

SWARTHMORE

College Bulletin

September 1999



SWARTHMO



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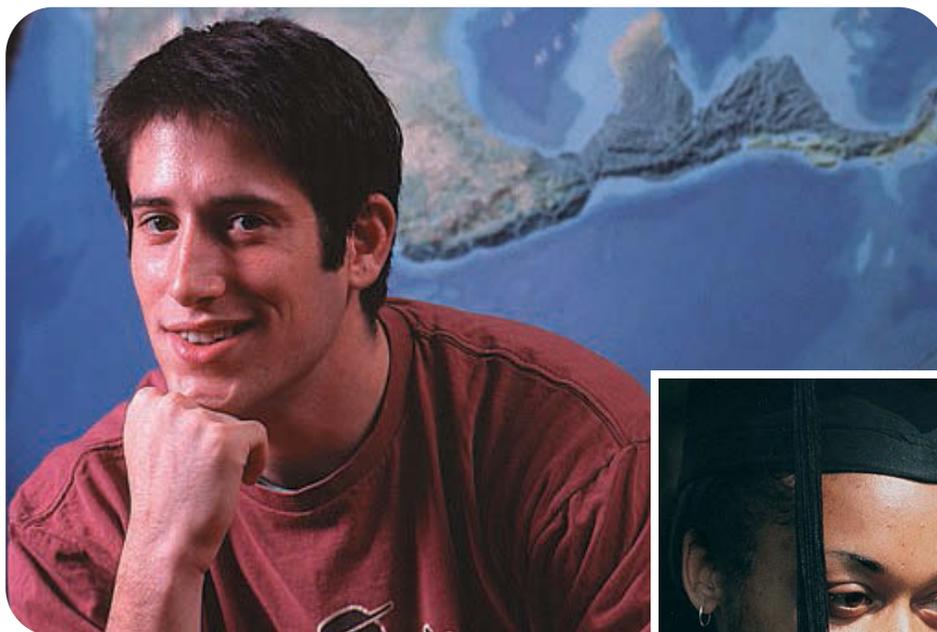
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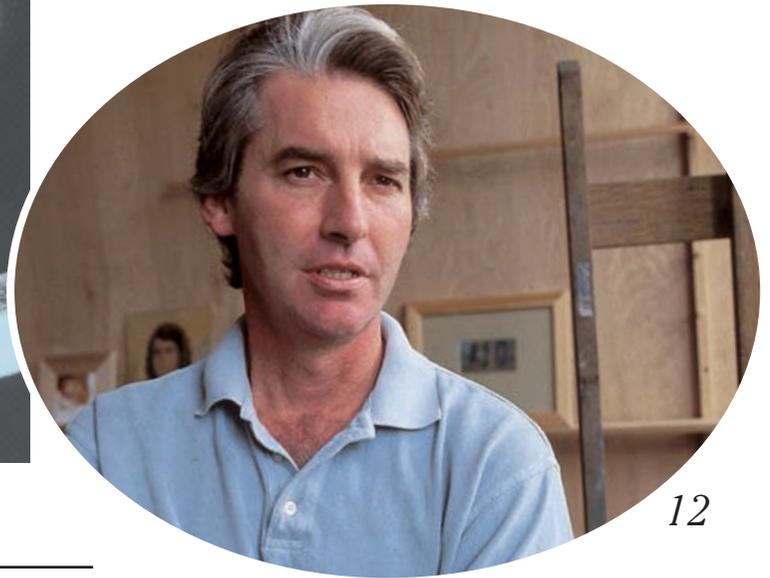
On the cover: Nathan Florence '94, a modern painter with a classic style, captures a perennial Swarthmore summer activity—construction work—in his 1996 painting, now in the collection of the College. The painting was photographed by Karen Mauch. See article on page 12 and the artists' gallery on page 16.



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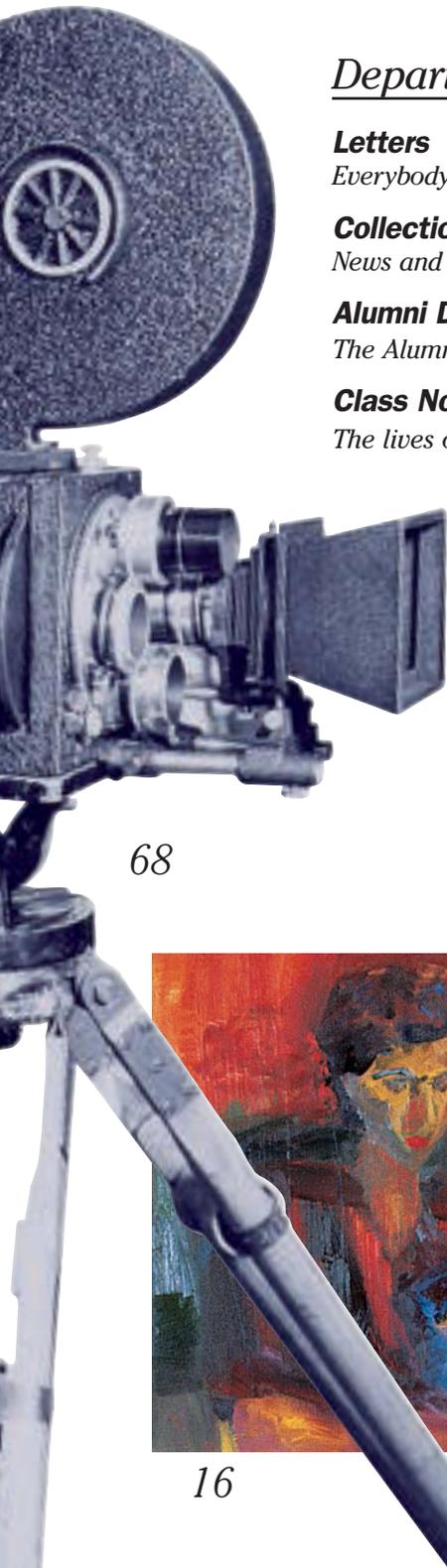
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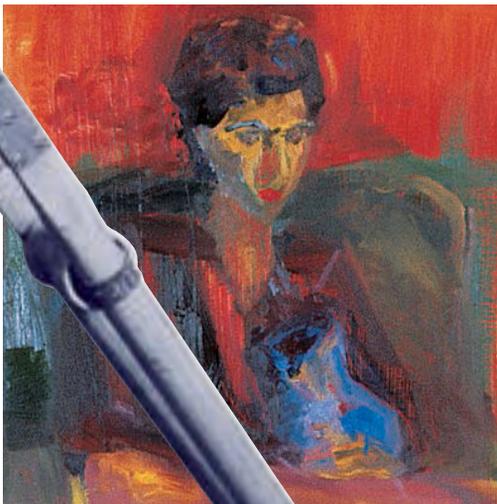
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On the long drive home, our minivan seemed awfully empty. Four of us had departed Delaware the day before with a brimming load of clothes, computer, stereo, sports equipment, linens, lamps, books, and CDs. Now a cavernous vehicle was taking home a family minus one. For our first child at least, 18 years of day-in-day-out parenting is over. He's gone to college.

As we drove north to Massachusetts, my head was spinning with fatherly advice: Be sure to.... Don't forget.... You ought to.... Of course, I didn't actually say any of these things. By the end of a summer of shrugs at parental wisdom about the college experience, we were way beyond that. So I edited my words to the emotional basics as he unpacked his gear: "Stay in touch," I said. "Take good care of yourself.... We'll miss you."

I'm sure his head was spinning as fast as mine—only on a completely different axis. He had his own thoughts about what he was about to do, and a few hours after we arrived on campus, you could already see him start to change. He strode purposefully ahead of us while we stood wondering where to go next. He seemed distracted by our simple questions, as though he had already decided everything that needed to be decided. And when we finally said good-bye, standing next to the empty car, he hugged us lovingly (even his brother got one), then bounded up the steps of his dorm without a look back. As we drove away, I remembered a moment that morning

When we finally said good-bye, he hugged us lovingly, then bounded up the steps of his dorm without a look back.

when another first-year student asked him where he lived. He had replied matter-of-factly, "I used to live in Delaware."

Change, of course, is what college is all about. At its best, the college experience is a journey of self-discovery, intellectual awakening, and personal transformation—even falling in love. Who would send a son or daughter to college to graduate unchanged?

The most profound changes come in the ways college students think of themselves. For most, there is a wonderful moment when they realize that they can respond to the question: "Who are you?" by saying, "I am a scientist," "I am a historian," or "I am a writer." Their answer might be different at different times—another happy result of the rich concentration of ideas and opportunities found at a liberal arts college—yet the first such epiphany is often the best because suddenly all the others seem possible.

For increasing numbers of students at Swarthmore, one likely answer is: "I am an artist." The rise of the studio arts at the College is an example of how a liberal arts curriculum evolves. A stagnant Swarthmore would never have embraced studio arts as part of its curriculum, but a dynamic Swarthmore has. The strong department that has emerged in the past 20 years only increases the depth and richness of the College's academic program.

One of my unspoken pearls of parental wisdom was this: No matter how you define yourself today, you can—and probably will—become something else tomorrow. As for me, I started college as an English major, but eight semesters later I graduated with a degree in studio art. It doesn't matter that I am now a magazine editor; the glory of it all is that change continues to be possible for me—and for Swarthmore.

—J.L.



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AHEAD OF HIS TIME

I found the article on computing at Swarthmore ("Digital Dancing," June 1999) gratifying. Kudos (and thanks) to the faculty and staff for their continued work in sensitively—and sensibly—integrating the computer into academic life.

I'd add recognition of the architect of this rich computing environment, Professor of Physics John Boccio. Ten years ago, the concepts of campuswide networking, an Internet connection, universal faculty and student access to computers, and their use across the curriculum were not simply considered novel—they were viewed by many Swarthmoreans as bizarre, overly expensive, and possibly damaging to the liberal arts tradition.

John Boccio saw computing as a fundamental tool, part of an important evolution of that tradition, and insisted that it be made available to all students and faculty. As associate provost for computing, he put together a comprehensive plan to realize this vision and oversaw much of its initial implementation. The infrastructure he built—and the expectations of excellence he set at the time—has enabled the array of activities described in the article.

If it seems strange today that universal computing was viewed with suspicion less than a decade ago, it's an indication of the practical success of this vision. Boccio's contribution to the College may ultimately be as fundamental and lasting as any made to the academic program.

Success like this also comes from details as much as grand visions. I vividly recall the occasion, seven years ago, when John excit-

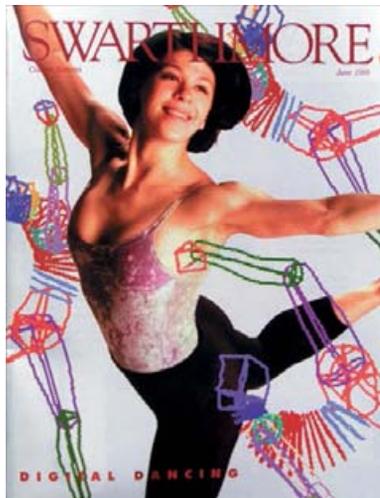
edly showed me a new tool he'd just compiled—called an "http server"—and predicted that revolutionary things would come from it. (To set the context properly, at the time there were a total of 17 Web sites worldwide.) He then set about fixing a few bugs in the code. I had as fine an education working for him in the Computing Center as I did in four years as an undergrad. He taught me—and the College—to put visions through the hard tests of engineering reality and real-world use.

MATTHEW WALL '86
Pittsburgh

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

It was with great excitement that we opened the June issue of the *Bulletin*, featuring "Digital Dancing." We had all worked with Sasha Welsh '99 [featured on the cover] on various phases of her choreography and indeed had orchestrated the viewing of her computer piece in the theatre for the Spring Dance Concert.

In an article detailing the work of faculty members Miguel Díaz Barriga, Ann McNamee, Sharon Friedler, and others, I was disappointed to see no mention of the work of the Media Services staff. The staff, Drew Metherall in particular, contributed materially to all of the projects mentioned in the article. Drew did much of the research that led to buying the College's new digital video system. In addition,



Drew has spent many hours this year training faculty and students on the system as well as teaching video production workshops to students in a broad

range of disciplines.

Many of us work behind the scenes here. That's how we know we're successful—when our work is invisible. But sometimes it's nice to be noticed.

SUSAN SMYTHE
Managing Director
Lang Performing Arts Center

PLAYING CARDS

I read with interest about *The New York Times* op-ed by Nate Stulman '01 decrying the excessive amount of time wasted on college campuses fooling with computers ("Digital Dancing," June 1999). All I could wonder was: "Don't people play bridge anymore?" Give Mr. Stulman a ride back to the 1960s so he can observe firsthand that even though we lacked computers, we still found incredibly creative ways to avoid studying.

BETTY C. DUCKMAN
(Parent of Jamie Duckman '98)
Long Beach, Calif.

GOOF OFF NOW

Nate Stulman's *New York Times* op-ed exposing the entertainment-obsessed computing underworld at Swarthmore will surely find a receptive audience among the four-miles-to-school-each-way crowd, but you can count me out. I regret not goofing off more at college.

After being ejected into mainstream society in 1995, I've found increasingly fewer opportunities to goof off in the real world.

Rather than addressing the fact of student frivolity, Stulman's critical energies might be better directed toward understanding the root cause and dangerous trajectory of the expression of frivolity at Swarthmore. Have the Tarble pool tables been replaced by workstations because of the Astronomy Department's insatiable techno-lust? Have macroeconomic trends caused a decline in community-building drug and alcohol abuse? Has political pressure moved fraternities to bring up chat rooms and multiuser role-playing games, thus straying from their historic dedication to conviviality and swill?

Alumni have an ongoing responsibility to ensure that these premonitions never come to pass—that within Swarthmore's evolving canon of Chinua Achebe, Immanuel Kant, Naomi Wolf, and William Shakespeare, there's still a place for Jonathan Swift and the movies of Chris Farley. God help us if computer gaming should ever replace that.

JUDE O'REILLEY '94
Seattle

INSULT TO THE COLLEGE

Ulan McKnight's ['87] letter ["Who Benefits?"] in the June *Bulletin* offended this old, white alumna. His extreme condemnation of Swarthmore's efforts to increase the number of students of color, unsupported by any evidence, is a gratuitous insult to the College.

He asks: "Why can we not bring our own culture, our own values, our own desires?" Of course, we all bring our own cultures,

Please turn to page 66



It began much like any other Swarthmore commencement, with seniors fishing roses from buckets of water and posing for pictures in the rose garden. Unlike recent graduations, however, relentless sunshine took the place of showers. Mingling in front of Parrish Hall before the ceremony, faculty dabbed at their faces, and many students wore their robes open, exposing signs of the times: clunky black platform sandals, nose rings, Nike sneakers.

Many carried balloons, handing them off to President Alfred H. Bloom as they took their diplomas. Engineering students carried handmade traffic signs instead—"dead end," "deconstruction zone"—alluding to renovations going on around campus.



Senior speaker Tyler Stevenson

Eve of the millennium

Gathered in the dappled light of the Scott Amphitheater, students cheered for Tyler Stevenson, a religion major from San Diego chosen to address his classmates this year. Stevenson got things off to a rousing start, reducing the crowd to near hysteria with a satirical Armageddon speech. "We are at the eve of the millennium. And I do not speak of VCR failure, of e-mail apocalypse, of this foolish Y2K concern. Today we sit here as a desperate hope, as a body that has survived four years of the life of the mind, as a body

grown strong through labor and tuition....

"We have lived with each other for four years; have broken bread; have shared beds. Together we have staved off the plague, grief, duress, and those unlit police 'stealth' bikes. We know how to take care of our own. The question is whether or not we can carry this compassion into the dark valleys outside, where backyards are not arboretums, and there is no cappuccino bar in the living room.

"Swarthmore is a wonderful teacher for relativism and discussion, but comets and brimstone will not be halted by

Commencement '99

"I declare to you this morning: We have been baptized by an education that would have killed a large pony."

dialogue. We are at the End of All Things Known, and it does not need a response board; it demands action. So, to all of you who had something to say about majoring in religion: ha! I have learned to see the future, and though it is jobless, I will be ready.... I declare to you this morning: We have been baptized by an education that would have killed a large pony."

As the cheers subsided, Stevenson abruptly changed the mood with a dramatic eulogy for several deaths that had touched this class, including Carl Wartenburg, the late dean of admissions; Michael Durkan, the late College librarian; Gabriel Cavallari '97; Duncan Kirkpatrick '98; and 13-year-old Josh DuBee, brother of classmate Alex DuBee '99.

Straight to the heart

Receiving one of three honorary degrees was Margaret Allen '70, who left Swarthmore with a degree in zoology and went on to become the first woman in history to perform a heart transplant, founding the first heart transplant program in the Pacific Northwest at the University of Washington. She does research in cardiac gene therapy and works with the Inuits and local African-American and Asian-American community health organizations.

Attempting to modernize a remote hospital in Papua New Guinea, she noticed the village leaders wore necklaces of bamboo rods, commemorating donations they had made. "In Seattle, where I live, Bill Gates would be a



Heart surgeon Margaret Allen '70



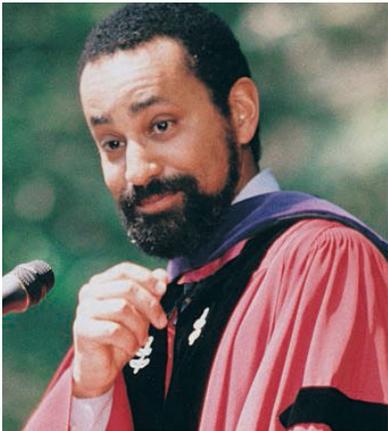
PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

big chief," she said. "In our society, individuals are revered for what they ... keep, not what they give away. Now, which of the two societies is the most primitive culture?"

As a surgical resident at Stanford, she set out to teach a gorilla sign language, only to find the gorilla knew more signs than she. "Many of you may have visions of helping others in your life," she concluded. "Instead of helping people, you need to be striving to learn ... from every situation, to become the perennial student. This attitude will make you wise. Unfortunately, it also means you'll never really graduate."

Public servants wanted

"When you meet someone and exchange pleasantries about where each of you went to college, struggle as best you can to be humble," instructed Christopher F. Edley Jr. '73. "I have failed at this," he said. Edley Jr. went on to become a professor of law at Harvard University, where he edited the *Harvard Law Review* and co-founded its Civil Rights Project, which he now co-directs. He served under Jimmy Carter, worked in the Office of Management and Budget for the Clinton administration and as special counsel to the president. There, he led the review of affirmative action, producing his "mend it, don't end it" policy, and he is now helping Clinton write a book on racial justice.



Law professor and presidential adviser Christopher Edley Jr. '73

At Swarthmore, Edley Jr. said: "I learned to face the limits of my intelligence, without fear. I learned what it means to really understand something hard, only to realize that I was dead wrong, or that there was another, perhaps better way to understand it.... And I learned that when there is trouble, find a grove of lilac bushes, lie down, get drunk on the fragrance, and think about important things."

He recommended his own passion, public service.

"There are more hard problems than there are good people," he stressed, adding: "Return to Swarthmore often. Come in the spring and smell the lilacs. Bring money with you. And if you should wander off and settle in some strange land, like Equatorial Guinea or California, and you can't get back to campus, just send the money."

Benign subversive

President Bloom called Robert Kuttner's "one of the most clarifying and appreciated voices in the arena of American social commentary." Kuttner, who edits *The American Prospect*, has written for *The Village Voice*, *The Washington Post*, *Business Week*, and *The New Republic*, founded the magazine *Working Papers for a New Society*, and served as chief investigator for the Senate Banking Committee. Unlike the other speakers, Kuttner did not graduate from Swarthmore but from Oberlin—which gave him an added edge when he said: "I want to take a moment to commend to you the role of outsider."

"My own career has followed a twisting path, the path of what Albert Hirschman called the trespasser," he continued. "I write books and articles about political economy and play an economist on television, having taken exactly one economics class.... I am finishing a book about psychology and family relations, whose concepts I learned mostly from my wife.

"But there is something exhilarating about being an outsider. Thinking outside the box becomes second nature because you are never in the box.... Most of you will pursue more conventional career paths than I did. But even within the professions, you can be constructive, ecstatic outsiders, and benign subversives—by holding on to what matters."



Journalist Robert Kuttner (right), with Richard Valeyly '75, associate professor of political science.

Ethical Intelligence

By President Alfred H. Bloom

Following are the remarks of President Bloom to members of the Class of 1999 at their Commencement on May 31.

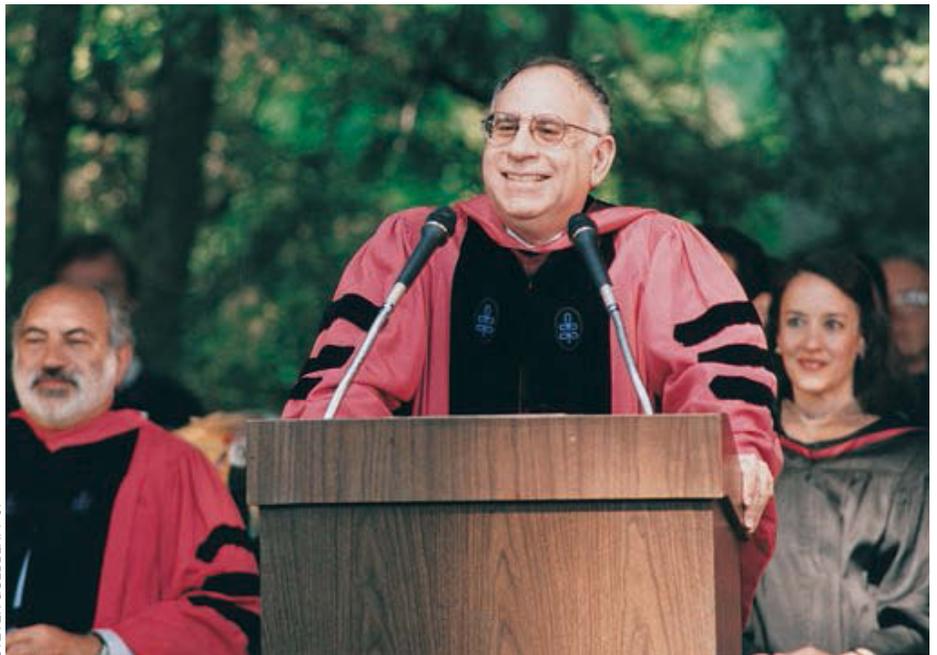
In my inaugural talk seven years ago, I identified *ethical intelligence* as one of the distinctive goals and triumphs of a Swarthmore education. Since that time, the term has gained some currency in this community, and I have seen consistent evidence from the Class of 1999, and from each of its predecessors, of the development of those very habits of person and mind to which that term refers. I thought it important to speak to you today about what I mean by ethical intelligence and about why Swarthmore takes such pride in its students'—and its graduates'—practice of this highly constructive and responsible approach to ethical decision-making.

The roots of your own practice of ethical intelligence lie in the analytic abilities and values you brought with you to Swarthmore four years ago—credit for which goes in large measure to the careful nurturing supplied by those wonderful people sitting behind you. Then your academic training and your experience of this intentionally ethical community began to wield their formative effects.

Amid the rigors and exhilarations of your academic work, you developed a prodigious knowledge base and an extraordinary range of intellectual skills, including the ability to draw subtle distinctions, the ability to gain perspective from others' perspectives, and the ability to identify the conclusions that a body of evidence does and does not support—each of which plays a critical role in the practice of ethical intelligence.

You also developed two additional, perhaps less obvious, intellectual habits that are fundamental as well—namely, the readiness to suspend certainty and to engage ambiguity in the search for truth and the determination to ask of yourselves contributions of significance.

As you sought to explain experimental results, define the causes of historical events, clarify complex philosophi-



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '87

President Alfred H. Bloom returned to themes first expressed in his 1992 inaugural address during his speech to the Class of 1999. He is flanked at the ceremony by Robert Gross '62, dean of the College, and Sue Welsh, the College's treasurer.

cal arguments, or interpret an artist's intent, you repeatedly came up against a world in which the choice of the right explanation or the right interpretation was not as clear as you may have expected it or wanted it to be—a world in which your initial assumptions were challenged by complicating information and unanticipated perspectives and that offered no clear-cut solutions in their place.

In response to these salutary encounters with ambiguity, you developed the habit of approaching intellectual problem solving through suspending certainty and proceeding to identify, engage, and test the full range of possible explanations or interpretations of the data at hand, before making a judgment. Further, you came to recognize that even after that work is done, the evidence you have gathered will likely not resolve all ambiguities and that, therefore, you, rather than the data, must bear responsibility for the judgment you make.

Moreover, that recognition of ambiguity and that acceptance of responsibility have not diminished your commitment to the advance of knowledge. Rather, they have only heightened your

appreciation for the tolerance of uncertainty and for the embrace of complexity that intellectual advance exacts.

Over the past four years as well, you have consistently asked of yourselves that you not only add, but add in some fresh and important way, to what has already been thought, expressed, or proved. Through responding to that continuing challenge, you have refined your own sense of which intellectual questions are most meaningful to ask and your own criteria for deciding which insights and findings count as significant.

The intellectual habits you have thus developed—suspending certainty, engaging ambiguity, and distinguishing significance—represent, I believe, the central contributions of fine academic training to the practice of ethical intelligence. And, prompted by a community that identifies itself as much by its commitment to values as by its commitment to intellectual quality, you have applied these very habits to ethical practice.

By suspending certainty regarding ethical positions that you once defended without qualification, you have allowed yourselves to discover that

ethical decision making is far more complex than you expected or wanted it to be. You have seen in the actual dilemmas of ethical life that, more often than not, the principles that motivated your initial stands compete with other principles you value as deeply and that actions you defended on the basis of a single principle alone have been compromised in their ethical integrity by questionable effectiveness or by the harm they visited on other values that you did not recognize were also at play.

In response to these salutary encounters with ethical complexity, you have developed the habit of approaching ethical decision making through eliciting, identifying, and engaging the full range of principles at stake as well as the constraints and opportunities inherent in the situation at hand, before making a judgment. And you have come to expect that, even after that work is done, your judgment will likely still require a complex act of evaluation, synthesis, and creativity, including the shaping of a response that not only respects the principle of highest priority, but also reflects to the extent possible the other principles at play and is most likely to succeed in generating the consequences you intend. Your judgment will be one for which you, rather than any single ethical principle, must bear responsibility.

Furthermore, your recognition of this ambiguity and acceptance of this responsibility have not diminished your ethical resolve but rather anchored that resolve in a context of examined complexity that only strengthens its resilience.

In turn, you have brought these developed habits of ethical judgment to bear on issues we face as citizens of this nation and the world, on issues ranging from whether our society should prescribe preferences based on race in the short term to promote equal opportunity in the longer term; to whether it has the right to interfere with an individual's decision to take his or her own life or to assist another in that act; to under what conditions the use of force can be justified in the international arena and whether a nation that tolerates unconscionable poverty at home can presume to ethical leader-

ship abroad; to how a developing nation should balance commitment to the environment against responsibility to open economic opportunity; to how free science should be to experiment with the creation and design of life.

You have also brought these responsible habits of ethical judgment to issues facing our own community, to issues ranging from how this College should balance a commitment to equity in its offers of financial aid against a need to respond to market pressures;

*Responding to
multidimensional
issues in
multidimensional
terms is not
compromise.
Failing to examine
the full value
implications
and consequences
of a position is.*

to whether and when it should support activities in which participation is restricted along the lines of gender, race, or ethnic group; to whether respect for diversity in religious beliefs requires deleting the phrase "in the year of our Lord" from the Swarthmore diploma.

And, by working through these dilemmas of ethical principle and practice, you have defined more clearly for yourselves the ethical ends you see as most important to pursue; and you have, as in the intellectual realm, begun to factor that clearer sense of significant ends into the particular judgments you make.

By your practice of ethical intelligence, you will distinguish yourselves from those who subordinate ethical concern to their own self-interest; and you may very well find yourselves dismissed by such individuals as impractical and idealistic. But you know that ethical vision and resolve can change the world—just consider the progress in racial, gender, and sexual orientation equity achieved over the past 30 years.

By your practice of ethical intelligence, you will also distinguish yourselves from those who argue from single-principled stands and who, in often adversarial and alienating ways, protect what they see as the "ethical purity" of their positions by refusing to consider confounding complexities and alternative views. And you may very well find yourselves branded by these individuals as indecisive, ethically weak, or too willing to compromise.

But responding to multidimensional issues in multidimensional terms is not compromise. Failing to examine the full value implications and consequences of a position is.

Furthermore, your readiness and responsibility to appreciate the ways in which other points of view speak to truth will equip you particularly well for reaching out to those who argue from single-principled stands and for establishing with them areas of common ground—common ground from which you can then draw them toward that greater acceptance of ambiguity and complexity that turns contentious advocacy into constructive dialogue.

As you assume positions of leadership across the spectrum of American and international life, your practice and modeling of ethical intelligence will help sustain our societies and world on courses that are at once effective and ethically responsible. And you will demonstrate the fundamental contribution that fine undergraduate education makes, not only to both success in careers and to intellectual advance but also to distinguished ethical leadership.

Warmest congratulations, Class of 1999! Swarthmore is deeply proud of your intellectual, ethical, and personal achievements and wishes you every satisfaction and happiness as you build upon them.

Managers approve plan for Swarthmore's future

In what President Alfred H. Bloom called “a meeting of historic importance,” the College’s Board of Managers on May 1 endorsed a long-range plan that includes the modernization of the College’s science facilities, the long-awaited renovation of 135-year-old Parrish Hall, the construction of a new residence hall, and several important initiatives in academic and student life.

The plan, which was completed by the College Planning Committee (CPC) in the spring, is the result of two and a half years of study by a broad-based group that included members of the faculty and staff, students, alumni, and members of the Board. In presenting the major elements of the plan, Bloom told the Board: “We must do this ... to sustain and advance the quality of this institution.”

The CPC plan will likely commit the College to raise more than \$200 million in new funds, well over half of which will go to academic programs and facilities. Among the highlights:

- The DuPont Science Building, first opened in 1958, will be renovated and expanded to become a state-of-the-art teaching center for Departments of Chemistry, Physics and Astronomy, and Mathematics and Statistics. Renovations to Martin Hall, home of the Biology Department, would complete the upgrade of the College’s science facilities.

- The College will dramatically increase its support for faculty leaves, which give professors time away from the classroom to concentrate on scholarship and curriculum development. Most tenured or tenure-track faculty members receive a single semester of leave every fourth year, but only eight are currently eligible for College-funded two-semester leaves. The ambitious CPC plan increases that number to 25. It also envisions College support for what is being called the “Swarthmore Institute,” a program that would bring leading scholars to campus for speaking and research.

- The plan calls for Swarthmore’s curriculum to be enhanced by the addition of new teaching positions in such areas as computer science, education, and political science—disciplines where increased enrollment has put pressure on existing programs. New curricular areas to be explored include cognitive studies, Islamic studies, film and media studies, and Japanese language instruction.

- McCabe Library, opened in 1968, would see significant renovations to improve its capacity to serve students in a technology-based learning environment.

- Other academic proposals include increased support for the revitalized Honors Program, for student summer research, for athletics, and for efforts to recruit and retain a more diverse faculty.

Under the heading of “student life,” recommendations adopted by the Board include the renovation of Parrish Hall,

the College’s most historic building. Under the plan, Parrish would remain a multipurpose building, with student residence halls, administrative offices, an admissions center, and increased space for student activities and organizations.

Before renovation of Parrish could begin, the CPC determined, a new residence hall would need to be built to house the students who currently live in the upper floors of Swarthmore’s original structure. Once students moved back into a renovated Parrish, the new dormitory would be used to alleviate crowding in some current residence halls and to eliminate undesirable rooms in areas such as the basement of Mary Lyons. Additional residence hall beds would not mean an enlargement of the student body beyond its current average of 1,375—an enrollment target affirmed by the Board in March. Other “student life” proposals include the following:

- Further renovation of Tarble in Clothier, the hybrid student center that currently occupies most of 80-year-old Clothier Hall.

- New programs to support campus diversity and intercultural understanding, including funds for an Interfaith Center and other religious activities not currently funded by off-campus resources.

- Increased support for the Office of Career Planning and Placement, including new outreach to potential employers and increased use of job-search technology.

- A campus “Learning and Teaching Center” that would coordinate academic support for students and offer encouragement for pedagogical innovation by members of the faculty.

A final “institutional” section of the CPC plan addressed several College-wide needs. It called for a significant investment in endowment for the periodic replacement of crucial computing, instrumentation, and media resources. It also designated new funds to maintain the College’s historic commitment to need-blind financial

aid and to enhance the ability of the Admissions Office to reach new populations of potential Swarthmore students.

No exact timetable was announced for the implementation of the long-range plan, but Dan C. West, the College’s vice president for alumni, development, and public relations, said that work is under way toward a capital campaign that would extend over five years. Architects and engineers are currently studying building options and developing cost estimates, with the first phases of construction likely to begin within three or four years.

President Bloom closed his remarks to the Board with a call to action: “This College, through its very success, offers proof that institutions and societies can ask of themselves the most demanding and significant goals—and that they can achieve them. We have spent two and a half years identifying the elements essential to sustaining and advancing the quality and preeminence of Swarthmore College. We cannot fall short in meeting its needs.”



A complete renovation of Parrish Hall is among the plans approved by the Board of Managers.

Lean on them

Girls—especially white, upper-class girls—learn early on that their angry responses are unacceptable,” Lyn Mikel Brown, author of the book *Raising Their Voices: The Politics of Girls’ Anger*, told the audience at a recent campus conference. “Good girls are supposed to be calm and quiet. They don’t directly express anger; they don’t shout.” It seems the rites of passage haven’t changed dramatically since *Rebel Without a Cause* hit the cinemas—except that Natalie Wood is acting out instead of cheering on Jimmy Dean.

At least, that’s what Brown, associate professor of education and human development at Colby College, would like to see. So would the women who coordinated this conference, called “Lean on Me: Educating and Mentoring Adolescent Girls,” two weeks after graduating in June, long after most of their classmates were gone. Six were freshmen when they came up with the idea for the Summer Community Learning Project (SCLP), a mentoring program for adolescent girls. For them, the conference was as much a culmination of their four years at the College as Commencement had been.

In 1995, Nicole Breazeale, Chloë Dowley, Kirstin Linder-mayer, Andrea Meller, Mandara Meyers, and Erica Turner, then freshmen, set out to form a community of local girls from all socioeconomic backgrounds and help them establish positive gender identification and self-esteem. In the process, they designed a formal (and sometimes not so formal) summer curriculum, put on an original performance piece using the girls’ voices and stories, painted a mural and wrote a book commemorating “the community of Swarthmore women,” taught an education course called *Educating and Mentoring Adolescent Girls*, and presented their work at local conferences and community meetings. Over the years, SCLP received several grants and this spring was awarded the Naomi Kies Award for community service.

About 40 people filed into the Friends Meetinghouse for the conference, only two men among them. Most seemed to know the SCLP coordinators. Many had teenage daughters who had been enrolled in the summer program, and others had consulted with them regarding their own programs.

Brown’s solution to repressed teen anger is one that the SCLP has made the basis for its work: Encourage girls to understand and embrace their emotions, then express them constructively instead of turning them inward.

Of course, it’s one thing for a college professor to teach that lesson. It was a little harder for a group of college students, fresh from their own teen angst—and in many ways, as they discovered, still immersed in it. “What we learned about most was ourselves and one another,” says Mandara Meyers ’99. “We were forced to reflect on our own adolescence and work it out with each other, before we could help girls 10 years younger than us. We set out to create a community of adolescent girls, and in the process, we created our own.”

One of the first audience members to speak out at the conference was Idahlia Carter, a dormitory housekeeper. Last year, Carter enrolled her granddaughter, Ebony, in the summer project. “She was very angry,” Carter told the audience, “but since she’s been involved with SCLP, she’s become a different child. She has learned to mingle with



Conference attendees (left to right) Rebekah Adens, Sasha Joseph, Madonna Green, and Parul Vora compare notes outside the Friends Meetinghouse.

blacks and whites. At SCLP, these girls can explain themselves to one another.”

The middle school years are the most formative time in girls’ lives, the students discovered, the point where young women begin to lose a well-developed sense of self and descend into a spiral of silence and self-doubt. “We decided to look for a group of rising fifth- through seventh-grade girls, aiming to find individuals old enough to think critically and maturely but young enough to be just feeling the effects of their coming of age,” the women wrote in the introduction to a book documenting their work on the SCLP. Like their interactions with the girls, both the class and conference focused on issues the group had found, through research, to be the most critical for adolescent girls: gender, body image, sexuality, school experiences, peer interactions, and identity.

It’s not easy to establish and run such a program at a demanding school like Swarthmore, but the students managed to meet weekly, and in the summer put in as many as 16 hours daily on the project. Early on, they came up with a group mantra that they repeated to each other when frustrations arose, a quote by Margaret Mead: “Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world; indeed, it’s the only thing that ever does.”

Whether or not their work will lead to world change, they made the way a little easier for girls like Idahlia Carter’s granddaughter. “I think she has learned that you have to see the other person’s side, not just your own,” Carter said, adding, with a glance at the new graduates: “God bless these girls as they go their way.”



Where the boys are

On a sunny July morning, children's voices rise sweetly from the stage of the Lang Music Hall. It sounds like ... Italian opera?

That's right. While their friends frolic in the sun, 15 children are learning opera from John Alston, associate professor of music at Swarthmore and director of the Chester Boys Chorus and campus day camp. He directs a training chorus of mostly fourth graders, but the singers here today belong to the concert choir. Most are African American from poor Chester neighborhoods, between 8 and 14 years of age. There are two girls among them today. Few of these kids are used to strict discipline and none to opera. But they show up at this camp six days a week—and that means two to three hours of choir rehearsal a day.

Two baby grands have been pushed aside. Beside the choir, the arboretum woods glow through a wall of plate-glass windows. The kids have trouble standing still. Except for his ponytail and spectacles, Alston is dressed as they are, in T-shirts, shorts, and sneakers. He picks out the melodies on an electric keyboard, singing along in a sort of falsetto, several octaves above his usual bass.

Alston knows what it means for a kid to give up his summer days to sing. He did it himself as part of the Newark Boys Choir. As a boy growing up fatherless in a tough neighborhood, it was the best thing that ever happened to him. Five years ago, he had the inspiration to start his own boys choir. It has been his consuming passion ever since.

Today the choir is learning three-part harmony. Alston runs them through bits of Giordani's *Taro Mio Ben*, Pergolesi's *Magnificat*, and Mozart's *Exultate Jubilate*. "Say it, altos: *languisce il cor*," he says, rolling his r. "That means my heart, my heart. Sing it out. No fear, like the commercial says.... You can't be an Italian unless you have a lisp.... Sopranos, be quiet.

"Slow," Alston says, as they sing a line from the Mozart. "Don't confuse slowly with wimpy. Could it be soft and a little bit dancy? Soft but strong—alleluia, then we dance." A girl in the back row takes him literally and bounces to the next line, doing a little Whitney Houston hand motion. "Who sings this? Mary. What's she so happy about? They just said, 'You're the one.' And what she really said was, 'I'm too young for this. Take my sister.' But they couldn't write that. ... Don't improvise, brother," he tells a small boy in the front row. "You're supposed to be singing, not doing karate."

The boy is 8. "His name is Nkenge, which means 'brilliant' in some African language," Alston tells me later. "He is brilliant—a musical genius. Nkenge loves music; he really hears it. He's already improvising on the piano. We call him Bruce because he looks like Bruce Willis and behaves like Bruce Lee. Bruce loves karate."

Right on cue, at 11:30, karate instructor Stuart Bryant strides into the room, a muscular man with shaved head and tattoos. The class snaps to attention as he launches into a rapid-fire military question-response.

"What's up?" he barks, smiling.



The Chester Boys Chorus, directed by John Alston, assistant professor of music, rehearses in the Lang Concert Hall during a six-week summer camp. Alston's dream is to start a performing arts school in Chester.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM GRAHAM

“You are sir.”
 “What’s happening?”
 “We are sir.”
 “How’s your karate?”
 “Huuuuge, sir!”

“He’s also a blues musician,” Alston whispers. “And the greatest karate instructor in the area.” The children file out behind Bryant for a “nature appreciation tour” of the arboretum before he runs them through their moves. Later this afternoon, the boys will play baseball on DuPont field.

How do baseball and martial arts fit into a boys choir? “In a lot of ways, this camp is everything that I love to do,” Alston says. “There are probably other things I should be teaching them, but I don’t know those things. I understand music really well, and I understand martial arts.” He discovered Kung Fu during a sabbatical in 1994 and soon progressed to tai chi, which he practices religiously. Two of the older boys now study karate in a program Alston paid for with money received as a wedding gift. Max, the oldest, is about to get his blue belt.

“Karate teaches them discipline,” Alston says. “If I call them to attention the way they’re called in karate, they snap to immediately—even in front of 200 people.” He pauses for a bite of cereal, eating on the run as usual. “I’m just beginning to learn how to handle the kids’ temper tantrums—without just being louder and stronger. There are 17 different personalities. One kid was born addicted to cocaine. I have to find the right way to deal with each one.”

About the two girls in this boys choir, he says: “It just happened. They would come to pick up their brothers, and I started having them sit next to the troublemakers. That was very effective.” Naturally, they started singing along, their voices at this age indistinguishable from the boys’. Alston admits he’s not sure whether to make the choir officially unisex. “In this day and age, there’s probably no excuse not to include girls, especially since the boys have such an advantage as adults. But as children, the boys are at a disadvantage. We have three fathers in this whole group. They do not have role models. And it does make a difference.

“I sure wish my father had been around—and that’s definitely part of the motivation. I don’t have any fantasy about being their father. I just want to provide a little joy and structure in their lives. Who knows? For some of these guys, this might be the ticket to a career.”

Alston’s dream is to open a school for the performing arts in Chester, but just now he’s finding it a challenge to keep the camp and choir going. Thanks to an anonymous gift last year, he has a new program director, which saves him time, and, in the summer, buses shuttle the kids to and from the College on weekdays. But on Saturdays, Alston still drives the van to pick them all up. “It takes from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. to run an-hour-and-a-half rehearsal on Saturday,” he says. Camp lasts from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. in the summer. During the school year, Alston drives to Chester twice a week to rehearse the choir.

“I probably make about 50 cents an hour on average running the choir,” he laughs. “But I’m not complaining. We’re paid well at Swarthmore. Teaching music to the most enlightened students in the nation, and getting to play Bach? That’s not work, it’s play! I’m lucky—and I’ve got to share it. It’s the right thing to do.”

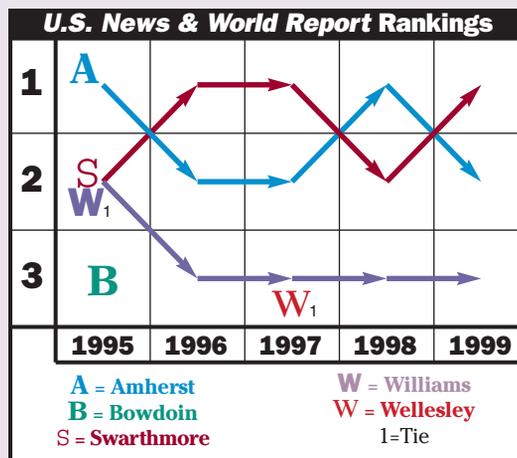
Swing low

The swing tree is gone—and it made its own decision about when to hit the ground. The large red oak near Sharples Dining Hall, which had suffered in recent years from rotting limbs and dying roots, was scheduled to be removed in mid-August because of safety concerns. But on Aug. 6 it “took matters into its own limbs,” according to Larry Schall ’75, vice president for facilities and services, and fell without the aid of a chain saw. The century-old tree, had reached the end of a normal life span for its species. No plans have been made for the relocation of the swing.

Swarthmore tops U.S. News list

For the third time in five years, Swarthmore has topped *U.S. News & World Report’s* ranking of national liberal arts colleges. Amherst came in second, followed by Williams and Wellesley, with Haverford and Middlebury tied for fifth.

The top five national universities were the California Institute of Technology, Harvard, MIT, Princeton, and Yale. President Alfred H. Bloom told *The Philadelphia Inquirer* that the popular but controversial



list provides important national exposure for Swarthmore, raising the number of applicants and thus the College’s selectivity. He also happily pointed out that the president of Cal Tech, the top-ranked university, is a Swarthmore grad—Nobel laureate David Baltimore ’60.

Two retirements

Two faculty members retired in June after more than 25 years at Swarthmore. H. Searl Dunn first joined of the Department of Engineering in 1973, and Robert Roza became a member of the Department of English Literature in 1966.

Miss that college radio?

Now alums can tune into WSRN from anywhere in the world—providing they have Internet access. WSRN has begun Web-casting its programs live, including blues, classical, folk, hip-hop, jazz, rock, ska, world, and talk. To listen in, visit the WSRN Web site at <http://wsrn.swarthmore.edu>.

Article of the year

“Swarthmore on the Line of Scrimmage” by Garret Keizer, the cover story of the December 1998 *Bulletin*, has been honored by the Council for the Advancement and Support of Education (CASE) as one of the four best articles of the year in a college or university magazine. The feature, which explored the role of football at Swarthmore, was chosen by a panel of three judges from *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, which sponsors this category in CASE’s annual awards program.

Why Studio Arts

AT A LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE?

Quite a lot of hugging and storytelling is going on outside the List Gallery. Name tags timeline more than 50 years, as is the case with all the alumni on campus for Alumni Weekend at Swarthmore. But all those gathered outside the List Gallery seem to know each other.

One by one, they stroll inside the gallery. Suddenly, the storytelling stops as if, in the face of art, communication changes. These alumni, many with majors in studio art, walk slowly through the exhibit, pausing in front of each work of art, taking the time to understand the artist behind the art.

In the gallery this weekend are delicate Chinese ink brush drawings by Lloyd Craighill '49, bold and vivid oil paintings by Mark Van Buskirk '89, and detailed bronze-colored sculptures by Don Gordon '49. Craighill stands in a corner, quietly playing the violin he crafted and brought as part of his exhibit. Van Buskirk shakes hands with one of his classmates. Gordon sits on a bench while his wife, Joan, snaps a photo.

Gordon has never exhibited his work before. He's been sculpting his whole life, ever since he took a sculpture class when he was 8 years old. By 18, when he arrived at Swarthmore, he was hooked on the medium. But, 50 years ago, there was no such thing as a sculpture class at the College. No ceramics. No drawing. No painting. No studio art courses of any kind. A few extracurricular arts and crafts classes were offered, but Gordon didn't know about them, and the Art Department certainly didn't recognize them as part of its curriculum. "The aim of the department is to study the historical-cultural significance and aesthetic value of architecture, sculpture, painting, and graphic art," reads the 1949–50 course catalog. "Since the objective ... is to foster an intelligent comprehension of the visual arts rather than to train professional artists, no courses in draw-

*Acceptance
was a long time
coming, but the fine
arts have taken
their full place in
the curriculum.*

ing, painting, and sculpture are offered for credit." So Gordon, now retired from a career as a builder in New York, did his sculpture during summer vacations and spent his school years studying political science.

Do studio arts belong at Swarthmore? The question is almost as old as the College and, during the past 130 years, has inspired much debate among the faculty and administration. The common notion is that Quakers considered the fine arts to be frivolous and nonutilitarian. Edward Hicks, a Virginia Quaker, had described them in 1851 as "trifling" and "insignificant" with no "substantial use to mankind." Yet the Hicksite Quakers who founded Swarthmore thought that drawing was useful enough to offer two courses—Mechanical Drawing and Freehand Drawing—to the College's very first class. In fact, in the minutes of the annual stockholders meeting in 1874, it was noted that freehand drawing was not only required for all students but "absolutely essential, and to all it must prove, if properly taught, only second in practical usefulness to the art of writing itself."

Rarely, if ever, has anyone in Swarthmore's history questioned the value of practicing art. The contention over the

years has involved a far subtler concept—the academic rigor of practicing art. Does throwing a pot or painting a landscape or sketching a model involve the brain as much as it involves the eye and the hand? Do studio art classes engage the intellect in the same way that physics or mathematics or history classes do? Do the studio arts have a place in a liberal arts education—particularly in a liberal arts education with the intellectual standards that Swarthmore has achieved?

The answer was yes—until 1910. In the late 19th century, painting had been added to the freehand drawing course, a class that was pitched to students in its course description as "a very important adjunct to the other courses, especially to those in science." Courses in the history of art appeared later, in 1892, and when Joseph Swain became president of the College in 1902, two classes were offered in art history and two in studio art. Soon after, four more classes were added in art history. Then, in 1910, both disciplines disappeared abruptly from the course catalog. In 1912, art history classes returned, but studio art did not—and 56 years went by before it was offered for credit again in 1968.

It is not known why studio art was suddenly removed from the curriculum. Perhaps, in his push for higher intellectual standards, President Swain decided that the study of art should be only an academic subject. When Frank Aydelotte replaced Swain in 1921, practical art classes remained outside the curriculum. The art history program, on the other hand, continued to grow and was coupled with courses in music history under the Department of Fine Arts and Music—studies defined in the 1926 catalog as "critical and appreciative rather than practical."

When Aydelotte established the Honors Program in 1922, the concept of an academically rigorous education in the

BY VICKI GLEMBOCKI

liberal arts jumped to the next level. Students, who may have been looking for an outlet from the increased intensity of their Oxford-style seminars, decided to start an extracurricular arts and crafts program. Studio art came back—conditionally. Listed as a “student activity” in the 1938–39 catalog, the program description read: “Creativity at Swarthmore is undertaken for its own sake as part of undergraduate life. It is generally felt that some form of self-expression, in arts, crafts, or some other medium, is a necessary factor in the educational process.... It is hoped that all students will take part in some of these activities but will exercise such restraint not to interfere with academic work.”

Although the College clearly viewed practicing art as a less serious endeavor than more established academic studies, including art history, the arts and crafts program turned out to be so popular that, in 1954, the College hired Barbara Elmore to direct the program. In a small office on the second floor of Trotter, which she shared with the director of dramatics, Elmore taught jewelry, enameling, and pottery. Painters and

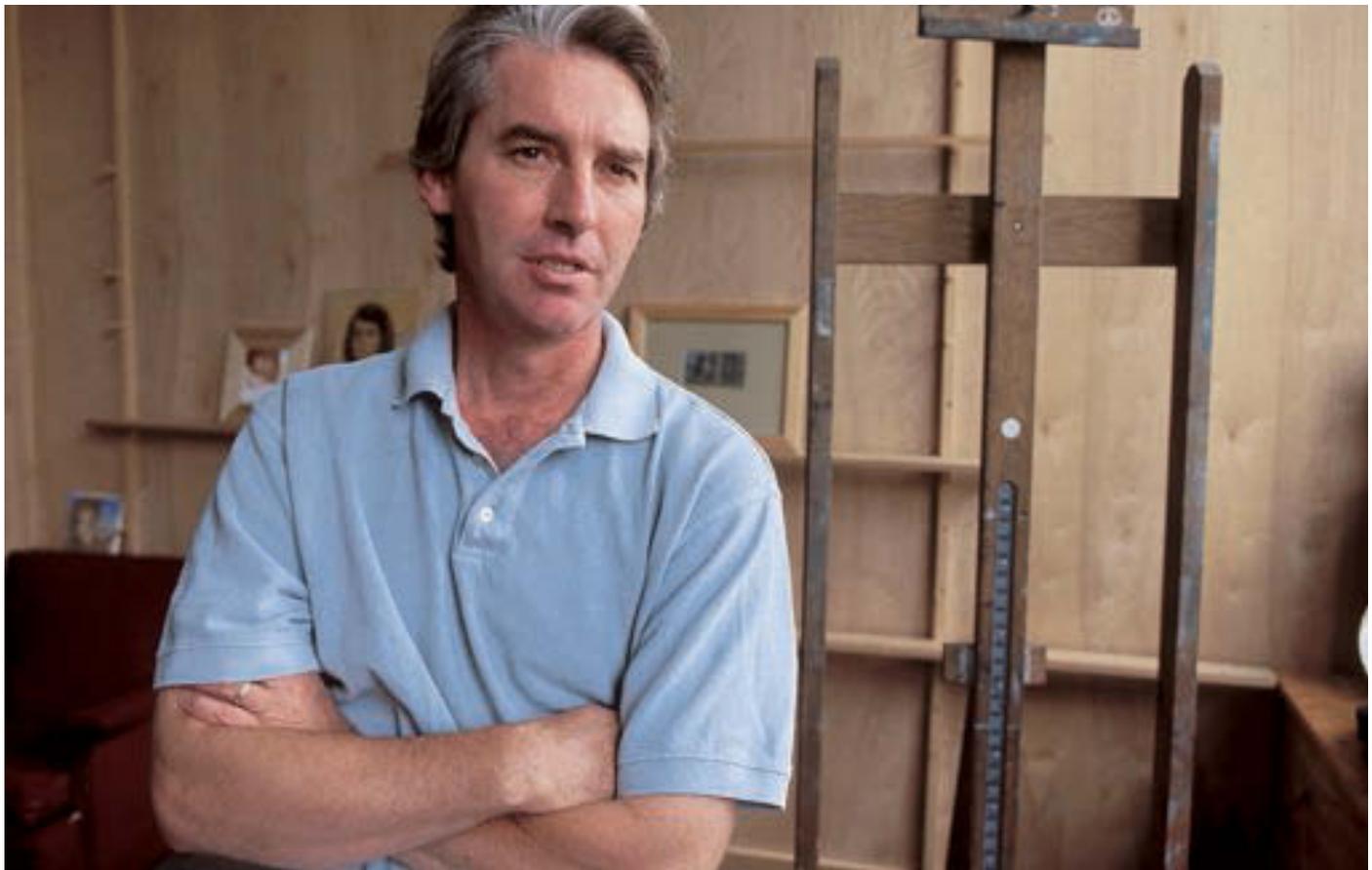
sculptors had their own room on the third floor. Ayala Talpai (Linda Becker) ’62 took classes with Elmore who, Talpai remembers, was “covertly looked down upon by some students because she used her *hands*.”

Still, Elmore fought hard for better equipment and better facilities for the arts and crafts program and won big in 1961, when the program moved to better quarters in Pearson Hall. “I felt strongly that studio arts should be on the curriculum,” Elmore wrote in a letter to T. Kaori Kitao, former chair of the Art Department. “[I] could not see how art history majors could graduate without ever having tried their hands at painting or sculpture.”

It’s ironic that the Art Department—both art history and studio art—has made its home since the late 1970s in Beardsley, a building named after Swarthmore’s first engineering professor. Yet art students have made the place their own. A ceramic relief in the stairwell leading to the department offices reads, in huge red script: “I thought I’d died and gone to SoHo.”

But if anyone at Swarthmore can be credited with recognizing the academic value of studio art and then helping to change the College’s perception of the discipline, it’s Kaori Kitao, now the William R. Kenan Jr. Professor of Art History. When Kitao arrived to teach Renaissance and Baroque art in 1966, she found a “rigorously verbal” curriculum—serious study meant discussion and interpretation, and serious scholarship meant academic papers. “Academics saw art as nonintellectual, as a pursuit that engaged the hands and eyes,” she says. “Artists, of course, knew that it wasn’t just hands and eyes but the coordination of the hands, the eyes, and the mind.”

When Kitao came to the College, two cultural changes were working in favor of putting studio art back in the course catalog. First, abstract expressionism had started to be replaced by a new realist movement—Andy Warhol’s pop art, George Segal’s figurative sculpture installations, and Jasper Johns’ flag paintings—that was concerned more with the tangible world than with the individual. This “nouveau realism,”



JIM GRAHAM

Randall Exon, Art Department chair: “Originality is as hard for a student to achieve in studio art as it is to achieve in science.”

wrote art critic Pierre Restany in 1961, “registers the sociological reality without any controversial intention.” As modern art became more tangible, the practical study of it seemed to become more acceptable as well.

The second change had a more direct effect on the study of art at Swarthmore. In 1955, the Quaker Fellowship of the Arts was founded in Britain in an effort to bridge the gap in Quaker philosophy that separated the aesthetic from the spiritual. Janet Stanley Mustin ’45, who says that being both a Quaker and an artist has always been a challenge for her, works with the Fellowship of Quakers in the Arts in Philadelphia, an organization modeled after the British group. “The notion that self-expression is a spiritual experience has been in revival,” she says. “The traditional disapproval of the arts has vanished. Now art is considered to be close to the soul. And the soul has to have its expression.”

Finally, in 1967, the College undertook a re-examination of its entire curriculum. Part of this thoroughgoing self-study, which was published as the *Critique of the College* in 1968, was a proposal by the Art Department to give credit for creative arts.

Soon after, studio courses received credit. Harriet Shorr ’60 returned to Swarthmore in the fall of 1963—when no credit was given—to teach painting and drawing and administer the studio arts program, staying until the early 1970s. “Credit and credibility were important for the students,” wrote Schorr in the third installment of a history of the art program recently compiled for the department’s newsletter. Schorr also stated that “one explanation for Swarthmore’s attitude toward the arts was the Quaker tradition: Quakers were suspicious of beauty that was not utilitarian.”

In *The Critique of the College*, the Art Department also recommended faculty status for full-time art instructors. These changes and others were debated in faculty meetings. “Extreme opponents expressed their opinions,” remembers Kitao. “Some of them had a very old-fashioned notion that what artists do is on a lower level of intellectuality. They compared it with athletics, claiming that art was a technical matter, like basketball.” Nonetheless, painting and sculpture were approved for credit. The controversy dealt more with ceramics—one faculty critic compared the art to finger

painting. The evening before the faculty voted on whether or not to give credit for ceramics courses, the Art Department had brought in a promising young ceramist named Paulus Berensohn to lecture. Berensohn explained that a ceramist makes pots in the way a tree makes leaves. At the faculty meeting the next day, Paul Mangelsdorf ’49, now Morris L. Clothier Professor Emeritus of Physics, used the idea in his argument against the course. “Making pots,” he reportedly said, “is compared with a purely vegetative function.”

Mangelsdorf, a lifelong Quaker whose daughter graduated from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Arts, is somewhat less stringent in his opinion of art at Swarthmore today. “I think that the art program sets pretty high standards, and

“Making art is a complicated, critical process, which has the ultimate intent of trying to interpret the world.”

I’ve been impressed with some of the work the students do,” he says. “But I’m still not convinced that work in the creative arts should be put in the same curricular category with work in the more academic specialties. Art ... contributes to the enrichment of the lives of the students. But it’s definitely not in the same intellectual category with calculus or the study of the classics.”

Professor of Studio Arts Randall Exon, the current chair of the Art Department, claims to have a limited, if not nonexistent, knowledge of calculus. “The problem is,” he says, “there are also those who have a limited education in art but have very strong opinions about it. I don’t know exactly what they are basing their opinions on. That said, I think we needed those opinions—we needed to understand what that generation of scholars and scientists meant by the phrase ‘intellectual pursuit,’ in order to push us to create a truly rigorous program.

“Making art is a complicated, critical—particularly self-critical—process that has the ultimate intent of trying to interpret the world in some way. That, to me, requires as much thought, criticism, and technical ability as learning how to write. There is also a deeper interpretive understanding required. Originality is as hard for a student to achieve in studio art as it is for a student to achieve in science.”

Still, Mangelsdorf’s feelings were not uncommon on campus in the late 1960s; as a result, studio art (eventually including ceramics) remained a program with no major until 1977, two years after Kaori Kitao became chair of the department. In that role, she was known for being outspoken on the subject of art at Swarthmore, including at the annual meeting when new faculty members were introduced. The introductions were made by departments in alphabetical order, so the art department went first. Kitao would say: “Since this is the only time art ever comes first at Swarthmore College, I’d like to take full advantage of the moment.”

Kitao points to four crucial turning points in the more recent evolution of the studio art program. First, housing art history and studio art together in Beardsley Hall (an idea initiated in the 1980s by Harrison Wright, then provost) increased the dialogue between the two disciplines. Having them in separate buildings, she says, bred more animosity than collegiality. Second, giving studio artists the space they needed to do their work—big studios with high ceilings and lots of natural light on the third floor of Beardsley—encouraged the students’ development and helped reinforce the fact that the College had come to truly respect their craft. Third, hiring four faculty members in art history and four in studio has brought balance to the department. Finally, changing the studio art major a few years ago to include 7 credits in studio art and 4 in art history (for years, the requirements were equal—5 credits in each) has enabled the department to offer a program that reflects the seriousness of studio art as an academic discipline.

“It has been, and still is, a constant upstream effort,” says Kitao, who is planning to retire in 2001. Through the process of natural selection, as Kitao archly describes it, many faculty members who opposed giving studio art its own major are no longer at the College.



JIM GRAHAM

Professor T. Kaori Kitao: "It has been, and still is, a constant upstream effort.... We have to be constantly alert to potential opposition."

Yet within the past 10 years, she has noticed a wave of conservatism among new faculty. "Some are alarmingly indifferent or unlearned in the matters of art. We have to be constantly alert to potential opposition."

But being unlearned in the matters of art is inherent in American culture, says Exon. "There's a problem with arts education in this country today," he says. "There are so many people with no education in art at all. Educational systems in other parts of the world see the study of art as fundamental, as evidence of a person's intelligence."

Mark Van Buskirk sneaks out of the List Gallery, where his paintings are on exhibit for Alumni Weekend, and sits for few moments on a brick wall. Van Buskirk has been exhibiting his art for 10 years, since he graduated as a studio arts major in 1989, and has been teaching painting and drawing in the bachelor of fine arts program at Mississippi State. In the fall, though, he'll move into a teaching position at Earlham College—a

small, Quaker-founded liberal arts school in Indiana.

"I made a real conscious decision to move from a fine arts professional program to a program like the one at Swarthmore. I know that you can teach students technical skills, as a fine arts program does, but I also believe that they need the balance of liberal arts," Van Buskirk says. "I know a lot of great artists, and none of them is stupid. They need nourishment outside their field in order to make compelling statements in their work."

For a high school student who wants a college degree in art, there are essentially two choices: a professional program at an art school or university or an art major at a liberal arts college. Virginia Red, provost of the University of the Arts in Philadelphia, calls it a yin-yang situation. "It depends on students and how they want to balance their time," she says. At the University of the Arts, students take one third of their credits in the liberal arts. The rest of their time is spent in studio classes. "They don't have to steal the time to do

the studio work that they want to do. And so they graduate with an impressive portfolio and with enough practical experience to jump right into an entry-level position in their field."

When speaking with prospective Swarthmore students who have an interest in studio art, Department Chair Randall Exon is careful to distinguish between what a larger art school would offer and what Swarthmore offers—essentially the mirror image of the program at the University of the Arts. "I know many artists who are one-dimensional but not the artists who come through this program," he says. "I have students who can tell me the chemical makeup of a particular patina they're using on their sculpture. They don't just know the techniques—they know how their materials are made. They know the chemicals. They link what they're learning outside of the studio with what they're doing in the studio. That's what makes us different from a professional school."

It's not just the chemicals either. It's
Please turn to page 67

Swarthmore College boasts hundreds of artists among its alumni—amateurs and professionals of all ages and talents who work in almost every medium. All of them are also “liberal artists” because they have received a liberal education at the College instead of the career-oriented training they might have received in an art school. They tend to think differently about their art, drawing relationships and influences from art, science, history, politics, and literature. Some Swarthmore artists realized early in their lives that they wanted to draw or paint or sculpt. Others started later. Still others, we suspect, are waiting for the moment when they can indulge their creativity. This “liberal artists’ gallery” showcases the work of six Swarthmoreans who have followed their hearts into art.

THE LIBERAL ARTISTS’ GALLERY

Six Swarthmore artists

By Vicki Glembocki

Jessica Smith '99

“It’s a really hard decision to become a studio art major,” says Jessica Smith '99. “You’re basically saying: ‘I am going to major in art, I’m not going to be able to get a job, I’m not going to make any

money, and I’m not going to be taken seriously by a lot of people.’ You’re really putting yourself on the line.” And those, says Smith, are exactly the kind of things you can’t worry about if you’ve decid-

ed to be an artist. You just have to make art.

“That’s really the emphasis here at Swarthmore,” she says, “doing art for the art, making art the most important thing.” Studying with studio art professor and painter Celia Reisman, Smith found that what she needed to learn more than anything else was how to keep making art, what to do to keep making art. (The painting at left is one of Smith’s early works, done in Reisman’s class.) “That’s the focus I’ve left with,” says Smith. After graduation, Smith took off to Poland, where she spent the summer painting before returning to Brooklyn, N.Y., where she intends to work and paint before applying to graduate programs in the fine arts.



“UNTITLED”

OIL ON CANVAS

44 X 44 INCHES





"ST. LOUIS STARS, 1929"

OIL ON CANVAS

30 x 40 INCHES

Nancy Parks Valelly '52

"I came to art very late in the game," says Nancy Valelly '52. In fact, it took three years of studying political science at Swarthmore, another year at the University of Puerto Rico, two years finishing up at City College in New York, a couple of decades traveling around the world with her husband who was an international banker, and a few years living in Alexandria, Va., before Valelly moved to New England and, in 1987, took her first painting class at the Rhode Island School of Design.

Since then, she's evolved into what some might call a folk artist.

Her oil paintings, simple and primitively styled, often deal with historical events and usually work as part of a series. Her exhibit *South Carolina Memories*, for example, was shown this summer at the Coastal Discovery Museum in Hilton Head and chronicled early African-American experiences in South Carolina, where Valelly now lives. (Her son, Richard Valelly '75, teaches political science at the College.)

"The hardest part is coming up with the idea, problem solving, creating something within a general theme," Valelly explains. "The act of painting is secondary to the

idea. I don't think you could sit there and chew gum and play basketball and come up with a coherent body of work."



Jesse Amar '91

Jesse Amar '91 is a sculptor who thinks the term traditional is almost pejorative when applied to his work. He admits he's not an avant-garde artist, but he doesn't apologize for his representational figures in cast bronze. "It was the most natural course for me," says the Gloucester, Mass.-born artist, who worked with his hands from an early age as apprentice to his father, a carpenter.

He came to Swarthmore thinking to major in English literature but graduated in studio art. He took full advantage of the liberal arts curriculum, boning up on art history ("the academic backbone of the program," he says) and English courses. As a graduate student at American University, he says he was "able to draw references from literature that most of my classmates were at a loss to do."

Amar is not yet able to support himself entirely with his art. He has continued to work as a carpenter and as an ornamental plaster craftsman while accepting commissions and making new

sculptures. He's teaching this fall at Edinboro University of Pennsylvania and, modeling himself after his friend and mentor Randall Exon, would like to be an artist/teacher at the college level.

He credits Haverford College's Christopher Cairns with teaching him both the aesthetics and techniques of sculpture. "The people

at Swarthmore were great about my studying with Chris; it was the right thing for me at the time," he says. But he asserts that his Swarthmore education gave him a chance to "read and write and exercise my brain," something he believes has definitely helped him become a better artist.



"DEATH"

BRONZE RELIEF

13 x 13 INCHES



"EVENING, LANCASTER COUNTY"

OIL ON PANEL

11 X 12.5 INCHES

Timi Sullivan '75

"If you wanted to do art at Swarthmore, you were kind of on your own," says Timi Sullivan '75.

"There were a few art courses. But Swarthmore knew what it did well, and studio art wasn't what they did here back then." It also wasn't what Sullivan did at Swarthmore back then. Though she'd always wanted to be a painter, she decided to major in literature and fill her creative arts requirements—limited then to 5 credits per student—with painting courses.

When professors would send

the students outdoors in search of a landscape on campus to paint, Sullivan would go into the Crum Woods or sit along the creek. "This campus is so beautiful, a perfect place for a painter to be," she says. After graduation, she attended the Boston Museum School, where she painted from morning until night. ("It was an art school," she says. "That's all they did.") Then, for several years, she taught art at colleges and secondary schools and recently got a master of fine arts degree from Penn. Living in Glen Mills, Pa., Sullivan is still painting local landscapes inspired by the parks and

hills of Delaware County. Her oil paintings are small and delicate and often portray early morning or late evening. Says Sullivan: "I try to capture the character of a place." ■



Mark Van Buskirk '89

"I'd rather be around people in other disciplines than be around other painters," says Mark Van Buskirk '89. "Finding the connections between them, between different disciplines, can make really good art." After Swarthmore, Van Buskirk received an M.F.A. at Boston University and taught painting at Mississippi State University, where he stole as much time in the studio as he possibly could. His oil paintings are bold and colorful, and his subjects can be anything from chocolate éclairs to cows. "I take the stuff of my life, paint it, and look to see how the painting clarifies or enhances my relationship to it,"

Van Buskirk says.

His Swarthmore class—at that time the largest group of students to graduate with studio arts degrees—proved how a liberal arts background could enhance a career in art. One woman double-majored in chemistry and art, got an M.F.A., interned at the National Gallery of Art, and then put it all together publishing chemistry books. Another student was a ceramics major, went to art school and dropped out, started in book publishing in New York, and is now publishing art books. Even now, as an assistant professor of art at Earlham College in Indiana, Van Buskirk still looks for



a lot of his inspiration outside of the art world. "My students always have questions that I have never even considered," he says. "That keeps me alive and keeps me addressing different issues—which ultimately affects my work."



"DARLENE IN MOTION"

CHARCOAL

18 x 24 INCHES

Nathan Florence '94

Nathan Florence '94 believes that part of a liberal arts education is keeping your options open. By coming to Swarthmore, that's exactly what he learned to do. Arriving at the College as an engineering major and thinking about eventually going to medical school, Florence considered painting to be "a cool thing but not a career." Then, in the middle of his organic chemistry and physics classes, he'd suddenly catch himself thinking: "I hate this. I don't want to do this."

He went to the registrar, said he was planning on getting an M.F.A. after Swarthmore, and asked if an art school would care if he dropped organic chemistry. "She said 'no,'" Florence remembers. So he withdrew from the class; dove headfirst into painting; and, after graduation, got married and landed a job as a designer at the Franklin Mint in Philadelphia. "Again, I knew it wasn't what I wanted to do. And I also knew that it wasn't ever going to be any easier to quit my job and be a painter. It wasn't as if, in a few years, I'd say, 'oh look, now we have a couple of kids and a mortgage; now might be a good time to paint.' So I quit my job."

That was two years ago, and Florence has been painting full-

time ever since. His oil paintings, often landscapes or portraits, all start as sketches that are either inspired by something he sees or by a philosophical concept he's toying with. "I just go into the painting and try to figure it out," he says.

Five years after graduation, things are looking up for Florence. He's represented by a Philadelphia gallery, has won a grant from a foundation that supports young artists, and will have a one-man show in Santa Fe, N.M., this winter.



"MARIAN"

OIL ON CANVAS

56 x 72 INCHES

SAVE THE MALES

David Page '78 reveals the evolutionary roots of sex and gender.

By Carol Cruzan Morton

For a guy whose work brought new respect to the scorned but macho Y chromosome, geneticist David Page '78 seems downright mild mannered. In his office on a chilly January evening, he looks out over the lights of Cambridge and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and marvels about the differences between the sexes.

"Sometimes people ask me how sex evolved," Page says. "Most people are thinking about the act, but I'm thinking about the co-existence of two different forms within a species. It makes for a wonderful subject of study."

For scientific inquiry, the two sexes can be defined at many levels. What makes a man male? What makes a woman female? Externally, the differences may mean beard or breasts, penis or clitoris, scrotum or labia. Internally, men have testes that make sperm, and women have ovaries that hold eggs. And then there are differences in hormones, behavior, and identity.

Genetically, in humans and other mammals, sex differences boil down to a mismatched set of chromosomes. Men and women have in common 22 pairs of the puffy, cinch-waisted blobs called chromosomes. What's different is the 23rd set, the sex-determining chromosomes, which are named "X" and "Y." Women usually have two Xs; men typically have an X paired with a Y. Page started here.

The emerging story of the Y chromosome has been written, in large part, by Page and his graduate students and postdoctoral fellows. They have shown that the Y does a lot more than define a male. Page's group has found genes on the Y that are needed for cellular processes throughout the body. He has also found that the Y may be a haven for genes that guys need in order to chauffeur their half of the genome to the next generation.

The Y chromosome doesn't have a monopoly on male-friendly genes, which are scattered around on the genome, but these genes may have a difficult time staying in the coed gene pool. It appears that when genetic members of the he-man club are kicked off the communal chromosomes, the Y may provide a refuge for these outcasts, preserving crucial jobs such as the several Y genes that seem to be necessary to produce any or enough sperm. The human Y chromosome

has evolved fast and furiously, a story Page is preparing to tell more fully.

Over the past few thousand years, poets, playwrights, philosophers, and, most recently, special prosecutors have gone to great lengths to explain the various delights and woes resulting from sexual dimorphism. Researchers, too, have tackled the elusive understanding of the sexes from perspectives ranging from behavior to physiology. But as a geneticist, Page picked the loneliest place on the genome.

Once the Y chromosome was discovered to be the key to maleness in 1959, it languished under the palling weight of scientific apathy. Amid 45 other human chromosomes, all generous sausages stuffed with genes, the Y is the runt of the human genome. Page estimates 22 genes are now known on the Y. Its X partner, on the other hand, may house as many as 3,000 genes, including those that code for muscle development, blood clotting, and color vision.

The X chromosome has been intensely—and disproportionately—studied, Page believes, because of its link to many inherited traits and disorders that almost exclusively affect males. In males, no backup X covers for absent or mutated genes. Or, as Page puts it, X genes in the male "fly without co-pilots." Thus, up to 10 percent of men suffer nicks and dings in their single X in the form of color blindness, hemophilia, and more than 300 other genetic traits. Even before the current understanding of genes, people were aware of the special heritable properties of the X. "In elaborations of Judaic writings, there were proscriptions exempting

from circumcision boys whose maternal uncles died at circumcision," Page says. "They recognized hemophilia as an X-linked disorder thousands of years ago."

As a piece of genomic real estate, by contrast, the Y had all the appeal of rapidly eroding beach-front property when it caught Page's attention. Although the X and Y probably started out as equal partners about 200 million to 300 million years ago, somewhere along the way, the Y became isolated and unable to engage in most of the healthy gene-swapping that shores up and sustains other chromosomes with fresh genetic material.

An isolated chromosome rapidly becomes an endangered

Y
**chromosomes
are the runts
of the human
genome
and have
languished in
scientific
obscurity.
Until now.**

chromosome. Biologists have shown in fruit flies that an isolated chromosome will evolve out of existence in little more than 35 fruit-fly generations. Scientists believed—until Page’s work—that the Y had withered down to a single-purpose tool. For a couple of days more than seven months before the birth of each baby boy, the Y turns on the male gender switch, starting the cascade of events leading to growth of the male sex organs, hormone production, and male behavior.



SAMI OGDEN / WHITEHEAD INSTITUTE

David Page received an M.D. in 1984, a MacArthur Fellowship in 1986, and an honorary degree from Swarthmore in 1989.

Nature takes an unnecessary risk, it seems, by maintaining an isolated sex chromosome in humans and so many other species. After all, animals really don’t need two different sex chromosomes to make males and females. For example, turtles and alligators have the two sexes but no sex chromosomes; sons and daughters are determined by the egg incubation temperatures. For that matter, living creatures really don’t need two sexes to have two parents. All the benefits of gene swapping conceivably could come from two individuals of a single gender, such as in baker’s yeast, whose gametes look identical. Such musings deepen the mystery of when and how two distinct forms, male and female, sperm and egg, X and Y, arose.

And by rigorously following such musings, Page made his mark quite early in his career. He runs an internationally respected lab at one of the country’s top research institutes, the Whitehead Institute for Biomedical Research, and is an investigator for the Howard Hughes Medical Institute.

Born in Harrisburg, Pa., Page grew up in the Pennsylvania countryside. Until he attended Swarthmore, he had never met a scientist. Swarthmore professors and alumni gave Page his first taste of raw science. The summer before his junior year, he worked at the Brookhaven National Laboratory on Long Island. The following summer, he lined up a heady research position under the mentorship of Robert Simpson ’59, then at the National Institutes of Health (NIH) in Bethesda, Md. This was Page’s first exposure to cutting-edge molecular biology. He began to design his own experiments and became obsessed with the biological puzzle, returning to Simpson’s NIH lab the next summer as well.

“I was really living and breathing the edge of the unknown,” Page says. “The pure excitement of being the first person in the world to know something was absolutely captivating.”

Page graduated with a degree in chemistry and entered Harvard Medical School. For advice on a summer lab position, Page turned to Nobel Prize winner David Baltimore ’60, then a professor at Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and now president of California Institute of Technology, who suggested David Botstein, a pioneer in genetic engineering and studies of heredity. Botstein put Page to work on what turned out to be the precursor to the Human Genome Project, the current unprecedented effort to identify all the genes on the human genome.

Page liked the pure science but still thought of himself as a physician in training. A little over a year later, however, he took a leave from medical school. He spent six months working in a remote Liberian hospital and then another year and a half in Botstein’s lab. In Liberia, he endeared himself to the Toronto medical student who would eventually become his wife by chasing hoards of cockroaches from her room before her arrival. Back in Boston, Page thrived in the lab. He began wavering between research science and medicine. He finished an M.D. degree in spring 1984 and was offered a fellowship at the new biomedical research institute affiliated with MIT being built across the street. The Whitehead Fellows program was designed to jump-start promising researchers by providing a lab and an assistant. Then Page won a MacArthur Fellowship, nicknamed the “genius” prize, in 1986. The institute broke its rules about not promoting internally and named Page to its faculty in 1988. The next year, Swarthmore

awarded him an honorary degree—rare for someone so young.

Page calls his involvement with the Y a fluke. In the Botstein lab, he arbitrarily selected one of a million snippets of DNA to develop a tool that other scientists could use as a landmark when exploring the human genome. The genetic signpost Page developed signaled a shared set of sequences on both the X and Y chromosomes. A use for this new tool emerged at his first scientific meeting, where he met Albert de la Chapelle, who had described the first case of sex-reversed XX males in the 1960s.

Together, they proved a theory that XX males actually carry the tiny piece of the Y chromosome that turns on the male switch in the embryo. It also explained the unusual occurrence of XY females, who they found were missing the same piece, then known as the testes-determining factor. The question of how two forms within a species evolved gets murkier when the two forms represent a continuum rather than an absolute. Complete sex reversal happens in 1 in 20,000 people. But about 1 in 2,000 people have minor abnormalities in sexual differentiation, thanks to wayward extra pieces or a missing part of the Y chromosome.

Hot on the trail of identifying the crucial maleness switch in that small piece of Y, Page narrowed the elusive gene down to one candidate, called the “ZFY.” (Genes tend to be called by three- to four-letter abbreviations describing the most relevant insight or function at the time of naming.) Or so he thought. Headlines around the world heralded the newly discovered gene for maleness. Page was 31 years old and three years out of medical school, where the only formal research training he received was as a medical student on leave.

Y **chromosomes** **provide a** **living record** **of their** **genetic** **history—and** **clues to the** **origins of** **inherited** **diseases.**

Then the bad news started trickling in, soon becoming a flood. It was the wrong gene, suggested subsequent reports from a British team. The sex-determining gene for males was the neighboring SRY. The foundation of Page’s work was solid, but he had misinterpreted the data. He had been working with DNA from an XY female who was missing more than this one gene from her Y.

“You commit yourself to ideas you think are so wonderful,” Page says. “Sometimes they have a useful lifetime of six months; other times, they last decades.” For a time, the atmosphere of intense competition took the fun out of science for Page. But after some soul-searching, he found his bearings again in the “pure beauty of the question.”

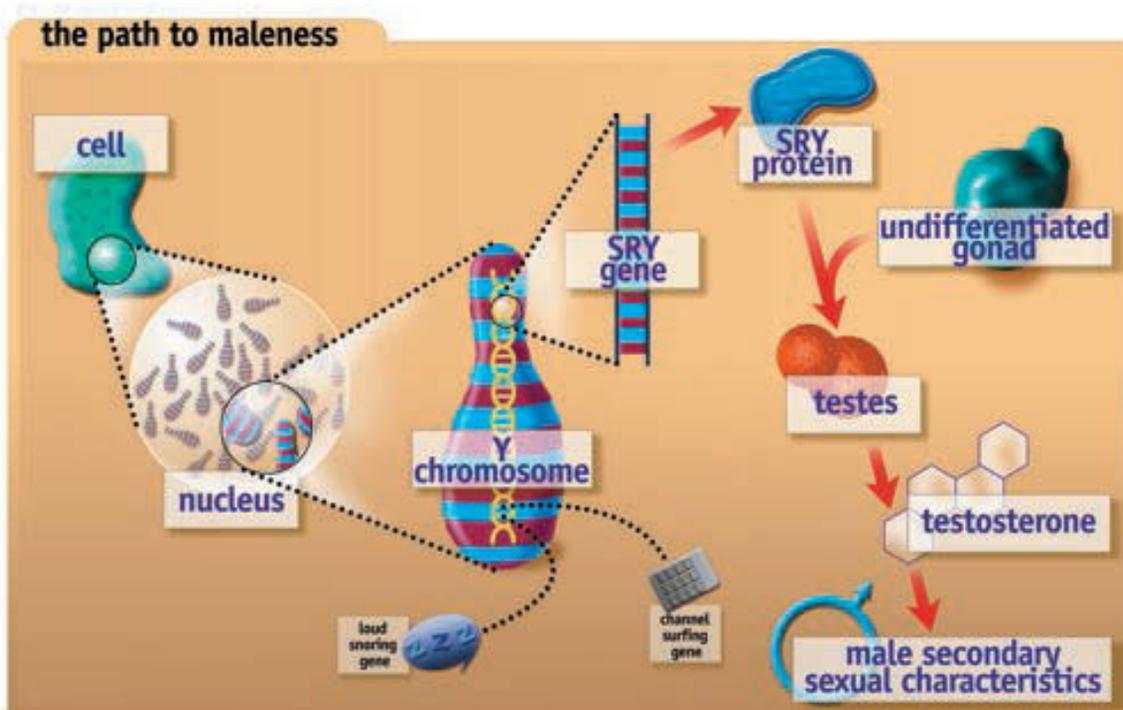
Meanwhile, in 1992, his group was among the first to clone a human chromosome—the Y, of course. (Another group had cloned chromo-

somes 21 and published results one day earlier.) Page’s lab produced the first comprehensive map of the Y chromosome and provided DNA landmarks to navigate its genetic information. Two years ago, his group reported 12 new genes, more than doubling the total number of known genes on the Y chromosome.

The genes readily sorted into two classes. Some code for proteins expressed in only testes, where sperm is made. The other category of genes makes proteins needed in all cells. Known as “housekeeping” genes, they have nearly identical counterparts on the X chromosome. (News of these shared genes, some of which help maintain body cells, tickled reporters, who delighted in the irony that the Y was home to housekeeping genes and wondered about more characteristic male genes for belching, loud snoring, obsessive channel surfing, and inability to ask directions.)

The housekeeping genes also offered new insight into a medical condition known as Turner syndrome. Often fatal in the womb, females who are born with only one X chromosome suffer short stature, infertility, and defects in many organs. Yet males seemed to survive with one X. The newly discovered housekeeping genes on the Y suggested people need at least two copies of several genes, either on both Xs or on the X and Y.

Although housekeeping genes were not previously recognized on the Y, their presence isn’t a com-



plete surprise. After all, scientists had long postulated that the X and Y were once a matched set of chromosomes. Why wouldn't the mismatched chromosomes still share a few genes in common?

A paper published in April may present the most complete picture to date about the Y's rapid evolution. The genes on the Y chromosome have revealed three major evolutionary plot lines to Page and his associates. The first is persistence. Some genes on the Y have persevered from the ancestral X, accounting for about 1 percent of the Y's length and including the housekeeping genes. Other genes tell a story of "transposition," where a dislodged piece of another chromosome found refuge on the Y, which includes at least one gene (known as DAZ, an acronym for "deleted in azoospermia") necessary to make sperm. The third story told by the Y genes is "retroposition," a fancy word for a more streamlined version of a gene from another chromosome homesteading on the Y.

Page is completing a kind of unifying history of the sex chromosomes, dismissing with a final wave the old notion of the Y as a degenerate X and offering provocative ways of looking at both the modern Y and X. In a sense, the working genes on the X and Y chromosome provide a kind of living fossil record of their history.

From a 50–50 shared responsibility, Page says, the genetic workload of producing proteins shifted to the X and diminished on the Y. When the gene activity was fully transferred to the X, the Y lost the gene, and one X gene was able to make so much protein that only one X gene was needed.

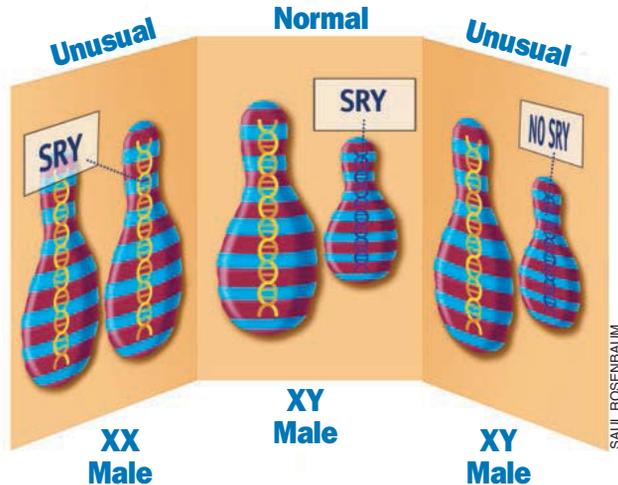
"Ninety-nine percent of the genes once shared are already at this end point," Page says. "That's why there are 100 times more genes on the X. The X and Y still have a long way to go in reaching the inevitable outcome where the genes have shifted entirely from two copies per pair to one copy per pair of sex chromosomes. Once they've shifted, there's no problem, but this unfinished business has medical consequences. I would argue that Turner syndrome is a manifestation of the incomplete evolution of the youngest parts of the X and Y."

Although Page contributed new research techniques early in his career, these days he's more of a thinker than a doer. "I don't do experiments with my own hands," Page says. "I help choose experiments, provide strategic guidance, and help interpret things. It's especially interesting when data announces an answer to a question you haven't even asked."

In a field dominated by large consortiums and huge group efforts, Page fields a small research team, gives them the best equipment and latest technologies, and waits for what he calls the "data heroes" to work their magic. In calling them heroes, Page refers to the leap of faith his students take when "choosing to take on monumental tasks and figure out how to accomplish them without going insane." For example, in two years, Bruce Lahn, the graduate student who found 12 new genes on the Y, "accomplished the equivalent of all the world's previous molecular studies of the Y," Page says.

Page can clone a catchy phrase with the same precision his research associates can clone genes. Page not only excels at explaining genetic research and its implications, he feels a responsibility to share this information with people affected in some way by it.

"In the case of the Y, evolution has operated as an opportunistic real estate broker," Page says. "Let's assume that all genes relocate periodically. If some of those genes happen to



be beneficial to males but not of much use or even detrimental to females, the real estate broker of evolution says, "Have I got a home for you."

But the Y is genetically unstable and occasionally loses genes in individual mutations. Four years ago, Page's group and their Finnish colleagues found that a specific defect in the Y chromosome may be responsible for 13 percent of cases of azoospermia, the complete inability to make sperm and the severest form of male infertility. On a region of the Y known as AZF, they suspect one gene in particular, DAZ. Page has let people know that these findings affect couples seeking a type of fertility treatment called intracytoplasmic sperm injection, where doctors inject a single sperm into an egg to circumvent the low sperm counts. Because men may pass along the very Y mutation that made them infertile, they risk creating an infertile son.

Lately, Page has put this combination of communication skills and social consciousness to work as chair of the Whitehead Task Force on Genetic Testing, Privacy, and Public Policy. The task force aims to stimulate informed discussion about some of the social and legal ramifications of the human genetics revolution. Last spring, the task force hosted what is believed to be the largest public symposium addressing these issues. The participants included scientists, students, media, legal experts, and ordinary citizens. On a smaller scale, Page has made many presentations to members of state government, trial lawyers, health care advocates, business leaders, the insurance industry, and the federal judiciary.

He's also exploring how humans make eggs and sperm, which are called germ cells—another way of defining male and female. In the early days of an embryo, when it is still a mass of undifferentiated cells, before it makes a heart, a liver, or a hand, it puts aside certain cells that will form the next generation's germ cells. Only then does it see to the rest of the details of shaping a human.

"In a sense, you can view the rest of the body as the germ cell container," Page says. "In evolutionary terms, it's all built around the germ cells. It's obvious that the egg came first, and the chicken came later to serve the egg. As my high school biology teacher used to say: 'We are all mere drops in a stream of protoplasm that's been flowing for billions of years.'" ■

Carol Cruzan Morton is a science journalist based in Boston.

Sarah Azaransky '98 is perched on a low wall inside Jerusalem's Jaffa Gate, ignoring a man who thinks she needs company. "Creepy guy number three," she sighs, then turns to him and says, for the third time that afternoon, "Go away, I'm not interested." He finally gets the message and drifts off.

Swarthmore's latest Watson Fellow has been on the road for 10 months now, and these types of confrontations don't faze her anymore. She's already spent six months in Belfast, doing volunteer work for women's peace groups and sitting in on monthly meetings of women from both sides of the Northern Ireland conflict. It's part of the Watson Fellowship project she designed, to study the role of women in the peace process.

She felt focused and happy in Belfast, but now she's in Israel, and it's frustrating. She doesn't speak Hebrew or Arabic, the peace process has been stalled by Netanyahu's government, and she really misses Snapple and Thursday night television. She's making plans to leave in a few days for Sri Lanka, another hotbed of conflict. "The problem is, I keep feeling like I'm not doing enough with this opportunity or living up to the responsibility of being a fellow," she says, echoing what Swarthmore's Watson Fellows have been saying for 30 years.

It's not that Azaransky is failing as a Watson Fellow. It's that the Watson Fellowship doesn't give out any grades or provide a formal evaluation. You never have a final exam. There is no thesis to turn in at the end of the year. For Azaransky, it's a challenge to shift gears and let herself be the judge of whether she is succeeding or failing. "I know I'm doing my project, and I'm learning a ton, but it's so different not having the feedback," she says.

Azaransky is one of 57 Swarthmoreans who have received a Thomas J. Watson Fellowship since the fellowship was first created 30 years ago. Perhaps the most creative fellowship around, the Watson was founded by the Watson family in the name of Thomas J. Watson Sr., founder of IBM. Up to 60 fellowships are offered each year to graduating seniors from 25 top colleges, which nominate finalists. In the original

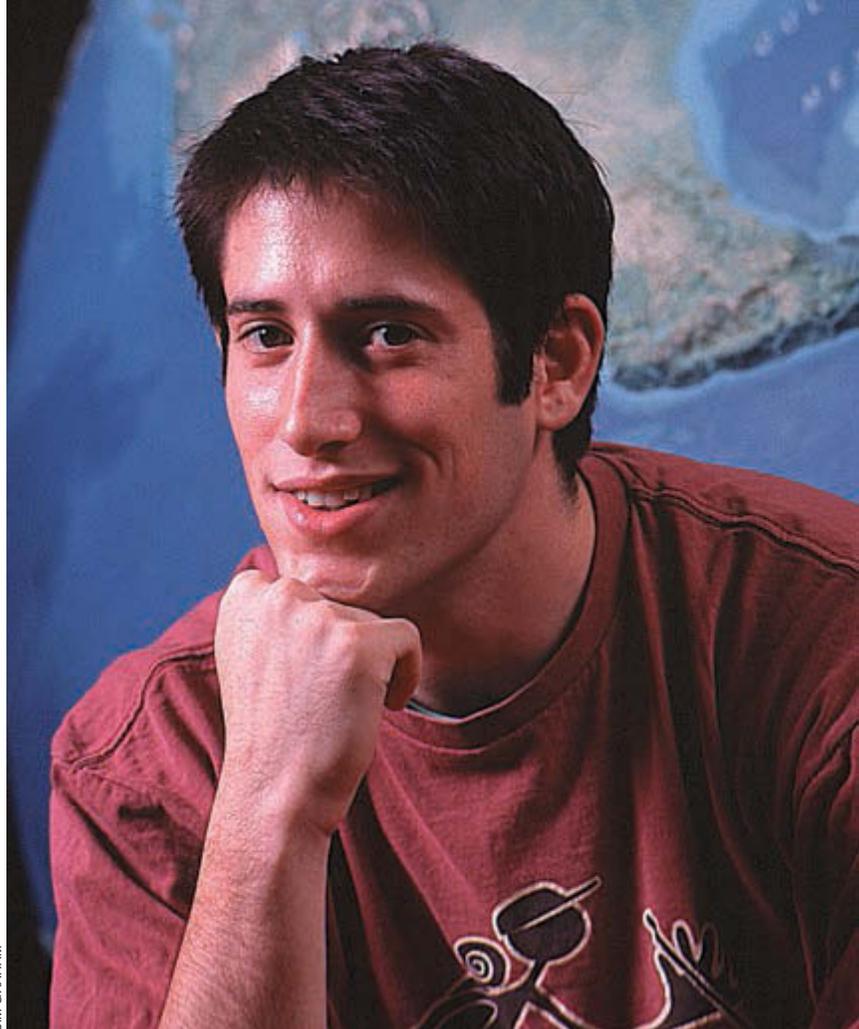
brochure from 1969, the foundation describes their *raison d'être*: to provide "a focused and disciplined *wanderjahr*.... A period in which [the fellows] might have some surcease from the increasingly prescribed educational lockstep ... in which they might have an unusual opportunity to test themselves."

The fellowship consists of a \$22,000 stipend (\$31,000 for married fellows and those accompanied by legal dependents) to pursue a project of the fellow's own devising for a full year. The only stipulations are that the fellows live abroad for the full year—no trips home midway through the year—and check in periodically with the foundation, including a final report chronicling the year's adventures.

Does the fellowship offer a year to sample the microbrews of Prague, study the economics of rickshaw drivers in Nepal, or hunt for fossils in Mozam-

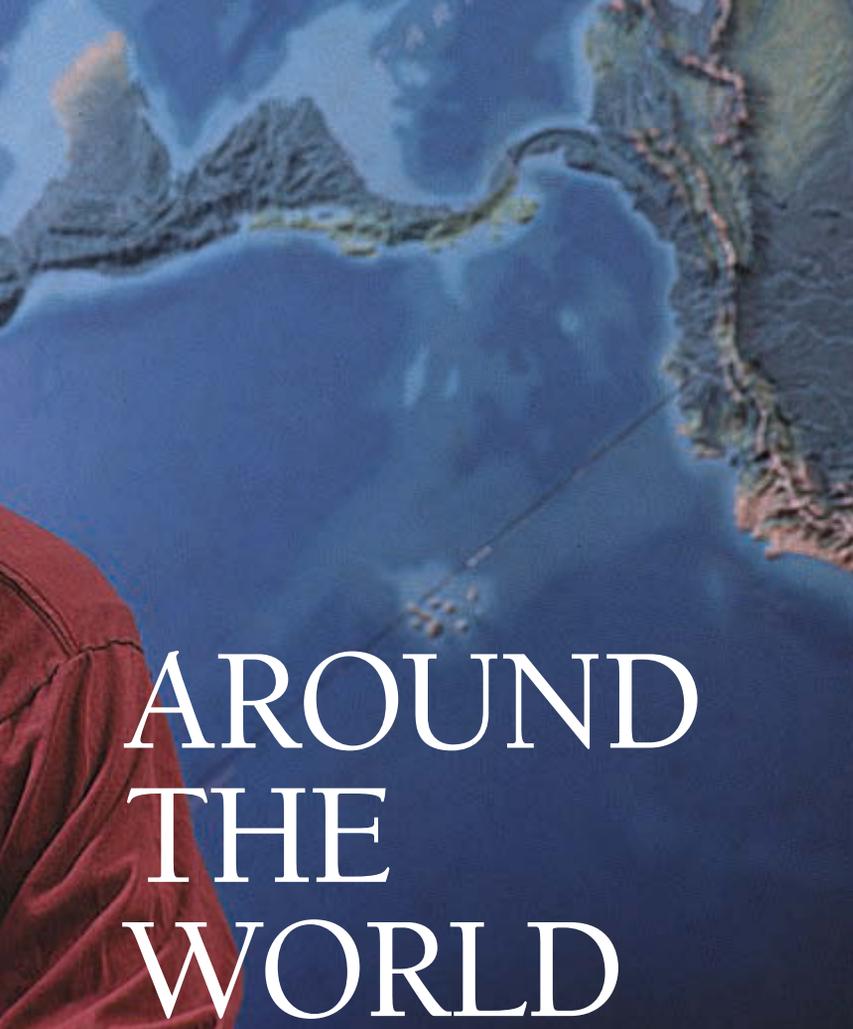
bique? Yes, and no. What the Watson family envisioned was a journey that would broaden the minds of fellows and challenge new graduates to learn about themselves. The projects are important inasmuch as they give the fellows a focus and a purpose, but those at the foundation care more about Sarah Azaransky, and the kind of world citizen she'll become after her year of traveling on her own. They care that she learns to be self-reliant, adapt to new cultures, and wrestle with her own identity and values as a result of being exposed to different ones.

The Fulbright and Rhodes Scholarships and the Guggenheim Fellowship focus on academic excellence, whereas the Watson family created a fellowship that invests in the character development of its fellows. In many ways, the Watsons' vision was not unlike the philosophy behind liberal arts education, where studying a broad range of topics is as much about knowledge as it is per-



JIM GRAHAM

Noam Unger '99, Swarthmore's latest Watson Fellow, plans to visit nine countries on the 10th parallel, making a film of activities at midday. His project is typical of the creative years abroad encouraged by the Watsons.



AROUND THE WORLD FOR 30 YEARS

*Since 1969, Watson Fellowships
have offered new graduates
a chance to test themselves.*

By Laura Markowitz '85

sonal transformation through knowl-
edge and, perhaps, the growth of wis-
dom.

It may sound like a year to play, but
any Watson Fellow, past or present, will
tell you it's difficult work. Some fellows
have flown across the globe only to dis-
cover that their projects were not feasi-
ble and then had to renegotiate with the

foundation about what they would do
for the year. Even those who had a suc-
cessful Watson year—the vast majority,
in fact—struggled through bleak
moments when loneliness, weariness,
and homesickness made it seem more
of a chore than a privilege to be a Wat-
son Fellow.

"This is going to be the most inde-

pendent thing I've ever done," says
Noam Unger '99, about to leave on his
Watson fellowship, which will involve
making a documentary film of how peo-
ple move, stand, use their hands and sit,
from a cross-cultural perspective. He
plans on filming at midday on the 10th
parallel, going to Costa Rica, Venezuela,
Guinea, Ivory Coast, Ghana, India, Thai-
land, Vietnam, and the Philippines.
"There's never been a time when I've
been as alone as I'm about to be, and I'm
worried that I'll get sick of myself," he
says.

He can't imagine what it will feel like
to adapt to seven countries in 12
months, what he'll do if his equipment
fails, or how he'll handle the technical
challenges of filming during the strong
light of midday. He is struggling with the
ethics of filming people unawares and
what it will mean to film them looking at
him while he is looking at them. "I feel
scared," he admits, "but if I can do this, I
will know I can do absolutely anything
for the rest of my life. That's pretty
cool."

Former Watson Fellows would
agree with Unger. "My Watson
year permanently immunized me
from the idea that only a settled way of
life is legitimate," says Judith Mayer '77,
now an environmental planning profes-
sor at Virginia Tech and a visiting scien-
tist at the Center for International
Forestry Research in Bogor, Indonesia.
During her Watson year, Mayer studied
handcraft industries in Southeast Asia
and Sri Lanka, including apprenticing
herself to a batik master in Yogyakarta,
Indonesia, and setting up her own work-
shop in Bali. She has since had a Ful-
bright, a National Science Foundation
Fellowship, and an Institute for Current
World Affairs fellowship.

"Each of these research periods have
required a lot of self-confidence to go to
a new place and quickly develop exper-
tise and to feel comfortable outside my
home culture," she says, "all of which I
learned during my Watson year." Like
many Watson Fellows, Mayer had trav-
eled abroad during her college years,
but it was nothing like her Watson year,
she says. There was no program to fall

back on, no adviser to check in with, and no choice about changing your mind and going home. More important, there was the responsibility to the foundation. They had chosen her, one of 60 or so out of a field of hundreds of candidates. She didn't want to waste the opportunity or their faith in her.

The newly appointed director of the Watson Foundation, Tori Haring-Smith '74 says she has been treating her life like a Watson ever since she had the fellowship. During her Watson year, she and her husband, Robert, visited the 13 smallest countries in the world. It was a dream that had started in seventh grade, after she read a book called *Report From Practically Nowhere* by John Sack, who had visited those countries in the mid-1950s.

In the end, she went to only 10 of the countries though. Amb had been flooded and was at the bottom of a lake, Puntal was inaccessible by plane, and Sikkim had been taken over by India the week before she was set to go. But she did get to see Lundy—an island that blocks the mouth of the Bristol channel, with 30 citizens; Sark—the last surviving feudal community in the world; Andorra, Monaco, Liechtenstein, Swat, San Marino (“It’s in Northern Italy but had an incongruous bust of Abraham Lincoln in its federal building,” remembers Haring-Smith), Mount Athos, Sharja, and the Sovereign Military Order of St. John of Jerusalem, Rhodes, and Malta, a country so small that it is a three-story building in the center of Rome. “The country can only house three people at a time,” Haring-Smith says, “but even so, they have their own stamps, coins, and license plates.”

Haring-Smith became a professor of theater at Brown and a freelance theater director, but then left her tenured position at Brown and moved to Cairo to teach and live for a few years, and is now back to head up the Watson Foundation for two years. “My Watson experience taught me that no matter where I am, I can survive and thrive,” she says. “It gave me the ability to leave behind what’s certain and pursue what’s important to me instead of what’s safe.”

Not every Watson project involves a dozen countries, although the founda-



LAURA MARKOWITZ

Above: Sarah Azaransky '98 in Jerusalem. She spent her Watson year studying the role of women in peace groups. In another Watson project last year, Alison Marsh '98 took factory tours and researched industrial monuments in Europe to write a technical travel guide.

Right: Tori Haring-Smith '74 is beginning a two-year stint as director of the Watson Foundation.



tion likes to see fellows go places they have never been before, to take them out of the familiar and test their mettle. D. Gene Dillman II '85 set out for France during his Watson year. He planned on studying goat cheese making there, with the thought that he might someday set up a goat cheese industry back home in Kentucky. “Looking at the backside of a goat all day, I decided there was probably something else I should do with my life,” says Dillman, now a family physician in Lexington, Ky. His interest in medicine developed on the goat cheese farms. “Most of the people who raise goats have a lot of health problems because it’s so physical—they get carpal tunnel syndrome, shoulder rota-

tor cuff tears, things like that. I was never interested in medicine at all until my Watson year.” He apprenticed himself to a traveling French agriculture expert and helped develop a survey that is still used to assess sanitary conditions of dairies. “In too many ways to tell, my Watson year changed me, but mostly I would say it improved my ability to solve problems,” says Dillman. “When you spend a lot of time in a different culture, you start to understand that there are more options than the ones you take for granted. There’s always a different way of doing things.”

For Nancy Boyd-Franklin '72, her Watson year shaped the course of her future career as a family therapist. She

When you spend a lot of time in a different culture, you start to understand that there are more options than the ones you take for granted. There's always a different way of doing things."



JOHN FORASTE

changed the future of her career as a family therapist. In Nigeria, she visited Aro, a mental health village where patients and their families lived while the patient was being treated.

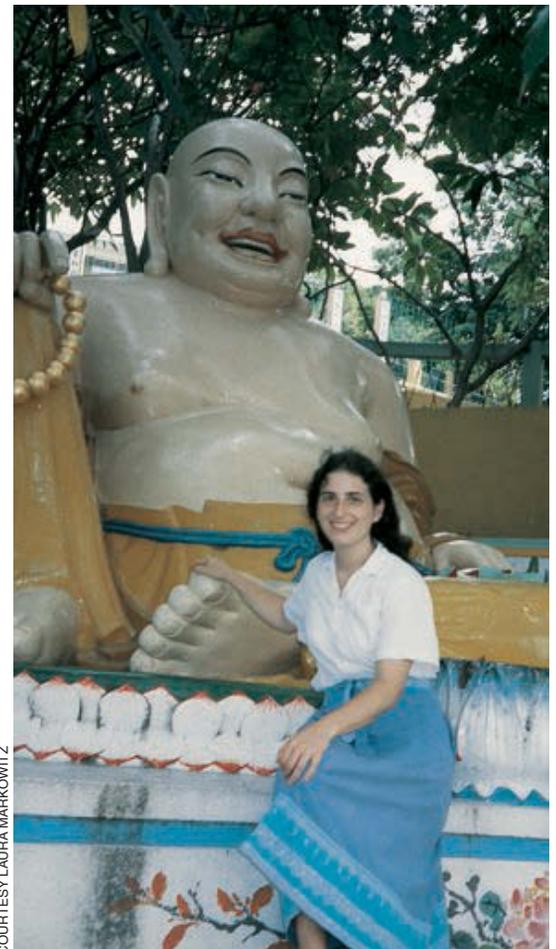
"My Watson year, and the experience of Aro in particular, taught me to look at 'family' as an entity much broader than just your blood. It's your whole tribe," says Boyd-Franklin, who is considered one of the leading African-American family therapists in the world today. "I am so grateful to the Watson Foundation for this real gift they gave me," she says. "It's one of those very special experiences in my life that I often don't talk about but that shaped who I am in fundamental ways."

Swarthmore's most notorious Watson Fellow is probably Nancy Bekavac '69, now president of Scripps College and member of Swarthmore's Board of Managers. Bekavac received the fellowship (\$6,000 back then) the first year it was offered and later served as the foundation's director from 1985 to 1987. Originally from Pennsylvania, Bekavac had never been outside the United States except for a brief border crossing into Canada. Her plan was to visit the places her favorite writers had lived and worked—Ireland, for Yeats and Joyce, and the Soviet Union, for Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Carrying a portable typewriter and a backpack, and with a \$1,200 round-the-world airline ticket, Bekavac circled the globe. After Ireland, she went to London and met W.H. Auden. She took a train across Russia in winter, went through Eastern Europe and the Middle East—including driving from Tehran through Afghanistan and Pakistan to India and then Nepal. She spent time in Southeast Asia and then flew to Vietnam at the height of the war and got a job as a stringer for *Catholic Welfare News* and *Metro Media News*. "It was a year of

unbelievable kindness from strangers," Bekavac says now, still moved to tears by the memory of her rich Watson experience. "I learned that whatever the risks of reaching out to people, the rewards are so huge that they are worth it. I learned that there are so many ways of living a worthwhile life on this planet. Not a day goes by that something from my Watson journey isn't with me." ■

Laura Markowitz '85 (below) spent her Watson year in Ireland, England, Finland, France, Israel, Thailand, and Sri Lanka living in convents, Orthodox Jewish communities, and Buddhist monasteries to explore how women make space for themselves in patriarchal religions. She is editor and publisher of In the Family magazine and senior editor of Family Therapy Networker magazine. She served on the Watson Foundation's Selection Committee in 1994–95.



COURTESY LAURA MARKOWITZ

Handover: Elenor G. Reid '67, who began a two-year term as president of the Alumni Association in June, receives the association gavel from outgoing President John A. Riggs '64. Riggs, who shared this year's Shane Award for alumni service to the College with the Alumni Gospel Choir, will continue to volunteer for Swarthmore as the next general chair of the Annual Fund.



STEVEN GOLDBLATT '67

Alumni Weekend Virtual Photo Album

A first for Swarthmore: Alumni Weekend '99 is on the Web! A special Web site at <http://-alumniweekend.swarthmore.edu> features photos of class reunions and other weekend events.

Meet Jody Sanford, new in alumni relations

The Swarthmore community welcomed Jody Sanford in July as the new assistant director of alumni relations, succeeding Katie Bowman '94. A native of Hyde Park, N.Y., Jody graduated from Cornell University in 1994 with a bachelor of science degree in human development and family studies. Last spring, she earned a master's degree in education from the College of William and Mary.

Jody has worked in admissions at both Cornell and Marist College. As a graduate student at William and Mary, she organized campus events for the student affairs office and planned library fund-raising gatherings.

Alumni are getting acquainted with Jody as they work with her on class reunions and Alumni Weekend, Garnet Sage activities, regional Connection events, and other gatherings. She looks forward to meeting others who visit the Alumni Relations Office at the west end of Parrish Hall.



JIM GRAHAM

Jody Sanford, the College's new assistant director of alumni relations.

Upcoming events

Metro NYC: The Connection will sponsor book clubs featuring a syllabus by Philip Weinstein, the Alexander Griswold Cummins Professor of English Literature. The book clubs will kick off with an opening lecture by Professor Weinstein on Thursday, Oct. 21.

Pittsburgh: Connection Chair Melissa Kelley '80 has arranged a private tour of "The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks" at the Andy Warhol Museum, followed by dinner and jazz at the James Street Restaurant on Thursday, Sept. 23. The Connection will visit the Carnegie Museum on Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Recent events

Boston: Becky Joseph '81 organized a family walking tour of the Black Heritage Trail, while young alumni cele-

brated a happy hour at Flattop Johnnys in Kendall Square in June.

Metro DC/Baltimore: Professor of Classics Gilbert Rose lectured on "The Greek Tragic Vision" to launch the 1999-2000 Connection book groups, whose members will read Greek literature in translation, led by Sue Ruff '60.

Paris, France: President and Mrs. Alfred H. Bloom hosted a reception for alumni, parents, and friends at the Ritz Hotel in Paris in July, assisted by Tom O'Donnell '69.

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 jsanford1@swarthmore.edu. The latest information on upcoming alumni events and activities is on the alumni home page: www.swarthmore.edu/Home/Alumni.



1999

**Homecoming
September 25**

2000

**Black Alumni Weekend
March 17-19**

**Family Weekend
April 7-9**

**Alumni College
May 30-June 2**

**Alumni Weekend
June 2-4**

**Alumni College Abroad
in Spain
June 17-July 2**

Swarthmore Alumni Council, 1999–2000

Officers of the Alumni Association

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Elenor G. Reid '67

President-Designate

Richard R. Truitt '66

Vice President

James P. DiFalco '82

Vice President

Roberta A. Chicos '77

Secretary

William J. Pichardo '71

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Philadelphia, PA

Robin Shiels Bronkema '89¹
Wallingford, PA

Anthony J. Cheesebrough '97²
McDonald, PA

Elizabeth Killackey '86²
Lansdowne, PA

Duleesha P. Kulasooriya '97²
Glenolden, PA

J. Randolph Lawlace '73^{3,4}
Wynnewood, PA

Henry B. Leader '42⁴
York, PA

Richard I.P. Ortega '73¹
Glen Mills, PA

Peter R. Warrington '69²
Kingston, PA

Zone B New Jersey, New York

Rikki Abzug '86³
New York, NY

Lauren S. Basta '98³
Oyster Bay, NY

J. David Gelber '63²
New York, NY

Willa Freeman Grunes '47²
Ithaca, NY

Nancy L. Hengen '73¹
New York, NY

Karen J. Ohland '83⁴

Lyndhurst, NY

Jed. S. Rakoff '64⁴

Larchmont, NY

Isaac T. Schambelan '61³

New York, NY

Gaurav Seth '98³

New York, NY

Zone C Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont

Martha Sanders Beshers '77³

Barrington, RI

Andrew Caffrey III '99¹

Somerville, MA

Kevin C. Chu '72¹

Falmouth, MA

John F. Leich '42²

Cornwall Bridge, CT

Ruth Jones McNeill '70²

Medford, MA

Dorothy K. Robinson '72¹

Hamden, CT

Zone D District of Columbia, Maryland, and Virginia

Olushola I. Abidoye '97⁴

Bladensburg, MD

Margaret W. Capron '69³

Arlington, VA

Catherine Livingston

Fernandez '80²

Bethesda, MD

Stephen L. Gessner '66²

Baltimore, MD

Steven D. Gordon '71¹

Falls Church, VA

M. Regina Maisog '89¹

Baltimore, MD

David A. Maybee '62³

Rockville, MD

Alice Lund Norris '55⁴

Washington, DC

Zone E Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Texas, West Virginia, and Wisconsin

Joanna Bailey '88²

Grand Rapids, MI

Martha Easton '89¹

Minneapolis, MN

Richard W. Mansbach '64²

Huxley, IA

Ashwin Rao '99¹

Hinckley, OH

Joel S. Taylor '65³

Bexley, OH

Burnham Terrell '45¹

Minneapolis, MN

Lesley C. Wright '79³

Iowa City, IA

Zone F Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, territories, dependencies, and foreign countries

Robert J. Amdur '81³

Lebanon, NH

P. William Curreri '58¹

Daphne, AL

Timothy M. Kuykendall '89²

Mooresville, NC

Donna C. Llewellyn '80³

Marietta, GA

Eric Osterweil '56³

Brussels, Belgium

Katharine Winkler '93¹

Durham, NC

Zone G Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming

Virginia L. Boucher '73¹

Santa Ynez, CA

John B. Collins '59²

Seattle, WA

Marian Westover Gade '56²

Kensington, CA

Richard W. Kirschner '49¹

Albuquerque, NM

Carola B. Sullam '72³

San Francisco, CA

David D. Wright '69¹

Santa Barbara, CA

Member at Large

Marialuz Castro '98³

Philadelphia, PA

Connection Representatives

Boston

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Cambridge, MA

Chicago

Marilee Roberg '73

Evanston, IL

Metro D.C./Baltimore

Kathy Stevens '89

Silver Spring, MD

Metro N.Y.C.

Sanda J. Balaban '94

New York, NY

Deborah Branker Harrod '89

Jersey City, NJ

North Carolina

George Brown Telford III '84

Durham, NC

Philadelphia

Jennifer J. Rickard '86

Philadelphia, PA

Pittsburgh

Melissa Kelley '81

Pittsburgh, PA

San Francisco

Neal D. Finkelstein '86

Oakland, CA

Rebecca L. Johnson '86

Oakland, CA

Seattle

Deborah Read '87

Seattle, WA

National Chair

Don Fujihira '69

New York, NY

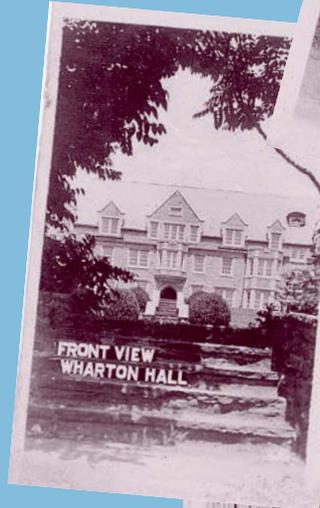
To contact a member of the Alumni Council, call the Alumni Relations Office at (610) 328-8402, e-mail alumni@swarthmore.edu, or consult the 1999 edition of the Alumni Directory.

1 Term ends 2002 (new member).

2 Term ends 2000.

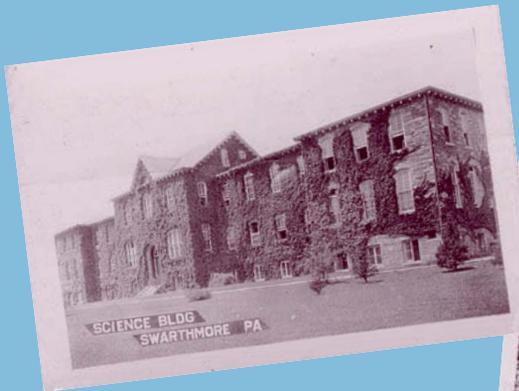
3 Term ends 2001.

4 Nominating committee.



Until this summer, these tiny photos lay hidden in the back of a desk drawer—perhaps since the 1940s, when ivy decorated many Swarthmore buildings. They remind us of how the campus has both changed and stayed the same.

Class Notes



A diplomat's eye

Ralph Fisher '39 captures photographic light and perspective.



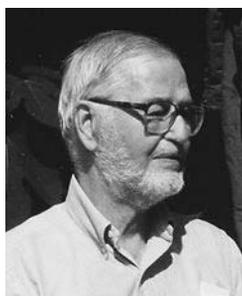
Fisher's photographs include (clockwise from top left): Boats in Nigeria's Lagos Harbor; his favorite photo of a woman in Naples, Italy; and the Fisher family in Ethiopia in 1953. Inset: Ralph Fisher in 1998.



Ralph Fisher '39 had a State Department career that took him to some of the most fascinating countries in the world. As a Foreign Service Officer working on issues of agriculture or economics, he, wife Sally, and four sons have lived in Ethiopia, Korea, Zimbabwe, Zambia, Malawi, and Uganda.

But since he was an adolescent attending school in Germany, he has taken photographs—first with a Leica 35mm camera and later, in salon work, with a Mamiya Rb67 camera that is perfect for creating 8 x 10 photographs. “I prefer the larger negative,” he said. He also processed the photos in his home darkroom.

Fisher studied at the New York School of Photography in the mid-1940s and in 1976 with the internationally rec-



ognized photographer Fred Picker of Putney, Vt. Fisher's skill and eye allowed him to supplement his State Dept. income by selling his photographs through an agent in New York. Photos he took while on assignment for the State

Dept. have appeared in *Grolier's Encyclopedia*, *Foreign Service Journal*, *The Washington Post*, *Yankee*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and *Vermont Life*, the magazine of the state where he now lives.

The photograph he is proudest of was taken in Naples in 1959 on his way back to the United States after completing a two-year assignment in Ethiopia. “I took the photo out of a hotel window and focused on an elderly woman sitting in a chair across the way. She was looking sad,” he recalled.

Today, Fisher doesn't take many photographs because of his diminished

eyesight, but he does take a lot of snapshots of his six grandchildren.

In 1972, Fisher retired from foreign service work and moved to East Hardwick, Vt. Since then, he has taken photos of local Vermont scenes and still lifes, but primarily he has been working 150 acres of sugarbush he owns.

His eldest son, Galen '70, is the primary operator of Ralph Fisher & Sons Maple Syrup, located in Greensboro, Vt., which produced 605 gallons of syrup from 2,200 trees last year. “It takes 40 gallons of sap to make one gallon of syrup,” Ralph said.

Galen said his father's work can still be found on the walls of local Vermont businesses: “I was at the health clinic recently and saw one of my father's photographs on the wall from about 10 years ago. They're still around.”

“It gives me a great deal of pleasure. I enjoy being able to capture the light and find the perspective,” Ralph said. “It's an artistic outlet.”

—Audree Penner

“Conscience of the Senate”

Retired N.Y. Senator Franz Leichter '52 traces his moral compass.

Franz Leichter '52 (D/L, Manhattan/Bronx) retired last year after serving 30 years in the N.Y. state legislature. Dubbed the “conscience of the Senate” by *The Village Voice*, Leichter was a tireless champion of justice and fairness, no matter how unpopular the cause or how hopeless the political battle.

To rise to any level of prominence is quite an accomplishment, considering that Leichter spent his entire legislative career—six years in the state assembly and 24 in the senate—as a member of the minority party.

“It was not an easy 30 years,” admits Leichter. “Constantly being in the minority in a very partisan system is frustrating. It is a struggle to get people to pay attention to a minority bill in Albany.” But given this political reality, Leichter was uncommonly successful, as his political friends and foes readily admit.

A modest, pragmatic man, Leichter exhibits pride when speaking of two legislative accomplishments that stand as bookends around his career. In 1970, a bill he introduced made New York the first state to legalize abortion. This was three years before the U.S. Supreme Court’s *Roe v. Wade* decision and an extremely controversial move at the time—especially for a newcomer. “It was just the right thing to do,” says Leichter of his pioneering effort.

And in 1998, Leichter and others, working with the Hudson River Park Alliance, succeeded in passing the Hudson River Park Act, which will create a riverfront park between Battery City and 59th Street in Manhattan, finally opening up the riverfront to recreational use and limiting commercial development. “I view this as an environmental issue and also a way to make public space available. The New York waterfront is just so spectacular.”

Both measures had immense opposition, requiring unusually demanding public relations campaigns. But public relations became one of Leichter’s strong suits over the years. And Leichter learned right away that, being a minority politician, his strongest allies might just be the public. He was convinced that if he could make them



Franz Leichter '52 credits Swarthmore, to a great extent, for helping him develop his moral sense of direction. He has carried the torch of a liberal outsider, voting against a particular bill or challenging legislative procedures that he perceived as unfair.

aware of some of the wasteful, corrupt, or undemocratic practices that existed in government, they would react as strongly as he did. So he launched into investigations, compiling endless reams of data and publishing reports that exposed institutional injustices and inefficiencies.

“I had to find some way to have an impact. I didn’t want to just go up there and be paid to have someone call me ‘senator’. I wanted to find a way to move toward some of the goals I had,” Leichter explains. “I needed to raise issues and get some bills passed, and I did so mainly by issuing reports and holding press conferences to publicize issues. Even while I was very frustrated about all the things I couldn’t do, I certainly had some satisfaction and some sense of achievement.”

Although his political adversaries might cringe at the prospect of being delivered a voluminous Leichter report or having to endure a Leichter end-of-the-year colloquy, he is a genuinely well-liked and -respected man.

Leichter was born in Vienna, Austria, in 1930. His interest in public service came naturally, he says, as both of his parents were active in politics in Austria before World War II. He thereafter moved to New York and graduated from Swarthmore in 1952, majoring in history with minors in both political science and philosophy. He went straight to Harvard Law School, but his education was interrupted by being drafted into the Korean War. Upon graduation in 1957, he worked as a Democratic Party official, beginning his career alongside reformers Eleanor Roosevelt and Governor Herbert Lehman.

His reform politics garnered him a reputation as a political maverick, an apt description to this day. Whether the issue has been environmental protection, consumer fraud, campaign finance reform, or the degradation of city parks by the laxity of dog owners (hence, his famous “pooper scooper” law), Leichter has not been afraid to stand alone. More often, though, he has stood with his constituents firmly beside him.

Has it ever felt like a burden to carry the torch as a liberal outsider? Leichter is philosophical. “It would have been difficult for me to cast a vote that I didn’t believe in. And I really credit Swarthmore, to a great extent, for helping me to develop my moral compass. So I felt comfortable very often being the only member of the legislature voting against a particular bill or challenging some of the procedures of the legislature that I thought were undemocratic, unfair or that closed government.” After a moment, he playfully adds, “Well, I guess I have a stubborn streak.”

In June, President Clinton nominated Leichter to a position on the Federal Housing Finance Board, a position that appealed to Leichter because it will allow him to continue his involvement in important issues of affordable housing and community investment. With Senate confirmation likely this fall, Leichter will be able to keep himself “involved in his time” for at least another six years. Then, he’ll undoubtedly be on to yet another cause.

—Terri-Jean Pyer '77

God's Last Offer

Ed Ayres '63, *God's Last Offer: Negotiating for a Sustainable Future*, Four Walls Eight Windows, New York, 1999.

Revolutionary changes are sweeping the world. To say they are unprecedented in human history is an understatement. In the history of our planet, there has never been anything like the titanic confluence of events that Ed Ayres calls the four "spikes": skyrocketing surges in population, consumption, atmospheric carbon dioxide, and extinction. It's no wonder we don't know what to do and are in deep denial. As Ayres puts it: "It [is] clear that we are in a megacrisis of our own making, and that we have a chance now to escape it before it destroys us—but the chance won't last long. The window of opportunity is closing fast."

This is as big a news story as an asteroid on a collision course with the Earth. Why isn't it on the front page of every newspaper and the lead story on the evening news, every single day? If you are confused about whether overpopulation is still something you should worry about, whether global warming is caused by human activity, or whether the rising extinction rate merits attention from anyone but nerdy researchers in arcane branches of biology, it's probably not your fault.

Corporate public relations managers issue ersatz news releases and "scientific" reports, leading journalists and their readers to believe that a spectrum of responsible scientific opinion exists where it does not. The public gets the impression that scientists are engaged in fierce controversies on these issues. Ayres documents what amounts to a hoax, except that the consumers of information seem to be as complicit as its propagators. He makes a convincing case that there's a thriving "market for denial," and we're buying it as

fast as the news media can serve it.

Our global economy is based on a system of blind accounting. Ayres points out, "When profits are piling up, the whole system looks so solid that it seduces us into shutting our eyes to the question of whether there may be hidden costs not reflected in the prices, which someone, sooner or later, will have to pay." The economic system will contribute more to the problem than to the solution as long as it evades full accounting of the true costs of production and fails to include all costs in its prices to consumers up front. Market economies have always suffered the "tragedy of the commons," and ecocatastrophes have undermined several now-dead civilizations, but none before ours has had the benefit of extensive scientific knowledge of the problem and of possible solutions.

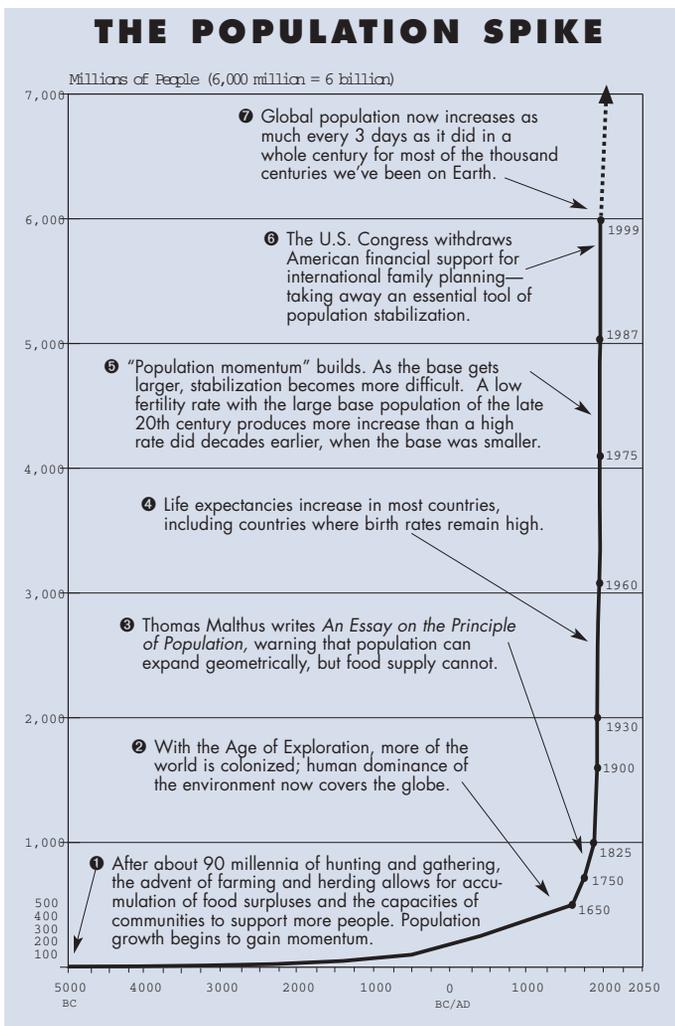
Ayres' book is not a jeremiad. He offers hope and suggests solutions. His advice is compelling—inspiring in places—but I found it frustrating as well. He suggests finding and joining a "healthy community," one that doesn't "suck huge amounts of resources from the surrounding area, and expel huge amounts of waste." Where can I find such a community without abandoning the part of the earth where I feel rooted, where I have spent a large part of my life soaking up knowledge about the natural environment? The answer isn't easy: Help organize like-minded people and work to create such a community.

Ayres ventures hopefully, "If the information climate is changed to make the costs of excess consumption visible, we might begin to see cultural attitudes change in turn—and what seems politically difficult would then become politically

supported." But how fast can human culture, especially human values, change? Fast enough to catch up with the dizzying curves of the four megaspikes and reverse their tilt, before the Earth's biosphere permanently loses the capacity to support more than a small fraction of our current population? It is arguably too late already.

We might still have time or we might not, but we may as well act as though we do because it's better than the do-nothing alternative. If many people would take this book's message to heart, I believe they could transform the world. The world will change anyway, but the question is: How painful will it be? Will the transition be as catastrophic for our species as it is now for the many other species that our actions are carelessly consigning to oblivion? Or will enough human beings wake up and take responsibility for how we are sabotaging our future prospects on this planet by undertaking the drastic actions needed to save ourselves?

—Roger Latham '83
Assistant Professor of Biology



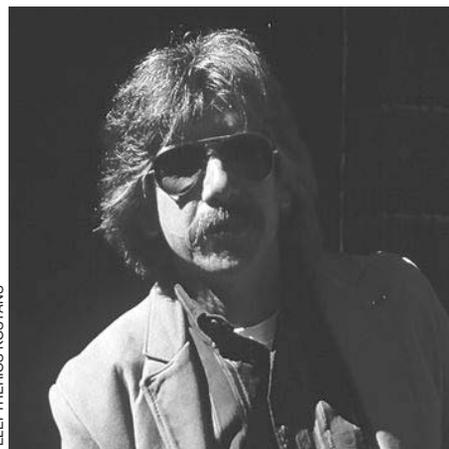
Population growth is one of four revolutionary changes that will "transform everything" on Earth, according to Ed Ayres '63.

Other recent books

L. Wesley Argo '57, *French, German, and Swiss Links in Pennsylvania: Descendants and Ancient Ancestors*, Gateway Press, 1998. This book covers the historical lineage of the author's wife, Marjorie Thom Argo '57.

W.D. Ehrhart '73, *Ordinary Lives: Platoon 1005 and the Vietnam War*, Temple University Press, 1999. **W.D. Ehrhart** and Philip K. Jason (eds.), *Retrieving Bones: Stories and Poems of the Korean War*, Rutgers University Press, 1999. (See photo caption.)

Pamela Haag '88, *Consent: Sexual Rights and the Transformation of American Liberalism*, Cornell University Press, 1999. In this investigation of



ELEFTERIOS KOSTANS

According to the San Francisco Chronicle, **W.D. Ehrhart '73** "may be the best-kept literary secret of the Vietnam War." Author of 17 books of poetry and prose, Ehrhart has three new books out in 1999. *Retrieving Bones*, which he co-edited with U.S. Naval Academy professor Philip Jason, is a collection of stories and poems that add depth to the literature of the Korean War. *Ordinary Lives: Platoon 1005 and the Vietnam War* chronicles the lives of members of Ehrhart's Marine boot-camp platoon—men he spent five years tracking down and interviewing. The Philadelphia Inquirer said *Ordinary Lives* "makes comrades of 'ordinary' men, tests their bonds of fellowship, and then returns the survivors to face the rigors of peace—after their lives have been changed forever." Ehrhart's third book of the year, *Beautiful Wreckage: New and Selected Poems*, is due out in November. It will be reviewed in the December Bulletin.

social history, popular culture, legal doctrine, and political theory, Haag's book discusses the history of sexual rights in the United States.

Margaret Helfand '69, *Margaret Helfand Architects: Essential Architecture*, The Monacelli Press, 1999. (See photo caption.)

Judith (Markham) Hughes, *Freudian Analysts/Feminist Issues*, Yale University Press, 1999. Within the history of psychoanalysis, the author explores multiple gender identities.

Martin K. Hunt '90 and Jacqueline E. Hunt, *The History of Black Business*, Knowledge Express Company, 1998. This work chronicles the history of African-American-owned businesses and spotlights 10 around the world.

Ruth Mary Lamb '56, *Mary's Way: A Memoir of the Life of Mary Cooper Back*, FuturePrep Corporation, 1999. This memoir of Mary Back—artist, naturalist, wife, Wyoming pioneer, dude rancher, airplane mechanic, hiker, hunter, author, and philosopher—was compiled by her niece.

Jenifer McVaugh '64, *The Love of Women*, Borealis, 1998. This first novel is a moral tale focusing on women and is told from their own viewpoints.

Pamela Miller Ness '72, *Alzheimer's Waltz*, Swamp Press, 1999. This poetry collection, accompanied by line drawings of leaves collected and pressed by Ness' father, describes his experience with Alzheimer's disease.

Barbara Norfleet '47, *The Illusion of Orderly Progress*, Alfred A. Knopf, 1999. Norfleet's entomological compositions, including those titled "Frolic," "I Won't Deny My Nature," and "Dance Betrayal," offer fables about human nature.

Gertrude (Joch) Robinson '50, *Constructing the Quebec Referendum: French and English Media Voices*, University of Toronto Press, 1998. This book addresses the ways different élites presented their perspectives of nationalism during the 1980 referendum debate.

Mary McDermott Shideler '38, *The Struggle for Clarification: Stage IV in the Series Visions and Nightmares, Ends and Beginnings, A Woman's Lifelong Journey*, Scribendi Press, 1999. This



KEN KORSH

The cover of *Margaret Helfand Architects: Essential Architecture* features a detail shot of Swarthmore's Kohlberg Hall. In December, the building won a Design Award from the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. **Margaret Helfand '69** (above) designed the new humanities building in 1996, three decades after she left the College to attend the College of Environmental Design at the University of California at Berkeley. Kohlberg's simplified, contemporary lines reflect the Quaker aesthetic Helfand discovered at Swarthmore as well as the primitive architecture she found during her travels.

theologian-writer describes her search for intellectual and spiritual nourishment during her sixth decade of life in the 1970s.

Simon St. Laurent '92 and Ethan Cerami, *Building XML Applications*, McGraw-Hill, 1999. This guide shows programmers how to integrate the Extensible Markup Language (XML) with Java programming to create applications. **Simon St. Laurent** and **Robert Biggar '91**, *Inside XML DTDs: Scientific and Technical*, McGraw-Hill, 1999. This book explains existing XML vocabularies and tools and ways to develop new ones.

Walter R. Goldschmidt and Theodore H. Haas, *Haa Aani, Our Land: Tlingit and Haida Land Rights and Use*, **Thomas F. Thorton '86** (ed.), University of Washington Press, 1998. This book, which publishes the report "The Possessory Rights of the Natives of Southeastern Alaska" for the first time, explores the early 1940s boom in white migration that raised legal land and resource rights questions.

My 15-year-old son was in our bedroom, waiting for my wife to finish ironing his white shirt. He began leafing through the recent copy of the *Swarthmore College Bulletin* that lay on the bed.

“Put it down,” shouted my wife, hurriedly lowering her iron. “That’s not for you!” She grabbed the magazine from my son’s hands. In an instant, the loving, solicitous mother became a hurricane of zealous conviction. “They’ve all got to go,” she cried out to me. “We can’t keep them in the house!”

I understood my wife’s wrath at seeing our son peruse the *Bulletin*. The issue included an article by a woman who recounted her experiences as a lesbian at Swarthmore. I had found the article interesting, and certainly not offensive, but my wife held firmer views about the advisability of keeping such material in our home, even though none of our children read English fluently.

To me, it’s another reminder of the other world—the one from which I came. Even after 20 years of living and working in Israel, studying Torah, raising my children, and serving in the army, in some important facets of my life, I remain an outsider.

Several years after graduating from Swarthmore, I became a *ba’al teshuva* (a penitent Jew) and took on the lifestyle of Orthodoxy, circumscribed by the religious law derived from the Torah. My turn to observance began during a visit to Israel in 1978. During what was to have been just an interlude in a European backpacking tour, I found myself studying in a Jerusalem *yeshiva* (Talmudic academy) for the newly observant. I returned to America, studied briefly at another *yeshiva* in Miami Beach, and then returned to Israel in 1979. Except for three brief visits, totaling about 10 weeks, I have been here for 20 years.

Between 1976 and 1981, I graduated from Swarthmore, worked as a copy editor and writer at *TV Guide*, backpacked through Europe, became an observant Jew, studied in a *yeshiva*, moved to a country where I had no family and barely spoke the language, married, and fathered my first child. No other five-year period of my adult life has been so densely packed with such a helter-skelter of significant experiences. Clearly, sleeping held less charm for me then

Between Two Worlds

By Yosef (Jody) Branse '76

than it does now.

In our first year of marriage, shortly before our eldest son was born, my wife and I moved to the development town of Migdal HaEmek, in Galilee. There, surrounded by ample fields and gentle green hills, we became part of a small, close-knit community of Orthodox English-speaking immigrants—primarily Americans—living side by side with Sephardic Israelis. Together with our peers and our rabbis, we maintained a synagogue and educational system, raised our children, celebrated communal joys, and shared communal anguish.

For various reasons, the community never became viable. Over the years, the flow of residents came to be deci-

Though my children will never attend their father’s alma mater, I hope also to have passed on to them some legacy from Swarthmore: a basic respect for other people, even those with whom they differ passionately and fundamentally.

sively away from Migdal HaEmek. We reluctantly moved out in 1996, among the last to leave, with a feeling of going into exile. However, our diaspora was not very far away. We settled in Rechasim, a small town on the outskirts of Haifa. With an outstanding *yeshiva*, Rechasim had developed into a major *Haredi* (ultra-Orthodox) center.

By choosing to live in these small communities in Israel’s north, we have experienced a different environment from most American immigrants, who overwhelmingly settle in the crowded,

urbanized center of the country between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Unlike their urban peers, my children have grown up accustomed to seeing countryside all around them.

This is, indeed, my home, and I don’t think I would fare well in America after having spent nearly all my adult life as an expatriate. Yet I have been disconcerted to discover that I remain between two worlds, that I don’t really feel a part of things.

Perhaps the most glaring example of my “otherness” is in the workplace, where I sense most keenly the gulf between my past and present. Since 1981, I have worked in the library of the University of Haifa, located atop Mount Carmel, helping to develop and maintain the computer systems that provide information services to about 20,000 students and staff.

I spent much of my childhood in the public library and at Swarthmore was in the McCabe and Cornell libraries more than in my dorm room. I am what I have read, more than what I have done.

So, as I walk to my office, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of books, I feel like a hungry but muzzled cow standing before an overflowing feeding trough, frustrated by the good things that are so near at hand yet unattainable. My muzzle is woven of both practical concerns—I have a lot of work to do and not enough time for sampling the library’s wares—and of the awareness that, in the stern view of my religion, most of the items in the university’s collection are at worst forbidden reading and at best a waste of time that would be better spent immersed in holy texts.

Jewish tradition maintains that one should spend as much time as possible studying the Torah, Talmud, legal codes, and their voluminous commentaries—with minor concessions to the need to make a living and tend to worldly matters. If one works, then the time outside working hours should be devoted to learning. Yet if one is able, it is considered exemplary to spend virtually all one’s waking hours in the *yeshiva*, engaged in intense religious study.

That is the course taken by most young men in the *Haredi* community, from youth through the first years of married life. In all likelihood, my own sons—three of whom are already study-

ing in *yeshivas*—will follow that path, which is the natural outcome of their education.

In my case, however, the process of internalization stalled somewhere. In my head, the words of daily prayers coexist with 30-year-old radio jingles, the weekly Torah portion with William Butler Yeats and Isaac Asimov, cantorial melodies with Sibelius and Alan Sherman. Intellectually, my religious commitment is solid; however, unless someone discovers a way to reformat a human brain, a significant part of me will remain secular.

Although I enjoy excellent relations with my work colleagues, my religious appearance and behavior mark me as someone whose worldview, daily routine, and priorities are so different from their own as to preclude any but proper, professional conversations. Most of my colleagues are women, and the strictures of traditional Judaism regarding social contact between the sexes as well as the prohibition of any idle gossip form another barrier to personal relations. I don't take part in the university's varied cultural life; I am strictly a commuter. I have given the best years of my

career to an institution with whose ideals I cannot wholeheartedly identify, which, in some ways, are antithetical to my beliefs. I cloister in the office I share with the library computer, work long and intensely, and try to project a positive image of a religious Jew to my co-workers.

I am between two worlds, like a spacecraft whose movements are governed by competing gravitational forces. I have to cope with ambiguity and perhaps alienation. I am neither an Israeli nor an American, neither ultra-Orthodox nor secular. Even in the confines of Rechasim, I am neither newly observant nor one of the good old boys. My closest friends, and my wife's, are still those from the community in Migdal HaEmek whose lives have followed a similar path.

My children do not share this ambiguity. They know who they are and don't grapple with identity crises. In a curious reversal, my wife and I—like our immigrant forebears in America—contend with a different language and culture, no longer a part of the old world and unable to completely assimilate into

the new.

Jewish tradition survives by virtue of its unbroken transmission from parents to children. But it's difficult to pass on something that I didn't receive from my parents. We're trying to reforge links in a chain of tradition battered by assimilation, secularism, the Holocaust, and materialism. We're raising our children in a world vastly different from the one in which we grew up, and we don't always have the tools for the job.

From almost anywhere in Rechasim, the pleasant slopes of Carmel, and the university, are before my eyes. Not visible, on the other side of Haifa near the Mediterranean coast, is another prominent site, where, according to tradition, the prophet Elijah contended with and defeated the pagan prophets of Ba'al, annihilating them with a fire summoned from the heavens. These two landmarks symbolize for me the polarities within both myself and contemporary Israeli society: the allure of liberal, pluralistic, materialistic Western civilization on the one hand and the demands of uncompromising, all-encompassing Judaism on the other.

The struggle between those worldviews has been raging for 50 years on many fronts—national, communal, familial, and personal. There is no sign that it will be resolved anytime soon. My own modest, silent contribution to this fray has been, together with my wife, to raise children who will continue the tradition and sanctify G-d in their public and private lives. If they are successful, they will probably owe more to their teachers than to their parents.

Though my children will never attend their father's alma mater, I hope also to have passed on to them some legacy from Swarthmore: a basic respect for other people, even those with whom they differ passionately and fundamentally. So, for the time being, the *Bulletins* remain in the house, piling up in a bedroom corner. The bookshelves in the living room display texts more appropriate for our milieu.

The prophet Elijah has an additional role in Jewish tradition. He is not only the fiery, zealous destroyer of idols and false prophets but the messenger of peace, who will herald the Messiah's arrival. When he comes, we are told, he will resolve all our insoluble problems. I'll let him decide what to do with the *Bulletins*. ■



Yosef Branse '76 (right), has lived in Israel for 20 years. He says he is "neither an Israeli nor an American, neither ultra-Orthodox nor secular," but his wife, Deborah Reisman, and children have no such identity crises.

Maverick musical mavens

Beth McIntosh '80 and Judith Edelman '87 blaze their own trails West and South.

Ask Madonna or Mick: the life of a touring musician is grueling even when you have a coterie of roadies to help you. When you're a woman on your own, driving solo through the vast American West in a car crammed with your own CDs and a guitar and only gas money in your pocket, grueling does not begin to describe it. But the gruel factor is mitigated by the exhilaration of pursuing a dream on your own terms.

That's how two singer-songwriters from Swarthmore describe their separate years on the road. In the years following graduation, Elizabeth C. McIntosh '80 and Judith Edelman '87 have lived passionate, if precarious, lives as musicians and recording artists—freelancers on tour, pioneers in the creative wilderness, frontier women in the West. Though always touch-and-go financially, the endeavor has enriched them in other ways: with loyal fans who come down from the hills to local watering holes to sing along to lyrics they know by heart, collaborations with artists of every stripe, and critical acclaim. For albums such as *Fire and Sage* and *Grizzlies Walking Upright*, acoustic guitar player McIntosh has won awards like the Wyoming Performing Arts Fellowship and been dubbed by *Jackson Hole Magazine* as “a mysterious, lion-maned songwriter whose poems are as complex and meaningful as her adept guitar work.” Edelman's recordings, *Perfect World* and *Only Sun*, have garnered praise from *The Wall Street Journal*, *Billboard*, and *Music Review*, the last of which described her music as “[p]art bluegrass, a smidge pop, a dash alternative, fully literate, and shockingly good songwriting.”

With the gap in their ages, the two never met each other at Swarthmore. But when they met—2,000 miles away in Wyoming through the men in their lives, Edelman's long-time partner and award-winning banjo player and mandolinist Matt Flinner and bluegrass guitar and bassist Phil Round, whom McIntosh married in 1980—they quickly became each other's biggest fans.

“Beth is in touch with an incredibly deep wellspring,” crooned Edelman, who lives in Idaho, 20 miles over a pass in the Tetons from McIntosh. “She's an incredibly brilliant and intuitive person all around. She sees the connection between creative wildness and environmental wildness.”

Of her younger sister in songwriting, McIntosh said: “Watching how [Judith] works from the bedrock layer of



Elizabeth McIntosh '80 (above) has been dubbed by Jackson Hole Magazine as “a mysterious, lion-maned songwriter whose poems are as complex and meaningful as her adept guitar work.” Judith Edelman '87 (opposite page) has also garnered praise from The Wall Street Journal, Billboard, and Music Review, the last of which described her music as “fully literate and shockingly good songwriting.”

her soul through the process of production is truly amazing. She knows that everything she sees, smells, eats, and thinks makes its way into her work.”

McIntosh and Edelman are articulate, intense, nery individuals fully seasoned in the realities of staying afloat in a not-always-kind industry. The similarities between them are striking. Both are Easterners—Edelman grew up in the crush of Manhattan and McIntosh in a Boston suburb, both in homes warmed by a spiritual hearth of music. Trained in classical piano, Edelman became adept at the Mozart and Beethoven sonatas that everyone in her high-achieving family played, including Dave Edelman '83. In comical contrast, McIntosh has “the funniest picture of my two parents sitting in front of the TV with their guitars,” following along to the tutelage of a hippy-folksy gal” in the days when everyone wanted to be Bob Dylan or Joni Mitchell. In such an environment, it was only natural that McIntosh was already picking her way among the strings and frets by the time she was five, emulating James Taylor during an awkward adolescence and playing coffeehouses by the time she came to Swarthmore. (Some may remember her appearances at Mephistos.)

Both chose majors in the humanities, McIntosh in psychology, Edelman in English when the Women's Studies program was in its infancy. Each briefly pursued paths after Swarthmore that smothered their creative fires: McIntosh fished commercially in Alaska and went on to postgraduate work in anthropology with plans to go into academia. She found herself feeling "top-heavy," overly cerebral, and longing for a place "where your body can bash up against the natural forces that are informing you." Edelman did field research in Third World agricultural development. It was in Nairobi that Edelman first picked up a guitar, in the home of a stranger who took her in when she was critically ill with a case of salmonella.

Both alumnae were influenced by their brothers. Edelman's curiosity about the rhythmic potential of bluegrass had been awakened by violinist Dave's combo band at Swarthmore. It was this genre she pursued in lessons when she moved to San Francisco after returning to the United States. McIntosh heard of the Rocky Mountains' splendor from her brother and followed him westward. "It was as far away from anything academic as you can get. I'd asked myself: Where is my heart? What is the most intelligent thing I can do with my life? So far, I hadn't found the answer in academics or a professional track. The only thing was my guitar and my music."

In these ways, both found themselves in the uncharted territory of making music (not that any career in the arts comes with a road map), careers without 401Ks, paid sick days, or guarantees of success. They played concerts large and small, for college audiences and women's festivals. "It was great," recalled McIntosh: "Get in the car and drive a zillion miles and leave with some money." Edelman teamed up with touring groups, immersing herself in bluegrass's intertwining of tradition and innovation. Through that magical combination of persistence and serendipity, both found agents, then small

independent labels—Compass Records for Edelman, and McIntosh eventually appointed herself president of her own company, ECM Music.

Today, the musicians' lives are undergoing changes. Edelman and Flinner made a leap of faith and moved to Nashville this summer, reluctantly bidding farewell to the majestic and affordable West for the hustle and hoo of the nation's bluegrass and country capital; there, they hope to find steady session work and visibility among other writers. Four years ago, McIntosh became the mother of Wilder, who was followed this spring by Raynor. The addition of a nursing infant to the demands of the road proved arduous. There was a note of wistfulness in McIntosh's voice as she related her decision to cut back on touring for now. She has stayed closer to home, writing music for a film and teaching workshops like "Finding Your Wild Voice" at the Teton Science Center near her family's log cabin in Wilson, Wyo., with a population of 202.

Yet ironically, motherhood has only deepened McIntosh's music. She just released *The Wild Ride*, whose title alludes to the journey of birth and maternity, to her encounter with the wilderness in her own body as well as the external wilderness she limns in imagistic, Cassandra-like songs. She is less consumed by the idea of albums as product and more interested in the process of living, which may eventually end up as a song or album. Reading *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* author Robert Pirsig's latest book, *Lila*, helped put the question of creative output in perspective for McIntosh. "There were 10 years between his last book and this one," she mused softly, while her children burred in the background. "The guy waited until he really had something to say. I want to write the same way. It's about seeing your *life* as a body of work and of trusting in the gestational aspects of creativity."

—Ali Crolius '84



values, and desires to college. How could we not? But college broadens our understanding of our own culture, adds understanding of other cultures, challenges us to examine our values in light of other value systems, and exposes us to whole new worlds of desire.

The guilt Mr. McKnight pins on Swarthmore belongs to generations of white Americans, but Swarthmore deserves praise for creating leaders of the civil rights movement and many other moral crusades of our time and earlier times.

JUDITH GRACE STETSON '59
Falmouth, Mass.

ENTERING THE DIALOGUE

The letter by Ulan McKnight is a vitriolic attack on a Swarthmore bias toward white males. I agree that the most prevalent bias the world over is toward males of the dominant culture, but I was disappointed by the letter, which instead of providing examples that would give credibility to the accusation, just continued to throw punches. To quote another writer in that issue, Hillary Thompson '99 ("Conservative rebel"): "For [one's] views to be a part of campus dialogue, [one has] to be a member of the community, not attack it from the outside."

PENEL ADELMAN '66
Scarsdale, N.Y.

CULTIVATING GUILT

One merely sets oneself up as a target for obloquy by engaging in any discussion of racial issues, but I rise to the bait provided by Ulan McKnight in his intemperate letter (June 1999) calling upon Swarthmore to proclaim its "guilt" before celebrating advances in the representation of minorities at the College.

It is to be doubted whether the cultivation of guilt ameliorates race relations, for we all find it difficult to reconcile with whom we are held to have wronged. In any case, let the sins of the fathers not descend to their offspring.

It was Malcolm X who

say that extending parietal hours raised her worries about "what you're going to do again" (Letters, June 1999), a similar story circulated. In the mid-1950s, the story was that a student government representative asking that senior women be allowed to stay out one hour

urban legends, made up by clever undergraduates and foisted on unsuspecting freshmen? No matter; it's fun just to remember and retell them.

QUAKER TESTIMONIES

Another great issue of the *Swarthmore Bulletin*: The letters to the editor are truly inspiring, as is the profile of *compañera* Elizabeth Martinez '46 by Andrea Hammer. I find it ironic that issue after issue the *Bulletin* veritably douses us with direct and indirect references to Friends Testimonies without clearly identifying them. They are Love, Joy, Peace, Patience, Generosity, Faithfulness, Gentleness, and Self-control. The justice sought by letter-writer Ulan McKnight '87 would be much closer to reality at Swarthmore if the Testimonies were the guides of more Quakerly admissions and student-life policies at the College.

STEPHAN H. HORNBERGER
(parent of Ch'uyasonqo
Hornberger '97)
Philadelphia

AUTHOR'S QUERY: W.H. AUDEN

For a study of W.H. Auden's pedagogy, a scholar at Oxford University is seeking to interview Swarthmoreans who studied with or knew the poet during his time at the College, 1942–45. Please write Daniel Varholy, Magdalen College, Oxford, OX1 4AU, U.K., telephone (011-44) 1865-209248, or e-mail daniel-varholy@magd.ox.ac.uk.

CORRECTION

Faculty member Kemal Nance '92 conducted the dance workshop pictured in the June "Alumni Digest." The caption incorrectly implied that Tamala Montgomery '98 also led the class, which was held during Black Alumni Weekend in March.

"The guilt Mr. McKnight pins on Swarthmore belongs to generations of white Americans, but Swarthmore deserves praise for creating leaders of the civil rights movement and many other moral crusades of our time and earlier times."

—Judith Grace Stetson '59

stated that the worst crime of the whites was to teach blacks to believe in their subordinate status. It is really impossible to requite such a psychic wound, beside which more objective forms of discrimination, however despicable, seem almost trivial. Yes, American society—including Swarthmore—has much to answer for. It is understandable that an air of self-celebration grates on those who have suffered vilification. But to vilify an institution that is earnestly trying to rectify past wrongs seems perverse.

PETER DODGE '48
North Hampton, N.H.

SWARTHMORE LEGENDS

A decade before Alex Capron '66 heard Dean Susan Cobbs

later, asked: "But Dean Cobbs, what could they do in the second hour that they couldn't do in the first?" Dean Cobbs' response, in her lovely southern drawl was: "My de-a-r, they could do it tw-i-ce." It won't surprise me if someone comes up with an even earlier version.

Is it just an "enhanced memory," or did Dean Cobbs really tell the freshman women of the Class of 1957 to "draw up the petals of your virginity about you" at our for-women-only orientation?

MINNA NEWMAN NATHANSON '57
Washington, D.C.

Editor's Note: *Egad! Are all the classic Swarthmore stories—the Susan Cobbs tales, the cow in the dormitory, Cass Elliott—merely the College's*

WRITE TO US

The *Bulletin* welcomes letters concerning the contents of the magazine or issues relating to the College. All letters must be signed and may be edited for clarity and space. Address your letters to: Editor, *Swarthmore College Bulletin*, 500 College Avenue, Swarthmore PA 19081-1397, or send by e-mail to bulletin@swarthmore.edu.

Why Studio Arts?

Continued from page 15

the ideas. Timi Sullivan '75, sitting on a wooden bench a few yards away from the crowd at the List Gallery, always knew that she wanted to paint, and so she came to Swarthmore—and majored in literature. “I wanted to learn about other things. This is a very intense academic place. And it exhausted that part of me. That’s what I wanted—that verbal part of education. When I left here, I was ready. And that’s when I went to art school,” Sullivan explains. “Art isn’t just about art.”

Andrea Packard '85 also headed to art school after she graduated from Swarthmore. “When I was at art school, I found that having had the experience of so many art history courses and literature courses and political science and sociology gave me something to say in my art,” says Packard, who now runs the List Gallery. “Some of the students I encountered had mastered their technique, but they didn’t always know what to do with it.”

There are two other art exhibits going on at Swarthmore this Saturday. In the lobby of McCabe Library, Bennett Lorber '64 is showing his spare, intellectual abstractions drawn from the work of the Dutch artist, Rogier Van Der Weyden. Lorber, a physician, has been painting since he was a child. Lorber didn’t take studio courses in college “because there weren’t any,” but he says that even as a premed student, he took as much art history as he did zoology. “Painting enriches my life,” he says. “It’s not an extra part of my life—not like someone playing golf on weekends—it’s just something I do and need to do. It’s there all the time.”

Down the hill, a hand-painted sign in front of Old Tarble reads: “Student Exhibit,” with an arrow pointing up the

stairs. During the 1998–99 school year, the main room of the former library and student center (which was partially destroyed by fire in 1983) was transformed into individual art studios, divided by shelves and rough partitions. Senior art students worked day and night on the pieces they planned to include in their final project—an exhibit that functions, for the most part, as their senior thesis.

Today, though, the partitions are gone, and the walls are festooned with

“It was really hard to be in the studio art program here,” she says. “There’s not much of an art community. I’ve been trying to build one. But people here don’t seem to take art seriously—including some art majors. I had to practically beg people to put their work in this show.”

During the summer of 1998, Smith studied painting at the Chautauqua Institution in western New York, an intensive program that gave students the space and the freedom to paint all day. There, she says, she got a taste of what an art school environment would have been like. By coming to Swarthmore, she chose yin. And at Chautauqua, she discovered that she probably should have chosen yang.

“I spent the whole summer with 30 people who were really focused and really into talking about art. Then I came back here and tried to start the same kinds of conversations, and people said: ‘I have biology to do,’” Smith explains. “I don’t think that Swarthmore has figured out yet how to bridge academics and art.”

Randy Exon thinks that Smith’s point is valid. “Students leaving the College are a very critical bunch,” he says. “They should be. That’s exactly what Swarthmore taught them to do—exactly what a liberal arts education teaches them—to be critical about what they’re experiencing, to reflect on that experience, but, most important, to try

to make sense of it. Having been through Swarthmore, Jessica knows that she’s going to go into grad school to a master of fine arts program and feel absolute joy with what she’ll find there. I’m glad that she’s thinking critically that way.” Exon pauses, then adds, “But it will be interesting to talk about it with her again, in five years maybe, and see if she feels differently. I’m pretty sure she will.” ■

Vicki Glembocki is a freelance writer and

The art curriculum today

Long gone are the days when Swarthmore offered two art history courses and two others in the studio. The current catalog lists 32 art history courses plus eight seminars, plus 21 studio courses—not all of which are offered in a given semester. Here’s a selection of the courses being offered this academic year. To read full course descriptions, find the catalog on the World Wide Web at www.swarthmore.edu/Home/Academic/catalog/.

Art History

Critical Study in the Visual Arts
Western Art
Asian Art
Critical Study: Picasso
19th-Century European Art
20th-Century Western Art
Gothic Art and Architecture
Rembrandt and His Times
Modern Art
African-American Art
Traditional Japan
Japanese Painting and Prints,
1550–1850
Approaches to Tibet
Special Topics in Medieval Art
Philadelphia and American
Architecture
History of Photography
Senior Workshop

Studio Arts

Foundation—Elements of
Visual Thinking
Multimedia Sculpture
Ceramics
Photography
Oil Painting
Life Modeling
Life Drawing
The Potter’s Wheel
Works on Paper
Advanced Ceramics
Advanced Drawing
Advanced Painting
Advanced Photography
Advanced Sculpture
Advanced Printmaking
Senior Workshop
Senior Advanced Study

art. One of the paintings is at least 12 feet tall and is covered with words: “I first met Gertrude Stein in Man Ray’s apartment. Duchamp said: ‘and how is Marcel?’ Which was the big joke in Paris in those days. *Je suis parapluie*. But my days as a Dadaist are dead.” Instead of printing handouts identifying which piece belongs to which artist, Jessica Smith '99, who organized the exhibit, simply wrote the list in white paint on the floor. It’s been almost a week since she graduated.

THE FILMING OF THE CRIME

Story and photographs by Woody Thomas '51

THE ACTION

It is a warm night in early June. The year is 1950. The time is after midnight. The campus is silent. No one stirs. Then, slowly, stealthily, a door in Clothier silently opens. A crime is about to be committed—to film.

In April of that year, John Weigel's play, *The Crime*, had won the first Book & Key one-act play contest. A contemporary allegory of the story of Adam and Eve, the play caught the fancy of Ted Conant, who had the vision of turning it into a short motion picture and a College first—the first student-produced movie to be shot in Hollywood's professional film format, 35mm.

However, the nearest available 35mm motion picture cameras were in New York City at Camera Equipment Company, a rental agency serving the film-producing community on the East Coast. The rent for the huge camera, sturdy tripod, and a few lenses seemed enormous beside the slim financial resources of the student producers, who, therefore, decided to rent the camera for just one day. The entire production would have to be done in 24 hours, including the time to drive to New York to buy the film, rent the camera, and return it the next day. Furthermore, because there was no "sound stage" on campus, the filming and recording of dialogue would have to be done after midnight, when the College was quiet.

Karl Ihrig, who had one of the very few student cars on campus, remembers "driving up to a Kodak film warehouse in New Jersey and having to empty our pockets and use canvas boots because of the extreme fire hazard." Thirty-five-millimeter film was not safety film at that time.

As soon as the camera and film reached the campus, we made test exposures and developed them in the

Camera Club darkroom on the top floor of Trotter to bolster our confidence that we really knew what we were doing.

In the meantime, others were readying the stage in Clothier. They placed the set, originally created for the play, against the back side of the closed theater curtain and turned the lights to face toward the front of the stage. The sound crew struggled to locate the microphone in a spot that would give good reproduction of dialogue in a place not at all intended for sound recording. The recording was on magnetic tape, commonplace today, but a relatively new medium in those days. Thacher Robinson '50, whose home was adjacent to the campus, owned the two Magnecord tape recorders, which were also used at WSRN. The tape was $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide and ran on 12-inch reels through the recording machines at 15 inches per second. A modern professional cassette recorder can do as well on a track about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch wide on tape running at $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches per second.

Clare Whittlesey Weigel reminisces: "Ted came back from New York with a camera he had rented for 24 hours, a very short time to shoot a one-act play even if you don't include the round-trip to New York. The time problem was compounded by the small amount of that expensive commodity, raw film stock, available to us. For the cameramen and the actors, there was a challenge to get the shot right on the first take, and usually they did."

Preparations to do something most of us had never done before naturally took longer than any of us had imagined, but, well into the night, the filming did finally begin. The actors were surprised to find that making a film is not the same as presenting a play. As Jean Matter Mandler describes it: "The filming was done at three different distances—close up, middle distance, and

far—and all the actions at each distance were filmed at one time.... The outcome must have been a good deal of choppi-ness in event sequences. For example, an actor's reply to a statement might be filmed hours after the statement was made. Because the filming took so long, our clothes got rumpled, and our voices changed timbre. My recollection is that there were some scenes in which my voice went from a squeak to a growl and my clothes from neat to disheveled within a few seconds of film time." Tom Kinney affirms Jean's reaction, but his principal memory is of extreme fatigue. After the filming, he says he went to bed and didn't wake up until the middle of the afternoon hungry but with no money to buy anything to eat.

Clare recalls: "Although I had directed a number of stage and radio dramas in high school and at Swarthmore Network [now WSRN], I knew zip about movie directing. This is where Barbara Pearson Lange came in. She somehow appeared at my side. She showed me how to make a story board and initiated me into the concept of camera movements and angles, helping me to plot the lengthy panoramic shot with which the film begins."

The filming stretched on into the dawning hours, and the campus began to awake. As we neared the end, we had to station guards on the road by Clothier to stop any traffic during each filming episode to keep the extraneous noise off the sound track. But finish we did, and the rush was on to get the camera back to New York to beat the 24-hour deadline.

Bill Young made the return trip in his 1928 Model A Ford panel truck, pedal to the floor all the way—remember, no Interstate highways in those days. Bill pulled up to Camera Equipment Company on the west side of Manhattan, where his companions unloaded the gear onto



THE CHARACTERS

The Author

John Weigel '50

The Director

Clare Whittlesey Weigel '50

The Producers

Ted Conant '51
Frank Kensill '51

The Cast

Tom Kinney '50
Jean Matter Mandler '51
Lorenz Hansen '50
Bob Paton '50

The Composer

Christopher Montgomery '53

The Crew

Bill Young '57
Wolf Epstein '51
Ken Kurtz '51
Wood Tate '50
Merrillan Murray Thomas '53
Woody Thomas '51
Karl Ihrig '51
John Corya '51
Ruth Merson Neleski '50
Joe Rutledge '50
Caroly Wilcox '52
and others

The Advisers

Barbara Pearson Lange '31
Florence Wilcox

The author thanks the following for their contributions to this story: Ted Conant, Jean Matter Mandler, John and Clare Whittlesey Weigel, Ken Kurtz, Karl Ihrig, Bill Young, and Tom Kinney. A video copy of the film may be had by writing Ken Kurtz at 255 Irvine Road, Lexington KY 40502.

a freight elevator that opened right onto the street. Bill drove on to find some place to park. When he asked a policeman on the corner where he could put his venerable truck, the cop eyed the vehicle and then said: "I suggest you take it straight to the Sanitation Department." (Young still has the truck—and, in fact, it was pictured on page 15 of the March 1998 *Bulletin*.)

Months later, the picture editing, sound editing, titling, music composing, recording, narrating, and printing came to an end. Ted Conant arranged to have the film shown in the movie theater in Swarthmore. We all trooped down for the "World Premiere." *The Crime* was distributed nationally for several years by Brandon Films, a distributor of mainly nontheatrical films, in a 16mm print version. A 35mm film print is in the archives of the Swarthmore College library. I have a 16mm print from which Ken Kurtz has recently made a video copy.

This brief event in our college life influenced, or perhaps abetted, career choices for several of us. Ted Conant continued in the motion picture and related fields, working with a U.N. film unit in Korea, the National Film Board of Canada, WGBH in Boston, and in other areas of the communications industry. Mike Eisler '51 worked in the audiovisual field. Ken Kurtz made his career in the television industry. I worked for Kodak for a third of a century, about half in technical areas related to motion pictures, and, for the last 15 years, I have been producing and showing motion pictures professionally.

John Weigel writes: "As for the results, the film itself was remarkably different from the stage performance. With Clare's direction and Lewis Core's* stage set, it had the lighthearted, near-foolish effect I believe I had in mind. With the strong black-white contrasts, seemingly slower pace, and the close-ups, the film gave [the play] a suddenly ominous effect, with constant insinuations of meaning.... I don't remember having this intent and certainly felt I'd loaded on the hokey, but it all fit together in turning the play around to a darker side, which I could now see always had underlain the lighthearted foolery." ■

* A friend of Clare's from Morgantown, W.V.



GEORGE WIDMAN

From our first visit to Swarthmore, we knew it was the place for us. We treasure the breadth of what we learned and the chance to have taken a wide variety of courses for our own intellectual interest. Swarthmore gave us so much, that in whatever little way we could, we wanted to give something back.”

*Anne Chandler Fristrom '54
C. Kermeen “Punky” Fristrom '55
Life Income Gift Donors*

Punky and Anne Fristrom’s gifts to Swarthmore pay them an income during their lifetimes and will provide future support for the College’s endowment. Contact the Planned Giving Office for a financial proposal tailored to your circumstances. Call Margaret Nikelly, director of planned giving: (610) 328-8334.