For that, I realized, the United States deserved considerable credit. The U.S. culpability in the original division in Korea and less-than-spotless conduct thereafter cannot be ignored. Yet, still, the United States helped hold a line in Korea and, behind that line, the “miracle on the Han River” could take place. For this, I found myself feeling some quiet satisfaction—even a bit of pride—in my country.

Such reassessment of the United States is a particularly inevitable part of teaching in a foreign country. Students have questions about America, and you are the resident expert. Often the questions are fairly benign items of general cultural curiosity. Because the United States looms so large as a military power, however, the questions are sometimes more intense. In Korea in fall 2004, the students were extremely concerned about the Bush administration's policies toward Korea and what would happen in and after the election. Would a re-elected Bush actually attack North Korea, bringing to ruin South Korean efforts at peaceful engagement with the North, and perhaps bringing a full-scale war? They were worried. Here I could at least reassure them that,

already engaged in Afghanistan and Iraq, the U.S. military was close to its limits.

They also had other questions about the election. They were, I think, justifiably confused by an American political system that is explicitly secular but constantly invokes religion, emphasizes practicality and economics yet is heavily ideological, and espouses friendly engagement in the world but is often quite imperious. As a teacher, I had to explain as best I could. That “best I could” ended up with a parallel discussion of two different Americas, one founded in religion in Massachusetts and the other founded in economic ambition in Virginia (including an immediate turn to tobacco as a crop and slavery as a system of labor). For the election itself, I could also distribute a blue state / red state map that helped them recognize the same kind of regional electoral splits that occur in South Korea itself. It was another lesson of two Americas. This seemed to help both them and me find a zone in which we could appreciate the United States for both its flaws and virtues: a real America, not a stereotype.

The third effect of these Fulbright experiences has, for me, involved the cumulative effect of participating in different parts of the world and doing so at different times. What, in my own case for example, can be drawn from the juxtaposition of Europe in the 1980s and Korea in the 2000s? Several answers come to mind. One is that in their troubles, countries devise solutions. The troubles differ and so do the solutions. I think of the Dutch and their seawalls and then of Korea and its massive reforestation. In both cases, necessity (low land for the Dutch and deforestation by colonial policy and civil war for the Koreans) has led to programs that could serve as models for a world in which rising sea levels and deforestation are accelerating problems. Another image that comes to mind involves the ASEAN (Association of Southeast Asian Nations) meeting of 2004 held in Hanoi, Vietnam. As I watched on TV, I saw the South Korean president sitting in on political and economic discussions, as were his counterparts from China and Japan. I also saw representation from the European Union. As joint “guests” in a Southeast Asian forum, East Asia and Europe were now linked, fully spanning the Asian continent. In this meeting I could see my Fulbright experiences practically and symbolically merged. I, like the countries, was now ready for globalization—and, interestingly, a globalization that did not include the United States.

The issue that has burrowed most thoroughly into my mind from these two decades and two continents, however, is social diversity. In Europe in the 1980s, I was looking at the resettlement and integration of refugees. What could be learned from different countries' efforts? The options were amazingly broad and they tended toward a different mix of cultural and civic integration than occurs in the United States. In the Netherlands, in particular, I was intrigued by what "integration" might mean in a society that was itself organized into three "pillars." There was thus no single cultural or religious society to which to acculturate. Rather, there were different cultural and religious alternatives but a shared set of civic values. Twenty years later, I was in a Korea that demonstrated little hope of meaningful cultural integration of newcomers—even Korean returnees from North Korea, China, and the United States. Yet this same Korea was also intent on belonging to the global arena and, perhaps more than any other country in East Asia, aiming at a true biculturalism—part Korean and part global. To that end, Korea has even created autonomous zones within its own country. These are designed to be fully international cities. Here, then, are different kinds of "pillars": a Korea which will contain both Korea and not-Korea.

These issues of social diversity and social integration will be key in the twenty-first century. How can a global system bridge cultural differences without destroying or homogenizing them? Conversely, how can a nation be global yet still be itself? These two continents and two decades provide some interesting options. By contrast, the United States is oddly ill-equipped to answer these questions since the forces of assimilation are extremely strong and the degree of diversity that is acceptable quite limited. If the current debates on immigration suggest anything at all, it is that Americans continue to expect newcomers to become American in most crucial ways—the constant emphasis on English is a strong reminder. Yet there are places where the United States becomes a bit more global and we at George Mason happen to be in one of them—a hot spot of both domestic and foreign diversity. In this setting, perhaps we can sense what Senator Fulbright's vision could ultimately yield: not an occasional foray into another culture but a durable flow and counter-flow. The result would be not Fulbright memories but continuing interaction, not established and predictable connections but fluid and unpredictable ones, not a single global soci-

ety but many societies with their own inventive ways of being global and being themselves.

Elizabeth S. Chong
Nursing

BOTH INSIDER AND OUTSIDER: SOUTH KOREA, 1988-89

I HAD MY FULBRIGHT EXPERIENCE when I was faculty at Indiana University and received a Fulbright award to teach at Seoul National University during the 1988-1989 academic year. I was the first full-time Research Scholar from the U.S. to visit South Korea.

For the first six months my project involved a study of the Korean mother-infant relationship. It was important to document how Korean mothers viewed their role as mothers, since Korea has a 4000 year history. Korean culture is strongly influenced by Confucianism, and Koreans follow its precepts throughout their life cycle. Birth is a highly regulated event in Korean culture. Korea at that time was not as highly influenced by outside culture as it has been since the Seoul Olympics in 1988. So the period when I had my Fulbright was a unique time, before the current Korean cultural modernization and its concomitant acceptance of Western cultural values through outside media influences.

One of the interesting aspects of Korean mothering is that they believe they have a unique conception dream (Taemong) which foretells their pregnancy. Once they realize they are pregnant, they start to practice Fetus Education (Taekyo). Many of the mothers who participated in my study told me how meaningful it was for them to see me regularly in the first six months of their pregnancy, because those visits allowed them to focus more on their child. It was rare to have videotaping equipment at the time, and I used it to record mother-infant interaction. I also gave them a copy of their mother-infant interaction to keep after they participated in my study. They were fascinated by what they saw when they viewed their own interaction.

My vivid memory of that time is that Korea was on the cusp of democratization, and you could see everywhere vibrant cultural expres-

sions. It was a period of rapid internationalization and globalization for Korea and a time of transformation of the nursing programs, which were becoming independent from the College of Medicine. It also was the time when Ph.D. programs in nursing were being established in the different universities and colleges. I was able to contribute to the development of nursing knowledge not only through my teaching at Seoul National and Ewha University but also by holding several workshops at various places throughout Korea for faculty development.

I was raised as a Korean, but I returned to my former country as an American and it was an unsettling experience. I was both an insider and an outsider simultaneously. That allowed me to venture outside of nursing and interact with Fulbright Scholars from many disciplines who had come to Korea from different institutions in the U.S. We had monthly get-togethers and conferences which enriched our experience. Through this, I had a rare opportunity to interact and dialogue with the leading poets and artists of that time. I brought back from this experience broad interaction with other disciplines, and this has allowed me to collaborate in multidisciplinary studies since my return. The experience I gained teaching abroad affects the way I can open to the diverse cultural backgrounds found in the students at George Mason University. It was a total immersion into Korean culture. I had a Fulbright colleague from George Mason University, Professor L. C. from the English Department, and the two of us ventured to attend literature, poetry, and drama presentations. We soaked up the bursting new energy of many Korean artists who at that time were being freed from years of oppression under the military government.

Most of the doctoral students were faculty from different institutions who were obtaining the Ph.D. in order to develop their own programs. Many students traveled far to attend classes. It was an exciting period for the development of the discipline of nursing. The year-long exchange allowed me to get to know the culture and the students well. Although they were Korean students, the textbooks they used were mostly nursing textbooks from the U.S. in English. They had difficulty understanding how different the cultural context of nursing is in the two countries. It was not only the nursing textbooks, but also the many laws and regulations that were different. I became a key to allow them to contextualize the information that was contained in the textbooks.

I utilized unconventional methods to reach my Korean students who were struggling with the English language, because I am bilin-

gual and was able to give them relevant examples that were readily available in the Korean culture. For instance, when they were studying the nursing philosopher Martha Rogers, we were discussing what were highly abstract concepts (even for English-speaking students in the United States). Because I had taught this content to American students, I was able to assist them in translating that knowledge into a Korean cultural context. To do so, I utilized a Korean poem that addresses many aspects of the human condition, and this allowed them to understand what is equivalent to American experiences and to develop their knowledge base. Throughout this process, I was able to assist my Korean students to value their cultural heritage and to observe how different disciplines contribute to the understanding of knowledge development and sharing.

What was particularly meaningful for me during that year was, as an adult, to reconnect with my past and truly appreciate Korean artists and their work. My interaction with artists broadened my knowledge and allowed me to appreciate how we are developing a unique knowledge that contributes to human understanding in my own discipline of nursing.

My access to Korean culture allowed me to become a bridge between East and West and thus I was an ambassador of both cultures. This ability to relate to different cultural backgrounds strengthens my teaching, research, and service. My Fulbright experience made me understand how we are one as global citizens, even though we may speak different languages and have different cultural heritages. I continuously reach out to others and find that it is mutually rewarding to learn from each other's culture.

Ronald D. Rotunda
School of Law

IMPACT:
ITALY, 1981 AND VENEZUELA, 1986

WHILE MANY PARTICIPANTS in the Fulbright program are students, I was one of those who was a Fulbright Scholar when I was a young professor. And, I was lucky enough to participate twice—first,

as a Fulbright Research Scholar and Visiting Professor of Law at the European University Institute in Florence, Italy (in 1981), and second, as a Fulbright Professor, in Maracaibo and Caracas, Venezuela (in 1986).

People often say that if you want to understand your own language, then study a foreign tongue. So it is with countries. If you want to understand your own country, live in a foreign one. The Fulbright program gave me that opportunity, to live and work in Italy and Venezuela.

Most Americans will travel abroad at some point in their lives, but it is different when you travel as a Fulbright Scholar, for then you are not simply visiting museums and restaurants. You have a job; you commute to work; you labor with foreign professors and meet foreign students. That is when you really learn about a foreign country, its customs, and its people.

The opportunities that the Fulbright Scholar's program offers are difficult to quantify and hard to measure, but they are as real as anything we can touch or count. You learn to appreciate what exists in the United States but you find missing abroad. You learn the converse as well, what we appreciate in a foreign country that is missing here. You learn that many foreigners, particularly in Europe, work substantially fewer hours than we work in the United States. We may work too hard; a happy medium between the two cultures is the better way to go.

Of the two experiences, my visit to Italy probably had more impact. The year was 1981, and my office was in the European University Institute, in Fiesole, a suburb of Florence. The home of the Institute was a former monastery on a hill. It offered magnificent views of Florence.

The scholars at the European University Institute in Fiesole were planning for the coming political integration of Europe—what we now call the EU. Back in 1981, the EU was just a gleam in the eyes of optimistic European academics. So many people never believed that it actually would happen. However, the scholars at the European University Institute did believe that old Europe was on the road to a fully integrated EU, and they wanted to prepare for it.

I was a small part of that preparation. It was an exciting time, because the optimism of the Institute's scholars infected me. While at the Institute, I worked on a lengthy project on how to design and plan for the legal integration of European laws that would follow the politi-

cal integration. (This was later published as *The United States Federal System: Legal Integration in the American Experience* [Giuffrè, Milan, 1982] [with Peter Hay]. Shorter versions appeared as chapters in a multivolume study of European legal integration: “Instruments for Legal Integration in the European Community—A Review” [with Peter Hay and Giorgio Gaja], in *1 Integration through Law: Europe and the American Federal Experience* 113 [Mauro Cappelletti, Monica Seccombe & Joseph Weiler, eds.] [Walter de Gruyter, Berlin, 1986]; “Conflict of Laws as a Technique for Legal Integration” [with Peter Hay and Ole Lando], in *1 Integration through Law: Europe and the American Federal Experience* 161 [Mauro Cappelletti, Monica Seccombe, & Joseph Weiler, eds.] [Walter de Gruyter, Berlin, 1986]). The Europeans were particularly interested in the American experience, because we have one central government along with fifty different state jurisdictions that enact and enforce laws that are often different and sometimes inconsistent. How we meld those multiple jurisdictions in this country was very relevant to the Europeans because they could learn from our mistakes.

Of course, the European efforts to unify are more difficult than the efforts of the United States to create one nation. Every state in our union save one (Hawaii) has a straight line for at least one of its borders. In Europe, there are no straight lines. Our states (though they often talk of their “state sovereignty”) are artificial constructs, separated by dotted lines on the map. In Europe, the states often go back centuries, with different language, culture, geography, and law to separate them.

The goal of European unification—to do by law and treaty what Caesar and Napoleon tried to do by force—was a difficult one. I was but a small cog in the very big unification machine, but it still pleased me that I was part of that effort. It is now inconceivable that nations that were once enemies (England and Spain, France and England, France and Germany, etc.) will ever war against each other again. Periodically, the EU expands, and it does so by voluntary agreement, without force of arms. Instead of a country expanding by conquering, it is expanding when nations from the outside seek admission.

The Venezuelan experience was different. My long-term impact is probably close to zero. When I first went there, Venezuelans were celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of living under a democracy. They were so optimistic, although oil prices were in the doldrums.

The year was 1986, and oil—one of Venezuela’s major exports—was selling for \$10 per barrel. Just a few years earlier, in 1984, oil had been about \$40 per barrel. In spite of that, the Venezuelans were confident and positive, because of their quarter-century of living under a democracy.

The Venezuelans invited me, as a Fulbright Scholar, to celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary by speaking about lessons Americans have learned from what would soon be the two-hundredth anniversary of the U.S. Constitution. I recall explaining that the fight for liberty is never-ending. We must be eternally vigilant. The Venezuelans were more confident. “A whole generation has grown up knowing nothing but democracy. We shall never go back to the old ways.” That is what they told me many times. Sadly, Hugo Chávez proved them wrong.

While I offered my services to my Italian and Venezuelan hosts, I took from them their friendship and warm memories. I remember visiting the classrooms and teaching as a guest lecturer. I still can remember the streets I traveled in my long walks throughout Florence, walks made longer until I stopped getting lost. In Caracas, I remember even the native taxi drivers getting lost, so I do not feel as bad that I never could learn to navigate the streets.

The two places I visited—Italy and Venezuela—are hardly hardship posts. Fulbright destinations in the developing countries offer substantially less in terms of restaurants, culture, and luxury. Yet I am quite confident that any Fulbright experience is well worth it. It is an opportunity to see the country and meet the people in a way that one can never do while sitting in an air-conditioned tour bus. The experience broadens our horizons and sharpens our brain without narrowing it.

The Fulbright experience also makes us appreciate what our ancestors confronted when they decided to immigrate to the United States. Because of the language and cultural difference, I recall my difficulties in trying to deal with Italian banks for a trip I had to take to Zurich. My parents, when they came to the United States, had the same difficulties that I had, except when I arrived in Italy, I already had a job and an Institute of bilingual colleagues who were so gracious in the aid they offered. Our forebears did not have those advantages.

II CHANGING

David A. Kravitz
Management

OH, RIGHT:
GERMANY, 1984

THE DETAILS OF MY FULBRIGHT YEAR have eroded from my memory over the decades, so only the high points remain.

Context: In 1984, I was an Assistant Professor of Social Psychology at the University of Kentucky. I studied coalition formation and in previous years had been invited to small conferences on experimental economics in West Germany. (One of the organizers, Reinhard Selten, received the Nobel Prize in economics in 1994.) Three years out of graduate school, I applied for a Senior Fulbright Professorship. Competition was fierce, and I knew the odds were against me. Indeed, I had received a letter informing me that I had not been selected, but that I was still an alternate.

June 5, 1984, I receive a telegram inviting me to spend a year in West Germany as a Senior Fulbright Professor. Joy!

My senior colleagues at Kentucky warn me that I should not accept the offer. The likely decrease in productivity due to disruption of my research program will hurt me more than the honor will help. I don't entirely believe them. (They are right—three years after I return I will be denied tenure, a decision that is affected, though not fully determined, by the predicted decrease in productivity.)

I propose to my girlfriend. One week to prepare—invitations to friends and family, rings, the perfect dress for her, a cake from our favorite baker, reserving a friend's back yard, hiring someone to administer the vows. Barbara and I get married on June 12th, the 8th anniversary of our first date. Two months later we are in Germany. I like to claim that I gave my wife a year in Europe for our honeymoon. Well, it's truish. She ultimately spends about thirty-five percent of the

year traveling. On our first anniversary, she is in Britain and I am in Germany. It would have been nice to have cell phones and inexpensive international calling.

Two months at a Goethe Institute in Boppard on the Rhine. Morning walks up to class in the cool air. Unfortunate confirmation that learning foreign languages is still not my forte (can I say it is my *pianissimo*?) and that in the decade since my undergraduate semester in Trier, I have forgotten much of the German I had known. Wonderful wine in the evenings. A show at the end of the term includes one of Barbara's classmates—Renee Fleming. She has quite a voice. We wonder if she'll ever make it as an opera singer.

Checking in at the Albert-Ludwigs-Universität Freiburg to begin my appointment. I ask for a key to the building. They ask why I want it. So I can get in to work in the evenings, on weekends, and during holidays, of course. Looks of disbelief. Get a life! Weekends are for enjoying friends and family, for traveling, for dining—not for working at the office. Oh. Right. I forgot.

I meet my host. In the year since I wrote my proposal, he has completely changed the content of his research program. I will not be doing any of the work I planned. Hmm. OK.

Barbara and I find an apartment in a new building across the river from the main part of town and the university. From our window, we can look up at the hills (Schauinsland). Within two blocks, we have two bakers, a butcher, and a restaurant that becomes our Stammlokal (think Cheers). On the other hand, getting to the nearest laundromat (which has all of three washers and boils the whites) requires a bus ride of thirty minutes.

The apartment is unfurnished. In Germany at the time, unfurnished means unfurnished—no closets, no appliances, no lights, no furniture, no rugs, and no curtains. New friends, students and faculty in the Psychology Department, loan us furniture. We buy a mini-refrigerator and two-burner hot plate, lights, rugs. We're good to go.

The library's card catalog is accurate—if it says a book is available, it is really available. That's because almost nobody is allowed into the stacks. I work my way through the red tape until I get permission to enter the sanctuary. Paging through old journals, I come across a bookmark featuring the swastika. I wonder how many of my relatives they killed. Water over the dam. I find the Germans of my generation to be politically progressive—farther from the positions of

their Nazi parents than are many of my parents' generation back home. Change is possible, even at a national level. Perhaps there is hope for us.

In the stacks, I track down the chapter I have been seeking. Early secondary reports of the chapter, which did not identify its source, have led to a stream of research on “social loafing.” Contemporary authors have consistently provided false information about the original research, including the claim that it was never published. Barbara and I write a paper in which we describe the original chapter, correct the misinformation, put the work in context, and discuss its relevance to current research. We quote and translate from French and German sources. I briefly feel like a real scholar. It is now my fourth most-cited article.

I am determined to increase my fluency. I teach in German, which is a challenge for both my students and me. During the entire year, I have only two minor triumphs related to my German language skills. A stranger from a German-speaking country (Switzerland?) assumes I come from some other German-speaking country. At a conference, I find myself holding two simultaneous conversations—in German with a German colleague and one in English with an American professor. The moment I realize what I am doing, it ends. A friend kindly describes my German as “fluent but false.” Fair enough. I manage to convey my meaning and accept the accuracy of the German saying “*Deutsche Sprache—schwere Sprache*” (German language, difficult language).

Fulbrighters from around Europe gather in Berlin for a week. Taking the train through Eastern Germany highlights the reality of the cold war, with locked compartments and armed guards. We spend an afternoon in East Berlin. All who pass through the gates are required to exchange some currency and must spend it in East Berlin. I enter a bookstore and ask for a copy of Kafka's *The Trial*. Oddly enough, they don't have it. We buy an art book instead.

Freiburg is a beautiful old city—Heidelberg, without the swarms of tourists. It is known as the sunniest city in Southern Germany. So why is it always grey? Ah. The official city limits include Schauinsland, which is outside the city proper. It is sunny up there at the top of the hill. Very clever. Have they been learning about marketing from Madison Avenue?

Fasnacht is the Southern German (and Swiss and Austrian) Mardi Gras. Party time. Dancing in the streets. Formal marching groups, complete with elaborate masks and creative uniforms. How did they manage to create that many suits entirely out of wine corks?

Beer and sausages in the marketplace are a weekly affair. Christmas market in Frankfurt—cold air and hot wine. Bread and pastries are wonderful year-round. So what if the poppy seed strudel is addictive; I can quit any time, if I choose to. Wine festivals in the summer. The best meal of my life (still) at the Colombi Restaurant. Maybe they had a good point when they suggested I devote some of my time to enjoying the simple pleasures of life.

The year is over. I give a party to say goodbye. I am told I was supposed to give a party when I arrived, to say hello. Oh. I wondered why they never gave a party to welcome me. Might have been good to know that nine months ago.

What did I learn? In the short run, at least, a Fulbright may not lead to professional success. Work hard on your language skills—you can never be too fluent. Learn about the culture, including the small norms of daily life, before you depart. Savor the year—eat, drink, travel, play tourist, get to know people. You will never forget it.

Lawrence E. Butler
History and Art History

THE CITY IN MY HEAD: TURKEY, 1982-83

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN so fast. A month earlier, my advisor, Prof. Lee Striker at Penn, had phoned about the Fulbright deadline. "They're due this week—aren't you applying?" Well, no. We hadn't so much as settled on a dissertation topic yet, and I didn't speak a word of Turkish. I'd made careful plans to spend the next year taking my comps, learning Turkish, filling in some gaps, and of course planning a dissertation. I even had campus jobs lined up. "Never mind that. Here's a topic on the Hagia Sophia in Istanbul; why don't you just throw together an application and see what happens?"

The only hitch was the language-ability certification. “I don’t know any Turkish,” I explained to the application officer. It wasn’t required for the application. No matter: I had to have my ability-level certified. So off I went to see the Turkish professor at Penn, who found the situation hilarious. “Merhaba!” he greeted me. “Hoş geldiniz!” “Excuse me, what?” I replied. He signed the form.

What happened was a wait-list, to my surprise—I didn’t think I’d have a chance this first time. But then the phone rang in mid-August with the news that I’d gotten a Fulbright after all, and would be expected in Turkey in September. I had just weeks to pass my comprehensive exams, give a dissertation colloquium, get rid of my apartment, and fly out. Yikes! So I landed in Istanbul in September a little dazed, with a freshly launched dissertation, a research permit pending, and a pantomime routine to fill the gaps in my rudimentary vocabulary.

I knew the city well from previous visits and from my Master’s work, but the Fulbright experience was a completely different way of operating. I hadn’t thought of the Fulbright as much different from any other research grant, but the diplomatic briefings in Ankara corrected that view. We were to regard ourselves as adjunct diplomats and were briefed on the niceties of U.S. positions regarding the Armenian question, NATO, and Cyprus, since we’d certainly be asked. Sure enough, I found myself sought out by local newspapers and was grateful for the briefings on how to avoid missteps. The perks were new too. There are worse things than being feted at the American ambassador’s residence, a classic *moderne* mansion overlooking Ankara from a beautiful garden terrace with resident pet tortoises. I bought new shiny pointy black shoes for the occasion.

Officially I was the guest of Istanbul University, where I was under the gracious care of Prof. Semavi Eyice. But under the rules, I was not allowed to do any fieldwork at the Hagia Sophia, not without the all-important permit. In those days—things have changed, I’m assured—research permits took months to obtain and required a cascade of approvals ranging from the host institution to the ministries of education and security in Ankara. A residence permit was also required, but that required having the research permit in hand. Meanwhile, I was forbidden so much as to photograph the Hagia Sophia. The whole thing was a complicated circle of legal impossibilities that lasted for five months, while I continued to draw my modest stipend in Turkish lire. Things were smoothed out by the Turkish Fulbright chief, the

magnificent Gen. Hüsni Ersoy, by the earnest Istanbul consulate staff, and by the wonderful people at the American Research Institute in Turkey. Somehow Gen. Ersoy managed to get me housed, and periodic trips across the border kept me quasi-legal. So I spent five months doing background research, exploring the city, and traveling all across Turkey and Greece to learn the comparable sites. My Turkish teacher patiently brought both my language and my etiquette up to the point where I was socially acceptable. The research permit finally came through in February, and for several glorious weeks all my permits were in perfect order (it would never be so again). It was time at last to begin my fieldwork.

Hagia Sophia is famously one of the grandest monuments on earth. In February, it is also one of the coldest. Snow would come in through broken windows, swirl around, and settle on the floor in drifts. My job was to examine, measure, and photograph the two great carved marble cornices that encircle the nave at fifty and eighty feet above the floor. I am a terrible acrophobe, by the way, and of all the things I have done in my life, nothing has been scarier than climbing over the marble parapets to crawl along the cornice ledges, protected only by a rickety 19th century wooden rail. Reasonably enough, I was restricted to working on Mondays when the museum was closed, lest I alarm visitors who might take me for a potential suicide—or worse, try to emulate my activities. The guards were a cheerful and helpful bunch who spent the quiet Mondays throwing snowballs inside the great basilica on the floor far below.

Living overseas is a series of emotional experiences. One comes back with so much more than data. At the end of February a telegram, a garbled telegram, arrived—yes, we still had telegrams in 1983—with the shocking news that my father had died. I never made it back for the funeral. Rather than burden my kind Fulbright housemates, I struck off on a bus for Edirne to mourn alone under the dome of the great Selimiye mosque. In March a snowstorm shut the city down for nearly two weeks. After just a few weeks of busy activity, I found myself shut down as well, lonely and depressed and cold. A second telegram arrived, this time completely incomprehensible. It was followed shortly by a visitor, who had sent it. A whirlwind love affair ensued, the snow melted, spring came to Istanbul, and I was back in business. Yes, it really does happen like the movies sometimes. By the way, we met again in New York a year later. Nothing clicked. “I

don't get it," he said. "You were so at home in Istanbul, and in New York you're just all wrong!" It was harsh but true—I've always felt the same way myself.

The Fulbright opened up the city in new ways. Besides giving me entrée to the great research libraries—the American Research Institute, the German Academy, the universities—it also got me into more interesting situations. We Fulbrights were all rounded up to help write the catalogue of the landmark "Anatolian Civilizations" exhibition at the Archaeological Museum. Istanbul had been designated the 1983 "European Capital of Culture," and this had to be done well. Our new diplomatic skills were tested rewriting catalogue copy in recognizable English. We also found ourselves helping out with cultural affairs at the Istanbul Consulate, such as a talk I gave to Turkish teachers of English that I entitled "Istanbul, The City in My Head." I'm not sure they quite followed my metaphor, but I tried to convey my evolving sense of walking the ancient city in three historical levels at the same time. On a whim I joined the Dutch Chapel Choir, an expat polyglot group led by Bill Edmonds, who traveled around with a harpsichord in his station wagon—both curiosities in Istanbul in those days. We sang Bach and Schubert with a pick-up orchestra in the grand but empty old embassies, as the under-employed local diplomats sat sleepy on little gold chairs and the warm evening air brought the sounds of the harbor through the windows.

During the spring, our Fulbright group had moved one by one to the attic apartment in a beautiful old wooden mansion up the Bosphorus in Rumeli Hisari owned by a professor; it had sweeping views over the castle to the waterway far below. We were assigned one portion of the terraced garden to care for, where I planted a rosebush in memory of my father. I commuted to the Hagia Sophia by ferryboat and will surely never live so well ever again. Visitors came and went, seasons changed, and I spent entirely too much time on the porch watching the never-ending parade of ships. By September all the others had moved on, while I extended my fieldwork with help from the American Research Institute in Turkey. Truth is, I was in no hurry to leave. By November my money was finally running out, the weather was turning, and my future partner was sending increasingly urgent queries as to my homecoming. I whipped up a short thank-you article for the Hagia Sophia Museum's journal, said goodbye, and left in late November. That last night in the old house above the Bosphorus

was sad and sleepless. The view from my porch of the Anatolian hills draped with lights above the dark water still remains with me, as I hoped it would.

I still visit Istanbul every few years, for research or to lead a tour group. My first visit was as a college junior in 1977, traveling with a friend and nearly starving, but completely captivated by it, poor as it was in those days. Over the years I've watched with concern as civil strife, bombings, a coup, wars, and an earthquake have shaken the place. I've watched it become prosperous as Turkey has become increasingly confident and democratic, and I have watched with delight as Istanbulers have embraced and embellished the old Ottoman monuments and neighborhoods that were so shabby back in the 1970s. Istanbul, too, has been the stage of my own transformative experiences—triumphs, failures, a death, a love affair, academic successes, and not a few disappointments. By now most of my close friends and family have visited with me there, and I've started taking my own students around it. Over the years I've realized that Istanbul has become something of a diary for me; it has become the "city in my head" I tried once to explain to an audience of English teachers. My partner knows the secret place which is my holy of holies, the hilltop there where every few years I like to sit with a bottle of wine and review my life since my last visit. Orhan Pamuk may have made the place famous as a melancholy muse, but I like to think I beat him to the idea.

One is grateful to the Fulbright program for so many things beyond research support. The experience of living in a great foreign city while paid local wages in the local currency was itself at least as educational. Opportunities and connections to the culture were made that could not have happened otherwise. Friendships were made that have continued life-long. By living consciously as a quasi-diplomat, one learns to temper one's personal opinions for the sake of appearances, and one learns to hear the other side of the story with patience. I have spent much of my subsequent life trying to explain Turkey to audiences in Turkish terms, through my lecturing, guiding, and writing, as I spent so much of that year trying to understand it. It is my fond hope that I've repaid the investment the Fulbright program made in me—the Turkish Fulbright program as well as the American—at least in this small way.

Beth Bullard

Music

COGNITIVE CONVERSIONS:
INDIA, 1992

THE INDO-AMERICAN FELLOWSHIP awarded me in 1992 had profound effects on my life, both professionally and personally. For one thing, my experiences in India that fall propelled me in a new career direction, one that would lead to my being hired eight years later by George Mason University to teach world music courses that fulfill the General Education requirement in “Global Understanding.” One such course has been Music 103, “Music of the Indian Subcontinent,” which it has been my privilege to teach to students from varied ethnic backgrounds, including those from the Indian Subcontinent itself. Whereas, prior to holding the Indo-American Fellowship in 1992, I was a musicologist—a scholar of western music history, with a Ph.D. and a book in that field and a subsidiary interest in Indian music—by contrast, during and after holding the Indo-American Fellowship, my primary academic focus shifted to Indian studies, with emphasis on South Indian music; and with this shift came a change in my “home” academic discipline—from Musicology to Ethnomusicology.

As I look back, it is easy to see how and why this transformation occurred, although its progress has not always been smooth or easy. Firstly, I carried out the research funded by the fellowship in one of the most vibrant musical cities of the world, Madras (now called Chennai), in Tamil Nadu, South India. Secondly, as if this venue in itself were not sufficient to win my scholarly affection, I lived and interacted with people whose lives and music making captivated my heart and my loyalties. Owing to the superb personnel and facilities provided for the fellowship by Fulbright and other American research-funding organizations in India, furthermore, I received mentoring from some of the most prominent and sublimely talented scholars and musicians in that part of the world. But thirdly, neither the city of Madras nor the people there could have held me so thoroughly in thrall had I not had a research topic that made my heart sing. And having all three together—place, people, and project—made the transformation highly probable, if not inevitable.

Since I am a western flutist, the project I chose was to learn about the South Indian bamboo flute and its players, in history and in modern times. It was my good fortune to have lessons with one of the finest flutists in Madras, a young woman then in her late 20s, Sikkil Mala Chandrasekhar (“Mala,” or “Flute Mala”). Mala was and is my guru—my teacher of South Indian flute; of South Indian music and culture pertaining to the flute and flutists; of her culture’s social mores, manners, and dress; of South Indian womanhood—and of so much more. Though I may try to repay her, as I have by taking on from time to time the arduous tasks of arranging tours and concerts and lectures for her here in the U.S. (including two appearances at GMU), I can never repay her for all the knowledge and wisdom she so generously has given and continues to give me. Moreover, Mala welcomed me into her family circles, sharing especially the women in her life, nearly all of them professional musicians, like herself. For Mala is the daughter and niece of two of the first professional women flutists in India (“The Sikkil Sisters”). Mala is also granddaughter-in-law of one of the most renowned and beloved women vocalists in India, the late M.S. Subbulakshmi. The mother of Mala’s husband, Radha Viswanathan, with whom they were living at the time of my fellowship, is M.S. Subbulakshmi’s daughter and was her accompanying singer throughout most of her career. My acceptance among these and other women musicians was a rare and wonderful privilege.

Inspired (“fired” would be a more accurate description) by my stint in Madras as Indo-American Fellow, upon my return to the U.S. in early January 1993, I set out with the following bi-fold plan: (1) to gain the intellectual and practical underpinnings of the field of Ethnomusicology, which I now saw as the overarching domain within which both western and Indian musics belong together as subcategories, and (2) to obtain a second grant to India in order to build upon the relationships and research structures I had set up while there. This is what transpired: Later that January 1993, I began graduate study of Ethnomusicology at the University of Maryland, Baltimore County (UMBC), with the intent of earning a second masters degree on top of the doctorate in music I already had. In 1995-96, as recipient of a Senior Research Fellowship with the American Institute of Indian Studies, I returned to Madras to resume research, this time with the history of women flutists in Tamil Nadu as my primary topic. When I came back to the U.S. in March 1996, my advisor at UMBC told

me to study for the doctoral exams taking place in spring of 1997. To my great surprise, he also informed me that, because the research I had already carried out in India would be the basis for a doctoral dissertation, I should be working not toward the M.A. but toward the Ph.D. Therefore, in May 1998, having passed the written and oral exams and having written a dissertation derived from research begun with the Indo-American grant in 1992, I was awarded the doctorate in Ethnomusicology at UMBC.

My experiences in India in 1992 provided me with a large number of what I term “cognitive conversions,” that is, being brought to comprehend something quite differently from, even as the opposite of, how it was comprehended before. The ideational results of these cognitive conversions, coupled with the possibility of more such to come (which involves keeping open the channels of thought and intuition that lead to them, recognizing them for what they are, and then holding on to them), are, I believe, the biggest aid to me in teaching about musical diversity to the ethnically diverse student body at GMU—“teaching the world to the world,” as I term it. A central cognitive conversion from my experience in India is described above: thinking of western music and Musicology (study of western music) as a subcategory, on a par with other musics of the world, within the overarching domain of Ethnomusicology, rather than keeping to the prevailing thinking among western musicians and musicologists on this topic, i.e., that Ethnomusicology—study of “the other”—is a subcategory within Musicology, there being “music” (i.e., western music) and, on the other hand, “ethnic music” (everything that is not western music).

I posit here another cognitive conversion that I experienced as an Indo-American Fellow, one that has had a profound impact on me as a thinking, acting, and teaching human being: When I arrived in Madras in 1992, I expected to have lessons, as prearranged, with the best-known South Indian flutist of the day, Dr. Mr. N. Ramani. Had I done so, however, I would once again have been swept into the predominant pattern of my life as an academic up to that time: that of being mentored by men, within male-delineated lines of inquiry. (In all of my graduate study—M.A. at Harvard, Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania, and Ph.D. at UMBC—I only had one female instructor, and she was a dean and therefore an adjunct professor.) Instead, I became the student of the talented young woman flutist, “Mala.”

Through Mala, as her student, I came to spend the majority of my days in Madras within her overlapping domestic and professional spheres, both of which were made up primarily of women. Thus, not only did the focus of my research come to incorporate the history and ethnography of *women* flutists in South India, but refreshingly, for the first time in my life as an academic, I became immersed in a vibrant women's culture—this one bubbling within the larger world of South Indian music. Being party to these women's perspectives—including those at the quotidian level—opened up channels of perception I could otherwise not have had. I had not even realized before this experience that my chief *modus operandi* in academia has had to be that of negotiating my way as a kind of “honorary man,” adopting male-inflected attitudes toward cultural domains and methodologies of research. Here, in this environment, with Mala within her social and professional circles, I could be a researcher who is also female.

Thus, I—then in my 50s—lived and moved in company with South Indian women musicians of several generations, for example: Mala and her colleagues, then in their late 20s and early thirties; Mala's sister in her late 30s to early 40s; Mala's mother in her 50s and her aunt in her 60s; Radha Viswanathan in her 50s; and M.S. Subbulakshmi in her 70s. Even as I was gaining cultural knowledge from these and other women, however, it took me a long time to achieve the following cognitive conversion: that of my cherishing those aspects of the culture under investigation that pertain to women alone—aspects which I could see that they themselves as women were cherishing—instead of my discounting or ignoring these as irrelevant (especially in my role as a researcher), as I had been taught in academia as well as in American society. But the implications of this topic are too comprehensive to be dealt with here in a forum for reminiscences.

Therefore I'd like to move on and address one other kind of positive transformation that I experienced during my time in India as an Indo-American Fellow. Three years before, in 1989, I had been bitten by a tick, from which I developed a serious case of Lyme disease. After hospitalization and antibiotics, it took two years for me to feel myself again. And even then, there remained both physical and neurological symptoms of the disease. Of these, the most troubling were signs of cognitive impairment, such as not remembering the multiplication tables and losing words when speaking. The latter situation is devastating to a teacher, and I had to write out my lectures, reading

them in class. Healing progress in this area of my life was slow, and the more I panicked at not having access to a word, the more difficult it was for me to retrieve it.

When I was taking music lessons in India, however, I could actually feel that the process of learning this new musical system was activating neurons in my brain as they established new connections. Every new connection exponentially opened up possibilities for other neurological interconnections. I could feel my brain expanding. I was getting smarter. And it wasn't happening only in the realm of music. Every new idea—sonic or non-sonic—every new connecting of thoughts, every new concept grasped was like a burst of esters in the brain. Every physical triumph also had beneficial effects in the brain—my relearning which leg to put down for strong beats, for example, and applying this motion to the music being played on the flute (the left leg in the west, the right leg in India). Finally, words began sailing to my tongue as if liberated from unlocked prison cells in my head. I was back!

I give thanks to India, thanks to Madras, thanks to Mala and my other mentors, and thanks to Fulbright for their roles in providing the transformative powers of learning, knowledge, and wisdom.

Burcu Borhan

Graduate Student, Master of Arts in Interdisciplinary Studies

IN-BETWEENNESS:

UNITED STATES (FROM TURKEY), 2006

DOES AN EXPERIENCE NECESSARILY need to be diverse in encountering a variety of incidents? Can we talk about an experience that lacks diversity of ideas, opinions, and new feelings? These were the opening questions in my mind before writing a short/long reflexive piece on my Fulbright experience in the diverse community of George Mason University. My Fulbright experience technically started in the year of 2005, with a very encouraging e-mail that I received from one of my professors in Turkey. It was true that at that time I was looking for any scholarship that would give me the opportunity to study abroad, and my search was narrowed down to the universities in

Europe. Europe is geographically close to Turkey and we, as Turkish people, always feel more comfortable with the idea of an attachment to Europe and European culture. However, it seems that the States take the lead in shaping who I am right now.

I think that defining something as an experience points to being exposed to new feelings and happenings. Once in a while we refer back to our old experiences. Doubtless, they were and possibly still are inspiring in welcoming our future; yet they are no longer fresh, creative, and liberating in the sense that old experiences become solid and structured as part of our ideas and prejudices. While any kind of experience is invaluable for me, especially experiencing new things across borders is quite redeeming. However, this redemption does not happen easily and fast as expected or wished. I can define my whole Fulbright experience as a very undermining and unstable one: one year of filling out forms, writing personal statements, choosing a program, deciding on colleges, considering their campuses and weather conditions according to their place on the map, and all of that followed by a very impatient waiting period about receiving admission. Once you get admission, a journey starts to an unknown place.

I attended several orientations both in Turkey and the United States. Interestingly, the keyword that every orientation has focused on and has bolded is “cultural shock”: a shock that every international student goes through varying from one week to several months depending upon old experiences and the familiarity of the new. From my own experience, resistance initially formed the response to the socially, economically, and politically different environment that I was in. Increasing “mutual understanding between the people of the United States and the people of other countries,” the essence and purpose of the Fulbright program, refers to a relationship that incorporates sincerity, openness, tension, recognition, and respect between the two parties. In *The Bonds of Love*, Jessica Benjamin, a feminist theorist and psychoanalyst, suggests that the origin of the psychic structure epitomizes the relationship between dominance and power. In a relationship based on the interaction of two people, while one person is subjected to power, the other dominates and exercises that power. Benjamin suggests that a healthy relationship is grounded in the possibility and necessity of a relationship where each individual’s desires and power are projected, accepted, and respected with the same degree of attention and importance. As an international student, one’s

experiences are situated at a similar intersection of power and domination. On the one hand, one would like to continue one's life safely, close to socially constructed roles and norms. On the other hand, if knowledge is a result of a bodily experience, then one feels the power and manipulation of the new experiences in the United States and further undergoes a different kind of reality and knowledge which start to change one's thoughts.

Coming from a very community-oriented country, loneliness and individuality were the primary obstacles to make peace with and overcome in the United States. When one thinks that one's country will be the center of every conversation and interest, one gets perplexed by a possible disinterestedness and lack of attention. Times for longing, yearning, feeling homesick and returning back to origin increase in number. The desire to elevate one's own traditions and cultural ties over another culture is deeply felt in a very romantic fashion. Then, resistance (as well as tension) operates in terms of criticizing, objectifying, and guarding against the "other," a new culture and value system. However, I think, nobody really wants to stay somewhere as a tourist for a long time. As one gets involved in the academic, social, and international atmosphere of America, it becomes more understandable why certain things are being done in certain ways, as contextualization and socialization supersede the traditionalism and self-protection that one had adopted. As a part of this process/change, one starts to seize two different worlds at the same time, critiquing and appreciating various aspects of Turkey and America from a more objective perspective.

Referring back to the purpose of the Fulbright program, socialization within a new experience and adaptation to different roles and norms convert one's identity inevitably, yet it does not (must not) mean for one to end up losing one's authenticity of cultural and personal identity. From this mutual recognition between American and Turkish culture on my body and in my mind, an exchange of understanding between each other's politics and social structure proliferated. In this respect, George Mason University provides a successful dialogue among diverse groups that are rich in difference. It is more than one-and-a-half years that I have been here in George Mason. That George Mason is one of the most diverse campuses in this area, actually throughout the country, is an assertion that any student can make just looking at the students on campus. I will be completing my Master of Arts in Interdisciplinary Studies with a concentration in Women

and Gender Studies at the end of summer 2008. I have been working in the Women's Studies Research and Resource Center since last spring. In addition to the rich atmosphere of GMU, the diversity of the research and projects that are conducted by the students and the Center has broadened my experiences intellectually in the States and completed me as an international and as a Fulbright scholar consistent with the purpose of the Fulbright program.

I have always given more value to the process and energy that is spent throughout the experience than the conclusion of it. My journey that referred to the "unknown" at the beginning now stands for a new subjectivity and identity fostered in me, full of fruitful insights and different worldviews. Even the idea that this journey, my Fulbright experience in the United States, will come to an end in a couple of months gives enough sadness on my way back home: from "home" to old home. In spite of all the in-betweenness, incredible memories, a more fertile self, a richer inner world, and self-empowering experiences will always stay in my heart and my mind.

Harold Linton
Art and Visual Technology

THE CHILDREN OF SOUTH AFRICA:
SOUTH AFRICA, JULY-AUGUST, 2004

PERHAPS ONE THING that I have done in my life that has given me great personal reward and was motivated by humanistic concern was to travel to South Africa to meet and work with the people and lend support in whatever way I could to help the children of the country. Surprises would await me that I could have never imagined—both pleasant and unnerving. I discovered beauty in various forms unrivaled by anything else I have ever seen or known anywhere else in the world. I also experienced the opposite side of life too—the worst situations of poverty, despair, death and dying, and destruction. The contrasts were extreme! The weeks I spent working with the people and speaking with children, teachers, government officials, doctors, politicians, and academics were filled with hope.

As plain as one's breath on the windowpane, it is impossible to go to South Africa and not experience despair and hope simultaneously. It was easy for me to be moved to act, to motivate others to join in a project that would lend support to the children—the future generations of the country who are presently lost in a cycle or spiral of continuing poverty, disease, abuse, and despair. What to do? How to do it? What difference can one person make in the lives of many? Our Fulbright project was about to take shape.

My art was the answer for me and for the colleagues traveling with me; we wanted to collectively plan a project that would benefit the children somehow. Fifteen Fulbright scholars as a collective group, all armed with cameras, began shooting pictures of the children we visited throughout the shantytowns, foster homes, schools, AIDS clinics, public buildings, and poverty stricken rural areas where tourists never set foot. We were fortunate to have government support while in South Africa—officials who would show us the way into the labyrinths of shantytowns and take us into places that were off the beaten path and reflective of the real story of the children, how they live and learn, play and die too young.

I could not imagine that after ten years since the fall of apartheid, the country had changed in some ways so dramatically and in others hardly at all. The tourist industry is a well-primed pump with amazing opportunities to explore wildlife in world-class game reserves. Visitors are able to see lush botanical gardens throughout the country with countless species of plant forms in varieties far beyond the experience of nature in North America. The history of jazz and contemporary music in the country is intertwined with urban life and the strong percussion presence in the culture. Contemporary art reflects all of the social and environmental issues of diminishing resources, rampant poverty and disease, injustices, women's rights, and so much more.

We called our project, *The Children of South Africa*. It became a photographic and written exhibition and a study of the children as we experienced them in their various circumstances throughout the country. We were fortunate to be able to visit all of the major cities and many remote locations. When we returned to the States we sought and received great support from various individuals.

The Children of South Africa project owes its existence to several individuals and corporations that have for many years helped us to achieve remarkable goals in education and service, and to whom we

are extraordinarily grateful. I am also especially grateful to United States Senator Barack Obama, Illinois, who graciously provided a front note underscoring the purpose of this exhibition.

I was gratified that the project collected momentum as it moved forward. Today it travels around the U.S., and proceeds from catalog sales go to PLAN USA, which in turn sends the money to children's homes throughout Africa. I am reminded of the importance of emphasizing those most generous human qualities of humanity, humility, and compassion—to care for one another in innumerable ways.

III

TEACHING

Rosemarie Zagari
History and Art History

A DEEPER APPRECIATION: THE NETHERLANDS, 1993

I ARRIVED IN THE NETHERLANDS on January 3, 1993, as the Thomas Jefferson Chair in American Studies. Despite my academic credentials, I had paid only the slightest attention to the Dutch role in the American past. I knew that New York had once been New Amsterdam and that the Pilgrims had lived for a time in Holland before coming to Plymouth. Beyond that, I knew almost nothing about modern Dutch culture and society. Living in the Netherlands not only enlarged my understanding of the role of the Dutch in early North American history but enriched my whole understanding of what it means to be an historian.

Because of its long history, the past is much more present in the Netherlands than in the United States. This is evident, of course, in the country's majestic old public buildings and fabulous private houses lining the canals of Amsterdam. Yet the architecture also suggests how much things have changed over the centuries. The first time I entered the Haarlem cathedral, built in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, I gained a profound new insight into the meaning of the Protestant Reformation. Despite the elaborate Gothic ornamentation on the exterior, the interior was stark and bare, stripped of all remnants of Roman Catholicism. The statues were gone, the frescoes on the walls had been obliterated with whitewash, and the marble altar had been replaced with a simple wooden table. In a flash, I saw visual confirmation of what the Reformation meant in terms of people's everyday worship experiences. As I walked the streets, I saw yet another transformation taking place. Declining church attendance meant that many churches

were being abandoned and sold, turned into secular arenas that hosted stores, taverns, and even on occasion, brothels.

The past is also more present in people's memories. For the Dutch, windmills and dikes are not simply the source of fairy tales or nostalgia. Many people, even those who had no connection with farming, could speak quite eloquently about the country's long battle to reclaim the land from the sea. World War II is also more of a living memory for the Dutch than for most Americans. Although the younger generation may not remember the German occupation, they recall what their parents and grandparents told them about that experience. Every year, individual towns have their own local celebrations to commemorate the sacrifices of their countrymen. Several Dutch people proudly revealed the secret code that allowed members of the Dutch resistance to distinguish their comrades from German imposters and spies: Only native Dutch speakers, they said, could pronounce "Scheveningen," a Dutch town, with the prototypically Dutch guttural "sch" sound. The Dutch, unlike some European nations, have also faced up to less salutary aspects of their past. Acknowledging their country's complicity in the Holocaust, they have created various kinds of memorials. In addition to the Anne Frank house, they have identified and marked the sites in Amsterdam from which Jews were deported to concentration camps. An old synagogue has become an impressive museum of Jewish history and culture. They are remembering rather than forgetting.

My teaching experiences provided another kind of opportunity to get to know the country. At the University of Amsterdam, I taught two undergraduate courses, one on Women and the Family in Early America and one on Indians in Early American History and Literature. I found that the students were invariably polite and spoke excellent English. Most importantly, they had a seemingly insatiable desire to learn about anything American—a place that loomed large in their imaginations as the object of endless speculation, curiosity, emulation, and, at times, animosity. Although it is hard to know what lasting impact one ever has on students, I know of at least one case where my presence made a significant difference. In the Netherlands, as in many other countries in Europe, it is next-to-impossible to obtain a university teaching position. Students who aspire to such posts must either take their chances at home or go abroad for employment. Shortly after my visit, one of my former students wrote to ask me for a letter of recommendation for graduate school. Subsequently, this student received

a fellowship to attend the University of Notre Dame, where he eventually received his doctorate. He is now teaching Early American history, with an emphasis on Native American history, at a university in Canada.

One other thing really struck me when I lived in the Netherlands. Before I arrived in 1993, I had imagined the population as white and homogeneous. The reality turned out to be far more complicated. Strong regional identities separated the populations of the Calvinist North from the Roman Catholic South. Some places, such as Friesland, still retained languages that differed significantly from standard Dutch. Even more important, while rural areas did tend to be fairly homogeneous, the big cities, especially Amsterdam and Rotterdam, were amazingly diverse, containing significant non-Dutch, non-white populations. Coming from places such as Turkey, the former Dutch colonies in Indonesia, or other non-western regions, these groups came as immigrants or guest-workers. During the 1980s and 1990s, they had become the most visible, and rapidly growing, segment of the population. For a country that had always prided itself on toleration of diversity, these populations presented startling new challenges. Housing was built to shelter newcomers. Social services were extended to those in need. Muslim immigrants attended new schools that preserved the Arabic language and supported Islamic religious instruction. But poverty, crime, and racial tensions also emerged. The question of whether these groups could—or should—“become Dutch” started to arise.

When asked to deliver a public lecture on the occasion of Thomas Jefferson’s 250th birthday, I chose to speak on the topic, “Ethnic Diversity and Nation-Building in Jefferson’s America.” I pointed out that although Jefferson had espoused the ideal of equality for all men, he did not view all races and ethnic groups equally. He considered whites the most talented and intelligent of all groups and Native Americans as susceptible of improvement to their level. Jefferson, however, was also suspicious of non-Anglo foreigners, especially Germans, and regarded black people as inherently intellectually inferior to whites. Ironically, the author of the Declaration of Independence did not put his own principles fully into practice. It was up to later generations to fulfill those promises. Although some members of the audience later told me that they believed I had slighted Jefferson’s true accomplishments, others congratulated me for relating the American past to the

Dutch present. The murder in 2004 of Theo Van Gogh, by an Islamic extremist critical of the filmmaker's depiction of Muslims, suggests that the country continues to wrestle with these issues even today.

I came to the Netherlands knowing no one and having only the most superficial sense of the country's history and culture. I left with many friends, a much deeper appreciation of the country's rich history, and a keen interest in how the country would deal with its growing racial and ethnic diversity. I gained lasting insights into the ways in which the past informs the present. Over the years, I have continued to correspond with Dutch friends and have hosted several Dutch visitors. I remain in touch with Dutch scholars. My Fulbright experience in the Netherlands changed me in ways that I could never have anticipated at the time and in ways that I am still coming to understand today.

Marion Deshmukh
History and Art History

HISTORY AND MEMORY: GERMANY, 2000

IN BOTH MY RESEARCH AND TEACHING, the history of the Jews in Germany is an important topic. I regularly teach an undergraduate history of 19th and 20th century Germany and Austria; a graduate seminar on 20th century Germany and Austria; an undergraduate course on the history of German and Austrian art; and seminars on the 3rd Reich and Holocaust. Among my research topics in German cultural history, I have published on the German-Jewish impressionist painter, Max Liebermann (1847-1935) who was one of the most prominent artistic figures during the late 19th century into the 1920s. Hence, when the Fulbright Commission announced its topic for the 2000 German Studies seminar on "History and Memory: Jewish Past and Present in Germany," I was eager to participate. The seminar met and, in many cases, exceeded my expectations. The expertise of the key speakers together with the critical importance of the sites visited meant that the seminar participants' experiences were memorable and lasting. I have been able to use much of the information in teaching and research to this day.

A group of about twenty-five American scholars in fields such as history, literature, political science, painting, and cultural studies first gathered in Berlin and met various officials, writers, artists, and professors. The participants ranged from the head of a Holocaust Studies Institute at the University of Vermont to a professional painter in New Mexico. After a several-day stay in Berlin, we toured Leipzig and Weimar, formerly in the German Democratic Republic, but now undergoing vast changes since unification. After Leipzig and Weimar, the group traveled to Frankfurt and Munich, concluding our three-week stay in the Bavarian capital. In all the cities, we visited sites of history and in the recently-unified east and west, we met with many officials and academics who presented in-depth discussions on “history and memory” for both the post-1945 and 1990 period in Germany.

In Berlin, we met the architect Daniel Libeskind’s wife and collaborator, Nina Libeskind. She described the planning for the new Jewish Museum and its controversial architecture. The museum was dedicated to the history of the Jewish community in Germany, dating back to late Roman times. The 20th century genocide under Hitler and the Nazis compelled Libeskind to fashion a museum that would represent in stone and glass the rupture of Jewish-German culture after 1933. The museum’s floor plan contains jagged angles and slanted walls. Despite the heated debates over Libeskind’s designs, the museum has become one of the most visited sites in Berlin. We toured the building before curators had placed the permanent exhibits within the oddly shaped rooms. We also met with the museum’s deputy director who described the philosophy of its planned permanent and temporary exhibitions.

Other Berlin meetings included a talk by the vice president of the Central Council of Jews in Germany, Dr. Michael Friedman; lectures on German Jewish and American Jewish communities today; visits to the Wannsee Conference site and a discussion with the Wannsee Museum’s director, Dr. Norbert Kampe. The site, a summer villa about thirty miles outside of Berlin, is where the notorious “Final Solution to the Jewish Question” was discussed by the Nazi hierarchy in 1942. It too has become a museum for the memory of the European Holocaust. Additional talks, meetings, and lectures by novelists and university professors were supplemented by walking tours and on-site presentations.

The group traveled to other German cities, notably Leipzig, Weimar, Frankfurt, and Munich to compare and contrast Jewish life

both historically and currently in each of these venues. As a group, we noted that the politics of remembrance varied dramatically from place to place. Berlin had a very dense network of monuments, museums, and sites dedicated to Jewish life, past and present. Munich, on the other hand, had mostly obscured the remnants of Jewish life since the city had the dubious distinction of being the home of the Nazi movement's origins in the 1920s. In Leipzig, in addition to meeting with professors at a newly-opened Institute for Jewish History, we were also able to meet with a pastor of the Reformed Church who had played an instrumental political role during the *Wende* of 1989-1990, which is the period after the fall of the Berlin Wall and the collapse of communism in East Germany.

All of us participating in the seminar learned a great deal, and those of us who taught at universities were able to incorporate materials and information into our classroom teaching. We found the itinerary of site visits, lectures, and discussions incredibly productive. Those of us whose research topics related to the seminar in some way also certainly benefited from the trip. The seminar speakers were all highly-regarded experts—already known to most of us through their writings, museum work, or government positions. The itinerary covered every imaginable subject related to the seminar's theme—from in-depth lectures to visits to synagogues and Jewish community centers, from the headquarters of the German Society for Foreign Affairs to historic cemeteries. Since the Fulbright seminar, I have shared brochures, museum catalogues, and articles that were passed out to us during the three weeks, obviously enriching my courses on German history and art history for my students. I have also given public lectures that incorporated information from the seminar (at the University of North Carolina, the Goethe-Institute, the German Historical Institute, and to the George Mason University-affiliated Osher Lifelong Learning Institute in Fairfax). Finally, I was able to add materials to my ongoing research on the role of German-Jewish cultural figures and include those materials in a conference I organized and an art exhibition I curated in 2005-2006.

It goes without saying that study abroad for students and faculty, whether short term or longer, can only widen one's horizon in a myriad of ways. One meets and establishes networks of colleagues from across the country and abroad. I am still in contact with many of my fellow Fulbrighters—seeing them at conferences and meetings.

Finally, by being able to physically visit historic sites, one receives a much better sense of cultural context. The Fulbright programs are valuable and enriching for participants. I definitely gained so very much from my seminar and would recommend them to faculty.

Karen Rosenblum
Sociology and Anthropology

COMPARISONS:
JAPAN, 2006

IT WAS INTERESTING TO TEACH about the great diversity of American society in a country like Japan, where so many see their own population as homogeneous, and positively so. Just as Americans often overstate the country's heterogeneity, the Japanese are prone to understate theirs. Thus, Koreans in Japan since the colonial period and Japanese minority groups, some historic outcasts, are not easily the subject of discussion. Indeed, when I asked my University of Tokyo students about the experience of the Brazilian Japanese who began immigrating to the country in the 1990s, I heard perhaps the longest silence of the semester, ending only when one student offered "It's difficult." Thus, that very American practice of talking about difference—whether of race, ethnicity, or sexual identity, and whether with anger, pride, or confusion—is noticeably absent. By contrast, the topic that Americans are most reluctant to talk about—social class and the widening gap between rich and poor—is a very public and well-articulated concern in Japan.

It was also interesting to teach about the United States in the context of current Japanese social issues, especially concerns about the birthrate, which is now far below replacement level and one of the lowest of developed nations. The implications of this for the status and employment of women, policies affecting families, and immigration are much under discussion. As an American, sociologist, and feminist, there is much to watch and ponder. Will women be employed at levels appropriate to their education? Are Japanese employers serious about fully incorporating women's skills? Do women even want that option, given the extraordinary commitment of time and psychic

energy that characterize work in Japan? Given the strongly familial nature of employment and its emphasis on hierarchy and loyalty, how is one to be a wife and also working professional? In this context low birthrates are more intelligible: one stays home to full-time motherhood with husbands rarely present, or one hopes to get a job at a level requiring a much-more-than-full-time commitment—neither option is especially “family friendly.” One of my female colleagues at Japan Women’s University remarked that Americans were thought to make too much of family—one could always be with family, but work was the truly important and fulfilling endeavor. Thus, the dilemmas faced by Japanese women became clearer.

On the other hand, one of the striking features of life in Japan—and even Tokyo—is the safety that most people experience. Children as young as seven ride the subways to school on their own, and I felt comfortable walking back to my apartment late at night. While the country has organized crime, it has less of the “disorganized” variety. My Japanese students were shocked to learn that there are almost as many legally owned guns in America as there are people. On this topic it was certainly unsettling for me to see my country through their eyes.

While I have traveled in Asia as a tourist and accompanying Fulbright spouse, none of these opportunities afforded the breadth and depth of exposure of a semester’s teaching and travel. As a sociologist who here-to-fore focused on American society, my scholarly interests have broadened considerably. The Fulbright experience gave me an opportunity (and excuse) to read about topics in East Asia that I might otherwise have thought peripheral. Thinking about the changes Japan is likely to undergo—increasing immigration and female labor force participation, changing Japanese educational and political values—have significantly expanded and piqued my interests. Apart from that, there is probably no more positive an entry point to a culture than its students; I can only hope that the students, in turn, had a similar opportunity to glimpse America. In all, the Fulbright program seems to have achieved its aim: to expand the view of a scholar who would otherwise be U.S.-based and to give students outside the U.S. access to an “insider’s” view of the country.

Steven R. Copley
English Language Institute

E-MAIL FROM BRAZIL:
BRAZIL, 2001

BON DIA! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE my six weeks are over. They ended as they started in Londrina, some 290 miles west of Sao Paulo. This is where I provided teacher development seminars to the English as a Foreign Language (EFL) faculty at the Universidade Estadual de Londrina (UEL). Organizing my schedule was Simone Reis, whom I got to know when she came to my George Mason department, the English Language Institute, on her Fulbright a month earlier. By the time I arrived at UEL, Simone and her colleagues had already decided which topics they wanted me to address from a list I had forwarded them. As a result, I got right to work. Each day we'd explore Cooperative Learning, Performance-based Assessment, Speaking Activities, Drama Techniques, Course Development, Developing Vocabulary through Idioms and Word Domains, or Teaching Language and Culture through Music. I appreciated the enthusiasm my new Brazilian colleagues came with. They were always willing to try out new approaches and talked excitedly about implementing them.

Workshops led to more conversations about teaching and learning. Sometimes they were brief exchanges over a cup of coffee. Other times, they were interwoven in social get-togethers at Simone's house or over a dinner, like when we went to an all-you-can-eat steakhouse, a churrascaria. All perspectives were welcome as we tackled the big questions in our field: When should we correct student errors? How could we help students pass the TOEFL test? What's the current thinking on the role of explicit grammar instruction? While we didn't always agree, we got to know each other rather well.

Soon enough I was volunteering to do some team teaching. That's how I met so many students. Among them was a group who approached me after an evening class. They insisted on introducing me to the university watering hole. Talk about soaking up the local culture! On more than one occasion we talked until dawn, about everything from Bill Clinton to nanotechnology, pop culture to xenophobia. During my stay in Londrina, they'd take me to museums, parties, and places of

interest. Yet what impressed me most was their command of English, given they'd never traveled outside of Brazil. Some of my fondest memories include these goodwill ambassadors.

As word spread that I was in town, I got more invitations to work with other staff and students in the area. One day I'd be at a private English language school, another day at a public middle or high school. This became a familiar pattern as I was sent out on a planned series of stops in other cities, including Ponta Grossa, Curitiba (capital of the state of Parana), and Recife (the largest city in the northeast and home to another Fulbright scholar who had come to Mason). Once in a while I'd get to observe classes. There was the visit to a military academy teeming with determined cadets. I'll never forget how so many of them expressed gratitude for their parents and teachers giving them a hand up in life. At another school in a disadvantaged area, I got the VIP treatment as I listened to students proudly explain their research projects and watched a *capoeira* demonstration, a kind of Afro-Brazilian martial art. What was most surprising was how much the school achieved with so few resources. Those students, teachers, and staff—they were the real VIPs.

Like the best Fulbright experiences, mine opened my eyes and my mind far beyond what I could have imagined. I came home with a greater appreciation for the power of new ideas, for the dedication of educators, and for the potential of individuals to transcend the challenges they're faced with.

P.S. Going on a Fulbright? Don't pack many expectations. They'll only weigh you down.

IV REMINISCING

Rex A. Wade
History and Art History

FRIENDS:
FINLAND, 1972

SEVEN MONTHS ON A FULBRIGHT research fellowship in Finland in 1972 remains a highpoint not only of my own, but my family's experiences. Our family, long after and the children grown, still often talks about the adventures and misadventures that we had there.

Fresh from Hawaii, where I taught then, we arrived in Helsinki in the cold and dark of early January. Nonetheless, and despite language problems (few Finns spoke English in those days, unlike now), we soon adjusted to going to and from work/school/shopping in the dark, an experience that was more than compensated for when June and July came, with the long days and short nights that were really only lingering twilight. I quickly established friends with some Finnish scholars as well as other foreigners at the library where I worked. Despite Finns well-deserved reputation for being reserved (especially in the winter), Beryl (my wife) made a circle of Finnish friends, initially with the help of the Fulbright office. Some of both circles of acquaintances became mutual friends with whom we socialized, and some we have kept in contact with over the years (one just reappeared this year). Our daughters long stayed in contact with some of their friends from school and the neighborhood (although school had its own traumas for the kids), and our son in his boredom became a great reader. I saw our Finnish friends again briefly in 1975, and then they came to our rescue in 1982 when my wife and I both were there for a month. Since this stopover was unexpected—we were supposed to spend only a couple days and then go on to the Soviet Union, but Soviet visa problems stranded us in Helsinki—we were unprepared for an indefinite stay. Our Finnish friends rallied to help us find lodging and provided

friendship while we waited day by day for our Soviet visas. We have always had a very warm, special feeling for Finland, probably more than any other foreign country, and greater interest in its culture and events than any country other than those that I study professionally. This grows entirely out of our Fulbright stay there.

We had so many great experiences that it is hard to pick just a few. We were fortunate to manage to buy a car there (not all that common in Finland in 1972) and so were able to take trips out from Helsinki, not only all over southern and central Finland, but also as far abroad as Stockholm and Moscow, as well as north to above the Arctic Circle. The highlight, probably, was driving north of the Arctic Circle at mid-summer, and then staying just south of it in a cabin on a lake and watching while all night the sun skimmed across the lake like a great orange ball just above the horizon. We still laugh about the wood-burning sauna in our cabin, followed by a quick dash through the mosquito swarms to jump in the icy cold lake, and then back to the sauna, ultimately to finish off with hot sausages cooked over the coals, accompanied by cool drinks.

There were many other great experiences: panukakku and pea soup on Thursdays, the harbor marketplace where you bought fresh fish and vegetables off the back of boats, the gorgeous neo-classical harmony of downtown Helsinki, strolling in the long mid-summer nights, and much more. Our apartment itself was special. It was quite nice, but more importantly it was in Tapiola. Tapiola is a suburb of Helsinki and one of the world's first (some Finns claimed the very first and may be right) planned communities. It was a very pleasant place to live, with scattered woods, a "town center," cross-country skiing right outside the door, and other Finnish pleasures. Our apartment building had a sauna also, and since as residents we were eligible to reserve it once-a-week for private use, we quickly became fans of the sauna, Finnish style. Some friends claimed that we had become adept enough (especially after the wood burning one in the cabin) to be declared honorary Finns.

One experience that probably was unique among Fulbrighters was my haircuts. I picked out a place I passed when I would leave the main downtown bus terminus on my way to the library. One day they asked if I could come in one evening for a special haircut and picture. I did, and soon my head appeared, about 4 feet high, in their window. It was one of four such posters showing selected customers and cuts.

Finnish friends said that I looked just enough “not Finnish,” but not too exotic, so that I served as an advertisement saying in effect, “Look, we are very good, even visiting foreigners choose us for their hair.” Sometimes people I met for the first time would look at me and ask if we had met before—they had met my picture in the window of the salon opposite the city bus terminus.

I should mention research, since that was the purpose of the fellowship and did take up much of my time, whatever the above might imply. As a research scholar I spent my days mostly at the University Library, which has magnificent holdings in my period of Russian history. There I met some other American and British scholars, some of whom have remained good friends and valued colleagues, as well as some Finnish scholars. And, of course, I got a lot of research done that moved me along on my second book and some articles. The Fulbright was extremely valuable for my long-range professional career, as well as a memorable family and personal experience.

Hazel M. McFerson

Public and International Affairs, Conflict Analysis and
Resolution

THE MIX OF FOOD, RELIGION, AND PEOPLE: THE PHILIPPINES, 1998-1999

MY BACKGROUND IN CONFLICT ANALYSIS was of interest to the Philippines-American Fulbright Commission, because there are many levels of conflict in the country—ethnic, class, and religious—and this gave me the opportunity to travel and give public lectures around the country and its islands. My primary affiliation was at the University of Asia and the Pacific in Manila; I taught courses on conflict analysis and political economy. From the day I arrived, the people with whom I came into contact, including my students—invariably from an upper-class elite—were warm and welcoming. They were well-prepared, well-traveled, inquisitive, and many were chauffeur-driven to campus. Graduate study in the United States was expected, and it was assumed that upon graduation they would take leadership positions in the country’s various institutions. On campus a dress code

prevailed: for women mini-skirts, bare shoulders, exposed breasts and arms were not permitted, and there was an available collection of cast-off coverings, if needed. The Philippines is rigidly class-conscious. At the local supermarket in the posh gated-community where I lived on the same street as then-president Joseph Estrada, a former movie actor, it was common to encounter uniformed domestics placing items in shopping carts at the direction of the obvious employer. Placed at the store's entrance was a gloved uniformed attendant whose job it was to open the door for patrons.

I am an avid "people person," and each day was special, because Filipinos were very interested in me as an African American woman. Some of the attention I drew in public places (malls) was intrusive, and some people good-naturedly dubbed me "Oprah" (as in "there goes Oprah"). As an African American woman I was a rarity in the Philippines because of my gender. African American males have been present in the Philippines since the imposition of American colonialism in 1898; and in the area of former U.S. military bases, there are a significant group of part-African American Filipinos fathered by African American military men. Speaking of African Americans, Michael Jordan was a revered figure among Filipinos. Life-sized posters of Jordan and Grant Hill graced public places, and the number "23" was common on sportswear. African Americans, such as Torraye Braggs, played in the Philippine Basketball Association for the Coca Cola Tigers in 1992 and for the Barangay ("Neighborhood") Ginebra Kings in 2004.

Living in and traveling around the Philippines also gave me the opportunity to compare living and working in Asia with my previous experiences of living and working in the South Pacific and Africa. One of the noticeable differences was that streets in the Philippines were always populated with people coming and going, giving meaning to the expression that "Asia is people" in a way that many under populated African countries or the South Pacific are not. One of the regular customs, which I as a "foodie" loved, was the *merienda*, a hefty afternoon repast of delicious snacks: *lumpia* (similar to egg rolls); various types of *pancit* (similar to chow mein); and *adobo* (the national dish consisting of chunks of chicken, pork, or both cooked in soy sauce, vinegar, bay leaf, lots of garlic, and whole peppercorns).

Food plays a major role in the culture of the Philippines and people were quick to invite even a casual acquaintance, such as me, to

“Come, let’s eat together!” Any occasion would suffice to break out a hefty merienda: an achievement, a birth, a death, the arrival of a special guest, the departure of a special guest, plain old mid-day hunger, and anything in between. (Reflecting the preoccupation with food, it was not uncommon to come across signs nailed side-by-side to light posts: one offering ways to lose weight, the other to gain weight!) Entering a Filipino home, the first question regularly was “*Kumain ka na?*” (“Have you eaten yet?”), even if one happened to come upon someone deep in the middle of a meal (which is easy to do, because many Filipinos eat five or more meals a day.) The food was deliciously influenced by Chinese, Malays, Arabs, Spanish, and Americans, each group contributing to Filipino culinary delights during periods of exploration, settlement, and colonialism. More recent culinary invaders are the Kenny Rogers restaurant chain, Seven-Eleven, and the ubiquitous “Big M,” of the McDonald’s chain. Finally, merienda often ends with a hefty dessert of *Halo Halo* (literally “Mix-Mix”), a cool and refreshing blend of sweet beans, evaporated milk, and shaved ice, to offset the tropical heat.

The ethnic and cultural heritage of the country is a mosaic of cultures and people—an anthropologist’s dream. The official languages are English and Tagalog, and there are more than 170 languages spoken throughout the country. The original inhabitants are the Aeta, often derided as semi-nomadic “Negrito Pygmies,” who are marginalized and poor. The larger population consists of a majority of Christians, resulting from the introduction of Catholicism by Spanish colonizers in the 16th century, and there is a significant Muslim minority; Islam arrived with Muslim traders in the 14th century, predating the arrival of the Spanish. Because of my background in conflict analysis, I was involved from the beginning in a number of activities both on campus and beyond. This included serving on the Fulbright graduate student selection committee in Manila, which resulted in travel to several regions, including Mindanao, whose Muslim population was numerically dominant until recently.

Mindanao is about the size of Greece, close to Indonesia and Malaysia, with a current population of about eighteen million. Muslims, about five percent of the total population, were the most significant minority in the Philippines. Although undifferentiated racially from other Filipinos, in the 1990s they remained outside the mainstream of national life, set apart by their religion and way of life. In the 1970s,

in reaction to consolidation of central government power under martial law, which began in 1972, the Muslim Filipino, or Moro, population increasingly identified with the worldwide Islamic community, particularly in Malaysia, Indonesia, Libya, and Middle Eastern countries. Long-standing economic grievances, resulting from years of government neglect and popular prejudice, contributed to the roots of Muslim insurgency. Christian-Muslim conflict in Mindanao is occasionally violent, and has the distinction of being the second oldest internal conflict in the world after that between north and south Sudan. I was invited by the Dean of Social Sciences at Xavier University to advise on establishing a conflict analysis component to the curriculum, and both Christian and Muslim students, believers in the possibility of peaceful relations between the two groups, were actively involved in establishing conflict studies.

Conflict studies were also of interest to the Cordillera (“mountain”) people in Northern Luzon. They are famed for their outstanding upland agro-ecosystem, the Ifugao Rice Terraces (also known as the “Banaue Rice Terraces”), which have been in place for over 2,000 years and are based on a series of irrigated bench terraces covering a surface area of approximately twenty-thousand hectares. The Terraces were originally introduced by the Miao, an ethnic group in China, who came to the Cordilleras seeking refuge from persecution unleashed by Emperor Yu the Great from 2205 to 2106 BCE. The Cordillera region is diverse with at least seven major ethno-linguistic groups. An indigenous people’s movement has, at its center, a dispute over ancestral lands. Dam-building projects, logging concessions, and commercial farming in the highland areas have spurred renewed efforts by indigenous groups to assert rights to ancestral lands threatened with flooding, deforestation, and dispossession.

On a lighter note is the story of the region’s city of Baguio, the tourist capital of the Philippines (also known as the “City of Pines” or the “Summer Capital”), because of its cool climate resulting from an elevation of approximately 1400-1500 meters above the sea. The story is told how Baguio became a summer resort: Among the U.S. soldiers who were running the colonial administration were a number of African Americans (many of whom eventually defected to the Philippines anti-colonialism movement). In passing conversation, a Black soldier complained about the cold mountain weather in what would become Baguio city where he was stationed. When the story

was repeated to a white commanding officer, the latter demanded that the soldier “find that cold place!” and so the city was established because white American officers did not fare well climate-wise in the tropical heat of Manila and other environs of the country. Today, Baguio is a world-class resort favored by rich and famous Filipinos.

Speaking of “rich and famous” Filipinos, the University of Asia and the Pacific hosted a presidential hopefuls event, which I attended; among the guests was Imelda Marcos, former Philippines first lady, also known as the world-famous shoe lady. During my stay in the Philippines the widowed Imelda, who returned from exile in 1991, opened a museum displaying thousands of pairs of shoes rescued from Malacanang Palace, the official residence from which she and her family hurriedly fled for safer ground in Hawaii in 1986, steps ahead of angry Filipino mobs. The collection (estimated at between 2,700 and 3,000 pairs), is at the Marikina City Footwear Museum in Manila and exhibits size eight-and-a-half shoes by Ferragamo, Givenchy, Chanel, and Christian Dior. The collection gives a new meaning to shop [for shoes] until you drop! Imelda reportedly has said she once saw a poster in a New York shoe store saying: “There is a little [bit of] Imelda in all of us.” After the Marcos family fled Malacanang Palace, Imelda was found to own 15 mink coats, 508 gowns, 888, handbags and thousands of pairs of shoes.

Finally, in addition to participating in the activities and events mentioned throughout this essay, I gave public lectures at other universities around the country, including at Asia’s first university, the University of Santo Tomas founded in 1611 (also known as the Pontifical and Royal University of Santo Tomas, The Catholic University of the Philippines), which predates Harvard University, and at the University of the Philippines, Diliman, the flagship campus and the largest Constituent University of the University of Philippines system. I also organized a two-day workshop on American colonialism at the University, which attracted Filipino scholars from other universities in Manila, who presented research papers examining the impact of American colonialism on politics, culture, and society, and which became a book that I edited: *Mixed Blessing: The Impact of the American Colonial Experience on Politics and Society in the Philippines* (2000, Westport, CT: Greenwood Press). I contributed the Introduction, a chapter on Filipino Identity and Self-Image in Historical Perspective, and five historical appendices to the volume.

The book's dedication to "the Filipino people" is a small acknowledgment of my wonderful experiences as a Fulbright scholar in the Philippines.

Saravanan Muthaiyah

Graduate Student, Ph.D. Program in Information Technology

TEACHING ABOUT MALAYSIA:
UNITED STATES, 2004-2008

MY FULBRIGHT JOURNEY BEGAN when I was selected for the 2004 Malaysian-American Commission on Educational Exchange Award for the Graduate Study and Research Program. It was indeed an honor for me to be selected out of several hundred applicants. I had several schools to choose from and selected George Mason University as it had a good computer science program.

My wife and I arrived in the U.S. in August of 2004, just before the semester started. Like everyone else, we were busy finding a place to live and trying to settle in. We had just been married for a year and had gone through the whole process of settling in back home and now had to do it again in a different country. Everything became normal after the first month, and then I was busy with school.

The most interesting piece of my Fulbright experience was meeting people from all over the world, building connections, and exchanging our views of the world. Most of all, I had never been to the U.S. prior to this. Fulbright gave me the opportunity to meet Americans and learn a lot from them, not only culturally but also professionally. I was very fortunate to actually live with an American family during my stay. I learned to cook American food, as well as appreciate and take part in the festive celebrations such as Thanksgiving and Christmas.

My foster family and I have gone on trout-fishing trips up in the mountains in West Virginia. It was my first experience of hooking on bait in thirty-degree weather. It was freezing cold, and I could not even feel my hands, let alone hook the bait. Nevertheless, I survived and coming from a hot country, it was truly an eye-opener for me. Apart from that, I have also been able to share a piece of my world and culture with my foster family, as well as my friends on campus.

The interesting thing was they all thought I was from India; they could not believe that someone who looks Indian like me could come from Malaysia. A lot of people here in the U.S. have never heard of my country, Malaysia, and want to learn about the food, people, and culture. I use maps and pictures to explain to them where Malaysia is and show them the diversity of our multi-cultural society. The most important question I get is about the food. Luckily for me I cook, and so I cook for my foster family and sometimes have friends come over to savor Malaysian cuisine. Their comment is usually that the food is a little spicy, but some of them really like it.

My Mason experience has been great. I have been blessed with good teachers and mentors who have helped me throughout my four years here. The Volgenau School of Information Technology and Engineering has a fantastic doctoral program that has taught me a great deal. I have also been very fortunate to teach courses, which has been very useful for my professional growth. One such course is the “Geeks to Gazillionaires” course, which is an entrepreneurship class. The interesting thing about this class is that it is taught by three CEOs who all own huge corporations in Virginia. I had the opportunity to work with this elite group to teach entrepreneurship from a real-world perspective. Not only did the students gain from these professionals, I gained as well through my interaction with them.

The most memorable experience for me during these four years of study would be the Mason International Week. I was responsible for setting up a table to showcase the Malaysian culture. My friends and I put up an amazing display of clothes, food, art, hand-made crafts, and pictures, and we also gave away free Malaysian tourism DVDs. The people who came to our table really enjoyed the displays and were thrilled to taste some of the Malaysian delicacies we had prepared. They appreciated us for doing a good job and walked away with a wealth of knowledge, which made our day.

Kevin F. McCrohan
Marketing

TREKKING AND DRIVING:
IRELAND, 1988 AND NEPAL, 1998

THERE IS REALLY NOTHING that prepares anyone for their first view of the Himalayas as they land at Kathmandu International Airport—nor, for that matter, for the diversity of dress, language, and customs as they enter Kathmandu. One of the many beauties of Nepal was that despite this remarkable diversity, at that time there was no social or religious conflict, although there was political and economic stress in Kathmandu and armed conflict in the far west.

One of the first tasks I faced was to have my laptop configured to access the systems of my ISP. In typical Nepalese style, this was both a business and social transaction. I had corresponded with Shashank Kansal, the VP of the firm. Shashank had planned a visit to the DC area that spring, and while he was here he lectured in classes on internet commerce. (A number of his relatives have graduated from Mason since then.) Later in Nepal, as Shashank and I talked about the difficulties the technology sector there faced, I glanced out of his window to see something out of Kipling—the Imperial Gurkha Pension Office. At the time I thought that the juxtaposition of the very old and the very new world of global connectivity foretold a promising future for emerging businesses in Nepal. While the situation has improved, unfortunately the years since then have seen war, the bizarre murders of the royal family, and economic and political disruption.

I was also interested in issues related to informal or unmeasured economic activity and the impact of such activity on economic development. I had been a Chief Economist at the IRS before joining Mason and had conducted research on the “underground economy” in the U.S. and in Europe, so I was interested in its impact in a country at a different economic level. To aid in this research I contacted a guide/translator, Prem Tamang. Together we spent about fifteen days in the mountains of eastern and northern Nepal, sleeping in huts or small houses with the families of friends or associates of Prem’s. One of my fondest memories is a night in a Buddhist village in the Langtang region, the night of Buddha’s birthday, in a terraced village, lit by hun-

dreds of candles. On one of our last nights in the mountains we stayed at the home of one of Prem's relatives. The environment of Nepal is so harsh that the Nepalese have a saying, "the guest is king"; nothing is too good for a guest and no guest can be refused. That evening, in honor of my visit, a chicken of great age and strength was cooked along with the usual dal bat. It was a far cry from chicken tenders, but greatly appreciated.

Prem's story is also interesting. He is a Tamang from a small village to the east of Kathmandu. At the age of twelve he left his village to become a porter on treks. No one wanted to hire him because of his small size but he ultimately persevered and became a porter, carrying loads of up to forty kilos over some of the most difficult terrain in the world. After he and I worked together, my son visited Nepal and he and Prem went on a trek and became good friends. One of the treks they went on comes to a steep ridge between two villages. The two villages are connected by a trail of steps—2,200 steps down from one village and 2,300 steps up to the next. While my son and Prem were on that trek, about half-way up the 2,300 steps Prem noted that on his first trek this was the spot where he broke down and cried. Prem ultimately taught himself cooking, German, and English; the keys to success in the trekking business.

Prem fled to the United States in the summer of 1998 after speaking against the Maoist insurgents in his village. He worked in an Indian restaurant for four years, worked fourteen-hour days, asked for his first day off after 400 days straight, made \$10,000 per year, and wrote his own asylum petition. In those four years, Prem spent \$10,000 on himself and \$10,000 on phone calls to his wife and two children in Nepal, sent \$10,000 back to Nepal for support of his family and education for his brothers, and saved \$10,000 to ultimately bring his family to the U.S. after receiving political asylum. After five years they were reunited and now live in San Francisco where he is a cook and his wife a day care provider. Like all of the Nepalese we met, they are genuinely nice and hard-working people. If it had not been for my Fulbright experience, I would never have met him. Both he and Shashank remain my good friends to this day.

The experience in Nepal was somewhat different than the one in Ireland, although there were some similarities. Both live in the shadow of a major neighbor or neighbors and are small in comparison to those. Each was or is an agrarian country, steeped in tradition, and with a

deep respect for the past. And both of these countries have faced significant social and infrastructure barriers.

In 1978 I went on my first trip to Ireland. Ireland is where my grandfather and both of my wife's grandparents came from; it is almost an Irish-American rite of passage to visit. In the 1970s some forty percent of Americans traced their ancestry to Ireland; South America also has a large population with Irish roots. This global Diaspora has helped to shape opinions about Ireland, for which there is a deep well of affection and nostalgia. Affection aside, we found a very insular and rural society. I recall that a drive across Ireland required a hard day of white-knuckle driving. As we traveled those roads we met many simply delightful people, including some that had never been further than ten kilometers from their homes.

We returned to Ireland for a six-month stay in 1988, when I was a Senior Fulbright Scholar at Trinity College in Dublin. In ten years, Ireland had changed forever. The ride across Ireland was only a three-hour drive on major roads. Merchants were beginning to develop a real marketing orientation, and my students were particularly impressive. The graduate students had worked throughout the world, and the undergraduate students were bright, energetic, and very cosmopolitan, having taken advantage of the European Union's Erasmus program. I was perplexed about how a country with such outstanding students could suffer the severe unemployment that existed then. It approximated twenty percent, and the occasional man in a suit wearing a sandwich-board advertising a local store could be seen on the streets of Dublin. My hope was that as the students succeeded in their careers they would lead Ireland to a brighter future. This has certainly been the case over the past twenty years as Ireland has enjoyed an astonishing economic success. However, the Ireland of 1988 was not yet on its way to economic success. My colleague at Trinity, Bill Kingston, picked us up at the airport; as we drove into Dublin, we noticed that he and most of the other drivers on the road dropped a hand to pull on the emergency brake when they came to a light. We gathered that after the brakes failed, the parking brakes were used until one could afford repairs. This was somewhat worrisome given that most of the tires on the vehicles were used tires from other EU countries. Bill also taught my wife to drive stick shift; in spite of that, he remains a good friend and has come to Mason on a number of occasions for research collaborations or while conducting research at the U.S. Patent Office.

I also served on the discipline committee for Fulbright Scholar Awards in Business from 1993 to 1996. This allowed me to view Fulbright awards from a very different perspective. Scholarship, teaching experience, and the compatibility of the applicant's proposal with the desired location are among the primary categories of consideration. It was also imperative that the applicant demonstrate keen knowledge of the country, university, and academic program to which they were applying. Not surprisingly, teaching was one of the more difficult aspects to gauge, but faculty from schools that had well developed measures of teaching effectiveness stood a much better chance than those that did not.

In all, serving as a Senior Fulbright Professor can be one of the most rewarding experiences of a career and, from personal experience, I would encourage Mason faculty to seek to do so.


Previous publications in the *Diversity at Mason* series include:

Diversity at Mason: Student Reflections. Edited by David W. Haines, Samuel Brase, Alejandra Gonzalez-Arias, Celine Kemp, Tiffany Newsome, and Razia Tajuddin. June, 2006.

Valuing Written Accents: Non-native Students Talk about Identity, Academic Writing, and Meeting Teachers' Expectations. Authored by Terry Myers Zawacki, Eiman Hajabbasi, Anna Habib, Alex Antram, and Alokparna Das. June, 2007.

For additional information on the Diversity Research Group, see the DRG website at:

<http://drg.gmu.edu/>



In 2005, George Mason University's Diversity Research Group began a series of pilot efforts to examine the nature and implications of diversity at what is often described as one of the most diverse universities in the country.

Those efforts produced the first two volumes in this series—*Diversity at Mason: Student Reflections* (summer 2006) and *Valuing Written Accents: Non-native Students Talk about Identity, Academic Writing, and Meeting Teachers' Expectations* (summer 2007).

This third volume in the series offers reflections from some of the Mason students and faculty who have been named Fulbright scholars and, in that capacity, have studied, taught, and conducted research abroad and at Mason. The inspiration for this volume came from two sources: the university's receipt of the Institute of International Education's award for internationalizing the campus and a set of visual panels on the Mason Fulbright Experience organized by Sandarshi Gunawardena, assistant director of International Programs and Services, for the university's 2007 Celebration of International Education.

Established in 1946, the prestigious Fulbright program "aims to increase mutual understanding between the peoples of the United States and other countries, through the exchange of persons, knowledge, and skills." The essays included in this volume illustrate the impact that the opportunity to study or teach abroad can have not only on participants, but also on their scholarship, students, and home university.