

Swarthmore

DECEMBER 2006

COLLEGE BULLETIN

TRUTH
in TRANSLATION

Swarthmore

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ON THE COVER

Truth in Translation, a project of director Michael Lessac '61, is more than a play. The project explores the process of healing after violent civil conflict has torn a society. Here, Robert Koen and Thembi Mtshali act in a production at the Market Theatre in Johannesburg. Photograph by Jeff Barbee/Black Star. Story on page 16.

OPPOSITE

Swarthmore students have to keep a lot of balls in the air—particularly student athletes. Members of the men's soccer team warm up before a night game in October. For more on a strong soccer season for Swarthmore, see page 14. Photograph by Eleftherios Kostans.



Giving seems to be on everyone's mind at this time of year. In church last Sunday, we were asked to make a special contribution to UNICEF. Our minister spoke briefly about the many good works of this international organization and urged us to put an extra check in the offering plate—or, he said, "You can just forget about the IRS and drop in a crisp \$100 bill." For some reason, he always tries to elicit a chuckle from the congregation at offering time—but the need itself is real.

In November, *The New York Times* published a 42-page special section on philanthropy, covering everything from Katrina relief to new models for attacking poverty. It reported that, according to the Council for Aid to Education, colleges and universities received more than \$25 billion in private philanthropy during fiscal 2005. Stanford University led the way with \$604 million—part of a \$4.3 billion campaign goal announced in October.

Swarthmore is now concluding a successful campaign with a much more modest goal of \$230 million. The Meaning of Swarthmore has already had an enormous

the meaning of swarthmore

As a fund-raising campaign, *The Meaning of Swarthmore* is over. But Swarthmore will continue to have meaning in the lives of students and alumni—and in creating a better world.

Vice President for Finance and Treasurer Suzanne Welsh shows that, net of financial aid, revenues from student charges provide just 36 percent of the College's total income. In recent years, the College's endowment has begun to provide a greater proportion of total revenue than tuition, fees, room, and board—up to 43 percent in fiscal 2006.

Another fact: In the same year, again excluding financial aid, the College spent \$73,691 to educate one student. With student charges at \$41,280 and half of all students receiving College scholarships (the average grant was \$22,681), it is clear that Swarthmore's \$1.3 billion endowment is the foundation of its excellence. And where did this significant sum come from? Philanthropy has been its constant source, and careful management over many years has led both to its growth and its continuing ability to provide the highest quality education today and into the future. (Read more about the endowment, investment strategy, and spending policy in Vice President Welsh's report.)

As a fund-raising campaign, *The Meaning of Swarthmore* is over. But Swarthmore will continue to have meaning in the lives of students and alumni; in leading American liberal arts education; and—in ways large and small—in creating a better world. And without a doubt, it will also continue to pass the collection plate.

—Jeffrey Lott

impact on the College's ability to continue to educate the extraordinary kinds of people who are often featured in this magazine. By the campaign's conclusion on Dec. 31, the total amount raised will be well over \$240 million—more than \$30 million of which has come from contributions to the Annual Fund.

On campus, everyone knows that a new campaign for an even larger amount is just over the horizon, but why? After you have read the news, features, and Class Notes in this issue, I urge you to study the report attached to page 9. In this succinct annual statement of the College's financial position,



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HYSTERIA OR MERE MCGUILT?

I wanted to thank Josef Joffe '65 for "America the Ubiquitous" (Sept. *Bulletin*). He has convinced me that they (as in the rest of the world) don't "hate us for our freedom"—it's just that they feel guilty about loving McDonald's so much. Nothing America does can affect this relationship, so the only rational course is to proceed unilaterally.

I also agree that it was perverse when millions of people around the world protested against our war of preemption. Pure hysteria. These America-haters couldn't yet have known that the case for war was based on lies.

But imagine my surprise when I discovered at the end of the article that this moderate, rational voice happens to be a fellow at the Hoover Institute. Could this be another desperate attempt of the neoconservatives to regain their credibility after the disaster(s) that their brief but total political dominance has brought about? No, that's probably just the anti-imperialist in me "find[ing] any proof that justifies [my] prejudice."

WILLIAM WANJOHI '05
Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSIDER THE SOURCE

Josef Joffe's insightful article "America the Ubiquitous" describes a world fearful and envious of—and repelled by—the United States, yet intensely desirous of American culture and artifacts. This disconnect results from a failure to understand the source of the Levis and McDonalds, of the Windows and Macs, of the jazz and light bulbs, and of airplanes and televisions. These artifacts can—and indeed do—spread globally. But like the man fed a fish instead of learning to fish, the continued creation of such cultural icons and the fantastic wealth they represent cannot occur in places where people are not politically, spiritually, and economically free. Unfortunately, this describes much of the world, including many of the regions exhibiting anti-Americanism.

If, as Joffe writes, "Europe—indeed, most of the world—also wants what America has," it should adopt the fundamental things America has: limited government, a bill of rights, the rule of law, sovereignty of the people. Then, it can enjoy all of the

epiphenomena that will result. Infantile envy may be the psychological explanation of anti-Americanism, but it is still a puerile reflex.

Like anti-Semitism and racism, anti-Americanism is an indictment of the hater, not of the object of his hate.

STEVEN ADLER '76
Seattle

THE HUMAN FAMILY

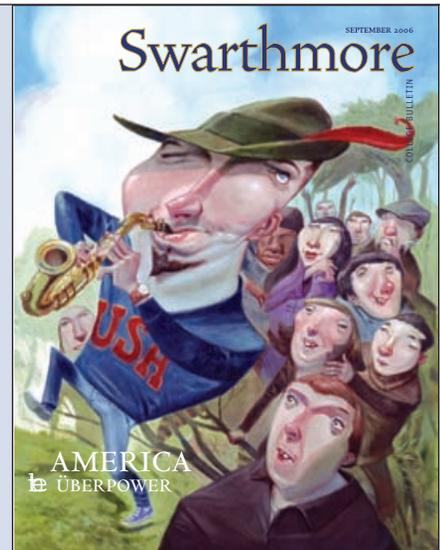
I was touched by Dahlia Wasfi's ['93] account of her reactions to the Iraq wars ("For Now, They Struggle," June 2006 *Bulletin*). I felt much sympathy with her anguish. I was dismayed to learn that there was an outbreak of flag waving and pro-war atmosphere on Swarthmore's campus during the 1990 Gulf War, when Wasfi was a student. One would expect a more thoughtful and perceptive response. It is exasperating that the human family, to which every one of us belongs, cannot learn to resolve its differences nonviolently, and indeed, shows little interest in doing so. Why do we prefer to kill each other?

JUDITH INSKEEP '60
White Plains, N.Y.

THE ESSENCE OF SWARTHMORE

It was good to read that the current Honors Program at Swarthmore pleases many students. ("Life in Honors," September *Bulletin*). But what was described is a very different experience from what I knew in 1950–1952 as a student and again in the late 1970s as a visiting honors examiner.

The essence of Swarthmore blossomed for me in its Honors Program, which was the College's unique contribution to American higher education. President Frank Aydelotte, who created it in 1924, thought of it as a way of breaking what he called the academic lockstep. During our junior and senior years, we studied in small seminars—in my case, with between six and eight students each. Two seminars per semester was the norm. Although Aydelotte had modeled the program on the Oxford tutorial system, he wisely prescribed seminars instead of individual tutorials. They had room for individual expression and development, but within a framework of collaborative effort. We wrote and distributed papers that formed the takeoff point for our discussions. If you managed your



schedule carefully, you would write one paper each week. I wrote more than 50 such essays—all of which were analyzed by my teachers and fellow students.

The separation of grading from teaching was essential to our Honors Program's success. Professors became our senior partners; we studied because we wanted to learn, not to meet any external standard or teachers' expectations. That was the lockstep that Aydelotte broke.

In the 1980s, the Honors Program came under sharp criticism—in part because it was not open to all students, but also because some wanted options the program did not include, such as the study-abroad adventure. I was invited to join a group of faculty members and alumni to evaluate the program. I was a stalwart defender of maintaining honors as it was, while getting rid of its elitist taint by making it available to all who wanted to enter it. This view was rejected and honors was changed to six seminars mixed with four graded courses. I feared this would lead to the eventual gutting of the system. It did. In 1996, Swarthmore honors changed again. Seminars—which would be graded—were reduced to four, mixed with four graded courses.

These reforms effectively ended Aydelotte's dream of breaking the academic lockstep. Swarthmore retains its high ranking among liberal arts colleges—and we still send our annual contributions—but its distinguishing characteristic has been fatally compromised. I sorely regret its loss and treasure even more my own Swarthmore experience.

PAUL GASTON '52
Charlottesville, Va.

CAMPAIGN SURPASSES GOAL

MILLIONS FOR SWARTHMORE'S FUTURE

The most ambitious and successful fund-raising campaign in Swarthmore's history is drawing to a close. After exceeding its \$230 million goal in late September, The Meaning of Swarthmore continued to generate significant contributions, leaving only few of the College's many objectives without full funding and others, such as financial aid funding, well beyond their initial goals. As of Nov. 30—a month before its official conclusion—the 7-year campaign had raised \$241.5 million in gifts and pledges.

In his report to the Board of Managers on Sept. 30, President Alfred H. Bloom called the success of the campaign “a truly historic achievement” for the College. “Swarthmore currently stands among the strongest liberal arts colleges in the country on every variable commonly used to measure institutional qualities and performance,” Bloom said.

Bloom said The Meaning of Swarthmore “has brought alumni, parents, and friends closer to the College, increased their awareness of the financial challenges the College faces—and will continue to face—and built a markedly broader commitment to current and future support.... That broader understanding of the College's financial circumstances and a surer philanthropic commitment reinforce my own great confidence in the College's future.”

The College will not have to wait long for that future to begin. Already, a planning process to assess Swarthmore's next set of long-term priorities is being prepared. A list of short-term needs—some of which will remain from opportunities that presented themselves during the current campaign—includes matching a National Endowment for the Humanities challenge grant for Arabic language instruction; completing endowment funding for the Film and Media Studies Program; and additional dollars for student summer research and internships, financial aid, and the construction of a companion dormitory next to the Alice Paul '05 Residence Hall.

The Meaning of Swarthmore funded 10 new tenure-track and several non-tenure track faculty positions; endowed five new second-semester faculty leaves; provided a full-time coach for each varsity sport; underwrote the additional cost of the revised Honors Program; and helped launch new curricular initiatives in cognitive science, film and media studies, and Islamic studies. Donors created more than 160 new endowed scholarships. In all, nearly \$28 million was added to the College's scholarship endowment, ensuring that Swarthmore will sustain its commitment to need-blind admissions and financial aid.

The Meaning of Swarthmore's impact on the campus includes a \$75 million integrated science center, Alice Paul '05 Residence Hall, major renovations and safety improvements in Parrish Hall, and improvements to athletics facilities. It established the Lang Center for Civic and Social Responsibility, which Bloom described as “the College's central link between rigorous academic training and development of the leadership skills required to shape a more just, democratic, peaceful, and inclusive world.”

Members of the Board created a Pericles Fund to sustain promising student community projects. The campaign also increased support for diversity initiatives within the campus community; expanded the scope and impact of the Career Services Office; enhanced personal development opportunities for the staff; and strengthened student recruitment and College visibility efforts.

There are also intangible benefits from The Meaning of Swarthmore, says Dan West, vice president for alumni and development: “Our development operations have become more sophisticated, more visible, and more effective. We've built up our volunteer network and have made great strides in using technology to communicate with our constituents. Alumni are better informed and more engaged in the life of the College than ever before.

“We've learned that we can compete in the world of big-time fund-raising and that it's OK to talk about it among Swarthmoreans who have traditionally been reticent about this topic. We've learned that we can count on the help of alumni and friends when we forthrightly ask for it.”

—Jeffrey Lott

ANOTHER NOBEL PRIZE— SWARTHMORE'S FIFTH

John Mather '68 of NASA's Goddard Space Flight Center became the fifth Swarthmore alumnus to be awarded a Nobel Prize when it was announced in October that he would share the prize in physics with George Smoot of the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory in California. The two were collaborators on the Cosmic Background Explorer (COBE) orbiting observatory that measured tiny variations in the faint radiation glow that is left over from the early universe. Their discovery supports the big-bang theory and accounts for the formation of galax-



ELEFATHERIOS KOSTANS

A Simple Tribute

Edward Parrish's tombstone was no longer worthy of the name. Sunk low in the Fair Hill Burial Ground, the 1872 marker had seen too many Pennsylvania winters. You could barely make out his name. The pre-eminent pharmacist and abolitionist—and the College's first president—definitely deserved a 21st-century upgrade for his resting place.

The deed was done under an October noonday sun. Sixty people gathered to honor Edward and his wife, Margaret, in a dedication of a sparkling new tombstone. It was as small and simple as the rest of the stones in the wrought iron gated square surrounded

ies and other large-scale structures that populate the universe today. A member of the Nobel physics committee, Per Carlson, called the COBE results “one of the greatest discoveries of the century.”

Mather graduated from Swarthmore with highest honors in physics and received a Ph.D. from Berkeley in 1974, the same year he, Smoot, and others first outlined the COBE in a memo to NASA. “After a couple of years, [they] said it was a good enough idea that we should study it some more,” Mather told the *Bulletin* in 1994. He was appointed to head the design team in 1976, at age 29, and spent the next 16 years on the project. Mather is currently senior project scientist for the James Webb Space Telescope program, which is scheduled to put a 6.5-meter telescope a million miles into outer space in 2013.



John Mather '68 shared the prize in physics for mapping cosmic background radiation.

Mather joins four other Swarthmoreans who have won Nobel Prizes—all since 1972. Edward “Chris” Prescott '62 shared the 2004 Nobel Prize for economic science with his longtime collaborator Norwegian-born

economist Finn Kydland for their work on understanding the causes of business cycles. Howard Temin '55 and David Baltimore '60 shared the 1975 prize in medicine with Renato Dulbecco for their discoveries concerning the interaction between tumor viruses and the genetic material of the cell. Christian Anfinsen Jr. '37 won the 1972 prize in chemistry for his work on ribonuclease.

A detailed description of the COBE project and Mather's involvement is linked to the Web version of this article at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin. To see how Swarthmore compares with other undergraduate institutions in the production of Nobelists, go to http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nobel_Prize_laureates_by_university_affiliation. The answer? Very well indeed.

—Jeffrey Lott

by North Philadelphia row houses.

The collection included Swarthmore alumni, local schoolchildren, and members of the Historic Fair Hill coalition, which has slowly restored the historic Quaker burial ground. Paul Mangelsdorf '49, Morris L. Clothier Professor Emeritus of Physics; Mary Burnside Mangelsdorf '48; Nancy Fitts Donaldson '46; Peter Warrington '69; and Jean Murdock Warrington '72 participated in a morning cleanup and bulb planting before the ceremony. Warrington said she was so struck by the historic site in the beleaguered neighborhood that she joined the volunteer group a few years ago. Historian Margaret Hope Bacon, who instigated the new Parrish marker, witnessed the moment that a contribution from the College helped make possible.

Like his namesake building on the campus some 27 miles away, Parrish had a strong, steady character. He spent the Civil War years as the lead organizer and fundraiser for the College, using his pharmacy as the subscription office. The College was chartered in 1864, when the nation was falling apart—a curious fact, but abolitionists had some free time then. Parrish, who packed much into his 50 years, championed other radical causes, like co-education and the humane treatment of American Indians.

Parrish served as president of Swarthmore from 1865 until 1871, but he received a rude parting rather than a note of thanks

for all that he had done. In a larger sense, Parrish's name was rehabilitated at Fair Hill that day in a thoughtful address by Dan West, the College's vice president for alumni and development.

The story seldom told about the founding president is that Parrish quit in sadness after a conflict over “benevolent discipline,” when faculty member—and next president—Edward Magill expelled a student unilaterally and received the support of the Board of Managers for his action.

Standing by Parrish's earthly remains, West offered an apology across the ages: “I side with Parrish.... He was so far ahead of his time it cost him his job at the College, but it is clear he was right, and the College should be very proud of its founder.” (West's complete remarks are linked to the Web version of this article at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin.)

The Parrishes rest among 3,000 Friends beneath shade trees at 19th-century Fair Hill. There's nothing grand about it—except the lives the dead led. Lucretia and James Mott, fellow College founders with Parrish, are buried nearby. They were leading lights in the anti-slavery and women's rights movement. Fittingly, the Motts' great-great-grandson, Ed Jordan of Kennett Square, Pa., came to pay respect to the Parrishes.

Outside the gates is an extraordinary social work in progress, which Parrish and

his peers would have embraced. A turnaround has finally come to this downtrodden part of Philadelphia. Once called “the Badlands,” the neighborhood is cleaner, brighter, and safer than it was 6 or 7 years ago—an improvement that tracks the Historic Fair Hill Coalition's presence. Even so, nine out of 10 children at the Fair Hill Elementary School live in poverty, principal Ed Koch told the group. But the cemetery project is a signal that some cared about the trash-strewn heart of the city neighborhood. As the Quaker spirits across the street knew, social change never comes easily. Patience matters.

“Nothing happened quickly,” Signe Wilkinson, a Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial cartoonist and a force in the Fair Hill movement, said after the dedication. “In 15 years, we've gone from over-the-head weeds and drug dealers to neighborhood kids who run, play, and plant vegetables here.” The next step, she said, is creating an endowment.

Something was in the air. Leaving with a last look at the stones, witnesses saw several old Swarthmore names that grace campus buildings. Fair Hill felt like a posthumous College reunion, with Edward Parrish now in his proper place.

Visit www.fairhillburial.org for more on the Quaker presence in North Philadelphia.

—Jamie Elizabeth Stiehm '82
Stiehm is a writer and reporter for the Baltimore Sun



KRISTIN LEITZEL

This fall, 16 first-year students began their Swarthmore experience in the mountains of north-central Pennsylvania. For 4 days and 3 nights in late August, they slept in tents, eschewed showers, and hiked the 30-mile West Rim Trail along the edge of Pennsylvania's Grand Canyon. Two groups of students hiked toward each other from opposite ends of the trail. At the halfway point, they celebrated with a bonfire.

The new pre-orientation program, named the Swarthmore Wilderness Action Trip, was coordinated by Phil Katz '07 and led by Kristin Leitzel '07, Elizabeth Richey '07, Ben Plotkin-Swing '09, and Armando Leon '09. Participants declared the excursion a resoundingly successful bonding experience, and plans are afoot to increase the group's size from 16 to 48 participants next year.

KUDOS FOR KUHARSKI

In October, Associate Professor of Theater Allen Kuharski spent a week as the guest of the Polish Ministry of Culture and the National Theater in Poland, where he was honored with the 2006 Stanislaw Ignacy Witkiewicz Award from the Polish Chapter of the International Theatre Institute-UNESCO in Warsaw. The award, which includes a diploma and a sculpture by a contemporary Polish artist, recognizes Kuharski's accomplishments in raising awareness of Polish theatrical culture around the world.

The award is "also very much a recognition of the support I have received from the College for my work related to Poland over the years in the form of sabbatical leave support, the Polish Program, and various Cooper grants," Kuharski says.

—Carol Brévert-Demm

Faith and the Farm

Although not from a farming family himself, Keefe Keeley '06, a biology major and environmental studies minor, grew up around Wisconsin farms and farmers. He is currently traveling the world, befriending farmers in the United Kingdom, Zambia, New Zealand, and Sri Lanka. Joining them in their farm work and in their spiritual expressions, he hopes to understand the role of their religions in making daily farming decisions. His travels are supported by a Watson Fellowship.

Following is an excerpt from Keeley's Web journal, all of which is posted at keefekeeley.blogspot.com.

My trip began at 4 a.m. on July 31, when my mom drove me to Josh and Noah's, friends from high school who have an organic vegetable farm a couple of miles up the valley.

They were headed that morning to Madison, Wis., for the farmer's market, conveniently near to the bus stop to Chicago, where I could catch the plane to England.

After a much too brief departure from my mom, I was rolling eastward between Josh and Noah, hurrying the sunrise, headed for the world via the Madison farmer's market.

Since then, I have been to or through something like seven churches, six grocery stores, five different sleeping arrangements, four museums, three farmer's markets, two farms, and one biodome complex. The churches have ranged from St. Paul's Cathedral, with an organ and a full choir, to Pentecostals assembled in a park with a couple guitars; the grocery stores from Planet Organic to Tesco Metro Supermarket; sleeping arrangements from a \$120 a night hotel in Notting Hill to under the stars with waves crashing 30 ft. directly below me. Telling people I'm studying farming and reli-



COURTESY OF KEEFE KEELEY

DINOSAURS GALORE

Most of the world's dinosaurs have yet to be discovered, and, according to historic trends, three-quarters of them will be unearthed in the next 60 to 100 years, say Steve Wang, assistant professor of statistics at the College, and Peter Dodson, professor of anatomy and geology at the University of Pennsylvania, in a recent collaborative study.

Wang and Dodson combined a database of known dinosaur diversity and a statistical method to account for the incompleteness of the fossil record.

"Our work quantifies what we can learn from the dinosaur fossil record," Wang says. "For example, how does our knowledge of dinosaurs compare to that of other fossil groups, such as primates or other mammals? And the big question: What does the fossil record tell us about why dinosaurs went extinct?"

"Paleontologists have long debated whether dinosaurs were killed off at their peak by an asteroid impact or whether they were already in decline when the asteroid hit. Our analysis found no evidence for a decline in diversity in the last 5 million years of their reign—a finding that supports the asteroid impact theory of extinction," he says.

Their estimation of at least 1,850 dinosaur genera is, they say, at the low end because some dinosaurs may have left no fossil evidence and will therefore never be discovered.

The study, which has received worldwide attention, was published in September in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences—U.S.A.*

—Alisa Giardinelli and Carol Brévar-Demm

A Swarthmore statistician says that most of the world's dinosaur fossils are still undiscovered.



FEDERICO AM/AM/ISTOCKPHOTO.COM

gion, I have received replies ranging from, "Oh, I think there's definitely a connection," to "Oh, how bizarre."

One of the most interesting places I've been so far was the St. Winnow Barton Farm Museum, at the end of a lane so narrow I could barely fit my small rental car between the 12-foot-high hedgerows. The museum was an old barn packed with plows, tractors, scythes, and all sorts of farming equipment from the last 200 years.

The barn sat a couple hundred yards from an old stone church, St. Winnow's Parish, built in the 12th century. Inside the church, I read a memorial about Robert

Driving through England, Keefe Keeley navigated lanes so narrow he could barely fit his small car between the high hedgerows.

Walker, a vicar of the church in the 19th century who also ran a farm adjacent to the church. I mentioned this to a kind, middle-aged lady who was selling burgers at a little stand next to the barn. She introduced me to her mother-in-law, Frances, who happened to be the warden of the church and invited me to her bungalow just 40 yards up the hill.

Frances was a lovely and sharp elderly lady who took neat notes as she asked me about myself and my interest in Robert Walker. As I explained the nature of my study, she became visibly pleased because, she told me, Robert Walker was a truly extraordinary man who was perfect for my studies. He had purchased the farm adjacent to the church so that he could perform agricultural experiments, intending to improve the livelihood of his parishioners, many of whom were poor and struggling farmers. He had tested eight different methods for

planting wheat, manipulating the plowing regime and the density of seed sown and calculating the profit margin for each strategy. He found that the most popular method used was among the least profitable of those in his study, in part because yields were actually higher when a lower density of seeds were sown. Ah, the knack of science for exposing the counter-intuitive.

I wonder also about the knack of religion for leading this man down this path. He was an Oxford educated man, active in politics, adept in science, and yet he came to this parish and served the poor farm families there as their vicar, advisor, and advocate. I do not know if going from success at Oxford to rural Cornwall seemed like a counter-intuitive path to Robert Walker's family and friends, but it might seem so to us today. If only I could have a moment to chat with him....

—Keefe Keeley



ELEFTERIOS KOSTANS

NONVIOLENT RESPONSE TO TERRORISM

Communication, negotiation, and compassion were key themes in a panel discussion titled “Nonviolent Response to Terrorism” on Sept. 11. On the fifth anniversary of the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, the event attracted so many students, faculty members, and local residents to Kohlberg Hall’s Scheuer Room that many sat on the floor, propped themselves against walls, or squeezed into the doorways.

The event featured Tom Hastings, director of peace and nonviolent studies at the University of Portland; George Lakey (*above*), Eugene M. Lang Visiting Professor for Issues of Social Change and

founder and executive director of Training for Change; and Lynne Steuerle Schofield ’99, whose mother, Norma Lang Steuerle, was a passenger on the plane that crashed into the Pentagon. She and her family have since founded the organization Our Voices Together, aiming to build a safer, more compassionate world.

Hastings reminded the audience that the event also marked the centennial of Mohandas Gandhi’s first nonviolent opposition to British colonial rule. He emphasized the U.S. position in the world as one of tremendous power that should be used carefully. “With more than 800 military bases in more than 140 countries, we have enormous responsibility,” he said. Asserting that the war in Iraq is resulting in only pain and suffering for Iraqi citizens, he stressed the need for communication and negotiation and criticized the Bush administration for refusing to negotiate with terrorists. “We should always negotiate with terrorists,” he said, suggesting the use of the term “negotiating opponents” rather than “terrorists.”

“Most terrorism is used by leaders against their own people. We have to include leaders when we talk about terrorism,” he said, explaining that radical behavior will diminish if the reasons for it are removed. Also included in Hastings’ approach to nonviolent conflict resolution were the use of “smart sanctions,” massive relief for poor nations to bring about changes in societal norms and values, cultural and economic exchanges, and peace and nonviolence education everywhere.”

Lakey challenged the perception that “we are people doing our righteous thing, and then we get attacked for no reason.” If, as U.S. popular opinion suggests, Osama Bin Laden hates freedom, why does he then not attack countries like Sweden or Canada, he asked.

Some of the behaviors of the United States—displaying “the arrogance of power” by acting unilaterally—are highly dangerous. The country could be safer without sacrificing its values, Lakey said, stressing the need to forge links with other powers—even those intent on harming us. Actions such as signing the 1997 Kyoto Agreement on Climate Change and joining the International Crimi-

NEGOTIATION AND COLLABORATION

“Pragmatism works so much better than righteousness,” says George Lakey, Eugene M. Lang Visiting Professor for Issues of Social Change.

Following are six ideas that he says “are consistent with deeply held values in the United States—including pragmatism!” Ironically, they may appear, currently, to be out-of-the-box thinking—a consequence of America’s political isolation. “Only when we break out of our bubble of illusions,”

Lakey says, “will we stop inviting attacks representing, sadly, a rising ground-swell of world opinion.”

1 Don’t do occupations. The evidence is clear. Military control of one nation by another is the primary stimulus of terrorist campaigns.

2. Increase collaboration of police forces to catch terrorists. Military-style responses to terrorism are like brain surgery with a hatchet. Police work is a more precise instrument,

although it requires more collaboration, which leads to steps 3 and 4.

3. Strengthen the infrastructure of the global community as rapidly as possible to support diplomatic efforts on all levels. Adopt the Kyoto Treaty, International Criminal Court, Landmine Treaty, Conventions on the Rights of the Child. Strengthen the United Nations. Use the resulting infrastructure to address the danger posed by failed states.

NOT ISOLATION

9/11 ANNIVERSARY

nal Court would also protect us, he said. He used the analogy that today's world is like life in a small town; the more people we know, the safer we are, and the more likely we will be to expose the wrongdoers. We have to give up arrogance and replace it with other forms of self-esteem and return the United States to what we want it to be. Instead of focusing on blame, we should assess how we can change ourselves, he said.

Steuerle recounted the stories of some of the survivors of those killed on Sept. 11. She referred to them as "ordinary people taking extraordinary actions." Responding with compassion instead of anger, many have reached out to women and children in Afghanistan who have also lost loved ones in the war there.

On Sept. 14, Steuerle hosted a discussion "But What Can I do? Nonviolent Responses to Terrorism," telling the audience that the question is as relevant today as it was 5 years ago.

The goal of Our Voices Together—a nonprofit, nonpartisan organization founded by the Steuerle family, who launched it with half of the \$2 million they received from the Victim Compensation Fund—is "to empower each of us through our collective strength to help build a more secure, more compassionate world."

Schofield explained that members—those who have lost loved ones to terrorism—"do not believe that fighting terrorism should only be in the government and military's hands. We are creating a network of individuals and groups that does good in the United States and throughout the world."

She was particularly interested in communicating to students the many ways they can engage in service to the world community—volunteer abroad, be or host an exchange student, write an article for the local newspaper about addressing terrorism through global engagement, or engage in an interfaith service project.

For more information on Our Voices Together visit the Web site www.ourvoicestogether.org.

—Susan Cousins Breen
and Carol Brévert-Demm

4. Develop collaborative international programs with populations especially vulnerable to terrorist propaganda—

around economics, education, health, and other failing systems. Deflate the image of the United States as a unilateralist bully through actual collaborative programs that meet people's needs.

5. Connect with the leaders and institutions providing the "sea" in which the terrorist "fish" swim. Meet their legiti-

mate interests in ways that motivate them to reduce their support for or acquiescence to violence. Create positive incentives to encourage the terrorists to use nonviolent alternatives in their struggles.

6. Negotiate. Take a complex view of the grievances—including what is not said—and bargain as equals. Each has something the other needs.

A NEED FOR MORE THOUGHTFUL DIPLOMACY

The current U.S. administration has allowed "the whole notion of international law to be weakened to such an extent that it has much less clout in persuading countries to do the right thing," said 20-year foreign-service veteran John Brady Kiesling '79, speaking to a large audience in the Lang Performing Arts Center in September. He was on campus to talk about his recently published book *Diplomacy Lessons: Realism for an Unloved Superpower* (Potomac Books, 2006).

Kiesling, who resigned publicly in 2003 as political counselor for the U.S. embassy in Athens to protest the Bush administration's decision to invade Iraq, stressed the urgent need for diplomatic solutions to crises on a planet that is becoming increasingly crowded.

"People should know more about their world," he said. "One of the goals of this book is to allow the ordinary, thoughtful reader to judge when the rhetoric of his or her politicians is completely nonsensical."

As representatives of their countries overseas, Kiesling said, diplomats are expected to become well acquainted with foreign populations, their cultures, and their values, so that they are able to facilitate U.S. negotiations with the foreign powers.

"Diplomacy means giving the foreign power something it wants, so that it will give you what you want," he said, adding that diplomacy is also cheaper than military force. He stressed the benefits of international law and the United Nations as "excuses for politicians to do the right thing."

Kiesling explained that one of the main tasks of a diplomat is "to warn the United States when something bad is going to happen to its foreign policy." During the build-up to the Iraq War, which he describes as the "biggest mistake since Vietnam," he was in Athens. After a United Nations resolution failed to avert the war, he decided to warn the public about an impending catastrophe that he thought was still avoidable at the time. "I am resigning because I have tried and failed to reconcile my conscience with my ability to represent the current U.S. Administration," he wrote in the letter of resignation that appeared in *The New York Times*.

As its reputation in the world diminishes, the United States is "losing in the world economic competition," Kiesling said. Terrorism is not the greatest threat to the power of the United States, he said. "We are not in any particular danger. We're far away, with two weak and friendly neighbors," he said, adding that the balance of global power will be altered less by terrorist attacks than by climate change and population pressure on a planet with limited resources.

—Carol Brévert-Demm



BILL BELANGER '06

Brady Kiesling resigned from the State Department in 2003 to protest the Iraq policy.

College Affirms Early-Decision Policy

In the wake of Harvard University's September announcement that it would end its early action admissions program, Swarthmore Dean of Admissions and Financial Aid Jim Bock '90 received many questions from reporters and members of the Swarthmore community. Would the College follow suit, as Princeton University and some other schools have done?

After re-examining Swarthmore's policies, Bock told the Board of Managers in September that Swarthmore would continue

tion on April 1.

Bock addressed common objections to early admissions in a point-by-point presentation to the Board:

Does early decision limit the number of underrepresented students? Bock confirmed that "most of those who apply early have the financial, educational, and emotional resources to begin the college search early." This makes the early applicant pool "more homogeneous" in that "a slightly smaller portion of it applies for aid and fewer are minority, come from homes where the primary language is other than English, or where the applicant is the first generation to attend college." But, unlike some schools, Swarthmore limits its number of early acceptances to fewer than 20 percent of all acceptances. "We 'save' more than 80 percent for regular decision because of the quality, depth, and diversity of students who will apply in the regular pool."

Is there a disadvantage to students who need financial aid? The difference in the percentage of students applying for financial aid during early decision and those in the regular pool "was not statistically significant this year and remains inconsistent from year to year," Bock said. The average need of students in both groups is quite similar.

Are students applying for financial aid at a disadvantage because they are not able to compare financial aid awards? Although students admitted early to Swarthmore are expected to commit to attending the College, early decision is not a legally binding contract. "No school forces a student to attend if he or she is not able to afford the cost of attendance," Bock said. "We lose one or two students a year—and almost all matriculate at schools that offer merit awards."

Swarthmore's scholarship aid is the same for all matriculants and guarantees to meet each family's full demonstrated need. In the Class of 2010, 49 percent of students receive aid, with an average award of \$30,475. (Tuition, room, board, and fees for 2006–2007 total \$43,532.)

Is Swarthmore aggravating the admissions "feeding frenzy" with early decision? Fewer than 10 percent of applicants go the early route. "Very few students apply to Swarthmore on a whim," Bock said, "and even

fewer apply early on a whim." The College offers two deadlines to allow prospective students to make more informed decisions, Bock said. "We are offering students the opportunity to make Swarthmore a clear first choice."

"Swarthmore has never been more accessible or more affordable to the most qualified and neediest of students," Bock told the Board. "The College has never been more diverse—racially or educationally—and this is *with* a binding early decision program." Doing away with early decision could "potentially lead to more frenzy in the admissions process," Bock said. It would also "limit the ability of the Admissions Office to shape a class to meet our institutional goals and fulfill our mission. Without early programs, there would be even more applications, longer waiting lists, and the composition of our entering class might not be set until August. This would create more stress for students, families, and colleges alike."

—Jeffrey Lott

EARLY BIRDS

Early Admissions: A student enters college early, after 3 years of high school

Early Action: A student applies to one or more colleges early and receives a decision early but does not have to commit until May 1. Typically, a student may apply to as many schools as he or she wishes, early action or regular admission.

Single-Choice Early Action: A student applies to just one school early and is notified early but does not have to commit until May 1. The student still has the freedom to apply elsewhere for regular admission. Also known as non-binding early decision. (Harvard, Stanford, and Yale all have this).

Early Decision: A binding, single-choice program. If admitted—and assuming the student can afford the cost of attendance—he or she must withdraw all other applications. (This is Swarthmore's policy.)

its binding early decision program. After explaining the differences among several "early" plans (see box), he said, "I believe that early programs are not inherently bad."

Swarthmore has offered two rounds of early decision since 1976. Currently, there is a Nov. 15 application deadline with notification on Dec. 15 and a Jan. 2 application date with notification on Feb. 15. Regular applications are also due on Jan. 2, with notifica-

More Transfer Students Admitted

Sixteen transfer students enrolled at Swarthmore this fall, a number that represents a shift in how the Admissions Office is thinking about transfers.

Dean of Admissions Jim Bock '90 explains: "Historically, we have taken very few transfers—we did it based on availability of beds." But the number of accepted transfer applicants who actually enroll is tricky to predict. If the College wants just three or four transfers, it has to reject most transfer applicants in order to avoid over-enrollment. Instead of eliminating the transfer process, Swarthmore is making it more robust, aiming to enroll 10 to 15 transfer students each year. Bock describes this number as a "critical mass—it creates a community for people who have gone through a similar experience."

Swarthmore had 174 transfer applicants this year and admitted 30, making transfer admissions about as selective as



A VIBRANT OCCASION OF IMMENSE HAPPINESS AND ECSTASY

This untitled work by first-year student Claudia Seixas was just one of the art works displayed in a student-run Back to School exhibit in the Kaori Kitao Gallery from Sept. 15 to 19.

Depicting a Native American tribal dance, the 36-by-36-inch acrylic painting on canvas was created in June. "It's loosely based on images and primary sources of tribal rituals I encountered while doing research for a final paper during my senior year of high school," Seixas says. "I started with the idea of creating an illusion of another world. I wanted to portray a momentous and vibrant occasion of immense happiness and ecstasy, which I tried to express through the use of motion and color. As the painting progressed, I loosened up my stroke, which I think added to its sense of movement. Although I tend to spend a long time on my paintings, my goal for this one was to complete it quickly yet passionately. It took me a little more than a week."

freshman admissions, instead of "nearly impossible" as it was a few years ago.

Susan Willis '09 and Laura Post '09, roommates, are transfer students. Willis decided on Swarthmore because she wanted more of a liberal arts experience than she was getting at science-and-math-heavy Harvey Mudd College, and she's happy with her decision so far. "The classes I'm

taking outside of engineering are wonderful, and it's great to have those options," she says. Post had a difficult freshman year and applied for transfer while still keeping an open mind about Kenyon College. Ultimately, Swarthmore was better for her interests in Asian Studies and Chinese. Post says that, although it can be difficult to meet other sophomores, "I really like the people here, and it's fun to have a transfer community."

Less typical was Dominica Bernardo's ['08] route to Swarthmore. She graduated high school as a junior and entered Berkshire Community College in Massachusetts. When she was three or four courses shy of completing an associates degree, circumstances forced her to spend the next 8 years working. "It was always a matter of when I would go back to school, not whether I would go back," she says. In spring 2005, she decided she had postponed college long enough. She received an associates

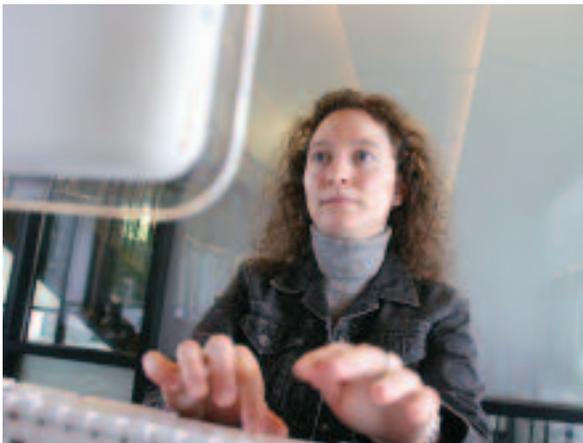
degree last year while applying to a variety of schools where she could continue her education.

"Swarthmore is a more welcoming place than most schools of its caliber," says Bernardo, who lives in Media, Pa. "I definitely believe that I made a good decision. I knew I was pretty much going to be the only nontraditional student, but Swarthmore offered the best education and was the best fit in terms of overall philosophy."

Bernardo would like to see more outreach to community college students. "There are people in community colleges who meet Swarthmore's standards but aren't thinking places like this are a realistic option for them."

This year, the College is taking its first steps toward an initiative to reframe that perception. Each admissions dean is visiting at least one community college in his or her territory. "Students at 4-year colleges of a similar caliber to Swarthmore might know us or be able to find us," says Bock, "but people at community colleges might not even know we exist." The College would also like to enroll more students from 2-year colleges.

—Lauren Stokes '09



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Domenica Bernardo '08 transferred to Swarthmore this year from a Massachusetts community college. Swarthmore is initiating more outreach to community and 2-year colleges.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SUCCEED

Instead of waking up to the hustle and bustle of New York City, Kyle Ford now opens his eyes to see lush green trees and the sassy Swarthmore squirrels that inhabit them. A junior at nearby Strath Haven High School, Ford has been awarded a unique opportunity—a better chance, one might say—to leave one family and home only to gain another while getting the high school education he deserves.

Founded in 1963, Project ABC: A Better Chance was developed with the goal of providing qualified minority students from distressed school districts with a high quality education in 23 independent college preparatory schools. However, once the extent of need for such a program became clear, the organization grew into a network that included dozens of top-notch public schools as well. One of these new programs was A Better Chance (ABC) Strath Haven, which celebrated its 30th anniversary in May.

Students admitted into ABC Strath Haven live in two houses—one for each gender—run by resident directors and staffed with residential tutors. Each of the teenagers is required to attend daily 2-hour group study-hall sessions. Each also has specific chores they must complete in their respective houses.

According to Kelly Hines '01, a fourth-grade teacher who served as both a girls' house resident director and boys' house resident tutor, and her fiancé Ansa Yiadom '02, who tutored at the girls' house for 2 years, the benefits of ABC Strath Haven are not purely academic. "The program serves as a vehicle to enable young, talented minorities to step out of their environment and get the opportunity to succeed," Yiadom says, adding that much of Project ABC's impact has to do with the new surroundings created by those working most intimately with the students.

All the adults involved in the ABC Strath Haven program work on a volunteer basis. Some, like Yiadom and current Boys House Resident Director Andy Rieger '91, even started as residential tutors

(living in either the boys or girls house) while still enrolled as full-time Swarthmore students. Yiadom and Rieger currently work as a category manager at Wyeth Pharmaceuticals and a director of technology at the United Health Group, respectively. Yet, despite their busy schedules, these dedicated individuals want nothing more than to watch their students succeed.

"We were supported by people with a vested interest in us," former residential tutor and ABC Strath Haven alumna Desiree Peterkin '00 says of the program's merits. "It was the first time I understood that a quality education wasn't something extra, but a guarantee needed to get somewhere in life." Peterkin, who after Swarthmore earned a master's degree in public policy from Baruch College's School of Public Affairs, is currently communications director for the mayor's office in the City of Newark, N.J.

—Lena Wong '10



COURTESY OF THE RIEGERS

Boys House Resident Director Andy Rieger spends a pleasant moment with Strath Haven sophomore Ramin Pena, whose home is in Brooklyn, N.Y.

SIX NEW MANAGERS

In September, six new members joined the College's Board of Managers:

Smitha Arekapudi '99, a young alumni manager, is a full-time student at Vanderbilt University School of Medicine. She graduated from Swarthmore with honors and earned an Sc.M. from the Harvard University School of Public Health. Since 2000, she has served as a class agent.

Janet Dickerson, a term

manager, joined the Princeton University community in 2000 as vice president for campus life. Her career in higher education administration includes 15 years at Swarthmore, as associate dean and director of academic support programs from 1976 to 1981 and dean of the College from 1981 to 1991.

Eugénie Gentry '77, an alumni manager, is director of development for the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies. She served as a class agent for 15 years and a member of her class' 25th reunion committee.

Bruce Jay Gould '54, an alumni manager, is a retired cardiologist. In private practice from 1968 to 1990, he taught medicine at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and at two Florida hospitals. He received the College's Joseph B. Shane Alumni Service Award in 2004.

Julie Lange Hall '55, a term manager, served as head of the North Shore Country Day School, a co-ed college preparatory school in Winnetka, Ill., from 1992 to 2000. Following Board service from 1993 to 2005, she returns after a hiatus

of 1 year. Further College volunteer activities include service as a class agent and a member of Alumni Council.

Sibella Clark Pedder '64, a term manager, has been a pro bono counselor since 1993 for the C&J Clark Shareholder Council in the United Kingdom. A resident of the United Kingdom, her community activities include service as a swim club teacher, coach, and administrator; and she is a founding member of Portsmouth Swimming Trust, a charity to assist local, disadvantaged young swimmers.

—Carol Brévert-Demm



Who Killed Gwendolyn Swabbe?

On a blustery autumn night, guests from all corners of campus were ushered into the comfort of a warm room and served hors d'oeuvres including fresh fruits, rich cheeses, and toasted crackers—a fitting welcome to Gwendolyn Swabbe's Mary Lyon Manor, a place of fine dining and frivolity, jewels and jealousy, mystery and—could this really be?—murder.

Residents of Mary Lyon were hosting a Murder Mystery Dinner Theatre instead of their traditional Halloween party. With a script written by Scott Storm '08, Diana Pozo '09, James Robinson '10, and Erin Martell '08, a cast of nine hosted about 100 people in the dorm's breakfast room for a Halloween event unlike any other the campus has ever witnessed.

As character Gwendolyn Swabbe, CEO and president of the multimillion-dollar Cotton Swabbe Company, proposed a toast to her audience and was in the process of naming the new heir to her empire, she unexpectedly launched into a fit of screams and convulsions. She was pronounced dead minutes later. Chaos ensued amongst the nine potential heirs, and soon, audience members were plunged into a full-fledged whodunit.

The original cast members were all residents of Mary Lyon except for one, Associ-

Learning at the last minute that she would be taking over the role of Gwendolyn Swabbe, Liz Derickson, unfazed, said: "I was already coming. It was just a matter of putting on my ball gown and jewels."

ate Dean of Residential Life Myrt Westphal, who was slated to play Gwendolyn Swabbe. However, on the day of the production, Westphal was unable to perform due to last-minute familial obligations. Still, as they say in the business, "The show must go on." And it did, with the last minute addition of Housing Coordinator Liz Derickson '01 standing in for Westphal.

Over crepes with ricotta cheese and spinach, spaghetti with marinara sauce, and a choice of four homemade pies, dinner guests observed the nuances of each character and participated in a question-and-answer session. Then, they voted for their choices of potential "murderer." Was it Michigan Jones, Indiana Jones' flamboyantly gay cousin, or perhaps the zany soothsayer who shouted random prophecies? The truth is, we'll never really know. Instead of providing a definitive ending, the cast performed three separate possible conclusions to the mystery.

With bellies full and minds reeling, guests departed to the sounds of Gloria Gaynor singing: "Go on now, go walk out the door, just turn around now, 'cause you're not welcome anymore." At least, until the next time.

—Lena Wong '10

Ville proposal moves forward

On Oct. 25, the Swarthmore Borough Planning and Zoning Committee recommended a new zoning ordinance that would allow a mixed-use residential and retail project in the center of Swarthmore. The proposed complex could have 25 hotel rooms and 55 apartment units, plus retail space. It would be built on land leased by the College along Chester Road (Rt. 320) near the Swarthmore railroad station.

"The size of the proposed hotel has been a question throughout the process," says Stuart Hain, the College's associate vice president for facilities and services. "In order to have a restaurant that serves alcohol, the hotel must have a minimum of 16 rooms, but we have been considering a wide variety of options."

According to Hain, the impact on the College's athletic fields would be minimal: "We would move the women's softball field over near Pittinger Hall, but it would still be a 'barn field,' easily accessible from the locker rooms in the field house."

He stresses that planning for the project is "still highly preliminary." No developer has been selected for the project, and questions remain about highway and railroad rights of way.

"We're still a long way from moving any dirt," Hain says.

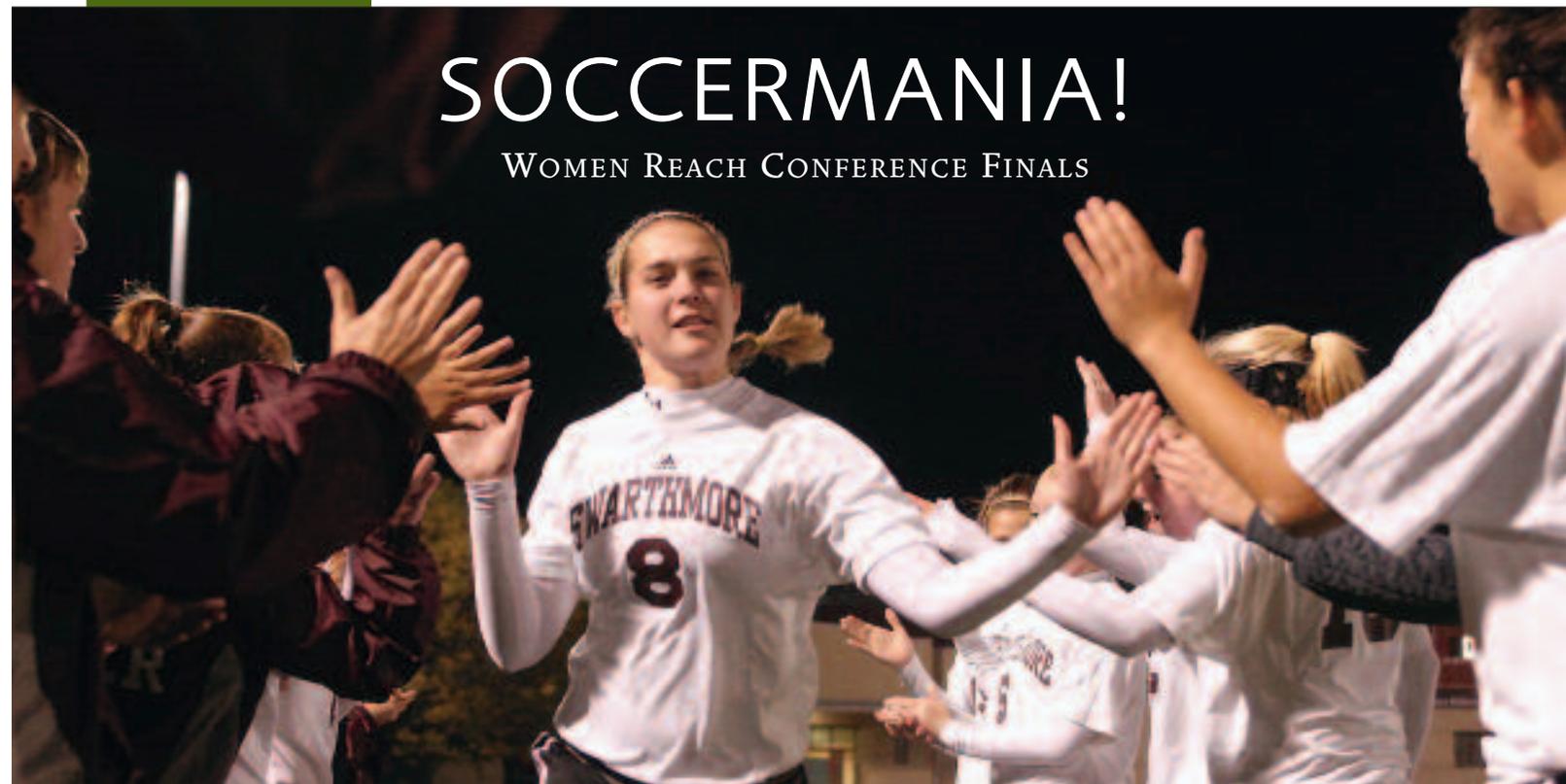
—Jeffrey Lott, with additional reporting by Andrew Quinton '08, The Daily Gazette

Below: A Dunkin' Donuts/Baskin-Robbins franchise has opened in the Ville, occupying the former Michael's Pharmacy. Plans are afoot to build an inn and apartments on College property across Chester Road.



SOCCERMANIA!

WOMEN REACH CONFERENCE FINALS



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Strong performances by Swarthmore's soccer squads led a fall season in which all but one of the College's varsity teams had winning seasons—and there were several outstanding individual performances in cross country.

Women's Soccer (15-5-1, 7-3) Second-year head coach Todd Ancakaitis and the Garnet women put together the best season in Swarthmore history. The team broke school records for wins (15) and CC wins (7) in a season. Garnet defender Caitlin Mullarkey '09, forward Katie Kanuka '10, goalie Lauren Walker '09, and midfielder Maggie DeLorme '10 were named All-Centennial as the team qualified for its first-ever Centennial Championship match and claimed its first-ever E.C.A.C. Tournament victory. Mullarkey was named to the first team for the second consecutive year, becoming the first Swarthmore soccer player to accomplish this feat. Her blazing speed on the backline led the Garnet to a conference-high 10 shutouts. Kanuka, also named to the first team, led the conference in goals (16), points (35), and game-winning goals (9). Despite a hand injury that sidelined her for 4 weeks, Walker posted a 10-1-1 record with a conference-leading .893 save percentage. DeLorme was a much-needed force for the Garnet at midfield, tying for the CC lead with five assists.

Men's Soccer (12-5-2, 6-3) Midfielder Patrick Christmas '08, defender Brendan Grady '08, and forward Stu Leon '09 were named All-Centennial as the Garnet made the CC playoffs and the E.C.A.C. Tournament for the third consecutive season. Christmas, the team captain, was named first-team All-CC for his solid defensive play in the midfield as well as his strength and technical ability in the attack. Grady, also a captain, spearheaded a defensive that posted eight shutouts over the course of the year, including a span of four shutouts in a row in October. Leon, named to the second team, had 11 points (5 goals, 1 assist), tying for the team lead with midfielder Yoi Tibbetts '09. This year's record gives the Swarthmore men three

Above: During a 7-game winning streak that propelled them to the conference championship game, members of the women's soccer team take the field for a night game against McDaniel. Repeat champion Johns Hopkins ended Swarthmore's streak, beating the Garnet 1-0 in the conference finals.

Right: Nyika Corbett '10 lengthens her stride to pass Kaitlyn Tallman of Villanova at the Main Line Invitational. Corbett ran 59th overall and 3rd among Centennial Conference competitors in the NCAA Division III nationals

Below: Swarthmore forward Lindsay Roth '07 scored the first goal against Franklin & Marshall on Senior Day, giving her a career-best five goals for the season.



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

straight seasons with 10 or more victories—for the first time since 1993–1995.

Women's Cross Country (fifth at CC Championship) The youth on the Swarthmore women's cross country squad led the way this season, helping secure a sixth-place finish at the 2006 NCAA Mid-East Regional Championship on Nov. 11. Nyika Corbett '10 qualified for the Division III National Championship meet with a 12th-place finish at the Mid-East Regionals, followed closely by Emma Stanley '09 in 13th place and fellow freshman Erin Ronhovde in 19th place. All three women were named All-Region while Corbett and Ronhovde were selected for the Mid-East Region All-Freshman team. The Garnet finished fifth in the CC Championships, with Corbett and Stanley paving the way in 6th and 10th place, respectively. Corbett was named to the All-Centennial first team, and Stanley took second team honors—her second consecutive all-conference selection.

Men's Cross Country (fourth at CC Championship) The Garnet harriers ran ninth at the 2006 NCAA Mid-East Regional Cross Country Championships on Nov. 11. Erik Saka '09 ran to a 34th place finish in a field of 260 runners with a time of 27:31, earning an All-Mid East Region selection. Saka and Jon Shoop '08 led Swarthmore at the Centennial Conference (CC) Championship on

Oct. 28, both finishing at 27:04 for 11th and 12th place and earning second-team All-Conference honors. Vernon Chaplin '07, an All-Conference and All-Region runner in 2005, took a third-place finish in the DeSales University Invitational on Oct. 15. Chaplin contracted the flu in the latter part of the season but battled heroically to run in both the CC championships and the regional meet.

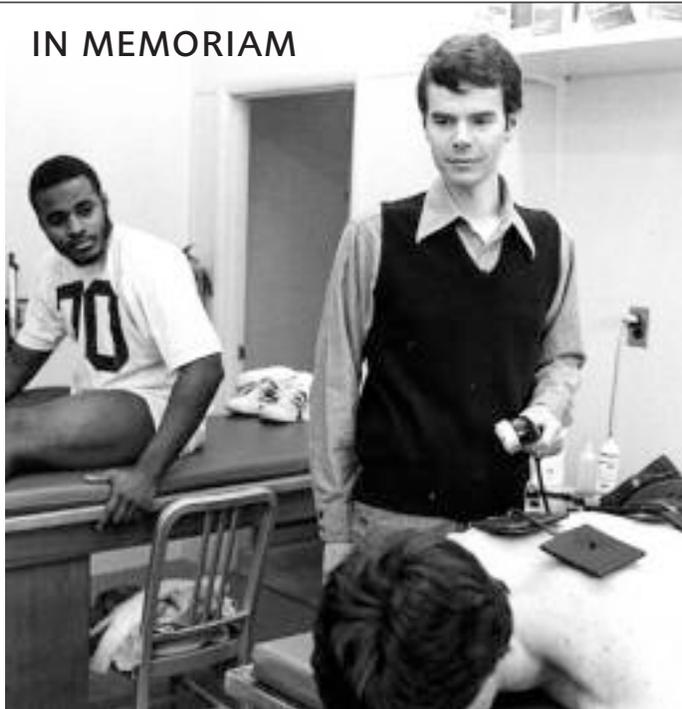
Field Hockey (9-8, 4-6) Midfielder Summer Spicer '07 was named first-team All-

Centennial and second-team All-Region, and defender Anna Baeth '09 and goalkeeper Karen Lorang '07 were selected to the All-Centennial second team. Forward Abigail Fischer '08 led the Garnet with nine goals and two assists for a team-high 20 points. Lorang completed the regular season second in the Centennial for goals-against-average (GAA) and save percentage, with a 1.62 GAA and 69 saves in 12 games, rounding out the credentials necessary to garner her a third selection to the All-Conference team.

Volleyball (12-13, 3-7) Outside hitter Erica George '07 made second-team All-Centennial—her third consecutive selection. George set Swarthmore records for career kills (1,151) and career digs (1,477). On Sept. 21, she became the first volleyball player in school history to tally 1,000 kills in a career. Junior middle blocker Karen Berk also had a productive year with a CC-leading 133 blocks and 1.45 blocks per game average.

—Kyle Leach

IN MEMORIAM



MARTIN NATVIG

DOUG WEISS: TRAINER, TEACHER, FRIEND

The College mourns the Sept. 25 death of Professor Emeritus of Physical Education Doug Weiss, a beloved figure around campus from 1968 until his retirement in 2002.

"We have lost a legendary athletic trainer, a revered teacher, and a dear friend," said President Alfred H. Bloom. "For 34 years, with unstinting generosity, compassion, and devotion, Doug brought incomparable knowledge and experience in physical training and rehabilitation to the care of the College community."

Weiss' career before Swarthmore included training with the U.S. Navy and the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine and Rehabilitation; employment as a trainer with the Marine Corps School in Quantico, Va., and the Philadelphia Eagles; and a stint as director of the J. William White Training House and Training Table of the University of Pennsylvania.

At Swarthmore, Weiss, a pioneer in his field, created one of the first co-ed training facilities in the country as well as the College's sports medicine program, where he implemented innovative approaches to fitness, rehabilitation, and proactive care.

Beyond his professional prowess, Weiss was known for his philosophy of thoughtfulness, thoroughness, and compassion; he was devoted to students, faculty, staff members, and their families.

In 1989, colleagues, friends, and students honored Weiss with the establishment of the Doug Weiss Residency in Sports Medicine, which supports a full-time assistant trainer position in the Department of Athletics and Physical Education. Weiss co-created the Sports Medicine Equipment Fund to maintain and purchase equipment for the sports medicine center.

Plans are under way to name the College's athletics training room in Weiss' honor.

—Carol Brévert-Demm

truth *in*

The horrors of apartheid flowed through them—but now the mask is off, and stories flow “like water from an unstopped faucet.”



translation

By Elizabeth Redden '05

For the translators who served South Africa's Truth and Reconciliation Commission (TRC), there was no turning away when Nodwzakazi Juqu described the compulsion to burn her dead son's bullet-ridden shirt—"I have never seen a shirt like that with so many holes as if rats were eating on it. I just had to burn it because I couldn't look at it for too long, it was really going to affect me mentally."

Nor could they block their ears when Michael Bolobo described touching his intestines in disbelief after he, at 17 and on his way home, fell under fire into a pool of his own blood.

In an unprecedented social experiment, the gross human rights violations that had been hidden beneath apartheid's bloody cloak gushed out of South Africa's busted gut for 2 years, beginning in 1996. In a public forum, the TRC sought testimonies from victims and perpetrators—who were promised amnesty if their crimes were found to be politically motivated. Every word was translated into the 11 languages spoken in South Africa so that no crime, no confession would go unheard.

The TRC translators relived the tales of violence as they interpreted them in first person. They embodied both the machinery of oppression and those who raged against it. They retold the bloody truths and relived story after story, but their own story has lingered untold—until now.

Enter Michael Lessac '61.

Truth in Translation, a theatrical production conceived and directed by Lessac, tells the story of the translators who acted as vessels through which testimony from the TRC flowed. As the temporary repositories of a nation's memory, the translators became the living intermediaries between South Africa's past and present, translating the past in real time to help the country forgive and forge a future. The unique experience of becoming a chattering witness is what now brings these translators to center stage.

"Apartheid was a human phenomenon; it needs understanding. We need to know why people did these things."

Cast members of *Truth in Translation* (left) portray the translators who traveled with the South African Truth and Reconciliation Commission, translating every word of the historic hearings into the 11 official languages of the country. In the process, they became both witnesses and conduits for a nation trying to heal itself.

Truth in Translation premiered this summer in Kigali, Rwanda, with four lights and a microphone, in theaters that weren't really theaters. Each day, about 50 children attended the rehearsals, pulling up chairs to watch the cast prepare, recalls Jackie Lessac, Michael's wife and executive producer for the project. During nighttime performances, audience members would translate the translators' stories for one another, silence welling into sound and settling back to silence, languages slipping over one another as the play progressed. After each production, conversations with the audience would last for hours, as the play opened a space for citizens to confront their own country's past and present: the 1994 genocide and the people who still have to pick up the pieces.

"People were talking about things they normally don't talk about, normally keep back," Michael Lessac says. Things like...

"How is it possible for mothers to kill their own children? For fathers to kill their own children? For fathers to kill their wives?"

"What is the difference between killing your nephew from killing your child from killing your fourth cousin from killing your 10th cousin?"

Following the Rwanda visit, the play made its South African debut at The Market Theatre in Johannesburg for a 1-month run in September. But the Market shows were "icing" to Lessac, who wants to bring the production to other areas that are emerging



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE TRUTH IN TRANSLATION PROJECT

from conflict, including Sri Lanka, Northern Ireland, Sierra Leone, the Balkans, Israel, and Palestine, and then, to film the subsequent dialogue for a documentary. The documentary film is as important to his conception of the *Truth in Translation* project as the play itself.

Lessac speaks of *Truth in Translation* like any theater director would, in staccato notes—words and phrases that signify wholes: “Let’s talk about hope,” he says, explaining that, deep down, all he wanted when he returned to his theater roots in 2001 was to present a play about how people can change.

“Let’s talk about beneficiaries,” he says, pausing to remember that in all discussions of victims and perpetrators, there are also unseen millions who stand by quietly benefiting from systematic oppression.

“Let’s talk about dark humor tonight; let’s talk about dropping the mask tonight.” Humor, says Lessac, is fundamentally about a shift in perception, the ability to see another person more fully. And so *Truth in Translation* is perhaps strangely but deliberately funny as characters shift their gazes and drop the masks that keep them separate. To Lessac, much of the dramatic power of the translators is that they had no choice but to drop their masks, become somebody else, to acknowledge that not only is everyone capable of good, but also that everyone—with no exemptions, not even for the self—is capable of evil.

As former TRC chairman Archbishop Desmond Tutu told Lessac—a man who once believed forgiveness to be no more than a Christian ploy to keep the less pow-

The translators had no choice but to drop their masks, to acknowledge that not only is everyone capable of good, but also that everyone—with no exemptions, not even for the self—is capable of evil.

erful subordinate: It is exactly this “awareness that we’re all capable of committing the worst atrocities” from which our capacity to forgive should flow.

Lessac displays an easy but enthusiastic energy when he speaks of the project, his staccato notes building to reveal his ideas on acting, politics, history, and the future. The TRC is a source of inspiration, he says, an example of peaceful reconciliation that should be shared worldwide. “I’ve begun to think the planet will survive,” he says. “I must say that I didn’t really think that before I started this project.”

As warm as he is intense, Michael Lessac is a man who has found his message to the world and wants nothing more than to pass it along. His words circle articulately around the themes he sees clearly, racing in an attempt to catch up with his thoughts on the project into which he has sunk his soul and some of his savings.

The *Truth in Translation* project “felt

Truth in Translation is more than a play. The project seeks to address the consequences of genocide and civil strife around the world. Final rehearsals before its Johannesburg premiere in September were held in Rwanda, where cast members such as Fana Mokoena (above left) and Nick Boraine (above right) visited the sites of the genocide there.

right,” Lessac says, “like it was the thing in my life I had spent a lot of time doing different things to reach.” The son of a voice, movement, and body instructor, Arthur Lessac, who still teaches at age 97, Michael entered Swarthmore with plans to be a scientist, switched to the social sciences, and proceeded after graduation to obtain a Ph.D. in perceptual and developmental psychology at the University of Pennsylvania.

But by then, Lessac—who acted at Swarthmore and directed his very first show in Clothier Memorial Hall—knew he wanted a life lit by stage lights.

He received a Ford Foundation Grant to travel around the world, working as an assistant to theater directors in Russia, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Germany, before returning stateside to teach psychology at Columbia University, the State University of New York, and the University of Minnesota. It was in Minneapolis that Lessac met Jackie, a professional dancer, and enjoyed a stint as a singer/songwriter after being discovered in the Guthrie Theater by Bob Dylan’s brother, David Zimmerman, and signing with Columbia Records for the 1968 album *Sleep Faster, We Need the Pillow*.

But it was in directing—not acting, music, or psychology—that Lessac most felt he could make an impact. In 1974, he



COURTESY OF THE TRUTH IN TRANSLATION PROJECT

returned to New York to start his own theater company, the Colonnades Theater Lab. He served as artistic director of the Colonnades for 10 years before money for the arts began to dry up in the 1980s. He then moved to Los Angeles to try his luck at television and film production. In a successful career there, he directed the 1993 Tommy Lee Jones movie *House of Cards* and more than 200 television shows, including episodes of *The Drew Carey Show*, *Everyone Loves Raymond*, and *Taxi*.

“I was getting good at what I was doing, and I really began to feel that I should be using the ability to make things happen on stage, to say something important, to say something that I wanted people to hear, or to reflect stories of people whose stories are not always told,” Lessac says of his decision to leave Los Angeles in 2001. When he was searching for a topic for a large-canvas piece, a friend suggested the TRC, but Lessac was originally uninterested—“too soft,” he thought. But he did a bit of reading

“A lot of people thought that, in the end, [the TRC] was a white liberal’s dream of justice—abstract, intellectual, about memory and history. That isn’t what people who suffered the hard knocks of apartheid want.”

on the topic and, when he stumbled upon a reference to the translators in a book by TRC Deputy Chairperson Alex Boraine, he knew he had found his way into a powerful story.

He and Jackie flew to South Africa to investigate further, and it wasn’t long before they had sold their Los Angeles home over a

cell phone from Johannesburg during the middle of a South African night. Lessac has now spent 5 years absorbed in the *Truth in Translation* project and expects to spend several more similarly occupied.

“You reach a point in your life where you can look back and actually get the strong sort of affirming perception that your life is of a piece, that all you’ve done before plays itself out in what you’re doing now—that somehow, none of it is lost or errant. It takes a certain amount of living to reach a point where you can recognize that the various pieces of your life compose a whole,” says Maurice Eldridge ’61, vice president of college and community relations for Swarthmore and a close college friend of Lessac.

Indeed, Lessac’s experiences in acting and music quite obviously inform his directing.

CHAOTIC HARMONY

A Review by Karen Birdsall '94



JEFF BARBEE/BLACK STAR



JEFF BARBEE/BLACK STAR

Karen Birdsall '94 has been living in Johannesburg since 2002. She is the research manager at the Centre for AIDS Development, Research and Evaluation, a South African NGO specializing in research on social aspects of HIV/AIDS.

Truth in Translation is not an easy theater experience—it is what South Africans would call 'hectic.' The subject of the play is raw and brutal, and the material is delivered by the 11-person cast at a frenzied, relentless pace that crowds out space for reflection. One is almost dizzyed by the movement, the noise, the intensity of exchanges, and the multitude of languages.

Various elements are woven together in a way that is chaotic but, somehow, also harmonious. Above the stage, grainy video footage of the TRC hearings is projected against a screen made of T-shirts; below, the ensemble

is in constant motion, all 11 cast members on stage at once, continuously reconfiguring the set comprised of modular metal units that serve alternatively as desks, billiard table, and bar. A small upstage contributes the musical glue.

Anyone who has spent time in South Africa recognizes the power of Hugh Masekela's music to capture this country's particular mix of joy, sorrow, humor, expectation, injustice, and resilience. The music—along with the play's occasional moments of humor and light-heartedness—are effective in gently bringing together the diverse members of the audience, before releasing each person to grapple individually with the play's subject matter. Today, 10 years after the TRC, a "new South Africa" may indeed be emerging, but for the racially mixed audience at the Market Theatre, the story being told on

stage resonated very differently depending on one's own history in this country.

With so much to absorb, I found myself focusing intently on a few of the 11 characters, studying their distinct personas, examining their movements, reactions, and facial expressions. Each character proceeds through an individual journey, from the naïve excitement of landing a job as a translator, through the realization of what the work will entail, to the coping methods needed to get through it. Many of the characters uncover a personal connection to a political past: What began as something abstract gradually takes on a very real meaning. Some lose themselves in drink. Some repress the emotion for as long as they can. Some knit furiously and silently.

The play contains a number of particularly charged moments—the "comforter's" wrenching song at the close of the first act, the re-enacted interrogation between a black and white interpreter, the cantankerous bartender throwing his son's ashes across the stage. Yet

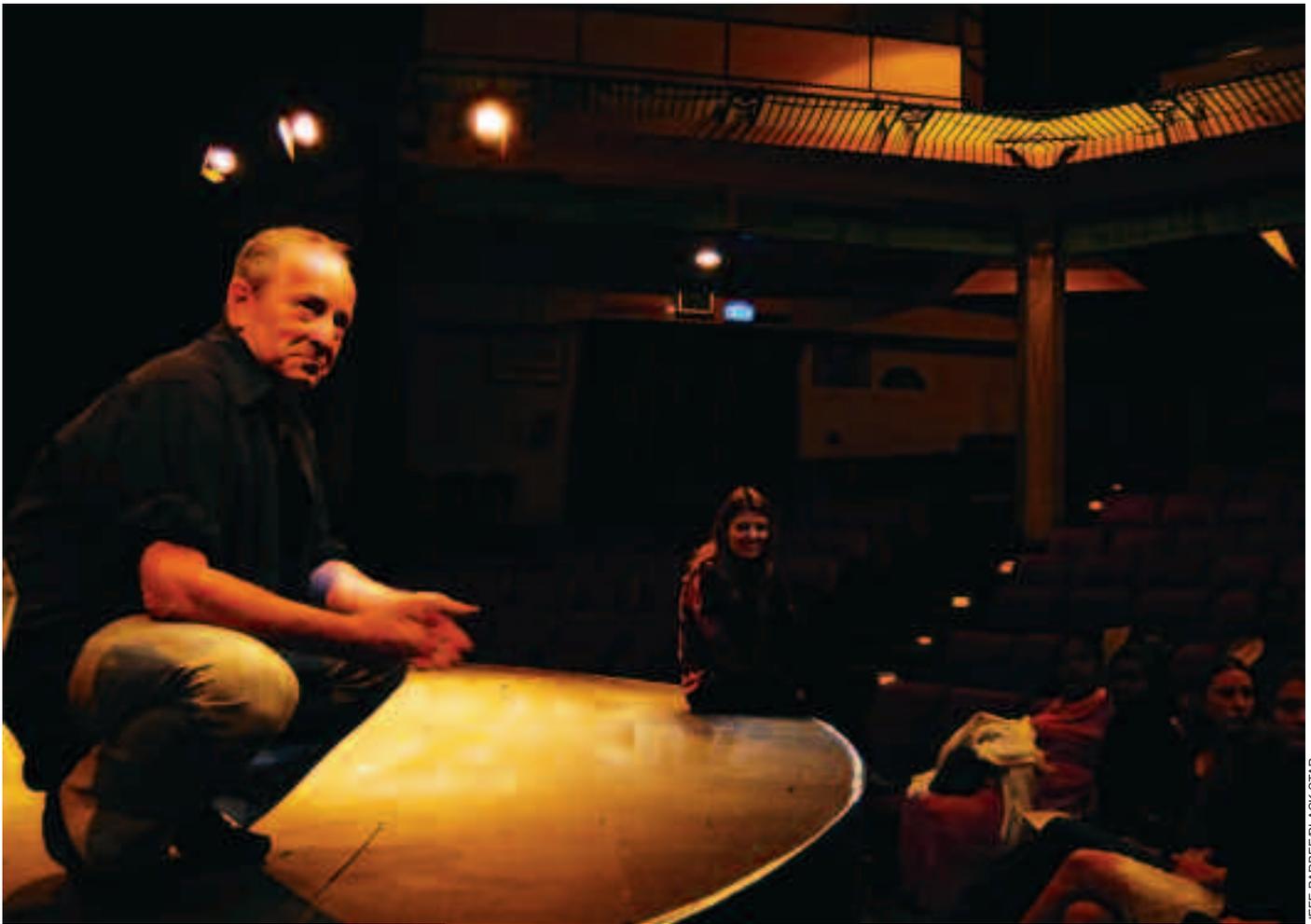
for me, the most intense and powerful moments came during the scenes that depicted the hearings themselves, when eight translators interpreted simultaneously—some speaking English, others isiZulu, Sesotho, isiXhosa, Afrikaans.... There was no coherent story to follow, only a cacophony of overlapping phrases, translated sentences, painful accounts of torture, abuse, and loss, spit out like bullets in multiple languages all at once.

I was gripped by the expressions on the translators' faces. Anyone who has translated at length from one language to another knows the intense concentration required to perform the role, but few people have needed to translate as they did—speaking in first person, alternating between the words of accused and accuser, becoming a conduit for wretched stories and soulless excuses, speaking with a matter-of-factness that belied the gruesome testimony. The eight translators, with their hands cupped over imaginary earpieces, stared blankly into space, listening intently to the voices in their ears. Yet the horror was just below the surface, and it came spilling out when they switched off the interpreting devices, crumbling into themselves and sometimes into one another.



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF TRUTH IN TRANSLATION PROJECT

Although the Truth and Reconciliation Commission translators had a mandate to be impartial channels, inevitably they absorbed the stories of the perpetrators and victims of apartheid—truth and lies, healing and horror. They could not hide, and denial was not an option.



JEFF BARBEE/BLACK STAR

He says he now sees that even the Ph.D. in psychology, which he had long considered a wasteful detour, has impacted his method of training actors, in which they learn to shift their gazes and see the part of another person's face that is old, that is young, that is evil, that can be loved. "Acting becomes reacting."

"I think," says Eldridge, "what he's doing is teaching."

Lessac, like many artists and scholars around the world, sees South Africa's TRC as a great success story: "The place was supposed to blow itself up. The whole world was waiting for it.

"I still believe that something very special happened because they just had the balls to put it on the table and tell their stories."

Admiring the TRC has become a cottage industry of sorts, says Associate Professor of History Tim Burke, Swarthmore's African history scholar. "You can feel overwhelmed by the amount of attention it's drawn. There

Michael Lessac is a man who has found his message to the world and wants nothing more than to pass it along.

are so many people writing about it, so many people concerned about it; there are books and plays and poems."

"One of the reasons it has attracted so much criticism and so much interest and appreciation is that it is unprecedented in multiple ways. The nature of transition from colonialism to postcolonialism in Africa has been pretty close to universally unsatisfying and has led mostly to unsatisfying results. Given that context, it would have been a terrible idea to do it [in South Africa] as everyone else had done it."

But the TRC, unique as it may be, is most widely admired from afar, says Charles Villa-

After Swarthmore, Lessac (above, at Johannesburg's Market Theatre) earned a Ph.D in psychology—a subject he taught at the college level until 1974, when he started the Colonnades Theater Company in New York. Later, he was a successful television director, with more than 200 shows to his credit.

Vicencio, director of the Institute for Justice and Reconciliation in Cape Town, South Africa, and formerly the head researcher for the TRC. Its lower standing among South Africans somewhat contradicts the commission's high stature abroad and has left it vulnerable to criticism—most notably the complaint that the TRC should have focused less on truth-telling and more on allocating compensation, says Burke. Meager reparations, over which the commission had only the power to offer recommendations—and the slow pace of land reform, which is still underway—are frustrating to many South Africans, adds Burke.

Other criticisms that Burke mentions—that the TRC dealt only with “gross violations of human rights,” ignoring the systematic brutality of apartheid’s structure; that launching the commission was a wasteful use of resources; and that the TRC’s approach implied some sort of moral parity between those who rebelled against apartheid and those who were its arms—are commonly referenced in the academic literature on the commission.

“I think a lot of people thought that, in the end, this was a white liberal’s dream of justice—abstract, intellectual, about memory and history. That isn’t what people who suffered the hard knocks of apartheid want. It’s what eggheads and lawyers and academics like,” says Burke. “But apartheid was a human phenomenon; it needs understanding. With some degree of genuine curiosity, we need to know why people did these things.”

Villa-Vicencio, whose department was effectively responsible for writing the TRC’s final report, added that when you’re close to the commission, you can see its shortcomings more clearly. “But, undoubtedly,” he says, “the success of our process is that nobody, black or white, can ever say, ever again, that they did not know that suffering happened.”

Lessac doesn’t disregard the criticisms of the TRC but sees them as incidental, given South Africa’s peaceful reconstruction. “What can we expect?” he asks. “We could nitpick our planet’s way to self-destruction if we don’t recognize that flawed avenues of progress often are the only avenues worth pursuing.

“At a moment in time, the TRC avoided a bloodbath; at a moment in time, it put the truth on the table,” Lessac says. “At a moment in time, it said, ‘Let’s get on with it.’

“If it wasn’t forgiveness, it was a potential for forgiveness. If it’s not true reconciliation, at least people behave as if they were reconciled. What if that were the only thing that really happened?

“Even if reconciliation and forgiveness mean nothing more than, ‘I’m going to break this cycle of vengeance,’ it’s still a step. It’s a first step.”

Truth in Translation has attracted powerful backers and rave reviews (see the *Bulletin’s* review by Karen Birdsall ’94, page 18). Archbishop Tutu wrote a letter of support for the



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF BARBEE/BLACK STAR

project, and other supporters and advisors include Villa-Vicencio; Barbara Masekela, South African ambassador to the United States; Alex Boraine, deputy chairperson of the TRC and founding president of the International Center for Transitional Justice; and Anthony Lake, a former national security advisor in the Clinton administration and, currently, a Georgetown University professor. Hugh Masekela, a South African jazz great, composed the show’s music, incorporating excerpts from the original testimony in the lyrics. *Truth in Translation* is musical, but not a musical, Lessac stresses: “In South Africa, music just erupts. It comes out of a need or a celebration, or it comes

Truth in Translation played for 22 performances in Johannesburg in September, and will run from mid-February to early March in Cape Town. Lessac hopes to take it to conflict zones such as the Balkans, Sierra Leone, and Northern Ireland.

out of an anger, or it comes as a weapon.”

Max du Preez, a South African journalist, author, and documentary filmmaker, followed the cast to Rwanda. He wrote in a Sept. 1 *Mail & Guardian Online* article that *Truth in Translation* “is pushing the boundaries of South African theatre and will most likely be seen as the most important play in recent times.”



JEFF BARBEE/BLACK STAR

“Last night opened to standing ovations. Still no money to continue, but it’s a step in the right direction,” Lessac wrote in a September e-mail. Still ahead for Michael and Jackie is the daunting task of raising \$300,000 to \$400,000 for each country they hope to visit with the cast. *Truth in Translation* has garnered significant financial support from private foundations and national organizations in South Africa and the United States, in addition to Tuscany’s ministry of peace, which has pledged to co-sponsor a cast visit to the Balkans. But much work remains. Following September’s Johannesburg run, the immediate fate of the play was unclear. The Lessacs would like to bring the cast to another six to eight countries over the next 2 years, but they lack the funds to conclusively move forward toward any locale. “It’s a pain in the ass to raise money,” Lessac says. “It takes a long, long time,” Jackie says, more diplomatically. “You want [those] people to give to your project who believe in it as much as you do.”

Producing the play—and now the documentary film—has been a step-by-step

“Even if reconciliation and forgiveness mean nothing more than, ‘I’m going to break this cycle of vengeance,’ it’s still a step. It’s a first step.”

process for the Lessacs, a day-to-day struggle with day-to-day benchmarks and goals. “I don’t think we ever thought of stopping,” Jackie says. “Even when it got difficult, we’d finish one phase and figure out what we would do next and everything would proceed from there.”

Although clearly frustrated by the stresses of fund-raising, Lessac has confidence in the power of the documentary he will produce. In addition to footage of the cast’s visit to Rwanda, he has already collected video of the process of creating the play, including a workshop with the actual trans-

lators, a script-writing workshop with actors, and a music workshop with Masekela.

Lessac believes that *Truth in Translation* has potential as a commercial production in New York, but, for now, he doesn’t want to risk becoming distracted from his purpose of proffering hope and facilitating dialogue among people who crave what the TRC offered: a space to seek truth and, potentially, forgiveness. “They want to talk to us and are totally unthreatened by us, and they do talk,” Lessac wrote in an August e-mail he titled “Notes from Rwanda.”

“So we travel from genocide memorials and museums ... to performing in a stadium for 10,000 cheering people (music and songs) ... to talking with victims ... and perps ... and hearing stories about people who actually killed their children because they were afraid ... to people who wouldn’t talk about anything to people who had stories roiling inside them so that they came out like water from an unstopped faucet....” ❧

Elizabeth Redden ’05 is a reporter for Inside-

a soldier's TALE



"I DIDN'T WANT TO STAND BY WHILE SOMEONE ELSE WENT IN MY PLACE," WRITES SEAN BARNEY '98. HE VOLUNTEERED TO GO TO IRAQ, WHERE HE NEARLY DIED.

By Sean Barney '98

My former classmates at Swarthmore will be surprised, I think, to learn that I ended up in the Marine Corps. Those who knew me well know that I am not an aggressive person. I don't think I have resorted to violence as a means to settle a dispute in all of my life. Those who knew me well also know, however, that I have a passion for moral and political philosophy and a long-standing interest in philosophical questions surrounding military service.

One of the central principles of democracy is civilian control of the military. If Americans are to have civilian control of the military, we need a group of citizens who are willing to carry out the decisions of our elected civilian leaders, whether they agree with the decisions in every instance or not. When President Clinton decided to intervene in the Balkans, for example, many in the military disagreed with that policy. Yet, as a consequence of our tradition of civilian control, even those who disagreed did their duty and helped perform the mission. Had President Clinton chosen to intervene in Rwanda—as he now says he should have—many in the military would have disagreed with that decision as well. They would, however, have gone nonetheless. This is as it should be. There can be no public policy in a modern society without public servants.

This does not mean that democracy requires a corps of military automatons. As

important as democratic, civilian control of the military is, it does not absolve soldiers of individual moral responsibility for their actions. Indeed, there are certain orders that service members are duty bound to disobey. Keeping that extremely important caveat firmly in mind, however, those of us who believe in democracy must recognize that one of the basic requirements of a democratic society is assembling a group of men and women who are willing to act as public servants and carry out the decisions that emerge from our democratic processes.

But who should these people be? Who should serve in our military? We need public servants of many kinds, but, due to the nature of the sacrifice involved, "raising an army" has always raised particular moral and political questions. As one commentator said recently, for thousands of young Americans the Iraq War has not been "a comma." It has been "a period—a full-stop end to their lives."

In today's economy, there is no greater asset than a quality education. Being well-educated and being well-to-do are increasingly synonymous. During the last 50 years, however, being well-educated and being estranged from the military have also become increasingly synonymous. Now that military service is "all-volunteer," the well-educated and well-to-do are increasingly absent from the military's ranks and thus

from the frontlines of our nation's wars. In the 1950s, roughly half of all students who graduated from Harvard and Princeton served a tour in the military. Today, less than half of one percent do.

This does not seem right to me. Nor does it seem healthy for our society or for the wider world. The same progressive in me who believes in graduated income taxation believes that the fortunate among us should shoulder their fair share of public burdens (other-than-financial), in wartime as well as in peacetime. In short, I believe in the old-fashioned notion, voiced by President-elect John F. Kennedy in 1961, that "of those to whom much is given, much is required." Our country's deliberations and decision-making concerning war and peace are likely to be more judicious—more attentively and accurately reflecting the true stakes involved—the more the children of America's leadership class are represented among those who ultimately do the fighting and dying.

After 9/11, the philosophical beliefs about military service I had debated with friends and professors at Swarthmore became more than an academic matter. I was working in Washington, D.C., at the time, as a senior legislative aide to U.S. Senator Tom Carper (D.-Del.). I felt fortunate to be participating in the high-level debates of our democracy at a critical time. Being of military age, though, I was uncomfortable. It was clear soon after 9/11 that there was going to be war of some kind, although it was not yet clear that we would end up in Iraq. It did not seem right to me, at such an age and in

In October, Barney visited the Korean War Memorial in Philadelphia. He says his "military heroes are not officers. They are the World War II draftees who stormed the beaches at Normandy or raised the flag on Iwo Jima."



such a time, that I should be sitting in Washington in the position of a deliberator and debater. As one privileged to participate in debates that would have serious consequences for people of my age and generation, it seemed more appropriate that I should be there to experience the consequences alongside them.

I went to Senator Carper, who had served in the Navy in Vietnam, to talk about my feelings. When I told him I was thinking of joining the military, he tried to dissuade me, saying I was already serving my country where I was. When I told him I was determined to do more, he encouraged me to become an officer in the Delaware National Guard. My military heroes, though, were not officers. They were the young draftees, who, never wanting a career in the military, submitted to the World War II draft and stormed the beaches at Normandy or raised the flag on Iwo Jima. Thus, in spring 2002, I enlisted as an infantry “grunt” in the Marine Corps Reserve. I chose to serve in the Marines for the same reason I chose to study at Swarthmore. Both institutions promise to push you to your limits and to make you a better person and a better citizen in the process.

After completing boot camp at Parris Island, S.C., and infantry training at Camp Lejeune, N.C., I returned to Senator Carper’s staff. I drilled with a reserve unit once a month and for 2 weeks each summer. During the summer and early fall 2005, the commanders of my Middle States–based battalion began to talk about a New England–based battalion in our same regiment that was being called to duty in Iraq. They said that this battalion was not at full combat strength and needed volunteers from our battalion. This presented me with a very difficult choice.

By this time, I had come to believe that the original decision to go to war in Iraq had been a mistake. Nevertheless, I believed, as former Secretary of State Colin Powell put it, “You break it, you own it.” Having created a power vacuum in Iraq, the United



PHOTOS COURTESY OF SEAN BARNEY

Lance Corporal Sean Barney prepares for a patrol in Fallujah. His Marine unit was deployed there in early April.

States had a responsibility to seek the best resolution it could for the Iraqi people. Moreover, now a Marine as well as a citizen, I felt that it was my turn to go. Not only were active-duty Marines embarking upon their second or third tours of duty in Iraq, the reality was that a specific number of Marines from my unit were needed and a specific number would be going. I didn’t want to stand by while somebody else went in my place. So I volunteered.

Our battalion was activated on Dec. 1, 2005. After a month at Fort Devens, Mass., our

real training started in January at the Marine Corps Air Ground Combat Center, Twentynine Palms, in the Mojave Desert. Twentynine Palms is where all Marines now go to train before they go to Iraq and where we were initiated into the complexity of the mission there. The Marines have constructed a mock Iraqi city there, complete with mosques and role players who stand in for Iraqi civilians and insurgents.

During our time at Twentynine Palms, I was pleasantly surprised by the emphasis that was placed on the civility with which we were expected to treat Iraqi civilians. It was constantly reinforced. The role players were mostly Iraqi Americans who spoke Arabic and knew about little things that, although inoffensive in our culture, would offend people in Iraq. For example, holding up your hand in our gesture for “Stop!” is offensive, as is maintaining your distance from someone when they are speaking to you (insisting, as we would see it, on one’s personal space). In a culturally conservative city like Fallujah, looking directly at a woman or engaging her in conversation, unless she approaches you first, can also create serious problems.

It quickly became apparent that, even were it not for cultural differences and the natural suspicions aroused by a military occupation, winning Iraqi “hearts and minds” would not be easy. When you know that suicide bombers are looking for an opportunity to kill you, maintaining a zone of personal space—not to mention a certain aggressive edge—is a natural instinct. The first time we practiced patrolling through the mock city at Twentynine Palms, the Iraqi-American role players approached us in the streets and began telling us “their” stories—that they were out of work or in need of food or medicine for a child. They were speaking to us in Arabic, and we didn’t understand what they were saying, but they were coming up very close to us and talking to us with great urgency and emotion. Our first inclination, even in training, was to signal them to stop and even, if they got close



enough, to push them back. When we finished the exercise, our platoon commander chewed us out. "You just offended an entire neighborhood! You just made yourself new enemies!"

It was eye-opening to see how jumpy we were, even in training, and how quickly we became aggressive, even when that was not our intent. It was also eye-opening to see how vulnerable we were. If we bent a little too far the other way and let down our guard, even for a moment, the role players who played the insurgents were able to hit us with brutal efficiency, shooting us with paint balls from inside buildings or emerging from a crowd to reveal that they had gotten within striking distance of us while wearing a suicide vest.

When training gave way to real combat patrols, this conundrum only deepened. The main thing I learned in my time in Iraq was that, even if the insurgency were not as large as it is, it would have created enormous problems for the U.S. military mission in Iraq. Iraqi civilians risk being fired on if they drive too close to an American convoy or fail to obey commands at a checkpoint. Men in full combat gear patrol through their neighborhoods, looking at them with wary suspicion. These are intolerable circumstances for civilians to live under, but it is clear to anyone who serves there why these things happen.

Death first struck our company when a civilian pulled his car up beside one of our convoys and blew himself up. The last member of our company to die lost his life 2 weeks before he was scheduled to come home. It happened when a man and a woman blew themselves up inside their car at a checkpoint. When we were on patrol, we wanted to be friendly and to engage Iraqis in conversation. We wanted the face of America to be a smile, not a scowl. But this is not easy when—as I found out personally—you are liable at any time to be shot by a sniper lurking somewhere in the complicated, chaotic 360-degree urban combat environment surrounding you.



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

On May 12, a sniper got me in his sights and took his shot. I heard a loud buzzing in my head. It was as if my body was screaming: "Something's wrong! Something's wrong!"

After we completed our training, we flew to Kuwait, where we spent about a week acclimatizing to the heat. Then we rode a C-130 into an Air Force base in al Anbar Province. We descended in a kind of spiraling dive because incoming planes are vulnerable to rocket fire. As we made our descent, our

stomachs jumped into our throats.

When a convoy arrived at the base to pick us up, we got our first experience of the real Iraq. We got our ammunition and loaded up. Our plan was to travel through Fallujah by day, but the transport unit refused. "We don't go through Fallujah during the day," they told us. "It's foolish. We'd be IEDed [attacked by an improvised explosive device] if we did." So we went at night.

That first experience was the most tense I remember being. I was on a 7-ton truck, facing outward. We were in full combat gear, armed and ready if something were to happen. We would end up patrolling through Fallujah every day over the coming months, in vehicles and on foot. The fear eventually wore off, because—for better or worse—it is physically impossible to be tense all the time for weeks on end. During that first trip through Fallujah, though, I remember just sitting there, waiting for a bomb to go off.

We drove right through the center of the city. Bombed-out buildings and rubble were everywhere. It was very sobering, very sad. My first reaction that night was of the tragedy of it all. Later, what impressed me most, during every patrol, was to see people out on their rooftops, repairing and rebuilding. Since the city had earlier been evacuated, I asked myself: "Why are these people here? Why would people come back to live here?" But it was their home. Despite the war, the presence of insurgents, and the danger to civilians, people were still persevering and seeking to build a life for themselves amidst the chaos. That never failed to move me.

The ability of people to adjust to such circumstances is extraordinary. When fire-fights broke out, civilians would scatter, then warily look around to gauge what was going on. If it looked like it was going to be a prolonged fight, people would shutter up their buildings and go home. Otherwise, they just went back to business as usual.

Seeing this up close made it all the more apparent how oddly disconnected people in the United States are from what is going on



in Iraq. After I was wounded and returned to the States, I was in the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, Md. When my parents were first given permission to take me off the hospital grounds for a few hours, they took me out for dinner in Georgetown. I had lived and worked in Washington for 5 years, yet I remember feeling that night like I had descended from another planet. The urgency and seriousness of life in a combat zone had become normal to me. It was bizarre and disorienting at that point to see people in America—a country at war—going about the business of having fun on a Saturday night, as if nothing was amiss.

Unlike those who experienced World War II—whether as soldiers serving overseas or as citizens mobilizing on the home front—most Americans are going through this war with no real sense of its reality. It is disturbing to realize that we have developed a system that allows us to carry on a war without its really affecting us.

In Fallujah, we patrolled out of a compound that was located in the center of town. We lived in a boarded-up hotel, about 6 to 8 Marines to a room. There's been a debate over whether the U.S. has had enough troops in Iraq. Based on my admittedly limited experience, I would say we did not. At the time I was there, ours was the only U.S. battalion in Fallujah. We were tasked very heavily. We were responsible for conducting security operations around-the-clock, 7 days a week. We conducted multiple foot patrols every day. When we had specific intelligence on where insurgents or Al Qaeda fighters were, we would conduct targeted raids, most often at night. The schedule was relentless, and, over time—particularly as the heat climbed well above 100 degrees—the demands on our limited forces took their toll.

We were fired on a lot during our patrols. Most of the attacks were hit-and-run jobs. Usually, the insurgents would set up an ambush. They would open fire on us with rocket-propelled grenades and machine guns, and then, as quickly as they began the



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

It was bizarre and disorienting to see people in America—a country at war—going about the business of having fun on a Saturday night, as if nothing was amiss.

attack, evaporate away—through alleyways and abandoned buildings.

We were trained never to stand still when we were out on patrol. Even when we were halted, we constantly moved around in a 6-by-6-foot block in an erratic way. We called it our “little dance”—step forward, step back, step to the side, and so on. The Iraqi civilians probably thought we were crazy (or high), but even though that little dance became exceedingly tedious after hours of patrolling with 80-plus pounds of combat gear, it probably saved my life.

The purpose of the dance was to prevent snipers from getting a bead on us. They might get you in their sights, but if you moved erratically at the last moment, they

might miss—or miss just enough. On May 12, a sniper did get me in his sights, and took his shot. One thing I remember from the moments that followed is that, ever the Swarthmore student, I was immediately fascinated by the physics involved. The bullet traveled faster than the sound of the shot, so I was hit before I heard the bang—the very loud bang of a high-velocity sniper rifle. My next reaction was to be amazed, even in the moment, at how the human body acts to protect itself. Everything slowed down. I heard a loud buzzing in my head, like an alarm going off. It was as if my body was screaming: “Something’s wrong! Something’s wrong!”

I am surprised that I still had my wits about me after the bullet knocked me to the ground. I was stunned for a moment, but I quickly remembered that I was on a street corner, out in the open and still in the sights of the sniper. I stood up and ran in a direction where I knew there was cover from incoming fire.

I experienced tunnel vision. I remember hearing—but not being able to see—a sergeant who was yelling, “Barney, over here! Barney, over here!” I ran for what seemed like a mile but actually amounted to about half of a city block. Once I got to a place where I felt I was protected from further fire and where the guys from my platoon could get to me safely, I allowed myself to collapse. At that point, I passed out.

I owe my life to the Marines and the Navy Corpsman I was patrolling with that day. They got me into the back of a humvee and drove me to a surgical unit in a suburb on the other side of the city from where I was hit. Just 11 minutes passed from the time I was shot until I was on the operating table. The Navy Corpsman who attended to me has been nominated for a medal for the steps he took to keep me alive.

I arrived at Bethesda 2 days after I was hit and operated on in Fallujah, traveling through Balad, Iraq, and Landstuhl, Germany. They kept me in a medical coma under sedation, so I have no recollection of



that time. When I awoke back in the States, I was told that my surgeons were e-mailing colleagues around the country, telling them my story. “You took a bullet through the neck, severing your carotid artery,” a doctor said. “I wouldn’t believe you survived this, were it not for the fact that I’m looking at you here with my own eyes.” I have a cousin who is a neurologist. When she first heard about where I had been hit, before more information about my condition was known, the immediate reaction she couldn’t help blurting out to my mother was, “If he’s alive, he’s lost at least a hemisphere of his brain.”

Thanks to the Navy Corpsman and to a skilled field surgeon in Fallujah, I have my life, and I have both hemispheres of my brain—plus a 1-inch piece of Gore-tex tubing holding together my carotid artery. The bullet also did some nerve damage, which may or may not be permanent. My right arm is essentially paralyzed from the shoulder to the elbow. The damaged nerves do not control my hand, so I can still type and write.

In August, surgeons harvested nerves from my legs and used them to try to repair the damaged nerves in my neck. I’ve started physical rehabilitation and will find out in 9 months to a year whether the nerve surgery will succeed in giving me back some function in my arm.

I’m often asked whether I would make the same decisions again—to join the



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Marine Corps and to go to Iraq. My answer is yes. My philosophy about democracy and the distribution of sacrifice in wartime has not changed. If anything, my feelings on the subject are stronger than ever. I lost two good friends during my unit’s tour in Iraq. I also witnessed the suffering of some of the severely wounded as well as their families, during my time at Bethesda. The official pictures that we see of casualties on the news—tidy, tough, and proper in their dress blues—do not convey the full reality of the human sacrifice exacted when a country commits itself to combat. The casualties of war are kids—often 18, 19, 20 years old. They are kids just like those who spread out across our great country this fall, embarking upon the most exciting years of their lives at wonderful places like Harvard, Princeton—and Swarthmore. ☺

On June 15, Lance Corporal Sean Barney received the Purple Heart from Marine Corps Commandant

While continuing physical therapy this fall, Barney audited two courses at Swarthmore—Statistics for Economists and Labor and Social Economics, both taught by Joseph Wharton Professor of Economics Robinson Hollister. “Being well-educated and being estranged from the military have become increasingly synonymous,” Barney says.

Michael Hagee in a ceremony presided over by U.S. Senator Tom Carper. During his time in Iraq, he posted dispatches on the Web site of Third Way: A Strategy Center for Progressives, where he had served as a senior policy adviser. These are found at <http://dispatch.third-way.com/articles/category/third-way-in-iraq>. Readers may write to Barney at sbarney@third-way.com.

The Writer's Writer

LITERARY FICTION HAS BROUGHT
ACCLAIM—BUT NOT FAME—TO
NORMAN RUSH '56

By Paul Wachter '97

Illustrations by Nancy Harrison

In one of Norman Rush's earlier published stories, the protagonist—like Rush, an antiquarian book dealer—reflects on the vicissitudes of literary reputations. "O yes, at forty he was one thing in the culture, at fifty he discovers he's considered an ancillary force or name or an associated force or force tributary to other names in his generation: so no matter what future works he looks forward to doing it has to fall into a secondary category." At which point, one "could write the greatest individual poem since 'Dover Beach' but who would notice it?"

When this story, "In Late Youth," was published in 1970, Rush had no literary reputation to speak of. He had published very little since graduating from Swarthmore in 1956. "My writing was abstract and experimental," Rush says. "It wasn't satisfactory to me or to anyone else." The story—and several others published in the next few years—marked a return to conventional storytelling (albeit of a uniquely lyrical and cerebral kind) and the first inklings of literary recognition. ("In Late Youth" was included in the *Best American Short Stories* anthology of 1971.) Still, no publishing houses accepted his novel *Equals*, which took 5 years to write.

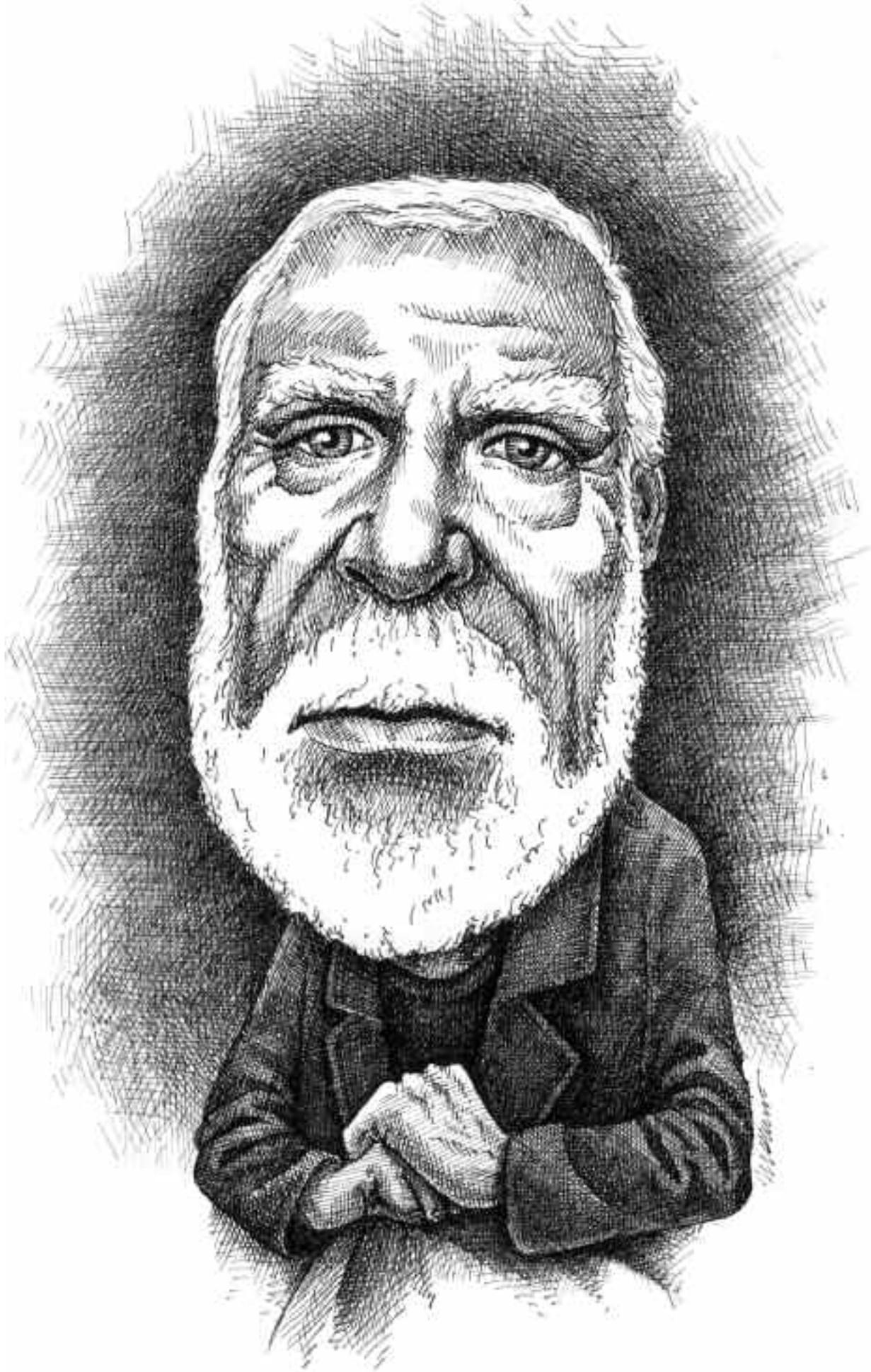
Today, some 30 years later, it is safe to say that Rush has not gone unnoticed. Beginning with *Whites* (1986), a short story collection that was a Pulitzer Prize finalist, Rush has published three highly acclaimed books—each set in Botswana, where he and his wife, Elsa Scheidt Rush '57, spent 5 years as Peace Corps co-directors. His first published novel, *Mating* (1991), won the National Book Award and recently received multiple votes when *The New York Times* asked prominent writers and critics to identify the best work of American fiction in the last 25 years. *Mortals* (2003) did not garner the same hosannas but in many ways was a more ambitious and richer effort.

For Rush, this recognition came as an "immense surprise." But for many others, Rush's works compare favorably to those of his better-known and more prolific contemporaries—Roth, Updike, DeLillo, Pynchon—and he still has not gotten his critical due. Or as Lorin Stein, an editor at Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, put it, "Rush gets my vote for America's most underrated writer."

Rush was born in Oakland, Calif., in 1933. His arrival prompted his father, a trade union organizer and California state secretary of the Socialist Party, to find a more remunerative line of work and become a salesman. He was also an amateur writer. Rush's mother was a trained but unsuccessful opera singer. It was a bookish childhood. His father had self-published a poetry journal, and young Rush put out a small newspaper, the *Town Crier*, an outlet for his pirate and detective stories, which he hawked around the neighborhood.

Not long after he enrolled at the Telluride Association, an experimental college in Los Angeles, FBI agents hauled Rush off to prison as a war resister. "I was a pacifist but a nonreligious pacifist, and there was no category for that in the law," Rush says. For refusing to serve in the Korean War, Rush spent 9 months in an Arizona jail. While working in the prison's boiler room, he wrote a novel on small squares of onionskin paper that he smuggled out inside Christmas cards. Despite the effort, when Rush re-read his novel back in Oakland, he found it derivative and threw it out.

His friend Philip Green '54 advised Rush to apply to Swarthmore and join him there. Given the school's Quaker, pacifist roots, admis-





Rush says that his early attempts to reshape the very structure of the novel as it had been handed down from Dostoyevsky, Joyce, and Conrad "got in the way of what I actually wanted to say."

Rush met Elsa Scheidt '57 during their freshman year and they soon married. For more than 50 years, she has been his wife, his greatest influence, and deepest reader.

was accepted on a partial scholarship.

When Rush arrived at Swarthmore in fall 1953, he quickly made an impression. "I heard about Norman quite early on," says Sylvester Whitaker '57. "There was a buzz about this nonregistrant who had gone to jail." Rush had an "air of mystery and a weighty demeanor that could make you feel superficial in his presence," recalls Barbara Behnke DeLaszlo '57. "He was very authoritative," says Judith Kapp Keenan '56. "It was hard to miss him."

But where Rush really distinguished himself was in the classroom. "In a class in which everyone was so bright, he was head-and-shoulders above everyone else," Whitaker says. "He was the best-read person I knew."

Rush graduated with highest honors in 3 years, majoring in history. His honors seminar papers are legendary. Students were expected to write eight pages, double-spaced, but Rush turned in a solitary page, single-spaced, of dazzling, concise prose. Christopher Lehmann-Haupt '56 can still recall the opening to one of Rush's papers: "Rousseau equivocates, and the polity declines." An outside examiner concluded one of Rush's oral exams by asking if there was

anything else in the field that he should be reading. "Intellectually, [Swarthmore] was very congenial for me," Rush says. "I liked the pressure. I liked writing the papers."

Outside the classroom, Rush's life revolved around Elsa. "Elsa was a quite attractive, thoughtful, statuesque co-ed," Whitaker says. "She had many would-be suitors."

They met early freshman year. Elsa was deep in a philosophical conversation with several male companions in a Parrish Hall sitting room, and she noticed Rush listening in from the doorway. "Someone asked me a question, and then Norman stepped in and said, 'You don't have to answer that.' He thought it was an untoward question." Rush pressed on, annoying the other men in the group, Elsa says.

According to Rush: "I vigorously inserted my own opinion, and it didn't put her off."

In fact, Elsa was smitten. Afterward, she bumped into Barbara Behnke. "Elsa said, 'I just met the most extraordinary man.'" But she didn't know his name.

A few days later, Rush butted into another of Elsa's conversa-

tions—this time with Peter Marin '55. After a minute or so, Marin excused himself. Rush confessed he had signaled his friend to go and then invited Elsa for a stroll in the Crum Meadow.

Soon the two were inseparable. Classmates have indelible memories of the couple walking side by side, each with a hand in the other's back pocket—a display of affection considered risqué by several administrators. Word got back to Elsa's parents, who initially disapproved of the match—no surprise, really, considering her father had been the top FBI agent in New York. Nonetheless, after her sophomore year, Elsa accompanied Rush on a cross-country car trip to meet his parents. She became pregnant along the way, and they married. Eventually, Elsa's parents came around. "Her dad had a friend look at the FBI files on my family and decided they were upright and respectable and that I was a patriot in my own way," Rush says. The Rushes returned to Swarthmore, but Elsa was forced to withdraw from the College: School policy allowed for the enrollment of only one member of a married couple. They rented an apartment across from Chester Crozier Hospital, where their son Jason was born, and Rush completed his final year.

Despite his academic achievements and bookish ways, a life in academia did not appeal to Rush. (In *Mating*, a central character, Nelson Denoon, professes a "huge antipathy to repetition of experience in general, to which he attributed his recoil from the prospect of university teaching.") "I was a bohemian; I didn't want to work for anyone," Rush says. Lehmann-Haupt recalls asking his friend what his plans were following graduation, to which Rush replied, rather archly, "I'm going where the revolution needs me."

The Rushes spent several years in the Lower East Side of Manhattan and later, not wanting to enroll Jason in the neighborhood's languishing public schools, moved 30 miles north to New City, in Rockland County, where they live today. Rush worked as an antiquarian book dealer and later taught freeform classes at Rockland Community College's experimental branch, College A. (Teacher and students worked through the material simultaneously, thereby avoiding the repetition Rush, like Denoon, loathed.) After keeping records for a New York hospital, Elsa taught herself to weave, worked as a textile designer and colorist, and spent 5 years directing a preschool program for disadvantaged children. They were not wealthy. For water, they relied on a shallow well, which dried up during the summer; at friends' dinner parties, the Rushes often would arrive with shampoo and towels in hand.

Meanwhile, Rush was writing. According to Elsa, his stories were brilliant but arcane. "Norman wrote for himself. I'd read his stories and say, 'Norman, this is great, and I think there are 100 people in the country who will love this.'" After one such assessment, a piqued Rush told Elsa he would get to work on a story that would be more accessible. His finished product portrayed a dinner party featuring spokesmen representing leftist splinter groups. Each faction, no matter how small, merited an invitation: The spokesman for Italian leftist Amadeo Bordiga also happened to be the group's sole follower in the United States. "This was Norman's idea of accessible," Elsa says, laughing. "Again, I told him that it was wonderful, and that, this time, there might be as many as 25 people on the planet who would appreciate it."

But what made Rush inaccessible at the time was not so much

his subject matter. Rather, it was his formal experimentation, his attempts to reshape the very structure of the novel as it had been handed down from the great European writers he admires, Dostoyevsky, James Joyce, and, above all, Conrad. "The changes I was trying to effect in the way novels were written and conceived were not important; they got in the way of what I actually wanted to say," Rush says. In his National Book Award lecture, Rush reflected on this period of his writing: "I produced a series of experimental, abstract, excruciatingly self-referential novellas (all unpublished), then began to revise my approach in the direction of plainness."

Fans of his later work will recognize the Rush that presents himself in the short stories that appeared in the 1970s: the close attention to spoken language, the moral seriousness, and the unabashed intelligence that never comes off as mere preciousness. But there are clunky moments, too. For instance, the climax of "In Late Youth" depends on the unlikely relentless pestering of a child by strangers, against his father's will, to relinquish a book. More broadly, it seemed at times as if Rush's deep understanding of politics constrained his prose rather than enlivened it. "Norman was an ideologue," Elsa says. "Ideology is useful—and anxiety-reducing—because it limits what one has to consider and ask of oneself. When Norman became less ideological, he became a better writer. That took becoming a grown-up."

It wasn't until after the Rushes moved to Africa in 1978 that Rush's literary gifts began fully to develop. In many ways, it was an unlikely move. Elsa had been accepted into law school and was preparing for yet another career change. But what, in part, made the move enticing was its very improbability. The government official who recommended them for the Peace Corps jobs knew the Rushes only from a dinner party: They had upbraided him for President Carter's wishy-washy position on granting amnesty to Vietnam War draft resisters. How strong could his endorsement be? And, as Elsa's father, the ex-FBI man, told them, it was unlikely that Rush, given his prison stint, would receive a security clearance. "So we went into the interviews thinking there was no way we were going to be offered the job, which is the best way to go in," Rush says.

Nonetheless, the Rushes were accepted as Peace Corps co-directors and assigned to ... Benin! "We had some French in our background, so they wanted to send us to Francophone Africa," Rush says. But when they arrived at the Peace Corps offices, they were directed by mistake to the Botswana desk. "Benin would have been a nightmare, since we hadn't spoken French since high school," Rush says.

Rush was too busy to do much writing in Botswana, but he took notes. From these sprang many of the characters that appeared in *Whites*, *Mating*, and *Mortals*: the pan-African Marxists, the drunken embassy wives, the expatriate do-gooders and anthropologists, the CIA men masquerading (unconvincingly) as diplomats, the missionaries, and the Boer thugs. Politically, it was a heady time. South Africa was in the late stages of apartheid, and its political intrigues spilled over into Botswana and other front-line states.

For a writer and thinker of Rush's talents, this was rich material. Which is not to say that Rush owes his late success to the exoticism of Africa. Similar accusations were once leveled against Paul Simon

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CHARLIE MAYER



CHARLIE MAYER



LUKE DISTELHORST



CHARLIE MAYER

Top: Rachel Henighan outside the cabin—or *hasha*—of a Kazak family in western Mongolian. Inside, she and husband Charlie Mayer found hospitality and a portable radio tuned to the Gobi Wave—essential listening for thousands of nomads across Mongolia.

Above: Enkhtsetseg of Gobi Wave records a herder's greeting to far-away family members. She will later play it on the air.



UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

100 Watts of Community Power

RURAL RADIO
ROCKS MONGOLIA.

By Charlie Mayer '98



ADRIAN ARBIB/CORBIS

Many rural Mongolians have both televisions and radios but receive little national programming that has local interest. Local stations, broadcasting in both FM and long-wave, provide a sense of community across the sparsely populated Gobi Desert and other parts of Mongolia.

Dalanzadgad—the capital of Mongolia's South Gobi province—is the middle of nowhere. When we found ourselves 100 kilometers from Dalanzadgad at dusk, we were 100 kilometers from nowhere.

It was early March. Wind blasted across the vast expanse of the Gobi. It was clear and dry. As the sun dipped behind the mountains, the sky turned pastel shades of pink. The dirt track ahead of our Land Cruiser became harder to see and more treacherous.

As we rounded a barren hill, the camels were unmistakable. At least two dozen of them cocked their heads to see what was coming. We stopped to visit. The camels belonged to a family that also herds goats and sheep on that arid land. Men and women, children, and the family dog greeted us as we dismounted our SUV. I sat on a camel briefly before we went into the family's *ger*, the round felt tent that has been home to Mongolian nomads since ancient times.

We hustled in and unzipped our winter clothes. We drank fresh camel's milk as the herder asked us who we were and what we were doing in his neighborhood. When he found out that we were with the local radio station, he got very excited and asked if he could record a greeting to his parents in another part of the Gobi.

With no telephones, no Internet, and no transportation infrastructure to speak of, radio is community in many parts of rural Mongolia. Hundred-dollar satellite dishes, which rural families set up outside their gers, downlink television news from dubious sources in Ulaanbaatar or China. There is almost no credible TV broadcast for the local area. That's where radio comes in.

My first encounter with rural Mongolian radio came one chilly night in October 2005. My wife, Rachel Henighan '97, and I were on an ill-advised 4-day drive in Mongolia's far western Bayan Ulgii province. With darkness and cold descending, we found warmth and hospitality in an old



CHARLIE MAYER



LUKE DISTELHORST

Above: Khishgesuren is general manager of Orhon FM in Darkhan. "She and Naraanchimeg of Gobi Wave are the main movers and shakers in the world of Mongolian rural radio," Mayer says.

Left: The studio of Gobi Wave is housed in this building in Dalanzadgad.



LUKE DISTELHORST

Mayer and his brother Simon help Mongolian technicians install a new FM transmitting antenna atop the building that houses the Gobi Wave.



CHARLIE MAYER

A deejay at a station in Sukhbaatar works in a studio that occupies a tiny first-floor apartment in a Soviet-era apartment block.

CHARLIE MAYER



MICHAEL CULLEN

Charlie Mayer '98 took a break from his job at NPR to live in Mongolia for a year. Here, he solders cables for a new satellite dish provided by the U.S. Embassy. "That's what I did at WSRN, too," he says.

woman's one-room cabin. After we ate dinner and rolled out our sleeping mats, we sat in the dark and listened to the radio.

We heard news, music, and conversations from the provincial capital over a scratchy, long-wave frequency. Most people who live in Bayan Ulgii are ethnic Kazak. They are Muslim and speak Kazak. Most Mongolians are Buddhist and speak Mongolian. For our host, this 1-hour program in Kazak is her only daily link to life on the other side of the mountains that surround her world. She explained through a translator: "The radio is how I find out who has died and who has had a baby."

Months later, I met the man who produces that show for the Kazak listeners in Bayan Ulgii. He and a dozen other local radio leaders met in Ulaanbaatar to share ideas about how to keep their tiny stations alive. That challenge was my reason for being in Mongolia.

Rachel and I went to Mongolia on a Henry Luce Scholarship. We could have gone to just about any country in Asia to do just about anything. I chose Mongolia because of its rural radio stations. Colleagues of mine from the U.S. public radio community had worked with these stations. I went to continue that work.

The godfather of rural radio in Mongolia is also a huge figure in American public radio. Bill Siemering helped establish National Public Radio in 1971. He created *All Things Considered*, a national radio show that mixes news, interviews, reviews, and features. I have worked on that show on and off since high school. Siemering has visited Mongolia 10 times during the past decade to work on rural radio projects. He explains his passion like this: "I believe there are few

social investments that have a broader reach or affect more people than effective local radio."

Indeed, the grassroots energy that powers rural radio in Mongolia is the same energy that built a robust network of more than 800 public radio stations in the United States. In Mongolia, that energy radiates from a very small group of community leaders, journalists, and technicians who struggle

"The most important goal of our radio station is to deliver to the public true, objective news," explains station manager Khishgesuren.

every day to keep their radio stations on the air. Each one of these stations operates on about \$5,000 a year.

In Sukhbaatar, just over the hill from Russia, a team of young disc jockeys runs a tiny little station from a first-floor apartment in a crumbling old Soviet building. They play Mongolian pop and hip-hop out of a cheap Chinese computer loaded up with pirated music from their friends in Ulaanbaatar. They also produce the occasional news story and host live talk shows. A program called *Let's Meet* is a live dating show. Because this is Mongolia, where there is no time like the present, *Let's Meet* schedules dates immediately, while the show is on the air. Once a date concludes, one or both of the participants call in to give a report on how things went.

In Darkhan, halfway between Ulaanbaatar and the Russian border, the radio station has started broadcasting international news from the Voice of America (VOA) to supplement the local news in Mongolian. The VOA news is in "special English," meaning that it is read slowly for people who are trying to learn the language. "The most important goal of our radio station is to deliver to the public true, objective news," explains station manager Khishgesuren. In a town that is bursting with youth, she adds that, "It is now very essential for the people to learn English." And the radio is helping.

Of all the rural radio stations in Mongolia, the one with the broadest reach is the Gobi Wave in Dalanzadgad. It broadcasts on 103.6 FM to 16,000 people who live in the provincial capital. But three times a week, tens of thousands of listeners tune in as Gobi Wave broadcasts on long wave over a government transmitter to most of the Gobi. This is the program that connects and informs Gobi herders like the man who invited us into his ger to drink camel's milk at dusk.

With a Gobi Wave journalist holding a battered old microphone, the herder recorded a greeting to his parents. He wished them well and said that he, his family, and their animals were doing fine. The herder explained to us that he would not have a chance to visit his parents that year. The Gobi Wave carried his voice home. ☼

Charlie Mayer is senior producer for NPR's All Things Considered. Rachel Henighan teaches at a public elementary school in Washington, D.C. Excerpts from their Mongolia blog can be found with the on-line version of this article at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin.



recent SWARTHMORE events



BILL BELANGER '66

Members of the Philadelphia Connection enjoyed a fall cookout in the Chamounix picnic area of Fairmount Park.

Ann Arbor: The inaugural event of the Ann Arbor Connection was a terrific success. A gathering at the city's newest dessert hotspot, Zenaida Chocolate Lounge, drew 31 attendees representing the classes of '45 through '05—some people drove 2 1/2 hours to get there! Congratulations to Jenny Blumberg '04 and Kamilah Neighbors '98 for organizing this event and for volunteering to co-chair this new Connection.

Austin: Austin alumni and their families took a trip aboard the Polar Express. Passengers on Central Texas' vintage passenger train enjoyed hot chocolate and Christmas cookies as they visited with Santa Claus and Mrs. Claus and listened to the story of *The Polar Express*. Thanks to Jennifer Jacoby Wagner '92 for organizing this event.

Boston: Boston area alumni attended a performance of the New England Conservatory (NEC) Jazz Orchestra, featuring the music of Gil Evans, in NEC's Jordan Hall. Prior to the concert, Swarthmore attendees were treated to a reception and a pre-concert talk by Ken Schaphorst '82, director of the Jazz Orchestra.

Chicago: Chicago Connection members gathered to hear the annual Holiday Concert of Windy City Performing Arts at Ebenezer Lutheran Church. The concert featured performances by the Windy City Gay Chorus; Aria: Windy City Women's Ensemble; and Unison: Windy City Lesbian and Gay Singers. Alumnus Mark Sherkow '67 performed with the Windy City Gay Chorus and with Unison.

Denver: Local alumni enjoyed a tour of the Laboratory of Art and Ideas, led by executive director Adam Lerner. The tour included the institution's inaugural exhibition *Fantôme Afrique*, jointly commissioned by the Lab, the Pompidou Center in Paris, and the Ellipse Foundation in Lisbon. Many thanks to new Denver Connection co-chair Erin Trapp '92 for arranging this event.

Houston: Houston Connection members celebrated the fall with

high tea at the Grand Lux Café. Thanks to Sabrina Martinez '92 for organizing this event.

Paris: The Swarthmore Connection in Paris organized a walking tour of the *passages couverts* of the 1st, 2nd, and 9th arrondissements. Participants were led through a labyrinth of galleries and passages built at the beginning of the 19th century, topped off with a *goûter* in one of the walkways to savor the experience. Thanks to Anaïs Loizillon '95 for arranging this terrific tour.

Philadelphia: Paula Spilner '71, director of Philadelphia Landmarks Tours (formerly the Foundation for Architecture), led local alumni on an architectural walking tour of Fitler Square. They walked some of "Philadelphia's Littlest Streets" in the Fitler Square area, an unusual section of Philadelphia that few people have explored. They saw 18th- and 19th-century houses, interesting early-20th-century commercial buildings, and the Schuylkill Canal.

Washington, D.C.: This fall, former Swarthmore President David Fraser and his wife Barbara hosted more than 70 alumni, parents, and guests at the Textile Museum. They gave attendees a private tour of the exhibit *Mantles of Merit: Chin Textiles from Mandalay to Chittagong*, which they curated. [See photo, right.]

Twenty-five alumni attended the "Haunted Ruins" Halloween event, a special guided tour of the ruins of a girls' school from the 1800s. The frights included a Seance Room, a creepy Graveyard Crypt, a Labyrinth of Caves, a Haunted Ghost Room and a Hell-Fire Room. Many thanks to Todd Gillette '03 for organizing this excursion.

In November, alumni, parents, and friends toured the Sewall-Belmont House—a building that, for 50 years, was the home of Swarthmore alumna/suffragist/Equal Rights Amendment author Alice Paul '05 and headquarters of the National Woman's Party, which she founded. Attendees continued their get-together over lunch at the nearby Union Pub restaurant.



DEAN JIM BOCK '90 IN LA

Dean of Admissions and Financial Aid Jim Bock '90 (*kneeling at left*) joined alumni of all ages for an informal happy hour at Latitude 33. New Los Angeles Connection chair Autumn Quinn-Elmore '04 arranged this great opportunity to find out what is happening at Swarthmore, and learn about the next generation of Swarthmore students—and to have fun socializing with other Swarthmore alumni and parents.

Autumn is currently planning future events and would like to hear ideas from other members of the Swarthmore community in the LA area. E-mail her at autumn@alum.swarthmore.edu.



STEPHEN BAYER

FORMER PRESIDENT FRASER AT TEXTILE MUSEUM

Attending an exhibit at the Textile Museum in Washington, D.C., were (*left to right*) Chris Jones '85, Mary Sullivan, Cole Kendall '78, and former President David Fraser, who curated the show.

Nominate an "Unsung Hero" for the Arabella Carter Award

Arabella Carter is one of the great unsung heroes who worked for peace and social justice in Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in the early 1900s. She never sought publicity or recognition for her work and is now forgotten by all but Friends Historical Library archivists, who see her hand in Quaker peace and social justice work over 3 decades. She appears to have received no monetary compensation for all these services, living simply on family money.

The Arabella Carter Award, established in 1997 by the Alumni Council and presented each year at reunion, honors alumni who have made significant contributions as volunteers in their own community or on a regional or national level. The Council hopes to honor alumni whose volunteer service is relatively unknown. If you know such a person—especially if your class is having a reunion this year—please contact the Alumni Office at (610) 328-8404 and request an award nomination form, or visit www.swarthmore.edu/alumni/arabella__form.htm to nominate a candidate.

SPRING SEMESTER 2007 COURSES



lifelong learning

Alumni, parents, and friends in Philadelphia and New York are encouraged to enroll in one of Swarthmore's Lifelong Learning Courses. For more information, visit www.swarthmore.edu/-lifelonglearning.xml, or call (610) 328-8696.

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Wednesdays, 7 to 9:30 p.m.
Feb. 7 to March 28
Kohlberg Hall, Room 226

The Russian Short Story

Thompson Bradley, Professor Emeritus of Russian
Tuesdays, 7 to 9:30 p.m.
Feb. 13 to April 10, but not March 13
Trotter Hall, Room 301

Offered in New York City

705 Seventh Avenue

11th floor (Support Center for Nonprofit Management)

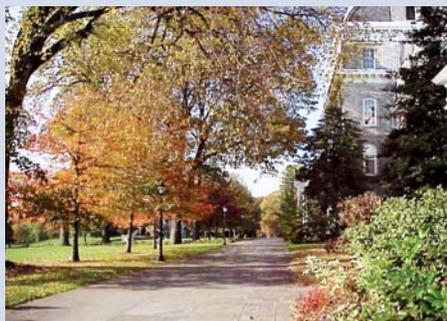
An Introduction to Art History

Michael Cothren, Professor of Art History
Wednesdays, 6:45 to 9:15 p.m.
Jan. 31 to March 21

Faulkner and Morrison

Philip Weinstein, Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of Literature
Thursdays, 6:45 to 9:15 p.m.
Feb. 8 to April 5, but not March 15

www.swarthmore.edu/lifelonglearning.xml



Postcards

Autumn colors in blazing profusion, snowflakes delicately alighting on winding walkways, a staunch stone bell tower standing guard—as one season fades to the next, none of the peaceful beauty escapes Jimmy Ellis’ attention as he patrols the campus. “Working at Swarthmore is like being inside a postcard where you can take a piece for yourself,” he says. During 26 years as a public safety officer, Ellis—who developed an interest in photography as a teenager—has chosen well as he gathers pieces of the postcard that is Swarthmore.



Forget 8 Glasses a Day

YOU MAY DRINK LESS WATER, SAYS PHYSIOLOGIST HEINZ VALTIN '49, WHO HAS IMPACTED RENAL SCIENCE WORLDWIDE.



JOHN BETARO

Heinz Valtin and his wife, Nancy Heffernan Valtin '51, enjoy their house on Vermont farmland. For 25 years, Nancy taught kindergarten in the Norwich school system.

A collective sigh of relief echoed around the globe in August 2002—the mantra “drink at least eight glasses of water a day,” popularized by, among others, *New York Times* “Personal Health” columnist JE Brody, had been refuted. Those of us who had been feeling guilty for not making our daily quotas were able to return to our caffeine-laden coffees, teas, and sodas with joyful abandon and feeling just a tad smug—thanks to Heinz Valtin '49, internationally renowned expert on renal function and Andrew C. Vail Professor Emeritus and Constantine and Joyce Hampers Professor Emeritus of Physiology at Dartmouth Medical School.

Valtin had read the *Times* article and questioned its scientific basis. So, when an editor from the *American Journal of Physiology (AJP)* requested that he research the existence of scientific evidence to support the mantra, he agreed.

The resulting article, published in *AJP* as an “Invited Review” (August 2002), stated that, except for a few illnesses and special circumstances—for example, vigorous exercise in hot climates—forced drinking of water is unnecessary for healthy individuals with sedentary lifestyles in temperate climates.

Invited to speak on National Public Radio's *Morning Edition*, he was interviewed on four continents. “I drink five to six glasses or cups of liquid a day. Only one is plain water,” he says. “The rest are coffee, tea, juice, milk, all of which are at least 90 percent water.”

Valtin says: “If it had been any other topic, I'd have declined

because I was retired by then, but this one was close to my heart.” His career has been devoted to the kidney and its functions. “The kidney maintains not only the body's water balance but also the balance for sodium, potassium, calcium, chloride, phosphates, and numerous other substances. It performs all these tasks in different parts of the nephron, the functional unit of the kidney. What's fascinating is that it can do them all discretely and simultaneously.”

In 1960, using rats from a litter bred by a colleague in West Brattleboro, Vt., Valtin developed a research model called the Brattleboro Rat. “The animal had a small mutation of the gene that produces the antidiuretic hormone, causing the rare disease *diabetes insipidus* (entirely different from sugar diabetes except that they both involve large water turnover),” he says. “The model has had amazing applicability in research and is still used today in many laboratories around the world.”

An officer of the International Union of Physiological Sciences and chair of the International Renal Commission Valtin, and his wife, Nancy Heffernan Valtin '51, have traveled all over the world. With a particular interest in promoting science in Third World countries, he was a co-initiator of a 1987 conference and workshop in Nairobi on teaching renal physiology in Africa, the first-ever conference focusing exclusively on the kidney to be held in Africa.

Valtin is the author of many articles and five books including *Renal Function: Mechanisms Preserving Fluid and Solute Balance in Health*, which for many years was the most widely used textbook in renal physiology and has been translated into German, Japanese, and Chinese. In the 1981 article “The Joy of Valtin,” Harvard Medical School student Edward Perper wrote: “It is difficult to explain how well Dr. Valtin is able to make the most complex of issues not only comprehensible but, more important (especially to the mentally besieged medical student), thoroughly exciting.”

Recipient of awards for both his scholarship and his teaching, Valtin was and still is a beloved and inspiring teacher, whose highest priority was always respect for his students as partners in learning. Moreover, he “made even the most difficult concepts of renal physiology and acid-base regulation as clear as crystal,” says Eric Brenner DMS '72-'73 in the spring 2006 *DMS Alumni News and Notes*.

Retired since 1994, Valtin served as chair of the 3-day DMS Bicentennial Symposium in 1997, which focused on ethical issues arising out of advances in the biomedical sciences and featured three Nobel laureates and a speaker who later received the prize. The program included a world première performance of a commissioned work, *The Staff of Aesculapius*, by Charles Dodge.

Valtin still attends seminars and maintains his medical license through continuing education—all via video-streaming on his computer. “I can sit here at my desk, look out on a beautiful Vermont farm, and be in touch with the world,” he says.

—Carol Brévart-Demm

It's Your Right to Know

KENTUCKY ATTORNEY JON FLEISCHAKER '67 FIGHTS FOR OPEN GOVERNMENT AND A FREE PRESS.



JOHN NATION

"I enjoy the intellectual fervor reporters have and enjoy their ability to go after people in power. It's part of my nature," Fleischaker says.

It was 2002, and the national Catholic child sexual abuse scandal was making big headlines when attorney Jon Fleischaker '67 got a call at his Louisville office that demanded he fight for the public's right to know—once again. The attorney for the Archdiocese of Louisville was on the phone, telling Fleischaker the church group wanted to close civil lawsuits against the church from public view. Fleischaker and editors from the local daily newspaper, *The Courier-Journal*, implored them not to do so and told them they would fight against it.

Fleischaker did just that. Ultimately, he and the paper were victorious, and the public's right to know was preserved. At the height of the scandal, the Archdiocese of Louisville was battling almost 250 lawsuits. "The church is an immensely important institution," Fleischaker says. "How the church dealt with this issue in the 1950s and 1960s was very important to the public in general and the Catholic population in particular."

The church case was the latest fight for Fleischaker, 61, a partner with Dinsmore & Shohl LLP in Louisville. Regarded as the leading First Amendment attorney in Kentucky, he has fought in favor of openness on behalf of the press for 35 years—in the more than 1,000 news stories he has reviewed and in the countless cases he has argued in court. In 2004, he was inducted into the Kentucky Journalism Hall of Fame—the only member who is not a working

journalist. In 2005, in recognition of his ongoing work to protect the First Amendment, the Louisville Chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists gave its "The First" Prize, to Fleischaker and his wife, Kim Greene, who practiced law with him until recently.

"I really do believe in the individual and the right of one against 100," he says. "The individual has the right to say what he believes."

Fleischaker returned to Louisville, his home town, after graduating magna cum laude from the University of Pennsylvania Law School in 1970. The 1970s were a golden time in journalism, he notes. *The New York Times* published *The Pentagon Papers*. *The Washington Post's* Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein were taking on President Nixon in the Watergate scandal. Newspapers spent money freely to fight matters on principle, and reporters dug deep in hopes of unearthing the next scandal.

"I began to realize how important the First Amendment was to a lot of things, not just newspapers, and how important it was to the core of this country," Fleischaker says, when, as a 26-year-old lawyer, he joined his firm's team in handling the *Branzburg v. Hayes* case. The U.S. Supreme Court case originated with the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. The high court ruled that reporters had no First Amendment privilege to refuse to appear and testify before state or federal grand juries, but a concurring opinion in the case and dissents from four justices have been used to argue for privilege in some cases. Fleischaker's interest in First Amendment Law was cemented during *Branzburg v. Hayes*, as was his camaraderie with reporters.

Fleischaker continued to work on press rights issues, drafting Kentucky's Open Records and Open Meetings laws in the mid-1970s as well as a rewrite of the state's Retraction Statute, which protects publications from punitive damages in defamation actions if the publication issues an appropriate correction or retraction. His principal client for most of these years has been *The Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times* (the *Times* is no longer published). "It was not unusual to review a story for the *Courier* at midnight and be back at the *Times* at 6 a.m. with the same story," Fleischaker says. "The best thing is when you're there at 10 o'clock at night making a decision, and it's the right decision. You have a great story, you publish it, and it's clean."

Although newspapers don't spend as freely as they once did on court fights, Fleischaker still stays busy representing *The Courier-Journal*, the Kentucky Press Association, and its member newspapers.

Retirement is nowhere in sight for this attorney. Fleischaker still wants to open the juvenile court system to the public in Kentucky and, currently, is battling to open the donor records of the University of Louisville Foundation. Both could benefit from a little sunshine, he says.

—Robyn Davis Sekula

Robyn is a freelance writer from New Albany, Ind.

Tweaking Capitalism

JULIE EADES '75 HELPS TO LEVEL THE ECONOMIC PLAYING FIELD THROUGH COMMUNITY LOAN FUNDING.



GEOFF FORESTER

Dale Shoup Mayer '47 (left) and Julie Eades '75 stand on the porch of one of the homes in the Freedom Hill Manufactured Housing Cooperative in London, N.H. A loan fund helped the residents purchase the land on which their manufactured homes are situated.

It's fun to do things people say can't be done," says Julie Eades '75, president and founding director of the New Hampshire Community Loan Fund (NHCLF).

The NHCLF, based in Concord, N.H., is a private, nonprofit organization, founded in 1983 by a group of citizens who wanted to help low-income people build their assets and gain long-term economic stability. The fund achieves this, primarily, by making loans to people banks consider too high risk. Acting as the go-between, the fund borrows from banks, organizations, or individuals, promising repayment. Since Eades came on board in 1984, after receiving an M.B.A. from the University of New Hampshire, the fund has never defaulted on a loan and has a loss rate of less than 1 percent.

The NHCLF (www.nhclf.org) has found its niche in helping residents of manufactured housing parks. "People who live in mobile-home parks own their home but rent the land. This makes them vulnerable to rapidly increasing rents, poor infrastructure, and even en masse eviction to create a marina, high-end housing development, or strip mall. So we bring to them the idea that when their park is for sale, they should, as a group, become the buyers themselves, create a corporation that they would then own together, and then rent from the corporation which they control," Eades said.

The fund provides assistance with all aspects of such buyouts—from establishing the board of directors to providing technical

assistance for maintenance issues. "Once you get these homeowners owning the land the homes sit on, the homes start appreciating in value because you can finance them differently," Eades said.

"The first cooperative was formed in 1984, and we just closed on our 80th residential community here in New Hampshire," Eades said. According to the 2000 Census, 5.65 percent of New Hampshire's population lives in manufactured housing.

For its development of a 44-site manufactured housing park that incorporates EnergyStar-rated homes and appliances, the Fund was awarded a \$50,000 grant as winner of the 2006 Housing Heroes Award from Citizens Bank New Hampshire. Eades said \$10,000 will be used to build a community center on the property. In 2005, the fund won the national Wachovia Community Development Financial Institutions Excellence Award for Innovation for its work with manufactured housing communities.

Communities across the nation have been eager, Eades said, to learn the strategies used in the Manufactured Housing Park Program. In response, the fund, with help from the Ford Foundation, has created Resident Owned Communities/USA.

NHCLF also offers an Individual Development Accounts program which helps people save for buying homes, businesses, or further education; and the Home of Your Own Program that helps individuals with developmental disabilities buy homes.

Since its first loan of \$43,000 in 1984, the fund has made, as of September 2006, 1,306 loans totaling more than \$85 million and leveraged more than \$292 million from banks and the government for borrower projects.

One of the many individual lenders is Dale Shoup Mayer '47 of Center Sandwich, N.H.

"My husband, who's now deceased, and I made our first loan because we liked the idea of investing in people and not buildings," said Mayer, who now sits on the fund's board of directors. "The fund has a strong microcredit program similar to what economist Muhammad Yunus, who won the Nobel Peace Prize this year, did in Bangladesh. It's the most exciting way to invest and give money. This has changed peoples' lives."

"The Loan Fund is about economic justice," said Eades who lives in a cooperative residence with four other Swarthmore alumni. "You hear about people who are working and doing their best but are excluded from participating fully in the economy because they don't fit the criteria that's meant for higher profitability. Yet they're responsible. They can pay their bills. This is a way to shoehorn people into the economy. Some people don't qualify for traditional loans for reasons that don't have anything to do with their worthiness. They just don't fit the standards. Where the banks leave off, we pick up with an entrepreneurial activist approach to these systems. I find that endlessly interesting."

—Audree Penner

a splendid model

Robert Oerter '83, *The Theory of Almost Everything: The Standard Model, the Unsung Triumph of Modern Physics*, Pi Press, 2006

Why is it that the general reader with an interest in physics can probably tell you something about string theory, black holes, chaos, or quantum reality but is typically silent when the subject of the Standard Model of elementary particles comes up?

The Standard Model includes all the known fundamental interactions of elementary particles (except gravity) and possibly represents the greatest intellectual achievement of 20th-century physics. Its development is the result of the work of hundreds of physicists and is a splendid example of how physics works, especially the interplay of experimental and theoretical physics.

The Standard Model can explain almost everything from the energy production in the sun to the basic structure of silly putty.

In his new book *The Theory of Almost Everything*, Bob Oerter, one of my former students, describes the Standard Model and the way in which it unifies electromagnetic forces—both weak and strong—into a single framework. He gives a marvelous presentation of the fundamental structure of the microscopic universe as theoretical physicists now think it works.

Oerter follows the historical development of the theory, which closely corresponds to the intellectual history of 20th-century physics. He discusses many interesting topics, including relativity, quantum mechanics, quantum electrodynamics (QED), quarks and quantum chromodynamics (QCD), and the Weinberg-Salam model of the electroweak interactions. His use of the actual statements from people involved in the development of the theory makes the story exceedingly interesting.

Well-written and using analogies to commonplace objects such as a Nerf ball, a BB gun, guitar strings, and lifeguards saving drowning swimmers, Oerter illustrates these very complex phenomena using concepts that are easy to understand. Rather than focusing on small details, he attempts to elucidate the general physics principles that form the basis of the model and extend into all branches of physics. The result is a top-notch job in all respects.

Oerter's work invites readers to follow the process that a physicist uses when making the transition between building complex ideas, developing a theory, and making the connection to experiment. The important roles of symmetry and the philosophical ideas of reductionism and unification are integrated brilliantly into the discussion.

Throughout the book, Oerter offers superb descriptions of recent experiments that have influenced and/or confirmed the Standard Model. Especially noteworthy are his depictions of "spontaneous symmetry breaking" and the Higgs mechanism; the creation of massive particles; the real significance of unification of forces at high

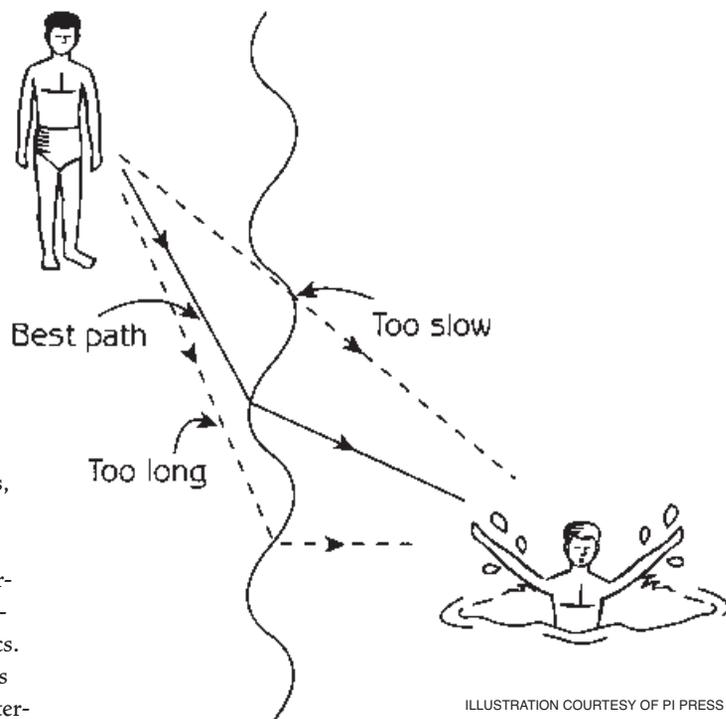


ILLUSTRATION COURTESY OF PI PRESS

Imagine a lifeguard wishing to save a drowning swimmer. Because the guard can run faster than he can swim, following a straight line to the victim would be too slow. The optimal path is that which takes the least time. This is a simple illustration of the "least-time principle," which also applies to a ray of light traveling through two different media, such as water and air.

energies; the weak interaction and its successor, the electroweak interaction; Noether's theorem; the properties of quarks and gauge bosons using group theoretical ideas; color and flavor; the way in which special relativity and quantum mechanics are combined into quantum field theory; and the use of Feynman diagrams.

Oerter succeeded in creating unique and clever ways to present complex physics concepts such as "special relativity" and "least action." Especially impressive is his use of simple examples based on everyday ideas that will be clear to the general reader. Although the author uses simple analogies, a basic knowledge of physics will benefit readers in the few sections that include more complex subject matter.

The book ends with a short foray into what might lie beyond the Standard Model, such as string theory and new dimensions.

Although his subject matter is complex, Oerter successfully explains advanced topics in physics in a way that the general reader with no expertise in mathematics should certainly be able to read the book and develop some understanding of quantum concepts and the Standard Model.

Anyone interested in modern physics seeking possible answers about the universe and how it works should read this clear and well-written book. Those who do should open their minds and spend some time thinking about each new topic. The effort cannot fail to be both worthwhile and enjoyable.

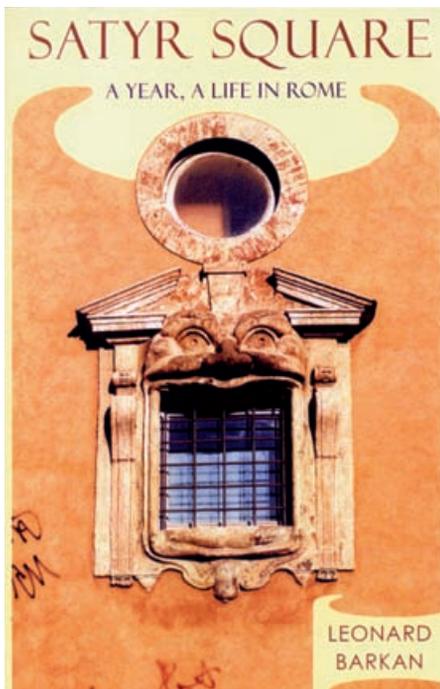
—John Boccio
Professor of Physics

Books

E. (Ernest) Abbott '72 and O. Hetzel, *A Legal Guide to Homeland Security and Emergency Management for State and Local Governments*, ABA Press, 2005. This work provides a look into homeland security and emergency management law, describing and analyzing specific areas of the two systems.

Peter Andreas '87, *Policing the Globe: Criminalization and Crime Control in International Relations*, Oxford University Press, 2006. In an analysis of the historic expansion and recent acceleration of international crime control, the author provides a bridge between criminal justice and international relations on a topic of crucial importance.

Peter Bart '54, *Boffo! How I Learned to Love the Blockbuster and Fear the Bomb*, Miramax



Leonard Barkan '65, *Satyr Square: A Year, a Life in Rome*, Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2006. Part memoir, part literary criticism, part travelogue, this autobiographical work offers fragments of Italy—art, food, and longing and the ways they transform the life of an American professor. The author teaches comparative literature and is director of the Society of Fellows in the Liberal Arts at Princeton.

Books, 2006. Looking back on 20th-century show-biz hits, the editor in chief of Variety Inc. seeks to uncover the reasons for success and failure in the world of film, theater, and television.

David Burdige '78, *Geochemistry of Marine Sediments*, Princeton University Press, 2006. This graduate text presents the fundamentals of marine sediment geochemistry by examining the complex chemical, biological, and physical processes that contribute to the conversion of these sediments to rock—a process known as early diagenesis.

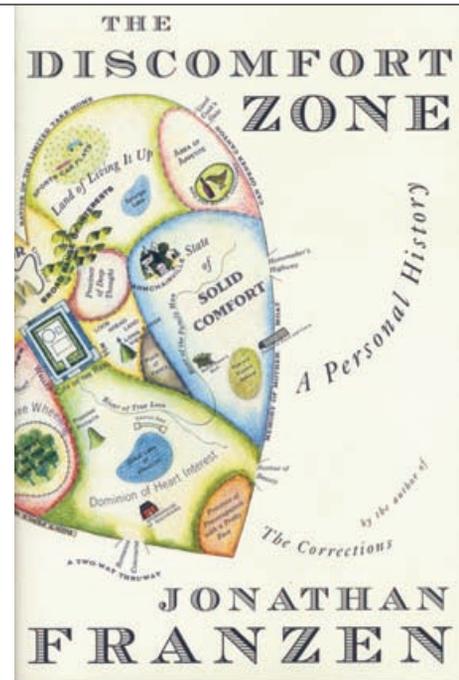
Gene Burns '80, *The Moral Veto: Framing Contraception, Abortion, and Cultural Pluralism in the United States*, Cambridge University Press, 2005. The author presents a history of social attitudes toward contraception and abortion and the development of medical, moral, and political issues surrounding the topic.

Philip John Davies SP and Bruce Newman (editors), *Winning Elections With Political Marketing*, The Haworth Press, 2006. The findings of leading political researchers provide a glimpse into the election processes of the United States and the United Kingdom.

Roger Freeman '54 and Ethel Freeman, *Day Hikes and Trail Rides in Payson's Rim Country*, Gem Guides Book Co., 2005. By the authors of the bestselling *Day Hikes and Trail Rides in and around Phoenix* (Gem Guides Book Co., 2000), this guide book contains trail descriptions through the varied terrain and deep canyons of the Mogollon Rim, which, with its cliffs and strange rock formations, cuts across much of Arizona and into New Mexico.

Heidi Hartmann '67 (editor), *Women, Work, and Poverty: Women Centered Research for Policy Change*, The Haworth Political Press, 2005. This book presents recent information on women living at or below the poverty level and points out the necessary changes in public policy required to enable them to overcome their economic hardships.

John Brady Kiesling '79, *Diplomacy Lessons: Realism for an Unloved Superpower*, Potomac Books Inc., 2006. Convinced that disasters like Iraq are foreseeable and preventable, the



Jonathan Franzen '81, *The Discomfort Zone: A Personal History*, Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 2006. Franzen's memoir of growing up includes moments of both high drama and personal insight as well as a glimpse of his time at Swarthmore, including a piercing portrait of the late George Avery, professor emeritus of German. Franzen writes that Avery "felt for literature the kind of headlong love and gratitude that a born-again Christian feels for Jesus Christ."

author offers a witty dissection of American diplomacy and foreign policy to readers interested in America's changing role in the world. (See p. 9 for an account of Kiesling's fall campus visit.)

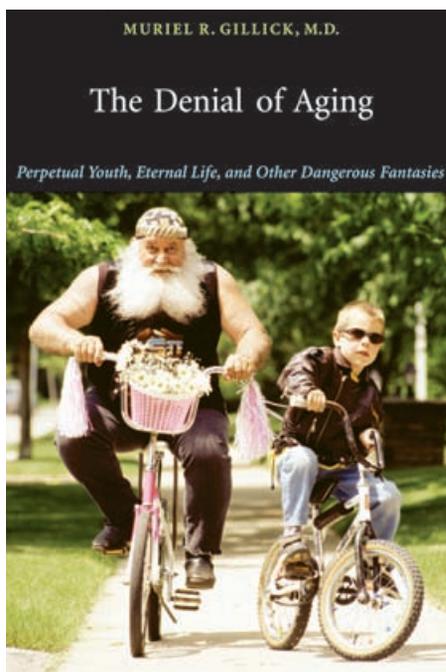
Arnold Kling '75, *Crisis of Abundance: Rethinking How We Pay for Health Care*, Cato Institute, 2006. In an effort to help eliminate waste, cut costs, and improve quality in the American health care system, the author advocates greater consumer responsibility and fewer expenses paid by third parties, proposing that financial assistance be reserved for the very poor and the very sick.

Theda Skocpol, **Ariane Liazos '98**, Marshall Ganz, *What a Mighty Power We Can Be: African American Fraternal Groups and the Struggle for Racial Equality*, Princeton University Press, 2006. This first book to docu-

ment the diverse history of African American fraternal groups in the United States reveals, among other things, some of the unexpected links between the African American fraternal tradition and the wider struggle for freedom.

Andrew Perrin '93, *Citizen Speak: The Democratic Imagination in American Life*, The University of Chicago Press, 2006. Arguing that being a good citizen involves more than simply routine acts like voting, letter writing, and listening to the news, the author encourages creative thinking, talking, and acting.

Julie Phillips '86, *James Tiptree Jr.: The Double Life of Alice B. Sheldon*, St. Martin's Press, 2006. Based on 10 years of research and



Muriel (Garfunkel) Gillick '72, *The Denial of Aging: Perpetual Youth, Eternal Life, and Other Dangerous Fantasies*, Harvard University Press, 2006. In a merciless critique of current expensive health maintenance practices such as diets, exercise programs, and medical intervention to fend off impending old age, the author encourages a less aggressive, more compassionate approach to caring for the elderly and acceptance of the fact that nobody lives forever.



Faceoff, one of several new works in **Minna Newman Nathanson's** ['57] fall show of steel, wire, plexiglass, and paper sculptures at Parish Gallery, Washington, D.C., consists of eight 4- by 15-inch metal pieces positioned in four groups of two that face each other on a black plexiglass plate. Two of her works are also on display in Washington, D.C., city hall's new permanent collection of regional art works.

interviews, this biography of Sheldon (1915–1987) discloses the life of a profoundly original writer and a woman far ahead of her time. For more information, visit www.julie-phillips.com.

Bonnie Shepard '70, *Running the Obstacle Course to Sexual and Reproductive Health: Lessons From Latin America*, Praeger, 2006. In a series of multidisciplinary studies focusing on sexual and reproductive health advocacy and programs in Latin America, this work illuminates the political, cultural, and organizational dynamics that threaten sexual and reproductive health there.

Gavin Wright '65, *Slavery and American Economic Development*, Louisiana State University Press, 2006. Through an analysis of slavery as an economic institution, the author presents a fresh look at the economic divergence between North and South in the antebellum era.

CD

Lisa Wildman '84, David McCullough, Saverio Minicucci, *Group W*, recorded at Fish-Less Records, mixed and mastered at Jazz Plumber Studios, 2005. This new CD contains a number of traditional songs including favorites such as “House of the Rising Sun,” “Blackbird,” and “10,000 Miles”; as well as “Standing Not Alone,” by the late Roxanna Glass '91.

Let the Bulletin know about your latest scholarly, literary, visual, theatrical, cinematic, or other artistic effort at bulletin@swarthmore.edu or by sending press releases, photos, or review copies to Books & Arts, Swarthmore College Bulletin, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081.



Charles McGovern '80, *Sold American: Consumption and Citizenship, 1890–1945*, The University of North Carolina Press, 2006. The author analyses the emerging consumer culture at the turn of the 20th century, examining its key players—advertisers and consumer activists—and the ways they propagated mass consumption as a specifically American social practice and an important element of nationality and citizenship.

Nobody's Pawn

WILLIAM SALETAN '87 FACES A FRESH SLATE.



MARTHA HIRSCHFELD

Saletan made his entry into journalism by gathering information, finding patterns, and presenting them to the public.

William Saletan '87 regularly goes pawn to pawn against conservative columnist Charles Krauthammer and libertarian writer Charles Murray at meetings of the Pariah Chess Club in Washington, D.C. The politically independent *Slate* science writer and former political journalist, whose own staunch opinion pieces for the on-line magazine can likewise render him an outcast in Washington's divided seas, scans the board, planning his next move.

Saletan has made his career by gathering information, finding patterns, and presenting them to the public. In his 2003 book *Bearing Right: How Conservatives Won the Abortion War*, he argues that abortion activists, in an effort to mainstream their efforts, allowed a conservative rhetoric of privacy to co-opt their women's-rights message. The book contributed "fresh material" to a topic that had "grown stale," wrote David Smith, Richter Professor Emeritus of Political Science, in a March 2004 *Bulletin* review.

On Nov. 3, 2004, prevented by popular vote from writing a planned column extolling the American political system for its tendency to "throw the worst out," Saletan began his *Slate* column with two words, "Hey, Democrats!" and promptly told them the lesson they should discern from President George W. Bush's re-election: a need to return to being the party of responsibility "that rewards ordinary people who do what they're supposed to do—and protects them from those who don't."

Then, after filing the column, he immediately jumped from polit-

ical writing to focus on science—a move that had already been in the making well before the election results were known. Saletan has since told stories synthesizing reams of scientific data on topics including polygamy, vegetarianism, stem cells, child-molesting teachers, tanning, and anal sex.

Saletan's success in journalism can be attributed in large part to his sense of exigency. Saletan searched for a newspaper job after graduating from Swarthmore with a philosophy major, having already interned for *The New Republic* and *The Washingtonian*. He applied to big papers, smaller papers, and just plain small papers but says that being told by the 20,000-circulation *Concord Monitor* that he needed experience at semiweeklies in the New Hampshire "boonies" was the final straw. So he abandoned the standard entry-way into journalism; began freelancing in Washington, D.C.; and, within 2 months, landed a job with the electronic political digest *Hotline*, soon becoming its editor.

But Saletan found himself thirsting to write about something more substantial than that morning's poll numbers. In 1989, he began researching *Bearing Right* in a completely unconventional way—not after scoping out interest among publishers, not as part of a Ph.D. dissertation—because he felt he had to. He worked on the book off and on for years, polishing his prose as he borrowed money and freelanced magazine stories to subsist.

"I couldn't *not* have done it. I was just determined to do this," says Saletan, who half-jokes that if he were hit by a bus later, he wanted to feel that he accomplished something.

"Don't you want, at some point in your life, to have done something that's absolutely the best thing you could have done?" he asks.

Bearing Right was published more than a decade later by the University of California Press, after Saletan's wife, Martha Hirschfeld, made it clear she wanted the *other* apple of her husband's eye—"the first wife"—out of the house. Saletan has made almost no money from the venture. But he's glad he did it.

What next? Saletan, who calls fatherhood "the greatest thing in the world," spends much of his spare time these days with his children, Eli, 6, and Miriam, 3. He's flirting with writing a book about biotechnological self-transformation, about the use of modern technologies to tweak the way we think. But a part of him—the part that has pushed him to the top of the notoriously competitive field of opinion journalism, the part that treasures healthy debates with his chess partners and the part that hears music in his head—seeks an even bigger challenge.

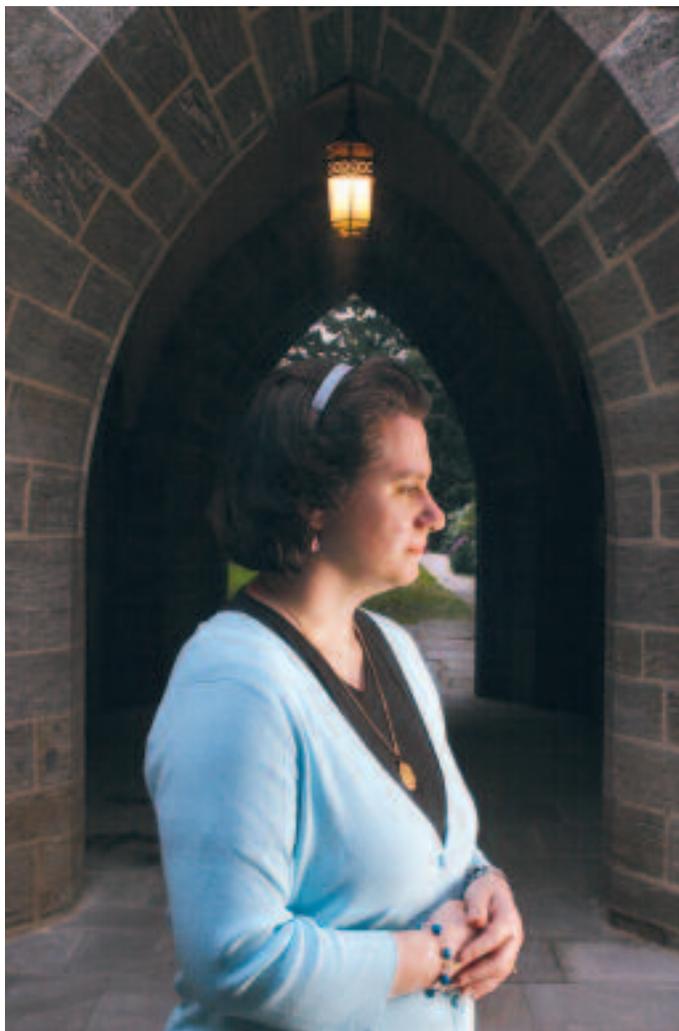
"Sometimes I think going into journalism with the idea of doing opinion journalism was kind of a crazy thing to do," he says. But following his dream of being a songwriter—"the really crazy thing to do"—would have been his most ambitious move, one he might still make if he finds a fortune somewhere.

—Elizabeth Redden '05

silent no more

BY SIGNING AN AD, I DIDN'T JUST LOSE MY JOB. I LOST MY FRIENDS, MY COLLEAGUES, AND MY CHURCH.

By Michele Curay Cramer '93



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

A little over 3 years ago, I made a deliberate decision to allow my name to be included with 600 others in a signature ad in the *Wilmington, Del., News Journal*. The ad called attention to a significant issue in my society and in my religion—a woman's right to choose to end her pregnancy. It was a thoughtful decision, one that I analyzed as an American and as a Catholic. The opportunity was one I could not pass up because of what it meant to me and to the women of my faith.

Three years earlier, I had embarked upon a very long and painful spiritual journey. I was a devoted Catholic; I believed in the liturgy and honored it as something very sacred in my life. But I continued

to feel like something was missing. After years of spiritual searching, I came to a solid realization: I needed to serve my Catholic community as a priest.

Although my spiritual life-calling was finally clear, it was a path that my church refused to recognize. The Catholic hierarchy had silenced all discussions on the topic of women's ordination. How devastating and how frustrating it was for me to know what God had called me to do but then to have man deny me that calling.

In an effort to respond to this gender-based struggle with my religion, I began volunteering for Planned Parenthood of Delaware, an organization that promotes the health and power of women. My work was to provide safe-sex education, face-to-face, at health fairs in Wilmington. It was a life-changing experience for me to be committed to women and to support their reproductive options, no matter what the situation. God does not call for judgment; God calls us to walk the journey with our neighbors and help them along the way. And that is what I tried to do.

Nine months after my first health fair, I signed the ad in support of *Roe v. Wade*. I had met the people whom this ruling affected. I had spent countless hours talking to the women who faced frightening times in their lives and whose only help came from Planned Parenthood. I had met the women who made life-altering decisions and who were thankful for the opportunity to make those decisions safely. I had also met Catholic women who were paralyzed with fear of the Church, and I knew that my signature would help break their silence. I wanted to be a voice against their oppression.

On the day my name appeared in the ad, I was summoned to the president's office at the private Catholic school where I taught. She had seen the ad.

I explained my position: Catholics are taught to follow their consciences, and that is exactly what I had done.

"Do you know what I can do?" she asked.

"Yes. You could fire me." I knew the Church's tendencies.

"Yes, I can," she replied. "Yes, I can." And 2 days later, I was faced with the "choice" to either resign or be terminated.

After retaining a lawyer, I returned to my employer the following Monday with my decision. This time, I spoke to the head of the Theology Department about the beliefs of conscience. He told me, outrageously, that God calls us to follow our conscience in all issues except this one. "This issue," he said, "is black and white, and you are either with us or against us." Unless I was willing to publicly recant my position, I would no longer be permitted to teach at this school. At that point, I realized there was nothing more to discuss. With full peace of mind and because I thought they were gravely

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wrong, I informed the president that I would not resign. The school would have to fire me. They did—and then they contacted the press.

The days that followed were filled with interviews, press conferences, and endless comments from countless people. I kept my message clear: Never in my classroom did I violate the rights of my children or the integrity of their education. Never. And never had my qualifications or ethics as a teacher come into question. I was fired because of a statement I made outside of my classroom. But at the same time, I was deeply confused. Why would anyone have the authority to fire me for signing a petition supporting a right that had been recognized by the Supreme Court? First, I had been denied

associating with my name. Nevertheless, I hoped that somewhere, someone would see the truth and not be afraid to speak it. I believed in an objective legal system.

My lawsuit was dismissed by a federal district judge, who defined me (a lay teacher in a religious school) as a minister of the Church and defined the school’s actions as doctrine. I appealed that ruling, but, in June 2006, the Third Circuit Court denied the appeal. Admitting that the line between doctrine and discrimination is blurry, members of the court told me that every case had to be decided individually—and they decided against me.

It was a politically safe solution. Our court system refused to



my spiritual calling; now I was being denied my democratic voice.

It was difficult enough to be fired from a job, but to be fired because of my beliefs—and to be publicly cast out by my bishop—was more damaging than anyone would understand.

I didn’t just lose my teaching position, I lost myself, my religion, and my trust in my faith community. I saw over and over again how many agreed but how few agreed to take on the battle; how many had been wounded but how few were willing to unite together and question. People talked about me in the papers, on television, and on the Internet. Despite all the words, none of them was my own. I was silenced, not only because I had brought a lawsuit but by the realization that I was publicly standing alone. But, alone or not, I never lost sight of my faith, my integrity, and my calling to be the voice for those who were powerless to speak.

I spent the next several years in Wilmington afraid to sit in a restaurant, afraid to use my name, even afraid to work in the city because of how much everyone thought they knew. People wanted to agree, but few took a stand. People wanted to walk with me, but many were fearful of the repercussions they would face by simply

hold the school accountable for unjust acts committed under the guise of religious freedom. And courts across the country continue to ignore the victims of such institutions and instead choose the politically safer solutions all in the name of ministerial exception. It was and continues to be a heartbreaking ruling for me—one that will forever haunt me not because of my own silent loss but because of the larger oppression of women of faith.

Despite all of that, I have absolutely no regrets. I made my choice, and I have lived willingly with the consequences of that choice. By signing an ad, I didn’t just lose my job. I lost my friends, my colleagues, and my church—but my problems could never compare to the oppression women have faced from our churches and from our courts. Unjust institutions thrive on silence. I am silent no more. ☘

Michele Curay Cramer lives in West Chester, Pa., and currently teaches in and chairs the English Department in a West Chester public middle school. A graduate of the Pennsylvania Writing Project, she is a National Writing Project Fellow.

The Writer's Writer

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of Africa. Similar accusations were once leveled against Paul Simon after the commercial success of his pop album *Graceland*. Simon's reply: If he had approached record companies proposing to go to Africa and record an album featuring African music and musicians, he would have been laughed out of the office. Book publishers are not so different. "A lot of people don't want to read a long book about something as unfamiliar as Africa," says the literary critic James Wood.

But Rush's first African stories, published in *The New Yorker* and other magazines in the early 1980s (and later included in *Whites*), drew immediate attention. They were lean, tense, and morally powerful. "I have to keep stopping as I'm reading, because I am overcome in a way, just shivering," wrote the novelist Alice Munro. Most dealt with expatriates, but as Wood put it in a review, "Botswana is never a backdrop but always the fabric of Rush's fictions." Daniel Menaker '63, Rush's former editor at *The New Yorker*, says the stories stood out from Rush's earlier work: "I think that in composing his African stories, Norman saw that some of his earlier techniques were unnecessary. He had such concrete and novel experiences to work with. He kept his same stylish manner and linguistic sophistication but got rid of the extraneous riffing."

According to Elsa, Rush's writing also benefited from the 5-year hiatus from the claustal New York literary scene.

Among those impressed were literary superagent Andrew Wylie and Knopf editor Anne Close. Soon, Rush had a two-book deal for *Whites* and *Mating*. For the first time in his life, he was able to write full time. *Whites* drew critical acclaim—including from Lehmann-Haupt, then senior daily book reviewer at *The New York Times*—but it was *Mating* that remains his greatest critical and commercial success to date.

Mating is about a courtship: An American anthropologist, struggling with her dissertation in Gaborone, seeks out Nelson Denoon, a charismatic, heretical ex-academic who has founded a matriarchal Utopian community in the Kalahari. Much of the novel's allure stems from the extraordinary voice of its female narrator, who goes unnamed until she reappears briefly (as Karen) in *Mortals*.

Rush is not an easy read. Karen's voice is a finely crafted mix of American slang, \$10 words (bouleversements, bibelot), Latin phrases (*res gestae*), and Setswana, the national language of Botswana. (Helpfully, there's a glossary for the African words.) But the word play is infectious—"He said something passé like touché"—and both Karen's relationship with Denoon and the sociopolitical complexities of the Utopian community are rendered in evocative, exquisite detail. "I know it sounds absurd," Rush told *The New York Times*, "but I wanted to create the most fully realized female character in the English language." Some think the National Book Award didn't go far enough to acknowledge the success of his effort. "*Mating* is the best novel of the last 30 years," says the novelist Benjamin Kunkel.

It took Rush a decade to complete *Mortals*. He had a few false starts. "And I think he had a hard time giving up the voice in *Mating*," Close said. Rush also knew this would be his final African novel, and he still had much to say.

Mortals chronicles the dissolution of a marriage, and, although written in the third-person, it is told from the perspective of Ray Finch, an unpublished Milton scholar and CIA contract agent in Botswana, just after the Soviet Union's collapse. Ray's deep love for his wife, Iris, borders on obsession and often manifests itself as jealousy; he fears she will leave him for a newly arrived African-American doctor, Davis Morel. Although Ray would like to turn the agency's attentions to Morel, who came to Africa to preach militant atheism, his station chief orders him to the Kalahari to spy on Samuel Kerekang, whose brand of socialism Ray admires.

Several reviewers could not get past the foibles of the novel's protagonist ("[Ray] is perhaps the most annoying hero this reviewer has ever spent 700 pages with," John Updike harrumphed in *The New Yorker*.) But it is easy to recognize Ray's foibles in oneself.

Indeed, Rush has said he revised early parts of the novel because he found himself liking Ray more than he intended. But *Mortals* tackles more than a

marriage. To a greater extent than *Mating*, it explores the consequences, mostly malign, of Western imperial and religious involvement in Africa. (Religion, in particular, is Rush's great bugaboo.) In his *New Republic* review,

Wood heralded the intelligence of *Mortals*: "For once, knowledge in an American novel has not come free and flameless from Google but has come out of a writer's own burning; for once, knowledge is not simply exotic and informational, but something amassed as life is amassed, as a pile of experiences rather than a wad of facts."

Rush, who turned 73 in October, is hard at work on another novel, *Subtle Bodies*. Set in New York, it is about male friendship: Old friends come together for a funeral in the run-up to the U.S. invasion of Iraq. "In the novel, the friends attended NYU, but a lot of the sensibilities are based on those people I knew at Swarthmore," Rush says.

Literary success has brought financial comfort to the Rushes, but few radical changes. They've installed central heating and deepened their well to allow for summer showers and a washing machine. And when I asked Elsa—Rush's wife for 51 years, his greatest influence, and deepest reader—what she enjoyed most about her husband's success, her reply was quick: "What's best is to know that there are people now, besides my sister and me, who know that Norman is a wonderful writer." ❧

Paul Wachter has written for *The Nation*, *The New York Observer*, *Salon.com* and other magazines. He is writing a novel set in Beirut, Lebanon, where he lived for 4 years. He currently lives in New York.

"I know it sounds absurd," Rush told *The New York Times*, "but I wanted to create the most fully realized female character in the English language."

Why is Helen North anything but RETIRING?

Because this Centennial Professor Emerita of Classics has taught, influenced, and cultivated relationships among generations of Swarthmore students for nearly 60 years. Because, among her many honors, she has received an honorary degree from Trinity College in Dublin, the American Philological Association's Distinguished Service Medal, and the Centennial Medal of the American Academy in Rome. Because she and her sister, Mary, graduated from Cornell University together in 1942. Because, together, they wrote two guidebooks to Irish prehistoric sites. Because she still lives in Swarthmore in the house she shared with her mother and sister and which her sister designed. Because she has made an annual trip to Ireland for the last 40 years, save the year her sister died. Because, when she goes, riding horses is still the climax of her trip. Because President John Nason said she was the only job candidate who ever insisted on seeing the school's stables. Because the "hedonistic calculus" she made when deciding whether to return to Swarthmore after a year at Barnard included knowing she could see the Metropolitan Opera on tour in Philadelphia and ride horseback with Dean Everett Hunt. Because she still has the mask she wore to play the Frog Footman in the faculty production of *Alice in Wonderland*. Because she counts recruiting her colleague and neighbor William R. Kenan Jr. Professor Emeritus of Classics Martin Ostwald from Columbia University to Swarthmore—and keeping him here—as her "greatest claim to fame." Because, after President Nason said no, she still recruited a Roman Catholic priest from Morton, Pa., to come talk with students and hold weekly Newman Club meetings for the first time at the College. Because, although she found herself in demand as a candidate for dean or president at other institutions, she always resisted, saying her friendships with President Courtney Smith and Dean of Women Susan Cobbs brought her "close enough to see the burden they bore. Teach-

ing Greek in translation, mythology, and religion was just delightful. I would have been a fool to give that up." Because she has led 14 Alumni College Abroad trips, including the first, in 1978, to Greece. Because she hopes her next is to Libya, since the country is now open and, she says, "the Roman remains around Tripoli and the Greek remains around Benghazi are just fabulous." Because her first book, *Sophrosyne*, received the Goodwin Award of the American Philological Association in 1969. Because a former student used the book's title to name her dog. Because she has never been to a faculty meeting since she retired in 1991, although she makes a point to attend Alumni Weekend. Because she meets every Tuesday with her colleagues in classics to read, translate, and discuss Greek poetry. Because she recently returned from Atlanta, where she celebrated the 50th anniversary of Phi Beta Kappa's Visiting Scholar Program. Because she has chaired that program's search committee for 8 years—and this year persuaded Dorwin P. Cartwright Professor of Social Theory and Social Action Barry Schwartz to join. Because Chicago is her favorite big city, "except for Rome, of course." Because her in-progress book about Plato's rhetoric fascinates her in light of the Greek saying, "If Zeus spoke Greek, he would sound like Plato." Because she agreed to be interviewed for this only after being assured that doing so would not, in fact, be "the equivalent of being the ghost of Christmas past."

What has kept you at Swarthmore?

There is a Greek drinking song that lists the good things in life. One is, "To be young with your friends." Swarthmore provided the friends. A close second is the 10 generations of challenging, responsive students.

What is your idea of earthly happiness?

It's what my life has been—reading and teaching Greek and Latin and traveling to

classical countries and others. How lucky I've been.

What do you regard as the lowest depths of misery?

Being a dean or college president.

When do you feel most indulgent?

When I walk across campus and stop in the rose garden or at the weeping cherry trees. I have a feeling it's all kept up just for me.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?

Clytemnestra. I admire her gumption. She is not one to be put upon.

What about real life heroes?

JFK—and I'm keeping an eye on Pope Benedict.

What is your most treasured possession?

A silver rosary my family gave me when I passed my doctoral orals.

What is your best quality?

I can't think of one.

And your worst?

Laziness.

What is a talent you wish you had?

Opera singer.

Do you have a motto?

At the entrance to Apollo's temple in Delphi, the god's greeting to the pilgrim reads, "Know thyself" and "Nothing too much." So that's it—self-knowledge and moderation.

—Alisa Giardinelli



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Centennial Professor Emerita of Classics Helen North, now 85, uses her unabridged Liddell and Scott *Greek-English Lexicon* daily. "It's the basis of our discipline," she says.

Planning for your financial future— and Swarthmore's

A NEW On-Line Resource



Questions about information on the new Web site?
Contact the Office of Planned Giving. We can help.
Call us toll free: (866) 526-4438, or e-mail
plannedgiving@swarthmore.edu.

The new Swarthmore College planned giving Web site at pg.swarthmore.edu offers a wealth of information, including a library. Learn about securing retirement income you can't outlive, tax-saving strategies for selling real estate, and leaving a reliable source of income to loved ones through your estate—as well as how a gift to Swarthmore College can help you accomplish all of these goals and more.

You'll find the following table of information on our new home page:

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Learn about new IRA giving	New IRA legislation
Increase retirement income	Deferred charitable gift annuities
Turn an occasionally used vacation home into an income stream	Gifts of real estate
Diversify your investment portfolio	Charitable remainder trusts
Make tax-wise gifts from an IRA or 401(k)	Gifts of retirement fund assets
Minimize or eliminate estate taxes	Bequests or charitable remainder trusts
Provide heirs with an income stream	Charitable remainder trusts
Receive professional investment management	Charitable remainder trusts
Escape real estate management but retain the income	Gifts of real estate