## **Voices of Resilience**

## **Capturing the Refugee Stories at Macalester College**

In my archive work, I have dedicated my focus to documenting and preserving the stories of refugees, particularly those who have passed through Macalester College. The material I have been looking into includes narratives, photographs, and personal accounts of individuals like Charles Gerebi, Ferenc Budavari, Ivan Kaszas, Gyorgy Gombo, Jorge Madlun, Nguyen, and Mohammed Abbdrihaman Mohammed. These refugees, from diverse backgrounds such as Hungary, Cuba, Vietnam, and Kenya, faced various challenges and embarked on journeys that led them to Macalester. By organizing and adding these stories to the digital archive, I aim to shed light on the resilience, strength, and diverse experiences of refugees who found a new home at Macalester. In doing so, I believe I contribute to the broader narrative of the college, ensuring that these stories are not only preserved but also serve as a source of inspiration and representation for future generations, fostering a sense of community and understanding on campus. Attached are some images from the archive that visually capture these compelling stories.

Then there's Jorge Madlun, a Cuban refugee.

## Cuban refugee finds a sanctuary

by Margaret Silverman and Jon Riskind

It seems inconceivable for a person to go through so much and still be able to laugh about it.

In 1974, Jorge Madlun was a cultural advisor in the Cuban Ministry of Culture, and a college student pursuing a liberal arts degree. He was kicked out of college in 1976.

"They [the government] expelled me because I would not take part in any political activities," Madlun said. More than three years would pass before he would make it to America, and Macalester, where he is presently a student.

"In Cuba you have no future unless you take part in politics and follow the communist system," the 26-year-old Madlun said.

Because of his refusal to participate in the system, Castro's secret police shanghaied him off the streets of his hometown, Santiago, and drafted him into the army. Madlun did well in the



Photo/Margaret Silverman Cuban refugee Jorge Madlun describes life in a concentration camp.

> "The police would form long lines and arm themselves with sticks...

stead of killing him the guards took him to a special cell, with no windows, holding about 100 men.

Because he was thought insane, Madlun was next taken to an army hospital. He was granted a onemonth vacation with his family. Instead of going back to the army hospital, Madlun's brother took him to a civilian one. "I escaped again so that I was sure they knew I really was crazy." he said.

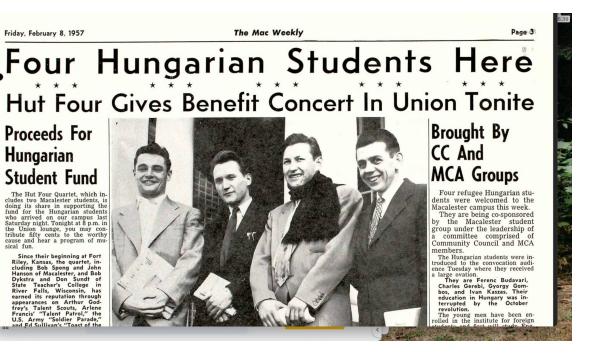
Madlun was quickly found by police; he was now placed in a mental institution. "They gave me electric shock treatments, and I responded in the right way." he said.

Électric shocks are supposed to calm you down and Madlun pretented the shocks calmed him. Madlun was let out of the

Madiun was let out of the asylum, but his freedom wouldn't last long.

"Castro made up this one law," Madlun said, smiling, "so that police could arrest anyone they wanted and In 1974, he got kicked out of college in Cuba for not getting involved in politics. He spent three years trying to find a way out, even pretending to be crazy in a Cuban prison. Finally, he made it to a refugee camp in Fort McCoy, Florida. He got a job through a friend in the US Army and heard about Macalester from a Cuban woman.

Nguyen, who originally came from Vietnam, became a refugee in Thailand. He was interviewed by a U.S. representative and got to the U.S. when he was just five. Later, he ended up at Macalester.



Back in the 1950s, in 1957, four Hungarian refugees; Charles Gerebi, Ferenc Budavari, Ivan Kaszas, and Gyorgy Gombo came to Macalester. The community council and MCA supported them. They had to learn English first before joining the rest of the students. They lived in Kirk Hall and had people assigned to help them with everything.

## Picture of me at C house block Party



At the C House Block Party, my FYC class feels like family. Even if I don't sleep there, it's like my own space. Talking about C House and the people who lived here before is fascinating to me. This picture captures the warmth and connection that make it special. I hope those with a similar background can find a home here too.