WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE PRESIDENTIAL INTERNS?

The 2009-2010 Presidential Interns traveled the Middle East and Europe, while still finding time to work hard and enjoy their lives in Egypt.

Where in the world are the 2009-2010 Presidential Interns?

At any given moment during the year of their internship, it was difficult to pin down the many activities each intern was juggling. Whether it was quenching the never ending travel bug in the region and beyond, or checking out baladi bread factories and the camel market within Cairo, the interns were always moving.

In the second full year on the New Campus, we rode the bus from Zamalek, our commute taking about two hours out of our days. But luckily for all commuters, wifi was installed on the buses this year, so the introduction of the New York Times, Gmail, Facebook, and Skype to the usual Arabic homework, naps, and music made the commute bearable. On the New Campus, the interns took advantage of the many spectacular resources available to them. From sports and choirs, to plays and films, the New Campus offers many activities to unwind with after a long work day.

Sam and Ellen were the star athletes, joining the basketball team and swim team respectively, but Laura could often be found on the tennis courts if she wasn’t on the AUC farm or campaigning for campus-wide recycling. Kavita joined the choir, and was asked to sign the AUC school song at Commencement, while Steve and Henry could often be spotted in the Faculty Lounge, gossiping and watching BBC Arabia.

This year’s interns elected to hold special seminars with AUC experts, including Ambassador Nabil Fahmy, Dean of the School of Global Affairs and Public Policy, Dr. Jerry Leach, Director of the AUC’s Center for American studies, and Dr. Lisa Anderson, AUC Provost. All interns agreed that they benefitted enormously from the scholarly discussions, career advice, and esteemed company.

Together, the interns traveled to Alexandria and Ain El Sokhna, but once the initial weeks turned into months, travel plans became tailored to each intern’s individual interests. Often Saturday and Sunday nights were spent recapping activities, as the interns returned home to the hostel upon the completion of journeys. And on the rare weekends when all interns

(See Interns, page 3)
It has been daunting to realize that in Cairo – a city of an ever-growing population of 22 million that produces 14,000 tons of trash per day – there is little emphasis on waste management. Egypt’s preemptive solution back when the H1N1 virus hit over a year ago was to kill all the pigs in Cairo. This may seem of little significance, but when you actually look at the broader system, you realize the consequences which Cairo is only now really beginning to face. The pigs were part of the largest informal trash collection system in the world based in a community called the ‘Zabaleen,’ or trash people who live in the Manshiyet Nasr district of Cairo. The Zabaleen are an informal group who collect trash for profit throughout Cairo. They transport it home, sort it, and are able to recycle up to 80% of what is collected.

The organic waste, which makes up to 50% of Cairo’s total waste, was used to feed the pigs. When the pigs were slaughtered, the Zabaleen who had already been experiencing pressure from the government to move further outside of town, were at a loss. The government had already tried to ‘formalize’ the sector of waste management by bring in international companies to implement new systems, there was of course no proper economic assessment and so the system fell to the wayside. So for the Zabaleen, the political pressure, geographic constraints and physical limitations they had been placed under uprooted their productivity and the rest of Cairo is still feeling it. From when the interns first arrived in Cairo this past August, there has been a noticeable trash build in certain places that we frequent. Downtown, Coptic Cairo, even on the drive to New Campus; it is disheartening to experience the waste of a city piling up in real time and to realize that... (See Recycle, page 6)

HENRY AGBO
OFFICE OF COMMUNICATIONS AND MARKETING
A chorus rang out. “Welcome home, brother,” the men all shouted in quick succession. Those proclamations of greeting were eventually replaced by the more expected entreaties and questions as one meanders through a marketplace, such as “Come shop in my store!” or “How can I take your money?” or even “Mister Obama, do you want a t-shirt?” My initial feelings of elation at instant belonging were quickly replaced with the unease of being just another foreigner seemingly with an inordinate amount of money to waste in an overwhelming and incomprehensible new place. Welcome to Egypt. I wondered what that really meant.

I am Nigerian-American, and in adopting a hyphenated identity I am careful to never place a stronger emphasis on either of the requisite parts of my cultural composition. I am Nigerian wholly. I am American fully. It is a simple equation that equals distinctiveness. After all, I was born and raised in St. Louis, Missouri, but it just so happens that both of my parents came from Nigeria. One element that was always missing from this conception of the self, though, is that I had never been to Nigeria or even Africa before.

Thus, when I came to Egypt for the first time, it was sort of a homecoming. While I had yet to venture into sub-Saharan Africa which is my true ancestral home, this was a start for me, the beginning of a journey that undoubtedly meant shedding light for myself on the place that European scholars used to disparagingly refer to as the “Dark Continent”. I thought that Egyptians could see my desperation to belong, to be in communion with my African brothers and sisters. It was as if I had a sign taped to my forehead.

I soon saw those expectations dashed – at least insofar as I am a Westerner. When the inevitable question of “Where are you from?” would come, I often paused for moments, racked with indecision. “I’m American.” It would spill out of me. The regret would rain down. Being American means being different, oppositional, or a “them” in the “us versus them” dichotomy. Of course, it is not without its rewards. An American passport has cachet. It means access, privilege, connections and power in a country where these things are hard to gain. It sparks curiosity and a barrage of questions about music, movies, and New York City (even if you’re not from there). Separation and distinction, however, persist.

On the contrary, being Nigerian does not bear a wide range of benefits. The status does not exist. In those choice moments in which I have decided to answer the question of “Where are you from?” with one simple word, “Nigeria”, the outcome has been noticeably different though. A smile has often sprouted across the face of my current interrogator. “Fooooooootball,” he would say. (See Home, page 6)

THE K’ANNA SOCIETY

STEPHEN KALIN
OFFICE OF DEVELOPMENT
I met Ahmed Shawket during my second month in Egypt. Initially connected through the famous Cairo Scholars listserv, we began as language exchange partners and became quick friends. For a few months, we sat in a baladi café once a week where he would read aloud in English and I in Arabic to practice pronunciation and comprehension. Since then, we have met more regularly and for no particular reason other than to spend time together. Ahmed has been one of the best parts of my life in Cairo, acting as friend, guide, interpreter, teacher, traffic cop. (When crossing the street, he urges me not to fear oncoming traffic. “They’re professionals!” he says about the drivers who speed up when they see us crossing.)

Ahmed is 26 and a master’s student at Cairo University. He studies anthropology, but he hates it and actually reads more philosophy than anything else. In one of our first meetings, he read from a book of contemporary philosophical theories; I made him switch to a novel. He’s a really bright guy– somehow he developed critical thinking skills despite being a product of the inhibiting Egyptian public school and university system. He taught himself English from reading books, watching TV, listening to American music, and meeting foreigners. His speech is flawless and his cultural fluency is excellent, though he has never been outside of Egypt.

Through Ahmed’s eyes, I’ve learned more about Egypt than I ever could have by reading books. He rarely goes to class, (See K’Anna, page 4)
Interns (Continued from page 1)

were in town, the terrace became a dance floor, and interns could be spotted hopping to Cairo Jazz Club, After 8, the British Consulate,
Horreya Coffee Shop, L’Aubergine, Pub 28, or Odeon.

The interns will always remember their overnight stay at the Desert Development Center’s South Tahrir farm, potluck terrace parties, Laura’s birthday cakes and breakfast treats, Lunch at the Zewail House, Steve’s valuable command of Arabic — so helpful in early taxi rides, New Year’s Eve at the Swiss Club, Henry’s obsession with candy, Algeria-Egypt football matches and the subsequent riots, Kavita’s fantastic enthusiasm for nearly everything, Egyptian friends (lost and found), Sam’s Arabic accent and special relationship with his office-mates, and Ellen’s insatiable desire to find a pool.

The year went by both quickly and slowly, but all would agree that it was an unbelievable experience.

We will cherish our memories and friendships from this year, and they will stay with us, no matter where life takes us.

2009-2010 Interns’ Travel:

Countries visited: France, Jordan, Italy, Lebanon, Syria, Kenya, Ethiopia, Morocco, Spain, Turkey, Germany, Greece, Israel, Nigeria.

Within Egypt: Luxor, Rosetta, Siwa, Dahab, Sharm el Sheik, Bahareya, Aswan, Ismailia, Suez, Alexandria, Ain el Sokhna, Nuweiba, Fayoum, South Tahrir.

The Interns at the AUC Farm in South Tahrir

A Tale of Two Egyptians

SAM LEVINE
OFFICE OF THE PROVOST

One of the most interesting parts of my year-long journey living and working in Cairo has been finding a way to connect, what I would call, the 'two-Egypt's' that I immerse myself in on a daily basis. Let me explain: I work at the American University's beautiful new campus, interact with the elite of Egypt's population, and most nights return to my cushy apartment in Zamalek, an expat, more-expensive hub in the middle of Cairo. And yet, three times a week I teach English to Egyptians and Refugees who live in poorer communities in Heliopolis and Nasr City, and in travel around the country and in certain parts of Cairo I am also exposed to a very different lifestyle than that at AUC and in Zamalek. I am shocked by the poverty; by the lack of basic resources like running water and a clean home that I take for granted, and in my teaching experiences--by the poor educational tools that give my students little opportunity to reach success. And then, an hour or two later--it's back to Zamalek or to AUC, back to the other, more privileged world in Egypt. It's a difficult divide, and one that I have struggled to come to terms with while living here. But it has also left me determined to do something about it. Next year, I will be teaching in an underachieving school in Washington D.C, where students are faced with some of the same challenges that my students face here. It is my hope that I can bring the skills and experiences I learn teaching in the States back to the Middle East one day, and perhaps to Egypt--where I can help fight for educational equality and for a better future, one in which I am no longer exposed to these two, very different Egypt's.

Steve and his friend Ahmed

Henry, Laura, Steve, Mohamed and Sam after Algeria-Egypt football match
Arwa, a Libyan who is seeking political refuge in Egypt, was not what I was expecting. With fantastic fusha – hard to find here in Egypt – she can explain grammar in a way that a Type-A American can easily grasp and understand; her vocabulary is expansive, but she’s very good at knowing which words we already know and which words we don’t; and she’s very empathetic, understanding, and desirous of connecting at a deep, personal level with her students.

She’s also a little bit crazy. Our classes don’t have end times – we schedule them at night so that they can go on for as long as we can last. My longest class so far has been for six hours, and that’s not many standard deviations from average. With her indefatigable love of Arabic, Arwa feels that Arabic should be a priority to all her students as it is to her. Even mentioning studying another language, or, God forbid, practicing it while you’re in Egypt, will merit a scolding that my own mother would want to emulate.

She also has no issues with discussing very personal topics in class. As I mentioned before, Arwa is a political refugee from Libya; her father was an active protestor against the Libyan government, many of her relatives and family friends have spent over half their lives in prison, and her husband is currently actively involved in supporting anti-Gaddafi movements. While she has some horrendous memories of Libya, she has no problem speaking about them, and she similarly doesn’t hesitate to ask us about our opinions on a variety of things, ranging from American foreign policy to the prevalence of sex in American society to Disney movies. Anything and everything is fair game, and we’ve certainly learned how to be prepared for anything during our classes.

With these very personal topics floating around class, I will say that not only does my vocabulary include a very odd assortment of words, I also believe I’ve learned more than just how to discuss these matters in Arabic. I’ve also learned what Arabs – Libyans and Egyptians alike – think of certain issues, how they perceive the world, and how eager and excited they are to learn more. Though I could have had much more tame and politically correct classes, I will always value the important exposure I’ve had to the

Arwa mindset during these months here, mostly through Arwa.

K’anna (Continued from Page 2)

doesn’t work and doesn’t particularly like the neighborhood, sometimes spend hours upon hours losing himself in English and Arabic books, meeting with friends, and walking around downtown. He confirms for me that intellectual curiosity is still alive among some of Egypt’s youth.

Ahmed’s nature is cynical, which is perhaps why he get along so well. He has developed a way of explaining why things in Egypt are broken, dysfunctional, corrupt, illogical. He calls Egypt the K’anna society, which derives from a word in the Arabic language. K’anna is a conditional phrase which literally means “as if,” but it implies that the condition it sets up is unlikely or unreasonable. For example—this year passed as if it were a month. When applied to Egypt, Ahmed intends it to describe situations where there is the appearance of normalcy and functionality, but right below the surface it is obvious—everybody knows—that it is one big farce, similar to how a year can be a month long.

There are countless examples of k’anna: 30% of young people go to university on the government’s dollar, but classes are crowded, professors are poor, resources are limited, intellectual freedom is snuffed out, and employment is unavailable upon graduation; education in Egypt therefore is k’anna. Police are posted on practically every corner, yet they demand bakheesh from everyone, don’t follow the laws themselves, and actually create more trouble than they prevent; therefore security in Egypt is k’anna. The Egyptian Antiquities Museum contains thousands of relics from the pyramids and other ancient ruins, yet everything is lumped together haphazardly, without attention to order and preservation; therefore preservation in Egypt is k’anna. The government is democratic, but Mubarak wins the election every five years; therefore democracy in Egypt is K’anna. Cairo is a city of contrasts and contradictions—impossible to really understand or explain.

Over the past few months, Ahmed and I have spent hours reading and talking in coffee shops downtown, then walking down Sharia Talat Harb to the Nile. (”La nil illa al-nil,” Ahmed would say in emulation of the shahada. “There is no nil but the Nile.”) We have gone clothes and book shopping, including to the Cairo Book Fair in Nasr City in January where I picked up a free copy of Qaddafi’s green book. We meet to watch the crowds after a big football game, and we go to lectures together. Once he took me to his anthropology class at Cairo University, and I listened as the professor droned on for two hours in Arabic about the physiological differences between two tribes in southern Sudan.

One of the most unusual experiences that Ahmed has enabled me to have was visiting his home in the Cairo suburb of Giza. One afternoon in November, I took the metro to the Cairo University stop and met Ahmed on the street. These streets were unpaved and filled with garbage, people, and tuktuks, or ramshackled minibus. Ahmed and I took a minibus about half an hour along one street that sat below a highway flyover, weaving around other minibuses, cars and tuktuks; navigating potholes the size of refrigerators in the unpaved streets, as barefoot children and covered women carrying loads on their heads ran past. At the end of the route, we disembarked and walked another fifteen minutes to Ahmed’s apartment, past donkeys, sheep, and cows selling rotten fruit, huge piles of tires, and trash. It was chaotic. Ahmed lives with his family in a modest apartment and has his own bedroom. An old desktop computer which he uses to listen to music, watch movies and surf the web sits on his desk in a room which sunlight rarely reaches. One of the walls is lined from floor to ceiling with books in Arabic and English that he has read. He’s an anomaly; I’m not quite sure where he came from.

Recently, Ahmed and I have taken to sitting in a baladi café near the Ramses Hilton and playing dominos. His friend Tareq, who serves in the Egyptian army, taught me how to play and imparting some of his strategy. I beat Ahmed (the pro) in my first game, but I haven’t won a game since then. He and I sit together, talking in Arabic and English about the past week and the week to come, exchanging trash talk about the game, and singing favorite Arabic songs. Cars rush past in the street, and smoke plumes up from Ahmed’s cigarette into the clear Cairo night. After a few games of dominos, we walk to the 6th October bridge, which connects downtown and Zamalek and is famous for the young couples that stroll its sidewalks. We gaze down at the feluccas passing by on the Nile filled with dancing Egyptians and the occasional foreigners. When it gets late, we part ways. Ahmed descends to the bus station next to the Ramsis Hilton, and I walk across the bridge to Zamalek, humming the latest Arabic song he’s taught me.
It is here that I beg you, my reader, to take a seemingly impossible leap within the following comparison. For what I have realized, and want to share with you, is that we are all more similar than we give each other credit for.

To appeal to the technical side of the argument, Cairo and Los Angeles offer some simple geographical comparisons: a shared latitude, a desert, and a powerful river that has been harnessed to give life to arid lands. But I did not choose Cairo for endless sunshine; I had learned from my superficiality.

Next comes the chaos of civilization: the unpredictably terrible traffic, the extreme heat, the dirt, the thick blanket of smog that wraps its filthy arms around the Nile. These problems make the two cities sisters; contributing to my eerie feeling of being home. My pathetic fondness for the pretty pink shades at sunset fuels my inability to comprehend what smog really is. Not a technicolored dream coat-- instead the product of too much exhaust, and too many people crammed into too small an area.

Egypt, more than any other place, understands that we have no power over time. Home to more history than is comprehendible, it remains, no matter how much in shambles. Its existence is a reminder that no matter what we do, there are forces greater than us that will win out in the end.

The highways that cut through the minarets and sand-worn Haussmann-like buildings are a tragically beautiful reminder of this story. They unwind the tale of Cairo’s conquerors and colonizers, much like Wilshire Boulevard and its low-lying architecture cuts across America’s journey west, proclaiming the endless, albeit flattened, optimism of the automobile and the ever-cliché American Dream.

Upon reaching Cairo’s newest frontier, the sprawl reaching into what else if not the desert, we find it takes its cues from this California dream. The gaudy Rococo, and red-roofed hacienda-inspired McMansions that crowd the streets to New Cairo exude a hilarity just as superficial as, and even more precocious than, their Orange County counterparts.

It is a less complicated exercise to point out the cultural differences between these two sisters; they glare out from billboards and street corners. But why make life harder than it has to be? It’s so much easier to survive when we realize that we are all just here, in the places we end up, trying to make the best of what we have, and counting our blessings. One golden apple at a time.
Recycle (Continued from page 2)

the potential for rectifying the situation is a long way away.

Certain streets have literally become their own landfill. You can watch children carrying buckets of trash from their homes to dump on the edge of the expanding pile. Where else are they to put it, the people of Manshiyet Nasr no longer receive financial gain from collection organic matter? It is even more unnerving and upsetting to walk around the AUC campus and see the amount of trash students leave behind.

As the topic of waste management is a pressing issue for all of Egypt, it has also become an important issue for the AUC campus. There seems to be an unconscious sense of entitlement among students to be able to leave their trash anywhere on campus. This year as the Desert Development Center began its first volunteer and work study programs to encourage student involvement, waste management was at the top of the list.

In the Fall the DDC began its first work study and volunteer programs focusing on water management issues and for the spring we decided to focus on waste management. From the preliminary research conducted, it was concluded that an educational awareness campaign on campus was necessary for students, staff and faculty alike to understand the trash system that AUC has put in place as there seemed to be little understanding of the concept of different bins for different items, like aluminum, glass and trash. As AUC produces over two tons of trash per day, contributing to the greater 14,000 tons is important to understand what our trash is and how we may reduce our output.

The DDC and the Sustainable Campus Committee set forth to engage the AUC community in a week-long celebration around Earth Day. It was deemed ‘Earth Week’ on the AUC campus and there was a series of events on campus focusing on inspiring environmental awareness and appreciation. The weeks’ festivities consisted of an educational video to learn about the current AUC trash system where volunteers went into many classrooms and departments. A survey was conducted to learn about the level of awareness of students about waste management in Cairo and Egypt. There were lectures, games, a flower planting, sustainable campus tours and a performance titled ‘Trash This’, where student drummers perform on recycled materials to culminate the week-long event.

From the events that took place on campus it was clear that education and awareness is the key factor. Students and faculty seemed keen on the idea of recycling, but skeptical about the end result, which is less tangible and demands understanding of the full system. It is important to promote the recycling process as a whole, and to instill a responsibility for the environment that is lacking in Egyptian culture, so that we can ensure better futures for everyone.

Home? (Continued from page 2)

shout. The scream would send my ears ringing. As I used it more and more, though, the topics have extended beyond football. One taxi driver demanded that I explain to him why there is religious conflict between Christians and Muslims in parts of Nigeria. I had no answer. Demanding that I take this back to my homeland, he said pointedly,

“We have Christians and Muslims living in Egypt and while things are not perfect we aren’t mass murdering each other.” I’ll be sure to pass the message along.

For me, it boils down to a shared fate. Having visited Nigeria in December, I can confidently say that it is certainly not Egypt nor is the reverse true. The language, climate, politics, economics as well as the cultural and social mores – among many other things – are extremely different. We are brothers, however, in the sense that we are African. Beyond geography, as these two countries and others like them attempt to develop in order to secure a social, political and economic livelihood for citizens, shake off a colonial legacy, and move toward a better future, we are brothers (and sisters) in a common and protracted struggle.

So yes, I am a brother, and Egypt is my home. Having lived here, I care about the future of Egypt just as having lived in the United States of America and having been born with Nigerian blood I am invested in the futures of these two countries. While the communion might be selectively employed by shopkeepers trying to make a quick buck, I prefer to dig deeper. There, I find an increasingly nuanced conception of who I am that is comprised of skin color, ancestry, and forged identity. That relates to the way in which many Egyptians that I have spoken to see themselves: as black, as African, as disadvantaged, as unique, as powerful, as human and ultimately as diverse people who are working to accept others like them and unlike them. Good. Together, there’s strength in numbers.

In 2011, the Presidential Internship Program will turn 30. In honor of this momentous occasion, AUC is planning to host a reunion in New York City or Washington, D.C.

In preparation for the event we are trying to update our Alumni Records so they are as complete as possible.

Please send any news, pictures, articles, or stories to Rowaida Saad El Din via email to be included in the festivities.

Look for more information to follow in the fall. Hope to see you all there!

r.saadeldin@aucegypt.edu
Frank Packard 1981-82
Princeton University

Elizabeth Thompson 1982-83
Harvard University

Heather Grady 1982-83
Harvard University

Roy Oppenheim 1982-83
Princeton University

Joseph Brown 1983-84
Georgetown University

Eve Troutt 1983-84
Harvard University

John Marks 1983-84
Kenyon College

Heather Skilling 1983-84
Williams College

Ted G. Osius 1984-85
Harvard University

Janina Safran 1984-85
Harvard University

Clifford Cole 1984-85
Harvard University

Maria Luis Fernandez 1984-85
Harvard University

William Haynes 1984-85
Princeton University

Jane Bliss 1984-85
Harvard University

Rebecca Giaghen 1984-85
Harvard University

Ann Reed 1984-85
Harvard University

Susan L. Gibbs 1985-86
Brown University

Mary Ann Fay 1985-86
Georgetown University

Barry Ford 1985-86
Harvard University

Elizabeth Lightfoot 1985-86
Harvard University

Moye Thompson 1985-86
Harvard University

Brett O'Brien 1985-86
Harvard University

Sarah Albee 1985-86
Harvard University

Joseph W. Warren 1985-86
Princeton University

Karen P. Boyle 1985-86
Princeton University

Carter Abel 1985-86
Princeton University

Ian Todreas 1986-87
Brown University

Catherine Stryker 1986-87
Georgetown University

Peter Miller 1987-87
Harvard University

Kathleen Hanson 1986-87
Harvard University

Eliza Morris 1986-87
Harvard University

Raymond Fisher 1986-87
Harvard University

David Blackmore 1986-87
Harvard University

Lois Johnson 1986-87
Harvard University

Arthur Fuscaldo 1986-87
Harvard University

Syed Sadiq Reza 1986-87
Princeton University

Premits Goodman 1986-87
Princeton University

Jamie Wiesman 1987-88
Brown University

James Kerns 1987-88
Dartmouth College

Chad McNamee 1987-88
Harvard University

Alisa Sams 1987-88
Harvard University

Linda Bishai 1987-88
Harvard University

Regan E. Ralph 1987-88
Harvard University

Susanna Shankland 1987-88
Harvard University

Chuck O. Gnaedinger 1987-88
Stanford University

David S. Johnson 1987-88
Stanford University

Nicholas Griffin 1987-88
University of Notre Dame

Jennifer Tower 1988-89
Columbia University

Robert Dougherty 1988-89
Georgetown University

Adrian Goldstein 1988-89
Harvard University

Beverly Gordon 1988-89
Harvard University

Carol Emert 1988-89
Harvard University

Lisa Patton 1988-89
Harvard University

Susan Arena 1988-89
Harvard University

Lisa Scholnick 1988-89
Harvard University

Bryce Giddens 1988-89
Princeton University

Tara Joseph 1988-89
Smith College

Nathan Martin 1988-89
Stanford University

Katherine Bennison 1989-90
Cambridge University

Lori Duke 1989-90
Cornell University

William Rowe 1989-90
Georgetown University

Nagla Bassioum 1989-90
Georgetown University

Elizabeth Logsdon 1989-90
Harvard University

Peter Vrooman 1989-90
Harvard University

Susanne Malveaux 1989-90
Harvard University

Karim Anderson 1989-90
Harvard University

Karen Jacobson 1989-90
Stanford University

Michele Smart 1989-90
U. of California, Berkeley

George DuPre 1990-91
Georgetown University

Ryan Minor 1990-91
Harvard University

Sharon Epperson 1990-91
Harvard University

Tina Lount 1990-91
Harvard University

Christian Dean 1990-91
Mt. Holyoke College

John Oei 1990-91
Northwestern University

Sean McCann 1990-91
Princeton University

Aamer Muntaz 1990-91
Stanford University

Bradley Cook 1990-91
Stanford University

Kevin Hight 1990-91
Whitman College

Sutherland Miller III 1990-91
Brown University

Arah Erickson 1991-92
Brown University

Hanif Vanjara 1991-92
Duke University

Patricia Lally 1991-92
Fordham University

Michael Vollmer 1991-92
Harvard University

Kathryn Hansen 1991-92
Princeton University

Hillary Chura 1991-92
Smith College

Bradley Johnson 1991-92
Stanford University

William Hill 1991-92
Texas A&M University

Traci Hill 1991-92
Harvard University

Jennifer Wiernier 1991-92
University of Massachusetts

Mitra Mehr 1992-93
Brown University

Mark Kennedy 1992-93
Brown University

Patricia Smith 1992-93
Brown University

John Speaks 1992-93
Columbia University

Simon O’Rourke 1992-93
Connecticut College

David Tavarez 1992-93
Harvard University

Betsy Johnson 1992-93
Oberlin College

Vivian Henein 1992-93
Smith College

Susan Fry 1992-93
Stanford University

Michael Barsa 1992-93
Stanford University

Anjum Akhtar 1992-93
University of Kansas

Elizabeth Smith 1992-93
University of Wisconsin

Mary Nachtrieb 1993-94
College of William and Mary

Jehanne Henry 1993-94
Columbia University

Otavio Peixoto 1993-94
Georgetown University

Robert Oden III 1993-94
Harvard University

Christopher Bell 1993-94
Harvard University

Elizabeth Miller 1993-94
Harvard University

Randa Kayayali 1993-94
Oberlin College

Celka Straughn 1993-94
Stanford University

Pamela Lee 1993-94
Texas A&M University

Rebecca Holub 1993-94
Texas A&M University

Anne Marie Deal 1993-94
University of Chicago

Jennifer Kimber 1994-95
Brown University

Stephanie Ray 1994-95
Connecticut College

Allinacie Taylor 1994-95
Florida A&M University

Lynn Burke 1994-95
Harvard University

Caton Gates 1994-95
Harvard College

Sombra Davis 1994-95
Texas A&M University

Willa Thayer 1994-95
Victoria University

Sarah Sullivan 1995-96
Georgetown University

Heather Henyon 1995-96
Georgetown University

Alexa Almonzo 1996-97
Harvard University

Alex Desouky 1996-97
Middlebury College

Lisa Bernasek 1996-97
Princeton University

Rachel Anderson 1996-97
Smith College

Mara Kronenfeld 1996-97
Stamford College

Daniel Olson 1996-97
Texas A&M University

Marcie Handler 1997-98
Dartmouth College

Alanna Shaikh 1997-98
Georgetown University

Michelle Garret 1997-98
Hampshire College

Sarah Thompson 1997-98
Smith College

Michael McCain 1997-98
Texas A&M University

Christine Prince 1997-98
University of Virginia

Charles Duhigg 1997-98
Yale University

Dwan Dixon 1998-99
Brown University

George Farag 1998-99
College of New Jersey
### Presidential Interns 1981-2009

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<td>Lucy Ellenbogen</td>
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| Columbia University | 2009-2010 Interns

#### 2009-2010 Interns

| Henry Agbo | Harvard University |
| Ellen Brooks | University of California, Los Angeles |
| Laura Hanna | University of New Hampshire |
| Stephen Kalin | Davidson College |
| Kavita Kannan | Harvard University |
| Sam Levine | Cornell University |

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**Italian Cultural Center**

**Ain El Sokhna**

**New Year’s Eve**

**Al Azhar Park**