

# FROM BEYOND THE NEST:

## *STORIES OF SAGEHENS ABROAD*

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*The famous torii (gate) in the sea at Miyajima*

## *Shades of Kyoto By Night :*

*2 & 3 | Kirsten Peterson explores the surreal nocturnal shadows, colors, and forms of Kyoto, Japan, through photography...*

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*Looking for seashells at low tide*

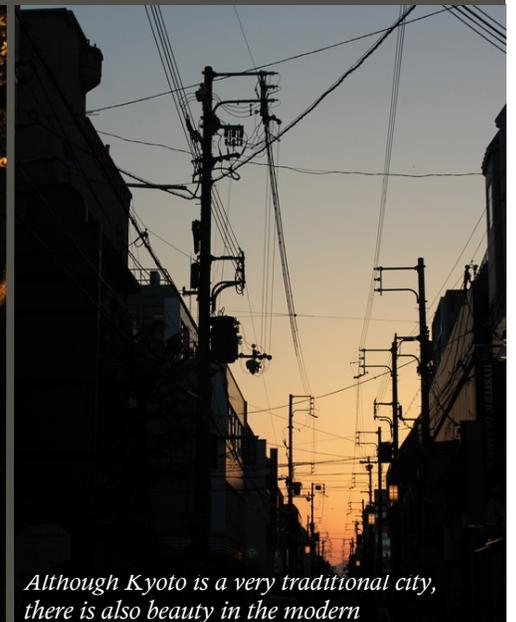
## *Darkness in the Land of the Rising Sun*

*Shades of Kyoto by Night*

*Kirsten Peterson - Associated Kyoto Program*



*A road lined with sakura trees illuminated for the hanatouro (night viewing) event*



*Although Kyoto is a very traditional city, there is also beauty in the modern*



*Kiyomizu-dera in Kyoto illuminated at night*



*Sakura (cherry blossom) trees reflected in the moat of Nijo Castle*

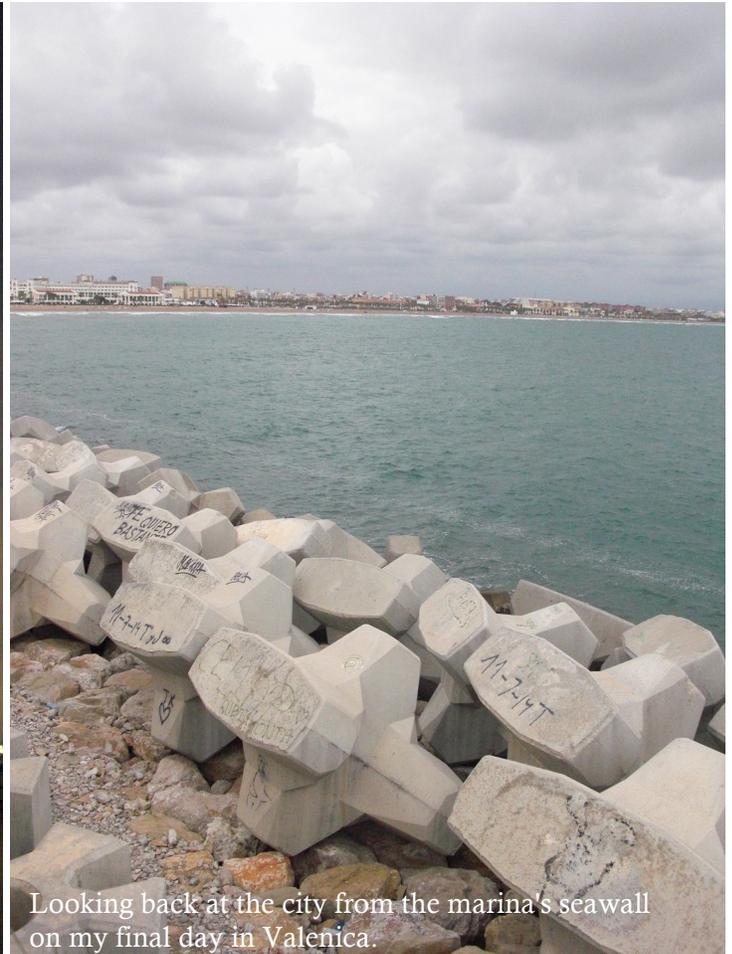
*"While Japan is the land of the rising sun, I've been especially stricken by the way it lights up at night. The following are a few photos I've taken during my semester in Kyoto and travels around Japan ."*



*Two salarymen share a meal after work in a yatai (food stall) in Fukuoka.*



Walking out to the Marina Real Juan Carlos I at night under a full moon



Looking back at the city from the marina's seawall on my final day in Valencia.

## Walking the Distances:

*Exploring the Modern City by Foot with Sam McLaughlin*

| Sam McLaughlin - University College Cork, Ireland

My favorite way to explore a new city is by foot. In a car or bus or train you can move much faster, and cover more territory, but I find it's only on foot that I start to understand the city—the topography and textures, the hidden angles and odd corners, the sounds and the rare spaces of silence.

When I arrived in Valencia, Spain, at the start of my spring break, I stepped out of the bus station and stared at the transit map outside. It was overwhelming. The lines seemed to be color-coded, but they were also overlaid with multiple letters and numbers, and I wasn't even sure where I was: the map had no arrow or dot to indicate its own location, no "Usted esta aqui" to get me started. Around me, municipal buses were rolling in and rolling out.

"¿Adonde vas?" a woman asked from my right. Where are you going? Apparently my confusion needed no translation.

In my high-school Spanish, I told her which street I was looking for. She pointed it out on the map, but she wasn't certain when the next bus would be.

According to the map's scale, it wasn't more than a few kilometers away. "Creo que puedo caminar," I told her: I think I can walk.

In disbelief she turned to me. "Esta muy lejo," she said.

"¿Tan lejo?"

"Sí, tan lejo."

I looked one more time. "Soy joven," I told her with a shrug, "y tengo tiempo."

She shook her head slightly, but she gave me directions anyway: follow the edge of the Jardín Turía, the park that follows the old riverbed through the city's center, and look for the street on my left. Most important, she pointed me in the right direction. I wonder how long I might have walked that day if not for her help.

"Gracias," I said, and with a wave, headed for the crosswalk and the streets of a new city.

Tan lejo. Too far. I walked for an hour and a half, first marvelling at the park and then despairing at the impossible, undeviating length of Avenida del Puerto. But I reached my hostel, where I found a free map of the city. Upstairs on my rented bed I unfolded it, and with a Sharpie traced my route. It made a thin black line.

For the next four days I strolled through the city—to the beach, to the magnificent buildings of the Ciudad de las Artes y Ciencias, to the Plaza del Toros and the Plaza del Ayuntamiento. Every evening I drew new lines on my map, as the folds grew looser and the corners ragged. And on the fifth day, I retraced my route to the bus station.

The shopfronts, so mysterious on arrival, now looked familiar. I popped into one of the Avenida's many small grocery stores for a couple of apples, and passed the pharmacy where I'd paid an exorbitant price for some desperately-needed sunscreen. Walking along the park, I thought back to how imposing and baffling the whole place had been when I stared blankly at the maze of the transit map. True; I'd explored only a fraction of Valencia's surface. But I felt as if the few streets I'd walked had become new friends—not simply a blur through a speeding window, but a rich world of memorable detail.

Walking, sadly, is somewhat contrary to the dictates of modern travel, especially when it's aimless and meandering and slow. The profusion of hop-on/hop-off buses and rental car services and ridesharing apps seems to attest to a general and collective aversion to a pedestrian pace of exploration. But at the end of two weeks of mostly hectic travel, with a sequence of buses and airports looming on my agenda, my mind drifts back to Valencia. If I were to return, I believe I'd recall those streets better than any of the towns I've flashed through on road trips or train rides. And I certainly hope I can return, with an empty schedule and any old pair of shoes, to continue tracing lazy lines through the wide reaches of my map, each tied to a wealth of subtle memories. Tan lejo or not, I'll take my own two feet any day.

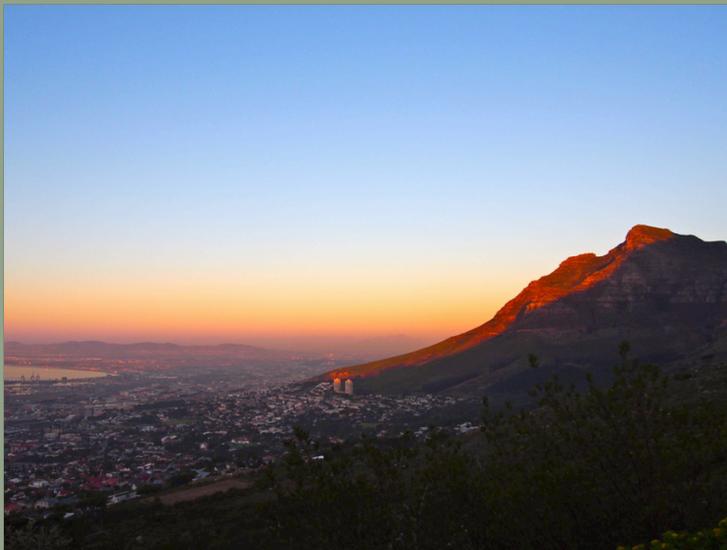


Walking through the 'Ciudad de las Artes y las Ciencias' district

# Images and Brief Reflections from the Cape

Chihiro Tamefusa - Globalization, the Environment and Society Program, Cape Town, South Africa

*Cape Town is absolutely gorgeous – a port city surrounded by mountains. (From the top of Table Mountain)*



*The city is dyed in multiple shades of red at sunset (From the Table Mountain Cable Car)*

*Even a beautiful beach is just a train ride away. (From the Train to Simon's Town)*





*There is a mix of cultures in the city (Photograph Taken in Bo-Kaap, a Cape Malay neighborhood)*



*And a mix of species – like wild cheetahs! (In the Kgalagadi Transfrontier Park)*

*But Cape Town is not just a place full of beauty – the high rates of poverty and unemployment cannot be ignored (Taken in Khayelitsha township)*



*Racism, xenophobia, poverty, and diseases are problems constantly plaguing South Africa even twenty years after the end of apartheid. Still, it is a place full of smiles and friendly people. I'm sure a bright future awaits this beautiful country. (Taken in Imizamo Yethu township)*

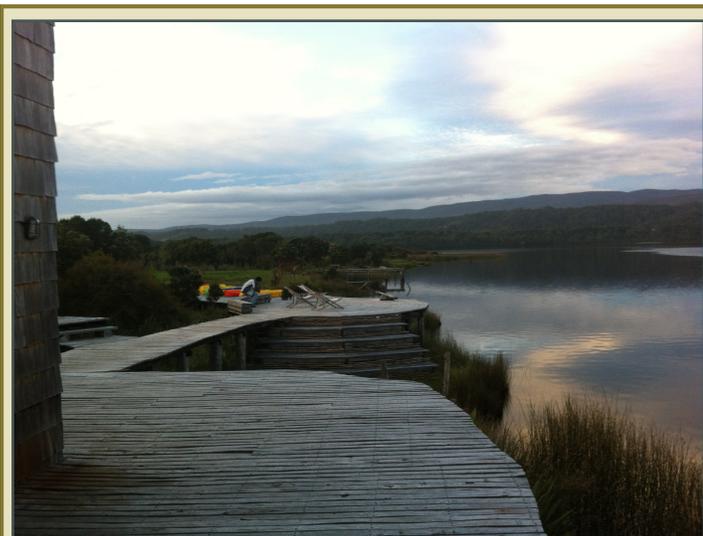


# *Jumping Straight In*

Nelson Cole - IES - Santiago, Chile

Have you ever gotten in cold water when you did not want to? It is terrible—that feeling when your toe touches the water and you already know you will regret each baby step needed to get farther in. Every splash and unexpected movement startles you. Even when fully submerged you want to find the shore. But every time, if you are patient enough, you become accustomed to your surroundings. Somewhere in the numbing pain, the ice water begins to feel better than getting out. That moment of forgetting about the pain has been my abroad experience in Chile.

With my first steps off the plane I was the kid with one toe in the water, and Chile was my lake. Since then, Chile has been a great experience—both challenging and entertaining. A major metropolitan city close to the size of New York, Santiago offers a busy metropolitan experience. A typical day will include crowded metros, street food, and pick-up sports in the park. However the best moments for me are found while escaping the city each weekend to a new small town in the country for a variety of outdoor experiences.



The dock of a lake in southern Chile. Great morning for me to get drowned in the rain while kayaking.



Running down to a beach in southern Chile with cows eating seaweed on the shore. We jumped straight in.

Traveling and interacting with locals offers boundless moments of growth. The many unexpected moments where I could not communicate often discouraged my efforts to immerse myself into the Spanish language. However, if I learned anything from study abroad so far, it's to jump straight into the experience. Each time I have done so it has been a challenge, but it has also been more than rewarding.

So whether it is jumping into pickup soccer games, hanging out with strangers, climbing mountains, talking to foreign lovers, taking last-minute overnight bus trips, going on unplanned campouts, visiting wine festivals, traveling solo, or swimming in ice cold beaches with cows on the shore, my advice to those blessed enough to go abroad is simple: don't ease your way into the water. Jump straight in and stay in. You will—and won't—regret it.

# Dreams, Science, and Beauty in Costa Rica

*Vian Zada - CIEE Tropical Ecology and Conservation - Monteverde, Costa Rica*

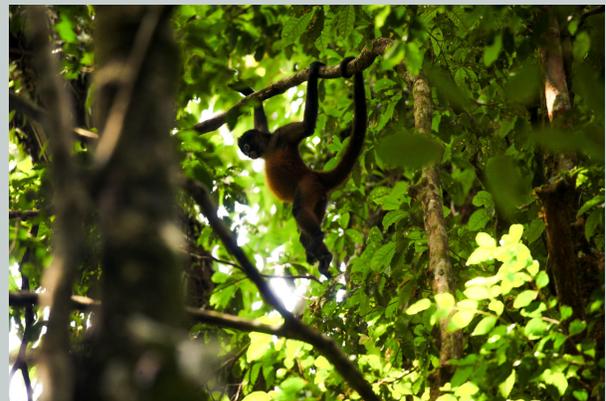


*“There is nothing more beautiful in this life, than a sunset in Costa Rica. They say that the young dreamer, in this country, can feel nothing but love.”*

*These words greeted me two months ago, scrawled on a wall of a café. I could never have imagined how prophetic they would become. Sitting here on the continental divide, with the Atlantic on my left and the bays of the Pacific Ocean on my right, and the green canopy of the cloud forest in between, my soul is in a state of unrefined ecstasy. A few hundred meters down lies the Estación Biológica, a place where I get to study and breathe science. Another hundred meters down is the Spanish Immersion School and the perfect place to watch the sunset, with the company of pasture horses and grasses dancing with the wind.*



*We've spent much of our time wandering both coasts of Costa Rica, learning a lot of ecology along the way and without much Internet access or even electricity. One of my most memorable moments was watching a 6-foot-long leatherback turtle (larger than me!) lay her eggs at midnight, under a sky full of stars and lightning, and return to warm Caribbean waters glittering with bioluminescent plankton. Other unforgettable moments have enlightened me with the natural beauty of this world and the importance of protecting it. Swimming in an ocean with a gentle rain pouring or in a river shared with crocodiles, wading through waist-deep mud to search for tree frogs, climbing mangrove roots and snorkeling beneath them, riding a horse through the forest, waking up to white-faced capuchins howling outside your tent, resting at the base of a tree dressed in epiphytes and lichens, holding an insect or gecko in your hands ... the forests are a world of color and music.*



*As much as I want to spend every possible second outdoors, the program is academically rigorous and there is much work to be done inside too. We have independent projects that we get to design, and I'm working with medicinal plants, seeing if they inhibit microbial growth and how leaf-cutter ants react to the plant extracts. A third part of my project involves surveying locals about their knowledge of the plants and traditional medicine. I love being able to work with people and have been learning so much from Ticos as well as from travelers from all over the world.*

*The food is also pretty incredible. This morning I made empanadas with my host mom. She doesn't speak English, but she is very sweet and talks a lot—which is great for my Spanish.*

*Every day here feels like a living postcard, even with midterms around the corner. As they say here: pura vida!*

# *A SAGEHEN IN THE FOGGY CITY:*

*Leyth Swidan and Cecil the Sagehen Do London*

**Leyth Swidan - The School of Oriental and African Studies - London, England**



*No trip to London is complete without a picture by Big Ben...*



*Cecil couldn't resist taking a picture by the beautiful Westminster Abbey...*



*Cecil enjoys a sunny day in the busy Trafalgar Square...*



*After a long day, Starbucks is a must...*



*Making new friends wasn't a problem at all for Cecil!*

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*Feeling royal by Kensington Palace...*

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*Posing in Amsterdam in front of the Rijksmuseum...*

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*Enjoying our canal cruise with Sara Shi and Joanna!*

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