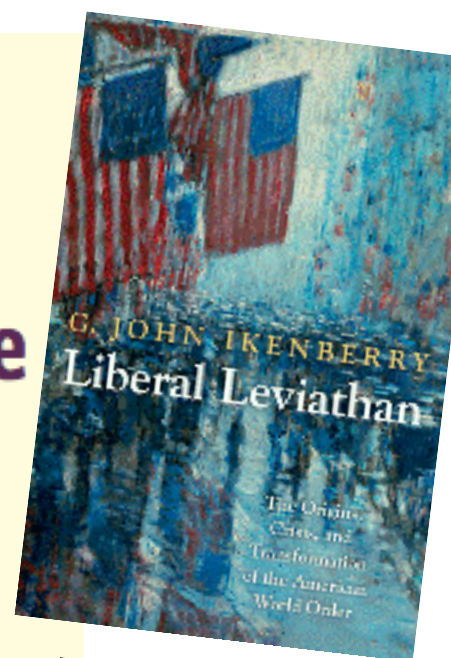




Williams College
**Summer Institute
in American
Foreign Policy**



June 13 - July 8, 2011



Members of the 2011 Summer Institute in American Foreign Policy

Radina Angelova '13

Elise Baker '13

Timothy Brock '14

Jennifer Chan '14

Matilda Feder '13

Spencer Flohr '14

Scott Fyall '13

Nataly Garzon '14

Robin Gimm '14

Lindsey Graham '13

Veronique Hob-Hob '13

Ben Kuelthau '13

Jessamyn Lockard '14

Jay Mehta '13

Nathan Reynolds '14

Eugene Shin '13

Ben Shuham '14

Nicole Smith '14

Sarah Witowski '12

Emily Hertz '13

TA: Sean Hoffman '13

Professor James McAllister

Professor Paul MacDonald

Professor Michael MacDonald



Final Presentation Groups

Nuclear Politics Team A *Position: The United States should adopt policies designed to promote a world without nuclear weapons*

Team Leader: Nathan Reynolds '14

Disarmament Wonk: Spencer Flohr '14

United States Posture Wonk: Radina Angelova '13

Nonproliferation Regime Wonk: Sarah Witowski '12

Rogue State Wonk: Ben Kuelthau '13

Advisors: Professor Paul MacDonald; Sean Hoffman

Nuclear Politics Team B *Position: The United States should oppose efforts to eliminate nuclear weapons, and should instead seek to establish nuclear primacy over its rivals.*

Team Leader: Scott Fyall '13

Disarmament Wonk: Nicole Smith '14

United States Posture Wonk: Ben Shuham '14

Nonproliferation Regime Wonk: Jennifer Chan '14

Rogue State Wonk: Elise Baker '13

Advisors: Professor Paul MacDonald; Professor McAllister

U.S.-China Relations Team A *Position: China does not pose a threat to United States interests, and the United States should continue to seek peaceful ways to integrate China into the global economy.*

Team Leader: Eugene Shin '13

Power Transition Wonk: Robin Gimm '14

Economic Relations Wonk: Timothy Brock '14

Military Relations Wonk: Matilda Feder '13

Regional Relations Wonk: Jessamyn Lockard '14

Advisors: Professor Michael MacDonald; Sean Hoffman

U.S.-China Relations Team B *Position: China represents a threat to United States interests, and the United States should adopt more assertive policies designed to meeting the emerging Chinese threat.*

Team Leader: Emily Hertz '13

Power Transition Wonk: Lindsey Graham '13

Economic Relations Wonk: Nataly Garzon '14

Military Relations Wonk: Jay Mehta '13

Regional Relations Wonk: Veronique Hob-Hob '13

Advisors: Professor Michael MacDonald; Professor McAllister

Visiting Audience Members:

Daryl Press

Joshua Rovner

Francis Gavin



TIM BROCK



DJ Timbo Slice
Talking fast, thinking faster—
Most of the time, Paul.



SARAH WITOWSKI



Momma Witowski
Late nights in the common room
Until... Justin Long?

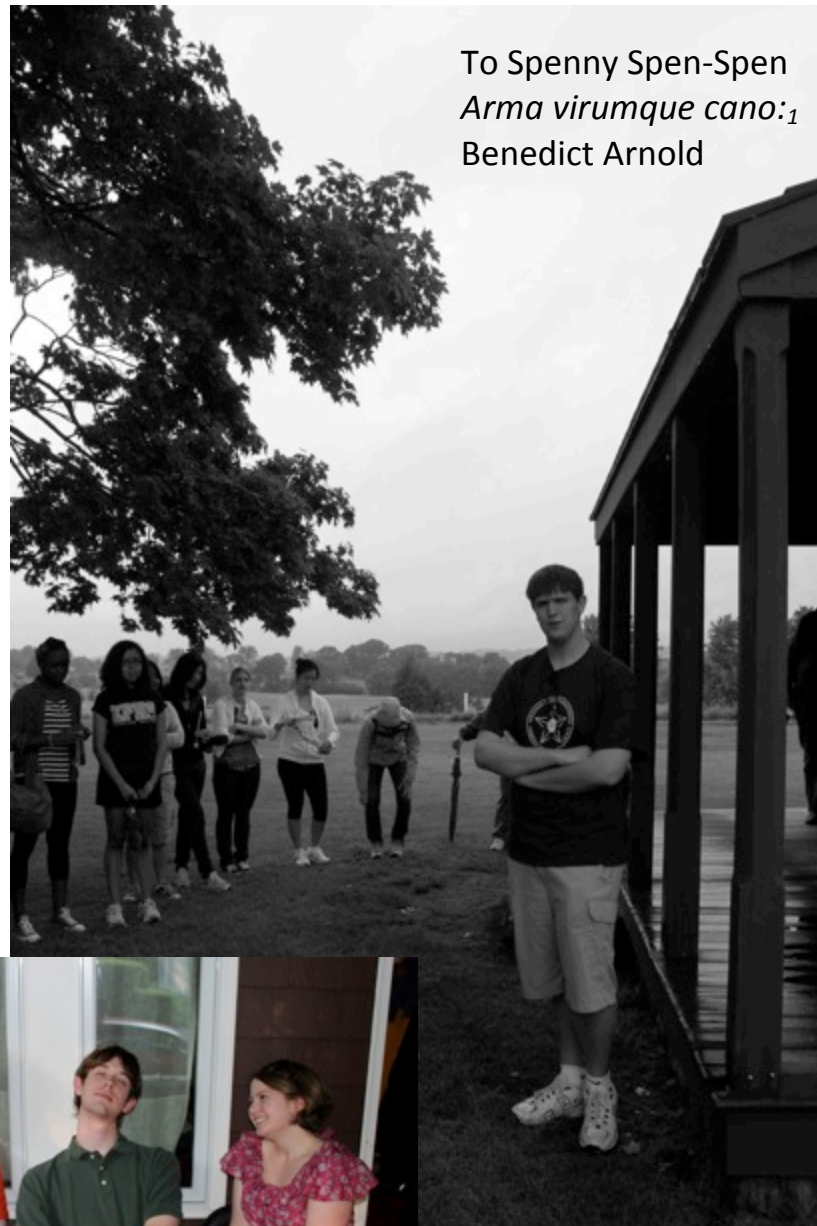


She's a snap-happy
Multilingual dancing queen
Who likes her ice cream



VERONIQUE HOB-HOB

SPENCER FLOHR



To Spenny Spen-Spen
*Arma virumque cano:*¹
Benedict Arnold



¹ The first line of Vergil's epic translates literally to "I sing of arms and a man"

The awesome J-Chan:
Progenitor of this work,
Secret Latinist



JENNIFER CHAN



No Robert Kagan,
She'll still takes one for the team
With laughter and "shhhh"s



NICOLE SMITH

LINDSEY GRAHAM

S'mores organizer
And hiking extraordinaire
Headed to Oxford





Whether to Gladden
Or to nuclear zero, he's
Leading from behind



NATHAN REYNOLDS

MATILDA FEDER



Missile crisis? Please.
That's less than one school per state!
Ticks pose more problems



BEN KUELTHAU



Always up to hike,
He's got the right idea—
Just not the tickets



BEN SHUHAM



We look at his life,
Look at his choices, shout "BEN!"
And make different ones

JESSAMYN LOCKARD



Thanks for the refrain
"Sean, it's an emergency"!—
and for the cookies



California girl
Summering in the Berkshires
On double duty



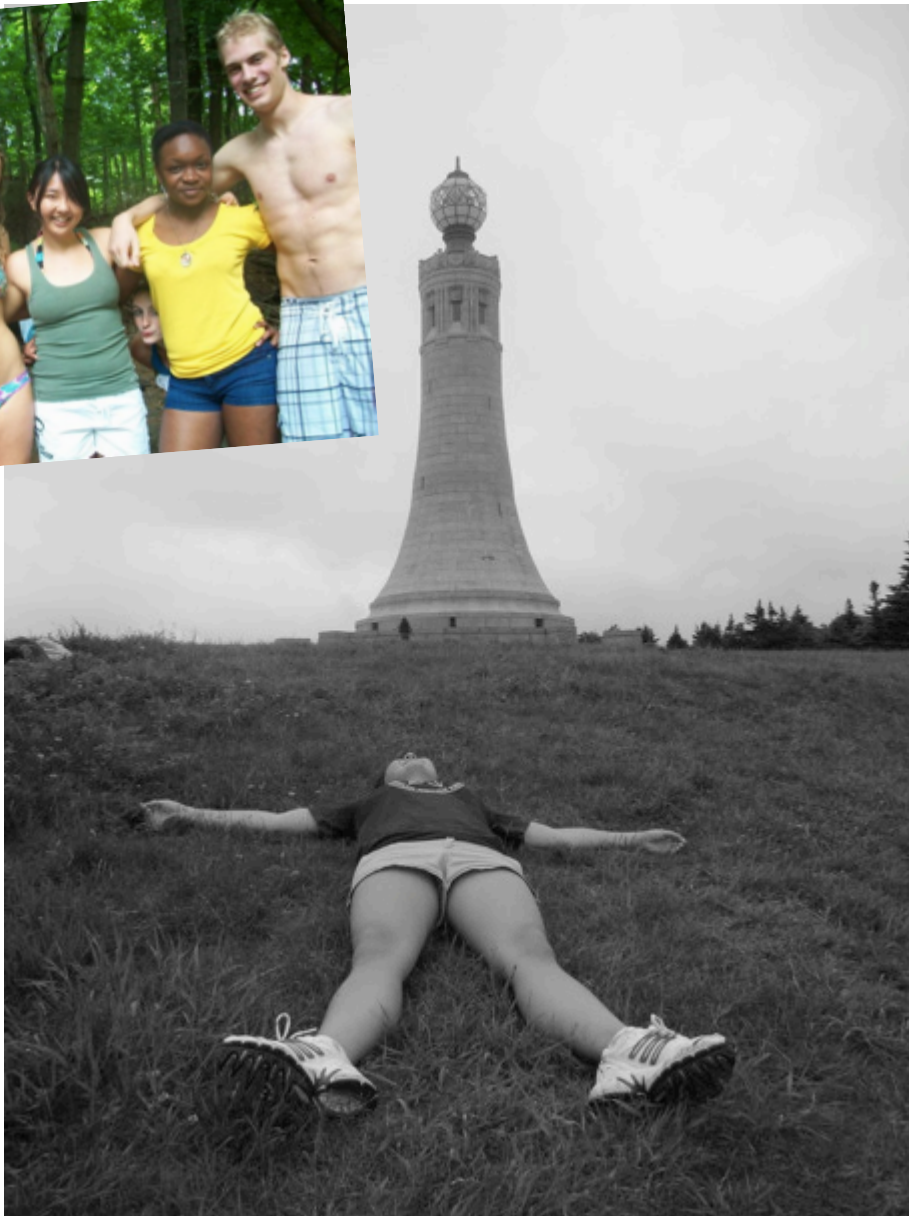
ELIZABETH HECHT

RADINA ANGELLOVA



She's polished and poised
Whether kicking off debates
Or sandals for heels





ROBIN GIMM

She can make garlands,
Draw a sickle & hammer...
A jack of all trades?

NATALY GARZON



She's an aspiring
Policy-maker who knows
Two Col(o)(u)mbias

EMILY HERTZ



Our rhetorician
The world is a scary place.
(For the children's sake.)



EUGENE SHIN



Books are cool...I guess.
We should really do this right:
Team yoga at four!



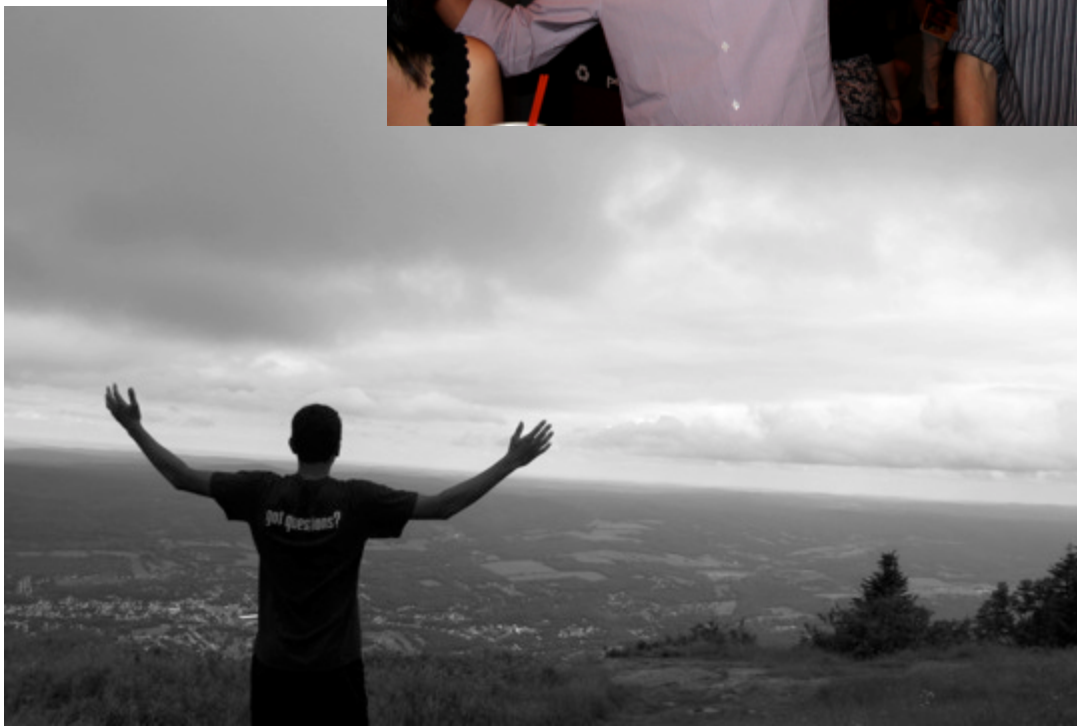
ELISE BAKER



Pro at iron-ons,
PSCI-math double major
Who'll call fake shakas



JAY MEHTA



Manipulative?
Maybs. Sweet ridin', rolltidin'
Just let Jay do Jay



Synchronized dance or
How to eat an elephant
Yeah? Yeah! Scotty knows.



SCOTT FYALL

SEAN HOFFMAN



Define "Prof Hoff": he
Makes smoothies, edits speeches,
And can't be toppled



The Hero of Saratoga

(Written on the Occasion of the 235th Anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America)

By Spencer Flohr

For half a month held General Gates
The slopes of Bemis Heights.
For half a month he stood stone-still,
Awaiting John Burgoyne.
There was one man who had no fear,
One man amongst the band.
Benedict Arnold was his name
And general was his rank.
He smelled the victory in the air;
He felt the victory in the land;
He saw the victory in the sun;
He knew his time was come.
Quoth Arnold to Horatio:
“Give me an army, General Gates,
And I will have it done.
Give me an army, General Gates,
And thence the Brits shall run.”
But much distraught made Mr. Gates
This haughty exclamation;
To disaster might he lead them,
His brave Colonial troops,
Or even worse (It shan’t be spake!)
He’d steal his acclamation!
So told Arnold Old Granny Gates:
“I do not think I’ll have it so,
No, not at all, will I.
I strip you now of your command,
Now in your tent go lie!”
Aghast, Arnold fumed to himself;
No soldier dared approach.
Deprived now of his sacred post,
What glory could be had?
For many days he threw himself
About his little tent.
For many days, he cursed within
The name of General Gates.
But then one day the silence broke.

The firing of German guns,
The English musket balls,
Such sounds struck him like arrow tips;
The hair leapt from his flesh;
He felt the blood course through his veins—
He knew what must be done.
More purposeful than e'er before
He walked out from his tent;
His coat to shield him from the lead,
His hat to mark him well,
A shot of rum for courage's sake—
Then off upon his steed he rode,
His adversary now to meet,
Burgoyne now in his sights.
Nor did Horatio not know
Of mutiny so glorious—
Achilles comes again to war!
Gates sent his men to block the path,
Too slow, Too slow by far.
He rode and shouted to his stern:
"I have no army, General Gates,
But I will have it done.
I have no army, General Gates,
But thence the Brits shall run!"
And soon he spots the fighting troops.
A mighty blow the English struck;
Near rout were the Americans.
But as the great general approached,
His visage dark, his eyes ablaze,
The men gave forth a thunderous cheer!
Twice seven times he swung his sword
About his jet-black locks,
Such was his shining diadem
Not fit for any prince by Birth
But bloody consecration.
He summons to himself the troops
Which hitherto were in retreat,
But now burned hotly with desire
To follow their capt'n to victory,
Or else to the abyss.
"Redoubt, the redoubt men!" he shouts.
The wall are flooded by the tide
Of men and arms and smoke.
The fortress holds against the rush;
Lead balls tear through the charging ranks.

But nothing now can hold them back,
Such men, no longer fearing death!
Then to his left he sees the prize;
It catches well his gaze,
The German redoubt unprepared,
In chaos now, soon rout!
He turns his horse and thither rides,
The bullets whizzing past.
“Come on, now flank them! Flank them lads!”
The onslaught follows Arnold’s words:
The Redcoats flee; Americans
Rush forth and take the hill.
He rides above, his sword upraised.
At last, the battle’s won.
The mission and the deeds complete,
His luck was finally spent.
For at his triumph’s apex there—
The missile found its mark.
Right through the leg, the very same
Which he had shattered in the North,
Right through his horse’s mighty flank,
The bullet bore its path.
He tumbled downward with his mount
And gave a mighty groan.
When asked about his injury:
“‘Twere better through the head.”
If only Death had found you there,
Had found you on that day.
Unblemished would your name have been
To all your virtuous countrymen
As long as nations last!
But even so, upon that hill,
Your wounded leg remains.
And walking by, the traveler stops,
Perplexed at such a sight.
There stands the chiseled boot to prove
That Arnold had it done.



Summer in Williamstown
Photographed by Veronique Hob-Hob