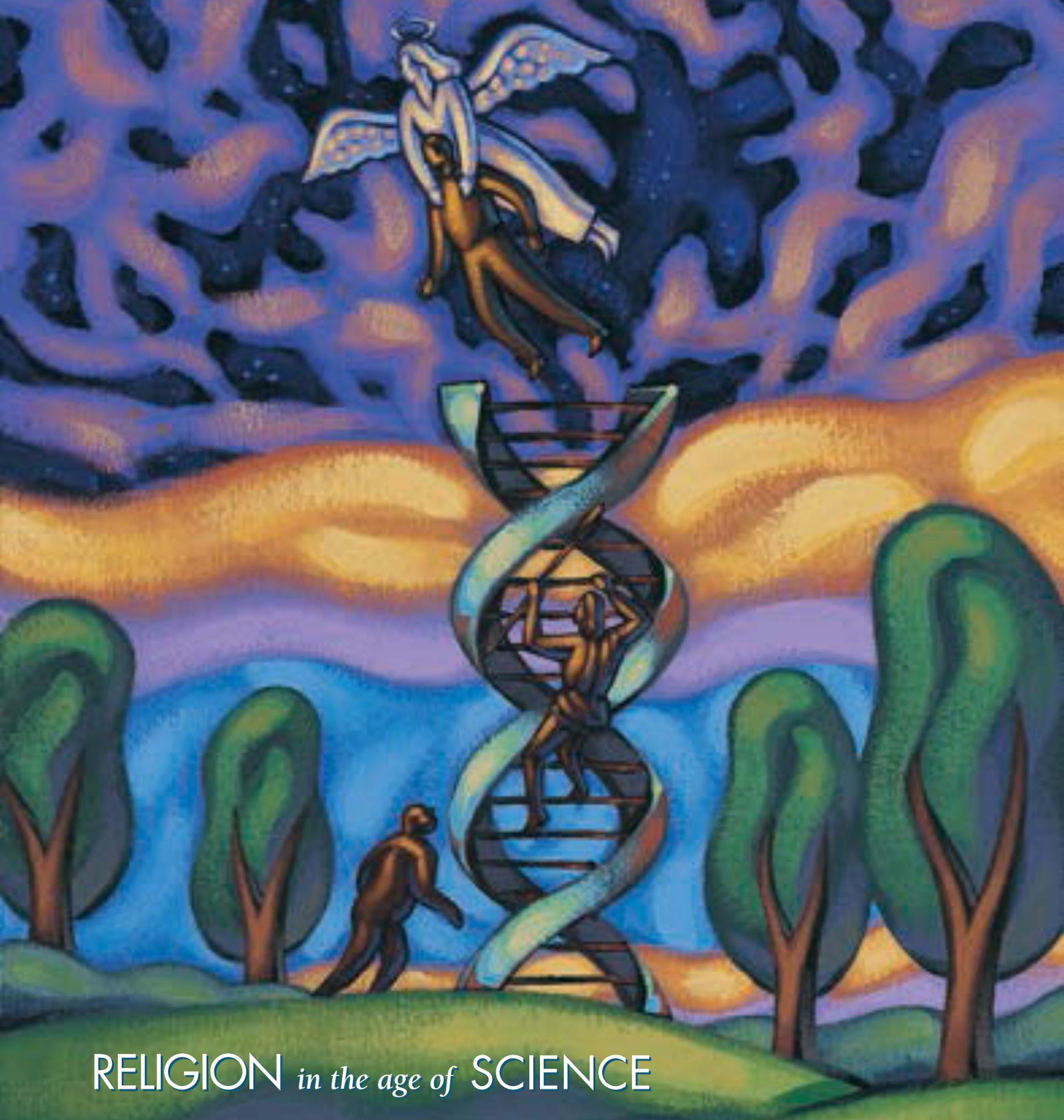


SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin

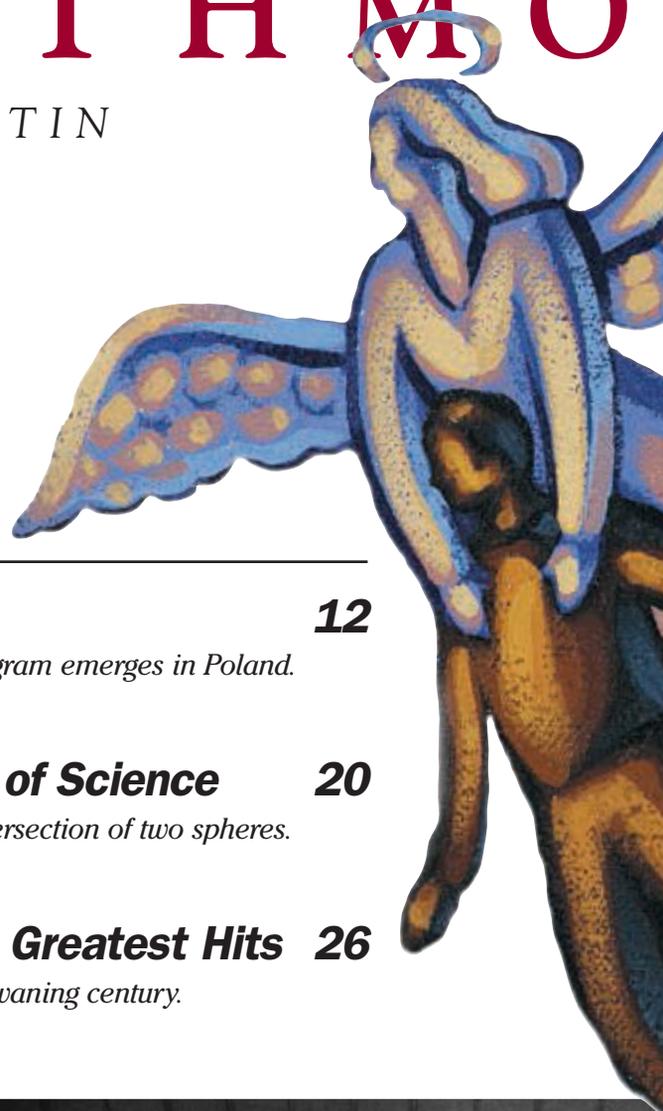
December 1999



RELIGION *in the age of* SCIENCE

SWARTHMO

COLLEGE BULLETIN
DECEMBER 1999



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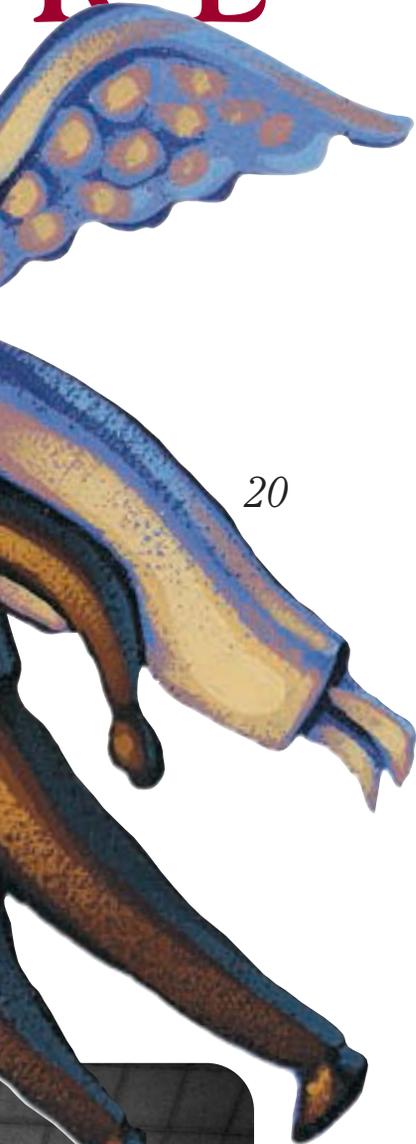


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On the cover: From angels to evolution, religion and science seek to explain the mysteries of the universe—but from very different perspectives. Physicist and theologian Ian Barbour '44 has spent a lifetime trying to bridge the conflicts between the two. Story on page 20. Illustration by Mike Kerr.

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By Alisa Giardinelli

Grace Wilson Miller '21, 100 years of age and one of Swarthmore's oldest living alumnae, sat in the front row the other night as I spoke to an alumni gathering at Crosslands, a retirement community a few miles west of the College. About 35 Swarthmoreans were in the audience, including one of our most revered: John Nason, president of the College from 1940 to 1953 and an honorary member of the Class of 1948.

My topic was the *Bulletin*—its history, purpose, and present editorial direction. Several members of the audience were students when this magazine's direct ancestor, then called *The Garnet Letter*, was launched in September 1935. Its first editor, William Tomlinson '17, president of the Alumni Association, called this new publication "an effort to bring the College and her alumni into a closer relationship through a better understanding of the aims, objectives, and activities of Swarthmore today." This is remarkably close to the stated mission of the magazine today (it became the *Bulletin* in 1952), which is "to strengthen and extend the positive connections that are part of the Swarthmore experience and to promote a sense of responsibility for the future of the institution."

Historically, this "sense of responsibility" hasn't just meant writing a check to the College when asked. In fact, publication of *The Garnet Letter* predated Swarthmore's first Annual Fund by almost six years. Clearly, some greater and more meaningful connection was—and is—intended.

The *Bulletin* traces its roots to 1935, when the Alumni Association sought a greater role in the College's affairs.

President Nason told me later that his predecessor, President Frank Aydelotte, had been through "three big fights" with the alumni in the 1920s and 1930s—de-emphasizing athletics, the institution of the Honors Program, and the abolition of sororities. The inauguration of *The Garnet Letter* can be seen as an attempt to repair this strained relationship, but it quickly proved to be more. In the newsletter's second issue, Tomlinson put forth a sweeping proposal to involve alumni more closely in Swarthmore's affairs.

The subsequent reorganization of the Alumni Association created the Alumni Council and led to the nomination of alumni representatives to the Board of Managers, reforms that are reflected in the governance of the College today. Every current manager is a graduate of the College, and the Alumni Council remains an active conduit for alumni involvement.

What struck me about my audience at Crosslands, which included six current or former class secretaries, wasn't so much that they are in fine fettle in their 70s to 90s (even Grace Miller walked in under her own power and asked a trenchant question) but how dearly they hold this College in their hearts. My talk elicited questions and stories that showed a fierce interest in Swarthmore and an intense pride in being members of its larger community. I marvel at the bond these Swarthmoreans feel with each other and the College.

It remains our goal that the *Bulletin* continue to nurture the "closer relationship" that its first editor envisioned in 1935—not just because Swarthmore needs your financial support (which, of course, it does) but because it continues to value your ideas and involvement in the life of this great school.

—J.L.



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE BULLETIN

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WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

Vicki Glembocki's article, "Why Studio Arts at a Liberal Arts College?" (September 1999) provided an engaging and timely view of the burgeoning arts program at Swarthmore. Even in 1981, when I entered Swarthmore, studio arts (and all the creative disciplines) were institutionally suppressed by the rule allowing credit for no more than five courses in any of the arts combined (music, dance, theater, or art). This rule, repealed in 1990, discouraged both in-depth study and interdisciplinary artistic effort. By allowing only superficial study, the rule reinforced the underlying misconception that creative studies produce superficial and dilettantish results. The change in the past decade has been remarkable. This spring, the List Gallery will devote 9 separate exhibitions to the work of 10 graduating studio majors and 2 Honors minors.

Upon reading Glembocki's artist profiles, some may mistakenly believe that Swarthmore primarily produces representational painters. As editor of the *Friends of Art Newsletter*, an annual publication distributed to more than 500 alumni and supporters of the arts at Swarthmore, I am impressed by the surprising diversity and talent of alumni artists.

Many of us are aware of talented architects such as Margaret Helfand '69, Steven Izenour '62, and A. Stover Jenkins '75, but few know how many alumni ceramists are following in the footsteps of internationally known artist Robert Turner '36. Notable sculptors include Jonathan Shahn '59 and Sally Moore Warren '63. Alumni photographers include Sarah Van Keuren '66 and the late visionary Bruce Cratsley '66. Experimental video artists

and filmmakers include Linda Gibson '73 and Bruce Weinstein '82. Nick Tobier '89 is among those whose site-specific installations transform our usual habits and categories of seeing.

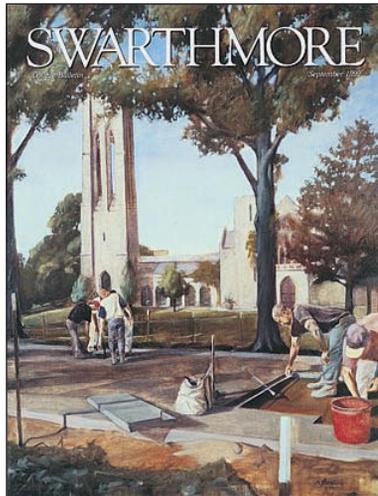
Future issues of the magazine might feature the puppet-building exploits of Caroly Wilcox '52 or the weavings of artists such as Mary Van Tassel Murtha '54 and Bonnie Gregory Inouye '69.

This list gives only a hint of the variety of alumni efforts in the arts. To continue the conversation about the value of the arts at Swarthmore and the growing presence of Swarthmore in the art world, look for the next issue of the *Friends of Art Newsletter*, which will be published in June 2000. To join our mailing list or contribute to the issue, please contact me at apackar1@swarthmore.edu or by writing the Art Department.

ANDREA PACKARD '85
Director, List Gallery
Swarthmore

ART HISTORY

The recent article on studio arts at Swarthmore strains credibility. Anyone who was in the art studios in the 1960s knows that the direction, energy, and professional quality of the program was the direct result of the efforts of Harriet Shorr '60. She designed a program that reflected her interest in Swarthmore students and her experience at the Yale School of Art. The daily practice of painting, drawing, sculpture, and ceramics



would not have existed at Swarthmore without her.

Harriet Shorr's amazing efforts—and her commitment to introducing students to a

flow of visiting artists from New York and Philadelphia—helped turn "students" into "young artists." People such as Kit Yin Tieng, Joe Bailey, Dan Black, Frank Dominguez, and Will Brown enriched our experience.

The support of art history professors Hedley Rhys, John Williams, and Robert Walker was crucial for an independent studio program. They recognized the quality of the work and the direction of the studio arts and granted consenting, hard-won approval. Members of other departments were also sympathetic—particularly Thompson Bradley, Richie Schuldenfrei, and a young composer named John Beel.

Finally, there were the extremely creative students who learned and worked together in the studios—friends such as Ray Bub '70, John Fahnestock '69, Jeff Carter '68, Rob Turner '69, Barry Feldman '68, Dorothy Twining '69, Harriet Butts '71, Susan Wanklyn '73, and Beatrice Diebold '69. They were an amazing part of my arts experience at Swarthmore—where I began to have confidence in being an artist.

JIM LONG '71
New York

Editor's Note: *Long is the husband of Harriet Shorr.*

MORE ART HISTORY

Not enough can be said about the contribution of Harriet Shorr '60. She kick-started the arts program by "being there" in every sense of the term as an authentic artist who talked art, made art, and knew artists. She encouraged us, pushed us, found us jobs, involved us in setting up exhibitions—even loaned us her car. In short, she was a wonderful example for us as an adult, a friend, and an artist.

And there is also Paulus Berensohn, who was then—and still is—one of the most articulate craftsman/artists in the country. He gave more of his time, energy, and love than he could ever have been compensated for.

I value the skills of critical analysis and communication that I learned on my way to a degree in English literature, but the depth that studio arts added to my education is something wonderful. If it weren't for Harriet Shorr and Paulus Berensohn, many of us would have missed the chance to get the best of both of those worlds.

JEFF CARTER '68
Boone, N.C.

HABITS OF MIND

The review by Assistant Professor of Biology Roger Latham '83 of *God's Last Offer* by Ed Ayres '63 ("Books and Authors," September 1999) took me back to Swarthmore 30 years ago. The cause then was Marxism instead of environmentalism, but the habits of mind displayed were remarkably similar. Then, as now, a small cadre of advanced thinkers saw the truth—and the failure of most Americans to also see it was ascribed not to rational disagreement but to inaccurate perception on the part of the benighted majority

Please turn to page 71

collec-tion *n.* 1. an accumulation of objects gathered for study, comparison, or exhibition; 2. (at Swarthmore College) a gathering of persons for the purpose of reporting, contemplating, or discussing events or ideas.

Helping hands

When senior biology majors Joseph Tucker and Guido Grasso-Knight decided to conduct an on-site study of infectious diseases, they had no idea that they would end up in their own country. Their sights were set on Shanghai, where hepatitis A, a disease that causes inflammation of the liver, had infected as many as 300,000 people at one point. They knew that hepatitis A thrives in poor countries like China because it's carried by contaminated water, recurs in cycles, and is very expensive to cure.

Over spring break, Tucker and Grasso-Knight traveled to Shanghai, where they conducted a feasibility study and laid the groundwork for their project. Grasso-Knight had spent the fall 1998 semester in China, could speak some Chinese, and had contacts in Shanghai. "Being in Shanghai was an amazing experience," he says. But before he and Tucker could return to begin their work in earnest, U.S.-led NATO forces bombed the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade, and the plan crumbled.

In what Grasso-Knight describes as a "backup scramble plan," he and Tucker decided to study the disease on an American Indian reservation instead. "We still wanted to work on a project that would make science useful to the community," Grasso-Knight says. Closer to home, no community needed such help more desperately than the Native American reservations. "There's a vicious cycle on the reservations that mirrors conditions in emerging countries like China and India," Tucker explains. "Of all the people in the Northern Hemisphere, only Haitians have a shorter life expectancy than Native Americans."

After Dr. Dean Cliver, head of the World Health Organization's Collaborating Center on Food Virology at the University of California at Davis offered them lab space for

the summer, they decided to target the nearby Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation. Hepatitis A outbreaks had occurred there in 1978, 1985, and 1993.

Using the labs at UC-Davis, the students studied water samples taken from streams, wells, septic tanks, and public utilities used on the reservation. Knowing that simply washing hands frequently can stem the disease, they also visited schools to teach Hoopa children proper hygiene and used the students' artwork to illustrate new pamphlets on disease prevention, which they distributed on the reservation.



Seniors Guido Grasso-Knight and Joseph Tucker visited schools on the Hoopa Valley Indian Reservation, teaching children that washing hands can prevent hepatitis A—and using their “handiwork” in health care brochures distributed on the reservation.

After Tucker and Grasso-Knight presented their findings, physicians from the local medical center congratulated them. "They told us there is no sustained commitment to Native American health care on any level," Tucker says. "The reservation has trouble finding qualified physicians, and having someone offer help from outside the community is really unique.

Tucker, who graduates this spring, says the experience altered his future plans. Before pursuing an M.D./Ph.D., he plans to spend a year on a reservation in Ontario, Canada, setting up an infectious disease program that will incorporate traditional healers as well as medical doctors.

One of the sweetest moments of the summer occurred at the reservation's only restaurant, run by a young woman who had helped them make contacts among the tribe. Her father, a respected tribal elder, introduced himself and sat with them, expressing his gratitude. "He told us stories about how the tribe had changed in terms of health concerns," Tucker recalls. "Then his granddaughter came over and said, 'Hey, I remember you! You came into our classroom and taught us how to wash our hands.' We realized at that moment that it wasn't just one generation we were affecting. We really made an impact."

—Cathleen McCarthy

Seven for science ... Seven Swarthmore alumni were among 900 scholars awarded graduate research fellowships by the National Science Foundation in April. Timothy Bretl '99, Robert Eberhardt '98, Elizabeth Glater '97, Nancy Hofmann '96, Aarti Iyer '99, Molly Jacobs '97, and Anna Rives '98 each received \$15,000 for three years of graduate study in science, mathematics, or engineering.

My man Alfred

A robotic penguin is rolling across a room in Kohlberg Hall carrying a large tray of chocolate chip cookies. “Alfred” won first place in the “Hors d’Oeuvres, Anyone?” competition at the American Association for Artificial Intelligence National Conference held in Orlando in July. Now his creators—two professors and their students—are showing him off for the home crowd.

Spotting a woman with his electronic eye, Alfred stops. “Oh hello,” he says in a bad British accent. “And who are you?”

“Deirdre.”

“Oh, that’s nice. I think I’ll call you MacBeth. Would you like something to eat?”

“Yes,” she says.

“Yes, what? Be polite now.”

“Yes, please.”

“Oh much better! Take whatever you want,” Alfred says, before rolling on.

Bruce Maxwell ’91 smiles approvingly. Maxwell, an assistant professor of engineering, and Lisa Meeden, an assistant professor of computer science, led the student team that began designing the prize-winning robot in May. All are here today, watching Alfred like proud and anxious parents. Each student took on aspects of Alfred, according to their fields of study. Jane Ng ’01, an Honors art major and engineering minor, designed Alfred’s physical structure. Seth Olshfski ’00, a theater and computer science major, and Jordan Wales ’01, an Honors engineering major and psychology minor, came up with Alfred’s theatrical voice and personality. Engineering majors Laura Brown ’00, Paul Dickson ’00, and Nii Addo ’02 worked on integration, navigation, face detection, and speech programming, and computer science major Eli Silk ’01 handled the computer vision.

“I only wish the competition could have been this quiet,” Maxwell says of today’s attentive campus audience. Apparently, Alfred was baffled at times by the buzzing crowd of 500 at the conference. But that did not keep him from impressing the judges. Alfred also bagged the award for Best Integrative Effort, but it was his first place that allowed the team to return to Swarthmore with the big prize: a \$7,000 Magellan robot from Real World Interfaces.

Alfred competed against robots from Carnegie Mellon University and the universities of Arkansas, South Florida, North Dakota, and Southern California. Other teams showed up with automated sharks and blowfish and robots based on characters from the animated cable series *South Park*. Alfred, however, was the only robot that actually served hors d’oeuvres and had

no noticeable technical difficulties. It also didn’t hurt that he remembered the judges’ names—at least, the ones he gave them. Judging from this demonstration, these include MacBeth, Cordelia, and Jenny Halowell.

Back at Swarthmore, Alfred demonstrates his ability to navigate his way to the refill station to load up on cookies and, when he “recognizes” Deirdre/MacBeth, his artificial memory. He has also, apparently, been programmed to recognize “OK.” “Don’t use that vernacular with me!” he reprimands a student. All of this, Maxwell explains, is powered by two 24-volt batteries.

“Such a good, sturdy name!” Alfred says to a professor who has just introduced himself.

“If you flatter someone, you’re perceived as being more intelligent,” Maxwell explains to the crowd, “so we’re flattering people.”

Just then, Alfred turns to a woman in the crowd. “Well, that gent looks well fed. I don’t think he’ll be needing anything,” Alfred announces haughtily, before moving away with his cookies.

So much for flattery.

—Cathleen McCarthy



Victorious robot makers gather (clockwise from top left): Jane Ng ’01, Laura Brown ’00, Seth Olshfski ’00, Eli Silk ’01, Jordan Wales ’01, Assistant Professor of Computer Science Lisa Meeden, Nii Addo ’00, and Assistant Professor of Engineering Bruce Maxwell ’91.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELEFTHERIUS KOSTANS

Honors examinations: wisdom through dialogue

Editor's Note: Professor of English Literature and Associate Provost Craig Williamson has served as coordinator of the Honors Program since the faculty implemented significant reforms in 1996. Close to 30 percent of the Class of 1999 participated in the revitalized program. Last June, Williamson spoke at a lunch for their visiting examiners.

The principle of independent examination is central to Swarthmore's Honors Program and depends on the generosity and wisdom of our outside examiners. We believe that the surest test of learning is to be able to enter into a dialogue, not only with fellow students and teachers but also with outside teachers and scholars whose works we all read, discuss, and admire.

Each year in their evaluation of the program, students give the examination process very high marks. Students are understandably anxious about being examined by wise strangers. But when they reflect back upon the process, they say that the opportunity to engage in a dialogue with scholars and teachers from the larger professional world is, as one of them put it, "a rare privilege."

This year, while I was administering the Honors Program, I was also reading what is called wisdom literature in Old English. This eighth-century literature includes such genres as riddles, proverbs, precepts, charms, and advice from teachers to students. One night, I came across an anonymous wisdom poem called "The Wonders of Creation" by early editors and "The Order of the World" by later editors.

What struck me immediately was the challenge of the opening lines, which can be translated roughly as: "So, smart guy, how would you like to trade talk, match wits with a stranger?" And I thought, "Aha! Honors orals in eighteenth-century England." So while Grendel was gobbling up Danes in one corner of the poetic landscape, in another, scholars were thinking about intellectual inquiry into the nature of creation and the importance of dialogue with enlightened strangers.

Professor Elaine Hansen of Haverford College, who was head examiner in 1998, writes about this poem: "The traditional speech situations invoked at the beginning of 'The Order of the World' imply that no matter who is speaking, wisdom is the product of verbal interaction between two parties, challenger and opponent or disciple and wise teacher." I believe that for the 20th century as well as the 8th, this dialogue is the heart of learning.

I spent much of May translating and transforming the opening frame of this poem, using the old text to reshape a



new one as poets have often done. Sometimes I would hold true to the Anglo-Saxon poet's notions of dialogue and divinity; sometimes I would call back with the cadences of Gerard Manley Hopkins or the worldview of Stephen Hawking. My poem begins in the original Old English voice, moves from translation to transformation, and finally opens a dialogue across a span of 1,200 years.

Weaving Wisdom

Wilt pu, fus hæle, fremdne monnan,
wisne wodboran wordum gretan,
fricgan felageongne ymb fordgesceaft,
biddan pe gesecege sidra gesceafta
craeftas cyndelice cwichrerende,
pa pe dogra gehwam purh dom godes
bringe wundra fela wera cneorissum...

Are you willing to trade talk with a stranger,
Unwrap riddles, mix words with the wise,
Wonder how and why each element
Of creation quickens from cell to star,
Each song shapes from Beowulf to blessing,
Each primrose or prayer begins to bloom?

Each day through *dom*—through judgment,
Through honor or ordinance, majesty or meaning,
Some mystery offers itself up for unraveling
To those who can thread thoughts and hear
The shuttle singing, click and clack,
Across the web, across the centuries.

And you, wanderer of landscape or light,
Can you read runes, sift evidence,

Draw conclusions or a straight line,
Craft arguments in prose or a pot in clay,
Chart the universe, charm the moment
With child's play?

Here's a Saxon proverb:

A wise man or woman never wearies
Of asking questions about creation,
Never tires of digging up ideas and artifacts,
Never says, "No," to the dirt of history
Or the mind mucking back through memory,
Rooting about for tribal glory or plain truth.

So that by repeating, rehearsing, revising,
We take the cunning wonder of the world
And weave it into a nest of numbers,
A house of hypotheses, a web of words.

The Saxon poet says, *Leorna das lare*—
"Learn this lore." So scholars wrote riddles,
Teasing the wits of would-be solvers,
Celebrating the mystery of moon and mailcoat,
Warhorn and harrow, piss and plow,
Weathercock, wine-cup, web and loom.

And across the bridge of language that lifts
Over the river of years, here is *my* riddle:

What shapes us all from morning to meandering,
From ancient galaxies to ribonucleic acid,
From certainty to serendipity, dawn to doom,
From quarks to quasars, from proofs to passions,
From kisses to calibrations, love to longevity,
From warriors to websongs, high art to half-lives,
From the flowers of heaven to the fields of Einstein?

Let each student who loves a mystery,
Either as a shaman or as a detective,
Inquire after the wonders of creation,
The order of the world, inscribe in her book
Or his understanding the *searorun*
"The secret skill or inwrought power,"
Of each elemental thing, each nascent thought,
Each truth-song inscribed in number or narrative.

Be bold to question, quick to doubt,
Eager to imagine, proud of precision,
Humble at the end of a proof or poem.
Give thanks that some part of this grand,
Unabating, intimate mystery remains
Unknown, whether you want to call it
A unified field, a world-wide web,
Or a shuttle singing through the loom of time.

This is my dialogue with the Anglo-Saxon shaper. The kisses and calibrations are mine. The *searorun* and the tribal glory are his or hers. This is a dialogue in what the Russian critic Bakhtin calls "great time." It's my way of carrying on a conversation across centuries, two poets together, weaving wisdom—as I hope we have done with our Honors students.

—Craig Williamson

To hear Craig Williamson read his poem, visit the *Bulletin* Web site at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin.

Distinctively American

The Annapolis Group, an association of America's leading liberal arts colleges, collaborated last winter with *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, to publish a special issue titled "Distinctively American: The Residential Liberal Arts Colleges." The issue contained 14 essays from college presidents, scholars, historians of American higher education, and notable alumni of Annapolis Group institutions, including Eugene Lang '38, emeritus chairman of Swarthmore's Board of Managers.



Eugene Lang '38 proposes an action agenda for liberal arts colleges.

Lang calls on liberal arts colleges to return to their historical mission, which he describes as preparing students "to function knowledgeably within a framework of civic responsibility."

"Whatever the nature of the institution or its curriculum, the processes of undergraduate education both in and out of the classroom should be designed to enrich the experience of students by inculcating democratic values, respect for the institutions of democracy, ethical perspectives, civic duty, and social responsibility," writes Lang, who is also the founder of the "I Have a Dream" Foundation and a trustee of the New School University.

Citing a statistic that 64 percent of all college students are currently involved in some form of community service activity, Lang says that young people are more than ready to "initiate or become involved in social causes that touch their idealism, emotions, or sense of justice." Residential liberal arts colleges are "natural laboratories for undertaking long-term institutional commitments to serve social objectives."

Lang's agenda for action includes greater involvement by higher education in primary and secondary schools: "From their prestigious position at the top of the educational ladder, colleges and universities have shown little disposition to reach down with a sustained commitment to help make the total process of education work effectively for everybody."

In addition, Lang challenges liberal arts colleges to teach courses that foster responsible citizenship in a pluralistic democracy, to model social responsibility in the design and governance of their campus communities, and then to "reach out insistently into their communities, where, by their nature, they are important members." He urges collaboration among students, faculty members, administrators, trustees, and alumni in a broad program of social and community involvement that goes beyond "extracurricular 'feel good' exercises that confer little benefit and that may be seen as superficial or patronizing."

The *Daedalus* special issue proved to be so popular that all copies have been sold, though it remains available in libraries. By special permission, the full text of Eugene Lang's essay is available through the *Bulletin* Web site at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin. The Annapolis Group was formed to share mutual interests and information intended to strengthen the educational programs and enhance the national visibility of its 94 members. Swarthmore President Alfred H. Bloom served as its first chairperson.

—Jeffrey Lott

Still giants

Just as baseball's living legends often make cameo appearances at major league stadiums, two retired faculty "giants" recently returned to Swarthmore to lecture. But there was a big difference: Samuel Hynes and Daniel Hoffman are still at the top of their game.

Both were stars in the Department of English Literature, Hynes from 1949 to 1968 and Hoffman from 1957 to 1967. Hynes left for Northwestern and then a distinguished career at Princeton, where he is Woodrow Wilson Professor of Literature Emeritus. Hoffman served as the nation's poet laureate in 1973–74, and he left an impressive legacy at the University of Pennsylvania, where he is Felix E. Schelling Professor of English Emeritus. His son, MacFarlane, is Swarthmore '80.

This fall, they lectured in the McCabe Library lobby, amid exhibits related to themes in their work. Hynes spoke on "A Critic Looks at War." J. William Frost, Howard M. and Charles F. Jenkins Professor of Quaker History and Research and director of the Friends Historical Library, introduced him, observing that although he joined the faculty after Hynes left, the

professor's reputation still intimidated his contemporaries. A decorated Marine aviator in World War II, Hynes won acclaim for his books exploring warfare from World War I to Vietnam—most recently *The Soldier's Tale: Bearing Witness to Modern War*.

Hoffman's talk was titled "Returns From the Grave: The Spirit of Poe in



Hynes



Hoffman

Taken from the 1959 Halcyon

Recent Fiction." Thomas Blackburn, Centennial Professor of English Literature, introduced him, noting that he was a junior colleague of both Hynes and Hoffman, "the mainstays of what was surely the most distinguished college English Department in the country."

Marking the 150th anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe's death, Hoffman surveyed Poe's massive influence on both high and pop culture. He said that at speaking engagements he often meets "direct descendants" of the author, who died childless.

As a former student of both professors, these programs were a special treat for me. Having studied *The Great Gatsby* with Hynes, I knew we were getting extra insights because, like Fitzgerald, Hynes grew up in Minnesota. After our freshman class disappointed him by reacting cluelessly to Faulkner's "The Bear," someone restored Hynes' famous wry grin by draping a bear rug over his lectern.

Those of us who took Hoffman's Honors seminars in the 1950s found ourselves reflecting his intensity back at him. That was the era of the New Criticism in college English departments, and he excelled at making close textual analysis a tool for revelation rather than pedantry. Exploring *Moby-Dick* with Hoffman, even the fabled whiteness of the whale became less baffling, while losing none of its cosmic mystery.

—Barbara Haddad Ryan '59



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

Bonding ... Incoming first-year students light each other's candles in the Scott Amphitheater during their first Collection in September, a ritual that has become a tradition of freshmen orientation in recent years.

Glutton market ... Never let it be said that Swarthmore econ profs don't get published. No fewer than three members of the economics faculty—Thomas Dee '90, Stephen O'Connell, and Bernard Saffran—had articles in the summer 1999 issue of the *Journal of Economic Perspectives*. Saffran writes a regular column for the journal.

Bang for your buck ... In addition to the top ranking among liberal arts colleges, *U.S. News & World Report* gave the College the No. 1 best value in liberal arts colleges, based on average cost (\$14,570) after financial aid. *U.S. News* reported that the average discount on the total cost of a Swarthmore education is 55 percent.

Real to reel

One good class can turn your life around—even if it takes 15 years.

Bruce Weinstein '82 was a philosophy major at Swarthmore when he took Art History Professor T. Kaori Kitao's film class. Weinstein went on to a Ph.D. from Georgetown University and a career as a medical ethics professor at West Virginia University (WVU). But a seed of ambition planted in Kitao's class finally reached fruition in 1995, when Weinstein left WVU to become a filmmaker.

His first documentary, *Singing in Color*, follows the Chicago Children's Choir on a recent visit to South Africa to sing with a children's choir there and tour the impoverished Soweto. When it aired at his alma mater on Sept. 24, Kitao

introduced him—and was the first to raise her hand when the 47-minute feature ended. "Uh-oh, now I'm nervous," Weinstein said. "My cinema teacher is asking me questions!"

He financed the \$138,000 production himself, by maxing out nine credit cards—or, as he puts it, "receiving nine grants" from Visa, Mastercard, and others. Weinstein, who played in a rock band while at Swarthmore, also had to sell his drum set and guitar collection.

Beyond Kitao's class and a film class at NYU—"Everybody there thinks they're Fellini!" Weinstein joked—the budding filmmaker received no formal training. "Making this documentary was my film school in a box," he says. "I hear [Kitao's] voice often when I'm working. I hear her say: 'The first shot of a film is its thesis.'" Andrea Packard '85, director of the List Gallery, raises her hand and notes that Weinstein chose the rising sun as his opening shot for *Singing in Color*. Was it meant as a unifying symbol—a reminder that the same sun rises over Chicago and South Africa? Weinstein nods.

Before retiring to the refreshments, he shows a preview of his documentary-in-progress, a study of pop-culture fans. This film features interviews with Trekkies in full costume filmed at a Star Trek convention. When a student asks why he went from a children's choir to fan clubs, Weinstein muses: "I've noticed a theme running through my films. They're all about the struggle to create community. I really miss the community I had here at Swarthmore. I'm always trying to recreate it."

—Cathleen McCarthy



Singing in Color, a documentary film by Bruce Weinstein '82 got high marks from Professor Kaori Kitao, Weinstein's former film teacher, when it was shown on campus this fall.

STUDENT MIND

Samples from some recent Swarthmore literary magazines

...I'm too white, not right,
for the Asian boys.

And
so Asian, just right,
for the white boys.

My black hair is straight, so Asian
with my innocent gaze, just right.

I speak my mind, too white,
and would do it again, not right.

With bangs all my life, so Asian,
I must cook a mean fried rice, just right.

I raise my voice, too white,
to make my point, not right.

For white boys I move too slow,
for Asian boys too fast!
Exotic or white. What shall I be today?

—Jih-Fang "Jenny" Yang '00,
from *celebrASIAN*
(Swarthmore Asian Organization)

My ancestors curled up inside houses
clustered together inside the russian steppes
they liked the proximity—
the way the smell of their breath all merged together
the garlic and spicy chives.
Even god lived close—nestled under their
armpits in the winter
and blossomed on their cheeks in the spring.
—Mariana Pardes '00, from "forgotten,"
Elu V'Elu (by Jewish students)

Your heart beats soft next to mine
a slight bump jump of life—
acknowledged and newly affirmed...

Your stomach, soft, released against mine
no tension there, where it usually rests
constant and unnoticeable in its
regularity.

soft there is shocking in a cotton candy
teddy bear, g'night kids sort of way
soft there is innocence

—Renee Witlen '02, from "Untitled,"
Common Speaking (Swarthmore College women)

I watched in my mind
As your blood replaced the
Rain on the pavement.
Screaming with no sounds
Running with no motion
Crying with no tears
I share that night with you, my friend
The night I wasn't there
And now you aren't here
—Anonymous, from "1 Night,"
Mjumbe (students of the African diaspora)

Through the looking glass

It all started after lunch at a Friendly's Restaurant, when Sarah Willie noticed her mother's maiden name on her waitress's name tag. Though she had only recently moved to this neighborhood in upstate New York, her mother's family was from the area. "Excited by the possibility of familial, if distant, connection, I smiled," Willie recalls, and "started to say something to her. And then I hesitated."

Sarah Willie is African American, and the waitress was white. "One brief, unfocused look at my face, and my African ancestry is unmistakable," she muses. "So is my European ancestry. But in this society, my whiteness is not only less visible to most people, it is less important and to some less real."



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Sarah Willie, assistant professor of sociology and director of the Black Studies Program: "White supremacy has messed us up good."

Willie is an assistant professor of sociology and director of the Black Studies concentration. Although most folks might let such an encounter pass unexamined, Willie examined it—carefully. The result was "Outing the Blackness in Whiteness: Analyzing Race, Class, and Sex in Everyday Life," a paper that will be published next month in *Annals of Scholarship*—and which Willie presented on campus in October.

She examines her Friendly's encounter—and the lingering undercurrent of white supremacy in our society—through the looking glass of contemporary scholarship, philosophy, and feminist literature. She concludes that Lewis Carroll says it best. "Living as we do within so many constricted systems of identity and status can resemble the absurdity of Wonderland," she writes. "'If any one of them can explain it,' said Alice. 'I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it.'"

"Just referring to our consciences is not enough," she told faculty and students; tackling this problem requires a fresh look at American history. "Don't be fooled," she said. "White supremacy has messed us up good."

—Cathleen McCarthy

Tough love

Charlie Ellis loves football—the guys, the game, the good feeling of accomplishing something together. As his senior season winds down, Ellis, a tight end, counts the dwindling practices and games, measuring the minutes of football he has left. A painful broken hand has sidelined him for a few weeks, but he's healing now, getting ready.

Charlie Ellis also loves Swarthmore College. He chose Swarthmore over Williams because of the "awesome" conversations he had when visiting the College as a high school senior: "You'd meet someone and end up talking for six hours." The minds of fellow students attracted him—not the football program, which didn't even recruit him.

Four years ago, when Ellis made the team as a walk-on, Swarthmore was just seven games into its record 28-game losing streak. The streak was stopped—for a game at least—on Sept. 4, when Swarthmore trounced Oberlin 42-6 in what an Oberlin admissions counselor dubbed the Brain Bowl.

Ellis scored two touchdowns. "It was incredible," he said weeks later, a little catch in his voice as he remembered "running off the field together, celebrating, seeing Swatties excited about the team. I'll never forget it. It felt like all the work and suffering through losing all those games was worth it. It felt like we'd done something significant for ourselves but also for the school."

Loving both football and Swarthmore hasn't always been easy for Ellis and many of his teammates. "We've had our



That voodoo that you do ...

Joining an American group of 11 priests, priestesses, and scholars interested in African-based religions, Yvonne Chireau, associate professor of religion and expert on voodoo, visited Brazil in June to attend a ceremony and conference in honor of the Oba (King) Akako Mendes of São Paulo.

Nearly 1,000 participated in the weeklong festival, which marked a new era in transnational relations

between members of African-based religions worldwide—including Yoruba, Candomble, and voodoo practitioners—and the first formal recognition by Brazil's federal government of the thousands of African spiritual houses in that country.

Chireau reported on the event on behalf of the African Religions Congress, of which she is a member, and is writing a book on the intersection of traditions in Afro-Cuban, Afro-Brazilian, and Afro-American diaspora

religions. She teaches courses on New World African religions.

No. 2 in doctorates ... In a recent study of doctoral degree recipients in FY 1997, Swarthmore ranked second among liberal arts colleges. Oberlin was first—and 72nd among all institutions in the total number of doctorates awarded to its graduates. The College ranked first in the proportion of graduates earning doctorates in psychology and the social sciences.



JIM GRAHAM

Charlie Ellis '00 drives for a touchdown against Oberlin. Swarthmore's 42-6 victory snapped a 28-game losing streak but was the only win of the season for the Garnet.

share of rough times, but playing alongside these guys has been a very positive experience," he said.

Ellis is the prize-winning product of an elite science and technology high school—a computer science major who was learning about the Internet before most people ever heard of it. He spent last summer at Microsoft designing software, but his favorite Swarthmore course, he says, was International Politics with Professor James Kurth: "He's a great lecturer—so knowledgeable. And he never shuts off a conversation; he values the ideas of every student."

Yet he says that many students and faculty at Swarthmore—the same people he chose to spend four years studying with—"aren't prepared to accept the kind of contribution we make to the school.... Nothing frustrates me more than people who make some negative comment about football players," he says quietly, looking at the floor. "When I hear this, I'll say, 'Wait a minute, I'm a football player.' And they'll say, 'But you're different.' The irony is that everyone I know on the team has had the same experience."

Maybe that's because football players feel a closeness that separates them from the rest of the school. In a fierce physical game, they learn to depend on each other like brothers. "This happens with any activity people do together here, but football gets such scrutiny and negative attention because it's not something that some Swarthmore intellectuals see as a positive experience." Yet he credits the administration's current commitment to football and appreciates the strong support of some alumni.

Seeing his playing time running out, Ellis seems to ask of both Swarthmore and the game: If we can't be lovers, can we at least be friends? He says it's been "tough love" all around—"rewarding but not all sunshine and happiness. We're even proud of our near misses."

The broken hand is healing. Only a few games remain, and win or lose, Charlie Ellis will give himself passionately to the few hours of football he has left, just as he will give himself to Swarthmore for a few more months. "I'm not a bitter guy," he says with a shrug and an easy smile.

—Jeffrey Lott

Cross-country tops fall sports season

	Overall Record	Centennial Conference
Men's Cross-country	4-0	3rd of 9
Women's Cross-country	4-0	6th of 10
Field Hockey	9-7	6-3
Football	1-8	0-7
Men's Soccer	4-15	1-8
Women's Soccer	7-12	2-8
Volleyball	4-20	1-9

Jokotade Agunloye '01 qualified for the NCAA Cross-country Championships for the second consecutive season after a second-place finish at the Mideast Regional earned her All-Mid-East honors. Agunloye became the first Swarthmore woman to capture the Centennial Conference (CC) championship, completing the 5K course in a school-record time of 18:41.67 to earn CC Female Runner of the Year honors. For the men, **Liam O'Neill '00** finished second at the regionals and was named to the All-Mideast Regional squad, earning his first trip to the NCAA championships. O'Neill also finished in second place at the CC championships to earn first-team All-Centennial honors.

Midfielder **Kristen English '01** led the field hockey team in scoring with 7 goals and 5 assists for 19 points. She was named to the 1999 Astro-Turf/National Field Hockey Coaches Association Regional All-American squad as well as first-team All-Centennial Conference. Joining English on the All-Centennial team are midfielder **Julie Finnegan '00** and defender **Jamie Flather '00**, who were named second team, and forward **Kim Cariello '02**, who received honorable mention.

Running back **Ken Clark '03** was named second-team All-Conference after leading the Garnet in rushing and all-purpose yards. Clark led all freshmen backs in the conference with 664 rushing and 1,259 all-purpose yards finishing third in the CC in both categories.

In soccer, freshman goalkeeper **Chris Milla** was named second-team All-Conference. Milla recorded three shutouts on the season while posting a 2.31 goals against average and an .801 save percentage for the men's team.



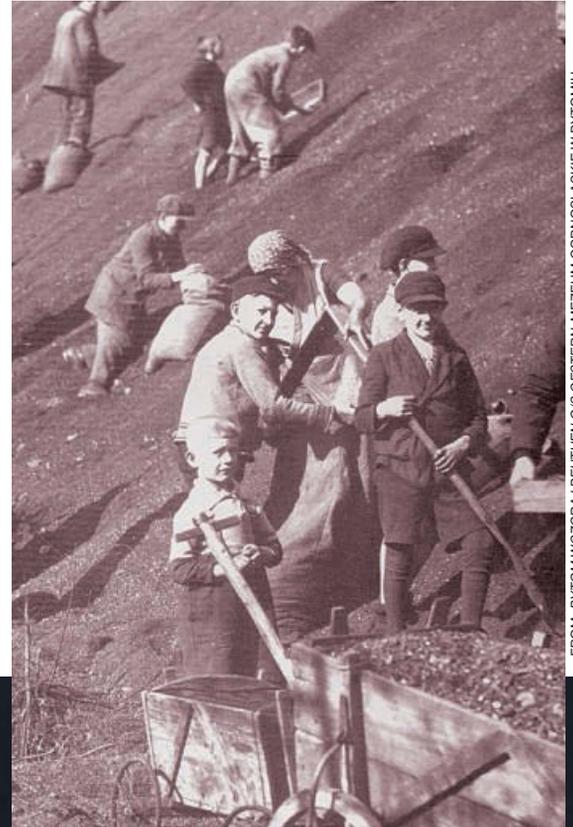
MARK DUZENSKI

Cross-country runner Liam O'Neill '00 was named to the All-Centennial Conference first team.

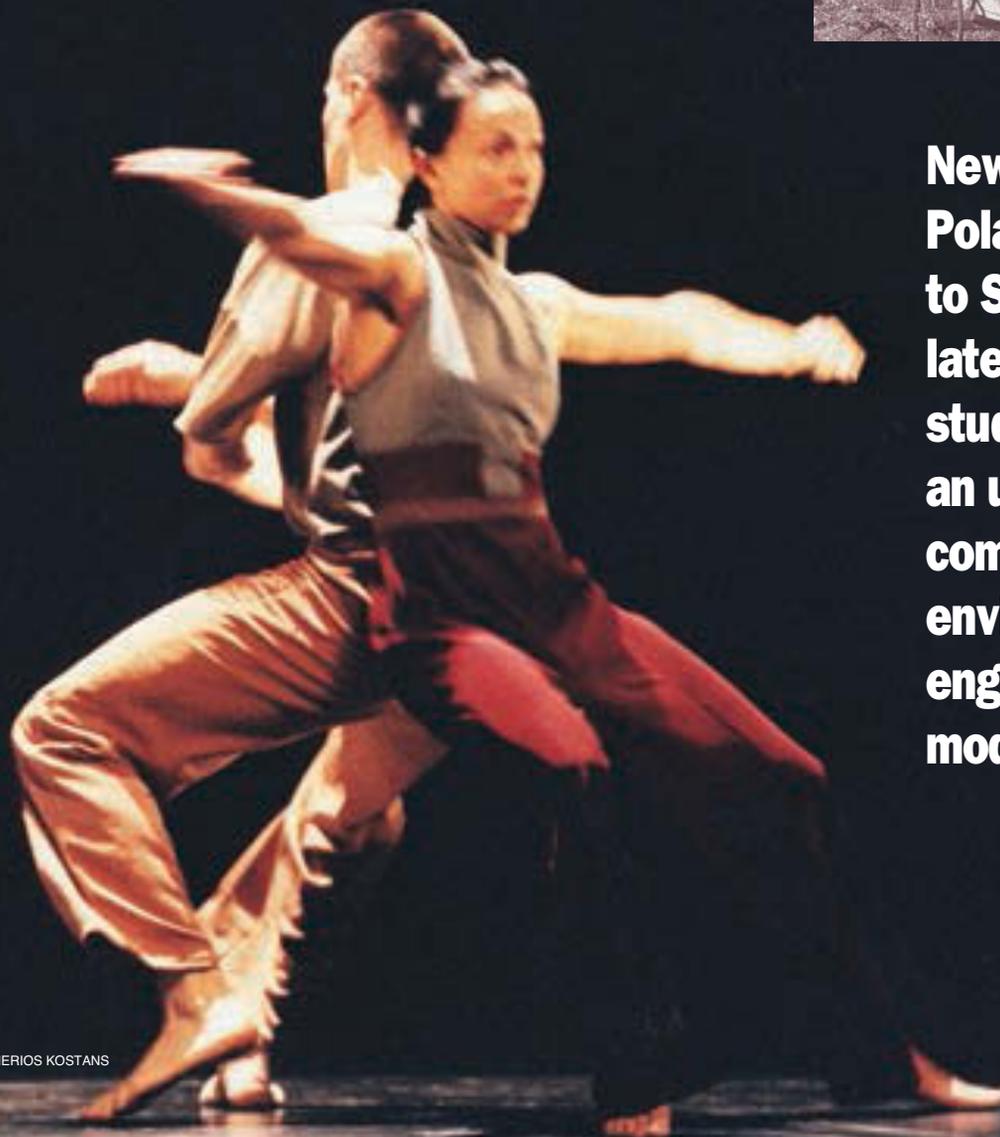
—Mark Duzenski

Steps OF Change

By Cathleen McCarthy



FROM BYTOM W CZORAJ BEUTHEN O/S GESTERN, MEZEUM GORNOSLASKIE W BYTOMIU



Newly democratic Poland is home to Swarthmore's latest foreign study program—an unusual combination of environmental engineering and modern dance.

When Allen Kuharski first went to Poland in September 1981, to study scenic design at the Warsaw Academy of Fine Arts, communism was alive but in crisis. He searched the city in vain that winter for a store that sold winter coats—or a restaurant that served a decent meal. Food shortages were widespread and so were corrupt practices, like state-run “dollar stores” that forced Polish citizens to convert their zlotys into overvalued American dollars—a supposedly illegal practice—to pay for basic necessities.

Kuharski has returned to Poland many times in the last 18 years to study Polish theater and history. He has watched the country evolve from communist rule to a free-market economy. Now director of the Theatre Studies Program at Swarthmore, he sits in Essie Mae’s snack bar in Tarble in Clothier on a May afternoon, trying to explain Poland. I’ll be accompanying him—along with Steven Piker, professor of anthropology and foreign studies director; Arthur McGarity, professor of engineering; and Kim Arrow, assistant professor of dance—on a summer journey to Krakow and Bytom, where they plan to lay the groundwork for Swarthmore’s newest foreign studies program. President Alfred H. Bloom and his wife, Peggy, will join them to discuss the program with local government officials.

Since the trip, an exchange program has been established that will send five Swarthmore students to Poland for the next spring semester, and an environmental engineering professor and choreographer from Poland to teach at the College in the next two academic years.

The students going to Poland are among nearly 100 Swarthmore students who will spend the spring semester studying abroad as participants in the College’s growing foreign studies program. This fall, there were 68—half of them in Western Europe and only 3 in Eastern or Central Europe. Eight were in France; 6 each in England, Ireland, and Italy; 5 in Spain; and the rest scattered through 21 other countries—including 7

Members of the Silesian Dance Theatre (left) perform during a Swarthmore residency in February. Their visit led to a program that will take Swarthmore students to the historic mining region of eastern Poland (top, ca. 1936), where they will study theater, dance, and environmental change.

in Costa Rica. Thirty-eight percent of the Class of 2000 will have studied abroad for at least a semester—according to Piker, about double what it was 10 years ago.

“The faculty couldn’t be more supportive of foreign study,” Piker says. “It’s part of the Swarthmore agenda: international education.”

President Bloom sees foreign study as one vital component of an education for the next century. “Swarthmore has an increasing commitment to educate students for a global world,” he says. It’s essential, he believes, for students “to understand, appreciate, and learn from other cultural perspectives—but even more important, to see the extent to which we, as societies and as individuals, share similar hopes and values and deal with similar problems, and how important it is to build on these commonalities to reach collective goals.”

Swarthmore is a member of several college consortia that sponsor foreign study programs. “The virtue of consortia membership is that we consider these good programs; by being a member, we can have a little input into their design and content,” Piker says, “but we have no responsibility for running them.”

One factor in the increasing popularity of foreign study may be the revisions made to the College’s Honors Program in 1995–96, which made it easier for Honors students to integrate a foreign study experience into their preparation for external examinations. Craig Williamson, English professor, associate provost, and Honors Program coordinator, has tracked the number of Honors students abroad as part of an ongoing study of the Honors Program. Their numbers have risen along with those of the rest of the students, he reports, from 17 percent a decade ago to 28 percent last year. It’s possible to do Honors preparation abroad, but most students prefer to work this out on campus with Swarthmore faculty, often spending time abroad during the sophomore instead of the junior year.

Until now, Swarthmore has actually administered only 1 of the 100 or so foreign studies programs offered to its students—the 40-year-old Grenoble program in France. But in 1995, Sharon Friedler, professor of dance and director of the dance program, pioneered a looser form of faculty and student exchange

in Ghana, resulting from a Cornell visiting professorship offered to J.H. Kwabena Nketia, a world-renowned ethnomusicologist. Friedler returned during a leave, and students from other colleges can now participate in the Swarthmore-initiated Ghana program.

The new program in Poland will be exclusive to Swarthmore for now and will accommodate only a handful of students each year. Though they represent nothing close to its investment in the popular Grenoble program, the College has made a commitment of resources and faculty time to both the Ghana and Poland exchanges.

Try not to jump to conclusions in Poland,” Kuharski warns. “There are so many levels to what people there are doing. There is a certain lack of trust that can seem like cynicism, but Poles are incredibly idealistic at the same time.” Living with communism for so long left them distrustful, he explains, but defeating it added the conviction that good will triumph in the end.

The connection to Poland is more than a professional one for Kuharski. His forebears emigrated from Poland in the 1850s and established a Polish community in Wisconsin. Kuharski’s grandmother’s first language was Polish, but he had to learn it in school. Since his earliest trips to his ancestral home, Polish cities have become tourist friendly—especially after borders opened and visa restrictions were dropped in 1990. In fact, according to the World Tourism Organization, Poland is now the fifth most popular tourist destination among European countries. It is this transition—still ongoing—that Kuharski believes makes Poland perfect for on-site study.

Arthur McGarity thinks so, too. McGarity has lived and studied off and on in Poland for a decade—twice on Fulbright fellowships. His first yearlong stay began in 1989 on what he likes to call “the day the Cold War ended.” He and his family landed in Krakow on the last day of the communist parliament. The next day, the Solidarity party took power. “During the first four months, it was basically the same: long lines, shortages, no meat—all the old stuff.” McGarity and wife Jane’s children were ages 2, 4, 6, and 8 at the time. “We saw remarkable changes. Poland took the ‘cold-bath’ approach to the free market,” he

says. "They just jumped right in."

On Jan. 1, 1990, price controls were lifted. Stores filled with goods, he recalls, but prices shot so high, nobody could buy anything. "Things started to change dramatically then," he says. "By the time we left in June 1990, vendors were setting up on sidewalks, selling stuff they'd gotten from Germany or other countries in the West." In April of that year, McGarity, a committed environmental engineer, helped organize Poland's first celebration of Earth Day. The country's dire environmental conditions were being acknowledged for the first time by the new regime.

McGarity returned for six months in 1998. "Usually the Fulbright committee frowns on people returning to the same place for their second grant," McGarity says. "But I made the argument that Poland was a very different place, and they bought that." He pauses. "And it was very different."

President Bloom's philosophy about global problem solving is at the heart of why both Allen Kuharski and Art McGarity, scholars from widely different disciplines, want students to study in Poland. The catalyst for the emerging foreign study program—and the linchpin for both its artistic and environmental components—is the Silesian Dance Theatre, a contemporary troupe of international reputation based in Bytom, a town of 208,000 in the coal-

mining region west of Krakow. At Kuharski's suggestion, the company and its director and choreographer, Jacek Luminski, visited, taught, and performed at Swarthmore in February 1999. Luminski, Kuharski, and Sharon Friedler put their heads together then, and now the choreographer is inviting Swarthmore students to live and work at his cultural arts center in Poland.

For McGarity, Silesia means something else; it's one of the most polluted regions in the former Eastern Bloc. His base of operations is Krakow—specifically, the Politechnika Krakowska, where he has long-standing connections. But Bytom is only a two-hour train ride away, and McGarity plans to use the dance/theater program to leverage Swarthmore's first semester abroad program for engineering students.

At another college, it might seem extraordinary that it took a contemporary dance troupe to bring an engineering foreign studies program to fruition. Things don't get more "interdisciplinary" than this situation. Thus, it has all worked out in a distinctly Swarthmorean way—something McGarity seems to relish. This is, after all, a man who chose to teach engineering at a small liberal arts school, not MIT.

Get McGarity talking about his end of the Poland program, how-

ever, and it doesn't take long to gauge the seriousness of his intentions. "Upper Silesia has serious environmental problems," he says, "and Bytom is right in the middle of that region. The environment there was exploited to produce steel for the Soviet military for decades, and coal is still being mined and

burned." But there will be plenty of pollution problems right in Krakow for students to explore." Just to the east of Krakow, he says, is a steelworks. The prevailing wind blows in the opposite direc-

tion, fortunately. "But west of Krakow is Bytom," he points out. "So pollution elbows in."

Like Kuharski, however, McGarity warns against jumping to conclusions. "Be careful. I've seen journalists portray this area as a toxic waste dump, but it's not," he stresses. "It has difficult problems, but there are beautiful places. It's remarkable, really, how the environment has survived all this. These problems are solvable."

In Krakow at the end of June, there is no evidence of that elbowing pollution. As I wander into town the first day,

Steps OF Change



A century of coal mining has left its mark on Bytom (left). The home of the Silesian Dance Theatre (above) is a former hunters' club. Directed by Jacek Luminski (far right), the Polish dancers performed the North American premiere of "Melody to Plait a Twig" at Swarthmore last February (right).

LEFT AND ABOVE: CATHEEN MCCARTHY

the sky is a dazzling blue, and there is no sign of soot in the air or on the buildings. The only visible smoke issues from grizzled old vendors who puff cigarettes, hunched over their buckets of flowers along the sidewalks. At an outdoor market, families bustle around stalls laden with bread, meat, and perfect vegetables. Goods seem plentiful on this Friday morning and so do buyers.

On the Rynek Glowny, the city's central square, a costumed polka band performs—the ultimate cliché of Old Poland—while New Poland crisscrosses the square: waifish young women who look like models in their capri pants, platform slides, and purple hair.

Next morning, I'm off to Bytom for the last weekend of the 10-day dance festival and conference organized by Jacek Luminski's Silesian Dance Theatre. From the windows of the train to Bytom, there are still no visible signs of environmental ravage. Morning mist clings to the passing countryside, flat but lush, sprinkled with small farms, red-roofed houses, occasional haystacks, and winding streams. A middle-aged woman, who might once have been described as a

"peasant," brings her dog on the train, while a yuppie across the aisle talks into a cell phone. I can already see it's a land of contrasts—particularly between generations.

In the Bytom cultural center, where the dance company is based, Luminski's class warms up to classical music in the main dance studio, awash in sunlight streaming through the back windows. His is one of many classes being taught today here and in various venues around Bytom. Like Luminski's class, the dance being taught and performed at the festival is contemporary. He puts on a Barry White CD for the first combination, and the young dancers begin to follow him across the floor, flinging and unfurling their bodies in Luminski's idiosyncratic version of the "release method." As the music changes to Aretha Franklin, even the youngest dancers still rock out to "Dr. Feelgood." The music jumps unpredictably from classical to Europop and back again, but the movement gets only more frantic, and the 20-somethings sweat to keep up with the wiry 40-year-old choreographer.

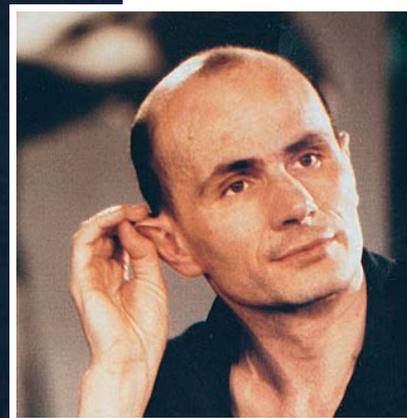
Luminski's movement and choreography are based, in part, on his 15 years of research into

Poland's Jewish traditions, particularly Hasidic ecstatic dance, prayer rituals, and wedding customs that flourished in prewar Poland—and a strange syncopation he discovered in the music of Kurpie, a region long isolated in the woodlands between Warsaw and Gdansk. "I look for different rhythmical patterns," he tells me later. "You can find them in any music—classical, rap, or jazz. Sometimes it takes my students time to understand the structure because it's so unusual."

His experience the previous winter with Swarthmore students was eye-opening, he says. "I was amazed at how receptive they were, how committed they are to what they want to do, and how easily they get new ideas. They were not always able to do what we wanted, but you could see that they understood what we were thinking about," he recalls.

One student, Jim Harker '99, made such a strong impression that Luminski invited him to come to Poland after graduation to dance with the company. Trained as a gymnast in high school, Harker is remarkably flexible, which helped him master Luminski's acrobatic movements. Harker is here at the festival, but after dancing 10 hours daily for the past week, he has strained his knee and is sitting it out today.

Thirty-eight percent of the Class of 2000 will have studied abroad for at least a semester.



SILESIA DANCE THEATRE

ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

After the last class of the day, the buzz is audible in the theater café as students mingle with teachers, dashing down mineral water and \$2 plates of vegetarian goulash before the nightly performance. Tonight, a German company opens with a stark, hour-long modern number, followed by an entertaining piece by a Polish troupe, featuring characters in costume—ostensibly hookers and a pimp. The featured dancer wears a Marilyn Monroe-like wig and 3-inch heels at one point yet still manages to dance beautifully. At the climactic moment, the lights dim, and video images of her flash, showing her slowly undressing until she is naked. The number closes to wild applause.

This performance, Kuharski tells us over dinner, is typical of contemporary dance in Europe right now, which is really an amalgam of theater and dance. At 10:30 p.m., we join the crowd gathered on the town square, where a “happening” is scheduled. Several dancers in druid-like robes carry torches and hand them off to people in the crowd. Choreographed by a Bosnian and involving Russian, Polish, German, and American dancers, the event, we are later told, is meant as a statement of global solidari-

ty. But as this strange and somber spectacle drags on, some boys begin to hoot; others wander off.

I think of something a local steelworks manager and member of the town’s Cultural Commission said a few days earlier at a meeting with McGarity, Piker, and Kuharski: “As far as culture goes,” he said, “it doesn’t get any better than Frank Sinatra as far as I’m concerned. I can’t really understand anything beyond

that—and that’s fine. I still think the Silesian Dance Theatre is good for the community.”

The commission he represented expressed more interest in the economic boost a relationship with Swarthmore might mean to the city and in a possible connection to the university at nearby Katowice, a Silesian city between Krakow and Bytom. “They are already discussing introducing dance into the curriculum at the university,” Kuharski says, “and one way to do that would be to make the Silesian Dance Theatre an institution for dance studies connected to the university. A connection like that is something the community can understand more easily than naked people doing avant-garde dance while much of the system is in collapse.”

Steps OF Change

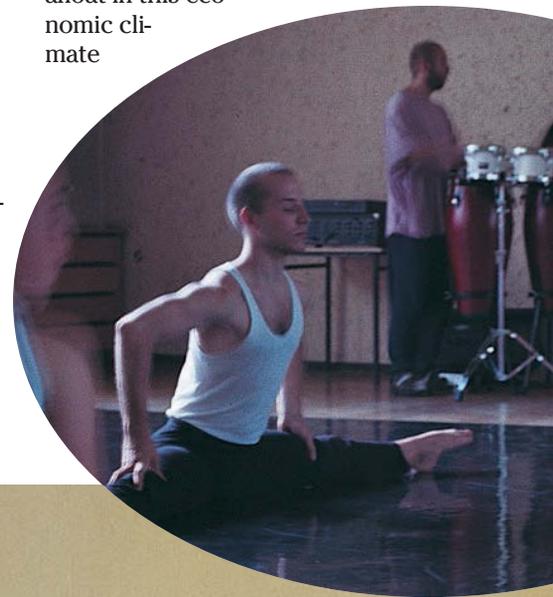
The Bytom city government currently subsidizes the wages and rent of the Silesian Dance Theatre, which employs 17 people, including the dancers. Last year, when the Ministry of Culture threatened to withdraw funding, Luminski called in the national press. “The old comrades’ method,” he says with a wry smile. “I told them that they were using this for the elections, to make people vote for them. We also wrote to the deputies of the Polish government, and we now have five of them supporting us very strongly.” Whether or not it was due to Luminski’s political savvy, the funding came through.

“I keep hearing these [cultural] programs will be made national eventually,” Luminski says. “The people on the national level understand the value of community, the value of what we do.”

Still, keeping an avant-garde theater afloat in this economic climate



A tour guide (second from left above) shows President Al Bloom, Allen Kuharski, and Peggi Bloom (left to right) the Jagiellonian University, where Swarthmore students will study Polish language and culture. Top inset: Jim Harker '99 learns the Martha Graham technique at a dance festival class.



would be challenging even in a large city. “It is difficult,” Luminski admits. “That’s why it helps when national television and newspapers cover us. People here see that there is something to this, even if they don’t understand it at all. We are trying to build positive snobbery.”

On the last morning of the festival, Kim Arrow conducts his final yoga class. He has already performed at the festival, dancing and playing his didgeridoo; this morning, he played drums for a class on Martha Graham technique. At the College, Arrow teaches modern dance and rhythmic drumming—not yoga. But he has studied Ashtanga yoga intensively for several years. For 10 consecutive days, with a translator shouting his directives in Polish, he has been aggressively stretching out young dancers from all over Eastern Europe. After class, the dancers applaud, and two young Polish women approach with a camera, asking if Arrow will pose for a picture.

Afterward, Jennine Willett, an American dancer who was invited to join Luminski’s company a couple of years ago—and a loyal attendee of the yoga class—takes Arrow and me to a café in

Bytom’s central square. Like Willett and the other company dancers, visiting theater and dance students will stay in theater housing. Willett exists, humbly, on about \$300 per month—pretty close to the average income in Poland, according to Kuharski.

Walking back to the theater, Arrow admires the art nouveau ornament on the once-grand buildings. Form is all that sets them apart beneath the thick layer of soot that has turned the town a monotonous gray. “Bytom looks a lot like Pittsburgh before it was sandblasted,” Arrow remarks. Now and then, a recently cleaned-up building glows amid the gray, reminding us how beautiful this city could be.

The effects of communism linger, Willett tells us, and for an American, it’s sometimes frustrating. “Living under communist rule for so many years, many people picked up the habit of putting in hours just to collect a paycheck. If you ask a question,” she says, “their instinct is to send you to someone else, so they don’t have to deal with it.”

A program such as this one could only happen at a school like Swarthmore.

Two days after the festival ends, President and Mrs. Bloom, Steve Piker, and Art McGarity arrive in Bytom for a press conference and a meeting with the mayor. Talking with the mayor, a reformed communist who has not always supported funding the Silesian Dance Theatre, Bloom eloquently describes the concept of the small liberal arts college, and McGarity explains the “synergism” between the engineering program in Krakow and the dance and theater program in Bytom.

Luminski is hoping this new connection with a respected American college will help solidify his tenuous hold on city funding. Bloom and Kuharski offer Swarthmore as both a model and a facilitator in Poland’s struggle to redefine its system of higher education, including incorporating dance and theater in university curricula—something now unheard of in Poland. This suggestion seems to please the mayor.

After the meeting, Bloom, Kuharski, and Luminski huddle in the parking lot to discuss another forthcoming meeting. “We cannot become advocates on internal political issues,” says Bloom. “It would be inappropriate as well as damaging to the relationships we are trying to develop. What we can do is speak to the extraordinary cultural and educational contributions the Silesian Dance Theatre makes and to the benefits to both Swarthmore and the Dance Theatre that will follow from building a clos-



PHOTOS BY CATHLEEN MCCARTHY

Left: Professor of Engineering Arthur McGarity, Jacek Luminski, President Bloom, a translator, and Director of Theatre Studies Allen Kuharski (left to right) explain the proposed foreign study program at a press conference in Bytom. Above: Assistant Professor of Dance Kim Arrow teaches Ashtanga yoga at the festival.

er association between us.”

Later that day, the group meets with Piotr Bulahe, president of the city’s cultural commission, a stout middle-aged man who is a former coal miner, and, like the mayor, a reformed communist. “I want to stress that our country is in a very difficult period of economic transformation,” he says from the head of a conference table where President Bloom, Kuharski, Luminski, and McGarity sit with the translator who has been following us from meeting to meeting. “During such a transformation, little attention is usually paid to culture, yet we strongly support institutions like the Silesian Dance Theatre.”

The cultural director has a gentle demeanor and trades jokes easily with Bloom and Kuharski. Under communism, he explains, “the average family had a very easy life because their place of work did everything for them, from providing a flat to organizing cultural events. Many of these people are not independent, and it’s difficult for them to change their habits. That’s why I want to address mainly younger people.” He compliments Luminski for his community outreach programs involving senior citizens and children.

Bloom describes Chester, Pa., the impoverished city only a few miles from Swarthmore, and the Chester Boys Choir, the community outreach program organized by John Alston, associate professor of music—who, like Luminski, focused on the children. Chester has roughly the same population as Bytom, Bloom points out, with its own set of severe economic conditions, “and this is the wealthiest period in American history.”

As for Bytom, the director concludes, “It will take about 40 years to change the country and the face of our town because first [our generation] must die to make room for the second generation.” Just before rising to shake hands, he turns to Bloom: “I can assure you that our municipality will support this kind of cooperation, maybe because we want something out of it, too—not so much financial but in terms of information and experience.”

Back in Krakow, Kuharski arranges a tour for the Swarthmore entourage of Wawel Castle, the city’s main attrac-

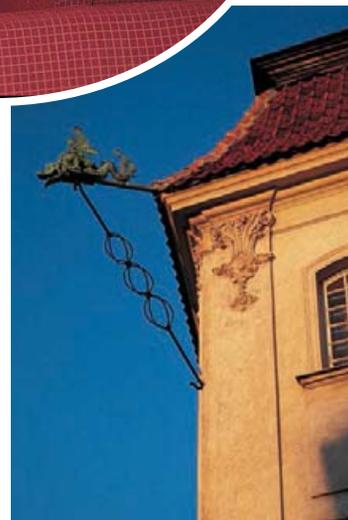
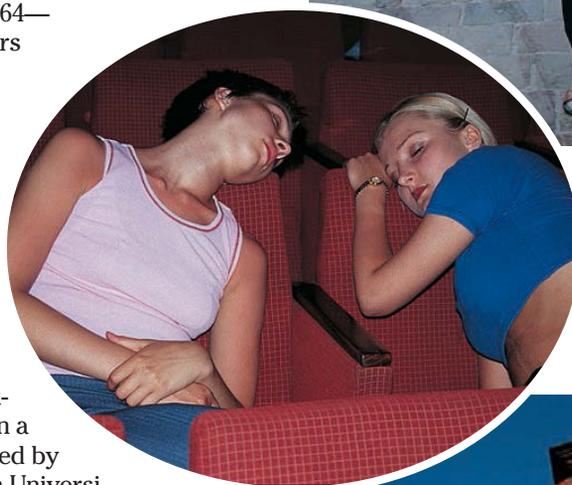
tion. Built on a hill in the Middle Ages, the castle housed Polish royalty for five centuries. Our guide explains why the trumpet played every hour from the tower of the grand Mariacki Church halts so abruptly. During a Tartar invasion, the legend goes, a watchman stationed in the tower lifted his trumpet to sound the alarm but was silenced by an arrow.

After the castle tour, we visit the ancient courtyard of the Jagiellonian University, founded by King Kazimierz in 1364—exactly 500 years before Swarthmore College, McGarity points out. Though most foreign study students will take classes at the Politechnika, engineering students will live in a dormitory owned by the Jagiellonian University, where they will study the Polish language. “Dom Piast houses a lot of international students—an interesting community for our students to be part of,” McGarity says, “and it’s close to all the good stuff in town.”

As we step out of the courtyard onto the cobbled streets of Krakow’s town center, an old violinist stationed there overhears our chatter and breaks into “It’s a Long Way to Tipperary.” When we laugh, he asks, “You are English?” “American,” someone tells him. Without missing a beat, he lifts his violin and launches into Stephen Foster’s “My Darling Clementine.” We give him a couple zloty, and he bows.

In October, the trees along Magill Walk glow gold and amber against a vivid blue sky, and I recall the sky above Bytom’s gray buildings. I tell McGarity that Kim Arrow compared it with Pittsburgh before the cleanup. Bytom is like Pittsburgh all right, McGarity tells me—Pittsburgh about 100 years ago. “You saw a clear blue sky because you were there in July,” he says. “Go back now, and it wouldn’t be because they’re burning coal again. They don’t have to heat

Steps OF Change



Clockwise from top left: A Krakow street violinist serenades the Swarthmore contingent; dancers grab a bite between classes at the theater café; Romantic poet Adam Mickiewicz presides over Krakow’s Rynek Glowny Square as the 14th-century Mariacki Church is renovated behind him; a dragon decorates a building in Warsaw; and exhausted dancers sleep through the final performance of the Bytom festival.





buildings in July.”

Bytom still gets more than 90 percent of its energy from coal, he says. “And coal is a very dirty fuel. The miners have to go deep to get the coal, through layers of saltwater, which they pump into the freshwater streams, degrading their ability to recover from the raw sewage. And the soil is contaminated from the metals in the coal. It’s better than it was, but the problems that remain are com-

pounding.”

As the faculty part of the exchange, McGarity’s colleague from the Politechnika, Vlad Wojcik, will be a Cornell

In Poland, students will see a society in transformation.

visiting professor at Swarthmore for the 2000–01 academic year, and Jacek Luminski will spend the spring semester in 2001 teaching dance at the College as a Lang Professor of Social Change. Five students have signed on to spend the spring 2000 semester in Poland—a dance major, a theater major, one engineering student, and two concentrating in environmental studies. One student has expressed an interest in Poland’s transition to a free-market economy, so McGarity is arranging a tutorial. Theater student Heather Weyrick will live in Krakow with the engineering students, studying language and culture, and then she plans to move to Bytom to work in arts administration at the Silesian Dance Theatre.

Jim Harker, having learned the language and culture from his time dancing in Poland, is moving to Krakow. There, he will serve as the College liaison, orienting students as they arrive and taking them on theater trips throughout Poland that Kuharski has arranged.

“When my engineering students heard that Heather would be traveling all over Poland attending performances, they started perking up,” McGarity

says, smiling. There will be field trips for environmental studies as well, he adds, but theater and dance started looking good. “Given the kind of students we have, there is going to be an overlap—theater students will study environmental science, and engineers will take dance classes.”

No matter what students are studying, he adds, “issues come up very starkly in Poland—like the trade-off between jobs and the environment.” Both he and Kuharski are struck by the sad irony that many of Bytom’s steelworkers and coal miners were members of the Solidarity Party that brought down communism and now watch their industries undergo downsizing under capitalism. Those on the city’s cultural commission are dealing with the added irony of funding avant-garde dance and environmental cleanup while their mills close.

Silesia, although not the center of Polish economy, politics, or culture, offers a unique opportunity to study all these aspects of the nation’s transformation. The transformation of Silesia, Kuharski believes, ties the theater/dance program to the environmental studies program. “There is a need to think in a holistic, global way about issues,” he explains. “That’s what environmental studies teaches, what Jacek’s philosophy and performance is about, and what the transformation of Silesia is ultimately about. Silesia is in a terrible place because there has not been enough thinking about how economic issues, environmental issues, and cultural and educational issues come together to create a healthy community and a healthy environment.”

McGarity adds that “environmental problems are interdisciplinary by their very nature. Certain aspects of that you could ignore in the United States, but in Poland, they jump out at you. It’s a great opportunity for our students. If they can actually contribute something, that’s great, but they will definitely get a lot more back from seeing all these problems in one place.”

As President Bloom told Bytom’s cultural commission: “One reason this is such a valuable program for our students is that they will not only learn about Polish theater and dance but experience a society that is undergoing economic transformation and developing a new, postcommunist identity. That is a rare opportunity.” ■



PHOTOS BY CATHEEN MCGARTHY



RELIGION

IN
THE AGE
OF

SCIENCE

What an opportunity. While working on a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago, Ian Barbour '44 had been a teaching assistant to Enrico Fermi, one of the fathers of the atomic bomb. Now, with the Cold War heating up, Barbour was a young physics professor with the connections and credentials to be a player in the next phase of the nuclear age. But he wasn't so sure he wanted to be. Increasingly concerned about ethical issues arising from scientific research and about the credibility of religion in an age of science, Barbour did something that could have only perplexed many of his physicist colleagues—he went to divinity school.

That decision nearly half a century ago was not only a crucial milestone in Barbour's career but a pivotal moment in the development of the modern exploration of the interplay between science and religion—a pursuit that is gaining greater public interest in the final years of the century. "People are realizing that you don't have to choose between God and science," says the unassuming Barbour, who earlier this year collected the \$1.24 million Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion.

Although his writings are credited with laying the intellectual groundwork for a dialogue between science and religion, Barbour's admirers point out that the conduct of his life and career has been crucial to overcoming deep-seated resistance to a relationship between the two spheres. His credentials as both a scientist and theologian—and the care he takes never to overstep the bound-

Science, says physicist and theologian Ian Barbour '44, helps us see the immanence of God rather than the transcendence stressed in traditional religious teaching.

aries of either—have given would-be critics few opportunities to pounce.

"Barbour embodies the interface of science and religion," says Patrick Henry, a former religion professor at Swarthmore who is now executive director of Saint John's Institute for Ecumenical and Cultural Research. "Here you have someone who started his career in physics and went into theology. He models the field not just in his thought but in his biography. The reason he's successful is that he's one of the least arrogant intellectual giants I have ever encountered. Instead of being proud about how much he knows, he's constantly aware of how much more there is to know."

By Tom Krattenmaker

Religion, seemingly, has absorbed repeated blows from science over the centuries. Copernicus, for one, challenged the supremacy of God and humankind by declaring that the Earth revolves around the sun; Darwin undermined the literal truth of biblical creationism with his case for evolution; and 20th-century advances in physics explained more about the birth of the universe to the point where there was "nothing for a Creator to do," in the words of the late astronomer Carl Sagan. Resisting at every step has been religion in its various embodiments, vividly present as recently as August 1999 in a Kansas Board of Education ruling to virtually delete evolution from the state's recommended science curriculum.

Indeed, exploring the interplay between religion and science can be like comparing apples and chickens. In science, truth is discovered through experimentation; in religion, truth is revealed from a higher and immutable source. One is about experimentation, empirical evidence, and rational thought, and the other depends on faith. How can pursuits so fundamentally different have common ground? To Ian Barbour, not only is there ample potential for a dialogue between science and religion, but he believes that both fields benefit from such an interaction.

"In many ways, science and religion are separate spheres, but at some point, the two circles overlap," Barbour says in an interview at his office. The Ather-ton Bean Professor of Science, Technology, and Society at Carleton College



MIKE KERR

adds: “The dialogue starts with the recognition of limitations on both sides, the recognition that neither science nor religion has all the answers. I don’t think you find this humility everywhere, but a significant minority of scientists and a significant minority of religious people are more open-minded, humble, and willing to not just talk but to *listen* to the other.”

Barbour, whose office feels like that of a minister with its serene stained-glass windows and inspirational posters, professes belief in God and is a devoted church member. Yet the physicist in him is disturbed by biblical fundamentalism that rejects science. Evolution and other fruits of scientific inquiry might change people’s understanding of God, Barbour says, but they needn’t shake their faith.

“Through much of Western history, it was assumed that God created the world as it is, a very static world,” says Barbour, his voice at times dropping barely above a whisper. “Now, with our understanding of evolution, one knows creation is a long, slow, painful process. It’s a more dynamic universe. There’s no reason to think the process is finished. As a religious person, you’ve got to imagine God being involved in the process, working from within. Science helps us see the immanence of God rather than the transcendence that has been stressed in traditional religious teaching. As we rethink God’s role in the process as something more gradual and subtle, there are ways you can use ideas from science to gain a better understanding.”

This science-inspired “reformulation” of his own religious thinking has led Barbour to an understanding of God as the mind behind the scenes—the patterns in nature, the intelligence in the design, the “communicator of the information” that organizes matter and energy into what we call life. To Barbour and other religious scientists, a better understanding of the physical world, shaped by science, can actually deepen faith as it inspires wonder and awe in the intricate majesty of the universe. Tellingly, a poster Barbour keeps on his office wall is a product of technology but something that works on a spiritual plane—a photograph of Earth as viewed from space, bearing the simple message “Planet Earth.”

Although surveys show that most scientists are nonbelievers, Barbour and growing numbers of scholars are convinced that religion has much to offer science, even to its nonbelieving practitioners. They think religion can establish useful contexts and directions for research, address the ethical questions often raised but rarely answered by science, and approach cosmic issues like the meaning of life that scientists usually admit are beyond their scope.

“I don’t think religion contributes *directly* to scientific research,” Barbour says. “Certainly, most scientific research can go on without any religious or philosophical assumptions. But religion can contribute to placing science and nature in a wider philosophical context. When you’re interpreting science, you begin raising questions at its boundaries. For example, what is the purpose of creation? These are religious questions. Religion can also contribute to the scientist as a person.”

Barbour asks, for example, how researchers determine what to investigate. Is it based simply on what looks promising, or is it influenced by determinations of what is most beneficial to society? It is clearly the latter, Barbour asserts, which means scientists make decisions that involve religion and ethics. “Look at access to health care. What medical cures are important to work on?” Barbour asks. “We’ve done very little with malaria, which millions of people die from each year, because it’s not a disease of a rich country. Many public policy issues come up around the funding of science. With these kinds of questions, it’s important to ask not only

The dialogue starts with the recognition on both sides that neither science nor religion has all the answers—and the willingness not just to talk but to listen to the other.

what can science do for religion, but what can religion bring to science?”

Mark Wallace, chair of the Religion Department at Swarthmore, has applied Barbour’s thinking about religion and science to his own work on God and the environment. Wallace points to the “environmental racism” evident in the trash incinerator, medical waste autoclave, and sewage treatment plant all located within one square mile of Chester, whose children have elevated levels of lead in their blood. The pursuit of social justice, which Wallace approaches as a religious person, is thus informed by scientific findings about lead and its deleterious health effects on children. “Theology is not going to tell us anything about lead,” Wallace says, “but it does tell us why we should care. And science tells us *how* to care for the biological order. To care for the environment comprehensively, you need science and theology in dialogue with one another.”

A key to building and sustaining the dialogue is a clear recognition of what science and religion can and cannot accomplish, Barbour says. He rejects the temptation that has trapped some theologians to use science to “prove” the existence of God. So, too, is he skeptical about the hoopla heard in recent years about scientific findings that prayer aids human healing. Barbour believes the evidence is shaky at best. And from another perspective, he believes it distorts the purpose of

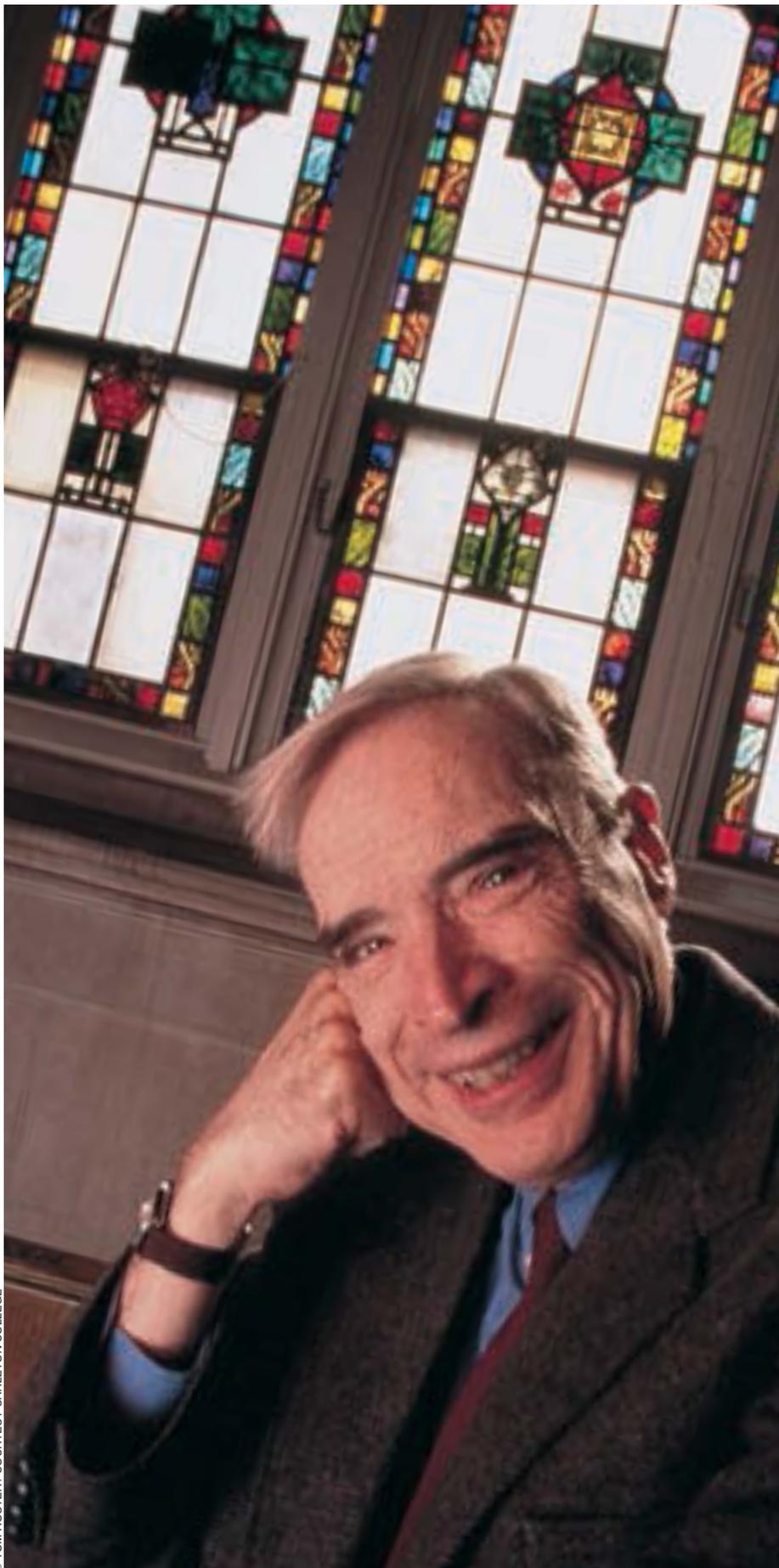
prayer, treating God as a “cosmic errand boy.”

He sees inappropriate boundary hopping in the other direction as well. A prime example is a tendency among some cosmologists to take their scientific understanding of the origin of the universe an extra step and conclude that there is no God or ultimate meaning to life. A case in point is the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Steven Weinberg, who is known for his disdain for religion and has written that advances in cosmology lead to the despairing conclusion that there is no point to the universe. With such a pronouncement, Barbour says, Weinberg and like-minded scientists clearly venture into a realm where their science no longer applies. “Science itself does not prove atheism,” echoes William Grassie, a religion scholar who is teaching at Swarthmore this year while directing the Philadelphia Center for Religion and Science. “Anyone who thinks so better take another look at the dogma.”

More than 50 years later, Barbour is still guided by the same impulse that led him to attend divinity school rather than advance nuclear technology. “I realized then that there were wider issues in which science can tell you what’s possible but not what’s desirable,” he reflects. “Those issues have varied over the years, but they’ve always been there in one form or another.”

While growing up in China, England, and the United States—both parents were academics, his mother American and his father Scottish—Barbour developed a strong interest in science. The religion passed on from his parents, he recalls, became “sort of a separate sphere in my life.” He was not ready to dismiss it as antithetical to science but couldn’t fathom a way to integrate it into his career. After Swarthmore, where classmates recall him as quiet and absorbed in his studies, Barbour did alternative wartime service fighting forest fires in Oregon and working at a mental hospital in North Carolina. Then it was on to graduate school. He earned a master’s in physics from Duke University in 1946 before pursuing research in high-energy physics at Chicago, where he completed a Ph.D. in 1949.

Barbour then joined the faculty at



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Ian Barbour '44 won the 1999 Templeton Prize for Progress in Religion.

Kalamazoo College in Michigan, continuing to shine as a young scientist. In addition to publishing numerous papers, he was promoted to department chair in 1951, at the age of 28. But Barbour was interested in somehow incorporating the religious side of his life into the professional.

“When I was teaching physics, I was increasingly concerned about ethical issues in science, of which nuclear weapons were an example at the time, and the credibility of religious beliefs in an age of science,” Barbour recalls. “A lot of people are able to put these two sides of their lives—science and religion—into watertight compartments, but I wasn’t satisfied with that. I wanted to look at a way of integrating them more closely.”

The solution was to study religion. Barbour enrolled in Yale Divinity School and did additional work at Union Theological Seminary in New York, receiving a bachelor of divinity degree from Yale in 1956. Although Kalamazoo was ready to take him back, Barbour was attracted by a unique job offer from Carleton in Minnesota, a joint appointment in the departments of physics and religion. Enticed by the similarities between Carleton and his alma mater—both had traditions of interdisciplinary work and small faculties whose members knew each other well—he opted for the Carleton position.

One of the most significant milestones in his career was the publication in 1965 of his first book, *Issues in Science and Religion*. Many view it as the seminal work in science and religion. Although the book circulated widely and attracted much notice—and other respected works followed—Barbour’s remained a lonesome voice through much of his active career. In recent years, Barbour is finding his ideas about a closer relationship between science and religion gaining wider currency.

A sharp upturn in the number of books echoing Barbour’s philosophy includes Henry’s 1999 work *The Ironic Christian’s Companion: Finding the Mark’s of God’s Grace in the World*. Barbour also observes more courses and forums on the nexus between religion and science. The most prestigious professional organizations of scientists and theologians are now including religion-science workshops at their conferences; the American Association for the

Advancement of Science, Barbour notes, has established an office on the religion-science dialogue. Media coverage is similarly on the rise, epitomized by a July 20, 1998, *Newsweek* cover story headlined: "Science Finds God."

Many have showered recognition on Barbour himself in the last decade. He was invited in 1990 to give Scotland's prestigious Gifford Lectures on philosophy and theology, an honor previously bestowed on such luminaries as Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich. The widely publicized Templeton Prize—Barbour traveled to Russia in May to deliver the acceptance speech at the Kremlin—led to features on Barbour and his ideas in major newspapers and on television network news.

Barbour rejects the theological temptation to use science to "prove" the existence of God—and sees inappropriate boundary hopping in the other direction as well.

If Barbour was ahead of his time in the 1950s and 1960s, the times have begun to catch up in the 1990s. Society's belief in technology and progress—such a central characteristic of modernism—is giving way to a technology weariness, even wariness, creating renewed interest in philosophy and religion. "The modernist mind-set put reason on a pedestal and taught religion as a relic from the past," says Stephen Dunning, a religion professor at the University of Pennsylvania and a founder of Penn's new Religion in Public Life program. "The dethronement of enlightened rationalism is opening up the discussion, and religious intellectuals are being invited to participate." Mark Wallace of Swarth-

more's Religion Department adds: "I see a cultural convergence that wasn't there when Barbour first started doing this work."

Still, not everyone is sold on the desirability or appropriateness of a relationship between religion and science. Feeling burned by episodes like the Kansas measure against teaching evolution, some scientists remain convinced that a steel door between the two entities remains the only sure way to maintain the integrity of science. In some circles, the work of the well-endowed Templeton Foundation is dimly viewed as a veiled attempt to co-opt science for the advancement of religion. In a May 9, 1999, *Philadelphia Inquirer* article, University of Chicago cosmologist Rocky Kolb was quoted as saying, "Integrating [science and religion] is a mistake.... Religion is mostly based on revealed truth. That's really the antithesis of science." Quoted in the same article, Weinberg says: "I think it's good they remain at odds. I think the great achievement of science is that it made it possible for intelligent people not to be religious."

Such continued resistance disappoints Barbour, who believes the holdouts often fail to distinguish between the mutually respectful religion-science dialogue he envisions and the notorious turf invasions. "I think there is some tendency to be afraid of interaction, lest the religious right dominate the discussion," he says. Kolb and others, Barbour adds, "are focused on religion at its worst, which I agree is in conflict with science. A lot of the troubles have come from the excessive claims of biblical literalists who venture outside of their proper territory."

Barbour acknowledges the truth of the assertion that science made it possible for intelligent people not to be religious, and that, he believes, is all to the good. A simple twist of the phrase describes his hope for the future, one he is beginning to see realized—the day when intelligent people can be religious and when religious people, even in the eyes of nonbelieving scientists, can be intelligent. ■

Tom Krattenmaker is a frequent contributor to the Bulletin. He is Swarthmore's director of news and information and is studying religion and public policy in a master's program at the University of Pennsylvania.



Ben Wurgaft '00



Nyssa Taylor '00



Gabe Cumming '00



Hungry for Meaning and Values

Religion has become a popular major as today's students look beyond the secular world of their parents.

I have a gripe with modernism," says Greg Hansell '00 of Villanova, Pa., one of the growing number of religion majors at Swarthmore. "It makes everything so practical. It takes the *romance* out of everything."

Call Hansell a sign of the times. As evidenced by rising public interest in the religion-science dialogue championed by Ian Barbour '44 and the increasing number of religion majors at Swarthmore and other colleges, Americans are apparently less satisfied with the rational, scientific approach to understanding the world. Enter postmodernism and renewed fascination with religion.

At Swarthmore, this has translated into a surge in the number of religion majors—to 28 in the Class of 2000. In 1990, there were just 11.

Mark Wallace, associate professor and chair of religion, attributes the rise partly to the secular orientation of the generation that raised today's college-age population. "The parents of today's students left churches in the 1960s. These kids, in large part, have grown up in secular environments," Wallace says. "These students don't have any hostility toward religion, but they have no background. They want to learn about a facet of the human experience they don't know much about. And they are hungry for meaning and values."

That wasn't entirely the case with Hansell, who was raised Roman Catholic and attended parochial schools. But he became fascinated with traditions other than those emphasized at his home and school, particularly Eastern religions. And Hansell was displeased by the large degree to which he saw religion, in general, seemingly removed from the world outside of his Catholic church and school. "My decision to study religion certainly did have something to do with a lack of meaning I observed in my own life and other people's," he says. "I think students have a real desire to see and experience the transcendent."

Ben Wurgaft, a senior religion major from Cambridge, Mass., was dissatisfied with a science-oriented "utilitarian"

approach to understanding the world. Wurgaft, who describes his upbringing as "atheist Jewish," saw in religion an ideal way to combine several of the academic fields that contemplate meaning. "I reached the realization that religion was the ideal nexus of an array of studies, like culture, philosophy, literature, and so on. I think it's the same for many of us who choose religion."

By traditional definitions, faith is a concept that applies to religion, not science. But Nyssa Taylor, a senior religion major from Havertown, Pa., isn't so sure that scientists don't sometimes make leaps similar to those of the religiously faithful. She points to astrophysics as an example. "What about wormholes?" she asks, citing a theoretical portal at the center of a black hole that would provide for near-instantaneous travel between two points in the universe. "What's the difference between believing in that concept and believing in God?" She adds: "The further science pushes our knowledge of the world, the more it seems to create an awareness that technology will get us only so far."

Gabe Cumming matches Wallace's description of the typical religion student of the 1990s. "I grew up in a relatively secular environment, with enough distance from religion to be interested rather than feeling I had to get away from it," says Cumming, a senior from Greenwood, S.C. "My parents certainly weren't hostile toward religion. They encouraged me to be interested in religion and to respect the beliefs and attitudes of different people. So I had the privilege of developing a kind of pantheism in that I'm able to draw meaning from a variety of sources."

Including science? "Science has an answer," says Cumming. "There are many answers, all worth considering. But I find it worthwhile to consider them in relationship to one another, not as ultimate truths. In that sense, I'm an outsider because I realize that people within these traditions consider their answers to be *the* truth."

—T.K.



Mark Wallace,
associate professor of religion

These students want to learn about a facet of the human experience they don't know much about."



PHOTOS BY ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS

Greg Hansell '00

The 20th Century's Greatest Hits

A "TOP 40" LIST

By Paul Williams '69

In the half of this century that I've lived in, it's quite common to encounter "best-of-the-year" lists of movies or records in newspapers and magazines, starting in late December. When I noticed a "First Annual International Music Writers Poll Ballot" lying on the floor of my workspace in January 1998, I thought it must be time to start my own "best-of-the-century" list.

Out of this list grew a series of essays on what may seem to be unrelated works of art that have gotten my attention and greatly enriched or enlightened me in the last 50 years, including works from earlier in the century that I eventually discovered thanks to their reputations or serendipity or good luck. Of course, I'm teasing if I give the impression that I'm going to try to rank the "top" artistic creations of this just-ending century in the Western world—or any world. That kind of hierarchical approach is contrary to certain philosophies of life that I hold dear. True, I did once write a book about "the 100 best rock-and-roll singles." I didn't rank them, but I did enjoy selecting them, even knowing that the best I could hope for was a 50 percent overlap between my list and the one any reader might construct for herself or himself.

This list, though, is something different. It's a minuscule cross section, a few of the 20th-century's greatest aesthetic hits, necessarily limited to the rather small sampling that could reasonably come to one person's attention. I'm not even trying, actually, to make a carefully thought-out representation of my own preferences. These are all creations I believe are worthy to be on a list of, or in a collection of, great artistic works or achievements of the 20th century.

They have been blindly selected by my Muse, or her seeing eye dog, with the intention of demonstrating, and, therefore, arguing—an essay is a kind of argument—that "art" is what we, the receivers, observers, listeners, readers, experience when we encounter it. "Great art," then, is not some objective phenomenon; it is an essentially subjective, and often profoundly spiritual, personal experience on the part of a person or persons reading a book, listening to a recording, looking at a painting, or watching a play or a film. The greatest hits of the 20th century happened mostly in private places.

This article, which contains four of the essays from my new book, *The 20th Century's Greatest Hits* is, therefore, a personal exploration. I wonder what's on your list?

The 20th Century's Greatest Hits

1. **"Things We Said Today"**
The Beatles (1964)
2. **"Sister Ray"**
The Velvet Underground (1968)
3. **"Girl Before a Mirror"**
Pablo Picasso (1932)
4. ***The I Ching or Book of Changes***
Translated by Richard Wilhelm (1923)
5. ***Ulysses***
James Joyce (1922)
6. **"God Bless the Child" and "I Cover the Waterfront"**
Billie Holiday (1941)
7. **"The Universal Declaration of Human Rights"**
Eleanor Roosevelt et al. (1948)
8. ***Winnie-the-Pooh***
A.A. Milne (1926)

Pablo Picasso was 50 years old when he painted “Girl Before a Mirror.” The model for the painting, Picasso’s mistress Marie-Thérèse Walter, was 22 in the winter of 1932. As for the person looking at the painting, I’m 49 as I write these sentences and gaze at the reproduction of the girl (and her reflection) included in *Pablo Picasso: A Retrospective*, the book/catalog I bought at that 1980 Museum of Modern Art show. So I was 32 when “Girl” first inflamed my imagination and my soul and my sexual organs of perception (ears; fingers; tongue; mind; and, in this case, eyes).

“A poem should be palpable and mute / As a globed fruit,” Archibald MacLeish told us in his poem “Ars Poetica” (in 1926; he was 34). This comes to mind, of course, because “Girl” is full of images of globed fruits—breasts, belly, even face and head—images the viewer’s mind immediately intuitively and/or consciously associates with other contemporary Picasso paintings. When is a desirable woman like a colorful bowl of fruit? In the eyes of her hungry lover. It also happens that Picasso’s painting sublimely realizes the standard young Archibald defined (six years earlier) for a “poem.” It is “motionless in time as the moon climbs.” And it certainly embodies (no pun intended) the last lines of “Ars Poetica,” the only part of the poem that shows up in *Bartlett’s Familiar Quotations*: “A poem should not mean / But be.” “Girl Before a Mirror” is. It does not need to be interpreted or understood. It speaks silently and directly and profoundly and oh-so-palpably.

I don’t intend to call much on certified “experts” to justify my selections here (Hey! This one really is a “20th-Century Greatest,” the big boys all say so) because, after all, my premise is that you and I as individuals have as much right as any expert to form our own ideas of what is/was great art in our time or any time. I’m foolhardy enough to presume that what a Picasso painting means to little old me is as useful a morsel of information as the informed opinion of a scholar. (Picasso himself said on this subject, in 1935, “Academic training in beauty is a sham. Art is not

“‘Girl Before a Mirror’ is very simply Picasso telling the truth about his happiness at this moment in his life.”

A love poem of a painting

“Girl Before a Mirror”

by Pablo Picasso
Painted March 14, 1932

the application of a canon of beauty but what the instinct and the brain can conceive beyond any canon.”) But anyway, rules need exceptions, and here’s a quote from H.H. Arnason’s 1977 *History of Modern Art*. He says “Girl” is a “moment of summation” between Picasso’s “cycles of fertile and varied experiment”:

“Girl Before a Mirror” brings together Picasso’s total experience of curvilinear cubism and classical idealism. The painting is powerful in its

color patterns and linear rhythms, but above all it is a work of poetry: the maiden, rapt in contemplation of her mirror image, sees not merely a reversed reflection but a mystery and a prophecy. This lyrical work revives the poetry of the blue and rose periods and of his period of classical idealism; it adds a dimension of strangeness to the exotic Odalisques that Matisse painted, and anticipates Braque’s haunting studio scenes.

OK, it’s fun for art scholars that every one of Picasso’s works is another installment in an ongoing narrative that tells the story of this artist’s aesthetic adventures. But for the aspect of this painting that speaks most strongly to me, aside from its sheer beauty and eye pleasure, I like this quote from John Berger (1965):



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

“What makes these paintings [the portraits of Marie-Thérèse] different is the degree of their direct sexuality. They refer without any ambiguity at all to the experience of making love to this woman. They describe sensations and, above all, the sensation of sexual comfort.”

Yes. These paintings caused me to fall in love with Picasso because I could see we’d been to the same place. And it meant as much to him as it did and does to me. This reaffirms my humanity. In a world that is often hostile to and judgmental of sexual love. “Look!” I thought. “This painter understands. And worships the same God. At last, a friend I can talk to about this.”

The really radical and experimental move for an artist to make in any era or in any art form is to find a way to tell the truth. “Girl Before a Mirror” is very simply Picasso telling the truth about his happiness at this moment in his life, while also employing a new visual language he has been developing in his work in order to more honestly represent what humans see when they look at each other’s faces. Look, he famously tells us in so many paintings and drawings: You see the person’s profile and their full face both at once—two eyes on one side of a nose!—and your mental picture of the friend you’re looking at is actually a composite of the information conveyed by both perspectives.

In the case of the girl before the mirror, her eyes are properly on opposite sides of her nose; however, as we look at her face, it changes like an animated cartoon, from a beautiful, evocative face seen full on, shining like a full moon, to a calm pensive profile, to subtle differences in whether she’s seen as looking right at the camera (or painter) or half-looking toward the mirror. The whole effect is as if her head were seen in the process of turning from a deep gaze into the mirror to glance inquisitively (and affectionately) toward the observer.

And then there’s the twin girl on the right side of the painting, the one in the mirror. This reflection is definitely the same woman and a different one both at once. And again, we are paradoxically treated to the sight of one girl from her side (beautiful pooching-out curve on that ready-to-be-pregnant belly) and the other turned toward us (her torso facing

us, but her head and features turned away as though looking at the girl to her right). So much action in this still picture! The real girl almost has her arm protectively on the shoulder of the mirror girl. But the same lines suggest the mirror girl too is reaching toward her double (maybe fondling her breasts). And one more *trompe l’oeil*: Is the girl on the left (and, therefore, both of them) naked or wearing clothes? She’s obviously naked because you can see so much of her body (including an x-ray of her womb), but she’s obviously clothed because we can see that those stripes belong to a sweater or blouse. And the backgrounds! Are those colorful checkerboard markings the walls of the boudoir, or are they a representation of how the observer’s mind feels looking at this scene? We can see that he feels affection and deep admiration. And genuine wonder at the miracle of God’s cre-

ation that this woman, his lover, is. Not just her lovely face and exquisite body—everything about her, including her relationship with herself, her mirror companion.

This painting is a passionate love poem. And full of humor. And very revealing of who the unseen member of this relationship (the painter, the lover) is. I love the way Picasso expresses love and desire in this series of paintings of Marie-Thérèse (“The Dream,” “The Dream [Reading],” “Nude on a Black Couch,” “The Mirror,” and others). With such immediacy. So for the first time, I can actually show somebody how I feel when I feel this way. You think I’m mad? Or sex crazed? Look at these paintings! You see, this is part of the human experience for many of us. Look at this man boasting about how voluptuous his young girlfriend is and about how wild and tender she makes him feel.

It took a lot of courage for this 50-year-old man who felt increasingly trapped by his wife’s moods and their bourgeois lifestyle, to speak so forthrightly and eloquently of his great sexual happiness (and self-discovery) with his 22-year-old mistress. But we expect courage of Picasso. Courage and honesty. And an indomitable will to change the nature of our perception of the universe. “Gotcha!” he laughs as he throws up this mirror before us. And flatters us by suggesting we might possibly love women and life as much as he does.

For me, Marie-Thérèse comes across as a real person in these paintings, as tangible and knowable as any character in Shakespeare. Her every look and gesture seem genuine to me; I can feel her personality and presence. I adore her like one loves a favorite movie star of the opposite sex. I long for her, and I sense her comforting presence, her affectionate support. And I thank Pablo Picasso for saying some things that needed to be said about what it’s like to be a male person. And for sending out such a positive message, for once, about a love relationship that works. At this moment. Most of all, I celebrate this painting for being such a fabulous portrait of two particular people, and their special moment in time, in which each has become so delicious to the other’s eyes and hands and heart.

9. *Martian Time-Slip*

Philip K. Dick (1964)

10. “Howl”

Allen Ginsberg (1956)

11. *Pet Sounds*

The Beach Boys (1966)

12. *Old Path White Clouds: Walking in the Footsteps of the Buddha*

Thích Nhất Hạnh (1990)

13. “The Dance”

Henri Matisse (1910)

14. *2001: A Space Odyssey*

Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke (1968)

15. *Concert performance*

Umm Kulthúm (1942)

16. “The Bear” and “Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech”

William Faulkner (1942, 1949)

17. *Renaldo & Clara*

Bob Dylan (1978)

18. *Gravity’s Rainbow*

Thomas Pynchon (1973)

19. *Concert performance*

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan (1995)

20. *The Anatomy of Dependence*

Takeo Doi, M.D. (1971)



CORBIS/CHRIS RAINIER

A human being like you and me

Old Path White Clouds: Walking in the Footsteps of the Buddha

by Thích Nhất Hanh
Parallax Press (1990)

This is a biography of Siddhartha Gautama, written near the end of the 20th century in Vietnamese in France by a Zen monk/poet/scholar/peace activist who had traveled to North America at the height of the Vietnam War “to try to help dissolve some of the wrong views that were at the root of the war.” In the United States, Thích Nhất Hanh (TNH) spoke with students, teachers, government officials, and other peace workers; in 1967, he was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize by American civil rights leader Martin Luther King Jr.

This thorough biography is the major work of one of the great world literary

figures of the second half of this century, a man not yet known in literary circles but author of a substantial (and, I predict, enduring) body of work consisting of more than 30 books, including a novel, collections of poetry, collections of short stories, translations of Buddhist sutras, and many books of practical philosophy directed to the general public, of which two of the most widely read are *Peace Is Every Step* and *Living Buddha, Living Christ*. In a very real sense, everything that TNH shares with us in all his other writings can be found in *Old Path White Clouds*. And although I am aware of such European retellings of the Buddha’s story as *Siddhartha* (Herman Hesse, 1922) and *The Light of Asia* (Sir Edwin Arnold, 1879), I do not believe there has ever been another book like this, a straightforward, carefully researched narrative nonfiction account

“I can hardly imagine the reader who could turn page after page of *Old Path White Clouds* without feeling intense tides of idealism surging in his or her own veins.”

of the life and work of the man who inspired a million statues.

“Buddha was not a God. He was a human being like you and me, and he suffered just as we do,” TNH tells us in another book. The resulting narrative is told with the confidence of a biographer who is certain he knows as much as any modern person could of what happened day to day and how it felt to the protagonist and other participants as it was happening. The reader can feel this in the narrator’s voice and can’t help but be further reassured by the careful notes in the back of the book identifying the specific sources for the stories told

in each chapter.

But for all of its loving faithfulness to the 2,500-year-old “Pali canon” that is the basis of all “Buddhism,” the greatest value of *Old Path White Clouds* is what it tells us about the consciousness and feelings and (by extension) experience of the 20th-century person who wrote it. Jorge Luis Borges in his tale “Pierre Menard, Author of the *Quixote*,” imagines a 20th-century man who undertakes to compose chapters of *Don Quixote* that may be word for word the same as the 17th-century original but will have enormously different implications because of the new author’s consciousness and identity. “It is not in vain that 300 years have gone by, filled with exceedingly complex events.”

So the Vietnam War is in this biography—and a fierce idealism that is startlingly recognizable as the idealism of my youth in the sixth decade of this century, the era of the Beatles and Martin Luther King and the Vietnam War. TNH is so palpably proud, for example, of the fact (and he has painstakingly satisfied himself that it is a fact) that this son of the Indian nobility called “the Buddha” was adamant (in the face of opposition from friends, students, strangers, and other teachers) that he would let himself be touched by members of the “untouchable” caste and would accept them as his students and brothers because: “Our way is a way of equality. We do not recognize caste.”

Obviously, the purpose of TNH’s book is to transmit this sort of courage to its reader, as the Buddha’s writings did for Henry David Thoreau and Thoreau’s did for Mahatma Gandhi and as the Buddha and his dharma-heirs did for the current Dalai Lama of Tibet. I can hardly imagine the reader who could turn page after page of *Old Path White Clouds* without feeling intense (and sometimes awkward and implacable) tides of idealism surging in his or her own veins. Reader beware. This is heady brew. Hero worship—sincere admiration for and emulation of another human being’s life and deeds and motives—is exceedingly rare in modern literature but very welcome and affecting in this case.

Reading this book, and finding the protagonist interesting and likable, I find myself aware that what attracts me is

- 21. *On the Road***
Jack Kerouac (1957)
- 22. *For a Few Dollars More***
Sergio Leone (1965)
- 23. “Mr. Costello, Hero” and “And Now the News...”**
Theodore Sturgeon (1953, 1956)
- 24. *Horses***
Patti Smith (1975)
- 25. *Two-Lane Blacktop***
Monte Hellman (1971)
- 26. *Concert performance***
Grateful Dead (1969)
- 27. “Krazy Kat” Sunday page**
George Herriman (1920)
- 28. “Smokestack Lightnin’”**
Howlin’ Wolf (1956)
- 29. *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater***
Kurt Vonnegut Jr. (1965)
- 30. *Impressions (side one)***
John Coltrane (1963)

the Buddha as seen through TNH’s eyes. Like Yogananda’s *Autobiography of a Yogi*, this book is actually a passionate love story. Thay (TNH’s nickname, which means “teacher” like the Japanese *sensei*) loves the Buddha. Loves him from the perspective of a mid-20th-century man who saw the best minds (and hearts and bodies) of his generation destroyed by a senseless war and who found refuge—and the opportunity to be genuinely helpful to his countrymen—in the example of the Buddha.

I have never in my life been what anyone would call “religious,” but I can relate to this. I’m attracted to this sort of spiritual activity because it seems to me do-it-yourself, something you only embrace insofar as it seems true to and proves helpful to you, in other words, a “faith” based entirely on personal experience as opposed to social intimidation. TNH, in chapter 62 of *Old Path White Clouds*, quotes the Buddha as saying to a group of young villagers, “My friends,

you are already qualified to discern which things to accept and which things to discard. Believe and accept only those things that accord with your own reason, those things which are supported by the wise and virtuous [i.e., persons whose values you admire, your heroes whoever they are], and those things which in practice bring benefit and happiness to yourselves and others. Discard things that oppose these principles.” This to me is not “religion” but the antidote to what religions are too often presented as.

And since I’m an American writer, it shouldn’t seem odd that I hear in this the same philosophy I believe I’ve heard in and learned from Emerson, Clemens, Ginsberg, Dylan, Vonnegut, Faulkner, Jefferson, and others. Just as I consider the Universal Declaration of Human Rights literature, poetry rather than politics, so I consider TNH’s scribblings in Vietnamese and English—retelling texts written in Pali, Sanskrit, and Chinese—literature, belles lettres rather than religion. And most of all, I love TNH because when he gathered a tiny group of Buddhists to help deal with the circumstances of the war exploding all around them, he wrote some Buddha-like precepts or rules for the group to live by.

The first (and, he said, most important) rule was: “Do not be idolatrous about or bound to any doctrine, theory, or ideology, even Buddhist ones. Buddhist systems of thought are guiding means; they are not absolute truth.” That’s the kind of disclaimer I want to read on any spiritual package, Christian or Moslem or Jewish or whatever it may be. TNH saw his country and its young and its old destroyed by ideology, so when he talks about the Buddha’s life, he’s not offering you or me a set of ideas to live and die for. He’s keenly aware how destructive “isms” can be. Rather, he wants to give others a chance to see Siddhartha the way he does, as a person just like you or me who woke up by looking at things differently from what his parents and peers had taught him, who found liberation (peace and freedom) in a way of being toward oneself and others that (1) anyone can do, according to Siddhartha; and (2) that makes possible happiness, even in wretched circumstances.

“The Magna Carta for All Mankind”

Throughout 1947 and 1948, Eleanor Roosevelt was the “chairman” of a committee that wrote the most important and wonderful piece of writing produced by any committee in this century.

The drafting committee worked, in part, from draft declarations and proposals submitted by the governments of Chile, Cuba, India, Panama, and the United States, but in the end, eight men and women wrote these 1,774 words. In this case, the essence of the creative act was not the choosing of words but the process of agreeing to agree on them.

All observers and commentators agree that Mrs. Roosevelt deserves primary credit for making this act of agreement possible, through her own artful presence. Eleanor led by devotion to worthy principles and by loving-kindness. And look at what was created, back on the first Human Rights Day, Dec. 10, 1948: “The Magna Carta for All Mankind.”

The thing that baffles me is why this isn't the first thing people think of when

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights

Adopted by the U.N. General Assembly on Dec. 10, 1948. Written by the Drafting Committee of the U.N. Commission on Human Rights, Eleanor Roosevelt, chairman.

the subject of the 20th-century's “greatest hits” comes up. OK, the mass media have ignored the Universal Declaration so far, to their discredit—but what song or novel in this century has spoken for or had an impact on or liberated more people?

Article 1

All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights. They are endowed with reason and conscience and should act towards one another in a spirit of brotherhood.

Article 2

Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, colour, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth or other status.

Furthermore, no distinction shall be made on the basis of the political, jurisdictional or international status of the country or territory to which a person belongs, whether it be independent, trust, non-self-governing, or under any other limitation of sovereignty.

Article 3

Everyone has the right to life, liberty, and security of person.

Article 19

Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression; this right includes freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.

Article 23

1. *Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work, and to protection against unemployment.*

2. *Everyone, without any discrimination, has the right to equal pay for equal work.*

3. *Everyone who works has the right to just and favourable remuneration ensur-*



President Harry Truman meets with Eleanor Roosevelt in 1951 before she attends a meeting of the U.N. Human Rights Commission. Mrs. Roosevelt was a principal drafter of the

Universal Declaration of Human Rights—“a work of expression; a short piece of prose; and ... as much an example of human art from its era as any film or sculpture or poem.”

ing for himself and his family an existence worthy of human dignity, and supplemented, if necessary, by other means of social protection.

4. Everyone has the right to form and to join trade unions for the protection of his interests.

Article 27

1. Everyone has the right freely to participate in the cultural life of the community, to enjoy the arts and to share in scientific advancement, and its benefits.

2. Everyone has the right to the protection of the moral and material interests resulting from any scientific, literary, or artistic production of which he is the author.

Be assured that the other 24 Articles include all the basics almost any of us would wish declared and embraced: freedom of movement within, and the right to leave or return to any country, freedom from arbitrary arrest, the right to education, freedom of religion, the right to a standard of living adequate to health and well-being.

Why include the Universal Declaration in this book? Because it is a work of expression; a short piece of prose; and therefore, in my view, as much an example of human art from its era as any film or sculpture or poem. What greater or more memorable poem than this? A distillation into a few well-chosen words (in five languages simultaneously) of the standards virtually all nations and persons agree apply to the circumstances of every human being everywhere, a song of love and a grand essay on the many twists and turnings in the relationships between individuals and states, between personal power and consciousness and collective power and consciousness.

We agreed, and that's the point. The work of human rights organizations like Amnesty International is completely based upon, made possible by, and carried out by reference to this declaration that was passed resoundingly by an assembly of the representatives of all nations and peoples of the world on Dec. 10, 1948. Every nation that has ever joined the United Nations has, by that act, formally expressed its willing acceptance of the U.N. Charter and, by extension, the text of the Universal Declaration. The progress toward the realization of Mrs. Roosevelt's and the United

Nation's original intention—an International Bill of Human Rights accepted as law and given the support necessary to make it enforceable in the realpolitik of international affairs—is another story, one that the reader is urged to inform herself or himself about.

And finally, dear reader, a bit of homework. The Preamble to the Declaration concludes:

Now, therefore, the General Assembly proclaims This Universal Declaration of Human Rights as a common standard of achievement for all peoples and all nations, to the end that every individual and every organ of society, keeping this Declaration constantly in mind, shall strive by teaching and education to promote respect for these rights and freedoms.

That's where we come in. Have you told your kids? Your friends and neighbors? Yourself? How can we live by such a beautiful code if we don't educate ourselves as to its content and its existence?

31. *Stranger in a Strange Land*

Robert Heinlein (1961)

32. "The Lottery in Babylon" and "The Wall and the Books"

Jorge Luis Borges (1945, 1950)

33. *The Little Prince*

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (1943)

34. *Gandhi*

Richard Attenborough and Ben Kingsley (1982)

35. *The Rolling Stones, Now!*

The Rolling Stones (1965)

36. *Dune*

Frank Herbert (1965)

37. "Oh Happy Day"

The Edwin Hawkins Singers (1969)

38. *Kundun*

Martin Scorsese (1998)

39. *A Private Correspondence*

Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell (1963)

40. "Lost Highway"

Hank Williams (1949)

Oh Happy Day

The Edwin Hawkins Singers, featuring Dorothy Combs Morrison (formerly the Northern California State Youth Choir).

Released May 1969

Oh happy day, oh happy day, when Jesus walked, oh when He walked, He washed my sins away."

It was an accidental hit, and no examination of the greatest hits of the 20th century could be complete without discussion of an accidental hit and, by extension, the apparently accidental nature of all hits. But we have to be careful. Some believe passionately that there are no "accidents" or rather that what humans perceive as accidents are actually events consciously and purposefully arranged by unseen forces, or deities. Your humble scribe does not presume to take a position on such lofty matters, but here are the "facts" as they were passed down to me:

Edwin Hawkins (the credits above are as they appear on the original 45-rpm record, and if they're a bit unwieldy, that reminds us again that it isn't always obvious who deserves credit for a great work of art) in 1967 was the director of the choir at the Ephesians Church of God in Berkeley, California. For the purpose of a performance at an annual Christian youth convention back east, at which there would also be a Southern California State Youth Choir, Hawkins (then age 34) and a woman named Betty Watson organized the Northern California State Youth Choir, which included Dorothy Combs Morrison (then age 32) from Longview, Texas, who began singing gospel as a child with a family ensemble called The Combs Family. Also present was 19-year-old Walter Hawkins, Edwin's younger brother, later a minister and (like Morrison) a successful professional singer. In order to raise money to attend the convention, Edwin and the choir recorded an album called *Let Us Go Into the House of the Lord*.

They managed to sell 500 copies of the album to friends and neighbors, and a year and a half later, a San Francisco rock music promoter found a copy of it in a stack of records in a warehouse, bought it, and gave it to a local disc jockey, who listened to it and started

An accidental hit—great joy awaits you

playing one track, “Oh Happy Day,” on his popular radio program on KSAN. His listeners loved it and insisted on hearing it again and again, and so Buddah Records in New York City bought the rights and put out a 45-rpm single, renaming the choir The Edwin Hawkins Singers. Soon millions of copies were sold worldwide, and “Oh Happy Day” became what has been called “the only crossover gospel hit in chart history.” We use the word “accidental” because obviously Edwin Hawkins didn’t plan or anticipate this outcome when he rearranged a tune he’d found in an old Baptist hymnal, taught it to his choir, and included it on their homemade record.

And the 4-minute, 59-second performance and recording that resulted is indeed a great work of art, a superb expression of the human spirit, speaking of and beyond the moment when these singers and this choir director were alive and creating it. Or re-creating it ... maybe “art” is actually a series of stories passed along like a juicy rumor from mouth to ears to mind to mouth to ears, for centuries and maybe longer. “He taught me how ... to walk ... right, and pray! Good God! Oh yeah.” No two minds hear it quite the same way, so it is transformed in a living and creative fashion as it’s passed along.

And “Oh Happy Day” is here on this list because I’ll stand it up against *Ulysses* or the Charlie Chaplin or Marx Brothers film of your choice. Listen to what this young woman and her screaming companions are doing to these words! This is a truly American art



CORBIS/BETT MANN

form and truly universal and, on this perfect and funky recording, truly 20th centurian. Do you feel that change when “He taught me how” comes in? What we have here is five minutes of ecstasy. The love of God is a common starting point for many of the world’s great art forms and creative traditions.

And because this five-minute “accidental” recording really is so aesthetically perfect, it is evidence that you don’t need to be an acknowledged “genius,” a Matisse or a Joyce or a Brian Wilson, to produce exceptional work that will nourish humans forever if the

Edwin Hawkins (right), shown with conductor John Harris (left) and producer Paul Anka, was responsible for recording “five minutes of ecstasy”—the 1969 crossover hit “Oh Happy Day.”

word is passed along. Search those warehouses, friends. Who knows what great works of art may be waiting to be discovered! And please remember, as the Buddha said, that *you* are already qualified to discern which things to accept and which things to discard. And, if you get a chance, listen to “Oh Happy Day.” Great joy awaits you. ■

Internet “Advance”

Paul Williams ’69 spent just one semester in 1965–66 at Swarthmore, where he founded *Crawdaddy!*—the first magazine devoted to rock music. He is the author of more than two dozen books, ranging from autobiography to music criticism to practical philosophy.

The writing of his latest book, *The 20th Century’s Greatest Hits*, was financed in



Paul Williams ’69

an unusual way by his loyal following on the World Wide Web (<http://paulwilliams.com> or www.cdaddy.com). Since early 1998, intrigued by a prospectus and sample essay on the Web, about 150 “patrons” (including the *Swarthmore College Bulletin*) have sent Williams \$50 each as an “advance” on the book. This fall, each contributor received a signed, self-published first edition. (Ours will go to McCabe Library.) A trade edition will appear in

September 2000, published by Tor Books in New York. “This pilot ‘patron-of-the-arts’ approach to financing the writing of a book has been successful at providing me with the freedom, time, and encouragement needed to undertake and complete an ambitious project,” writes Williams, who lives in Encinitas, Calif. He intends to take the same approach for his next book, the third volume of his musical biography of Bob Dylan. —J.L.

SWARTHMORE CONNECTIONS

Upcoming events

Claremont, Calif.: Women's basketball will take on Claremont College on Saturday, Jan. 8. Alumni are invited to a team reception after the game.

Hanover, N.H.: Judith Aitken Ramaley '63, president of the University of Vermont, will speak with alums at a luncheon hosted by Chica Powers Maynard '48. They will gather at the Kendal Retirement Community on Saturday, March 25.

Iowa City, Iowa: Leslea Haravon Collins '89 will host a potluck dinner at her home on Saturday, March 25. Alums will also see the world premiere of the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company's *Oh? You Walk?* that evening in the University of Iowa's Hancher Auditorium.

San Francisco: Connection Chairs Rebecca Johnson '86 and Neal Finkelshtein '86 have arranged an evening at the Berkeley Repertory Theater to see *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* on Wednesday, Jan. 5.

Recent events

Boston: Alida Zweidler-McKay '92 organized a visit to the Junior League Decorator's Show House, for the first public tours of the Commander's Mansion on the Watertown Arsenal. The Book Club kicked off its year at the home of Steve '62 and Sylvia Schoenbaum. Participants are reading works from a list prepared by Philip Weinstein, Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of English Literature.

Greenwich, Conn.: The Swarthmore College Alumni Gospel Choir performed at the First Presbyterian Church of Greenwich for church members, alumni, and prospective students. Ross '66 and Cathy Hyder Ogden '67 coordinated the program, which was sponsored by the First Presbyterian and First Baptist Churches of Greenwich.

Lake Geneva, Wis.: Donna Jo Napoli, professor of linguistics and children's author, signed books at the Lake Geneva Public Library book sale.

Lexington, Va.: North Carolina Connection Chair George Telford III '84 hosted a tailgate party at the Swarthmore vs. Washington and Lee football game.

Metro DC/Baltimore: Connection Chair



UPCOMING EVENTS

Black Alumni Weekend
March 18-20

Family Weekend
April 7-9

Alumni College
May 30-June 2

Alumni Weekend
June 2-4

Alumni College Abroad
June 17-July 2

Kathy Stevens '89 led a hike through the Sugarloaf Mountains Northern Peaks Trail in Maryland, which included a picnic lunch.

Metro NYC: Connection Chairs Sanda Balaban '94 and Debbie Branker Harrod '89 hosted Professor Phil Weinstein at the Book Club kickoff event. Alums joined graduates of other colleges for a Festival Chamber Music Society Concert and champagne reception in Merkin Hall. Vincent Jones '98 arranged a young alumni bowling tournament, complete with donated prizes. Young alums also volunteered at a soup kitchen over the Thanksgiving holiday.

Paris, France: The Connection has been rekindled by Robert Owen '74. Alums

joined other American college graduates for a Thanksgiving dinner at the Institut des Etudes Americaines-Maison des Nations Americaines.

Philadelphia: Connection Chair Jennie Rickard '86 and local alumni gathered on campus for cider and cookies after a performance by The Flying Karamazov Brothers. Jennie also organized a visit to the Philadelphia Museum of Art to see *The Kingdom of Edward Hicks*, with a special lecture by Jerry Frost, Howard M. and Charles F. Jenkins Professor of Quaker History and Research and director of the Friends Historical Library.

Carolyn Morgan Hayden '83 invited Swarthmore families to attend a production of *The Snow Queen* by the Pig Iron Theatre Co. (founded by Swarthmoreans) and Arden Theatre.

San Francisco: Connection Co-chairs Rebecca Johnson '86 and Neal Finkelshtein '86 led an alumni hike around Point Reyes and had bag lunches on the cliffs. The Connection also took a guided tour of the San Jose Museum of Art.

Santa Fe, N.M.: Emily Gibson '90 invited other alums to help celebrate the opening of Nathan Florence's ['94] art exhibit at the Cline Fine Art Gallery.

Regional events are organized by volunteers. If you would like to organize an event in your area, please contact Jody Sanford, assistant director of alumni relations at (610) 328-8404 or jsanfor1@swarthmore.edu.

ALUMNI ON LINE: www.swarthmore.edu/Home/Alumni

New directory now on Web

The Swarthmore College Online Alumni Directory will make its debut on or around Feb. 1, 2000. Instructions will be mailed late in January to all alumni so they can log onto this secure Web site, provided by Harris Publishing Co. Among the features will be e-mail forwarding, posting of resumes, and the ability to design advertising for businesses and services.

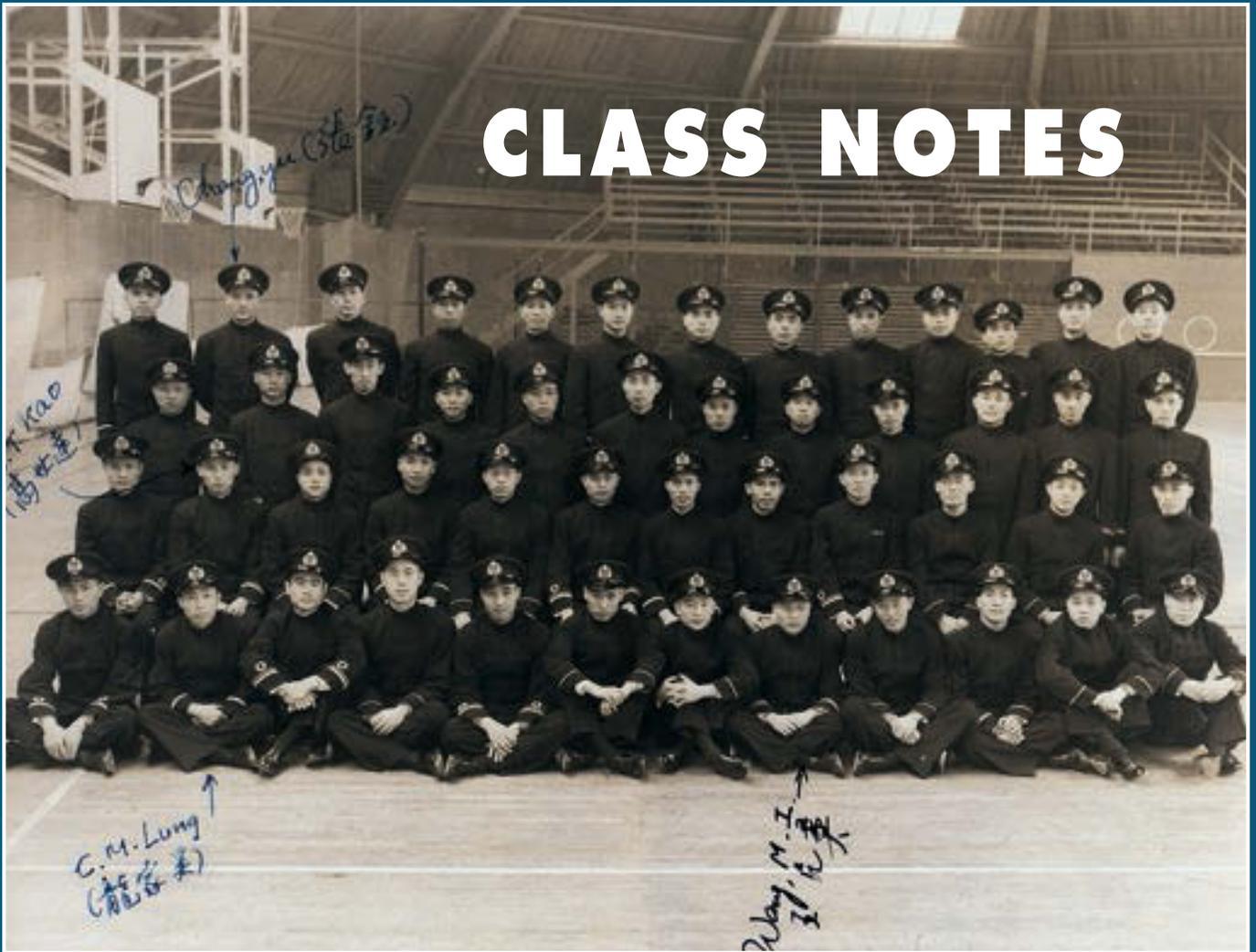
Those who don't receive the instructions by Feb. 4 should contact the Alumni Records Office at alumnirecords@swarthmore.edu or (610) 328-8408.

Folk Festival Reunion alert

Alumni on the Folk Festival Reunion Committee would like to borrow photographs, memorabilia, written anecdotes, and other materials from campus folk gatherings over the years. Those with items to loan may contact John Loven '70 at (610) 489-0895, or at cyberskunk@cyberconnection.net.

Photos from past folk events and a preview of the Folk Festival Reunion at Alumni Weekend 2000 can be seen on the "Swarthmore Folk" Web site at <http://www.cyberconnection.net/cyberskunk/sfolk>.

CLASS NOTES



In the fall of 1943, Swarthmore welcomed a contingent of Chinese naval officers, sent here to learn English before going off to war. This photograph, found recently in the Engineering Department, shows the officers in the Lamb-Miller Field House—with each man's signature on the back of the picture. The photo will be donated to the Friends Historical Library after publication.

Up on the roof

Janet Carpenter Deckert '42 builds houses in the Yucatán, Peru, and Kosovo.

Janet Carpenter Deckert '42, an RCA engineer for 30 years, now shingles roofs at the age of 78. As the sixth female engineering major to graduate from Swarthmore—and now the president of Habitat for Humanity in Martin County, Fla.—Janet has also helped build a church near Mérida in the Yucatán and traveled with a medical team to Pucallpa, Peru.

“I was from a family that always helped the poor,” Janet said. The Quaker influence at Swarthmore, where she remembers the “good dialogue” at meetinghouse services, reinforced the giving attitude that Janet’s father imparted to her. When they ate at restaurants, her dad always left disproportionately large tips and said, “I have enough.”

After World War II, Janet helped rebuild orphanages in Holland, Luxembourg, and France. “I saw small children with missing limbs, and that tears your heart out,” she said.

These experiences remained in her mind until 1993, when Janet’s husband died. She decided, after caring for him for five years, that “it was time to give my energy, ability, and money” to the community. “I was always fortunate,” she said, “and I wanted to give something back.”

Janet became an elder in her Presbyterian church and helped raise about \$4,000 for the Mayans in the Yucatán peninsula. The money was sent ahead to Rev. Dr. Ricardo Santana, president of the Yucatán presbytery, to buy building materials, including trusses, nylon rope, and concrete blocks.

A week later, Janet then traveled with her church group to the Yucatán. They worked alongside the Mayan Presbyterians to build their church, “La Hermosa.” Janet has now visited this area in southeastern Mexico four times and said it is “as close as Atlanta to my home,” in Palm City, Fla. At construction sites on various trips, she has helped build roof structures, poured a concrete slab for children to play, and constructed bathrooms.



The maiden name of Janet Carpenter Deckert '42 (left) has guided her record-setting forays into engineering—when few women were active in the field—and her building projects in the Yucatán. Janet works with others (above) on “La Hermosa” in Mérida, Yucatán, during her second trip to southeastern Mexico.

In March, with United Servants Abroad, Janet traveled to Pucallpa, Peru. By motorboat on the Ucayali River, they visited the Shipibo Indian villages. Storms caused by El Niño had flooded the Amazon basin, many crops didn’t survive, and the homes of rough wood on stilts were like islands in the water. “These five days made me realize more about God,” she said.

Janet, who has also helped build a 9,000-square-foot hospice residence in Florida, continues to use some of the engineering skills she learned at Swarthmore—where she was active in athletics, including hockey and swimming. Over the years, she has helped build 25 houses, with 6 Habitat for Humanity homes completed in 1999. “I can build a house, and I know all of the state codes now,” she said. “I can’t lift a wood truss, and I have macular eye degeneration, a heart valve replacement, and a birth defect resulting in the partial loss of my left lung, but I can instruct others from start to finish.”

Completing a house is deeply fulfill-

ing for Janet, who marvels at the transformation of “starting with land and then having a house to put people in,” she said. Her efforts often inspire others, which is another part of the motivation behind her work. “When the men see a gray-haired woman with wrinkles picking up a block, they work a little harder,” she chuckled.

Her latest trip, in November, took her with a group of 13—all older than age 50—to Skivjan, Kosovo. In this village of 5,000, including 600 families, 300 homes were completely destroyed. The two-story farmhouses just had bits of roof hanging and no windows or doors.

Just before leaving for her trip, Janet had bought a 68-pound generator to take on the plane for their work. Even though friends worry about her safety, Janet doesn’t give these concerns much thought.

“When God wants me, he’ll take me,” she said. “As long as I can, I’m going to keep doing this work.”

—Andrea Hammer

Beautiful Wreckage

W.D. Ehrhart '73, *Beautiful Wreckage: New and Selected Poems*, Adastra Press, Easthampton, Mass., 1999

Who taught you to believe in words?" That devastating question at the heart of W.D. Ehrhart's *Beautiful Wreckage* mocks poet and reader alike with a generation's soured idealism. In poem after poem, Ehrhart—already a veteran of the war in Vietnam before he began his studies at Swarthmore in 1969—traces the profound disillusionment radiating out from that conflict. For the boy-soldier who can't distinguish Vietnamese civilians from the Viet Cong—"They all talk / the same language"—and so comes blandly and horrifically to "quit trying"; for the mature man whose cries against injustice fall on deaf ears—"Everywhere you go, the blade of your contempt / draws blood. No wonder people hate you"; for the husband who tells his wife, "I give you the worst gift first / as a warning: the sullen silence . . . / the quick tongue slashing"—for all of these, language itself has been tainted, can't be trusted, can't be controlled, bites back: "If sorry has a name, it must be mine."

Yet words are all a poet has. In Ehrhart's wrenching poem "Guns," a father, speechless before his daughter's questions, asks us, "How do you tell a four-year-old / what steel can do to flesh?" Our answer matches his—you don't—but the poem's last lines make us think again, as "yet another generation / is rudely about to discover / what their fathers never told them." Indeed, the poems gathered here, some new, some selected from the 12 books Ehrhart has published since 1975, are particularly effective in conveying the threatened vulnerability of children and the distressing paradox that to preserve their innocence is to risk perpetuating ignorance, violence, regret: "What fire will burn that small / boy marching with his father? / What parade will heal / his father's wounds?"

In "The Heart of the Poem," Ehrhart imagines, with visceral intensity, opening a body to find the heart. Despite the disturbingly violent medical imagery, the poem's title leads us to assume that its strong beating heart is what keeps

body and poem alive. Yet Ehrhart concludes: "Get rid of it. / Sentiment's for suckers. / Give us poetry." As these lines suggest, this is a poetry of clear-eyed witness, of plain-spoken testimony, of grounded integrity, but that's not to say it's heartless. The speaker of these poems finds solace in love, in friendship, in a child's trust, in the unanticipated astonishments of the natural world: "the lake so still, the stars fall in." And he returns to Vietnam, where he finds, in lives broken by the war and then remended, circumstances that illuminate his own. "The Distance We Travel" concludes with a Vietnamese man repeating the name of the speaker's daughter, "touching / the stranger's heart with his open hand." Surely these are open-handed poems—dropping their weapons, showing their wounds, touching the stranger's heart.

—Nathalie Anderson
Professor of English Literature



Nobel Peace Prize winner Jane Addams (left) and Swarthmore President Frank Aydelotte plant a tree on campus in 1931. It still stands on the hill below Clothier Hall.

Peacemakers

Ann (McCaghey) Keene '62, *Peacemakers: Winners of the Nobel Peace Prize*, Oxford University Press, 1998

It has long been rumored that Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, established the peace prize that bears his name because he felt guilty for mak-

ing money from the manufacture of weapons. In fact, the Nobel fortune came from chemical inventions and the peaceful uses of explosives, such as engineering projects, railways, canals, and road building. The idea for the Nobel Peace Prize actually emerged in Paris in the 1880s, where the Swedish industrialist met the Baroness Bertha von Suttner, a well-known supporter of international peace efforts. Von Suttner nurtured Nobel's interests in world peace and suggested he fund an annual prize for peace work.

The first Nobel Peace Prize was awarded in 1901, five years after Nobel's death. It went to two men: Henri Dunant of Switzerland, one of the founders of the International Committee of the Red Cross; and Frédéric Passy of France, the organizer of several international peace groups and a supporter of peaceful arbitration between governments. The most recent prize, awarded in 1998, was given to John Hume and David Trimble for their efforts to find a peaceful solution to the long conflict in Northern Ireland.

One prize winner had a close connection to Swarthmore College. In 1931, Jane Addams, the legendary founder of Hull House, became the first woman in the United States to win the Nobel Peace Prize—the same year that Swarthmore College awarded her an honorary degree. Addams had a long acquaintanceship with the College, having been invited to speak in 1918, when her popularity was at an all-time low because of her opposition to World War I. In 1930, Lucy Biddle Lewis, a member of the Board of Managers, convinced Addams to donate her personal and professional papers to Swarthmore. These formed the core of an archive on the peace movement around the world, first known as the Jane Addams Peace Collection and now as the Swarthmore College Peace Collection. Ann Keene doesn't mention Addams' connection with Swarthmore in her book on Nobel Peace Prize winners, but it is filled with other inspiring stories.

Wonderful illustrations are included with each entry. In addition to portraits of the prize winners, there are many pictures illustrating the kinds of work they did, such as the relief work in France after World War II performed by the American Friends Service Committee and the Friends Service Council, two

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE PEACE COLLECTION

organizations that shared the prize in 1947.

A glance at the appendix on the “Century of Peace Prize Winners” reveals that most prize winners have been North Americans and Europeans. Not until 1936 did a South American receive the honor; it was another 14 years before the prize went to an African and an additional 13 years before the first winner from an Asian country. More than half of the winners in the last 20 years have come from Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and Latin America. The Norwegian Nobel Committee that selects the winners is finally looking beyond the United States and Western Europe to honor those working for peace and a better world. Books such as this one will help spread the word.

—Wendy Chmielewski, Curator
Swarthmore College Peace Collection

Other recent books

Carl Abbott '66, *Political Terrain: Washington, D.C., From Tidewater Town to Global Metropolis*, University of North Carolina Press, 1999. In examining the contested social construction of Washington's identity, Abbott explores issues central to national character.

Brent Askari '92, *Not Ready for Prime Time*, Carroll & Graf, 1999. A tough young singer with a hard-rock girls' band tells all in this upbeat debut novel.

David M. Bressoud '71, *Proofs and Confirmations: The Story of the Alternating Sign Matrix Conjecture*, Cambridge University Press, 1999. This introduction to recent developments in algebraic combinatorics is accessible to anyone with a knowledge of linear algebra.

Diana Furchtgott-Roth '79 and Christine Stolba, *Women's Figures: An Illustrated Guide to the Economic Progress of Women in America*, AEI Press and Independent Women's Forum, 1999. This fact-packed analysis is a salute to American women's economic progress; it shows how they have substantially achieved equality in key areas of education and employment.

Eleanor M. Gates '52 (ed.), *Leigh Hunt: A Life in Letters, Together With Some Correspondence of William Hazlitt*, Falls River, 1998. Using 70 manuscript sources, Gates reveals this quintessential man of

letters in new and surprising ways.

Gilbert Harman '60, *Reasoning, Meaning, and Mind*, Oxford University Press, 1999. Harman presents 15 interconnected essays on fundamental issues at the center of analytical philosophy.

Marc Elihu Hofstadter '67, *House of Peace, Mother's Hen*, 1999. Kindness toward one's own experience underlies the poems in this book.

Susan Holahan '61, *Sister Betty Reads the Whole You*, Gibbs-Smith, 1998. These often prose-like poems present a multifaceted tableau of our life and times.

Mark and **Matthew Lore '88**, *Rubberneckers*, Chronicle Books, 1999. This travel game entertains families on long car trips and makes traffic jams fun.

Mike Mather '65, *Tomorrow's Headlines*, Buy Books, 1999. This book demonstrates where the media's obsession with sex and politics will take us next.

Lewis Pyenson '69 (ed.), *Fortiter, Feliciter, Fideliter: Centennial Lectures of the Graduate School of the University of Southwestern Louisiana*, University of Southwestern Louisiana, 1999. This book served as a preview of two lectures by invited speakers at the University of Southwestern Louisiana's centennial celebrations in June 1999. **Lewis Pyenson** and Susan Sheets-Pyenson, *Servants of Nature: A History of Scientific Institutions, Enterprises and Sensibilities*, HarperCollins, 1999. The authors explore the interaction between scientific practice and public life from antiquity to the present. **Lewis Pyenson** (ed.), *Value:*



JAY ACKERMAN

Ann Lubin Bottenwieser '57 is a waterfront planner and president of the Parks Council in New York City. These roles provided material for several chapters of her book. She is currently developing a floating swimming pool (the model for which was discovered in her research) to be anchored in New York's waterways.

Her new book, *Manhattan Water-Bound: Manhattan's Waterfront From the Seventeenth Century to the Present (2nd ed.)*, was published by Syracuse University Press, 1999.



The Knife and Fork Band, featuring **Denis Murphy '89**, **Cameron Voss '91**, **Meg Murphy**, **George Shirley**, and **Jon Kelsey**, has been playing in the Philadelphia area since 1992. Their debut CD, *Almost Friday Night* (Chapter 7 Records, 1999) offers songs that are catchy, heartfelt, and indignant.

Pondering Goodness, University of Southwestern Louisiana, 1999. This volume describes the proceedings of the fourth graduate colloquium, devoted to the question of value, at the University of Southwestern Louisiana.

Don E. Wilson and **Sue Ruff '60** (eds.), *The Smithsonian Book of North American Mammals*, Smithsonian Institution Press, 1999. In this work, more than 450 photographs illustrate written depictions of the varied world of North American mammals.

Martha Shirk '73, **Neil G. Bennett**, and **Jo Lawrence Aber**, *Lives on the Line: American Families and the Struggle to Make Ends Meet*, Westview Press, 1999. Personal profiles combined with demographic analysis offer a vivid portrait of family life below the poverty line.

Jeremy J. Stone '57, *“Every Man Should Try”: Adventures of a Public Interest Activist*, PublicAffairs, 1999. In this memoir, Stone describes some of his most fascinating experiences as an activist.

Peter J. Weiden '77, **Patricia L. Scheifler**, **Ronald J. Diamond '68**, and **Ruth Ross**, *Breakthroughs in Antipsychotic Medications: A Guide for Consumers, Families, and Clinicians*, W.W. Norton & Co., 1999. This book aims to share science-based information in a form consumers can understand and find helpful.

Douglas Worth '62, *Some Sense of Transcendence*, William L. Bauhan, 1999. This collection of poems, written between 1983 and 1998, offers a lyrical depiction of the crises and joys of life and human relationships.

Like the voices of angels

Ann Stuart '65 and son Jonathan Stuart-Moore play the glass harp.

Remember feeling bored at a family dinner and running your finger around the rim of a water glass only to get a squeaky sound, which, with the right pressure, suddenly became a lovely ringing tone? Your parents would then admonish you to “stop it now,” and all the guests shifted their eyes in your direction without turning their heads.

Instead of that squeaky sound being an annoyance, it could have been viewed as the beginning of a musical career. In the case of Ann Stuart '65, this sound was the beginning of an avocation that has created a musical bond with her 16-year-old son, Jonathan. They began playing glasses when he was 5 years old and made their first public appearance when he was 11.

Stuart also uses her glass-playing talent in her career as a researcher and professor in the medical school at the University of North Carolina–Chapel Hill, where she has taught since 1979. “I give lectures on hearing and bring some of the glasses in to make various points in the lecture. I also go to elementary and middle schools, where I play the glasses and talk about music and hearing,” she said.

Stuart says she has always loved music and throughout her life has played the piano, French horn, and cello. But while an assistant professor at Harvard in neurobiology, Stuart showed her social spirit at a department holiday party and played glasses, also known as a glass harp. The sounds they create when played are surely what a choir of angels must sound like. No squeaks. No shrill notes. Just light, airy tones.

The hobby is not an inexpensive one. There are 68 glasses representing two arrays, each roughly three octaves. Each glass may cost as much as \$50. Stuart and her son travel in a minivan with the glasses, three tables, and other paraphernalia. The packing of glasses and setup time for each performance requires four hours and a two-hour breakdown.

The only roadie is Stuart's husband, John Moore, who constructed the series of pedestals to which the glasses are secured. A glass is chosen only



Ann Stuart '65 and her son Jonathan Stuart-Moore have been playing glasses together for 11 years. This unique mother-and-son duo's performance was featured on a segment of Scientific American Frontiers in 1998.

after Ann has listened to the specific tone it makes with water in it. “I've been known to go to Crate and Barrel, for instance, with my jar of water and newspaper clippings showing who we are and explain to the manager what I am doing. I'll ask if there's a place I can sit on the floor or a back room and listen to 30 or so glasses. I stroke them and listen to the sound,” she said. “Sometimes I'll ask the manager if the background music in the store can be turned down so I can hear the tone better. Sometimes they're understanding. Usually they're intrigued.”

The Stuarts' sparkling glasses are lined up on two levels and divided by octaves, like a piano, in a linear pattern. A change in octaves is indicated by a glass filled with colored water, which further adds to the glass harp's attractiveness. The base, also built by her husband, holds the glasses steady and sits on top of a silver, padded tablecloth.

Stuart and her son were featured on a segment of PBS's *Scientific American Frontiers*, which aired in 1998. She believes they were chosen because they were the only mother-and-son duo playing at the Glass Music International Festival in 1997 that the TV show covered. But she also stated that their attractive glass setup caught the pro-

ducer's eyes.

Stuart is similarly proud of an invitation they received to perform in the Duke University Chapel during the Christmas holiday season in 1998. “It's a well-known chapel that can seat about 1,000 people. It was an enormous high to be able to play there,” she said. Stuart equated her experience in Duke Chapel to what it must feel like to play in Carnegie Hall. “It has fabulous acoustics and a prolonged echo.” The team has also been invited to perform at the Glass Music International Festival in Philadelphia in April 2000.

Stuart and her son play sacred music that easily lends itself to glasses as well as Broadway show tunes. Their repertoire includes music from *Les Misérables* and *West Side Story*. They choose pieces with descants, harmonic structure, and ones in which she and Jonathan can have musical conversations. Occasionally, they do have squabbles over which music to perform, but, once settled, Stuart arranges the music for the glasses.

“Our duo will stop when Jonathan goes to college. Although it will not be the same as playing with my son, I guess I will look for another partner,” Stuart said. “Playing the glasses brings me immense joy.”

—Audree Penner

Slowing the Pace

By Kate Harper '77

The sun is streaming in the kitchen window, throwing a spotlight on the kitchen floor. A mug of peppermint tea radiates warmth into my hands. I take a breath and feel the hot, moist air and the sweet tang of mint fill my nose. The house is silent, but everywhere around me is the chaos of living: half-eaten breakfasts, dropped shoes, and hills of laundry. My two girls, ages 7 and 10, are at school. My husband is at work. I'm taking a break from cleaning out "my box"—sorting, responding, recycling, or otherwise dealing with all those pieces of paper that pile up.

In front of me is the annual alumni appeal from Swarthmore. The check is written, signed, and inserted. But I'm hesitating. My eyes go to the small space at the top of the flap. "*Alumni, please keep in touch!*" This exhortation is calling to me. My life is radically different from just one year ago, and I want to tell others about it.

A little more than a year ago, I had everything a modern woman could want. The company that I helped found six years earlier had just gone public, and my founder's stock was worth a lot of money. I had a great job as the director of technology transfer, which used my engineering and organizational talents as well as my intuitive people skills and allowed me to travel all over the world. I had a loving husband who supported my career. And not only did I have a challenging job, I even did it part-time. I could be home for the school bus and volunteer at church. I was the "good mother" and successful career woman.

But the outer success did not tell the inner story. I was miserable. I kept thinking, "I have everything; I should be happy." The disconnect between my head and my heart made me deeply depressed, but I was so busy achieving that I didn't have time to feel anything. Doing two (or more) things at once was my credo. I could cook dinner, help with

The real problem wasn't being busy; I was living at odds with my deepest values. I'll never forget the day when I realized how out of whack things had become.

homework, and write a memo in my mind. I would talk on the phone with a client and fold laundry. My life was like the plate-spinning vaudeville act on Ed Sullivan. Dozens of fragile plates spin, each on top of a tall stick. Just as one was about to stop and smash to the floor, I'd run and give it another twist. I was the master plate spinner, but I was caught in a trap; I could never let a plate drop.

Not only was I physically doing two things at once, my mind was constantly active: planning, worrying, and thinking about the past or the future. I was simply never in the current moment. In the shower, I was thinking about the day ahead. "Do Brownies meet tonight? Is it my day to make the snack?" While brushing my teeth, I was arranging my work schedule. "I'd better call Hank and make sure he gets those agendas sent." While cooking dinner, I was thinking about what happened at work. "Why didn't they accept my proposal? Did I say it too harshly, or was I too weak? I'm no good at selling."

If something wasn't "important," it was a chore. Before kids, my passion was cooking, but each evening, I'd look up at the clock and think, "What am I

going to do for dinner? Why is this *my* responsibility?" I'd be angry as I sliced carrots, guilty as I ordered pizza, or cranky as I yelled at my husband that it was his turn to fix dinner.

The real problem wasn't being busy; I was living at odds with my deepest values. I'll never forget the day when I realized how out of whack things had become. I had spent the day teaching listening skills to a group of engineers. Patiently, I modeled paraphrasing and reflecting, emphasizing the need to give the other person your full attention and not cut them off. At home that night, when I was putting the kids to bed, I heard my daughter call, "Mommy, can I talk to you?" A wave of exhaustion swept over me. Visions of hearing about yet another endless playground saga appeared before me. "Katie told Amanda that she said that I said..." I looked at my watch and then said to my daughter, "You can talk, but you have to say it all in three sentences." As I waited impatiently, I heard my daughter crying softly. Then it hit me: I had spent the day teaching listening skills, but I didn't have it within me to listen to the people I love the most.

That event was the first of many awakenings. Today, my life is radically different: I don't have a high-powered career. Last fall, I made the decision to leave my job and not work outside the home while I regained a sense of what was important. I am no longer wealthy. The company I worked for made several poor management decisions that led to significant losses, and now the stock is worth pennies. I have given up spinning plates. I try to do only one thing at a time and be aware of what is happening in each moment. Now, I regularly experience love, peace, and joy, and I am more accepting of anger, sorrow, and frustration. I know my purpose: to love others. And I know my priorities: to take care of myself and my family and then make the

world a little bit better place.

Is this just a woman's issue about how difficult it is to work and be a mother? I don't think so. I think it is about being driven by external achievement and what is expected of us and not by what is internally satisfying. This affects men, or women without children, and even stay-at-home moms. We are just spinning a different set of plates.

In *The Power of Myth*, Joseph Campbell says, "We're so engaged in doing things of outer value that we forget that the inner value, the rapture that is associated with being alive, is what it is all about." Ever since I can remember, external achievement defined me and measured my worth (alas, always to come up lacking). It is a common path for many of us high achievers and reinforced by a culture that celebrates the extraordinary individual. How many of us secretly wish to have an article written about us in *Newsweek* extolling our success? How many of us have a hidden sense of failure as we read the Class Notes because we feel we have nothing noteworthy to report?

How do we escape the dissatisfying pull of external rewards and experience the inner value? Joseph Campbell says to study myths. I did not try that path, although I found myself reading books on various religious and spiritual topics. I don't have the answer to this question, nor do I think there is any single answer. Things did not change for me overnight, and I still struggle with exactly how to spend my time. However, three things have greatly helped me make a fundamental shift in how I experience life: compassionate friends, meditation, and time to love.

Gil Rose, my Greek professor from Swarthmore, is one of many compassionate and truthful friends who helped

me see my inner values. Last winter, something prompted me to get back in touch with Professor Rose. During my freshman year, it became clear that Classics was not my forte, but I became one of his baby-sitters, and he became a mentor for me throughout my college years. Last year, I sent him an e-mail, telling him of my "wonderful" life. He wrote back, wanting to know more and



SHERRI JOHNSON / ENIGMA GRAPHICS

asking me to call him. He has a gift for listening, and somehow he got me to talk about the misery beneath my success. Over several months of occasional phone calls and e-mails, he listened with acceptance and compassion and encouraged me to take some time out to discover what I really wanted.

For Christmas last year, a friend gave me the book *Wherever You Go, There You Are: Mindfulness Meditation in Everyday Life* by Jon Kabat-Zinn. It taught me that I was never in the present moment. Kabat-Zinn recommends meditation as the disciplined practice of being in the present. Years ago, I had decided that I could not meditate; I could never clear

my mind. My mind had been going at warp speed for 40-plus years—and I was proud of it! Something about Kabat-Zinn's explanation changed the way I saw meditation. Meditation is not so much the practice of clearing the mind as it is the practice of being aware—noticing the mind wandering and non-judgmentally bringing it back to the present moment. Today, I have a daily meditation practice, which has helped me to be more present in my life.

For example, I have returned to a love of cooking. Slicing carrots can be a joy. The wonderful rhythm of cutting and the beauty of the color give me great pleasure.

For me, the most important change in my life is taking the time to love. Mother Theresa said, "We can do no great things; only small things with great love." I let people go ahead of me in line. I'm nice when I tell the telemarketers that I want my name removed from their list. I make it a priority to listen to those I love.

It has been an entire year since I left my job. I've enjoyed driving in the slow lane. I've also discovered that after taking care of myself and my family, I have time and energy for

more. So I've started a small consulting business helping software organizations improve their productivity and increase employee satisfaction.

Will I start spinning plates again? I don't think so. Now, I see myself more as a painter of plates. A few are carefully arrayed before me, with the most important ones close by. I give each one individual attention, and if I get to the point where I cannot work on a design, I will put it aside until the time is right. ■

Kate Harper '77 lives in Groton, Mass. The Bulletin invites submissions for future "In My Life" columns. Call or write for a set of editorial guidelines.

A chosen path

Delvin Dinkins '93 expands world views at a suburban high school.

One of the critical issues in public education is the increasing disparity in funding for urban and suburban schools. Delvin Dinkins '93 makes sure his students are aware of the problem.

"It's very much a conversation piece," he says. "I'm very open with them about their relationship to the world and getting them to see that not all the world is quite this privileged."

"Privileged" is a word often associated with Conestoga High School, where Dinkins has taught and developed courses in English, world literature, and modern American literature since 1995. The school is located in Berwyn, Pa., just beyond the Main Line; almost all of its graduates go to college.

But the numbers are what really distinguish the area. Conestoga and the other schools in its district spent twice as much per student last year than the schools in the Chester-Upland School District less than one hour away—a difference of more than \$5,000.

Diversity, however, doesn't reach many faculty lounges in suburban high schools, and Conestoga is no exception. When Dinkins was hired, he was the only African-American person there to teach an academic subject.

Although Dinkins is not alone in that role now, he continues to see its importance. "Getting the students to see multiple perspectives gives them much more of an understanding of the world around them," he explains. "Often people have the habit of existing within themselves.

"Typically, our discussions are very open," he continues. "They want to learn and understand, but it's hard for them to learn that the world doesn't work for everyone."

So how can public education work in places less privileged than Berwyn?

"Yes, more money is one answer," he says. "To close the gap, three to four times as much money won't cut it.



Delvin Dinkins '93 (right) and Conestoga High School track-team members accept the Central League 4 x 400-meter relay championship award at the Penn Relays in 1997.

You have to overfund and keep it overfunded to bring the level up. Furthermore, he says that money alone won't offer a long-term solution to urban schools' dilemmas."

"People want simple solutions for complex problems," he adds. "It doesn't work that way. The culture of the school, of the neighborhood, of the city—there are so many layers. This is not to say you can't succeed, but there are a lot of subtleties."

Dinkins grew up in Chester and is a 1989 graduate of Swarthmore Academy. As part of the Upward Bound program during high school, he fondly remembers coming to the College for several weeks each summer. "It was very appealing," he says. "It really armed me with an almost idealized version of what Swarthmore was like. I remember it as almost a paradise of learning and wondered what it would be like to be there."

Once enrolled at the College, Dinkins wasted little time before getting involved. Subsequently, his numerous athletic, musical, and community-oriented activities proved to be a central part of his Swarthmore experience.

"The Black Cultural Center [BCC] sustained me," he says. "I very much found being part of the BCC gave me entry into the activism on campus. The Swarthmore African-American Students' Society was also at the center of my experience."

Dinkins credits the atmosphere he found on campus with reinforcing his sense of social responsibility. "It gave me a sense of urgency," he says. "What I observed around me validated what I really wanted to do—and that was to teach. There was an almost spoken voice saying, 'it's OK; it's feasible.'"

Although he graduated in 1993, his connection to the College is still strong. "I've been able to incorporate pieces from my Swarthmore courses into my own courses," he

says, "even from some of my notes, and I've called professors for input in classes I'm designing."

Dinkins' connection to the College isn't only professional. He met his wife, Davirah Timm-Dinkins '93 and now Swarthmore's coordinator of student activities, during the summer before their freshman year. Dinkins says they've been best friends ever since.

At Conestoga, Dinkins' reputation precedes him. "I'm pegged as one of the hardest teachers in the school," he says proudly. "I hold my students to very high standards."

As high as those standards are, they are no less than those he expects from himself. In addition to teaching five courses, all of which are at the Honors or Advanced Placement level, Dinkins coaches both the girls and boys indoor and outdoor track and field teams.

"I really love it," he says. "I try to be cooperative as a coach. I hope that's how I come across in the classroom."

Dinkins will get a break from the classroom next fall when he begins an administrative internship at his school district's central office. He believes this step is the next one toward his goal of becoming a high school principal.

"I'm getting 100 percent support and a lot of opportunities from that district," he says. "I'm teaching at the level I've always envisioned.

"This is the path I have chosen."

—Alisa Giardinelli

(“false consciousness” then, and “denial” now).

Then, as now, the nefarious machinations of “corporate” interests were decried, and opposing viewpoints were dismissed out of hand rather than engaged in serious argument. Then, as now, “facts” were confidently cited that turned out not to be true (1969: The Soviet economy is as productive as that of the United States—Paul Samuelson says so. 1999: Human-caused global warming is happening now—scientists say it’s so). Then, as now, apocalyptic vision was in vogue (1969: The final crisis of capitalism is imminent. 1999: “It is arguably too late already” to prevent ecocatastrophe).

Then, as now, professors anguished over whether life in the academy was compatible with political virtue (which question, after much heroic struggle, was usually decided in the affirmative). And finally, then as now, people who fell into ideology often wasted years inside it because once its tenets were accepted, it was not falsifiable from within.

I wonder what new enthusiasm will seize the imaginations of some Swarthmoreans 30 years hence, after the much-anticipated ecocatastrophe—like the socialist revolution before it—fails to arrive?

WILLIAM BERRY '73
Tucker, Ga.

JOYS OF JUDAISM

I read with great interest “Between Two Worlds” by Yosef (Jody) Branse '76 (“In My Life,” September 1999). I, too, discovered the joys of Orthodox Judaism shortly after my graduation from Swarthmore. I, too, have faced the wonders and challenges of accepting a worldview quite different from

that with which I was raised. And I, too, am quite careful that my children—who *do* know English—do not get a chance to open a *Bulletin*. I am concerned, however, that readers of the *Bulletin* might have gotten a mistaken impression of the “stern view” and “uncompromising, all-encompassing” nature of traditional Judaism.

“Uncompromising” and “all-encompassing” mean that traditional Judaism provides a framework that directs adherents in every aspect of their lives. There is joy in having such a well-defined purpose and in striving each day to meet its challenges. There is happiness in seeing one’s children grow up with a set of concrete values, largely ignorant of the horrors that constitute the bulk of contemporary media and isolated from the scourges of promiscuity and substance abuse that afflict so many young people. And there is the pleasure of living in a tight-knit community of people who look out for each other.

Yosef Branse writes: “Jewish tradition maintains that one should spend as much time as possible studying the Torah, Talmud, legal codes, and their voluminous commentaries.” As a graduate student in physics, it was not unusual for me to spend all my waking hours single-mindedly engaged in a physics problem. More recently, I have had time for the intellectual pleasure and spiritual fulfillment that come in studying these texts. I have been *changed* by what I have learned in them—an experience I never had in all my previous years of education.

ELLIOT WACHMAN '83
Pittsburgh

The Select Seven

In the spring of 1996, I was writing weekly articles on Swarthmore's history for *The Phoenix*. Looking through the old photograph files in Friends Historical Library, I came across a folder of "destroyed buildings." Most of them were unsurprising: old gymnasium and an old swimming pool. I knew about these things. But what to make of a series of photographs of a windowless Egyptian-style Temple? It reminded me of nothing so much as the Temple of Dendur in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. But this photo was clearly taken in Pennsylvania, not in Egypt. Those were elm trees behind the temple. The back of the photographs said only "Book and Key."

The catalog of the Swarthmoreana collection in Friends Library listed several boxes of material on the Book and Key Society, and so I asked to see them. I found minute books, photographs, a very large Bible, song sheets, correspondence, newspaper clippings, and some written reminiscences. I called some of the alumni whose names appear in the society's records and asked them what they remembered.

The story I heard sounded completely unlike the Swarthmore I knew: For decades, at 7 minutes to 7 each Thursday night, 7 male leaders of the senior class would silently arise from their dining-hall places and would walk side by side to a small Egyptian-style temple at the end of Whittier Place. No one besides these selected members of Book and Key ever saw inside the temple. No one else was ever intended to know what went on at these meetings.

Book and Key members first saw the inside of the temple in May of their junior year, when graduating members of the society would "tap" them on the shoulder at dinner. Bill Carroll '38 remembered: "There was quite a bit of gossip when spring came, and people were guessing who was going to be tapped and who wasn't.... I was surprised that I was tapped. At least, I don't remember looking forward to it at all."

Initiation into Book and Key was designed to be dramatic. The juniors

stood blindfolded outside the door of the temple. Every few minutes, a hand would appear at the door, pulling an initiate inside the building. Some years, a gong would be rung on the roof every hour, all night, and the initiates would not reemerge until morning. Inside the temple, the initiates received their lapel pins, learned the secret handshake, and heard about the workings of the society from the graduating members and visiting Book and Key alumni. The society's records include several texts of an elaborate initiation ritual, including many oaths and symbolic obstacle courses, but the amount of this ritual actually

*Book and Key
initiates were brought
into the temple
blindfolded and
spent the entire night.*

enacted varied over the years. Ed Mahler '50 said that in his initiation year, the initiates were brought into the temple blindfolded and spent the entire night in the temple, ringing a gong on the roof every hour. Bill Carroll '38 said that in the spring of 1937, the new initiates didn't stay all night. Larry Shane '56 said he couldn't remember any initiation ritual at all.

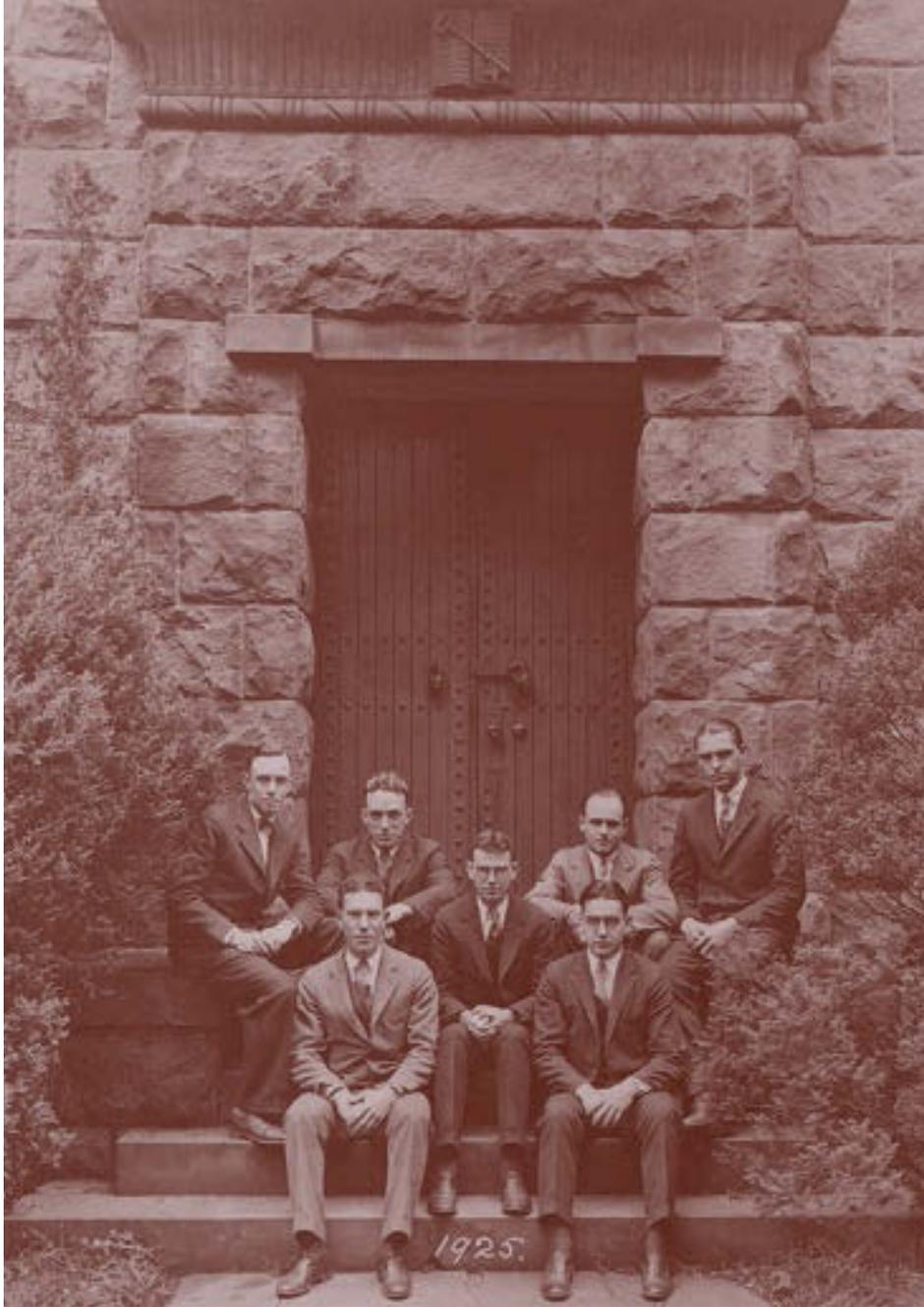
Book and Key alumni attended each spring's initiation at least through the early 1940s. As Howard Cooper Johnson recalled in a history of the society written as a tribute to Morris Clothier of the Class of 1890, "Shortly after 1900, Morris Clothier and I conferred about the establishment at Swarthmore of a Senior Honor Society based on the plan of the Yale Societies. We visited, from the outside, Skull and Bones, Scroll and Key, Book and Snake, and others and gath-

ered bits and pieces of information from various sources and together planned the building and its furnishing.

Alumni continued to play an active role in the selection of students for initiation and in the general supervision of Book and Key during the early decades of the society. The power that the Temple Trust Association had over undergraduate members of Book and Key was evident in 1922, when it became apparent that the senior members of Book and Key had consumed substantial quantities of alcohol in the temple one Thursday evening. "After earnest and thoughtful consideration, it was pointed out that the seniors had violated the provisions of the By-Laws of the Society, and had also been guilty of misconduct tending to tarnish the fair name of their Alma-Mater, and it was on motion, duly made, seconded, and unanimously carried, Resolved that the Board of Directors recommend to the general membership of the Temple Trust Association that the 1922 seniors ... be suspended indefinitely, that they not be admitted to the Temple, and that they should surrender their pins." The Book and Key Class of 1922 members were reinstated after they graduated.

Members of Book and Key were selected because of their activity in College organizations and their commitment to the College. Most were captains of sports teams, student council members, fraternity officers, or leaders in other student organizations. "The idea was basically to have individuals who came from different parts of campus," said Warren Higgins '48. "They looked for individuals who followed their own ideas to try and get a cross section of leaders on campus." Book and Key members discussed whether Swarthmore should adopt an honor system (they didn't think so), whether the College should grant "distinction in course" to non-Honors students (they thought it should), and whether a picture directory of the freshmen class should be published (they thought so). They discussed fraternity pledging, turnout for football games, chaperones at parties,

By Elizabeth Weber '98



FRIENDS HISTORICAL LIBRARY

The select seven in 1925 included (back, left to right) Marvin Burr, Spencer Keare, Charles Limberger, and Lloyd Goman; (center) Benjamin Burdsall; and (front) Joseph Shane and Carlton Henderson—all seniors that year. Shane later became vice president of the College, helping make the decision to raze the Book and Key temple. His son, Lawrence Shane '56, is currently chairman of the Board of Managers.

low grades of the first-year students, plans to get a piano for the temple, and problems in the lunch line. Members would not mention the society's name to nonmembers—any actions they agreed to carry out were done through the campus organizations they led.

In the 1930s, several of the rituals of the society, including the weekly Thursday evening procession to the temple, were dropped. Later, most of the secrecy surrounding the organization was also ended. By the time Morris Clothier died in 1949, the initiation ritual remained, but other activities were car-

ried out openly. In that year, Book and Key members sponsored a play contest; organized a shoe drive for European refugees, a faculty-student quiz program, College open houses for high school boys, and freshmen orientation; and ushered at lectures. "We were trying to justify the existence of the thing," said Edward Perkins '49. "I was extremely honored to be selected. It meant a great deal to us at the time, although we realized that its day had gone."

Within a decade, Book and Key had initiated its last member. "I had a feeling that we were near the end," said Ed

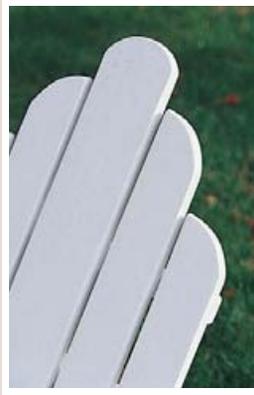
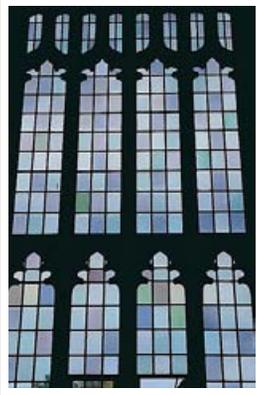
Mahler '50. "I remember talking with some of the other guys about it on the night we were brought in: What was this all about? What was the purpose of it? You began to question it. You were still quite flattered by being selected—although it wasn't as if your fellow students bowed and scraped before you because you were a 'Bookie.'"

Swarthmore had changed dramatically since Book and Key began in 1906. Students played a much more active role in making decisions. A self-perpetuating elite group of 7 male members of each class didn't seem like quite such a good idea. The Class of 1951 was the last class with only 7 members—membership expanded to groups of 11, 16, and 21. New members were sent letters of invitation, and several declined the offer to join. In the end, the Class of 1957 decided against tapping members of the next class. Older members of the Temple Trust Association were very upset by the society's demise, but they could do little. In 1965, the Temple Trust Association gave up all hope of reestablishing Book and Key. They sold the Temple to the College for \$1 and donated their financial assets to the College.

Many members of the Temple Trust Association continued to meet informally. The Book and Key members of the Class of 1934 continued to go on vacations together for decades afterward, said S. Dean Caldwell '34. The building they sold the college was a curiosity: a small two-story Egyptian-style temple with a meeting room, a library on the second floor, and a kitchen in the basement. Four stained glass windows (with a book, a key, the scales of justice, and the number 232) were illuminated with artificial lights—no windows let in the sun. *The Phoenix* reported: "Equipping the building to meet legal requirements would have cost an estimated \$30,000 to \$35,000. No permanent specific uses for Book and Key were judged worthy of such an expenditure. As a permanent location for music practice rooms or an art gallery, the building seemed inadequate."

In 1967, the building was razed. The Book and Key Scholarship Fund, established with the society's financial assets, is still in existence. ■

Elizabeth Weber '98 is a Swarthmore history buff. She works for the Census Bureau in Washington, D.C.



June 2–4, 2000

Details Details Details

Life is busy—so many things to remember. Here's one detail you won't want to forget: Alumni Weekend at Swarthmore. Come back to campus and enjoy the little things.