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Grove City College

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

As the time has come, once again, to present you with a new link of LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS, I would like to thank the trustees, the alumni, and the current students who have made possible this issue on "Le français et le droit" (French and law). I would also like to recognize our students for their outstanding achievements.

The guiding principle for the interviews presented in these pages has been to find out which individuals have taught and sustained the interviewees, which experiences have enriched the latter and which insights have made theirs more profound. My hope is that the knowledge and the faith can be passed on, the wisdom and the humor disseminated. One reason why we read writers from other times

There is no liberal education for the under-languaged.

~Agnes Repplier

and cultures is to confront alternatives, to be awakened and, in turn, to awaken to the complexities of human experience and, by loving and respecting lan-

guage, to acknowledge ambiguity and to invite others to do so.

The students and I are grateful to trustee and alumnus, Robert Nutt, Esq., for sharing with us his educational journey and also his familiarity with the islands of St. Pierre et Miquelon and with the trial that took place at l'Île-aux-chiens, in late December 1888, the inspiration for Patrice Leconte's celebrated film, *La Veuve de St Pierre*. We would equally like to express our appreciation to Samuel Casolari, Esq., trustee, alumnus, and long-time friend of the Department of Modern Languages, for imparting his remembrances of what Grove City College was like a generation ago, his current perspectives, and his hopes for the future.



Sunrise in Paris, February 2005. Photo by Mariah Perrin.

(see Letter continued on page 2)

Learning the Ropes:

Trustee Robert Nutt's Rise from Humble Beginnings

By Emily Coury

When Robert Nutt ('67) first began his career at Ropes and Gray L.L.P., it was clear that he would be working with some of the brightest legal minds in the nation. Of the 87 associates who joined the firm the year he did, only nine had not earned their undergraduate and graduate diplomas from Harvard University.

"I know what it's like to feel like the underdog," says Nutt of the experience. "Here I was, a farm boy from Pennsylvania,"



in the oldest law firm in New England.

(see *Humble Beginnings* on page 3)

FIVE FOR LE FRANÇAIS

By Emily Coury

It has been said that being educated in the law is like learning a foreign language. Perhaps that explains why so many alumni and friends of the French Department at Grove City College have gone on to achieve great success in law school and in their respective legal careers. LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS spoke with five of these former Grovers to find out where their legal education has taken them.

A NEW FACE FOR ALABAMA

is that of Russel Parker, an International Business Major ('02), who now holds a Masters of Arts from the University of Alabama and is pursuing a law degree from Case Western University. In the three years since his graduation from Grove City College, Parker has written a novel, developed a love for the writings of Kierkegaard, and decided to run as a Democrat for the Alabama State Senate in District 16.

Parker describes District 16 as "so heavily Republican that a Democrat did not even run for the position" in the previous election.

Not intimidated by a challenge, the former Grover has set his sights on "reform[ing] one of the poorest and least-educated states in the Union," a state in

which the residents of twelve counties live below third world standards of living.



"If I am elected," says Parker, "I hope to press for a new constitution, true separation of church and state, improved education, and reduction of poverty."

Such ambition must be matched with hard work, a discipline that Parker learned during his three years at Grove City College. Parker credits his "rigorous education" as an undergraduate for his ability to accomplish so much in such a short time.

(see *Five* on page 9)

Letter (from page 1)

For this issue focusing on French and the law, we interviewed, along with the trustees mentioned *supra*, alumni – currently in practice, or in law school – who specialized, or are currently specializing, in both fields, with a view to discover the manner in which they developed these parallel interests, as well as to find out what, in their view, were the advantages of investing oneself in such apparently unrelated avocations. We wish to thank Brianne Hess ('01), Susan Stenger ('85), Russell Parker ('01), Matt Hamilton ('92), and Kathy Gallagher (Angel, '79), who so affably, so gracefully lent themselves to answering our queries.

As far as recognition is concerned, we are proud to announce our third Fulbright winner: Mariah Perrin. For the past two years, Mariah, a French and English major, with a minor in philosophy, has dedicated many hours to formatting this newsletter. I am sure you will join me in congratulating her on a job well done.



Mariah Perrin with Korean foreign exchange student Ah-young Moon at the Crimson Ball in December 2004.

Begun with Martha Horohoe ('81), our long tradition of association with Middlebury College, continued this past year, when Jessica Gross was accepted in the Paris pro-

gram of the famed Vermont Language School. Of the eight Grove City French majors who applied in the past three years, eight were accepted. Along with our “senior” and “junior” Middleburians, three other partners in the GCC-Middlebury connection agreed to share their thoughts on the benefits of taking the famous “pledge.”

The winners of this year's French official contests are Audrey Slayton, a senior, for the Elinor M. Caruthers French prize, and Beth Leatherman, a junior, for the Jonathan B. Ladd award. *Félicitations* to them as well.

In fine, let us thank the interviewers, Emily Coury and Mallory Wilhelm, and the writers, Josiah Nielsen, and Jennifer Sullivan, for the seriousness and enthusiasm with which they approached their respective tasks. A «grand merci» to the Pappalardos for giving us a glimpse of «la vie en rose.»

A reminder. As last year, a continental breakfast will be served in the Departmental Suite of the Hall of Arts and Letters between 9:00 and 10:30, on the Saturday of Homecoming weekend. This year, the Spanish and German sections of the Department will be included. We are looking forward to seeing as many of you as possible. May the links forged in the past be (re)kindled in virtual space and perpetuated via such gatherings! Until then,

Au revoir,

Céline T. Léon

AMERICANS IN PARIS

Tom Pappalardo (VP for Advancement) and his wife Susan, with friends, at the Louvre (November 2004). Tom and Susan visited a “couple d'amis” who had moved to the French capital, the previous summer. They seized the occasion to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary.



Tom and Susan at Les Deux Magots, above, and in front of Notre Dame, below. The café's name comes from the two wooden statues of Chinese commercial agents (*magots*) that adorn one of the pillars.

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LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS is edited by Dr. Céline Léon & formatted by Mariah Perrin

NOBLE IN CHARACTER AND DEED

By Emily Coury

Those for whom the title “lawyer” conjures up an image of deceit and greed have obviously never met attorney Sam Casolari (’83). An Economics and History major, Casolari has led a life of service and integrity in a profession that too often finds itself the butt of happy hour jokes.

“For me, practicing law is about fulfilling oneself as a person of character and integrity while representing others,” he says. “Regardless of whom I represent, I give it my very best effort.”

A 1986 graduate of the University of Akron Law School, Casolari has worked in the field of civil litigation and has established a prosperous practice as an insurance defense attorney.

“I enjoy my profession because of the intellectual challenges it poses. Each case, each defense is a challenge,” he opines.



Sam Casolari major in any subject area and go to law school, but if you can master these three skills, you’ll be ahead of the game.”

Casolari also recommends that undergraduate students tap into the greatest academic resource available to them, namely, the wisdom of the college faculty and staff.

“Drs. Barbara Akin, David McKillop

Casolari credits his undergraduate experience as a history major for having instilled in him the skills necessary to succeed in law school. and Sparks, as well as Diane Grundy were all influential mentors to me,” he remarks. “They were there to give me advice when I was a student, and I have kept in touch with some of them to this very day.”

“Dr. Sparks was a particularly significant mentor for me,” Casolari recalls of his former Business Law and Constitutional History professor. “He was not only a good lawyer, but a good teacher as well; he was a role model in two areas I enjoyed.”

In recent years, Casolari has put his passion and ability to serve others to good use in yet another way: “Serving as a trustee to Grove City College has been a really tremendous experience for me,” he acknowledges. “As a trustee, I have had the opportunity to contribute to both education and management issues at a board level. All we do has the best interests of the College and students at heart.”

Considering Casolari’s legacy of humble service and admirable character, members of the GCC community can rest assured in the knowledge that the future of their institution is in good hands.

Humble Beginnings

(from page 1)

Nutt, who graduated from the University of Pennsylvania Law School in 1970, is now a senior partner at the firm, which serves as general counsel to Harvard University and many of the principal financial institutions in the greater Boston area.

Nutt describes himself as a corporate attorney with a “broad business transactions practice.” He aids his clients in the development of new securities and represents both corporations and boards of directors. Currently, he is representing the board of Donald Trump’s casino holding company and the creditors involved in the US Air bankruptcy case.

One would assume that such a demanding legal practice leaves little time for the pursuit of personal interests. Yet Nutt has been an avid fisherman for many years, fishing for Atlantic salmon in the waters of Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland. It was during one of these sea- escapades that he became acquainted with the French-speaking archipelago of St. Pierre and Miquelon, where is set the award-winning film projected in Dr. Léon’s *Le Cinéma français* class.

Nutt, who has since voyaged to the island several times, has also seen *La Veuve de St. Pierre* (*The Widow of St. Pierre*). Di-

rected by Patrice Leconte and based on true events, the film depicts the valiant efforts of the resident military captain and of his wife, Madame La, to save a condemned criminal from death by the guillotine.

“I’m sure I was mostly taken by the spectacular scenery and costumes, by the manners of the time,” Nutt concedes.

A man of eclectic interests, Nutt not only enjoys fishing and French films, he also raises and trains pheasant hunting dogs. In addition, he agreed to serve as a trustee to Grove City College upon the request of current President Richard Jewell (’67). Nutt is Chairman of the Enrollment and Student Affairs Committee, which addresses college admissions, student aid and student life issues.

Nutt is grateful to Grove City College for having enabled him to develop as a scholar and as a student leader. To the self-confidence he gained while studying *intra muros*, he owes, he feels, his later successes.

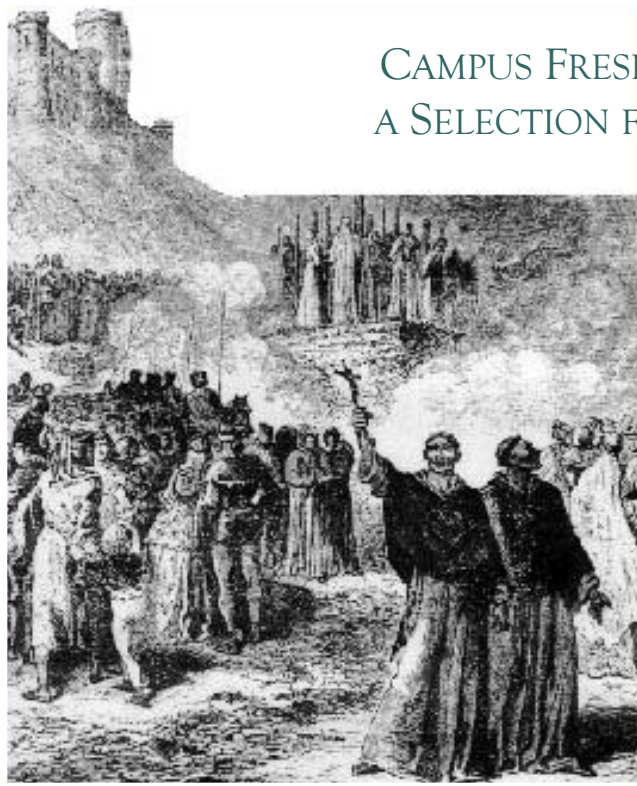
Although “the first year of law school is widely regarded as the most intellectually rigorous of any post-graduate course of study,” its being compared to “some sort of intellectual hazing process,” is, in his view, an “utter fallacy.”

Nevertheless, Nutt recalls that at first “learning to think like a lawyer”

proved to be a daunting task. “Besides, in law school, one has no exams during the academic year, only the final exam at the end,” he explains. Furthermore, “one’s academic record and likely success in the clerkship/law firm job market depends on one’s first-year grades.”

Needless to say, law students often go to great lengths—sometimes with comical results—to ensure they are well-prepared for finals week. Thus, he recalls, amused: “In studying for my real property exam, I converted the notes from classes into outlines. I then created outlines of those outlines, then reduced those outlines to a few simple propositions, then converted those propositions into an anagram, using the first letter of each proposition. I managed to reduce the entire law of real property to a five letter word. When I got into the examination room, I forgot the word.”

Despite small stumbling blocks along the way, Nutt has achieved great success and fulfillment in his legal career. If “impossible n’est pas français,” “impossible” is equally a word you will not find in the vocabulary of Robert Nutt, a man who worked his way up from the farms of Pennsylvania to the boardroom of one of the most prestigious law firms in the nation.



CAMPUS FRESHMAN JOSIAH NILSEN SHARES A SELECTION FROM HIS WORK IN PROGRESS

An old castle sits atop a mountain peak in southern France. Its name is Montségur. Somewhere near the base is a green field, called Field of the Burned by those who know of the grim events that took place there. A small stone memorial mark the location. Innocent blood was violently spilled in this place. A small group of religious non-conformists was brutally massacred here by the fanatical persecutions of the Roman Catholic Church. These people were derisively called Cathars (the pure ones) by their enemies. They themselves preferred the name of “bons hommes chrétiens.” Montségur was one of their last strongholds. When the garrison surrendered on March 4th, 1244, over two hundred people were brought out and burned alive because they would not renounce their faith. Here, en français, of course, is their story.

Inspired by the Past

Josiah Nilsen is a freshman French/Secondary Education major here at Grove City College. He has always had an interest in medieval war and history, partly because he has lived most of his life in Europe. His parents are missionaries in Spain, where he grew up. Stories of knights, dragons, castles, and war fascinated him as a young child. As a result, among his cherished activities were family visits to dilapidated castles. One of his sites of predilection is Carcassonne, a walled city in southern France which has been almost completely restored to its former glory. During vacations *en famille* and, later, a summer exchange trip to that region, Josiah discovered the story of the Cathars. It is vaster, sadder, more beautiful and haunting than any fairy tale or legend. And it has the advantage of being true. Few, outside the Languedoc region, have ever heard this story, this history of a free and prosperous people, which, ruined by war and persecution, held onto faith and freedom against all odds.

Josiah has set out to write about the region he loves. His novel is far from finished; it does not have a title, but it is slowly beginning to take shape. The main characters are Eudes I, lord of Chatillon-en-Bazois (a small town in Burgundy), and his brother, André. Other protagonists come from a made up peasant family living in the vicinity of Carcassonne: they become Cathars on the eve of the crusade. Eudes and André participate in this crusade, but, when they witness the atrocities carried out by their friends and relatives, André switches sides and fights to defend the Cathars, whereas Eudes straddles the fence, undecided.

Josiah wants for his book to be historically accurate and to enjoy a wide readership. “The more I research those events and times,” he concedes, “the more complicated it gets.” Yet, the hopes of the fledgling writer remain high that, *Deo volente*, “something good will come out in the end.”

Mon grand-père et moi traversons le petit bois, en longeant le ruisseau. Une lumière douce pénètre la crête des feuilles et le rideau de troncs et de fourrés pour parvenir à nos têtes. Aucun oiseau, aucun écureuil, aucun bruit, rien. Je me sens comme seul dans une énorme cathédrale, pleine de silence et de beauté. Je ne veux pas parler, de peur de dissiper l'impression. Je regarde mon grand-père et m'aperçois qu'il pense exactement la même chose. Il a l'air content et paisible et, les yeux levés vers le ciel, il sourit. Les lèvres sont immobiles, mais je suis sûr qu'il est en train de prier, de remercier le Tout-puissant de ses bienfaits. Ses cheveux blancs entourent la calotte de sa tête chauve, comme de la neige qui fond sur la montagne au printemps. Son dos n'est plus aussi droit que je me le rappelle, et ses pas sont plus mesurés, mais il a toujours de l'enthousiasme et de l'énergie.

Nous arrivons à la lisière du bois, et nous sortons d'entre les arbres. Devant nous s'étend un champ abandonné. De longues herbes jaunes frémissent sous le vent. La pente forte d'une montagne se dresse à l'horizon. Sans la protection des arbres, le soleil redouble de force. Il fait chaud.

« Assieds-toi, Henri ».

Mon grand-père s'assoit sur une grande pierre qui fait partie d'un vieux mur. Je m'assois à côté de lui. Le jour est si silencieux et si chaud que je commence à sentir le sommeil approcher. Cette pierre est si confortable... Je pourrais demeurer ici jusqu'à la fin de mes jours.

« Est-ce qu'il te reste encore de l'eau? »

« Oui, papi. Il m'en reste un peu. J'ai soif. Le soleil brûle ».

« Tu sais, c'est drôle que tu aies employé ce mot... « brûler ».

« Pourquoi dis-tu cela? »

« Parce que ce champ est le *Champ des Brûlés* ».

« Que veux-tu dire, papi? »

Le vénérable ne répond pas. Il prend l'eau que je lui donne et la boit avec la lenteur d'un homme qui juge un concours de dégustation. Il finit. La bouteille quitte sa bouche pour venir reposer sur la pierre.

« Papi, qu'est-ce que c'est que ce « champ des brûlés ? »

« Il faut que tu apprécies les bonnes choses de la vie, Henri. Cette eau, cette après midi, la nature... Il n'y a rien de mieux que ça. Parfois les garçons ignorent la beauté, mais tu ne dois pas le faire. Ferme les yeux un moment. Respire à plein nez. Nous avons tout le temps du monde. Sois patient ».

Il m'exaspère, mais j'obéis. Quand grand-père est comme ça, il n'y a rien à faire. Je ferme les yeux. Je les rouvre. Je compte jusqu'à dix. Je me tourne les pouces. J'attends.

« Et alors? »

Il a un sourire méchant. Il aime me torturer.

« S'il te plaît, raconte, papi! »

« Eh bien, je vais te raconter... Vois-tu ce château là-haut, sur la montagne? »

Je lève la tête. Je ne l'avais pas vu avant, mais maintenant c'est clair. Un vieux château en ruine se dresse sur la montagne.

« Oui, je le vois ».

« Ce château s'appelle Montségur. L'histoire que je vais te raconter est vraie. Tout cela s'est passé au Moyen-Âge, il y a plus de sept siècles et demi. Je sais que tu aimes bien les châteaux. C'est pour cela que nous sommes venus ici.

Au onzième siècle et au début du douzième, il y avait dans cette région, le Languedoc, un groupe de personnes différentes de toutes les autres. Elles étaient tolérantes, pacifistes et attachées à protéger les pauvres. Leurs vies étaient des exemples de bonté et de moralité. « Cathares » (ceux qui sont purs), tel est le nom que leur donnaient leurs ennemis. Eux-mêmes, ils se disaient chrétiens, *bons hommes chrétiens* ».

Papi s'arrête de parler pour regarder les ruines qui dominent le sommet de la montagne. Sept siècles et demi. C'est bien long. Je trouve que c'est triste, toutes ces années passées, toutes ces personnes, comme moi, avec des soucis, des rêves, des amours, des émotions... toutes ces personnes mortes, finies, oubliées par l'histoire qui poursuit sa marche, implacable. Mes pensées sont interrompues par la voix de mon grand-père :

« Ils prêchaient le dualisme. Ils disaient que le monde physique est mauvais, que la vraie réalité est spirituelle. Tout ce qui est spirituel est bon, et toutes les choses physiques sont mauvaises. Pour eux, l'âme était en prison dans le corps et la mort l'instrument de la libération. Leur plus grand espoir était de gagner le ciel après la mort. Ils critiquaient la corruption, le pouvoir et la richesse mondaine de l'église catholique. À cause de cela, le pape les accusa d'être des hérétiques et il déclara – c'était en 1209 – une croisade, ou guerre sainte, pour les éliminer ».

Un silence solennel couvre le champ. Cette dernière phrase m'inquiète.

« La guerre fut longue et cruelle. La conquête du Languedoc n'était pas facile, mais les croisés ont quasiment gagné toutes les batailles. Ils ont pris des dizaines de villes et de châteaux cathares. Et, comme si cela ne suffisait pas, dans le sillage de chaque victoire, ils massacraient tous les prisonniers. Ils luttaient sans pitié, croyant faire la

volonté de Dieu.

Après des années de guerre, presque tous les châteaux forts étaient tombés. Seul Montségur, isolé du conflit, constituait un refuge sûr pour les Cathares.

Mais cela n'a pas duré. En 1243, après le meurtre d'un groupe d'inquisiteurs, la croisade est venue jusqu'ici, au pied de la montagne ».

Je regarde autour de moi. Il est facile d'imaginer un grand camp armé.

Ils bougent comme des ombres devant nous. Comme de la fumée, ou des spectres dans le vent, des hommes avancent. Ils ne sont pas solides, car je vois encore des arbres derrière eux. Mais, solides ou pas, je vois des formes humaines. Une colonne de soldats transparents procède lentement entre des tentes fantômes. À sa tête galope un chevalier sombre, une lance longue et pointue à la main droite. L'arme est surmontée d'un étendard rouge et blanc blasonné d'une croix, symbole de la croisade et du christianisme. Des centaines d'archers suivent le chevalier. Viennent ensuite des guerriers en armure médiévale : Brandissant de longues épées, eux aussi se dirigent vers la montagne. Et pour terminer, d'autres archers, puis des hommes qui poussent une catapulte d'apparence monstrueuse. Des coups de hache retentissent. Les croisés coupent les arbres de la forêt pour construire leurs mortelles machines de guerre... Soudain, j'ai peur d'être vu. Que vont-ils me faire? Ils semblent n'avoir pitié de personne.

« Et qu'est-ce qui s'est passé? » je demande, vaincu par le suspense et l'intrigue.

« Depuis le début, la bataille était inégale », répond Papi. « Il y avait environ vingt mille croisés et seulement cinq cent défenseurs, dont trois cents étaient des femmes et des enfants. Les Cathares n'avaient que deux ressources, la montagne et leur foi. Comme tu peux t'en rendre compte, la montagne est forte, imprenable. Les Cathares utilisaient des passages souterrains pour faire entrer des provisions, à l'abri des regards ennemis. Ils avaient des réserves d'eau de pluie, grâce auxquelles ils pensaient pouvoir résister indéfiniment. Il s'agissait surtout de protéger les sentiers d'accès au sommet. Et, pendant des mois, ils y ont réussi. L'armée croisée a perdu des centaines de soldats avant même que d'arriver en haut, et, pis pour eux, ils perdaient le moral ».

Les flèches tombent comme de la grêle. De tous côtés retentissent des cris d'agonie et des cris de guerre. Un détachement croisé gravit, par un raidillon étroit, le flanc d'une falaise. L'embuscade cathare était parfaite. Ils ont coupé la voie aux attaquants – devant, et derrière – ; ceux-ci ne peuvent rien faire. Les guerriers de la croix se couvrent la tête de leur bouclier pour se protéger des flèches, mais les défenseurs laissent tomber d'énormes pierres. L'un après l'autre, les attaquants sont écrasés. Ceux qui échappent sont tués par les flèches. Un chevalier descend le sentier et fait face aux croisés. Il a l'avantage de sa position plus élevée et son épée pénètre la chair ennemie comme un couteau dans du beurre. En quelques minutes, tout est fini. Le bruit cesse. Les blessés demandent secours en poussant des cris pitoyables, mais leurs supplications tombent sur des oreilles sourdes. Les défenseurs jettent les corps ennemis, morts ou vivants, du haut de la falaise. La montagne est invincible.

« Le siège a duré trois mois sans résultat. Mais, une nuit, un groupe de soldats gascons a escaladé la falaise et réussi à atteindre le sommet sans être vu ni entendu. Les hommes se sont emparés d'une tour de défense extérieure. Quand les Cathares se sont réveillés, l'armée ennemie était aux murailles du château ».

« Quel mauvais tour ! »

Papi se tait à nouveau. Il aime faire des pauses dans ses contes, parce qu'il sait que je déteste cela. Il faudra lui donner l'impression que je suis indifférent. Ça le gênera. Le soleil commence à descendre vers l'ouest, et il ne fait plus chaud. Le ruisseau chante et les insectes murmurent dans l'herbage. Papi avait raison. Cette région est une des plus belles de France. Je voudrais rester ici avec lui, mais, quand les vacances seront finies, il faudra que je rentre à Lyon, que je retourne à l'école.

« Papi! Est-ce que tu vas continuer? »

Il rit. Il est plus patient que moi. Il gagne toujours nos petits concours.

« Le château a résisté encore trois mois. Les défenseurs ont fait des percées, mais leurs efforts n'ont point abouti. Il leur arrivait de tuer cent croisés en une seule journée, néanmoins, le siège continuait. Leurs ennemis étaient trop nombreux. Chaque jour, les croisés gagnaient quelques mètres. Petit à petit, aidés de leurs flèches, catapultes et trébuchets, ils détruisaient la muraille ; les habitants du château mouraient. Les croisés ont découvert les passages souterrains. Cela était la fin. Les Cathares avaient perdu leur source d'approvisionnement. Pendant des semaines ils ont rationné la nourriture, mais ils ont fini par se rendre compte qu'ils avaient deux options: se rendre, ou mourir de faim. Ils se sont rendus ».

« L'évêque qui dirigeait le siège leur a accordé des conditions « généreuses ». Le 4 mars de l'année 1244, tous les assiégés furent sommés de sortir et de se rendre. Tous ceux qui renonçaient à la foi cathare seraient pardonnés. Ils pouvaient recommencer à vivre en toute liberté. Mais tous ceux qui ne renonçaient pas seraient brûlés vifs. Ils avaient deux semaines pour décider ».

« Papi, c'est terrible... »

« Oui, c'est terrible. Mais c'est l'histoire. Qu'est-ce que tu aurais fait à leur place? »

Les histoires de Papi me font toujours penser. C'est un inconvénient bien sûr, mais comme il est nécessaire si je veux entendre des histoires belles et intéressantes, j'essaie de passer outre.

J'ai l'impression d'abandonner mon corps. Je monte. Au dessus de Papi, au dessus du champ, au dessus des arbres. Je monte. Et je continue à monter, jusqu'à la montagne, jusqu'au sommet, jusqu'au château. Les tentes fantômes sont là, et les soldats avec l'étendard à la croix. Mais ils sont à l'extérieur. Moi, je suis dans la cour du château, à côté d'un puits, sous un arbre sec. À quelques pas de moi, une jeune femme et un jeune guerrier parlent. La jeune femme pleure.

« Mais tu m'as dit que tu m'aimes... »

« Oui, je te l'ai dit, et je te le répèterai jusqu'à ma mort. Je t'aime, Anne, plus que tout ».

« Tu m'aimes, mais tu veux me faire renoncer à ma foi... »

« Tu me fais souffrir. Je n'ai pas dit ça. Mais tu sais ce qui va se passer. Je ne veux pas que tu sois brûlée ».

Elle pleure à nouveau. Ses cheveux longs et blonds tombent en cascade autour de son beau visage.

« Si tu m'aimes, Anne, dis demain que tu n'es pas cathare. Après, quand nous serons loin de tout ça, tu pourras demander pardon. Pense à la

famille que nous pourrons avoir ensemble. Mais pour ça il faut vivre. Dis-le demain, pour moi... »

« Je ne peux pas... »

« Si, tu peux ».

« Non. Il y a des choses pires que la mort; l'une d'elle serait de vivre en sachant que j'ai renoncé à ma foi ».

Il y a un silence tendre. Il comprend, le jeune guerrier. Il touche doucement les épaules de son amie pour la calmer. Ses larmes cessent et elle s'essuie les yeux.

« Geoffroi, fais-toi bon homme et meurs avec moi demain. Nous irons ensemble au paradis. Ils peuvent tuer nos corps, mais contre nos esprits ils sont impuissants ».

Le jeune homme ne répond pas, mais son regard triste et résigné en dit long.

« Si tu n'es pas avec moi, je ne sais pas si je pourrai résister. J'ai peur ».

« Ma chérie, n'aie pas peur. Je t'aime. »

« Je t'aime aussi. Ni la vie ni la mort ne pourront nous séparer. »

Ils échangent un regard passionné et leurs lèvres se rapprochent. Ils s'embrassent avec force. Moi, je demeure quelque temps suspendu, puis je descends, je descends jusqu'à Papi, qui ne s'est pas rendu compte que je n'étais plus là.

Il continue à parler comme si le temps n'avait pas passé.

« Et alors, qu'est-ce que tu aurais fait dans ces circonstances? »

« Je n'aurais jamais renié ma foi. Quoi qu'il advienne, je ne me parjurerais pas ».

« Je suis content que tu dises cela. Rappelle-toi, Henri, si tu ne te sens prêt à mourir pour quelque chose, vivre n'a point d'importance. Garde ta foi, Henri. Garde-la de tout ton cœur. Telle est la leçon de Montségur ».

« Les Cathares ont élu la même option. Pas un seul d'entre eux n'a renoncé. Mais ce n'est pas tout. Vingt cinq non-initiés ont choisi la foi cathare au cours de ces deux semaines. Le 4 mars 1244, deux cent vingt cinq personnes ont été brûlées vives dans le champ que voici D'où le nom: *Champ des Brûlés*. Tous sont morts en chantant ».

Une colonne d'ombres humaines s'achemine vers le champ. Les prisonniers sont poussés au centre d'un grand cercle de bois saturé d'huile. Avant l'exécution, les soldats les conduisent devant l'évêque. À chacun d'eux est posée la question fatale : « Êtes-vous cathare? » Libre à eux d'embrasser la croix, de faire une prière à la Vierge et de jurer fidélité à l'église catholique et partant de vivre. Or tous, sans exception, choisissent la mort. Voici que s'avance une belle jeune femme, un jeune guerrier à son côté. Ils pénètrent ensemble le cercle de bois. Quand le dernier Cathare les a rejoints, les soldats mettent le feu. Les condamnés se mettent à chanter. Leur chant est incroyablement beau. Mais les flammes montent, et la chanson s'arrête.

« C'est tard, Henri, rentrons à la maison ».

« D'accord, Papi ».

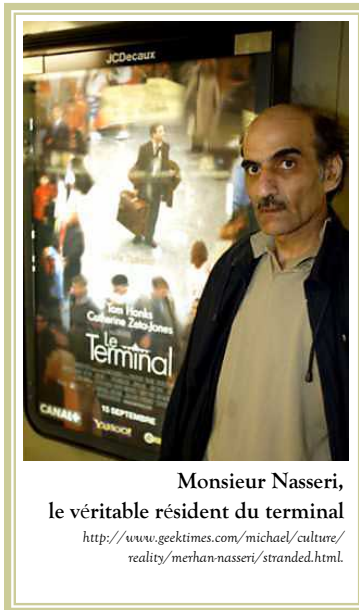
Ils ne seront pas oubliés.

«The Terminal»: Compte Rendu

Jenny Sullivan

L'été passé, Steven Spielberg a réalisé un film intitulé « The Terminal. » L'une de mes amies, qui ne savait à quel point m'était familière la véritable histoire de l'homme qui habite l'un des terminaux de l'aéroport Charles de Gaulle à Paris, a suggéré que nous allions le voir ensemble. J'ai accepté son invitation, et, le soir même, nous sommes allées au cinéma. En ce qui me concernait, je ne savais que prévoir. Je me demandais : « Comment est-ce que Hollywood va bien pouvoir embellir l'histoire d'un pauvre garçon iranien qui veut aller à Londres, mais ne peut s'y rendre du fait que tous ses documents d'identification ont été volés ? » Encore une fois, j'avais sous-estimé les pouvoirs de Hollywood.

Spielberg a acheté les droits de l'histoire à Nasser (le véritable homme du terminal), mais l'histoire du pauvre Iranien a été considérablement déformée. Le film se concentre en effet sur un dénommé Viktor Navorski issu d'un pays d'Europe de l'Est qui n'existe pas en réalité. En fait, ce pays n'existe ni en réalité, ni dans le film. Viktor arrive à l'aéroport JFK avec l'intention de passer des vacances à New York. Au moment où il descend de l'avion, son petit pays entre dans une guerre civile et le gouvernement est dissout. Je sais que vous pensez « O, le pauvre ! Les circonstances sont incroyables ! Quelle malchance ! » Mais, ne parlez pas trop vite. C'est triste, oui, et c'est vraiment incroyable, parce que CE PAYS N'EXISTE PAS ! Et si une telle situation se produisait vraiment, le gouvernement américain ne prendrait jamais en otage le voyageur



Monsieur Nasser,
le véritable résident du terminal

<http://www.geektimes.com/michael/culture/reality/merhan-nasser/stranded.html>

d'un pays qui change de gouvernement. J'ai bien été forcée de me rendre à l'évidence : Hollywood n'est jamais raisonnable.

Je pense toutefois que j'étais à même d'accepter un changement de lieu et de circonstances. Mais Spielberg n'a pu s'empêcher d'ajouter un autre élément qui diminue la véracité de l'histoire : Catherine Zeta-Jones. Comme tous les films modernes, « The Terminal » n'était pas complet sans une petite histoire romantique. Bien sûr, le rapport entre les deux protagonistes entraîne la déception, un autre homme qu'aime Zeta-Jones, et l'incapacité dans laquelle se trouve Viktor Navorski de sortir de l'aéroport. Je ne veux pas révéler les secrets du film, mais je suis sûre que vous pouvez deviner qu'en fin de compte, Zeta-Jones et Hanks tombent amoureux l'un de l'autre. Quelle surprise ! Il y a également un autre élément que je n'ai pas aimé : la raison pour laquelle Viktor s'est rendu à New York. Dans une autre distorsion de la véritable histoire, Viktor vient dans cette métropole afin de réaliser un rêve de son père, et il était prévu qu'il y restât pour un seul jour ! Il finit donc par rester dans un terminal pour une durée de plusieurs mois, alors qu'il devait en fait visiter la ville pour une journée. C'est ridicule.

Je pense que j'aurais mieux apprécié ce film, si je n'avais rien su de la véritable histoire de Nasser. Quand je pense à la vraie souffrance de Nasser dans l'aéroport Charles de Gaulle, où il habite depuis presque vingt ans, il me semble que ce film est bien dérisoire. Aujourd'hui, Nasser est un malade mental. Tom Hanks, qui joue Navorski dans le film, est plus riche à cause de cette maladie. Bien que le film ne rende pas justice à la condition de vie de Nasser, il augmente ma compassion pour l'Iranien. Je vous recommande « The Terminal », mais, quand vous verrez la comédie de Spielberg, je vous prie de bien penser au pauvre homme qui a dû passer vingt ans dans un aéroport et qui souffre vraiment. Viktor Navorski a trouvé l'amour, un rêve et des amis pendant les mois qu'il a passés dans l'aéroport. Nasser rencontre chaque jour un avocat, un psychiatre, et l'isolement. Il faut donc se souvenir d'une chose : Tout ce qui brille n'est pas d'or.

Les pierres de Paris: Three details from a walk from le Pont Alexandre III to the top of Notre-Dame



Photo by Mariah Perrin

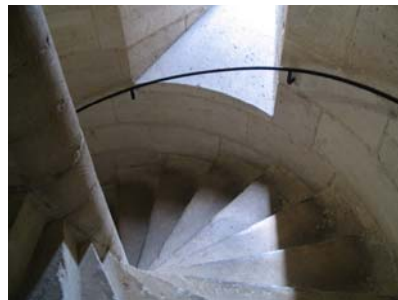


Photo by Tamara Dypsky



Photo by Heather Derk

LIVE YOUR LANGUAGE AT MIDDLEBURY LANGUAGE SCHOOLS

By Mallory Wilhelm

It's "impossible to be bored" at Middlebury College, according to former Master's student Barbie Kiasatpour (Bunt, '05). Middlebury offers a unique language program that emphasizes immersion in the language and has both a school in Vermont and schools abroad. Kiasatpour, along with former Middlebury students Anna Chambers and Martha Horohoe—undergraduate and doctoral students, respectively—describe for *LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS* various aspects of the Middlebury program.

All three alumnae praise the total language immersion that Middlebury enables by requiring each student to pledge to speak only the target language for the entire duration of the program. "This pledge was respected by students and enforced by the school," acknowledges Kiasatpour. Chambers commends Middlebury for its conviction that "immersion is the best possible approach to language." Horohoe, likewise, appreciates "the opportunity to live and breathe the language."

It's up to the student, however, to make the most of this immersion opportunity. "Commit yourself to speaking only French and be ready to strike out on your own if the other students in the group are more clique-ish or start using English," recognizes Chambers, who notes that "large numbers of program participants tended to hang out together, rather than mingle with French students." Without persistence in linguistic, social, and cultural immersion, no student will receive the full benefits of the Middlebury program.

Kiasatpour feels she made the most of the experience by opting to spend one summer at the Vermont Campus followed by a year in Paris, instead of the four summers in Vermont (Middlebury offers both options for Master's students). "The experience in Paris was fantastic," asserts Kiasatpour. "I learned so much about the culture and language during my stay." She also took an internship in Paris, which "was invaluable because it afforded me the opportunity to work with a diverse French speaking population. I advise students to spend the year in Paris instead of the four summers on campus."

The doctoral program, which must be completed through summer sessions on the Vermont campus, has ways to compensate for the lack of cultural immersion. Martha Horohoe certainly appreciates having been able to get her Ph. D. without having had to go heavily into debt. Except for the two years she took off to work on her dissertation, she continued working full time as a teacher.

For undergraduates who study abroad, Middlebury is "open to all kinds of course-options," says Anna Chambers. "Besides, they were pretty nice at giving the scoop on which profs to avoid, which profs to take, and letting you know what level of course difficulty to anticipate at *Paris III-Sorbonne Nouvelle*, the university I attended." Indeed, at Middlebury schools, students can explore a wide range of academic and cultural interests.

For students contemplating the possibility of attending schools in France, Chambers has a final piece of advice: "Don't be afraid of French profs, even when they seem mean!"



Dr. Martha Horohoe



Heather Derk ('05), and Jessica Gross ('06), studying in Paris during the spring semester, pose at Point Zéro, the small circle in front of Notre Dame Cathedral from which all distances in France are measured. Photo by Mariah Perrin.

A Few Links on the GCC— Middlebury Connection:

Anna Chambers spent a semester at Middlebury's school in Paris as part of her undergraduate program. She is currently Assistant Editor of the *National Interest*, a quarterly journal of international affairs, in Washington, D.C.



Barbie Bunt Kiasatpour earned her M.A. in French from the Middlebury language program. She currently teaches ESL at Western Kentucky University.



Dr. Martha Horohoe received a Doctorate in Modern Languages from Middlebury College. She currently teaches AP French and AP Spanish, as well as upper level Spanish courses, at Buffalo Academy of the Sacred Heart.

An Interview with Middlebury Student Jessica Gross

By Mallory Wilhelm

Mallory: What made you choose the Middlebury program?

Jessica: Dr. Léon first introduced me to Middlebury and highly recommended the School. She suggested the summer program, which looked like a unique opportunity because of the pledge. After I had a positive experience there I decided to come to Paris with them as well.

M: What are the main strengths and weaknesses of the program?

J: The strengths are that they really immerse you in the French language and culture—I think theirs is the only program that really forces you to speak the target language. They take away all your excuses for not being able to speak a language and make you realize you can do it. The weakness would be a lack of formal grammar instruction—they believe you pick it up just by using the language—but I think a formal grammar class here would have really helped me.

M: Do you find it challenging?

J: Yes, very! The summer school isn't too hard, but the Paris program is demanding. You are required to take classes in French universities along with French students, so at times the work load can be a lot.

M: Are you pursuing a major at GCC in addition to French?

J: Yes, I'm also majoring in English.

M: Do you have any advice for prospective Middlebury students?



Six Grovers enjoy dinner at a café near the Butte-Montmartre (February 2005). Clockwise from left, Tamara Dypsky ('05), Jessica Gross ('06), Mariah Perrin ('05), Rachel Wills ('06), Heather Derk ('05), and Ed Hollo ('04). Rachel interned at the American Embassy in Paris during the spring semester. Last fall, Ed began work on an M.A. in French at Middlebury.

J: I would say go for it—the idea of only using French can seem intimidating, but once you start it only gets easier. I would encourage anyone who wants to study in France to go through Middlebury, because I think they give you a more authentic French experience than many of the other study abroad programs.

Five (from page 1)

In addition, Parker recalls the support and interest invested in him by GCC professors such as Dr. Céline Léon. “She encouraged me to read widely, to travel, and to give every place and person a chance.”

Parker is living out this advice today as he seeks public office in the Deep South: “I want Alabama to show the world a new face.”

Led by a young man of such purpose and conviction, it very well may.

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Brianne Hess ('01) was no stranger to the French language when she set foot on the Grove City College Campus as a Molecular Biology major.

“My love for everything French is most likely genetic,” contends Hess, whose parents met in French class at Duquesne University and whose sisters, Ellen and Renny, are also language majors.

It took Hess three semesters as a science major to discover that she “was much more interested in French than in biology.”

Promptly changing majors, Hess enrolled in a French poetry class taught by professor Céline Léon, the class she now credits for having inspired her to study law.

“Many of the great French writers of the 19th century studied at the Faculté de Droit,” she notes. “I pursued law school to hone my skills as a writer and to learn more about how the law influences and operates within society.”

Currently enrolled in a dual degree Juris Doctor/Master of Business Administration program at Duquesne, Hess is realizing this goal. She has taken courses in international law, European Union law, international business transactions, and international environmental law.

Although she had not taken a single business course before beginning her Master's program, Hess finds that “the reading comprehension and writing skills [she] picked up as a French major more than made up for [her] lack of foundational knowledge.”

Hess has many fond memories of the French connected activities she participated in

while at Grove City College, such as Language Tables, dinners at the Grand Concourse, and trips to the Frick Museum. Recognizing Grove City as a “very unique and special place,” she advises current students to “acknowledge life ‘outside the bubble’ and to become more diverse in their experiences and world views.”

And, of course, she recommends that “all Grovers consider Duquesne Law School.”

ALUMNUS MEETS THE CHALLENGE AT DICKINSON

Not all lawyers knew they would one day go to law school at the time they walked across the stage to receive their undergraduate diplomas. Matt Hamilton ('92) began to explore the possibility after his experience at Grove City College.

A French and International Business major who was born and raised in the UK, Hamilton discovered that further education was necessary if he was seriously to consider the job opportunities which were of interest to him.

(see *Five* on page 10)

Five (from page 9)

Although he concedes that his French skills were not “directly implicated” during his years at Dickinson, Hamilton feels that the “mental discipline” that comes from the study of French and other foreign languages was highly beneficial.

That Hamilton had plenty of “mental discipline” is evident in his serving as Associate Editor of the Dickinson Law Review and in his graduating *magna cum laude*, 5th in a class of 170.

Hamilton now practices law in the field of complex commercial litigation with a focus on pharmaceutical products liability defense. He is a senior associate in the Health Effects Department of Pepper Hamilton LLP in Philadelphia.

When speaking of his years at Grove City, Hamilton recalls Dr. Céline Léon’s sense of humor as the *vis comica* that “kept [him] going” in the midst of the rigorous academic workload.

The discipline, however, proved beneficial in the competitive environment presented by law school: “I found that others were not as prepared to work hard and had not been so thoroughly tested before.”

This admission should encourage all current students to keep pressing on.

MASTERING THE ART OF LAW...AND THE “ACCENT PLOUC”

Susan Stenger (’85) has had many opportunities to use the French she learned in high school and at Grove City College. Not only did she study abroad in Strasbourg and travel to Corsica, Parisian and she married a Frenchman.

A graduate of the Boston University School of Law (’88) and a partner in the litigation department of Perkins, Smith & Cohen LLP, Stenger urges students interested in becoming lawyers to make sure they understand the demands of the profession.

“The job can be exciting and rewarding, but it is not the easiest way to make a good living,” she cautions.

Although students of any undergraduate discipline can apply to law school, she encourages aspiring Grovers to take the law-related classes offered at Grove City, especially Dr. Sparks’ Constitutional Law class.

The most crucial skill from which a first-year law student can benefit is “good, clear, concise writing.” Although her knowledge of French was not directly applicable to her legal studies, Stenger appreciates the help it provided in her understanding of Latin legal phrases.

Today, she serves as the “unofficial French translator” when her firm has to deal with French contracts, employment matters, divorce and child custody, and prisoners’ issues.

Stenger advises current students to “take advantage of all the time they have” during undergraduate school. “College is the most enjoyable time of your life,” she affirms, “It may not seem that way, but law school and being a lawyer leave much less free time.”

Of all of her memories as a GCC French major, Dr. Léon’s teaching of the “accent parisien” and the “accent plouc” stands out.

“French people are often impressed with my Parisian accent and I can usually make them laugh with the ‘plouc’ one,” says Stenger.

Apparently Stenger has managed to maintain a sense of humor in spite of the challenges of her legal career.



Susan Stenger

MÉMOIRES D’UN ANGE

Not many mothers build successful legal careers by day and teach their children to pray in French by night. However, that is just what Kathy Gallagher (Angel, ’79) has done since her graduation from Duquesne Law School in 1982.

Gallagher began as a prosecutor, a function in which she dealt with homicide and child rape cases on a daily basis.

“It was fulfilling work,” says Gallagher, “but the emotional toll was difficult. You have to be so steeled, yet not to the point of becoming numb.”

Gallagher moved on to practice in the field of commercial litigation and white colored corporate defense. She credits her father and Drs. John Sparks and Céline Léon as her inspiration to pursue a career in law.

“Being a lawyer was something my father had always wanted to do,” she says. “I had wanted to be an International Lawyer since the 9th grade. However, my original plan was to be a nun,” she exclaims with a laugh.

A French and Political Science major, Gallagher holds the analytical skills she acquired as a language major responsible for her success as a student of the law.

“At first I was terrorized,” recalls Gallagher of her first French class at Grove City. “But as time passed, I came to really appreciate Dr. Léon and her teaching style. She was hilarious, and she had a lot of faith in me.”

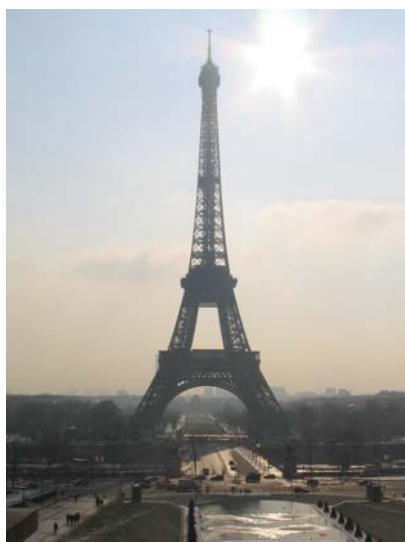
“I can still hear Dr. Léon tell the class, ‘If you want to be good at this, you need to translate your everyday conversations in your head.’ She grilled it into us, and in law school, I’d do it during lecture,” she remembers.

Gallagher recently returned to Grove City College to share her wisdom with current GCC students as a part of the Law Panel organized by her former professor, Dr. Sparks, now Dean of the School of Arts and Letters. During this visit, Gallagher described her career in law as a continual challenge because the law is always changing.

“I don’t do the same thing every day,” she says, “and that is such a blessing.”

Looking back on her undergraduate years, Gallagher wishes that she had known then that “one will never have all the answers.”

“I’ve discovered that it’s really a journey to find out the questions,” she offers. “And the gift is to be able to continue the journey.”



La Tour Eiffel

Photo by Tamara Dypsky