

SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin

March 2000



*Correspondence forges lasting links
among professors and their former students.*

SWARTHM

COLLEGE
BULLETIN
MARCH 2000



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I'm not a big believer in destiny, but had I not entered a certain college in a particular year, I would never have met my wife. We fell in love during sophomore year and married two years later. If I can't ascribe this good fortune to fate, what was it that brought our stars into alignment?

An admissions office, of course. Two distinct decisions made by a committee in early 1966 brought a pretty young woman from Connecticut and me from Pennsylvania to a small Vermont college town. The result: 30 years of marriage, a family, and a life together. This long-ago twist of fate—and this issue's tender portraits of eight Swarthmore couples ("Matchbox Flames," page 30)—makes me wonder whether Swarthmore's admissions staff considers potential unions as they pore over those stacks of recommendations, essays, and test scores. Do they ever, even in jest, speculate on whether Heather from Honolulu might be just right for Mike from Michigan?

"Well ... yes," said Director of Admissions Jim Bock '90 with a sheepish smile, "it does come up." He hastened to add that Swarthmore's admissions staff prides itself on getting to know as much as possible about applicants as individuals, and an admissions decision would never be made on the basis of a candidate's potential for romance. But he admits it's not unheard of for the deans to speculate on how two students with similar interests might relate to each other.

Assistant Dean of Admissions Megan Smith '96 said it's the quirky, unusual things about certain applicants that make her think of others who might naturally become their friends at Swarthmore. She recalls reading a recent applicant's essay about watching spiders on the

front porch and thinking immediately of a Swarthmore sophomore who had written about spiders two years before. Should she introduce them, she wondered?

Another time, when Smith actually did attempt to introduce two accepted students from separate high schools in the same city, she found that the pair

Even if you don't believe in destiny, college is definitely a time and place to fall in love.

had already met at home—and had been dating for several months. Talk about fate.

Whether you believe that such relationships spring from destiny or mere coincidence, college is definitely a time and place to fall in love. In one admissions brochure, Swarthmore students are described as having "a passion for learning," but clearly that's not all. Their well-known love for ideas, activities, and causes is often coupled with a passion for each other.

Thousands of Swarthmoreans have met and married over the years, and although not all have managed to stay married, most continue to share an additional passion—for the College itself. There's a reason. As Michael Graves '69 wrote, "Our years at Swarthmore were among the best in our lives. We learned a lot, became adults, and fell in love." You don't have to marry another Swarthmorean to experience this, but somehow these matchbox couples seem to feel a deep connection to the College.

It's said that at freshman orientation, new students are asked to look around at their classmates, and then told that about one in seven will marry a fellow student. I'm sure that nervous laughter ripples among the 18 year olds, but I know it's true—because it worked for me.

—Jeffrey Lott



SWARTHMORE COLLEGE BULLETIN

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SCALING THE WALLS

Because actual Book & Key members remain so silent, maybe I should contribute my own memories of the first floor of their temple. We scaled the walls of the Book & Key building once or twice during the early 1960s, in spontaneous nocturnal ascents led by members of the Outing Club. Afterward, we took care to try to reseal their roof against rain.

During 1964, the first floor reminded me of a Masonic/Eastern Star facility—although smaller and with less fancy furniture and interior decorating. The few costumes that then remained were also suggestive of rituals like Eastern Star public ceremonies.

W. "TUCK" FORSYTHE '65
Ellensburg, Wash.

OLD NOTES

Elizabeth Weber's ['98] article on Book & Key ("Our Back Pages," December 1999) came at a serendipitous time. I was a member of Book & Key in the Class of 1955 and was cleaning out some old notes when I read her history of the organization.

In our class, the usual seven were "tapped" in the dining hall. Apparently, six of them accepted, and as I recall it, these six felt that a larger membership was needed to be truly representative and to re-energize the organization. Subsequently, 16 more were asked to join, and I was in this group. Somehow, I got the job of researching Book & Key's history so that we could all understand better what its mission was and could be. I made a presentation that included suggestions for members from the Class of 1956—including Larry Shane, current chairman of the Board of Managers.

TED PHILLIPS, M.D. '55
Lopez Island, Wash.

QUAKERS AND SCIENCE

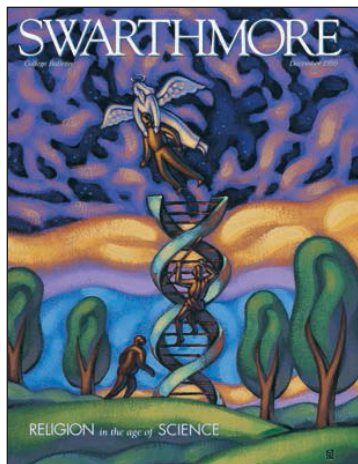
I was delighted with Tom Krattenmaker's "Religion in the Age of Science" (December 1999). I agree that religion and science can coexist if not riled by dogmatists on either side.

The article reminded me of Jesse Herman Holmes, professor of religion and philosophy during my undergraduate days. He was probably Swarthmore's best-known and most controversial faculty member, and like Ian Barbour '44, he began his life as a scientist before centering on religion.

Holmes was the scourge of conservatives in the Delaware Valley, an agnostic Quaker, foe of religious and political dogma, and socialist candidate for governor of Pennsylvania.

He helped me return to my family's Quaker roots. I wanted to formally join the Society of Friends during my Swarthmore years but hesitated because several of my Quaker friends were most conservative theologically. But I was able to overcome my reticence after reading Holmes' "Letter to the Scientifically Minded," which was first published in 1928 by *The Friends Intelligencer*. I remember thinking that Jesse Holmes' religion was for me—that although I could not accept religious fundamentalism, I could easily accept Holmes' invitation to become a Friend.

Today, I am happy to be part of the liberal current in Quakerism. I learned from Jesse while I was a student that science and religion can



be compatible, and I join with Mr. Krattenmaker and other Swarthmoreans in that view.

T. NOEL
STERN '34
South Dartmouth,
Mass.

Professor

Holmes' essay is excerpted on page 77. T. Noel Stern wrote more extensively about him in the June 1992 Friends Journal.

DEVIL THEORY

In 1930, when I was 6 years old, I was informed by one of my street acquaintances that I, a Jew, was guilty of killing Jesus Christ.

The *Swarthmore College Bulletin* ("Religion in the Age of Science," December 1999) now tells me of the renewed interest in religion by some current students. The article primarily deals with conflict between science and religion. But this strikes me as minor compared with other far more menacing aspects of faith.

Swarthmore students—protected by the greatest military machine ever known, comfortable in the bounty of the greatest economic boom ever, and residing in beautiful and remote surroundings—remind me of the last czarina of Russia, who also lived very well and who, in her religious belief, turned to the religion of the monk Rasputin for comfort and support.

But far worse things derive from religion than people such as Rasputin. Call it the devil theory of history: seeking the source of present discomfort in the identification of those in the service of Satan. This should not be dis-

missed too quickly; the Vatican recently reasserted the existence of Satan. The seeking of evildoers still goes on.

My early experiences with the religion of the street boys helped me understand how Pope Pius XII could maintain silence in the early 1940s, even though after 1943 there was no doubt about the ultimate defeat of Germany. He had seen the communist takeover of Russia; Hungary; and, for a short time, Bavaria, where (before Joe Stalin cleaned things up) the revolutionary leaders were, as often as not, Jews. Those schooled in the teachings of the New Testament knew that the Jews participating in the crucifixion of Jesus took the guilt on themselves and their descendants for all time. It had to be clear that the militant anticommunism of Adolf Hitler, a Roman Catholic who, to this day, has never been excommunicated from the church, was indeed useful in eliminating these atheistic communists in the overall struggle to eradicate the agents of Satan—among them, the Jews who, knowing of Jesus, consciously rejected him.

In case the preceding paragraph is disturbing, remember that events in Germany did happen, just as in Yugoslavia now. The problem in addressing the role of religion at Swarthmore or similar blessed places is that the lumpen are not being taken into account. And there are a lot of them around. Now, they are well fed and have jobs and television, and things are quiet. This was not so in Germany when I was being informed of my inherited guilt and when Hitler appeared and told the German people how the Jew-communists were the source of their problems.

Please turn to page 77

Plans emerge for new science center

After months of review and debate, a joint faculty-staff steering committee has chosen a design for Swarthmore's new science center. If all goes according to schedule, ground will be broken by June 2001. The complex will add 80,000 square feet to a renovated DuPont Science Building and will connect to Martin Hall and the Cornell Science and Engineering Library. The complex also aims to alleviate classroom shortage, update laboratories, and foster greater interaction among science faculty, students, and departments.

Concerns about DuPont, which was built in 1959, emerged among faculty a few years ago. "What really started it off was a sense of pending crisis about some of DuPont's mechanical systems," recalls Don Shimamoto, associate professor of mathematics and chair of the Division of Natural Sciences and Engineering. "DuPont was built 40 years ago, and science research and teaching has changed enormously since then. The building we have is no longer adequate for practicing science at the level we should be maintaining at Swarthmore."

"Before, science classes were taught with demonstrations or 'cookbook labs,'" explains Rachel Merz, associate professor of biology and co-chair of the Science Center Planning Committee. "But it became clear that students are more engaged when they discover something for themselves. If you allow them to do their own experiments, planning for a lab gets more unpredictable. You need more flexibility."

Demands on the College's science facilities have grown dramatically in recent decades, she points out. Though the percentage of Swarthmore graduates majoring in science has remained about the same, according to Registrar Martin Warner, the College's enrollment has increased by about a third since DuPont opened. In addition, more nonscience majors take science courses than ever before.

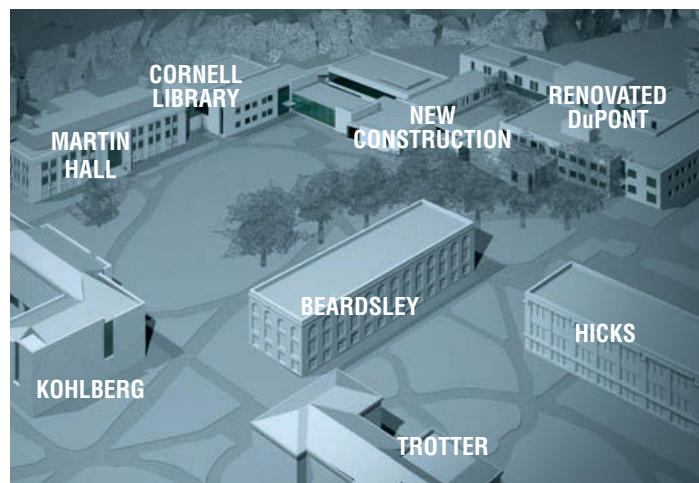
Another challenge is that science departments and curricula have become more interdisciplinary. Faculty and students complain that the current layout tends to isolate various departments from one another—and from the rest of the campus.

After getting campuswide input on a dozen designs over several months last year, a design team drawn from three architectural firms—Einhorn Yaffee Prescott, Helfand Myerberg Guggenheimer, and Gladnick Wright Salameda—narrowed the offerings to two, known as X and Y. In December, the dueling plans were presented via model and diagram to faculty and administration. Plan X was eventually chosen, a design that maintains the original scale of DuPont, opens attractively onto the Harry Woods Garden, and provides access to Crum Woods.

"It was very much the Quaker consensus process. There was no vote. We just discussed it into the ground," Merz says. "Groups outside the science faculty had no problem leaning toward X. Many of the science faculty were Y-minded to start with but were impressed with the fact that so many people saw the other design as more open and welcoming. That is important. I mean, we're scientists. In a sense, that information was data: If you want a facility that appears more welcoming to visitors and to the College, you have to



ELEFTHERIOS KOSTANS



EINHORN YAFFEE PRESCOTT

Physics Professors Frank Moscatelli and John Boccio (above, top) debate the merits of the X vs. Y final designs for the College's new science center. Plan X (above), the eventual winner, maintains the original scale of DuPont, opens onto the Harry Woods Garden, and provides access to Crum Woods.

pay attention to which design does that."

The science complex is the largest project contained in a long-range plan approved last year that will lead to a \$230 million capital campaign over the next several years. Other priorities identified by the three-year planning process were described in the September 1999 issue of the *Bulletin*. Readers may find this article at www.swarthmore.edu/bulletin/archive/sept99/collection.html.

A more complete description of the science building project is found at <http://sciencecenter.swarthmore.edu>.

—Cathleen McCarthy

Off to Oxford and Istanbul

Jacob Krich '00 was playing cards with other Rhodes Scholarship candidates when he heard the news. Stunned, he called his mother. "Mom," he said, "I'm going to England."

One of only 32 college seniors selected in December to be Rhodes scholars, he will spend two years studying at Oxford University. Associate Dean Gilmore Stott urged Krich to apply after he won a Goldwater scholarship as a sophomore. For now, he remains immersed in the subject of his senior thesis: liquid crystals—the stuff of laptop screens, digital watches, and mood rings. Specifically, he's studying the shape and alignment of chiral molecules as they go from a liquid to a liquid crystal state and back again.

This senior is a crackerjack academic—he scored a perfect 1600 on his SATs and fell below his A average only once, with a B+ in a sophomore-year Hebrew Bible course—but it takes more than grades to win a Rhodes Scholarship. He headed the campus Jewish student organization, Ruach, for a year and spent seven semesters on its board. He rides his bike daily, when weather permits, and, last summer, he climbed a 13,000-foot mountain in Costa Rica.

Krich chose Swarthmore over Stanford because he wanted to experiment with other subjects before settling on a major. Although math and science are clearly his passions, he has also excelled in philosophy, religion, and English. "I chose Swarthmore because I felt I could get better relationships with my teachers here without declaring my major—and that's exactly what happened," he says. "There are only a handful of my teachers I haven't come to know outside of class. There were times when I felt like the Swarthmore poster child." Last spring, for example, three of his classes had four to eight students.

After earning a B.A. in mathematics at Oxford, Krich hopes to get a Ph.D. in physics, possibly at Princeton. Like his role model, Ernest Rutherford, the Nobel laureate who discovered the atomic nucleus, Krich's dream is to devote his life to researching and teaching physics. "I want to understand fundamentally what makes things work," he says, "and no science asks deeper questions than physics."

Never having visited Europe, Krich is particularly excited about the prospect of touring the Continent and was already studying train schedules in January. His goal is to get as far as Istanbul. Oxford itself dates back to the 13th century, he points out. "It's phenomenal how old everything is in Europe," he says, smiling. "I'm looking forward to being amazed by it."

—Cathleen McCarthy



GEORGE WIDMAN

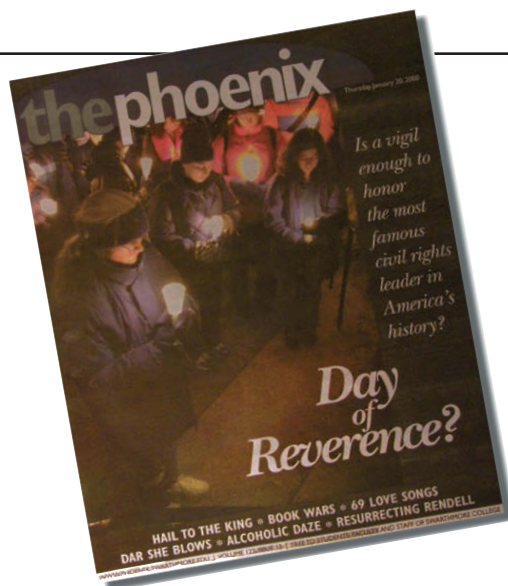
Rhodes Scholar Jacob Krich '00 is studying liquid crystals for his senior thesis.

The Phoenix gets a facelift

Alumni who haven't recently seen *The Phoenix*, Swarthmore's venerable student newspaper, probably wouldn't recognize it today. After a significant increase in quality and quantity of coverage over the past year, *The Phoenix* now has a new look as well.

A series of editorial changes went into effect during last year's spring semester, sparked by then-editor Nicholas Attanasio '00 and current editor Justin Kane '02, which led to an increase from about 16 to 24 tabloid pages, including more in-depth features and several new columns. Attanasio and Kane also lobbied successfully for staff payment. Now all 16 editors and many regular writers are paid.

With the Jan. 20 issue, the staff launched a newly designed tabloid format with full-color front and back pages. *The Phoenix* now more closely resembles regional news-and-entertain-



The Phoenix, Swarthmore's student newspaper since 1881, has switched to a tabloid format with a color cover, but the improvements are more than cosmetic. You can read the paper online at <http://www.phoenix.swarthmore.edu>.

ment weeklies than the traditional school newspaper. Like the *City Paper* and *Philadelphia Weekly*, both widely read by students, *The Phoenix* now features a contents page and appears earlier, on Thursday morning, allowing students to read about upcoming events in time to plan their weekends.

"The new look is nice, but the important change is the improvement in editorial quality," says Editor-in-Chief Kane. "For a lot of people, we're the only link with what the administration and student council are doing. The paper really helps the community feel more in touch with what's going on."

To subscribe to *The Phoenix*, send a mailing address and check—\$25 for a semester (13 issues), \$50 for two—to Phoenix Subscriptions, *The Phoenix*, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081.

—Cathleen McCarthy



AHAMINDRA JAIN

Swarthmore team develops improved glaucoma treatment

Treating the painful buildup of fluid pressure in the eyes of glaucoma patients presents a host of problems. Assistant Professor of Chemistry Ahamindra Jain's work on developing a means to relieve that pain not only has the potential for producing a drug significantly more effective than anything currently in use but also for improving the ways drugs are developed and delivered to the human body.

Jain and his student researchers study the development and delivery of compounds called fluorinated sulfonamides, which have the potential to be about 10 times more efficient than conventional treatments. The research has two primary thrusts. One is to improve the efficacy of the fluorinated sulfonamides, which interact with a protein in the eye known as carbonic anhydrase (CA) to relieve pain. Drugs now in use don't interact efficiently with this protein, forcing users to apply pain-relieving eye drops three times a day. Meanwhile, because the sulfonamides do not dissolve in water, the team is perfecting a method of "masking" the pain-relief agents to make them water soluble and thus more easily delivered to the eye.

Treatments for glaucoma often rely on a sulfonamide that binds to CA. To make more efficient drugs, ways to increase the strength of the interaction between drug and protein must be identified. Jain believes an understanding of these drug-protein interactions might be useful in developing better drugs not only for glaucoma but also for many other diseases.

With respect to drug delivery, Jain's hope is to demonstrate that a drug can be activated by light in a site-specific manner, so that a masked drug administered to a

patient could be converted to its active form in only one location, close to the desired target. In this manner, he hopes to avoid the side effects that often result from more general activity of a drug in the body.

Because Professor Jain does not work with animals in his lab at Swarthmore, he is looking for collaborators to help with the next experiments in drug delivery. "We would like to prepare contact lenses bearing our photoactivated drugs

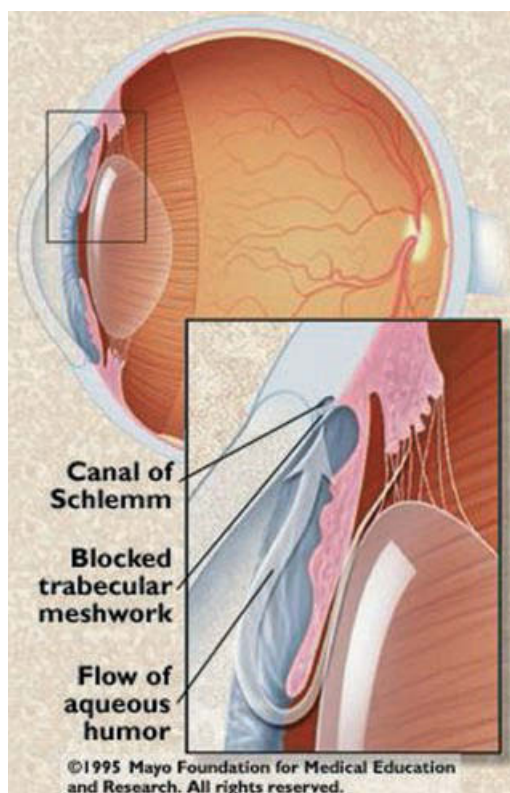
for testing in rabbits that have been given a chemical that causes the symptoms of glaucoma," he says.

Jain says the eventual goal is to develop contact lenses that counter glaucoma's effects in people. "But we really have no idea whether that is attainable until we get to test the system in some animal model," he says.

More than a dozen students have collaborated with Professor Jain on his research over the past few years, a partnership of which he is very proud. "The students do all the research work themselves, and they write up their results in the form of papers that we have published or hope to soon publish in the chemical literature," he says. "I suggest experiments for them to carry out, advise them if they encounter any problems, and help them revise manuscripts. But I can honestly say that our first seven papers, four of which are published already, have been almost entirely written by the students.

"I've been fortunate, both in my teaching and in my research, to have the privilege to work with extremely bright, motivated, and independent students," he continues. "Because of their dedication to their projects, we've made a lot of progress, and I hope that, along the way, they've each learned what real scientific research is all about."

—Alisa Giardinelli



Visiting Assistant Professor of Chemistry Ahamindra Jain (far left, above) is working on a treatment for glaucoma that reduces production of fluid in the aqueous humor. His research team includes (left to right) Jeffrey Doyon '00, Chris Woodrell '01, Ariss DerHovannessian '00, Elizabeth Hansen '02, Polina Kehayova '01, Greg Bokinsky '00, Patrick Dostal '02, and John Huber '00.

On kidneys and being Jewish

By Robert Weinberg, Associate Professor of History

On the morning of Oct. 19, a team of surgeons at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania removed my left kidney. In an adjacent operating room, another team of surgeons was waiting to transplant my kidney into my wife, Laurie, who was suffering from end-stage renal failure as a result of polycystic kidney disease.

No cure exists for Laurie's disease, and dialysis and transplantation are the only treatments. A transplant is always preferable when other complicating factors are not present. Laurie's health had been deteriorating for years. It was a matter of weeks, perhaps months, before her kidneys would have stopped working entirely. We knew the time had come for the transplant, and we were glad that we had beaten the fantastic odds against my being a compatible donor.

Fortunately, Laurie's new kidney started working immediately. By the next morning, she, once again, had normal kidney function. Nearly two months have passed since the twin operations, and there are no signs that Laurie's body is rejecting my kidney, affectionately called Bob Jr. Better yet, Laurie is now leading an active, energetic life—a welcome change from the bone tiredness she had been experiencing for several years.

Even though Laurie has to take immunosuppressants and steroids for the rest of her life (as well as pass up invitations to sky dive and ride motorcycles), her doctors have assured her that she can return to her usual daily routine and live for many years. Clearly, Laurie and I, along with our families and friends, had much to be thankful for at this year's Thanksgiving dinner.

After the surgeries, many friends and acquaintances told us how moved they were by what they called my "sacrifice" and "selfless act of love." When I protested and assured them that others would act as I did in similar circumstances, several retorted that they were not as sure about the willingness of others in my position to undergo surgery to help grant life to a loved one. When Laurie and I discovered two years ago that we were compatible in more ways than one, my decision to give her my kidney was a no-brainer.

I was surprised by the suggestions that others in my position would hesitate. I began to think about lessons to be learned from what Laurie and I had just experienced, and, like many people facing a life-or-death situation, I found myself taking a fresh look at my religious heritage, which is Judaism. What I discovered was not a renewed spiritual

faith but a reenforcement of basic Jewish ethical values.

Laurie and I are not religious or spiritual persons, but before the surgery, we did make sure that someone from every denomination of the major Western religions was praying for us on Oct. 19. I even called a friend to ask his relatives in North Carolina, where they belong to the African Methodist Episcopal Church, to mention us at Sunday services. Whether or not all the prayers said on our behalf were heard is something I cannot answer, but Laurie and I did not want to hedge our bets. We were touched by the outpouring of concern expressed by so many people, including some who had never met us.

Like many American Jews, Laurie and I struggle with

what it means to be Jewish. I did not emerge from the transplant any more inclined to embrace faith or attend synagogue than I was before the surgery. Indeed, my faith in science and medicine was reinforced. Nevertheless, I believe the experience has a religious lesson.

At the core of Judaism is a code of ethics, an unflagging belief that humans are responsible to each other. In addition to prayer and learning, Jews are expected to engage in righteous deeds, in acts of charity and benevolence designed to enhance the quality of life of all people. Although I do not pretend to fulfill, or even try to fulfill, all the responsibilities and expectations of being Jewish, I try to embrace in my daily life one of the supreme values of Judaism: sustaining, protecting, and promoting life. I suspect that my surprise and consternation in learning that others might not be as willing as I to give up a kidney are rooted in my efforts to lead a life informed by this essential Jewish value. I believe that our son, Perry, who was 10 years old at the time of the transplant, has learned a similar lesson, something that will inform his self-identity as a Jew.

As a teacher, I believe strongly in another Jewish value: teaching by example. Perry may be too young to be aware of this lesson, but I'm sure he will someday make the connection between the life-affirming act of my giving a kidney to his mother and why his parents insisted that he go to Hebrew school—even though it meant sacrificing his weekend mornings and one afternoon each week for several years.

To paraphrase Maimonides, the eminent Jewish philosopher, a person must be willing to place his or her own life in jeopardy to save someone who may die if help is denied. Having endured both his parents going under the knife simultaneously, I hope Perry takes away from this trauma the lesson that the sanctity of life is always worth upholding, no matter how difficult the challenge.



Laurie Bernstein and husband Robert Weinberg were even more compatible than they realized. His transplanted kidney has given her new life.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

Fast track to enlightenment

On first glance, it was simply a very attractive exhibit of Tibetan art and religious objects—intricate metal vessels, doll-like goddesses in brocade robes, walls covered with brilliantly painted textiles. But the traveling exhibit *Mystical Arts of Tibet*, which visited the List Gallery in November, was far more—it was a rare glance into a mostly vanished culture.

The exhibit, which *The Philadelphia Inquirer* called “quite possibly ... Swarthmore’s most important art exhibition ever,” has been touring the United States since 1996. It’s

unusual, in part, because little remains of Tibet’s monasteries and the treasures they once housed. The Chinese invasion and occupation of Tibet destroyed all but a dozen of several thousand monasteries, which were the centers of Tibetan religious, cultural, and intellectual life. Many of the objects that appeared at the gallery were hand carried by monks who escaped over the mountain passes.

Much of the artwork came from the collection of Drepung Loseling Monastery in Lhasa, a major center of the Gelugpa order of Tibetan Buddhism. Other pieces belong to His Holiness the Fourteenth Dalai Lama. Dating from the 11th century

to modern times, these paintings and statues were revered and meditated on by monks, and the tools and musical instruments were used in sacred rituals.

Maribeth Graybill, the associate professor of art history who helped organize the exhibit, explains that Tibetan Buddhism differs from other forms of Buddhism. Although those in other schools believe in reincarnation and think that self-enlightenment happens gradually over several lifetimes, Tibetan Buddhists believe it can be achieved in one. “Tantric Buddhism offers the fast track to enlightenment,” Graybill says, “for those who can master the complex, sometimes dangerous meditation and ritual practices.”

Central to Tantric Buddhist ritual is the idea of transformation. Many of the objects on display once played a part in rituals where mundane offerings to the deities were consecrated through chants and visualizations into pure, rarified substances. Tantric Buddhism aims to transform all human emotions—even hatred and lust—into positive tools for enlightenment, Graybill explains. “The ultimate goal of the Tantric practitioner is to transform oneself into the perfection of a deity.”

These concepts take visual form in the paintings and sculptures of fierce deities, shown enveloped in flames and surrounded by death imagery—skull necklaces, dripping blood, dismembered corpses. How do you conquer death? If you’re a Tibetan Buddhist, you meditate on the most gruesome of images, as a way to realize that the pleasures of youth and beauty are only fleeting illusions, Graybill says. “Only from that insight of nonattachment can one realize that death is no more permanent or real.” The fury in the demonic expression of the gods is transformed into wrath against ignorance and sloth, impediments to enlightenment.

Many of the paintings depict explicit images of sexual interaction between male and female deities. On first encounter, they appear to convey simply erotic ecstasy, but to the Tibetan Buddhist, Graybill explains, they represent something more profound: the perfect union of wisdom—a female principle and the goal of Tantric practice—and Tantric method, a male principle. “Sexual interaction is one metaphor most people can understand for the complete dissolution of differences,” Graybill says. “Gender differences dissolve in this one blissful moment. Therefore, it’s a good metaphor for the union of male and female energy.”

—Cathleen McCarthy



Considered one of the holiest goddess statues in the Drepung Loseling Monastery, this 16th-century bronze beauty depicts Vajrayogini, the main deity propagated within the Gelugpa order, who is said to speak frequently to practitioners.

Hero worship: a winning JFK collection

Hugh Weber '00 is this year's first prize winner of Swarthmore's A. Edward Newton Student Library Prize. Endowed by its namesake in 1930, this award is given to a student who owns, and who personally collected, the best and most intelligently chosen collection of books upon any subject. Weber's "JFK Collection" was exhibited at Swarthmore's McCabe Library from Jan. 17 to Jan. 29. A

second prize was awarded to Sasha Issenberg '02 for his collection of books and memorabilia related to *The New Yorker* magazine.

Weber's complete JFK collection consists of more than 100 books and several thousand pieces of memorabilia, such as banners, posters, cards, and

buttons. Weber's entry focuses on only a portion of this collection and includes works that follow JFK's development as a leader and the immediate period of mourning after his death. Weber says he found most of the pieces of his collection almost entirely in local antique shops in his native South Dakota. In the commentary that accompanied his entry, Weber says he started his collection just after his eighth birthday. At that age, he says he "deter-

mined a life in public service would be fulfilling and found a role model that excited me."

Weber, who is the senior-class president, is a political science major with a concentration in public policy and black studies.

—Alisa Giardinelli



These playing cards, printed in 1963, were part of a deck that depicted the whole Kennedy clan. "It was still great political sport then to mock our 'royal family,'" says collector Hugh Weber '00.



JEFFREY LOTT

Hall of Fame coach "Pete" Hess

For Pete's sake

Professor Emerita of Physical Education Eleanor Hess, who served as lacrosse coach at Swarthmore from 1957 to 1986, was inducted into the Pennsylvania Lacrosse Hall of Fame on Feb. 19. Hess, whom many know as "Pete," served as president of the Philadelphia Women's Lacrosse Association from 1969 to 1973. She has also received the Philadelphia Board of Women's Official Service Award and the Nancy Chance National Award for Service. In her honor, the Eleanor Kay Hess Award is given to sophomore women at Swarthmore who demonstrate a love of athletics, leadership, hard work, fairness, and objectivity.



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Daniel Underhill Professor of Music James Freeman (right), Orchestra 2001's founder and artistic director, and composer Nicholas Brooke (center) welcome Gilmore Stott, associate provost emeritus and associate dean of the College, to the inaugural Gilmore and Mary Roelofs Stott Commission Concert in November. Funded through an endowment given by Eugene M. Lang, the Stott Commission was established to honor the Stotts and encourage young composers by annually underwriting the creation and professional performance of a new work for chamber or small orchestra. The November program featured violinist Erez Ofer in *Mozart Violin Concerto in A Major*, composer and Swarthmore Professor Gerald Levinson's *Time and the Bell*, and the premiere of *Double* by Brooke, winner of the first Stott Commission.

Of college and community: a new Board committee

Community outreach has been a central focus at Swarthmore since its Quaker days, but leaders of the College had broader ambitions when the Board of Managers launched its latest committee. They want to revive the concept of good citizenship on campus—and, eventually, on campuses nationwide.

Formed last May, the Committee on Social Responsibility has met twice so far. Anyone who read Eugene Lang's ['38] essay "Distinctively American: The American Liberal Arts College" in *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, will not be surprised to hear that the committee was his idea. Lang is emeritus chairman of the Board of Managers, and the committee's formation represents another step toward realizing his goals of fostering better citizenship through education.

The committee's ambitious charge includes "reflecting upon the College's commitment, in association with the fulfillment of its institutional mission, to prepare and motivate



Neil Grabois '57 chairs a new Board committee that seeks to make social responsibility "part of the very fabric of the College."

students to engage issues of social responsibility facing our communities and societies and to set their own paths as responsible citizens toward shaping a more inclusive, just, and compassionate world."

Specifics of how that mission will be accomplished have yet to be determined but will involve encouraging and facilitating "internal community practices, educational programs, and institutional outreach initiatives."

"It's a significant responsibility of the College not merely to encourage students to engage in activities that involve social responsibility but to make it part of the very fabric of the College," says Committee Chair Neil Grabois '57, a vice president at Carnegie Corporation of New York and former president of Colgate University. The Committee consists of five board members, President Alfred H. Bloom, Provost Jennie Keith, Vice President for College and Community Relations Maurice Eldridge, four faculty members, three students, two staff members, and a representative from alumni council.

In its first two meetings last fall, Grabois reports, the group attempted "to learn what is happening on campus from the point of view of faculty and students and to begin to think in imaginative ways about how the College might engage this issue in a more integrated fashion."

Lang, who founded the "I Have a Dream" Foundation, says the initial meeting "was one of the most inspiring committee meetings of the many hundreds I've attended at Swarthmore. Swarthmore will be the first college in the country, I'm sure, that has had the vision to establish, as a visible institutional responsibility, the need for turning out good citizens. By good citizens I don't mean successful but real citizens in the fullest sense of the word."

—Cathleen McCarthy

And the Grammy goes to ...

Swarthmore made it to this year's Grammy Awards. Orchestra 2001's most recent CD, featuring the music of George Crumb, was nominated as best-engineered classical album. The composer received an honorary degree (D.Mus.) from Swarthmore in 1989.

Independent audio engineers Curt Wittig and David Moulton recorded the disk in five sessions, from February 1997 through May 1998, at Lang Concert Hall. The CD is volume 3 of an ongoing series Orchestra 2001 is putting out with Composers Recordings, Inc. (CRI). Volume 1 included a piece by Thomas Whitman '82. Volumes 2 and 4, to be released this

spring, include compositions by Gerald Levinson, associate professor of music, and volume 5 will be devoted entirely to Levinson's music.

Above freezing ...

Williams College has decided to freeze its tuition next year, a step Swarthmore is not taking. College officials say the move isn't necessary because financial aid packages, a main target for endowment dollars, should offset any possible tuition hike. This approach, notes Director of News and Information Tom Krattenmaker, "remains the fairest and most effective vehicle for accommodating our families and ensuring our education remains accessible."

Michener bequest goes to faculty research

Swarthmore, the primary beneficiary of the estate of the late novelist James Michener '29, is devoting the bulk of his \$6.5 million bequest to the support of faculty research and development. The gift will add four second-semester faculty leaves to the eight currently available. "That's a significant gift," says Provost Jennie Keith.

Michener bequeathed his residual estate and the rights to all his literary property to his alma mater upon his death in 1997. As with his previous gifts to Swarthmore, Michener entrusted the College to determine how best to use the funds.

—Cathleen McCarthy

Winter sports highlights

The women's basketball team advanced to the Centennial Conference play-offs for the first time in school history. Posting a 14-10 record, the Garnet matched the school record for victories in a season set by the 1983-84 and 1984-85 squads. Forward **Heather Kile** '02 was named Centennial Conference Player of the Year, after leading the Centennial in scoring and rebounding, averaging 18.9 points and 13.8 rebounds.

The women's swim team placed second at conference championships for the sixth consecutive season, with the Garnet setting several school relay records. The team of **Becca Howes-Mischel** '01, **Alice Bonarou** '02, **Natalie Briones** '03, and **Claire Arbour** '00 broke the Centennial and school mark in the 400 medley relay with a time of 4:02.58. The team of Briones, Arbour, **Amy Auerbach** '02, and **Davita Burkhead-Weiner** '03 set Centennial and school records in the 800 freestyle with a time of 7:57.92 and a school record in the 400 freestyle with a time of 3:40.86. Bonarou captured the 400 individual medley relay in 4:42.73, Briones won the 100 breaststroke in 1:06.78, and Arbour set a school record in the 50 freestyle with a time of 24.92.

The men's swim team finished in third place at the Centennial Conference Championships. **Ted Sherer** '01 was a double winner, capturing the 100 breaststroke in 58:58 and the 200 in 2:09.47. Earlier in the season, Sherer eclipsed his own mark in the breaststroke in 2:07.96. **John Lillvis** '03 placed second in the 400 individual medley with a school record of 4:12.23, and **David Whitehead** '03 set school records in the 500 freestyle (4:45.44) and the 200 freestyle (1:44.09) for second place.

In indoor track, **Marc Jeuland** '01 set a College record at the Centennial Championships with a second place finish in the 5000 (15:20.87). At the women's championships, **Joko Agunloye** '01 set College records with a second place finish in the 5000 (18:17.57) and a third place finish in the 3000 (10:40.81). **Imo Akpan** '02 set both Centennial and Swarthmore records

in the 55 dash trials (7.32). **Desiree Peterkin** '00 captured the triple jump (35'4.5") and long jump (17'3.5") titles.

Dan Jacobs '03 placed third at the Centennial Conference Wrestling Championships in the 125-pound class. Jacobs posted a season record of 14-6 with eight pins.

The doubles team of **Siobhan Carty** '01 and **Karen Lange** '02 placed second at the Northeast Regional Badminton Championships to earn a berth in the National Championships held at Stanford University. The squad placed third out of eight squads at the Regional Championships held in Tarble Pavilion.



Sarah Tufano '03 drives for the basket in a 46-43 loss to Muhlenberg. The women's basketball team finished 9-4 in conference play.

JOHN FERKO

<i>Final Season Results</i>	<i>Overall Record</i>	<i>Centennial Conference</i>
Badminton	3-2	
Men's basketball	3-21	2-11
Women's basketball	14-10	9-4
Men's indoor track		7th place
Women's indoor track		4th place
Men's swimming	7-4	4-2
Women's swimming	9-3	5-2
Wrestling	3-10	0-6

—Mark Duzenski



John Temin '00, a member of the tennis team, helps Zain Harvey perfect his forehand. Temin organized the tennis workshops, one of the ongoing athletics seminars held for young members of the Chester YWCA.

Net gain on both sides

Wimbledon may not be in their future, but that didn't dull the enthusiasm of the would-be tennis pros who gathered in the Lamb-Miller Field House in February. Thanks to a new student volunteer program run by Marian Snyder Ware Professor of Physical Education and Athletics Robert Williams, children from the nearby Chester YWCA are now receiving training from Swarthmore's top athletes.

The program began last year with a beginners' swim program. Fifteen to 20 boys and girls, grades 3 to 8, showed up for a series of workshops organized by the women's swim team, who demonstrated competitive dives, turns, and strokes. Soccer clinics

were held in the fall, taught by men's and women's team members, followed by the winter tennis lessons. Williams hopes to hold an "all-comers" track meet for Chester kids this summer.

The program was the brainchild of Kendall Landis '48, retired vice president of development, who helped raise money for bus-ing the children to the College. "The idea is to expose the kids to college athletics and college in general," says Williams. "We stick to the easy stuff and try to attach a picnic to it and some discussion groups. We're just getting started—and our students are just as excited as the kids who come over."

—Cathleen McCarthy

In search of black holes

What started out as a routine observing project from a small college telescope has turned into an exciting discovery of a possible black hole. Allyn Dullighan '01 played a key role in the discovery.

The black-hole candidate is part of a binary star system in which the two components revolve around each other every 91 days. This system is a variable star of unknown type and period named BG Geminorum (BG Gem).

Using visible spectra of BG Gem obtained with the telescope of the Fred L. Whipple Observatory on Mt. Hopkins, Arizona, Dullighan, an astrophysics major from Yardley, Pa., analyzed the spectra last summer at Wellesley College. She found that hot gas around the primary star appears to be eclipsed by the cooler secondary one once in each orbital period. In addition, the secondary, estimated from its spectrum to contain half the mass of the Sun, is eclipsed half a cycle later. The eclipses imply that the binary system orbits in a plane tilted at nearly 90 degrees to the line of sight—a rare arrangement.

Dullighan also determined that the secondary star races around the primary one at 75 km/s (170,000 mph), but the hot gas shows that the primary stands nearly still. Like a small dancer being whipped around by a big, strong partner, the secondary in BG Gem is being pulled around at high speed by the gravity of a more massive primary.

"We definitely did not expect these results," Dullighan says. "The system was studied because it seemed to be an interesting massive binary. When our results first began to suggest that this system contained a black hole, we were very skeptical."

And her reaction? "Excited is a good word," she says. Although the system hasn't yet been confirmed as a



This artist's rendering shows a binary star system similar to the one studied by Allyn Dullighan '01. At left is a star that is losing mass to a dark companion—a likely black hole—surrounded by an "accretion disk," which emits energy over a broad spectrum. Dullighan's black-hole candidate and its companion star are suspected to be orbiting each other at a rapid rate, with the dark object eclipsing its brighter partner.

black hole, Assistant Professor of Astronomy Eric Jensen feels the case for this one is strong. "Black holes have been theorized for a long time, but finding them is still a new endeavor," he says. "The whole problem is that black holes don't give off any light, so they're hard to find on their own, especially close by in our galaxy."

If BG Gem is confirmed to contain a black hole, it will open up a new window on how black holes are fueled. Its orbital period, 91 days, is nearly 10 times longer than any other known black-hole binary.

Dullighan, whose summer project was supported by the W.M. Keck Foundation, says her work was well received at the American Astronomical Society conference in Atlanta in January. A paper detailing her findings also appears in the February issue of *Astronomical Journal*.

—Alisa Giardinelli

Three new Alumni Managers selected

Young Alumni Manager Jeremy Weinstein '97, a political science major, graduated with High Honors and is now a Ph.D. candidate in political economy and government at Harvard.



Weinstein

Alumni Manager Sherry Bellamy '74 majored in political science at Swarthmore, received her law degree from Yale, and became president and chief executive officer of Bell Atlantic-Maryland in 1997.



Bellamy

Alumni Manager David Singleton '68 majored in sociology and anthropology, then received an M.A. in criminology from Penn. He is executive vice president of M.B.N.A. America-Real Estate.



Singleton

Rewards reworded ...

Swarthmore graduates will now receive diplomas free of religious reference. After three student polls and more than a year of debate, the words "in the year of our Lord" have been removed. In a nod to tradition, however, faculty voted to retain the Quaker-style wording of the date. Diplomas this year will read: "this first day of sixth month in the year two thousand."

The Curriculum Committee (made up of the associate provost, the registrar, two students, and the three division chairs) recommended the change, stating that the reference to "our Lord" was no longer appropriate because many of those who award or receive the diploma come from diverse religious backgrounds.

The decision to change was not unanimous among either faculty or students, according to polls taken by the student council last spring. Although two of three student polls showed a slim margin in favor of the change, the other favored the old wording. But another poll conducted by *The Phoenix* in April showed 80 students for the change, 33 against, and 17 undecided. "Good points were made on both sides of the question in the faculty meetings," says Registrar Martin Warner, "but the idea that carried was that sensitivity required less religiously explicit wording."

Many colleges—including Haverford, Bryn Mawr, Oberlin, and Colby—still print their diplomas in Latin, a language few graduates can decipher today. Bryn Mawr also omitted the words "of our Lord" from its diplomas—changing the wording three years ago from "in the year of the salvation of our Lord" to "in the year of the Gregorian calendar"—but did not opt to translate it to English. Williams College also dropped "our Lord" and changed other language to make its diploma "gender neutral."

—Cathleen McCarthy

Common ground beyond racial politics

Economic inequality is rising in American society, and we need a multiracial political coalition to combat it," William Julius Wilson told a packed campus audience in November. "The elite benefit ... as long as a middle and lower class are fragmented along racial lines."

Publication of Wilson's latest book, *The Bridge Over the Racial Divide: Rising Inequality and Coalition Politics*, was a week away, and Wilson was spreading the word.

To those who follow progressive political theory, Wilson has become a familiar figure over the past quarter century. A professor of political sociology at Harvard, Wilson worked closely with President Bill Clinton during his first campaign and has made frequent appearances at the White House and on television. His message to Swarthmore was a version of his trademark theories, effectively applied to the current political climate.

Despite the booming economy, he told his audience, "virtually all economic growth" has gone to the top 5 percent of wage earners in this country since 1974. Graphs projected behind him showed an alarming disparity in economic progress between classes. If trends had continued in the direction they were heading from 1947 to 1973, he said, "the annual income of a young male high school graduate would now be \$33,000. Instead, as of 1997, it's \$13,000." Yet "conservative, demagogic messages" in the media have noticeably declined since 1996, Wilson reported. "We can thank the economy for that. I believe that now is the time to build on this shift in the public's mood."

After the lecture, Richard Valelly '75,

associate professor of political science, pointed out that Wilson was not breaking entirely new ground. "He's taking old, familiar ideas and freshening them," Valelly said.

Coalition politics have been around for 100 years, he explained. "So have cycle theories. Arthur Schlesinger Sr. was the first to point out that there were liberal cycles and progressive cycles in American politics."

What Wilson espouses is the need for progressive, grassroots, "outside-the-beltway" coalitions, Valelly said, and language that emphasizes racially

neutral aspects of issues facing the general population.

Keith Reeves '88, professor of political science, was on the faculty with Wilson at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government before coming to Swarthmore last year. "The critical question," Reeves says, "is how do you bring those together those race-neutral coalitions to

solve the problems plaguing places like Chester—industrialization, loss of jobs—when race is still such an obstacle to the participants?"

Wilson believes in putting "nonpartisan pressure" on both parties. "When people believe that they need each other, they tend to relinquish stereotypes and promote harmony," he said, pausing to peer into the audience.

"Is there a living wage movement on this campus?" he asked, referring to coalitions of students and unions pressuring city governments to pass ordinances requiring businesses to pay \$3 above minimum wage.

"Yep," someone responded.

"Good," Wilson said, holding up his fist and smiling. "We must emphasize issues that unite, not divide."

—Cathleen McCarthy



William Julius Wilson, professor of political sociology at Harvard and an adviser to President Clinton, debates the finer points of coalition politics with a student.



Correspondence forges lasting links among professors and former students.

The ink on the diploma is dry. The graduation photos have been sent to grandparents, uncles, aunts. Those first jobs, the travels abroad, the travails of graduate school and first apartments have imparted their measures of thrills and anguish. Like a pair of new shoes broken in by degrees until they start assuming the shape of the wearer's foot, adulthood has begun to feel familiar, if never entirely comfortable.

The Swarthmore alum looks back over a shoulder at the years passed in a nurturing nest of new faces, ideas, and countless "firsts." As they recede into the distance, those years can shimmer like a mirage of an oasis; it can seem remarkable that one was lucky enough to come upon such a place and drink so deeply, before continuing along life's journey.

But thanks to the written word, some graduates continue to quench their thirst through Swarthmore. By postcard and greeting card, wedding invitation, birth announcement, dashed-off note on monogrammed paper or company letterhead—and now by that most expeditious means of communication, e-mail—many relationships between professors and their former students are sustained. In a world that is not particularly nurturing, the urge to check back with a mis-sive of gratitude, nostalgia, or sentiment can be strong.

The art of correspondence has always held an exalted position in the

sphere of human relations. As Betsy Bolton, associate professor of English literature, noted via e-mail for this article: "In the early to mid-18th century, letter writing was privileged as something of a social art. Sample letters were printed in journals; women were said to be better letter writers than men, smoother in their construction of a written relationship."

How much fuller a picture we have of Emily Dickinson through her correspondence with editor Thomas Wentworth Higgins, through Robert Frost's fleshing out of his ideas about poems and the feedback he received from editor Louis Untermeyer? Gertrude Stein by reading the letters of Vita Sackville-West? Even Sartre's supercerebral heart must have pounded the faster when one of Simone de Beauvoir's heady missives arrived.

The openers to the following electronic communiqués, culled anonymously from actual alumni messages, sum up the mix of head and heart that characterize ongoing professor-student relationships:

I'm not sure if you remember me: I took your Whiteness and Racial Differences class.... I've come across a book that you may be interested in reading.

By Ali Crolius '84

**Photographs by
Steven Goldbaltt '67**

◆
How are things? I can't imagine Swarthmore is much the same with the changes going on (though we both know the old saying about things staying the same).... I've fallen in love with Robert Hayden again for an entirely different assortment of reasons. Particularly his hope (embedded in a neo-Platonism) and his unrushing dependent clauses.

◆
I am enjoying my job, and music is going well in Philadelphia. My current reading selection is *Snow Crash* by Neal Stephenson.... Next on the list is *Airing Dirty Laundry* by Ishmael Reed. Also, I am in the middle of Miles Davis' autobiography. Any new books for you?

For alumni who take the time to write, letters and e-mail can extend their education well beyond the tuition-paying years. As music major Ali Momeni '97 said of his frequent e-mail exchanges with the professor who sparked his interest in composition: "I'll tell you, since graduation, [Daniel Underhill Professor of Music] Jim Freeman has been an extremely kind and supportive presence in my life. I consider him a true friend as well as a great mentor, and I feel very lucky."

And for professors, watching former students mature into colleagues, peers, and friends can be incredibly satisfying.

"What's great about getting letters from students is that it makes us aware of the trajectory here," said Provost and Centennial Professor of Anthropology Jennie Keith. "As faculty members, we often never know the long-term results of what we do. We never know what sticks or what makes a difference."

Don Swearer, Charles and Harriett Cox McDowell Professor of Religion, maintains lively correspondences with several former religion majors. They range from annual family news swaps with John '76 and Donna Caliendo Devlin '78 to collegial exchanges with Anne Blackburn '88, Wendy Cadge '97, and several others. His experience echoes Keith's: "What's important isn't that we convey a body of knowledge but that we've made a difference in their lives. Being in touch regularly or sporadically confirms that."

The tone that weaves its way through the letters of recent graduates is often one of nostalgia, said Professor Peter Schmidt, who posts mis- sives from near and far outside his office in the Department of English Literature:

[I]t's hard to look at all of those pictures of lovely wooded glades, soft gray buildings, and such without feeling both nostalgia and envy.

As much as I love it here in Santa Cruz [Calif.], I do miss the Swarthmore environment.

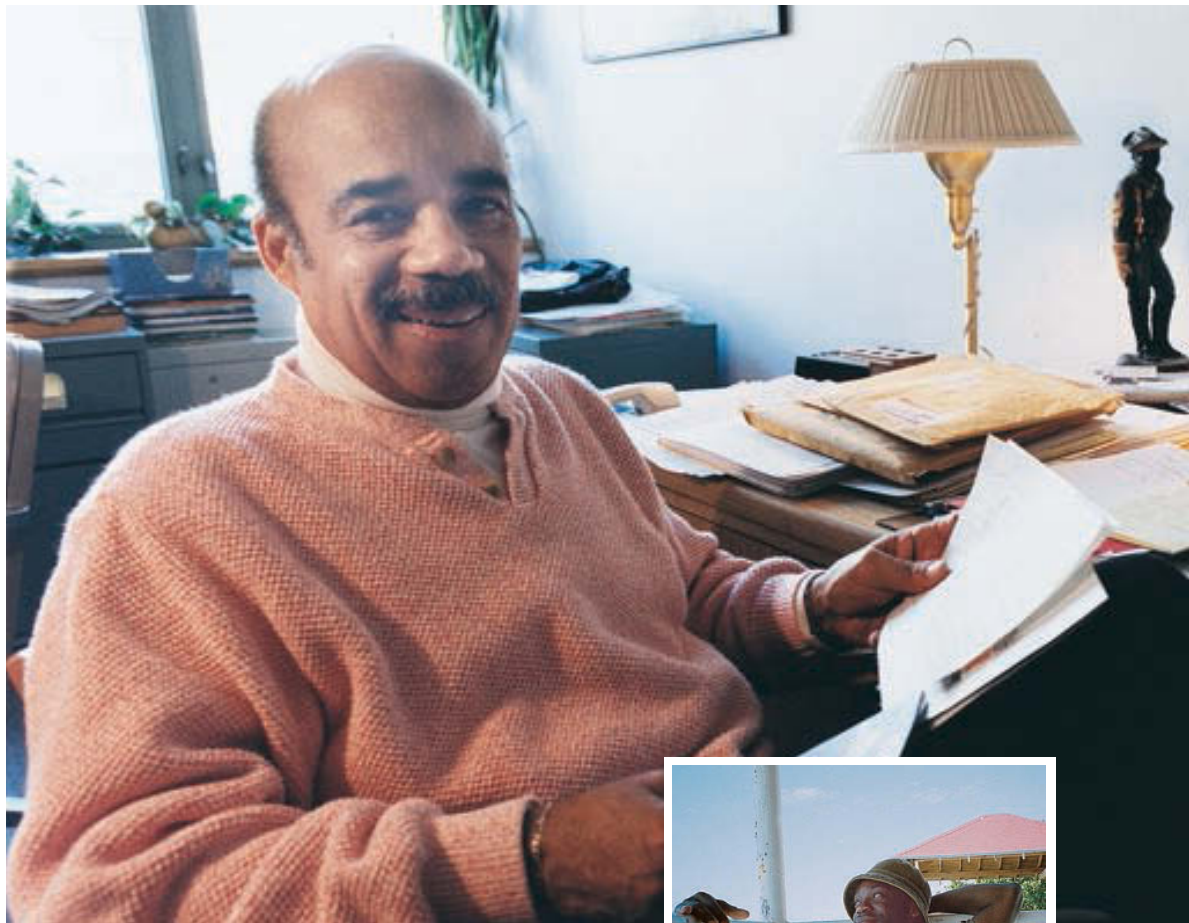
Aside from wanting my exam back, it was also very pleasant to read an e-mail about Swarthmore-type things ... a reminder of connections much valued in this urban jungle I'm in.

Like many faculty members, Schmidt receives equal shares of personal notes and those addressed to several impor-

tant Swarthmore contacts. Colorful travelogues mingle with requests for syllabi and recommendations, as in this e-mail sent both to Schmidt and his department colleague Professor Nathalie Anderson:

Dear Guys: Hey, how are you both? How's the semester shaping up? Nat: the house? Peter: the "guys-who-aren't-dead-yet" course?... I'm down in the Missouri Bootheel working like crazy on a couple of different social service/community history projects. There are kids in

my town (Canalou, Mo.) literally starving. Most of the older people have neither dentures nor teeth; 79 percent of the town's got health problems from the horribly contaminated water; the list goes on this way. Not the place to go for a getaway vacation, just in case anything possesses either of you to set foot in the rural Midwest.... I was wondering: I am applying for an internship ... with *This American Life*, a documentary (and funny) radio program.... They asked me for the names ... of a couple people



"I would also like to thank you just for everything," wrote an alumna. "Perhaps you feel that you've not done all that much, but I disagree. I've appreciated ... the advice you've given me."

One of Professor of English Literature Chuck James' (above) many correspondents is Ricky Phillips '96 (right), now a graduate student at Brown University.





they come to regard professors as a “weird blend of parent and sibling. They’ve been to your house, your home, so there’s a bond there—maybe more like a grandparent.” Swim wrote to let her Swarthmore “family” know that she had survived the tremors, going on to describe one of her jobs in vivid detail:



Between the tea/stationery store, there is a copy shop owned by Mr. Hoang, who I call “Hoang shu-shu.” His wife and children come over

every weekend to hang out, and the Chiang family and Hoang family seem to be extended parts of each other. On the other side of the copy store from us, there is a window to the school with iron grating that has been worn away in one spot, so there is a hole about the size of my forearm that we slip papers and drinks through to customers at their lunch and between-class breaks. It feels clandestine and exciting. Whenever it doesn’t require any Chinese, when I’m around, I help run orders back to the students, and it makes me feel like I’m in a movie or something. It seems like something that should be forbidden.



Schmidt says that his teaching load causes his replies to be “relatively terse,” but that he considers it a privilege to participate, however vicariously, in the lives of young grads. “I want to say that mail coming in from all over the world really makes me feel like a homebody,” Schmidt wrote about his ongoing relationships with students. “Folks can travel so freely when they’re in their early 20s; I sort of envy them.”

Still others expressed gratitude directly. In a handwritten note, Heather Schwartz ’99 followed specific thanks to Chuck James for writing her a

“What’s important isn’t that we convey a body of knowledge but that we’ve made a difference in their lives. Being in touch ... confirms that.”

—Professor of Religion Don Swearer (above), who has corresponded with Jenny Oldstone-Moore ’83 (right).



who could tell them about my writing, fatal flaws, and all of that. Would you mind if I gave them yours? Hope you are doing well, writing some, and even rolling up the Weinstein’s rug and shaking your respective groove things now and then—take good care.

—Mary Wiltenburg ’98



This postcard to Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot Professor of English Literature Chuck James and his wife, Jane, also goes beyond mere news:



Oye mi familia! This is only a slice of Mexico City. It is huge (28 million), the largest city in the world. And it is beautiful—pollution and all. The racism is horrendous though. And the sad part about it is that everyone is so busy trying to be a second-world country and the leader of South America to the

point that they—the Indians who suffer the most all the way to the Guerros, light-skinned Mexicans and whites—feel it is a small price to pay. Of course, everywhere you go in the world as a black, you are faced with the daily struggles of your difference. Even though some people know they’re descendants of Moors, Mayans, Aztecs, and Spaniards—everyone wants to be white. Go figure. I am surviving on this lonely planet though. Peace. Love,

—Keelyn Bradley ’99



The following group letter, beamed out by Elisabeth Swim ’99 to several faculty members and friends in the hours following last fall’s earthquake in Taiwan, where she is teaching English, illustrates Peter Schmidt’s idea that students stay in touch with professors as they might with family. Schmidt thinks

*Sir, more than
kisses, letters
mingle souls;
For, thus friends
absent speak.*

—John Donne, letter
to Sir Henry Wotton

recommendation with this more spontaneous outpouring. “I would like also to thank you just for everything. Perhaps you feel that you’ve not done all that much, but I disagree. I’ve appreciated so much over the past year or so the advice (or advising) you’ve given me.”

Economics major Phil Neiman ’85, now in investment banking in San Rafael, Calif., dropped James notes in longhand as he meandered his way from Wall Street to different law schools through the late 1980s:

◆
Ninety-plus [hours] per week ... the first quarter just ended; nothing like *The Paper Chase* in terms of pressure and nothing like Swarthmore in terms of mental challenge or excitement.

◆
A more recent note told James:

◆
I thought you might like to know that your teaching stays with some of us long after Swarthmore: I named my kitten Buck, after London’s dog, to whom I was introduced in your naturalism course. (The apartment is a bit small for a real Buck.)

◆
Neiman recalled by phone that he is quite sure he was not James’ most scintillating student but has stayed in touch anyway because “there was something about him. We clicked. At that age, when you haven’t had a lot of life experience, it’s not a given our ideas are going to be given a

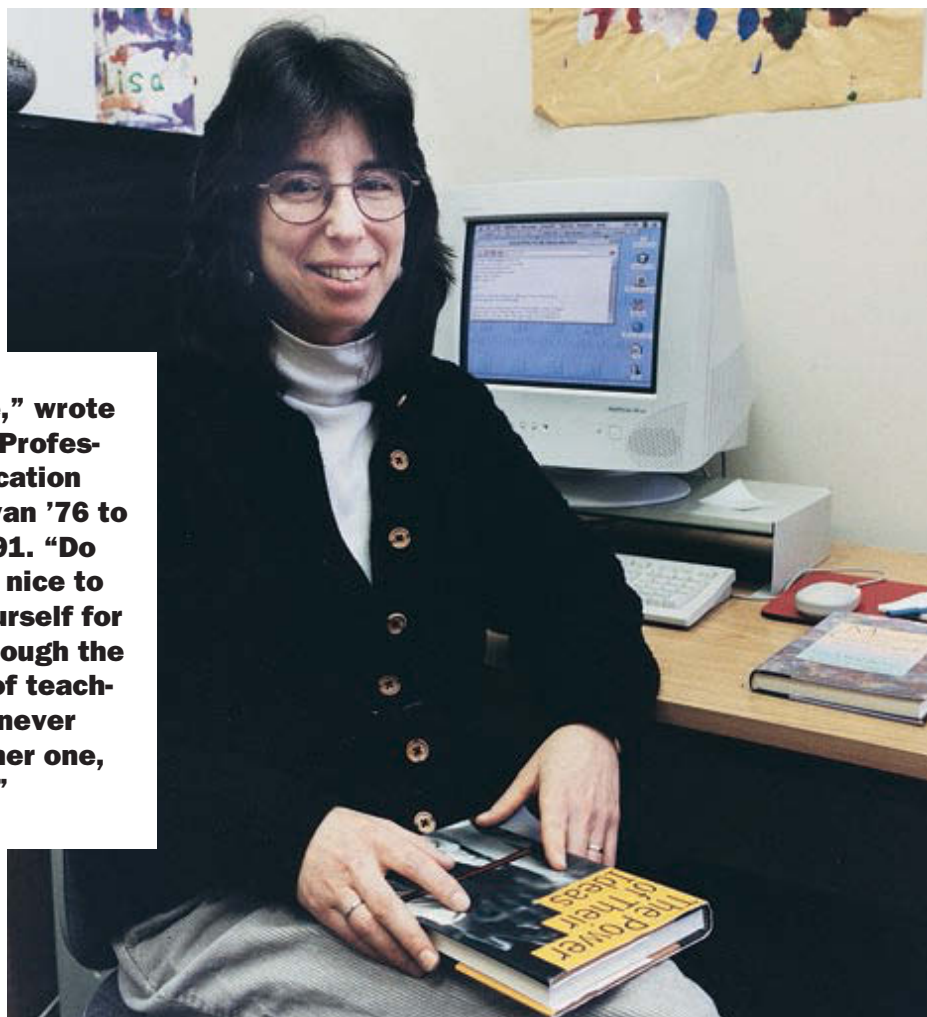
lot of weight. He let me go out on a limb without constraining me.”

Like so many others, Neiman regrets that he fell out of touch with Swarthmore when earning a living and raising a family became his priorities. But professors say that they do hear occasionally from students after a lapse of years, as in this word of thanks from Jenny Oldstone-Moore ’83, a Swarthmore religion major who was finishing a Ph.D. in the history of religions. She contacted Don Swearer for advice on traveling to Thailand:

◆
I enjoy thinking about the gifts both you and Kaori [Kitao, William J. Kenan Jr. Professor of Art History] have given me that made Swarthmore wonderful and that have lasted well beyond college years.

◆
If an alumna or alumnus and a professor are going to do more than touch base but really stay connected, it is often because the student has pursued the same profession and is on his or her way to becoming a peer. Chuck James continues to correspond with David Larzelere ’93, who as an editor of the new *Granger’s Index to African-American Poetry* (Columbia University Press), called on his former professor to provide suggestions for the anthology. He took the opportunity to recall times spent together, both in and out of James’ Modern Black Fiction Honors seminar:

◆
I hope you and your family are well, [and] that the elysian fields of my alma mater are peaceful and green. You know, I still have vivid memories of seminar dinner at your ... house, where I met your sharp and charming wife and was



“Take care,” wrote Associate Professor of Education Lisa Smulyan ’76 to Ed Varga ’91. “Do something nice to reward yourself for getting through the first year of teaching. You’ll never have another one, you know!”

Associate Professor of Education Lisa Smulyan ’76
corresponds mostly by e-mail.



Students stay in touch with professors as they might with family, thinks Peter Schmidt. They regard professors as a “weird blend of parent and sibling.”

Professor of English Literature Peter Schmidt (above) heard from Elisabeth Swim '99 (right).

royally fed and listened to music afterward in the living room—as I recall, a live Clifford Brown album that I’d never heard and haven’t since. I must say, it remains the best gumbo I ever had—no doubt about it.



James has also corresponded with Edward Varga '91, who tracked down the professor’s e-mail address after arriving in Oregon to teach high school



English and American literature. All it took to open the descriptive sluice gates was a simple question from James, “How are you liking the teaching profession, Ed?”

Varga, who teaches in a farming-going suburban town whose mentality is far removed from the Portland schools where he student-taught, replied:



The physical environment: 90 percent of the classrooms in our school are windowless. Ostensibly

this is due to the “east winds”; the more cynical understanding is that in 1968 somebody saved someone a heap o’ dough. The spiritual environment: the Christian right, homophobic, conservative atmosphere can be both stifling and inspiring. When the football players call themselves “The Clan” and claim that the [capital] C makes all the difference, I think, “I need to be here.”



Varga maintains a more regular interchange with Associate Professor of Education Lisa Smulyan '76. Thanks to e-mail, Varga has been able to draw on his former professor in regular doses, a resource he found especially valuable as he struggled to find his place in the conservative community. Smulyan shared from her own teaching experiences to lend him perspective:



Dear Ed: It sounds like you have your hands full. Did you know what you were getting into when you went to teach at this school? I know there sometimes isn’t a lot of choice, but you might consider looking for a school whose philosophy more closely matches yours.... My guess is that people feel threatened, and that over time they will bother you less as they see you aren’t going to make them feel worthless or wrong.... In my first teaching job, I was almost fired in October, cried my way through November, and was doing pretty well by January. I hope things even out for you at an even more rapid pace. Cheers, Lisa



Varga, who said in a phone interview that he was “still looking for a type of parental guidance from Swarthmore” in his early days of teaching, wrote to Smulyan in February 1998:



Just saying hello. I’m learning. I don’t want to know all of this, but I’m learning. My mother always led me to believe that my father [a teacher] was just being negative when he came home complaining and griping about the administration or reform.... It seems to me as I trip over the bags beneath my eyes that there is plenty to take issue with regarding “standards

*For professors,
watching former
students mature into
colleagues, peers,
and friends can be
incredibly satisfying.*

reform” and truth from those in Salem, as they say here in Oregon.

◆
Grueling as it was, Varga wrote in May 1998 to tell Smulyan that he was going back for more the next fall. Smulyan replied:

◆
I'm glad you've decided to put in another year. I think you'll find that some of the energy ... that was used this year just to survive will be available to you for more of the

things you want to be doing.... I'm amazed that you still reflect back on School and Society [Smulyan's course]. Somehow I assume out of sight, out of mind with my courses. I'm always surprised when students refer back to them! It does feel good though—thanks. Life is unduly crazy right now. First, it has rained for 12 days straight. Now I know that you Oregonians are used to that, but I'm starting to feel soggy. Second, last Monday, Amanda [Smulyan's daughter, then 7 years old] put her arm through a glass door pane—5 hours in the ER and 37 stitches later, I'm starting to recover too—probably the most horrendous thing I've ever lived through.... Take care—do something nice to reward yourself for getting through the first year of teaching. You'll never have another one, you know!

◆
Smulyan had been candid all along

about her challenges to balance her family and teaching demands, her struggles with her health, even sharing amusing anecdotes about her kids. Varga followed suit by taking a turn for the reflective in a letter early in 1999, suggesting that he had mastered teaching enough to muse on his personal life:

◆
My birthday's in a month, and I'm going to get a guitar. I need to play guitar and speak Spanish before I die, so I need to get a move on. This is my 30th birthday, the first true sign of impending age. I'm not old, but I finally get the concept that I will actually grow older. You don't have to feel sorry for me; you just have to humor me.... Teachers die and thrive by the switching of consciousness from student to student. The day flies when I have four million “important” conversations ... with students. That's the part I love. That's also the part that wants rest.

◆
Smulyan observes that teaching future educators lends itself to staying in touch because there is no way around the early blunders and fog of first-year teaching but to get through it. A little moral support is always needed.

Nearly unanimously, professors repeat that it's never too late to get in touch. If

you're thinking that a favorite professor will not remember you, or worry that you've been away too long and there's too much to say, or think your life has been too uneventful, write anyway. Right away. As Professor of Sociology and Associate Dean Joy Charlton noted: “Getting letters sustains you in what you do as a teacher. We all have moments when we say, ‘Is this worth the effort? Am I making a difference?’ Every-

one needs to know their work is valuable, and this is definitely one way of finding out. Really, it feels like a gift.” ■

Ali Crolius '84 is a self-employed journalist and painter who lives in Amherst, Mass., with her 8-year-old son, Ezra Shapiro.



**“Getting letters
sustains you in
what you do as
a teacher....
Really, it feels
like a gift.”**

*Professor of
Sociology and
Associate Dean
Joy Charlton*

The Drinking Dilemma

Swarthmore re-examines its alcohol policy.

It's Saturday night, and the music is throbbing in Paces. On the first weekend after a monthlong winter break, 200-plus students jam into the room at the back of Clothier Hall—part of the Tarble Social Center—where the International Club is throwing the first all-campus party of the semester.

Almost everyone is dancing. At a bar along one side of the room, student bartenders dispense drinks from white plastic buckets filled with fruit punch. A sign on the wall advertises “screwdrivers”—vodka and orange juice—but there is also plenty of Coke and Sprite to provide alternatives to the half-dozen bottles of vodka and other spirits that sit under the bar. Surprisingly, there is no beer, and to *Bulletin* photographer Steven Goldblatt '67, no student appears to have had too much to drink.

The room is loud, warm, and crowded, pulsing to the beat of the deejay's music, and companionship seems to be the reason to party tonight. After the liquor ran out sometime after midnight, the party went on unabated until 2 a.m. A normal Saturday night at Swarthmore? Yes and no.

For most students, college life routinely involves drinking. This information is not new, but some recent national studies show just how pervasive the problem is. One published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* found nearly half of all college students drink excessively, and that one in five do so frequently. The same researchers also found the subsequent effects of excessive drinking extend not only to the individuals who drink but to those



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

who do not; as a result, many must contend with drunken, sometimes illegal, behavior.

Swarthmore received a pointed reminder of the consequences of alcohol use on campus last spring. Borough police raided Delta Upsilon (DU) one night around 9:15, after a barbecue but, according to students, before the beginning of DU's “Margaritaville” event—a party that drew its theme from a Jimmy Buffett song that includes the lines:

But there's booze in the blender,
And soon it will render
That frozen concoction that helps
me hang on.
Wasted away again in Margaritaville
Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt....

Twenty-seven people—including 18 Swarthmore students—were charged with underage drinking. All subsequently participated in a first-time offenders program that exchanged community service and education for an expunged record.

The raid caught many people at the College off guard, including former Parents Council member David Singleton '68, who was recently elected to the Board of Managers. His daughter Sarah was a senior last spring.

“Having a daughter at Swarthmore for four years, I certainly wasn't surprised to hear that alcohol had been served at that event,” Singleton says. “What did surprise me was that, as far as I'm aware, this was the first time the borough police took that kind of action.”

For his part, Borough Police Chief Brian Craig says his officers have better things to do than issue drinking citations. “We don't go crusading to these things,” he says. “On every occasion when we've investigated, something has prompted our involvement. In one instance, an officer was driving on campus, and a chair was thrown out a window in his direction. That draws our attention.”

Although unwanted, such attention has prompted numerous campus discussions about the DU party itself, as well as a thorough review of the college's alcohol policy. The policy is currently the subject of a dean's advisory council review.

“The alcohol policy had not been systematically reviewed since 1994,” says Dean of the College Bob Gross '62. “The charge [of the council] is to review the

By Alisa Giardinelli

policy, make recommendations, and deal with the contradictions in the policy."

On paper, Swarthmore's policy is clear. It states: "Under Pennsylvania state law, a person less than 21 years of age may not purchase, consume, possess, or transport alcohol." All social functions where alcohol will be served must be registered under a party permit issued to two hosts at least 21 years of age, and failure to obtain and display a permit at the event "will result in the illegal party being closed down."

Along with party registration comes the obligation to have Party Associates (PAs) attend and monitor each party—a requirement that originated when the policy was last reviewed in 1994–95. PAs are students who are trained and paid by the College to check IDs, escort impaired students, and contact campus Public Safety if, as the policy states, "events get out of hand."

Each PA receives instruction on how the party policy works, how it evolved to its present state, and what their responsibilities are. "Two upper-class PA coordinators also set up role plays for them on some of the situations they might encounter," says Associate Dean for Student Life Tedd Goundie, who is responsible for the party policy and the PAs.

Although birth dates appear on student IDs, it is ultimately the hosts' responsibility to check ages—not the PAs. "Some hosts are better than others at checking ages," Goundie acknowledges. "But I know of some events where hands were marked with different colored ink depending on whether the student was over or under 21."

Dean Gross knows this does not always happen. "We can never come up with a policy that fixes the problem permanently," he says. "It's always going to be an issue. Eighty percent of the student population drinks. Only 20 percent are 21 or older. That tracks with national data. We see our primary goal as creating a safe environment for students to enjoy a social life."

Gross thinks the College's use of PAs is just one of several conditions that make Swarthmore a relatively safe environment. "We don't have residential fraternities," he says. "That's a plus, because the national data show residential frats as a source of abuse. We also have a fairly tight residential community where students tend to look out for

each other, and the norms among our student population do not favor heavy drinking. We have some real positives going for us."

But does that guarantee nothing will go wrong? "No," says Gross.

"I think we have a fairly proactive policy," adds Goundie. "But there will always be some finger crossing."

Professor of Physics Frank Moscatelli, a member of the dean's advisory council, thinks the current policy is far from perfect. "Our policy should be more than crossing our fingers," he says.

That was clear at the Margaritaville party last spring. Although PAs were

"We see our primary goal as creating a safe environment for students to enjoy a social life."

—BOB GROSS '62
DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

supposed to be present, there were none at DU that night—likely a combination of the party's occurring at the end of the semester and of the dearth of students who wanted the job.

"Last year, the PA program sagged," Goundie says, and there was no PA at the door. An undercover Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board (LCB) agent working with borough police easily gained entrance to the party.

Many think the bust could have been prevented had PAs been there to check ID cards and keep the LCB agent out because she was not a Swarthmore student. "Most people on campus are aware that it is necessary to have IDs checked," says Joshua Bess '00, a chemistry major from Indiana who served three semesters as the treasurer of the Student Budget Committee (SBC), which oversees student activity funds, and thus has a large role in financing student social events. "We don't exactly like the Ville kids hanging out at our parties."

Improvements to the monitoring system, including higher pay for PAs, is one

change brought about by Margaritaville. "This year, it's working better," says Goundie. "In addition to having lots of PAs, the student body expects that a PA will be at the door."

Swarthmore Police Chief Craig also thinks the changes have been good ones. "I haven't seen as many incidents this year," he says. "The parties seem to have been much better controlled."

A retired Philadelphia police captain, Craig doesn't see uncontrolled parties and drinking at Swarthmore on the scale of other schools. "It's not like it's a major problem," he says. "I'm very impressed with the [Swarthmore] student population. If there's a problem, it's a small problem, and what we're working to do is keep it to a small problem."

Swarthmore has not always allowed students such freedom when it comes to drinking. As an undergraduate in the late 1960s, David Singleton had a very different experience on a campus that was officially dry. "The college had an explicit no-alcohol policy," he says. "I can recall getting caught in my dorm room by my proctor with a bottle of something I had legally purchased in New York. He made me pour it down the drain."

As a result, Singleton says drinking was fairly covert, and parties often took place off campus and out of town. "I recall going many, many times to parties at a barn in Chester County," he says. "We would go, have a good time, and drive back. Was it better to push students to do this? It's a tough call. Even the consequences of the borough police getting involved pale by comparison with the consequences of a car full of kids plowing into a tree at 1 a.m."

Perhaps not surprisingly, most students think the College's current policy is fine the way it is. "It just doesn't bother me," says Julia Sable '00. "You go to a party, have a couple of drinks—normal, no problem."

Sable, an Honors English major, comes from Nova Scotia, where the drinking age is 19. She admits that may partly color her views. Underage drinkers at Swarthmore, she says, are "basically breaking the law, sanctioned by the College. I guess that should bother me. Does it make a difference? Not really."

Dean Gross accepts this view, albeit
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RESPECT

To get it,
you must give it.

By Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot '66

Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot '66, the Emily Hargroves Fisher Professor of Education at Harvard's Graduate School of Education, is the first African-American woman in Harvard's history who will have an endowed chair named in her honor after retirement.

Dr. Lawrence-Lightfoot completed an undergraduate degree at Swarthmore in psychology and later served on the Board of Managers from 1981 to 1989, when Swarthmore awarded her an honorary L.H.D. In 1984, she received a MacArthur Fellows Award, which allowed her to pursue creative work in her field. In 1991, author James Michener '29 established an endowed professorship in her name at the College.

*In addition to her tenured work in sociology at Harvard, studying the educational ecology of families, schools, and communities, Dr. Lawrence-Lightfoot has published widely. Her books include *Worlds Apart: Relationships Between Families and Schools* (1978); and the award-winning *The Good High School: Portraits of Character and Culture* (1983), *Balm in Gilead: Journey of a Healer* (1988), and *I've Known Rivers: Lives of Loss and Liberation* (1994).*

*Lawrence-Lightfoot, sister of Paula Lawrence Wehmiller '67 and mother of Martin and Tolani (the West African name that means "one who gives respect and one who is respected") traces the origins of high regard back to family models in her most recent work, *Respect: An Exploration* (1999). The introduction and Chapter 3—highlighting the mutuality of esteem and focusing on the positive exchange between teachers and students—are excerpted here.*

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Creating Symmetry

NO ONE OF MY GENERATION—baby boomers now in our middle years—can possibly read the word **RESPECT** (in bold capitals) without hearing

Aretha Franklin's searing declaration; her soul-stirring, heart-wrenching anthem. "R-E-S-P-E-C-T. Find out what it means to me ... Show me, just a little respect." Aretha, the Queen of Soul, sings to her lover, demanding a little respect from the man who has demeaned her, diminished her, and made her feel small and worthless. But we have made it our song. We are beating the rhythm with our bodies, in heartfelt empathy, in total identification. We are pounding our feet, raising our fists, flashing our eyes, and singing along. Every party we go to, every time we crash or jam or jive, we put on Aretha's "Respect."

Aretha's anthem is a women's wail, but the men shout it out as loud as we do as they join the groove. Here we are—children of the sixties—serious students, dedicated activists, hanging-out hippies, irreverent beatniks—wearing black and thumbing our noses at authority, joining peace marches and growing our Afros, questioning power in all its guises. Here we are dancing "Respect," demanding it, claiming it. At other times, our longing sounds more like a prayer: "Please dear Lord, dear parents, dear teachers, show us a little respect! See us, hear us, pay attention."

Aretha's voice fades into a vision of a beautiful little East African girl whom I met in 1976 while traveling in Kenya. She is four years old and speaks four languages with astounding fluency. I meet her, ask her name, and she tells me, "I'm Tolani." I love the name, its lilting, musical sound, and decide immediately that if I ever have a daughter, I will name her Tolani. Much later I discover the name's meaning. In fact, it is a West African name, used by *both* boys and girls; and it

means “one who gives respect *and* one who is respected.” How I love its meaning, its promise of symmetry, as much as its music. You get respect when you give it. When my daughter arrives four years later, I name her Tolani, and hope that she will live both sides of this resonant equation.

Thinking about my small daughter’s name sends me further back to my own childhood; to watching my parents operate in many spheres, observing the ways they treated everyone with the same evenhanded generosity and deference whether conferring with a university president or greeting the gas station attendant. Whether they were listening to an elder’s wise, weathered tales or deciphering the tangled story of a young child, there was always this clear-eyed, full attention. When my father died in 1986, my brother gave the eulogy, his intimate, loving view of a very public man. Chuck’s voice cracked as he recalled one of our father Charles’s loveliest qualities.

Charles had a natural air of authority about him. He commanded respect without ever asking for it. In high school, my rowdiest friends—the guys who stole hub-caps and crashed parties—were perfect gentlemen in my father’s presence. They’d stand and say “yes, sir, Dr. Lawrence,” and answer his many questions about school and home and where their parents and grandparents were from. It was much later that I realized Dad’s secret. He gained respect by giving it. He talked and listened to the fourth-grade kid in Spring Valley who shined shoes the same way he talked and listened to a bishop or college president. He was seriously interested in who you were and what you had to say. And although he had the intellectual and physical tools to outmuscle a smaller person or mind, he never bullied. He gained your allegiance by offering you his strength, not by threatening to overpower you.

My mother Margaret shared her husband’s quiet authority. I remember watching her at her work as a psychiatrist treating inner-city families at Harlem Hospital. I remember her sitting comfortably on a tiny child’s chair, pulling play people and cars and balloons out of her large African bag. Sometimes she brought a loaf of her homemade “Maggie Bread” to be offered in bite-sized pieces for a hungry child. I remember the way a child responded with trust to her serious, nurturant gaze. The parents’ bodies would relax as they listened to her soothing voice and began to appreciate the intelligence and bravery she saw in their son. Her reverent respect for the child and his family was always in evidence.

My interest in exploring the underlying nature of

respect is motivated by more than personal memories, however. I am also drawn to the concept because it holds increasing importance for public and private life today. When we worry about the deterioration of civility, street violence, the lack of decorum and safety in our schools, the invasions of privacy by the press, harassment in the work-



JOHN HANCOCK

The journey toward mutual understanding is not necessarily peaceful or comfortable. It is full of minefields.

place, and the dirty language and offensive gestures that fill our daily encounters, we often cite lack of respect as the reason that our social fabric is tearing. Likewise, when we suffer the private assaults of infidelity, emotional and physical abuse, even misunderstanding and isolation, we often see the roots of the pain as originating in disrespectful attitudes and behavior. Every morning the newspaper contains a story that echoes the words of Aretha's anthem: pleas for respect from people who have been violated, neglected, or ignored by loved ones, acquaintances, strangers, or public figures. Courts are filled with juveniles who have been thrown out of their homes and cast out of school for their delinquent behavior. The judge may or may not give them time in juvenile detention, but she will almost always give them a sermon on respect. In September, in almost every classroom across the country, teachers begin the year with admonitions and rituals that have respect as their central message. And parents lament the ways in which their offspring do not show them the respect that they remember giving to their parents when they were young.

In order for us to explore the rich phenomenon of respect, we must ourselves engage in respectful dialogue, one built on relationships that move toward symmetry and intimacy. Our dialogue captures our full attention, allows us to take risks, explore silences, and challenge our inhibitions. The attentive, healing power of such a relationship, the life-enhancing glow of respect given and gained, is an experience I would wish for all my readers.

Dialogue

*I have spread my dreams under your feet
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.*

—William Butler Yeats,
"He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven"

MAKING ONESELF VULNERABLE is an act of trust and respect, as is receiving and honoring the vulnerability of another. Such an offering of oneself aligns with Martin Buber's idea that a person who says "You" does not "have" something, but "stands in relation." Dreams, when "offered," do not become the possession of the other. They represent the trust and respect that forges a connection. Yeats's offering of dreams shows the power of trust and respect, as a generative force, in relationships. He also conveys the risk: how will it be received?

Kay Cottle, a teacher of middle and high school students, sees the mutual trust that is so crucial to teaching and learning. Her students begin to learn how to question, listen, and receive, when they feel safe enough to begin to take risks and to make themselves vulnerable to one another; when their ideas are offered as "dreams," not to be possessed by

anyone, but as a way to explore and connect. Five days a week, Kay tries to provoke dialogue, encourage risk taking, and sustain the trust in her classes at Weston High, an affluent, suburban school with a fine academic reputation west of Boston. Although Kay enjoys these students and is inspired by teaching in this privileged environment, her career—which spans over thirty years—has been an eclectic mix of suburban and urban, rich and poor, and white and black schools. In all these settings, she has earned a reputation as an inspiring and creative teacher whose intellectual prowess, eclectic repertoire, and passion make her a force to be reckoned with. "She definitely disturbs the inertia," says one of her colleagues with obvious admiration in his voice. In this school system, filled with an experienced and aging faculty, which "tends to rest on its laurels," Kay combines team playing with stretching the rules, realistic goals with idealism, and comforting rituals with risk taking.

Nurturing Inquiry

IN AN AFFLUENT SCHOOL SYSTEM with a reputation for excellence, Kay knows that teachers and administrators can easily begin to feel satisfied with the status quo. They may start to resist change as they adopt the habits and routines that have worked so well for so long. She also knows that if she *asks* for permission to do the offbeat and provocative things she wants to do, the superintendent or principal may balk, a reluctance often based on fear of litigation. If she goes ahead and does what she thinks is "intellectually and spiritually enriching" for the students—stretching their minds, raising hard questions—she believes that it will usually work out. Kay sometimes risks reprimand ... , but she is willing to tolerate the occasional slap on her wrist in order to teach in a way that she believes is challenging and productive for students.

Kay's focused attention is revealed in her subtle responses, and her probing questioning, which asks them to articulate their thinking process. "How did you arrive at these choices?" she asks each student in different ways.... Kay's students seem to be used to her style of questioning, which invites reflection, introspection, and criticism. They know that in Mrs. Cottle's class there are no right or wrong answers, only opportunities to deepen the dialogue.


In every class she teaches, Kay works to create a place for the "meeting" of minds and hearts; for communication—in all its myriad forms and guises. She claims that whether she is teaching sixth-graders or twelfth-graders, honors courses or heterogeneous classes, she always hopes for the same result: that her students will begin to experience the excitement of inquiry, the adventure of learning, and that they will begin to take responsibility for their own work. Her respect for her students makes her hate rote learning and work against empty rituals and classroom routines. She works for

student involvement and engagement, by provoking debate, challenging assumptions, and pushing the boundaries of learning.


Legacy of Trust

KAY COTTLE FEELS THE IMPRINT OF HOME in the way she crafts relationships with her students and “grows” respect in the classroom.

Her mother, Eloise Michelson, a portrait artist, had captured the faces and spirits of three generations of children in St. Louis. Her clients liked not only her artistry, but also her sensitive and perceptive way with their children. Kay



*Making oneself vulnerable is
an act of trust and respect,
as is receiving and honoring
the vulnerability of another.*



remembers how her mother would take several rolls of photographs of the children, and then go down to her darkroom in the basement to develop them. “I loved to watch her,” recalls Kay. “It was like magic, mysterious and wonderful.” Eloise would show the array of photos to the parents and ask them to choose the photograph of their child that they liked the best. Their choices were often surprising. Instead of the prettiest or most likable image, they would often choose the one that conveyed the child’s character or temperament, or perhaps those qualities that they wanted to see developed more fully. Kay would watch her mother help families navigate these sensitive and important choices. “She would always listen very carefully to them; she was always deeply respectful and very generous,” says Kay. The relationships allowed her to create portraits that were “not merely decorative ... My mother wanted to honor the preciousness and uniqueness of each person.”

Kay learned equally powerful lessons from her father, Eddie, who was a civil engineer and contractor.... Eddie was a man of few words who rarely felt the need to elaborate or embellish. But this did not mean that he had any difficulty communicating. In fact, Kay remembers admiring the spare-

ness of his language and the ways he dealt with everyone with great civility and fairness. “When he would be working with an architect, and they would have different views of the project, my father was wonderful in the way he would help the person see the problem, and find a way of solving it together. He had a way of mediating and communicating ideas without being dictatorial or authoritarian.”

The lessons that seem to have informed Kay’s teaching the most flow from intimate moments she spent with her father when they would go fishing, hiking, or camping together. Kay still savors these moments. As the second daughter in the family, and as someone who loved vigorous physical activity and the out-of-doors, Kay assumed the role most often taken by the son in a family. “We did things the sons would do.” She remembers, for example, going to football games with her dad, learning how to chop wood by his side, being instructed in fly fishing, and going for trout fishing expeditions in Colorado. They were always so comfortable together, an alliance and intimacy that was rarely spoken about, but one that had a deep impact on Kay. “He was such a wonderful teacher ... so patient and so skilled in choosing such few words of advice. I remember how he helped me retrieve and untangle the line. There was almost complete silence in that moment ... just patience and gentleness.”

Being the “son” of Eddie Michelson “made me more receptive, and respectful of, the qualities in male and female students.” She has no trouble, for instance, appreciating and decoding the more restrained, unexpressive side of many of her male students whose talk in class tends to be spare and unadorned. Neither does she recoil from the boisterous, male bravado and humor that often seem to be the counterpoint to their masked silence. Unlike many female teachers, she finds these characteristic male behaviors neither unattractive nor puzzling.... Having watched the passion underneath her father’s reserve and the deep connections he made with folks that didn’t require paragraphs of talk, Kay understands how such stereotypes might disadvantage boys and limit the legitimacy of their style in classrooms. She understands that dialogue includes talk *and* silence.

Kay’s teaching also embraces Eloise’s “more expressive side,” the way she liked to communicate with words and pictures to capture experience. She uses Eloise’s colorful language, grand gestures, storytelling, and emotionality in her teaching as well.

“Teaching in a heterogeneous classroom makes me always feel like *I’m coming home*. The variety, the differences feel very familiar to me since I was raised by parents who were so distinctly different. First I want to help my students enjoy the differences. I want them to appreciate the incredible variety of feelings and thought ... then I want them to work together to find a common ground.”

Forging Connections


ALTHOUGH THE GREAT CONTRASTS that Kay saw in her parents seem to have fueled her appreciation for the range and variety among her students, it is her relationship with her older sister that seems to have motivated her to find “common ground.” “We were very different,” she begins. “There was tension and misunderstanding in our differences. I was always active, adventurous. I am sure that she considered me childish and immature, and I sometimes felt diminished by that.” Kay is struggling to be fair, but her voice reveals the still lingering disappointment and the lost moments of intimacy. The differences that led to distance were never articulated, confronted, or resolved. Kay believes that the lack of connection and resolution with her big sister, whom she admired and always wanted to know and be close to, may have been an impulse behind her desire to help her students forge connections. “When you don’t fully solve problems that get in the way of a harmonious relationship, you find a way of recreating or rehearsing those in your adult life. There is a desire to play it again.”

Kay refers to the work and patience involved. “Respect has to be earned; it has to grow. Teachers must facilitate that attitude, that opening of minds.” As the months go by, the students become more familiar with Kay’s values and style, and more comfortable with one another. The conversation “deepens” and the discussion becomes more dynamic and authentic.


Kay wants to make sure that I understand that the journey toward mutual understanding is not necessarily peaceful or comfortable. It is full of minefields. It requires that people be “ready to put themselves out there.” The pretense of harmony never leads to the kind of vigorous questioning and “interweaving of ideas” that is the bedrock of respect. “To pretend to understand is a cardinal sin in my classroom,” exhorts Kay as if she is describing the worst possible transgression. “If you sit there passively, not learning, not taking advantage of the moment ...” Her voice drifts off as she remembers her own English teacher in high school. “She helped me learn that agreement and consensus are not always the best thing.”

“Real curiosity often gets knocked out of kids during their early schooling and almost disappears by the time they reach high school. I so much want them to enjoy what happens when you raise a significant avenue of inquiry or find a way of formulating a good question.

“Questions are my major mode,” says Kay. She is constantly asking her students, “How could you make this clearer?” or “How did you make the *choices* you’ve made?” She admits that her approach is partly fueled by her “rebellion against the autocratic style” of so many teachers. “I will not call on students or single them out or force them to participate,” she says. Such an approach can both humiliate students and diminish their power. She would much prefer to



*“Respect has to be earned;
it has to grow. Teachers must
facilitate that attitude,
that opening of minds.”*



create a respectful classroom environment that makes it safe for people to speak their minds, that encourages diverse views, that “questions authority” and “questions the facts of history.”

“I don’t feel I have to exert a disciplinary attitude,” says Kay. Quite the opposite. The respect she enjoys and projects grows out of a symmetry and mutuality all around, “a genuine appreciation of one another.” As a matter of fact, it is rarely a conscious concern of Kay’s, because the respectful regard among students is usually quite “naturally” expressed. Kay notices it only by its absence, by the “lapses” that symbolize a “major breakdown” in the usual patterns. When a student is “rude or uncivil” or mean to another student, or even when a student sits “passively” by and refuses to “buy into the process,” she sees a rupture in the respectful relationships. In the former case—of outright rudeness or animosity—she speaks directly and publicly about it. In the latter case of student passivity, the remedy is often more complicated and subtle, and usually private. She will find the student in the cafeteria over lunch (Kay makes it a point to speak privately with *all* of her students at some point during the semester), and speak with him about his reticence, urge his participation, and cheer him on. “The more you give to this enterprise, the more you will get from it” or “We need you! ... your contribution is valuable to the rest of us.” Often this private engagement works to draw out students. They feel seen, listened to, and challenged. They begin to feel known.

“I want a level playing field,” says Kay to express the symmetry of power that good teaching requires.

Storytelling

ANOTHER WAY IN WHICH KAY FORGES a “meeting” of minds and hearts in her classroom is through stories. One story invites another as the teacher and her students weave more and more human connection. “In lots of ways,” says Kay, “teaching is storytelling ... It is the place where lives can meet.”

During the discussion of magic and intuition mentioned earlier, Kay offers a story she heard: “I have a horrible story

that illustrates that point ... A friend of ours, about your age, was with his friend up in New Hampshire swimming in a river where there was a big rope vine that swung out over craggy rocks and landed you in the water. His friend took the first leap and crossed over the rocks, landing in the water. But when it came to my friend, he was feeling this big fear ... He grabbed the vine, *hesitated*, and fell on the rocks. He hurt himself very badly. *His fear and the ensuing hesitation* ... his inability to imagine himself doing it, might have led to the fall."

Kay's students are riveted by her story; for the first time they seem totally absorbed.... After several students speak, each contribution building on the last one, Kay concludes with an exclamation and a question. "... Can we see a distinction between seers and prophets and ordinary people who possess intuitive intelligence?"

Even though Kay recognizes the ways in which stories give shape, texture, and depth to classroom discourse, she also believes that teachers must be strategic and restrained in their storytelling; that stories can become opportunities for narcissistic excursions, for the teacher's catharsis and self-indulgence. So Kay tries to be very conscious about when, how, and for what purpose she might use a story in class. First of all, she tries very hard to let her *students'* stories, illustrations, insights, and experiences dominate the discussion. If their voices and perspectives are productively engaged, she feels it is "wrong" to interrupt the flow or inject her story into the discussion.... Kay also hopes that her students will see some of the values embedded in her narrative—loyalty, honesty, and friendship—that were being challenged during her adolescence. She also wants to make herself more accessible, more open, more real to them. "I want them to see me as human, as imperfect, as someone with feet of clay." She says adamantly, "I want to show my respect for them as peers. I want to treat them as friends."

Kay recognizes, of course, that there is some risk in being so personally revelatory. Students may begin to feel threatened by the intimacy or the passion; they may feel that some boundary has been crossed, and retreat from the discourse. Or they may feel that the teacher's voice overwhelms their own; that there is no way that they can match the nuances of her narrative or the depth of her experience. Or they may not be able to trace the connections between the autobiographical excursions and the larger concepts or ideas that the stories illustrate.

Kay also knows within herself the feelings of overexposure; the times when she has left the class with the aching sensation that she has given away too much; or when she suspects that the intimate storytelling might offend the other adults in the school who have a more restricted sense of what is appropriate classroom fare.

Kay, too, emphasizes the ways stories create intimate conversations across boundaries.... Because "blurring boundaries" is her "philosophical stance," Kay does not feel

the tension between head and heart, closeness and distance. She hopes that her students will develop a "passion about the beauty of ideas"; that they will learn to "merge these realms"; that they will "learn to talk from the heart." "Sometimes," she says, "I even think the discussion gets too intellectual; it needs to be disturbed and challenged ... by humor or passion, or irrationality."

As I listen to Kay, I feel completely identified. In my own teaching of graduate students at Harvard, I have thought about, and used, stories in many of the same ways as Kay does: as counterpoint to abstraction, as an opportunity for improvisation, as a way to develop greater symmetry with my students, and as a way to encourage the "meeting of minds and hearts." ... I use stories—selectively and strategically—as a way of grounding the abstractions, as a way of illustrating the concepts, and as a way of reducing the fear.

But I also use stories—as Kay does—to create deeper connections with my students, to reveal the universal human themes that we share, and to bridge the realms of thinking and feeling. As the one hundred and fifty students sitting in the lecture hall hear *my* stories—of awkwardness and confusion during my own adolescence, of struggles, humiliations, and tender moments with my teenage daughter, of learning a new computer program at age fifty under the tutelage of my thirteen-year-old son, each story embroidered into narratives that illustrate central ideas in the course—they begin to see themselves reflected in my experiences, and they respond with feeling *and* insight, passion *and* analysis. In these moments of personal revelation they also experience my vulnerability, my trust, and my respect.

Risk and Faith

ALTHOUGH KAY'S EXPERIENCES WITH HER STUDENTS at Weston High have been almost uniformly and mutually respectful, in her three decades of teaching she has not always been as fortunate. Respect, after all, grows best in an environment where *teachers* feel supported and nourished in their work; where the school culture allows a focus on teaching and learning; and where teachers feel able to foster trust, questioning, and risk.

For Kay, ... "Teaching is loaded with risk. Good teachers are comfortable with this. And adolescents often define themselves by testing, by flirting with danger, by pushing up against the rules and defying the laws of gravity. To be in sync with that, as a teacher, you sometimes have to take a leap of faith ... and you must often make the decision to leap in a millisecond. Timing is everything. There is always the possibility that it will not work out ... Of course, you would never knowingly take a risk that would hurt a student. No, the risks usually come from a different place. Risks are about the *teacher* seeming too open, too candid, too childlike to students ... so that it looks out of character with what students think that teachers should be doing. You are—quite simply—risking their respect." ■

*Somewhere in America a television
explodes / & here you are again (again) /
asking me to explain the broken glass.*

—Sherman Alexie, “Introduction to
Native American Literature”

Her class has the same title as this poem, and, not surprisingly, Visiting Instructor in English Literature Michelle Hermann thinks it is the perfect poem to discuss on the first day. But before Michelle decides to prompt her 11 students for their reactions to it, she takes time to explain the class.

“This is a Native American literature course,” she informs them, “but you won’t get ‘the whole truth’ about Native Americans. This is not an anthropology course. I don’t think it’s possible to teach a ‘people’ in a course. You’ll instead get a variety of Native American perspectives as they are presented in a variety of literary genres. This is the case with any minority literature class.”

Students learn that Native American literature encompasses more than 2,000 languages, nations, and communities, and spans an area from the Arctic Circle to the tip of South America. “So this class raises more questions about what constitutes Native American literature than a list of qualifications,” she says.

*You scour the reservation landfill /
through the debris of so many lives: / old
guitar, basketball on fire, pair of shoes. /
All you bring me is an empty bottle.*

The course is Hermann’s third since she arrived on campus last spring. Following Native American Autobiography and Earlier Native American Literature, this semester’s course examines writings by and about Native Americans in a host of genres.

“My primary goal is to broaden my students’ understanding of what constitutes Indian identity and experience,” Hermann says. “The experience is so diverse; I could never cover it in one semester. I want to teach everything, but it’s impossible to do that.”

Hermann wants students to acquire a healthy skepticism. “I hope they question everything they hear or thought to be true about Native Americans,” she says. “My classes are not correctives, and I’m not providing the ‘truth’. But they can learn not to take everything at face value.”

One thing they learn not to take at

face value is Hermann. While introducing herself to the class, Hermann describes her own background. “My mother is Seneca, and my father is German-American,” she says. She later explains that students often ask her, so she likes to anticipate their questions.

“I don’t think it at all authenticates my research or pedagogy,” she says. “My experiences and my anecdotes may be more interesting in relation to what we are reading, but I challenge the assumption that my statements are infallible based on my identity.”

During her personal introduction, Hermann mentions her teaching stints

at San Francisco State University, UC–Berkeley, and at San Quentin Prison’s college program. This reference raises a few eyebrows, even at 8:30 a.m.

“It was such a wonderful teaching experience, and so surprising,” she says. “A lot of my stereotypes of who I thought I would be teaching were completely shattered. A lot of the young men looked just like Berkeley students. They had a keen intellectual curiosity and were really excited to read different things.”

Hermann taught English composition at San Quentin for a year while in graduate school. “One student told me that at



Native Voices

In her Native American literature course,
Michelle Hermann teaches about identity and experience.

By Alisa Giardinelli

night, he used to sneak reading the Bible," she says. "Now, he said he sneaks reading James Baldwin. I thought that was great, that reading after curfew is prohibited but self-edifying."

Hermann sees the positive effects of her prison work in the college classes she now leads. "Teaching there made me more excited about teaching in general," she says. "I learned how to engage students and how to effectively use small group discussions. I had to make things like the eight parts of speech interesting, so I also learned to mix it up and not teach the same way every day."

Am I the garbageman of your dreams?

One of Hermann's passions outside of class involves beadwork and things she finds at flea markets. In December, she submitted an example of her own unique style of beadwork for a staff and faculty art exhibit at the List Gallery of the Lang Performing Arts Center.

"The piece had beads and shells and porcupine quills," she says, "juxtaposed with doll faces, the kind old ladies buy and make dolls out of. All of my friends, even artists, think it's the most hilarious thing they've ever seen."

Why dolls? "I never played with dolls, but I'm obsessed with the idea of dolls and how they shape our idea of beauty in America. I like to explore the dividing line between what is beauty and what may be a little grotesque or unsettling."

Her next piece follows a similar path. "I'm working on something now that incorporates beadwork and limbless Barbie dolls I found in a thrift store in Phoenix," she laughs.

Because you have seen the spine of the mountain / does not mean you made the climb.

Hermann helped make history at Swarthmore last year as well. This year is the first, in the more than 10 the program has existed at Swarthmore, that the College's Mellon undergraduate fellow is Native American. Hermann nominated Stacy Wagaman '01 for the fellowship and is now her faculty mentor.

"It's a bit intimidating, being the first-ever Native American invited into the program," Wagaman says. A hopeful double major in political science and English from Baltimore, she has already

used part of her fellowship to study Aboriginal culture in Australia.

Wagaman first got to know Hermann when she took her Native American autobiography class. "Her course was one of the most important I have experienced in my time at college," she says. "I frequently came out of class with my mind buzzing and wanting to talk about all of these things with my friends. The atmosphere she created was conducive to the best type of learning."

Hermann's influence on Wagaman has been more than academic. "I don't look overtly Native American," Wagaman says, "so I was tentative to bring it up in class. I didn't want everything I said to be taken as *the* Native American perspective."

Now, Wagaman says, that has changed. "More and more, I'm a lot more confident about identifying," she says. "Now I don't feel like I have to look Native American to tell people I am Native American. That partly comes from Michelle's class. She helped me realize it's a universal question—how do minorities function in mainstream society?"

Hermann knows what a tough question that is to answer. "I feel like I have a responsibility to students who identify as Native American," she says. "There are so few professors who are Native American, but it's good to have role models in higher education. I try to make myself as accessible as possible."

Wagaman credits Hermann with helping her decide to share her experiences with the College. "Knowing Michelle has been incredibly invaluable," she says. "I went to her house for dinner when I was thinking about starting a Native American student group with Aurelio Perez '02. Michelle was very supportive of the idea and generous in offering her own time and efforts. I was abroad last semester, but I'm going to give it an all-out go during this one."

Hermann understands the kind of role such a group could play on campus, having benefited from one while she was in graduate school. "At Berkeley," she says, "there was an organization just for Native American graduate students, and there were 40 self-identified Native American grad students on campus. It's great to meet people who are going through the same experiences. The onus to represent things in class is not always on you."

Because you sleep / does not mean you see into my dreams.

Engaging her students is one of Hermann's challenges, and she relishes it. Last spring, she took her class to the Indian Industrial School in Carlisle, Pa., the country's first off-reservation boarding school for Native American children. Although it closed in 1918, many of its buildings, and its cemetery, still stand.

"We were reading autobiographies," Hermann says, "including one by Luther Standing Bear, a member of the school's first graduating class. Visiting the school provided a living link to him."

In addition to learning a part of his story firsthand, students discovered this largely unknown aspect of Native American history. "The children sent to the school had never been away from home, and it took days to get there," Hermann says. "It was like going into the unknown. Often only a few children were sent to Carlisle from any one tribe, so they couldn't always communicate with each other in any language. But because they were children, they had a great sense of humor about it, and they learned different survival skills they never would have otherwise. I'd like to go there again this semester. That school is the quintessential one of it's kind."

In the end it will pick you up from the pavement / & take you to the tribal cafe for breakfast. / It will read you the menu. / It will not pay your half of the bill.

Before their first day in class, Hermann's students may have been more familiar with Sherman Alexie's 1998 award-winning movie *Smoke Signals* than with his poetry. But that soon changed.

"This class is exciting," she says. "There is a lot of give and take. You have to be willing to ask questions if you read something you don't understand. In any class, this should be true—but especially here because most students never learned anything about Indian history in school except for fleeting references to the Trail of Tears or Wounded Knee. Alexie and the other authors are asking readers to be more active and take more responsibility for educating themselves."

Michelle Hermann should know. She asks for that commitment, too. ■

Swarthmore's MATCHBOX FLAMES spark enduring alumni unions



Percy Bigland's painting Friends Wedding hangs in Bond Hall.

By Andrea Hammer

Quaker matchbox is “a play on words,” said Mary Ellen Grafflin Chijioke ’67, curator of the Friends Historical Library. “It refers to both the small size of the College and its proclivity for matchmaking,” she added.

Tracing the matchbox origins further, Paul Mangelsdorf Jr. ’49, the Morris L. Clothier Professor Emeritus of Physics who married Mary Burnside ’48, said: “Much earlier in the last century, many young people got married as soon as they finished College. Those who went to co-ed colleges tended to marry one another in disproportion, so any small co-ed college was a ‘matchbox’; because there weren’t many of these in the East, it was more noticeable here.” In addition, “Swarthmore, being notably Quaker in those days—the telephone operator addressed all callers as ‘thee’—this was the ‘Quaker matchbox.’”

Evolving from its strictly Quaker roots, which nonetheless influence many at the College, the matchbox now embraces a spectrum of alumni couples, reflecting the diversity of the campus itself. To represent the College’s match-making tradition, the following eight couples—one selected from each decade and categorized by the husband’s class year when relevant—describe the Swarthmore values that have shaped and guided their relationships, often enduring across generations.

The Torch Still Burns

The flame uniting John “Jack” ’29 and Evelyn “Sunny” Taylor Patterson McBride ’32, the oldest living Swarthmore couple, burned steadily over their lifetime—even though they spent most of their years apart. Sunny and Jack, former College sweethearts, were reunited just eight years ago after each of their first spouses died.

Their spark first ignited nearly 70 years ago, when Jack was a senior at the College, and he gave Sunny—who is “very proud of having graduated from Swarthmore”—his fraternity pin. But on the winding roads of life, his first job took him to New York, where he began a career that eventually led him up the ranks as a General Electric manager, married Elizabeth Posson, and had three children. In the meantime, Sunny Patterson lived in New York; New Haven; Boston; and Delray Beach, Fla., with husband William “Wick” Wicker-

FRIENDS HISTORICAL LIBRARY OF SWARTHMORE COLLEGE

sham '29, who was a self-employed manufacturer's representative, and with whom she had two children.

After Wick's death in 1976, Sunny traveled extensively to Paris, Stockholm, Moscow, Africa, Morocco, and Shanghai. Jack was living in Harrods Creek, Ky., enjoying simple pleasures like golfing and painting. In January 1989, Sunny settled into Bentley Village, a retirement community in Naples, Fla., extending her many active years as a fellow golfer and traveler.

When Sunny read in Class Notes that Jack's wife died in June 1990, she wrote him a letter, recharging the connection first formed in their college years. "The torch still burns," Jack wrote back to Sunny, leading to his relocation to her home in Florida and their second marriage on March 19, 1993, with a justice of the peace and five others present.

"We split everything halfway, and we're used to each other," Sunny said. Describing his bride as the person who has influenced his life the most, this 93 year old still elicits a whispered comment from his wife.

"Wait a minute," Sunny said as he passed by her before they headed off for an afternoon nap together. Lowering her voice, she said with a giggle, "He's a good kid."



John '29 and Evelyn Taylor Patterson McBride '32, the oldest living Swarthmore couple, reconnected eight years ago and now live in Naples, Fla.



Ben '37 and Elizabeth Stubbs Cooper '38, whose first date was at the "Sadie Hawkins" dance, have enjoyed a 60-year marriage.

An Overflowing Cup

Ben '37 and Elizabeth Stubbs Cooper '38 had their first date at the "Sadie Hawkins" dance, when she was a freshman and he a sophomore. "Swarthmore in the 1930s was a very close group of students," said Stubby, who was an English major and history minor.

"We did not have cars and stayed on campus most weekends. There was a social committee that set up events for us, including parties in fraternity houses," she said. "Collection was on the second floor of Parrish, where, after dinner, dances were held to record music." During this period at the College, when strict rules required students to be in their rooms by 10 o'clock, a "date" often meant simply walking around the campus.

Other common interests for Ben and Stubby included sports. He played football and lacrosse at the College, and she played basketball, field hockey, and tennis.

Both Quakers, Ben and Stubby attended the Swarthmore Friends Meeting while at the College. "We were married on

Sept. 23, 1939, in the Brooklyn Friends Meetinghouse, with many of our College friends present," she said. "We didn't decide to marry until we had jobs and could afford it."

Shortly after graduating with High Honors and receiving the McCabe Engineering Award, Ben joined General Electric Company in Schenectady, N.Y., as an engineer. He later transferred to a position with the company in Waynesboro, Va., where he and Stubby now live.

In earlier correspondence with the College, Ben, now retired, said: "Our business has increased approximately 10 times since moving to Waynesboro, and with it have come many satisfying years working with our people in accomplishing these technical advances.... In our personal lives, my wife, Elizabeth, and I have been very fortunate. Our family of two boys and one girl have developed well, are all married, and we now have a total of nine grandchildren. So you can see our cup is overflowing."

Stubby also believes that they "both benefited from our education greatly—helping us to raise three children to maturity and be contributors to our community." Their second son, Richard, works for Architectural Precast Concrete Co., and daughter Nancy teaches

Swarthmore placed an emphasis on values and looked for students who were committed to these.”

special education students. Ben '63, executive director of the Association of Oil Pipelines, also previously served as staff director of the Senate Committee on Energy and Natural Resources, forming government and energy policies and programs.

“Our oldest son graduated 25 years after I did, and we have reunions during the same years,” she added. Ben and Stubby have attended most of their reunions regularly over the years, and both have served as class agents.

“Trust and honesty are the basis of everything,” Ben said, and Stubby agreed. “We have also been lucky to have good health,” she said.

Saddle Shoes, “Sloppy Joe” Sweaters, and Hair Flowers

When Henry Leader '42 played Ping-Pong on the second floor of Parrish, Doris Morrell's ['44] curly black hair, saddle shoes, and oversized “sloppy joe” sweaters caught his eye. Passing through the Collection area, which was the student center at that time, to her dorm room, “Dorrie would have on a red sweater, with a red flower in her hair, one day; the next, she would wear a yellow sweater and yellow flower,” Henry remembered wistfully.

“It took me time to work up the courage to take advantage of the social situation at Swarthmore,” he said. But, finally, when Henry was a senior and Dorrie a sophomore, he asked her out on a “druggie date”—radically different from today's reference—for a fountain soda and a sticky bun at Michael's Pharmacy around 9 p.m.

To “neck,” they had to go to Crum Woods, where Henry kept running into a fence. But, like all good partners, Dorrie “helped him find their special bench.” Of his common bond with Dorrie, Henry said, “Swarthmore placed an emphasis on values and looked for students who were committed to these.” Supplement-



Henry '42 and Doris Morrell Leader '44, married for 53 years, say one secret of a good relationship is flexibility.

ing this thought and the rest of their story in the background, Dorrie added, “We had the Swarthmore stamp on us as a self-selected group.”

They were separated, though, when Henry graduated in 1942 and went to Yale law school. But Dorrie wrote a letter that “gave me new hope,” Henry said. Dorrie visited Henry at Yale before he went to war overseas. Then, they saw each other only when Henry had furloughs, and, for two-and-a-half years, while Henry served in Italy, “We corresponded until I returned in May 1946, by

which time we had become engaged,” he said. “Because of her organized mother, we were married three weeks later. I recommend that to anyone planning a wedding.”

After 53 years of marriage, 4 children—including Martha '71 and Elizabeth '73, and 5 grandchildren, Henry revealed the secret of a good relationship in one simple word: flexibility.

“Henry has been supportive of my work as a civil rights activist,” Dorrie added appreciatively. “We have grown and changed together.”

"Inner Light" and Simplicity

Charlie '57 and Anne Parker Odenweller '59 met on her third day at Swarthmore. One evening after dinner, each freshman drew a slip of paper from a basket, indicating a designated place to eat dessert. "My slip of paper said the Delta Upsilon (DU) fraternity, so down I went," said Anne. "I think we had name tags that included our hometowns; so when I went to the DU house, Charlie came up and talked to me because he had had a roommate from my hometown, Port Washington, N.Y."

They started eating lunch and dinner together almost every day and sitting in the parlors after dinner. "Charlie used to help me with my math homework," Anne continued. "In those days, no one had a car on campus, and we didn't have any money either. So we attended College sporting events and festivities at the DU house." They were married on June 20, 1959, just a few days after Anne's graduation.

An English major, Anne "was fascinated with the Quaker concepts of the 'Inner Light' and 'Sense of the Meeting'" at the College. "I was impressed with the commitment to a life of simplicity—and a life without conflict—and I admired Quakers for their serenity, inner peace, and carefully thoughtful approach to all things," she said.

"There are probably many other values that I encountered ... that are so ingrained that I don't even think about them. But the things that I have mentioned made a deep impression on me and have influenced the way that I interact, not just with Charlie, but in other situations where I have had the opportunity to be a leader," including 35 years in the Valley Forge chapter of the American Association of University Women.

Both Anne and Charlie, who was an engineering major, "treasure the friendships that we made at Swarthmore and keep in touch with some of our classmates and friends from other classes. We try not only to attend but to help plan and work on our class reunions, and we find those gatherings to be heartwarming."

Anne, who has worked as both an exercise instructor and an editor, said: "Whenever I see our Swarthmore friends, I feel that I can pick up where we left off. I feel comfortable with them because of our shared experience, and I



The Quaker commitment to a life of simplicity—and a life without conflict—has guided the relationship of Charlie '57 and Anne Parker Odenweller '59.

feel at home on the campus despite many new buildings and changes since our time there."

Now retired, Charlie enjoys travel, golf, tennis, pastry making, and other gourmet cooking. They are both proud of raising "three intelligent, responsible, daughters" and nurturing their 40-year marriage.

"Commit for the long haul," Anne said. "When the going gets tough, the

tough stick around." She also recommends choosing your partner carefully—"either someone like yourself or someone whose personality and strengths will complement yours."

Anne and Charlie, who live in Paoli, Pa., have also made each other and their family their first priority. "Always believe in the intrinsic goodness of your spouse, and be thankful for the life that you have together," Anne suggested.

"The State of Our Unions"

In *Swarthmore College: An Informal History*, Richard J. Walton states: "And before long, when the inevitable marriages resulted, Swarthmore, perhaps just as inevitably, became known as 'the little Quaker matchbox.' ... According to an Alumni Office report of January 1986, 1,067 Swarthmore women are married to Swarthmore men, or vice versa, making a total of 2,134 out of 14,592 alumni. This rather large percentage is no doubt swelled by a number of widows, widowers, and divorced alumni."

Mirroring national statistics based on data from the U.S. Census Bureau, indicating a 43 percent decrease in marriages during the last four decades, the number of Swarthmore marriages has also nearly halved since the 1980s. In January 2000, a total of 1,218 currently partnered graduates out of 17,190 living alumni were identified in Swarthmore records. The 1920s produced 1 surviving couple, representing the entire decade; the 1930s made 40 matches; the 1940s paired 129 couples; the 1950s created 191 partnerships; the 1960s marked 196 marriages; the 1970s helped 214 couples connect; the 1980s claimed the highest record of 260 matches; and the 1990s united 187 couples.

Supporting these matches, "The State of Our Unions: The Social Health of Marriage in America," a study published in June by the Rutgers University National Marriage Project, concludes that "most Americans continue to prize and value marriage as an important life goal." The findings of this study—suggesting that the marriage benefits of faithfulness, support, trust, and commitment "cannot be found in the marketplace, the workplace, or on the Internet"—are available on the Web at <http://marriage.rutgers.edu/State.html>.

Our years at Swarthmore were among the best in our lives.”

A Bond Melded in Social and Personal Change

Michael and Sherryl Browne Graves '69 met at a square dance during freshman orientation at Swarthmore. “Although I participated in the square dance because it was designed to get you to meet people, Michael played ball in the back of the gym with other guys,” Sherryl said. They did not have classes together during freshman year, but Sherryl and Michael started to socialize by both eating meals and going to parties together.

“There were a limited number of African-American students on the campus,” said Sherryl. Because Michael, a political science major with a black studies concentration, and Sherryl, a psychology major, connected early at the College, her “social experience at Swarthmore was a positive one.”

Michael and Sherryl were paired for most of their four years at Swarthmore. “Though we had been a couple for a long time,” she said, “many of our classmates predicted that we were the couple most unlikely to succeed, which was probably based on the differences in our interests and personalities.”

Marrying in August 1970, Michael and Sherryl later lived in Venezuela for more than six years, when Michael was vice president for Citibank. Now living in Greenwich, Conn., they have maintained contact with Swarthmore classmates since they left the area—both while they were in graduate school and then when they started professional lives and a family, including sons Daren and Camar.

Sherryl, who is chair of the Department of Educational Foundations and Counseling Programs at Hunter College in New York and has published articles on the effects of television on human behavior, and Michael, who is currently a vice president and global fixed-income analyst for Standard New York, Inc., renewed a more direct connection with Swarthmore in the late 1980s.

In previous correspondence with the College, Michael wrote: “Our years at Swarthmore were among the best of our lives. We learned a lot, became adults,



and fell in love.” In addition, “I learned to think and met my wife and best friend,” he said.

Later writing to the College about their 25th wedding anniversary, Sherryl and Michael wrote: “Our love continues to grow and deepen.” Now, after 30 years of marriage, Sherryl added: “Our relationship developed and was maintained in the context of social and personal change while we were at the College. This served as the basis for the long-term development and maintenance of our marriage.”

Also contributing to the success of their longtime bond are a sense of humor, complementary interests, and

Michael and Sherryl Browne Graves '69 met during freshman orientation at the College, while she participated in a square dance, and he played ball with other guys in the back of the gym.

rules about handling conflict. Sherryl thinks that other ways to nurture a good relationship are “not taking it for granted, accepting and acknowledging that it takes work, and being committed to maintaining a relationship with the person you love.”

Another major key, she said, is “forgiving your mate in the present so that you can be forgiven when you err in the future.”

Scottish Country Dancing and Crossing Generations

The paths of Don Cheetham '73 and Melissa Shaner '93, who graduated 20 years apart, first crossed in the Lang Performing Arts Center in 1993. During a performance of the Philadelphia Revels presented on campus, Don was a guest dancer, and Melissa was working backstage.

They soon discovered a common interest in Scottish country dancing, which each learned while an undergraduate. The dance group has a sizable number of alums and a fluctuating number of students; the 30th Swarthmore English-Scottish Ball took place in February in the Tarble All-Campus Space.

One of their early meetings was "simple and inauspicious enough," said Don, a staff attorney at the Montgomery County Legal Aid Service. "At a dance party off campus, I saw a new person sitting by herself. I went over and introduced myself to make her feel welcome. Because I was involved with someone else at the time, we had the opportunity to get to know each other without any pressure. Eventually, the situation changed; we began meeting more seriously."

Don and Melissa, who is development director with the Philadelphia Young Playwrights Festival, have been very involved in the Delaware Valley Branch of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society. They got to know each other at various parties, classes, and balls and were married on Sept. 12, 1998.

"Many of our closest friends, both as a couple and individually, are Swarthmore people, and they are committed to supporting us and our marriage, in addition to being sources of joy for us as individuals," Melissa said. Her attendants at their wedding were Kristen Jester '94 and Susan McCready '92.

Don Cheetham '73, who wore a kilt at their wedding ceremony, and Melissa Shaner '93 discovered each other through Scottish country dancing—even though they graduated 20 years apart.

"I think the Swarthmore experience had a good deal to do with why we are so compatible despite the difference in age," she continued. "It fostered and nurtured shared values, gave us a joint geographical and intellectual frame of reference, encouraged us to be open-minded about discovering other people, and tweaked our senses of humor in similar directions."

Don added: "What I find intriguing is that Swarthmore has selected people—over a wide span of time—with whom I find myself compatible." His best man was Geoffrey Selling '71. "I have many friends and acquaintances from the '70s, running up to current students. Much of this connection admittedly comes from the Scottish, English, and folk dance community from Swarthmore," he said.

In addition to attending and organizing many of the Scottish dance events held on campus regularly, both have participated on alumni career panels. Melissa is also on several e-mail chat

lists involving various groups of current students and alumni and attends Swarthmore Warders of Imaginative Literature events a few times a year to enjoy role playing and fantasy games.

As an extension of the Swarthmore experience, "Both of us have a tendency to intellectualize issues and problems," Don said. "Speaking for myself, and probably for her, I tend to overanalyze issues, options, implications, and sub-meanings.... On the other hand, we both will discuss problems, concerns, and future possibilities rather than avoiding them. It doesn't mean that all is resolved, but it does mean that issues are on the table, recognized, and dealt with over time. This approach has always seemed quintessentially Swarthmore and has stood us in good stead."

Both Don and Melissa recommend balancing the need for sharing and personal "space." Melissa added: "Keep your sense of humor ... and keep flirting."



Oasis of Safety and Support

Lacking the option of marriage, Assistant Professor of Biology Roger Latham '83 and Stephen Demos '84 date the start of their partnership to November 1981. "Even before we knew each other's names, I remember exchanging friendly smiles and greetings with Stephen on the paths across campus," Roger said. "We first met at a gathering of the gay student group. It was known as the Gay Student Union at that time and, a bit later, the Gay and Lesbian Union." They were regular participants in the group during their years at Swarthmore.

"As I was going through the process of coming out to roommates, friends, and family, I relied on the Gay and Lesbian Union for support," said Stephen, who is now a high school math teacher. "Roger and I worked together with a few other students on that year's forum on homosexuality, and one thing led to another," he remembered.

"Despite the fact that there existed a significant amount of prejudice on campus and that most of the gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgendered faculty were closeted at the time," Stephen

added, "Swarthmore was an oasis of safety and support that gave Roger and me a venue for a normal, unashamed, and confident courtship."

Stephen spent his spring 1982 semester abroad in Spain, and Roger visited him at his parents' home when he returned. "We had written letters back and forth while he was away, but I wasn't sure what to expect," Roger said. "I was surprised to find myself ecstatically, intoxicatingly, in love. From then through graduation, we were one of those inseparable 'dyads' whom you see together more often than apart, mooning over each other in their own little universe."

Since graduation, Stephen and Roger have lived just across Crum Creek in Wallingford and in Rose Valley, Pa. "Many of our closest and most enduring friendships have been with other alumni and with members of Swarthmore's faculty and staff," Roger said. "Steve has been a congenial and sociable faculty spouse, attending functions and faculty get-togethers and taking an interest in my colleagues and their families," he added. They also attend reunions regularly.

"I've always marveled at what a great

job Swarthmore's Admissions Office did at bringing me together with people who were to become some of my most important and lasting friends," Roger said. "Of course, we all chose Swarthmore as well as having been chosen by Swarthmore, and each of us gravitated toward particular individuals among our fellow students once we got there. Still, I give a lot of credit to the institution and to the good judgment of certain admissions officers for making possible the most amazing and fulfilling relationship of my life."

Roger, an ecologist and conservation biologist, and Stephen still share a strong activist commitment, which was nurtured during their college years. "I am heavily involved in biodiversity conservation initiatives with the Nature Conservancy, Natural Lands Trust, and other organizations and agencies," Roger said. "We enjoy doing some of this work as a team, especially when it involves spending time outdoors together." Stephen currently serves as a volunteer Delaware and Chester County coordinator for the Pennsylvania Gay and Lesbian Alliance, which Roger also actively supports.

They place a high priority on devoting time to both common—and separate—interests together or apart. "I celebrate him for exactly who he is and support him in being the best and most complete version of that self, with total trust that he will do the same for me," Roger said.

Referring to another key to their long-term relationship, Stephen also praises his "loving, committed gay uncles as exceptional role models.... They were there on Christmas morning when our family opened presents, and they are still there as examples to Roger and me in how to live life fully and joyfully."

In addition to warm and supportive families helping their relationship work, there is "all the usual stuff about love, trust, and understanding that we belong together forever," Stephen said. "But that third thing came with maturity and our shared experiences over many years, not with a vow."

In 1991, on the initiative of a close friend Jane Devon Stavis '83, Stephen's mother, and other family members and friends, Roger and Stephen had a celebration of their first 10 years together. "We're looking forward to our 20-year celebration next year," Roger said.



PHOTO BY STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

Assistant Professor of Biology Roger Latham '83 (right) and Stephen Demos '84 credit the Admissions Office with making their connection possible and providing some of the "most important and lasting friends" in their lives.

Swarthmore's multicultural community encouraged us to pursue an interracial relationship in a nurturing environment."

Ping-Pong Bounces Laughter—and Later Love— Off the Table

During the 1988–89 academic year, Serge '91 and Anne Danielson-Francois '90 first met during student orientation. Anne was co-chair of the orientation committee, and Serge was a resident assistant in training.

"We were introduced by a mutual friend in Parrish Parlors a few days before the freshmen arrived," Anne said. I challenged Serge to a game of Ping-Pong in the game room, during which we laughed so hard we could barely keep the ball on the table. From the beginning, an incredible friendship turned into an incredible romance."

Serge remembers Dec. 7, 1988, as their first date, when he invited Anne to midnight mass. "That night, we stayed up until 4 a.m., and I finally mustered enough courage to ask Anne to go steady with me," he said. "I actually used those words."

They dated for five years and were married at Swarthmore, with classmates making up the bulk of the wedding party and guests. Most of the College's biology faculty and staff, who were Anne's co-workers when she was a research and then a teaching assistant in biology from July 1991 to June 1995, also attended their ceremony. Serge, who is now a teacher and development director in Nogales, Ariz., also worked at Swarthmore after graduation as assistant to the deans and volunteer

coordinator from July 1991 to June 1993. "Both Serge and I enjoyed being part of the College in a new way," said Anne, who is now a graduate student at the University of Arizona.

"Although we have experienced prejudice as a mixed-race couple, the support we received at Swarthmore, while our relationship was just beginning, stayed with us," she added. "We were married at Swarthmore to celebrate the people and the community that helped strengthen our union. To be treated as any other couple and allowed to grow is something we treasure from our years at Swarthmore."

Anne and Serge, who have both served as alumni interviewers in Tucson since 1996, have integrated trust, respect, openness, and honest reflection into their marriage. "Swarthmore's multicultural community certainly encouraged us to pursue an interracial relationship in a nurturing environment," Serge said. "We consider our marriage a sacrament of God and a testament of God's

Swarthmore's supportive community helped strengthen the union of and Serge '91 and Anne Danielson-Francois '90.

love manifested in living color."

In addition, each has a deep respect for the other—"with a sense of irreverence that allows us to laugh at each other and ourselves," Anne said. They enjoy simple, quiet moments; a love of conversation and a "metaphysical need for good books," according to Serge; photography classes; and community service events. "We are constantly in conversation with one another and seek other hobbies besides spending hours in bookstores together," Anne added.

"I believe that a common educational experience, a common network of friends, and compatible professional aspirations have given Anne and me a marked advantage in this crazy little thing called love," Serge said. "I think we balance the other's strengths and weaknesses—our sum is greater than its parts," Anne concluded. ■





CALENDAR

Family Weekend
April 7-9

Alumni College 2000
May 30-June 2

Alumni Weekend
June 2-4

Alumni College Abroad
June 17-July 2

Cycling With Swarthmore
Aug. 20-25

Fall Weekend/Homecoming
Oct. 28-29

Upcoming events

Charlottesville, Va.: Paul and Mary Wilkinson Gaston '52 will host Dan West, vice president for alumni, development, and public relations, at their home on Tuesday, April 4, for an update on College plans for the future.

Chicago: Connection chair Marilee Roberg '73 and Parker and Julie Lange Hall '55 will host Rachel Merz, professor of biology, at the Mid-Day Club on Friday evening, March 24. Professor Merz will discuss her research and developments in the College's science program.

Metro NYC: Connection members will

attend a music and dance concert by Melanie Kloetzel's ['93] dance company on Thursday, April 27, followed by an alumni reception. The Book Club will wrap up its season with guest lecturer Professor Philip Weinstein on Sunday, May 7.

Philadelphia: Connection co-chair Bruce Gould '54 is arranging for alums to attend a performance by the Guarneri String Quartet at the Curtis Institute of Music on Sunday, April 9.

Pittsburgh: Alums will join Connection chair Melissa Kelley '80 at a Philadelphia Flyers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins National Hockey League game on Saturday, April 1. Provost Jennie Keith will discuss Swarthmore today at a reception Friday, April 28, which Melissa will host at the Rivers Club. Connection members also are planning a trip to the Pittsburgh Zoo on Sunday, May 21.

Portland, Ore.: Kenneth and Linda Habas Mantel '60 will welcome Robert Gross '62, dean of the College, to a gathering of alumni and parents on Friday evening, March 24.

Recent events

Metro NYC: Alumni Council member Ike Schambelan '61 invited Swarthmore alums to a performance of Moss Hart's *Light Up the Sky* by Theater by the Blind, which Ike directs.

Palo Alto, Calif.: Paul '62 and Iris Lang Brest '61 hosted Associate Provost Craig Williamson at their home for a conversation about his scholarship in English literature as well as current academic issues at Swarthmore.



The Folk Festival Reunion on Alumni Weekend will feature Jean Ritchie, one of the most acclaimed interpreters of folk music and a favorite at the original Swarthmore folk festivals. On Saturday, June 3, she'll speak at an afternoon presentation, "A Close-Up Visit With Jean Ritchie," and give a performance that evening.

Paris: Connection chair Robert Owen '74 and hosts Cathy and Thomas O'Donnell '69 welcomed Carl Grossman, associate professor of physics, at a cocktail party celebrating the revived Connection. Alumni and friends ended the evening with dinner at a restaurant.

Philadelphia: Connection co-chair Bruce Gould '54 and Marcia Satterthwaite '71 have launched a Philadelphia Connection Book Club. The first session featured Philip Weinstein, Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of English Literature. Connection co-chair Jim Moskowitz '88 hosted a visit to the Barnes Foundation collection of post-impressionist and early modern French paintings.

Pittsburgh: Connection chair Melissa Kelley '80 hosted two "Third Thursday Luncheons" at the downtown Harvard Yale Princeton-Pittsburgh Club for alumni, family, and friends.

Seattle: Connection chair Deb Read '87 organized a visit to the Seattle Art Museum for *An American Century of Photography: From Dry Plate to Digital*.

Boston Extern Program

Alumni and students gathered at the home of Roberta Chicos '77 to swap stories about their externships during winter break. Pictured (left to right) are Martha Hicks-Courant '77, Stephanie Hirsch '92, Ani Silwal '03, Xiao Chang '03, and Dmitriy Shcheklov '02.



Regional Swarthmore events are run 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. The latest information on upcoming alumni events and activities is on the alumni home page: www.swarthmore.edu/Home/Alumni.

College seeks alumni director

Swarthmore has begun a search for a director of alumni relations. Reporting to Dan West, vice president for alumni, development, and public relations, this person will direct the College's alumni relations program. Barbara Haddad Ryan '59 is leaving in August after eight years as associate vice president for external affairs.

Interested candidates, and those with names to suggest, may contact Vice President West by mail at 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081; by telephone at (610) 328-8285; or by e-mail at dwest1@swarthmore.edu.

Join Swarthmore's new On-Line Community

Swarthmore's On-Line Community (OLC) was successfully launched last month. Alums now can network electronically with each other, update bio-



Zan Cochran-Bond '72 (far right) hosted a postgame reception for the women's basketball team, parents, and alumni at Claremont-McKenna College in January.

graphical information, create a permanent e-mail address, set up bulletin boards and chat rooms, advertise businesses and services, announce job openings, and post résumés for prospective employers.

The Web site is password protected, so participants must use the ID that was mailed to them. Anyone who didn't receive an ID may contact alum-

nirecords@swarthmore.edu and give their Social Security number or date of birth to verify their identity. The ID will then be sent to them. Participants are invited to post their comments about the site, pro and con, to alumnirecords@swarthmore.edu.

The address and employment information is from the College's 1999 files. Although the Alumni Records Office is updating the files this month, participants are encouraged to update their own data to see how easily it is.

The Class of '99 had not graduated when the file was first saved, so these records won't be on-line until this spring. IDs and instructions will be mailed when access is ready.

In addition, the College supports a number of alumni listservs for class reunions and special-interest groups. For directions on how to subscribe, log on to <http://listservs.swarthmore.edu>.

Swarthmore Connection Chairs

If you live in a Connection area and have ideas for events or activities for alumni or parents, please contact your local chair.

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class notes

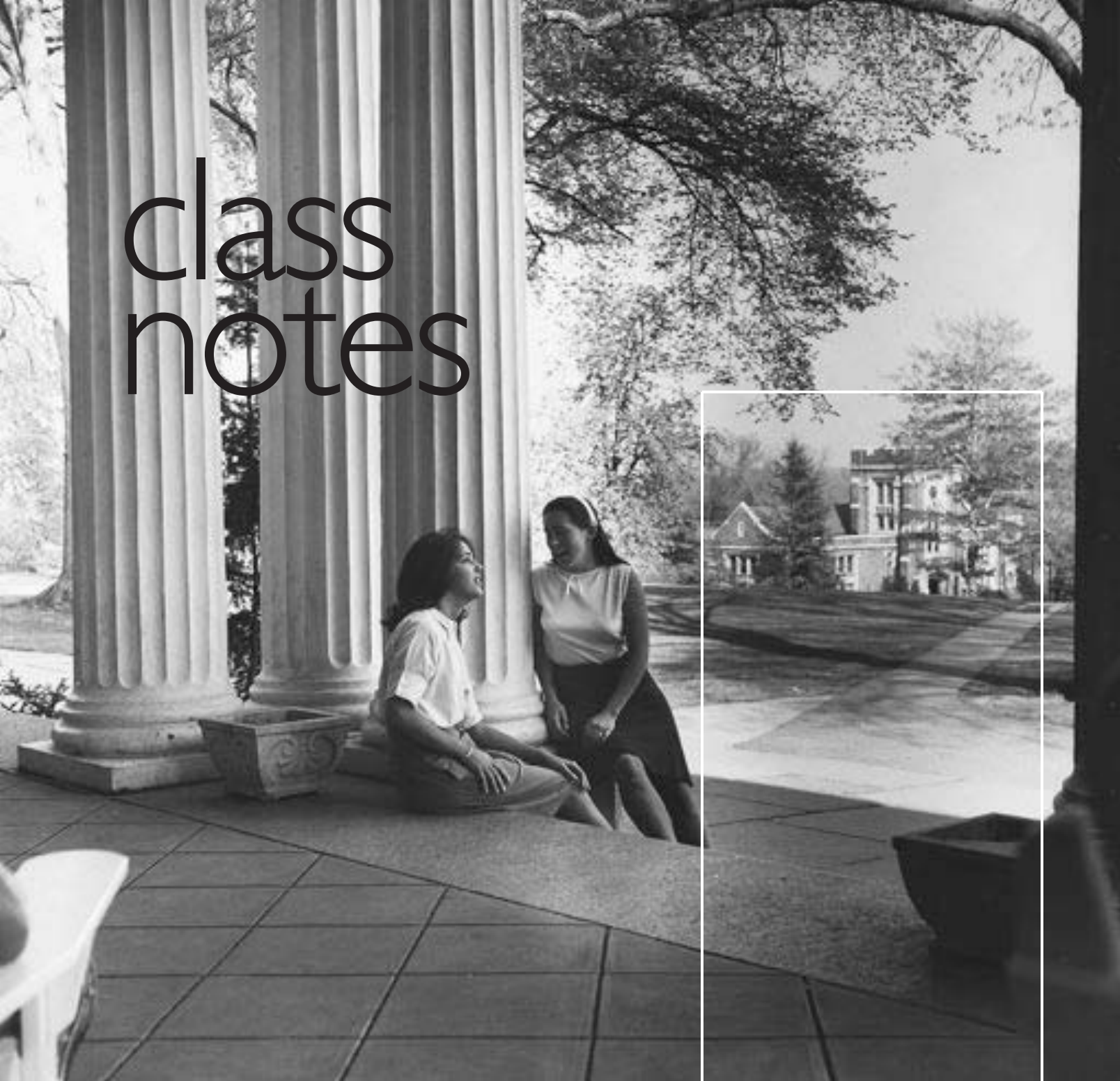


PHOTO BY PHILIP MAYER / COLLECTION OF FRIENDS HISTORICAL LIBRARY

Nancy Beall Jarvis '66 (*left*) and Georgia Weismiller Sargeant '67 posed on the steps of Parrish Hall in May 1964. In the background is the College library, which was replaced by McCabe Library in 1967. The old library, later converted to a student center, was destroyed by a fire in 1983.

Never stop learning

Joe D'Annunzio '49 earns a law degree at age 73.

It's not often that four generations of a family can watch one of their own graduate from law school. But Joseph D'Annunzio Jr. '49, who received a J.D. from the Florida State University (FSU) College of Law last May, was cheered on by his 49-year-old son and his 9-year-old grandson. His 97-year-old dad, Joe Sr., led the cheering section.

D'Annunzio, age 73, made history. He's the oldest person ever to graduate from FSU's law school. He put another first on the books on Jan. 1, when he became the first person of the new century sworn to the Florida bar—arranging to have the oath administered by the chief justice of the state Supreme Court.

That's after a career building a family-owned business in New Jersey, moving to Chicago to become vice president of a big conglomerate, running his own company in Minnesota, then moving to Tallahassee to work for a Venezuelan firm.

"I want to be useful," D'Annunzio said, explaining his decision to study law. "I've seen too many people retire and have no enthusiasm for life.... I'd be interested in prosecuting white-collar crime," he said. "Or maybe working for a trade association." Another possibility is public service with a state environmental or public utility commission.

Professors and fellow students mention some facts not on his résumé: He never missed a class, he wore a jacket and tie to school every day, and he was older than all of his law professors, except one.

In fact, D'Annunzio had some of his fellow students fooled.

"For the first several weeks, I thought he was with the Board of Regents, monitoring the classes," said Neil Mooney, a former classmate who graduated in December 1998.

"This has not been an intellectual exercise for Joe," he said. "He came to every class prepared, asking questions that indicated a deep understanding of



Not only is Joseph D'Annunzio '49 (right) the oldest person to graduate from Florida State University's law school, he was the state's first lawyer of the new century. On Jan. 1, he took the oath from Major Harding, chief justice of the Florida Supreme Court.

whatever subject was discussed."

D'Annunzio was born in Philadelphia in 1925 but grew up in Trenton, N.J., the state capital. There, during the Depression, his father opened D&W Blueprint Co., an engineering supply firm that was the forerunner of today's ubiquitous quick-copy shops.

In 1943, D'Annunzio joined the Navy, which sent him to Columbia University to study electrical engineering. He briefly spent time on a gunboat in the North Atlantic but saw little action.

After the war, D'Annunzio returned to his studies on the GI Bill, earning a humanities degree from Swarthmore. After marriage to a local woman that ended in divorce, he lost touch with the College but now says that Swarthmore "provided balance in my education. Between my technical education at Columbia and the liberal arts at Swarthmore, I had the beginnings of a proper education."

He also recalls fondly his stint as goalkeeper on the Swarthmore soccer team, with Chris Pedersen '49 playing fullback in front of him. "He made my job easy," says D'Annunzio.

After college, D'Annunzio went back to work for his father and, during the next 20 years, helped build the family business from a single storefront to four locations. In that time, he and his second wife, Barbara, raised a son and

two daughters.

In 1968, Joe Sr. and Joe Jr. sold the family business. D'Annunzio moved to Chicago to head a division of the Teledyne Corp., rising to vice president, overseeing nine companies that made everything from robots for car assembly lines to wooden pizza paddles, he said.

Upon retirement from Teledyne in 1991, he bought one of the company's divisions in Minnesota that made graphic arts reproduction products. Barbara ended up running the company, however, when he was asked to help a Venezuelan company set up a blueprint-paper manufacturing plant in Quincy, Fla., near Tallahassee.

After that assignment, Joe and Barbara sold the Minnesota company to its employees (according to their original plan) and bought a house in Tallahassee, making Florida their home. In 1995, he began volunteering for the Leon County Alternative Dispute Resolution (ADR) Program, which mediates small claims disputes.

"To learn more about ADR, I took a course at FSU law school as a special student—not expecting credit or to pursue further, but a little learning is a dangerous thing. I decided to apply the next term, took the entrance exams, jumped all the hurdles, and submitted an application. 'If you want a diversified student body,' I wrote, 'here I am.'"

One of his professors was Jean Sternlight '79, who teaches ADR. Her father, Peter '48, was a contemporary of D'Annunzio at the College.

After three years, D'Annunzio admits to being a B and C student at FSU. "I pay no attention to it," he said. "Scores are not going to determine my future."

"Stopping at age 65 would have been a mistake for me," D'Annunzio said. "One should never stop learning—that is the measure of vitality.

—James Rosica
Tallahassee Democrat
Adapted by permission

BARBARA D'ANNUNZIO

Television Debate

Jeffrey Scheuer '75, *The Sound Bite Society: Television and the American Mind*, New York, Four Walls Eight Windows, 1999

The latest addition to the distinguished lineage of American social criticism directed at the impact of television, Jeffrey Scheuer's *The Sound Bite Society* is both thoughtful and entertainingly scathing in its indictment of the televisual corruption of political discourse in the United States. Scheuer revisits some familiar points in the TV debate with a fresh voice and strong resolve, while also dealing with some of the wider changes in mass media during the "information revolution" of the past decade.

Scheuer's most convincing argument—the one that will draw the most attention to his work—rests on the thesis that television intrinsically simplifies political and social discourse. This point itself is not a novel one, though Scheuer makes it persuasively and comprehensively. He proceeds from this idea, however, to argue that conservative politicians and political causes are the natural beneficiaries of such simplification. Liberalism, he argues, is "serious and complex" and, as a result, inevitably "falters on television." He contends that right-wing politics, by contrast, flourish in what he sees as television's intrinsic superficiality.

This argument is certainly a twist on the oft-repeated and largely spurious claim that the mass media has a "liberal bias," and it offers a comforting explanation for the rise of right-wing politics in the past two decades.

In large measure, I agree with

Scheuer's eloquent, passionate, and unquestionably intelligent description of the sorry state of political discourse in contemporary America. Our lack of a vigorous public sphere, of rational political debate that faces complex issues in complex terms, is threatening our democratic future. Current political and social discourse on television and in other mass media does not offer the critically needed forum to exchange these ideas meaningfully. In these terms, a defense of the political and public content of television as it stands is a losing



Jeffrey Scheuer '75 argues that television intrinsically simplifies political and social discourse, and conservatives are the natural beneficiaries.

proposition.

However, it seems to me that one important step toward a more robust and democratic public culture would have to involve the cultivation of a new civility in public debate—a backing-off from the scorched earth tactics of the culture wars of the 1970s and 1980s. If so, to begin such an effort by characterizing liberalism as intrinsically complex

and conservatism as inherently simplistic—seductive as such a view might be—would not be productive. It is, I might suggest, a limited vantage point from which to start a call for greater complexity in our political discourse.

Pinning the blame on television for simplification (and thus the rise of right-wing politics) only makes this argument more alluring, given the depths of the American left's hostility to television. At the least, such an argument offers the same easy solace to liberals that "false consciousness" does to vulgar Marxian thinkers and, as such, is an illusory comfort that liberalism cannot afford.

Accusing television of being the root cause of any social problem also carries some deep evidentiary burdens, some of which Scheuer is aware of and addresses ably. Among the issues he does not address, however, is a historical one. If television in the United States has led to the relentless simplification of politics, and therefore the rise of conservatism, then was our political culture more complex, subtle, and participatory before the advent of television? And if so, was this golden age more favorable to liberalism? The short decade of the New Deal would seem to support some of Scheuer's argument, but the era before television extends back much further than that.

This work stands proudly alongside classic critiques of television

like Eric Barnouw's *Tube of Plenty* and Marie Winn's *The Plug-in Drug* and is deserving of a wide audience. My own deep skepticism about antitelevision polemics certainly colors my view of Scheuer's book, but it does not blind me to its many virtues.

—Timothy Burke
Assistant Professor of History

Other recent books

Leonard Barkan '65, *Unearthing the Past: Archaeology and Aesthetics in the Making of Renaissance Culture*, Yale University Press, 1999. In this book for art historians, scholars of the Renaissance, and readers interested in history and artistic production, the author rediscovers ancient artwork from the 15th and 16th centuries.

Robert E. Bartkus '68 (ed.), *New Jersey Federal Civil Procedure*, New Jersey Law Journal Books, 1999. Tackling some of the more arcane aspects of federal procedure and clarifying specific areas, this book examines New Jersey District Court and Third Circuit cases.

Robin (Smith) Chapman '64, *The Way In*, Tebott Bach, 1999. This collection of poems finds the "way in" through stories, drawing on childhood memory, family conflict, parent-child relationships, and divorce.

Philip Davies SP, *U.S. Elections Today*, Manchester University Press, 1999. Through the lens of the U.S. election process, the author observes the history and contemporary structure of American politics and government.

Gregory Gibson '67, *Gone Boy: A Walkabout*, Kodansha International, 1999. The author describes the murder of his 18-year-old son, expanding the inquiry into guns, violence, and the journey to manhood in America.

Alan Gordon '81, *Thirteenth Night: A Medieval Mystery*, St. Martin's Press, 1999. Drawing on the same sources that Shakespeare used in *Twelfth Night*, Gordon continues this mystery of misunderstandings and misperceptions.

Eric D. Gordy '88, *The Culture of Power in Serbia: Nationalism and the Destruction of Alternatives*, The Pennsylvania State University Press, 1999. Discussing

postcommunist transformations, Gordy describes the nationalist authoritarian regime that took hold in Serbia.

Catherine Embree Harris '41, *Dusty Exile: Looking Back at Japanese Relocation During World War II*, Mutual Publishing, 1999.

This tale about the Japanese relocation during World War II describes how a single ethnic group was uprooted from their West Coast homes and forced to live in crowded, hastily built centers.

Aseem Prakash and **Jeffrey A. Hart '69** (eds.), *Globalization and Governance*, Routledge, 1999. Contributors to this collection of essays on globalization examine strategic options available to firms and governments as well

as the political, institutional, and economic factors behind specific coping strategies.

Christopher Laszlo '80 and Jean-François Laugel, *Large-Scale Organizational Change: An Executive's Guide*, Butterworth Heinemann, 2000. In a book exploring the principles by which large organizations reinvent themselves, the authors highlight ways leading companies learn, adapt, and innovate in fast-changing environments.

J. (Peter) May '60, *A Concise Course in Algebraic Topology*, The University of Chicago Press, 1999. Emphasizing concepts that are central to developing algebraic topology and axiomatic treatments of homotopy theory, this book is aimed at teachers of the subject and advanced graduate students in math.

Rose Laub Coser, Laura S. Anker, and **Andrew J. Perrin '93**, *Women of Courage: Jewish and Italian Immigrant Women in New York*, Greenwood Press, 1999. This book highlights the stories of 100 Italian and Jewish immigrant women who settled in New York, exploring the ways they assimilated and differentiated themselves from mainstream American culture.

John Ridland '53 (trans.), *John the Valiant*, Corvina Books, 1999. This first full translation in rhyming English verse of Sándor Petőfi's spirited folk epic *János vitéz* includes an introduction about Petőfi's life and his place in the Hungarian consciousness.

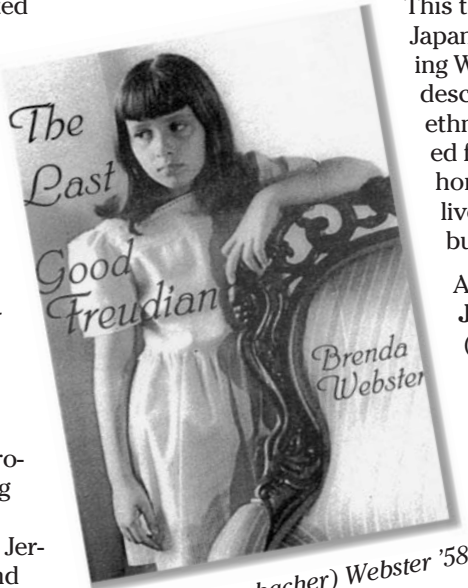
Ralph Lee Smith '51, *Songs and Tunes of the Wilderness Road*, Mel Bay Publications, 1999. This collection of traditional music for the mountain dulcimer links the people, music, and the Appalachian mountains world.

Brenda (Schwabacher) Webster '58, *The Last Good Freudian*, Holmes & Meier, 2000. This memoir offers insight into the subculture of psychoanalysis, focusing on ways the author achieved personal autonomy by freeing herself from a lifelong addiction to Freudian analysis.

Andrea Young '76, *Life Lessons My Mother Taught Me*, Jeremy P. Tarcher, 2000. This tribute to the author's mother—a respected advocate in the civil rights and children's rights movements—traces her legacy of truth, love, integrity, faith, and courage.

Kristin Camitta Zimet '69, *Take in My Arms the Dark: Poems*, Sow's Ear Press, 1999. Nominated for the 1999 Paterson Poetry Prize and the

Library of Virginia Literary Award, the collection of poems includes "Survivor's Christmas," "Wisteria," and "Metamorphosis."



Brenda (Schwabacher) Webster '58



Alan Gordon '81

Natural and man-made disasters seem so commonplace these days, we've come almost to expect the worst. But we never really prepare for it.

I've had a rich career involving television news, military service, and work in the defense industry that has led to travel on six continents in every imaginable condition. I've probably witnessed more than my share of misery and consider myself flea-bitten, cynical, and profane. Nothing short of the Normandy invasion, however, could have prepared me for what I saw in late 1998.

Just a couple of weeks after Hurricane Mitch wrecked Central America, I went to Honduras to fly with the U.S. Army and observe relief operations. The U.S. Southern Command, with headquarters in Miami, had dispatched Joint Task Force Bravo, with units from every service branch, to help put the region back together again. Our military people were part of a global humanitarian effort.

Boeing, my employer, builds the big, tandem-rotor CH-47 Chinook helicopters the Army used to get food and medical supplies to people cut off from any help by ground. We wanted to document these operations because relief work has become an increasingly important Chinook mission worldwide. Boeing colleagues Bob Ferguson, Will Morrison, and I spent a week flying on missions that lifted tons of grain and medicine into areas devastated beyond comprehension.

I also had flown with Army Chinooks after Hurricane Andrew flattened Dade County in 1992. That storm caused unimaginable property damage, and more than 60 people died. But Hurricane Mitch was more lethal and damaging. Virtually all the modern infrastructure in Honduras vanished, wiping out about a half-century of tentative technical progress. Rebuilding will take decades. We'll never know the death toll.

Our Chinooks flew over milewide river valleys buried under 20 feet of mud. Villages once stood along the streambeds. People by the thousand were under that muck or swept out to sea as floods ripped the landscape. The



Crying Ca

PHOTOS BY ROBERT FERGUSON, THE BOEING CO.



By Jack Satterfield '72

survivors, many of whom had next to nothing before the storm, were left barely clinging to life—no food, sanitation, or water except for the sewage they drank and in which they bathed. Boeing videographer Will Morrison, a rangy, tough former Marine and Vietnam vet, broke down and wept openly many times. Crying came easily in Honduras.

The Honduran government seemed to care not a whit about the people left stranded in the countryside. For the “haves” in many developing countries, life is often a zero-sum game. Experience teaches them that if others gain, they must lose. Consequently, many of the privileged hoarded what they could, not only to protect themselves but also to keep peasants under their control.

In Tegucigalpa, the Honduran capital, men with assault rifles and shotguns guarded businesses and homes that survived the storm. The scene reminded me of legendary Dodge City in the 1880s. In one case, I watched a Honduran Army colonel fire his pistol in the midst of some 5 year olds

gathered near our helicopter. As the children scattered in terror, the colonel explained that they were getting in the way.

Several districts in Tegucigalpa, almost all of them poor, also were wrecked. Relief workers told us heavy equipment was available to help clean up the ravaged city, but hundreds of students in hip boots dug away at the fetid mess with shovels. They said the government told them this would generate more sympathy and lead to foreign-debt forgiveness.

For every instance of deception and meanness that angered us, however, we also saw astonishing decency. Without the American soldiers, sailors, Marines, and airmen—mostly just kids—who came to help in hard-scrabble places like Soto Cano, Honduras, starvation and disease would have taken at least as many lives as did Hurricane Mitch.

Our servicemen and servicewomen, average age about 22, I'd say, lived without complaint in tents and mosquito netting through Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, and beyond, after leaving their own families on 48 hours' notice to save the lives of people they didn't know.

The unit with which we worked—the “Flippers,” of Company C, 159th Aviation Regiment, 18th Airborne Brigade of Fort Bragg, N.C.—delivered thousands of tons of food, powdered milk, medical and relief supplies, and hundreds of passengers, mostly medical teams and relief workers, to those in need. In one case, an Army crew flew their Chinook, capable of lifting 25,000 pounds, to carry a critically ill, 6-pound infant—the only cargo on that trip—to a hospital. Those four young men saved the baby's life.

I left Honduras with a mixed sense of anger over the ineptitude of Honduran authorities, astonishment that the American media and public seemed more interested in Monica Lewinsky than the Central American disaster, and pride in our military people. On my return, a friend said, “Welcome back to reality.” My response: “No, we live in Disney World. Honduras is reality. Tonight, when you go home, get on your knees, hug your children, and thank God you live in the United States.”

Only a few of the young soldiers with whom we worked could get into Swarthmore. Many of them probably will never set foot on a college campus. The same can be said of many workers at Boeing who actually built Chinooks, enabling the Army to save so many lives. What they did, however, is far more important than my meager attempts at intellectual development so long ago.

Those soldiers went about saving innocent lives with no sentiment, no self-reflection, no awareness of their own importance. The people who build Chinooks seem to get well-made hardware out the door to the customer with the same absence of indulgence and emotion.

The point, I guess, is that attending a fine college—and all the elegant theorizing in the world—isn't worth a bucket of warm spit if we don't *do* something to justify the space we take up on the planet. So, when the time comes for honorifics, I suggest, for a change, let us not now praise famous men. Instead, let's give the kids in Company C—at least the ones old enough to drink—a round of beer.

Jack Satterfield '72 is a communications manager at The Boeing Co. in Philadelphia.

me Easily

Only a few of the young soldiers will ever set foot on a college campus, but they saved lives.

Clockwise from above:

■ After Hurricane Mitch in October 1998, Jack Satterfield '72 carried a 50-kilogram grain sack in 95-degree Honduran heat. ■ Two U.S. Army CH-47D Chinooks, built by The Boeing Co. in Philadelphia, delivered supplies over the Honduran countryside. ■ Many people, especially Honduran children, were traumatized by Hurricane Mitch. ■ A village was buried under the mud in this river basin.

High expectations

Telecommunications executive Sherry Bellamy '74 strives to make a difference.

Sherry Bellamy '74, president and chief executive officer of Bell Atlantic-Maryland, has many shoes to fill. Representing Bell Atlantic's interests in Maryland with customers, legislators, and the business and civic communities, she rarely has time to spare. "The demands on my time and the need to adapt to several different roles and juggle several different issues in any one day can be daunting," she says. "But I'm never bored."

Bellamy grew up in Harlem, as the youngest of seven children. Attending New York City Catholic schools, she was a good student, curious and eager to learn. "Education was always emphasized in our home," she says, "and I saw educational attainment as a way to achieve a secure future." She was encouraged to apply to Swarthmore by a friend who recognized her scholastic performance and interests to be a "good fit." Her school counselor laughed at her, thinking that the school was "out of her league, as a poor kid from a school in the Bronx." Refusing to be put off, she applied and was admitted early.

For Bellamy, who graduated with a degree in political science, Swarthmore presented "an incredibly beautiful change from the streets of New York City and an intellectually challenging adventure." Musing on her College years, she says: "Swarthmore gave me confidence, stretched me beyond what I thought I could do, and allowed me to feel comfortable being 'brainy'. I have never felt more at home than in a seminar at Swarthmore, arguing over some arcane bit of political theory. Nothing seemed difficult after four years there."

Bellamy went on to obtain a J.D. from Yale law school, aiming to use the law as a force to improve society. Then, she joined New Haven Legal Assistance, founding a specialized unit to represent children. She says, "Growing up in Harlem, I thought I had seen most of the trauma that life can throw at the unfortunate, but I had never seen anything like the painful lives of these children." While representing three little girls whose mother was starving them, she became tearful when the girls asked her if they could live with



Sherry Bellamy plans to stay in the telecommunications business for many years.

her. During four years with legal aid, Bellamy paid a high emotional toll.

Ten years in the very different world of corporate law followed. Then, in 1991, Bellamy was recruited by Bell Atlantic and, only one year after being hired, she was promoted to vice president and general counsel of Bell Atlantic-Washington, Inc. During that time, she was instrumental in obtaining approval for the merger of Bell Atlantic with Nynex Corp., which, she says, was essential to Bell Atlantic's progress. She was appointed to her current position in 1997. One legislator with whom she worked, Casper Taylor Jr., Allegany County Democrat and Speaker of the Maryland House of Delegates, says of Bellamy: "She's very, very knowledgeable and proficient in the way she deals with government. She's a tremendous ambassador for her company."

Bellamy, who enjoys being a visible representative of the opportunity and diversity of Bell-Atlantic, is proud of being the first African-American woman to reach a senior executive level within the company. On the other hand, she regrets the fact that so many people make the mistake of labeling her "special" or "different." She says, "I usually take those comments to mean that I surprise them because they

expect so little of someone black and female. I am not exceptional, but I am lucky to have been given the skills and the opportunity to use the talents I have. People usually live up to expectations—it is racist and sexist to expect less than excellence because of one's color and gender."

Despite a whirlwind professional schedule, Bellamy still succeeds as a devoted spouse and mother. Raising four "great children" and creating a "great marriage" are more important to her than anything else. "While that may sound outdated, coming from an avowed feminist," she says, "without the mental and emotional support that I derive from my immediate family, I wouldn't be able to do all the other things that I spend my time on." Of architect husband George Bumbray, Bellamy says, "He helps keep me sane, by ensuring that I never take myself too seriously." They enjoy collecting African-American art, selecting only the pieces with which they "fall in love."

Bellamy, who is 47, sees her professional career as only half over; she intends to stay in the telecommunications business for many years to come, saying, "There is no other industry that is more exciting or changing more quickly." One of her goals is to lead her company into the long-distance business, from which it is currently barred. She's also eager to further a full-scale effort to ensure that all Americans have access to the advanced technologies evolving in telecommunications.

Bellamy's commitment to social betterment is undiminished by her corporate career. In fact, she says: "One thing my career has afforded me is to be involved in civic and nonprofit activities. I'd like to make a difference in whatever way I can." Among other things, she serves as director of the Kennedy Krieger Institute, where children with brain injuries are treated, studied, educated, and supported. And last December, Bellamy was appointed to Swarthmore's Board of Managers.

"Ultimately," Bellamy says, "I'd like to find a nice spot on a beach and read those few Michener books I've had no time for yet. But that is many years off!"

—Carol Brévar-Demm

In touch with the people

Aaron Bartley '96 is a leader of Harvard's Living Wage Campaign.

For more than a year, students nationwide have rallied against sweatshop labor, urging their colleges and universities to stop purchasing goods made under adverse labor conditions. Last spring, the anti-sweatshop movement at Harvard University took another turn when newly energized student activists began to look at wage structures and working conditions within the university.

The result: a "living wage" campaign that has confounded the nation's oldest and wealthiest university and led to a re-examination of how its lowest-paid workers are employed and compensated. The primary goal of the campaign is a \$10 per hour minimum wage for all Harvard workers—including those whose jobs have been outsourced in recent years to private contractors.

Aaron Bartley '96, now a second-year law student at Harvard, is described by *The Harvard Crimson* as the founder of the campaign, but Bartley gives credit more broadly, citing Harvard's Progressive Student Labor Movement (PSLM) as the source of the activism. The PSLM is a coalition of undergraduate and graduate students with ties to local labor activists and unions.

Bartley, along with fellow Harvard Law student Mike Mirarchi '97, has helped organize more than 10 public rallies. The 300 Harvard-employed custodians won a \$1.15/hour wage increase, which will bring their base wage above \$10 per hour by 2002. But, says Bartley, most food service, custodial, and security workers at Harvard are employees of outside contractors, some of which pay only about 60 percent of prevailing university wages.

As a result of rising rents and the high cost of living in Cambridge, Mass., says Bartley, many low-wage employees of the city's universities can no longer afford to live there: "The departure of working-class people has decreased the diversity of



Aaron Bartley '96 (left) and Mike Mirarchi '97 (right) think all workers at Harvard University should be paid at least \$10 per hour. Last fall, they organized a rally in support of university janitors (above).

our community. We think Harvard has a responsibility to pay wages that allow its workers to live in and be a part of the Cambridge community."

Mirarchi, elected this year to the *Harvard Law Review*, has created a Web site for the Living Wage Campaign, where a digest of articles about the movement and other salient documents about the campaign are posted. Readers can visit the site at <http://record.law.harvard.edu/~mirarchi/living-wage>.

The vocal campaign last spring prompted Harvard president Neil Rudenstine to appoint a faculty-administration ad hoc committee on employment policies. Rudenstine stated that regular full-time Harvard employees receive competitive wages and generous benefits, but he asked the committee to report on the status of the university's many part-time and contract employees, whose numbers have grown in recent years.

Although a political science major, Bartley says he didn't think much about labor issues as a Swarthmore

student. Yet after graduation in 1996, he joined the AFL-CIO's Union Summer campaign—an effort to introduce college students to labor organizing. Bartley worked with a local Service Employees International Union (SEIU) in Denver, trying to organize janitors in big corporate office buildings.

"It opened up a whole new way of looking at politics and the economy," he says of the "summerista" experience. He stayed on with SEIU for four months after the end of the Union Summer program, then worked with community and consumer organizations in Brooklyn and Cambridge before entering Harvard Law School in 1998.

Finding a like-minded group of activists in the PSLM, Bartley first joined the anti-sweatshop campaign, but as the university responded in positive ways to that initiative, the PSLM "decided to focus on something more immediate."

The group's public rallies and direct actions—such as loudly demonstrating in the office of the university's director of labor and human relations—have made it one of Harvard's most visible student organizations. One student told *The Crimson*, "they pay attention to us relative to the amount of noise we make."

President Rudenstine admitted in December 1999 that "the students have been unusually effective in making clear what the issues are."

The future of the movement is unclear. The university's ad hoc committee, whose members Bartley characterizes as "moderate and apolitical," has yet to report its findings. It is not known whether they will make any recommendations regarding specific wage targets.

After finishing his law degree, Bartley plans to continue his activism. "Studying law sometimes seems irrelevant," he says, "but it puts you in touch with a lot of good people."

—Jeffrey Lott

When the riots occur, the gentle and rational people who are more interested in the transcendental aspects of religion retreat into contemplation. Although this letter has dealt with Christian-Jewish relations, other religions have their own ignorant believers whose conceptions of religious teaching does not quite match the faith of the gentle intelligent believers and who are willing and eager to take action against those whom they conceive of as evil enemies.

ARNOLD KRELL '49
Cherry Hill, N.J.

DELIVER US FROM EVIL

I am writing to comment on the letter "Joys of Judaism" by Elliot Wachman '83 (December 1999, responding to

"In My Life," September 1999).

It is heartwarming to be reminded that some children can grow up with a set of all-encompassing concrete values, protected from the evils of contemporary mass culture.

But this shelter may not be absolute. For instance, there is the case of Baruch Goldstein, who in February 1994 machine-gunned a group of Muslims (including women and children) at prayer in Hebron. To the rest of the civilized world, this was a case of mass murder—and so it was for many of Mr. Wachman's co-religionists. But for a significant number who outwardly share the same beliefs and practices, it was nothing of the sort but rather the noble

act of a martyr and saint. They still venerate Goldstein's memory at his tomb.

So Mr. Wachman has a choice. Either he must face the question: "Is there something lacking in my total system of belief, so that it does not protect people from the grievous error of confusing mass murder with martyrdom?" Alternatively, those who venerate the memory of Baruch Goldstein would be prudent indeed to protect their children from the corrupting influence of Swarthmore College and all it represents.

JERRY RAVETZ '50
London, England

CORRECTIONS

■ Not every member of the Board of Managers is a graduate of the College, as

reported in "Parlor Talk," December 1999. James Noyes of Savannah, Ga., father of Julie '95, has served on the Board since 1990. ■ The photo of Chinese naval officers on page 36 came from the papers of George Thom, former professor of engineering. It was donated by his daughter, Marjorie Thom Argo '57. ■ In our book reviews, we failed to mention that Andrea Bixler '91 was a contributor to *The Smithsonian Book of North American Mammals*, edited by Don Wilson and Sue Willis Ruff '60. ■ And a letter from Samuel Hynes reminds us that although we mentioned Daniel Hoffman's son in our "Collection" article, we didn't say that his daughter, Joanna, is a member of the Class of 1974.

To the Scientifically Minded

By Jesse Herman Holmes

For a large number of people of Christendom, especially for those trained in scientific thinking, the great organized Christian churches are failing to supply the needed religious element. The trend of our time is scientific. It is impossible for a religion that ignores or opposes this tendency to serve the purposes of all who receive modern education....

This letter calls your attention to the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. This society makes no claim to be a church in the sense of assuming authority to settle questions of doctrine or of historic fact. We are a *society of friends* whose members owe each other friendliness and claim no authority one over another. We have no formal creed, and such unity as we have—and we have a great deal—is due to the fact that reasonable minds working on the same materials are likely to arrive at similar conclusions. However, we demand no unity of opinion, and we find both interest and stimulus in our many differences.

Most Friends agree that the Sermon on the Mount presents the highest ideal for a way of life; this we accept not only on authority from without but mainly as conviction from within. We thus unite on a common purpose; a human society organized on a basis of good will and friendliness.... Our objective determines for us the meaning of *right* and *wrong*. *Right* is that which serves the common purpose, *wrong* is that which hinders or thwarts it. It is the standard by which we undertake to test the organization of society, international policies, and indeed all human conduct and institutions. Our opposition to war is

based on the conviction that war hinders the development of the world family; yet we do not exclude from membership those who do not have that conviction....

We have deferred until this point the use of the word "god"—a word of diverse and uncertain meaning. To us, "god" means a unifying influence, which makes men long for a brotherly world; which tends to bind men together in unity. Our religion is built on such experience as the chief imperative of life. We have never been very particular about names; we have called this element of life the Seed, the Inner Light, the In-speaking Voice, the Christ Within, the Word. We are willing to have still other names: "The power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," The Hidden Dynamo, The Super-self, The World-father, all seem to be proper symbolisms....

Whatever God may be and whatever life may mean, we are not insured against loss, suffering, and death. But there is an element of life greater than our normal everyday selves, which enables us to rise above loss and suffering and to face life and death without fear....

The Religious Society of Friends is a group of people of good will, working together for mutual support in making the God-element of life the commanding element. We never altogether succeed in doing this, but the effort is an essential part of our religion. It is only by squarely facing what is that man may hope to accomplish what may be: wherefore religion as we understand it has nothing to fear from science. Indeed, we welcome every extension of mental horizon, every new discovery as to the nature of the world we live in.

First published in The Friends Intelligencer, 1928. Adapted by permission of the Friends Journal.

DRINKING ...

Continued from page 21

reluctantly. "Is there underage drinking going on? Yes," he says. "Attempts to squelch it drive it underground, [which results in] just as much or more drinking in ways that can't be monitored. It's a dilemma all colleges deal with, and it has gotten more acute as a result of public pressures."

In addition to the problems posed by underage drinking, another vexing issue came to the attention of the dean's advisory committee as a result of Margaritaville—the use of student activities money to purchase alcohol for Swarthmore parties. Although expressly prohibited by College policy, it is no secret among students that party organizers routinely use actual or falsified receipts for food, nonalcoholic beverages, decorations, bands, or deejays to be reimbursed from student activity funds for expenditures that actually go to the purchase of alcohol. Some find this aspect of the issue to be the most troubling.

"This disturbs me and my faculty cohorts more than the drinking," says Moscatelli. "This elaborate system of nods and winks about receipts—it's so open and well known and not [indicative of] an ethical, intelligent environment."

Moscatelli is not alone in his view. "I'm not bothered by underage drinking," says fellow advisory council member Timothy Burke, an assistant professor of history. "But I am bothered by an organized regime for cheating the system. I think that's a lousy lesson for life."

"It may seem hypocritical for me to say that I agree totally," says Josh Bess, who was the SBC treasurer when Margaritaville occurred. "In the eyes of many, the SBC Office is the enabler for the system. As a student who drinks and has probably benefited from the system, I personally don't think people should complain. But I think that anyone who cared enough to really make an issue out of it would be entirely within reason."

Most students, however, are not bothered by how alcohol at Swarthmore parties is financed. Laura Farra '01, a psychobiology major from Winchester, Va., is the new SBC treasurer. "While the

students are often amazed at the amount of money that is given to groups to throw parties," she says, "they tend to be more concerned with bands and deejays than with food or drink."

The relatively free availability of alcohol at Swarthmore parties, although not new, is unusual. "The party scene at Swarthmore is pretty unique as far as I can tell," Bess says. "I haven't met anyone from another school where people can get money to throw all-campus parties. As far as the presence of alcohol goes, I think it's easier to get it here than at many schools, regardless of who pays for it."

Members of the Student Budget Committee are "on the fence." They're supposed to finance parties in a fair and legal manner but are also expected to help fellow students have a good time.

Amounts of alcohol at parties can vary considerably—from the three kegs and a dozen bottles of liquor confiscated at Margaritaville to the half-dozen bottles of liquor at the International Club party this semester at Paces. But whatever the amount, who pays for the drinks remains an issue.

Having served three semesters as SBC treasurer, Bess thinks "sitting on a fence" should be part of the job description, and he's reluctant to speak too candidly for fear of jeopardizing student authority over the funds. "On one hand," he says, "the people who work in the SBC Office are supposed to make sure that the money is spent in a fair and legal manner. On the other, they are supposed to help the rest of the student body have a good time. But we also

have to answer to the administration and try to do things that are in the best interest of the College as an institution."

Further complicating the issue is the Swarthmore tradition that all campus events are free to students and thus fully financed by College or student activities funds. Timothy Burke questions this arrangement.

"I've been taken aback by the idea of free booze as an entitlement," he says. "If Swarthmore students can spend 5 bucks a week on coffee, it wouldn't hurt them to pool 5 or 10 bucks a week for booze."

How to control the activities fund is a perplexing question for administrators. "Short of having people going to every party inventorying how much was spent on food, decorations, or music ... we're still scratching our heads," says Associate Dean Goundie.

Bess thinks that asking students to take on such a responsibility is out of the question: "I think I speak for all [students] when I say that I enjoy my social life and would not be willing to walk into [an event] in the role of 'Party Patrol.'"

Nonetheless, several new ideas have been raised during dean's advisory council meetings. Burke thinks conducting a few random audits a semester "would do a lot to ease concerns that we're turning a blind eye to a culture of dishonesty." Other suggestions include having a limited list of vendors with whom the students can do business or having adults, rather than students, verify the party receipts.

Mandating a dry campus would be an extreme response, and most agree it is not a viable option. "In keeping with our tradition of student autonomy, we want students to be responsible for monitoring themselves," Gross says. "And we want Swarthmore to have a satisfying social life. But free alcohol is not an entitlement."

Burke agrees that having a dry campus is a "nonstarter. It doesn't do much but make all other discussions irrelevant. Swarthmore is much more in love with baroque, intricate solutions to admittedly complex problems, so I suspect that's what we'll continue to favor."

As for the current policy, Goundie does not see sweeping changes in its future. "I don't think our policy promises anything we don't deliver," he says. "It's working as well as we've seen it working anywhere." ■

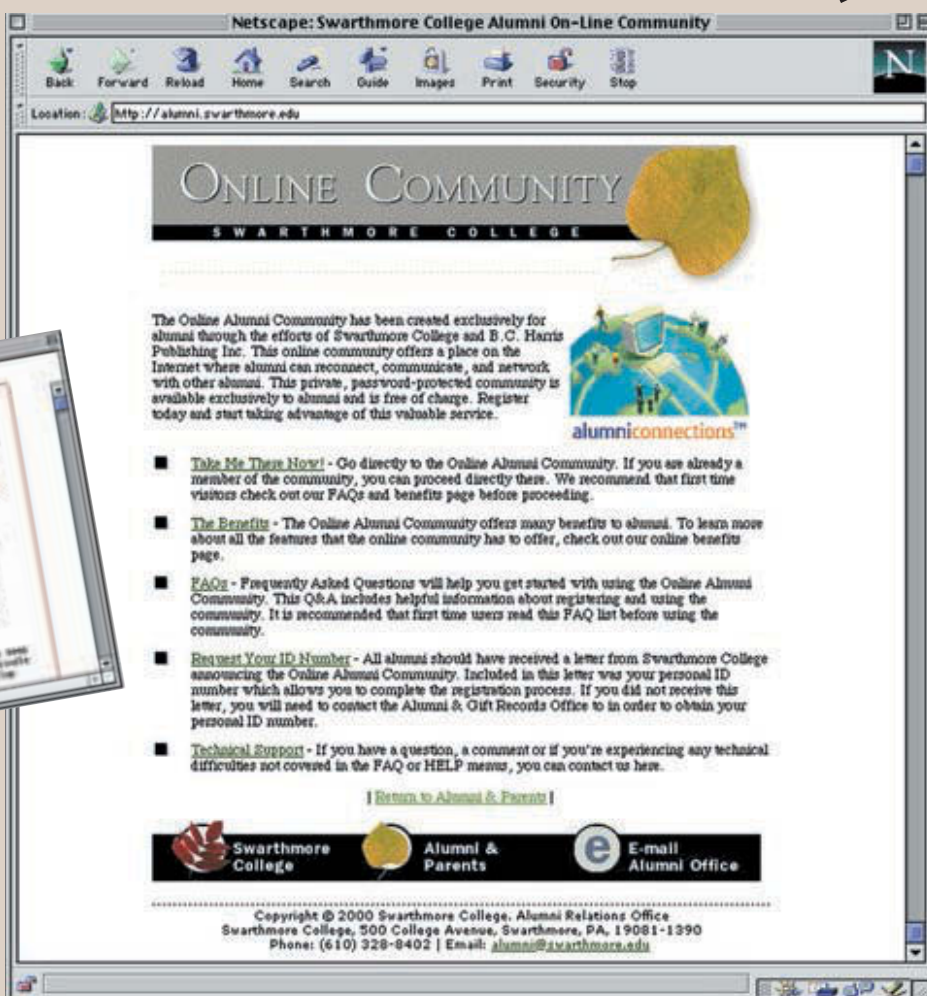
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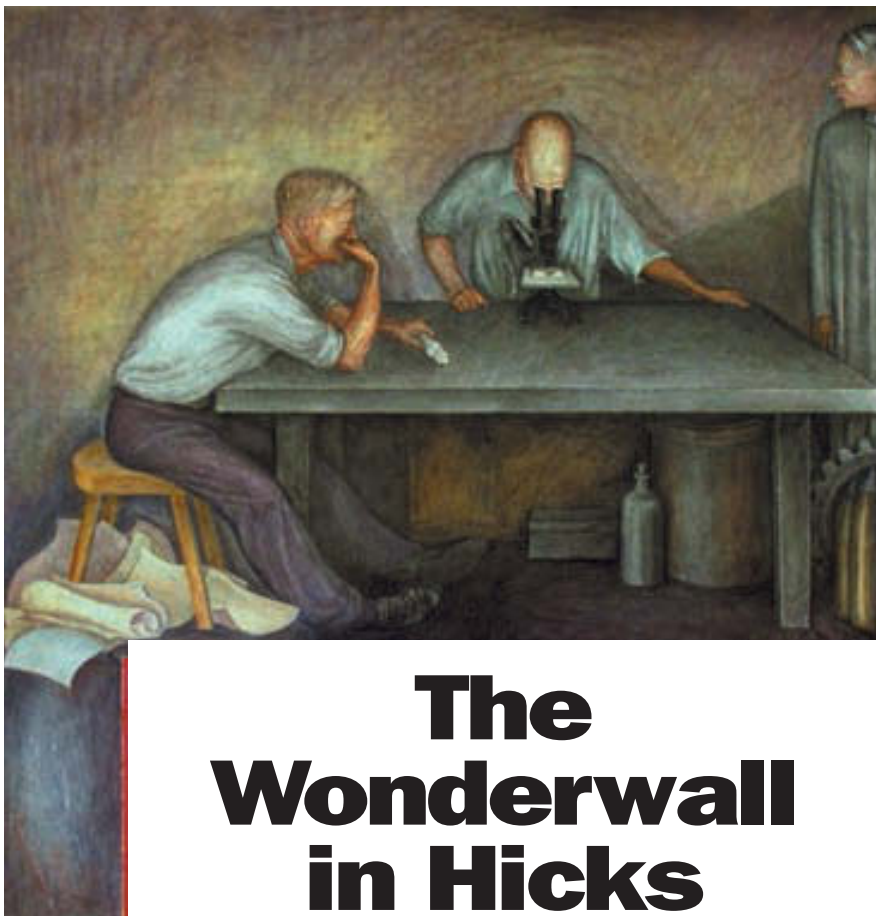
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The Wonderwall in Hicks

By Sonia Scherr '01

If there were one quintessentially Swarthmore work of art on campus, it would be the Hicks mural. For anyone who has seen it, the choice is obvious. The piece, an epic of sorts by Swarthmore standards, graces the expansive walls of the Hicks mural room on the third floor of Hicks Hall.

The themes are familiar. One envisions the engineer as the proletarian intellectual, literally, marching side by side with the hard-working men and women of the industrial class. In one scene, several workers are huddled in a circle with a triangle-clenching engineer, as if conferring over a problem.

Another panel features both a white and brown hand clasped together tightly in a display of racial solidarity.

The mural also tackles the role of technology in society. It questions the relentless pursuit of scientific research for political or other goals. One scene juxtaposes a research lab and an illustration of a woman searching in a pile of rubble for potatoes.

Taken as a whole, the painting represents a distinctly Swarthmorean view of the world. One of the engineering professors featured in the painting is even

supposedly modeled on an actual Swarthmore engineering professor.

The history

In the mid-1930s, James Egleson '29 approached the College about the possibility of painting a mural in Hicks Hall. Two years later, the mural was completed and opened to the public—but not before a heated controversy involving Egleson, the Swarthmore administration, and a College donor almost led to the project's abandonment. A paper written by Lisa Silverman '84 in 1981 was the source for the following information unless another source is indicated.

James Downey Egleson, painter of the Hicks mural, was born in Capelot, Quebec, in 1907. He grew up in Ridley Park, Pa., and attended Lafayette College before transferring to Swarthmore, where he was a member of the Theta Sigma Pi fraternity as well as the Sigma Xi and Sigma Tau academic honor societies. He graduated from the College in 1929 with High Honors in engineering and received an advanced degree in aeronautical engineering from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

An eye problem soon compelled Egleson to give up engineering, however. In 1931, he began working for the New York City Telephone Company and attending art school at night. A visit to the José Orozco mural at Dartmouth inspired Egleson and led to an apprenticeship with the artist in Mexico.

Egleson first broached the subject of the mural to Professor Alfred Brooks, chair of the Fine Arts Department, in 1936. The College gave him permission to paint the first panel of the mural, which depicts both the positive and negative uses of technology. Soon after, he completed a second panel showing the beneficial role of engineering in society, and the College subsequently commissioned Egleson to paint the rest of the mural.

Work proceeded smoothly until a student assistant sent a picture of the partially completed mural to his grandfather, a College alumnus and generous donor. Outraged at what he deemed to be the mural's communist message, the student's grandfather urged the College to force Egleson to alter his mural.

The Board of Managers investigated and found nothing wrong with Egleson's



project. In response to continued pressure, however, the College told Egleson that he would have to change the mural or stop painting. Egleson chose to leave the College rather than subject his work to censorship, and the room containing Egleson's unfinished mural was promptly closed to the public.

Egleson eventually yielded to the College's demands, citing his respect for the Swarthmore faculty and administration involved and his need to complete the project to launch a career in art. Two images were painted out of the mural: a gold dollar in the mouth of an eagle in the War panel and a pair of clenched fists in the Peace panel.

The mural has a unique connection to the College—not only because it was painted here. Professor of Engineering Samuel Carpenter was a model for one of the engineers depicted in the mural, according to Professors Frederick Orthlieb and David Bowler, who is now retired.

"On the front wall, one of the figures is relatively tall and slender and is carrying something [a surveyor's tape] that appears to be circular in his right hand. That figure represents Professor Samuel

T. Carpenter," Bowler wrote. Carpenter later served as chair of the Engineering Department for many years.

Since the mural's completion in June 1938, it has enjoyed a quiet existence in Hicks 312. And yet, the mural still bears the evidence of its uneasy birth. In the War panel, the eagle's mouth remains empty, and in Peace, no clenched fists pierce the sky.

The response

Egleson wrote in 1938 that his newly completed work would "trace on the minds of people looking at [it] views as divergent as the antipodal opinions that men everywhere arrive at regarding the same reality." He identified the mural's merit in its ability to evoke such responses, saying, "the degree to which it may cause people to ponder the realities of our times may lie in the measure of its contribution to the real educational and cultural mission of the College." The following responses to the Hicks mural suggest that Egleson's creation continues to force people to think

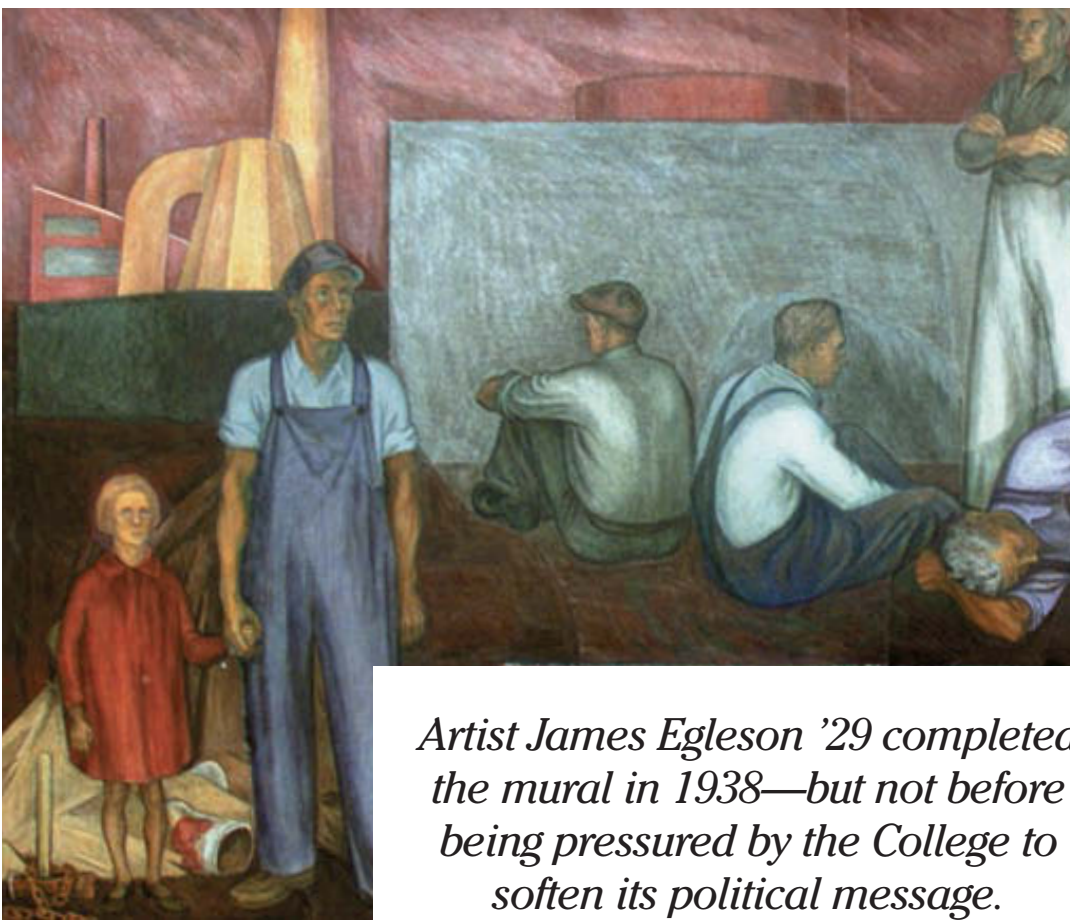
deeply—just as the artist had hoped nearly 60 years ago.

Kwabena Adu '01, an engineering major, first saw the mural during his introductory engineering class. Adu recalls being disgusted by what he calls the "communist" aspects. "When I first came to Swarthmore, I was quite conservative," he says. "[I regarded] the mural as communist propaganda."

But in his two and a half years at Swarthmore, Adu's political leanings have shifted. He is now "more open-minded" and has gained "a lot of respect for the mural."

In the weeks following his first impression of the mural, Adu says he tried to "find out its secrets" during class. He remembers thinking that the image of both a brown and white hand clasped in brotherhood "didn't make sense" because blacks form a large majority in Adu's native Ghana.

The absence of women in the mural also continues to puzzle Adu. Pointing to the Science and Poverty panel, in which an old woman searches for food in a pile of discarded bones and weapons, Adu observes that women are present in only the "most troubling"



Artist James Egleson '29 completed the mural in 1938—but not before being pressured by the College to soften its political message.



PHOTOS BY GEORGE WIDMAN

scenes. “It would be great if the mural [depicted] more women,” he says.

“The mural reminds you that while you’re studying ideal beam bending, there’s a whole world out there,” says Hannah Rakoff ’01, also an engineering major. “It gives you a sense of respect for the real world.”

Like Adu, Rakoff finds the mural “interesting to ponder during class,” though she confesses that Hicks 312 seems “hardly right for a grand mural.” For Rakoff, the images of a bomb plunging into an open book and a gas mask on the ground are particularly disturbing in their depiction of 20th-century themes.

Rakoff is awed by the wide thematic scope of the mural—including its portrayal of such major issues as science and technology, communism, hunger, war, and Nazism—as well as by the ways in which it combines these themes. “The mural is so big, [yet] the scenes seem to melt into each other,” she says.

The mural’s juxtaposition of opposites also creates a dark and powerful effect, according to Rakoff. For example, “[In the Science and Poverty

panel,] you see horrible things surrounding a room where people pursue genteel activities.” She sees a lesson in the mural’s depiction of evil, for “it reminds us that people need to learn about horror to avoid repeating it.”

“I’m glad the mural is there because it ... stimulates discussion of issues that are never considered at some places,” says Professor Frederick Orthlieb, an engineering teacher for nearly 25 years. “The mural forces you to consider the sociopolitical context of technology.”

Orthlieb finds the mural particularly “intriguing” as a result of the year he spent working at the National Science Foundation’s Office of Energy Research and Development before coming to Swarthmore. This experience gave him insight into the exploitive relationship between politics and technology portrayed in the mural. “The political process views technology as a means to an end. And that end is often political,” he says. “This point is brought home strongly in the mural.”

Orthlieb believes that the darker themes of the mural may have res-

onated more strongly in the pre-World War II atmosphere in which it was painted. Emphasizing that “the engineering program [at Swarthmore] currently subscribes to humane uses of technology,” he is not sure if this was true in the years following World War I. Although Orthlieb notes that the mural “must be understood in the context of its time,” he acknowledges that it also speaks to more recent conflicts, including the Vietnam War, Kosovo, and the genocides in Africa.

“People who have had military experience may bring a different view to the mural,” he says. “Experiences during one’s formative years influence how one looks at the mural. The [increasing diversity] of students at Swarthmore brings more viewpoints to the mural and to its significance.”

Although Orthlieb has seen works that depict similar social realist themes, he says that this mural has an “uncommon strength” and “a sharp edge.” He adds: “It’s powerful stuff if you let it be.”

Adapted by permission from The Phoenix, Dec. 3, 1999.

Cycle With Swarthmore!

Join alumni, parents, and friends as they tour the shores of Lake Michigan.

Interlochen/Lake Michigan Sightseer, August 20-25



Mackinac Island, August 25-27



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The terrain on the Interlochen tour is ideal for beginner to intermediate riders. The Mackinac Islander is good for novice to intermediate cyclists. Hot days in northern Michigan are rare, and the humidity is comfortably low. The climate is moderated by westerly winds that pass over the Great Lakes, with an average daytime high of 79 F and a nighttime low of 56 F. You may even notice early signs of fall as the maples begin to change color.

Space is limited to 16 (Interlochen) and 24 (Mackinac) participants. The deadline for reservations is Friday, April 14. You may order a brochure from Cycle With Swarthmore, Alumni Relations, Swarthmore College, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1397; call (610) 328-8402; or sign up on the College Web site: <http://bicycle.swarthmore.edu>.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS NOW for an exceptional program combining intellectual challenge, lively “extracurricular” activities, and good fellowship with other alumni, parents, and friends.

This year’s biannual Alumni College will have an ambitious scope worthy of the year 2000. Our faculty chair is Larry Westphal, the J. Archer and Helen C. Turner Professor of Economics. He has observed that today “we all live the Chinese curse: ‘May you live in interesting times.’ Rapid change confronts us everywhere, and we know imperfectly, if at all, where it will lead. Thus, there is anxiety through every level of our doing and thinking, from the profoundly personal to the universal, encompassing the natural, cultural, intellectual, economic, political, social, and spiritual realms.”

Professor Westphal has invited six outstanding representatives of Swarthmore’s new generation of scholars

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This year’s Alumni College faculty will be (left to right) Tyrene White, associate professor of political science; Larry Westphal, professor of economics; Nathaniel Deutsch, assistant professor of religion; Timothy Burke, assistant professor of history; Colin Purrington, assistant professor of biology; Hansjakob Werlen, associate professor of German; and Lisa Meeden, assistant professor and program director of computer science.

MAY 30 – JUNE 2

to offer insights on what may lie ahead. Each will select and explore a significant concern—in or outside their own academic disciplines—and assess its future impact on humankind.

Outside the classroom, the program will include a reception at the home of President Alfred H. Bloom and Mrs. Peggi Bloom; an insider’s look at the Scott Arboretum; an update on the Math Forum, Swarthmore’s first spin-off Internet company, by Gene Klotz, Albert and Edna Pownall Buffington Professor of Mathematics; and a thinking person’s beer tasting led by Professor Werlen, comparing the products of U.S. and European microbreweries.

Alumni College participants will be housed in Mary Lyon, and participating faculty members will join them at the dinners. The campus will be at its verdant best—and there will be no exams!

A brochure will be available this spring from the Alumni Relations Office. Call (610) 328-8402, or e-mail alumni@swarthmore.edu.