

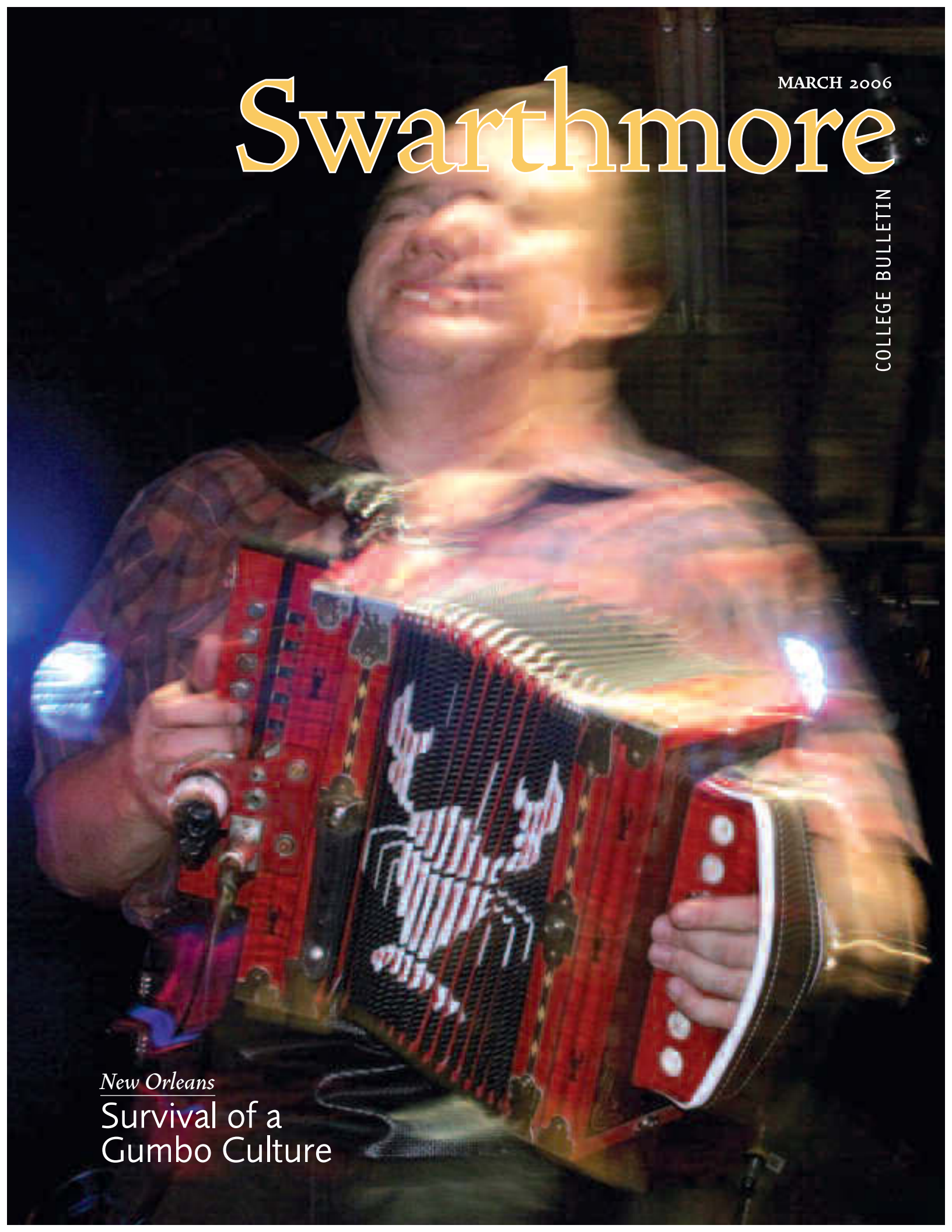
Swarthmore

MARCH 2006

COLLEGE BULLETIN

New Orleans

Survival of a
Gumbo Culture



ON THE COVER: Cajun music star Bruce Daigrepoint plays the accordion at Tipitinas in New Orleans—evidence of the slow rebirth of a city devastated by Hurricane Katrina and the flooding that followed. Joe Thompson '86 survived the storm and returned quickly to his adopted home. But, he wonders, will the city and its rich gumbo of cultural influences ever be the same? Story on page 22.

ON THESE PAGES: *Bulletin* photographer Eleftherios Kostans visited New Orleans in late January as the city struggled back to life. His photos show both the destruction and the hope that he found there.



Swarthmore

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By Andrea Hammer



The long coexistence of Swarthmore College and the Scott Arboretum affects Swarthmoreans in ways that many may be unaware of as undergraduates. I've heard from alumni who, returning to campus 10 or 20 years after their Commencement, wonder whether the campus was graced with so many magnificent trees and gardens when they were students. They simply don't remember the striking beauty of the College and see it—often in early June, when it's at its best—as if for the first time. Yet many of these same alumni have become gardeners themselves, influenced in unknown ways by this magnificent campus.

In her foreword to Ben Yagoda's book *The Scott Arboretum of Swarthmore College: The First 75 Years* (Donning Co., 2003), William R. Kenan Jr., Professor Emerita of Art History T. Kaori Kitao writes: "In the four years they spend at the college, students remain largely oblivious to the arboretum's valuable plant collections." But she goes on to observe that although "the arboretum provides an idyllic setting for the College ... in reality, it does more; it not only embellishes but also edifies. This result is not immediately apparent, but it is

"The whole idea of plant collections organizes the campus into clusters of memorable places.... Landscape gains its shape from the memory it stirs in our mind."

—T. Kaori Kitao

the nature of a landscape that teaches without trying. No planting here happens haphazardly. The whole idea of plant collections organizes the campus into clusters of memorable places. We remember different parts of the campus by the plants that distinguish them: a grove of lilacs, patches of tree peonies, the rose garden, a lawn surrounded by cherries, magnolias here, hydrangeas there, and so forth.... Landscape gains its shape from the memory it stirs in our mind."

I enjoy gardening because it puts me in mind of the larger rhythms of life. As our hemisphere leans into the sun each spring, I lean into my four-pronged garden fork, turning clods of

warm, brown earth and raking the surface smooth for seeds. In a world where minutes and hours are hurrying by—and where other, shorter cycles rule our lives—it is edifying to connect with the advancing seasons, marking another passage round the sun.

Gertrude Bowers Burdsall '28, who has circled the sun nearly 100 times, is our oldest active class secretary. She often writes about the garden she keeps at her Berkshire Hills home, and her quarterly Class Notes column has gained many devoted readers beyond her dwindling number of classmates. Gertrude tends all kinds of plants, but she derives her greatest pleasure from her herb garden. In December 2005, she wrote: "Herbs continue to grow, bloom, set seeds, and endure. The annuals will last until the first frost, and the perennials will go on and on." And in this issue (p. 41), she writes: "Ever so slowly, our daylight hours are increasing. The shortest days of the year are past, and this part of the Earth is headed again toward spring." This may not be profound, but it's the rhythm of a long life well observed. Enjoy your spring!

—Jeffrey Lott



Swarthmore COLLEGE BULLETIN

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BUGLE CALLS

As a former member of the Swarthmore V-12 Unit, I was interested to read Paul Wachter's [97] "Pacifism and Bugle Calls" in the December *Bulletin*. I think there was a feeling among many V-12 members that the unit was more politely tolerated rather than welcomed at Swarthmore. Almost the only students in many classes and departments, particularly the science departments, were Navy. Without them, the finances of Swarthmore would have been sorely strained. Many of us felt that Swarthmore, like Esau, had sold its pacifist Quaker birthright for a mess of Navy potage and that the presence of the unit at Swarthmore was due more to fiscal reasons rather than patriotism.

JOHN CARSON '47
Rosemont, Pa.

THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

I read "The Road to Damascus" (December *Bulletin*) with appreciation and interest. One statement in that article, however, deserves clarification. Discussing an earlier failed attempt to set up a foreign-study program with the University of Damascus, I was quoted as saying that, at the time, "none of the colleges involved, including Swarthmore, were offering Arabic instruction or Middle Eastern Studies." In fact, a number of the institutions involved in that effort had both—including Georgetown University, long a mecca for the study of Arabic and the Middle East. Even Swarthmore had a small amount of instruction in Middle Eastern Studies and, since then, (in cooperation with Bryn Mawr and Haverford) has instituted instruction in Arabic language and expanded its offerings in Middle Eastern studies.

STEVEN PIKER
Swarthmore

Piker is professor of anthropology and director of the College's Foreign Study Office.

ON NEED-BLIND ADMISSIONS

As a Swarthmore graduate and lead author of the proposal to drop Macalester College's need-blind admissions policy, I have seen both the rhetoric and the reality of the need-blind issue that was described in "The Need-Blind Balancing Act" (December *Bulletin*).

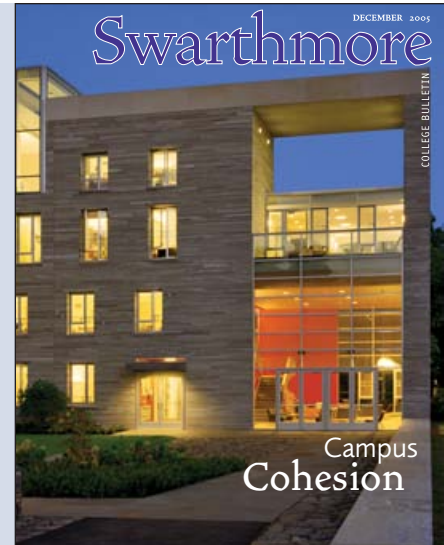
The relationship between need-blind admissions and the "diversity of experi-

ences and backgrounds" spoken of by President Alfred H. Bloom is complicated. As a group, the need-blind schools have fewer students on need-based aid than the need-aware schools. Swarthmore, Haverford, and Middlebury are need-blind and have, respectively, 50, 40, and 34 percent of their students on need-based financial aid, rates that are similar to the need-blind Ivies. In contrast, it's common for need-aware schools to have 80 percent or more of their students on financial aid. Macalester's new need-aware policy will bring us from 70 percent of students on need-based aid to just above 60 percent, more than any top need-blind college.

The article points out that Swarthmore's admissions process "take[s] into account that someone has a background that might suggest lower family income." This highlights the fact that admissions decisions are made with plenty of information available about an applicant's ability to pay. Admissions criteria often emphasize factors that correlate strongly with high income: access to prestigious volunteer opportunities, strong high-school programs, alumni parents. Even if admitted, needy students can easily be dissuaded from attending by the large loan components included in their "aid" packages. Need-blind Wesleyan (42 percent) recently relied on this strategy to retain a formal need-blind policy while balancing its financial aid budget, reducing the presence of needy students in its entering classes.

Sad to say, no top college is accessible to more than token numbers of low-income students. The challenges such students face are not overcome by need-based aid. Beyond paying tuition, they have to replace the income they forego by being full-time students, and they need a high-school preparation adequate for a highly competitive admissions process. Need-blind Harvard and Brown recently publicized their zero-charges approach to recruiting low-income students. Yet even if these schools reach their targets, they will have proportionally far fewer such students than will need-aware Macalester.

President Bloom wrote, "Need-blind admissions and meeting full need ... permit the institution to fulfill its responsibility to provide access to students from all backgrounds and, thereby, help overcome widening economic disparities and develop



leaders from all segments of our population." Other institutions manage to admit, matriculate, and graduate large numbers of needy students—more than Swarthmore. Those institutions can do better at this important job without need-blind admissions.

DANIEL KAPLAN '81
St. Paul

Kaplan is associate professor of mathematics and computer science at Macalester College.

BASHING BEARDSLEY

Editor Jeffrey Lott's description of his daily walk to his office ("Parlor Talk," December *Bulletin*) triggered a memory. With that in mind, it was interesting reading Inga Saffron's "Cohesion and Diversity" article on the variety of building styles on campus.

My recollection is of taking the traditional "Campus Tour with the Campus Architect" at a reunion, probably 25 (maybe more) years ago. Lott mentioned "Palladian-inspired Beardsley Hall" in describing his walk. That long-ago architect's comments about Beardsley were in this vein: "It is an undistinguished building, built out of inferior materials, not in keeping with its neighbors, with a roof that is almost impossible to maintain and keep from leaking." His final comment was, "We'll be pulling it down in a few years."

WALTER PINKUS '65
Ann Arbor, Mich.

FOR THE RECORD

Philip Jefferson, author of "The Economist as Biologist" (Dec. "Collection") is professor of economics.

Facing **BUDGET** Challenges

Each year, the administration, in consultation with the College Budget Committee (made up of students and faculty and staff members), develops a budget in the context of a rolling 5-year plan in which revenues and costs are projected for the years ahead. However, mounting cost pressures have created a host of challenges for the budget-planning process in recent years.

“Thanks to the generosity of our alumni and our outstanding endowment performance, Swarthmore is very well-off relative to most educational institutions of similar size, but the College faces a constant challenge to fund the level of excellence that we, our students, and our alumni expect,” President Alfred H. Bloom said. “Maintaining academic and student life programs of extraordinary quality and meeting the College’s exceptional commitment to financial aid while caring for a beautiful campus and providing a comfortable home for 1,380 students and an effective workplace for just over 900 faculty and staff members requires the College’s full available annual resources despite constant and tight monitoring of our expenses.”

This year, in that budget construction process—after allocating funds necessary to meet regular operating costs and such key institutional commitments as faculty and staff compensation and financial aid—the College found itself with only \$300,000 in uncommitted funds.

Furthermore, still facing the committee and administration were a steep increase in energy costs—enough to absorb the full \$300,000; a 100 percent increase in the cost of auditing; the need to increase insurance coverage; the increasing cost of faculty travel to professional meetings; the final step in the phased-in improvement of the employee retirement plan; increased costs of software and hardware maintenance contracts; and the need to create two new technology-related positions that could no longer be deferred—one responsible for the security of the College’s network and electronic data, the other for the development and maintenance of Swarthmore’s Web site.

To meet the significant shortfall in funds, the budget committee and administration adopted a two-part solution: An increase in tuition and fees of 5.5 percent (slightly higher than in

recent years) and a call on academic departments and administrative offices to live with zero percent budget increases next year, for the fifth year in a row. The new budget was approved by the Board of Managers at its Feb. 25 meeting.

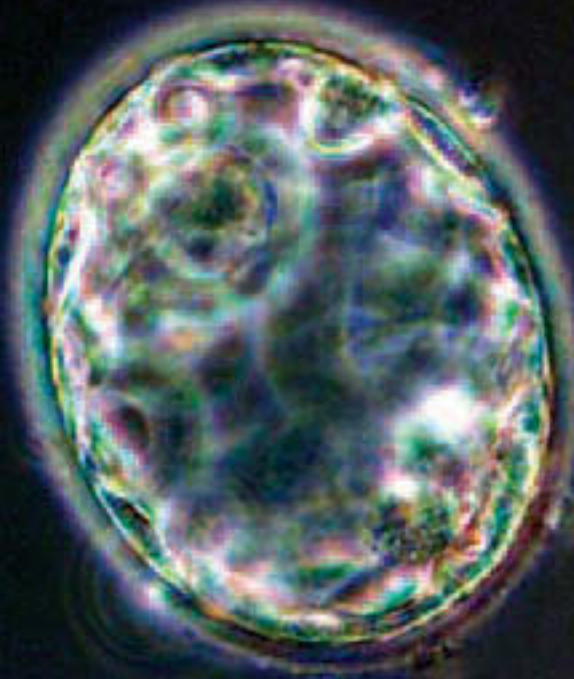
It can be tempting in tight budget years to spend more from the endowment, which stands at approximately \$1.2 billion, said Vice President for Finance and Treasurer Suzanne Welsh. “But with endowment returns over the past 5 years still trailing our long-term targets,” she said, “we are not in a position to do that. We always have to keep in mind the need to balance the present with the future and ensure that the endowment will be there for future generations of students. The tightness of the budget and the current economic conditions reinforce the importance of our donors in providing for the College’s continued excellence.”

“We are fortunate to be able to invest more per student than many other liberal arts institutions,” Bloom said. “But the impact of that investment is abundantly evident in the distinctive qualities of leadership that our alumni offer across the professions and domains of the world they engage. Given the constraints on the annual budget, the College must rely on the special generosity of its alumni to make new initiatives possible, and we can never express adequately our appreciation for that critical support.”

Among the pressures on the College’s budget is the steep increase in the cost of energy—including oil and gas to fire the College’s steam plant (*left*). For the fifth year in a row, most academic and administrative departments have been asked forego budget increases.



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS



Blastocytes and Bioethics

Five days after a nuclear transfer occurred, a cloned human embryo exists in blastocyst stage at the Centre for Life in Newcastle, England.

People arguing over the ethics of stem cells, cloning, and related issues ought to know something about the relevant science, say the authors of a new volume on bioethics. With the aim of bringing scientific light to today's divisive debates, Howard A. Schneiderman Professor of Biology Scott Gilbert and two of his former students—Anna Tyler '03 and Emily Zackin '02—have written *Bioethics and the New Embryology: Springboards for Debate* (WH Freeman and Sinauer Associates, 2005).

Missing from most debates about stem cell research is a basic knowledge of human development. "Before we can have any informed discussion, people need to understand what an embryo and its cells can and cannot do at various stages," Gilbert says.

Gilbert hopes the new book will help dispel some myths about embryology. "One common misconception is that embryonic stem cells come from embryos with eyes, hearts, ears, and limbs," he says. "But the actual cells come from a much earlier embryo, which has not formed any of these structures yet."

The book examines the key issues behind the ongoing debate over bioethics. Among them: determining when life begins, selecting the sex of children, regenerating organs, cloning human beings, assisted fertilization, and stem cell use. Although the authors do not take definitive stands on the issues, they present the different positions and discuss the scientific evidence for and against prevailing views.

Gilbert is author of the bestselling textbook *Developmental Biology*, and he has edited *Embryology: Constructing the Organism, A Conceptual History of Embryology* and several special issues of journals.

Tyler is currently working toward a doctorate in the Molecular and Cellular Biology Department of Dartmouth College.

Zackin majored in political science and English and minored in biology. She earned an M.A. in political science from Columbia University and is working toward a doctorate in Princeton University's Politics Department.

—Tom Krattenmaker

KATRINA RELIEF CONTINUES

Six students flew to New Orleans

on Jan. 8 to help clean up the destruction left by Hurricane Katrina last August.

Marissa Davis '08 and Andrew Petzinger '09, co-chairs of Swarthmore's Direct Relief Committee, traveled with Erika DuPree '07, Heidi Fieselmann '06, Melissa Lovett '08, and Jennifer Thompson '08. With Uma Nagendra '09, who lives in New Orleans, they worked for 6 days with the Common Ground Collective, a grassroots aid group formed after the hurricane.

The Direct Relief Committee received \$5,000 from the Swarthmore Foundation to fund the students' trip. The foundation, formed in 1987, provides support for community service and social action initiated by students, faculty, and staff.

Davis said she and the other student volunteers primarily gutted and bleached houses. "We removed everything—carpeting, furniture, appliances, drywall, even all the nails from homes that had not been entered in 4 months—since the hurricane hit," she said. "We wore respirators, goggles, rubber gloves covered by leather gloves, and full-body Tyvek suits with hoods. There was mold on everything, from the floor to the ceiling."

Davis felt fortunate to meet some of the people whose homes they were cleaning. "They were very appreciative of our efforts and said they couldn't have done it without the volunteers," she said.

She also attended a meeting in New Orleans led by Mayor Ray Nagin, where, she said, she saw both whites and blacks who had been affected by the hurricane—and all were unhappy with the government's response.

Maurice Eldridge '62, vice president for College and community relations, told *The Phoenix* that the College hoped to hold a series of lectures and discussions on poverty- and race-related issues that had been "brought into greater visibility by these weather events and responses to them."

Davis said the Direct Relief Committee planned to go back to New Orleans during spring break with a larger contingent.

—Audree Penner

War News Radio: Swarthmore's Iraq Listening Post



Pacing the length of Lodge Six, public radio veteran Marty Goldensohn simultaneously praises a lead for a story on the Baath Party, brainstorms ways to work Hamas' electoral victory into the next newscast, and gives two of his journalists a hilarious reminder of the seven words you can't say on the radio.

Since June, Goldensohn has been the primary adviser to *War News Radio*, a group of student journalists who produce a weekly half-hour radio broadcast on the war in Iraq. The program is based on the premise that using Internet telephone service Skype, Swarthmore students are as close to Iraq as reporters in the Green Zone.

It's a program that has few listeners beyond those who seek it out on the Internet, but a spate of national press attention in early 2006 has raised its visibility. Articles in *The New Yorker* and *The Philadelphia Inquirer* as well as reports about the project on public radio and ABC television could lead to a wider audience.

War News Radio combines news updates and stories about the history of Iraq with in-depth features about the daily life of real people in Iraq—businessmen, students, painters, and soldiers. This is the kind of war journalism you won't find in the mass media. As Goldensohn says: "All the media covers are roadside bombs—we find stories that are real and humane and different, stories that you want to listen to. Hansi [Lo Wang '09] is working on a story about what's funny to Iraqis. Where else can you get that?"

Although the broadcasts are ostensibly the purpose of *War News Radio*, according to Goldensohn, "You never know whether those are doing any good or not—you just hope they are." What Goldensohn does know is that his students have changed. To write for *War News Radio*, students "have to learn to talk to real people, to be unfrightened of the world, to get past feelings of embarrassment, humility, and inferiority—to ordain themselves anybody's equal."

Students also appreciate the way that *War News Radio* gets them out of the ivory tower and interacting with real people. Amelia Templeton '06 says: "It's the most challenging thing I've encountered at Swarthmore, but it's an entirely different kind of challenge. You ask



Left: A Fox News camera crew, a reporter from *The Los Angeles Times*, and a writer from *The Jewish Exponent*—it's media day at War News Radio. Student producer Amelia Templeton '06 (right) answers questions while working on Swarthmore's weekly radio news magazine about Iraq. Above: Students have created a newsroom in Lodge 6, where they research and record a half-hour program, which is then posted to the Internet. Listen to recent programs at www.warnewsradio.org.

a question, and you have to figure out how to answer it yourself. None of your professors can answer it for you."

Sometimes a Swarthmore alumnus can. Editing an interview with *Los Angeles Times* movie critic Kenneth Turan '67 about *Iraq in Fragments*, which recently premiered at the Sundance Film Festival, Templeton reports that Turan "said he'd talk to us anytime."

War News Radio is the brainchild of another alumnus, *60 Minutes* producer David Gelber '63, who told the students that they could all be in the big leagues if they'd only "drill down into each story." This phrase has become almost a mantra among the students, and Templeton, Wren Elhai '08, and Rueben Heyman-Kantor '06 all took Gelber up on his offer to do a January externship at *60 Minutes*. Afterward, Goldensohn recounts with pride, "I got a call from David saying, 'I don't know how I'm going to do this show without them.'"

Elhai echoes a commonly expressed sentiment when he reflects, "This is the most worthwhile thing I've done while at Swarthmore. We're not trying to produce something that sounds intelligent or some complex new theory. We're just trying to discover basic truths. How do people live? What is it like to be there?"

With such universal questions as the driving force behind *War News Radio*, the concept seems ripe for expansion. Could it inspire a new model for media production? "The war is really incidental to what we're doing here," admits Goldensohn, and Elhai agrees. "We've been talking to Carleton College," he says, "and they want to use the model of *War News Radio* to start a whole network of student reporters doing real reporting. Whatever the story that needed to be covered, we could use the resources that we have to cover it."

—Lauren Stokes '09

The Art of Kissing

OSCULATORY FRIVOLITY SPARKS CAMPUS DEBATE



MILES SKORPEN '09

Settling into my front-row seat at the Pearson-Hall Theater and opening my reporter's notebook, the first thing I heard at the pre-Valentine's Day lecture "The Art of Kissing" was a girl asking me whether I was taking notes. I explained that no, I was just reporting, and she grinned. "Good, because that would be a little too Swat-esque."

I was again admonished by the kissing expert himself, who opened the show by boasting: "You're not going to have to take notes, my friend—you will remember everything you see." Michael Christian, author (under the pen name William Cane) of the bestselling book *The Art of Kissing* and formerly the No. 1 entertainer on the college circuit, had arrived at Swarthmore.

During the next hour, Christian and six volunteer kissers raced through 30 different kisses, from the upside-down-vacuum kiss (suck all of the air out of your girlfriend before blowing her back up) to the electric kiss (rub your feet against the carpet to build up static electricity) to the classic French kiss (demonstrated by two large pink tongue puppets).

The volunteers included Registrar Martin Warner and his wife, Facilities Contracts Manager Paula Dale—married for 24 years—along with two student couples. Warner participated because he "wanted to role model for our students that love and kissing and romance can and should last a lifetime." Although the couple doesn't kiss much in public, Dale said that, once on

Author Michael Christian (*right*), encourages volunteer kissers during a "frivolous and fun" pre-Valentine presentation. The volunteers included (*from left*) Nelson Pavlosky '06 with Bryn Mawr student Rebecca DiBrienza and College Registrar Martin Warner with his wife, Paula Dale. A few students thought a few of Christian's jokes were offensive, and others faulted the show for being too "heteronormative." But for others, it was "a refreshing change."

stage, she was "definitely a ham."

Student volunteer Charlie Decker '09 bragged that "I was born without the gene for stage fright, so it was fun for me," although girlfriend Sarah Ifft '09 said, "having someone yelling at you because you're kissing wrong is a very strange experience."

Student reaction to the show was "Swat-esque" in another way: Jokes that brought laughter at other colleges were seen as offensive at Swarthmore. *The Phoenix's* staff editorial stated a few days later, "Maybe we're uptight, but some of [Christian's] jokes—like his comments about Pacific Islanders living in grass huts, having sex all the time, and pulling each other's eyelashes out—were far too offensive to be funny."

Other students expressed disappointment that the show was so "heteronormative." Although Christian claimed in a post-show interview that he could have "played it by ear" had a homosexual couple volunteered, the show was too rooted in gender stereotypes for this to be convincing. Christian repeatedly stated that girls see kisses as "an emotional connection," and that guys "can't help thinking about what's next." Many of the show's "fantasy kisses" also served to reinforce traditional gender roles.

Nevertheless, many saw the show as an entertaining and even educational success. Jasmine Narang '09 called the presentation "frivolous and fun ... a refreshing change." Bryn Mawr student Rebecca DiBrienza, partner of Nelson Pavlosky '06, may have best summed up the lesson of the lecture: "I'm so glad I was able to participate. Having the ability to laugh at yourself is an absolute necessity—kissing isn't supposed to be stressful."

—Lauren Stokes '09

NO SURRENDER

Like all wars fought in the last half-century, the war in Iraq began in ambivalence and will likely end that way, says Professor of Sociology Robin Wagner-Pacifici in her new book *The Art of Surrender*, on the history of military surrender. “Violent conflicts don’t end with surrenders anymore,” says the terrorism expert. “They end in ways that are often ambiguous, jagged and incomplete.” Add terrorism to the equation, she adds, and conventional forms of conflict resolution cease to make sense.

An expert on society’s response to violent events and terrorism, Wagner-Pacifici is also the author of *Theorizing the Standoff: Contingency in Action*, about the clashes at Waco and Ruby Ridge; *Discourse and Destruction: The City of Philadelphia vs. MOVE*; and *The Moro Morality Play: Terrorism as Social Drama*, about the Italian terrorist group the Brigato Rosso (Red Brigade).

Wagner-Pacifici notes that most people still talk of military victory and defeat in terms that date back to World War II, which she calls the last great surrender. “Surrenders were never a clean end and almost always had suggestions of revenge built in, but they operated with an illusion of clarity and completeness that allowed the parties involved to move on to the next step, to recognize that the former historical period was finished,” she says. “Now, we’re in a period where we don’t even have the illusion of clarity. That leaves us in a real dilemma.”

In a recent article in *Contexts* magazine, Wagner-Pacifici examines the reaction to an advertisement used in John Kerry’s presi-



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The formal Japanese surrender aboard the *USS Missouri* on Sept. 2, 1945, is likely the last of its kind. In today’s wars, a clear definition of “victory” is often unachievable, says Professor of Sociology Robin Wagner-Pacifici.

dential campaign, which called the Iraq War a “quagmire” and showed a soldier raising his gun above his head as he sinks into quicksand. Representing the Veterans for Bush, former Senator Bob Dole attacked the ad, calling it “unpatriotic” to show an American soldier “surrendering.”

Wagner-Pacifici attributes such conclusions to an outdated view of war and surrender. “The weapons used now are not ones you walk out of a siege carrying. They include atomic bombs and airplanes flying into buildings,” she says. “But we still have

these ideas about the humiliation of surrender, the shame and degradation, and Dole was voicing the reflex reaction to that.”

Bush’s line that the United States will never accept anything less than total victory in Iraq is similarly obsolete, Wagner-Pacifici says, because the terrorists are not clearly part of recognized political states and are thus doubly difficult to locate and disarm.

To resolve the dilemma of contemporary warfare, Wagner-Pacifici says, we must first understand its nature. The emergence of international terrorism has changed the historical forms of war. “When you undermine the expectations of war, including the rules of engagement, you end up with uncertainty on both sides,” she says. “How do you fight a ‘war on terrorism’ that is itself a war on the conventions of fighting wars?”

—Tom Krattenmaker

Kicking Coke



Students designed a button that was sold to raise money and awareness of their campaign to convince the College to remove Coca-Cola products from campus.

The College has removed bottled Coca-Cola products from some of its dining facilities and is again calling on the company to permit an independent investigation into allegations of complicity in anti-union violence in Colombia.

The action, prompted by the urgings of student leaders, follows the College’s decision in 2005 to vote in favor of a shareholder resolution calling for an

independent investigation of Coke’s practices in Colombia and an October 2005 letter to Coca-Cola by the Swarthmore administration expressing concern about its alleged human rights abuses.

“Having received hundreds of petition signatures from students, the College administration has agreed to hold Coca-Cola accountable for its actions,” said Zoe Bridges-Curry

’09, a leader in the campus “Kick Coke” campaign. “By exercising its power as a significant purchaser of Coke products, the College is demonstrating the same values of social responsibility that it teaches in and out of the classroom.”

The College’s action concerns bottled Coca-Cola products served at Swarthmore’s snack bar and two coffee bars, including soft drinks, juices, and

BYOB

It's a familiar story: a high-profile incident involving students, alcohol, injury, and/or the police tends to coincide with a review of a College's alcohol policy. Seven years ago, it was the local police raid of a fraternity party titled, pointedly, "Margaritaville." (See March 2000 and June 2003 *Bulletin*.) The ensuing review resulted in efforts to have party hosts and student "party associates" (PAs) more vigorously check IDs. PAs also received an increase in pay.

Last fall, the policy was already under review again when three incidents—a student cited for DUI, a table thrown over the Sharples Dining Hall balcony that hit another student in the head, and a student who injured himself falling out of his third-story window in Mertz—highlighted the importance of the issue.

One complication, common to both recent reviews, is the widespread use of student activities money for purchasing alcohol. On a campus where all events and parties are free, admission fees are anathema. As a result, it has not been uncommon for party organizers to purchase alcohol, then use actual or falsified receipts for food, soda, and other items in order to get reimbursed with student activity funds.

"The policies have always been on the books not to spend College money on alcohol," says Associate Dean for Student Life Myrt Westphal. "I'm trying to distinguish between policy and practices. We've really been reviewing carefully and making sure the practices follow policy."



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

More rigorous enforcement of the College's alcohol policies includes greater scrutiny of party receipts submitted for payment from student activity funds.

One change enacted last semester is that students who use SAC funds to purchase alcohol will face a fine of up to \$100 in

addition to a \$100 reduction on their overall reimbursement for their event. Party receipts are also receiving greater scrutiny.

As such scrutiny increases, "BYO" is becoming the order of the day. Now, more than before, students have to buy their own drinks. "They have to figure out, 'How do we do it?'" Westphal says. "Do we pass the hat, have fund-raisers for a pool of alcohol, or think of other options?" Students are wrestling now with how to make the system work. It will be interesting to watch as they sort that out."

Will tightening the policy alone have a significant effect on the campus's drinking culture? Barely a month into the second semester may be too soon to judge, but, so far, change seems as elusive as ever. Last weekend, one student was arrested, and three others received citations for alcohol-related incidents.

A *Phoenix* editorial later that week concluded real change "does not lie with specific policies but with an overall attitude shift" among fraternities, other clubs and groups, and individual party hosts. If history is a guide, they have their work cut out for them.

—Alisa Giardinelli

DAVID BOWLER DIES

The College community was saddened to hear

of the December death of Howard N. and Ada J. Eavenson Professor Emeritus of Electrical Engineering David Bowler, who served on the College faculty from 1957 until his retirement in 1989. He taught for several years at Bucknell University before coming to Swarthmore.

A graduate of Bucknell, MIT, and Princeton University, Bowler was an expert on electronic and digital circuits. His devoted teaching and accomplished scholarship won him the affection and admiration of his colleagues and students. Keenly interested in alternative energy, he was co-editor of a prestigious book series on the subject.

Professor of Engineering Eric Cheever '82, current chair of the Engineering Department and a former student of Bowler, remembers one of his favorite professors: "His method of presenting material revealed a clarity and purposefulness of thought that made it a pleasure to learn. All of us were somewhat irritated by Dave, partly because he expected the same clarity of thought on the part of his students. But we also admired and respected him and worked hard for him because we wanted to show him that we could meet his expectations."

—Carol Brévar-Demm



water. It does not immediately affect the "fountain" Coke products served through company-supplied dispensers at the College's snack bar and Sharples Dining Hall, which are subject to a contract between the College and company that runs through 2007. "Coca-Cola's responsiveness to the concerns of the Swarthmore students and administration will play a large role in deter-

mining our action when it comes time to consider renewing that contract," said C. Stuart Hain, associate vice president for facilities and services.

Swarthmore joins 10 other colleges and universities that have taken action related to Coca-Cola and the alleged abuses. Among those institutions are the University of Michigan and New York University.

—Alisa Giardinelli

Indoor Mile of 4:19.15 Tramples 1972 Record



Men's indoor track Vernon Chaplin '07 (left) erased one of the longest standing Swarthmore track-and-field records at the Valentine Invitational hosted by Boston University on Feb. 10, running the indoor mile in a time of 4:19.15 to wipe out the old mark (4:19.3) set by Gil Kemp '72. At the Centennial Conference Championship meet, the Garnet finished in ninth place. Swarthmore

captured its fourth medal in the distance medley relay, when Chaplin and seniors Tyler Lyson, Paul Thibodeau, and Adam Hunt combined to win the bronze medal in a time of 10:31.76. Garnet runners Jon Shoop '08, Ross Weller '08, and Chaplin set top-10 times in the 3,000 during the season.



ELEFTERIOS KOSTANS

Women's indoor track Emily Wistar '06 ran the fourth-fastest mile (5:20.14) and 3,000 (11:07.41). Teammates Carrie Ritter '06 (mile, 3,000 meters), Emma Stanley '09 (mile, 5,000), and Lauren Fety '06 (mile) also posted top-10 times during the season. In the CC Championships, the women also placed ninth.

Women's swimming (7-4, 5-2 CC) The Garnet women brought home six medals from the 2006 CC Championships, a meet shortened by poor air quality in the Kunkel Aquatic Center at Franklin & Marshall College. No champion was crowned, yet all of the medals from the first 2 days of competition were honored. Sarah Cotcamp '07 was the most-decorated Garnet swimmer, bringing home four medals, and Jennie Lewis '08 collected three



AURORA IMAGING

medals; she brought home an individual bronze in the 50 freestyle and captured three relay medals. Cotcamp, Martyna Pospieszalska '06, Michele Hom '07, and Lewis swam the fourth-fastest 200 medley relay in school history, winning the silver medal in a time of 1:52.40. Pospieszalska, Hom, Lewis, and Franny Zhang '08 took the bronze in the 400 medley relay while Zhang, Funk, Lewis, and Cotcamp combined to earn the bronze in the 200 freestyle relay.

Men's swimming (4-6, 4-2 CC) The Swarthmore men collected four medals at the shortened 2006 CC Championships, including three medals by freshman sensation Douglas Gilchrist-Scott. Gilchrist-Scott teamed up with Andras Koczko '07, Brian Roth '09, and Jonathan Augat '07 to claim the bronze in the 200 medley

Advisory Committee Updates Athletics Program Report

The joint student-faculty-staff Advisory Committee on Physical Education and Athletics has issued its third report since 2004 on the College's Intercollegiate Athletics Program. The committee monitors and assesses various aspects of the program, including the quality of play, participating students' perceptions and experiences, the campus culture and support for the program, and issues of recruitment and admissions. The January 2006 report presents data through the 2004–2005 academic year on quality of play and on recruiting and admissions. A copy of the report is available in pdf format at www.swarthmore.edu/news/athleticsreport2006.pdf. For a print version, call the Office of News and Information at (610) 328-8533.

ELEUTHERIOS KOSTANS

In winter sports action (*left to right*), swimmer Rob McKeon '06 finished fifth in the 400-yard individual medley at the Centennial Conference (CC) championships. Karen Berk '08 (#20) and Jennifer Stevenson '06 were named CC first-team all-conference. Badminton player Maisha Howard '08 and her teammate Mu Yang '07 made it to the Group C quarterfinal match at the Mid-American Classic. In men's basketball, Ian McCormick '08 (#50) led the team in both scoring and rebounding.

relay and then went on to earn the silver in the 100 backstroke with the second-best time (54.11) in school history. Fellow first-year Stephen Shymon, after breaking the school record in the 500 freestyle on Friday in a time of 4:18.57, posted the third-fastest 400 individual medley (IM) time (4:18.57) in school history to earn the bronze medal. The final Garnet medal of the meet came in the 400 IM relay, when Gilchrist-Scott, Koczko, Roth, and Jason Horwitz '07 combined to earn silver in a time of 3:34.18.

Badminton (4-1) The Garnet finished third at the Northeast Collegiate Badminton Tournament, with two entries reaching the finals under first-year head coach Bhavin Parikh. Candice Cherk '07 and Jessica Larson '06 made their second consecutive women's doubles finals. Cherk was the runner-up in the women's singles.

Men's basketball (5-20, 4-14 CC) The Swarthmore men displayed flashes of brilliance this winter, sweeping rival Haverford and defeating Franklin & Marshall for the first time in 30 years, giving head coach Lee Wimberly his 150th victory in the process. The Garnet were led by the superb trio of sophomores Ian McCormick (post), Steve Wolf (forward), and Matt Kurman (guard). McCormick led the team with 14.9 points per game (ppg.) and 7.4 rebounds per game (rpg.), placing him in the top 10 in the CC. Wolf was right behind with 14.6 ppg. and 6.7 rpg. Kurman was the top 3-point shooter in the CC, hitting 46 of 103 (44.7 percent) and averaging 11.3 ppg. for the Garnet.



AURORA IMAGING

Women's basketball (11-14, 7-11 CC) Sophomore center Karen Berk was quite a force in the CC, becoming the eighth Swarthmore woman to be named first-team All-CC. Berk finished with 17.8 points per game (second in the CC); 10.2 rebounds per game (second); 1.16 blocks per game (sixth); and 1.86 steals per game (12th). Senior captain Jennifer Stevenson enjoyed a career year, earning All-CC honorable mention by scoring 10.0 ppg. and leading the Centennial with a 40.6 shooting percentage from beyond the 3-point arc. Head coach Renee DeVarney experienced some ups and downs in her first season at the helm, leading the Garnet to the championship game of the annual Seven Sisters Tournament and a season sweep of Haverford.

Hood Trophy Swarthmore swept all four basketball contests against Haverford. At the end of the winter season, the Hood Trophy score is 6–4 in favor of the Fords.

—Kyle Leach

Inspired Lands



FIVE ALUMNI GARDENERS AND THEIR HANDIWORK SHOW SWARTHMORE'S INFLUENCE.

By Claire Sawyers

When some of the best and brightest minds spend 4 years at Swarthmore immersed in the joys of learning to become, as the College's course catalog states, "more valuable human beings and more useful members of society," they are also immersed in the splendors of the Scott Arboretum. Brimming with thousands of plants, showcasing multiple specialty gardens, and ringed with the beauty of the Crum Woods, the arboretum can hardly fail to inspire at least a few of them—in ways albeit less intellectual yet equally profound. Here, five Swarthmore alumni share the results of their inspirations.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL SKIMINSKI



A 6-foot, 9-inch-long frog sculpture overlooks the valley below Frederick's house, honoring the spirit of all the frogs in the stream hollow.

WILLIAM FREDERICK JR. '48
"ASHLAND HOLLOW"
HOCKESSIN, DELAWARE

Nestled in a stream valley among Piedmont Hills near Hockessin, in northern Delaware, "Ashland Hollow," the home that William Frederick and his wife, Nancy (a Bryn Mawr alumna), have built, sensitively honors the features of the land and region but blends in with international influences, a passion for plants, and a sense of fun.

The house, built in 1965, lies low in the valley, bridging a natural stream that rises from a nearby spring. Architectural arches, reminiscent of a garden bridge, span the stream directly below the airy living room. Stepping out onto a balcony or looking from the windows on both sides of the room, viewers are rewarded with dramatic vistas upstream or downstream to a sculpted valley shaded by beeches and tulip trees, under-

Frederick has been known to invite visitors to kiss the frog. If they oblige, the frog lets out a croak—remotely prompted by Bill or Nancy.

planted with swathes of colorful azaleas, or subtle expanses of meadow and forest.

While attending classes at Swarthmore, Frederick worked for John and Gertrude Wister at the Scott Arboretum. After he graduated from Dickinson School of Law, his father-in-law encouraged him to pursue his real passions—horticulture and landscape design. So he and Nancy spent a year as special students at Cornell and then established and operated Millcreek Nursery for 19 years. During the years he was executing the master plan for their own garden, he was also designing residential gardens for clients as a landscape architect. When he retired, a few years ago, from his private design practice, he began attending art classes. He captured the knowledge and experiences garnered through all these experiences in three books: *100 Great Garden Plants* (Knopf, 1975; reprinted by Timber Press, 1986); *The Exuberant Garden and the Controlling Hand* (Little Brown & Co., 1992);



Bill Frederick (above) has often opened his gardens to charity events and horticulture students.

and *Millcreek Nursery 1952–1976* (self-published).

Frederick talks about the influence of H.F. du Pont, the "master gardener" at nearby Winterthur, on the development of his own garden; at the same time, he refers to his admiration for and inspiration from

Roberto Burle Marx's designs in Brazil with big sweeps of color from simple but dramatic plantings. The 36 appendixes in *Exuberant Garden*, outlining plants by numerous design characteristics, bear testimony to Frederick's level of horticultural awareness. Over the

years, he has kept meticulous records and notes of the plants and combinations he has tried. He is liable to show up at a winter gathering bearing a bouquet of witch hazels all in bloom—snips from all the cultivars he grows—or, in early spring, a bundle of willow branches festooned with catkins. As serious a plantsman as Frederick is, however, the garden doesn't have the air of a plant collector's garden. A series of paths lead away from the house to many unique areas and features—the studio garden, the stream-valley garden, the swimming-pool garden, the vegetable garden, and the winter garden—to name a few.

Humorous touches counterbalance the thoughtfulness of the layout. There is a traditional front door into the winter garden; a raised pavilion to climb into—a tree house without a tree—on another; and a larger-than-life frog, honoring the spirit of all the frogs in the stream hollow, at another point. Frederick has been known to invite visitors

to kiss the frog. If they oblige, the frog lets out a croak—remotely prompted by Bill or Nancy.

The Fredericks have opened their garden for charity for many years, participating in Wilmington Garden Day and the Scott Associates own Garden Day. For decades, horticultural students at Longwood as well as interns working at local public gardens have been welcomed for visits. Frederick has lent his expertise to Longwood Gardens and Callaway Gardens in Pine Mountain, Ga., where he has served as a trustee. He continues to do so at Longwood.

C. RUSSELL '47 AND EDITH THATCHER DE BURLO '50 "POST TIME"

BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

When Russ and Edith Thatcher de Burlo began gardening on their 2-acre property in Belmont, Mass., in the late 1970s, they literally hit upon historical aspects of their land. Planting a dogwood, de Burlo dug into remnants of the far end of a horse-race track built when the former Highland Farm turned from raising the first Merino sheep in the country to running pacers. So they named their property "Post Time."

Located about 300 feet above sea level, Post Time offers views of downtown Boston, but the drive to the estate along



A hedge of dark green yew and silver lambs ear line a path at Ashland Hollow.

gravel roads that follow the contours of the hills awakens the impression that the de Burlos live far from such a large urban area. Notable Bostonians took advantage of the site and began to build in Belmont, previously West Cambridge, at a time when only farms existed there—the homes of the Browns of publishers Little, Brown & Company and the grandparents of Winslow Homer still stand. The prominent Boston landscape firm of Frederick Law Olmsted designed the adjacently located hospital grounds, of which 100 acres has been purchased for open space conservation. The de Burlos' next-door neighbors are the Belmont Hill Club with 9 acres of open space and the Massachusetts Audubon Society with 25 acres of enchanting natural land. The de Burlos can walk from their back garden through rugosa roses into the Audubon preserve and visit vernal pools, streams, and

native *Rhododendron maximum* specimens roughly 50 feet in circumference, which are possibly more than 100 years old. The original mansion of Highland Farm is now the Audubon headquarters. The rich natural beauty and agricultural heritage surrounding the property were not lost on the de Burlos in their approach to developing their house and garden. The choice of setting, Quaker values, and current events at the Scott Arboretum when de Burlo attended Swarthmore are all evident as major influences in the mature garden of Post Time today.

De Burlo arrived in Boston to serve Tufts University as vice president and chief financial officer, where, responsible for the campus landscape, he sought a good landscape architect. With the help of a friend, he found and hired Harvard graduate Dan Kiley—later known as "America's master landscape architect"—who worked not only on a master plan for the Tufts campus but also provided design guidance for de Burlo's own property. The de Burlos outlined their needs for the new house, and Kiley worked on the site. De Burlo also hired architect Fritz Kubit, designer of the TWA terminal at John F. Kennedy International Airport, to develop the program further.

The house, set back from the road by Kiley, blends beautifully with the site. An extended U-shaped building with a simple external appearance like a weathered gray board barn, the house has no gutters, adding to its clean line and light impact on

PAUL SKIMINSKI

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MEGHAN KRIEGL MOORE '97



the environment. The fireplace is composed of Pennsylvania fieldstone, reminding them of time spent in that state. The bottom of the U, the living room, has walls of glass, which both make the outdoors visible from inside and also serve as a way to capture radiant heat from the sun in the winter. During the summer, plume poppy bolts up, shading the windows and providing natural cooling. A large window in an upper guest bedroom frames the view of Japanese larch. As a deciduous conifer, its needles shade the bedroom in the summer but allow light to heat the room in the winter when they have been shed. These were intentional landscape plantings to help the house function as a passive solar collector.

Outside, from the gravel entrance and parking area, a walkway climbs through boulders and some of Russ' extensive rhododendron collection, allowing visitors to feel immersed in and intimate with plants before they slip in the front door. But once inside, the amount of glass and exposure to the garden continues to draw the eye to choice specimens and vistas in the garden.

The de Burlos were able to create the feel of an older garden instantly, by transplanting mature plants they bought from the foreman of a landscaping firm who was moving to Florida. These included a lacebark pine (*Pinus bungeana*) and a Japanese Stewartia (*Stewartia pseudocamellia*). Both still grace the garden, but the 24-inch-caliper ash de Burlo insisted on saving with the sitting of the house is gone. He has learned



MEGHAN KRIEDEL MOORE '97

The choice of setting, Quaker values, and current events at the Scott Arboretum are all evident in the mature garden of Post Time today.

they are short-lived trees. Having also learned a thing or two about rhododendrons, he now has 387 of them growing in his garden with more than 100 different kinds, and he actively participates in the Massachusetts Rhododendron Society, which acknowledged his accomplishments a few years ago by presenting him with its Bronze Medal. Although rhododendrons have been a focus, daffodils, iris, wildflow-

ers, specimen trees such as Japanese maples and birches mix and mingle with the rhododendrons and azaleas.

Additional planting design and influences came from the hands-on gardeners de Burlo knew from his Swarthmore College days. When Harry Wood, superintendent of grounds at Swarthmore retired, de Burlo hired him to assist with Tufts campus plantings, but Wood's working with John Wister, the then director of the Scott Arboretum, on acquiring, planting, and breeding Dexter rhododendrons clearly helped ignite de Burlo's passion for the genus. Anne Wood, Harry's wife, also a keen horticulturist, designed their perennial border.

Over the years, de Burlo has accumulated an encyclopedic knowledge of rhododendrons and plants, but it is the aesthetic beauty of plants in general that inspire him to garden. The resulting psychological release from the tensions in professional life gained from the activity is his reward. Gardening, he says, induces a spiritual state in him similar to that evoked by attending Friends Meeting.

MARALYN ORBISON

GILLESPIE '49

WALLINGFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

*A*nticipating retirement in 1992 from Swarthmore College, Maralyn Orbison Gillespie and her husband, George, moved

Edith and Russ de Burlo's gardens are characterized by their passion for plants. With the help of designer Dan Kiley, they have created a livable landscape that is also environmentally and historically sensitive. Among their collections are 387 rhododendrons of more than 100 different kinds. Plume-poppies (*right*) grow close to the house. They reach a height of 7 to 9 feet in summer, shading the de Burlo home, then dying back in fall to allow winter sun to warm it.



out of the College's Clark House, located on the other side of the Crum Woods from the campus proper, to a Rose Valley, Pa., house on a 1¼-acre property that lies across the street from a garden she had created at a previous Rose Valley home before moving into the Clark House. The rolling terrain, mature trees, and quiet, winding roads of Rose Valley provide a beautiful context for creating a garden and called them back.

Developing a third garden around their new home became a project involving both their energies and efforts, but before launching it, they enlisted the help of another Swarthmore alumna, Mara Baird '79, who—after interning at the Scott Arboretum, completing her landscape architecture degree at Penn, and working in other landscape design firms—now has her own practice, M. L. Baird & Co. After Maralyn and Mara devised a plan for the entrance garden, the project commenced.

Under Mara's guidance, George and Maralyn turned a straightforward driveway and stepping-stone walkway into a gracious and engaging entrance. A parking bay, cut into the sloping front lawn, was defined with dry-laid stonewalls. From there, anyone approaching the front door now passes through a naturalistic planting of hollies, conifers, flowering shrubs, and perennials planted among boulders George scavenged from the "Blue Route" construction. George built the walls and placed the boulders, leading Maralyn to say, "George was chief engineer; my part was just to plant it." The



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Maralyn Gillespie has a rhododendron species named for her. It was a birthday gift from the late Gertrude Wister.

composition makes use of various hollies, other broad-leaved evergreens, and conifers she grew from cuttings taken in Scott Arboretum or garden-club propagation workshops and classes endowing the entrance garden with sentimental value in addition to strong year-round interest.

Besides the plants Maralyn has propagated and grown herself, the garden holds plants carefully moved from Rose Valley to the Clark House and back to Rose Valley that tie her garden to her dear friends John

and Gertrude Wister, who ran the Scott Arboretum as director and assistant director, respectively, until 1969. There are lilacs that were gifts and some "cats and dogs" rhododendrons—rejects from John Wister's breeding efforts. At one point, Maralyn recalled, John was getting rid of 18 rhododendrons because they had lost their tags and didn't show promise for his own garden, so George hauled them off, pleased to have the unnamed mutts. Some years later, when Gertrude and John came to dinner, they admired a rhododendron and learned it had been one of John's own castoffs. He later sent a propagator to collect cuttings, and the beautiful pale-pink-blooming rhododendron was later named 'Maralyn Gillespie', a birthday gift Gertrude arranged through the American Rhododendron Society.

On the side of the house opposite the drive, a large window-wall looks out onto a neighbor's property of sloping lawn and large tulip trees, providing a tranquil "borrowed view." More Pennsylvania fieldstone laid by George into low retaining walls in the view adds a constant against which to judge seasonal change. Here, too, George added a greenhouse lean-to room to accommodate Maralyn's passion for propagating plants, which she regularly does for Providence Garden Club and The Garden Club of America meetings. Since retiring, Maralyn has also been a regular volunteer at the Scott Arboretum, working in the Wister Greenhouse many Wednesday afternoons,

The entrance garden at Maralyn and George Gillespie's home (above) features stone scavenged from the construction of Interstate 476—the "Blue Route"—and many plants grown from cuttings propagated by Maralyn over the years. At the rear of their home, a swimming pool is surrounded by a wall garden of shade-loving perennials.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS



potting up rooted cuttings or sticking new cuttings.

Behind the house lies a swimming pool, made private by mature evergreens. Here, Maralyn and George have successfully expanded the surrounding mixed borders, so there are floral and foliage textural displays throughout the swimming season.

Railroad artifacts—a switch signal in the back garden, a mile marker in the front garden—and a stone etched to resemble a Celtic relic punctuate the plantings and reveal the fact that George is both a railroad buff and not always content to work with the stones in their natural state. A standing Ogham stone, etched by George with Celtic linear writing that reads “M & G a blessing on all,” was inspired by Helen P. North, Swarthmore emerita professor of classics.

Maralyn has been gardening since she was a child—her mother used to give her a quarter for helping out in the garden. She also acknowledges the significant influence of the Scott Arboretum. What’s more, it is a form of relaxation—a couple of hours in the garden after a hard day, and all’s right with the world.

JACK POTTER ’73
GHENT, NEW YORK

After long and varied associations with Swarthmore College and the Scott Arboretum, Jack Potter “retired” as curator



DAVID LEBE

After his rose phase peaked a few years ago, Potter moved on to Siberian iris and daylilies, old favorites from his days at the Scott Arboretum and the Wister Garden.

in 1992 to move with his partner, David Lebe, a fine art photographer, to Ghent, in upstate New York, where they built a new house and garden.

Several key considerations shaped the place they created. One was the beauty of

the rolling hills of fields, pastures, and forest surrounding them. The other was that both were living with AIDS. Their first goal was building a healthy house, which, in 1992, required special research and effort in finding a contractor who understood non-toxic materials, finishes, and techniques. The character of the resulting house seems as old as the forsaken farm barns along the region’s country lanes. Its red tin roof, board siding, and simple lines borrow from nearby barns and make the house appear comfortable in the landscape.

The character of the garden followed suit. The surrounding woods give way to meadow and to garden beds that retain some of the roughness of meadow. That untrimmed quality helps an ambitious gardener accommodate the unpredictability of illness. The meadow, resembling a fallow field reverting to wildflowers and grasses, was seeded in July 1993. Summer through winter, sun-loving perennials such as lupines, coneflowers, milkweeds, and their resulting seed heads run rampant. Invading woody plants can be cut and treated with an herbicide any time of year, when time and energy allow. A rectangular fenced garden, modeled upon a farm vegetable garden, is set in the meadow but has undergone a series of changes in the decade that Potter and Lebe have been gardening on the site. No longer devoted to a macrobiotic diet, as when they first moved there, they have replaced vegetables with roses, a group Potter has loved since his time at the Scott

Jack Potter (above) says the location of his home almost makes gardening superfluous. He and partner David Lebe have fitted their gardens into the mountain landscape by creating flower-filled meadows and building walls of scavenged local stone.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID LEBE



Arboretum. After his rose phase peaked a few years ago, he largely moved on to Siberian iris and daylilies, including 'Autumn Minaret' and 'Corky', old favorites from his days in the Wister Garden. He gardened there at the edge of the campus, "for ages," with John and Gertrude Wister.

A graveled entry courtyard lies between a stone garage, which gracefully emerges from the hillside like a bank barn, and the house; it almost has the feel of a barnyard with its enclosing fieldstone walls, although, since it is planted with choice plants, the comparison falters. An ornamental stone water basin hints at the notion of a livestock-watering trough, although cats are the only livestock Potter and Lebe keep.

The most recent garden project has been to replace a small pond that was leaking more than a gallon of water a minute, prompting Jack to say, "Some water needed to be reserved for drinking." Hardworking stonemasons filled the old pond in by hand because heavy equipment would have torn up the rest of the garden. A new 5-foot fiberglass pool was added at the center of a gravel terrace that replaced the pond, and fieldstone walls defined and partially enclosed the new terrace. Part of the stone was salvaged from walls running through the woods, walls that speak of a time the land was grazed or farmed—or of the land's original Native American stewards, who some think first built them.

This garden has also been shared with others. For several years, Potter and Lebe

participated in the Open Days Directory of the Garden Conservancy with the proceeds supporting a local AIDS organization as well as the conservancy itself. One year, it was even the poster garden promoting the program. Scott Associates also visited the garden during a 2003 trip to the Hudson River Valley. Volunteers who worked with Potter when he served as horticulturist at the Scott Arboretum had the opportunity to see his creative talents and keen plantsmanship expressed in rural New York.

When asked why he gardened at the level that he does, without hesitation, he said, "Because we're too tired to garden at a higher level." Then, after a pause, he added, "Because I can't help it." For Potter, gardening, which at first seemed superfluous in the beautiful rural surroundings, provides him with a connection to the intricacy of natural systems and the companionship of many cherished plants.

ABIGAIL POLLAK '63
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Abigail Pollak grew up in Bucks County, Pa., but despite the natural beauties of the landscape, a large yard with tall trees, banks of rhododendron and a vegetable garden, and a father who passionately played with breeding and grafting plants on a windowsill, she "could not have been less interested" in gardening. Perhaps it was the bat

guano she vividly recalls him bringing back from Peru to test as a plant fertilizer that dampened her enthusiasm. She also admits to dropping her botany class during her first semester at Swarthmore to avoid failing. She loved walking in Crum Woods for class (and romance) but just couldn't memorize all those names.

After years of living in major cities—New York and Paris—she moved to Marin County, Calif., in 1985 and into a house with a steep scrub-infested backyard and a tiny, planted circle in the front filled with diseased fuchsias and pyracantha (or firethorn, otherwise known as "the California state flower from hell"). In recalling her first gardening attempt there, she said: "Being a Swarthmore alumna, I did my homework—amended the soil; drove around the neighborhood, taking notes on what everyone else had planted; and visited a local nursery several times to grill the experts. My then husband's family was due in a month for their first 'state visit,' so I planted away happily, ignoring the fact that not everything was indigenous, not everything required similar amounts of water, and so on. I also ignored much of my research, so I could plant things I loved—morning glories, jasmine, gardenia, lilac, clematis, flowering maple, poppies, among others. With the in-laws due in a couple of days, I awoke one morning, ambled outside with my coffee to check on my handiwork and to see what was blooming, only to find that, with the exception of the pyracantha, every single plant

A water iris graces the edge of a pond at Jack Potter's home in upstate New York—the one plant that Potter moved to the new pool when the pond was drained. Potter says that gardening provides a connection to the intricacy of natural systems and the companionship of many cherished plants.



DAVID LEBE



had been eaten down to the ground. Drought, it seemed, had driven the deer from the hills to feast."

Now that she lives in an older section of Oakland, in a city where many plants and shrubs grow and bloom almost year-round and where it rarely frosts, Pollak's passion for gardening has been re-ignited. With a 1910 California craftsman-style house on a small urban lot, with an 1,800-square-foot back garden, she inherited shade from a line of mature trees along with some fine, strong hardscape, including the stone terracing and an outdoor stone fireplace. The fireplace now supports climbing roses, jasmine, and clematis; when it comes to barbecuing, she and her partner opt for a Weber grill.

Pollak continues to solicit design help from landscape architect friends Shari and Richard Sullivan, who designed the original garden, but, with her home office overlooking the garden, she is constantly aware of gardening tasks she wants to do. Looking up from her computer, she sees something that needs a haircut, an empty space that calls out for color, or an infestation of aphids on a rose that needs a bath. Now a full-time writer and book reviewer, she sees these distractions from her work in a positive light—they are nonfattening.

In Oakland, Pollak has developed a fondness for ornamental grasses, native and otherwise, as well as for several kinds of phormiums, bamboos, hydrangea, hellebores, and wildly-colored coleus, all well suited to the climate of northern California.



*A garden felt like
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and the beautiful.*

However, her East Coast upbringing has not been completely forgotten. She has tried growing the eastern dogwood and lilacs, stubbornly planting each three times, only to watch them die. (Perhaps she should experiment with some bat guano next time.) Now, she is more apt to talk about Nepalese oddities with delicate fragrances, Brugmansias covered with blowsy blooms, or plum

trees laden with fruit.

Several years ago, Pollak tragically lost her son and gave up gardening for much of a year. But when, in an act of sympathy, her neighbors gave her an envelope full of cash that they refused to take back, she decided to create a memorial garden with the fund. Down the street from her home in a pocket park, she maintains the sunny garden. The magnolia 'Vulcan', the centerpiece of the garden, typically blooms in February in California, commemorating the month of her son's death. Its vibrant dark-pink blooms carry special meaning for the neighborhood. Asked why she gardens, Pollak replied that the question is a little like asking her if she believes in God. She began to garden as a frustrated artist, an artist who paints with words. A garden felt like a place to play with completely different materials, where her works of art are constantly evolving, where there are always surprises and where even wrong choices can lead to the unexpected and the beautiful. She learned early on that nature often makes its own choices, that it doesn't always follow the gardeners' designs, a fact that never fails to inspire and delight her. ☘

Claire Sawyers has been director of the Scott Arboretum since 1990. She enjoys hearing how the arboretum played a role in developing the interests of alumni gardeners. Contact her at csawyer1@swarthmore.edu or the Scott Arboretum, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF ABIGAIL POLLACK

An outdoor fireplace is the focal point of Abigail Pollak's home garden (above and left). The garden features bamboo and giant ferns (far left) and colorful coleus and impatiens (below). Pollak also maintains a smaller garden down the street from her home as a public memorial to her late son.



Lear

I have been swimming laps many times a week my entire adult life. When I was single, and didn't have a child, I swam five or even six times a week, and I swam the way I did everything else: as fast as possible, often propelled by fury, with my eyes firmly fixed on the goal (which in those days was often weight loss and, in any event, had nothing to do with the experience of being in the water). More recently, I've swum two or sometimes three times a week, and I've swum for the silence, and for the time by myself, and for the soothing feel of the water rushing by. One way or another, for more than 20 years, I've been jumping into pools (I never feel the water first; I don't want to be discouraged by the temperature) and swimming back and forth, going nowhere but feeling as if my life depends on doing it.

So I had some resistance to the idea of signing up for a swim class. My swim was my alone time, my meditative time, and one of the few times in my week when I wasn't working on myself, trying to improve myself in some way or another. I just wanted to be left alone.

But it turned out that if I signed up for this swim class, then I could swim at a time that was convenient for my work schedule, and I was guaranteed a lane to myself (not sharing meant I could space out more). So I took the class, and it turned out that I rather liked having different workouts assigned to me, and I liked the casual companionship of greeting the other swimmers and chatting as we got dressed. It was friendly without being intrusive.

I thought that was it: my swim time

“What would it be like to wait and see what comes? What if I didn't force myself right now but waited until I'm ready?”

ning to Glide

COULD IT BE THAT HARD WORK IS NOT THE ANSWER?

By Madeleine Kahn '77

nicely slotted into my schedule and some new drills to play with as I was warming up.

In fact, though, what I'm learning in swim class is entirely unexpected; moreover, it's sloshing over the edges of my assigned swim time and flooding into the rest of my life: I'm learning to wait.

I've never wanted to learn how to wait. I've always wanted to forge ahead, to power my way through any obstacle. I've wanted to believe that I could accomplish anything if I gritted my teeth and worked hard and long enough. Waiting goes against my nature. And waiting as a means to accomplishing a goal? Well, that's just nonsensical.

Waiting means that you trust: You trust that you already have what you need within you—you don't have to grab it or borrow it or frantically cobble it together. It means that you trust the world (the universe?) as well: You can open yourself up instead of defending yourself; you can ask for and even accept help; you can wait to see what life brings instead of frantically trying to control every twist and turn of your days.

Those are big issues, but I've been learning about waiting in a small realm. For more than a year now, my swim coach has been suggesting (he's a gentle man, who instructs with encouraging suggestions; a glass-half-full kind of guy) that I let myself glide more. This would mean taking fewer strokes, letting my body turn on its side (to be more like a fish in the water), and trusting the water to carry me forward.

I haven't been theoretically opposed to gliding; I just haven't been able to figure out how to do it. "I can't glide," I've thought, "I don't have time. I have to get my other arm around so I can turn my head to breathe."

So I've tried making each stroke more powerful, so I can glide while keeping my arms moving. I've tried kicking harder so the back half of my body can propel the front half into a glide. I've tried turning on my side while still taking lots of short, fast strokes. None of these resulted in a glide.

Then one day, my coach suggested counting while my arm was stretched out, to keep myself in that gliding position: one, one-thousand; two, two-thousand; three, three-thousand—before I took another stroke. Perhaps it was because the counting gave me something else to do, but I finally got it. I could glide; without doing anything, I kept moving forward. Even more than that: When I took the time to glide, then I had plenty of time to get my other arm around and take a long, deep breath. I had more time for everything, and I kept moving forward. I kept moving forward, and I was working less.

"I get it now," I said to my coach, "I have to see if I can learn to wait."

"Oh," he replied, "this isn't just about swimming, is it?"

He knew right away. I'm still sorting it out. I still only glide occasionally, but I've felt it now, and I know what swimming that way feels like. I recognize it when I get it right, and I miss it when I don't manage to slow down enough to achieve it. And I have moments when I think about gliding in the rest of my life. When I feel myself gearing up to do something new or hard, I sometimes pause to wonder: What would it be like to wait and see what comes? What if I didn't force myself right now but waited until I'm ready? What if instead of making a decision—any decision, so long as it's

made—I waited to see what feels right? What if I didn't hang up the phone, or rush off to that other appointment, or jump up to wash the dishes but waited to see what develops between me and this person I'm with? What if I let myself glide, and had plenty of time to breathe, and to feel life carry me forward?

But waiting instead of doing makes me anxious. After all, if I'm gliding, then I don't have so much control over what life brings me. Of course—and I keep trying to get myself to remember, to really know this—I don't really have so much control over what life brings me even when I'm pushing with all my might either. But that illusion of control is so seductive. And gliding is so difficult to hold on to: It's there, and then it's gone. To get it back, I have to stop doing things; I have to stop rushing, stop taking so many strokes, stop worrying about breathing—but here I go, pushing instead of gliding, typing faster and faster, searching for just the right word. Let's try silence and waiting instead. ☞

Madeleine Kahn (www.madeleinekahn.com) taught English literature at Mills College from 1989–2004. Her book "Why Are We Reading Ovid's Handbook on Rape?": Teaching and Learning at a Women's College is now in paperback (Paradigm, 2005). She now works as a consultant for teachers at schools, colleges, and universities. In September 2005, Kahn returned to Swarthmore to lead a seminar for faculty about pedagogy, gender, and useful surprises in the classroom. Her work in progress, from which this essay comes, is called Learning to Glide: Breathing Through Mid-Life Changes.



Joe Thompson and his dog Huevo
(above) survived Hurricane Katrina
together. In January, two members
of "The Last Straws" entertained
wedding guests in Jackson Square.



Survival of a GUMBO CULTURE

By Joe Thompson '86

Photographs by Eleftherios Kostans

I live in the most wonderful, interesting, and romantic city in the country.

It is a beautiful city, not because of natural wonders and sweeping landscapes or majestic skylines but because of its rich flavors and smells; its music and dancing; and, most of all, because of the people and the neighborhoods they create. On Aug. 29, Hurricane Katrina and the subsequent flooding of the city 1 day later swept much of this away. I am writing this on a bright, sunny day 1 week before Christmas, in the upstairs of my flooded home. I would rather be decorating my house, walking my dog at the lakefront, Christmas shopping, painting—anything but thinking about what happened and what might happen to this place I love. It is painful to see destruction everywhere, and I am very tired of crying. I write because it is important that you understand what has been lost here and what is at stake. The tragedies witnessed on television at the end of August and in the first weeks of September continue in less dramatic but equally devastating ways. It is possible that New Orleans—the real one full of soul and music and voodoo—will die.

We are used to hurricanes in New Orleans and all along the Gulf Coast. We even have a famous drink called a “hurricane.” Since I moved to New Orleans 11 years ago, “mandatory” evacuations have been declared four times. Each time, the hurricane went to the east or to the west. Weaker hurricanes and tropical storms have hit sometimes, causing flooding of certain areas from rainfall. Everyone who lives here knows someone who survived Hurricanes Betsy or Camille in the 1960s.

On the Friday night before Katrina, the storm was a relatively small hurricane predicted to make landfall almost 300 miles to our east in Apalachicola. Overnight, Katrina exploded into one of the most powerful storms in recorded history, and the predicted track moved west. People jammed the few evacuation routes out of the city. By Sunday, despite the calm weather, it was clear we were in for quite a storm.

Most people left, often sitting in traffic for 12 hours or more to go fewer than 100 miles if they didn't run out of gas. Some stayed behind, usually because they were elderly or poor or had pets or no car or no place to go. Some didn't want to leave their houses, where



JOE THOMPSON '86



JOE THOMPSON

The hurricane and its aftermath (*clockwise from top right*): The first floor of Thompson's home was badly damaged by flood waters. Destruction in the Lower 9th Ward, a poor neighborhood, was particularly severe. Months after the flood, a mother collects cans—and a ball for her child—from piles of debris. In the days after the storm, Thompson and Huevo explored their flooded neighborhood by canoe.



they had lived most of their lives. I stayed to see what would happen, to experience the storm, and because I have a solid 100-year-old, two-story house. I was well prepared, having boarded the house completely and stocked it with food and 50 gallons of fresh water. I was well aware of the computer models that predicted that if the lakefront levees were topped, the city would flood. I worried about my decision on Sunday afternoon, when I found only a single bar open in the French Quarter.

Early on Monday morning, the storm hit lower Plaquemines Parish (in Louisiana, counties are called parishes) to the south of New Orleans, which straddles the last 50 miles of the Mississippi River, virtually scouring the land clean. The storm skirted to the east of New Orleans and later that morning wiped out much of the Mississippi Gulf coastline. The storm knocked out power, toppled trees, and tore away roofs 100 miles to the west and east and almost 150 miles inland. The east winds, which blew all night and into the morning, and the record storm surge pushed water over the levees protecting largely white St. Bernard Parish, which lies southeast of New Orleans and whose dwindling marshes help protect the city. The surge also topped levees in eastern New Orleans, which is largely black. Heavy rain flooded much of the city in a few feet of water, but, by 11 a.m. on Monday morning, the storm had passed New Orleans, and people began to come outside. The pumps in my Broadmoor neighborhood worked fine, and by Monday evening, the streets were dry. The city and a large surrounding area were in complete darkness, but we felt that we had survived the big one.

New Orleans is a shallow bowl, much of it several feet below sea level and surrounded by water. We have the large Lake Pontchartrain to the north and the Mississippi River to the south. To the west is Jefferson Parish and then marshland, and to the east are tidal lakes and shrinking marshes. From the river to the Gulf of Mexico, there is a strip of higher land and then very low and rapidly disappearing marsh. The city is penetrated by long drainage canals, which connect to the lake. There are pumping stations at the inland end of these canals that push water out of the neighborhoods and into the canals, where it flows into the lake. There is also a heavily commercialized shipping channel called the Industrial Canal, which connects the lake to the Mississippi River. Lake Pontchartrain has a narrow connection to the Gulf on its east side. The water level in Lake Pontchartrain after the storm was at a record high from the storm surge and from the east winds pushing water into the lake. The water was so high and the winds so strong that hundreds of boats were pushed into a huge tangled mass on what is usually dry land.

It normally takes several days for the water to flow back out into the Gulf. Sometime on Monday evening or Tuesday morning, breaks in two of the major drainage canals, almost certainly the result of faulty engineering, poured salty lake water into Lakeview and Gentilly. Both neighborhoods are near the lake. Unchecked by any barriers within the city, the water slowly flooded almost all of the city west of the Industrial Canal. Only a strip bordering the Mississippi River including the French Quarter and the Garden District and a narrow strip right at the lakefront were high enough to be spared.

There were also breaks on the east side of the Industrial Canal that poured water into New Orleans East and the Lower 9th Ward and then tracked miles to the east, also wiping out most of St. Bernard Parish. Preliminary analysis of the failed levees strongly indicates that they failed at levels of stress well below their design parameters.

The breaks in Lakeview and particularly in the Lower 9th Ward resulted in a deluge of water equivalent to a dam breaking. The force of the water in the Lower 9th deposited houses on top of houses and cars, reducing most to matchsticks. In most parts of the city, the water rose much more slowly. The result was nevertheless catastrophic. Houses, businesses, churches, and schools were submerged in the increasingly dirty, salty waters. Oil and gas from cars leaked onto the surface. There were many fires from shorted electrical wires and broken gas pipes.

Many drowned in their homes. Swollen doors and barred windows prevented escape. Others, mostly elderly or disabled, died of the heat in the attics, where they climbed to escape the water. Many people waded to the Superdome, the "refuge of last resort" and to the Convention Center in the hope of shelter, food, and water. As emergency power and communications dwindled, chaos and lawlessness broke out, and hospitals became stinking, dark holes of

suffering. A friend of mine, who has worked at an AIDS hospital in Africa and a leprosy hospital in India, said the conditions she experienced at the downtown Veterans and Charity hospitals were worse. In my neighborhood, most of us could have walked or even driven to high ground and out of the flood waters if we had known what was happening, but there was no information and little warning. The emergency broadcasting radio station issued no bulletins but instead continued their talk-radio format.

Rich and poor, black and white were affected. Many different versions of what happened at the Dome and Convention Center have been given, all of them awful. An Associated Press reporter I know, who was in the Dome for the whole week, told me that, contrary to what had been reported, the refugees mostly cooperated and helped each other despite the heat, overflowing toilets, and lack of food and water. Elderly people should not die of heat and dehydration in lawn chairs on the sidewalk, but they did. Thousands were rescued from rooftops and porches by helicopter and boat.

My own escape from New Orleans was not easy. I had a canoe, but on Tuesday afternoon, I had lent it to some people up the street. The patriarch of this large, extended family wanted to bring back the children they had taken downtown toward the Superdome earlier in the day. I waited all afternoon, planning to take the canoe; my dog, Huevo; and my parrot, Yoda Bird, to my Jeep, which I had left on higher ground, and leave the city. As the first floor of my house flooded, a certain desperation and panic started to set in. I frantically tried to save what I could of my tenants' possessions. As it got dark, dogs were baying, people were calling for help from their roofs, car alarms would suddenly sound from short circuiting in the salt water, and the noise from helicopters was deafening. It was dreadfully hot. Shortly after dark, I was able to talk on my phone, powered by a car battery, with a friend in Houston who was watch-

"Many drowned
in their homes.
Swollen doors and
barred windows
prevented escape."

ing CNN. He told me of the levee breaches and the failure of attempts to repair them. He told me to canoe out of the city, but I still didn't have my canoe.

At about 10 p.m., realizing that my only way out of the city, my Jeep, might flood, I decided I had to leave. I called my sister to tell her I was leaving. It was about seven blocks to the car. When I first stepped off my front steps, I discovered that the water was over my head! For the first three blocks, I swam in the debris-strewn, dirty water, pushing the parrot cage on a floating tire I had found. My dog is an excellent swimmer. It was very dark. There was an eerie glow from short-circuited interior lights in some of the flooded cars. Horns would suddenly blare. The Jeep was still safe in about a foot of water. It started fine, but we made it only about 30 feet before it stalled and then flooded to over the dashboard. We waded and swam seven blocks back to the house. I first tried to recover things I thought I would need to survive from the first floor. After hosing off my dog and myself, I tried to call my sister, but the phone line was dead. I was stuck.

It was the most stressful night of my life. But, late that night, miraculously, my neighbors brought back the canoe I had never expected to see again. I slept very little that night, trying to figure out how I was going to get myself and my pets out of the flood. I didn't know how much of the area was flooded but reasoned that if I could get to the river levees, I could walk a long way upstream toward civilization.

The next morning, dog, bird, and I—carrying dog and bird food, a duffel bag of water, and not much else—left my house. We picked up one of the neighbors, who wanted to keep the canoe, and paddled 3 miles out of the city to high ground. I then walked another 6 miles to an evacuation center. Luckily, I was allowed on a bus with my animals but only because I had gotten there early. Later that day and for the rest of the week, people were forced to leave their dogs behind, tied to the guardrail of the interstate. We were taken to an evacuation center in Thibodaux about 80 miles southwest of New Orleans.

The evacuation center was on a state college campus and had no power and little in the way of relief supplies. Most people had only the clothes they were wearing, and many didn't even have shoes. I sent a text message to my sister, telling her I was alive. Communication was virtually impossible with almost no cell phone signal and a dying battery, but she made arrangements for me to fly out of Baton Rouge 80 miles to the north if I could get myself there. I managed to hitch a ride with a generous woman. She was there to see if her local church could help with relief and agreed to help me find a rental car. We stopped at a feed store to buy a crate, so I could fly with my dog. People in the feed store talked of their fear of taking city folk from the projects into their community but concluded "it was their Christian duty" to do so. I was unable to find a car to rent, so she drove me all the way to Baton Rouge. All along the way there was a continuous line of trucks and SUVs loaded with bedding, food, and water and flat boats on trailers headed toward the city.

These were private citizens who had taken it upon themselves to rescue people from the city. Later, I learned that most of them were turned back by federal authorities.

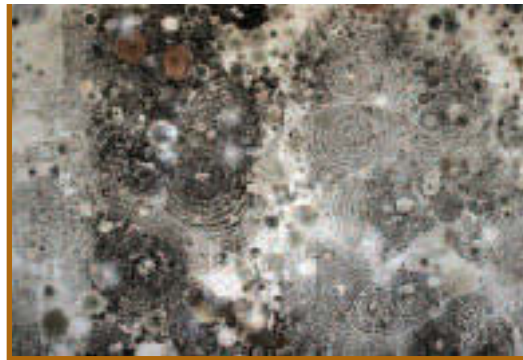
Baton Rouge was in chaos, with widespread power outages and people who had run out of gas stranded on the interstate. At the airport, I was told that I couldn't fly with my dog because of federal regulations about heat (I later found out this was not true). I was not leaving my dog. I tried to rent a car, but nothing was available for hundreds of miles. Fortunately, one of the car rental clerks who loved dogs took pity on my dog and found us a damaged car (it had a dent on the trunk). We picked up another refugee and his elderly cat, and all five of us drove all night to Atlanta, where I dropped them off. I arrived at my sister's house outside of Charlotte, N.C., the next day and 750 miles later.

I returned to New Orleans 2 weeks later for a quick assessment and clean-up. The city was completely dark, except for a few hotels in the French Quarter. In the flooded areas, all the vegetation was dead. On every building there was a brown line, like the ring in a tub, where the water had sat. My friend, a journalist, and I watched from afar as George Bush gave a speech to cameras only in front of a blazingly lit St. Louis Cathedral. I returned to New Orleans for good a month after the storm and went back to my job as an ophthalmologist in Jefferson Parish. After about 5 days staying with friends, I decided I wanted to sleep in my own bed and moved home. I lived in my house for 8 weeks without power, natural

gas, hot water, or phone. Three weeks ago, I got electricity after making repairs, a long wait for the city inspector, and another wait for the local power company to reconnect me to the grid. My neighborhood is still largely deserted, but people are slowly gutting and starting repairs on their houses.

The homes of around 400,000 people in New Orleans and about 100,000 people in surrounding parishes were flooded by salt water. Thousands of homes in adjoining Jefferson Parish flooded because the drainage pumps were not turned on in time. Thousands more were severely damaged by the winds and loss of their roofs. In all, perhaps 600,000 to 700,000 people were made homeless in one day. The loss of homes is the enduring tragedy of Katrina. The wealthier and those with generous insurance adjusters will be able to rebuild. Many working-class people, homeowners only because of hard work and thrift, were wiped out. Only about half had flood insurance. Probably at least half of the homes will be demolished. Something we Americans take for granted, having a place we call our own, was taken away from many suddenly. How many homes will be rebuilt and how it will be done is a huge question mark.

Four months later, all of these neighborhoods are ghost towns,



"I decided I wanted to sleep in my own bed and moved home. I lived in my house for 8 weeks without power, natural gas, hot water, or phone."



Mold formed on walls throughout the city (*top left*) and took on the appearance of abstract art. A dress shoe sits where a house once stood. And slowly, with lots of volunteer help from organizations such as Common Ground (*right*), New Orleans has started its recovery.

largely abandoned. Front yards are strewn with the half-digested contents of people's lives. Clothes, dishes, furniture, toys, art, bedding, appliances, Sheetrock, and flooring are vomited into the street for the contractors to haul away to massive landfills. The debris will equal 34 years of regular trash when all collected.

Few houses have utilities. New Orleans East, an area about the size of Northeast Philadelphia, is completely dark. So is most of Lakeview, Gentilly, the Lower 9th, and St. Bernard Parish. On the edges of the flooding, electricity is spotty. They have been unable to get the water out of most of the gas mains. About 75,000 now live in the strip along the river, and there is currently room for few more. Even if one can get the insurance adjuster to come out, settle the claim, wait for the mortgage company to cash the check, get the money out of escrow, find a contractor, have the repairs done, get the largely dysfunctional city to issue permits and inspect the work, be lucky enough to have the local utility restore power and gas to your area and then to your home, or get a Federal Emergency Management Agency trailer (hah!), then you may still be unemployed and your children have no school to attend. Inevitably, people will give up and move away. Wholesale redevelopment is likely and may be done in a manner that does not respect the old neighborhoods. If these neighborhoods—particularly the working-class sections—

don't recover, then the real New Orleans will be gone. The French Quarter is up and running and still a great place to visit. But the people who cooked, cleaned, bartended, and shucked oysters in the Quarter do not live Uptown or in the Garden District. We are at risk of losing that elusive and rare atmosphere that is the reason people visit us.

It has been suggested that New Orleans should not be rebuilt or should be rebuilt elsewhere. I think these suggestions come from those who do not recognize the value of its unique cultures and history or from those who think a city is merely a collection of buildings. It has been suggested that people should not live in such a vulnerable place. Perhaps, but by the same criterion, we should also abandon San Francisco. The price tag to defend New Orleans from future calamity via modern flood-control projects is relatively modest—cheaper than the Big Dig in Boston. Ultimately, it will be for New Orleanians to decide. New Orleans has survived cholera, yellow fever, flooding, and fire in the past. I believe it will survive this. There will certainly be sacrifices. How neighborhoods, schools, and infrastructure are rebuilt will be crucial to the preservation of our



unique culture. We have been plagued by poor local and state government. Let's hope that reform will occur. My own experience has erased my faith in government but also has completely renewed my faith in the goodness of people. We need government to accomplish what individuals cannot do on their own and we should loudly demand good government at every level.

What is it about New Orleans? It is not like anyplace else in the United States. We have the best music in the country, most unique food, and friendliest people in neighborhoods where people live close to their extended families—where they know almost everyone and can walk to the grocery, church, or bar. Poor neighborhoods are blocks from large mansions. Much of the city is integrated.

New Orleans has Mardi Gras and Jazz Fest, the French Quarter, Garden District, and Uptown. Our history mirrors the history of the United States and yet, like everything here, is a bit more convoluted. We have belonged to France, Spain, France again, the United States, the Republic of Texas, seceded from the Union on our own, joined the Confederacy, and then rejoined the United States. We have more churches and religious holidays than anywhere as well as strange traditions, customs, and names. We have few chain restaurants and stores (few Starbucks but lots of great coffee shops!) yet thousands of corner groceries, poor-boy joints, neighborhood restaurants, bars, and clubs. Even our air tastes different, suffused with jasmine, earth, high humidity, and a little rotting vegetation. New Orleans is a gumbo of culture with many ingredients, which blend and accent each other. I live here because of this gumbo, and millions of tourists from around the world visit and revisit New Orleans because of it.

When asked what I love most about New Orleans, I think of the music. Our musicians are known locally and worldwide for their talent, innovation, and uniqueness. We have rock, Latin, bluegrass, Cajun, reggae, zydeco, and klezmer music, and they all influence each other. What stands out, though, is jazz, be it Dixieland, brass band (and it's modern transformation "brass-hop"), or traditional jazz. Jazz, the great American musical contribution to the world, was born in New Orleans. Louis Armstrong, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Louis Prima, Mahalia Jackson, Wynton Marsalis (and his dad and all his brothers), Harry Connick Jr. (and his dad too) all started and lived or live in New Orleans. We have jazz funerals, real affairs with cadavers and mourners. The funeral dirge of the brass band captures perfectly the solemnity of one of our brother's passing but then breaks into a lively, danceable Dixieland second-line parade (formed from spectators) to celebrate that life goes on. Jazz music was born in and continues to come from the working-class, mainly black neighborhoods that were destroyed. If these neighborhoods don't recover, New Orleans jazz will be severely stunted.

Our food also comes in many varieties but tends to be a mixture of Creole, Cajun, soul, Caribbean, and French influences, and our closeness to the Gulf provides fresh seafood. There are many famous restaurants and chefs in New Orleans, the training ground for famous New York and San Francisco chefs. Many small, neighborhood places also serve outstanding food.

We celebrate music and food at the New Orleans Jazz and Her-

itage Festival, better known as Jazz Fest, a 7-day celebration of local and international music, local food, art, handcrafts, and culture. As many as 100,000 people a day come to the Fairgrounds (our horse-racing track) to listen and dance to music on eight different stages. Local restaurants, community organizations, and churches have food booths with some of the best fare you've ever eaten for \$6, to be washed down with lots of cold beer. I've never seen a fight at Jazz Fest despite the beer, sweat, and dust.

Social Aid and Pleasure Societies, the support organizations in the black community, parade throughout the day. Mardi Gras Indians, black men in elaborate, beaded-and-feathered costumes they have made themselves, strut around the grounds with their bands. When Jazz Fest is over, the city goes into a kind of mourning.

As I write, plans are under way for Mardi Gras. Forget the drunken frat-boy, bared-breasts-for-beads spectacle on Bourbon Street that is commonly shown in the national media. That is a small part of Mardi Gras, and most locals don't even go into the French Quarter until Fat Tuesday itself. Most of Mardi Gras is about visiting and having parties with friends and family, catching beads as floats go by and dancing to the marching bands. Parades

occur nightly and all day on the weekends for 2 weeks. Crawfish boils and barbecues, masked and costume balls—some elegant, some risqué—entice.

On Mardi Gras day, people get up early to see the Rex and Zulu parades featuring prominent members of the black community and invited guests, all wearing wigs, grass skirts, and black-face make-up. Coveted hand-decorated coconuts are thrown from Zulu floats. I stay up all Monday night making my costume to march with the Society of

St. Ann, one of many technically illegal marching groups or "krewes," accompanied by brass bands—known for having the most elaborate and original homemade costumes. It's difficult to move through the crowds. St. Ann always stops on steps leading to the Mississippi River to remember lost members, as the band plays "gonna lay down my troubles down by the riverside."

Elsewhere in town, Mardi Gras Indians are gathering and marching. These "gangs" date back to the end of the 19th century. When two gangs meet, they have a ritual of putting each other down in chants. Imagine an in-your-face poetry-slam set to percussion. Many of their current members were from the Lower 9th. After Katrina, many of the sodden and moldy Indian suits were seen hanging outside their ruined homes, looking like specters.

There has been criticism for holding Mardi Gras this year, but it is a huge producer of city revenues. On an emotional level, we need Mardi Gras for ourselves. We will celebrate despite Katrina. It's a bit like a jazz funeral. As a local columnist wrote, not having Mardi Gras would be like saying the terrorists won. Dr. Seuss' *Whos in Whoville* celebrated Christmas without presents and decorations. So will we, with Mardi Gras and beyond. It makes me smile to think about it. Come visit us sometime. You won't be disappointed. ☘

Joe Thompson has lived in New Orleans since 1995. See his photos taken during and after Katrina with the Web version of this article at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin.



The gumbo culture revives (*clockwise from top left*): Couples dance to Cajun music at Tipitina's, a popular local club. During the day, a crew from Habitat for Humanity builds new homes while artist Robert Sutton paints on Magazine Street. Zydeco musician Sunpie Barnes plays with his band, the Louisiana Sunspots, at Dos Jeffes Uptown Cigar Bar.



Mothers after 40

THREE ALUMNAE REFLECT ON THE PATHS OF THEIR PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL LIVES.

By Elizabeth Redden '05

With Kirsten Silva Gruesz '86, Lisa Maslankowski '86, and Nancy Watzman '86

Social roles are rarely rewritten lightly. With each generational reversal, there is recoil, an extra step to somewhere unexpected.

As they left Swarthmore in 1986, three women never imagined they'd be 40-year-old first-time mothers; now, they know they were swinging in step with a social pendulum.

Kirsten Silva Gruesz, Lisa Maslankowski, and Nancy Watzman graduated in the Reagan era but were born under flags flown half-mast for Kennedy. They were in third grade when *Roe v. Wade* was decided, part of the first generation for whom the right to choose was secured before they'd figured out where babies come from. "We saw ourselves as this pioneering generation—not the first wave of feminists that discovered feminism in their 20s and 30s who were 'liberated' but people who were raised to think that they could do whatever they want," Gruesz recalls. As seniors on Wharton 3rd South in 1986, they plotted their lives, as all seniors do, planning careers and presupposing motherhood. Gruesz was in the midst of applying to Ph.D. programs and would begin as a comparative literature student at Yale the next fall; Maslankowski was also considering the Ph.D. path while thinking about medicine; and Watzman was getting set to spend a year in Israel.

Careers were at the forefront of their minds, but as Gruesz says, "People who are told they can have everything and conquer the world tend to believe it." Motherhood was a "blithe" assumption, Gruesz says, even a given. But by 2004, the U.S. Census report "Fertility of American Women" found that 19.3 percent of women ages 40 to 44 were childless, about double the percentage in 1976. The study also found an inverse relationship between education

"We saw ourselves as this pioneering generation ... people who were raised to think that they could do whatever they want."

level and childbearing, a pattern visible among Swarthmore graduates. The 2005 alumni survey found that among women from the Class of 1984, around age 43 in 2005, 27.2 percent were childless—7.9 percentage points higher than the national norm. Surely, represented in these numbers are women who actively chose not to have children, embracing the many opportunities that childlessness can bring. But some women stumbled along their paths—with competing demands and conflicting desires—ultimately establishing careers to the exclusion of starting a family; others, who wanted to become mothers, were simply unable to conceive or experienced various medical and personal complications.

Then, there are women like Gruesz, Maslankowski, and Watzman, who, as Gruesz says, raced the clock to fill in the sketch of the futures they created together. Marrying and having children in their late 30s and early 40s, she says, is like an action movie, "where somebody is squeezing through the gate that's crashing down on them, or the two walls are closing in, and you have to squeeze through them at just the last minute."

Among Swarthmore graduates from the Class of 1986, only 1.2 percent of women and 0 percent of men had children under 2, according to the 2005 alumni survey. About 13.6 percent of women had children between ages 2 and 5, 55.6 percent between ages 6 and 17, 2.5 percent had children age 18 or older, and 27.2 percent had no children at all.

The three friends were born "in the expiring gasp of the baby boom" of 1963–1964, as Watzman says. But although born as the possibility of the '60s and the women's liberation movement gained steam, they graduated as "feminism" stored up oxygen for decades of bare subsistence.

As the three friends graduated in 1986, the infamous David Bloom and Neil Bennett "Marriage Patterns in the United States" study—in which Ivy

Kirsten Gruesz 41, teaches literature at University of California–Santa Cruz; she has two sons, 2 and 15 months.

League researchers reported that college-educated women had increasingly infinitesimal odds of marrying after 30—was released. One *Newsweek* cover story, “Too Late for Prince Charming,” said women at 40 had a better shot of being attacked by terrorists than ever finding husbands.

“This report really angered us—this is another way to keep women down,” Gruesz says. “But I internalized it.”

In a July 1997 paper, “Career and Family: College Women Look to the Past” Harvard economist Claudia Goldin divides a century of college-educated women into five cohorts. Women graduating between 1900 and 1920 had a stark choice between family or career, she writes, while those coming onto the workforce starting around 1933 worked for a few years “frequently with aspirations, rarely fulfilled, of a full career.” She classifies this cohort as “job then family,” distinguished from the “family-then-job” cohort flip-flopping onto the scene starting in the ’50s. Around 1972 marked the first time a significant percentage of female college graduates pursued careers, Goldin writes, and these women followed a distinct “career-then-family” pattern.

“College appears to be offering the women in cohort V—graduating after 1980 and born since 1958—the opportunity for true equality with their male counterparts. College women today reject the choice of ‘family or career,’ the options of cohort I, and ‘family then job,’ that of cohort III. And they are uncomfortable with the choice of ‘career then family,’ that of many in cohort IV who just preceded them. They are unwilling to schedule events serially and thereby risk forfeiting one of them,” Goldin writes.

“I didn’t say in 1986 I need to get my career established before I have kids,” Watzman says. But that’s what happened. In her 20s, as a staffer at Public Citizen, a campaign finance reform organization, she and her coworkers, also in their 20s, hunkered in their office on Capitol Hill as though it were a dorm. “We were there all hours. We worked very, very hard and didn’t do much else.” There was one “older woman,” Watzman says, putting the description in quotes, a mom in her 30s. “She had a tough time.”

“What has always frustrated me in the literature about women delaying kids is that it depicts it as a deliberate act of conscious

choice. It’s a choice that in some ways was made for us,” Watzman says.

“In our socioeconomic circles, this is the way it was working. It’s a very small sliver of society—if we had not gone to a school like Swarthmore and were working at a low-wage job in a different strata of society, we probably would have gotten married earlier.”

“To me, it never seemed like an option to have your kids first and then work on your career. It was always assumed that the career



“What has always frustrated me in the literature about women delaying kids is that it makes it out to be a very deliberate act of conscious choice. It’s sort of a choice that, in some ways, was made for us.”

would come first,” Maslankowski says. Now a medical researcher and physician in Philadelphia, she considered becoming an English professor and pursued graduate work in English at Rutgers—wondering at the time “how it would work to combine motherhood with that career.” Perhaps not as well as she might have imagined, as a 2004 study by Berkeley’s Mary Ann Mason and Marc Goulden found that men who have children within 5 years of receiving Ph.D.s are 38 percent more likely than their female counterparts to achieve tenure.

Watzman says that Gruesz, a tenured literature professor at the University of California—Santa Cruz, was the one of the three who most actively pursued motherhood.

At 25, Gruesz’s “blithe” confidence that

marriage and motherhood were certainties suddenly dissipated into the vat of fallen ideals. She married her boyfriend at the time, with their mutual desire to have children leading them to commit right at the point they should have broken up, Gruesz says. “The marriage didn’t last the year.”

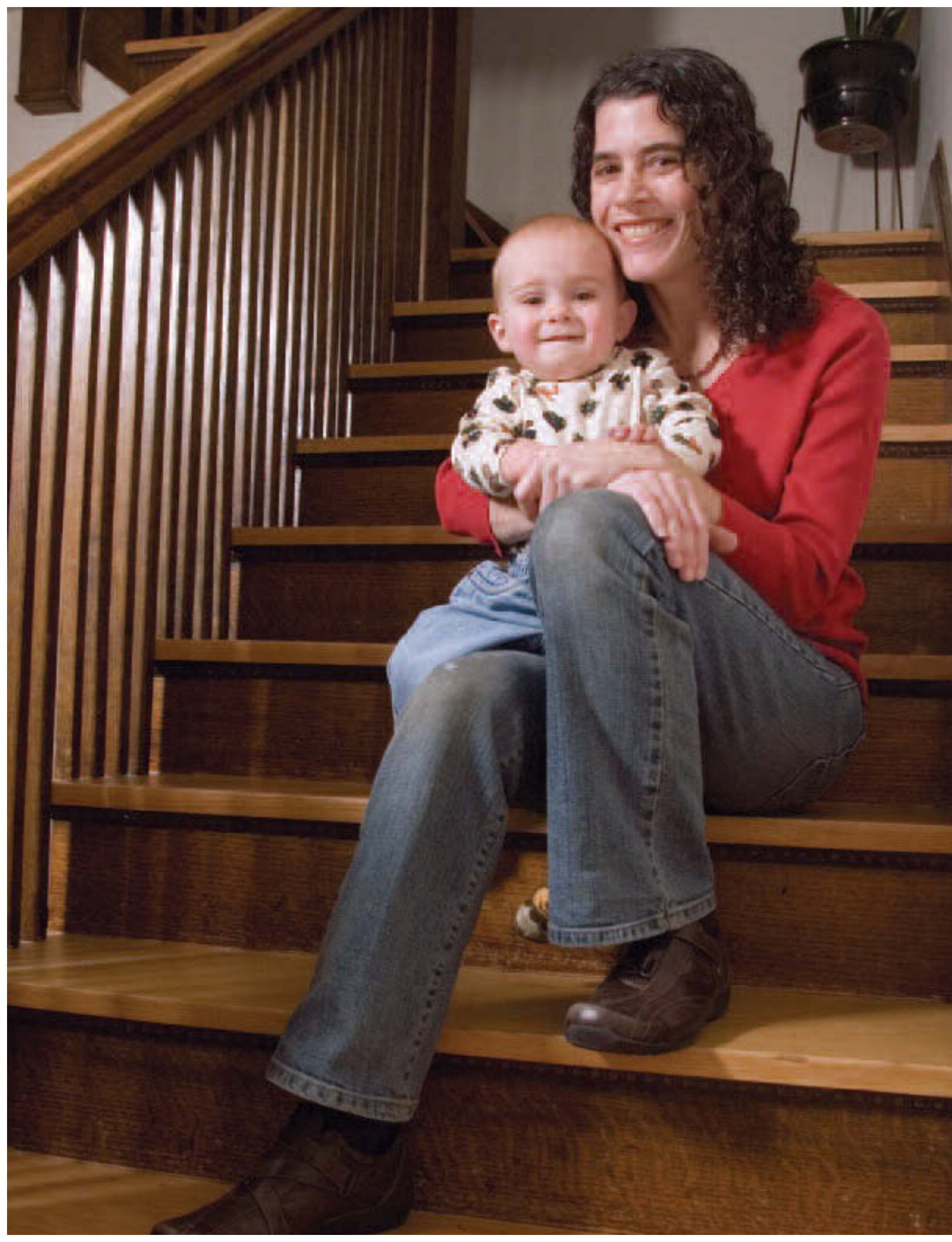
“I wanted to make an active choice,” Gruesz says. “I knew so many women in academia who say wistfully that they didn’t actively make a choice not to have children. The choice was made for them, it was foreclosed, because they pursued their careers and suddenly were too old. Or they pursued careers and weren’t in a stable relationship.”

Much of the friends’ maternal fates had to do with the changing shapes and shadows of their own lives—Gruesz’s failed marriage, a 5-year relationship for Maslankowski that took her through medical school and much of residency before faltering. But, they say their story goes beyond their own unique forays. “We’re the next generation of women trying to balance it all,” Maslankowski says. They fall into Goldin’s cohort IV pattern of establishing career before family, although they have no plans of doing one or the other exclusively. In some ways, Maslankowski would love to stay at home full time. But she knows she has made a significant commitment to her research, an effort to produce a microbicide, or topical vaginal cream, that would prevent HIV transmission.

“I’m conflicted a lot of the time. I feel that it’s very important work, and if we were to find an effective microbicide, it has the potential to save thousands and maybe even millions of lives, particularly lives of women. [At the same time] I envy the stay-at-home moms who have time for things, like finding different play groups and which story hours are at which libraries and which parks have the best swings.”

Several Swarthmore seniors now living on Wharton 3rd South are set on establishing careers before families. Emily Conlon says she can’t imagine being ready for marriage

Nancy Watzman, 41, is a freelance writer in Colorado, who also researches and writes for Public Campaign, a Washington, D.C.-based public-interest group working for public financing of elections; her son is 16 months old.





until she's 30. "I have big plans for a big wedding, and I need to save up for that," she says, adding that she expects to "have a kid or two following me around" by her mid-30s. She doesn't plan to quit work then but hopes to have established a career as a freelance screenwriter, one that would provide her with some flexibility.

Emily Regier '06 and Anjali Aggarwal '06 see career and motherhood as juxtaposed against one another to some degree. Regier, who doesn't know if she wants children, has felt a spoken and unspoken pressure her entire life to join the ranks of mothers-to-be. An aspiring arts and culture writer, she's looking to set up a job for next year, saying the rest will "revolve around it."

"I need to go out there and get started in order to make a future; otherwise, it's never going to happen," she says.

Becoming a mother anytime soon would be a hindrance, she says. "It's one of those things that has always bothered me about nature. It seems unfair, that, in order to do something that is kind of natural, it really does lower your chances of your own livelihood. It seems like the most sacrificial thing; you really do give away a big chunk of your life force.

"Sure, I'd like to have kids," Aggarwal says. "However, my decision would have to be based on how I'm progressing toward both my career as well as personal goals. If I see that I'm progressing well and quickly toward accomplishing my career objectives, having children at that time would not be a smart move. Also, like most others, I would like to be married first! So until my career and personal lives are sorted out, kids just really aren't an option."

Aggarwal starts a job as an investment banking analyst at Putnam Lovell NBF in New York City this July, almost immediately after graduation. Having kids around 32 to 34 might be ideal, she says, as she'd like to launch her own private equity (PE) fund by ages 40 to 45. "It wouldn't be wise to try and care for young kids and launch my own PE fund at the same time," she says.

Watzman and her friends cite job security as a fringe benefit of waiting until 40 to give birth. Having had 20 years to establish themselves in their careers, they can bring their babies into their offices and even breast-feed them on the sly. Watzman describes nursing at the "edge of a crowded, stuffy conference room, pleading with Leo under my breath to avoid making smacking sounds." Gruesz sneaks into the bathroom of the rare-book library—where she conducts her research—to use her breast pump, "struck by how weirdly furtive I feel doing this."

"All three of us have picked some combination of part-time work, coverage from nannies, and bringing our babies along with us to the office—because we can," Watzman

"We're the next generation of women trying to balance it all."

says. Our employers would never have tolerated this when we were trying to 'prove' ourselves back in our 20s."

But in some countries, such flexible work schedules are the norm. "Interestingly, there seems to be an inverted relationship between women's work patterns and fertility. In many countries where women and mothers have a high work rate—for instance, France and Sweden—women also have a higher fertility rate than women in countries where few married mothers work, such as in Germany and Italy," says Visiting Assistant Professor of Sociology Aya Ezawa, who is currently researching the work-family balance in Japan.

"I think a common assumption is that once women have the opportunity to have a career, they will no longer have children. But what you see happening in Germany and Japan, where fertility has dropped to critical levels, is that if women are not given the choice to balance work and family, they may drop the idea of having children altogether."

"Sweden is often seen as a model case,

where public policies have facilitated a very high work rate among women and mothers. Sweden had a problem with labor shortage and low fertility in the 1960s and created a number of programs and policies that make it easier to balance work and family, allowing mothers to stay in the workforce," Ezawa says. These policies include a child allowance; child care leave of up to 18 months, in which parents receive up to 80 percent of their original wages; a strong network of subsidized public day care centers; and policies that allow parents to shorten their work days when children are young.

In the United States, the Family and Medical Leave Act of 1993 requires that employers provide up to 12 weeks of unpaid maternity leave.

Sunka Simon, chair of Women's Studies at Swarthmore and a 43-year-old mother of a toddler, says she believes "the legacy of the pill" has had an incalculable impact on the generation of women who grew up under its little blue tabular shadow.

"Post-baby-boom women have been led to believe that the body is something they can control."

"They think pregnancy is something natural that will happen [that their bodies will produce when called upon]. There are a lot of women for whom that happens not to be the case," she says.

Young women today, Simon says, continue to see pregnancy as a concern for the distant future: "Most of them, I would say, want to wait a while, until they're semi-settled. This idea of settling down in a globalized economy has been delayed."

How the millennial generation of college-educated women will respond to the experience of the cohort before them is yet to be determined. An even bigger mystery might be the fate awaiting the just-born cohort VII, a group nobody is taking bets on yet.

So the youngest generation follows less closely on the heels of the ones before it. Off and crawling, this is their now. And they may, like their mothers, find themselves stirring in the recoil resounding from their parents' then, the Eurythmics music Maslankowski played in the delivery room reverberating in their sweet dreams. ♫

Elizabeth Redden is a reporter for the Delaware State News and a freelance magazine writer.

More Time for Life

In a world where the stay-at-home mom has become a diminishing species and the pace of life continues to accelerate, the drive by members of both genders to carve out as comfortable an existence as possible—supported by an adequate salary—pervades our society. More families are becoming dependent on full-time day care, nannies, and baby-sitters; when the workday is over, it is typically the working mother who takes over the care of the children. The need for balance between the demands of a two-job household and the desire on the part of both parents to spend quality time with family has become increasingly urgent.

The goal of Hanne Weedon and her colleague Jessica DeGroot is to help families restructure their lives to create such balance. In 1999, DeGroot founded the nonprofit Third Path Institute, and Weedon '89 joined her as vice president. Initially supported by a few visionary donors and often working out of their own homes or locations provided by their clients, they conduct workshops, group-training and therapy sessions, and conferences for working parents who wish to remain actively involved in the care of their children. They teach clients how to redesign their work lives in ways that will provide more time for family and life outside of work. The organization's Web site, www.thirdpath.org, created by Weedon, which clients are urged to visit, is packed with advice, encouragement, and success stories. They also work with grandparents and other relatives as well as individuals who simply wish to maintain a more balanced lifestyle.

Focusing on a concept they call "shared care," Weedon and DeGroot encourage both mothers and fathers to adapt their work situations. Since the birth of the organization, they have collected stories of families where parents have divided successfully the tasks of caring for children and earning an income. They share the stories with clients as teaching tools.

Jennifer Johnson '83 and Ben Dugan '85

HANNE WEEDON '89 HELPS
HARRIED PARENTS—AND OTHERS—
BALANCE THEIR LIVES.

By Carol Brévaré-Demm

of Philadelphia provided one such story: "Ben and I had our traditional child-care plans (both of us worked 9 to 5 at Penn) changed when we had surprise twins. High-quality infant care was too expensive at \$2,400 a month, so we juggled a bit, went to 4 days a week each and 3 days of in-house, 10 to 5 care. This worked really well. Shortly after the twins started preschool at age 3, Ben started his own business, Current Designs, manufacturing custom instrumentation for scientific and medical researchers. I went to work at Princeton, although I worked from home 3 days a week as editor of the *American Economics Review*. After about 9 months, we decided to give up the security of one real job, so that we could work on the business together. By having the flexibility of working for ourselves, we've been able to be very involved parents. We share the kid stuff 50/50, which somehow works well when you have two children the same age—sharing and equity are big themes.

"It's important to encourage shared care, with both parents involved with children. Through advertising, we have so many images of children and the mom in a minivan that Third Path's stories are an important way to let young families imagine something else," Johnson says.

"To make sustainable change, you have to have not only women shifting things around at work but men also—if it's only

the women, then work-life balance becomes a dismissible concern, a 'mommy-track' issue," Weedon says. "When men are involved in the discussion, people pay more attention. It's suddenly an issue that affects all employees."

To create balance between a fulfilling job and a fulfilling family life, Weedon and DeGroot suggest strategies for defining and creating flex time in work situations, using four key questions as guidelines to those seeking help: "What kind of schedule works best for you? How much does your job require you to be physically present to accomplish it? How far can you control the quantity and work flow from your job? How easily can someone else do your job, that is, is substitution an option?"

"Rethinking how we do work is not rocket science," DeGroot says. "You just have to know what your options are, what your barriers are, and what really matters to you."

DeGroot and Weedon discuss the potential obstacles to finding solutions, such as the struggle some women face in relinquishing control around home and children; the potential isolation men have to deal with when responsible for a significant amount of the child care and their misgivings about taking on such a task; the possibility of having to negotiate with unreceptive employers; the difficulty of saying "no" or putting boundaries around work. Choosing time over money is difficult in an age where Americans live in an economy that, more often than not, requires two full-time salaries for a family to live comfortably as well as one where economic and professional success are such important standards of social acceptance. And, for an increasing number of families, the basics of simply having enough money to make ends meet is becoming an issue. DeGroot and Weedon are currently working on a book, *Shared Care: Building a Resilient Family*, to address these issues.

"We live in a consumer society," Weedon says, "where people are encouraged to purchase incessantly to feel better about themselves. There are big decisions that they can

"Rethinking how we do work is not rocket science. You just have to know what your options are, what your barriers are, and what really matters to you."

ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

To promote the benefits of shared child care, Hanne Weedon (above) and Jessica DeGroot conduct conferences with employers and corporate executives.

make early on about whether they want to be beholden to high living expenses requiring two salaries. Making decisions around money and how much is enough is a significant issue for all families, even those that could decide to get by on one income."

Sometimes, a job change presents a solution, or even starting one's own business. Weedon cites an example of shared care, as created and carried out by Glenn and Christine Stodolski Berntson '89 of Beverly, Mass.

Eight months after their first child was born, Christine returned to work for 20 hours a week as a teacher, while Glenn worked full time. "My daughter, Grace, was in day care for all those 20 hours, and to me that sometimes felt too long," Christine says. By the time a second child arrived, Christine was working both as a school teacher and administrator, so she and Glenn created a plan that both helped them save money yet did not increase the amount of time the children spent in day care.

"Glenn shifted his hours dramatically by

going to work at 4:30 a.m. and being home by 3:30 p.m., and I scheduled most of my meetings for late afternoon, so that he could take the kids and make dinner. The kids were still in day care but for many fewer hours a week." Later, Christine left her job and became a tutor, working in the afternoons and evenings to make ends meet, which her husband's schedule easily allowed her to do. "Money is tighter than it was when I was in the school, but Glenn and I both feel that the everyday aspects of life are more easily managed that way."

Weedon, says Christine, has been her "biggest supporter from day 1. She understands what a precious resource parents are for their children and works very hard to make it possible for both parents to be in a child's life in a meaningful way."

Weedon and DeGroot work not only with individual families but also with companies, in an effort to persuade employers and professionals at the executive level of the benefits of flexing work hours. Last year, they conducted a conference at the University of Pennsylvania Law School for lawyers who had redesigned their work; in January, they hosted 20 male and 20 female lawyers at a Pioneering Leaders' Summit at Price-WaterhouseCooper in Philadelphia, focus-

ing on the knowledge and resources available to assist leaders to live more balanced lives and to serve as models for their employees. Weedon says: "We've been learning that this type of change goes beyond recruitment and retention issues. Instead, it's a way to transform organizations by getting people to focus on their highest-priority work and be rewarded for efficiency instead of face time."

Although the organization has built up quite a following of faithful clients, including some large institutions and companies as well as having received a number of grants from small foundations, Weedon and DeGroot are well aware that, to ensure substantial change, support must come not only from individuals but also from community and government, with legislators developing policies that provide all workers with more support around redesigning work and family as well as allowing for and encouraging flexible working hours to make shared care possible. They believe that such changes will benefit both families and employers.

"We are committed to helping families across the economic spectrum and making sure that the big-picture transformation we need becomes reality for everyone," Weedon says. ☘



New Michigan Connection: Many thanks to Tanyaporn Wansom '02 and Jenny Blumberg '04, who planned the first Swarthmore happy hour in Michigan. They wrote: "We would like first to thank everyone who attended the inaugural alumni happy hour event at Rush St. in Ann Arbor, in November 2005. Representatives from the Classes of '42 to '05 were present, and we were very excited with the turnout."

New York: Connection Chair John Randolph '97 writes: "I'm just checking in to let you know that our New York Alumni Happy Hour was a huge success. We held the event at a venue owned, operated, and recently opened by four Swatties. Forty-six alumni attended from the Classes from '56 to '05! The Alumni Office graciously set me up with some College shot glasses with the pictures of Swarthmore dignitaries on them, which I presented to the bar. It was fantastic."

Paris: Connection Chair Anaïs Loizillon '95 wrote of an event at the Centre Pompidou's Museum of Modern Art: "The Big Bang event consisted of Associate Professor of French Micheline Rice-Maximin and her assistant in Grenoble, six students, eight alumni, and one non-Swattie partner. The guided visit lasted about 1½ hours, with an extra 30 minutes on our

SEARCH FOR NEW CONNECTIONS CHAIRS

We need Connections chairs in Washington, D.C., and a co-chair in the San Francisco area. National Connection Chair Jim Moskowitz '88 writes: "Being a Connection chair is not a lot of work, but it's quite rewarding: With the help of myself, other local alumni, and Alumni Relations Office staff members, you brainstorm ideas for events; write up announcements; attend the events yourself or designate a representative; and report back. Alumni Relations Office staff members always assist you with printing and sending mailings. You are in touch with alumni of all ages and help them stay connected to the College—and each other. Some Connections are chaired by a single person, others by a small group. A chair serves a 2-year term. If you are interested, contact me at jimmosk@alum.swarthmore.edu or (610) 604-0669."

own. One of the highlights was Bill Viola's video installation *Five Angels for the Millennium*, showing people diving into water as if they were rising. Most of us continued the evening at a local Cuban restaurant with a live band. Although nobody broke out their salsa steps, the alumni and students had a great time comparing Swat experiences and discussing the recent events in Paris."

Seattle: Karl Knaub '95 is interested in starting a book club in Seattle beginning in September 2006. The theme for the first year will be "The Urban and Human Imagination." They consider a series of fictional works, all loosely organized by the idea of "The City," that explore the city as an historical as well as a vividly human phenomenon and that illustrate literature's diverse theorizing of the city over time. A tentative list of works includes *Invisible Cities*, Italo Calvino; *Mrs. Dalloway*, Virginia Woolf; a pair of the Renaissance "city" plays: *Measure for Measure*, Shakespeare, and *The Alchemist*, Jonson; *The House of Mirth*, Edith Wharton; *The New York Trilogy*, Paul Auster; *Istanbul: Memories and the City*, Orhan Pamuk; and *Tales of the City*, Armistead Maupin. If you are interested in joining, please contact Karl at karlknaub@gmail.com. Karl will be working with Seattle Connection Chair Deborah Schaaf '95 on this new project.

sages in Salem

Supreme Sage Bruce Gould '54 helped plan and lead a tour of Salem, Mass., in November. The group toured the Peabody Essex Museum—with a special tour of the Yin Yu Tang Chinese Home—and other historical houses and locations in Salem. Alumni and friends who went on the trip included Susan and Paul Baumgarten '55, Priscilla Hayward Crago '53, Richard and Miriam Wight MacKenna '40, Robert and Julia Robinson Walkling '53, Alice and Dudley Woodbridge '51, Ann and Henry Cowell '54, Cornelia Fuller '54, Grace Lowney '54, Lucy Bunzl Mallan '54, Phoebe Rosenberry '55, Whitney and Harriet Stearns '48, Elizabeth and Robert Whitman '48, Mark and Marion King Schlefer '45, and Raymond and Mary Wren Swain '54.



BRUCE GOULD '54

190 externs *across the country*

The College's 2006 externship week was a huge success, with 190 students matched with extern sponsors in cities across the country. Boston; New York; Philadelphia; and Washington, D.C., have a high number of participants and sponsor receptions, so the students and alumni are able to meet others enjoying the externship experience.

More than 50 alumni, parents, and students attended the DC extern event at CommunicationWorks LLC, hosted by Mary-Mack Callahan '77 and her husband, Shep Ranbom. Washington, D.C., Externship Coordinator Nanine Meiklejohn '68 remarked that it was the first time she had noticed several "generations" of Extern Program participants at the reception. Several alumni who were externs in previous years were now hosting current students at their workplaces.

The New York extern reception was a terrific success, with 90 people in attendance at the New York offices of Proskauer Rose, hosted by Jim Gregory '85. New York Extern Coordinator David Vinjamuri '86 welcomed alumni and students to the Big Apple.

In Boston, local extern-program coordinator Sue Turner '60 and her husband, Wally Clausen '60, hosted the event at their home and provided pizza and dessert for students and alumni.

The Philadelphia extern event attracted two dozen attendees. It was hosted by Jim Lindquist '80, the national coordinator for Swarthmore's Extern Program. Bill Belanger '66, the Philadelphia coordinator, worked with Jim to organize and cater the reception.



PATRICIA MALONEY

Extern reception host Jim Gregory '85, Assistant Director of Career Services Laura Sibson, and New York City Extern Coordinator David Vinjamuri '86 (above, left to right).



ASTRID DEVANEY

Helen Chmura '09, Heidi Hartmann '67, and Adam Winegar '08 (left to right) discuss the week's extern activities at the Washington, D.C., reception.

upcoming

ENTREPRENEURS CONFERENCE, APRIL 2

All alumni and students are welcome to attend the 7th annual Jonathan R. Lax '71 Conference on Entrepreneurship on Sunday, April 2. For program and registration information, go to www.swarthmore.edu/lax/.

ALUMNI COLLEGE, MAY 31–JUNE 2

"Imagine No Religion Too," this year's Alumni College, brings alumni together with six faculty members to explore counterperspectives to the rhetoric of fear that now influences the current view of religion. More information at www.swarthmore.edu/alumni/alumni_college.

ALUMNI WEEKEND, JUNE 2–4

To conserve resources, the College mailed Alumni Weekend and Alumni College registration forms in late March to members of classes with reunions in 2006—class years ending in 1 or 6, the Class of 2004, and all Garnet Sages—but everyone is welcome. If you would like more information, contact the Alumni Relations Office at (610) 328-8402, or visit <http://alumniweekend.swarthmore.edu>.

get connected with Swarthmore listservs

Swarthmore listservs provide an easy way to communicate

with your classmates or other alumni in your area. A listserv is an electronic mailing list comprising the e-mail addresses of people interested in a certain topic or specific area of interest—and it is now much easier to join the College listservs. Visit www.swarthmore.edu/alumni/listservs to see what listservs are available and learn how to sign up. Then, you can communicate with everyone on the listserv by sending one message to a single e-mail address. Listservs are organized by Connection city, class year, and specific areas of alumni interest.

THE MEANING OF
SWARTHMORE

MILES SKORPEN '09

“At Swarthmore, I came to understand the power of the values of the College community to transcend the particular differences that divided us.... We developed the courage to support each other in very different life choices without having to renounce each other for our differences in values. The willingness to be fearless in our honesty yet respectful of each other’s integrity and intelligence created a complex and powerful sense of community: elastic, expandable, and extremely strong.”

—*Dulany Ogden Bennett '66*

In Partnership with Nature

MONTANA RANCHER JULIA MACKAY CHILDS '62 DELIGHTS IN LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.



COURTESY OF JULIA MACKAY CHILDS

Childs has a special relationship with her horses, seeing them as her partners. Visit the Lazy EL Ranch at www.lazyel.com.

When Julia Mackay Childs steps out in the morning, she is greeted by an awe-inspiring view of the Beartooth Mountains, 2 miles away, rising to a height of almost 13,000 feet. Childs lives and works with four generations of family members on the Lazy EL Ranch, near Roscoe, Mont. The 15,000-acre ranch, which is run as a family corporation, runs up to 3,600 yearlings each summer and owns 50 working horses, which are also used for vacation guests.

"We're located just over the mountains from Yellowstone National Park—the ranch backs up against the wilderness area, and the park is just beyond that," Childs says. Her family has lived in the area since 1901, when her grandfather Malcolm Mackay built a homestead there. He created the ranch by buying up surrounding homesteads from settlers driven away by the hardships of farming.

Childs grew up on the ranch until she was 13, when, disappointed by her father's decision to leave the ranch to her younger brother, she left to attend school in Takoma, Wash., followed by 4 years at Swarthmore. She married, raised a family of two birth sons and two adopted daughters, and made a life in New England.

"All this time, I felt I would never come back to the ranch, although that's where my heart was."

Divorcing in the early 1980s, she returned home for the summer

and found her parents ailing and the family in the midst of a struggle that ended with her brother leaving. She stayed to help out.

With more years on the ranch than any other family member, Childs is a kind of "database" of ranching information. "I know things like what the pastures look like at different times of year, or when the poison weed is going to be bad and where, which springs are going to dry up in a drought, and how cattle behave in certain given situations." She directs the stock rotation throughout the ranch's 30 pastures, fixes broken fences, and manages the horses.

Treating her horses as partners, Childs practices "natural horsemanship" with them, speaking to them and working with them until they agree to work with her. The ranch staff uses "low stress management" with the cattle. "When cattle are stressed," Childs says, "the meat is going to get tough and have a bad flavor. You can move cattle by entering their space so they move away to the place you want them to be, without prodding or yelling. No need to ram and jam, whoop and holler, prod and push, like the cowboys of old."

She has developed a guest program started by her brother, so that it now brings in almost as much income as the cattle. "That's been a turning point," she says, "because agriculture is going down the tubes everywhere you look, and the cattle industry is no different."

Accommodated in historic cabins, guests are able to work alongside the ranch staff, "just doing what we do," Childs says. An on-site wrangler and horse trainer teaches them riding and cattle-driving skills. "The guest-children just fold in and take to the woods with our kids," she says. "It's a pretty transformational experience for them. About 80 percent of our guests return year after year because they want their children to identify with this culture."

In a landscape where wolves, grizzlies, mountain lions, coyotes, eagles, elk, and moose make regular appearances, Childs believes in treating both domesticated and wild animals as partners, not as creatures to be dominated by humans. "A lot of the ranching I grew up with was very patriarchal. The animals were abused and the wilderness consumed. Now, ranching is returning to the style of the Native Americans, who respected the wilderness and the animals, believing that God meant us to serve rather than dominate Nature."

"The difference between ranching and farming," Childs says, "is that it takes place in a wilderness. You don't push everything aside to suit your own taste. You work with what's there. You manage the wildlife as well, leaving feed for the elk in winter, ensuring that there aren't too many deer, teaching the big predators how to be respectful by harassing them so that they don't hang around looking for hand-outs. We respect their right to be wild, but for us to live in harmony with them, they have to respect us, too. That doesn't mean you don't kill an animal if it's sick or you need to eat it, or if its population is too large. We are predators, and we do have a place in the food chain. It's figuring out what the 'right place' is."

—Carol Brévert-Demm

the Cowboy and the *Spaceman*

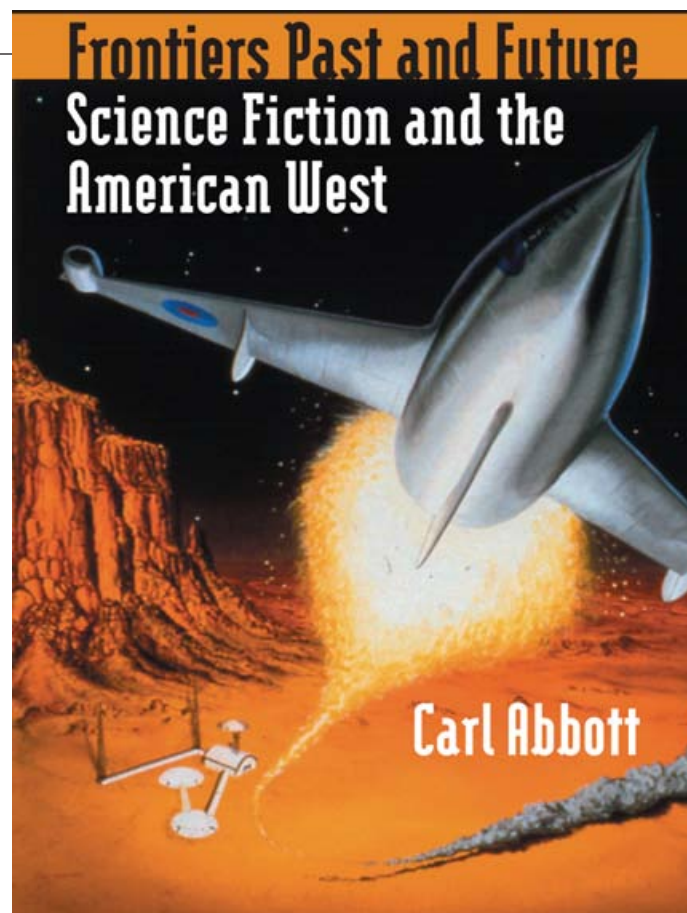
Carl Abbott '66, *Frontiers Past and Future: Science Fiction and the American West*, University Press of Kansas, 2006

Like many members of my generation who grew up with the Apollo moon-landing program, I discovered science fiction—a genre that was intriguing, forward-looking, and, above all, fun. I mostly read the classic sci-fi authors—Asimov, Bradbury, Heinlein—but, on the recommendation of friends, took jaunts toward fantasy fiction by Tolkien, Zelazny, and Cordwainer Smith. I was aware that science fiction was filled with contemporaneous social commentary and allusions to historical processes, but, at the time, I made mental distinctions between “serious” authors such as Steinbeck and Buck and “my guys.”

In *Frontiers Past and Future: Science Fiction and the American West*, Carl Abbott '66 develops the proposition that sci-fi's futuristic themes reflect America's social transformations following the settling of the American West and, as such, are a reflection of the country's changing attitudes. Literary scholars—especially Gary Wolfe and David Mogen—have made this point before: Science fiction overused the “astronaut as cowboy” or “wagon train to the stars” metaphor. Abbott's book, however, is much deeper—and much more fun.

For instance, Abbott romps through every sci-fi story I ever read as well as others I now wish to go back and read, pointing out how their plots and themes tie into historical context. Flying saucers, the Roswell incident, and malicious space-invader themes predominate during times when immigrants, juvenile delinquency, and the Red Menace were on readers' (and authors') minds. Stories of terraforming distant planets coincide with the transformation of Western deserts into suburban oases, and sci-fi authors work out the conflicts of preservation of wilderness versus utilitarian conservationism on Mars as the use of federal lands is debated. Yet Abbott does not emphasize the many postnuclear dystopias following the Cuban Missile Crisis and their obvious connection with Cold War saber rattling.

Besides the many fascinating parallels between science fiction and history, Abbott shows how relevant social problems were worked out in the pages of sci-fi stories; often, the stories themselves became influential, affecting public attitudes. What were the conflicts inherent in rapid technological change in the 1950s, and how were the solutions found by sci-fi protagonists eventually employed in 1960s policies? The social transformations of the 1960s in their turn were reflected in sci-fi stories of flawed counter-cultural protagonists escaping “civilization” and its strictures, only to run up against basic problems of community building, governance, and civic fairness. Following the disillusionment attending



the Vietnam War and Watergate, sci-fi writers such as Ursula LeGuin examined gender roles and the cultural gap between pioneers and natives. Finally, with postmodern sensibilities, the cyberpunk genre exemplified by author William Gibson places societal redemption in the hands of tough-guy computer punks and “street samurai” outlaws trying to bring down the cybercorporate system.

Frontiers Past and Future is more than a treatise. It is an enormously engaging retelling of many timeless stories with a view that illuminates them in new ways. It's a book that doesn't take itself too seriously: The *Toy Story* figures of Woody and Buzz become metaphors for the notion that the cowboy and the spaceman are really “the same heroic characters in different guises.”

Part of my personal journey from Apollo moon-shot—fascinated kid to Swarthmore College engineering professor—was my internalization of the many ideals and conflicts described in Abbott's book. Indeed, as recent sci-fi stories have turned from the blurring of national identities to themes of environmental change or cynicism regarding corporate control, Abbott shows that science fiction helps us to think about our alternatives. What should cities be? How do we balance individual freedoms with civic obligations or open “opportunities to talent across the divides of gender, race, and class?”

Science fiction will continue to prefigure societal solutions, and yet it will do so with fast-paced, clever, and fun thought experiments. My only regret is that Abbott discounts fantasy stories (anything with dragons!) as undeserving of the same respect. Despite this sci-fi snobbery, his *Frontiers* is well worth reading for its high number of revelations per minute.

—E. Carr Everbach
Associate Professor of Engineering

Books

Sarah Tracy and **Caroline Acker '68** (co-editors), *Altering American Consciousness: The History of Alcohol and Drug Use in the United States, 1800–2000*, University of Massachusetts Press, 2004. This collection of articles includes an introduction co-written by Tracy and Acker as well as the piece by Acker titled “Portrait of an Addicted Family: Dynamics of Opiate Addiction in the Early Twentieth Century.”

Robin (Smith) Chapman '64 and Julien Clinton Scott. *Images of a Complex World: The Art and Poetry of Chaos*, World Scientific Publishing, 2005. Poet Chapman and artist Stott combine logic and language with a series of art forms in a way that excites the imagination and stimulates the readers' sense of wonder at the vastness of the mathematical universe.

Ellen Daniel '69, *Every Other Thursday:*

Stories and Strategies From Successful Women Scientists, Yale University Press, 2006. Telling the story of a 25-year-old group of successful women who meet regularly to empower each other through emotional and practical support, the author hopes to encourage readers who feel isolated or stressed in their work settings to consider the benefits of such a group.

Patty (Martha Welch) de Llosa '54, *The Practice of Presence*, Morning Light Press, 2006. Focusing on the ideas of the five spiritual paths revealed in T'ai Chi, prayer, meditation, the Alexander Technique, and Jungian studies, the author offers guidance on coming alive to the present moment and seeking daily what we truly desire behind all the urgencies and obligations of our lives.

Neil Gershenfeld '81, *Fab: The Coming Revolution on Your Desktop—From Personal Computers to Personal Fabrication*, Basic Books, 2005. In this book, the author of *When Things Start to Think* describes the next big technological revolution—“personal fabrication,” the ability to design and manufacture your own products in your home, using a

machine that combines consumer electronics and industrial tools.

(**Helen) Crosby Lewy '40**, *Amusings From a Life; Tales, Poems, Translations, and Nonsense*, XLibris, 2006. This collection of primarily humorous fictional pieces is divided into sections with headings such as “Orphans,” “Mutts,” “Literary Mathematics,” “Seniors,” and “Holidays.” The author describes it as “a collection not for reading from cover to cover—but for snacking—for a quiet

moment, or a not quiet moment, or when a family reunion hits the fan.”

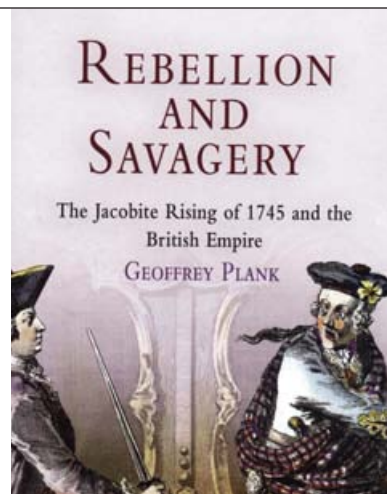
Geoffrey Plank '80, *Rebellion and Savagery: The Jacobite Rising of 1745 and the British Empire*, University of Pennsylvania Press, 2006. The author examines the 1745 Jacobite uprising, led by the grandson of King James II, to dethrone King George II and restore the throne to the Stuarts. He goes on to describe the significance of the crisis not only for Britain but for the whole British Empire.

Elliot Rabin '86, *Understanding the Hebrew Bible: A Reader's Guide*, KTAV Publishing House, 2006. Clearly written and jargon free, the book helps explain the different kinds of writing found in the Bible, including storytelling, law, history, prophecy, wisdom, and poetry.

Joshua Zeitz '96, *Flapper: The Notorious Life and Scandalous Times of the First Thoroughly Modern Woman*, Crown Publishers, 2006. Just in time for Woman's History Month, Zeitz offers a history of America's first sexual revolution, examining the rise of celebrity, the changes in dating and courting rituals, and the rebellion against Victorian era etiquette.

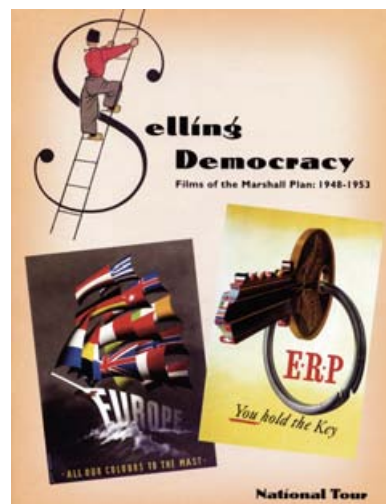
Other Media

Sandra Schulberg '71 and Ed Carter (co-curators), *Selling Democracy: Films of the Marshall Plan: 1948–1953*, Schulberg Productions, 2004. This retrospective, exhibiting 25 of 250 historic propaganda films produced between 1948 and 1953, long banned in the United States, is currently on tour through-



Historian Geoffrey Plank '80 teaches at the University of Cincinnati.

out major U.S. cities beginning in Philadelphia. It depicts aspects of the post-World War II Recovery Program in movies such as *Me and Mr. Marshall*, *Hunger*, *Between East and West*, and *It's Up to You*. Schulberg's research into the series is personal. Born in Paris shortly after her father was named chief of the Marshall Plan Motion Picture Section of OMGUS (Office of Military Government/U.S.), she hopes that the films will serve as inspiration and as a source of hope



Sandra Schulberg '71 co-curated a film festival showing films created to support the Marshall Plan.

in our modern war-torn world: “Until I had the opportunity to screen the films for our ... retrospective, I didn't realize the extent to which they had shaped my earliest consciousness, the same way they shaped the consciousness of millions of other European postwar children.”

Switchboard Operator

ADELE DIAMOND '74 EXPLORES THE WAYS CHILDREN LEARN.



COURTESY OF ADELE DIAMOND

Diamond's research was featured on public television's *Scientific American Frontiers*, hosted by Alan Alda. Her work has changed medical guidelines worldwide for the treatment of phenylketonuria (PKU).

Consider the following: Many at-risk children begin school without an ability they need to succeed throughout their lives—being able to self-regulate their actions and emotions (neuroscientists call this “executive control”). Adults may never fully outgrow any of the cognitive and perceptual biases that are so striking in infants and young children. Bilingual children 4 to 5 years old perform 1 to 2 years ahead of their peers on executive-control cognitive tasks. Some autistic children may understand abstract relationships better when information is physically attached to the item it represents. A variant of a gene leads to better executive function, even in normal children, but it also leads to more fragile personalities in the face of stress.

As Canada Research Chair and Professor of Developmental Cognitive Neuroscience at the University of British Columbia in Vancouver, Adele Diamond, an authority on a part of the brain critical for higher cognitive functions, explores all the above ideas.

Not aspiring to be a scientist, Diamond went to Swarthmore to indulge her love of learning. Excelling in double majors psychology and sociology-anthropology, she won several undergraduate grants, including a National Institute of Mental Health fellowship. But “I just wasn’t interested in [experimental science] and didn’t think I’d be good at it,” she remembers.

Earning graduate fellowships from both the National Science Foundation and the Danforth Foundation, she chose Harvard and invented an interdisciplinary program in psychology, sociology, and anthropology. In her first year of graduate school, her adviser Jerome Kagan got her hooked on an interesting idea: Babies all over the world, no matter what their circumstance in life, exhibit the same cognitive changes at about the same age. There had to be a maturational component; what might that be? Diamond decided to investigate that in her dissertation. It was her first move into experimental science, but it was not a baby step. First she had to embark on a self-taught crash course in neurology.

“At that time, Harvard didn’t have anybody in the Psychology Department who did anything related to the brain. So I studied on my own,” she says.

Now, Diamond studies the prefrontal cortex of children’s brains, trying to figure out what they understand, when they understand it, and—most important—how to help them understand things they are not quite grasping.

The prefrontal cortex is important for working memory and the ability to focus attention, to screening out distractions, holding information in the mind and manipulating it, working out mental puzzles, resisting impulses, and flexibly switching from one perspective or set of rules to another. It’s implicated in many mental disorders, including ADHD, obsessive-compulsive disorder, bipolar depression, schizophrenia, and autism.

“It relates to a lot of practical things—in mental health, in education, and in people’s everyday lives,” Diamond says.

This summer, Diamond and a colleague are hosting an international conference designed to make cutting-edge research in psychology and neuroscience understandable to nonscientists (including parents, educators, and doctors) who work with kids. The conference, “Brain Development and Learning: Making Sense of the Science,” features not only scientists but also artists.

Mixing art, science, and people makes perfect sense for Diamond. As an accomplished and passionate dancer, she uses it to draw connections in life. She loves partner dancing of all kinds (especially contradance), being outdoors, being active, and meeting people. “I love to connect people to each other, especially across disciplines or geography, like a switchboard operator,” she says.

Both surprised and gratified that her work applies in beneficial ways, Diamond says that isn’t what she expected. “I never thought that my work would help anybody. I thought it would be basic research, and I’d do it because it was interesting, just like I went to Swarthmore because I thought it would be fun and interesting though I wasn’t planning on a career. It’s funny how things work out.”

—Beth Luce

Beth Luce is a freelance writer and editor of the Northwest Meetings and Events Magazine, based in Seattle.

When It's *FUN* Merely to *FINISH*

A GROUP OF FORMER SWARTHMORE CROSS-COUNTRY FRIENDS REUNITE.

By David Graham '92

It's 2 a.m. on a quiet street in downtown Portland, Ore., and I'm hurting. I struggle to ignore the pain in my legs as I hobble toward the finish line a mile or so in the distance. Occasionally, I am passed by figures in the darkness. They are young and old, lean and stout. Some breeze by without a sound. Others offer words of encouragement. These strangers are different in many ways, but they share one key attribute—on this night, they are all much faster than I am.

This scenario was not the one I had envisioned months earlier when I convinced several of my good friends, primarily teammates from the Swarthmore cross-country squads of the late 1980s and early 1990s, to join me in the 2005 Hood to Coast Run, America's largest relay race. Every August, 1,000 12-person teams gather at the Timberline Lodge, nearly 6,000 feet up the side of Mt. Hood in Oregon's Cascade Range. During the next day, the teams alternate runners through the 36-leg, 196-mile course that winds down from the mountains, through the city of Portland, and across the countryside to the finish on the Pacific coast.

On the morning of the race, we all gather at my house in Portland, most having flown in the day before from various far-flung locales. As we've entered our mid-30s, we can no longer count on a yearly wedding to bring our group together, so this reunion is the first one we've had in a while. It's great to see everyone, and the old jokes flow freely. My brother Tom '88 takes a quick jog down the street and asks those of us congregated in the driveway to assess his running form. "You look like poetry," Ari Tuckman '92 says. "Like teenage poetry—awkward and lurching."

The tone thus set, we pack two rented minivans with provisions for the race—Powerbars, water, dry clothes, and lots of ice

packs. Before we leave for the start, it is decided that our team needs a theme song—something suitably motivating to blast out of the vans' speakers as we pass through checkpoints and past our own runners. We have almost come to a consensus on *The Ride of the Valkyries* when Steve Bruner '92 suggests the theme to *Sanford and Son*. It's an inspired choice, and the jazz/funk stylings of Quincy Jones herald our arrival as we make our way up the mountain.

I have volunteered to take the first leg, a 6-mile shot straight downhill with a vertical drop of 2,500 feet. Despite living in Portland, home to Nike, Adidas, and countless running zealots, my training regimen for this event has consisted of prolonged stretches in front of the TV and the consumption of an obscene amount of Doritos. I figure gravity will help ease me down the mountain. As the start time approaches on a sunny afternoon, we huddle together in our matching garnet T-shirts—with our wildly optimistic team name, No Cruelty, No Feast, printed on the back—and give a rousing "Go Swat!" cheer. I am on an adrenaline high. It's been a long time since I've run as a part of a team; for a wonderful moment, as I run forward from the line, my body actually feels as if it's 15 years younger—lean, strong, and primed to do battle with Haverford.

The moment is woefully short-lived, however, as I quickly realize that gravity can only counteract a lack of fitness up to a point, and I begin to labor halfway through



STEVE BRUNER

Jon Fewster '92 powers through his leg during the 2005 Hood to Coast Relay.

the descent. In addition, I realize that running downhill is surprisingly difficult. The accumulated pounding of legs on pavement is roughly akin to having ones thighs and knees beaten with a wiffle bat for an hour. As I finally finish the leg and hand off to the next runner, I try not to think about the fact that I will have to do this twice more before it's all over. Thankfully, the rest of the team has prepared for the event more diligently, and we start cranking out the miles significantly faster. Steve, Jon Fewster '92, and Robert Marx '91 are our stalwarts, having conceded little to the ravages of time. Simply put, they are spectacularly fit—perhaps irritatingly so, as they coast through their



STEVE BRUNNER

The Swarthmore team at the finish of the 2005 Hood to Coast Relay (*kneeling left to right*) Jon Fewster '92, Steve Bruner '92, Mike Dennis '93, Ari Tuckman '92; (*standing left to right*) Justin Higgins '92, Chris Tipper '92, Tom Graham '88, David Graham '92, Joy Blakeslee, Kevin Huffman '92, Robert Marx '91, Brandt Lincoln '95

"I am on an adrenaline high. It's been a long time since I've run as a part of a team; for a wonderful moment, as I run forward from the line, my body actually feels as if it's 15 years younger."

legs with minimal exertion.

We pass the time in the vans easily, chatting and playing cards. At one point, my brother Tom, an actuary by profession, and Robert, a University of Chicago finance professor, decide for some reason to calculate the probability of flipping through a deck of cards one by one without once correctly predicting a card's identity before turning it over. In about 30 seconds, they conclude that the odds are 1 divided by the mathematical constant e . One of the fun conventions of the Hood to Coast is that the teams write witty slogans on the sides of their vans, usually having at least a tangential connection to the race or running in general. But for much of the day, emblazoned across our windows is an equation that I

feel confidently had not heretofore been expressed on a moving vehicle: $1/e = 0.368$. In a related story, we're tremendous dorks.

After grabbing a couple hours of fitful sleep, it's time for my second leg—a short 4-mile jaunt through Portland in the middle of the night. Although it's a mercifully flat part of the course, the combination of fatigue and

my body's utter refusal to accept the fact that I am trying to get it to move faster than a walk for the second time in 8 hours makes it appear to an outside observer as if I must be carrying an invisible piano on my back. After about 45 minutes of suffering, I near the transition checkpoint. A race official is calling out the team numbers of approaching finishers to alert the next runners. I hear him say, "Team 854! Looks like we've got a hobbler!" A collective groan of sympathy and pity accompanies me for my final hundred yards, and I slink back to the van to collapse.

The rest of the morning and afternoon pass without too much incident. Our team regains a solid clip and even manages to pass a number of teams that had left us for

dead during the night. Progress is again impeded at around 9 a.m., as race rules dictate that I run my final leg. The less said about it, the better. Let's just say the phrase "death march" crosses my lips several times, and I'm pretty sure I heard someone in the van mutter my name and the word "albatross" in the same sentence while they thought I was asleep.

In the end, we reach the Pacific in just a shade more than 24 hours, good enough for a more than respectable 96th place. As we recuperate posttrace in our rented beach house, I am reminded why I enjoyed running at Swarthmore so much: mainly because it feels so good to stop. But it's also about striving for a common goal with friends instead of slogging through on your own. Although, over the years, the objective has changed from winning to merely finishing, it's still fun to do it together. I've always thought that racing is like childbirth in the sense that time allows the memory of the pain to diminish just enough so that eventually you'll be foolish enough to want to go through it again. Well, it's all still pretty fresh in my mind, but I've got brain cells dying every day.

Anyone up for 2007? ☿

David Graham is director of strategic development for WebMD Corp. He lives in Portland, Ore., with his wife, Laura Morrison '94, and their 3-year-old son, Michael.

Theater of Diplomacy

LARS JAN '00 ENGAGES WESTERN AND ISLAMIC TENSIONS THROUGH DIRECT ARTISTIC EXCHANGE.



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Lars Jan, founder of the MPG (www.mobileperformance.org), is coordinating a 2007 performance trip through Central Asia.

An artist-in-residence at Kabul University in July 2005, Lars Jan—a theater director and founder of Mobile Performance Group (MPG)—brought several American theater artists with him to Kabul. Here, they led intensive theater workshops for university students and members of the National Theatre and developed several sound and visual public art projects with local artists.

“We’ll return to Kabul in 2007 to continue our relationship with the students—and artists—we worked with there,” Jan says. “The university is struggling to buoy a humanities and arts curriculum that all but ceased to exist during the years of Soviet occupation, civil war, and rule of the Taliban, and the students are incredibly hungry for outside voices and instruction. I’m intent on pushing along and collaborating with Afghanistan’s next generation of artists in the hope that they will find a voice to reflect the past years of conflict and imagine the future.”

A recipient of the Jack Kent Cooke Scholarship, a national scholarship that supports up to 6 years of graduate work in any field, Jan is currently pursuing an M.F.A. in directing and integrated media at

the California Institute of the Arts. He is augmenting his theater training with coursework in digital animation, puppetry, and filmmaking—allowing him to continue to evolve as a “hybrid artist.”

During spring 2005, Jan was invited to co-direct and design a show as well as teach a class at Princeton University as a part of the Atelier Program, which author Toni Morrison created. Jan’s first directing teacher at Swarthmore, Roger Babb, “a vital mentor and collaborator over the years,” introduced him to the program.

As a theater and English literature major at Swarthmore, Jan balanced history and critical analysis with a direct immersion in the form via Professor of Theater Allen Kuharski’s directing labs. The open format of the labs allowed him to create ensembles of artists, often from outside the Theater Program, working to craft original works focused on models of collaborative creation and non-Western performance forms.

After graduation, Jan worked with the Pig Iron Theatre Company, an ensemble that Co-Artistic Directors Gabriel Quinn Bauriedel ’94, Dito van Reigersberg ’94, and Dan Rothenberg ’95 founded and developed into one of the country’s premiere experimental companies.

“My experience of their theater-making style, characterized by their commitment to the collective creation of all works and the integration of international performance forms, was an extension of my theater work at Swarthmore and definitive in shaping my course and practice as an artist,” he says.

After working with Pig Iron, Jan moved to Kyoto, Japan, where he trained and performed for a year with a traditional Japanese Bunraku company, led by a seventh-generation puppeteer. His exposure to Asian performance forms at Swarthmore led Jan to take this step, which has deeply impacted his subsequent work.

During fall 2005, The Whitney Museum of American Art commissioned an original performance work from Jan to inaugurate a new performance series at the museum called Whitney Live.

“I’ve always struggled to fit my interests and instincts into the idea of theater that prevails in the United States. I consider myself a visual, sound, and video artist, but it is the presence and possibilities of a live audience that has led me to focus on the theater model,” Jan says.

“I’m looking to foster cultural and educational development by serving as an example to Western artists and individuals currently intimidated by the region as well as opening the possibility of Central Asian artists touring in America or elsewhere,” he says.

“It is also my hope that collaborating artists, often traveling to Islamic countries for the first time, may be influenced by their experiences abroad in such a way that they are compelled to somehow bring these experiences into their work in the United States, thereby exposing American audiences to alternate, firsthand perspectives on these countries.”

—Andrea Hammer

The PRYOR Experience

ENTER FRED PRYOR'S MULTIFACETED ECONOMIC VISION OF OUR WORLD.

By Audree Penner

Frederic Pryor is a polymath—an emeritus professor of economics, prolific producer of publications, politico, and one-time political prisoner. He is also known for his irreverent wit, such as his favorite one-liner, “An economist is someone who sees something working in practice and asks whether it would work in theory.”

Pryor came to Swarthmore in 1967 and retired in 1998. He taught comparative economics systems with a focus on communist economies in the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, and China; has been an economic consultant in the Ukraine for the Soros Group and in various African countries for the World Bank and a research associate at the Hoover Institution in California and the Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C.

As his subject matter vanished with the fall of communism, he found new paths to follow. He has written 12 books and published more than 100 scholarly articles. Now a senior research scholar, he has examined such varied topics as the economies of religions, those who are not working in our society and why, the possibility of wars over water, and what it means to be human through a comparison of human and non-human primate economies.

What did you learn about our species from your primate economics study?

I learned that the differences between “them” and “us” were a lot less than I had imagined. For example, species of non-human primates allegedly without sin deceive others in their group, giving distress calls when they discover a tree with ripe fruit, so that they can feast alone without others coming by and sharing the harvest. This provides some useful evidence in the discussions about human evolution.

What are you working on now?

I’m working on a way of analyzing any kind of economic system from the most primitive to the most advanced, using the same kind of framework. A beginning of this work is described in my new book *Economic Systems of Foraging Agricultural and Industrial Societies*. Along these lines, I discovered that groupings of countries by their values are very similar to groupings by economic system. This raises the question: Did the economic systems cause the values, or did the values cause the economic systems?

One natural experiment is the Germans. If the economic system caused the values, then you would expect the values of the East Germans and West Germans to have been wildly different in 1990 because, for 45 years, the East Germans had had a system imposed on them while during that period the West Germans were able to select their own economic institutions and laws. It turns out that the values were practically the same. This suggests that if people are able to choose an economic and political system, it is the values that will determine what the system looks like rather than the system creating the values.

How about your own household economics? Do you balance the checkbook?

Yes. My wife, Zora, is also an economist and could do it too. One day, I’d like to do a study of why the division of labor is so different in different households. I’m in charge of the lawn and heavy work, but I’m not allowed to work in the kitchen. My wife is Czech, and we are following the Czech division of household labor.

Tell me about your political career.

In 2001, the head of Swarthmore’s Democratic Party asked me to run for judge of elections. I’ve been elected twice. This is not a highly sought job, and my campaigns have consisted solely of cooking up slogans. My first, right after the 2000 debacle, was “No Floridas in Pennsylvania.” For my 2005

campaign, it was “He Had Pryor Experience.”

Who is funnier, you or the late Richard Pryor?


Richard. Through genealogical research, I found we might be related. One of my ancestors had an estate in Lynchburg, Va., and Richard’s ancestors worked on a plantation there, where they took the owner’s surname.

What would people be surprised to learn about you?

Most people don’t know I was in an East German prison. In September 1961, I was 27 years old and working in West Berlin on my dissertation on communist foreign trade. I went to East Berlin to hear a speech by Walter Ulbricht, then leader of the East German Socialist Unity Party. Afterward, I went to visit the sister of a West Berlin friend to ask whether or not she had any message for me to deliver to her brother because telephone connections between East and West Berlin were cut after the wall went up. But she wasn’t there and coming down from her rooming house, I was stopped by two secret policemen, the Stasi, who asked where I had been. I said it was a wrong address, but they arrested me. It turned out the woman I went to visit had escaped from East Berlin. They thought I was coming for her possessions. It was a mistake. I knew nothing, and I certainly wasn’t spying for anyone. For five-and-a-half months, I shared a cell that was 6 paces long by 2 paces wide with another prisoner. I was released as part of a prisoner exchange on Feb. 10, 1962. In these kinds of exchanges, everyone had two lawyers: a capitalist lawyer and a communist lawyer. My communist lawyer was also the lawyer for the Russian spy Lt. Colonel Rudolph Abel. My capitalist lawyer was also the lawyer for American U-2 pilot Capt. Francis Gary Powers. So when the two lawyers were negotiating between Powers and Abel, they tossed in their common client, namely, me. ☞



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS



ALUMNI COLLEGE: MAY 31–JUNE 2
ALUMNI WEEKEND: JUNE 2–4

*Come back, and see what's new.
Come back, and see what you know and love.
At Swarthmore College Alumni Weekend
June 2-4, 2006*

IAN BRADSHAW

No building on campus evokes more powerful memories of Swarthmore than Parrish. It is, physically and figuratively, the heart of the campus, occupying a special place in the minds of alumni. A much-needed renovation was recently completed of the venerable structure. Parrish will be rededicated during Alumni Weekend. Come back, and see Parrish poised for a new century....

The new science center sits on the edge of the Crum. Alice Paul Residence Hall, opened in fall 2004, nestles next to Mertz. Both are "green" buildings and bring new learning opportunities to Swarthmore students. Come back, and see our recent growth....

What you know and love are your friends, your memories, and reconnecting with the Swarthmore experience. That's what Alumni Weekend is all about. We're celebrating the return of classes who graduated in years ending in 1 and 6 and the Class of 2004—but everyone is welcome. Come back to Swarthmore for Alumni Weekend 2006.

ALUMNI COLLEGE ON CAMPUS 2006

May 31–June 2

*Imagine No Religion Too?
Re-envisioning the Future of
Religion in an Age of Conflict*

Note: To conserve resources, the Alumni Relations Office will mail the Alumni Weekend and Alumni College registration forms in late March to members of classes with reunions in 2006—class years ending in 1 or 6 and the Class of 2004 and all Garnet Sages—but everyone is welcome.

If you would like more information, contact the Alumni Relations Office at (610) 328-8402, or visit the Web sites <http://alumniweekend.swarthmore.edu> or <http://alumnicollege.swarthmore.edu> to register on-line.