From the
UC Santa Barbara
EAP Faculty Director
Professor Michael O’Connell

I return to my role as UCSB campus director after ten months as interim university-wide director of EAP. No successor had been chosen last summer for Prof. John Marcum, who retired after leading the program for 17 years, and I was asked to step into the job temporarily. It was an exciting – and often difficult – challenge to be in charge of a program with over 4500 students studying abroad from the entire UC system, the largest number in EAP’s 45-year history. The central office (which is also in Santa Barbara) has a dedicated and highly expert staff of around 90 who coordinate the work of 55 study centers around the world (and over 120 programs in 32 countries). Certainly the most difficult part was having to cope with a 15 percent cut in EAP’s budget necessitated by the financial woes at the UC Office of the President. We had to make some agonizing choices as we eliminated several programs abroad and scaled back staff. I found myself having to cut the very program on which my daughter studied abroad in Paris in 2006-07. I don’t know if she’s forgiven me yet!

We can only hope that the central UC administration will come to its senses and prevent the erosion of one of the University’s most
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EAP Graduate Awarded Top UC Santa Barbara Scholar

Kate Spence (Bologna ’06-’07), a global studies major, received a Santa Barbara City Club award of over $8,000 upon her graduation in June, 2008. In addition to being UCSB’s female graduate with the third highest grade point average in social science, Kate also spent her junior year studying on EAP at the University of Bologna. Here, she reflects on that experience:

While studying abroad, I took a Masters-level course on international human rights in political science at the University of Bologna in Italy. Concurrently, I participated in a volunteer group course at Bologna’s maximum security federal prison. The group was led by the professor from my human rights class, a Gandhi-loving, violence-disdaining Zen-master with a penchant for the Quaker faith.

Once a week, we would bring our discussion to the prison inmates. During those visits, I met a member of the Turkish mob, a former member of the Red Brigades, a would-have-been-cop who murdered his roommate right before his police examinations, and many more. About forty inmates showed up during any given week, most of them convicted of murder. After I befriended one particular inmate, Max, my professor pulled me aside and reminded me: “You know, you wouldn’t have been able to meet him if he were in the US. He would have been executed by now, instead of still sitting in jail.” That eerie statement instilled in me the importance of study abroad programs and their role as instigators of logical and moral questioning.
Holocaust Victims’ Relationships with Music during WWII

by Robby Greengold (UK ’06–’07)

The Jeanie Anderson Memorial Fund allowed me to study how music was used in Germany during World War II – by victims, captors, between nations, and within governments. I wanted to know how music affected the lives of inmates in concentration camps, how the Schutzstaffel (or SS) exploited camp orchestras at Auschwitz, and how prisoners used music to cope with the horror in their lives. To answer these questions, I visited several sites and interviewed survivors in Germany, Poland, Spain, and the United Kingdom. Studying on EAP in the UK allowed me to locate a number of camp survivors through my academic contacts in London, and I was able to travel to Berlin, Krakow, Auschwitz, and Barcelona at minimal cost to conduct my research.

Visiting Auschwitz was one of the most distressing and poignant experiences of my life, especially when I stood in the spot where the orchestras actually performed. Made up of prisoners, these orchestras would play marches as inmates began their long day of hard labor. Prisoners who could not keep up were punished or killed. The SS wouldn’t tolerate disorder and inmates were easier to count when they formed neat marching rows. Sadistic and vindictive uses of these orchestras were not uncommon. During executions, for example, the SS might command the musicians to perform jovial tunes and parade music. At other times, “kapos” (non-commissioned SS officers) forced their troops to sing sentimental songs to mock the prisoners, or make up bastardized versions and malicious parodies of their national anthems and folk melodies. When new transports arrived, the orchestras played waltzes or pre-war music to lull inmates into believing they were being welcomed. This was excruciating for the musicians, who were only too aware of the terrors yet to come but powerless to warn the new inmates. On Sundays, orchestras performed for functionaries, SS officers, and prominent Nazis like the notorious Dr. Mengele. Prisoners were rarely allowed to attend these concerts, but when they did, they were required to stand at attention and refrain from applause.

Due to the deplorable living conditions at Auschwitz, music and most other art forms were impractical for the great majority, who were focused on struggling to survive. Because barracks were purposely arranged to split up racial groups and prevent homogeneity within the blocks, it was nearly impossible to put performances together in advance. Most music broke out spontaneously in a prison population that was always changing. As new recruits arrived and others were selected for the gas chambers, inmates tried to distance themselves from the horrors of the camps by singing nostalgic melodies from their homelands. Since most songs were passed along orally and used new lyrics for pre-existing music, prisoners were able to give voice to their suffering. Some songs also served as valuable mnemonic devices that were used to make light of the camps. Auschwitz, for example, was described as “paradise on Earth,” despite the fact inmates were infested with lice, given disgusting and minimal amounts of food, and abused and dying on a daily basis.

While in Berlin, I had the opportunity to interview Sarah Cohen, the daughter of a camp musician. She told me how upsetting it was for her mother when the SS would make the musicians play immediately after a new group of inmates had been selected for execution. While it was not uncommon for SS officers to cry as they listened to the music, the musicians hated seeing their captors so humanized. Sarah also urged me to visit the House of the Wannsee Conference, a lovely lakeside mansion near Berlin where the top Nazi authorities met to discuss the “final solution to the “Jewish problem.” Despite the fact the meeting lasted for only an hour and was held in an ordinary dining room, the decisions made there changed the lives of millions who were lucky enough to survive, and caused the deaths of many millions more.

Scholars at the Deutsches Historiches Museum also helped answer my questions about how the Nazi regime impacted German music during WWII. While innovative and even provocative music flourished in the United States during the 1930s and 1940s, the same was not true in Germany, where new music was rare to hear, difficult to produce, and under constant scrutiny by the government. Exclusionary laws dictating which races could participate in opera, orchestras, and theatre made it especially challenging to recruit experienced musicians, actors, singers, and composers. The Third Reich also banned jazz, swing, and other popular forms of music. On top of all the political repression, there were also economic, social, and environmental factors that contributed to the lack of musical ingenuity at that time.

My visit to the Fundació Caixa Catalunya Museum in Barcelona provided me with yet another perspective on the musical life of Germany during WWII, particularly in terms of the conformity expected of musicians and composers. It also gave me a feel for the lives of exiled musicians and showed me how slavishly the Nazis behaved toward composers, like Wagner, whom they adored.

This project was the pinnacle of my study abroad experience. It was also something I would never have undertaken had I not gone on EAP or received scholarship support from the Jeanie Anderson Memorial Fund. The only way to truly understand what I was studying was to visit the places where history was made. I have been changed forever as a result.

Robby Greengold graduated in June, 2008 in Music Composition from UCSB’s College of Creative Studies.
Egyptians will tell you “Masr om ad-dunya,” Egypt is the mother of the world. She is the ancient wonder of the pyramids and temples, the modern shadow of dilapidated apartments teeming with cousins and uncles, where extreme poverty and unbelievable wealth nearly collide in five lanes of Fiat taxis, next to a donkey pulling a wagon of melons, below a skyline of billboards for cell phones and processed cheese. But I lived there for a year and never once saw a car accident. Some mysterious power, perhaps the gravitational force of the ezan, or call to prayer, combined with the desert sun, forms the delicate balance that prevents it all from imploding.

Living in Cairo for a year proved both frustrating and overwhelming. The culture, crowdedness, pollution, and language were all hurdles I faced every day. For every step forward, it felt like I took two steps backward (“Walk like a kid studying abroad in Egypt!”). However, it was these very challenges, paired with my linguistic intelligence, that truly enriched my experience. They proved a difficult test, requiring great patience. Patience with this bureaucratic, stratified society, and patience with myself and my clumsy progress toward trying to absorb and respect everything around me, letting it change me inevitably, and yet retaining my values and sense of self. Tears formed in my eyes when the plane took off from San Francisco. And they were rolling down my cheeks when I left Egypt.

Living and studying in Rome took me far beyond the romanticized images of Roman Holiday and Gladiator. EAP’s “Rome Through the Ages” program allowed me to work toward my history major while living in another culture. Each day I experienced something new. When I wasn’t having class in the Roman Forum or St. Peter’s Square, I was practicing Italian with my host mother or tasting Italian cuisine. Even my daily commute was an international adventure. The UC Study Center was located in the Vatican, so each time I entered the palazzo for class, I actually left Italian territory.

After years of studying history in the typical classroom setting, I finally got to witness everything I had once seen only in books and pictures, through site visits and excursions organized by my teachers. My Italian improved tremendously. In four months, I went from only knowing how to say “Ciao,” to testing into Italian 5! But my experience in the “Eternal City” was by no means a walk in the park. After living in Isla Vista, constantly surrounded by friends, I found myself living in a neighborhood with complete strangers who did not speak English. It was truly humbling and made me appreciate my friends and family more than ever. My only regret about studying abroad was that I did not stay longer!

Lyon is a city known intimately only by the true Lyonnais. I spent my whole year there discovering what makes this city so special: the secret passageways scattered throughout the city, used by silk weavers and World War II resisters alike; the “bouchons” (small, homely restaurants) that make Lyon the gastronomic capital of France; the Roman ruins that you run into while wandering through the city, showing Lyon’s history as the Roman capital of the Three Gauls; the special Lyonnais words sprinkled throughout the conversations; the Festival of Lights that brightens up the city for a week during the winter; and the murals covering buildings throughout the city.

I arrived in Lyon excited about living in a big city and left changed by my unique experiences. I survived a class in which I didn’t understand anything until the fourth week and when I suddenly began to understand, I nearly cried with happiness. I took my classes at a university that was the Gestapo headquarters during WWII. By the end of the year, I finally appreciated the wit in the cartoons in the daily newspaper. All these seemingly insignificant details are what made my study abroad experience so fulfilling.
A Diplomatic Career Began with EAP

Forty years ago I headed out to the Université de Bordeaux for what I thought would be my only experience living abroad. I had saved all my money from summer jobs to buy a VW beetle so that I could make the most of my experience. The year started inauspiciously with delayed school openings following the famous French riots, which even today are just called “les événements” by all French citizens who were alive at the time. It also didn’t help that I was assigned to the men’s dormitory initially, but eventually things got sorted out and classes began. Little did I know that the shy, skinny 19-year-old and her beige VW beetle would leave Bordeaux a year later completely changed and that in September 2007 she would retire from a 29-year-career with the Foreign Service, driving that same car for almost the entire time!

My EAP year gave me the courage I might never have had to tackle new things in unfamiliar surroundings, not to mention language skills I used at several assignments overseas. But most of all, it gave me an enthusiasm for life—not a life of predictability but a life of challenge and change. Since 1976 I have served at diplomatic posts in London, Belgrade, Haiti, Antigua, El Salvador, Geneva, and Ottawa. I have been a Consul General, a Deputy Chief of Mission, a Chargé d’Affaires, and a Principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. My photo albums include shots with people we see on the news regularly. But even more important, I have been able to help so many Americans as well as foreign citizens who have found themselves in distress at a time and in a place where I was their only recourse. Even now—in retirement—the State Department keeps me going in this life of adventure as an inspector. I write this from the U.S. Embassy in Dublin where I am wrapping up three weeks of work that parallels what management consultants do in the private sector. Two months ago I was in Nigeria. Who knows where the next assignment will take me? Thanks to the joie de vivre I gained from my year with EAP in Bordeaux, I will not worry about the next stop on the international road of life—I’ll be ready.

Leslie Gerson
(Bordeaux, France ’68-’69)

Director’s Letter

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valuable academic programs.

But on the other hand, this was a banner year for UCSB’s EAP operation. With 901 students taking part in EAP, a fifth of the university-wide total, UCSB surged into the lead among UC campuses, finally besting even Berkeley in EAP participation. This was cause for celebration in our campus office.

The coming year will see a small decline in EAP’s numbers, both systemwide and at UCSB. Recessions at home and the declining value of the dollar against the euro and other major world currencies are largely to blame. Students are finding it difficult to finance a time of study abroad at just the time when it seems most necessary in our globalized world. Scholarship support is more necessary than ever.

I’ve come to see study abroad as just as necessary to a liberal education as the traditional mix of humanities, social science, and physical science enshrined in our general education requirements. The educational benefit of stepping outside one’s familiar world and grappling with the cultural shift that foreign study represents is immeasurable, as the articles by Robert Greengold, Kate Spence, and our peer advisers certainly testify. Every UC student should have the opportunity for this significant component of a liberal arts education. Perhaps the time will come when it will also be seen as a necessity.
EAP Reunion Spans All Continents and Generations

By Val Swanson Eurman (Madrid ’77-'78)

On a gorgeous spring day in April, nearly 50 UCSB EAP alumni gathered for a reception at the beautiful new Mosher Alumni House as part of the 2nd All-Gaucho Reunion weekend. What fun! Were you there?? Mark your calendars now so you don’t miss out on next year’s EAP Alumni Reunion event, already scheduled for April 25, 2009.

The morning was flavorful — and not just with good food — as folks reminisced over breakfast and talked about the impact EAP has had in their lives. A highlight of the event was a lively interactive session when we all learned who traveled where, who has returned to their country of study, and who still uses a foreign language today. Prizes were given to those who married another EAP participant or a citizen of their host country, and/or others who have since sent a kid abroad on EAP. Some were there who’d studied in the earliest program; others had gone to a country in the midst of political turmoil, and/or on a program that is now closed.

Bill Allaway, EAP’s founder and university-wide director for 30 years, came with his wife, Olivia, and shared anecdotes from his long history with the program. One story concerned China in the 80s, during the Tiananmen Square uprising when the EAP program had to be officially closed. Apparently, a few EAP students didn’t come home – Bill said he knew why when he saw them on TV, serving as translators for CNN!

Want to help us plan UCSB’s 2nd Annual EAP Reunion? Contact Valerie Swanson Eurman, EAP Reunion Committee Chair, veurman@cox.net; (805) 683-1237.

Alumni Help EAP Students Realize Their Dreams

By Jim Maloney (Göttingen ’82-'83)

This past February, it was my distinct pleasure to host an event for over forty EAP Bay Area alumni to talk about UCSB’s EAP Scholarship Fund and encourage others to join me in contributing to support it. Those who came to my home in San Francisco had participated in EAP programs in dozens of countries between 1969 and 2007. It was inspiring to exchange stories with people who have shared the EAP experience. I was surprised by how similar our recollections were, in spite of the varied countries we visited and the different eras during which we participated.

Studying abroad was a goal of mine from the time I heard about EAP during freshman orientation. I was able to raise the necessary funds by my senior year and had the year of my life studying at the UC Study Center in Göttingen, Germany. As most EAP participants will appreciate, that year abroad was one of the most significant experiences of my life and is one I still think about often. I also shudder to recall how it nearly didn’t happen, because it wasn’t easy coming up with that funding. What put me over the top was a plea for a loan from a wealthy aunt, who came through for me at the eleventh hour!

Her generosity is what inspired me to contribute to the EAP scholarship fund and to use the gathering at my home to encourage other alumni to give as well. Frankly, my contributions to UCSB have been sparse over the years, but when I heard I could channel my donations directly to EAP students, I jumped at the opportunity! I really do believe EAP is something all UC students should experience, and I have now committed to funding a scholarship that will help ensure at least some of them can. I encourage all EAP alumni to join me. And I look forward to more EAP alumni gatherings in the future.
EAP Photo Contest Winners!
These photos were among the winners in our 2008 EAP photo contest

Real Madrid Championship
Aaron Wallechinsky
EAP Madrid, Spain, 2006-07

Italian friar
Lulu Krakauer
EAP Siena, Italy, 2006-07

Fjaerland, Norway
Alexandra Tweedie
EAP Lund, Sweden, 2006-07

• Check out the EAP alumni webpage at <www.eap.ucsb.edu/alumni>.
• Join the EAP alumni email listserv by sending an email to <eapucsb@eap.ucsb.edu>. Put “add EAP alumni” in the subject line. Please include the following in the body of your email: name (maiden name if applicable), EAP city, country, and year abroad.